

FACES FALL OUT
SEE PAGE 3

new
**MUSICAL
EXPRESS**

July 26, 1975

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12p

**Old Doe-Eyes
Is Back**

INTERVIEW WITH

**SABBATH
OCTOBER
TOUR**

SEE PAGE 3

Pic: JOE STEVENS



"What me liberated? You won't get me burnin' me bra..."
Pic and biro jiggery-pokery by LINDA McCARTNEY.

"It's twelve inches—but I don't use it as a rule."

AN INTERVIEW WITH
RON WOOD BY STONES'
TOUR MANAGER
PETER RUDGE AS TOLD
TO LISA ROBINSON'S
CASSETTE RECORDER

"I'M NOT saying it's a terrifying flight," said Ronnie Wood mid-air somewhere between Washington D.C. and Memphis, "but Peter Rudge is confessing to the stewardess who, in his oblivious state of utter fear, he thinks is his secretary: 'The gig money is hidden in the . . . ' and then he faints."

"I love Peter Rudge, man . . . you know . . . the work he does . . ." Ronnie waxes enthusiastically as Rudge, Stones tour manager, approaches, muttering, "He (Ronnie) was a janitor at Cambridge when I first met 'im . . ."

"So what?" says Ronnie, "Peter Grant was a doorman at the Astor!"

"He was??? I knew he was a wrestler . . ."

"That's not to say he's any less of a businessman, as a matter of fact, he's a much better businessman because of that . . . But I turned that job down."

Rudge: "Which one, doorman at the Astor — or the wrestling?"

"The doorman, I turned it down. Because there were so many old ladies who needed help getting



out of cabs, it was like unloading sacks of potatoes. None of them had a personality, all they had to say was 'Get my bags,' not a word of thanks . . . and then they turn around and accuse you of looking up their dress, or of trying to find what room number they're in . . ."

"Have you told Lisa how I first met you, when you were a groupie outside the Marquee?" Rudge asks Ronnie pointedly.

"I didn't want you to bring those days up Peter," Ronnie protests.

" . . . And remember I introduced you to Tony



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DODGE

Thrills

Stratton-Smith? And do you remember when I took you for the first time to La Chasse? And don't forget your first big break was giving out posters for the Marquee Festival in Reading in 1963. Don't ever forget that because, if not for that, you would have been a toilet paper salesman.

"And since then I have introduced you to people like Beck, you know, and Stewart, and you've done reasonably well, you know? And I think it's time I think, in the next couple of gigs, they're going to plug you in. In Dallas — they're actually going to put you through an amp, Ronnie."

"Now readers," Ronnie admonishes into the cassette player, "Peter Rudge is the only one who *actually demanded in my contract* that while playing with the Stones I use gut strings... very unfair."

"And soon," Rudge adds, "I think you'll be allowed to wear a little bit of hose pipe down the left leg of the trouser, just like the rest of the band. I think so, but I can't verify it right now."

"I'll be quite content to carry on with Mick's castoffs," Ronnie speaks earnestly. "I mean a dark banana, one sweated upon, that's all right."

"Well look my love," says Rudge, "it's thirteen inches you gotta cater with, darling..."

"It's twelve inches," Ronnie corrects him, "but I don't use it as a rule." Laughter.

"And look son," Rudge adds as he walks to the fifteen foot buffet bar, "The eyeshadow on Mick is a little heavy, y'know? Could you just lighten it a little? You'll be all right son, don't you worry. We're going to put you on per diem soon like everybody else. This is Ron Wood, everybody, in case you don't know. Ron Wood."

WE NAME THE GUILTY HIT-MAKERS



SO that's what they look like — a frank and revealing picture of the mysterious Typically Tropical, alias Max West (left) and Jeffrey Calvert (right), who co-wrote, co-produced and performed that loopy piece of summer hiterama "Barbados".

Jeff (20) and Max (22) are recording engineer and tape operator respectively at London's Morgan studios. Cor — pop stars ain't what they used to be.

CHLOROPHYL THRILL DEPT.

LEAVE THE vegetables to Uncle Frank — what can a person such as yourself say to a *plant*?

More important, what can a person such as yourself *play* to a plant?

A new book just published — "The Psychic Power Of Plants" by John Whitman (W. H. Allen, 50p) — reports that an American botanist who attempted to check out the musical reflexes of her plants discovered that plants tuned into a "semi-pop" radio station swayed in the breeze and leaned closer to the radio to get more of that cooling menthol flow, while plants that listened to yer 'eavy rock went mad, mutated and died.

The botanist, a Mrs. Dorothy Retallack, decided therefore that groups like Led Zep, Vanilla Fudge and Jimi Hendrix should be kept away from plants.

Two local kids, however, told her that their favourite plants sat right on top of the stereo and rilly got off on dem ol' debbil rhythms. And what kinda plants might they be, boys, asked Mrs. Retallack. Hell, lady, they said, dem's merry-wanna plants.

Incidentally, I. Mac used to share a flat with a singularly robust rubber plant, and never received any complaints from it even when airing out his Henry Cow albums at absurd hours of the day or night.

So there, Mrs. Retallack. Us and our pals in the vegetable kingdom is gonna keep on dancin' to Jah music, yassuh. ☐ HERB ASHUS



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IN THE PAST, Steve Miller, legendary San Francisco figure whose music has often been more than a little inspired, has been known as "The Gangster Of Love", "The Space Cowboy" and more recently "The Joker". But today, sitting in his hotel room, he looks like a slightly overweight American golfer.

And this, you may remember, is one of the cluster of musicians whose names were associated with all that was hippy in those halcyon days of the late sixties. Wasn't Miller's first album called "Children Of The Future" while his third elpee bore the title "Brave New World"?

The mood has changed and so has Miller, who after at least a decade of extensive gigging, isn't exactly enthusiastic about working on the road.

Miller has indeed turned out some very fine rock music in the past, but you'd hardly estimate that this guy dressed in the sweat shirt and slacks who's bent on a golfing holiday in Scotland immediately after his Knebworth appearance — his first gig since May 30, 1974 — is the life-blood of rock 'n' roll these days.

Today he's more than amiable and despite requests from his press officer to end our conversation before a half hour is up, he's eager to talk. And talk he does. Intelligently and lucidly... about the blues, about the whole San Francisco thing, and about himself and just what he's been doing since the unexpected success of "The Joker" (album and single) around a year or so ago.

A grin spreads across Miller's once boyish face when I ask him just what his reaction was to the success of "The Joker".

"I was flabbergasted," he laughs. "I'd never had a big hit single or anything. I'd forgotten about all that stuff." In fact until "The Joker", Miller's albums had sold around a quarter of a million copies each. "The Joker", by contrast, went platinum, signifying sales of a million.

Miller gives three reasons for the album's success: good record company promotion, extensive and very successful touring and the fact that the single was a hit.

"It was one of those periods where I think a little bit of luck, a lot of co-ordination and a lot of help from a lot of different areas made it all come together."

As regards releasing the title cut of the album for a single, Miller says it wasn't his idea but Capitol's, "I Picked 'Sugar Babe'. I just assumed they knew what they were doing. I just thought that they were stroking me, that they were just trying to pull a number on me."

"In fact even when they were promoting the record I kept telling them to forget about 'The Joker', work on the album. And let's just take care of business like we used to. It was just a little country tune that I wrote one night at a party."

Since "The Joker", Miller's recording output has been non-existent. "I took a year off. I re-modelled my house (he now lives in Nevada). I toured 208 cities all told in a little over a year. Then I had the hit and did another 42 cities or something. At the end of that I just said, 'Hey it's time to take a year off.'"

"I don't want to live in hotels. I just wanted to re-think my direction. I was getting really exhausted from the continual touring of the last seven or eight years."

During the past year Miller hasn't been totally idle. There was some studio time with bluesman James Cotton, for instance, although he's more than a little vague as to the eventual outcome of the recordings.

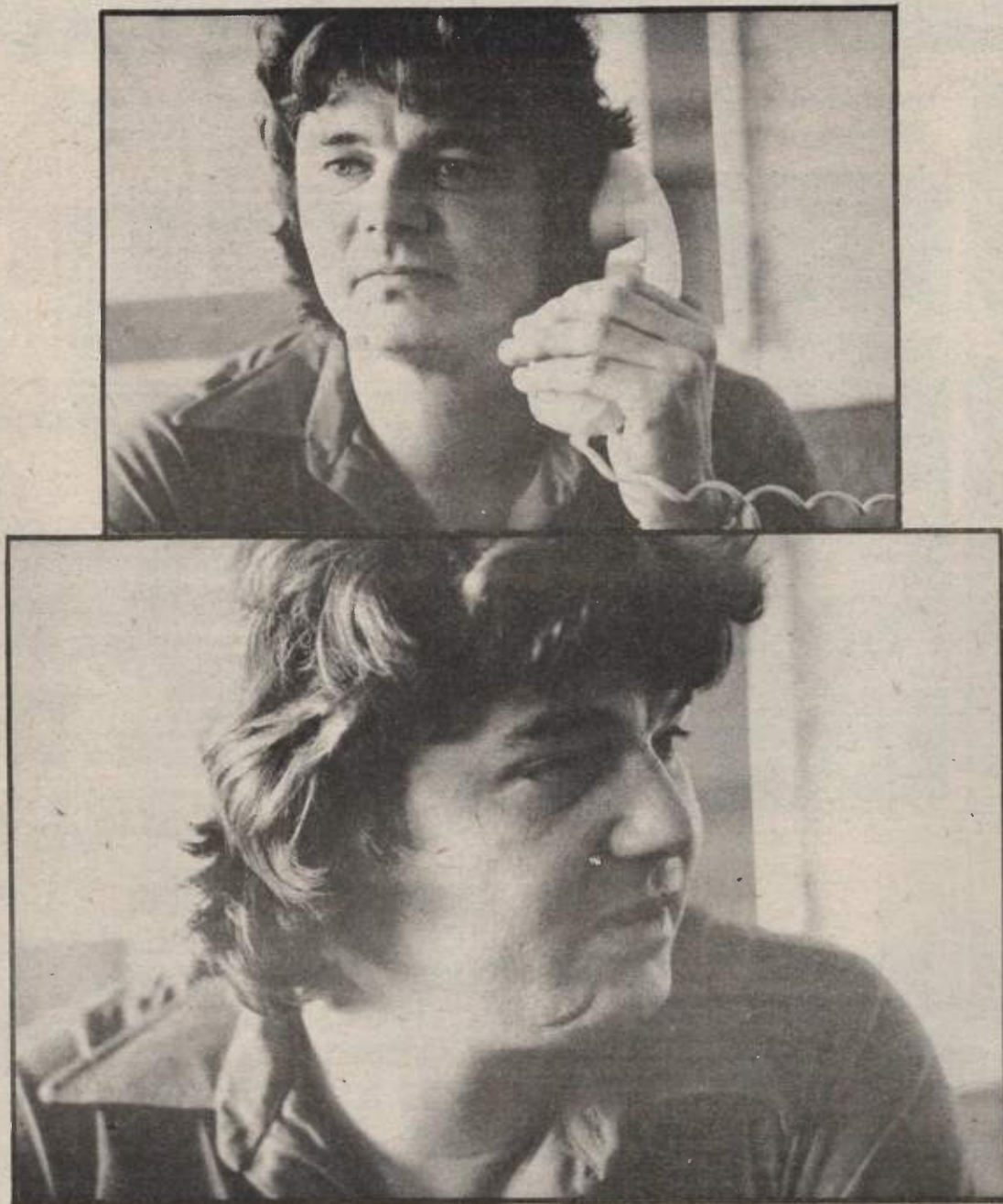
"I listen to 'em and sometimes I... I get really fussy about what I want to release. I make little albums at home, make my tapes and listen to 'em while I'm shooting pool or something. Or I'll send 'em to my mother. She likes to hear what I'm doing."

These days Miller doesn't make albums as such, but prefers to compile an album from tracks that have been laying around for a while.

"The Joker" was a combination of two different projects. What I do is go through and listen to all this different stuff and then eventually select a little blues, a little production number, some ballads and I just put them together in one big sandwich."

When pressed as to exactly what the next album'll sound like, Miller's reluctant to say but predicts it's emergence sometime in the fall.

The band Miller brought to Kneb-



Countdown to lethargy

I was playing bars when you were on your bike licking ice cream, STEVE MILLER tells a youthful STEVE CLARKE. For Master Clarke's killer retort read on...

worth (guitarist Les Dudek, bassist Lonnie Turner and drummer Doug Clifford) was strictly a one-off affair with no plans for the four musicians to play together again.

Miller tells me that when he was first approached to do Knebworth he turned it down, but when approached a second time said "yes."

"When they (the Knebworth promoters) called again I'd finished recording and I'd completed all my business deals. Also it was time for a vacation. Time to have some fun. It sounded like the right concert to do and we'd never played over here when the weather was decent."

Miller rejects the idea that he did it for the money. "Like I say, I've been doing this for a long time and I've never done this for money. The last five or six years have been very good financially for me."

Didn't he, during his one-year lay-off, ever itch to get back on the road?

"What?" Miller asks a little incredulously. "You kidding? I've been a professional musician for 20 years, well 19 and a half years. That means I've been on the road and played gigs for about 16 of those years so when you were eating ice creams and riding your bicycle I was playing in a bar some place."

Yes dad, I used to ride my bike a lot.

"I'm 31 now and I don't know how many thousands and thousands of concerts I've already played. I don't like living in hotels, even nice ones like this. I'm really tired of travelling. I was just curious to see if I'd really miss it. I thought I would. I used to."

"I'd come home and after three

weeks of doing nothing I'd want to go to New York and play or go to Denver, Colorado and play But I'm not fascinated by that aspect of it anymore."

"I'm gonna give it a really long look when I've played this concert and I'm going to see whether I'm really going to continue doing this or not. I'll always be a musician and I'll always play rock 'n' roll but whether I'm going to do heavy tours I don't know."

"I'd like the sound quality of the shows to improve immensely. I'm not really interested in playing in hockey arenas. I honestly don't enjoy doing large shows very much. There's very few people who can pull them off. It just requires such a gargantuan effort."

The conversation drifts to Miller's involvement in the San Francisco hippy scene when his band, The Jefferson Airplane and the Quicksilver Messenger Service helped establish the city in musical terms.

"It (SF) wasn't a major musical force, never was. See, that was a social phenomenon. That was a bunch of people who took a bunch of acid and said they can take over all this stuff, man. 'We have a better lifestyle — as soon as they get hip to this they're gonna want it.' Jerry Garcia talked one of his buddies into learning how to play rhythm guitar. And those guys, they weren't musical."

"What put San Francisco on the map was the fact that the Jefferson Airplane..."

The phone rings. After the call Miller resumes the conversation... "Erh, the Jefferson Airplane were really intelligent. Probably their biggest thing was knowing how to manipulate the city,

having rich friends, understanding politics, having money and also being tight with some other people who were into doing a thing for bread."

Miller's now enjoying the conversation a lot. He continues, "And Bill Graham is a heavy dude. Have you ever met him? Have you ever heard anything about him at all? I mean, he's an incredibly aggressive man, incredibly so. Much more aggressive than anybody else I know."

"And it's business and it's selling tickets. It's promotion."

"At the same time the mass media discovered psychedelic drugs. Then Scott McKenzie, some guy who was a friend of the Mamas And Papas who were just a pop..." Miller emphasises the word 'pop' and there's laughter in his voice now "... group doing their pop schtick down in LA. He had a pop tune written for him which was a hit in the pop charts which sold all over the world."

"And a lot of people went to San Francisco and they said, 'Right this is gonna be it, man. From LA to Nashville. We're gonna build studios. We're gonna do this. We're gonna do that.'"

"The musicians' union is just as dumb as it's always been and the recording studios are falling apart and empty half the time. Bill Graham's still running concerts but the quality has gone down."

So there's nothing happening right now in San Francisco, Steve? "I can't think of anything that's happening," he replies. "Basically when I hear new groups coming out now the lick is 'Wow, they've really got their business together. Their record company is really behind them. Their manager is really

Pics: PENNIE SMITH

aggressive. It's turned into pop music. It's business. It's top forty."

MILLER HIMSELF admits to being into the business side of being a musician from very early on. "At the age of 12 I knew I was a musician. I had a band and I knew I was good and there weren't any rock 'n' roll bands in 1956 that were playing locally."

"I realised at that age that if I wanted to play, which I really did, I was going to have to take care of business. Cause you can't just play. You have to take care of the business side."

"That's not to say I don't write tunes that I think are going to sell to what I think a certain group of people are going to want to hear."

Comparisons have been made between Miller and John Mayall, both musicians change their band line-ups with all the regularity of the seasons. And while Miller's music has never shown anything like Mayall's blues bias, Miller's association with blues is not a slender one.

"Probably the thing that I have most in common with John Mayall is that I was booking my own band when I was 13. I played blues from the time I was 12 and a half. I grew up in Texas and blues was the music everybody listened to."

"And when you're playing blues, when you're playing blues clubs and road houses, it's not like a rock 'n' roll band. Musicians come and go. Things change and somebody usually starts running bands."

"John's approach has always been more classic than mine. I've actually never done a whole blues album. It'd be fun to do, but it has to be done perfectly. Not perfectly, cause that's an absurd statement. It really has to be good."

"I've played with Muddy Waters and I've played with Buddy Guy and Junior Wells. I've played in their bands. I was a member of their bands for periods of about two or three years. That's why I became mature musically. Instead of playing with a bunch of guys my age I was playing with a bunch of guys who were fifty years old."

"I think we're living through a period where people don't play very good blues. Muddy Waters is in his sixties. As far as I really know, Junior Wells and Buddy Guy and their band are out but you can very rarely see them. B.B. King is out and he tours. And then there's James Cotton."

"Junior and Buddy and James are about the only guys that are left. There's just a handful of people who know what that stuff is all about except for kids who go and listen to the records and learn them note for note. And there's nothing wrong with that because it's a classic and very pure form of music."

"A lot of blues was synthesised into rock and roll. Everybody who plays lead guitar is talking about taking their basic lick from T. Bone Walker or someone like that. I knew T Bone when I was 10 or 11 years old. He used to come over and play and stuff like that. There haven't been any really good new tunes."

"I never understood what happened to Paul Butterfield. He had an incredible band when he started. Butterfield got a recording contract with Elektra and at that time nobody knew how to record live electric music."

"I left the United States and came here to record my first album because it was impossible for me to go into a studio and start playing the way I played and have some guy who was fifty years old and an engineer say, 'You're going to have to turn that down. You can't record that.'"

"Now when people start telling you you can't, you have to go round 'em." Miller's round route was getting Glyn Johns to produce him.

"Butterfield never did get any of his stuff on tape successfully. I think 'Walkin' Shoes' on his last album was the only song that came near to what his band was doing live. When I heard that I just went, 'Wow. Oh boy, he did it.' I went out and got the album and the next cut was just psychedelic crap. I don't know what he was doing."

So how does Miller rate himself as a blues player? "I'm not going to rate my records because I haven't really cut any. I'd say I'm as good as Buddy Guy and Junior Wells. I'm right in there with those guys."

"I could call them up and do a show tomorrow. They know all my tunes. I know all their tunes. I think Butterfield is more of a virtuoso but I don't think he put his stuff right where it should have been. I've lived it all my life and I've been exposed to it all my life."

Meantime, down on the golf course.



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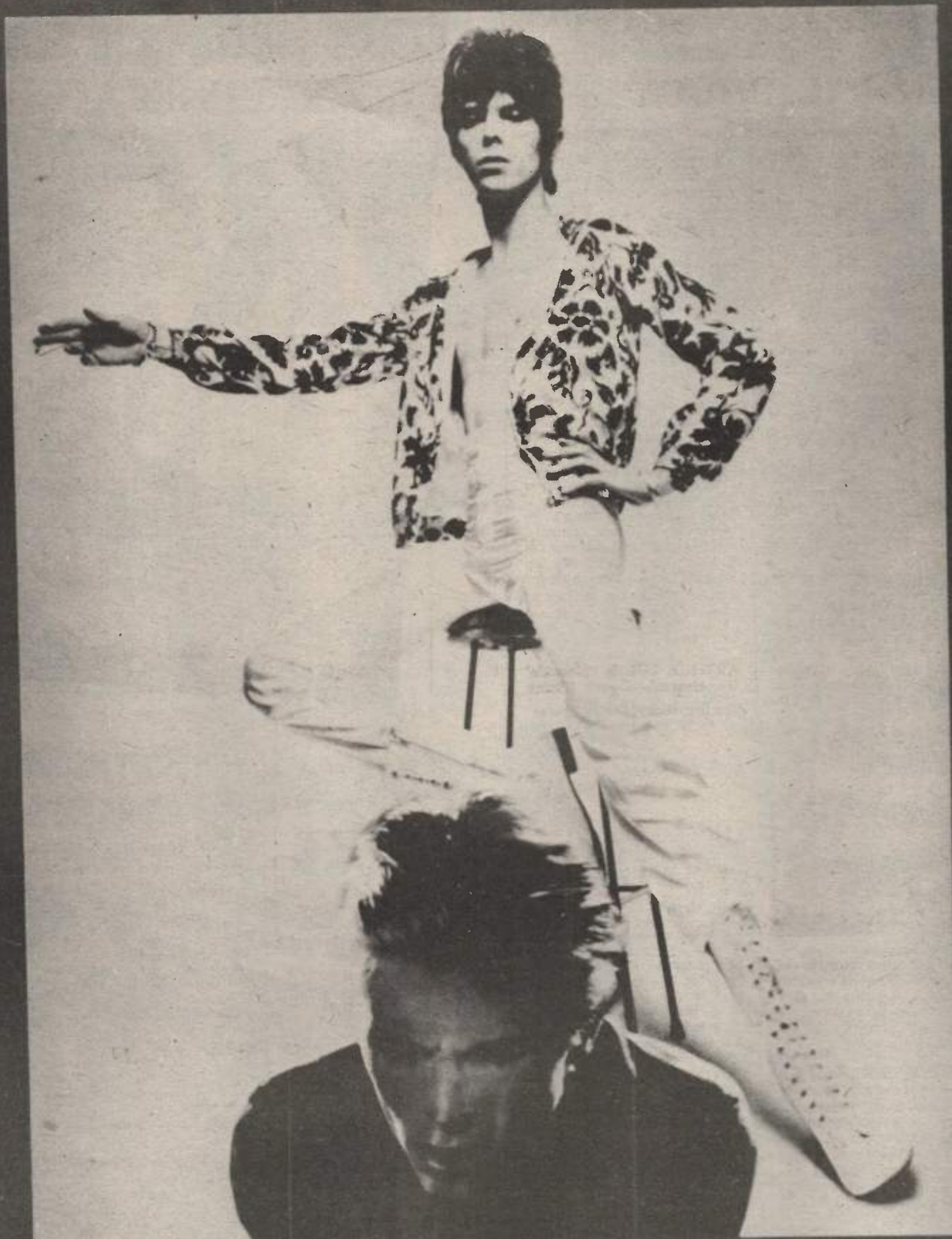
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PLATTERS

Singles Of The Week

ERMA FRANKLIN: "Piece Of My Heart" (London). One of the classic non-hits of our time, "Piece Of My Heart" was originally put out in 1967 when, despite heavy air-play, it didn't make the chart. Erma is indeed the soul sister of one Aretha, and although her singing doesn't have Aretha's phenomenal sweeping range, it's more than apparent from her vocal performance here — total commitment to the song — that she is Aretha's sister. And by virtue of the song (by Bert Berns and Jerry Ragavoy), playing (marvel at the purity of feel attained by the pianist and the oh-so-good bass lines especially when the song goes into the chorus where the bass pumps away so inventively), production and arrangement it's just about as good as anything Aretha's ever done herself. Now that's saying a lot. Although recorded in 1967 "Piece Of My Heart" doesn't fit into any of the soul genres of that day, being a little too smooth in over-all design to fit in with the Stax sound and far too clean to fit into a Motown groove. No, "Piece Of My Heart" stands all by itself and it's great. Buy it and reverse history.

The Other Single Of The Week

ORLEANS: "Dance With Me" (Asylum). Before you jump to any conclusions, Orleans have nothing whatsoever to do with either The Eagles or Jackson Browne apart from being label-mates. In fact Orleans used to record for ABC and their one and only album for that company is worth getting your nose into. "Dance With Me" comes from their second album, "Let There Be Music", which isn't as good as the first. And "Dance With Me" is the best cut, a superbly lilting piece of music with a hook so strong that it could even be a hit over here. Orleans trade in either melodic soft-rock, vocal harmonies and romanticism or scratchy funk. "Dance With Me" shows the former side and even if it does start to lose impact around the time of the instrumental break, the return of the hook reminds you that it's a fine little record after all.

JUDY COLLINS: "I'll Be Seeing You" (Elektra). As you might have guessed "I'll Be Seeing You" is from Ms Collins' "Judith" album, which also sired her recent hit, the beautiful "Send In The Clowns". If you're not familiar with the song, then your parents will be since "I'll Be Seeing You" was recorded by one Bing Crosby who had a huge hit with the number during World War 2. It's an exquisite piece of romanticism treated with considerable panache by the gal with those big blues eyes and the Turkish record producer —

Heart transplant 'could reverse history' shock

yes, Arif Mardin's right here in the year 1975. It won't be a hit, though.

Right, heads down, peace-signs raised, great-coats un-buttoned.

HUSTLER: "Little People" (Firefly); **CANYON:** "Top Of The World (Make My Reservation)" (London). Two perfect examples of moron-rock, of which the greatest purveyors are Status Quo of course. Anyway, Hustler, a cocky bunch of bandits from somewhere dark and grimy have joined forces with Queen's producer Roy Baker and it wouldn't surprise me if much success was gained by the pairing. The song's intro is archetypal; bass mixed right up, heads-down boogie. It could almost be parody, but methinks not. Actually Hustler do have pretensions — as the appearance of that spiralling Moog phrase shows.

Canyon won't be as successful as Hustler since they're not around to gig here, and their record is nowhere near as well-recorded even if they have managed to cram in riffs from "Brown Sugar" and "You Really Got Me".

all. It's the song that's lame and you know what? It took three people to write this.

THE WAILERS: "Natty Dread" (Island). Actually, not only have Island released this to coincide with Marley's visit, but "Natty Dread" was put out late last year as the flip side of "So Jah Seh". Now you'll find "So Jah Seh" on the B-side, so all they've done is reverse the record. Judging from the band's performance at London's Lyceum just last week. The Wailers are far superior live than on record. I mean, in a concert situation you can really feel Marley's total commitment to the music and the cause. According to one who knows more about these things than I, "Natty Dread" shouldn't be heard out of context from the rest of the album. And that album's opening cut "Lively Up Yourself" would have made for a better single. I'm inclined to go along with that.

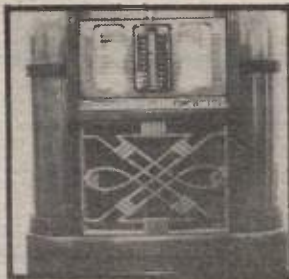
More reggae. . .

ARTHUR LOUIS: "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" (Plum).

The first release from a new re-



ANTHONY MOORE dying tastefully



SINGLES REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY STEVE CLARKE



Hey, let's release a record to coincide with the band's British tour. It doesn't matter that they don't have any new product available — we can put out a cut off an album . . .

THE STYLISTICS: "Can't Give You Anything (But My Love)" (A&O). From the "Thank You Baby" album, this is quite possibly the worst record The Stylistics have ever released. A drag, 'cause I love them a lot. It's an uptempo number on which Russell Thompkins Jr. falsettos away about how he'd like to buy his chick lots of expensive goodies, but he just hasn't got the dough, so she'll just have to make do with his love. Nothing wrong with his performance at

cord company and an interesting piece of plastic too, seeing as how one E. Clapton, guitarist, plays on it—a strange thing indeed seeing as how he told Boss Logan that a reggae version of "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" was to be his next single. Actually I don't think El Clapo's got that much competition here, for although this is all right, it needs to be a little more buoyant. Clapton's solo is on the low-key side too and nothing to buy a Strat about.

Several good black records, one of which beats The Stylistics at their own game. . .

MIGHTY CLOUDS OF JOY: "Stoned World" (ABC). Actually if it wasn't for the absence

of a male falsetto, The Mighty Clouds of Joy could pass off as The Stylistics here. The synthesiser sound comes straight from their records, and even if The Mighty Clouds of Joy aren't singing about falling in love, the music could make you feel all gooey inside (urrrghh) given the right circumstances.

THE COMMODORES: "Slippery When Wet" (Tamla Motown). The week's best dance record in which The Commodores, ever-funky, sound like an energetic Sly Stone. Whoever's singing this knows what he's doing and the keyboard gulps are great. It doesn't matter about the trite lyrics 'cause the music's so good.

NATURAL FOUR: "Love's So Wonderful" (Curton). One of those orchestrated soul records guaranteed to uplift your spirits in its sheer joyful exuberance.

Parodyville. . .

MUD: "One Night" (Rak); **WARWICK:** "Let's Get The Party Going" (Rak). Both Chinnichap productions. Mud cover the old Elvis number with tongue just a little in cheek and lots of brass, while Warwick are into parodying Phil Spector. Their record starts out really good with a whole mass of strumming acoustic guitars creating the Spector sound. Things get a little thin on the ground mid-way through, by which time you know it makes more sense to grab a copy of "Be My Baby" or something of that ilk.

The week's most imaginative record . . .

SLAPP HAPPY FEATURING ANTHONY MOORE: "Johnny's Dead" (Virgin). In the past death records have usually been sublimely tacky. Well, Slapp Happy are anything but tacky and the overriding impression one gets from

"Johnny's Dead" is of elegance and sheer good taste. Moreover the song is supremely melodic, well-arranged, the main theme being played on piano, with interjections of rock sax here and there, excellent drumming and a refrain sung first by a very fragile female soprano and later by what sounds like a choir of schoolgirls. Peter Jenner produced the whole thing immaculately. A record worthy of everybody's attention.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND: "Spirits In The Night" (Bronze). After The Hollies, Mann covers Bruce Springsteen. "Spirits In The Night" is a cut from Springsteen's first album, "Greetings From Asbury Park NJ", telling the story of the narrator pulling Crazy Janey while other characters over-indulge themselves so that there's a good deal of throwing up and passing out going on. Manfred Mann haven't had a hit since "Joybringer" and this could change all that since he and the band have brought out the melody more than Springsteen does. The production, credited to the band, is imaginative and the vocals give the whole thing an agreeable pop-rock ambience.

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PLATTERS

Hi there, intellectuals!

moderate showcasers. "Head Start" throws out a passing nod to Bernstein (the main title from "The Carpetbaggers") where Scott pushes down hard on a stop-start melee of orchestrated honking.

"Freaky Zeke" is the show-caser, though no prizes for the tenor are to be awarded; this is strictly a Bobby Brookmayer/Howard Roberts rap on over-drive. It's take-cover time when the valve trombone and the electric guitar get the hot, speeding round the riff that pre-dates The Mahavishnu with some laughs to spare. Musical wit I think they call it. No matter.

Other enjoyable moments are thin on the ground.

Selections from Lerner and Loewe's "Paint Your Wagon" score. I never thought I'd prefer Clint Eastwood's rendition of "I Talk To The Trees". Doesn't pay to get complacent, does it? Scott lifts liberally from Coltrane — which in this case wouldn't please the great man.

Fervour is the key-note. Witness "The Gospel Of No Name City" which revolves around many distinct poles without ever nailing down a convincing theme. Roger Kellaway doodles on piano and the admirable John Guerin flicks out a Buddy Rich/Birth Of The Cool scatter on numerous skins. Nothing to write home about.

"Hand Me Down That Can Of Beans" and "Aquarius" (groan) also find their way in with everyone blowing fit to bust a gut. However, those are veritable pearls alongside Scott's Beatle medley performed in execrably sickly taste and an almost total lack of textural empathy.

OK, Scott does draw on more than one or two hackneyed, knock-kneed licks, but so what? With material of this borsch assume Hentoff was drunk and call quits.

This is strictly for cinema foyers.

Max Bell

THE ESCORTS: "All We Need Is Another Chance" (Contempo)

TWO YEARS AGO, producer George Kerr and arranger Bert Keyes snuck into Rahway State Prison, New Jersey (with a small army of cameramen, reporters, and beaming officials) to record seven "long-term offenders, in for murder, armed robbery, and other crimes".

After much publicity, an impressive album was released, it hit the charts, and everything looked rosy for the inmates. I suspect that they're still sitting behind bars waiting to hear some good news, but whatever happened, the record's just turned up in Britain. And it still sounds fine.

The group's harmonies are immaculate, swooping and punching behind the husky mellow lead of Reginald Haynes, who comfortably handles everything he's given. But there lies the album's one great failing — that the group had to be given songs instead of composing their own.

What do we learn about them, about the thoughts and emotions of these men who stepped, or were pushed, outside the law?

Nothing.

All we know is that within the walls of one particular prison George Kerr found seven talented singers who coped admirably with three songs he'd originally produced with The O'Jays ("I'll Be Sweeter Tomorrow", "Look Over Your Shoulder", "I'm So Glad I Found You"); two pop standards ("By The Time I Get To Phoenix", "Little Green Apples"); one he wrote for them (the title song); and — their piece de resistance — a magnificent version of Smokey Robinson's "Ooh Baby Baby".

It all seems a bit pointless. Except that I suppose it broke the monotony for the guys, and it does at least leave us with a beautiful example of an uncluttered soul group singing its heart out. Try it.

Cliff White



THE LIKELIHOOD of Jimmy Webb ever achieving the wide popular acceptance as a singer which he acquired so rapidly as a composer compares favourably on the improbability stakes with that of a herd of Patagonian pigs doing a two-trottered high-wire act over the Hebrides.

But what obstacles could there exist for the Baptist minister's son from Oklahoma on whom fortune smiled with such stubborn sweetness after he moved to Los Angeles and took up composing in the mid-Sixties?

No sooner had Johnny Rivers — at the time a near-permanent resident in the US Top Ten — recorded one of his songs and taken him under his commercially prestigious umbrella than along came Glen Campbell, in mid-metamorphosis from session guitarist to all-round entertainer, to fashion himself a new career out of five consecutive Webb-composed chart success: "By The Time I Get To Phoenix", "Wichita Lineman", "Galveston", "Where's The Playground Susie?" and "Honey Come Back".

And to complete the tableau, enter from the wings The Fifth Dimension, offering the prospective collaborator all the tantalising possibilities to be derived from working with an outstanding, yet still relatively unknown, black vocal harmony group.

Webb, not one to overlook such a challenge, graduated from rehearsal pianist to provider of songs ("Up Up And Away" for one) and supervisor of their first album. Its successor, "Magic Garden", was his own brainchild in every respect and remains a classic pop record, mixing its styles freely, with a finger in every power point.

By then in full stride, Webb threw caution to the hurricane with three dauntingly ambitious writing-arrangement-and-production undertakings: Richard Harris' "A Tramp Shining" and "The Yard Goes On Forever"

Déjà Vu

JIMMY WEBB "And So: On"

— for all their excesses, absolutely unique and greatly misunderstood — and Thelma Houston's "Sunshower" which ABC repeatedly re-release in defiance of public disregard.

So, at a time when every vogue-conscious crooner was hailing him as the Boy Wonder of the decade, it was an opportune moment for the composer to come out from behind his manuscripts, smile with infinite benignity on his worshippers and perch on a spotlight piano stool in accordance with the emerging singer-songwriter tradition.

Instead, he went into seclusion for over a year and returned with a different kind of future in mind.

THE ALBUM announcing this fact was "Words And Music", which he recorded in a reclusive orgy or overdubbing with only one other musician, multi-instrumentalist Freddy Tackett. The songs were comparable in quality to anything he'd written before, but the overall mood was unsettlingly pessimistic and effectively alienated those who relied on him solely for the old nightclub imperishables.

The primary impediment between Webb's new material and the hallowed masses was one which will remain with him for as long as he chooses to sing: his voice — doleful, desperate and suggestive of someone who gargles with wood shavings twice a day. The fact that he's also an extremely arresting vocalist who strives painfully for notes which others would be content to glide over listlessly merely made his

For the sheer veracity of his articulation...

...AL CLARK solemnly enjoins you to give up listening to Pan's People and get into something heavier: JIMMY WEBB, successful composer and not-quite-so-successful vocalist. Why, demands our correspondent, should this be? You wanna know — stick around.

potential audience feel like reluctant voyeurs.

In fact, Webb resides in that curious penumbra between polarities. Because his reputation was established largely through other artists' interpretations of his work, he is plagued by the spectre of a distinguished past in the realms of mainstream showbiz which makes him unacceptable to the average rock snob.

On the other hand, the strength and conviction of his recent work outlaws him from those circles which employ music as orchestral Chippendale.

So, too committed for the absent-minded easy-listener and too graceful for the hard-core thrill-seeker, he's resigned himself to making occasional records which appear unannounced and leave by the back door.

THE SECOND of these, "And So: On", is probably the most convincing exposition of that resolute singularity which distinguishes Webb's romantic vigour from the mawkish dish-water of the Marin County back-porch rhetoricians. And although he treads the tightrope of sentimentality with audacious frequency, he invariably triumphs over its more grisly possibilities through the sheer veracity of his articulation.

On "And So: On" he relaxes the fastidious grip which made "Words And Music" such an austere introverted record and flexes his muscles with greater confidence. In addition to what were by then his regular accompanists — Freddy Tackett (guitar), Skip Mosher (bass) and Ray Rich (drums) — Webb also calls upon Larry Coryell (guitar), Tom Scott (alto sax) and, in a brief but impressive contribution, Lance Allworth on harmonica. His sister Susan again provides the girls' voices but, apart from the odd recorder or pinball machine, the rest of the show is all his: keyboards, vocals, arrangements, production.

The big ballads, as usual, provide the cornerstone to his bold, insistent emotionalism.

Opening with one of those spot-the-standard rococo piano intros, "Met Her On A Plane" is a song with all the poignant brevity of "Wichita Lineman" (particularly in the Billy Swan-produced Tony Joe White rendition) where the instrumental layers assemble and build towards a starry-eyed chorus behind which electric guitar and strings mingle seductively — a textural contrast on which he's always drawn with considerable invention.

On "All My Love's Laughter" he employs a similar development over twice the length, intensified by the likely, though not identified, presence of Larry Coryell who subsequently recorded his own version of the song. Lyrically, it's a

remarkably accurate evocation of one of those ingenuously amoral willowy girls, seemingly abundant in California, who enshroud themselves in holy mysterious solitude and lure suckers to the end of their tether.

A more ambivalent song than its reverent surface would suggest, it also boasts a masterful coda in which harmonica is played off against a soaring string section and weaves in an out of the resultant blend. Webb's use of the extended outro, which had always been notable in the past, reaches its summit on this song and its counterpart on Side Two, "See You Then", to whose immaculately structured arrangement the instrumental finale is pertinent rather than merely decorative.

Equally effective — and more surprising, given Webb's association with rhapsody rather than raunch — is the coda of "Laspitch", a narrative about a small-town magnate and his wife, set in one of those steamy little outposts where powerful men have guilty secrets and reputable women, who habitually resemble Lee Remick, have torrid romances on the quiet.

WEBB HAS always had a propensity for writing songs which challenge the resources of a vocalist — hence some of the appalling renderings of his compositions — and "Laspitch" is a real trauma for the tonsils. So, having got things off to the proverbial storming start, Webb sounds awkward in his attempt to parallel the instrumental holocaust he's created.

Only at the end, after the vocal has ridden off into the sunset and left the instruments to fight it out, does the full power of his arrangement become evident — girls' voices hover like spooky vapour, thunderous guitars are held in suspended crescendo while a repeated figure is pounded out on the piano and a saxophone appears briefly to remind one it's in there somewhere.

It's enough to make Phil Spector take an axe to his mixing console.

There are two other high-density rockers of similar stature. "All Night Show", with its dizzily manic guitar, machine-gun drums and dance-dive sax, slickly depicts the frenetic pace of midnight-hour radio in a hot urban environment, while "Highpockets" is as close as Webb's ever got to reviving the episodic grandeur of "MacArthur Park".

Fortunately, he doesn't burden it with well-intended but ill-judged metaphors like the rain-sodden cake and lost recipe. In fact, both musically and lyrically, it's among his most skilful achievements and one which exemplifies what its possibly his greatest asset: the ability to take risks without allowing his ambition to out-

distance his sense of perspective and this degenerate into pretension.

Like "Highpockets", "Pocketful Of Keys" is a meticulously-observed character portrait, in this instance of a worried man whose key fetishism extends to every aspect of his life.

Finally, three lesser songs of appropriate brevity: "One Lady", an agreeable but pedestrian ditty distinguished by an unexpected and perfectly judged fuzz guitar solo; "If Ships Were Made To Sail", a stark utopian anthem with sentiments worthy of a maritime Jefferson Starship; and "Marionette", an inconsequential little morsel of lightweight prettiness, not without its charm but rather daft nonetheless.

As a complete entity, however, "And So: On" is a timeless record which continues to reveal new pleasures on each hearing. Unfortunately, it lacked an appropriately chic calling-card at the time of release and has already moved into the oblivion sphere.

SINCE ITS appearance in 1971, Webb has made two more albums of his own: "Letters" for Reprise in 1972, and "Land's End" following a move to Ayslum in 1974.

But judging by the number of songs he's donated to other artists recently, and the sudden profusion of projects taken on in his old role as writer-and-supervisor-to-the-stars, he's become disenchanted with solo ventures.

After providing the Supremes with their only LP of distinction in recent years, he's given material to Garfunkel, Joe Cocker and Judy Collins and worked closely on three new albums: Cher's "Stars", his sister Susan Webb's impressive debut "Bye-Bye Pretty Baby" and, surprisingly, Glen Campbell's "Reunion" on which Campbell does efficient airbrush jobs on recent Webb songs under his direction.

And if that isn't enough to overload the senses with déjà-vu, according to his sister he's now working with The Fifth Dimension on a new album similar in approach to "Magic Garden".

There's nothing wrong with renewing old associations, but not at the expense of what a man can do without them. It was for the man who sang his own songs rather than the successful collaborator, one suspects, that Larry Coryell plays his wistful tribute "Song For Jim Webb" on his current LP.

When you're one of the three or four innovators across the spectrum of popular music who is capable of real greatness, it's a pity to allow an artistic dilemma to dilute it.

MEANWHILE, his record company expects nothing. They just leave him to his gliding and wait for whatever turns up.

PLATTERS

WILSON PICKETT:
"Join Me And Let's Be Free" (RCA)

FIRST OF ALL you have to picture the scene. There he stands, up to his elbows in stagnant water, a faraway look in his eyes, a drowning butterfly on his navel, and three golden orbs mysteriously forming a triangle between his shoulders and chest, asking us to join him and be free.

What does it all mean?

Is it some obscure religious rite? An invitation to suicide? Could it be a secret message to Pawnbrokers Anonymous?

Oh no, I see, it's simply another frantic attempt by RCA to interest someone, anyone, in their floundering ex-soul star.

Then you get to the music and realise that they haven't got a hope, not with this LP anyway.

Actually it's not a bad record. Well, it's not TOO bad. Well... oh hell, I suppose it is pretty dismal when you get right down to it.

Despite the presence of Steve Wonder's electronic boffins (synthesiser programming by Robert Margoullef and Malcolm Cecil) and an unknown producer, Yusuf Rahman (Brad Shapiro in drag?), it's the same old Pickett with the same old sound — only whereas once he'd storm through everything with the power of a V8, now he's just firing on a couple of cylinders and the songs are merely retreads.

Intrigued by the title, I went first to "Smokin' In The United Nations" only to find weak echoes of "Mustang Sally" wrapped up in fanciful lyrics: "I had to build my house on a funky plantation but don't be surprised if you look up and see me/smoking in the United Nations." (Oh yeah?)

"Mighty Mouth" turned out to be "Mojo Mamma" revisited, "Higher Consciousness" is as

What a grunt he turned out to be ...

(Pickett on sticky wicket)

pretentious as it sounds, and by the time "Bailin' Hay On A Rainy Day" rolled around I wasn't at all surprised to learn that he'd been trying to grow his vine where the sun didn't shine.

Out of the nine tracks (another example of unnecessary short-shrift), "I've Got A Good Friend" has the most potential and therefore shows up all of his current failings. A slow gospel wailer of the kind that the Wicked Pickett used to tear apart; here he barely summons up enough enthusiasm to compete with the background singers.

Compare it to his stupendous 1962 recording of "I Found A Love" and then weep, chillun. Perhaps, after all that mileage, he needs a decoke or a brisk rub down with a greasy chitlin.

Cliff White

WIGWAM: "Nuclear Nightclub" (Virgin)

FOR THOSE of you who have already heard Wigwam's previous albums, there is every possibility you'll be sorely disap-

pointed with this seventh album under the group name.

Since I. Mac's Looking Back appraisal of their music (NME August 10, 1974) there's been a split in the band. Writers Jukka Gustavson and Pekka Pohjola have left the shelter of the Wigwam umbrella, leaving Englishman Jim Pembroke the main creative source of the band, with the moral support of original member Ronnie Osterberg (drums).

Remaining in the line-up is guitarist Pekka Rechardt, who joined the band last year, I believe after their album "Being". And the final crew member is Mans Groundstroem on bass. Although according to the "Nightclub" sleeve notes they are also "with Esa Kotilainen, keyboards".

One can only assume that Pembroke (even when assisted in composing by Rechardt) isn't enough of a musical heavyweight to make all eight cuts of "Nuclear Nightclub" succeed. Seldom is the album particularly good. In fact, it's frequently poor.

The set fails to a large extent for two reasons. Firstly Wigwam seem to lack a sense of direction and are unable to retain a basic style. And secondly the majority of songs (with cer-

tain exceptions which we'll come to shortly) are weak-melodied and act as a structure within which the instrumental side of the band generally takes control.

Which would be all very well if they had something worth stating on that level.

Admittedly the tonal quality of the keyboard and guitar is unusually interesting (listen to the title track and "Freddie Are You Ready"), but too often they layer the music — such as on "Bless Your Lucky Stars", "Do Or Die", and the dreadfully banal "Pig Storm" — as if they were making musical club-sandwiches.

Their filling, I should add, is both as predictable and as tasteless as the food variety.

Yet, with the title track, "Freddie Are You Ready", and "Simple Human Kindness", you can uncover some excellent melodies, superb arrangements and a bucketful of inspiration.

Sadly, they are unable to sustain the quality.

"Nuclear Nightclub" then is not an auspicious start for the new Wigwam on their long-sought-for British outlet.

Tony Stewart

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS: "New City" (CBS)

NEW CITY, or same old conurbation?

Happily, the latter.

B, S and T may have suffered the ravages of planners' blight in the past, but they're finally restored to their old shape. This is unmistakably their most satisfying set since the money-spinning second album in 1969.

That album produced three huge singles — "You Made Me So Very Happy", "Spinning Wheel" and "And When I Die". If rock critics tend to regard the band's first album — featuring Al Kooper — as their finest, the consumers disagreed.

"Jazz Rock" was the label invented to describe B, S and T's music. This simply meant that brass was added to the standard rock line-up (not unlike the Mar-Keys, but they were "soul"), and otherwise impressive songs were cluttered with tedious solos.

In the event, the alleged jazz element proved almost totally irrelevant to the band's success.

What sold singles was partly the gruff, massive voice of David Clayton-Thomas — but it was mainly the sound commercial sense of Al Kooper and James Guercio.

For while Kooper had officially quit, he recommended many of the songs on the second album, and they were impeccably produced by Guercio, who's never quite fulfilled that original promise.

Without the inspiration of those two guys, BS&T floundered. It's taken them six years, and innumerable personnel changes, to get close to the old formula.

Producer Jimmy Ienner must take much of the credit.

Janis Ian's "Applause" finds the band at their most ambitious, with grandiose arrangements serving to emphasise the song's subtlety. Clayton-Thomas pulls out all the emotional stops, wringing the last ounce of meaning from the perceptive lyrics.

In contrast, the obvious humour of Randy Newman's "Naked Man" is somewhat heavily underlined. The song kicks off with a cod version of Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, or whatever, and Clayton-Thomas is reduced to giggles midway through. But then Newman so consistently undersells his work, that a little overkill is perhaps no bad thing.

The band's version of Tossaint's "Life" is a sharply realised piece of blue-eyed funk, proving you don't have to come from Glasgie to do it. And John Lee Hooker's "One Room

Country Shack" (previously covered by Al Kooper) allows Clayton-Thomas to show that blue men really can sing the whites, or at least appear to convincingly.

The album's most intense song is "I Was A Witness To A War", a melodic pacifist lament that's fierce enough to bring tears to the eyes of a general. Well, almost.

As for "Got To Get You Into My Life", that was already jazz-rock on "Revolver". B, S and T had only to accurately transcribe George Martin. They did.

There are some pleasant originals here, too, notably "Yesterday's Music" by Clayton-Thomas. The title may be uncomfortably ironic, but the song's bouncy enough for that not to matter.

Maybe nostalgia has blunted the critical faculties, such as they are, but this album sounds strong enough to put the band back in the big league. If they don't make it this time, there's no way they're gonna improve on the attempt.

Bob Edmonds

STRAY: "Stand Up and Be Counted" (Dawn)

THIS SHOULD have been Stray's finest hour.

The likes of Status Quo and BTO are busy knocking them dead with ferociously simple-minded four-square boooooie. And that's the sort of action that Stray seemed uniquely poised to grab a piece of.

Or, anyway, they did five or six years ago. Then they were one of the few rock acts signed to Transatlantic.

The music they produced was well ahead of its time, perhaps because things have gone full circle. Stray's speciality was epic guitar songs that built with the energy of Slade at their least self-conscious.

Except that Stray did it on a



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AEROSMITH: "Toys In The Attic" (CBS)

"TOYS IN The Attic," is Aerosmith's third record. No one here knows that much about Aerosmith, except that they're a straight-ahead Eastern seaboard band with roots in New Hampshire, Boston and Manhattan who concentrate on emulating the R&B rounch of the 60's allied to the supposed improvements of today. That's what it says here, anyway.

Their strength (derivative simplicity) may well turn out to be their downfall as far as sustained success goes because, though "Toys" is riding high in the U.S. charts, we've already heard this brand of hard rock more than enough — to wit the recent inroads made by the likes of Queen and Golden Earring.

The title track bursts right in as if it had been playing for several minutes. A clever touch with plenty of The Who in there.

Lead singer Steve Tyler

books remarkably similar to the dreadful Freddy Mercury, but he sings O.K. so we'll let him off. Anyway, Aerosmith keep the influences nice and obvious at first until you realise that what you're experiencing is actually infectious *deja vu*.

"Uncle Salty" has fail-safe boogie dual, clean dancing beat and a riff, guitar — cracked chamber tension provided by Joe Perry and Brad Whitford. It pulls after a time . . . like most of the songs. Jack Douglas has produced a thick, strong mix around sophisticated material but, as a whole, the experience is immediately expendable. There's not enough deviation from a predictable norm.

So: "Walk This Way" and "Adam's Apple" are interchangeable. Pleasant side creations and uncomfortably fast sound level — odd bursts of high octave in all the right places. Text-book rock and wasted energy.

Where they chance their arm — like on the rude blues "Big Ten Inch Record" with its refined swooning horns and torch

piano melody — they show all the distinctive markings of fair live potential, but one that still leaves nothing fancy to the imagination.

"Sweet Emotion" has guess-the-riff chord sequences and an annoying triangle intruding in the background which only succeeded in making me check if the telephone was ringing. Things take off at last on "No More, No More" (that's asking for it) where the opening is neatly stolen from "Rip This Joint" but trails off into a sonic burst seizure of its own that comes over into "Round And Round" (not Chuck's version).

Tyler's voice here has the temporary quality of a brain-vein-snapping madman. The kind of vocalist who drives the old folks nuts.

They finally blow the whole thing on the horribly gimmicky "You See Me Crying" where someone had the bright idea to slow up the tapes so one imagines one's stereo is on the blink. The delayed-action orchestration is a dismal failure too — and anyway the original (*Spirit's* "Soldier") was better.

Maybe as a first album this would be a commendable offering but, as it's their third, Aerosmith haven't got a lot to shout about.

Their claims that "our music is rough and raunchy R&B with a lot of refinement", and claims made for them that "they capture the tradition of the Stones" aren't borne out here.

The Stones were originals of a sort. By the time you get to third-generation bands it's reasonable to hope for slightly more than the basics — even if they are well done.

Max Bell

cliches and lyrics with a point-
less claim to social significance.

It's the sort of musical experiment that every fifth-rate band went in for in the immediate wake of "Sergeant Pepper".

In the context, this is a thoroughly daft album, an absurd waste of potential so obvious it could only have been ignored by people too bored to notice.

There's little enough happening in 1975 without bands stagnating in this fashion. Someone should persuade Francis Rossi to produce Stray on a live album, except that he probably wouldn't welcome the competition.

Bob Edmands

DENNIS LINDE:
"Trapped In The
Suburbs" (Elektra)

PROBABLY Dennis Linde's biggest claim to fame is his writing of "Burnin' Love", a hit for big El a while back. Apart from making his own records, Linde's produced for Kris Kristofferson and Mickey Newbury, also being a buddy of Billy "I Can Help" Swan who, with Linde, co-wrote one of the tracks contained herein.

Linde is definitely no major force. He knows how to play, produce and arrange, but his singing is a long way short of it. In other words Linde wasn't born to make music, but has picked up a few tricks on the way — in other words "Trapped In The Suburbs" is a little better than average.

The title cut could be a hit in America

Some of you might find the sound of a white guy singing the middle-class blues — “wanna earn a little disrespect” sings Linde in a song where he also wants to trade in his bank-roll for his bed-roll — a little abhorrent, but the music is good, especially if you’re into Dr. John.

Linde can also write a fair pop ballad (qv. "He Likes To Hurt You").

By no means essential listening.

Steve Clarke

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News Desk

Essex tour dates -IN FULL

THE COMPLETE ITINERARY of the giant September-October tour by David Essex has now been confirmed by promoter Mel Bush. It comprises a total of 32 dates at 21 different venues.

Although 11 of the dates have already been printed by NME, including the final five-day stint at London Hammersmith Odeon, we are — for the convenience of readers — listing below the full schedule:

Bristol Colston Hall (September 14 and 15), Cardiff Capitol Theatre (16), Birmingham Odeon (17 and 18), Liverpool Empire (19 and 20), Newcastle City Hall (21 and 22), Glasgow Apollo Centre (23 and 24), Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (25), Dundee Caird Hall (26), Manchester Belle Vue (27), Coventry New Theatre (28), Leicester De Montfort Hall (30), Preston Guildhall (October 1), Southport New Theatre (2), Leeds Grand Theatre (3 and 4), Southampton Gaumont (5), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (6), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (7), London Lewisham Odeon (9



and 10), London Kilburn Gaumont State (11), Southend Kursaal (12) and London Hammersmith Odeon (14 to 18 inclusive).

Essex will be supported throughout the tour by a band comprising Jeff Wayne (musical director and keyboards), Mike Thorne (bass), Alan Wakeman (tenor sax, flute and clarinet), David White (clarinet and sax), Ken Freeman (synthesiser), Jo Partridge (guitar), Barry de Souza (drums), Frank Ince (percussion) and Mark Griffiths (bass). Concert tickets are now on sale at the respective box-offices.

Chatton leaves Snafu -Hinckley taking over

SNAFU keyboard player Brian Chatton has left the band, in order to devote more time to writing. The remaining members are currently rehearsing with Tim Hinckley (keyboards) and Tweke (rhythm guitar), both of whom make their debut with Snafu at Dagenham Roundhouse on August 2, though it is not yet clear whether they will remain with the group on a permanent basis. They are also set for London Marquee on August 5, and more dates are at present being confirmed for Snafu running into September, when their new album and single will be released. They begin a European tour in late September and make their U.S. debut in October.

Windsor gets its alternative site

IT NOW SEEMS virtually certain that the nine-day Windsor Free Festival will take place this year after all — but at an alternative and officially approved site some 50 miles away from the event's traditional home in Windsor Great Park. The Home Office has given permission for the organisers to stage the festival on a disused airfield at Watchfield, four miles outside Swindon, and this offer has been accepted.

News of the festival being held in the small village (population 1,000) has caused uproar amongst the local residents. They are claiming that the Home Office has deliberately kept the site secret until now, thereby allowing insufficient time to fight the decision.

Even so, they are organising a petition against "the grave injustice which has been inflicted on this community". Their spokesman was expecting to see the Home Secretary today (Thursday) to hand over the petition, and to try to persuade him to change his mind about the use of Watchfield. However, it is considered highly unlikely that the Home Office would have second thoughts, since it has now committed itself to the use of this site.

As a secondary ploy, the Watchfield spokesman is demanding that — if the festival goes ahead — the Government should bear all costs of providing facilities and cleaning up afterwards.

The festival is due to start on Saturday, August 23, and continue until Sunday, August 31. By coincidence, both Watchfield and Reading are in the county of Berkshire, and are about 35 miles apart; the last two days of the Reading Festival will clash with the first two days of the Watchfield event.

The fact that the festival is now going ahead means that the alternative plan, which would have involved holding a "Free Feast" in Windsor Great Park, has now been scrapped.

MASON AT C. PALACE -if it happens!

DAVE MASON is expected to be one of the headlining attractions at the next Garden Party planned for the Crystal Palace Bowl in South London on Saturday, September 6—if, in fact, the event takes place! Co-promoter Harvey Goldsmith said this week that negotiations are well advanced for Mason to appear. But, he added, it is still by no means definite that a second Garden Party will be held this summer.

Said Goldsmith: "It has been proving very difficult to get the big-name attractions we need. Originally we had hoped to have Little Feat, but they pulled out several weeks ago. And there is now no questions of Lynyrd Skynyrd being available on that date. We shall obviously have to take a final decision in the very near future, and I am still hoping that it will all come together. But we would cancel the concert rather than put on a sub-standard bill."

Goldsmith added that, although Skynyrd had intended

to visit Britain in September, they have postponed their trip because of the pressure of work in the States. He is now hoping to bring them in during October for a headlining concert tour, but he stressed that this is still subject to confirmation.

Whether or not the Crystal Palace event takes place, Dave Mason will still be visiting Britain in September as part of a European tour. CBS Records say that he is planning a few British concert dates towards the end of that month.

Still more tours... RAY STEVENS IN NOVEMBER

RAY STEVENS, currently riding high in the charts with his revival of "Misty", is coming to Britain in the autumn to headline a major concert tour. A representative of the singer said in London this week that Stevens will be touring here in November, and that he will be visiting principal venues throughout the country. Details of his itinerary are at present being finalised and will be announced later in the summer.

TODD RUNDGREN will definitely be headlining four or five concerts in Britain during the first week of October, a spokesman for the William Morris Agency said this week. However, dates and venues have not yet been finalised.

ARGENT drummer Bob Henrit, whose illness caused the cancellation of the band's British dates last month, has now recovered. Argent's tour is now being re-scheduled to start in late September, and the first confirmed date is Newcastle Mayfair on October 10.

BRIAN HYLAND, currently enjoying a chart comeback with "Sealed With A Kiss", is to undertake a British one-nighter tour for promoter Henry Sellers starting in late August. Meanwhile, Hyland was flying in this week to guest in BBC-1's "Top Of The Pops" tonight (Thursday).

QUEEN will be setting out on their next British concert tour in November, a spokesman for the band said on Monday. They go into the studios next week to start work on a new album, which will be released to coincide with the tour.



RAY STEVENS

JUSTIN HAYWARD and JOHN LODGE of the Moody Blues are planning a major British tour together in October, following the success of their recent duo album "Bluejays". They will be joined by the other musicians who were featured on the album, possibly augmented by another Moodies member, Mike Pinder.

FLO & EDDIE are coming to Britain to play a string of selected venues. They are due to arrive in September, and details of their itinerary are at present being finalised.

THE TYMES are returning to Britain in the early autumn for a four-week one-nighter tour. They will be playing gigs around the country from September 19 to October 16.

Hawkwind & Gong in summer tours

HAWKWIND are playing a short series of British dates during the next two weeks and, apart from their appearance in the Reading Festival on August 22, these are expected to be their last gigs in this country until early next year. The band are playing Newcastle Mayfair (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Stadium (Saturday), Torquay Town Hall (August 1), Truro Plaza (3), Sunderland City Hall (8), Edinburgh Usher Hall (9) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (10). Hawkwind will be devoting the remainder of the year to recording and to touring the United States, Australia

and various other territories. GONG will be undertaking a short summer tour next month, and their itinerary includes a three-day stint at London Marquee Club. Dates confirmed for the band by the Virgin Agency are Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (August 9), London Marquee (11, 12 and 13), Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom (15), Guildford Civic Hall (16), Redruth Regal Cinema (19) and Plymouth Top Rank (20). A spokesman said that these few gigs are intended as a warm-up for an extensive British concert tour, which will take place in the autumn.

Edited: Derek Johnson



The first picture of Colosseum II featuring (left to right) JON HISEMAN, MIKE STARRS, DON AIREY, GARY MOORE and NEIL MURRAY.

Colosseum II London debut

HAVING NOW completed the line-up of his new band, plans for which were revealed by NME three months ago, Jon Hiseman has decided to call the outfit Colosseum II. He has already signed the group to Bronze Records, for whom they start recording their first album in October. And they set out on their debut British tour at London School of Economics on November 1.

The 20-venue tour will consist mainly of university gigs, but their will be some club appearances, including Croydon Greyhound on November 2.

Besides Hiseman on drums, the band features Gary Moore (ex-Skid Row and Thin Lizzy) on guitar and vocals, bassist Neil Murray, keyboards player Don Airey (ex-Cozy Powell's Hammer) and lead vocalist Mike Starrs. The majority of the group's material is being penned by Hiseman (lyrics) and Moore (music), although Murray and Airey are also contributing.

It is four years since Hiseman disbanded the original Colosseum, on the grounds that

they could—at that time—progress no further. Now, in partnership with Moore, he has evolved Colosseum II which he says represents a "logical progression". Apart from Hiseman, none of the members was in the original line-up. The band's first appearance will be by way of a European tour in September.

U.K. DATES BY CLIMAX

CLIMAX BLUES BAND are to headline a few selected concerts to tie in with the September release of their new LP "The Stamp Album" on the BTM label. Confirmed dates are Newcastle Mayfair (August 29), St. Alban's City Hall (30), Hanley Victoria Hall (September 5) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (14). In order to undertake these dates, Climax have dropped out of the latter part of BTM's "Star-truckin'" package tour which — as previously reported — is playing festival sites throughout Europe (including the Reading Festival) during August. The band begin their next American tour on September 28.

Man in festival

MAN, currently on a short summer tour of Britain, are to headline the Harlow Free Festival on August 2. Support acts include A Band Called 'O' and singer-composer John St. Field. One of the features of the event will be a specially-formed all-star group comprising ex-Man and Neutrons keyboard player Phil Ryan, guitarist Mickey Gee, Man drummer Terry Williams and Man bassist Martin Ace and his wife George.

NEWS ROUND-UP

YES, performing at Queen's Park Rangers soccer ground in West London on May 10, occupies the whole of BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" this Saturday. It is the final programme of the current series.

BARRY ALLDIS, former 208 disc-jockey, is returning to Radio Luxembourg as Station Manager. He flies out to the Grand Duchy next month to take up his new post.

ALLAN TAYLOR has formed an acoustic-electric trio called Cajun Moon. Joining singer-songwriter Taylor are Jon Gillespie (keyboards and woodwind) and Brian Golbey (electric fiddle).

SASSAFRAS play their last British date for three months at Torquay Pavilion on August 3, before flying to America for a four-week tour. On September 17, they begin a month-long European tour supporting Robin Trower.

BUDGIE have added three more dates to their previously-reported September tour. They are Plymouth Guildhall (23), Torquay Town Hall (24), and Penzance The Garden (25).

PILOT will star in a 25-minute film on British TV in late September. They film it in France next month, and it will consist of the band playing album and single material, plus off-duty sequences of them in Paris.

MIKE OLDFIELD'S "Tubular Bells" and "Hergest Ridge" will be performed by the Scottish National Orchestra, with Steve Hillage guesting on guitar, at Glasgow Kelvin Hall on September 4 and 5.

DUANE EDDY is playing additional concerts at Leicester De Montfort Hall (today, Thursday), Manchester Palace (next Wednesday) and Glasgow Apollo (August 1).

JET, who have been inactive for some time while drummer Chris Townson recovered from a broken leg, return to action on August 1 at London Marquee Club.

CHELSEA Football Ground's projected concert of Black Music this Saturday (26), starring Osibisa and Toots and the Maytals, has been cancelled. The promoters have been unable to secure a licence.

CHRIS FARLOWE has added two musicians to his band for his comeback tour starting this Sunday. They are Chris Mercer (sax) and Ron Carthy (trumpet), both on leave from Gonzalez who are off the road at this time.

CURVED AIR will play their only British date this summer at Douglas Palace Lido, Isle of Man, on August 31. They tour America in September, returning in time for the October release of their BTM album "Midnight Wire".

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON will be coming to Britain in September after all, but only for location work on his new film. As reported last week, his projected tour of this country has been delayed until the New Year.

ALBERT HAMMOND plays a one-off concert at London Victoria Palace on September 21, as part of a European tour. He will also be appearing in several TV shows, including BBC's new Twiggy series "Twiggs" and London Weekend's "Russell Harty".

BAD COMPANY headline the opening concert of a three-day rock festival in a Roman amphitheatre in Orange, Southern France, on August 15. Also appearing are Eric Burdon, Fairport Convention, the Jess Roden Band, John Cale and Nico.

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...NO NOT REALLY IN A WAY

The raps of wacky Macca

VENUS AND MARS ARE LATE.

The sandwiches don't care, though. Even though they're the same day's vintage — fresh, soft white bread-triangles housing excerpts from what was once a proud, regal salmon — the effects of being stashed in a direct line with brilliant sunlight has crisped and dried them to the point where this premature ageing process has reduced them to the approximate consistency of the kind of sandwiches that get exhumed from six days' burial in the less congenial kind of pub.

The wine is warm and overly sweet, but this matters even less to Venus and Mars than the terrifying fate that has befallen the sarnies. After all, Venus and Mars are lunching — not wisely but well — and the state of the nation sandwich-wise is of purely academic importance.

And the sun shines bright on the old Greek Street home of McCartney Productions, and everybody is waiting for Venus and Mars to get back from lunch so that they can Talk About The Album — The Album being "Venus And Mars", the successor to the platinum-plated throne of "Band On The Run", the most successful of one of the best pieces of product to emanate from anybody who used to be in the Beatles.

The result of a sojourn in N'Orleans recording in the very famous Allen Toussaint's very famous studio, "Venus And Mars" is...

...a terrible album. Let's have a quick wander around the perimeters and check out the architecture while we're waiting for the deities (in their civilian identities of Paul and Linda McCartney, ordinary every-day popstars-next-door) to choke down their coffee and amble back to the office.

"McCartNEY CAN make albums like 'Band On The Run' anytime he wants to," claims a former associate of the Wings operation. "Venus And Mars" is what he's actually into, though. He likes writing songs for his kids.

Up until the arrival of "Band On The Run" in the latter months of 1973, the prevailing assessment of Monsieur McCartney was that he was the possessor of a "basically bourgeois talent" — which meant that he was essentially uncommitted to rock-and-roll, was irremediably cutesy-pie, played and composed music with an unforgivably low cojones quotient, wrote songs that begged for Andy Williams to cover them, wimped around all over the place with a wife who seemed to have even less musical credibility than her feindsidish Oriental opposite number, allowed an overwhelming facility for pleasant melody and easy-going charm to degenerate into vacuous glibness, angled his music at the mums and dads, came off poorly in comparison to the gritty honesty and commitment of John Lennon, the uplifting spirituality of George Harrison (or what looked like uplifting spirituality at the time) and the cloddish charm of Ringo Starr (from whom nobody expected anything better than cloddish charm anyway), was a sweet and a teacher's pet and a soppy sneak who



I remember when I was a kind of kid kind of thing...

didn't even pretend to relate to a '70s which had taken him at his word about doing it in the road.

The grouchy spoilsport who'd dragged the hallowed name of the Beatles through the courts...

Paul McCartney was Infra Dig. Paul McCartney was Terminally Uncool. Paul McCartney was Right Out. "Eastman is an animal! A fucking stupid middle-class pig! I wouldn't let animals like that near me!" — The Dummy John Lennon, "Magical Misery Tour" (from the National Lampoon's "Radio Dinner" album).

Yeah. That was the camel that broke the straw's back.

John Lennon married a Japanese avant-garde artist several years his senior, who was Third World and far out and had credibility even though hardly anybody either liked her work or understood it.

Paul McCartney married a blonde All-American girl from a wealthy family whose papa was popularly supposed to be Eastman of Eastman Kodak even though he was a lawyer whose pre-Deed Poll (or Yank equivalent) name had been... Epstein. Ha ha. Cosmic irony. Lennon made all the right noises and McCartney made all the wrong ones. John Lennon was Right On and Paul McCartney... well, it was clear that even though he'd been one of the king architects of hippie, the boy was a closet straight who couldn't wait to kiss the revolution goodbye and scuttle back to domesticity.

Still, he kept trying. He put out a pro-I.R.A. single at approximately the right time (i.e. before everybody wised up about the I.R.A.), got banned by the BBC to take away the saccharine aftertaste of the miserable string of bubblegum singles that he and Linda were foisting on an admittedly uncomplaining mass market (by far the most embarrassing of which was "Mary Had A Little Lamb"), had the fortune/misfortune to get busted for dope smoking/growing/holding every third week, and finally

put together Wings — which was, I'm told, a fairly creditable rock and roll band live.

Their principal exercise was a mammoth tour of Europe (during which Macca got himself — you guessed — well and truly busted because someone had sent him some D-O-P-E through the mails) which roughly coincided with the self-immolation of John Lennon's musical/political credibility via the sublimely fatuous "Some Time In New York City." At this time, Wings included, alongside Paul'n Linda, Denny Laine on git-tar, Henry McCulloch on another git-tar and a moustachioed Yank drummer named Denny Seiwell.

The album that followed in the wake of this epic jaunt was "Red Rose Speedway", which was judged quite good at the time.

Time passes. Seiwell and McCulloch travel on, and Laine and the McCartneys bop off to Lagos to record their next album. Amidst mucho hi-jinx, "Band On The Run" emerges — a suitably impressed world, and anti-Macca canards are dissipated like wet farts in a strong wind.

"BAND ON The Run", y'see, is perhaps the ultimate maximisation of McCartney's post-Beatle potential, which is to say that it exploits to the utmost his gift for melody and his not-inconsiderable expertise with sound while minimising his penchant for cheap sentimentality.

Featuring some of the most thoughtful and intelligent pop synthesiser work within living memory, a succession of solid melodies, the occasional flash of genuine inspiration and a virtuosic production, "Band On The Run" was hailed by myriad writers (including your humble present chronicler) as some kind of kozmik meisterwerk, even though in retrospect it seems that it came on that way in contrast to the limp asininity of the all the then-currently new ex-Beatle product ("Mind Games", "Living In The Material World" and "Ringo", to be precise).

Still, let us not be uncharitable to "Band On The Run."

While the lyrics preclude it from truly epic status, it was undoubtedly about 4,000% better than anything that anybody at the time considered McCartney capable of producing.

Suddenly Paul McCartney was the golden boy again. Lennon had O.D.'ed on dumb politics and ingrown ego, George Harrison's prissy holier-than-thou chunderings had gotten righteously on the collective wack, Ringo was solidly into his role as rent-a-looming companion and all-purpose klutz...

And simply bourgeois Macca had pulled off an excellent album.

Oh, the weeping and the wailing, the recriminations and the tears! Of Gevalt!

It was an event of almost morality-play proportions, a triumph of decency. After years of taking shit from everybody for being a square and a Blue Meanie, vindication had arrived with a surprise knockout in the twelfth round. McCartney proved that Nice Guys didn't have to Finish Last; that you could be a Klen Kut Kid and a scholar and a gentleman and still make a decent album.

And then he coasted; pealed a couple of tracks off the wall of tunes on "Band On The Run" and slapped them down on the counter reincarnated as hit singles, took life easy, brought in Jeff Britton (karate heavy and member of the Wild Angels) to play



...I think, well, great y'know...

drums and Jimmy McCulloch (former boy genius of Thunderclap Newman and Stone The Crows) as lead guitarist, took life easy, made a couple of pleasant but dull singles with his bro' Mike, took life easy, made a couple of pleasant but dull Wings singles and set off to New Orleans to cut a new album, etc., etc.

...which is where things start getting heavy.

"Venus And Mars" is not only one of the worst albums I've ever heard from a so-called "Major artist", but it's also the most decadent. Sure, it's got nothing to do with heroin or homosexuality or make-up or any of the other stuff that we used to think of as being "decadent" when we were young(er) and dumb(er) back in '72, but it goes much deeper than that.

"Venus And Mars" is a symptom of decadence because it is the product of

"Who has NME sent along, ladies and gentlemen? He's been out all night, he's stoned out of his brain, he doesn't know what's go... No, it doesn't sound like David Essex to me, but thank you for the compliment."

a considerable talent in an advanced stage of decay. It is totally lacking in either true beauty, true strength or true innocence, offering in the stead of these qualities — qualities which one could quite reasonably demand from the work of an artist of Paul McCartney's eminence — a vapid, shallow prettiness which is ultimately more saddening than the work of even the dumbest no-hoper.

It's the whole lilies-that-fester syndrome, basically, nobody gives a shit if someone they've never heard of unloads a turkey because it's just another bad album. For someone of McCartney's level/status/importance to deliberately trivialise his talent is something of a blow.

THE BAND don't help much, either. Jimmy McCulloch just keeps his head down and blasts away with some decent guitar whenever he gets a chance; for which he really cannot be blamed. I mean, he's probably totally overruled by working with P. Mc — and besides, who the hell expects Jimmy McCulloch to have to carry a Paul McCartney album?

Denny Laine remains as self-effacing as usual, Linda is — well, Linda — and Joe English just plays drums.

Mostly, it's gloopy ballads and pop songs slightly below the ingenuity and creativity level of the average Womble single interspersed with McCartney speciality pieces like "You Gave Me The Answer" which is musicalch rooty-toot in the well-worn "When I'm 64"/"Honey Pie"/"Your Mother Should Know" tradition, only less palatable than any of its predecessors.

There's the incredibly patronising "Rock Show" with its oblique reference to the MC5, the innocent frustration of early Who, the innocent goddamned humour of the Lovin' Spoonful — and especially the innocent joyfulness of classic Beatles.

What I am castigating McCartney for is knowingly and deliberately aiming for the effect of innocence by creating simpering empty music that substitutes saccharine for honest sweetness, crassness for innocence and prettiness for beauty, for selling himself short by refusing to extend his talent past the area of glib facility, for taking the easy way out — ultimately for not realizing that, with talent, comes the responsibility of using it to its utmost.

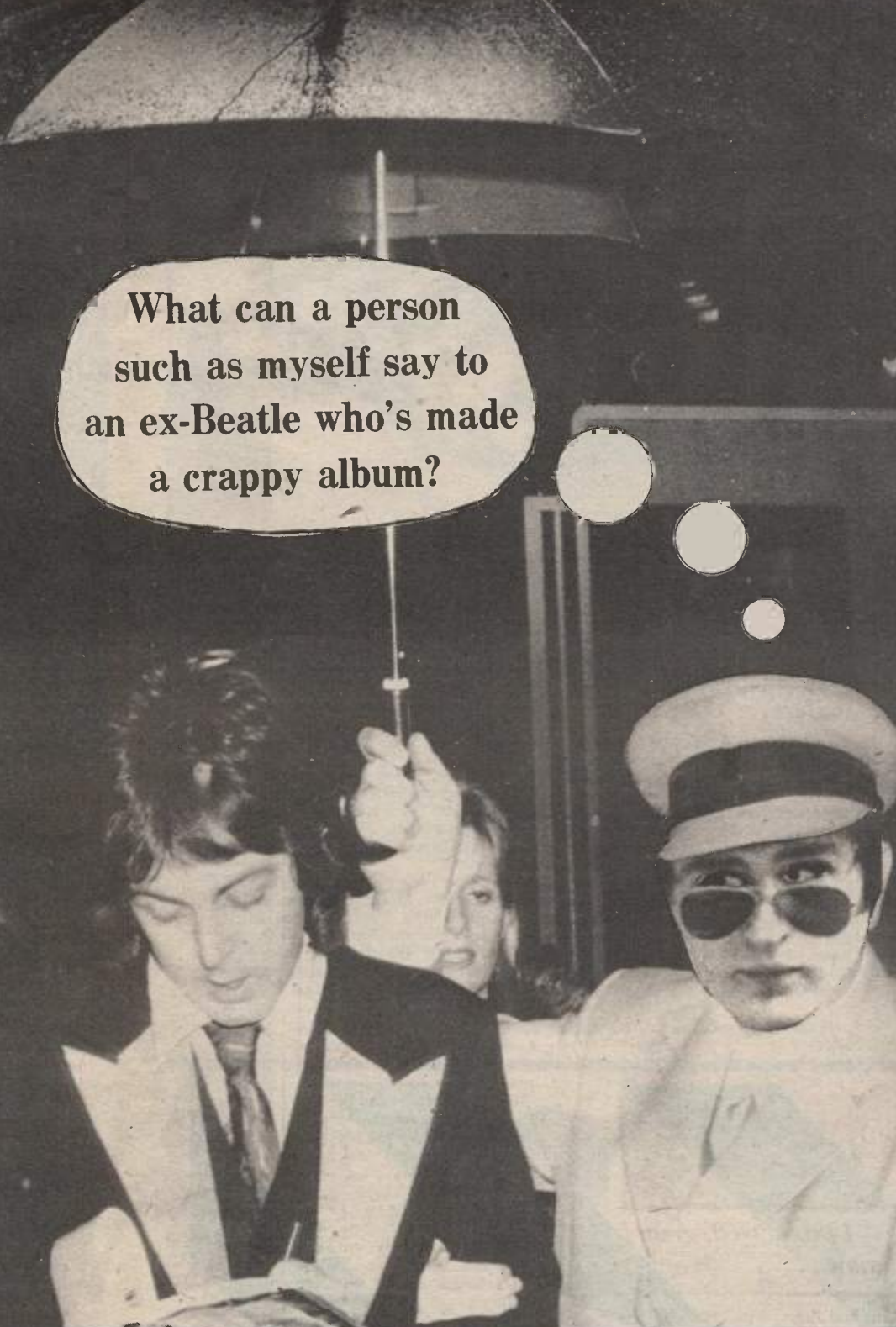
Venus and Mars are all right — Jack.

SO I SIT there in the offices of McCartney Productions watching Denny Laine and Jimmy McCulloch clowning around, and I flip through magazines and think about the weather and my phone bill and the goddam sandwiches — everything but what I'm going to say to Venus and Mars when they come back and whether I'm going to tell McCartney right up front: how much I hate his album (and by extension him for making it) and if so how.

It ain't easy, troops, because I'm as full of Beatleware as the next bozo who was eleven when "Love Me Do" came out and who queued up for two and a half hours to see the very first showing of "A Hard Day's Night" when it came to town and saved up for two months to buy the albums etcetera etcetera. Fill in your own Beatle memories and dilute to taste.

Meeting Paul McCartney is still a hell of a big deal even though it's the second time. The first time was just

ACTUALLY AS IT HAPPENS...



What can a person such as myself say to an ex-Beatle who's made a crappy album?

California hedonism and the consumer ethic that made the early work of the Beach Boys so heartbreakingly wonderful, the innocent street macho of Eddie Cochran, the innocent search for good times and political consciousness of the MC5, the innocent frustration of early Who, the innocent goddamned humour of the Lovin' Spoonful — and especially the innocent joyfulness of classic Beatles.

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Meeting Paul McCartney is still a hell of a big deal even though it's the second time. The first time was just

after "Band On The Run" came out and there was no problem there because I'd liked the album — but now? These things are sent to try us.

Well, eventually he and Linda arrived and said hello very jolly and amiable, and we retired into the next room to do the interview.

Conspicuous by his absence was NME's Living Legend Of The Leica, Joe Stevens, who'd been designated to record the occasion on film. It appeared, see, that Linda had taken some very cute shots of the group a few days earlier and had decided that it would stutute saccharine for honest sweetness, crassness for innocence and prettiness for beauty, for selling himself short by refusing to extend his talent past the area of glib facility, for taking the easy way out — ultimately for not realizing that, with talent, comes the responsibility of using it to its utmost.

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"Not Apple, really because it went a couple of years ago really."

I had to restrain myself from counting the "really's."

because it went a couple of years ago really, just hangin' on with people wondering what to do with it, y'know.

I decide to switch to the "y'know's." This is just the official closing down. It's just like recording a record, y'know, three years ago and it's finally released, y'know.

Pause.

"No, y'know, it just wasn't working, y'know, and you can't keep it going if it's not happenin'." So... no, I don't have any pangs. It's all cool, y'know? The relationship with the others is the only kind of pang I might add, and we're all cool.

"We're all friends and stuff."

It doesn't have as much attack as "Band On The Run".

Christ, somewhere in the Grand Interviewer's Lexicon (or even in the Neonromance of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred) there must be a diplomatic way of saying "Your album is so godawful I wouldn't use it to line a budgie cage even if I had a budgie", but I couldn't think of it.

What can a person such as myself say to a... to a... to an ex-Beatle who's just made a crappy album?

Luckily, he weighs in with something better than I could collapse in a mummified heap of sicklike, withered, brown limbs on the icy flagstones of the crypt...

Oh well, y'know I mean the funny thing about that is it's that that is so much down to people's opinions, y'know. I'd take it up to Liverpool, y'know, to play it to a few people up in Liverpool and they said just the opposite.

As far as I was concerned, it's just me doing it and — uh — it might turn out sounding like that. I see your point water down there.

ACTUALLY AS IT HAPPENS...

Put up with by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

(Professor of Linguistic Structuralism and Environmental Semantics, Fnuergsville University, Utah, Connecticut and occasionally New Jersey.)

Yeah, well, ex-Beatle relations are much better than they have been.

"Yeah, sure."

Pause.

"No, not really in a way actually as it happens."

(Note to the more easily confused reader. Mr. McCartney's initial response to the author's statement was indeed, "Yeah, sure. No, not really in a way actually as it happens.")

He continues:

...because it never was that bad. Y'know. It's just that there was a big press skirmish and everyone — particularly John — flung a few words around, and there was a bit of a number, but that's actually kind of blew over in about a month and we were already kind of speaking to each other and chatting and stuff.

"Y'know. There you go."

But surely the dominant impression was that the Fab Four had been at knife-point for two years.

"Yeah, it looked like that. But you see, there was a lot... I mean, I don't really want to get into it, but there was a lot of sort of business stuff rather than a kind of knife-point between the four of us."

"There was a lot of knife... knifing y'know. There was a few baddies in there for awhile, y'know, and that's why it really looked kind of bitter for a while, but it wasn't that bitter between us, y'know. I say it's really nice and friendly now."

"So I say I don't really want to go with it, because it's really old news for me..."

THIS CAN'T go on much longer. Sooner or later I've got to ask him about the album. I took my mouth in both hands and asked The Question.

"The — uh — logical thing to ask about next is the 'Venus And Mars' album."

"It's a new record."

Smart-ass.

"New LP released soon. What do you want to know about it?"

Box clever. If there's one thing I've told you time and time again, it's box clever. Watch his left — it's the one he holds the razor in.

"It's very much lighter and simpler than its predecessor..."

"Is it?" *Meln Gott* — the Macca Shuffle, already.

It doesn't have as much attack as "Band On The Run".

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What can a person such as myself say to a... to a... to an ex-Beatle who's just made a crappy album?

Luckily, he weighs in with something better than I could collapse in a mummified heap of sicklike, withered, brown limbs on the icy flagstones of the crypt...

Oh well, y'know I mean the funny thing about that is it's that that is so much down to people's opinions, y'know. I'd take it up to Liverpool, y'know, to play it to a few people up in Liverpool and they said just the opposite.

As far as I was concerned, it's just me doing it and — uh — it might turn out sounding like that. I see your point water down there.



...on to taxation — very quickly —

"They said, 'Awwwww man I haven't heard you singing like that for years; it's got much more attack, much more bite...'"

Or maybe it's industrial pollution in the atmosphere.

"I don't myself think it's lighter. It might be... I dunno."

Yeah, but surely "Band On The Run" made gestures in the direction of being a rock album... whereas this is just... an easy listening album?

"Yeah. Some of it is, yeah. I mean, you've got a couple of tracks that aren't. You got... 'Call Me Back Again' on the second side isn't easy listening."

Damn right it isn't.

"And you've got 'Letting Go'. And 'Rock Show' is kind of... hardish."

"It sounds like David Essex", I mutter, temporarily forgetting about my non-aggression policy.

"Rock Show? Geddoudovit. Who has NME sent along, ladies and gentlemen?" he declaims into the microphone of my cassette machine, nestling cozily at his elbow.

"He's been out all night, he's stoned out of his brain, he doesn't know what's go... No, it doesn't sound like David Essex to me, but thank you for the compliment."

Whew! A biting attack!

Might as well carry the fight straight to the enemy.

"It sounds to me as if there are a couple of parodies on it. 'Old Egypt' had a couple of T. Rex touches in there, thought you might be getting satirical already."

"Oh no. I'm not satirical, I'm... er... I wasn't into that."

"Y'know what you think an idea's come from and where it's come from, it's never the same thing, y'know. People get the records and read in things and I just think of a few words and a couple of tunes and go and record 'em, y'know. I definitely didn't think it's T. Rex or I'm doing a David Essex or anything."

As far as I was concerned, it's just me doing it and — uh — it might turn out sounding like that. I see your point water down there.

— almost — but I'm not going to concede the point, ladies and gentlemen, and thank you."

TRICKY QUESTION time. "Why did you record the 'Crossroads' theme?"

"It's a joke. 'It's after 'Lonely Old People', you see, they're kind of sitting there in the park saying 'Nobody asked me to play?'. It's a kind of poignant moment" — he switches into announcerese for the last two words — "and then there's a little break and then 'Crossroads' starts up, and that's very... it's lonely old people, y'know, it's kind of just the kind of thing that lonely old people watch."

"It could just as easily have been 'Coronation Street', but we knew the chords to 'Crossroads'. No, I just thought that it would be just nice to do it."

"The thing is that for people who haven't heard it and don't know the whole 'Crossroads' thing, like Americans, like a fellow who's helping me arrange this stuff, he just thought it was just a lovely tune."

"He thought I'd written it."

"He just thought it was a beautiful little tune, and it is. I like it like it is, y'know, the 'Crossroads' thing. It fitted. Originally it was just a joke, but as it got recorded, it ended up as... a little of a joke."

"And I just wanted to see Tony Hatch after he realised that we'd recorded one of his numbers on our new album. I want to tell him, and there's a bit about Jimmy Page, and I wanted to tell him before anybody else told him. In 'Rock Show' there's a line about 'what's that he's rolling across the stage' it looks like the one used by Jimmy Page/Like a relic from a different age. 'Personally' — he stomps the first syllable like a bass drum pedal — "I was just thinking of a nice old amp and the people in the audience are saying 'that's an AK300. Wowee, it looks just like the one used by Jimmy Page'."

"And he was the only guitarist who rhymed with 'stage'. John Cage? Not the same."

I FIGURED it was about time to bring up that line about "scoring an ounce."

"Tension mounts/Sometimes you score an ounce." You see? The references are always there. Slip 'em in. This is what I feel! (Pythonesque).

Very neat, squire. Very subtle.

"We-e-e-e!" self-deprecating awe-shucking. "I liked it. It is about a rock show, and that is part of it all, so I thought... y'know, I like to slip those in just so that it's not so... respectable. If you know what I mean."

Aha. I knew we'd start talking about dope sooner or later.

"Talking of being respectable and not being respectable, do you think there's any significance in the fact that you've been busted a quite inordinate number of times? Do you think Somebody's Out To Get You?"

"Na-a-a-h. I don't at all. It's basically because it's like... we don't really think it's a crime, and so we go about it as if it isn't."

"Unfortunately some people think it is, and go about it as if it is, so if you're hauled up by a highway patrolman in L.A. and he smells a bit in the car, he doesn't think that it's just an innocent little thing that's not going to harm

...REALLY IN A WAY



anyone. He thinks of it as the whole dangerous what-is-this-depravity scene, y'know.

"I think it's as depraved as booze, which I think is ... *slightly* depraved, but a lot of things are *slightly* depraved."

But howcum Certain Bands can go on the road with enough cocaine to fill Brian Wilson's sandbox, but poor ol' P.M. gets slugged every time for tame stuff like the killer weed? Isn't it just a little bit paranoid?

"It's just one of those things. Just the luck of the draw. I don't think it mounts up to any kind of conspiracy. I don't think like that. I don't believe there's that goes on."

"Maybe it does, y'know, and if it does it doesn't matter. As long as I don't think it does, I'm cool."

"The only really unfortunate thing about it, really, is that it starts to get you a reputation as a kind of druggie. The only thing about it is that it is really only a kind of minor offence. It isn't something we take too seriously, and of course the press image is really far worse."

"Linda Gets Busted For Drug Smuggling", and all it was was that someone was trying to send us stuff through the post as a friendly gesture. It's not that cool, I know that, but our thing is by no means as bad as it sometimes looks. It doesn't bother me too much."

"We're not serious drug addicts or anything. We just try to keep it quiet and not get into it a lot, because even talking about it in this interview is like adding to it. In fact, I don't take drugs at all. I categorically state — are you getting all this, tape? — that I do not take drugs."

"The fact is that it's illegal, and if a thing's illegal you're liable to get caught doing it and that's sort of all there is to it really. I don't really like to go on about it. It's not important."

THE CONVERSATION trotted around the room a couple of times, nod-

ded off for a few minutes and surfaced, via an alarmingly devious route, at the prospects of Live Wings Over The White Cliffs Of Dover — a British tour, in fact.

"We're rehearsing at the moment with our new drummer, the fellow who drummed on the album. He's called Joe English. We're just rehearsing — or practicing, as Pete Townshend would say — and as soon as we've learned enough numbers and get it together, we'll ... tour."

"Hopefully Britain — I'd love to do Britain first, y'know, see how it goes. Everyone's keen to go and play, everybody feels like it, everyone's pleased with the LP. We're just rehearsing, learned a few numbers — learn a few more and then we'll rock off on tour."

It'll be more than two years since the last Wings appearance in Britain.

"Something like that. I don't keep count of things like that. I feel that making a record is almost like playing live, anyway. It's just going and doing something. Doesn't really make much difference to me, though I suppose it does to you or the punters."

S'pose it does at that, Paul.

"... Because it's the time they get to see you and stuff."

An associate enters the room to enthuse about the latest bunch of pictures. He reserves particularly warm approval for one set of group shots. "Everyone's so happy and smiling!" he coos.

They start to discuss which shot should be used for the cover of something or other before McCartney snaps, "Well, we'll talk about it in a sec, because he's got his tape running."

I felt the mantle of E. Howard Hunt descend about my shoulders.

"Besides, NME must take precedence over such mundane matters."

He returns to the conversation and we bitch a bit on the disgusting state of British radio, which is the first topic on which he's felt like expressing a clear-

cut opinion. Eventually he decides that though it could be a lot better, it could also be a lot worse.

"The Bay City Rollers — I think that's all good, that stuff. I like those bands for the younger kids. I would want to force on the younger kids *good music*. It's like me dad forcing on me *good music*, y'know; his idea was a tenor, y'know, a beautiful tenor voice but I used to think, 'No, he sounds like he's strangled.'"

"I'd like to hear Elvis much better, or someone I thought had a good voice, y'know. I don't feel that you have to tell everyone. 'This is good and the Bay City Rollers are rubbish.' I think they're a good group for what they do, I even like the *Osmonds* for what they do."

"I mean I know there's this kind of it's dreadful like uncool to even kind of ... y'know, you wanna laugh at that them sort-of-thing, 'cause you know sort of what it is; it's a bit teenybop and stuff."

"I think, well great, y'know. It's only the people of ten years ago laughing at The Beatles when The Beatles first came out, y'know. It doesn't mean to say that 'cause they hadn't got brilliant music ... but it's only my opinion or our opinion, because a lot of people think their music is brilliant, and there's nothing you can do about it. You can't go about saying, 'No it isn't, it's rubbish.'"

"I think it's great. I mean, if that's what the kids want to listen to and that's what they want to play and they get it on doing that, well, I say good luck to 'em, y'know."

"They just wanna bop, y'know; good on 'em. Little Mary fell in love with Donny Osmond about a year back when everyone did, and what she liked about him was that when he'd sing a song on television, she'd say 'He loves me, doesn't he, daddy?' She'd have this thing that the feller singing was singing just for her, and all girls — well, little girls — love that."



BUSTED — 1972, Sweden.
Pic: JOE STEVENS

"That's always been a big part of music — Elvis, Beatles, y'know. The Stones are still kind of ... y'know ... it's the kind of romance thing still. There's still a kind of playing-to-chicks thing that if you took it away, you'd lose half of the whole music scene, y'know."

HE GOES ON to state that even though there's a lot of rubbish in the chart, there's also a lot of good stuff.

"You always get that — I mean, there was Ken Dodd's record a few years ago which suddenly got *huge* and everyone said, 'Oh blimey'."

"But good luck to him really, y'know."

"If people like it and they want to go out and buy it, well, that's it. I'll tell you when I'd think the charts were in a state: when there was just *nothing* in the charts."

Strong measures are clearly called for.

What gets you pissed off these days?

Time comes to a standstill. Caught in a frozen moment, an infinite silence fills the room. P. Mc knits his brow. The receptionist knits half a bedsock.

Time passes. Eventually, McCartney delivers judgement.

"I really can't think of one," he muses. "I know I've got them. Mmmm ... I don't know really. I really can't think of anything particularly. It's a good time for me. There's probably a few somewhere. Something silly like the milkman didn't arrive for three days ..."

Enter, in a clap of thunder, Linda McCartney. McCartney appeals to her to think of a few things that irritate him. "Common Market ... very major. British television, British radio, British taxation ... another bummer. They're going to lose all their —"

"Right, we got it," cuts in McCartney. Linda instantly lapses into respectful silence.

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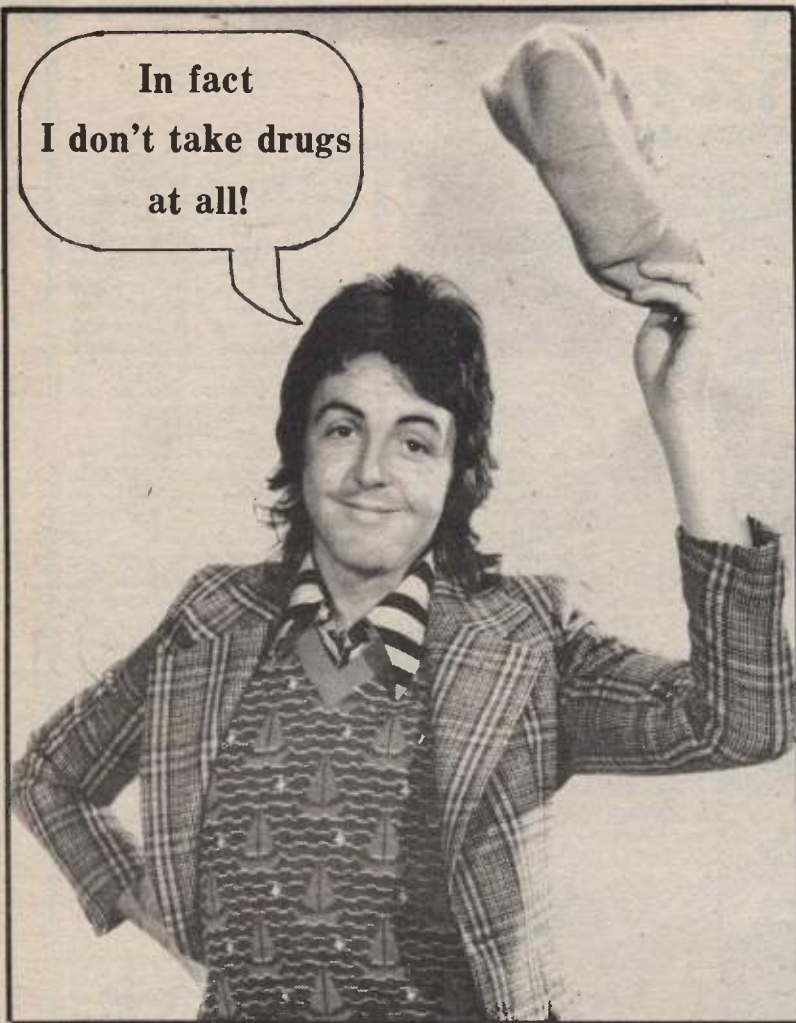
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He delivers a short set-speech about what lunacy the Common Market is.

"We don't like the Common Market... I don't like the Common Market," pipes up Linda.

"Linda doesn't like it either," continues McCartney, and carries on with the political science. "On to taxation — very quickly — the British Government are making it very difficult for a lot of kind of big earners for Britain like Elton John, Rod Stewart, myself... y'know, a lot of people... making it very difficult for them to stay in En-

gland, because basically you get... if you earn a pound, they get ninety-eight pence of it and you get to keep two. And that's...

"And that's demoralising. You just think, 'Oh, bloody 'ell — it's just too much. Some feller somewhere is takin' all of that out of my pound.'"

"And not giving it back to the people either," quoth Linda. "It's not like —"

"It doesn't look like because of it everything's going much better," continues McCartney.

He doesn't seem to have any qualms about interrupting Linda whenever she attempts to say anything, and it doesn't seem to worry her too much. I mean, none of this new-fangled crap about Women's Rights here, Fab Readers. Linda knows who the man of the house is.

"So I say they're starting to force people out, which then gives you the problem that all that money then isn't coming into England and all the recording studios in England, people can't use 'em 'cuz they've gotta record out of the country, so it gets..."

"That's why people record out of the country a lot of the time."

"So things like that, I think maybe if they were just a little more reasonable on the tax they kind of took something like half of it off you, which is bad enough, then at least people would be able to live with that and would be able to stay and kind of keep the money coming into the country. It just doesn't seem very wise to me to punish everyone to the extent that they gotta move, 'cuz then it means that everyone's moving out."

"It's — uh — the blues drain or somethin'."

Well, now you've got an American visa, how about pulling up stakes?

"No. I live in England, and I just like living here. It's a nice place."

"I would never move because of money," interjects Linda. "I would never change my life because of money. Ever. If I like a place —"

"Yeah, well," declaims Macca, "Y'know, that's the idea is just that, well, y'know that we like to live here and wouldn't like to be forced out because of —"

"BUT !!!", yells Linda and they attempt to shout each other down for a few seconds before McCartney triumphs and continues.

"But it'd be great if the government... you go to Nashville and there's a hurricane warning on the telly. Every two hours there's a big hurricane and

you suddenly get the feeling that your roof's gonna get blown off."

"You go to Los Angeles and there's an earthquake warning, and the tremor rate and the... on the... thing, y'know... the whassitcalled... the Ritter Index or something they got out there: 'It's so-and-so today and it looks like we're gonna explode today, folks,' and you suddenly think 'Oh God, at least old Britain doesn't have hurricanes and earthquakes.'"

Ah, so that's why we shouldn't have gone into the Common Market."

"... and when we got back here after America, I really felt wow, at least the ground doesn't move under your feet... I like the British people. I think they're the salt of the earth. Very good people, y'know. I like American people too" (quick glance at Linda) "but I prefer..."

No holding Linda now, gang. She's determined to articulate more than seven words this time before Big Mac steamrollers her with any more folk wisdom.

"No, but I know... yeah..." (must run in the family) but in New Orleans, we met real people..."

That's as far as she gets. Macca crunches in with:

"Down to earth... hangin' out, yeah."

And they croon to each other about real people for awhile before McCartney weighs in with a pronouncement that really sums the whole thing up:

"England is England and Britain is Britain and there's something special about it for me. There's just something it has that... I mean, you get a day like today, a lovely day in the city, it's just good and everyone comes out in their frocks and stuff" — love the tutu, Paul — "andweeeeey and it's... yeah, it's that one again and it's lovely, y'know what I mean?"

"Can't beat it."

AT SOME earlier point during the proceedings, McCartney had bumbled

something about a "hip government." Where does he think such an implausible beast will come from?

"Well nobody knows, do they?" he says, casually obliterating something that Linda is trying to say at the same time. Howcum she hasn't bonged him with a tambourine by now?

The end part of her comment emerges, while McCartney is drawing breath, as "... smoking too many cigarettes and doing it like..."

"Like lawyers and solicitors," McCartney continues smoothly, "and accountants..."

Linda: "Have you seen them?"

"... it's all like a boardroom, the whole thing."

Linda: "They're nothing like ordinary people."

"You need sort of a man of the people," quoth Macca sagely. "Y'know, you need like..."

Linda: "Abraham Lin..."

"... one of these backwoodsmen who comes out of the people and says, 'This is not good enough!' There's a lot of common sense, I think..."

Your turn, Linda, he's pausing for breath again.

"I think that this generation that's in government now is an older generation, and as it changes because we're different than the last generation, and finally there's going to be someone in power from one of the generations who's kinda loose and who's thinking more about philosophy of life —"

"Quality of life and how to make people enjoy it," interprets the modern incarnation of Plato.

"... about living," declaims his spouse, "I was just saying to Paul — this is funny," she asides, allowing P Mc to come back with:

"Because that's the way to get people working: get them to enjoy life."

"... we should get back to... we should be ripping down the factories

■ Continues p.32

K56122

FROM WB WARNER BROS

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO ROY CARR FOR HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE PROJECT

Playing In The Band

An' if you stamp harder it sounds like the Royal Philharmonic

Keyboards on the cheap . . . Readers' solos conducted by **REX ANDERSON**.

Meanwhile, Houston Computer Operator Rock moves ever closer at a price of five grand

FOR WEEKS I've been trying to find room in this column for all your correspondence — because I'm simply buried with scrawled missives enquiring about various technical problems. So here it is . . . column is yours to play with (As I see fit. Ho Ho.)

Chris Corry, of Redbourn, Herts, writes: "In the hope that the musicians' help section isn't completely dead, I have a problem of a more technical nature than most you print. I'm a very amateur keyboards player, and, feeling that I would benefit from a wider variety of sounds, I recently blew quite a bit on a couple of synthesisers (just one or two you understand).

"But due to trying to lead them all into my H & H combo I have a balancing problem which I have traced to my Hohner electric piano. It has a tendency to mute any instrument sharing the channel.

"This is no real problem in itself, but the instrument is very much quieter than any other, and I have to turn the volume up, with the result that there's a lot of background hum and hiss. Is this impedance mismatch? What can I do about it? Clues: It's an old electric piano,

reconditioned about two years ago; all modern case with hinged top; not Pianet N style but similar in design."

Well, Chris, the man at Hohner says you are to write to him with details, model number etc. He says you may have an 'L' which has a headphone jack and a three-pin din output. In this case you have probably tried to feed the amp from the headphone jack.

In any case you are almost certainly right about the impedance problem, but he says it is difficult to tell because Hohner have produced so many instruments which might be described as electric pianos and he needs to know specifically which one you have.

Hohner's address is 39 Coldharbour Lane, London SE5. He also said that if I published the telephone number he'd shoot me.

As we are on keyboards, I'll mention that I've had a lot of letters about my article which suggested there should be just one keyboard to handle all the sounds normally fed through a variety of them. Here's one:

"I read your keyboards feature with interest. The

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So sound like the Philharmonic, damn you . . . **KEITH EMERSON** in Nice days — more inventive with fewer facilities?

rude, and calling me misguided, you seem to have agreed with me throughout the rest of your letter, Charles. In actual fact, when I wrote the article I thought that my suggestions were too ambitious — but since then I have actually run to earth a man who is designing the keyboard I suggested. He asked me to keep quiet until it's completed, but did say it would not be an expensive piece of equipment. So watch this space for more news.

Here's a letter from Keith Hale, of Bromley, Kent.

"Most of your paper's rivals (?) are to my mind perpetrating a great injustice. When they run articles on keyboards they imply that the only way any up-and-coming kid can really do

this thing is by investing the thousands that Emerson, Wakeman, Moraz etc do.

"With a bit of imagination you can make an enormous variety of sounds with a cheap portable organ by adding a few accessories. Second hand fuzz and wah wah pedals can be bought for a fiver at practically any music shop, and an old Watkins copycat can be obtained for around £25.

"A further point often forgotten is that when most of these players started they only had one instrument. Emerson in the early days of the Nice . . . The variety of sounds he could extract from a humble Hammond L100 and the way in which he used them was far more inventive than the stuff he does now.

"Listen to the first Soft Machine and Pink Floyd albums to hear maximum utilisation of one instrument."

More good advice and useful information. Well, thank you chaps, one and all. Between you, you've saved me writing more than about 150 words this week.

Roadrunners

The NME feature that spotlights new and/or up-coming bands. Write to "Roadrunners", c/o New Musical Express, 128 Long Acre, London WC2, for your application form.



WILDFIRE

WILDFIRE: Pete Francis (22), lead guitar/harmonica/lead vocals; Denise Gibbons (20), bass guitar/vocals; Howard Blanche (23), drums/percussion.

THE NORTHERN Soul Disco Scene has now all but killed off regular work for local bands who refuse to conform to the current predilection for Deep Soul. Seemingly, the only alternative is to swallow your pride (and ambition) and accept cabaret dates on the workingmen's club circuit. Wildfire would rather go down fighting than make such a compromise. They've had their fill playing "unsuitable" venues.

In an effort to provoke some kind of reaction in an apathetic environment, this Blackpool-based power trio feel they have offended many local promoters with what they state is a violent and depraved stage act.

Since they banded together in May, 1973, Wildfire have become acutely aware that most promoters (in the Fylde) aren't interested in whether a group are good, bad or indifferent. "In this area," says Wildfire, "the 10 per cent commission is the ruling factor."

Though they have made statutory appearances at the local Mecca and organised their own gigs on the promenade, Wildfire are compelled to undertake out-of-town gigs for approximately £40-£50 a night. With three mouths and a large p.a. system to feed, they're forever in debt — but they are still optimistic about their future.

At the time of writing, EMI, Phonogram and A&M records are listening to demo tapes. "Someone, somewhere needs a band like us," they insist.

Howard who once worked with Kensington Mews, Pete who at one time was involved in re-forming Van Der Graaf Generator and Denise — who refuses to name the all-girl group she once gigged with — concede that despite positive audience reaction around the country work is still extremely difficult to come by.

However, this doesn't prevent Pete and Howard from harbouring carnal desires for Pan's People and Denise having the hots for Steve Marriott . . .

Do Wildfire feel that they have all the qualities to realise both their professional and private ambitions? Their reply is a collective "Yes".

WILDFIRE can be contacted at: 6, Westmorland Avenue, Blackpool, Lancs. Phone: 0253-27999.

trouble is that nowadays the keyboards player is expected to be, as you pointed out, a cheap substitute for an orchestra. Hence the mountains of equipment that keyboard players surround themselves with. Rick Wakeman's equipment, at a quick calculation, comes to around six grand.

"My problem was to achieve a wide range of sounds on a rather smaller budget . . . £120.

"Well, you cite as basic requirements: organ, synthesiser and electric piano with Mellotron and Clavinet as optional extras — to which I would add acoustic piano if possible. However, if one chooses carefully, the list can be considerably reduced.

For example, the organ is often capable of producing a wide enough range of sounds to replace the Mellotron, and with the addition of a few judicious capacitors in the right places a pretty good string sound can be produced.

"If the cash is available, a Farfisa Syntorchestra or Elka Rhapsody make good substitutes at less than half the Mellotron's cost. For my £120 I bought a second hand Dallas Concorde organ which produces an acceptable string sound. With a couple of effects pedals — fuzz and reverb — the tonal range is widened to include very aggressive hard sounds.

"In addition to any available piano, I use a synthesiser custom built for me by a friend for £60 using various published designs.

"To anyone wondering how to rake up £800 for a Mini Moog, I suggest a look at one of the designs in the various electronics magazines. A Hampshire firm, Dewtron, also manufacture kits and for £200 you can build something almost as good as a Mini Moog.

"Having built the thing, one is likely to use the machine more imaginatively than those who have the loot ready to buy three Mini Moogs. Wakeman and others constantly fall into the trap of having a number of synthesisers set up to produce identical sounds. Just listen to 'Journey' and you'll see what I mean. Always the same VC filtered buzz.

"As regards the point you raised about the kompleat keyboard, there already is one. Emerson has one. It's a synthesiser — not your puny portable suitcase model but a £5000 fully polyphonic patchable job with enough knobs to equip the Houston Space Centre. Yama-

ha's recent SY-1 also comes into this bracket.

"What you're asking for is an instrument with full control over envelope, resonance, timbre, reverberation, frequency range and touch volume. Whether the SY-1 or the large Moog are touch sensitive I don't know, but all the other conditions are certainly fulfilled by voltage controlled modules and the aforementioned touch sensitivity is a relatively simple addition.

"Whether Ms Odell would care to train as a Houston computer operator and then invest five grand in the SY-1 is doubtful, but there seems to be no other way of creating such a Utopian instrument. — Mike Lethby, Hassocks, Sussex.

Thanks, Mike, for a very well put together and informative letter. Before I comment, here's another — much abbreviated.

"It would surprise me if you haven't already had a 1,000 rude answers to your article about multiple keyboard problems, but here is another.

You are very misguided about the use of keyboards on stage. I am continuously frustrated by the lack of interest in electronic keyboards. They all use a simple switch on every key and if I had the cash I would be able to prove that these can all be played simultaneously from the same keyboard just as you wish.

"But I would like to see you persuade the manufacturers to produce a keyboard compatible with all their machines. People don't seem to realise that the synthesiser was invented for this very purpose but has stagnated in the form of a single-note, single-keyboard machine, little superior to a Victorian musical box.

"I am an electronics engineer and I have built myself a synthesiser for about £170 which, with very little trouble, will sound like piano, bongo, bell, organ and nearly Mellotron over the full range of the keyboard.

"I am currently working to produce an organ type sound and to produce chords with all the facilities of a synthesiser thrown in.

"It is time more people realised that electronics has overtaken music. It has long been my ambition to prove that anyone who needs more than three keyboards on stage would be better off with a single electronics engineer. — Charles Monk, Reading, Berks.

Umm . . . After starting off saying you were going to be

JAZZ



Pic: IAN DICKSON

"The busdriver's wife... she said 'My God, it's like Led Zeppelin? She had to be joking'"

BILLY COBHAM, superstar, the cat who put drumming back under the Big Top — roar of greasypaint, smell of crowd — was butt-deep in the mundane grievances of a proprietor cornershop with a lame delivery boy. Punctuality.

"One of the things I can't stand is somebody that's gonna be late. Like, ever since I've known Randy and Michael Brecker, John Abercrombie, Alex Blake, I've always tried to put aside the fact that these guys are a risk. When it comes to being on time, I've gotta tell myself I can't let that get in the way because they play too well. If he's late, he's late. I've tried being sensible about it, like, OK man, just so long as he makes the gig — but I'm paying an awful lot of money for these people to be on time. Eventually they're gonna bring me down."

It's getting difficult to connect the Jovian on-stage extrovert — belt a drum it goes blue, sparks hop out of the pointing finger like the Uffizzi fresco school of creation, Cecil B. de Cobham — with the waterlogged leader becalmed among coffee cups in the breakfast room at the Churchill.

"It's not only playing the music, you know, it's also band communication off-stage. I have to be able to talk to my musicians. I had a conga player who was one of the most obnoxious people I have ever met, but he played good, consistent congas and he was on time... to the point where it was sickening, you know, TO THE SECOND. He'd turn around and say, Man, what's going on? I'm here on time so why isn't everybody else?"

"You see, there's a psychological thing that goes down: if this guy can be late, I can be late. Ego. A very childish attitude to take. But when it comes to money, they all scream 'Where's my money, man? I want it on TIME!'"

And that launched Billy into Greed: Its Anti-Social Effects, Its Disheartening Properties. The punctual conga drummer was into Greed. Ran up a royal

When this man plays drums, he thinks of a box trying to roll.

hotel bill, stuck Billy with the tab. "Fine, man — if you leave, that will alleviate my financial woes by one eighth": the old kiss-off, orotund delivery.

"There's many many things that turn me off from running a band, because you're changing diapers constantly. Taj Mahal once said: 'These are men?' One of the reasons why Taj Mahal would never go out on the road with more than one person, himself, was because he'd gotten fed up with changing diapers. If any of these guys got a band together, they'd go through the same thing... and most of them couldn't handle it. But" — and for the first time he brightened up — "it takes a lot for me to get physically upset and crazy, and running a band isn't worth that to me. The only person who is worth that is my mother or my wife and family. What's important to me is that I get my point across to the people... either by myself or with everybody else. I'd love to see everybody in the band really play together and everybody in the audience really get off on what's happening."

WELL, IT hadn't really been happening the night I saw them at Hammersmith. Billie Cobham looked like he was expecting Indian attack, hunched in among all that equipment; the horns lacked bite, and the bass player, Alex Blake — maybe saving himself up for his Big Solo — worked as often as Santa Claus.

Billy got onto the problem of roadies. Boy, he's got them comin' and goin'. "The road manager has turned out to be very very good and consistent... to a point. I don't feel it's his first love. He's in love with money. When you get somebody like that, they do a basic job but there are little things that you notice don't get done. These become big things, so what you have to do then is

BRIAN CASE interviews
BILLY COBHAM, the Buddy
Rich of the seventies.

compensate for the lack of assertiveness on their part.

"The electrically orientated people on the crew like doing what they're doing, but they like to do it at their own pace. It's embarrassing for me to see one of my people; something breaks and he walks across the stage — I think a turtle could beat him out. So I'm dealing with a lot of weak links in my chain."

I couldn't help thinking of John Stevens, one of the world's greatest drummers. Technical hitch for John is if the 73 goes past without stopping. The rest is music.

"What you're doing seems to me a throwback to the old Gene Norman and Norman Granz barnstormers," I said. "Krupa and Bellson."

"Sure. It's a cycle. It's going back even past those guys to Big Sid Catlett, Chick Webb, Poppa Jo Jones. All the equipment — and hopefully in November I'm gonna have four tympani, and they're gonna be used to play melody."

"I want to really play the instrument on a level where I can actually play a melody, and at the same time have my electronic synthesizer-orientated situation set up so that it can be installed into what I'm doing acoustically. I want to connect the two together. It's going to be a quartet. Next season" — "and his face fell — "Get ready for a million quartets because of the economic problems. I just can't

handle a band this size any more — I'm just 150,000 dollars in the red. If I could depend on people..."

"What do you think about the accusation that you've commercialised jazz drumming? Gone in the tank?" I asked. Oddly enough, the question cheered him up.

"I play what I feel. I leave labels to the people who need the crutch. The journalists need them and that's understandable to me, but it's people who are ruled by it, you know, who would rather read a word and say, 'Oh that's what it is — I'd rather not deal with that.'"

"Like on the bus last night, the busdriver's wife asked what the music was, he said jazz, and she said, 'Oh, I don't wanna go.' But she came, sat down, heard it, freaked out. She said, 'My God, it's like Led Zeppelin!' Billy's round face creased up in laughter. "She had to be joking! But OK — she's found a point where she can relate. Whatever gets you off. I leave it to the people. Miles said it. Everytime people ask him what he calls his music now, he says, 'Well — that's up to you man. You get paid for this.'"

Playing with Miles?
"Oh man. Super-education. He doesn't say much, but he knows what's going on. He'll come over and he doesn't play drums and he'll sit down and say he wants to show me a figure. OK. Here's the sticks man. And he'll play something

and say 'Something like that.' Some things he plays I don't even understand how he gets them out, they sound so hip. I can't do them. I think I've learned this from him — to be able to be flexible. If somebody isn't going your way, then it's just not on the cards, so you go with them. If you can't, then cancel. What Miles does many times is he follows. If he doesn't get exactly what he wants, then he'll just fall in with the flow."

"When we did 'Jack Johnson', Miles didn't have any idea that we were going to play a shuffle: Just jinga jinga jingabanga — it felt so good that we didn't even have time to get a balance — and Miles said 'Put on the red light!' All the music we'd rehearsed, we never played. Straight feeling. Miles has this piano in his house set in behind a crescent couch, into the back of the couch, so he'll say, 'See here, man, sit down — how's this sound? Go behind you and play it.'"

"What did you do before Miles?"

"I was playing a lot of T.V. and radio commercials, jingles and stuff. Working with people like Shirley Scott, Stanley Turrentine and Kenny Burrell, Herbie Hancock for a while. I was with Horace Silver for about ten months. I didn't wanna work with anybody for any long period of time — I really hated working with Horace for that long, being subjected to the same music over and over. Like Alex Blake asks me many times why don't we play some other music? I explain I got a record out I'm trying to promote. So I understand now about Horace, but at the time I told him I'd had it, wanted to split, do something else. No hassles because I really respected him. I just went off and did my own thing. Now, Alex has a very strong musical identity, but what he can't do — and it's hurting him a lot — is play with everybody else. He's much more apt to turn up because he can't hear his bass,

than he is to turn down because he can't hear the band."

I said that Elvin Jones was talking recently about virtuosos who hadn't learned how to function within a band...

"Right. You know, I never really got into Elvin when he was with Trane — it was after he left. I don't know why. If I could ever devise a concept that would work musically, I'd love to produce Elvin. I don't want to go in and make a record like he's made all the time. I hear Elvin by himself, but that's not gonna sell."

"You manage yourself?"

"Yeah. I have my lawyer and my business partner. I try to organize things for myself because I don't understand managers. What is managing? Why is it necessary to have a middleman between an agency and an artist, or between an accountant and an artist? You have one guy making a total amount out of the percentages of the other three people. So there's a hybrid business/artist coming out, because you can't trust anyone else to do it for you. They'll rip you off. It's natural. You're a commodity. But if I make a mistake, take a loss, it's my mistake. People have to understand that this is a world of business. In order to eat, you have to use nimble head."

Being a success doesn't sound such a bunch of laughs, I reflected.

Billy shook his head. "I was reading something interesting in NME. That group Eagles? Their manager saying they all have to be interviewed together or they get jealous. Man, that's part of the divide and conquer situation. They made some money, had some success. Like, OK, you want success? Here it is, a pie in your face — now deal with it. How do you deal with success? I ain't tellin' ya. It's gonna bring you down because you don't know how."

"I don't need to," I said. Not that funny when I thought about it. I'd gone an hour in the hotel and not been paged once.

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EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

I RECENTLY obtained a copy of the MFP sampler "Spirit Of Rock", on which is a track called "Dallas" by Steely Dan, culled — or so the sleeve note says — from the "Can't Buy A Thrill" album. But I have all four Steely Dan albums and this does not appear on any of them.

Can you explain why this is so? Also — could you please help me trace a record called "Rainbow Chaser"? It came out around '67 or '68 and was, I believe, by Nirvana. Is it available still? — KEITH BOVINGTON, Surbiton, Surrey.

● The information on "Spirit Of Rock" is incorrect. ABC say it was never intended that "Dallas" should form part of "Can't Buy A Thrill". In fact the track was one of the first items ever laid down by the band and came out as a single long before "Thrill" was issued. As for "Rainbow Chaser," well that's still available on "You Can All Join In" (Island IWPS 2), a marvellous 1969 sampler that also contains tracks by Traffic, Free, Spencer Davis, John Martyn, Jethro Tull, Fairport Convention and others.

DR. FRED — me and my mate have been arguing about the number of times Carl Palmer, of the one and only ELP, has won the top slot as drummer in your world poll. If you could print the correct answer I'll even forgive you for taking the piss out of ELP with those cartoons. — CLIFFORD HARRISON (A devoted ELP fan), Macclesfield, Cheshire.

● Prior to 1973 there wasn't a "top drummer" category in the poll. During the last three years though, Palmer's taken top honours on every occasion.

THE INCLUSION of the song "Brand New Day," from the film "The Landlord," on the recently released "Al's Big Deal" compilation, has served to remind me that Al Kooper was supposed to have supplied the music for this movie. But I can't remember the film ever being released. Did it ever come out and, if it did, was there a soundtrack album? I've checked in NME's "Book Of Rock" and can find no mention of any such recording. — ROD CASH, Colchester, Essex.

● "The Landlord," an artistically successful Black movie was made just prior to the spate of "Shaft"-inspired flicks that have perpetuated the image of the Black superman, did get a British release, though only a few art houses seemed to screen it. And a soundtrack was issued by United Artists (UA.UAS 29120), though this suffered the indignity of deletion inside a very short period. This album, which features Kooper's incidental music plus some of his songs, also includes items by Lorraine Ellison and the Staple Singers.

COULD you tell me where I can obtain information regarding the future gigs of Geno Washington and the Ram Jam Band? — MISS C. HALL, Sunderland.

● The Ram Jam Band's gigs are booked through Dick James Music (Artists Agency Division), James House, 71/75 New Oxford Street, London WC1 1DP. If you drop them a line and enclose an S.A.E. I've no doubt they'll keep you up-to-date on Geno's movements. Incidentally, I checked up on the Ram Jam's forthcoming bookings, which are as follows: Cheltenham Race Course (July

25), Dunstable California Ballroom (26) and Milford Haven Showboat (29).

COULD you please list all the albums that Jesse Colin Young has recorded and tell me which, if any, are deleted? — LES PAUL, Hull.

● J. C. Young has recorded several albums with The Youngbloods, mainly for RCA and the band's own Raccoon label, but his own solo albums are: "Soul Of A City Boy" (Capitol), "Young Blood" (Mercury), "Together" (Raccoon), "Song For Juli," "Light Shine" and "Songbird" (All Warner Bros.). There was also an album called "Two Trips," which came out on Mercury and was attributed to Young, though it was comprised partly from "Young Blood" album tracks and partly from previously unissued items by the Youngbloods, if you see what I mean! Of all these, only the three Warner albums are still available in this country.

IS ELTON John's "17/11/70" album still on the market? If so, where can I obtain a copy? All my recent attempts to locate one have failed.

Also, was a recording made of Elton's performance at the Crystal Palace Garden Party? Thanks Doc. — DAVID SEDLEY, Neath, W. Glam.

● The news is bad, I'm afraid — "17/11/70" (DJM DJLPS 414), a fine live album, which C.S.M. and I rate pretty highly, has been deleted. Happily, Precision still have the tape version in their catalogue so if you've got a cassette player or 8-track deck you're still in luck! As for the Garden Party gig — if any recording was made, DJM don't know anything about it!

I WOULD be grateful if you could (1) List the titles of the "A" and "B" sides of the singles released as Philles Nos. 104, 105, 108, 125 and 134 and name the artists involved; (2) Tell me if any Philles singles numbered higher than 135; (3) Print an address to which I can write for information concerning the film "American Graffiti." — TIMOTHY HANNAN, Great Baddow, Essex.

● Philles 104 is "Lt. Colonel Bogey's Parade"/"Yes Sir! That's My Baby" by Steve Douglas And His Merry Men; 105 is The Crystals' "He Hit Me"/"No One Ever Tells"; 108 The Alley Cats' "Puddin' N' Tain"/"Feel So Good"; 125 Darlene Love's "Christmas Baby Please Come Home"/"Winter Wonderland"; and 134 is Ike And Tina Turner's "A Man Is A Man Is A Man"/"Two To Tango," which had a limited release.

According to Richard Williams' informative "The Sound Of Phil Spector — Out Of His Head" book (Published by Abacus, price 65p) the singles listing reached 136 which was Ike and Tina's "A Love Like Yours"/"Come Knocking Every Day," another limited release.

Information on "American Graffiti" can be obtained from Universal Pictures Ltd., 139 Piccadilly, London W.1.



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Buffalo Springfield—For what it's worth
The Dave Clark Five—Bits and Pieces/Glad all over
Credence Clearwater—Proud Mary
The Cream—Anyone for tennis
Dion—The Wanderer
Deep Purple—Smoke on the Water
Deep Purple—River Deep, Mountain High
E.L.P.—From the Beginning
The Four Seasons—Sherry
Pink Floyd—Money
Fleetwood Mac—Oh Well/Green Manitis
Jimi Hendrix—The Wind Cries Mary
Dr. Hook—Sylvia's Mother
The Kinks—Tired of waiting for you
Steve Miller—The Joker
Rick Nelson—Hello Mary Lou
Elvis Presley—Hound Dog
The Rolling Stones—Ain't too Proud to beg
The Rolling Stones—What a shame
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Johnny Johnson—Breaking down the walls of heartache

B. T. Express—Express

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By **STEVE TURNER**, with assistance from archivist **ROY CARR**.

FOR THE record company a press reception is a large debit in their bank account, tax deductible of course. For the artist it's a large credit for his ego, and for the journalist it's a few buckshee drinks and eats.

Press receptions can take virtually any form, from the informal office gatherings popular in the early sixties, to the more standard affairs held at Ronnie Scott's and The Speakeasy, to the more extravagant binges exemplified by Alice Cooper's commandeering of Chessington Zoo. For the guests involved though, all press receptions tend to feel the same — a drink in the hand, lots of people to look at, and lots of people asking you what you're doing now/when's the next reception.

After a few years of such events the journalist moves into the 'Try And Interest Me' bracket — unless he's promised a (new) experience which will sound amusing when related afterwards, he just doesn't want to know. On top of this he must feel free to ignore the artist in question, and be sure of an invite to the next affair.

At one time, so I'm told, press receptions were small occasions — maybe forty or fifty selected journalists — who would gather, listen to the artist play, have a drink, and conduct an interview. Coverage was guaranteed. As the rock industry expanded and journalists multiplied, competition set in, and the reception became more of a talking point than the artist. Some even toted the idea of the reception as art-form.

The way the 'event' reception works is by word of mouth through the music biz grapevine.

"Did you go to the reception for Solitary Brick which was held on a tightrope strung across the Thames?" someone might say to his friend who obviously hadn't and, in a sentence, the message is communicated... the question is raised. "Who are Solitary Brick? Why a tightrope?"

The smaller reception, which wouldn't move the congealed adrenalin of the established journalist, works in a different way (besides saving a few hundred pounds). At this type of affair, the young reporter who's just come up from Ross-on-Wye after editing the Teenagers Column for the Ross-on-Wye Evening Gulch and who gets palmed off with all the bum interviews, has a drink thrust into his hand by the very friendly press officer, who then favours him or her with an introduction to Solitary Brick's drummer. The press officer leaves and hopes for a full page in-depth profile of said drummer in next week's *Malady Manker*.

The problem facing record companies who favour the 'Event' reception is that there aren't many ideas which haven't been used up. There have been receptions on planes, on boats, down crypts, cellars and caves. They've been held in plush hotel suites and on garden lawns, in the Chamber of Horrors and The Haunted House sets on the Hammer Films lot. The Moody Blues even hired a tube train when they released "Go Now". As far as I can make out no-one's yet used a submarine...

One lady whose job is to conjure up extravagant ideas is Lila Burkeman, who runs a company by the name of 'Everything You've Always Wanted To Know About London And Didn't Know Who To Ask'. Record companies who

use her services pay an annual subscription which entitles them to phone up and say "We've got £X,000 and want to throw the most original reception this year for..."

"My opinion about press receptions in general is that if you've been to one then you've been to them all. The kind of people that come to me want to go one better. You know."

"If they took over Wembley Stadium we'll fly to the moon... that kind of thing. So I have to think of something that's workable and which doesn't end in a shambles. Everything has been done to a degree, so a lot is down to how you do it."

So how do they do it? The NME presents a guide to the most outlandish receptions the rock biz has yet perpetrated, bearing in mind the remark of a well-known publicist: "The best receptions are the ones you can't remember."

Most Imaginative

NAKED LADIES can always be relied upon to liven up any "do". Thus, when Swansong Records chose to unveil their label on Halloween Night in the murky depths of Chislehurst Caves, the ensuing bacchanalia was graced with innumerable friendly nymphets in various stages of undress, while others donned the habit of a nun together with black silk stockings and suspender belts.

During this hedonistic hootenanny, George Melly leched, Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band whooped, fire-eaters fumed, escapologists threw off their shackles, nuns threw away their inhibitions (and vestments), the grotesque Glimmer Twins and various guests threw up their rings, and Swansong threw up £5,000.

Needless to say, it was a resounding success.

THE ELABORATE preparations made to give Rocket Records lift-off must surely guarantee it pride of place alongside that of the notorious Swansong soiree.

Elton John never does anything by halves, so he laid on a football special (complete with disco) from Paddington to Chipping Norton. Upon the chuffer's arrival, boisterous loonies were greeted at the station by the local Silver Band. Then, with Elton acting as a 20th Century Pied Piper, the multitude marched through the streets to the local village hall where much tuck and booze was provided, together with music from Longdancer. The bedraggled revellers were later herded back onto the train and transported back to London.

Biggest Aerial Disasters

AT MGM Records invitation, guests were driven to Gatwick Airport and placed on board a Boeing 707 which was then flown around Britain for the duration of a lunch that consisted of caviar, salmon (fresh or smoked) and vintage champagne. Most people involved in the junket have since forgotten the artist's name, although she is believed to have been American, possessed big knockers, and made records which didn't sell.

EVEN MORE disastrous was Famepushers (Ltd) attempt to catapult Brinsley Schwarz to instant stardom. Having persuad-

ed Bill Graham into giving the Brinsleys the warm-up spot at the famed Fillmore East, a plane load of over 100 journalists, photographers, and radio and tv producers were airlifted to New York City.

En route, the aircraft developed mechanical faults and was forced to make unscheduled stops. By the time the tired transatlantic travellers touched down in New York they were so blitzed they'd forgotten the purpose of the exercise.

Though the limo drivers had instructions to go direct to the Fillmore, many of them were "persuaded" to drop their passengers at the hotel where the occupants immediately crashed-out. The more energetic decided that a mob-handed expedition to 142nd Street's flesh-pots was more appealing, while the stragglers that reached the Fillmore suffered the indignation of being ejected from the premises because someone had forgotten to issue them with the appropriate passes.

To add to the confusion, Brinsley Schwarz failed to rise to the occasion and those guests who did gain access to the auditorium quickly nodded-out through fatigue.

Needless to say, the Brinsleys failed to benefit from the fiasco which allegedly cost £10,000-£15,000 to stage.

Cheapest
BILL HARRY, well-known Liverpoolian publicist and purchaser of half pints (first round only) introduced Nazareth to the record industry by holding an all-night marathon of classic Science Fiction movies at their manager's Knightsbridge apartment.

Those who did attend never actually got to meet the group, since an obnoxious band booker insisted on trying to pull the guests' ladies, distracting journalists trying to interview the band. On that occasion, Captain Obnoxious got more press than Nazareth.

Estimated cost: £60 and a few frayed tempers.

Naughtiest

THE AFOREMENTIONED Bill Harry quickly redeemed himself as a truly wonderful human being by organising what is still considered one of the most outrageous (and enjoyable) press parties ever.

Again, the act in question was Nazareth, but this time the location was the Nell Gwynn Strip Club in Soho. As hundreds of guests dropped their guard and wine glasses, statuesque strippers dropped their frilly knickers. John Peel came overground and sat transfixed in the front row. Obviously, he hadn't had such a moving experience since he'd introduced Captain Beefheart onstage at the Middle Earth.

Most Incongruous

THE WARNER Brothers Music Show reception to honor the Brothers Doobie and Little Feat, etc. in the American Embassy.



Top: Two lady journalists relax at Zep's Halloween binge. Below: Alice confirms parents' worst suspicions at Chessington Zoo



During the evening, smart American ladies persisted in asking who this was, who that was, why everyone kept visiting the zoo, and looked slightly bemused at the giant p.a. speakers from which Bonaroo pounded out conversation-killing rock 'n' roll.

Also seen, Keith Richard and the American Marines.

THE ORIGINAL launch for Paul McCartney's post-Beatle Wings phase was at Leicester Square's Empire Mecca Ballroom. Dress was formal and the Band of the night — Ray McVay (oyvay) — was issued with strict instructions from Paul not to play any of those old Beatle toons.

Reportedly, EMI were shocked at Mecca's suggestion that they foot the bill and Mecca's bouncers were equally stunned by the sight of "international celebrities" lining up in the loo to produce Technicolor yawns — due to the toxic effect of the vino being served.

Most Bizarre

TO CELEBRATE the success of Alice Cooper's "School's Out", the Brothers Warner staged a binge at Chessington Zoo. After ransacking the bar and the hot snacks stall, the guests first invaded the funfair and then the circus.

Aside from the performing animals, a professional lady was engaged to strip under the Big Top. Seeing as she lacked the essential sensuality, the two and only Stacia (of Hawkwind) swaggered into the ring and began to show the lady how it should be done.

In the ensuing Battle Of The Boobs, Stacia outbreasted her opponent and received a Standing Ovation. Bertram Mills was never like this!

DURING A visit to Los Angeles, the Kinks threw a Felliniesque Fol Der Rol at the infamous Continental Hyatt Hotel on Sunset Strip. As guests, groupies, drag queens and musicians attacked the cold buffet, they were shocked to find that the table was violently trembling. Fears of an earthquake were nipped-in-the-bud when the table cloth was lifted to reveal a couple of naked merry-makers passionately practising the Kama Sutra. The couples request for privacy was respected as plates of cold cuts crashed to the floor.

ESSENTIAL People To Have Posing In A Corner So That Photographers Can Be Appeased And Head Craners Made Happy. (Marks out of ten):

Elton John (9), Bianca Jagger (9), Rod Stewart (9), Keith Richard (7), Mick Jagger (6), Bernie Taupin (4), Ronnie Wood (3½), Ron Kass and Joan Collins (2), Keef Hartley (1).



Brinsley Schwarz before the great New York fiasco. The journalists who were flown out weren't quite so gleeful



208 RADIO LUXEMBOURG SUMMER TOUR

It's the second week of the 208-RADIO LUXEMBOURG SUMMER TOUR with appearances at coastal resorts throughout Britain by 208 DJ's and the pop-band JIGSAW. The tour is sponsored by A&M RECORDS and LEVI'S JEANS.

There are appearances this Friday (JULY 25) for RADIO LUXEMBOURG'S BOB STEWART at CLACTON. Catch him at COLNE CASSETTES store, Old Road, Clacton at MIDDAY or the EVENING DISCO at the PRINCES THEATRE.

Now here are the dates for the next week:

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, JULY 26

208 DJ BOB STEWART appears at GUY NORRIS LTD. in Victoria Circus at 12.30 p.m.

EVENING DISCO—BOB STEWART at the Main Ballroom, KURSAAL, SOUTHEND.

CANTERBURY, JULY 28

EVENING DISCO—TONY PRINCE at WESTGATE HALL, WESTGATE ROAD, CANTERBURY.

HERNE BAY, JULY 29

TONY PRINCE at STUDIO 17 in William Street at MIDDAY.

MARGATE, JULY 30

TONY PRINCE at AQUARIUS RECORD CENTRE, 232 Northdown Road, Cliftonville at 12.30 p.m.

EVENING DISCO—TONY PRINCE PLUS JIGSAW at TOP SPOT BALLROOM, DREAMLAND, MARGATE.

FOLKESTONE, JULY 31

TONY PRINCE at MARK TWO RECORDS, Cheriton Record Centre, 115 Sandgate Road, Folkestone, at 12.30 p.m.

EVENING DISCO—TONY PRINCE PLUS JIGSAW at the TOBY HOUSE, FOLKESTONE.

HASTINGS, AUGUST 1

TONY PRINCE at DISC JOCKEY, 2 Queens Road, Hastings at 12.30 p.m.

EVENING DISCO—TONY PRINCE PLUS JIGSAW at PIER BALLROOM, HASTINGS.

208 DJ PETER POWELL takes over for the next set of dates and full details will be in next week's NME and nightly on RADIO LUXEMBOURG...

BRITAIN'S ONE AND ONLY NATIONAL COMMERCIAL RADIO STATION



Pic: J. STEVENS

Lyceum OK till white man come

Wailers

LONDON
LYCEUM

"HEY, MON ... what are all these whites doin' here? They not here last time the Wailers play ..."

What this whitey is doing is dancing. It ain't something I do particularly often or particularly well, but if you're listening to the Wailers standing up, you really don't have much choice. There's some fine dancing going on, which is just about inevitable when good dancers get together with great dance music in the world's most resistably rococo sauna bath.

Scenario: Friday night at London's Lyceum. Ray McVay has been given the night off and a prime clutch of Her Majesty's Finest are hovering uneasily around the entrance waiting, just waiting, for one of these uppitty niggers in the wool hats and bebop pegged pants to start something.

Inside, a 50-50 blend of white hippies and street bruthas'n'sistas are scouting each other out and grooving on a band called Third World who are (a) a New Band (b) from Kingston Jamaica and (c) very good indeed.

They play alternating layers of reggae and Kooled-out U.S. funk, and got the first rise of the night out of the small but exuberant Rasta delegation in the audience with the musical question, "Do you remember the days of slavery?"

I noted with some concern that Mr. Philip Norman, reviewing the previous night's concert in Saturday's edition of *The Times*, noticed (and I paraphrase) that small groups of people were seated cross-legged on the floor having what looked like a card game while the "foetid air" was sweetened by "an odour resembling that of freshly-pressed shirts".

Though a taste for im-

After a very successful American trip, **BOB MARLEY and THE WAILERS** triumphantly bring JA to WC2 **CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY** approves wholeheartedly and sweats proffusely.

promptu hands of poker and laundry-ironing sessions at rock or soul concerts is still an essentially minority pursuit, it is not inconceivable that Mr. Norman had seen exactly what he described. However, on the Friday night what the seated groups of people were doing was smoking prodigious quantities of what made Kingston famous. Not a laundry-press in sight.

Despite the 50-50 black/white ratio, the blacks definitely had the edge. Even though there probably hadn't been a show since Sly that'd made them want to go to the Lyceum, and even though the white kids probably went there pretty regularly, it was still black turf, a fact which showed in everyone of those little who-shot-John confrontations about who steps back for whom.

Don't get me wrong; it definitely wasn't a case of anybody getting uptight. It was just that the roles were more or less implicit from the moment you got in.

"Ras ..."

Nearly every one of the records played during the intermission included a variant on the phrase "Natty Dread" in the lyrics.

"...ta ..."

The compere reminds everyone to watch their handbags as there was a bit of trouble last night.

"...far ..."

Down front it's real stand-on-Zanzibar shoulder-to-should-

der stuff. By some strange natural law, all the tallest people in the building seem to have made their way directly to the front, right up against the barriers. The compere asks everyone to move back a little because "some little kids are getting crushed at the front". There is no perceptible reaction. He doesn't repeat the message.

"...iiiiiii!"

Even though they filtered onto the stage fairly slowly, it seems more and more as if the Wailers just exploded out from nowhere with their opening salvo, the sublime "Trenchtown Rock" (an old song, I'm told, from their pre-Island days which is due to be triumphantly resurrected on their next album).

It opened the set with an incandescent burst of pure energy, at once quintessentially laid-back and vibrating with intensity, a rhythm that holds you tight while still allowing room to move. White rock lays its beat on you; the Wailers music allows you to find your own rhythm within it.

Bob Marley is small and agile, bobbing and weaving. He seems to be both abstracted and possessed, which is a logical way to be if you've been stoned solidly for the last 15 or 20 years.

He's continually scratching out that loping ka-cha-ka rhythm out of his Les Paul, and the whole thing pivots around that and Aston "Family Man" Bar-

THE TOWN



MARLEY: It's been a long time since an audience applauded an artist's hair...

rett's bass. "Family Man" is the one who keeps the wheels turning, applying Fender bass grease to all the cogs and flywheels, movin' it on and rolling.

The band are solid and unified, gliding more than steamrolling, and they keep coming; never more so than on "Lively Up Yourself", which was so powerful that it made the recorded version seem positively Mickey Mouse by comparison.

At the back of the hall people danced and waited for their own particular favourite Wailers song to come up. All around me, people were singing along to the beatific "Kinky Reggae", and outbursts of Rasta cheers greeted the line "Burnin' and lootin' tonight."

Predictably, "Natty Dread" itself was the hit of the night, and whenever Marley shook his hair he got a round of applause. It's been a very long time since anyone's seen an audience applaud an artist's hair, but then it's been a very long time since hair has represented anything specific to any part of the sub-culture.

Nowadays any bozo can have his hair long and it doesn't mean a damn thing, but dreadlocks are a whole different ball game. Significantly, hardly anybody in the audience had them, but there were a few who'd have locks to rival Marley's if they worked at 'em for a couple of years.

From the opening "Trench-town Rock" through to the finale of "I Shot The Sheriff", the quality of the show was nothing less than overwhelming. Music of this intensity comes along but rarely, since there's very little music being produced in the rock field that relates to any specific living culture.

The Wailers' music is simultaneously a genuine folk music, and as technically and lyrically sophisticated, despite its superficial simplicity, as most of the produce of their contemporaries, which qualities combine to give it both its intoxicating spirituality and its riveting funk.

It done bin said before but perhaps it needs to be said again: the Wailers are not simply the most outstanding band in reggae; but one of the premier bands of the moment. Full Stop.

And I left feeling so good that I didn't even care when some dude tried to pick my pocket on the way out.

Shanghai: the value of age and expertise

Shanghai

LONDON
DINGWALLS

MICK GREEN has done it again.

He's got himself one of the best, grittiest, most professionally-minded bands around and last Friday's gig at Dingwalls was ample proof of this.

Green has, over the years, earned himself a great deal of respect from his fellow musicians, providing inspiration for a whole new generation of guitarists.

His notoriety came initially from his legendary performances with Johnny Kidd and the Pirates, and later with Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas, when he became well known for his distinctive ringing R & B style.

Another member of the band who has also been around for a great many years is vocalist Cliff Bennett, whose band, the Rebel Rousers, were kicking up a storm in the '60s with songs like "One Way Love" and "Got To Get You Into My Life".

Completing the line-up are second lead guitarist Brian Alterman, who had been playing in a number of country-rock bands around Vancouver until teaming up with Green, Scottish session bassist Speedy King and another well established name, Pete Kircher, once drummer with Honeybus in the '60s but now more in demand for session work.

So, right from the start, Shanghai have a lot to recommend them and their years of experience are certainly reflected in their music.

They have been through a

CAMEL: Goosed into a democratic co-operative

Camel

BREDA
HOLLAND

"NOW, LISTEN mush," commands Peter Bardens, gripping the bartop angrily. "I know for a fact Arthur Brown's Kingdom Come broke up because of bad press. Honestly, the music papers can be so bloody vindictive."

Tossing back his hair disgustedly he glares at me coldly, with looks to kill. But the dagger eyes darting along the bar are intercepted by manager Jeff Dukes, who tries to pacify matters.

Yet when a musician openly knocks the press to the press you can be sure of one thing. That particular musician's fortunes are improving.

And this is certainly the case with Bardens and his group Camel, who appear to be doing reasonable business with their latest album, "The Snow Goose", a particularly enjoyable concept work inspired by Paul Gallico's short story of the same name, even if they have unwittingly bitten off a legal mouthful (see Thrills, also Plat-ters).

Can they present the recorded marvel on stage though?

Yes, they say.

So. To find out we've suffered (oh, how we suffered) a KLM flight from London to Rotterdam. We've accepted rooms in the depressing Skyway Motel where waiters chase you twice round the reception desk should you slip out to the toilet without paying the bar bill.

And then we've travelled 30 miles to the Breda Festival where Camel will goose us.

APPARENTLY the band are pleased with the outcome of "The Snow Goose" album, it transpires over an Indo-Chinese meal in Breda. And as Bardens samples the various dishes placed before us, the band's bassist, a stout, polite gentleman from the North called Doug Ferguson, unfolds the story.

It was he who first read Gallico's book, and then passed it round to the other members. Because the story is structured in distinct sections they decided it would be possible to base a concept album around it.

And, following considerable group arguments, they achieved this.

After all, music on their previous album "Mirage" (such as the cuts "Nimrod", "The Procession" and "The White Rider") had been inspired by Tolkein's "Lord Of The Rings".

However they did wish to make the live presentation of "The Snow Goose" significantly more ambitious by hauling along an orchestra, stage sets and some ballet dancers. Ferguson discovered that to do a three-week British tour with this

number of personnel changes since their inception, with only Green and Kircher remaining from the original line-up. With these changes has come a change in style and the band have moved away from their earlier Motown influences to concentrate on a more guitar orientated rock style.

This was evident in songs like "Sweet Mary Jane" which gave Alterman a chance to show off his impressive style, and even "I'll Be Doggone" received a much harder treatment than Marvin Gaye's version, once again with some excellent playing from Alterman.



Now look here, mush ...

The joint-composer of a delicately structured neo-classical concept album discusses his work with TONY STEWART on a very successful CAMEL trip to the Continent

kind of show would have meant running at a loss of a mere £10-15,000.

"Even in our position," he says, eating Number 34, "we just couldn't afford it."

But then their musical interpretation of Gallico's work has not been without problems.

According to Doug (and confirmed by a Promo-guy from Decca, their label) Mr. G. and his publishers have been bitching about the album, not considering it a suitable accolade of the author's literary skills.

Camel feel particularly insulted about the wrangles, because they once intended to include the book in the set's package. And, they also say, hopefully the record will prompt people to check out the book.

The other major difficulty being "The Goose" has now become an albatross to the band. Doug for one finds it restricting musically and he'd be quite glad to see it fly out of the window. But they have to perform it in England. You know, for promotional reasons.

Same old story from bands who make concept albums, I suppose.

SURPRISINGLY though, their stage performance at the Breda Festival — held indoors — has few signs that "The Snow Goose" is a burden.

The set opens with "Mirage" material, running "Nimrod", "The Procession" and "The White Rider" into one piece, followed by their dedication to Dutch group Supersister, a

track called (imaginatively?) "Supertwister".

Then comes "The Snow Goose" in its entirety. Plus a certain amount of improvisation.

Camel do, in fact, transfer the piece to stage rather well. The sound is almost impeccable, the musicians playing the various movements with the utmost diligence.

Even without the orchestral benefit (provided courtesy of David Bedford on record) Bardens still manages to create the atmosphere through his synthesiser or Stringman. With Andy Latimer contributing some generally excellent guitar figures.

Perhaps the only difference between the original and their live set is that drummer Andy Ward and Ferguson provide more beef to the conceptual stew than the studios allowed.

However, the restrictions Doug had spoken about earlier were obvious.

In certain respects the piece lacks any sort of spontaneity (which is of course a criticism of the album) and it's only occasionally that Latimer, or Bardens, move away from the basic structure to improvise.

It's "Homage To The God Of Light Revisited, Part II" which extends into a long jam, where each of the musicians is allowed the freedom they deserve.

Obviously though, "The Snow Goose" has pulled the band together into a democratic co-operative (if that description isn't redundant these days) and once free of the discipline, the band will surely develop on to a higher musically level.

Overall their stage performance is excellent. It was something of a pity that they should be playing second to Soft Machine, who turned in a rather remarkable performance themselves.

interested in propping up the bar) were well pleased.

And rightly so too. Shanghai are definitely A Band To Watch.

Trevor Gardiner

JAZZ DATES,
SASSAFRAS
REVIEW
OVER PAGE

News Desk

SABBATH: TEN BIG CONCERTS

BLACK SABBATH are to headline ten major British concert dates in October. It will be their first tour of this country since May of last year, when they were supported by Black Oak Arkansas. And in view of the success of that venture, it is likely that another top American act will be brought into support them on their upcoming dates.



The current Mayall band (left to right): LARRY TAYLOR (bass), JAY SPELL (electric piano and clavinet), RICK VITO (lead guitar), DON HARRIS (vocals and violin), SOKO RICHARDSON (drums), DEE MCKINNIE (vocals) and JOHN MAYALL (vocals, piano, 12-string guitar and slide guitar).

Mayall tour WITH GIRL SINGER

JOHN MAYALL is to undertake his first British tour for three years in the early autumn.

And for the first time, he will be featuring a girl singer in his band — she is Dee McKinnie, who has been working with him for some time in the States. Mayall, who will be touring Germany after his British commitments, is currently fronting a seven-piece unit in America.

It is not yet known if all these same musicians will be accom-

panying him to Europe, although Dee McKinnie is a certainty.

The first four dates confirmed for the Mayall band are London Royal Albert Hall (September 26), Birmingham Odeon (27), Manchester Free Trade Hall (29) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (30).

They will subsequently be playing a string of university gigs in early October, but none of these has yet been confirmed. At press-time, Mayall's manager was in London finalising remaining dates with tour promoter Derek Block.

Their schedule comprises Liverpool Empire (October 9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Southampton Gaumont (11), Bristol Colston Hall (12), Bradford St. George's Hall (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Newcastle City Hall (18), Glasgow Apollo Centre (19), Ipswich Gaumont (21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (22).

Tickets for all venues except Bristol are currently on sale, priced from £1 to £2. Bristol are prepared to accept postal bookings immediately, but any remaining tickets will not go on sale at the box-office until September 22. Doors open at 7.30 p.m. at all venues except Hammersmith, where the time is 8 p.m.

For the British tour, Sabbath will be augmented by Gerald Woodruffe who — said a spokesman for the band — plays a battery of keyboard instruments. Reason for his inclusion is to enable their studio sound to be re-created to better effect. They will also be featuring a complete new lighting and stage set, as well as new amplification and new instruments.

The band's long-awaited "Sabotage" album will be issued on the new Nems label, distributed by Phonogram, on August 22. It is their first album since "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath" almost two years ago, and it has taken a year to record. The set contains eight original compositions, which will be featured in their new act.

Last week, Sabbath opened an extensive coast-to-coast tour of the United States, their first for almost a year.

They have been playing to capacity houses and several upcoming dates have already sold out. More gigs are likely to be added to their U.S. schedule.



'Rod leaving Britain lost me £80,000' SAYS KENNY JONES

WHAT APPEARED to have been a serious rift within the Faces' line-up, revealed by drummer Kenny Jones in an outburst directed against Rod Stewart, was quickly smoothed over following the intervention of the band's management.

In an interview published by the Daily Express, he spoke of his disappointment over Stewart's decision to quit Britain to live in America — which he said, "put the rest of us in a predicament".

The Faces had been tentatively lined up to play several major open-air concerts at selected British football grounds this summer, but the project had to be scrapped following Stewart's sudden decision to leave Britain. Jones said that, because of this, he has not worked for four months — and he claimed that he has lost up to £80,000 due to the soccer gigs being scrapped.

With an extensive U.S. tour due to open in mid-August, followed by world-wide gigs culminating in British dates next spring, the Faces will soon be swinging back into action. During their summer of inactivity, Ron Wood has filled in by working with the Rolling Stones. But like Jones, pianist Ian McLagan and bassist Tetsu have been taking an enforced rest.

Jones also stated in the interview that, although Stewart spent much of the spring and early summer cutting a new solo album, this was the first occasion on which he had not invited any of the other Faces to join him. This was dismissed by the Faces' publicist as "unfair reporting" in that it would have been too expensive to ship musicians over to the studios in the States. Jones added that, despite the tax problem, he had no intention of moving to America.

The contents of the interview were telexed to Stewart in France on Monday by the Faces' office.

A spokesman later told NME: "There hasn't been any official reply and there isn't going to be one. The matter is being dealt with internally. The problem seems to have been a lack of communication, and I understand that Rod is speaking to Kenny on the phone to sort things out. And that's the end of it!"

Details of Stewart's new solo album "Atlantic Crossing", for August 8 release by Warner Brothers, were revealed this week. There are three self-penned tracks — "Stone Cold Sober", "It's All In The Name Of Rock'n'Roll" and "I Love You (Cos O'You)". "Three Time Loser" was penned by Rod and Steve Cropper, and "Alright For An Hour" by Rod and Jesse Ed Davis. Remaining numbers are "Drift Away" (Mentor Williams), "I Don't Want To Talk About It" (Danny Whitten), "This Old Heart Of Mine" (Holland-Dozier-Holland), plus "Sailing" (Gavin Sutherland) and "It's Not The Spotlight" (Gerry Goffin and Barry Goldberg).

KRAFTWERK DATES

MOST OF THE dates and venues have now been confirmed for the debut British concert tour by German band Kraftwerk, which follows hot on the heels of their chart success with their album "Autobahn". Their major London gig — which, as reported two weeks ago, was originally planned for September 3 — has been put back nine days, as they will not now be arriving in the country in time to fulfil the former date. Their confirmed itinerary so far, promoted by Barrie Marshall, is:

Newcastle Mayfair (September 5), Bournemouth Village Bowl (7), Cardiff Capitol Theatre (9), Birmingham Town Hall (10), Liverpool Empire (11), London Hammersmith Odeon (12), Manchester Free Trade Hall (14), Glasgow Apollo Centre (15), Southport Floral Hall (16), Brighton Dome (17) and Bath Pavilion (18).

A spokesman said that, in view of the considerable demand for and interest in the band, their tour is now being extended until September 21. Details of additional venues will be announced shortly. And still subject to confirmation are dates at Ipswich and Southend on September 6 and 13 respectively. After their British gigs, Kraftwerk undertakes a series of concerts in Europe, and are then scheduled to return to the United States in November for an extensive tour running through into the New Year.

55 gigs by The Big O

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the extensive British tour by Roy Orbison, promoted by Billy Marsh of London Management. The Big O's schedule comprises 55 performances in 56 days, and he will also be undertaking TV appearances during his visit. One venue for October 4 has still to be finalised, but the remainder of his itinerary is:

WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club (August 10 week), BATLEY Variety Club (17 for two weeks), DERBY Talk Of The Midlands (31), BIRMINGHAM Night Out (September 1 week), STOKE Jolies (18 week), SOUTHPORT New Theatre (14), CHESTER ABC Theatre (15), HULL ABC Theatre (16), PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre (17), STOCKPORT Davenport (18), CROYDON Fairfield Hall (19), NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal (20), CAERPHILLY Double Diamond (21 week), LONDON Palladium (28), BRIGHTON Dome (29), CHATHAM Central Hall (30), SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion (October 1), TAUNTON Odeon (2), PAIGNTON Festival Theatre (3), LUTON Cesar's Palace (5 for two weeks).

TROWER CONFIRMS READING; TOUR OFF

ROBIN TROWER'S addition to the Reading Festival line-up on Sunday, August 24 — forecast by NME this week — has now been officially confirmed. A spokesman said that Trower had been considering a number of offers, and finally decided on Reading at the weekend, thus completing the bill for the three-day event. However, although it had been widely expected that Trower would undertake a British tour in October, the spokesman added that Reading will probably be his only British appearance this year.

Plans for the Trower band to record live in Stockholm have had to be scrapped, because drummer Bill Lordan has broken a finger. He should be fit in time to fly to San Francisco at the end of this month, when the band are due to make a headlining appearance at the massive Oakland Stadium, and the projected live

recording will probably now take place at this concert. But this rescheduling of plans means that the band are now unlikely to tour Britain before early next year.

Kids' vocalist ill

GARY HOLTON, lead singer with the (Heavy Metal) Kids, was admitted to hospital last weekend for a throat operation. He is expected to be discharged after about a week, but his convalescence means that the band have had to cancel their projected U.S. tour with Uriah Heep, due to start this week. They will, however, be playing the Reading Festival on August 24 as scheduled. They are planning a series of British concerts in September, and the same month will be recording their third Atlantic album. Then in October, they rejoin Uriah Heep in the States.

RECORDING NEWS



Kossoff to Atlantic

Paul Kossoff's new band Back Street Crawler have been signed to a long-term world-wide contract by Atlantic. Their debut album for the label is scheduled for September release, coinciding with a major European tour. Pictured at their first recording session are (left to right) manager JOHN GLOVER, TERRY SLESSER (vocals), MIKE MONTGOMERY (keyboards), TERRY WILSON (bass), Atlantic managing director PHIL CARSON and PAUL KOSOFF (guitar). The only group member missing from the picture is drummer Anthony Braunage.

● B.T. Express, the American band who have already scored several hits in the U.S. charts, have switched from Pye to EMI-International for British distribution. Their new album "Non-Stop" will be issued in October, preceded by a single in late August for which titles have not yet been selected. The band may be visiting Britain.

● Hello have a new single coming out on Bell on August 8. It was specially written for them by Russ Ballard and is titled "New York Groove".

● A simultaneous world wide release on September 19 is scheduled for the new Black Oak Arkansas album, titled "X-Rated". It will be issued by MCA with whom the band have just signed, as reported last week.

● Jack The Lad return to the studios next week, with producer Simon Nicol, to complete work on their new Charisma album. The same label will be releasing Bert Jansch's next album "Santa Barbara Honeymoon" in October.

● Elkie Brooks, former vocalist with the now-defunct Vinegar Joe, has been signed to a world-wide deal by A & M Records. She is now recording her debut solo album at the Record Plant in Los Angeles.

● The gig at London Marquee Club next Monday (28) by Chris Farlowe and his new band is being recorded, for subsequent release as a live album. Farlowe is using the Virgin mobile studio, although it is not yet clear on which label the album will be issued.

● The new single by Ozark Mountain Daredevils has now been confirmed as "Southern Cross", for release by A & M on August 22 to tie in with the band's British dates.

● A new Paul Simon album titled "Still Crazy After All These Years" will be issued by CBS in mid-August. It will be followed soon afterwards by Art Garfunkel's next album, which he has just completed under Richard Perry's production.

LIZZY PLAY LIDO DATE

THIN LIZZY have been booked to headline at the Douglas Palace Lido in the Isle of Man on Sunday, August 3, which is the Scottish and Irish Bank Holiday weekend. This is one of the two dates which the Average White Band had been due to play at the venue, prior to the cancellation of their visit. Lizzy will be spending much of August and September touring America, although they will interrupt their U.S. schedule to fly home for their Reading Festival appearance on August 23. A major nationwide tour of Britain is due to start in late September, preceded by the release of their new Phonogram album "Fighting" on September 12.

Coyne pens score

KEVIN COYNE has been commissioned to co-write a musical, together with playwright Snoo Wilson, to be performed on the main stage of London's Royal Court Theatre in December. This follows Coyne's work on BBC-1's "Eleventh Hour" play, screened on July 12. As well as providing all the music and collaborating on the script, Coyne is likely to be featured as an actor in the production.

Joan's residency

JOAN ARMATRADING and her band, the Movies, are to play a three week residency at London Ronnie Scott's Club opening August 4. As previously reported, they are also taking part in the first day of the Reading Festival on August 22. Joan, who will be undertaking extensive tours of Europe (September) and America (October), has a new A & M single rushed out this weekend — it is the title track from her album "Back To The Night".

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Queen/Sheer Heart Attack	£1.00	Rock Bass Tutor with Record	£1.95
David Bowie/Diamond Dogs	£2.75	Bottleneck Gtr. Tutor with Record	£2.25
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JAZZ

ON THE TOWN

THURSDAY

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BETHNAL GREEN Rochelle School: **MICK COLLINS REHEARSAL BIG BAND**
BRENTFORD Bricklayers Arms: **JOHN KEEN**
BECKENHAM Three Tuns: **STEAM**
CROYDON The Gun: **EQUILIBRIUM**
COVENT GARDEN 7 Dials: **PETER INDOCTET**
FLEET STREET Wolseys Wine Bar: **TOM BRIDGES TRIO**
GREENWICH The Mitre: **RON RUSSELL JAZZ BAND**
HOLLAND PARK Duke of Clarence: **YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND**
LONDON W.11 Duke of Clarence: **YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND**
LONDON W.C.1 New Merlins Cave: **DAVE MAWSON'S DIXIELAND BAND**
MARYLEBONE 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 Flanagans: **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**
HOLLOWAY N. London Poly: **JUST US — ELTON DEAN**
LONDON N.W.1 Martha's Wine Bar: **POWDER MILL BAND**
LONDON W.C.1 New Merlins Cave: **JOHN PICARD BAND**
LONDON W.1 Soho Poly: **CHAMBERPOT**

LONDON W.1 Thornbury Castle: **JOHN GILL**
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: **WILD BILL DAVISON**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **BILL BRUNSKILL JAZZMEN**
WEMBLEY Hopbine: **MONTY SUNSHINE**

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 Wine Bar: **ROY BELCHER QUARTET**
DRURY LANE White Hart: **TOWN CRYER**
FULHAM Fulham Volunteer: **YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND**
LONDON N.W.3 Club Calabash: **RAM AND THE RAMALITES**
LONDON W.1 Thornbury Castle: **JOHN GILL**
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: **WILD BILL DAVISON**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **MACDUNCANS BAND**

SUNDAY LUNCHTIME

BATTERSEA Town Hall Community Centre: **LARRY STABBINS/MARCO MATTOS**
DRURY LANE Prince of Wales: **LEN SUANDERS JAZZ BAND**
GREENWICH The Mitre: **NICHOLLS HOT SIX**
MARYLEBONE Golden Eagle: **JOHN GILL**
KINGSTON Fighting Cocks: **JAKE McMAHON QUINTET**
PUTNEY Flanagans: **NEW ERA JAZZ BAND**
PUTNEY Half Moon: **JOHN GREENS SNAP SYN-COPATERS**

ST. ALBANS The Goat: **ROGER NOBES QUARTET**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **BILL BRUNSKILL JAZZMEN**
TWICKENHAM Turks Head: **THE SUNDAY BAND**
WEST KENSINGTON Hunters: **WEST LONDON LINEUP**

SUNDAY

CAMDEN Camden Lock: **BRIAN SMITH QUARTET**
CROYDON The Gun: **MAJOR SURGERY**
DRURY LANE White Hart: **MIMI DANIEL AND RUSSELL QUAYE**
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: **GOthic JAZZ BAND**
HIGHGATE Gatehouse: **CROUCH END ALLSTARS**
PUTNEY Flanagans: **GILLS BAND**
STREATHAM HILL Crown and Sceptre: **GRAHAM HUMPHREYS JAZZ BAND**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **BILL BRUNSKILL**
TWICKENHAM Madingley Club: **MIKE PETERS JAZZ BAND**
WALTHAMSTOW The Brewery Tap: **TONY LEE TRIO**

MONDAY

CHALK FARM The Engineer: **AMAZING BAND**
CROYDON The Gun: **BIG BAND SOUND**
FULHAM Golden Lion: **BOB KERRS WHOOPEE BAND**
HATFIELD Red Lion: **WILD BILL DAVISON**
ILFORD Cauliflower: **EASTSIDE STOMPERS**
LONDON N.W.3 Martha's Wine Bar: **POWDER MILL**
LONDON W.1 Ronnie Scott Club: **SHIRLEY SCOTT TRIO**
LONDON W.1 Thornbury Castle: **JOHN GILL**
LONDON W.C.2 Pindar of Wakefield: **PAZ KING GOODIE BAND**
MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: **TONY LEE TRIO**
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: **GEORGIA JAZZ BAND**
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**
FULHAM Fulham Volunteer: **MEL HENRY SEXTET**
GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: **JAZZMAKERS**
ILFORD Cauliflower: **EASTSIDE STOMPERS**
ISLINGTON Kings Head: **GEORGE KHAN BAND**
LONDON E. The Londoner: **EDDIE THOMPSON**
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: **CHRIS BARBER BAND**
PUTNEY Flanagans: **JOHN BENNETT BAND**
PUTNEY Half Moon: **MIKE DANIELS BIG BAND**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **ALAN ELSDON BAND**
WEMBLEY Hopbine: **TOMMY WHITTLE**
WANDSWORTH Ship Inn: **COLIN TOZER'S BLUES BAND**

WEDNESDAY

BROMLEY The Crown: **WEST END STOMPERS**
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**
GROVE PARK Chinbrook Hotel: **RON RUSSELL JAZZ BAND**
LONDON W.1 Thornbury Castle: **JOHN GILL**
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: **JEFFERSON CITY JAZZ BAND**
OXFORD CIRCUS The Phoenix: **RAY RUSSELL QUINTET**
OXFORD STREET 100 Club: **CHRIS BARBER BAND**
PUTNEY Flanagans: **NEW ERA JAZZ BAND**
THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: **BLACKBOTTOM STOMPERS**
WANDSWORTH Ship Inn: **JAZZ JUNCTION**
WOODFORD Railway Bell: **ORIGINAL EASTSIDE STOMPERS**
WEST KENSINGTON Hunters: **WEST LONDON LINEUP**

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Sassafras

READING
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FLO IS Sassafras' roadie.
 He passes tambourines to
 lead singer Terry "Beefy"
 Bennett and practises
 poses studied from
 Gitanes ads.

Sassafras are the afore-
 mentioned Bennett; Dai Shell,
 lead guitar; Ralph Evans, se-
 cond lead guitar and vocals;
 Ricky John (recently back in
 the band after a year's absence)
 bass and vocals and Chris
 Sharley, drums and vocals.

Sassafras are the kind of
 band who deserve to be playing
 better gigs despite their fairly
 traditional approach to rock
 and roll but are probably
 hampered by the fact that — as
 represented by their debut
 Chrysalis album "Wheelin' n'
 Dealin'" — their greatest
 weakness is in the strength of
 their writing.

They have some good
 numbers of their own like
 "Schooldays" and "Electric
 Chair" but highlights of the set
 tend to come on "I Am The
 Walrus" and CSN&Y's
 "Ohio".

In terms of selling huge quan-
 tities of albums they may take
 some time, but as far as live
 gigs go it shouldn't be too long
 before they begin selling out
 tours. Most likely they'll ul-
 timately find themselves in the
 sort of position Man are in.

The weird thing is that
 they're on the way already with
 a short tour schedule that has
 them playing what looks to be
 little more than a lecture room
 at Reading University one night
 and headlining at the giant
 Liverpool Stadium the next.

Sass' forte is in the produc-
 tion of extremely tight, expertly
 executed boogie interspersed
 with more contemplative West
 Coast flavoured pieces.

Most of the material is self-
 composed, most of it is pulled
 of the latest album. Mostly it's
 not wonderfully original.

But you can dance to
 it...and there's always Beefy
 Bennett who has the larynx of a
 coalman and the build of a bull.

Beefy's speciality is a kind of
 double jointed faster-than-light
 manipulation of a tambourine.
 He also appears at various
 points in ballet tights and a
 kung fu gow with a suspicious
 protrusion that (upon removal
 of the same) turns out to be a
 large belt buckle in the shape of
 an eagle.

But other than Bennet, watch
 for the guitarists — particularly
 Dai Shell, a real axe mauler
 with his custom John Birch. He
 and the bearded Evans have
 mastered the art of twin lead
 guitar playing to a degree not
 often seen in a British group.
 Peter Erskine

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ON THE TOWN



YOU'LL NEVER find a sorrier looking man than Maurice Bland.

As Huddersfield Football Club's Pop 75 Festival enters its fifth hour, with Stackridge playing an excellent lunatic set to a measly sized crowd of 2,000, Maurice is slumped dejectedly in the artists' tea-room in the main office block.

He realises that there's now little hope that the club's first pop promotion will be a success, little hope that another 6,000 folk will arrive to enable them to break even.

Maurice is a club director. Normally he's crimson-faced and laughing. But now he sips his tea dolefully — a last extravagance, perhaps, before he and his fellow-directors draw on their personal bank accounts to redress the huge financial loss the festival will make.

Obviously he's flabbergasted the Event has failed, and concludes that the main reason must be that the bill simply isn't a strong enough attraction.

"Well, we were advised by a professional who books groups," he argues a little half-heartedly, glancing sadly down at his tea. "And we took his advice. But if we'd got the Bay City Rollers or the Osmonds then we'd have sold out."

It's only later that he becomes acquainted with the full depressing facts — that no more than 2,000 people passed through the turnstiles, that the club will lose around £6,000, that two directors will tender their resignations (which will be refused).

"They always tell me you pay to learn," comments Gerald Hill, another director instrumental in staging the show. "And we've certainly paid."

"We either misjudged the interest in this part of the country or we picked a bad bill. But I don't think it was the bill."

This is Huddersfield's Sad Lament: why oh why did it happen?

YOU COULD also ask why football clubs are having to promote pop festivals. The fact is that, strangled by the economic constraint prevalent in this country, with football no longer the well-attended Saturday afternoon entertainment it was a decade ago, possibly 80 out of the 92 league clubs need to find an additional source of revenue.

Being football crazy is just a little passe these days, it would seem.

And so now, after Club Development Associations with pools and lotteries, advertising and just plain old fashioned charity, comes their latest strat-

agems — The Pop Festival. The use of the idea is proliferating. There have been similar events staged at Watford, Charlton and Queens Park Rangers grounds. All were successful. So superficially it would seem there's a fast greenback to be made in this area.

After all, in England there are few other large capacity

stadiums where it's possible to stage concerts. At Huddersfield they have room for 48,000 spectators (even though their average gate last season was 6,000), and there are toilet and catering facilities for this number. If it rains the audience can shelter under the stands on all sides of the pitch.

Also, the club's Leeds Road ground is well situated for transport. The main railway station is but a bus ride away, and the M1 linking them to Leeds is 11 miles down the road, with the M62 (joining them up to the Industrial North) even closer at three miles away.

Theoretically, Huddersfield should have had an almighty success on their hands at their recent festival, because the other important factor to consider was that an Event of this stature had not previously been held in the North.

Welcome to Huddersfield

Town Pop 75, read their confident slogan.

WHEN STUART ATKINS And His Orchestra opened the Festival, outside the ground there was more blue uniform than on a morning parade at the local police station.

Plodds in the surrounding streets. Plodds around the car parks. Plodds grouping in threes. For self-protection supposedly. And one Plodd pulled on the arm of a local skinhead going through the turnstile, sending tremors down to the kid's huge turnups, curling up the toes of his big grown boots, as the traditional warning was hissed into his crew cut.

Any trouble sonny and your feet won't touch the ground as you're nicked.

Well, they were expecting a large crowd and presumably that meant some trouble. So they were nipping it in the bud.

A special edition of the local newspaper, *The Evening Post*, dedicated its front and back pages to the Concert.

"Huddersfield Town terraces are turned over to pop today for a mammoth nine-hour concert which is certain to draw a far, far bigger gate than the luckless fourth-division team did any time last season," read the copy.

"At least 20,000 fans of Mud, Sweet Sensation and the other four groups playing at the marathon session were expected to invade the ground from all parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire."

"For the first time, a Northern soccer stadium is given over to pop. And the organisers unashamedly admit: 'We are do-



Pix: JOE STEVENS

SOCCER ROCK: LATEST SCORE

Creditors won, Huddersf'd lost

... and this at a time when more and more football clubs are turning their stadiums over to occasional rock concerts to combat financial problems caused by slumping soccer attendances.

Huddersfield Town FC's recent rock venture was a disaster, attracting a 'Fourth Division' gate and losing money hand over fist.

Why did it happen? TONY STEWART presents the facts as a warning to other clubs wishing to enter a potentially lucrative field.

Somebody somewhere had greatly misjudged the attendance. And it could just be that a bill consisting of Atkins' Orchestra, Geordie, Mac and Katie Kissoon, Stackridge, Sweet Sensation and Mud compered by Emperor Rosko just wasn't very appealing.

The man who arranged the bill was local impresario and former player for the club, Bernard Hinchcliffe. The day before the festival he expressed confidence in it.

"This bill was decided quite recently," he said. "In fact it would be about two and a half months ago when we approached the Town Club. Unfortunately, they've had a lot of bad luck... when you think three years ago they were in the First Division — and this is one of the best grounds in the country."

"They've got a few new directors who're very go-ahead, and I knew they were looking at all schemes for raising funds. I approached them, and they readily agreed to this."

"As you can appreciate, two and a half months in advance is not a long time to get what we call A World Topping Attraction together. It would have been nice to have had somebody like Led Zeppelin. But we couldn't do it in that short time."

"I do, however, think the bill is very strong for this area. Because they've had nothing at all like this."

"And I think this is why the confidence is there. It's such a brand new thing."

But Mud's road manager, Phil, was dubious.

"Put it this way," he says. "There's not a big drawing power. No way are we going to

draw 20,000 people. Not on our own. Which is what they're basically asking us to do."

If there are to be recriminations, the blame obviously must lie with the Directors. When I spoke with them they — Bland, Hill and Eric Simpson — gave the impression of being more concerned with the logistics of staging a pop festival and the novelty of such an event in Huddersfield, rather than with the actual music.

For instance Hill, as Yorkshire as a putover (a posh name for a Yorkshire pud), pointed out the facilities required for such an occasion and the staff they needed on the day. One

And they'd even supplied a special power line at a cost of over £700, and contributed towards a special PA.

Also, they spent in the region of £4,000 on television and general media advertising. So one could never suggest their preparations weren't thorough.

Yet, and this is a point to be noted by any football club promoting a similar event, they were considerably ignorant of the music business and its market. That they did delegate the booking responsibility to Hinchcliffe was commendable in principle — but even he, as head of his own agency, is mostly involved in arranging

he qualified. "I find it extremely difficult to forecast. You probably have more idea than I have as to what we should get for this type of event."

Sure. But I wasn't laying ten grand up front and then guaranteeing it would be a personal, not club, loss — as the directors did.

Other people in the club believed the bill was good enough. Like Ray, the festival stage manager.

"I think it's the best cross section that's been promoted in a long time in this area," he commented.

"Every band on the bill has a following. Would you not agree? We've not just relied on one pull. This is, putting the Mud on with three unknown supports. It's been carefully planned and geared that every band we've got has a bit of a following. So this will help."

WHATEVER THEIR mistakes you must admire Huddersfield's motives.

Four years ago they were a First Division club, but their decline was sudden. When the next season opens they'll be in the Fourth.

"This is a First Division club with a First Division set-up," explained Hill. "And the only way you get back up there is with money and players. Players want money. So the whole festival idea is to raise as much cash as possible for the future."

Binns elaborated: "We don't owe money at the present time, but now having become relegated to the Fourth Division we can't live at the level we've been accustomed to on the income we're likely to get."

"So really this is an effort in advance to try and ensure we don't have financial difficulties. It's the kind of gamble we felt was justified in the hope that at least we break even."

Musically, Huddersfield Festival was a success for the groups, even if not all of them were suited to the environment.

Geordie were. They proved a very acceptable form of entertainment even when working within their limited musical confines. One was left wondering whether they're trying to become Newcastle's new Animals or Slade...

And then, following the adequate Mac and Katie Kissoon, came Stackridge — who, with Mutter Slater back in the band and their musical policy more determined, turned in the best set of the day.

Perhaps it would have been wiser, though, to have had a different running order. The Atkins Orchestra should have been followed by the Kissoons, followed by Sweet Sensation, who are still very much a cabaret attraction with considerably more emphasis on the dance routine of their four vocalists than on the musical strength of the rhythm section — which still flags.

Although their performance was reasonable, including hits such as "Sad Sweet Dreamer" and the funkier elements from their album, they did lower the atmosphere which Stackridge had so admirably set.

But after Sensation, Mud had to virtually rebuild from scratch. Fortunately by this time darkness had fallen, allowing an elaborate use of lighting and special stage effects, such as the tinsel curtaining hanging on three sides of the stage.

You can't say Mud are musically excellent, even though they are proficient both vocally and instrumentally. Their appeal lies in the quick succession of rock and roll numbers and their ability to sustain an entertaining and exciting live show.

Generally, however, the bill was not A World Topping Attraction — as they say.

It should serve as an example to other clubs who feel there's money to be made in similar events. And it's also acted as an example to Huddersfield FC themselves. They're planning another Festival, and they assure me more time and consideration will go into the programming.

Now they only have one problem: How do they sell the best part of 10,000 sanitary bags?



Slump in the fruit trade



Directors Hill (left) and Bland

humorous anecdote he related was that it took him two days to find out where they could buy 10,000 bags for sanitary towel disposal.

"It must be the wrong time of the month," he jokes.

Admittedly though, they were well organised.

They'd constructed a large stage which would take the weight of 40 tons of equipment.

MOR and cabaret music and admits this is the first festival he has been directly responsible for.

The club's knowledge of the power of the bill was probably best summed at by the Club Secretary George Binns who optimistically hoped they could raise £50,000. But he was far from positive.

"We don't expect anything."

IMPORTS

THE ROCK MACHINE really did turn me on. When CBS did their thing just after Monterey, I got sucked into the airstream.

Al Kooper, Laura Nyro, Chicago, Electric Flag, Big Brother, Taj Mahal and all the others came my way, causing me to change my way of life. All of which explains why the sight of a new album by Flock had me doing the nostalgia two-step around the floor of Harlequin's Dean Street bazaar the other day.

The album's called "Inside Out", it's a Felix Papalardi production and (so much for my CBS recollections) the band are now signed to Mercury. There have been other changes since October '70 and "Dinosaur Swamps"; Jerry Goodman got Mahavisnued so the re-formed Flocksters signed one Mike Zydowsky to take his place. All the brass team have gone too — their replacement being Jim Hirsén, keyboard and synthesiser specialist.

But Jerry Smith (bass), Fred Glickstein (guitar) and Ron Karpman (drums) are still around to renew old friendships.

The trouble is that when one doesn't meet people for a long period things seem no longer the same — and I have to admit that Flock no longer move me musically, their urgency, that frenetic drive once stimulated by Goodman's manic Menuhin activity, seems to have gone where all run-down rock machines go. Still, it was nice while it lasted.

GENE AND Billy Page seem to have developed a penchant for boosting the careers of out-of-luck soul ladies.

Hot on the heels of the Nancy Wilson elpee, mentioned in last week's column, comes "Happy Endings" (Fantasy) a fine album tailored around the voice of Betty Everett, whose hits have included "It's In His Kiss", "You're No Good" and "Getting Mighty Crowded".

The Page's own songs — they've contributed five out of the album's nine tracks — are all well constructed and not to be confused with the fill-up fodder perpetuated by many other producer-arranger-songwriters in an effort to wrap an album around what is probably just a brace of singles.

So on "Happy Endings", "Bedroom Eyes", the fourth track in, has as much going for it as "Here's The Gift", the album's attractive opener — which immediately puts it in the

running for the Good Housekeeping seal of merit.

Add the obligatory Steve Wonder penned item — in this case "Just A Little Piece Of You" — plus a restyled semi-choogling version of "God Only Knows" that actually works and you've got a sophisto-soul job worthy of investigation. All of which proves that Jerry Butler always did have good taste when it came to vocal sparring-partners.

HEARD ABOUT the new Scaduto? It's not really a book, just the sleeve note to Alexis Korner's "Get Off My Cloud" (CBS). But even this is something in the way of being quite a tome, occupying, as it does, virtually all the front and back cover and leaving scant space for blurbs by Pete Townshend and our own Roy Carr or even for a mug shot of old A.K. himself.

Scaduto, who could well be using material left over from his Jagger expose job, says that Korner hates tags like "Father Of The White Blues" and quotes him as stating: "I was playing black blues since 1940, when I was 12, and still playing black blues as far as I'm concerned." And helping him out on his latest portion of the ultramarine ebonyes are Peter Frampton, Steve Marriott, Keith Richard, Colin Hodgkinson, Nicky Hopkins and Kokomo, which can't be at all bad.

I imagined The Fugs' "Rounder's Score" (ESP) would be another reissue of Ed Sanders and Co.'s mid-sixties tracks. But this is not entirely the case. Most of side one is made up of previously unreleased material by The Fugs and by Holy Modal Rounders Pate Stampfel and Steve Weber, who became part of the Fugs in 1965. So now you know.

Best Elton John compilation yet to arrive comes from the German "Pop Cronik" series. It's a double comprised of "Lady Samantha", "Skyline Pigeon", "Country Comfort", "Honky Tonk Women", "Border Song", "Take Me To The Pilot", "Levon", "Your Song", "Rocket Man", "Hercules" and a dozen others. I my view it's stronger than the home brewed "Greatest Hits".

Among the other new Euro-imports worth noting it a Moody Blues item called "The Beginning — Vol. 1" (Teldec), which is virtually the "Magnificent Moodies" elpee plus two additional tracks in 'Boulevard De La Madeleine' and "Cities". Fred Dellar

work and Harold Wilson's gonna try and get everyone Socialist and it's not gonna work, but that's not really quite what Britain wants. Margaret Thatcher's gonna try and get everyone Tory, but that's not quite what everyone wants and the Liberals are gonna try and go up the middle.

"There's a lot of people going back to... there was a thing also a few years ago, d'you remember? — there was a feller said that in the future in a certain year we were all gonna have just one square yard of land."

He pauses to let the impact of his words sink in.

"Each. I can't remember much about it, it was just all about everyone standing around having a square yard of land each. But if you fly over America you see all the towns huddled around a little river or lake somewhere. And then you see masses of... millions of acres of desert and things and so it doesn't really seem to me that we're all going to be huddled on one acre somewhere."

"Maybe the cities are going to get very huddled. In which case they're going to have to spread out a bit."

"I don't know... it's their problem, anyway."

"BACK to basics," says Linda, ever the practical one. "Yeah, back to 'Venus And Mars', lads. Tell us about your album. Oh, all right," says Paul.

And occasionally New Jersey.

(But does any of this really matter? — JOHN LENNON)

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Macca

Continued from page 23

— employing people to rip down the factories and then employing them to plant food — we're going to have a food shortage soon, which is ridiculous —

Very sorry, Linda, but your time's up, and it's back to Paul now, who's got something that he's really aching to get off his chest.

... Paul?

"And the funny thing is that it looks like that may be what everything."

"I mean, if this goes on like we're saying it's going on, it looks like that might be kind of the thing, y'know, that the only way back to kind of away from the kind of crazy 1984 thing would be that that goes so far that the planet can't support it, and everybody really literally has to start ripping 'em down. I think that there's kind of enough common sense flying around among ordinary people

"I think there's more than there's ever been, y'know, what with television and education and all that stuff. I think there's an awful lot of common sense among... just people."

"I think they've got very... I always remember when I was kind of a kid kind of thing, knowing that governments always underestimated people, and people were a lot hipper than governments and things, gave them credit for. I still think it's there, y'know, and I think the government has to kind of try its way and it's not gonna

ON THE TOWN

THURSDAY

BATH Pavilion: **MAN / BAND CALLED 'O'**
 BRIGHTON Alhambra: **SPANGLED MOB / KRAKATOA**
 BRIGHTON The Hungry Years: **FARM**
 BRISTOL Granary: **CLANCY**
 CHEADLE The Highwayman: **U.F.O.**
 DERBY Cleopatra's: **JUDAS PRIEST**
 DUNDEE Royal Centre Hotel: **FOUNDATIONS**
 GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: **KENNY HANLEY** Place: **JUNIOR HIGH & THE ROCKETS**
 HEREFORD Assembly Rooms: **WISPER**
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: **STRAY**
 ILFORD Palais: **K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND**
 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: **DUANE EDDY**
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **MOON**
 LONDON CHARING CROSS ROAD Sunday: **BREWERS DROOP**
 LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: **MOON**
 LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: **FACTORY**
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: **ISOTOPE**
 LONDON Marquee Club: **NUTZ**
 LONDON N.W.1 Bettina's: **STAMPEDE**
 LONDON WILLESDEN White Hart: **KAV**
 NEWQUAY Blue Lagoon: **FANTASTICS**
 NOTTINGHAM West Bridgford Dancing Slipper: **WHEELS**
 PENZANCE Winter Gardens: **SASSAFRAS**
 PORTSMOUTH H.M.S. Collingwood: **SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS**
 STOCKPORT Poco-Poco: **DRIFTERS**
 STRATFIELD TURGIS Wellington Arms: **RED BEANS & RICE**
 SWINDON R.A.F. Lyneham: **SWEET SENSATION**
 WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: **PETE SAYER'S GRAND OLE OPRY SHOW**

FRIDAY

ANDOVER Country Bumpkin: **K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND**
 BICESTER Nowhere Club: **RED BEANS & RICE**
 BRIDGEND Bryntirion School: **SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS**
 BRIDLINGTON Town Hall: **DRIFTERS**
 BURTON 76 Club: **WALLY**
 CANTERBURY Westgate Hall: **JOHNNY YOUNG BAND**
 CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: **MOON**
 CLACTON Princes Theatre: **BOB STEWART / JIGSAW**
 Radio Luxembourg summer tour
 CLEETHORPE Bunnies: **FAITH BROWN & THE SHADES**
 DUNDEE Royal Centre Hotel: **FOUNDATIONS**
 EPSOM Ebbisham Hall: **PETE ATKIN / JULIET LAWSON**
 HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: **MARC BOLAN & T. REX**
 HOVE Town Hall: **KRAKATOA**
 ILKESTON Regency Ballroom: **JUDAS PRIEST**
 LONDON BRENT Town Hall: **CYMARONS**
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **STEVE GIBBONS BAND**
 LONDON ISLINGTON Kings Head: **CAMDEN GOODS**
 LONDON KENSINGTON Commonwealth Institute: **FUNKIES / AGOR MMBA / THINK AHEAD**
 LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville Rooms: **DAVID BROMBERG**
 LONDON Marquee Club: **MICHAEL CHAPMAN & FRIENDS**
 LONDON N.W.1 Bettina's: **THOR**
 LONDON Speakeasy: **GONZALEZ**
 LONDON WILLESDEN White Hart: **KRAZY KAT**
 MALVERN Three Counties Show: **SHOWADDY WADDY**
 MANCHESTER Festival: **AJ WEBBER**
 MANCHESTER Valentine's Club: **FANTASTICS**
 MARLOW Crown Hotel: **NUTZ**
 NEWCASTLE Mayfair: **HAWKWIND**
 NEWQUAY Blue Lagoon: **SASSAFRAS**
 NORTHAMPTON Chimes Club: **BAND CALLED 'O'**
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: **WISPER**
 REDRUTH Regal Cinema: **MAN / BAND CALLED 'O'**
 SALISBURY Civic Hall: **NORTHERN SOUL ROAD SHOW**
 SOLIHULL Golden Lion: **ION MISTRESS**
 ST. ALBANS City Hall: **BABE RUTH / GOOD HABIT**
 WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: **MIKI & GRIFF**

SATURDAY

BIRKENHEAD Hamilton: **SPARROW**
 BIRMINGHAM Incognito: **STEVE GIBBONS BAND**



Compiled by
Derek
Johnson

BLETCHLEY Leisure Centre: **BUNNY/GEORDIE**
 CLEETHORPE Bunnies: **FAITH BROWN & THE SHADES**
 DAGENHAM Roundhouse: **NUTZ/KRAKATOA**
 DONCASTER Tattersfield Rugby Club: **CASUALS/DRIFTING HARMONY/BITTER SUITE/CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER/MICKEY'S MONKEYS**
 Eight-hour open-air event. If wet, postponed until Sunday.
 DUNBAR Victoria Hall: **FOUNDATIONS**
 EGREMONT Tolbar Inn: **SMILING HARD**
 FISHGARD Frenchman's Motel: **KENNY FOLKESTONE** Leas Cliff Hall: **MARC BOLAN & T. REX**
 HANLEY Place: **ZENDA JACKS**
 INVERNESS Aviemore Centre: **DRIFTERS**
 LIVERPOOL Stadium: **HAWKWIND**
 LONDON BARKING Assembly Hall: **NICKY THOMAS**
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **RED BEANS & RICE/BURLESQUE**
 LONDON CHARING CROSS ROAD Sunday: **COOKING**

REMINDER
 Saturday's projected concert of Black Music at London Chelsea Football Ground is cancelled.

LONDON Harlequin Records (97/99 Dean Street): **SAILS**
 Free concert, 1 p.m.
 LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor castle: **LEE KOSMIN BAND**
 LONDON HIGHGATE Wellington Arms: **FARM**
 LONDON Marquee Club: **POODLES**
 LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: **SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS**
 LONDON Speakeasy: **BEARDED LADY**
 MALVERN Winter Gardens: **BABE RUTH / SIDEWINDER**
 MANCHESTER Pembroke Hall: **FANTASTICS**
 MARGATE Top Spot: **GONZALEZ**
 NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: **WALLY**
 NUNEATON Bondgate Club: **MATCHBOX**
 RETFORD Aquarius: **FREEDOM**
 RIPLEY Cock Hotel: **BAND CALLED 'O'**
 SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: **NEUTRONS**
 SOUTHPORT F.C. Ground: **SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/SHOWADDY-ADDDY/FOGG/SASSAFRAS/GENO WASHINGTON BAND**
 TAUNTON County Ballroom: **K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND**
 WAKEFIELD Heppy's Night Spot: **OVA-TION**
 WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: **BRIAN GOLBEY**
 WEST RUNTON Pavilion: **SWEET SENSATION**
 WIGAN Casino: **U.F.O.**
 YEOVIL Johnson Hall: **MAN/BAND CALLED 'O'**

SUNDAY

BIRMINGHAM Albert St. The Jug: **NIMROD**
 BLACKPOOL ABC Theatre: **DALLAS BOYS**
 BLACKPOOL North Pier Pavilion: **RUSS CONWAY**
 BLACKPOOL Opera House: **TAMMY JONES**
 BRISTOL Reeves: **K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND**
 CARLISLE Cosmo Club: **NORTHERN SOUL ROAD SHOW**
 CROYDON Greyhound: **SNAFU**
 DOUGLAS I.O.M. Palace Lido: **SWEET EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: BACHELORS**
 EGREMONT Tolbar Inn: **SMILING HARD**
 HARROW Tithe Farmhouse: **NUTZ**
 HOVE Town Hall: **CHRIS FARLOWE & FRIENDS**
 LEEDS Holbeck W.M.C.: **OVIATION**
 LIVERPOOL Royal Court Theatre: **FAITH BROWN & THE SHADES**
 LONDON CHELSEA Nose Wine Bar: **GEORGE ADAIR**
 LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: **STRUTTERS**
 LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: **CLANCY**
 LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: **TOM RUSH**
 LONDON ISLINGTON Pied Bull: **NIGHT LIFE**
 LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: **MOON**

LONDON New Victoria Theatre: **DUANE EDDY**
 LONDON PECKHAM Newlands Tavern: **RED BEANS & RICE**
 LONDON Royal Court Theatre: **ALAN PRICE**
 LONDON Royal Festival Hall: **ROBERT FARNON / EVE BOSWELL / BARRY KENT / DAVID JACOBS / ALAN DELL**
 A Tribute to Gerald
 LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: **JUDAS PRIEST**
 LONDON Victoria Palace Theatre: **VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR**
 MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: **STYLISTICS**
 NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: **CISCO**
 PAISLEY Watermill Hotel: **FOUNDATIONS**
 RUGBY Radea Club: **BAND CALLED 'O'**
 SCARBOROUGH Floral Hall: **SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA**
 SHEFFIELD Woodhouse Central Club: **MATCHBOX**
 TORQUAY Pavilion: **MAN / BAND CALLED 'O'**

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **MUSCLES BRACKNELL Arts Centre: COUSIN JOE**
 DONCASTER Outlook Club: **STRIPE**
 IPSWICH Tracey's: **SMILING HARD**
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **CLANCY**
 LONDON HIGHGATE The Wellington: **TEENAGE REBELS**
 LONDON Marquee Club: **CHRIS FARLOWE & FRIENDS**
 LONDON Speakeasy: **MAJOR BULL**
 LONDON WOOD GREEN Fagan's: **ROCKY SHARP AND THE RAZORS**
 NEWCASTLE City Hall: **STYLISTICS**
 NEWPORT (Gwent) El Cordobes: **WISPER**
 STAFFORD Top Of The World: **KENNY SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: SASSAFRAS**
 TORQUAY Gatsby's: **K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND**
 WORTHING Royal Stuart Hotel: **FARM**

TUESDAY

BATLEY Variety Club: **DRIFTERS**
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **BE-BOP DE-LUXE**
 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: **ION MISTRESS**
 CARDIFF Top Rank: **SASSAFRAS**
 HUDDERSFIELD Ivanhoe's: **JUDAS PRIEST**
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **JOHN BALDRY**
 LONDON FULHAM Bishops Park: **NEW LAUDEVILLE BAND**
 LONDON Marquee Club: **BAND CALLED 'O'**
 LONDON PECKHAM Newlands Tavern: **MOON**
 LONDON Speakeasy: **BANDANA**
 MEXBOROUGH Jesters: **NORTHERN SOUL ROAD SHOW**
 YEovil Johnson Hall: **K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND**

WEDNESDAY

BOURNEMOUTH Village Bown: **STYLISTICS**
 CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall: **DRIFTERS**
 FARNBOROUGH Burlesque: **K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND**
 LEICESTER Rainbow & Dove: **CAPTAIN VIDEO**
 LONDON BELLINGHAM Saxon Tavern: **ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS**
 LONDON BRIXTON Lambeth Town Hall: **JOHN BRYANT'S IRON LEG/STAGE-FRIGHT**
 Charity concert, 7.30 p.m. Admission 40p.
 LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: **COUNTRY GAZETTE**
 LONDON EDGWARE ROAD Crown: **PAD-DY GREY/GEORGE ADAIR**
 LONDON GREENWICH Albany Empire: **HI-TONES/GRANITE**
 LONDON HIGHGATE The Wellington: **LEE KOSMIN BAND**
 LONDON Marquee Club: **WALLY**
 LONDON Royal Albert Hall: **SWINGLE II**
 LONDON Speakeasy: **GAZELLE**
 LONDON STREATHAM Cat's Whiskers: **MIKE MORTON SOUND**
 LONDON W.1 Gulliver's Club: **SMILING HARD**
 MANCHESTER Hardrock: **CHRIS FARLOWE & FRIENDS**
 MANCHESTER Palace: **DUANE EDDY**
 PLYMOUTH Tiffs in Town: **MUNGO JERRY**
 ROTHERHAM Eastwood View W.M.C.: **OVIATION**
 ST. ALBANS City Hall: **HARVEY ANDREWS & GRAHAM COOPER**
 SUNDERLAND The Royalty: **COUSIN JOE**

TV/RADIO

THE ACCOLADE of "Highlight of the Week" once again falls upon BBC's "Old Grey Whistle Test" — though this is the last time it will do so for at least a couple of months, because this is the final programme in the current series. And they're going out with a bang, by screening the film of the Yes concert, which was staged at Queen's Park Rangers soccer ground in West London on May 10.

Also on the box this week, there's a repeat of the Rufus Thomas "In Concert" showcase (Monday BBC-2) and Marc Bolan & T. Rex topping the bill in Granada's "Rock On With 45" (ITV on various days according to region).

Radio 1 listeners can grab a full hour of Don McLean "In Concert" on Saturday, while tonight (Thursday) the Pretty Things and Alan Hull are in John Peel's "Top Gear". Finally, don't miss up-and-coming band Moon in Bob Harris' show (depping for John Peel) on Monday.

THURSDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m. Noel Edmonds; 9.0 Tony Blackburn; 11.0 David Hamilton with "Radio 1 Roadshow" from Ilfracombe West Promenade; 12.30 p.m. "Newsbeat"; 12.45 Johnnie Walker; 2.0 Ed Stewart (shared with Radio 2); 5.0 "Newsbeat"; 5.15-7.0 John Peel presents "Top Gear" with the Pretty Things/Alan Hull; 8.0 Jack McLaughlin introduces "Folk 75" with Prelude; 8.30-9.0 Tony Capstick introduces "Folkweave" with Chris Foster; 10.0-12.30 a.m. Don Durbridge with "Music Through Midnight"; LUXEMBOURG 7.45 p.m. Peter Powell; 9.30 Stuart Henry; 11.0 Top Ten Albums Show (incorporating NME Pop News at 11.30); 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Sound Explosion"; TELEVISION Noel Edmonds introduces Brian Hyland and Bing Crosby among others in "Top Of The Pops" (BBC-1); Marc Bolan & T. Rex/Peter Sarstedt/Kristine in "45", introduced by Kid Jensen (some ITV areas, but subject to regional variation — other viewers see it Saturday or Sunday).

FRIDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-11.0 As Thursday; 11.0 David Hamilton with "Radio 1 Roadshow" from Bude Summerleaze; 12.30 p.m.-5.15 As Thursday; 5.15-7.0 Anne Nightingale's "Round Table"; 10.0-12.30 a.m. David Bellan with "Music Through Midnight"; LUXEMBOURG 7.45 p.m. Stuart Henry; 10.0 Album of the Week; 11.30 NME Gig Guide; 12.30 a.m. Spangles Muldoon; 1.30-3.0 "The 100 MPH Dance Music Show"; TELEVISION Trini Lopez in "The Other Broadway" from London's Cunard-International Hotel (BBC-1); Anne Shelton/Barbara Law in "Songs That Stopped The Shows" (some ITV regions, lunchtime); Sal Mineo plays Gene Krupa in the film "Drum Crazy" (some ITV regions).

SATURDAY

RADIO 1 8 a.m. Ed Stewart with "Junior Choice"; 10.0 Dave Lee Travis; 1 p.m. Peter Skellern's Top 12, introduced by Brian Mettew; 2.0 Alan Freeman; 5.0 John Peel presents "Rock Week"; 6.30-7.30 "In Concert" with Don McLean; 10.45-12.30 a.m. Alan Dell with "Music Through Midnight"; LUXEMBOURG 7.45 p.m. Peter Powell; 10.0 Mark Wesley; 12 midnight Spangles Muldoon; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Dimensions" introduced by Stuart Henry.

TELEVISION Jimmy Savile in "Jim'll Fix It" (BBC-1); Lois Lane in "That's Life" (BBC-1);

RESIDENCIES

AYR Darlington Hotel: **VINCE HILL**
 Week from Sunday
 BATLEY Variety Club: **CANDLEWICK GREEN**
 Wednesday (30) for four days
 BRIDLINGTON The B's Theatre Bar: **SHEP'S BANJO BOYS**
 Monday for six-week season
 BRIDLINGTON Triangles: **HEDGEHOP-PERS ANONYMOUS**
 Week from Monday
 CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival: **COUNTRY GAZETTE / TOM RUSH / BERT JANSCH / JACK THE LAD, etc.**
 Friday for three days. See also under Folk gigs, page 34
 DERBY Bailey's: **SHOWADDY WADDY**
 Tuesday (29) for three days

"New Faces" talent show (ITV); Kid Jensen introduces "Rock On With 45" (London ITV, see Thursday for details); Leo Kottke/Hudson-Ford in "The London Weekend" (London ITV); Julie Rogers/Wild Honey in "The Wheeltappers And Shunters Social Club" (ITV); Cilla Black presents "Seaside Special" from Poble w'nw; New Edition (BBC-1); Final "Old Grey Whistle Test" of current series, with film of Yes in concert at Q.P.R. soccer ground on May 10 (BBC-2).

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 Savile with "The Double Top Ten Show" followed by "Savile's Travels"; 3.0 The Dave Lee Travis Request Show; 5.0 "Insight" looks at "The Electric Guitar"; 6.0 Tom Browne with "The Top Twenty"; 7.0-7.30 "Sunday Sport"; 11.0-12.30 p.m. "Sounds Of Jazz"; RADIO 3 10.45 p.m. Derek Jewell presents "Sounds Interesting"; LUXEMBOURG 7.15 p.m. Spangles Muldoon; 9.0 Mark Wesley; 10.30 British Top Thirty; 12 midnight Spangles Muldoon; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Dimensions" with Stuart Henry. TELEVISION Bay City Rollers/Big Jim Sullivan in "Shang-A-Lang" (some ITV regions); Peter Morrison/Anne Lorne Gillies in "Something To Sing About" (BBC-2); Kid Jensen introduces "45" (some ITV regions, see Thursday for details).

MONDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m. Noel Edmonds; 9.0 Tony Blackburn; 11.0 Ed Stewart with "Radio 1 Roadshow" from St. Ives The Island; 12.30 "Newsbeat"; 12.45 Johnnie Walker; 2.0 David Hamilton (shared with Radio 2); 5.0 "Newsbeat"; 5.15 Bob Harris presents "Top Gear" with Moon/Gay & Terry Woods; 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. Peter Powell; 9.0 Stars Horoscope Show; 9.30 Mark Wesley; 11.30 NME Gig Guide; 11.35 Peter Powell; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Sound Explosion"; TELEVISION Repeat of "In Concert" with Rufus Thomas (BBC-2).

TUESDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-11.0 As Monday; 11.0 Ed Stewart with "Radio 1 Roadshow" from Newquay North Fistral Beach; 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; 11.30 NME Pop News; 11.35 Spangles Muldoon; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Sound Explosion"; TELEVISION Bay City Rollers/Big Jim Sullivan in "Shang-A-Lang" (some ITV regions); "Oscar Peterson Presents" (some ITV regions).

WEDNESDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-11.0 As Monday; 11.0 Ed Stewart with "Radio 1 Roadshow" from Plymouth Hoe; 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. Colin Berry with "Music Through Midnight"; LUXEMBOURG 7.45 p.m. Peter Powell; 9.30 American Top Twenty; 11.30 NME Pop News; 11.35 Spangles Muldoon; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Sound Explosion"; TELEVISION "The Diane Solomon Show" with Ed Welch (BBC-1); Humphrey Lyttelton introduces "Keep America Singing" (BBC-2). CAPITAL RADIO: For full details of this week's programmes on London's Capital Radio, see advertisement on page 8.

HANLEY Bailey's: **SEVENTH AVENUE**
 Week from Sunday
 HEDON BIRKHOLME Country Club: **FAIRFIELD WELLS**
 Wednesday (30) for four days
 LEICESTER Bailey's: **BLACK ABBOTTS**
 Week from Sunday
 LIVERPOOL Allinson's: **FAITH BROWN & THE SHADES**
 Week from Monday
 LIVERPOOL Bailey's: **GENO WASHINGTON BAND**
 Week from Sunday
 LONDON HAMMERSMITH Cunard-International Hotel: **SARAH VAUGHAN / BUDDY GRECO**
 Week from Monday
 LONDON Talk Of The Town: **KAMAHL**
 Monday for two weeks
 NEWPORT Alexandria's Club: **RED BEANS & RICE**
 Tuesday (29) for five days
 SHEFFIELD Fiesta: **JIMMY HELMS**
 Week from Sunday
 STOCKTON Bailey's: **MAGIC**
 Week from Sunday
 STOCKTON Fiesta: **SWEET SENSATION**
 Week from Sunday
 WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: **SPARROW**
 Week from Sunday

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



DEKE LEONARD (far left) and the rest of the MAN band have gigs this week at Bath (Thursday), Redruth (Friday), Yeovil (Saturday) and Torquay (Sunday).

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR (top centre left) play their eagerly-awaited British comeback concert at London Victoria Palace on Sunday.

K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND (bottom centre left) continue their highly successful British one-nighter tour throughout the coming week.

CHRIS FARLOWE (near left) returns to the gig circuit with his new all-star band, playing Hove (Sunday), London (Monday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

Oh yes, and the tit-pi: on the right is a still from "FORBIDDEN DECAMERON" (Miracle Films).



ON THE TOWN

DECAMERON lyricist and front-man Dave Bell is articulate but quietly spoken.

He thinks about each word he utters, weighs up the possible consequences of each remark and then delivers it *sotto voce* — which means that any interviewer has to keep checking the record level indicator on the tape machine in order to see if the darn thing's picking up Bell's low decibel output.

Apart from this one problem, Bell's great to interview and seems free from the usual hang-ups. He doesn't even care if the band end up on the folk, rock or even the reggae pages of the pop press.

"We've been called a cross between the Moody Blues and Steeleye Span, Pentangle and the Beach Boys and other descriptions involving bands we've never even heard of.

"Another time we got stuck as the 'thinking man's Lindisfarne', but we don't get uptight about categories, that's why we jokingly call our music 'West Country acoustic surfing music'.

"Really we don't mind what we're called as long as people listen to what we play."

What they put down on record rarely falls into the 'instant delight' category — they continue to fill plastic with examples of their now-famous 'downers', their latest album containing a prime example of the genre in "The Strawman", a fine song but one which Bell himself describes as "very strange".

Onstage too Decameron can be more than a trifle bewildering as Bell, Johnny Coppin, Dik Cadbury, Geoff March and Al Fenn switch instruments with amazing alacrity, forsaking much of their recorded repertoire to become the Magnificent Mercury Brothers (an alter ego need to return to the days of doo-wop), or indulge in hoe-

DECAMERON on the eve of a new album.
By **FRED DEL LAR**

downs or Bill Munroe-inspired bluegrass soirees whenever they feel the need.

Are then Decameron leading contenders in the confuse-a-crowd stakes?

The amiable Bell feels this may well be true.

"I've often seen our audience scratching their heads at times, wondering what the hell is going on."

And those very choral vocals — though I personally find them extremely distinctive and one of the things that sets Decameron apart from the rest of the bunch — couldn't they be offputting to a public brought up on the Beach Boys and C.S.N.&Y.?

"I've never thought of it in terms of putting people off," muses Bell. "That's just the way we structure our vocals."

"Obviously because we've got this vocal thing going we've had comparisons with C.S.N.&Y. but we don't do them that way; ours are, as you say, more choral because we are building up an identifiable sound and the choral approach is one part of it — for good or for bad."

"This is just how the band is: if Decameron's vocals grate on you then, Christ, you're really going to have a bad time — we use harmony vocals so much."

"A lot of this stems from the band's knowledge of music — Dik and Geoff have worked in choirs while Johnny worked a lot with the Vaughan Williams kind of music, Elgar and things like that. All very grand English music."

"I'm happy to have our mus-



Roll-call for Decameron: "It's murder for the drummer..."

West country acoustic surfing choral music by Confuse-A-Crowd

ic tagged English Choral Style because, well, dammit, I am English! We must have absorbed something from being on the folk scene for years and working with traditional singers and bands — you're bound to pick up things from people like that.

"I know I write very English things, though I don't mean anything like 'This Happy Bre-

ed' or that kind of syndrome.

ON THE NEW album which, by the way, is called "Beyond The Days", the harmony vocals are most impressive on a track titled "The Ungodly", the unisons being so tight that the impact virtually lifts any unsuspecting listener out of his chair.

Again the lyrics, though on the surface fairly explicit, retain the feeling, apparent in many Decameron songs, that the whole thing may easily be about something entirely different. Peel away one layer and another, equally viable, becomes visible.

I put it to Bell that at least the first part of the song relates to the events that occurred in Michael Reeves' film "Witchfinder General".

"That's interesting, because another journalist I spoke to recently came up with exactly the same theory. On the other hand there are those who associate the song with Richard Nixon. In Germany, where they really go into these things, they pick up on 'The Ungodly' on a strong political basis."

My description of Dave Bell as Decameron's lyricist is not strictly accurate — songs such as "Rock And Roll Away" and "The Strawman" also owe their melodic shape to him. However, most of the band's material has, in the past, been the product of Bell and Coppin's joint efforts.

But on "Beyond The Days" Dik Cadbury (whom Rick Kemp used as bassist when producing Richard Digance's last album) contributes "Saturday" a number that adds to the complications arising out of Decameron by employing a series of unusual time signatures.

Bell acknowledges that Cadbury, who joined the band after they'd completed their first album, has since become a tremendous multi-talented asset (he also plays fiddle, guitar and sax) and adds: "Dik and I actually did a number together for 'Mammoth Special', our second album, though it didn't surface."

"This song was a bit difficult because Dik did the tune to my already-written lyric — and the lyric was very restrictive. When he first got it placed in front of him it was like some already-formulated, computerised thing — like, this has got to be in such and such a metre, etc. —

that's why the song ended up in such an amazing time. If you try and count through it — well, for the drummer it's murder!"

YOU'LL FIND no listing of exactly whom plays what on the album, just a general personnel line-up.

Bell considered providing a comprehensive guide to the constant instrument-switching that went on during the band's stay at Chelsea's Sound Techniques Studio, but gave up in despair.

"I play bass on about five tracks, Dik's on some while Al's on one. Sometimes the

Magnificent Mercury Brothers.

Cheltenham's favourite folk-rocker smiles in best Bob Harris fashion: "We've created a bit of a monster there certainly — to keep the Mercury Brothers thing fresh we've got to continue finding the right sort of numbers. It's not enough to do any old songs — we try to find only the ones that really suit us, songs that have a special kind of ingredient."

"They need to not only be nostalgic but must also have a melodic structure that we can use, otherwise doing something like that is questionable."

Songs that have measured up to the Mercury's demands in the past have included the ill-fated Frankie Lyndon's "I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent" and "Why Do Fools Fall In Love?" hits, to which have been added Jan and Dean's "New Girl In School" and a couple of others.

But, as I've already mentioned, placed next to "The Ungodly", "Strawman" or Bell's masterly but melancholic "The Empty Space" on a live programme, such fare frequently causes an abundance of furrowed brows among the back-row intelligentsia.

Yet, as Decameron continue on their mazy way, creating images that only too often cannot be caught readily, mixing portions of pure joy with drams of utter despair, and against all odds the formula seems to work.

TO GIVE Dave Bell the last word — "Some of our songs have a very brittle feel and I can't imagine how people can react to them the first time around — our material is not that immediate. We really need a fair hearing because with Decameron everything is very wordy and the music is constructed in such a way that there's a lot going on between the five members of the band."

"We're really at odds with this commercial world. I know that someone once said that listening to some Decameron songs make then want to to out and slash their wrists. We don't go out of our way to write totally depressing songs though — they just happen."

"But if we can make people happy and sad at the same time then maybe we're achieving something."

Thus do Decameron and the metamorphic Mercurys continue to live side by side.

FOLK

THURSDAY

BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: **BRIAN CHALKER**
DURHAM Salutation Hotel: **CHRIS FOSTER**
KESWICK Royal Oak: **BRIAN DEWHURST**
LIVERPOOL Dolphin: **FLAT COUNTY STRING BAND**
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: **STAN ARNOLD**
LONDON ISLINGTON Rising Sun: **WEBBS WONDERS**
LONDON SOHO Shakespeares Head: **NICOL & MARSH'S EASY STREET**
MANSFIELD Brown Cow: **WYNCE BAND**
NOTTINGHAM Windsor Castle: **PENDRAGON**
OULTON Broad Waveney: **ENGLISH TAPESTRY**
REDCAR Royal Hotel: **JOANNE KELLY**
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: **JOHN LEONARD & JOHN SQUIRE**
WORTHING Southdown: **JON FITZGERALD**

FRIDAY

BRADFORD Star Hotel: **CHRIS FOSTER**
BRIGHTON Springfield Hotel: **BULLY WEE**
GUILDFORD Star Inn: **ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND**
KESWICK Royal Oak: **BRIAN DEWHURST**
LONDON STOCKWELL Surrey Hall: **PETE TWITCHETT**
LYMM Spread Eagle: **GARY & VERA**
MANCHESTER Millstone: **MAGGIE GOODALL**
STALYBRIDGE Rose & Crown: **MOBILE WORKSHOP**
STOCKPORT Heaton Moor Rugby Club: **MARTIN CATHY/CYRIL TAWNEY**
TRURO Swan: **VERNON ROSE**

SATURDAY

BARNESLEY Civic Hall: **CHRIS FOSTER**
BROMLEY Chatterton Arms: **JUNE TABOR**
HASTINGS Fairlight Cove Hotel: **CRAYFOLK**
KESWICK Royal Oak: **BRIAN DEWHURST**
LEWES Lewes Arms: **FRANKIE ARMSTRONG**
LONDON REGENTS PARK Cecil Sharp House: **IAN & LORNA CAMPBELL**
TELHAM Black Horse: **WESTON GAVIN**

SUNDAY

BRIGHTON Stanford Arms: **MILES WOOTTON/TIM BROADBENT**
EASTBOURNE Crown: **FRISCO FIRE BAND**
GROOMBRIDGE Junction Inn: **JUNE TABOR**
HAYWARDS Heath Fox & Hounds: **SIMON STEVE**
HORLEY Chequers: **STAN ARNOLD**
HORSHAM Anchor: **PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER**
KENDAL Community Centre: **JOHN GOODLUCK**
LONDON CAMDEN TOWN Engineer: **MICHAEL BERMAN**
LONDON ILFORD General Havelock: **CASTIRON A.B.I.**
NEW MALDEN Royal Oak: **BULLY WEE**
NOTTINGHAM Crown: **TOM GILFELLOW**
OLDHAM Rugby Club: **JED MORGAN & TERRY CHRISTIAN**
PAR Royal Hotel: **DON SHEPHERD**
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: **MIKE CHAPMAN**

MONDAY

AMBERLEY Black Horse: **PRAEGER & RYE**
NEWPORT (Mon.) Castle: **ANDY LEGGETT & PETE FINCH**
ORPINGTON Royal Oak: **MERRUWYN**
PORTSMOUTH FRATTON Railway Hotel: **JUNE TABOR**
SHACKLEFORD Social Centre: **CROWDY CRAWN**
WIGAN Rugby Club: **UNION FOLK**

TUESDAY

BRIDLINGTON Queens Hotel: **JOHN LEONARD & JOHN SQUIRES**
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: **TAVERNERS**
CAMELFORD Jetwells Coach House: **DON SHEPHERD**
CARDIFF Marchioness of Bute: **ANDY LEGGETT & PETE FINCH**
DARTFORD Railway Hotel: **BRIAN GOLBEY**
DERBY Rugby Club: **WOODSHINS**
LONDON CATFORD Rising Sun: **CATCHPENNY**
LONDON ISLINGTON Florence: **BOB DAVENPORT**
LOUGHBOROUGH SPETHORPE Bulls Head: **REX BRISLAND**

WEDNESDAY

BIRSTALL Riverside Club: **CYRIL TAWNEY**
HELSTON Giralder Hotel: **JOHN THE FISH**
KETERING Avenue Hotel: **SEAN CANNON**
LONDON CROYDON Waddon Hotel: **JOHN TIM-PANY & AUDREY SMITH**
LONDON REGENTS PARK Cecil Sharp House: **MALICORNE/THE DRANSFELDS**
LONDON UXBRIDGE Load of Hay: **VIN GARBUTT**
LONDON WEST END Adams Arms: **ROY HARRIS**
LONDON WESTMINSTER Abbey Precincts: **EARLS OF ESSEX MORRIS**
NEWTON ABBOTT Community Centre: **BRIAN DEWHURST**
REDDITCH White Hart: **GARY & VERA**

FOLK FESTIVALS

CAMBRIDGE (Friday, Saturday, Sunday). Ken Woollard, happily reinstated as festival organiser after last year's vigorous campaign, has played the 1975 Cambridge Festival a bit cool — he would prefer 10,000 visitors to 15,000. Nonetheless, he laid on 9,000 sausages, 3,000 portions of fish and chips, 15,000 pork pies. Willing to bet Ken will top last year's 15,000 figures with a bill that (as always) makes Cambridge the best bet in Britain for a chance to meet all your mates in one place at the same time. Pray for fine weather and the lovely grounds of Cherry Hinton Hall is a grand place to be this weekend. Camp site, enormous car park, civilised toilets... and you can sleep in the large marquees. If all else fails, with the city council's blessing. Two main stages this year, plus a large club tent and scores of informal sessions. Cast of millions includes **RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON/DAVE MATTHEWS/DAVE PEGG/JOHN KIRKPATRICK/TOM RUSH/BERT JANSCH/LEO KOTTKE/DAVID BRAMBER/STEFAN GROSSMAN/BRIAN BOWYERS/TAM LYNN/FIVE HAND REEL/NOEL MURPHY/THE DRANSFELDS/JACK THE LAD/RICHARD DIGANCE/HARVEY ANDREWS & GRAHAM COOPER/NIC JONES/MARC ELLINGTON/TONY ROSE MALICORNE/VIN GARBUTT/MICHAEL MOORE/SPUD/THE MICK FLYNN/FROGNOR-TON/CHHRIS ROTHMANN/MIRIAM BACKHOUSE**

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Indigo Blazer: Denim £10.95. Sizes: 34" to 42"

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Jeans: Denim £6.95. Colour Indigo. Sizes: as above.

Indigo Denim Shirt £6.95. Sizes: 34" to 42"

Indigo Denim Waistcoat £4.95. Sizes: 34" to 42"

Also Heavy Duty Cotton Jean Jacket (not illustrated) £7.50. Colours: Indigo, Petrol, White. Sizes: 32" to 40"

Wranglers Jean Jackets in Indigo £7.50. Sizes: 32" to 40"

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Post and Packaging—please add 37 pence for each item ordered

LEVI'S JEANS

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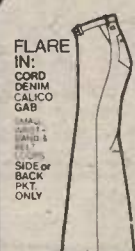
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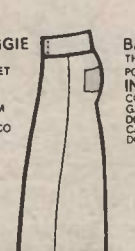
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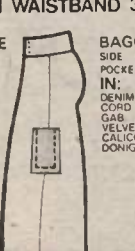
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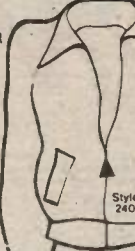
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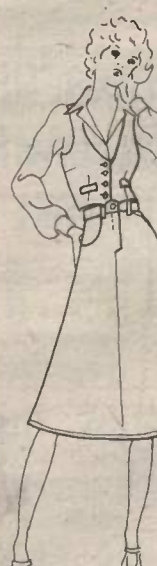
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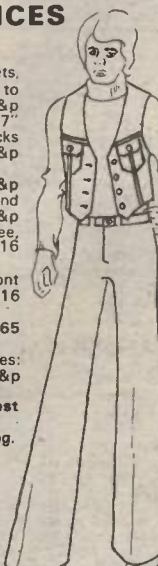
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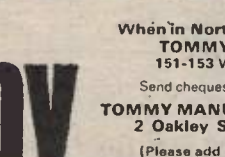
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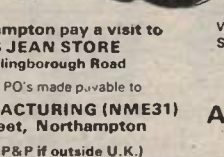
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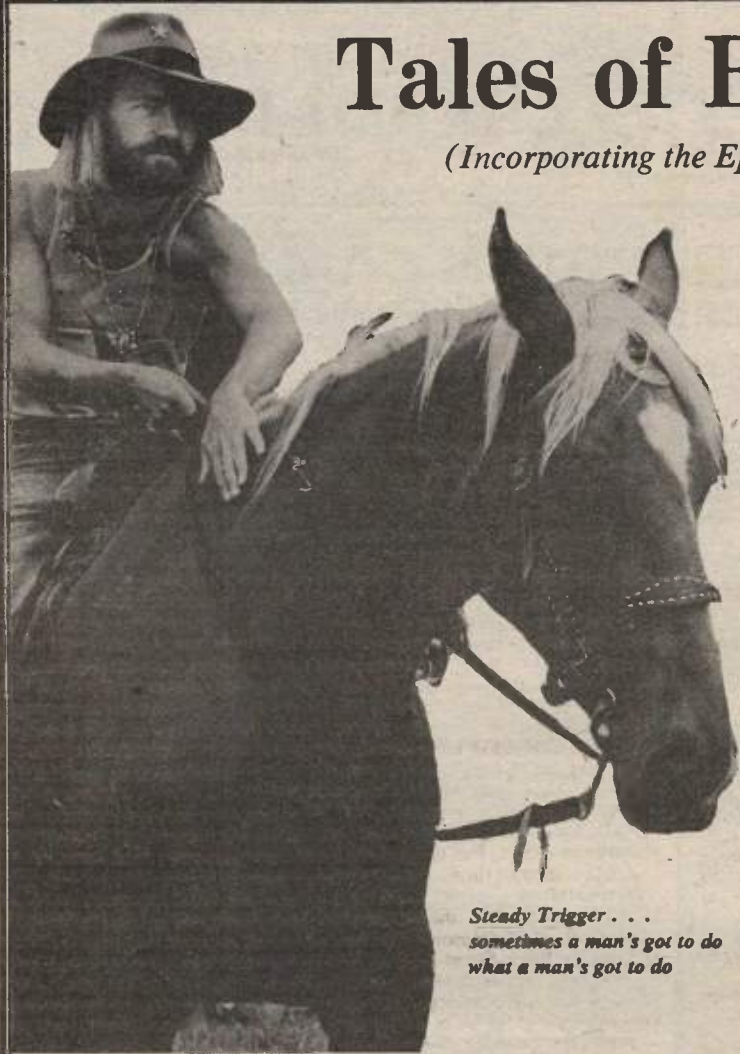
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WELL IT HAPPENED. I got back from Knebworth and days later I was still elated and thrilled by Pink Floyd's concert. Then one cloudy Thursday I bounced along to my local newsagent to buy NME and saw the inevitable.

I don't think I have ever read in all my twenty-one years such a biased load of crap as written by Steve Clarke and Angie Errigo. Whose benefit was the article for? Surely not the 100,000 people who turned up to see Floyd. I don't expect you'll print my letter, as I'm praising their performance, but if so many pages can be wasted on running them down then I'm sure you can squeeze mine in somewhere.

I should also like to thank the other bands at Knebworth for making all the peeing in the bushes and sleeping on wet grass worthwhile.

Well done Floyd, you're still the greatest thing since Super Tampax. — JANETTE, Portsmouth, Hants.

HAVING BEEN to a hell of a lot of open-air concerts, it never ceases to amaze me when I read your reviews of them. Being one of those unfortunates who spend a great deal of time and money travelling to see my favourite band, I feel I must ask a few questions.

Firstly, were Steve Clarke and Angie Errigo really there, or is it necessary for a reporter's thought processes to be on a different level to everyone else's?

Granted Roger Waters' voice wasn't at its best, and the band did hit some bum notes, but they're only human. It seems that reporters tear groups apart on technical merit when, every now and then, they should judge the performance by the audience reaction.

We aren't all fools you know! I don't think an ovation by approximately 70,000 people is a fair indication of a "pretty disgraceful performance".

I can't help wondering what it would have been like if those hallowed reporters of yours had been allowed into the enclosure during the Floyd's set. After all, that was the only place where alcohol was sold on the site. Could it be that they were more interested in that than anything else? — P. JONES, Gwent, S. Wales.

I WAS ONE of the thousands who attended the long-awaited Pink Floyd concert at Knebworth. My day began at 8.30 a.m. when I left home, arriving just outside the park at 11.00 but not actually getting in until 1.45. On finally arriving inside the arena the position I found myself in proved to be one of the worst, largely due to over-crowding.

When one decided that the time had come to relieve himself, it is to the toilet he must visit. This point is mentioned due to the conditions (Quite. — Ed.). For the men there's not a lot one can say, the facilities were there if you cared to use them. But for the women . . . well need more be said?

Both sets of toilets were well below the standards that a pig desires, let alone a human being, especially a woman. She would need to have a very

strong stomach, or just suffer. (What were you doing in there anyway? — Ed.).

Pink Floyd were a disappointment. After waiting all day one expected more. If it hadn't been for Steve Miller then the whole day would have been wasted.

At 11.00 we decided to leave, hoping to miss some of the crowds. It took four hours to move half a mile. I've attended numerous concerts of this kind, including Wembley, Charlton and Watford but I've never met with such a lack of organisation as at Knebworth. To spend 21 hours getting to and from the gig, and of which I saw and heard very little, just wasn't worth it. — P. DEVONALD (Mr.), West-cliff-on-Sea, Essex.

THANKS FOR having a pretty comprehensive review of Knebworth. It was about the best (in some respects) of the music papers. But why is it that the NME never seems to enjoy open air events (just open air) and write about them as if you have a big chip on your shoulder?

When everybody else enjoys them, and gives them a good write-up, NME does the reverse and moans.

That aside, top marks to Joe Stevens and whoever did the Beefheart part. Floyd were anything but disgraceful and well worth the travelling, especially with the added bonus of the excellent Steve Miller. — NADGE, Plymouth, Devon.

NAH we love open air gigs. All that lying in the rain cheek by jowl with playful Hell's Angels and having to pay eighty pence for a greasy hot dog and then going to queue two hours at the loo while some geezer with a cosh threatens to "bust yer head Jimmy" cos you're screwing his chick and you've taken his seat. And when you come back, the Floyd are on, great — best part — it only takes them thirty minutes to tune up so you think you'll go home instead but you can't 'cos the trains are packed and anyway there aren't any and terminal acid heads are vomiting on your sandwiches. I mean that's what it's all about innit, mixing with the people, man.

Seriously though Nadge, P. Jones, and all the other readers who sent in helpful suggestions as to where we could put our review, there is no anti-festival policy at NME. Indoors or out we write them as we see them. Our "hallowed reporters" are just as much part of the audience as everybody else . . . Mr. Devonald, for instance.

In a way, Janette, the article wasn't written solely for the benefit of the thousands there but as an assessment for those who weren't, though we are delighted to squeeze in any letters about Super Tampax — if they fit. M.B.

I AM turning to you as a last resort to cure my illness.

Thumbing through my vast record collection (well 75 actually), it suddenly struck me that I have avoided the accepted rock giants: No Stones, no Zeppelin, Floyd, Beatles, Yes, Beach Boys, Tubular Bells, Dylan, Hendrix, Bowie, Who, Elton John, Tull, Quo, Elvis or Clapton.

On realising this astounding fact I consulted my doctor, pet worm and optician (in case I was picking up the wrong letter). They all came to the same conclusion; I just don't like them.

I am becoming increasingly unpopular with my cat calls at concerts. When calling for the departure of the Eagles at Wembley I received many angry looks and foul words. Only Stackridge and the Joe Walsh encore reached the standard I expected.

The only cure is for the NME to do a middle-page epic on Laura Nyro. If this article does not appear before Christmas I will be forced to write again, and again, and again, and again until my demands are met — A PRO-COL HARUM MANIAC. PS — I like the Raspberries, does anyone else.

We are fast approaching the first anniversary of Ian MacD's Looking Back on Laura Nyro (29 July 74) so it seems that your disease could have been tackled at source. I like the Raspberries but not Zeppelin, Quo or Elton John, so maybe it's catching. M.B.



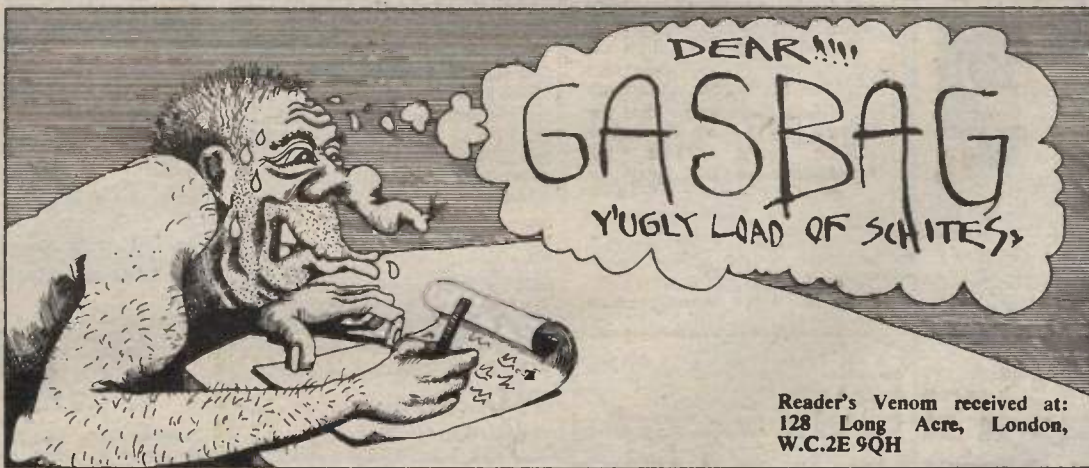
Bernie Leadon . . . "oh gosh, really?"

I RECENTLY bought a copy of Roy Harper's "H.Q." on cassette and found that by not getting the record I was missing out; those who did, obtained a lyric sheet on the dust cover.

No trouble, I thought, I'll write to EMI and ask if they can send me one. Back came the reply saying 'no, I couldn't get one but I could order a record cover from my friendly neighbourhood store'.

That helps me none as there is no more information on the cover than there is on the cassette. Anyway why can't I have an inner sleeve?

I realise I can't expect much — I only buy their product. But why do people who buy cassettes, at roughly the same price, not get the service. I



Reader's Venom received at:
128 Long Acre, London,
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don't mean free posters etc., but information about the music, such as who plays what. Such information is possible, witness "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road". Aren't we just getting a raw deal? — JOHN MEEKIE, Prestwick, Ayrshire.

I'd say you were. A spokesman for EMI explained there is an obvious physical problem and whether you get a lyric sheet or not is very arbitrary. If you're buying the Baby Tape, "Sleep Gently In The Womb", there's some printed gurgling and if you buy their Double Classics you get a libretto but if you're a Roy Harper fan — hard luck. He suggested you write to EMI's Tapes And Cartridges Department, who'll send you the words. As a matter of policy, however, the consumer is going to have to pay for 'extras', or buy the record. M.B.

WE ALL know that NME used to be the sort of music paper that catered for Pet Clark and Cliff Richard fans and now you've changed your image (thank God) but do you have to try so hard to be hip?

I'm mainly referring to your obsession with Americanisms. I mean, for Chrissakes you assholes, I've gotten t'inkin' the whole damn paper is gotten together by some faggy mid-Atlantic pseudos. Shee-it! Y'know it sure makes a kid jus' wanna do a messa reds, down a few tequila sunrises and truck on down to L.A. — dig?

Come on now, don't be ashamed, there's nothing wrong in being British. Get your kicks on the A406 in future. Who needs a second hand version of "Rolling Stone"? — SIMON NORTON, University of Kent, Canterbury.

Hey youse guys! Some limey punk done jest gone and got us sussed. Sashay the mavericks 'n' haul down the Abe Logan flag we're headin' outta town. M.B.

WITH REFERENCE to your "you read about 'em here first if we say so ourselves" claim (concerning Moon) in Teasers . . . bollocks.

You should maybe take a little more care before shooting your mouth off with statements of that nature. For your information, 'Sounds' reviewed

Moon on May 24th, 1975. Your article, entertaining though it was, did not see the light of day until July 1975. I don't wanna call you liars, but, suffice to say, that there are other music papers on the newstands. — TONY JOHNS, Upper Brighton Road, Worthing, Sussex.

Listen squire, no album for you O.K.? May we refer you to the NME dated 15th March 1975 inst. where you will find, as part of an excellent Pub Rock guide written by sometime alchy-jiver Geoff Hill, the full works on Moon . . . "Here's a band to write home about . . ." etc. We all make mistakes — heh,heh. M.B.

Entirely Credible Lament

HE LACKED real impact but certainly not talent which he possessed in abundance. I still can't believe we won't be hearing that voice of velvet, as supple and versatile as a gymnast, again.

It can be levelled at Tim Buckley that he did nothing in particular but he did it rather well and handled it all with a biting sense of truth relieved with much rich humour. To me, throughout his career, Tim was always interesting, always different and entirely credible. I suppose it was inevitable he would go so young because he always was one step ahead of his audience — COLIN BRINTON, Harwich, Essex.

I LIKE the new Bay City Rollers single. Do I need psychiatric or medical attention? Sincerely — TONY LJVESEY, Stockport, Cheshire.

Both, and make it quick. MB.

FULL MARKS For coming to the inevitable conclusion that Chris Spedding is "The best electric guitarist in Britain". What kept you so long? — NICKIE, Winchester, Hants.

Oh — this and that. MB.

Edited
by
Max Bell



THIS WAS going to be a smutty one well worthy of the space you put by for such doodlings, however please allow me the chance instead to fill the space with a little advertisement for a record which I already consider a classic. I speak of the Nils Lofgren album. The reviews were most complimenting including the one from your own Steve Clarke. Indeed so far this record has had no airplay and I am most concerned that it will go unheard. Nils is a grossly underestimated musician, so please give this superb record a spin and then maybe Nils Lofgren will be confirmed as a key figure in rock music, a position he deserves to hold. When you hear it you'll maybe understand my desperation. — DANIEL, Oxford.

No comprende. We have heard it, we have given it a spin. If he's had good reviews then he hasn't been under-estimated either.

WITH REFERENCE to the photograph at the foot of the inside back page of NME 18th July issue, could you please settle an argument?

I say it was Esther Williams, but my friend swears it's Johnny Weismuller — MARGARET

You're both right. MB

I SHOULD like to announce publicly that I have obtained an ordinary degree in Biological Science — PHILIP SIMMONDS BSc., Birmingham. P.S. these are my initials.

I should keep quiet about that if I were you. MB

Lofgren's great — Official

O.K. SO who's the latest contender for the Rolled Stones? Now listen here, there's a cat called Nils Lofgren who's producing the rockiest-rollingest, hot shit-kicking gear since . . . well you name it. I wish Mick and Keef could read this for I don't know whether anyone's considered Nils' claim to rock 'n' roll fame but he does express an obvious desire to play with them, and unlike Lowell George he hasn't got a permanent band behind him.

Now what are his credentials for the job? Well, not only is he to the piano what Keith is to the guitar, but his own guitar can wipe the ass off any other you care to mention. Plus, he's been classically trained on accordion since he was five, and his own singing, song-writing, production abilities compare more than favourably with all others.

Here is a man who could offer the Stones a certain energy, vitality and spirit which has been noticeably missing recently. If you ever interview the Glimmer Twins again mention the name, play his albums, sit back and record the reaction. And he's only twenty-two — SLOG FRENNIL, Northumberland College of Education.

QUITE ENJOYED CSM's attempt at "conceptual continuity", as I too consider the "Burnt Weenie Sandwich" quote relevant enough to terminate two Zappa articles. If only he'd get the wording right!

Uncle Frank actually said: "Everyone in this room is wearing a uniform and don't kid yourself."

Hope CSM appreciates that there is quite a big difference. — ANTHONY HENSON, West Yorkshire.

Everyone in this letter is a bozo and don't kid yourself. CSM.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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TEAZERS

A WEEKLY COMPILATION

PHEW, WHAT a scorcher — and we're not talking 'bout the weather, but the truly magnificent showing of **Bob Marley and the Wailers** on their London gigs, which have been about the only thing

shaking round here in the last seven days. Yes, it's Marleymania here at the NME offices, kids — extraordinary that Island didn't get it together to release **Wailers'** single while the band were here;

re-release of "Natty Dread" hardly counts. There's still time fellers, we recommend "No Woman No Cry" c/w "Lively Up Yourself"...

And who hasn't been reading his NME properly then? **Dave Gelly**, writing up Marley gigs in *Observer*, described his locks as "waxed" — **Bob** himself scoffed at the erroneous suggestion in last week's NME interview. "It stink mon," quipped the dread... And seen at Thursday night's gig — **B. Ferry**. Maybe **Bri**, in middle of writing lyrics for next **Roxy** album, needed inspiration. He musta got it...

Identity crisis for "Honest" **Ron Wood**, who's about to revert to **Facedom** when **Rod** and the lads start their US tour in mid August, which will be rapidly followed by gigs in Hawaii, Hong Kong, and Japan, before new year gigs in New Zealand, Australia, and Europe, finishing with UK tour next spring. **Memphis Horns** and 15-piece string section added for US... Though all not totally hunky dory in **Faces** camp — see news pages... Headline gig at Kennington Oval gig on September 27th offered by promoter **Peter Bowyer** and refused by **Bad Company**. No reason given...

Ringo upped and had his 35th birthday last week — present at the celebrations were the **Stones** en masse, plus **Klaus Voorman**, **Jim Keltner**, **Richard Perry**, **Jesse Edwin Davis**, **Paul McCartney**, **Mickey Dolenz**, and **Keith Moon**... **Moon** had also arranged for "Happy Birthday Ringo" to be spelled out in skywriting above **Beverly Hills** earlier that day. What fun these Hollywood people have... **Moonie** also back on the hooch apparently... And didja know that the **Stones** had to put up a £1½ million bond before the **Continental Hyatt Hotel** in California would allow them to occupy an entire floor?...

Kokomo going down a storm in States on current tour as support act for **Average White Band** according to a breathless

report from singer **Frankie** on our Stateside hotline. Their tour which has seen mostly 75% black audiences, has been extended ten days... Back at British roots, **Alex Harvey** seen jamming with pub-rockers **McSmith** at the **Elgin**, **Ladbroke Grove**. "I'll become your guru if you keep me in petals," quipped the canny Glaswegian octogenarian... I'll get my big brother-onto, you dept. — **Simon Townsend's** teachers a bit less hard on him since they discovered **Pete** was his elder brother.

Led Zeppelin returning to States for shows at Oakland on August 23rd and 24th. Apparently San Francisco got left out earlier this year. Other dates also being added with possibility of South American dates being added (so how come everyone wants to play South America all of a sudden already?)... **Zep** meantime in Montreux to lay plans for that home movie... And talking of tours, aren't **Emerson Lake and Palmer** planning world tour

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"The general overcrowding and disorganisation that seems to go hand in hand at the average festival are often the factors that push young people 'over the top'."

— **PETE TOWNSHEND** —
LETTER TO THE TIMES
(17-7-75).

"In the hotel suite I paced up and down, thinking of nothing but getting my own back. With a kind of bitter humour I decided I would cut one leg out of every pair of trousers he owned. Imagine — the famous **Rod Stewart** in the middle of an important tour with nothing but a load of mutilated trousers!" — **DEE HARRINGTON**, *Rod Stewart's ex-tootsie (Womans Own, July 19, '75).*

to start in January? ... Oh Gawd Dept. — lyrics to new **Lou Reed** ditty — "I wanna be black and have natural rhythm/And shoot twenty feet of jissom." OK, Lou, OK, just take it easy...

Elton John to play concert at LA's **Dodger Stadium** on October 25th, the first pop act to play the 55,000 capacity stadium since the **Beatles** in 1966... US rumours suggest **Cat Stevens** switch to **CBS** label... **Tina Brown's** superficial look at the "new **Bowie**" in *Sunday Times* managed to omit both "Ziggy Stardust" and "The Man Who Sold The World" from the "six best **Bowie** Albums" list and credited an album called "Space Oddity" with 1972 release. News to us **Tina** old fruit...

Scurrilous showbiz chit-chat corner: **Hari Georgeson** spending lots of time with the very delectable, utterly disarming, and truly tasty **Maria Schneider** of "Last Tango" and now "Passenger" fame. **Maria**, who you'll remember openly proclaimed bi-sexual status last February when she signed herself into mental hospital to be with friend **Jane Townsend**, has been bringing friend **Esther Henderson** along to dates with **Georgie** boy...

Re those top singles lists you've been sending in: (a) we haven't forgotten 'em, (b) we'd like more; your choice of up to 25 classic singles then, despatched pronto to our Long Acre penthouse...

Weird one of the week — **Angie Bowie** flying in specially to comper reggae festival at Chelsea football ground on Saturday. She jesterin'... Abundance of talent booked in at **Newcastle Mayfair** includes **Isotope**, **Kenny**, **Hawkwind**, **Osibisa**, **Thin Lizzy**, **Gong**, **Kraftwerk**, **Climax Blues Band**, **Babe Ruth**, **Argent**, and (ulp) **Marc Bolan** — all at differing admission prices. So guess who's dearest and which cheapest. Answer later in **T-ZERS**... Who currently in studios recording...

Uriah Heep no longer considering **Greenslade** as support act on US tour for reasons unknown. Could the memory of **G'slades** good reception on **Kraftwerk** tour

TWO SUPER STARS... TWO HIT RECORDS...

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GLEN CAMPBELL
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on Capitol CL 15824

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have entered their thinking?... **FBI** now signed to **Warner Brothers** — disappointing reports of set at London's **Dingwalls** last week though... Watch for great collection of **Eric Burdon** and **Animals** oldies on cheapo **Metro** label... After seeing **Barry White** in concert, **New York's Village Voice** gossip columnist **Arthur Bell** wrote "Mr White preaching love unlimited made me yearn for a weekend with **Adolf Hitler**"... Speaking of whom — two double album sets of **Hitler's** speeches currently in German charts, one from early days, one from war years. No plans for English release just yet we understand...

Vile rumour of the week: **Roxy's Paul Thompson** to join **Kosoff's Back Street Crawler**... **Nils Lofgren** has formed band which will play **New York** shortly... Wouldja believe band called **Beverly Hills Blues** including **Dino Martin Jr.**, **Desi Arnez Jr.**, **Tony Martin Jr.**, and **Doris Day's** son **Terry Melcher**? Cripes, wonder what **Hollywood-blues** can be about... "Lordie lordie got them low down automatic garage door two Cadillac blues..."

Who's dearest **Newcastle** answer: **Kraftwerk** dearest, **Kenny** cheapest

Due to unprecedented

advance orders, **NME Houseband** already considering follow-up to concept album on food, "Blood On The Snacks." Reader **Paul Handley** of West Bergholt, Colchester, suggests "Beggars Banquet" as title, with possible tracks including "21st Century Schizoid Flan"; "Watcher of the Pies"; "Wooden Chips"; "Martha Madeira"; "Happiness Is A Warm Bun," and "Just Like A Rolling Stone." Other suggestions from reader **Fanny Craddock** Junior of Queens Avenue, London N20 include "Deja Stew: 'Prawn To Be Wild'; 'Meat Me On The Corner'; 'House Of The Rising Bun'; 'The Bean And I'; 'Soup John B'; California Grills'; 'Cod Only Knows'; 'Lettuce Be'; 'All I Really Want To Brew'; 'Thyme Fades Away'; 'Stagefried'; 'Stand By Your Pan'; and 'Noshing On Heaven's Door'. **Fanny** also suggests a follow-up that would include: "Sticky Fingers"; "Leadbelly"; "Band On The Run" (geddit?); "All Things Must Pass" (geddit? geddit?); "Bringing It All Back Up"; and "Earth Wind and Fire". Phew what a scorcher, that's quite enough of these terrible verbal buns (Geddit, geddit?)... Enough of these terrible Teasers...

Sensational First from TONY ANTHONY

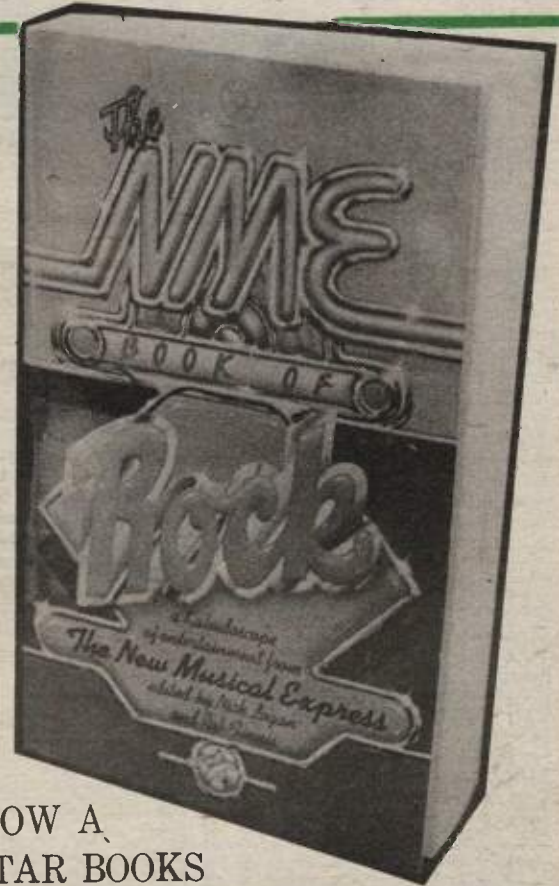


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FIVE YEARS AGO

Last This Week		Week ending July 22, 1970	
1	1	ALRIGHT NOW	Free (Island)
2	2	IN THE SUMMERTIME	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
3	3	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
4	4	LOLA	Kinks (Pye)
5	5	UP AROUND THE BEND	Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
6	6	SOMETHING	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
7	7	THE WONDER OF YOU	Elvis Presley (RCA)
8	8	LADY D'ARBANVILLE	Cat Stevens (Island)
9	9	LOVE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE	Nicky Thomas (Trojan)
10	10	GOODBYE SAM, HELLO SAMANTHA	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

TEN YEARS AGO

Last This Week	Week ending July 28, 1965
1	1 HELPI Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2 MR. TAMBOURINE MAN Byrds (CBS)
3	3 YOU'VE GOT YOUR TROUBLES Fortunes (Decca)
4	4 WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE Animals (Columbia)
5	5 TOSSING AND TURNING Ivy League (Piccadilly)
6	6 HEART FULL OF SOUL Yardbirds (Columbia)
7	7 THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE Joan Baez (Fontana)
8	8 IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE Dusty Springfield (Philips)
9	9 CATCH US IF YOU CAN Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
10	10 HE'S GOT NO LOVE Searchers (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Last This Week		Week ending July 27 1960
1	PLEASE DON'T TEASE	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	GOOD TIMIN'	Jimmy Jones (MGM)
3	SHAKIN' ALL OVER	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
4	AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'	Tommy Bruce (Columbia)
5	LOOK FOR A STAR	Garry Mills (Top Rank)
6	WHEN WILL I BE LOVED	Everly Brothers (London)
7	APACHE	The Shadows (Columbia)
8	MESS OF BLUES	Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	IF SHE SHOULD COME TO YOU	Anthony Newley (Decca)
10	MADE YOU	Adam Faith (Parlophone)

C · H · A · R · T · S

SINGLES

This Last Week	Tuesday 22nd July, 1975	Weeks in Chart	Highest Position
1	(4) GIVE A LITTLE LOVE Bay City Rollers (Bell)	3	1
2	(6) BARBADOS . . . Typically Tropical (Gull)	4	2
3	(1) TEARS ON MY PILLOW Johnny Nash (CBS)	6	1
4	(3) THE HUSTLE Van McCoy (Avco)	9	3
5	(2) MISTY Ray Stevens (Janus)	5	2
6	(8) EIGHTEEN WITH A BULLET Pete Wingfield (Island)	4	6
7	(5) HAVE YOU SEEN HER Chi-Lites (Brunswick)	5	5
8	(11) JIVE TALKIN' Bee Gees (RSO)	4	8
9	(19) ROLLING STONE David Essex (CBS)	3	9
10	(18) JE T'AIME Judge Dread (Cactus)	2	10
11	(12) SEALED WITH A KISS Brian Hyland (ABC)	3	11
12	(9) DISCO STOMP Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick)	8	6
13	(20) IT'S IN HIS KISS Linda La Vis (Arista)	2	13
14	(7) I'M NOT IN LOVE 10 c.c. (Mercury)	8	1
15	(14) D.I.V.O.R.C.E. . . Tammy Wynette (Epic)	4	14
16	(25) ACTION Sweet (RCA)	2	16
17	(23) I WRITE THE SONGS David Cassidy (RCA)	3	17
18	(22) BLACK PUDDING BERTHA Goodies (Bradley)	4	16
19	(—) IF YOU THINK YOU KNOW HOW TO-LOVE ME Smokey (Rak)	1	19
20	(29) MAMA NEVER TOLD ME Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	5	20
21	(—) BLANKET ON THE GROUND Billie Joe Spears (United Artists)	1	21
22	(15) MY WHITE BICYCLE Nazareth (Mooncrest)	6	13
23	(10) DOING ALL RIGHT WITH THE BOYS Gary Glitter (Bell)	6	7
24	(16) Foe-dee-o-dee . . . Rubettes (State)	5	16
25	(—) NEW YORK CITY . . . T. Rex (EMI)	1	25
26	(13) MOONSHINE SALLY . . . Mud (Rak)	5	7
27	(—) 7-6-5-4-3-2-1 (BLOW YOUR WHISTLE) Rimshots (All Platinum)	1	27
28	(—) SHERRY Adrian Baker (Magnet)	1	28
29	(—) HIGHWIRE Linda Carr & The Love Squad (Chelsea)	1	29
30	(—) DOLLY MY LOVE Moments (All Platinum)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

PER-SO-NAL-LY — Wigan's Ovation (Spark)
LOVE ME BABY — Susan Cadogan (Magnet)
GOING TO A GO-GO — Sharonettes (Black Magic)
IT'S BEEN SO LONG — George McCrae (Jayboy)
DELILAH — Alex Harvey Band (Vertigo)

U.S. SINGLES

This Last Week	Tuesday, July 22, 1975
1	(2) ONE OF THESE NIGHTS Eagles
2	(4) PLEASE MR. PLEASE Olivia Newton-John
3	(1) THE HUSTLE Van McCoy
4	(9) JIVE TALKIN' Bee Gees
5	(7) I'M NOT IN LOVE 10 c.c.
6	(3) LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID . . . Wings
7	(8) SWEARIN' TO GOD Frankie Valli
8	(12) SOMEONE SAVED MY LIFE Elton John
9	(11) MIDNIGHT BLUE Melissa Manchester
10	(10) ROCKIN' CHAIR Gwen McCrae
11	(13) WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS War
12	(6) LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER Captain & Tennille
13	(18) RHINESTONE COWBOY Glen Campbell
14	(17) DYNAMITE Bazuka
15	(15) THE WAY WE WERE Gladys Knight
16	(5) MAGIC Pilot
17	(19) ROCKFORD FILES Mike Post
18	(25) HOW SWEET IT IS James Taylor
19	(23) MORNIN' BEAUTIFUL Tony Orlando & Dawn
20	(16) MISTY Ray Stevens
21	(24) DISCO QUEEN Hot Chocolate
22	(26) FALLIN' IN LOVE Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds
23	(14) WILDFIRE Michael Murphy
24	(27) I'M ON FIRE Dwight Twilley
25	(28) EVERY TIME YOU TOUCH ME Charlie Rich
26	(—) COULD IT BE MAGIC Barry Manilow
27	(—) AT SEVENTEEN Janis Ian
28	(—) WASTED DAYS AND WASTED NIGHTS Freddie Fender
29	(21) I'M NOT LISA Jessi Colter
30	(—) SLIPPERY WHEN WET Commodores

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

This Last Week	Tuesday, 22nd July 1975
1	(1) VENUS AND MARS . . .Wings (Apple) 7 1
2	(5) ONCE UPON A STAR Bay City Rollers (Bell) 14 1
3	(4) CAPTAIN FANTASTIC Elton John (DJM) 9 1
4	(1) HORIZON Carpenters (A&M) 6 1
5	(3) ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK 10 c.c. (Mercury) 18 3
6	(6) BEST OF STYLISTICS(Avco) 16 2
7	(8) BEST OF TAMMY WYNETTE . (Epic) 1 3
8	(7) ONE OF THESE NIGHTS Eagles (Asylum) 4 7
9	(—) CAT STEVENS GREATEST HITS (Island) 1 9
10	(10) GREATEST HITS OF 10 c.c. (UK) 7 7
11	(11) STEP TWO . . . Showaddywaddy (Bell) 3 11
12	(9) TUBULAR BELLS Mike Oldfield (Virgin) 100 1
13	(12) THE SINGLES 1969-1973 Carpenters (A&M) 80 1
14	(16) 24 CARAT PURPLE Deep Purple (Purple) 10 13
15	(21) THANK YOU BABY Stylistics (Avco) 3 15
16	(22) DARK SIDE OF THE MOON Pink Floyd (Harvest) 120 1
17	(19) ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS (DJM) 37 1
18	(15) MADE IN THE SHADE Rolling Stones (Atlantic) 4 15
19	(13) ROLLIN' Bay City Rollers (Bell) 43 1
20	(—) SNOWFLAKES ARE DANCING Tomita (Red Seal) 3 19
21	(14) TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF Three Degrees (Philadelphia) 10 8
22	(20) JUDITH Judy Collins (Elektra) 9 7
23	(24) MUD ROCK II (Rak) 2 23
24	(—) DISCO BABY . . . Van McCoy (Avco) 1 24
25	(27) THE BASEMENT TAPES Bob Dylan (CBS) 2 25
26	(25) PHYSICAL GRAFFITI Led Zepplin (Swansong) 20 1
27	(26) THE SNOW GOOSE Cameo (Decca) 2 26
28	(17) RETURN TO FANTASY Uriah Heep (Bronze) 3 17
29	(18) AUTOBAHNKraftwerk (Vertigo) 11 5
30	(—) BAND ON THE RUN Wings (Parlophone) 72 1

BUBBLING UNDER

LET ME TRY AGAIN — Tammy Jones (Epic)
BLUE JAYS — Justin Hayward and John Lodge (Threshold)
BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES — Cockney Rebel (EMI)
BEST OF BREAD (Elektra)
IS 12 GREATEST HITS — Neil Diamond (CBS)

U.S. ALBUMS

This Last Week	Tuesday, July 22, 1975
1	(2) CAPTAIN FANTASTIC Elton John
2	(3) ONE OF THESE NIGHTS Eagles
3	(1) VENUS AND MARSWings
4	(4) LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER Captain & Tennille
5	(7) THE HEAT IS ONIsley Brothers
6	(9) CUT THE CAKEAverage White Band
7	(8) MADE IN THE SHADE Rolling Stones
8	(6) THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD Earth, Wind & Fire
9	(5) FOUR WHEEL DRIVE Bachman-Turner Overdrive
10	(10) DISCO BABY Van McCoy
11	(11) HORIZON Carpenters
12	(12) METAMORPHOSIS Rolling Stones
13	(14) GORILLA James Taylor
14	(13) STAMPEDE Doobie Brothers
15	(17) TOMMY Original Soundtrack
16	(20) CAT STEVENS GREATEST HITS
17	(18) DIAMONDS AND RUST Joan Baez
18	(21) STILLS Stephen Stills
19	(24) WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS War
20	(15) FANDANGO ZZ Top
21	(26) ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK 10 c.c.
22	(25) TOYS IN THE ATTIC Aerosmith
23	(16) SURVIVAL O'Jays
24	(23) ADVENTURES IN PARADISE Minnie Riperton
25	(22) WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE Alice Cooper
26	(30) CHOCOLATE CHIP Isaac Hayes
27	(29) HEARTS America
28	(—) BETWEEN THE LINES Janis Ian
29	(28) SPIRIT OF AMERICA Beach Boys
30	(—) TONIGHTS THE NIGHT Neil Young

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Pic: MIKE PUTLAND



Rolling Stones Tour Of The Americas 1975



MICK and RONNIE: Doing the Wall Street Shuffle. BELOW: Jagger fights neck slab in New York elevator. Pics: ANNIE LEBOVITZ/ ROLLING STONE.



'Like marijuana, the Stones are no longer a threat?'

OUTFRONT MICK FARREN

THE USHERETTES at the Los Angeles Forum all wear short Roman tunics, and calf-length, white mid-sixties style boots. The outfit gives them the look of dowdy go-go dancers or the late shift at the Circus Maximus massage parlour. Only the heavy torches they carry indicate that they have a job. The job is to get a few thousand jostling Rolling Stones fans tidily into their seats, and that, believe me, is no mean feat.

Outside, on the parking lot, the temperature is in the low nineties. All day, local radio stations have been promoting it as the hottest day of the year so far. The only way to survive is on a constant diet of tequila and orange juice.

The L.A. Police Department wait around, sweating in their riot helmets.

There is no air of tension, however, despite dire warnings from the police chief of a clamp-down on licence at rock concerts. The atmosphere is one of celebration. The Stones are in town, and it's going to be one hell of a party.

There is even additional cause for rejoicing. The governor of California has just signed a bill reducing the maximum penalty for the possession of marijuana to a \$100 fine.

Like marijuana the Stones are no longer a threat, or even a symbolic rallying point. They are something to get high with. They have been assimilated by Los Angeles. Little girls no longer throng the streets around the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. This time round it's a case of middle-aged comedians hustling middle-aged booking agents for an invitation to one of the after-show parties.

THE ARRIVAL of the 1975 Rolling Stones tour is rather like a state visit by foreign royalty. It's an event that, although it's hardly treated with indifference, seems to be being received with a certain amount of studied casualness.

Of course they're the greatest rock and roll band in the world. And, of course, everyone wants to be there when they strut their stuff.

No one seems to be getting too worked up about it, though.

There's no mad scramble for tickets, and business has been sufficiently slow that the touts have been forced to stick flyers on telegraph poles to advertise their double price offers.

Inside the air conditioned Forum it's possible to breathe again. It's obviously party time inside the vast circular auditorium. The roof has been hung with miles of streamers and fairy lights. The motif is China-town Oriental.

Long Japanese silk flags bearing the names of the band, mystic characters and your favourite rock and roll slogans move sluggishly above the heads of the crowd.

The house lights are on and this is the time for everyone to see who is where and with whom. In the middle of it all the lotus flower stage stands like the throne of some mogul emperor. Its drop down petals that create the star-shaped, 360 degree stage are folding back, concealing the mysteries within.

All idea of a support band has been abandoned. Instead, what looks like the house combos of a number of over-priced Mexican eateries have been assembled round the base of the stage. They each play in turn. They sound totally interchangeable, all producing

the same kind of bland Acapulco bop.

When each unit has done its bit, all the drummers (Acapulco bop involves a hell of a lot of drummers) gather together in one spot and beat the living hell out of every imaginable form of Latin percussion.

This provides a frenetic background for the entry of the celebrities. Ringo takes his seat amid a standing ovation. A flying wedge of security rush a hidden figure down the aisle and into the below stage area. Is it Dylan? Lennon? Or just an elaborate Rolling Stones joke?

The parade goes on and on, people crane to see what the others are craning at. Two elegant creatures behind us sulk loudly. They feel that they've been given seats somewhat below their proper station.

The heat has steam-rolled the greatest excesses of mutant fashion. In thermometer busting weather, the hippest thing to wear is a large area of tan. Some make the effort to dress up for the Stones and suffer for their pains.

FINALLY the house lights go down to thunderous applause. All looking around stops dead. From now on there is only one centre of attention. The petals slowly unfold to reveal Keith. He's

kicking them to get them open quick. Amid all the elegance, he's still the archetypal rocker in a lemon yellow suit.

Then there's Jagger, leaping to the very frontmost point of the still unfolding lotus. He's a luminous figure in baggy pants and a short multi-coloured jacket. From the first moment, there's no doubt at all that this is rock 'n' roll in its highest form.

Although quite definitely the good old Rolling Stones, they have undergone some kind of transformation. For a start they come on so damn friendly. The satanic majesty of yesteryear has been traded in for a Plain Good Time.

This change is most noticeable in Jagger. He seems to have swapped sexual menace for the persona of a running, jumping, athletic clown. His recent dabbings in karate have obviously opened a whole new set of possibilities for ways to use his body.

The second innovation is of course Ronnie Wood. Having two of the world's meanest machine guitar players on a single stage produces a wall of sound that quite literally whips the audience into submission.

The relationship between the two is kind of ambiguous. For a lot of the time they stand a few yards apart,

■ Continues over page

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Stones '75

■ From over page

working out like master gunfighters. Then Ron starts his long lead walk about with that strange kind of detachment that he cultivated so well with the Faces.

Keith, on the other hand, seems content to stick within close signalling distance of Charlie. He makes only the occasional lurching foray out onto the flaps and retreats almost immediately. He really only comes in solid focus when he moves up to sing lead on "Happy", or supply back-up vocals for Jagger. Most of his solos are delivered from mid-stage, close to the skeletal, leather clad Bill Wyman.

The real star of the show was the stage itself. Its underfloor lighting, and the huge space that it gave Jagger to play with, almost, but not quite, dwarfed the music. The whole visual effect is so overpowering that, at times, the Stones tend to become small luminous figures moving across its surface.

The stage is very much Jagger's toy. With no new songs to do, he seems to concentrate on his physical presentation. He runs at high speed round its perimeter, he contorts his body in routines that have come light years from his James Brown antecedents.

In some ways the final effects are something of an anti-climax. You get so carried away with the sound and the light — the plastic inflatable finger (that's right, *finger*) and the Chinese dragon seem somehow irrelevant — and by-pass all the band with the exception of Jagger.

The real climax is, in fact, the built-in "Jumping Jack Flash" encore. Jagger has played with all the toys, led the conga line of drummers round the stage, and now it's back to a single vibrant totally working rock and roll band, giving the people that little bit more than they really expected.

It was the prime moment. Audience and performer had become fused into a single unit of energy. It was the Rolling Stones doing what they do best, the best that they do it.

The leaves of the stage slowly folded, taking Keith up with them. As the angle became too steep, he staggers backwards, waving as the band disappeared from view.

It was all over, another day, another \$200,000.

BACKSTAGE LISA ROBINSON

IN NEW YORK Eric Clapton and Carlos Santana had showed up during the Madison Square Gardens series (not together) and played guitar solos on different nights during the "Sympathy For The Devil" encore. Bob Dylan came along with Santana and the two played ping pong together in the "hospitality suite" back stage; Jagger pointing out that Dylan's white and blue striped shirt was quite soiled around the neck.

In Washington, D.C., President Ford's son Jack (a newly acquired friend of Bianca Jagger's) showed up wearing cutoff khakis and sneakers with White House photographer David Kennerly eagerly at his side. (The following day Bianca, Andy Warhol and Pierre Laroche visited the White House where Bianca and Andy interviewed Jack for *Interview* Magazine. None of the Stones, however, went near the place. "Only if they paint the White House black," was tour manager Peter Rudge's attitude.)

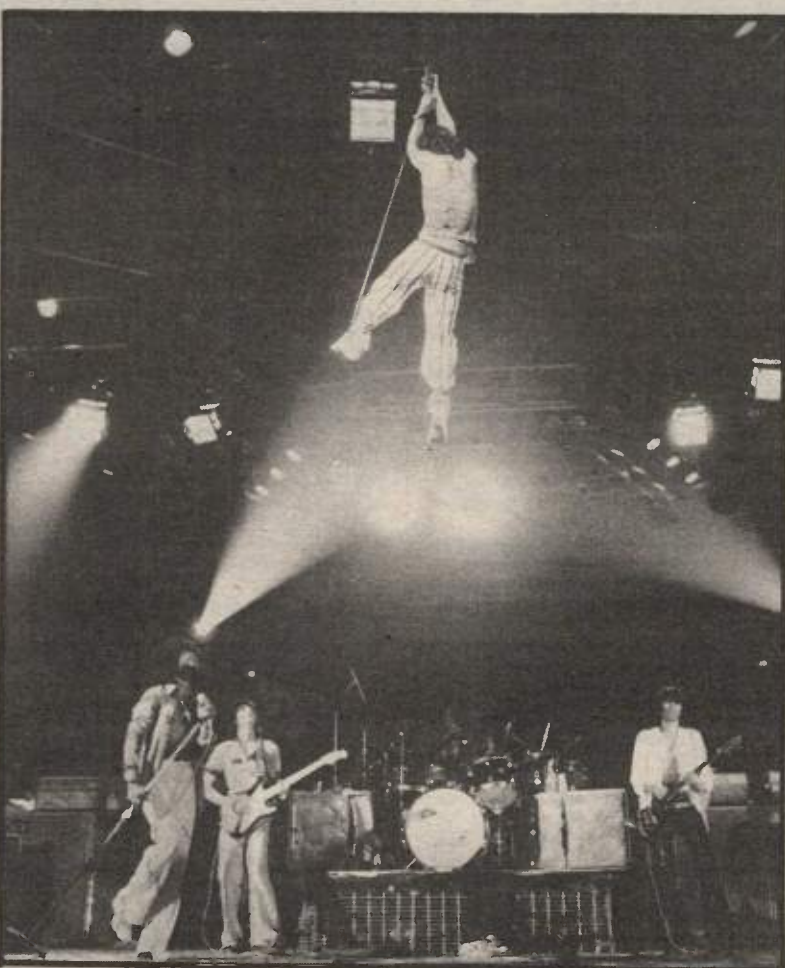
In Los Angeles, they all came out of the woodwork: Raquel Welch, Sue Mengers, David Geffen, Liza Minnelli, Lou Adler, Olivia Newton-John, Gower Champion, (*Gower Champion???*), Charles Bronson, John Phillips and Genevieve Waite — all were invited to wait in the "V.I.P." room at the Forum where the crew and the truck drivers had just had dinner (the room was *filthy*, Peter Rudge had advanced-warned privately with a wicked gleam in his eye...) and partake in the Thunderbird wine and the processed American cheese until Mick Jagger came in for



"Jeepers creepers, where'd'ja get those peepers..." Pics: MIKE PUTLAND



Pic: ANNIE LEBOVITZ /ROLLING STONE



BILLY PRESTON demonstrates his heat vision. JAGGER does his by now legendary Quasimodo schtick. Pic: MIKE PUTLAND

two minutes to say hello before going onstage.

Mick camped it up with Raquel and Liza (who didn't seem overly thrilled to be photographed *together*) while Sue Mengers and Geffen worried about their tickets until Bianca came at last and rescued all her friends.

For the encore, Jagger aiming for Bianca poured a bucket of water all over Liza Minnelli and other celebs as they stood near the side of the stage. Ms Minnelli seemed pleased by the attention. Second night in L.A., Cher — on the day of her Gregg Allman split yet — seemed to be backstage with Keith.

Ann-Margret's manager Allen Carr gave a party for the Stones complete with plastic glasses and napkins that read "Welcome Mick" — but the Stones, not having sanctioned the soiree, didn't show. And George Harrison wandered around the corridors of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel at 3 a.m. looking for Mick... Woody, anybody.

Barbra Streisand asked what the Stones were planning to do about her security at the concert, and Rudge attempted to get twelve hairdressers wearing bikinis.

THE MUSIC was, at its best incredible; occasionally, like during "Midnight Rambler" one night in L.A., it seemed slightly chaotic.

Instead of the two hundred West Indian steel drummers that were used as the "opening act" at Madison Square Garden — there were a variety of ethnic groups on hand for L.A., Chicanos, Mexicans, Cubans — and a long Chinese dragon that made its way through the audience at the very start of the show.

The theatrical effects were far superior here than in New York — the Forum, usually a strict, uptight hall for rock shows, had a very loose, carnival-like atmosphere. Garlands of twinkie lights were hung from the ceiling, paper (fireproof) dragons and Chinese banners, huge brightly coloured paper fish all helped to create an ambience that was somewhere between early Chinese restaurant and spectacular birthday party.

The audiences everywhere were predictable; up for the first few "fast" numbers — "Honky-Tonk Women", "All Down The Line", "If You Can't Rock Me", and "Starfucker" (which for the L.A. shows changed the phallic symbol into a finger...) — then fairly subdued for "Fingerprint File", "Angie" and "Wild Horses".

When asked why the Stones chose to have such a lull in the middle of the show Jagger said, "Well — the audience needs a curve, otherwise they wouldn't have enough energy for the end of the set..."

And then of course they're all up again for Billy Preston's two numbers — although one isn't quite sure whether it's the actual pace of those songs rather than Preston himself that does it.

Then the climax — with "Brown Sugar", "Midnight Rambler" (yes he's *still* hitting the stage with the belt) "Rip This Joint", "Street Fighting Man" and "Jumping Jack Flash".

DOES HE ever get exhausted on stage, I asked Jagger later. "You mean like Robert Plant does? Well — if I do, I adopt my Robert Plant stance with my tambourine."

What tambourine?
"Well, my imaginary tambourine... Actually, it's rather long, the show, I'm not used to it. Robert Plant and Jimmy have been able to do these long shows, and one of the reasons is that they have this 35 minute drum solo, in which they can go back to the dressing room and start a conversation, pick up a girl, have something to eat... and this is in the middle of Jimmy's show."

"You see what I mean... and I think that the longer it gets the crazier it gets, and I never could see that before. We're doing about two hours, which is really a long show — we haven't done that since 1965. We used to do long shows then in ballrooms... we would do four three-quarter hour sets... we would do *everything*, anything we could think of. Anything to fill up the space."

Sometimes, after a number though, he looks completely... wiped out.

"Wasted," Jagger replied, "well, yes, I probably am."

I remarked that on the radio that day the announcer had talked about "Mick Jagger crying in front of 20,000 people when he sang 'Angie'", and that Bill Wyman had said the only way Mick Jagger would cry was if there were five people in the audience.

"Not bad," Jagger laughed... "Bill Wyman's awful, actually..."

We've thrown some light on 'The Basement Tapes'

'The Basement Tapes' is the historic Dylan double-album. Recorded back in '67 - the talk of the music business but never released.

Now all is revealed.

Recorded at Big Pink - Dylan's Woodstock farmhouse, there are 24 tracks of Dylan and the 'Band' featuring classic Dylan old and new; 'Million Dollar Bash', 'Too Much of Nothing', 'Tears of Rage', 'You Aint Goin' Nowhere' and many others. An essential addition to any Dylan collection: 'The Basement Tapes' Revealed on CBS records.



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SATURDAY, JULY 26th

- 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 SUE COOK.
- 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 27th

- 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. STYLISTICS, live guests: PETE WINGFIELD, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, FUN FARM FEATURE.
- 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.

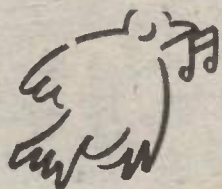
MONDAY, JULY 28th to FRIDAY, AUGUST 1st

- 6.30 a.m.—THE BREAKFAST SHOW with GRAHAM DENE.
- 9 a.m.—TOMMY VANCE with music, features, advice and Swop-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 WOLFE from Monday-Thursday with one and a half hours of Argument and Comment.
- 9 p.m.—"YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T LIKE IT" introduced by NICKY HORNE.
- 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

SNOW GOOSE— 'S NO TURKEY EITHER PAUL GALLICO GETS THE HUMP



One of the Thrills correspondents hot on the scent of a story

WHAT BEGAN as a compliment to the literary skill of author Paul Gallico when Camel recorded the album, "The Snow Goose", which is music inspired by his story of the same title — has now turned into a bad egg for both the band and their record and production companies.

Solicitors acting on behalf of Gallico have issued writs to Decca Records and the production company GAMA, suing them on three points involving the album: Copyright, Infringement, "Passing Off", and libel as contained in advertising and posters.

Naturally enough this has caused Camel and the companies considerable concern.

Max Hole, owner of GAMA, who also manages the band, says he finds Gallico's attitude difficult to understand. When they were planning to release the album they consulted their solicitors to ensure no court action would result, and were told that if the qualifying phrase, "Music inspired by . . ." was used on the package they'd be all right.

Hole believes this effectively prevented any legal action on the "Passing Off" count; which means a punter could walk into a record shop and buy the album believing it to be somebody narrating Gallico's story. "The Snow Goose" is however, an instrumental album.

The bemused Hole was also under the impression that copyright didn't exist on titles; hence more than one song is often given the same title. And he frankly admits he doesn't understand the libel element.

Hole is also surprised Gallico's solicitors haven't slapped an interim injunction on the companies to prevent publication and sale of the album.

The pending legal action, which will not come to court for some time, perhaps within a year, Hole describes as "A drag, because the band were knocked out by the book and are great Gallico fans."

Meanwhile Camel are working on their next album. We believe this one is not inspired by Gallico.

□ TONY STEWART

Are you ready for The Hustle?

"DO IT," commands the record which is number one in the States, and threatening to top the UK charts.

Do what? "The Hustle" of course. But you shake what muscle to do the hustle? Our Thrills disco vigilantes, always hip to the dance floor trip, offer our readers a step by step guide on the way the real heavies get down to the '70's dance craze.

THE BEGINNERS HUSTLE

With your feet in the classic dance position, face and hold your partner, keep cool and don't get sick.

STEP 1: Twist your left foot out to the side and rest it at an angle, with the heel on the ground and the toes in the air. Tilt the head and torso to the left. Hold this position while friends scurry for their instantams.

STEP 2: Return to basic position with feet, torso, and head facing your partner. Check to see how your shoes are doing — they usually fall off about here.

STEP 3: Twist your right foot out to the side and rest it at an angle, with the heel on the ground and the toes in the air. Tilt the head and torso to the right. Remove credit cards and cash from partners personage by brandishing seven inch stiletto. Keep on dancing.

Pictures of an Exhibitionist



YES, FOLKS, getting the bum's rush on Lake Geneva is star of stage, screen and synthesiser, KEITH EMERSON. So this is what they mean by Flash Rock.

"Look, just bugger off will you"

Thrills



Lennon J., former member of the British musical group known as The Beatles. . . .Reportedly born Liverpool, 1940 . . . Strong advocate of the 'Dump Nixon' program . . . suggested strategy counter-measure that Lennon's visa be terminated.

STEP 4: Return to basic position with feet, torso and head facing your partner. Look for nearest exit out of side of eyes, and prepare to split, always grinning menacingly.

STEP 5: Step forward on your left foot. Smack partner's jaw away with trusty rings-and-fist combo with right hand, always taking care not to stain your garments.

STEP 6: Bring your right foot ahead of your left. Right foot dummy.

STEP 7: Align your left foot with your right. Avoid eyeball contact with dancing partner squirming on floor with jaw removed.

STEP 8: Wait half a beat in basic position. Then start again. Your partner (if able) should move with you using the opposite foot. The Pattern is two long steps each on the beat then three quick steps, which are one-half beat apiece. Apologize to partner and beat a hasty retreat before police arrive.

You have been doing the hustle my friend.

□ JOE STEVENS

Meanwhile, back in the US charts... CARPENTERS BEWARE



The Captain and Tennille. More wimpier?

IT'S EASY to picture the scene — a young chick, knocking on the stage door the afternoon before a Beach Boys' gig.

The security men turn her away and find it amusing when she protests that she's "in the group". A chick with the Beach Boys? "No lady," they say, "you are a GROUPIE."

Toni Tennille was rather put out by situations like this, she was at one time a bona fide musician with the band. Still she found working with the Beach Boys more than compensated for the jobsworths she encountered.

Toni is one half of Captain And Tennille (the Captain alias Daryl Dragon, alias Toni's husband); who for the past four weeks have been nestling at number one in the Stateside singles charts, while their album, likewise titled "Love Will Keep Us Together", is at present outselling that other A & M duo, The Carpenters, in the US. The comparison is intentional — for their music is definitely Carpenters-styled.

The Captain is no stranger to the Beach Boys either. For seven years he worked with them, primarily as arranger.

It was ex-Beach Boy Bruce Johnston who put forward Toni for session work on Elton John's "Caribou" album. "I only actually worked on 'Don't Let The Sun Go Down on Me' so it wasn't that grand," she says.

So how come she got to play with the Beach Boys?

"I was just a fan really and I only got to play with them because Billy, Carl Wilson's brother-in-law, (he's normally their piano-player,) wanted to stay in school. I think it was a big learning

No short-haired -yellow-bellied-son-of-Tricky-Dicky's gonna throw me out of the country...

LENNON FILES SUIT FOR SOME TRUTH

JOHN LENNON, in his battle of wits with the US Immigration Department, is looking less like the stoical pre-doomed crazy of old, and more like a man in possession of some highly inflammatory information, the likes of which could finally effect a reversal in the said department's avowed intention to have him thrown out the U.S.A.

Lennon, embattled since March '72, filed suit in Manhattan Federal Court June 16 against former attorney general John Mitchell, and other Government officials, charging that "deportation actions directed against him were improper". In response, federal prosecutor Paul Curran has now told the judge handling the case that the Immigration and Naturalisation Service "without conceding that its previous action was incorrect or irregular, has determined to undertake a review of the question of a possible non-priority status for the plaintiff."

Should Lennon be granted such status he would be able to stay in the States indefinitely.

Curran further swears, according to a dry authoritative *Rolling Stone*, that no official involved in the case to date will be in any way connected with the review.

Curran's statements, although couched in the usual Federal doubledecker go at least half way to conceding that Lennon may have a point after all.

The INS, for sure, won't be relishing another round of revelations along the lines of those laid bare recently by Lennon's attorneys in which the INS's machinations — coloured with the unmistakable ham-fisted brushstrokes of Watergate — were exposed before the critical gaze of the American public. Shit-stirring American columnist Jack Anderson is now understood to have taken up the cudgel on behalf of Lennon and the American press, generally, is beginning to stir.

Lennon's attorney, Leon Wildes, is using, as his main theme, the argument that the Government had "selectively prosecuted and prejudged his client's case", and that proceedings were inspired by "political rather than immigration reasons".

To support his point, details of a fairly sinister INS file have been made public. Contained are two memos — one compiled early 1972 by the staff of the Senate Internal Security sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee and submitted to Senator Strom Thurmond.

The Thurmond memo describes Lennon as "a

ground for me."

The Captain (thus named by Beach Boy Mike Love) first met Toni when she was putting on a musical play and he was put forward as keyboard player. Not long after Toni wrote a song dedicated to The Captain, entitled "The Way I Want To Touch You". Having no record company the duo spent \$250 getting 500 copies pressed and the single was a minor regional hit in America.

It's "Love Will Keep Us Together" that has made them though, and which has just been released here. In the States A & M have decided

former member of the British musical group known as The Beatles" who was "reportedly born September 10, 1940 in England." *Lennon's birthday is 11th October — Ed.*

Lennon, according to the document, was at that time financing "a commune group from Washington, D.C." that planned to disrupt the Republican Convention of August 1972.

Also in the folder was an unsigned memo headed "John Lennon" that noted Lennon's involvement with the likes of Rennie Davis, Jerry Rubin, Leslie Bacon, Stu Albert, Jay Craven and others . . . all of them "strong advocates of the 'Dump Nixon' program."

Rock concerts were planned by the agitators in various primary election states, the intentions being, said the memo: "to obtain access to college campuses; to stimulate 18 year old registration; to press for legalisation of marijuana; to finance their activities; and to recruit persons to come to San Diego during the Republican National Convention."

Later it quotes "a confidential source whose information has been reliable in the past".

The source predicts: "Davis and his cohorts intend to use John Lennon as a drawing card to promote the success of the rock festivals and rallies. The source's own 'strategy counter-measure' is that Lennon's visa be 'terminated' . . . but cautiously, 'so as not to alienate the so-called 18 year old vote.'"

Sen Thurmond passed on one of the above memos to John Mitchell February 4, 1972. The covering letter suggested that it be "considered at the highest level" and that "many headaches might be avoided if appropriate action be taken in time."

Mitchell, in turn, passed the affair over to deputy attorney general Richard Kleindienst who wrote to the INS commissioner exhorting "Ray, please call me about the attached . . . do we, if we so elect — have any basis to deny admittance."

The government machinery finally closed in on Lennon when New York INS district director Sol Marks was instructed to "immediately revoke the voluntary departure granted to John Lennon and his wife."

This latest round of exposures is already forcing the Government to vacillate, but it's likely to do so in its own good time. The hair of John Lennon, meanwhile, is beginning to fall out and he is a very worried man indeed.

□ ANDREW TYLER



LOWREY

