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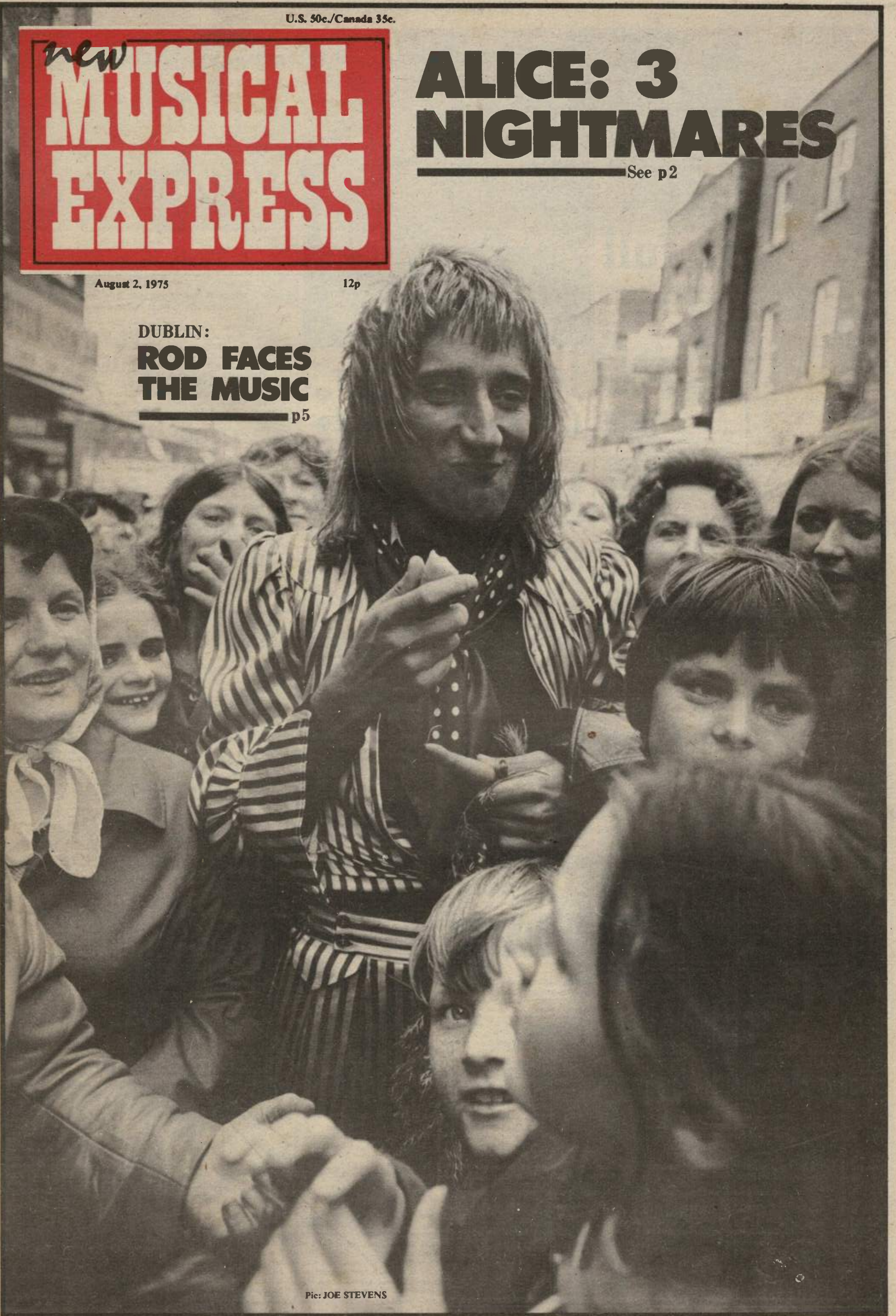
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August 2, 1975

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**ROD FACES
THE MUSIC**
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Pic: JOE STEVENS





The Spotlight's wild about Harry...

He ain't so wild about them

THE LITTLE table is strewn with the debris of several hours drinking; a dozen empty glasses, crumpled napkins, discarded cigarette packs and ash-trays overflowing with crumpled butts.

"Gimme a vodka-Seven, a brandy and milk, a scotch and water, a double brandy, a double bloody Mary and a Coke," Harry Nilsson instructs the barman. "And I'll have a neat brandy Alexander," adds Joe Cocker, completing the order.

The spirits are for Jim Keltner, Danny Kootch, Doug Dillard, Van Dyke Parks, Nilsson and Cocker. The Coke's mine: it's nine a.m. and I've been awake just 40 minutes. The others have been up all night working on a song for Harry's up-coming album.

The Spotlight is almost pitch dark with little candles flickering their timid light up the walls while an illuminated Budweiser sign dazzles its message across rows of bottles. Only the clacking of the pool balls disturbs the lazy hubbub of male conversation.

Keltner acknowledges the bar as a "sleazy, God-awful joint", but it's just around the corner from RCA's Sunset studios and proves a natural venue for celebrations and self-indulgence after an exhilarating night's work. Nevertheless, the hours of consumption have taken their toll, reducing chatter to bouts of humorous, slurred babbling.

"Now, let's get serious for a minute," orders Harry seizing a Lark from his pack. "Well, Jim Keltner..."

"Jim who?" interrupts Cocker just inches away from the drummer of his Mad Dogs And Englishmen and 1972 American tour.

"There are only a few great drummers in the world," Harry continues unabashed, "Jim Keltner is certainly one of them."

"Jim who?" repeats Cocker with a wry grin.

"He has a brain, a heart, a soul and is very fast. The difference between him and Ringo is that Ringo is very deliberate on the tom-tom and hits the drums really hard," says Harry smashing two glasses together to prove his point. "But Keltner uses his wrists, almost pulling back at the very last second. He makes a decision about his playing every time he hits the drums. That's it."

Cocker furrows his brow for a moment. "He must have changed a lot since I last played with him," he smiles, sending the ensemble into guffaws.

Harry casts his bushy eyes over my tape recorder, scratches his short blonde beard and flashes. "Can I say something into that?" he asks not expecting a reply, snatching it up and holding the microphone to his mouth. "I don't mean to be Will Rodgers or anything, but I've never met a man who didn't love Jim Keltner."

"I'd like to add something to that," says Cocker.

"What? Call him a cripple?" laughs Harry.

"No, I just want to say that I love his wife."

"I knew you loved my wife," groans Keltner propping his head up in his hands. "Everybody loves my wife."

Observing Harry Nilsson in this state of semi-collapse, sinking shots of brandy in a low-life bar at an unearthly hour of a Saturday morning after a hard night's work provides a rare glimpse behind The Image.

Throughout his eight year recording career, Nilsson has, as they say, kept a low profile; consistently making switches and about-faces in his music, never appearing live, rarely granting interviews and, apart from the occasional party trip with friends Ringo Starr and Keith Moon, remaining a recluse.

Mostly Harry just stays at home, watching television. "I'd much rather watch television than go out. I watch it for about 70 or 80 hours a week. Mostly game shows and late night move!" Yet here he is, drinking amongst friends, defences down...

"Your change, sir," says the barman placing a handful of notes and loose coins on the table. He turns and walks away. Nilsson picks it up and counts it through. His smile vanishes. "Wait a moment," he insists to nobody in particular. "I gave the guy a \$50 bill and I've only got \$7 back..."

The barman is summoned back. "O look, I gave you 50 dollars, I know it was a 50 because it was the only note I had. I tried to change it at the studio but nobody had enough to do it."

All eyes fall upon the barman who shifts from one foot to another looking uneasy and very embarrassed. "It was a 20, sir," he claims. "But I'll look through the cash register to make certain." At that, the very Californian-looking Californian turns and walks away.

"Did anybody see me give him the bill?" asks Harry, his eyes saddened. Nobody had. "It was a 50," he insists as if a court is in session.

"That's fucking marvellous. I give the guy a \$5 tip and this is what he does. I bet it's in his pocket."

"I've looked in the register and there isn't a \$50 bill in it," says the barman returning from his search. "I've emptied my pockets in front of the

other barman and he looked through my jacket," he declares in anticipation of the inevitable accusation.

"You know who I am?" hisses Harry not concealing his bitterness. "I eat \$30 for breakfast. I don't care about any fucking..." He furiously grabs the \$7 change and rips it in half as if to prove his point.

The matter remains unresolved. Doug Dillard tries to argue out the crisis with the barman but he, like Harry, sticks to his story. One word against the other. The rumpus has one direct result; no more drinks for our party.

"No more drinks! They won't serve us?" Harry declares incredulously. He grabs a brandy glass, holds it out over the table and lets go. Before anybody has time to realise what's going on, another glass hits the deck, disintegrating into a shower of tiny splinters.

"They just slipped out of my hand," Harry smiles sweetly as the barowner charges towards us furiously.

Keltner and Kootch have already left during the confusion, probably in anticipation of the trouble. The consensus is that we should follow their example.

A minute later everybody is outside the famed Spotlight Bar, standing on the sidewalk in the blinding 11 a.m. sunshine.

CHARLES VIRGETTE

To Chinnichap or not to Chinnichap...

THERE'S TWO ways of looking at it if you're going to be a Chinn and Chapman band.

You'll almost certainly be guaranteed hit singles (presumably) money, and a crack at Top



New Smokey on top of old.



"You know who I am? I eat \$30 for breakfast."

Of The Pops. Or you might just lose your identity and get labelled "Just another band from the Chinn/Chapman factory."

For a band like Smokey (the latest Chinn/Chapman signing, who have "If You Think You Know How to Love Me" in the singles charts) who have been together, originally as The Elizabethans, later as Kindness, playing everything from holiday camps to a stint as back-up musicians for Peter Noone, Chinnichap must have seemed like a gift from the Gods.

Yet when manager Bill Hurley informed them C and C were to come and see them they were none too delighted. Says vocalist Christ Norman. "We didn't want them to come. Certainly I had pre-conceived ideas about them."

Smokey you see had been used to writing and playing their own material, while they also describe themselves as "very normal people."

"We didn't," continues drummer Peter Spencer, "want them to mould us into just

another band".

Talks followed with the Svengalis who, it transpired were, surprise, interested in the band's writing ability. They agreed to produce them and wrote their first single "Pass It Around," which despite a large promotional campaign, promptly bombed.

Such a surprise for Chinn and Chapman — their big try for credibility with a band who didn't wear glitter and sing bubblegum had failed.

Smokey doubtless just shrugged their collective shoulders. It had all happened before...

WHEN THEY WERE The Elizabethans ("frilly shirts and all that gear") they stayed together for two years "because we honestly believed we were going to make it." They stuck out the other five years "because something new always came up... like record contracts."

Early gigs brought them in the princely sum of £6 — after they'd been together six months they upped their fee to a tenner.

"Around that time" says Norman "we were supposed to be doing a summer season but we got sacked after a week. We were supposed to play for about three hours but we only knew about 15 songs."

Seven years on, under the name of Smokey, and the band were playing support to Pilot on their British tour earlier this year. A strange coupling one might imagine, and one which left the band resolute on one point. "Even if we have a number one single we won't go out in Britain headlining."

Now with the single in the charts they are anxious to play their next album "Smokey, Changing All The Time" to all who walk in their vicinity. Six of the ten tracks are composed by the band — they're rather proud about that.

JULIE WEBB

ON THE TRAIN OUT ME BRAIN

AT LEAST the last one was deaf, dumb and blind — this one is just plain simple.

Y'know Jimmy the Mod in "Quadruphenia"? Course you do, and how he stuffs his mouth full of blues and zips off to Brighton for the day. Well, inside the album sleeve, in amongst all that tasty art work, there's a photo of 'im walkin' up the steps at Waterloo Station. Fing is, you've never been able to get to Brighton from there, you've got to go from Victoria don't you? See what I mean, it'd be quicker by Vespa.

Out of my brain on the five fifteen.

MAX BELL

The family that plays together gets adopted together

WHEN MR. and Mrs. Bill Baras (of San Diego) decided to adopt a Vietnamese refugee, they not only ended up with a teenage girl but also a fully-operational hard rock band called Crazy Dog.

Originally, the Barases had agreed to adopt 19 year old Nguyen Hgoc Qui as a companion for their 15 year old daughter. "Then we found out that she also had a 13 year old brother Nguyen Huu Chau, and so we decided to take them both", reveals big hearted Bill.

Suddenly, 22 year old Nguyen Huu Nang — drummer and leader of Crazy Dog — made his presence known and within hours was admitted to the Barases' household.

"Three days later", Bill continues, "we found

out about their cousins — Nguyen Minh Doa and Nguyen Trong Nghia. Seeing as all five of them were in the group they wanted to stay together and so, the cousins came to stay."

Bill Baras who admits, "I don't even like rock music", has compromised himself to the tune of £7,000 in an effort to become a fan and re-arm Crazy Dog, who were forced to abandon their hardware when they fled Saigon. Seeing as Crazy Dog specialise in Heavy Metallurgy, the Barases are now relieved that the group are now securing paid engagements and therefore have no need to rehearse in the front parlour.

Happy ending number two; this week the Barases agreed to also sponsor the family's father Nguyen Huu Hung — the star of innumerable Vietnamese TV soap operas. Beware the yellow peril.

ROY CARR

Who put acid on tap?

From the Daily Express 21/7/75

Sent by David Rees, Beaconsfield St., Chester.

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON





READING

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ROCK '75

FRIDAY 22nd AUGUST

HAWKWIND

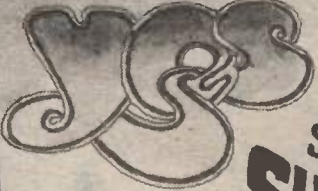
DR. FEELGOOD

U.F.O. KOKOMO

WALLY · JUDAS PRIEST

JOAN ARMATRADE

SATURDAY 23rd AUGUST



SPECIAL GUESTS

From U.S.A. SUPERTRAMP

From Brittany OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS

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KURSAAL FLYERS · ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS

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SUNDAY 24th AUGUST

WISHBONE ASH

FROM U.S.A. LOU REED

Mahavishnu Orchestra

FEATURING JOHN McLAUGHLIN

SOFT MACHINE · CARAVAN

RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON

HEAVY METAL KIDS · BABE RUTH · CLIMAX BLUES BAND

SPECIAL GUEST ROBIN TROWER



DJ's JOHN PELL AND JERRY FLOYD

STOP PRESS: Richard and Linda Thompson will not now be appearing

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QUICK

Before They Vanish

SINGLES OVERVIEW

AS YOU'VE probably noticed, Bob Marley and the Wailers just came, saw and conquered Britain with four sell-out concerts that all met with riotous receptions. Even so, those who are preparing for a sudden glut of reggae singles in our charts are wasting their time.

There's no way that English record buying habits are going to adapt to the Jamaican method of promoting new releases via the mobile Sound Systems: roots reggae doesn't rely on the degree of commercial longevity required to break into our top twenty. A favourite record or dance will change from week to week and The Wailers appear to be the only JA band self-conscious enough to exploit another market while retaining de roots.

They should have a singles hit of their own soon but the re-released "Natty Dread" isn't likely to be the one to set the ball rolling.

Reggae's threatened breakthrough has so far only resulted in shallow, watered-down exploitations of the genre that seal the fate of the real thing even further. By the time you read this, "Barbados" by Typically Tropical may be number one and Judge Dread's "Je T'aime (his 37th banned record) will be close behind. "Barbados" is written and sung by two Morgan Studio whiteys, Max West and Geoff Calvert. While it's an engaging song musically, the lyrics are plain offensive.



Susan Cadogan

Featuring high on both the pop and reggae charts is John Nash's "Tears On My Pillow" so the black community are obviously equally susceptible to sugary ballads.

Similarly, "Love Me Baby" Susan Cadogan's follow-up to the beautiful "Hurts So Good" skirts the territory between soft-soul and reggae. Lee Perry, of Upsetters fame, having been replaced as producer by Peter Shelley of "Love My Dog" fame. The result is an over-produced disappointment, and shows how hard it is to catch the essence of the 'real thing'.

By comparison the straight reggae charts look more exciting, though again the cranked-up beat of say, I. Roy's "Teapot" and "Welding" are just too far out for English tastes. A better bet for the pop charts seems to be emerging star Honey Boy, who is represented three times with "In A Game", "Darlin' Come Back" and "Worried Over You". Honey Boy's sensuous voice and sense of melody put him in the Nash, Cadogan class, plus he retains more of the real JA element.

'Jesting' and Dub are the in-happenings right now amongst the Caribbean community, but the overall feel is too dreder than dread for their ethnic spooze to be assimilated here. More significant is Pama's re-released "Wet Dream" by one of the rudest of them all, Max Romeo.

If, like me, your knowledge of Country and Western wouldn't cover Jane Birkin's bra, you won't be too thrilled by Radio One's current overkill policy. The success of the two Tammies has paved the way for more liberated, homespun hootenannies to hoedown and generally stand by their record contracts. One such newcomer is Billie Joe Spears, whose "Blanket On The Ground" went in at 21 with a can of beans.

Billie's a Texan gal weaned on Ms. Wynette and Loretta Lynn. Her first record, "Too Old For Toys, Too Young For Boys" was released when she was 13 — old by C & W standards. Flip side was a Bugs Bunny rap by none other than Mel Blanc. Billie appeared on the various Hayrides and did her school stint before meeting up with Jack Rhodes who brought her to Nashville. She's had one U.A. hit already with "Easy To Be Evil".

Her likes?: Diane Trask, The 5th Dimension and Karen Carpenter. Her ambition? "To have a number one record and to have more friends than my heart can hold." Stand by your pan.

Billie will be touring Britain in the autumn with George Hamilton IV. Must remember to make a date in my diary.

In the Soft Soul Department there's a very thick pile entry by Moments (they've dropped the Whatnauts) called "Dolly My Love". This one's about level par with "Girls". All Platinum's clean-up campaign continues to take effect with "7-6-5-4-3-2-1 (Blow Your Whistle)" by The Rimshots, itself a hurried remake of the Gary Toms Empire U.S. disco hit. Both are by Britain's very own Roger Cook.

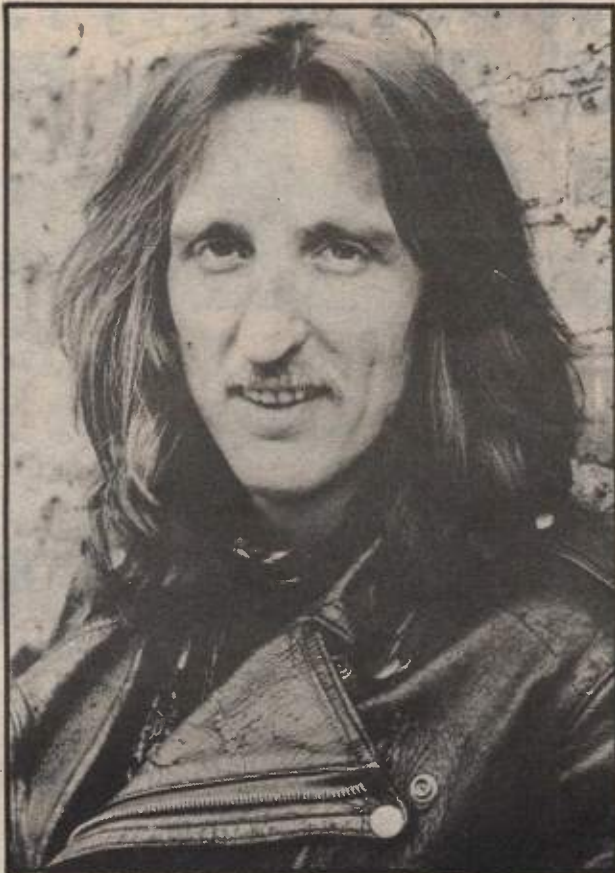
Meanwhile, back on the dance floor, Northern Soul continues to carve the guts out of those you have loved with The Sharoneettes slaughtering The Miracles' "Going To A Go-Go".

Now that Mud, Quatro and Sweet have all decided to go it alone Chinn and Chapman wreak a dreadful revenge with Smokey's "If You Think You Know How To Love Me" — easily the week's highest new entry. Smokey are four Bradford lads (see Thrills) previously known as The Elizabethans and Kindness. They've recorded previously for RCA and Decca but now they're on the RAK they can torture us instead. Paying your dues at Butlins means now these days.

Honourable mentions this week go to the late Ducks Deluxe swan-song, an E.P. entitled "Jumpin'" (Skydog-005 for all you Matrix freaks). The epee includes stage faves, "I Fought The Law" and "Jumpin' In The Fire". Duck fanciers will be pleased to hear of an imminent re-shuffle called The Tyla Gang.

Ancient Glaswegian punk Alex Harvey looks set for his first hit with a superb cover-blow-job on ancient Welsh miner Tom Jones' 1968 number 2 "Delilah".... (I just couldn't take anymore etc.). This is done up in heavy metal and chintzy, crushed glass. Very hammy, very funny and you can't dance to it. Recorded live at the Hammersmith Odeon.

MAX BELL



This is a long-nosed rock 'n' roll 'erbert

... Self-confessed, mark you.

It's **SPEEDY KEEN**, ex-truck driver, ex-Thunderclap Newman, ex-solitary confinement in Wardour Street. Right now he's looking at his memoirs. **CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY** is looking over his shoulder.



KEEN (left) in Thunderclap days

"BASICALLY, YOU'RE talking about a lorry driver who was thrust into it because he had a number one for seven weeks."

Speedy Keen's eyes have that kind of polished look that you sometimes find on veteran pill-heads, like marbles or something, and he could well be considerably older than his actual age, which is somewhere not

unadjacent to 30. His general demeanour is more like that of a mellowed back ex-Hell's Angel, complete with seamed countenance, leather jacket, long thinning blond hair and wispy moustache.

In the old days, when he was in Thunderclap Newman and "Something In The Air" was number one, people used to ask him how he got his nickname, he'd mutter something about

how he used to be amazing in the 100-yard dash at school, and the person he'd said it to would write it down and it would appear printed somewhere.

Yeah, but Speedy Keen wrote "Something In The Air" and "Accidents," which proves that at some point the Main Muse of rock and roll had taken him aside for a quick rabbit in the corridor and spread her leathery wings about his brow, the Mantle had Descended, etc., etc., and Speedy Keen, long-nosed rock and roll 'erbert had written two songs which, within their own terms, were well nigh perfect.

"Something In The Air" was, even more so than anything that the likes of The Jefferson Airplane ever skulked out, the ultimate opening-titles theme song of the ersatz revolution of the late '60s.

You can just imagine it in some low budget youth-market quickie B-movie: the credits rolling over extravagantly-staged riot scenes with the track nice and loud on the soundtrack and then just as the song comes out of the piano solo with that manic flourish of strings, you see Thunderclap Newman on a flatbed truck (hell, let's get really devil-may-care: on the top of a tank) slowly and majestically cruising down the street as Speedy, a thoroughly younger and fresher Speedy crouched behind his drums thrashing his elbows, coasts into the last verse.

It could have been one of the great moments of cinematic rock...

And of course, the crowning masterstroke was that, far from being rousing, relentless heavy-metal revolutionary rock and roll fascism, "Something In The Air" was one of those smooth, easy, elegantly knocked-out summer records that don't galvanise you into doing anything more energetic and positive than lie in the sun and twitch one eyebrow in time to the music.

Perfect, it was, right down to those Andy Newman piano solos that seemed to have wandered in from a different studio.

"That, to me, was its value." Keen's slumped on a chair in Island Records' car park squinting against the setting sun and keeping one hand clamped on the skins to keep them from blowing away.

"If it had been anybody else, it would just have been a piano solo that had nothing to do with the track. He'd use his own personal feelings towards the track and play it his way, whereas usually people bend into you and try and adapt, which he wouldn't do under any circumstances whatsoever."

"To me, the greatest value of the whole thing was that it came at a point where everybody was going on stage with 600,000 watts. We'd go on and there'd be the Hummelflugs before us with six fahsand watts and then there'd be the Heavy Fuckin' Whatsits wiv eight fahsand million watts and then we'd come on wiv a piano and... a seven foot saxophone... and about twenty watts at the most."

"It was a very difficult period."

"Recording the 'Hollywood Dream' album was an incredibly painful experience. Usually in a group you get four guys who get together because they're all from the same neighbourhood and they try and work something out because they're all the same kinda guys, right? Whereas we'd all be thinking, 'Why am I working with this bunch of guys?'"

"Normally when you're recording, you have an idea of what you want it to sound like and what kind of playing you want and so on, but what used to happen was I'd bring along my songs and Andy would add his bits and Jimmy (McCullough) would add his bits..."

And the only person who did know what it was all supposed to sound like was your friend and mine Pete Townshend, who, as producer, rode herd on the whole wacky crew and played, with consummate ease and skill, the role of famous bassist Bijou Drains.

"Pete is a brilliant guy, and he perceived a lot that we didn't

perceive. He played an incredible part in it, which is why it didn't work afterwards. When you have his sort of ingredient, when you take it away, it don't matter if you have the best bass player in the world. It just didn't work."

"If Pete could've come on the road with us, I'm sure it would've worked. He put it all together, and I got great buzzes from it, not because I was a participant, but because it was such a strange thing to get together

"His role was to play bass and to actually physically record it. A lot of 'Hollywood Dream' was done on two Revoxes. Set 'em up, line 'em up, get all the meters right and then just do it..."

"Accidents," the follow-up single to "Something In The Air," finally came out nearly a year after its illustrious predecessor and flopped quite spectacularly. The projected second Thunderclap Newman album never emerged.

"Really, the road show killed it. It was very difficult playing live. I was the bleedin' drummer for a start, and I was up front trying to play guitar. Basically, you're talking about a lorry driver who was thrust into it because he'd had a number one for seven weeks."

"At least a guitar was something I could 'old onto, and it was a better image than drums... I dunno. Also, you 'ave to 'ave some kind of unity in a band, and we were all opposites. It was really frustrating for Jimmy, cuz he was really shit hot."

"Andy was frustrated with playing rock and roll, because he was really into Bix Beiderbecke and should've been playing Hammersmith Palais, Jimmy wanted to be the next Eric Clapton..."

And then there were none.

"When I drove my tipper trucks and when I was a drummer, I knew where I was. When I was a singer and songwriter, I didn't. I got very affected by having to go out and play to people, and I started thinking that I wasn't good enough for them to pay their four quid a ticket because they'd come to see a number one band."

"I got very messed up by that. When you're playing to five fahsand people and your guitar ain't even plugged in... it really did my 'ead in. I had to sort myself out. As it 'appens, I straightened myself up, and then I just wrote and thought in that time. I remember being in Wardour Street and hearing about the Kent State tragedy, and that was one of the things that stimulated me to get workin' again."

The result was "Previous Convictions," the solo album that emerged after Keen had virtually put himself into solitary confinement in his flat in Wardour Street for nearly a year.

"I remember thinking that I had to do an album even if it was dire, just to prove to myself that I could do something. After that I wrote a double album and took a lot of demos up to Track, but at that time they were in no position either staff-wise or energy-wise to do anything about them, and it just got to the point where I knew I needed a change. I've been with Island since October, and I really owe 'em a lot."

And such is the state of the game at present. A single, "Someone To Love" was released a couple of months back, and the proverbial new album is in the proverbial works. Keen's tilted back in his chair now, eyes closed, hair falling down the back of his jacket, glazed into his memoirs.

"... but it had a kind of James Dean quality about it; like I might be in a dancehall getting my bollocks scared off by a gang of 'eavies from another part of town. Equally, it coulda been the other way the week before when me and my mates were the 'eavies."

"But now it's a different kind of frustration violence-for-violence's sake. In a crowd they can do what they want and nobody'll really see them. It hasn't got that kinda face-to-face thing. Ahhhh... I'm just a bleedin' long-nosed rock and roll 'erbert."



IAN DURY'S back pages. PETE ERSKINE
grapples with a KILBURN under stress and discovers



'Andsome is as 'andsome does



KILBURN AND The High Roads have just emerged from their 36th personnel change. David Rohoman, the drummer, quit because he no longer had the strength in his right leg to work the bass drum pedal. So they replaced him with Malcolm Mortimer who used to be in Gentle Giant until a serious road accident incapacitated him and the doctors told him he'd never play again.

"He 'ad an amazing voice, but 'is legs didn't work too well," Ian Dury says of Rohoman. "Is drumming wasn't exactly metronomic because 'is 'ands were never in the right place."

Dury, however, has plans to produce Rohoman as a singer.

"We would've 'ad him upfront singing but it'd be such a performance with the crutches an' everything."

Dury opines that Rohoman could be "big" as a singer because he always gets the words wrong. Like on Gladys Knight's "Rainy Night In Georgia" he sings "hoovering round the railway station" instead of "hovering round the railway station".

Much of the drumming on the debut album "Handsome" was performed by Fairports' Dave Mattacks after Rohoman began dropping half a beat on every bar. Bizarre. The Kilburns struggle on through dud record deals, personnel changes, incompatible managers, unsympathetic producers and physical disabilities that make "Reach For The Sky" read like "TinTin".

"What it needs now," opines singer Dury, "is for someone to come along and sink in about £50,000."

Chances are slim. They also just lost their second manager, former Mr. Freedom. Tommy Roberts ("a great showman but he's not a very good grocer") after a short sojourn with Charlie Gillett and his partner Gordon. Gillett, says Dury, had the studio

side together but couldn't handle the day-to-day running of live gigs. Roberts, on the other hand, had Dury dressed up in a satin boxer's gown with 'Rough Kids' emblazoned across the back and Charlie, the four foot nothing bassplayer, in a grey Harrods school-boy suit and greased-flat Fauntleroy haircut.

All within three years. And what makes it worse is that a couple of years back, catalysed by a Kent page five detailing the Kilburns' folklore, the band were being touted with the same across-the-board vigour later applied (with success) to Dr. Feelgood.

Only it was felt that after the initial verbal investment the Kilburns never quite reached the required standard... perhaps because the initial impact had mainly been realised as a visual thing.

The band seemed to have been composed almost entirely of demobbed cripples in chip-stained Dannimaes and vulcanised slip-ons. They all had short hair — badly cut and partially grown out like ex-cons. They had a bassplayer called Humphrey Ocean who was nearly seven feet tall, a black drummer who had to be lowered manually onto his drum stool and a lead singer with a stiff leg, a face like Gene Vincent and a withered hand encased in a black glove.

They played original, self-composed rock 'n' roll rather badly through cheap equipment and they were terribly charismatic. They seemed to attract the weirdest remnants of the 50s. The East-end spiv/beatnik/pizzer element — guys, who like Dury, were intelligent, often artistic (Humphrey Ocean is a record sleeve artist — he drew 10CC's "Original Soundtrack" cover, amongst others) and invariably totally eccentric in their adherence to the tradition of a bygone lifestyle.

Whilst Mott The Hoople waxed ethnic over Memphis, the Kilburns would be immortalising Dirty Dick's in Bishopsgate, hanging out with derelicts

in self-styled rubber over-boots, and dodging flying ketchup bottles in Dagenham greaseways.

What's more, Dury wrote great lyrics, had a voice like crunching boiler coke and a penchant for inter-tune one-liners like "this one's fer aww the girls rann' the toilets."

THEY WERE signed to a subsidiary of Warner Brothers, Raft Records and began an album with former Family bassist Tony Ashton, as producer. Raft went bust, the tapes were abandoned, Ocean left, along with part-writer and pianist Russell Hardy and the partnership with Gillett dissolved.

The Kilburns finally found themselves with the aforementioned Roberts and a contract with a Pye subsidiary, Dawn Records, upon which "Handsome" appears.

Actually, "Handsome" was a compromise. Dury, with characteristically wry humour, had wanted it to be called "No Hand Signals". The others considered it a little distasteful. Ian's ex-wife, Elizabeth Rathmell, did the painting from a photograph. The back sleeve is a photograph of a bearded dwarf jiving. His name is Paul. He used to play out of tune violin when they first started as a neo-trad jazz combo (with Ocean and Dury) at Canterbury Art School.

"One week Paul'd be playin' violin and 'Umphrey'd be playing an unplugged guitar with 'is 'air in pig-tails. Yes, it was a very pretty band. Bit 'arty... but shockin' if you couldn't see it — clinkers galore."

Dury taught for seven years at art school, got very fat. After forming the Kilburns he lost three stone in seven weeks because he figured that rock'n'roll singers were supposed to be thin. They played their first gig at Croydon Art School with Thunderclap Newman.

"Handsome" is essentially a very wonderful album except for the fact that the producer, Hugh Murphy, appears to have been under the impression that he was working with the Pink Floyd... sandblasting everything in sight with multiple echo.

Nevertheless, most of the Kilburns' traditionals are recognisable — "Upminster Kid", "Rough Kids", "The Mumble Rumble And The Cocktail

Rock". "Crippled With Nerves" and "Pam's Moods", which suffered most. Dury's lines run like an Edwardian parable:

"When me and Pam are hand in hand, we make a lovely pair/But when we fight, her awful spite is more than I can bear... She gives me the business I lose all self-control/The cures of fifty witches making worm-wood of my soul/a life of broken china and sneering yellow hate/Derision and contumely and things that nauseate."

The chorus has him crooning a repeated elongated 'Pam's Moods' like a cow in labour.

POSSIBLY, MORE so than dissipating personnel changes, the juxtaposition of the band's seedy, lavatorial stage persona and the wit and articulacy of Dury's lyrics (and a gentle off-stage carriage) have confused the Kilburn's original adherents. The original thrill had been in the discovery of a band who didn't just perform another 'stage act' — they were, it was thought, *exactly like that*.

Most people were just too rigid to allow for the fact that the band might be accentuating a side of itself for visual purposes. To discover that someone like Dury wasn't going to crack you over the head with a bottle and gob on your brogues came as something of a shock.

Unfortunately the band, under Roberts' guidance, appeared unaware of this. Just at the point where the stage act's authenticity was beginning to come under question Dury began appearing in a satin boxer's gown with 'Billy Bentley' (the Kilburns' anthem — a nonsensical inventory of cockneys and E. London placenames put to pubtime piano rhythm) emblazoned across the back and the band's music began evolving away from scrappy rock'n'roll to encompass more sophisticated elongated jazz pieces catalysed by the fine sax playing of Davey Payne.

Quite simply, it was considered that they'd sold out; the sophistication of the production of the first album seems to have compounded this.

Dury, however, stands by the production and justifies the changes:

All pix without saxophones by
JOE STEVENS

"Pam's Moods," he says confidently, "would drive you barmy in quad. When Hugh (the producer) and I wee recording it we were lookin' for an interestin' treatment. All of a sudden 'e stops pacin' and shouts out 'Jack Buchanan!' An' that was it — we tried to give it a Jack Buchanan feel..."

"Who was Jack Buchanan? Well... 'e was like England's answer to Fred Astaire — a music hall Englishman..."

"My dad was a chauffeur," he continues, appearing to digress, "— used to live in a bedsit in Victoria — I never saw much of 'im as a kid. Jus' before 'e died I went roun' there an' 'e pulls out a polythene bag with a pair of black silk socks inside. Turns out he was a mate of Jack Buchanan's chauffeur. They was Jack Buchanan's dancin' socks an' I've still got 'em. I'd like to frame 'em but it'd be a bit too poncey."

Returning to his original point, Dury claims that Ashton was too finicky as a producer. He'd keep stopping him with the end result that he and the band were never allowed to get any kind of flow going.

And his justification of new Fabric-Softened Kilburns?

"When we started we only knew a couple of chords. We was desperate to get on top of that situation — in the process I suppose we lost out a bit on the basics. The next job is to get back to the basics again. Little Feat did it. Their first few albums were pretty disciplined — then the last one was sort sloppy again. We 'ave to go full circle."

"Like Davey's bin playin' lots of scales so 'is solos more fluid — when 'e used to play with the People Band he used to play 'til 'is nose bled — that was in the days when me an' 'im used to share a microphone on a number called 'I'll Have You' down the Tally-Ho. My Christ it was terrifyin'. You could feel the 'eat comin' off 'im."

Dury says he gets pissed off with being typecast as The Cockney Boy.

"Like I was on the radio with Sarah Ward and she says 'ooh you've got such a dirty voice' so for the next hour I'm lumbered with 'A Dirty Voice. Like bein' natural is really really difficult."

"We do a piece now where Rod (the replacement pianist/writer) and Keith (the guitarist) sneak off to put on dresses. While they're changin' I talk to the audience — just try and to out and be 'uman... they're times when an audience'd be so nice I'd want to cry, but I've really got to glower at 'em because I'm afraid of showin' my reaction. I don't know if it's shyness..."

"I don't know if it's actually because I'm very vulnerable in real life. I fal over if someone blows — my kid, Baxter, 'oos three, stood on a table and pushed me over the other day."

The question of vulnerability is a sensitive one. The Kilburns' tour de force is a Dury-penned piece entitled "Crippled With Nerves".

I could give the respect she deserves/ But I can't 'cos I'm crippled with nerves/ Just to take her in my arms and hold her tight/But I'm sorry I'm shaking with fright/ I could touch her I could tell her I'm a very lucky feller/And cancel all proper reserves/But my hope is all gone; got the fears coming on/And I'll die 'cos I'm crippled with nerves."

"Someone thought it was about impotency," Dury observes casually, "but it's actually about the stage before that — not even being able to get a number together. It wasn't about anybody special... but I've bin worried about bein' on my own..."

"You'd be in yer flat in Maida Vale in 1962 and just... 'oh shit I really fancy that' — not bein' able to come t'terms with the fact that that person really doesn't want'er know."

"You'd go t'bed and convince yer-self that yer going to come out with somethin' so beautiful she's gonna respond to and see you as a beautiful person..."

"Those're the times you think yer ugly... that yer not the same as everybody else or that yer not 'andsome."

An inadequacy only heightened by the fact that Dury was hanging out with the Kilburns' original drummer, Terry Dane. "who was so 'andsome it wasn't true — 'e'd smile an' ladies'd

■ continued page 42

LOVE IN THE SUN

THE GLITTER BAND

New single on BELL 1437



PLATTERS

Punkette lauds religioso Chocrock shock

HOT CHOCOLATE: "A Child's Prayer" (RAK). Last time I saw Erroll Brown he was looking snazzy and secular as ever, right down to the white snakeskin boots: now who would have guessed he was hiding a little religious cutie like this up his black silk sleeve? A masterful analysis of the wrongs of this godless world, its atmosphere and bits of the tune strongly recall "Abraham, Martin and John" by Dion (you know Dion).

Only this here's British, youall. Longish string breaks build up the awesomeness count and ration Erroll's husky voice so you can never say you've had quite enough of it. Then there's the say-a-little-prayer-chorus and the marching, walls-of-Jericho finale. You've got to hand it to Mickie

Most (For It Is He). And to the Hot Chocs — the only good thing that ever came out of West Hampstead.

For the necromancers amongst you

CLIVE BALDWIN: "Now It's Paul McCartney, Stevie Wonder, Alice Cooper, Elton John" (Mercury). If you only saw the censored version of "The Jolson Story" allowed you by the Beeb, chances are you didn't know that Blackfaced Al still walks the earth. He was, however, frozen for many years, by a process still in its infancy at the time of his supposed death. Got that? Right. Now if you were the doctor who attended the defrosting of said popular songster, what would be your obvious first move on his awakening? You'd call up a chorus of nurses, what else, to teach him the big names in the charts today. As listed above. I mean, this record is bizarre, and I want that with a Zappa intona-

tion. Strangeville. Mount Unbelievable. I like it. But if I do have an objection, it is this — why Al Jolson? Why not Gandhi, or Timon of Athens? The nurses'd have a lot more to tell them.

* Answer: so that Jolson can keep breaking into the nurses' chorus with phrases from his best-loved hit. Try asking Timon of Athens to oblige with the first verse of "Mammy."

You'd never expect to like this one

CILLA BLACK: "I'll Take A Tango" (EMI). Well, I'd never expect to enjoy hearing Cilla put down rock and roll in a voice uncannily unlike her own and uncannily similar to Melanie Safka's, God help us. I'm so open-minded, it's wonderful. This quiet little song dispenses with the lush strings and phoney climaxes of yore; instead it has a simple heavy bassline and well controlled, wistful vocals. There is also a mention of Marlon Brando. Wit, no less.

Suggestive biscuit

THE TROGGS: "Summertime" (Penny Farthing). Radio One'll never play it, that's for sure. Sample lyric: "I like/A slow ride home/With a girl sat beside me and she's so tired/She can't stop me from f-f-f-f-feeling..." Naughty, Reg.

Frailty, thy name is woman

RICHARD HARRIS: "How to Handle a Woman" (WB). King Arthur Harris, late of "Camelot," bemoans the facts that Merlin never taught him, namely, to rule his queen. Ginny, or Guinevere, is presumably running after Franco "Lancelot" Nero at this point, and hearts are aching under the stars. Tirra lirra, by the river. Arthur does a sexy Rexy as he talks his way to a conclusion. (No points for guessing — the way to handle her is to love her). Speaking as a member of the species, myself I'd recommend the "Ars Amatoria" as a more comprehensive instruction book.

THE SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND: "Dellah" (Vertigo). The most amazing thing — this barman I met on holiday in the Greek islands (the in place for an English girl to seek Romance these days) looked just like Alex Harvey, and when I asked his name, it turned out to be Aleko. Can you beat it...? Heigh ho, or possibly ho heigh; back to work. Alex offers a more terminal solution to the problem of the erring ladyfriend. Only he seems to mock the melodrama of the Tom Jones original by setting the song to circus music, with a confused choral backing. The recording was live at the Hammersmith Odeon, and leaves one with an annoying feeling that Aleko is doing something very visually amusing — juggling with hand-grenades, perhaps — to keep the audience so happy. Whereas we can't be in on the joke.

Radio One singles of the week

PETERS AND LEE: "(Hey Won't You Play) Another Somebody Done Somebody Wrong Song" (Philips). Sips down as easily as mauve blanc-mange after an adenoids operation, from the plaintive intro to the fade. Can't say I ever felt the same about Peters and Lee since I found out they weren't married. It was like finding

that Don and Phil aren't really brothers. Or that Nina didn't love Frederik. I got you, babe.

WALDO DE LOS RIOS: "Symphony No. 6 in F Major, Op. 68 'Pastoral'" (WB). One for the Kulture Vultures. Waldo jazzes up Ludwig Van with a new rhythm, synthesized voice and some jingly bits in the background. Being a tune instantly recognisable to the meanest classical-music intelligence — mine, that is — it might go down very well. If not, I think they should use it to advertise margarine, or cornflakes, or any of those products which emphasise a rural setting to disguise the synthetic nature of the ingredients.

Two records about love

JOAN BAEZ: "Never Dreamed You'd Leave In Summer" (A & M). **DIONNE WARWICKE:** "Move Me No Mountain" (WB). So far, we've managed to avoid Love fairly easily. But into each singles-column some pap must fall. Miss Baez is the more unfortunate of the two ladies concerned, since her friend, after having promised to be her Warmth In Springtime, — and how necessary that is in these days of rising fuel prices — chose that very moment to turn cold instead. Tough shit, Joanie, Miss Warwicke, however, seems in with a better chance in the Happy Ever After stakes, since she demands no miracles of earthshifting from her intended, but merely embraces to prove his constancy. Her Diana Ross imitations and lively up-tempo backing contrast poignantly with the melancholy tones and bitter-sweet piano accompaniment of her sister songstress. Ouch.

Token black record

DIANA ROSS AND MARVIN GAYE: "Don't Knock My Love" (Tamla Motown). Or... let's knock it. But seriously, the thing about Love is, it's in short supply. So if you don't want the goods, don't mess 'em abah. Somebody else might want them. Such is the philosophy. As for the music, it jumps about with gusto, and recalls about fifty million similar efforts quite pleasantly.

Token country record

MELBA MONTGOMERY: "Searchin'" (Elektra). Pure country this — a voice that aches with unshed tears, even though Melba has now attained the devotional object she once sought. Nice steel guitar and production from Pete Drake. If he produced Ducks Deluxe, would they be called Ducks and Drake? (you're fired — Ed.).

Token folkie

FAIRPORT CONVENTION: "White Dress" (Island). A dreary, wimpish, utterly predictable wedding-cake song. I wish I liked Fairport Convention. All my friends do.

The only skank number in this pile this week, and that a reissue

MAX ROMEO: "Wet Dream" (Ocean). The Beeb weren't half embarrassed by this when it came out during the Sixties. Not only could they not bring themselves to play it, they couldn't besmirch the air with its title. So when they got to it while reading out the charts, they just announced "Max Romeo." How long ago that seems. Give it a spin now, then file under Innocent Ribaldry.



SINGLES REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY KATE PHILLIPS

Stop press

ERIC CLAPTON: "Knocking On Heaven's Door" (RSO). Ripped off from G. T. Moore and the Reggae Guitars, Eric's not exactly straining himself over this archetypal bit of white man's bluebeat. Pity he couldn't have left G.T. his one bit of glory, especially since the whole thing's so static. There will be a prize for the first black person who enters this office and manages to dance to this record.

Finest hours department

VERA LYNN: "Land of Hope and Glory" (EMI). It was the dark before dawn. England stood alone. Across the bitter waters of the Channel, the Nazi menace massed for attack. Suddenly, anent the chalky cliffs, the voice of a woman rang out, deep, sweet and true. The Forces' Sweetheart — no glamour girl this from the Hollywood studios, with platinum curls and beesting lips, but a wholesome country lass, English as the green fields from which she sprang. And you, o reader, were not yet a twinkle in your father's eye. So cut the sniggering. The Last Night of the Proms was never like this. I did think of making this Single of the Week, it would be so frightfully amusing and decadent and I thought maybe Vera could do with the money, but the TV spectacular I see she's making with Bing Crosby should take care of that. How shall we extol thee, Vera? There is nothing like a Dame.

Finest Hours Dept. Vol. II

ROBERT FARNON AND THE LSO: "Concorde March" (CRD). Let the knockers knock and the moaners moan. Let the filthy longhaired students cringe on their drug-ridden campi while brutish working men hold the country to ransom. Let Prince Charles remain unmarried while Peters and Lee continue to have hit records. As long as we have Concorde, ours is yet a great nation." — Daily Express. At least, I suppose the appearance of this instantly forgettable, sub-sub-sub Arthur Bliss number specially commissioned by British Airways, means that the beaky aeroplane is still a going concern? I hear, in confirmation, that Asprey's are even now working on a solid silver model which will doubtless cost some collector as much as Concorde's costing us. And I expect a rash of Concorde tooth-brushes, Concorde hairdryers and Concorde bubblegum to follow shortly. Everything in fact, but the supersonic jet itself.



The Black Magic Snakeskin Saviour of NW5 (or "I Am Curious — Bald")

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PLATTERS

MUD: "Mudrock II" (RAK); SHOWADDY-WADDY: "Step Two" (Bell); RUBETTES, GLITTER BAND ET AL: "Never Too Young to Rock" (GTO)

WHO NEEDS costly remoulds of rock 'n' roll classics when the originals are readily available on budget albums? It could be that we do.

Perhaps Mud make stronger Elvis records than Presley does. And maybe Showaddywaddy perform Eddie Cochran better than he did.

After all, what they lack in originality and spontaneity, they make up for with improved studio technology, not to mention the humour and charm readily detectable on these albums.

And anyway, so many golden oldies seem tarnished with age: their inferior sound quality is often painfully obvious, with the bass and drums mixed so far back as to be almost unobtrusive.

Is this kind of talk blasphemous? Only if you're embalmed in nostalgia for the glories of your long-lost adolescence. The Beatles and the Stones used to re-cycle antiques on their early albums, and that sounded valid to the likes of us that bought them. Few questioned their integrity.

It's surely only the hindsight of the ageing raver that challenges the worth of Mud and Showaddywaddy.

Of course, it's possible that the new singles bands are intrinsically inferior to the old guys, but the evidence is less clear-cut than it might be. And it would be hard work convincing the groovers of form 3B that you're not just a boring old fogey.

You probably are, anyway. Some of those endlessly innovative rock albums are nice to be seen around with, bestowing instant intellectual status on their owners. But they're not much fun when you get them home.

Unlike the albums here. Which are.



The Mud album's arguably the most consistent. Les Gray does his jokey Elvis routine on "One Night" and the hitherto forgettable "Hula Love", as well as Chinn and Chapman's "The Secrets That You Keep". There's that clever version of "Oh Boy" (tough luck, Steele, ya dummies) and an accurately prissy "Living Doll", plus renditions of "Tobacco Road", "I Love How You Love Me", "Tallahassee Lassie" and others of a similar ilk. It's all played straight-faced, but strictly and effectively for laughs. Steer clear, only if you're too pooped to pop.

Showaddywaddy don't display the same manic inspiration, but "Step Two" is agreeable enough. The guys mainly write their own material, which would be a drawback if their ear for pastiche was less accurate. And their music is more to

"But I don't WANT to be a spokesman for our generation. Can't you ask Mike Batt?"

do with reflecting the cornball element of rock 'n' roll than producing carbon copies. Cuts such as "Big, Big Star" and "The Latest Craze" hit the target with awesome efficiency.

Among the bona-fide museum pieces are "Three Steps to Heaven", "Chain Gang" and "Rave On", all restored immaculately to working order. The band's also had the astonishing nerve to resurrect the appalling "Three Stars" by Tommy Dee, written as a tribute to Buddy Holly, Richie Valens, and the Big Bopper after they took the final dive. Alice Cooper should have such nerve.

"Never Too Young To Rock" is the soundtrack of the lip-synch pop-flick of the same

'Ere, Les — this geezer thinks you're better than Elvis ...

name which is presumably due to make its debut ere long, and the album comes close to being among the year's best. Where else can you get three hits by The Glitter Band and three by The Rubettes all on the same piece of vinyl?

Mike Leander's Glitter music is without question the definitive white disco sound, and one of the few pop innovations of any merit in recent years. That simple-minded combination of fuzz guitar and dumbo drums is a classic hit formula, capable of sustaining an infinite string of singles.

The Rubettes are no less excellent. Their rich falsetto harmonies are surely the most gorgeous sound in the singles chart, somewhat like The Four Seasons on a gallon of adrenal-in.

Sadly the rest of the album, by lesser mortals, is unbearably dire. The title track is performed feebly by one Scott Fitzgerald (unreliable sources say he was called Jay Gatsby until his li-lo burst), but the cuts to listen for are: "Sugar Baby Love"; "Let's Get Together Again"; "Tonight"; "Angel Face"; "Juke Box Jive"; and "Just For You". All beats.

If you don't know which band recorded which song, you're older than you think.

Bob Edwards

their own reputation, blighted by "Wonderworld". This can be gauged — obviously — from the album's title, as well as lyrics like...

*"Where do you come from and where do you go?
Can I touch you without having to know?
Don't give me none of that holy water!
Comin' on like you're the Devil's Daughter!"*

You may assume they're attempting to recreate the mysticism of their "Demons And Wizards"/"Magicians Birthday" era, which proved particularly successful way back then.

(iii) They want to shine as writers of good songs and players of good music.

Hone in on "Your Turn To Remember" with a fine melody laid over a basic 12-bar blues, the soft and warm "Why Did You Go" with the superb steel lines from B. J. Cole, and the Vanilla Fudge-like "A Year Or A Day".

The latter is marred by the production which fails to project the Box-Wetton-Kerslake combination to its full effect.

The other songs don't deserve a comparable recommendation, although they're adequate. But you can't help idly wondering whether the real goodies got slipped aside for Hensley's and Byron's solo albums.

Overall Byron sings well. Box contributes some good lines when given the opportunity (which isn't often). Hensley tends to rely too much on simple organ chords which could have fallen out of the '60s, and Wetton and Kerslake prove to be a strong combination.

As with the material, the quality of sound varies quite alarmingly, and there are moments when it is perfectly obvious the new combinations has not negotiated first gear successfully. Listen to "Show-down".

Basically though Heep must overcome the conflicting facets of their collective personality. The analogy is of a swimmer holding onto the firm and tested step rails as he tentatively plops his toe out to test the unknown water.

I just wish Heep would jump in.

They could find it very refreshing.

Tony Stewart

* Lyrics reproduced by kind permission of Sydney Bron Music Co. Ltd.

KURSAAL FLYERS: "Chocs Away" (UK)

THE KURSAAL Flyers' entry into the Wonderful World Of Wax is neat, tidy, restrained, unobtrusive, and extremely well-behaved, more like a third album than a first.

Most debut albums veer more towards the sloppy end of the spectrum, particularly if the band in question have a reputation for cooking on stage (now there's an idea for a really novel presentation: cooking on stage.

Tonight scrambled eggs, tomorrow boeuf stroganoff. Are you listening, Bryan Ferry?).

I have never been privileged to witness the Kursaals live, where, I'm told, they regularly display their mastery of the culinary arts to what an over-worked publicist would no doubt describe as "an ever-growing army of fans." Funky Neil Spencer informs me that "they're tight and they cook"; here they're merely tight.

The songs, mostly written by Will Birch (drums) and Graeme Douglas (guitar, piano, vocals) are witty, artfully constructed and neat (there's that word again). They've even come up with the first country reggae song to be entitled "Kung Fu" — and "Pocket Money" and "Hit Records" (the first two tracks on side one) could well be lucky-break hits.

There's the obligatory flag-waving banjo showcase instrumental ("Chocs Away" itself, reprised in miniature half-way through side two) and a singularly neat (stop it! stop it!) song entitled "Tennessee" which splendidly pinpoints the dilemma of the British country-rocker (ref. Kinks' "Muswell Hillbillies").

It'd be interesting to see the Kursaals live and find out whether they rock out more on stage than they do here. In the meantime, memo to the band and producer Hugh Murphy: relax, fer Chrissakes. Precision is only a desirable quality when allied to the basic virtues.

While you're cooking though, mine's double egg, sausage, beans, chips and occasionally New Jersey.

Charles Shaar Murray

LOBO: "The Best Of Lobo" (Philips); JIM STAFFORD: "Not Just Another Pretty Foot" (MGM)

IF THEY GAVE OUT degrees in wimpiness then one of these two gentlemen would have majored and the other would be an eternal sophomore — because, in Lobo and Jim Stafford you have two wimps of the first kidney.

It's odds-on that if you walk into a dago hostelry these days you'll hear a Lobo record trickling off the turntable ("laze'n'genmens' Lobbos"), but though his name sounds like a big attraction at the Plaza de Toros it is in fact copped from his sheepdog's pedigree (bloody instructive these biographies).

"The Best Of Lobo" probably won't have many people racking their memories and arguing the toss over what that constitutes, but if you want a bundle on "Me And You And A Dog Named Boo" then this is for you. He does make exceedingly good, goody singles and if the cumulative effect is like eating a whole packet of chocolate biscuits then an occasional nibble won't do one any harm.

The format is nearly always the same: easy opening drifting into a sentimentally predictable chord-sequence, the big build-up and the fade on a catchy refrain. Add a few "mmmmhs", over-dub the odd "oooh baby's", and you can practically sing "I'd Love You To Want Me", "She Didn't Do Magic" and "A Simple Man" without bothering to buy this album.

If you do you'll get sixteen tracks and some disgraceful packaging. No original credits or line-up details.

I presume Jim Stafford's claims to pretention are more than Lobo's (who produced his album along with Phil Gernhard who himself produced Lobo's album).

Some would balk at calling Stafford a wimp but he is. "Not Just Another Pretty Foot" is mostly pure drivel. The usual Michael Omartian/Larry Carlton/Ben Benay/Emory Gordy crew do the honours which, as far as I'm concerned, is no longer a guarantee of credibility.

Stafford's lyrical humour is

READERS OFTEN ASK where I see all the imports I write about. The answer is — at scores of different retailers and wholesalers throughout the country.

During the past year I've dropped into shops in York, London Birmingham, Glasgow, Brighton, Northampton, Leicester and many other places in an effort to keep abreast with the ever-changing face of the import market.

But this week I'm copping out. I'm just going to sit around and list some of the more interesting things that can be found in the latest EMI Import Supplement — items that can be ordered from any record shop, be it in Bridgenorth, Monmouth or Torquay (to mention some other places I've visited recently).

Got your pencils and paper ready? Right, let's go...

David Axelrod "Songs Of Innocence" (ST11362); Beach Boys "Surfs Up"/"Sunflower" Double (SC 184 50215/16); Beaver And Krause "In A Wild Sanctuary" (WS 1850); Deep Purple "Mark I And II" (IC 188 94865/66); Fats Domino "A Lot O' Dominoes" (LP 12066); "They Call Me The Fat Man" (IC 054 94671); Wild Man Fischer "An Evening With..." (RS6332); Jerry Garcia — Merle Saunders "Live At Keystone" (F79002); Humpback Whale "The Songs Of The Humpback Whale" (ST620); Inomadi "Un Gioco Insieme" (3C 064 17880); "I Nomadi Interpretano Guccini" (3C 064 17990); M-licorne "Malicorne" (883.002); Van Dyke Parks

IMPORTS

"Song Cycle" (WS 1727); Gene Redding "Blood Brother" (ST 9200); The Nice "Best Of..." (IC 048 90674); "Hang On To A Dream" (IC 048 50722); "In Memoriam" (2C 054 91951); Small Faces "The Autumn Stone" (IC 148 94087/8); Jesse Winchester "Learn To Love It" (BR 6953); The Youngbloods "Good And Dusty" (BS 2566); "High On A Ridgetop" (BS 2653); Gene Vincent "A Tribute To My Best Friend" (2C 066 81618); Bobby Bland "Introspective Of The Early Years" (DLPD 92-2); Vincent Price "Witchcraft And Magic" (SWBB 342); Gato Barbieri "Viva Emiliano Zapata" (ASD 9279); Stan Freberg, The Bonzos etc. "Laugh Story" (SC 050 249 21); Jerry Jeff Walker "Viva Terlingua"; Jesse Colin Young "Together" (BS 2588); Danny And The Juniors, Tommy Row etc. "Stars Of The Sixties"; Chuck Jackson, Four Tops etc. "Soul Power" (SHZE 815); Savoy Brown, John Mayall etc. "Rock Roots" (3C 154 52128/29); Sister Rosetta Tharpe "Gospel Train" (510 056); Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee "A Long Way From Home" (BLS 6028); "I Couldn't Believe My Eyes" (BLS 6059); Joan Baez "Profiles" (IC 054, 95128); Demon Thor "Written In The Sky" (UAS 29496) and Clive Stevens (with Rick Laird and Billy Cobham) "Atmospheres" (ST. 11263)

VRD have opened an office in New York that will enable the company to offer American cut-outs at low price here. Their

first list includes 36 albums retailing for only £1.50, and 93 which will be on offer for a reasonable £1.75 — prices that should appeal to a populace used to paying nearly three quid for badly packaged home-grown issues.

The £1.50 list is pretty strong — containing such titles as Moby Grape's "20 Granite Creek", Eddie Floyd's "Soul Street", The Rascals' "Search And Nearness", Crazy Horse's "Loose", Tom Rapp's "Stardancer", The Hoodoo Rhythm Devils' "Barbeque Of Devils", Phil Upchurch's "Lovin' Feeling" and Arthur Adams' "It's Private Tonight", a solid affair made with the aid of Upchurch and members of The Crusaders.

And the £1.75 pile is even more inviting, including everything from Bowie's "Man Who Sold The World" (in its U.S. cover) to The Electric Prunes' "Just Good Old Rock'n'Roll" and The Amboy Dukes' "Marriage On The Rocks".

In the "also around" category this week there's Bobby Vinton's "Sings The Golden Decade Of Love" (Epic), a double-album on which the Pennsylvanian popster renders new versions of "The Great Pretender", "Only You", "Earth Angel", "Gone", "My Special Angel" and other doo-wop delights; "Strange Universe" (20th Century), the latest from Mahogany Rush, Canada's answer to Led Zep; and "Dance To The Disco Sax Of Monk Higgins" (Buddah) an instrumental affair that offers further employment to those ubiquitous Crusaders and ex-Mayall guitarist Freddie Robinson.

Fred Dellar

PLATTERS

forced to the extreme. Unlike Loudon Wainwright he doesn't have the ability to manipulate the laughs through any kind of cutting philosophy and therefore steers himself into the corner reserved for 'funny records'. Not to be played more than twice.

At his best, when he's being really silly, the words draw a casual chuckle. The elliptical "None Of Us Are Here" and the soul mockery on "Got Down" are worth a snigger.

The only outright amusing number is the rock 'n' roll piss-take "I Ain't Working" which turns the whole Chuck Berry/Cochran/Drifters bull inside out. Kind of a "Get A Job" pastiche: "I'm gonna jack my car outta my front yard/But I ain't got a job so I can't get far" with a nice Jordanares backing "get out on my front porch and just relax". And that's about it.

When Stafford gets semi-serious ("Lady Greenfeet" and "Bring Me You") the result is that of most comics who try on a face they're not suited for — acute embarrassment. As it is, Stafford has approximately three melodies, two guises, and one silly voice to carry his slender talent.

While both these albums are definitely easy-listening, Lobo's succeeds because it doesn't try too hard, whilst Stafford's does and is thus a mawkish failure. If, during June and September, your critical faculties are flapping somewhere in the region of your ankles then use "The Best Of Lobo" to butter up a deaf girlfriend or to increase your dairy yield. Use Jim Stafford's album as a frisbee, and hope it doesn't come back.

Max Bell

COLE YOUNGER: "Cole Younger" (Anchor)

WHO THE HELL is Cole Younger and do we need to hear him singing Gayblade Chartbusters, Volume Six?

On the evidence of this immeasurably embarrassing album, Younger either doesn't believe in originality or hasn't any of his own. Hence "Idaho", and tracks like it, sung in a hideous mannered voice reminiscent of a long, inglorious line of would-be Bowie soundalikes.

"Drive On" is another one for the camp followers. This time the source is Sparks, only more self-indulgent and effete. "Glory Be" — brass band, twee piano and all — doesn't sound like Mr. John but would dearly like to.

Worse to come on "Love-Light" where Younger doesn't sound like Cockney Trouble and loses umpteen points for trying. Altogether a totally expendable contribution to the poseur-parody market which died on its glitter boots yonks back.

Bowie was the only one of the bunch with a shining talent and even he's well out of it now and onto better things.

MAX BELL

HENRY GROSS: "Plug Me Into Something" (A&M)

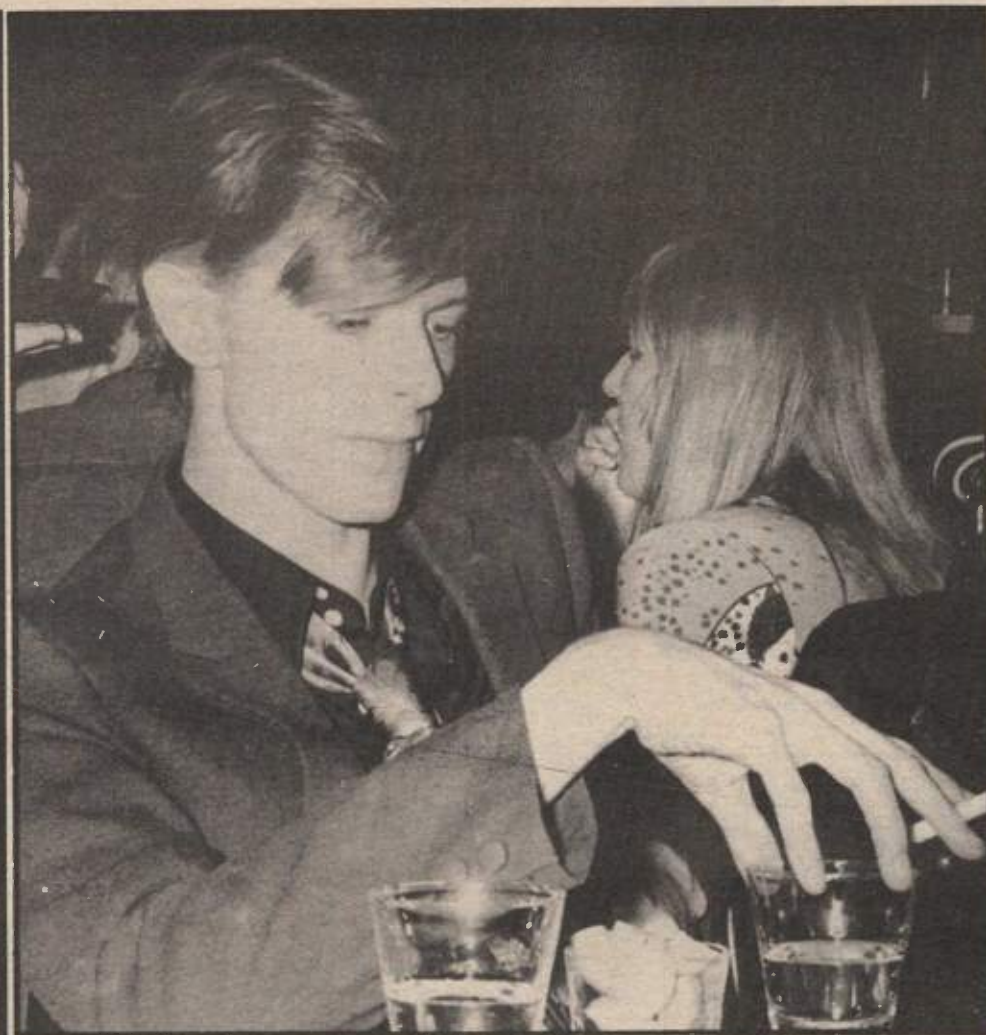
HENRY GROSS, guitarist, was formerly with Sha Na Na. He has a weak voice, writes rather dull, politely riffy songs with the same peripheral lack of bite as Elton John.

"Plug Me Into Something" is produced by Cashman and West with them sharing background vocals with Carl Wilson and Ricky Fataar. Occasionally Mr. Gross levers a nice sound from his custom-built guitar and his Irish setter performs backup vocals on the token cowpoke tune, "Evergreen".

On "Dixie Spider Man" he performs a Keith Richard pastiche revolving around the chords from "Brown Sugar" and plays a rotten solo.

"Tomorrow's Memory Lane" manifests blatant "references" to Reed's "Sweet Jane". And even I can play that . . .

Pete Erskine



Did we use him? Did we abuse him?

"I think the world ended about ten years ago, actually." — David Bowie in conversation with the author, 1973.

"The action of this play takes place in hell." — Norman Mailer, preface to dramatised version of "The Deer Park."

"This ain't rock and roll — this is genocide!" — David Bowie, opening harangue to "Diamond Dogs", 1974.

The most widely-held critical opinion on David Bowie states that after making three of the best and most important rock albums of the '70s ("The Man Who Sold The World", "Hunky Dory" and "The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust", for the benefit of those of you who came in late), he submerged himself into an artistic trough from which he did not emerge (and even then only partially) until the release this year of "Young Americans."

Swift recap: "Diamond Dogs" was Bowie's first album of original material since "Aladdin Sane", written and recorded during the later half of the Ziggy Age. "Aladdin" was shallow in concept and sterile in execution (written in haste and recorded under pressure), and was succeeded by (a) the Famous Hammersmith "you'll never have David Bowie to kick around any longer" falling-on-the-sword retirement speech, (b) "Pin Ups" and (c) the disbanding of the Spiders.

Word around Mainman was that Bowie was working on a full-scale West End musical adaptation of George Orwell's "1984", later amended to "The 1980 Floor Show" for a TV special filmed in late 1973 at the Marquee. It was the last time Bowie appeared on stage in Ziggy's clothes, and the last time that he played alongside his long-time travelling companions Trevor Bolder and Mick Ronson.

One of the songs premiered

Well, he's acting like we did, so maybe there's something in it. Two recent and much-maligned BOWIE albums are herein revaluated for your reading pleasure . . .

was an excerpt from the "1984" work-in-progress: the title song, incorporating something entitled "You Didn't Hear It From Me." Ronson, busy with the final mix of "Slaughter In Tenth Avenue", hated every moment of it. "I just went there, unpacked the guitar, played, packed it up again, went home . . ."

"1984" never happened, but most of the music eventually emerged in the summer of 1974 (of which timing make what you will) on "Diamond Dogs".

With a scenario that closely resembled a 120 m.p.h. collision between "1984" and Harlan Ellison's "A Boy And His Dog" (a story which I guiltily recall recommending to Bowie some months earlier), the deliberate ditching of hard-edged Spiders rock-and-roll in favour of assorted back-up men and Bowie's own scratchy garage-band electric guitar, rather-too-conscious bows in the direction of apocalyptic-decadence (great name for a new toothpaste), and far less tightly focussed lyrics than ever before, it got righteously stomped by most people I knew who'd appreciated Bowie's three earlier classics for the right reasons.

Allow, therefore, NME's time machine to take you back to May 11, 1974, where I Mac is waiting to deliver the prototype for the Thinking Bowie Freak's reaction to "Diamond Dogs".

"It's a rather grandiose mood piece replete with melodramatic gestures which, in the absence of a clear idea of the lyrics, look more like expedient means of convincing us and Bowie that it

all adds up . . . it's okay, you know, but is it really necessary? Maybe it'll turn out to be the "Dark Side Of The Moon" of 1974 . . ."

Well, all right! Can't quarrel with that — or, to be more accurate — couldn't and didn't at the time, since it was more or less the way I felt about "Diamond Dogs" when it was released. Listened to it a few times, didn't like it, stuck it on the shelf between Beck and Broughton with all the other Bowie albums and left it there, permanently filed under "Bummer." Until . . .

. . . well, over the weekend I was over at a friend's place flat on my back in what, for various reasons, we shall describe as "a state of extreme susceptibility" when some unsung hero slung "Diamond Dogs" on the stereo and cranked it up loud. I didn't have the energy to browbeat 'em into taking it off, so I resigned myself to being a captive audience.

WAY BACK in the summer of '74, "Diamond Dogs" had been awaited and anticipated with at least an 8 on the eagerness-o-meter — what-will-Bowie-do-next, etc.

Clearly, it hadn't been what was required; it lacked the tightness and confidence of playing and production that we'd come to expect from Bowie, seemingly tossing away many of what were thought of as his main strengths, while its conceptual content seemed to accentuate his faults — the scale of his ideas seeming to outgrow his ability to deal with them.

Translation: pretentious idea sloppily executed.

Since then, however, we've got used to the idea of a Bowie in a state of continual metamorphosis. We've seen him pass through two or three more stages since then, seen that harrowing portrait-of-a-rock-star-as-zombie on TV and watched him perform a considerable feat of self-resurrection via a soul-transplant on "Young Americans".

Stripped of all the then-current paraphernalia that surrounded him at the time, "Diamond Dogs" in retrospect finally makes some sense.

Déjà Vu

"DIAMOND DOGS" "DAVID LIVE"

After that totally-overblown narrative introduction — which almost poleaxes the album in its tracks before it's even underway, and most certainly contributed/contributed to the derision with which "Dogs" was, is regarded — the album's musical texture is simultaneously bleak and cluttered, from Bowie's rather basic guitar to all the tacky arrangement and production devices.

Again, this textural weirdness was something of a shock after the drive and professionalism of the Spiders. It was almost inconceivable to hear Bowie's voice without Mick Ronson's guitar pacing him, especially since Bowie's own electric guitar style drew extensively on Ronson's, creating a very unsettling effect: a shadow Ronson, a ghostly after-image of the departed axeman.

The whole sound of the album was strangely blurred and dusty, out of focus, a cracked, wrinkled, faded series of snapshots of the future. Bowie had done his time trick again, providing us with future nostalgia, relics of things still to come.

And this time it wasn't glamorous, and it was only our carried-over memories of the last incarnation/persona of Bowie that made us think that it was trying to be. Even "Rebel Rebel", "Dogs" hit single, wasn't; heard in context it's more an artefact of the post-holocaust future that the album depicts than a part of the album; it seems to be a song heard on the radio during the action of the album.

MORE IMPORTANT — more so than ever — Bowie was portraying rather than describing. In "Ziggy Stardust", much of the story-line is narrative rather than dialogue; here, his method seems to be more akin to that of the first side of "Ziggy": dropping in here and there with vignettes of the moonage society rather than telling a linear story.

"Dogs" is completely and utterly non-linear; anybody attempting to make sense of it in linear terms is bound to come to the conclusion that it's total nonsense.

Style is inextricably bound up with subject: the sparse guitar, desperately histrionic vocals (decidedly over the proverbial top in places) and rhinestones-pretending-to-be-diamonds arrangements are totally appropriate to the setting.

The flashes of quotes from other people's work (and his own, for that matter) are instant cultural reference points: the grinding Stones riffs that crop up all over the place, the Shaft wah-wah, hi-hat and strings intro to the title-cut, the "Sketches Of Spain" intro to "Big Brother" and all the other little borrowings seem to have been dug out of bombsites and cobbled straight into the fabric of the music — which is a graphic representation (rather than depiction) of the fabric of the times.

In other words, the music is bleak/tacky/overblown etc. because the subject is — which is tricky ground. Every bozo could make a bad album and claim that the playing's rotten because the subject matter is, but here it aspires to the realms of pure rock verité: medium and message completely absorbing one another.

Finally, "Diamond Dogs" is a genuinely harrowing album, almost as much as the earlier Bowie album which it most closely resembles, "The Man Who Sold The World", where Bowie used the normally sluggish textures of turn-of-the-decade heavy metal gone com-

pletely off the rails to depict psychosis and terminal paranoia.

"Diamond Dogs" useta make me laugh; right now it scares the shit out of me.

SO DOES "David Live", the double album recorded at the onset of that interminable trek around the Heartland of America that our hero undertook a year ago.

Split-screen and superimposition: Bowie Nouveau dragged up like Buster Keaton singing Ziggy's old songs. It hits home most devastatingly during "Moonage Daydream" when Bowie sings the line. "I'm a space invader/I'll be a rock and rollin' bitch for you". Take a look at the man on the cover: does he look like a space invader to you — or a rock and rollin' bitch for that matter?

Where the song was once a defiant manifesto of bisexual macho, a triumphant announcement of what the singer is, now it seems like an agonized depiction of what he wishes he was. The dream is over, and the old anthems of the days of Ziggy seem to turn to ashes in Bowie's mouth.

The album's real curio is "All The Young Dudes", originally slated by Bowie for inclusion in "Aladdin Sane" and dropped, judging by the performance of it that Bowie gave on his last British tour, because Bowie realised that he couldn't challenge Ian Hunter's definitive (and by the totally familiar) version of the song on its own ground (i.e. same arrangement, same time/space setting).

It's taken him until "David Live" to re-absorb the song, to take it back from its classic interpreter and re-mould in its own terms.

As it stands here, it's a classic of reinterpretation. Here, Bowie strips the song of its anathematic feel, reduces it to a tinily muted piano-vamp and collapses it in on itself, leaving Hunter high and dry, stranded back in '72.

Ziggy's dead and gone to hell, my loves: "David Live" is his death-agony.

The album juxtaposes alternately brilliant and awful performances by Bowie against uniformly awful performances by his backup band, reaching its apogee with an almost unbearably intense and agonised performance of "Rock 'N' Roll Suicide", one of Bowie's most supercharged recordings, melodramatic as can be but never toppling over into excess.

Certainly not a good album by conventional standards (the standards I was applying when I first reviewed it, in fact) but it digs its claws in and won't let go, probably for reasons not intended by its creator. Its strengths lie in its documentary content, as a study of what happens.

On "Diamond Dogs" Bowie fuses together style and content deliberately; on "David Live" it seems accidental, but who can tell? Surely even Bowie would balk at deliberately giving a screwed-up performance because of what doing so would say about himself, his art and things in general.

Dig these albums out of the cupboard and play 'em again. They sound better than they used to.

Now can I have that interview, David?

CHARLES
SHAAR
MURRAY

PLATTERS



JAMES BROWN: "Sex Machine Today" (Polydor); **HAMILTON BOHANNON:** "Insides Out" (Brunswick); **COMMODORES:** "Caught In The Act" (Tamla-Motown)

"WHITE ROCK", observed CSM last week in his Wailers review, "lays its beat on you; the Wail-

"No — this page is James Brown, Hamilton Bohannon, and The Commodores. Supremes and Four Tops reviews are over there by the cocktail cabinet . . ."

ers' music allows you to find your own rhythm within it."

True enough — but the sentiment can be extended in both directions, as so: "White rock and the vast majority of contemporary black American funk dictates its beat to you; reggae in general allows you a choice of rhythm."

Black American funk stomps remorselessly to the off-beat — and the appeal of, say, Bohann-

on's "South African Man" lies intrinsically in its slippery 9/4 rhythm. When your body's moving to 1-2-3-4/1-2-3/1-2 you're going to be doing your own thing whether you like it or not.

Reggae's main contribution is the soulful resurrection of the on-beat. A typical set-up places two guitar-chord on-beats against a single cataclysmic off-beat from the snare and bass-drum; behind this, the keyboards chatter out a combina-

tion of both the congas play triplets, and random embroidery takes place between hi-hat and snare-rim; finally, the two most prominent melodic elements — voices and bass — dance freely to their own internal pulses.

Result: an intense rhythmic complexity which anybody can dig without counting.

Back in the U.S.A. it's the same-old-same-old and, boy, is it ever getting tedious.

James Brown, Minister of New New Super Heavy Funk (and ten years ago the single greatest rhythmic innovator in youth music), hasn't changed his winning formulae in any way whatever. All that's new on "Sex Machine Today" (subtitled "Disco Soul", sub-subtitled "Dance Dance Dance") is the brutalisation of The J.B.s' sound and the continued deterioration of Brown as vocalist and rap-meister.

It's half-"live", half-studio, contains a blitzed-out re-re-run of "I Feel Good", a bunch of funky this-and-thats, and a string-laden monstrosity entitled "Deep In It". Ignore this, Brown addicts, and purchase "Soul Classics Volume 3" instead.

Hamilton Bohannon's previous offering, the "South African Man" LP, was plenty monotonous, but it has nothing on "Insides Out". The limp penthouse jazz of "Have A Good Day" is here extended all over side two and seems to indicate that this mindless mode is where Bohannon's true roots lie.

"Foot-Stompin' Music" and "East Coast Groove" work to disguise their funk-derived off-beat by clubbing every accent with what sounds like a parking-meter wrapped in pillows — but to no avail. His current single, "Disco Stomp", "borrows" from Marley's "Baby We Got A Date" for what passes for a melody, but only a wimp would feel like moving to it.

To judge by this pathetic performance, Hamilton Bohannon

got accidentally lucky with "South African Man" and has little else to offer the itching feet of the Western world.

Nor — despite their reputation and the bewildering critical acclaim for the very slight "Slippery When Wet" — have The Commodores.

Their clothesline slumps glumly across the alley between the houses of Sly and Rufus and, although their multi-instrumental musicianship allows them to create the occasional neat riff, claims for originality or anything more than a modicum of initial excitement are in no sense confirmed by this album.

Black American music is fast losing its soul, selling out mindlessly to the appropriate urban-industrial energy-disposal unit: the discotheque. Unless they wake up fast, the children of the ghetto are going to achieve their slice of the American Dream at the expense of their own culture.

That's the price of partying hearty while society crumbles. All eyes and ears must switch to the Third World immediately.

I mean Jamaica.

Ian MacDonald

ARMAGEDDON: "Armageddon" (A & M)

THE NAME gives it away, really.

Armageddon equals supreme conflict, death and destruction, the abolition of free school milk.

Run of the mill stuff.

Then suppose you had a group called Armageddon (and an album of the same name) you'd expect it to contain a bunch of dooms-drenched songs, semi-macabre numbers full of fifth form SF lyrics.

Of course you'd want to be jolly serious about it too, solemn even. On the cover

you'd get someone to write; "They have sought to create a style unlike any other in rock, and one listening will demonstrate how dramatically they've succeeded".

Unfortunately the description itself is way off the mark.

Indeed fresh from The Yardbirds (remember them?), Renaissance and Together we have Keith Relf. Sad to see an old blueswailer getting mixed up in such a pointless, technoflash overkill of talent.

There's Bobby Caldwell, ex-Johnny Winter, aussi ex-Captain Beyond, plus Martin Pugh and Louis Cennamo once of Steamhammer. Now Steamhammer were hardly a popular band at school dances, but they were a bloody sight more bearable than Armageddon.

The music is too fast for comfort, with that peculiar English trait of substituting quantity for quality. One hundred notes doth not a solo make.

Of course the playing and production are competent, occasionally clever but always cold, flat and humourless like curled stroganoff seeping through your boots.

At times Relf seems to return to his roots, figuring that they might get him out of the mess. As a result there's an extraordinary ending to "Buzzard", and a track called "Last Stand Before" which sound as if he's atavistically regurgitating some mutant form of British Blooze.

The numbers with some slight purpose, "Last Stand Before" and "Silver Tightrope", end up by subsiding into instrumental work-outs designed to show off the band's prowess and not much else. Speed kills.

On side two there's a mini-concept entitled "Basking In The White Of The Midnight Sun", which I can't make head or tail of. An indulgent four parter, one part clumsily called "Brother Ego". More pedestrian imagery.

Maybe their mothers will like it.

Max Bell

Partying hearty while society crumbles ...

FRESH IN
THIS WEEK!

RED OCTOPUS FTR 2002

Jefferson Starship's new album. 'With galloping inflation, a sinking pound and wage restraint, just about the only way to enrich ourselves is culturally: and as far as I'm concerned, you can become a cultural millionaire by listening to Jefferson Starship'.
Melody Maker.



FTR 2003 HOT TUNA

Their new album 'America's Choice'. 'More than a few eyebrows were raised when Hot Tuna turned up with a roaring, stomping, rocking album called 'America's Choice'.
Melody Maker.



Marketed by
RCA Records & Tapes.

THE SUPREMES (Tamla-Motown);
JACKSON 5: "Moving Violation" (Tamla-Motown);
FOUR TOPS: "Night Lights Harmony" (ABC);
JR WALKER & THE ALL STARS (Tamla-Motown)

FIRST, THE GOOD NEWS. The Supremes' new L.P. is a winner.

A misty pic of three dewy-eyed innocents, framed by what looks like granny's bedroom wallpaper, suggested it was going to be all twee harmonies and romantic whimsy. But as is so often the case, the cover art reflects a marketing concept rather than the music — which is varied, often gutsy, and presents this latest model Supremes (Mary Wilson, Cindy Birdsong, and Scherrie Payne) as the most versatile line-up so far.

Six different production teams and a gaggle of writers were chained to their benches beneath a picture of The Three Degrees and given the command "beat these Philly upstarts." Amid a flurry of rejected material and hasty rethinking the songs began to emerge.

Holland-Dozier-Holland celebrate their return to the fold with two disco-hustlers: "Where Do I Go From Here" and "Early Morning Love" ("If you wake before I do/Touch my shoulder, turn me over/And give me early morning love when I wake up/Early morning love before I make up"). Such an effective song is almost too good to be thrown away as a dance track and should immediately be recut at a drowsier tempo.

Other contributions range through wistful ballads ("You Turn Me Around", "Where Is It I Belong"), bouncy singalongs of the kind traditionally associated with the group ("He's My Man", "You Can't

Stop A Girl In Love"), and an unusually arranged Lambert-Potter song ("It's All Been Said Before") in which I was startled to notice faint echoes of early Tyrannosaurus Rex. I suppose stranger coincidences have occurred.

Best of all are two Clayton-Ivey-Terry Woodford productions: "Color My World Blue" and "Give Out, But Don't Give Up", which must be among the most powerful recordings ever issued by any set of Supremes. Can you believe it, "Give Out" is practically funky.

If you gave up on the group when Ms Ross flitted away to superstardom, now's the time to check them out again.

Conveniently, it's an old Sup-

"Hi. We're two of The Supremes — although we're not quite sure WHICH two because no-one's written our names on the back of this photo. But does any of this matter?"

remes hit, "Forever Came Today", that leads us to The Jackson Five.

Their latest single and the opening track of "Moving Violation", its pounding bass line, hypnotic percussion, and everything-but-the-kitchen-sink production typifies the whole L.P. If you actually sat down to listen to this album you'd soon be hurling things across the room. Play it LOUD at a party and send your neighbours batty instead.

"Body Language (Do The Love Dance)", "Call Of The Wild", "Time Explosion", and the title track tell it like it is plain enough — it's all energy, noise and rhythm portrayed by five shifting voices over a bank of electronics. Even the one ballad, "All I Do I Think Of You," has more happening in it than your average riot.

Once again Holland-Dozier-Holland concoct most of the tracks, with arrangers James Carmichael and Dave Blumberg, but credits mean little here 'cause all the contributions are equally hectic. Presumably this will be their last on Tamla, unless there's a stack of tapes in the can. Although it's not a record to win new admirers, it's

TAMLA : the counterblast

certainly a goodbye (ho ho) for established Jackson fans.

Which just about sums up The Tops album.

For a group who found a new company, new producers, and a new lease of life, they've stuck remarkably close to their original hit formula. Their trick is that they're successfully recreating the very best of their Motown output.

In an era when ten-year-old hits are as likely to succeed as modern recordings, who can blame them?

"Seven Lonely Nights" (already a smash in The States), "Is This The Price", "I've Got What You Need", and "Drive Me Out Of My Mind" all stand comparison with any of their famous uptempo hits.

There's some effective ballads too; and just in case it should be thought that they cling to one style only because they can't cope with today's sounds, they've included a couple of surprises to prove otherwise. "I'm Glad You Walked Into My Life", subtitled "dedicated to Stevie" (it's performed like Stevie Wonder, not sung to him), is a skilful pastiche of their old stablemate's recent creations, while "Let Me Know The Truth" combines wonderworld and bump city in one funky package.

Having done it once for love, I can't see much future in their copying Stevie so closely, but "Truth" might lead to some interesting developments on their next L.P. Produced by Steve Barri and the group's own Lawrence Payton Jr. (who also co-wrote four tracks), "Night

Lights Harmony" is as good a Four Tops album as any in their career.

I wish I could say the same for Jnr. Walker. Alas, this normally underrated performer has sunk to his most rigid and uninspired work to date.

The idea seems to have been to present a mixture of dance tracks and 'sophisticated' smoochers, but the arrangements are trite, the backing singers sound like refugees from Ray Conniff, and Junior hardly blows a note that isn't telegraphed several bars before he even gets his lips puckered. If they'd have dubbed on clinking glasses, muffled chatter, and the occasional cry of rhubarb, it might even have been funny.

On side one he massacres two Stevie Wonder songs; then, after a sloppy run through of "Killing Me Softly" (no comment) and McCartney's "My Love", we flip it over to find several leaden riffs including his current single "Dancin' Like They Do On Soul Train."

In case you didn't know, "Soul Train" is a kind of black "Top Of The Pops" which is networked across The States. Apart from an occasional live special, their lip-synch format is even more contrived than the Beeb's notorious equivalent, so you won't be surprised if I tell you that their studio audience is drawn from a familiar breed of vacant shufflers. I'd like to believe that this track is a conscious parody of the species.

Unfortunately, it's simply lack of imagination.

Cliff White

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News Desk

CHARLIE RICH dates in full

CHARLIE RICH will visit six British venues during his September tour, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME in June. He will be bringing eight American musicians — including David Mayfield — with him, and the support act will be new RCA singer Sarah Johns.

Rich arrives in Britain on September 19 from Amsterdam, where he appears on TV the previous evening, then plays two performances each night at Ipswich Gaumont (20), Stockport Davenport Theatre (21), Wakefield Theatre Club (24), Southport New Theatre (25), Glasgow Apollo Centre (27) and London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (28). He will also be filming a BBC-TV special on September 22. It is emphasised that tickets are not yet on sale, but Drury Lane are prepared to accept postal bookings immediately. Tickets for this venue are priced at £4, £3.50, £3, £2, and £1.25 and all applicants should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

BILLIE JO DUE FOR HAMILTON IV TOUR

GEORGE HAMILTON IV will be supported by new chart star Billie Jo spears, currently making an impact with her single "Blanket On The Ground", on his extensive autumn concert tour of Britain. Hamilton will also be recording a BBC-TV series during his visit, and Billie Jo — whose new album, bearing the same title as her hit single, is released by United Artists next week — will be one of his guests. With more dates still to be finalised, the tour itinerary confirmed so far comprises:

CROYDON Fairfield Hall (October 2), BRIGHTON Dome (3), BOURNE-MOUTH Winter Gardens (4), TORQUAY Princess Theatre (5), RED-RUTH Regal (6), CHATHAM Central Hall (9), CHELMSFORD Odeon (10), IPSWICH Gaumont (18 and 19), NEWCASTLE City Hall (23), ABERDEEN Music Hall (24), GLASGOW Apollo (25), EDINBURGH Usher Hall (26), CHESTER ABC Theatre (29), BARROW Civic Hall (30), LEEDS Town Hall (31), HULL ABC Theatre (November 1), LIVERPOOL Empire (2), MANCHESTER Opera House (6), HANLEY Gaumont (7), NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal (8), COVENTRY Theatre (9), CARDIFF Capitol (12), GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre (13), BRISTOL Colston Hall (14), TAUNTON Odeon (15), WIMBLEDON Theatre (16), SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont (19), EAST-BOURNE Congress (20), OXFORD

NEWS ROUND-UP

● SAILOR have cancelled their seven-venue mini-tour scheduled for late August, details of which were reported by NME two weeks ago. They say that these gigs will now be incorporated into a more extensive tour which is being planned for October, to tie in with the release of their second CBS album.

● LED ZEPPELIN open their next extensive American tour with two days at the 55,000-capacity Oakland Stadium in San Francisco on August 23 and 24. If capacity is reached, as is expected, these two gigs alone will gross over one million dollars.

● IAN CARR'S NUCLEUS begin their first major British tour for almost two years at Manchester Union on October 18. Other gigs confirmed so far are London Kensington Nashville (23), Harrow Technical College (31), London 100 Club (November 11) and Hull University (29).

● TOOTS & THE MAYTALS will be visiting Britain in the near future to play selected dates here. A short tour is being set up following the cancellation of their projected open-air gig at London's Chelsea Football Ground last Saturday, for which the promoters were unable to obtain a licence.

● THE REAL THING will be supporting David Essex on his September-October concert tour of Britain, for which dates were announced last week. Besides playing their own 45 minute spot, the Liverpool soul trio will also back Essex in a section of his act.

● GINGER JOHNSON, well-known musician on the London club scene,



ALICE COOPER: welcome to his nightmare

ALICE: gigs set

AFTER MUCH speculation concerning a September visit by Alice Cooper, he was this week officially confirmed for three British dates — they are Wembley Empire Pool (September 11 and 12) and Liverpool Empire (14). Alice will be starring in his brand new production "Welcome To My Nightmare", with which he has recently been touring America, and his British gigs are part of a seven-nation European tour.

The show, which is described as a "theatrical rock production" as opposed to an orthodox concert, involves 35 artists — including several dancers. A story-line, concerning Alice's nightmares as a youngster, runs through the presentation — and it is these dreams which form the various episodes, linked by Alice in a massive bed!

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith, for John Smith Entertainments, told NME: "There are numerous novelty effects, including a huge monster and a spider's web, plus a lot of dancing. It's the most elaborate and expensive tour of its kind to date, and there are only a limited number of venues capable of accommodating it. In fact, we shall have some difficulty squeezing it into Liverpool Empire." The show is directed and choreographed by David Winters and designed by Joe Gannon, who previously worked on Alice's "Billion Dollar Babies" tour and the recent Neil Diamond show in America. It will be Cooper's first appearance in Britain for 24 years.

Other dates on his European tour schedule are in Stockholm (August 31), Gothenberg (September 1), Copenhagen (3), Bremen (4), Stuttgart (5), Ludwigshafen (6), Vienna (8), Paris (16), Antwerp (17), Hamburg (19) and Dortmund (20). The production then travels on to Australia to complete its eight-month itinerary. Tickets for Wembley are priced at £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and are available immediately by mail order; the box-office opens to personal callers next Monday (4). Liverpool are also accepting postal bookings at £2.50, £2.25, £2 and £1.50, with any remaining tickets being sold at the box-office from August 18. Please note that postal applicants are restricted to four tickets each.

● RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON have withdrawn from their projected Reading Festival appearance on August 24. A spokesman said it had been agreed for them to appear after 4 p.m. but, when the running order was drawn up, they were scheduled to go on stage at 1 p.m.

● CHARLES AZNAVOUR will be playing a series of selected British concert dates in November. His itinerary includes an appearance at London Hammersmith Odeon on Sunday, November 16 (postal applications now being accepted, tickets from £4 to £1.50).

● CLARENCE CARTER is to undertake a one-nighter tour in the early autumn. He will be here for ten days from September 24, and dates are at present being lined up by promoter Danny O'Donovan.

● DAVID BEDFORD has one of his compositions performed in the Promenade Concerts at London Royal Albert Hall on August 8. It is the 30-minute work "Twelve Hours Of Sunset" for large choir and orchestra, inspired by the Roy Harper song from his "Valentine" album.

Edited: Derek Johnson

SPARKS VENUES

DATES AND VENUES were announced this week for the major autumn tour of Britain by Sparks. It comprises a total of 20 concerts, with the possibility of one or two more being added at a later date. The band will be featuring material from their new Island album, which they started recording this week, with a view to release at the time of the tour. One of the tracks on the album is "Confusion", which is the soundtrack title song from the film the Mael brothers have been making in France with Jacques Tati.

The confirmed tour schedule comprises Newcastle City Hall (October 15), Edinburgh Odeon (16 and 17), Glasgow Apollo Centre (18), Manchester Palace (19), Portsmouth Guildhall (21), Taunton Odeon (23), Oxford New Theatre (24), London Hammersmith Odeon (26), Ipswich Gaumont (28), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29), Sheffield City Hall (30), Liverpool Empire (31), Leeds University (November 1), Coventry New Theatre (2), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Birmingham Odeon (6), London Lewisham Odeon (7), Brighton Dome (8), and Croydon Fairfield Hall (9).

With one or two minor exceptions, ticket prices at all venues will be £1, £1.50 and £2. An Island spokesman said that, in most cases, box-offices will be open for bookings from September 1. One exception is at Hammersmith Odeon, where postal bookings (at the prices stated) are being accepted immediately. A support act for the tour has still to be named.

FLYERS ON THE ROAD

KURSAAL FLYERS are going back on the road again in September and will be touring extensively for two months. Gigs so far set include Ilkeston Regency Rooms (September 5), Wigan Casino (6), Sheffield Black Swan (7), Doncaster Outlook (8), London Marquee (22), London Peckham Newlands Tavern (23 and 24), Kingston Polytechnic (26), Reading University (October 1), London College of Printing (3), Colchester Essex University (4), Southampton University (5), York University (8), Bromsgrove Shenstone New College (10), Coventry Warwick University (11), London Marquee (15), Stourbridge Town Hall (16), West Runton Pavilion (18), Sheffield University (20), Scarborough Penthouse (24), and Darlington College (25).

RECORDING NEWS

Clapton single

● Eric Clapton has a new single rushed out by the RSO label this weekend. Written by Clapton and his band, it is titled "Knocking On Heaven's Door". The flip-side is an Arthur Lewis composition called "Someone Like You".

● Bob Marley & the Wailers have now returned to Jamaica to record a new album. Their next single will be a live version of "No Woman No Cry", recorded live during their recent British mini-tour.

● Following her recent U.S. chart success, 16-year-old country singer Tanya Tucker has her debut album — bearing her name as its title — released here by MCA later this month. She will be coming to Britain later in the year for a promotional visit.

● Mac and Katie Kissoon's latest single is scheduled for August 8 release on the State label, titled "Like A Butterfly".

● Former Fleetwood Mac member Danny Kirwan returns to the disc scene as a soloist, with the release this weekend by DJM of his single "Ram Jam City". It will be followed in September by his album "Second Chapter", comprising all self-penned material.

● The Wild Angels have been signed to a world-wide deal by Pye Records. They are already at work recording their first album for the label, "Let's Get Back To Rock'n'Roll", for release later in the year.

● Mike Oldfield, currently at work in the studio at his Herefordshire home, is now over half-way through a new album. Virgin hope to release it before Christmas.

● Barry Blue's next single on Bell, for August 22 release, is "If I Show You I Can Dance". It will be followed by a new album in the late autumn.

● Arthur Brown, If, Isotope and Steve Ashley are among the acts featured on a sampler album called "Tasty", issued by Gull this weekend. Other albums released simultaneously by the same label include "Psi-Fi" by Seventh Wave and "Open Door" by Kieron Moore, who was formerly lead singer with the now-defunct Steamhammer.

● The Troggs have a new album, with their name as its title, released by Penny Farthing on August 15. Meanwhile, their recently-released single "Summertime" has been banned by the EMI cinema circuit, even though it is being played by Radio 1. EMI describe as "offensive" that part of the lyric which says "the girls wear their dresses so high you can see the sun on their f-f-faces... and their dresses so low you can see the sun on their t-t-tanned skin."

Cocker album

● A new Joe Cocker album titled "Jamaica Say You Will" is scheduled for release by Cube in early September. Most tracks feature the basic line-up of Cornell Dupree (guitar), Chuck Rainey (bass), Richard Tee (keyboards) and Bernard Purdie (drums), plus a three-man brass section. Guest musicians include guitarist Henry McCulloch. Highlights include "Lucinda", Randy Newman's "I Think It's Goin' To Rain Today", Johnny Bristol's "It's All Over Bar The Shouting" and Jackson Browne's title track.

New-look Mott debut



MOTT, the group which has evolved out of Mott The Hoople following the departure last year of Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson, have their debut single issued by CBS on August 22 titled "Monte Carlo". It will be followed on September 12 by their album "Drive On". The band will be playing five or six selected dates in Britain during September to promote the album, prior to leaving for America for a two-month tour. The line-up of the band, pictured above, now comprises (left to right) MORGAN FISHER (keyboards), DALE GRIFFIN (drums), NIGEL BENJAMIN (vocals), RAY MAJOR (guitar) and OVEREND WATTS (bass).

Purple playing January gigs

DEEP PURPLE are planning to play a series of selected British concert dates at the beginning of next year, a spokesman for the band said this week. Meanwhile, the group go into recording studios in Munich this weekend to start work on a new album — their first with new member Tommy Bolin.



SIR LAUNCELOT

A Guide to British Grail

TIM THE WIZARD

HERBERT THE PRINCE

YOGHURT

PAKISTANI MILKMAN

CASTLE AAAAAAGH!

BRIDGE OF DEATH

THE HOLY GRAIL

CLASSIC, SILBURY HILL

THREE HEADED
GIANT

GORGE OF
ETERNAL PERIL

BLACK BEAST
OF AAAAAAGH!

SIR GALAHAD

FOUR SCORE
YOUNG BLONDES
BETWEEN 16-19½ yrs

HOLY GRENADE
OF ANTIOCH

A VERY FEROCIOUS FIGHT

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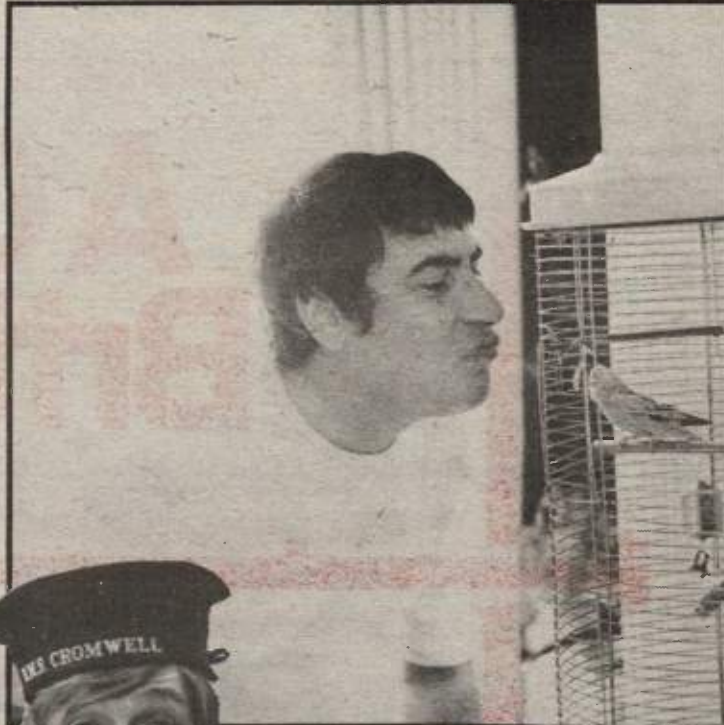
WEDDING PARTY



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"Marty Wilde was managed by Larry Parnes — 'They don't call me Parnes, shillings and pence for nothing' — who entered rock as Tommy Steele's co-manager with John Kennedy. Kennedy only wanted one star, Parnes wanted a constellation, 'the Parnes stable of stars': Marty Wilde, Billy Fury, Dickie Pride, Vince Eager (all of whom were placed in the NME's popularity poll in 1959 along with Tommy Steele) and others. For the most part, they were one-hit wonders without hits..." (Radio One Story Of Pop — Part 7)

"My artists were looked after as though they were one of the family. If they wanted animals, they were bought animals. Their clothes went to the laundry two or three times a week." Ladies and gentlemen — the Wizard of the Deedpoll: LARRY PARNES...

Radio One's 'Story of Pop' weekly encyclopaedia — and he's none too happy with what he's read.

"A load of bloody codswallop if ever I've read any," he says bitingly. "and how they've got the nerve to call it an encyclopaedia I don't know. An encyclopaedia is surely meant to be an informative book that is very accurate... but this isn't."

"I consider it detrimental to the people of those days and to myself. They were the pioneers, those people. If it wasn't for them, these people wouldn't be bringing out a book today."

The raw nerve of Larry Parnes has been trodden upon.

To him "the stable of stars" are still very much "his boys" and that's the way he talks about them. He still seems genuinely fond of them as people and there's never a trace of the "we-knew-it-was-crap-but-people-kept-buying-it" attitude.

He's most shocked these days to hear artists run down their management. In his day the manager employed the artist, but it seems to him that today the artists hire a manager.

"All the inaccuracies made by people with reference to me are almost identical," he goes on. "For example, in this Story of Pop they head the article

'Parnes Shillings And Pence' which... I don't mind because I regard it humorously.

"They then go on to quote me as talking and they don't put, if you please, 'Larry Parnes was quoted as saying', they put 'They don't call me Parnes Shillings and Pence for nothing'."

"Now, I never made that statement to anybody. They've tried to make me out to be some guy behind the till with little midget rock'n'roll stars that you put in the till and ring them up and they come up on stage. Some kind of fantasy... It's this idea that I resent so much because I did not treat my people like that."

"My people were looked after as though they were one of the family. They all had a bed with clean sheets. Their clothes went to the laundry two or three times a week. They had the best of food, they were taken to the best of restaurants, they were bought cars, they were looked after. If they wanted animals, they were bought animals. When they had personal problems they would come and talk them over with me for hours on end."

"No, I treated my people like the human beings they were and I resent people saying, in this day and age, that I treated them like chattels because I did



FAME, George. "Georgie, because you remind me so much of George Formby — and Fame, because one day you'll be famous and, when you are, the LP titles you can get out of that name will be fantastic."

not. If I did... I couldn't care less. I'd say, 'that's history'. But I did not."

"I'm sensitive. I'm born under Virgo and I like justice done. I don't like being misquoted and talked about as though I were some Frankenstein creator of yesteryear."

SO HOW WAS IT DONE? Parnes explains how he wanted to get out of the rag trade and into show-biz back in the mid-

Fifties and how he invested money into a touring play "Women Of The Streets" and made himself £2 15s.

It was through the publicity manager of that company, John Kennedy, that he made his break into rock'n'roll.

"He met me by chance on the street during late August or early September of 1956 and he explained to me about the impact he thought rock'n'roll was going to have on the world and wanted to know whether I'd be interested in handling, or co-

By
**STEVE
TURNER**

managing a rock'n'roll artist."

The artist was Merchant Seaman Tommy Hicks who was to become Tommy Steele overnight and live happily ever after.

To counter the cries of "fluke" that came at him during the flush of Steele's success, Parnes set after discovering a totally opposite personality to see if he could make history repeat itself.

He managed it with Reg Patterson, who was really Reg Smith but became Marty Wilde overnight.

"He was six-foot-four and looked quite tough and I thought, well, he's got to have a genteel first name so that it doesn't worry anybody. At the time there was a film out called 'Marty' which was about this friendly character — so hence I said it was definitely to be Marty. Then, in order to get his sex appeal across — 'Wild' but with an 'E' on the end for superstition."

Next in line was Vince Eager who "very nearly happened, but didn't because... oh... we didn't get on all that well. Very talented boy though" — and then the third of his major artists: Billy Fury.

Fury, then Ronald Wycherley, had written to Parnes to find out whether he could become a star and Parnes had written back to say drop in on a package tour sometime. Wycherley did... at the Birkenhead Essoldo.

"I gave him an audition in Marty Wilde's dressing room there and then on the spot. He sat down and played the guitar and sang 'Maybe Tomorrow' a song that he'd written and the kids that were standing outside the dressing room window waiting for Marty Wilde applauded when he'd finished."

"I said to him, 'Have you got guts?' and he said 'Yeah', I said, 'Right, you're on in the second half'."

And so, in a manner not unlike a Hollywood musical, Wycherley went on and conquered, came off and was signed up, became a Billy Fury overnight and went out conquering again. (Billy — "a first name with a

● Continued on page 24



STEELE, Tommy. "He explained to me about the impact he thought rock'n'roll was going to have and would I be interested in handling a rock'n'roll artist?"



FURY, Billy. "I said to him, 'Have you got guts?' and he said 'Yeah'. I said, 'Right, you're on in the second half.'"



WILDE, Marty. "He was six-foot-four and looked quite tough and I thought, well, he's got to have a genteel first name so that it doesn't worry anybody."

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Parnes, shillings and pence



● Continued from page 21

touch of sensitivity"; Fury — "a surname with sex appeal and mystique.")

OTHER ARTISTS that came and went included Johnny Gentle, Dickie Pride, Duffy Power, Nelson Keen, and Joe Brown.

"There were ones, I must admit, who perhaps I signed in a whim of excitement," says Parnes on reflection. "I got carried away with myself and thought, 'Oh yes, there's another star' — but if I felt that they had no chance I had to be quite ruthless and tell them. I didn't want them to linger on with false hopes."

"I think one of the most pleasurable things was when you suddenly began to realise that one of these people that you'd discovered and who you'd believed in had made it . . . when the national press were knocking at your door, when they were wanted for television, when the records were in the charts . . ."

"And when all of a sudden that boy who you'd discovered a year previously walks down the street and the people crowd round him and want his autograph. That was the most exciting thing for me."

The change that really broke Parnes' hold on the British rock scene was the Beatles and all the history that name contains. The sulky solo James Dean image that Parnes had so successfully handled was rapidly traded in.

"There again you see," he says, "I could have changed with The Beatles. After all I was the first person to recognise and book them back in 1959. They went out on tour for me with Johnny Gentle and at that time they were The Silver Beetles. I saw this group-thing begin to happen."

Why didn't Parnes, with all this foresight and experience, become what Brian Epstein finally became?

"I didn't want to go backwards — and for me getting into the group scene would have meant going backwards. You see, I'd had the challenge. I'm a very creative person and it's not so much the money, but I've got to have the challenge all the time."

"I'd had my challenge. I felt I did it and proved something so why should I go backwards by just diversifying into a group scene?"

BY 1965 Parnes had let go of all of his artists and had returned to his earlier combination (clothing shops and theatre), opening up three menswear shops and becoming associate producer for "Charlie Girl" when it opened in the West End.

Now he heads the Lawrence Parnes Organisation which runs four West End theatres and manages one cabaret artist by the name of Alistaire Johns.

He still loves his rock music though and keeps his ear to the charts.

Having begun his interest in the days of TV shows such as *Oh Boy* and *6.5 Special* he's none too impressed with the state of today's rock on TV.

"They're not nearly as good. They're dull and dreary and boring. We've had the hackneyed old *Top Of The Pops* going on for centuries, the same format every week."

"What I think they need now

is another show like *Oh Boy*. I'd love to do a television show. I would try and bring in as much new talent as I possibly could, all the time. On *Oh Boy* they used to put all the acts together to do one number. You had Cliff Richard, Marty Wilde, Billy Fury and Joe Brown all doing a song together."

"Now that was interesting and I can't think of anything more intriguing than putting Gary Glitter, David Bowie and Elton John in a number together — and possibly on the other side Billy Fury, Marty Wilde and somebody else. Then you could put Billy, Marty, Elton, Gary, and David all in a chorus line-up . . ."

"I think it'd be sensational!"

PARNES IS a born inventor and a natural christer.

Like the night he was having a drink with Clive Powell who was a little upset that someone had made off with Lance Fortune . . . the name he had longed to take for himself.

"I said, I know, I've got your name. So he said, what? I said Georgie . . . Fame."

"So he said, why Georgie Fame? And I said, well, number one because you remind me so much of George Formby when you pick up a ukelele — and number two because you come from the next town to where George Formby lived in Lancashire. So therefore . . . Georgie."

"And then I said Fame because one day you'll be famous and, when you are, the LP titles you can get out of that name will be fantastic."

They were, "Fame At Last," "Hall Of Fame," "Two Faces Of Fame" . . .

And so what about this interviewer? What should he be named?

"Actor or rock star?," asks Parnes.

"Rock star," replies the interviewer.

"Well," begins Parnes, "you look kind of comfortable as a person, so one shouldn't try and name you too outrageously because I think one would lose the atmosphere of the comfort that you offer people."

"So I think your first name should be a very comfortable name . . . something like . . . let's think what would be a comfortable name . . . er, I suppose in a way something that is also a little bit chirpy because you spark off every now and then about things."

"I think possibly Robin . . . Robin . . . er . . ."

"Now, after that you portray a kind of definite sensitivity, a definite aura of wanting to reach people but at the same time you're quite timid. You're a little bit afraid of yourself maybe so you need to be brought out of yourself. So you need perhaps something that would give you the confidence to do that."

"Something very correct, something very right — sharp. Maybe . . . Robin Sharp . . . with an 'e' on the end for superstition."

"That's it — Robin Sharpe."



Bitchfinder General. Pic: FIN COSTELLO

BLACKMORE

IT'S SO NICE BEING NASTY

"HE'S ALRIGHT," says the PR reassuringly on the other end of the 'phone. "He's not the character people make him out to be."

The Holiday Inn, Swiss Cottage. Strictly nouveau. Restrained vacuum-formed decor and static electricity shocks from the toilet door knobs.

The ashtrays in the bar are bland enough to discourage even the most hardened pilferer. Instead I fill my pockets with book matches, lie to the barman that I'm a guest and pay 40p for an expensive looking bottle containing very cheaply produced beer.

A tall, lank-haired gentleman in jeans and Spanish-copies-of-western-boots enters, buys himself a drink and introduces himself as Ian Ferguson, Ritchie Blackmore's road manager.

Well, tell us then, Ian, what's he really like . . . I mean, you know, working for him 'n' all?

"He's very honest," says Ferguson, in what might be a Scottish accent, ". . . and very outspoken. But he never orders me to do anything. He always asks."

Nevertheless, Ferguson adds, Ritchie always gets his own way. Which might explain why he's half an hour late for this interview — he's gone shopping. Presumably for clothes — he makes his subsequent entrance in a Tesco tank-top ensemble which makes the lead guitarist of the Doobie Bros look sharper than Peter Wyngarde.

Presumably to gain some kind of psychological tactical advantage, Blackmore proffers a handshake from behind the settee so that I have to stand up, twist round and lose my equilibrium all in one swift fluid movement. His companion, a short personable American guy with a thick bush of black hair and Italianate features, invites him to sit next to me and we begin — with Blackmore morosely explaining that the reason he's doing interviews is that a few "thick people" don't know that he's left Deep Purple. He stares with an expression of acute boredom straight through

my notepad and through the glass sliding doors bordering the hotel pool which is filled to capacity with the children of visiting Americans.

Blackmore and Purple parted company three months ago.

"—Physically that is. Spiritually, I left about a year ago," he adds dryly.

One gathers you didn't enjoy playing on the last album.

"I made the best of it. I was a bit tired of the ideas and the personnel; it was all a bit routine."

He does not think that the band's approach is "dated".

"But everybody's approaching their material in the same way. Most of the big bands I know are; most of them are very lazy."

"The way we used to approach making records was we would allot two weeks for rehearsals, then — for maybe twelve days play football, and the other day we'd sleep, then we'd probably rehearse for one hour of the day that was left."

"We wrote most of the material in the studio, so it was a case of falling back on professionalism rather than creative . . . um . . . songs."

You mean you were just going through the motions, Ritchie?

"Yes," he continues, staring toad-like into his beer, "I lost the excitement of it."

Hard to imagine Blackmore excited. But wait . . .

" . . . But now I've gained it through being with different personnel."

And he's certainly not into the solo LP business, this is just another band.

The band comprises Jimmy Bain, bass, Gary Driscoll, drums, the Italianate American (Ronnie Dio) lead vocals, Micky Lee Soule, keyboards, and Ritchie Blackmore, guitar.

Blackmore ploughs on resignedly, still gazing glazedly at the aquatic activity through the glass doors.

"People used to say to me, 'When are you making a solo?' and I used to say, 'Well, I do that all the time with Deep Purple!'"

"It was a case of I wanted to use different people and make . . . just try and make . . . I found that quite honestly I was doing most of the work with Deep Purple myself — without sounding conceited — I just found that a lot was relying on me. So I thought, sod this . . ."

In terms of what? The stage performances?

"No. The writing."

Oh. I thought most of that came from Jon Lord.

"Hmm, I know," he smirks. "A lot of people thought that."

Has it always been like that?

"Yes, since 'Deep Purple In Rock'. Before that it was kind of equally shared. Since 'Deep Purple In Rock' it was written always by Roger (Glover), Ian (Paice) and myself. John would be very good at advising whether to use an A Major or a C Minor but he didn't write."

"That's another big reason why I left. There were no writers in the band — including myself. I can write to a degree but I do need help. Ian was always there — Ian Paice the drummer — he always had lots of adrenalin, wanted to get on with it and play — but a drummer can't contribute any more than playing the drums unless he's a songwriter and a piano player."

"There were people who said we hated each other," he observes, shifting his gaze to an adjacent lavatory door, "but I never let it get that far. Otherwise we'd have broken up a long time ago."

"I used to have my own dressing room because I like solitude before going onstage; I have four or five guitars to tune up and I can't do that with someone playing bass or organ in the same room. I prefer to be on my own."

"I'm a loner — not because I don't like people, it's just that I like to be alone because . . . uh . . . for instance . . . I find myself more interesting than most people I meet . . ."

"It sounds pretty conceited . . . probably is . . . I dunno." And he chuckles to himself, then leans across to Dio attracting his attention by grabbing his knee, halting me in mid-question by pointing out to Dio how amusing he finds the perambulations of one particularly graceless non-swimmer.

Blackmore, his mirth subsided, continues:

"We did have a channel we had to keep to — or producing hard rock all the time. I love hard rock. It was my idea to do it, along with Ian and Roger, but we couldn't stray from it very much or people would go 'It's not as hard as their last one' or if we did do a hard rock thing the press would always go

'Huh, same old thing. Heavy Metal Rubbish'. Which they never," he adds wearily, "saw the subtleties of. And of which," he post-scripts slightly petulantly, "they never will do. They'd rather talk about folk singers. But that's another thing."

About what? (Sorry).

"About folk singers. They turn out second rate music but it's quiet and they can talk over that."

INTERESTING, THAT. "A folk singer is someone who turns out second rate music." Blackmore has a curious fixation with "folk singers" — as if there're only two types of music in the world: Deep Purple and folk singers.

He's a real dab hand at the lightning epithet, too. Last April he told an interviewer: "The so-called greats like Segovia knew nothing about feedback."

Here he was making a correct assumption. "The music that we make demands attention," Blackmore continues, retracing earlier steps, "which puts people off."

"The best writer, I find . . . is Chris Welch . . ."

"It's the same as . . . Black Sabbath. Immediately you say their name people say 'Oh, rubbish, rubbish' — they might not be the best in the world but they're certainly a lot better than most of the folk singers that get talked about and praised."

Give us an example of a "folk singer".

"I can't. I really don't know because I don't take any notice of them."

Blackmore prefers Jethro Tull and J. S. Bach.

Do you think that people missed the subtleties in Deep Purple, Ritchie?

"Yes. I think they do. I think they did at the time. The kids didn't, the press did. That's why the band was . . ."

What were the subtleties?

"The subtleties were what was involved in the simple structure of the song, incorporating such a limiting structure. To have to make up good solos in that structure is very hard. People would hear a riff and say 'Oh, that's kids' stuff' but it's not as simple as that. And you can name music in seven-four or five-four but it's easier than making four-four if it's not different, the content. For instance, the solos count on a lot

They were Deep. And very, very Purple. And very, very, very rich. Then somebody left. Then somebody else left. Finally **RITCHIE BLACKMORE** left. Now there's only two originals left. The whole thing is, can **DAVID COVERDALE** be said to be on a good screw and has the Bitchfinder General got the whole world sussed out? **PETE ERSKINE** (in London) and **CHARLES VERGETTE** (in California) report.

PURPLE

BOLIN'S ZIP GUN DOES THE TRICK

of the songs.

"That," he concludes, "was the subtlety of most of the songs."

But isn't that approach of The All Important Solo a bit passe? I inquire, and he stares blankly and lets me ramble on until I trip over my own point of view but finally manage to wind up by saying that that particular approach has been used for at least ten years.

"And it'll probably go on being used for the next hundred years," he responds sullenly.

But ain't it a little predictable?

"No, I don't think so."

Well, Clapton, for one, forsook it ages ago.

"Yeah. And he's also got very boring," comes the quick rejoinder.

So you're still a solos man, Ritchie?

"No, I'm a backup man now. I play cello," he says cracking a joke. "I back up Ronnie who's on violin."

They both laugh good-naturedly.

He's played guitar for 19 years and doesn't listen to many other guitarists, mainly violinists and cellists. He doesn't listen to much heavy rock, goes to quite a few classical concerts. He says he believes heavy rock is very closely related to J. S. Bach in terms of rhythms and directness.

"In my opinion, that is. Not that anyone else would think so. They'd say 'How dare he say that!'"

"I either listen to Bach or hard rock done by a very good band. Not too many good hard rock bands about . . . Paul Rodgers is a good singer but Bad Company are pretty average. Zeppelin sometimes pull out something good . . ."

One wonders — as a layman, that is — just what it's really like to be a famous lead guitarist. Would Ritchie like to stow the image for awhile?

"I don't think about it. But I wouldn't like to get shot of it. Not at the moment. I still like the adrenalin and the respect you can get, the power . . . but only in certain ways . . ."

"I don't like the power of when somebody asks me for my opinion on something because often my opinions go from my subconscious to my unconscious and they don't really make a lot of sense to people unless they know my music inside out."

Notice the inference? He's right. I do not possess a single Deep Purple recording.

" . . . And," he continues considerably, "it's sometimes confusing for a person to hear me talk unless I'm in the right frame of mind to talk about what I'm saying — which is nothing. I'll stop talking."

Pretty snakey, Ritchie, pretty snakey. A quick sidestep with an inquiry as to who's in his new band, Rainbow (I already told you that), so we'll pass on to the knowledge that Dio gets pissed off when reporters neglect to announce his full name — i.e. the "James" in the middle.

Ronnie James Dio. Alright?

Blackmore makes another joke. Whilst spelling out the names of his band he says "Jimmy — as in George Harrison — Bain". And we all laugh good-naturedly and stare at the pool.

Dio is a nice guy.

"It may seem odd," he observes, "to be doing the Rainbow thing after being a good-time rock 'n' roll band."

Dio and Ritchie write together.

I mention that I heard some of it the other night on John Peel's prog. Blackmore imme-

diately interjects.

"Best forgotten, that," he grumbles.

Why's that?

"Well. He split the soundtrack up about seven times so everything sounded completely out of context to what we were saying . . ."

Dio tells him that Peel, in confidence, has been praising Blackmore to him.

"Oh well," says Blackmore, visibly lightening, "let him carry on then."

"No," he continues, more reasonably, "somebody made a bit of a mess-up of equalising the tapes from speech to music. No, John Peel," says Blackmore, steadying himself for yet another joke, and turning to Dio, "no, John Peel's a fantastic guy," rounding off with a mysterious belly-laugh implying that — yet again — he's got it all sussed. What a temporal colossus this man is!

Superficially Rainbow is not a million miles removed from Deep Purple. I ask Ritchie where he thinks the difference lies.

"There's more excitement, there's more enthusiasm because we're all new — I like Ronnie's voice very much. I like the way he can interpret what I play on the guitar — he seems to be able to integrate his melodies into my guitar progressions."

You were saying something on the radio about it being "medieval".

"Yes, we do use a lot of medieval modes."

Like your "Witchfinder General" hat? (I didn't actually say that. I only just thought of it. Traditionally Blackmore has often worn a Cromwellian stovepipe hat with a buckle-band onstage.)

" . . . Uh . . . in the way that the modes work slightly differently to the scales. You use a lot of notes, whole tones . . . one prime example being 'Greensleeves' which was written in the 16th century by Henry VIII — or so he told me — or rather it was probably written by one of his court minstrels who he beheaded and stole the publishing rights from . . ."

Dio chuckles. "Anyway. One of the songs we do is called '16th Century Greensleeves' which is how we imagined the story to be."

It's a period that really interests Ritchie.

"All the music I play at home is either German baroque music — people like Buxtehude, Telemann, or it's medieval music. English medieval music. I prefer things like the harpsichord, the recorder and the tambourine."

"They used very weird instruments in those days . . . then, breaking off, to Dio (Blackmore is still surveying the pool), "She's drowning . . ."

and breaks up laughing.

"And I'm interested in the supernatural and psychic research . . ." then breaks off again, "She's really a great swimmer . . ." and he and Dio crack up again. Dio then gets up, and perhaps by way of recompense, buys another round of beers.

"Whenever I'm pissed off with the rock scene," he concludes, "which is quite often, I just tune in to Bach, play my Bach records and medieval music and people come round — like other artists — and it's so funny, the reaction that you get. They think 'Ah, rock musician, gold records on the wall', expecting all the funk shit to come booming out — shoe-shine music — and on comes medieval tambourine dancers and jigs . . . and Bach!"

And folk singers?

"DAVID COVERDALE? No, never heard of him, I'm afraid," says the Bob Haldeman look-alike, coming over from washing his car. "Are you sure you've got the address right? You might try down there," he adds having to raise his voice over the sound of the thundering Pacific surf.

"He's in a rock 'n' roll band, Deep Purple."

"Oh yeah," comes Haldeman's reply, his eyes flickering in recognition. "It's down there alright, I've heard a rumour that there's somebody down there like that."

We finally locate the premises, right next door to Plum-Mouth. Thanks, man. Coverdale sneaks his head round the door. "You didn't tell anybody else where the place is, did you?" he asks worriedly. We didn't.

"I spend most of my time down here nowadays. I don't like to go out much. You either go to a place that won't let you in unless you're wearing clothes to suit them or you go somewhere where people recognise you, come over and start laying down all sorts of shit on you about this and that," says Coverdale as he leads through the kitchen into the living room.

It's very chic: white furniture, white carpet, white walls, white table, white kitchen. Only a stack of records and the regular battery of tape recorders, amplifiers and a turntable betray the feeling that the place is best suited for a 40-year-old member of the nouveau riche.

Purple's new guitarist, Tommy Bolin, walks in, his multi-coloured hair glowing. It looked far more radiant in the afternoon sun than it had at the previous night's lacklustre Bad Company show at the Forum where we'd first met.

How time flies! It's nearly two years since Coverdale picked up his last boutique pay check before taking over Ian Gillan's position as Purple's lemon-squeezer extraordinaire.

Now Bolin's the new boy with just three weeks of Purple membership behind him. A month ago the former James Gang/Billy Cobham axeman was sitting on his butt searching

out a gig. Today he's in the hot seat, having taken over the spot vacated by Purple's founder, that doomy, dark and moody King of Heavy Metal Guitar, Ritchie Blackmore.

After a couple of hours drinking and enjoying the more exotic fruits of rock 'n' roll success, the mood is hardly conducive to serious conversation, but we try. Seems that Coverdale and I will make it, but Bolin is a little further out into the cosmos.

"Ritchie was worried about the direction he thought the band might be headed in," opens Coverdale, getting straight to the cause of Blackmore's departure, a move many had expected for months. "He didn't like the soul that was creeping into the band. See, what Ritchie regards as funk are things like 'Sail Away' and 'Mistreated' and that's the direction the rest of us saw the band headed in."

Indeed, those two numbers, the bouncy "Hold On" and the haunting acoustic "Soldier of Fortune" on "Stormbringer" all marked changes for Purple, changes that the strongwilled Blackmore found hard to tolerate. (See opposite feature).

It was undoubtedly the introduction of bassist Glenn Hughes and Coverdale himself in 1973 that caused the marked realignment in Purple's approach. First came "Burn" which saw a hint of the band's infamous zomboid inhumanity being eaten away in favour of a more earthy approach. The pattern was exaggerated by months on the road to prove the worth of the new-look outfit. As confidences grew, Blackmore's strangle hold over the band began to weaken.

Then came "Stormbringer", a surprise to many die-hard Purple-haters. It served as consummation of the redirection its

predecessor had pioneered. In essence, Blackmore's guitar no longer held the rest of the band at gun-point.

Glenn Hughes' bass had created a far stronger rhythm section with Jon Lord's organ and Ian Paice's drums. Not only stronger musically, but stronger mentally. The Blackmore regime was over.

"Sure," Coverdale agrees, between sips of white wine. "He was worried that the next album would be even more bass-orientated. He wanted to go out and get the things he really wanted to do, the guitar things, out of his system so that he could get into being a fifth of Deep Purple without feeling compromised. So he went out and decided to do his solo album."

Yet it's hard to imagine Blackmore, ego and all, wanting to return to Purple if his solo venture worked. Once he saw new influences coming into the band that he didn't like, and saw himself outvoted by the others, there was no way he could stay.

"Yeah, a lot of the songs on his album were ones that we all rejected for 'Stormbringer'." Coverdale concedes again, yet still adamantly refusing to say anything derogatory about his former boss. "He put forward a lot of ideas he knew we wouldn't be interested in."

Rumours started flying, each one adamantly denied by Purple management — who seemed to take any suggestion that Blackmore might split as a personal insult. The reason for the denials, says Purple manager Rob Cooksey, was that Blackmore had not yet decided to quit.

However when *Rolling Stone* quoted Blackmore as saying he considered "Stormbringer" a "load of shit" it seemed the end was nigh. "Ritchie never said that," insists Blackmore's mouth-piece, Cooksey. "It was a terrible piece of misquoting. The writer didn't even put his name on the piece. Ritchie was really upset about it, especially because of what the other guys in the band must have thought."

Sure.

"We started the last European tour with Ritchie still a full member," says Coverdale, explaining the final split. "After we'd done a couple of dates I began to feel strange vibes and knew something was going on. I went to see Rob Cooksey and I could just tell from his eyes that he was keeping something from me. I could sense that he didn't want to commit himself because Ritchie had told him something in private and he didn't want to break that confidence, even though it concerned us all business-wise."

It finally transpired that Blackmore had finally reached the point of quitting.

"Now he can do exactly what he wants. I think he'll be happier now: he's got much more control with the people he's working with. Instead of turning round to Jon and telling him what to play and Jon saying 'I prefer it this way', he's got players who'll do exactly what he tells them to," says Coverdale adjusting his glasses, adding, "They're good players too."

The singer's immediate reaction was to get on the phone and begin organising his own band. True to his soul roots, he got a horn section and chick back-up singers together first. "Then I suddenly realised I was calling Jon to play organ, Ian to play drums, and Glenn to play bass, so I thought, 'what's the point of doing it solo, why not keep the band together?'"

WITH BLACKMORE, the founding member, now joining the ranks of Purple refugees, some suggest the band should break up or at least change the name.

Coverdale gets very defensive about such talk. Very defensive indeed. "We still own the name Deep Purple, as far as people and musicians. We decided to keep it going because we wanted to keep working together, nothing else. We can keep it going without Ritchie. I think Glenn and I proved the band could keep going and maintain its validity with new members," he says, getting edgy.

Ooops, sorry David.

Anyway, having decided to keep it together, the first priority was to locate a new guitar player. Problem. Love him or hate him, Blackmore is a very distinctive player; those spine-searing, ear-bending riffs don't come easy and though thousands tried to copy him, nobody got close.

Each member drew up his own list of choices and the names were pooled. Jeff Beck topped the popularity polls but, as Coverdale put it so succinctly, "He's very much his own man and it would have been like taking on . . ."

An even more determined Blackmore?

"Exactly, excellent! He's very individual. It's generally accepted that he'll form a new band every month, go on the road or record an album, then disband it. It's Jeff Beck and whoever else is with him is incidental."

Next choice was Clem Clempson who was flown over from England to audition. He failed. "I think he's suffered through his associations with Steve Marriott in Humble Pie. He's just been a bandsman for too long, like a horn player with Duke Ellington's band. He didn't have the magic that we needed to inspire us all. You gotta remember man, that to replace Ritchie . . . well, you know. He wasn't just anybody and you can't get just anybody to replace him."

Next in line to the throne was Bolin, an undisputed punk.

"I got on the phone to our agent in New York to find him because I thought he was an East Coaster and he told me Tommy was living just five miles away from me in Malibu. The management were a bit scared when they heard he's played with Cobham: they thought, 'Oh no, a jazzman'. But I called him up when we were both really stoned and we talked for half an hour about curry and chips and finally invited him down to a session."

At the mention of his own name and getting stoned Bolin comes to life, brushing his peacock hair from his dilated pupils. The former replacement for Joe Walsh in the James Gang, then guest guitarist on Billy Cobham's excellent *Spectrum*, Bolin tried to speak; "Uh . . . I'd been up all night . . . like . . . and I . . . er . . . wanted to call it off . . . but when we started playing . . ."

"He kept apologising," interrupts Coverdale with a grin. "Saying 'I'm sorry, really sorry. I haven't played in ages' and I was just standing there going 'Jesus Christ, there's this phenomenal sound coming out, he hasn't got his right guitar and hasn't practiced in months'."

Bolin joined Deep Purple.

"Blackmore put a good word in for me, didn't he," he asks rhetorically.

"No, nobody said anything," says Coverdale, slightly taken aback.

"You liar Blackmore . . . you lying . . ."



Coverdale sans spec. Pic: BARRY L. VINE

CAPITAL



TOMMY VANCE

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 2nd

- 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, AUGUST 3rd

- 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 Teenswoop. RAY STEVENS, Film review of "BRANNIGAN" by four 14 year olds. A look at NATIONAL BOOK WEEK and talking to JANET MARK, winner of the Guardian/Kestrel Award 1975 and EILEEN MOSS reviews children's books. Phone in on games, and taking a look at some newer games on the market.
- 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.

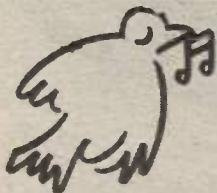
MONDAY AUGUST 4th to FRIDAY, AUGUST 8th

- 6.30 a.m.—THE BREAKFAST SHOW with GRAHAM DENE.
- 9 a.m.—TOMMY VANCE with music, features, advice and Swap-shop on 388-1255 PLUS Sue Cook with "Super-Savers".
- 12 noon—CASH ON DELIVERY with DAVE CASH and Music with a BIG PRIZE COMPETITION. Plus 'Cash Quickies', 'Love In The Afternoon' which happens between 2.30 and 3.00.
- 3 p.m.—ROGER SCOTT with Music and special features "PEOPLE'S CHOICE" and "THREE O'CLOCK THRILL" which takes you back to a week from your past.
- 7 p.m.—"LONDON TODAY" Capital's feature magazine programme which tells you what's happening in London and who's doing it. Presented by JANE WALMSLEY and TONY LEE.
- 7.30 p.m.—"OPEN LINE" on 388 1255 with BRIAN WOLFE from Monday-Thursdays 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.

NEWS EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR FROM IRN

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in tune with
LONDON

PASSIONS OF A

Full of anger both political and personal, **GIL SCOTT-HERON** is one of black music's most articulate voices.

ROGER ST. PIERRE looks over the man's career.

THERE'S NOTHING new about black anger. It's run through the whole of black music from the blues onwards, finding perhaps its most forthright expression (in soul at least) in the several uncompromising and not surprisingly, under-exposed, albums of The Last Poets.

Gil Scott-Heron is angry but with a most important difference; his anger is tinged with wry humour and one gets the distinct impression that in his case there's no element of reverse racism.

What's more, Scott-Heron, now 25 years old, writes good, catchy songs — witness his "In The Bottle" paean against alcoholism which gave Brother To Brother a big disco hit last year.

Scott-Heron's importance as a black spokesman extends beyond the recording scene, for he has already had two successful novels and a book of verse published, but he feels that discs are the medium which will best get his thoughts across to his people.

"Since relatively few of our people are able, because of the

lack of educational opportunities granted them, to read with the type of interpretative perception that is necessary when dealing with poetry, it seemed obvious to communicate by traditional African oral methods," he has said.

The man's current label — Arista — describes his records as having jazz foundations, rock rhythms, African roots, Latin riffs and blues urgencies — and that's a fair assessment.

Scott-Heron's father was a Jamaican-born soccer professional, his mother a librarian. He was born in Chicago and raised by his grandmother in Jackson, Tennessee, learning to play piano at four years of age, and writing detective stories by fifth grade.

When his mother brought him North to New York's Spanish Harlem, Scott-Heron studied at the Fieldston School where a tutor first exposed him to the work of black poet Langston Hughes. He went on to Lincoln University, in Pennsylvania, where Hughes had also studied, and there met his musical collaborator Brian Jackson.

"The Vulture" was published when Scott-Heron was just 19; a gripping, haunting novel which highlighted the degrada-

tion and violence of the ghetto. This was followed by a book of street-rap styled verse and a second novel, "The Nigger Story", a revealing story about black colleges which have given blacks a sense of dignity but have none the less widened the gulf from the white power-class.

Despite his success, Scott-Heron felt his books weren't getting across to as many people as they should: "People aren't reading novels like they used to, but they are buying records which is why I turned to music."

SIGNING to Bob Thiele's jazz-orientated Flying Dutchman label, Scott-Heron's first album was "Small Talk At 125th And Lennox", a collection of poems, followed by musical albums "Pieces Of A Man" and "Free Will" on which Brian Jackson co-operated as both co-writer and musician.

"Pieces Of A Man" included what is, perhaps, his most important work: "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised", a bitingly witty indictment of both black and white America, its life-style and its pre-occupations, that is best known from the stunning version that opens Labelle's "Pressure Cooking"

Edwin 1967, protesting to his Motown tailor.



Straitjackets Off!

Heavy changes anticipated for **EDWIN STARR** on his forthcoming UK tour.

CURRENTLY GIRDING his loins for his umpteenth British club tour is the perennial soul favourite Edwin Starr.

This tour — during August — will be very different from his last; in fact he hasn't made a tour of England like it since the one he undertook in 1967, and the difference is by virtue of a new record company.

Starr is currently enjoying

his biggest U.S. hit for quite some time with "Pain" on the Granite label. During his tenure with Motown, Starr has been vociferous in his dissatisfaction on several occasions. From 1966 to 1974 he scored only four major hit records with Motown — "25 Miles", "War", "Stop The War" and "Funky Music Sho' Nuff Turns Me On" — the latter three all being recycled Whitfield/Temptations numbers.

Before being lured to Motown Starr was best described as highly creative. He recorded for the Detroit based Ric Tic/Golden World label complex where he had hits like "Agent 00 soul", "Stop Her On Sight", "Headline News" and "Back Street", as well as writing and producing for other Detroit-based artists not contracted to Motown. He wrote and produced the classic blue-eyed soulsters, Shades Of Blue, on their "Oh How Happy" smash of 1966, and the same year sang lead for the Hollidays on their Golden World hit "I'll Love You Forever."

When Ric Tic sold out to Motown, Edwin Starr was luckier than some — but he still complained of the straitjacketing of his personal aspirations by the Motown machine.

Now that he's free it's going to be interesting to see whether he still has that 1965 drive and can overcome nearly ten years of stifling Motown constrictions. If he can, a lot of people are going to get pretty nervous about their own stature.

By the time he gets here "Pain", (not the Ohio Players song) should have a British outlet. Let's hope U.K. Motown don't put their reissue hat on again and confuse the issue.

BOB FISHER

SOUL CHARTS

US R&B TOP TWENTY

This/Last week

- 1 (2) THE HUSTLE — Van McCoy (Avco)
- 2 (6) FIGHT THE POWER PART I — The Isley Brothers (T-Neck)
- 3 (4) LOOK AT ME — Moments (Stang)
- 4 (5) SLIPPERY WHEN WET — Commodores (Motown)
- 5 (1) GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT — O'Jays (Phila. Int'l)
- 6 (9) SOONER OR LATER — Impressions (Custom)
- 7 (7) THE WAY WE WERE/TRY TO REMEMBER — Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)
- 8 (3) TAKE ME TO THE RIVER — Syl Johnson (Hi)
- 9 (3) ROCKIN' CHAIR — Gwen McCrae (Cat)
- 10 (15) JUST A LITTLE BIT OF YOU — Michael Jackson (Motown)
- 11 (14) I'LL DO FOR YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT ME TO — Barry White (20th Century)
- 12 (12) MISTER MAGIC — Grover Washington Jr. (Kudo)
- 13 (13) WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS — War (United Artists)
- 14 (16) SEXY — MFSB (Phila. Int'l)
- 15 (18) 7-6-5-4-2-1 (BLOW YOUR WHISTLE) — Gary Toms-Empire (P.J.P.)
- 16 (21) FREE MAN — South Shore Commission (Wand)
- 17 (22) DO IT IN THE NAME OF LOVE — Ben E. King (Atlantic)
- 18 (20) PLEASE PARDON ME — Rufus featuring Chaka Khan (ABC)
- 19 (11) LOVE WON'T LET ME WAIT — Major Harris (Atlantic)
- 20 (24) CHOCOLATE CITY — Parliaments (Casablanca)

Charts courtesy of "CASHBOX."

MAN

album. Lyrics that included lines like:

"You will not be able to stay home; you will not be able to plug in, turn on or drop out/ Because the revolution will not be televised"

There will not be pictures of pigs beating on black brothers on the instant replay... because the revolution gonna be LIVE..."

were chanted over an instant jazz-based funk riff to create a mood of fast, threatening excitement.

Not too happy with Flying Dutchman's rather poor promotion and distribution, Scott-Heron went next to the co-operatively owned Strata/East label but their smallness meant that the resultant "Winter In America" set was only readily available in East Coast cities.

It was his pacting with Arista founded by sacked Columbia Records' boss Clive Davis, which brought Scott-Heron to real prominence with his fifth album "The First Minute Of A New Day" (Arista ARTY 106), billed as being by "Gil Scott-Heron, Brian Jackson and the Midnight Band" and winning wide recognition.

Again it's essentially a musical offering with the one exception of "Pardon Our Analysis (We Beg Your Pardon)", a live recorded poem recitation in which Scott-Heron again gives a perceptive view of American

society's innate sickness, "an idea related to the H2O g-a-t-e blues".

*"We beg your pardon America/ We beg your pardon because the pardon you gave this time was not yours to give... Somebody said brother man gone break a window gone steal a hub-cap gonna smoke a joint brother man gonna go to jail/ The man who tried to steal America is not in jail/ Get caught with a nickle bag brother man, get caught with a nickel bag sister lady, on your way to get your hair fixed/ You'll do Big Ben and Big Ben is time/ But the man who tried to fix America will not do time."****

Pointed stuff most of it, accurate comment and not the inverse bigotry of the Last Poets and their like.

Gil Scott-Heron is a strong voice, and representative voice for an increasingly important minority. Anyone with an interest in modern American history and a matching liking for uncompromising black street music would do well to catch onto him.

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GIL SCOTT-HERON: soccer professional meets librarian makes wild-eyed street poet makes brilliant albums.



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Lookin' Back

The Fl

WHEN, TOWARDS the tail-end of 1969, the Flamin' Groovies' first Epic single "Rockin' Pneumonia" crashed the American Hot 100 at No. 27 (with a bullet), no one was more surprised than the band themselves.

Indeed, they were flabbergasted, stunned, over the flip-pin' moon, for was it not a truly remarkable achievement, an act of God (already) when you consider that aside from a few review copies no records had actually reached the shops?

No, it wasn't a bleeding miracle, it was a total cock-up; a prime example of the record industry being caught with its faded denims flapping around its Cuban heels, to the extent that the crimson glow of its Epic-logoeed buttocks was akin to California's very own Aurora Borealis.

As it transpired, it took the poor ole' Groovies much longer to live down the stigma than the label. But then, this is just one of the many disasters that have prevented the Flamin' Groovies from realising their full potential as one of America's definitive rock 'n' roll combos.

Before we go any further, let us emphasise that the Groovies are much more than a rock aficionado's recurring wet-dream. They are, and we're prepared to argue the point, the embodiment of the very best in American rock music.

The mighty irony about a band like the Groovies (and the MC5) is that they've never been fully accepted as prophets in their own country. It's been left to the faithful Europeans — in England and more so in France — to spread the word on their behalf.

The Groovies' history isn't by any stretch of the imagination a glorious affair. Neither is it a happy one. And it's a credit to their perseverance that they're still hanging-on-in-there (baby), despite being turned over enough times to now know who their friends aren't.

The said Groovies began life in 1965 as The Chosen Few; a Bay Area High School hop band featuring Cyril Jordan (guitar), Roy A. Loney (vocals), George Alexander (bass) and Tim Lynch (guitar). With the addition of Ron Greco (drums) 1966 found them trading under the name of Lost And Found in local Battle of the Of The Bands' contests.

By the summer of that year, they had temporarily disconnected — Cyril and Tim jetting over to Holland on a five dollars-a-day budget, while George threw in his lot with The Whistling Shrimp.

With everyone back in class for fall, Cyril, Tim and George reassembled and, with Shrimp drum star Danny Mihm, adopted the name of The Flamin' Groovies.

With a name like that how could they fail!

It was easy! Nevertheless, to celebrate their professional status they copped ten whole bucks for their debut gig at Deno-Carlos (a well known nitery) now renamed the Keystone Korner.

Alas, as 1967 reared its well-stoned psychedelic head, smashed San Franciscans were too pickled in acid to take advantage of the untold joys of a mucho macho bona fide rock band.

JUST THE other afternoon,



From the slime-infested lower reaches of the NME vaults. Seven men died bringing you this disturbing photograph.

Cyril Jordan took a retrospective view of the Groovies' chemical years.

"In the period between '65/'67," Jordan began, "the scene was really a clique. You had to be stoned to know what was going on around town. During those years, the scene was fantastic.

"It was mainly centred around the State College influx that took place on Haight and Carl Streets. A lot of college kids playing music and getting stoned.

"Out of this, the so-called San Francisco 'hip-scene' came into being. By the end of '67 it was over. Exploitation was the next gear. Outsiders came from everywhere to see what was going on and that destroyed Haight. People who had once harassed long-hairs as 'fags' were now sporting long hair because it had become mode.

"The Fillmore scene", Jordan continued, "was destroyed, mainly because it had moved to a cleaner part of town. You see, the Fillmore was originally situated in the worst part of town on Geary and Fillmore Streets — the black ghetto.

"Later on, Bill Graham decided to expand and moved his business to a large venue in a safer neighbourhood on Van Ness and Market Streets and retained the Fillmore West name.

Now every mother's son could come and pay his \$3.50 to see what was happening. R.I.P. all hipness."

Somehow in the almighty rush to record anything that wasn't too stoned to plug in a Mosrite guitar, the Groovies were overlooked. Though they had managed to build up a loyal if somewhat small local following, they were still without a record contract.

In desperation, they decided to pool their financial resources and any spare cash they could extort from their parents to launch their very own custom record label.

The first and only release on the Snazz label was a 10-inch album entitled "Sneakers." But tell me Cyril ole' Son, didn't

Acid hurt my brain

A journey to the armpit of Haight City.

ROY CARR takes you there.

MAX BELL brings you back.

10-inch albums go out with Rosemary Clooney's Greatest Hits?

"Well, we only had enough money to lay down seven songs at \$100 an hour in the old Coast Studios. Seven cuts were too many for an EP and not enough for a 12-inch LP so we decided upon the old 78 size."

Nice one Cyril! Seemingly, the Groovies' ability to sell somewhere in the region of 2,000 copies of "Sneakers" to the natives sufficiently impressed Epic Records to sign with Groovies' manager Alfred Kramer (formerly Graham's aide-de-camp).

The band's next acquisition was Steve Goldman — a thoroughly confused man, whose main problem in life was trying to get a half-decent studio sound level. It took Goldman no less than ten arduous weeks of the Groovies' life and \$80,000. Neither Epic nor the Groovies were amused.

In the wake of "Rockin' Pneumonia's" chart fiasco, small quantities of their solitary Epic album "Supersnazz" slipped almost un-announced

into a few record stores. File under "New Pop Group."

A second Epic single "Some-thin' Else" was released in February 1970 and nothing has been seen or heard of it since.

With a full date sheet and nothing but themselves to promote, they criss-crossed the entire North American continent before arriving back in 'Frisco. The acid scene had long since 'o.d.'d and love, dove and peace had been replaced by good ole' goolie grabbing rock 'n' roll, of which the Groovies had a premium. But still no record label.

With Bill Graham having moved his party to the Carousel Ballroom, the Groovies took over the lease on the old venue and began promoting their own gigs. Acting as house band, they played host to the Dead, Hot Tuna, the Floyd, the MC5, Alice, the Ig. Everything was going G-r-e-a-t G-r-o-o-v-i-e-s until their business manager decided to moonlight with the moola.

Once again, the Groovies packed their collective toothbrush and hit the road. This

time, not in search of fame and fortune but enough bread to keep them off Welfare.

Tired, broke and almost busted they hauled their ass into the Big Apple (New York). Enter Richard Robinson (Lisa's old man) who Kama Sutra'd Buddah Records for 16,000 greenbacks, which enabled them to get back home and record "Flamingo" under Robinson's supervision.

"Richard was a friend," said Jordan, "and let us do what we wanted. Considering what we knew about studios at that time, I think we all came up with an adequate sound."

Bloody marvellous would be more apt. For if the Groovies' previous recordings had left something to be desired, then "Flamingo" and its successor "Teenage Head," were, beyond doubt, the crystallization of some of the finest rock music ever recorded before or since by anyone and that includes the Stones.

Had the Groovies broken up immediately after recording this brace of albums nothing more could have been asked of them.

If "Flamingo" was the summation of ten years of American pop, then "Teenage Head" was the blueprint for the impending seventies rock renaissance.

There's no avoiding the conclusions that Cyril Jordan is one of America's great unsung exponents of the rock guitar ... a genetic extension of Scotty Moore, Cliff Gallup, James Burton and others of comparable calibre.

His solos are spontaneous outputs of raw energy, as inflammable as a freshly-flung Molotov Cocktail. When fused with Tim Lynch's alternative lead, they were in the Keith Richard-Brian Jones class.

Roy Loney, for his part, exercised his larynx on that bored-shitless stance that many vocalists try, but few get up.

Just when it appeared that the Groovies had surmounted their immediate problems, Tim Lynch was busted for draft evasion and coke dealing during the recording of "Teenage Head". Lynch was instantly replaced by Jim Farrell.

JORDAN EXPLAINS some of the circumstances surrounding Lynch's departure from the Groovies. "It seems as if greed was his motivation. It messed up a lot of commitments we had at the time, although I did enjoy laying down most of the guitar tracks on 'Teenage Head'."

"In fact, Tim's only performances are harp on the title track, lead vocal on '32.20' and rhythm guitar on the last three cuts on side two. There's not a trace of him on side one."

Despite "Flamingo" and "Teenage Head's" critical acclamation ("Comparable with 'Sticky Fingers'" wrote one revered scribe) both remained on the shelves before being dumped in America's bargain bins.

The Groovies were, by now, smouldering, ... and more than a little concerned as to where Roy Loney's teenage head was pointing.

Seemingly, Loney had cultivated an acute James Taylor fetish. "Roy had suddenly become the worst singer in the world

amin' Groovies

and he was trying to get the band to play songs so lame that even James Taylor himself wouldn't have done 'em."

Roy Loney was out, Chris Wilson in.

"I wouldn't have it any other way," insists Jordan, "You see Chris and I write all the originals. In case you didn't know, Chris is playing guitar now so our line-up is three guitars plus bass and drums which gives us the advantage of having that third guitar part on stage which enables us to reproduce the same sound as we go for in the studio."

Andrew Lauder (nee Alan Lord) played his hand round about now. Lauder, San Franciscoan archivist and United Artists Records (England) token Head, airmailed travel brochures and sufficient money to transport the Groovies to Mortimer Street.

In taking this one important step forward, the Groovies were to take two semi-disastrous steps backwards. Sure they still retained their high-adrenalin rush but, at that time, the Jordan-Wilson songwriting partnership wasn't in the same class as that of Jordan-Loney.

Of the four sides that UA released only one was an original and that was an old Jordan-Loney collaboration entitled "Slow Death" produced at Rockfield by Dave Edmunds.

"Before we even came to England, I knew I wanted Edmunds to produce us. As soon as I heard his record of 'I Hear You Knockin' I knew that Dave's music would be the only rock 'n' roll that I could relate to as far as what was going on in the seventies."

"You could almost say fate brought us together. Outside of meeting Brian Wilson, it was the biggest flash of our career. Rockfield is quite probably the heaviest studio in the world. Dave and Kingsley have given it a unique sound, just as Sam Phillips did with Sun."

NEVERTHELESS, SUCCESS was not forthcoming. Sure, the Groovies got it on in the provinces but when it was essential that they perform at their peak they failed to impress, the Roundhouse date being among their most notorious. At Bickershaw, though, they were superb.

"What is erratic about our performances," Jordan admits, "has just as much to do with the audiences we play for as with ourselves. When an audience is open and receptive and wants to be entertained it influences us to give all we have. But when we are on display and being judged objectively this reflects in our emotional involvement. We're all human!"

Aren't we all, but it's the human failing that's let the Groovies down on more than one occasion. Circumstances and a pretty duff road crew didn't help matters during their European jaunt. Nor the fact that they consumed £20,000 of UA's petty cash.

The French didn't concern themselves with such trivia and greeted the Groovies like The Second Coming. Another UA single — Frankie Lee Sims' "Married Woman" died a natural and the Groovies began humming "California Here We Come."

On their arrival home, Mihm split, as did his replacement Terry Rae. David Wright is now in the driving seat.

"We really enjoyed playing in Europe. The main reason we

came in the first place was because rock 'n' roll as a medium needs an audience with a lot of energy, which we found in abundance in England and on the Continent. The only places in the U.S. where this kind of energy can still be found is in the Mid-West and on the East Coast.

1972, and again the Flamin' Groovies had to face the ordeal of trying to get a label interested in a band who had now been around for eight years, had cost three major labels a helluva lotta loot, were big in Paris and yet in terms of selling power were still unproven.

Mercury and Capitol almost took the bait in the shape of a demo that included "Shake Some Action" and "Little Queenie".

While the wheelin' and dealin' continued, Sky Dog Records of Paris who are affiliated to their 7,000 strong Fan Club went ahead and released a single "Jumpin' Jack Flash" — which Keith Richard is favourably disposed to — and an EP called "Grease".

"Those tapes go way back to '71", Jordan recalls. "They were done in my old living room and recorded by a friend (Walt Zaks) who had a small Akai machine. I gave it to Sky Dog so we'd have it on wax, because it always sounds so much better that way."

Though Sky Dog is a small independent operation with very limited finance, the encouraging sales figures indicated that the Groovies were not in any way a spent force.

As a result, it enabled the Groovies to persuade their lifelong friend and greatest fan Greg Shaw to issue "You Tore Me Down" on his own Bomp label, though it's the flip — a reworking of the old Paul Revere & The Raiders' "Him Or Me (What's It Gonna Be?)" — which emphasises that the Flamin' Groovies have more to offer than any rock single you're going to have the opportunity of buying this or any other week.

The Flamin' Groovies — boy do we need 'em now!

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES DISCOGRAPHY

Singles:
Rockin' Pneumonia And The Boogie Woogie Flu/The First One's Free (Epic 5-10507).
Somethin' Else/Laurie Did It. (Epic 5-10564).
Have You Seen My Baby?/Yesterday's Number (Kama Sutra 527).
Slow Death/Tallahassie Lassie (UA UP 35392).
Married Woman/A Shot Of Rhythm & Blues (UA UP 35464).
Jumpin' Jack Flash/Blues For Phyllis (Sky Dog FGG 002).
You Tore Me Down/Him Or Me (What's It Gonna Be?) (Bomp 101).

EP:
"Grease": Let Me Rock/Dog Meat/Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller/Slow Death (Sky Dog FGG 001).

LPs:
"Sneaker": I'm Drowning/Babes In The Sky/Love Time/My Yada/Golden Clouds/The Slide/Prelude In A Flat Afternoon Of A Pud. (Snazz B-2371). (Being re-issued by Skydog Records shortly)

"Supersnazz": Love Have Mercy/The Girl Can't Help It/Laurie Did It/A Part From That/Rockin' Pneumonia And The Boogie Woogie Flu/The First One's Free/Pagan Rachel/Somethin' Else/Pistol Pickin' Mama/Brushfire/Bam Balam/Around The Corner. (Epic BN 26487).

"Flamingo": Gonna Rock Tonight/Comin' After Me/Headin' For The Texas Border/Sweet Roll Me On Down/Keep A Knockin'/Second Cousin/Childhood's End/Jailbait/She's Falling Apart/Road House. (Kama Sutra KSBS 2021).

"Teenage Head": High Flyin' Baby/City Lights/Have You Seen My Baby?/Yesterday's Numbers/Teenage Head/32-20/Evil Hearted Ada/Doctor Boogie/Whiskey Women. (Kama Sutra KSBS 2031).

NB. "Flamingo" & "Teenage Head" were issued as a budget price double in England on Buddah Select 2683003.

Copies of the "Sneakers" album are available for 15 dollars and the Bomp single for one dollar 50 from Who Put The Bomp, Box 7112, Burbank, California, USA.

'Ello. Here's another great single from Ian Hunter 'Who do you love'

CBS 3486

Another great
track from the
album
'Ian Hunter'
CBS 80710



News Desk



IKE & TINA CONCERTS

—and big London gigs by Tops and Kossoff

IKE AND TINA TURNER are coming to Britain in October, accompanied by the Ikettes and their full touring revue. Their visit is planned as part of an extensive European tour although, at this stage, they are only scheduled to play two dates in this country — one in London, the other in the provinces.

The London gig is at the Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, October 24, when they will play two performances at 6.45 and 9 p.m. The other venue has not yet been finalised, but is expected to be in Birmingham. Tickets for the Hammersmith shows are now available by post and are priced at £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1.

● THE FOUR TOPS will also be playing Hammersmith Odeon during their previously-reported autumn tour. They give two performances at this venue on Sunday, November 15 (6.45 and 9 p.m.) with tickets priced at £3, £2.50 and £2. The Tops will be playing an extensive concert and cabaret tour, full details of which — together

with support act — will be announced in a week or two.

● PAUL KOSSOFF's Back Street Crawler are yet another act scheduled for a major concert at Hammersmith Odeon, where they give a single performance on Sunday, October 12 at 7.30 p.m. (tickets £1.50, £1.25 and £1). As reported last week, the band will be touring in the autumn to tie in with the release of their first album on Atlantic, with whom they have just signed. Provincial dates are still being finalised and will be announced shortly.

● CLIFF RICHARD will appear at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, October 30. It will be a charity gig (£2, £1.50 and £1) in aid of the Arts Centre, and is the highlight of a nationwide concert tour currently being set up. This main tour will be preceded by a short gospel tour, and details of both itineraries are now being finalised.

● BARCLAY JAMES HART have also chosen Hammersmith as their major London venue, when they tour Britain in October. They appear at this venue on October 23, and provincial dates are now being finalised.

GALLAGHER'S NEXT TOUR IN DECEMBER

RORY GALLAGHER is to headline another British concert tour in December, it was announced this week. The three-week itinerary will include dates in Scotland and Wales, and it will culminate in a special seasonal performance at a leading London venue immediately before Christmas. Meanwhile, Gallagher opens a nine-week American tour on August 30, and plans are in hand for another live album to be recorded during the course of his U.S. schedule. Last weekend he visited Belgium, where he was presented on TV with the Golden Lion Award as the 'Best Live Performer Of The Year'.

Beeb's new policy for picking our Euro-song

BRITAIN'S entry for the 1976 Eurovision Song Contest will be chosen by way of a national song competition, with the finals televised from London Royal Albert Hall on February 25, announced BBC-TV light entertainment chief Bill Cotton. This marks a complete reversal of the Corporation's previous policy, which has always been to select a specific artist to represent Britain, and then to invite songs to be written specially for him or her.

Under the new system, com-

posers and publishers will be asked to choose the artist they would like to perform their song. After all the entries have been whittled down to a short list (by the Music Publishers' Association and the Songwriters' Guild), the final 12 — each performed by a different artist or group — will go forward to the Albert Hall contest. Voting will be by regional juries and not by postal vote, and the winning song and artist will qualify as the U.K. entry in the Eurovision event in Amsterdam on April 3.

ROD'S PLAN FOR 1976 SOLO TOUR

ROD STEWART revealed to the NME last week that he is planning a solo tour of Europe next year, playing principal venues in key cities — including an appearance at London Royal Festival Hall. He added that he will use the Stax house band, the MG's, as his backing group — augmented by a 15-piece orchestra.

The possibility of an imminent Faces split was also discussed by Stewart, who revealed that they are now closer to breaking up than at any time in the past. But he stressed that this is a hurdle which he thinks, and hopes, can be overcome.

'Faces close to split; it'll be soon or never'

Said Stewart: "I've no idea what is going to happen to the band after this tour. The Faces are my first love, but it's true to say that we're as close to splitting now as we have ever been. Even so, I reckon that if we don't break up in the next couple of months, we never shall."

The Faces are due to start a two-month U.S. tour in mid-August, and presumably Stewart was referring to this commitment when suggesting that the next two months are crucial in determining

the band's future. After their American dates, the Faces are scheduled to go on a world tour taking in the Far East and Europe, and culminating — in the spring of next year — in British concerts.

If the group decide to remain together as a unit after the two-month deadline suggested by Stewart, his solo European tour would obviously not take place until after the Faces had completed their world travels.

Stewart also said that drum-

mer Kenny Jones' comments, reported in last week's NME, were "unfair." Jones had claimed that he had lost an estimated £80,000, as the result of gigs being cancelled when Stewart suddenly decided to quit Britain. Stewart commented: "That was so unfair, because everyone knows we were all going to live in the States. And in any case, those British gigs were never on, because Ron Wood was tied up working with the Stones."

Warner Brothers are to release a new Rod Stewart solo single on August 8. Penned by Gavin Sutherland (of the Sutherland Brothers & Quiver), it is titled "Sailin'", and it is extracted from his album "Atlantic Crossing" which comes out the next week.

● Rod Stewart interview in full, see page 5.



Paul Simon visit is now confirmed

IT HAS NOW been officially confirmed that Paul Simon is coming to Britain in the autumn, as exclusively forecast by NME two weeks ago. He is expected to play four solo concerts during his visit, two of which will be at London Royal Albert Hall, with the other two at yet-to-be-decided provincial venues.

The precise dates of his concerts have not yet been deter-

mined but it is almost certain that they will take place in early December, and they will be his first gigs in this country for 2½ years.

Meanwhile there is continued speculation, particularly in the States, regarding a possible Simon & Garfunkel reunion for a one-off concert tour — although, if it materialises, it is unlikely to take place before next year at the earliest.

GONG: TOUR DELAY AS DAVISON QUILTS

DRUMMER Brian Davison has left Gong at short notice and, as a result, the band's projected British mini-tour in August (reported last week) has had to be re-arranged. Davison quit Gong because of what are described as "irreconcilable differences". The band are now hoping that their former drummer Pierre Moerlin will be able to re-join them in a few weeks' time.

In the assumption that Moerlin will be able to take over, they have re-scheduled their concert at Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (planned for August 9) for September 6. And their three-day stint at London Marquee Club will now be on September 8, 9 and 10 — exactly four weeks after the dates originally set. The other four gigs announced last week will now be incorporated

into the band's extensive British tour in November.

By the time the new drummer has been confirmed, Gong will have expanded into a six-piece, as keyboards man Patrice Lemoine is joining the line-up. Existing personnel are Steve Hillage (guitar and vocals), Mike Howlett (bass), Miquette Giraudi (vocals) and Didier Malherbe (reeds).

JACKSON 5 IN DISPUTE

THE JACKSON 5 may have to change their name — if a court ruling, soon to be heard in America, goes against them. As previously reported the group have announced that they are switching to the Epic label in March, after the expiry of their current contract with Tamla Motown. The only exception is Jermaine Jackson, who wants to remain with Tamla as a soloist, although he is apparently willing to record with the group for Epic. Now Tamla are taking the matter to court, claiming that they hold the copyright of the name "Jackson 5". If this were proved, it would mean Epic having to issue their recordings under a different name.

Eagles in Wembley festival?

THE ANNUAL International Festival of Country Music, which is staged at Wembley Empire Pool every Easter, will next year be extended into a three-day event. Promoter Mervyn Conn is planning to present a bill of contemporary country acts on the additional day — Easter Monday, April 19. And among the acts who have been short-listed for this show, and are currently under negotiation, are the Eagles and Country Gazette.

Supremes due, but Cunard stint off

THE SUPREMES are still coming to Britain at the end of August, despite the cancellation of their projected week-long season at the Cunard-International Hotel in West London, scheduled to start on August 25. This venue is curtailing its big-name cabaret venture by four weeks, although there is a possibility of a less ambitious policy opening up in the near future.

It had originally been planned for the Supremes to play the Cunard, and then to undertake a

concert tour of Britain. They will in fact still play these concert dates, and details will be announced within a week or two. A spokesman for promoter Danny O'Donovan told NME: "The girls will still be coming in on the date originally planned, and we are now lining up another cabaret engagement for the first week of their visit."

● First concert date to be confirmed for the Supremes, with Sweet Sensation supporting, is at Croydon Fairfield Hall on September 7.

LINDA CARR IN CONCERT

LINDA CARR, currently figuring in the charts with her single "High Wire," will spend the whole of September touring Britain. She kicks off with four concerts on the previously-reported Chi-Lites' tour, on which she is appearing as special guest star — these are at Newcastle City Hall (September 2), Southampton Gaumont (4), Ipswich Gaumont (5) and London Hammersmith Odeon (6). Subsequent concert, cabaret and club dates by Linda are still being finalised and will be announced shortly.

Extra Bohannon

HAMILTON BOHANNON is to play several additional dates during his debut British tour starting in mid-August. The extra gigs are at Margate Dreamland (August 15), Plymouth Top Rank (20), Spennymoor Top Hat (23), Bournemouth Village Bowl (26), London Lyceum replacing Bury St. Edmunds (29), Watford Bailey's (September 3), Birmingham Barbarella's (5) and Manchester Free Trade Hall (7).

STOP PRESS

Wingfield gigs soon

FOLLOWING HIS recent emergence as a solo performer, Pete Wingfield is to undertake a series of selected concert appearances in the early autumn. Currently high in the NME Chart with his solo single "Eighteen With A Bullet," Wingfield's venues are at present being lined up by Alec Leslie Entertainments. The first to be confirmed is at Croydon Fairfield Hall on Sunday, September 28 (tickets £1.50, £1.25 and £1).

Transfer due

MANHATTAN TRANSFER make their British debut with a special one-off-show at London Kensington Biba's on Wednesday, August 20 at 8 p.m. Tickets at £4.50 including dinner.

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Playing In The Band

The amazing guitar of Amos Garrett

THE amazing who? Well, ol' Amos is currently appearing with Maria Muldaur's band — and astonishing both rich and poor alike with his technique. REX ANDERSON met him at Ronnie's and gleaned some interesting facts

MY CREDIBILITY quotient may be high with you lot because you're just gullible public and I'm an ace con artist, but with the real musicians' fraternity I'm generally regarded as a parasitic ligger who has to be endured.

So it came as a pleasant change to me last year when a number of notable guitarists (well, three) started asking my advice.

The advice they wanted was: (a) who was the genius who put the guitar solo on "Midnight At The Oasis", and (b) how did he do it? The answer to the first question I knew. It was Amos Garrett. That upped my credibility quotient slightly. The answer to the second question I didn't know. Neither did anyone else.

Me and Pete and Eric and Ian (Ian?) discussed this vexing puzzle and finally came up with two possible solutions. Either he had an electronic device (or a mass of devices) of which we weren't aware, or he had some kind of slide guitar technique and a weird tuning.

In either case he must have been out of his head when he did it.

Well, one night last week I went to Ronnie's with me mate and there was the delectable Miss Maria Muldaur and a gang of musicians who made The Eagles look like The Bay City Rollers (sorry Tam). And there was our Amos demonstrating the technique that aroused so much speculation. And that's just what it is: technique!

He's got an Epiphone and a Fender Twin Reverb. No Echoplex, no sustain unit, no bottleneck, no string bender, not even a footpedal. The man's the most amazing musician I've ever seen.

I'll pass over the fact that he also plays trombone and sings

resonant bass harmonies and get down to the facts gleaned from him in subsequent interview.

The Epiphone is a Sheraton — not one I'm familiar with.

"No," he says in response to the inevitable question, "it's nothing to do with ITT but a lot to do with Gibson. It's a hollow body guitar with single wound pick-ups and was a sort of prototype for the Gibson 335 and 345 lines. There weren't a lot made and if anyone knows of another one I'd like to hear about it."

Apparently, up to two years ago he was playing Fenders but then he found the Sheraton. "It has a lot more tone and will still cut. Gibsons are a little too muddy for my liking."

So account for the sounds you get, Amos:

"I can play a clean tone without distortion and sustain it by riding my volume control. The only trouble with this guitar is that the controls on it are a little distant from the fingering position. The only customising I've done is re-wire the controls so that instead of two separate volume and tone controls there is just master volume and master tone and a toggle switch."

So normally he plays with the control on half volume and when he wants to sustain his hand flicks out and turns it up. He also says that he bends the strings a lot — up to half an octave on the second and third strings, which explains the slide effects on "Midnight".

You must use very light strings then.

"Not that light. I have a 009 on the first, 011 second, 017 third. The make doesn't matter to me. I buy them individually. The bottom strings are comparatively heavy; 026, 036 and 046. I use Fender and Darco a lot of the time. Dan Armstrong strings seem to have the best lasting ability, but you can only buy them in sets."

I should explain that a little of his technique is explained by the fact that he plays finger style (my hero) using metal picks on first and second finger, the nails on third and fourth (!) and a plastic thumb pick.

He will bend up to three strings simultaneously. He says he developed the technique around eight years ago when he was playing more country music and working on a method of imitating the sound of a pedal

steel. He found there were certain positions on the neck where he could bend more than one string effectively.

There seems to be some jazz influence in there too.

"I always have listened to a lot of jazz. I'm a fan of the big band period, before swing. People like Paul Whiteman and Bix Beiderbecke. I play lines rather than chords, but not scales. I try to play a more melodic unit. I put together a counter melody for a solo."

One of the amazing things is the degree of sensitivity in his playing. Even when he's not touching the controls, the volume will vary considerably just note by note. I find this astounding on an electric guitar which, when I handle one, always wants to play everything at the volume I've set.

"No, an electric guitar has greater latitude in volume and sensitivity than an acoustic guitar. With a lot of people who convert from acoustic to electric guitar the first problem is the incredible volume and dynamic range."

There goes my credibility quotient again.

Amos started out on electric and then switched to acoustic which he played almost solely for seven years while backing various people during the folk boom. However, in answer to my question about dynamics he points out that he does have several different playing surfaces: picks, nails, paps.

He says he would like to just use his nails and do away with the metal picks, but he has weak nails and hasn't found anything to strengthen them or a useable set of false nails.

Another thing that helps

make his playing distinctive is the 'holes' he leaves. However, he admits that although the holes are often more effective than the notes, and usually come in to add rhythmic emphasis, there are occasions when he'll leave one because he needs time to think, or because he's trapped.

He plays over the full length of the neck. "I don't even think of positions in the technical guitar sense. I try to stay away from that."

His influences are, to begin with, the rockabilly guitarists who came out of Memphis, and he mentions names like James Burdon, Reg Nichols and Scotty Moore. Then there's jazz, and various people he's played with.

He was in the Paul Butterfield band round about the time of Woodstock. He and Geoff Muldaur tried to put a band together and it didn't work.

They were both in the Butterfield Better Days Band for two years, during which period there were two albums — probably unobtainable here now.

Then he was in Geoff and Maria's band and did two albums with them. Apart from the two Maria Muldaur albums, recent Ann Murray albums and the Emylou Harris masterpiece (go out and buy one or I'll come round and kick you in the AC30), most of the albums he has featured on never saw the light of day in the UK.

If you want to hear more and you've got all those, then look out for the Geoff Muldaur album which is on the way, and for someone called Diane Brooks — a new soul lady who's finishing off her first album in the US.

Roadrunners



STALLION: Tich Turner (25), vocals, flute; Vic Bridger (26), guitar; Phil Thornton (18), keyboards; Roger Carey (19), bass; Steve Demetris (22), drums.

STALLION'S curriculum vitae arrives in a glossy blue holder with an MCA logo on it. The band, however, do not have a recording contract and, they say, are not being auditioned for one. MCA is the Martin-Casson Agency, based in their home town of St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Stallion formed in August 1973, though the members had been "in and out of local bands for years". They have no regular venues but work intermittently on the London pub circuit and in the universities and a few northern clubs. They play approximately three gigs a week for around £50 apiece.

Despite the fact that during their self-composed classical rock set the vocalist dons a skeleton outfit ("to bring over the effect of music from the body"), Stallion are finding it hard to get regular work.

"There's a lack of support work," they claim, "owing to most big bands having their own support put in by their management."

Commenting on the attitude of promoters towards them, the spokesperson continues:

"Because of the surplus amount of rock bands on the scene I feel that many are treated with indifference . . . there is not enough work to go round and promoters take advantage of this and pay rock bottom fees which many bands gladly accept."

Stallion's ambition is to become established and recognised for their music. Last February they released a single — "Skinny Kid/Cobra" — which they made, produced and released themselves.

● STALLION can be contacted through their manager, Paul Casson, Martin-Casson Agency, 15 Silchester Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. Hastings 422750 (3 lines).

On the banks of a fish dinner

New angle on Gong's STEVE HILLAGE — the world's leading exponent of Fish Rock. CHRIS SALEWICZ dons his wellies to interview this strange individual, learns that fish can be divided into three levels and marvels at the revelations of the ultimate cosmic joust.

Hillage is not a loony. Sorry about all this.

WE ARE having lunch in The Trout Inn, Wolvercote, near Oxford. Outside, the lock's sides are barged nonstop by visible bream. As Steve Hillage furls a piece of smoked salmon around his fork and moves it from his "Seafood Platter" up towards his mouth the medalion dangling around his neck slips out from beneath his vest.

The medalion is in the shape of a fish.

Steve Hillage is guitarist with the group Gong. He has made a solo album. The solo album is entitled "Fish Rising."

The "first step" towards "Fish Rising" was "Space Shanties," an album released on Decca by Hillage's band Khan. Khan Mi II — formed with Dave Stewart, now keyboards player with Hatfield and the North who was to have performed much of the material when the guitarist broke up the band to join Gong.

The songs were, "Put in me gander-bag and sort of kept for a while." Until roughly the time that "You," the last Gong album, was recorded when they were taken out of the gander-bag for some concurrent recording sessions.

"The interview alors," splutters Hillage through a mouthful of mussels.

Okay then. Vertebrate are cold-blooded animals. The only Food That Man Still Goes Out To Hunt. The fish obsession. Why fish?

"Fish?"

That's right. F-I-S-H.

"Well, I divide the subject of fish into three levels," says Hillage with a contentedly glazed swirl of the eyeballs.

"The first level is the Me Level in which ever since I was a young lad I was passionately

interested in angling and fish and just the whole underwater thing. Ever since I read *The Observer's Book Of Freshwater Fish*. That's about the first book I ever read and it influenced me profoundly.

"And I took up angling at the age of eight, which was also the same age I started playing the guitar."

One searches for the least trace of facetiousness. There is none.

You liked fish?

"Yeah. I loved them."

Yet every weekend you and three and a half million other people in this island — who would probably all claim to love fish — are prepared to rip to pieces the mouths of these thoroughly innocuous creatures for the sake of mere sport. And you a neo-hippy at that. Where fore luv'n'peace now?

"Quite right. Although the whole English angling vibe, in fact, is to put the fish back. On the highest ethical plane — in terms of tampering with nature — it's not really right. If one's going to actually eat a fish I think it's perfectly justifiable to catch one and kill it because the fish you eat are generally just dragged up by a net in a rather impersonal way . . ."

A one-to-one relationship between the fish and your stomach is more desirable, eh?

Hurts you more than it does them, I suppose.

Hillage frowns didactically: "In fact ecologists say that fish don't feel the pain of a hook. They feel it like a tickle."

Just like Linda Lovelace, huh?

"Oh yeah. The fish really get off on it, man. It's their whole trip . . . But playing a fish is like some archetypal cosmic joust."

Playing a fish is like some archetypal cosmic joust???

He nods, nonplussed: "I can assure you that if you ever

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STEVE HILLAGE: "The fish really get off on it man... it's their whole trip".

went fishing and you sat there for about three hours waiting for a bite and suddenly your rod went like that" — removes forefinger from fork to demonstrate desired effect — "and picked it up and felt about 4,000 submarines on the other end pulling at the speed of rockets... phew. Really is a phenomenon.

"It's like some kind of vast self-perpetuating thing is piscatology. If you're really interested in fish you have to start fishing. It's a strange sort of thrill and lures many, many people."

Could I get lured?
"Don't know. I mean if you're into fish there's nothing that's just as good. There's two rivers in Hampshire — the rivers Avon and Stour — which are fantastic rivers for barbel which are, in fact, my favourite fish. One can spend a whole day just watching them.

"Uncannily, though, a day's fish-watching often compels one to spend a day fishing."

Never before have I come across such a lucid, philosophical stance from a fisherman in defence of his cold-blooded sport. Talking of which, do you ever do it stoned?

"It's not so good... There's another aspect of fishing which is like the Zen aspect, you know? One has to sit in perfect faith that a fish is going to appear and give you a bite. One has to concentrate either on the tip of the rod or on the float for vast lengths of time.

"If you're a bit stoned you tend to imagine bites and see the float turning into a cathedral or something. And also one's reactions are a bit impaired.

"Anyway, that's the first phase of fishing which from a

strictly ethical point of view is like a gross interference with nature."

What about the one that got away, huh?

"Ah. Now that's another thing. You know on my record there's a song called 'The Fish'?"

Yes, yes. I did rather notice that, somehow.

"Well then, I went to take the pictures for the back cover every time I played one of the riffs from that song I got a bite. I only did it a few times because I didn't want to blow it.

"I'm planning to go fishing and to take 'The Salmon Song' on a cassette and play it to them," he adds conspiratorially.

So truth really is stronger than fiction, huh?

"Now the second level is Fish Music."

"When I got the pedals and echoes and all sorts of sound effects I found it very easy to imagine an underwater music, you know." Hillage emphasises with a flourish of a greasy fish knife: "With all those echoing phased noises I started imagining tides and octopuses and fish that were swimming about — it was a birth of a way of like hearing electronic music.

"Personally I call it Fish Rock. Fish music was something that I got particularly interested in. It led to me being dubbed The Submarine Captain by David Allen in the Gong mythology.

"Also I'm very intrigued by the lost continent of Atlantis. And underwater music associates for me with lots of other vibes as well. Any that's Fish Music. I wouldn't say my music was only Fish music but it's one aspect of it."

You must expect of course,

that anybody who hasn't been given this thoroughly lucid explanation could still be just a little perplexed as to why you're making an album about fish at all.

"Well, you must understand that there's this area in Gong which — to put it intellectually — is the area where metaphysics meets metaphysics. Pataphysics is like The Theatre Of The Absurd."

So the whole thing of Gong can be seen from that point of view. So the fish can be seen in the same way as the Gong story about working with more conventional symbols."

More conventional absurdity?

"Yeah. Rather than trying to construct a complete Absurd/Metaphysical world of its own it's a bit more related to outside world symbolism.

"Which of course is the third level of The Fish in that there is a vast amount of symbolism associated with fish and fishing. From fishers of men to like the alchemist waiting for his operation to happen — it's rather like waiting for a bite.

(Huh?).
"In a lot of meditation it's like the idea of a sex energy transmuted by sort of concentration exercises. That's another thing that's associated with fish — the fish as phallic symbol.

"I mean I'm very interested in blending electric rock music with esoteric ideas and The Fish seemed to be a vehicle for that. In a way it's meant to be a bit confusing because it propounds enigmas that in a way can be quite fruitful for us all.

"I can blend my musical trip with my mental wank trip — that's why I like being in Gong."

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FAMILY *The Best of* 2.99 2.20

BRYAN FERRY *Another time, another place*



208 RADIO LUXEMBOURG SUMMER TOUR

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

This week you can still see RADIO LUXEMBOURG'S TONY PRINCE on Saturday (August 2) at EASTBOURNE. Meet him at MIDDAY at COMPLETE AUDIO SYSTEMS, 32 Grove Road and at 4 p.m. that same afternoon at JOHN BARKER, 177/187 Terminus Road, Eastbourne.

Next week's 208 SUMMER TOUR dates:

BRIGHTON, AUGUST 4

208 DJ PETER POWELL will be at FINE RECORDS, 19 Brighton Square at 12.30 p.m. and at JEAN JUNCTION, 63/64 Western Road at 4 p.m.

EVENING DISCO — See local Press for details.

WORTHING, AUGUST 6

See PETER POWELL at FINE RECORD, 11 Montague Street, Worthing at 12.30 p.m.

EVENING DISCO — PETER POWELL plus JIGSAW at WORTHING PIER.

PORTSMOUTH, AUGUST 7

PETER POWELL appears at HMV, Commercial Road, Portsmouth.

EVENING DISCO — PETER POWELL and JIGSAW at MECCA LOCARNO, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

ISLE OF WIGHT, AUGUST 8

PETER POWELL will be at STUDIO 4, High Street, Ryde at 1 p.m.

EVENING DISCO — PETER POWELL plus JIGSAW at the CAROUSEL Club, Ryde.

BOURNEMOUTH, AUGUST 9

208's PETER POWELL at GENERATION GAP, 823 Wimbourne Road, Bournemouth, at 1 p.m. At 4 p.m. PETER POWELL will be at MUSTANG (LEVI'S STOCKISTS), 80 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

EVENING DISCO — PETER POWELL and JIGSAW at THE VILLAGE, Bournemouth..

208 DJ TONY PRINCE returns for a second week on the 208 SUMMER TOUR and full details will be in next week's NME and nightly on Radio Luxembourg . . .

. . . BRITAIN'S ONE AND ONLY NATIONAL COMMERCIAL RADIO STATION

ON

Revealed— the sinister secret of the anonymous grey vans...



A LOT OF hard-headed forethought is going to be necessary for next year's Cambridge Folk Festival if its worldwide reputation as the best event of its kind is to survive. For while the organisation of this year's festival would still leave any comparable rock event standing at the starting blocks, nevertheless by its own standards distinct signs of strain have obviously set in.

Cambridge's worst enemy at the moment is its own success. This year's official attendance figure was around 18,000 up from 15,000 last year, and an average of 10,000 only a few years ago. Unofficially though, the attendance over the three day weekend event was certainly well over 20,000.

Security officials with "unforeseen problems" to, allowed many visitors happily to walk through entrances, unable to find anyone to give the money to.

Toilet and catering facilities were strained to cope. This was, for the catering at least, probably just as well considering the rip-off prices asked (small fish and chips at 50 pence!). Otherwise, most of the crowd seemed mostly comfortable. The sun shone, would-be musicians mused, listeners listened (to music from either of two main stages, various workshop tents, and the countless groups of musicians, everyone from headline acts to you most modest Sunday picker, gathered on lawns and around tents to jam), drunkards drank; and narcs narked, furtively but nonetheless viciously ferreting out any whiff of a joint amongst the mass of predominantly alcohol and sun-wasted bodies, retiring with specially selected guests for more exclusive performances in well-concealed caravans.

It was evident that their ability to make these busts was possible only with the co-operation of the festival organisation, which kinda makes a mockery of organiser Ken Wollard's claim that "police presence is always low" and that "one always fears trouble because it can happen at any time and any place but somehow I don't think the kids would put up with it".

Low profile maybe, but hardly low presence, Ken!

The only trouble I saw over the three days was caused by self-same narcs.

Needless to say the "kids" put up with it.

Top: the lovely Linda T. Below: the wonderful Richard D.

HAVE YOU GONE **FRANTIC** YET?

THE TOWN

CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

REPORT BY ROD McSHANE

Pics by IAN DICKSON



STILL THAT'S the only point on which the festival organisation sounds positively hypocritical. True, the overall facade of no official billing of the thirty-two scheduled acts has now worn thinner than ever with bands of the calibre of David Bromberg's, and Richard and Linda Thompson's competing for strictly limited stage time with some very run-of-the-mill soloists.

True, with more electric or semi-electric bands than ever the arrangements for setting up onstage are grossly inadequate, chopping precious minutes off schedules. And the PAs are still hopelessly inadequate for the distances the sound has to travel.

But the gloomy cast of the above couldn't deter most everyone present (and that includes yours truly, folks) from having a bloody good time.

My biggest frustration was none of the above, but getting to hear everyone I wanted to hear without suffering aural overkill.

The simultaneous schedules for Stages 1 and 2 often seemed to be wilfully conspiring to prevent this. Of the nine of ten overseas visitors the only one I missed was Leo Kottke — whom, I'm told, went down a whizz on 24-string bottleneck. I had looked forward to hearing both the European acts, Malicorne, formed by ex-Stivell guitarist Gabriel Tacoub, and

the Hans'che Weiss Quintett, an authentic Gypsy band from Germany whose instrumental lineup is identical to that of Django Reinhardt's legendary Hot Club Quintet.

Malicorne were an instant success with a highly original sound, medieval/renaissance orientated with spinet, dulcimer, crumhorn and hurdy-gurdy emphasized at different times, but with nothing like the gormless Gryphon manage to

bring to similar music. Yacoub, a non-Breton, left Stivell's group to play and sing traditional French music with his wife Marie, later adding Hughes de Courson (bass and crumhorns) and Laurent Verchambre on violin to form Malicorne.

Verchambre's arrangements exploit the distinctive sounds of the various instruments. But melodically, the songs recall some of Stivell's and the arrangements bring to mind

...And we're not talking about the folkies' Dormobiles

Steeleye Span. Marie and Gabriel's harmonies are very unusual. Verchambre's classical violin background (he works out the arrangements) and de Courson's funky basswork allow Malicorne the best of two worlds, and a lot of the music works well as dance music.

Both Friday evening and Saturday afternoon sets were fine, but their best patch was an accappella rendering of a children's Easter song followed by a conscription song ending in a jig led by the violin, and taken up and played out by the crumhorn in a scrupulously measured tempo. Malicorne don't have a record deal here yet but this showing should find them one for their first album, currently only available on import.

The Hans'che Weiss Quintett played the first of three sets on a very hot Saturday afternoon. With no English between the five of them they were initially shy and extremely nervous. A reassuring crowd opened them up, however, and the result was some fine Django one-two-one-two swing featuring both Hot Club and Ellington swing standards. Violinist Titi Winterstein's style is somewhere between Stephane Grappelli and traditional Hungarian gypsy, speedier than Grappelli but, like the rest of the band, adhering to the tightness of Reinhardt's ensembles more than to the looser, flightier gypsy music.

Irish four-piece electric band Spud preceded the Quintett, but had a lukewarm reception by Cambridge standards. Predictably the jigs and reels went down best but they'd have been better served by an evening spot. The more fey material is being gradually weeded out of their repertoire and if a projected second album to be produced by Simon Nicol and a British tour supporting Richard and Linda Thompson come off later this year, they could be on their way to a success beyond the Irish pub/college circuit where they've built their following. But they could use a fifth member on drums.

This year's visiting American acts were Tom Rush, the David Bromberg Band, autoharp player Brian Bowers, and Leo Kottke. Unknown quantities Bromberg and Bowers immediately justified their presence on the bill.

Bowers must be one of the

• Continued on page 34



Top: Outside the Gas Ovens, disgusting half-naked Feds disport indecently. Right: Tom Rush's moustache. Far right: the Bavarian gypsies with the unpronounceable names and hot pickin' technique. Below: Leo Kottke.

MAIL ORDER IS STILL

FRANTIC

Midnight at Ronnie's: rocking jet-lag and the first-night blues

Pic: KATE SIMON.

Maria Muldaur

RONNIE SCOTT'S

IT WASN'T until three-quarters of the way through that I worked out the scenario.

Dig it: imagine that "The Fugitive" was still being shown on TV, and Richard Kimball is doing the hell-hound-on-my-trail bit through Arizona — the same drive taken by Janet Leigh in "Psycho", if you like — and he pulls up to this roadhouse for a brew and a quick meditate on his troubles.

A silent sympathetic bartender places a beer before him and he twitches strategic areas of his profile to indicate great spiritual suffering, allows his pockmarks to show in the momentary glare of his cigarette lighter, etcetera... and then the band comes on, playing to him and the bartender and the common-flirty-looking-about-thirty hooker in the corner.

They whip out a few hot licks and then on comes the singer. It's a cameo guest role by none other than Maria Muldaur, and she bops on with a strange form of plant life tucked behind her right ear — some weird cross between a camelia and a starfish so nasty it disgusts you to see it — and sings "Midnight At The Oasis", and then comes over to sit by Kimball for five minutes to swap platitudes (artfully scripted by Harlan Ellison under a pseudonym) before our hero sets off into the night once more.

A while ago in *Oui* magazine, writer Craig Karpel suggested that certain artists are "employed by American culture" to do certain things: like Bette Midler is employed to say, "It's thuh pits!", for instance.

Maria Muldaur is employed to deliver sanforized double-glazed deluxe prime-time TV roadhouse music.

MARIA MULDAUR has a great band; she knows how to distribute her vocal mannerisms more than appealingly through the set, and in the now long-gone days when I was a male chauvinist pig I would've said that she shook a mean ass. Monday night at Ronnie's she was fresh off the plane and probably jet-lagged out of her skull, but the fact remains that that night the mustard remained resolutely uncut.

Hypothesis: if music is extremely well-performed, basic flaws in its concept may be camouflaged from the audience by the brilliance of its execution. But — as my Aunt Jemima used to say — when y'all rip off the wallpaper, folks kin see th' cracks in the plaster, *nicht wahr?*

All kinds of humans whose opinions I have been known to respect occasionally have at times been thoroughly whelmed by Ms Muldaur's Sensuous-Olive winsomeness, vocal technique, sensitivity, General Non-specific Wonderfulness And Beauty Of Character, Etc. These folks, however, were privileged to see her play a great gig in the States and (see hypothesis above) fell victim to what we shall, for want of a more appropriate term, refer to henceforth as The Muldaur Effect (a).

At Ronnie's it wasn't quite working, which was all the more irritating because it was plainly obvious what it would have been like if it *had* worked. Without the protective coating of the Muldaur Effect (a) to in-



MARIA: the effect is underwhelming

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY remains immune to the sultry charms of the belle from Boston.

ulate it, the true nature of The Muldaur Effect (b) became apparent.

The Muldaur Effect (b) is That For Which Many People Like Her (and conversely, many people not).

And Whut Dat Is is the common texture to which she reduces all the different musics from which she draws.

This textural reduction is often confused with versatility since both involve the assimilation of a variety of styles, ethos (ethi? ethes?) and structural/stylistic devices. One approach absorbs the different musics into one music while simultaneously respecting their integrities; the other simply locates the precise degree of uniformity to which they can be reduced in order to stay within the limitations of the artist.

Which raises the entire ques-

tion of the nature of the interpretive artist... but that is a tale for another time. For right now, suffice it to say that Ms Muldaur (despite vocal technique, charm, fabulous navel etc.) falls decisively into the latter category.

Sure, she went right across the board — swing, gospel, jazz, pop-soul, all shades of country, blues, folk — and her band were fine; Amos Garrett justified his massive reputation within his first eight bars, co-guitarist Dave Wilcox played the most absurdly bravura slide solos imaginable, they sang fine harmonies... you name it. But the bland nature of Ms Muldaur's vanilla ice-cream approach to her music became devastatingly clear when her pianist, a Loudon Wainwright look-alike named Mike Finnegan, got his chance to open up his

vocal chords and act as featured lead vocalist on "Part Time Love."

Mama, he cut her to pieces.

Mike Finnegan is one of the best, if not *the* best, white blues singer I've ever heard. Just sat way back there behind the piano and sang like Bobby Bland. Completely wiped out Muldaur's first set.

Lots of people really respond to Ms Muldaur's pre-chewed approach — and performed with more energy and intensity, it'd undoubtedly have seemed much less vapid than it did.

But, sad to relate, vapid it will continue to seem until Maria Muldaur is no longer willing to iron all the lumps out of the various styles she emulates — not so anxious to make the musics conform.

Anybody know what happened to "The Fugitive"?

Fanatic but static

Van Der Graaf Generator

VICTORIA PALACE

VAN DER Graaf's return to the British stage after an absence of three years was met with rapturous applause inside and several hundred ticketless punters moping outside. Some of the more hot-blooded Italian contingent even attempted to storm the stage door (without success) and retired to the Duane Eddy gig in high dudgeon.

Van der Graaf are an odd band. They tend to inspire the diametrically opposed viewpoint — you either like them or you don't. On record the intensity level can be adjusted, but in a concert environment two and a half hours proved to be overkill.

They began with two numbers from the forthcoming "Godbluff" album; "The Undercover Man" and "Scorched Earth". So far, so good; a fairly mellifluous flute opening and Peter Hammill acting out the lines with a certain sedentary panache. Next to him in stage presence is electronic reedman David Jackson, weighed down by a battery of brass, connecting intermittently with matching foot pedals. I'm trying to remember the usual adjectives for a VDG concert — gothic, sombre, black and white — when I realise that the lyrics are mostly inaudible. Jackson's equipment rumbles and squeaks at random, turning long sections into a baffling mime-show.

The audience are politely ecstatic for an oldie, "Angels, Saviours, Refugees", with Hugh Banton and Guy Evans sorting out avant-garde signatures on keyboards and percussion. Even so the most impressive instrument is Hammill's voice with the range of a posh David Bowie and the ability to switch from tortured long notes to petulantly schizoid screams.

Of course it ain't rock'n'roll, but then neither does it fit into the techno-flash bag inhabited by Yes, ELP and their ilk. Van der Graaf don't rely on any degree of visual gimmickry either, though I found it increasingly impossible to latch onto any definable structured melody in their music.

Hammill introduced two of his solo album pieces, "Forsaken Gardens" and "Black

Room", which revealed him to be a far greater individual talent. At last some atmosphere seeped above the tacky PA as he conjured up visions of the Tarot and inner turmoil, with his enigmatic and obscure lyrics.

During "Lemmings" he metamorphosed into his Ricky Nadir persona, strutting and stumbling and actually looking more wasted than Keith. He pulled out the lead too, but then he wouldn't claim to be the world's greatest guitar hero.

Back to the psychiatrist's couch for "Arrow" and "A Louse Is Not A Home", with Hammill unwrapping the bitter angst, the nightmares, the ennui.

"Gog; Magog (In Bromine Chambers)" was more fun through; beefy operatic phrasing and Richard II posturing. Banton whipped the moog into grand finale chords and put on his shades — just so you knew it was the end.

They encored with "Nadir's Big Chance", Hammill's punk-rock melange and quite a good send-up. Everyone acted smashed as several rats and Jackson vamped a passable Philles backing track on tenor and alto.

The Nadir album reveals a Hammill alter ego which I prefer, but it isn't really him and it certainly doesn't suit the band. They were more at home with another new song, "Pilgrims", which isn't featured on "Godbluff".

Van der Graaf's biggest failing is lack of dynamics. Their stable mates Genesis use some of the same elements but will always be more successful because they vary their line of attack so frequently. But if I said I thought Van der Graaf were on for far too long, and that I hated nearly every moment, I'd be in a minority of one. The audience were enveloped in the whole thing, but to anyone not already a convert it remained an impenetrable mystery.

While that remains true, and there's no reason why Hammill or the group should compromise, then Van der Graaf will always be static, never adding to a very dedicated following.

Max Bell

CAMBRIDGE FOLK CONTD.

■ From previous page.

finest exponents of the autoharp alive, demonstrating a five-finger harmony technique totally at odds with his shambling hippy posture, but perfectly suited to his material which consists of gospel favourites as well as the Ode to Joy melody from Beethoven and Leadbelly's "Irene Goodnight".

The highlight of his Saturday spot was indisputably an incredibly rich arrangement of the mock-gospel "Let It Be". Like most of the set, positively celestial, the audience finding Bowers's "aw shucks" stage manner immediately engaging, completely unforced, a phenomenon unlike anything I've seen outside Mike Nesmith's Victoria Palace gig last April.

Bromberg's seven-piece band was probably the least congruous booking on a folk festival bill and one of the best. Though they included bluegrass, country blues and even Irish acoustic instrumentals in their Saturday set, they came across as a rapid-fire, red-hot cabaret band. Bromberg has put his band together with ace session men including Gladys Knight's

rhythm section and some very good horns. The result was an extremely varied set — dixieland and Butterfield style city blues included as well. Bromberg's never appeared here before, but if CBS release his current album "Midnight on the Water" here, his name's sure to be one to drop. Until a return visit your only chance to catch the band is at Dingwall's next week.

Rush last appeared at the Cambridge Folk Festival in 1967. Since then he's maintained a small but loyal following as a stylish interpreter of other people's songs. His name's usually linked these days with Jackson Browne, James Taylor or Joni Mitchell, but his two Cambridge sets drew upon Bukka White train songs and Bo Diddley with arrangements incorporating a range of guitar styles from bottleneck and gutbucket, and using a highly developed sense of timing to deliver his own carefully crafted arrangements.

Of the local soloists, none went down better than Richard Digance who's developed astonishingly quickly into a

TOWN

Hawkwind/Man/
Magma/Coryell
DIJON

SALLY HAS pigtails, designs dresses and lives just round the corner from us in Notting Hill. We ran into her last week at the bus stop on the way to work. Eight days later we ran into her again sitting behind a spotlight in a half empty cow palace in the middle of France. Such is rock'n'roll.

Neither party is particularly surprised. The rockbiz is continually turning up a plethora of those 'ohh-issn't-it-a-small-world?' situations.

Sally is working lights for Hawkwind and Man. Boss Goodman is also working lights for Hawkwind and Man. Boss is another unexpected London face. Again, no sense of surprise on either side.

Dijon is two and a half hours by train from Paris which is an hour's flight from Heathrow. Dijon is two hours from Switzerland and four hours train ride from the topless winterlands of San Tropez. Dijon is a sprawling, nondescript town fringed with Holiday Inns, breakers' yards and Camping Gaz distributors.

It is the most important mustard producer in all of France.

It also provides four thousand of the local 'heads' with a prolonged glimpse of the final French date of a five-piece Anglo/French/American Thinking Man's Rock n' Roll package that in order of appearance reads: Robert Wood (obscure English electric vibes soloist in exile), Magma (Wagnerian French rock opera), Larry Coryell and Heavy Friend (fast-fingered acoustic/electric duo, American), Man and Hawkwind.

Man and Hawkwind comprise the basic elements of the package. In Paris they worked with Henry Cow and Gong, whose places were taken by Magma, Wood and then, a couple of days ago, Larry Coryell, picking up a few extra gigs as part of a series of European one-offs.

In keeping with the package tour ethos you have package tour politics.

Package tour politics were probably invented by phone companies for they are the only ones who benefit. They usually consist of a hot and long telephonic interchange between promoter, tour manager and group manager as to the priority for the interests of the Act In Question, as to the prescribed order of appearance each night.

The aforementioned is usually ascertained legally in a contract between group (or group manager) and promoter. However, friction often develops between acts as to O of A and often, individually, they may try and exert pressure on the promoter to swap things about.

Apart from the discord of grating egos, the main reason for such behind-the-bushes scheming stems from the fact that different acts tend to go across better in different areas. Ultimately the squabble is for prime time — usually reckoned to be second-to-top-billing.

In their contract Man are to play second to Hawkwind each night. This particularly pleases Foster, their tour manager, when they hit Metz, a town on the French/German border — because he knows that a lot of folks are going to be coming in from Germany since, traditionally, Man's Teutonic following has always been large.

Ludo, the French promoter, has other ideas. Foster claims that he absolutely *hates* Man for some as yet unfathomed reason. Foster also claims that all the roadies absolutely hate Ludo... booing and giving him a slow handclap every time he sets foot on a stage.

LUDO WANTS Man to go on earlier in Metz. Absolutely insists. Foster, however, gleefully holds the trump card. A couple of nights earlier, part of Hawkwind's P.A. (upon which the entire package had been relying) had self-aborted.

Foster had come to the rescue by replacing this part with some spare Man equipment. Ludo had forgotten or been unaware of this. "So I told him," Foster relates in gleeful Swansea lilt, "sod you mate. Move us, an' we pull out our equipment."

Tour politics. The following night Foster, who is busy stoking up as much vengeance as he can possibly afford in his free time, puts Ludo on the floor with a deft right-hander. Hawkwind's roadies stand and applaud.

Hawkwind, meanwhile, are readying themselves to leave their hotel, a cheesy futuristic job with synthetic croissants in Dijon-Sud.

Nik Turner, seemingly the only one without wife-or-girlfriend-in-tow (the rest of the band figures on departing avec spouses for the South of France the following morning), is arched over the hotel bar. The Subject Of Lemmy is broached.

Turner claims to have spoken to him (Lemmy) on the phone since the mishap. He says he does not want To Make A Statement and therefore add

● Continued on page 38

very sophisticated performer, able to keep an audience with him every inch of the way. His comic sense is outstripping his songwriting in its development as he becomes more and more assured at holding his audience with long witty raps between songs. Digance is a natural Cockney stand-up comic who'll be around for a long time.

But while the soloists are the staple of such a festival they usually also provide most of the mediocre music. There's little point in singling out individual performers for providing boring sets, but an obvious way of making the programme more palatable overall would be shorter sets for soloists and duos.

Two sets by Richard and Linda Thompson with the same band used on their recent tour (that is, Dave Pegg, Dave Mattacks and John Kirkpatrick) were both cut short at less than forty-five minutes actual playing time. Both received ovations. Thompson's shimmering guitar solo on "Calvary Cross" was if anything more blessed out than

his Queen Elizabeth Hall effort, inspiring joyous backup work — particularly from Pegg's bass which seems to warm naturally to Thompson's extended flights. Likewise on the Sunday after a shaky start short bursts of guitar on "Valerio" and "Hokey Pokey" promised some really fine playing if only more time had been available.

So despite criticisms levelled at the Festival before and problems more acute this year than previously it's a cert that most of this year's audience will be trekking back next year for the show billed as "the greatest folk festival in Europe". There's still no disputing that credential. But I wish I could enthuse more about local acts (other than Digance and the Thompsons). Apart from Five Hand Reel little impressed me this year (least of all numerous "folk-rock" bands). I hope that doesn't mean a bleak prospect for British folk for the next year or two.

Rod MacShane

Slicker than a polluted beach

Stylistics

CUNARD HOTEL

RUSSELL THOMP-KINS Jr is introduced onstage as The Stylistics' "first tenor". This is somewhat akin to calling Eric Clapton a lead cellist. Russ sings a falsetto so piercing he makes Frankie Valli sound like Lee Marvin.

Some of the high notes threatened to shatter the gratis glasses of Mouton Cadet 1970, bestowed upon your reviewer by the management. And that would have been tragic, detracting from the evening's essential sophistication — a commodity hitherto in short supply, anyway.

The Queen Mary Suite at the Cunard International Hotel is London's newest cabaret venue. It's meant to be a little slice of Las Vegas set down among the tatty terraces of Hammersmith. The hotel has the look of a beached concrete liner, and the suite has the ambience of its hold.

It's the nearest anyone's got to a Vegas atmosphere since they installed fruit machines at the Fat Ox.

The place is so vast, it's easy to feel lost in the crowd. In among the hundreds of expensive jewels and jewels, an individual's urbane poise passes for nought.

Besides, a sense of style is not exactly encouraged. For £15 a head you get more uniformity than you can eat.

The meal, for instance. Everyone gets the same thing, served by a scampering flock of middle-aged mums. Strike One. The soup is cream of green pea garnished with peas. Strike Two. An optional extra is fried bread. Strike Three.

The House Band is the Johnny Howard Singers and Swingers. Strike Four. Johnny Howard used to play the super-market re-treads on Light Programme concessions to pop. Strike Five.

Tonight, Howard's SS gang-bang the theme from "Shaft," without benefit of wah-wah

**BOB EDMANDS chokes down
the fried bread and peas to get
a glimmer of Vegas.**

guitar. They also stomp on Minnie Ripperton's "Loving You", with added drums. This is like getting the 1812 without cannons and Bolero Strikes six to 20.

The SS have got nothing, however, on the PR lady assigned to the account. What about Van McCoy, she's asked. Do we get him, too? "Who?" she says, and rummages vaguely through the souvenir programme. "Who?"

After Entrecote with Red Wine Sauce, Minted Garden Peas, Buttered New Potatoes, Profiterols with Cream and Chocolate Sauce, times 500, the hour is almost nigh. But not quite.

A purring compere reels off a list of big cigars who own a percentage of the show, mentions the Stylistics and Freda Payne, and then introduces the Fabulous Keely Ford and Kenny Day.

Acton's answer to Sonny and Cher, they perspire into a Little Number called "That's Show Biz", assisted visually by a troupe of Andy Warhol Superstars, dressed in sequined bikinis.

Then, onto The Delectable Miss Freda Payne who fails to live up to her surname. She's more of a dull ache. But Andy would dig her too. More sequins and eyelashes.

Freda's anxious to plug her new album and invites us to give a big hand for Anchor Records. A small finger seems more appropriate.

Miss Payne reminds us she's not had a hit since 1970, when "Band of Gold" went to Number One. It proves to be the set's only memorable song.

Foolish Freda resolutely refuses to perform further works by Holland-Dozier-Holland, preferring the likes of Jacques Brel's "Carousell". The audience do a collective Greg Allman into their dinner.

The Stylistics are finally allowed on about midnight, just as the evening's turning into a pumpkin. Their entourage sets up like they mean business.

Half a dozen sleek Philadelphia dudes move stealthily among the dreary English penguins on the bandstand. A jive talking compere checks the mikes by reciting the conquests of the "Mighty Stylistics". "You Make Me Feel Brand New", he drools, "Two point six millions".

The production's slicker than a polluted beach. The band crash into "Can't Give You Anything (But My Love)", by way of an overture. The suggestion is that the tune's long-established, well-loved, and instantly recognisable. Whereas, in fact, it's the new single, which still has to be sold.

And sold it is. The guys themselves walk on to thunderous applause and launch into "Can't Give You Anthing (But My Love)". And, at the end of the set, they sing it again for good measure, leaving the consumers in no doubt about what's required of them.

Of course, there's the new album, too. So the first four songs are taken from that. Needless to say, they're all immaculately performed, with some of the tightest soaring harmonies you're likely to hear live.

The idea that the Stylistic's

new material is any less impressive than the hallowed oldies gets firmly refuted.

Curiously, the group itself lack stage presence. It's left to the songs and the voices to carry the weight.

Russell Thompson, for example, is not given visual extravagance. He's plump and expressionless, moving slowly and ponderously about the stage, as though he's on castors.

And while groups like the Temptations make Pan's People look like pipes, the Stylistic's choreography is generally feeble, involving little more than the occasional popped finger. They only leap around much on the older songs, as though they no longer have to try so hard.

What's nice about the act, though, is the lack of Broadway standards. They're usually dragged in by everybody for the sake of cabaret audiences, who blanch at anything experimental.

But the Stylistics confine themselves to "The Way We Were" and "I'm Gonna Win". After all, with a repertoire so extensive and familiar, there's no need for other people's music. And if the Stylistics sing saccharine, they sing some of the very best saccharine ever refined.

Songs like "Betcha By Golly Wow", "Stop, Look, and Listen", "You Are Everything", and "Break Up to Make Up" are beautiful music by any criteria.

"Rockin' Roll Baby" so moves a husband and wife tag team that they take to the floor for an energetic funky turkey.

This initiative is not well received by the green pea and fried bread set who look haughtily on.

But after "You Make Me Feel Brand New" has creamed every panti-girdle in the house, further brave souls leave their seats. Understandably.

And for the third coming of the new single, massed dancers are moving with the easy grace of a hippos' orgy. Funky, it ain't. But then neither is the Las Vegas veneer quite intact. And, in the context, that's no small achievement.



All aboard at Hammersmith: watch out for the wine glasses on the high notes

Pic: KATE SIMON.



ROD CONTINUED

● Continued from page 7

I'm not in a position to say. She's probably better now than she's ever been."

Was it ever an ambition of his to pull a famous lady?

"Suppose a few years back I did. Everybody at the outset said we were only together because of the publicity we would create. It was terrible. We've been together for five months now. We'll be together for another five months. I can lay my life on that."

"That was a strange question to ask," Stewart ponders remembering what I asked him. "It was never my ambition. No I suppose you set yourself a goal when you've been knocking about with as many birds as I've been knocking around with. Each one you find a fault in and then you begin to think if only I could find the one that had everything as far as I'm concerned."

"And as far as I'm concerned she's got everything. She has literally everything."

"She's got incredible charm. She's probably the most genuine person that you could want to meet in her position. There's no airs and graces, if there were I'd knock 'em out. She's not snobby. She's one of the boys, you might say."

In fact Rod even admits to being dominated by the gal; "I think she does, as much as I dominate her. It's a fair share business. She's definitely left her mark on me, which I don't think any other woman has ever done before. I've never looked up to a woman, admired a woman like I do her."

So will they marry? "No. Shit. I'm not saying no. I really don't know. It's the last thing we both think of because she's got an incredible career. She's had so many films offered her it's ridiculous. And I want to

make as many records as I can in the next two years."

"Suddenly I've seen the light of day. This is what I should have been doing two years ago. Perhaps I could be wrong. It might be a total flop and it'll be back to the drawing board. I sincerely hope it's going to be successful. But how do you define success? Selling a couple of million albums or satisfying yourself?"

While we're here, could you just clear the air about your tax situation?

"I'll give you one statement and that'll be the final word."

"I have not been assessed on how much money I owe anybody. I'm like any other citizen only I'm two years behind. There was no writ at the airport. When I'm asked to pay some money I'll pay it."

"It came as a shock to everybody. There's not even a hint of truth in it. I don't even think there's that much money in the world. Is there? Crikey, 70 odd thousand pounds. It's all bull-shit. All that about me being a millionaire. I'd love to tell you I was. I'm pretty tight, I suppose, but then I've paid for everybody to come over here. I didn't have to do it cause you said that when you started the interview."

"Why did I do it? It's the only way I'm going to get to the people who buy the records."

Alright, one last question about The Faces. Surely this one'll get a definite answer. Doesn't Warners demand a Faces album every so often? It has been a couple of years since "Ooh La La"?

"The only person to answer that is Joe Smith, head of Warners. I don't know what he wants more, my albums or theirs. I wish I could give you an answer to that. I've been avoiding the issue all day."

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TV/RADIO

NOT EXACTLY a scintillating week on the box. But apart from the usual "Top Of The Pops" and "Rock On With 45" plug shows, there's one programme we would specially bring to your attention. BBC-1's "The Other Broadway" series, which is being filmed at the new Cunard-International Hotel in West London, has a treat in store this Friday — when both the Stylistics and Freda Payne are featured.

Highlight of the Radio 1 week, in our humble estimation, is on Sunday when the focus falls on Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson in the new "Insight" series. Bob Harris has some worthwhile guests in "Top Gear" (he's depping for John Peel, by the way) — among them, Country Gazette and Thin Lizzy on Thursday and Roy Harper on Monday.

Over on Radio Luxembourg, listen out for two new series: the Tuesday night "Great Albums" (kicking off with Simon and Garfunkel) and the thrice-weekly "Sounds Like Gold", the title of which is self explanatory.

THURSDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m. Noel Edmonds; 9.0 Tony Blackburn; 11.0 Ed Stewart with "Radio 1 Road Show" from Torquay Torre Abbey Meadows; 12.30 p.m. "Newsbeat"; 12.45 Johnnie Walker; 2.0 David Hamilton (shared with Radio 2); 5.0 "Newsbeat"; 5.15-7.0 Bob Harris presents "Top Gear" with Country Gazette/Thin Lizzy; 8.0 Jack McLaughlin introduces "Folk 75" with Irish Mist; 8.30-9.0 Tony Capstick introduces "Folkweave" with the Chieftains in concert; 10.0-12.30 a.m. Don

Durbridge with "Music Through Midnight". **LUXEMBOURG** 7.45 p.m. Stuart Henry; 9.30 Mark Wesley; 11.0 Top Ten Albums Show (incorporating NME Pop News at 11.30); 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Sound Explosion". **TELEVISION** Tony Blackburn introduces "Top Of The Pops" (BBC-1); Maria Muldaur/Linda Lewis/Mike McGear/Change in "Rock On With 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 Ed Stewart with "Radio 1 Road Show" from Swange Recreation Ground; 12.30 p.m.-5.15 As Thursday; 5.15-7.0 Rosko's Round Table; 10.0-12.30 a.m. Len Jackson with "Music Through Midnight". **LUXEMBOURG** 7.45 p.m. Mark Wesley; 10.0 Album of the Week; 11.0 Spangles Muldoon (incorporating NME Gig Guide at 11.30); 12 midnight Stuart Henry; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 The 100 MPH Dance Music Show. **TELEVISION** Stylistics/Freda Payne in "The Other Broadway" filmed at London's Cunard-International Hotel (BBC-1); The work of director Stanley Kubrick in "Cinema" (ITV, but subject to regional variation); Anne Shelton/Ronnie Hilton in "Songs That Stopped The Shows" (ITV lunchtime).

SATURDAY

RADIO 1 8 a.m. Ed Stewart with "Junior Choice"; 10.0 Rosko; 1 p.m. Ray Stevens Top Twelve, introduced by Brian Matthew; 2.0 Alan Freeman; 5.0 Paul Gambaccini presents "Rock Week"; 6.30-7.30 "Vin Concert" with Chapman-Whitney Streetwalkers/Jet; 10.45-12.30 a.m. Ray Moore with "Music Through Midnight". **LUXEMBOURG** 7.45 p.m. Spangles Muldoon; 10.0 Bob Stewart; 12.30 a.m.-3.0 Stuart Henry (incorporating "Dimensions" from 1.30 onwards). **TELEVISION** Lois Lane in "That's Life"



IAN ANDERSON
Radio 1, Sunday

FREDA PAYNE
BBC-1, Friday

THIN LIZZY
Radio 1, Thursday

(BBC-1); Jimmy Savile with "Jim'll Fix It" (BBC-1); Kid Jensen introduces "Rock On With 45" (some ITV regions, see Thursday for details); "Wheelappers" And Shunters Social Club" with New World/Ronnie Hilton (ITV); Sacha Distel/Clodagh Rodgers in "Seaside Special" (BBC-1); "The Val Doonican Show" (BBC-1); New band Papa in "The London Weekend" (London ITV morning); Trevor Chance in "The Summer Show" (ITV).

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" with Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson; 6.0 Tom Browne with the Top Twenty; 7.0-7.30 "Sunday Sport"; 11.0-12.30 a.m. "Sounds of Jazz".

RADIO 3 10.45 p.m. Derek Jewell presents "Sounds Interesting". **LUXEMBOURG** 7.15 p.m. Mark Wesley; 9.0 Stuart Henry; 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 "Rock On With 45" (some ITV regions, see Thursday for details).

MONDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m. Noel Edmonds; 9.0 Tony Blackburn; 11.0 Rosko with "Radio 1 Road Show" from Bognor Regis; 12.30 p.m. "Newsbeat"; 12.45 Johnnie Walker; 2.0 David Hamilton (shared with Radio 2); 5.0 "Newsbeat"; 5.15 Bob Harris presents "Top Gear" with Roy Harper; 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. Tom Edwards with "Music Through Midnight". **LUXEMBOURG** 7.45 p.m. Mark Wesley; 9.0 Stars Horoscope Show; 9.30 Bob Stewart; 11.30 NME Gig Guide; 11.35 Stuart Henry; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Sounds Like Gold".

TUESDAY

RADIO 1 7 a.m.-11.0 As Monday; 11.0 Rosko with "Radio 1 Road Show" from Hastings 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; 11.0 Stuart Henry (incorporating NME Pop News at 11.30); 1.30 a.m. Wildlife Show; 2.0-3.0 "Great Albums" — Simon & Garfunkel. **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 Rosko with "Radio 1 Road Show" from Hastings Beach; 12.30 p.m.-5.15 As Monday; 5.15-7.0 Anne Nightingale presents "Review"; 7.30 George Hamilton IV introduces "How The West Was Sung"; 8.0 "Country Club"; 10.0-12.30 a.m. Jean Chellis with "Music Through Midnight". **LUXEMBOURG** 7.45 p.m. Spangles Muldoon; 9.30 American Top Twenty; 11.30 NME Pop News; 11.35 Stuart Henry; 1.30 a.m.-3.0 "Sounds Like Gold". **TELEVISION** "The Diane Solomon Show" with Ed Welch (BBC-1). **CAPITAL RADIO** For full details of this week's programmes on London's Capital Radio, see advertisement on page 19.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



THURSDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MUSCLES
BRIGHTON Alhambra: FLAT FOOT
BRISTOL Granary: WISPER
CARDIFF Revolution: FACTORY
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: FANTASTICS
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: JUDAS PRIEST
FOLKESTONE Toby House: TONY PRINCE/JIGSAW
● Radio Luxembourg Summer Tour
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: MAC & KATIE KISSOON
HARROW Railway Hotel: CISCO
HAVANT Black Dog: FROGMORTON
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: BAND CALLED O'
LEIGH Garrick Club: DRIFTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: COUSIN JOE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Prince of Wales: CITY WAITES
LONDON ISLINGTON Rising Sun: WEBBS WONDERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SASSAFRAS
LONDON MARQUEE Club: EAST OF EDEN
LONDON SOHO Shakespeare's Head: LUCAS & McCULLOCH
LONDON Speakeasy: GONZALEZ
MANCHESTER Hardrock: CLANCY
NEWCASTLE City Hall: CHRIS FARLOWE & FRIENDS
NEWQUAY Blue Lagoon: MUNGO JERRY
NOTTINGHAM Windsor Castle: WIDDERSHINS
PENZANCE Western Hotel: DEREK BRIMSTONE
PORTSMOUTH New Tricorn Club: WIGAN'S OVATION
REDCAR Royal Hotel: STEVE ASHLEY
SUNDERLAND Annabel's: K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
STRATFIELD TURGIS Wellington Arms: BLISS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: STYLISTICS

FRIDAY

BODMIN Garland Ox: BRIAN DEWHURST
BRADFORD Star Hotel: CYRIL TAWNEY
BRITTON FERRY Rugby Club: FACTORY
BROCKENHURST New Park: FOUNDATIONS
BURTON 76 Club: NEUTRONS
COVENTRY City Centre Club: FABLE
CUMNOCK Town Hall: SHORTY
DUNSTABLE California: STYLISTICS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: DUANE EDDY
GLOUCESTER Tracy's: MOON
GUILDFORD Star Inn: GRASSROOTS
HASTINGS Pier Ballroom: TONY PRINCE/JIGSAW
● Radio Luxembourg Summer Tour
HULL Telstar Club (doubling FILEY Blue Dolphin): DAVE BERRY

LEICESTER Croft Social Club: REMEMBER THIS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: CHRIS FARLOWE & FRIENDS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TUNDRA
LONDON CHARING CROSS ROAD: Sundown: SMILING HARD
LONDON ISLINGTON King's Head: CAMDEN GOODS
LONDON MARQUEE Club: JET
LYMM Spread Eagle: MARTIN CARTHY
MARLOW Crown Hotel: JOHNNY MARS & THE SUNFLOWER BOOGIE BAND
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: WHITE SOUL
NEWCASTLE Mayfair: OSIBISA
NORWICH R.A.F. Colishall: MAC & KATIE KISSOON
PENZANCE Western Hotel: DEREK BRIMSTONE
PETERLEE Senate Club: NICKY THOMAS
SALISBURY St. Edmund's Arts Centre: NUTZ/GRANDMA MOSES
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: THE REAL THING
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: ION MISTRESS
SPENNYMOOR Top Hat: K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: JUDAS PRIEST
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: THIN LIZZY
TORQUAY Town Hall: HAWKWIND
WATFORD Town Hall: CA VIEL
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Club: SPARROW

SATURDAY

AMMANFORD Civic Centre: FACTORY
BIRMINGHAM Incognito: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
BIRMINGHAM Star Social Club: TONY ROSE
BOURNE Com Exchange: NORTHERN SOUL ROAD SHOW
BOVINGTON Civic Hall: SASSAFRAS
BUNGAY Castle Hill: GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY
CLAYTON-LE-MOORS Martholme Grange: WEE WILLIE HARRIS
COVENTRY City Centre Club: FABLE
COVENTRY Squires Country Club: REMEM-BER THIS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: EDMUNDO ROS ORCHESTRA
DAGENHAM Roundhouse: SNAFU
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: STYLISTICS
EXMOUTH Samantha's: FANTASTICS
FALKIRK Arts Theatre: CASTLE
FALMOUTH Dock Railway: BRIAN DEWHURST
FILEY Blue Dolphin: FOUNDATIONS
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
GLOUCESTER Tracy's: MOON
HARLOW Free Festival: MAN / BAND CALLED O'/JOHN ST. FIELD
HASTINGS Fairlight Cove: MALCOLM PRICE
HULL Phoenix Club: (doubling WHITERNSEA Teddy's Club): DAVE BERRY
LEICESTER Scraptoft WMC: MATCHBOX
LINCOLN Grafton House: HOKEY POKEY
LIVERPOOL Stadium: CHRIS FARLOWE & FRIENDS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RAYMOND FROGGATT



JR. WALKER and the All Stars open their British tour with an open-air gig in Wrexham on Sunday, in which they co-top with K.C. and the Sunshine Band. Subsequent dates this week find them at Stafford (Monday) and Southend (Wednesday).

LONDON HOLLAND PARK Court Theatre: MARION MONTGOMERY
LONDON MARQUEE Club: RASPUTIN
LONDON PEEKHAM Newlands Tavern: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: ETCHINGHAM STEAM BAND
MATLOCK Cromford Black Rocks: BLISTER
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: NEUTRONS
PEMBROKE Castle: COUNTRY GAZETTE /PAUL BRETT / MIKE MORAN / RICHARD DIGANCE / ROBIN & BARRY DRANSFIELD / BULLY WEE etc.
● Open-air Folk Siege, noon to midnight
PETERLEE Senate Club: NICKY THOMAS
PORTSMOUTH Tricorn: SMILING HARD
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: THE REAL THING
SPENNYMOOR Top Hat: K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: BE-BOP DELUXE
TAUNTON County Ballroom: YAKETY YAK
TELHAM Black Horse: HEMLOCK
WATFORD Red Lion: STRIKE A LIGHT
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Club: SPARROW
WEST RUNTON Village Inn: WIGAN'S OVATION

SUNDAY

BIRMINGHAM Albert St. The Jug NIMROD
BLACKPOOL North Pier Pavilion: RUSS
BRIGHTON Stanford Arms: TAVERNERS
BRIXHAM Golden Lion: BRIAN DEWHURST
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CAMEL/MICHAEL CHAPMAN
DOUGLAS I.O.M. Palace Lido: THIN LIZZY
EASTBOURNE Congress: HARRY SECOMBE
GROOMBRIDGE Junction Inn: ETCHINGHAM STEAM-BAND
HARROW Tithe Farm House: MOON
HULL New Theatre: CHRIS FARLOWE AND FRIENDS
HULL Phoenix Club: ROCKIN' BERRIES
LLANRHAN Rugby Club: FACTORY
LONDON CHALK FARM Enterprise: LEON ROSSELSON
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: BABE RUTH/STRAY/JUDAS PRIEST



MAC AND KATIE KISSOON go back on the road again this week after their summer hols., opening with one-nighters at Great Yarmouth (Thursday), Norwich (Friday) and Salford (Monday), followed by a short season at Luton (see Residencies).

LONDON CHELSEA Nose Wine Bar: GEORGE ADAIR
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: SALUTATIONS
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: RICHARD DIGANCE/DAVID BROMBERG
LONDON ISLINGTON Pied Bull: NIGHT LIFE
LONDON MARQUEE Club: F.B.I.
LONDON TWICKENHAM Winning Post: LEMMY'S MOTORHEAD
LONDON Victoria Palace: LEO KOTTKE/STEFAN GROSSMAN
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: CISCO
NOTTINGHAM Palais: STYLISTICS
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: COUNTRY GAZETTE
QUORN White Horse Hotel: WAYFARERS
ROMFORD Albermarle Club: GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY
SCARBOROUGH Floral Hall: PETERS AND LEE
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: TONY CHRISTIE
TORQUAY Pavilion: SASSAFRAS
TRURO Plaza Cinema: HAWKWIND
WARRINGTON Ring o' Bells: CYRIL TAWNEY
WORKINGTON Arts Centre: MARTIN CARTHY
WREXHAM Football Ground: JR. WALKER AND THE ALL STARS/K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND/MAC AND KATIE KISSOON/FOUNDATIONS

MONDAY

AMBERLEY Black Horse: FRISCO FIRE BAND
AYLESBURY Hazel's: K. C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
CONVENTRY Bulls Head: VIN GARBUTT
DUNSTABLE California: CHRIS FARLOWE & FRIENDS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwall: DAVID BROMBERG
LONDON MARQUEE Club: CHEEKS
LONDON WOOD GREEN Fagan's: GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY
NEWPORT (Gwent) El Cordobes: GRIT
NEWPORT (Mon) Castle: JOHN GOLDING
PORTSMOUTH Railway Hotel: MALCOLM PRICE
SALFORD Willow Variety Club: MAC & KATIE KISSOON
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: JAKE THACKRAY/HARVEY ANDREWS & GRAHAM COOPER
STAFFORD Top Of The World: JR. WALKER & THE ALL STARS
ST. ALBAN'S City Hall: SMILING HARD
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: NEUTRONS
TREDGAR Working Men's Institute: FACTORY
WIGAN Rugby Club: BRIGANTINE

TUESDAY

BENFLEET Anchor: CHRIS FOSTER
BLACKPOOL King's Arms: BRIAN DEWHURST



LEO KOTTKE, that much-respected guitar virtuoso, was one of the key figures at last weekend's Cambridge Folk Festival. And he's staying on in this country for a major gig with Stefan Grossman at London's Victoria Palace this Sunday.

BRIDLINGTON Queen's Hotel: ARCHIE FISHER
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: TAVERNERS
CARDIFF Marchioness of Bute: JOHN GOLDING
CORBY Welfare Hall: K. C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
DARTFORD Railway Hotel: CRAYFOLK
DERBY Rugby Club: WIDDERSHINS
HUDDESFIELD Ivanhoe's: EAST OF EDEN
KENILWORTH Chesford 1812: BAND CALLED CHARLIE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JOHN BALDRY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: STOOL PIGEON
LONDON MARQUEE Club: SNAFU
LONDON W.1 Gulliver's Club: SMILING HARD
LONDON 100 Club: MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS/BLUEBIRD
SUNDERLAND Grange: VIN GARBUTT

WEDNESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Colleshill Blackthorn Club: FOGGY
CAMBRIDGE Trinity College: CITY WAITES
CARDIFF Revolution: PANIC
CLACTON 101 Disco: K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND
CROYDON Waddon Hotel: WILD OATS
CRUMLIN Viaduct Hotel: ARKENSTONE
FARNBOROUGH Burlesque: SMILING HARD
LEICESTER Rainbow & Dove: CAPTAIN VIDEO
LONDON BELLINGHAM Saxon Tavern: GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FUNKEES
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LONDON MARQUEE Club: MUNGO JERRY
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SOUTHEND Talk Of The South: JR. WALKER & THE ALL STARS

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● Week from Sunday
BLACKBURN Bailey's: BROKEN HEARTS
● Week from Sunday
BRIDLINGTON Triangles: MAXWELL
● Week from Monday
CHARNOCK RICHARD Park Hall: FLIRTATIONS
● Thursday (31) for three days
DERBY Bailey's: GUYS AND DOLLS
● Week from Sunday
HEREFORD Crystal Rooms: TONY CHRISTIE
● Thursday (31) for three days
HULL Bailey's: BROTHERLY LOVE
● Week from Sunday
LEICESTER Bailey's: CANDLEWICK GREEN
● Week from Sunday
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LUTON Cesar's Palace: MAC & KATIE KISSOON
● Tuesday (5) for three days
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita: HARMONY REVIVAL
● Week from Sunday
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: ELLIE
● Week from Monday
SHEFFIELD Fiesta: DRIFTERS
● Week from Sunday
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—Memphis Queen
Don Covay—Superdude One
Joe Tex—From The Roots Came
Begg Of The End—Funky Nassau
Guns—Sensation
Four Tops—Nature Planned It
—Shift In Africa
Chi-Lites—Chi-Lites
—A Lonely Man
Wilson Pickett—Don't Knock My Love
Clarence Carter—Patches
Margie Joseph—Margie Joseph
Arthur Conley—More Sweet Soul
Archie Bell/Drums—Can't Stop Dancing
Staple Singers—We'll Get Over
Joan Knight—Mr. Big Stuff
Rufus Thomas—Funky Chicken
Red Rhodes (Nasmith Azam)—Velvet
Hammer
Vince Guaraldi—The Eclectic
Eddie Harris—Silver Cycles
Billie Holiday—Rare Live Perf.
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Redbone—Potlatch
American Breed—American Breed
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Tony Orlando—Dawn
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Billie Holiday—Songs and
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Tommy James—Christian of the World
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—Cellophane Symphony
—Travelin'
T. Rex—Slider
—Unicorn
Norman Greenbaum—Spirit in the Sky
Louis Spohler—Once Upon A Time
Andy Brown—Sweet William
—Gone to My Head
Donna Caffrey—Goin' for Myself
—Electric Coffey
Molazie—Good Book
Mike Nesmith—Magnetic South
Tom Rapp—Sun Forest
—Stardancer
Doo—You're Not Alone
Stephanie—Rest in Peace
H.P. Lovecraft—H.P. Lovecraft 2
Crazy Horse—Loose
Pato—Pato
Ramalama—Ramalama
—In April Came The
Mamas & Pappas—People Like Us
Tony Joe White—Tony Joe White
Ginger Baker—Stratavarius
Fat Mattress—Fat Mattress 2
Rascals—Search and Nearest
—See
Mike Harris—Smiling Men with
Molazie—Stoneword Words
Marbles—Only One Woman
Cher—3614 Jackson Highway
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Molazie—Please Love Me
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- 10 (—) WHO'S MAKING LOVE—Johnny Taylor
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- 12 (—) IT'S IN HIS KISS—Betty Everett
- 13 (20) ROMEO & JULIET—The Reflections
- 14 (13) RESCUE ME—Fontella Bass
- 15 (21) YOUNG AND IN LOVE—The Marvellettes
- 16 (—) HAWAII 5-0—The Ventures
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Continued from page 35

fuel to the altercation. Readers may recall that the catalyst for Lemmy's sudden departure was an amphetamine sulphate bust on the Canadian /American border.

No one seems to know whether Lemmy was in fact charged. Lemmy himself claimed that sulphate crystals are not illegal in Canada. Turner says that according to Simon House, H/wind's violinist/moogist, who spent some time in British Columbia (supposedly the most liberal Canadian state) sulphate is illegal there.

It's academic, though. Turner felt that Lemmy's bust would prevent him from acquiring further US work permits — which would therefore jeopardise the future of the band.

But, above all, he claims that Lemmy's speed habit had gradually — and probably unwittingly on Lemmy's part — been precluding him from fitting in with Hawkwind both on a working and social basis. Speed, he claims, can tend to isolate the individual, rendering him excessively self-centred.

AND THIS, he claims, is what Lemmy became. A statement which can, to an extent, be supported by reliable tales of various onstage fracas between Lemmy and H/wind's drummers; one night he is supposed to have struck one of them with his bass.

Turner seems to bear no malice towards Lemmy, though. His justification is qualified by a certain gentle compassion. Remorse, even.

The new guy is, as you probably know, former Pink Fairy guitarist Paul Rudolph.

Back to the gig. Man are ensconced in a little office serving as a dressing room backstage while Magma are beating their collective breasts onstage.

"The singer — 'old Rasputin' — is a nice bloke actually," Man guitarist Micky Jones volunteers, "But the rest of them... bit weird you know?"

The guitarist — who looks like a combination of crewcut Robert Fripp and a Nazi death camp proprietor — always wears black onstage. In particular a black floor length gown. "Even wears it offstage," drummer Terry Williams notes. "Me and Micky were sitting round the hotel pool in our trunks and there was Magma — all in black, the guy in his cloak — sitting there in the midday sun playing chess."

Magma make the kind of music that Ken Russell might use as a soundtrack for the fire-bombing of Dresden; it's almost as if you'd expect them to stride onstage wearing viking helmets with horns.

The drummer, Christian Vander, is rumoured to practise against a background recording of Hitler speeches. Onstage he changes rhythm every 100th of a second, keeps his ass slightly raised from his stool and swivels his eyeballs.

The French love all this.



HAWKWIND'S Nik Turner attempting to light a match with a box of spliffs.

Anything with a bit of feedback goes down a real treat because the French have no sense of rhythm. They neither dance nor tap their feet.

They're terribly intense about it all. They listen. And at the end of each number they applaud and sometimes even whistle. Seldom are encores demanded and even if they are the package is too tightly scheduled to allow for them.

Henry Cow are very big in Paris.

Deke Leonard looks ill. Ashen. According to Foster Man have been working solidly on the road since February.

One would not know this from the standard of live music they're putting out — and, in particular, from the amount of energy exuded by Martin Ace (the return of the prodigal bass-player. Ace was a founder member. He returned when Ken Whaley left in the middle of the last U.S. tour).

Ace is notoriously wacky. Boss tells this story of how Ace spotted Tommy Cooper in a hotel bar in Manchester on one of the English dates. He disappeared briefly, returning to the packed bar poker faced wearing only a sheet and a pair of socks. Coolly he draws up a stool next to Cooper, order himself a drink and waits.

Inevitably Cooper gives in and inquires as to the reason for his baroque attire. Ace leans across and says in a stage whisper, "I thought I might take some of the heat off you, boyo."

The acoustics are terrible. And it's odd to hear Man lunging into such weatherbeaten classics as "Bananas" and "C'mon" without a hint of recognition on the part of the audience.

They acquit themselves beautifully under adverse conditions — at one point turning their backs on an unresponsive audience, centring the energy in a semi-circle around drummer Terry Williams. They kick ass. Employ feedback with artistry, quit the stage for two month's holiday.

Sally likes Man. Relaxing behind her spotlight she also takes pains to offer up a few words of praise for the promoter. Ludo. She says she thinks he's doing his best.

Each night he lays on a large table of fresh fruit and cheeses, bread, savouries and beer, whilst posting an assistant to slave continuously over a gas ring preparing omelettes on demand.

She says that a couple of days ago he even took the trouble to go out and buy up a vast quantity of fresh strawberries as a special treat.

Reports also suggest that

apart from laying on a number of hired cars for each band and its roadies. Ludo also took the trouble to order in a generous supply of comestibles so that everyone is chain-smoking and nodding out at regular intervals. Sally hasn't slept for 3 days but she's enjoying it.

Larry Coryell and un-announced Heavy Friend With Marin County Moustache make for a pleasant interlude before H. Metal gets another embroidered outing with Hawkwind.

Coryell is a good player but always seems to miss his mark. He and McLaughlin are of the same school of jazz/rock virtuoso guitar. They're very similar in many ways. Only Coryell just missed the boat McLaughlin pushed out with "Inner Mounting Flame".

Last time I saw Coryell — with a band called 11th House featuring Cobham soundalike drummer Alphonse Mouzon — he seemed to be trying to cash in on that particular McLaughlin genre.

Hawkwind — still relying on the repetition of mid 60s pop riffs — and still ultimately tending to establish an emotive rhythmic cement then not having the imagination to build anything worthwhile on top of it — are really beginning to put on an effective show.

Simon House seems to be taking care of the hitherto largely neglected musical end, Nik Turner's sax is at last becoming quite audible and the drummers are achieving a fine mesmeric quality. They were good. This one will run and run.

Foster had returned to the hotel shortly after Man'd left the stage, sliding up to me in the stand-ups to report that he's just had another set-to with Ludo who he says is trying to make Man repay all sorts of hotel bills etc.

Grimming conspiratorially he imparts the information that he now intends taking both the hired Peugeot back across the Channel and dumping them at Dover. He walks off giggling to himself.

He makes his final representation at three o'clock the next morning in the swimming pool adjacent to our bedroom window.

There is a loud splash like the detonation of a depth charge and Foster is to be heard informing the sleeping clientele that the water is as warm as a copulating bath.

He is joined briefly by a French girl who appears to have been thrown out of an upper window.

Where does he get his energy from?

Pete Erskine

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Bowie—Rock and roll with me
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 Manilish
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
Suzy Quatro—Keep a Knockin'

Rod Stewart—Let me be your car
Wings—Uncle Albert
The Who—Can't Explain
Roxy Music—Virginia Plain/Do the Strand

SECTION TWO—Soul 60p each

The Temptations—Can't get next to you
The Four Tops—Keeper of the castle
Curtis Mayfield—Move on up
Denise La Salle—Trapped by the thing called love
Johnny Nash—Cupid/Hold me tight
Love Unlimited Orchestra—Love Theme
Mel and Tim—Backfield in Motion
Johnny Johnson—Breaking down the walls of heartache
B. T. Express—Express
Kool and the Gang—Funky Stuff
Felice Taylor—I feel love comin' on
Tramps—Zing went the strings
Johnny Taylor—Who's making love
Dooley Silverspoon—Bump me baby
Bloodstone—My little lady
Booker T—Time is tight
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JAZZ

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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
 GREENWICH The Mitre: RON RUSSELL JAZZ BAND
 GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: GOTHIC JAZZ BAND
 HOLLAND PARK 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

FRIDAY

BECKENHAM Three Tuns: WEST END STOMPERS
 CROUCH HILL Stapleton Hill Tavern: NEW ERA JAZZ BAND
 CROYDON The Gun: WEST LONDON LINEUP
 EARLS COURT Troubadour Coffee House: ERIC HOLLOWAY N. London Poly: JUST US — ELTON DEAN
 LONDON N.W.1 Martha's Wine Bar: POWDER MILL
 LONDON W.C.1 New Merlins Cave: JOHN PICARD BAND
 LONDON W.1 Soho Poly: PAUL LYTTON / PHIL WACHSNANN / RADU NACFATTI
 LONDON W.1 Thornbury Castle: JOHN GILL

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 QUARTER
 DRURY LANE White Hart: TOWN CRYER
 FULHAM Fulham Volunteer: YELLOW DOG JAZZ BAND
 LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: DAVE JAMES BUG BAND
 LONDON W.1 Thornbury Castle: JOHN GILL
 THORNTON HEATH Lord Napier: MACDUNCANS BAND

SUNDAY LUNCHTIME

BATTERSEA Town Hall Community Centre: LARRY STABBINS /
 CAMDEN Camden Lock: DON RENDELL QUARTET
 GREENWICH The Mitre: NICHOLLS HOT SIX
 HIGHGATE Ye Olde Gate House: GENE COTTELL / PETE CHAPMAN JAZZ ENSEMBLE
 KINGSTON Fighting Cocks: JAKE MCMAHON QUINTET
 PUTNEY Flanagans: NEW ERA JAZZ BAND
 PUTNEY Half Moon: JOHN GREENS SNAP SYNCPATERS
 TWICKENHAM Turks Head: THE SUNDAY BAND
 WEST KENSINGTON Hunters: WEST LONDON LINEUP

SUNDAY

BECKENHAM Three Tuns: WEST END STOMPERS / STEAM
 CROYDON The Gun: MAJOR SURGERY
 CAMBERLEY Cambridge Hotel: ALEX WELSH
 DRURY LANE White Hart: MIMI DANIEL AND

RUSSELL QUAYE
 FULHAM Last Resort: SUSANNAH MCCORCKLE / KEITH INGHAM
 GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: GOTHIC JAZZ BAND
 ISLINGTON Pied Bull: BARBARA THOMPSON'S PARAPHERNALIA
 KENSINGTON The Kensington: PAZ
 LONDON SW1 ICA, The Mail: TONY OXLEY SEXTET
 MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: PETER COE BIG SWING 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: QUARTERNITY

MONDAY

CHALK FARM The Engineer: AMAZING BAND
 CROYDON The Gun: BIG BAND SOUND
 FULHAM Golden Lion: BOB KERRS WHOOPEE BAND
 FLEET STREET Wolsey's Wine Bar: DAVE GELLY / JEFF SCOTT QUINTET
 ILFORD Cauliflower: EASTSIDE STOMPERS
 LONDON N.W.3 Martha's Wine Bar: POWDER MILL
 LONDON W.1 Thornbury Castle: JOHN GILL
 LONDON W.C.2 Pindar of Wakefield: PAZ KING GOODIE BAND
 MERTON Ye Olde Leather Bottle: TONY LEE TRIO
 OXFORD STREET 100 Club: GEORGIA JAZZ BAND

TUESDAY

BECKENHAM Three Tuns: SQUIRREL
 GLOUCESTER ROAD Stanhope: JAZZ MAKERS
 ILFORD Cauliflower: EASTSIDE STOMPERS
 ISLINGTON Kings Head: GEORGE KHAN BAND
 LONDON E. The Londoner: EDDIE THOMPSON
 MARYLEBONE Golden Eagle: JOHN GILL
 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

BETHNAL GREEN Rochelle School: JOHN STEPHENS / MAGGIE NICHOLLS WORKSHOP
 BRENTWOOD Essex Arms: HUGH RAINEY JAZZ BAND
 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
 LONDON W.C.1 New Merlins Cave: DAVID TAYLOR'S COBARUS
 LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: JEFFERSON CITY JAZZ BAND
 OXFORD CIRCUS The Phoenix: GEORGE KHAN'S "ZAGUNGA"
 PUTNEY Flanagans: NEW ERA JAZZ BAND
 SHEPHERDS BUSH The Clarence: MILLENBURG JAZZ BAND
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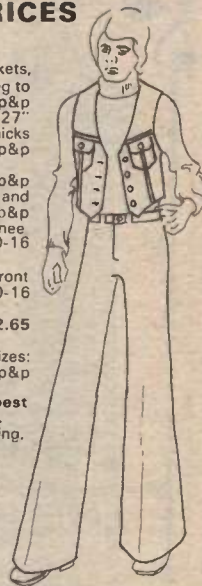
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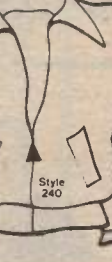
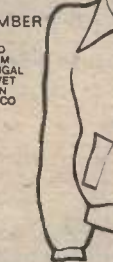
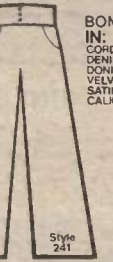
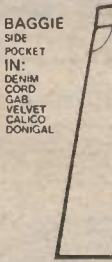
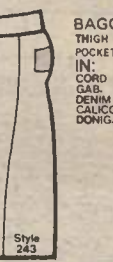
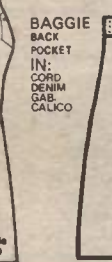
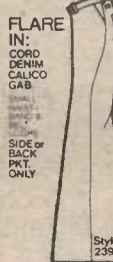
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6.20	6.20	6.20	6.20	6.20
7.20	7.20	7.20	7.20	7.20
8.20	8.20	8.20	8.20	8.20
9.20	9.20	9.20	9.20	9.20

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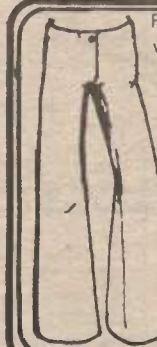
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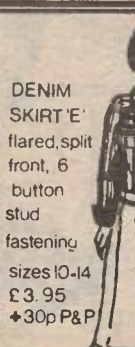
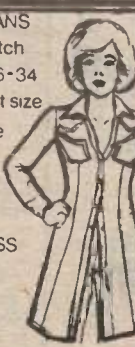


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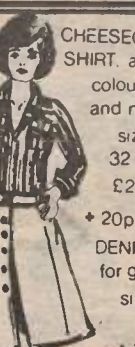
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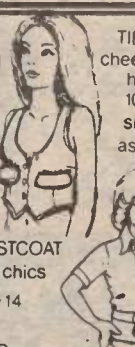
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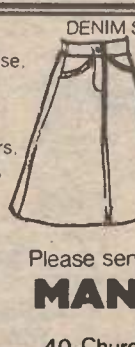
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FIVE YEARS AGO

Last Week	This Week	Week ending—July 29th, 1970
4	1	LOLA Kinks (Pye)
1	2	ALRIGHT NOW Free (Island)
2	3	THE WONDER OF YOU Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	4	IN THE SUMMERTIME Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
6	5	SOMETHING Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
15	6	NEANDERTHAL MAN Rodgers (Fontana)
3	7	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME Four Tops (Tamlam Motown)
5	8	UP AROUND THE BEND Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
8	9	LADY D'ARBANVILLE Cat Stevens (Island)
9	10	LOVE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE Nicky Thomas (Trojan)

TEN YEARS AGO

Last Week	This Week	Week ending—June 28th, 1965
1	1	HELP Beatles (Parlophone)
2	2	MR. TAMBOURINE MAN Byrds (CBS)
4	3	YOU'VE GOT YOUR TROUBLES Fortunes (Decca)
7	4	WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE Animals (Columbia)
3	5	TOSSING AND TURNING Ivy League (Piccadilly)
2	6	HEART FULL OF SOUL Yardbirds (Columbia)
8	7	THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE Joan Baez (Fontana)
5	8	IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE Duane & The Four Brothers (Philips)
16	9	CATCH US IF YOU CAN Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
13	10	HE'S GOT NO LOVE Searchers (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Last Week	This Week	Week ending—June 27th, 1960
1	1	PLEASE DON'T TEASE Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	2	GOOD TIMIN' Jimmy Jones (MGM)
3	3	SHAKIN' ALL OVER Johnny Kidd (HMV)
4	4	AIN'T MISBEHAVIN' Tommy Bruce (Columbia)
5	5	LOOK FOR A STAR Garry Mills (Top Rank)
6	6	WHEN WILL I BE LOVED Everly Brothers (London)
19	7	APACHE The Shadows (Columbia)
0	8	MEF OF BLUES Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	9	IF HE SHOULD COME TO YOU Anthony Newley (Decca)
11	10	MADE YOU Adam Faith (Parlophone)

CASH ARTS

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

SINGLES

This Last Week

Highest Position
in Chart

Tuesday 29th July 1975

1	(2)	BARBADOS	Typically Tropical (Gull)	5	1
2	(1)	GIVE A LITTLE LOVE	Bay City Rollers (Bell)	4	1
3	(5)	MISTY	Ray Stevens (Janus)	6	2
4	(9)	ROLLING STONE	David Essex (CBS)	4	4
5	(13)	IT'S IN HIS KISS	Linda Lewis (Artista)	3	5
6	(4)	THE HUSTLE	Van McCoy (Avco)	10	3
7	(3)	TEARS ON MY PILLOW	Johnny Nash (CBS)	7	1
8	(8)	JIVE TALKIN'	Bee Gees (RSO)	5	8
9	(11)	SEALED WITH A KISS	Brian Hyland (ABC)	4	9
10	(6)	EIGHTEEN WITH A BULLET	Pete Wingfield (Island)	5	6
11	(7)	HAVE YOU SEEN HER	Chi-Lites (Brunswick)	6	5
12	(19)	IF YOU THINK YOU KNOW HOW TO LOVE ME	Smokey (Rak)	2	12
13	(10)	JE T'AIME	Judge Dread (Cactus)	3	10
14	(16)	ACTION	Sweet (RCA)	3	14
15	(—)	I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING (BUT MY LOVE)	Stylistics (Avco)	1	15
16	(—)	DELILAH	Alex Harvey Band (Vertigo)	1	16
17	(17)	I WRITE THE SONGS	David Cassidy (RCA)	4	17
18	(15)	D.I.V.O.R.C.E.	Tammy Wynette (Epic)	5	14
19	(28)	SHERRY	Adrian Baker (Magnet)	2	19
20	(21)	BLANKET ON THE GROUND	Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	2	20
21	(25)	NEW YORK CITY	T. Rex (EMI)	2	21
22	(14)	I'M NOT IN LOVE	10 c.c. (Mercury)	9	1
23	(29)	HIGHWIRE	Linda Carr & The Love Squad (Chelsea)	2	23
24	(27)	7-6-5-4-3-2-1 (BLOW YOUR WHISTLE)	Rimshots (All Platinum)	2	24
25	(—)	FOOT STOMPIN' MUSIC	Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick)	2	25
26	(30)	DOLLY MY LOVE	Moments (All Platinum)	2	26
27	(—)	EL BIMBO	Bimbo Jet (EMI)	1	27
28	(12)	DISCO STOMP	Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick)	9	6
29	(—)	THE LAST FAREWELL	Roger Whittaker (EMI)	1	29
30	(—)	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles (Asylum)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

I DO I DO I DO — Abba (Epic)
HARMOUR LOVE — Syreeta (Tamlam Motown)
LOVE ME BABY — Susan Cadogan (Magnet)
SEXY — M.F.S.B. (Philadelphia)
IT'S BEEN SO LONG — George McCrae (Jayboy)

ALBUMS

This Last Week

Highest Position
in Chart

Tuesday 29th July 1975

1	(1)	VENUS AND MARS	Wings (Apple)	8	1
2	(4)	HORIZON	Carpenters (A&M)	7	1
3	(3)	CAPTAIN FANTASTIC	Elton John (DJM)	10	1
4	(2)	ONCE UPON A STAR	Bay City Rollers (Bell)	15	1
5	(5)	ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK	10 c.c. (Mercury)	19	3
6	(6)	BEST OF STYLISTICS	(Avco)	17	2
7	(23)	MUD ROCK II	(Rak)	3	7
8	(8)	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles (Asylum)	5	7
9	(11)	STEP TWO	Showaddywaddy (Bell)	4	9
10	(25)	BASEMENT TAPES	Bob Dylan (CBS)	3	10
11	(12)	TUBULAR BELLS	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	101	1
12	(17)	ELTON'S GREATEST HITS	(DJM)	38	1
13	(9)	CAT STEVENS GREATEST HITS	(Island)	2	9
14	(19)	ROLLIN'	Bay City Rollers (Bell)	44	1
15	(16)	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	121	1
16	(13)	THE SINGLES 1969-1973	Carpenters (A&M)	81	1
17	(7)	BEST OF TAMMY WYNETTE	(Epic)	12	3
18	(15)	THANK YOU BABY	Stylistics (Avco)	4	15
19	(18)	MADE IN THE SHADE	Rolling Stones (Atlantic)	5	15
20	(—)	WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	1	20
21	(27)	THE SNOW GOOSE	Camel (Decca)	3	21
22	(10)	GREATEST HITS OF 10 c.c.	(UK)	8	7
23	(14)	24 CARAT PURPLE	Deep Purple (Purple)	11	13
24	(—)	SIMON & GARFUNKEL GREATEST HITS	(CBS)	139	1
25	(22)	JUDITH	Judy Collins (Elektra)	10	7
26	(20)	SNOWFLAKES ARE DANCING	Tomita (Red Seal)	4	19
27	(—)	TEN YEARS NON STOP JUBILEE	James Last (Polydor)	1	27
28	(26)	PHYSICAL GRAFFITI	Led Zeppelin (Swansong)	21	1
29	(—)	RIDE A ROCK HORSE	Roger Daltrey (Polydor)	1	29
30	(24)	DISCO BABY	Van McCoy (Avco)	2	24

BUBBLING UNDER

NOT A LITTLE GIRL ANYMORE — Linda Lewis (Arista)
STILLS — Steven Stills (CBS)
THE HARDER THEY CLIMB, THE HARDER THEY FALL — David Cassidy (Bell)
FROM MIGHTY OAKS — Ray Thomas (Threshold)
MAKE THE WORLD GO AWAY — Donny & Marie Osmond (MGM)

U.S. SINGLES

This Last Week

Tuesday 29th July 1975

1	(2)	PLEASE MR. PLEASE	Olivia Newton-John
2	(4)	JIVE TALKIN'	Bee Gees
3	(1)	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles
4	(5)	I'M NOT IN LOVE	10 c.c.
5	(8)	SOMEONE SAVED MY LIFE	Elton John
6	(3)	THE HUSTLE	Van McCoy
7	(7)	SWEARIN' TO GOD	Frankie Valli
8	(9)	MIDNIGHT BLUE	Melissa Manchester
9	(11)	WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS	War
10	(6)	LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID	Wings
11	(13)	RHINESTONE COWBOY	Glen Campbell
12	(14)	DYNAMITE	Bazuka
13	(17)	THE ROCKFORD FILES	Mike Post
14	(18)	HOW SWEET IT IS	James Taylor
15	(12)	LOVE WILL KEEP US	Captain & Tennille
16	(19)	MORNIN' BEAUTIFUL	Tony Orlando & Dawn
17	(10)	ROCKIN' CHAIR	Gwen McCrae
18	(21)	DISCO QUEEN	Hot Chocolate
19	(15)	THE WAY WE WERE	Gladys Knight
20	(—)	FIGHT THE POWER—PART 1	Isley Bros
21	(26)	COULD BE MAGIC	Barry Manilow
22	(25)	EVERY TIME YOU TOUCH ME	Charlie Rich
23	(24)	I'M ON FIRE	Dwight Twilley
24	(27)	AT SEVENTEEN	Janis Ian
25	(28)	WASTED DAYS & WASTED NIGHTS	Freddy Fender
26	(—)	GET DOWN TONIGHT	K.C. & Sunshine Band
27	(—)	FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE	Bad Company
28	(—)	HOLDIN' ON TO YESTERDAY	Ambrosia
29	(30)	SLIPPERY WHEN WET	Commodores
30	(—)	JUST A LITTLE BIT OF YOU	Michael Jackson

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

This Last Week

Tuesday 29th July 1975

1	(1)	CAPTAIN FANTASTIC	Elton John
2	(2)	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles
3	(3)	VENUS AND MARS	Wings
4	(4)	LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER	Captain & Tennille
5	(6)	CUT THE CAKE	Average White Band
6	(5)	THE HEAT IS ON	Isley Brothers
7	(7)	MADE IN THE SHADE	Rolling Stones
8	(8)	THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD	Earth, Wind & Fire
9	(13)	GORILLA	James Taylor
10	(11)	HORIZON	Carpenters
11	(16)	CAT STEVENS GREATEST HITS	Cat Stevens
12	(10)	DISCO BABY	Van McCoy
13	(9)	FOUR WHEEL DRIVE	Bachman-Turner Overdrive
14	(18)	STILLS	Stephen Stills
15	(19)	WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS	War
16	(12)	METAMORPHOSIS	Rolling Stones
17	(17)	DIAMONDS AND RUST	Joan Baez
18	(21)	ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK	10 c.c.
19	(20)	FANDANGO	ZZ Top
20	(22)	TOYS IN THE ATTIC	Aerosmith
21	(—)	RED OCTOPUS	Jefferson Starship
22	(—)	THE BASEMENT TAPES	Bob Dylan
23	(26)	CHOCOLATE CHIP	Isaac Hayes
24	(28)	BETWEEN THE LINES	Janis Ian
25	(30)	TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT	Neil Young
26	(23)	SURVIVAL	O'Jays
27	(15)	TOMMY	Soundtrack
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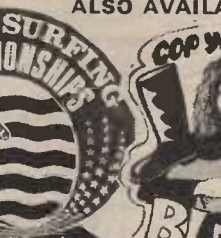
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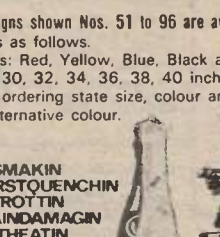
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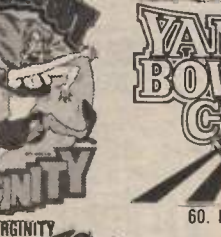
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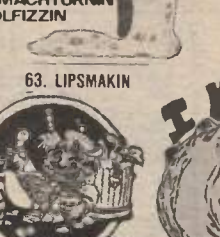
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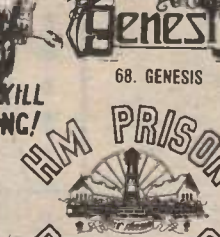
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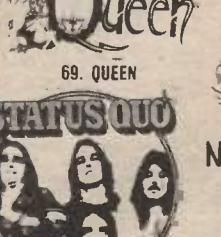
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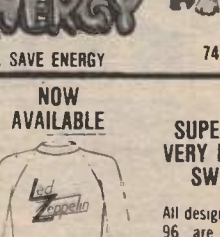
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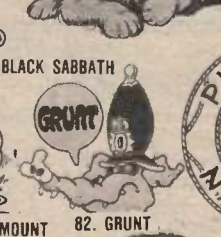
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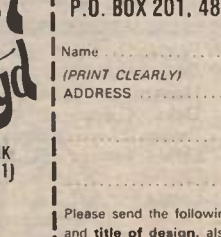
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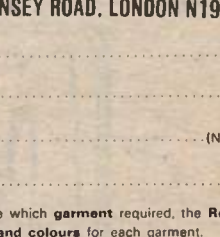
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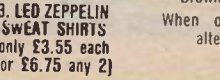
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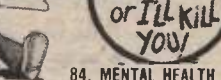
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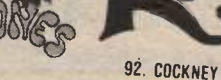
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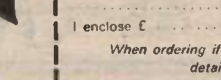
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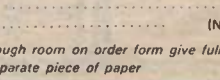
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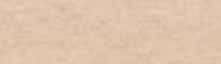
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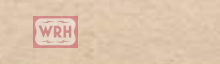
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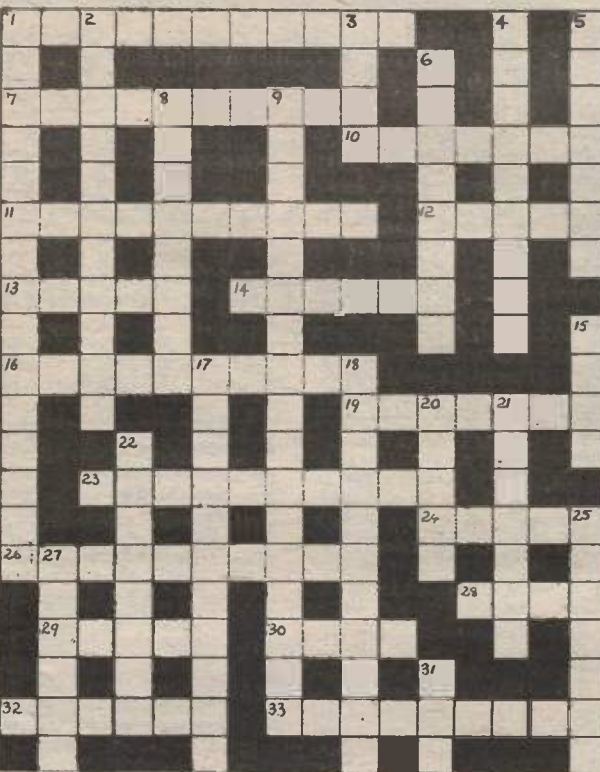
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NME CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Frisco axeman of semi-legendary status (5, 6)
- 7 Early Who classic
- 10 Featured C. Blunstone vocals and R. Argent keyboards
- 11 Singer/writer, son of Greek restaurateur and Swedish mother (3, 7)
- 12 By J. Hendrix re-interpreted as stage anthem by R. Stewart
- 13 Eric The Cee's finest moment?
- 14 Roxy dance — do it, do it!
- 16 From reggae's first supergroup (5, 5)
- 19 Real name James Jewel Osterburg (4, 3)
- 23 Former economics student who made good in a rock and roll band (4, 6)
- 24 McSinger/McWriter
- 26 Riddle Of The Week: What's blue, given to being sulky and plays drums for a flash-rock band? (6, 4)
- 28 See 5 down
- 29 Sam the man, soul pioneer
- 30 Pandey or Mackay
- 32 Back in the days when his name could still be mentioned in mixed company, this was C..ff R.c.a.d.'s first hit (4, 2)
- 33 L.t.l. J.m.y O.m.nd a.b.m (6, 3)

DOWN

- 1 At last year's CSN&Y Wembley bash, this U.S. singer/writer opened the bill (5, 5, 5)
- 2 The Ironside Of Avante Garde & Monkees Toons! (6, 5)
- 3 Has a brother called Charlie, together make famed soul duo
- 4 This one's got a brother too — two of them to be precise; he's the one with the teeth! (5, 4)

- 5 & 28 This one also has a brother, and they're both mixed-up males (*Geddit?* *Geddit?*)
- 6 This one doesn't have a brother (not a famous one anyway), but he's most certainly a mixed-up male — a fool crazy Yank in fact — wears the tightest pants in rock and roll (3, 5)
- 8 And now back to business: Isley . . . um . . . Brothers '73 hit (4, 4)
- 9 Drifters (no brothers there) soul classic, was '64 U.S. summertime smash but ignored by all but soul buffs in U.K. (5, 3, 9)
- 15 Give Gladys support!
- 17 An Allman . . . er . . . Brother (6, 5)
- 18 Lindisfarne elpee (7, 4)
- 20 What Momma Engelbert used to call the baby Humperdinck when she bounced him on her knee?
- 21 A Pretty Thing (4, 3)
- 22 Affectionate surfer (4, 4)
- 25 Featuring vocals of G. Nash, through 60's one of Britain's most consistent hit groups
- 27 D. Essex hit (4, 2)
- 31 Crimson elpee

Answers

ACROSS: 1 Jess Roden; 7 "Honky Tonk Woman"; 10 ELO; 11 Dave Edmunds; 12 Ginger Baker; 14 Pye; 15 Mary Hopkin; 16 Mick Ronson; 18 Deke (Leonard); 19 David Essex; 21 John Sebastian; 22 DJM; 24 and 25 John Cale. **DOWN:** 1 John Lodge; 2 Sandy Denny; 3 Ray Davies; 4 Doobie (Brothers); 5 Grace Slick; 6 Bolan; 8 Nona Hendryx; 9 Smokey Robinson; 13 Black Sabbath; 14 Pete Brown; 16 Melanie; 17 Stevie (Wonder); 20 Sandie (Shaw); 23 Man.

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RATES

Dury cont'd, sorta fing.

Continued from page 13

fall over...

"After a period of time my method of workin' on women was to let them know 'ow smashin' they was."

DURY SPENT eleven years of his childhood in a disabled children's school in Essex. "There were three professions you could go into — a cobbler, a printer or a carpenter. I studied printin' and bootmakin' there for a bit. The place used ter be a workhouse — all the thalidomide children went there... Charlie Watts lives nearby... he gave 'em a horse I think."

"There was 120 girls and 140 boys. You 'ad to be tough. If you 'ad a fight with somebody and 'e 'ad two calipers on 'is leg you 'ad to sit down an' fight..."

"Any limb that you 'ad that was workin' you could use. That was fair game. I used ter use my knee an' right arm."

"I was one of 12 kids in the school in a tutorial group — we did everybody else's letters."

"It was a really strong place," he continues, free-associating, "if a child fell over you weren't allowed to be picked up. So you just took care that you didn't fall over. My right knee was open for three years where I fell over — I was constantly 'avin' poultices on it 't'get the grit out. But that's good. It taught you



Dury: "I'd spit at people."

self-sufficiency if you could 'andle it."

Mrs. Dury removed him to take his 11-plus. Thereafter he attended a normal boarding school in High Wycombe.

"I became a baddy there," he admits, "a real little bugger. For the first six months people there insisted on making my bed for me until they caught on that I was perfectly well able to do those things myself..."

"Nowadays you find people

stepping aside at first and makin' allowances — too many allowances. Then immediately they find out where yer strengths and weaknesses really lie they come down on yer like a ton of bricks... when actually it was them imposing it on you in the first place.

"It makes you kind of cold."

"For a while it made me very un'appy because I realised I didn't 'ave a normal set of reactions 'cos of it..."

"That's why, when I was a painter I was always gettin' pissed and shoutin' around a lot. Russ'd come around, we'd go out in the motor an' I'd spit at people out the window. We'd do terrible yobbo things. I haven't felt the urge to do it for three years — since I've bin working with a band."

"Perhaps that's why I can be a yobbo now in a more controlled manner."

I cite Steve Harley's complaint that on bad nights his audiences make him feel ungainly.

"Me?" says Dury, "I've always felt very graceful, very lithe and sexy. There's only one thing — I wear gloves for photies an' things because of me little 'and. That's the only thing I'm uptight about..."

"Actually," he muses, "I'm a complete mess. But it's never slowed me down — except when catchin' buses."



Sometimes, it's said, we're a little too and done, though, we're reasonably But listen... We take no liberties...

NME readers.

I WAS going to make a plane from this piece of paper, but then in a fiendish attempt to waste someone else's time I decided to write a Talkin' Blues about this space thing and send it to you for possible publication. So what do you say?

TALKIN' APOLLO-SOYUZ BLUES

I was talkin' to Jesus the other week Here on an unofficial second coming so to speak Says, "I hear the yanks and reds are going up to space So I came down here for a bit of peace Didn't find any though."

Well the cosmonauts came down today They even watched in the U.S. of A.

Who knows what the yanks'll be up to now Maybe a soft landin' in the centre of Moscow While across the world on the very same morn The reds'll put down on the White House lawn

Well you can chuckle and you can laugh And simulate splash-downs in your bath But stop a while and think real good Maybe it was just a movie they made in Hollywood They tell me That's where all the stars are.

As I sat at home by the television I noticed one thing from this mission Not only on Earth do we act the fool But also in them space capsules.

Well this here song's called a Talkin' Blues To get heard in Russia it'd be no use They'd have to change the name instead To "TALKIN' SOYUZ-APOLLO REDS".

Well that's my song for what it's worth And I'd prefer to sing it here on Earth But just one more word before you go It's something you probably already know That men are men and boys are boys And spacecraft are expensive toys They don't sell many Not even at Christmas.

ALAN J. WILSON, Londonderry, N. Ireland. ■ The perspective is not dissimilar from a letter emanating from a Spanish jail. AT

I DARE you to print this! I just thought I'd drop you a line or two so you can get at least one nice letter a week. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm an American (Kentucky) serving time here in Spain for attempting to introduce "you know what" into the Iberian Peninsula.

Actually I was passing through but they didn't go for that. There are about 80 of us here and it really isn't that bad no matter what you've heard to the contrary. But still jail is jail.

Anyway, I'm an ex-worker in the industry having done everything from hauling equipment, to promoting concerts in Miami. And your worthy publication is like manna from heaven having replaced Rolling Stone as the No. 1 rock paper in el mundo (world to you). Especially since Rolling Stone has been, to my mind, getting further away from music and into politics, not that I'm against politics.

I think it's more fun being just people and as we all know music has it's share of politics.

We get your paper here every once in a while. What I like about your rag is the tendency to report about the stars and superstars more as people than living legends or demigods or what ever.

As we all know, there are some 100 per cent schmucks in the business and on the other hand there are a lot of real people around too. What we'd call down-home folks back in the hills. And to refer to them otherwise is an inducement to super-egos and there's plenty of that.

I'm not saying that they don't have any influence on our culture or way of thinking. They do and you know they do. But they're people and they

have their faults and merits like the rest of us.

So much for today's Philosophy Lesson.

What I'm trying to say is that it's really and truly refreshing and highly entertaining to read your publication because of this treatment of the musicians of today as people rather than something to place likenesses of in an altar and burn incense to or an sacrifices to like an idol.

Are you asleep yet? Anyway I'll quit before this gets out of hand (I think it already has). Keep up the good work. — HERBERT ROYE, Prison Preventiva, Jerez de la Frontera, Cadiz, Espana.

P.S. Are the Bay City Rollers for real? For that matter is CSM for real or the result of a rather weird STP trip.

P.P.S. Next time you're down this way, drop in and see us or, if you can afford it, send us a copy of your recently published book, OK?

● Points taken. NME is indeed fabulous, whereas moronic idolatry amounts to incipient fascism. I think you're incredible. Get out of that place at once. AT.

After a very interesting day at Knebworth I put my mind to writing a poem. I like it. I hope it will be printed.

He walks through the gate A smile brightens his face Sleeping bag secured on shoulder

To the nearest eats stall he goes Listening to 100,000 people talking While munching his hot dog A foaming sea of blue confronts his eyes A stage like a launching pad He stares a familiar face a friend



Edited by Andrew Tyler

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side. Really. All said And so is Albert.



This is your LUNCHBAG

Then a thud of bass a rollin cymbal
The tide rushes a stereophonic sound
Spills out its vibes on the sea
He squats his bag and his body is in a void
Quadrophonic band the mind blowing Pink Floyd
Fireworks, smoke, dark side of the moon
Knebworth, July 5th and not a day too soon. — **DAVID DIAMOND, Port Sunlight.**
■ Your poem is read. It makes me feel blue. Surreal is ok generally, but this don't come through AT.

WE THOUGHT you might like to put a picture of some of your most devoted working class readers on your cover instead of your usual motley procession of millionaire rock stars, living lives of unexpurgated ribaldry, running away through filthy steaming mounds of sweaty groupies (continued on extra sheets, available on request).
This is a photograph of us ordinary, decent, clean-living boring blokes at the climax of the Knebworth festival. By the way if any chicks are reading this we would like four to sleep

with at any future outdoor events.
The following is a list of excuses we thought up between 3 and 4 a.m. to justify your emblazoning our recumbent frames across your hallowed frontpiece.
1) Is Rock DEAD? Rock is the 3rd on the right.



2) The world's most thought-provoking rock weekly.
3) The latest stupor group consisting of Rick Unwakeman, Manfred Mandrax, Keith Swoon and Chris Bedding. Their new very long player consists of tired reworking of such old classics as "Sheet Fighting Man," "Hang on Sleepy," "My Sweet Snored," "Give Sleep a Chance," "Stand By Your Divan," "Years on My Pillow," "Slumbertime Blues," "Sunshine Stuporman" and many, many, more.
Their latest single, a 45 hour

version of Tubular Bedrails, was conceived during the groups last coma.
4) Spot the Blade of Knebworth Park Grass Competition. — **GABRIEL GLEASON, ROBERT SMYTHE (Photographer) GERARD BLAYLOCK, BERNARD PRICE, GERALD MERRIMAN.**

● Yes, this has everything; relevance, wit, sex, a vaguely surreal tonality and a small red stain near the word stupor. Unfortunately I'm not allowed to print letters of this sort. Sorry, but my hnds are tied. AT.

NEVER KNEW Tim Buckley. Well I did. But I never heard any of his music. Don't be mad. He's dead. Thought I knew him but only in mind. Might have felt the same. Dunno. Wrote poem. He moved me. Why do people have to die? Overcrowded.

I'm sitting in a scruffy cafe reading about Mr. Buckley. See what I mean. I think I'm near him now. Everybody is some times. The poem!

TITLE: TELL HIM IT'S ALRIGHT
Saw you reaching for a drink last night,
But somehow not getting near

enough.
You were thirsty and needed some water
But people just shrugged you off and laughed?
"Not him. He's too stable. A good guy though."
At night the shadows danced round your tired brain.
Cascading memories of the times you cried.
Cross legged in the park. Remember the time we?
But the laughs swirl round like a grey mist
And curl away into the night forever
Scratch your face but it doesn't hurt
Lie down on the bed and feel the covers absorbing your pain,
Feel all those years you tried, being soaked up in an instant.

The knot inside you slowly unties itself and you turn over.
Are you doing it for the best.
Surely somebody will remember you?
Can you honestly tell us that it will work? I think not.
Back again. You slowly toss and turn then slowly settle down.
Lying on the floor. The room revolves and you smile.
The room becomes a blur and you can hear her singing.
You reach out but she disappears and is replaced by light.
Suddenly the spinning stops. This is it.
I'm going. I'm going for good. Please hold my hand.
I can feel my face burning. My hands are numb. I pick up a pen
It falls. Taking years to reach

the floor.
I'm falling. Somebody catch me and put me back.
To late Mr. Buckley Your name is in the column. End.
Not much. I never knew him. But that's what I felt. Well, really. No kidding. I really felt for him after he died. Goodbye. You'll probably not pick the letter anyway. Goodbye. — **TADGE THURGOLAND SHEFFIELD, YORKSHIRE.**

Womfle — Pomfy — Shomp. — **JOHN (SPIADA) LOGAN, Dunbartonshire, Scotland.**
P.S. Please excuse the writing.
● This is much more like it. AT

COULD IT be that Andrew Tyler is a relation to Tony Tyler? I can't think of any reason, other than nepotism, why such a shit writer should get work printed in the paper.
Birds of a feather? Like father like son? — **STEVE BRENNAN, Bromley, Kent.**
● Great. AT.

I've just dreamt I killed Barry White with a garden fork. What does this mean? — **All Yours, JACK ARYAN, On the Level.**
● No-one knows. Dreams are that far out. Is it prophecy? Is it potent violence. Your handwriting is very small and your name has expansionist tendencies. But I like you very much. AT

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Tony ("Lend me a quid till Tuesday") Tyler in his third cigarette-less week; trouble is, he's started chain-smoking cee-gars...

Who sez Bay City Rollers never have any fun: in vunderful, vunderful Copenhagen, one young lady leapt up on stage and flashed some tit at Alan Longmuir: bet that gave the wee bozos something to talk about over their post-gig milkies...

Sadistic Mika Band currently recording in Tokyo under the baton of studio whizz-kid Chris Thomas... Virgin secure exclusive European distribution rights for G. Dead's Round Records label; in accordance with the Dead's approach the agreement is, of course, purely verbal. Future plans for the youthful San Franciscans include studio album out next month followed by a film of their last five concerts. The film is liable to be accompanied by — and this is where the going gets heavy — a four record soundtrack. Yeah, very far out, Jerry... Whatever happened to S. Puxley?

See that B. Ferry's "You Go To My Head" single failed to make Top Thirty. Even so, sales of 100,000 being claimed, and idiosyncracies of charts offered as balm for Ol' Blue Hair's

neuroses... NME's Charlie Gillett to have his hour-long Radio London show "Honky Tonk" extended by half an hour. He is also due to take over the radio station's Friday night "Pop Shop" slot with revived title "Single File" Nice one Charlie.

"Cold Cuts", articulate gar-rulous Macca's greatest hits album, to be released this autumn... Unfortunate start for a record company: Plum Records believed to have dropped something of a bundle when GLC stepped in and nixed their black music festival scheduled for last Saturday at Chelsea Football Ground...

Stephen Stills maintaining that he signed with CBS because he didn't feel Atlantic had backed his solo outings sufficiently. He apparently feels attempts were being made to pressure him into work with CSNY... Alice Cooper hustling to set up golf date with US President Jerry Ford... Eat yer hearts out all you horny guys, Anne Murray just done got hitched — to a TV producer the name of Bill Langstroth...

Th-th-that's all, folks; how the hell do you expect us to write any more Teazers when it's 85 degrees in the shade and there ain't no shade not even in the shade...

TEAZERS

'ALLO... and welcome back to the zingy, zany, mixed-up, madcap, thrill-packed, lovable, loud-mouthed, loose-lipped, ludicrous world of Teazers (and occasionally New Jersey); and the latest nibble of info in the "Who gets to wrap up Honest Ron Wood and take him home after the show" sweepstakes is that the Stones (who've got him at the moment) have extended their tour of the States by six days, with the result that the Faces (who he's with usually like) have had to cancel three shows in Miami, losing \$20,000.

An S. Pokesman representing Rod (you know Rod — he's the one on the cover this week) said, "We've had to cancel the concerts because there won't be enough time to rehearse new numbers with Ronnie. Rod is particularly fed up because he feels that the Stones should have let him know about the extension much sooner."

Not to be outdone, the Stones' S. Pokesman leaped into the fray, countering with, "The decision to extend the tour

was taken a fortnight ago. I was not aware that the Faces had not been informed in good time." Around here, that little incident has boosted the odds in favour of the Stones in the R. Wood S. Stakes. For more hot poop on this and other famous topics, see Smilin' Steve Clarke's report on pages 5, 6 and 7.

So what else is vital and important? Weeeelllll, David Bowie has been offered the lead in a film biography of Frank Sinatra; "I'm very flattered," responded D.B. coyly, "Frank Sinatra is my hero" — next week, Les McKeown as Clement Attlee...

And the week's finest performance on the bozontron comes from that great ol' trouser Elvis Presley, who, according to the Sunday People, told an audience in Norfolk, Virginia that they stank; he then proceeded to inform his black female backing vocal group, the Sweet Inspirations, that they didn't smell so good either, after which all but one of them upped and walked off — S. Pokesman later commented, "It was a storm in a teacup." You're wonderful, El; we can't wait for you to come to Britain...

End of a legend: Jerry Wexler retires as vice-chairman of Atlantic Records, though he'll still be around on a consultant basis... And the

Jams Of The Week: Stones blowing with Eric Claphandsandboompadaisy at Electric Lady studios in New York, while Lou Reed got on stage with Flo and Eddie in Sydney: first they sang back-up for him on "Walk On The Wild Side" and then he — uh — participated in "Happy Together"... and, still on the subject of slender Reed, his new album's entitled "Metal Machine Music" — oboy...

Buckley— new evidence

DIRECTLY CONTRADICTING the coroner's original verdict of a heart attack, the cause of Tim Buckley's death has now been revealed to be an overdose of heroin. Six days before the release of this information, a 30-year-old graduate student named Richard Keeling had been arrested and charged with first-degree murder.

On the night of his death, an as yet un-named eyewitness claims that he saw Buckley snort a white powder from a silver tray, and shortly afterwards complained about feeling bad and was taken back to his apartment by Keeling. Buckley, unconscious, was put to be bed by his wife, but an hour later could not be awakened. Acting on information from Keeling, doctors treated Buckley for an overdose of barbiturates and took him to hospital, where, one hour later, he died.

Buckley had no reputation for extensive drug use in the past.

His death came during the final stages of negotiations for him to play the part of Woody Guthrie in an adaptation of Guthrie's autobiography "Bound For Glory", to have been directed by Hal Ashby, who directed "The Last Detail" and "Shampoo."

Re last week's Teazer about Bad Company turning down the Oval gig for no apparent reason; Swan Song's S. Pokesman claims "No reason necessary" — great excuse, boys, we must remember that one and use it next time someone tries to put us on the spot... Our housing correspondent, Bungey Lowe, reports that David Essex has had to move house no less than five — count 'em — five times in the last eighteen months; all together now, awwwwww... Dig this one, harmony heads: Paul Simon

and Art Garfunkel re-uniting for potential one-off single...

And over to our financial correspondent Shares Bono: "Greeting! Keith Moon is currently being sued in the High Court for money allegedly owing on the installation of an £18,000 swimming pool — and Cher spends \$1,000 (that's £450 to you) a month on manicures alone" ... Meanwhile, it's silly time again: the occupants of the Womble suits on "Top Of The Pops" the other week were Rick Kemp, Bob Johnson, Nigel Pegrum and assorted other members of Steeleye Span, presumably as a thank-yo' to Womblesfuhrer Mike Batt who's producing their latest fab album...

Marc Bolan overheard at a party recently explaining what his lovely new single, "New York City" is all about: "I was sitting in Central Park with David Bowie, and suddenly this woman walked up with a frog in her hand. I thought, 'Oh wow, what a heavy flash!'; shucks Marc, we thought you made the whole thing up... Hey, this one's rilly gonna make your day: in next year's Eurovision Yawn Contest preliminaries, Britain's entry will be selected from — get ready — 12 different songs (none of them the least bit like any others) sung by 12 different artistes (all of whom are entirely dissimilar)...

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"If I am sleeping with someone and David phones because he needs me, I go right away!"
Angie Bowie, Sunday Mirror, July 27, 1975

Ooooh, here's a funny one from the News Of The World: a "top pop guitarist" named Stephen Leigh-Brown was convicted this week of making obscene phone calls to the telephonist at Wimbledon Police Station: he was identified only by the sound of his voice, so play it safe on your next phone call... Very nice letter from Frank Sinatra received by NME's teen sensation Max Bell after Maxie's recent review of Sinatra's Albert Hall gig; nicer story... correspondence from John Lennon and Alice Cooper received by CSM... Would a Jewish consciousness-raising group practise Gevalt Therapy?

Pray for the fortitude of The Tallest Man In The Building:



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Tiger tiger burning bright, in the bespoke tailors of the night.

You can make Rod Stewart dance, sing, or do any old thing, but you can't make him...

IT'S JUST not cricket squire. Deadlines have had to be blown out, spouses have been telephoned, and even the photographers have given up vulturing the first floor lift in this hotel on Dublin's main strip where 1975's most photographed couple, Rod Stewart and Britt Ekland, should have appeared over an hour ago to talk to the assembled media.

Everywhere you look it's mediasville, with bodies festooned by cameras and/or tape recorders. More time goes by and a well-groomed and very charming middle-aged lady calls attention to inform us all that the couple's delay is caused by some trouble with the creases in Rod's trousers.

Actually, that's a fibbola, since what's really keeping the celebrities is the preparation of a press statement dealing with the star's income tax situation. You see, what was originally conceived as a neat piece of promotion for Rod's soon-to-be-released album "Atlantic Crossing" — whereby representatives of the British media would be flown over to Dublin, have a chat with Rod, and then fly back — has gone slightly haywire. Remember, Rod's earnings mean that he's only allowed in the UK for three out of the year's 12 months unless he wants to get clobbered by some gargantuan tax demand.

It all started to go adrift when the couple attempted to travel to Dublin from Amsterdam via London's Heathrow airport. On arrival at Heathrow, Stewart was refused admittance to England unless he was prepared for the subsequent consequences, i.e. get taxed to the hilt. Whereupon the couple flew back to Amsterdam and then caught another flight direct to Dublin.

dam and then caught another flight direct to Dublin.

All this darting about meant that Rod and Britt didn't arrive in Ireland until mid-afternoon, while to keep the promotion wheels turning smoothly they should have been there early in the morning. Moreover, stories have been run by a couple of nationals that a writ demanding that Stewart pay up his tax was ready to be served at Heathrow — with the added result that legal action by Stewart has subsequently been set into motion against the journals in question and that several of the journalists awaiting Rod's arrival at the hotel couldn't wait to get their claws into Stewart regarding his tax situation.

Hence the press statement, hence the delay. . . .

In other words things are a little chaotic.

And when the pair eventually arrive they become more so. . . .

Rod and Britt are seated behind a table topped with green baize. He's wearing a candy striped suit unfastened so that a large proportion of the Stewart torso is on view. He looks extremely disgruntled. Britt, however, clad tastefully in a polka-dot dress, white scarf looped around her neck, looks totally unscrupulous. And very pretty, too, with the kind of long, blonde hair, wide eyed and pouted lips looks that every teenage chick has at one time or other wished to hell she possessed.

There's no seating provided for the journalists and media anarchy is let loose until this guy from Irish TV asserts his presence with some not altogether unpredictable questions. There's some about the tax situation, some about problems at Dublin airport, but what finally upsets the apple cart is when the interviewer asks Britt a question about her marital status, boldly stating that she's been wed three or four

times to date.

Britt has in fact been married just the once — to Peter Sellers — so this question gets Rod really uptight, whereupon he seizes the interviewer's cue-board. Just to add to the chaos there's some trouble with the lighting.

More questions follow and it won't surprise you to find the name Dee Harrington cropping up amongst them.

Meantime other members of the press — less to the front than the TV (Irish TV sent an apology to Rod the next day) — are bitching all over the place. A male member leers something about Stewart being a nasty bastard while several of the ladies of the press go on about how short Britt is or how she doesn't look so good off the silver screen, while the more good-natured among the gathering make the standard comments about Stewart's garb. You know, all that stuff about him looking as if he's just out of bed and so on.

FORTUNATELY the whole circus is over within an hour, after which more private interviews take place throughout the evening and into the next day. And some 24 hours later Stewart

recounts the whole episode as seen from his side.

"I felt like a criminal being taken down there yesterday. I felt like I was going to have my head cut off. It was terrible. I really don't know who to blame. I suppose I must blame myself, 'cause I was late, but I was only late 'cause I knew I had to get a press statement out."

"Everybody wanted to know about the income tax thing. I came into Dublin, I was happy. All of a sudden, bang . . . I've been very depressed about it 'cause all of it has nothing to do with music," he said.

ROD AND BRITT are residing in the hotel's Elizabeth Taylor suite, so named, you guessed it, because Taylor and Burton once occupied the same set of rooms. As I enter, the BBC Nationwide team are going through the final shots of filming the couple. The man in charge, Bernard Falk, seems to have Stewart and Ms Ekland wrapped around his little finger. Both wearing immaculate white pants, the couple sit close together on a roomy sofa as the TV team get their final clips.

"Ask him what he wants for dinner tonight, Britt," orders

Falk. Britt obeys, Rod whispers something in his loved one's ear. She says something about the reply being rude.

The filming finished, Stewart disappears to the bedroom to do a brief interview for Radio One's *Rock Week*. Tony Toon, one of several people who act as Stewart's PR, tries to eject Falk from the room, but he refuses to budge until he has Tom's assurance that a photograph autographed by the couple, "To Bernard etc." will reach him in due course.

Meantime Britt busies herself by seeing there's enough beers in the fridge and when she comes to removing an ashtray proceeds to state just what a filthy habit smoking is, "I always knew that two people who didn't smoke would get together," she says referring to her relationship with Stewart.

And I thought these matches were made in heaven. . . .

Ouch.

Anyway by the time Rod settles down to talk you expect him to be frayed around the edges after the events of the last day or so. Instead he's well into talking, especially about music. But just why all the promotion? He doesn't usually go to these lengths for a new record.

"That's a good point, actually. I think if you really believe in something as strongly as I do in this album . . . I believe it's the best one I've ever done."

But that's what an artist always says about his newest work.

"So they should," Stewart counters. "If it's not the best one you've ever done then you've no right in releasing it, have ya? Everything's got to be better than the last thing. You

can only reflect and I can reflect and think 'Smiler' wasn't as good as I thought it was. I know this one's good 'cause I've been listening to it for the last six weeks."

"Smiler", the last Stewart album, sold well in Britain and Europe, but only reached number 12 in the US charts — whereas its immediate predecessors made number one.

Of the album he has this to say: "I don't really want to turn round and say it was a bad album. Saying that puts down the discernment of the people who bought it, but really standing up to the one I've just done. . . ."

"Atlantic Crossing" is something of a major departure for Stewart in that it was recorded entirely in America, with American musicians, including Steve Cropper (co-writer of one cut "Stone Cold Sober"), bassist Duck Dunn and drummer Al Jackson. In other words, the MGs.

Also on the album are the Muscle Shoals team (much of "Atlantic Crossing" was recorded at Muscle Shoals' Alabama studios) and that famous Turk Arif Mardin arranged some of the strings on the record.

Below par sales for "Smiler" obviously influenced Stewart's decision to do away with the old formula, but that wasn't the only reason.

"Everybody was coming along with a set pattern of ideas of how they were going to play, even Woody. And I wasn't much help 'cause I wanted 'em to play like that. I definitely needed new blood around me."

"I needed a producer badly. I

■ Continued over page

Blarney: STIOFAN
O'CLAIRGHE

Visions: JO O'STIOFANNS

(STEVE CLARKE & JOE STEVENS to you)



An old 200 guinea suit will never let you down continued.

Continued from page 5

thought I was a pretty good producer but as it happens I'm really shitty to the real guys. It took Tom Dowd to open my eyes. I used to put down producers. I used to think they were parasites. You know, just guys who sit there. I take all of that back.

"For me money Tom Dowd is the best producer there is. If you produce everything between the MJQ, Otis Redding and Eric Clapton you've got to be good. You name producers that have covered that big a field in music and still come up trumps."

"He's a lovely guy, a lovely man. He really is. And the stories he and Steve Cropper tell about Otis Redding when they've had a few drinks. They told me a lovely story about how he wrote 'Dock Of The Bay'. Steve taught him how to play guitar in the back of a Greyhound express, the old open tune method."

"Two days later he came up with 'Dock Of The Bay'. You can play it with an open E." Stewart gestures, running his left hand downwards on an imaginary guitar. "It knocked me out."

Throughout our conversation Stewart can't sing the praises of Tom Dowd enough. "He's unbelievable. I mean, I'd give him a set of lyrics, say, 'Tom this is what I'm going to sing'. He'd read through the lyrics and he would highlight where I should sing a bit louder or a bit more gentle. There can't be a person in the world who I would agree with on that count. He was spot on every time. He's a real god-send."

But even if Dowd advised Rod on his singing, he ensured that the musicians were always under his control. "The first time I walked into the studio I wanted to do 'Drift Away' and they had a certain amount of respect for me. They thought it was about time Rod Stewart came and recorded with them. I thought that was nice diplo-

macy on their behalf. I was so nervous. And it was a terrible atmosphere 'cause they were just as nervous as I was. There's not many guys from Britain who come to record down there. Dusty (Springfield) tried it and wasn't. . . Didn't Frankie Miller go down there? It worked with Frankie Miller, but the songs weren't any good."

"That band can play anything, but you mustn't let 'em play like they want 'cause that's when you fall into a terrible gap. You realise how difficult it is to try and tell someone like Duck Dunn how to play. There was one song, the reggae thing 'Alright For An Hour', where I wanted him to play shortening bread" (a musician's term for a particular bass pattern as Rod proceeds to demonstrate). "And he played it. It's very difficult for me to tell them to do things like that when you've got so much respect for them. We were all reared up on that gear in this country."

"No way have I had to change for them. They've changed and played my way. It was a buss for them and actually it was a landmark for the Muscle Shoals rhythm section. They said, 'You know that's the first time we've ever sweat. We haven't sweated since we don't know when'. I thought that was great — but just as we were finishing the album Roger Hawkins, the drummer, came up and said that's the first time I've ever had blisters on me hands," Stewart clicks his fingers, "I thought, 'I got 'em'!"

THE ALBUM cost something in the region of 70,000 dollars to make — cheaper than his English albums — and 15 tracks were laid down in a little over three weeks. The five cuts that won't be included on the record are Elvis's "Return To Sender", "To Love Somebody" and an Al Green style version of "Holy Cow", plus two of Stewart's own songs.

"I'm not going to put down everything I've done previous to this. What I will put down is

that it all took a long time to do. I don't think forty minutes of music should take a year to make. Like most bands put out one album a year. That shouldn't be the case. It's been the case with me in the last few years."

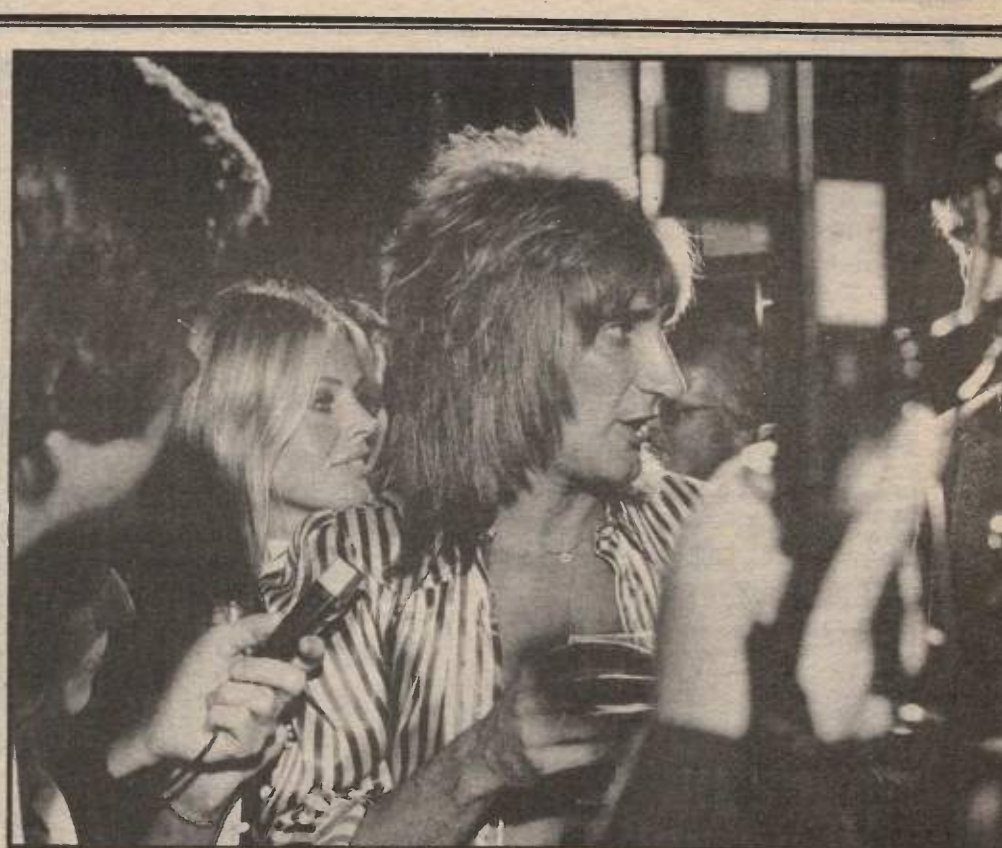
"I said to Tom Dowd one night, 'Listen Tom I've only been in the studio three weeks and the album's finished. There must be something wrong'. He said, 'Take it from me, all the best albums I've ever done have only taken three weeks. The bad albums take a long time.'"

Stewart plans to record another album before Christmas with Dowd producing again and with the same musicians,

"I've forgotten what Tetsu looks like . . . Japanese chap isn't he?"

"There's such a wealth of musicianship out there. It's such an eye-opener, it really is. I'll tell you what, it's the best move I ever made. It would be silly to change drastically overnight. I'm still making the music I love. I just think that now it's being played better. There's a rhythm section now which makes you tap your foot which was on the other albums there wasn't."

So how does he think the musicians who normally work with him will feel about all this? "They'll be a bit pissed off, but they wouldn't hold me back. The funny thing is that all the guys I've used in the past — especially Woody and Mac —



"What's that? My round? Well thanks for the interviews, I must be going."

have got the utmost respect for Steve Cropper, Duck Dunn and Al Jackson. Mac loves the Muscle Shoals rhythm section because of all those Bobby Womack albums."

Material-wise "Atlantic Crossing" is different to Stewart's previous albums. There are no Dylan or Sam Cooke songs (although he plans to include songs by both writers on future albums) but there are five brand new Stewart numbers, one co-written with Cropper, another with guitarist Jesse Ed Davis.

There are no Stewart-Wood collaborations.

"Everybody's been screaming for more of my songs. It's very difficult to dissect songs, cut 'em up and try and tell you what it's all about. None of them existed before April, they all came about in the States. 'Stone Cold Sober' is the drinking song again. 'All In The Name Of Rock 'n Roll' is just about a band that start off with absolutely nothing and finish up with absolutely nothing and they're interfered with by the FBI."

"I'm a great lyricist. I don't think I'm a great songwriter. As Dylan said, all you can do with a song is reflect the times around you. You can never predict, you can just reflect what's going on around you which I think I've done on every song on this album."

"I fancy myself as a lyricist, you know."

"Three Time Loser" is a VD song, I'm a three time loser. / Caught it up in Monterey / Shook it off in East Virginia / And now my friends say it's back to stay." He laughs. "I thought it was time someone wrote something about venereal disease. What about those basement tapes of Dylan's? Have you 'eard 'em yet? Are there any of his VD blues on there? Cause I've got some old tapes of his — 'These VD blues' and 'Stain On Me Trousers'. Or something like that."

"I think probably the achievement for me of this album is 'This Old Heart Of Mine'. I'm really knocked out by that. It's the track everybody seems to neglect. It's so emotional. It just chugs along."

The inclusion of Danny Whitten's "I Don't Want To Talk About It" seems a little strange?

"I don't know. It'll probably be just like listening to 'Losing You' on 'Every Picture Tells A Story' for a month and then trying to associate it to how The Temptations do it. You've really got to drop the original if you can."

The single in Britain is Gavin Sutherland's "Sailin'" (Stewart describes himself as a fanatical Sutherland fan and would like to produce the band if such an opportunity arose) and its treatment is such that the song is likely to become something of an anthem at football matches.

Another departure on "Atlantic Crossing" is the album's cover; no sleeve notes and an

altogether flitzy gatefold picture than on previous albums. Did this mean that Stewart was trying to change his one-of-the-lads image?

"No. I love all that. I love the football and I'll always love football. I'd die by it. Christ no, that's nothing I'm trying to kill. If you notice on the Houses of Parliament (they're depicted on the sleeve) there's the flag of Saint Andrews. I'm not trying to escape from anything. I'm really proud of what I've done."

AND SO onto The Faces, who after being as close as this around the time of their Christmas tour — where they hit form and even talked of recording extensively — now seem to be further apart than ever. Woody's with the Stones, "Atlantic Crossing" doesn't feature any of the band, and only last week Kenny Jones was attacking Stewart for alleged loss of earnings.

So what happened to all those singles The Faces were to record in the wake of "You Can Make Me Dance."

"Well I got shouted down. They didn't want to know. I've got no idea what's going to happen to the band after this tour. I don't even know if our guitar player is still alive. I've spoken to him three times while he's been touring with the Stones, twice he was sounding really on top of the world and then the last time he sounded really down."

"He'd probably tell you he was enjoying it. I really don't know. I haven't seen him. I haven't read much about their

"Britt's got this flair for music. I listen to her a lot."

tour actually. It's a very low key tour, usually a Stones tour is in *Newsweek* and *Life*, but it hasn't been in any of them."

"I'd like to stumble across them in Chicago tomorrow or the day after. I think they might be there. So I might see Woody, but I very much doubt it. I don't know what shape he's in. I hope he's in good health cause he's got to finish a tour with them and start a tour with us. That's not the two easiest bands to tour with on the road."

"As guitar players Woody and Keith are so similar it's ridiculous. Apart from what they look like, they play like each other. The only thing that's come to me through the grape-

vine regarding the tour is that no-one is playing lead. They sure have got a rhythm section," Stewart laughs, "all five of 'em."

Woody has always maintained that The Faces are his first love.

"Yeah," agrees Stewart, "They're my first love. I don't know what's going to happen. We'll all be down in Miami in three weeks and we'll start rehearsing and obviously there's going to be a lot of ego floating about. It's not just me and the band, they're all personalities in their own right. They've all got their own lifestyles."

"See, I want to desperately recreate what I've done on this album onstage and I'll do anything to do that, literally anything. We've already got a 15 piece orchestra touring with us which I know Mac doesn't like. He's going to have to lump it. The cop-out used to be if we don't sound like the record we'll just jump about a bit more. I think nowadays — I think I know the States very well — people want to sit back and hear some good pure sound."

But surely one of the great things about The Faces is their audience rapport and their audience's instant identification with the band?

"There's no reason why that should suffer if we sound a bit more like our records, or like my records. Anyway, we'll see what happens. We've got to feel each other out. If we don't break up within the next few months we'll never break up cause we're probably as near now as we've ever been."

"Kenny's had a go at me in the papers. . . That was so unfair cause we were all going to leave England and live in America, all of us. Now, as it happens, me and Woody are the only two. The rest stayed behind. Now I don't know if Woody is going to live there or live where. Plus the fact that those British gigs were never on cause Woody was touring the States with the Stones."

"He's entitled to his opinion though," Stewart concludes, referring to Jones' comments in last week's *Daily Express*.

In actual fact The Faces did go into the studio immediately after their British Christmas tour and recorded five tracks. "Three were good and two were useless," opines Stewart who has no idea as to when, if ever, the tracks will be released. "I don't know. Your judgement is as good as mine. It all depends on what happens when we all get back together again. They're a great band. You can't take that away from them."

So what'll happen if The Faces do split? "Well, you've got to look at it like this. Woody might want to join the Stones, I'd be very surprised if he did — he could have done it two years ago. A lot rests on his

"Next time I come down the docks I must remember not to wear my pyjamas."

decision. Putting it into a basket, we're probably further away from each other than we've ever been. I've forgotten what Tets looks like. He's a Japanese chap, isn't he? I miss them. I really do.

But do you like each other?

"Yeah. There's a lot of bull-shit goes down. We have a go at each other behind each other's backs. We never say the best things about each other, but when we're together we're the best of mates always. If that was to change then I'd be very surprised. If we're going to have a go at each other we go round the back ways, through PR people or managers or send telegrams."

Stewart says he was all for Woody joining the Stones. "Cause he was going to further himself as a guitar player which he should do. There should never be any confines. We didn't complain. He played with Clapton and Townshend at the Rainbow. And also if next year I play the Festival Hall with a 15-piece orchestra and bring over the MGs they can't complain either, 'cause that's what I intend to do."

That's definite?

"Oh yeah."

"Live appearances of bands could be so much better. I would love to do a tour of European cities and pick the halls where I play. Go round there

and have a look at it, picture where the choir is going to be, picture where the orchestra is going to be or whatever. We'll see what happens when we get together in Miami," Stewart reaffirms. "We'll probably still be playing Lewisham Odeon next summer."

DURING OUR conversation Ms Eklund has been walking in and out of the suite's lounge wearing a chocolate brown bathrobe. She books a call to LA, takes the call in the bedroom where she proceeds to chat effusively to whoever's on the other end of the line.

Stewart admits that being with the lady has changed him. "I'd be a fool if I was to tell you it hadn't. She's got an incredible knowledge of music, not so much knowledge as insight. She was with Lou Adler" (producer of Carole King and Cheech and Chong) "for a long time. It was never a strong relationship. I've got a lot of respect for Lou and the things he's done. So she obviously knew about music."

"Everything she says I know is right. We go and see bands together. We went and saw Bad Company. She's got this flair. She knows visually what things should look like. I listen to her a lot. She could also be a co-producer on this album. I think it was her idea to put the tracks altogether — the rock 'n' roll

songs on one side, the more gentle things on the other. I really respect her for that.

"As far as changing me I think I'm probably a bit more... Oh fuck, I don't know, I think you'll probably have to ask her. Probably I'm a bit cleaner than I was," he grins roguishly, and you know that despite it all Rod Stewart is as much of a hard drinking, football lovin' yob as he's always been.

Your chauffeur reckons you're more stable these days?

"I've been living out of suitcases for the last five months. I've never been so unstable in my life," he answers, dodging the issue.

Does he still get the urge to go chasing other chicks, 'cause Rod's always been something of a lad?

"No, not like I used to. I'm open to suggestions. No, I mustn't be cruel, she's incredible. I think why so much interest is caused all the time, even without us asking for it — every airport we go to there's people, it's ridiculous — is because all the others — the Bowies, the McCartneys — are married and we're not. And she's a star in her own right."

Does he think she's a good actress?

"That's a good question; having not seen any of her films

● Continued on page 36

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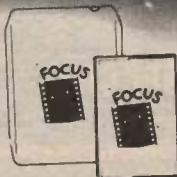
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MIGHTY ACORN



WHEN MOODY BLUE Ray Thomas announced, not too long ago, that he was following his colleagues into the valley of the solo albums, the British gossip columnists asked just a little cynically, exactly how he'd go about promoting the set after the hullabaloo with which Hayward and Lodge unveiled "Bluejays" — with a playback at New York's Carnegie Hall earlier this year.

Would Thomas hire the Albert Hall and hum his album: "From Mighty Oaks"? Would he leap the Grand Canyon on a tricycle as the set played in the background?

He chickened out.

Instead, he opened the front door of his detached Surrey house, stocked up the fridge with Heineken and ensconced himself in his own front lounge for a fortnight while the World Press Corps tripped through asking their respective questions.

Of course, driving down to Thomas' place near Chessington Zoo isn't quite the same as leaping on a New York-bound Jumbo. The atmosphere for the interview is what you might call *homely*, especially with the sounds of "Coronation Street" drifting through from the kitchen TV.

And this naturally suits Thomas' own low profile: family man and good natured Brummie who Hasn't Let Success Turn His Head. Even though there's a couple of Mercs parked out front, and a Rolls convertible under garage cover.

And one good reason for still making music is to keep himself in such luxuries.

"I'm not working to make bread," he states quite simply as we settle down to discuss the album. "I'm working to keep what I've got for my family. I mean, I wouldn't need a house like this with grounds if I was a bachelor. I'd have a pad up in town and a big, black book full of chicks' names."

But that doesn't really tell us why, the individual Moodies have all of a sudden become active on their own private projects.

According to Thomas, the opportunity for solo work has arisen since the completion of their own Threshold studios at West Hampstead. And when he describes the ease with which they can all nip in and lay down tracks it sounds as though recording on their own is an indulgence they presumably wouldn't have fancied if they'd been paying out £40 an hour.

"I think any artiste," answers Ray totally unruffled, "if he was to really own-up, is self-indulgent. You've got to be self-indulgent to a certain extent, no matter how nice a guy you are, just to stand up on stage and play in the first place."

"I'm not liking myself or the Moody Blues to Michelangelo, but I'm sure he was bloody self-indulgent when he painted the Sistine Chapel. I bet people went and said, 'Oh blimey! That's a bit gaudy'. It's like bullshit. I gig it."

"It's only him doing his thing."

"It wasn't really a case of that," he continues. "It was to get something out of my system."

"Anyway, in this day and age it's damned expensive making an album, even when you have your own equipment. And the only thing "From Mighty Oaks" has done for me so far is cost me a lot of money."

He laughs. Indulgently.

"I don't think it was done for an ego reason," he adds. "After all, we're likely to hit bigger audiences as the Moody Blues than we are individually."

Sure. If the Moodies were operable as a unit. Which, it seems, they're not.

But whereas Justin Hayward and John Lodge more or less attempted to make a Moodies album with "Blue Jays", Thomas adds credence to the official statement that the mother band is Just Resting now due to lack of inspiration by making an album which establishes his own style as opposed to that of the Moodies.

On this subject, he explains: "What we needed was another idea like 'Days Of Future Passed' was in its time."

That desperate, huh?

"If that idea comes from somebody, or from a collection of people, I think we'll go in and make another record."

"Everybody," he digresses, "has been sitting there..." he points to my chair, "... trying to get me to say, 'Well, I don't dig 'em anymore.' What a load of assholes! But that's totally untrue. There isn't any row. We're just giving it a break."

"There's only five of us, and I think for five guys we didn't half put some sound about. You know, in various combinations. Yet you've got to come to a point with five people where you're running out of different combinations."

"Unless you give it a rest and get some outside influences and come back to it."

"And this is what's happening."

So he teamed up with Threshold artiste, and old Brum mate Nicky James, and between them they wrote "From Mighty Oaks". Then, while using some demo studios in Kent, they met up with the band Jonesy, who're the featured musicians on the set.

Because of this new experience Thomas envisages any future Moodies recording session as being a "bitch to do" because everybody will have their own ideas on what should go down — whereas, previous to this period, the band was working within a closed, insular environment.

It was still a project worth doing, he argues.

"When you've done the circuit of Scandinavia, Europe, Japan and America with the Moodies," he explains, "and you're coming round for the third or fourth time, then it gets to be more like a job of work, rather than doing it because you dig doing it."

This is all so true.

And, just as Thomas didn't wish to celebrate the release of his album with a grand-slam promo campaign, he is under no delusions about his own accomplishments or the standard of the set. In other words, he doesn't claim it's a killer.

"I've done the best I can at this time, both production and performing-wise," he states modestly. "But if I wasn't pleased with it I wouldn't release it. And if I wasn't proud of it I wouldn't release it."

"At the same time I know full well it isn't perfect. If it was, then I wouldn't bother with another one, because as sure as shit I'm not going to do it a second time. Am I?"

"It's just a case of that's as far as I can go at this time. But it's not the bees' knees."

"How many times do you get a hole in one at golf? Once in a lifetime."

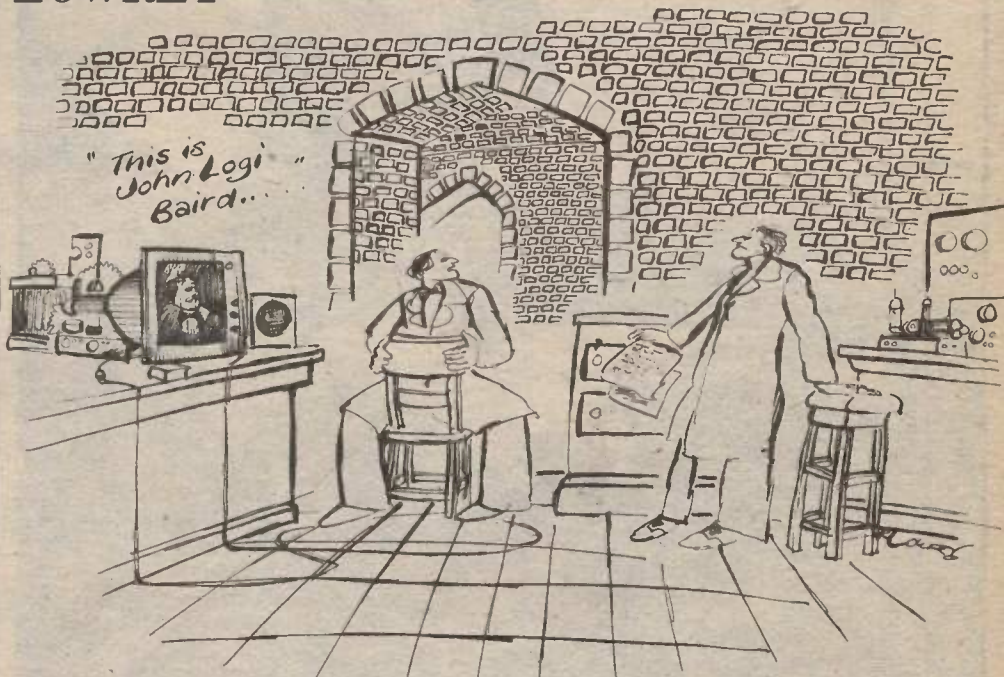
"Now I'm just going to make sure it gets a fair hearing by doing promotion here and in the States. And then I want to go out and do some gigs. If all the Moodies aren't available then I'll go out on my own."

"And then in February I'll go in the studios and have another crack at making a better album."

It's nice to see a man with that unmistakable stamp of confidence.

□ TONY STEWART

LOWREY



"Clive James'll murder this in his column you know."

Thrills

Pic: ANNIE LEBOVITZ / ROLLING STONE



The Pix, the whole pix an' nuthin' but the pix

Are you ready? OK, so you're ready...

It's the Rolling Stones tour of the US 1975 (Whaddya mean AGAIN?)

Ingest this page anti-clockwise from the top.

- Spot the bodyguards as Jack Ford (yup, offspring of the dodo in the Chateau Blanc) does the hustle with Cinzano Del Banco Nicaragua Jagger.
- Mick pulls a couple of classy sorts — on the left Liza (with a gong) Minnelli, and (gasp) a transformed Raquel Welch.
- Woody chortles at NME's whaffy headline: 'Woody says no to the Stones.'
- Diamond duo: Mick (hootch) steals licks from Bobby (guitar).
- The Boys in the Band, plus itinerant mystic.

Pic: ANNIE LEBOVITZ / ROLLING STONE



Pic: CHRISTOPHER SYKES



Pic: ANNIE LEBOVITZ / ROLLING STONE