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NEW

MUSICAL EXPRESS

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING WEEKLY MUSIC PAPER

Bowie for West End stage



'THEATRE REVUE' REPORT P.3

EXCLUSIVE



KEITH RICHARD interview, **STONES ON TOUR** special by NME'S **Man of the Moment** ★

Truckin' along on the Stones roadshow

Full report pages 33-39



* NME's Nick Kent is British rock journalism's "Man of the Moment", respected writer/broadcaster Michael Wale recently told listeners to Radio One's "Scene and Heard" and he described NME as Britain's "most improved music paper". Read the latest decadent ramblings from Kent in his unsurpassed coverage of the Stones' tour, plus a rare interview with Keith Richard. Page 33.

ONO, IT'S THAT LADY

Don't worry, Yoko. Need a friendly fun-lovin' guy to listen to your new album and take assiduous notes on your reasoned thoughts on male chauvinism? — why, send for jovial Andrew Tyler. Read what he wrote about you on page9

A TULL STORY

What was the route Jethro Tull took from manic brilliance to petulant fury? page12



Getting down to it: JAGGER on tour pictured by PENNIE SMITH

Free rock book

Colour cover this week plus first section of 80 fact-packed pages

THE BOOK OF ROCK — the free colour binder is given with this week's NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS — is a monumental 80-page rock encyclopaedia to be carried in sections in NME over the next ten weeks.

This is no collection of old photographs simply shovelled up from the files: a team of researchers has worked for months compiling discographies, biographies, line-ups and rock terminology plus addresses of record labels and major rock venues.

It is the complete companion reference guide and an invaluable publication towards a greater understanding of the music of the 70's. Optional colour sections to the Book are also being published in the IPC monthly Music Scene for readers who might wish to add them.

EACH ISSUE of NME will contain a section of the encyclopaedia for the 10-week run, in alphabetical order. THIS WEEK: Pages 1-4, 76-80 — from A & M Records to the Azimuth

Co-ordinator, and from Muddy Waters to the Zombies.

Advance demand for this week and for future issues in the series has already been overwhelming and readers are advised to place a firm order with their newsagent. An order coupon is printed on page 71.

Full instructions for the Book of Rock are printed on the inside cover of the binder.

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Osmonds' gigs are finalised

TWO BRITISH concert appearances were this week confirmed for the Osmonds, as part of their European tour which opens in Sweden on October 19. They play Manchester Belle Vue (October 23) and London Rainbow (27). A Scottish date is still being finalised and will be announced next week. A film crew will accompany the group throughout their British visit, with a view to compiling a TV documentary on the Osmonds overseas.

Box-office for the Rainbow concert opens at 11 a.m. this Saturday (22) to personal applicants only, and tickets will be limited to four per person. The prices are £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1. The Belle Vue box office opens the following Saturday (29), and similar details will apply. Promoter Barry Dickens of MAM said: "Selling only to personal callers seemed the fairest way of ensuring that the keenest fans get the best seats."

Little Jimmy Osmond will be accompanying the five-piece group on their visit, as will sister Marie and their parents. Their schedule also takes them to Sweden (19), Denmark (20), Holland (November 2-3) and Germany (5-7), with a French date still to be fixed. A new Osmonds single "Let Me In," taken from their album "The Plan," is being released by Polydor on October 19.

Cliff Richard tour changes

CLIFF RICHARD'S British concert tour has been curtailed due to recording and overseas commitments. The only dates he will now be playing for promoter Arthur Howes, with two performances each night, are Birmingham Odéon (September 27), Chatham Central Hall (30), Ipswich Gaiety (October 6), Wolverhampton Gaiety (11) and Southport New Theatre (12-13). Then, following a visit to Australia, he resumes with Glasgow Apollo (November 14), Dundee Caird Hall (15), Edinburgh Odéon (16-17), Brighton Dome (19), Croydon Fairfield Hall (22) and Scarborough Gaiety (23). He will be playing the entire show, without a support act, accompanied by a 20-piece orchestra.



Wishbone's TED TURNER (left) and ANDY POWELL

Wishbone concerts

...PLUS LIVE DOUBLE LP

WISHBONE ASH set out on a British concert tour next month, and the first five dates to be confirmed were revealed this week to the NME — they are Portsmouth Guildhall (October 11), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Liverpool Stadium (15), Sheffield City Hall (16) and Glasgow Apollo (17). Further venues will be announced next week.

The group will not be appearing in London during their October tour, but it is understood that they will be playing a major London venue in December after they return from America. They open their next U.S. tour on October 23, and it takes them through until late November.

A live double album has been recorded by Wishbone Ash during the course of their last five British dates, and this will be released later in the autumn. It will be packaged in a gate-fold sleeve containing a pictorial history of the group.

Judy Collins: London extra

JUDY COLLINS is to play an extra date at London Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, October 3 (7.30 p.m.) — this is in addition to her previously reported concert at this venue on October 1. Her two Albert Hall dates, promoted by Robert Paterson, will be her only gigs in this country. Tickets for the extra show are now on sale.

SHORT TOUR BY GLITTER

GARY GLITTER is to headline at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, November 17, as part of a four-venue run-tour of Britain that month. The other three dates have not yet been confirmed, but it is understood that they will include Glasgow and Manchester. Glitter, at present touring overseas, will have a new single

released on November 9 although no titles have yet been selected. It is likely that Glitter will be one of the stars in ATV's new season of "Sunday Night At The London Palladium", which begins an eight-week run on October 28. His manager confirmed this week that negotiations are currently in progress.

TOM PAXTON'S U.K. ITINERARY

TOM PAXTON'S annual British concert tour has now been finalised by Johnny Jones of MAM, and it includes appearances at London Rainbow at Croydon Fairfield Hall. Jones revealed this week that he is also discussing an hour-long TV special for Paxton, as well as various TV guest appearances to coincide with the tour. The itinerary is:

- Hull City Hall (October 12), Glasgow Apollo (14), Aberdeen Music Hall (15), Edinburgh Caley (16), Leeds University (20), Preston Guildhall (22), Bournemouth Town Hall (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (28), Brighton Dome (29), Croydon Fairfield Hall (30), Oxford New (November 4), Bristol Colston Hall (6), Southport Floral Hall (11), Nottingham Albert Hall (12), Middlesbrough Town Hall (15), Manchester Free Trade Hall (16), London Rainbow (18), Chatham Central Hall (21), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (23) and Norwich Theatre Royal (25).

PIE VENUES

HUMBLE PIE, currently completing their new "Thunderbox" album for late October release, play a short series of British dates next month — Glasgow Apollo (October 24), London Edmondson Sunday (27-28), Manchester Harrogate (30) and Birmingham Odéon (31). For these concerts, Pie are bringing in their complete U.S. personnel and stage production, comprising a ten-man road crew and 11 tons of equipment.

Said Steve Marriott: "We want to give British audiences a taste of what's been happening in the States, with the Blackberries and full supporting cast." These will be Pie's first dates since Carlena Williams replaced Clyde King in the Blackberries.

Pie hope to release a single from their new album to coincide with the tour. One of the tracks on the LP is titled "Rally Round Ali" and is dedicated to Muhammad Ali. Commented Marriott: "He is as much an artist as a boxer — the Mick Jagger of the boxing world. We wanted to give him a song because no-one else has."

Leeds all-nighter

ROXY MUSIC are to headline an all-night concert at Leeds Town Hall on Friday, October 19, as one of the dates in their previously reported upcoming British tour. They will be supported in the event by Vinegar Joe, Babe Ruth, Peter Bardens' Camel, Blue, Kevin Coyne and local group Be-BoD Deluxe. Also making a guest appearance will be Pete Sinfield accompanied by Mel Collins, Boz, Ian Wallace and Tim Hinkley. Comper is Pete Drummond.

Van Morrison — Irish visit

VAN MORRISON is to visit Ireland for three weeks from November 29. He will be based in Dublin and hopes to arrange a few live gigs, including one or two concerts in trouble-torn Belfast. During his stay, he will be shooting sequences for his autobiographical film.

YES: NINE CONCERT SELL-OUT

YES have already completely sold out their five-day season at London Rainbow Theatre (November 20-24), over two months in advance of the event and without any poster or Press advertising. Only two other box-offices on the Yes tour schedule have so far opened, and both of these have also sold out — they are Manchester Free Trade Hall (November 28-29) and Glasgow Apollo (December 6-7).

Box-offices for the remainder of the tour open shortly, but it is understood that they are unlikely to remain open for very long due to the enormous postal demand for tickets. Yes have already tried to arrange two extra Rainbow shows, but had to drop the idea as dates were unavailable. Promoter Harvey Goldsmith said this week that ticket demand for the Yes tour was "comparable to the Rolling Stones tour."

Yes return to America next February for their highest-ever tour there. They commence their eighth U.S. itinerary on February 8 and run through until March 26. The schedule includes two major New York appearances — at Long Island Nassau Coliseum and their own promotion at Madison Square Garden on February 20.

Blunstone in concert

COLIN BLUNSTONE is to make a short series of concert and college appearances during the next few weeks, and dates so far confirmed are Wolverhampton Civic Hall (this Sunday), Bristol Colston Hall (next Tuesday), Nottingham University (September 29), Leeds Polytechnic (October 5), Dudley College (6) and Wolverhampton Polytechnic (10). The tour is intended to promote his new epic single, issued last weekend, titled "Wonderful" and penned by Chris White and his new group "Let's Keep The Curtains Closed", due out in October.

TOURS: latest

LOU REED is now confirmed for two dates at London Rainbow Theatre on Friday and Saturday, October 5 and 6, as the climax of his British concert tour which opens next Monday (24). He will be supported by the Persimmons and Golden Earring, and tickets (from £1.10 to £2) are now on sale.

FAUST are to play London Rainbow on October 21, as part of their British tour with support act Henry Cow. Other upcoming dates include Deighton Round House (September 29), Guildford Civic Hall (20), Dunstable Civic Hall (October 1), Birmingham Town Hall (5), Newcastle City Hall (6), Bristol Colston Hall (9), High Wycombe Town Hall (11), Chelmsford Chancery Hall (14), Hove Town Hall (17), Cambridge Corn Exchange (20), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (22) and Liverpool Stadium (27). See the Gig Guide for venues next week.

CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD play London Peckham M.C. 85 (this Sunday), Doncaster Outlook (next Monday), Manchester Harrogate (Tuesday), Liverpool Top Rank (Wednesday), Spenny racer Top Hat (September 28-29), Colchester Woods Centre (30), London Edmondson Pickets Lock and Spooncase (October 4) and Margate Dreamland (5).

GREENSLADE are set for a lengthy British tour this autumn, comprising mainly college dates. Confirmed so far are Swansea Park Pavilion (September 28), Aberystwyth University (29), London Central Polytechnic (October 3), Dagenham Round House (6), Barry Memorial Hall (11), Bath University (12), Barnor University (15), Lancaster Polytechnic (20), York University (24), Leeds Polytechnic (25), Manchester University (27), Lancaster University (November 2), Bristol Polytechnic (9), Avon Calderdale (13), Inverness (15), Perth (16), Glasgow (17), Kirkcaldy Sealoch (18), Bradford University (24) and Sheffield University (December 1).

BUDGE are set for several more British-tour dates, in addition to those already reported by NME. They are Cardiff Hillep Club (October 12), Dudley College (13), Spennyracer Top Hat (15), Wrexham Temple Row Club (19), Loughborough University (November 10), Grimsby Linnington Civic Centre (28) and Brighton Dome (29).

JON HISEMAN'S TEMPEST play four gigs during the next fortnight — their first since slimming down to trio size. These are at Croydon Fairfield Hall (September 30), London Marquee (October 2), Strling University (5) and Glasgow Strathclyde University (6).

M.A.N., whose 79-venue package tour with Deke Leonard's Iceberg and two other acts opens at Barry Memorial Hall next Monday (24), have added a concert at London Rainbow to their itinerary. This is on Wednesday October 10, and the box office opens this Saturday (22).

OSIBISA play a short series of nine British gigs during October. Dates and venues are: Bradford University (4), Newcastle Polytechnic (5), Sheffield University (6), Cardiff Top Rank (13), Bristol University (15), Dunstable Civic Hall (18), Brighton Sussex University (19), Nottingham University (20) and London Imperial College (23).

JACQUES LOUISIER TROIS latest British dates for promoter Robert Paterson are Norwich Theatre Royal (October 18), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (19), Manchester Free Trade Hall (20), Strling MacRobert Centre (21), Preston Guildhall (23), Nottingham Albert Hall (24), Chichester Festival Theatre (27), Coventry Theatre (28), Fekkesone Leas Cliff Hall (29), London Horsely Town Hall (31), Croydon Fairfield Hall (November 1), Swansea Hranwyn Hall (2) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (3).

AL STEWART will undertake a mid-autumn concert tour for promoter Derek Block. Most of his dates are still being finalised, but the highlight of the schedule will be an appearance at London Rainbow on November 1. Also set for the Rainbow are Darryl Wat's Wolf, who play there on November 2.

JOHN MARTYN plays universities at Edinburgh Herriot Watt (October 3), Dundee (4), Warwick (11), Leeds (13), Keele (17), Bradford (19), Hull (20), Manchester (24), Sheffield (25), Aberystwyth (26), Bristol (27), Birmingham Aston (29), Colchester (31) and Norwich (November 2). Other dates on his British tour are Hatfield Polytechnic (October 12), London Euston Shaw Theatre (14), Oxford Polytechnic (15), Greensted Civic Hall (21) and Leicester Polytechnic (November 3).

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News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

Bowie: West End revue



DAVID BOWIE WILL be returning to the stage within the next six months — but in a completely different role from that previously associated with him.

Although no official confirmation of the project could be obtained at Press time, sources close to Bowie indicated that he is very enthusiastic about the idea, which ties in with his ambitions to graduate into other aspects of the entertainment industry.

In this respect, starring in a revue could not be described as contradictory to his "quit" announcement, in that it would be seen as a move away from his pop and rock image.

The revue would be staged six nights a week at a major West End theatre — it is believed that the Prince Of Wales Theatre is one of the venues under consideration — and Bowie would be one of the stars of "an enormous cast".

It seems clear that the presentation would be of a lavish and spectacular nature, complete with choreography and big production numbers.

Reports elsewhere, suggesting that Bowie will make a guest appearance in one of Lou Reed's upcoming British concerts, were dismissed by promoter Harvey Goldsmith this week. He said: "David was planning to attend at least one of Lou's concerts. But now it's unlikely that he'll be going to any, in case the audience expect him to perform when he doesn't want to."

HOPES ARE RISING that the Faces' Japanese bassist Tetsu will be granted entry into the Musicians' Union — which in turn will ensure the granting of a work permit by the Home Office, enabling him to continue playing with the group in this country.

TETSU: M.U. RECONSIDER

the position remains unchanged. But lengthy and protracted negotiations have been, and still are, going on with the union. It seems that Tetsu's original application had been filed in incorrectly, so he has now submitted a new one

which they are considering. "I can't say any more at the moment, because I don't want to jeopardise the outcome. So let's just say that, as things stand right now, we are mildly optimistic. Although the Faces' office

would not comment on the possibility, there is a risk that Tetsu could be refused re-admission into Britain, if he has still not been granted a work permit when the Faces return from their current four-week U.S. tour.



CRIMSO GIGS IN OCTOBER

KING CRIMSON are to play a short series of British concerts at the end of next month. Details of most of the dates are still being finalised, but one venue that is confirmed so far is London Rainbow Theatre, where Robert Fripp and his latest Crimson line-up appear on Friday, October 26.



ROBERT FRIPP

Incredibles tour

INCREDIBLE STRING BAND are to play a 33-venue concert tour for promoter Derek Block this autumn. They will be featured throughout the entire show and there will be no support act. Highlight of the itinerary is an appearance at London Rainbow Theatre on Monday, November 12.

FREE ARE NOT DEFUNCT... YET

DESPITE conflicting reports and speculation concerning the future of Free, there is still no official confirmation as to whether or not the band still exist. An Island spokesman admitted that Free members Paul Rodgers and Simon Kirke are currently working with ex-Mot man Mick Ralphs, as revealed in the NME two weeks ago, and added that they might be joined by another Free sideman John "Rabbit" Bandnick, who has just returned from America.

Said the spokesman: "It's impossible to say what shape the final line-up of the band will take, or whether bassist Andy Fraser will still be in it. Even Paul Rodgers doesn't know, and he is as confused as anyone by all the reports we have been reading. We can't even say that Free are defunct — it's still on the cards that Paul will continue using that name for the new band."

A spokesman for Wings, who are currently recording in Lagos, told the NME there are still no plans to replace Denny Seiwell and Henry McCullough in the line-up. Recording is continuing, with session men filling in where necessary, and Paul McCartney will consider the possibility of engaging new members when he returns to Britain next month.

IN BRIEF

DEL SHANNON returns to Britain in mid-March for an extensive cabaret and one-nighter tour for promoter Henry Sellers... Capability Brown with Lindisfarne on their upcoming tour dates (except Barnstaple and Malvern), details of which were listed in last week's NME... With Allan Clarke having now re-joined the Hollies, Swedish lead singer Michael Risfors has returned to his own country to pursue a solo career... After several weeks of speculation and indecision, it is now confirmed that Help Yourself have broken up... Brian Auger's Oblivion Express are the support act for the Ramsey Lewis Trio's concert at London Royal Festival Hall on September 29... Alysia Brough stars in pantomime "Aladdin" at Newcastle Theatre Royal from December 17... Golden Earring and String Driven Thing in concert at Heron Hampstead Pavilion on September 29... Phil Everly due here for promotional visit later in the autumn... Upcoming "Big" album by Chuck Berry features backing by Elephant's Memory.

Thin Lizzy to hit the road

THIN LIZZY begin a one-nighter tour at Penzance Winter Garden tomorrow (Friday). Other confirmed venues include Newquay Blue Lagoon (Saturday), London Marquee (next Wednesday), Folkstone Leas Cliff Hall (September 29), Cheltenham Town Hall (October 2), Bristol Boobs (3), Glamorgan Tree Forest Polytechnic (4), Wincanton Racecourse (5), Glasgow University (6), Chester Quantways (8), Barrow Civic Hall (10), Liverpool New Cavern (11), Manchester Polytechnic (13), London Fulham Greyhound (14) and Stockport Warren Country Club (16). Further dates may be added. The group will be promoting their newly-released third Decca album "Vagabonds Of The Western World" in their revamped stage act.

JO JO DATES

JO JO GUNNE fly into Britain later this month for a one-nighter tour, culminating in a concert at London Rainbow Theatre on October 14 when they co-top with Country Gazette. Other confirmed dates are Liverpool New Cavern (September 27), Newcastle Polytechnic (28), Leeds Polytechnic (29), Gravesend Civic Hall (30), Colchester Woods Leisure Centre (October 4), Farnborough Royal Holloway College (5), Manchester Polytechnic (6), Hanley Heavy Sinter Machine (9), Penzance Winter Gardens (11), Plymouth Polytechnic (12) and Cambridge Corn Exchange (13).

DRIFTERS DUE IN NOVEMBER

THE DRIFTERS are returning to Britain in November, five months earlier than originally planned, due to the success of their current hit single "Like Sister And Brother". They will be playing a short tour for promoter Henry Sellers, consisting of dates so far set include Batley Variety Club (November 18 week) and Manchester Golden Garter (26 week). This autumn visit does not affect the group's already-planned spring tour, from April 19 for seven weeks, which will still go ahead.

BIG-NAME LINE-UP IN 'WHISTLE TEST'

BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" begins a new series next Tuesday (25) with a two-part programme featuring Blue and Jim Croce as studio guests, plus film of an Edinburgh Festival reggae concert with the Grimons, Dennis Alcapone, the Marvels, Nicky Thomas and the Pioneers. Other bookings for the series include Country Gazette and Leo Kottke (October 2), Don McLean and Leo Sayer (9), Bloodstone and John Martyn (16), John Prine (23) and Billy Preston (30). Further confirmed bookings for whom transmission dates have still to be set are the Eagles, Commander Cody and the Dixielands. There is also a possibility that one of the Yes concerts at London Rainbow in November will be filmed for the show.

Dawn promo visit

DAWN arrive in Britain on October 1 for a one-week visit to promote their current hit "Gypsy Rose" single. They will be guesting in BBC-TV's "It's Lulu, The Two Ronnies" and "Top Of The Pops," as well as in several Radio 1 programmes.

Preston: Rainbow

AS A DIRECT result of his success on the Rolling Stones tour, Billy Preston is to headline a concert in his own right at London Rainbow Theatre on Thursday, October 25. He will be supported by 12-piece rock band Esperanto. Promoter is Peter Bowyer, and the box office opens this Saturday (22).

There is a possibility that Mick Jagger or Keith Richards, or both, will attend the concert. But Bowyer told the NME: "If they do show up, there is no guarantee that they would join with Preston. If that happened, it would obviously be a spur-of-the-moment decision."

Gilbert album, Cassidy single

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN'S new album, his follow-up to "Back To Front", is being rush-released on the MAM label tomorrow (Friday). Titled "I'm A Writer, Not A Fighter," it comprises ten original tracks. DAVID CASSIDY has a double A-side single issued by Bell on October 5. Titles are "Daydreamer" and "Sally's Song" (both tracks are from his new album "Dreams Are Nuthin' More Than Whishes", scheduled for October release).

McLean TV spec

DON McLEAN's concert at London Royal Albert Hall on October 15 is to be filmed by BBC-TV for subsequent screening as a special. And McLean will make four other TV appearances during his visit to this country — on BBC-2's "Second House" (October 6), BBC-2's "Whistle Test" (9), BBC-1's "It's Lulu" (20) and Radio 1's "In Concert" showcase. McLean's British schedule, for which dates have already been reported in NME, is part of a lengthy European tour and opens in Birmingham on October 3. An extra date was this week added to his itinerary — Dublin Stadium on October 6.

FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST. This Week's Best Selling Songbooks. Includes lists of songbooks for sale with prices, such as 'ROCK MUSIC: 19 SONGS' for £1.90 and 'BLACK SABBATH Vol 4' for 80p.

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5. NEW YORK DOLLS (Import)
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TOP 20 SHEET MUSIC & SONG ALBUMS IN STOCK

Table listing various music items like 'OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY', 'Spice Box of Earth', 'Leonard Cohen Poems', etc. with prices.

Five Years Ago

Chart listing songs from 5 years ago, e.g., HEY JUDE, THREE THOSE WERE THE DAYS, I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU.

Ten Years Ago

Chart listing songs from 10 years ago, e.g., SHE LOVES YOU, IT'S ALL IN THE GAME, I WANT TO STAY HERE.

15 Years Ago

Chart listing songs from 15 years ago, e.g., WHEN, STUPID CUPID/CAROLINA MOON, VOLARE.

NME Charts

BRITISH SINGLES

BRITISH ALBUMS

Main charts for British Singles and British Albums, including titles like 'ROCK ON', 'ANGIE', 'ANGEL FINGERS', 'SING IT AGAIN ROD', 'GOATS HEAD SOUP', etc.

U.S. SINGLES

U.S. ALBUMS

U.S. Singles chart listing songs like 'WE'RE AN AMERICAN BAND', 'LOVES ME LIKE A ROCK', 'DELTA DAWN'.

U.S. Albums chart listing albums like 'BROTHERS & SISTERS', 'KILLING ME SOFTLY', 'WE'RE AN AMERICAN BAND'.

Courtesy "Cash Box"

Courtesy "Cash Box"

ANDREW TYLER TRACKS DOWN AN AMERICAN LEGEND

The smile goes on for ever

SURE HE'S ROCK'S KING OF SCHLOCK. BUT HE'S STILL THE SWEETEST, FRIENDLIEST MAN IN ALL AMERICA

HI GANG:

I just met the sweetest, friendliest man in all America. His name is Dick Clark and, guess what, he wears a wrist-watch with two time-faces because he can hardly remember if he's in Los Angeles or New York. He's like a shooting star, always soaring off some place, and he never ever gets tired.

He's famous here in America as MC of a rose of a TV rock show called "American Bandstand". He told everyone it's been going 20 years but he goofed. It's actually been around for 21. Isn't that ridiculous? He's 43 but you wouldn't know it. He looks younger than Cliff Richard. Oh, he's got some dark patches under the eyes, and his stomach leans over his belt but his skin is as soft as a vanilla dip and nobody knows how he does it.

We got to talk for half hour or so in the Ed Sullivan Theatre, a real Palace from the outside, but sort of flakey once you examine it closer. But there isn't a theatre in the world that's booked more stars: everything imaginable from elephants and jugglers to Nureyev, the Beatles and Stones.

But Dick says that's nothing. He remembers going to an NME poll thing a few years ago and the bill read Tom Jones, The Stones, Hermans Hermits, The Beatles, Donovan and several more. Dick says it was quite a party. I'm gonna tell you more about Dick now and let you hear how he feels about things.

One thing that really makes him broil is the Mr. Wonderful bit.

That's the way a lot of people of here think of him. You know, "Super-Yank with the Sta-pressed underwear and the Sta-pressed mind".

Dick says the people who know him better know that to be a load of old socks. I mean, one time he drank a fifth of vodka with Sonny Barger and the San Francisco Angels. But more of that later.

AMERICAN BANDSTAND is still THE number one Amer-

can rock show with an audience of around 10 million a week. It's thrust, as Dick calls it, has fallen off since the fifties when he went out five days a week and played host to folks like Fats Domino, Chuck Berry, Little Richard and Bill Haley. But it still punches some.

It's not what you might call an evil show. I mean, the kids in the audience aren't your pinko radicals and I don't suppose there's much snorting or grabbing going on in the dressing rooms. The sets are all slinky chic and Dick's banter's just funky enough to please most people.

Bandstand started out in 1952, just in Philadelphia, and it took all five years for the network owls to stumble onto it.

You see, most grown-ups here got to thinking rock'n'roll was another short-order phenomena like beer lollies and Robin Hood suits, but Dick sold 'em. He really sold them.

Eight thousand acts have paraded past his cameras in Hollywood and plenty of them got their first ever TV showing via Bandstand.

There were people like The Four Aces, Eddie Fisher, Patti Page (That WAS a long time ago).

Later on he had Fats, Chuck, Little Richard, Johnny Mathis, Fabian, Frankie Avalon (gasp) Bobby Rydell, Chubby Checker, Connie Francis, Everly Brothers, Creedence, Mamas and Papas, Isaac Hayes, Dionne Warwick, The Doors and Jefferson Airplane.

The only ones he really missed were the Beatles, Stones and Elvis.

For a long time teenage America was grateful to Dick for bringing them their daily helping of schlock rock.

Then, you'll remember, everything went groovy and nobody liked anything anymore.

It was a serious time for Mr. America, because he was still trying to sell the kids Clearasil, acne lotions and the American dream.

Anyway, this is how he remembers it: "In the drug freak-out period I was looked upon askance as the wholesome all-American boy, which is far from the real me. But that's neither here nor there.

"That lasted for about three years and during that time, the tendency in the youth world was to put everything down. But during that period we introduced the Doors, Jefferson Airplane, Creedence and a lot of

other heavy acts.

"Jim (Morrison) didn't want to do the show, but his manager was a very dear old friend of mine and he said 'please do it, he's a nice man, you'll be treated nicely', and they came on and we did well by them.

"We neither disgraced them, nor did they disgrace us. It was a mutual thing. But there were a lot of uncomfortable times during that period. People would arrive incoherent, and because I don't happen to be into drugs it's very difficult to hold a conversation with a guy who's spaced out."

Being the 20/21st anniversary of Bandstand these past few months have brought in a torrent of extra business. Dick's not too brought down by it all, but it has meant he kicks off a lot of extra steam and that's not easy for a man who already moves around like America's on fire.

His schedule for September will give you an idea just how silly things can get. He'll be doing 35 "10,000 dollar Pyramid" game shows; five Bandstands, five "Action 73's" (that's a rock show on the beach at Malibu); 15 "Sensuous Man" shows from Canada; a "Sonny and Cher" special; "Stand Up and Cheer"; and "Odd Couple"; a "David Hartman Show"; two "In Concerts" and a special call "The Rock And Roll Years".

That's 67 shows, and Dick will be appearing on 49.

"We released this album here," says Dick, in connection with the 20th anniversary of Bandstand, "and I did 200 interviews in the month preceding the special going out.

"Then, of course, the Buddha people kept me very busy. So I was doing interviews in the dressing room; on the plane; driving to the plane at both ends, breakfast meetings, pre-breakfast meetings.

"I could account for every 15 minutes of every day, seven days a week, 18 hours a day for 30 days.

"I mean, I've never worked like that in my life. Then people wonder how the album got so well known. We worked very hard at it."

EVEN AS A kid Dick had this spooky energy/charisma thing going. He grew up in Mount Vernon just outside New York City and attended A.B. Davis High where he started out with straight A's and wound up senior class president. Then he went on to Syracuse University

and ended up president of his fraternity. And he didn't even care that much for school. Sick, isn't it?

By the time he was 13 he'd made up his mind to go into broadcasting. So Father — who'd mostly been in cosmetics — went into business with Dick's uncle on an upstate New York radio station. Just to help launch his boy.

"He gave me my entry into the professional world, but I must admit it's not easy working for your father. We get along fine. We love each other and I didn't mind working for him. But it meant working so hard to be better than was necessary... even as a mail-room boy."

In his teenage years Dick was the guy who never got left off the party list and always had a date for the school prom.

His charisma, in fact, turned into something of a leg-iron. His grades dipped from A's to C's and it was only with a final sprint that he managed to graduate with a B-Average. The same thing happened at college, only there the diversions were something else again.

"I was a radio announcer most of the time on the student-operated WAER FM. I was also a bedmaker and short-order cook. I had a million jobs, the usual things people do. You don't have them in England but we have a thing here called Fuller Brush salesmen. Years ago they used to sell just brushes — now it's everything. They go door to door selling household goods, detergents and toothpaste, that sort of thing. It's a very good experience in learning how to keep your wits about you."

That's for sure. On Madison Avenue, where Dick does most of his business, you can't slouch around too long, otherwise folks start gnawing at your

hamstrings. The jackals and wolves, as he calls them, would love to knock him off the air.

At one time there were more than 100 Bandstand-type sock-rock shows but through the years most of them got too clever and ended up throttling themselves. Now there's maybe a dozen, only one of which is syndicated. Dick says he survived by staying near-invisible.

"The one thing I learned that my competitors never learned is that it is not my show. I am only a tiny ingredient. My job is to guide things and stay out of the way as much as possible."

But you do start to wonder how long he can keep things popping, because even Tony Blackburn isn't that old. Dick says it would be "inappropriate" for him to be wanging away on Bandstand when he's 75 since the kids might suss him out and switch channels.

"But it's not inconceivable. It's all a frame of reference in your mind."

Oh yes, I was going to tell you about the time he drank a fifth of vodka with Sonny and the Angels.

It was in 1966 when everyone had the pill-munching crazies. The Rebs were flashing along Sunset Boulevard on their Hales, acting bad and molesting old ladies and all teenage America was sleeping out along Big Sur.

Hollywood got scared because there were no happy endings and Dick got scared because American Bandstand wasn't what it was all about.

Then he saw his opening and he jumped in.

"We did one of the best motion pictures on the Haight Ashbury district of San Francisco (called 'Psych Out') and a motor cycle picture called 'The Savage Seven' for which I lived with the Hell's Angels for three months.

"That was a pretty freaky experience, I'll tell you. I'm about as untypical of a Hell's Angel as you could get.

"They never got me on a motorcycle. I've never been on a motorcycle in my life and would never go on one for a bet, and I was able to convince them.

"I'm not a coward, but I treasure my own physical being more than they do. Then they cornered me one night with a handful of pills and said take any five you like.

"I said no, I don't do that — I drink. So they brought me a fifth of vodka and I drank that.

"I spent a lot of time at Sonny Barger's house — that's the head fellow — and we rotated around from San Francisco to Daly City. Then two weeks before the film went into production they bowed out

... which was, in a way, fortunate, because there were so many terrible complications in their lives later on. So we just hired outlaw motor cyclists to play the parts."

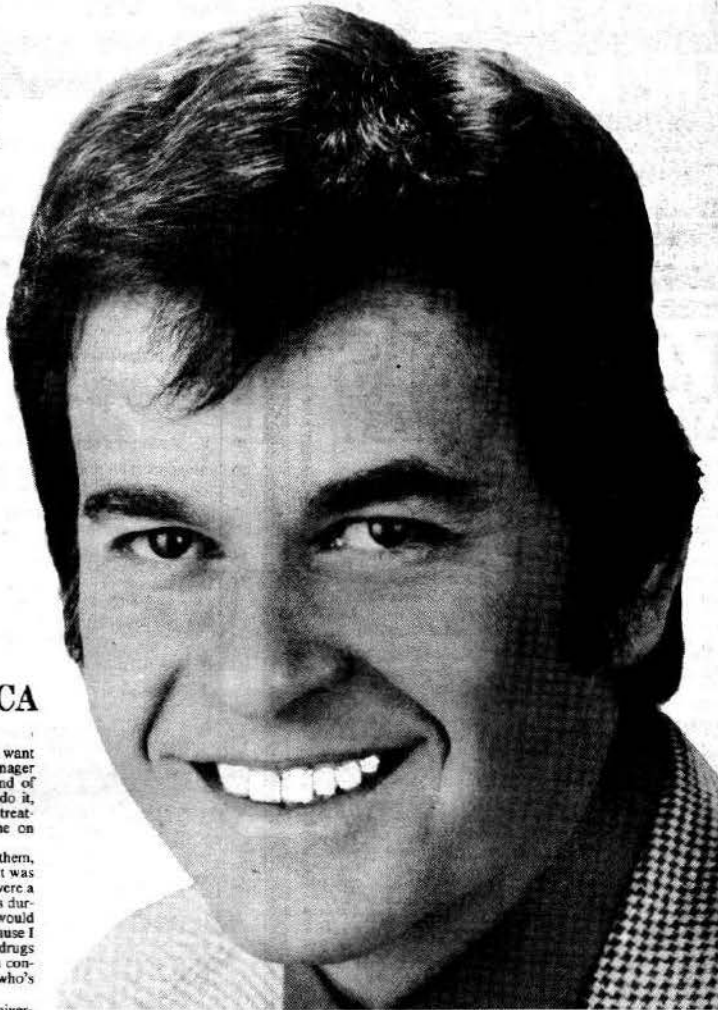
Sonny, he says, was no retard... "brilliant, interesting, a born leader" and the other Angels were an interesting bunch made up of poets, artists and men who pulled out their own teeth with pliers.

Dick, of course, would generally go to a dentist. He's that sort of guy. He likes things straight and plain. He told me about a famous American ball player called Leo Durocher who used to manage the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Leo used to have this catchphrase that he got all America mouthing: "The good guys always finish last" is what he used to say.

Well, Dick thinks it's a crummy philosophy.

You see, he believes in just the opposite.



Under The Influence

THIS WEEK

Eddie Jobson of ROXY MUSIC



FAIRPORT CONVENTION: "Fall House". I like the entire album. It was performing these tracks in a band we had at school that I began learning how to improvise — which was my first big step away from classical training.

EAST OF EDEN: "Jig-A-Jig". Heard this on the radio. I remember playing it in school assembly on my last day at school. I think they expected a Bach sonata or something but it got a fantastic reception. I also used to play it with Fat Grapple in working-men's clubs. We'd spend most of the time doing our avant-garde intellectual stuff — then, just as they were about to chuck us off, we'd burst into "Jig-A-Jig" and save the day.

MOODY BLUES: "Days Of Future Passed". Being interested in both classical music and rock, I found this fascinating. This kind of combination thing is something I've always wanted to do myself. I think the rock side of it's dated a lot, but the orchestral parts are still very strong. I had my copy nicked.

TCHAIKOVSKY: "Symphony No. 4". My greatest influence. A really moving piece. I first heard it when I was playing in one of the Northern youth orchestras and I personally prefer it to the Fifth which is much more popular. Tchaikovsky was a genius. He could really pour ray emotion through music. I can't understand why he's so looked down on by the pseudo of the classical world. They seem to reckon he's too commercial — a sort of Gary Glitter of the Nineteenth Century.

CURVED AIR: "Vivaldi". What can I say? I really interested me to hear this, because I'd already heard "The Four Seasons". It was the first rock version of a classical piece

and it was responsible for getting me thoroughly fascinated with rock in general. Curved Air were also the first rock group I ever saw live.

MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA: "Birds Of Fire". I've always liked Jerry Goodman's playing, but the person who really influenced me here was Jan Hammer. His synthesizer playing is so packed with emotion — something which other people using the instrument seem incapable of catching.

WALTER CARLOS: "Some Seasonings". This is the latest thing to have influenced me. When I first heard it, I got rooted to the spot through all four sides. Carlos has this thing on the sleeve where he explains the music as "psycho-acoustics" and I thought: What the hell's that? But, listening to it, you can really see what he's talking about. When I hear "Summer", I feel not — literally, I've never heard anything like that done before. "Winter" is the only one that was beyond me initially. It's very weird and sort of goes off into outer space. The only way I can explain it is that winter is so cold that you tend to lock yourself away, both indoors and inside your head. Amazing use of sound-effects, too.

BRUCKNER: "Symphony No. 4". Again, I got to know this by playing it with an orchestra. The string parts are really boring — 53 bars of tremolo, you know — and I began to listen to what the rest of the orchestra were doing. The brass, especially, which are great. It's the first LP I ever bought — but I don't think I'd have given it a serious listen if I hadn't participated in its performance. It's a classical example of turning 16 bars of music into a symphony!
Interview: Ian MacDonald

Sharks' second bite



REFORMED AND REVITALISED AND RECORDING A NEW ALBUM STEVE CLARKE REPORTS

SNIPS LOOKED worried as he made his way through the Marquee front bar, bag in hand, into the club's dressing room. Island Artist's press lady admitted she too was worried. After all hadn't the Sharks blown it earlier in the year when Andy Fraser quit and had left the remaining three looking everywhere for a replacement?

So Fraser didn't fit in with the Sharks, but there was no doubting his talent as a bass player. Snips had told me while the search was still on how he came to realise just how good Fraser was, as it became more and more difficult to find a comparable replacement.

But they found one. Or rather two, because in the original band Fraser had doubled on bass and keyboards. The replacements were Memphis born Buster Cherry Jones, who'd played bass with some of the cream of his native city's R and B musicians, and Nick Judd whose most recent gig was with the now defunct Audience.

The Marquee gig was the reformed band's first public performance and they couldn't afford to blow it this time.

Well, neither Snips nor the Island press lady need worried because the band played one of the best sets any Marquee audience had witnessed from any act this year.

True, there had been a lot of changes. Snips straddled a Gibson around his neck for the first number "Sophistication" (inspired by the original Sharks' supporting gig on Roxy Music's last tour), and played a competent rhythm guitar. And the

Sharks got dressed up. Buster had his hair plaited and might have passed for a black Gary Glitter if that's not taking things a little too far. Chris Spedding wore tight black silk pants and (would you credit it?) an ordinary white shirt rolled up at the elbows. "That's Chris doing his Rory Gallagher bit," Snips joked.

Snips himself wore a brightly coloured jacket while "the young and beautiful" Nick Judd, as the band refer to him, put on shades and a strange looking hat.

"If I want to wear a bright red jacket on stage I can do it. And if Chris," (he laughs), "wants to go on with his sleeves rolled up he can do it and if Buster Cherry wants to walk on with all that then he can do it," said Snips, when I talked to him a few days later at one of the dubbing rooms at Island's Basing Street Studios.

But how had the music changed? For a start the Sharks only played four of the numbers from their debut album "First Water". Their treatment of the "old" numbers was fuller than before. "Ole Jelly Role" was one of the few numbers where Judd, taking what must have been his only solo, had a chance to show how good a keyboard player he was.

"Snakes and Swallowtails" — which was requested from the audience — was stronger than ever. The newer songs like Buster's "Shine A Light" show how he's brought out the soul influence which was always below the surface of the band.

"Elevator Dancer" was unusual with its lazy rhythm. "Revolution Of The Heart" — one of Snips' favourite songs — shows the Free influence is still there despite Fraser's departure from the band. And can that be

such a bad thing? It's difficult for Snips to describe the musical difference. He says he's too close to it, though one difference is that Spedding can now concentrate on lead guitar with the band where before he stuck to rhythm a lot of the time.

"Chris has got a rhythm section now whereas before there wasn't one."

"There was a lead bass guitarist, Chris is a consummate musician and if somebody else is playing lead, then he will play rhythm guitar. Because he felt a lack of rhythm section in the last group, he would play rhythm guitar. Now he's got a rhythm section, he'll play lead guitar. That's cool."

Buster Cherry Jones is indeed a fine bass-player. Though only 21 he's already worked with Albert King, Al Green, William Bell and Isaac Hayes. Like the other four members of the Sharks he's fronted his own bands. This point is important to the band's music and one of the reasons why it took so long to find new musicians.

When the new band first got together they rehearsed and then went into the studio to record the follow-up to "First Water."

Snips had accepted the fact that the recording might not be all that good. He makes the point that the band had only been playing together a few weeks and they were already in the studio.

"I couldn't believe it. We did four days and things were going good. The fifth day we had an incredible row. We got everything out — all those under the surface tensions. Then the sixth day we just fell together and that was it. We just gelled. We did most of the tracks in one night — a 14 hour session.

"We've got a good feeling

now. That was like so rare in the other band."

One thing that Snips emphasises about the band's music, and especially the new album, is its sexuality.

"It's really odd. Like for some insane reason when we did the album we were all really randy."

"And it started to come over the other night on stage. Everything started to feel really sexual. Like that "Revolution Of The Heart" track it really comes. Right in the middle it really bursts every time we do it."

Snips is very critical of the first album. He says it was recorded too quickly and under too much pressure. Before the band had really got to know each other. Despite that, the album has had good reactions in America, and it's there that he feels the Sharks will break first.

"They're hustling us to go and play there, so we'll damn go. It's home when you play here and it's good but I don't get the feeling people want us in this country. They want something else than us at the moment. I don't think the time's right for us here. I think God willing we will be a big band but not at the moment."

"We blew it here. We came on heavy and we broke up. That kills your momentum. It doesn't affect it in America. They don't know who Andy Fraser is."

"We've got to do some work around this country before we can build up to the same point again, which is fair enough. I think people will view us with a certain amount of suspicion. I think we broke a lot of it down the other night for a start. I haven't spoken to anyone that didn't dig it. I liked it. I thought it was very rough, but good for a first gig."

GUITAR

'Play-it-Easy'

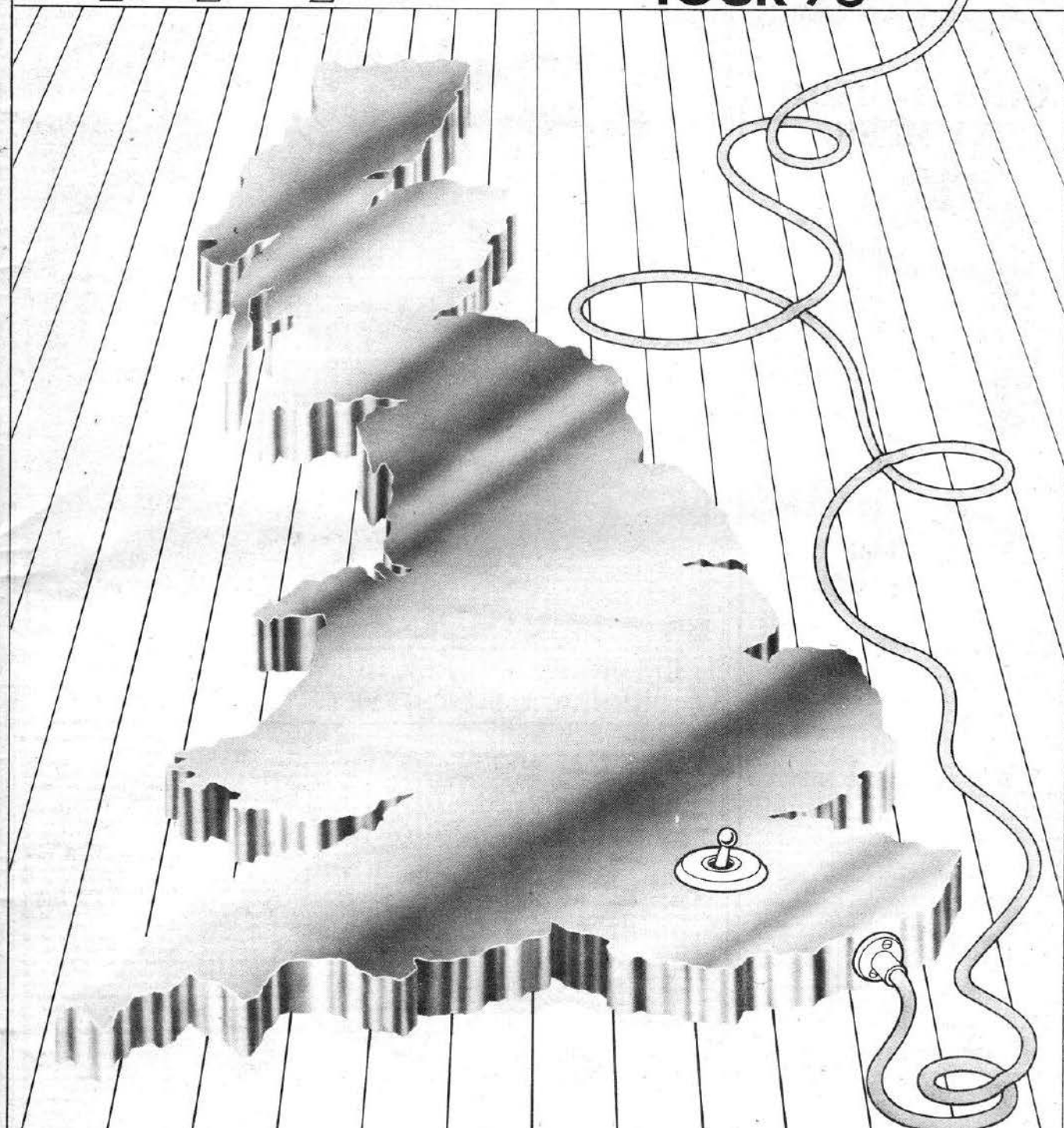
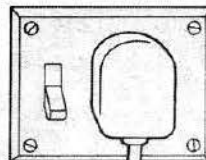
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BRITISH TOUR '73



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- September 27th. New Cavern-Liverpool.
- September 28th. Polytechnic-Newcastle.
- September 29th. Polytechnic-Leeds.
- September 30th. Woodville Hall-Gravesend.
- October 4th. Woodsports Leisure Centre-Colchester.
to be confirmed.
- October 5th. Royal Holloway College-Farnborough.
- October 6th. Polytechnic-Manchester.
- October 9th. Heavy Steam Machine-Hanley.
- October 11th. Winter Gardens Penzance.
- October 12th. Polytechnic-Plymouth.
- October 13th. Corn Exchange-Cambridge.
- October 14th. Rainbow-London.

Jo Jo Gunne
SYLA 8752 (Available on Tape)



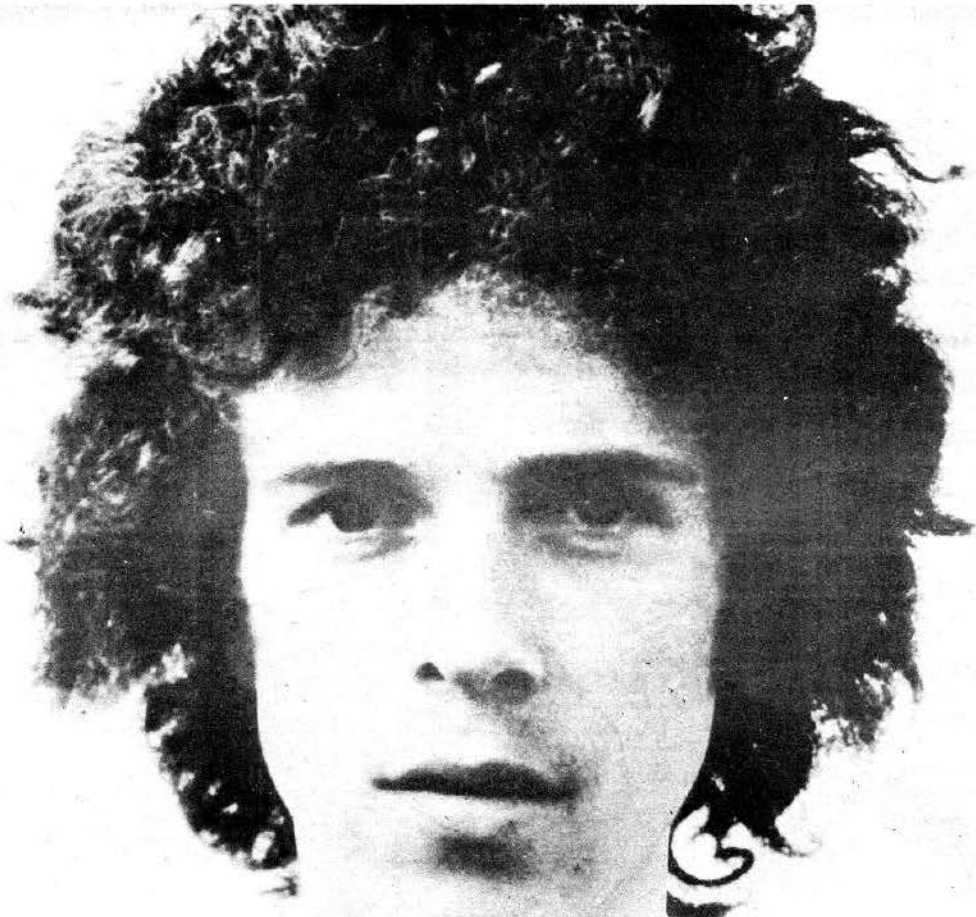


The Bowie five-star constellation

Unbelievable but a fact - David Bowie takes five places in the Top Fifty album charts for ten whole weeks-a music achievement unique in our time.

And now, the man who made Space Oddity, The Man Who Sold The World, Hunky Dory, Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars and Aladdin Sane is putting a new album into orbit. It's called **PIN-UPS** and will be released in mid-October. Make sure of your copy by ordering now at your local record shop.

RCA Records and Tapes



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On **Chrysalis** records

He wrote Roger Daltrey's Album
and now here is his own.
Silverbird CHR 1050.
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Essex Symbol

"POP SINGER David Essex, 18, from Dagenham, Essex, is 5 ft. 8 in., dark haired and blue-eyed. His latest record is called 'Can't Nobody Love You'. David has been touring the country singing, where his teenage girl friends are 'sent' by his movements. They yell out 'Sexy legs'. David is to appear on ITV's 5 o'clock club on Tuesday, January 11th when millions will be able to see 'sexy legs' in action."



The above is taken from a 1966 press release and is a good example of the hype which surrounded Essex in those days. Now, seven years later, Essex is at last making it with a number one singles record and two successes as an actor: "Godspell," which he quit on Saturday and "That'll Be The Day." People are saying Essex could be a hot investment.

His success is almost a fairytale story. The working class boy makes good after a long struggle which included various set-backs along the way. He was born and brought up the son of a docker in London's East End and even lived in a workhouse for a time. Now that he's made it he's in no way ashamed to admit his roots and they come through clearly enough in his speaking-voice which verges on a drawl. In fact, these days he thinks his humble beginnings were an advantage.

"Looking back, I think it's really useful 'cause if you come from the middle class cosy background it breeds a kind of lethargy. I think if you come from the lowest of the low — it really was — you've got to try and get somewhere. There's, like, this burning, thing inside you... you're going to do something. If you've got something already — then what's the point?"

He began his musical/show business career as a drummer in a blues band. Then he was an avid collector of blues-records. It didn't so much matter what the quality of the record was so long as it was obscure. On leaving school he played drums in a dance band but the pace of touring eventually got on top of him and, at the suggestion of his manager, he turned to acting.

Entering the theatre without any drama-school training (and with his Canning Town accent) he found the theatre establishment tended to patronise him. As all good middle-class institutions do. "I was just like a working class boy and you tend not to be involved in theatre if you're working class. It's a middle-class area. You either go to drama school or you don't

by a musical it does have strong connections with rock. Essex himself grew up as an East End mod going up to town to listen to music at the Flamingo Club and he sees a few parallels between himself and the hero of "That'll Be The Day."

"I think there are parallels because, in the film, the boy's searching for something — and he finds out just at the end of the film that it's music. I was lucky, I found out very early what I wanted to be.

"It's good that the film was based in the fifties cause that was when there was this revolution that we accept now. Before that, all you did was... what your dad did. There wasn't any way that you could get anywhere unless you were born in the right area. I think there's still the same kind of character today but that kind of person — that sort of pre-Bentles character."

Essex does, however, have a fascination for the 'fifties and his record collection largely comes from that period. "The Shangri-las are fantastic. I think they're wonderful. I love 'em and the melody of the lyrics which I think are really special. It was a really a nice period in lots of ways. We found the difference when we went back to doing 'That'll Be The Day' and started to get the feel of that period. Like, when we shot the scene where this girl was my first conquest in the chalet. It's all that 'have-you-got-a-bit-of-it' bit. Really something. And I really found that touching.

"You know you would never do that on the first night or fiddle about or carry on... that would take three or four nights. You were going steady if you'd been going out for three or four days. I really liked that. It's not as sinister as some of the things that happen today."

IT WAS while taking a break from the shooting of "That'll Be The Day" that Essex wrote "Rock On" — "in between sitting around and eating boughnuts and waiting to be filmed."

It was the first record he'd made for three years and the first time he'd been in a position to have any control of what he was recording.

He describes "Rock On" as a 1970s sound with fifties imagery conjured up to some extent by working on the "That'll Be The Day" set. Initially people were not too sure of the record partly because of its unusual rhythm and arrangement and it wasn't until it started to sell that it made the BBC's playlist.

"Basically we (he and producer Geoff Wayne) wanted a record that was kind of evil-but-funny. I like to put two things together and to have, like, perhaps a light lyric with heavy music or heavy lyric with light music. It takes the edge off it's being pretentious and heavy."

"I'd done a lot of research into the fifties cause I was doing the film. But we're living in the seventies so I didn't want to do a straight piece of rock 'n' roll. It would just be nostalgic."

"I think most people thought I'd do a quick Cassidy — like, a really successful 18 months doing old ballads."

He's very emphatic about not wanting to have any kind of image other than himself and he doesn't want to be categorised as just one thing.

Future plans? An album and a follow-up to "That'll Be The Day". That's the story so far on David Essex. A very hot property this fell.

STEVE CLARKE

Win a Clapton Rainbow album

WERE YOU there when God made his comeback? You weren't? Tch, tch... such heresy. But now you can face the world again — because this week NME is offering 25 copies of "Eric Clapton's Rainbow Concert", the live album cut when Clapton, together with several other famous musicians, made his first concert appearance in over two years at London's Rainbow Theatre.

THE QUESTIONS

Sound tempting? It should. And all you have to do is to fill out the self-explanatory coupon below, cut it out and post it to: NME Clapton Competition, 128 Long Acre London WC2. The first 25 correct entries opened will each receive a copy of this superb album. All entries will be opened.

To enter, decide which of the answers given with each question is correct... A, B, or C... write your choice in the space next to the question number — and post the whole schmar — to us at the above address.

- (1) Eric Clapton's original nickname was: (a) "Slowhand" (b) "Doser" (c) "Clippe"
- (2) Clapton played on which of the following John Mayall albums: (a) "Crusade" (b) "Blues Breakers" (c) "Live at the Marquee"
- (3) Which of the following bands has Eric Clapton *not* played with: (a) Delaney and Bonnie and Friends (b) Traffic (c) Blind Faith
- (4) The full title of the double album that Clapton recorded with Duane Allman, Bobby Whitlock and Jim Gordon is: (a) "Layla And Other Assorted Love Songs" (b) "Layla" (c) "Eric Clapton"
- (5) On Clapton's Rainbow comeback concert, which musician did *not* accompany him: (a) Duane Allman (b) Rebo (c) Jimmy Karstein

RULES

● The senders of the first 25 correct entries checked on the closing date will receive copies of "Eric Clapton's Rainbow Concert".

● Entry is open to all readers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., and the printers of New Musical Express.

● Winners will be announced as soon as possible.

● The Editor's decision is final.

Please post to:

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My answers to the five questions are listed on the right

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LOOKING BACK

IT NOW SEEMS rather incongruous to think back on Jethro Tull as veterans of the Great 1968 Blues Boom, right out of the same scene as the Fleetwood Macs and Chicken Shack of yore.

When the world first became aware of Jethro, they were a prime bunch of English eccentrics, teen bohemians of the first water. There was a lead singer called Ian Anderson. His stage behaviour had a faint but disturbing resemblance to that of an enraged stork; he glowered through his hair and beard while jabbering away on flute or mouth harp. Everybody got confused and thought that Anderson himself was Jethro Tull. The audiences of the time loved him, magnificent English eccentric that he was. All those "other" blues bands looked so serious.

Jethro Tull's recording debut was a single on MGM that, for some reason, was credited to Jethro Toe. It sold not at all — so little damage was done to future reputations. They eventually emerged on Island in 1968 with an album entitled "This Was". In those far-off days, Anderson shared the command of the group with guitarist Mick Abrahams, and it was Abrahams who was the band's real blues freak. The two of them, alongside bassist Glenn Cornick and drummer Clive Bunker, played a few bluesy things, a few jazzy things, some hard rock plus various other goodies.

There was the number with the Obligatory Drum Solo ("Dharma For One"), the Big Blues Jam ("Caiscurrel"), the Heavy Number ("A Song For Jeffrey") and The Slow Blues ("Some Day The Sun Won't Shine For You"). Apart from the rather amateurish production, it was an okay album.

It was interesting. It was a Promising Debut. People even went so far as to say that it Boded Well For The Future. It was a more than respectable first album and, though I never saw Jethro at this period in their career, it probably reflected their then stage act fairly accurately. By the time of the second album "Stand Up" (Island), things had really started to happen. By this time, it was 1969 and Mick Abrahams had left Jethro to pursue his own particular vision. He was replaced by Tony Iommi, now with Black Sabbath, Iommi lasted a matter of days before being replaced in turn by Martin Lancelot Barre, who is still part of the organisation today.

"STAND UP" is considered by many to be the best thing that Jethro Tull ever did, and it has considerable credentials for this title. For a start, it's jam-packed with truly excellent songs, and Anderson plus manager Terry Ellis had absorbed an awful lot of production knowhow since "This Was". Barre was altogether a better player than Abrahams, and he had no leadership ambitions to speak of. He was content to let Anderson be Captain Jethro and

take for himself the role of first lieutenant. Thus we were able to get a full-strength shot of Ian Anderson.

Goddam, the guy was good. He really was. He had a wry, bitter voice, unsuited to the full-throated bellow of the white blues singer, but ideal for the sardonic, dry, tricky songs that speedily became Jethro's forte. The band were playing heavy metal stuff, sure, but Anderson's chord sequences were far more inventive than most, and his limited but occasionally-inspired flute-playing added an exotic leavening to the band's heavy gruel. Whether he was being deadpan whimsical with mandolins (as on "Fat Man"), unabashedly sentimental with strings (on "Reasons For Waiting"), brutally accurate (as on "Back To The Family"), or reflective (as on "Look Into The Sun"), he scored every time. "Stand Up" was an irresistible album. It put all Anderson's high cards on the table at one throw and whatever he may regard as his own magnum opus. "Stand Up" stands up as the most consistently excellent album Anderson ever produced.

So we now have a highly respected second division band Poised For The Big Time. Anderson's stage persona was an unerring cross between the umably bucolic and the malevolently decayed. What was needed to propel this bizarre bunch of hayseeds into the upper echelons? Right into time, busier — a Hit Single. Or, to be more accurate, several hit singles.

The house that



Anderson with soprano and cello at Wembley "Passion Play" concert

The first of these was entitled "Living In The Past", and it may well be the finest individual Jethro Tull record of all. It had a lovely melody, a catchy little flute lick and a nifty set of lyrics. It was also in 5/4 time, and that was Highly Respectable.

They followed it up with "Sweet Dream", their first on the Chrysalis label. Chrysalis was their management/production company, and the story was something about Island re-

fusing to release "Sweet Dream" because it wasn't commercial enough. So, it was claimed, the Chrysalis label was formed to put it out. Island continued to distribute Chrysalis and "Sweet Dream" was a Hit Single and all was cool.

JETHRO'S FINAL album for Island had been "Benefit" in mid-1970. There's not too much to say about it except that it re-

fined and furthered the "Stand Up" style and approach, and contained some truly fine material, particularly on the second side. For "Benefit", the basic four piece Jethro (Anderson, Barre, Cornick and Bunker) was augmented by one John Evan, who played keyboards. Anderson himself had played the keyboard parts on "Stand Up" and since he was also manipulating flute, acoustic guitar and the occasional mandolin, it was understandably

There are some singles too good to make it.



There are some singles too good not to make it.

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To Help Keep Britain Tidy



Jethro built



An old overcoat will never let you down — and it didn't. Anderson and Glenn Cornick

that he'd welcome a lightening of this excessive load. Shortly afterwards, Evan joined the band on a full-time basis, making a five-piece Tull.

The band were also building up a considerable American reputation. The freaks dug them because they were (a) extremely entertaining and (b) Very English, a good combination at the time. Also, magazines like "Downbeat" were paying them some attention — mainly beca-

use Anderson played the flute in a vaguely Roland Kirk-ish style. Even though of Rahean Roland is a virtuoso and Anderson used to claim that he could only play in four keys, they still got their share of Serious Approximation. Thus the Great American Smash was inevitable.

It came with Jethro's first Chrysalis album "Aqualung". At this point in the proceedings,

Glenn Cornick has left the fold to form Wild Turkey, and had been replaced on the bass by Anderson's old buddy Jeffrey Hammond Hammond, the subject of Anderson's "Jeffrey" songs on the first three albums. "Aqualung" was Jethro's first concert album; it contained two suites, one on each side. Side One featured "Aqualung", a song about a tubercular old tramp who is pictured "sitting on a park bench/eying up little

girls with bad intent." The other songs on the first side looked at various low-life matters — songs about Wimpy Bars and foreign students. Despite the crushing effectiveness of the title track, "Aqualung's" *piece de resistance* was a short example of Anderson's brand of cynical whimsy entitled "Mother Goose", set to a traditional melody and toytown flutes but containing some of his sharpest lines.

AT THIS point in Jethro's history, Anderson had become fond of posturing with a small guitar, singing acoustic songs to counterpoint the carefully organised violence of the rest of the set. The trouble with Anderson's acoustic work was that most of it was fifth-rate Roy Harper, and it was almost painful to see him proudly trotting out the same folk club guitar licks that every competent but undistinguished club guitarist still uses to bore the ass off audiences. "Aqualung" was no letdown, but its second side, "My God", carried the seeds of Jethro's destruction. It was a long didactic analysis of Anderson's views on religion, and was apparently intended as a display of intellectual muscle. It may have impressed the downer freaks at the Fillmore East, but it really didn't make it on a wider scale.

It was after the massive success of "Aqualung" that Chrysalis put out "Living In The Past", possibly the most opulently-packaged Greatest Hits album of all time. It was a

truly excellent summing up of what Jethro had produced until that point — including, as it did, selected album tracks, unreleased performances from different Jethro stages, a large helping of singles which had never before been on albums, and two long live tracks. All between hard covers with innumerable colour photo pages, full information on each tune and some nice layout work. For the casual Jethro freak, who'd vaguely liked them but never quite got around to actually buying any of their records, it was all that could possibly be wanted. It has no small claim to being the best "Best Of" album ever issued.

BUT time was nigh for the Apocalypse. This was entitled "Thick As A Brick" and Chrysalis unveiled it in the spring of 1972. As a Jethro fan of some standing, I was thoroughly disappointed. Ian Anderson had long before proved his real skill at writing short, compact, witty, pointed songs — so what in the name of Yugoeth was he doing presenting a forty-minute epic poem with musical interludes? God knows. Various points in "Thick As A Brick" contained flashes of the Jethro of yore, and there were some inspired instrumental passages, but even the immaculate production couldn't save the hideous thing from collapsing under its own excess of weight.

What was even more horrific was that Anderson's formerly precise and exquisitely con-

trolled use of language was fast leaving him; so most of the lyrics on "Thick As A Brick" emerged as embarrassingly half-baked posturing.

And so onto "Passion Play" which is the same again, only worse.

The problem which is currently shackling Ian Anderson is not lack of talent — no way — but his increasing inability to comprehend the nature and extent of said talent. He has great skill in certain directions; directions which for him have led nowhere. The House That Jethro Built, a giant ornate edifice with impressive carvings and wonderful objects in great profusion, is tottering. The architect has miscalculated and the structure is unsound.

AND NOW Ian Anderson has withdrawn Jethro from the public arena in an unprecedented fit of pottiness and paranoia. Given the evidence of their last two albums, I'm not exactly heartbroken to see them go. But they've had a long and fascinating journey and they've stopped off at some remarkable side streets along the way. All part of the splendid pageant of rock history. Let's hope that Jethro will be remembered for their good points rather than their bad, for "Stand Up" rather than "Thick As A Brick" or "Passion Play".

Maybe "Living In The Past" was a truly prophetic title after all. Good song it was, too.

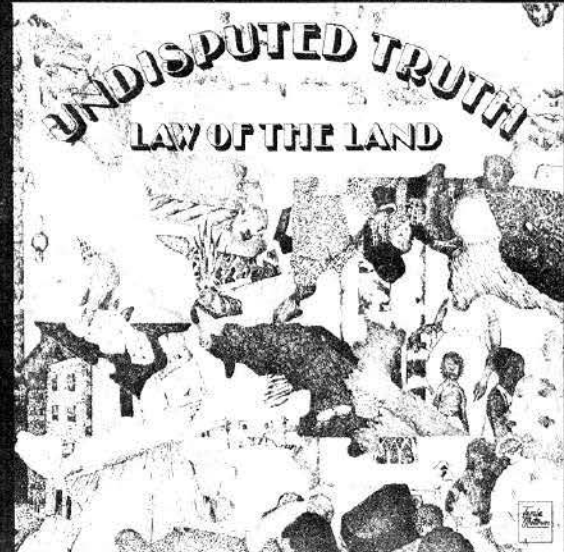
Lyrics to "Aqualung" written by Ian Anderson

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RARE EARTH

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Austin John Marshall visits Swarb in hospital, and Peggy in Birmingham, and brings news of Fairport 9.

DAVE SWARBRICK, Superstar Killer Fiddle-slinger had a slight mishap on the way to a Full Lotus. Jumping up on a chair to catch a glimpse of the Stones at Wembley he managed to throw a knee out of joint.

Yoga exercises designed to cure the trouble did the rest and now, with a week to go before a gig at The Lyceum, he's lying in a private ward at The Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital having the offending cartilage removed.

His left leg is encased from hip to ankle in plaster. He's also got what appears to be a zip-fastener on his neck — in fact this is a five-inch row of stitches on a fresh scar where he has had removed a "Fiddler's cyst" which has been troubling him for years.

Swarb is handling it like Henry VIII, beaming all round him — ordering special food ("a two minute egg is it, Mr. Swarbrick?"), and handing round copies of "Rosie" to the nurses who in turn are delightedly signing his plastercast.

If there's a smidgin of doubt that he'll knock 'em dead at the Lyceum — plastercast or no — it doesn't show. I mean — I'm going hole-minded trying to suss how he's going to handle the next two months' playing and singing and operating his new Echoplex and wow foot controls.

But Swarb? He's rabbiting nineteen to the dozen — shooting out ideas for Fairport's album No. 10 (Fairport 9 is due at the end of this month).

He's thinking about another "Babbacombe Lee" style concept on The Tolpuddle Martyrs (a group of early Union organisers, West country labourers wrongfully deported to Australia) and doing a setting of Shelley's revolutionary poem "The Mask of Anarchy".

And this little how-d'ye-do is all a result of seeing The Stones. Was it worth it? "As an experience — yes it was. Hearing 'You Can't Always Get What You Want' was worth the knee."

"But I have to own up — the rest of the music was pretty poor. I just don't think I was ever that young — the pimples I was squeezing had to do with why English Music had to struggle so hard to make itself heard... about poverty and injustice — I'm still trying to work that one out now."

And there's not a trace of sour grapes here — for Swarb's well used to getting 25,000 people to their feet.

It happened this year at the (take a breath) Ngauruwhia Festival — which Dave Pegg (Fairport's Brummy bassist) was telling me about the previous day in the pine-panelled kitchen in Birmingham — the true rock'n'roll capital



Dave Swarbrick, holding court at the Royal National Orthopaedic.

of the Universe.

Where the hell had Fairport been? The current line-up had actually stuck together for a year and two albums and there were whispers abroad that they had polished themselves into the nicest squad of humdingers in the business.

They had stuck together moreover in the teeth of understandable press boredom over who's split/rejoined/had kittens/strangled themselves in the collective confusion of a once-great band in splinters.

There's certainly been a dramatic change in outlook from the days when Fairport — as part of Joe Boyd's Witchseason elite corps of bands — chose to spurn publicity as not quite the Done Thing.

The formerly impassive Peggy, whose fag ash never trembled as he stood like an Easter Island Stone figure playing supersonic jigs at triple speed is now tanned, euphoric and duncaree's and positively vibrating with enthusiasm for the Fairport's current line-up and soon to be released album.

"Rosie" was recorded twice. Once at The Manor — with two new guys after Simon and Mattacks had split for Albion (oh spare me the splits). "And it was lousy. Totally our fault. We were trying to sort out a mess of deals in the wake of Joe Boyd's sudden departure for the States. But 'Lise and Lie' had done so well that our US label put up enough bread — not as much as people think — but enough to see us through re-doing it. And that's when the current line-up, Mattacks, Lucas and Jerry Donahue and myself came together.

We all gained amazing strength from Trevor's enthusiasm and knowledge of recording. Suddenly 'Rosie' became fun to make. We're all disappointed at how poorly it's sold. Although it's not truly representative of our work over the last year — it's got a lot of nice things on it" (including Peggy's own hilarious singing of "Hungarian Rhapsody").

And the Naa — what ever — Festival? Trevor had gone across to visit his folks in Aus. for Christmas. Sandy (Denny) was booked to do this festival in early January in New Zealand.

With about a week to the

event, Trevor rang us up and said, "How about it, for £500 plus expenses?" Expenses naturally included return air fares for seven plus gear and hotel bills for three days. For one gig!

"But what a gig... the best-organised event I've ever seen. A huge campsite by a river with 25,000 (there was a strict limit on tickets sold), people spread out on rising ground. But the organisers made one mistake" — he says this with perfect modesty — "in putting us on first. The reaction was utterly astonishing. 25,000 people on their feet for half an hour — completely berserk. Never seen anything like it."

"Then Sabbath took about an hour to set up — and they lit this cross up on top of a mountain and the crowd were chanting Sa-bath, Sa-bath. But when they came off their final reception was equivalent to our first number."

"This is in no way to put down Sabbath. It's just an illustration of the kind of reception we've been getting over the past year. I mean I never seem to meet a 'Fairport' fan these days; we seem to be working to completely new audiences all the time."

Time to shoot through to Peggy's rumpus room (the back parlour of a modest semi) and hear "Fairport 9".

"The Lass of Hexhamshire", a trifle that Swarb learned from brass-voiced George Bob Devenport starts off Swarb is singing so high and fast that I think for a minute that the tape is running double speed. Then Pegg and Mattacks move in with their personal brand of exquisitely judged thunderclap undercurrents.

We're away, and next on the tape is "Polly on the Shore" with a fine Pegg-composed and arranged variant on the traditional sea-song. Trevor's singing is full of mighty depth spreading over the measured tread of the band.

Jerry Donahue moves in with some brilliant string-bending guitar so controlled that it sounds like the best steel you ever heard, introducing some growly words to heighten the dramatic effect of the piece.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

At last in the original breathtaking mono... The Creation

The Creation - were always exciting innovators, both musically and visually. They were one of the first bands attempting to make music a total theatrical experience. Time has not taken the edge off their material, and in their choice of material not self-penned, such as 'Hey Joe' (some months later a smash for Jimi Hendrix), they showed a remarkable prescience.

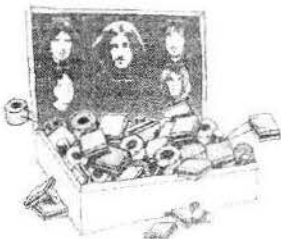
The band was shortlived, splitting by the summer of '67. This album is a record of that brief span, and of a band contemporary with, and admired by, the early Who and many others. The Creation invented, and were followed, even now, they sound fresh and contemporary; an indication of a strong band too soon diluted, and ended.



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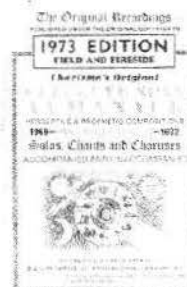
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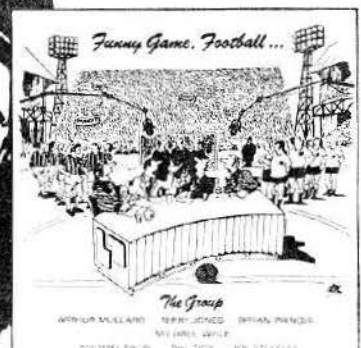
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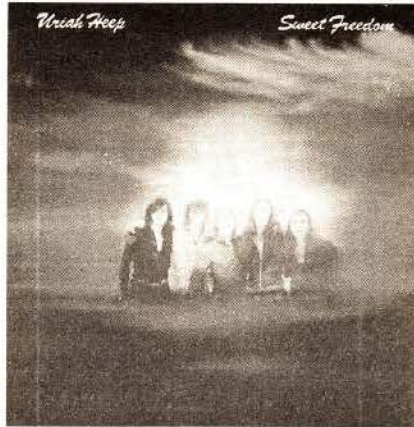
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Summer Sweethearts

If it's muzak you're looking for, look no further...

I DON'T KNOW who said it first, but I'll go along with the contention anyway that muzak is the real sound of the 70s.

These days all music forms seem at their most comfortable slumped in some cosy menthol limbo: jazz is all electric piano and twitchingly lazy congas — great background music when you're reading a suitably avant-garde pornographic novel, and now rock is becoming infested with that "laid-back" attitude paraded by everyone from contemporary Stevie Wonder and the Norman Whitfield Tamla Computer to Traffic and Pink Floyd. Real tasty stuff that tickles the ear lobes and sends one drifting pleasantly into a cerebral-walpaper nirvana.

Muzak is great. It's disposable, forgettable — music diluted into a specific commodity — comforting and still great to talk over.

It was in a Pancake House on 51st in New York that I was suddenly struck by the ominous realisation that the Carpenters are probably the most important American group currently wafting their brand of sublime pap (PAP) through mass Media consciousness, eroding all the rough edges and transforming the listener into a contented zombie.

While I was eating the aforementioned bistro's quaintly artificial cuisinerie, the Carps' inimitable rendition of "Close To You" was played no less than five times, followed by their cherub-voiced recordings of "We've Only Just Begun", "Superstar" and "Goodbye To Love".

It was stuff so exquisite that only stoic lunks like Ralph J. Gleason or truly hedonistic cacophonoids who wear Keith Richards face-masks and have Legs Pop's Greatest Hits specially wired into the ear lobes hling 24-hours-a-day would fail to be seduced.

THE CARPENTERS are quintessential muzak.

Karen possesses the perfect set of vocal chords — a tone like cut glass with absolutely no sense of feeling or acknowledgement to human frailty in her delivery.

Brother Richard knows every syrupy embellishment that can possibly be succoured from a keyboard instrument. The arrangements are always dainty, while their own songs are usually tailored around glistening minor chords topped off with nicely banal sentiments in the lyrics.

Another great plus for the Carpenters is their thoroughly innocuous WASP-ish neotrid charm.

The Carpenters don't look like anything, and this can only help their music to become as vital a part of humanity's existence as drinking Ovaltine or taking bowel motions.

THE DISCERNING Carpenters addict will tell you to miss



NICK KENT, ROY CARR head on out to the land of clean linen and corn...where the Queen of Kleenex meets the Prince and Princess of Pap...

out their first album, the unfortunate "Ticket To Ride", which features not only some dubious re-workings of Beatles songs (somehow the Carps have never hit it off with Lennon McCartney toons) but a photograph on the back sleeve of Richard in goony Jim McGuinn shades.

All that was changed on "Close To You", the cover of which portrayed Karen and Richard as the epitome of sterilised middle-America youth.

The album featured the first real concoctions of the "Carpenters sound" as well as carrying the immortal title track and Little Jimmy Osmond's grandfather Paul Williams' "We've Only Just Begun". Only music like this could come out of a label part owned by Herb Alpert.

"Carpenters" consolidated the antiseptic garnered on previous efforts with a supreme medley of old Burt Bacharach material (commissioned by the maestro himself as it happens). Also there were "Rainy Days and Mondays" and the risqué "Superstar".

Ah, but shucks, the latter has such a lovely melody that any impure intentions on the part of the composer are immediately wuffed away by Karen's peerless tones.

Right now, I like "Carpenters" better than "Sergio Mendes and Brazil '66's Greatest Hits" and almost as much as "Dionne Warwick Sings Valley of the Dolls" and Other Great Movie Themes".

But there was nothing here to build us up for the next two master works. If it's muzak you're looking

for, put away that copy of "Talking Book" and "Red Rose Speedway" and get sucked into Side 1 of "A Song For You".

Too strong for you, huh? Listen, "Goodbye To Love" is the best Procol Harum sound since "A Salty Dog" and you don't even have Gary Brooker pressing his ugly mug into the session.

There's a charming version of Leon Russell's "A Song For You" too, which should prompt Russell to ditch his three-record sets and gospel pretensions, shave his beard, get a haircut and settle in as an anonymous Carpenters songwriter.

THE CROWNING Carpenters achievement, though, has to be their lusty, latest album "Now And Then". The Carpenters have roots and they're not afraid to point 'em out in public.

So, sandwiched between the divine "Yesterday Once More" we have Karen and Richard's inimitable Domestos reworkings of great 60's songs.

Do you remember Ruby and the Romantics?

No? Well, hang your head in shame, cos Karen does and her rendition of Ruby's "Our Day Will Come" will suck you into its exquisite menthol vapours like skipping on "Dippity Doo".

And if her harmonies on "Johnny Angel" don't send you scurrying to your wardrobe, to hunt out your old tuxedo, you're a bonafide pussy!

Sure, it's botched up a mite by Richard's goonish attempts at portraying a high-velocity

60's DJ. — Christ, if they'd cut out all his boisterous ramblings, maybe we could have heard Karen doing Bobby Vinton's "Blue Velvet".

Side 1 is the usual Carpenters fare: "Sing" sounds like an out-take from the soundtrack of "Lost Horizon", "Can't Make Music" is ole lonesome Karen bewailing her sorry state exquisitely and "Heather" would make a great backing track for a Tampax advert.

No jive — ever since I picked up on the Carpenters, I've become less concerned with pressing issues like Watergate, Ulster and breast cancer.

Already I'm sleeping better. Don't miss out on the Carpenters. Sterilised for your own protection.

NICK KENT

When Tammy sings, there's not a dry eye in the house

"I WANT HER to sound like she's wearing long black satin. Tight at the throat, tight all the way to

the wrists, and nothing on underneath — a little deodorant, perhaps!

"Like, she'd never touch another man. But when she slips out of her pantie pyjamas and gets down under the chenille at home, and the lights go out, she'll go berserk with ravenous conjugal lust."

It was Billy Sherrill speaking. But about whom? — Raquel Welch, Ursula Andress, maybe Linda Lovelace?

Wrong on all three counts. The object of such an erotic run-down is none other than fresh-faced Tammy Wynette, unquestionably the Queen of the (Amerik an) Kleenex Kult.

Tammy is indeed not only a rather attractive lady but has no less than two dozen consecutive Number One country singles to her credit: albums that actually sell one million copies, as opposed to a million bucks worth. She also has the distinction of being the first femme to win a gold album which she collected along with every award they can give a gal down in Nashville.

And she's done it in just four years flat.

Sherrill — a record producer, and the man entirely responsible for taking a distraught twenty-year-old divorcee with three kids ("complete with heavily lacquered platinum blond bouffant and grotesque stick-on butterfly eyelashes") straight out of an Alabama beautician's and right there into the ever-open

hearts of middle class rednecked America.

DON'T KID yourself for one minute that the dream of the everyday American housewife is to be Elizabeth Taylor or Pat Nixon. They all want to be Tammy Wynette right down to her blond roots and that ring of confidence smile.

Women identify with Tammy Wynette.

They feel sorry for her as she whines her tales of woe in a voice with a built-in purest platinum sob, and steel guitars bleed profusely.

"A little tear in every word," offers Sherrill.

As a nation of unliberated housewives square up to the waste disposal unit, or pop baby on the potty, one might in fact see them brush away a tear from their dewy eyes as the nasal strains of "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" come bleating out of that brand new made-in-Japan radio.

"Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E becomes final today. Me and little J-O-E will be going away. I love you both and this will be pure H-E-L-L for me. I wish we could stop this D-I-V-O-R-C-E..."

It's banality at its best. But then, what's wrong with that? Some of the finest rock 'n' roll music has been as banal as it comes, but few surpass Tammy Wynette's three minute soap-operas.

KKK card carrying rednecked truckers have been known to break down over their beer and dive headlong for the Men's Room as the maudlin punch line of "Stand By Your Man" coos from the Road House juke-box to twang their heart-strings.

Tammy tells it like it is, and when she wrings every ounce of pathos from a song, she makes Vikki Carr sound like a laughing hyena.

When Tammy sings, I tell you, there ain't a dry eye in the house.

IF TAMMY Wynette represents the epitome of Bad Taste, however, then she lives in a manner befitting her status: the Old Plantation Music Park, just 40 miles from Tampa, Florida.

Set in 500 wooded acres, it's a shrine to nouveau riche tackiness. Every room is a blaze of puke-making colour: bull-tight posters slapped on the walls, plastic beaded chandeliers illuminating the interior, and a pool with its nails varnished fighting its way through elephant grass high pile carpets or pink vinyl fur. Out front in the drive, a 100,000 dollar custom-built touring bus stands silently amidst the '73 Fleetwood Cadillac. Don't it fair eat yer heart out?

I suppose that even if you slipped into the Wynette kitchen at 7 a.m., you'd never find Tammy in curlers and a dressing gown flicking the sleep out of her eyes, sipping tea and coughing over a Camel.

She's the perennial "Miss America", twenty-four hours solid — a mean, wise woman would be honoured by the women of Pensacola, Florida as "Housewife Of The Day".

As long as Tammy Wynette, in her carefully groomed wigs and lavender 'n' lace, sticks rigidly to her stereotyped format of mundane domesticity, she'll remain the undisputed First Lady of the Juke Joints. And Peter Fonda will still be unwelcome, south of the Mason-Dixon line.

ROY CARR

VOCAL GROUPS are a bit passe these days, what with four channel this and quadraphonic that. Five years ago, harmony groups were the latest thing but Capability Brown reckon they can change all that, even if you don't remember Don and Phil Everly too well.

For the past year and a half, Capability Brown have worked all over England, playing clubs and universities, slowly but steadily building up a loyal following.

"We like to call ourselves a rock harmony group," says bassist Kenny Rowe sitting in Charisma records office one day last week. "We're not just another vocal group, we're a rock band as well. In our past bands we've all made the mistake of swamping a tune with voices and we avoid that now."

"When we got out on the road, it's comforting to know that wherever we go no one's seen anything like us before. We always wanted something original and now we've got all the scope in the world."

"Three or four years ago there were at least four vocal groups in England. Now there's none. We're England's first original harmony band. Lots of the groups have been good but not original."

Capability Brown aren't merely a collection of pleasant sounding voices surrounding lacklustre accompaniment. Years of experience in countless vocal bands have given the group necessary background. Guitarists Tony Ferguson, Dave Nevin, Grahame White, vocalist Joe Williams, drummer Roger Willis and Kenny are careful to avoid past mistakes.

"We've all been in harmony bands before but there's never really been a British vocal group to make it big. Basically, British vocal groups have copied US groups. Obviously those bands could never establish themselves as they've been carbon copies of what's already proved successful."

"To become a big name, a band must be original. It took

IN PERFECT HARMONY



Kenny Rowe

us a long time to sit down and work our sound out. Now we've got a certain vocal approach and sound, especially on stage. We've all seen bands like the Beach Boys, Four Seasons, and the Association. To be perfectly honest, I was really disappointed when I saw them live. The vocal sound was always weak."

In the beginning, the band encountered problems getting their special vocals down on black vinyl. Though the records are coming closer, the band have yet to capture their live sound on record.

"The first album was a big disappointment for us; it really hurt," Kenny admits. "Because we lacked previous studio experience as a band, we had to rely on the judgment of the producer and engineer."

"We wouldn't be happy with a particular passage and we'd

be told — don't worry, we'll fix it on the mix. But, of course, mixing didn't correct the problems. The people who recorded us didn't understand what the band were about, and we weren't in the position to pull any weight," Kenny says, recalling those frustrating times. A year passed between recording — a year that found Capability continually on the road, pulling the act apart, shaping the music together. Meanwhile they did a few sessions at Apple with Tony Ashton and met engineer John Mills. Mills' understanding of the band coupled with Apple's excellent vocal sound led to his production of the second album, "Voice".

"With the 'Voice' the problem was that we were all upright about setting things right. This time, we spoke up. Although we're happy with the album, the vocal sound still isn't right. Hopefully, the third album will feature a better vocal sound — the sound we get on live gigs. Being a vocal group, it's annoying that we can't get that down on plastic. On record it seems Joe's voice might be really strong — yet when six voices come in, the sound isn't as big. And six voices should knock your head off."

"The company want us to do a single and, although we hate the idea, it's necessary. Everyone tells you to put everything the group's about into two minutes, which is improbable."

"And what if the single is a hit? Then you're classed as commercial. And we're not a commercial band," Kenny stresses. "We're no Gary Glitter or Sweet."

"Liar" has been our most popular number and we're going to record that for single release. But you've got to rely on those four old boys down at the BBC who are fifty years old. If they don't like it, forget it."

"I think the radio situation is a crime and should be taken to court."

BARBARA CHARONE

In Toronto, ALICE COOPER gives RITCHIE

Alice shows his Muscle

"YA WANNA SCOOP?" grins Shep Gordon, the inimitable manager of Alice Cooper, a paragon of virtue in his rust-coloured brushed velvet jacket. "Sure" hisses the keen reporter, hobbling along with a swollen ankle damaged in an encounter with a door. "Let's have it."

"The title of the new Alice Cooper album is 'Muscle of Love,'" whispers Shep, taking a swig from his glass of champagne — Warner Bros. champagne to be exact, hustled out to mark the presentation of four platinum albums to Alice for Canadian sales, all going down in a lavishly-decorated ballroom of the new Hyatt House. The smell of decadence positively tears at your nostrils.

"What —" exclaims the reporter, dropping his notebook. "Yeah," Shep says casually, "that's it." And so the super group — which, when it went Super saw fit to bestow upon its countless fans such delightful and smutty trivia as ladies' paper knickers, fake snakeskin jackets, a picture of Alice surrounded by one billion dollars in cash, "School Is Out" and "Love It To Death", and a boa constrictor on stage — has come up with its ultimate title. "Muscle of Love" indeed!

Alice is over in the middle of the room, a blaze of anti-hero glory (white shorts, a blouse open all the way down the front, and sneakers) amidst the TV lights. The Pointer Sisters, playing a local concert tonight, have just been ushered in. Alice loves them.

Alice also loves Canada. Toronto is almost a second — or is it third? — home. The band was accepted in Toronto before any other city and Alice's producers live hereabouts. That's the reason Alice has been in Toronto for the past two weeks — rehearsing the songs for "Muscle of Love" which will be rush-released around the world by WEA on November 15.

Talking of Warner Bros., I asked Shep how they appreciated Alice's black humour, evidenced by a series of bizarre events which have made headlines everywhere.

"Well, they sometimes wonder about it. I had to get the nod from the four biggest rack-jobbers in America before they'd agree to 'Muscle of Love'. But they go along with it. I mean,

it's merchandising. Getting our message to the people."

There is no information yet available on the jacket for "Muscle of Love" but Shep Gordon guarantees it will be sensational. "You know we're gonna do it, man."

I do.

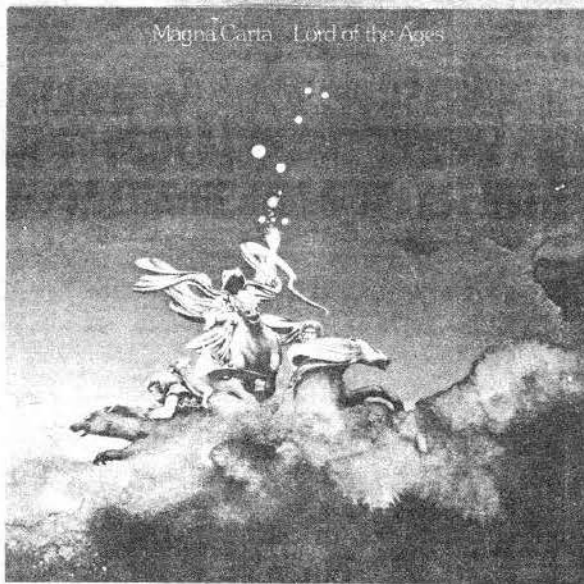
An hour later and we've adjourned to Alice's suite, where packing is in progress for the group's early evening flight to Los Angeles, where the new album will be recorded.

I sit down. Alice hands me a bottle of Budweiser ("We drink American beer") and Shep produces two documents. One is a letter to Alice from the publishers of "Who's Who in America", requesting his biography for inclusion in the next edition. "Another scoop," grins Shep.

The other document turns out to be a catalogue from the nearby Lovcraft store which specializes in various stimulants for the erotic palate. "You been there man?" queries Shep. "It's outsize... really incredible."

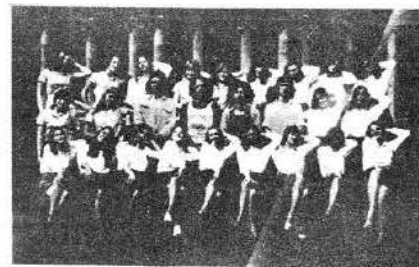
"Yeah," agrees Alice, sitting down between us. "I must get back there before we leave." He has changed into blue denim

OUT NOW!



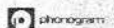
MAGNA CARTA
Lord of the Ages
6360 093

DECAMERON



Say Hello to the Band

DECAMERON
Say Hello To The Band
6360 097



ORKE the lowdown on his new album — and explains why he wants to live in Las Vegas . . .



ALICE: Woman are vacuum cleaners

trousers, a black shirt, and a fetching array of silver bracelets. The reporter dutifully draws his notebook and asks Alice about the "Muscle of Love" album. Alice, meanwhile, has decided to switch channel on the TV. "If I wasn't in this business, I could make a fortune on those quiz shows. I really could. I watch them all day."

"Muscle of Love? Yes, well . . . let's start with the title song. It will have special significance to all of the young men out there who are just discovering their masculinity. That was quite a trip eh? The song is all about a young guy discovering

sex and that he has this muscle of love which all along he thought he had for completely different reasons. He locks himself in the bathroom and reads his father's books, terrified that someone will discover him doing it. It's all a bit tongue-in-cheek but I can imagine a lot of guys relating to it.

"Then there's 'Never Sold Before' which is a song about a man who sells us his wife as a hooker because he's too lazy to work. There's a tune about New York City with a Gershwin-like piano section. And there's 'Head Hunter Alice' which is sort of self-explanatory.

"'Woman Machine' is a fu-

turistic thing about buying a woman just like a piece of machinery. She can be a vacuum cleaner then you can switch her over to a cook and then to whatever you want. It's my backlash against women's liberation. I think there's a lot of singles on the album but I'm not sure the market is ready for the title cut as a single.

"I really am excited about this album . . . I especially like the idea of cutting it in the studio live. I never liked working in studios — they're too contrived with the overdubbing and tape-cutting. What we're going to do is play everything together, the vocals too, and get a sort of

creative leakage effect. Each track on the 16-track machine will leak over into the others and it should give the album a very powerful and dirty sound.

"Track seepage can work very well for you — look at what the Stones did with 'Out of Our Heads'. I loved that album because of the live sound. 'Fun House' by Iggy and the Stooges also had that live feel, with a hard, thick gut to it.

"Of course, we may also do some orchestral overdubs but all of the group's playing will be live." Orchestral overdubs? Not strings?" "We might have a little bit of that. For once," Alice replied.

One other addition will be the debut of a new producer, Jack Richardson, whose credits include Guess Who, Poco — and soon, the Kinks. Richardson is actually the partner of Alice's usual producer, Bob Ezrin (whose first effort with Lou Reed, "Berlin", is said to be remarkable), at present laid up with virus pneumonia. Richardson, who is not the world's most eager hard rock fan, stood in at the last moment when the album could not be postponed.

Alice does not appear to be overly concerned about the change.

Shep Gordon comes off the phone to tell us that his office is trying to set up the making of a TV special around the album production ("A sort of how-a-record-album-gets-made trip") for showing across America on the occasion of "Muscle of Love's" release.

Unlike many musicians who act as though they listen to every important album that anybody releases, Alice makes no pretence of his lack of interest in what other groups are doing. "The only good record I've heard lately is 'Live and Let Die' by Wings. Have you seen the film? I've seen it three times. You really get your

money's worth. And isn't that a terrific record?"

"I never listen to the radio unless I'm in a car. I suppose I'm getting like Ray Davies of the Kinks. He doesn't believe in being influenced by other people's music. He told me that he still has not listened to 'Sergeant Pepper' and he never will. Isn't that incredible? He hasn't even heard 'Sergeant Pepper'."

Alice and the band won't hit the road again for concerts until late December, and then they'll probably play some warm-up dates in Eastern Canada before heading for Europe where they intend to introduce the highly controversial "Billon Dollar Barnes" show. "We haven't done that over there yet."

Then it's back to the States, another tour and then a long rest to prepare a completely different new show. If past indications are anything to go by, that show should be something else again.

None of the planned tours will be as long as the recent 65 concert effort which Alice is only now beginning to recover from.

"There won't be any more long tours. We learnt our lesson last time out. At first it was great but after a while it became boring. It got to be the same routine every night. I found myself out on stage doing this number to thousands of kids and thinking about something completely different. It was really weird."

"It got to be like a job and I didn't want that happening. We got into some improvising but it was still pretty dull — the same thing night after night. I was pretty brought down by it. After a while, I couldn't stand having flash photographs taken. Every time a bulb would pop off, it would feel like I'd been hit in the face. Really, it was terrible. I was waking up in the

morning with the shakes.

"It took me a full two months to come down off the tour."

Coming from a self confessed bright lights-lover such as Alice, that is something of a revelation. "I really do like to be in the heart of things," he admits. "I've got a place in Greenwich in New York but I usually end up staying with a lady in a Manhattan apartment . . . Greenwich is just too far away from everything. If I've been rehearsing all evening, I want to go out at 3 am and hear some loud music."

"I don't like things to be too quiet. I mean, you hear everybody talking about wanting to escape to the country. Not me man. I got out in the country and I go nuts. All those trees give me the shakes."

You might call Alice a thoroughly conditioned soul of the Seventies. "Take Las Vegas. That's another trip. I really think I could live there. Maybe I will. I like it being totally bright all night. I like to get out and have fun at anytime of the night or day."

One of the other members of the group comes in to borrow Alice's black snakeskin jacket.

"Wheredidja get the coat?" Shep Gordon asks, putting down the phone. "In London, man, when we were there last. It's genuine cobra skin. I had it made for me."

We have a short discussion on the present dismal state of rock music, the details of which I shall not inflict upon you. Let me instead leave you with Alice's prediction on where the music is going.

"I really think I know what's going to happen next. There's going to be a renaissance of romanticism. It's due. It's time for it. We've had the glitter era and the romantic era will be answer to that. Just wait and see."



Ray Davies & The Kinks "Sweet Lady Genevieve"

A SINGLE RCA 2418

On tour

- Sept 20 De Montfort Hall, Leicester
- 21 Sunderland Lacarno
- 22 Liverpool Stadium
- 26 Manchester Palais
- Oct 3 Glasgow Apollo Theatre (formerly Greens Playhouse)
- 4 Newcastle City Hall
- 7 Fairfield Hall, Croydon

More dates to follow

RCA Records and Tapes



SLADEST

New album including an 8page booklet



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Single
available
soon



THRILLS

The NME Weekly Social Events Column

Why you won't be seeing Dory and her dogs

A VISIT FROM the enigmatic but greatly talented Dory Previn has been on the cards for some time now, ever since the lady hit it off with British promoter Tito Burns at her Carnegie Hall concert last April.

Everything was in fact set up until Burns and her record company learned of the conditions under which the gal was prepared to make a visit.

Apparently Previn would agree only to play one concert a week, and wanted UA to pay for a European holiday after the tour for herself, her entourage and her dogs.

UA, it is understood, is not willing to pick up the tab; Dory Previn, it is understood, is not coming.

Delayed honeymoon

OUR WEDDINGS Correspondent reports that Miss Mary Carlson and Mr. Merrill Davis Osmond were being united in marriage this past Monday. The ceremony took place in Salt Lake City.

Miss Carlson, 22, is the daughter of Mrs. Velda Carlson of Heber City and the late Roy Carlson. She teaches at American Fork High School in Heber City.

Mr. Osmond, 20, is a member of the Osmonds, international concert and recording artists and the first of the performing brothers to marry. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. George V. Osmond of Provo.

A reception for the couple will be held Friday, October 12, at the Beverly Hills, California, home of Mike Curb, president of MGM Records, Inc., hosted jointly by Mr. Curb and Edward S. Lefler, the Osmonds' personal manager, upon completion of the Osmonds' September 20-October 10 engagement at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

A honeymoon is to follow in late October.

The other performing Osmond brothers are Alan, 24; Wayne, 22; Jay, 18; Donny, 15; and Jimmy, 10.

24 hour Story

A NUMBER ONE single in America enables a band to do a lotta crazy things. Take for instance Stories, who three months ago were unknown to most, but who hit recently with "Brother Louie".

Accordingly, their record company thought it only fair they share the band with their brothers and sisters across the ocean. So Stories were flown into London the other day for a 24-hour lightning stay. Commitments in the States prevented a longer period.

There's not much a band can do in 24 hours so playing for members of the rock 'n' roll Press seemed the only plausible solution.

"It's an awfully small stage," bass player Kenny Aaronson said of the infamous Speakeasy

facilities, "but we'll try to rock".

Earlier one of our ladies had picked Kenny out as an obvious fully-fledged rock star. Standing in the crowded club, all satins and flash, he looked like he had a Number One record.

Stories are very much a product of New York City. The band's history is brief and fairly basic, highlighted by Michael Brown, author of the immortal "Don't Walk Away Renee", who did a stint with them only to depart before success came their way.

"We all have so many different influences," Kenny says of the five man group. "Soul, rock, classical and English space rock come together in our sound. Although the single is pop, our stage act is more rock orientated."

"Brother Louie", the record that elevated them to U.S. star status, was the first recording the present line-up had made.

"It's a great single," Kenny says, rightfully proud of their first efforts. "We heard the song originally by Hot Chocolate. I didn't like their version but I knew the song was a hit right away."

"We don't want to be only a singles band. If we record a good single, we'll release it. But we won't bend to the ridiculous."

Best Sellers

OUR KINGS ROAD Thrills Mob spotted Peter Sellers and daughter scuffling up cassettes at a record shoppe.

Their purchases were Cat Stevens "Foreigner", Rod's "Play It Again", Floyd's "Dark Side Of The Moon" and Blind Driver Wonder's "Innervisions".

Sellers looked over the Liza Minelli selection, but purchased none.

You read it here foist.

It's that man again

AVID FOLLOWERS of the growing Nick Kent Kult will be interested to learn of the latest episode involving our misunderstood hero.

It seems that Kent, in company with NME lassie Parnie Smith, was attending a George Melly recording session.

A bereft journalist from another paper moved behind Melly, giving the ageing George a chance to slip effortlessly into another of his well-known homosexual anecdotes.

"Of course," boomed Melly, 84, "there's never been a breath of scandal associated with —" He named the Other Paper.

"But NME..." he paused and directed his rheumy gaze directly at Kent, who was kowring in the corner, "it is well-known that the NME employs several sexual deviants".

Attractive Kent, 16, wishes emphatically to deny any allegations of horse's hoofishness in any shape or form.

Jazz skool

A CHANCE for hedgiecote yerself: the Workers Educational Association jazz appreciation classes start a new term next

Tuesday, September 25.

Interested jazz folk should turn up at 8 p.m. at Balgowan Road, Beckenham; or for similar classes from Friday September 28, at 7.30 p.m., Lamorbey Park Adult Education Centre, Sidcup.

Rock star's mansion

HAWK-EYED readers last week might have spotted a touch of "Country Life" creeping into NME, what with that agent's advert publicising the auction of Bromfield Manor, Ludlow.

It's an obviously desirable property, as they say in the trade, with eight bedrooms, cobbled courtyard and stables. But why, the ever vigilant Thrills Desk wondered, did we have the honour of finding a mansion advertised in NME among our more traditional record and loon pants ads?

At first, estate agents Bernard Thorpe and Partners didn't seem to know either. A young lady answering the phone said: "Oh Lord, we put it in several of those kind of magazines, but I can't for the life of me remember why."

Later a Mr. Bride supplied the answer: "Our client instructed us to put the ad in because he wanted to attract certain sections of the community — pop groups, or people in the pop business who would have money to buy it. As I like to think we're a go-ahead firm, we thought we'd give it a try."



I Remember

THIS WEEK BY ROGER ST. PIERRE

I REMEMBER: when it was lup to dig Perry Como's TV show and copy his hair-style . . . when Jimmy Savile was a racing cyclist known as Oscar "The Duke" Savile . . . swimming cherries half-way up a tree and hearing Presley's "Heartbreak Hotel" for the first time . . .

I remember the Jaynettes "Sally Go Round The Roses" and Stevie Wonder's "Finger-tips" on the juke-box at the Alpine coffee bar, Roulford . . . when modern jazz really was the male and they even made a pop hit of Dave Brubeck's "Take Five" . . . the red and yellow Sue label . . . the red and yellow Pvc R&B label . . .

I remember throwing away a scrapbook of rock 'n' roll press cuttings which would now be worth a fortune if I'd kept it . . . seeing "Black Nativity" on TV . . . Britgram . . .

I remember when roquee was bluecoat and Prince Buster was its master . . . when we took Gerry Mulligan records to school and our music teacher smashed them . . . the Iron Door Club, Liverpool.

I remember the first three albums I bought: Bill Haley's "Rock Around The Clock", Roland Kirk's "Wee Wee

Kings" and Manfred Mann's first hit . . . when I didn't like the Beatles . . . going to see the Pretty Things and not being able to hear a word the singer sang.

I remember when John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Reed and Howlin' Wolf records were played regularly at the Ifjord Palais . . . Ous Redding at Billy Walker's Upper Cat Club . . . wondering what those surfing terms meant in the Beach Boys' records.

I remember promoting a charity concert at The Lyceum with John and Yoko Lennon, George Harrison, Keith Moon, Billy Preston, Delaney and Bonnie, Klaus Voorman, the Rascals, Jimmy Cliff, Desmond Dekker, Blue Mink, Hot Chocolate and the Pioneers all on the bill . . . and attracting only 1200 punters . . . when ties were compulsory at the Mecca ballrooms, so the first guy in would pass his tie back out through the bog window to let his mates get in . . .

I remember when C&W was more western than country . . . decaying at 1,001 mod parties . . . when selling a million singles was something to really shout about . . . chart-rigging, scardals . . . Radio Caroline, Radio Inertia, Radio 390, Radio London, Radio Essex and spending a fortune on train batteries.

I remember Brando's "Devil's Angels" being banned . . . when groups waited till at least their fourth album before breaking up . . . when 78's still sold, and stereo was re-

Harris . . . Kent Walton's "Cool For Cats" TV show . . . Phil Spector mauling on "Ready Steady Go" in big dark shades . . . when wears said rock 'n' roll was the devil's music . . .

I remember giving . . . my first interview with stars Zoot Money . . . when Gena Zookington used to come up out of the audience to sing a couple of numbers with whoever was appearing at the Flamingo . . . Helen Shapiro.

I remember police raids at the Svene, and under 16's being sent home . . . listening to Alan Freed and "Rock Into Dreamland" under the bed-clothes . . . Gene Vincent in leather trousers . . .

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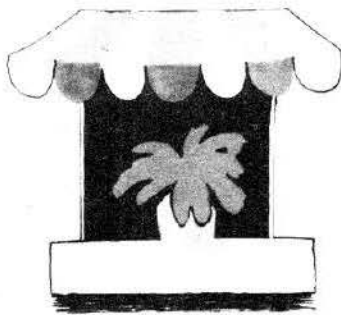
garded as a con . . . Soul City record store . . . when Isaac Hayes was refreshingly original . . . Gerry Marsden giving verbal battle to rockers at the Saville Theatre, and winning . . . the Marvels' "Blue Moon".

I remember discovering Aretha Franklin on CBS, thanks to a tip from John Lee Hooker . . . a Guildford local news paper reporter friend appearing at a local club billed as "The Legendary American blues" singer, Square Jaw Sam" . . . and going down a storm . . . the Shangri-Las "Leader Of The Pack" first time around . . .

I remember buying my first record at a time when I didn't even own a record player . . . thinking the Righteous Brothers were black . . . taking the first Dylan album to a party and being told to "turn off that morbid crap" . . . and going to a party in the same house six months later and being asked "Why didn't you bring your Dylan albums"?

I remember Hajicht Ash bury . . . seeing Joni Mitchell and Taj Mahal on the same bill at the Fillmore East . . . hearing "Midnight Hour" for the first of what seems like three million times . . .

Blue Mink



Only when I laugh...

A sensational new album that includes
their monster hits

'RANDY,' 'STAY WITH ME' and 'BY THE DEVIL I WAS TEMPTED'

It's out this week on EMI

EMA756 Available on Tape





THRILLS

The NME Weekly Social Events Column



AH, THOSE golden days of variety when six six like Dolly Parton and Ringo Starr would tread the sun-shiny resonance of the boards and Chesswick Empire would echo to the throbbing tumult of budding new artists of quality and style. Indeed, note the above photographic impression who could forget the appearance there of Mr. Clifford Richard and Nic Drifters, the syncopated Five Dallas Boys, and others. Mr. Richard is pictured in reminiscent mood. Here remembrances on preceding page.

MORE good works from Cliff Richard, who will play 12 gospel concerts around the country for the Christian relief agency, Tear Fund, this autumn.

Full houses will mean a total of around £15,000 being raised and enable the supply of five Land Rovers, a generator and an X-ray unit to Christian medical and agricultural programmes in Ethiopia, Nepal, Zaire, Burundi, India and Tanzania.

Bradford, Sheffield, Coventry, Guildford, Bournemouth and Paignton are the venues, and Clifford will be on stage for seventy-five minutes at each concert, and will be giving his services entirely free. So too will first-half participants: Alexander John, the Alethians, Warren Rogers, and gospel folk group Canaan.

Sleeper

WHILE PEOPLE still argue about the merits or otherwise of Radio 1 and their selected play list, more singles continue to find their way into the charts via the discs.

"I've Been Hurt", the current hit single on the Santa Posa label and sung by Guy Darrell, is one in a long line of such successes.

A few months back in Manchester the record — first released in 1966 — was changing hands among dee jays for about £2.5. Seven

years ago it had picked up a lot of airplay but bombed out. Now it is selling, according to the record company at around 12,000 a week.

Darrell, once the singer with the Ray McVay Band, made a couple of records with a band named Deep Feeling and since he first recorded "I've Been Hurt" he has released some 14 solo singles, all of which have been flops.

His manager, Roger Easterby had apparently heard of the incredible price dee jays were asking for the old CBS single: set hold of the tape; put it out on his own label Santa Posa.

Now Darrell, who is in his late twenties, is to undertake a British tour in October. Should be interesting.

Kracked

IT'S NOT EVERY band that has their hotel collapsing on them before they've even had a chance to put out their debut album. But that's precisely what happened to Kracker — support band on the current Stones' tour. At the time the group were rehearsing in the Merecer Arts Centre/University Hotel building on the corner of Broadway and Bond Street in the heart of New York City.

However, it must be noted, in no way was this a contrived headline-grabbing publicity stunt that backfired. In truth, it was a tragic disaster in which a number of people perished and the band luckily escaped with their lives if not

their newly purchased equipment.

For those brief seconds, it was touch and go. Kracker, the first other act to be signed to the Rolling Stones label, almost won this year's Big Bopper Award.

BUT IN the first place, how come a trio of expatriate Cubans and a couple of electric sons of America working out of Chicago inveigle themselves into the hearts of the Rolling Stones?

Well, it was one of those very rare instances when hustling paid off handsomely.

Each day when the Kracker kids were ligger' around the mid-Western States, their manager Larry Billings devoted his energies to pestering the life out of prestigious record producer Jimmy Miller.

Miller himself takes up the story. "This guy rang me up at least a couple of times a day for a month to tell me just how great Kracker were. Christ, he must have put through at least sixty long-distance calls to where I was working in Los Angeles."

Apparently, Billings was so persistent that in the end Miller's curiosity got the better of him. "I came to the conclusion that if someone had that much faith in his act, they either had to be very good or very bad."

With two days to spare and the promise of a party, Miller winged his way to the Windy City. That night, Miller was taken to a Rush Street rock club. Saw the band. Liked what he saw, dug what he heard.

"I liked 'em straight away", Miller says, "the first thing I

noticed was that most groups who play these kind of gigs are virtually forced to play other band's hits. Kracker were playing mostly their own material and getting away with it; it was just very fresh and very likeable."

Miller played some tapes to Jagger and friends and they were unanimous in their approval. And it was because of this display of solidarity that Kracker were put on the label.

Somewhat over-awed by their sheer good fortune, Kracker are currently in town prior to embarking on the Stones tour like a bunch of wide-eyed innocents who've won a Coca-Cola Free Trip To Europe Competition.

Comprising: Carl Driggs (singer/conga drums), Victor Angulo (guitar), Arthur Casado (drums), Carlos Garcia (bass) and Chuck Francoeur (piano) Kracker blow a tightly disciplined brand of rock with subtle strains of classical cuban rhythms.

As yet an unknown/unproven quantity, everybody should be lucky enough to get the kind of break Kracker are savouring. Well now, it's entirely up to them.

Sacrifice

GRIM NEWS for cat-lovers, and cat-lovers include lengthy John Baldry, who, till recently, owned a feline pet named Stuppi.

Baldry recently lost his cat — and two weeks later found it had been sacrificed by a bunch

of nerds who think of themselves as witches.

The leader of the Crazy's Coven said: "Blood is essential. It is dabbed on our foreheads."

So, farewell Stuppi, and many other cats the ghouls have massacred in the past. They are unrepentant, but Baldry plans to number them legally himself, if no-one else will undertake the labour.

The Thrills Team's opinion: John, start your own coven and get into this sacrifice business yourself. And make a start with the leader of these nut-case witches.

Undies

TIMES ARE HARD for rock writers as well, you know. Cedric Martin Walker evidently felt the squeeze when, not too long ago, he was reduced to modelling underpants on the Graunhd's fashion page. (Mind you, he did look super in transparent cerise briefs!)

But where will it all end? Will we see our own Charles Shaar Murray modelling athletic supports? Will editor Alan ("Pancho Villa") Smith be

reduced to conducting cheapo guided tours to Barcelona? Will editor designate Nick Logan — oh, never mind.

New Zealand

A CALL came through the other day from a New Zealand promoter confirming bookings there for a Blue Mink and Kristen Sparkle tour in March and April of next year.

The promoter, Stewart Macpherson of Stetson Productions, Wellington, says he's negotiating with several name bands to feed to the starving New Zealand public.

"We had Kenny Rodgers and the 1st Edition over some time ago for a 21-date tour. That sounds a lot, but the halls have a maximum capacity of 2,000. The ticket prices for a supergroup like that are around £2. It was worth their while, as they netted \$100,000 (U.S.)."

So if any "name band" fancies a trip to sunny New Zealand, here's the chance. You could even get to appear on N.Z.'s version of "Top of the Pops."

from Italy the original recording

Albert Terraza

and the song that couldn't be translated

VADO VIA

the first single from  a Because production

Take a chance



We have

Most people nowadays tend to buy what they're told to by the loudest and most persistent voices.

The voices that tell them where it's at, where the action is, and otherwise betray their adherence to fashion and habit in euphoric expletives.

The action, however, lies wherever you want it to be.

Because beyond all those famous names, and all those records you can't possibly live without, can be found a

wealth of frequently unassuming and thoroughly invigorating music.

Some of it succeeds in capturing the public's attention. Some doesn't. But it doesn't mean we're going to stop releasing them.

You see, we think you might like them. So all you need to do is take a chance. We have.



EARTH, WIND & FIRE

HEAD TO THE SKY

Earth, Wind and Fire
The mixture of elements imparted by their name is a fair indication of Earth, Wind and Fire's predilection for moving elastically between all points across the current spectrum of black music. With their 'Head to the Sky', of course.
CBS 65604

WELCOME TO THE DANCE
SONS OF CHAMPLIN

Sons of Champlin
With their origins dating back to California in the mid-sixties, this group, an intrinsic part of San Francisco's activities, has undergone several changes of name, personnel, music policy and recording company. They are now called Sons of Champlin, play energetic 'Welcome to the Dance' music and record for CBS. That's official.
CBS 65663

Sweet Bonnie Bramlett

Bonnie Bramlett
Famous musicians were drawn to the Delaney & Bonnie roadshow like moths to a candle flame. Now that the lady's on her own, find out what makes 'Sweet Bonnie Bramlett' such an exceptional singer, and her album such compelling evidence of the fact.
CBS 65001

Bloomfield, Hammond & Dr. John
As a man who, in the company of Al Kooper and Steve Stills, donated the term 'Supersession' to the musical vocabulary via the LP of the same name, it is appropriate that Mike Bloomfield, this time with John Paul Hammond and Dr. John, should prove once again that such occasions are capable of yielding unique 'Triumvirate' music.
CBS 65639



Sweet Thursday
In one of those fairy-tale conclusions which the recording industry rarely provides, 'Sweet Thursday' - the album made four years ago by Nicky Hopkins, Jon Mark, Alun Davies, Brian Auger and Harvey Burns for a company which folded after pressing only a few copies - has finally been re-issued to the undisguised relief of footsore collectors everywhere.
CBS 65573



Bob Dylan
Dylan, in addition to playing a part in the film 'Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid', also provides the soundtrack music. We, in addition to having released all Dylan's previous albums, also provide the soundtrack recording.
CBS 69042

Bob Dylan/Soundtrack

PAT GARRETT & BILLY THE KID

Albums

Like nuclear powered Troggs



Keith Altham gets a sneak preview at the next original Slade album

THIS IS THE album which should blister critics who labour under the misapprehension that Slade are just a band of non-stop stompers. "Stop" is the working title for the next album to be issued in late October and it takes the Wolverhampton Rock and Rollers through the entire spectrum of rock from the furore and frenzy of "Raise the Roof" to a lullaby in ragtime titled "Find Yourself A Rainbow" which features their own local hero pianist Tommy Burton.

The album has the emphasis on good time music and rock and roll for 'fun', but it also serves to show that the band are evolving and Dave Hill's guitar work is significantly sharper while Jimmy Lea's growling bass work produces the kind of sound which works on bone conduction so that you get it in the chest almost before you duck the volume. They still retain that innate ability to send Mum and Dad racing from the house with their Sinatra / Mathis / Bennett albums clasped under their arms screaming for mercy.

People still ride on this machine at their own risk, as is clearly heard from the deceptive build of "How Can It Be" which starts acoustically and works into an electrifying hysteria with Noddy powering his way through with all the subtlety of a Sherman tank. Don Powell's bass drum is primed to provide just the right kind of thundering back drop-sounds like a nuclear powered-Troggs.

"Miles Out To Sea" is the saga which Nod wrote following a traumatic party for the group held by a freaked-out citizen of San Francisco after they appeared at Winterlands. The party was held in the gen's private home — a converted

synagogue where a rope suspended from the dome ceiling provided a swinging time for all. Meanwhile, back at the track, it is the Beatles circa '68 — Noddy and his merry men with a power pack. "We were miles out to Sea — maybe next time we'll leave the Shore", they sing.

There's a nice clean guitar sound — swinging and swinging like an axe. Refined keyboard from James Lea.

"Raise the Roof" is the anthem for the Wolverhampton Royal Exchange — that pit of iniquity wherein can be often found Messrs Holder, Powell, Lea and Hill imbibing the heinous drug alcohol, while Tommy Burton and other stalwarts tickle the ivories to the merry clinking of cocktail glasses.

This track is rude, raunchy and ribald. Shades of Jerry Lee Lewis (Burton) and Chuck Berry come through before they became middle-aged and forgot where their vitality and energy derived. Young, foolish and frantic. Give us a kiss.

Noddy Holder begins "Just A Little Bit" in subdued ballad style and the time changes are used skillfully with such immortal lines as "Just give me a teeny weeny bit of your love".

And so to "Find Yourself A Rainbow" — take your partners for this waltz in ragtime. It's a mid-tempo shuffler with a rockabait cha cha overtone and a good one for the straw boater, cane and all you would-be tap dancers.

"Stop" is the track being used as an instrumental link, a sort of musical express boogie. Sounds like Tommy Burton in there and all dat jazz — s'nice.

Jim Lea makes his debut as vocalist with a little thing entitled "When the Lights Are

Out". The song has a strong melody line and Mr. Lea has a pleasant voice which, re-enforced on the harmonics, puts one in mind of some of the ringing tones which the Byrds had in their early days.

"Don't Blame Me", and here we go again with ole' Superlungs making mince meat out of the vocal — the only man in rock with a rifled throat. It makes you wonder just how many vocalists there are amongst the Cooker, Stewart and Rodgers mould who could live with this band. It's a lot of heart and a lot of throat — Holderius. Rock and roll up hear the incredible screaming man strangle on his own epiglottis. They should leave it on the finished track.

"Everyday" is another of their slower, less characteristic numbers, but done with a soulful vocal from Noddy. It has absolutely nothing to do with Buddy Holly, but why does much of this keep putting me in mind of the Beatles and "Revolver".

Am I the victim of a secret brain washing technique employed by Chas Chandler?

The track "Good Time Gals" is rude, bawdy and features N. Holder Esq. in his infamous role as the space age bully stealing little girls' candy. We all know what that means — eh? Leer leer. Riff Riff. Woof Woof. There's a little something borrowed from Strolling Ronex or was it Mick Jagger and his all stars?

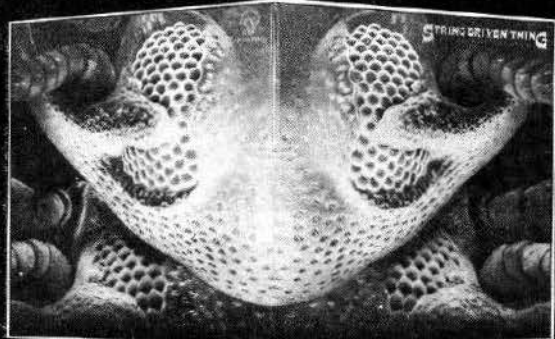
Good lads — it's all very good, and something for their new American label. Reprise, to get their teeth into.

Good honest, gross, blatant — and entertainment.

ALSO A PEEK AT THE NEXT FAIRPORT ON PAGE 14. MANY MORE ALBUM REVIEWS — PAGES 28, 31.

STRING DRIVEN THING

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Singles

Salute Max Bygraves

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY

**CHARLES
SHAAR
MURRAY**



YEAH, I KNOW how Bob Dylan, Art Garfunkel, Elton John, the Straws, Roger Daltrey, the Kinks and a host of others have singles out this week, but forget those fly-by-night Johnny Come Lathes. I am proud to announce that it's...

"Honour Max Bygraves Week" in NME.

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

MAX BYGRAVES: "Deck Of Cards" (Pye) What could shine brighter in the pantheon of semi-legendary ditties than a Max Bygraves version of "Deck Of Cards"? As all you scholars know, this song give the performer the opportunity to talk all the way through, thus leav-



ing room for no singing what soever. It is thus the greatest record that Max Bygraves has ever made, and his performance, when allied with the thoroughly niftoid Cyril Stapleton production, must surely attain classic status. The only provision is this. Our Max has omitted the most meaningful six words in the history of music and literature. That's right, cut sure losers, he doesn't say, "And friends, I was that doider". How could he? I mean, like how?

THE KAYE SISTERS: "If I Could Write A Song" (Pye) This man Bygraves just doesn't let up. Not content with putting out "Deck Of Cards", surely the all-time Blow That Smashes Snus, he also snags the producer credit on the Kaye Sisters' latest trip into the Boom Tube. Written by none others than Neil Sedaka and Howard Greenfield, this song tells us what the sisters would do if they could write a song. Unfortunately they can't, otherwise they wouldn't have had to use Neil and Howie, but it's the thought that counts. Be advised that this comes from the album "Shan, Gill and Carol", also produced by Big Maxie, and that's gonna have to be the

greatest album since "The Shangri-Las Greatest Hits". How can you resist such wonderment?

ORDINARY MORTALS AND THREE-MINUTE FANDANGOS (in alphabetical order so as not to offend)

ROGER DALTRY: "Thinking" (Track) The celebrated leam of Courtney and Saver strike again, once again with Adam Faith at the controls. It's from the solo album and a not

pleasant piece of work, but it somehow fails to stimulate my admittedly deficient adrenalina supply. Nevertheless, Daltry sings sweetly, the band play prettily, and all the tired horses do their stuff. Yawwain' with Mr. D.? New Who album, please.

THE DEFRANCO FAMILY (featuring Tony De Franco): "Heartbeat, It's A Lovebeat" (Pye) Jeez, British scenobop struggles on. "Hear my heart bound, hear my love sound," carols Tony the Tyke against a background of tympni, dissonant strings, phasing and bucking vocals in great profusion.

The total effect is family alarming. When I was his age I wouldn't have known a "love sound" if I'd heard it during a school prayer assembly. Look to your laurels, Donny. This kid's even younger than you are, and I bet he's been around more. But you know, what they say about Italians (sigh).

ROB DYLAN: "Knocking On Heaven's Door" (CBS) Old culture heroes never die. They just go into movies. "Knocking On Heaven's Door" is one of the more acceptable offerings from the soundtrack of Sam Peckinpah's intergalactic turkey "Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid". The backup singers moan with frightening intensity, as our lad intones the thoughts of the dying sheriff. Written from personal experience? The B-side, believe it or not, is entitled "Turker Chase". Pity they didn't include his celebrated "Beavis and Plum's" rap instead. An epoch-maker of the first water.

BRYAN FERRY: "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" (Island) Sacrifice, they cry. A gross in-

sult to the master, comes the grumble. Well, from where I'm sitting, of Linco Bobby's doing a perfectly adequate job of insulating himself, so who needs Bryan Ferry? In actual fact, Bryan's rendition of this venerable old carboise of a protest song is quite splendidly tasteful. So let's just say "an elegant and languid performance from the Fred Astaire of British rock" and leave it at that. Actually, what I can see from where I'm currently sitting is the stooped, balding form of Ian MacDonal'd gazing myopically through his pin-nez as he bashes out his letters page, but I'd rather not depress you unduly with any further details.

ART GARFUNKEL: "All I Know" (CBS) All I know is that this record is a dead ringer for "Bridge Over Troubled Water" except that the song's no good. There's a nice piece of production at the end where the Heavenly Chorus and the Scaring Strings fade out leav-

ing only the (you guessed) Saultful Gospel Piano. The song was written by Jim Webb, still holding out for another gig writing airline commercials. Good music for hi-jacking a Number 19 bus.

GRAND FUNK: "We're An American Band" (Capitol) Thank Christ for that. We've got quite enough lame heavy bands of our own, thank you. Craig Frost's organ, recently added to the line-up, smoothes down the jagged edges, and Todd Rundgren's production helps, but G. Funk have yet to convince me that they're worth their price of admission. Still, a young lady called Shanti wrote to me the other day to inform me that this soon, and the similarly-named album from which it emanates, are doing well in the American charts, adding "What have you got to say to that?" Well, Shanti, unfortunately my reply cannot be included in a family publication of this nature, but rest assured that I am always thinking of you.

THE HOLLIES: "The Day That Carly Billy Shot Down Crazy Sam McGee" (Polygram) Allan Clarke has returned to the fold, proving conclusively that the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. "The Day That Ecceitara Etcetera" is a moderately pleasant little offering, vaguely reminiscent of their old "Hey Willie" with lush nice harmonies and some reasonable guitar. Not a record to survive throughout the eons, but fairly harmless.

DR. HOOK AND THE MEDICINE SHOW: "Roland The Roudie And Gertrude The Groupie" (CBS) A real life tragedy of the modern rock lifestyle coming up now, boogie chillun. It seems that Roland the Roudie loves Gertrude The Groupie, but Gertrude the Groupie, sad to say, loves Groups. Shel Silverstein wrings plenty of comic mileage out of the situation, and George Cammings plays some highly respectable guitar fills, but Ray Sawyer and Dennis La Corriere have slightly overdone the looseness and guffawing. It'll probably come over a lot better in the context of the next Hook album, anyway.

ELTON JOHN: "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road" (J&M) After the rather disappointing "Saturday Night's All Right For Fighting", Elt and his chomps salvage things in fine style with a slow drifting piece highly re-

miniscent of "Fool On The Hill" style McCartney. An excellent Elton slowie in the "Rocket Man" and "Daniel" tradition, and worthy of mass acceptance on the customary large scale. Quite startlingly pretty, in fact. Nice one, etc., etc.

THE KINKS: "Sweet Lady Genevieve" (RCA) It would be delightful to be able to say that following his...uh... "performance" at White City, Ray had crashed back into the forefront of things with an unflinching triumph, but sad to say, such is not the case. "Sweet Genevieve" is quite nicely performed, with some very attractive harmonica and National guitar, and Ray sounds great, but the song ain't much cop (whatever that singularis quains folk saying actually means). However, like Elton's record, this will be absolutely essential listening for sunny afternoons (what?) and those evenings when it seems imperative to lie on your back intently studying the cracks on your ceiling.

THE STRAWBS: "Shine On Silver Sun" (A & M) What with all this talk about wing-rock echoing round these hallowed precincts, it's just suddenly hit me that Dave Cousins may be in line for some kind of All in British Wing Rock Championship award himself. "Shine On Silver Sun" is a tepid piece of droning nausea that must represent some kind of low point for the Straws, especially since it's the first recorded work of the new line-up. Let's all get together and ignore this one.

THEM: "Here Comes The Night" (Deream) I'm MacDonal'd speaking. Charles Shaar Murray has temporarily swapped seats with me to write the appropriate sparking answer to the letter from the Moody Mafia. But it's okay, you needn't worry. I can tell you all about this record. It's really great, man, it's so far out it's invisible to the naked eye, you know? Them are my most favourite group ever and — take to your own desk, and take your falling hair with you, grandad. You may remember this one, but our new generation of readers need to be told about Van (Erico) Morrison's gritty vocal, Berti Berns' sparkling production, the herds of now-world famous session men who actually played the god-dam thing, and all the other stuff. Basically, they need to be told to buy it. So buy it, at ready. There!

Now in the US charts with their new single and due here later this month

THE CHI-LITES STONED OUT OF MY MIND

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Albums

DETROIT SPINNERS: "Best Of" (Tama Motown)

BEST OF? No, not really, because the material they have recorded since leaving Motown and joining Atlantic is superior to quite a few of the cuts on this 12-tracker.

It is though, a neat testament to the near decade this talented vocal group spent with their friendly neighbourhood record company and, in passing, to the various writers and producers they worked with prior to their current alliance with Gamble/Huff.

Included in the set are the Stevie Wonder produced "It's A Shame" which won them a lot of friends here back in 1970, and their current American hit, the Motown one that is, "Together We Can Make Such Sweet Music". That particular number has just been released here with "Bad, Bad Weather (Till You Come Home)" on the flip.

This is the one which for me is the gem of this album and which could, if given the chance, give them their biggest UK hit to date. Recorded back in 1968, it's totally up-to-date in its appeal with an interesting storm-lashed intro, and an arrangement which never lets the song off the hook.

As with so much of Motown, it's often the songs and the music which really carry the day but behind it all the Spinners' really did sing well, just. (Viney Atlantic and Gamble/Huff's current faith in them.

With material running from 1965 up to 1970, this set shows that Motown has always had plenty of strength in depth for though the Spinners were mere-

ly a second division group in the company's hierarchy, the LP stands comparison with the best pop-soul on offer.
Roger St Pierre

IKE AND TINA TURNER: "Outta Season" (Sunset)

IT'S RATHER disturbing to consider that Ike and Tina Turner's most boring album of the last few years consisted of nothing but blues.

"Outta Season" was released on the Blue Thumb label in 1969 as an attempt to catch the white blues freaks, and it features no less than thirteen standards like "Dust, My Broom", "My Babe", "Rock Me" etcetera etcetera et bleed-in-cetera.

On the face of it, it's quite a viable proposition; Ike is an admirable blues guitarist when he wants to be and Tina can sound quite convincing if you don't listen too hard.

So you get 'em playin' and singin' de blues, and what dya get, gentle reader? You get a thoroughly rapid and tedious slice of bluezack.

The album kicks off with "I've Been Loving You Too Long", which is great, since it hadn't yet developed into that wincingly tasteless cunnilingus routine which the Turners performed in "Gimme Shelter".

From there things go steadily downhill. All the old blues standards receive dull, slipshod performances with Tina going through all her routines without actually singing very soulfully.

Only Ike's sardonic, underplayed guitar work relieves the tedium, and he really gets a chance to shine on a short instrumental shuffle called "Grumbkin", which blends straight and modern blues guitar styles.

Actually, I'm really pissed off because the best thing about the original album was the cover, which depicted the Turners in white face make-up chomping

on watermelons. This has been replaced by a startlingly dull montage of the usual stage shots, all so small that none of them are effective. However, the back cover photography credit remains the same.

And while we're on the subject of packaging, Mr. Sunset, what makes you think that the kind of people who buy this album have any interest in the London Concert Orchestra playing themes from "Colditz" and other war movies, or "Non-Stop Manana" by the Sunset Festival Orchestra?

The Sunset catalogue also includes material by Johnny Winter, Canned Heat, Amos Duul II, te Bonzo Dogs and the Idle Race, as well as Beecham's "Strictly Personal", the only contemporary album depicted on the back of this one. Wise up, buddy.

"Outta Season"? Right on. And things don't look like improving.

Charles Shaar Murray

ORSON WELLES "War of the Worlds" (Charisma)

ON OCTOBER 30, 1938, the entire population of the U.S.A. was alerted by a Columbia radio network broadcast. The invasion had begun. The Martians had landed in Grover Mills, New Jersey.

Columbia was broadcasting an evening of light music when it was interrupted by a news flash telling of gas explosions on Mars. The radio returned to the music program before bringing in experts to discuss the eruptions. Back to the music and some bright spark played "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" . . . out to Princeton Observatory, where unusual terrestrial tremors had been recorded. Then a mobile unit was dispatched to cover the disturbance and found that it had been caused by a cylinder from another world. It contained an octopus-like creature which crawled out, assembled a war

machine, and exterminated the onlookers and radio crew.

Well that's the story, but the invasion was nothing more than a dramatisation of H.G. Wells' "War of the Worlds", scripted by Howard Koch and read by Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre.

Now the original broadcast has just been released on Charisma's Perspective series, and it captures the atmosphere of the event as well as being called the broadcast, including the brilliant performance by Orson Welles. It's High camp at its highest.
Stuart Hoggard

HENRY COW: "The Henry Cow Legend" (Virgin)

LIVE, HENRY COW can be the most rewarding evening's worth of rock in Britain at the moment. On this, their debut album, they've somehow failed to get across the immediacy of the live situation — the vital immediacy in their case for, without it, Cow's material can seem so much frantic complexity and so little presence of soul.

On stage, the Dada humour and audience-group interaction move Henry Cow into a genre of their own; an utterly unlovely chamber-rock concept in which anything can happen and, on a good night, does. On record this hasn't come over. It could have done with a bit of extra ingenuity and studio-experience — but alas, not this time.

The Henry Cow Legend" is an aural condominium ruled locally by "Burt Weenie Sandwich" — phase Zappa and nationally by "Larks Tongues In Aspic" — vintage Fripp. Again, this is frustrating — because this is not what Henry Cow are about. They're not combinations of anything. Though there are obvious external influences on their music, it won't lie down for comparison or negotiation. Live, that is, on record . . . Oh hell.

You get the picture? "The Henry Cow Legend" is good as a kind of photo of the stage music. By buying it and playing it incessantly, you may even learn to hum along with the band next time you see them. But, as a valuable record of what they're doing now, it's not sufficient.

John Woodley

Briefly: the phases are two freeform sections, "The Tenth Chaffinch" and "Teembae Introduction", which come closest to evoking the essential Cow — although freeform is only a part of what they're about. "Teembae" itself is nicely done, featuring the most direct of the written stuff.

Minuses: the flat, lacklustre mix which, on Side 2, almost completely deprives the group of "presence"; the periods of florid musical isometrics in which plenty happens but little stays to make a lasting impact; and the rather stultic lyrics of the otherwise attractive "Nine Funerals Of The Citizen King".

However, remember one thing. It's only worth going on and on about the failings of something if it's basically good. Henry Cow are basically very good indeed.

So stick 'em in your notebook, music-lover, and follow their progress carefully. I can't imagine you'll be disappointed twice.

Ian MacDonald

DANNY O'KEEFE "Breezy Stories" (Atlantic)

YOU CAN USUALLY perm any eight from ten singer-songwriters and come up with portions of boredom everytime.

Not so with Danny O'Keefe. His previous Signpost album, the one that provided "Good Time Charlie's Got The Blues", was a well-above-average offering and "Breezy Stories" is even better.

You want funk? O'Keefe's got it — try "Junkman" as a sample and hear how he, Donny Hathaway, Hugh McCracken, Gordon Edwards, Pretty Purdie, Montego Joe and Airo Moreira get it together.

Good songs? They're abound in plenty. Donny was so impressed by "Magdalena" that he used it on his own "Extension Of A Man" album. Personally, I'd opt for "Mad Ruth/The Babe", a cleverly-constructed song that aligns O'Keefe's memories of America's greatest baseball player with thoughts of a past love.

Nostalgia? There's plenty of that. "Steppin' Out Tonight" has Ken Kesey's fiddling like 1928 Venuit, while people like

Dr. John and Dave Bromberg provide similarly dated support. Rebenack throughout is instant joy, either playing extracts from "Hamo's Boogie" and indulging in swing riffs on "If Ya Can't Boogie-Woogie, You Sure Can't Rock And Roll" or remembering New Orleans on "Forewell To Storyville", a Spencer Williams standard and the only song on the album not penned by O'Keefe.

What else is there? Well, I suppose I could mention that Richard Davis is around on upright bass, that Arif Mardin does a number of things, including provide a string arrangement for "Mad Ruth", and Cissy Houston figures among the back-up singers. Forget about the names though — this is essentially O'Keefe's album. One feels that if Bert Bloog, Seth Steeles and Wolf J. Fly-whine had been Danny's confederates in creating "Breezy Stories", the result would still have been a good one.

Fred Deilar

"THE HUGGETT FAMILY" (Pye)

THE HUGGETT FAMILY are just too good to be true, even more clean cut than the Partridge Family. They could pass for all-American kids except that they're inconceivably Canadian.

I may be just over cynical, but I have the feeling that they wrote their own sleeve notes. My first clue to this comes from the omission of Paul Simon's credit for "Scourbrough Fair", but the track includes the bit about the soldier cleaning a gun from "On The Side Of A Hill", and the arrangement credit goes to Andrew Huggett, father of the four little Huggetts and the husband of mother Huggett who make up the family/band.

The album includes Judy Collins' "My Father" sung by Margaret (Mother) who is just too well-encumbered to sound genuine. Carol King's "Tapes Try" suffers the same fate and "Greensleeves" harks back to over-orchestrated school concerts.

The whole album is stiff with the Whole Family playing instruments like crumforns, ran keti and bass gamba. The sound produced is dull from exciting, in fact it is far. Nothing stands out.

I don't really dig it but I think my mother would.
Stuart Hoggard

LOVE UNLIMITED: "Under The Influence Of . . ." (Pye International)

This girl trio had a nibble at the NME Chart last year, and I hoped this set would enable them to showcase a far wider range of their ability.

In fact, it proves to be something of an ego trip for Barry White who wrote, produced and arranged it. There are only eight tracks, one of which is completely instrumental, while the other seven include lengthy non-vocal passages.

Admittedly the scorings are imaginative and colourful, but I would like to have heard more of the girls without all these embellishments, because they're a good soul act.
Derek Johnson



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IMPORTS

JOHN WOODLEY

BRITISH UP the week is undoubtedly Boney. Captain Rainbow, Concert (RSO) with Winwood, Capaldi, Townshend, Wood, Green, Katsirnel and Fleetwood. It has a sort of an import however. Another heavy seller has been Maria Muldaur's album on Warner. The one that the Sawdust Jug Band sang in the company of Dr. John, Jim Keltner, Chris Ethridge, Richard Greene, Clarence White and Ry Cooder. King's Square Square shop — not Square Square as I inadvertently mentioned here recently — tell me that they sold out of their first batch in next to no time.

One Slip's Dean Street shop usually has a window full of imported blues music and this week is no exception. Taking pride of place has been the Tempestuous "Anthology" (Motown) which is a three-record set retailing for £5.50. This is a 27-track item, the songs ranging from "The Way You Do The Things You Do" produced by Smokey Robinson back in January 64, through to "Papa Was A Rolling Stone", last year's big hit for the group. Other titles on this monster package include "My Girl", "Got Ready", "Psychotic Reaction", "Ball of Confusion", "I Wish It Would Rain" and "Superstar". Also around are "The Last Poets" (Chrysalis), "Blue Thumb", "The Voices Of East Harlem" (Just Sustained), "Love Jones" (Bright Side Of Darkness) (20th Cent. Fox) and "The Ice Man's Band" (Mercury) on which the Butler back up boys offer their versions of "Mr. Dream Merchant", "People Get Ready", "Work It Out", "Come Together", "People Got To Be Free", "Ain't Understanding Nothing" and others.

COMEDY AND spoken word albums are becoming increasingly popular in the import shops recently and one selling a lot of sales is Cheech and Chong's "Just Good Friends". One who might believe a C.B.C. slave? George Harriot, Klaus Voormann, Jim Keltner, Carlos King, Nicky Hopkins all play a part in the proceedings — not to mention Tyrone Schiavone and Flip Brown from the Junior High School Band) George Bohannon, Dick Hyde and Paul Holcomb are listed as "horny guys". Carlos King chooses a "Rock Cheechleader" and an address is listed for the Jim Keltner fan club — yeah, it's that sort of an album! Also in the same bag is "The Cosmic Comedy Of Chris Rush" (Atlantic) which contains a nice line in titles such as "Frenchie People Get Up", "Beats Like The Bobby", "Naked Ape" — Mind Farts, "Golden Zis Of The Ribes", "Sister John Darnas' Veant School" and "Jesus Is A Dope Bust".

White some people hope go to grab

you by including mind-boggling titles on their albums, there are others who seem to rely in unpronounceable names. Lyrryd Skymyr (MCA), an Al Koozer production, takes the Woodley Voice Wizard Award for this week but honourable mention must go to The Stashley Brothers whose "St May" is a step in the right direction towards solving the language difficulty.

Neil Diamond's "Rainbow" (MCA) doesn't contain any new items as far as I can remember. It's merely a reissue to repackage some of the non-Diamond compositions Neil's tackled during his stay with MCA. "Mr. Bogart" and "Talkin' 'Bout Beethoven" are new. "Suzanne", "I Think It's Gonna Rain Today", "He Ain't Heavy", "If You Go Away", "Last Thing On My Mind", "Both Sides Now" and "Husbands And Wives" are back. It's one, I suppose, it's nice enough if you haven't already acquired too many of Neil's earlier albums.

JAZZWISE there's plenty of imports in the racks. C.R.D. are now handling a batch of Charlie Byrd's CD3 albums and you can choose from "A Touch Of Gold", "Let Go" and "The Music Of Charlie Byrd". The acoustic guitarist and reedist for £2.49. EMI, for their part, have Johnny Deham's "Maiden" and John Coltrane's "Coltrane Time" (both new releases) at the £2.33 price bracket; but if you want to be a big spender then you can have a copy of Louis Armstrong's "His Greatest Years" set. This is a 4-disc compilation of all those fine sides ours made with the Hot Five's and Sevens etc. back in the mid-twenties and it comes at £1.95. The price of the price of £8.80 a set is something of a drawback — even though I think these rates are worth it.

If you've found nothing to suit you so far, then you may be interested in Bobby Bryant's "Gowhill Street Cardiel" which finds the trumpeter handling numbers like "We've Only Just Begun" and "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas" on a brand new copy of The Jimmy Carter Band's "Dimension III" (MCA). Filling this there's "Mick Moore" — Look What You're Doing To The Man (Mentury), Larry Carlton's "Singing/Pouring Blue Thumb" may even be the soundtrack to "Milkam X" (Warner) with little holiday. The Last Poets, Steve and Debbie Davis, and Elton John fill the musical chores. And if you haven't found an import to set your sights on for that lot, I can only say sure you've tried up this paper by mistake!
John Woodley

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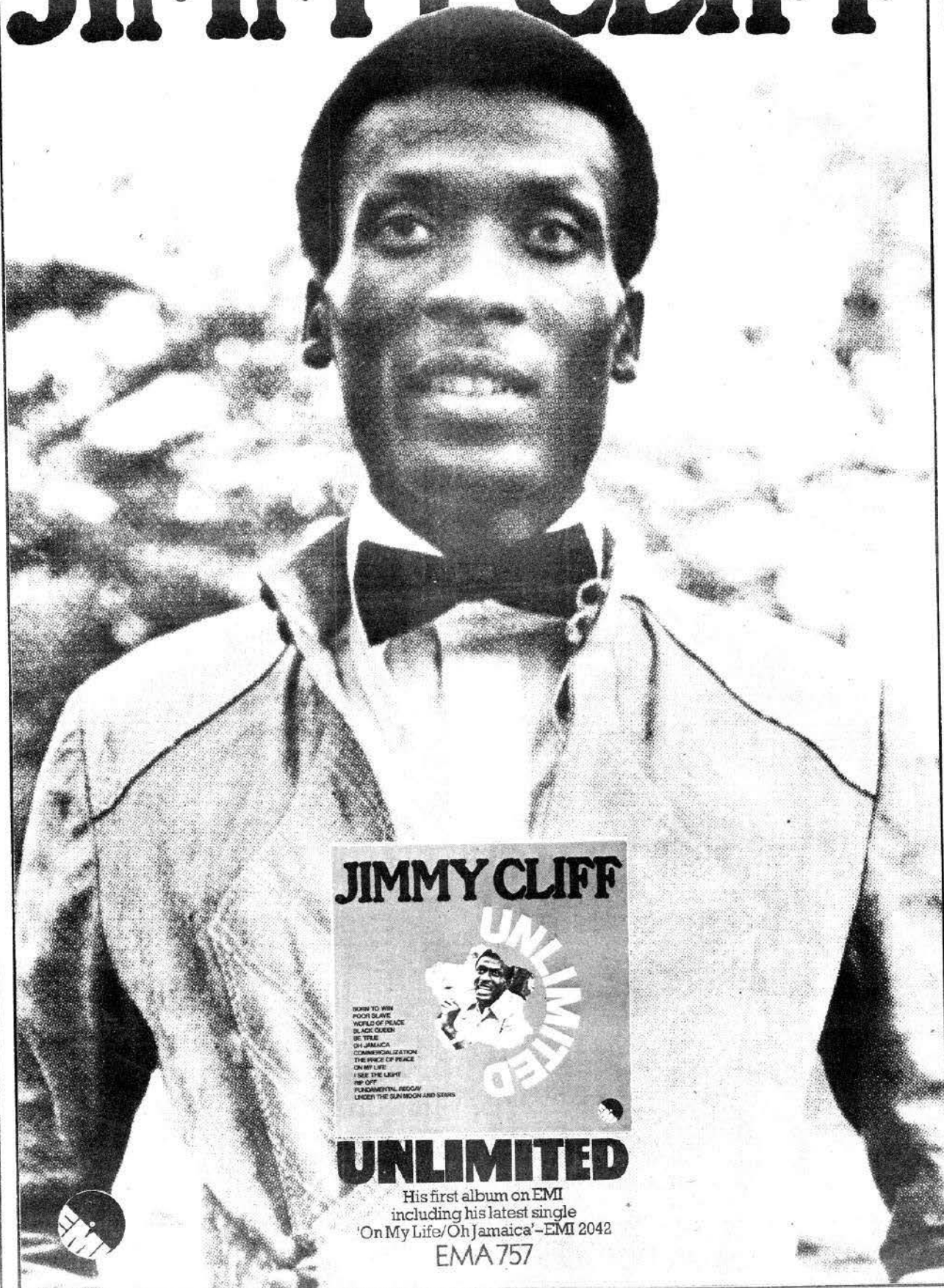
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Albums

Baez betrayed

JOAN BAEZ
"Hits/Greatest and Others" (Vanguard)

MY, MY, WHAT a catastrophe we have here. First of all, the strange title. Hits, oblique, greatest and others. Maybe they've missed out a question mark.

In truth, her hits would neatly fit a double-sided single — "There But For Fortune" (the greatest) and "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" (others). Not even the most hyperbolic record company should describe any others as hits (though Vanguard apparently have), and some have been quite emphatic misses.

That apart, could anyone at Vanguard explain the title? and could they say on their scout's honour that it was absolutely impossible to think of a better one?

Next, the cover. Would you believe Joan Baez in communion with nature, running bare foot across the sands, azure-blue waves lapping discreetly around her, with a turquoise scarf billowing about her wind-blown hair? It practically reduces her to the status of a John Denver.

The real point is that she can look anything from perfectly attractive to stunningly beautiful without having to pretend to be advertising hair-shampoo or a brand of vodka to do so.

Now, the choice of songs. Restricted mainly to her more recent, contemporary works, it's rock-bottom. For instance, Jesse Winchester's "The Brand New Tennessee Waltz", which I'd always quite liked by Jesse Winchester, but not by her, and a version of "Help Me Make It Through The Night" that could compete in the easy-listening stakes with the Mike Sammes Singers.



There's those Beatle evergreens, "Let It Be" and "Eleanor Rigby" making their customary appearance on a badly conceived best of album. If it was absolutely necessary to include such a track, what's wrong with "Imagine", which at least has the kind of lyrics that Joan Baez can credibly be singing.

As if all that isn't embarrassing enough, there's Paul Si-

mon's "Dangling Conversation" which first revealed her unfortunate facility for letting her own prejudices get in the way of the song's real lyrics. Only Joan could have rendered "Is the theatre really dead?" as "Is the church really dead?"

(This characteristic was most clearly noticed on "Old Dixie"; the narrator is meant to be a black slave, but she manages to make him a white man. Point of

song lost entirely). Apart from "There But For Fortune", which in any case sounds out-of-place as it belongs to a different stage of her career, the only thing that reminded me that this was Joan Baez I was listening to was Dylan's "Love Is Just a Four-Letter Word".

By the end, I was ready for anything — even a limp version of "Bandwagons Keep Falling On My Head". Had I been asked to select songs to represent the worst of Baez, my choice would have approximated this.

The name of Joan Baez has become unfashionable of late, but she remains one of the major artists of contemporary music — if this misbegotten compilation doesn't undermine her fading reputation completely. It's all rather a surprise coming from Vanguard, a label which has previously treated its artists with exemplary fairness.

Bob Woffinden

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL: "More Creedence Gold" (Fantasy)

RECORD COMPANIES can really get annoying sometimes. First there was "Creedence Gold", which was great in theory, since CCR really deserve a good compilation album.

The trouble with "Creedence Gold" was that, apart from a few tried-and-trusted goodies like "Bad Moon Rising" and "Proud Mary", no less than nineteen minutes and thirty-two seconds of the album was taken up by a couple of bloated duds like "Suzie Q" and "I Heard It On The Grapevine". What happened to "Lodi", "Up Around The Bend" and all the others?

Well, "More Creedence Gold" happened. It contains a few more acceptable Creedence tracks — fourteen of them, to be precise.

A pinch of hit single, a fistful of album tracks like "Fortunate Sun", "Boogie", "Sweet Hitchhiker" et al.

So where's "Travellin' Band" and "Green River"? You mean you haven't guessed? They're probably making up the best pressings of "Still More Creedence Gold" right now.

I suppose there's no real, concrete objection to this kind of Creedence reissue system, but there remains one real problem. When are we going to get a really good Creedence Clearwater Revival Greatest Hits album?

Charles Shaar Murray

CHARLES EARLAND "Intensity" (Prestige)

THE ONLY intense thing that I can find about this 12 in, slab of plastic is the sense of boredom it emits when I run a gramophone needle around its groove.

This really is complacent organ-based jazz of the worse variety. Professionally done of course, played by musicians of some repute, including the late Lee Morgan, on trumpet, but the whole thing is just one giant yawn, seemingly recorded just to fill a hole in Prestige's already prolific catalogue.

Earland, who gets star billing though the other soloists are as heavily featured, is an organist of whom better things could rightfully be expected. It's really much akin to Jimmy Smith's latter-day Verve offerings but at least Smith has got some excuse because he can claim to have recorded 20 or more first-rate albums before lapsing into all that cross.

This set was recorded at Rudy Van Gelder's studio from whence many jazz epics have emerged in the past but there's an air of conveyor belt relentlessness about much of the music which emanates from that particular music factory.

Let's face it, however well designed and manufactured, a Ford Cortina will always be just one of a million. On the other hand, a handmade Ferrari, for all its quirks, is unique and exciting. The same thing goes with music.

Roger St. Pierre

UNDISPUTED TRUTH (Tamla Motown)

THIS COULD almost be subtitled "The Temptations' Revisited" for, as proteges of the Temps' producer Norman Whitfield, this two-girl-and-boy soul group record much of the same material.

In fairness, they often record it first, as was the case with "Papa Was A Rollin' Stone", but too often Whitfield uses the same arrangements and gimmicks for the two acts which makes one version of each song entirely dispensable (and it's a matter of personal taste which one you'd rather be without).

On this, the Truth's third UK album, Whitfield also borrows from other songbooks and again takes the easy way out with near straight covers versions.

Thus, it could almost be Al Green singing lead on "Love And Happiness" and the backing has a definite Willie Mitchell beat, while Joe Cocker's arrangement is cribbed for "With A Little Help From My Friends". Even "Walk On By" manages to sound remarkably similar to the Dionne Warwick original.

Roberta Flack's "Killing Me Softly With His Song" and Dave Mason's "Feelin' Alright" are also included as well as the Truth's readings of the current Temps' single "Law Of The Land" and their older "Just My Imagination (Running Away From Me)".

The backings are the expected super-competent Motown fare with Whitfield's usual reliance on wow-wow guitar, spacey effects and ethereal strings while the truth (Brenda Evans, Diane Evans and Joe Harris) sure can sing.

Judged in total isolation it can then be viewed as a good, even a brilliant, album. Having heard the musical sources, one is left asking Go we really need an album of near straight covers versions, however well performed — and do we expect to pay full price for them?

Roger St. Pierre

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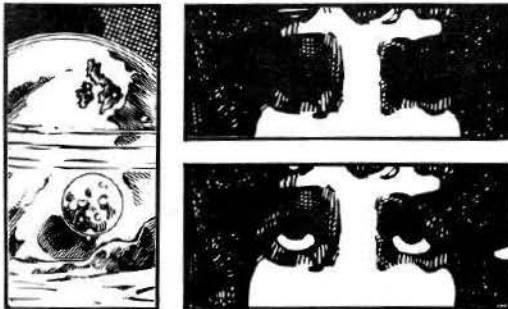


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STONES-ON-THE ROAD SPECIAL



By **NICK
KENT**

THE LADY behind the amps, staring hazily at Billy Preston and his band performing on stage, looked elegantly damaged. Half of her face was covered by huge vintage op-art shades and a cigarette holder hung limply from her mouth.

She smiled a lot and danced sporadically, surrounded by earnest-looking roadies who went about their business as usual.

Watching her, I had a momentary flashback recalling an old 1965 press-cutting of a beautiful, conservatively-dressed ex-model posing above a news story that ran:

Rumours have been sweeping London for the past ten days that attractive 20-year-old German model Anita Pallenberg and Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones are about to marry.

At a Chelsea party, attended by many top show business and fashion names, several of Brian and Anita's closest friends stated that the wedding was "definitely on" and that Bob Dylan was to be the best man.

Eight years later and Anita Pallenberg is still in the pack, dancing in the wings from the first chords of "Brown Sugar" onwards and travelling around in stoned splendour with her rock 'n' roll star old man, Keith Richard.

Of all the Stones' ladies she has always appeared the most ideal female counterpart to the band's chosen life-style: far more so than the ever-so fragile Bianca Jagger, or the beautiful but fated melancholy and outrage that personified Marianne Faithfull.

Anita always seemed tough. She was easily Jagger's equal when she played Pherba, part of Turner's menage a trois, in "Performance".

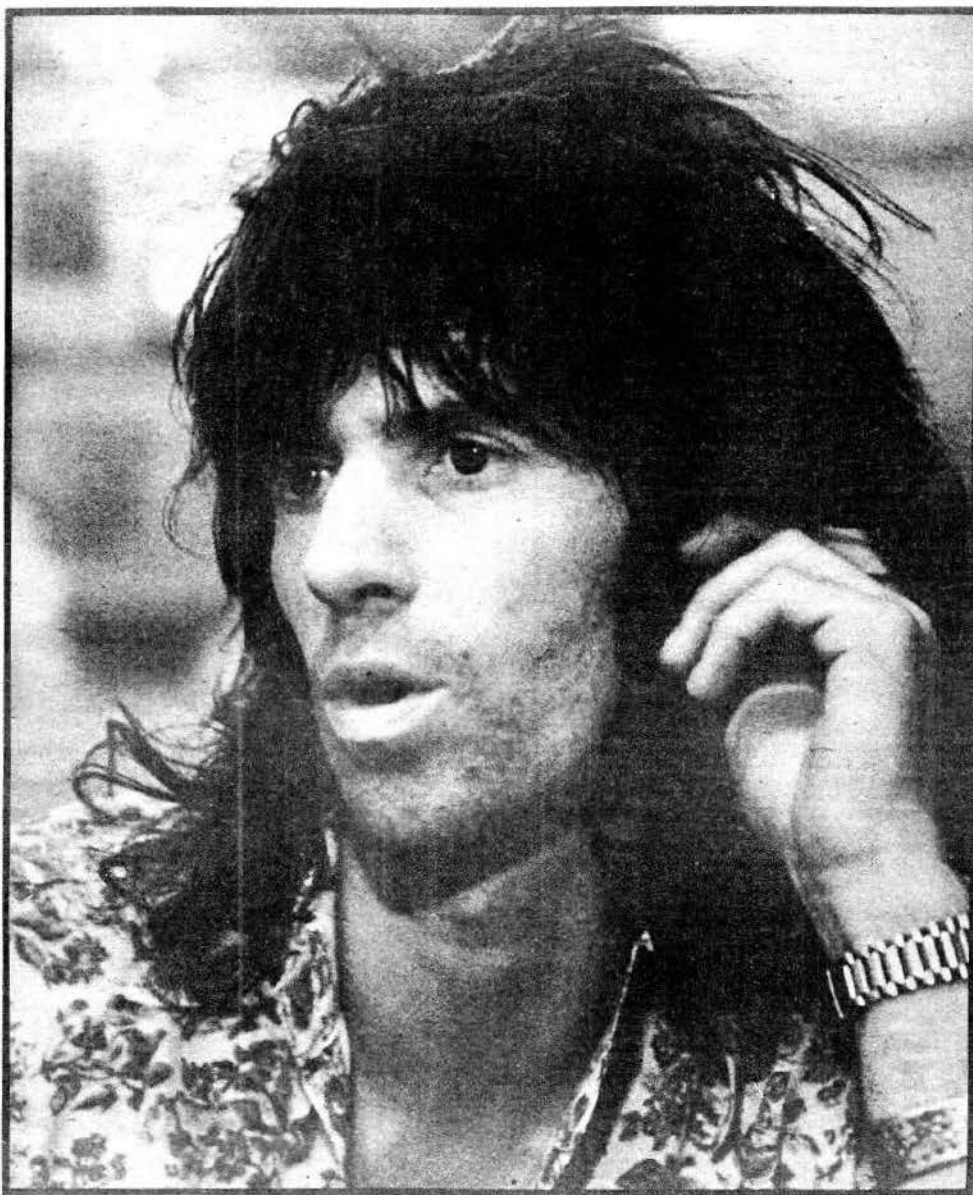
She had style — she was beautiful and dangerous.

When the first bars of "Happy" kick out from Keith's amplifier, she picks up Marlon, all of four-years-old with ragged blonde curls roaming down his back and the face of a baby rocker, and points to the lean shape of his father.

Keith Richard swaggers back and forth, his eyes closed, his mouth open — displaying a distressing paucity of teeth.

He is oblivious to everything, straining in front of the microphone, grinning when he hits the right notes.

THE ROLLING Stones revue has finally set off on its travels around the provinces of dear old England. The first night at Manchester found the Stones adhering to the peaks set on the



“ Last night I dropped my pick twice and stepped on my leads in the last number ”

three-day stint held at Wembley.

The format is much the same; the band attempt an acoustic version of "Sweet Virginia" which quickly falls apart owing to faulty pick ups, and "Silver Train" has been dropped altogether — "It sounds just a little too much like 'All Down The Line' when played live," stated Mick Taylor.

The audience for the first night leave satisfied, a smell of sweaty denim and pimplis hanging over the hall

after their departure.

The Stones themselves travel back by coach to the Post House, an out-of-town Holiday Inn look-alike which Taylor claims was the only place that would allow the Stones to stay under its roof for two nights.

"It still goes on," he states. "None of the hotels in the centre of Manchester want anything to do with us. Same with the tax-ranks. I had to pretend I was one of Billy Preston's band to get here in the first place."

Compared to his cronies, Mick Taylor has the air of a successful worldly young executive. Dressed casually, he is both eloquent and genuinely charming, a fact that will surprise those who heard the first extremely self-conscious and awkward radio interview that Taylor was forced to take part once he had joined the Stones. And consequently compounded their vision of the young guitarist as a timid unworthy pretender to Brian Jones' crown.

He sips brandy and dis-

cusses the Stones' current affairs with the same measured ease and concern for precision that stands out as dominant characteristics of his peerless guitar work on stage these days.

Meanwhile, Charlie Watts aimlessly wanders around the lobby with his family in tow while Bill Wyman sits in the restaurant, his dour face contemplating the menu.

Marlon Richard is boisterously running amok ar-

CONTINUES OVER

STONES-ON-THE ROAD SPECIAL

FROM OVER PAGE

ound the room, chasing one of Watts' kids and it's only when you crane your neck that you actually notice the ubiquitous Mr. Richard himself cheerfully slumped over a table in the corner drinking coffee alone and chain-smoking.

GOD KNOWS, enough tall tales and horrendously murky image-weaving have been constructed around Richard since his transformation from the awkward punk Chuck Berry-Slim Harpo-styled rocker who always seemed to lose out to beautiful Brian Jones and sensual Mick Jagger when it came to getting the action, to the bone-faced hoodlum raunch connoisseur toting a powerful drug-oriented mysterioso, topped off with a hornet's nest of black hair and a bone earring.

Remember when Kenneth Anger called him "the devil's right-hand man"? Or the grandiose tales of decay and debauchery that followed the Stones, and particularly Richard, on the 1972 American tour, which were borne out in part by a constant stream of photographs that appeared throughout the media displaying Keith splayed out on a sofa unconscious, eye-make-up running and a look of total collapse on his wasted features.

God knows the Media has accused Keith Richard in their usual snide way of anything from heavy involvement in black magic to cranking up heroin.

No-one quite knew which member of the Stones would take over as the most publicly persecuted of the band, but Richard has certainly taken the lion's share this time around to the extent that many have almost seemed to will their own perverse death-wish fantasies on him.

We all need someone we can bleed on, but Keith Richard is no way a wasted victim of his own image, nor is he some incoherent zombie biding his time.

If anything, the splendidly grotesque photo of him adorning the back-sleeve of "Goat's Head Soup", looking like a death's head on fire, is a parody of the Keith Richard gonzo image.

"Pretty grotesque innit! I think most people use the word 'charred' to describe that photo."

Richard sniggers hazily and stares down at the table focussing on nothing in particular. He's swaggered over to Mick Taylor's table and now talks in a stoned drawl which never seems to lapse into the realms of incoherence, though it sometimes teeters on the edge.

No clumsy pauses occur during the conversation either; in his own excessively 'laid-back' zone of activity, Richard is an animated conversationalist.

"Y'see, I don't really give a damn what they — what the Media or whatever you call 'em — write about me.

Y'know, I'd just like to

see all those cock suckers spending an hour on stage doing what I do, and see how they stand up to it. I just presume they have nothing better to do, or that they're hard up for a story, or whatever.

"It still goes on and I just go along with the 'Bad publicity is better than no publicity' idea. I mean, if they wrote about me as the sweet, gentle, loving family man, it would probably do me more damage! And be equally untrue.

"They don't know anything anyway. They'll just blow anything up out of all proportions like that 'Ron Wood' to replace Keith Richard' story which started off as a mildly fully drunken joke we thought up at Tramps one night, and which Fleet Street got hold of and blew up.

"Same with the busts. Everyone thinks I've been busted hundreds of times when in fact this now is only the second time I've ever been brought up before a court. I mean Mick(J)'s been busted more than I have, but because you're a celebrity or whatever, everyone gets to hear about it.

"I'm just not interested in mixing with most of the press or setting things straight, because, really, the last consideration is always the truth. It's all stereotyped shit, and they're all hacks.

"It's the same with jobsworths who are just the lowest as far as I'm concerned. I mean, the guy on Sunday, who was causing that disturbance, was just looking for a chance to get into some violence. He must have been frustrated or something.

"Anyway after the show, he had all his commissionaire chums standing on some scaffolding going like this (he pulls a particularly ludicrous grimace). So Mick and I threw some coke bottles at 'em."

RICHARD DRAGS a hand through his black, matted locks and lights up another cigarette:

"I suppose I should add that the press have also helped me. I mean, the Sunday Times helped us obviously over that bust, but another time, a few years ago when I was on tour, the Home Office were getting very stropky about Anita being in the country and were all ready to throw her out. So we went to the Daily Mirror or one of those papers, and afterwards the Home Office dropped it like a hot brick. So they can help too."

A plate of pancakes was ordered, and Keith starting digging into them lethargically with his fork. How did he and Taylor feel about the reputation the Stones had picked up, particularly on the last Stateside tour, as being the latest international playboy-jetset elite chic thrill?

"Personally I just don't want to know about 'em. I mean, how they get in there and why they're there in the

first place, I don't really know."

Taylor broke in: "They seem to like indulging in the popular extravagances of the time, especially Americans who are very publicity-conscious anyway. Now we leave it to Pete Rudge, and as you must know, the organization is incredibly tight."

Richard came back into the conversation: "It's a difficult thing to handle anyway, because it starts with things like — 'Oh, Truman Capote is going to come along and write something on the Stones' — and he comes along and brings along Princess Lee Radziwill and some other socialites from New York and you're surrounded by those people. And it just takes one guy like Capote to trigger it off.

"I mean, all those jet-setters must be bored or something. They seem to be on this massive ego trip anyway, which I just don't want to know about.

"All I can say is — those people will not be around a second time. There's no way they're going to be in our company ever again."

"But that situation was nothing new for us. I mean, back in 1964 when we were touring the States, we'd been invited to parties by all these 'socially important' people. Back then we'd just tell 'em where to go."

HOW DID Richard's much-vaunted meeting with Bob Dylan at Jagger's 1972 Birthday Party go?

"It was very nice actually. I hadn't seen him since the 'Blonde On Blonde' era. Changed a lot. Yeah, he seems to be very domesticated. Hard to say from meeting the cat at a party."

"I think everyone expects too much from Bob Dylan," added Mick Taylor. "You can't keep on creating the things he was

doing at that intensity."

K.R.: "He'd have to put himself back into a very fragile position to create anything like that again. He just couldn't do that, because if he hadn't stopped in the first place, he would have been dead."

Surely, though, the Stones are legendary for their sustained journey close to the edge these past ten years?

Richard continued: "Yeah, but you see Bob Dylan was by himself. With us there's always been someone there to grip the reins when it's necessary."

Richard seemed slightly more comfortable discussing the Stones music.

"I guess I like 'Beggars Banquet' the best of everything we've done. 'Let It Bleed' was a good album too. I'd like to have a single album compilation of my favourite "Exile On Main Street" tracks, though I still

feel that the amount of material we had at that point warranted a double album, even if they are always too long. I really like the new one actually. I enjoyed recording in Jamaica."

Mick Taylor stated that the album was recorded relatively quickly: "The backing tracks were all done in Jamaica. We started off with 'Winter' which was just Mick (Jagger) strumming on a guitar in the studio, and everything falling together from there.

"'Angie' and 'dancing With Mr. D' were recorded in the middle of the sessions and 'Starfucker' was about the last. Some of the songs used were pretty old. 'A Hundred Years Ago' was one that Mick had written two years ago and which we hadn't really got around to using before."

Richard said that, despite popular opinion, he had indeed been involved in writing "Angie". "I had the whole chord



**PICS: JOE STEVENS, PENNIE SMITH
CARTOON: TONY BENYON**



the other line-ups always seem to be different. Like, 'Hearbreaker' has Billy Preston on keyboards, Mick (T) on wah-wah, and me on bass."

Had Richard ever considered that the Stones should do an album of personal favourite non-original tracks?

"Yeah, I could dig that idea, but more than likely we would never put a whole album out of the Stones doing other people's stuff — just the odd track on an album every now and then."

"We've got a couple of old songs we're thinking of doing up — actually I was thinkin' of doing the old Temptations song 'I Wish It Would Rain' but the Faces got there first. They recorded it live at Reading for their next single or something."

"There are others but you've gotta keep you trap shut or someone else'll pick up on 'em. But we really have so many songs of our own, and doing your own songs is much more of a buzz anyway."

"I mean, back in the old '5 By 5' days — those things — we used to go down to the local record store, when we were recording in Chicago or L.A., buy up a whole bunch of soul singles, sit down by the record-player, learn 'em — things like 'Baby We Got A Good Thing Goin' and old Otis Redding stuff — and do 'em as quickly as possible."

Why were the Stones not including any material pre-dating "Jumping Jack Flash" in their current live set?

"Actually we were doing a bunch of old numbers when we were touring Australia. 'Route 66' we did, uh . . . 'Bye Bye Johnny' and 'It's All Over Now'."

"One thing about working up the old songs is that Mick (T) doesn't know 'em and would have to learn 'em from the beginning. I mean, there are songs like 'Have Mercy' which I'd love to work up again."

"ANOTHER REASON for us not doing old songs is that Decca have stopped us releasing new live versions of material recorded on their label."

"A whole live album with Stevie Wonder on it recorded on the American tour has been scrapped because they've balled that up. They've got those songs for six years or something."

"I mean, if we're recording a live show with old numbers on it, we just can't put the motherfucker out in the first place because recordings of those songs belong to them until 1976 whatever."

"Sure, I don't really mind them packaging old stuff if they use a little bit of imagination, but putting out old flip-sides as singles is shit."

"Decca are supposed to



None of the taxi-drivers will touch us. I had to pretend to be in Billy Preston's band to get here in the first place.
— MICK TAYLOR



be making records but they might just as easily be making baked-beans."

He alleged: "A record to them is a piece of plastic and what's on there doesn't really matter."

"Decca's attitude to their artists, to the people who work for them, is the lowest, and I'll say that to their fuckin' face. They have no respect for anything except the dollar and in that, they're no better than any other company. It just happens that I know them and I think they're the biggest bunch of shits in the world."

So how were relations currently with Atlantic records?

"Uh, comfortable, y'know. They've tried to balls about a bit with this latest album."

"They've given us a lot of trouble over 'Starfucker' for all the wrong reasons — I mean, they even got

down to saying that Steve McQueen would pass an injunction against the song because of the line about him. So we just sent a tape of the song to him and of course he okayed it. It was just a hustle though. Obstacles put in our way."

Then how was Rolling Stones Records progressing and why were Kracker the first band ever to be signed?

"Everyone agreed to signing Kracker and Jimmy Miller was recording them so it seemed natural. As to why they're the first — well there's no hurry. We're not interested in becoming another Apple."

"Sure there have been other bands we've had our eye on — Stone the Crows were one but they've broken up. Rory Gallagher is another artist I've thought about, just because he's good and he seems to have had a raw deal from his record company, though I

don't really know any details."

WHAT ABOUT the notorious incident when Jagger and Richard were both ordered offstage during a Chuck Berry concert by the man himself?

"Ah yes. I don't know the real reasons because Chuck Berry is real weird."

"But the situation arose, I imagine, because I was given this huge great amplifier and he had this tiny Jewel reverb, so there was no way I could turn down and still not over-power him."

"I was just trying to play as quiet as possible — anyway I came on with Dr. John and Mick (J) was standing at the back of the stage, and it developed into a little ego thing where the people were taking more attention of his backing band than they were of him. It's a shame actually because the two numbers

we actually played together were great, y'know."

Had Keith ever witnessed the New York Dolls, the ultimate Rolling Stones affectionate parody band?

"Nah, I've never heard 'em — seen pictures of 'em though, and they look very pretty" (snigger).

Mick Taylor claimed he'd seen them once with Ahmet Ertegun and had found them both musically unattractive and visually unattractive.

Richard continued: "Bands have always been into copying us. Really I mean, what were bands like the Pretty Things and Them with Van Morrison doing back then?"

"Nah, it's not a piss-off and it's not particularly flattering either. I always wonder if they're just doing it for the bread or basic considerations like that."

Richard shrugs and orders a final vodka. Anita has disappeared from the lobby.

"Right now, I'm sticking pretty much to playing rhythm onstage. It depends on the number usually, but since Brian died I've had to pay more attention to rhythm guitar anyway."

"I move more now simply because back when we were playing old halls I had to stand next to Charlie's drums in order to catch the beat, the sound was always so bad."

"I like numbers to be organized — my thing is organization, I suppose — kicking the number off, pacing it and ending it."

"Either I fuck it up completely or it comes together really. Like, last night I dropped my pick twice and stepped on my leads in the last number."

HE GRINS, scratches his head, extends a handshake and leaves to get changed for tonight's show. "Gotta put my make-up on 'aven't I."

On the coach, Charlie Watts and wife are entertaining his parents who have come down for the gig. Mick Jagger wanders in and partakes in an animated talk with a juvenile brat wearing a David Bowie hair-cut and the looks of a barely pubescent Gary Glitter — "Wanna souvenir? Want my shoes? 'Get away with ya. Y' not 'avin' my watch! Wan' my cock?"

The show that night is somehow now stupendous. The crowd are up the moment the band saunter onstage. The Stones transcend all peaks previously set at their current English gigs and perform a beautiful version of "Angie" with Jagger actually singing it in key.

A wild, wild evening indeed and, y'know, throughout the show Keith never dropped the pick once.

sequence down maybe a year ago with just the title 'Angie'. It could have been 'Randy' or 'Mangy' or anything, y'know, but Mick just picked up on the title and wrote a song around it. He added the strings — all the strings on the album are 'his idea."

"I don't know who chose it as a single. I think somebody said that it would make a change and that it would get a heavy reaction on AM stations. I'm really not interested in picking singles."

"Comin' Down Again' is my song, yeah — no, 'Starfucker' is all Mick's. 'Dancing With Mr. D' is my riff and Mick's lyrics. I tend to work more on riffs while Mick has finished songs."

"Definite guitar parts? Well the thing is that on most tracks there are a number of guitar tracks so you can really distinguish who's playing what. Mick (J) plays guitar on 'Silver Train' and 'Winter', while



XTRA: See Transatlantic.

YARDBIRDS

Keith Reff sets, Jim Toppan lead guitar / Chris Dreja (lyrics) / Paul Samwell-Smith bass / Jim McCarty drums. Formed 1963 with above line-up, the most blues-sounding Yardbirds as they were soon to be dubbed related to Chicago-based Blues / Checker / Yee Jay catalogues for inspiration and material. No commercial recordings available by original line-up.

Before (1), Toppan had been replaced by Eric Clapton. Clapton, Rand subsequently amassed their Home Counties following, growing when they took over Stones residency at legendary Crawdaddy Club, Secor after, became Marquee regulars and toured continent with Sonny Boy Williamson. (2) Being record of the event. Left Rock took over when Clapton joined John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers. (3) In Samwell-Smith and Simon Napier Bell casting Giorgio Gomelsky as producer. (4) Reached #1 one of the most innovative second generation rock bands. (5) Was original lead singer. By this time, band were also making it on singles mainly with a trilogy of Graham Goddard-penned hits: For Your Love, Heart Full of Soul and the double A-sided Evil Heated 'n' I'm Still in Bed all in 1965. It was because of this supposed "sell out" that after playing on For Your Love, Clapton handed in his notice.

1966 was year of coming and going. Samwell-Smith was first to quit. Dreja switched to bass and Jimmy Page came in to play rhythm. Only one single came from this line-up, Happenings. Ten Years Time Ago.

Beck was the next to leave, and Mickie Most took over production chores (4). This album was wreckage of what was supposed to be Yardbirds third official LP. With exception of one track, it was a mish-mash of demos, live takes and material the band is said to have intended for public consumption.

Album (2) had been recorded a couple of months earlier, cut by Anderson, Bucars, New York City, March 68 - it wasn't issued until 1971 and then it was withdrawn within days of release. It is said to have been recorded on condition that it would be released only if Yardbirds gave their endorsement. They didn't.

In an abortive attempt to revive Top 40 interest in group, two "America-only" singles, Ten Little Indians and Ha, He, She, Saw The Clown, were released with little success. The Yardbirds disbanded after an on-tourism tour in July 1968.

After the break up, Keith Reff, who had cut two solo singles during time with Yardbirds, teamed up with Jim McCarty to form his ill-fated folk duo, The Doves. Dreja became photographer, Jimmy Page, left with rights to the name and some contractual debts, set about forming the New Yardbirds... the band that became Led Zepelin.

In retrospect, Yardbirds were prototype of both the guitar-dominated bands, and heavy-metal psychedelic groups. Their importance will never be undermined. See also LED ZEPPELIN, ERIC CLAPTON, JEFF BECK, RENAISSANCE.

- (1) Five Live Yardbirds (Columbia 1964) (2) Sonny Boy Williamson & The Yardbirds (Fontana 1965)
- (3) The Yardbirds (Columbia 1966) (4) Little of Great (Epic US Import 1967) (5) Live Yardbirds (Epic US, deleted 1971). Collections (6) Remember The Yardbirds (Starline) (7) The Yardbirds Greatest Hits (Epic US Import).

YES
Jon Anderson vln/Chris Squire bsr/Steve Howe gtr/Rick Wakeman kybd/Alan White drms. Formed Birmingham 1968, yes were one of last groups to break through via Marquee Club. Original line-up featured Anderson, Squire, Bill Bruford (drms), Peter Banks (gtr) and Tony Kaye (org), in which form they recorded (1) and (2).

It was not, however, until (3) that they achieved satisfactory results in the studio, by which time Banks had left to form Flash and an earlier in lifetime Steve Howe had been drafted in as replacement.

On (4) Rick Wakeman joined from Strawberry and Kaye quit to form Badger, this line up remaining to cut (5) and a couple of tracks for (6) - a selection of

NEIL YOUNG: See below



live performances of material from (3) (4) and (5). Latest personnel change was the replacement of Bill Bruford by session drummer Alan White, Bruford joining King Crimson in late 1972.

Yes rely on the technical accomplishment of individual members to carry complex, quasi-orchestral arrangements of the sometimes slight compositions of Jon Anderson. Lyrically can be banal but, on their night, often exciting and impressive. (4) being monumental proof of this.

- (1) Yes (Atlantic 1968) (2) Time And A Word (Atlantic 1970) (3) The Yes Album (Atlantic 1971) (4) Fragile (Atlantic 1971) (5) Close To The Edge (Atlantic 1972) (6) Yesongs (Atlantic tape 1973).

NEIL YOUNG
Born 1945 in Toronto, son of noted sports journalist, born 1945 in Toronto, son of noted sports journalist, later moved to Winnipeg and gigged around Canada and border as solo folk singer, eventually arriving in Los Angeles where he formed Buffalo Springfield early in 1966 with Steve Stills (see BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD).

When Springfield split in '68 resumed gigs at small U.S. clubs as singer/guitarist, responded to a series of interviews to indifferent audiences. (1), released '68, was disappointing, yet compared to quality of Springfield work - suffering from busy arrangements of relative weak compositions. A subsequently revised version showed improvement.

Material had really improved by (2), which many regard as his most successful artistic achievement. For this, Young formed Crazy Horse backing group out of nucleus of L.A. band The Rockets - Danny Whitten (gtr), Billy Talbot (dr), Ralph Molina (drms). Strong melodies were here allied to punchy rock backing, featuring the electric guitars of Whitten and Young to the fore.

On commercial level, however, Young's progress was at this time taking backward to highly publicized formation of Crosby, Stills and Nash. Young's reasons for joining CSN and N have never been fully detailed - the critical view is that, once invited, the Canadian took what was basically a financially motivated decision to cut himself in on what had become highly lucrative action.

Either way, Young's chummy contributions to outfit's second album Dija Va Be were generally regarded as highlights of set. See CSN AND Y.

Young continued parallel solo career and, by (3),

had more than justified critical claims that he possessed more raw talent than rest of CS and Y together. Powerfully melodic, brilliantly conceived, this was undoubtedly among major albums of his year - Young's songs being composed for Dean Stockett's screenplay of same title, which never materialised as a movie.

From this point on, Young's burgeoning charisma and commercial standing began to rapidly outgrow the suitably disintegrating CSN and Y aggregation. Artistically, however, subsequent recordings were to show stagnation. (4), which should have picked up where (3) left off, instead came out as an echo of previous collection - again, fine songs but it had taken 18 months to complete and much of it was marred by over-productions.

Since then has toured extensively in States, though failed to make British gigs in 1973 due to minor throat operation.

Became interested in films himself. (5) being soundtrack of his first venture in that area. Disappointing album in that it consisted almost entirely of re-hash of old material.

Young is undoubtedly most talented of all the turn of the decade acoustic troubadours - but his credibility as protest singer on next recorded work - Live on Farm in Los Angeles (7), married to actress Carrie Snodgrass (star of Diary of A Mad Housewife), they have one child.

- (1) Neil Young (Reprise 1968) (2) Everybody Knows This is Nowhere (Reprise 1969) (3) After the Gold Rush (Reprise 1970) (4) Harvest (Reprise 1972) (5) Journey Through the Past (Reprise 1973)

YOUNGBLOODS

Jose Colin Young vlns/b. Jerry Bauer drms/Bassano kybd, bjo, vlns. Split from Fall end of 1968 and formed own band Bloodwyn Pig (see BLOODWYN PIG). Remained with Pig until late 1970 when he formed Women, later to become the Mick Abrahams Band. Currently in retirement.

(1) A Musical Evening With Mick Abrahams (Island 1971) (2) At Last (Chrysalis 1972).

ABERDEEN MUSIC HALL Box office info: Aberdeen 23456.

ACCAPILLA Unaccompanied voices in harmony

ACETATE
Rough casting of record - on metal plate covered with adhesive solution - for demonstration or publicity purposes - about "live", as "shellac coating wears away after limited number of plays; usually protects first factory pressings and is "cut" by studio engineers on the spot after recording has taken place.

DAVID ACKLES

Born Illinois, moved to California and spent somewhat stringy career in vaudeville and films. Later composed ballet and choral music, and started writing the occasional song. Eventually signed to Elektra label as songwriter only, then persuaded to record material himself.

First two albums established style - poignant, nostalgic songs laced with heavy drama. His Road To Cairo track on (1) recorded by Julie Driscoll + Brian Auger Trinity as follow up to This Night's Success.

(3) covered numerous areas of American life, utilizing unusual musical forms, and was critically hailed as masterpiece, though commercial success has so far proved elusive. Concert appearances rare, under-rated.

- (1) David Ackles (Elektra 1968) (2) Seabury To The Country (Elektra 1970) (3) American Gothic (Elektra 1972).

LOU ADLER

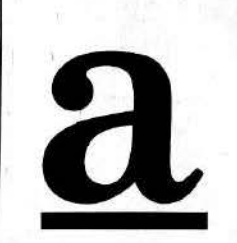
Without exception the West Coast's most successful producer, Adler first came to notice around 1959 when, in partnership with Herb Alpert, he managed and produced Jan + Dean and Johnny Rivers, as America's leading vocal act. Around this time also helped originate Monterey Pop Festival.

On selling Dunhill, inaugurated Ode label and had multi-million world-wide hit with Scott McKenzie's If You're Goin' To San Francisco (1967). Also signed The City. This was a trio led by Carole King who Adler was subsequently to "coach" into becoming one of most popular solo recording artists of last ten years. Also recorded Spirit.

Self-made millionaire, Adler has also ventured into movie industry - with widely acclaimed Brewer McCLOUD starring Sally Kellerman. In 1973 working on documentary on Carole King.

CONTRIBUTORS

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A. & M. RECORDS, 1/2 St. George Street, London, W.1. Tel. 01-493 8661.

MICK ABRAHAMS

Began in local groups around Luton area. Original guitarist with Jeffry Tait when band formed in 1969, best known during that period for his arrangement of traditional Carle's Squirrel (contained on first John LP The Weak).

West Coast band formed 1967 though they originated from New York as a foursome. American hit single Darkness, Darkness, failed to repeat success in UK, although released twice. A minor cult band, Young Moody also hit States with Let's Get Together (also recorded by P. Lancaster) and Dave Clark, which was written by singer Dino Valenti about psychedelic rock Powers Split 1971.

- (1) Exhilarat Mountain (RCA 1969) (2) Sunlight (RCA 1971).

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AFRO ROCK

More properly, West African Rock, as music is strongly influenced by Naxos-Chamarian sources. Similar in intent, effect and instrumentation to its subterranean Latin Rock. Afro utilizes hypnotic chants, brightly-colored stage costuming, insistent musical modalities and instrumentation depending largely on various batteries of drums - hand drums, talking drums and congas - in supplement normal complement of group instruments.

Although first brought to popular attention in this country by Ombasi and another Afro band, Assagai, the music style has never really caught on because of obvious ethnic limitations and the existence of a similarly based Latin Rock.

It has claimed one notable adherent: Ginger Baker, whose flirtations with style began with Airforce, later developed into full blown infusion.

AIRFORCE
Ginger Baker drms/Steve Winwood vlns, org/Jessie Jacobs vlns/Denny Laine vlns gtr/Chris Wood tr sr, Rikia Creek by gtr, vln/Reni Kabaka drms/Graham Bond alto sax/Harold Melhuus tr sr, R/P/Ri Scanlon vlns. Above an original line-up. Now defunct. See GINGER BAKER.

- (1) Ginger Baker's Airforce (Polydor 1970) (2) Airforce 2 (Polydor 1971).

ALASKA RECORDS 12 The Quadrangle, Cambridge Square, London, W.2. Tel. 01-402 4558.

ALICE COOPER

Alice Cooper vlns/Glen Banton Id gtr/Michael Bruce gtr, kybd/Dennis Dunaway bsr/Neal Smith drms. In 1966 Vince Furnier - son of a preacher - and his friends began a five-year plan which was to transform them from being human juke boxes known as The Earwigs, the Spiders and the Nazz into Alice Cooper - the first trans-revol shock-rock character. Just before final name change, Furnier alias Alice,

lived and worked out of Phoenix, Arizona, his band mainly copying second hand licks from later Beatles, Stones, Who and Yardbirds.

Moving to Hollywood in 1968, the Cooper band existed at starvation level, working badly paid club and rough-house bars. It was around this time they met manager Shep Gordon and Frank Zappa, who signed them to his newly-managed Straight label.

November 1969 saw release of (1). (2) following a month later. Neither did anything to distinguish them from countless other dual and tripe garage bands. By this time, however, Alice Cooper were making it so much on musical ability, as their penchant for outrage. They were strictly a rock 'n' roll freak show.

(3) could be termed the first real Cooper album. Fifteen months had elapsed since (2) and the band now based in Detroit, had acquired an iron-fisted producer - Bob Ezzi - and a musical proficiency totally missing from their previous recordings. The Fin track, America's equivalent to My Generation, subsequently made the U.S. Top 20.

"Uttering" "The Absurd" stage show - with prop acts of electric chairs, bus conductors and galleys - Cooper band soon became America's top box office attraction. The raunchy Under My Wheel and the macabre/morbid autobiographical masterpiece Be My Lover, both on (4), also secured some degree of respect from detractors.

Following first U.K. hit, the ten anthems Spooky's Out, (5) became multi-million seller and established Alice Cooper as international act. Much of this success due to EMI's production.

(6) repeated success of (5), released to coincide with what was to be the most successful tour ever undertaken of America by any band.

- (1) Presley For You (Straight Records 1969) (2) Easy Action (Straight Records 1970) (3) Love It To Death (Warner Bros 1971) (4) Killer (Warner Bros 1971) (5) School Out (Warner Bros 1972) (6) Billion Dollar Babies (Warner Bros 1973). (1) and (2) reissued by Warner Bros 1975 as School Days - The Early Recordings.

ORIGINAL ALLMANS: Joe Johnny Johnson, Berry Oakley, Duane Allman, Butch Trucks, Gray Allman, Dickie Betts



MOSE ALLISON
Born 1922, a white singer/pianist from Mississippi. Delta blues...

ALLMAN BROTHERS
Greg Allman (bass), Duane Allman (guitar), Berry Oakley (drums)...

Oct. 28, 1911, recording was underway for 17, a massive U.S. effort...

(1) The Hour Glass (Liberty 1968/72) The Allman Brothers Band (A&M 1970/71) Hawkwind South (A&M 1970/71)...

Hilly (1968) were subsequently killed. Their abandonment in 1970 coincided with hippie drug and progressive boom...

AMERICA
Gary Butler (bass), Gerry Beckley (vocals), Dan Peek (vocals)...

Good example of unknown group working in an availability of fresh material by much higher rate...

(1) America (Warner Bros. 1971/72) Homecoming (A&M 1972)...

AMON DUAL II
Ronnie Kerner (vocals), John Wetton (vocals), Chris Krewer (vocals), Roger King (vocals)...

Formed Munich 1968, they split immediately into two bands - Amon Duet (GERMAN ROCK) and Amon Duet II...

AMIN CORNER
Andy Fairweather-Low (vocals), Dennis Brydon (bass), Alan Jones (bass), Mike Smith (bass), Neil Young (guitar)...

New defunct, late 60's semi-pop band - first hit with 'Gin House' 1967...

records for regional labels, some tracks from which are included on (4) and (5). Eventually he moved to Island/Sire where he was intended to launch another bigger record company...

Paul signed Winter to massive CBS contract in 1969 and his first album for that company. (2) followed soon after. The Texas 'blues' tape had been licensed to Imperial Records...

By this time, with his old material flooding the market, Winter had retired his old members of Red Turner (drums) and Tommy Shannon (bass) in favour of a trio with three ex-members of the McCoys...

(1) Johnny Winter (CBS 1969) (2) The Progressive Blues Experiment (Liberty 1969) (3) Second Winter (CBS 1970) (4) First Winter (Bludgeon 1972) (5) The Johnny Winter Store (Mercury 1973) (6) Johnny Winter And CBS (1971/72) Johnny Winter And Live (1971/72)...

WIZARD
Roy Wood (vocals), George Ducas (bass), John McVie (guitar), Billy Preston (guitar), Keith Moon (drums), Hugh McDermott (drums)...

Formed 1972 when Roy Wood split from Electric Light Orchestra, the post-Moog spirit of his first album with Jeff Lynne had led with first single 'Ball Park Inn'...

(1) Wizard Blue (Harvest 1973) (2) Boulders (Harvest 1973)...

WOLF
Darryl Way (vocals), Dick Maitland (bass), John Entwistle (drums), Mandy Patinkin (vocals)...

Formed by Way in November 1972 after he and Francis Monahan left Curved Air. Emphasis on folk, classically-based intrusions with Way and guitarist Entwistle working in close union...

(1) Wolf (Polygram 1972) (2) Wolf (Polygram 1972) (3) Canis Lupus (Polygram 1973)...

BOBBY WYOMACK
Initial start to fame was as member of Valentines, the group which cut the original of Rolling Stones hit 'I Wanna Be Like You'...

Wyomack wrote song with Valentines - who were his brothers - and went on to compose hits for Willie Nelson, Aretha Franklin, Jim Taylor, Percy Sledge, Jerry Butler...

(1) Bobby Wyomack (Mercury 1972) (2) Bobby Wyomack (Mercury 1972) (3) Bobby Wyomack (Mercury 1972)...

LINA WRAY
Wray's status as mere legend was founded on just one world instrumental single, Little Rumble and issued in 1957 - a brooding, menacing sound which sold one and a half million and stayed on the U.S. chart for 14 weeks...

Formed in 1953, Wray was born in Fort Bragg, North Carolina, the family later moving to Arizona where he began to play guitar in high school...

Wray's early experience was in country band with brothers Dixie and Vernon (sometimes known as Ray Vernon), playing bars and nightclubs. Vernon recorded for Capitol in 1957 and Link played on session...

In 1965 Wray quit music to work as family firm in Maryland, playing occasionally in local bars and recording periodically in his own name...

Little STEVE WONDER: An early publicity shot.



It was Sam Cooke who took Wonder and his brothers out of gospel music and into R&B, taking them to his Star Line. After R.Y. All Over, now the group slowly disbanded, Wonder continued with Cooke, playing as soul singer's assistant right up till Cooke's death...

Wonder then came into contact with Wilson Pickett and was guitarist on most of latter's hits in the 60's (recording in his own right for Motown and later as his own company, United Artists). Today Wonder records in Muscle Shoals and to improved getting the Jacksons back together...

(1) Fly Me To The Moon (Mercury 1963/71) (2) Live (Liberty 1970) (3) Communication (Liberty 1972) (4) Understanding (United Artists 1972) (5) Force Of Love (United Artists 1973)...

STEVE WONDER
Born Stephen J. Landover in 1943 as Stephen, Michigan and blind since birth, his family moved to Detroit when he was three. At around 10 years of age he was introduced to Tamla chief Berry Gordy Jr. by Ronnie White, a member of Motown...

Not only did Wonder sing with an earnest, gripping tone of conviction but he was an adept harmonica and trumpet player too. Berry would at first see a potential in him for America's young blacks, and in 1962 by the time of Wonder's first single - 'Finger Pops' - the promise had been realised. The record stayed at number one in the U.S. for several weeks...

Wonder's career took new impetus when he released concept album (6), a process started through work on (8) and (9), which has won him wide acclaim from rock as well as soul audiences. Through stage appearances with Rolling Stones and work on recording sessions with Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, Steve Niles and others, Wonder has broken through musical barriers. Has also become active as producer, working with several acts at Motown including his estranged wife Sylvia. In 1972, with his exploratory one of the most sophisticated, diverse and other keyboard instruments, his musical talents and ambitious arrangements and productions, Wonder is in the forefront of black musical progress. A serious mind incident in January 1973 has, however, temporarily restricted his activities. (1) Recorded Live (Mercury 1963/72) (2) Up Tight (Tamla Motown 1966/72) (3) Was Made To Love Her (Tamla Motown 1967/74) (4) Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 (Tamla Motown/5) Where Fun Comes From (Tamla Motown 1971/72) (6) Music Of My Mind (Tamla Motown 1972) (7) Talking Book (Tamla Motown 1972) (8) Innersoul (Tamla Motown 1973) (9)...

THE WHO: Daltry, Townshend, Moon, Entwistle



and is now a familiar face on stage to point that and music TV shows in the U.S.

Recently returned to movie screen for co-starring role in *Little Boy Blue* (The Who).

(1) *Someday Man* (Reprise 1970) (2) *Janis An Old Fashioned Love Song* (A&M 1971) (3) *Life Goes On* (A&M 1972).

JACKIE WILSON

A champion boxer in waterweight division in 1949 (died 1974) Jackie Wilson chose to make music his profession. Year after graduation from high school in Detroit, wanted to replace Clyde McPhatter as lead singer with Billy Ward's Dominoes, a highly respected black vocal group.

Four years later, in 1957, Wilson left to pursue a solo career. Teamed up with young Detroit music publisher named Nat Turnipseed (who later became his manager and business partner). Wilson signed to Brunswick, a label he and Turnipseed were later to own.

First hit *Heat* (Pete) was one of first classics in soul-fide rock 'n' roll idiom. In 1959 Wilson scored first million-seller with *Lonely Town*, which is on (1), a song written for him by fellow Detroiters Barry Gordy Jr., who soon after founded Motown.

Wilson became one of most popular black American singers, performing everything from soul (5) to blues (1) and show business standards (2) with equal facility thanks to his impressive wide vocal range and crystal clear gospel style wailings.

Black singles success with Higher and Higher and Whispers (Gettin' Louder), both of which have been U.K. hits twice over.

(1) *Sings The Blues* (Coral 1960) (2) *At The Copa* (Coral 1962) (3) *Body & Soul* (Coral 1962) (4) *Whisper* (Coral 1964) (5) *Soul Garden* (Coral 1964) (6) *Spotlight On* (Coral 1966) (7) *Higher & Higher* (Coral 1967) (8) *Two Much* (with Cozart Black, MCA 1968) (9) *I Got The Sweetest Feeling* (MCA, 1968) (10) *Do Your Own Thing* (MCA 1970) (11) *Greatest Hits* (Brunswick 1973).

JESSE WINCHESTER

See SINGER/SONG-WRITERS, AMERICAN.

WINGS

Paul McCartney, his lyrics, and Linda McCartney lyrics, vch/Denny Laine gr, vch.

Formed 1971 following release of McCartney's two solo albums (see McCARTNEY), Wings' first recording (1) was not a critical success, though it did contain the classic *Dear Friend*.

(2) had considerably firmer reception but, albeit a stronger album than its predecessor, it not entirely free of sentimentality and lack of consequence that initially became apparent after McCartney left Beatles.

So far, Wings have gained widespread acceptance mostly as a singles band (Mary Had A Little Lamb, Give Ireland Back To The Irish, C. Moon, My Love, Live And Let Die) and have yet to prove themselves to the rock audience, though 1972 U.K. gigs helped to certain extent.

Band suffered setbacks late 1971 when first Henry McCullough (ex Greece Band) and later Danny Seraphim (former New York sessionist) and live-in-Rockers "musical differences" officially gone. Heavy disagreements with McCartney rumored.

At Press time, band remains as three piece, the McCartney plus Denny Laine, the former vocalist with original Moody Blues.

(1) *Wild Life* (Apple 1971) (2) *Red Rose Speedway* (Apple 1973).

EDGAR WINTER

Born in Letard, Mississippi, on December 28, 1947 — younger brother of Johnny Winter the white blues torchbearer — Edgar spent years gigging around and the Southern go-go circuit with innumerable bands.

Shortly after Johnny rose to fame see JOHNNY WINTER (3). Edgar joined brother's band (1), where he attracted attention via his vibrant solo work on key-boards and also sax.

However, while Johnny veered towards more rock oriented approach, Edgar chose to experiment with Texas (in most of early jump band jazz on solo album (2). To some extent he succeeded. Though for the most part the public ignored it, he made a favourable impression on critics.

Aiming for wider audience, he formed *White Trash* (3), a stereotyped blue-eyed soul band. Building not on rather forced re-run of standard soul material and some originals (4). While *White Trash* managed to build up sizeable U.S. following.

Differences of opinion finally led to Edgar splitting with band and teaming up with ex-McCoy guitarist Rick Derringer to form *Edgar Winter Group*. With his single *Frankenstein* (1975) to attract attention and a very commercial album (5), it didn't take this new quartet very long to become one of major concert attractions in America.

Basically a hard rock outfit, Winter's forte is his theatrical approach, as opposed to theatre.

(1) *Second Winter* — with Johnny Winter (CBS 1970) (2) *Entrance* (Epic 1970) (3) *White Trash* (Epic 1971) (4) *Road Work* (Epic 1972) (5) *They Only Come Out At Night* (Epic 1973).

JOHNNY WINTER

Born 1945 in Letard, Mississippi, though most of his early years were spent in Beaumont, Texas. An albino, Winter was shunned by most of his schoolmates and turned for solace to the radio, where he listened to rock, country and blues. It was this that determined him to get into music.

After a series of abortive groups involving younger brother Edgar (see EDGAR WINTER), he worked as back-up man for local dances and made various

HARVEY ANDREWS

See FOLK ROCK, BRITISH.

ANIMALS

Eric Burdon vch/Alan Price kybds/Bryan Chas Chandler br/Hilton Valentine gr/John Steel drums. Originally the Alan Price Combo (Eric Burdon joined in 1962). Animals are said to have been named by local audience impressed by group's wild appearance and frenzied stage act.

All Newcastle born and bred, group built up solid reputation locally before moving to London in 1964, where they were produced by Mickie Most. First single *Baby Let Me Take You Home*, a covering of old blues standard, was well received, but it was their classic version of *House Of The Rising Sun* in summer '64 that really established group, making number one in both Britain and the U.S.

A sequence of hit singles and albums followed, much of group's material being drawn from black R & B sources — numbers like *John Lee Hooker's*, *Room Room*, *Sam Cooke's* *I'm In A Horn*, *To Me*, *Nina Simone's* *Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood*.

Exceptional power and emotion of Burdon's voice, and Price's sympathetic arrangements were main ingredients that made them one of few British R & B outfits with genuinely objective sound. They made several successful tours of States.

In 1966, when Price quit to form the Alan Price Set, original Animals took up drummer Barry Jenkins had already replaced John Steel). Chas Chandler went into management, and later "discovered" Hendrix — he now manages Slide.

Burdon had meanwhile formed Eric Burdon and the Animals, a completely new band who largely dispensed with old R & B sound in favour of rock approach. Original sound is still available on *The Animals* (Regal Starline), and *Meat Of The Animals* (Merch For Pleasure).

See also ERIC BURDON, ALAN PRICE.

APPLE, 54 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1A. I.T. Tel. 01 629 8222.

APOLLO

Probably world's most famous soul venue — theatre in New York's Harlem district. Features exclusively black talent.

OLD ANIMALS: Eric Burdon, John Steel, Alan Price, Hilton Valentine, Chas Chandler, See above.



ARCADE Records Ltd. 36/38 Willesden Lane, London, N.W.10. Tel. 01 328 3141.

AREA CODE 615

Mac Gayden ld gr, vch/Charlie McCoy hp/vch/Bobby Thompson hlp, gr/Wayne Moss gr/hdp/Spencer fiddle, vch, dlp/Norbert Putnam br, vch/Kenneth Buttrey drs vch/Waldon Myrick sl gr/David Briggs cello, orgn.

See NASHVILLE.

(1) *Area Code 615* (Polydor 1969) (2) *A Trip In The Country* (Polydor 1970).

ARGENT

Rod Argent vch, vch/Russ Ballard gr, vch/Jim Rodford br/Robert Henri drms.

Formed 1970, much of their initial inspiration was taken from Rod Argent's first band the Zombies, as can be heard on (1). It was a year before group achieved an independent release and recorded their most satisfying album (2).

(3) showed them veering away from impressive restraint and dynamic control of (2) — possibly the result of too much touring — and in (4) tendency towards self-indulgence reached crisis point.

Later compositions lack distinctive qualities of earlier work and it remains to be seen whether Argent have played themselves out. Occasional singles hits include *Hold Your Head Up*, 1972.

(1) *Argent* (CBS 1970) (2) *Ring Of Hands* (CBS 1971) (3) *All Together Now* (Epic 1972) (4) *In Deep* (Epic 1973).

PETER ASHER

Manager/producer James Taylor since end of singer's association with Apple. With Gordon Waller produced one half pop duo Peter and Gordon who had run of single successes 1964-66, biggest of which was *World Without Love*.

ASHTON, GARDNER & DYKE See JAZZ ROCK, BRITISH.

ASYLUM, See EMI.

PETE ATKIN See FOLK ROCK.

CHEAT ATKINS See NASHVILLE.

ATOMIC ROOSTER

Vincent Crane kybds/Johnny Mandala gr/Rick Parrell drms.

Formed late 1969 by Vincent Crane and Carl Palmer both from Crazy World Of Arthur Brown. Have suffered several line-up changes. Crane being only original member left. Palmer quit early on to form Emerson, Lake and Palmer.

Two hit singles in 1971, *Tomorrow Night* and *Devil's Answer*. Ventrans, R & B singer Chris Farlowe signed band in 1972, but quit after recording (5). Music best described as satanic heavy rock.

(1) *Atomic Rooster* (B & C 1970) (2) *Death Walk Behind You* (B & C 1970) (3) *In Hearing Of* (B & C 1971) (4) *Made In England* (Dawn 1972) (5) *Nice X Greasy* (Dawn 1973).

AUDIENCE

Howard Worth gr, vch/Trevor Williams vch/Tony Connor drms/Patrick Neaugh br ex/Nick Judd kybds.

Discovered by Chasema label boss Tony Stratton-Smith while supporting Led Zepplin at Lyceum. Originally comprised Worth and Williams with Keith Gemmill and Tony Connor.

Despite certain amount of critical acclamation, particularly (6), and good live reputation. Audience broke up in July 1972 without any real success. Howard Worth is currently working on solo album. (5) is collection album.

(1) *Audience* (Polydor 1969) (2) *Friends, Friends, Friends* (Chasema 1970) (3) *House On The Hill* (Chasema 1971) (4) *Knock Knock* (Chasema 1972) (5) *You Can't Beat Them* (Chasema Perspective 1973).

BRIAN AUGER

Born London 1919, began musical career in early 60's leading jazz trio on piano. Abandoned jazz idiom at the start of 1964 when he scored his music was generally unappreciated.

Augmented his trio, above two other members were Rick Laird (bass) and Phil Konrad (drums), with John McLaughlin on guitar and Glen Hughes on baritone, but broke up band at end of year and formed Brian Auger Trinity with Rick Rowless (bass) and Mickey Wilder (drums), swamping himself from piano to organ.

Long, John Baldry (see British R&B) joined as co-

THAT LUCKY OLD PRICE

Interview by **KEITH ALTHAM**



THERE'S still much of the flat cap rocker about Alan Price. At his best he's a kind of cross between Randy Newman and Jackie Charlton — blunt in his speech and writing to the point of painful honesty.

Price is a Northern mongrel who's been kicked about by life ever since he lost his father while still a little lad and was brought up in Jarrow and Newcastle to the music of brass bands and heavy industry.

He still has his heart and boots firmly embedded in the north, where he supported Sunderland F.C. and still talks ardently of last year when he was 'up for Cup' and his club beat mighty Leeds.

"I can't tell you how it felt at Wembley when we won," says Price, shaking his head over his lunch. "I went back with the team to the Cafe Royal for the celebration and got really pissed. Then I got up on piano and we went through all the old Animals and Alan Price Set hits."

After the initial Animals success with hits like "House Of The Rising Sun" and "Boom Boom" Price became disenchanted with the life of a ten-by-eight glossy in a teen dream, and after a few flights to America his fear of planes proves too much and he just disappeared one afternoon at reception for Bob Dylan — with a bottle of vodka.

The Animals were already on their plane, but Price never rejoined them and Dave Rowberry took over.

Alan went home and stayed home.

He played Britain with the Alan Price Set and made hits of "Hi-Lili-Hi-Lo," and "Take Me To The Carnival". He also did perceptive interpretations of Randy Newman songs like "Tickle Me" and "Simon Smith".

Today he works the clubs regularly — especially up North — with George "Clive" Faine, and they do essentially lightweight rock.

Price is paranoid about some of the aspects of his work as a pop musician. But he compensates with other avenues of expression, such as the stage production of "Home", for which he wrote all the music, and the excellent "Lucky Man" film soundtrack on which he worked diligently for two years.

He defends his and George Faine's apparently middle of the road appeal more on the basis of life style than musical merit.

"There's too much talk about pop music as an art," he says. "Simulating the pleasure centres is still important. It means just as much if a fella can pull a chick to your music as it does if he's just sitting there like a blob and getting stoned out of his face."

"I found out all about the 'validity' of blues music very early on in my career with the Animals — when we used to regard people like John Lee Hooker and Sonny Boy Williamson as sort of gods and their songs as works of art."

"When we actually met them and they came over here, we discovered that what they were writing about was fucking, fighting and drinking. Just struggling to earn a living. They laughed at our hero worship."

"I still get a buzz out of going to see people like Jimmy Witherspoon perform, because they're real people singing ab-

out real things. After doing seven days in cabaret up North I drove straight down to hear him at the Bulls Head near my home, and it gave me a nice lift. He's in his sixties but the voice is still there.

"Progressive music just makes me laugh. The majority of 'good' albums only have a couple of tracks that you might really dig. So out of twenty or thirty albums released each week I might find two albums on which there are four tracks I really like. That says a lot for how the music has progressed, doesn't it?"

"All Clive and I wanted to do was tuck over and play to our kind of people — working men's clubs and places where they go for a drink and something to eat and hear some music."

"They're our kind of people. It doesn't matter how noisy they are as long as they enjoy themselves and don't throw bottles."

"That's all Clive and I are doing with the group, and frankly, I think it's quite an achievement to be in demand as much as we are without having taken time off to do four albums a year and milk America. Clive and I can take people back ten years with our hits."

"Of course we've had a slugging from the critics for playing garbage, but that's mostly based upon an assessment of our work as seen and heard from TV and shows like the 'Two Ronnies'. We do a lot of other things in our club act — but try and find a critic who comes to listen or see us."

"I won't even tell you what we do. If you care enough you can come and see."

"I don't need to make any excuses for my music or what I do because I enjoy it. I'm playing to my kind of people and I'd rather be top of the second division, or near the top, than halfway up the first."

But does Price really want to be singing "Hi Lili Hi Lo" when he's sixty?

"They'd have to be mad to want me to sing it when I was sixty. But if someone in a club asked me to do it, I know damn well that I'd be glad to get up."

And that basically is the working man's defence for being a professional musician — should you feel he needs one. Personally I don't feel he does.

There is, however, another side of Price's life — the more personal and creative aspects which quite often reveal those basic truths he feels are so relative to his own past and present.

There is a strange, 'twisty' humour about much of his work that's vaguely reminiscent of Randy Newman but at times more intense and fragile because it seems to stem from an almost desperate struggle with himself.

He made me promise to see the film "Oh Lucky Man" before I wrote about his music, because it was woven into the film. I did. And offer you the same advice — go and see it. And listen.

Price is an artist driven forward by his own nervous energy, and it's certain we still have to see the best of him.

Shortly Alan Price is to 'ship' across the Atlantic with a band of chosen musicians to play his new music at venues like the Carnegie Hall. It may be the only Price to go up but stay the same, if you'll pardon the pun.

UNTIL VERY recently the Scandinavian rock scene meant Burnin' Red Ivanhoe and Midnight Sun to most listeners in Britain. Any further north or east of Copenhagen was presumed terra incognita as far as electric guitars were concerned.

The recent tours of Finland's leading band, Tasavallan Presidentti, have done much to explode that myth — but even so the rock that rings around the Norwegian fjords and blares out over the Baltic from the shores of Finland and Sweden remains shrouded in mystery. It's hard to get hold of records of what's going on up there and even harder to form an overall impression from the few that filter through, but there are signs that vital happenings are getting under way, and what with the rising tide of British interest in Continental groups, it seems overdue to take a stab at saying what these happenings signify.

Where Norway's concerned the facts are thin on the ground. The leading Norwegian band is called Hole In The Wall: their reputation is high, but their records have, so far, eluded me. The only other group from Norway to have made any sort of impression outside their country is the sub-Santana pop quartet Titanic who make their money playing high-class discos in Paris.

Apparently Norwegian audiences favour country and western amongst all other forms. Buck Owens and Johnny Cash being their current fave raves — but this doesn't necessarily indicate unhappiness. Birth control has been state enforced in most Scandinavian countries for some time with the result that the average audience is considerably older than in Britain and America.

Sweden, for example, possesses an average age of 47 as opposed to 28 in the USA. This means that young musicians are in short supply and those who play professionally have to appeal to a wide age group in order to earn a living — a disconcerting state of affairs which accounts for the diluted quality of Swedish rock.

Two main influences lie heavy on the scene in this country: imported forms like jazz and blues and the national folk tradition which is based on the unique Swedish 'fiddle-music' — two or more violins playing wild, skirling melodic songs with a similar drone motif to that employed in Celtic pipe music.

This latter form is either played 'pure' (in bands like Skagmanslaget and Lit And Trall) or fused with lightweight rock (as in Cortazzo). So far the development of satisfactory fusion between the folk modes and the appropriate strains of rock has progressed slowly — but such a fusion would be potentially very exciting and rather more natural than the British 'reel-rock' experiments.

Similarly at an embryonic stage is the Swedish Blues scene, led basically by two musicians: pianist Per "Stockholm Slim" Nottin and "Peps" Persson, who plays guitar and harmonica. Both have records on the Sonet label produced by blues expert Sam Charters, and "Peps" attracted attention in America when he recorded a double album with some of Chicago's most respected bluesmen last year.

Apart from the long popular bands like Ola And The Janglers and Made In Sweden, there exists about half-a-dozen groups in the public eye, two of which, Asoka and Midssommar, I have unfortunately failed to track down.

Hoola Bandoolah, the most developed of the folk orientated groups, seemed to have modelled themselves on The Band who are big favourites in the country — but they're nothing to get excited about. November are a heavy trio, a rough equivalent of Mountain, and are about as interesting or

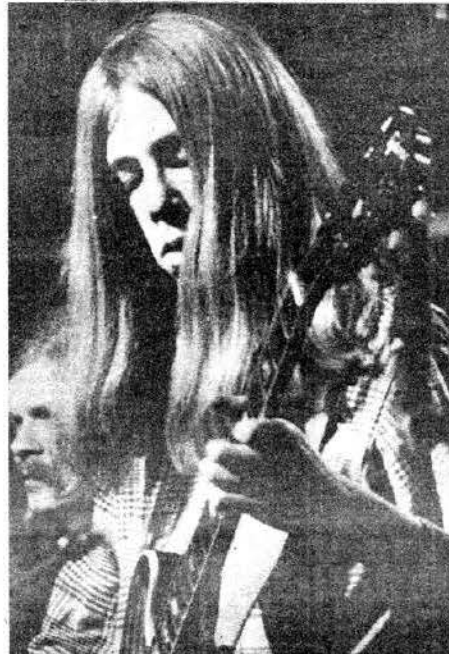
Rockin' Scandinavia

AND THE BOOGIE-WOOGIE FEW

A Midnight Sun survey by **IAN MacDONALD**



ABOVE: Burnin' Red. BELOW: Tasavallan's Jukka Tolonen



boring as any other heavy trio. Solar Plexus, a jazz-rock quintet until recently led by George Wadenius (now with Blood, Sweat and Tears), are the most intriguing thing Sweden has produced so far, playing tight-knit, sophisticated music with a light touch and a sense of humour. But, owing perhaps to the burden of having to appeal to that wide age-group, they tend to be over-ripe and too smooth, wearing their professionalism with an ultrabrite smile that dazzles but which ultimately distracts attention from what they're saying.

Most of Scandinavia is served by Stockholm based Sonet Records and Sweden also possesses Roger Wallace's Music Network label, run from Vaxholm, Sweden's underground produces its own (politically-biased) rock albums on such labels as Silence, run by a small group of amateurs who record,

and distribute their releases privately — a project roughly analogous to the Blakey label which Back Door invented for the sole purpose of getting out a record of their live set.

In Finland another small company, Love Records, has produced a number of interesting albums — notably Jukka Tolonen's solo record and "Wicked Ivory" an ambitious, if only partially successful, venture on the part of Hot Thumbs O'Ricky, alias Jim Pembroke, an English organist who's been living in Helsinki for four years. Both lead groups which have taken the top two places in Finnish pop polls for as long as the scene's been going; Pembroke with Wigwam, Tolonen with, of course, Tasavallan Presidentti.

The latter are simply one of the best Continental bands playing and feature Zappres-

que jazz-rock guided through high-speed convolutions by the fluent deftness of Tolonen's guitar, which is technically hard on the heels of McLaughlin and Corvett.

Wigwam show more variety of approach, courting Mother-music of the "Uncle Meat" vintage on the one hand, straightforward driving material reminiscent of early Traffic on the other, with Pembroke's delightful songs knitting the two halves together.

Both bands are well worth investigating. In fact, Finland is more alive from the rock point of view than any other Scandinavian country, including Denmark — and the Finns know it.

"There is nothing going on in Sweden or Norway," says Tolonen, almost morosely. "Denmark I do not know."

Speaking English is evidently very difficult for him and progresses slowly, his eyes fixed in concentration on the floor. "In Finland there are few signs and they are mostly discs, so we have met problems with our equipment here that we never found before. I think we are sorting them out, but — the sighs, heavily — "we all get easily depressed. In fact, we have decided our music isn't progressive but depressive." A brief smile concludes the effort of cracking a joke in a foreign language.

"I bought my first guitar when I was 12. I formed my first group two years later with Heikki (Virtanen) who has now replaced Mans Grundstrom on bass in Tasavallan Presidentti. He was 10 at the time. We spent our time playing dances and dreaming of better instruments."

"I never had any lessons or read any guitar-tutors. It's important to have your own feel, and you won't get that if you're taught by somebody. I learned by listening to Beatles records."

"Then I joined a professional band with Eero (Raittinen), who is our vocalist now. Almost always in Finland a young musician can only break into the business by being part of a singer's backing group. Heikki joined soon after and Vesa (Aaltonen) on drums. It was a pretty good group but it didn't last long because Eero had to go off on a big summer tour with other singers and artists. "Right then the rest of us decided we'd never be a backing group again — that we'd go out as ourselves. That was unprecedented in Finland at the time."

"We called ourselves Tasavallan Presidentti, which was a risk back then. It means 'President of the Republic' and, as the Finnish president is always referred to like this, it would be equivalent to a British group calling itself Edward Heath. It was a bit cheeky and, although we ran into some trouble with the authorities, it was alright in the end."

The band have moved fast since then, leaving behind both the musical influence and the irreverence of The Beatles and moving into their new, jazzier territory. They've made 3 albums, of which only the latest, "Lambertland", is representative of Tasavallan Presidentti as it is today.

As with most of the recordings of the Scandinavian rock movement, "Lambertland" was inexpertly recorded, but the essential qualities of the music break through and show the band to be technically proficient beyond the standards of even the Danish groups or France's Gong and Magma.

If there doesn't seem to be as much happening in Scandinavia as you'd expect, bear in mind the social conditions and the fact that the combined population of Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland adds up to only 20 million people. Proportionately, France and Germany should boast three times as many good bands, but they come nowhere near that. Look towards the land of the midnight sun for further developments this year.

THE NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

EVERY WEEK WITH NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS



Chancellor Tony Barber pictured at a recent rally.

Return of the Prince of Ponce



LOU REED, the Prince of Ponce, the Duke of Downers, the Lord of Librium, the Baron of Brilliant Bad Taste and the Vizier of Vallium, minces into Britain this week to begin a series of dates that will culminate in a breathtakingly vulgar pair of concerts at London's Rainbow on October 5 and 6.

In the manner these things are usually arranged, RCA — by amazing coincidence — are releasing Reed's new album, entitled "Berlin", to tie in with the British dates by the controversial ex-Velvets leader.

Reed will be supported on stage by a band consisting of Richard Wagner and Steve Hunter (guitars), Ray Colcord (electric piano), Pentii Glan (drums) and Pete Walsh (bass). In between British venues, the Reed Entourage will play several selected dates in Europe before returning to Britain on September 24 for the first date of his second string of British concerts at Glasgow Apollo theatre. Full dates are given below. — T.T.

REED'S DATES THIS WEEK

Monday/Glasgow
Apollo Centre.

Tuesday/Manchester
Palace.

Wednesday/
Southampton Gau-
mont.

WORLDWIDE

LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: RAY CONNIFF & HIS ORCHESTRA
 ● See Tuesday.
LIVERPOOL Adelphi Hotel: AMERICAN BLUES FESTIVAL with LIGHTNIN' SLIM/WHISPERING SMITH
 ● It depends what you mean by blues, darling! After all, the word covers a multitude of sins these days. But if you're a moudy fink who believes there's only one genuine kind of blues, then you'll have had tonight. For Slim and Smith and the others in the package — including Johnny Marrs and the Sunflower Boogie Band — are strict purveyors of the original down-to-earth 12-bar blues stemming direct from New Orleans in years B.C. (Gloria Commercially, if you think it's out-moded, passio and old-hat; just remember that these are the very roots of contemporary rock and pop.)
LIVERPOOL Empire: DIANA ROSS
 ● See Saturday picture-box.
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: PRINCIPAL EDWARDS / SHARKS / CAPABILITY BROWN/CLANCY/DAVE/ELLS
 ● See Sunday.
LONDON Regent Hotel: FABLE
 CHATHAM Central Hall: GENTLE GIANT WILD TURKEY
 ● See Saturday.
CHESTER Quaintways: SOUTHERN COM-FORT
 CREWE Spaxway: BRAVE NEW WORLD 3
 DIPSWICH College of Education: GAS WORKS
 DONCASTER: CAPABILITY OF THE BOARD
 ● See Sunday.
DONCASTER Top Rank: MILTON
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: LOU REED
 ● The Grenadiers' Forest of them all is back in England for his first tour of the recent 14 years span Apollo Centre in glorious Glasgow. He's got a truly new backup band including multi-talented guitarists Steve Hunter and ex-Sunflower drummer Pennie Morrison. Since Lou is currently out of it, it should be a most amusing occasion for all concerned. Her Glasgow, take a walk on the wild side, see — although I have always regarded his numerous albums largely as background music. He is assured of a good audience throughout his tour, incidentally I understand that several of the venues in his schedule are already selling out, so check with box-offices before going along. D.J.
NOTTINGHAM Intercom: CAPABILITY BROWN
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: HELLSRAISERS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: ARGENT / GLEN COE
 ● See picture-box today.
SHEFFIELD Blue Duck: BRAVE NEW WORLD
SOUTHEND Zero 6 (dubbing LONDON)
 ● See Saturday.
SHEFFIELD University: GAS WORKS

what Messrs. Chapman, Townsend, Whitney, Ashton and Cregan make of their new-found freedom will be clear. Meanwhile, make the most of the group while they are still in existence, for they have contributed much to contemporary music, and their demise will be mourned. D.J.
HALIFAX Intercom: JACOB JOB
INVERNESS Colodragon: SARAH GORDON & LITTLE FREE ROCK
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: DUCKS DELUXE
LONDON Marquee: THIN LIZZY
LONDON TOTTEHAM Royal Ballroom: RAYMOND FROG-GAT BAND
LONDON W.I. Hatcher's: CHILLI WILLI & THE RED HOT PEPPERS
LONDON 100 Queen: KEN COLVER / MON-TY SUNSHINE / ORIGINAL CRANE
RIVER JAZZ Ballad: KINKS / MARCH HARE
 ● See Saturday picture-box.
NEWCASTLE City Hall: ARGENT / GLEN COE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: JO JO GUNNE
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont: LOU REED
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: GENTLE GIANT / WILD TURKEY
 ● See Saturday.
SOUTHERY Ford Hall: TONY MCPHEE
 ● The Groundhogs leader is currently engaged in his first solo tour, with the object of proving a point both to himself and to his audiences. In hearing with the format of his last released solo album, the first half of the show is basically acoustic, while during the second half he surrounds himself with sufficient electronic gadgetry to create a nation-wide power storm. The solo project has inevitably led to speculation that McPhee is about to break away from the Hogs to pursue a solo career. As of this moment, it is more than speculation — although many think it could well become reality if this tour proves as satisfactory as he is doubt-less hoping. D.J.
SWINTON Lancaster Hall: SETTLERS
WARRINGTON Park Hall: DREWERS D'ROOP

● Opening night of a package tour topped by Welsh group Man, which plays 32 dates across a five-week period. Principal support act is Leborg, fronted by former Man member Jackie Leonard, so it's all being kept in the family. And with John St. Field and Vyvyan Morris also on the bill, customers are assured of value for money. Man have undergone various personnel changes during the past months, and this has tended to prevent them from establishing themselves in Britain as effectively as they have already done in Europe. But this tour should boost them appreciably. The next four dates are all in their native Wales and are being presented by Great Western Festivals, as some compensation to Welsh audiences for their failure to tie up the projected Stones castle in Cardiff.
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Continuing their British tour, ARGENT and support act Glencoe are working every night of this gig week — tonight sees them in Sheffield, and their schedule includes a major appearance at London Rainbow on Friday. As soon as the tour ends, they're off America for a string of concerts — which were originally planned for this month, but later postponed when leader Rod Argent (pictured) and manager Mel Collins decided that Britain must take precedence over the States. Which makes a refreshing change from the attitude of other acts far too numerous to mention. D.J.

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Continuing their British tour, ARGENT and support act Glencoe are working every night of this gig week — tonight sees them in Sheffield, and their schedule includes a major appearance at London Rainbow on Friday. As soon as the tour ends, they're off America for a string of concerts — which were originally planned for this month, but later postponed when leader Rod Argent (pictured) and manager Mel Collins decided that Britain must take precedence over the States. Which makes a refreshing change from the attitude of other acts far too numerous to mention. D.J.

Compiled by Derek Johnson & Julie Webb

FILMS

by John Pidgeon

ALICE'S RESTAURANT
 A witty, moving and ultimately tragic vision of the impossibility of the happy dream.
 Hendon Classic 3, St. Albans Odéon 2 (Thursday for 3 days); Shipley Studio 3 (Sunday for 7 days).
THE CONCERT FOR RANGLA DESH
 George Harrison and friends at maximum (4y).
 American Cinema 2 (Sunday for 2 days), Nottingham 3 (Thursday for 3 days).
FESTIVAL OF TIMOTHY BARRY'S WEDDING
 Wyntonshed Regal (Wednesday only).
GIMLI SLITERS
 The Stones at Altamont, where it all went wrong.
 Spaxway Picturehouse (Tuesday for 2 days).
GLASTONBURY FAYRE
 Hippies celebrating the summer solstice at Glastonbury, Somerset, in 1971. The film's makers were evidently more interested in the audience than the performers, among whom Traffic stand out.
 Ealing Studio 1, Edgware ABC 3, Hendon Classic 2, St. Albans Screen 2 (Thursday for 3 days), London East Finchley Rex (Sunday for 7 days).
GRAVE NEW WORLD/PICTURES AT ANKNEY
 Three films, shot on videotape and transferred to film, which showcase the respective talents of the film-makers (several fine-ups ago).
 Scottford 4, 10 ELP.
 Burton Odéon (Sunday only), London Maudslayi Hall (Sunday), London Wythnecore ABC (Thursday only).
OROUPIES
 The subjects are alternately funny and pathetic, the music from Ten Years After, Terry Reid, Spooky Tooth, and red hot violin Joe Cockee less than memorable.
 Glasgow Greenpeace (Thursday for 3 days).
THE HARDER THEY COME
 Despite the presence of a reggae star (Johnny Cliff in the lead role), this marvellous first all-Jamaican production is neither a syncretic post-stardom-to-be-a-music-star or an exercise not just in style but in content, a reggae soundtrack album. It is a fine film by any standards and well worth seeing.
 London Kilburn Cinema (Sunday for 7 days).
JIMI HENDRIX
 The excellent compilation alternative soundtrack collections by friends and fellow musicians with footage of the occ gular hero on stage.
 London Kilburn Cinema (Sunday for 7 days).
JOHNNY CASH: THE MAN, HIS WORLD, HIS MUSIC
 Filmmaker Ondaatje (Friday for 2 days).
KEEP ON ROCKIN'
 Ricki, a tall, thin soul singer filmed in Toronto in 1968. He died shortly after Lewis, Little Richard and the only one who hasn't blown it. Check Rev.
 Brighton ABC Theatre (Tuesday only), Tonbridge ABC Theatre (Sunday only) — plus MON. (REV.)
LADY SINGS THE BLUES
 Maybe it's not the Billie Holiday story, but it is a good one nevertheless, and Diana Ross a superb singer whenever she looks on gauze.
 Blackpool Royal Pavilion, Colwyn Bay Wignatone, Creighton ABC, Liverpool Scala, Lancaster Palace, Manchester Newscast Studio 3, Rhyd Astra 2, Stafford Picturehouse, Swansea Albert Hall, Westington Grand, Walsley Garden City Embassy, Winchester Studio 1 (Thursday for 3 days), London Shaftesbury Avenue ABC (Thursday for 3 days), Selly Oak Quak ABC, Birmingham Bostrol Road, Castleford New Star, Crosby Classic, Dudley Plaza 2, Eccles ABC, Hyde Theatre Royal, Kingsley ABC, Kew Green Heath Kingsway, Kings Norton Norton, Quenton Classic 2, St. Helena ABC, Saltford ABC, Scarborough ABC, Selly Oak ABC, Solihull Picturehouse, Sparbrook ABC, Stockland Green Plaza, Stockport ABC, Stourbridge Picturehouse, Sully Colliery, Tisbury ABC, Walsley ABC (Sunday for 7 days).
LET IT BE
 Beatles rehearsing in the studio and gigging on the Apple rooftop.
 Eastbourne Curzon (Saturday only) — plus HARBOR DOCK NIGHT, HELI YELLOW SUBMARINE, London Woolwich Cinema (Saturday only), plus YELLOU SUBMARINE, Strand Cinema (Sunday only), Yeovil Classic 1 (Friday only).
MONTEREY POP
 First of the rock festival documentaries — filmed two years before Woodstock in 1967 — and also the best. Performers include Jimi Hendrix, Anne Midgett, Eric Burdon, Jefferson Airplane, Mama and Papa, and the Who.
 Bristol Film Theatre (Saturday only), Southport Theatre (Sunday only) — plus CREAM, Tonbridge ABC (Thursday only) plus KID JENSON.
THE NASHVILLE SOUND
 A West German film shot at the 1970 ROTOPOP Pop Festival, this documentary has an impressive list of acts. Jefferson Airplane, Santana, Cammed Heat, It's A Beautiful Day, the Byrds, Dr. John, Flock, Country Joe McDonald, Bo Diddley, Family, T. Rex, Sulf, MacFane, Quintessence, and Al Stewart.
 Kinky Cinema (Wednesday only).
THAT'LL BE THE DAY
 Not a musical, but a perceptive study of a social realist of the film, a film script by Ray Comely and precisely acted by David Essex, Rosemary Leach, and Ringo Starr (filially given the chance to 'act' naturally).
 Amersbury Plaza, Eastleigh Regal, Haverstock Studio 1, Hucklehill Byron, Hythe Vogue, Kingston Regal, Huddersfield Regal, Ruyton Priors, Stroud Heath Ritz, Solihull Picturehouse, Stroud Classic, Uckfield Picturehouse (Thursday for 3 days), Bogner Regal, Brighton Classic, Burgess Hill Orion, Chelmsford Pavilion, Hoddon Rex, Sutton Ashfield Variety (Sunday for 7 days), Lyme Regis Regal (Sunday for 5 days).
200 MOTELS
 London South Kensington Paris Putman (Monday for 2 days).
WATTSTAR
 A Marlon Brando social concert film set just prior to the Los Angeles riots and Calcuttatum. Almost every Star act was there, including Isaac Hayes, Rufus Thomas, Albert King, and the Staple Singers.
 Newcastle Cinema (Monday for 6 days).
WOODSTOCK
 Milpford Pavilion (Sunday for 2 days), Manchester Studio 5 (Thursday for 3 days).

KINKS supporters no doubt breathed a sigh of relief when Ray Davis (pictured), having announced to the world in July that he was quitting, decided a few weeks later to un-quit. Several reasons have been offered for Davis' original outburst, including his own enigmatic explanation, although it seems likely that he was at the time in a high state of emotional turmoil which he subsequently regretted. All that be hindered, it's gratifying to see the Kinks back in action again — but bear in mind that Davis has hinted at possible changes in the band, which could include his own eventual departure. D.J.

COUNT BASIE has been fronting a band since as long ago as 1936 and, although the personnel has changed periodically, his outfit has always been regarded — and still is — as the epitome of big band jazz. Although Bill Basie has been recording for more than 44 years, he's always kept abreast of the times, and his own single-finger piano style is so effortless that he's likely to keep on playing for another couple of decades. Bill and his latest entourage commence another British tour at Birmingham on Friday, and they are at Sheffield tonight. If you are into precise, orchestrated jazz, you will have to go a long way to find a better crew than the Basic Band. D.J.

LINDA LEWIS tonight begins a short string of concert appearances in the very able company of Back Door. It's an interesting combination, to say the least, but it remains to be seen whether it's a box office draw. This is presumably why the promoter Harvey Goldsmith has only planned three concerts at this stage, though we suspect the project could develop into a full-scale tour later in the autumn if it proves successful. The NME has long been rooting for both Linda and Back Door, and there will be a strong contingent hopping aboard the Inter-City for Bram to-day. D.J.

7 a.m.-8 p.m. As Monday; 6.0-7.0 Radio 1 City, with Stuart Henry from Birmingham College of Technology, incorporating 'Newsbeat' at 5.30; 10.0-12 mid-night 'Sounds of the Seventies' Anne McNighting; / Alan Black presenting 'Review'.
LUXEMBOURG
 7.45 p.m. Mark Waseley 9.30 Paul Burnett; 11.0 Dave Christian; 12.30 a.m. Bob Stewart; 1.30-3.0 Kid Jensen.
TELEVISION
 Freddie Garrity in 'Little Big Time' (ITV); Reg Waley (ITV); Scotch Corner with Andy Stewart (ITV) (unrated).
RESIDENCES
BATLEY Variety Club: ROY ORBISON
 Sunday for three days.
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN
 ● Week from Sunday.
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: FANTASTICS
 ● Week from Sunday.
LEEDS P.O.L. Woodley, Holloway: BOBBY VEE
 ● Week from Sunday.
LONDON Romya, Sports Club: ART KELLY / SUZIE WESSENGERS
 ● Currently until October 6.
OLDHAM Romya's JIMMY RUFFIN
 ● Week from Sunday.
OLDHAM Broadway: BLUE MINK
 ● Week from Sunday.
PITFIELD Circus Towner: LONNIE DONEGAN
 ● Week from Sunday.
RUDDLESBURGH SEEDLARS
 ● Week from Monday.
KYDE (D.O.W.) Caroulet Club: HECTOR
 ● Week from Sunday.
SHEFFIELD Fiesta: NEW WORLD
 ● Week from Sunday (except Monday).
SHEFFIELD Talk Of The South: BRENDIA LEE
 ● Week from Sunday. The second week of the artist's British tour — her first here for five years.
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (Dubbing New-CASTLE La Duca Vite) DAVE BRISTY
 ● Week from Sunday.
SWANSEA Taverniers: LOU CHRISTIE
 ● Week from Monday.
WHITHAVEN Empire: CAMERIE, SARAH GORDON & LITTLE FREE ROCK
 ● Thursday for three days.



LINDA LEWIS tonight begins a short string of concert appearances in the very able company of Back Door.

ACCRRINGTON Spinning Jenny: CAPABILITY I/T BROWN
BARRY Mansel Hall: MAN / DEKE LEONARD / JOHN ST. FIELD / VYVYAN MORRIS
 ● See Saturday.
BIRMINGHAM Music Hall: STATUS QUO / SAVOY BROWN
 ● See Friday picture box.
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: EDWIN HAWKINS SINGERS
BIRMINGHAM Regis Club: ROSKO BRISTOL
BRISTOL Stone
COVENTRY Casino: RAYMOND FROG-GAT BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: BRINSLEY SCHWARZ
EDINBURGH Empire: FAMILY / PHILLIP GOODMAN-TAIT
 ● We've said it before and now we say it again: this is Family's farewell tour, so make it at your peril. It will indeed seem strange when the group, who have been with us in one form or another for so long, call it quits in order to pursue their individual activities. But perhaps the break is both logical and inevitable. In any case, it is worth noting that more than a little fuss has been going on about the band's departure at having failed to contribute to the current season's rating. It will be interesting to see what Messrs. Chapman, Townsend, Whitney, Ashton and Cregan make of their new-found freedom will be clear. Meanwhile, make the most of the group while they are still in existence, for they have contributed much to contemporary music, and their demise will be mourned. D.J.

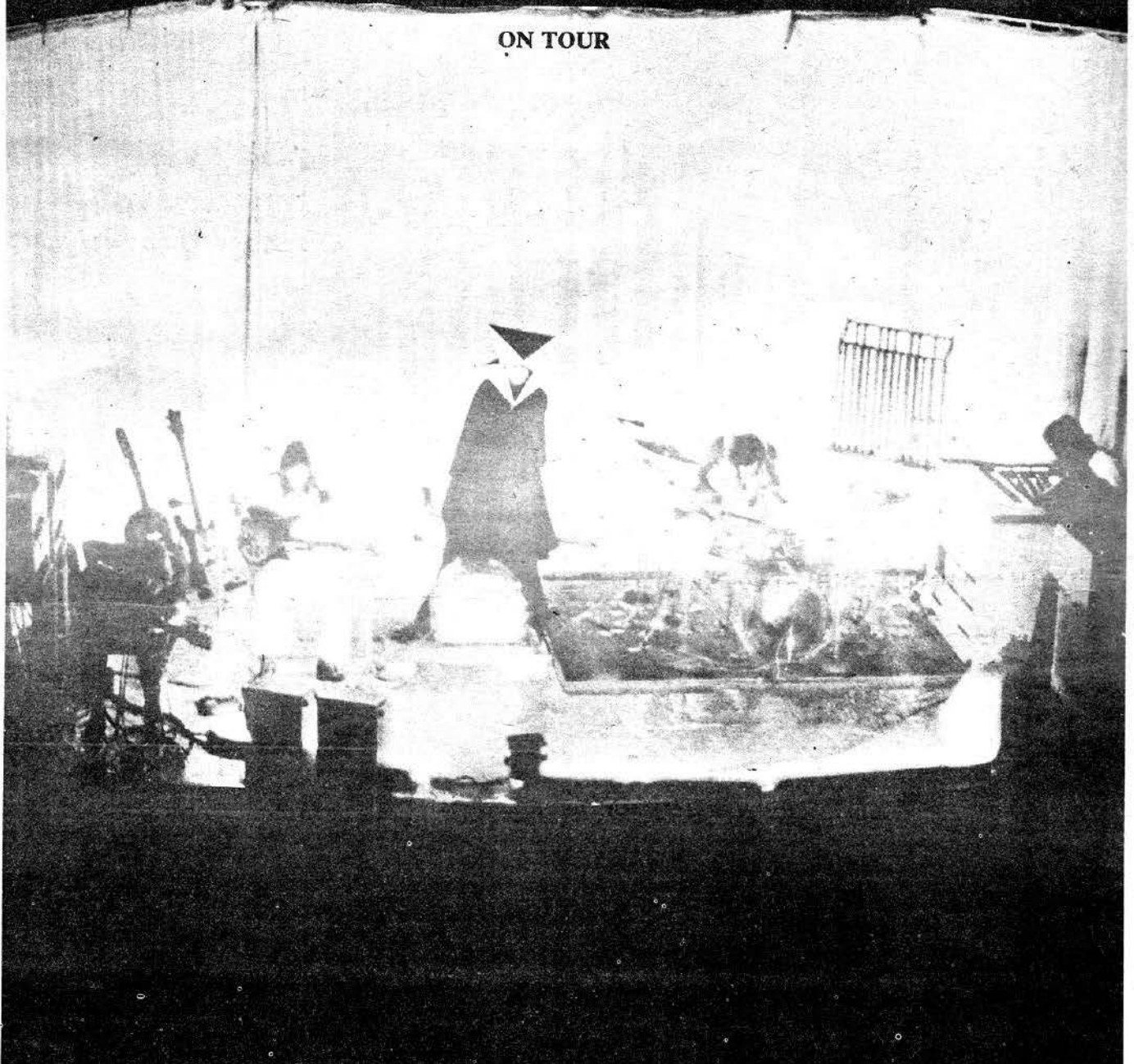
WEDNESDAY
ABERYSTWYTH Kings Hall: MAN / DEKE LEONARD / JOHN ST. FIELD / VYVYAN MORRIS
 ● See Monday.
BATH Hayvers Club: HECTOR
BIRMINGHAM Empire: ANDY BOURN
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: LINDA LEWIS / BACK DOOR
 ● See Friday picture box today.
CARDIFF College of Education: LIGHTNIN' SLIM / WHISPERING SMITH
 ● See Saturday.
CARMARTHEN Tenity College: INGRID VILLE
DERBY Hucknall & Linby Minors Welfare: FABLE
DONCASTER Outback: ERMA FRANKLIN / BODY IN SOUL
 ● See Thursday picture box.
DURHAM Union: AVERAGE WHITE BAND
FOLKESTONE Regal Club: ROBIN HALL / JIMMIE MCGREGOR
GAINSDOROUGH Town Hall: PAUL BIRT
 ● See Thursday.
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: FAMILY / PHILLIP GOODMAN-TAIT
 ● See Saturday.

RADIO 1
 7 a.m.-8 p.m. As Monday; 6.0-7.0 Radio 1 City, with Stuart Henry from Birmingham College of Technology, incorporating 'Newsbeat' at 5.30; 10.0-12 mid-night 'Sounds of the Seventies' Anne McNighting; / Alan Black presenting 'Review'.
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SWANSEA Taverniers: LOU CHRISTIE
 ● Week from Monday.
WHITHAVEN Empire: CAMERIE, SARAH GORDON & LITTLE FREE ROCK
 ● Thursday for three days.

MONDAY
 8.30 a.m. 'Junior Radio' with Ed Stewart; 10.0 'My Top 20' introduced by Brian Matthews; 11.0 Dave Lee Travis in 'Kerry Evans'; 2.0 Jimmy Savile with 'Savile's Travels', followed by 'Spike-Fax'; 4.0 'Solid Gold Sixty' with Lee Travis; 7.0-7.30 'Sunday Sport' introduced by Ed Stewart; 10.0-12 mid-night 'Jazz Club', followed by Peter Clayton's jazz reviews.
LUXEMBOURG
 7.15 p.m. Mark Waseley 9.0 Paul Burnett; 11.0 Dave Christian; 12.30 a.m. Bob Stewart; 1.30-3.0 Kid Jensen.
TELEVISION
 Cliff Richard/Mick Connors in 'The Mercenaries And Who Show' (BBC2); Barbara Windsor in 'The Golden Shot' (most ITV regions).

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| Friday, 12th October | — Winter Gardens — Bournemouth |
| Monday, 15th October | — Dome — Brighton |
| Tuesday, 16th October | — Colston Hall — Bristol |
| Thursday, 18th October | — De Montfort Hall — Leicester |
| Friday, 19th October | — Rainbow — London |
| Saturday, 20th October | — Rainbow — London |
| Tuesday, 23rd October | — Empire Theatre — Liverpool |
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| Sunday, 28th October | — Hippodrome — Birmingham |

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OCTOBER 23-26

FRONT ROW REVIEWS

Excellent folk at Wadebridge

I CAN THINK of a lot of very good reasons why there has to be another Wadebridge folk festival: just a few will suffice. An excellent bar and buffet service. Singarounds in the stable loft of the Molesworth Hotel. Excellent organisation that led to a very smooth running

programme. So many brilliant performances: Bob Cann, a real old stager with a great line in traditional dancing, daisies and Cornish stories; John Buckingham, a Padstow grocer with a robust voice; Headington Quarry Morris Men outdancing anything else in that line I've ever seen. Vic Lege, a young man from the festival committee — who has one of the best voices I've heard in a long time. Johnny Collins giving a splendid account of himself as an unaccompanied / recompanied singer. A young Exeter duo, Jill Jones and Sean Sheay, with a fine line in harmony singing. These were only some of the highlights of three days of wonderful entertainment.

Wadebridge itself produced Sylvia Ingram, a rather scared and inexperienced singer who entered trembling; she had only to open her mouth to charm the audience. Jim Bassett, by contrast very experienced, was everywhere and led a lot of invigorating performances, culminating in a late Sunday-night set that really lifted his listeners to tremendous heights of chorus singing. Among the festivals featured performers: Martin Wynlliam Read was in superb voice at workshop and concert. It would be hard to find a better singer, especially for type of festival. Brenda Wootton and John the Fish put in half-an-hour of beautifully polished performance on Sunday evening.

They were billed in an "awkward" spot in the middle of the concert, and pulled out of the hat exactly the right sort of repertoire, including some of Brenda's Cornish songs (sung in Cornish) to fill that spot. — Eric Winter

Bitch/ Speak easy

THE SPEAKEASY was booming on Saturday last, with all the young dudes down from the Stones gig. Yeah the place was jiving, hot and sweaty — perfect atmosphere for some hard driving rock from Bitch. It's quite a switch, watching this fresh, punky rock band for hours after seeing the grand old man of rock 'n' roll. But Bitch got it on. The Speakeasy, known for

its ultra chic boredom, willingly succumbed to the raunchy sounds of Bitch. When lead guitarist Ron Brown told all to get up and dance, that's really all that was needed. And it only took three numbers. It's the same old line-up with a bit of added colour. Gaye Brown, Ron's sister plays a tasty little piano. Bass and vocals feature one Bob Alkin while the drummer has the perfectly apt name of Ace Follington. All the rockers steam along, all of them danceable. Perfect band for having a pop on a Saturday night. Far too many rock bands are too rough, but Bitch transcend that quality, using it admirably for positive effect. Gaye occasionally sings, in a voice not unlike Rita Coolidge's lower register except with a rockier drive. On the slower numbers, featuring pleasant yet undistinctive group vocals, Bitch sound all

too average, but those rockers really cook. "Wildcat" is a perfect vehicle, displaying Bitch's high lights. Rough and raunchy, it's reminiscent of Slade's best stuff. For a new band Bitch have a lot of guts. Ron Brown, punky vocals and fast licks could well be the new Alvin Lee. Watch him stand on stage, rock star from head to foot. "I apologise for anyone who went to Wembley this evening," announces Ron as the band launch into an eerie, moody version of "Henky, Tonk Women" before picking the tempo up and kicking it in the ass. "At The Party" and "She's Gone" kept the spirit moving while an ace version of "It's All Over Now" proved for all to see that Bitch aren't just another rock 'n' roll band. — Barbara Charone

How Brins and Ducks bombed at St. Albans

LOOK AT IT this way. You and your band are on stage, and you're rocking out quite nicely, getting it on with the guitars and drums and stuff, and just beginning to move the audience off their bums right? Well, how would you feel if some anonymous grunt of a stage manager barrels on stage, stops you in mid-lick, grabs a microphone and announces that there's a bomb scare and that will everybody please leave the hall immediately? You'd be mildly displeased. Especially if you were playing a pretty good set in the first place. But in any case it's no fun having to down axes and go and hang about outside waiting for the hall to blow up. It seems that the name of the band is Ducks De Luxe and apparently

"Duck" is a derogatory expression for an Irishman. Sean Tyla, this is your life. It cannot be denied that Mr. Tyla was more than slightly upset. The evening had started out absurdly anyway, with everybody, including band members, getting searched on the way in. What for, we wondered. Bombs? Dope? Miniaturized 16 track tape machines? Dwarf movie crews? The possibilities were endless. Backstage was an oasis of sanity, with the Ducks, the Brinsleys and their good buddy Frankie Miller commutating between a couple of dressing rooms and the Guinness flowing in great profusion. The aforementioned Sean Tyla was slumped in one corner of the room. His beard has vanished into that same limbo as that of Brinsley Schwarz himself — not a far less patriarchal figure than before. The rest of the cast, representing the Brinsleys are Nick Lowe (vocal,



Ducks De Luxe

bass, guitar), Ian Gomm (guitar, bass, vocals), Bob Andrews (pno, organ, vocals) and Billy Rankin (drums). Mr. Schwarz himself is currently manifesting himself on saxophone and keyboards as well as his customary immaculate guitar. For the Ducks we have, as well as Sean on rhythm guitar and vocals,

Marty Belmont (lead guitar, vocals), Nick Garvey (bass, vocals) and Tim Roper (drums). The teams are now assembled, and the Ducks get into their set. Paradoxically, the Ducks play better after the bomb scare than before. The anger and aggression built up during that long and exceptionally tedious

vigil outside the hall gets channelled straight back into the music, and the band really get into their stride during their last number, of Chuckleberry's "Carol". "We ain't bleedin' 'tippies, y'know," declared Mr. Tyla at something just below a roar, "so get up". It worked, strange to say, and the only people who stayed on the floor were those who were too wrecked to move. The Ducks are a tough, raw, r-and-b orientated dancing rock band, and anyone who fails to recognise that fact should undergo an immediate medical examination to determine the cause of death. Next up were the Brinsleys, and they were delicious. How they can be so relaxed and yet kick so hard is totally beyond me. Anyway, they do, so let us simply be grateful. When they did "Surrender To The Rhythm" it seemed only natural for the audience to get up and shake it, and "Happy Doing What We're Doing" was

singularly appropriate indeed. The climax of the evening's festivities came when the Brinsleys, the Ducks and Frankie Miller joined forces for a major assault on the higher cerebral levels of the collective consciousness of St. Albans. There was Marty Belmont swaying around over his guitar like King Kong sending Fay Wray to an early grave, while Tyla makes tentative forays to the front when not calling the shots on keyboard. Miller led the ensemble through gloriously rowdy versions of "It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry" and "Brown Sugar". Everybody lived happily ever after. There was no great conclusions to be drawn from that particular evening. It didn't do much to redefine the nature of man's relationship to his environment. However, it was a pretty good rock'n'roll gig. That do ya, squire? — Charles Shaar Murray

Been on a mind-tour lately?

A TRIUMPHANT FILM —The Observer



Malcolm Mc Dowell

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

Lindsay Anderson's



LUCKY MAN! X

A TRIUMPHANT ALBUM —Billboard



Alan Price

A unique mind-tour. A massive work of the cinematic imagination and a lot of fun in the process. —Village Voice

This is the best rock soundtrack since Superfly and in some ways it's better. —Rolling Stone

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 - Cosham (Sept. 16) ● Dover (Sept. 16) ● Edinburgh (Sept. 17)
 - Exeter (Sept. 16) ● Fifecliffe (Sept. 16) ● Liverpool (Sept. 16)
 - Luton (Sept. 20) ● Manchester (Sept. 16) ● Macclesfield (Sept. 16)
 - Parbhurth (Sept. 16) ● Southampton (Sept. 20) ● Southsea (Sept. 16)
 - Staines (Sept. 20) ● Torquay (Sept. 15) ● West Bromwich (Sept. 20)
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10th Stockholm Concert Hall
12th Gothenburg Scandinavian
13th Copenhagen Falkon Theatre
15th Birmingham Odeon

17th London Royal Albert Hall
18th London Royal Albert Hall
19th London Royal Albert Hall
20th Venice Gala Show
22nd Manchester Palace Theatre
23rd Liverpool Empire Theatre

25th Frankfurt Jahrhunderthalle
26th Munich Deutsches Museum
27th Paris Theatre Champs-Elysees
29th Glasgow Apollo Theatre
30th Newcastle Odeon Theatre

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God planned it good

BILLY PRESTON
INTERVIEWED BY
ROGER ST. PIERRE

AFTER YEARS spent as a session man for an astonishing roster of star names the Beatles, the Stones, Barbra Streisand, Ray Charles, Little Richard, Sam Cooke, Quincy Jones, Aretha Franklin and Sly Stone, Billy Preston is at last emerging as a superstar in his own right with a couple of American chart-topping singles.

Only now is this easy-going, pleasant young man getting the full acclaim he has always helped to provide for others.

Preston has plenty to shout about right now. He's been the hit of the Stones' tour, on stage for his own set, plus sliding in on the Stones' set, two shows a night — that's four hours on stage with interviews in between.

"I'm used to working at a hard pace so it's a.k., he grinned.

Was it difficult to fit in with the Stones' style? "Hell, no. See, I'm used to doing sessions with all sorts of artists so I can adapt easily. I just play along and soon slip into their groove. In any case, like the Beatles, the Stones work at a much slower, more methodical pace than I'm used to. They take their time to get it right and the results are obvious."

I asked if there was a danger that, playing with so many great artists, his own style would be sublimated to the point where he lost contact with it.

"No, not really. You see, in any case, my music will always reflect the people I've worked with because I've learned something from each of them and the sum of my own ideas plus their influence is Billy Preston."

On the tour, Preston is not only playing with the Stones but singing too, particularly on numbers like "Doo Doo Doo Doo" and "Dancing With Mr. D" from the new album, while Mick Jagger comes over to his piano for them to duet on "You Can't Always Get What You Want."

Preston played on the sessions for the new album in Jamaica.

"It was then that Mick asked me to join the tour," said Preston. "He'd wanted to ask me to work on stage with them before

but thought I'd want to be more into my own thing.

"My percussionist Manuel Kellough also plays on the Stones' set and they've got two of Stevie Wonder's horn men, too."

WITH HIS current success, Preston has found himself largely priced out of the clubs: "Yeh, it's nearly all concerts now; we haven't really done any clubs in a year but I do still play gospel in church back home in LA whenever I get the chance."

His music is going in all sorts of directions too: "The new album, which we are calling 'Everybody Likes Some Kind Of Music', includes jazz, rock, blues, soul, gospel, classical, even country and western elements."

"Yeh, we've done a country thing with banjos, tap piano and so on. It's as country as I can get — it's hillbilly but the hill and the Billy are hyphenated."

"You can't help being exposed to country music in America. You hear it on radio and so on. I met Buck Owens once."

On a more familiar front, Preston feels there is now a massive upsurge in R&B: "Marvin Gaye's latest single sold two million in two weeks; that couldn't have happened even for a pop record a few years ago."

"Soul is now selling across the board, to whites and blacks alike, while more blacks are becoming interested in country — both to listen to and to sing."

Preston currently spends around three months of the year in the studio. He's just completed albums with Quincy Jones, Aretha Franklin and Sly Stone.

He's hoping to do some sessions while he's here, with some big names — and will be recording again with Ray Charles in December: "I'm planning to do an 'In Concert' for British TV and, if everything goes the way we are hoping, it will be the biggest super-star session yet." Meanwhile, Preston is balanced between being a heavy artist hitting the rock market and an all-round entertainer who'd be at home in a Las Vegas setting: "I don't see why you have to be one or the other. Provided you keep a balance. I think you can win both kinds of audience. It seems to be God's plan for me. Everything seems to fall into place."

Saturday/ Manchester Palace Sunday/Liverpool Empire



Diana Ross, and why I'll never leave Motown

THE SCENE is the Inn on the Park, one of London's flashiest new hotels, and Diana Ross is late.

She arrives trailing a sizable group of photographers and moves to other end of the room to pose for them in her white tennis outfit. (Diana is a tennis freak). After a brief photo-call she turns her attention to the press; sits down and smiles awaiting the first question.

The Lady Ross has risen from the ranks as one of the Supremes to fronting the group, going solo and ultimately to starring in "Lady Sings The Blues". So where is she going now?

"Well, I'm always on the move. I've been experimenting in the production field. I can now work the board, after a fashion. I'm not too good at it. But then, it's all part of a self learning process." She appears to be totally at ease although her hands fiddled with a small white carrying, which is the only sign of any nervousness.

"Sure, I'd like to do another movie. I've had three or four scripts offered to me but I haven't found one that really suits."

"You know, I really want to do one with a message that will get to people. You know, I was nominated for an Oscar for 'The Lady' but Liza pipped me to it. I don't resent her for that. In fact, we're quite good friends."

The current European tour covers twelve cities from Amsterdam to Newcastle. Each

date will have two nightly performances backed by a twenty-five piece orchestra and section and she has also brought a new backing group The Devastating Affair.

"I'm giving them the chance, which they haven't had, the break you might call it. They'll do it. There's no doubt about it. It will just take a little time."

"I'm doing the same sort of thing with producers on my new album, on which I use a variety of young producers, notably Michel Massa; also with song writers. There should be one by my brother Arthur Ross. I didn't record it just because he was my brother. It was just that Bob, my husband came to me with the song and said he thought I should do it."

"I don't really know what tracks will be on the new album. The deals haven't been worked out yet, but Marvin Gaye joins me on a few."

She laughs of her self learning process. The movie and the producing are part of that. So what about some writing?

She laughs, pulls up her bobby sox and glances briefly at her white tennis shoes.

"Yeah, I've tried that too, but it hasn't worked out too well. I wrote quite a few when I was pregnant. That was back in '69. There were all kinds lovely dovey, you know."

"I actually thought about bringing out an album of baby songs but it didn't work out... I kept losing the bits of paper the words were written on. I'd like to write a book."

She laughs again, rolls her eyes and says: "I've tried that

too, but nothing seems interesting enough. But if I could find some talented writer who would follow me around and do it then I think I'd like it that way."

She recently toured the Far East and Japan. What brought that on? She giggles again. "Well, you see, I met this travelling prince, really, he was a prince and he invited me over to Japan to meet the Crown Princess... they're really groovy, and they are into music and stuff. Not sheltered at all."

Now that Diana has become Motown's leading female singer, would she ever consider leaving?

She shook her head. Not even if others were to offer her more bread?

"No, we're really more than just a record company. We're a family. I mean, if something were to happen to me I know Tamla would help look after the kids. Sure, money's always an incentive, but there are some things like friendship that have to be built up over years. No, I'll never leave Motown."

What about her relations with the Supremes?

"Oh, we're still very good friends. I don't see them that often though, not through choice but due to the fact that they're usually touring while I'm at home, and the other way about. But we get on really well, although our personalities are very different."

"I'm more concerned with my at home with the children (of which she has two, aged 19 months and 6 months. She also has custody of her sister's son

Tommy).

"The Supremes are swingers." She threw back her head, letting her shoulder length hair fall back, and kicked out her leg throwing open her arms: "Yeah, real swingers!"

The Supremes haven't been doing too well since the split. Does it worry her at all?

"Not really," she answered. "I'm more concerned with my own failings since the division. Although Britain has been good to me, and the two songs I really liked doing, 'Some Day We'll Be Together' and 'Love Child' did quite well over here."

Now that she has been accepted in her own right as a solo artist, who does she see as competition? Aretha Franklin? Roberta Flack?

"Yes, but really I see every female singer as competition. An you know, that's healthy. Roberta and I are great friends. She sends me flowers from time to time to congratulate me on something or another. So it really is healthy competition."

About the current tour, how many of the songs will be 'Diana Ross' songs and how many Billie Holiday's?

"That's hard to say. But I guess if I go to a town where 'The Lady' is, or has been, then I'll probably do quite a few of them. But if it hasn't been shown somewhere, then I'll let them appreciate the movie without doing any of the numbers from it."

STUART HOGGARD

The Ascent of Man

Man on tour, comfortably surviving and keeping in food.

LAST WEEK Man came their nearest yet to holding a Press reception — one of those rather strained artificial affairs that are liable to leave a band like Man totally alienated.

This was however a more entertaining occasion held around the screening of an unlikely BBC schools film showing Man rehearsing and recording — a well-intentioned piece about life in a band which should make for light relief around the nation's classrooms when it's shown in February.

Following the film the whole party retired to a nearby Indian restaurant where BBC and record company folks talked of business and suchlike while Man, not unnaturally, got merrily boozed on record company alcohol.

Obviously, as their music and stage presentation suggests, Man do not live easily in the more pressurised circles of the music business. If they're not on the road it's Wales where they feel most at home. They're a rather homely band in fact, sounding almost quaint when they insist steadfastly that it's just the music that counts. No dramas, no sensations here. That old anti-image once again. Man just chug along producing some damn fine music and slowly adding to their solid

grass-roots following, taking no short cuts to success.

"One thing that's encouraged me lately is the success of the Allman Brothers," said guitarist Micky Jones, suspiciously poking a piece of rice with his fork. "In the States their album is the biggest thing since the Beatles and they've made it purely on a musical thing. There's no glamour or sequins. They've proved it can be done simply with music that shows there's a light at the end of the tunnel for us."

"I suppose I get depressed from time to time about our standing. Nobody is content the whole time with what they're doing. But it seems to me if a band is playing well — and if they're fairly happy with each other — the audience are bound to pick up on it eventually."

All through their career Man seem to have changed personal about as frequently as David Bowie changes clothes, leaving Micky Jones now the only musician who has stayed from the start. Yet Man are not really as unstable as this would suggest since the style and feeling of the band has always remained fairly constant while it's musicians have all been drawn from the same musical community in South



MAN'S Micky Jones

Wales. The changes in line-up have simply allowed Man to grow gradually without any

change in their identity. Jones: "The music has always stayed basically the same

Man dates this week: Barry Memorial Hall, Monday; Llanelli Glenn, Tuesday; Aberystwyth Kings Hall, Wednesday

because we've all played with each other before and we know whoever comes into the band. The ideals of the band have also always remained the same; we've just tried to keep as open-minded as possible.

"We were a four-piece for a while but we weren't too happy about the line-up so Tweaky another Swansea guitarist joined us. I've always played with another guitarist anyway since the very first Man band and it leaves me much freer. I think our music demands it."

In a small, modest way the music scene around Swansea has made quite a contribution to British rock with bands like Help Yourself, Deke Leonard's Iceberg and Man all coming from the same background. The Swansea club/ballroom scene at it's height hardly came up to the standard of Liverpool or London at their respective peaks. But there was still something happening.

"In the early sixties there was a really big scene," said Jones, "until the bands decided there was nothing more they could do in Wales and split for London."

"All that was very important for us. I mean, it'd be ridiculous to say Wales has got its own music but it does have a separate culture and I think that must come through in the music somehow. I've been influenced by a lot of bands, a lot of musicians but I do come from

Wales and I think that's bound to come out a little.

"Basically your roots come from something creative. But it doesn't have to be Wales. It'd be the same if you came from Hackney."

This week Man embark on a tour before making their first visit to the States. Also, they've just completed a new album — which, according to Jones, has been made with a totally different approach from previous efforts.

Often their previous studio albums have failed to capture the spark of their best live performances although the band have always tried to achieve a live feel in the studio.

"This time we're going to try and work more for a good studio sound rather than a live feel. We're much more comfortable to the studio than before and we've realised the only place you're going to get a good live sound is in a concert. Hopefully it means we're being more technical without losing any of the relaxation."

And the tour, it seems, apart from promoting the album represents Man comfortably surviving as they always have done. Said Jones "It's to promote the album, keep us in food, keep people occupied and keep people's spirits up. It's a combination of things really."

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COUNTRY

JOHN STEWART can rock 'n' roll. I say that firstly because RCA aren't too keen on having him promoted purely as a country artist (and I do know what they mean), and secondly to make the point that Stewart is one of those exciting people that happen in country every so often.

One of those artists who are only barely country in the first place yet who take the idiom by the scruff of the neck and add something of their own, lifting the music to new and heart-warming heights in the process.

Although the country stalwarts in Nashville would never admit it, their music thrives on the likes of Stewart to give it reviving life blood.

It's such a jog-along, low-key style in most cases that you constantly meet new, different, young talent to throw in a bit of rock here or a barbed social comment there.

Stewart's former recording experiments have taken in California, Greenwich Village and James Taylor/Carol King but his new and very highly praised album, 'Cannons In The Rain' was produced down there in Nashville, using the town's famous session men to achieve a sensitive base for as fine a set of songs as I've heard on black wax this year.

Given the freedom of a Nashville studio these self-same guys are capable of swamping a singer with layers of pedal steel, predictable rhythm lines and unspeakably soupy string sections.

But this time producer Fred (the Flash) Carter cared enough to get something better out of them and they responded the way they can do when pushed, by providing a touching and stunningly sympathetic backing for Stewart's soulful music.

His music has long attracted rave notices in the rock media, to say nothing of the more aware country outlets. However a succession of albums — four of which have been released in the U.K. — have never achieved anything commercially more concrete than a



hit for the Monkees — (Daydream Believer) — the Monkees always could pick 'em even if they couldn't play 'em!

With songs like 'Wild Horse Road' Stewart was ahead of his time. When I spoke to him recently he commented: "Yeah, the place called Wild Horse Road, that is on Highway 101, about one hundred miles out of San Francisco.

"There's nothing there now except a trackin' dive. One time there were a million wild horses in America and now there's something like two hundred. In the song I tried to draw an analogy between mustangs, in some cases pop singers and in many cases politicians."

And then there's 'Bolinas', where he's caught the atmosphere of a small town so perfectly, where the clock on the courthouse has stopped and where the mayor is digging for clams: "Bolinas is a little fishing village on the coast of northern California and it's remained essentially the same for the last fifty years because there's no main highway going through it. It's one of my favourite places in the world."

Bolinas is so well-appointed that I understand many of the west coast's *nouveu-riche* superstars are buying up property there. As usual John Stewart was there first, on the road, just passing through and giving the place his own poignant epitaph.

He has written a song about Durango in Mexico and how he failed to get a part in 'Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid' and he has also written songs, some of them ballads and some of them good rockers, about The Road: "I've been on the road since 1959, right out of college."

Using his soulful voice and tight studio band, he gives special meaning to a theme that is, to say the least, overworked. When John Stewart sings 'the road is my woman' you don't doubt him.

THE GROWING interest in country over here has encouraged several big American names to make a return trip.

1973 Wembley successes Mac Wiseman and Tompall Glaser, followed by Country Gazette, The Dillards, Asleep At The Wheel and legendary ace picker Chet Atkins.

Commander Cody has just made the trip of course and he brought out the looners in the biggest orgy of spontaneous celebration since Idiot Dancing in 1968. His band were a treat to see and hear, feeding off the audience reaction and playing more beautifully than I can describe here.

For a moment of their riotous tour get 'Country Casanova', the new album, for further rock, roll and truckin' country.

Some great new albums are set for release soon to compensate for a quiet end-of-summer period were 'Country Hits Of Old Stand out during this period were 'Country Hits Of The 40's, 50's and 60's' (three albums) on EMI's new One Up label and RCA's 'Best Of A Great Year, Vol 2', a selection of top 1972 hits by such names as Charley Pride, Hank Snow, Flatt and - Wiseman, Dallas Frazier and Waylon Jennings.

DAVID REDSHAW

BLACK AND BRITISH

REGGAE RECORD labels are currently two a penny about town — it seems as though every other artist now has his own label. The latest, Magnet Records, is the brainchild of two men, Rupert Cope and Eric Williams who run their operation from a very small shop in North London.

On a Saturday morning, the place is a hive of activity — like Brixton, Harlequin or even Kingston all over. Faces may change but, as always, it is the same kind of atmosphere.

The sound is heavy, the solid beat shakes the walls and it is steaming hot. But business is good and the latest sounds fly off the twin decks like bullets.

"As you know, I have been playing my sound system 'Fugitive No. 1' for years," Eric Williams told me. "A little over a year ago, Cope and I decided to open a record shop. I've been in this business for nearly ten years, so I know quite a bit about the whole scene."

"One day Roy Shirley came to me with these tapes, some of which he had produced himself. Rupert and I decided we were going to get cracking on the business, and here we are with Magnet Records."

Magnet handle their own distribution throughout the black community, using reggae shops in the Midlands and around London.

"Business is quite good actually. I was rather surprised at the smooth way the whole thing went. In future, we shall be putting out some Caribbean soul as well as Gospel music and, of

course, we shall be doing a majority of reggae. But not a lot of commercial reggae — our customers prefer what you call heavy reggae."

So far Magnet Records have issued some 12 singles, including Mark Holder's 'Something Of Value', a record that was a big Caribbean hit more than seven years ago.

There are many small reggae record companies around like Magnet, and we will be looking in on them in this column from time to time.

DANDY LIVINGSTONE plans a complete change of image and, to assist this, has changed to the Mooncrest label. Dandy wants to artistically improve on what he's doing now, and feels the switch will help him do just that.

JUNIOR ENGLISH, knocking at the door of big times for many months, thinks he may have finally made it with his upcoming album. Junior, who had a moderate-sized hit with his version of "Daniel", told me during rehearsals with his new band Concord Express that the new album contains some of his finest work.

SINGLES

"**Clappers Tail**" (Dt519) by I.Roy. Warns the rude boys of Clappers Tail women, using a lot of "Yeh", "You know" and "I would say". A fair record, better for dancing than listening.

"**Loop-De-Loop**" (Hoss34) by Happy Junior and the I.Q.S. A good beat, and the age-old Loop-De-Loop done in fine reggae style.

"**Passer And The King**" (TE926) by I.Roy. A good dub by I.Roy but is certainly not one of his best days.

"**Shotgun Wedding**" (DU158)

by Cornell Campbell. "Shotgun Wedding" has just had a fine summer run, and this is a little late, but it certainly is a good cover.

"**Bad To Be Good**"/"Smokin'" (TR7897) by The Pioneers. A side is Pioneers at their wishy washy best. Just the kind of commercial drug the doctor ordered and, on the flip side, the song is tailor made for the root brothers. Nice one Sidney Jackie and George.

"**Women Don't You Go Astray**" (TE922) by W. Riley. A old shuffle beat of the 60's with a touch of the Orleans loop about it. Nostalgic too.

"**Prisoner Of Love**" (Magnet MA001) by Gene Romo. First record on new Magnet label, it is tough and Gene's voice reminds one of John Holt.

"**Endlessly**" (MA002) by Roy Shirley. Roy takes time out to get down low. To me, Roy's voice is more suited to the up-tempo stuff. However he tries hard to steady this one along.

"**Get Up Stand Up**" (WIP6167) by The Walkers. This is the latest single from Marley and it comes from the album "Burnin'", expected to be on the streets by October. This is a continuation of "Catch A Fire". Marley is going to get bigger by leaps and bounds. Definitely a chart teaser.

"**Like A Child**" (MA003) by Glen Lee. Glen definitely has some promise. One of the best records from this company. Quite a fair job too, Glen.

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Adam Black
LOS ANGELES

THERE ARE a couple of new lady singer-songwriters that a lot of record company honchos are hoping will be the Carole Kings, and Joni Mitchell's and Laura Nyro's of tomorrow. Bell records brought Melissa Manchester whose album "Home to Myself", they've just released, in to do The Boardinghouse, and MGM staged a full bore press blow-out for Judy Pulver. Mindful lest I should miss a star appearing, I visited these two well touted offerings.

Mississa Manchester, formerly one of Bette Midler's Harlettes, comes with a background of commercials for hamburgers, airlines, and Coca-Cola, plus a stint studying songwriting with Paul Simon. All their fine associations, even with a passable cabaret voice that wouldn't raise eyebrows on any grown-folks T.V. variety show, do not make for a star, though. Truth be told, Miss M. Manchester's songs are largely unmemorable, and she has gotten more remarks for singing the Peter Pan showtune "Never, Never Land" than for her own work. Frankly I'd rather Todd Dundgren's version any day — or for that matter a Barbara Streisand cover.

Judy Pulver pulled into town on the wings of a half a million dollars worth of hype to play to an press and record biz, crowd at The Great American Music Hall. MGM flew a spate of scribes up from LA and brought in Elvis Presley's choreographer to stage the show. Mighty unfortunate spending, I'm afraid. She has a very fine voice, sort of like Janis Joplin if she got Carly Simonized, and she even writes some fine songs, including one about being "lovers on the moon", but the girl is in danger of sinking in hype and overproduction. She seemed mighty nervous at playing for this sick crowd who were being jetted in, jetted out, and wined, dined, and primed for forty minutes of music.

This is AMERICA

Hot night at the Apollo

Vernon Gibbs
NEW YORK

IT WAS ONE of those nights, and there I was at the Apollo again. God, how I hate the Apollo. It seems to have one fiendish purpose, which it carries out very well. On certain nights, for very special entertainers, there is that aura of sweeter in the excitement of anticipated stardom, that pushy yearning uneasiness of "maybe I won't even get to see him," that gidly maddening quickening when the crowds try to huff their way past the straining guards; so they can get inside and eat foul smelling hot dogs, stale popcorn covered with rancid butter and bask in the high keen thrill of expectation.

Few performers at the Apollo ever surmount the energy that their eminent presence boils into a kinetic tasma. Sly could have, but he blew his single appearance. James Brown used to, Jackie Wilson too, but usually the audience settles down and appreciates the events with a lack of passion that belies the tension and restless excitement that surrounds the events lead-

ing up to the actual performance.

It was one of those nights, anyway, when the crowds pushed and elbowed and strained their necks, tonight it was because of Eddie Kendricks.

I usually try to go on a week-night, because the crowds are always smaller and less aggressive than on weekends. But here it was a Wednesday night, and people were acting just as if it were Saturday. Some people have no respect for the days of the week.

Kendricks is a hot name these days, especially around the New York discos.

The reason is a mellow seven minute side called "Keep On Trucking", a successor to last year's "Girl You Need A Change Of Mind".

It's the second smash to be taken from Eddie's new album "Eddie Kendricks" and his first tune since he left the Temptations that has been picked up by Top Forty stations.

The other tune, "Come Back Home", was a big R&B hit, as were one or two tunes from his previous album. But it is with his present surge of popularity that Kendricks has fulfilled the hopes — of many of us who knew him to be a vital part of the Temptation charisma — that he would not endure the withdrawal plans of David Ruffin and more tragically of Paul Williams.

Williams, for instance, is rumored to have killed himself because of the pressure. Ken-

dricks has survived the pressure, and in his giddy return to the Apollo has set himself up very nicely for another few years.

Eddie is cool. He doesn't do much running about the stage, or use smoke bombs. His show, instead, seems to be built around his smile, an engaging one, and the fact that he IS Eddie Kendricks.

It used to seem that he didn't know what to do with his hands and feet because he missed his fellow Tempts, (he's suffering from loneliness). That's the way the audiences used to console themselves as his gaunt body profiled itself across the stage in a hunched shoulder-stance that swung from the heels.

But Kendricks is a very dignified man these days. He sings it straight and strong in that high, cool tenor of his, and what more could you want. J. J. Jackson he ain't.

I WAS REALLY interested in seeing what the supporting act the Delfonics were up to these days since their fall from grace in not having had a hit since "Tell Me This Is A Dream".

I really am not terribly fond of vocal groups. Most of them bore me with their elaborate, effete "love man" synchronizations, and I have seen very few, except the early Tempts. The Smith Connection, and a group that travels with James Brown called the Variations, that give choreography either the effort or energy that it needs to be



Delfonics: should shop around

effective, or the ludicrousness it deserves as high camp.

I'll listen to The Stylistics all night, but please don't ask me to see them at the Apollo or almost anywhere else.

The Delfonics are one of the few groups of that genre that I care to see, and that's only because lead singer William Bell reminds me so much of Little Anthony, since he has a cache full of his vocal mannerisms. Little Anthony and The Imperials have got to be on anyone's top five for sheer impact.

The Delfonics, the group that gave Thom Bell his first big ones, "Didn't I Blow Your Mind This Time," "Break Your Promise", "I'll Get Mine", have run into hard times since Bell started devoting all his time to The Stylistics and Johnny Mathis.

All those other cats from Philly have been having their hits and a good charter could put them back at the top of the marquee, where I am sure they would feel more comfortable having occupied it for so many years.

But they have succumbed to the trap of sexy soul and you can't keep putting out stuff that sounds like unless you've got a producer like Thom Bell or Willie Mitchell, both of whom know how to find that special magic within the limitations of their product.

A good fast record would do some nice things for The Delfonics, whose strained stage performance matches their fading image.

The false sensuality that surrounds their kind of music is only palatable in small amounts, or when done with the sense of theatrics that Al Green has developed.

Very few groups realize that: The Miracles were one of the few to effectively mix the image of red lights ("Ooh, Baby Baby"), Smokey would cry) with that sense of the prima: "Going to A Go Go" or even "Shop Around".

The Delfonics should shop around for a new sound.

The New Birth have a song that no radio station will play, and they opened up the show with it.

Strangely enough everyone in the audience knew the song, including all the grunting, wheezing, and sighing that goes with it.

The new Birth are a combination of a vocal group (four singers), and a Progressive Soul band (5-7 musicians who also record with the group).

"Got To Get A Knutt" is their contribution to orgasm. The only female in the group — five feet six inches of delicious black flesh — is the object of attention during this number, as the bulges sported by the male singers testify.

Sex is alive and smoking with this determinedly different young group that carries with it the atmosphere of an orgy at a carnival.

This is a group to look out for. The English will love them.

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Squires: close to the bass

YES! "CLOSE TO THE Edge" was, without question, one of the album highlights of 1972. To use a rather shady turn of phrase, it was the band's first true "concept" album: a set that built triumphantly on the roots of "Fragile" and the albums that came before.

Now they're in the studio again, working on a new album that stems from ideas that were forming as soon as "Close To The Edge" was completed. It will be, according to Chris Squire, "more of a concept album" than anything Yes have laid down to date. They've been working on it most of this year, and now it stands close to the edge of completion.

How closely, stylistically and in content, will it follow on Yes' music in the past? Squire finds it impossible to say: "We can only really evaluate the growth of something when it's finished. I don't see any direct relationship between this one and "Close To The Edge" — but then, on the other hand, I don't see any total departure.

"To me, Yes is just five guys learning about music. As we learn more, so a period is going to come along when we find ourselves making a record."

Despite Squires' modesty, Yes nevertheless stand as one of the most consistently inventive bands around in rock today. They have their critics — doesn't any innovative group of musicians? — but even the critics would admit to the fact that Yes, in their own particular way, are pushing the criteria of rock into new fields of experiment, discovery and lasting value. "Close To The Edge" is described, in both the music and the title, the boundaries at which Yes work.

"As one gets older, one tends to know more," says Squire of the problems in working of rock criteria have been set before. "You tend to see very clearly the follies of one's youth. I think it's the same for anyone working constantly in music — it's just the natural progression that happens.

"But it isn't easy to see where to go next — though that isn't something that really worries me. I think it's a mistake to criticise one's work too early. Somehow, one knows if it's right... you can definitely tell when something's good, even if there aren't any physical standards to judge it by. You can't always feel the same, of course, about something that's borderline, but if you get a definite definite inspiration and feeling about something that's obviously good."

It's very important, he feels, that one's own musical progression and development should consider the interests of the group: "If something is obviously a bit shaky, then I find I can live with it for a bit," he explains. "Then it often happens that you can get to like it for its total value in terms of the group's music, at the expense of any kind of personal disappointment you might have felt in terms of how you felt it

to the bass



Chris Squires

should have been played. It's just possible that one could replace it or play it again if one really fell strongly about it... but it's important that a little very shouldn't damage the rest for the group, just on a point of one's own musical satisfaction.

"As a matter of fact, I did change one part on this album, but we all felt that it improved on the whole."

Squire started late as a rock musician. But, then, he'd already decided exactly on the path he intended to take. "I had an interest in music from a very early age," he explains. "You know the kind of thing — friends in musical families and things like that. I never seriously learned anything until I was about sixteen. Then I started on the bass, and carried on from there. I just felt that it was the instrument I wanted to play. I appreciated, right from the start, the importance of the bass."

"I think I would have developed in the same way, even if it hadn't come about with Yes. I don't think it would have been very different: I've always worked very hard. The key to it all is how far one wants to go with an instrument, and how hard one is prepared to work."

What, in particular, has Yes taught him? "I don't really know for sure," he replies. "I'm very fond of melody lines combined with rhythm and feel. It's just what a band learns from playing together for a long time. I've found that playing, even though it doesn't really need a lot of time now, takes up even more of my time than it ever did before... it's just one of those things."

"The hardest thing I find now is to know *not* to play. It's as important — perhaps even more important — than knowing *what* to play when you play. Doing something simple, say, is often more

difficult than doing something complex."

Although Squires is a perfectionist, he rarely finds these days that he tends to spend a lot of time polishing his technique and approach. That's already there, and now playing has become more a question of musical refinement: "I play much more nowadays by inspiration. A certain song will inspire a certain bass part. The first way I play it isn't always the best way, of course, but that's something that stands out very quickly. I tend to hear what's necessary straightaway, now. It comes clear very quickly — I don't have much problem in deciding."

Although Squire still features the Rickenbacker bass he's used for the last seven years, he's been experimenting on the new album with several — and he'll probably be taking three on the road with him later this year. He's now very fond of a Guild that he's used for the past eighteen months. They'll be experimenting at the next rehearsal with a direct injection system for the instruments something Yes haven't had the time to try out before — but in the meantime, Squire bass is amplified through an American Sunn amplifier and cabinet system.

Argent's keyboard hopes

"ROCK MUSIC," says Rod Argent, "is the most flexible of all music's mediums. It's a medium where anything goes, and there's so much just waiting to be exploited. Recently, rock's progressed in leaps and bounds. There's so much to cover. You've got to tailor your music to the idiom in which you're playing, and any composer always has to work within the traditions of what he plays — but rock's so very flexible."

And he's more than pleased that the keyboard musician can now take a full part in pushing rock's boundaries further. "Up until recently, keyboards hadn't really established a strong identity in rock music," he explains. "The guitar was very much the voice of rock. But now you've got instruments like the Moog and the Mellotron, and there's a good pick-up that really amplifies grand piano well. Suddenly, there's so many new areas for keyboards to cover."

"With just the organ, or the electric piano, the guitar still dominated the music somehow. But now that's been changing, and keyboards can do much more now than they could before."

Playing in the Band

INSTRUMENTS:
 by
JOHN BAGNALL

Argent began his musical career in the time-honoured fashion — with a "few piano lessons" at the age of seven. He learned piano for some three or four years, but it wasn't his keyboard education that gave him the musical discipline from which his own abilities have grown. "When I was about ten," he explains, "I joined the St. Albans Cathedral choir. It was really a pretty high standard — we did things like Third Programme broadcasts — and that, I suppose, was a good musical education. As far as tuition goes, that was about the extent of it, I just carried on from there."

He currently features a Hammond C-3 organ, a Höpner Pianet electric piano, a Mini-Moog, a Mellotron and grand piano. "I'm hoping to increase it soon," he says. "The Mini-Moog, for example, is only a monophonic keyboard — it only plays one note at a time. I'm hoping to get two organs, so that I can play two lines against each other... I'd like another Mellotron, too, for the same reasons. My current Mellotron features violin, cello and flute, and it would be nice, say, to try fitting flute over voices or something like that."

Argent puts his organ and piano through stacks miked into the band's P.A. system. "Mainly," he says, "the amps are for my own hearing. The organ Leslie is miked with three mikes going into the stack and three into the P.A. — so most of the sound comes through the P.A. system. The Mini-Moog and Mellotron have taps off them for direct injection straight into the P.A."

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 Nazareth—Nazareth £1.70
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 Nitty Gritty Dirt Band—All In Good Time £1.60
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 Poole—Deliverance £1.50
 Pantalone—Sweet Child (Dbl) £1.70
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 Black Sabbath—Paranoid £1.70
 The Beach Boys—Dance Dance Dance £1.70
 Humble Pie—Eat It Up £2.00
 Jo Jo Gunne—Bite Down Hard £1.70
 Deep Purple—Made In Japan £2.50
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 Uriah Heep—Live (Dbl) £1.70
 Kinke—Maswell Hillbillies £1.70

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Vivre Pour Vivre—Francis La £1.50
 South Pacific—Original Soundtrack £1.70
 The Graduate—Vol 1 £1.70
 I Walk the Line—Johnny Cash £1.90
 Southerly—Taj Mahal £1.90
 Jesus Christ Superstar—London Cast £1.50
 Superfly— Curtis Mayfield £1.70
 Charles Ravi Shankar £1.70
 Darling Liu £1.50
 Doctor Zhivago £2.20
 Zachariah £1.50
 What She Story £1.70
 A Man and a Woman £1.10
 The King and I £1.70
 2001—A Space Odyssey £1.70

MALE VOCAL

Sammy Davis Jr.—The Sammy Davis Show £1.50
 Buddy Grace—Big Band Ballads £1.70
 Harry Belafonte—Calypso In Bliss £1.50
 Gene Pitney—Best Of £1.50
 Ring Crosby/Count Basie—90p
 Pieter Nero—Songs You Want To Forget £1.70
 Eddy Arnold—So Many Ways £1.50
 Sammy Davis Jr.—I Gotta Be Me £1.50
 Andy Williams—Mary Christmas £1.50
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 Elvis Presley—Golden Records Vol. 1 £1.50
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 Harry Secombe—Sacred Songs £1.50
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 Liza Minnelli—Liza With A Z £1.60
 Liza Minnelli—Live at the Olympia £1.60
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 Lynn Anderson—Keep Me In Mind £1.70
 Astrid Gibson—Windy £1.40
 Nana Mouskouri—Songs from her TV Series £1.60
 Vikki Carr—Mr America £1.70

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 The Undisputed Truth—Face to Face with the Truth £1.70
 Jackie Wilson—Whispering £1.70
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 Ike Turner—Blues Rock £1.30
 The Edwin Hawkins Singers—He's a Friend of Mine £1.70
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 The Isley Brothers—This old heart of mine £1.50
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TAMLA MOTOWN

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 Motown Charubusters—Vol. 1 £1.50
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 The Graduate—Vol 1 £1.70
 I Walk the Line—Johnny Cash £1.90
 Southerly—Taj Mahal £1.90
 Jesus Christ Superstar—London Cast £1.50
 Superfly— Curtis Mayfield £1.70
 Charles Ravi Shankar £1.70
 Darling Liu £1.50
 Doctor Zhivago £2.20
 Zachariah £1.50
 What She Story £1.70
 A Man and a Woman £1.10
 The King and I £1.70
 2001—A Space Odyssey £1.70

COUNTRY & WESTERN

Johnny Cash—Bitter Tears £1.50
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 The Best of Country and West Vol. II £1.50
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 Johnny Cash—Greatest Hits Vol. II £1.70
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ROCK & ROLL

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Sandpipers—Misty Roses 50p
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 New Seekers—New Colours £1.20
 Nine & Frederick—Loves Angels & Rhythms £1.70
 Roy Conniff and the Singers—You are the Sunshine of my Day £1.70
 The Partridge Family—The Partridge Family £1.50
 Walker Brothers—Walker Brothers Story £1.60
 The Seekers—Running With the Wind £1.50
 Peddlers—Sate London £1.50
 The Sandpipers—Guantanamo 60p

CLASSICAL

Beethoven—The creatures of Prometheus and Stravinsky £1.00
 Bartok and Stravinsky—Rites of Spring £1.70
 Dvorak—Slavonic Dances £1.70
 Liszt—The Planets £1.70
 Stravinsky—Rite of Spring £1.70
 Liszt—Scales—Also 'Sprachstudium Op. 30' £1.80
 Dvorak—Cello Concerto £1.50
 David Oistrakh plays Brahms Richter and Oistrakh—50p
 Max Reger—Organ Works £1.50
 Beethoven Sonatas—Barenboim £1.50
 Shostakovich—Piano Concerto No. 2 £1.20
 Beethoven Mass in C minor £1.80
 Brahms—Variations on a theme by Paganini £1.20
 Debussy—La Mer—Nectomas 60p
 Tchaikovsky—Romeo & Juliet £1.70
 Bartok—Mozart £1.70
 Earl Hooker—Sweet Black Angel £1.70
 Arthur 'big boy' Crudup—Mason's Blues £1.30
 Albert King—The Love Blues Power £1.60
 Junior Wells—It's My Life Baby £1.60
 Jimmy Reed—Down in Virginia 70p
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BLUES

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JAZZ

Maharishnu Orchestra—Birds of Fire £1.70
 Maharishnu Orchestra—Inner Mountain Flame £1.70
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 Asafoji £1.00
 Jimmy Smith—Respect £1.40
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 Larry Coryell—Fairland £1.40
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 Percy Faith—A Look at Monaco 60p

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 Don Ellis—Autumn £1.80
 Mantovani—Magic £1.00
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CLASSICAL

Beethoven—The creatures of Prometheus and Stravinsky £1.00
 Bartok and Stravinsky—Rites of Spring £1.70
 Dvorak—Slavonic Dances £1.70
 Liszt—The Planets £1.70
 Stravinsky—Rite of Spring £1.70
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 Max Reger—Organ Works £1.50
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 Buddy Guy—This is Buddy Guy £1.40
 Lead Belly—Lead Belly £1.70
 John Lee Hooker—Urban Blues 70p
 Sunny Terry—Swing With Sunny B. King—Live and Well £1.60

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 Handel—Symphony No. 9 £2.20
 Mendelssohn—Midsummer Night's Dream £1.90
 Dignie Ross and the Supremes—Temptations—Together £1.90
 Isaac Hayes—Black Moses £2.80
 James Brown—Soul Fire £1.90
 Cabaret—Soundtrack £1.90
 Jim Reeves—Missing You £1.50
 Chuck Berry—Medley £1.80
 Carole King—Winter £1.90
 Miles Davis—Mile in the Sky £1.50
 Malerie—Stornground Words £1.90
 Johnny Mathis—In Person £3.00
 Steeleye Span—Parcel of Rogues £1.90
 Sly and the family Stone—Greatest Hits £2.10
 Small Faces—A Nod as Good as a Wink £1.90
 Hawkwind—In Search of Space £1.90
 Woody Blues—To our Children's Children £1.90
 Osbourne—Osbourne £1.90
 Doors—Morrison Hotel £1.90
 Traffic—Shoot out at the Fantasy Factory £1.90
 Fleetwood Mac—Greatest Hits £2.10
 Elton John—17-11-70 £1.90
 Nilsson—Schmission £2.00
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 James Taylor—Sweet Baby James £1.90
 Grace Slick—Paul Kantner—Sunfighter £1.90
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 Leonard Cohen—Songs of Love and Hate £2.00
 Stephen Stills—Stephen Stills £1.90
 Jack Bruce—At his Best £2.80
 Rory Gallagher—Rory Gallagher £1.70

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Van Morrison—Hard Nose to Highway £1.90
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 David Bowie—Space Oddity £2.00
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STUDIOS by FRED DELLAR

MANOR: Hatfield And The North have completed nearly all the backing tracks for their album and reveal that "Shaving Is Boring", "Lobster In Cleavage Probe" and "Folded" will appear on the completed L.P., which they described as "designed to be completely continuous". Horslips, Superstar and Gravy Train are other bands that are spending September at the Manor, while Gong, Michel Sacha and James Taylor are among those who have booked "The Monster" mobile.

MORGAN: While Chalk Farm Studio is being refitted, the reggae acts seem to be flooding towards Morgan. Dandy Livingstone, Joe Sinclair, M'atumbi, The Cimarrons and Jackie Edwards are all coming in. M'atumbi, by the way, are currently backing I. Roy, Addis Ababa, Droop, Mataya Clifford, Billy Livesey, Blue Mink, Donovan, Yes, Rick De Johette, Brotherhood of Man, Keith West, Pete Atkin, Colin Horton-Jennings, and Neoromandus all kept things busy during the past few days.

NOVA: Helen Shapiro has completed three titles for EMK, these being "Falling In Love",

"Just Like A Lady" and Stevie Wonder's "Evil". Pip Williams was both producer and arranger on these sessions. Heat Records producer Wilf Pine has just completed four titles for Jeff Phillips, and the ever-present Del Newman is involved on an album for Longdancer.

PHONOGRAM: Nucleus have almost completed their album... Wizzard and Roy Wood have separate bookings... Kenny Woodman's been laying down tracks — presumably for Val Doonican's next album... Dave Elliott and Dennis Andrews both reported to have laid down some nice sounds.

TRIDENT: Ljodisfarne are back for another album session at the studio — but a more unexpected visitor has been Cat Stevens who normally records elsewhere. Four names figure on the "mixing" list... Colin Scott, Faole, Baby Whale and Gypsy.

ABBEY ROAD: This week's studio users... Fivepenny Piece, Cockney Rebel, Olivia Newton-John, Babe Ruth, Colin Blunstone, Darren Burn, Fogg, Harry Robinson, City

Waits, King Singers and Clif Richard.

AIR: Jefferson and Roxy Music are still album-bound and Stackridge have returned to complete some more sides with the help of George Martin. McGuinness-Flint have been mixing once more and John Miller has brought in Mongrel.

CHIPPING NORTON: Clifford T. Ward was at the Vernons' studio last week completing vocal tracks for his forthcoming Christmas album. Final mixing is expected to take place some time in October. German-based band Nektar did an album for Bellerophon — here just a couple of weeks back — and they were followed in by Deke Leonard's Iceberg, whom Dave Charles of Help Yourself was producing; and Man, for whom Vic Maile was doing the production chores. Currently in are Bloodstone who are obviously hoping that Mike Vernon can help them achieve another "Natural High".

ISLAND: All part of this week's Basing Street brigade... Stealers Wheel, Hackensack, Jim Capaldi, Carol Grimes, Sandy Denny, JoBurg Hawk, Dali Lama, Paul Kossoff and Dick & The Firemen.

Gasbag

New Musical Express, 128, Long Acre, London, WC2E 9QH

Zim Contd.

IN REPLY to the letter "The Zimmerman Experience Part 59" from Christopher Whitefield. Dear Chris — do you realize you have Dylan's secret message all wrong? The words have nothing at all to do with the song; the message is in the rhythm. If you listen very, very carefully you will realize that the beat — when translated into morse code — reads "Sit back and listen, you stupid bastards". — PHILIP FLEMING, Burnside, Kendal

AS AN enthusiast of original rock'n'roll, I must reluctantly say that I wholeheartedly agree with your critic who reviewed the Chuck Berry fiasco at the Rainbow Theatre recently. It is not just the fact that Berry has been over-exposed recently; the undeniable truth is that the last Rainbow show Chuck did was absolutely awful. He either could not remember the words or could not be bothered to sing them. He just did long, boring guitar solos the rest of the time. In fact, I found the supporting group Fumble of much greater entertainment value. — TONY PAPARD, SW8

AFTER SEEING several over-rated groups this year, it was a joy to see The Stones back on stage on Sunday night, displaying such power and fire. On behalf of all Stones freaks, may I say God bless Mick, Keith, Charlie, Bill, and Mick. Keep on rocking. — DAVID PIKE, Shore-ditch

HAVING just completed my Ian MacDonald/Nick Kent/Charles Shaar Murray postal course instructing me in the gentle arts of devious irony and subtle satire, biting humour and gentle sarcasm (with supplementary courses in critical bias, muck slinging both direct and general), I feel reasonably qualified to launch my own attempt at provoking the readers of your scurrilous, if amazingly funny, newspaper.

So Dennis Neal wants to know about fragmentation and why it happens. I think Ray Davies came closest when he announced "Everybody's In Showbiz, Everyone's A Star". There are all these second-rate talents, often hiding behind real talents, and together they do nicely enough.

But the second-raters are being constantly exposed to the whole rock superstar syndrome. Hangers-on keep telling them they're good and they begin to believe it. Who wouldn't? They conceive of their own talent as being equal to the sum of the talent as a whole, instead of being only a contributory part of it. And of course there's always some record company willing to snap up an artiste from a name group, in the hope that the public will continue to identify him because of where he came from. So the road to potential stardom is increasingly a very easy one to travel, even though, as the old saying goes, many were called but few were chosen.

This applies to all the members of the bands Dennis mentioned (Everly's, Beatles, Simon & Garfunkel, CSN&Y), despite a fair level of work attained individually. But you can't blame them. It's the situation in which instant fame and wealth appear easily attainable and success just around the corner. — IAN MACDONALD, St. Neots, Huntingdon

Frithing at the mouth

OH FUDGE, Ian Macdonald. You don't even have to be as neat as Nick Kent (the poor man's Lester Bangs) to realise that "blah, blah, blah" is pretty silly response to the MU/Tetsu affair.

Do you still believe in all that old guff about the generation gap? Do you still cover as the army of middle-aged meannies marches down on the young and free and good-in-heart? Well, it ain't so easy even if the headlines look nice.

A few facts: The MU isn't some sort of peculiar conspiracy of failed ex-members of the Joe Loss Orchestra.

It's a trade union, a union of craftsmen who have needed and do need to organise themselves for protection against numerous possibilities of exploitation.

The MU's difficulty (which it shares with other unions, like Equity and the NUJ — heard of that one, Ian?) is to provide a collective Organisation for a craft, that is often pursued individually, by very different talents, for very different rewards.

The rules the MU applies weren't, believe it or not, drawn up by Sandy Macpherson in a fit of pique at the Beatles in 1964; they have been devised in an attempt to cope with musicians' changing situations (records, radio, decline of music hall and sheet music, etc.) since the 1920s and are the result of discussions, votes, arguments, thought.

Any discussion of the relation of rock and the MU needs similar argument and thought. It doesn't need the witterings of the windpoids who seem to have taken over the NME.

So, is the MU relevant to rock? The answer is, obviously, yes.

The majority of rock musicians are not, as you recently pointed out, rich or secure. They need all the help they can get in securing session fees, appearance money, social security; in preventing traditional rackets like "Talent Nights"; in keeping musicians' jobs open for musicians; in keeping some system of local live music going amidst the pressures (which even you have recognised) of discos and super-shows.

The MU's present rules are, equally obviously, not perfect for rock. I don't think the union does as much as it could to help with the particular problems of a rock career (the roopy management/agency/record company deals you have described) — there could be a better organised legal/financial advisory service, for instance. And I agree that the rules on foreign musicians, on needle time, need to be rediscussed in the context of the international structure of rock, of peculiar relationship between rock, radio, rock records and rock music. But, as the MU man said, these rules are not sacred — MU members can change them.

The really worrying thing is how few rock musicians bother to go to MU meetings and argue for such changes; they certainly don't get any encouragement from you. — Now it may be that even

active rock musicians in the MU wouldn't get much joy, that there's a case for new organisation, for a district rock musicians' branch; but this certainly won't result from NME-style hysterical posting.

It depresses me, and it should depress you, that on this issue, as on most other, "The World's Largest Selling Weekly Music Paper" has been so fucking trivial. — SIMON FRITH, COVENTRY.

Send a silly letter, get a silly answer, mein herr. Find me the rock musician who's satisfied with the way the MU looks after him (as opposed to the way they look after the NDO) and I might even bring myself to take out a subscription to the dourly untrivial and majestically Committed monthly in which your stuff coincidentally appears.

As far as I can see the MU has yet to make a specific reply concerning Tetsu Yamauchi. We asked a simple question and received a bag of hot air in reply. So, at the risk of boring our admittedly enormous readership, we ask for the third time: Why was Tetsu banned? — I. Mae.

I am not a poor man's Lester Bangs. Frith, God, I've made more money ripping off Lester than he has inventing the style in the first place. Actually, I wanted to become the poor man's Greil Marcus, but you got there first. — Nick Kent.

DURING MAY I had the misfortune to spend three weeks in St. Die, a town somewhere in eastern France. One night, jaded by too much French juke-box music, I crawled back to the Youth Hostel and scoured the air-waves for something to clear away my depression.

Suddenly a plonking guitar sound filled the room and, startled, I heard a song which was so fresh after the strings and accordions: "Rubber Bullets" by IOCC.

I wondered: can they be hip? Back in England I find that not only is John Peel playing them, but Sigmund MacDonald is telling stunned NME readers that they've made the album of the year. Then I hear the new single and it's all too much — I've gotta buy that album.

I search the rackets of "progressive" albums and it's nowhere to be seen. Eventually I find it — just in front of The Tremoloes, slightly to the right of Johnny Mathis. So they aren't hip after all.

But once the album is on my turntable all doubts are dispelled. This really is one hell of an album!

So come on: I know it's uncool, but forget that Yes album and buy some real music in



Will you do anything to make it better?

In the not too distant future, the knowledge that you are acquiring at the moment will have to be put to practical use. Apart from the purely material need to provide yourself with a decent standard of living, other considerations will have an important bearing on what you do when you leave school.

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**Letters
Editor:**



**IAN
MacDONALD**

TETSU: still hunched, still waiting for an answer



stead. Or I'll kick sand in yer face. — ALAN RAYBOULD, Breezly Hill, Staffs.

● Yeah, being just in front of The Tremeloes and slightly to the right of Johnny Mathis can be quite harrowing, but it's nothing compared to being backed up against The Old Grey Whistle Test and underneath Judge Dread. Which was where Stuart Hoggard found himself one day a week or two ago in Edinburgh... I. Mac.

I REFER to Stuart Hoggard's review of the various musical events at the Edinburgh festival in last week's NME. According to the opening lines of Stuart's review — "If that was West Indian then I'm a policeman."

There may be a good chance that he's now in the police force, because it's very obvious he does not know West Indian music.

In point of fact I'm wondering whether we were at the same concert because he makes mention of the "forced excitement put on by people like The Pioneers" but then he goes on to say he left in disgust an hour before it was due to end. This does seem rather funny as the Pioneers were the last act on the bill.

I would also like to know his recipe for "forced excitement" because I saw, and so did The Old Grey Whistle Team, people continuously clapping through out the entire concert and giving all the artists a standing ovation at the end of it. In fact, if that was "forced excitement" I could make a fortune out of it.

The management of the hall also told us that this was the most professional show that they had had there during the whole three weeks of concerts, which I'm sure your readers will be able to gather from the forthcoming Old Grey Whistle Test on September 25.

Mr. Hoggard, it's very obvious to everyone present at the concert and who read your review that, despite your closing remarks, you do not understand reggae whatsoever. I trust you will understand the police force a little better. — TERRY

KING, Terry King Associates, Wardour Street, W.1.

● Had the event been publicised as "An Evening Of Reggae Music" then I'm sure many of the people who also left, minutes after arriving, would not have come at all. Those I spoke to expected elyptso or steel bands. It may have been West Indian music, but the bulk of the songs were merely poor re-works of old soul numbers. There was a near-total lack of originality.

I beg to differ with the management on the matter of the professionalism of the show, too. The presentation was very sloppy (on a par with the Kevin Ayers gig), the patronising attitude of Judge Dread was embarrassing, and the PA was really rough.

Moreover, what I wrote was not simply my opinion of the gig but a random cross-section taken from the occupants of the stalls. Neither have I any plans at present to join the police force. — STUART HOGGARD.

SO OPINIONS were divided as to Rod Stewart on Russell Harty? Like, between thinking he's a cocky little sod and a cocky little bore? Mind, he's the best we've got and he ain't 'arf sexy an' all. So why do I hate his guts the minute he opens that gorgeous mouth to talk instead of sing? — JANIE STEWART (no relation), SW6.

● Mm, float like a butterfly, sting like a bee, Janie. I can guarantee your unpopularity embodied in mountains of tartan mail next week. Brace yourself. — I. Mac.

AFTER READING Nick Kent's interview with Jimmy Page a few weeks ago, I was shocked to note that four "fucks" had been included in this masterpiece of journalism. Is this really essential, considering that many of your readers may be quite young?

My daughter, who is only seven, had to stop and ask what the word meant! I don't suppose you will print this letter because of the four-letter word at the beginning, but I think just the same: you could be pissing

as many people off as you're entertaining. — (Mrs.) A. BINNIE, Folkstone, Kent.

● All I can say, Mrs. Binnie, is that I wouldn't let a daughter of mine (of any age) read Kent's degenerate ramblings. What kind of a mother are you, anyway? — I. Mac.

AS I HAVE been an ardent NME reader for the past year and a half, I feel well qualified to state that yours is an excellent piece of literature. Keep up the good work.

Furthermore, I must confess that I (a 20-year-old blonde Swedish med-student from Quebec) am quite shipped over both C. S. Murray and Nick Kent. Indeed if I ain't permitted the opportunity to meet (in person) either or both of these insane and ungifted people, I shall go stark raving mad.

As I am leaving for Canada

during the first half of November, I must know soon whether, where, and when I shall be able to have a chat with these heroes. — TRICIA MACK, 58 Douglas Road, Birmingham 27.

● Sorry, Tricia, but Charles is 41 and married with 6 children and an evil-smelling Doberman Pinscher, while Nick Kent has a rare skin-disease which makes it impossible for him to sit in the same room with anyone. I, however, am 6 ft. tall with masterful blue eyes and bear a strong resemblance to Paul Newman and / or Jean-Paul Belmondo. I'll be by in my Jensen in a day or two. — I. Mac.

NOW LOOK A here. I suppose disa guy Kent he think he prety smart to knocka da Mosdy Blues and also dis guy MacDONALD stuck in his four lira worth. Well let me tella you, quit or de boys is a gonna pay you a visit and fixa you real good.

● So remember the words of de Godfather or you will sleep with the fishes. — J. PHEASANT, Goole, Yorkshire.

● You don'ta fool me, poisan. We don't have no hit-men in Goole, and we don'ta have no-body called Pheasant on-plate. Any mora dis foolishness and you end up in a cement overcoat. — Don CSM.

● Alright, already, Carlo. You done good, bambino. Now git and take your garlic-sodden breath outta mah fresh air. — I. Mac.

WHEREVER DID NME get that terrible picture of a goat from? I'm talking about the one on the front of the Gig Guide last week.

I think the owner of this goat was a bloody good kick up his — I bred goats and when mine start looking like that I'll shoot myself. Even from that picture you could see the feet, coat, udder and general appearance were disgusting. — L. BUSHNELL, Higher Cockhill Farm, Ilfracombe, Devon.

WHO IS the guy at the top of the Teasers column? Can't we have a picture of Bryan Ferry? — MAUREN AND DENISE, Hull.

● He's Washboard Willy and he's a good friend of ours. What have you lot out there got against him? Still, we ain't please; for the Bir yan' Ferret, see below. — I. Mac.



**THE NEW
MINDLESS
CHRISTIANS?**

UNFORTUNATELY for Christianity Nick Kent's observations of the Wembley Cash-Graham frolic were sadly accurate (NME September 8). As a Christian I'd like to be able to say otherwise; as a journalist I can't.

Sometimes it's too easy to forsake all our critical faculties when we're in the "home environment" whatever that home environment happens to be. Judging by his letter this is what seems to have happened to Peter Jennings of the Catholic Press (Gasbag September 15).

Nick Kent's task was to cover the Wembley event, which he did, and it is wrong to condemn him for not taking the past week's SPRE-E activities into account. The SPRE-E organisation centred much of their advertising around this concert and therefore must expect it to be judged in its own context.

Now... Mr. Kent is a rock journalist and he reviews many records and attends many concerts. He does not enter SPRE-E '73 with a different set of artistic criteria to that with which he'd enter any other music event. The Church may be tax-free but it sure ain't judgement-free, and its art has to toe the line with the rest of the world's.

Also Mr. Kent will have been barraged with an almighty spectrum of religiously-directed material over the past year or two. Everything from "Godspell", "Superstar" and "Lonesome Stone" to M. Sweet George, St. Chinmayi McLaughlin, Baba Townshend and the Incredible Scientific Band. Jesus also, besides staring in two stage shows, has made guest appearances in the lyric sheets of numerous albums. Now surely the task of the committed Christian should be to show that Jesus ain't a superstar, nor is He a clown, nor does He spend His time looking down upon sweet baby James or loving Mrs. Robinson best of all.

But do we do it? Judging by Wembley Stadium on September 1 — no.

The Jesus presented at Wembley was a Jesus for the brainless. One to be worshipped in body and spirit but not in mind. It was almost as though you had to have experienced the worst effects of drink and drugs to be considered eligible for salvation. Johnny Cash was used — in the worst sense of the word — not so much for his music but for his symbolism: down - and - out - showbizzer - changes - life - and - finds - peace - of - mind.

Now it's not that I deny that this is how Johnny Cash became a Christian but I do question the validity of setting these people up in this way. As Christians we say that all men are equal under God but in practice we make show-biz personalities a little more equal than others. Their status in the eyes of men is exploited in order, ultimately, to win people to a belief in which status is considered irrelevant. It's a case of the ends justifying the means.

Of course the best entertainment that afternoon was Billy G. himself. Flailing his arms and using the echoing acoustics of the Stadium to maximum hypnotic effect he wrapped the truth of the Bible in a persuading package of his own speculations. "There's a little bit of Watergate in all of us" he

claimed at one point and I had to agree with him. On Saturday he began to suggest that the Third World War was in the offing because he'd seen a newspaper report of a sudden meeting between Nixon and Agnew. (Later reports revealed that it was in connection with Agnew's indictments for law-breaking activities.) Now anyone with a particle of brain is going to wonder whether a man who speculates so wildly over the Evening Standard is to be trusted in his interpretations of the Bible and life itself. The truth laced with speculation only damages itself. The Bible calls Christians to proclaim. Not persuade.

There seems to have been growing for some time what I call the new mindless Christianity. Wembley was its Woodstock. This Christianity just responds to the right words (God, Jesus, Lord, cross, salvation, etc.) but never seems to question their context. The emphasis is on feelings rather than truth. Its concern is with display rather than communication.

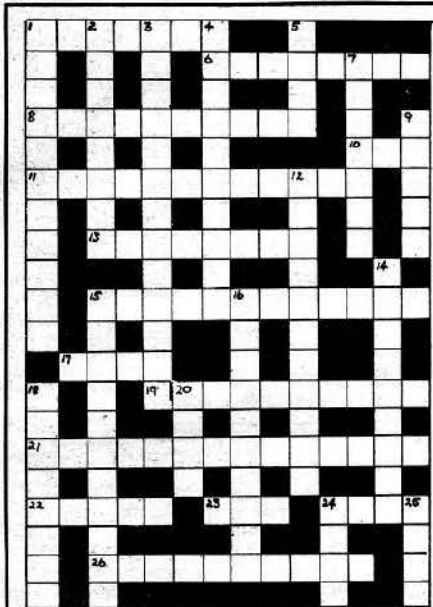
All of this saddens me a great deal because my conversion to Christianity came at the point when I realised that not only did it "work" but that it was true and therefore intellectually defensible. Sure, I became a Christian in exactly the same way as Cash and Graham in ultimate terms, but our needs are body, mind and spirit rather than body and spirit alone... intellectual suicide is not necessary.

Most, if not all, of the commercial rock ventures into Jesusdom have been created and mounted by people who would in no way consider themselves to be Christians. In fact, all that's supernatural has been squeezed out of both "Superstar" and "Godspell" because the writers were not believers. So, there's no way in which these could be called "Christian art" — and I hope that when faced with the real thing the public would notice the difference.

For really personal views of Jesus you'd have to listen to something like the "Jesus Was A Capricorn" album by Kris Kristofferson, "Paul And" by Paul Stookey or "Only Visiting This Planet" by Larry Norman... "Lonesome Stone" for all that it's artistic and financial failings was an attempt by a group of young people to show that God didn't stop working on earth in 33 A.D.

The best movements in recent years have been killed off by commercial exploitation. (Remember flower power?). They start off as sincere attempts and end up on stage, screen, television, badges and tee shirts.

Death by trivialisation. Christians, whether they recognise it or not, are killing their own effectiveness while praising themselves for gaining exposure. The world wants a reality and it gets a caricature. As Nick Kent observed in his article, everyone was happy with a "nice glib package", they couldn't "take the real thing". The real thing when discussing Christianity is a life lived in relationship with God. The nice glib package is a slogan, a handful of key phrases and a finger in the air. — STEVE TURNER, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.



- ACROSS**
- The Tamla whizz-kid.
 - See 23 across.
 - and 16 down. Sounds like violin group boasting again! (10, 6, 4).
 - See 18 down.
 - Early 70's American progressive outfit, featured Buddy Miles on drums (8, 4).
 - Hung up on the music/humour group!
 - As Mick might have said when caught in the rain (5, 7).
 - Nils Lofgren's evidently amiable band.
 - Actor/singer (5, 5).
 - One more time for the tartan hordes (4, 2, 5, 3).
 - Brother to Dennis, Carl.
 - 6 across. The flying Dutchman of the fret-board.
 - Type of singing common in jazz.
 - It's Robert Z. the seducer on the prowl (3, 4, 3).

- DOWN**
- Cut original of Rod's current hit (6, 5).
 - Perhaps the most famous ex-'backing group' in the rock 'n' roll.
 - Electric Bandsman? (6, 7).
 - Fire is flab (anag. 4, 6).
 - "Be Bop A Lula" rock 'n' roller.
 - Ian the organist.
 - Half American rock humour duo.
 - Said to have taken name from Keith Moon joke (3, 8).
 - Written by Bolan, was minor hit in late 60's for his band of time, John's Children.
 - Bossman of Gilbert, Enge and Tom the Voice (6, 5).
 - See 8 across.
 - and 10 across. Show his bean (anag. 8, 3).

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FAIRPORT 9

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.

I had heard the next piece "Brilliantly Medley/Cherokee Shuffle" on Whistle Test and had been utterly amazed at the way Donahue was handling the key changes at such an effortlessly fast lick.

The power of the sound coming from the speakers causes a plate of cheese rolls (thoughtfully provided by Mrs. Peggy) to slide down the tomtom head of Peggy's drum kit. Peggy catches it in time discreetly remarking "This is one the JSD Band won't be covering".

Next is "To Althea From Prison" a Swarb arrangement and performance of the intensely moving poem by the captive 17th-century Cavalier Richard Lovelace.

It contains the familiar lines "Stone walls do not a prison make/Nor iron bars a cage", possibly the most revolutionary statement ever made — because it asserts the true nature of Liberty. The poem expresses Swarb's own feelings exactly, and the setting matches the elegant courage of the poem.

"Jerry Donahue once worked with Johnny Halliday would you believe, and toured a fortnight in Japan. He wrote "Tokyo — this next track — at that time".

And sure enough — it's a sort of supercharged Japanese Bluegrass cross with The Mahavishnu Orchestra. Fairport are now precisely that good, if — as Peggy asserts time and again — they are playing like this live.

"Bring 'em Down" is a trenchant Lucas original with mighty chorus harmonies and introduces Swarb's new fiddle style, double-tracked, with tension-building whoops and swoops. Descending bell-like riffs bring the end verses back again with awesome power.

"Open All Hours" is a Swarb original with a touch of heavy metal in its rock, and seems to cry out for single release.

Next is a 3/4 C/W-tinged Swarb confession, "Pleasures and Pain" — written at a low ebb in his life — with the considerate chorus line "Be kind to yourself when you're tired of yourself/Don't go mixing the reds along with the blues" (this has, Swarb assures me, nothing

to do with pills — "reds" refers to anger)

Finally "Possibly Parson's Green" co-written by Trevor Lucas and Pete Roche (like their previous collaboration "Knights of the Road") it's a high-class ass-kick rock with a final booting guitar excursion from Donahue.

As Peggy expertly negotiated Spaghetti Junction to deliver me back to New Street Station I'm trying to get him to define that most elusive of qualities — just what makes for a strong band, and how Fairports have maintained an identity through so many changes and disasters.

"Humour. Our own humour — though it's bit different for anyone outside the band to understand it".

An example of Peggy's own humour is contained in the aforementioned "Hungarian Rhapsody" — a wry account of what by all accounts was a bum-out tour of Hungary — "We anchor Rolling Stones/We anchor T Rex/Actually we're only here for the beer".

Fairport's special brand of self-deprecation somewhat brings to mind the clannish modesty of Battle of Britain pilots, or Tom Wolfe's phrase to describe the group consciousness of the Astronauts — "The Right Stuff" Quintessentially it's all about who can cut it with the ultimate of casual cool in the face of imaginable risks to life and limb.

Unquestionably, Fairport have come through because they are... The Right Stuff.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Angle"; 3 Jim Cregan; 7 Troogs; 9 Fortunes; 11 Maggie Bell; 12 Isaac Hayes; 14 "Transformer"; 15 DJM; 17 Mike Oldfield; 18 RAK; 19 George Harrison; 22 Bill Withers; 25 Maurice Gibb; 26 Al Wilson.

DOWN: 1 Altamont; 2 "George Jackson"; 4 "I'm Free"; 5 (Radio) Caroline; 6 America; 8 Grimm's; 10 Uriah (Hoop); 13 Noddy Holder; 16 Joan (Baez); 17 "Maggie May"; 18 Ronettes; 20 (Peter) Gabriel; 21 Rainbow; 23 Simon (Kirke); 24 Lulu.

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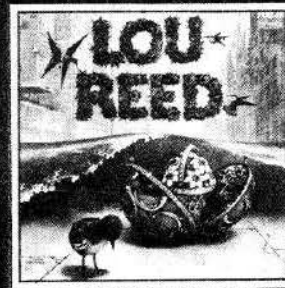


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TEAZERS



ACCORDING to Keith Richard, next single by Faces is Temptations' "I Wish It Would Rain" — Stones were going to do it, says Keith, till they heard their buddies' plans . . . Nice sense of humour, lads: Sweet requested four copies of last week's grotesque bit of fun by NME artist **Tony Benyon**.

Next Nazareth single a re-worked version of Joni Mitchell's "This Flight Tonight" . . . MAM lining up autumn tour for **Sandy Denny** . . . Sweet planning new stage act . . .

Elvis Presley in Las Vegas hospital after bruising hand practising karate on a brick . . . Peter Frampton playing on Lesley Duncan sessions . . . Neil Young album delayed until October, pressing difficulties . . .

Rod Stewart booked phone

hook-up from States for Scotland-Czechoslovakia football match, to hear commentary backstage at L.A. Forum . . .

Les Perrin looking O.K. for the road to recovery . . . Is Gary Glitter planning to go blond? . . .

Sell-out concerts by **Eton John** throughout America . . . **Nell Sedaka** song, "Solitaire", for **Andy Williams'** next single . . . **John Baldry** known to take pet goat shopping around Highgate Village . . .

Chapter One Records trying to trace **Graham Bond** . . . **New Seekers** joining **Liza Minnelli** tour . . . Talking of Liza; on recent visit national press man asked if she ever missed her mother . . .

Art Garfunkel multi-tracked voice sixteen times for choir effect on title for his upcoming album . . . Following new album, **Al Stewart's** next likely to feature a whole side based on **Kafka's Metamorphosis** . . . **Horslips** joining **Steeleye**

A WEEKLY COMPILATION

Span on several tour dates . . . Screen soundtrack by **Curtis Mayfield** of "Claudine" will feature **Gladys Knight** and the **Pips** . . . Recording studio bought by **Roy Orbison** in Nashville . . . Former blues singer **Ed Townsend** now producing **Marvin Gaye's** records.

Same old **Chuck Berry**: wanted cash-in-hand before **Russell Harty** TV spot . . . **Chris Jagger** also on the show backed by **Micky Walker** among others . . . one-time NME assistant editor **Pip Wedge** producing Canadian TV special starring **Bill Haley** . . .

News of **Ian Ralfini's** plans eagerly awaited . . . Recent **Keith Richard** drug bust caused cancellation of **Rolling Stones** New York season next January . . . **Conway Twitty**, once a big deal over here, now has No. 1 U.S. country hit . . .

Donovan, **Collin Blunstone**, **Albert Hammond** among those at CBS get-together last week, held in Stratford on Avon presumably for the American contingent . . . Clean-shaven **Arthur Brown** showed up at Zappa's Wembley concert and promised an assault on the world next March . . . **Anthony Newley's** musical gives way to **Val Doonican** at Prince of Wales . . .

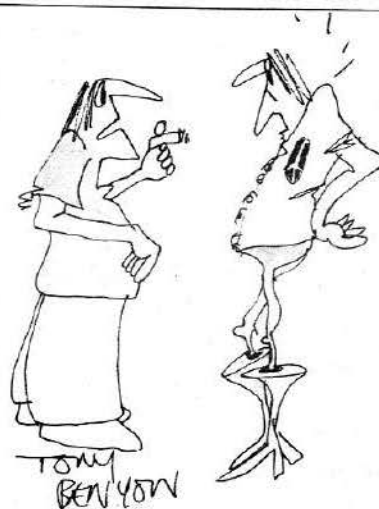
German handler **Best Kampfer** composer of current **Al Martino** hit . . . NME contributor **Barbara Charone** leaves for spell back in home town of Chicago this week . . . **Grand Funk Railroad** and **Terry Knight** still involved in long legal wrangle . . . and that's all for now.

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Personally man, the way I see it music is just a phase.

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Upcoming attractions— in these columns next week. . .

STONES ON TOUR PART 2

Man-of-the-moment Nick Kent talks to **MICK TAYLOR**

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On the subject of bad taste. **James Johnson** reports

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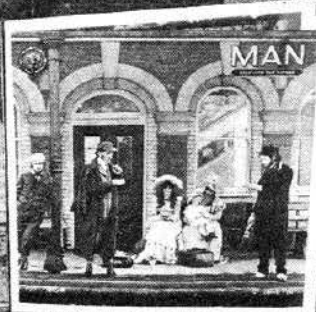
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- Sun. 30th Guildhall, Preston

SEPTEMBER

- Thurs. 11th Town Hall, Cheltenham
- Fri. 12th Guildford University
- Sat. 13th Kurzeal, Southend
- Mon. 15th City Hall, Sheffield
- Tues. 16th Town Hall, Leeds
- Wed. 17th Top Rank, Cardiff
- Fri. 19th Exeter University
- Sat. 20th Stadium, Liverpool
- Tues. 23rd Locarno, Stevenage
- Wed. 24th Pier Pavilion, Hastings
- Fri. 26th Lanchester College, Coventry
- Sat. 27th Roundhouse, Dagenham
- Sun. 28th Greyhound, Croydon
- Mon. 29th Town Hall, Birmingham
- Wed. 31st Kings Hall, Derby

OCTOBER

- Mon. 1st City Hall, Glasgow
- Tues. 2nd Caley Cinema, Edinburgh
- Fri. 5th Town Hall, Middlesbrough
- Sat. 6th City Hall, Hull*
- Sun. 7th De Montfort Hall, Leicester
- Mon. 8th Civic Hall, Wolverhampton
- Tues. 9th Town Hall, Watford**
- Wed. 10th Rainbow, London

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