

DISC

Free poster: Jerry Garcia

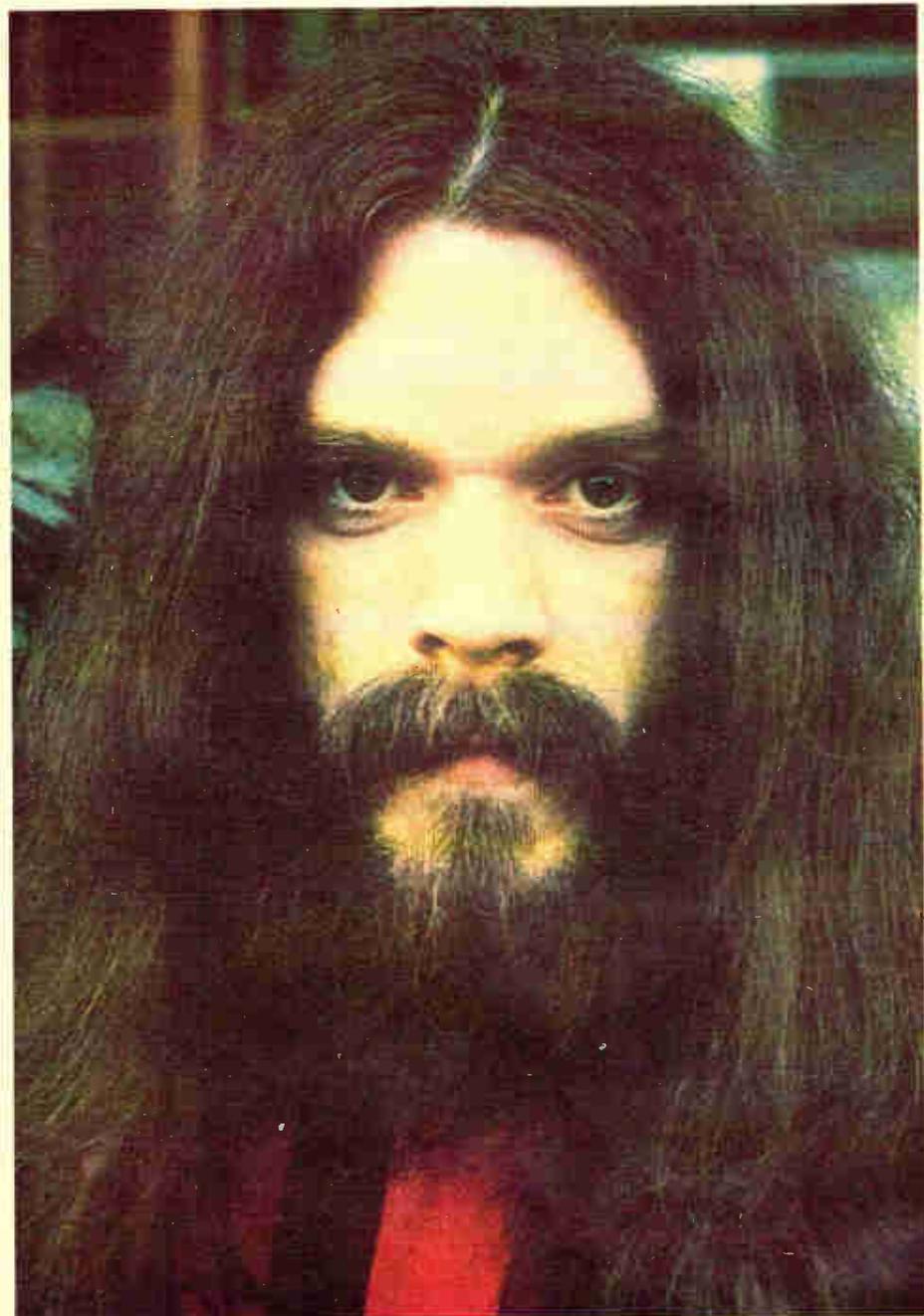
Stills/Wyman album out soon?

SEE PAGE 3

MAY 6, 1972

6p

USA 30c



Roy Wood's band that can't die

MICK JAGGER FEARS ANOTHER 'ALTAMONT'

MICK JAGGER has hinted that the Rolling Stones' next States tour—starting in Canada next month—may be their last. And his reason: a fear of being killed!

His feelings follow the incident at Altamont, California, a few years ago when a man was murdered—a few feet from the stage on which the Stones were performing. In the Stones' film "Gimme Shelter," a member of the audience is seen brandishing a gun as a knife flashes down on him.

A close friend of Jagger's told Disc: "I know Mick is worried about going to America again. He's worried about somebody trying to get rid of him. The Altamont murder is very much on their minds still."

However, a Stones spokesman said there was no chance that the nationwide tour would be called off; and Mick had made no mention of his fear to them personally.

Stones, approached to appear at Lincoln's Great Western Express later this month, start American dates at Washington on June 4, after a warm-up date in Vancouver (3). The tour takes in 30 cities and ends with three dates at New York's Madison Square on July 24, 25, 26. They play San Francisco Winterland on June 6, 8, and three dates in Los Angeles (9, 10, 11).

Opening acts for the tour will be Stevie Wonder and Marsha Reeves and the Vandellas, plus totally unknown gospel singers who will accompany the group on their "Bible Belt" bus trip.

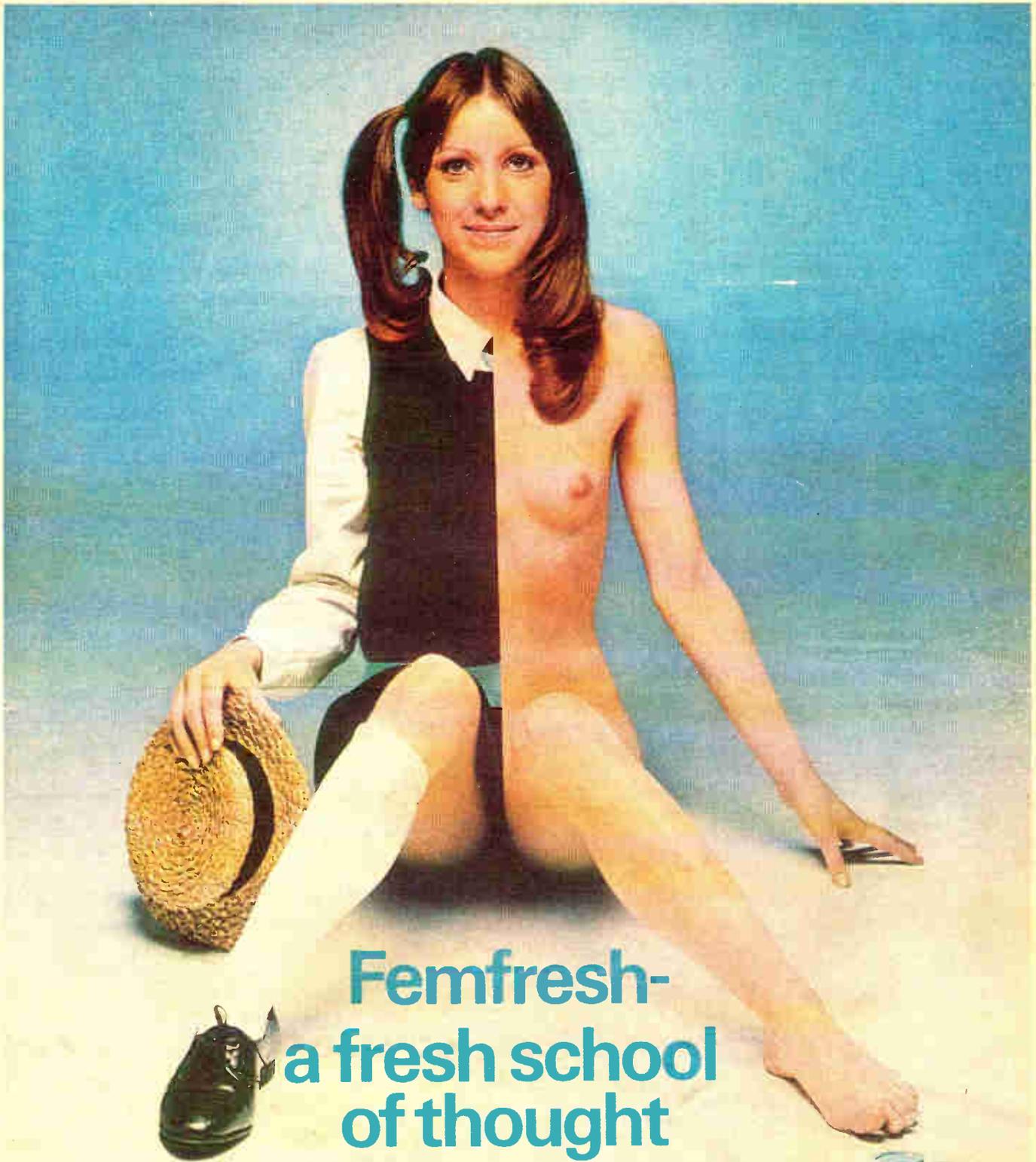
Tour organizer Peter Rudge, of Sound Image Inc., whose arrangements involve security and staging never before used on rock concerts, ran into opposition when he tried to book the Stones in concert halls seating fewer than 5,000 people.

"City fathers and mothers seemed concerned by the possible damage the five Stones could do to their sons and daughters in close quarters," reports Rudge. "Although the prospect seemed exciting at the time."



MICK JAGGER . . . DEATH FEAR

**Inside: First
hand report on
Faces 'circus'/
The world of
David Bowie/On
the road with
Slade/Win
boxes of albums**



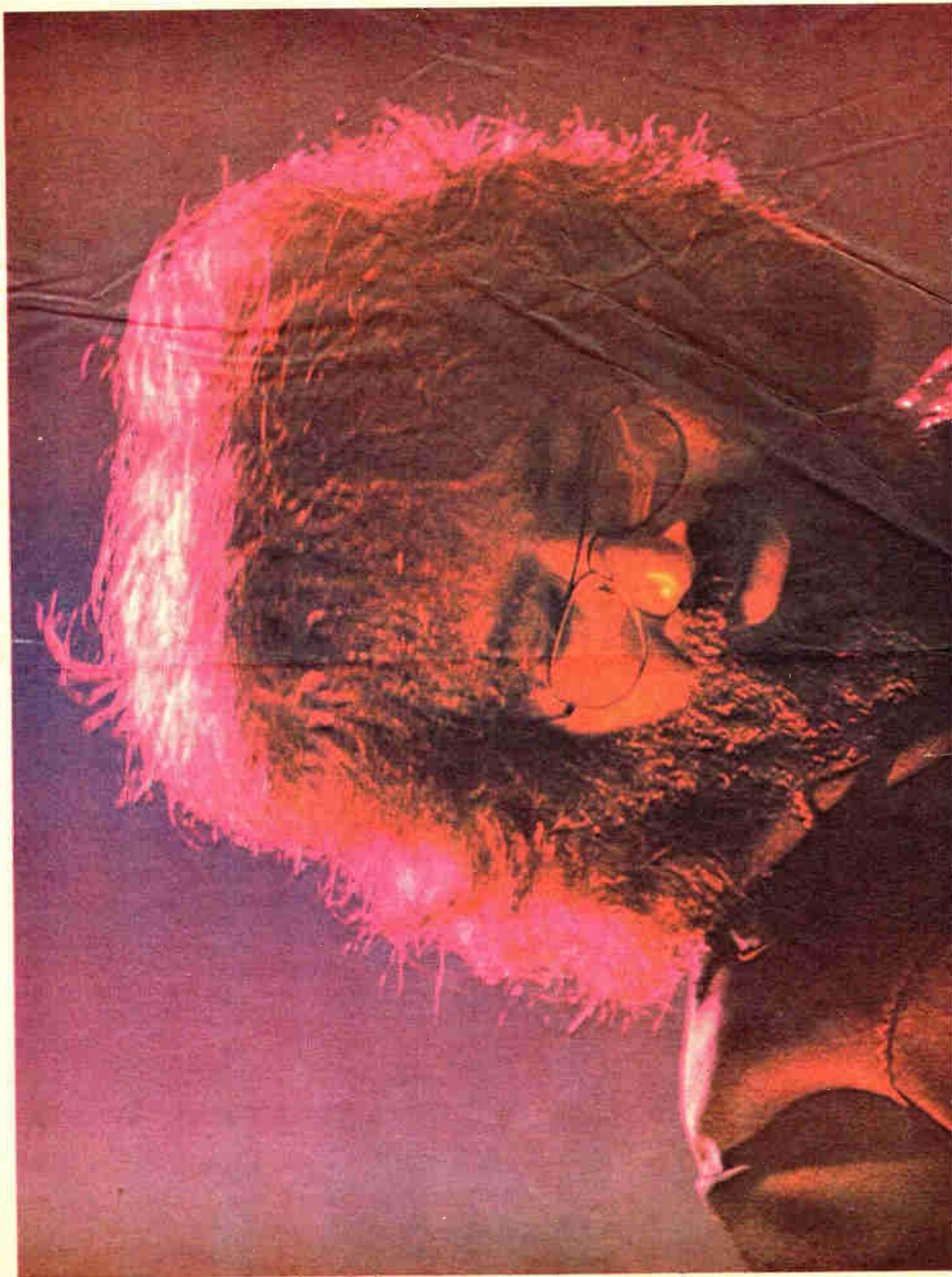
Femfresh- a fresh school of thought

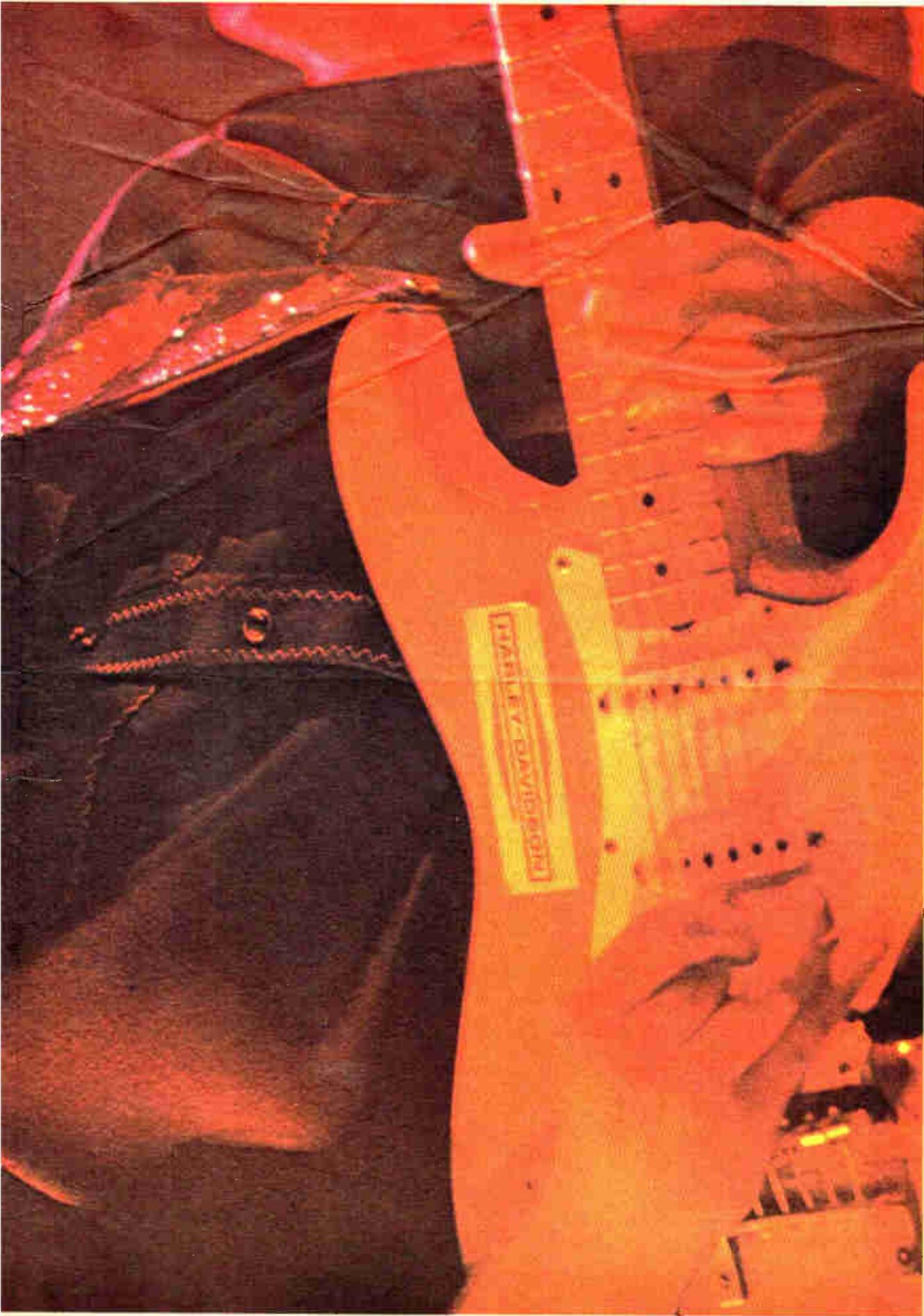
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Rock/2

Andrew Tyler's American Odyssey



RONNIE WOOD (LEFT) AND ROD STEWART

been playing long enough that I ain't gonna turn round and snub people who are giving me awards, I might win nothing next year, 'But he's done all right this year, I suggested.

"Yeah, I did quite well. I know I can keep turning out the music but whether it's always going to be appreciated by the music press I don't know. I suppose the more successful you get you're in line for a knocking.

"I'm mid-way through a new album right now. It's great. It's not going to be brilliant, I'm just moderately proud of it. It's a nice follow-up to the other one. Similar things are going on. I don't know why that is. There's a track that's identical to 'Maggie May.' We didn't intend it to be that way. It's just sort of happened.

He's written five of the nine numbers. The other four are going to be a bit of a secret. I don't know about a single. I'm the worst one in the world to pick a single. I leave it up to somebody to phone me up and tell me.

And he says he's taken a completely different shape in the last six or seven months 'not only because of Maggie May but through the two albums.

"It's amazing really, the last time we played with Free was at Bristol University and they were topping over us. No bastard wanted to watch us. There must have been about four people. When they came on everybody went and saw them and cheered. Funny how things turn about isn't it.

"When we first started out we only knew two numbers. We were really bad. It was our first or second gig with Free and we called ourselves the Quiet Melon. Art Wood was on vocals and John Baldry was on vocals and also Kim Gardner of Ashton, Gardner and Dyke. Ronnie Wood, McE, Ronnie Lane. We were all ashamed of what we were doing so we changed the name. No, we were just getting some practice really.

Out of these early trials came the Faces, a miraculous chemical combination.

"A lot of people think it's just a front," says Rod. "They think we have to be different or other bands like arguing and splitting up. But it really is genuine. I swear it. In fact I think the musical success must be surprised we haven't split up by now. I swear to God we're together for life. And there I shall end the meeting. I've got diarrhoea. I've just been sitting in there for about an hour."

The fleet of private planes had grown to three by the morning as the Faces encourage swelled to include management, PR and press people. Next stop was deeper still into America's Southland—Clemson, South Carolina. The town exists by courtesy of the University, venue of the evening's show. The Little John Arena they call it.

By this, the second pit stop of their Southern tour, the Faces are looser, much looser. The changing room walls at Little John are covered with Jolly slogans to prime the college's basketball stars. "I'm Right," "I'm Winning," "Fatigue Makes Cowards Of Us All" and "You Will Be No Better Than You Desire."

"That's a bit of pre-show tension," Rod says, "his padie who's failed to come up with a bottle of port, 'I've been going on sober lately,' he says sadly.

And Ian McLagen warns the promoter: "I'm not even gonna appear unless there's a Steinway at every other gig. If that piano's no good it's going straight off the road."

"What is it then?" asks Ronnie Lane.

"It's a Blinking song," says McE. "Oh I've heard of them. Nice they are."

"Bring 'im in here, I'll have 'im," says Rod. "I'm not wearing these shoulder pads for nothing you know."

And they start cackling, throwing ad libs around at lightning speed and touching each other up for the benefit of the assembly.

"This is our image," cries Ronnie Lane. "They all think we're queer," he says. "We're all married men, you know, except old Rod and he's got a bird."

The Little John Arena is even vaster than the Coliseum but it holds a few thousand less. There's more immediate contact with the audience since there are just a handful of cops around and the kids are allowed to crowd to the stagefront. The place is so huge the people at the back seem to be clapping in time to a different tune.

The Faces are sharper tonight and their tightness allows them

to clown around even more. During "Gasoline Alley" Rod passes round the sheet music and McE and the two Ronnies crowd around one mike reading from it.

By the time they reach the second encore—Willie Dixon's "Feel So Good"—the stage is littered with toilet rolls and everyone on and off stage has gone berserk.

But the after-show scenes are crazier still. One hundred kids are Milling around Clemson's Holiday Inn hoping to catch a glimpse of Rod and the lads. Cans of beer and cakes are passed around by the swimming pool. The pilot who'd flown them in from Memphis gets tossed in. Everyone's drunk. One particularly ripe lady takes a shower and lays

across a bed waiting for offers. Several hours later she's still waiting. Eventually someone tosses her an apple.

Three A.M. and most of the activity is confined to the bank of rooms occupied by the Faces entourage. The comings and goings from room to room resemble something from a Brian Rix bedroom farce. The pilot suddenly re-appears at the pool-side in his trunks and performs miraculous leaps and dives into the pool. He climbs out and propositions a couple of girls who leap over a balcony 10 feet above ground.

Everyone's hustling the beautiful University chicks, but slowly they sink away saving their bodies for another night.

AFTER a while you get the feeling you're part of the scenario for one of those colloquially far-fetched paperback titles like "Rock God" (make sure your daughters are locked up when Tommy And The Terribles are in town). Two days on the road with the Faces is a very un-average sort of experience.

This time it was a Rock-n-Roll circus—clowns, jugglers, acrobats and a Chinese lady doing a striptease 50 feet up, suspended by her long black hair. Kimono after kimono she shed right down to her sparkling pink undies. And then she went up again for a cup of tea and a fig.

First stop was the Mid-South Coliseum, Memphis, Tenn. It's a huge beige and green dome affair with bank upon bank of seats laid out like the Nurburgring. It holds 12,000. Ten thousand turned up for the evening—young, healthy, beautiful kids eager for a piece of action to slice through the monotony of a Memphis evening. Security was tight. There was no way of breaking through the cordon blue. For a start 300 lb. of cop had spread himself over a chair at one entrance, bouncing his rubber-tipped nightstick against the tiled floor.

"If I hit somebody and don't really mean it, they don't feel a thing," M.C. for the evening was a silver-haired gent in a smart red blazer, probably a veteran of the era when circus entertainment wasn't relegated to the status of a freak support act. "A new concept in American entertainment," he called it. "Introducing for the first time in the history of show biz, circus acts with rock and roll."

Opening duties went to a lavishly costumed clown and his lady friend—Blinko and his novelty halloweenrama.

"Are you ready for some fun," asked Blinko. The idea being the more noise the folks made the more balloons Blinko and his partner launched at that.

"How about that," said our MC friend when the balloon trough was empty. "Didn't they do a great job? And now this group will ready for you in just a few minutes."

This group were none other than re-formed Free, who at the last moment, had taken over from Fleetwood Mac. The Faces are all Free freaks and felt that they could do with reaching 10 or 12 thousand people at a time.

"Fire And Water," "Riding On A Pony," "Soldier" War—savagely pieces that give the band a chance to open up. Kosoff Kirke, Rodgers and Fraser, are superb musicians. Paul Rodger has one of the most compelling voices in

FACES UNDER THE BIG TOP

rock music today and Andy Fraser, an insolent, cocky performer lays on some beautifully lyrical bass lines. The band, for all their past troubles are surviving. Memphis recognised several numbers. "All Right Now," for instance, but came alive only spasmodically.

Carlo, "with the most incredible display of acrobatic ability ever demonstrated on this continent" picked up where Free left off.

"Watch him do a free handstand on the rubber ball as he twirls those hoops." The lines were straight from "For The Benefit Of Mr. Kite" and so was Carlo, balancing and twirling under the Coliseum's spotlight.

"Here is truly the outstanding and the unusual from this young man from south of the border."

Next treat was Miss Doris, and a huge rubber ball "painted psychedelic colours just for the Rock-n-Roll circus." The idea was to walk the ball up a series of ramps and perform a handstand at the summit. She feigns a stumble or two and the crowd gasps. Ooh. Meanwhile, little Frankie her two-year-old who'd earlier stood on mum's shoulders, stomps around at the foot of the ramp, unconcerned that mum is apparently laying her very life on the line. But on the way down Miss Doris actually does stumble.

Then came a squat, muscular gent performing a series of Arabian flip-flops on solid ground. Side somersaults, cartwheels in top positions and others with his head skimming the ground by mere inches.

"And you'll notice folks this is all done without the aid of a springboard or trampoline."

Sadly, the most stunning events of the evening are non-starters because of problems in erecting props. There was to have been a motorcyclist bursting through a hoop of real fire, plus a high-wire act. Never mind. There was Miss Ming Wong, the oriental stripper. Truly the outstanding and the unusual.

"And that concludes the circus. Tell me, did you enjoy it," asks the MC beaming with genuine

pride and brotherly love.

"No," the crowd returns.

"I tell you why I was asking."

But where's Rod and The Faces. They'd set off on a private jet from New York hours ago, pointing themselves in the direction of Memphis. But a storm whipped their fragile craft miles off-course and what should have been a two-hour journey took 5 1/2.

Finally, a black Cadillac delivers them and within minutes they're on stage. The lights are down and when the spoils come on they pick out a four-man brass section who introduce the Faces with an extravagant fanfare.

They don't "all look lovely. Rod in a yellow and black moose tiger suit, yellow silk scarf drooping down to his crotch and blue sneakers. Ronny Lane in a blue ted's drape suit with white cuffs, pockets and collar."

They lay on basically the same show we've been hearing in Britain for a few months — "All Over Now," "Too Bad," "Gasoline Alley," "Long Distance Information," "That's All You Need."

The band's a little rusty this night. With the exception of the Mar Y Sol gig in Puerto Rico three weeks before, they hadn't been on stage for six weeks. They stumbled around a bit early in the evening missing each other's cues but they settle down eventually. "Maybe I'm Amazed," is especially beautiful. And the crowd love them. They've probably never seen anything so gigantically zany.

Rock groups of The Faces calibre, you see, are supposed to be moody and aloof. But they prefer to leap and dance around, switching mikes in devastating bursts of speed whispering among each other, hatching more and more nutty displays. Stewart throws himself prostrate, bowing to Ron Wood's bottleneck artistry and there are comical vocal pairings around one mike. Their off-stage performance is even more crazed but the Holiday Inn bar in Memphis gives them little scope. That would have to wait until tomorrow.

After the show in the dressing room Rod's got a beef with your own Disc. He'd been incensed by a line in the paper that suggested he didn't turn up for our recent poll awards for fear of being upstaged by Marc Bolan.

"I'd like to explain about that 'cos I'm pissed off. They said I was scared to turn up because Marc Bolan was there. It's silly really. I would have loved to have been there 'cos I love making speeches, and all that. But the other lads wouldn't let me go. You can't blame them really. Thursday night we were opening at The Rainbow and we had to get a sound balance.

"They should know that I've

The woman in Mike's life...



MIKE MCGEAR... JOLLY AND BRIGHT

by CAROLINE BOUCHER

MIKE MCGEAR smiles lopsidedly when you tell him he's good his new album "Woman" is, and then offers to take over the interview for you explaining: "If I interview you then I'm interviewing your readers and that's audience participation."

Mike's just come from the pub round the corner, and both he and his companion look a little glassy-eyed.

Although Mike, and fellow Scaffold members McGough and Gorman, are often still thought of as jolly and bright, they do have their more serious side. For some time now they've been touring the countryside as Grimms — a poetry reading, singing, talking, reciting outfit that go down a bomb at colleges.

Mike settles back in his chair and talks about the album, which took a year to complete. "At the start of it EMI asked how much was it going to cost? I said, 'I don't know, you tell me.' So I asked a few people to stay with me and fed them and we started to do the album at Strawberry studios. I'd had the ideas for the album for a long time. I got Roger McGough in to do the words, because he's a better words man than I am.

"Anyway," he continues, "we got down the basic tracks at Straw-

berry, and then I came down to London and put down the Centipede strings and things — "Edward Heath" because Mike doesn't like "preaching and public lies."

"If you want to get through to people on a serious level you want to make them smile first," he says.

Mike is very pleased with the album, and says he might make another. At the moment the Scaffold are busy making their own double album, "for the States," with the Jesus Christ Superstar man, Tim Rice. Although Mike doesn't much like New York, because he says he hates cities full-stop, the Scaffold always get a very good reception there.

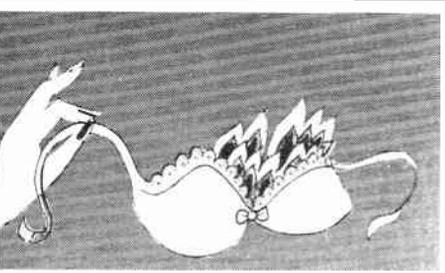
"Here," because of the Waitnes pale, white suits job, people have been confused by what Scaffold really are, whereas in the States they have no knowledge of all that."

Mike still lives on the outskirts of Liverpool although in quite countryified surroundings. Like most other musical and creative Liverpudlians he has a great love and loyalty for Liverpool.

"I'm not so patriotic about the city, but I am about the people. They're beautiful. But Liverpool is just a smelly city. You get the dockers standing next to the poets and the pop groups

at a pub, which you don't get in London. There all the painters go to one pub, and the pop people to another — in little separation pockets."

"But a lot of good things come from people's desire to get out of the city. People in Liverpool have a great philosophy and it helps you. It's like any community that isn't that well off, out of it comes a way of life—very much like the black thing in America. Anything born out of poverty has got that beautiful double-edged thing."



THE ELO (LEFT TO RIGHT) JEFF LYNNE, BEV BEVAN AND ROY WOOD



Roy Wood on the Move, ELO and Birmingham City's promotion chances

WITH almost schoolboyish enthusiasm Roy Wood squatted on the wooden steps leading up to the stage in the Royal Academy of Music and talked incessantly about the Electric Light Orchestra, his four-year-old brain child.

"It was about the time of 'Fire Brigade' that I first got the idea of the ELO and we've been getting it together for the past three years." Roy was talking in a darkened corner of the room set aside for their London reception and debut last Tuesday. He had arrived almost two hours late after missing his train from Birmingham, ready to explain why their London debut had to be cancelled that same day. "Our mixer broke over the weekend and as it was custom-built to our own sound engineer's specifications we couldn't really borrow one. It's a real disappointment."

With a certain amount of reluctance I asked him about the Move, a name best whispered these days as the ELO pick up more and more publicity, good reviews and album sales. "They are what's keeping us going at the moment. Financially the Move singles are essential to the ELO. It costs a lot to run the orchestra, we have to pay our six classical members £15 per day just for rehearsals."

"We try and keep the two bands as far apart as possible. I write in two totally different ways for the Move and the ELO, always conscious of not putting strings on a Move record in case it comes out like the ELO and keeping saxes out of the ELO."

For the three years they have been concentrating on the ELO, Move men Wood, Jeff Lynne and Bev Bevan have never really considered the possibility of killing off the hit-making Move band. "We are under contract for another three years with the Move so we can't really get rid of them. The only way it is possible is for the ELO to become so big that they outgrow and outsell the Move, so making them defunct," explains Wood.

Jeff Lynne, former Idle Race man, was, with Wood, the prime mover in the formation of the ELO. "At first," says Roy, "he didn't want to join the Move. They had a pop image and the

Idle Race had an underground image which Jeff liked. It was only the plans we had for the ELO that swayed him.

"When I first got the idea I thought of arranging classical numbers as I wanted them but then I thought that I could write my own and Jeff came to mind. He lived nearby and I thought 'There's a great composer down the road'."

With as much tact as I could muster I asked Roy about the resemblance between his "Isi Movement" track on the album and Mason Williams' "Classical Gas." "Yeah, it's a copy. I used to sit in the dressing room and play 'Classical Gas' and think it would be nice to write something like it, so I did. If you listen to it you'll notice that in fact they are two different tunes played in the same style."

"Being back on stage with the ELO is almost like starting all over again for the band and fortunately they have been well received, even getting encores, on their first gigs."

"It's been a long time since we got encores on stage, even with the Move," says Roy. "Really the whole thing has given me a new lease of life. The Move would probably have just gone on making live appearances on the same old circuit for ever and ever, selling a few singles, beers and there and never any albums."

Forming the ELO has meant a lot of work for Roy, Jeff and Bev learning new instruments and new styles of playing. Roy has mastered the oboe, cello and almost the bassoon but not without problems. "It all takes a long time and you have to be good because the guys we are playing with know when you're crap."

Bev Bevan, drummer of long standing explains his problem. "It's a whole new concept for me and I'm enjoying it more than ever I did with the Move. These fellers are so good you can't afford to make mistakes."

Jeff Lynne, responsible for the majority of the tracks on the album and a principal conductor is more than pleased with the initial reaction to the orchestra. "It's lifting off nicely but it'll be about ten more gigs before we are really at our best. The American interest is good too and we are looking forward to going over later in the year."

But before that trip there is another album lined up. "It's sup-

The whole thing has given me a new lease of life'

posed to be ready in September," says Roy, "but it's going to be a bit of a rush. I've got an idea for it called 'The Lost Planet' with the album based on one theme about this guy in years to come whose job each day is to go out and search for the lost planet and each track will represent what happens to him and what he sees and meets in his search."

Another project close to Roy's heart is his own solo album which he has completed. "I don't know when it's coming out, I've still got to do the cover design. It's made up of a few songs I had that didn't fit either the Move or the ELO and rather than leave them on the shelf, I thought I'd stick them out."

"It was done half for fun really but I think I'd like to do it again but I don't see myself going out on the road as a solo artist."

Plans for the ELO in the future include the addition of new members and Roy has a wacky for a brass section. "It's an obvious move really, I'd like to get a row of saxes going like the old Rock-n-Rollers but with the cellos in the background."

Spoken of as a genius now, Wood is out to perfect the fusion of pop and classical music. "There is a perfect fusion, we haven't done it yet and we may never do it but we'll keep trying at it. In the past the fusion has always consisted of an orchestra and a rock band joined but still independent of each other. We decided to get together and become much closer."

The nine-piece ELO, ten including sound man Trevor Smith, has got off to a good start but Roy sees the big test coming when they play Birmingham. "All our mates will be coming along and staring at us, waiting for us to make a mistake. It'll be terrible."

Apart from the disappointment of not playing in London, Roy's biggest upset last week was missing Birmingham City's final home match of the season. "I really hope they get promotion, they should do. Coming down on the train all the heads were hanging down because we had to miss the match—it was a real drag."

Still there's consolation for them if City go up and ELO take-off. That'd be better than the FA Cup and League double.

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ROBIN WILLIAMSON . . . NOT A HEAVY SINGER

Robin—the lone cloud in the sky

THE Incredible String Band appear to be a law unto themselves. They work when they please, take time off when they please, and turn out albums exactly as they please. Sometimes they don't please at all, but still draw large audiences and sell lots of albums. However, as with quite a few bands who made very good music early in their careers, there's the possibility that the Incredibles are leaning back on their laurels.

Another phobia prevalent among groups, is the desire to suppress, or at least quietly ignore, the material in their past, while loudly proclaiming their "progression." It's not always easy to escape your past, however, and at Incredibles' concerts there are still the fans who call out for songs from the "Layers Of Onion" and other early albums.

They have had a quiet time in the past few months, as far as musical success goes—though Mike Heron's solo album did very well—and while the last group album "Liquid Acrobat" was the best they've done in a long time, it still didn't seem to capture the charm of the old songs.

Mike Heron and Robin Williamson have been a good team. Robin's flights of fantasy in the words, and the grace notes he uses in his singing to make it distinctive lift Mike's straightforward, earthy rock music into another plane. On his own, Mike's music stands up as straight rock, but Robin on his own is something else again.

His album "Myrrh," unbelievably to some of us, has been selling like the proverbial hotcakes. He has been working on this album—or on the ideas at least—since last autumn. At that time he was considering doing

the album as a completely solo effort—all the instruments, writing and singing.

As it turned out, he has Janet Williamson, Susie W-T, Stan Lee Buttons and Gerry Conway helping out on organ, pedal steel, drums and piano. There's little doubt that Robin could have handled all the instruments himself, as he is a talented musician, but in places the music didn't seem to balance against the words. "I was pleased myself with the album," said Robin. "It wasn't done primarily for self gratification. Obviously I hoped to please other people, so in that way it was done commercially. I like doing these gentle sort of songs—I'm not a heavy singer."

Robin doesn't plan to do any solo performances, and at the moment is preparing with the rest of ISB to go to Germany and Holland for festivals there. In the autumn they are going back to the States to tour. On their return, there will be a new ISB album coming out. They are in the recording studios at Island Records this week.

"We have written all the songs, so it shouldn't take too long to do. We did a few try-outs in studios in the States a year ago, but re-did them here. The songs I do do are a different from the String Band. They are in a different media."

Whether or not the Incredibles ARE in a different media or not is open to question. "Myrrh" gave the impression of merely being a thin ISB with quite a lot missing.

Without Licorice's graceful cawing, high voice and erratic guitar playing, Malcolm Le Maistre's complicated Eastern ideas and Mike Heron to keep them all on the ground, Robin is a lone cloud in the sky, with no strong wind to keep him on course.

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SUMMER FESTIVAL ROUND-UP

FESTIVALS are big news in rock circles, but folk festivals have been going for years. Most of them have a solid reputation stretching back some time. Here are some of the most important running this year.

LINTON MAY 12-13

This is largely a local festival, using singers from the area—Linton is 11 miles south-east of Cambridge. On the Friday there will be a barn dance, 8 p.m. Admission 30p. Saturday's concert features all kinds of traditional dancing in the afternoon, 2.30 p.m.-5.30 p.m. Admission 20p. In the evening there is a singalong with the Coppers headlining the bill. Admission 50p, 7 p.m.

CLEETHORPES MAY 27-29

Unfortunately, the Cleethorpes folk festival does not provide for casual admittance to their events and the tickets have all been sold. If you'd still like to know what you're missing, Merin Carthy, the High Level Ramblers, McCalmans, Dave Burland and Nic Jones are on the bill.

ST ALBANS JUNE 6

The festival will happen in the City Hall, and is the second that St Albans has had. Among the artists appearing are the Yetties, Martyr Wyndham-Rand, and Mary Cole and Peter Dashwood. Admission is 90p for an all-day ticket and 35p for the cellifh if obtained in advance. St Albans folk music club has an extensive programme booked throughout the Spring and Summer. The week after the festival Steeple Span will be appearing, admission 25p.

LACOCK MAY 26-29

Lacock is a National Trust-owned village in Wiltshire, 13 miles east of Bath. The festival has an amazing line-up of artists appearing, possibly the best of the bunch. They include the Yetties, Mr. Fox, Ian Campbell folk group, Dave and Toni Arthur, Hunter Muckers, Dix O'Leary, Johnny Slye, the Johnstons, Brenda Wootton and John the Fish, Allan Taylor, Fred Wedlock, the Yetties and numerous dancers.

One of the highlights will be a medieval street fair, complete with pig roasting. There will also be a medieval banquet to which Keith Michell has been invited as a special guest. Tickets for the banquet are separate from the festival tickets. Tickets for the festival are £3 until April 30, after which they are £2.50. The tickets for the banquet are £4. There is a free camp site for ticket-holders only.

FELIXSTOWE MAY 19-21

This event has musicians and participants from abroad, so many of the names will be unfamiliar. Among the British artists appearing are the Rangers band and Fred Jordan, advance tickets are £1.50, but the Sunday night concert is not included in this. Tickets for that are 30p.

CHRISTCHURCH JUNE 8-11

Each indoor event for this costs 50p. This is Christchurch's third festival, and among the artists performing are the High Level Ramblers, Songswainers, Bronken Consort, Graham and Mary Cole and various dancers.

WELLS JUNE 23-24

Performers at Wells include Tony Rose, Songswainers and Bernard Chalk. There are also Morris and other dance teams. Weekend tickets are £1 before June 17, or £1.25 on the event.

LOUGHBOROUGH JUNE 30-JULY 2

During the weekend there will be a good line-up of artists appearing. They include Nic Jones, Spinners, Alex Campbell and Miss Matthews. Day tickets are 50p (Friday evening), Saturday £2, Sunday 75p. Weekend tickets are £10.00, £8.50 after then, £9.

REDCAR JULY 14-16

This year's guests include Martin Carthy, the Druids, Derek and Dorothy Elliott, Tony Foworby and Tony Casper. There will be singalongs, folk workshops, a various dance team. There will be singalongs, procession, open-air concert, cellifh and concerts. A season ticket is £1.30; individual tickets are: Friday, 50p; Saturday, 75p; and Sunday, 60p.

CAMBRIDGE JULY 28-30

Performers there will include the Oubliners and All Bains. Other names still to be fixed. There will be camping sites available, plus 24-hour catering. More big names are sure to follow for this, one of the biggest folk festivals. They should be known in the next few weeks.

SIDMOUTH JULY 28-AUG 4

Artists included on the bill are the Yetties, Dave and Toni Arthur, Blue Mountain Band, Songswainers, Fred Jordan, and the Druids. Many others. Combined season and camp ticket is £5. For £3.50 you get admission to over 200 events. Please book early as tickets are restricted.

PLMOUTH AUG 6-12

Musicians booked include Tony Rose, Dave Burland and John Kirkpatrick, but there are dance teams too. Before July 1, tickets are £2.25, after that, £2.75. Shanty trips are extra if you can get admission to individual events.

BROMYARD SEPT 15-17

Guests this year include Dave and Toni Arthur, Derek Fisher, Nic Jones, John Chapman, John Kirkpatrick, Fred Jordan, and the Druids. The events begin at about 8 p.m. on the Friday evening, and end about 6 p.m. on Sunday. There is a camp site available to ticket-holders and various hotels are nearby.

"THE next couple years are gonna be quite somethin'. Everyone's gonna start t' enjoy 'emselves again. The kids have really got it coming," Chas Chandler, Hendrix's old manager spoke in his still-deep Newcastle accent.

Heathrow Airport, 10.45 a.m., Thursday. Chas Chandler and the four members of Slade chat over coffee, waiting their flight call. Off to Europe. First Holland; club dates, a television recording of their new single "Take Me Bak 'Ome," press conferences, and on to Paris and more television work.

Noddy Holder, Don Powell, James Lee and Don "Aitch" Hill, lounge around their chairs with the air of what they are—the group with the Biggest Beat in Europe. Holland's already been as good to the boy's as here, since "Get Down And Get With It" all their singles have hit number one. They haven't toured for awhile though they are not sure about the reaction.

Quite a few people are staring, some tut-tutting. Slade stand out. Dave, his incredibly straight brown hair falling on to the shoulders of his flamboyant dress; entirely canary yellow vest, ever-so tight trousers only offset by his four-inch high heeled patch boots, Jimmy and Nod have on red velvet jackets and Don's there tall, lean and moody underneath his thick, black, hair.

Together, they look the epitome of a vicar's daughters naughty thoughts on a wet Sunday afternoon.

At 11 a.m. we move to the plane, KLM airline. The group are friendly and talkative. Noddy: "We've done a lot of work over in Holland, especially television. I think we're all looking forward to what the reactions going to be more than anything else—it'll be a good piss-up if nothing else."

BIG PLACE?

The short 45-minute flight passes quickly, Jimmy's in a bright mood talking about their early skinhead days, how he was chosen for the group mainly because of his entitle, how they travelled the country to build their present reputation, now reaching gigantic proportions.

At Amsterdam Airport Slade are met by Dutch representatives from Polydor, their label. Waiting for the baggage "Aitch" and Dave virtually interrogate the two on the evening's gig. It turns out to be a club at De Bosch, a town not far from the Hague.

"Is it a big place or what," asks "Aitch." "What's the stage there like," inquires Dave. Nothing much is gained and they move towards the waiting cars.

The word, however, is already out at the Airport. One girl points, another girl points. The baggage is hustled into the boot before a crowd forms, jostling round the window with the name "Slade" on their lips. "Aitch" signs autographs on the backs of hands and scraps of paper, then... "Sorry, but we've got to go now. See you all."

The cars move on towards the Hague along fast straight roads flanked by hulbfields and massive stockbroker-like homes. It's about 40 minutes before pulling up at Hotel des Indes, bang in the city centre. Very plush, indeed, and seemingly populated by middle-aged diplomats.

The group have obviously come through it all and out the other side, gliding their way through the "skinhead" hype, the constant trek round the small clubs to a band, like their manager Chas Chandler says "whose only just started—the very tip of the iceberg." During lunch and after many glasses of wine, the group discuss with Chas the possibility of a video-tape revolving round how the group members are picked up from their homes around Wolverhampton.

It's clear why Noddy has been described as one of the nicest people in the business, with a wide grin he related how either Jimmy, Dave or Don have a morning ritual. After lunch the band go up to their rooms to rest

Slade sending rock waves through Europe

SLADE ON THE CONTINENT, Robert Brinton reports the shock-waves

before the gig.

The Myn Broertje, Den Bosh, the evening's gig turned out to be a small club—one of Holland's many youth centre venues—which the band gained experience playing on their previous tours. The place is packed and almost immediately Slade move into their dressing-room, the photographers, assorted chicks and general hangers-on start to mill round.

After what seems like endless flashbulbs going off, the group finally take the stage, between their 1,000-watt p.a., which is virtually touching the ceiling.

From the first bit of Noddy's opening patter, "Now I want you all to let yourselves go!" it's obvious this is going to be a good one. When onstage the individual members seem to become totally injected with fire. Noddy's resplendent in the usual checked cap, sideburns bushing out, green shirt, braces and boots; Dave Hill all smiles in a shiny silver coat; Don lurching behind his drums; and Jimmy, pounding his bass, in a bright yellow jump-suit.

The first bash of "Hear Me Callin'" and the place becomes electrified, immediately the audience begins stomping to the beat. Big Beat of Slade, Noddy's voice raucous through the flood of sound. They go through their "quiet" number "Darlin' Be Home Soon" but it's back to the beat and thud of "Get Down And Get With It." After an hour it's all over, finishing with "Born To Be Wild," which just about sums up their entire stage act.

There's no encore, and the audience have to content themselves with "Slade Alive" poured through the P.A.—to which the audience reacts by applauding every number.

Both on and off stage, Slade are a tremendously close-knit unit; they each appear to have the same musical ideas. Dave remarked during one of the car journeys: "Our music is what's happening now, people have had about enough of sitting about and being bored. We're out to give people a good time. The kids haven't really been enjoying themselves the last couple of years. The music to me has been a bit of a joke.

"I can enjoy it is what it's all about, you don't want to go to a concert and get depressed. Personally, I believe in having a good time and really living it. People shouldn't be in this business, if they don't want to be part of it."

And Noddy: "What we're doing is playing music that anyone can enjoy. It's simple, basic music with a strong beat. It's not rock music or anything that has to be thought too seriously about. I mean no one wants that stuff all the time."

BACK 'OME

Friday morning the group checked their hotel for a television recording of their new single at the massive N.S.O. studios, near Amsterdam. It's for a programme called "Top Pop." The records for the show are picked by viewer survey and "Take Me Bak 'Ome," released in both countries on May 26, is expected to hit the show quickly.

Besides Slade, pop groups like Sweet, Middle of the Road are big in Holland, although surprisingly T. Rex have not yet made a major breakthrough, a Polydor official said.

The cameras loom in on Noddy's bright red, wet-look boots, now as much a trademark as the points and high heels of the Beatle boots of the early sixties. Tromp, Tromp. The new single is exactly what we've come to expect; loud and fiery with shouted vocals from Mr. Holder.

Miming to the record on the three different sets, the group's antics virtually break all the rules.

They utilise everything in the stage movement dictionary—and then some more! Noddy's wiggling his arse at the camera, while Dave's undoing the zip at the back of his suit, and Jimmy's pushing his guitar between his legs.

an old juke box with even older rock and roll comes to life. Some press people arrive but mainly it's a debacle of hangers on.

Dave, Jimmy, Nod and Don—dressed now in flash clothes that are close to stage gear—go through the ritual interviews with the few press people that seem interested.

CATCH FIRE

After the recording it's on to Amsterdam, another hotel and a press conference at the Paradiso, Holland's main rock venue. A tall blue building and converted Church, it is now protected from any police activity by Government legislation; inside the stale smell of dope is heavy in the air.

The press conference proves to be virtually non-existent, rather being surprisingly considering the band's current status. Gradually the bar that has freaky wall paintings and

The Paradiso, besides being the main Dutch venue, is also the toughest to play for obvious reasons, especially for a group who like Slade, rely on strong audience feedback. In the dressing room it's packed again, and just before going on Jimmy says how he relaxes.

"I'm trying to get into Yoga, although obviously I've only just started. I start by relaxing from my toes, it helps a lot. My girl does it and she's teaching me."

Jellybread finish their set and



Slade take the stage about 11 p.m. At their backs must be the biggest light show in existence, swirling shapes and in one corner the projection of an Errol Flynn film. The audience—a mass of hair and faded denim—are slow to warm. It's tough going, though the sound and separation are better than the previous gig. Not until "Get Down And Get With It" do the audience catch fire.

which is unknown for the cool of the Paradiso. Even the usual finale "Born To Be Wild" doesn't satisfy and the band break their rule and play an encore.

"Reckon we could have gone on all night and just played rock and roll," Noddy says back in the dressing room.

Later that night—for relaxation—Jimmy, Don, Nod and Chas Chandler go on to see Count Basie whose playing just down from their hotel...

They even begin to stomp,

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Percy, proving he's funky...

by Robert Brinton



PERCY SLEDGE... STILL LOOKING FOR THE RIGHT HYMN

IT'S BEEN exactly six years since "When A Man Loves A Woman" rocketed obscure club singer Percy Sledge to international fame. He's never repeated the phenomenal success of that first record, in fact he's still searching for a similar "hymn."

"In those days I just didn't know how to take it really," said Percy. He was lounging on a massive three foot square cushion in Derek Taylor's office at Kinney Records, sipping scotch and ice, and resting after a three-week club tour. Nowadays, it seems, Percy can take it all right. He looks every inch the successful star, slightly paunchy, and fairly squat, with large rolling eyes which float around in a pool of white.

"What many people don't know," said Percy, tiring of his lowered position and lifting himself into one of the small coloured cane chairs, "is that when that record was breaking really big, I was laid up in a hospital bed having just had an appendicitis operation.

"When I came round they told me the record was making it," he went on. "Well I was in a daze, I just couldn't believe it." Percy co-wrote "When A Man Loves A Woman" with two members of his band but "gave" the song to them. "That record it sold absolute millions. I know one thing I'd have been a richer man today if I'd kept some of the credits, but I gave it away because they were my friends.

Within weeks of the record's release Percy became an established star, touring with major artists like Wilson Pickett.

"It was a lot to take at the time, I just didn't know what was happening. I guess you could say it was too much too soon. But now, wow, I'd sure like to find another song like that one," said Percy.

As with most soul singers who don't write their own songs, Percy has difficulty finding good material to record. Lately, he says, he's been using songs by Bobby Womack, Donny Friz and Don Penn. "It's still difficult though," he continued, "there's not a lot about and everyone's searching for the good stuff of course."

STYLE CHANGE

Had this shortage of what he considered to be high-class soul-ballad material brought about his more funky approach of late? "No it's not really like that. You see you've got to give a good stage act and I've been doing a lotta live work. I like to see the audiences grooving along that's why I like to keep it funky."

The change in style has been slated by some critics. I said "Right, they say Percy Sledge can't sing funk, but look I know I can and right now that's the way I like it. But don't get me wrong I'm still going to keep on singing my hymns."

Percy is awaiting release of his first live album, which he hopes will reaffirm his status as an exciting artist. He is also featured in the film, "Soul To Soul," along with Wilson Pickett, Roberta Flack and Ike and Tina Turner.

Along with Tom Jones, Aretha Franklin and Stevie Wonder, Percy is one of Africa's most popular artists. His records sell thousands and even though the mark of a gold album is lower on that continent, Percy still claims 16 gold singles and about 13 gold albums.

"I'm pretty big over there," he half smiled. "We went over there not long ago, only intending to stay a few weeks and we ended up by staying for three months. The audiences over there are just wild. I love the place, we'll probably be going back for another tour soon. It's one of my biggest markets.

Referring back to his current English tour, Percy said he'd been pleased with the response. "Yeah, well we go down great everywhere we play. I've had a good band backing up, but, of course, I miss the Sledgehammers. You get used to working with one band. There's so many requests people shout out and I just couldn't do them. You haven't got the chance to rehearse that much.

POLITICS

"Everywhere I go you know," said Percy, draining one of the glasses of his watery whisky, "they know most of my songs. I've got a fair amount of fans over here. And it's one helluva shame when you can't give them exactly what they want. You see, I'm more concerned with my fans than I am about myself.

The conversation turned to the current trend by soul artists in recording politically orientated material and if Percy saw this as a future direction for himself.

"I like a lot of stuff, but you see I just don't think that much is real soul. It ought to have some other kind of name because that's not what it's all about. I intend to make things a little bolder; there won't be so many of the crying songs."

IT ALL seems to be happening at once for Stax Records, the soul record company in Memphis, Tennessee. At present they hold seven chart positions in the names of Frederick Knight, Isaac Hayes, Jean Knight, The Soul Children, The Dramatics, and The Staple Singers. An impressive list. Discounting Hayes, who is just so exceptional anyway it wouldn't be fair to compare him with the others, the biggest and most deserving success story is that of the Staple Singers. "I'll Take You There," just released here, has sold over a million and a half in the US in four weeks and given them their third million seller in a row.

"Everyone wants to know us," said Pop Staples from Chicago last week. "I'm just tickled to death about it all. Some of America's most popular artists have asked us to come and sing with them. Nancy Wilson invited us to do a TV special with her which turned out really nice, and we've had invitations from Dionne Warwick and Sammy Davis Jr, who wants us to go to Vegas with him for three weeks.

"Even the big politicians want us to come and work with them on their campaigns. We've already entertained for Senator Muskie, and just yesterday we had a call from Senator McGovern to work with him. Our name really is big over here now. I think even President Nixon knows about us."

The Staple Singers are a down to earth family group. Participating are Pop Staples and three daughters, Cleo, Yvonne and Mavis, who takes lead vocals most of the time.

"The family has always been musically inclined," says Pop. "Even my other two children are in the business. Cynthia, the youngest, runs our record shop, and Pervis manages a couple of groups. He used to sing with the family group up until three years ago. He left to manage a group called the Emotions, who are also with Stax, and now he has another group as well, The Sons Of Slum."

The Staple Singers have been performing their special blend of gospel and soul for 20 years now. "We started when the youngest child was around ten, mainly in the churches. The music of the church has always been our main inspiration."

Their success started a year ago when they had their first big hit with "Heavy Makes You Happy." That was their first million seller, followed by "Respect Yourself" and now "I'll Take You There."

Pop has tried to analyse their sudden popularity. "We started changing over to folk music and message songs about five years ago but nothing happened. It must be the time—I believe you can't get it before your time comes."

The group had a fair amount

A STAPLE DIET

of exposure round about that time through the "Soul To Soul" movie in which they featured. It could be that had something to do with the way they suddenly took off.

The people listening to the group seems to be everyone. They're still very much dug by the black population, they're popular with general pop audiences, and at the same time they're considered hip by the progressives. "You can't put our audience into a category; it lies with black, white, young and old. The young people are crazy about the Staple Singers because we've been doing this contemporary material.

"Our message is freedom, love and peace, and our aim is bringing people together, no matter what colour or age, and the people seem to dig that.

"All our songs are message songs, but good, down to earth message songs. We'd love to see everyone together—young, old, black and white. We don't believe in black and white; we don't want the black to take over from the white, we would like to see them all work together. People are turning away from war and protest songs," says Pop. "They want to hear the truth and that's what we're giving them."

"Our music is being approached on two levels—there's those that just dig the rhythm, and those that are going for the lyric. Everybody in the States now is saying 'I'll Take You There' which shows that they really do dig the message."

They're one of the few groups that have managed to adopt a contemporary style and yet still maintain their earliest influences, in this case gospel.

"Gospel is something we all love so much we could never get away from it. Gospel makes us feel good. It's one of the best forms of entertainment, yet for some reason it's never broken big. That could be the next big thing."

Do yourself a favour, listen to the group's new album, "Beatitude: Respect Yourself." It's one of the most exciting packages from America in the last couple of years. You'll understand then why suddenly everyone in America wants to know the Staple Singers.

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Pop

RAYMOND FROGGATT still suffers from one of the worst images in the business, and he's the first to admit it. Somehow, he hasn't been able to shake the association with Light programme lunch-time shows and the shadow of penning Dave Clarks "The Red Balloon."



RAYMOND FROGGATT... WRITTEN 500 SONGS

Raymond Froggatt is also the name of his band—this tends to throw people too—which have been together, with only one line-up change, for nine years. Raymond is lead vocalist/songwriter, 12-string guitarist with the group comprising Hartley Caine (lead guitar), Mick Hinks (bass, vocals) and Len Ablethorpe (drums).

Their music, on record at least, is based totally around Raymond's songs, essentially high-class pop combining forthright lyrics with unobtrusive instrumentation and relying greatly on melody. On stage, however, as the live track, "Sooner Or Later" from their new album, "Bleach," proves, they can get it on with the best of them.

Currently the band are working the college and university circuit, but as Raymond explained over more than a few pints when he was in London recently, the image thing still dogs them nearly everywhere they play.

"People just don't know what to expect from us. In many ways writing 'Callow-La-Vita' (The Red Balloon) and it becoming such a massive hit was one of the worst things that ever happened," said Ray, bearded and rugged; looking like a building-site refugee who'd just blown his cash round some boutiques. The song notched up three million world wide sales and was recorded by 16 different artists.

All this was four years ago though, but people still haven't forgotten about it. Now when we play colleges the kids still think we'll be doing that kind of stuff."

Raymond, who like the rest of the band lives at Stratford, has written about 500 songs and he describes "Red Balloon" and the hit for Cliff Richard "Big Ship" as two of his.

"In any profession a person gets better with time. I hope my songs

RAYMOND ON HOW TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

have improved and will keep on improving. The main thing I want is to be accepted as an artist and song-writer."

The band formed in Handsworth, a suburb of Birmingham and unlike many groups of the period adopted the folk-rock sound of the early Byrds. At the time they were competing with groups like the Moody Blues and The Move.

"We know we are going to do it," says Ray. "We've been together for nine years now and the band is as firm as a rock. There's no question of us splitting. Time and experiences weld people to-

gether. I mean I can remember one time we were stuck over in Spain and each of the band had to sell a pint of their blood to some abortionist fella, just to raise the ticket money home."

Talking with Raymond you get the impression it's his determination, and utter honesty which has enabled him to keep the band together for so long.

"Look my guitarist Hartley Caine is fantastic," he says. "He could quite easily step into most bands in the country. When Eric Clapton was asked once to name his favourite guitarist, Hartley came nearly top of the list. I know I'm lucky to still have him."

Caine, besides the standard guitars, plays a 50-string and an 18-string, both which he built himself. "The 50-string is absolutely unique, it's snapped something like a coffin and its just amazing to see it played," Ray enthused.

The band appear at the Mexico Song Festival in June and from there go on to play two club dates in New York. An American tour is also lined up in the Autumn and in September the band will play a Birmingham gig backed by a full symphony orchestra.

"It looks like it's going to be quite a year," says Ray, "we might at last get some of the exposure we've lacked in the past." Lack of exposure, especially on radio and television, is a fact of life the Froggatt band have had to resign themselves to.

Their last single, "The Singer," was a beautiful atmospheric ballad that had "hit" written all over it but the BBC considered it too long and it didn't get the airplay. But again no bitterness from Raymond. "Yea, we all thought it would make the chart, a lot of people did, but it's just one of those things, I suppose."

And coupled with this was the tale Raymond gave out about the other side of the coin. When he went to see a well-known publicist who, explaining away why his fees would be high, told Ray he was a "has-been." "Has-been," Froggatt exclaimed, getting pretty excited, "how can you be a has-been when you have to do it done anything. And I don't think I've even started yet."

Robert Brinton

music." Talking to her, you get the impression that Vicky Leandros has an insatiable appetite for singing. And she attacks her career with all the energy of a Trojan army. She speaks six languages—four fairly fluently. Greek and German come naturally, of course; she grew up in Hamburg. Her French, she claims modestly, is still better than her English. And she understands Italian.

She made her first record in Germany when she was 15 and it was an immediate monster success. "All my records are successful," she said, but attributes a measure of her achievement to her father, Leo Leandros, her agent/manager/songwriter and general factotum. It was he who wrote her "Euro-song" too.

TV FESTIVAL

"My father brought me up from the time my parents were divorced," revealed Vicky. "He taught me singing and made me learn classical guitar, even do ballet three times a week."

She was initially invited to sing for Luxembourg after organisers heard one of her early albums in German. ("Love Is Blue" was '67, when Sandie Shaw scored for the UK). Then at last year's "Golden Rose" TV festival, representing Germany with her own show, Vicky again met the boss of Radio Luxembourg, who offered her another chance.

The selection process for the song competition is slightly different in Luxembourg. The six songs chosen are circulated on tape to "208" stations round Europe and voted upon by executives and DJs. Vicky's dad had two in the finals; another was a French track not unlike last year's Severine success.

"I can sing in any style myself," she explained. "Classical, melodic, dramatic, even progressive. I'm a big fan of Deep Purple, old Cream records and the Moody Blues. Listen to my album 'I Am' and hear for yourself."

Mike Ledgerwood

Vicky knows she's the VERY best!

IF THE career of Vicky Leandros as a singer ever crumbled she could easily become a high-powered publicist. She certainly has all the attributes — non-stop chatter pounding you into submission, answers questions like a computer, and is very convincing that the commodity she's promoting (herself) is the best in the business.



VICKY LEANDROS PRECOCIOUS CONTINENTAL CHARM

On top of this she has a precocious Continental charm, huge bewitching brown eyes, and gushing self-confidence worthy of Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Vicky, of course, is the young lady who scooped this year's "Eurovision" yawn for Luxembourg—the country she represented once, before singing "Love Is Blue." Yet her success in the "Song For Europe" stakes — "Après Toi," has been translated into the top 20 as "Come What May"—is only one of a string of victories for the bubbling, Greek-born Vicky. At a tender 21, she is already well-established as a veteran—with a voice identified

the length and breadth of Europe.

She has trophies for achievements in Germany, America and Japan; gold discs from Germany, Canada and her native Greece; and bronze runner-up award from the Montreaux "Golden Rose" TV festival.

Now she's made the all-important breakthrough in Britain and prior to our interview, over a snatched yoghurt-and-protein lunch, she was negotiating for a home in London.

"I've always wanted to concentrate myself here because I've always believed it was the most important country for pop

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We want you to choose one name from each section that would create your ideal band, but you can use a guitarist as a vocalist as well.

When you have decided fill in the names in the boxes below. Then give us the name you would call the band. The band can be made up of as many members as you want.

The 25 Disc readers who, in the judges opinion, have used their skill and judgement to compile the best bands and the best names will be the winners.

VOCALS	LEAD	BASS	DRUMS	RHYTHM
 STONE THE CROWS Maggie Bell	 Les Harvey	 Steve Thompson	 Colin Allen	 Ron Leahy
 SLADE Noddy Holder	 Dave Hill	 Jimmy Lee	 Don Powell	 Noddy Holder
 RORY GALLAGHER Rory Gallagher	 Jerry McAvey	 Wilgar Campbell	 Rory Gallagher	 Rory Gallagher
 JUICY LUCY Paul Williams	 Mick Moody	 Andy Pyle	 Ron Berg	 Dave Tedstone
 KINGDOM COME Arthur Brown	 Andrew Kenneth Dalby	 Phil Shutt	 Chris Burrows	 Michael Harris (synthesiser)

MY IDEAL LINE-UP IS:

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Today's message from **Dr. Hook** and the **Medicine Team**

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CBS 7929

RING SYLVIA'S Mother

Mike Ledgerwood



John Peel

AT THE 'TALK OF THE TOWN'

IN THE sudden hush the floor rises slowly and on it are all these tall women in high, wide, blonde wigs. Below these, and above what I can only describe as ensembles of sequinned jockstraps and bras blurred behind swirls of chiffon, are grins. The male dancers in their sharp, violet suits grin too. The male singer, in a similar suit, does it light opera style and grins even as he sings.

Nudging one another in anticipation the audience fill their glasses from the jugs of ale or the bottles of Mateus Rose on the tables beside them and lean back, well-fed and contented, to watch the show.

John Walters, his Helen and the Pig and I are in a party at "The Talk of the Town" to see Lovelace Watkins because Lovelace Watkins is worth seeing for the way he mesmerises the audience with his laughter, sentiment and old-time show-biz panache.

"Dance with me on a wonderful evening like this," someone sings and more women appear—this time in shocking ginger wigs. The chiffon swirls again and they have vast Victorian bustles behind them. White gloves reach up their arms almost to the elbow, still they grin coquettishly. "Bernard Defont presents..." and there are even more of what would surely be described as "long-legged lovelies." This time they have high, high headresses bursting into a flurry of simulated feathers. I'm glad they don't use real ones any more.

"C'est Magnifique," they sing and, in a wisp, it is. The Pig points out that she'd not be able to stand the pace for five minutes and they've already been going for fifteen—and they're still smiling. It's orange wigs and boaters for "My Cherie Amour" and then there's a long-legged lovely on the bed—the bed? I don't even know where it came from but it's suddenly there.

Two bowler-hatted gents caress the bed-borne lady antiseptically while four others spin the entire group round at a dizzying speed. In the rotating bed she sings and smiles while the gents nuzzle closer. It can't have been easy.

Suddenly it flashes to me that all the women look, in their white wigs, like my Aunt Joan did when I was a kid and I was always terrified of her—I still am to tell you the truth. I'd be very frightened of the "Talk of the Town's" dancing ladies.

We'd eaten too much really—the food was fine and the waiter was actively friendly. I think the suit I bought for the occasion did that, because usually waiters are less than amiable with me. The vegetarian ankle foxed him briefly but he came up with a plate full of nice things like asparagus and avocado.

An oriental routine opened inexplicably with the theme music from "Shaft" and re-aligned itself rather more logically with "Night of Oriental Splendour."



LOVELACE WATKINS

The couple behind us, who'd introduced themselves earlier with "We're from Cleveland, Ohio and we sure like the way you talk..." were clapping their hands gleefully by now and the dancers, still smiling, were wearing costumes that would not have been amiss at the "24-Hour Technicolor Dream" in 1967.

Pagoda type headresses and, stone me, if six more dancers don't come from the ceiling in a mock Taj Mahal of the type you see outside the better Indian restaurants in Leeds or Manchester. The swirl, energy and numerical strength of the cast cannot but impress you. I thought back often to the pantomimes of my youth at the Empire or Royal Court theatres in Liverpool and if Widow Twankly had come on to lead us through "Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear" then, what the hell, I'd have been knocked out. The scene shifts slightly from the Far-East to the Middle-East and we have "Bangles, Bangles and Beads" and, I think, "Love Is A Many Splendoured Thing." "Splendour" is a key word here.

Suddenly the visions of the mysterious East vanish and we're on the Left Bank. Slinky women shift about in red PVC raincoats—the lads are still in violet suits although I suspect they're different violet suits. "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend," "Diamonds Are Forever" and then it's all over with "Ladies and Gentlemen, Les Girls" and they sink back into the floor from which they sprang. Ye gods, they do work hard and deserve the applause they get from the blue-rinses and their old men clustered round the stage.

There's a pause for our adrenalin to sort itself out and then "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Talk of the Town is proud to..." and Lovelace is there and straight into "Once In A Lifetime." He's

looking pretty good in a light grey suit with wide lapels. It's difficult to say why he goes down so well—perhaps it's because he really looks as though he was being discovered all over again every night; perhaps it's because he's every bored suburban housewife's fantasy male who's going to jump in through the kitchen window and give her everything the old man tired of giving her years ago. We're a pretty cool audience and he's having to work even harder than usual but he tells us what an incredible audience we are anyway.

"Welcome, it's my pleasure, not too fast, not too fast," and that high laugh. How can you resist the man? It would be churlish to try. "Everybody happy? I'll change that," and again the laugh. "Come on everybody, snap your fingers, everybody who likes sex snap your fingers." "Ooooooh," go the blue-rinses and look in mock-shock at the others on their table.

Lovelace gives "Fire And Rain" a treatment that would astonish you—he even makes it sexy. Then it's "everytime I sing this song strange things happen—devastating—provocative—demanding." It's "Hey, Jude": "You'd better get out of here while you still have the chance" and the tables chortle and look eager. On the chorus he holds the microphone for members of the audience who sing out hopelessly but joyfully out of tune with a courage I could never muster. A middle-aged gentleman is hauled up on stage and struts around with the make as though to the manner born. Lovelace goes and sits in his seat and everyone squeals with delight. The middle-aged gent starts a speech about this man being the "greatest entertainer in the world" and Lovelace is up on stage again leading the applause and reaching for the microphone before the speech becomes an embarrassment.

He knows exactly what to do with the audience now, plays on them like you might play on a piano—and they love him for it. Here's a tribute to Judy Garland, "misunderstood, broken-hearted—she can't sing it for you tonight but, Judy, I'll sing it for you," and it's "Somewhere Over The Rainbow." The once-cool audience is following him wherever he goes now and he switches the mood from the hopelessly maudlin to the funnily with a Hoppy hat and a Gilbert O'Sullivan song "My Friend, Gilbert O'Sullivan." The lights at the back of the stage go up and the whole orchestra is wearing floppy hats too—more squeals of delight.

As the Pig says: "He'll do it!" off comes the lie—"You Make Me So Very Stappy." "Spinning Wheel," off comes the coat and he ripples his muscles—he's got a lot of muscles and no fat. They love it. "You've heard me—but I'm going on" and again that laugh.

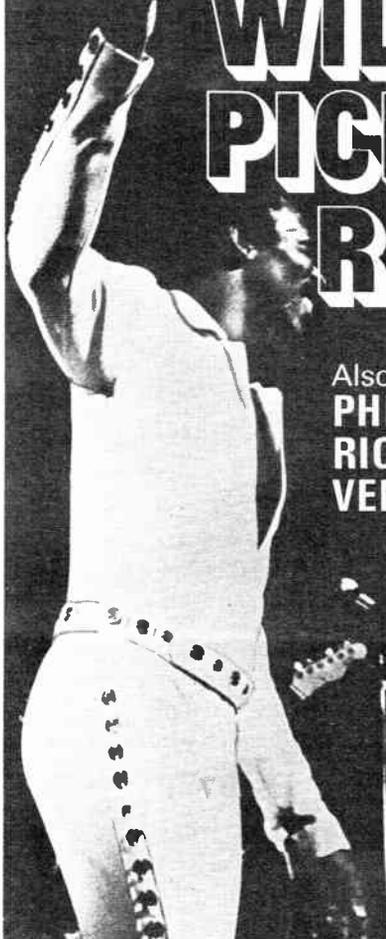
So it goes on, with the audience completely sold and Lovelace to all appearances having a ball—he probably is too. He mops his brow with a napkin and returns it to the woman on the front table who giggles and puts it into her bag. He sings "Down On The Corner" — "Come on, let's have some happy music and "You've Got A Friend" and hitch-hikes his way around the stage.

He sings his encore without the microphone, face glistening with the effort of it and with the sweat streaming from his face. It doesn't matter that he doesn't have the best voice in the world, it wouldn't matter much if he didn't sing at all.

He carries the whole thing with every trick in the show-biz bag, like a medicine-show barker, and it's an incredible thing to watch. The folks from Cleveland, Ohio, tell us, as they leave that they've seen Sinatra, Sammy Davis, Tony Bennett—the lot—but that old Lovelace here makes them look sick. He does that.

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WORDS: ROSALIND RUSSELL PICTURES: MIKE PUTLAND



BEYOND SUCCESS

didn't come here, they were older than me and they were black. Dylan was here, was younger but had the heaviness of an old man. When he got to be a big name, I dropped him like a hot brick." Continuing his scintillating creativity, David formed the Arts Lab in Beckenham and about the same time became interested in mime. He met Lindsay Kemp, the celebrated mime artist, and began to realise how important mime is in expression and theatre. He is taking his present band to mime lessons at the moment, because it gives his music another level and is important to his stage show.

Like Bowie, Bowie puts a lot of emphasis on appearance and stage movement. But unlike Bowie, David has collected a completely different kind of fan. They both started out on the same trip,

but where David Bowie had digressed into completely different music, Bolan captured a teenybop imagination using hypnotic music to words which complement the sound. Bowie's music itself has changed over the past few albums. "The Man Who Ruled The World" marked the beginning of Bowie's return to his public in a big way. He went to the States and got amazing receptions. The critics took his album apart and analysed it carefully. Then decided that Bowie definitely had something. They set out to make him into a cult figure, as happens so often with artists there.

"The Americans take everything and make into a culture. The things they write about my albums were incredible. I thought I would like to stay there, but the more I see it, the less appealing

the idea becomes. I know I like living on adrenalin, but that's just too much." The next album to come was "Hunky Dory." This time, it got noticed more in Britain and people began to remember Bowie—"oh yes, 'Space Oddity' guy."

"It would be nice to eradicate 'Space Oddity,' but I'm flattered in the nicest way, that Elton John took so much out of it for 'Rocket Man'. I think perhaps it was premature. If that single had come out now I would be 'part of the scene'."

"I'm not downhearted about Britain. I don't know why, but I feel that it's just become our time. I never felt at home in the 60s. I was writing about space. I felt drawn towards it when everyone else was writing about peace and love. It was a depressing era, towards the deep dark end of the 60s. As soon as this year came I felt at home."

David played tracks from the new album to be released this month, "The Rise and Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars." His band, Mick Ronson, Woody Woodman Sey and Billy Whizz, are the Spiders. The songs are lighter in lyric content, happier even, and the music, although distinctively Bowie, is more carefree.

"I've got a lot out of my system, a lot of the schizophrenia. It's on a level I can't think about now. 'Hunky Dory' was a very worried album because I didn't know what I was supposed to be doing. I dared to hope too long about England, so I don't dare to hope for now. If I wasn't doing this, I don't know what I'd do—I'd either be in a nuthouse, or in prison."

But David is finally getting through to

the unbelievers and after his tour in the summer should really have made quite an impression.

"Marc Bolan opened things up for me—and for himself. Now it's down to old fashioned rock and boogie. I don't see what's so derisive about teenyboppers. As far as I was concerned, the mind was at a most active stage at the age of about 14. Marc will progress at the same speed as his fans. He'll change along with them."

"I really prefer street culture. I'm not ready to be an intellectual. If you give your audience too straight a line, they'll keep you to it. I've been through so many changes, and have been moving around so much you could say it's stopped me from becoming 'famous'. I don't represent anything. For years my various managements have been trying to get me to settle down. Now I have no one to own up to and I can do exactly what I want."

"My people expect that of me—they are usually a bit bizarre themselves. I want to be successful—I'm not in this business for the peace of mankind and it would be pointless to say otherwise. I admire Marc Bolan—he's terrific. He's a grafter. Me and Marc used to try to outdo each other—not in a nasty way. We were just wary of each other. It's inevitable we'd be into the same bag. He's very much an individual and so am I."

David has a very fatalistic approach to his career, and although he really does want to make something of himself and the Spiders, he doesn't hope for any more than he has already. As you've probably noticed, he goes out of his way to make himself noticed, but Bowie gets away with things.

David isn't merely a rock/drag artist. He dresses outrageously because it makes an effect and it's fun. He's been doing it for years. Alice Cooper repulsed a lot of people because his act, though bizarre, was menacing in a strange way. It was violent. David has the glitter, the old time Hollywood glamour. And he has a lot to offer in the way of musical talent.

"It depends whether or not people are wearing what they want to wear. I'm a bit flighty, I can get away with it. It comes naturally to dress like that because I am an extrovert and it's a way of life. I was like that even when Bolan used to come to the Roundhouse to see me! Tony Visconti was playing bass for me at that time."

Visconti was one of the people who talked over ideas with David in the void left after the success of "Space Oddity." The single was made during Bowie's acoustic stage and found it a struggle to actually to out on the road with just a guitar. He stopped playing altogether and thought a lot. Then he wrote the songs for "The Man Who Sold The World."

Bowie has had many influences on his music, but apart from a lasting affair with the Velvet Underground, and continued admiration for Lou Reed as an artist, they haven't left a noticeable mark on Bowie's songs. Having repudiated the concept of latter-day musicians having to be heavy in thought and music, Bowie's view of music is much more light-hearted and entertaining. He has written a couple of songs for Mott The Hoople and intends to produce their next album.

Bowie is bringing back the glitter for all of us.

"New Walls to look at and a new circle of musicians. It really gets you going, apart from the five of us we used some girls on backing vocals and Charlie Larkey (Carole King's husband) plays bass on a couple of tracks. When we made the "LA Woman" album the board was up here (in the office section) and we were down there. When we wanted to hear a take we had to run up the stairs every time. When someone was over dubbing a part he'd be down there all along with his earphones on and nobody around."

"Other Voices" turned out to be a critical and financial success. It's already topped 400,000 in sales and is moving towards the gold disc mark. It's been specially well received in Paris where they plan to make their first ever appearance on May 1 at the Olympia. The Roundhouse date is one they look forward to. They will remember their last gig there three years ago with Jefferson Airplane.

"It was really incredible," says Manzarek. "It was like playing the old Fillmore in the old days back in San Francisco. A very warm bunch of stoned heads really digging the music. We played the Isle of Wight a while later but it was really a tense period. Jim was between

his trial in Miami, we were already over there and he flew over for the weekend but had to be back on the Monday for his court appearance.

"We just didn't make it, we really didn't play at all well at the Isle of Wight."

John Denmore takes the story on a few months. "It was pretty weird when we got the news of Jim's death. He'd been gone for a couple of months so we hadn't seen him for that length of time and then we just get this phone call and it was sort of 'OK that's it.' It was pretty odd, whereas when someone dies in LA you go through the whole thing with them but that was kind of distant."

By last November some of the folklore surrounding Morrison's death had fizzled out and ever so carefully the Doors took to the road. The first gig was in the heartland of America; Lincoln, Nebraska and the reaction was better than they could have hoped for.

Says John: "The audience was really great. We were quite nervous not knowing what reaction to expect but there were standing ovations and encores and stuff."

These days Manzarek and Krieger handle the vocals, Ray taking most of

the leads. His voice box isn't as well oiled as Morrison's but he uses it sparingly. They jam a lot more. Krieger's guitar work is brought up front more and he's happy about that. The new album they say is like nothing they've done before. More "rhythms and boogie things" but still "good old Rock-n-Roll."

The titles sound promising enough. "Mosquito," "The Peking King And The New York Queen," "Get Up And Dance" and they've included an old Elvis number, "Good Rockin'."

They haven't worked out a title for the album or selected a single but don't be surprised if the sleeve features a colour shot of a mosquito contemplating and about to gobble a pool of human blood. The Doors haven't lost their sense of the macabre and they're not afraid to tackle old numbers. London audiences can expect to hear "Love Me Two Times" and "Light My Fire" at the very least.

"Before the first tour with Jim," says Denmore, "we hadn't played in 18 months. We were mulling over the live thing, that's why we're having so much fun now. To get back and play for people is really good—the vibes are coming back at us again."



DOORS (FROM LEFT) JOHN DENMORE, ROBBIE KRIEGER AND RAY MANZAREK

This week

A comprehensive guide to the events of the music week compiled by Rosalind Russell.



INEZ FOXX... SINGLE OUT THIS WEEK



EDWARD WOODWARD... MOVIE INSPECTOR



RAY MANZAREK... DOORS ON OGWT



PETER SARSTEDT... BRITISH DATES



SPIKE MILLIGAN... RADIO 4 GUEST

Live

London (tonight, Wednesday 3); Bumpers, all this week, Unit 4 plus 2. 7.5p, 8 p.m. Chalk Farm, Roundhouse, Stackridge/Brinsley Schwartz/Dr. John 9p, 7 p.m.
Chester, ABC, Curved Air, Preston, Top Rank, Bloodstone, 6p, 8 p.m.
Sheffield, Fiesta, Gene Pitney, £1.55, £1.45, 9.5p, 9 p.m. and 11 p.m.
Brighton, Dome, Electric Light Orchestra, Colin Blunstone, Fishbaugh, Fishbaugh and Zorn, 8 p.m.
Corby, Civic Hall, Peter Sarstedt, Liverpool, Empire, Jerry Lee Lewis.
Manchester, Odeon, Joni Mitchell.

THURSDAY (4)

Sheffield, Fiesta, Gene Pitney (same prices and times as Wednesday).
Oxford, Town Hall, Quintessence, Snow Leopard/Ross Daly and Co. 6p, 7.30 p.m.
Buxton, Pavilion, Curved Air, 8 p.m.

Hull, ABC, Jerry Lee Lewis, Hanley, Top Rank, Bloodstone, 6p, 8 p.m.
Derby, Cleopatra's, Gary Wright and Wonderwheel, 8 p.m.
Redditch, Palace Theatre, Peter Sarstedt.
Newport, Kensington Court, Status Quo, 8 p.m. 6p.
Dorchester Cavern, Vinegar Joe, 4p, 8 p.m.
Coventry, Locarno, Argent.
London, Chalk Farm Roundhouse, Smith, Perkins and Smith/Vinegar Joe/Rory Gallagher Band, 9p, 7 p.m.

FRIDAY (5)

Ipswich, City College, Stone The Crows, Gallagher and Lyle and Mandhala, 8 p.m., 6p advance. 7.5p at door.
London, Marquee, Brewer's Droop, 5p, 7.35 p.m. Camden Round House, Donovan, Sutherland Bros. Band, Duncan Browne, £1, 7 p.m.

SATURDAY (6)

Plymouth, Van Dyke, Heads Hands and Feet, 5p, 8 p.m. last English venue before their tour of the U.S.
Oxford, St. Catherine's College,

Fairport Convention, 6p, 8 p.m.
Wolverhampton, Polytechnic, Hookfoot, 6p 8 p.m.
Sheffield, Fiesta, Gene Pitney (prices and times the same as previously).
Eltham, Falcon, Vinegar Joe, 7.30 p.m. Avery Hill College, Status Quo, 5p, 8 p.m.
Norfolk, Hunstanton Youth Centre, Crow and Sonic Hysteria, 4p, 8 p.m.
Chatham, Central Hall, Curved Air.
Newcastle, University, Cheech 'n' Chong, 5p, 7.30 p.m.
Surrey University, Steve Tilston, 8 p.m.
Wesnesbury, West Bromwich College of Commerce, Badfinger, 8 p.m.

Plymouth, Van Dyke, Badfinger, 5p, 8 p.m.
Sheffield, Fiesta—number four Gene Pitney number five.
Brighton, Dome, Rod McKuen.
London, Festival Hall, Joni Mitchell, University College, Man, Khavas Jute, 4p, 8 p.m.
Brecknell, Sports Centre, Slide, Frump, Spreadeagle, 7p, 7 p.m.
Corby, Festival Hall, Curved Air, 8 p.m.
Southport, Floral Hall, Peter Sarstedt, 8 p.m.
Norwich, City College, Steeleye Span, Amazing Blondel, 8p, 8 p.m.
Bristol, Poly., Arthur Brown's Kinedom Come, 8 p.m.
Southampton, University, Bridget St. John, John St. Field, 7.30 p.m.

SUNDAY (7)

Plymouth, Guildhall, Fairport Convention, 8 p.m.
Sheffield, Fiesta, Gene Pitney, 8 p.m.
London, Alexandra Palace, Curved Air, Jon Lord and Friends, Sandy Denny, Malmhorse Airline, Audience, Renaissance, 7.5p, 2 p.m.
Derby, Cleopatra's, Gnidroog, 4p, 8 p.m.
Coventry, Theatre, Jerry Lee Lewis.
Kenilworth, The Grange, Status Quo.

MONDAY (8)

London, Speakeasy, Pacific Gas and Electric, 7.45 p.m.
Leicester, de Montfort Hall, Electric Light Orchestra, Colin Blunstone, Fishbaugh, Fishbaugh and Zorn.
Sheffield, Fiesta, Blue Mink, Whitehaven, Civic Hall, Peter Sarstedt, 4p, 8 p.m.
Gravesend, Lords Club, Civic Hall, Supertramp, Chapel Farm, 8 p.m., 4p advance and 5p on the night.

TUESDAY (9)

Sheffield, Fiesta, Blue Mink.
Oxford, New Theatre, Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge (see "On" section for details).
Birmingham, Henry's Blueshouse, Judgie, 3p, 7.30 p.m.
Manchester, Free Trade Hall, F.L.O. Blunstone, FFZ.
Walford, Town Hall, The Kinks, £1.25, £1.00, 7.5p, 8 p.m.
Glastow, Kelvin Hall, Rod McKuen, 8 p.m.
Derby, Cleopatra's Freight, Black Widow, 4p, 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY (10)

London, Marquee, Brewer's Droop, 5p, 7.35 p.m. Camden Round House, Donovan, Sutherland Bros. Band, Duncan Browne, £1, 7 p.m.

View

OLD Grey Whistle Test—BBC-2 features. The Doors on May 9 and Kris Kristofferson on May 5, who will also have the great pleasure to appear on the Koff Harris show on the 12th. Be worth wedding yourself in front of the screen tonight (Wednesday) for BBC-2 coverage of Muhammed Ali's fight with Canadian George Chuvalo which took place in Vancouver last Monday. Time: 9.20 and 10.10. If you happen to be drunk that night and fancy a laugh, there's a Party. Political on BBC-2 on behalf of our democratic protestors.
"The French Way" is not a sex educating film, but "a look at day-to-day life in a little medieval town in France." The town is Villefranche and the programme, at 8.30 p.m., Thursday (4), BBC-1.

Quick spins

by Rosalind Russell

PAUL ANKA "Jubilation (Buddah 2011-121). The isn't anything remotely resembling jubilation in this pouncing non-event. Crammed with warnings and threats, it's out-character for the Anka we knew and loved.

While social comment-type singles score the occasional success with a strong tune, I don't think Black Velvet's "Children" (Seve Sun SSU-3) is going to be on of them. It's mediocre, with n outstanding features.
Instant hit-time. The Cool Greenaway/Flowers team come up, not surprisingly, with another fine song, guaranteed high quality for the Fortune's harmony arrangement. "Baby By The Way (Capitol CL 15719). Simple-but outstanding.

Mac and Kate Klison are the couple who have appeared on a many albums for other people. Their own single "Hey You Love (Young Blood YB 1038) is tight and well-timed but it's a shame if actual song doesn't have a bit more content to justify itself.
A country fiddle gives Roger Greenaway's "Ballad Of The West" (Bell 1233) the right Western effect for the Mac West period. The tune is easy to remember but somehow there's a feeling of anachronism in the vocals. It'll be useful, no doubt, for DJ intro to their programmes.

Byron Lee and the Dragonaire "Make It Reggae" (Dynamite DY 435). How to make it boring per flat. Sophisticated reggae just flat and uninteresting, and that's a pretty fair description of this record. I think.
Wilson Pickett is a professional and as such, couldn't make an entirely bad record. It's just the "Don't Let The Green Grass Grow You" (Atlantic K 10166) isn't single success material. There isn't enough to it and it seems to lack melody.

Medicine Head have veered away from the "Pictures In My Sky" style with "Only Do What Is True" (Dandelion 2001-325). This song is quietly pleasant, but very slow moving. Perhaps after prolonged bombardment, it could catch on.
NEW WORLD make commentarial singles, so there's little doubt that this simple-but-effective dial will be heard around the land very soon. It's a nice tune too, on much the same line as their last single, "Sister Jane" (RAK 130).
Surprising gentleness from Barclay James Harvest, with controlled electric guitar and soft drums, completely reverse all our previous ideas on their excess of volume. "I'm Over To You" (Harvest HAR 5051) is a pleasant sound indeed.

JOHN James and Pete Berryman are appearing at the Reading F.A. on Monday, 6, 8 p.m. Admission to members is 30p, to guests 40p.
On Friday, The Vetties are giving their services for a fund-raising concert for the Midland Region of the E.F.D.S.S. at Breilley Hill Civic Hall. Also appearing are Dave Cartwright and Dave Burland. The following day they are at St Albans at 11.15 in the morning for the start of the St Albans Festival at which they will be giving a musicians workshop.

Country Joe helps produce the music for a Danish film, "Quiet Days In Clichy" to be shown at the Hanover Grand 6 Hanover Street, W1. The film is based on the novel by Henry Miller.

SEARCH FOR A SONGWRITER
Due to a misunderstanding we were wrongly led to believe that the Copyright Department of the British Museum provided a service whereby songwriters could deposit their songs with them to aid any future copyright problems.
We now discover that this is not the case and the British Museum is returning all tapes and music sent. To all entrants we suggest they use an alternative copyright protection which is to send a tape of their song or the top line of music to themselves in a registered envelope and hold on to it. UN-OPENED to enable them to prove a date of composition should a dispute arise.

Greenaway-Cook did very well with "Lovers Of The World Unite" the first time round, as David and Jonathan a few years ago. However, the version by the Congregation (Columbia DB 8894) is insipid, and lacks the guts that it had before. The instrumentation spoils what is essentially a simple song.

Leonard Cohen... DISGUISED.

Leonard Cohen... DISGUISED.

Leonard Cohen... DISGUISED.

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Singles

Reviewed by John Peel

Fanny still lack that vocal power



FANNY DRUMMER: ALICE DE BUHR,

ANNY

Ain't That Peculiar (Reprise K 1165). Now I'm not all that anxious to appear to be a male chauvinist but let's admit that girl Rock-Roll groups haven't been taken that seriously so far. I'm talking about groups that play their instruments as well as doing the singing. There was always Ivy Benson and her All-Girl Orchestra that was some time ago.

In California I did a few gigs with a girl's band with a magnificent name that I can't remember if their only musical attributes are enormous breasts and a very tall wardrobe. Fanny are a ferret matter altogether and just already have done more to root holes in prejudices against women-in-rock than anyone else. This is the opening track on the Fanny Hill LP and the playing just scorching. June Millington's ide guitar is the equal of anyone's and all the girls play better than a whole handful of rated males at I could mention.

In fact the only weak link is singing and this has been Anny's weakness since their first P. "Fanny Hill" is the third. The voices still lack the power & coarseness that is essential to the type of material but that must rely come with months on the road. The band has matured enormously since that first LP and, as say, June Millington's guitar playing is exemplary. Hear it. If there were any justice this would be a Top Ten record but, as you just have observed, there isn't it probably won't be.

HEART

"House Of Cards" (RCA 2205). This sounds very much like Tony Blackburn singing under a pseudonym and if so puts me in a certain amount of difficulty.

There are an enormous number of folk who imagine that Tone and I don't get on. I'm afraid there's no truth in this—I hardly know the man. The fact that I've been told he doesn't like my programmes leaves me unmoved... it's so easy to be misquoted on these occasions.

My ambition as a youth was to play for Liverpool and Tony's was to make a career for himself as a singer. I think we must stand shoulder to shoulder, and admit that neither of us is going to make it. The unpalatable facts are that I can't play football to save my life and Tone, whether using his own name or transplanting "Heart," cannot sing.

On this occasion we have with us another jolly singalong piece of a peculiarly ordinary nature—"living in a house of cards and I was playing joker"—produced by Johnny Ardrey and Phillip Swern. I'm afraid I don't like it. There's a wah-wah guitar that appears to be playing something quite different and Tone has a lot of trouble with his timing—"ungainly" would just about sum it up—like a front row forward dancing in "Swan Lake."

REDBONE

"Niji Trance" (Epic S EPC 7954). This starts out Byrds-like—12-string guitars and all that. This

promising beginning is followed by a sort of chant which is possibly an invocation to the God of Intermittent Light Showers and then we get a great deal of "oooooooooh, it's the spirit dance, ooooooooooh, it's the Niji Trance." I'm not even sure that "Niji" should be spelt with a large, or even a substantial "N."

Anyway there's a lot of percussion there again all very thrusting but inconclusive. Several of my closest friends think Redbone are pretty rough stuff but I find it difficult to line up with them. They certainly play well but there's that indefinable plus factor missing that makes for excitement and conviction. Do you know what I mean? Neither do I. I don't think that "Niji Trance" will catapult Redbone back into the affections of the Great British Public.

COMMANDER CODY

"Hot Rod Lincoln" (Paramount PARA 3021). I remember searching around the red-neck sections of Dallas, Texas, for the original version of this by Charlie Ryan. I finally found it in a very rough

shop in a place called Farmer's Branch (in passing, the home of Michael Nesmith) and it was well worth the hunt. Charlie Ryan wrote it and a lot of other car/bike songs which sound very, very alike.

The Commander Cody version, selling well in the U.S. and from the fine "Lost In The Ozone" LP, is pretty faithful to the Charlie Ryan version and the truth is that you'd be better off with the original. However, as you're unlikely to get the chance to have the latter you'd better settle for the former. It's an up-tempo talking blues-type story of a hot-rod race between a Lincoln and a Cadillac. There's some good motoring guitar and some sound effects to illustrate lines like "my fenders was clicking the guard rail posts" and the minor classics aside about the passing of "telephone poles like a picket fence."

The hero repasses the Caddy after suffering the taunts of his mates when it passes him, but his victory celebration is cut short when the gendarmier catch up with him and fling him into the nick. His dad baits him out and

observes that "you'll drive me to drinkin' if you don't quit drivin' that hot-rod Lincoln." A powerful message for our times but you should really try to achieve the "Ozone" LP.

DON McLEAN

"Vincens" (United Artists UP 35359). Now this really is a lovely song, with excellent lyrics, and I hope it will prove that Don McLean is not, as has been often suggested, a one-hit wonder. As the publicity hand-out observes the LP from which this is arisen has already sold over 2,000,000 and yet this single is inflicting nasty cuts and abrasions on the American singles charts. You can't really ignore that.

The mood is similar to that of the opening to "American Pie" but it never erupts into the power of that epic record. It's mellow, I suppose, and Don McLean's voice reminds me a lot of that of Bob Lind, who made "Evasive Butterfly" and several superior LPs in the late '60s. In the way he clips off and then restores the ends of words he sounds a little like the

Dion of "The Wanderer" and "Runaround Sue."

He's a very good singer/songwriter—rare praise—at a time when there are millions of singer/songwriters of stunning ordinariness copping vast record sales on the strength of their neurosis. The song is about Vincent Van Gogh—no, Marjorie, he doesn't play for Ajax—but the music doesn't really accurately reflect the tortured, painful life of Van Gogh. Rather it has a melancholic charm and a sort of wounded sensitivity that is really very telling indeed. When I first heard this as an album track my reactions were less than positive but, upon repeated hearings, I like it very much indeed.

I think Don McLean may suffer, as Procol Harum for example have suffered, as the result of getting under way with a massive, unforgettable classic. It would be a pity if we rejected this single because it is, quite inevitably, slightly less than the previous one. The accompaniment is simple, solo guitar most of the way, with a few strings applied towards the close. Excellent.

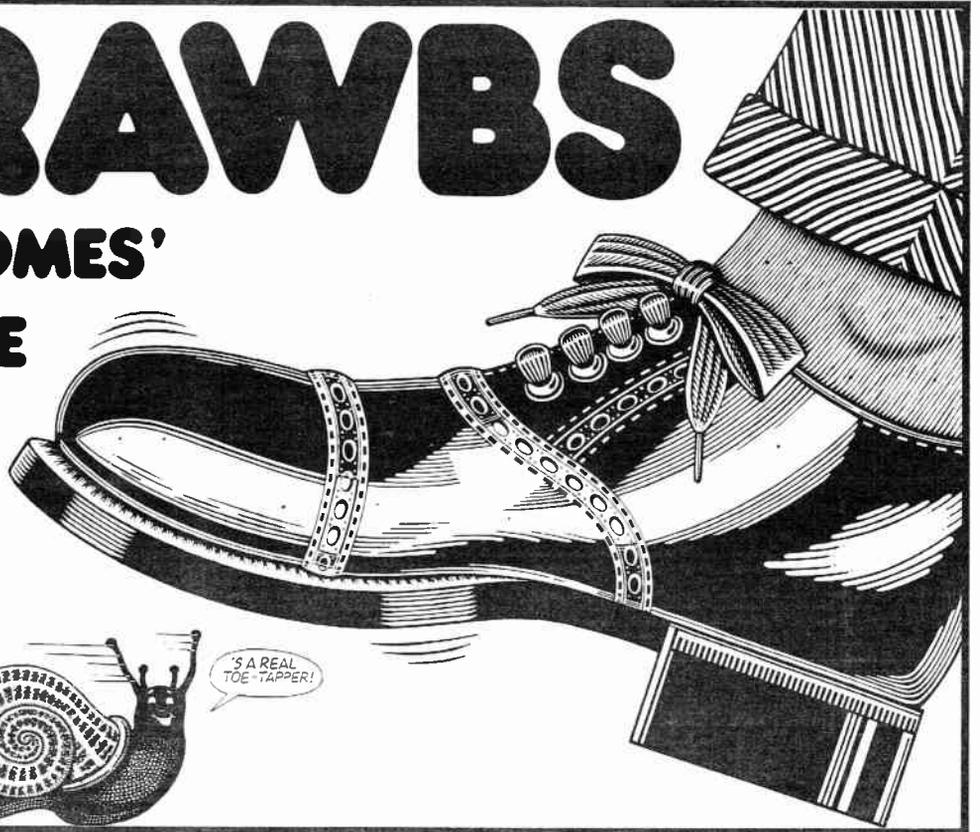
MORE SINGLES OVER PAGE 18

STRAWBS

'HERE IT COMES'

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Singles

T. REX

T. REX — Metal Guru (T. Rex label—Marc 1).
If you listen to Radio 1 at all then you must have already heard this new T. Rex single by now, so I'll address my remarks to those of you who live in places like East Anglia where Radio 1 is almost inaudible.

"Metal Guru" has a slower tempo than previous hits and has a massive production that out Phili Spector's, Phil Spector. From the first notes it's everyone into the pool, and the record has a fast shuddering thing—the Incredible Hulk set the music—that can't fail to sell as well as anything that has gone before and might even be the best T. Rex seller to date.

Marc cries: "Yes" beneath an assault of voices, strings and multi-tracked guitars and then it's into "Metal Guru, Is It You." For fans here; a bit of information you won't get in any of the other reviews: The word "Metal Guru" occurs 21 times in the two minutes 25 seconds of the track. This results in a "Metal Guru" once every 6.9004762 seconds. The record is punctuated with the gasps and cries that have become Marc's trade mark.

In the brief instrumental breaks you get a chance to observe exactly the near-Wagnerian battery of instruments and voices that storm and wall behind Marc's voice. There's a guitar line in there, too, if you listen closely—I'd like to have heard more of that.

Over the fade even more voices join in with the title and a handful of "Yes, yes, yes."

Like the best Beatles records, you may find that you don't like it much at first—"They've blown it this time"—but in the end you realise that, like him or not, Marc has worked out exactly what it is that makes a record work.

Many critics have written about him since he became famous but, like the face it, we need a measure of excitement in the charts and it's merely selfish to want to deny Marc's younger fans the irrational over-reaction they have. As a man who has wept with excitement when he first saw Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran, shivered with excited disbelief when he first heard the Beatles and the Stones, and now plays records non-stop at home, I know just how they feel.

On the reverse of "Metal Guru" we have "Lads," which is vaguely faithful and fades out with some strange but highly effective noises on what I take to be a guitar of sorts and "Thundering" which is pretty good too.

The pair of them add up to six minutes of music, so Marc is at least giving the fans value for money. No minute and a half throwaways for him. Good on yer Marc.

STRAWBS

"Here It Comes" (A & M AMS 7002). A percussive start for this new single from the Strawbs and then into a song which brings the feel and reputation of a spiritual. Dave Cousins wrote it and sings it. I was pleased to observe that he draws out the word "here" in a nasal manner that brings echoes of Lonnie Donegan in it's train. The backing is predominantly percussive with the occasional insertion of what I can only describe as sort-of-saxophone organ. Great fat globs of music oozing all over the track. The source of the rhythm eluded me for a long time but in the end I pinned it down to Buddy Holly—the record has a slight touch of the "You're So Square (baby I don't care)" about it. "Those Tex-Mex rhythms," as we reviewers call them.

I'm not sure that it'll be a hit—the Strawbs are one of those groups who regularly release good singles of which, everyone agrees "this" will be the one without being thought. I'm afraid this record, good though it is, is unlikely to interrupt this melancholy sequence—I wish it would though.

THE STYLISTICS

"Betcha By Golly, Wow!" (AVCO 6105 011 L). Ever since I saw the files in the American charts I've been looking forward to hearing this one. Inevitably it's not as good as I'd hoped that it's still O.K. It's a gentle thing, described in the press release as "sweet-soul," with a high plaintive lead voice—presumably Russell Tompkins Jr. in person. I thought a bit of Sammy Turner of "Always" and "Lavender Blue" fame (he turned up recently doing backing vocals on an Aretha Franklin LP. At least a Sammy Turner and I hope it's the same one because here's too good to lose. There are some rather Disneyish strings—you know, the sort of noise that accompanies the sprinkling of stardust in those feature length cartoons—and prolonged "ooohs" from the other Stylistics.

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Albums/2

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STEPHEN STILLS MANASSAS (Atlantic K60021; £3.69) Monitoring and defining the musical merit of Crosby/Stills/Nash and Co. must be akin to equating the relative ability of the individual Beatles, one might say.

Personally, I'll always be a fervent fan of Willy Nash—for his clever, whimsical words, uncomplicated melodies. Easily the early McCartney of the combine. Lately, however, I've been swayed considerably by the prolific progress of Stephen Stills—for his forthright feelings and steadfast refusal to become musically typecast.

In Manassas, he has undoubtedly the best band in the business—funky bassman Fuzzy Samuels and driving drummer Dallas Taylor, neither unfamiliar with Stephen's thoughts, plus Byrdman Chris Hillman's cool guitar, Al Perkins' persuasive pedal-steel, and Joe Lala and Paul Harris, respectively percussion and keyboard. And, guided by Stills' deepest desire to expand, experiment and expound, they've fused into a first-class unit.

The double album as Manassas being an immaculate, creative masterpiece and a veritable milestone in technical production. It's divided into four separate suites—each exciting and of varying appeal. "The Raven" is Stephen's own personal favourite, with "Rock And Roll Crazyes" his super-cool appraisal of superstar rock life, leading into "Cuban Bluegrass" and the soft, slow blues "Jet Set."

For my part, I preferred the CS&N-flavoured "Bound To Lose" for its compact, tight harmonies. "The Wilderness" is the side that Stephen's concession to his Country cowboy cousins, and is musically the most aware part of the album—from the fast shuffle of "Fallen Eagle" through to luscious hoe-down holering on "Don't Look At My Shadow." More typical CS&N harmonies (and that mood is very prevalent throughout) highlight "It Doesn't Matter" on the side titled "Consider," also spotlighting some funky guitar phrases on "How Far."

Yet, by far the most intriguing and enjoyable tracks come, inevitably, on "Rock And Roll



Is Here To Stay"—being exactly what you'd expect, with "What To Do" the most catchy; and Stills playing beautiful acoustic on "Blues Man." One must admit immediately that Stills has far from a vibrant voice. In fact, I found many words wasted and indistinguishable—as though he's speaking with a swivel in his mouth, through ill-fitting false teeth.

But, frankly, the vocals don't need to be too forceful or forward, simply because the band is instrumentally so potent. Most of the material, of course, is Stills, and the songs are sharp and steady, showing his amazing awareness and covering a wide spectrum.

Manassas won't smash you immediately. As a double-LP it requires concentrated listening without any distraction. But, if they're really above the hassles and happy—they'll be a monster. ★★ ★ ★ ML

JONATHAN KING — "Try Something Different" (Decca SKL 5127, £2.00). Jonathan King has certainly come a long way since the day he loped into my office carrying a fruit punnet packed with a cotton wool nest of birds' eggs which he'd expertly "blown" and laboriously painted with the title of a record he was promoting.

In fact, King has carved himself a colourful career as the clown prince of pop, and mere mention of his name conjures a veritable avalanche of descriptive adjectives. But while he may cavort around and spout outrageously on all manner of things in music—one can't deny that making records (and bloody good ones at that) is something he does with deadly dedication. I'm almost moved to list this LP as one of the best I've heard this year; it's certainly the most entertaining and enjoyable.

And in true King tradition, he deserves the title as top producer—for every one of the tracks is expertly and immaculately conceived; even if his artistic approach to the songs is at times tongue-in-cheek or contrived. Aside from his string of hits/near misses "Lazy Bones," "All the Way," "Hooked On A Feeling," etc.—King takes an impertinent swipe at Nat Cole via "When I Fall In Love," even to the extent of nicking the string intro. He also camps about and clowns through a Motown medley. And provides a perfectly ghastly vocal for "Singing The Blues."

By far the most impertinent prostitution of a fine song is Jonathan's chorus of camp monks accompanying him on "I Say A Little Prayer," which, while reducing the song to ridicule, is an exceptionally priceless piece of production (a point he makes in his amusing sleeve-note). His own song "Speed Freak" gets a typical '50s rock treatment, right down to amazing Jerry Lee Lewis piano. And, in true King tradition, Jonathan turns up trumps by introducing a new talent in the form of, wait for it, Welsh schoolmarm Eiri Thrasher (I honestly hope that's not for real)—who joins the maestro on Kristofferson's "Help Me Make It Through The Night" . . . and has a truly magnificent voice; as dynamic as J.K.'s is diabolical!

Seriously, though. This is an album that deserves a listen. King may be a clown—but he knows how to make songs commercial. And that's pop music! ★★ ★ ★ ML

DONNY HATHAWAY—"Live" (Atlantic K40369 £2.29). First off, and to my shame it now appears, I'd never heard of Donny Hathaway, although apparently he's already got two

albums and a couple of albums released over here and is becoming something of an underground artist in the States.

Inside the cover there's twelve rave notices from critics and fellow artists attempting to assess the Hathaway talent, ranging from the best new singer to emerge in the 1970s to being classified as one of the few necessary pleasures in life. This album justifies the lavish praise, it's easily the best I've heard this year.

He's not an average soul-monster, but a singer/writer/pianist whose got—and may well surpass—the talent of Sam Cooke. His feeling, delivery and handling of other writer's material is not dissimilar. The swing's there too. Just add funk and emotive force of a man committed to his people's cause and we're getting close.

There's almost an hours music here. Side one recorded at the Troubadour, Hollywood, proves his live electricity, opening with Gave's "What's Going On" and ending with Carol King's "You've Got A Friend" creating a "warm" atmosphere with the audience hitting the choruses.

Side two also features four songs: from an amazing version of Lennon's "Jealous Guy," with boogie piano and jazzy breaks from guitarist Cornell Dupree, to "Voices Inside (Everything Is Everything)," with the band opening out, during the 13 odd minutes, overall then, a brilliant album, which should establish Hathaway in no uncertain terms. ★★ ★ ★ RB

LES HUMPHRIES SINGERS—"Take Care Of Me" (Decca SKL 5126; £2.00) When I was invited to judge last summer's "Golden Sea Swallow" TV festival in Belgium—my vote went to "Voices Inside (Everything Is Everything)," with the band opening out, during the 13 odd minutes, overall then, a brilliant album, which should establish Hathaway in no uncertain terms. ★★ ★ ★ RB

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DAVID CROSBY AND GRAHAM NASH

times exciting, pattern of singing and playing.

After Stephen Stills' Manassas, a masterpiece in its own right, comes the eagerly-awaited fusing of David and Graham, the duo which started it all; finally coming together out of all the hang-ups to do what they like doing best—singing and playing together, without committing themselves.

Nash doing what comes naturally—writing those typical up-and-down tunes and singing them in his annoyingly nice adenoidal voice; Crosby—the more complicated/less commercial contributor, his words deeper and more dramatic. Together, in harmony, however, they become an exciting entity, immediately identifiable and immensely satisfying.

On the song side, Graham wins 6.5—and I have to confess more understanding for his mind and music than David's. Two tracks stand out at once as being the most universally acceptable, and they're both by Graham—"Southbound Train," on which Willy plays lazy harmonica reminded me of "Military Madness" off his solo LP; and "Immigration Man," introducing Dave Mason on lead, with Graham at the piano, taking a swipe at authority.

Crosby on the other hand, presents a really weird cross-section of words and music; although I don't find his solo voice as synthetic as I used to. Sully, none of his numbers have immediate impact. They're introverted, involved and often over-indulgent. The freaky, monastic harmony on "Where Will I Be?" and the weird, wandering "Wall Song," which gets nowhere and says nothing.

The only saving grace was "Games," a pretty, poignant love plea, upon which Jerry Garcia guests on lead and David doubles electric and acoustic guitars. Yes, Nash is definitely the stronger of the two parties; infinitely more interesting and imaginative with both words and melodies. Crosby, for my part, is something of an acquired taste here (although, curiously, his politically-aware "Long Time Comin'" and the lovely "Guinnevere" elsewhere perhaps demonstrate his ability better), but I can accept that musically he's obviously very sensitive and sincere.

I enjoyed the duo's London date last year and was looking forward to this album. I'm not exactly disappointed, but know I'll spin the Nash numbers more often. Perhaps Nash/Stills might be more to my liking. ★★ ★ ★ ML

GRAHAM NASH / DAVID CROSBY (Atlantic K 50011; £2.29). The Crosby/Stills/Nash/Young kaleidoscope is something of a musical kaleidoscope; shaken occasionally to produce yet another always interesting, some-

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WISTFUL ROCK FROM MICK AND CO



MICK ABRAHAM'S BAND—"Atlas" (Chrysalis CHR 1005, £2.08). I couldn't get into this album at all at first, there seemed to be no foothold at all: then it suddenly clicked into place as a very excellent rock album. It isn't an obvious album, not loud, and not brash. The songs are pretty, often very wistful and either given a roaring rock treatment or left sad like "The Good Old Days" where some highly tasteful strings have been added, plus some a nostalgic sax playing from Jack Lancaster—who is playing better than he has done for ages because he's playing with his head a little more.

There's a tight jam on "Maybe Because" which is good and indicative of the band's very together togetherness. ★★ ★ ★ CB

★★★★ Outstanding ★★★ Good ★★ Fair ★ Poor

Albums/1

Reviewed by Disc Panel

Bolan—getting the right sound



MARC BOLAN "Bolan Boogie" (Hi-Fi DLY \$8 £2.10). There's little to add to the track list we printed last week except that a helluva lotta people must already have a helluva lotta these tracks.

But it is a well-put-together album and it does Boogie. It seems fairly designed towards being a party album with the tracks grouped in boogieing sections, then a couple of acoustic numbers.

What it does bring home, to me anyway, is that whatever criticisms are levelled at Bolan, he does know what sound he wants and gets it—and this album shows that all his tracks do not sound the same. His use of freaky sounds and the lyrics from his magical world blend together well.

Tracks: "Ride A White Swan," "Hot Love," "Get It On," "Jeepster," "The King Of The Mountains Cometh," "Woodland Rock," "Summertime Blues," "Raw Ramp," "Beltane Walk," "Jewell," "She Was Born To Be My Unicorn," "Dove And Fist Heart Mighty Dawn Dart," "By The Light Of A Magical Moon." ★★ ★★ G.P.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN—"We're The Brotherhood Of Man" (Deram SML 1089, £2.00). This is the kind of music that sells vast quantities of washing machines in supermarkets. It's a lovely prepacked bopping little album ideal for apres—Sunday

joint listening for the deaf. The album's a compendium of current "standard pop" numbers like "Proud Mary," "Can't Stop Loving You" and "Put Your Hand In The Hand," all done with an authentically copied Tamla/Stateside sound.

However, it has to be admitted that Sue and Sonny, who've done session work for virtually everybody, are extremely accomplished singers. Their voices are really flexible and powerful, especially on "Loves, Lines, Angels And Rhymes" and "There's A Mountain," but what are they doing in a dull over-worked set up like this? The other half of the sound, Russell Stone and Johnny Goodison, could be competently dispensed with. ★★ P.E.

HELP YOURSELF—"Strange Affair" (United Artists UAS 29287, £1.94). An unusual lineup—five of the six members of the band are guitarists, but effective, for the sound is correspondingly rich and full, particularly on the spacey "Movie Star" featuring a very fine Stillie-like guitar, and the extraordinary "Excerpts From The All Electric Fur Trapper," a kind of electric jigsaw puzzle based on a huge range of guitar moods.

The title track is nice, too. But what of "Many Ways Of Meeting," what indeed? It's horrendous, like some of Des O'Connor's finer emissions and the dreary thin porridge sound

of "Deanna Call And Scotty" Nevertheless, they're a very competent band and as a whole the album's very entertaining. ★★ ★ P.E.

KEEP THE FAITH—Volumes 1, 2, 3 (Joy Jovys 223, 224, 225; £1.25 each). Almost a who's who of soul merchants dating back to 1960 Wilton Pickett, 1965 Billy Preston, the Olympics, Bob and Earl, The Belles, Alvin Cash, Jackie Lee and many more.

"Harlem Shuffle," "Hully Gully," "If You Need Me" and "Do The Philly Dog" stand as the best-remembered tracks, but all three volumes are from an era of music that has long since died.

There's none of the sophistication of the modern day Tamla sounds, it's all very raw and funky and quite a few mistakes, all of which add to the fun of the set's attraction. ★★ ★ B.S.

IF—"If 4" (United Artists UAG 29315, £2.17). Brilliant—a trifle fulsome you might say, but I'm only trying to be concise. There's no other word to describe such a totally exciting and inventive band as If; they must surely be rated as being among the most professional, creative and forward-looking bands in this country. It's extremely hard to select the "best tracks" because it's all so amazingly good.

The opener, "Section 17" is a loose yet accurate free flowing piece with a multiple layered intense organic feel. Dennis Elliott's mellow sensitive electric piano and Terry Smith's warping, weaving wah wah build on Dick Morrissey and Dave Quincy's astounding express train reeds and Jim Richardson's driving, grumbling jazz orientated bass work.

"The Light Still Shines" illustrates J. W. Hockinson's distinctive vaguely negroid vocals to good effect.

"Waterfall" contains beautiful singing futework from Dick Morrissey, but every track is a different highpoint of one sort or another. "If 4" is without doubt their best album yet:



PROCOL'S GARY BOOKER (LEFT) AND KEITH REID.

without doubt, it has to be one of the best albums from any British band for years. ★★ ★ P.E.

PROCOL HARUM—"In concert with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra and the Da Camera Singers" (Chrysalis CHR 1004, £2.00). Of all the rock-orchestral fusions this one really does work primarily because Procol have used the technique before, and because they use it with arrogance, assurance and don't set out to compromise.

From the very beginning when the guitar and strings play together on "Conquistador" with perfect balance, this is a success. This album really brings home just how good Procol are on sea songs. "Whaling Stories" makes brilliant use of the orchestra to heighten the effect of a sea battle with a whale, working up from just string-backed vocals to a terrific crescendo.

"Salty Dog" is also impressive in its grandeur, complete with quadrophonic seagull noises. In contrast, "Twins Teatime At The Circus" from the long "In Held 'Twas I" on side two, captures all the rumbustious humph of the circus, and then plunges into the eerie thunder-opening of "In The Autumn Of My Madness," a chilling number with good use of flute and

organ. A very complete and highly talented album which should help dispel this group's image of the 1967 one-hit wonders. ★★ ★ C.B.

LEE MICHAELS—"Space And First Takes" (A&M AMLS 64336, £1.99). To say that this is an interesting album is very probably an understatement. But it is interesting in as much that at least I've heard an album that probably carries the "heavy" tag that is very listenable and not one long bore.

Michaels, on keyboards and guitar, Keith Knusden (drums), Joel Christie (bass) and Drake Levin (guitar) combine to produce a meaty powerful sound which features some solid bass and percussion plus Levin's thoughtful, expressive guitar work and Michaels' swirling work at the piano and organ.

The two long pieces, there are only four tracks on the LP, "First Names" (13.36) and the title track (16.40), are quite a revelation for pieces so long. They never become tiresome, with the quartet never forgetting the audience and being lured into the trap of self-indulgent playing. Michaels' vocal work has a certain quality and the harmony work is used sparingly enough to be useful.

Much more than an interesting

album really, it's a very satisfying one. ★★ ★ B.S.

COUNTRY JOE—"Incredibly Live!" (Vanguard VSD 7931 £2.19). Much of Country Joe McDonald's success appears to be directly attributable to his unerring talent as a cheer leader. He writes songs that are ideal for community chant; the most suitable gathering of the young, demos/festivals/summer afternoons on the beach. And he's brilliant.

This entirely makes up for its album of old material recently released—don't buy that. I saw him on the "Old Gre Whistle Test" the other night you've heard him do "Trick Dicky" from here. As with a Country Joe humour, it's slow but killing. "Kiss My Ass" an "You Know What I Mean" are two of the funniest songs he's done on record. He co-wrote "Kiss My Ass" with Barr Melton.

It's like a continuation of the good songs he's done on previous albums, with no effort to change style—thank God someone's got the sense to keep a good thing going—but a abundance of goodies to keep us lighthearted against the injustice and pompous authoritarianism around us. ★★ ★ R.R.

★★★★ Outstanding

★★★ Good

★★ Fair

★ Poor

RCA RECORDS AND TAPES

NILSSON'S new single is called **"COCONUT"** RCA 2214 and it's from his latest album **"Nilsson Schmilsson"** SF 8242



SF 8166

"The Point" is being serialised on Ed Stewart's Junior Choice on Radio 1

America

West: John Mendelsohn East: Lisa Robinson

Sidewinders Boston tea-party



PERHAPS because of the colleges and schools that are so numerous in the Boston area, it is a city that inevitably gives rise to Rock-n-Roll bands.

Many folk singers like to live and work in the Boston Cambridge community where Harvard has been educating students for over 350 years—Tom Rush, Loudon Wainwright and Livingston Taylor are a few—but there is high energy Rock-n-Roll activity as well. Bands are needed to play at college fraternity parties, junior college dances, secretarial school graduations and the like.

In the late 1960s there was the somewhat hyped up "Boss-town Sound" that did, however, produce such great bands as Barry and the Remains, The Hallucinators, The Barbarians and The

Lost, as well as others—now legendary—such as The Ultimate Spinach, Beacon Street Union, and The Original Sinners.

The Velvet Underground, although plucked from the Cafe Bizarre in New York's Greenwich Village and made famous by their music as well as Andy Warhol's flair for publicity, were at times almost considered a Boston band because of their devoted following there.

And with the recent success of the J. Geils' Band, people have started to look to Boston once again, and once again there are groups worth everyone's attention. Boston has always had excellent taste.

About a year ago (remember, I told you first!) I wrote about the Sidewinders, a Boston Rock-n-Roll band that was bringing pure joy and dancing to New York City during a one week gig at Max's Kansas City.

A lot has happened to them since that time. They were signed to RCA Record around the same time that Lou Reed, David Bowie and The Kinks were added to that same label. They have just released their first LP, called "The Sidewinders," produced by noted



SIDEWINDERS (LEFT TO RIGHT) ANDY PALEY, ERIC ROSENFELD, LEIGH LISOWSKI, HENRY STERN AND MIKE REED

rock critic/musician Lenny Kaye. The album is chock full of teenage hits such as "Rendezvous"—my favourite, a real summer love song in the tradition of the Ronettes—"Bad Dreams," "Parade," "Superhit," "Speed Queen" and "Moonshine."

It is a proud first album, and I only hope that Andy Paley, Leigh Lisowski and Eric Rosenfeld can keep turning out those songs fast enough to get them

back into the studio again soon for the second record.

Singer/songwriter Andy Paley keeps alive the myth that Rock-n-Roll lead singers are beautiful—he is a visual pleasure on stage (as well as off) as he dances, vocalises and emotes much in the manner of a sexy surfer, a movie-star idol in the days when glamour still meant just that. The other musicians in the band are Leigh Lisowski on bass and vocals, Eric Rosenfeld, lead guitar and vocals, Henry Stern, drums, and Mike Reed, rhythm guitar. Leigh wrote several of the songs on the album as well as Andy, and Eric co-authored a few as well.

Andy always told me that along with the music of the Rolling Stones and the Velvet Under-

ground, some of his influences were Lesley Gore's "It's My Party," The Box Tops' "The Letter," and P. F. Sloan's "Secret Agent Man" which the Sidewinders perform live. Paley's songs are in the same teenage fun spirit as those mentioned above and just as varied, for a song like "Slip Away" is a dramatic beautiful ballad which holds its own alongside the catchy pop tunes.

When the Sidewinders come to Max's Kansas City this week everyone will be up and dancing again (thank god, after all the folk singers who have been inhabiting the upstairs' room for the past few weeks)—and it will be a joyous return to New York and beginning of spring.



JACK BRUCE OF BRUCE, WEST AND LAING ... SIXTIES NOSTALGIA

There was a huge anti-war rally and march in New York this past weekend and among the celebrities who showed up to lend support were John and Yoko. They joined the crowd in singing "Give Peace A Chance" while Yoko held up her fingers in the peace sign.

Bruce, West & Laing performed their sixties nostalgia music to the delight of their fans in New York this week at Carnegie Hall. Their first solo concert here was totally sold out. My colleague Mr. Mendelsohn has expressed his feelings about the music of this "supergroup" at length in this paper, and I couldn't agree more. Therefore—enough said.

HAVE JOHN AND YOKO FINALLY GONE TOO FAR?



ACCORDING to yesterday's morning newspaper John and Yoko's controversial "Woman Is The Nigger Of The World" single has thus far been put on the playlist of exactly two major American AM stations.

So much of what Lennon does strikes me as clearly self-defeating. While tirelessly trying to demythologise himself—that is, striving to have people relate to him as another person rather than as a cultural legend—he's greatly diminishing his ability to affect moral and political change on the mass level he's interested in.

Secondly, by allowing Yoko—whose musical gifts have thus far been as invisible as his own genius for cinematic expression—to participate in the creation of his music, he's demonstrating himself a non-sexist and all, but also allowing his music to deteriorate aesthetically to the point where it's worth repeated listenings only on the basis of a verbal message, which is not, one might certainly expect John Lennon to realise—how Rock-n-Roll works. (In this regard, the reason offered by one station that declined to programme the new single is most interesting: "It's not a very good tune.")

And finally, by flinging themselves headlong at every thinnest social injustice, the Lenons are not only diffusing their energy, but also beginning to impress as the ultimate bleeding-heart radi-



JOHN LENNON ... MILITANT

calls, as nobly-intentioned but perspectiveless.

For instance, on a recent David Frost show, Yoko made this incredible do-do about the fact that the New York State Highway Commission wanted to add a lane to a thoroughfare on land owned by some Indians who thought the highway was plenty wide enough. Imagine.

Amid great gusts of clever and

quite enjoyable hype, the Paradise Ballroom, which all of Hollywood hopes and prays will prove a viable alternative in-spot for the swank and swinging, was unveiled this past week.

The celebrity and Press opening saw about ten thousand more celebrities, representatives of the Press, and swank swingers than there was room for trying with little success to shove past one another so as to see and be seen as much as possible. Upstairs in the main ballroom the Sparks Brothers and other torrid musical attractions provided boogaloo and other primitive beats, while the penny arcade on the ground floor flourished in darkness caused by a blown fuse that your dedicated Hollywood correspondent prefers to think was caused by his own ultra-high-voltage pinball playing. Local hipsters give the place a few months before it becomes a gay bar.

Todd Rundgren, a flash and witty chap to whom more and more have been looking with keen anticipation owing at least partially to the novelty of flash and wit among the American Rock-n-Roll population, began his first national tour in several years at the Troubadour, and disappointed nearly everyone by removing his flash and witty self from the spotlight with disproportionate frequency so as to allow his sidemen, including a mime troupe called Hello People, to bask therein.

Interestingly, a mime act called Don McLeod's Music Machine had supported the irrepressible Dan Hicks at the Troubadour just the week before, suggesting that mime may be the next rage in these parts. If that is in fact the case, David Bowie had better get himself over here lickety-split.

As perhaps the first local Joe Cocker fan, as one who felt immense affection for the man and limitless admiration for the man's music upon first encountering each, I was more than a trifle brought down by his concert last night at the Forum.

Screaming to be heard above the racket of the Mad Dogs circus seems to have done his vocal apparatus irreparable damage—his effective vocal range has been reduced to just a very few notes, with everything outside of that range coming out a painful croak. And his once-splendid stage presence has degenerated into that of a weak old man. Very sad.

This Old Heart of Mine

Donnie Elbert

MOJO

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MOODIES' RAY THOMAS

THE BBC'S POP FORECAST—DULL PERIODS

IF anyone wanted an idea of how seriously the BBC takes TV pop, they need only have tuned in to the "Talkback" discussion about "Top Of The Pops" the other week.

It was there as part of the "Audience," a 39-strong crowd lured in with the vague promise of taking part, but in reality only there to fill in the spaces around the "planted" speakers making their selection by the chairman appear random and unrehearsed.

With the cameras confined unmenacingly to the far side of the studio, the atmosphere was entirely relaxed, despite being a "live" show, and quite conducive towards an active studio discussion. So we went on the air, and the speakers put their questions to the producer, long-haired but ageing Johnnie Stewart, and to the outrageous Jimmy Savile, as sincere and genuine a character in the flesh as on the box.

However, all the speakers seemed to have been chosen for their way-out views, as the questions ranged from the vocal minority's demands for more "progressive" music, to a suggestion that TOPP should become a magazine programme like the old "Ready, Steady, Go!" leaving the views of the average record-buyer completely unrepresented. After 15 minutes, when the six "planted" speakers had had their say, the stage seemed set for a very interesting debate, and what happened? Yes, in true "Auntie" style, the subject was changed to a discussion with the weatherman!

When the BBC treats a subject that attracts a 14 million daily audience on the radio, and peak audiences on TV, as seriously as the weather forecasts, then pop is really in a bad way! — Stephen Robinson, Charnminster Road, Worcester Park, Surrey.

● A BBC spokesman comments: "If anyone has complaints of any sort they should come through to us and not complain to third parties. I have no idea what this is all about and any question of planted speakers is utter rubbish."

Carry on John

JOHN PEELE'S column is without exception the most honest and

up to date piece of writing in any music paper in the world.

He tries to give the amateurs among us his expert advice in his record review on just which records are going to sell. I am sick and tired of people knocking this man, who writes such an interesting column and reviews the singles so well. — Ian Ferguson, Falmouth Road, Blackpool, Lancs.

Hang up your headphones, Peel

I AM writing to let all readers of Disc know that I am organising a whip-round to help John Peel in his retirement. Retirement—yes! I'm afraid the time has come for John to hang up his headphones and move gracefully into the background.

But will we ever forget him? I'll always remember those days at school studying for GCSEs when the only break I got was hearing Peel's dulcet tones, his dry sense of humour and excellent selection of records.

But something began to happen, was it my East London up-bringing showing through? Or was I getting old? Was John's "I'm everybody's friend" voice turning into a sneer? I couldn't tell and so I ignored the music scene for a while, using my own judgement as to what records to buy—the Faces, Lindisfarne, and yes—the Moody Blues.

It's difficult to explain why I like the Moodies music. Perhaps it's nice to know that in these hardened times "Life Ours For The Making." All I know is since John introduced me to "Threshold" on "Top Gear," I bought their two previous LPs and every one since with growing admiration for their talents.

Their main asset is to lift me up while listening and make me feel good—and surely this is the crux of the matter. John now seems so involved with how the record was made, written or produced, he forgets to listen and say whether it's good or not. Anyway, John, we appreciate

FANTASTIC MOODIES

CONGRATULATIONS to the Moody Blues for a fantastic show at the Empire Pool last Saturday night. Justin Hayward excelled himself in the performance of his own composition "Question." Graeme Edge must be the best drummer in Britain, and Ray Thomas could teach Ian Anderson a few things about playing the flute.

I only hope that the other 9,999 people in the audience will buy the Moodies new single to get it into the charts and bring them the recognition they deserve. — Moodies Fan, Fairmile Lane, Cobham, Surrey.

what you did for us and we don't begrudge you your house of anything, but your age is beginning to show, and one of my friends with a matching shirt and tie who would just love to wear a smile, tee shirt and an old pair of jeans for work, so why not step aside and let him try.

Keep smiling, and West Ham are better than Liverpool, anyway. — Pete Thomas, Clements Road, East Ham, London E6.

Do the reviewers really listen?

WHOEVER "R.R." may be on your Disc Panel, it is sadly obvious that they have no understanding whatsoever of the music of Robin Williamson (Disc, April 22).

Without wishing this to degenerate into a R. Williamson publicity letter, it seems a little sad that a person such as "R.R.", who is in such a potentially influential position, should review an LP when they lack comprehension of the lyrical content. There is, I believe, far more to Myrrh, than a "bleating voice" and "pretentious" words, and to claim that Robin "floats off into the realms of fantasy," which are not within R.R.'s obviously narrow boundaries of "musical sanity," must cast doubts onto the meaning of the almost meaningless word sanity.

It may be that my comprehension and R.R.'s of Robin's "talent" differ to any possible extent but if R.R. has ever in the past even partially understood Robin, then perhaps they will listen to Myrrh again. — Chico, Surrey.

Untimely end for Mr Bolan

WE WISH to say how deeply shocked and appalled we were when this week's (April 16) "Music in the Round" on I.T.A.—"Rock of Ages" with Marc Bolan and T. Rex was brought to a sudden and untimely end.

Humphrey Burton—the interviewer—was most unsympathetic and asked various questions, all of which showed his ignorance of the subject in hand. Also we do not think that it is fair to show the preparation for an announced song without showing it being played.

Is it right that this kind of thing should be allowed to happen? Julia Harris, Sheila Gard, 82 Queensway, Ditcot, Berks.

DISCUWORD Six albums to be won

ACROSS

- Those who gather it's a Colosseum album (10)
- Rockin' bird (5)
- A Dionne Warwick girl (6)
- Little deuce cars (6)
- Peel the Sergeant (6)
- Threaten people with a card (6)
- Jeremy has a piece of ground (6)
- Big wave at Bay City (6)
- David rebuilds the stage (5)
- Scots county brothers (10)

DOWN

- Black Sabbath Ozzy (8)
- Pierce Perivald (5)
- Shirley, or part of her head (6)
- He comes twice after "Da Doo!" (3)
- Mr. Clapton (4)
- Brenda Lee gets keen (5)
- Crabby puts weight on after fruit (8)
- Romeo knocked about by Dudley (5)
- Partner of Chong (6)
- Messenger of the morning (5)
- Olis is in a hurry, it seems (4)
- Christie name (3)

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AND WINNERS

ACROSS: 1. New Seekers 7. Albums 8. Wits 10. Larry 11. Tesser 12. Rocket 13. Sault 17. Mast 18. Marble 19. Desiderius DOWN: 2. Elbert (rev.) 3. Sammy 4. Kinney 5. Relet 6. Pagararo 9. Brindley 12. Gemitt 13. Rabbit 15. Crane 16. Starr (star)

Douglas Wooding, "Brambletye," Fox Hill Village, Haywards Heath, Sussex; Peter Entwistle, 13 Beechwood Avenue, Rampton, Lancs; John Mable, 27 Normanton Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 4; J. Swaine, 115 Henry Prince Estate, Wandsworth, London SW18; Paul Ryan, 22 Lincoln Avenue, Belfast 14; S. M. Searling, 32 George Street, Sedgley Park, Prastwich, Manchester.

First six correct entries win FREE LPs. Send answers by first post Monday to: "Discword," DISC, 161 Fleet Street, London, EC4P 4AA



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Your four entries, you consider are the top in this world, then suggest a song for each they should sing on the maxi. Do that if you decide that Bob Dylan is one of your four, with his name in the "Artist" box. If you think "The Times They Are A-Changin'" was his best song and the one you would want on the maxi, then write that in the "Song" box, and so on.

The 75 readers with the correct answers to the questions and who, in the judges opinion, have given the best suggestion for a maxi single will be the winners.

The competition is open to readers living in the United Kingdom and Ireland (Northern Ireland). The prize of £500 will be awarded to the winner. The winner's decision is final and no correspondence can be entered into.

- Who did Tom Paxton dedicate the song "Jennifer's Rabbit" to?
- Since Pentangle first started out they have had a great success with the theme music for the TV series "Take Three Girls." What was the track called?
- John Sebastian received recognition through the Woodstock and Isle of Wight festivals. Which band did he initially have success with back in the 60s?
- Which album is Joni Mitchell's latest single "California" taken from?
- Judy Collins had success last year with a single which is often credited to her but which is in fact a traditional song. Another version of it is in the charts again. What is it called?

My suggestion for a maxi-single containing four Folk/Acoustic artists and the tracks they should read are:

Track	Artist	Song
1		
2		
3		
4		

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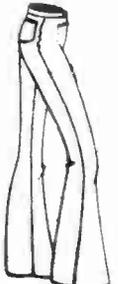


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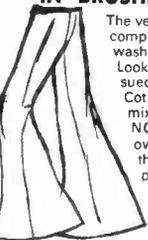
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Calls Welcome, Open All Day Saturday.

Live music reviews

EKSEPTION

WEDNESDAY saw the only London appearance of Dutch "classical rock" group Ekseption. With a fine fusion of jazz elements and a good following wind, they won the admiration of a large audience crammed into the Imperial College South Kensington being their first promotional visit here, they treated everyone to an hour of the free-running hot salty sounds that all Europe (except, till now, ultra-cool Britain) have been lapping up.

That included their initial venture into the transformation of classical themes into rock via jazz, "Fifth" based on Beethoven's symphony of the same name it fairly drove along at breakneck speed, with their musical mentor, Rick van der Lind, a storming success on organ. His energetic and enthusiastic playing coupled with a touch of "Hollander's" guitar. "Now a number by a German guy... Mr Bach!" quickly endeared him with the crowd.

That "number" was "Air" (on a G-string). The five-piece bands brilliant arrangement of that tune, featured some fine chunky trumpet from group-founder, Rein van den Broek. The band's sound could be likened to a choreographed dip-and-banana skin... multiple musical areas falling, but all with fluid cohesiveness. They lesser with "mercurial" and a vivid version of Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance" (the piece Love Sculpture scored with in 1968).

They have obviously digested many influences, but the result is undeniably original, and as Continental sales have proved, commercial. It remains to be seen if they can extend their success in breaking down musical barriers to sprawling down our in-comprehensible barriers to foreign bands.—MARTIN LEWIS



WISHBONE ASH ANDY POWELL

DANTA

It seemed like a heavy evening right from the start; the venerated classically trained pianist of Ilford's Room at the Top seemed hardly conducive to heavy Afro-Rock (for want of a better last sound). Talking to the band before they set off, they didn't seem to mind the possibility of not having a receptive audience and one of them said: "We are our own audience." It's a damn good job they weren't assessing anything in the way of audience reaction—about all they got were dumb stares and the occasional embarrassed titters, no, sorry, I lie in my teeth, there was some interest in the music. Danta play very strong, physical music.

I know some people have compared them to Orbis, but that's not really fair, because after all Afro-Rock always works from the same formula, varying percussive rhythm. The sounds that Danta lay out are more individual and exciting; their approach is individual and inventive: it places both the heart and body.

How anyone can simply stand and stare amazes me. The audience seemed to regard the performance much as people watching a store demonstrator exhibiting a new appliance. Still, one must give the mindless audience the credit they did show faint interest in an authentic fire-eater who approached with the aside from the bad vibes of the

CAMDEN FESTIVAL

—SUNDAY NIGHT

APART FROM the inevitable hassles with the power-trippers on the door, the Camden Festival turned out to be a well organised and balanced evening. The sound system was clear and powerful and the artists all appeared on time.

Flash had the unenviable task of making the solid, rather cold, sea of heads come to life. There was a lot of tension in the air, possibly partly due to the formality of fixed seating, which the organisers hadn't had time to remove.

Flash had a very tight, hardworking band, playing fairly jazz-based fragmented rock. The vocalist has a particularly strong, clear voice while their guitars wrench an amazing variation of sounds from its equipment, especially on "The Closing Dream of Heaven." However, one couldn't help thinking that he was making a conscious effort to be "recognised."

Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks issued forth from the mighty stacks with his absurd gyrating harmonies until look-fool came on. By the end of their first number all the singers had been knocked out of the audience.

Their version of the Leon Russell-Freddie King number "Palace of the King" bore along at a manic pace featuring some amazing work from the two guitarists. Thunderous ap-

plause led them in an encore on "Funky Music," which proved a fitting climax to their supremely good set.

In contrast, Linda Lewis is a gently innocent figure with a voice like "birdsong," yet still at home when singing a powerful blues. Most of her songs are about people, she tells us. She wrote "Signal Song" about a boy she had met on the first day of Spring. On "Little Indian" she accompanied herself on a Gyroton, a wooden percussion instrument. Coming back for an encore she told the audience: "It's so funny doing all this."

Flying plates and a wig greeted the much-awaited entrance of Cheech and Chong, who though they gave off good vibes and had the audience laughing, they probably lost some of their effect by having to modify their material for the British audience. The famous "Bird Melton—Chilton" act of their album proved extremely funny as was an act with some impersonating two dogs. In between their rapping was quick and spontaneous and perhaps it's not what they do what makes them funny, but the way they do it!

Wishbone Ash were superb, although their initial reception was surprisingly cool. Parter played some beautiful, sailing guitar on the opening number. They followed this by quickly going through some excellent bootlegs on "Jail Bait." The King Will Come, off their newly released album "Angus," was an effective despite its coolness of the audience.

However, this disappeared when they performed "Warrior" and this was closely followed by "Throw Down The Sword" and they closed with "Folklore," which brought a standing ovation.

PETER ERSKINE

Bird's Nest

CBS RECORDS

Disc, in association with CBS Records and Watney Mann Bird's Nest discoteques, are offering you the chance to have your songwriting talent recognised. The judging in the semi-final stages will be done by people who really know, the people who actually buy records—the public. So the songs will come from people like you and be judged by people like you—fair? The initial and final stages will be judged by people in the music business who know their business, when the song will be performed live by the entrant or a person or group nominated by the entrant.

Closing date for entries is Thursday June 1st. Entries can be accepted after that date.

We strongly recommend that all entrants send a dated copy of their writing contract, either written or in tape form, to the Copyright Department of the British Museum, London. The Museum will keep the tape or music recording as evidence. If you do not have any copyright dispute arise.

When you understand the rules and conditions, send your song, along with the entry form, performed on a r.p.m. demonstration disc or a reel-to-reel tape which plays 71 l.p.s. clean of all other recordings.

There are no conditions as to how you should present the song. You can sing and accompany yourself (the instruments) of your choice, or get assistants to perform it for you. Remember that the judges will be a discerning audience and your demo or tape will be played to them.

THE WINNING SONG will be recorded and released by CBS records as a single. CBS records will enter into a song-writing contract with the writer(s) of the song. If CBS decide to use the writer(s) as the performer as well as the writer(s) of the song will also receive a recording contract.

Writer(s) of the winning song will receive £250 plus a special Disc Silver Disc award.

£75 PLUS a songwriting contract with CBS for the writer of the song placed second.

£25 PLUS a songwriting contract with CBS goes to the writer of the song placed third.

£10 GOES to the writers of the two songs selected from each of the semi-finals to appear in the audience.

£5 GOES to the two writers selected to represent each participating Bird's Nest in the semi-finals.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

All entrants must be free from any contractual ties to any other party relating to musical writing, composing, publishing or production company and free to enter into a contract with CBS Records or April Music.

All entries must be the original and sole work of the entrant or entrants who must be the sole owners of the copyright.

TO RECEIVE YOUR ENTRY FORM, RULES AND CONDITIONS OF ENTRY CUT OUT AND SEND THIS COUPON TO DISC, SONGWRITER PANEL, 1-3 PEMBERTON ROW, LONDON EC4

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

AGE _____

Choose your venue from

Bird's Nest, King Street, Twickenham.

Bird's Nest, Elizabeth House, York Road, Brighton.

Six Bells, 197 Kings Road, Chelsea.

Winchester Street, Basingstoke.

North End Cres., Walsley, Walsley.

Gloucester, Gloucester.

Gloucester, Gloucester.

Good Companions, Poles Lane, Slough.

West Hill, West Hill, Broadway, N10.

The Railway, West End, Walsley, Walsley.

The Chadwell, High Road, Chadwell Heath, Romford.

Stoke The Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Avenue, 5, Harrow.

West Hampton, West Hampton High Street, West Hampton, Stoke Newington.

West End, West End, Stoke Newington.

The Elms, London Road, Leigh-on-Sea.

Meanwhile...

WHY I HATE JOHN MENDELSON BY STEVE MARRIOTT

A JUBILANT, but slightly irate, Steve Marriott phoned us from Hawaii last week to take our American correspondent John Mendelsohn to task over his proclaimed hatred of Humble Pie, headlined in last week's issue.

"It's quite the meanest and most inaccurate piece of reporting I've read. In fact, I shall definitely slap his wrist next time I see him. He must be joking if he thinks I'm trying to be some sort of sex-symbol on-stage. I've been through all that shit as a teenage idol and have spent three years trying to work my way out of it and into some sort of respect as a stage performer."

John criticised Steve for patronising his audience by being "a miniature parody of Mark Farnar" (Grand Funk's front-man); Pie's humble, he claimed, made his teeth ache.

Continued Steve: "What I really find strange is that anyone with two ears can find guitarists like Pete Frampton 'talentless' (Frampton has now quit Pie), when he obviously has incredible technique; or 'Clem' (replacement Dave Clempson), who is rated by just about every critic I've ever met. Amazing! I can only think it's something personal and I gave him a blank somewhere."

Steve revealed that fans are getting quite fervent in the States. "They want to touch you, grab your ear for a souvenir, or gouge your left eye out. Very reminiscent of the good old bad days!"



STEVE MARRIOTT... SLAP MENDELSON'S WRIST

Come Dancing was never like this. Gone are those evening stunts covering the infinitely many bodies of sheet metal workers from Sheffield. The gentleman above looking as though he wouldn't be out of place at a zoo is Rufus Thomas. Dressing as a penguin isn't his hobby, just a way of introducing his new record "Funky Penguin." With him is his daughter Carla Thomas who doesn't look nearly so silly as her dad!



E. C. RYDER in "Anemone of the state"

by J. EDWARD OLIVER



IF YOU STUGGLED THROUGH ALL THIS SUBTEXT... HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET A THINGIE: WIN A WORK PUMP AND YOU COULD WIN A PLASTIC CARTON-HOG-LIKE A PAUL GIFFITH'S SUELEN ROAD. LYNNHURST, HANTS.

Next week: Another great DISC, the music paper with the best photos, the best features and two blank pages in every issue.

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW...

SOMEWHERE over at the Rainbow... are refunds totalling over £20, due to a couple of Disc readers for cash sent to London's erstwhile rock theatre for Alice Cooper and Grateful Dead dates. The concerts were called off after the Rainbow ran into financial difficulty and was forced to close down. Janice Edwards, from Romford, Essex, wrote four times and phoned on several occasions—all to no avail. She'd posted more than £7 for seats for Alice Cooper in March. And Tony Fisher, from Riddings, Derbyshire, informs us that he mailed £13.50 for Dead dates last month. "I rang at least 15 times, but it was either engaged or no one answered. Finally, the number was disconnected."

Disc, in an effort to see fair play, also phoned the theatre... only to speak to a security man, who couldn't help. It's understood that the financial affairs of the Rainbow are still being wound up, and considerable debts are outstanding. It seems unfair, somehow, that fans like these two readers—and there are doubtless others also—are having to suffer. They'd probably saved up furiously to afford the seat prices. Their treatment is disgusting. After all, it's the fans who supported the Rainbow!

HEANOR MOURNS PRESLEY'S NUMBER ONE FAN

ELVIS PRESLEY will get a cable from the little Derbyshire town of Heanor this week informing him of the death of his biggest British fan. And he might even recall the occasion eleven years ago when he met Albert Hand during location filming in the mountains above Hollywood of 'Kid Galahad.' Afterwards, Mr Hand spent a day with the Presley family, entertained by Elvis's father and step-mother. That meeting, in 1961, was a memorable milestone in Albert's life; he was founder and president of the Elvis Presley Fan Club of Great Britain, as well as founder/editor of the Elvis Presley magazine, and secretary-president of the International Elvis Presley Appreciation Society. In Heanor, where he also served

on the local council, the Union Jack on the town hall flew at half-mast for Mr Hand. He was 46.

TONY BLACKBURN AN APOLOGY

DUE to a misunderstanding we recently reported that a recording of a song, "House of Cards," by Barry Green, sung by Tony Blackburn, was a non-hit and on this basis criticised Tony Blackburn on his singing of the song. To our embarrassment we discovered the song, recorded under the name of "Heart," had not been released at the time we printed the story.

We, therefore, unreservedly withdraw our criticism of Tony Blackburn and apologise for any embarrassment we may have caused him.

VEN IN GERMANY!

THERE'S an amusing, if disgusting anecdote going the rounds about recent visits to Germany by a couple of big-name rock bands. The identities are undisclosed for obvious reasons.

It appears that both artists were booked into the same hotel at different times, having gigged in the city on successive nights. The scene is the hotel reception, where the German manager welcomed the stars. "Ah, so! You are Herr XXXX! We are giving you the same rooms used by your friends." Rock star: "Which friends?" Manager: "Herr XXXXXXX and his band. They stayed here last night." The musicians are led to a suite previously occupied by their colleagues to find—the rooms looking like a bomb hit them, furniture and fittings smashed, bedclothes filthy and excreta across the carpet. Rock star: "We're not staying here! Manager, in typical Teutonic tones: "If you musicians wish to behave like animals—you will be treated like animals!"

DISC WINNER...

STEPHEN ATTRIDGE, aged 19, of Arno Gardens, Palmers Green, London, N.13, flew direct to Miami, Florida, U.S.A., last week to see the Faces' "Circus," as winner of our competition. Stephen said: "I'd just lost my job, my girlfriend had gone off with someone else and my cat died. Winning this could not have come at a better time!"

MICK JAGGER in sparking form on TV's "OGWT" last week. And if Stones do play Lincoln—could he rave at our Middle Of The Road, frequently slagged-off by his rivals, get last laugh... as "Sacramento" soars into UK chart, they already have new chart-toppers in Belgium ("Samson And Delilah") and Holland ("The Talk O' All The USA"). Who said one-hit-wonders?

Does Joe Cocker really how much he owes Max Clifford for his UK publicity?

John Dummer Blues Band album "Blue" on Verigo label arrived at Disc via MCA Records... where John is promotion boss!

Journalists not exactly queuing up to interview Jerry Lee Lewis after his recent behavior.

Muscle publisher Mike Berry's Sparta office taking leaf out of Beatle's Apple, in manner of speaking. From next week, company will be "open house" every Tuesday evening at their HQ, 155/157 Oxford Street, London—when aspiring artists, especially song-writers, can call in for advice or play us a tape they've done. We'll have a chance to find new talent, and writers can rap together. Sounds like a sound idea. Only remember how Apple got out-of-hand!

Late Cannon Heat guitarist Al Wilson and early rockie Ritchie Valens amongst United Artists' "Legendary Masters" albums out this summer. Also Miles Davis, Little Anthony and Imperials, Stevie Winwood and Shirrelles.

Whispers that all may not be well on festival front this year—despite amazing line-up of artists. One veteran organiser already approached to rescue promoter in difficulty.

Recent Decca recording at last. Disco atmosphere at London's swish Dorchester for Les Humphries, whose singers sell albums by the million in Europe. Party company couldn't stretch to flying few of group's dolly girls over to brighten up party, though.

Nurse Susan George to the rescue, please! Singer Jack Jones has collapsed and cancelled current UK dates.

Mike d'Abco preparing college tour with new band, formerly Affinity. Album out May 5.

Band called Hello boast that they've "made up their minds to become the greatest rock band in the world." Not only that, but "they've been working to that end since they were eleven years old." If at first you don't succeed...

Remember Disc May 6, 1967

First sign of things to come with the banning on some radio stations in Los Angeles of the Beatles' "A Day In The Life," track from their Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band album. Elvis Presley married to Priscilla Beaulieu on Monday in a Las Vegas hotel suite by a Supreme Court judge. Bob Dylan reported to be returning to the studio after a ten-month absence following his motor cycle accident. He is planning to record 14 original tracks. Jimi Hendrix booked for the Monterey Festival in America where he joins a star studded line-up which includes Buffalo Springfield, Laura Nyro, Simon and Garfunkel, Mamas and Papas, Dionne Warwick and the Who. Details from America that Davy Jones is poised to leave the Monkees. Rumours stem from a possible draft for the singer and a possible replacement named is Mickey Rooney's son Tim. Sandie Shaw retains the top spot in the singles chart with "Puppet On A String" with Hendrix's "Purple Haze" and Mamas and Papas' "Dedicated To The One I Love" making rapid progress up the chart.

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Femfresh- a fresh school of thought

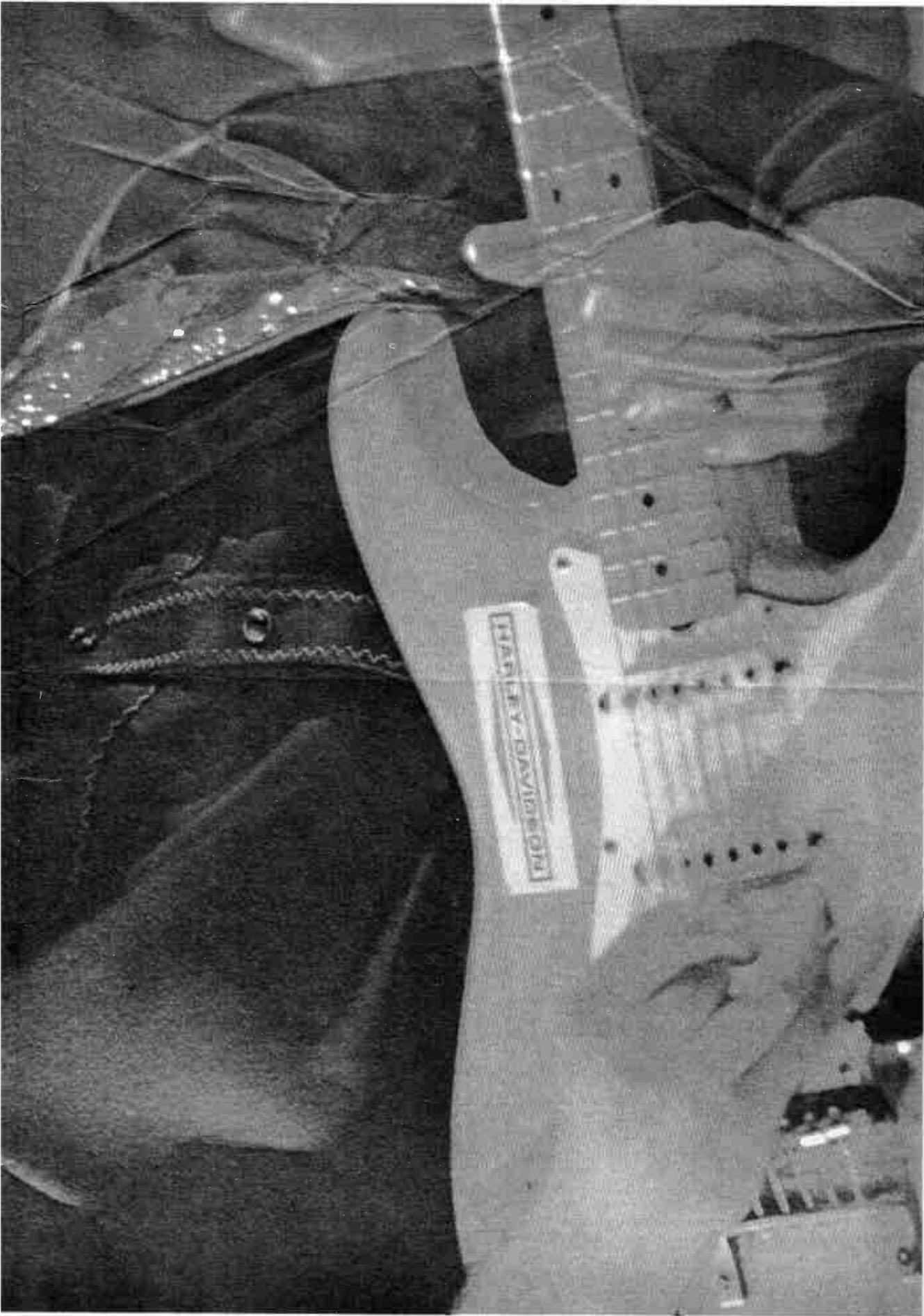
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