

DISO

AUGUST 4, 1973 6p USA 30c

DOUBLE POSTER **Paul McCartney**
in colour
Blue Mink
in black and white

CASSIDY: 'I haven't quit!'

Squiré Daltreý

...with measles
finds his own
kind of freedom

Alan Osmond

The man behind
the music—back page

Sweet music

New style Sweet
in action—inside

CAROLE KING

Queen
of
song



Personality Pop Den

The ten top singles chosen every week by personalities in the music industry

- 1 (3) **GAYE** Clifford T. Ward, Charisma
- 2 (3) **SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING** Elton John, DJM
- (—) **I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG (I AM)** Gary Glitter, Bell
- 4 (—) **YESTERDAY ONCE MORE** Carpenters, A & M
- 5 (—) **ONE OF A KIND (LOVE AFFAIR)** Detroit Spinners, Atlantic
- 6 (—) **YING TONG SONG** The Goons, Decca
- 7 (7) **FREE ELECTRIC BAND** Albert Hammond, MUMS
- 8 (—) **I'M DOIN' FINE NOW** New York City, RCA
- 9 (1) **LIFE ON MARS** David Bowie, RCA
- 10 (—) **48 CRASH** Suzi Quatro, RAK

Two titles tied for 2nd position

COMPILED BY: Earl Brown (Hot Chocolate), Brian Bennett (Hot Shots), Tony Prince (Radio Luxembourg), Caleb Quayle (Hookfoot), Moira Bellas (Warner Bros.), Robert Henric (Argent), Les Gray (Mud), Johnnie Stewart (BBC), Jonathan King, Beverley Legge (Disc).

Singles

● Silver disc for 250,000 sales
▲ This week's fastest movers

- 1 (1) **I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG (I AM)**.....Gary Glitter, Bell
- 2 (6) **ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT** Mungo Jerry, Dawn
- 3 (2) **WELCOME HOME** Peters and Lee, Philips
- 4 (3) **LIFE ON MARS**..... David Bowie, RCA
- 5 (5) **GOIN' HOME**.....Osmonds, MGM
- 6 (14) **GAYE**.....Clifford T. Ward, Charisma
- 7 (4) **SKWEEZE ME PLEEZE ME**.....Slade, Polydor
- 8 (18) **YESTERDAY ONCE MORE** Carpenters A & M
- 9 (7) **SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING**..... Elton John, DJM
- 10 (8) **RANDY** Blue Mink, EMI
- 11 (13) **PILLOW TALK** Sylvia, London
- 12 (25) **TOUCH ME IN THE MORNING** Diana Ross, Tamla Motown
- 13 (10) **SNOOPY vs RED BARON** Hot Shots, Mooncrest
- 14 (11) **TAKE ME TO THE MARDI GRAS** Paul Simon, CBS
- 15 (9) **BORN TO BE WITH YOU** Dave Edmunds, Rockfield
- 16 (16) **STEP BY STEP** Joe Simon, Mojo
- 17 (26) **BAD BAD BOY** Nazareth, Mooncrest
- 18 (24) **HYPNOSIS** Mud, RAK
- 19 (—) **THE YING TONG SONG** The Goons, Decca
- 20 (30) ▲ **YOU CAN DO MAGIC** Limmie and The Family Cooking, Avco
- 21 (—) **SPANISH EYES** Al Martino, Capitol
- 22 (—) **48 CRASH** Suzi Quatro, RAK
- 23 (15) **ALBATROSS** Fleetwood Mac, CBS
- 24 (17) **LIVE AND LET DIE** Paul McCartney and Wings, Apple
- 25 (21) **AND I LOVE YOU SO** Perry Como, RCA
- 26 (12) ● **RUBBER BULLETS** 10 CC, UK
- 27 (28) **FREE ELECTRIC BAND** Albert Hammond, MUMS
- 28 (19) **FINDERS KEEPERS** Chairmen of the Board, Invictus
- 29 (—) **ALL RIGHT NOW** Free, Island
- 30 (—) **I'M DOIN' FINE NOW** New York City, RCA

Bubbling Under (in alphabetical order)

- SMARTY PANTS** First Choice, Bell
SUMMER (FIRST TIME) Bobby Goldsboro, United Artists
I'LL THINK OF YOU Detroit Emeralds, Philips
RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS David Bowie, RCA
TALKING TO MY HEART Jim Reeves, RCA
SAY, HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY SWEET GYPSY ROSE Dawn, Bell

SONG WORDS



Elton John

Saturday Night's Alright (For Fighting)

It's getting late have yer seen me mates
 Ma tell me when the boys get here,
 It's seven-o'clock and I want to rock
 Wanna get a belly full of beer.

My old man's drunker than a barrel full of monkeys
 An me old lady she don't care,
 My sister looks cute in her braces and boots
 And a handfull of grease in her hair

So don't give us none of yer aggravation
 We've had it with yer discipline,
 Saturday night's alright for fightin',
 Get a little action in.

Get about as oiled as a diesel train
 Gonna set this dance alright.
 'Cause Saturday night's the night I like
 Saturday night's alright, alright, alright.

Well they're packed pretty tight in here tonight
 I'm looking for a dolly who'll see me right,
 I may use a little muscle to get what I need
 I may sink a little drink and shout out "She's with me".

And a couple of the sounds that I really like
 Are the sound of a switchblade and a motorbike,
 I'm a juvenile product of the working class
 Who's best friend floats in the bottom of a glass.

So don't give us none etc, etc, etc.

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Albums

- 1 (1) **ALADDIN SANE** David Bowie, RCA
- 2 (3) **WE CAN MAKE IT** Peters and Lee, Philips
- 3 (2) **THAT'LL BE THE DAY** Various Artists, Ronco
- 4 (10) **NOW AND THEN** Carpenters, A & M
- 5 (5) **THE BEATLES 1969-1970** Beatles, Apple
- 6 (9) **AND I LOVE YOU SO** Perry Como, RCA
- 7 (11) **DARK SIDE OF THE MOON** Pink Floyd, Harvest
- 8 (8) **THE BEATLES 1962-1966** Beatles, Apple
- 9 (7) **TOUCH ME** Gary Glitter, Bell
- 10 (12) **FOREIGNER** Cat Stevens, Island
- 11 (6) **LIVING IN THE MATERIAL WORLD** George Harrison, Apple
- 12 (22) **HUNKY DORY** David Bowie, RCA
- 13 (17) **YESSONGS** Yes, Atlantic
- 14 (13) **CLOCKWORK ORANGE** Soundtrack, Warner Bros.
- 15 (18) **SIMON AND GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS** CBS
- 16 (13) **TUBULAR BELLS** Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 17 (20) **LOVE, DEVOTION, SURRENDER** Carlos Santana and Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, CBS
- 18 (26) **BACK TO FRONT** Gilbert O'Sullivan, MAM
- 19 (15) **THE FAUST TAPES** Faust, Virgin
- 20 (23) **SPACE ODDITY** David Bowie, RCA
- 21 (16) **PURE GOLD** Various Artists, EMI
- 22 (24) **NEVER NEVER NEVER** Shirley Bassey, United Artists
- 23 (—) **THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS** David Bowie, RCA
- (—) **A PASSION PLAY** Jethro Tull, Chrysalis
- 25 (30) **WISHBONE ASH 4** MCA
- 26 (21) **ALONE TOGETHER** Donny Osmond, MGM
- 27 (—) **PIPE DREAM** Alan Hull, Charisma
- 28 (19) **RED ROSE SPEEDWAY** Paul McCartney and Wings, Apple
- 29 (—) **URIAH HEAP LIVE** Uriah Heap, Bronze
- 30 (—) **TALKING TO MY HEART** Jim Reeves, RCA

Two titles tied for 23rd position.

Singles Top 30 Albums

- 1 (2) **YESTERDAY ONCE MORE** The Carpenters, A & M
- 2 (1) **BAD BAD LEROY BROWN** Jim Croce, ABC
- 3 (3) **SMOKE ON THE WATER** Deep Purple, Water Bros.
- 4 (8) **TOUCH ME IN THE MORNING** Diana Ross, Motown
- 5 (4) **SHAMBALA** Three Dog Night, Dunhill
- 6 (7) **GET DOWN** Gilbert O'Sullivan, MAM
- 7 (16) **THE MORNING AFTER** Maureen McGovern, 20th Century Fox
- 8 (9) **DIAMOND GIRL** Seals and Crofts, Warner Bros.
- 9 (11) **LIVE AND LET DIE** Paul McCartney and Wings, Apple
- 10 (10) **MONEY** Pink Floyd, Harvest
- 11 (15) **BROTHER LOUIE** Stories, Kama Sutra
- 12 (13) **FEELING STRONGER EVERY DAY** Chicago, Columbia
- 13 (—) **LET'S GET IT ON** Marvin Gaye, Motown
- 14 (14) **MISDEMEANOUR** Foster Sylvers, Pride
- 15 (20) **I BELIEVE IN YOU** Johnny Taylor, Stax
- 16 (22) **SAY, HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY SWEET GYPSY ROSE** Dawn, Bell
- 17 (18) **MONSTER MASH** Bobby Boris Pickett, Parriott
- 18 (24) **UNEASY RIDER** Charlie Daniels, Kama Sutra
- 19 (26) **DELTA DAWN** Helen Reddy, Capitol
- 20 (19) **SO VERY HARD TO GO** Tower of Power, Warner Bros.
- 21 (6) **BOOGIE WOOGIE BUGLE BOY** Bette Midler, Atlantic
- 22 (—) **HERE I AM** Al Green, Hi
- 23 (17) **BEHIND CLOSED DOORS** Charlie Rich, Epic
- 24 (28) **WHERE PEACEFUL WATERS FLOW** Gladys Knight and The Pips, Buddah
- 25 (—) **IF YOU WANT ME TO STAY** Sly and Family Stone, Epic
- 26 (30) **SOUL MAKOSSA** Manu Dibango, Atlantic
- 27 (—) **HOW CAN I TELL HER** Lobo, Big Tree
- 28 (—) **OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY** Led Zeppelin, Atlantic
- 29 (29) **THERE'S NO ME WITHOUT YOU** Manhattans, Columbia
- 30 (—) **ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?** Four Tops, Motown

COURTESY OF "CASHBOX"

- 1 (2) **NOW AND THEN** The Carpenters, A & M
- 2 (3) **FANTASY** Carole King, Ode
- 3 (11) **CHICAGO VI** Columbia
- 4 (4) **THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON** Pink Floyd, Harvest
- 5 (1) **LIVING IN THE MATERIAL WORLD** George Harrison, Apple
- 6 (8) **FRESH** Sly And The Family Stone, Epic
- 7 (6) **THERE GOES RHYMIN' SIMON** Paul Simon, Columbia
- 8 (7) **DIAMOND GIRL** Seals and Croft, Warner Bros.
- 9 (9) **HOUSES OF THE HOLY** Led Zeppelin, Atlantic
- 10 (—) **A PASSION PLAY** Jethro Tull, Chrysalis
- 11 (13) **MADE IN JAPAN** Deep Purple, Warner Bros.
- 12 (12) **CALL ME** Al Green, Hi
- 13 (14) **BACK TO THE WORLD** Curtis Mayfield, Buddah
- 14 (15) **LEON LIVE** Leon Russell, Shelter
- 15 (5) **RED ROSE SPEEDWAY** Paul McCartney and Wings, Apple
- 16 (17) **LOVE DEVOTION SURRENDER** Carlos Santana, Mahavishnu, John McLaughlin, Columbia
- 17 (10) **THE CAPTAIN AND ME** The Doobie Brothers, Warner Bros.
- 18 (16) **YESSONGS** Yes, Atlantic
- 19 (24) **MACHINE HEAD** Deep Purple, Warner Bros.
- 20 (—) **TOUCH ME IN THE MORNING** Diana Ross, Motown
- 21 (22) **LIFE AND TIMES** Jim Croce, ABC
- 22 (19) **ISAAC HAYES LIVE AT THE SAHARA TAHOE** Enterprise
- 23 (20) **BILLION DOLLAR BABIES** Alice Cooper, Warner Bros.
- 24 (27) **FAREWELL ANDROMEDA** John Denver, RCA
- 25 (—) **FOREIGNER** Cat Stevens, A & M
- 26 (23) **SPINNERS** Atlantic
- 27 (18) **1967-1970** The Beatles, Apple
- 28 (30) **I'VE GOT SO MUCH TO GIVE** Barry White, 20th Century
- 29 (—) **AND I LOVE YOU SO** Perry Como, RCA
- 30 (25) **1962-1966** The Beatles, Apple

COURTESY OF "CASHBOX"

Soul Den

- 1 (3) **YOU CAN DO MAGIC** Limmie And The Family Cookie, Avco
- 2 (8) **SMARTY PANTS** First Choice, Bell
- 3 (4) **ONE OF A KIND/LOVE AFFAIR** Detroit Spinners, Atlantic
- 4 (5) **I'M DOIN' FINE NOW** New York City, RCA
- 5 (6) **PILLOW TALK** Sylvia, Decca
- 6 (8) **TOUCH ME IN THE MORNING** Diana Ross, Tamla
- 7 (—) **I THINK OF YOU** Detroit Emeralds, Westbound
- 8 (—) **SOUL MAKOSSA AFRIQUE** 'Pye International
- 9 (1) **STEP BY STEP** Joe Simon, Mojo
- 10 (—) **IF YOU WANT ME TO STAY** Sly and Family Stone, Epic

Contributing retailers: Record Corner, Bedford Hill, London, SW12; Central Records, Stamford Street; Ashton-under-Lyne; P. & J. Records, Mare Street, London, E8; Henry's Records, St. Mary Street, Southampton; Sinfonia, Cookson Street, Blackpool; Musicland, Berwick Street, London, W1; Hime & Addison, John Dalton Street, Manchester; Sound Unlimited, 149 North Street, Brighton; Sussex; Boylans, 30/32 Old Road, Conisbrough, Doncaster; Redifusion, Nottingham.



Stevie and Diana albums rushed

NEW STEVIE Wonder and Diana Ross albums will be rush-released in the UK within the next three weeks.

Diana Ross's "Touch Me In The Morning," which jumped to number 20 in this week's American album's chart, will be out August 10. Stevie's long-awaited "Talking Book" follow-up "Inner Visions," will be released simultaneously in Britain and America on August 17 and is the first Motown album to have the same release date both sides of the Atlantic.

Both albums should be available in the shops before their official release dates—on August 8.

stop press

STEVIE DATES

Stevie Wonder is to visit Britain in September, playing Crystal Palace on 15. The opening date of Glasgow on seventh is still to be confirmed.

Rod's album held up

RELEASE of the Rod Stewart "Best Of" album, *Sing It Again Rod*, has been put back to the end of this week due to packaging problems.

Phonogram Records say that when you pull out the inner sleeve of the cover, which is shaped like a beer mug, the outside falls apart. The covers are being re-glued this week.

Jackson's next

JACKSON FIVE'S next single, *Skywriter*, title track from their current album, will be released in Britain on August 24.

Seeker's single

NEW SEEKERS continue featuring individual members of their line-up on singles with a revival of the Everly Brothers' 1962 hit, *Crying In The Rain*, featuring Marty Kristian. Single is set for release on August 24.

The Seekers, currently on tour in America, return to Britain late September when they will release another single and spend a week promoting it before taking a month's holiday.

Fairies for free Windsor

PINK FAIRIES are set to top the bill on the first day of the second Windsor Free Festival to be held over the August Bank Holiday (25 to 28) in Windsor Great Park.

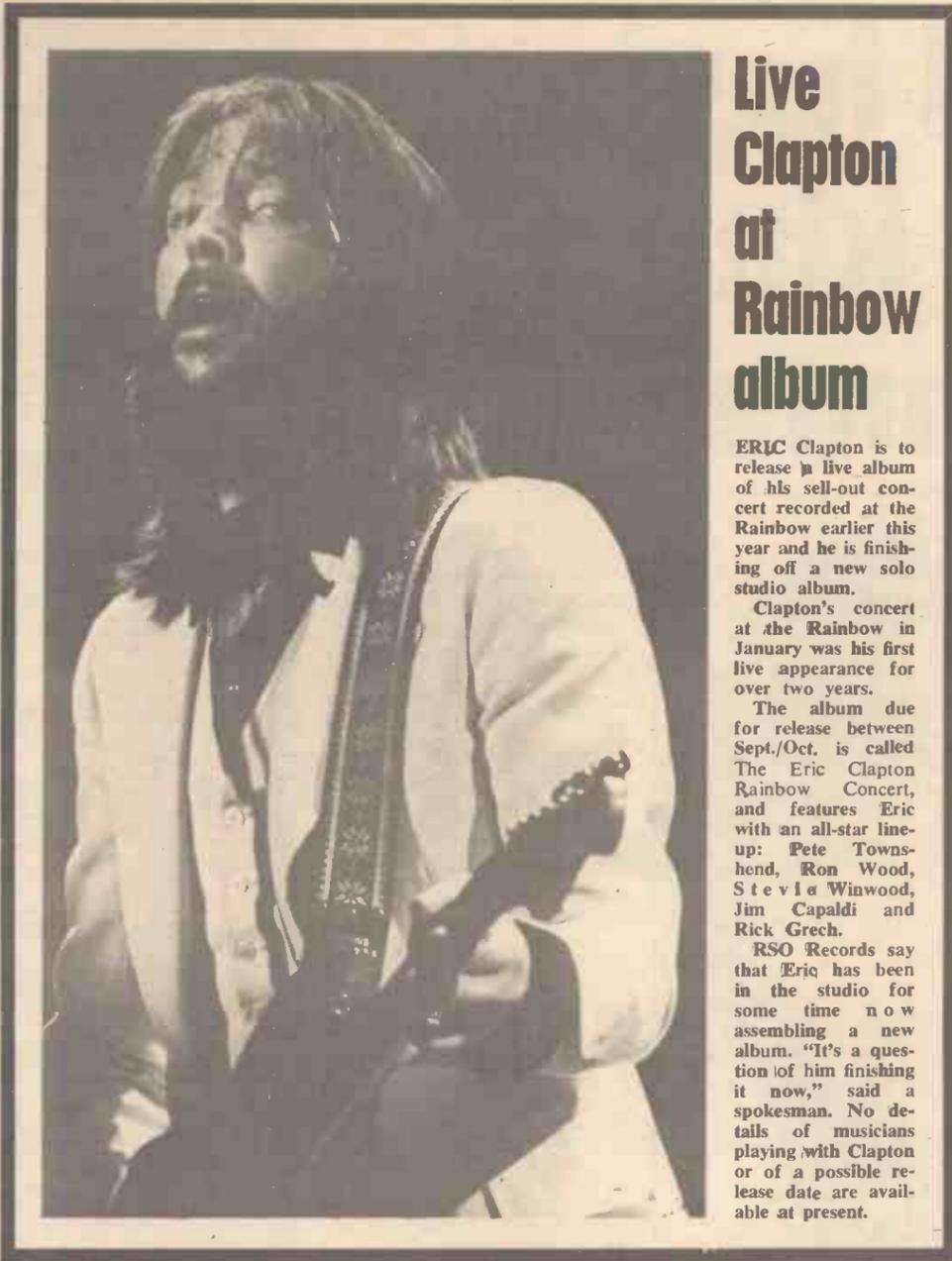
Eighty-five bands have been booked to play the four-day festival, for which British Rail have agreed to provide extra trains out from London (Waterloo) to Windsor. They include Kraan, Third Ear Band, Keith Christmas, Camel, Longdancer, Brave New World, Choker and Skin Alley.

YES GO BACK ON THE ROAD

YES play their first series of British concert dates in almost two years in November, including a five-day residency at London's Rainbow Theatre.

Throughout the 23 day Autumn tour, Yes will play a minimum two-and-a-half-hour set, featuring the whole of their forthcoming double album "Tales From The Tobergraphic Ocean," currently being recorded at London's Morgan studios and scheduled for late September release.

Tour dates confirmed are: Bournemouth Winter



Live Clapton at Rainbow album

ERIC Clapton is to release a live album of his sell-out concert recorded at the Rainbow earlier this year and he is finishing off a new solo studio album.

Clapton's concert at the Rainbow in January was his first live appearance for over two years.

The album due for release between Sept./Oct. is called *The Eric Clapton Rainbow Concert*, and features Eric with an all-star line-up: Pete Townshend, Ron Wood, Stevie Nicks, Jim Capaldi and Rick Grech.

RSO Records say that Eric has been in the studio for some time now assembling a new album. "It's a question of him finishing it now," said a spokesman. No details of musicians playing with Clapton or of a possible release date are available at present.

Horror rock hits London

FOLLOWING in the wake of the God Rock musicals, Horror Rock reaches London this month.

"The Rocky Horror Show," after a successful run at the Theatre Upstairs, is being presented to the general public from August 14 at the Chelsea Classic Cinema and is the first ever live show to be staged at this venue.

The show, which has a cast of nine, is a Rock 'n' Roll horror fantasy based on the Frankenstein theme, but this time the doctor comes from Transsexual, a planet in the galaxy of Transylvania, populated with mad mutants, tame transvestites and muscle-bound monsters. Book, music and lyrics are by Richard O'Brien. Box office opens August 6.

SYLVIA, currently in the charts with her single, *Pillow Talk*, releases an album of the same name on August 10. It includes *Didn't I*, her US follow-up single to *Pillow Talk*.

Don "well on the mend"

DON POWELL, Slade's drummer injured in the car crash in which his girl friend Angela was killed, is said to be "well on the mend." A spokesman for the group told Disc: "Don's physical injuries—a broken ankle and broken ribs—are mending fast. However, we think it is going to take a little time before he is fully fit and well."

Heep new album due

URIAH HEEP release a new album, *Sweet Freedom*, on the Bronze label on September 7. The album is produced by Gerry Bron and the tracks are: *Dreamer*, *Stealin'*, *One Day, Sweet Freedom*, *If I Had The Time*, *Seven Stars*, *Circus* and *Pilgrim*.

Stealin' is to be released as a single on August 10.

The group start an eight-week coast-to-coast tour of the USA on August 15.

Cash leaves BBC for Capital

RADIO 1 and 2 DJ, Dave Cash, leaves the BBC to join London's new commercial station, Capital Radio, which opens in October.

Dave, who has been broadcasting for 10 years, has been appointed Production Manager. He will run a department, which helps advertisers to make commercials and jingles.

Geordie single and four set

GEORDIE'S follow-up to *Can You Do It* is *Electric Lady* b/w *Geordie Stomp*, set for release on August 10. The band returned from a tour of Denmark on Monday to start British dates, including a hectic weekend August 11/12 when they play Melrose, Scotland, on the Saturday, travel south to compete in the Radio Luxembourg sponsored race at Brands Hatch on Sunday and fly north again immediately after the race by chartered helicopter to play the Isle of Man's Palace Lido.

Full dates are: Newquay Blue Lagoon (August 2), Barnstable Queens Hall (3), Penzance Winter Gardens (4), Torquay (5), Cleethorpes Pier (7), Stoke Heavy Steam Machine (8), Liverpool New Cavern (9), Doncaster Top Rank (10), Melrose Waverly Castle Hotel (11), Isle of Man Palace Lido (12), Swindon Brunel Rooms (17), Dunstable California Ballrooms (18), Colchester Woods Leisure Centre (19), Felixstowe Pier Pavilion (September 1), Chelmsford Town Hall (2), Shrewsbury Tiffanys (3) and Nottingham (4).

Sly won't be back

SLY STONE, who appeared at the White City Rock Concert on July 15, is not, after all, returning to Britain after his short European tour. Sly returned to the US yesterday (Tuesday).

Morrison: Dublin off

VAN MORRISON this week issued a statement to explain to disappointed fans why he had not been able to play any concerts in Ireland.

A spokesman for his record company said: "Although Van did express a wish to play Dublin, this was not possible to finalise as prior commitments would not allow for an extension of the scheduled tour." Morrison returned to America at the weekend.

Bogert hurt in US crash

TIM BOGERT, bass player with Beck, Bogert and Appice, was injured in a motorbike accident in New York last week and is presently in hospital in Long Island with a broken foot and ankle, plus severe lacerations to his legs and thighs. This has caused the band's withdrawal from the Alexandra Palace Music Festival last Sunday.

Bogert has been confined to bed for at least two weeks on doctor's orders. He says: "Jeff, Carmine and I are bitterly disappointed that we shall be unable to appear for all those looking forward to our concert. We hope to make it up to them soon."



A spokesman for the group said that Bogert would probably be out of action for at least a month but that the group will appear in England as soon as possible.

Zeppelin robbed of \$203,800

LED ZEPPELIN currently on the last stage of a record-breaking tour in America, have been robbed of the proceeds of their tour, an estimated \$203,800.

At 7.30 p.m. last Sunday the band were on their way by limousine to the last concert of the tour, at Madison Square Garden, when, according to the New York Daily News, it was discovered that the money was missing from a safe deposit box in the Hotel Drake, where the band are staying. All that remained in the safe were the band's passports.

By Lisa Robinson in New York

Zeppelin were not told about the theft, which is thought to be the largest hotel robbery in New York's history, until after the gig was over.

The Daily News states that \$50,000 was money earned from concerts prior to the final three at Madison Square Garden and the remaining \$153,000 money earned by the band from their three New York gigs.

At the time of going to press no statements had been made by the band about the robbery.

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Owing to the absolutely overwhelming response to our advertisement (June 30) we are now in the position of having over 5,000 orders awaiting dispatch and it will take at least another 14 days to clear this huge backlog.

We have sold out of many of the LP's featured in the advertisements, all the singles have gone and our stocks of FREE Bumper Parcels have been totally exhausted, so we regret that the offer of a free parcel with every £10 order has had to be terminated as there are no more to give away. In these circumstances we felt that it was only fair to you to return the money that you had sent us.

Once again we do apologise most sincerely for any inconvenience which we may have caused and hope that we will be given the favour of another order from you.

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David having some kind of a summer

Faces' Kenny taken ill

FACES drummer Kenny Jones collapsed onstage at Manchester Hard Rock on Sunday and after being given oxygen in his dressing room was rushed to hospital where he was treated for heat exhaustion.

The band, appearing in Britain for the first time with new member Tetsu, curtailed their set after Kenny was taken ill during Losing You.

After the concert, Faces organist Ian McLagan told Disc: "The heat was unbearable, but it was worst for Kenny since a drummer expends more energy than the rest of us. He suddenly found that he couldn't breathe."

Kenny was discharged from hospital after treatment and was later said to be "tired, but otherwise O.K."

Rory album —tour soon?

RORY GALLAGHER, who tops the bill on Friday, August 24, at the Reading Festival, is currently in London working on his next album, which is due for release in late September or early October.

Rory plans to go to America next month, but may return later this year for a European tour.



ALAN BURSKY... CASSIDY REPLACEMENT?

DAVID CASSIDY is NOT to leave the Partridge Family, plans a free live concert in New York's Central Park in September, has a new US single released and is continuing work on his third solo album.

David's surprise public announcement that he has no intention of retiring from the "Partridge Family" TV series, comes after the news of the signing of Alan Bursky to take over his role as Keith Partridge.

Cassidy describes previous announcements of his intention to quit as a "mistake."

The free Central Park concert will be on September 22, and Cassidy, following Barbra Streisand and Carole King, becomes only the third ever artist to be permitted by New York City to stage a concert in the park.

The new Cassidy US single release is *Daydream*, formerly a hit for the Lovin' Spoonful. Meantime David continues work on his next album with producer Rick Jarrad, who has in the past worked with artists such as Jose Feliciano, Jefferson Airplane and Nilsson.

Gryphon to give lectures

GRYPHON has been asked by the Inner London Education Authority to give a series of concert lectures in schools during the autumn. This follows two highly successful concert lectures given by the band at the Victoria and Albert Museum last Thursday, when 500 children aged between 8 and 12 attended, and on Monday.

Gryphon repeat the lecture on the TV programme "Magpie" in two week's time and, in the meantime, the band's music will be heard on 14 different programmes across the board on Radio 1, 2, 3 and 4.

rumours concerning Roxy music should be ignored. An important press release on Roxy Music will be issued next week."

Lulu sings Bowie

LULU has recorded two David Bowie songs, produced by Bowie, at the Chateau d'Herouville, where David is completing work on his new album, and the recordings are hotly tipped to be both sides of Lulu's next single.

Unconfirmed titles are *Watch That Man* from "Aladdin Sane" and *The Man Who Sold The World* from the album of the same name.

Stones for Cardiff

THE ROLLING STONES have announced an additional date to their British tour at Cardiff Castle on Saturday, September 22, with the following day as alternative in the event of rain on the Saturday.

The concert, being presented by Great Western Festivals in association with 51 productions, will run approximately 3 to 10.30 p.m. and be played to an audience limited to 20,000 people. Details of when and where tickets will be available will be announced next week.

A great deal of money and planning has already gone into this show, with special attention being given to providing adequate facilities—toilets, foodstalls, etc.

The Stones have engaged a theatre designer specially to work on integrating the stage and entire concert environment to achieve a pleasant atmosphere and make the most of the unique setting.

Meanwhile the Stones are still negotiating for possible concerts behind the Iron Curtain at the end of their European tour—Warsaw is expected to be the venue for a major concert.

The Rolling Stones' new single, confirmed as *Angie* c/w *Silver Train* is tentatively set for release on August 17 and their album "Goat's Head Soup" for release on August 31.

Sweet man weds

MICK TUCKER, Sweet's drummer, was married in Ruislip Middlesex, last week. Mick, who is 24, married 21-year-old former secretary Pauline Brown.

Quo album and tour

STATUS QUO have a new album titled "Hullo" out in September to coincide with September/October British dates. The tour opens Bristol Colston Hall (September 19) and continues Cardiff Capital Theatre (20), Bradford St. George's Hall (21), St. Albans Civic Hall (22), Newcastle City Hall (24), Aberdeen Music Hall (25), Edinburgh Empire Theatre (27), Glasgow Green's Playhouse (28), Croydon Fairfield Hall (30), Sheffield City Hall (October 3), Hanley Victoria Hall (4), Manchester Free

Trade Hall (5), Oxford New Theatre (6), Leeds Town Hall (9), Southport Floral Hall (10).

They interrupt the tour to play Paris Olympia (October 1). London dates will be announced later.

Roxy rumours still flying

ROXY MUSIC have cancelled their Douglas, Isle Of Man Concert set for Sunday, August 5, increasing speculation over the group's future.

This began with Eno's departure from the band, but so far the only word is a statement: "Any

Wizzard to US and single set

ROY WOOD'S Wizzard start their first American tour this month, playing 24 dates, opening at Phoenix, Arizona, on August 27. After the tour, which coincides with the US release of Roy's solo album "Boulders," the band return to Britain for a short while before playing further dates at American colleges.

Wizzard are currently completing work on a new single for release later this month.

Roy Wood appears without his Wizzard make-up and costume on "Top Of The Pops" on Friday, performing his solo single Dear Elaine and the band appear on "Russell Harty Plus" on Sunday.

Live music review

VAN MORRISON

THERE are just too many brilliant performing artists or groups extant to get caught in the trap of claiming any one to be top of the pops.

Van Morrison would be the first to agree; his influences are almost as obvious as his own abilities.

Given that, the pride of Ireland met London head on last week in two enchanting concerts at the Rainbow and won before he began.

Van Morrison is something of an enigma in the rock game, primarily because he refuses to play it. But there's nothing remote or obtuse about his talent. Few can match his knowledge of his own resources; as an exponent of R & B he has few equals regardless of colour.

But there's much more to his art than the adoption of a seemingly alien genre. When he's on form, and lapses are thankfully rare, his lyrics bristle with a shimmering imagery which defines emotions and concepts from fresh angles.

On stage his projection seems deceptively casual, effortless. But his innate sense of dynamics is remarkable. When Monday night's show burst open with I've Been Working It was instantly clear that this was not an event. But as the programme unfolded its impact began to build magnificently.

Here was a man who was holding much of his strength in reserve, creating a tension which had your seat, waiting patiently for the emotional orgasm and its warm afterglow.

Van communicated with each member of his audience on a one-to-one basis, and that's an achievement which can never be explained. Some kind of Caledonia voodoo goin' on.

The first evening proved mildly disconcerting, however, as it was initially difficult to assimilate the new arrangements of familiar material.

The string quartet of the Oakland Symphony headed by Nathan Rubin (with arrangements by pianist Jeff Labes) was spirited and fluid to be sure, but at the same time made the fabric of the music seem a bit too polished and organised, cramping the spontaneity which had fired the several previous Van Morrison concerts this reviewer had witnessed in California.

Where one had anticipated, for example, the uplifting bass guitar counterpoint of St. Dominic's Preview, it was found to be implied rather than declared. But by the second night, the listener accepted the new arrangements on their own merits. That string section really did swing, playing Van Morrison music rather than some applique hybrid hung-up-on-classics soporific.

In past performances, Van has been more than merely capable on rhythm guitar and harmonica, both of which have been discarded to leave him to concentrate on vocal delivery like a swinging singer fronting a big band, pumping out energy and directions with his right arm.

And what a band! John Platania delivering the most searing and ingenious lines with amazing rhythmic precision. Jack Shover's fluid saxophones and Bill Attwood's trumpet underscoring Van's expert assimilation of jazz nuances.

Jeff Labes on piano and organ displaying a quiet versatility which eschews theatrics but shines through nevertheless (he and Platania both featured in the "Moondance" album). Drummer David Shaar was always right there, following the music along convincingly.

It's pointless to go into a track-by-track analysis. Suffice it to say that over the two concerts of almost entirely different programmes, Van came up with most of the recorded goodies of his contemporary career, a sprinkling of them changes and several personalised renditions of R & B classics.

Van's performances were so compelling as to almost blot out memory of Alice Stuart & Snake, the fine supporting trio which also displayed more than passing reverence to R & B and country styles, mixing them with their own material to provide a strong complement to the main man.

When the Powers That Be get around to nailing a blue plaque on the Finsbury rock emporium all that need say is "Van Morrison played here, July 1973."—CHARLES DODSON

HAZARETH

THE idea of having a 10-day festival of music in London is a fine one; the idea of having the shows at the Alexandra Palace is doubtful. Once you get there, it was OK. The sound was good, despite the absence of a large audience which always seems to make it sound fuller.

Baffles were hung from the

roof and the echo wasn't too noticeable. However, transport must have been a problem for many of the three thousand or so that turned up.

The ticket price, £2 a night, also appeared a bit cock-eyed in view of the fact that on some nights there is a really strong line up and on Saturday, Nazareth had to top a very weak bill. It says a lot for their pulling power that they managed to get such a handsome sized audience anyway. The music previous to theirs was mediocre and to put it bluntly, lacked balls.

East of Eden were disappointing. Since the departure of Dave Arbus they have lost a lot of the sparkle. Even Jig A Jig didn't have the style it used to have on record. Sin City Girls was fair, but it seems to be a long way off the old East of Eden music and just isn't scoring as well.

Nazareth have just completed a long tour of the country and so this audience must have been some kind of reward for them, because I would imagine that most people had seen them before.

There were yells of appreciation at the beginning of each song, showing that it was recognised and it was very heartening to see just how much the band have come on since I first saw them almost a year ago.

They opened with Night Woman and ran through their usual repertoire of songs from the "Razamanaz" album including Bad Bad Boy, the latest single, the title track and Alcatraz.

They have picked up a bit more flair in the stage performance since their hit single, and the music has improved accordingly. The whole presentation was excellent.

—ROSALIND RUSSELL

ARGENT

THERE was this negative earth and these troublesome microphones you see and between them they held up the show for more than 90 minutes.

So it came to pass that the few thousand of us who had come to watch the Friday night opening of the Alexandra Palace festival found ourselves staying on for an unexpected Saturday morning finale.

We were a much dispirited throng that morning as Argent, the closing act, strode on to start their set. But not for long. By the time the opening number It's Only Money had finished most of our disenchantment had evaporated.

Perhaps the earlier technical snags, forced them to give of the best they know no other way of playing. But whatever the explanation, let it be said that barring a few weak passages such as the fuzzy opening of It's Only Money and the badly delivered slow sequence in God Save Rock-n-Roll, the band gave a painstakingly brilliant performance.

For me the high point of the set was an Indian influenced work entitled The Fakir, which featured an unbelievably energetic solo by drummer Robert Henri—a gripping display of complete rhythmic patterns, forceful time changes and contrapuntal syncopation.

Of course no Argent performance is complete without that well-known piece of resistance Hold Your Head Up High. And it was this classic, which proved to be the most inspiring to the greatest part of the audience.

In the thick of this was Rod (Argent) providing some of his characteristic Bach-flavoured organ figures, (Just in case anyone wasn't listening he threw in a snatch of Maybe It's Because I'm a Loner).

Yes this was all good painlessly professional stuff strongly laced with sheer virtuosity. The whole set hung together like there was some fifth unseen member acting as conductor and giving cues.

It sounds corny, but Argent could well prove to be the most underrated musical force of the seventies.—BEVERLEY LEGGE

SUNDANCE

MAKE no mistake Sundance have the potential to become a really accomplished band. They've been in existence just over a year and if their recent gigs at London's Marquee is anything to go by they've acquired a fair amount of versatility of approach and technical maturity.

They have the ability to produce styles ranging from laid-back funk to country music, blues and even I suspect a hint of jazz.

They can create such skillful musical structures as the fluid texture of the accompaniment in Gypsy Woman, which opened the set or their blues oriented Smokestack.

But that's as far as it goes at this stage in their career. Unfortunately much of the material they do at present lacks any positive direction.

Though there are exceptions like the two I've already mentioned and of course that nifty piece of banjo playing by Bob Bowman, featured on their closing number Foggy Mountain Breakdown.

—BEVERLEY LEGGE

RON HOWAN
MARIA MAGENTA

his new single on  1644



MICHAEL JACKSON ... DANCING BETTER THAN EVER

DAKE FIVE

IT HAPPENS once a year now—The Jackson Five come to Madison Square Garden and perform for their New York fans. It's the closest thing to that old style Beatlemania, so much hysteria is created that you almost wonder how the whole event comes off as smoothly as it does.

Well—it does, because there is a well-oiled, smooth operating machine behind every single step that those six boys take.

The scene at the Garden was just this huge, vast arena of young black faces . . . primed for their first look in a year at their boys. From 7.00 on, all eyes were at that backstage door; waiting for over an hour, during the first act—The Commodores, one of those Motown get-it-on acts.

Around 7.45 there was a bit of bustling backstage, as Motown PR Chief Bob Jones appeared and Reggie's usual laid-back style seemed a bit more determined . . . and one could see limousines starting to pull up the ramp in the very recesses of the Garden's backstage area.

Hearthrob

And—there they were! but the fans couldn't see them of course; piling out of the big, black cars were Randy—in a yellow and chartreuse outfit, Michael—resplendent in his green and white costume with flared inserts on the trousers and sequins and flowers appliqued on the jacket. Marlon wore the same outfit in lavender and purple, Jackie's was red and peach-coloured, and Jermaine—hearthrob Jermaine was wearing brown and beige.

The entourage moved slowly toward the dressing room, followed by a few groupies who managed to get backstage, bodyguards, photographers, a very few writers, and the inevitable hangers-on. Very few, with this group, for let there be no doubt—you don't hang around with the Jackson Five unless you've got some business being there.

For 15 minutes—while 18 thousand fans screamed outside

in anticipation, the Jackson Five were assaulted in the dressing room. And I mean assaulted. Relatives of the concert promoters came up to the boys—"Now, please sign this picture 'To Sara,' that's S-A-R-A," and "Michael, please sign that 'with best wishes to Darrell' . . . that's Darrell with two ls," and so forth. Michael, Marlon, Jackie, Jermaine and Tito posed with an entire family of fans who somehow managed to get into the dressing room. Papa Joe Jackson observed it all with unbelievable calm.

What totally knocked me out was the way the boys responded to the attention. Of course, they must be used to it by now, and they are pros—but my goodness, it's still amazing to realise how smooth these teenage stars are.

"Hey, I remember you from the house," Michael said to me.

Will you send me those Discs with my picture on the cover? Where did you get that blouse, it's great!" he said, touching the glitter on my last year's black satin jacket from Bus Stop.

Introverted

I asked Michael how he liked being in New York; "It's nice," he smiled, "I really like it the best in the East—it's entertaining, all those movies and all." He seemed to be slightly more introverted than the last time we saw each other, his hair is a bit shorter, too; other than that—he's all Michael. All charm and incredible bottled up talent.

"New York's where you live, right?" he asked me. "You like it?" Well—I've lived here all my life, and it's noisy, and crazy, and dirty, but . . . "Yeah, you like it!" he laughed. I

noticed Jermaine taking out his bass in the corner to start to strum a few notes.

Okay, I'm going to get this marriage business straightened out once and for all; . . . "Well, no . . . I'm not exactly officially engaged," Jermaine smiled in response to my inevitable question about Hazel Gordy, Berry Gordy's daughter. "Sssssshh . . ." he laughed. "I really can't say anything about that!"

Marlon still walked around the room not talking much, a bit moody. Jermaine told me that Tito was taking it a bit "slow," about being a father any week now, Randy signed programme books, Jackie talked to a few of the young ladies in the dressing room, and then it was time for everyone to leave—with thanks all round for the photos and the hospitality.

Lisa Robinson reports as the JACKSONS storm New York

thousand people have had a full year to get their vocal chords in shape for this event and they are letting go!

The boys go into one song after another: *Hallelujah Day*—their most recent single, followed by *Looking Thru' The Window* and *Ain't That Peculiar* with Jermaine singing solo and the girls going wild. Their precision dancing is more precise than ever, the choreography has been worked on and they are now a combination of the funkier Soul Train style and Las Vegas revue ever.

Dancing

Marlon's dancing is incredible, so is Michael's. Randy's beating on the congas, singing along. Michael grabs the microphone and jumps all over the stage, running to the back to see those fans sitting behind the stage; he springs to life, all that energy comes out onstage and it's quite amazing

to watch the development of a performer that you just know will be around entertaining people for as long as you're alive.

The big surprise of the evening, for J-5 watchers, is the excitement that greets Marlon's foray into the solo field—he takes the mike and leaps out front for a few lines of a song on his own and the girls all freak out; he is very definitely the next brother to watch.

The concert is like that—it's a different show than last year—new songs, it's tighter, there are still some ballads that the audience doesn't respond to quite so loudly as they do to the more familiar songs such as *ABC* and *I Want You Back*. But for those who have waited and managed to come and see them, it's a fulfilling experience.

These are their boys—the Jackson Five belong to the young black kids in this country, they're proud of them, and they're their stars, and they never let their fans down. They give the best of what they've

got and it lasts over an hour.

To the strains of the theme from *Shaft*—with dry ice floating all around them onstage, the Jackson Five do a real chorus line kind of slick dance routine, and they're off.

Racing

Off is an understatement. They get off in exactly four seconds—racing through a line of guards and police who even have to pull a few girls off Jackie, and within seconds they're in the waiting limos with guards all round talking in walkie-talkies, "They're leaving now, okay—hold it up . . . here they go . . ." and the Jackson Five are speeding out of the building . . . Michael literally waving goodbye to me through the car window, and I'm laughing 'because I haven't ever seen this kind of an exit before. The fans are still in the hall shouting for an encore . . . they'll have to wait until next year.



JACKSON FIVE . . . NEW YORK ONCE A YEAR

THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN GEORGIA

VICKI LAWRENCE



Her new album on Stateside SSL 10314



But it still wasn't time for the band to get onstage. The build-up, suspense and tension still had about 20 minutes to go to make it complete. A few adorable black teenage girls stood around the backstage area, speculating. "You talk to them inside?" they asked me. "Is Jermaine getting married?????" Well . . . "If he gets married I'll bust his ass!" one girl huffed.

Out front the M.C. was telling the audience that last year the show had to be stopped because of the kids rushing the aisles, and so would this year's if it happened again. That merely served as a signal to start the screaming again . . . momentarily the band would emerge.

Screaming

And sure enough—first the back-up musicians ran out onstage to the monumental screaming . . . and slowly from the dressing room came Randy, surrounded by bodyguards, then Tito, Michael, Jermaine, Jackie and Marlon. All in a line, waiting behind the curtain to go on, hidden from the fans in the huge arena, surrounded by policemen and bodyguards.

They're very quiet, can they possibly be nervous after all this time? Tito catches my eye and grins at me, they're not nervous. "Let's go fellas!" Tito shouts and they race out onstage to a roar that would have put the Romans to shame . . . and at 8.25, the show begins at last.

"We're Gonna Have A Good Time," the Jackson Five standard opening song is barely heard for the shouts of MICHAEL! MARLON! JACKIE! JERMAINE! and so forth that fill the hall. Eighteen

CAROLE KING, in common with Caesar's Roman invaders, came . . . saw . . . and conquered this country. She flew in from Frankfurt on the Friday, charmed and enchanted capacity London concerts at the weekend, then quietly, without fuss, slipped home to the States first thing Monday.

It was her first visit in two years; though last trip she was support for James Taylor, and played provincial venues. Last week, partly due to the preceding exhausting US tour, her stay was, by necessity, restricted.

Carole came ostensibly to promote "Fantasy," the new album they're tipping to match "Tapestry"—the world's all-time biggest-selling album—which is somewhat ambitious. After catching her Hammersmith concert, I was tempted to renew "Tapestry." The original is long-since worn out; and, while a growing fan of "Fantasy," the former remains still my personal favourite.

Carole King, as it has often been claimed, is the best contemporary artist to come out of America. Her material has a highly-emotional, very personalised punch—often lacking among her male counterparts; and ladies like Laura Nyro, Judy Collins and Co. are left at the post by comparison with the talent fairly oozing from this little song-bird from New York's Bronx.

At Heathrow, her arrival was preceded by returning British athletes—some sporting vaulting poles and starting blocks. A huge weight-lifter, or shot-putt star, captured cameramen's attention as he kept forcing apart the sliding doors of the Customs Hall.

Suddenly, a dozen or so black faces came through in a bunch—the Carole King back-up band. And, in the centre, shepherded by bearded Lou Adler, the almost insignificant figure of Carole, curly hair and freckles, in simple, casual smock.

A few swift smiles for the camera, then she's accompanied out to the waiting limousines; a convoy of cars befitting this queen of song . . . two huge Rolls-Royces, twin Daimlers, and a white Mercedes. Carole huddles in a corner of the first Rolls, hands protecting her eyes from the flashbulbs.

Shadow

She's shy by nature, a mother by profession, a musician only by hobby almost. She's joined by Adler and her husband, Charles Larkey, a quite young man who plays bass in her band, and readily accepts the "star" shadow in which he must move.

Carole King doesn't do interviews. And she avoids the camera. At Hammersmith, Adler allowed photographers only the first five minutes of her performance. She doesn't talk because, it's said, her personal life is, rightly enough, private. And her music speaks for itself anyway.

Onstage, she chatted amiably to the packed audience, and allowed herself an appreciative acknowledgment of Eric Barratt, the Scots super-roadie attending her wants, by dedicating *You Light Up My Life* to him. A nice one, Eric.

Anniversary

To fans with the "Writer," "Tapestry," "Rhymes And Reasons," "Music" and "Fantasy" albums—Carole King is no newcomer. Yet, few must be aware that she recently celebrated her 10th anniversary in the business. A decade that includes an incredible record of hits—initially for other names. Although, of late, via things like *It's Too Late*, for herself also. As a result, she has emerged as one of the biggest influences among today's rock musicians.

Her list of hits is unlimited. And, in terms of royalties, she must be one of the richest ladies around in America. Her voice and style have been likened somewhat to Neil Sedaka. "He sounds more like her . . . than

Mike Ledgerwood traces the reign of CAROLE KING

Queen Carole



CAROLE KING . . . SHY BY NATURE

she him," claims a colleague. And the fact is that New Yorker Neil was responsible for introducing the then Carol Klein into the music business. Remember his Oh Carol!? They were teenage sweethearts. And he penned the hit before she changed her name.

Carole wrote a good deal with Gerry Goffin, her first husband, in those early days. The couple turned out smash after smash . . . *Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow* for the Shirelles, *At The Club*, and *Up On The Roof* (Drifters), *Halfway To Paradise* (Billy Fury), *One Fine Day* (Chiffons), *I'm Into Something Good* (Herman's Hermits) . . . to name but, oh so few. Carole, herself, even enjoyed a premature solo success with *It Might As Well Rain Until September*.

Part of the current Carole King Press-kit contains a mind-boggling compendium of the covers of her star compositions—a conservative 500 versions just until 1971; and the partnership with Goffin producing the bulk of them.

Output

Although, she also wrote with Toni Stern for *It's Too Late* and *No Sad Song* (a hit for Helen Reddy), and Howie Greenfield (the Everly Brothers' *Cryin' In The Rain*). Her output is prodigious. A double album of these tracks by her would be dynamite!

Carole King, queen of songs, is a rare legend among contemporary composers. Long may she reign!

IT'S 10 years since Joe Egan and Gerry Rafferty met at a barn dance in the border town of Kelso, and while romance wasn't in the air, it was, as things turned out, a very special occasion.

Not just for the farmers and old ladies in the audience, either; although they probably had a good night out, too. As a matter of fact, it sounds as if it might have been a bit of a hoot. Lots of foot-stomping and whisky-drinking.

At one end were the fabulous Sensors, led by Joe on voices, and also starring new-boy Gerry Rafferty on lead guitar. At the other, another rocking combo, the name of which isn't easily recalled by either Joe or Gerry.

Between them, they managed to steer the farmers and old ladies long into the night.

Ten years ago, and simple times they were.

Rafferty and Egan are still holding together, writing and playing with a rare and enviable consistency; only now their private lives seem to be a matter of grave concern for us all. In case you've been in a coma for the past few weeks, let's just say that the splits, rifts and pock marks of Stealers Wheel have been scrutinised and magnified with a zeal approaching the insanity of Watergate. And the music of the band or, more accurately, the music of Rafferty and Egan, has shrunk to an incidental backdrop.

The dynamic duo have been anything but detached from the skirmish, holding Press conferences to announce the split, and not inviting the rest of the band to make their views known.

Most of the more direct bitching has come from Rafferty in one corner, and guitarist Luther Grosvenor in the other. Egan's role has been a little more Solomonish, preferring to act as counsel to the aggrieved parties.

On paper, it's Rafferty who emerges as the real villain.

Grosvenor was quoted recently as saying: "We made the single ('Stuck In The Middle') a hit without Rafferty. It was us who were promoting it, working on-the-road, and it was me singing it because I had to. It's me who did the work with the rest of the band, and he walks back in and folds it. I really respect him, but I've sussed him out."

Grosvenor, along with the old team of De Lisle Harper (bass), Rod Coombes (drums) and Paul Pilnick (guitar), are understandably



GERRY RAFFERTY (LEFT) AND JOE EGAN

WHEEL MEET AGAIN

peevied to find themselves without a gig through what they sense as a selfish whim on the part of Rafferty.

But what of Rafferty? He, along with Egan, seemed less than willing to regurgitate all the muck when I went down to see them at a discreet little rehearsal hall in London's Shepherd's Bush.

"Rubbish," was Rafferty's reaction to the comments by Grosvenor, and before he could embellish his argument, Joe Egan cut in: "Gerry and I have both been with the band on-and-off for the past couple of years now, and we felt the best way to project ourselves, and the music we have, is to do it alone. It's taken us two years to realise this, and that the other thing wasn't going to work."

"Diabolical," Egan emphasises. "The thing was falling apart."

The pair of them, leaning back in their chairs in that Shepherd's Bush studio, quaffing on cheap cigarettes, looked every inch the heroes of one of those Hollywood dramas. A couple of misunderstandings smoking their way to another hit record. Rafferty with his back to a stripped-down piano, and Egan with an acoustic guitar

at his feet.

They've been putting in four or five hours a day in the pursuit of raw material, beginning some time around two and knocking off in time to make Orpington before dark. This is where Egan now lives with his wife, and while the writing was happening, Rafferty was taking time out from the wife, in Glasgow, to be with his partner.

"We can forget the whole thing once we get home," says Egan. "We'll have a few drinks and listen to a few LPs—maybe some Joni Mitchell, Beatles, J. J. Cale or Dylan."

So Stealers Wheel lives, if only in the minds of Rafferty and Egan. They'll be more shows, they say, probably with a bunch of support session musicians. They have something like a dozen tunes set aside for an album they'll start recording in September—maybe with Leiber and Stoller.

"Yes, it'll be similar to the last one," says Egan, "but a step on." Any references to the Stealers Wheel nasties? "There are one or two references to the past," says Rafferty, "but they'll be no great soul-searching. Nothing very deep."

ANDREW TYLER

DONOVAN

MARIA MAGENTA

his new single on  1644

There are solo albums and there are solo albums ...



BOULDERS



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New names that are making an impact

WIPE OUT on white magic, stupified with spirits, Home arrived bleary-eyed for the preview of their third album "The Alchemist." The poker-faced Pressmen could think what they liked, Home were past caring.

Lead vocalist Mick Stubbs and lead guitarist Laurie Wise-field sat slumped, comatose, arms round each other's shoulders. Bassist Cliff Williams was standing—just, with a little help from his friends, while drummer Mick Cook lurched uncertainly across the room, spilling more wine than he was drinking.

Only angel-faced American moog man Jim Anderson, not as yet an official member of the band, seemed in any way sober as he chatted amiably about his transition from classical concert pianist to synthesising for a rock band. At the end of it all, Mick Stubbs revived sufficiently to remark drily: "The next album's going to be called 'The Alcoholic'."

This sorry scene is not recounted to give a picture of the band as chronic dipsomaniacs, which they are not, but to give some indication of the toll that "The Alchemist" has taken on them.

A week later, a wan-faced Mick Stubbs, sitting in his record company's offices, had still not recovered. In response to "Drinks?" he groaned and pleaded "Not whisky, or anything like that. Just a small lager maybe."

For the leader of a band who had just successfully completed their "Sergeant Pepper," Mick looked decidedly down in the dumps. The reasons were partly exhaustion, partly fears that this very expensive-to-make album might not take off.

Formula

"It's so different from our last album," he explained. "And someone remarked to me that we'd established a winning formula with the last album, so why not stick to it instead of making such a big departure?"

The comment obviously depressed him. "But we couldn't just have aimed for an improvement on the last one. You have to progress, and I'm a searcher by nature. If we didn't develop, we might just as well give up."

During the making of the album, Mick nearly did give up. "I was on the verge of leaving the band. There was so much pressure on me to get it written and recorded quickly, and it needed so much time. Also, we were hampered with having to fulfil concert bookings while we were trying to make the album."

"The Alchemist" was inspired by the book, "The Dawn Of Magic," and Mick describes the album as being associated with white magic rather than black. Be that as it may, dabbling with the occult has resulted in some strange experiences for him—noises in the head, apparitions before the eyes "and one night after we'd finished recording, I just lay in bed shaking from head to foot and I just couldn't stop."

"The rest of the band were affected by it too. Though, as a result of the experience, we're all that much closer."

The synthesiser work on the album is amazing, yet Jimmy



HOME'S MICK STUBBS

Magical Home

Anderson had never worked with a rock band before. How had Home acquired him?

"Cliff met him at a party," explained Mick. "And the next day we were just leaving to go down to Rockfield studios in Wales to record, and were talking about the fact that we were going to need a keyboards and synthesiser man, and Cliff mentioned that he'd met Jim, so we went round to see if he was doing anything. He wasn't, so he came straight down with us."

On the album there's an impressive "brass band." "Yes, it took 50 parts of the moog to create it," said Mick. "Actually, that tune was a TV jingle which I wrote ages ago for Guards cigarettes. They rejected it."

Theatrical

In September, Home go out on the road to promote the new album, which they will perform in its entirety. "My idea," says Mick, "was to play

it in front of a film depicting the story, but that would have worked out horribly expensive. I'm not sure yet exactly what form the presentation will take, but obviously it will have to be fairly theatrical."

"The Alchemist" is going to astound a lot of people who have thought of Home in the past as just "a nice little band," and I predict that, come autumn, their name is going to be on a lot of people's lips.

Ray-Fox Cumming

MAYBE, just perhaps, Carmine Appice is one of the world's best drummers. He plays with Jeff Beck, you know. And recently, one Steve Marriott took him and the rest of the band back to his hotel room in Tokyo, sat them down, plied them with drink and rude substances, and slotted a home-made recording of "Dixie Chicken" into the cassette-player and waited for the results.

Whooping and mincing his way round the chairs and prostrate forms, he announced, with a sublime grin and snap of the fingers, that Two Trains Running was maybe one of the best things he'd ever heard. I mean, his ecstasy was almost embarrassing, but Carmine agreed and flinched in all the right places.

Clem (Clemson—Pie's guitarist) dug the solos and Jeff (Beck) nodded and smiled. When the tape clicked to a halt, Marriott stood triumphantly, smiling like a proud father.

Meantime, Little Feat were ploughing up and down America's East Coast, playing one or two disastrous Press receptions and generally finding things a little rough.

Little Feat, as you may know, if you're hip to this month's issue of a large and respected US paper, are one of America's great unknown bands. Their strongholds lie mainly in the South and on the West Coast, for, as you know, the East Coast would rather digest the current decadent socio-theatrical bands who believe in doing everything, even belching, from a tightly-written script.

Little Feat, of course, do not. Formed by Lowell George, a former Zappa sideman in the Mothers, and Roy Estrada, now departed to Captain Beefheart, they put out a kind of mix of recent Stones-style material, blended with pure Southern funk and a touch of gospel. Very glib, eh?

Bonnie Bramlett wanted to take them on-the-road as her back-up band, but was content to do back-up vocals on the album and have them play for her on "Sweet Bonnie Bramlett" instead, and as you know, from



LITTLE FEAT... ROUGH TIMES

A Feat of strength

her recent recommendation of the Average White Band, the lady sure has got taste.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Lowell George (writer, guitarist par excellence, and producer) turns over in bed, rubs his eyes and announces that there's a gopher picking through the cream of his cabbage patch outside the window. He hadn't expected the call, you see, but is pleasant anyway.

"In some ways, I'm happy and in some not," he says of "Dixie Chicken." "It was," he says, "our first album with new people;" this meaning Paul Barrere (second guitar), Sam Clayton (Merry's brother, on congas) and Kenny Gradney, replacing Roy Estrada on bass—new members since "Sailin' Shoes," the previous album (which was also great).

He then begins a discussion, bemoaning the musical barrel-scraping that seems to be

occurring at present, revolving mainly around image and dress, rather than music—which is, after all, the band's key selling point.

"The denominator for selling records is at a low ebb," he says. "And the moral ethic is too, along with politics and the truth."

"After the band surfaced, there was a post-Beatles thing where everybody had a tinge of George Martin, but with a third as much thought and lyrical content. Then it was the Doors... and now it's Alice Cooper. We have to play back-to-back with those kind of bands."

At present, the band are lazing a little, having just come off the road, writing new material... and playing sessions in and around LA (their home) for the Four Seasons and Bonnie Raitt (Bill Payne, their keyboard man, also played on the Doobie Bros.' "Captain And Me" album).

And it was Zappa who encouraged Lowell and Roy to take off on their own, the old entrepreneur that he is. Lowell, short on time, signs off with this little anecdote:

"Bout two or three years ago, we were playing New York State with Zappa, and the Vanilla Fudge had just surfaced. Zappa was playing a long solo when this guy calls out: 'We want the Fudge. You guys stink.' So Zappa says: 'You like it so much we'll play it again'... and he did."

Peter Erskine

Poor but proud—that's MAN who refuse to dress up or tone down their music merely for money.

Andrew Tyler went to see...

PENZANCE, you'll remember, is very nearly on the edge of the world. A dangerously silent and tranquil spot where all you'll hear after midnight are the squawking gulls and the lascivious mating sounds of Cornwall's wild life. They like it like that in Penzance.

So imagine, if you will, the commotion caused by five strangely sane Welshmen who arrived in town a couple of Fridays back to root out the passive forces and restore some balance to the place. The five-man travelling madness of Man. And God help Penzance.

The show itself was reasonably modest and forgettable. A fair-to-piddling event by the band's own standards. They played hard and true and sweated several globules, and the audience was a friendly one, but Man were feeling desperately weak. You could almost smell the weariness on their bodies as they lounged about the grimy dressing-room of the Garden, swapping joints and bottles of beer.

The tour had been a hard slog. Up-and-down. Up-and-down. And Penzance, dear Penzance, was the last-but-one. Last of all was Devizes, two days on. But tomorrow was their's to do as they pleased and that was a good enough excuse for some post-gig hysteria.

Slurpable

First some spaghetti. Trainloads of the stuff. A true slurpable technicolor marvel, provided with love by the promoter in an upstairs cafe. And while the band took it all in, the infamous gear-hauling Foster squeezed in a sly card game with the promoter and filled his pockets with 14 green ones.

The lady at the hotel on the hill had expected a bunch of good and sober men by midnight. She'd said as much when we'd called there earlier.

"I haven't seen the boys yet," she noted, "but they'll be home by midnight." They weren't exactly home by midnight, but some time after 2.30 a hugely inebriated Man, plus supporting cast, tippytoed into the hotel on the hill—a serene and pleasant place with the smartest flower and rock formation in the country.

"Shhhh," Phil Ryan splatters as he careers around the lobby colliding with the furniture.

"Shhhh!!!"
"Come on Foster," says Micky Jones, "how about a drink?"

Foster's telling everyone to settle down and the tweedy hotel keeper, eyes ablaze, is pointing to his watch and reminding everyone he has to be up by six.

"Quiet now lads," he says. "Everyone's in bed."



MAN'S MICKY JONES

MAN ALIVE

And that, truly, is where he would prefer Man to be. But it's never an easy job getting a Rock 'n' Roll band to call it quits. A strange breed, they are.

Finally, Foster slips him a fiver, apologises for his maniac companions, and talks him into opening the bar.

"I'll open it up for you," says the host, "but whatever comes to my hand first, that's it."

"Well, as long as it's whisky we don't mind that much," says Foster. Whisky it was, and there's a round of applause when Foster spills into Micky Jones' and Terry Williams' room—by now loaded with most of the band and their roadies.

Foster, still stained with the aroma of that amazing spaghetti, is beginning to feel his stomach closing in on him. He says there's some ham and bread in the van outside and how about it, men. But it's no good. He can't really make it. But it's a fairly simple matter to sneak on out to the kitchen, where he's already spotted the tail end of a pizza, and it's almost as easy to glide into the bar where there's enough booze to stoke up the whole South-West.

Fondness

He returns a bit later with a bottle of Bacardi and another bottle of Scotch and lays them down on the bed by his legs, eyeing and rubbing them with a certain fondness.

What a bloody long day it had been, and what a bloody marvellous ending.

But there's a sadness behind all the wildness and even though they reckon to enjoy seven out of 10 gigs, it always seems to be such a bloody hard slog just to keep moving.

They've been left behind time and again in the popularity stakes by bands they've grown up with—often musicians with half their potential.

And how they could do with even a fraction of the cash their label has wasted on lesser outfits.

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Roger on the spot

ROGER Daltrey is languishing in Sussex with German measles that he caught off the roadie and passed it on to his daughter. He says he never caught it as a child, so got it really badly, but sounds quite cheerful on the phone.

Daltrey is invariably cheerful, he's a lovely bloke, and it's easy to be happy in his beautiful manor house with its rolling pastures, lake, five horses and own studio.

Recently he hasn't had much time there though, because the Who have been recording for the past three months, using their new studios in Battersea for the first time.

"We're just finishing up the record now and it'll be out in the late autumn. We're very, very pleased with it, it's a goodie."

"It's nothing like the last one, and Pete Townshend has really come into his own. I can't say that much more really, but you'll like it."

The next thing is to get the Who moving out on to the road again; something that they haven't done yet this year, and haven't toured this country for two years—"partly intentionally, partly because of recording and other commitments."

"But we'll get back on the road in autumn and do some dates in England and then a few dates in the States. We've done a few rehearsals for the new material and we're all raring to go, and getting into



ROGER DALTREY ... ON THE ROAD SOON

vaguely physical fitness. "We could have gone on and done England sooner, but really we felt it was better to wait, get new material out and get a huge batch of new mat-

erial to do on the road, which is what we're doing. I don't think we've lost our old sparkle though." On the solo front, Roger still wants to do another album because he's so

pleased with the last one—still selling well, especially in America. "Track is going to release Thinking off the album as the next single. Everybody wanted me to put

out One Man Band, but I thought it was rather too obvious. "The last single wasn't an obvious one and that did well enough. I'm a bit angry about the Lou

Reisner single though. He rang me up one day and said could he put out I'm Free as a single on Ode. I never thought, I'm not that sort of bloke to say no to anybody, so now it's out and everybody thinks it's my new single, people who aren't in the business and don't know 'Tommy'.

"But I'll definitely do another solo album, because the last one has given me the confidence to do so. It's nothing organised yet, I haven't said, 'Right I'll start on August 31.' I've got a few ideas though and I might write some things myself, although I'm always saying that."

The new studio in Battersea—one of the best equipped in Europe—has yet to be officially opened, so the group are keeping fairly quiet about it until then. Apart from its initial setback on New Year's Eve when a gas main burst and it caught fire, it's pretty well finished. "Just needs a bit of tarring up," says Roger. "Then it will be put out on commercial hire like any other."

"It's a great sound for the Who, though, really good." Meanwhile, a spot-covered Daltrey sits at home and spreads German measles to the pub when he goes down for a game of darts.

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COMEBACK: Two bands that have reorganised and reactivated



MARMALADE (LEFT TO RIGHT): MIKE JAPP, DOUGIE HENDERSON, GRAHAM KNIGHT AND DEAN FORD

Spreading Marmalade

by Andrew Tyler

THROUGH the glass doors of the club-house are the playing fields of Richmond, where clusters of schoolgirls in blue knickers and sturdy boots chomp at the earth and each other with hockey sticks. A most unusual sight.

"It's quite funny, actually," says Graham Knight.

And just beyond the fields, past where the old men with hankies trailing from their back pockets play a leisurely game of bowls, is the comely Royal Hospital. It's a fair distance away, but with the club-house

doors swung open and the amps revved up full, the sounds of Marmalade will drift across the green to visit and torment the weaker patients.

The band had a visit from the matron last summer. "Keep it down lads," she asked in a kindly way. "We've got some heart patients in a touch-and-go situation. You know how it is."

"It's fair enough," says Dougie Henderson. Dougie plays drums. And he plays them quite loudly.

Despite such considerations,

the Richmond Athletic Club in West London is an ideal sort of spot for rehearsals. Used by many a rock 'n' roll band—Frampton's Camel, Savoy Brown and the Moodies.

The Marmalades (as the lads in the garage opposite call them) were backed into a fairly unremarkable corner of the building: a bar-room with stacks of grey glasses and no whisky, a half-dozen baggy balloons hanging from a wall like a bunch of tropical fruit, and a peculiarly-sinister portrait of a gentleman with

watery eyes and a brandy by his side. An eminent setting for a travelling band:

They had some wine, some smokes, a bunch of new songs, and a joke or two—and who'd have thought this past year had been a notoriously murky one for Dean Ford and the boys—a case of Harrison's *Sue Me Sue You Blues*, that involved round after round of legal infighting with record companies and management people.

They no longer have a manager, but they have a new single called *Wishing Well*, produced by themselves nine months ago at Olympic and stashed away until some of the muck could be cleared aside. Now EMI plan to use it to launch their new American label.

"It would be nice to have another hit in the States," mused bass-playing Graham Knight, drawing on a long one and thinking back to the successes of *Reflections Of My Life*. "And this time we won't make the same mistake we made last time. We were all keen to go over when *Reflections* made the chart, but our manager said: 'No, wait until you get three or four more hits then you'll be able to clean up.' We won't make that mistake again."

Yes, it would be nice to have a new manager but, says Graham, no one in the band is desperate. "If someone comes along, we'll listen." What they're really after is a Chas Chandler, or a Billy Gaff.

"The agency we were with at one time had 12 artists out of the top 20 on their books," Graham remembers.

Between rounds, they've found time to play something like three gigs a week. Some very strange gigs. All those natty songfests by the sea. Rio, Athens, Bratislava.

"It's all very nice," says Graham, "flashing about all over the world, but it's not exactly the thing we're interested in. They pay you well and you stay in the best hotels and all that, but we were with this agency whose argument was that they could get us 52 weeks a year doing cabaret. Well, you know..."

They're still playing some pretty strange gigs, even now. Like the RAF camps of the past week. Last Saturday it was the Lincoln base in a hall the size of a pair of hangars. Outside the Harrier jets were strung out across the runway. Vertical take-off jobs with their megaton babies strapped to their under-bellies.

Oh yes, there was South Africa too, in the early part of the year. Six weeks and 46 dates.

"I know South Africa's a sore point with a lot of people," says Dean, "but we needed the work and we needed the money, and we did get to play some charity gigs for black audiences and Indian audiences."

Most of all, the boys want to throw off the *Ob La Di* cutsie-pie tag and that, says Dean, "is a helluva tag to be left with."

"We don't want to forget about the singles market because we always try to be commercial. Melodies, you know. That's always been the thing. But we want to start playing the better sort of gigs. More into the album-buying market."

There's an album on the way; being recorded right now at Escape Studios in Kent. It's a 16-track job, part-owned by Bill Martin, the man who wrote *Puppet On A String*.

Dean says you're not to let that fool you.



ALAN HULL... REBORN

by Rosalind Russell

STRANGE and uncanny noises were emerging from behind a closed door. In there, with the noises, was Alan Hull, but surely this couldn't be the new Lindisfarne sound everyone was talking about? No, it wasn't. It was a riotous Hull trying his wind on a saxophone; and not very well either.

He was much better at blowing wind about the review of his solo album "Pipedream," reviewed by the venerable A. Tyler. He didn't like the review; he was quite angry. In fact, he'd maybe even like to cut off Tyler's fingers. Not very nice, but I'm sure he didn't mean it.

Hull looked to be in a fairly good mood, even though he'd just heard that Jacka's car had broken down just outside Newcastle and he'd have to record that evening's radio programme by himself. But he was still ready with some tart remarks about reviewers.

"You have to really get into an album when you listen to it; any album, a Sweet album. But then the whole state of modern rock music needs to be looked at. It needs to grow up. The people who write about it, the people who are concerned in it, and the periphery of people around the groups should pull their socks up and make as much effort as the groups do."

Parasites

"They don't, you know. At worst, they are parasites and, at best, sycophants."

There you have it—a blast of Hull annoyance. His solo album features Lindisfarne members past and present and is selling enough to be almost in the chart by the time you read this. Songs from the album will be making up one-third of the new Lindisfarne stage act.

"About a third of the stuff we're doing onstage is unrecorded, a third from 'Pipedream' and a third is old Lindisfarne songs. At this stage in the game the kids want to hear the old songs. They pay good money for it, so we're doing a three in one—square deal Lindisfarne."

The change in line-up takes some of the weight off Hull as lead writer. Kenny Craddock and Tommy Duffy are busy writing too. So, when they've been together a bit longer, a new writing style should develop out of Lindisfarne's present situation.

"It'll be a relief to me. There was only me and Jacka writing before, and onstage Jacka was carrying the on-stage. There was a time when the old group was just coming out onstage and going through the motions. Now we've got it all back, it's like being reborn. Although I don't suppose you understand that."

He stops, just to see what kind of reaction he's going to get, just to needle a bit maybe. No luck. "On record, it was 90 per cent

Hull-o, Hull-o, he's back again

my songs and the group stood or fell by these songs. That's not to decry the old group, because it was good and it reached some fine creative peaks, but we just couldn't go any further musically. We couldn't satisfy ourselves.

Professional

"You'll like the new band. It has better musicianship, new songs, and a slightly more professional approach."

I think he's being a bit harsh on the old Lindisfarne; hard on the musicians that were in it and hard on the people that enjoyed their music. But then, I'm not in the band, so maybe he's right.

They've produced an album which has just been released, titled "Lindisfarne Live," and which was recorded at their Christmas appearance at Newcastle City Hall.

"No, you don't want to review that. Do 'Pipedream' again instead. That 'live' album is forgettable. It's nostalgia, Lindisfarne and Jack The Lad are looking for a future. The bands are completely different."

The new Lindisfarne have started work on a new album which should be ready by October. Apart from that, Alan has his first book of poems published this week, titled "Mocking Horse."

It's a collection of writings he's made over the last 10 years and he recommends that you get paralytic before you read it. He hasn't a lot of confidence in his ability as a poet.

Daft

"It was Strat (Tony Stratton-Smith, manager of both Lindisfarne and Jack The Lad) who thought I should publish them. I said: 'You're daft, but you're welcome — and they've printed 5,000 copies and sold them.'

"I consider myself to be a songwriter. I'm not the best in the world, but I know I can do it. However, there are people who spend their lives writing poetry and they are professionals. The difference between poetry and songwriting is the difference between fine art and graphic art."

"I don't know how I write them. I think I'm crackers," he remarked candidly, but untruthfully. He is a shrewd and canny lad. "It's the ravings of a drunken, deranged mind. I wanted to call the book 'Read This When You're Drunk.'"

MOTOWN

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'CLOSE TO YOU'

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Rosalind Russell
travels to
see the new
improved SWEET

IT WAS with considerable surprise, and even admiration, that I watched Sweet go through their new act in Hemel Hempstead last week. They have improved drastically in the past few months, bringing a good stage-show out of the musical chaos that they had perpetrated before.

Their singles have always been good, commercial material, providing an exciting but transitory impression; it's the stage performances that have let them down. This time, they managed to provide a well-organised, musically competent show, without being too unsubtle about it.

This is the act they are taking to the States for their first tour, backing up the hit they have had with *Little Willy*. It's just as well America isn't seeing the old show, but they would seem to stand a fair chance with the new one.

They have used a screen behind them to great effect, flashing up appropriate pieces of film to suit the song. One part,



BRIAN CONNOLLY ... STEPPING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

in particular, has worked out very well. It's a clever synchronization on a drum solo; Mick Tucker takes the stage by himself, while a film of him drum-

ming appears behind the drum kit.

The soundtrack runs the drumming in co-ordination with Tucker's "live" drumming, so that you get a kind of duet effect. It takes the boredom out of the normal drum solo you usually get.

The band still wear their glitter suits and the like, but they aren't as coarse as they could be. Another step in the right direction.

They opened with *Hellraiser*, and some fine visual effects. The audience seemed to be mildly appreciative, but not as much as they could have been. Perhaps they were reserving judgment too.

Sweet's musicianship has also improved marginally. Andy Scott seemed to be much more in control of the noises coming out of his guitar, likewise Steve Priest.

They kept up a fast pace of music with no unnecessary breaks for introductions; although most of their songs don't need it anyway. They did the old, Who number *I'm A Boy*.

The act is divided into two parts, and the second opened with an acoustic number—the



THE SWEET (LEFT TO RIGHT): MICK TUCKER, BRIAN CONNOLLY, STEVE PRIEST AND ANDY SCOTT

Byrds' *Eight Miles High*. The vocals were good, and it was nice to have this short piece of variation in the style.

They didn't run through their entire repertoire of hits, which was a relief—it must be quite a temptation to do something like this when you've had so

many—and they managed to do several of other people's songs, using their own interpretations, quite well.

They did play the American hit *Little Willy*, which made it here ages ago, and made a fair job of *Great Balls Of Fire* and *Reelin' And Rockin'*.

More interesting, was their new single *Ballroom Blitz*. I don't think it's as strong as the past two, but it'll doubtless make it anyway. Its impact will be the same; they are still sticking to the same winning formula but it's without the same spark as previous hits.

IT WAS a thinner Bob "Bear" Hite reclining seductively on the hotel bed than the man I saw last year. A slightly more aggrieved "Bear" too. One bad review of Canned Heat's White City show was enough to keep him grumbling for hours.

And, to add to it all, there was something dodgy with the hotel's fire alarm system and the bell kept going off at unnervingly frequent intervals. All of this did not make for a happy Hite.

"The people liked what we played. It was the critics who said we were playing the same old warmed-up blues," said the "Bear." "They never say that about Muddy Waters. If we have to get into orchestration to 'progress' I'd sooner die." Dramatic stuff.

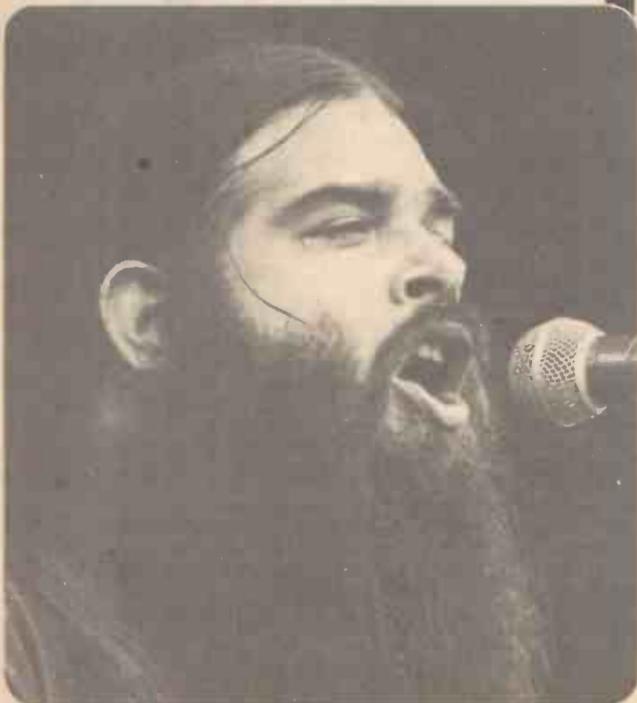
Canned Heat have been living off their reputation, as far as Britain goes, for quite some time. They have had two hit singles, and although it might be a sad situation, it's the hit singles that make the band.

"If it takes the garbage I've heard on the radio to make a hit single, then I don't want one," continued Bob, warming to his theme. "Britain has always been a singles market and we're not a singles band."

Even with two replacement members, Richard Hite (Bear's brother) and Ed Byer, it would seem that enthusiasm for Heat is cooling off. Of course, it's the bad times that makes for good blues... isn't it?

—ROSALIND RUSSELL

THE BEAR HAS THE WHITE CITY BLUES



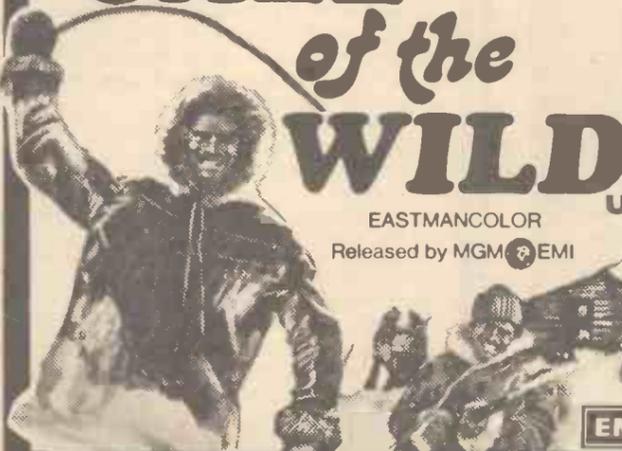
BOB HITE ... UNHAPPY BUT THIN

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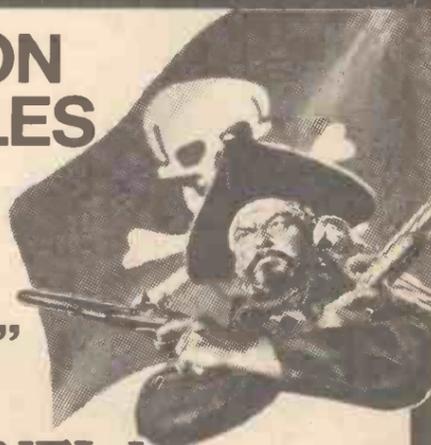


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It was a bit like that. I mean, although you've got to be natural and pretend it's just like exchanging the normal pleasantries with your metropolitan rock 'n' roller.

"Go on," they said. "He's okay. Just treat him like anyone else you'd interview."

But Paul McCartney? As essential and instrumental as Farex and Marmite, that first pull on a Cadet and those quaking teenage bra-strap manipulations. I mean, an incredibly important and nostalgic chunk in everyone's background. Warm and wonderful, indeed. How can you express it?

You shouldn't, but you can't help letting it colour your vision a little, so that when the man said: "Yes, you two can go in now" (having stood fidgeting listlessly backstage in the scholarly green-washed Newcastle City Hall corridor)... the first reaction is one of almost energy-draining relief, followed by a combined scrabbling and ferretting through one's metaphorical life-bouy; a series of typed questions, to wit. Gosh, it is going great.

The atmosphere's calm, relaxed and positive—Paul and Linda seem to exude those qualities these days—so that caught in the hazily-pleasant air, one hardly realises Paul's adeptness at appearing loquacious and informative, yet retaining that seasoned ease of remaining entirely non-committal. Even evasive. Ten years of dealing with the Press has fostered that ability.

Even so, could you imagine Mick Jagger taking a little band out on-the-road, rumbling between the cities in a converted coach? It's certainly odd to see Paul so accessible.

But the old aura still pulls. Fans still shin up drain-pipes and hang cat-like from window sills, poking little notes in through ventilation ducts, and they still congregate, autograph books a-flap, hours before the band are due to file in through the stage-door.

But now it's for Wings, and they deserve it, because they're good. Possibly the best live band we have, and that's no hype—how could it be after the verbal pelting they've endured?

"I mean," says Linda, pressing against her old man back in the dressing-room, "I was pretty apprehensive at first. I wasn't good when we started and there were times when I really did sing flat. I know it..."

"That Press thing hit her pretty hard you know," interrupts Paul. "Sometimes I had to stop her from crying before we went on and that's why we started abroad—the first tour, that is—and why we've concentrated on college and universities since..."

"How did you write *Live And Let Die*?" someone asks.

"Well, I sat down on the piano the next day and worked something out, then got in touch with George Martin, who produced it with us. We rehearsed it as a band, recorded it and then left it up to him..."

Was it just like writing another song for Wings, though?

"No, it was just a little bit different because it was a James Bond film and it had to be *big*. I didn't have to keep to a schedule that was too tight, though. I think, originally, they asked for two minutes, 50, and I think it turned out two minutes, 52.

"I mean, I think I'd do it again. It was a good film, but I'm getting a bit choosy now, you know," he says, grinning. "Ah well, success has gone to my head, hasn't it? Flushed with success, I am. I'll only do big films now... or very little ones."

There's a disparity between the album, though—"Red Rose Speed-

STAR TREK

Peter Erskine goes
gigging with WINGS
—and decides...

They're the band in the

way"—and the live act. I mean, the album's okay. It has its moments, but nothing approaching the impact of the band in person.

Of course, I hadn't the guts to say so, preferring instead the lighter more cliched phrasing of that hardy annual: "What is your policy with regard to live and recorded work?"

"Well, it should all be part of the same thing as far as we're concerned," returned a slightly side-stepping McCartney.

I tried; is it just that you've been concentrating on pulling the band together first then?

"Well, no, it's just that we've got an LP out. It's selling, and we've just had two singles kind of hot on each others' tails. As soon as we've finished this (tonight being the last night of the tour) we'll be starting on a new album. I don't think one's going to suffer because of the other—in fact, it'll be the other way round. I think

this live playing's helping for when we start writing again..."

Will Denny Laine's songs be on the next album, then?

"Yeah, I think so. We haven't got the songs together yet, but if he comes up with something good, he'll get in..."

"You see 'Red Rose Speedway' was originally going to be a double album," explains Linda. "And Denny wrote a song for that, and I wrote a song, but then we narrowed it down..."

And the interview veers off at a tangent again as someone asks how Paul feels about the recently televised TV special, which leads into a long and involved discussion relating to the need for a more musically-aware media, which we all know exists, but which helps keep things light and superficial and diverts attention from more probing issues, which, in any case, are blunted by a room full of

WIN
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... N
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BEA

from the gents and a fresh bottle of brown, agrees that TV is on the decline universally.

"But, errr, excuse me Paul, would you say that your attitude to lyrics has changed somewhat?" a bit like breaking wind rather loudly in one of the quiet bits at the opera, that one. A bit below the belt, what?

"No, my attitude hasn't changed. Some of my songs have turned out as if my attitude's changed, but it hasn't. I'm just trying to write songs. I never thought of anything other than that."

Even so, as an outsider, one detects a moving away, lyrically, from the kind of intensity of say *Eleanor Rigby*, to lighter, more easy-going things like *Big Barn Bed*.

Of course, comparisons are unfair and, apart from being odious, unnecessary, but this seems to reflect the whole philosophy of Wings. Play power. Fun. Or as the soap opera Jap says: "Be happy in your Work."

Having a good time, but doing it well. I mean, the whole Wings thing of spontaneity and a kind of unpredictability typified by their first real debut gig—a surprise appearance at London's Hard Rock Cafe for a Release benefit.

"There's no telling what we'll do," says McCartney breezily. "We're very free now, you know. We don't have an awful lot of pressures. If we feel like it we'll do a 56,000 seater gig, but then we may just decide to nip off and do a crummy little church hall, if that's a good idea on the night..."

"That's great, because the whole thing's become much too set. People get set ideas in their heads about who does what and where. With us it's much more crazy. We'll play any kind of gig. We're just a band."

"I just think that there's an awful lot of people getting taken over by huge machines... so I like not to be on the side of the machines. I like to keep more like the gypsies."

And, as you know, gypsies must be continually on the move, as their PR man indicated, nudging and furtively pointing to his watch. A roadie burst through the door and the sound of the Brinsleys' second-to-last number welled in.

"I think they'd like to get ready," he said, moving towards the door politely, ushering us out along the corridor, nearly colliding with a crusty old photographer cutting his way up from the front row like a Ronald Searle caricature, fingers-in-ears, making for the exit.

As Wings get themselves together backstage and a man and wife performing poodle team take the stage, a familiar photographer sidles up and asks whether I know that these (gesturing with a sweep of an arm) are just about the finest, most-restrained bouncers in the country.

"They've a great reputation," he says, proudly, going on to recount their admirable handling of the Bowie heavies at a recent concert. And a surprisingly mild-looking bunch they are too.

By this time, large balloons are being tossed across the rows and the man and wife poodle team are running through their final encore—a complicated combined handstand and canine hurdle.

The lights—a combination of gas and electricity—dim, a mighty roar rises from the rows, the ice cream ladies make their way to the back. And as the din escalates to a hollow thunder, as a washed-and-brushed Denny Seiwell makes his way to the kit, followed by Linda, crossing over stage right to the moog and electric piano, Denny Laine on guitar, Henry McCullough on lead, a pause, then insanity tears loose as McCartney, fresh out of the Keep On Truckin' T-shirt and dancing shoes and into something silvery, walks over to Linda, plugs in and tunes up then leads the band, as sharp and clear as you like into *Sunny*.

Apart from the impact of the lights—casting an imaginative purple/green glow—the clarity of the sound is amazing. The balance is perfect, the delivery dynamic, and there's not even a hint of distortion. Paul takes the vocals and Denny Laine plays electric/acoustic.



Denny Laine it all on the line...

DENNY LAINE sat back in his fifteenth-storey hotel suite, resplendent in blue and white pyjama stripe suit, braces and pink Wings Tee-shirt.

The room service waiter tried not to stare too hard at this unconventional guest who was clearly enjoying himself talking about his new single, his forthcoming album, Wings, bass players, jazz, festivals and anything else under the sun. A photographer was crouched on the floor pointing his machine at Denny's face while he talked. I thought it might put him off. "No, it don't worry me, I'm a pro you see!" he joked, flexing his shoulders and pouring himself another Southern Comfort.

Veteran

Everything seems to be going well right now for Mr Laine, rock scene veteran of many years standing and currently one of McCartney's Wings. As well as working with the group, Denny is pursuing a bit of a solo career on the side, mainly as a songwriter. "I love to write songs as a hobby," he said. "I can't put them all on Wings albums though. Apart from Wings I want to put out two albums a year myself, as a songwriter displaying my stuff for other people really. Colin Blunstone's doing one of my songs and Brinsley Schwarz who played with Wings on the last tour want a song too." Denny's solo album—probably titled "Aah! Laine"—is due out in

September and in the meantime a single from the LP is out on Wizard. The A-side Find A Way Somehow is a slow number, perhaps a surprising choice for a single. "It's a moody sort of song and I think it's a potential hit," said Denny. "I think it's the same kind of feel as Rocket Man or Whiter Shade Of Pale, that kind of thing."

"Find A Way Somehow is one of the two slow ones on the album, which is all about two years old apart from the B-side of the single Move Me To Another Place which is just me and Dave Mason, who I met in LA."

"The rest was made with Colin Allen on drums and Steve Thomson on bass and while I was doing it I worked on the McCartney album and then joined the group, so my album got left. I've re-mixed and overdubbed a lot of it now."

Sideline

But this doesn't mean that Denny is parting from Wings. "The fact that I'm able to get stuff together on my own is a very good reason not to leave actually," said Denny. "If I was just in Wings I'd be bored stiff. You're just in one set of five people going from place to place, and you need a sideline. Everyone in the group is doing that, and that's no threat to the band. Paul's been too successful too long to be desperate."

"There's a lot of freedom in the band, some people have called it lethargic. I can see what they mean but the other side is that there's nobody uptight and nobody broke! That's the trouble with most groups—they're all broke. No one's particularly rich either, not even Paul. He has to wait and wait for his money. It's a good set up and I don't care what anyone says. I'm in it, I know!"

Denny is sure that having Wings is good for Paul McCartney as well as the rest of the band. "He tends to go away and write material by himself but we change it and improve it. I think he's someone who has to have a group and he writes with the band in mind. He writes about immediate things that are going on. It's the same with all songwriters, they can easily get too involved in their own ego and if Paul didn't have the group going his ideas wouldn't be so good, because what makes him a songwriter is his personality."

Rockers

"It's good for him to be on stage again, it makes him where the band wants him to be. We're all fed up with slow songs and we turn round to him and say 'We want some rockers,' and he goes away and does it with that in mind."

Wings already have enough material on tape for another album but they are only going to use some of it. They are recording more material in September in Lagos, where EMI have got an eight-track studio. Ginger Baker also has a studio there but Wings won't be using that one.

"I know a lot of the African musicians with Ginger from sessions with Airforce. I was going to go out with him after Airforce. It's all fresh and energetic out there, like it was in New York years ago."

Before setting off to Africa, Wings are going to Scotland to rehearse and write material for the album, although they might make a surprise festival appearance over the summer.

"There's no plans at all, but whatever comes up that's right we'll be available," said Denny elusively. "We could be working all the time if we wanted. We could be in Japan, the US, Italy or Canada right now but we're not. Who knows?"

best band

people and three reporters going it at the same time.

Who knows whether it's due to lack of time, McCartney's desire to avoid a more intense one-to-one situation, or a politeness on the part of the inquisitors?

"I think it worked for what it was, though," continues McCartney, regarding the TV special. "It was a kind of Chevrolet show, and you couldn't go too far or they wouldn't show it. As far as we were concerned, it was a start. We all got on telly and we all got some experience working with cameras and stuff. But I think we could do better, to tell you the truth."

And Paul says that he thinks there should be a separate BBC wavelength given over to music, 24 hours, piloted by such people as he refers to as "the music buffs"—Peel, Bob Harris etc, and everyone, including Denny Laine, stopping by on his way back

This week

A guide to the music week

Live gigs Beverley Legge



ZAGROOKS, if it isn't Eric Burdon, legendary lead vocalist of ace mid-sixties band, the Animals. This week you can see Eric doing his solo thing at London's Marquee (Thursday, Friday, Saturday).

Elsewhere there's the Alexandra Palace Festival which surges on to new peaks/troughs with such amazing/uninspiring acts as Steeleye Span (Wednesday), Black Sabbath (Thursday), Ten Years After (Friday), Wishbone Ash (Saturday).

On the other side of Hadrian's wall there's Marsha Hunt's 22 at Falkirk (Monday) . . . I could have sworn she was older.

WEDNESDAY (August 1)

London Alexandra Palace, Steeleye Span, Incredible String Band, Al Stewart, Bridget St. John, Philip Goodhand-Tait, Fumble, £2.

Basingstoke Technical College, Andy Bown.

London Charing Cross (underneath the arches), Brinsley Schwarz.

Hemel Hempstead Pavilion, Budgie.

Bath Pavilion, Kevin Ayers, Edgar Broughton, Samsara, 8.00, 50p.

THURSDAY (2)

London Marquee, Eric Burdon. London Alexandra Palace, Black Sabbath, Groundhogs, Stray and Fumble, £2.

Plymouth Guildhall, Nazareth, 7.30.

Barry Memorial Hall, Budgie.

Bristol Granary, Sheerwater, 8.30.

Bath Theatre Royal, Albion Country Band with Shirley and Dolly Collin, Alistair Anderson and Bob Stewart, 7.30. Tickets 33p, 43p, 53p.

London Charing Cross (underneath the arches), Wild Turkey, Raymond Froggatt.

FRIDAY (3)

London Marquee, Eric Burdon. London Alexandra Palace, TYA, Wild Turkey, Fumble, £2.

Plymouth Guildhall, Budgie.

Dunstable Civic Hall, Procol Harum.

Bristol Granary, Avon City, 8.30, members 40p, guests 60p.

London Charing Cross (underneath the arches), Silverhead, Tucky Buzzard.

SATURDAY (4)

London Marquee, Eric Burdon.

London Alexandra Palace, Wishbone Ash, Vinegar Joe, Climax Chicago, McGuinness Flint, Fumble, £2.

Truro City Hall, Budgie.

Bristol Granary, Ingroville, 8.30, members 40p, guests 60p.

Bath Theatre Royal, Brinsley Schwarz, Bees Make Honey, 7.30.

St. Albans City Hall, Glencoe.

London Charing Cross (underneath the arches), Chicken Shack, Stray Dog.

Free Radio

THIS week we continue our list of radio stations currently broadcasting with details on some of the landbased stations operating in and around London. Times given are of commencement of transmission. Finishing times will vary.

VHF. Kaleidoscope, Thursdays 8 pm 94.4Khz, progressive music; Aquarius, Fridays 9 pm 94.4Khz, light music; Jackie, Saturdays 8 pm 94.4Khz, pop music; Free London, Saturdays 7.30 pm 92.8Khz, pop; Classic, Sundays 8 pm 94.4Khz, revived pop; Other frequencies to listen to, 92.4Khz.

Medium wave. Star, Saturdays 11 am 227 metres, pop; Concord, alternate Sundays 230 metres, pop; Tracy, Saturdays 11 am 234 metres, pop; Jackie, Sundays 10 am 227 metres, pop; Jennifer, Sundays 3 pm 252 metres, pop; Kaleidoscope, Sundays, 10 am 266 metres, pop. Sutch, some weekdays 7 pm 197 metres, test transmissions: Other frequencies to listen to, 222, 232, 272.

Short wave. No regular services from London, but occasional activity on the 49 metre band around the 6.20-6.30 Mc mark.

It is now almost two years since a list of landbased stations in Britain was made. I am now preparing a new one. If you have any information relating to stations in your area, or if you operate one yourself, perhaps you would like to drop me a line enclosing details.



ERIC BURDON . . . MARQUEE GIGS

The return of Burdon

SUNDAY (5)

London Alexandra Palace, Uriah Heep, Sensational Alex Harvey Band, Manfred Mann, Gary Moore, Heavy Metal Kids, Fumble, £2.

London Roundhouse, Glencoe. London Charing Cross (underneath the arches), Byzantium, UFO.

MONDAY (6)

London Marquee, Marmalade. Falkirk Callander Park, Marsha Hunt's 22.

London Charing Cross (underneath the arches), Al Stewart, Bronco.

TUESDAY (7)

Paignton Penelope's, Blackfoot Sue.

London Charing Cross (underneath the arches), Darryl Way's Wolf, Nut 3.

Chris Andrew

TV/Radio Robert Brinton



BOWIE has quit. Ray Davies has quit. I've quit. But kids David Cassidy is back.

Yes, the lad with the nervous rash hits your tele screens on Friday (LWT 7.0) in a brand new all-action instalment of that ever popular series, *The Partridge Family*. The first one's called "I Left My Heart In Cincinnati" and as usual David co-stars with Shirley Jones.

You've time to catch that, then learn all about the care of rock and alpine plants, flowering shrubs, hanging baskets and hardy border plants from Percy Thrower in "Gardeners' World" (BBC 2, 1.35).

An' let those good times roll 'n' damn the consequences 'n' watch out for those hangin' baskets 'cause The Burke Special presents . . . "Don't Pass It On" (BBC 1 10.15), programme on how or how not to catch the dreaded scourge. An' he claims he's got nervous rash, a friend of mine that is.

So what, back to action 'n' Bob Dylan, Bob Marley 'n' The Wailers 'n' Smokey Robinson won't be on Top of the Pops (BBC 1, 6.25) on Thursday, but nevertheless catch up on what's happening otherwise.

Lots of otherwise on your radio with Hawkwind "In Concert" on Saturday. Monday's "Sounds of the Seventies" gives out with Lindisfarne, John Martyn and Ducks DeLuxe. Tuesday there's Blue and I'd give you the rest but to be honest the rest sounds like another word for that dreaded scourge.

Edgar Winter Group

"Free Ride" (Epic EPC 1712). One of the better tracks from the gawky "They Only come Out At Night" album, this was originally released before *Frankenstein*, but, strangely, flopped.

In fact, it's far better—a feel akin to that of the old Johnny Winter And line-up which featured guitarist Rick Derringer, who produced this (and the album)—and has been specially re-recorded I believe; certainly some of the guitar parts have been remoulded.

For example, I don't remember it having a wah-wah opening, and the double-tracked harmony guitar solo towards the end sounds much smoother—like the veritable baby's bum, by heavens.

The bass line feels slightly clumsy, but the rattling percussion and fibrous keyboards are effective, the chorus is nice and the vaguely West Coast-y melody drives along like a tandem with flat tyres.

If *Frankenstein* sold, this surely will.

Edgar steps back

Hudson-Ford

"Pick Up The Pieces" (A & M AMS 7078). The former Strawbs' chaps who forged *Part Of The Union*, and who are mooted for great things in the future. (Murmurs from a distant office—"Have oi got an act for yew m'boy; the next Lennon and McCartney for sure, on my life.")

Pick Up The Pieces has all the right components for the current market — be a ty,

meaty, catchy, lean, lithe and lissome—with shades of the Treds and the Beatles (not to mention Stevie Wonder).

It opens with what might be bottleneck guitar, muted guitar riffing and slightly pained, dry-sounding rock 'n' roll vocals. The bass is more percussive than melodic itself and is pleasantly monotonous. It should be huge.

Roy Wood

"Dear Elaine" (EMI Harvest HAR 5074). The quaint and thoroughly-British Roy Wood with a track from his genuinely solo album, and lovely it is too; if a wee bit too long. The arrangement is extraordinarily intricate—guitars, mandolins, backward harmonies, 'cellos—and quite beautiful.

Roy's voice retains that Move-style edge, and by the Gods, I think I've just spotted a passing Hawaiian guitar coasting by in front of the drums. Roy is a genius. I hope this one charges up there like an old snowplough. Very, very good.

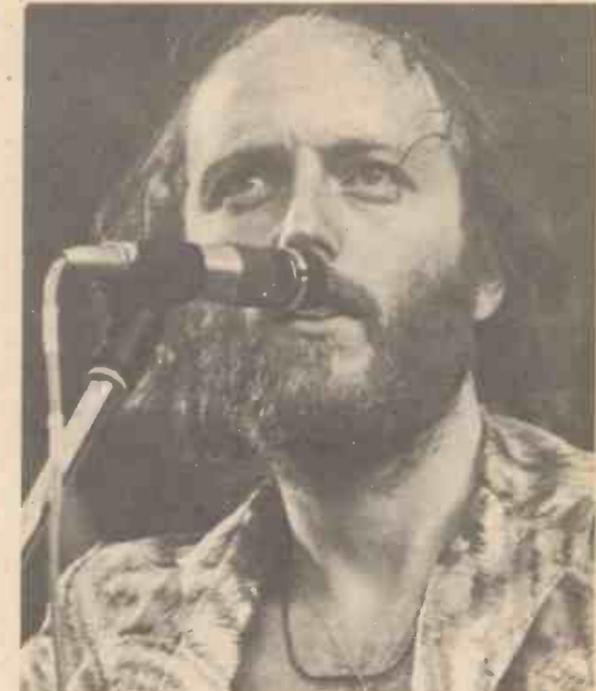
Neil Sedaka

"Our Last Song Together" (MGM 2006-307). A pleasantly weepy Carole King-style song. Very nostalgic and beautifully sung in that disturbingly good, slightly female voice. Well produced and arranged, too. Possibly huge.

Marvin and Farrar

"Music Makes My Day" (EMI 2044). "Whatever happened to that Shadows album?" ask millions of callers, and Continental and Commonwealth cousins each day. Suffice to say that this is suffused with the expected quality and delicacy, but still ain't a touch on *Stars Fell On Stockton*.

The conga and kit-drum backing is crisp, though, the acoustic guitars have a nice rich sound and the vocal harmonies are pristine; not too unlike early CSN&Y, in fact.



RICHARD HUDSON MINUS FORD

Quick spots

"THIS," said the young lady, blagging furiously, "is really hot. It is changing hands for nearly 10 pounds a copy up north." What for? one asks, a frisbee? Guy Darrell's "I've Been Hurt" (Santa Ponsa PNS 4A) is no gem, despite it being a drop of 1966 nostalgia. I don't remember it then, and it's pretty unmemorable now—a bit like a cross between Boys Brigade, Motown and stripped-down Gary Glitter. It has that light-weight crashing percussion background and the sort of echoing high-pitched vocals reminiscent of happy hours spent on the dodgems with a shiv and your favourite set of brass knuckles.

Impressions "Thin Line" (Buddah 2011 167) is a perfect example of the kind of thing hinted at in the Bobby Womack single. I swear, if I hear another set of whipping strings and your Superfly wah wah I shall depart for a quick chunder in the carport.

Equally obnoxious and sheila-ish is Weavers Green's "On The Railroad" (Phoenix S-NIX 142), a happy-go-lucky sing-along that drags along like a tin-legged Rolf Harris.

Fleetwood Mac's "Man Of The World" was far far better than "Albatross." Why they didn't release their version instead of letting Clifford Davis (Reprise K 14282) trash all over it with silly strings and vocals that'd have Peter Green wetting himself. Shame on you, Cliff.

More wah-wahs, whirling strings, congas and hissing hi-hats on "Koke (Part 1)" by Tribe. Tribe or trite? Come off it, lads.

Sounds like Viv Stanshall had a part in the next one, Alice Stuart And Snake's "Golden Rocket" (Fantasy FTC 106), a baked bean 'n' cowpoke extravaganza, performed by Alice with a cute Surbiton Sierra twang. Great background stuff for repairing washing machines.

The Peter Erskine



Singles Review The Peter

Van Morrison

"Warm Love" (Warner Bros, K 16299). Haven't really liked much that he's done since "Astral Weeks," which is a very hip thing to say (a bit like saying you only liked the first Dr John album, or that every album made within the last six months has been influenced by Stevie Wonder), and I'm not sure if his glass-wrapped prima donna attitude of late will leave behind such pleasant memories for British fans.

Perhaps, though, he just wants to blow out that "near-legendary" myth. Perhaps his childhood was disturbed. Perhaps I'm just trying to fill this space.

Van Morrison's voice is so distinctive—as distinctive, say, as Rod Stewart—that they both tend to suffer from the same thing: an ability to irritate after prolonged exposure. Oh, but I've just remembered what I was going to say.

This sounds like Dylan's *When The Locust Sings*, or whatever it's called. I think it's on "New Morning." This ain't yer Mud or Chicory Tip, but it is, as the old headband and flared Wescots' crew down at Friar's, Aylesbury, would say—*really nice* (this, preferably pronounced with a slight mid-Atlantic accent).

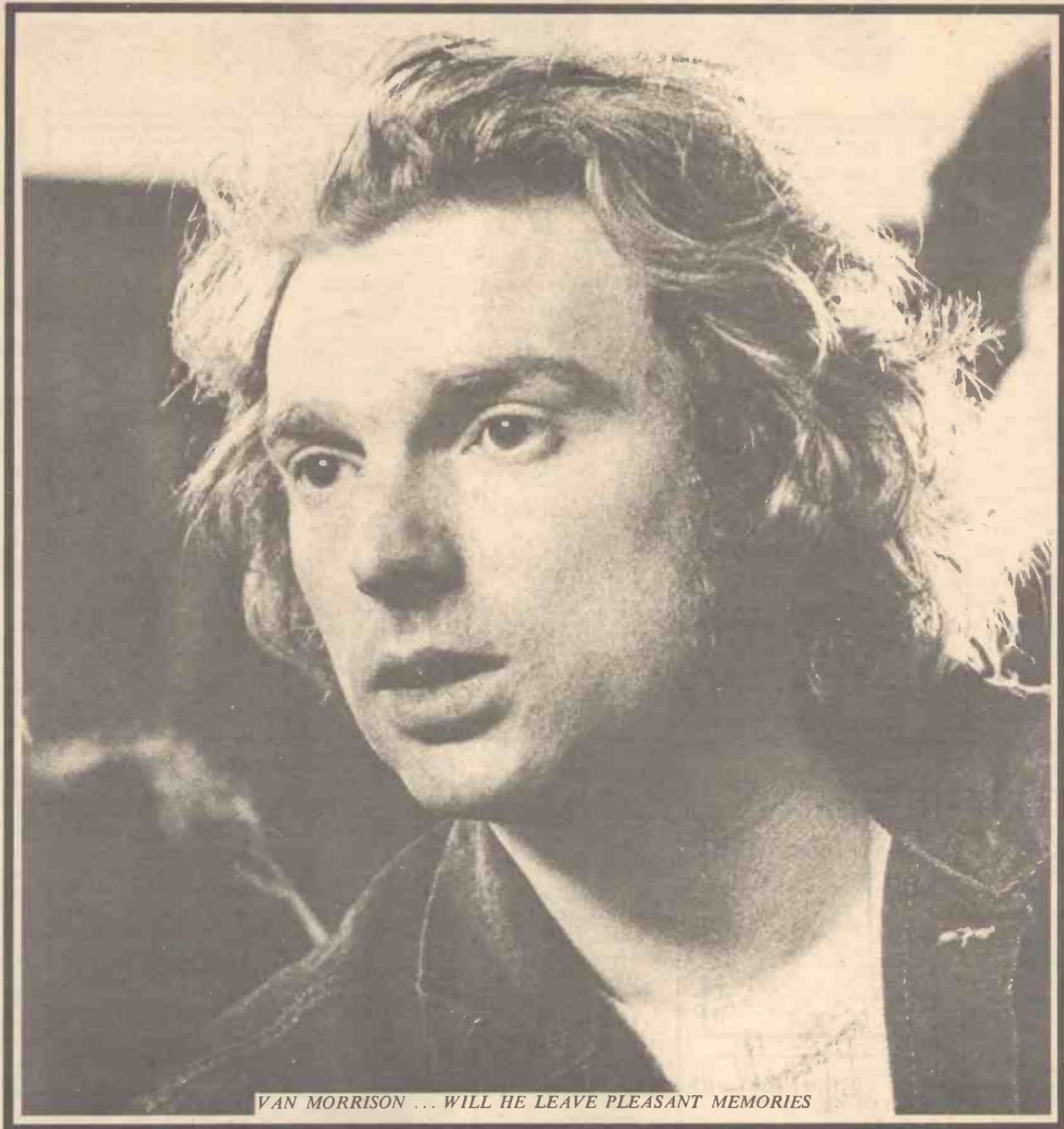
Elvis Presley

"Fool (RCA 2393). Pity old Woodie never got to him in time, eh? *Fool*—a James Last number—is exactly the kind of thing our Roy was referring to when he described recent Elvis material as "not to put too fine a point on it, a load of old crap."

Surely, he needs to blow some of that old junk out of his lungs accumulated through years of stodgy ballad crooning? It just isn't convincing, and he's beginning to lose control of that beefy warble, too. 'Nuff said. You've heard it all before.

Hawkwind

"Urban Guerilla" (United Artists UP 35566). Yeah, this is okay. Good tough rock 'n' roll with a nice singing guitar tone, that familiarly riffy Silver Machine back-up, a few token psychedelics—the bit where the sound pops from ear-to-ear, and all that. The vocals are projected rather than sung and there's talk of the impending doom of Mr. Businessman, street fighting, bombs in cellars and a chorus that runs: "Let's not talk of love and flowers and things that don't explode, we used up all our magic



VAN MORRISON ... WILL HE LEAVE PLEASANT MEMORIES

powers trying to do it in the road."

Quite a racy little number, actually.

Yvonne Elliman

"I Can't Explain" (Purple PUR 114). Mary, late of *Jesus Christ Whatsisname*, with a track from a soon-to-be-released album produced by Rupert Hine, and featuring such luminaries as former Crimson drummer Mike Giles, Hookfoot's Caleb Quaye (guitars/keyboards),

and Procol Harum's excellent guitarist, Mike Grabham.

This, however, is not one of the best tracks; the Who's version is untouchable, even though Pete Townshend is playing on this too. Yvonne's voice is unimpressive, if workmanlike, and the backing doesn't realise the dynamite simplicity of the original.

Phil Cordell

"Close To You" (Mowest MW 3008). Stand up Reg Presley; the Troggs could

pass water all over this one. You've done it all before, and so much better, lads.

This is one of those "meaningful" early-'60s heartbreaker ballads hipped-up with a cement-like near-miss-at-Spector production extravaganza, featuring the infinitesimal echo, cascades of shimmering girlies and tambourines and . . . wait for it, that bleating billy-goat Bee Gees vocal bit.

Very ponderous, I'm afraid, but possibly the kind of mulch that sells through a strongly negative impact (like the Archies' *Sugar*

Sugar, or, worse still, the epic *Johnny Reggae*).

Bobby Womack

"Nobody Wants You When You're Down And Out" (UA UP 35565). Old Bobby Wombat injecting the Ida Cox toon with the by now customary super snake-hips routine. That arrogant stomp-whitey treatment, pioneered by Curtis Mayfield *et al.*, that may very soon become little more than pimpy muzak unless de boys quit and start singing

like the Moody Blues. Where are you now Cliff? Wherefore virginity and starched hankies? Return, oh sea scouts of yesteryear.

The prominent rhythm section—languid drumming and leaden bass—conjures up (an old school phrase) images of loosening loin-cloths and reptilian intercourse, to be frank (and fearless).

Womack's voice croons furtively, and there's a nippy little guitarist flitting to and fro in the background. Very seductive—the ideal backcloth for a suburban pantie (sorry, hosiery) party.

Chicory
Tip



'Cigarettes,
Women &
Wine' on CBS 1668



the music people

Disc Shop

Albums Make room for Allan

ALLAN CLARKE — "Headroom" (EMI EMA 752, £2.38). I discounted Clarke's last album — his first solo since splitting from the Hollies — because it was, by his own admission, a collection of material rejected by that group for use themselves.

This one, with him back beneath the EMI banner (now the Hollies have shifted to Polydor), shows that Allan is getting more into his stride, developing and extending his unique style. There are several highspots among the songs — the most delightful being "Drift Away," the Mentor Williams number (and the only non-Clarke composition) . . . that's a hit somewhere for Dobie Gray . . . which suits Allan right down to the ground. I also liked his own "People Of That Kind" on Side One.

You might say it's a mild protest piece, with Allan borrowing a few ideas and influences and mixing them into a song that I think I'll go and play again . . . "Fishin'", too, with moaning harmonica and river shuffle mood, didn't make much sense, but had its moments. Side Two contains a track that dates back to those happy Hollies days — "Would You Believe (Revisited)" by Allan with his old mates Tony Hicks and Graham (CSN&Y) Nash.

It's a slow love song, with Allan sounding less anxious, and doubtless double-tracked for the clear, clean harmonies that we know and love. It's probably, on reflection, one of the most beautiful and moving songs they produced. "Shift Lovin' Lady" is a saucy little song about bed-sopping lovers. On the whole, the album has a lot to offer . . . and I'll probably take it with me when I go. Which is more than I did for the last one! **★★★ ML.**

THE METERS — "Cabbage Alley" (Reprise K 44242 — Import £2.17). Seems that WEA have shipped over a few copies to coincide with the two Dr John and The Meters' UK gigs. In fact, just to show what a globetrotter I am, I bought a cassette of this in Los Angeles — and was terribly disappointed on initial listening. However, subsequent hearing endears this fine phonographic product to the recipient.

It is quite different to their earlier releases though (around 1967). They've retained their immaculate timing (hence the name) but in applying extra instrumental and technical embroidery seem to have lost the impact of that initial simplicity and cleanliness — exemplified by such early cuts as *Cissy Strut*. Their approach is still light and dextrous, but the edges have lost their sharpness. I suppose the nearest they get to their former glories are the two opening tracks *You've Got To Change (You've Got To Reform)* and *Do The Dirt*, both written by guitarist Loo Nocentelli, and maybe Nocentelli, drummer Jo Modeliste and organist George Porter's "Gettin' Funkier All The Time."

Maybe this is one case where the combination of a funky rhythmic southern band and ace producer, arranger, etc., Allen Toussaint hasn't quite worked. They're damn good live, though. **★★★ PE**

SPECIAL OFFERS

Flowers of Evil/Mountain	2.19	1.40
Mountain Live	2.19	1.40
Nantucket Sleighride/Mountain	2.19	1.40
Stephen Stills I	2.19	1.40
Love Revisited	2.19	1.40
34 Hours/Skid Row	2.19	1.25
Jesse Ed Davis/Ulu Ulu	2.19	1.50
Back to the Roots/John Mayall (Dble)	3.69	2.00
Led Zeppelin 2	2.19	1.75
Grand Hotel/Procol Harum	2.19	1.65
Candles in the Rain/Melanie	2.19	1.40
Blues Breaker/John Mayall and Eric Clapton	2.19	1.40
Eric Clapton at His Best (dble)	3.90	2.50
20 Arcade Fantastic Hits Vol. 1	1.99	1.25
Who Sell Out (With original cover)	2.19	1.50
Good Book/Melanie	2.15	1.40
Charge/Paladin	2.19	1.40
It Aint Easy/John Baldry (With Rod Stewart and Elton John)	2.19	1.25
Shine On Brightly—Home/Procol Harum	2.30	1.70
New Don McLean	2.15	1.70
Diana Ross TV Sound-track	2.38	1.40
Circles/New Seekers	2.30	1.70
Allman Bros Live at Fillmore East (Dble)	3.49	2.80
Parcel of Rogues/Steeleye Span	2.19	1.60
Caravanserai/Santana	2.19	1.65
Tracks/Head, Hands & Feet	2.19	1.40
Loose/Crazy Horse	2.19	1.40
Kin House/Fleetwood Mac	2.45	1.40
Songs For The Gentle Man/Bridget St. John	2.19	1.40
Stoneyground 1st Album	2.19	1.40
Quiver 1st Album	2.19	1.40
Home is My Head/Jackie Lomax	2.19	1.40
Off the Shelf/Batdorf & Rodney	2.19	1.40
No Ruinous Feud/Incredible String Band	2.19	1.60
One House Left Standing/Claire Hamill	2.19	1.40

FEATURED ARTISTS

Fantastic Reductions

Elton John		
Elton John (Black cover)	2.29	1.60
Empty Sky	2.19	1.50
Madman Across The Water	2.29	1.60
Tumbleweed Connection	2.29	1.60
Don't Shoot Me I'm Only The Piano Player	2.29	1.60
Honky Chateau	2.29	1.60

Rod Stewart		
Old Raincoat Won't Let You Down	2.29	1.75
Gasoline Alley	2.29	1.75
Every Picture Tells A Story	2.00	1.50
Never A Dull Moment	2.29	1.75

David Bowie		
Hunky Dory	2.19	1.75
Man Who Sold The World	2.19	1.75
Ziggy Stardust	2.19	1.75
Space Oddity	2.19	1.75
Alladin Sane	2.38	1.80

FANTASTIC CASSETTES OFFER SAVE UP TO 80p ON THESE TAPES

Billion Dollar Babies/Alice Cooper	2.60	1.80
Oo La La/Faces	2.60	1.80
No Secrets/Carly Simon	2.50	1.80
Catch Bull At Four/Cat Stevens	2.50	1.80
Bolan Boogie/T. Rex	2.35	1.80
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Albums

Reviewed by Disc Panel

VAN MORRISON — "Hard Nose The Highway" (Warner Brothers K 46242, £2.17). On first hearing, this album sounds really fine, but after a few I'm afraid I got rather bored with it. Once you've worked out that the songs run to the same format as far as arrangement goes, the appeal begins to pall.

The music is kept fairly much in the background, allowing the vocals to come out over the top. While this would work better with a really remarkable voice, I'm not sure that Van Morrison's is that good. There are a few brilliant passages — notably "Purple Heather," which also goes under the name of "Wild Mountain Tyme," and "Snow In San Anselmo," where the backing vocals are provided by the Oakland Symphony Chamber Chorus.

The best track for me was "Warm Love," but possibly only because it reminded me so much of the "Tupelo Honey" album, which I thought was far-and-away his best.

The feeling here is the same, but there's too little variation. I thought the lyrics were weak in a few places—"Green," in particular—and it was the music that had to carry the song.

★★ RR

MURRAY HEAD — "Nigel Lived" (CBS 65503, £2.17). I was bemusing the fact that this remarkably fine album would inevitably sink without trace, when I heard that plans are afoot for it to be staged both here and in the Americas, in which case it may well reach as great an audience as "Tommy."

"Nigel Lived" is a work of fiction, which, I suspect, is heavily-based on the experiences of people close to Murray, who has written all the music, lyrics and the diary contained in the sleeve. The story is concerned with the last few months in the life of Nigel, a young victim of the temptations that London has to offer.

He arrives in the city with a small sum of money left to him by his mother, and tries to eke it out as far as he can. His problems centre around finding accommodation and a job, a girlfriend whom he treats as a mother figure and drugs, which in the end kill him.

The whole work is frighteningly real and deeply depressing, but it is a moving document of a young man's misfortunes and contains some dazzlingly inventive music. Murray uses his talent as an actor to deploy his voice in many different ways and it's mixed down to function as an instrument rather than to provide the narrative.

Highlights are the onomatopoeic "The Party," the touching love song "Ruthie," the waspish "Pity The Poor Consumer," "Nigel Nigel," which would bring a lump into anybody's throat, "Miss Illusion" on which he sounds exactly like a world-weary Kevin Ayers, "Religion" where there is more than a trace of Stevie Winwood in the vocals, and the nightmarish "Junk" . . . and that's a hell of a lot of stand-out tracks for a single album.

"Nigel Lived" will probably become the sleeper-of-the-year, failing to get much attention until it is staged. After that, who knows? At any rate, after "Aladdin Sane," it is my favourite album of the year.

★★★★ RF-C

Morrison with little variation on a theme

XIT — "Silent Warrior" (Rare Earth R 545L, £2.14). This, the second album by the American Indian rock band XIT (abbreviation for "crossing of Indian tribes") is concerned principally with the plight of the American Indian. Its statements are made more in sadness than in anger, which could be a pointer to why these gentle people find

themselves in their present predicament.

The lyrics are understated in the vocals, the playing is effective but just a little too low-key. The finest tracks for me are "Birth," celebrating the birth of an Indian boy, and "Anthem Of The American Indian," which is a true anthem with interesting rhythms. It makes a

touching climax to an album of undoubted sincerity and musical merit, but one which is unlikely to sell in any great quantities—though, no doubt, Marlon Brando has a copy or two on order. ★★★ RF-C

Vol. 2" (Decca SPA 295, 94). Oh ma gawd, I feel old—"Last Train To San Fernando," the '50s, all that skiffle piffle . . . and how I used to love it. Oh, the cover picture is so cruel, what with Johnny Duncan all grey at the temples, midriff showing the signs of too much good ole country cooking, and the Lizzie Arden Lads looking

un peu apres their prime too.

Still, here we have authentic Country music in the authentic Country setting of the Nashville Room, Earls Court, with authentically sparse applause and liberal helpings of authentic steel guitar. Wowee.

The Duncan voice still sounds just like it did in the old days—as if he had a clothes peg clamped on his nose. He whips through a whole host of Country classics peppering the session with a little authentic Country banter and murdering "Tom Dooley" on the way. Thank God for Lonnie Donegan. ★★ RF-C

LOUISA JANE WHITE—"Louisa Jane White" (MCA MUPS 483, £2.13). The sleeve notes exhort us, somewhat unchivalrously, to "give the poor cow a chance." Well, she'd probably have had a better chance if she had not risked losing her audience altogether with the first track, a sleep inducing version of Curtis Mayfield's "Um Um Um Um Um Um." Thereafter things improve, but it's very much a two-star album, not bad, but certainly not good either.

She's chosen some great songs and sings most of them competently, but without enough flair to hold one's interest. The orchestra tends to be a bit gushy and on the last two tracks, "Seasons Song" and "Jerusalem," a most displeasing noise creeps in, which sounds like someone running their fingernail along the teeth of a comb.

I did like "Say Mister Moon," where, on the double-tracked chorus, she sounds remarkably like the Williams Twins, and Paul Williams' "Just An Old Fashioned Love Song," which she gives a successful, lightweight treatment. I always thought that Paul piled on the agony rather too much on his own version.

But I didn't like her interpretation of Tim Hardin's "Hang On To A Dream" at all. It's a slow song anyway, but she almost succeeds in grinding it to a complete halt. For the rest, it's pleasant, supper club stuff, but hardly likely to spellbind any diner into letting their meal get cold on the plate. ★★ RF-C

SARSTEDT BROTHERS—"Worlds Apart Together" (Regal Zonophone SRZA 8516, £2.38). Seekers, Springfields . . . and now ladies and gentlemen, for your appreciation and approval . . . the Sarstedts—brothers Peter ("Where Do You Go To, My Lovely?"), Rick (mid-60's teenage idol Eden Kane), and Clive (star in Scandinavia)—another, albeit ambitious, attempt by super-manager David Joseph to capture an, as yet, unexploited market for three good-looking guys, strumming guitars, and singing nice songs.

It's a sort of Walker Brothers/Kingston Trio set-up, relying almost entirely on the songs of Peter Sarstedt, a writer of rare talent (he contributes eight of the 12 tracks here). They're not unpleasant, but they're not exciting either. It's a fairly average album, with nothing leaping out and hitting between the eyes.

The sort of LP you might put on as soothing background sounds—rather than to sit up and listen to. I'd like to give them a year or so—then see how they sound. ★★ ML

CURTIS MAYFIELD—"Back To The World" (Buddah 2318 085 Super, £2.15). Some people are going to remind me for months to come of the remarks I made after getting an import copy of this album a month or so back. It seemed I was the only person in the world who didn't like it and, sadly, I made that very point, and forcefully, to a few people.

Now, when it comes to re-viewing same and listening to it again, maybe a little more closely, it seems I made a veritable bloomer. It's like those famous reviewers said, a great album (at least I got there eventually).

My criticism earlier was that although the lyrics were strong the melodies seemed repetitive and even tedious. I should have known better. Ole Curtis, the man who takes the credit for making the best-ever movie soundtrack in the shape of "SuperFly," would never fall into a trap like that.

Lyrical, it's still as good as I thought it was and now the melodies are music to my ears. Subtle little brass interruptions, sneaky guitar riffs, and some powerful percussion throughout, make it ever-interesting and to my embarrassment, ever-changing.

In among the meaningful, ever-frightening lyrics, are thoughts for everyone. The people who like the idea of world peace, but find the massive PR job being done on it a bit embarrassing; those who favour conservation and hate pollution, but again are a bit scared of the ever-increasing bandwagon, and those who won't admit that kids do see more, feel more and enjoy more than us suave, sophisticated adults will ever get to.

Lines like—Back to the world, back to the world, Crawlin' through the trees, suckin' mud up to my knees. Fightin' this damn war, wonderin' if the Lord knows what it's for (from Back To The World); We got to stop all men from messin' up the land, When what we understand, this is our last and only chance. Everybody, it's the Future Shock (from Future Shock); and If I were only a child again. No one's ever been so good to me since then. Every-where I looked, It seemed so colour bright, There were never such things to me, As black-and-white (from If I Were Only A Child Again).

That's pretty powerful stuff all right and all very relevant,

Curtis keeps on movin'

one way and another, to us all. Even if you feel you can't do anymore to help the causes Curtis Mayfield feels so strongly about, at least make an effort by getting this album . . . every little bit helps. ★★★ BS

CURTIS MAYFIELD — "His Early Years With The Impressions" (Probe GTSP 201, £3.25). Some people get better as they go along and some artists, I'm afraid, get hung up with so many superfluous incidentals along the way that they fall by the wayside (no names mentioned).

But Curtis Mayfield is one of those who has gone from strength to strength quite literally. His latest work, reviewed above, is a gem and the tracks included on this double-set are of the same high standard.

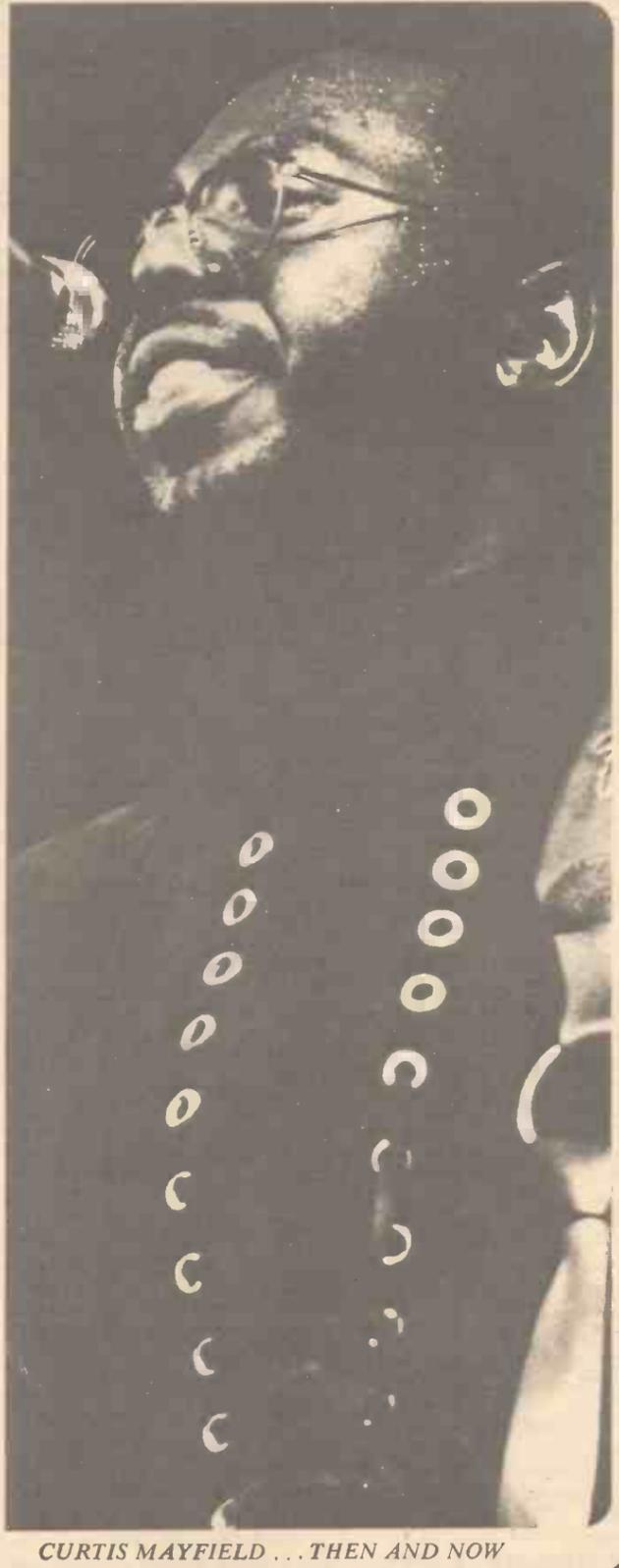
Mayfield, along with Sam Gooden and Fred Cash, were the longest-working Impressions and, although Jerry Butler gets a credit, there's no mention in the sleeve-notes of the Brooks brothers — Arthur and Richard.

These tracks are predominantly the latter years of the group with Mayfield, Gooden and Cash, and include gems like Gypsy Woman, Amen, Keep On Pushing, I'm So Proud, People Get Ready, We're A Winner, It's All Right, and a good few more.

Mayfield takes most of the lead vocals and also wrote most of the material, so once again one has to marvel at his incredible consistency over the years.

Sadly, for your pockets, this is another album for soul buffs who probably have scratched originals. One criticism is that the sides seem strangely short. Perhaps it need not have been a double album at all but that's another argument.

★★★ BS



CURTIS MAYFIELD . . . THEN AND NOW

★★★★ Outstanding

★★★ Good

★★ Fair

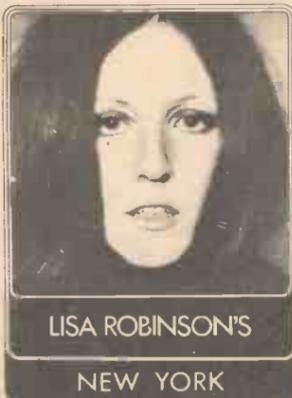
★ Poor

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JET SET ZEP



LISA ROBINSON'S
NEW YORK

LED ZEPPELIN are preparing for a few days off before their three-day conquest of New York's Madison Square Garden that will end this record-breaking tour of the U.S.

But first there's a gig in Pittsburgh and to get there, Zeppelin is using their private 707 jet plane, that amazing plane rumored to be equipped with a bedroom, fireplace, bar, videoplayer, organ, fur, champagne, everything the decadent pop star could want.

It's that time again—sembling in the hotel lobby, this time it's the elegant Drake on New York's fashionable East Side.

A man asks, who is this group—the Black Zeppelins? Well, uh . . . yes, in a way . . . "Oh, you mean Led like in metal and Zeppelin like the plane," he says proudly. You got it.

It's quite a group gathering here in this relatively staid hotel. The men in suits stare at Plant, Page, Bonham and Jones as they join up with Mrs. John Paul Jones—newly arrived from London, a few friends, the fewer writers, manager Peter Grant, Richard Cole and musician Roy Harper.

And there's the ever-present film crew—filming, Zeppelin say at this point, only for the memory but one never can be too sure; B. P. Fallon like a precious fawn dressed in silks, chiffons, patchworked velvets; Vanessa Gilbert and Gyl Owen-Corrigan—two classy ladies who smoke Rothmans and are engagingly articulate about travelling with a band.

And Robert's wearing beige lace open—naturally—to the waist, Jimmy's in green satin and denims and seems tired.

The seven-car procession (were it not for the obvious mood of gaiety it could be mistaken for a cortege) slowly makes its way out of steamy Manhattan to the Newark airport where the plane is parked.

MONEY

What will be done with the plane after the band is through with it, I ask Richard Cole. "I should imagine they'd clean it," he remarked wryly. Reports of the amount of money it took to decorate this plane have now reached into the quarter of a million, no one is really sure.

But it parks next to Hugh Hefner's, and is bigger than President Nixon's Air Force one.

Not one who is thrilled at the prospect of being trapped in the air—ever—I was most



John Paul Jones (left): John Bonham, Jimmy Page and Robert Plant with their jet

Plant and Roy Harper (right) in the luxury of the air-bed

AMERICA

PICTURES BY BOB GRUEN



pleased when confronted at Newark with the smiling countenance of one Ahmet Ertegun, president of Atlantic Records, who will be on this trip. Surely now the plane can't crash.

It is some plane. The outside is all gold and bronze with LED ZEPPELIN written in huge letters on the side. As well as comfortable—it is the supreme ego trip. Robert wants to pose on the wing for a photo—"C'mon, how often do I get a chance to pose on the wing of my own plane?" he beseeches, appealingly.

Jimmy is having none of it, but at least The-Group-Shot Standing-By-The-Wing has been taken; for the Zeppelin this is no minor accomplishment.

John Paul Jones has shaved off his moustache since New Orleans, his wife seems calm despite still being on London time. "Hm . . . mmm," mumbles Ahmet, "we've got too many people on this plane, that means we can't bring anybody back with us . . ." he smiles, wickedly.

The stewardesses are Wendy and Susan—Wendy's uncle is Bobby Sherman's manager and she wears a blue feather boa and Budweiser cap as she pours from a magnum of Piper-Heidsieck. Susan's wearing a maroon and pink pants outfit; one thing's for sure, this isn't BOAC.

We strap ourselves in and are ready for the take-off. Mr. Ertegun reassuringly mumbles a Moslem prayer to me as we take off, and within seconds, it's no longer a flight, it's a party.

It is, appropriately, a very sexy plane. Orange and red walls, wall to wall red carpeting in the main lounge. The seats have been ripped out to make way for circular velvet couches.

GAUDY

There are several white leather swivel chairs, four seats around a card table which incidentally bears a Sony colour TV and videotape system. There is another colour videotape monitor in the wall. Mirrors line the top of the bar, the wall, and part of the ceiling, the lights are dim. The overall effect is like a big, gaudy, comfy cocktail lounge that just happens to have curved ceilings and walls.

There is a bedroom, and for the record—with the sole exception of Peter Grant taking a rest on the return flight—it did not seem to be being used this time around. Oh yes—Roy Harper and Robert did get on it once to take some photos. Whoopee.

The double bed is covered with a white shag fur, brown

velvet curtains are drawn back behind it covering a gold, bronze and black wallpaper. The carpeting in the bedroom is brown and black tweed. There is a shower, a bathroom, all lined in bronze mirrors. Amazing.

There is also—for lack of a better word—a "den"—with a non-functioning fireplace and tapestry pillows and couch. Magnums of champagne are being emptied, and sandwiches are passed around. This is most definitely the way to travel.

At Pittsburgh, seven limousines and a police escort are waiting to rush us to the Three Rivers Stadium. Traffic is all blocked up en route because of the concert and so the limos occasionally have to go up on part of the dirt road or a sidewalk. It is a high-powered efficient way of getting a band to a gig, extremely impressive.

After the show it's back to the cars and police sirens and shaky limousine drivers.

Jimmy Page sits there very still on one seat, he performed a great concert and now again—looks a bit fatigued. Robert is still bouncy, raunchy, shining. Bonzo falls about laughing while watching the videotape of the McCartney TV show—especially the part when Paul does the half-man, half-woman bit a la Busby Berkeley. Everyone watches the taped bits

of people in the streets singing Beatles' songs with appreciation.

Finally back on the plane again John Paul Jones and B. P. Fallon sit at the organ, singing. Ahmet Ertegun and I join them for a round of "A Foggy Day In London Town" and Jones is playing in his very best cocktail lounge style to fit the surroundings.

It's the last time Zeppelin will travel on this plane this tour—and the hour and twenty minute flight is enjoyed to the hilt. God—how am I ever going to go through a baggage search and get on a regular commercial airline again?



JEAN LEWIS' HOLLYWOOD
Jean Lewis is Hollywood
Editor of 16 Magazine

The Williams boys wow the East

THOSE Williams twins—Andy and David—were so popular in Japan when they appeared there with their Uncle Andy Williams that the Victor Ongaku-Sangyo Co. has released the single they did while they were in Tokyo. The A-side is titled Gakko E Yuku Michi Kaeru Michi, which translates to The Way To And From School, and Futari No

Tneshi is Angels Of Twin Brothers and the boys learned the lyrics phonetically. The single is just out and there's to be a "Meet Andy And David" long playing record album in August.

Whilst the men of the Jackson 5 clan were in the East, for a series of concert appearances, there was a big party at the Jackson home in nearby Encino, California, for Tito Jackson's wife DeeDee. More than 40 friends and relatives gathered to shower DeeDee with presents for their expected baby due on August 14.

Though their boy friends were far away, guests included Jackie's on-and-off steady girl friend Debbie Foxx (daughter of our famous comedian-actor Redd Foxx) and Jermaine's sometime-steady girl friend Hazel Gordy (daughter of Motown's czar Berry Gordy).

THE only girl in the Osmond family, 13-year-old Marie, has "officially" begun her solo singing career by releasing her first single Paper Roses (a hit by Anita Bryant about seven years ago). Also, Marie is just completing a long-playing record album of country songs in Nashville for MGM Records, produced by C & W genius Sonny James. Earlier this year, Marie made her professional debut in Las Vegas when she joined her brothers onstage at Caesar's Palace and sang a duet with brother Donny.

Jim Nabors is a man who knows a good thing when he hears it—Columbia Records is releasing Nabors' long-playing record album "The Twelfth Of Never." For the girls too old for Donny Osmond, undoubtedly.

IT was a surprise Wednesday when Don Everly announced backstage at Knott's Berry Farm's John Wayne Theatre, in Buena Park, Ca., that he was "tired of being an Everly Brother" and was quitting. Don's dissatisfaction has not been a big secret—his song I'm Tired Of Singing My Song In Las Vegas conveyed some of his feelings—but the suddenness of his decision was a surprise and several concert dates and a European tour had to be cancelled.

The end of the Everly Brothers as a performing duo became even more sudden on Saturday when the park's entertainment director stopped their first (of three scheduled) concerts mid way through—as it became apparent that the emotionalism of this last evening together was leading to an erratic, sub-par performance by Don.

It was Don alone, however, for the last two shows and he mixed in some country and rock and except for Lucille, he didn't sing anything associated with the Everly Brothers. It was Bob Dylan who once said: "We owe those guys everything. They started it all." It was more than the end of an era or a brother act. Good luck to them both.

Everyone wants Elvis Presley for television specials and the lad, off on tour with a big toothache, wanted his Beverly Hills dentist—has drill, will travel—to fly to Memphis to mend the aching molar.

That Elvis has had three certified gold long-playing record albums every year for the last four years are just twelve of the reasons he can fly his dentist and drill anywhere anytime!

CHI COLTRANE finished up the last of her recording sessions in your Trident Studios with Paul Buckmaster and Jim Horn and rushed back here for Columbia Records' World Wide conference in San Francisco. Following Chi's tremendous success in Europe last February and March she's set to return to London in September for a concert tour in England and the Continent.

Also at that Columbia convention, Hall Bartlett will show a 20-minute film segment from his "Jonathan Livingston Seagull" featuring Neil Diamond's film score which will be released as Neil's first album on their label.

Up on Hollywood's famous Sunset Strip, The Comedy Store—where newest Partridge Family regular Alan Bursley often performs—observed its first anniversary (of laughs!) and "unfunny" music men Harry Nilsson, Micky Dolenz, Richard Perry, and music lady Joni Mitchell were on hand to help celebrate.

In your own write

Send your letters to: Write, Disc, 161-166
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"WE are not held responsible for the non-appearance of any artist." The small print saved the promoters, but what about the two groups that couldn't be bothered turning up?

All the trouble that Wizzard went through to get top billing with Chuck Berry, then to get too bigheaded to turn up.

Being my first festival I was greatly surprised to see no security guards, police, etc., in the grounds to keep the peace and get the Hell's Angels off stage.—A Disappointed Hogs Fan, Neston, Wirral.

A night for the Irish

TALK about the luck of the Irish! After seeing the London debut of Van Morrison at the Rainbow Theatre and witnessing a concert that can only be described as incredible, I did not realise what was still to come.

Several hundred yards down the road I saw Rory Gallagher talking to various members of his band. I chatted with him for several minutes and he gave me his autograph and proved just as friendly as ever.

Leaving Rory, I had taken no more than a dozen steps when I saw Thin Lizzy sitting in a parked car. Again I was involved in a conversation, this time with bassist Phil Lynott who also gave me his autograph.

After seeing Ireland's three biggest bands inside fifteen minutes I was left wondering, was I dreaming? But when I look at the autographs I know it really happened.—Stewart Gourley, Worth Road, Milebush, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland.

The beauty of Baez

THANK you, Joan Baez, for a really good concert (22nd July, BBC 2, 8.15). You sang each song with deep feeling and added a touch of humour before it got too hard to bear.

What a pity your audience was so unappreciative! I don't think they even realised who you were imitating during a song by Bob Dylan. If they did, they might have raised a titter—I for one thought it was very funny.

I hope the Beeb show this concert again—for all who missed it.—Rufus.

Thanks for the masterpieces

AFTER hearing the obnoxious row that Slade have the cheek to call a song I feel that I must thank God and the various other people involved in producing such masterpieces as:

- (a) Fantasy, Carole King.
- (b) Raw But Tender, Jaki Whitren.
- (c) Anticipation, Carly Simon.
- (d) Lady Sings The Blues, Diana Ross.

Now that's what you can call music.—S. Le Dain, 7 Caldbeck, Roundhills Estate, Waltham Abbey, Essex.

Good luck to Eno and Eddie

AS secretary of the Roxy Music Club may I on behalf of all the club members wish Eno every success with his new ventures and hope that one day we may see Luana and The Lizard Ladies!

Wishes for every success also go to Eddie Jobson, who has joined the group now Eno has left; I'm sure that we will all be looking forward to hearing his contribution to the unique sound of Roxy Music.—Peter Leay, Secretary, Roxy Music Club, 9 Sunbury Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Beefing and Blackburn

I'VE just finished listening to Tony Blackburn on Rosko's Round Table, talking a lot of childish rubbish about Disc and

First festival blues



Lost for words...

THANKS, Clifford T. Ward, thanks a lot for giving us such a beautiful album; words cannot describe how great it is.

I bought "Home Thoughts" about three days ago and it's never been off my turntable.—Alison, 93 Westmorland Avenue, Blackpool, Lancs.

another music paper.

He has the idea that Disc is only concerned for people with progressive music tastes and if you don't like what they like you're a freak.

I'm not sure if Mr Blackburn got slightly mixed up or not, but as a weekly reader of all music papers, Disc has the most catholic tastes and is the most interesting of all the weekly music papers.

So come off it, Mr Blackburn, pick on someone else.—Phil Martin, 38 Blanchard Road, Tyne-mouth.

Beatles at the Bowl LP

BOOTLEG after Beatles' bootleg with great music and atmosphere by the fab four from their concert in the good old days, but with awful sound quality!

Now that there is such a need for live stuff by the Beatles, let's have an official souvenir live LP, after all there are two concerts recorded with real tape machines and stuff by Capitol and supervised by George Martin himself.

These concerts were recorded at the Hollywood Bowl in August 1965. John Lennon said in 1971 somewhere, that he had recently heard the tapes and found them quite OK, and also said that he expected it to be released "some day." Now please John, George, Paul and Ringo, permit EMI to release a live album of these recordings—with a booklet or something with "onstage" pics, information, etc., etc. Such an album would sell millions.—Carl Hallberg, Box 6932, 17562 Jarfalla, Sweden.

Getting better all the time

I'M SURE there must be many like myself who have noticed, especially these past few months, the astounding change for the better in music tastes in this country. This is quite a contrast to, say, the autumn and winter time of last year, the charts being in a sorrowful state, when not many even comparatively new names with fresh material were coming into the charts. Not so now, though, with people such as Lou Reed, Suzi Quatro, Linda Lewis, Stealers Wheel, etc.

Also at that time many revived 45s, however good, were being bandied about, not a good reflection on progress. There may have been a reason for the situation, a drop in new releases or radio producers unwilling to play a different name.

The advent of our own weeny groups should also be noted. Whatever the pro's and con's of these, more con's probably. Altogether the music scene is pretty healthy right now.—John Wilson, 9 Northfield Road, Sawbridgeworth, Herts CM21 9RD.



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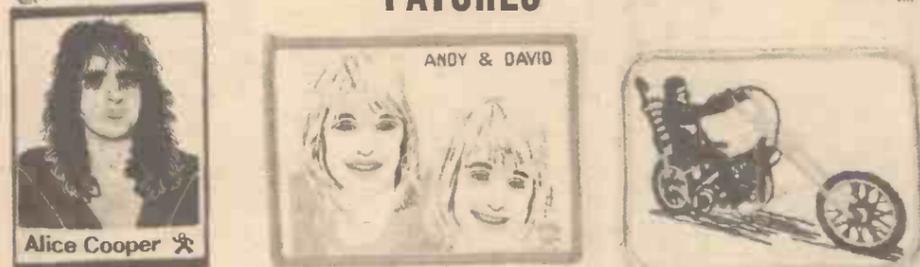


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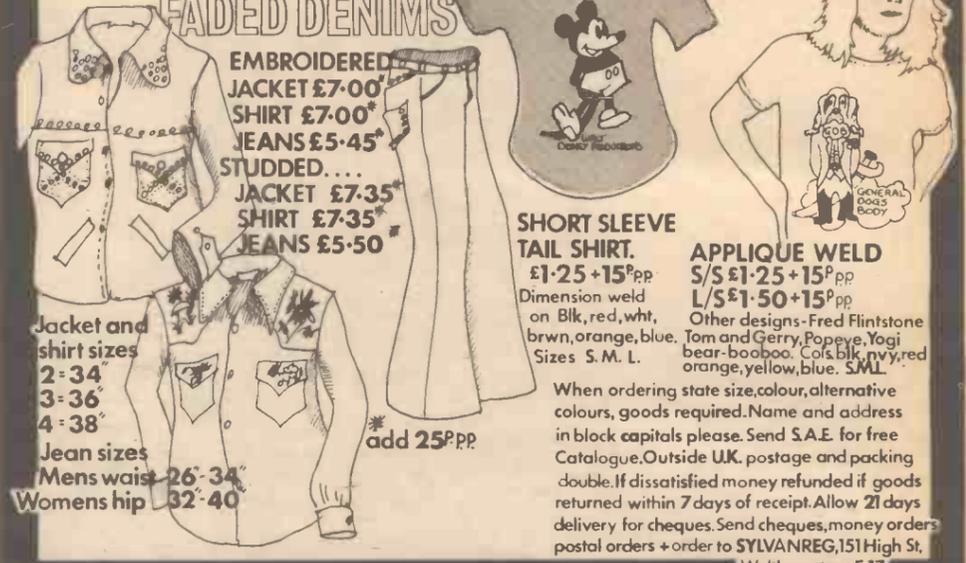
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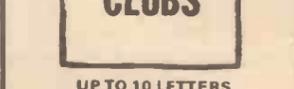
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? I have a single, "Over The Wall We Go," by an artist called Oscar. The song is written by D. Bowie.

Is he the same person who is now a star and was Oscar his alias?—William Mitchell, 6a Alderwood Avenue, Speke, Liverpool.

● Yes, indeed. The D. Bowie who wrote "Over The Wall We Go" is superstar David Bowie. The recording was issued on the Reaction label in January 1967. But Oscar is not David. It was the recording name for Paul Nicholas, who plays the lead in the West End production of Jesus Christ Superstar.

? Could you please tell me if there is a Roxy Music Fan Club and if they have any more new singles coming out?—Robert Ferguson, 3 Blue Hatch, Crodsham, Warrington.

● Write to Peter Leay, 9 Sunbury Road, Wallasey, Cheshire. No singles have been planned at presstime.

? Could you tell me whether you still have a back copy of Disc dated around June-August 1972 in which Rosalind Russell interviews Mick Ronson of the Spiders From Mars, and if so what

David or is he Oscar?

would I have to do to obtain it?—Diane Hirst, 78 Quarry Hill Road, Wat-on-Dearne, Yorkshire.

● Sorry, Diane, but this copy is now out of print. Possibly some kind Disc reader may be able to let you have a copy direct, though. Back issues of Disc are available only up to three months after the publication date. Those wishing to obtain any such back issues should write to: Back Numbers Dept., IPC Business Press, 40 Bowling Green Lane, London, E.C.1. Copies by post cost 10p.

? Could you please tell me the address of the Kinks Fan Club and the date of the release of their next album?—Pete, Lytham, Lancs.

● For the Kinks Fan Club, write to Carole Tiffin, 47 Luke House, Bigland Street, London, E.1. A Kinks album is scheduled for release around September.

? Is it possible to obtain the Beatles' "Here Comes The Sun" as a single, either as an A side or a B side?—Christine Irwin, 289 Rectory Road, Gateshead, Co. Durham.

● According to Apple, not in Britain. But the song is available on the Beatles' "Abbey Road" album.

? In a recent edition of Disc you mentioned a new rock album to be cut at London's Trident Studios by Harry Nilsson and produced by Richard Perry. Have you any news of it?—M. Deadman, 23 Orde Close, Poundhill, Crawley, Sussex.

● Such a recording is planned by Harry Nilsson, but no firm date is yet available.



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LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION
ACROSS: 1. Rock-a-Doodle. 6. Julie. 7. Spring. 8. Yes-songs. 9. Nana. 10. Egan. 13. Sarstedt. 16. Aerial. 17. Front. 18. Steamroller. DOWN: 1. Route. 2. Crimson. 3. Design. 4. O-O-RA. 5. London. 9. Natural. 11. Gaye-St. 12. Wailer. 14. Don-or. 15. Liza.

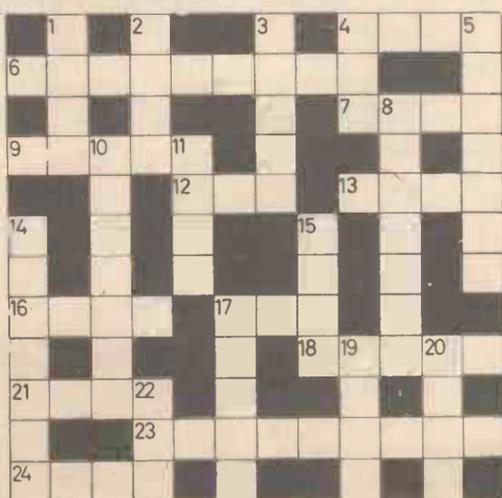
Last week's winners: Mr. W. Riley, 9 Courtleys, Selby, Yorkshire; Miss M. Horne, 135 Laughton Road, Dinnington, nr. Sheffield, Yorkshire; Roger Hawke, 44 Longacre, Woodford, Plymouth; Phillip W. Moores, 28 The Leas, Darlington, Co. Durham; Keith Cobham, 8 Park Avenue, Lydiate, Lancs; Gerald Evans, 105 Serw Road, Pontypridd, Glamorgan.

CLUES ACROSS

- The big bass one? (4)
- Reckless rogue of the Eagles (9)
- Feel this all over? (4)
- "Right Place, — Time" (5)
- Mr. Geesin (3)
- Such gold makes a successful LP (4)
- A member of a backstabbing group? (4)
- Type of plane John Denver's leaving on (3)
- A hot drink in the Rundgren style (5)
- Medicinal part of the body (4)
- Is he a lucky man? (4, 5)
- What the Partridge Family are walking in (4)

CLUES DOWN

- Edward, the beast (4)
- Nips up to do this to a disc (4)
- Snoopy's red adversary (5)
- As walked by Rufus Thomas? (3)
- Birha can't stop it (7)
- He's walking on the wild side (3, 4)
- Naughty Faces album (3-2-2)
- Dobie's shade (4)
- Louie, relatively speaking (7)
- Makes Monro a singer (4)
- Where Deep Purple were made (5)
- Giant featured in a Groundhog record (4)
- Little Richard! (4)
- One of those American hicks? (3)



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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If you're over 16 and seeking friends of the opposite sex—or someone "special" to marry—send for our brochure. It describes how you will be put in touch with friends quickly and easily. No formally—no interviews. With hundreds of clients everywhere we're sure to know someone just right for you. Write today, stating age, for free brochure:

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BIG DEAL!

Discs for sale

ALBUMS

MICHAEL JACKSON "Ben" LP. Vgc. A1 con. £1.25. "With The Beatles" Vgc. £1.50 for EPAs (Stewart) or Honky Chateau. N. Lockwood, 14 Cobnar Road, Sheffield S8 8QB.

REGGAE: Chartbusters 1, 2, Club Vols 1, 2, 3, Verclosh Galore Vol 2. Vgc. 60p each. Also "With The Beatles" Vgc. £1 only—Nigel Lockwood, 14 Cobnar Road, Sheffield, S8 8QB.

BEE-GEES. Idea, Best Of, Horizon—also Bee-Gees singles, LPs £1.30. Singles details, write, Sae—Linda Hepburn, 22 Comiston Drive, Edinburgh EH10 5QR.

T. REX—Beard, Unicorn (originals) Vgc. £1.25 each. With LPs. Hendrix's Strange Things, Beard, Unicorn lyrics (photocopies) 20p plus large Sae.—Tim Fry, 30 Nursery Rd., Hoddeston, Herts.

SWOP T. Rex, Warrior And T. Rex album for any Purple or Sabbath, must be Vgc. Please send Sae.—Dave Bannister, 24 Fairville Road, Stockton, Teesside.

ATTENTION! BIG DEAL READERS

CREAM'S Wheels of Fire (In studio) for sale. Vgc. Only £1.60. Sae please.—David Wong, 172 Cricklade Road, Swindon SN2 6AN.

SOS, re-recorded Ce "Future Blues" (Canned Heat) "Easy Rider," "On The Boards," "Taste," "Jim Walker Live" £1.25 each. Sae.—R. Torrance, 12 Lorne Street, Glasgow G51.

RARE Duane Allman album, "Diagrams." American import, only available on USA radio stations, will SOS.—Brian Anderson, 4 Farnbridge Road, Dagenham, Essex.

WILL SOS "Amon Duul Live" (played once). For Tapestry (C. King), Sweeties (P. Fairies), for £2. Swops must be Vgc. £1.50. 12 Victoria Rd., Wimbledon, SW19.

STONE THE CROWS, Ostinous Performance Free. Tons Of Sobs, Alice Cooper, School's Out, Hendrix, In The West, Isley Bros Greatest Hits. A1 at £1.25.—Roy McKeag, 22 Staffa Drive, Paisley, Renfrewshire.

SWOP W. Ash list Argus 4th, Ritchie Havens Live (DBL), Canned Heat Live (DBL), Graham Nash and D. Crosby for Pink Floyd Dark Side or anything else. Good soul, Thanks Disc, SAE, Vgc.—Mick, 36 Waterbeach Road, Dagenham, Essex.

SWOP, Four Tops on Top, most of Jeff Beck, Bread Baby I'm A Want You for anything. SAE, All are mint to. Wanted S & G Greatest Hits.—Mick, 36 Waterbeach Road, Dagenham, Essex.

TOMMY Various Artists £4, Three Dog Night 7 Pools £1.50, Gilberts Himself £1.50, J.C. Superstar £2.50. Several others. Send SAE please.—V. Bloomfield, 22 Spouton Ave., Acklam Hall, Middlesbrough.

UGGLE! All T. Rex LPs (not including TANX). All vgc. Both Flybacks. Total nine albums, £1.50 each or all for £11.—Spicer, 165 Elmley St., Plumstead, London.

FAREWELL TO THE GREYS by Royal Scots Dragoon Guards.—Write enclosing SAE for details: Ian Davidson, 41 Innerwick Drive, Glasgow G5 2HY.

SABBATH Vol. 4, L. Zep 2 & 4, Tull Aquiluno Ash, Argus, Hendrix, C.K. 1965. All new. Swop for any ELP LP. Heep or D. Purple Takesyn 3rd LP, Live, Rah, SAE to: J. Wardman, 75 Drum Corhill, Cornrade, Ennis-killen, Co. Fermangh, N.I.

ORIGINAL J.C. Superstar, double album, vgc. £3.25 or swop T. Rex Beard of Stars or Yess's Fragile.—B. R. Smith, 28 St Helens Avenue, Grimsby, Lincs DN3 2AH.

MOTHERS, Uncle Meat, Mothersday, Both doubles. Rare imports, and Soft Machine Three (double). All vgc. Quintessence, Set, Carol King, Writer. All perfect.—John Harrison, c/o Sgt. Brown, H.O. Bly, 19th Field Regt. R.A., B.F.P.O. 20.

R.A., B.F.P.O. 20. Cat Stevens C.B.A.F. Roxy Music (First), Mott The Hoople A.T.Y.D., Wishbone Ash, Argus, Joan Baez, Come From The Shadows! All perfect.—John Harrison, c/o Sgt. Brown, H.O. Bly, 19th Field Regt. R.A., B.F.P.O. 20.

ZAPPA WAKA/JAWAKA, It's A Beautiful Day (first), Colin Scott (first), Delaney and Bonnie, Bonnie, Y.A. Woodville (import), All vgc.—John Harrison, c/o Sgt. Brown, H.O. Bly, 19th Field Regt. R.A., B.F.P.O. 20.

TWO LPs. Both different. Both featuring Joe Cocker, T. Rex, Move, Procol Harum and one with John Kongos. Will sell or swop for Odyssey or Glitter—Gaz, 14 Lilac Lane, Hollins Estate, Oldham.

SWOP Sergeant Pepper's for MWSTW. Space Oddity or any other Bowie Album. Also want John I'm Only Dancing.—Mike Weir, 23 Newton Crescent, Arbroath, Angus, Scotland.

TEASER AND FRECAT and other goodies to clear. SAE for lists. Ta.—M. H. Clarke, 1 Coniston Road, Galley, Cheshire SK8 4AP.

ALICE'S Billion Dollar Babies, Love It To Death, both first-class condition. Each £1.70 o.n.o. for this fantastic saving please apply, A. Porteous, Station Rd., Ribblesdale, Renfrewshire.

SELL Rockin The Fillmore, H. Pie (double) £1.50 or swop, I Am Woman Helen Reddy £1.50. Will swop. O'Hark Arrays, 53 Bond St., Leich, Lancs.

NEW YORK CITY Lennon/Freak Out/Money/Fillmore. Absolutely Free. Mothers/Most Elvis soundtrack records. Roubabout, Kissin Cousins, Double Trouble, H. Holiday, etc. £1.10 each. Doubles £1.95.—S. M. Jackson, 25 Newhall Green, Belle Isle, Leeds 10.

SWOP Python Lee Jackson's "In A Broken Dream" album for Don McLean or Cat Stevens album.—Pauline Walters, 22 Brookside, Clay Meadow Est., Totton, Hants.

SWOP My Tons Of Sobs, Free, Fire And Water for Humble Pie, Zeppelin, Ten Years After or Pretty Things LPs. Must be mint mine are.—David Jackson, 38 Wilkinson St., Warrington WA2 7RD.

EXPLOSIVE Jerry Lee Lewis swop for two singles or sell. Also Canned Heat, Cookbook and Future Blues.—Hector, 186 Orby Drive, Belfast 5.

SWOP Hawkwind 1st for Disraeli, Gears, Procol live or any Dylan. Also two Canned Heat LPs.—Hector, 186 Orby Drive, Belfast 5 BT5 6BD.

ALBUMS

£1.15 EACH (v.g.c.). Most of Lulu —12 Big Hits of Cilla—Best of Petula Clark—Birds Hits Vol. 1—plus more—write first—also singles, 29p. Write for list: David Navas, 43 Sovereign House, Cambridge Heath Rd., London, E1 8RZ.

CATS CATCH BULL AT 4, v.g.c., only £1.20. Write to: Jen, 13 Fairmeadow, Rye, Sussex.

1972 ALBUMS by TYA, Melanie, Lindisfarne, CCS, Genesis, Faces, Nice, Yes, Strawbs, Rodney Gildred, £1.25. Also Focus Crismo, Also Aladdin Sane £1.75. Enquire first. SAE: Alan Strong, 19 Horsham Rd, West, Littlehampton, Sussex.

SEND SAE for list of albums/singles for sale. Will swop artists include Stones, Beatles, Moody's, etc., prefer to swop for Wishbone, Hendrix, Cream, etc.—Kenny Wright, 6 Dudley Gardens, Edinburgh EH6 4PY.

JACK BECK GROUP, Beck Ola album £1. Bumpers various artists and Rock-buster, various artists £1.50. Both T. Rex, My People, etc., original 1968 £1.—T. Wiseman, 28 Ragged Hall Lane, St. Albans, Herts.

BOWIE, MUSTW and Space Oddity £1.50 each. Also Coopers Love It Death £1.40 or will swop for Japan Purple, —7 Southbank St., Leek, Staffs ST13 5LS.

ALBUMS

ALBUMS FOR SALE by Hendrix, Stewart, Love, Cream, Poo, Coliseum, Manfreds, Mothers, Curved Air, Cooper, Mr Fox, Moondog, T. Rex and many others.—SAE for details: John Howarth, 2b Highfield Road, Impington, Cambs CB4 4PF.

SWOP HENDRIX Eternal Fire album Gc. for any of the following singles, Sylvia (Focus), Paranoid (Sabbath), LTD (Tull), Paper Plane (Quo), State condition.—Peter Thompson, 4 Arthur Street, Particourt, Eccles, Lancs.

SLADE ALIVE, £1.60. Singles, Question (Moody Blues), Green Manalishi (Mae) Hel Suzi (Amen Corner), Tumbling Dice (Stones), Take Me (Slade)—Offers? Also Plane (Quo)—Dave Green, 72 Dene Court, Olton, Solihull, Warks.

FREE: Fire and Water: Free Live: Who's Next: £1.50 each. Genesis: Fox Trot 77.5p. P. Simon: Me and JBOT; School Yard, 30p—Miss S Rowley, Temple Farm C.C., Sandford-on-Thames, Oxford.

FOR SALE, Top Of The Pops LP Record. Send SAE for details.—Susan Dean, 24 Earl Street, Wigan, Lancs WN1 2BW.

BEST Of Bread, VGC, hardly ever played, offers, £1.50.—P. McKenzie, 137 Torgylen St., Glasgow LS.

Abbreviations
SAE Stamped addressed envelope
O Offers to
S Sell or swop

CWO Cash with order
ONO Or near offer
HO Highest offer

DC Disc
Ce Cassette
Gc, Vgc, Good condition, Very good condition, Mint condition.

SINGLES

JACKSON FIVE—"Corner Of The Sky"; "Four Tops"; "MacArthur Park"; "In These Changing Times"; "All In The Game"; with Supremes—"Love In Your Heart."—SAE: John Baumber, 1 Chapel Lane, Utterby, Louth, Lincs, LN11 0TR.

BALAD OF GREEN BERTS—"Sgt. Barry Sadler"; "Everybody"—Tommy Roe; "Crying In Chapel"—Little Richard; "Twist Senora"—U.S. Bonds; "Swinging On Star"—B. D. Irwin.—SAE: John Baumber, 1 Chapel Lane, Utterby, Louth, Lincs, LN11 0TR.

T. REX'S "Love To Action."—SAE: Simon, 48 Longfield Drive, Amersham, Bucks, HP8 5HE.

TEN BARTEDT'S "Where Do You Go To My Lovely," Mc, 45 r.p.m.—O (SAE please): Mark Timson, 36 Brookhill Road, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG8 9GW.

"BIRD-DOG" on London label, Elvis' "Party."—O: Alan Clegg, 19 Meaford Ave., Stone, Staffs.

SIX, unplayed, British-pressed Tam-las, £1 inc. p. & p.—Mr. M. Roulston, 177 Castlemilk, Glasgow, G45 9UQ.

TOM JONES, five singles; and Raymond Lefevre Album, Volume 4 (due to extra copies).—O: S. Tebbutt, 6 Fawcett Rd., Southsea, Portsmouth.

"ONE INCH ROCK", Tyrann, Rex originals, offers. Also Jeepster, Co-Co, Tokoloshe Man, Step On You, Rock & Roll, Crazy Horses, 30p each.—Tony Jackson, 13 Eskdale Drive, Dalton-in-Furness, Lancs.

LED ZEP. CUTTINGS from old Discs. "Long Grass," "Troggs," "African Velvet," B. Velvet, "Iko," "Baldr," "Road," "Rush," "Hop St." Pitney, "The D.P.S.," Plastic Man, Israelites, Grapevine, etc. Swops.—O: Audrey, 7 Neyland Dr., Aylesbury, Bucks.

LED ZEP. CUTTINGS from old Discs. "Sympathy," R. Bird, "Hillside," "Booze," "Antoinette," "Dave Dec," "P. Gal," Dekker, "Donna," 10cc, Faces, N.M.E. single, O or swop for Cooper, Canned Heat, Quatro Stuff, Audrey, 7 Neyland Drive, Aylesbury, Bucks.

DELANEY AND BONNIE: Coming Home/Groupie (Superstar), unplayed, 45p.—M. Roulston, 177 Castlemilk Drive, Glasgow, G45 9UQ.

CO-OP, W.B.S., Bookbush, Sweet, S.G.E.A., M.G.S., T. Rex, C.O.F.T.N., S.L.E. and others.—SAE for lists: Ian Meth, 57 Lakenheath, London, N14.

RARE ROY GALLAGHER/TASTE single, Major minor, Wrong Side Of Town, Buster On The Moon, Cvg.—O: T. Ellis, 23 Glenalbyn Rd., Wimbeldon, S.W.19, London.

GREAT OLDIES: Down By The Lazy River, Osmonds; "Lovin' Things," Marmalade; Helulu, Helulu, Tremeloes.—O: Gary Attridge, 18 Kelly Way, Mill Lane, Chadwell Heath, Essex.

TRANNY REX AND T. REX for sale. All mint. LPs and 45s.—Send SAE for full list.—John, 57 Buckhurst Ave., Carshalton, Surrey.

"MY NAME IS LOVE", Casuals: "Chuckie," Mikl Antony; "Passing Strangers," Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine; "Bob (SAE, please)," Mike 47b Calveford Cres., New Addington, Croydon, Surrey.

SOMETHING, Beatles; Tambourine Man, Birds; Twist And Shout, Tremeloes. £1 each: Come And Get It, Badfinger; Alice Cooper N.M.E. single; M.A.C.R., P. Simon, 50p each, Might As Well Rain Until September, C. King, original London label.—SAE Hls.—Ian, 8 Hampshire Court, Garfield Road, Arlestone, Surrey, KT 15.

SINGLES FOR SALE: Evil Woman/Sabbath; Real Good Time/Faces; Hobo/Roller; Blister And Wrong Side Of Town/Taste, O or swop your albums.—Steve Thomson, 22 Daiglen Drive, South Orkendon, Essex.

AMERICAN will trade Discs for back issue Rock publications or cutlines.—Lynne Francke (Miss), #20 Michigan Avenue, Swarthmore, PA 19081, U.S.A.

BOOTLEGS

Disc will not accept advertisements in Big Deal from readers who are offering for sale, exchange or trying to buy or exchange "bootleg" records or cassettes. A letter from the Songwriters Guild of Great Britain points out: "If, as we believe, a 'bootleg' record or cassette is one made without the permission of, and without any payment to, the performers or the copyright owners concerned, it is illicit; and to advertise any such article is in our view comparable to offering stolen goods for sale."

"Such goods have the effect of cheating the performers, writers, and any recording companies who may be concerned."

Discs wanted

ALBUMS

BOWIE'S 'Hunky Dory and Alice's Killer' wanted. Will swop Tommy (double) and Melanie's Garden in City. SAE: Jill Bellingham, Ashby Wedge Hall Cres., Connah's Quay, Deeside, Flint.

AN ASSIE FRIEND of mine would love to obtain "Stay With The Hollies" album. Can anyone supply me at a reasonable price. No extortionists need write to.—Bob McKendrick, 118 Hilltown, Dundee.

HENDRIX, Zappa, Zeppelin, Cream, Faces, C. King, J. Taylor, C. Simon, Slade, T. Rex, etc. albums.—T. Jones, 59 Post Mill, Fairstead, Kings Lynn, Norfolk.

PRE-1968 Tommy Roe albums. Pics Gary Puckett and Union Gap. Keith Allison solo recordings.—Ray, Dear, 45 Fairley Cres., Gillingham, Dorset.

BAND "Big Pink," Brinsley Iremonger, Aretha double, Michael Chapman "Window" and "Survivor" Medicine Head "Heavy Drum."—SOS Joplin Vgc.—Robert A. Strain, 244 St. George's Rd., Glasgow G3 6JF.

THEME MUSIC "Once Upon A Time In The West," original RCA (French cover).—L. Thompson, Senlac Cott., Bunting Hill, Battle, Sussex.

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF HITS, Vol. 3, 6, 7, 8. London label, wanted Gc. Will pay good prices.—Scholz, Berlin 44, Schudoma Str, 40, Germany.

WANTED: "Closer To Queen Mary" who give £2.50, or Faces LP, NAGAW AND OLL.—D. Bust, 194 High Street, Stoneham, Dorset DE5 6JT.

VELVET GLOVES and SpH by Neil Young, or Paranoid, Black Sabbath.—SAE for lists: George Bulcroft, 64 Croft head Cres, Orkiston, Bellshill, Lanarkshire.

MOTOWN WANTED: Husville USA Sixteen Big Hits, P.M.L. 11019. Must be Vgc.—Write stamping price required: T. Sands, 11 Dickens Road, Gravesend, Kent.

HIT PARTY, Paul and Barry Ryan; Barry's German releases; Lou Christie (not this) Touch (not 1033), Dave Berry, Tony Joe White, Tom Hughes, 37 Brisbane Terrace, Westwoods, East Kilbride, Glasgow G75 8DL.

MONTY PYTHON'S previous record. Also Amon Duul II Live In London, and Tpyelo Hony or other Van Morrison LPs. Swops.—Steve, 31 Roworth Rd., Middlesbrough.

ALBUMS

WANTED: Any album by Jesse Ed Davis; also Redbone very first album, released January 1970.—V. Bostock, 6 Mill Close, George Estate, Knighton, Rads.

FACES LP, also Nod's As Good As A. State price or swop, have several 45s.—Mrs. Irvine, 27 Steene St., Northampton NN5 5EX.

DELETED Amrose Slade LP Beginnings wanted, £2. Must be Gc.—Write first: John Keen, 55 Southwell Grove Road, Lyntonstone, London E11.

MOODS OF MARVIN GAYE LP wanted. Will pay 80p.—Mr. C. Constable, 19a Wellesley Rd., Colchester, Essex.

HELPI Black Widow second album wanted Gc. Also Fleetwood's Green Manalishi, State price.—Derek Agar, 13 Fairlie Park, Ringwood, Hants BH24 1TU.

VELVET UNDERGROUND 1st album wanted in Gc.—Write first, Charters Pond, Charters Road, Sunningdale, Berks.

SWOP Family's Bandstand and The Yes album for Roy Buchanan first album and Birds Of Fire by Mahavishnu Orchestra Gc.—Roy, 28 Wellesley Road, Oldbury, Warley B68 8RY.

BOLAN BOOGIES ON, Swop 'Hunky Dory' for T. Rex Hify 2. In Gc.—F. Baggins, 43 Key Street, Sittingbourne, Kent.

CLIFFORD T. WARD wanted. Any LPs or singles. Must be Vgc. Will buy or exchange.—Mike, 10 Gordon Avenue, Cannon Street, Hull.

ELP LP 1 and 2, part exchange Unna Gumm (mint) Swop S.B. James (Taylor) for FOTT (Lindisfarne).—Tommy Atkins, Post Office, Manorbier, Tenby, Pembro.

BEATLES' Hey Jude, must be in Vgc. Will pay good price.—Richard Mortimore, 28 Highland Hill, Gosspens Green, Crawley, Sussex.

HUNTER FREAK: I need Wildlife and Mad Shadows. Will swop Anyway (Family), Galtier (Melanie) or anything else. Many singles. Love from Bren and Len.—Len Hurlow, 4 Beechfield Gdns., Wallend, Northumberland.

"SWOP" "Bolan Boogie," "Yes LPs" or "Ram" for any Floyd or Yes LPs.—James L. Bell, 84 Claverhouse Drive, Edinburgh EH16 6DJ.

WANTED: Cassettes cheap. Send me your lists, progressive only. Nice. Stones, Faces, Floyd, Zeppelin.—SAE please: Mr. Dave Cornwall, 7 Beck Avenue, Calverton, Nottingham.

MAE WEST LPs wanted, especially "Way Out West" on the Stateside label.—Phone 01-863 4232, or write: Roderic Richards, 32 Wellington Rd., Wealdstone, Middx.

WANTED: "Man Who Sold The World," David Bowie. Pay up to £2, or will swop Slade "Alive."—Miss C. Wilson, 131 Lightwood Rd., Buxton, Derby.

WANTED URGENTLY: The Beatles "Magical Mystery Tour." I will swop "Wild Life." Wings, for it.—SAE please to: Rodney, 25 Plantation Ave., Lisburn BT2 5BL, N. Ireland.

WANTED: "The Beatles Greatest Hits, Springfield's Greatest Hits, Over Lander's Greatest Hits, Mc. Also want Rock 'n' Roll Circus, Mc.—Alfred Newman, 53 Haydock Avenue, Sale, Cheshire.

BUZZ LINDHART albums or singles. Please send details and price first. Also Lennon's Wedding album, complete if possible.—Wombat, 46 McCallum Court, Armadale, West Lothian.

SWOP WIZARD BREW, Vgc. for any Brinsley Schwarz or sail for £1.50. Aro Tom Jones Live At Las Vegas. Vgc for only £1.—Offers: Tom Begley, 120 Hammersmith Grove, London W6 7HD.

WANTED FOR SWOP, Yes Song and Six Wives. Will swop for Tommy, various artists, Ce, plus Dudes LP. Ce, plus any Slade LP (last three records)—Adam Kops, Flat 1, 35 Canfield Gardens, London NW6.

COLLECTORS ITEMS

BLOW With Ry Stones Label RS 19102 German release.—Dave, 4 Peerson Road, Wakefield, Yorkshire WF1 4EB.

I'VE GOT some 45s for sale—in fact I've got hundreds, and they're real good and real groovy. Rush SAE: 24 South Walk, Midsoton, Sussex.

BILL HALEY albums on London label, £5 paid for each. Also Norrish-Hawkins LP Mojo Man, will pay £5.—23 Benhurst Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.

SINGLES—Beatnik Fly by Johnny and the Hurricanes and Twistin' The Night Away by Sam Cooke.—R. Berrell, 2 Wyther Park Sq., Leeds 12, Yorks LS16 2SD.

PAUL MCCARTNEY or if not possible anything on Wings, Beatles, etc. Long Tall Sally and imports.—Jackie Moore, 13 Ladbroke Grove, W. London, W. Also Elvis Best of HMV DLP 1159. State price and condition.—M. Austin, 35 Princess Court, Old Trafford, Manchester.

RARE RECORD: "Lilac Years" by Blond, Must be in g.c. Write: Seth, 40 Parklands Road, London, S.W.16.

MONEY! MONEY! Super 8 mm home movies of the Rolling Stones. Your price SAE with details.—Hedge Jones, 2 Tilley Road, Wythenshawe, Manchester M22 6DA.

PHOTOS taken of Gene Pinney during his recent tour.—Miss J. Driscoll, 10 School Road, Ash, Canterbury, Kent, CT3 2JD.

STONES monthlies, books, cuttings. Also old fabulous and raves with Stones pics and fan club photos.—Judith Caines, 50 Baldwin Avenue, Eastbourne, Sussex.

BOWIE singles, LPs, info, send lists. Also T. Rex early stuff and info.—P. Booth, 19 Ranelagh Drive, Clifton, York YO3 9LW, 0476 0085. Also Elvis Best of HMV DLP 1159. State price and condition.—M. Austin, 35 Princess Court, Old Trafford, Manchester.

NANA MOUSKOURI any cuttings, imports. Your price. State record No.—L. Foye, Oaks Farm, Ashby Road, Stapleford, Leics.

BOLAN, Bowie, Beatles, Stones, Moodies and Slade (fanatic requires rare singles and LPs. Will buy cheapest offers. SAE please.—Graham Jarvis, 1312 Abbey Rd., Sandbach, Cheshire.

KINGS French EPs and singles 1964-1968. Your price paid. Please write.—Chris, 11 Maple Rd., Hyde, South-ampton, Hampshire.

PEACE recorded by Peter wanted. Must be in vgc. Very good price given. Also We Love The Pirates.—B. Price, 18 Corcora St., Seaham, Co. Durham SR7 7TH.

BEATLES monthlies, pictures, programmes, cuttings and original Beate club material. Send lists and prices to: D. Muff, 3 Daniels Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR4 4TD.

ME all stuff on singles by Bowie, Pre-space Oddity, only up to £1 if vgc.—A. Spicer, 165 Elmley St., Plumstead, London SE18 7NJ.

ELP: Can anyone sell or swop me Japanese EPs and photos. ELP from their 1972 Japan tour?—Sue Permenter, 140 Brighton Road, Horsham, Sussex.

PIN ON BADGES of groups and artists. Very low prices given.—Paul, 54 Whippingham Road, Brighton, Sussex.

"LOVE OF THE LOVED" Cilla Black: "You Don't Know Where Your Interest Lies" Simon & Garfunkel. "He Was My Brother" Jerry Landis (Paul Simon).—Miss M. C. Dryton, 5 Manor Way, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 1EG.

BEATLES EP with Mary Jane.—Miss Andrea Lloyd, 69 Elms Park, Ruddington, Notts.

HAS any kind person got any unwanted info, pics, concert prog., interviews, etc. on Genesis, Status Quo, Hawkwind (+Siacia), V. Joe, Roxy M. Head, Wendy Gabriel, 50 Wordsworth Rd., Wallington, Surrey.

MOTHERS/ZAPPA single "Big Longed Emma" (SAE please). Mothers' albums or tapes. Send lists, prices.—P.O. Box 289, Milson's Point, N.S.W. 2061, Australia.

BOLAN, TYRAN, T. REX and John's Children and LEPs wanted. Be in g.c and cheap, will buy all. Send SAE please.—Graham Jarvis, 131 Abbey Road, Sandbach, Cheshire.

ANY OLDIES and recent albums, singles, etc. and photos. Status Quo, Richard, good prices paid. Thanks.—A. Atkinson, High St., Ravensthorpe, Northampton NN6 8EH.

BARBER COLYER Sunshine Donovan on Terence Brown's labels.—F. A. Dixon, 25 Selbourne Road, Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

WANTED TV and other theme music. State price and condition.—P. J. Lawrence, 24 Casewell Rd., Sneyd Green, S.O.T.

ANY ONE SELL ME G. Fame singles "Sunny," "For You, Pleasure" "Entertaining Mr. Sloane" + EP's SEG 8334, SEG 8400, Columbia. Hill, 221 Manchester Road, Heywood, Lancs OL10 2NN.

SWOP Vincent and Virginia Plain for Run To Me, My World or another Bee Gees single. Must be g.c.—Helen, 6 Parkway Newark, Notts.

MARION RYAN singles. Also pics of Paul and Barry Ryan, SAE please.—Teresa Powell,

J. Edward Oliver

"Gone Bussed"

TRANSFORMED BY THE FULL MOON INTO A CERTAIN STRANGELY-PAINTED COACH, J. EDWARD OLIVER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION TO TRAVEL AS FAR AS POSSIBLE ON HIS JOURNEY TO SEEK THE LEGENDARY GIZZARD OF OOZE...

THIS BUS CERTAINLY HAS A STRANGE, GAUDY, TASTELESS DESIGN. REMINDS ME OF THE CLOTHES WORN BY CILLA BLACK.

I DIDN'T PLAN ON THIS HAPPENING. IT WASN'T PART OF MY CILLA BUS!

IF YOU IMAGINED YOU SAW BRIAN CONNELLY AND STEVE PRESTON IT WOULD BE A SWEET ILLUSION

WILL SOMEONE GIVE THE TELL-A-FREE-PLUG?

WAIT! THE EFFECTS OF THE FULL MOON TRANSFORMATIONS ARE WEARING OFF! I'M CHANGING!

WHY ARE THESE TRANSFORMATIONS ALWAYS SO DRASTIC? WHY CAN'T I ALTER JUST A LITTLE BIT?

I NEVER SEEM TO HAVE ANY SMALL CHANGE!

THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS. I'VE CHANGED MY IDENTITY MORE TIMES THAN GARY GLITTER!

STILL, I SUPPOSE IT'S QUITE EXCITING. NEVER KNOWING WHAT I'LL CHANGE INTO NEXT—ABOUT AS EXCITING AS BEING CAUGHT BY THE POLICE.

—AND A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS ARREST!

GREAT NEWS! I'VE JUST RECEIVED MY MAIL—AND MY FAN CLUB HAS INCREASED BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS! IT'S NOW EVEN BIGGER THAN PAUL MCCARTNEY'S!

THAT'S FANTASTIC! HOW MANY MEMBERS HAVE YOU GOT?

26.

HMM... YOU'RE PROBABLY GETTING MORE MAIL BECAUSE OF THE TREMENDOUS RISE IN DISC'S CIRCULATION. WE NOW HAVE OVER 103,340 READERS!

YOU MEAN THAT EVERYTHING WE SAY OR DO IS BEING OBSERVED BY MORE THAN 103,340 PEOPLE?

IF SONJA LISTENS TO MY RECORD I'LL BE AN AIR CUT!

DO THE NAME AND THE PAPA'S RECORD ON CASS-TAPE!

I WONDER IF THE WATERGATE COMMITTEE KNOWS ABOUT THIS?

HELLO, WE'VE REACHED— I FEEL A BIT LIKE RAY DAVIES. HEV, SOME KIND OF FROG HAS SCURRIED OUT FROM BENEATH THAT BRICK!

GOOD LORD, WHAT A COWARD! AT LEAST IT'S SHOWING US HOW TO GET TO THE LAND OF OOZE.

BUT, SUDDENLY—

WHA—? A HOUSE— WHIRLING THROUGH THE AIR! AND THAT SINGING— IT'S EITHER A RECORDING OF JUDY GARLAND, OR IT'S LIZA MINNELLI CASHING IN ON HER MOTHER'S REPUTATION, AS USUAL!

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW THEATRE!

IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ME! IT'S GOING TO HIT ME! I SHALL BE CRUSHED!

DON'T WORRY...

THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR SUPERDINOSAUR.

ACTUALLY, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SUPERDINOSAUR.

FIOP TEN

1. NO MORE MR. SPICE GUY—CHICORY TIP
2. RISE YOUR PONY—ROBBINSON CRUSOE
3. GIBBING IT ALL AWAY—LULU
4. POPPA WAS A ROLLING STONE—MARSHA HUNT
5. HOLD YOUR HEAD UP—ANNE BOLEYN
6. LITTLE ARROWS—ROD DIDDLEY
7. LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW—PEERY COMO
8. OIL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN—GRACE SLICK
9. GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE—EAMONN ANDRULIS
10. WALKING IN THE RAIN—FLEETWOOD MAC

SCREWBALL SCRIBBLES

ROCKER DOODLES

SINGER

DO IT

FROM: I. KING, WELLS ROAD, L'POOL

163/15

WIN A MIND-BOGGING PLASTIC MARTHO! SEND YOUR DAFFY DOORSIGNS, POP PUNS, FIOP TEN, SCRIBBLES, DOODLES AND FRESCO FAN CLUB APPLICATIONS TO: J. EDWARD OLIVER (DECEASED), DISC, 161 FLEET STREET, LONDON EC4P 4AA.

Next week: Has J. Edward Oliver really been crushed by the cottage? House he gonna get out of this one?

NEXT WEEK

DAVID BOWIE

A special farewell issue:
TWO colour pictures of David
 The history of the superstar

MUNGO JERRY

Black and white poster

SONGWORDS: Clifford T. Ward's "Gaye"

MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MISS THIS GREAT ISSUE

DISC TO MY NEWSAGENT:
 Please deliver/reserve (delete which does not apply) my copy of Disc every week until further notice.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

Captain Kool

The wicked and mysterious Captain brings you a weekly dose of gossip from the music business

Britain's biggest singer, Judith Crowne (5 ft 5 in and 20 stone) celebrates release of her first single, "Steam Hammer."

NAUSEA of the week department: Van Morrison bringing his own masseur with him.

Places I have graced this week: on Wednesday I cruised magnificently into the Valbonne club for a Bedlam reception. They are a Chrysalis band that have been launched with some particularly unpleasant and tasteless accompanying art work. Their party was attended by the usual seedy crowd, and such notables as Long John Baldry and a dejected looking Donovan.

THURSDAY saw me at a slightly boring Jim Croce party.

Highlight of my week was being taken to dinner at the Claremont, Berkeley Square, by Nancy Wilson after her Palladium concert on Sunday. Just back from safari in Swaziland, Nancy was accompanied by her young son, Casey. Other guests included David Hemmings, Malcolm Roberts (escorting that ex-Bunny Serena Williams, who has recently been consorting with footballer Malcolm Allison), songwriter Phil Coulter and John Martin, of Great Western Festivals who put on the concert.

A TRIFLE late in the day, I have had a letter from a Canadian Kool fan, Candace Harroun, applying for the post of singer that was bandied about this column back in May. If any band is looking for a female singer, albiet in Canada, the lady has waist-length blonde hair, is a Leo, and claims to have been "repeatedly told I'm foxy... and have the qualities of a female Mick Jagger."

I look forward to seeing Sharks on the road again with their two new men—Buster Cherry Jones and Nick Judd. But I find it disconcerting Andy Fraser can't seem to hold down a job.

AND another Island inmate, Rabbit, is featured on the forthcoming Silverhead album on Purple records soon. And ex-Silverhead, Steve Forrest, rang me last week to say he has organised his own little band and is happy.

Suzi Quatro is currently and appropriately wearing a set of Tigerstone jewellery...

AND now to our "Well I Never" section of the week. Firstly, betcha didn't know that the suave horn player Jim Horn on all those trendy albums, used to be in Duane Eddy's Rebels. And Uriah Heep's Lee Kerslake used to be one of Cliff Bennett's Rebel Rousers.

Revival band Fumble's new old Cadillac broke down on the way home from the garage of purchase.

THREE goodbyes this week: Assistant Editor Mike Ledgerwood, acknowledged best newsman in the music business, to run A & M's Press office, and beloved companions Robert Brinton and Andrew Tyler—the first to Birmingham, the latter overseas. Best of luck to them all.

DISC

"THE PLAN" has changed the Osmonds' lives, and they're hoping it might change yours too. It is out here soon, and already, people who have heard it in America, have started to put the Osmonds in the serious songwriting bracket, rather than dismissing them as boppers.

ALAN
OSMOND
(LEFT) WITH
BROTHER
DONNY



"It is the most important thing we've ever done, and means a very great deal to us," says Alan talking over the transatlantic phone from the family ranch in Utah. "We were working on it for two years, and it took even longer than necessary because the original ideas we had written down were burnt in an hotel fire."

Alan produced the album, and the group played on it themselves without any outside help. There is, in fact, some very good synthesiser and electric keyboard work from Donny.

A staunch Mormon family, the idea of doing an album explaining a little of their philosophy on life had been in their minds for a long time.

Questions

"Before we recorded, we asked a lot of people—people from all over the world that we met—what the most important things were that they wanted to know, what questions did they ask themselves most. And they came up with three questions: 'Who am I? Why am I here? Where am I going?'"

"These are the questions we try and answer on the album. *Traffic In My Mind* expresses the big confusion that's going on. It points out how people are looking for answers in astrology and meditation and different things, but they are just part of the plan—they don't provide the whole answer to anything."

Originally, the Osmonds started out with three times as many songs as actually went onto the album and pruned

didn't want it to be too easy. That's why we say on the album: 'don't take it too easy.' People can say: 'I listened to it eleven times and finally I heard what you meant to say.'

"There have been a lot of rock operas like 'Jesus Christ Superstar,' and there is a song in that called *I Don't Know How To Love Him* which is good because, besides being a love song there's philosophy in there. So people who wouldn't be interested in plain philosophising, listen to it.

"We're all gods in embryo, and the piece we've written on the inside of the cover is basically 'The Plan:'

As man is, God once was—
as God is, man may become.
That basically is 'The Plan.'

Rewards

"It's a beautiful concept when you think about it. My father wants me to grow up and have the challenges and rewards that he had, and the same goes with God—he wants us to have the same opportunities.

"The album has changed a lot of people's lives—they really relate to what we're saying. People who have heard the single from it, *Going Home*, say they like it, but get a whole lot more out of it when it's in context in the album.

"It's also gaining us a larger audience here. The older people are listening to us, and they're considering us as thinkers and writers, because that's where our heads are at."

The Osmonds have been hiding up at their Utah ranch for the past couple of months. They're on holiday there and completely private—they never allow the Press to follow there. It's the first long holiday they've had for ages, but they're far from idle, and spend a lot of their time recording in the 24-track studio on the premises. At the moment, they're working on Donny and Jimmy's new albums—and keeping a special eye on the British market for Jimmy.

Marie's Country album is out soon, and Alan says they're all very pleased with it. Sonny James—a top Country and Western man, and funnily enough, the guy who got the first hit with Donny's current single *Young Love*—produced it because Alan was very busy at the time with the concept album.

Nomadic

They spend the whole of August touring America in their bus—their first concert tour for almost a year there. Alan explains they left it so late so that everybody would be back home, because Americans are curiously nomadic in the summer time. And concert attendances for no matter who, usually go down, because everybody is away.

In September, Donny starts work on his film, after that they'll start work on the next group album, interspersed with appearances at Las Vegas in cabaret, and then they arrive here, and hope to go on to tour Australia and Japan.

Busy boys these Osmonds. I have heard the album, and my main criticism is that the "answers" are not obvious. They're dug deep into the songs and are slightly ambiguous. I pointed this out to Alan:

"I think a lot of the Beatles' stuff was disguised; but we

ALAN ~ THE WIZARD OF OS

ALAN OSMOND
talks to
Caroline
Boucher

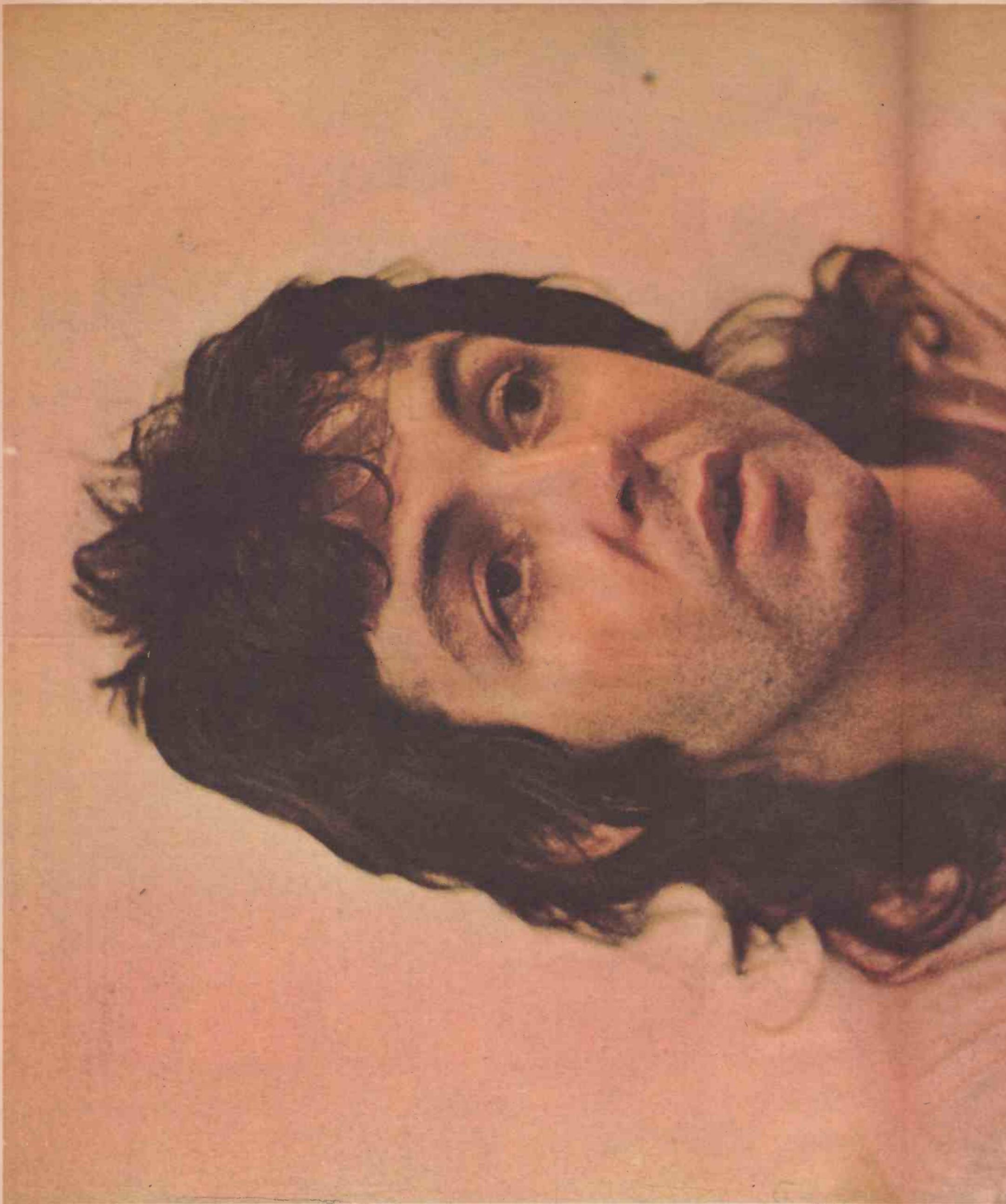
HUDSON Ford

New single

PICK UP THE PIECES



AMS 7078

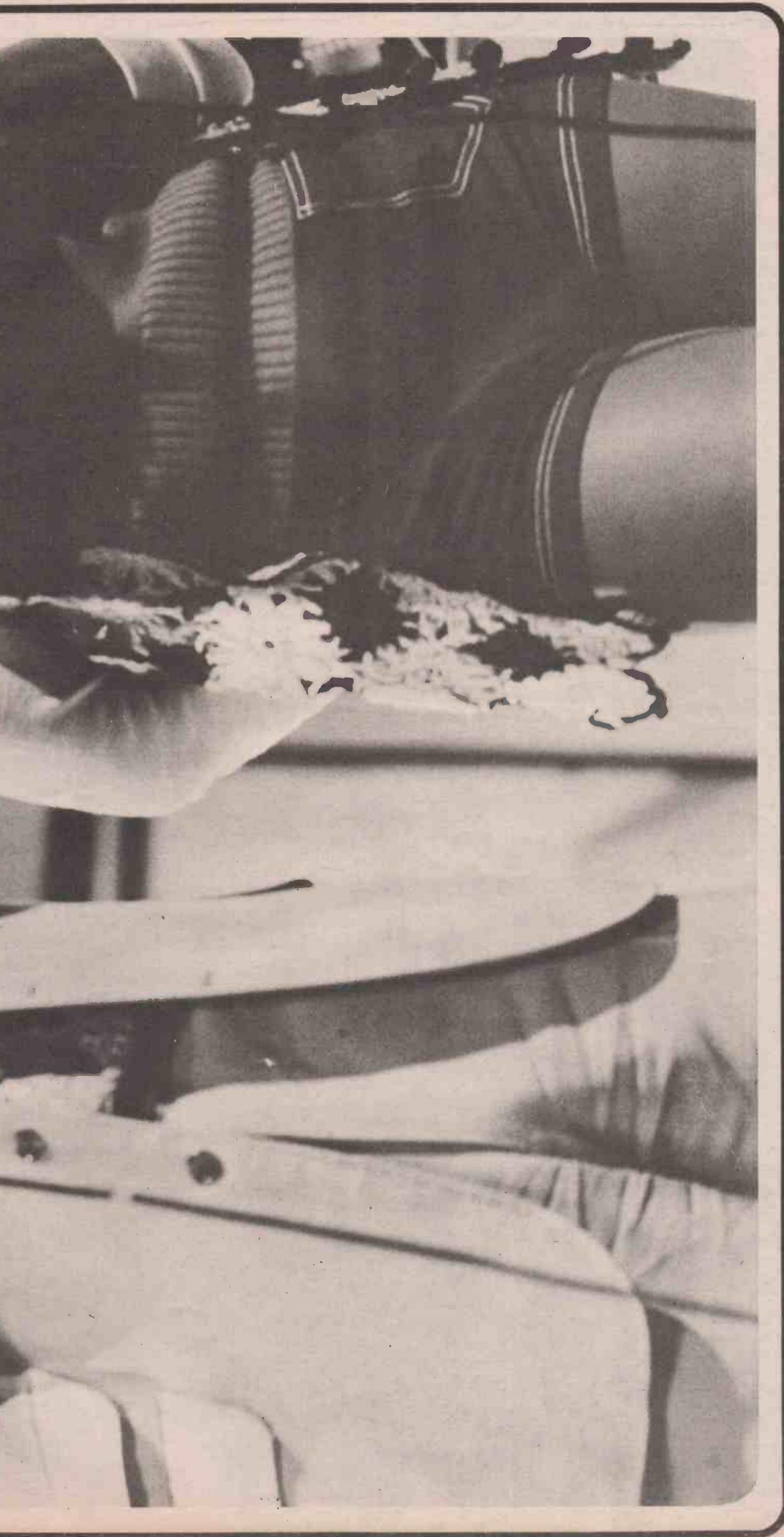




DISC PORTRAIT GALLERY SERIES:

PAUL McCARTNEY





THE OTHER POSER

LA BELLE MADELINE, Blue Mink's black bird, who shares front-line vocals with esteemed songwriter Roger Cook, is probably one of the nicest chicks in the business.

She has a veritable history of background-singing on hits, dating as far back as the early Dusty Springfield smashes, so it's always nice when Mink make it with a single—their *Randy* has been fairly rocketing towards the top recently—and she's able to bask in the reflected glory of the group's success.

Mink is Madeline, as even Cook would admit, and this super lady with the Terry

Blue Mink's Roger

Cook and Madeline Bell

Thomas teeth and Mick Jagger mouth, after years as an aspiring solo star, is as professional a performer as you could wish to find.

They're all seasoned session musicians, who work together simply because they like doing it. Roger for instance, co-wrote the multi-million seller *I'd like To Teach*

The World To Sing for the New Seekers . . . so he's not short of a few new pence!

Bell and Cook have also been behind a few TV jingles in their time too. The Cadbury's Chocolate advert must be among their best-known. Mink men were in there somewhere too.

Mink's first hit was an enchanting little number called *Melting Pot*, and they followed it with things like *Banner Man*, and the change-of-mood, *Stay With Me*. *Randy* was around for a few weeks before finally getting off the ground.

PICTURE BY S. K. R.

DISC