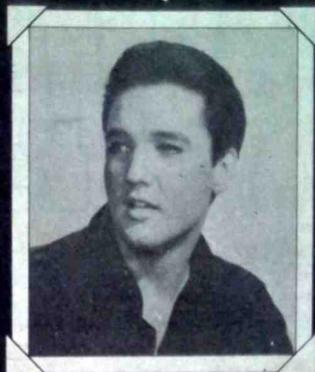


RRM & ELVIS—ON THE SCENE FOR 20 YEARS!!

RECORD & Radio MIRROR

A BILLBOARD PUBLICATION 29, JUNE 1974 7p



The King then (left) and now (below). On it's 20th anniversary, Record & Radio Mirror salutes the greatest pop star of all time and congratulates him on his 20 glorious years in the business.

**56
PAGES**

**BUMPER
20th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!**

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WOMBLES



**BRITAIN'S
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**SPECIAL SECTION:
CHARTING POP HISTORY: 1954-1974**

RECORD MIRROR

RRM/BBC chart

Supplied by BMRB

TOP FIFTY

SINGLES

This week	Last week			
1	11	2	SHE Charles Aznavour	Barclay
2	1	3	ALWAYS YOURS Gary Glitter	Dei
3	2	6	THE STREAK Ray Stevens	Janus
4	3	7	HEY ROCK AND ROLL Showaddywah	Dei
5	4	8	THERE'S A GHOST IN MY HOUSE R. Dean Taylor	Tamal Motown
6	13	3	ONE MAN BAND Leo Sayer	Chrysalis
7	10	4	I'D LOVE YOU TO WANT ME Lobo	UK
8	14	3	KISSIN' IN THE BACK ROW Drifters	Bell
9	8	6	A TOUCH TOO MUCH Arrows	RAK
10	6	6	JARROW SONG Alan Price	Warner Bros

□ □ □

11	7	5	LIVERPOOL LOU Scaffold	Warner Bros
12	5	8	JUDY TEEN Cockney Rebel	EMI
13	18	5	GUILTY Pearls	Bell
14	21	3	GOING DOWN THE ROAD Roy Wood	Harvest
15	23	5	CAN'T GET ENOUGH Bad Company	Island
16	17	5	DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON ME Elton John	DJM
17	16	6	SUMMER BREEZE Isley Brothers	Epic
18	20	6	THE MAN IN BLACK Cozy Powell	RAK
19	28	3	WALL STREET SHUFFLE 10CC	UK
20	30	2	EASY EASY Scotland World Cup Squad	Polydor

□ □ □

21	33	3	YOUNG GIRL Gary Puckett & The Union Gap	EMI
22	22	7	(YOU KEEP ME) HANGING on Cliff Richard	EMI
23	31	3	BEACH BABY First Class	UK
24	45	2	BANANA ROCK Wombles	CBS
25	26	4	OOH I DO Lynsey De Paul	Warner Bros.
26	12	9	SUGAR BABY LOVE Rubettes	Polydor
27	-	2	TOO BIG Suzi Quatro	(RCA 175)
28	37	2	DIAMOND DOGS Bowie	RAK
29	15	9	I SEE A STAR Mouth & McNeal	Decca
30	9	9	THIS TOWN AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US Sparks	Island

□ □ □

31	25	9	GO Gigliola Cinquetti	CBS
32	24	9	THE NIGHT CHICAGO DIED Paper Lace	Bus Stop
33	41	2	FOXY FOXY Mott The Hoople	CBS
34	35	4	IF YOU'RE READY (Come Go With Me) Staple Singers	Stax
35	27	11	DON'T STAY AWAY TOO LONG Peter & Lee	Philips
36	36	3	THE POACHER Ronnie Lane	/ Slim GM
37	-	-	FLOATING IN THE WIND Hurricane Ford (A&M AMS 7116)	
38	44	2	CENTRAL PARK ARREST Thunderdights	Philips
39	34	4	I WON'T LAST A DAY WITHOUT YOU Carpenters	A&M
40	47	2	LAUGHTER IN THE RAIN Neil Sedaka	Polydor

□ □ □

41	19	6	THE IN CROWD Bryan Ferry	Island
42	-	-	IF YOU GO AWAY Terry Jacks	(Bell 1362)
43	32	13	REMEMBER YOU'RE A WOMBLE Wombles	CBS
44	-	-	JUST DON'T WANT TO BE LONELY Main Ingredient (RCA APB0 0205)	
45	-	-	ROCK YOUR BABY George McCreae (Jayboy BOY 85)	
46	-	-	MIDNIGHT AT THE OASIS Maria Muldaur (Reprise K 14331)	
47	49	23	WOMBLING SONG Wombles	CBS
48	29	8	IF I DIDN'T CARE David Cassidy	Bell
49	39	10	SHANG-A-LANG Bay City Rollers	Bell
50	40	6	I WANT TO GIVE Perry Como	RCA

ALBUMS

This week	Last week	Weeks in chart		
1	1	4	DIAMOND DOGS Bowie	RCA Victor
2	2	23	THE SINGLES 1969-1973 Carpenters	A&M
3	3	24	TUBLAR BELLS Mike Oldfield	Virgin
4	7	28	BAND ON THE RUN P. McCartney / Wings	Apple
5	3	3	BAD CO. Bad Company	Island
6	4	5	KIMONO MY HOUSE Sparks	Island
7	16	3	THE WAY WE WERE Andy Williams	CBS
8	-	-	REMEMBER ME THIS WAY Gary Glitter	Bell
9	5	7	JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH Rick Wakeman	A&M
10	11	7	QUO Status Quo	Vertigo

□ □ □

11	29	2	BY YOUR SIDE Peters & Lee	Philips
12	12	49	AND I LOVE YOU SO Perry Como	RCA Victor
13	40	3	BETWEEN TODAY AND YESTERDAY Alan Price	Warner Bros.
14	10	6	SCOTLAND SCOTLAND World Cup Squad	Polydor
15	13	37	THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON Pink Floyd	Harvest
16	8	34	GOODYBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD Elton John	DJM
17	15	15	GLEN CAMPBELL'S GREATEST HITS Glen Campbell	Capitol
18	14	15	BEHIND CLOSED DOORS Charlie Rich	Epic
19	9	15	THE STING Soundtrack	MCA
20	18	3	SHEET MUSIC 10CC	UK

□ □ □

21	22	2	THE PSYCHOMODO Cockney Rebel	EMI
22	17	51	NOW AND THEN Carpenters	AGM
23	-	-	NEW WONDERWORLD Uriah Heep	Bronze
24	29	2	ATLANTIC BLACK GOLD Various Atlantic	
25	21	15	MILICAN & NESBITT Millican & Nesbitt	Pye
26	27	7	WE CAN MAKE IT Peters & Lee	Philips
27	23	14	DIANA AND MARVIN Diana Ross & Marvin Gaye	Tamla
28	37	2	LAUGHTER IN THE RAIN Neil Sedaka	Polydor
29	-	1	THE BEST OF BREAD Bread	Elektra
30	-	-	HIS 12 GREATEST HITS Neil Diamond	MCA

□ □ □

31	-	1	THE BEATLES 1967-1970 Beatles	Apple
32	31	128	BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER Simon & Garfunkel	CBS
33	34	4	LIVE Diana Ross	Tamla
34	29	22	SOLITAIRE Andy Williams	CBS
35	26	3	INNERSVISIONS Stevie Wonder	Tamla
36	38	4	SGT. PEPPER Beatles	Parlophone
37	25	100	SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS Simon & Garfunkel	CBS
38	-	1	A NICE PAIR Pink Floyd	Harvest
39	-	1	HUNKY DORY David Bowie	RCA Victor
40	-	-	LONG LIVE LOVE Olivia Newton John	EMI

□ □ □

41	32	2	OVER AND OVER Nana Mouskouri	Fontana
42	-	1	MEDDLE Pink Floyd	Harvest
43	4	1	THE BEATLES 1962-1966 Beatles	Apple
44	33	18	BURN Deep Purple	Purple
45	-	1	RHINOS, WINOS AND LUNATICS Man United Artists	
46	35	2	FOREVER AND EVER Demis Roussos	Philips
47	-	-	AZNAVOUR SINGS AZNAVOUR VOL. 3 Charles Aznavour	Barclay
48	-	-	THE MUSIC OF JAMES LAST	Polydor
49	-	-	IN CONCERT VOL. 2 James Last	Polydor
50	20	10	WOMBLING SONGS The Wombles	CBS

Chart chatter

YES, well, and are you buying She from Charles Aznavour? Whatever your record buying habits, it's number one! So, dear Gary slips down one but watch the rise of Leo Sayer and Lobo goes up to seven. The Drifters are back in the big league but Alan Price slips down to ten.

ROY WOOD issues a warning to those present top-toppers, as he goes from 21 to 14 and 10CC are putting on a sudden fine spurt with their knock-out, Wall Street Shuffle. Look though, at those Scotland football players. After their rave display against Yugoslavia, they're selling discs!

EASY EASY is now 20, can it go higher? First Class, Beach Baby, the disc WE TIPPED weeks before it hit chartsville, is coming up now, 23 and next week? It's going to hit the top ten, remember, it's going to hit the ten! Ze Wombles are a-climbing and not slipping with Banana Rock.

BOWIE is doing fine with Diamond Dogs but have you heard the US raver of a version? The old eye catches some disaster round about the Bowie placing, note the wild side of Sparks and Mouth and McNeil. Here, those Mott The Hoople people are taking their time with Foxy, Foxy.

NEIL SEDAKA is beginning to laugh, sun or rain, as he is going up and now the new people. That means, hello Suzi! Have you heard the B side? Quite a new, different Suzi and it might be the future Suzi! Hudson Ford in again, and Terry Jacks going French once more, makes 42.

GEORGE MCCRAE is in and who is he? Now, some publicity people never let you know, anything. Main ingredient are there as well, Maria Muldaur makes her debut and all, in all, three surprising new entries. NEXT WEEK: Aznavour to fight off all challengers?

US Soul Charts

- (1) Finally Got Myself Together - Impressions (Carlton)
- (2) On And On - Gladys Knight & The Pips (Boudab)
- (3) I'm Coming Home - Spinners (Atlantic)
- (4) Rock Your Baby - George McCrae (TK)
- (5) Son Of Sagittarius - Eddie Kendricks (Tamla)
- (6) Fish Ain't Bites - Lamont Dozier (ABC)
- (7) Sideshow - Blue Magic (A&A)
- (8) One Chain Don't Make No Prison - Four Tops (Dunhill)
- (9) Rock The Boat - Hues Corporation (RCA)
- (10) Live Turkey (Part 1) - Ohio Players (Mercury)

From Billboard's Specialist Soul Survey

Breaker S

- 171 Have To Say I Love You In A Song, Cilla Black, EMI 2189.
- You Make Me Feel Brand New, Stylistics, Avo 6105 028.
- Honey Honey, Sweet Dreams, Brady, BRAD 3408.
- When Will I See You Again, Three Degrees, Philadelphia FR 2125.
- King King, Abba, Epic 3422.
- Beautiful Sunday, Daniel Boone, Penny Farthing PEN 78.
- Small Summer Wind, Lyn Paul, Polydor 3658 472.
- Changing World, Hot Chocolate, RAK 174.
- She's A Winner, Intruders, Philadelphia FR 2212.
- A Very Special Love Song, Charlie Rich, Epic 2239.
- Be Thankful For What You've Got, William De Vaughan, Chess 2865 82.
- Dancing Machine, Jackson Five, Tamla Motown TMG 964.
- Daybreak, Nilsson, RCA APB0 0246.
- Everybody's Fool, Bernard Manning, Decca F 13511.
- Forever And Ever, Demis Roussos, Philips 6099 331.
- In My Little Corner Of The World, Marty Osmond, MGM 3006 429.
- It's Saturday Night, Bilbo Bagotts, Polydor 3658 479.
- My Girl Bill, Jim Stafford, MGM 3006 423.
- Music And Me, Michael Jackson, Tamla Motown, TMG 966.
- School's Out Etc., Alice Cooper, Warner Brothers K 16489.
- The Lotus Eaters, Stavros Xarhokos Orchestra, Columbia DB 9025.
- Wake Up Little Suzi, Everly Brothers, Warner Brothers K 16497.
- Y Viva Espana, Sylvia, Sonet/NON 3007.
- Your Baby Ain't Your Baby Anymore, Paul Da Vinci, Penny Farthing PEN 842.

World charts

- DENMARK**
 2 Seasons In The Sun - Terry Jacks.
 3 Sweet Fanny Adam (LP) - Sweet.
 4 Waterloo - Abba (LP)
 5 Suzi Quatro (LP) - Suzi Quatro.
 10 Tiger Feet - Mud.

- NEW ZEALAND**
 1 Seasons In The Sun - Terry Jacks.
 2 The Air That I Breathe - The Hollies.
 3 The Streak - Ray Stevens.
 4 Billy, Don't Be A Hero - Paper Lace.
 6 The Entertainer - Marvin Hamlisch.

- SPAIN**
 3 Someday, Somewhere - Demis Roussos.
 4 Love's Theme - Love Unlimited Orchestra.
 5 Sex Machine - James Brown.
 7 Waterloo - Abba.
 8 The Ballroom Blitz - Sweet.

- BELGIUM**
 3 Seasons In The Sun - Terry Jacks.
 5 Waterloo - Abba.
 6 The Cal Crept In - Mud.
 8 Emma - Hot Chocolate.

- AUSTRALIA**
 1 Seasons In The Sun - Terry Jacks.
 2 The Air That I Breathe - The Hollies.
 4 You're Sixteen - Ringo Starr.
 5 Hooked On A Feeling - Blue Swede.
 6 The Way We Were - Barbra Streisand.

- BRAZIL**
 1 Stop, Look Listen - Diana Ross.
 2 Sylvia - Stevie Wonder.
 3 I'm Falling In Love With You - Little Anthony & Imperials.
 8 Seasons In The Sun - Terry Jacks.
 10 Me And You - Dave MacLean.

CHART PARADE

COMPILED BY TONY JASPER

Charting U.S.A.

OFF WITH THE US Hot 100, do you know Paper Lace are making it with The Night Chicago Died. They go from 98 to 87. Elton enters at 70 with his current UK hit and help I'm forgetting Fancy. Yes sir, they are there with Wild Thing, up four from 99 to 96. Nothing much else on the singles scene but to albumville. Down in the depths of the US, 200 at 192 is dropping Heroine from Straws. Bill Wyman still doing fine with Monkey Business he goes from 160 to 122, and so to The Hollies, as their The Hollies jumps from 132 to 115. Genesis live goes from 136 to 113 and now into the 100 with Positive Vibrations from Ten Year's After climbing 8 from 101, and a pity for Queen, they moved so well but got stuck around 49 and now are at 62 with Queen '84, the lady on the move is Olivia. Just check the action US charts for bang up to date, just before press US countdown, on page 7. Thanks for letters saying you dig the US run-down every week. One thing, as you say, it would be good to have the US Top 100 listings, probably in RRM space. Anyway, who knows. Check this column next week for more info.

TV theme ready to bang Slade again

ARE TEENS buying She from Charles Aznavour? Unless, there is a massive turn-out of older people to the record shops, it seems most likely.

Aznavour has jumped to number one in only two weeks. Once again, the power of a TV theme is demonstrated. Remember, Eye Level from last year, the Onedin Line theme and of course recent music from The Sting? Even Lobo's I'd Love You To Want Me hit the German number one spot because it was featured during a detective serial!

Aznavour was born in Paris of Armenian extraction. He has



been associated with many famous musical names like Maurice Chevalier, Mistinguett and Edith Piaf and now his theme for The Seven

Faces Of Woman has taken him to the top of the British Top 50.

How long can he stay at number one? Will he beat the eighteen weeks of Eye Level? Slade have a new single out this week and last year, Eye Level kept their disc from the top. Can another TV theme do the same?

Wombing

SINCE last December, The Wombles have become one of the hottest UK Top 50 groups. Did you notice last week that the chart had all three Wombles singles as entries? Their first album was placed at 20 in the Album 50! None we have a QUESTION! When I talked to Don George, producer of the Ed Stewart, Junior Choir programme, he said Madame Cholet should have been their next single. Don says it's a great disc. Do you agree? Write in and say what you think and send it to Wombles Single, Chart Parade, 7, Carnaby St., London, W1V 1PG. AND IF WE get a great response I tell you, we shall present your card petition to CBS records!

New release

MAN are releasing their first single for 5 years this week titled Taking The Easy Way Out. Again from the Rhinos, Winos and Lunatics album.

The B-side is California Sins and Sains also taken from the same album and Man are currently working at Clearwell Castle, Monmouth, rehearsing material for their next LP which is to be recorded shortly.

RECORD AND RADIO MIRROR
 7 Carnaby Street, London, W1V 1PG, W1V 1PG.

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Two anniversary competitions

COMPETITION ONE. POP

YEP, it's RRM's special anniversary and what better than two big out comps and first is from popville and the group of the moment with The Wombles, yep ABBA! This Eurovision hit group have been raiding every chart going but people say they are more than a one-hit wonder team. They say listen to Abba's album, and why not, indeed! You can be one of those listeners by entering our comp and winning the album WATERLOO, yes, the ALBUM! We are offering 10 copies. All you have to do is get the questions right and come out of our comp. draw drum on Tuesday, July 9! Remember, it's postcards, write in big letters, ABBA COMP, Tony Jasper, Chart Parade, Record & Radio Mirror, 7, Carnaby St., London, W1V 1PG, and we suggest a merry old, up in price, first-class stamp.

COMPETITION TWO. ROCK 'N' ROLL.

JULY is Phonogram's super great Rock 'n' Roll promotion month and for us it means albums like Hollies' competition offer. Yep, it's what they call 'The Phil's Fabulous new album' and the ABBA TREASURY, and the FILMS THE EVERLY BROTHERS, with 22 original classics. We're offering 12 copies, just nothing less, than RENAISSANCE album which will send you either wild with nostalgia or just wishing you were around when the Everly Brothers went on the hit list. Still, you can come out-calling by entering our fabulous comp! If you come out of the lucky drum, draw-box on the closing date in the first 12, then it's an album for YOU! Remember, postage rules have gone up and we like postcards. We also advise first-class postage. So, after those complex, confused words, get answering! And send to The Everly Brother's Competition, Chart Parade, 7, Carnaby St., London, W1V 1PG, and entries in by Tuesday, July 9.

Name.....
 Address.....

Name.....
 Address.....

1. Which country via Abba won the Eurovision Song Contest?.....
2. Name two of the group members.....
3. Name their latest UK single.....

I am not a new RRM reader in the last month.....

(All RRM comps can be copied on to a postcard, if you do not want to tear or cut your lovely RRM!)

Winners of Terry Dene, Caraba, and Melanie should have received their albums and books by this issue.

Name.....
 Address.....

Name.....
 Address.....

1. Complete, Wake Up.....
2. Complete this title as well, Cathy's.....
3. The year of their first UK hit was.....
4. Their first UK hit was called.....
5. Their first UK number one was called.....

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Bowie at Wembley?



BOWIE returns to the British stage in December with a series of five consecutive concerts in London's Empire Pool, Wembley.

RCA in London were unable to confirm dates but they agreed that Bowie's schedule would allow him to get back to England in time to do the concerts near Christmas.

A spokesman said: "I've heard nothing about these concerts but I can say that Bowie is definitely doing another 50-date tour of America in the Autumn."

Sources close to Bowie in America told RHM this week: "The concerts are definitely on. He really wants to play London."

Mainman in New York were

their single, Radar Love and album, Moonlan shoot up the respective US charts.

The group return to England to begin work on their next album before preparing for an extensive British tour in the Autumn.

Earring at palace

GOLDEN EARRING are the latest additions to the bill for Rick Wakeman's solo debut performance to be held at London's Crystal Palace on July 27.

Earring are currently in the States nearing the end of their successful tour which has seen

Open door

BACK DOOR's bass player, Colin Hodgkinson has been invited to join Van Morrison's band for a series of continental dates and an appearance at the Knebworth festival on July 20.

unavailable for comment though it's understood they will hold a press conference next week to announce the English dates.

Meanwhile Bowie had to be given oxygen during the break between concerts at Toledo after he collapsed on stage. The temperature at the time was reported to be 130 degrees.

Post Cassidy

Security code sought

Promoters and security firms should meet to thrash out a crowd control code of practice, a security expert said this week.

The call came from Don Murfet, managing director of Artists Services, the company responsible for security at David Cassidy's ill-fated White City concert.

He was speaking following the inquest into the death of Bernadette Whelan, the 14-year-old girl crushed during

the concert.

At last week's inquest the coroner, Dr. John Burton, called for a code of practice for crowd control at pop concerts.

Murfet said this week: "Any code of practice must be worked out by people with experience of pop concerts. It won't be easy because crowds differ at different kinds of concerts and the security precautions vary accordingly."

"At a Cassidy type of concert you have mass hysteria and weight of

numbers but no danger of a personal assault. That might not be the case at a Rolling Stones or Slade concert. With Slade you have to control something more like a football crowd."

"But if we could work out some kind of grading — planning what kind of security is necessary for the type of crowd — I think it could well be useful."

Mel Bush, promoter of the Cassidy concert, declined to comment on the proposals. Dr. Burton recorded a

Seekers finders

EX-NEW SEEKERS Marty Kristian and Paul Layton have found their man. He is 24-year-old Danny Finn from Southampton, who is joining Marty and Paul for a new act which goes on the road in the autumn.

Following the break-up of the New Seekers last month, Marty and Paul had auditioned a number of musicians. Danny from Wishful Thinking was their final choice.

He is primarily a vocalist/guitarist but also plays piano. "Marty and I have written a lot of songs together," said Paul. "But Danny is also a songwriter so we'll all be contributing material. Marty and I think Danny will blend in very well."

The trio have yet to decide on a name but they expect a debut single to be released in a couple of months.

"When we go on the road

we'll be leaning more towards rock numbers and will have a group backing us," he said. "It's more than likely we'll still include a few New Seekers hits."



Marty, Paul & Danny

verdict of accidental death at the inquest.

He said: "If you intentionally create an excited crowd one has got to accept that the control you have over them must be experienced and must be effective."

"Looking at the plan, it is doubtful whether this type of enclosure would permit that type of control. What is needed is a genuine code of practice."

**CONGRATULATIONS
AND BEST WISHES
FOR A
HEALTHY FUTURE**

Alan Turing

Turne quits



Now Ash line-up with Wisefield at front

Wishbone

Wisefield replaces

TED TURNER has split from Wishbone Ash only weeks before the band were due to go into the studio and record their long-awaited sixth album. The guitarist's place will be taken by ex-Home man Laurie Wisefield who will join the band immediately to enable the album's recording in Miami to go ahead.

Ted Turner is now on holiday in Spain and will begin work on a new band when he returns next month.

Twenty one year-old Wisefield, one of the most exciting and highly rated guitarists in the country and with Home for about 3½ years until it disbanded a couple of months ago, was asked to join Wishbone after the other guitarist, Andy Powell played with him recently in the States

when Home were touring with Al Stewart.

Reason for the change is the need for injection of new blood into the 4½-year-old line-up which has produced four studio albums since Wishbone Ash plus the most recent release Live Dates, and undertaken numerous UK and US tours.

"I have always been full of admiration and respect for Wishbone," commented Wisefield, "and while I was in the States with Andy Powell we got on very well when we played together.

"I had become restricted with Home by the time they split and joining Wishbone gives me a good opportunity to extend my musical knowledge and career.

"Although more time would have been nice before starting on the new album, we will definitely have it ready by August.

"I feel it is important to get product out by the new Wishbones, although obviously I have established no definite format in musical relationships with Andy yet.

"The album will not be conceptual and definitely not like Wishbone Four. It will be more of a ballsey rock album but what will be the best, goddam... ing band in the land."

Though work on the song is still going on, the new album, produced by Bill Szymczyk, is due out in August and the first UK dates for the new line-up, and the first since the Alley Pally Christmas gig, will be in October followed by a tour of the US.



Ted Turner departed

Quo dates

STATUS QUO are to begin a series of dates which will take them to both sides of the Iron Curtain. On June 28 (Friday) Quo headline the first day of a three-day open air festival in Copenhagen.

On July 4 the band arrive in Yugoslavia for three concerts at Zadar Stadium (5); Zagreb (6); and Belgrade (7). Quo then return to Britain in preparation for their third American tour which opens in Portland, Oregon, on July 26 and runs through till August 31.

Gig Lou

SCAFFOLD are to perform their first London gig in two years following their recent re-formation after the success of their current single, Liverpool Lou. The two-hour concert will be held at the Victoria Palace Theatre on July 21.

Eric single

ERIC CLAPTON's new single release on the RSO label is a Bob Marley composition, I Shot The Sheriff with the B-side a Clapton song, Give Me Strength.

The single is released on July 12 and both songs are taken off Clapton's forthcoming album, 461 Ocean Boulevard which is scheduled for release at the end of July.

Clapton begins his American tour this week which takes him through to August 4 and speculation is growing about a series of British dates to follow.

Enter reggae

JOHN HOLT, the Trojan label's top selling reggae artist in the UK, arrives from Jamaica on Sunday for an extensive British tour culminating at London's Rainbow Theatre on July 20.

His third album, Dusty Roads was released here on June 7.

Festivals ahead despite problems

BUFFY SAINT MARIE, recent replacement for the London Rock Proms has pulled out because she can't get her band together. Transport problems facing two of the band has persuaded her to stay in the US.

American Red Indian Buffy was pulled in to cover the withdrawal of Capt. Beefheart and Robin Trower, but will now herself be replaced by the Sutherland Brothers and Quiver on the Friday night.

So now the three days of music at Olympia, July 5, 6, 7, will line-up as follows: Friday: Fairport Convention with Sandy Denny; Sutherland Brothers and Quiver; Roy Harper, John Martin with a guest appearance of Beverley Martin; and Keith Christmas.

Saturday: Stomu Yamashita; Chris Stainton's Tundra; Kevin Ayers; Inosope with Hugh Hopper; Barden's Camel; Good Habit; Winkles and another name to be added.

Sunday: 10cc; Incredible String Band; New York Dolls; Sharks; Gong; Arthur Brown's Saving Grace; Byzantium and Doctor Feelgood.

Films will be shown over the three days. Bath Arts Workshop will entertain, there will be a market area selling clothes and albums, a sports area and bars and refreshments. For ticket details see RRM June 22.

THE 1974 Buxton festival is going ahead as planned despite a last minute injunction being shipped on the organisers, North West Promotions Ltd.

The Derbyshire Police raised their objections to NWP's refusal to obtain a music licence at a special meeting at Buxton Court recently.

However the case was won by NWP on the grounds that a music licence was not necessary to run a show of this kind and the promoters also won their fight to obtain a beer licence.

So the festival, with such names as Lindisfarne, Horslips, Man and Mott The Hoople appearing on Friday, July 5 and the New York Dolls, Humble Pie and Rod Stewart and the Faces topping the bill on Saturday, July 6, goes ahead with the promoters hoping for at least a 30,000 turn-out over the two-day event.

"We'll have around 150 security men on duty and Hell's Angels will not be admitted," said a NWP spokesman. "We have also constructed a special fence at the front of the stage which we didn't have last year."

Tickets, priced £3.75 for the two days went on sale last weekend and special coaches for the all-round trip are being laid on for the London fans at a cost of £8.50 for two day returns and £7 for a Saturday trip only.

Stage compères for the festival will be DJ's John Peel and Bob Harris.

Folk debut

DECAMERON have been in Morgan studios all month working on their first album which is being produced by Dennis Linde and is due for release on September 6.

The group are also headlining the forthcoming folk festival at Cambridge and Norwich respectively.

Silver Chocolate



GRINS all round from Hot Chocolate after being presented with silver discs for the 300,000 selling success of their last single, Emma.

The lady in the middle making the presentations is none other than authoress Jackie Collins whose new book Love Head is shortly to be made into a film with Hot Chocolate writing the theme tune.

NEXT WEEK IN RRM:

Brian Ferry in the Great Ones



OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: The real person behind that pretty face



THE PEARLS declare their INNOCENCE

A long look at the new faces of Bowie



PLUS the return of Music Mirror: Britain's liveliest make-your-own music section, edited by REX ANDERSON, — Four page pull out for budding musicians.

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- Gary Puckett & The Union Gap
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- Redbone Come And Get Your Love
EPC 1944
- Charlie Rich A Very Special Love
Song EPC 2259
- Sunny A Warm And Tender Romance
CBS 2419
- Three Degrees When Will I See You
Again PIR 2155
- Wombles Banana Rock CBS 2465



MUMS

B.B.M.

The immortal John Peel talks to Dave Johns

THE IDEA of meeting John Peel at Broadcasting House on a Thursday evening at 8.00 didn't exactly thrill the socks off my feet. What's more, I hadn't had a chance to grab a bite to eat, and the thought of John on an empty stomach put shivers through the pot of cold gruel I had left on the stove.

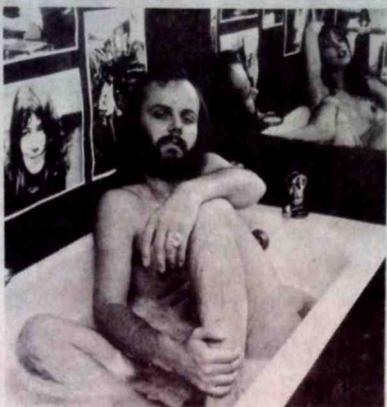
Our hero arrived on the scene pronto, cowering behind his dog, Woggle. Woggle was rather large, and from the energy she seemed to have, I wasn't sure if John was pulling Woggle or was it the other way around?

"I don't know where you want to do the interview, but I suggest we go out and sit on the steps of All Souls' Church. It's rather nice out there at this time of night."

To those of you who don't know All Souls' Church, it's rather like St. Paul's Cathedral, only smaller! John launches into his 'let's get it straight' spiel: "I consider myself rather lucky in that I am regarded as a Northern Premier League Football celebrity in that I do my job and get well paid, but I can still go out and watch a football match or go shopping without getting mobbed like Tony Blackburn does. I think

people become dee jays for different reasons, and I did because I wanted to play records on the radio, and others did because they wanted to be famous and make lots of money.

"I loved the pirate radio bit I went through, except that it was during a rather unhappy stage in my life when I was married to an American woman. She tended to be rather violent and mixed with some rather strange people, as a result of which she spent some time in prison, so I was very happy to be out on a ship two weeks out of three. I felt relatively safe out there. I still feel very proud of the shows I did on the Galaxy, and I had a very happy time, especially



Say, this fellow/bloke (John Peel) is in the bath with a lady... or is it his Pig?

'I'm a rig-headed self-opinionated sort of bloke'

with Kenny Everett with whom I mounted a personal hate campaign against one of the disc jockeys!"

"When the pirates closed down, the BBC took me on, and I must say I was quite surprised because on Radio London I had the image of a hippy dee jay, and I think the gentlemen at the BBC were slightly afraid I was going to come along and start rubbing heroin into the roots of my hair. People are always quick to slag the BBC and Radio One in particular, and some of their criticisms are justified, but to be fair, apart from my first three months, they have given me total freedom to do as I wish.

"I put a great deal of energy into doing my shows, and apart from the general research, I usually listen through about forty new albums each week, both sides. If I wasn't a fanatic who lived for records and music I'm sure I would have died long ago. I have a great thrill at receiving a new record through the post.

"I dread the day when the BBC decides to dispense with my services, and in that amazingly intuitive way the record companies have, the records will stop arriving the next day."

John has already pointed out his and other disc jockeys possible reasons for wanting to work on the radio, but I was interested to know which of his hairy brethren he can tolerate listening to.

"Well, I enjoy listening to Noel Edmonds and I think he works hard at what he does. I think Johnny Walker cares about his show, and he cares what goes into it, and I find it nice that all his links and all

his competitors revolve around music, not the ego of Johnny Walker. I enjoy Kosko, again because he puts a great deal of energy and effort into his shows. I really like Terry Wogan, and I was tremendously upset when he was taken off Radio One, all his ludicrous 'Fights on Plab' and his other silly things. He's altogether infinitely less attractive, fatter and older than me, but he really is fabulous. He does that awful dancing programme and one week he actually turned up there in a cheap grotty suit like one I once bought to go and see Lovelace Walkins at the Talk of the Town.

"Basically I'm a self-opinionated pig-headed sort of bloke, and although I looked around and secretly admired people like Pete Murray, I always wanted to do things my own way. I once wrote to Pete asking how to become a disc jockey, but even so I was going to do things the way I wanted to.

"As you are celebrating your twentieth birthday with this issue, and seeing as how you've asked me to be in it, I suppose I ought to say a little bit about how I see the music business has changed. It must have been in about 1964 when I heard the first Little Richard record, and I cried my eyes out, because there was music that I had had in my head, but I was just waiting for someone to come in there with a wooden spoon and give it a going over. There was incredible naked energy and madness, and there was someone on record actually playing it. I still get that sensation where the hair on the back of your neck stand up, and you know something

turns you on, but I shall know I have to give up the music business when that feeling wears off. I don't think I could have survived as a human being if rock and roll music hadn't come along.

"There have been poor patches when the records haven't been very good, but even these periods often turn out in retrospect to be good. Like they say in that epic Shengilas record, what's it been like? 'Good bad', I think that banda like ELF. Yes and Focus will disappear into oblivion in the coming years, but the music that will live on and people will play again and again will be people like Slade, Gary Glitter and Sweet.

One thing that John remembers that had no value was his one and only Top of the Pops appearance. "It was really a dreadful day, and I was doing the show with Jimmy Saville, and I forgot the name of Amen Corner. Straight after the link a producer came up to me and said, "I'll see you never work to television again," and he was right! He must have had

more power and influence than I thought.

So what does John Peel, now at the age of about 34 think of his future within the BBC and in the world in general? "Well, I'd love to be like Herbie Taupin who can sit around all day without performing, but still make a stack of money. If I was in that position, perhaps then I could re-start my record label again and record a few friends of mine, but that's all I really want to do. It sounds very vain, but I am very happy just to be me. I am very lucky as I said that I am regarded as a very second rate celebrity, so I can do what I want, when I want without people rushing up to me demanding I scrawl my name on a bit of paper - mind you, it's great for my ego.

"The day is obviously going to come when the BBC decide they don't need my services, when I shall shed my tears from the highest point so they splatter on the pavement. I shouldn't say this because it will debase any currency in the eyes of the BBC, but I haven't been approached by any of the commercial stations, and I don't expect to be because they hardly want anyone playing thirty minute tracks on the radio, I enjoy remarkable freedom at the BBC, and I shall be very sorry to go."

As he says, "I'll miss not being able to pick up a newspaper and see my name in it. I pick up this paper each week, and I've developed the ability to scan a page of newspaper and pick my own name out. Oh, it's not on that page... not there... not there... Oh, there it is... draft... they've spell it wrong!"

DAVE
JOHNS

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IT'S NOT HARD to spot the homes of rock 'n' rollers in Chelsea. You watch out for the limmos; Big, black, beetle-looking hulks that cast a reserved air upon the hot, dusty street.

Could be a funeral of course 'cept there's a hairy geezer leaning on the bonnet of the biggest car. He's looking up at a fifth floor window; maybe waiting for a sign.

Inside Steve Harley's getting ready. His newly-arrived Dutch girlfriend — magenta hair singling her out from the pack — smiles broadly at the comings and goings.

T. Dunstable we are headed, taking the last of the three big cars. The driver turns to Steve and watching the matey exchange you wonder about Harley being the man people currently love to hate. He's as garrulous as ever, but half way through the grind that's said to be Britain's longest and biggest ever tour, the pace is being felt, if not shown.

Every now and then Steve will hold back a little. He says he's getting tired and maybe a little vague again.

"A couple times I've almost collapsed and that's worrying me you know." He bites his top lip in characteristic gesture.

Seems last week's gig in Newcastle turned into a not-Hell's Angels, 80 cops to get Cockney Rebel out of the hall, the main road blocked off while four or five hundred fans had the coach surrounded.

Steve tells the story with some relish: "There were no more and no less than 15 meat wagons lining the street, squad cars, transits — just to get the coach out. "His laugh holds some irony. Something to enjoy, huh?" He shakes his head: "It was too much. The most exhilarating thing I've ever done."

He pauses to think about it then considers the effect: "You come back to the hotel afterwards feeling drained. At Newcastle it took me ten minutes to catch my breath. Then I was trying to get out of Leeds and there were about 100 kids outside. There were eight roadies with me to get me to the coach."

The upshot of it all is the employment of big Tony a karate exponent who's now taking care of personal security. We pick him up on the way and he rides in Steve's car.

Steve decides to qualify the move: "I'm not physically very strong 'cause of my leg, y'know? So if I get rushed I'm gonna go over. I can't run either. So I need some sort of protection from my own paranoia if nothing else. Even if it is paranoia I'm not going to apologise for that. As a matter of fact I'm very scared of towns I've never been to. I've got this terrible fear of the unknown."

He illustrates: "If I'm in Hammersley and I want to go to Westworths to buy some cigarettes, I don't want to walk down the high street 'cause I'm just scared. I don't

know why, I can't relate. It's just something that's there that I can't fight off at the moment."

The anatomy of a star y'see, but isn't this the Steve Harley who's allegedly devoid of charisma? The kid from New Cross has a dazzling past after all: All England swimming champion at 16, ace news reporter in Essex before 20, oh, and what was all that about drugs and debauchery? Acid, dope, near alcoholic. Busted three times?

"I gave it up two years ago so I don't want to talk about it. I don't need it any more. It's not my way of escapin'."

"What I'm writin' now is what I went through two years ago. I'm relating that experience to the things I'm going through TODAY," he emphasises the point with that famous wasted drawl, "it's all relevant for chrissakee, it's all relevant."

Since the car journey is now developing into a Spanishquisition, what about the accusation that he's "super showbiz"?

No pause for this reply: "I am. I mean I am. I'm thoroughbred electric showbiz. That's all I am. I spend two hours laughing, two hours winking at my audience, I just go round winking at them, tongue in cheek the whole thing. They relate to me, we give it to them, they give it all back. It is showbiz."

So it's showbiz; that means the fans are seen in the distance, unless, as at Dunstable this night, they can crush themselves fifty to one hundred deep against the stage and reach out to touch.

"The new man appears to be winning. What a shame!"

Steve pursues the point: "Showbusiness is very untouchable thing but I don't know whether I'm touchable or untouchable. I don't really care. I'm just performing. If 2,500 kids come to see us, I'm five times more pleased than if 500 come to see us. And the kids that crowd the front that give me and the security people fits, they don't mean any harm y'know. I love them more than anyone in the world. They seems to respect me."

"They want me to hold their



hands. I don't know why. I'll go down to them like I did at Newcastle, and hold a dozen pairs of hands — guys as well, guys that were just STRUGGLING to get to me." he rasps. "I touched them all, held their hands, and that could have been panic stations, that could have had ten security guards rush on stage and beat people up, but they didn't because I told them not to."

"I said 'go away I'm just saying hello to these people' and I just held their hands.

Guys with hands far stronger than mine were groping at me, holding my arms, and I just looked at them. And I smiled at them. I didn't open my mouth. I just looked at them and they slipped out of my grasp. I tell you no-one's going to do me any harm. They weren't going to pull me off like they would have done Marc Bolan. They weren't going to do a Denny Omond or a David Cassidy on me. This was me. They weren't scared for me, they weren't using me as a pin-up. They

didn't want to rope me or fear my shirt off. They were screaming and crying their eyes out. I don't know why. 'Cause I've been kind to them. 'Cause I hadn't treated them like shit, or with a superiority complex. I hadn't treated them like they were the audience and I was the performer. I'd given it all to them and I'd reached out to them. I think that's it."

"I suppose it's this complete involvement with him. Steve what he is doing that has made Steve Harley an object for contempt. You either love him or hate him, but like he says: "They are the same emotions. Whether it's love or hate, Cockney Rebel make people react positively. Sure it was contrived, I contrived to make a successful band, but that's all I'm guilty of. If that's a sin I'm guilty."

Not is he guilty of copying other people's pioneering steps: "I've done it off my own bat, as sincerely as I know how, as meaningfully as I know how. I've been writing what I want to write, but I've still tried hard to relate the songs to the younger kids. And they want to know what language I'm singing in."

Meanwhile the limmo is pulling into the grounds of the Civic Hall in Dunstable. It's about 4.00 p.m. and all the Rebel fans — the young, elegant, the new mods — are still at work. All except for one or two, that is, who creep in to dinner at a nearby hotel. Mr Harley and the band take the sound check. Stuart sits strumming Steve's guitar while John repairs the pick-up on the guitar. Milton is spinning out jazz phrases and Paul — Paul's just heavy.

The question of a follow-up single is broached and Steve says it will be Mr Soft "a moderate progression from Jerry Teen." Later on in the electric atmosphere of the Rebel's stage set, you can see the wisdom of his choice. Although The Psychomodo has only been out a few weeks, already the hard core fans — hundreds of them here — know all about Mr Soft — "a bit of a loner," Steve calls it.

But why anger single when Harley's disdainful comments show that he doesn't like the company he keeps in charts? "I just wanna reach more people, you know? A single's a great way of doing it. It does tend to make me feel hypocritical that we are doing it when it pisses me off so much, but I've got to do it. Not to make me more money, not to sell more Cockney Rebel records, not to make us all more famous, but to reach them for chrissakee. I'm a performer not a money maker. I'd rather go on stage and perform to 5,000 than 500 because for two hours I give them every ounce of blood and energy in my body, and I don't want to be a performer that there's been someone there to see it."

What worries him most is the responsibility: "I've seen the reaction and it's lost me hours of sleep. It's not just a rock band getting a new reaction, and that scares me. I can't don't want it to be an apocalypse or phenomenon because what will be will be.

"I'll just say well this is the way God wants it to be — the fates have done it." "It's not a Slade phenomenon, it's not a David Bowie phenomenon, or a Beatles phenomenon, I don't know what it is, but there's a respect they're showing me that almost frightens me." "The 'God's in our side' attitude prompts the obvious question about his spiritual beliefs which he shrinks answering because of the danger of sounding like a "latent hippy." He's not in search of anything, says he has all he wants, and is not interested in Mahavishnu or Hari Krishna.

"My bible is just everything around me, y'know."

"There's just got to be an explanation of how I knew nine months ago that we were going to do it. It's just that I feel I've got him next to me, telling me what to do."

And the recent suggestion — in one of the heavy music pressings that he should be certified?

He shrugs: "I'm a very sane person — at the moment that is, a lot of people seem to be scared of me but I don't think anyone who knows me is scared of me."

"I tell you all I want to do is be on stage. I just look forward to getting on the next stage you know?" "Oh no," he laughs in an easy relaxed way. "No it's a winner right through and through."

So a few hours later, after dinner at a nearby hotel, Mr Harley and the band take the stage. Be-Bo-Deluxe have done a good warm up job, but it's Cockney Rebel who the crazy ravers have come to see. And as the front man enters the arena, a great British roar greets him. A moment of supreme triumph Harley raises both arms in salute, a grin of exhalation showing how he feels. Then the band lead straight away into the first two tracks from Psychomodo. Sweet Dreams and Psychomodo, stirring the excitement level to fever pitch.

They show this Cockney Rebel with their new phasing and echo. Hearing and improved a pace, how much a band can change in just a few months. The confidence of a British hit maybe, but this is a very fine band through and through.

As for Harley, a bit croaky and strained, but oh so masterful. "I'm not a singer, I'm a purveyor of words," he'd said earlier.

The mime, the many many changes in voice style, his stage presence, all grow as the audience show more and more that they want him because he needs them.

"On dear, look what they've done to the blues — "The inevitable community singing that now marks every Rebel gig."

"What you've got to remember," Harley says much later that night, "is that we did it on our own — without any help, we made it."

Peter Harvey

REFLECTIONS

Edited by
Peter Jones



Margie's being given the big build up

THIS GIRL is Margie Miller, singer. A special kind of singer. Unknown now, this rock performer from London is being given a real star

build-up . . . and a BBC reporter from Radio One's Newbeat is following her progress, and reporting over a ten-week series.

Roger Easterby is the producer . . . boss of Santa Pansa Records, with a personal track record of hit singles. He says: "I've been waiting for years to find a talent like this. I'm launching her with an album - she's not a singles artiste."

Newbeat editor Mike Chaney says: "And we want our listeners to know what goes into the packaging and presenting of a new face and name."

And Margie says: "This is the chance of a bloody lifetime. God help anyone who gets in my way."

Mickie Most's girl with flaming hair

MICKIE MOST is a millionaire record producer. Must be worth a million what with his hits for Donovan, the Animals, Herman's Hermits (early on) and Suzi Quatro, Arrows, Hot Chocolate, Mud (now).

But as a 17-year-old he was a self confessed layabout on the fringe of pop, hanging around coffee-bars flat broke, with other would-be pop stars like Terry Dene, Cliff Richard, Tommy Steele.

So broke was he that when he heard that top movie director Otto Preminger was looking for extras on Joan Arc, being filmed at Shepperton, and paying 13.50 a day . . . well, he and Terry jumped at the chance.

Pausing only to nick a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread, they were off. They reported, decided they were too tired to actually ACT as extras, so acted off to a shed for a quiet sleep.

Only to be woken by yells of "She's burning, she's burning". Joan really WAS burning at the stake! Actress Jean Seberg, tied to the stake, was in real trouble . . . her hair was blazing. Realism had gone too far.

However, shooting continued eventually, with a "double" at the stake. Terry and Mickie were told to shout "burn the witch, burn the witch" when cued in. Our heroes failed to co-operate. Instead they yelled: "Elvis for ever", alternating with cries of "Long live rock and roll."

Mickie recalls: "Preminger



"It cost of 50 lbs also quality."

was going crazy. Not surprising, really, because we were ruining his film."

Terry went on to a pop-star career which was always haunted by tragedy - nervous breakdowns, busted marriages, near insanity. Now he has found happiness through religion. And Mickie looks happy enough with his million, and his non-stop succession of hits.

The story of his day as a movie extra is told in the new book I Thought Terry Dene Was Dead, by Dan Wooding. Coverdale House Publishers, price 50p.

Fan Man

THROUGH AN oversight, which we very much regret, there was no author - credit on our recent profile of chart-topping Ray Stevens. It was actually written specially for us by David Marshall, who is President of the Official Ray Stevens' Appreciation Society.

Interesting story as to how David got the job. He didn't start out with a burning ambition to promote Streakin' Ray . . . he just decided that he would like to run a fan club. He then looked round for the right artiste.

Having rejected quite a few big names, he happened to see Ray on an Andy Williams TV show. And instantly cried: "Eureka, that's the one." He then contacted the Stevens' management (Andy's brother Don) and the deal was fixed up on a highly professional and financially secure basis. And it remains the ONLY fan-club anywhere in the world for Ray.

Interested in joining? Write to me . . . I'll pass on all applications.

And I quote:

A QUOTE from Greg Lake, of Emerson Lake and Palmer, on the subject of lyric writing: "The fact of the matter is that it is dangerous, because a guy of 25 who has spent most of his adult life in the rock and roll industry is not that wise to the world's problems. To be a people's prophet is a dangerous thing . . ."



Tiny Tim waltzes through the Album.

Ol' falsetto tones is back

I WELCOME back to the fold the one - and - only Tiny Tim. I suspect that his new single, Happy Wanderer, will be a hit. Tiny Tim's astonishing success story started with Tiptoe Through The Tulips - since then his bland mixture of out-of-tune singing, old-fashioned religion, and weirdo philosophies has made him a household name.

When he was a kid, Tiny Tim was regarded as some kind of abnormal . . . er, um, nutcase. And he told me he used to pray, night after night: "O Blessed Christ, do you see what my parents are saying about me? Do You hear what my psychiatrist is

saying? Lord, if I'm wrong, then fine. Let me do what ever has to be done. But if I'm right about wanting to sing, then I pray for strength to keep Thy commands."

Tiny Tim admits that

beautiful women have been his great temptation. Yet he says: "God, through Christ, leads me out of temptation." And you'd think he was talking about his personal manager!

WARNING:

ADVANCE WARNING note from my number one American contact, Frank Barron: "Sussex Records has a new act called Master Fleet, who could be the answer to the Jackson Five. They are three

singers from Compton, California, who dress in sequined blue-jean suits, and dance a lot like the Jacksons, but with more funk. A fourth singer plays the organ."

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CONGRATULATIONS ON RECORD AND RADIO MIRROR'S 20th ANNIVERSARY

FROM
DEZO HOFFMAN
(Photographer)

20 Gerrard Street
London W1
Phone: 437-8441



ALL ALONG Andy Mackay has been some kind of rebel.

It's Andrew actually. Presumably Andy is more in keeping with a schoolteacher who ups and starts Roxy Music. But a rock idol?

Not only that, an intelligent rock idol, a gentleman and a scholar — a musician of some standing.

So it's completely in keeping that the man who thinks of Mozart as the "Jimmy Osmond of his day" should suddenly come out with an album that's as different as you're likely to hear. You may label it just plain plain, but at least it's different. Andy is quite satisfied about that.

Remember too, that this is the fellow who has fantasies about becoming a cowboy and receives matching bow-tie and hankey sets through the post for his dog!

On then to Eddie Riff, the mystical rock 'n' roll hero who Andy is in search of on his debut solo effort.

At first the music seems unnecessarily corny, like a time-warp back to the honking sax rock 'n' roll of the late Fifties. But remember he's a rebel... there's more to this than meets the ear.

For a start he takes his music very seriously. That is, he holds his face straight while his tongue is in his cheek. Whichever way you listen to it he's resigned to being misunderstood.

"It's very much an album by someone who is a member of a group rather than a solo album by an individual. I mean if I was on my own it probably would have been a bit more organized or a bit more profound... I disagree with the feeling that being serious and dramatic is somehow more valuable and artistic than being sentimental and witty.

So an element of tongue in cheek? "Well," he fiddles with the collar of his blue leather jacket, "yes a fairly strong element, in that that's my attitude to life. There's a certain wit about it I feel is likely to be misinterpreted.

hunking into his honker, the gargoyles can relax. But in a dim basement restaurant in the Kings Road, sporting shirt, tie, pully, tight denims and plimsolls, he's the picture of studious campy.

Now for the exciting bit: Andy's wife is named Jane.

"No. Not completely. But then I think they wouldn't possibly understand what Eno's doing for example — I mean, I still think of Eno as being part of the Greater Roxy — his album suffered because people had a pre-conceived idea of what an Eno album

album because I knew that a lot of people would think it seemed to jar, or it seemed out of place. But I put it in quite specifically because it's kind of going from the ridiculous to the sublime in that it runs straight into the Schubert — that's probably the most beautiful track on the album from my point of view. It's a beautiful tune and I didn't do very much to it except play it, you know?"

The absurdity of it all is tied in with his "fairly common fantasy" to become a

that track was done rather quickly but you might as well leave in the mistakes I suppose.

Sounds desperate doesn't it when you consider this gentleman says music is his life and that he approaches life believing the qualities of reason, civilised values, and old fashioned European-style ideas?

He says: "I want to be able to play what I like without feeling constrained either by my own musical past whether it's studying music at university or being in Roxy."

I don't think rock 'n' roll has any limits at the moment and I think the things that John Cale, Eno and Kevin Ayers are doing, are the most interesting happening in rock at the moment."

What about the rumour that he was going to join Mott The Hoople? Well he understands how it started — he played on Mott's sessions and is friends with them — but there's no truth in de rumour bwana.

No, he's sure Roxy "are going to keep ramblin on a pretty long time."

For instance he reckons Stranded was the band's most cautious album and sees the soon-to-be-started successor developing somewhat.

Good. And about that sax playing? It's a cross between classical and King Curtis, he says, unfettered by the influence of jazz, which he's not really into.

Talking of which, Bowie's an exponent of King Curtis style sax isn't he?

"Yes, but he says he's given up playing sax. But he's always giving something up. He'd give up breathing if he thought it would get in the papers. I like his playing though."

Ever the gentleman you see?

Peter Harvey

In search of Andy Mackay

People may be thinking of the kind of album they expected me to make. This happened with the record company to a certain extent.

They said it was quite nice but thought it would be much more rocky or dramatic or something. It's not trying to be that at all.

But this is not to say that Mr. Mackay ain't a little profound with it. Consider this: "If artists are to deal with the human predicament — trying to sort out some of the problems and ambiguities of life — being witty and sentimental are just as valid as being serious and dramatic."

Get the picture? In Search of Eddie Riff (the album) is fairly witty and sentimental with Andy Mackay dressed up as Gene Autrey singing Four Legged Friend, tooting on his honker occasionally. Genius or imbecile? Whichever, he's a much warmer human being than the Roxy stage persona suggests.

I mean, when he's tekked-up, greased-back and



comes from Newcastle and complains that he leaps out of bed at 6.00 am to "pick upon a few lines of Dante."

Meanwhile back at the plot he says he's "trying to be entertaining rather than trying to move people."

But will the fans — say the Roxy fans — completely understand what he is doing?

would be like.

"They thought it was going to be a lot of electronics, then they found it was a collection of songs — some a bit strange — so people were thrown back and had to decide purely on listening to the album. They could follow it up to a point.

"In the same way, I put Four Legged Friend on the

Hollywood cowboy with silver six-guns and all. And if the album sounds inconsequential Eddie — sorry Andy — feels that under the surface it's all rather disturbing. The lyrics of Summer Song for instance.

"I wrote them very quickly the night before I had to sing them — just kind of anything that rhymed really. Anyway

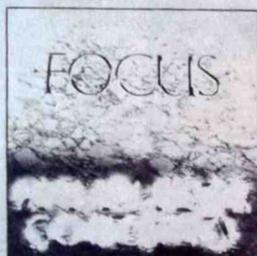
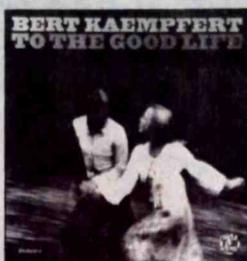
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RECORD & RADIO MIRROR

20 YEARS OF POP
20th ANNIVERSARY SUPPLEMENT



20 years of firsts and still going strong!

TWENTY YEARS. More than a thousand issues. Tens of thousands of pictures, millions of words. And all of it devoted to the fascinating, ever-changing, world of pop music. We started as Record Mirror back in June 1954. At various times our paper was known as Record & Show Mirror, New Record Mirror and, now, Record & Radio Mirror. But throughout it all one thing has remained unchanged, the paper's policy of objective, informative and unprejudiced reporting on the pop scene.

Record & Radio Mirror has an unchallengeable record in terms of being first to indicate the new trends in music, first to write about emerging artists who became superstars, the first to write about deserving artists who, somehow,

never managed to get the breaks they deserved.

Record & Radio Mirror has unfailingly supported the popular music industry through all its twists and turns, all its various trends and tendencies, all its vagaries and vicissitudes. And over the years we are proud to have built up a readership which is second to none when it comes to loyalty.

The history of Record & Radio Mirror is the history of pop music, from Bill Haley to David Bowie, from Chuck Berry to David Cassidy, from Buddy Holly to Slade... and this week we've taken a look back over two fabulous decades of pop music, pointing up the highlights and noting some of the great names who have left an indelible mark on the international music scene.

From Jazz to the Classics...the paper for all music fans

"Always on the Top"
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GOOD TIME JAZZ
RECORDS

The Record Mirror

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JOE MELOAN
ANTHONY STEEL
RADIO REVUELLERS
JULY FOR RECORDS

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1974

U.S.A. MONOPOLY MUST CEASE!

Winnie 'Feels' "Young at Heart"



FRANKIE SPAVELL, one of America's best-selling artists, is featured in the front cover of the Record Mirror. The cover also features a photo of the young girl, Winnie, who is the subject of the article 'Winnie 'Feels' "Young at Heart"'. The article discusses her early career and her potential in the music industry.

BRITISH ARTISTS IN B.B.C. BACKGROUND

THE B.B.C. has announced that it will be giving a special place to British artists in its programming. This move is seen as a significant step towards supporting homegrown talent and promoting the British music scene. The announcement comes at a time when the industry is looking for ways to diversify and support local artists.

a new 'high'
IN RECORD REPRODUCTION

Portagram

The Portagram is a revolutionary new record player that offers high-quality sound reproduction in a portable format. It is perfect for use in cars, at the beach, or for travel. The device is easy to use and provides a clear, crisp sound that brings your favorite records to life.

June 17 1954, front cover of the original Record Mirror

Record & Radio Mirror is proud to be the oldest British weekly devoted entirely to pop records — and we're very happy to salute on our 20th birthday a man who has been a major name in pop music ever since the very first issue of this

publication — Elvis Presley. Long may he reign as the King — and long may Record & Radio Mirror continue to chronicle the exploits of Elvis and the thousands of other artists, great and small, who make up the wonderful world of pop.

From Presley to punk rock

THE year: 1954. The date: April 12. Bill Haley, then 27, virtually unknown though a country singer since he was thirteen, went with his back-up musicians the Comets to studios in New York and knocked out a couple of catchy little tunes.

One was Shake, Rattle And Roll. The other was Rock Around The Clock. The rock revolution in pop had started.

And down Memphis, Tennessee, way things were happening. A young kid named Elvis Presley cut a record, That's All Right Mama, and it was a local hit. At the end of June, 1954, he made his first big public performance at the Overton Park Shell in Memphis — among the also-rans in a bill topped by Slim Whitman.

But an unbelievably successful and long-term pop career had started.

And in London, also June 1954, a great publishing venture started with the first issue of Record Mirror, edited by Isidore Green.

Publishing was a chancey business. Publishing the first weekly paper dealing in the main with gramophone records was near suicidal. Issy Green denied a death wish. And in the first anniversary edition he wrote gleefully: "They said we'd not make six months — but we've made it... twice over!"

Poor, hard-grafting, erratic, loyal Issy. Had he lived to

see right through the next twenty years, he'd never have believed how the pop industry has developed!

Those five years were full of bill-topping solo artists — Perry Como (still in the charts), Doris Day and her Secret Love, Jo Stafford, Jimmy Young (yes, THAT Jimmy Young), Dickie Valentine (later killed in a car crash), Alma Cogan, David Whitfield, Rosemary Clooney.

And a few instrumentals — Eddie Calvert, Perez Prado.

And Johnnie Ray. A half-deaf, half-Indian giant among pop performers. He sang songs like Cry, Little White Cloud That Cried... and he cried real tears. His pencil-slim body choked with emotion, and his facial expression was one of tortured anguish and they called him the Nabob of Sob, or the Cry Guy, or the Prince of Wales.

Not even the Beatles or the Rolling Stones were to create the scenes of total hysteria and fan-worship as Johnnie when he topped at the London Palladium. After two exhausting performances, Johnnie still summoned up enough strength to go out on the rooftop and sing, unaccompanied, for the milling thousands down below in Argyle Street.

And Ruby Murray — a shy Irish girl who once had FIVE records in the Top Twenty in the same week.

Record Mirror praised what was good, hammered what was bad. We couldn't beat "the song hit stealers," but we could draw attention to how they worked. They'd get an advance copy of an American hit single, then give it to a second-rate British artist, but using precisely the same arrangement... and that bit of sharp practice was still going on in the 1960s beat boom.

Sinatra was swinging, Frankie Laine was rightly called "old leather lungs," Slim Whitman was yodelling. Solo artists galore Okay, but in the end samey. Ballad after ballad: some fast, some slow.

And then there was Bill Haley, Rock Around The Clock didn't do much when it was first released in Britain... but when the movie Blackboard Jungle was shown with Haley featured over the credits, it really took off.

Rock WAS different. When Haley first topped the charts, he was surrounded by a mixed bag of contemporaries. Max Bygraves was singing Meet Me On The Corner, the Stargazers (Twenty Tiny Fingers, otherwise known as the Ugh Song) and the Four Aces were heralding a happening in the vocal group business, and a pack of dogs (two chihuahuas, one poodle, two Alsatians) had their barks pitched up in the studio to produce a reasonably accurate version of Oh Susanna!

Pop was urgently looking for something different. Luckily, rock WAS different.

RECORD & RADIO MIRROR 20th ANNIVERSARY SUPPLEMENT

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Featuring: Kinks, Searchers, Sorrows,
Rockin' Berries & Ivy League

GH 525

20 Original Smash Hits GH 505

Featuring: Sandie Shaw, Foundations, Mungo Jerry,
Status Quo, Donovan & 8 other great artists.



Golden Hour of Those Tuneful 50's

Featuring: Joe 'Piano' Henderson, Dennis Lotis,
Dickie Valentine, Dorothy Squires, Marion Ryan
& 7 other great artists of the Fifties.

GH 544



Golden Hour of Original Golden Oldies

Featuring: The Marceis, Mark Wynter, The Migil Five,
Emile Ford, Joe Brown & 17 other great artists.

GH 563



Flashback:—
Record Mirror writer Dick Tatham splashed an exclusive on Elvis Presley, January 21, 1956. He handed out the news on the Presley background, but looked with cynicism to the lad's future.
 Wrote Tatham: "We all wait in ghastly suspense to hear the first Presley disc. Someone has wisely said 'The 1950s will be remarkable in history for their worship of mediocrity.' Let us hope the much ballyhooed Mr. P. flouts this analysis."

He did just that. But if Presley was to become the Mister Bad of rock — the one to outrage church dignitaries and youth club officials — then the Mister Good was already in the charts with *Ain't That A Shame*, to be followed by the Number One *I'll Be Home*.

Boone, the force of "good," versus Presley the voice of "evil" — we got a lot of mileage out of that.

Presley really copped some criticism. He wiggled his hips (with a somehow more menacing forward lung than Johnnie Ray had managed) and the fans went wild. And the critics went spare.

A few sample comments:—
 "Elvis Presley is an inspiration for low IQ hoodlums and ought to be entertaining in the State Reformatory" — US Prosecutor Daniel J. Cremen.

"Presley has no discernable singing ability. He renders songs in an undistinguishable whine. For the ear he is an unutterable bore. His skill, if any be there, lies in another direction — he is a rock and roll variation on a standard show - business act, the hootchy kootchy." — New York Times critic Jack Gould.

"In an age where super means ordinary and economy sizes cost more, we will not object to a singer simply because he cannot sing — but we don't like to see our kids steamed up by a boy who looks like a candidate for All-American Juvenile Delinquent." — Editorial in the Louisville Courier - Journal.

"Elvis Presley is morally insane" — the Rev. Carl E. Elegna, Baptist Church Pastor, Des Moines.

All because the guy wiggled his hips, curled his lower lip. That nice Pat Boone was different. He stood pretty still. His rock and roll was . . . well, more gentele, more gentlemanly. He could sell a song — Long Tail Sally proved that. But he was really into things like *Friendly Persuasion*, or *Love Letters In The Sand*.

And he was religious, and loved his family, and was kind to kids. And he wrote books, like *Twixt Twelve And Twenty*, which gave advice to young people having trouble meeting the facts of life head-on.

Boone's career as a big Top Twenty man went on to 1962. Now he's gathered his family around him and is in cabaret.

Elvis, who we know now is also religious and loves his family and is kind to kids, has the biggest fan-club international chain in the business.

And writers stopped doing the bad - triumphs - over good stories years ago. Thank God.

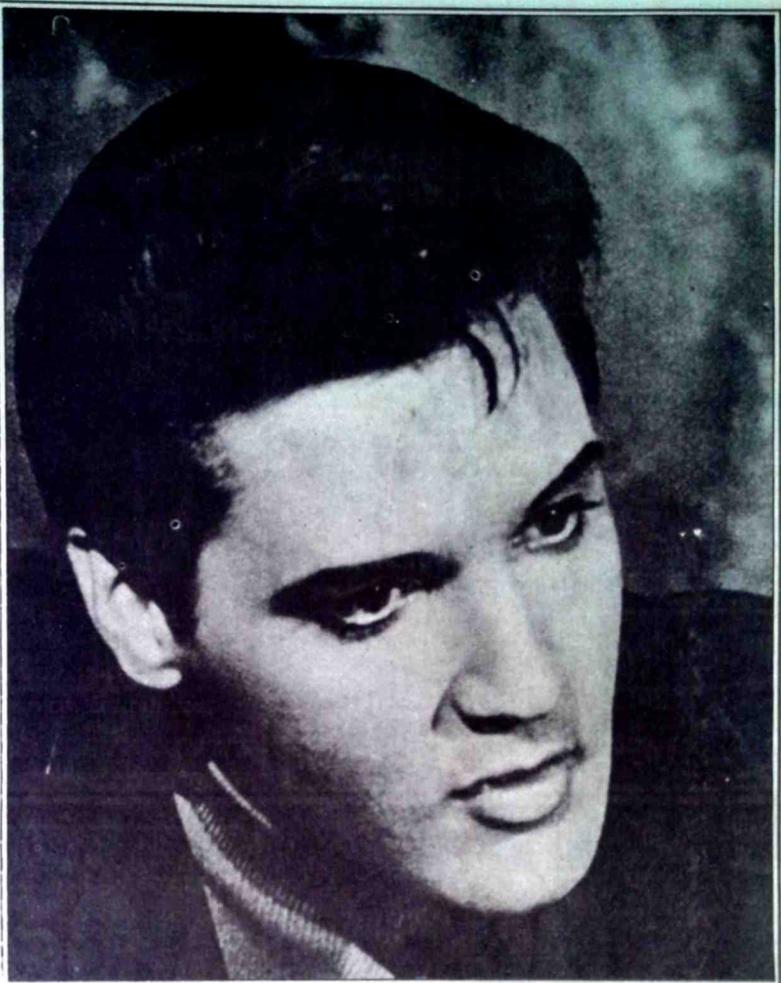
Presley, like *Record Mirror*, rang the changes through the 1950s.

Elvis had seven Gold Discs in that first year. Nobody had done that before. There was black competition for him — Little Richard hit through with *Long Tall Sally*, *Girl Can't Help It* and on through *Good Golly Miss Molly* (1958) and was still at it with *Bamalala Loo* in 1964.

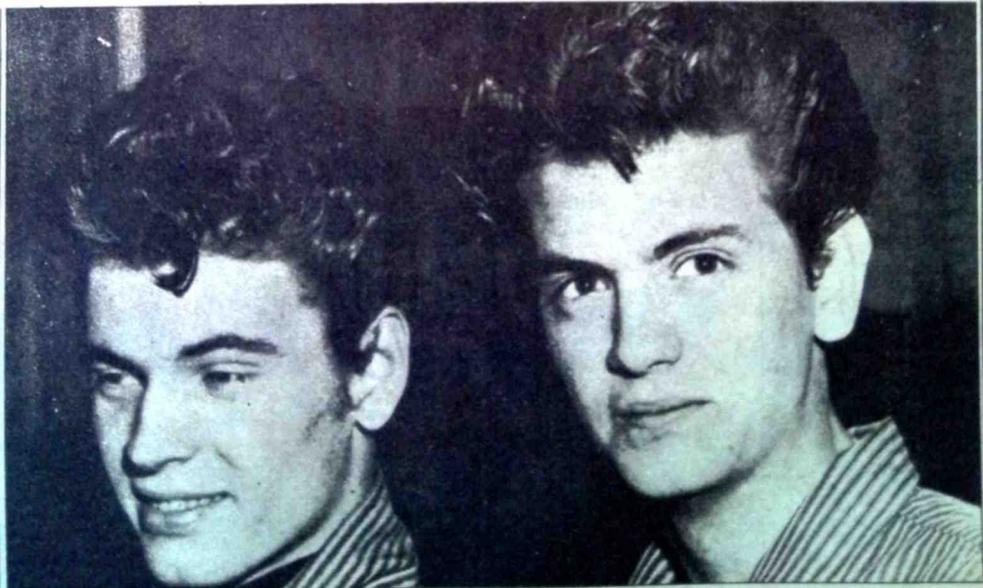
The great Fats Domino was around, too, with *Blueberry Hill*, and *I'm Walkin'*. And the music business was suddenly full of experts defining the difference between rock and roll and rhythm and blues. A steam - bath of hot air and prejudice . . . but hell, it was exciting.

And the 1950s produced Paul Anka, tiny Canadian who fancied his babysitter who was named Diana and he wrote a song about her and it was the first step towards making him the youngest millionaire yet in pop history.

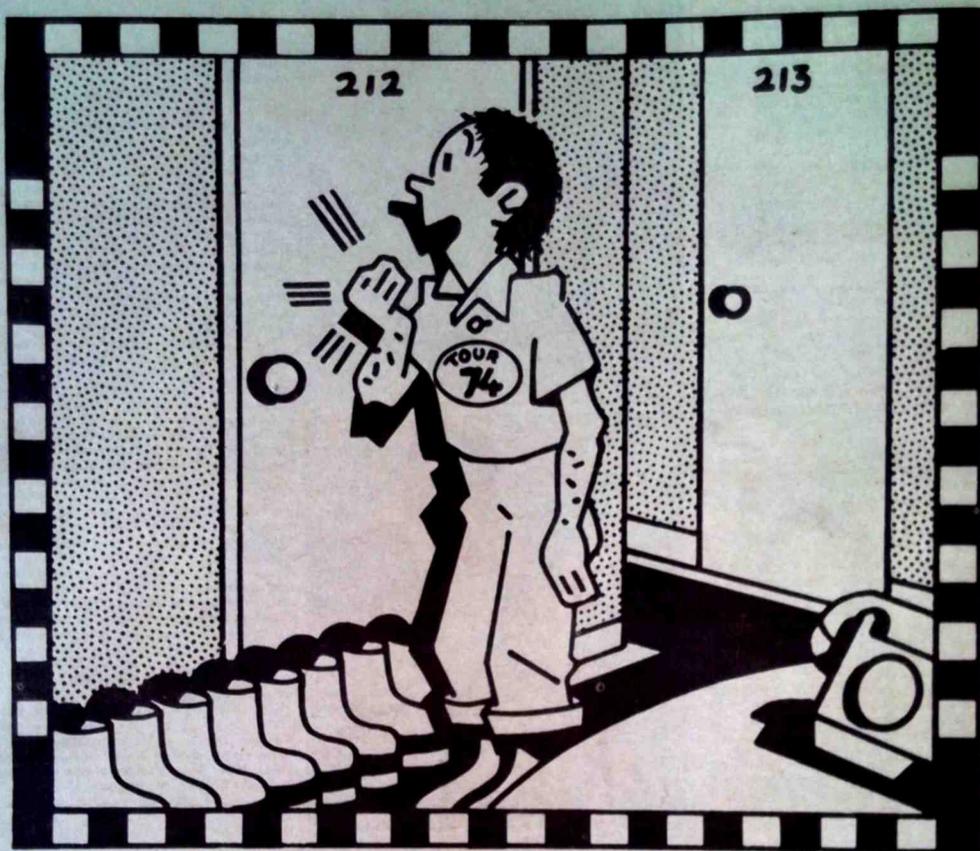
Also in the 1950s produced the Everly Brothers, Don and Phil. *Bye Bye Love*, *Wake Up Little Susie*, *All I Have To Do Is Dream*, *Bird Dog*, *Cathy's Clown*, *Walk Right Back* . . . and on and on



Elvis — still supreme after reigning for 20 years.



Phil and Don Everly — heroes of the Hollies.



SLADE'S
new single
THE BANGIN' MAN
c/w She did it to me

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BARN PRODUCTION

They influenced budding British counterparts, just as Haley had done, and Presley. The Hollies were based on Everly adoration — Allan Clarke and Graham Nash especially.

Flashback

A rainy day. Outside the Midland Hotel in Manchester, a gaggle of fans waiting for a glimpse of the Everlys. Among them, Allan and Graham. In the end they got autographs from their heroes — scribbled on empty cigarette packets.

Says Allan: "Then, years on, we were rehearsing a show at the London Palladium and we got this call: would we like to go round to the Everlys hotel and play them some of our songs. We were off like a shot. Knocked out so much we could hardly sing for them. But they used our songs on an Everlys - in - London album."

It was mostly one-way traffic — American artists sending over records and dominating the charts. But . . . it was also the era of Lonnie Donegan and a craze called "skiffle."

Skiffle came from the American Negroes, who played home-made instruments — the string bass, for instance, would be a broomstick stuck in a dustbin, with string attached.

Lonnie really started something with Rock Island Line. He led in his own scene — Cumberland Gap, Puttin' On The Style, My Old Man's A Dustman — all number one hits. And dozens of others hit the top twenty. He'd been a banjo player with Chris Barber's jazz band. Respected and praised. He hit the commercial big-money scene . . . and was accused of having "sold out."

For a couple of years, there were thousands of local groups trying to cash in on Lonnie's skiffle scene.

And apart from Lonnie, there was Tommy Steele. He was the FIRST British rocker to challenge the Americans. He was a Merchant Navy man who sang around the coffee-clubs in London's Soho. He even sang Elvis Presley's Heartbreak Hotel.

His launch was a masterpiece of planning. Larry Parnes provided the money and John Kennedy the promotion ideas — and they learned from Elvis' "mistakes." El, and the Teddy Boy syndrome, had made rock somehow unrespectable . . . so how to smarten it up, soften it up and make it acceptable?

Well they launched Tommy Steele at a high-class party for debutantes and young gentry of the aristocracy. Tommy with his fresh good looks, wide smile, Cockney humour, wowed 'em. "Bravo," shouted the debs. "Absolutely jolly good show," cheered the young aristocrats . . . and bingo, rock was an okay "in" thing. And Tommy was in the big money.

His years were 1956, 1957 and 1958. As things faded he proved his durability by doing what so many other falling rock recorders wanted to do . . . that is get into the West End theatre and Hollywood as "an all-round entertainer."

The rock scene was really well under way when Cliff arrived. Cliff Richard. His first hit was *Move It* in 1958 — and he's still going strong. An unsullied reputation, a nice-guy image . . . nothing like that Elvis Presley of dubious reputation. Yet . . .

Top TV producer Jack Good was putting Cliff on the top-rated *Oh Boy* show. They met at Leicester Square underground station, walked round among the ticket machines. . . and argued like mad.

Jack: "You're going to sing *Move It*, but you're not playing guitar."

Cliff: "Not play guitar? But I've never done a show without it."

Jack: "You are now. And if you don't know what to do with your hands, I'll teach you. And Cliff — those sideburns must go."

Cliff: "Oh, please . . . not the sideburns. Please."

Jack: "Get 'em off. What are you trying to do? Just be a copy of Elvis Presley and nothing else? No guitar, no sideburns, otherwise no show."

And that high-voiced, much-amplified argument finally persuaded Cliff that the time had come for him to stop opening his long — time idios, Elvis.

Yet even so, Cliff was attacked for being over — sexy



Tommy Steele — now an all round performer.



Bill Haley and the Comets — recent visitors to Britain.



Lonnie Donegan — the first of the skiffle bands.

in his stage movements. A contemporary paper of *Record Mirror*, in December 1958, lashed out: "Richard's violent hip — swinging during an obvious attempt to copy Presley was revolting . . . hardly the kind of performance any parent could wish their children to witness."

"Remember Tommy Steele became Britain's teenage idol without resorting to this form of indecency. If we are expected to believe Cliff was acting 'naturally' then consideration for medical treatment before it's too late may be advisable."

Wowie . . . Cliff Richard. Cliff who was to do more, and over a long period, to make rock really acceptable than anybody else. Strangely, Cliff was one British pop giant who couldn't make it really big in the States.

And as rock rampaged on in various forms, there was an end — of — decade move to instrumentals. Russ Conway, Sandy Nelson, Monty Sunshine (with Chris Barber's band), Bert Weedon . . . on piano, drums, clarinet, and guitar respectively. Duane Eddy, too, with his twang's the thang discs . . . Rebel Rouser, Cannonball, and the other couple of dozen or so.

Radio programmes like Saturday club reflected the ever-increasing interest in pop music.

Record Mirror writers continued to find the unknowns who were to become giants. David Gill, now a top disc-jockey and broadcaster, wrote the Spinning Pops page: "New Boy Neil Could Have Hit First Go." Neil was . . . Neil Sedaka, then only 19, and out with *The Diary*. He did it, followed with *I Go Ape* and *Oh Carol*, faded out in 1962 after *Breaking Up Is Hard To Do* . . . and now is right back in favour again.

Cynics were always trying to write off the rock era, and Haley himself having started it, was to suffer a fall from grace. As Dick Tatham put it in *Record Mirror*: "One reason could be that the fans thought he 'didn't want to know' . . . the other that his welcome to Britain was so wildly hysterical, such an orgy of adulation, so much and exhibition of bird — brained neurosis, that a vast, compensating cooling-off was a natural result."

Some of the top disc-makers were getting into films — Frankie Vaughan made British movies like *The Lady Is A Square* and had one rather horrendous visit to Hollywood to star with the erratic Marilyn Munroe. Cliff, Tommy Steele, and the others tried, with varying degrees of success.

But the bombshell blow that rocked rock was the death of the great Buddy Holly in a plane crash, February 1959 — along with Big Bopper and Ritchie Valens. Holly, copied so closely by a thousand lesser talents. Holly, with a roster of hits like *Peggy Sue*, *Rave On*, *Doesn't Matter Anymore*.

And as was to happen to many other pop giants tragically cut down in mid-career, Buddy Holly was to enjoy even greater posthumous fame and success.

By the end of 1959, Adam Faith was up there challenging Cliff at the top of the British scene. And Adam had obviously heard a great deal of Buddy Holly! And admitted the influence had rubbed off.

Flashback:

Record Mirror founder Isidore Green was a man easily sidetracked. When he was told to stop smoking on medical advice, he created a society of Weedless Wonders . . . comprising top stars (like Bruce Forsyth, Ken Dodd and Terry-Thomas) and RM staff writers. And he'd publish weekly lists of how many weeks they'd survived without a dosage of nicotine. But it helped make life interesting, we used to say!

And we, even part-timers as I was then as the 1960s started, had a helluva reputation for picking new talent. Carroll Levis, who used to run one of the top talent-spotting shows, would bring his new "finds" round for us to vet!

All part of the service . . .

Flashback:

At Chiswick Empire, I was holed up in a coffee-house with Cliff Richard. Outside panted a few hundred of his fans. The really laid on the screaming hysteria. We escaped through a back door and belted right through the front of the theatre.

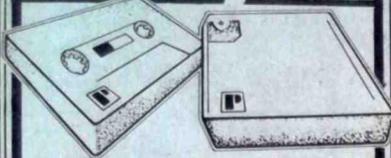
On the way through, I was chatting to a young guy and told him I wouldn't go on stage before Cliff for a fortune — "those fans don't want anybody else." Said the young guy: "Thanks very much. I'm on first, and I'm a comedian."

Still, he hasn't done badly. His name: Des O'Connor.

British rock refused to lie down, no matter what. The Larry Parnes stable of singers was remarkable in its sheer depth of talent. They all had to have vibrant, raw, evocative names. Like Wilde (Marty), Fury (Billy), Eager (Vincent), Power (Duffy), Gentle (Johnny), Red (Dickie), Fame (Georgie). Fury was great on stage; Wilde was

TAPE TOPPERS

Chart Hits



STEELEYE SPAN

'Please to See The King'
ZC/Y8PEG 1029

STATUS QUO

'The Best Of Status Quo'
ZC/Y8P 18402

MILIGAN & NESBITT

'Miligan & Nesbitt'
ZC/Y8P 18428

ALVIN STARDUST

'The Untouchable' Includes both hit singles
'My Coo Ca Choo' and 'Jealous Mind'
ZC/Y8MAG 5001

ELTON JOHN

'Goodbye Yellow Brick Road' Including hit single
'Candle In The Wind' ZC/Y8DJD 1001 (Doubleplay)
'Don't Shoot Me, I'm Only The Piano Player'
ZC/Y8DJL 427*

GENESIS

'Selling England By The Pound' Includes their hit single
'I Know What I Like (In Your Wardrobe)' ZC/Y8CAS 1074
'Nursery Cryme' ZC/Y8CAS 1052 *

DAVID CASSIDY

'Dreams Are Nuthin' More Than Wishes'
ZC/Y8BEL 231

GLEN CAMPBELL

'Words' ZC/Y8E 5066

JOSHUA RIFKIN

'Piano Rags by Scott Joplin Vol. 2' Includes the theme from
'The Sting' (£1.89) ZC/Y8H 71264*

CHART CERTAINITIES

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great on record. They were all so intense and hard-working.

The music industry changed. So did *Record Mirror*. For a while, we were Record and SHOW Mirror, because Isidore Green clung to his belief that the record business was show business.

Just a few name checks from the 1960-2 period, because it was a basically nothing - happening time. Johnny Tillotson, Shadows, Jimmy Jones, Temperance Seven, Del Shannon, Highwaymen, Acker Bilk, the Marceis, Eden Kane. And Helen Shapiro. . . .

Flashback:

When Helen Shapiro's first record, Please Don't Treat Me Like A Child, hit the charts she was at school. Aged fifteen, wearing gymslip and pig-tail. My job was to phone her, congratulate her and get a story. Her teacher finally agreed to let her come to the phone . . . and Helen spent the next ten minutes sobbing her heart out. Tears of Joy.

There were lots of young singers making the charts. Most vanished after just a one-shot hit. Like little Jackie Dennis, who wore a kilt on stage. Must have been hard to adjust to being a star one day and a has-been the next.

Ask Terry Dene. Rock idol who just couldn't cope with the pressures of fame, suffered nervous breakdowns . . . and finally found religion and became a street-walking evangelist.

A few other names . . . Mike Sarnie, Frank Ifield, the



Buddy Holly — who can guess how big he could have been?

Torradoes, Tommy Roe, the Shirelles. And Connie Francis who proved at last that a girl could make it at the top of the charts.

And here's something from RSM, January 1960. "Remember last autumn I tipped you off about a young beat singer who could in time give Cliff Richard a run for his money? His name was Paul Russell, but he is now Paul Raven, signed by Decca. On stage he had an appropriate tearaway style — and a useful amount of warmth in his voice. And, kids, he's only 15."

He's now Gary Glitter, of course. And that should settle arguments about his age.

The tragic death of Eddie Cochran came in April, 1960 — at the end of a tour which also featured Gene Vincent (also now dead) and which gave a first break to Joe Brown. Johnny Kidd, also dead, called at the RSM offices, wearing his patch and looking sinister asking whether his piratical gimmick was too "heavy". And John Leyton also in for advice over his single Tell Laura I Love Her (eventually not a hit for him but for one-hit wonder Ricky Valance) . . . John genuinely perturbed about putting out the song because of a spate of fatal crashes involving motor-racing drivers and pop stars.

It was nice being asked for advice. Even if certain people didn't take it.

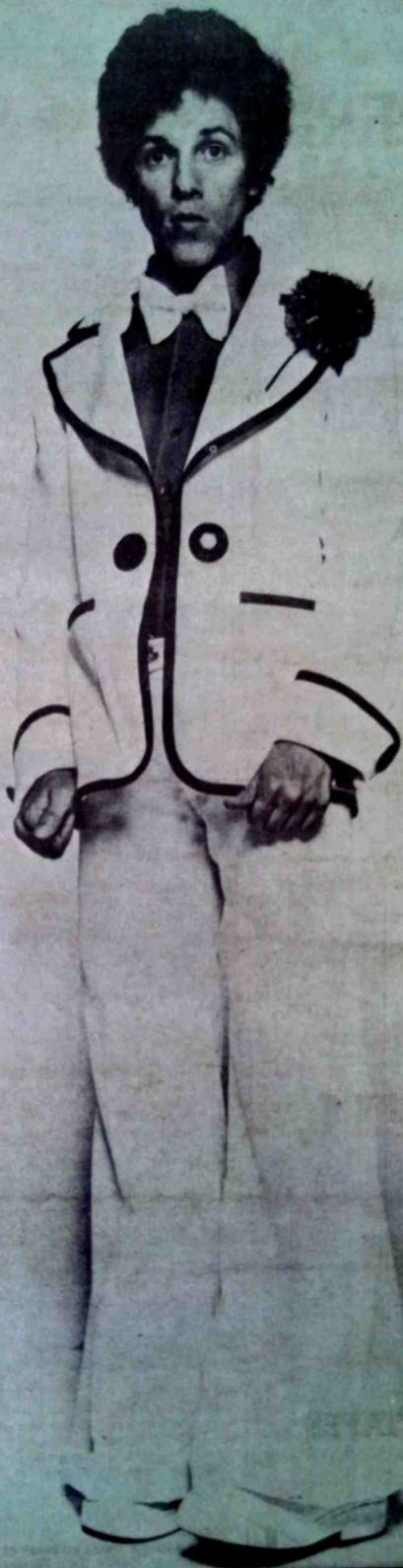
And this item: "Gerry Dorsey, 23, has done 78 television shows in 18 months with the Song Parade series. This highly talented young singer MUST make the big-time. He soon goes out on tour as top of the bill . . . he says he's probably the only bill-topper who hasn't had a hit record. Yet."

That was 1960, again. Seven years later he was topping the bill with Release Me . . . as Engelbert Humperdinck.

There was the 1960's outbreak of trad jazz. Acker Bilk, Chris Barber, Kenny Ball, Terry Lightfoot and so on. Didn't last long as a chart happening.



LEO SAYER



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BAND'**
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Picture: Jerry O'Neil

SPARKS ON TOUR

JUNE 20 THE WINTER GARDENS, CLEETHORPES
 21 HULL UNIVERSITY, HULL
 22 LEEDS UNIVERSITY, LEEDS
 23 TOWN HALL, CHELTENHAM
 24 TOP RANK SUITE, BIRMINGHAM
 25 UNIVERSITY OF LANCASTER, LANCASTER
 26 TOP RANK SUITE, SWANSEA
 28 FLAMINGO BALLROOM, REDRUTH CORNWALL
 29 COUNTY BALLROOM, TAUNTON
 30 PAVILION, TORQUAY

JULY 2 MOBILE THEATRE, HOME PARK, PLYMOUTH
 3 THE VICTORIA ROOMS, QUEENS ROAD, BRISTOL
 4 CALIFORNIA BALLROOM, DUNSTABLE
 5 CORN EXCHANGE, CAMBRIDGE
 6 KURSAAL BALLROOM, SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA
 7 THE RAINBOW THEATRE, LONDON

Their Album 'KIMONO MY HOUSE'

ALBUM IUS 9272 CASSETTE ZCI 9272 CARTRIDGE YBI 9272





The Shadows who gained success on their own and backing Cliff.

And how about this: "Even teenagers have become bored by the phoney manner in which discs are presented to them on radio. The art of putting a record across, an art dependent on a natural easy manner, the natural way, is being dissipated. It is sacrificed on the altar of egoism."

In other words they talk too much. Ah, well, you can't win 'em all.

George Formby was once described as the first of the British rockers, and he died in 1961, and so did the show-biz side of our paper. We became NEW Record Mirror on March 18, 1961, and the emphasis was placed firmly on records. And the good-luck telegrams fair poured in . . . from Brenda Lee, Doris Day, Tony Bennett, Tommy Steele, Ted Heath (no, not that one!) and Tony Newley.

Flashback:

With the arrival of the likes of Wee Willie Harris, with his green-dyed hair, and Screamin' Lord Sutch, rock was getting ever more gimmicky. His Lordship (family m o o) If In Doubt, Screamin' took to wearing buffalo horns when he came a-calling. That was his trademark. In a coffee house nearby, the waitress (Italian) took me on one side, pointed to his Lordship and asked: "Is it a her, or is it a bull, that boy there?"

A mention for the remarkable Joe Meek, who churned out his hit records (Telstar for the Tornados, Johnny Remember Me for John Leyton) in his flat in North London . . . he crammed 24,000 worth of equipment into his bedroom and bathroom. A strange, tormented soul. Joe was to die in a shooting incident.

And here's one for me. "It's not that I'm boasting, but I was right about Eden Kane getting hit records. And totally accurate about John Leyton. Now watch out for my latest, Shane Fenton and the Fentones." That was in 1961, October.

A bit flash was Shane — a wardrobe of twenty suits, from gold lame to leopard skin. But he did get an instant hit with I'm A Moody Guy. Mind you, he gets even bigger ones now that he's . . . Alvin Stardust.

And there was a trio called the Viscounts who were always hanging around the office. Harmonica players and singers. Don, and Ronnie and . . . Gordon. Gordon went into management later on, pretty successfully. For Gordon Mills masterminded the careers of Tom Jones, Engelbert and Gilbert O'Sullivan.

As for Elvis . . . oh, hell! In 1961 he received ONE AND A HALF MILLION Christmas cards from fans. And his management were saying then that he'd not be able to visit Britain before 1965. At the earliest!



Helen Shapiro — a chart topping schoolgirl.



Chubby Checker, the King of Twist.

1962

started out just like any other year. A mixed bag of hit records, but nothing special happening. We weren't in a mood for pure gimmicks, and some of the old names were boring us.

Pat Boone made an LP of Bible readings. Tony Orlando came in and said we were very important to him, each and every one. And he hit the charts with Bless You, but he's since hit higher and more consistently as part of Dawn. Hayley Mills wondered whether any of us had actually got to MEET Elvis.

Things were so boring that we were asked if we could try and make the peace with Jerry Lee Lewis. Some three years before he'd arrived in London. At the Press reception all went well . . . until he said he had to go see his young wife, who was in bed. And she was very young indeed. Thirteen.

Which was legal in the States, but apparently unacceptable here. He was hustled and smuggled out of the country, questions asked in Parliament ringing in his ears.

Jerry Lee returned. But things were still boring. To be honest, they didn't perk up much when the single Love Me Do, by a group called the Beatles, came in for review. Our Disc Jury wrote: "Harmonica opens the song, then the strangely-monikered group get at the lyrics. Fairly restrained in their approach, they indulge in some off-beat combinations of vocal chords. Though there's plenty happening, it tends to drag mid-way. Not a bad song, though."

That's it, thanks very much and goodbye. Yet another gimmicky band trying to break through.

But it got in at 49 in the chart the next week. Then 46. Then 41. On to 32. Back to 37. Hardly remarkable.

As ever, Record Mirror got in first with the background facts. And when the record did move, the Beatles made our office a first port of call. Brian Epstein introduced them. John gruffly played the new, faintly-embarrassed pop star. Paul played the charming, smiling, smooth public relations man. George fiddled with his guitar case. And Ringo made the tea.

Norman Jopling's introductory story: "They have



The Tornados who topped both the British and US charts with Telstar.

been and are the most powerful boys around the Mersey . . . an area literally swarming with teen groups all anxious to jump on the bandwagon. Promoter-deejay Bob Wooler says of them: "The hottest property any promoter could hope to encounter. Musically authoritative and physically magnetic, the Beatles are rhythmic revolutionaries with an act which is a succession of climaxes."

"And I'm sure he's right."
Jopling boosted them some more. Jopling knew his stuff — his series on The Great Unknowns and The Fallen Idols had long been popular in *Record Mirror*.

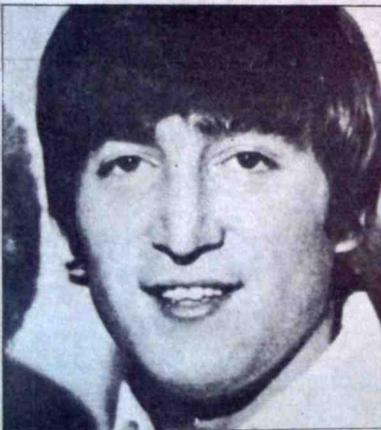
Naturally everybody got into the Beatles when Please Please Me was released. It was quite as fast as we'd hoped . . . in at 45, up to 33, then 16 and finally to the top. They toured with Chris Montez and Tommy Roe, did television . . . and wherever they showed themselves in public, big-time excitement was clearly back with pop.

And 1963 was definitely the year of the Liverpool Sound. Sadly, Isidore Green (by then no longer with *Record Mirror* but still in journalism) died at the beginning of the year. He'd been so determined in his encouragement of the record industry — yet was to miss perhaps THE most exciting part of that development.

The Beatles went on with From Me To You, She Loves You, I Want To Hold Your Hand. By March of that year, Gerry and the Pacemakers were starting their unprecedented run of three number ones in succession at the start of their career; two months later Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas were out with the Beatles song Do You Want To Know A Secret, followed by the chart-topping Bad To Me and then I'll Keep You Satisfied.

And suddenly the pop scene was alive again. Brian Epstein — he, too, a tragic victim of pop's pressures. Eppie, young and wealthy Liverpool businessman, in charge of a record shop. Local fans inquired about discs by a group called the Beatles . . . Eppie tracked down both those German-produced records AND the boys. From the time he first saw them in the Cavern Club, this classical music-loving and sensitive man knew they were potential giants in pop.

The Liverpool scene dominated the charts. The Big Three had a hit with By The Way, and the Searchers,



The Swinging Blue Jeans. Manchester hit back with Freddie and the Dreamers and the Hollies. And down London way, Dave Clark and his Five started with hits like Glad All Over when they were still only semi-professional.

Brian Epstein hadn't finished yet though. He presented a girl, Cilla Black, and she went to the chart summit with her first two releases, Anyone Who Had A Heart and You're My World.

Suddenly it was a world of pop groups. Yet one or two split. One morning the Springfields (Tom, Mike and Dusty) came to the *Record Mirror* office and said: "You've always supported us. We wanted you to be the first to know . . . we're splitting up."

We wrote that in that case Dusty would become Britain's top girl singer. And she was. For a while. But perhaps she didn't try hard enough to stay there. Or perhaps she tried TOO hard.

Norman Jopling hit the Beatles nail fair and square on the head when he wrote: "They have the distinction of being a character group — that is one whose personnel is as interesting as the discs. On tour they wear suits with velvet collars and cuffs in a dark reddish colour. It's all a big laugh", says John. But already they are so popular they are into the automatic hit bracket."

The Beatles were nice, friendly, boy-next-door figures. The next lot, we felt, had to be something



Early Beatles pictured at the Cavern. Pete Best was later replaced by Ringo.

different. And they were . . . they were the Rolling Stones. As had happened between the Presley-Boone syndrome, so here was another good-versus-bad situation.

As the Beatles consolidated, so the Stones emerged and their year was surely 1964

Flashback:

The Stones were making a movie for producer Giorgio Gomelsky. The setting was the large back room of the Station Hotel, Kew Road, Richmond . . . just opposite the station. Giorgio persuaded me to give up a Sunday lunch-time to go and hear this band, unknown except in that area.

They sweated and strained and played beautifully. I chatted with Brian and Mick over pies and pints (I paid) and they said they knew they had something to offer, but that they couldn't get anybody from a recording company interested. I said I'd try to help and they said, exchanging knowing glances: 'Oh sure, thanks.' They'd heard that before a hundred times."

*In fact, I got Norman Jopling to go and see them, to confirm my own opinion. He agreed they were of high promise. He wrote in *Record Mirror*: "They are destined to be the biggest group in the R and B scene."*

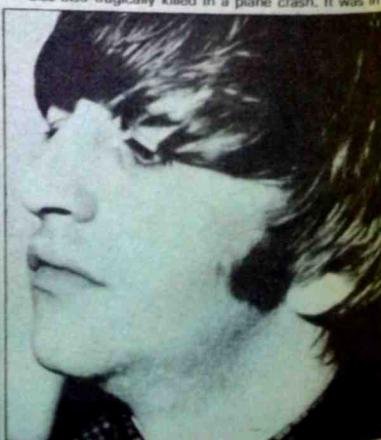
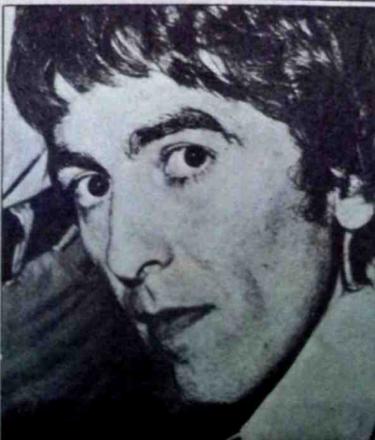
There were six Stones then. Ian Stewart was on piano. And Brian assumed the role of chief talker and leader. My views having been approved by Jopling. I talked to Andrew Oldham about the band . . . he was a whizz-kid publicist who had done PR work for the Beatles. He had a partnership going with agent Eric Easton.

And they signed the Stones. The Stones signed with Decca, and a run of hits started with Not Fade Away, followed by I Wanna Be Your Man (written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney), and on to It's All Over Now, and Little Red Rooster and The Last Time and Satisfaction.

This consolidated a situation where Britain was top-dog nation in the pop world. In one week, the whole of the Top Ten was made up of British acts, for the first time ever. Cilla Black, Dave Clark, the Bachelors, the Measeybeats, the Searchers, Rolling Stones, Billy J. Kramer, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Brian Poole and the Tremeloes, Eden Kane.

A guy named Freddie Starr, with the Midnighters, also arrived on the scene. He's a big-name comedian now. And *Record Mirror* was full, week after week, of four or five-strong groups toting guitars.

And on the quieter pop front, a rather embarrassing moment when I came face to face with Jim Reeves — alas also tragically killed in a plane crash. It was in



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a hot, sticky, humid club called the Astor and then promotion man Tony Hall called me up to do the first interview with Jim.

We lowered a few bourbons. And to my horror I noticed that his hair-piece, affected by the sweat and the heat, was parting from his head, revealing a mesh-work of wig-base . . . and some hitherto unseen parts of Jim.

Jim could be a tough character to cross. Problem: should I tell him, and risk his anger. Or keep quiet. I regret to say I kept quiet. Made my excuses and left.

Funny thing about the Beatles. While the Stones went on the rampage, looking unkempt and unloved, things were so different for the Beatles. We were told they were all unmarried, yet John was married to Cynthia . . . but the image of carefree bachelorhood had to be preserved.

And they were moving from flat to flat in London to avoid the attention of fans. I called one afternoon for an interview, and they'd moved out overnight. When I did catch up with them — in a flat not two hundred yards away — they sent me out to buy bread, eggs and butter for their breakfast. Which I then had to cook. Soft-boiled eggs . . . except they didn't have any egg-cups.

The beat-group boom killed off dozens and dozens of solo artists, balladeers, who had earlier had hit records. Some were to hang around and return when the climate was right again. Others, not many, made it in acting . . . for example, John Leyton suddenly found himself in Hollywood movies with the likes of Frank Sinatra, Charles Bronson and Richard Attenborough.

We unearthed a picture of Alvin Stardust with the Archbishop of Canterbury, which seems a pretty unlikely liaison.

Flashback:

The mid-summer 1964 in-thing was to know something about surfing. The Beach Boys were hitting it big with their outdoor sounds as on I Get Around, Barbara Ann, Sloop John B, so we boned up on surfin' language like wipe-out, woodie, spinner, ho-dad, hot-dogger, cruncher and hanging five, or ten-over.

I tried my linguistic skills on the Beach Boys a few months later. It was ten minutes before they could stop laughing . . .

As for Buddy Holly, even years after his death there was controversy. Some "new" releases by him hit the



charts. They were from-the-vault recordings, but their authenticity was queried by many readers.

But Buddy's ma and pa, Mr and Mrs L. O. Holley wrote us from Lubbock, Texas, to confirm that they were the real thing.

There was a reaction against the group scene which dominated 1964 and 1965. And when Tony Bennett fought his way into the charts with the swinging-ballady *The Good Life*, one critic wrote: "As long as he's there, then there's hope for those quality ballad singers who get more kicks than ha'pence as those bloody groups dominate the scene."

Record Mirror used to have a collection of big-name contributors. When the Stones went out on tour with the Everly Brothers, our reporter was . . . Brian Jones! And the following week it was . . . Mick Jagger!

At the end of 1963, *Record Mirror* went into full-colour, the first paper in the field to do so. First colour cover: the Beatles. Of course.

Steveland Morris was aged thirteen, but when he flew into London in 1964 he was hailed as a genius. His pop-music name: Little Stevie Wonder. Blind from birth, but even then offering to drive your car!

And just a little extra name-dropping from 1964. Kathy Kirby, Gene Pitney, the Ronettes, the Animals, Georgie Fame, the Zombies, the Honeycombs, the Applejacks, Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, the Barron Knights, the Fourmost, Peter and Gordon, and an encouragingly large number of girls . . . Dixie Cups, Supremes, Millie, Julie Rogers, Mary Wells, Dionne Warwick, Shirley Bassey, the Shangri-Las.

The great Phil Spector came round for a quiet drink. As he was wearing a scarlet cloak and carrying

SCORE

20
Years
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MIRROR

What was the score in '54?

Four highly successful music publishing companies scored again with hits like "Three Coins In The Fountain", "River Of No Return", "Can This Be Love", "I See The Moon", "Little Things Mean A Lot", "Heart Of My Heart", "Bimbo", "Little Shoemaker". . . .

Record Mirror started to beat

What's the score in '74

The four companies—B. Feldman & Co, Francis Day & Hunter, KPM Group and Robbins Music—are now part of the EMI Publishing Group. And still scoring. "Seasons In The Sun", "Seven Seas Of Rhye", "The Most Beautiful Girl", "The Jarro Song", "The Streak", and many more winners come from the talented EMI Group.

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Rolling Stone, and Positively Fourth Street. And let's not forget the blue-eyed soul of the Righteous Brothers.

FLASHBACK

Songwriter Geoff Stephens invited me to a Denmark Street cellar to hear a new singer. "He'll be big", he said.

"No record yet - he's getting television exposure first on Ready Steady Go. We'll build a demand for him first, then have a record."

Didn't rate him. Not him in the Dylan cap, and with the Dylan mannerisms, and Dylan-type songs. But... Donovan's run of hits started in April 1965 with Catch The Wind!

And 1965 also heralded the big-time arrival of the Who, who astonished everybody by smashing up their instruments and acting aggressively towards each other on stage.

Jonathan King, Sonny and Cher, the Ivy League, the Pretty Things, Yardbirds, Peter and Gordon, Lulu, Moody Blues... oh yes - the Moodies.

Flashback:

To promote their first record Go Now, the Moody Blues sent us a homing pigeon in a cage, complete with a supply of birdseed and an invitation to a party they were throwing in Birmingham. We replied yes or no, tied the invitation to pigeon's leg, opened the window and hurled the messenger out high over Shaftesbury Avenue. Yelling "GO NOW!"

In 1966, as an antidote to the continued chart-busting tactics of the Stones and Beatles, there were novelty hits... like Napoleon XIV intoning They're Coming To Take Me Away (in the worst possible taste) and a turn-back to the 1930's sounds of the New Vaudeville Band. And the Troggs, still a bit of a novelty. I gave a helping hand to David and Jonathan... they are now probably millionaires as Roger Greenaway and Roger Cook. Nancy and poppa Frank both had chart-toppers.

Flashback:

If things are a bit slow, there's always somebody around to stir up controversy. Like Crispian St. Peters,



Bob Dylan - as influential as the Beatles?

who had two biggish hits, and told everybody he was much better than either Elvis Presley or the Beatles on stage. "The Beatles haven't got an act. They just jump up and down and play guitars." Thank you and goodnight Elvis St. Peters.

Who, Small Faces, Dave Dee and Company, Roy Orbison... and Paul Simon calling round to say: "At 15 I thought I was making it; at 16 I was sure I was a has-been."

But 1966... just a year, just twelve months.

Engelbert Humperdinck arrived in 1967 and so did Procol Harum with Whiter Shade Of Pale. But most important, from the point of view of giving pop a teenybop shot in the arm: the Manufacture of the Monkees.

Peter Turk, Mike Nesmith, Micky Dolenz and Davy Jones. Micky was the first to arrive in London and was "trapped" into admitting that the boys hadn't actually played on their first big hit, I'm A Believer. They'd sung, but not played. And the way newspapermen drew blood you'd think it was the first time that had happened in pop history.

Yes, the Monkees were manufactured. Carefully planned. Basically hired as actors who happened upon a hit record which was merely meant to promote the TV comedy series. But they certainly weren't criminals.

And they brought back much of the old razzamatazz. Didn't last long, though. There were internal fights and the Monkees were always on about how they wanted to be taken seriously as musicians, not idiots, etc, etc, etc.

And the Beatles were into Phase Two, that is Sgt. Pepper and afterwards. Filling gaps were Jimi Hendrix, the Tremeles (without Brian Poole, now a butcher in Essex), the Bee Gees. And poor Otis Redding was killed in a plane crash.

Still, there was always Tamla Motown...

An amazing list of artists: Smokey and the Miracles, Stevie Wonder, Jr. Walker, the Isleys, the Supremes (with Diana Ross), Martha and the Vandellas, the Temptations, the Tots, the Jacksons on the way, Gladys and the Pips, Marvin Gaye. Maybe the gloss is fading now but the last part of the 1960's belonged so much to that Berry Gordy label.

By 1968 the Beatles were confusing themselves and annoying us. Paul helped launch Mary Hopkins. Fine. And, shades of the Monkees, the group Love Affair topped the chart and admitted... yeah, that they didn't actually PLAY on their hit Everlasting Love.

And Dave Dee, the Equals, Des O'Connor, Joe Cocker, Scaffold, Bob Dylan, for some reason hanging on to a ledge outside a London hotel and saying: "You name something and I'll protest about it..." End of profound quote.

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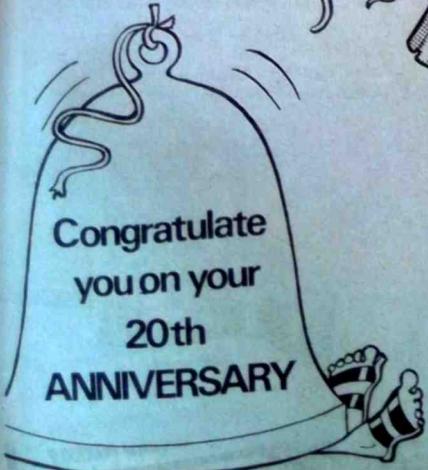
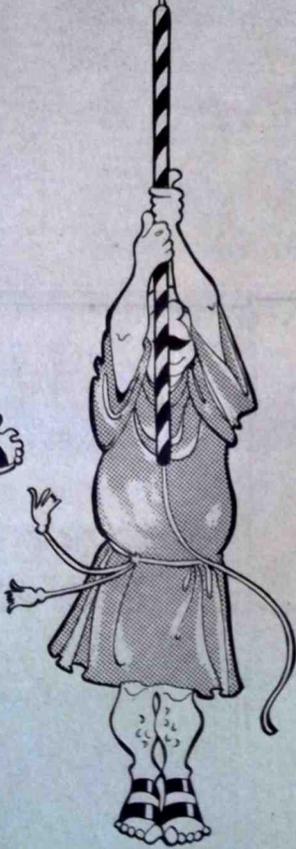
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Flashback:

There was this RM contributor, a writer and cartoonist, who was mad about country music . . . and having every moment of his life as a policeman on the beat in Portsmouth. In the end his aching feet cried "Enough" — and he got out of the force. Now he's winning awards galore as Britain's top country singer. And his name is Brian Chalker.

A headline: BANG! If you hear any music when you see the Move, it'll be through the blast of thunder-flashes, car-wreckings and broken up cathode ray tubes. The Move, magnificent! The group which spawned Carl Wayne (now into the Jack Jones' middle-of-the-road area) and Roy Wood (into every area).

Flashback:

Fats Domino stands chatting to me — and by his own estimate there's £11,000 worth of jewellery on his person — . . . tie-clip, cuff-links, rings. A girl asks for his autograph. He doesn't have a pen. I stretch out to offer mine — and one of my own cuff-links falls to the ground. The Fat Man steps forward, crushing my few bob's worth of glitter. He doesn't even notice. I leave to buy a new pair, which cost me all of two quid.

RM reporter Derek Boltwood covered a Jimi Hendrix concert. And received a "fan" letter which read: "Having long been used to pop 'critics' who valueate an entertainment by the sensationalism, oblivion to audience and other qualities seemingly necessary to enhance (or maybe overshadow) the sad musicianship of SOME artists, I was treated to a proverbial feat of journalistic INSANITY in the review of the Saville Theatre show."

There was a lot more from this 19-year-old reader and upcoming pop star. Name of David Bowie.

We used a picture of Valerie Mitchell, pointing out that she made rather nice records and also made a rather nice picture. She later changed her name to . . . Janie Jones!

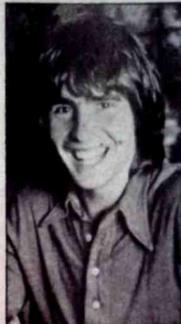
Quote from Cliff Richard, fresh from a rally with Billy Graham: "I'm using my name to put a message of



The Small Faces



Pete Townsend



Davey Jones



The Moody Blues

religion across. I'm sure that if Christ were alive today, He would use every means of advertising open to Him."

And here: "Records pour in at the rate of dozens a week. Only a few have you wondering . . . such a one is by Gilbert. He is 20, has old-fashioned bobtail jacket with grey creaseless trousers at half-mast, school tie and clog-hopper boots. He looks as if he has escaped from a Greyfriars School story. He has the voice of a tired old man." That was January, 1968. The lad became Gilbert O'Sullivan, but three years later.

On into the "underground" scene, with talk of Tyrannosaurus Rex, specially Marc Bolan; of Pink Floyd, the Cream; Ten Years After; Nice; Fairport Convention; Jethro Tull.

Marc Bolan: "I think basically I'm a writer. Although I wrote a lot of songs, I write even more poetry. By the time I'm thirty, I'll be a fulltime writer."

By 1969, the album had taken over for a while in terms of importance over the single. Led Zeppelin joined the other big name bands. Who's Tommy was out, Dylan was back (after his motorbike crash), and new and important bands for the period were Marmalade, Amen Corner, Creedence Clearwater, and it was also the start of a reggae scene.

Through the rippling strains of Jamaican music came Space Oddity by one David Bowie who looked like staying at the top but in fact vanished for a couple of years before finally cementing his status. John married Yoko to create a new branch of the Beatles; Brian Jones died in his own swimming pool, and Mick read a Stone-type tribute to him in front of quarter-of-a-million fans at London's Hyde Park.

As the game of musical chairs continued, groups died, splintered or prospered. The Shadows, even, split. Cream and Traffic, too.

The "rock generation" talked about in *Record Mirror* by Charlie Gillett, but it was Jane Birkin who breathed sexily through the chart-topping Je T'Aime. And reggae spawned skin-heads who in turn spawned Slade, previously Ambrose Slade and prior to that the 'N Between. And Dylan at the Isle of Wight Festival remains a key memory.

And Blind Faith, supergroup of supergroups, at large also in Hyde Park.

But again no great year. 1970 was greeted with interest mainly because it was felt it HAD to provide some new excitement, some new-decade atmosphere. First thing to happen was that the Beatles finally broke up. And anybody doubting that 1970 was to be a mixed-up bag of tricks should remember these number ones:

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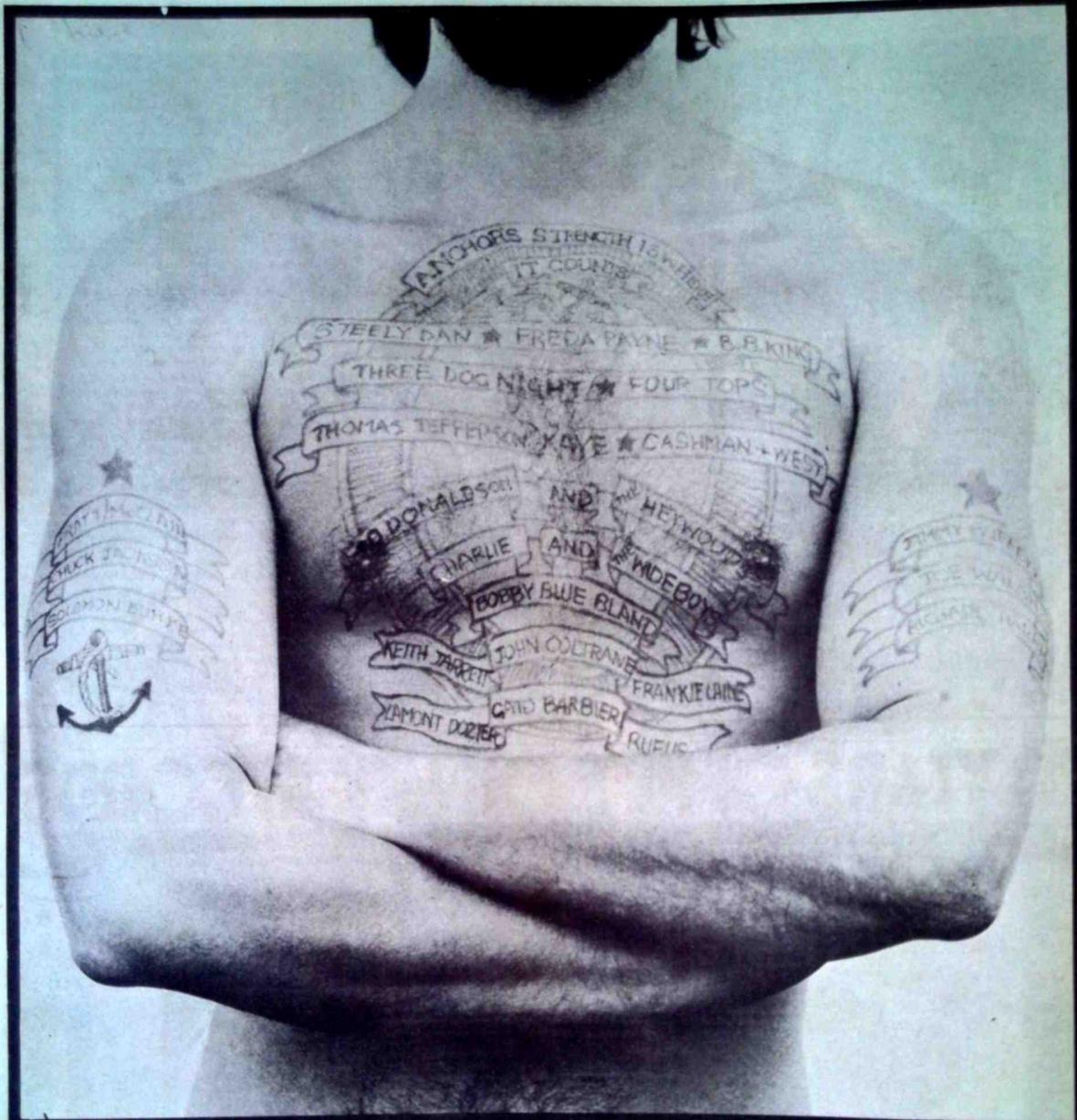
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Gravel-voiced Lee Marvin intoning Wand'rin' Star; Smokey Robinson performing beautifully on Tears Of A Clown; Clive Dunn emoting agefully through Grandad; Frae establishing themselves with Alright Now; and Simon and Garfunkel providing one of the all-time greats with Bridge Over Troubled Water.

The "underground" continued apace, with a great deal of rock help from the West Coast of America. We talked of Jefferson Airplane, Doors, Blood Sweat and Tears, The Band, Sly, Mountain, and perhaps more inventive than any of them — Santana.

And we ignored some of the upcoming teeny artists from the States, like Bobby Sherman and Mark Lindsay, but we took to David Cassidy. Via the Partridge Family, David was a natural.

The Jackson Five also emerged. But the run of early-death tragedies did, too . . . Janis Joplin, Al Wilson (Canned Heat), Jimi Hendrix, Tammi Terrell.

Flashback:

Ken Stanley, the man in charge of the England soccer squad for the World Cup in Mexico, 1970, came on and asked if I could think of somebody who could write a song for the players as a kind of anthem. After a weekend of thought, I came up with Bill Martin and Phil Coulter. Met them, explained all to this Scottish-Irish pair. They wrote Back Home which topped the charts and sold well over quarter of a million copies. Now why didn't I write the song!

Quote from Led Zeppelin's Robert Plant: "Our long hair got in the way in the States. There was this Texan, shouting and giving us general feedback about our hair, so we just gave it back to him. After the show, the same guy came back and pulled this pistol on us and said: 'You gonna do any shouting now?' and we cleared out instantly."

They tried to "manufacture" another group, called Tomorrow, for movies and discs. Didn't work. But the girl singer went on to big things . . . girl name of Olivia Newton-John.

Anyway, 1970 went out with a chart full of new names, but few of them stayed around till 1971 ended — so let's move on.

In fact, 1971 built on the Jackson Five success, added



Simon and Garfunkel



Marc Bolan



David Bowie



Gilbert O'Sullivan



David Cassidy

in T. Rex in a big way, introduced Middle Of The Road via Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep (and they had two other number ones), and the Sweet came in via Co-Co. Rod Stewart was elevated to superstar status at last, though on his own for a starter; the Bay City Rollers came in for the first time; Slade really hit it big. And so did the New Seekers, Elton John.

Dawn, the Osmonds (One Bad Apple), the Partridge Family . . . gah, at last some kind of actual policy for the pop's shape. There were the heavies and there were the pure-poppers and there was room for both lots in singles and albums, and also room for the odd genuine novelty.

And the start of Alice Cooper, and the Carpenters, Ringo on his own, Mungo Jerry, and . . . Bowie.

Flashback:

Into our "local" walked David Bowie. On his arm, if you please, was a gentleman he called Rudi Valentino. They were garishly dressed, not to make too much of the fantastic garb which had the locals staring. David introduced Rudi as "the next Mick Jagger". "I hope to put Rudi on the cover of Vogue magazine, with his dress designs," he said. Stared at most comprehensively, we made our excuses and left.

Amazing Grace, by the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards — that was a remarkable hit in 1972. So was American Pie, by Don McLean. And chart folk started being recruited from Hughie Green's Opportunity Knocks series . . . New World were early ones.

Mott The Hoople, Lynsey de Paul, 10cc, Cassidy and Michael Jackson and Donny Osmond as solo artists, Wings, even Little Jimmy.

But recent history is recent history . . . well-preserved in the memory.

Suzi Quatro, David Essex, Mud, Brian Ferry, Gary Glitter, Wizzard, Barry Blue, Alvin Stardust, Hot Chocolate . . . there are so many of the newer "names" in the business who have come through recently to add entertainment value and excitement content.

It's impossible to list them, or to narrate all the happenings of twenty years of pop music. Let's just leave it that we apologise for anything we've accidentally omitted.

And add that we're all looking forward to the NEXT decade or so, because pop music just has to be the most exciting scene of all.

20 YEARS OF HITS ON MCA RECORDS



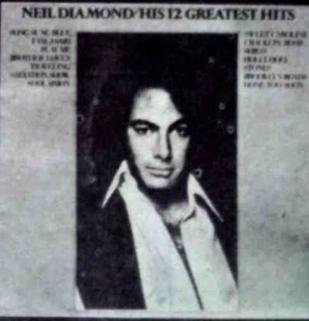
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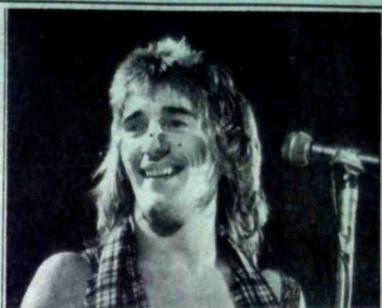
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YEARS OF POP
RECORD & RADIO MIRROR

VALERIE Mabbs, former RRM staff writer, now about to settle down to a more domestic existence.

IT WAS a telegram that marked the beginning of a whole new life for me. That telegram called me to the Record Mirror offices, then a great little flat stuck above Drum City in the seedy stretch of London's Shaftesbury Avenue, and to the job of running the classifieds column and the letters page — something that stayed with me till the day I left in 1973, then having recently become features editor.

Cockroaches used to scuttle under the floorboards in the "loo" of that first office, the array of funny headlines pasted up on the editorial room wall were enough to startle many an 18-year-old. And musicians often trekked up the steps to

say hello.

Soon enough I learned to cope with, and love, the round of receptions, the ever-changing interviews — like Chicory Trip one day, and Mike Love the next — and like the incessant rides in taxis to and from you to a posh hotel (where you learn to walk confidently through, despite sporting patched jeans and an "up yours" t-shirt).

August 29th, 1962, was the day I undertook my first interview, sipping several vodkas before I could even muster the courage to begin! It was with Leo Lyons of Ten Year's After, and was closely followed by an interview with Spencer Davis, always makes sure a supply of alcohol flows steadily) After that the interviews came fast and furious, and the only person who always had me feeling shaky before I saw him was John Lennon — who turned out to be super friendly and fantastic, but I knew that with one word he could have cut down anyone who didn't

meet with his approval. One thing that still gives me a buzz is my predicting a number one for new group Thunderclap Newman, who in fact achieved just that.

— I always found to be a fun guy to interview, and someone it seemed easy to get close to; not like the Osmonds and David Cassidy who were always so well protected. Yes, life certainly had its contrasts — interviews with Gerry "Sally" Monroer Jackie Pallo (yes, the wrestler), and Lovelace Watkins, intermingled with in-depth talks with some of the musicians I really admire like Cat Stevens, Steve Howe of Yes, Beaver, Mike Love, Argent and Jimi Hendrix. One or two disappointments remain — that I never got to interview any of the Stones, or Tim Hardin, whose talent I admired to extremes.

Allan Clarke is a guy I've known a long time and admire as an artist and friend; likewise from just a few meetings I've developed a great respect for the honours and talent of Peter Skellern and the friendliness of Gilbert O'Sullivan, despite the hullabaloo that often surrounds him. And it's clear to see the kindly and clever Alan Price now gaining more attention.

O.K. so all-important

best. Only Issy could give out free copies of Record Mirror as a cash do at the Dorchester.

Only he could, from sheer muddle, have six quite unconnected people call to take him to lunch at the Savoy.

He alone could, on getting the bill at Kettner's, proffer the waiter £10 and say: "Here's the down payment on the tip."

Who else could put in a record page a feature on Channing Pollock and his doves and one on an obscure female Rumanian violinist who had happened to call at the office and a long report on the Peter Waterman-Kid Gavilan fight?

Who else could, at the printer's, fill a last-minute blank with a hastily borrowed block from the Commercial Grower advertising soil for the day?

Legend has it that at the opening of Decca House some 15 years ago, Sir Edward Lewis — flanked by star guests — stopped by Issy and said: "Mr. Green, we have champagne,

point is, I guess, how a girl survives in the music biz. Being a journalist, you can mix and match with musicians, the same as anyone in any other profession, but most often you find yourself surrounded by men discussing their latest musical productions — or their sexual exploits.

— and in many ways you're just like one of them, you're actually far more so. One unusual and funny incident I remember well was when an ultra-confident American artist, after boasting about his beautiful wife and children, invited me to his room, only then to make advances — not an editorially printable nature! — to me. Then there was the day when during an interview I was left with This Van Leer's (Focus) wife as she developed strong labour pains, and she flinching only got ripped to pieces escaping from a theatre with Amen Corner... and the mad recording session when a record company attempted to get journalists' voices (?) on the record, and I was on stage with Argent's wives and friends.

So even large scrapbooks later, and having moved on from Record Mirror — now in a much more hygienic and bright office —

I look back with great nostalgia and many happy memories.

vintage wines, liqueurs, caviar, pheasant, fresh strawberries, Stilton and many other good things. What may we get you?"

Quoth Issy: "What I'd really like is a pot of stew and two spiced eggs on toast."

The greatest glee I ever saw from Issy was when an issue had just come out and he told me: "You know I've said those operatic EPs are lawlessly recorded? Well, I've just heard the whole 'bleeding lot's being withdrawn from circulation."

Who else could, on this occasion, give me the greatest performer to emerge since my RM days: Liza Minnelli. Discs giving me most pleasure: Perry Como's hits by famous writers — "And I Love You So" and "For the Good Times." (Mr. Como is also the nicest person I've interviewed in that time.)

Who else could, at that moment: "Fall Into Spring" by Rita Coolidge. British singer with greatest potential: Linda Lewis. Singer most deserving of wider recognition: Barry Kent. P.S. The insurance man was Johnny Speight.

Ross wasn't very authentic in his music. It was like someone had said "Knickerbockers" in front of Queen Victoria. Nonetheless, the other bands got some broadcasting dates not long afterwards, and I glowed inwardly at the evidence of the power of the press.

The memories flood back as I sit here typing and thinking. My very first interview as a hack in the old White Lion at the end of Tin Pan Alley (Denmark Street) with Dorita y Pepe. We sat looking at each other, wondering what we had done and became ourselves from a candid sitting opposite in a restaurant clad in what can only be described as a gawdawless evening strap while her manager earnestly assured me how grateful she would be for my publicity and my cheque went cold.

Liza Green giving me by mistake a cup for £12 for someone else's column instead of the usual £3. 10s.

Former Record Mirror writers look back

David Gell former RRM singles reviewer and Radio Luxembourg dj, now dj on Radio 2.

I'D NOT long been back from working as a deejay for Radio Luxembourg I'd presented the Top Twenty programme on Sunday nights when Isidore Green (then editor of the Record Mirror) asked me if I'd like to take over the record review page. So I said yes.

The first edition in which my column appeared was dated March 1, 1958. In it I reviewed (amongst others) Tommy Steele's "Nairobi," Elvis Presley's "Don't You," Little Richard's "Good Golly Miss Molly" and The Everly Brothers' "Shout." We Tell Jim Sadly I must relate that I didn't award any of them a TTT ("Top Twenty Tip). Instead, in my winding way, I tipped for the now Jimmy Lloyd's "The Prince of Players" and Michael Holliday's "In Love." Alas, you can't win 'em all.

And remember "6.5 Special"? They made a film of it, too. Stars included Don Boney, the King Brothers, Lonnie Donegan ("The Grand Coulee Dam") and Diana Todd singing "It's A Wonderful Thing To Be Loved" (how could you forget that?)

One of the things that most intrigues me now, reading back through the reviews I churned out (and that really was the word), is how many names in 1958 are so much part of the showbiz series in 1974.

Names like Sinatra, and Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Junior, Perry Como, Andy Williams, Jack Jones (then only twenty), Johnny Cash and Henry Mancini, from America. Among the British names who have never left the spotlight are Max Bygraves, Cleo Laine, Frankie Vaughan, Petula Clark, Shirley Bassey and Mantovani.

It was an exciting time, too, for the magic names of rock 'n' roll. Bill Haley, of course; Jerry Lee Lewis, the Platters, Billy Fury, Gene Vincent, Fats Domino, Marty Wilde.

Then there were those big names of 1958 we don't see on

record labels in 1974. Household names like Nancy Whiskey, Eddie Calvert, Lita Ross, Laurie London, Joan Savage, Glen Mason, Russ Hitchcock and Robert Earl, for example.

And a particularly sad category of those who are no longer with us: Nat "King" Cole, Alma Cogan, Dickie Valentine, Bill Cotton, David Hughes, Michael Holliday, Nancy Miller, Bobby Darin, Gene Vincent.

A strange coincidence occurs in the last edition of the Record Mirror for which I wrote. In the first I'd reviewed "Good Golly Miss Molly" by Little Richard, in my last it was the same number by King "Lord" Sutch. That was in December, 1961.

By that time there were some 100 titles on the record scene. Neil Sedaka with "Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen," and Bobby Vee, with "The New Film of them I gave a TTT—Top Twenty Tip. Well, at least by then I was winning some of them.

Mr. Acker Bick leapt into the charts the same week I reviewed "Stranger On The Shore." And the new film release "Tonight" coincided with his trip to Rome with his wife Elizabeth Taylor in 1958 as "Cleopatra." And the very first record ever made by Eric McCarren and Ernie W. McCarren, called "We're The Guys."

In the nearly four years I wrote for the Record Mirror, I must have reviewed something like ten thousand discs, which represented an incredible number of hours spent in front of the record player, and an equally staggering number of words poured out. But it was one of the most interesting periods of my life.

By the way, I've still got most of the records. And the same typewriter. And come to that, most of the reviews. It was a good time for records.

and magnanimously telling me to keep it because it was Christmas; meeting the Marino Marini Quartet at a luncheon lunch at Decca House, during which the waitresses wondered at one stage with some alarm whether more than the tables were going to be laid; being named a job by Edmundo Ros, possibly through the theory that if you can't beat them, get them to join you.

All good, frustrating, amazing, unassuming days and experiences, which could never happen again but which have stood in me for good stead since. Foreign Fare won a lot of friends and no enemies I know of. It brought me a fantastic collection of records, and a fantastic appreciation of wine and the other good things of life.

So, once again with feeling, "Saludos," and adios until next time!

Dick Tatham former writer of Vocal Views, now successful freelance magazine writer.

THE insurance man in Hornchurch, Essex, had got into script writing. He suggested I have a go. We went to Associated London Scripts over a greengrocer's in Shepherd's Bush. But I was no good.

Then the insurance man said the music papers were short of writers. After several rebuffs I tried Record Mirror. Then editor Issy Green said to write a trial column, which I did and he said was fine. Next day he phoned to say he'd lost it.

I wrote my Vocal Views for five years from October 1959. An early one had Brits's first piece on Elvis. I said he'd signed a deal to launch a music firm — Elvis Presley Inc. I added, "The Beatles are dry on the banks before."

Who see why people still remember my stuff? Of course, showbiz moments stand out in my RM memories. Interviewing

Stan Kenton on top of a bus from Tottenham Court Road to Marble Arch. Spitting a 1957 feature between veteran Denny Dennis (who once sang with Dorsey) and new recruit Mary Wells.

Taking Sophie Tucker to meet Frankie Vaughan — each having been too much in awe of the other to suggest meeting. Cliff's shyness when his parents brought him to see me. Finsbury Park Empire when for years the average audience had totalled about 23.

Liberace — playing Chesswick during his court case against the Daily Mirror — "It's nice to have a soft seat for a change." Sinatra's album with a string quartet, Dick Haymes's "Come Rain Or Come Shine," hearing the Hi-Lo's. Being at the Joe Judd reception in the MD Gordon's when they mumbled a query to a flunkey and was announced as "Mister Menroom!"

But Issy memories are representation.

The same fate befell the cha cha cha, which became "cha-cha" and suffered the indignity of records like "Tea For Two Cha Cha" by the Tommy Dorsey Trio.

Some bands were still to be found in the West End in those days, and apart from featuring their leaders in the paper, I took up the cudgels on their behalf, backed by the readers who were interested, in an effort to get them their fair share of radio airtime.

The campaign finally culminated in me being granted an audience with Donald Maclean, at that time deputy chief of the Beeb's department, and sundry other executives and press attaches.

I remember the look of horror on a Beeb press gentleman's face and the deathly silence that ensued when I quoted a letter declaring that American

Nigel Hunter, former RRM Latin American writer now editor of Tapes and Cartridges and RRM contributor.

I WROTE a column called Foreign Fare for the Record Mirror from 1958 until the beginning of 1960. It was nothing to do with selling overseas airline tickets; it dealt with the exotic side of record things mostly from Latin America and the Caribbean.

Foreign Fare succeeded a page bearing two features entitled Continental and Latin Quarter. This was written by a pleasant little gentleman called Liam Mulvey, known to his English friends as Les. Unfortunately, editor Isidore Green discovered that Les was in the habit of selling the review records which he didn't like them, and sentenced him to instant dismissal.

I was given dire warnings about such heinous crimes at the outset of my RM connections. I even interviewed literally the striped

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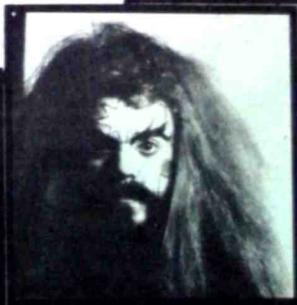
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New Lace line-up with Santana second left

Shock departure from Paper Lace

PAPER LACE guitarist Chris Morris is leaving after being with the band only a matter of months.

A spokesman for the group told RRM this week that Morris had been wanting to leave the group for some time and his departure is amiable.

His replacement is Carlo Santana who for a number of years has been a solo artist on the cabaret circuit. He will be making his debut appearance with Paper Lace when they play the London Palladium for two weeks from July 15.

Santana, described by Paper Lace management as superbly talented, a showman and very good looking, is in the studios with the band this week recording a new single, Black-Eyed Boy which Bus Stop are releasing on August 2.

Said Paper Lace manager, Brian Hart: "We are delighted that Carlo is joining the band as we've been after him for a couple of years. He wanted to have a go first establishing himself as a solo artist. He will be the front man with Paper Lace which is what the group needs."

At Bus Stop records, publicity and promotions manager Rod Harrod said the company were still considering retaining Chris Morris as one of their artists.

"His leaving Paper Lace is mutual. As for his future plans we're not sure what these are as yet."

Meanwhile the debut album from the group - Paper Lace and Other Bits of Material - is all set for release on July 19.

Black Oak leader goes solo

HARVEY JET, founder member and lead guitarist with Black Oak Arkansas who recently finished a successful British tour with Black Sabbath, has left the band to pursue a solo career.

His replacement is 20-year-old Jimmy Henderson from Arkansas who will join the band immediately. However Jet is still featured on the group's next album, Street Party which is due for release shortly.



Billy Fury due to visit

Rock rolls on

THE rock 'n' roll revival show, Billy Fury, Marty Wilde, Karl Simmonds, Heinz, the New Tornados, plus latest addition Michael Cox are to make a special tour of Mecca ballrooms between July 15 and 19.

The dates are: Shrewsbury (15); Stafford (16); Birmingham (17); Coventry (18); Newcastle Upon Tyne (19).

live live live

I REMEMBER the first time I went to a sung mass, before the church had got round in doing things in English. The whole ceremony was a mystery to me.

"Et cum spiritu lucooo-oh!" Great chunks of nonsense were repeated over again. It meant nothing, but it was very impressive.

Only a Catholic nation like France could have produced a band like Magma. France has been in a musical doldrums for years and this is one of the band's that has been trying to shake the country out of its dreamlike sleep.

The music sounds like a modern equivalent of that first experience in some awe inspiring nave - not that there is anything in the least awe inspiring about the Dagenham Roundhouse. Vocalist Klaus Blasquiz, sings in

Magma at Dagenham Roundhouse

an unflinching tenor and in an imaginary language which sounds a cross between Latin and something like whatever it was they spoke in Mordor.

The music itself is that sort of clockwork jazz that the continentals have such a gift for. Wind-em-up, put-em-on-the-stage, let-em-go. It has a sticky spring so occasionally the tempo is lost or the melody becomes rather free, but generally it doesn't matter too much that the members don't work because the band's gestalt memory just goes on churning out the notes like a musical box.

At the end of the set the name stops and one or two people leave the stage followed by one or two others. The audience, which can't decide whether it has just witnessed something revolutionary or whether it has been duped, claps a little and then stands silently gawping at the empty stage.

What they have seen is Christian Vander, the founder of the band and one of the most visually pleasing and gifted drummers ever to come out of Gaul. The band is worth catching for him alone.

REX ANDERSON

Perry quits Caravan

CARAVAN bass player John Perry has left the group to follow a career in session work. The decision was "amicable" said a spokesman and his replacement will be Mike Wedgwood, formerly of Curved Air

and the Kiki Dee Band.

Wedgwood makes his debut at London's Lyceum Theatre on July 3 where the group are appearing in the first of a series of summer rock shows to be held every Wednesday.

Caravan are then off to the continent and return to England in September for an extensive British tour.

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**RRM old boys
look back . . .**

IF YOU'RE an idealist, an altruist and a non-conformist who refuses to compromise — and I always have been, am and always will be — life can be very lonely. If you also have an unintentional arrogance, unfortunately inspired by your genuine beliefs, then there's no halfway house. You're loved. Or you're loathed. And I've had a love-hate relationship with RECORD MIRROR in its various forms which must date back about twenty years or more.

Time plays tricks with memory. But I think it was some time during 1964 that after being one of the original staff members, I left (what was then just the 'old') "Musical Express" and ran into an extraordinary character named Isidore Green. Issey, as everyone knew him, was basically a boxing fanatic.

After working for years on various sporting weeklies, Issey somehow secured backing for an idea which involved records, which were then just starting to become big business. And, to get the best of both worlds, Issey started (what I think was called) RECORD AND SHOW MIRROR.

Issey would write about his Variety Club friends and their activities and his boxing matches (somehow he'd sneak in four-page reviews of every important fight).

During this period (early '64, maybe even late '53), I talked Issey into starting various Charts. In those days only "Musical Express" used them. "Melody Maker" was strictly into jazz, with an extremely low circulation. I became the paper's pop reviewer and staggered home with armfuls of really rather awful 78's.

The next thing I knew, I was with Decca, managing and promoting the (then in its heyday) great Capitol label.

My next involvement with RM was around the end of '64 and start of '65. Sadly, Issey had passed away and a much-respected young musical journalist named Peter Jones was hired to edit the paper. Pete asked me if I'd like to do a column. I accepted, and that became the most enjoyable period of my career in journalism.

Many of the most important young talents in music today had their then first mention in print in that column.

In May, 1967, the column was dropped. Meantime, the RM has had yet another lease of life. Thanks to pilot Peter Jones, the paper's head held higher than ever and its circulation has never been better. But, spare a thought for the irrepressible Issey Green, because, without him, there wouldn't have been any RECORD AND RADIO MIRROR.

TONY HALL,
June 1974

HOT CHOCOLATE are a band who, at last, seem to have found their true identity. With a highly-praised first album behind them, Cicero Park and a nation-wide tour which culminated at the Rainbow last week completed, they surely have constituted a path for success.

It has taken some time mind you — four years to be exact, but considering they only started being serious about it less than a year ago, it's not a bad track record.

"When Brother Louie (also recorded by an American group, the Stooges) got into the charts, it was the greatest thrill of my life," says vocalist Errol Brown.

OK, but why should that particular song cause such a buzz when Hot Choc had five or six previous chart entries? Here's the answer we've all been waiting for.

The truth about Hot Chocolate is that they never seriously considered becoming pop stars, selling records and appearing on your're actual Top Of The Pops.



They probably were in it for the birds and the bees although that bald-headed coot, Errol Brown discovered he had an uncanny knack of writing nice pop singles.

"We all started out so young and we were in it for a laugh. I can't say we were good musicians trying to make a living out of it or anything and the whole group only developed 'cause I had the talent to write.

"I was never in it to be a pop star and do concerts or anything and I reckon I just stumbled into the business four years ago."

coot

For instance they released a single a few years back called You'll Always Be A Friend. The sentiment expressed in that particular song was in remembrance of the old band and it also heralded the start of a new Hot Chocolate.

"Before that song I didn't think the band were capable or good enough to continue," says Errol, "and it all boiled down to our personalities!

"We had a drummer who was really bad but he was a mate a friend you understand and that was our attitude to the whole thing. It took us two years to say to him that either he went or the whole band packed in.

"But he left and that single came out and we decided that we were going to stick in at this business . . . sure we were puttin' out the stuff beforehand but not really tryin' so we decided to express ourselves more."

That expression has been fully justified with the release of Cicero Park. Hot Choc could have put out an album of old hits and probably sell more copies but they wanted to express themselves . . . thus a fine album.

"I've found it easier to write since Brother Louie and I find it easier to express myself in this kind of music.

"Listen to Cicero Park and Could Have Been Born In The Ghetto from the album," he adds, "and no way could they have come out about three years ago. It wasn't easy then because of the attitude of the band at the time."



Brown's writing talent has been apparent in all of the band's releases though and even in the fooling around days, the songs were always popular in the discos.

The earlier material was moody and Errol says that he would like to see future singles move in an "upper" rather than "downer" trend.

"It was very unusual though. At the beginning I mean. You don't get many writers who've only been at the job three months and then get offered a recording contract by Mickie Most."

future

Only thing which hampers Errol at the moment is the release of Changing World, the band's current single which was taken off Cicero Park.

"I would have liked to have seen Cicero Park, the title track taken off for a single 'cause it's more in our future direction. But I couldn't really see a good single on the album so I left it up to others to decide. It'll be the last downer type of record I can assure you."



Come to think of it, mate, you don't get many pop bands who write their own chart material nowadays?

"Ye songwriting ain't no fluke. You either got a gift or you haven't and that's that. Mickie was a great influence and he chose the ones which he thought were the most commercial. I don't think it'll be too difficult to break the LP market either."

So when are the band returning to the States then? Ooohs, sorry, it's just common knowledge that a lot of people who don't know their background seem to think there's a Yankee soul band.

In fact there's off to the continent now where their last single, Emma is doing rather well. Anyhow Mr. Brown has got a very Eton-orientated accent old chaps even although he is a black-skinned blue-eyed boy!

John
Beattie

People
are
getting
the
taste
for



Hot Chocolate

RECORD & RADIO MIRROR

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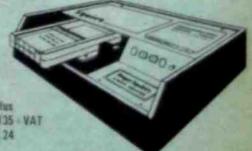
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RECORD & RADIO MIRROR
Peter Hepple former RM theatre writer now editor of The Stage.

TO ALL who were associated with "Record Mirror" in its early days, the paper was synonymous with its founder and first editor Isidore Green. My memories of being a columnist with the RM from 1959 — under the names, would you believe, of "Paul Heppel and the Mirror Men" — are less about what I wrote and who I met during that two and a half years than about Issy himself.

For some reason he was under the impression that because I wrote for "The Stage" I must be privy to all the show business secrets of which he was himself unaware. How wrong he was! Proudly walking into the office with my first column, I watched with horrified fascination as Issy took out his green (what's that?) pen and scored through about three quarters of my collection of snippets.

He punctuated his butcher's with remarks like "everybody's covered that." "We've got a long interview with him this week" and, most shocking of all, "We had a long story about him last week."

I soon realised that Issy was extremely London-orientated and that what happened north of Edgware and south of Charing Cross Road was unknown to him. Thereupon made contact with every provincial theatre, minor record company, regional television station and new agent or manager (easily found by scanning the notices which had to be inserted by law in "The Stage").

After a few weeks this hard and often expensive graft began to pay dividends and the green pen cratched through less and less of my copy.

It must have been accidental, for example, when I mentioned the Beatles (you must know who they became) in connection with a brief story I wrote about "the best poet," Toynton Ellis. It must have been to fill space when I told RM readers to watch out for a juvenile actor named Max Crawford, whom I spotted in play at the Arts Theatre Club.

From all this you will realise that under the Isidore Green regime the "Record Mirror" was catholic in its coverage, to say the least.

Only now do I realise, when reading what must be regarded as the more historical articles in "Record and Radio Mirror," that in my time I have occasionally mentioned some of today's top musicians at the start of their careers in all those Diplomats, Vikings, Corsairs, Raiders, Sabres and other unusual names which seemed so hip at that period.

Perhaps it was some sixth sense which prompted me to reply a letter I received to keep to one I wrote to a friend in Liverpool address, Signed by Brian Epstein, did read "I shall be very grateful for anything you can do to help this group along. Their first record "Love Me Do." was released a few days ago."

THE WHOLE country's gone Wombling mad. Womblesmania is spreading. Europe has reported Wombles crossing the border and America is their next target.

Originally the creation of authoress Elizabeth Beresford whose vivid imagination led to such characters as Orinoco, Uncle Bulgaria, Bungo and Madame Cholet, the Wombles were turned into models for a TV series. And that's where singer/producer/songwriter Mike Batt comes in.

It was Batt who scored the TV theme tune, the Wombling Song, which in due course was to be a tremendous chart success. He went on to write two albums of Wombling songs among which are the follow-up Remember You're A Womble and what looks like being the hat-trick, Banana Rock.

At 24 Batt's packed a hell of a lot into his musical career. He's had records out as a solo artist, produced heavy bands like the Groundhogs, and even made albums of other people's songs with the Mike Batt Orchestra. But the Wombles are his current baby.

The Wombble offices in Maddox Street, London, are needless to say wall-papered with Wombble pictures. There's a Wombble outfit slumped in the corner and a secretary busy writing down masses of Wombble data. But there's no Mr Batt. It's taken me two months to get him for an interview and goddammit he's Wombled off.

But Mike wombles in some 20 minutes later having been delayed through no fault of his own and we get the show on the road.

Don't you ever have nightmares about the Wombles, I ask.

"All the time," smiles Mike running a hand through his

corn-screw finger hair. "I get fed up with them everyday but it's like you get fed up with lots of things. I couldn't ever completely get fed up with them."

When Mike goes a-Wombling you'll find him sweating it out as Orinoco. There's no permanent Uncle Bulgaria, Bungo or whatever, those parts are taken by Mike's friends.

"They have to have a briefing first before they're allowed to be a Womble," explains Mike. "There's a lot to learn. You have to know about the characters 'cos there's loads of questions the kids ask. I was asked recently if I hurt myself when I fell off my chair the night before. I was somewhat confused then suddenly realised this machine TV and Orinoco must have fallen on the floor. But it's great to see how really knocked out the kids are meeting a Womble."

Jingles

When did Mike first get introduced to the Wombles?

"I was working as an independent record producer and writer when I did the Wombles deal," he recalls.

"At the time I was writing quite a lot of TV music like adverts and then the company making the Wombles TV show came to me and said would I like to write music for them. I came out

It's all down to Woolworth's and handicraft

with a tune which went on their pilot film and they accepted it. This was a good year or so before I added lyrics.

Genius

"When I first did the Wombles they didn't look anything like they do, they were more like cuddly teddy bears. Ivor Wood, a genius who works for this film company, re-designed all the characters and made them look like they do now."

"After the TV show I thought it would be best to leave releasing my single for a while. When it did come out



Unclothed — Womblesongster Mike Batt

The Womble

exposes himself

everyone to begin with thought it was Bernard Cribbins singing. I've never noticed any similarity in the voices but lots of people pointed it out.

Bernard (who does the voices on TV) and I were mates before the Wombles as I was producing a record for him. It was embarrassing for both of us at the time although most people are now aware that it's me on record.

We couldn't give the Wombling Song away with green trading stamps when it came out. I got my Mum to make me a Womble outfit for the part of Orinoco and for four months, 12 hours a day, I went round hospitals and shopping centres spreading Womblesmania. It was bloody hard work I can tell you. When the record did eventually take off I asked my Mum to make some more suits."

In case any of you are wondering how Mrs Batt makes the Womble suits briefly it involves buying a white boiler suit and making a big pouch at the front and back. She then puts beach balls in them, blows them up and there's the basic shape. Mike says from there on it's all down to Woolworth's and handicraft.

With over 20 Wombling songs on record, does Mike

ever find himself running short of lyrics or musical ideas?

"When I wrote the Wombling Song I knew basically what the Wombles were about from Elizabeth Beresford's book," he answers.

Natural

"A certain amount of new material obviously goes into it like underground or ergo-wood. The Wombling Song only took me about an hour to write and the first album which I did before the single success was very straightforward. There were so many natural characters that the natural thing to do was a song about all of them."

"But then the record company asked for a second album which has just been released called Remember You're A Womble and I thought bloody hell, what am I going to do now? I thought the 10 songs I did for the first album would be the end of it."

"But I love making albums and with the Wombles you've got no set rules. You can do anything you like — trad jazz, hard rock, classical Unlike

most acts where there's certain image boundaries, I've got plenty of movement musically. That's why I enjoy the Wombles 'cos you don't have to stand up and be counted afterwards."

"So what I did was think of the song titles and once you've done that there's a whole album waiting to be written. I usually sit in my car in the garage for a couple of hours or drive round up the block sometimes with a tape recorder and the songs just come."

On the new album Batt goes from the Beach Boys, surfing type sound to a crib on one of Mozart's symphonies which incorporates a 35-piece orchestra.

Mike is one of those lucky few to be gifted with an ear for music. When he was only 14 he used to play the piano in all the naval pubs surrounding his home town, Winchester.

"They used to line all the pints up on the top and I was usually under the piano after only a couple," he jokes.

"I was in a group at school and after leaving at 18 I got a job as an organist in a string club for a year to get some money while trying to write songs. I remember the Times did come up to London from Winchester and go round all the record companies with my

songs. I'd timidly go back six months later and ask for my tape back, which they would have lost."

But Mike's efforts were not in vain. After his organ playing he got a recording contract and a couple of singles followed. In fact one of them, the Beatles' Your Mother Should Know, has just been re-released.

"After two years this record company asked me to be their A&R man which I did for a year," Mike continues.

"During that time I produced a Groundhogs album and was doing quite a bit of freaky stuff. But I was no more into it than I'm into the Wombles. I like to jump around and during the interim period I was into orchestral things with the Mike Batt orchestra."

Symphony?

Mike's the first to admit he's jammed a helluva lot during the past six years. He's even scored a rock musical called Variations On A Riff, which he played me and is pretty fine I can tell you.

"I've always wanted to do a very big rock band symphony," Mike shouts above the music.

"I did this a couple of years ago. I had to find musicians who could read music, had creative energy, they were disciplined. In the end I spent £8,000 making it and it left me broke. I haven't got round to finding a record company for it yet."

The Wombles have taken care of Mike's financial embarrassment though he insists he is the careful type, and he has to be with a wife and two kids to support.

"My three-year-old daughter, Samantha, is a real Womble freak," he smiles.

"When she sees Orinoco, even a picture on a mug, she says that's you Daddy. I never make the mistake though of thinking I'm a Womble. I don't keep up with the Womble image of being clean, tidy, don't smoke or drink. I'm just me." Has Mike found much

criticism levelled at Womble songs?

"Yes, but I'm not ashamed of the Womble songs," he replies without giving the Wombles a whole album with the Womble image of being clean, tidy, don't smoke or drink. I'm just me." Has Mike found much

criticism levelled at Womble songs? "Yes, but I'm not ashamed of the Womble songs," he replies without giving the Wombles a whole album with the Womble image of being clean, tidy, don't smoke or drink. I'm just me." Has Mike found much

Rainbow?

"I'd love to see the Wombles go live, say a Rainbow concert. You could play in Womble gear for about 45 minutes although it's not that easy. The musicians I have on the records are session lads who would play if we did a gig."

Right now Mike is working on a third Womble album and an album of his own which he says is far cry from the Wombles. He's also planning a launching of the Wombles in America.

Do you hope they don't start streaking there?

American news . . . American news . . . American news . . . American news . . .

LOS ANGELES - Captain Beefheart, long a darling of avant-garde rock fans, is going all out to broaden his mass appeal. The new approach comes simultaneously with his first Mercury LP, "Unconditionally Guaranteed", after a long stay at Warner Bros. where he was pampered as the label's next wildman superstar ala Alice Cooper.

"I didn't renew my Warner contract because I wanted to be on a label where they really need me to make hits," says Beefheart. "At Warner they treated me like their far-out status symbol."

Beefheart has not only sheared his menacing beard leaving only mod moustache, but his "Unconditionally Guaranteed" LP is full of slow-tempo simple love ballads rather than the swirling free-form jazz-rock he was known for. "Troul Mask" resembles when he was blowing soprano saxophone as well as singing in his growly but multi-octave voice that sounds to some like Dr. John for either artist's comfort.

Albums on Buddah. Blue Thumb, Straight and Wild established the Captain's specialised underground following since 1964. Now he says, "I finally realised I was

BEFHEART - slow & simple, also widening his appeal

selfish by excluding the majority of people from my work. I'm trying to get my musical ideas to relate to as many listeners as possible."

Beefheart's real name is Don Van Vliet. He was born to a thoroughly straight family at Glendale in 1941 and while still in grade school confounded the folks by becoming an overnight prodigy sculptor. Then at 13 he decided he was missing too much of everyday life and dropped all artistic endeavors until he began teaching himself to play musical instruments at the age of 24.

He never went to school

beyond the first few grades, easily using his fantastic vocabulary and erudition, to convince truant officers that school "doesn't apply" to him. During Beefheart's teens, his father was driving a bakery truck in the isolated desert town of Mojave, so the authorities were relatively loose and the ex-prodigy spent his time in the desert communicating with animals and medicine men.

For the past 2 1/2 years, Beefheart and his wife have lived in the quiet Northern California town of Eureka where he now has seven trunks filled with his writings

and drawings. Shortly after "Unconditionally Guaranteed" was completed, Beefheart lost his Magic Beard quite a while before he was able to accept this transition with too mass appeal orientation.

Dubbed by Beefheart with names like Rockette Morton and Zoot Horn Rollo, the Captain actually taught them to play their instruments from scratch. He purposely chose persons who were totally ignorant of music, teaching them his compositions by note over months at a time till they had it to his satisfaction. That way no outside influences crept into his music. Beefheart explains.

He never wanted to overbld all the parts himself, feeling the results are too mechanical. But now at last he's working with experienced sidemen and is delighted at how fast the process of musical creation has become.

has million-dollar suit against his former partners at Invictus, Payne's proviso label. Maxwren McGovern to chip "Gold" soundtrack theme. Gary Darling of L.A. wises up that Fanny wasn't actually "New On The Charts" last month. Their "Charity Ball" was #40 on the Hot 100 in 1971.

ABC to issue original cast LP of "Mac & Mabel" musical with Robert Preston playing Hollywood silent comedy king Mack Sennett. Paul Williams debuting on "Hollywood Squares" TV quizzer. . . 20th Century releasing "Hello Dolly" soundtrack LP in new package.

Guess Who lead singer Burton Cummings lost half the 30 pounds he wants to shed for his music career. The Met A Fool 'U' K. film he's starring in this September. . . Credibility Gap to be only outside comedy talent appearing on nationally syndicated "National Lampoon Radio Hour." Gap also did radio spots for Atlantic jazz saturation campaign in Chicago.

Barbra Streisand reported about to sing for the first lead in "Raiders of the Broken Hills" Warner film remake of "A Star Is Born" with story

transferred to rock superstar marriage. Cher and others were in running. Kristofferson is up for male lead. . . America considering a split from Elliot Roberts management? Rick Springfield in title role in projected "Buddy Holly Story" film bio.

Helen Reddy up for a Hollywood sidewalk star, hopefully near Capitol Tower. Elton John picked up another Rolls-Royce at Encino lot without asking price. He's ready to buy a Santa Monica beach house to move a way from England's high taxes on his new 3 million dollar MCA deal.

Two Connecticut polyvinyl chloride workers (at separate factories) died of a rare form of liver cancer linked to PVC exposure. PVC is made from vinyl chloride gas via a chemical process called polymerization. Neither dead worker was employed at a factory directly involved in producing PVC for records.

Art Laboe's Sunset Strip disco club celebrated its second anniversary June 15. Michael Viner's Pride Productions put on "Evening with George Burns" at the Los Angeles Schubert Theatre.

SHORTS

Rebeck "Pop" Staple got Father of the Year award from Southern Christian Leadership Conference. . . Freda Payne's first ABC album contains mostly Lamont Dozier originals. Dozier currently

state-side newies james hamilton

JOE COCKER: Put out the LIGHT (A&M 1539). Up 10 to 12 in its second week on the Hot 100. Joe's first single in quite a while (it's actually culled from his new "I Can Stand a Little Rain" album) finds him still stumbling about amidst tempo-changing brass and chanting choir that old style. Kudos as horn playing Jim Price produced, there's almost more brass than Joe.

ERIC CLAPTON: I Shot The Sheriff (RSO). After what having heard it myself, I can't do better than repeat Billboard's great interest-arousing review. There's a guitar solo to Eric Clapton's return single after a recording lay-off of some two years. But "Sheriff" is such a catchy good-a winner that it's easy to see why RSO felt they had to go with it. Song has a lot of the latino percussiveness and groove that carries over into the "Cisno Kid." One Billboard reviewer found himself humming it 11 hours straight.

LET ME TELL YOU (On Smilin' (Capricorn CPR 0043). The five one-time and probably still would be Punk-A-Rockers from Mobile, Alabama have so far only scored their first single hit (at 44 with a bullet) by harnessing what amounts to their version of the "Mack" funk into an identically - crisis ditty of optimistic bent. Thus, the Van Morrison - ish vocals and cooing chick get held up by "groovy" "de" "y" preaching rhythmic pattern created by the Roggae - style bass. It works OK, too, without being as terribly boring as the OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS: If You Wanna Get To Heaven (A&M 1315). Despite their name, thisilyn blues producers group of Southern longhairs play it absolutely safe with their formula radio fodder, which keeps its guitar harmonica and strings chugging rhythm on the dull side of tasteful while managing to give an impression of discreet funk.

raising leg. Clean enough for FM and light enough for AM, it's as boring as . . . well! And it's stagnating, up just 23, after 11 weeks. Back to Mono and messy freedom! And fun!

JOHNNIE TAYLOR: I've Been Born Again (Stax STX 0208). At 15 with a bullet on the soul 100, Johnnie's new starts out with the sound of a car hooter and some conversational dialogue in amongst the sparsely tricky funky rhythm's bones of clucking guitar and "matt" drums. He then gradually winds it up as the backing fishes itself out and

intensifies, until he's riding a great light but bouncily buoyant whumping beat with his Gospel-drenched singing. Hitting Pop at 88 for the first time, it could well become big.

THE NEW BIRTH: Wildflower (RCA APB 8285). The O'Jays, amongst other black acts, have made their rendition of this US hit by Canadian group Skylark one of the loner de - force highlights of their stage act, and now the Harvey Fuqua-produced New Birth have taken it back into the US charts (17 & RB, slipping out of the 50 Pop). A meandering slow thudder, it gives the group plenty of scope to do their male lead/sophisticated chick Friends of Distinction style thing.

JAMES BROWN: My Thing (Polygram PD 1424). The James Brown - style "Bang"

is now to forget about the Hitman, Godfather of Soul tag, and to print the label legend: James Brown - Minister Of New News - Super Heavy Funk! In fact, since growing a moustache, Mr. Brown looks disturbingly fatherly and much older - how long before he's the Grandfather of Soul? His latest slab of riffling rhythm'n'blues (19 R&B, 43 Pop), starts out at a slower tempo with some chat between James and the JB's before the unremitting repetitive rhythmic riff and in fact becomes a hypnotic dancer's trance while Mr. Brown weaves his non-lyrics between the band's chanting, the brass and bass, and a weird plopping noise of some catchiness. Given the monotonous chanting along with the particularly rigid construction, this shows him possibly closer to his old Gospel influences than usual of late, and the effect compares well with some of his Famous Flames - era work from about ten years ago. The flip is his 1972 "King Heron" - copying "Public Enemy No. 1 Part 1" - and - on my copy at least - there's a very audible print-through from groove to groove.

DIXIE DRIFTER: I Am The Black Book (IX Chains NCS 7003). Presumably the Dixie Drifter is still black de - Jay Enoch Gregory, who made the "Soul Machine" immortal-blast in the mid-'60s. Here, he's reading the bitter words of poetess Toni Morrison to the cooing context of Angela DeCoteaux (arranged by, yes, Bert). The Black Book is living embodiment of the black experimenter in all its forms - and with some drily humorous wishful thinking thrown in, like "I am Bessie Smith winning a roller-skating contest." A haunting record, it'll appeal to those who think they'll like it while others may derisively compare it with "Deck Of Cards." If they don't listen,

U.S. CHARTS

from Billboard

singles

- 1 3 SUNDOWN Gordon Lightfoot
2 1 BILLY DON'T BE A HERO
3 2 TAKE ME HOME AGAIN NEW
4 5 BE THANKFUL FOR WHAT YOU GOT
5 17 IF YOU LOVE ME (Let Me Know)
6 12 ROCK THE BOAT The Hus Corporation
7 9 HOLLYWOOD SWINGING
8 6 BAND ON THE RUN
9 15 ROCK YOUR BABY George McCrae
10 11 THE AIR THAT I BREATHE
11 21 THE HOLIES
12 16 YOU WON'T SEE ME Alone Murray
13 17 ON AND ON Gladys Knight & The Pips
14 4 THE STREAK Ray Stevens
15 19 ONE HELL OF A WOMAN Mac Davis
16 8 DANCING MACHINE Jackson 5
17 25 RIKKI DON'T LOSE THAT NUMBER
18 20 THE COMING HOME Spinners
19 24 ROCK AND ROLL HEAVEN
20 26 THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
21 11 MIDNIGHT AT THE OASIS
22 10 THE ENTERTAINER Marvin Hamlisch
23 13 FOR THE LOVE OF MONEY Jay & The Americans
24 14 I HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR THE PAIN
25 28 IF YOU WANNA GET TO HEAVEN
26 18 SAVE THE LAST DANCE FOR ME
27 21 TRAMP THROUGH THE NIGHT
28 22 MY GIRL BILL Jim Stafford
29 40 RADAR LOVE Golden Earring
30 27 ERIC CLAPTON
31 23 HELP ME Joni Mitchell
32 34 ALREADY GONE The Eagles
33 46 THE COCO MONTEGANO Band Funk
34 46 IF YOU TALK IN YOUR SLEEP
35 44 THE IMPRESSIONS
36 32 THE SHOW MUST GO ON
37 45 TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS
38 30 BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE
39 48 WORKIN' AT THE CAR WASH BLUES
40 41 JIM ROCHE
41 50 TOM MONDAY Jimmy Buffett
42 15 I WONT' LAST A DAY WITHOUT YOU
43 35 SONG OF SAGITTARY
44 54 EDDIE KENDRICKS
45 46 MACHINE GUN The Willie Colon Capotes
46 37 THIS HEART GAVE RIDDING
47 56 DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT A THING
48 58 BALLER W
49 52 AM THE LEADER OF THE GANG
50 70 DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON ME

- 1 1 SUNDOWN Gordon Lightfoot
2 2 BAND ON THE RUN
3 11 Paul McCartney and Wings
4 4 BUDDAH AND THE CHOCOLATE BOX
5 6 GREATEST HITS
6 7 JOHN DENVER
7 8 JOHN McVIE and SPARK
8 9 MARIA MUDAUR
9 10 DOGGIE YELLOW BRICK ROAD
10 10 ON STAGE
11 11 APOSTROPHE I Frank Zappa
12 19 SHININ' ON GUNFAMIA
13 19 DAMON DOGS Dave Bowie
14 15 SKIN TIGHT Oh Players
15 16 BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE I
16 12 CHICAGO VII Chicago
17 17 AMERICAN GRAFFITI Soundtrack
18 33 JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH Rick Vaia
19 21 TRES HOMBRES ZZ Top
20 26 LET'S PUT IT ALL TOGETHER
21 16 WHAT WERE THOSE VICES ARE NOW
22 20 PRETZEL LOGIC Beely Dae
23 30 MOUNTAIN Golden Earring
24 24 TREATMENT
25 22 INTERVISIONS Steve Wonder
26 22 CROSSROADS Billy Cobham
27 23 CROWSWINDS Billy Lushier
28 27 HEAD JUNCTIONS
29 28 OPEN YOUR EYES
30 35 Earth, Wind and Fire
31 35 SEBASTIAN DOORS
32 38 CHARLIE RIC
33 38 OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS
34 35 THE BORDER LINE LET ME KNOW
35 31 ALICE NEWTON-JONES
36 25 SECOND HELPING
37 31 THE HOOPLE Marti Haanle
38 38 THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON
39 40 BODY HEAT Quincy Jones
40 52 HIS 12 GREATEST HITS
41 38 UNBORN CHILD
42 39 TUBS AND CRUTS Mike Oldfield
43 44 NIGHT LIGHT The Spinners
44 51 SWEET EXORCIST
45 42 THE BEST OF VOLUME TWO Bread
46 45 THE BEST OF SUNDAY NIGHT
47 46 GLADYS KNIGHT and THE PIPS
48 56 IMAGINATION
49 46 KISS Kiss and The Pips
50 46 APOCALYPSE
51 46 MACHESHAUN Orchestra
52 46 HOT LIPS KENNY ROGERS
53 46 BRAIN SLAP SURGERY
54 46 EMERSON, LAKE and PALMER
55 46 THE BEST OF TESSA AROUND WITH JIM
56 49 JIM CRIC
57 49 SHIP ANCH
58 42 VERY SPECIAL LOVE SONGS

albums

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55 46 THE BEST OF TESSA AROUND WITH JIM
56 49 JIM CRIC
57 49 SHIP ANCH
58 42 VERY SPECIAL LOVE SONGS

another slice of bread



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Reviews Peter Jones



JUDGE DREDD: Now This (Big Shot 626). Big This is real class at last. His Lordship opens with a deliberate build-up to the Queen. "...now you're on your feet, you're gonna listen to Big Nine", quote. He weaves and mind enables him to expound on subjects related to Tom Tom Piper's Son, Polly Flinders and other heroes and heroines of nursery rhyme. Thank you, Judge. And stand up that rude boy who said you were dirty old sod! — **CHART CERT.**

CRISP: Sally And Jake (EMI). Lots of things for the kids to do in their village — hey, ho, and vocally, gently — ocassional treatment of song from the TV series.

HARRY ST JOHN: My Man (Decca). Now here is one of the best singers in the business, and rather commercial with it, here anyway. It's a sexy-lusky treatment, a kind of hymn of praise to her fella. Very good single indeed. Descends to break.

LOUISA: What'll I Do (Decca). Irving Berlin song, from the Gatsby movie and here sung from the middle of an echo chamber or something.

TIN-TIN: It's A Long Way (Georgia). Tough front voice, with banjo and into a country-rock sort of scene. Quite distinctive in a way, with a catchy chorus hook.

MAGMA: Mekanik Machine (A and M). Giorgio Gomelsky's new discovery — he was the Stones' original mentor — and it's imaginative music, but not aimed surely at the single market. The album is superior.

TRUE ADVENTURE: Where The Rony Used To Be (Decca). Lad joins the Navy and returns to find things have changed in his old hometown. Accented story line singalong.

COMPASS: Arrest That Man (MAM). Interesting blend of voices here, on a song which has the odd bright moment but doesn't really click with me. Struggles a bit.

THE RATS: Turtle Dove (Goodard 101). I've heard nothing but good things about this four-piece band who, in just six months have become hailed as one of the next big breakers. They write for themselves.

ARGENT: Man For All Reasons (Epic 2448). Russ Ballard song with a martial kind of beat, and a deliberate build-up to the production. Rather a different style and approach for Argent, yet it comes off well enough. Some of the vocal work is outstandingly laid down. Yet... it could sink virtually without trace. This is calypso rock and I have to tell you they are square-dancing on the flip. I just wish they'd Wombled off. — **CHART CERT.**

in a hard rock idiom, with good tough and strident sounds pushing it along. Strong lead guitar dominates, but there's a lot happening vocally, even on this rather samey song. Should boost them well. — **CHART CHANCE.**

SYLVIA McNEILL: Brown Eyes (MAM 131). Produced by Gordon Mills and written by Sylvia and her husband. Despite being reckoned one of the top girl talents, Sylvia hasn't had much luck with her disc career, but this change of scene could help. Terrific performance anyway, even if the song proves not quite direct enough to hit through as a single. Nice use of backing vocal team. — **CHART CHANCE.**

RANDY PIE: Highway Driver (Polydor 201 548). German group stirring up controversy on live appearances. Strings and guitar early on, setting scene. Drums, then delayed vocal interpolation, and a laid back voice at that. It's maybe a bit too clever for general consumption, but it's worth trying, and it's a slice of pie worth tasting, as they say. — **CHART CHANCE.**

THE FLIRTATIONS: Dirty Work (Polydor 2058 482). One admirer and devoted to the Flirtations. At this time one is less frenzied that of yore, and solo voice leads into a well-sung chorus. Very good song, too, specially lyrically. — **CHART CHANCE.**

DESMOND DEKKER: Busted Lad (Rhino 125). Desmond has a high-wailing sort of voice which has already taken him into the charts. All depends on the song, then, and I have mixed feelings about this one. Here and there it seems a certain bit, and then it lapses into a kind of wooliness which holds it back. Nice guitar touches. — **CHART CHANCE.**

Pick of the week



THE WOMBLES: Banana Rock (CBS 3461). It's an act of sheer cowardice and lack of moral fibre. I don't much like the Wombles but that's a lonely position to take up, and I've been threatened with all kinds of persecution if I don't make this the Pick of the Week. The furry fatheads have broadened their scope a bit, must say that for them. This is calypso rock and I have to tell you they are square-dancing on the flip. I just wish they'd Wombled off. — **CHART CERT.**

SPRINGFIELD REVIVAL: It Doesn't Cost Much (To Make People Happy) (Polydor 2058 590). It does, actually, what with the price of vodka and all that. But back to business. We all know, don't we, that the Springfield Revival must make it one of these days, and that all they need is a hit song. This sounds a hit song. Very catchy repeated phrase early on, vaudevillean-type, with Donna and piano, and then it builds from there. Yes, this IS the one. — **CHART CERT.**

ANNE MURRAY: You Won't See Me (Capitol CL 15784). From Annie's Love Song album, and a warm, big-voiced treatment of the Lennon and McCartney song. Annie's strong on confidence and it shows — she's a stylist with a voice that is instantly recognizable. Sometimes she unaccountably misses out on the charts, but this is a good one. — **CHART CHANCE.**

ANNE-MARIE DAVID: Sing For Your Supper (Epic 2431). Anne-Marie's popularity has lived on since the Eurovision song, but it'll be interesting to see the fate of this Judi Puler song. Simple piano backing since the verse, and the motion builds. Strings boost the chorus. Dramatic treatment. But I'm just not entirely convinced. — **CHART CHANCE.**

DARRIN BURN: Summertime Time (EMI 273). Produced by Biddu, who specialises in soul sessions. Young Darren has the image, looks, and style. This one is guttier than his earlier ones — summertime time is falling in love time — and a strident sort of backing sound. He'll be ground in the discos first, then for the Fly. — **CHART CHANCE.**

Pick of the week



ELVIS PRESLEY: If You Talk In Your Sleep: Help Me (RCA APBO 0280). As well as the "RM", Elvis too is celebrating His 20th anniversary now! Difficult to determine, the late he recorded "That's All Right" (his first single) was probably — and certainly no later — July 5th, 1954 (the full fax will be in next week's sish). A pity then that this, his 17th US hit (!), is far from as exciting. Co-penned by his cousin Red West, it's a brassily arranged and somewhat menacing semi-Swamp Funk slow lurcher with girly group support, while the J.D. Sumner & The Sinceros' support adds sly listening filler on the flip is possibly a better bet here. For nostalgia reasons really, the flip's my PICK bet here. For nostalgia reasons really, the flip's my PICK OF THE WEEK.

THE OUTRIGERS: Do You Love Me (Determination) (Tama Motown TMO 809). The 1962 original (Brian Poole did a cover, dear), the Outrigger's disco classic remains just as potent today — unlike many old non-Rock dancers — and could quite easily be a hit in its own right these days. Hope so. The '66 flip always used to go down well at "The Scene" and probably still does up North. DISCO PICK.

ALBERT HAMMOND: It Never Rains In Southern California; Anyone Here In The Audience (Mums Mus 448). British-born Bert's bit of instant myth-making was originally out about 18 months ago, when it made him a star in America, but bombed here. With its catchy chorus, Carole King wimpo and occasional dull thinks — not to mention a lyrical lyric — it deserves to do it here now. The flip's a finely judged put-down (I think). Be sure to wear your FLOWERS IN YOUR HAIR PICK.

TINY TIM: The Happy Wanderer; My Nose Always Gets In The Way (Polydor 2058445). Now that would be nice is a re-issue of the Oberlinkehren Children's Choir early '50s original of this firmament rumpy-tumpy, here given by a somewhat unnecessary mild Reggae rhythm by Mr Tim and his helpers. Oh well, at least a Beverley Sisters contemporary cover-version will soon be out on a new Philips International '70 All Time Great

Pick of the week



BILL HALLEY & HIS COMETS: See You Later Alligator; Rudy's Rock (MCA142). The first Rock 'n' Roll record I actually owned (on 78 at that), Bill's repilian rocker is now flipped (instead of by "Paper Boy") with Rudy Pompili's hooking and sprouting tenor sax classic from the "Rock 'n' Roll Stage Show" album, which was also the first LP I ever had. Enough reminding get out there and ROCK!! R'R PICK.

HIS' LP: He sounds like Ian Whitcomb on the kiddie rock music hall flip. SILLY PICK.

THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS: Rock And Roll Heaven; I Just Wanna Be Me (Capitol CL 15785). The Righteous Bros resurrected by the hit-making machine of Lambert & Peter are better than no Bros at all, so despite the formula construction of this turgid and torpid muzzy slow thumper their voices cut through with lyrics about Hendrix, Joplin, Redding, Morrison, Croce and Dartin all grooving around that great auto-changer in the sky. At least the slow flip finds them more in their old style. Another "Soul Heaven" it's not, but as sick tributes go it'll do. POP PICK.

THE INTRUDERS: Win, Place Or Show (She's A Winner); Memories Are Here To Stay (Philadelphia Phil 211). First, might I suggest that, as all their more recent singles are on it and it's consequently

soil, you get the Intruders' "Save The Children" album instead? Otherwise, tricked out with effective race-track noises, this creamy clomper stands more chance of hitting this time around following its follow-up's success here (work that one out!). It's a real goodie, with a lovely dead slow flip. But try the LP. RAB PICK.

THE CHILITES: I Found Sunshine; My Heart Just Keeps On Breakin' (Brunswick B 13). Certainly a US hit last year even if it wasn't out here, which I forgot. Eugene's sprightly synthetic rhythm thumper always did sound like the sort of thing that UK hits are made of. This time it should click. Bluegrass fiddle, the men's best flip is an interesting experiment which as a US A-side did less well than was hoped. RAB PICK.

Pick of the week



CHARLIE RICH: A Very Special Love Song; I can't Even Dream If I Am (Epic EPC 225). To complete the hat trick of ageing Rock 'n' Rollers with picture picks this week, Charlie's singing just for you a very special and thoroughly curly love song that ought to delight romantic matrons everywhere. The more heavily Country flip finds him with a bad case of the "I Am I Stopped Dreamin'" Since You've Been Gone Blues. Oh, and in case it was obliterated in last week's ish, the address for those Rockably classics by Vern Pullens, is Injun Records, 26 Stanford Avenue, Haslemere, Sussex. Back with Rich, he gets a SENIOR CITIZEN PICK.

BARRY ST. JOHN: My Man (Decca B 1829). Barry, female and British, has in fact done the best Soul single of the week, and I'm still getting a goosebump buzz every time I hear it. Penned by the Arnold-Martin-Morrow factory and arranged / produced by Pip Williams, whose work I've recommended before, it's a tempo-messing bouncy light heater with "mami" drums supplying an ace fingersnapping rhythm, through which Miss St. John breathes hot, sexy, breathy, gliding, swooping, soaring and above all rhythm-riding great voice, like a superior Mary Wells. If the 3 degrees and Pearls can do it, so can Barry! SOUL PICK.

BO HANSSON: Black Riders Flight To The Ford (Charisma). Works well, this extract from the Lord of The Rings album. Organ intro, Latin-ish percussion, and a theme that really can be described as haunting... Intuitively haunting.

VIOLA WELLS: Run To The Nearest Exit (Good dear). One of Joe Cocker's old backing group, the Sanctified Sisters. She looks good, sounds good and sells with an outside helping of soul. Gospelly feel.

GIORGIO'S COMMON CAUSE: Born To Die (London). German rock band with an eloquent sort of lead voice. Chorus is dramatic, but it's not quite there in his potential.

JONNY SUMMA: Seventeen (Mooncrest). Song of loveless pleading directed at it, your hard schoolgirl. Thumping back beat.

anonymous Kent favor reveals

JANUARY '73 and by some freak you're in Central Texas. Snow outside — the first time in eighty years, and on the inside a transistor radio. You flick your way through a dozen AM/FM stations and soon you're hearing a winsome little number, I'd Love You To Want Me. It turns out to be Lobo's latest recording at that time.

You're convinced in a couple of months it's gonna sell like crazy back in the U.K. But like a lotta good records this one comes out and vanishes into oblivion. And as far as this country is concerned, there it would have stayed, had it not been for the keen ear of one Jonathan King.

Hands up all those of you who at one time thought Lobo was a form of Chinese martial art? OK if you didn't think that I bet you all thought it was the name of an American band. If you're still not sure — Lobo is in fact thirty year old Kent Laviole who was born in Tallahassee, Florida. Kent flew into London last week to do Top of the Pops, but because of a union dispute the programme was cancelled, so we'll be seeing him on another edition.

Was he surprised to find his record finally making it into our charts after all this time? "No, I'm not surprised," he says, "normally the next market after America would be England. But I'd Love You To Want Me sold everywhere else first. I have nine or ten gold records from all over the world it's so strange that it didn't make it over here until now."

"I know it got released in this country when it first came

Lobo's war with teenage girls

by **GENNY HALL**

out, why it didn't sell I don't know. I've heard fifty different stories about why it didn't make it here — one record company says one thing and the other says another. This is the only time where I've been involved with two record companies. It's very strange. I've been on Phonogram over here for years and now because of Jonathan King I'm also on U.K. records.

The story as Lobo heard it was that while Jonathan was in the States he went to Phonogram and said, "Listen there's a record you've released in England that hasn't taken off, you've convinced me can make it a hit." He then put it on the radio where it was almost immediately picked up by the masses.

"Thanks to U.K. Records, Phonogram is now slapped in

the face — so they'll have to. Not only is England a big market but it's a very important one because everybody watches it. I'm not saying I'd actually do this, but it would almost be worth giving up the royalties to have a record in the British charts, 'cos all the other countries watch it so carefully."

"So what are we to be treated to next?"
"My follow up will be Goodbye Is Just Another Word, which is a number on my third album. The Seekers had it out as a single over here but it didn't do that well for them. It's very similar to I'd Love You, but I think it's a better song."

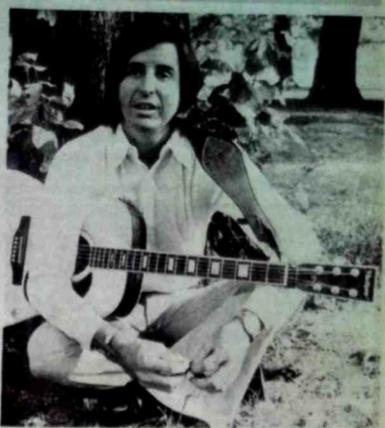
"What about plans for live performances in this country?"
"I enjoy performing, but let me tell you why I don't perform. I have chosen — and

it may have been a mistake — not to do a lot of hype publicity. I've never done that. I've never done a lot of television. All I've ever done is just put out hit records in the States, and because of the lack of promotion, people don't know me, even in the States people don't know me.

"A lot of people still think that Lobo is a group, because I've never had an image. Everyone has an image. When people hear a Lobo record they want to think of something. In the States after unpeep ballads that I've had, they now think of love songs. But because America and the rest of the world don't know what my image is, when I go on stage I get a lot of reactionary young girls who are expecting a David Cassidy or something like that to come out there and do his kind of thing. I don't and won't do it. They don't know what I am or what I represent."

So how about setting people straight on that score?
"That's why I'm in England now, and when I come back to do a concert deal over here I'm gonna make sure that the people who come to see me will know what they're coming to see before they come."

Previous to his recording career and Lobo (a name he now, and when I'm in England (as a record) Kent had been performing around in various clubs with his band Me and the Other Guys. It was during this



This is Lobo... honest

period that he began writing seriously.
He claims the real turning point in his career was meeting up with Phil Gernhardt, the man who recorded the original version of Stay which was a hit in 1960.

"Phil, became, and still is, Lobo's producer, publisher, advisor and good friend, their first venture together being a locally made and distributed record in 1966.

Both Laviole and Gernhardt were responsible for producing Jim Stafford's Spiders and Snakes.

Had he worked extensively with Stafford?
"I haven't done as much as I should have done. I worked with him on some of his songs.

In the future I'll be doing a lot more. I'll tell you it's hard as a writer and a producer not to feel tempted to finish off writing his songs.

I also do that with my brother Roger. He's got his first record coming out this week, and when he was trying to write he'd come up with an idea and I'd just couldn't help finishing it off, it was really hard to stop myself, but it wasn't helping him get any better as a writer.

Should Kent and Jim Stafford work together more in the future he'd could be in for some pretty animated music — what with spiders and snakes and dogs called Boo, and now Roger's on the songwriting scene who knows what will follow?

around the country



DIANA TRASK, recently within these shores to tape a segment for *They Sold A Million* as well as recording some radio spots, was talking about the ever diminishing barriers between country and other musical realms.

In her case, Diana rose to fame as she styled soulful performances with her country lyrics and quickly collected the tag Miss Country Soul.

"They used to call it that but I don't know what they're calling it now," she explained. "I've heard all kinds of terms — hybrid country, uptown country, middle of the road. Anyway the roots are in country music and what has happened is that country has become so popular that we're attracting all these arrangers, producers and artists from other fields, and they're learning the basic routine of country and adding their little bit."

Diana's come a long way, both distance-wise and musically, from her native Australia and now claims United States citizenship and calls Nashville her home.

Back on this side of the Atlantic — her second visit within three months, her first being the very successful guest attraction on the nationwide Glen Campbell tour in March — Diana had hardly taken time to stop and collect her thoughts together. Within the previous thirty hours she had flown from the US West Coast, made her appearance at the

DIANA TRASK —

The lady's got Soul

television studios and was now refreshing herself at her Hyde Park Hotel before going out to the theatre that evening.

"It had taken me a month to realise that I could never be a hard country singer," Diana said, tracing back those early pathways which first put her in the country limelight. "I didn't have the voice for it, I had more of a classical type voice. I realised that I couldn't sing like I was born in Mississippi, so I had to take what they had, tone down what I had, and make it fit."

"In the course of doing that I learned that there was a whole tradition of being a country artist, rather like being a Music Hall star in this country. There's a tradition of treating your fans right, of being friendly and respecting country and religion in an audience. That's a very real part of country music and it made a very big impression with me."

Diana struck home, in the early months of 1970, with a revival of the Patsy Cline

success *I Fall To Pieces*, a highly charged version that not only drew full emotions from the lyrics but also made an impression in both the U.S. pop and country charts.

That was only for openers. Country soul became fully realised when Diana returned to the recording studios to lay down 12 Joe Tex numbers in succession — and creating the unique situation in which a white country singer takes on black soul material.

Or, perhaps, not quite so strange? Diana put it this way:

"Joe's producer, Buddy Killen, who was also my producer, held the idea that Joe, although a soul singer, was writing country songs. That's something that's now being admitted by a lot of people, the realisation that anyone can write a country song — you don't have to be a particular singer or belong to a certain race or creed."

"Anyone I liked the idea and he had one particular song — Hold On To What

You Got — that he really believed in. We cut it and it was a hit. I sang the song at the Grand Ole Opry and got a standing ovation. It was a country song based on the Bible, feeling that Joe had been raised upon in his youth, so we decided to do an album of his songs and title it *Miss Country Soul*.

"I didn't push the label but the disc jockeys held on to it and, although that was all the soul material I ever did, it sort of became synonymous with me that I was the new soul of country music."

It also brought a funny experience. When the album was released it turned out to be a huge hit on a certain Baltimore soul station. I don't know how that came about, but when I walked into that station and they discovered that I was white, they must have died. It was the complete turnaround of the Charley Pride story!

Now Diana is beginning to make tracks in Britain. The Glen Campbell tour opened up fresh avenues and her recent album release *Miss Country Soul* (Ember NRS5074) — the packaging of the Joe Tex numbers plus her recent US success *I'm A Man's World* — has met with favourable reviews. The television and radio exposure, plus the likelihood of another major tour later in the year, could soon put her on the pathway of becoming a bona fide world star. Certainly she possesses the talent for success.



tony byworth

Diana Trask

Mailman



Legendary Dingbat devours your letters.

Peter Dignam, 7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

OMIGOD, omigollygee, have I got to be on the ball and off de wall at THIS time in the morning? No, you jus' gotta be kiddin'. Aw c'mon, gimme a break, huh? Listen, you've bought the goddamn paper anyhow now so there's not much you can do about it. Oh, O.K. O.K., quieten down out there while I change to my secret identity, Captain Blimp...

HAVING met you, I believe you are human after all. (Surely madame you must be dreaming, you wouldn't have done this if you knew). Though is it so hard to print a nice letter just once in a while?

Anyway, this is just to wish Lynsey de Paul a very happy birthday and congratulations on the celebration of 757,862,400 seconds of life. Also, I know some people's minds are closed but Bacardi and Coke Fans should not judge a few minutes on TOTP as an "I Love Me" sign. Lynsey is not concealed; beautiful, yes, talented, yes, a wonderful singer, yes, but concealed, NO.

Wow, a letter with no insults, dare you print it?

R. M. Connell

Harlow, Essex, CM20 3LK

Well, with no insults in it, I almost fell asleep reading it.

darting. Wake up bitchers, or are we all through?

I GET sick of all the b'66y letters that are printed on your page. Your replies are so "/%&+ off-beat that they make me puke. You fancy yourself too much to reply with common (ugh, how distasteful) intelligence, so why don't you leave off and get another job otherwise I think that you're too b'66+y thick to see you're not much cop.

(stupid b-----) Dignity Aahh, datz more like de real thing bwanna. Hit me, hit me, let's break on through that wall...

WHO the hell wrote that letter that said Les Gray was a third-rate clown? Les Gray is the greatest guy in the pop business today. And as for voting for Harpo Marx, that has been, I mean the guy was O.K. in his time, but the dumb twit could always do a double act with Dave Hill.

If you dug him up. We at least can go and see our idols, LIVE. Thinking of paying Harpo a visit? Believe me male, I hope so.

Les Grays No. 1 Fan, George King

I'D like to know if the Mael Broz. out of Sparks have any Marx Bros. blood in them. I thought they were absolutely fantastic on the box. Sheffield G. Reece



P.S. Do the Osmonds have any of Hitler's blood in them?

HOW on earth anybody can like, yet alone love, anyone like D. Osmond I just don't know.

Every time I have the misfortune to hear him trying to sing, I feel like puking my guts up.

As for him being involved with some slut of a girl, well, I'd be surprised.

Bye for now. (Unintelligible signature) P.S. Carrots on ya. Glad you came?

DIAMOND Dogs is outstanding for both its lyrics and its music and the cover pictures the autocrat, Himself, beautifully.

The packs of dogs who assault the glam fronts of Love Me Avenue are completely blinded by their own musical

opinions. Their eyes cannot perceive the real genius who reigns over us.

Don't knock Bowie --- it's the year of the diamond dogs and he's the saviour who'll save our shores (Big Brother).

So, come out of the garden of disbelief petit Pete, baby, you'll catch your death in the fall. (They call him the Diamond Dog). N.B. Mars bars, carrot juice, prunes, bald earrings etc, etc.

Luvs on the Mainman, Angie, Big Z, and John (I'm only Dancing).

Gwen 22, Eleanor Drive Yorkshire.

P.S. Don't talk of dust and roses or should we powder our noses?! (Answers on a post card please).

Ei voilà, cette un lettre francaise...

DEAR Dingbat Legendere, Oooh my soul! Fags unite.

In your Great Ones farce you've got of queenie Bow-wow. Great One? Bulbosties. And (gawdalmighty) you compare Dinky David with Ray Davies. Lemme tell ye Dignam baby, Davies was swanning around YEARS 'fore Friggy Ziggy poosed along. And Ray can write good songs, much better than any fourth-rate Martian Spider.

And as for your Great Ones series, it's the biggest laugh since my leg fell off. Suzi Quire a Great One? Tell that to the Marines, mon chere. She's just a Chinn-Chapman puppet.

And Los Osmonds? Hee hee tee hee. Don't forget Mars bars and how about wombats? Ray rules, and I'm going to expode, tick... tick... tick... B.H.F.N.

Peregrine Leathercrot, 54, The Drive. Swadlincote.

P.S. You can devour me anytime. Alors, que vous êtes vite monsieur, et aussi un peu bulbois, n'est pas? OUI, oui Pierre, how clever you are. Are we to believe you're now a bilingual posour as well as being a bi (pas devant les enfants, mon ami) posour? Je suis le votre Lynsey De Gaulle Southend-sur-Mer, Esquipes. Lynsey De Gaulle

COME OFF it Ding Dong, nobody can write in that quick. I bet you made that last letter up didn't you? Commodore Hotel, A Quick and Bulb-shaped Reader Dorking.

P.S. I bet you made this up too! Out, et je gagnes Feteole prize de ce soir, monsieur. Au revoir, mes petits carottes.

At last breaking huge...
 US 2,000,000 seller
THE SPARKS
YOU MAKE ME FEEL
BRAND NEW
 Plus stand by for heavy disco demand on these three...
WHISPERS
BINGO
THE JONESTES
HEP BABE
(AS THE GEMIN STILL GOOD)
OHIO PLAYERS
FUNKY NORM

marketed by phonogram

WHY IS IT that every time I bump into a lampost I feel compelled to apologise to it?

Why is it that every time Ted (Grocer) Heath goes shopping, people point and say, "Oh look there's Mike Yarwood?"

Why is it that no one TOLD me that Christopher Rainbow had a stammer.

When I was first introduced to this friendly fair-haired lad he began stammering away like crazy - I thought he was just having me on. Aw, come on - stop kidding around otherwise this interview's going to take all day.



Well this one's called Christopher.

Ever seen a left-handed Rainbow?

I must have completely freaked out when I discovered it was for REAL. And for reasons unknown even to myself, I asked about his folk-music! He doesn't even LIKE folk music.

"OOOoh I hate folk! I cccccccan't sassland folk - who told you I liked folk?"

Well I felt a right twit I can tell you. Needless to say we decided to cancel that one and start again.

"Aren't you going to ask me about my stammer?" he says taking it all in his stride. "Wouldn't dream of it, wasn't even going to mention it... well perhaps I was!"

Had he always stammered? "Oh yes, ever since I was five. I've been told the reason is because I'm left-handed, but I was made to write with my right hand at school, and this had its effect on me. It varies. I have good days and bad days - this just happens to be a bad day!"

Twenty-seven-year-old Christopher was born in Glasgow and went to study art straight from school, and up until the start of his musical career was making a living as a commercial artist.

So when did his musical career start?

"Three years ago that's all. You see I was making a good living as an artist, but I had reached as far as I could go in that field. And I had a friend who ran this group - he had no singer so I joined the band. Although I stammer when I speak it doesn't affect my singing. I'd always been interested in music and had

written a number of songs, but my only other involvement in the music business was promoting."

Christopher was a promotion guy for another Scots group called Dream Police, where he was aided by Hamish Stuart, now in the Average White Band.

His own band Hope Street were very popular around his home town, and were heard by an A & R man from EMI who signed them up for three years, during which time they made two singles.

In April of last year he left the group to concentrate on a solo career and signed with Polydor records where his first single Solid State Brain is on current release.

What had prompted him to embark on a solo career?

"I was writing music a lot better and was capable of reproducing in the studio, so I began working in the studio a lot more than I did live work."

Was Solid Brain typical of his song writing?

"No, the single was written as a pop record and the follow-up titled Mr. Man is a progression of that sound. Normally I write ballads and songs which require a lot of vocal harmonies, because it's the only way I can express myself as my speech is so impaired. At the moment I'm playing the role of a studio technician 'cos I do all my own harmonies and it's taking up a lot of my time."

Christopher claims his music aspirations arise from Lennon & McCartney, The Beach Boys, the music of John

frightened to know!" I'm not going to be real corny and say that if Christopher carries on making electrifying singles like Solid State Brain, he's going to end up by finding a pot of gold at the end of his rainbow.

But I will say if Christopher carries on making electrifying singles like Brain, he's going to find a pot of gold at the end of his rainbow!

Genevieve Hall

Barry, Phil Spector and the American music of the early sixties.

Besides his love for art his natural curiosity for the unknown made him interested in spiritualism.

"It started as a kid," he says. "I used to be in the Society for Psychic Research - first of all it's not at all as solemn as people are led to believe."

Had he had any psychic experiences?

"I haven't but my wife has, she has telepathic communication with various people - like her mother. For instance she will be calling her and my wife will go over to the phone before it's even rung, and sure enough it will ring. That happens all the time. I have a feeling she even knows how my career is going to progress but she won't tell me, and I won't ask her."

Aren't you dying to know? "No it would ruin everything. Besides I'd be

TOO



Congratulations to Record Mirror from RAK Records

DIG