

MUSIC IS THE MESSAGE

# SOUNDS

# NAZARETH- MAJOR TOUR

FULL DETAILS PAGE 3

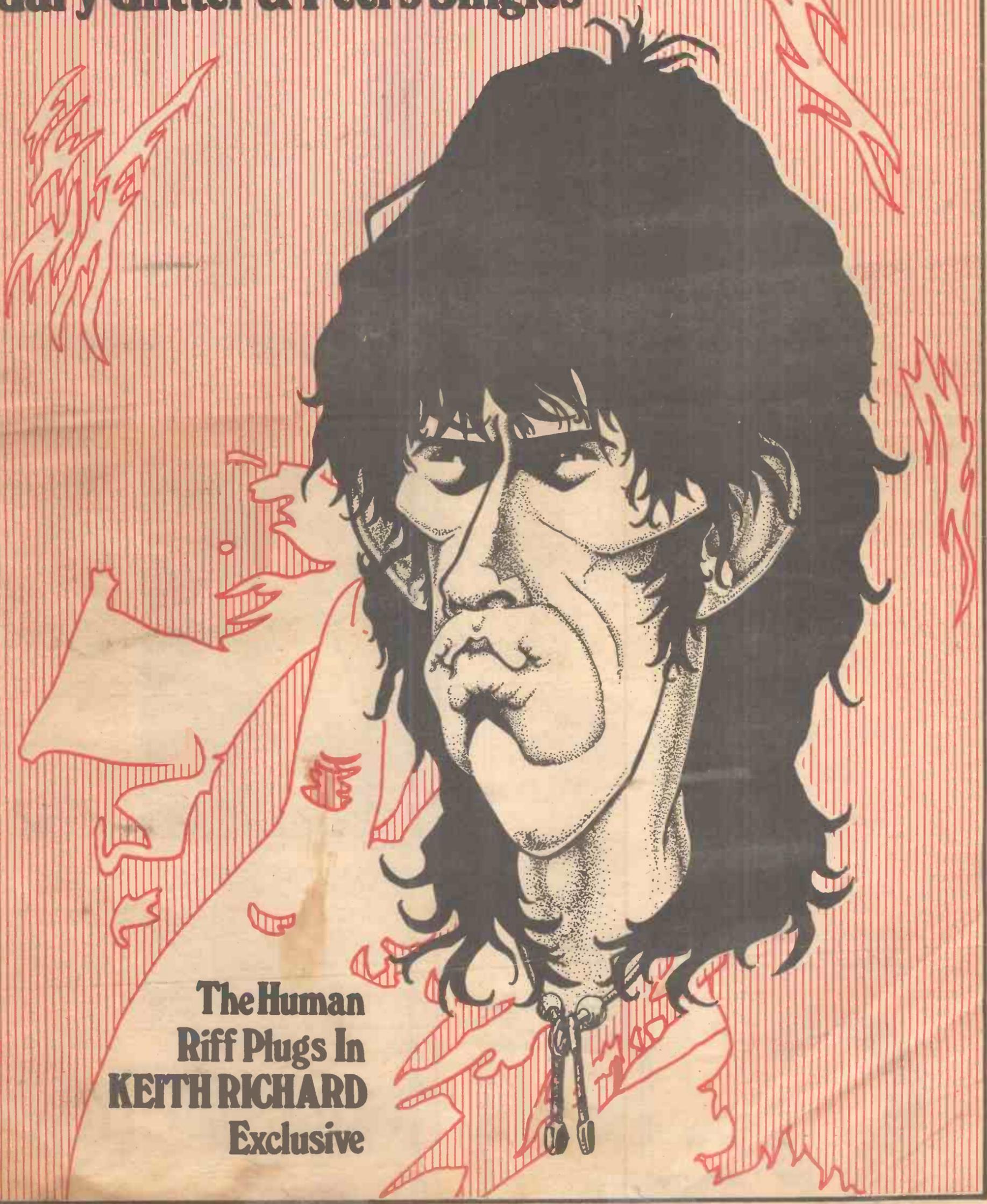
APRIL 12, 1975

12p

**INSIDE: Humble Pie, Ringo,  
Gary Glitter & Peel's Singles**

**The Human  
Riff Plugs In  
KEITH RICHARD  
Exclusive**

ILLUSTRATION: BOB HOARE



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# ELTON AT WEMBLEY

## Walsh and Eagles for Summer date

**ELTON JOHN and his Band are to headline a major concert at Wembley Stadium on June 21.**

Guest artists will include the Eagles, Joe Walsh and the Kiki Dee Band. Negotiations to bring Stevie Wonder over for the concert appear to have been unsuccessful. Both Walsh and the Eagles were due in to Britain last year but were unable to come. Tickets for the show which will play to an audience of 75,000 will be £4 each but are not on sale yet. Johnnie Walker, Radio 1 DJ, will comper the show which will feature material from Elton John's forthcoming album 'Captain Fantastic And The Brown Dirt Cowboy' due for release on May 23.

**CHOPYN, WHO** recently ended a British and European tour with ELO, are to undertake a British tour in April and May beginning at Brunel University April 25. Chopyn, who release a single 'Wasting Time' this week, off their Jet album 'Grand Slam', then play the following dates: Warrington Padgate College April 30, Bristol University May 2, Taunton County Ballroom 3, Essex University 6, Birmingham Aston University 9, Liverpool University 10, Nottingham College of Education 13, Keele University 14, London Queen Mary's College 16, Sheffield University 17, Northampton College of Education 20, Glamorgan Polytechnic 22, Winchester King Alfred's College 23, St. Albans City Hall 24 and Aberdeen University 30.

## Ian injures ankle

**JETHRO TULL'S** European tour has had to be rescheduled after Ian Anderson was carried off stage at the tour's second date in Keil, Germany with a severe ankle injury. The extent of the injury is not immediately clear and Anderson is confined to a wheelchair until doctors are certain he is able to perform again. As a result of the rescheduling of the tour 'M.U.' the Tull hits compilation album, has been postponed from May until September. Meanwhile Anderson is competing in his hospital's first ever Wheelchair Time Trials. We warned him about all that performing on one leg...

**STOMU YAMASHTA'S** Red Buddha Theatre which has finished its London run with 'Raindog' takes the show to

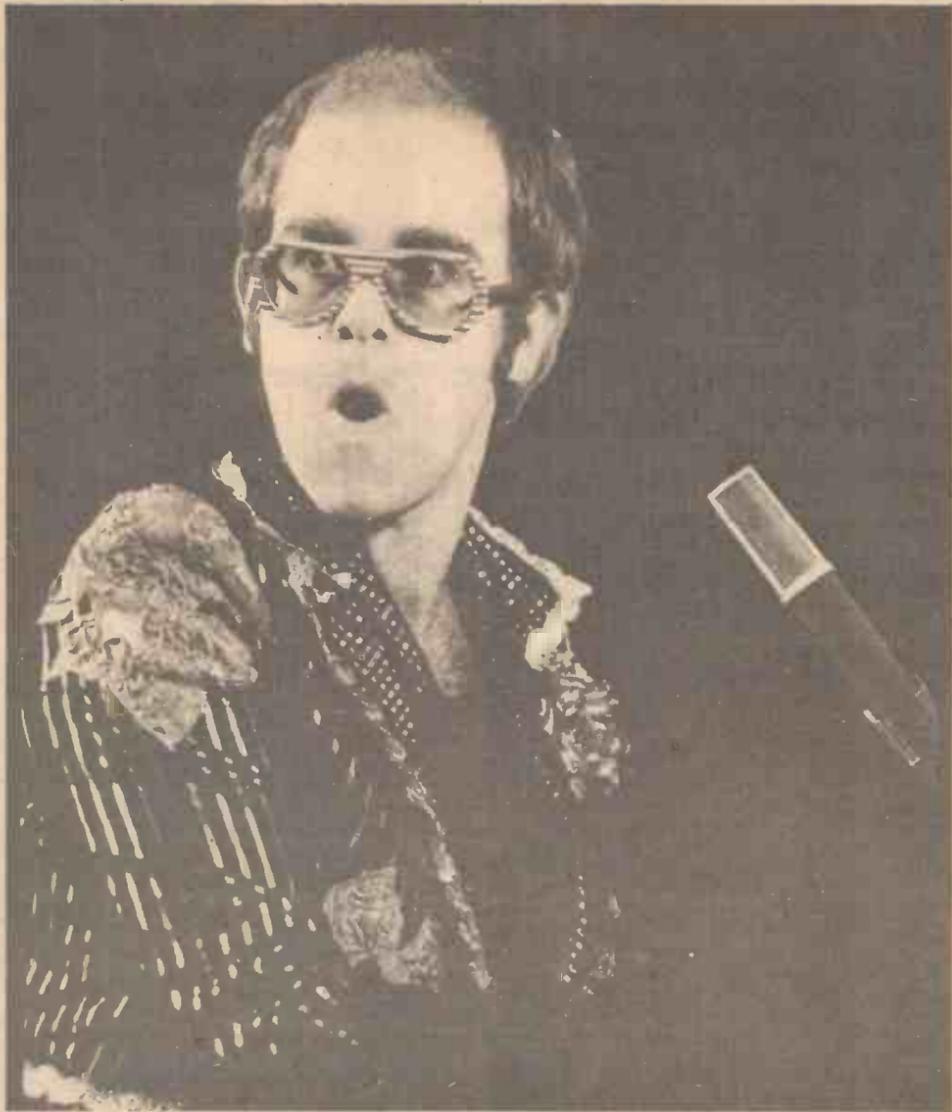
Festivals in Spain, Switzerland, Austria and Germany in the coming months. Meanwhile Stomu Yamashta has teamed up with ex-Santana percussionist Mike Shrieve and the two plan an album and a tour with the Yamashta band later this Summer.

**THE FOURTH** Annual Free Festival is planned for Windsor Great Park from August 23 by the organisers of last year's venture. Since no agreed site has been settled it appears that clashes between the police and Festival goers on the pattern of 1974's events are likely.

**DEEP PURPLE,** the subject of recent split rumours following the announcement of Ritchie Blackmore's solo recording plans, are to take three months' break after eighteen months of touring and recording, but will remain together, the EMI Press Office announced this week. Blackmore's solo album, recorded in Munich, is due for release throughout the world in late June.

**BILL BARCLAY** is to appear at London's Victoria Palace Theatre next Sunday April 13 with guests the McAlmans, Alistair McDonald, Kenny Slaven and the Frank Reed Dance Band.

**GEORGE MELLY** and John Chilton's Feetwarmers have a lengthy series of dates this month: Southampton Concorde Club April 9, London Lyceum 10, Kirk Leavington Country Club 11, Leeds Playhouse 14, Belfast Queens University 18, Dublin University College 19, Hornchurch Queens Theatre 20, Somerset Strode Theatre 22, Plymouth Tiffans 23, Bridport Bull Hotel 24, Devon Torrington Drill Hall 25, Bridgwater District Arts Guild 26, Exeter Quay Club 27, Exeter Hevitree St. Luke's College 28 and St. Blazey Rainbow Room 29.



● **ELTON JOHN:** Stevie Wonder still doubtful

**10cc WHO** received a Gold Disc for sales of their last album at their Hammersmith Odeon date will play a brief series of British dates on their return from their current European tour. Dates are: Oxford New Theatre April 27, Bristol Colston Hall 28, Odeon Birmingham 29, Guildford Civic Hall 30, Liverpool Empire May 1, and Lancaster University 2.

**NEW YORK City** have replaced George McCrae on an extensive one-nighter tour which is already under way. Current dates include Bristol Reeves April 8, London Gullivers 9, Coventry Mr George's 10, Spennymoor Top Hat 11, Dunstable California Ballroom and Birmingham Barbarellas 12, Chelmsford Chancellor's Hall and London Gillies 13 and Nottingham Albert Hall 18.

**FOX HAVE** been awarded a silver disc for selling over 250,000 copies of the single 'Only You Can'.

**ZZEBRA, WHO** have a new single 'Mr. J' out shortly, plan to tour during May and June to coincide with the release of a new album, 'Panic'. One or two dates have already been confirmed and they are: Derby Cleopatra's May 15, Middlesex Polytechnic 22 and Peterborough Technical College July 12.

**THIN LIZZY** have been added as special guests to Bachman Turner Overdrive's forthcoming British and European tour. The group were involved in a five car smash on their way to a gig outside Chicago, during which one car exploded. The group arrived too late to play the show after being released from hospital, having been treated for shock. The concert will be rescheduled.

## 10cc add six nights to British tour



● **10cc:** dates on return from Europe

## CAMEL'S 'SNOW GOOSE'

**CAMEL RELEASE** a new album, a musical interpretation of Paul Gallico's best selling novel 'The Snow Goose', on Decca on April 25 to coincide with a British tour, provisionally set to open at Edinburgh Usher Hall on April 18. The music has been written by keyboard player Peter Bardens and guitarist Andy Latimer. The album has been produced by David Hitchcock and orchestral arrangements are by David Bedford who will conduct at a special concert set for

May 4 at London's Roundhouse when the band will be augmented by an orchestra.

Remaining tour dates are: Glasgow Queen Margaret's Union April 19, Twickenham Winning Post 20, Leicester Polytechnic 26, Guildford Civic Hall 27, Derby Cleopatra's May 1, Manchester UMIST 3, London Roundhouse, 4, and Liverpool Stadium 10. More dates may be added.

## London dates for PFM Steeleye

**STEELEYE SPAN** play their first British date since last Autumn's tour, likely to be their only London date before Autumn at Hammersmith Odeon on April 26. The date is also the finals of the William Younger Tartan Brewery Student Folk & Rock talent contest, which will feature four student acts competing for big money prizes. The acts are: Al Hughes, a soloist; The Sky's Cryin', a blues group; Moon-mouse, an instrumental rock band; and Alive and Smiling. Ticket prices are limited to a top price of £1.50 and will go on sale a week early to students. The concert is promoted jointly with Harvey Goldsmith for John Smith Entertainments.

**ELEKTRA/ASYLUM** rush release a single from the forthcoming Judy Collins album 'Judith'. The single is a Stephen Sondheim song, 'Send In The Clowns' due out on April 18, the album is set for the end of April.

**FURTHER CHANGES** have been made to Betty Wright's forthcoming tour Manchester Hardrock April 12, London Penthouse 15, Colwyn Bay and St Asaphs 16, and Ipswich 24 dates have been cancelled. London 100 Club has been added on April 15, Cardiff Top Rank and Gloucester Traceys on 16, Colwyn Bay Showbar and St. Asaphs Tallardy Hotel are rescheduled for April 23 and Wigan Casino is added on April 26.

## Split in Happy Cow

**PETER BLEGVAD** and Anthony Moore have left the Slapp Happy / Henry Cow alliance which began at the end of 1974 and recorded 'Desperate Straits' and the forthcoming 'In Praise Of Learning' album due for release on Virgin on May 9. Blegvad and Moore will continue to record as Slapp Happy and a series of singles is planned for the remainder of the year. Dagmar, vocalist with Slapp Happy, will remain with Henry Cow which, in addition, now consists of Fred Frith, Chris Cutler, Tim Hodgkinson, John Greaves and Lindsay Cooper. The group are currently rehearsing for a May tour of France and Holland and are finalising details for two major concerts, one in London, and one in Paris to include the person of Robert Wyatt.

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# NAZARETH BACK ON THE ROAD

NAZARETH, WHOSE latest album 'Hair Of The Dog' is out now undertake a major British tour opening at Nottingham Albert Hall on May 8.

The tour will be the first British concerts for Nazareth in a year. Advance orders for 'Hair Of The Dog' have earned it Gold Album status in Canada and Scandinavia. The tour for which postal bookings are being taken as of today at all box offices, continues: Hastings Pier Pavilion May 9, Cardiff University 10, Salisbury City Hall 11, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion 12, London New Victoria Theatre 14, Liverpool Empire 15, Newcastle Mayfair 16, Leicester Polytechnic 17, and closes at Birmingham Town Hall 18.

## Kinks snowed under

THE KINKS have had to cancel the first week of their American tour with their new show 'Soap Opera' based upon the TV play 'Starmaker' due to severe blizzards that have swept the American Midwest. Instead they are now to play three dates on Broadway May 7, 8 & 9 before returning to Britain for eight to ten dates here at the end of May with the show, which, like 'Preservation', will feature full stage effects, props, costumes, back-projection, film footage and three back-up girl vocalists. The only British date so far announced is Brunel University but it is hoped to arrange another London date preferably a Central London venue.

THREE MORE dates have been added to the upcoming headlining tour by Dr Feel good. They are as follows: Reading University May 3, Liverpool University 7 and Kingston Polytechnic 19.

NEW BRITISH band Tagett, whose first single 'Time' was released at the end of March, have an album, 'Tagett', out on May 1. Their first British tour with a major American act is currently being negotiated.

KEEP HARTLEY'S new band Dog Soldier will tour Britain in May to coincide with the release of their first album on May 1. Dates are currently being finalised.

RADIO LUXEMBOURG, who will add Stuart Henry to their team of DJs in June, is to broadcast an interview with Telly Savalas in a programme called 'The Kojak Man' on



● NAZARETH: first concerts for a year

April 15 at 9.15 pm and with Harry Secombe on April 20 at 7.30 pm. Stuart Henry will appear as part of a British tour by Radio Luxembourg DJs planned for July.

EVEREST BOOKS publish 'The Bay City Rollers', the story of the group as told by their manager Tam Paton to journalist Michael Wale on June 10 for 45p.

ALICE COOPER stars in his first television spectacular, 'Welcome To My Nightmare', in America this week. The presentation, which is said to be 'a visual interpretation of Alice's dreams, nightmares and fantasies', features Vincent Price as guest star, will be an edition of the 'Wide World: In Concert' series and will include music from Alice's recent 'Nightmare' album.

As yet, there are no definite plans for the show to be screened in Britain.

## Fripp and Eno dates?

ENO AND Robert Fripp plan a series of concerts in June taking in Holland, Germany, Spain and France, climaxing with a London date provisionally set for June 8 at the London Palladium.

ROBERT STIGWOOD, who is co-producer of Ken Russell's film 'Tommy', is to produce a film of the musical 'John, Paul, George, Ringo... & Bert'. Peter Brown president of RSO will take leave of absence to become executive producer on the film which begins shooting at the end of July, on location in London and Liverpool. Casting will begin soon and a similar blitz publicity campaign to that mounted for 'Tommy' is planned for the film.



● DON McLEAN

DON McLEAN undertakes an extensive European tour in May and June, including thirteen dates in Britain. McLean, whose current single is 'Wonderful Baby', taken from the album 'Homeless Brother', opens the tour at the Royal Albert Hall. This will be his first set of British appearances since Autumn 1973.

The dates so far confirmed are: London Royal Albert Hall May 13, Brighton Festival Hall 14, Cardiff Capitol Theatre 15, Bournemouth Winter Gardens 16, Birmingham Odeon 17, Dublin Carlton Theatre 20, Glasgow Apollo 21, Edinburgh Usher Hall 22, Newcastle City Hall 23, Sheffield City Hall 24, Manchester Opera House 25, Croydon Fairfield Halls 26, Leicester De Montfort Hall 29. The concerts will be followed by gigs in Paris, Frankfurt, Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

BUGATTI AND Musker release a new single 'All Made Up' this week.

ITALIAN BAND PFM have rescheduled their cancelled Hammersmith Odeon date to Victoria Palace, London, on May 25. They will also hope to fully appear on BBC TV's 'Old Grey Whistle Test'.

BRADFORD BAND Smokey support Pilot on their forthcoming tour opening on April 24. Smokey, who have just completed recording their second album, will appear on the 'Old Grey Whistle Test' on April 11 and telecord

## McLean British gigs and single

'45' on April 14. Nicky Chinn has been in the US negotiating their first American tour.

BLOOD SWEAT & Tears are due into Britain for a tour in June which will be a part of an extensive European tour beginning in Helsinki in May. The tour will include a London date on June 15.

JOSE FELICIANO releases a new single 'Hard Times In El Barrio', the theme of the TV series 'Chico And The Man', to coincide with his forthcoming British tour.

HEADSTONE RELEASE their first album on April 11 and begin a tour with John Cale at Essex University on May 3.

LONDON PUB Band Heavy Water release their first single 'The Rocker' on Star Records on May 16; an album will hopefully follow in the Summer.

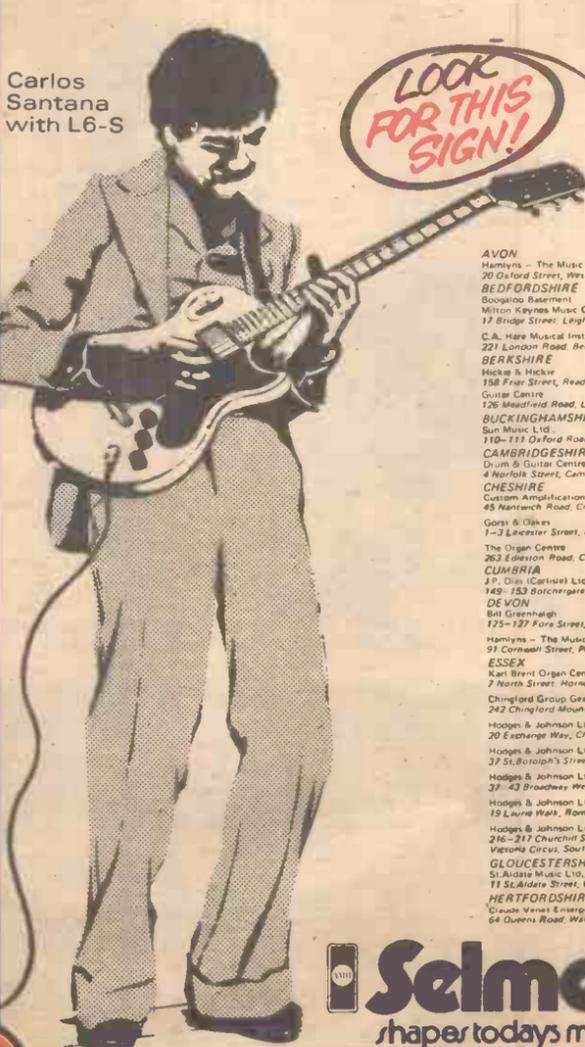
THE BAY City Rollers, whose single 'By By Baby' has gone gold for over 500,000 sales look like shipping advance orders which have al-

ready reached 100,000 high enough to earn them a gold album for 'Once Upon A Star' to be released next Friday April 18.



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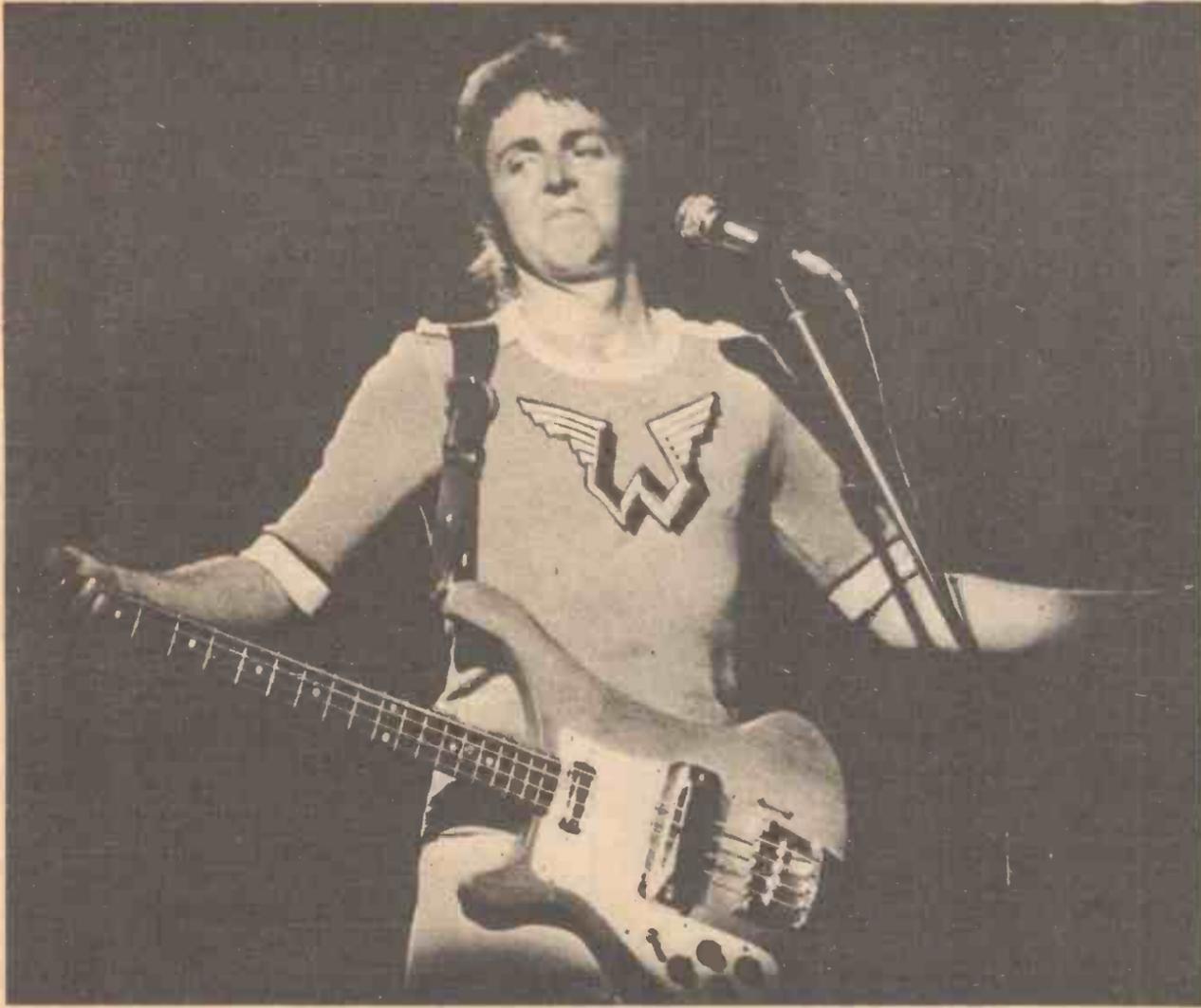
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● **McCARTNEY:** album titled 'Venus And Mars Are Alright Tonight'

**JOHN LODGE** and **Justin Hayward** whose 'Blue Jays' joint album is riding high in the British and American charts are to tour Britain, Europe and America with the musicians who played on the album this Summer.

Colin Berlin of MAM is in the US currently meeting with Jerry Weintraub the Blue Jays manager to discuss tour arrangements. "British dates will definitely take place before the end of the Summer," Barry Clayman of MAM told SOUNDS, "though no details are available at the moment." The musicians as on the album are: Graham Deakin drums, Kirk Duncan piano, Jim Cockey violin, Tim Tompkins cello, and Tom Tompkins viola. The string section are part of Providence, a band whom the Moody Blues discovered.

On April 18 Decca are to rush release a double A-sided single from the album of two tracks which received most radio play on the duo's recent promotional tour of local British stations, and are also being heavily programmed on American AM and FM radio: 'I Dreamed Last Night' by Justin Hayward, and 'Remember Me My Friend' a joint Lodge/Hayward composition. John Lodge and Justin Hayward will also appear on BBC 2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' this Friday, April 11, and can

# BLUE JAYS PLAN GIANT WORLD TOUR

be heard live the same evening on Radio Luxembourg's 'Jensen's Dimensions' programme.

**BELL RECORDS** have signed Leapy Lee, long absent from the music scene, and release his first Bell single 'Every Road Leads Back To You' this week.

**WAYNE NEWTON** one of America's top-paid entertainers flies in this week to replace Diana Trask on a guest spot in the Glen Campbell TV show.

**JACK BRUCE** and his band — Mick Taylor, Carla Bley, Ronnie Leahy and drummer Bruce Gary — leave Britain on April 20 to undertake an extensive series of European dates.

In April they play Spain

and France, in May they visit Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, Holland, Denmark and Sweden. Although no British dates have been finalised it seems that Bruce is keen to play some, likely to be during the Summer.

**DR HOOK**, who fly into Britain on April 27, have substituted Hastings Pier on May 3 for their unconfirmed Leeds University date, and release their first single on Capitol, 'The Millionaire', to coincide with their British tour on April 25.



● **CHRIS SPEDDING**

**ROBERT WYATT** releases a new album, 'Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard' on Virgin on May 25. The album features songs by Phil Manzanera, Fred Frith, Mongezi Feza and Charlie Haden in addition to Wyatt himself. Wyatt sings, plays keyboards and percussion in addition to Bill MacCormick bass, Laurie Allen drums, Gary Windo and George Khan saxes, and Eno on assorted devices.

**KOKOMO AND** a band called 'O' appear on BBC 2's 'Old Grey Whistle Test' on April 18.

**GENE PITNEY**, who is currently in Britain for club engagements, recording and promotion, has a single on release called 'Trans Canada Highway'.

**PHILLIP GOODHAND-Tait** undertakes a short tour of Holland with 10cc from April 10, followed by solo concerts and TV appearances in Brussels to the middle of May. Goodhand-Tait, still without a record label, has had talks with several companies and his future recording plans will be announced shortly.

# sounds

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**ROY HARPER** is to tour Britain with a new band in late May and early June and a new album 'Blood From A Stone' will be released to coincide with the tour, which opens at Birmingham Town Hall on May 27.

The new band, which came together during recording of the album, features Roy himself on acoustic and electric guitars, Chris Spedding, formerly with Sharks and the Jack Bruce Band, on guitar; Bill Bruford ex-King Crimson, Yes, and Gong, on drums; and Memphis bassist Dave Cochran who has played with Albert King. Also appearing on several tracks on the album are Dave Gilmour, John Paul Jones and Steve Broughton who played with Harper at last year's Hyde Park open-air concert.

The tour continues: Portsmouth Guildhall May 28, Leicester De Montfort Hall 30, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion June 1, Sheffield City Hall 2, Preston Guildhall 3, Manchester Free Trade Hall 4, Newcastle City Hall 5, Edinburgh Usher Hall 6, Gravesend Town Hall 8, Swansea Brangwyn Hall 11, Hammersmith Odeon 15.

**BT EXPRESS** have made the following changes in their forthcoming British tour: they will now play: Cambridge Mildenhall Club May 16, Colchester Woods Centre and Peckham Mr B's May 18, Pontypridd and Gloucester Tracey's May 19, and Cambridge Corn Exchange and Southend Zero Six Club May 22. These replace any concerts previously announced for these dates.

**THIS WEEK** Capitol release Helen Reddy's single 'I Am Woman', Glen Campbell singing a Lowell George song 'Roll Me Easy', and Grand Funk's 'Bad Time' from their 'All The Girls In The World Beware' album.

**LINDA LEWIS**, who flies to the States this week to record more tracks for her upcoming album, is to play a week of concerts in Paris before returning for British dates which

## Spedding joins Harper lineup

include two weeks at Ronnie Scott's Club at the beginning of June, and Birmingham Barbarellas April 22, Sheffield Polytechnic 25, and Bradford University 26. In addition Linda plays and sings the part of Yum Yum in a cartoon film 'Dick Deadeye' based on Gilbert & Sullivan's comic operas 'The Mikado' and 'HMS Pinafore'. Ken Russell has also asked Linda to appear in Lisztomania.

**THE FLYING** Burrito Brothers due into Britain to tour with the Kursaal Flyers in May, have just signed to Columbia Records in America who will probably be releasing the album, recorded with the new line-up in time for the British and European tour.

**TWO MEMBERS** of the group Undisputed Truth have been sentenced in LA following charges relating to heroin. Singers Joe T. Harris and Calvin Stephenson were sentenced by US District Judge Lawrence Lydick in Federal Court after they were convicted on charges of conspiracy and possession with intent to distribute heroin. Harris received two years in prison, Stephenson got three years probation. Both were accused of acting as lookouts and couriers for a drug smuggling ring that reportedly brought heroin into LA from Mexico and sent it on to Detroit. Both remain free on bail pending appeal.

## NEW McCARTNEY ALBUM IN SPRING

**PAUL McCARTNEY & Wings** release a new album, 'Venus And Mars Are Alright Tonight', later this Spring featuring Joe English the drummer now reported in the US to have joined the band on several tracks.

Everything you ever wanted  
to know about books but  
were too hip to ask  
SEE PAGES 34, 35, 36

# COCKER AND ELTON FIGHT FOR THE TOP



● **DAVID CLAYTON THOMAS:** now back with old buddies BS&T, caught on stage at the NY Metropolitan Opera House recently will be heading for Britain in mid-June.

going to play on many of their proposed dates after all. They had no option but to sit back and accept it.

The result is that the band will lose a monumental fortune, play half the proposed dates and see their album 'Slow Motion' die a death through lack of promotion.

**QUEEN FINALLY** made their LA debut at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium playing to two sold-out houses. The lads were solidly professional with a well-staged show that could stand a little more "oomph" musically.

**JAMES TAYLOR** will be appearing at the Universal Amphitheatre in LA at the end of July.

John Prine, in a desperate attempt to break through, will make his next LA appearance with a backing band. Fans are hoping that Steve Cropper, who produced Prine's new 'Common Sense' album, will be part of that band.

**THE DISPUTE** over what should be done with the proceeds from the SNACK Benefit has been resolved. The District Attorney ruled that as the advertised charity was the School Board of San Francisco the money must go to them. It would involve a long and expensive court procedure if Bill Graham decided to donate the money to some other charity. So Graham is prepared to hand the money over if he gets a monthly statement from the School Board which indicates exactly where the 300,000 dollars is being spent.

**ANNA RIZZO** has split up her backing band. Anna and the A Train have been drawing capacity audiences to local clubs for the past six months and they were generally regarded as one of the brightest young bands around. Anna plans to continue in the business as a solo artist but says that she will be appearing far less frequently than when she was with the A Train.

**POOR OLD Man;** they started off full of hopes for their American tour. They had all sorts of dates lined up with fine artists, then things started going wrong.

It seems that somebody put the pressure on their agency to drop them from a whole series of dates and replace them with the Pretty Things. The agency got scared and told Man that they weren't



American Live Sounds... Chuck Pulin reports...

## IN BRIEF

ing forthcoming attractions: New York Dolls May 11, Sparks May 19, Ian Hunter & Mick Ronson play the Felt Forum April 30, Alice Cooper May 5, April 30 at Fisher Hall sees John Prine, April 18, Jeff Beck and John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra April 30, May 1 Minnie Riperton, May 3 Helen Reddy and Peter Allen. James Taylor is set for three days at Fisher Hall in late May. Howard Stein's Felt Forum has Johnny Winter this week, Lou Reed April 26. The Academy has Robin Trower April 18, Hot Tuna April 25, Nektar May 3, the Eagles, May 16, Wishbone Ash May 17, Climax Chicago May 30 and Black Oak and Golden Earring May 31.

■ **WHAT'S A Corksucker?** It's a T-Shirt Polyester put out to promote 'Tommy'.

■ **BOBBY BLUE** Bland and BB King received Gold albums for their 'Together' LP.

■ **BOB DYLAN** busy in LA and San Francisco recently in addition to the benefit concert with Neil Young and Paul

McCartney's Queen Mary party he teamed up with Kinky Friedman at an LA party to sing Kinky's 'Ride Em Jewboy'; and they spent much of the evening talking together.

■ **BLOOD SWEAT & Tears** are set for a European tour in May ending in London on June 15. Tour opens in Scandinavia on May 19.

■ **THE SENSATIONAL Alex Harvey Band** turned out a good set last week at New York's Town Hall which got them strong demand for encores. Their next album features 'Giant Stoneeater' a classic track, and 'Ribs And Balls'. Their present tour ended this week but they plan to return to the States in June after their forthcoming UK tour.

■ **RUPERT HOLMES'** second album due soon has a song called 'I Don't Want To Hold Your Hand', which George Martin says is better than the Beatles original.

■ **CLIVE DAVIS** seen down CBGB'S a New York club checking out Patti Smith who looks like the next signing to Arista.

■ **MADISON SQUARE Gardens** has 21 rock dates set for June including at least four with Chicago & The Beach Boys, and some Rolling Stones dates. The Capitol Theatre Passiac has Jerry Garcia and Merle Saunders group Legion Of Mary, followed by Arlo Guthrie on April 11, Barry Manilow 18, Frank Zappa and the Mothers 19, Hot Tuna 26, Lou Reed May 3, and Nektar May 5.

■ **HENRY GROSS** has been getting a new band together and is planning to tour with the Doobies.

■ **HUMBLE PIE** may not split up despite the 'Farewell Tour'; and Steve Marriott has a solo album due out soon.

■ **JANIS IAN** played a great set at the Bottom Line last week. Her second album 'Between The Lines', just released, is picking up good reviews while Cher is to record the Janis Ian Song, 'Stars', for her next album.

■ **BOBBY WHITLOCK** has just signed with Capricorn Records and has begun studio sessions in Macon. The album is expected for late Summer.

■ **SANTANA WILL** be back on the road in late April in the US.



● **DIDDLEY:** 'Anniversary In Rock And Roll'

# Lennon, Dylan West, Jagger play with Bo

A REPORT from New York says Ron Terry who used to be an agent for Hendrix and Mountain is producing an album with Bo Diddley with a superstar line up to be called 'Bo Diddley's 20th Anniversary In Rock & Roll'. Guests include John Lennon, Bob Dylan, Mick Jagger, Alvin Lee, Leslie West, Keith Moon, Carmine Appice, Tim Bogert and Corky Laing.

Appice and Bogert laid down rhythm tracks and several of the guests have recorded already. It will appear on the Phantom Label. The songs are a collection of Bo's greatest hits.

**AL STEWART** recently played LA and in his engagement at the Starwood Club displayed an odd mixture of terrific and then merely banal material. One of the real surprises of the evening was to see Ian Matthews opening for Stewart. Ian deserves better and his most loyal fans are wondering when, if ever, he will come up with the hit single to truly break him in America.

**ISLAND HAVE** signed Del Shannon whose first singles release will be either the old Zombies classic 'Tell Her No' or 'Cry Baby Cry', co-written

with Jeff Lynne of ELO... Melissa Manchester's debut at the Troubadour witnessed by Joe Cocker, Minnie Riperton, Art Garfunkel and Gil Scott Heron... rumours of a Simon and Garfunkel reunion coming on strong since they've been seen together quite regularly, and maybe Clive Davis, their former boss at Columbia, has got just a little to do with it... the Beach Boys' much heralded show at Santa Barbara, up the coast from L.A. was a great shame: the sound system on the mammoth arena was terrible, though Jesse Colin Young made up for a great deal.

**JACKIE DE Shannon's** first LP for Columbia will feature all original material, and among her backing musicians are Larry Knechtel and Ron Tutt.



## BRITAIN'S TOP 30 SINGLES

1	1	BYE BYE BABY, Bay City Rollers	Bell
2	2	THERE'S A WHOLE LOT OF LOVING, Guys and Dolls	Magnet
3	3	GIRLS, Moments & Whatnauts	All Platinum
4	6	FANCY PANTS, Kenny	RAK
5	10	FOX ON THE RUN, Sweet	RCA
6	5	WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH YOU, Barry White	20th Century
7	9	I CAN DO IT, Rubettes	State
8	14	SWING YOUR DADDY, Jim Gilstrap	Chelsea
9	11	PLAY ME LIKE YOU PLAY YOUR GUITAR, Duane Eddy	GTO
10	8	THE FUNKY GIBBON, Goodies	Bradley's
11	26	LOVE ME LOVE MY DOG, Peter Shelley	Magnet
12	23	LET ME BE THE ONE, Shadows	EMI
13	15	PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM, Elton John Band	DJM
14	19	REACH OUT I'LL BE THERE, Gloria Gaynor	MGM
15	7	ONLY YOU CAN, Fox	GTO
16	22	THE UGLY DUCKLING, Mike Reid	Pye
17	4	IF, Telly Savalas	MCA
18	12	PICK UP THE PIECES, Average White Band	Atlantic
19	16	SWEET MUSIC, Showaddywaddy	Bell
20	13	MANDY, Barry Manilow	Arista
21	25	SKIING IN THE SNOW, Wigan's Ovation	Spark
22	17	DREAMER, Supertramp	A&M
23	28	LADY MARMALADE, Labelle	Epic
24	18	PLEASE TELL HIM THAT I SAID HELLO, Dana	GTO
25	21	MY EYES ADORED YOU, Frankie Valli	Private Stock
26	—	L.O.V.E., Al Green	London
27	20	I'M STONE IN LOVE WITH YOU, Johnny Mathis	CBS
28	—	YOUNG AMERICANS, David Bowie	RCA
29	27	MAKE ME SMILE (COME UP AND SEE ME), Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel	EMI
30	30	HAVING A PARTY, Osmonds	MGM

SUPPLIED BY: BRITISH MARKET RESEARCH BUREAU/MUSIC WEEK.

# Top 30 Best Selling Albums

1	1	20 GREATEST HITS, Tom Jones	Decca
2	—	YOUNG AMERICANS, David Bowie	RCA
3	—	THE BEST OF, Stylistics	Avco
4	—	STRAIGHT SHOOTER, Bad Company	Island
5	2	THE SHIRLEY BASSEY SINGLES ALBUM, Shirley Bassey	United Artists
6	15	BLUE JAYS, Justin Hayward and John Lodge	Threshold
7	11	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS, Elton John	DJM
8	10	THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK, 10 cc	Mercury
9	3	PHYSICAL GRAFFITI, Led Zepplin	Swan Song
10	13	TUBULAR BELLS, Mike Oldfield	Virgin
11	—	THE MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR, Rick Wakeman	A&M
12	17	TELLY, Telly Savalas	MCA
13	12	SIMON AND GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS, Simon and Garfunkel	CBS
14	20	ROLLIN', Bay City Rollers	Bell
15	15	THE SINGLES 1969-1973, Carpenters	A&M
16	4	THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel	EMI
17	—	THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CROWD, Eric Clapton	RSO
18	7	ON THE LEVEL, Status Quo	Vertigo
19	6	AVERAGE WHITE BAND, Average White Band	Atlantic
20	8	HIS GREATEST HITS, Engelbert Humperdinck	Decca
21	—	TOMMY, Soundtrack	Polydor
22	14	BLOOD ON THE TRACKS, Bob Dylan	CBS
23	9	CRIME OF THE CENTURY, Supertramp	A&M
24	18	THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON, Pink Floyd	Harvest
25	16	BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER, Simon and Garfunkel	CBS
26	28	CAN'T GET ENOUGH, Barry White	20th Century
27	24	ROCK 'N' ROLL, John Lennon	Apple
28	27	YESTERDAYS, Yes	Atlantic
29	22	THE BEST OF BREAD, Bread	Elektra
30	25	I'M COMING HOME, Johnny Mathis	CBS

SUPPLIED BY: BRITISH MARKET RESEARCH BUREAU/MUSIC WEEK

### HOW WELL CAN YOU MATCH YOUR ABC'S?

Artist to Album? or Singer to Single? (answers below)

A is for AWB, 'And I Love You So', Autobahn, 'A Song For You'.

B is for 'Bye Bay City Rollers, David Bowie, 'Blood On The Tracks', 'Before The Next Tear Drop Falls', Jimmy Buffett, 'Band On The Run', 'Bertha Butt Boogie Pt 1', Shirley Bassey, Bluejays, B.T. Express, Blackbyrds 'Butter Boy' and 'Bridge Over Troubled Waters'.

C is for Carpenters, 'Crime Of The Century', 'Cold On The Shoulder', Cop Yer Wack Fer This, Joe Cocker, Crash Landing, Alice Cooper, Jimmy Castor Bunch, Billy Connolly, 'Chevy Van', Chicago.

D is for 'Dreamer', Don't Call Us, We'll Call You', Dana, Dylan, 'Dark Side Of The Moon', Dawn, John Denver, 'Do It (Til You're Satisfied)' and Doobie Brothers.

E is easy: Duane Eddy, 'Express', 'Emma', 'Eagles' and Earth, Wind and Fire.

F is 'Fancy Pants', 'Fox on the Run', Fanny, 'Funky Gibbon' Freddie Fender and Fox, 'For Earth Below' and 'Fire'.

G: Guys and Dolls, Goodies, Gloria Gaynor, Al Green, Jim Gilstrap and 'Girls'.

H is heavy. Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel, 'Having A Party', 'Heart Like A Wheel', Justin Hayward, Gil-Scott Heron, Jimi Hendrix, Hot Chocolate.

I: 'It's A Miracle', 'I Can Do It', 'I'm Stone In Love With You', and 'I'm Coming Home'.

J: Elton John, Sammy Johns, Jackie Blue and Brian Jackson.

K is Kenny, Ben E. King, Kraftwerk and Carole King.

L is 'Love Me Love My Dog', 'Lady Marmalade' or 'Let Me Be The One', John Lodge, John Lennon, 'Lovin' You', Love Unlimited Orchestra, Labelle, 'Long Tall Glasses (I Can Dance)', Gordon Lightfoot, Ramsey Lewis.

M is for movement: Moments, 'Mandy', Midnight Band, Make Me Smile (Come Up And See Me), Johnny Mathis, Barry Manilow, 'My Eyes Adored You'.

N is 'No No Song', Olivia Newton-John, 'Nightbirds'.

O is 'Only You Can', Mike Oldfield, Osmonds, 'Once You Get Started', Ozark Mountain Daredevils, 'On The Border', 'Ohio Players and 'On The Level'.

P is Playful. 'Play Me Like You Play Your Guitar', 'Pick Up The Pieces', Pink Floyd, Poetry Man, 'Physical Graffiti', 'Perfect Angel', 'Please Tell Him That I Said Hello' and phew.

Q is for Queen. R is Rubettes, Mike Reid, Linda Ronstadt, Minnie Riperton, 'Really Rosie', 'Rock And Roll' and 'Reach Out And I'll Be There'.

S is to sweat through: 'Swing Your Daddy', Sweet Sensation, Leo Sayer, Stylistics, Showaddywaddy, 'Skiing in the Snow', 'Sheet Music', Ringo Starr, Phoebe Snow, 'Sheer Heart Attack', 'Supernatural Thing Pt 1', Status Quo, Sugarloaf, Satin Soul, 'Shame Shame Shame', Simon and Garfunkel, 'Sad Sweet Dreamer', Shirley, Supertramp, Peter Shelley, Shadows, Sun Goddess, Shining Star and Telly Savalas.

T is 'There's A Whole Lot of Lovin'', 'Tubular Bells', B.J. Thomas, 'Henry Truman', Robin Trower, Temptations.

U is 'Ugly Duckling'.

V is Frankie Valli. W is Barry White, Wigan's Ovation 'What Am I Gonna Do With You', Welcome To My Nightmare, Wings 'Walking in Rythmn', 'What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits', Joe Walsh, Whatnauts and 'So What'.

XYZ 'Young Americans' Zeppelin, 'Yesterdays' and Yes this is the end.

ROBIN KATZ

## CAPITAL COUNTDOWN

1	1	GIRLS, Moments and Watnauts	All Platinum
2	3	SWING YOUR DADDY, Jim Gilstrap	Chelsea
3	12	FOX ON THE RUN, Sweet	RCA
4	7	FANCY PANTS, Kenny	RAK
5	10	LET ME BE THE ONE, Shadows	EMI
6	2	BYE BYE BABY, Bay City Rollers	Bell
7	4	THERE'S A WHOLE LOT OF LOVING, Guys and Dolls	Magnet
8	5	WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH YOU? Barry White	20th Century
9	8	PLAY ME LIKE YOU PLAY YOUR GUITAR, Duane Eddy	GTO
10	14	LADY MARMALADE, Labelle	Epic
11	15	LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG, Peter Shelley	Magnet
12	—	HOLD ON TO LOVE, Peter Skellerg	Decca
13	28	A FOOL LIKE ME, Tim Moore	Mooncrest
14	13	PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM, Elton John	DJM
15	—	TAKE YOUR MAMA FOR A RIDE, Lulu	Chelsea
16	24	LOVE CORPORATION, Hues Corporation	RCA
17	—	SORRY DOESN'T ALWAYS MAKE IT RIGHT, Diana Ross	Tamla Motown
18	18	REACH OUT I'LL BE THERE, Gloria Gaynor	MGM
19	19	THE WAY WE WERE, Gladys Knight and the Pips	Buddah
20	27	JIGSAW GIRL, Clifford T Ward	Chelsea
21	—	ABRAHAM, MARTIN AND JOHN, Dion	UK
22	—	HOW GLAD I AM, Kiki Dee Band	Rocket
23	—	I AIN'T GONNA STAND FOR THIS NO MORE, Ace	Anchor
24	6	FUNKY GIBBON / SICK MAN BLUES, Gbodies	Bradley's
25	16	THE QUEEN OF 1964, Neil Sedaka	Polydor
26	9	IF, Telly Savalas	MCA
27	17	I CAN DO IT, Rubettes	Polydor
28	—	L.O.V.E., Al Green	London
29	11	PICK UP THE PIECES, Average White Band	Atlantic
30	—	SOMEWAY, SOMEHOW, I'M KEEPING YOU, Tymes	RCA

SUPPLIED BY: CAPITAL RADIO

## AMERICA'S TOP 30 SINGLES

1	2	LOVIN' YOU, Minnie Riperton	Epic
2	3	PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM, Elton John Band	MCA
3	6	NO NO SONG/SNOOKEROO, Ringo Starr	Apple
4	4	EXPRESS, B T Express	Roadshow
5	5	YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL, Joe Cocker	A&M
6	7	POETRY MAN, Phoebe Snow	Shelter
7	1	LADY MARMALADE, Labelle	Epic
8	11	(HEY WON'T YOU PLAY) ANOTHER SOMEBODY DONE SOMEBODY WRONG SONG, B J Thomas	ABC
9	10	HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN MELLOW, Olivia Newton-John	MCA
10	8	MY EYES ADORED YOU, Frankie Valli	Private Stock
11	13	ONCE YOU GET STARTED, Rufus	ABC
12	16	CHEVY VAN, Sammy Johns	GRC
13	17	HARRY TRUMAN, Chicago	Columbia
14	27	WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH YOU, Barry White	20th Century
15	19	EMMA, Hot Chocolate	Big Tree
16	20	SUPERNATURAL THING PART 1, Ben E King	Atlantic
17	21	BEFORE THE NEXT TEARDROP FALLS, Freddy Fender	ABC/Dot
18	22	WALKING IN RHYTHM, Blackbyrds	Fantasy
19	24	L.O.V.E., Al Green	Hi
20	25	SHINING STAR, Earth, Wind and Fire	Columbia
21	9	DON'T CALL US, WE'LL CALL YOU, Sugarloaf/Jerry Corbetta	Claridge
22	26	SATIN SOUL, Love Unlimited Orchestra	20th Century
23	28	LONG TALL GLASSES (I CAN DANCE), Leo Sayer	Warner Bros
24	12	SHAME SHAME SHAME, Shirley & Company	Vibration
25	—	THE BERTHA BUTT BOOGIE PART 1, Jimmy Castor Bunch	Atlantic
26	—	JACKIE BLUE, Ozark Mountain Daredevils	A&M
27	—	HE DON'T LOVE YOU (LIVE I LOVE YOU), Tony Orlando & Dawn	Elektra
28	—	IT'S A MIRACLE, Barry Manilow	Arista
29	30	BUTTER BOY, Fanny	Casablanca
30	14	SAD SWEET DREAMER, Sweet Sensation	Pye

SUPPLIED BY: BILLBOARD

## AMERICA'S TOP 30 ALBUMS

1	1	PHYSICAL GRAFFITI, Led Zepplin	Swan Song
2	2	HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN MELLOW, Olivia Newton-John	MCA
3	6	AN EVENING WITH JOHN DENVER, John Denver	RCA
4	3	BLOOD ON THE TRACKS, Bob Dylan	Columbia
5	4	PERFECT ANGEL, Minnie Riperton	Epic
6	8	FOR EARTH BELOW, Robin Trower	Chrysalis
7	7	NIGHT BIRDS, Labelle	Epic
8	10	ROCK 'N' ROLL, John Lennon	Apple
9	13	AUTOBAHN, Kraftwerk	Vertigo
10	14	YOUNG AMERICANS, David Bowie	RCA
11	9	PHOEBE SNOW, Phoebe Snow	Shelter
12	15	THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD, Earth, Wind and Fire	Columbia
13	5	WHAT WERE ONCE VICES ARE NOW HABITS, Doobie Brothers	Warner Bros
14	18	COLD ON THE SHOULDER, Gordon Lightfoot	Reprise
15	12	SUN GODDESS, Ramsey Lewis	Columbia
16	20	CRASH LANDING, Jimi Hendrix	Reprise
17	11	HEART LIKE A WHEEL, Linda Ronstadt	Capital
18	16	RUFUSIZED, Rufus, featuring Chaka Khan	ABC
19	17	AVERAGE WHITE BAND, Average White Band	Atlantic
20	25	A SONG FOR YOU, Temptations	Tamla Motown
21	30	YESTERDAYS, Yes	Atlantic
22	22	DO IT ('TILL YOU'RE SATISFIED), B. T. Express	Sceptre
23	23	ON THE BORDER, Eagles	Asylum
24	—	GREATEST HITS, Al Green	Hi
25	—	A1A, Jimmy Buffett	ABC/Dunhill
26	—	REALLY ROSIE, Carole King	Ode
27	—	WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE, Alice Cooper	Atlantic
28	24	SO WHAT, Joe Walsh	ABC/Dunhill
29	27	FIRE, Ohio Players	Mercury
30	—	MIDNIGHT BAND: THE FIRST MINUTE OF A NEW DAY, Gil Scott-Heron & Brian Jackson	Arista

SUPPLIED BY: BILLBOARD.

## SOUNDS PLAYLIST

Geoff Barton	United Artists
EGE BAMYASI, Can	United Artists
REFLECTIONS IN A MUD PUDDLE, Dory Previn	Pre-release copy
MICHAEL MOORCOCK AND THE DEEP FIX,	
Derek Cauty	Kicking Mule
SAD PIG DANCE, Dave Evans	Epic
WOMAN TO WOMAN, Tammy Wynette	Warner Bros.
STREETS, Ralph McTell	
Barbara Charone	Decca
LET IT BLEED, Rolling Stones	Rolling Stones Records
STICKY FINGERS, Rolling Stones	Rolling Stones Records
IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N ROLL, Rolling Stones	Rolling Stones Records
Mike Flood Pace	Reprise
WAITRESS IN A DONUT SHOP, Maria Muldaur	A & M Import
NILS LOFGREN, Nils Lofgren	Capitol Import
BEAUTIFUL LOSER, Bob Seger	
Bill Henderson	Atlantic
TRACY NELSON, Tracy Nelson	ABC
KATY LIED, Steely Dan	Capitol
2000 YEARS WITH Mel Brooks / Carl Reiner	
Robin Katz	Ovation
AFTER ALL THIS TIME, Bonnie Koloc	UA
ELECTRIC SHOCKS, Roger Ruskin Spear	Philly Int.
TO BE TRUE, Harold Melvin and the BlueNotes	
Rob Mackie	Reprise
SOUTHERN NIGHTS, Allen Toussaint	RCA
LOVE IS LIKE A BUTTERFLY, Dolly Parton	Island
NATTY DREAD, Bob Marley & the Wailers	
Pete Makowski	A&M
PLUG ME INTO SOMETHING, Henry Gross	
RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW, Ritchie Blackmore	(Unreleased)
BLOW BY BLOW, Jeff Beck	CBS
Alf Martin	Cuba
I CAN STAND A LITTLE RAIN, Joe Cocker	Epic
BLOW BY BLOW, Jeff Beck	MCA
NUTHIN' FANCY, Lynrd Skynyrd	
Steve Peacock	RSO
THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CROWD, Eric Clapton	Good Ear
AMAZING GREASE, Grease Band	Polydor
CAUGHT UP, Millie Jackson	
John Peel	Reprise (Import)
CRASH LANDING, Jimi Hendrix	CBS
THE KOP CHOIR, The Kop Choir	ABC (Import)
KATY LIED, Steely Dan	
Billy Walker	Harvest
HAIR OF THE DOG, Nazareth	ABC
KATY LIED, Steely Dan	MCA
NUTHIN' FANCY, Lynrd Skynyrd	

**DAUNTING** though Steve Marriott's passions are to a detached observer, it's sad to realise the inevitability of the situation; for however, many apologies, promises and commitments are made to perpetuate its life, Pie are finished creatively. There's no point flogging a dead horse.

The tragedy is that Steve knows it, but won't admit it to himself. He sees logic of *epithasia*, yet fights violently against it.

Though the band has completed its farewell US tour, dubbed 'Goodbye Pie', and officially broken up, he is still desperately concocting schemes to keep them together in some shape or form. Inspecting the options open to him as a musician when the band does fragment, it's easy to appreciate why he is so worried.

"It ain't right to break the band up right now, it can't be," Steve declares furiously in one breath, yet just minutes later he concedes that they have gone stale and become bored.

Pie are, in fact, in a strange and unenviable position. It's accepted that they broke up in January. The causes were obvious to those who had witnessed the steady deterioration in their output and energy, and the news was generally welcomed.

"We were all bored," says Steve. "There was no dissonance, nobody hated anybody, there was no dirt. It was just like 'let's quit while we're winning'."

At its formation Pie was basically Peter Frampton's band; he called most of the shots while the shimmering country atmosphere of their first two albums were indicative of the vague direction he wanted them to follow.

**Tentative**

Though their first album was tentative and uncommitted, their second still remains as a near-masterpiece. Memories of the Small Faces and the Herd were still warm in Peter and Steve's minds and when Steve moved out of London into the quiet of the Essex countryside, the effect on his music was quite astounding.

His songs on 'Town And Country' like 'Shakey Jake' and 'Down Home Again' were, quite simply, years ahead of their time. Unfortunately their ideas were premature and proved inaccessible to a record buying public hot for the furies of Cream and Jimi Hendrix.

The disappointments of commercial failure combined with the traumas of their label — Immediate Records — going bankrupt and their first major American tour, paved the way to a dramatic realignment in their musical direction.

Listening to their third album, 'Humble Pie', the changes shouted out of the speakers. Steve explains, "Pie was Pete's band to start with. I used to stand back and never come forward. I wanted to play 'me' down. Then I decided to step forward and frightened the life outta Pete."

Frampton tolerated the rapidly increasing emphasis on electric and 4/4 timing for 18 months, but seeing their musical horizons being narrowed so severely, he quit to form his own band in 1972. Whereas he had been a major contributor to Pie in compositions, ideas and restraint, his replacement Dave 'Clem' Clempson was no writer, just a guitar player. Clem has contributed just one totally self-penned song to the band in four albums.

Since neither bassist Greg Ridley nor drummer Jerry Shirley are prolific writers, the responsibility for providing original Humble Pie material fell squarely on Marriott's shoulders.

He coped adequately on their first post-Frampton effort, 'Smokin', but the

# Talking to Steve Marriott about Humble Pie breaking up is like discussing the end of a marriage with a confused husband who is still desperately in love, yet realises the magic has gone



## INTERVIEW BY ANDY Mc CONNELL

number of songs they were forced to import to complete albums escalated from three on 'Smokin', to six on 'Eat It' and seven on both 'Thunderbox' and the newly-released 'Street Rats'. From their inception Pie had always included one or two outside compositions for contrast, but in the past two years they have been reduced to bringing in two thirds of their material to get by.

With Frampton gone and Marriott totally in charge, Pie changed course. They had lost a great deal of their guitar dexterity, so, being unable to provide class, they turned up the volume.

Concentrating even more heavily on their own arrangements of Southern blues standards like Muddy Waters' 'Rolling Stone', Willie Dixon's 'I'm Ready' and Eddie Cochran's rock and roll epic 'C'mon Everybody' — mini-classics in their own right — and the occasional kick-ass original like 'The Fixer' from 'Smokin', the Pie's forte became loud raucous riffing; and bellowing vocals. They played music later to be titled 'boogie' and, on record, were probably the best in the world at it.

Yet, on stage, they failed to appreciate their strengths and

emphasised their weaknesses. With a growing superior technical guitar proficiency rising around them, Pie's overly-long instrumental breaks simply emphasised Clem's elementary craftsmanship.

Becoming tired of boogie, which they'd been playing for about three years on stage, Steve changed course again. But it seemed as if he didn't know quite where to go, as evidenced on the 'Eat It' double; four sides and a different style of music on each. A schizophrenic album if ever there was one. The band's basically rock compositions on one; Pie's interpretations of soul classics like 'Black Coffee' on another; three live tracks which were not only poorly recorded but played without a hint of inspiration, and finally... Steve's acoustic blues job, Side Three. It was, quite simply, awful: the musicianship, mediocre; the lyrics, abysmal. 'Summer Song' for instance, "Won't you listen to my summer song, How long, how long, how long."

I try to say what I mean... I try to stay where I've been 'Coz I been where I stayed.

Won't you listen to my summer song, How long, how long, how long.

Again, in deciding his 'skin is white but my soul is black', Steve had put the band up for comparisons with the likes of Tina Turner, Edwin Starr and the Isley Brothers. They bombed out both critically and commercially.

With their popularity on the decline, they ignored the merits of playing regular versions of old favourites with a healthy sprinkling of new material on stage; keeping things simple, an art in itself. Instead, they reverted to their already redundant policy of regular boogie padded out beyond all credibility with overly-long, sub-standard solos and Steve's increasingly offensive live aggression.

### Thunderbox

Completing the touring schedule that coincided with 'Thunderbox', they took a year off from the road. Sitting on a washbasin backstage at Los Angeles' Long Beach Arena after one of the final 'Goodbye Pie' dates, Steve recalled the decision; "I said 'if you don't mind, I want a year off. We'd worked for six years consecutively and needed the rest.'"

He had built a recording studio at the rear of his home and wanted time to use it. First, he and Greg Ridley got together and recorded their 'Joint Effort' album. "In all I've recorded enough in the past year for three albums for myself, two for Greg, two for

Humble Pie and one for Joe Brown."

While Steve was recording and working as an engineer in his studio, the others had time to reflect on the band and what they were doing. Under the microscope of self-examination, they realised Pie were headed nowhere, stuck in a rut, hard and fast. They began to disintegrate. "I think they panicked," says Steve.

Nevertheless, spurred by disenchantment within the group, band members began to quit. It's rumoured that Clem was the first to go. "It doesn't matter who was first," insists Steve. "I got a call saying 'we want out'. I said okay."

Who was the call from? "Names are irrelevant," he replies snappily. "There's only four of us in the band, use your fucking imagination. Improve. I don't want to get down to specifics. I was going to leave last year. We were all going to leave."

Against the run of affairs, the band rounded themselves

up to record their ninth, and final album, 'Street Rats', the name Steve was originally to use for his solo album.

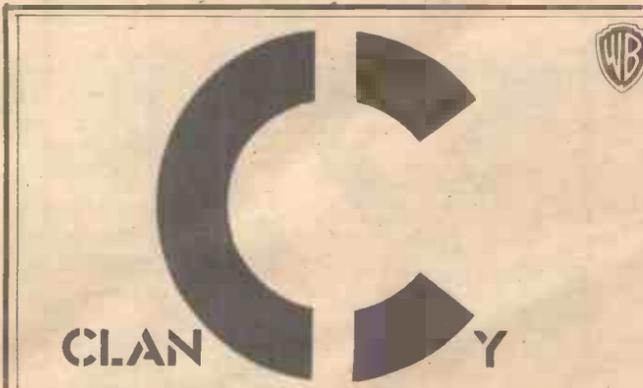
Realising they'd need something extra to make the band mean anything, they recruited session pianist Tim Hinkley. Using piano was not a new idea for Pie. Steve had played electric piano extensively in their embryonic days and utilised acoustic piano strongly on 'Smokin'. Yet the fact that they could not play it on stage without another member caused obvious problems.

So Hinkley joined, helped record the album but was then fired. Why? "He was just himself, and it was too heavy," explains Steve refusing to be tied to specifics again.

The atmosphere during the recording and the members' attitude towards the band are summarised in the openly painful lyrics of Steve's 'Road Hog'. "What I'm trying to say, I've been going through a bad spell, I've got to keep travelling. Hell, I'm going nowhere... I've got to keep from burning."

CONTINUED ON P.8

**"I'm bored with myself, I'm bored with my songs and I get bored with my own voice. I know my limits so I get bored"**



CONTINUED FROM P.7

With the album finally complete, Humble Pie broke up. They decided it would be best for themselves and their fans. Listening to the album, the decision would have been a sensible one; apart from the rare occasions when they allow themselves to shine through — like on 'Road Hog' especially — the album is a faint shadow of the vital Pie one remembers from the late Sixties and early Seventies. They wander through a selection of other people's songs, devoid of imagination and flair.

"Then somebody said 'you can't break up now because there's this tour locked in and if you pull out you'll upset a lot of people'. So we got ourselves back together, talked about it, decided to do it and call it the 'farewell tour', in all good faith," Steve recalls.

However, it's also known that when the band decided to call it quits, they had their finances audited, only to discover that they were in very poor shape, to say the least.

Though Steve says, "We could have gone with the prestige bit; done the private jet number... stayed at the best hotels and thrown all our money away and built ourselves up to be gods, but we chose not to." Pie were notorious for squandering money, over-consumption and when it came to paying for anything they'd charge it to the band.

They'd fly girlfriends all over the world to be with them, while Steve's record of smashing up cars in the Aston Martin/Rolls Royce price

bracket verges on the incredible. As for the 'private jet number' that Steve speaks of, they hired a Lear jet on at least one American tour; 1972. Eye-witness accounts of their consumption of expensive exotic goods leave no doubt as to where a large portion of their money went, not to mention what it did to Steve's health in particular.

Many of Steve's friends privately admit to being extremely worried about his apparent course of self-destruction. A former co-member of the Small Faces told me within the past two weeks; "He's got to be really careful with himself. If he keeps on he'll certainly burn himself out if he doesn't do something even worse than that."

While Steve himself admits, "I saw Ronnie (Lane, another former Small Face) the other day for the first time for a long while and he told me 'your worst enemy is your energy'. I'll go along with that."

The first time I met and talked to Steve at length was almost six years ago; the band had been together a short while, he was happy and bubbling with enthusiasm, yet strangely relaxed and playing sitar. Chatting excitedly about the band he had said, "I want this band to take it by stages; not to rush anything. It's a beautiful band. We've got so much potential it's almost scary."

When we met again last week, I suggested he could lay back for a while, be comfortable and see what turns up, he almost burst, "You're joking ain't yer? What makes you think I can be comfortable?"

I'm broke, I've been broke for years.

"I ain't comfortable. I lost my old lady eighteen months ago, I'm broke. You think I'm comfortable..." he demanded before breaking out into a sad self-mocking laugh.

Under the circumstances, Pie had little choice but to do the tour; legally, morally and financially.

As they made their way across the United States being greeted by ecstatic capacity audiences, Steve began to announce Humble Pie was not going to break up after all. In his own words, "After we played New York, Chicago and Detroit we thought 'listen, it ain't right to break the band up': all the dates were sold out and the kids were going crazy."

Though seeing fanatical audiences must have been reassuring to the band, it's certain that they considered their options in the band did indeed split up as agreed; only to discover their prospects were not at all attractive.

The obvious move would be to form new bands or join ones already established. That would provide them with a new creative environment to kick them out of their state of lethargy. But Steve insists he won't play with another band; "I said Humble Pie would be the last band I'd be in and I'll stay by that."

If Steve still insists on total allegiance to Humble Pie in the cold light of day, off the road and away from the others, he can, but he can't expect the others to do the same. It appears their best chance.

Solo projects appear a natu-



● "I've been broke for years."

ral move under the circumstances. However, Steve and Greg's 'Joint Effort' is reportedly so uncommercial that when they offered it to their record company, A&M, it was politely returned with a rejection slip. When asked what happened to the album, Steve replied, "Don't ask me... nothing. It was finished a year ago, I gave it to our manager and he sat on it. I just don't know."

Bearing in mind the fact that Steve is Pie's strongest force; personally and musically, he is the most obvious choice for the solo stakes. After his ideas have been turned down, the chances for the others seem extremely slim.

They could attempt the addition of extra musicians to the line-up again. Steve's

guitar technique is elementary at best and he says he'd like to see another guitarist in Pie; "I'd like to get another guitarist to take my place. Then I could play keyboards now and again and concentrate a lot more on my singing because I'm not singing at my best right now; I can't because I'm playing guitar at the same time."

That's how it's been since the beginning of the band though. "I know. Not in the studio though. I'd just like to play guitar occasionally, play keyboards sometimes. That would help me. I'd like to sing more."

Somehow the idea seems like patching a sinking ship though. The heart has left the band and it would take more than a conscript, with little say in the running of matters, to rekindle their spark of life. Additionally, the idea has already failed once with Hinkley.

Steve's own plan is to divide the year in half; six months devoted to solo projects and the remainder to Humble Pie tours and recording. At the time he and I talked the others hadn't made a final decision on the idea but, "Everybody's saying 'Yeah, it's a groovy idea'. I just hope they go along with it," he says.

Personally it seems the most unfortunate scheme for running a rock and roll band I've ever heard. It's not only unwieldy and impracticable, but music requires a certain commitment, leaving little room for indecision and half-heartedness. It's like living with two lovers alternatively; one for six months, then moving in with the other for the rest of the

year, only to return to the original one on January 1 until June 30. Rigid rules like that appear totally infeasible.

Pie could, of course, stay together, but Steve realises as much as anybody else that they've become stale. He concedes, "I'm bored with myself, I'm bored with my songs and I get bored with my own voice. I know my limits so I get bored."

The advantage in sticking it out regardless is that Pie are a money-making outfit. With a series of tours and an astute accountant, they could build up healthy bank balances. Still, Steve claims, "I don't want to be at the top, I think respect is worth a lot more. Respect from just one person means more than selling a gold album." Yet respect should be the last thing he will receive by further perpetuating the life of a band that should have died a natural death last year.

To break Humble Pie up now involves an element of risk and uncertainty, but part of the reason why Pie are bored is because they have avoided taking gambles. Playing in the band became like working in a bank; few changes, little creativity, slightly monotonous but there's the reassurance that it'll never go broke and the pay-check will always be there at the end of the week.

As they stand, Humble Pie are at the crossroads, needing to make a decision. Right now they are stumbling along not knowing what to do. "We're not stumbling, we're striding," Steve denies adamantly. "But we're striding with blindfolds on."

YE LOAD of aad gannies down there in London seem to have been overcome by that new film of 'Tommy'.

But reaction to Mr. R's masterwork is expected to be more blasé in a certain Durham pit village. Because at Ryhope the school dram. soc. did 'Tommy' last year you see.

Aw, it was nothin'. just a hundred kids, a score of teachers, a few thousand pounds begged, borrowed and granted, TV cameras cluttering the corridors, journalists popping up from under every desk, the two lead actors taken over to meet Daltrey on the film set, 30p tickets for the show selling in the playground black market for thirty bob. Aw, it was — unbeliegabgle.

It could also have been a one-off, a mad adventure beyond the fringe of educational acceptability after which Ryhope could resume the anonymity of its municipal red brick and tile building.

Drama teacher Malcolm Gerrie, last Summer's Cecil B. de Thrill and bobbysoxers' Busby Berkeley, could have said: "Right this year we've got to do something proper. You have free choice — out of Shakespeare and Chekhov."

But the truth is, says Malcolm, that once you start a school rocking there's no way to stop it. So this year they're doing 'Stardust'.

Slightly adapted that is. Because Malcolm and his music teacher colleague George Robinson and Bill Scott don't believe in treating rock scripts like Holy Writ. These are the likely lads who saw Joseph in their 'Technicolour Dreamcoat' Christmas show as a Hell's Angel who roared out

# Please Sir, can we O.D. now?



of the audience on the headmaster's motor bike.

Anyway they were pondering on Sergeant Pepper and a Journey through the Sixties as concepts for this year's epic when they saw 'Stardust' and knew they had their format. Except of course that the "Sarf" had to be written out and Ryhope and neighbouring Silksworth written in.

Then again the rise and fall of a rock star pattern was a bit simple and they were all fascinated by Bowie so—sup-

pose Jim Maclaine turned into Ziggy Stardust? Why not? Yeah.

The legend took flight, de imagination, de thrill. They threw in a rock and roll clown (Courtesy of the Everlys, Smokey Robinson, Leo Sayer, etc.) as "Time", the narrator, and reckoned they had a show.

But what about performing rights? After winning Townshend over last year Malcolm just said boldly "Please..." Ray Connolly, the author of 'Stardust', and Bowie's Main-man management gave them full and free permission to go ahead. Just like that. (You too can have a school rock show. Send for Malcom's amazing pamphlet on "Wheeler - dealing the easy way" and if not completely satisfied within seven days...)

Malcom said: "It's the kids' culture — and it's my culture." A hundred kids turned up for the auditions: "I don't think you would have got that response if we were doing Hamlet. They've got the chance to live out some of their fantasies on stage." Their fantasies? Malcolm is 24 and

in his teens used to handle booking all the rock acts at the Sunderland Empire.

With the cast picked, seven performances scheduled for the first week in July, Bill Scott takes the solo singers through some numbers. Lads, almost men, but not so for lack of a few inches, a few lines, certainly about being alto or baritone.

In his blazer one stands stiffly singing "It's one for the money..." The piano echoes round the school's-out bareness of parquet floors and desks.

Meanwhile, Malcolm Gerrie is displaying the first couple of pages of the script with some pleasure though it's all he's written so far. In the opening sequence the Clown looks at Jim Maclaine and says: "The Rasputin of rock. Look at him, he stinks of success." Nice. And when he's finished the two and a half hour script he's got to get hold of those radio mikes, organise the shooting of the movie sections — a polite request to take over Newcastle airport for an hour or two to mock up a Jim Maclaine homecoming. Can it really happen? From

crazy dream to real live rock show? All you can say is it did last year.

Multi - megavoltage electricity crackled across the generation gap. The parents came and saw the children for real. Not the split - and polish waxen schmucks of speech days or the gawky neo-Oliver's of The School Play but kids with their hearts freed by something they love — rock.

And rock presented to the parents not by ratty - haired, warped, pansified yobs on the box but, heavens to murgatroyd, by our kids.

One parent wrote anonymously to the local paper describing 'Tommy' as a "gloomy plot in which all the worst sides of the human character were dredged up in drunkenness, violence, drugs and murder." A deluge of replies told him where to get off — later the same non-de-plume was observed on a letter saying what a zonk-out the Gang Show was.

The ability to accept characters like uncle Ernie, the pervert drag-queen in 'Tommy', will be tested again as 'Stardust' challenges Geordie parents with scenes

from their own culture.

An early Stray Cats gig is a working men's club. The scene soft - sells with an audience - participation bingo session (everyone will get a card at the door, genuflections to the old alienator himself, Brecht) — then on comes the stripper, a fifth - former called Susan Cain. Hackles, and other things, may rise.

Of course, she won't get 'em all off but her act will be a teeny bop at the soft underbelly of parent morality that preaches, then nips along to the club to take in the Sunday lunch - time stag show.

Malcolm Gerrie's own lyrics for a link song are just as rough in approach:

"Me mam was a monkey, Me dad was a plonkie, Me brother's in the pub, Wor lass is in the club."

On the humorous side of the kid-parent tension the club entertainment will also feature a balladeer rendering one of those alleged "quality" songs that tasteful teens find gross and insincere. George Robinson said: "We could use 'My Way'. Aa've seen a geet fat geezer with a bald head sing that at midnight and they all cry into their beer."

The school radio station is making jingles to plug 'Stardust'. The school daily news-sheet will be full of it. The publicity siege from outside has only just begun.

The doubt creeps into your mind that all this is forcing Malcolm and his mates to aim too high. The teachers are writing the script and additional songs. They are signing up local semi-pros to play the rock score (though the school bad will assist on a few numbers). They are using a professional costume designer.

So non-kids will do almost all the creative work which seems a shame. Malcolm argues that the pupils are not capable of these specialised skills. But might it have been better to be worse and let them try?

I don't know. It could be wrong to ask for such self-effacement. The creators and performers are dependent on each other and in that sense equal. So that narrowest and widest of all generation gaps — teens to twenties — is overgrown by fantasies fulfilled. No way could a star like Jim Maclaine call a mere teacher like Malcolm Gerrie: "Sir".

Note: 'Aquarius' have told Malcolm they will do the programme but don't want him to "release" it yet. Programme planned for October.

Peter Bowyer In Association With Gaff Management Presents

# Greenslade

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- 18th De Montfort Hall, Leicester
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New Album From  
Rab Noakes  
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Also available on tape



## As Minnie Riperton hits No. 1 in America Penny Valentine reports from New York

**T**HE PERFECT Angel rushes into the restaurant 20 minutes late for her appointment. She is both breathless and apologetic. But she has also just hit the number one slot in the US singles chart with 'Loving You' and when that happens life gets just a little more frantic and time a little less easy to control.

Everyone said I'd adore Minnie Riperton. She was so "sweet" they said. So pretty, so delightful, so quiet, so perfect... I had visions of this vulnerable little girl walking about looking like her album cover, blue overalls and all.

But the Perfect Angel is nothing like that.

The Perfect Angel is a very warm mature human being who just happens to have an incredible five octave voice and who sings and writes like a dream. The Perfect Angel seems to have her life under control more than most people I know — musicians or not — and the Perfect Angel has her head screwed on in the nicest possible way.

If Minnie Riperton had been the 'cutsey' that was suggested then I think it might have all been too much to take when she said: "Some people really need to be a star. Sure it would be nice if my visions came true and I was but it's really enough for me to want to sing and to be able to sing." As it is she says it and it makes sense.

Minnie Riperton, over ten years' musical experience behind her, is no overnight sensation. She sits down and orders a drink — a Shirley Temple but "without the granadine". She doesn't fancy alcohol because she thinks it will upset her system.

She hasn't felt really well she says since she moved from Florida to Los Angeles 18 months ago. Anyway she's been working on her new album down at Wally Heider's Studio 3 until four or five every morning. She starts mixing it today. She's always at the mix of her albums because she is firmly convinced that's 'make it or break it' time.

She almost looks forbiddingly elegant in her black dress, black fur jacket and no make-up. Almost, because she's still got the sprinkle glitter from the 'Tommy' party three days previously trapped in amongst the fur and she can't get it out.

The new album will be her third solo effort and should be released towards the middle of her forthcoming American tour which opens in May. 'Perfect Angel' broke her wide open but before that she had 'Come To My Garden' with her old record company. The album was an underground hit with people paying anything up to £10 for it in American shops — because the company had stopped pressing it ("they re-released it just as 'Perfect Angel' was going up the charts, that's how dumb they are").

Before that she worked with Rotary Connection for four years. Rotary — a band highly acclaimed in its time — made seven albums and appeared with everyone, the Stones, Janis Joplin included. They came out of Chicago — Minnie's home town — and finally disbanded because "apart from the audiences here who went wild every time we were on, who really loved us, nobody else knew we were alive. The record company, the management, the agency — they were never really together so the group couldn't succeed."

Minnie Riperton started singing at 14 with an all-girl group called the Gems. She was the youngest and the group were very successful on the black circuit. "If it was today we'd have been a hit group. But then it was hard because we weren't singing heavy R&B or blues stuff so the record company didn't really know how to sell us. Anyway at 14 I wasn't about to make heavy decisions about my life and what I was going to do. I was really enjoying myself.



● MINNIE: 'without the granadine'

# PERFECT ANGEL IN FLIGHT

"I met a lot of people who influenced my life. style, I travelled. I wouldn't have changed it for anything. I would have changed some of the people who worked for the record company," she giggles. "But I certainly wouldn't have changed what I was involved in because I had too much fun."

Between the Gems and Rotary, Minnie was a solo singer. But again she struggled with ignorance and record companies who, instead of recognising her unique voice and style, were bewildered because she didn't fit in to any of the known 'markets'.

"I was doing what I'm doing now. It wasn't what you'd call black music so therefore nobody knew what to do with it. I mean in the record industry if you were black you were black and you couldn't be anything else. At that time you were Negroes you weren't even human beings. That's the way it was then," she grins, "that's the way it is now."

"Well I had, you could say, semi-local hit singles. It was a younger sound than I've got now, but I thought it was a lot hipper than say the Supremes who at that time sounded just like studio work to me."

While all this was going on — and before 'Perfect Angel' got cut, Minnie Riperton managed to be the first black singer to do vocals for TV commercials ("I made a lot of money but it's not really that great unless you want to sell baby diapers or face cream"), get married to one Richard Rudolph and have two children. She also moved out to Florida where her husband was responsible for starting the first radio programme that brought music other than "phony C&W" to the ears of Southern Americans and she and Richard spent the few free hours of the evening writing songs together.

With a new record contract and a new album in the planning stages and with her past experience tucked away under the "take note" section, Minnie Riperton was determined to have the right producer for her music. She was mulling over the problem with a friend of hers one day in her house — a man who had booked both Rotary and Stevie Wonder some years previously — when he got up and disappeared to the phone.

Moments later, the story goes, he came back and said someone wanted to have a word with her. Minnie, hotly vacuum cleaning her home, found herself talking to a strange voice at the other end of the line:

"The voice sounded sort of familiar and this person seemed to know all about me, even knew I was having a birthday in a couple of weeks'

time. Anyway, finally he told me 'this is Stevie Wonder' and we met at the studios a couple of nights later and we talked. Even though we weren't legally allowed to cut the album together we decided to. I mean it was like two kids who were forbidden or whatever — it seemed more exciting. But by the time we finished it the political thing had got so heavy we couldn't put Stevie's name on it."

The new album is a joint production between Minnie, her husband and Stuart Levine. She feels it's a natural progression from 'Angel' where the music is still different enough to be unclassifiable and they've just opened it up one stage further. She says she looks back on everything now and she feels all the work and waiting for success has been undeniably worth while:

"Even if I didn't have hit records it wouldn't worry me at all. I never regretted anything because I never did anything that I didn't want to do. People call all that paying your dues but hell I knew my work wasn't in vain and I was never going to stop."

"Anyway, I saw a lot. I saw things happening to people who would have a top record and be miserable trying to get another one and not managing it. I didn't want that from my life and I still don't. To me making hit records isn't the only thing in the world. To make music is fine."

"I was never aware I had a five octave voice. As a kid I never thought anything of it. I still don't feel it's anything special. I mean my music teacher was good. She never said 'hey kid you're unbelievable', she just made sure I knew how to use my voice and control it."

Her perfectly pitched and effortless rendition from 'Loving You' makes Minnie remember her drink. She sips it and makes a face. The waitress, who has arrived to take charge of the bill, looks pained:

"Without granadine that's just regular seven up."

"Oh," says the Perfect Angel, "I thought they normally put cherry juice in it — but that's okay."

The waitress looks positively menacing.

"Well they don't have no cherry juice. I have CHERRIES, I can bring the CHERRIES."

The Perfect Angel says really it's perfectly all right. When it's gone 3 p.m. and there's a waitress around whose feet hurt and she wants to get home and she's had enough smart assed remarks for today and is in no mood to cope with anyone even a well mannered lady who just doesn't like plain old seven up well... well. Minnie Riperton's right. What good are hit records then?



SITTING WITH her legs tucked up underneath her on a couch in a suite at the Dorchester Hotel, the farm-girl from Mississippi says she feels she's been fortunate.

She's sitting in the Dorchester instead of a cottonfield because thousands of Americans have paid her to sing about family life, and standing by your man, about feeling lonesome, about riches being nothin' if you ain't got someone by your side and about the heart of middle America than Mrs. Gerald Ford.

She's just been through her second divorce. She's asked about her fans: "I think they can say: 'she's just a plain girl, she's not a glamorous person, not a make-believe person, she was born on a farm in Mississippi and if she can do something like this (become a country star) then so can I'. That's the way I want them to feel about me — I don't want them to feel I'm above them because I am not, I just feel real fortunate." Tammy Wynette believes the truth of showbiz truisms. It took her years to get a recording contract, and she still keeps her hairdresser's licence renewed each year, just in case.

"I don't think success should ever change anybody, and the only way I feel I've changed from the farm girl I was in Mississippi is that now I have less time at home and maybe a little more to eat. Now, I have more money, but money isn't happiness and money isn't security. I'll never feel secure as long as I'm alone. I can be independent as long as I have to be, but I like the idea of having somebody else there in case I need him. I can still sing about the things I've always sung about because I still feel that way — I don't think I'll ever change. But I hope for the life of me I never get another divorce because..."

The hotel suite is furnished in a kind of expensive, sombre facelessness — with strange touches of a bizarre, manic humour like the ornate fireplace containing an old, hideous electric fire with fake coal. Her hair is long and blonde and carefully dressed, her make-up applied with precision to a face that's seen an average of three hours sleep a night for the past week, and a lot of travelling. She's dressed in patchwork slacks and a pink top, and she moves formally, but gracefully.

### Silence

"... because I don't think I could take it." The silence that follows is almost embarrassed. Maybe people didn't realise before how much she lays her heart on the line when she sings — that catch in her voice isn't acting, it's just there. It's there when she speaks too, especially when she keeps having to talk to people about George. H-e-l-l... an actress?

"It's me. There's no way I could do it different. There's

After nearly a decade as Queen in the hearts of America's country music fans (and that's a lot of people), it looks as if TAMMY WYNETTE is going to have a hit here at last with 'Stand By Your Man' — her first big US hit.

### Interview by Steve Peacock

no acting, nothing phoney; what's there is there, and if there's anything lacking it's lacking in me. I couldn't try to be something I'm not." Which is why she isn't about to change her material. "Believe it or not these are really the kind of songs I like to sing — I may not be able to sell them any more, they may not believe in me, but I want to keep on doing them."

'D-i-v-o-r-c-e' was retired from the stage act for a while: "I really didn't feel like singing it, I didn't want people saying I was capitalising or something. I really didn't feel like going on and saying 'here's a little song that means a lot to me'..."

It does mean a lot though. She moved away from the farm to live in Birmingham, Alabama, after her first two girls were born. She was working in a beauty parlour, and she sang on a local TV show. She and her husband weren't getting on — she met country singer George Jones, fell in love, and moved with him to Nashville. She got her

first divorce and married George, and they were together 15 years, had a daughter (Georgette), and became country music's first family. 'Stand By Your Man' became an anthem in America — and now it looks like becoming a hit in Britain, seven years later. That's another reason she's in the Dorchester Hotel. 'Stand By Your Man' was the first song she ever wrote with her producer / mentor Billy Sherrill. "I never dreamed it would do anything more after all this time," she said. In a way it's come back to haunt her.

"Billy's always been my producer — I know him, he knows me, and he knows how far he can push me. He's never made me do a song I didn't want to do with the exception of one, which was 'Cry' — I don't know why, I love the song, but at the time I didn't want to do it. The first time we went in and he wanted to record it, and I persuaded him to just put down the backing track and leave my voice. Then the next time

# Every night she hears: 'Huh-stand by your man?' It rings in her ears

we went in to record he asked me to do it, and I said 'Oh Billy please, don't make me do that song', and he said 'What is it about that song?'. I said 'I just don't know'.

"Then the third time we went in he just said 'We will do 'Cry' today', and I've never argued with him over a song since. I had tears in my eyes singing that song, I felt I could have just killed him, I was shooting daggers through the glass. It ended up as an album track — I knew it would, we weren't even shooting for a single.

## Personality

"Billy has the final say on anything I do, albumwise or singlewise. He lets me do whatever I want to do, but it's his decision what goes out. He pretty much knows me as a person."

And he's pretty much shaped her public personality with that knowledge. "Usually, if I do a song it has to be something that I can see myself in or something I've gone through or something I'd like to do. Like with 'D-i-v-o-r-c-e', I liked that song the first time I heard it. I'd been through my first divorce then, and I remembered how many times I had had to spell

things out in front of my girls..."

She really did that? "Oh yeah. And Billy has a lot to do with choosing songs too. He doesn't like me to do a certain type of song, he doesn't like me to do the sleeping around type of song, because it's..."

The what type of song? "Cheatin' songs, or the 'Harper Valley PTA' type of song, which was fantastic but it's not the type of person Billy thinks I am. Since George and I divorced, I've been plagued with it a little bit. Ev'ry night on stage I hear from the back of the hall: 'Where's George? ... huh, Stand By Your Man', it's ringing in my ears..."

Paranoia? "The country fans have been really great — they're down to earth people and I know they've been disappointed, they wrote in saying please don't let this happen, but also they write 'wish you both luck'. They understand. They want to see us together, but they get adjusted."

Getting adjusted — it's hard. There are constant reminders — pictures, records, interviewers asking questions, audiences muttering. She sighs. "George and I recorded a duet session the night before we separated. I don't know if

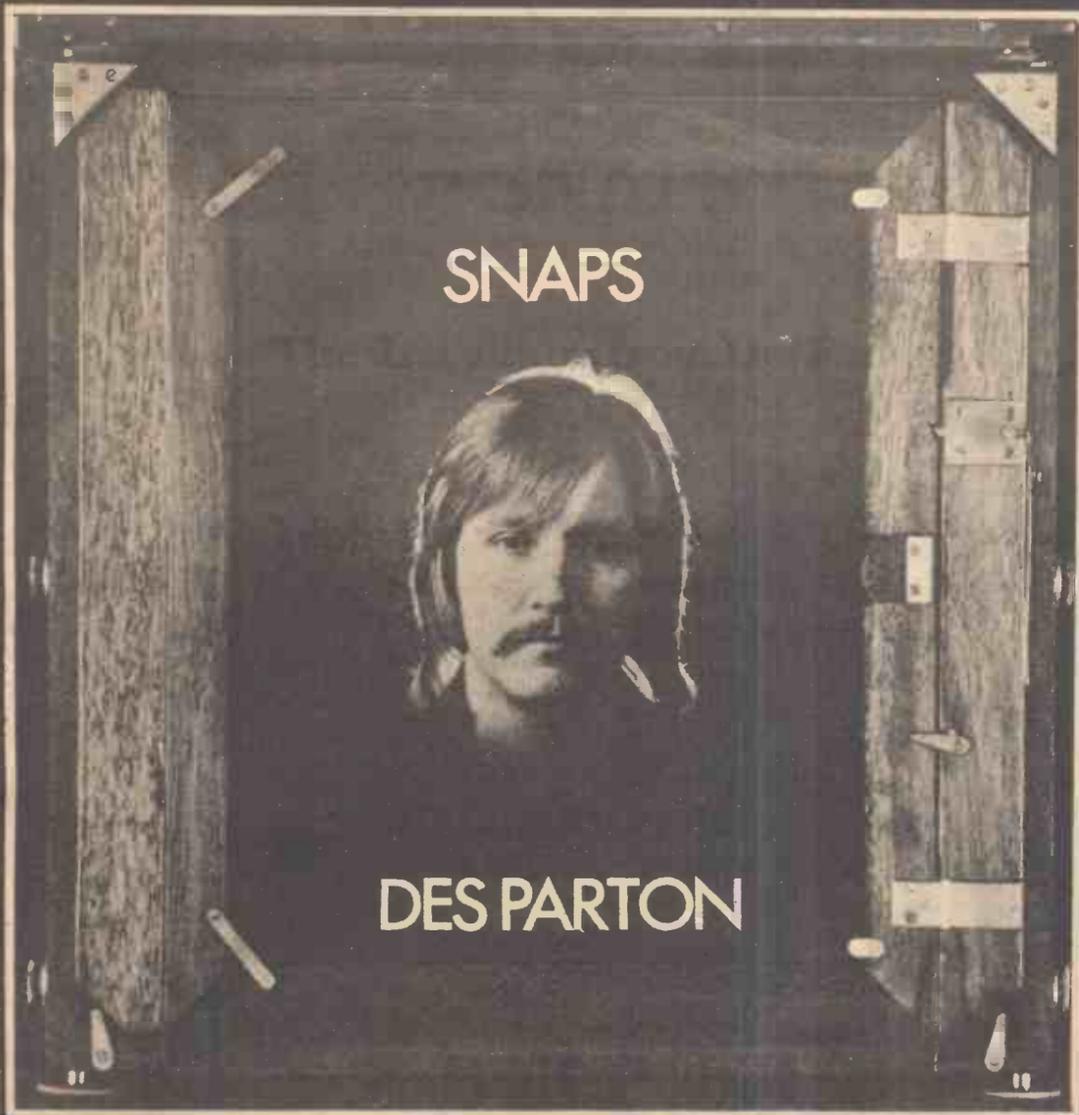
they'll release it now — it doesn't matter to me, I'd just as soon they did as not. To me George is still one of the greatest country singers — but I can't live with him. I can listen to him sing and jus' cry my eyes out, and then five minutes later I'll be so mad at him I could *kill* him. It's hard — I don't like to listen to him sing anymore. It's not because I don't like his singing, it's ... it's difficult."

It's difficult living your family life in public. "I never dreamed that people would get to feel as strongly as they did about it ... and the public they got used to seeing not just George and me together, but the kids as well. A family thing." She stares at the floor.

## Teenager

"I really don't like being single. After being married for 15 years it's a difficult task to accept that. I was completely lost ... I feel like an old teenager who should date but doesn't want to." She laughs. "Maybe. In time."

She stands up and shakes hands. It's already 4.30 in the afternoon, and the Press officer from Epic says there are four more interviews that day. They'll all want to know how 'Stand By Your Man' fits beside divorce in 1975.



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BULP 2004



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# Pope Loony wants to boogaloo...



Then again, RINGO STARR reckons he can't even sell newspapers in this country any more. 'Right now', he tells ROB MACKIE, 'it's young Scottish groups or soul music — that's the market'

## LAST WEEK, he was Pope.

Today he's the brand new zingading number one in the charts (US), and head-of a brand new record company. Sitting in Polydor's well-stocked bar adjacent to the press room, sawn-off denim jacket to match the permanently bruised spaniel expression, Ringo Starr is looking determinedly unpop.

All around is bustle, photographers appear from beneath white umbrellas set up in the corner of the room. Mildly harassed press office people check their watches against a heavy schedule of interviews.

On the table in front of Ringo sits an album, which could, at a quick glance, be 'Ringo', the album before last, an enjoyable piece of fun which reunited the Fab Four, amid various starry line-ups.

But a closer look at the album sleeve reveals that the face in the star is not our hero, but a neater and more regular countenance belonging to one of the three rather smartly-attired gents on Ringo's left.

The album goes by the deliberately punny title of 'Startling Music', and the face within the star on the sleeve is David Hentschel a 22-year-old synthesiser player (synthesist?), who has released that rarity, the 'cover album'. 'Startling Music' is all the numbers on 'Ringo', done instrumentally.

As 'Abbey Road' begat 'McLemore Avenue', so 'Ringo' has given birth to 'Startling Music'; as Hari Georgeson has Dark Horse and Splinter, so Ritchie Snare has Ring O'Records and David Hentschel.

Ringo O'Records? Let the man himself explain. "Ringo's such a good name anyway, and one you don't forget", he says, drifting into old territory and allowing himself a smile. "Well, it started in Liverpool in 1962... but it's not called Ringo Records, it's called Ring O'Records. I thought we'd get a bit Irish, y'see. So we had the Dubliners to do an ad, and none of 'em sound Irish. Five drunken Irishmen, and none of 'em sound Irish! I was going to say, 'It's Ringo Records', and they were going to say, 'Oh, no sor. 'Tis Ring

O'Records. And they just sound like they're from Cornwall, so we couldn't use it, it's so silly."

A fine raconteur of silly tales, Ringo. And although he's been making a parrot of himself for a succession of tape-recorders and note-pads all day, he can still enjoy that part.

Someone tells him that the O-part means son of, a fact of which he is apparently unaware. "Oh, well. I didn't know that. Well, this is son of Ringo. You learn something every day. Did you know that it takes a man 2½ minutes to jump off the Eiffel Tower...?" This last is a very accurate Michael Caine impersonation which is entirely missed by the fact-finding reporter who knows what O means. "Have you tried it?", she asks. "Ah, well. Try again, Ringo."

Did you know that one rock star can be interviewed in the same room by 20 different journalists all in the same day, if he has something to plump?

This day has a purpose, and let us not forget it: "It was my idea originally, to do a cover of my album, and it started... oh, well. We might as well go through the story again. How I met David was because John Gilbert, who is his friend and manager, played this tape to me. I couldn't believe he did it on an electronic machine because it was so great. Stevie Wonder must be the greatest player of THAT style of the ARP and Moog; David plays the other style where he makes it into instruments more than tricks. I mean, Stevie can get away with it, but now everyone's using the Stevie trick, 'all tying out an ARP to go 'Wheee!' You know, some weirdo effect."

"And he played this piece, and I said 'Oh, but you over-

dub tymps.' I always remember that 'cause that was the bit that freaked me out, such a great sound. And he said 'No, no. It's all from the ARP. And I was thinking of forming a label then. And we just thought, it would be great if we could do an album, then we thought, 'What's he gonna do?' 'Why not cover the 'Ringo' album?' Which he has done."

"So he did it following the basic arrangements that I'd used, and then he did one track, 'Devil Woman' in his own style. I never recognised it, and I wrote it, so it was finished, and we had to send him in again to do some more tracks the way he wanted to do them: we decided it was silly, because he does 'em better his own way, so what we have now is half the original arrangement, and half of them his arrangements of my songs. That's how it happened. He's our first artist."

Today is the launch of Ring O, which has the five-pointed Starr of Ringo in the centre of a telephone dial as its logo, and the other three gents on the far side of Ringo don't come from Liverpool at all. They are D. Hentschel, the synth wizz, who has had a fair bit to do with Elton's recent records among many other things, his man, John Gilbert, and Ring O's other half, Barry Anthony, responsible for the day-to-day running of the label.

## Untouched

All in a day's work for Ringo, but the other three gents are taking it all very seriously. A pile of glossy girlies with such alluring titles as 'Cockade' (I think) lies unnoticed and untouched between them. My co-host on the other end of the firing squad is an amiable but determined lady from a German pop magazine, who wants to know where the record was made.

"In my studio."  
"Yes, but where?"  
"It's in Ascot."  
"I know, but whereabouts?"  
She seems to be expecting a route-map of the district.  
"It's next to the kitchen", Ringo offers.

Eventually, she gives up.  
Will Ringo end up on his own telephone dial? "Well, the trouble with that is that until next year, I'm still signed up to EMI, and then we'll decide whether it's a good move to go on my label or not, by courtesy of the distributor. Like Apple. We're not really on Apple, we're on Parlophone, but we're on it by courtesy because we gave 'em Mary, Hopkin and Billy Preston and all those other groups. So we really haven't gone into that yet."

And Apple lives? "Oh, yeah. The four of us, it's still ours. We're all directors of certain companies. I'm Apple films, George is Apple records, John is publishing, Paul resigned because he didn't agree at that time with what we were doing."

Ringo seems to envisage the label being along the lines of



● DID YOU know it takes a man 2½ minutes to jump off the Eiffel Tower...

— say, Rocket. Five artists is the anticipated ideal, and already there is a "dynamite" British group likely to join, and a well-known artist whose contract is up with his current label has been having talks. "There's no point telling you who it is at the moment, because it might not happen, but if he does, we'll have another of these and tell you."

Ringo drones on gently and amiably in his vaguely disappointed voice, not unlike, I am thinking, a Liverpudlian Randy Newman. No wonder he recorded Newman's 'Hold On'. The pair would make a dreadful deadpan duo, which is a lot harder to say than 'Klaatu Barada Nikto, or whatever it was.'

And if you were wondering why a substitute Ringo is being lowered on to Hollywood's Capitol Records building (built like a pile of 45s sitting on their 'B' side) on TV commercials many months after 'Goodnight Vienna' was released, so is our mini-Gort.

"It's up to EMI. Well, John and I did the two together, you know? I plugged 'is album and he plugged mine, 'cause we're good friends... I haven't seen it, actually."

You might also be wondering how Ringo, who has played everything from a Mexican gardener to a vicious rapist; everyone from Frank Zappa to Ringo Starr, came to be Pope. "I finished that last week. It was only a week's work, but it was worth it to work with Ken Russell. I was dressed up, but I had no make-up, and he says, 'Well, you may be playing the Pope, but you look more like Rasputin!' I had this big mitre hat and this cloak and things, and I waxed me moustache: the loony Pope. Pope Loony."

Ringo clearly has eyes for Russell's job: "I've produced a couple of films and I don't want to do that again, but in the end, I'd like to direct, which everybody says, but it is the greatest gig. I was mainly in charge of the film about Marc Bolan, and that's why I loved it, but I was in it as well, and at the same time I was doing 'Son Of Dracula' with Harry which I was producing and was in: that was one of the heaviest years of my life. I'm very lucky because I'm allowed to do a lot of things. I've tried producing

movies, and I don't want to do it again."

His recent lack of success seems to surprise Ringo less, than it does me — maybe he could have been a smash if he's done 'I Can Help', but I don't know how 'Only You' could miss with nostalgia, a lovely arrangement and a good choice of song all going for it. "I was surprised, I thought it was such a good track. With the other one, it didn't sell because they wouldn't play it on the radio, because it mentions naughty substances."

## Loyalty

"But here, I couldn't sell newspapers. 'Back Off' and 'It Don't Come Easy' did better, but I mean, America's my market really. It seems more open in America, it's anybody's game there. Here, they're stuck in their ways, with five or six groups that can do anything. Right now, it's young Scottish groups or soul music, that's the market. British loyalty lasts for as long as it lasts: there's no discrimination between a good track and a bad track really."

Our German lady knows she isn't really supposed to ask about old times, but she does anyway. "Oh, they were great times, because you remember the best part. It's like if you break your leg then it's all very disastrous at the time, but two years later when it's all better, you say (extra-thick Liverpool accent) 'I fell off this hill and broke my leg, was'n it hilarious?' But at the time it was agony. We're all good friends now, but we weren't always good friends when we were together. I mean if we were all to sit in this room for 10 years it would be like... (a quick butchers around the room, and he settles on Polydor's bespectacled press officer) 'oh, he's a shit, he wears glasses!'"

Ringo never seems short on the milk of human kindness. He can even manage to dredge up something nice to say about Allen Klein, which must be harder than singing in tune in the middle of the old 'Sue You Sue Me Blues': "Oh, he's suing us, we're not suing him. We're refusing to be sued by him, that's our

answer. Paul didn't like him, you know. It was Allen or Eastman, and we all had a choice. Allen, well, I can't really talk about him because he'll sue me again. I mean, he's a nice guy... (a swoop down to basso profundo) but naughty."

Despite his comparative failure here and success in the US of late, Ringo seems determined to keep living here, in the house at Ascot where he was a Lennon house-guest for 18 months before buying it. Even though, he says, he has to keep working to live in this country.

He's still writing songs with producer Richard Perry's assistant, Vini Poncia, and at the moment, he's deciding whether to do one more with Perry. The general feeling seems to be that one more will be the most before things would begin to sound too samey.

David Hentschel, who is signed to Ring O for the one album only (so far anyway) is off to do his first film score. The title of the film, shouted across the table, is 'Seven Men At Teabreak', which sounds fascinating, but actually it turns out to be 'Seven Men At Daybreak', and according to David's manager, he's going to update the style of music Prokofir used for the Eisenstein films ('Ivan The Terrible', 'Alexander Nevsky', 'Battleship Potemkin', etc.).

Ringo's label will be marked and distributed in the States by Capitol, who have always done the Beatles' stuff there (and Ringo's).

Photos get taken, and Ringo's about to go through it all again for a new set of people, but something in thought or conversation has yanked Ringo's memory back to his real-life 'That'll Be The Day' days: "My greatest ambition in life used to be to stay at the Adelphi. That's a hotel in Liverpool. I remember seeing Johnnie Ray sitting there. I remember seeing him eating in a restaurant. And he was eating like a real person! Just like a human, so that killed the whole myth."

And now he's thirty-four, and all he wants to do is boogaloo. Even if it doesn't rhyme any more.



● HENTSCHEL: O'Ringo ARP

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IT'S NOT the easiest thing in the world being a Hatfield or a North. With next to no live work being provided for them, organist Dave Stewart, for example, was to be seen recently with sheets of manuscript paper, transcribing Gong's collected works to earn some money.

A new album (excellent) rocketed into the charts at number 43 (with a calliper) to sink again (without a trace). A phenomenon perhaps not unconnected with the band not being the grit in the public eye of late. A situation now being remedied by a new agency with a tour (extensive, as they say) or the country (this one) in May (preceded by a Continental jaunt this month).

And if they haven't won the Gold Transit Award till now, they've been busy in other directions: working on a booklet of their music, and writing — both for the normal Hatfield vehicle, for potential solo albums and for the sound track of a French film, 'Pleur'.

And if they tended to lose focus of themselves as a corporate working entity during their lay off they are still aware of themselves as a band improving and coming together all the time. As on the 'Rotters Club' album, for example.

Enter Dave Stewart: "We didn't try to prove so much as we did on the first album. With the first we were a new band, and we felt we had to prove we had an original sound. It was recorded at a time when we were still struggling hard to reconcile all the different pulls in the group — which we still are — but then it's easier to do it this time 'cause we've had that much more experience of playing together: working on everybody's songs, making them fit into some sort of band sound."



INTERVIEW BY BILL HENDERSON

It was easier to make decisions about things this time. Before we were being incredibly fussy about every little detail. As a result the overall thing was good in detail but as a general effect a little bit hesitant. Whereas with this one the details are sort of, 'oh fuck it, we'll leave it — as long as the main vibe's there, the main sort of — punch'."

The whole becomes more than the sum of its parts rather than less. A greater confidence which by extension becomes taking chances. The stimulation, which should be a prerequisite for a band but which often isn't of flying by the seat of your pants as a way of music.

The laconic Richard Sinclair: "Usually what happens is we rewrite the set in the car going to the gig, it always happens."

The voluble Dave Stewart: "Nobody likes to think about the set too much until it's almost too late, we change everything about a lot, take a lot of risks with it. It's just a good way of keeping your concentration at a pretty high level when you're doing a gig. The old 'writing it on the back of envelopes' syndrome. We actually do that, really a lot — a horrifying lack of professionalism."

And as a Hatfield set (or album) is a series of contrasting, complementing and inter-

# Just North of the breadline

locking pieces of music, this practice is potentially more hazardous than it would be for most bands. All the band write well — and in very different styles — which brings us back to solo albums.

Dave: "Richard and I have secretly confessed that we'd like to make solo records. And I've actually got quite a lot of material stored away in the archives."

So is it that there is too great a proliferation of music being written to fit into the Hats programme or that it is antithetical to the house style?

"It's not so much actual volume of material, just that I've got this ten minute section that I have a very profound dilemma about musically. 'Cause I really like it myself, I enjoy playing it and imagining how it's going to sound with the whole group playing on it but so far it's only at the stage of being a piano piece. But whereas everyone in the group is really willing to have a go at playing it and really likes it, it might not be quite the right approach to bring out the best qualities in the group as they are at the moment."

### Dilemma

"So the dilemma is whether to say, 'well, everyone in the group plays a certain way and we play this certain type of music very well but we don't play other types of music so well'. To take that as a cold fact and act on that — or whether to keep on trying to change the way the group plays. I'm not sure what the best way of getting a result is."

A band still evolving, still growing. Which again is the way it should be. But in what direction? In these days of pigeonholes (and role confusion — many people still think they're a pubrock band, because the name sounds like they should be) what is Hatfield music?

For example, there isn't too great a distance at times between what they do and what the current crop of Transatlantic jazzrockers are doing. But like their close cousins (living and dead) Caravan, the Robert Wyatt Softs, Matching Mole, Gong — they fit into somewhere between stool category: Canterbury music, I suppose. Then again, there's Hugh Hopper in Isotope and Dave MacRae's Pacific Ear-drum, both jazzrockers.

"We've played jazz clubs in Belgium but we've never done a gig in England that you could call a jazz gig — not even semi-jazz. We've just never been offered that sort of work, people don't think of us like that. People think we're a rock group, which is all right but it's a shame to think that we might be missing out on gigs that we could do and enjoy."

But do they see themselves at all in that light?

Dave: "Well, a little bit. If it was to come to the crunch I would say no but as I said, the gigs that we could do we

could get away with it 'cause we've got this loose quality to the music. We blow — we can all play: we don't just sit down and play charts all the time. We have got something of the jazzman's ability to just get up and play. Therefore, we could do jazz gigs."

"Phil (Miller) writes the things that are most obviously jazz because he uses a lot of guitar chords that when you hear them you think, 'mmm — jazz'. That's the association immediately. Also Phil uses that sort of classic exposition, solo, conclusion sort of structure pretty much in his writing."

"But one thing about us, the one thing that separates us from Return to Forever, Weather Report, Mahavishnu and so on as a band is that we do quite a lot of vocals by Richard. We use Richard's voice as much as possible. The fact that we're doing actual songs makes an incredibly big difference that cannot be stressed too much. We do these little pop songs, where the singer sings a song."

### Expression

"It's a very special tradition, we're really lucky to be able to do that, we're grateful that we're that sort of band. If we were an instrumental band we'd still be good but we wouldn't have any of that freedom of expression that you get when you're doing songs."

"I was speaking to Chris Cutler from Henry Cow about that and that's probably the main reason they've joined up with Slapp Happy, so that they can get into putting songs across. It's a really good discipline doing songs as well 'cause you have to support the voice. Voices are very different things to get across in live gigs so you have to play with a lot of control to not destroy the balance between the electric instruments and the acoustic one, the voice."

But the Hatfield voice, songs and all, the fact that they aren't straight jazz or rock or a cleancut hybrid makes them much more interesting. And it is pretty difficult to be less than interesting when you do have the talented diversity contained within the quartet.

But sometimes they're a septet, sometimes there's one male voice and three female — when they're graced by the presence of the very wonderful Northettes. Bid farewell for the meantime to our sterling stalwarts and gird your loins in preparation for the truth about the Northettes — all is revealed next week.

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PICTURE TWO diverse scenes, if you will. First, the plush, brittle-plastered interior of the Albert Hall last Wednesday, acoustic baffles of various sizes hanging like giant globules from the ceiling, a huge quilted blanket suspended over the stage. Here, in almost total darkness and amongst numerous vague outlines of ferns and stunted, potted evergreens, Tangerine Dream sit hunched behind control panels, twiddling knobs a few notches and stabbing at keys almost absently. Sound pulses around the auditorium.

Second, a changeable Spring afternoon the following day. This time Dream sit in stiff armchairs in a fashionably sparse, brightly-lit hotel lounge, sipping tea, munching hot buttered toast and then picking at a small salad. Indistinct, piped music filters through from somewhere — it's instantly forgettable background stuff, yet the band's leader, Edgar Froese, is humming along with it. The muffled tune sounds like 'Y Viva Espana'.

Tangerine Dream relaxing and in person, like most never see them, but really it wasn't so very different at all. The atmosphere, like the concert's, was introverted, tense and far from congenial; although each member of the band can speak good English, communication on a normal level seemed difficult. Froese, slumped in a chair, murmurs that he is "satisfied" with the Albert Hall gig, sighs, then gets up and leaves the room. It was not going to be a conventional interview.

"It was quite a good concert last night, actually," adds Christoph Franke, toast in hand. "Some little things went wrong with our first piece, but it was quite pleasing on the whole. It's all a question of mood — if something goes wrong with our interaction on stage, then the spontaneous way of our music gets a little disturbed. But it was okay."

By the time Froese returned, we were somehow talking about Dream's early days, notably 1969, when he approached Island Records with a few tapes, trying to secure a contract. "It never came to anything," he says, suddenly in a talkative mood.

Why did you choose to experiment with electronics in the first place?

"We just wanted to be different. At the start you are looking for a different thing, and you look around and see how hard it is to break through in a field where everyone is playing the same. So we looked for other possibilities."

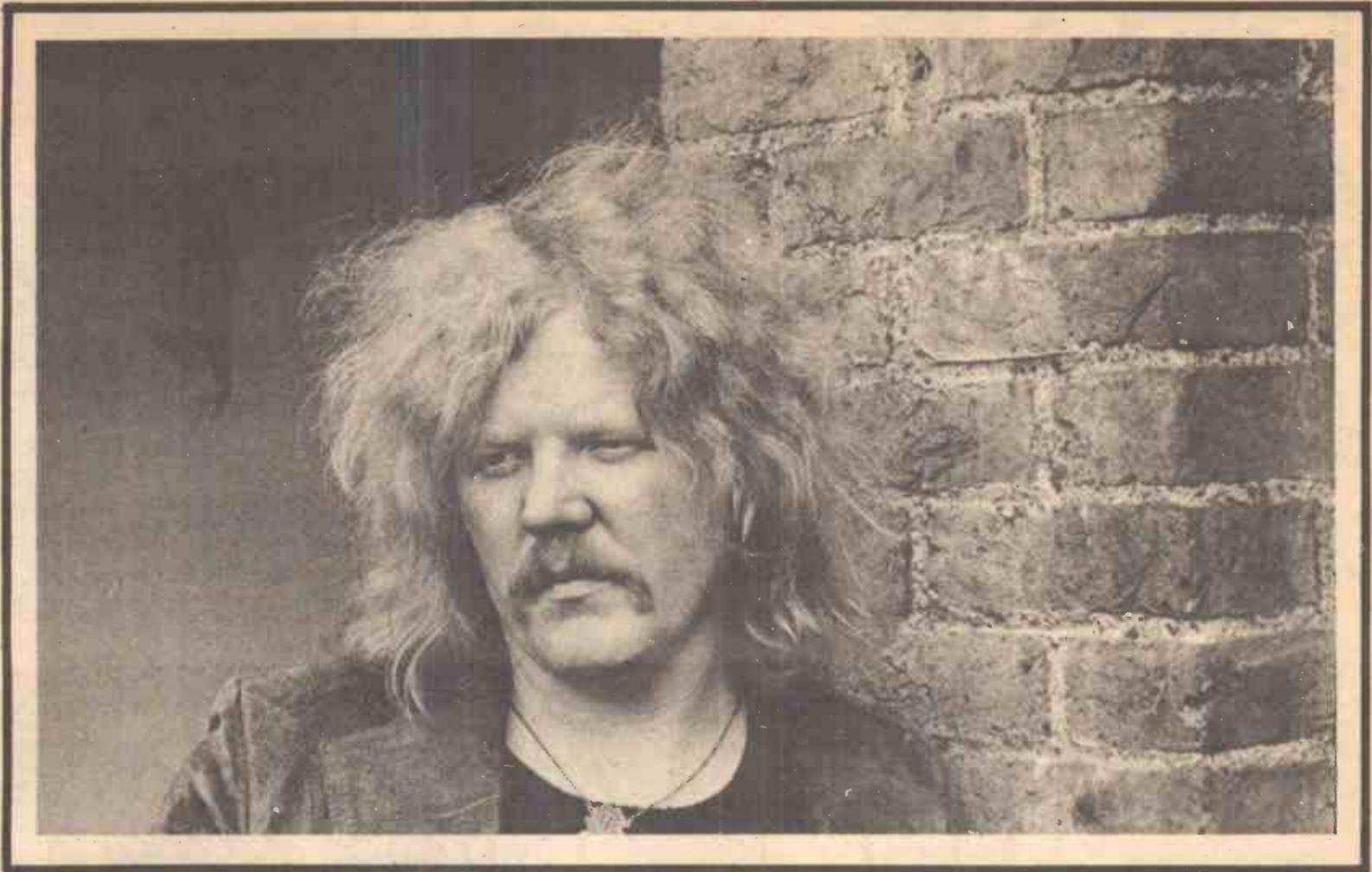
But, surely, it's doubly difficult to be successful if you play alien, unconventional music.

"Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. It was something we wanted to do. I can't really say why we don't play arranged stuff — maybe it's because we think it's boring, it might be because we are not good enough musicians."

I wondered if the fact that Dream remain completely anonymous on stage — something far removed for traditional rock concert showiness — was a further extension of this desire to be different.

"Perhaps." Froese pauses and then, looking straight at the wall in front of him, says deliberately, "We believe that the music must be the main part of our so-called concert. Many concerts place greater emphasis on entertainment than music — to us, music must be the first thing. It's not necessary that the audience should see us properly, or that we dance around. The audience needs to understand us, first and foremost. We are starting to do this, maybe others will follow."

"What we do on stage," he continues, getting into his stride and looking directly towards me, "is to give, by means of our music, what we might feel at a given moment. We can only produce what we feel and I hope the people can



● FROESE: "What we do on stage is give, by means of our music what we might feel at a given moment."

## Dull Dream On Toast

appreciate this. I don't know why they come to our concerts — is it because they want to see what we're like? Do they just want to hear twinkling moogs? Or do they come because they want a little more than they get at a normal concert?

"I hope they bring something home with them from one of our concerts, a special feeling perhaps. It's better if this happens. People shouldn't go home and say, okay, they played and sang and it was enjoyable — there should be something else."

Froese leans forward in his chair and says, emphatically: "We communicate, but in an abstract way. We don't take bows, we don't acknowledge the applause or anything like that — it would be going too far. The personal situation of each member of the audience is different, and to communicate with them directly would destroy the atmosphere we carefully create through our music. So, to introduce a single member, to talk about the equipment, to say hello and goodbye is..." he tries to think of the right word, "superfluous to everything that has gone before."

"I think we've managed to do this in Britain at least, I hope we can do it in America when we tour there in May. We'll see."

Froese lapses into silence and gazes at the wall again, obviously having said all he wants to say.

"Kraftwerk, another German group, are very popular in America at the moment," interjects Franke, "although their music is very different from ours, this breakthrough may have opened some doors for us."

So you think Dream may have some success over there? "I hope so," he says, finally, picking up another piece of toast. Over my shoulder, Froese starts to hum along with the background music once again. — GEOFF BARTON

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# DEAR GARY,

How y' doin'? Just before the interview the other day I saw a kid — couldn't have been more than 14 years old — being carried into an ambulance by a couple of policemen and a doctor in a white coat. He'd OD'd apparently. They found him all over the floor of a telephone kiosk. So you see I needed that scotch after all.

Anyway I have some confessions to make.

1. At your record company's offices that afternoon — (I'd gone there to pick up a copy of your latest album) — the receptionist asked me who I was and could she help.

"I have to interview Gary Glitter later this afternoon and I wondered could you let me have..."

"Poor you!" she said.  
"It's a living," I said.

2. But she sent for the album anyway. It came without an envelope. So I had to walk around with it in plain view under my arm. And then in the lift, a tea lady said, "I see you've been to Bell Records. What have you got there? Oooh... It's Gary Glitter."

"We all have our problems," I said.

3. At a newsagents I persuaded the man to let me have a brown paper envelope, about album size.

"I see what you mean," he said, "I suppose you got it for a friend of yours."

I didn't say anything. Because I didn't think it was any of his business.

4. It's just that, as you might expect, I never wanted to be in your gang. Because my gang said I couldn't be. Silly isn't it?

Anyway, it was a gas to meet you and here's the interview as promised. I thought I'd write you a letter. Because there was a peculiar atmosphere all the way through the interview wasn't there? Which is ridiculous really isn't it? You were smaller than I thought you'd be. You seemed to be in good health. And I liked your watch because it was flashier than mine.

**An education:** I learned that you saw yourself as a rock and roll "cheerleader" — "an organiser, a conductor," you said — and that your music is all to do with audience participation: That you are into The Beatles, the Sun, Presley, Supertramp, Carole King ("because it is poetic for me," you said), Beethoven and Daddy Cool (have I spelt it right?) — an Australian band you plan to bring over sometime. And that "What I try to do is put the energy and the excitement of rock and roll into the performances" and that "you" involve the audience... "There is always a reaction." That should the Glitter thing fall apart, you would aim to be "a personality" or something, that you will always be an entertainer because "I've been doing it all my life—I don't know anything else." And then you said that "I always wanted to be a singer more than anything else," and later, "I never claimed to be a musician. In fact I'm the lousiest singer in the world."

I think I understand what you mean.

Here are some of the other things you said.

**Diets:** "My body retains water. I have to cut out alcohol which is hard for me..."

love beer." That your no carbohydrate, all protein diet shrank you from 13 stone at Christmas to 10.5 right now. "It's the longest break I've had in order to be able to do it. I can't diet when I'm on the road because I like to have a few drinks before I go on. I can't eat until after the show (otherwise I'd throw up over everybody) which is bad for me."

**Gerry Shepherd's star-shaped guitar:** "I'm not sure where the idea came from but I paid for it and I'm not sure if I ever got the money back for it. He says the neck is too short and he would like one with a longer neck."

**Mike Leander:** (Co-writer with Gary of all the hits. Started as arranger with Decca, produced Marianne Faithful's

early stuff like 'As Tears Go By', wrote 'Lady Godiva' for Peter and Gordon, wrote music for 'Privilege'). "He's had a good apprenticeship before he got into the real classy stuff (joke), he's a well respected man in the business. Inside him — he was always lumbered with pretty things to do — was a rock and roller,

a sort of animal. So it was a good combination — his gentleness, his string arrangements and my total... (you couldn't find a word, and nor can I, you went "thump thump" on the back of the sofa) attitude.

**The hits:** "Most of the titles come from me, mainly through the stage show. I get

a lot of the ideas from the audience. They don't know it. But they send off amazing vibes."

**Paul Raven:** "It was hard graft but I managed to earn a living. It was just rock and roll. Quite often you had to do what was in the charts. I call that my apprenticeship period which is the most important thing for anyone to have — all those city cellars, the Cavern at Liverpool, the Star Club in Hamburg — that's what makes you, not being able to play nine chords or better licks. I was not unhappy playing rock and roll. The biggest downer was when I have to do things for a living like comper shows... I was the warm-up for 'Ready Steady Go' during the early

Sixties group era." You still do stuff that's in the charts don't you?

**Early bands:** "Let's face it nobody did more than seven or eight songs did they? 'What'd I Say', 'Down The Line'... all those? I eventually had a group called Paul Raven and The Twilights, Paul Raven and The Vibrations, Paul Raven and The Bostons... My first band was called Paul Russell (that was my stepfather's name) and The Rebels and then that became Paul Raven and The Rebels." I mentioned at the time I was surprised there hadn't been a Paul Raven and The Ravens.

**Bay City Rollers:** "I personally don't buy their albums or anything but I can understand the kids getting into them." Scottish surf music?

**Frank Zappa:** "I couldn't get into it myself, but I had to try to understand it. And I did try."

**Alvin Stardust:** I presumed that he would be a competitor of yours but you said "I don't think I've got any competitors and I'm not saying that to be facetious. I don't know where Alvin is at. I think he is looking for something and hasn't quite found it yet. He hasn't shown us his ace card yet. I don't know if he ever will but let's hope he does. He's an extremely nice fellow and he's one of my best publicists. He talks about me the whole time in his column. When Ron Richards recorded me for Parlophone he'd had a hit with Shane Fenton and The Fentones, so I know what it is like to be beneath him — I wonder what he feels about me?"



*'I can afford butter but I can't eat it because of the diet'*

America: "You got to have a go. How I plan to do it is by not doing anything. I predicted that America is two years behind the times. Communications are much easier in this country. A record catches the ear of the public and it's a national hit straight away. It takes ages in America — people in the mid-West are still buying Dave Clark Five. I went over there a year ago. There were all the New York queens and the art crowd getting into glitter and the Press used to interview me and say 'How long have you been a homosexual?' And I'd say 'About two seconds dear' and suddenly this time (I was over there recently) people are not taking their music so seriously, they're starting to send it up a bit, relaxing a little — what we were at two years ago. People are natural enquirers. You can't get hold of a record of mine out there so they're importing them. It's like when I was a kid you used to have to import Chuck Berry records.

"We've become a collectors item. Everybody knew me and, naturally, put the whole glitter thing down to me. I wasn't the originator. I just took it further than anyone else. It originated in the Thirties I suppose. Not going there was the best thing I ever did."

particularly the Jesus Christ thing. We get the Last Supper, the Crucifixion, we get the whole thing and quite frankly, if it had come up four or five years ago before Godspell and JC Superstar and all the other God-knows-how-many we've had — great! But I think we've had enough.

"Everybody's individual performances are terrific. It's just that everything is too heavy. Never once do you get a laugh. The only time I did laugh was when, what's her name, Ann Margret was having her orgy with the baked beans. That was funny, but, even Keith Moon's role... I felt it should have been funny.

"Even the beauty of it — the great sunrise at the end — was a bit overshadowed by the violence that had been going on throughout. I know it's an important thing to state but I think we all get the message without having it rammed down our throats so many times.

"My film has got none of those qualities."

So here's your review of your film. You explained that the cinemas didn't want to know until it was box office in Ireland and that, even then, they started it in Scotland and it worked its way down to London from there.

*'I always wanted to be a singer more than anything else. I never claimed to be a musician. In fact I'm the lousiest singer in the world'*

**Audiences:** "The young ones latch on to me very easily. The old rock and roll freaks latch on to me because they like the way I carry on. Different strokes for different folks. I've never seen an audience quite like mine. They're all ages."

**Australian audiences:** "You can smell the joints and everything. You walk out and you're stoned straight away."

**Money:** "It costs me money to work now. If I was to stop I'd probably be better off in some respects. I can afford butter, but I can't eat it because of the diet. I'm not a great materialist. I've worked very hard. I've been very lucky."

**Rod Stewart:** "has been a great help to me. We're very similar — easy going, down to earth. I don't mind going to have a drink with him. We can share the attention. If it's just me and a whole bar descends I get embarrassed because I think they expect something more than what I am. I like to be just ordinary average Joe at times. Rod's got me playing football now, which is great."

So there you go. I'll mention the British album you're half way through making, the American one you're planning to make, the tour you're planning to do before next Christmas and that you're not very fond of the soundtrack of the 'Remember Me This Way' film. But that you like the TV ad for it. And I'd like to include your review of 'Tommy' if you don't mind.

**'Tommy':** "is for the grown-ups. My film is more for the Saturday morning pictures. In fact 'Tommy' is so grown up that it is too grown up. It's beautiful, well directed and everything else. I think that the music is superb, but I think that Ken Russell got a bit too self indulgent in so much as he got too involved with the violent aspect and

**'Remember Me This Way':** "I made it through my stage show, the character I am, the clothes and so on. I thought it would be nice to document it. Don't go and see the film, just see the TV ad. It's a profile. It is two days in the life of, one of which happened to be the gig at the Rainbow. The sound quality is bad. You can only record the music or the audience reaction so it keeps going from one to the other. It did what it was supposed to do. It could be heavy depending on whether you like me or not. A lot of good stuff was left out. I'm not saying it's bad, just that it could have been better."

Anyway. Thanks for your time and thanks for signing the album. Ben will get a lot of turn-ons with that. His friends will be jealous. Mind how you go.

**Idris Walters**

P.S. 1. The motorbikes sound nice on the record/except that they should be louder and go on for longer/Perhaps they should be the complete rhythm track/Have you noticed how Slade have been getting respectable lately/You are right about the TV ad/Best of luck with your Hollywood offers/and your musical, 'Razzle Dazzle' (have I spelt it right?)/Did you get the Lennon album?/Like you said you would/Try Link Wray's 'Rumble' while you're at it/And 'Natty Dread' too.

2. I'll tell you what really pissed me off. It was the way that the photographer got turned away. It was as though you were not looking your best or something. In fact it wasn't you who turned him away was it? And it was the way that you were surrounded with people standing over you all the time. It would have been a groove to rap over a beer and a pile of old albums. Or something.

3. I meant to tell you that I enjoyed your contribution to Russell Harty's downfall the other month.

# 'BLOW BY BLOW' is Jeff Beck's new album



**'Blow by Blow' is pure Beck. Instrumental through all tracks, one of the world's finest exponents of the guitar rewards the discerning listeners with an album full of very fine music indeed.**

**Listen as Jeff Beck gets right down to it on 'BLOW BY BLOW' His new album on Epic records. EPC 69117**





# albums



● NILSSON: like an appendix

## Is Harry necessary?

NILSSON: 'DUIT ON MON DEJ' (RCA APL1-0817)

DOUGALL IS digging madly. Along comes Brian the snail and asks a really lame question. Dougall turns round to him, fixes him with the most withering look a dog is capable of, and utters the put-down of the year: "I just don't see the point", he says, "in snails". Substitute Nilsson for snails and you have my attitude entirely. Here's a young songwriter with a thin voice and a talent for poppy ditties who had an enormous smash hit and a couple of minor ones and a cartoon kiddies' story up his sleeve, and somebody gives him carte blanche to turn out a seemingly endless stream of cutesy little albums bedecked with friends, neighbours and the cream of the LA session boys, which taken down, shaken out and looked at coldly don't add up to much. His main talent so far appears to be getting photographed with the leading lights of the popocracy in obscure LA nightclubs and soirees. He does, it must be admitted, have a nice line in whimsical humour, as evidence in the punning title, and sub-title 'God's Greatest Hits'. He decorates the sleeve with plugs for John Lennon, Buckminster Fuller, Derek Taylor and other buddies and gurus, but the package has it over the contents when it comes to delivering the goodies. The songs with the exception of the pretentious 'Salmon Falls' (sample couplet: "Each drop of rain/Falls a million times its own length") are of his lightly syncopated sub-steel band type. Neither as blatantly nor successfully M-O-R as Ringo, nor as capably ironic and profound as Randy Newman, both of whom he resembles in different ways, Nilsson is like the appendix, unnecessary and quite often a pain. Can anybody tell me the point of Nilsson? (Alternative ending: What's the trouble with Harry?). — Mike Flood Page.



● JONATHAN KING: provided lyric sheet

(brothers true) are pretty, have a comedy series on youess teevee which (judging by the one, thankfully, excerpt included here) is pretty dire. Their music, written and partially performed by the Hudbros themselves, is rather better. You know what it sounds like — it's pleasant, melodic, unassuming — at its worst descending to bubblegum on a couple of occasions. If you're a collector of the genre (it fascinates me), this is a fine example. If not, buy 'Rubber Soul'. — Bill Henderson.

BARRY WHITE: 'JUST ANOTHER WAY TO SAY I LOVE YOU' (20TH CENTURY BT 466).

THE GREAT Black Whale grunts and whispers his way through a series of tunes notable for the work of Elton John's string arranger, Gene Page. You know how it goes: unh, unnh, unnnh! Music to ignore while getting down. — Mike Flood Page.

CHOPYN: 'GRAND SLAM' (JET LP08).

SOME GOOD points, some bad points. 'Grand Slam' starts off in a promising way with a thoroughly respectable version of 'In The Midnight Hour', rousing, with fluid guitar and keyboards to the fore, and continues along that same vein with the superb and all too short 'Non Commercial Blues', with raspy voice battling it out with Ann Odel's sweet, rounded vocals, keyboards plunking and bass lines rolling along with the scuffling tune. Two memorable tracks — but it's downhill from here on. Some of the following numbers start to border on the pretentious — 'Space Nativity' with its suspect lyrics; 'Insomniac Arrest' which has tweetering birds and at once slurred, then ethereal vocals — others are high-powered, but a little undisciplined and out of hand. Keyboard work — at times strangely reminiscent of the Doors; but don't let that mislead you — funk orientated guitar and Ann Odel's vocals — all are excellent throughout. A tight, tidy little band with an unusual sound. A few more good songs should do it. — Geoff Barton.

JABULA: 'JABULA' (CAROLINE CA 2004).

WORKADAY ALBUM of afrojazzrock (sorry) with massed horns riffing/soloing format (with vocals as optional extra). Some fine soloing at times but on the whole nothing to make you jump up and down. Mid-price. Midinterest. — Bill Henderson.

JONATHAN KING: 'A ROSE IN A FISTED GLOVE' (UK UKAL 1010).

ONE OF the advantages of owning your own record company is that no matter how bad a singer or interpreter or songwriter you are, you can bypass your A&R department as if it didn't exist (even easier if you are your own A&R department) — and release LPs like this. To say this is an atrocious record would be too easy — and probably just what JK would like. To have already written this much is doing it too great a service. I should have quietly tried to destroy it and pretended I'd never seen or heard or even imagined its existence. You want details? Aw, come on, you're kidding. Well, with the compassion of a giant octopus, King perpetrates his own inimitable (I hope) version of such unsuspecting songs as 'A Free Man In Paris', 'I Can't Stand The Rain', Jimmy Buffett's 'Come Monday', Dion's 'Brand New Morning' and Randy Newman's 'Lover's Prayer' with that genteel, precise, middleclass nonvoice and unsympathetic clodhop arrangements. That and four of his own songs, including an unspeakable trite Irish protest song, 'The True Story Of Molly Malone', which unfortunately doesn't stand a dog's chance of being banned by the BBC. Jonathan has also thoughtfully provided a lyric sheet with the words to all the songs (in block capitals for all you dullards out there) and not just the self-compositions as is usual — so that you can sing along lustily on every song, hopefully drowning out Jonathan. — Bill Henderson.

FLORA PURIM: 'STORIES TO TELL' (MILESTONE M 9058).

THE JAZZ-ROCK generation's answer to Astrud Gilberto. Flora Purim might be some ways hipper and fleetier in the upper register, but she lacks the essential vocal character to make this set anything more than tolerably boring. Start on the second side with 'To Say Goodbye' and there is a distinct, sensitive promise. Unhappily it is not really realised elsewhere, in spite of nice touches of phrasing here and there, and hyper efficient support instrumentally, particularly from Miroslav Vitous on bass and Raul de Souza's trombone. The wordless vocals add nothing, and the improvisations falter, while Flora's own lyrics hardly enhance several tracks. — Michael Walters

## Nuthin' special

LYNYRD SKYNYRD: 'NUTHIN' FANCY' (MCA MCF 2700).

NOTHIN' SPECIAL might have been a better title for this, Skynyrd's third album, for although it does show all the band's strengths it doesn't see them progressing one little bit. They have managed to retain the powerhouse rhythms which don't let up throughout the album and the three pronged guitar attack, when firing on all cylinders, is a joy to hear but that 'nail 'em to the wall' drive and aggression that made their debut set so good isn't here. Free are, by the band's own admission, a major influence and from the word go with 'Saturday Night Special' there's no attempt to hide the fact, moving along with the same sultry but potent Free rhythms and vocal phrasing. The album introduces the new Skynyrd drummer Artimus Pyle who is well set in the tradition of solid 'behind the scene' Southern rock drumming, but he's a versatile guy this Arty and is credited for handling some pretty difficult stuff like 'Coke crate' and 'bass tambourine'!

Ronnie Van Zant has a good trip through the album, his vocals sometimes a little too affected in an attempt to get that gravelly Southern croak but for most of the time he keeps the standard well and manages to sound mean. Produced and engineered by Al Kooper, there's no knocking the band for their sound and the former's studio know-how but a lot of the material gets a bit tedious and what's worse, predictable, the slower tempoed songs not really suiting them. They're really more at home with the steady, growing rhythms and push of numbers like 'I'm A Country Boy', 'Saturday Night Special' and 'On The Hunt', which has an intro very much like that of 'Working For MCA' — incredibly Free like too — and features some pretty tasty guitar work from Gary Rossington. 'Am I Losing' is one of the better slower tempoed tracks and they close with a bit of down home muscle titled 'Made In The Shade', not one of their most driving numbers but with enough swing and power to show you that this is where the band's real strengths are. All in all are rather disappointing album, disappointing because, rightly or wrongly, you expect a band like Skynyrd to wipe the floor with you every time. — Billy Walker.

'NILS LOFGREN' (A&M SP-4509 Import).

NILS LOFGREN is a fine performer who has always stood on the brink of achieving a major reputation in his own right but has never quite found the right context. He has worked with Neil Young, Crazy Horse and his own band Grin but never pulled off the album that his work with this prestigious company hinted he had in him. This is that long-overdue album. It's clean crisp and punchy. With the exception a lilting ride through the old favourite 'Goin' Back', where he rewrites both the Carole King and the Byrds versions, the songs are all his own. The format is simple: he sings and plays a wide variety of keyboards and guitars, while Wornell Jones plays bass, and Aynsley Dunbar puts in some neat driving drum work. The result is a sharp fresh sound we no longer associate with the country rock bands many of whom have followed Loggins & Messina, and the Eagles into a lucrative almost MOR position. The songs (12 of them) are short and range from young love songs to his curious exhortation to Keith Richard 'Keith Don't Go (Ode To The Glimmer Twin)'. His guitar style ranges the gamut from modern country licks to some dazzling, deft, almost Hendrix-inspired runs on the opening fragment 'Be Good Tonight'. His voice is cool and attacking, like Neil Young off downers. Yet through it all there is the sensation of an original and consistent imagination at work. He can wax pretty funky as on 'Duty' an aggressive little number, and the assertive 'I Ain't No Rock And Roll Crook'. It's the old macho rocker stance re-cast in a country rock mould, and it works fine. But on songs like 'Two By Two' he shows he can write a simple old-fashioned love song with the best. 'If I Say It, It's So' starts with one of the strongest piano guitar intros I've heard in a long time. While 'I Don't Want To Know' has a beautiful easygoing syncopation to it. Hell I could track-by-track it, but why don't you find out for yourself. It's a goodie — Mike Flood Page.

'SWEET SENSATION' (PYE NSPL 18454).

HONESTLY, I couldn't believe my ears! I am normally the first person to jump upon what is diplomatically called 'soft soul muzak'. Silky harmonies, sickly lyrics and slick production jobs have never struck me as having much to do with 'real' soul music. Imagine my glee on receiving the Sweet Sensation record of the same name. It seemed that

I had at last found something I could unleash all my violent and pent up aggression on. It took exactly two minutes of 'Mr. Cool', the opening track, to make me change my mind. Fast and funky, it contains exactly the same rhythmic attack that made 'Superstition' such a memorable song. The rest of the album is smoother in content and generally more typical of the sort of thing S.S. have been churning out with such enthusiasm on 'TOTP'. The sound is finely textured and yet sharp enough to keep one's attention riveted. 'Eyes In The Back Of My Head', 'Fancy Woman' and above all 'Yes Miss, No Miss' are all good examples of how to combine pop and soul without losing one's Kool. Their two single releases, 'Purely By Coincidence' and 'Sad Sweet Dreamer' are also here.

It's an enjoyable and easily listenable record and will doubtless give pleasure to many. That fact alone should make it worthy of your attention. — Alan Edwards.

RUPERT HOLMES: 'WIDESCREEN' (EPIC EPC 80323).

IF 10cc took their cinematic fixation to absurd (and failed) lengths with 'Une Nuit A Paris' and 'The Film Of My Love', Rupert Holmes shows them how. 'Widescreen' is about and around and from the cinema — but the cinema scope is condensed to 12in. — not just the diameter of an LP but of a portable TV screen. The jokesaid vignettes that make up this album are all TV reruns: 'Soap Opera', a song which is a soap opera about a guy who failed to make the grade in the Metropolitan opera, rock opera and cowboy film horse opera and so watches the afternoon TV soap operas. Got it? And

summarises the serial with a conveyor belt of words. 'Psychodrama' is a Firesign Theatre Meets The Maltese Falcon TV playlet, complete with perfect Greenstreet and Lorre characters. 'Our National Pastime' (the single) is an out of left field situation comedy about a naff pickup at a baseball game with a classic spoken conclusion. And all Holmes' heroes are the little guys, the losers, the jonahs: the love affairs that fizzle out because the buy talks too much, or loses his nerve, or because of the misunderstandings of letters that cross in the mail, or because the guy singing the love song happens to be the phantom of the Opera. Pure tragicomedy every one. And the title track, Holmes' signature tune, about a guy who'd rather live in the fantasy world of the silver screen than reality: the theme music of this album: "There are songs that sound like movies/There are themes that fill the screen". And the sound of this album matches the subject matter — lush, immaculately produced, sweeping RKO Radio Orchestral backings (perfectly appropriate Glen Millerisms on 'Second Saxophone'); somewhere between Garfunkel with Simon and Jim Webb at their lushest — but with a razor-sharp cutting edge. Nominated for five Academy awards, including best projectionist. Showing at your local diskerie now. — Bill Henderson.

HUDSON BROTHERS: 'HOLLYWOOD SITUATION' (CASABLANCA CBC 4002).

THE HUDS are the latest in that long line of poprock/mid-period Beatles soundalikes (of varying degrees or originality) from the Monkees through Badfinger to the Raspberries and on (and on). The Huds

## Bootleg blues turns legit

BLUES OBSCURITIES: 'VOLUME ONE: DARK MUDDY BOTTOM' (LONDON HAU 8584). 'VOLUME TWO: LONESOME HARMONICA' (LONDON HAU 8454). 'VOLUME THREE: STRETCHIN' OUT' (LONDON HAU 8456).

A CURIOUS and unfortunate title, likely to leave them that way. In fact it is pretty accurate. This is a series of compilation albums, which I believe, originally appeared around London as a bootleg and has been put out legit, and hopefully with the royalties all going the right way, by London Records. Neil Slaven, a blues discophile of some repute, provides the sleeve-

notes, and discographical information is culled from the forthcoming 'Blues Records 1943-70' by Mike Leadbitter. The performers are a host of virtually unknown bluesmen who recorded for little labels of the kind that are born, flourish and die within a short time all over the US. There are simple boogie riffs, howling harmonicas and coarse gravelly voices, jangling guitars, and singers with names like Ace Holder, Buster Brown, Harmonica Fats, Blues Slim and Mojo Watson. This is territory way outside the regular rock fan's orbit though in the wake of the success of the Stones and other early British R & B bands, many people this side of the Atlantic began to make their way into

this wild and fascinating region. By the same token this ought to appeal to Wilko Johnson addicts. Put together with evident tender loving care, there is nonetheless a curiously archival air about the series. The sleeve notes are constantly deprecating the performances, pointing out that so-and-so lifted that riff from someone else, or this track would have been better if x or y had not put on 'an insensitive wah-wah guitar solo'. Even so, if you want to dig into the background behind some of the better known blues names and don't know your way around, you could do far worse than start here. The tracks were recorded between 1956 and 1970 and

convey, despite the occasional muddy mix, an insight to the basic stratum of the continuing life of the blues that could only be otherwise obtained by building yourself an encyclopaedic collection. Even then I suspect a majority of these items are now unobtainable in any other form. My own favourites are among the more recent stuff, the searing demented violin of the somewhat atypical Sugar-cane Harris, or the slow pitying blues by Kid Thomas. 'The Hurt Is On', both on Volume Three; but as I say, I'm a novice in this field. Fellow novices, eager to find out more, will find this series well worth checking out. — Mike Flood Page.



● STAN KENTON: one of the musicians that proposals have been sent to

A PROPOSED World Jazz Association, "to join together the artistic and commercial aspects of jazz and to promote the present and recognise the past efforts of those in the profession who have interest in the world of jazz" was discussed at a meeting in Los Angeles on April 4 and 5.

The Association will be drawn from various related groups including the media, record labels, advertising, management, music publishers

## WORLD JAZZ ASSOCIATION

etc as well as artists, composers and educators. Musicians to whom the initial proposals have been sent include Cannonball Adderley, Benny Carter, Stan Kenton, Shelly Manne, Tom Scott, Nancy Wilson and Kai Winding, as well as interested individuals like Sid Bernstein, Quincy

Jones, Ross Russell, Willis Conover, Nesuhi Ertegun, Norman Granz, John Hammond, Creed Taylor, George Wein and Leonard Feather.

The organisation is expected to work in a similar way to the strong Country Music Association. Among its aims, as a non-profit organisation,

would be a Hall of Fame, a museum, library, educational clinics and scholarships. Initial funds would be raised from the sale of a US TV jazz awards show and the advance from a record and tape package, 'The Best Of Jazz'.

Groundwork is being done by Hal Cook who can be reached by anyone interested at Post Office Box 242, Orcas, Washington 98280. (206-376 4741).

## JAZZ NEWS

■ REMAINING ELLA Fitzgerald tour dates are: Talk of the Midlands 9; Bristol Colston Hall 11; Dartford Circus Tavern 13-19; London Ronnie Scott's 21-27 (twice nightly). She is accompanied by Tommy Flanagan, piano, Ketter Betts, bass, Bobby Durham, drums.

■ JOE PASS Trio and tenorist Danny Moss's group with singer Jeanie Lambe continue at Ronnie Scott's till 19.

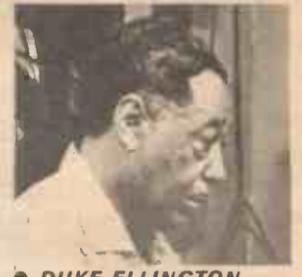
■ AT THE Seven Dials, Shelton Street, Covent Garden, on Thursday 10, bassist Peter Ind returns with his sextet — Charles Burchell and Gray Allard, tenors, Bernie Cash, bass, Dave Cliff and Derek Phillips, guitars.

■ THE FIRST anniversary of Duke Ellington's death on May 24 will be marked by a London Festival Hall concert with Ellington altoist / clarinetist Russell Procope as guest of honour. Also on the bill are the Chris Barber and Humphrey Lyttleton bands. This is part of a three week European tour by Procope with Barber's band who celebrate their 21st birthday — on May 31 to be pre-

cise, with a concert at the Manchester Palace. Remaining dates are: Hickstead Strood's Motel April 11/12; Camberley Cambridge Hotel 13; Hatfield Red Lion 14; Ashey, IQW Ponderosa Hotel 16; Teddington Clarence 17; Dovercourt 18; Stuttgart 19.

■ ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION gigs at 34 Bedford Square, WC1, are the Bebop Preservation Society 11; Turkish pianist Arman Ratip's quintet with singer Maggie Nicholls and trumpeter Mongezi Feza on 17.

■ BASILDON JAZZ Club dates (at Sweeney's, High Pavement) are: Peter Jacobsen's Trio with Don Rendell, supported by Zeitgeist 9; John Taylor Sextet 16; Peter Jacobsen Trio with Pete King, plus Torus 23.



● DUKE ELLINGTON

# Mike Heron's Reputation

A new album from the band of the same name.

Mike Heron's Reputation

Out now on Neighborhood Records NBH 80637

See Mike Heron's Reputation at:  
 April 13 Guildford, Civic Hall  
 21 Coventry, Mr George's

## JAZZ SOUNDS

BY MICHAEL WALTERS,  
JOHN JACK

**THE GREAT** brotherhood of guitarists has been spreading the word about Joe Pass since his first season at Ronnie Scott's Club some six months ago where he settled after very nearly stealing the show as a member of Ella Fitzgerald's supporting group. Without any great fanfare of publicity, the man has been pulling in good audiences as the word gets around that something very special happens each night when he takes the stand.

A small, soft-spoken man with a black brush of a moustache, he chats quietly and easily, taking the compliments about his playing with a slightly embarrassed humour. Grateful for the appreciation, it emerges later that he still has reservations about how satisfactory he is expressing the music which is so impressing his audiences.

While he has commanded a significant standing among those who have followed the jazz scene closely for more than a decade now, it is only recently that he has been getting more general recognition. He has made about eight albums, although he reckons that only the latest couple on Pablo are still available, but he first hit the record scene as the star of 'Sounds Of Synanon', a set in 1962 featuring the inmates of the Synanon Drug Rehabilitation Centre.

"Before Synanon, I was just existing," he says. "I spent a lot of time playing, but always in obscure places with odd groups. Most of the time I was taking care of my habit. I worked as a guitarist all over the place, mostly in a semi-jazz sort of context."

"I started on guitar when I was nine and played gigs from the age of fourteen. That was during the war years when a lot of musicians were in the services, and I got the chance to get a lot of playing in. At that age you learn fast, because you're not cluttered with a lot of other things. You develop your ears."

"I'm 46 now, so I was around when be-bop was

## Joe Pass finding the way to play

really developing and I would listen to what records I could. I kept moving, playing with passing bands and in different places.

"After Synanon, about 1966, I got to working in the studios a lot — making a living. I've got a family, and I figured I'd do that until I drifted out of it into playing more jazz gigs. But always I would play one jazz gig a week on average around the Los Angeles area. I've got back into jazz in the past two or three years, working with Oscar Peterson and a tour with Benny Goodman. I met Norman Granz, and he was responsible for putting me into an area where I could play what I wanted to play."

While working the studios, Joe played on a variety of sessions, covering most styles apart from heavy rock. He emerged with a healthy respect for some of the rock guitarist, most particularly those that could play a guitar as a guitar, without the electronics. John McLaughlin and George Benson are two of the men he cites as real guitarists.

At Ronnie's he is working with bassist Ron Matthewson and drummer Martin Drew for part of each set. I asked him how he saw their function. "The rhythm section is a support but also an integral part of the group. If you're playing time with them, it's important that they're swinging. But I look for the bass — and if there's a piano, for the piano — to have a harmonic sense of what they're doing for themselves. There are three voices playing together, and they gell and cross and meet to provide points of creativity."

"Things only really happen right once in a while — not every night — but there are those times when everything is just right and something creative—I hate to use that word now, it gets used so loosely — begins to happen.

"But I play mostly what I feel — whether it is intellectual at times, or technique, or sound, or rhythmic — just whatever comes out of my head more than my heart... or sometimes it comes out just as feeling."

"My ideal playing would be just solo — just to develop a style of playing alone. Like Oscar Peterson — I'd like to do that with a guitar. There is a way of doing it — it requires a great deal of concentration, experience and time. Sometimes it comes out right, and others it doesn't — sometimes there are certain tunes which you pick just out of habit, and sometimes you avoid them. And there's such a difference between doing it at home, and doing it in front of an audience. Your mind closes sometimes, and so you really play on whatever comes."

"The difficulty in playing is like in knowing yourself and knowing what you want to do. The hard part is being able to get the mental and physical thing through in the music."

"A musician has to have talent to play his instrument but the important factor in establishing a musician's music is the character of the person — character is a very important ingredient in how a guy plays or projects his music. Some guys have it early in life and most get to it eventually — cats accept who they are after many years. That's the thing that gives a player identity — not if he's modern, or hip or unhip. The character is what comes out after you've got rid of all of the bullshit."

"Now I'm not saying that I've done that but I hope these convictions of mine will have some kind of ring of truth. If I could do it every time I sit down and play, then I could feel like I'm doing something. But I'm not now. I'm going through a series of growth periods, finding out how to play, what to play, what not to play, how much is me, how much is the instrument playing."

"But I don't want to sound like I'm telling everybody what's happening. I really don't know. My idea is to be open to change, to have the courage of your convictions, but to realise that they don't have to be convictions that remain unalterable. Music for me is just one part of life, not a total, not everything. There are people, family, lots of other things. Music is just part of life, like sex is part of life."

—M.W.

PETE TOWNSHEND PART TWO BY STEVE PEACOCK

# WORDS WITHOUT GAMES—or how to grow old without wishing for death

TIME WAITS for no man, or . . . hope I die before I get old?

"A tremendous amount of course depends on what we write and on what we record." Pete Townshend is talking about the future of the Who. Last time they toured, the Who definitely wasn't his favourite band — nostalgia by numbers. "If we record stuff that demands a completely different stage act . . . I don't necessarily want a 100 piece orchestra and I don't necessarily want to change my style of playing or anything like that, but good new stage material always does pep the Who up."

Before I get old? There's a new song, called 'Imagine A Man': "It might just be the key to the way that rock could grow old. It's about that feeling of being . . . not a failure, but over the hill. It's about that pathetic, pointless, tragic situation that a man gets into where — well, I've never been a great puller of birds so its not autobiographical, but for example where he can't pull without a big scene, and he's not really all that mad on drinking any more, and to tell the truth he really does quite like watching television. It's a bit of an effort to get out on the pitch to play football on Saturdays, and to be perfectly honest he does quite like sex on a regular basis so he can build himself up to it and not let the old lady down . . ."

"It's that type of thing, and it's about how absolutely incredible all that is. And I realised after I'd written it what an amazingly perceptive piece of writing it was, and that either I was getting like that or somebody that I knew intimately was getting that way."

"Then of course I realised the song was about me. And if the Who end up recording this song, then it will definitely be a landmark in our career because it's got the kind of honesty there is in a song like 'Substitute'."

Somehow, I can't see Roger Daltrey singing that.

"But it depends how the Who interpret it. For example 'Won't Get Fooled Again' is a very middle-aged-man's song, yet the Who put it across in a very aggressive way. 'Imagine A Man' is an angry song too — it's a man being angry with himself for that reason."

MIND YOU, you might find the new Who album has some asides to it. "I think one of the

**'There's a new song which might just be the key to the way rock could grow old...'**

nice things about 'Who's Next' was that the remains of 'Lifehouse' were spotted in between the tracks . . ."

. . . and between the 'Imagine A Man's' on the new album you might find bits of a never-realised TV special. "When we were touring in France last year Keith and I concocted quite a nice idea for a TV special. That was quite a nice concept idea about 12 groups, and I'd written specific songs for each group. They'd each have a spot — some of them very serious and some of them comical. It was a parody of the business as a whole and also of the group. It was a sort of a comedy 'Quadrophenia', but with more accent on the group."

"We wanted to get the 'Ready Steady Go!' people to film it. One scene is about skinheads, with John Entwistle as their manager, and they get on stage and sing — you know that song 'I've Got Plenty Of Nothing'? Well they sing 'I Got Plenty Of Nutting, Nutting's plenty for me. . . It was very Pythonesque, seeing as Keith was involved, and at the end nobody claps and you see that John Entwistle is all washed up as a manager."

"And another thing was . . . I've always had



this passion for the Dagenham Girl Pipers, and I thought it would be really nice to take that very strange sexual thing of a lot of girls in short skirts squeezing bagpipes and blowing down these long phallic tubes, but take it one stage further and have them all playing accordions."

"Great Big Tits . . . all squeezed between accordions. I wrote this song called 'Squeeze-box'—I went out and bought an accordion and learned to play it in about ten minutes, so it's a devastatingly simple song. But that kind of idea, spotted between a serious album, would be completely mystifying to most people."

Yeah. Then there's another TV special that has to be made — Townshend wants to get a TV film of 'Quadrophenia' out of the way so that people can't come up and pounce on that as 'Tommy' number two: "What've they got left . . . ?"

At the premiere of the 'Tommy' film, Lou Reiser came up to him and said: "Listen Pete, I've been listening to 'Quadrophenia' and it's really deep . . ."

But is Richard Harris ready for Peter Sellers as Jimmy?

ROGER DALTREY says that the Who is "just a big mirror of the audience". Pete Townshend thinks Roger's got his head in the clouds there. "That sounds like shades of 'Life-

house' to me — that story that I tried to get together which the group couldn't understand at the time, and which I've now understood to be completely wrong . . . in my case, though it could be right in Roger's case. I think it might happen in the writing process, but writing is very private and personal and spontaneous, where on the stage there's a tremendous amount of self-assurance goes on."

"You've got to feel above the audience. Keith Moon walks on and does it with the biggest superiority complex in the world, and when I walk on, sure I like to see the whites of their eyes to know how to play, but that's stage technique . . ."

"I mean a mirror . . . it's not — I think that maybe at some time in the past I've actually said something like that. I've always felt that it was possible, but the technological problems are enormous. But basically, when a kid comes up in the street and says what he really liked about 'Quadrophenia' was that it really summed him up — that's really what a successful rock song is. That, if you like, is a mirroring process."

"But let's face it — you take something like the Charlton Festival. There I felt much less than a mirror. I felt like a hole in the wall."

SCRAPE THE silvery stuff off the back of the mirror, and you might get closer to rock and

roll, the way Pete Townshend sees it in 1975: "The really great thing about rock and roll is that it's a communication between people that're in glass houses. They're all enshrouded in their own secret worlds, they can't break out, but they can talk to each other through rock and roll. A kid'll come up and say 'you said exactly what I felt then', and of course he could have told somebody, or I could have, but it's done in this oblique way, and it's such an invigorating process to know that this release is happening. Then you get to a rock concert, and that song — say 'My Generation', about frustration, about feeling so rotten and out of it that you resort to dope, about feeling so frustrated with older people that you despise them so much you never want to be like them in any way whatsoever . . . feelings that you've never been able to express clearly — is what everyone around you is applauding and you know they feel the same way as you do."

"It's much, much more complex than a mirror, especially the performance."

Is it working better now than it did when the Who were the Mod idols of London, real leader / reflectors of style and fashion?

"That happened really before we started to write. I used to write odd little love songs, a couple of which the group used to play on stage. There was one called 'It Was You' — 'It was you, who set my heart a-beating / I never knew, that love would come with our meeting', one of those. But at that time we were with our first manager, Pete Meaden, and it was all career: he was telling us to observe, react, be like them all the time. Be fine . . ."

"Then when it came to writing, it was a different thing altogether. I wrote 'I Can't Explain' about a kid who couldn't explain to a girl that he loved her — that was all it was about: 'I fink it's love but I can't explain'. A couple of months later it was on the charts, and I started to look at it closely — because I was

**'...but the Who is still better than a lot of the bands adolescents scream for'**

no fool, I tell you that — and I realised that the song was on the chart not because it was a little love song, but because it openly paraded a sort of a weakness. Since then I've analysed all my writing after the fact — looking at it after I've written it, then going on and writing more in a very spontaneous way, and then looking back . . . I've done that all the way along, step by step, particularly with the first eight singles."

Who would be listening to a song about a geezer who can't get it up for his wife too easily any more? Adolescent Tony Palmers conducting pseudo-sociological investigations into ageing mods, or the ageing mods themselves?

"There's always an audience for somebody who's got the guts to say what you haven't got the guts to say — particularly if it's disguised as entertainment. But to answer that head on, it really hasn't been done yet so I don't know — probably older people."

"But the Who can still perform on stage for adolescents because we're still fucking better than a lot of the bands they scream for — as a stage group we're the sort of band they'd dig, and we still do a lot of the old stuff which is still as good, and as applicable, as it was."

"But apart from that, I wasn't an adolescent when I was writing stuff like 'I Can't Explain' — it was aimed at them, but I was a rock bloke, I was in a band. But then in that situation you stay young — get drunk, smash hotel rooms, be anaughty, get into trouble, smash guitars, throw fits — and you get away with it. But there comes a point in your life when you don't want to do that anymore. If everyone was allowed to behave like that for as long as they wanted to, I think they'd behave like that up until about now, until the time they were about 30, and then they'd slow down."

"The trouble is that most people put on this sort of cloak of maturity when they're about 20 — you know 'I'm at University' — and from then on they're on a downward path. I just don't believe in maturity as something you assume — if you assume it then you suffer from it like a disease. But if it's real, then of course it's experience, and then it doesn't reek of oldness."

"So maturity I think is just as interesting a subject as adolescence — I'm not suggesting for a minute that I know anything about maturity, nor am I mature, but I do feel very much in the process of change."

LIKE HE says, a couple of weeks in the studio should be interesting. Glyn Johns will be back, which should do their sound some good, and Townshend has his new songs. They've already ditched one album — they tried to record again after 'Who's Next' but nothing came of it, though a couple of tracks popped up on 'Odds And Sods'. It wasn't anything, says Townshend, it was empty.

"I was obsessed by sound. At the moment, I'm obsessed by songs so I don't know what difference that'll make. But there are some tremendously evocative lyrics — they're very embarrassing some of them, so they must be good. They're head on — I'm not into word games any more."

**PART ONE of this, Pete Townshend's first major interview in nearly a year, appeared exclusively in SOUNDS last week. In it, Townshend cast light on 'Tommy' as the new film version creates overheated cash registers in the West End, and spoke of his bitter disillusionment with the Who's last few gigs. He said the group was in danger of becoming parodies of themselves — the Chuck Berrys of Sixties rock — but thought that job was going to the Stones. The Who, he said, had more or less broken up, but they were due back in the studios to record an album on April 18. "And we have a habit of turning up."**

**Robin Katz takes a look at two very different aspects of singles fortunes, Lori Lieberman—who missed out to Roberta Flack with 'Killing Me Softly'—and Jim Gilstrap whose 'Swing Your Daddy' rose to No. 8 this week**

**Straight from the heart lady**

IF LORI Lieberman's name rings a familiar bell, then think back a short while and you'll recall the story behind 'Killing Me Softly With His Song'. The tune was inspired by a concert of Don McLean's witnessed by the aforementioned Ms Lieberman and translated into music by Charles Fox and Norman Gimbel. Lori recorded the original waxing, but Roberta Flack had the hit. And that's about the extent to which most folks are educated about Lori Lieberman.

Though Lori doesn't write her own material, she shares a mysterious relationship with Fox and Gimbel, and they invariably put to music the sensitive and self-conscious emotions that are the basis of her life.

Sensitivity; that's the word I'm looking for. Not in the same vein as Grecian Glass or Victorian China. Lori Lieberman can only sing of experiences she feels strongly about.

Emotionally, Fox and Gimbel turn her heart-strings inside out searching for the thread of experience that will lead them to a new song. The reason her albums don't overflow with sloppy self pity, though, is because of that crystal clear voice that unintentionally skids over lyrics that someone else might wring salt water tears out of.

Born in America, Lori spent her formative years in Switzerland. The natives weren't too friendly, and Lori now resides back in California. Her childhood allowed her some of the finer material things in life. She got to travel quite a bit as well. These things have enabled her to look at music as something for pleasure rather than a quick happy road to success. Hence, she has no hard feelings over losing her song to Roberta Flack.

"My version of the song had been out for six months before Roberta recorded it. I'm really glad she did. At least it wasn't left to be just another dead song on my dead album. It gave me an identity of sorts; which is important for any new singer. The only drag is that it's still the only thing many people will associate with my name.

"In retrospect I suppose it was like a teenybopper thing the way I felt about Don McLean, except instead of pinning up a poster, I helped create a song. When I finally met him about a year after that initial concert at the Troubadour, it was a bit embarrassing. But now I'll be doing a few dates with him and the Persuasions."

Singing straight from the heart is always a point for argument. Is it easier for an artist to simply adapt into the mood a set of lyrics suggest? By singing solely from past emotional experiences, doesn't any artist put their sanity on the line?

Melanie has admitted that she often abandons a song for a while if dealing with it becomes too heavy to handle. Linda Ronstadt, on the other hand, finds singing of personal experience to be a soothing relief. But she does record a majority of other people's songs.

"I suppose it's back to that old saying," Lori reflected pensively, "that when you see a problem written on a page it makes it better." Let me put it this way. Love never put a song aside deliberately because it was too draining to sing,

but if I do pick up something I haven't done in a while it may take on another meaning. I've cried onstage; I don't make a habit of it, but at the same time I don't dance around and snap my fingers to everything.

"I could do other people's songs, but I couldn't... if you follow me. To me when I hear artists continually recording other people's compositions I feel I don't know who's singing. In contrast, look at Joni Mitchell. When I met her, I was amazed. She's just the way you would picture her to be from her music.

"It's the same for me. The three of us labour over experiences and feelings to capture it all correctly. Everything on my albums is me.

"What's difficult for me is that I'm basically shy. I'd like to be able to say to people that everything you want to know about me is in my music, but that's never enough. I feel very uncomfortable when I'm put into a spotlight and elevated to something larger than life.

"I find it hard to talk about myself, and I freeze in front of the cameras. You sit with a writer and confide in that person and then they turn around and twist the whole intention of what you were trying to convey. It inhibits and unnerves you and makes you withdraw even more. But audiences don't. I don't know why. I wasn't nervous doing the television show. I'm more nervous now."

She is also her own severist critic. However, if Lori Lieberman does not compromise her sensitivity towards her surroundings, and Gimbel and Fox continue to draw the impressions and feelings out of her, songs like 'Killing Me Softly' will not be the once-in-a-decade fluke that finds popularity. Sensitivity may bring people closer to their lyric sheets and hearts once more. Listen closely, and let the feelings seep in.

AH, ONCE upon a time, I barely remember it, ye olde charts were predominantly filled with whimsical little tunes that were hits primarily because they were catchy. The lyrics weren't heavily significant, and the artists who made these scores of records, dare I say without being too cruel, heavily significant either.

Short of being a teen idol (pre 1970 term for 'superstar'), people bought the specific single, and whoever made it was secondary. I mean, did anyone really care what deep thoughts and philosophies ran rampant through the brains of Bobby Rydell or Helen Shapiro?

The Sixties fused together the theme of artist and their work. Most people do associate Dylan's lyrics with the man himself. Singles took a back seat to albums, because in the midst of a smokey haze it is still much easier to sit back and listen for thirty minutes than to change discs every three.

Which brings us to the present, where once more singles are the dominant and most frequently changing factor in the current music 'scene'. With the re-emergence of dance records, one is now very painfully aware that *deja vu* has struck.

'Swing Your Daddy' is sung by one previously unknown Jim Gilstrap. But the song, which as a hit has warranted him this space, is not entirely representative of the man himself. However, to find out how Gilstrap the multifaceted creative person joined forces with Kenny Nolan's excellent, and catchy dance composition, do read on.

Born and raised as part of a very large Texan family, Gilstrap landed in California in his teens. A career as a teacher was waylaid when the draft hit him, and by the time he finished his hitch with the Navy, Gilstrap was ec-statically saturated with music. Once on land, he went through a series of jobs, and his first musical break was as part of the Doodletown Pipers. The Pipers, who probably still exist, are sort of an All American troupe who play the same type of gigs as the Black and White Minstrels or the Second Generation.

Wholesome, unoffending, ultra professional and sweetly entertaining. Artistic? That's questionable. But certainly a good training ground for how to adapt to life on the road, regular rehearsals, team work and other less glorious, but very necessary parts of professionalism in a musical career.



● GILSTRAP: 'It's like the early days of Motown over at Chelsea Records'

**FROM AMERICA'S BLACK AND WHITE MINSTREL TO WONDERLAND**

With the discipline angle under his belt, Gilstrap floated in with a much more creative force; namely Stevie Wonder. As part of the early Wonderlove, Gilstrap did extensive touring with Wonder and played on the artist's four big gest albums, 'Music Of My Mind', 'Talking Book', 'Innervisions' and 'Fulfillingness' First Finale'.

Although scores of people would give up anything to work with Wonder, I asked Gilstrap if learning your first taste of production from an artist so deeply entrenched in his own style is advantageous? Can you develop yourself from there, or do you become a carbon copy without meaning to?

"I see your point. But overall, I think working with Stevie was more advantageous really. He's a genius. He explores everything there is to do in a studio. Yes, he's influenced my style. I think the music I write

is closer to Stevie's stuff than 'Swing Your Daddy', but working with Stevie was an experience, that I wouldn't have wanted to miss.

Gilstrap the producer worked with a quartet of three males and one female called Side Effect. He is currently preparing their new albums as well as working with a young Mexican singer named Becky Lewis.

"She sings like Dionne Warwick. It's really funny to hear that kind of voice to come out of a Mexican girl" he laughed.

More about Gilstrap's outside ventures in a sec. The single all started when Gilstrap got a call from session singer Carolyn Willis. Ms Willis was once part of Honeycone, but now finds back up singing a lot better paying with a lot less aggro than trying to succeed in a group.

She convinced Gilstrap to audition for Chelsea Records despite his fighting a bout of flu. Kenny Nolan, who's already turned a hat trick with 'My Eyes Adored You', 'Get Dancing' and 'Lady Marmalade' all on the charts, needed a voice for his latest song. Gilstrap sounded good on the demo, recorded it three months ago and you know the rest.

The man himself is basically quiet. No overinflated ego, or larger-than-life attitudes. He confesses that years of working on all sides of the music business have made him appreciate the fact that he hasn't done it alone, nor is a hit single the be all and end all of his existence.

"I had a feeling it was a hit song as soon as I heard it. But I never expected it to happen this fast. Believe me, it's as much a surprise for me as it is for you. It looks like the early days of Motown over at Chelsea Records. Kenny Nolan and Bob Crewe remind me of Holland/Dozier / Holland the way they've kept turning the songs out. They are a hell of a team of writers.

"The success of the record has enabled me to move into a new apartment. The old one

wasn't exactly the Ritz" he reflected cheerfully, "and of course you get a load of people buggin' you. It's funny how people like to create an atmosphere that was never there just because you have a record in the charts.

"I'm quiet, you know. I just like to create. Songwriting is really my first love, but I love anything with music. Bring me a chart that's complicated and I love it. The bigger the challenge; the deeper the music, the more I like it. I love doing sessionwork; it's a piece of cake. And I love all people.

"Writing is no problem for me. I have a good imagination, so I don't only rely on personal experiences. When I was in London with Stevie in '71 or '72 I enjoyed the warmth of the people. It's a feeling I don't always get in LA, they think they're better than anyone else.

"The best thing about success to me is that now I can help kids. I can go to schools and explain things, and the kids will listen, cause they know the song. You get a lot of potentially talented kids whose teachers mistake their initiative for something else. Instead of creating, they end up robbing banks. But they'll listen to people like Stevie, Barry White or James Brown.

"Personally, I don't think Stevie does enough with the kids. (Note: James Brown did an entire 'Stay In School' campaign in the mid Sixties to help alleviate the drop out problem). That's where I'd really like to get my teeth in.

"As far as music goes, I would like to eventually be able to be like Stevie, that is, play all my own instruments on my album, have no restrictions on the creative side. I can play piano, bass drums and guitar, but I don't feel quite ready to do it all myself even if I could. The album will probably be along the lines of the single.

"I'll be saving my own music for a little later on. I do my own arrangements on my own tunes because I feel very strongly that when you've written something, you're the only one who knows how you want it done."



● LORI LIEBERMAN: I freeze in front of the camera

*all the girls in the world  
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**Whatever they tell you about Keith Richard is only half the truth. Tales of a lifetime spent tasting everything, ingesting anything, keep followers entertained, wallowing in a glorious never-never land of sin and vice. His reputation for exploring that other side of this life has made him a living legend, to some only for the fact that he still lives, defying Darwinian principles of survival.**

Keith Richard is a mythical hero to a generation eager to heap private fantasies on his dare-devil exploits. He is to the Sixties generation what Kerouac and James Dean were to the Fifties. His seemingly superhuman physical durability has been worshipped and romanticised. But Keith Richard is nobody's fool.

In August '64 the EP 'Five By Five' was released accompanied by a standard press release penned by Andrew Loog Oldham. Keith Richard's is particularly amusing. Former Occupation Before Show Business (show business!!) — Layabout. Hobbies — sleeping, records. Miscellaneous likes — girls, boats, guitars, high heeled boots, opium. Notice the progression.

He continues to oscillate between wasted elegance and feeling the blunt edge of coming down again. On the Stones last American tour ('72) Richard walked into a crowded post-gig hotel room crammed with liggers tasting the high life, collapsed on the floor, stayed there long enough for everyone present to shriek in horror that he was dead, then he gracefully got up off the floor and left the room.

He knows his physical and musical limitations and rarely exceeds them. Rock casualties are fragile, easily led down a fatal path. There is nothing fragile about Keith Richard. His sense of humour prevents him from falling victim of that terminal rock disease called taking yourself too seriously. More than anyone else, Keith Richard knows that it really is only rock and roll.

In 1965 the Berlin Hilton refused the Rolling Stones as guests. But times and Rolling Stones have changed. Today the Munich Hilton welcomes them with arms open, eager to advertise their visit in the Hilton magazine even if they call the drummer Brian Watts.

Munich is an ideal place for the Stones to record, using the studio as a testing ground for would-be guitarists. The police drive beat-up Volkswagens while taxi-cab drivers go to work in sparkling Mercedes two-doors. Immaculate women sport the latest Courterie fashion swiftly walking past shop windows stuffed with rich chocolates and smooth satins. Munich is a city of lux-o-ry.

The record company people said Keith had been rising unusually early, utilising some foreign daylight. But by 4 o'clock all is quiet on the fifth floor. A familiar face with a confident smile and an Yves St. Laurent jacket reclines in the hotel bar, feet stuck on the table in a casual pose.

"Doing some German TV?" the barman asks Mick Jagger as he orders another rum.

"We don't do TV."

"A record?" the intruder inquires cornering Jagger while confidante Ian Stewart answers a transatlantic phone.

"Yeah," Jagger grins politely, "a record."

"You should retire," the barman advises forcing his private pipe dream on Jagger. "Buy a farm, milk the cows, plenty of fresh air, have your whisky."

"At 31?" Jagger retorts in semi-horror. "I've tried all that. It's boring. Maybe at 61, not 31."

With agrarian dreams the barman fetches the rum. "Asshole," Jagger whispers with gentle vindictiveness. But you can't blame him for being annoyed. There is no reason for the

Keith Richard, the King of Rhythm, isn't normally a man of many words but in this exclusive two-part interview he talks about Chuck Berry, the band's search for a new guitarist, Brian Jones, the producers who haven't lasted the distance, his 'need' to play live and the things that hold the Stones together. Part two next week.

# The Human Riff Plugs In

Words: Barbara Charone

Rolling Stones to stop. It's too late to stop now. As Keith Richard would later point out *after* waking up, "The Rolling Stones ain't gonna end just because a guitar player dies or leaves. It just ain't so."

The barman echoes sentiments expressed by early Stones aficionados that contend the band died when Brian did. Modern day enthusiasts gladly follow post-Brian rhythms. Pete Townshend says the Rolling Stones are in danger of becoming 'Chuck Berry has-beens. Townshend also once wrote: 'Wanna die before I get old', words he probably regrets as the years go passing by. And Jagger agreed, "what a drag it is getting old".

But 31 is not old. In most professions it is the age you begin to enjoy the upswing, working towards a pinnacle that doesn't mature till middle age. Already rock has outlasted everyone's expectations, writing the rules as the beat goes on.

"Rock has gotten bigger and



On Mick Taylor:

"I admire somebody who can walk out on a situation like that . . . walk out on the Rolling Stones."

bigger," Keith would later reflect when he was fully awake, senses buzzing. "And despite everything it shows no sign of dying down. I still think we're getting better. There's a lot of people who would disagree but I can't do anything about that. I just know they're wrong."

"People get confused with nostalgia. They screwed some chick in the back of some car when 'Tell Me' was playing and to them *that's* the Rolling Stones. The thing is we still exist. We're still making records and we're still playing. And everybody wants to know who's gonna be the next guitar player. So it goes."

The barman might want the Rolling Stones to retire but nothing has caused more commotion or excitement in the last five years of rock than just who will replace Mick Taylor. Call it curiosity; call it fanfare, but an awful lot of people would call it good.

"You'll know he's awake when the Indian music starts coming through the door," Ian Stewart explained. "He doesn't want to talk to you," Jagger quipped both amused and slightly annoyed that someone would want to talk only to Keith.

Sure enough a couple of hours

later raga and incense began to waft through the door that housed Mr. Richard. As day turned to night Keith became whole and the Indian rhythms turned to the gentle harmonics of 'Sweet Virginia'. He was definitely awake now, Ian Stewart explained providing a rumming commentary on Keith's wake-up cycle only to inform me that the proposed interview would occur after that evening's studio session.

"It's pretty boring," Stewart observed of the band's legendary studio behaviour, driving towards Musicland Studios where they recorded 'It's Only Rock 'n' Roll.' Even someone who has witnessed more sessions than anyone except Bill, Charlie, Mick, and Keith, playing piano on many of them, can be wrong.

Bill Wyman is already there, short haired and serious, listening to some playbacks. Mick and Charlie follow, Jagger singing 'Shame, Shame, Shame' in a burst of musical anticipation walking straight into the studio and plugging in an electric guitar. Watts, shorter haired than Wyman, wears a Texas University sweatshirt and a grin.

Several playbacks and additional musical rumblings later, Keith Richard saunters in, now almost awake, his hair standing on edge on top in just out of bed patterns. This is quickly remedied as he runs through one of his classic postures, rubbing his hands through the stubby locks. Each movement reeks of rock and roll rhythms, The human riff plugs in.

Richard is accompanied by an entourage of two. His sidekick/confidante George who speaks in an accent not unlike that of Peter Lorre in 'The Maltese Falcon' but less squeaky. The other is the guitar candidate most likely to, Wayne Perkins. Recommended on good authority by Eric Clapton, the ex-Smith-Perkins & Smith guitarist presents a fresh appearance amongst a sea of familiar faces.

Ian Stewart is a man who is wrong in the nicest way. The same way Guy Stevens was wrong when he produced Mott the Hoople albums like 'Brain Capers' and 'Wildlife' assuming the way to record like the Stones was simply invest the studio with an orgylike atmosphere and turn the tapes on. Twenty-four hours later you had an album and at least two classic singles.

But Guy was more mistaken than Ian. No one produces records like the Rolling Stones. Not in twenty-four hours or twenty-four days. They work when they *feel* like it. More than anything else the Rolling Stones are a feel. And more than anyone else, Keith Richard is the stairway to that feeling.

Ian Stewart was right if boring is watching a loose reggae rhythm blossom into a song that owes little to the Waiters, Keith steering the riff towards Nirvana, standing up when he's excited, encouraging Perkins to put some of himself in the song. Six hours later what belonged only to Keith is shared by all five musicians.

Jagger often co-piloting the driver's seat, helping Charlie find the right cymbal punctuation, encouraging him to better the best, while Jagger himself adds his own tempos on various percussive instruments increasing the intensity of the rhythm. Charlie grinning as he surpassed previous expectations.

Bill exploring various bass paths, serving as a musical liaison between Charlie and Keith, bridging them together. Breaks are taken and vices indulged in. But it all comes back to chasing the same riff towards perfection, mastering the feel until all the players are on the same rhythm pattern, coming together in the early morning haze, beating like one gigan-

tic heart. They finally decide that one of the takes will suffice.

A quick drive back to the hotel proves that Keith Richard drives a car with the same close to the edge abandon that he plays guitar. Driven by his own uncanny metronome, he really is a law unto himself.

Twelve hours after the initial wake-up call, Keith's hotel room is the nucleus of activity on a floor that belongs to the Stones. Lightweight sounds have been replaced by funkier records, each one blacker than the next. Of the twenty-odd albums in the room, several Stones covers look pale next to all the black faces on R & B jackets. The backside cover to 'Goat's Head's Soup' stands atop one speaker, the haunting photo of Keith peering out at everyone.

Post studio restlessness unwinds up and down the corridor, gradually exhausting itself. A fresh bottle of Jack Daniels is christened, coffees ordered that no one drinks. The stale smell of room service is replaced by



On Brian Jones:

"I mean, he was the only guy in the world who thought he could take Mick on as a head-on stage personality."

some incense with the delightful label 'Evening In Kashmir'. Wayne Perkins picks out the notes to the 'Tumbling Dice' that the record player spins, bordering precariously between disbelief and sheer fantasy.

But now without further ado, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Rolling Stones: Keith Richard.

"Basically the Rolling Stones are a two guitar band, that's how they started off," Keith announces in word patterns that command attention as the record switches to a live tape of the Stones' 1973 European tour. "The whole secret if there is any secret behind the sound of the Rolling Stones is the way we work two guitars together."

"As far as records are concerned it's not big hassle not to have an other guitar player 'cause I'm used to doing all the parts. If I have to I know I can do all that. It's just that I like working with another guitar player, that's the *turn-on* for me." The accentuated words lend themselves to the rhythms of the sentences. "The turn-on for me is hearing someone else fill in the spaces I left out."

Which spells rhythm, the particular speciality of Keith Richard.

"As a guitar player I know what I can do. It doesn't bother me about the BB Kings, Eric Claptons, and Mick Taylors 'cause what they do they do but I know they still can't do what I can do. They can play as many notes under the sun that they want but they just can't hold that rhythm down baby. They can't do it and I know it."

"Maybe that's the only key to it all," he paused a minute for reflection, "I know what I can do and what I can't. I know I can't do what Mick Taylor can do and I don't try. The reason everything I do is strongly based on rhythm is because that's what I'm best at. That's what I've learned I'm best at. I've tried being a great lead guitar player and like Chuck Berry," he says of his legendary idol and guiding light, "I have failed."

A lead guitarists' loss is our gain. If Keith Richard was a virtuoso lead player, all he would be is one of many exceptionally gifted guitarists. But he is not a lead guitarist in the traditional sense working on rhythm patterns unique only to him. There is no one else that plays guitar like Keith Richard.

Which is why after all these years of dancing in and out of speakers, it is rather strange that so many people would worry so desperately about who is to replace Mick Taylor. Not that Taylor wasn't great, because he was. But because since the band's first taste of success when Brian Jones began his painful decent downwards, Keith Richard on record and usually onstage, has stood out as impressively as Jagger's potent phrasing and animated theatrics.

Think what you want but don't argue with fact, the Rolling Stones have survived just about any obstacle imaginable and emerged victorious.

"The surviving individual is one thing, surviving within a group is magnified. It's knowing how to live with each other for endless periods of time and living without each other for endless periods of time. That's the elasticity," he stretches out the word, pouring some more Jack Daniels, elasticity buzzing in the smokey atmosphere.

"Maybe that's what made the band what it is, the difference between the Rolling Stones and Deep Purple. Maybe elasticity has something to do with knowing what you want," like a rubber band the buzzing bounces back. "I mean *success* never came into it. We never even dreamed of it, never even *thought* we could turn the whole of London on to what we were doing let alone the world," the accentuated words add a momentum and lazy intensity to the sentence rhythms.

"We didn't think of it like that. We just thought wouldn't it be a groove if we could find some place where we could play *one* night a week with a few people who could dance and dig it. Wouldn't that be great?"

It was great but one night meant seven and one club meant a whole tour and the whole thing spelled success. Which was great, save for the fact that it destroyed Brian Jones.

"Brian was at his best before we got on record. Brian had started to decline already by the time we got to the studio, success went to his head *immediately*. The more successful he got the more it interfered with his compatibility with the band, the more involved he became in competition between Mick and me. Brian became disinterested in the actual music. Luckily for us we'd been screamed at all the time anyways so whenever we played nobody could hear."

But the records were perfectly audible, forcing Keith to stop standing in the shadows and start infecting the



*Twelve hours after the wake-up call, Keith's hotel room is the nucleus of activity on a floor that belongs to the Stones... lightweight sounds have been replaced by funkier records, each one blacker than the next...*

**Pics: Mike Putland**

band more and more like a diseased growth with a penchant for rhythm.

"Hey Charlie pass us that bottle of Jack Daniels." Pause. "Hey Charlie don't forget the ice."

Charlie and ice sit down as he begins to slap out a beat on his knees to an Al Green record, complementing the rhythm of the fluid swishing of Jack Daniels connecting with glass.

"Hey Charlie," Keith begins refreshed and re-energised. "When was the last time Brian really played on a session? Must have been Chicago, I mean with any real consistency. I was trying to think how far back it was cause it really went back a long way," he recalls as if the distance in time seemed so much shorter. "Once we exhausted all the old club numbers he really didn't function much did he? I mean as a guitar player."

"Brian was one of these people that could pick up an instrument in ten minutes; marimbas, chimes, zither, autoharp, dulcimer and add some nice finishing touches. From '64-'69 I played every guitar part with few exceptions which isn't to put Brian down because you just can't put a value on those things Brian did."

"His ability was to pick up any of those instruments," he snaps his fingers, "and play 'Under My Thumb' which wouldn't have been the same without that riff or the dulcimer on 'Lady Jane'."

"He sorta lost interest in things once he learned," Charlie volunteers.

"That he was, a jack of all trades," Keith concludes. "And he forgot to be master of anything. It's the same old story isn't it?"

Note to reader: this same theme, known from this point forward as the 'I wanna be king of the mountain' syndrome will be further explored in the section filed under producers I have known, loved and hated. Memoirs courtesy of Keith Richard.

"He went through passions," Charlie recalls. "Remember when Coltrane was his idol."

"Yeah", Keith sighs hitting a lovely sway, "a contradiction in blonde. I mean he was the only guy in the world who thought he could take Mick on as a head-on stage personality," Keith stops to chuckle.

"All the chicks like ME better than Mick. You know, one of those confidences. And it went on for so long."

"The best thing," he says pouring out some more magic Jack, "was that big banner in Philadelphia, or was it the Academy of Music, that said 'Brian you're so esoteric,'" Charlie and Keith (especially) collapse in laughter. "That was one of his big words in interviews to Gloria what's her name in 16 Magazine, esoterically speaking," they laugh again thankful for the memory. "By the time Mick Taylor arrived I was used to taking care of it by myself. What really surprised me about Mick leav-

ing was that I thought he was just beginning to get into his stride after five years with us, beginning to feel what the band was about. When Mick Taylor first joined we weren't sure if it was the right thing or not, at the time he was just another very good blues guitar player.

"It was difficult for a start cause Mick is such an insecure guy. A virtuoso in his own way. It was very difficult to work with the guy in the way I used to work with Brian very early on. So early on that by the time Mick came along I was used to playing by myself."

"I didn't miss it like I would have when Brian and I were really tight together, playing, learning, everything together. We both virtually learned everything we knew in 18 months playing in the clubs. We lived together, spending every fucking minute of the day playing."

But success meant that time belonged to someone else, what was once intimate became public. The Stones survived success just like they survived Brian's death, infinite drug busts and reputations as being prime bad boys. In retrospect it seems puzzling that the bulk of the musical populace would react so strongly en masse to the problem of Taylor's replacement.

As Keith readily points out, it's always been the same vacancy which can, if need be, be filled, unlike that all important three piece rhythm sec-

tion which must remain strong and stationary.

"We crossed the problem of Brian's death so successfully that it's actually harder to cross this one cause Mick Taylor dropped in so naturally," Keith says.

The smooth transition that helped the Stones progress while still keeping a firm grasp on early Sixties roots made it all the more difficult to understand why Taylor would leave. Keith admits he was more than a little surprised.

"It definitely surprised me but still it was always something that I knew could happen at any time because I know how seriously Mick takes it. He takes it so seriously," Keith laughs in ironic asides. "That's the problem with everybody, they all take it so deadly serious," he stretches out the word to squeeze more impact out of it. "It's just life or death."

(Note to the reader: This same theme will be examined in the 'I wanna be king of mountain' section on producers.)

"We're here because we like it. We've all played with other people and dug it but a band just doesn't stay together unless there's a reason," he says emphatically though slightly laid back. "You can't explain to somebody about Mick Taylor walking out on this band unless you realise that anybody in this band would do that if they felt the same way, felt they couldn't do what they wanted and stay in the Stones. Any of us would walk out the minute we felt that. If I felt I couldn't do what I wanted to do, if I felt they couldn't play what I laid on 'em, I wouldn't give it to them, I'd get out."

"There's no reason to stay if you don't want to. Two or three years ago people would say 'stay together cause of the money.' But those things just don't come into it any more. We all know what money is, what it's worth. And it isn't worth staying, forcing yourself to play with people you can't stand playing with. It's gone beyond that."

Taylor's departure however had less to do with personality dislikes and more to do with musical frustration and restlessness. Although his position in the Stones was relegated to out-of-the-spotlight virtuoso, he was allowed the freedom to brand certain songs with something that was him. Even though the compositions begin with Keith or Jagger, there's no telling where they will end. But Taylor suffered a small dose of the 'I can do everything' syndrome.

"For one thing, I admire somebody who can walk out on a situation like that. Walk out on the fucking Rolling Stones. Mick felt restricted, felt the band restricted him to one thing. What he's finding out now is that no matter what he does, he's gonna feel restricted cause you can't do it all at once."

"Mick came in the band as a guitar player and he went out, in his own mind, as a composer who could play piano, bass, drums as well as being a better guitar player than when he came in. As far as he was concerned, he developed so much musically from '69-'75 that he couldn't do whatever he wanted to do within the Stones."

"Personally I think he was wrong. He could have organised his time so he could do justice to the Stones with his guitar playing and still do everything he wanted. He was getting more and more into what we were doing. Whereas before he was feeling his way, trying to find out what we wanted, what he wanted. And he found out how to write songs, how we put a song together. He learned a lot but I don't think he's learned

enough to do it on his own. Not with somebody like Jack Bruce who's been around a lot longer than he has."

That is not meant to be disrespectful to Mick Taylor, a guitarist who Keith Richard holds only in the highest regard. But the Rolling Stones are a band and after spending five years growing with a guy who shares licks with you, it is a slight disappointment to start all over again. Keith Richard is a clay guitarist, even classier when he's got someone to bounce off of.

"That's why at the moment I'm only interested in a guitar player who's gonna come in and be totally committed to what the band's all about even if it means learning his history, getting it down, listening to what Taylor's done, what Brian's done, then deciding what he wants to do."

Which all comes back to the band's inherent ability to adapt, a personality trait integral to survival. There is no definite replacement yet.



**On Wayne Perkins:**

**"In the first few sessions he's shown much more promise in a much shorter time than Mick Taylor did"**

But someone will be standing onstage with the Rolling Stones on June 3 in New Orleans when the band start a mammoth world tour. Possible replacements seem to fall neatly into two categories. He will either be a threat to Jagger with not so static visuals or a threat to Keith with not so redundant leads. Whichever way it goes, the decision is ultimately theirs.

Much like a photo finish horse race, various hopefuls are finding the going rough as it gets down to the wire. As Keith says, a decision must be made shortly as whoever it is has an awful lot of numbers to learn.

Leading the steeplechase at this particular point in time is Wayne Perkins, who's got everything going for him, save for the fact that he's an American. There are those orthodox rock believers who insist on keeping British rock pure.

"I'm pretty certain that when we go onstage on June 3, it will be Wayne with us. I'd be happy with the man we've got here. In the first few sessions he's shown more promise in a much shorter amount of time than Mick Taylor did. Still everybody says we're an English rock and roll band. I personally don't give a shit. I mean the Faces got a Japanese bass player."

# singles



reviewed by john peel

## Warbling Sykes appeal

Your scholarly reviewer has a severe cold, a slight temperature, and a raging headache. Therefore these reviews may be bad-tempered, unfair, prejudiced and unreasonable. In other words, my illness has not affected my judgment at all and, despite my suffering, the show shall go on.

### STEPHANIE DE SYKES 'WE'LL FIND OUR DAY' (BRADLEYS)\*\*

I WANT you, dear reader, to know that I sat down voluntarily and without payment and sat through quite a lot of an episode of the unspeakable 'Crossroads', in order to see the vivacious and lovely Stephanie warble thereupon. What a beguiling creature she is, to be sure. She also has a pretty fair voice and, although this is the type of record that has me dashing, moaning softly, into the foothills, it must be said that Stephanie sings the scandalously sentimental song with conviction. It'd be nice to hear her sing something meatier for, despite the occasional hint of iron in the rhythm and an electric guitar break of some charm, 'We'll Find Our Day' is basically for those folks who will have sent off for the recently advertised print of the painting that hangs in the Crossroads motel. I think it is her eyes.

### THE GLITTER BAND 'THE TEARS I CRIED' (BELL)\*\*\*\*

A GLITTER Band fan comes out of the closet. Although their early stuff was not particularly rewarding, the Glitters are now, under the eye of Mike Leander, making really classy pop singles. Their last was irresistible and this is just as good. Over an adjusted 'Peggy Sue' gallop is sung another good time, attractively presented. There's the necessary thump-up, naturally, but is integrated into the whole rather than being, as previously, the whole. What does that mean? 'It's lovely', said the Pig, dancing about the room.

It is, you know — the Glitters are becoming craftsmen. With Fox, 10 cc and the Rubettes around there's no room for shoddiness anymore — well, that's not quite true, but there are some really well conceived pop singles in the air these days. 'The Tears I Cried' is one such.

### KEN BOOTHE 'IT'S THE WAY THAT NATURE PLANNED IT' (TROJAN)\*\*\*

A DIFFICULT one this. Ken comes on like a reggae Rod Stewart — even a reggae Clarence Fountain at times. He sings a slight song over a well-mannered reggae-for-white-folks backing. His voice is excellent — one of the best in the field — and the tune and arrangement are by no means unpleasant. Somehow though it never really catches fire or impinges strongly upon your mind. Perhaps a little mannered.

### TEACH IN 'DING-A-DONG' (POLYDOR)\*\*

ALTHOUGH it's formula construction virtually compels you to tap your toe, this Eurowinner is inexcusably feeble-minded. Paul Gambaccini recently attempted a detailed and reasoned analysis on 'Rock Week' of 'Ding-A-Dong, in the hope of discovering what it is about the single that is so appealing. After ten minutes or so of scholarly stuff he was compelled to conclude that his objection to the record was that it is amateurishly written, amateurishly performed, poorly produced, meaningless rubbish. I cannot hope to improve upon that.

### ARKWRIGHT: 'WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?' (UK)\*\*\*

I EXPECT Jonathan King wrote this — someone called King anyway — and it deals with such matters as mills and football pools, both things of which J.K. can have had little experience. It's soft and reflective stuff. Northern—Arkwright, come from Heckmondwike (or somewhere like that) and sound useful — but the images are all a bit too obvious, like a film made about Barnsley by someone who has never been there. A brass-band trumpet is heard (points there) but such stuff as 'back to working overtime and rolling your own fags' is a bit hard to bear. Pig, who is from Shipley and knows, said so too. Sorry Clive!

### WHISKEY MAC: 'LOST AND FOUND' (STATE)\*\*\*

SINCE STATE Records got off to such a great start (the Rubettes, you damnable young cur), it seems right and proper that we consider together their second release. I know nothing whatsoever about Whiskey Mac, I'm afraid, other than the fact that they make a subtle, soothing and ultimately satisfying noise. Their record has a nagging rhythm and a good tune and they sing the song with a basinful of cunning harmonies. At first you might consider Whiskey Mac another Seekers surrogate — they have a lot more going for them than that, and I wouldn't wet myself with surprise if we woke one morning to discover 'Lost And Found' peering at us from the lower reaches of the charts.

### STAR TIME

- \*\*\*\* An essential buy
- \*\*\*\* Well worth having if you've got the money
- \*\*\* Good, try to hear it
- \*\* Ho-hum
- \* Very ho-hum

No stars Pass by on the other side

### JOHN HOLT 'YOU BABY' (TROJAN)\*\*\*

MUCH OF what has been said about the new Ken Boothe single (the review of which may be lurking somewhere in the vicinity — and then again, it may not) applies in equal measure to 'You Baby'. John Holt has the advantage though, in that his song is already known to many record buyers. John has a softer, more mainstream, voice than his label-mate (what a hideous expression, I'm sorry), yet the backing on 'You Baby' is a trifle less mellow than that on 'That Nature Planned It'. There's some robust bass-playing and a pronounced and metronomic drum-beat in the modern manner. Will be surprised if either record makes the BBC chart.

### STEPHENWOLF 'SMOKEY FACTORY BLUES' (MUMS)\*\*

NEVER HEARD the 'Slow Flux' album from which 'Smoky Factory' is taken — and 'Smoky Factory' doesn't really fill me with desire to hear the LP either. After yer 'washes of pure sound' (see Trubshaw's Dictionary Of Reviewers Meaningless Clichés. Pervert Press 105/-) John Kay sings listlessly, sounding like a graduate of the Kris Kristofferson School Of Song. Later the side brightens into a mild choogle, but lapses again into the throaty philosophising. Not recommended.

### HAWKWIND 'KINGS OF SPEED' (UNITED ARTISTS)\*\*\*

HAWKWIND exist in some curious time-warped in which no account is taken of what may be happening elsewhere. The consequence is that, having taken their initial inspiration from early German bands such as Can, they haven't developed much, if at all, from that point. In the eyes of their followers this is a good thing — for me, on the outside, their music conjures up disturbing visions of nights spent at the Roundhouse surrounded by folk whose idea of a good time was to slowly drift into a stupour and passout face-down on the floor. The title 'Kings Of Speed' can hardly have been chosen in ignorance of this preference. The number — I'm loth to call it 'a tune' — is written by Dave Brock and Michael Moorcock, and its performance, with the usual pretty inaudible vocals over the Hawkwind churning, is illumined briefly by a brisk guitar break which is followed by ditto for violin. Further ritual chanting for the faithful and better than anything since 'Silver Machine'. The figure saying 'Far Out' on the circa-1969 art-work on the sleeve says it all.

### AVERAGE WHITE BAND 'CUT THE CAKE' (ATLANTIC)

'A GENEROUS slice of funk' runs the Atlantic press hand-out. I think that should read 'hunk' rather than 'slice' — but one knows instinctively what the writer had in mind. This record has music stripped of all superfluous ornamentation upon it, it's the bare boards rather than the Victorian clutter. The vocals are exclamatory rather than anything else. 'won't you give me some sugar now?' and that sort of thing. Hands are clapped, there are punchy brass inserts — there's another hideous cliché for you, and the result is high-grade austerity funk. The Americans will stampede into their shops for it and we may, trailing our cricket bats and behaving decently, do the same sort of thing.

### RONNIE LANE 'BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME' (ISLAND)\*\*\*\*

WE AT the Acres sat fascinated and moved by 'Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?' when it was shown on TV. You should try to see it at the cinema if you missed it on the box, and if you do you'll hear Ron and his chums perform this single over-the closing titles. Ron achieves, initially at least, a period sound, going somewhat towards crooning himself, while the band chug vigorously behind him. Then there's an unexpected burst of electric guitar followed by some beautiful sax playing — the high point of my singles week. I hope this fine record will be a hit. It deserves to be. I'll buy you a cup of coffee any time, Ron.

### SUZI QUATRO 'I BIT OFF MORE THAN I COULD CHEW' (RAK)\*\*\*

EVEN THE colour supplements have turned to Ms. Quatro and she sounds like an amiable creature. Certainly the quality of her records has taken a dramatic upturn since Chinnichap pointed her at the American market — a market not conspicuously fond of shrieked nonsense songs. This is funky again, brass an' all with slightly suggestive lyrics — perhaps 'teasing' rather than 'suggestive'. 'Let your train get on my tracks' — know what you mean, eh. The Chinnichaps are getting the hang of this sort of music very quickly, the instrumental break here, crammed with guitars, clarinets and much of the armoury of contemporary funk, is excellent. Even if we Brits don't turn cartwheels for the New Suse and 'I Bit Off', the Americans surely will.

### DALSTON DIAMONDS 'KAMIKAZI KRAZY' (GTO)\*\*\*

MEYERS, Worsley and Myatt go after the Golden Rose of Chinnichap. This debut single from the D.D.s has, in the lyrics, which are pretty silly,



● MARION RYAN: that's Barry on the left, we think.

much of the Chapman/Chinn feel. 'If you don't play my game, I'm gonna drop a bomb on you' — that sort of thing. 'Kamikazi' is taken at a breakneck tempo and the actual playing, particularly the piano, is excellent. There's also an extraordinary sax duet which slides from Glenn Miller into late 20s without disturbing the aggressively 70s overall atmosphere even slightly. Well made, well played perhaps too fast to be danced to, and with essentially the same track on the reverse, sans vocals and featuring the piano. One to keep. The Dalston Diamonds, whoever they are, should do well even if 'Kamakazi Krazy' doesn't work for them.

### ANDY FRASER BAND 'DON'T HIDE YOUR LOVE AWAY' (CBS)\*\*\*\*

AT FIRST we Peels were prepared to dismiss this as a slightly desperate attempt by another ex-Free member to recreate, hopefully with the success attendant upon Bad Company, the traditional Free noise. Certainly there is a fat of Free in the Andy Fraser Band, in that their work is solid, uncluttered and dependable, and that the vocals even have much of Paul Rodgers in them — less his power, this is still a fine single. It grows on you with each hearing and if the radio stations pick up on it could well be a modest hit.

### GARY U.S. BONDS 'GRANDMA'S WASHBOARD BAND' (LONDON)\*\*

IF YOU'RE hoping for another dose of the raw and shockingly recorded sound that made the early Bonds records so exciting, then you're in for — as I was — a severe disappointment. The song here is the merest muck — 'funky washboard' indeed! — and Gary sings it in the blandest way imaginable over a rather good backing track. 'Wang dang a-licky dang dang' my arse! — does he think black Americans are eligible for the Eurovision song contest?

### RALPH McTELL 'EL PROGRESSO' (WARNER BROTHERS)\*\*\*\*

TAKEN FROM the LP 'Streets'. Ralph has been touring recently with a nifty little band and he recorded his best ever 'Top Gear' session with that ensemble. 'El Progresso' was recorded pre-band and thus lacks some of the bite that this new arrangement has given to Ralph's performance. Having said that, this is still fine fare, half tongue-in-cheek with its 'down at the cantina' and 'dark-eyed senorita' mock El-Pasoisms, and half cigarette commercial — 'she's a great little cigarette' and 'like smoking a volcano'. All the Spanish holiday noises are there, including the mariachi brass, and although 'El Progresso' may not catch the Viva L'Espana! freaks it also might. Good - humoured nonsense.

### BARRY RYAN 'DO THAT' (DAWN)\*\*\*

HISTORY WILL, I'm sure, show that Barry Ryan, when he was recording for Polydor, recorded some of the most impossibly extravagant and overblown and hysterically funny singles ever — I mean, have you ever heard 'Kitsch'? — and I'm genuinely fond of them and grateful to him for doing them. Since then Barry — and Paul, who wrote those and this — has matured (unfortunately, perhaps) and despite a promising introduction, which is sort of Hawkwind meets the well-tempered synthesizer with added grunts and cries of 'that's nice', this is very direct, uncomplicated, basic — and rather enjoyable. Barry sings high and light over a relentless chugging and the record's only eccentricity is a curious laugh-in-mid-way. Dawn is not a wildly successful label these days and one fears that 'Do That' may be largely ignored by the public at large — although Timmy Bannockburn, a devoted Ryan fan, should do his bit to help the twins.

### ROY ORBISON 'HUNG UP ON YOU' (MERCURY)\*\*\*

I RECENTLY bought an 8-track of Roy's greatest hits and am often to be seen cruising about Britain struggling after the high notes on 'Crying', 'Only The Lonely', 'Blue Angel', and many other little gems. Since his golden period, on Monument in the early 1960s, Roy has made few records and these few have been by — and — large dis-

piriting, 'Hung Up', which Roy wrote, is a lot better, passing in review at a medium to up-tempo, something like 'Running Scared' but faster. Although there are several occasions on which you think he's about to lash into those tortured highs, he never really does, but the drama is there nevertheless. Stylistically and spiritually closer to his best than anything Roy's done in lightyears.

### THE EDGAR WINTER GROUP 'SOMEONE TAKE MY HEART AWAY' (EPIC)\*\*\*

A BRUCE Forsyth record being played on 'Family Favourites' has just been interrupted with a gale warning — what refined judgment! Regular readers will know that your reviewer cares not for the racket usually purveyed by either one of the Winter brothers, but this, taken from 'Shock Treatment'. I quite cared for. It's a slightly overblown country-rock piece, balancing somewhat precariously between Charlie Rich and Lynryd Skynyrd but without the conspicuous merits of either. Edgar takes his own song at a stately tempo, treating it dramatically, and forsaking his usual roaring for actual singing. Won't be a hit in a millennium — but passable, very passable.

### THE SHARONETTES 'PAPA COH MOW MOW' (BLACK MAGIC)\*\*

ONE SUSPECTS that last Saturday's football results, provided that they set to that unsubtle Northern dance beat, would draw cries of 'classic' and 'beautiful' from devotees of the rhythm. The Sharonettes — love the name, girls — sing the Rivington's nonsense golden gasser competently enough. It's hardly a demanding piece anyway, requiring little depth of expression and a certain sense of humour. There are some affecting tinkles and clickings in the production and the record set the Pig to dancing again — which is the effect its makers must intend.

### TRACTOR: 'ROLL THE DICE' (UK)\*\*\*

TRACTOR MADE two fine LPs for Dandelion, one as Tractor and one as The Way We Live. Here they have elected to bid for a greater fame — Dandelion Records were never big sellers — with a little Rochdale reggae. The result is something that Wings might have done in a whimsical moment. Trouble is Tractor are not as well known as Wings, their reggae is unlikely to appeal to reggae devotees and the small handful of Tractor freaks will have expected something more grand. It's quite well done though, moderately amusing, with droll vocalising compensating for the rather static reggifyin'. The 'B' side is more invigorating, reminding me of Boys Blue's 'Take A Heart'. Hands up, the boy or girl who can hum that. And don't tell me the Sorrows recorded it because I know — Boys Blue were better though.

### LORD REPATRIATOR: 'CALYPSO (MINER PAINS AND LABOUR PAINS (74) ELECTION)' and 'IT'S NICE' (DIP).\*

I WAS drawn to these two releases by Lord Repatriator's name and, sadly, it's the best thing about the records. Both are calypsos. The first is a rather clumsy political thing — Mr. Heath had miner pains, Mr. Wilson had labour pains — which has bits of 'Rule, Britannia' in it and some rather enjoyable horn playing. The second deals with Lord Repatriator's girlfriend, a person who wants bananas in the middle of the night. Offered one that's nine inches long, she chokes — but happily. The rather clumsy joke is carried way too far — it's Carry On Calypso.

"MY LITTLE girl said to me the other day, 'What do you do?'. I said, stalling for time, 'What do you mean, what do I do?'. And I had to really think about it, because I would be lying if I said I was either a singer, a dancer, a radio announcer, a writer or whatever. At that moment, that week, I wasn't doing any of those things.

"So I said, 'Well, I guess I'm in show biz.' She said, 'What is show biz?' And I said, 'It's a business where your job is to go out and show yourself.' She said, 'You mean you go out and show off?' And I said, 'Yeah, I guess I do. They pay me for showing off.'" chuckles.

Marsha Hunt continues to be London's Miss Odds & Sods, Show Biz division, keeping herself interested and other people quite intrigued. At the moment, she, has a German film crew coming over from time to time to film this and that — a bit of modelling for Italian *Vogue*, a few commercial voice-overs, a gig at Dingwalls, and whatever might crop up for some sort of documentary, which presumably puts Marsha in line for the Honorary adopted title of Great British Eccentric. At any rate, the film crew arrived to find Marsha doing the Hoovering, with a hat on over her curlers, and evidently wondered if this was indeed the lady they were supposed to be filming.

**Swimming**

Today, she's looking in extravagantly good nick, as the other lady of the house, Karis, aged four, is demonstrating her swimming strokes on the lounge floor.

It doesn't take long to realise that Karis is the real centre of activity in this house. Where most people's houses have the kids' room tucked away somewhere next to the loo, Karis' room—a huge wooden nursery—occupies the undoubted centre piece of the whole place with bunk beds, a sort of indoor tent, overrun by all manner of toys, dolls, games, building bricks and reading cards.

Right now, Marsha's old man is upstairs, nursing a cold, but for most of Karis' life, it has been just the two of them, and among other things, Marsha's written a book about one-parent families, partly from experience and partly from interviewing others.

**Sociological**

"The book is finished, and there are plenty of people interested in doing something with it, but the situation is that I started out doing a sociological study, but I could tell from the people who were approaching me with an interest in serialisation or publishing, that they think it's going to be the 'Marsha Hunt tells all about Mick Jagger' story, which it ain't." A very positive negative, that one.

"So I would rather not ever have it published than have it published and backfire on my personal life. It does include an in-depth part about me and what I've had to cope with as a one-parent working family, the problems I've come across, socially and legally and personally. So I'm holding on to the book, and I think if it's a good enough book, which I think it is, then it'll get published."

Ninety-nine per cent of first-novel writers would be knocked out to have anyone at all even mentioning the magic word 'publish'. Because Marsha's a known name, the situation is reversed, and it's more a case of picking the best offer.

The irony is not lost — Marsha's career — or her view of it — has been a series of apples dropping off the tree into an ever-open basket.

# Marsha, you bloody show off

The lady that's got irons in every fire and is known as London's Miss Odds and Sods, talks to Rob Mackie



"I don't want to sound big-headed, but in the last few years, I've been able to do in a lot of different fields what a lot of people have taken years and years to achieve.

"Because of that, it's working against me as well as for me, my itchy feet. Probably if I'd spent seven years working

towards getting my own radio show, then I would have stayed with it and developed it and myself, to the full, but all these things keep turning up in my lap; I had a show in the West End that was putting my face on covers of magazines. A lot of people who had been slogging their guts out in the

acting profession for years probably longed for that, and it was just given to me.

"I mean, 'Hair' was my first West End experience, and I didn't have to do anything for it except walk into a theatre, sing a song — I didn't even have to bleed over a script, 'cause I didn't even

have any lines to read. So that was all put in my lap, and nobody can ever say I worked for it, deserved it. Nothing. And Capital was the same way, someone rang me and more or less convinced me that I could do a radio show."

Still, in the long run, it's worked more for than against:

because Marsha hadn't slogged and planned her way to her radio show, she wasn't in any danger of NOT saying something because it might mean the final elbow to the radio show. In the end it seemed that the programme kept boogying along, becoming more irreverent while the station was rapidly losing its original experimental air and getting rather settled and housewifely in its ways. Hence the parting, since when Marsha's only done a few programmes at odd hours of the morning, mainly producing some little-known bands — again a new experience.

At the time, there were hopes for a TV show.

A couple of shows did get written, one with Cathy McGowan. (They met, as Mothers will, because the kids are friends).

But TV is one apple that doesn't fall off the tree for anyone at all, and also would be sure to give a lot less freedom to offend than a radio station. As it was, Marsha mentioned the possibility of a show to someone she met in the greengrocers and the next day that particular grapevine turned up as a piece in a London evening paper's diary page, which couldn't have helped.

**Nibbling**

So for the moment, says Marsha, delicately nibbling pieces off a teatime biscuit, there ain't no show.

Another thing which didn't happen was a well-intentioned desire to get some sort of Union organised in the pop business, which after all is not that new any longer, but still has only the Musicians Union (which has to take care of a whole lot of other needs as well) to take care of business on behalf of the musicians.

"I know I have a bad reputation as shit-stirrer. It upsets my boyfriend a bit, but I don't really give a fuck, because there's so much shit around, right? I mean, there are so many rip-offs still going on in this business... I did a programme with May Habbs who managed to organise night workers into a union, you know? So they can get their shit together, and yet all these pop heroes can't.

"The only reason I eventually gave up was not because people said 'Oh, you can't do that', but because I could see myself ending up as chairman, secretary and total membership."

What makes Marsha refreshing in a business where everyone tends to look out for themselves and let others learn by their own mistakes, is that she actually talks about the stupidities of the rock business, and tries to get something done about them.

"I think that's a rather sad thing about this business, don't you? There is no legal structure to it, and the reason that there won't be is because the pop people would never stand up and say 'This is what we're going to do, for fear of someone else sneaking in behind them and signing the bum contract and leaving them out in the cold.'

**Involved**

"The other terrible thing is that fame and fortune is the equation of success in this business, and in order to achieve that somebody who maybe is a really fine guitarist and practises so many hours a day to keep it that way has to get really involved in the pop business and playing all the games, all kinds of other involvements in order to be able to play for the thousands of people. But by the time that's been achieved, he's totally lost the magic that made him so good in the first place, because there's no longer time to work on it."

Her concern is on behalf of other people though: she's really in the pop business for a giggle above all, and at the moment, she's mainly writing songs with her old man — my singing voice isn't very good, so a lot of them are out of my range. For the moment, an edited version of 'The Beast Day', brought out a couple of years back on Phonogram, is being re-released shortly and Marsha's taking a little time to lay back and consider her next move in the showing off biz.

# Cross your legs and hope to cry

**DESPAIR NO longer.** That precious moment can be yours for eternity. Pye Records in their infinite wisdom, compassion and beneficence has decided that what the world needs now is — a 'Crossroads' long playing microgroove polyvinyl recording.



● **SUPREME QUOTE** from Dolly Parton: "Lots of country ladies have five wigs ... but I'm the only one who wears them all at the same time." (1)

MUHAMMAD ALI has become co-director of Starway Records, a new US label. First record is called 'The People's Choice'... TINA TURNER has taken up Buddhist meditation. Ike hasn't... TELLY SAVALAS' album being promoted in the States with five thousand lollipops being sent out... ALICE COOPER has reputedly made 45 million dollars since he changed from Furnier to Cooper...

What's more, it's the Crossroads Wedding Party album, featuring such time capsule-worthy mementoes as the theme music, part of the wedding ceremony between Meg and Hugh and a cast knees-up with a selection of perennial party songs — plus individual songs from Noe Gordon and John Bentley; and, for John Peel — Stephanie de Sykes...

## What about the losers?

YOU'VE HEARD enough about Hunter and Ralphs, what about the losers? The final Mott (or Hoople or whatever) line-up will be revealed in a couple of weeks time (after a couple of false starts), whereupon the group will be going down to Clearwell Castle to record their album (the same place that Bad Co recorded their second, funnily enough). And Bender, again after a false start or two has finalised his band with a couple of as-yet unnamed Americans plus drummer Paul Nicholls, of course. The first

choices left for pharmacological reasons, we understand.

They'll be recording and going to the States soon. Both Bender and Ralphs at the Hunter / Ronson Hammersmith gig (and farewell party afterwards) last week. Hunter, now an American citizen, will be out of the country for a year. As will Eric Clapton, in spite of our speculative news story last week about concerts this Summer. He may be playing in Europe but, avoiding the taxman, he can't come back to Britain till next April at the earliest.

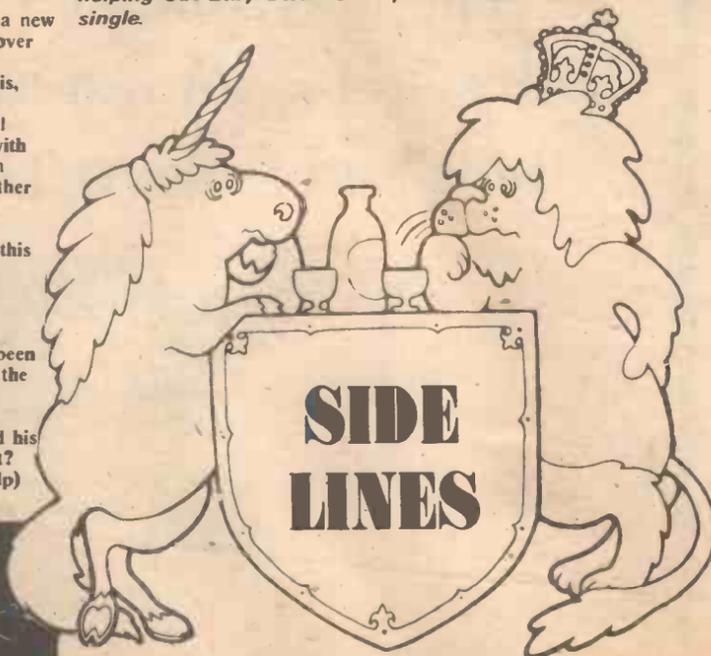
**SOCIAL CHITCHAT** time: Elvis 'Falstaff' Presley, as you've probably read, has a new girlfriend, 1973 Playboy cover girl, Sheila Ryan from Franklin Park, Illinois. Elvis, perhaps aware of his diminishing physical appeal has been "showering her with gifts" — a sports car, then when she wrote it off, another one.

But there is a curious, perhaps macabre, twist to this romantic tale of love and affection. The US weekly, 'National Star' reports that "Ex-girlfriend Linda Thompson has not been seen since visiting Elvis in the hospital in January."

Does this explain Elvis' alarming rise in weight and his subsequent strict crash diet? Has the King of Rock (gulp) eaten Miss Thompson?



● "FOR CHRIST'S sake, Billy. Stop looking at yourself in that bloody mirror and get on with the song!" Three bored rustic rancheros — Kenny Jones, David Essex (returning to his original instrument) and Roger McGuinn — helping out Billy Swan on a promotional film for his new single.



Edited by Bill Henderson

## Conductor gets stuck in

What a way to spend Easter.

Part One: Uruguayan conductor Jose Serebrier was conducting a 180 piece orchestra and chorus in Mexico City through 'Pregon Para Una Pascua Pobre', an Easter Mass composition by Mexican composer Rafael Halfter. Sr Serebrier, however, got quite carried away with passion and, to the horror of all concerned, accidentally stabbed himself through the hand with his baton! (Readers of a delicate disposition please skip the next paragraph).

The baton broke into pieces with one section sticking right through his hand. Blood was spurting over the music stand and on to his white turtleneck shirt but the orchestra continued to play and bravely Sr Serebrier carried on for another twenty minutes till the climax of this devotional work.

Said Sr Serebrier: "I don't know how but I managed to pull the piece of baton out of my hand without stopping the music. There was blood all over the place." (You should have skipped this paragraph too.) "I managed to get a handkerchief out of my pocket during a brief pause in the music. I stuffed it into my hand and made a fist and continued that way until the finale."

After treatment at a local hospital, the indomitable Sr Serebrier conducted again the following night — without baton. One stigmatum down, three to go...

### Part Two:

On Easter Monday night, Mud were topping the bill at the Morecambe Pier Pavilion. As the Pavilion is at the far end of said pier, Mud asked the promoters for some humpers to carry the gear to the hall. Six stout gentlemen were duly



● MUD: Over the edge.

provided to lift and tote. After the show however, sometime in the early hours, when they were due to carry it all back again, the muscular gents demanded more money. They were referred to the promoters, there was an argument but eventually the burly gents returned to work. One picked up a flight case (value £60) and was told by a Mud roadie to leave it behind. "Make up your bloody mind," (or something similar) muttered the gent, and with riled abandon threw it over the railings into the cold depths of the Irish Sea.

WHAT BECAME of Principal Edwards, you may wonder (Not to mention Magic Theatre). Well, some of them have popped up again, in a somewhat obscure extravaganza called 'Doomduckers' Ball' at London's Theatre Upstairs, attempting to prove that rock theatre lives, yet already.

AFTER CLAIRE Hamill, Johnny Rivers is the latest to cover Michael Murphey's 'Geronimo's Cadillac'

TWO BOOKS on Phil Spector are to be published in Britain shortly. One is Richard Williams' book, which has been out in the States for some time, and the other is by Rob Finnis, excerpts of which were published in SOUNDS last year.

## ROLL OUT THE BENTLEY

ROGER DALTREY has bought a ten year old maroon Rolls Royce to match his (scratched) maroon Bentley. Says our Rog: "Everyone says Britain is sinking — so I want to go down in the best boat available."

## PORN MY SOUL

AFTER YODELLING cowboys, singing brakemen, Topanga Canyon Kids and Texas Jewboys, the latest country aberration is a band called... Country Porn. Most immediately noteworthy for their repertoire, with titles like 'Asshole from El Paso' and 'Dryhumping In The Back Of A '56 Ford', which the Porns themselves describe as "sex talgic". Our man says they fall into the Commander Cody/Asleep at the Wheel area.

Different however is the lead guitarist's instrument: instead of a normal body the neck is attached to a toilet seat with the strings stretched across the, er, sound hole.

Leader Prig Chavin says their songs aren't pornographic but are "dedicated to a bygone era". They have a record deal upcoming. We can hardly wait...

YET ANOTHER Virgin radio ad falls foul of the ethics division of the Independent Broadcasting Authority. Their original for promotion of Tangerine Dream's 'Rubycon' was rejected because it featured a car crash noise with the statement, 'Don't ask a man to dream and drive'. Woke up, fell out of bed...

STREET POET Bongo Mike has an exhibition of 30 visual poems, 'From A Poet's Travels', at the Art Meeting Place, 48 Earlham Street, Covent Garden, WC2 from April 8 to 28. The poems are about Mike's travels in England, Wales, France and West Germany as a busker and street poet. Afterwards the exhibition will be travelling round the country, calling at Bath on May 31, which will be a live gig. Other venues will follow.

THE FIRST issue of Bam Balam is now out, a magazine in the ZigZag / Hot Wacks / Omaha Rainbow format. Edited and, at the moment, solely produced by Brian Hogg, previously one half of Hot Wacks, it's available from him at Flat 1, Castellau, Dunbar, East Lothian for 25½p, including postage. The first ish contains historical / discographical features on the Yardbirds, the Seeds and Paul Revere and the Raiders. Issue 2 will include pieces on John's Children and Tyrannosaurus Rex; which is generally the area that Brian will be mainly specialising in, the US/UK mid-sixties. The first ish is somewhat truncated due to various printer problems but it's well worth investigating.

## JOHN PEEL



**WHAT A NIGHT!** Not since the last year of the great queen's reign, when I was the resident at the hill fort of Bhangi-per, have I slept so badly.

The ague you can read about at the top of this week's singles reviews really seized hold during the night, and throughout the dark hours I tossed and turned without sleep, the perspiration guttering from my body, forming rivulets across my glistening red face and dripping ceaselessly onto the rare and exotic carpet beneath the bed.

It is a measure of my determination and courage that I have tip-toed from the room in the small hours to tap these words. The staff have not yet begun to stir and I may yet have to get my own cereal out of the cupboard. How I suffer for you.

I think I must have caught the disease from one of the models and starlets who insisted on kissing me during the fun party that Charisma records threw at the Marquee following the premiere (I think it was the premiere) of 'Monty Python And The Holy Grail'. It seems kinda fitting that Monty Python's film about that wonderful man King Arthur should appear about the same time as Rick Wakeman's LP on the same theme. I think, generally speaking, that the film is funnier than the LP — but it's a close thing.

My personal fave

moment in the film is the duel between Arthur and the luckless Black Knight, my favourite characters the Knights Who Say 'Ni' and the scene that caused me the most pain that in which Michael Palin, as Galahad the Chaste is tormented by a castleload of maidens aged between 16 and 19. These latter show a morbid interest in spanking and appear keen on investigating the contents of Michael's armour — what goes on!

Despite ten years spent in boys boarding schools, during which time the cane was never any great distance from my trim little bottom, I have been unable to develop a taste for spanking — although some of the boys and girls at SOUNDS tell me it is super fun.

During the showing of the film I sat immediately in front of Eric Idle and no great distance from Bill Oddie, he of Goodies fame, who appeared slightly vexed by my recent review of the fun trio's current chart biggie. But, as Bill observed, he should care. Crying all the way to the bank again, eh?

Another Goodie — one forgets faces so easily, doesn't one? — approached me during the evening and also seemed a trifle out of sorts with your daring young reporter.

At the time I was chatting with Robert Plant and Jimmy Page and was unable to give the Goodie the advantage of my fullest attention. He did, I recall, advise me that their next single was to be a — I think the word he used was 'wow'. I hope you noticed the casual way I dropped the names of

Robert Plant and Jimmy Page back there?

More fuel for that dolt who wrote recently to this organ to suggest that my reviews were all influenced by my social life; my tripping hither, tripping thither with the stars. Why, I last saw Jimmy Page as recently as 1970, Robert Plant in 1972. You can see from this that I am on terms of the easiest familiarity with them.

The truth is that I am as impressed when confronted with the famous as yer average SOUNDS reader might be. I can't be bothered to go and look for the letter that hinted my reviews were coloured by my warm and deep personal relationships with the artists, but I'd love to know which stars he thinks are my pals.

But stay, the Pig has just rushed in to say that Mick and Bianca have come for breakfast again. We have switched all the lights off and have lain under the table so that they could not see us — but they're so persistent I suppose I'll have to go upstairs and get Gladys Knight and the Pips up. I don't think I can face having to make conversation with M. & B. this morning — one knows so little about Nicaragua. Why, I can hardly even spell it.

Well, I'd like to tell you more about the Monty Python party. How I chatted with Nick Mason, how Eric Idle offered me a piece of flan, how Elton John wasn't there. However there is neither time nor space so you'll just have to picture the scene among yourselves. Tune in again for further moments with the great.

# Sidelines...

YOU SHOULDA been there — except you wouldn't have got in. As reported here last week, Paul, Linda and Wings gave a farewell to America party in the Mardi Gras - decorated Grand Salon of the Queen Mary at Long Beach, California, with music from Allen Toussaint, Ernie K-Doe, Lee Dorsey, Professor Longhair, the Meters and the Ev Segress Orchestra (who?).

The 200 guests (deep breath) included: America (the group, not the entire population), Cher, David Cassidy, Chicago (ditto America), Tony Curtis, Davy Jones, Mickey Dolenz, Bob and Sarah Dylan, Dr. John, Phil Everly, Jose Feliciano (bored yet?), Marvin Gaye, George Harrison, Hudson Brothers, the Faces, Jackson Five, Carole King, Dean Martin and spouse, John Mayall, Joni Mitchell, Dave Mason, Harry Nilsson, Ryan

and Tatum O'Neal, Nigel Olsson, Richard Perry, Helen Reddy, Linda Ronstadt, Rudy Vallee, Paul Williams, Jim Webb, Lou Adler (oh, that's enough).

Wings are back later this month. Their new album, recorded in New Orleans, 'Venus and Mars Are Alright Tonight', is out "this Spring".



● "Would you like to say a few words into this (bugged) maraschino, Bob? I'm on an assignment from Rolling Stone."



● "By George, it's Harrison! I thought for a minute you were Derek Taylor with that haircut. And kindly get your own drink, if you don't mind."



● "Hey baby, betcha didn't know I could do the mashed potato like all these youngsters."



● "Don't look now, darling, but Dino's making an absolute fool of himself on the dance floor again."

BOWIE HAS reportedly settled out of court with DeFries although lawyers on both sides continue to lawyer away. Bowie meanwhile has been recording with Iggy in LA...

ERRONEOUS REPORT in last week's music press about veteran rock guitarist Link

Wray lining up a band with John Cippolina. Wray is up to something, but not that.

RUMOURS IN States of a Beck / Billy Preston / Willy Weeks / Buddy Miles / Ollie Brown (old Stevie Wonder drummer) band touring in Spring...



● Kofi and wife

NUPTIALS DEPT.: Kofi Ayivor, Osibisa's percussionist / conga player was married last Thursday to 18 year old Amanda Maria Carlos Lopez at Hampstead Registry Office. Amanda is Australian of French and Portuguese descent — the couple met during Osibisa's antipodean tour last year. Best man was Reebop Kwakubaru, Traffic's old congomani, a boyhood chum of Kofi's.

Four hours after the reception Kofi was back with the group at Nova Studios, Marble Arch where they're recording. That's showbiz.

## civvy street soldier

IT ALL happened pretty quickly. They had no option; straight into an enormous 65-date tour with John Mayall with little chance to rehearse properly.

Until five months ago Keef Hartley was out of work, his old mate Miller Anderson had just quit Savoy Brown and everything was ambiguous for the pair of them. "I just got a feeling to start another band again," says Hartley. "I'd spent two years over here with John Mayall and was bored with just hanging around."

A call located guitarist Derek Griffiths, who Keef had known for years, and keyboard player Mel Simpson who'd previously played with Noel Redding and had been recommended by Argent. The nucleus of Keef's latest brainchild had been established.

### Audition

"Miller didn't want to know about Savoy any more. He came over here to do an audition with Blood, Sweat and Tears but when he walked in he saw all these horn players sitting around saying, 'yeah, that's fine, but when do I get to solo?' He freaked out, it was just like the old Keef Hartley Band. He got out, flew home and called me up and joined," says Hartley recalling the events of October.

Bass player Paul Bliss completed the line-up. He'd known Griffiths on the road with Colin Blunstone and seemed a natural. Says Keef: "When we'd got Paul it was altogether. We practised for a while then went into Island Studios during November and December to record the album."

As they completed their recording, Miller (who'd played guitar with the first Keef Hartley Band in 1968, recorded an acclaimed solo album, 'Bright City', formed

## SOUNDS' POLICE 3

■ TWO GOLD and two silver albums for Bryan Ferry's 'Another Time Another Place' went missing when someone broke into the back of a van parked outside Island's Basing Street Studios last week. Also stolen a strobo-tuner and John Wetton's guitar. The guitar was recovered soon after but anyone with news of the whereabouts of the other goodies, please contact E.G. Management Ltd on 01-730 2162.

■ CLIVE PHILLIPS, lead guitarist with Melba Montgomery, a visiting artist at the Wembley Country Music Festival, had his Fender Telecaster stolen either from the Festival site or the Cum-

berland Hotel after the concert on Sunday, March 31. The guitar is unique, has a solid maple wood neck and Bigsby tremolo arm and is worth around 1,500 dollars. Anyone with information leading to its return will be in for a reward. Contact Elektra / Asylum offices at EMI 01-486 4488.

■ HONEYMOONING COUPLE Mr and Mrs Charlie McCutcheon, from Keith Altham's Jigsaw Office, returned home to London last week to find her car had been stolen, 1970 white Ford Escort, registration number VUG 496H. Any sighting would be appreciated on 01-836 2303.

BRADFORD BAND Smokey support Pilot on their forthcoming tour opening on April 24. Smokey, who have just completed recording their second album, will appear on the 'Old Grey Whistle Test' on April 11 and tele record '45' on April 14. Nicky Chinn has been in the US negotiating their first American tour.

JEFF LYNNE has been busy producing a new band called Sight and Sound. They come inevitably from Birmingham, and an expected single has been described as 'saturistic'.

CHRIS SPEDDINGS solo single 'My Buckets Got a Hole In It' sounds startlingly like a Medicine Head record.

A GROUP with the unlikely name of Phineas Fogg have a single out called 'Roller Skating Baby'. The even more unlikely part is they perform on roller skates onstage and have insured their collective back-sides for £100,000.

BILL HARMAN, Anchor Records artists liaison man flew off last weekend to New Zealand on honeymoon with Anchor recording artists, Gaye Brown. Mixing business with pleasure?

LEIBER & STOLLER producing next Procol Harum elpee at the Who's Rampart studios.



his own band Hemlock, then joined Savoy Brown as a guest artist, only to rejoin Keef, went down with a burst appendix.

"We were set to do about five dates in England... and then Miller went down. We had to take it real easy because the doctors told him he should take at least a month off. He'd only been out of hospital a couple of weeks when the tour started."

Dog Soldier's music is a strange mixture of styles. Basically it's hard driving, heavy-bottomed rock 'n' roll. The four singers — Keef is the only one that doesn't — create tight harmonies with Miller and Paul taking the lead vocals on top of the anchor-like drumming, rhythm guitar and bass, while Mel adds synthesiser and organ highlighting.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the band is its lack of horn players. When Hartley launched his first band after being fired by John Mayall in 1968, he used a mighty brass section which somehow became his trademark. Through two stunningly fresh albums, 'Halfbreed' and 'Battle Of North West Six', he developed into a cult hero.

Yet he had no intention of including brass in Dog Soldier: "Brass is a pain in the arse; it's not their fault but the can't hear themselves, can't compete with amplifiers and don't work in the same way. There's only one situation where it really works and that's in a cool, well-arranged context, like Joni Mitchell and Tom Scott."

"Personally speaking I love 'em, and there's even one brass cut on the album because it fits in perfectly. The thing is that we've got two lead guitarists and keyboards in the band now and that's a lot of soloists. You've got to

have space to allow those three to get off. It would have been hard fitting brass in."

"The trouble is — especially in Europe — that people are expecting anything I do to be jazz-based. We're just a down-home rock 'n' roll band," he adds.

Hartley began his career in Preston, Lancashire, 15 years ago. Moving to Liverpool (where else?) in the early Sixties he replaced one Richard Starkey, known more simply as Ringo, in Rory Storme and the Hurricanes. He later joined Jon Lord's Artwoods, but was fired for being improperly dressed on stage. Those were the days!

He was first hired by John Mayall in '66, only to be sacked after three days. Naturally, he rejoined, left and rejoined. At different times he played with the Peter Green — Mayall band, then later with the Mick Taylor version. Most notably he played on 'Crusade' and the live 'Diary Of A Band' albums.

He formed his own band with Miller, Jimmy Jewell, Henry Lowther and Gary Thain in '68, but the band went downhill after Lowther, one of the world's finest hornmen, split after 'North West Six'. Keef recalls, "The trouble was that Henry couldn't take being in a pop band. It wasn't so much the music, more the attitude. We lost a lot after he left. I'd always relied heavily on him because he, Miller and myself were the only people really contributing to the band. Like Gary and Jimmy just went out on stage and played. When Henry left, it was a third of the band splitting."

Keef expanded the group to the pioneering Keef Hartley Big Band, the first jazz-rock expeditions. Unfortunately they were born before their

time and the vast overheads in keeping them on the road weren't matched by income from gigs. Inevitably, they split and Keef found himself back with Mayall.

From the time that most can remember, Keef's name has been synonymous with Indian culture. There was the 'Halfbreed' album title and picture of an Indian on horseback on the cover, himself dressed like Geronimo on the 'North West Six' cover and now the name of the new band.

"When I was a kid I always used to end up playing an Indian. They were always the bad buys but I didn't mind," he explains glancing down at his enormous Indian silver belt. "When I first came over here with John (Mayall) in 1967 I started buying artefacts like beads... and bracelets. I got further into it. Now I walk into the Wimpy in Surrey where I live, and they go 'oh 'hello, 'ere's a weirdo'. It's not just an on-stage thing, it's a deep felt interest. People who are my closest friends, like Jon Hiseman, have been telling me to get rid of it as an image for the past year, but it's not just an image. I can't imagine ever being without it."

### Develop

But bracelets, beads and any other dingle-dangle he wants to wear can't alter the situation that Hartley has still yet to make it in his own right. He knows it too; "I flash on it from time to time, but you do what you do because it's all you know. I try to play music that people will dig. So far it hasn't happened, but that's not to say that it won't. You can try to make it too hard. I could sit down and take an ounce of everything that's popular today, but it would be contrived and I wouldn't be happy playing it. What you can do is find out what is the most popular of what you do and develop it. I'm sure Mick Jagger has his ups and downs and digs it, but he takes a shit in just the same way as we do."

Meanwhile he's off on the road with John Mayall and Led Zeppelin. At the end of the tour he wants to make it back to England for a proper tour. "We're an English band. Our heritage is English, our music is English. I'm not patriotic in any way. Where I am is where I am," he says. "But you can't just forget about all the people who put you where you are today and most of them are English. You can't just discount that." — ANDY McCONNELL

## DID YOU SPOT IT?

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN? Award yourself five points if you identified the juvenile Keith Richard. Go down a snake if you think it's George Harrison. Advance to Mayfair if you noticed that the above drawing enlarged is the background to our front cover illustration. Who's a clever artist, then?



**MIKE FLOOD PAGE** went to the Seventh Annual International Festival Of Country Music at the Empire Pool, Wembley. He was going to realise a dream nourished by a year of fantasising. However, things didn't go exactly as planned...

# I DREAMT I SAW DOLLY PARTON

(but actually met Melba Montgomery)

Read on to find out what happened.

**I DREAMED I saw Dolly Parton sing. I really did, this is the bit that nobody believes. It must have been three or four days before the Festival. I should have known then, I guess. It was an omen. It was one of those scrambled dreams, and I was certain it was at the Festival, and she had her hair all up in an outrageous, platinum blond beehive, like Dusty Springfield used to have, you know?**

But then perhaps it didn't start there; perhaps it was when I was interviewing Bernie Taupin, sometime back last Summer. It was going well, and as we were at his place, he'd keep leaping up and playing me records he thought I'd like. It slowed down the interview, but it made for a good afternoon.

Now Bernie, he's a real freak for the old America, and anything to do with country music. I mean, he even married a Southern belle so's he could go fishing with her father for two months every year, and he has this collection of guns and old books on the West. Well, you get the picture. A cowboy manqué.

## Exotic

Anyway, he turned me on to Dolly Parton and that did it. I was going to the Seventh Annual International Festival Of Country Music at Wembley Empire Pool and at last I was going to see Marty Robbins, Wanda Jackson, George Jones and Dolly Parton. A dream nourished by a year's fantasising was about to be realised.

The tube out from Baker Street only helped to whet the appetite for all those exotic names. Willesden, Neasden, and at last Wembley Park! The air smelt like a good day for the round-up, even if it did look like rain. Closet cowboys with bootlace ties, felt stetsons and genuine suedette jackets piled out of the train and down Empire Way to join the fellow pilgrims spilling out of their cars and off buses. Do they all drink Colt 45, I wonder?

The event had been led up to in the usual way; heavy Press action, every record company scrambling through the archives to pull out a collection of 'Country Greats' in time to catch the annual rush.

And the dinner for the artists and the business the night before at the ritzy Cumberland Hotel. Mervyn Conn the promoter had been presented with the flag and seal of the State of Tennessee by Dorothy Ritter, wife of the late Tex. Conn had managed to read from his notes in a speech of thanks that he was duly "choked" with emotion. Then during awards to the artists, a somewhat lubricated Marty Robbins had risen to his feet to announce "Next year I'll come for a ton".

## Motel

The evening had ended when a British band, Country Fever, had played to the diners and attempted to persuade the visiting stars to get up and sing a song. If you can imagine asking Neil Young, on the eve of the Wembley concert, if he'd like to sit in with the dance band at a night club you'll have some idea how popular that was with the Legends of Country Music. There was a discreet rush for the door. One or two were too polite, or slow, to escape.

And so it was that Marty wound up playing piano behind a sweet-voiced young lady called Melba Montgomery who was here for her first Festival.

Back to Saturday. First stop was the Elektra/Asylum suite in Wembley's Esso Motel. Ten storeys up with a swell view of the railway yards, and a scrapyard. Colour TV, drinks and sandwiches for 40 people and one disconsolate Press Officer surveying an empty room, wondering where Melba and the Press had got to. The invite to meet Miss Montgomery stated 12 noon onwards, and it was now 12.45 pm.

The first arrivals from Radio Metro and Radio Cleveland showed up around 1.30 pm. By the time Melba and entourage made it, about 45 minutes later, there was something resembling a party going on. Your reporter was well into his fourth Bacardi and Coke.

Radio Metro got in first, their little tape machine whirring on the floor and Melba, in a trim dark-brown trouser suit, long brown hair and smooth, perfectly proportioned features, was fending the interviewer's questions like an experienced diplomat. If you can imagine a diplomat with a honey-drenched yew-all Southern accent who uses the royal 'we' all the time.

"We are just threeyulled to be heah."

She's a real Southern girl with one of those storybook histories which began when she won a talent contest and joined Roy Acuff's Smokie



Mountain Boys, "He was like a second Daddy to me," and progressed through a spell as a duo with George Jones and has even included work with Gene Pitney.

She recently swapped labels to Elektra and had a smash US hit which crossed over into the pop charts with 'No Charge'. She's intelligent and co-writes songs with her husband, a Nashville sessioneer. When Metro had packed up, she told me she was indeed now playing rock as well as country concerts. Country she felt was the coming thing.

"It's spreading like crazy. It's even getting into Russia now." She expressed an admiration for the newer Nashville rebels like Waylon Jennings, "one of my favourite entertainers" and the West coast girls like Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris. Her album, which she did not fail to plug at least once every two



● ABOVE: Dolly Parton.  
● BELOW: Melba Montgomery. 'Just threeyulled to be heah.'

zoned with ads for Marlboro cigarettes? Into this beargarden strode Burton. I followed with trepidation.

He flipped. Quite simply his reality principle came undone. We were hardly through the door when he started to giggle uncontrollably. I began to get nervous. All these once-a-year shit-kickers from Barnsley and Wirral were eyeing us kind of sideways. Hurriedly I pushed him into the backstage bar, where the only dangerously improbable creatures were the Mervyn Conn girls having a quick cuppa and a fag between stints selling the 70p programmes. Mind you they were something else, with their knee-high leather boots (black or white), red mini-skirts (these nearly got Burton frothing again), white polo necks, black felt stetsons (£3 a time to the punters), heavy eye shadow and these amazing little red waistcoats with white tassles.

## Coffee

Queuing up for coffee were stage crew, record company flaks, and the artists. Conversation ranged from 'what time d'ya go on?' to 'shh! you know who that is? That's Josh Robbins, man he must be the world's best dobro player!'

All was going well until Burton started to pour coffee in the ashtrays and I figured we'd be better off out of there. Being Burton, he had to go back through the throng, and being Burton he would discover that they were taking photos of people with Slim Whitman's bust on the UA stand. He'd given the bust three French kisses and got into a considerable misunderstanding with the UA personnel before he discovered you had to bring your own camera.

We lurched past several more stalls without much trouble. Then we had to explain to him that you could only have one free Marlboro as a sample, and he'd better put the damn two hundred cigarettes down. However it was when he started to yell 'Ku Klux Klan' in a piercing crowd-stopping tone that I knew it was time to quit. Wisdom prevailed and we returned to the relative calm of the Esso Motel.

Melba had had it with the Press for one afternoon and was taking off for the EMI stand to sign autographs. I promised to keep Burton cool while they went out. It wasn't too difficult — he passed out cold during 'Dr Who', about the fourth or fifth drink.

What follows is a little confused. I remember seeing the boat race replayed about five times without ever finding out who won. And then the room seemed to fill up with people with an overdeveloped interest in Burton's health. Anyway, we decided a meal was called for and returned to town where after some delay, and one or two incidents I don't care to recall, we ended up with Melba and her manager and some nice folks from Elektra/Asylum at a little French restaurant.

The meal passed without incident. Melba was charming but left most of the chat to Bob, her manager. Burton was last seen drifting off into the night muttering something about seeing himself home. We left Melba at the Cumberland to get her eight hours and recuperate from the delayed effects of jet-lag before her big day on Sunday. And there was talk of a party someplace.

It was only hours later that I looked at my watch. I couldn't believe it. Midnight! The Festival was over for the day. Dolly Parton had sung her heart out to 10,000 country freaks from all over the British Isles and I missed it!

I wandered for a while trying to get this together. Then I made it home, pulled a beer out of the fridge and put 'Jolene' on the turntable.

What the hell. Somehow I'd rather keep my illusions. She's always there on record; and like Morgan used to say: Nothing in life ever lives up to my best fantasies. Maybe next year...

minutes on the radio interview, includes a song by David Allan Coe, who wrote Tanya Tucker's "Will You Lay With Me In A Field Of Stone" and is something of a Nashville maverick, having only recently finished a lengthy spell in the nick.

Reluctantly I surrendered Ms Montgomery to the clutches of another interviewer and returned to the TV where the boat race was on, and decided to get into some serious imbibing before hitting the Festival proper. I always recall Mick Jagger saying in a radio interview, how he loved country music because it is so maudlin, and that the only way to take it was to get good and drunk and sorry for yourself. What's good enough for Michael Phillip is good enough for me I decided, and set to with a will.

It was then that Burton arrived. You'd know Burton,

he's an all-denim dude: Levi jeans, jacket, workshirt, those ersatz cowboy boots you get down the King's Road for £15 a time, heavy ginger-bearded features like a lumber-jack. So, Burton has been at the booze too, and he feels the vibes are just right to get into this thing.

So off we careen to the Pool. Now the show proper doesn't start till 6.30 pm. Until then it's the Festival Exhibition. The surroundings of the hall which is being kept empty for sound-checks is full of every form of business which has devised a way to part Country fans from their money. The record companies are there of course, and a few bars, but where else will you see a stand for *Country Music Review*, or the Conway Twitty Appreciation Society?

Where else can you find a lone rep pushing a small stagecoach rickshaw-style into the car-park, its side embla-

**Jo Lustig, manager of Richard and Linda Thompson is currently negotiating an American tour for them, following the initial response to the US release of their 'Hokey Pokey' album. Their current British tour continues on April 22, when they play the Town Hall, Oxford, supported by Hedgehog Pie. Other dates are Liverpool, Mountford Hall 23, Birmingham Town Hall 24, London Queen Elizabeth Hall 25, Harlow Playhouse 27, Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall 28 and Croydon Fairfield Halls 29. On May 17 the duo will record a special for Piccadilly Radio and the next day will tape a show in the Radio One "In Concert" series.**

**Hedgehog Pie have added a drummer to their line-up. He is Alan Dixon from the Tyneside group Arbre. The group have just cut a new single, 'Midnight Lady', written by mandolin player, Martin Jenkins.**

# Richard and Linda US tour?

**Pete Atkin has been recording tracks for his next album at Rockfield Studios. It will include the sequence of songs parodying various musical styles which is a favourite with live audiences. To coincide with the album's release in September, Pete will be touring extensively. His writing partner Clive James will also be appearing.**

**The line-up for the Norwich festival, to take place at the University Village on June 20, 21, 22, has been finalised. Headed by Mike Chapman, Richard Digance and John Fitzpatrick and Sue**



● THOMPSONS: tour dates

**Harris, the bill also includes the Pigsty Hill Light Orchestra, Diz Disley, Noel Murphy, Miriam Backhouse and Gasworks.**

**Two major London appearances by the Etchingham Steam Band have been announced. On April 21 they are in concert with Martin Carthy at the Putney Village folk**

**club, and on May 31 the augmented Steam Band play a ceili at Cecil Sharp House.**

**Silly Wizard have been joined by singer and banjo player Andy Stewart. Future dates for the group include Rhos Abbey folk club April 15, Betws-y-Coed folk club 16, Clare College, Cambridge 20, Ambleside 22, Egrement 23, St. Andrews University (with Magna Carta) 24, Cut Above folk club, Kidderminster 25, Opus T., Worcester 26, Carlton, Cheltenham 27, and Boggerly, Birmingham 28.**

**Topic are to release several albums by musicians from the North-East of England. The High Level Ranters are to record a double album of mining songs, while other records will feature Johnny Handle and dance music from Northumberland on a follow-up to the 'Bonny North Tyne' album.**

# FOLK SOUNDS

BY DAVE LAING

## Mastering the beer bottle symphony

ONE UNREMARKED feature of hit parade trends in both America and Britain over the past couple of years has been the return of the folk singer. After all, when Bob Dylan went electric in 1965 he was supposed to have put an end to all that. No more would the strains of the acoustic guitar be heard in Tin Pan Alley.

Yet ten years later Ralph McTell has topped the charts with 'The Streets Of London', an unadorned folk song if there ever was one. And across the Atlantic two of the biggest grossers, as they say in the trade papers, are John Denver and Gordon Lightfoot. Both are musicians who've never undergone any dramatic changes in style, never tried to leap aboard bandwagons, folk rock or anything else.

No one has so far come up with a convincing explanation for their success at this particular time. The most plausible hypothesis is that they are part not so much of a folk, but of a country music influence on the pop audience. But not the country & western of Faron Young and rhinestone suits. It's rather the simpler approach pioneered by Johnny Cash, taken up by the young turks like Kris Kristofferson and Billy Swan and carrying along even a singer like Linda Ronstadt who plugged away for years before achieving her current popularity.

Both Denver and Lightfoot stand at the crossroads of folk and country as, in an earlier generation, did Woody Guthrie. And even Bob Dylan eventually found his way from Greenwich Village to Nashville to make one of his most underrated records, 'Nashville Skyline'. But Denver and Lightfoot have gone one better than Dylan by getting their songs and their records into the country charts as well as the pop lists.

Of the two, John Denver's success is the easiest to understand. He is an entertainer in a conventional sense. Depending on your point of view his stage act is warm — or slick. Although he has written some classic songs, he tends to write in a sentimental vein.

Lightfoot's compositions are altogether more impressive, often imbued with that sense of depth and mystery shared by the best songs in the folk idiom. Last year's big hit 'Sundown' was one of his finest, combining lyrics derived

from traditional blues idioms with a strange sense of sexual tension, and carried along by a hypnotic backing in which melody and rhythm were merged.

Lightfoot was born in the small Canadian town of Orillia, Ontario, and that Canadian identity is a major clue to the strength of his music. For, though Canada is often thought of as simply a cultural colony of the United States, the list of its musicians who've had an influence on the course of rock is impressive: the Band, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young.

Like Mitchell and Young, Lightfoot started out in the thriving Toronto folk scene of the early Sixties. He has spent a couple of years at music school in Los Angeles, learning orchestration. "At the time the music scene had gone from Presley on downwards, and not having any direction to go in, I just more or less made a living as a studio singer, vocal arranger and writer and producer of commercial jingles."

His musical interest was revived by the emergence of the folk scene: "I started to listen to some people like Pete Seeger and Bob Gibson. Ian and Sylvia were friends of mine from before and we used to hang out at the folk clubs and coffee houses. I started singing folk stuff. I used to get up on stage and play and sing like everyone else."

Lightfoot's first songs were in a country vein, and he had a Canadian hit with one called 'Remember Me' on the small Chateau label. But he was still searching for his own style. "I continued working in the bars and lounges to get the experience, to learn how to sing over the beer bottle symphony. That was the start of my present style, and I've never actually changed it radically. What I've done is try and refine it."

He has now written over 400 songs and recorded over 100 of those on his eleven albums, five for United Artists and six for Reprise his present



● GORDON LIGHTFOOT: depth and mystery

company. His first major hits came from Peter, Paul and Mary, though. They recorded 'For Lovin' Me' and 'Early Morning Rain', probably his most covered composition which Dylan did on the 'Self Portrait' album.

Since then, Gordon Lightfoot's songs have been recorded by dozens of artists ranging from folk people like Judy Collins, Harry Belafonte and Richie Havens through to country singers including Johnny Cash, George Hamilton IV, Marty Robbins and Waylon Jennings.

His early records yielded some of Lightfoot's best songs about his homeland, notably the song sequence 'Canadian Railroad Trilogy', with its images of "green dark forests", "wild majestic mountains" and "wide prairies" interwoven with the story of the building of the trans-Canadian railway.

But his career took a sharp leap upwards when he signed with Reprise in 1969: "I made six albums before I had a hit single, but, at that time, I was selling 150,000 to 200,000 copies of each. The first album I made for Reprise had a hit single and that album sold 750,000."

The hit was 'If You Could Read My Mind', which also sold well over here. It's one of Lightfoot's rich, emotional love songs, of which there seems to be one on every

album — 'Talking In Your Sleep' on the 'Summer Side Of Life' is another example.

The first Reprise album also brought Lightfoot together with producer Lenny Waronker, whose unobtrusive work has contributed to the immaculate character of subsequent records, where strings or electric guitar are introduced to enhance but not swamp the busy acoustic sound of Lightfoot's regular musicians, Terry Clements on guitar and Rick Haynes (bass).

'Sundown' was the record which clinched Gordon Lightfoot's position as a major artist who spans the folk, rock and country spheres, when it topped both the American singles and album charts in the same week last year. Now the new album, 'Cold On My Shoulder' is moving steadily upwards. His success in Britain has been less consistent, although he returns every year to an Albert Hall packed with true believers.

As a live performer, he makes no concessions to showbiz. Each song is given a brief introduction, which isn't allowed to interfere with the mesmeric flow of the music. He remains untouched by his sudden success, concentrating as always on making the next album better than the last. And he still likes to describe himself as a "travelling folk-singer" — D.L.

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# audio

## HI FI '75 TAKES OFF AT HEATHROW

THE DECISION by the organisers of Sonex to postpone their exhibition "until times are better" means that 'High Fidelity '75' is now Britain's only Spring audio show. 46 companies and over 70 brand names will be present at the Heathrow Hotel between April 8-13.

Organiser Don Quillen said: "It's sad to see Sonex getting into this state, but Hi Fi '75 will make up for it. I've got a team working on this show

full time and we'll make sure that everything goes like clockwork. It's the friendly and informal atmosphere that has resulted in the highly successful development of this show. High Fidelity '75 will be fantastic for everyone — we've made certain of that."

Free car parking for 300 cars has been reserved in the airport's long term car park for visitors and a free mini bus service will link the car

park to the hotel. For those using Public Transport, the same service will operate between Hounslow West underground and the hotel.

In addition to this, the organisers have laid on a special rest room for ladies to relax in whilst their husbands and boyfriends re-enact their schoolboy days and explore the vast array of knobs, controls and dials being exhibited. A recent survey in a magazine asked men which turned them

on most: (a) A half naked woman (b) A naked woman (c) An elaborate stereo system with lots of twiddly knobs. The results were quite startling with many men opting for the latter!

Admission to the exhibition is completely free and it is open to the public on Friday April 11 and Saturday 12 from 10.00am to 8.00pm and Sunday April 13 from 11.00am to 6.00pm.

**BELMONT A/V Ltd.,** have landed the important British Industries Co., agency, becoming sole UK distributors of the two BIC automatic turntables and the BIC Venturi speaker systems. Both of which will be unveiled to the UK for the first time at HI-FI '75.

The BIC 960 and 980, the first 'programmed turntables', are said to be "an exciting new design with several unique aspects."

Bob Thompson, of Belmont A/V Limited, commenting on the acquisition of this new agency, said: "The BIC turntables are beautiful in both engineering and cosmetics. In the present economic climate it is very difficult to forecast how the audio market will behave, but I think that we have here a potentially best-selling line which could outstrip all competition."

Latest news on the prices: the BIC 960 will cost approximately £69.00 (excluding VAT) and the BIC 980 will cost about £92.00 (excluding VAT).

The revolutionary new BIC Venturi range of four high efficiency speakers will be available through Belmont A/V Limited from July this year.

The BIC Venturi speakers utilise a completely new method of reproducing bass frequencies: a special (pat. pend.) formulation of the Venturi principle: this principle has previously been used in steam engines, rockets, carbu-

### BELMONT UNVEIL NEW DECKS

retors, fluidics control, etc. As applied to speaker design, the Venturi principle has the advantages of dramatically increasing the acoustic energy output and producing a much purer signal that would otherwise be possible from a given size enclosure and woofer. They will each carry a three year (parts and labour) guarantee.

### Trio add amps and tuner

B H MORRIS and Company (Radio) Limited are participating in Hi-Fidelity 1975, as in previous years, exhibiting complete ranges of Trio and Jensen hi-fi equipment.

By showing all the models available, Sales Director Alf Allenstein aims to provide the best possible selection for trade buyers and enthusiasts — who will be able to relate their requirements and price range to the models on show.

The recently introduced KA-1200G and KA-1600G amplifiers are being shown for the first time, as is the matching KT 1300G tuner and Jensen loudspeakers. The direct drive KP-5022A turntable is also a new exhibit.

Equipment on display will include: Amplifiers, Tuners, Receivers, Four Channel equipment, turntables, speakers and the KX-710 cassette deck tested in this issue.

Trio and Jensen exhibits can be seen in room 1093.



● BIC 980 'programmed turntable'

TRIO HAVE added two new amplifiers, the KA1200G and KA1600G, and a matching tuner for both these models, the KT1300G, to their range

The KA1200G amplifier, with a power output of 13 Watts per channel, replaces the existing KA2002A model, while the KA1600G provides a useful output of 23 Watts per channel. Both new models feature loudness mode and tape monitor. The KA1600G additionally has high and low filters and a facility for selecting two stereo turntables via a front panel switch.

The KT1300G tuner has an easy-view dial scale for accurate tuning, push button, selectors for AM/FM and mono/stereo and noise filter.

Maximum retail prices excluding VAT are: Amplifiers KA1200G £57; KA1600G £92; Tuner KT1300G £69.



● TRIO KT-1300G Tuner

### Webland to show 'Sensurround' amps

WEBLAND Electronics are now UK distributors for the range of professional audio amplification equipment manufactured by BGW Systems of California. The range includes; 250, 500D and 750A which are power amps rated from 85

to 200 watts RMS per channel.

If you saw (and felt) the film 'Earthquake' and wondered what equipment was responsible for shaking the living daylight out of you, now you know — it was BGW.

Webland will be exhibiting the aforementioned amps, along with the full range of KLH speakers, at Hi Fi '75.

Our picture shows the BGW 500D Stereo Power Amplifier. Universal Studios' sound experts, considered BGW amps reliable, safe and powerful enough for the soundtrack of 'Earthquake' hence hundreds of 750A's were installed in cinemas throughout the world for "Sensurround".



● 500D amp: BGW shook you with their 750As

### List Of Exhibitors

MANY OF the exhibitors will either be unveiling new products or running some form of promotion. Companies signed on, together with brand names are as follows:

COMPANY NAMES	BRAND NAMES
Acoustic Research International	AR, NAD, Atron, Teac
Acoustic Enterprises Ltd	AEL, Dokorder, Fuji
AKG Equipment Ltd	
Ambionic Sound Reproducers Ltd	Omni Ambionic, LLAC
Arnold Electronics Ltd	
BASF Ltd	
BSR Ltd	
Belmont A/V Ltd	Kensonic Accuphase, EPI Microtower, BIC
Bib Hi Fi Accessories Ltd	
Cambridge Audio	
Condor Electronics Ltd	Acos, Sonotone, Goldring, Shure
Cygnat A/V Ltd	Nippon Sound
DES Ltd	Altec Lansing
Eagle International Ltd	Eagle, Beltek, Quasar
Feldon Audio Ltd	JBL
C. E. Hammond & Co Ltd	Revox, Servo Sound, Sound Technology, Meteor, RSE, Peel, Lam Laboratories
Hayden Laboratories Ltd	Isophon, Sennheiser, Fisher
Highgate Acoustics	Pickering, Poly Planar, Harman Kardon, Alpha
Johnsons of Hendon Ltd	Denon, Aiwa
KF Products Ltd	Dual
Laskys	(Sound advice bureau)
Lentek Audio Ltd	
Lowther Ltd	Salora
Luxitone	S.E.A.S., Brown, Macel
Macel Electronics Ltd	
Marsden Hall International Ltd	
Memorex UK Ltd	
Monitor Audio Ltd	JMR
Monitor Sound Equipment Ltd	Trio, Jensen
B. H. Morris & Co (Radio) Ltd	Nakamichi, Yamaha
Natural Sound Systems Ltd	Videotone
Perdix Components Ltd	Marantz
Pyser Ltd	
Quality Audio Supplies Ltd	Leak, Wharfedale
Rank Radio International	ESS
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Sales Achievement Ltd	Focus
TDK Tape Distributor (UK) Ltd	
Graham A. Taylor Hi-Fi Ltd	B&N Radford Monitors
Toshiba (UK) Ltd	
Vernitron Ltd	Sansui
Webland International Ltd	KLH
Zerostat Instruments Ltd	

### EAGLE TO LAUNCH NEW RANGE

EXHIBITING for the first time at Hi-Fidelity 1975, Eagle International will be unveiling their new 2,000 Series range of equipment. Also to be exhibited are Beltek in-car and in-home stereos and Quasar loudspeakers, for which Eagle are distributors in the United Kingdom.

The 2000 Series comprises amplifiers, matching AM/FM/MPX tuner; turn-

tables (featuring new plinth systems) a range of five speakers with power capacities between 10 and 35 watts; and low distortion, vented reflex headphones.

Beltek exhibits are their six in-car units and two speaker systems, along with the in-home M-1130 cassette deck and C/1610 8-track recorder deck. New Beltek exhibit is the M-1150 front loading stereo cassette deck with Dolby system.

Quasar exhibits are the QS1, QS2 and QS3 monitor loudspeaker systems.

Eagle are exhibiting in Room 1078, Beltek in Room 1072 and Quasar in Room 1076.



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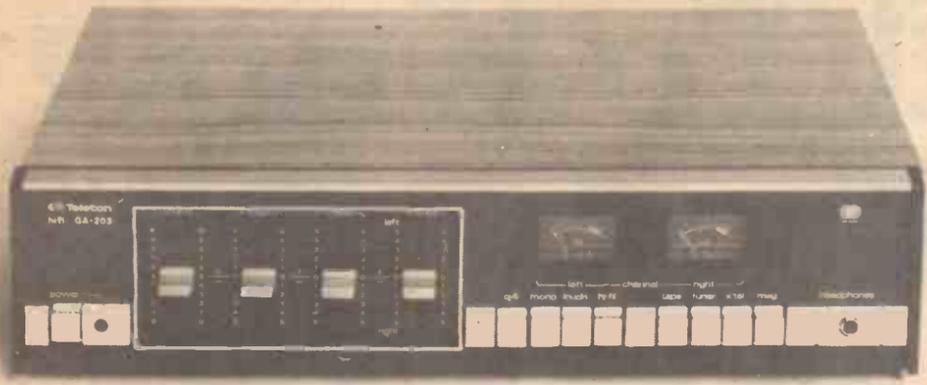
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# audio



● TELETON GA-203: incorporates four speaker system

TELETON Electro (UK) Co. Ltd. have now added a high sensitivity FM/AM tuner and matching amplifier to their hi fi sector. Both are designed and built to perform well above DIN 45.500 Hi Fi standards.

## TELETON STRENGTHEN RANGE

The GA 203 Stereo Tuner unit is housed in a teak grained cabinet with a matt black and brushed aluminium front panel and features a logging scale, stereo beacon and signal strength meter. It provides excellent hiss-free stereo reception. Retail price is £64.26 inc. VAT.

The GA 203 amplifier unit (pictured above) incorporates 'q4', a switchable four-speaker system which gives depth and ambience to the sound while two built-in VU meters allow continuous level monitoring on both channels. Bass, treble, volume and balance are adjusted by smoothly operating controls with push button switches for all other facilities. Price: £69.66 inc. VAT.

A NEW FM/AM stereo receiver with triple tone control from Sansui is claimed to give a performance comparable to more expensive systems. Called the 881, its cost is lower than other systems due to a refined, Sansui-developed, circuit board module design, whilst its electronic capabilities have been maintained at the usual high standard.

# SANSUI ADD MIXING FACILITY



● SANSUI 881: tuner with triple tone controls

881. The microphone jack and mic level control can be used to mix microphone sounds with music or sound effects from any programme source, including tape. The 881 accepts up to three stereo speaker systems, has inputs for phono and two auxiliary sources, and is complete with two tape deck facilities, mic mixing, FM muting, a super-accur-

ate tuning meter and other extras. It has an all-wood cabinet with cushioned feet, and an attractive champagne-gold front panel with control display. Retail price is £306.84 plus VAT. Distributors are Vernitron Ltd., of Thornhill, Southampton, and the Sansui Audio Europe S.A. showroom is at 39-41 Maple Street, London W1P 5PU.

The Sansui 881 is a high performance stereo receiver giving low-distortion power, wide control versatility and the recognised Sansui tonal quality.

### Midrange

In addition to the usual bass and treble controls there is a convenient midrange. The tone control amplifier is the Baxandall NF type for high signal to noise ratio and smooth characteristics. Each control has 11 click stops, each representing a fixed resistor for precise acoustic tailoring. Output power is more than enough, providing a full 60 watts of continuous RMS power per channel into 8 ohms, both channels driven, power rating guaranteed over the entire 20 to 20,000 Hz frequency spectrum. There are two extra features that add convenience to the

## Excellent results were no surprise

ON TEST: TRIO KX-710 CASSETTE DECK. RETAIL PRICE £140.00 (EX VAT).



THE FIRST domestic tape recorders were introduced in the early Fifties. They were pretty crude affairs and have come a long way since then. Trio had been in business developing and producing hi fi equipment since 1946 and they would probably have laughed at the suggestion of a tape recorder capable of playing a completely independent (cassette) tape of one-eighth inch width and incorporating such a 'fantasies' as noise reduction systems and memory banks!

Well, as we all now know, the laughing stopped and the fantasies became realities, thanks to modern technology. It was therefore a pleasure to test Trio's KX-710 cassette deck to see for myself just how far today's equipment had advanced. Although it's not the most sophisticated piece of merchandise on the market, it certainly rates as one of the best in its price range.

The design is pleasant to the eye with a raised, black plastic back panel housing the three digit counter, and large size VU meters which became very easy to read when switched on. To the centre of the meters are three indicator lamps denoting 'Peak', 'Record' and 'Dolby NR'. The Record and Dolby are common features to cassette decks and light up (red and amber respectively) when in use.

But the addition of a Peak indicator is a thoughtful inclusion here, because anybody spending this kind of money on a deck is obviously beyond the 'average' stage of recording and therefore needs to know when recording levels are too excessive if an Automatic Level is not employed. The lamp flashes red each time the noise level exceeds the acceptable high.

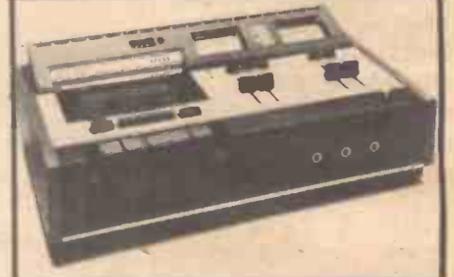
Also inset within this panel along the 'Trio' nameplate is a useful device which tells you at a glance whether tape is in motion — and also the direction. A yellow light continually travels along a space of approx 1in, similar in principle to the travelling advertisements which grace London's Piccadilly Circus, but on a miniature scale.

The horizontal face of the desk is of the brushed stainless steel ilk and features the bulk of the controls, including the loading bay for the cassette. This has a black perspex cover which is raised instantly by depressing the Eject button. The cassette also snaps clear of the recording heads and is then easily accessible for removal. (Not always the case with some machines).

Normal features include; stop, pause, Automatic Recording Level and Eject. These are all of the simple push down for 'on', push down and release for 'off'. The more advanced features are of the same operation and consist of a 'Dolby FM/Copy' button (for recording an existing Dolby encoded cassette). This also enables the recording of Dolby encoded radio broadcasts when they come into being. Also included is another Dolby button for recording and playback using the Dolby circuitry, a memory button for rewinding the tape to a specific point in the recording and an Automatic Chromium Dioxide switch.

Recording levels are determined via two slider controls (left and right channel) as is the output level. Record, Rewind, Play and Cue switches are located at the front of the top. These are of the black plastic depress type. The chromium mains button is to the far right of this.

The inputs on the front of the deck accept two microphones and a headphone jack all of



● TRIO KX-710: easy to use

which are standard size. The external inputs are located at the rear and consist of four phonos (left and right, line in and out) and a 5 pin DIN Rec/Playback socket, plus of course the mains lead.

In operation I found the KX-710 easy to use despite its elaborate appearance. Playback is a simple matter of slotting a cassette into place and pressing the forward button. Once the output volume control has been set, adjustments can then be made by the external amplifier. When the tape finishes, the Forward button automatically switches off. Surprisingly, Auto Shutoff also occurs when Rewind and Fast Forward are completed. I discovered this after forgetting to cancel the Rewind button. After a lapse of about four seconds the switches 'click' to the Off position. Very handy.

The specification sheet quotes Fast Forward / Rewind as being less than 82 seconds for a C-60 cassette. Several test runs revealed this to be considerably less than 82 — in fact between 70-75 seconds was nearer the figure. Also handy is the automatic identification of the type of tape in use. If a normal tape is used, an amber indicator lights up to this effect. If a Chrome tape is inserted, the deck automatically detects this and a red indicator lights up. Should a Chrome cassette not be fitted with the special detection hole, the tape selector switch can then be activated to accommodate it.

Recording is just as easy — with excellent results, thanks to Mr Ray Dolby. Recording direct by mic or dubbing a previously recorded Dolby cassette didn't bring forth any surprises — just faithful reproduction, helped along no end by the two Record/Playback Super Ferrite Heads.

Slide controls are always favourite when recording as this allows effective 'fading'.

The KX-710 is very well made and of robust construction. It weighs 5.3 Kg and measures (W x D x H) 404 x 124 x 252 mm. It does everything it's designed to with maximum results. During the test period, no snags or disappointments were encountered highlighting Trio's commitment to quality and workmanship.

For the price, the value offered is excellent and a demonstration at your local dealer is highly recommended. — Derek Canty.

# For the enthusiast and the expert

BOOKS ON the subject of Hi Fi/Audio are many and varied. Most are filled with technical terminology that only a qualified electronics technician could understand. Few cater for the music fan who is also a Hi Fi enthusiast—interested in why something works, rather than how. Because somebody calls themselves an 'enthusiast', it doesn't mean that they are completely conversant with technical terms.

## BOOK REVIEW

subjects ranging from car electrical systems to refrigeration. The author, Clement Brown, introduced this particular subject by defining the much abused and confusing term "Hi Fi". He then proceeds to answer a whole range of interesting questions relating to seven basic facets of audio: Stereo Sound, Surround Sound, Disc Equipment, Hi Fi Systems, Loudspeakers, Tape Equipment and finally, Buying And Using Hi-Fi. There aren't any photographs, but the diagrams are very straightforward and clearly defined. In a book of this type, it's

good to see that there are not too many personal opinions and preferences, but basic facts and figures.

Of course, the subject could not be discussed properly without references to certain technical terms. These are generally explained thus: "... particular sound pressure level (SPL)". The reader should therefore be familiar with phrases and abbreviations after the book has been read.

It's a very useful publication for Hi Fi enthusiasts who would like certain nagging questions answered in easy to read language.

The second book "The Audio Handbook" by Gordon J. King, is very useful and should satisfy the needs of the enthusiast who has surpassed basic principles of Audio and is now interested in the science of the subject. Service technicians should

also reserve a place on their bookshelf for a copy.

Twelve chapters deal with a very comprehensive range of subjects including preamp and control circuits. It is fully illustrated with diagrams, circuits and black and white half tone pictures.

King has gone to great lengths in dealing with the subject and includes some of the most modern and sophisticated equipment available today. An indication of this is his rather amusing description of the turntable: "Apart from the clockwork and hysteresis-governed units of past ages, the turntable (platter, as it is now called) ..."

If you understand audio electronics, but want to be kept completely up to date, on modern methods, this book is a must. — Derek Canty.

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# Everything You Wanted To Know About Books But Were Too Hip To Ask

**Everything You  
Wanted To  
Know About  
Rock But Were  
Too Hip To Ask:  
The Definitive  
Studies**

THESE ARE the heavies. Charlie Gillett's *The Sound Of The City* (Sphere 60p) is the definitive history of the rise of rock and roll, as far as it goes. He charts the roots of the music in black R&B and its violent explosion into the charts in the early mid-Fifties through the struggle between the minor labels like Sun which launched rock and roll and the majors who leaped on the bandwagon. His central thesis is that rock and roll was demanded by teenagers not imposed by the record corporations; or more succinctly: the kids got what they wanted. Unfortunately, since his first love is the Fifties his account gets less useful as comes up to date.

The same limitation flaws his *Making Tracks* (W. H. Allen £3.50) a history of Atlantic Records from its early days as a black label to its present status as part of the Kinney conglomerate seen chiefly through the eyes of its senior executives Ahmet Ertegun and Jerry Wexler.

Charlie Gillett is also editor of two intriguing volumes *Rock File 1 & 2* (Panther 50p each) which fit here because they have a complete listing of British chart placings for singles from 1955-73 and albums 1960-73; plus articles on subjects ranging from the skinheads and reggae to Black Sabbath and Philadelphia Soul. Most attempts at rock writing tend to get overtaken by events; Lillian Roxon's *Rock Encyclopaedia* (Music Sales £2.95), written in 1969 has seen the years pass with its reputation unscathed. From A for Acid Rock to Z for the Zombies her wit and knowledge of the subject remain unsurpassed. Open her at any page and sample "The Move ... like the Who it goes in for what can only be called rock and wreck." Complete with full (American) discographies of each artist and Cashbox and Billboard's chart-toppers from 1950-68.

We'll pass over Ken Barnes *Twenty Years Of Pop* (Kenneth Mason 75p) swiftly enough; avoid like the plague. Paul Flatter's *Illustrated History Of Pop* (Music Sales 95p) however, is well worth your attention. Its concern is the British pop scene from the days of Johnny Ray, Alma Cogan and the Crooners to 1968. The monochrome illustrations capture exactly the flavour of the period: a 1954 teddy boy complete with drape jacket, the Spotniks in improbable space outfits, the Stones with (relatively) short hair, PJ Proby's split silk trousers.

*The Story Of Pop* (Octopus Books £3.95) is a glossy collection of articles repackaged

from the weekly part work on major artists from Bill Haley to the Sweet, profusely illustrated, as they say, and somewhat uneven. One delightfully individual history of the business is Ian Whitcomb *After The Ball* (Penguin 40p). He traces the rise and rise of Tin Pan Alley from 1892 when a song like 'After The Ball' could sell ten million copies as sheet music, through the period of his great love (rag-time) to his own brief spell as a one-hit phenomenon with 'You Turn Me On' in 1965. The dawn of folk-rock, hippies, and acid rock spelled the end of Whitcomb's musical career for he is unsympathetic to its pretensions. Tin Pan Alley, not the Love Generation, is at the heart of his tale; but for a charming and comprehensive history of 20th Century popular music as a whole, he can't be beat.

## Are You Ready To Rock? The Stars Of The Fifties

THE LITERATURE of pop's early history is of two types: earnest excavation complete with minute discographical detail and period pieces of the "my rise to fame and fortune as told to A. Hack" variety. Straddling the two categories is a forgotten and long out of print masterpiece called *The Big Beat Scene* by Royston Ellis (Four Square, 2/6d). Beginning with a description of a typical jive nite, 1961. Ellis dwells lovingly on James Dean before launching into his quick tour of Fifties pop on both sides of the Atlantic, throwing in his own poetic description of a beatnik orgy on the way.

Pride of place among the scholarly tomes must go to Jerry Hopkins' *Elvis* (Abacus £1.00) and Bill Miller's two books on *The Drifters* (Studio Vista 60p) and *The Coasters* (Star Book's 60p). Hopkins is the skilled journalist, trudging the States with his trusty tape-recorder talking to everyone from the lady who lived next door when Elvis was born to some of the more maniacal of his fans. Miller is a fan, but a discriminating one. Though his books centre on single groups, they also tell you all you need to know about black music in the days before Motown.

Surprisingly, there are no other biographies about the major rock and roll stars. Dave Laing's *Buddy Holly* (Studio Vista 60p) is mostly about how Holly's music was the link between the Fifties and the Beatles, while two books that claim to be exhaustive, Graham Wood's *A-Z Of Rock And Roll* (Studio Vista £1.25) and Chris May's *Rock 'N' Roll* (Socion 80p) are slipshod in both content and presentation. Far better, but dealing with a much narrower area, is *Catalyst: The Sun Records Story* by Colin Escott and Martin Hawkins (Aqua-

In the SOUNDS Guide to Rock Books, MIKE FLOOD PAGE and DAVE LAING offer a consumer's report on what's good and what ain't. The survey isn't completely definitive but it does include everything that's currently available in Britain and a lot more besides. Now Read On ...



rius Books £2.90). Some of it is, for rockabilly freaks only, but there's also lots of fascinating stuff on the early days of the likes of Carl Perkins.

Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee Lewis.

The Cash story is brought up to date in Christopher C. Wren's annoyingly God-both-

ering *Winners Got Scars Too* (Abacus 60p).

Over in the "I Was there" department, among the piles of *The Shadows By Themselves*

and quickie books on the faded stars of the Fifties, pride of place must go to *Tommy Steele* by John Kennedy (Souvenir Press 15/). Not because of anything it tells us about Steele himself, but because Kennedy unblushingly spills the beans on how he masterminded Tommy's overnight stardom. He was full of little tricks like placing press stories about the Duke Of Kent watching Steele perform when His Grace had never even heard of the scruffy skiffler. He even tries it on the unwary reader by including a photo of Tommy "waiting for an all-night bus" after a gig — the figures on the stop don't include any-night bus numbers!

Quaint period pieces include *Skiffle* by the Rev. Brian Bird ('Rock Island Line' is just the job for the youth club dance nights), and *Trad Mad* by Brian Matthew (Consul 3/6d), wherein we meet *Top Of The Pops* man Johnny Stewart running a 1961 Trad TV show: "Johnny had one more order to give to the dancers. No beatniks and no weirdies!" Chief among the "Pop can be clean" brigade, though, was Pat Boone, whose *Twist Twelve And Twenty* (Cedar 5/-) is a classic among the pop pulp of the era. It's full of advice on how to live a Godly, boring life. Try this for size: "Kissing for fun is like playing with a candle in a roomful of dynamite!"

## So You Wanna Be A Rock & Roll Star: Stars Of The Sixties & Seventies

WORST FIRST: George Tremlett, a supercilious and pedestrian writer, has evidently read every press hand-out ever devised for David Bowie, Marc Bolan, Gary Glitter, the Rolling Stones, and the Osmond Bros., for he quotes little else in an entirely unrevealing series of books, e.g. *The David Bowie Story* (Futura 40p).

Unsurprisingly the Beatles have attracted a larger acreage of print than anyone else. Hunter Davies *The Beatles* (Heinemann £1.50) the authorised version is fact-packed but Davies' sycophancy led him to ignore the signs of the final split which occurred shortly after the book was finished. Billy Shepherd in *The True Story Of The Beatles* (Beat Books 5/-) provided in 1964 another as-told-to routine piece of fan-fodder; as did Charles Hamblett in *Here Are The Beatles* (Four Square 3/6) "with over 100 new pictures!"

The same year, however, saw the best ever account of the Beatles progress, Michael Braun *Love Me Do* (Penguin 4/6). A racy hit-and-run job which captures the group and the flavour of Beatlemania with wit and panache. Two books catch facets of the

ABACUS

# MICHAEL GRAY SONG AND DANCE MAN THE ART OF BOB DYLAN



Apple debacle, Richard DiLello, Derek Taylor's assistant, has produced a rambling diary in *The Longest Cocktail Party* (Charisma Books £1.90) — high on gossip but low on facts or insight. Peter McCabe & Robert Schonfield *Apple To The Core* (Sphere 40p) provide a history of Apple Corps from a financial and managerial angle. Epstein deceased, is the absent hero of the book, Allen Klein, unsurprisingly, the villain. The real heavy here is musicologist Wilfred Mellers. His *Twilight Of The Gods* (Faber £2.95) is a 'companion to the discs' which examines them in formal musical terms which is illuminating in one sense, but for all his minute detail he misses the importance of the overall record sound.

Bob Dylan is more of a natural for the 'serious' appraisal. Michael Gray in *Song And Dance Man* (Abacus 75p) submits his songs to the full Lit. Crit. approach but makes some interesting points along the way. Craig McGregor (ed) *Bob Dylan: A Retrospective* (Morrow Paperback £1.50) is a 1972 critical anthology of pieces on the Zim which includes press reports, interviews and record reviews up to his 'Greatest Hits Vol. II'.

Possibly the best single book on Dylan, Anthony Scaduto's *Bob Dylan* (Abacus 60p) is as thorough a piece of leg-work as you'd expect from an ex-crime reporter turned biographer; but while he knows something is going on here, he certainly doesn't know what it is, Mr. Jones, when he tries to confront the music itself. Toby Thompson's *Positively Main Street* (New English Library 30p) is delightful and irrelevant. He starts out looking for Bob

Marks *Mick Jagger* (Abacus 60p) is of the 'I shared Mick Jagger's coke-spoon' persuasion, and reads like a series of clips from a bad film. "The question, really," he writes, "is what does Mick Jagger think about when he jerks off." Now at least we know what J. Marks thinks about when he does.

For the usual quaint as-told-to try and find Pete Goodman *Our Own Story By The Rolling Stones* (Corgi 5/-) Tim Heward's *Rolling Stones File* (Panther Record 5/-) is a 1967 account of their drug bust and trial that year taken from press and court records. David Dalton provides the coffee table number with *Rolling Stones* (Music Sales £2.95) complete with songs, pix, biogs and crits. Glossy and superficial. Robert Greenfield in *STP* (Dutton £2.10) gives a chatty fellow traveller's version of the Stones '72 US tour.

One tour story which does deliver the goods is Bob Greene's *Billion Dollar Baby* (Atheneum). Greene became part of Alice Cooper's stage act for his 1973 Holiday Tour and even Greene's sympathetic view cannot disguise the cynicism with which Cooper has been promoted, packaged and sold.

Poor old Jimi Hendrix has suffered at the hands of his biographers, however well meaning. Chris Welch *Hendrix* (Ocean Books £1.10) is a competent job mainly consisting of interviews with those who knew him, but as in Curtis Knight *Jimi* (Star Books 60p) the real man and artist eludes him. Knight believes that Hendrix was a messenger from the spiritual world, which gives you an idea of where his head is at. Janis has had an equally appalling legacy in print. Peggy Casserta *Going Down With Janis* (Dell 80p) plays it for cheap thrills and should be burned. David Dalton *Janis* (New English Library £1.25) is lightweight and journalistic, as is Deborah Landau *Janis Joplin* (Studio Vista 60p). Only Myra Friedman *Buried Alive* (W. H. Allen £2.95) comes near to doing her justice: as Dave Marsh said this book is "an act of passion".

Two autobiographies by stars: Ian Hunter's *Diary Of A Rock & Roll Star* (Panther 50p) is about as exciting as E. L. Wisty's; but Joan Baez in *Daybreak* (Panther 35p) is a charming series of cameos of her childhood and life as non-violent politico as well as singer. Two honourable mentions to Gary Herman *The Who*, and David Morse *Motown* (Studio Vista 60p each) both imaginative critical histories. Herman is excellent on the Who's relationship with

the Mods but, like Morse, ends in 1970. Spencer Leigh *Paul Simon — Now And Then* (Raven 60p) is an obsessively detailed chronicle for converts only.

Irresistible is The Hollies *How To Run A Beat Group* (Daily Mirror 2/6); but disappointing Chris May & Tim Phillips *British Beat* (Socion £1.50). *British Beat* consists over some 1,000 biographies of mid-sixties Beat groups many of which read like press handouts plus discographies which are occasionally unreliable. It has no structure and no reason for those groups included or excluded. Neither a successful history, critique, or catalogue. Departing from his usual tedious style Ralph J. Gleason *The Jefferson Airplane And The San Francisco Sound* (Ballantine 40p) is excellent. Robert Somma *No One Waved Good-Bye* (Charisma Books 70p) is a set of articles on rock's fatalities by a variety of authors including Lou Reed. Richard Williams *Out Of His Head* (Abacus 65p) is that rare thing, a good critical biography (of Phil Spector) with enough facts to satisfy all but the most devoted fan.

## Memories Are Made Of This

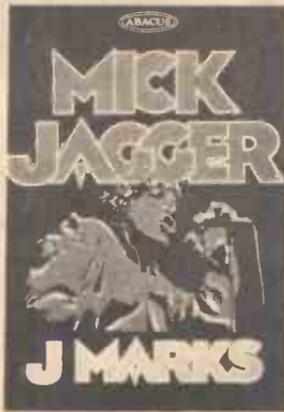
WHILE THIS little lot aren't necessarily about rock, they are indispensable to putting it into context. Early days, those of the older generation of hard-up heroes, the Fifties trad jazz bands, are recaptured with bawdy wit by George Melly on *Owning Up* (Penguin 35p). Brian Epstein *Cellarful Of Noise* (Four Square 3/6): in retrospect a figure of some pathos, the geezel Beatles manager, provides an account of how he launched them and the doubts he must have entertained shortly before his suicide.



The dawn of Beatlemania in 1964 is set in a different perspective, when viewed against the comments of teenagers then in C. Hamblett & J. Deverson's *Generation X* (Tandem 3/6). The interviewees range from a prostitute: "If a girl knows how to use her loaf she can do very nicely thank you", to a rocker: "luckily I've only been convicted for dangerous driving once". The topics cover everything from sex, to pop, to violence.

The whole postwar period is covered by Jeff Nuttall in *Bomb Culture* (Paladin 40p); his main idea is that living under the perpetual threat of atomic annihilation has created a generation disaffected from everything their elders represent. Sections of pop, protest, art, and the underground.

Good until the final section which disappears under a fog of personal reminiscence. The samepsychedeliceuphoria pervades Richard Neville's *Playpower* (Paladin 50p), a helter-skelter rush through the late Sixties by the former editor of *OZ*, an adherent of the holy trinity of dope, rock and roll, and fucking in the streets. What makes this child of the eternal present readable is his



wit, and provocative insights, e.g.: "Most people who write about pop have never bought a pair of high heel sneakers in their lives." He's particularly good at critical moments such as the Who and Chuck Berry squaring off for top billing at the Albert Hall.

Whilst never a hippie, mod or rocker, or even a teenager it seems. Tom Wolfe has, in a series of books, managed to get under the skin of all these and more, so that his sketches of life-styles become exhilarating reading. In *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* (Mayflower 40p) and *The Pump House Gang* (Bantam 40p) he does just that for surfers, Las Vegas, the Peppermint Lounge, Phil Spector, the mods, and Hugh Hefner's Playboy world. But in his magnum opus *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* (Bantam 40p), a dizzying recreation of an odyssey across America by Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, he gets so far into their self-infatuated flower-power dream that he delivers as much a text of the times as a text on the times. In retrospect his day-glo prose tends to look a bit tawdry. Now Managing Director of Warner Brothers, Derek Taylor in *As Time Goes By* (Abacus 75p) gives an illuminating autobiographical ramble through his early days as a Beatle PR, and a spell in California into his days with Apple. All the principals are handled from close to with great affection urbane wit and idiosyncratic insight.

Another chief executive who has cast his hat into the literary ring is current Arista chief Clive Davis in *Clive* (William Morrow & Co) which gives his version of his days with CBS. And although you might justifiably hope for real inside dope (in more senses than seventeen) you will do so in vain. You will learn something of the stars: Dylan, Paul Simon, et al, mostly you'll learn about what a wonderful superstar exec Clive is. Michael Wale's *Vox Pop* (Harrap £1.50) gives a multitude of views on the music business from the stars — Elton John, Cat Stevens, Pink Floyd — to roadies, accountants, PR men and other hustlers. Informative but hardly probing. For a real full-blown trip into authentic 1970s paranoia, the world of Altamont and Watergate, read Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear & Loathing In Las Vegas* (Paladin 50p). A drug-saturated tour of Vegas complete with Ralph Steadman's inimitable drawings, it is what it claims to be "a savage journey to the heart of American Dream." A more effective antidote to the illusion that the revolution is over and we won, has not been written. Painfully funny, it is required reading.

## You Wore The T-Shirt Now Read The Book Of The Film

IT HAD to happen. That Peter Pan of 'Film Night', Philip Jenkinson has done a number on rock movies. *Celuloid Rock* (Lorrimer £1.95)

is co-written by Alan Warner, is comprehensive and also slightly boring. Still, so were most of the films. For instance, *It's Trad Dad*. Remember that one, Helen Shapiro, Craig Douglas and all? If not, you can seek out MacGregor Urquhart's book of the film (Digit 2/6d), which is full of happy kids twisting away and Police Chief's unbending. John Burke made a better job of *A Hard Day's Night* (Pan 2/6d) and *Privilege* (not known), but then they were better movies, especially the underrated *Privilege*. And most junk shops will yield up a copy of Al Hine's book of *Help* (Mayflower 3/6d), with its fab pix. The best film books, though, are the most recent. Ray Connolly does a



workmanlike job in novelising his own screenplay for *Stardust* (NEL 40p), while John Pidgeon's *Flame* (Panther 50p) comes with a recommendation by Noddy Holder himself. Like the gravel-voiced one says, this book actually tells you a lot about how the rock business works, which is more than can be said for most of them.

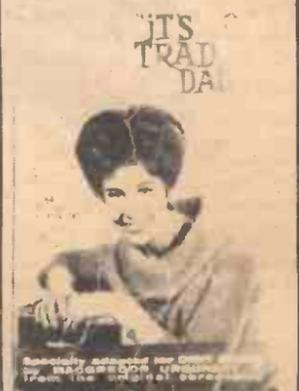
## The Critics

OUTSIDE OF the biographies and picture books, the most successful rock volume has been Nik Cohn's *Awopbaloobop Alopbamboob* (Paladin 50p). It's not hard to see why. He's sharp, entertaining and outrageous. He has to be because his main idea is that nobody (except his chum Pete Townshend) has done anything worthwhile since the Stones stopped pissing against garage walls. Cohn covers his reactionary tracks well, but basically his attitude towards the rock revolution of the Sixties is basically similar to George Melly's in *Revolt Into Style* (Penguin 40p). Melly is suspicious of the Underground and all its works and though many of his criticisms are well-founded, that middle-aged spread begins to show through by the end. Somewhere between the teen flash of Cohn and the elder brother attitudes of Melly are Richard Mabey in *The Pop Process* (Hutchinson £1.50) and Dave Laing in *The Sound Of Our Time* (Sheed & Ward £2.00). In different ways, both books tackle the paradox that pop is an art and an industry at the same time.

Rock Criticism, the newest profession, was born in New York in 1967 in a mag. called *Crawdaddy*. Its editor Paul Williams put together a book of his articles called *Outlaw Blues* (Pocket Books 45p). Williams' unique mixture of enthusiasm and insight is still infectious, especially for anyone who can remember the days when a new Stones album was a revelation. The leader of the cool school of rock crit. is *Rolling Stone's* Jon Landau. His reviews of all the major Sixties' records are collected in *It's Too Late To Stop Now* (Straight Arrow £2.00). *Rock Revolution* (Curtis 65p) is an uneven selection from *Creem* magazine, featuring the redoubtable Lester Bangs, at his best in a piece which tries to pin down Progressive Rock.

The most entertainingly lunatic book of rock crit. must be *The Aesthetics Of Rock* by R. Meltzer (Something Else Press £1.80). Meltzer, erst while lyricist for Blue Oyster-Cult, muses on such weighty matters as Herman's Oedipus complex as displayed in *Henry The Eighth*. In total contrast are Peter Guralnik's quietly lyrical celebration of his Fifties heroes in blues and rock and roll, *Feel Like Going Home* (Outerbridge & Diensfrey \$2.95) and *Rock And Roll Will Stand*, edited by Greil Marcus (Beacon £1.45). Written by a group of critics in Berkeley around 1968, this one has some of the most perceptive comments to the vexed issue of rock and politics ever uttered.

Two histories with a bit extra are Arnold Shaw's *The Rock Revolution* (Paperback Library 45p) and Carl Belz' *The Story Of Rock* (Harper £1.10). Shaw is good on the Fifties when he was a music publisher in New York, while Belz enlivens the familiar narrative with speculations on just what makes rock different from earlier kinds of popular music. *Anatomy Of Pop* (70p) was the book of the BBC's television series which tried to figure out what it was all about. It's mostly lightweight stuff, with the best article by



the *Guardian's* straight music critic, Meirion Bowen. Heavier guns from the world of academic musicology are trained on pop in *Twilight Of The Gods* by Wilfred Mellers (see section 3) and by Richard Middleton in *Pop Music And The Blues* (Gollancz £4). In a dense and rather forbidding tome, Middleton tries to show that the source of the excellence of white rock is its rejection of the values of Tin Pan Alley and its adoption of those of the blues. Which, as we know, is only true if you think rock begins and ends with the Stones...

## Bits And Pieces: Anthologies

ANTHOLOGIES, LIKE sampler albums, are a bit of a tease. But when you come to collect the best of a magazine's work there is little else to do. Since most people don't have a large collection of back issues, the *Rolling Stone* sets are worth checking out. They are: *The Rolling Stone Reader* (Bantam 90p) — all feature articles stretching from 1967 to 1974. The two *Rolling Stone Record Reviews* (Paperback Library 90p) probably the least useful volumes. And the two books of *Rolling Stone Interviews* (Paperback Library 75p) which are the best, ranging from Bob Dylan to Frank Zappa. *Rolling Stone* have also issued *Garcia: A Signpost To New Space* (Straight Arrow £1.75) where Jerry proves he has nothing to say; and *Lennon Remembers* (Penguin 40p) where John proves he has lots.

There is a trio of books edited by Jonathon Eisen: *The Age Of Rock Vols. 1 & 2* and *Twenty-Minute Fandangos* (all Wildwood House £1.50 each) which focus not only rock but

● Continued page 36



Dylan but winds up discovering himself, and the Girl from the North Country.

Mick Jagger had more sense than to talk to Scaduto whose *Mick Jagger* (W. H. Allen £3.50) was first serialised in the *News Of The World* where it belongs. J.

### Everything You Wanted To Know ...

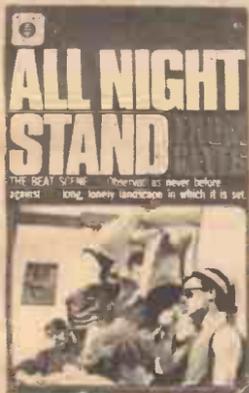
its attendant culture, from the mid-Sixties on. These include everything from a trip round Elvis Presley's house to a Byrds interview to the New York Daily News report on Altamont, and A J Weverman on Bob Dylan's garbage. Quality control is erratic but you'll find exciting stuff you've never seen before. The Zig Zag book of interviews Pete Frame (ed.) *The Road To Rock* (Charisma Books 99p-until July only available from the publishers direct) which applies ZZ's uniquely detailed approach to Pete Townshend, Jeff Beck, Elton John and others. Tacky production.



### I Took A Little Picture Of You: Photographs

ALWAYS A highly photogenic medium, rock has nonetheless been plagued by visual clichés: from the early Brylcreem and smiles publicity shots to the guitar hero arched over his fretboard in a genius-is-pain grimace. Two photographers have come to the genre with fresh eyes: *Rolling Stone's* Annie Liebowitz, whose best work, complete with technical data on how she achieves her effects, can be found in *The Photojournalist* (Thames & Hudson £1.95); and Norman Seef, who unlike Annie the action woman, is a stylish portrait artist who relies on high contrast, deep focus and soft edges — *Hot Shots* (Flash Books £1.95). David Bailey *Goodbye Baby & Amen* (Corgi £1.25) reeks of the narcissism of the London of the Swinging Sixties; while Linda Eastman (now McCartney) who shot *Rock & Other Four Letter Words* (Bantam 50p) in 1967-68 must be regretting what looks like a relic from the psychedelic era. The *Rolling Stone Pictures Annual 1975* (£1.95) is as good as you'd expect, but only worth it if you must have the pictures in the original colour. Annie Liebowitz ed. *Shooting Stars* (Straight Arrow) is good but at £5, too expensive. One collection that is a considerable disappointment and an illustration of the tendency to the standard shot is Abby Hirsch (ed.) *The Photography Of Rock* (Aidan Ellis £1.95). Pick of the bunch as a visual penetration of the core of the rock enigma is Guy Peellaert's surreal *Rock Dreams* (Pan £1.95). At his best disturbing photo-based paintings can convey more than a thousand hip critiques, for instance in his Herry Lee Lewis, roaring drunk and desolate; or in his neo-fascist child-molesting Rolling Stones portraits.

### I'm A Poet, Hope I Don't Blow It: Fiction And Poetry



NEARLY EVERYBODY in pop fiction indulges in so much sex and drugs that it's a wonder any records get made at all. The heroine of Jenny Fabian's two novels, *Groupie* (Mayflower 40p) and *A Chemical Romance* doesn't have that problem because her job is to provide the sex and help consume the drugs. You can play guessing games about the characters in Fabian's books,

because the groups are all thinly disguised real people with names like Relation (Family — geddit?). The Merseybeat trail is ploddingly followed in *All Night Stand* by Thom Keyes (Mayflower 5/-) and *Song Of The Scorpions* by Paul Tabori (New English Library 35p) while *Flower Power* by Ernest Tidyman (Mayflower 3/6d) takes us on a jaded tour of downtown Haight-Ashbury.

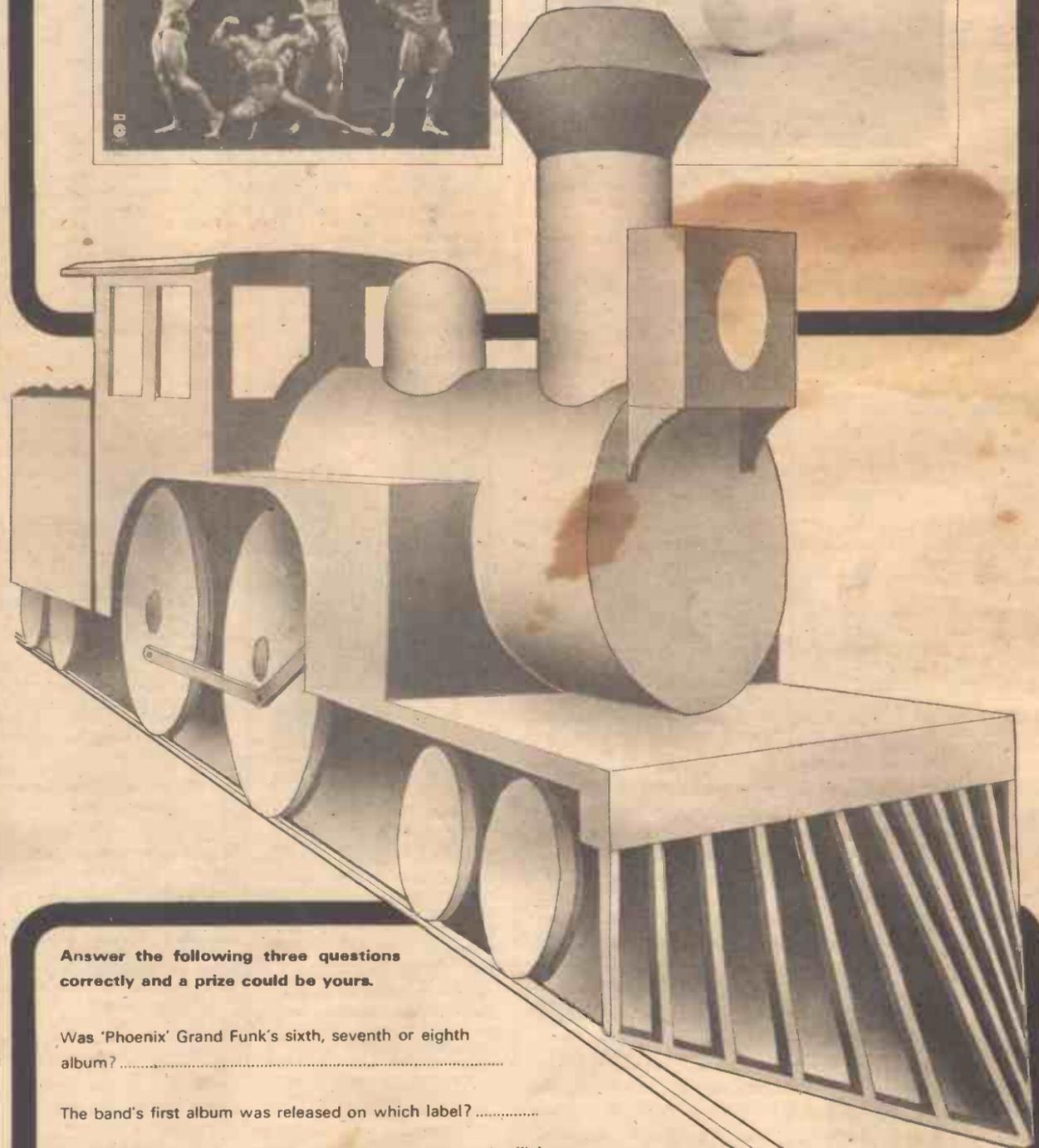
A few books do their best to climb out of the morass of coke and cock. Portobello Road luminary Mick Farren does a Stones-style rags to riches thing in *Willie And The Rats* (Mayflower 60p) with a care for detail which, though laudable, makes pop stars as boring as they probably are. But he's more entertaining in his sci-fi romp *The Texts Of Festival* (Hart-Davis McGibbon £1.50) where a strange after-the-Bomb tribe worships the gods Dhillon and Djeggar. Robert Thom's *Wild In The Streets* (Sphere 5/-) is a brief and witty tale on the pop-star-leads-the-kids-and-takes-over-America-theme. Nik Cohn's *I Am Still The Greatest Says Johnny Angelo* (Penguin 25p) is stylishly-written (an unusual feature for rock fiction) without having much to say about the nature of stardom, while *Wild Thing* by Philip Norman (Heinemann, £2.00) evokes the atmosphere of various rock environments in a solid way, the kind of thing you'd expect from a *Sunday Times* man.

Although Pete Brown had been in among the jazz and poetry crowd since the Fifties, poetry and pop first embraced in Liverpool, an event commemorated in *Penguin Modern Poets 10* (3/6d), which featured the verse of Adrian Henri, Brian Patten and Roger McGough, who would variously become part of the Liverpool Scene, Grimms and Scaffold. Two Grimms books are available: *Grimms* (Chrysalis 60p) includes songs and poems by the team of a couple of years back, including Viv Stanshall and Neil Innes. *Clowns On The Road* (Methuen £1.25) is a more lavish, Python-style, production with most of the stuff from the current Roadshow. The serious attempts by rock people to be Real Poets have mostly fallen flat on their faces, so we'll pass charitably by the efforts of Marc Bolan, Alan Hull and Peter Hammill. One exception is *Under The Sky* by Pete Sinfield (Boydell Press 85p) which is tastefully illustrated and contains some original verse as well as many Crimson lyrics.

Among the dozens of song-books available from music shops are some that are of interest to readers as well as players. Richard Goldstein's *The Poetry Of Rock* (Bantam 40p) and A. X. Nicholas' *The Poetry Of Soul* are well-chosen anthologies of lyrics from classic songs, while *Writings And Drawings* by Bob Dylan is the man's own arrangement of his work and full of tiny changes to fascinate every Dylanologist. *The Beatles' Lyrics* appear in two volumes in a glossy art nouveau format illustrated by Alan Aldridge, (McDonald £1.50) And those nostalgic for the Sixties should have the Goonish Penguin *John Lennon* (60p) and the avant-garde *Grapefruit* by Yoko Ono (Sphere 40p).

# GRAND FUNK COMPETITION

GRAND FUNK are coming to play in Britain once again shortly, which is good news for all heavy metal fans. Here, SOUNDS has on offer 20 pairs of tickets for the band's Wembley show on April 18, 50 copies of the new Grand Funk album, 'All The Girls In The World Beware', and also 50 copies of 'Illusions On A Double Dimple' by Triumvirat, who will guest at Wembley, for the runners-up.



Answer the following three questions correctly and a prize could be yours.

Was 'Phoenix' Grand Funk's sixth, seventh or eighth album? .....

The band's first album was released on which label? .....

In which town were Grand Funk originally based and still have connections with? .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Entries should be sent to: Grand Funk Competition, SOUNDS, 1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX.

# So where's the cartoon version?



## LETTERS

Write to:  
SOUNDS LETTERS, Spotlight House,  
1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX.

### Master of the four letter word

HAVING JUST read the exclusive interview with Ian Hunter in the March 29 issue of SOUNDS, I must offer my condolences to Bill Henderson. It must be extremely difficult to conduct an interview with a person of Mr Hunter's intellectual capacity.

In one and a half pages of type, he seems totally incapable of any coherence, and relies almost 100 per cent on four letter words for effect.

Yes indeed, Mr Hunter is undoubtedly a master of the spoken word. It just seems such a shame that his vocabulary range is restricted to a mere dozen or so words. — Rob Goodwin, Uplands, Swansea.

AFTER HAVING been subjected to two albums by Bad Company, and having to suffer listening to very inferior versions of 'Easy On My Soul', 'The Stealer', and 'Anna', I feel that they should change their name from Bad Company, to Bad, 'cos that's exactly what it is!

For Chrissakes, Koss, get this band of yours on the road and show this guy Mick Ralphs how to play guitar. — Brian and Billy, Glasgow.

I HAVE just read the road report on the Faces gig, and I just cannot understand how a band are supposed to play brilliantly perpetually (I mean any band not just the Faces).

Using as an example the Faces, they last year put together one of the most exciting tours a band has done in Britain for years. They are now coming to the end of their tour of America, and still you expect them to be playing faultlessly? — Chris Kelly, South Yardley, Birmingham.

AFTER JUST buying Golden Earrings new LP, 'Switch', I am amazed to find what crap it is. 'Moontan' was good, but Hearing Earring was brilliant, and now they bring out this. Make sure your next LP is back to the old stuff ('All Day Watcher' etc), 'cos if you don't, you've lost 23 fans at least from Clarkston. — Brian Potter, Clarkston, Glasgow.

### Challenge

WHY DOESN'T Keith Emerson accept a keyboard challenge to play with Rick Wakeman. Is he frightened of losing his mistaken image? — P. L.

I AM glad to see that SOUNDS has made the significant step in the improvement of its contents, by including a regular (I hope) cartoon caricature of a leading pop artist. Similar cartoon type drawings have been a part of most of the other musical papers for some time, but SOUNDS seems to have piped them all by printing drawings by an artist whose style is distinctive and recognisable.

I have never seen any work by Bob Hoare before, but I wonder if it has occurred to the Editor that these caricatures would make great wall posters. I can well imagine that such posters by Bob Hoare could become as sought after as posters by Roger Dean.

In the meantime, I look forward to more of his work in each issue of SOUNDS. — D. Williams, East Cowes, Isle of Wight.

I CONGRATULATE you on being the only music paper that does not slag Deep Purple, I'm fed up with them being slagged by other papers. — Purple freak, Bedhampton, Hants.

I HOPE all those so called clever 'writers' who said Steve Harley was finished are now eating their words. Apart from a No 1 record, the new album is one of the best around. — Fiona Hamilton, West Derby, Liverpool.

JOSEPH GIRALDAS must be joking. In SOUNDS letters (March 29) he suggested every major concert hall should install stereo wiring with all the seats supplied with a jack socket.

Could you imagine any self-respecting yobbo walking out of the concert hall without filling the jack socket full of chewing gum and cigarette butts etc? Also, with today's current ticket prices, I would mind paying more to cover the cost of wiring the hall with stereo. — Paul Govan, Barking, Essex.

SO WHAT comes next? I suppose inevitably it must be a full length cartoon version or a tea time children's serial in 300 thrilling episodes. I refer to the continuing saga in the butchering of the rock masterpiece, 'Tommy'.

Listening to Oliver Reed trying to sing makes me want to throw up. Mr Reed is not alone though, even the Elton John Band, for whom I have a great respect, should leave 'Pinball Wizard' to the masters of rock themselves, the Who.

Watch it Floyd and Zep freaks, if Russell sets his grubby paws to work again it'll be 'Jack and the Stairway To Heaven', or 'Goldilocks on the Dark Side of the Moon.' — Richard Folk, Ripley, Derbyshire.

WEEK AFTER week in SOUNDS on the letters page we hear continuous arguments between fans of Yes, ELP, Quo etc, and most of your paper is devoted to rock groups. Why do you give soul a miss when at the present time, it is Britain's biggest 'type' of music. Whether it be commercial soul, or 'underground' soul, it seems to be very underestimated.

Many of your writers seem to think soul is Middle Of The Road music, hardly worth a mention. — Tom Lynn, Middle Herrington, Sunderland.

● Moments & Whatnots, Shirley & Co, Gloria Gaynor, Labelle, Sweet Sensation, Millie Jackson, Syreeta, Hamilton Bohannon, Nosmo King, the Commodores, Bobbi Humphrey, Rufus and Betty Wright are just a few people ROBIN KATZ has interviewed or written about in the last few months. If you call that 'hardly worth a mention', how about the Persuasions, Jim Gilstrap and Leroy Hutson, scheduled for future issues? — Ed.

### Low-down, Peacock

HOLY HORRORS, how low can you lower yourself Peacock — a half-page devoted to Lena Howsyourgranny! God, what crud! It made me throw-up all over Makowski's excellent Purple report. — A Sickened SOUNDS Reader, Redruth, Cornwall.

WELL, IT'S finally been released, the new Rick Wakeman album 'King Arthur', and Rick's surpassed 'Journey To The Centre Of The Earth'.

'King Arthur' is a truly magnificent album and it seems to be stuck on my turntable but I don't give a Watneys, it can stay there until his next vinyl offering. — Micheal Dewhurst, Exeter, Devon.

SO FAR, all the reviews I've read about the new Led Zeppelin album have said how brilliant etc. it is, well, I'd like to say I think it stinks. To me, they are just a good band, not a supergroup or such like. They are grossly overrated, and the new album is one bore. We've heard it all before. — Barry Byrne, Holt Road, Liverpool 7.

I ENJOY reading SOUNDS, but one thing really infuriates me about your letters page. Why can't anybody take constructive criticism. Half the letters on your page sound like they are from immature little kids. Why can't you accept the fact that everyone is entitled to their own opinion, whether you agree or not. Why not listen to constructive criticism, instead of writing in so uptight about it. No one is perfect, so leave off. — L. T. Gosport.



ATTENTION all album buyers! If you happen to have £2.50 lying around, and would like to hear some really beautiful music, then scrounge another 20p, and go out and purchase Eric Clapton's new album 'There's One In Every Crowd'.

Whether or not you think he's the greatest guitarist in the world, or even God, is unimportant. This is an album of good music. — Colin Brady, Newton Abbot, Devon.

IN THE Rod Stewart interview in SOUNDS dated March 29, 1975, Stewart stated that he thinks too many bands play devoid of emotion, humour and human error. Having witnessed a Faces concert, I must say it had plenty of human error, and as for his other two ideals, I

found little to laugh about, and in the emotional sense, it certainly had me crying. In fact, it was quite bad. I suggest he watch a 10cc show for a humorous but musically perfect concert. — Harold the Barrel OBE, No fixed address, Usually Scotland.

# NOT FOR THE SQUEAMISH!

IT WAS another genteel afternoon in the last of the Horn and Hardart's automat. Outside, in the brisk and breezy Manhattan streets, life bustled by in the usual frenzied panicky New York manner.

"It is a shame" said greying Mrs. Rothhouse, stirring the second lump of sugar into her tea, "that more people don't take time to enjoy the peace of the afternoon like this. In Britain, you know they're still terribly civilised about this tea business."

She looked around the large restaurant. The lights were kept to a minimum and the ancient grey marble walls still gave the withering place a bit of class. At mid afternoon, most of the tables were empty, with the last of the lunchtime trays and spilled coffee having been cleared away. With the sunshine gleaming on them from outside, they shone with a dignity of days gone by. Along the wall were rows of metal cubicles, where for a well-placed collection of coins, one could lift up the glass lid and pull out a sandwich or pastry. Once, Horn and Hardart's was the classy city's most successful chain of automats. Now, most of them had been converted into something much greasier, and less personal.

The silence of mid afternoon tea was broken by the loud obnoxious cries of three juveniles as they came flying around the well-oiled circular rotating glass door.

"This is it, Maisie, dis is da place! It's de only place in da city that can serve 'em up like this. Ya drops the coin in the wall and pulls out a burger."

Maisie surveyed the dimes, and nickels in her hand. Never a girl to make a quick decision, she wandered back and forth, scanned the repeated rows of fresh layed out food, and tried to make a decision. No easy luck. After ten minutes, her companions were already squeezing the plastic tomato ketchup containers for all they were worth. Then, something at the far end of the glass windows caught her eye.

She walked to the nearly dark end of the wall, and looked through the small window. There, on a chipped porcelin plate was something she had wanted for ages. '50 cents', the sign said, and she began to add up her dimes and reached around the bottom of her bottomless leather bag to find a quarter.

Mrs. Rothhouse looked at her companion in disgust. "Couldn't have what's good enough for the rest of us, could she? Has to spend a fortune on that imported stuff. Come, Mrs. Midriff, let's be off."

Maisie was elated. For 50 cents she had found a real bargain. Fresh, tasty and full of good things. The kitchen boy had accidentally left his copy of SOUNDS in the window. Now it was JOE COCKER instead of pastrami. Maisie flicked through the pages. KEITH RICHARD PART 2. "Should have been here last week" she thought "and read the first part". Nevertheless, there was a well-placed piece on JEFF BECK just waiting to be read. Maisie devoted her attention to the paper while her buddies began having a fight with two mustard containers and a newly filled salt cellar.

"Nice paper this," thought Maisie. Funny the way those British people do everything civilised. They even have the right amount of mustard on the 'AMERICAN NEWS' hot dog. Good enough to eat".

Please reserve/deliver  
SOUNDS for me  
every week

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

HAND THIS TO YOUR  
NEWSAGENT NOW!



# The band may die... BUT THE SPIRIT LIVES ON



**THERE'S** an old saying — a genius is never recognised in his own lifetime. This has often been the case with composers of classical music. It doesn't happen very often within the confines of rock mainly because of its comparative youth. There have however been exceptions. One such exception was the late and very great Spirit.

In Britain, the first proof of their existence was the the arrival of an album simply entitled 'Spirit'. Released over here in 1968 it was a commercial failure despite receiving a fair amount of attention from both the Press and general public.

It is almost impossible to single anyone out for special praise in this outfit for the very good reason that each member contributed almost equally both in terms of character and musical ability. It was really a case of five differing personalities trying to coexist both as people and more important as musicians. The results were always interesting and unexpected, if at times a little uncoordinated.

A year later the second record surfaced. Ironically called 'The Family That Plays Together', it is still considered by many to be their finest achievement. Produced by Lou Adler, it was much more aggressive than its predecessor. Lead guitarist Randy California and drummer Ed Cassidy played a far more important role than before. Formerly a jazz drummer of some note, Ed Cassidy was strongly in evidence on all tracks, particularly on 'It's All The Same' which believe it or not features the perfect drum solo (bet you didn't believe there was such a thing). It's short, sharp and above all effective.

1969 was a very busy year for Spirit. There was the now legendary appearance at the Royal Albert Hall, a couple of American performances and above all the release of their third album, 'Clear' whereas the first two albums had influences that were both easily recognisable and plainly clear, this one had none... and yet it somehow had everything.

Spirit had definite jazz and classic influences. 'Family That Plays Together' was a rocker while 'Clear' remained something of an uneasy alliance of styles. It was nervous and tense from start to finish, with jazz winning out on one track and rock proving the stronger on another. The songs themselves serve to prove this point. 'Dark Eyed Woman' and 'Get A Line On You', grade one rockers, 'Ice' and 'Give A Life, Take A Life' were quasi-classical, and the title track 'Clear' was decidedly jazz-oriented.

By 1970, Spirit had become something of a cult. The latest record from this supposedly new discovery was eagerly awaited in many quarters. 'The 12 Dreams Of Doctor Sardonicus' was no disappointment. At last the general public was realising just what it had been missing all these years and in so doing had given Spirit their first healthy British sales figure. At last jazz, rock, soul, pop and classical music had been merged with a reasonable degree of success... or so it seemed.

Just when they seemed set to make in a big way the sad news arrived. Spirit were no more.

To say that Spirit broke up in 1970 is not strictly true because Ed Cassidy and John

## ALAN EDWARDS SUMS UP

Locke continued under the same name for a short period. Even though they did come up with one album, it was never quite the same. Feedback was an excellent, if limited album, made with the cooperation of the Staehley brothers Al and Christian on guitars.

Nothing much happened after that, although there was a short reunion with Randy California which produced a couple of British gigs. The Rainbow concert was a particularly emotive and nostalgic event for audience and artist alike. The star of the show was undoubtedly Randy California, who blew more than a couple of minds on this occasion with a stunning version of 'Hey Joe'.

Later, when he found out that most of the band's equipment had been stolen, he reacted rather strangely to say the least. He leapt off the Chelsea bridge into the icy cold Thames, only to be rescued by a passing stranger. Little was heard of Randy for some time afterwards, although rumours of an imminent solo record did seep through from time to time.

Time passed and the legend of Randy California grew. Something had to happen, and sure enough, one day late in 1972 it did. The long awaited solo album was out and available on import. 'Captain Kopter And The Fabulous Twirly Birds' featured mainly unknown musicians although a couple of the Byrds were rumoured to have participated on a track called 'Rain'.

It was at this stage that Randy California disappeared from the music scene once and for all.

On leaving Spirit, pianist Jay Ferguson and bassist John Locke decided to form their own band. They recruited Mark's younger brother Matthew to play guitar and a drummer by the name of Carly Smith, and in so doing gave birth to Jo Jo Gunne.

Jo Jo Gunne was an immediate and unqualified success, but quickly lost their initial impetus and joined the ever-growing ranks of rock's has-beens.

Always a bit of a musicians' band at the best of times, Spirit have passed largely unrecognised. If a survey was conducted among the public at large asking them if they had heard of Spirit the results would prove predictably negative. However, I have a sneaking suspicion that if you then conducted a similar poll among today's rock stars, the results would be very different. Spirit were a major rock influence even if people won't admit it. The band may die but the spirit lives on.

# Why the Tymes will be sharing the stage with nine soul bands who've not quite made it.

The Hardrock, Manchester, is set for an amazing night out for soul fans on the 13th April.

Besides a special guest appearance by The Tymes, we're staging the semi-final of the RCA/Record Mirror Soul Search Contest.

Nine soul bands from all over the country will be playing against each other for a place in the final.

They stand to win an RCA recording contract, a management contract,

Bose speakers and amplifiers and the rush release of their winning song.

So you can be sure they'll all be giving everything they've got

Tickets will only be £1 each, at the door.

Don't miss out. It's going to be one hell of a good evening.



# No news from 'Beatles Society'

**FAIR DEAL**  
 edited by  
  
 Liz Cooper  
 The SOUNDS service which investigates your problems.

Please do not send stamped addressed envelopes to Fair Deal as Liz Cooper is unable to enter into individual correspondence.

the sender having excluded their name and address.

Consequently, I don't know where to send the goods and I think he / she has lost my address or I would have been contacted by now. I'm sure this person thinks they've been conned, so if you could print my letter it could solve this problem. — B. Kadir, 81 Navarino Road, Hackney, London E8.

● I know how you feel. People write to me at Fair Deal, forgetting to put details of the firm or manufacturer they're complaining about and sometimes they even omit their own name and address!

## Colour process broke down

IN DECEMBER, I sent off for a set of T. Rex photos from Rock Stars of Batley. I received the photos along with a note and an order form. The note told of two more sets of colour photos of T. Rex at Sheffield in January 1974 at £2.00 per set + 10p for postage. I sent off for both sets with postal orders to the value of £4.20 at the beginning of January.

I began to get worried when they did not arrive within their two weeks' service time. Then I read about another of their customers in America who was complaining in Fair Deal that she had not received their goods. I decided to give Rock Stars another week then I wrote off to Ian Clegg.

I have had no reply as yet and I have not received the photographs. Could you help in any way? I would still rather receive the photographs than receive my money back but at the present time it seems that I will get nothing. — F. Fletcher, Sheffield.

● This is one of several letters I have received complaining about the non-receipt of concert photos from Ian Clegg. The last time I contacted him (a couple of weeks ago) he intimated that he had sent out a letter to all toomers explaining that his colour-copying process had broken down completely and he could only supply black and white pictures.

Mr Clegg now says that if customers insist on having a refund he is willing to comply with this, but he would prefer them to take the black and white prints.

However, judging by the letters I have had in the last week, it seems that not all of Mr Clegg's customers have received his explanatory letter. If this applies to you and you would prefer a refund, please write to him or telephone him at Batley 478748, otherwise it will be assumed that you are willing to accept black and white prints in replacement.

● I have had a request from Ben Cree of the National Association of Disc Jockeys to stress that there is no connection whatsoever between his association and the one we are currently investigating. This Disc Jockeys Association, which is run by a Mr J. Stanley.

Unlike Mr Stanley, whom we are finding extremely difficult to track down, Ben Cree is easily contactable. The address of the National Association of Disc Jockeys is P.O. Box 23, Hitchin, Herts, SG4 9JT and the phone number is Hitchin 50918.

ON OCTOBER 4, I received a letter from Johnny Dean, "The Beatles Book Society", 58 Parker Street, London WC2, thanking me for writing to them (which I can't remember doing). Anyhow, it stated that if I sent £4 for 1 year's subscription, I would receive a Beatles Book Society paper etc., as soon as possible.

Well, I sent the £4 in postal order form that same week. I received a letter a few weeks later, saying they had received the £4 and enclosed a membership card, saying also that the first newsletter would be out soon.

It is now nearly March, and I have sent two letters to them asking why the newsletter is not out yet and each has been unanswered. Could you help me to sort out this problem? — Stephen Byrne, Belfast.

● Fair Deal wrote to Johnny Dean on March 5.

This letter was followed up by a phone call two weeks later. We were told that Mr Dean "was away for about two weeks". Eventually, last week, we were able to speak to Mr Dean. According to Mr Dean, "letters have been sent to the people concerned", but no information was given to us as to whether any money had been returned.

If you have not received a letter and / or your money back by the time you read this, please either contact Fair Deal again or you may prefer to deal with Johnny Dean direct. Johnny Dean is the professional writing name of Mr Sean O'Mahoney of the Parker Street address above, and his telephone number is 01-242 1961.

## No refund for dress

I'M WRITING to complain about the service I've had from Jennifer Walker of Wallpeppers, Surrey, over a pinafore dress I ordered.

I sent for the dress on February 9, my cheque for £5.05 was cashed February 14 and I received the dress February 28. I had lost the original address so I sent the dress back to a 'guessed' address but it was returned.

I managed to get the proper address from SOUNDS and returned the dress on March 6, which was within the 7-10 day return limit — it was sent back by first class post.

I still haven't heard so I now stand with no money and no dress. Hoping for your help in this matter. — Barbara Grice, St. Helens, Merseyside.

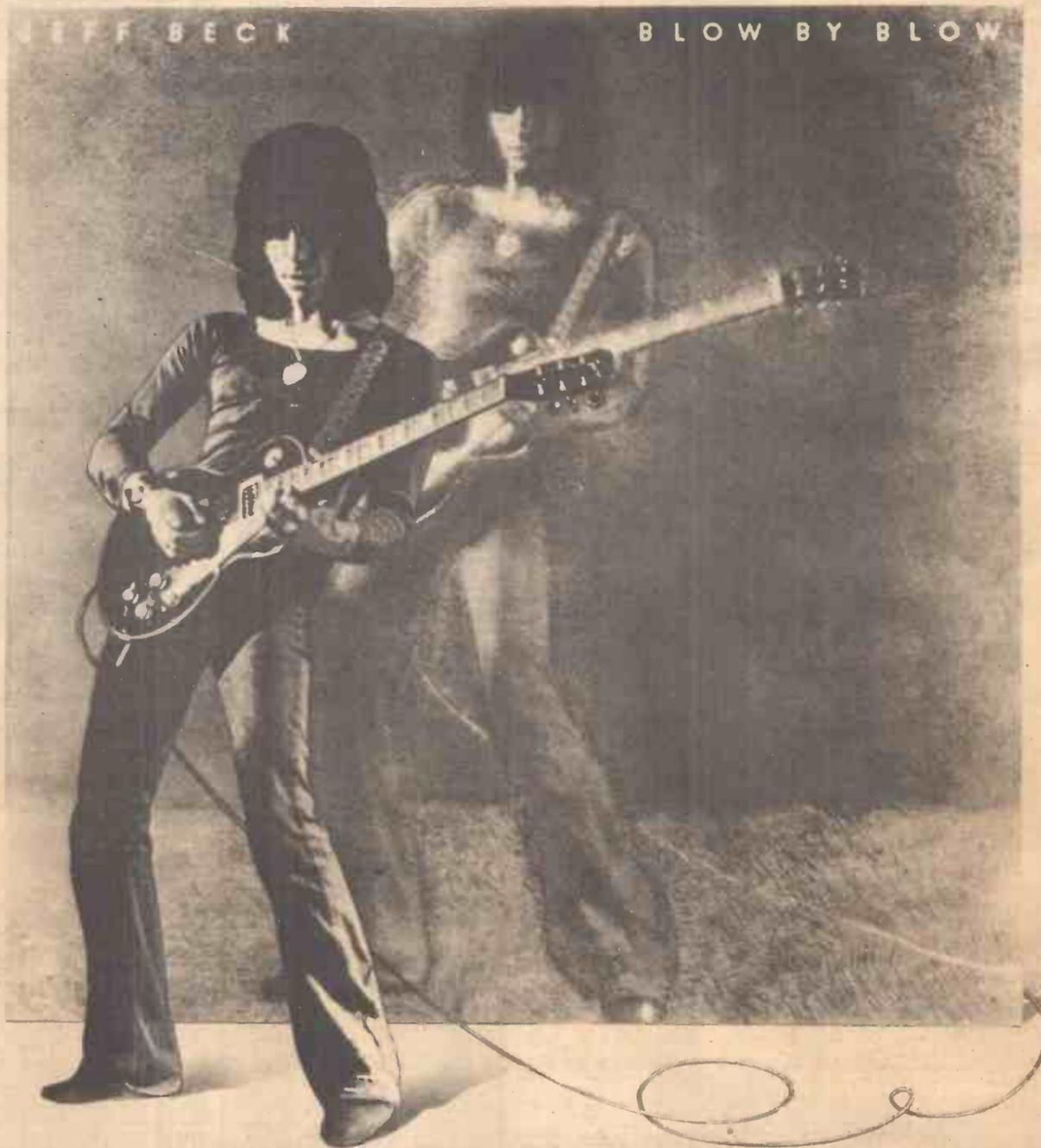
● A refund has been sent to you which should have arrived by Monday, April 7.

Many mail order firms do take fairly long periods to return money mainly because they prefer to pay any refunds out at the same time each month. However, it is wise to follow up a request for a refund within three weeks.

## Forget name and address

SOME TIME ago, I placed an advertisement in your 'records for sale' column. Over a month ago, I received a request for records,

# 'BLOW BY BLOW' is Jeff Beck's new album



**'Blow by Blow' is pure Beck. Instrumental through all tracks, one of the world's finest exponents of the guitar rewards the discerning listeners with an album full of very fine music indeed.**

**Listen as Jeff Beck gets right down to it on 'BLOW BY BLOW' His new album on Epic records. EPC 69117**



# SOUNDS free services . . .

## PERSONAL

**LONELY** girl needs sincere guy 15-17 into Floyd, Purple. — Liz Miles, 26 Blackthorn Road, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warks.

**LONELY** girl, 20, seeks boy 20-24, for friend, likes music, dancing, discos. — Carole, 41 Rocky Lane, Perry Barr, Birmingham B42 1PB.

**GUY**, 25, into books and good music. Chieftains, Yes, Genesis, Earthband, seeks penfriends. — J. Dunne, 11 Coote Street, Portlaoise, Laois, Eire.

**NEW** York Dolls fans please write; also any cuttings or photos of the Dolls bought. — Steve, 384 Kings Road, Stretford, Manchester M32 6GW.

**JIMMY**, 22, would like girl to write to, age 18-24, photo if poss. — 6 Matthews Avenue, Kearsley, Bolton, Lancs.

**CHICK** would like to correspond with Blue Cheer and West Coast music freaks. — Write Su, 125 Westfields, St. Albans, Herts.

**WILL** write to any Faces type persons, swop pics, info, etc. — Letters to Susan Sherman, 11 Broadway, Hale, Cheshire.

**JON**, 18, like to meet girl, 17-20, into Kevin Ayers, Doors, etc. — 25 King's Lane, Newton Regis, near Tamworth, Staffs.

**ALEX**, into Who, Stones, Zep, seeks girl, 18-24, for music, shows, flicks. — Write Alex, 35c Kingsmill House, Sutton Estate, Cale Street, Chelsea, SW3.

**LONELY** guy, 25, works in travel agency, wishes to meet attractive girl, 18-24, please send photo. — 7 Waterloo Street, Glasgow G2 6AZ.

**LOOKING** for nice person into Goodies, Wombles, Mud, to swop pop pics. — Rosalyn McNeil, 10 Barbusch Place, Strathaven, Lanarkshire.

**CHICK** wanted for friendship, into Bad Co., ELP, Who, and any heavy group, age 14-16. — Write to Terry, 29 Ivydale Road, Birkenhead, Merseyside.

**GUY**, 18, into Clapton, Sabbath, Floyd, seeks girl, 17-20, photo if poss, all letters answered. — Terry, 60 Kirkland Walk, Methil, Fife, (T.A.)

**PHIL**, 25, would like girl, 20-25, for friendship. — P. Wlodarczyk, 35 Drakes Road, Amersham, Bucks HP7 9EE.

**HELENA** (20) seeks Yorkshire lad to write to, likes Bay City Rollers, motorbikes. — Helena Lorenz, 248 Milligan Road, Aylestone, Leicester.

**2 GIRLS** want male penfriends, 15-17, from Scotland if poss, photo appreciated. — Judy and Tina, 5 Seymour Road, Stockport, Ches. SK2 6ES.

**SINCERE** girlfriend, 18-25, wanted for lonely guy, 24, London area. — James Brown, Room 95, Aldersbrook House, Romford Road, Manor Park, E12 5LN.

**QUIET** music loving guy, 17, seeks nice sincere girl, 16-18, Fife/Edinburgh, photo if possible. — 15 Church Street, Burntisland, Fife KY3 0JU.

**GUY**, 25, seeks penfriends into books and good music, Yes, Genesis, Earthband. — J. Dunne, 11 Coote Street, Portlaoise, Co. Laois, Eire.

**GUY**, 23, wants chick, write and meet, into B. Ferry and S. Quo, London area, photo not required. — David Pound, 9 Bridges House, Picton Street, London SE5.

## RECORDS FOR SALE

**WHO, WHO, WHO:** A collection of the Who's music, 14 LPs, 20 singles, open to offers. — P. Logan, 11 Denwood, Inglemere Rd., Forest Hill, SE23.

**PROPAGANDA, SPARKS,** £1.50; School's Out, £1; Killer, £1; Muscle, £1.25, v.g.c. or swop for Zep or Sabbath. — C. Newton, 10 Hillside Close, Morden, Surrey.

**FOR SALE:** Black Sabbath Paranoid and Vol. 4, Yamashita Come To The Edge, Bowie Aladdin, £1.20 each, v.g.c., s.a.e. — S. Fell, 87 Currock Rd, Carlisle.

**ELP TRIPLE** album, £3; TYA, Rock and Roll Music to World, £1.50; Live Cream, Vol. II, £1.50, all perfect. — Dave Moore, 39 Church Street, Lambly, Notts.

**PINK FLOYD** "Tour '72" album (Dark Side Of Moon "Live"), mint cond., offers? — Kym, 35 Flansham Hse, Clemece St., London E14.

**FEW RECORDS** for sale (singles), send s.a.e. for list, all in good nick. — Write to: Kerry, 12 Grove Park Road, Rainham, Essex RM13 7BX.

**BOLAN, BOWIE,** Faces, Slade, Alice Cooper and Quo rarities, s.a.e. for list — Ron Harris, 29B Bisson Road, Stratford, London E15 2RD.

**ELTON JOHN,** 17-11-70 album, good condition and early singles. — D. J. M. Kevin Harwood, 32 Hamilton Avenue, Leeds LS7 4EQ, West Yorkshire.

**ELP TRIPLE,** Yessongs, £3.50 each, v.g.c., Tales From Top Oceans, Hvy Cream, £2.50 each, v.g.c., lot for £10 or swop. — S. Winton, Ferndale, Carlops, Midlothian.

**PRIVATE ROCK** collection for sale inc. Floyd, Purple, Clapton, Dead, Band, Allmans, s.a.e. for lists. — A. Setters, 5 Ingram Close, Steyning, Sussex.

**I WOULD** like to sell part of my record collection, send s.a.e. for list to — Mr. Ingram, 35 Flatford Rd., Reigate, Surrey RH2 8AB.

**BOWIE SINGLE,** Alias Arnold Corns for sale or swop for early Who singles. — K. Gibson, 41 Jipdane, Orchard Pk Estate, Hull, Yorks.

**RARE PRECIOUS** And Beautiful, also other Bee Gee albums for sale, deleted b.g. albums wanted. — David Preston, 12 Park View, Sheepy, Nr. Atherstone.

**WHAT'S BEEN** Did, Donovan original, 80p; At Last, Mick Abrahams, few scratches, 50p. — A. Whittaker, "Rockside", Field Lane, Blidworth, Notts.

**FOR SALE:** Elegy Nice Look At Yourself, Heep, Experience, Hendrix, £1.50 each; Edgar Broughton, £1.25. — Rob, 154 Woodbourn Rd., Sheffield S9 3LQ.

**BEN E. King,** Stand By Me. — Write to: — Miss J. Rowley, 30 Auxerre Ave., Redditch, Worcs.

**FOR SALE:** Collection of Roxy + B.F.'s records, ex. B.F.'s S.G.I.Y.E. single, £12 inc. lots of posters + info. — M.W., 50 Colby Rd., Thurmaston, Leics.

**FOR SALE:** Many singles and albums by Beatles, Slade, 10cc, Rex, etc., Genesis, S.W.B.T.P., £1.80, Stewart, N.A.D.M. £1.80, all new. — Guy, 1 Tysoe Hill, Glenfield, Leics.

**STORMBRINGER, DEEP** Purple, £2 or swop with Mott Live, send s.a.e. to — Ron, 151 Mickton Road, Minster, Ransgate, Kent CT12 4JB.

**OFFERS:** SIMON and Garfunkle, Hey Schoolgirl LP, Allegro, Slade single, Know Who You Are. — R. Bowler, 108 Pinkneys Rd., Maidenhead, Berks.

**KILLER, WISHBONE,** Four Wind Of C.H., Clapton's Rainbow Concert, Elvis's 40 Greatest or swop. — Ray, 9 Park Rd, Hebburn, Tyne and Wear.

**BEE GEE** deleted singles and albums, new condition, for sale. — Dave Preston, 12 Park View, Sheepy Magna, Nr. Atherstone, Warwickshire CV9 3RT.

**FREE, ALRIGHT** Now Stealer; A&M, mint, £1; Yardbirds, Ten Little Indians; Drinking Muddy Water, Epic, £1, s.a.e. — T. C. H., 10 Dalmorton Road, Wallasey, Merseyside.

**RARE DAVID** Essex single from '69, called Thigh High, offers to — Ronnie, 124 Walden Drive, Bradford 9, West Yorkshire.

**HOLLAND, B. Boys,** Surf's Up, B. Boys, Catch Bull At Four; C. Stevens, Messin; Mann's Earthbound; ELO 1st; ELO 2nd, £1.50, + p&p. — D. Thurlow, 15 Waunfach, Bridgend, Glam.

**BEATLES 1967-1970,** £3; Red Rose Speedway by Paul McCartney, £1.50, both in immaculate condition. — Paul Watts, 46 Coombe Rise, Oadby, Leics.

**ROCK & Roll** Music To The World, T.Y.A., also Hendrix's In The West, £1.25 each. — Write: Jan, 14 Dowson Rd., Hartlepool, Cleveland.

**FLOYD, PURPLE,** Dylan, Wings, ELP, Beach Boys, Lennon, Moodies, many others, LPs, v.g.c., £1 to £2, s.a.e. for list. — Mike, 15 Bellevale Avenue, Ayr, Scotland.

**ROCK GENERATION** Volume 9 (Page, Sony Boy, Auger, etc.), v.g.c., s.a.e. with offers; Wanted, Hot Wacks 2. — Bob, 31 Shaftesbury Dr., Hoyland, Barnsley S74 0DE.

**EPISODE SIX** and Aphrodites Child singles for sale from £1 upwards, s.a.e. to — Andy, 11 Manor Green, Stafford, Staffs.

**BUDGIE 1ST** LP, W.B. & L. Why Doncha, 3 Dog Night Naturally, Moody Blues 7th Sojourn, all v.g.c., all £1.50. — Allan Manorelys, Kinglassie, Fife KY5 0HJ.

**PROPAGANDA & Kimono** My House, both perfect condition, £2 each, s.a.e. to — Roger Marsland, 20 Meadoway, Bishop's Cleeve, Cheltenham, Glos.

**COLLESIUM LIVE** double LP for sale, £2.50, perfect condition. — Graham Lloyd, 90 Prince of Wales Avenue, Flint, Clwyd, N. Wales.

**RONNETTES ALBUM** Featuring Veronica, US Phlles, offers please, excellent condition. — M. Bolton, 14 Rosewell Court, Bath, Avon.

**MANY LPs** and 45s for sale, Stills, 10cc, Floyd, Hendrix, many oldies, v.g.c., s.a.e. for list. — P. Humphreys, 73 Southwood Road, New Eltham, SE9.

**UNPLAYED HARVEY** Andrews and John Kongos LPs for sale, bargains at £1 each + 20p p&p. — M. Nicholson 7 Hexham Rd., West Norwood, SE27.

**FANTASTIC LPs,** sell or exchange, don't delay. — Graham, 4 Normanton Avenue, Wembleton SW19.

**FLOYD, MASTERS,** Cream, Disraeli, Badfinger, Dice LPs, £1.35 each. — R. Rothwell, 52 Middlemass Hey, Netherley, Liverpool 27.

**ALBUMS BY ELP, T. Rex, D. Purple,** Who, £1.25 each, all in very good condition, please send s.a.e. for list. — Laide, 32 Cathnor Road, London W12, Thams.

**ALBUMS FOR** sale, Purple, Wakeman, Wings, Mountain, Yes, Nazareth, etc. Please send s.a.e. — Stephen Galvin, 25 Court Hey Drive, Liverpool 16.

## SOUNDS FREE SERVICES

Every effort is made by SOUNDS to ensure that advertisements carried in the Free Services are legitimate. But be careful. SOUNDS accepts no responsibility for any loss or damage which may be caused through these announcements.

Do not send money or goods until you have ascertained that the advertiser is bona fide and has the goods advertised available.

It is illegal to advertise for sale pirate or bootleg records and tapes and no advertisements for them will be accepted.

**ALBUMS, AS** new, for sale, e.g. Dark Horse, £1.75, Nice Fair, £1.90 and more. Send s.a.e. for list, also 45s. — 58/63 Hughes, 16 Cornie St., Glasgow G32.

**FLOYD, D.S.O.T.M.,** A.F., Low, S.J., Glitter, R.M.T.W. lps, v.g.c., £1.70, 3 G.G., 2 Mud, Bowie, D.I.S., 2 Beatles singles, g.c., 30p each. — Deb, 3 Loseberry Rd., Claygate, Surrey.

## RECORDS WANTED

**KALEIDOSCOPE** albums "Side Trips" and "A Beacon From Mars" wanted. Your price paid. — P. Macrae, 93 Moss Park Drive, Glasgow, G52 1LL.

**GIVE** Her The Day Jackie Whitram, state price. — J. McInnes, 3 Harris Rd., Port Glasgow, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

**WANTED** Fanny's first LP. Must be very good condition. — Details to Veronica, 25 Orlescote Rd., Coventry.

**WANTED.** Any Who records, singles and import LPs, realistic prices paid. — Write to Howie, 62 Osborne Rd., Litherland, Liverpool 21.

**WANTED,** Elton singles, anything pre Rock and Roll Madonna + bluesology's "Come Back Baby", state price, condition. — E. Donnelly, 107 Ardway Crescent, Glasgow.

**TRIBUTE** to Eddie Cochran by Helnz LP Strange Kind Of Woman by Deep Purple 45, also any Purple Pics etc. — Tull, 137 Sutton Rd., Nr. Abingdon, Oxon.

**BILL** Withers Lean On Me 45, must be v.g.c. you price. — Chris, 89 Radford Street, Worsop, Notts.

**KINKS** Pretty Things, Doors LPs, top prices paid, v.g.c. — 10 Ash Grove, Eastbourne Street, Hessele Road, Hull, Humberside.

**I WOULD** like a copy of Little Willy by Sweet I will give anything up to £1 for a good copy. Thank you.

**ANY** Small Faces singles, I will pay well if in good nick. — K. Dawhurst, 1 Garsfield Road, Liverpool L4 8UJ.

**BOLAN, T. Rex** Johns Children, rare singles or LPs, please state record and price. — P. Steam, 107A Ness Road, Burwell, Cambs., CB5 0DA.

**DYLAN** albums wanted, ten singles (mainly GH-70) for each LP. — Details to: T. Reay, 1 Buchanan's Terrace, Maryport, Cumbria.

**BABS,** 34 Winchester Way, Bolton, BL2 5AA, wants Kinks records: "Little Man In A Little Box", Barry Fantoni "I Go To Sleep" by Cher Peggy Lee, Marian.

**DR. Strangely** Strange LP "Kip Of The Serene" Island label, will pay any price if in good condition. — Write: Geoff, 521 Evesham R D., Redditch, Worcs.

**ELKIE** Brooks ex-Vinegar Joe wanted, pics, cuttings, records before 1970, your price paid. — Michael Walsh, 128 Wellesley Rd., Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

**I GO** Ape by Neil Sedaka. — S. Cookson, Clovelly, Whittingham Road, Longridge, Lancashire, PR3 2AB.

**WANTED** "Itchykoo Park", Small Faces Avers singles on Harvest, Spencer Davis, pre-1968, Softs "L.M.S.M." information to: — Clive Fenton, 4 Caledonian Crescent, Edinburgh.

**JEFF** Beck singles wanted. — Write Kev, 1 Garsfield Road, Liverpool L4 8UJ.

**DAVID** Bowie single Space Oddity and Don MacLean Vincent single, state price please. — Mel Joseph, 6 Joydon Drive, Chadwell Heath, Romford, Essex.

**PYJAMARAMA** wanted, must be good condition. — Write Diana Lee 8 Westbourne Drive, St. Austell, Cornwall, PL25 5EA.

**MOVE** EP Something Else, Pretty Things EP on film, Marty Wilde LP Showcase, Oh Boy LP with Cliff Barsaman — 93 Ave De Republique, 92 Montrouge France.

**COCKNEY** Rebel singles wanted, Big, Big Deal and Sebastian, your price paid. — Miss A. Morris, 22C Lewis Street, Aberaman, Aberdare, Mid. Glamorgan.

**AMBROSE** Slade Beginnings LP or early Slade singles on Fontana label. — Stanley Taylor, 63 Tweed Crescent, Menzieshill, Dundee.

**MARC** Bolan single "The Wizard" and any T. Rex import albums or singles. — Mr. A. Cant, 8 Lane End Road, Rotherham, South Yorks, S60 3HR.

**KIKI** Dee Great Expectations LP, will pay £5 plus any old singles, v.g.c. — Paul, 270 Kent House, Coverdale Crescent, Longsight, Manchester 12.

**ELTON'S** Lady Samantha border song, It's Me That You Need Friends, Rock and Roll Madonna Honky Cat wanted. — G. Whytock, 88 St. Giles Terrace, Dundee.

**WANTED** Beatle imports EP's monthly cuttings solo Beatle imports, Wings & Ram for offers. — Send to: 53 Queensholm Drive, Downend, Bristol.

**EARLY** Bowie singles on Deram Decca, Eye, Philips, Mercury, not L. Gnome or Maxi, your price paid. — P. Smith, 29 Ella Street, Newland Ave., Hull, Yorkshire.

**AN** Anthology of British Blues artists, double RCA album, good price paid. — J. Hartwell, 6 Pleasant Valley, Saffron Walden, Essex.

**JOHN'S** Children single "Midsummer Nights Scene", also Bowies "Prettiest Star" (original) — Mr. A. Cant, 8 Lane End Road, Rotherham, S. Yorks, S60 3HR.

**NEIL** DIAMOND Hot August Night, will buy or swop. — Rosamund Daffurn, 2 Banner Cross Drive, Garrowhill, Hamps, G66 6PL.

**DAN** Hicks & Hot Licks, Asleep At The Wheel LPs wanted. — D. McCarthy, Orrey House, Baker's Road, Cork, Ireland.

**SINGLES,** We Can Swing Together, Alan Hull, Clear White Light, Lindisfarne, pre Lindisfarne Brethren LP offer. — Judy, N. Flinders, Kiplingcoates, Yorks.

**WANTED** Moodies original group singles or EPs, must be in good condition. — Send details, Alan, 22 Grafton House, St Anns, Rotherham S.Y.

**STRANGE** Kind Of Woman, Purple and any other singles by Purple free, Sabbath, Eip, Yes, Zep, Ash, Tull, s.a.e. — J. Iwan, 2 Robert Rd., Sheffield S8 7TL.

**BEACH** Boys Friends album wanted, good price paid. — Steven Clapham, 60 Lynfield Drive, Haworth Road, Bradford, West Yorkshire BD9 6EJ.

**BEGINNINGS** or Ambrose Slade, will give up to £8, depending on quality, also deleted Slade singles up to £1. — Barry, 17 Carron St., Fenton, S-o-T.

**FIRST** Siren LP and B. St. John, Ask No Questions, Wyatt's End Of An Ear, lavish cash for mint. — A. Ashworth, 7 Every Street, Nelson, Lancs.

**G. O'SULLIVAN'S** CBS and major minor singles, Disappearing: Going Home, will pay £2 or more, s.a.e. to: — J. Melhuish, 24 St. Matthews Rd., Donnington, Telford, Staff.

**WHO'S** relay, Join Together, Let's See Action, Call Me Lighting, The Last Time, Ready Steady Who. — Alderson, 31 Rumbold Rd., Edgerton, Huddersfield.

**WANTED** Roger Cook Records, Mink cuttings and Congregation debut LP. — G. McKay, 1648 Dumbarton Rd., Glasgow, G14 9YF.

## SWOPS

**WISHBONE FOUR,** Clapton's Rainbow con., Killer Elvis, 40 greatest Stephen Stills, Berry Back in USA, or sell. — Ray, 9 Park Rd, Hebburn Tyne & Wear.

**WILL** PAY good price or swop 20 MOR singles and Slade album for Back In The USA by MC5, I'll be your friend for life. — Gaz, 78 Fairmont Rd, Grimsby.

**LED ZEPPELIN,** swop £2 ticket for Sunday for any ticket for Friday. — Write first Philip Matthews, 112 Heol Mair, Penrhys, Rhonda; Glam.

**SWOP T. REX** album and Elton John album, and various singles for Just Beginnings album by Ambrose Slade. — Apply No. 2 Harewood Rd, Preston, Lancs.

**SWOP 2** Led Zepplin tickets for 2 Manchester Genesis tickets, price. — 29 Clover Rd, Timperley Cheshire.

**SWOP BRAIN** Salad Surgery, ELP v.g.c., for Zep IV or sell for £1.50, must be v.g.c. — Sue, Hazelwood Lowfields, Stainton, M'boro, Cleveland.

**WESTERN FLIER,** 200 Motels, and Elegy for Yes 1, Relayer, any ELP, any Floyd, ex Relics or Ash's, T.T.R. — Mr E. Coney, 23 Warwick St, South Bank, Teeside.

**SWOP LARGE** collection of pics, T. Rex, Sweet, Roxy, Rod, Elton, Slade, Beatles (since split) for Bowie pictures. — Shane, 47 Keswick Rd, Timperley, Ches.

**BLUE JAYS** Hayward and Lodge, Welcome Santana, Who Live At Leeds, like new sell or swop. — J. George, 17 Spring Terr., Swansea, Glam., SA1 3TD.

**WILL** SWOP Slade, Faces McTell, Saver, for any String Band, Sladest, Mike Hiron, Zep, Yes or Rod LP. — D. Burn 210 Yndfall Way, Montagu, Newcastle 3.

## INSTRUMENTS

**WATKINS** 10 watt guitar amp, with reverb pedal, good condition, £10. — Write Stuart-Ross, 1 Dovecroft, Kirkcudbright, Scotland.

**30** WATT amplifier, 2 inputs, all valve, really tremendous sound, £25, 6 stringed guitar, with pickup, £10. — 29 Excelsior Gdns, Lewisham, SE1 3TPS.

**ZENTA** Strat copy, as new, £35 one. — Flat No 7, 83A Grove Lane, London SE.

**FUZZ** Wah Antoria, cost £25, hardly used, £15. GEM volume pedal, as new, £5. — Dave Hallas, 22 Fieldhead Cres, Birstall Nr Leeds, Yorks.

**ELECTRIC** guitar for sale, as new, £30, ideal for beginner. — Richard Levick, 49 Castle Hill, Eckington Nr Sheffield S319AX.

**FOR SALE,** Klira electric guitar, 2 PU, tremolo, £20. Also Bush arena amp, 10w per channel, £15. — Paul, 1A Stockwell Park Crescent, Stockwell SW9.

**PA, 60W** amp, speakers, reverb & horns, £250 one, will exchange for Gibson SG. — M. A. Carson, 61 Exton Close, Bransholme, Hull, Yorkshire HU74EP.

**WANTED** cheap bass drum, prefer Premier. — 11A Sharon Road, Enfield, Middx.

## ACCOMMODATION

**COUPLE** SEEK accommodation in USA (West Coast), during June and July. Prepared to work in return. — H. Barnes, 117 High St., Westbury, Wilts.

## WORK

**POP ROCK** Band, seeks work in South Scotland, North England area. — For details contact: Andy, 46 Nivison Ave., Sankhar DG4 6AS.

**INEXPERIENCED** DRUMMER wanted, own kit, Sunderland or area. — Apply John Flanagan, 36 North Bridge St., Sunderland, Tyne-Wear SR5, 1AH.

**WANTED** amateur musicians, to join bass and rhythm guitarist / vocalist. — Terry, 58 Oak Avenue, Tottenham, London N17 8JJ.

**GUITAR/HARP** player seeks 60's R 'N' B enthusiasts, Spencer, Davis, etc. — Robert Collins, 101 Kilmeyn Cres., Wishaw, Lanarkshire.

**2 GUY'S** (17), need work for school holidays, Glasgow or anywhere, with accommodation. — Write to F. MacIntyre, 20 Bedale Rd., Bailieston, Glasgow.

**GOOD** HARP player wants work with band, Butterfield, Canned Heat, etc., Birmingham area. — D. Welsh, 11 Moat House, Munslow Grove, Birmingham B31 4DD.

**WANTED** HOME typing, anything considered. — Cheryl Morgan, 6 Heol Meurig, Gurnos, Lr Cwmtwrch, Nr. Swansea.

**WANTED** LEARNER drummer and girl singer, to join 2 learner guitarists, Clacton area, no cash yet. — Chris, 63 The Street, Weeley, Essex CO16 9JA.

**LYRICIST** and lead guitarist, seek to join or form group, to record original material. — A. George, 25 Dorrien Walk, Streatham Hill, London SW16.

**AMBITIOUS** songwriter, seeks alliance with pop group, to record song(s) aimed at charts. — John, 136 Croydon Road, Penge, London SE20.

**MAIDSTONE** BASED semi pro pop and rock band, require local vocalist. — Contact C. S. Ralph, 15 Chestnut Ave., Chatham, Kent ME5 9AH.

**PEOPLE** 16-18 years, wanted to form group, playing rock, blues, don't need to be brilliant. Please write to — Julian, 46a Lavender Sweep, Bat SW11.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**HEADPHONES** in v.g.c., with separate volume controls, cost £8, accept £4. — Send s.a.e. to: K. Gordon, 14 Scone Gardens, Edinburgh EH8 7DQ.

**GOLDEN** EARRING concert programme wanted, as cheap as possible. — Write: Derek Greaves, 21 Isaac Walton Pic, Hill Top, West Bromwich, Staffs B70 0LT.

**BOWIE** FANS 20 live photos of Hammersmith Gigs 1973 + Bowie Concert Programmes, Books, Pictures, Posters. — Write to Ziggy, 3 Hollyban Close, Hampton, Middlesex.

**WANTED:** TWO tickets for any Zep. Concert at Earls Court, will pay well. — Dave Harris, 8 University Court, Bucksburn, Aberdeen, Scotland.

**PLEASE** SEND any pics, articles, etc. of Rory, Gallagher, Zep, Purple, Floyd, or B.S.T. Louis. — M. C. Enhill, 45 Gortrush Park, Omagh, Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland.

**WANTED:** BOLAN Press cuttings, 1972, and back, will pay. — L. Grieve, Freshfields, Crouch House Road, Edebnridge, Kent TN8 5EE.

**WANTED**

# sounds on the road

## wednesday

**GONG / GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY**, Top Rank, Swansea.  
**JONATHAN KELLY**, Comrade's Club, Doncaster.  
**GRAHAM COLLIER MUSIC**, Phoenix, Cavendish Square, London W1.  
**PAPER LACE**, Theatre Royal, Norwich.  
**DESMOND DEKKER**, Gabriel's, Greyfriars Road, Ipswich.  
**WITCHES BREW**, Kensington, Russell Gardens, Holland Road, London W14.  
**BEES MAKE HONEY**, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, London NW1.  
**STEVE GIBBONS BAND**, Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1.  
**JOHNNY MARS AND THE SUNFLOWER BOOGIE BAND**, Brecknock, 227 Camden Road, London NW1.  
**KELLY'S EYE**, Hope & Anchor, 207 Upper Street, London N1.  
**MOON**, Kensington, Russell Gardens, Holland Road, London W14.  
**OCEAN**, Greyhound, Fulham.  
**TOO HOT TO HANDLE**, Lord Nelson, 100 Holloway Road, London N7.  
**DRY CANE**, Windsor Castle, 309 Harrow Road, London W10.  
**SCARECROW**, Western Counties, 8 London Street, London W2.  
**PETE METCALFE / JAMIE LORD**, Centre Folk, 12 Adelaide Street, London.  
**FROGMORTON**, Westfield College, Kidderpore Avenue, London NW3.  
**TAPICERS**, Dingle's, Adams Arms, Conway Street, London W1.  
**TONY ROSE**, Uxbridge, Load of Hay, Villier Street, Uxbridge.  
**NICK PICKETT / CATCHPENNY / DAVE BERMAN**, Stratford, Stage One, 15 / 17 Deane Road, London E15.  
**CAPTAIN KANGAROO**, Matilda's, Old Swan, 206 Kensington Church Street, London W8.  
**CHRIS BARBER'S JAZZ BAND / NEVILLE DICKIE TRIO**, 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street, London W1.  
**BILL LE SAGE / TONY LEE**, Bull's Head, Barnes Bridge, London SE15.  
**FERRY COMO**, New Theatre, Southampton.  
**FRUUPP / ASYLUM**, City Hall, Salisbury.  
**FBI**, St. Asaph Stables Club, Rhyd, NEW YORK CITY, Gullivers Club, London W1.  
**MIKE MORTON SOUND**, Cat's Whiskers, Streatham.  
**PADDY GREY / GEORGE ADAIR**, Crown, Edgware Road, London.  
**TIM HARDIN**, Leascliffe Hall, Folkstone.  
**ELA FITZGERALD**, Talk of the Midlands, Derby.  
**EQUALS**, Chevron Club, Abergavenny.  
**ATLANTIC SOUL PACKAGE with DETROIT SPINNERS / BEN E. KING / SISTER SLEDGE / JIMMY CASTOR BUNCH**, Colston Hall, Bristol.  
**BLACKBOTTOM STOMPERS**, Lord Napier, Thornton.  
**NEW ERA JAZZ BAND**, Flanagan's, Putney.  
**EDDIE THOMPSON TRIO**, Tithe Farm House, South Harrow.  
**RON RUSSELL JAZZ BAND**, Chinbrook Hotel, Grove Park.  
**DIRTY HAT BAND**, Red Lion, Blechworth.  
**MAGGIE NICHOLS / JOHN STEVENS WORKSHOP**, Rochelle School, Bethnal Green.  
**ALEX CAMPBELL**, Rising Sun, Salisbury.  
**IAN CAMPBELL FOLK GROUP**, White Hart, Redditch.  
**MIKE MARAN**, Eglinton Arms, Irvine.  
**ROBIN & BARRY DRANSFIELD**, Rams Head, Disley.  
**BULLY WEE**, Riverside Club, Bir-stall.  
**NEW YORK CITY**, Gullivers, Down Street, London W1.

## thursday

**STEVE HARLEY & COCKNEY REBEL**, Theatre Royal, Norwich.  
**CHRIS FOSTER**, Rotherham Folk Club, Masons Arms, Wellgate.  
**GONG / GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY**, Town Hall, Cheltenham.  
**MANITAS DE PLATA**, De Montfort Hall, Leicester.  
**PETER IND**, 7 Dials, 27 Shelton Street, London WC2.  
**DEMIS ROUSSOS**, City Hall, Newcastle.  
**BREWERS DROOP**, Wellington, Stratfield Turgis.  
**BROTHER LEES**, Collingwood Club, Fareham, Hants.  
**AGNES STRANGE**, Windsor Castle, Paddington.  
**FBI**, City Centre Club, Tower Street, Coventry.  
**JOANNA CARLIN**, Jug & Punch Club, Black Dog, Havant.  
**MAGNA CARTA**, Marquee Club, London.  
**ARENA**, The Granary, Bristol.  
**JOHN BALDRY & HIS FRIENDS**, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, London W1.  
**JOHNNY MARS & THE SUNFLOWER BOOGIE BAND**, Nag's Head, High Wycombe.  
**STRUTTERS**, Hope & Anchor, 207 Upper Street, London N1.  
**MOON**, Golden Lion, 490 Fulham Road, London SW6.  
**GUN RUNNER**, Brecknock, 227 Camden Road, London NW1.  
**OUT OF ORDER**, Sundown, 157 Charing Cross Road, London WC2.  
**QUICKSAND**, Greyhound, Fulham.  
**ULZANA**, Lord Nelson, 100 Holloway Road, London N7.  
**CAJUN**, Western Counties, 8 London Street, London W2.  
**SCARECROW**, Lord Palmerston, 648 King Road, London SW6.  
**CHRIS ROHMANN**, Shakespeare's Head, Gt. Marlborough Street, London W1.

## EDITED BY LIZ COOPER

NOSTALGIA-lovers get the opportunity for a wallow this Thursday, April 10. There's a special concert at the London Lyceum with George Melly, John Chilton's Feetwarmers, The Pasadena Roof Orchestra and pianist Neville Dickie. It is from 8 pm to 1 am and tickets are £1.50 in advance, £1.80 on the door.  
 For those of you with more of a Seventies taste in music, Gong start off their extensive British tour this week. Support band is Global Village Trucking Company and the tour kicks off at Swansea Top Rank April 9, Cheltenham Town Hall 10, Bracknell Sports Centre 12, Bristol Colston Hall 13, Leicester De Montfort Hall 14, and Stoke Victoria Palace Hall 15.

## RADIO ONE

**WEDNESDAY ANNE NIGHTINGALE REVIEWS THE LATEST SOUNDS** 5.15 pm  
**THURSDAY JOHN PEEL** 5.15 pm Stealer's Wheel  
**FRIDAY ROSKO'S ROUNDTABLE** 5.15 pm  
**SATURDAY MY TOP 12** 1 pm  
**MAC & KATIE KISSOON** 2 pm  
**JOHN PEEL** 5.00 pm  
**IN CONCERT Caravan** 6.00 pm  
**SUNDAY SPEAKEASY** — Ronnie Lane 2.00 pm  
**DAVE LEE TRAVIS** 3.00 pm  
**STORY OF POP** 5.00 pm  
**TOM BROWNE** — Top Twenty 6.00 pm  
**SOUNDS ON SUNDAY** — Pilot 7 p.m.  
**MONDAY JOHN PEEL** 5.15 am Dr. Feelgood John Martyn  
**TUESDAY ALAN FREEMAN** 5.15 pm

## PICCADILLY

**MONDAY ROGER DAY** 6 am  
**DAVE EASTWOOD** 9 am  
**FOLKSPAN** with local folk artists 7 pm  
**ROKZAC** with Pete Johnson 7.30-11 pm  
**PICCADILLY NIGHTBEAT** with Tony Emmerson 11 pm-6 am  
**TUESDAY ARENA** 7 pm  
**ROKZAC** with the American Top 50 7.30-11 pm  
**WEDNESDAY as Monday except: TIME TO TALK** 7 pm  
**THURSDAY as Monday except: PICCADILLY JAZZ CLUB** 7 pm  
**FRIDAY as Monday except: SOUL TRAIN** with Phil Griffin 7.30-11 pm  
**SATURDAY PHIL WOOD** 6-9 am  
**STEVE ENGLAND** 9am-1 pm  
**GOLDEN YEARS OF MELODY** 5.30 pm  
**PICCADILLY BOOGIE** — West Indian and African music 6.30-7.30 pm

**MOUNTAIN LINE**, Barnet & Whetstone, Black Bull, High Road, London N20.  
**MICK SMITH**, Grail, White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow.  
**BRENDA WOOTTON / ROB BARTLETT**, Prince of Wales, Dalling Road, London W6.  
**BRIAN MILLER BAND**, Torrington, 4 Lodge Lane, London N12.  
**BILL LE SAGE / ART THEMAN**, 4 Bull's Head, Barnes Bridge, London SE15.  
**GEORGE MELLY / FEETWARMERS / PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA / NEVILLE DICKIE**, Lyceum, The Strand, London WC2.  
**SWEET SENSATION**, Country Club, Stockport.  
**NEW YORK CITY**, Tracey's, Gloucester.

## friday

**JUDAS PRIEST**, Penthouse, Scarborough.  
**STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL**, Kursaal, Southend.  
**MANITAS DE PLATA**, Winter Gardens, Bournemouth.  
**RUBETTES**, National Stadium, Dublin.  
**JONATHAN KELLY**, Newcastle Polytechnic.  
**BE BOP PRESERVATION SOCIETY**, Architectural Association, London.  
**BIFFO**, Hope & Anchor, 207 Upper Street, London N1.  
**DEMIS ROUSSOS**, City Hall, Newcastle.  
**BLACKFOOT SUE**, Country Bumpkin, Andover.  
**THE TREMELOES**, Omega Club, Strood, Kent.  
**FBI**, Upstairs at Ronnie's, 47 Frith Street, London W1.  
**FAST EDDY**, Duke of York, Yeovil.  
**GONG/GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY**, Swindon College, Wilts.  
**KURSAAL FLYERS**, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, London NW1.  
**NEW YORK CITY**, Top Hat, Spenny-moor.  
**BRIAN DEWHURST**, Rivington Hall Barn, Nr. Bolton, Lancs.  
**SHABBY TIGER**, Locarno, Sunderland.

## PICCADILLY NIGHTBEAT

with Steve Merike 11 pm-6 am  
**SUNDAY FOLKSPAN** (repeat) 6 am  
**JAZZ CLUB** (repeat) 7-7.30 am  
**'SQUARE ONE** 8.30-9 am  
**TONY EMMERSON** with Piccadilly Hit 20 10 am-1 pm  
**SOUL TRAIN** with Andy Peebles 7-11 pm  
**PICCADILLY NIGHT BEAT** 11 pm-6 am

## CAPITAL

**MONDAY TO FRIDAY KENNY EVERETT** 6 am  
**MICHAEL ASPEL** 9 am  
**DAVE CASH** 12 noon  
**ROGER SCOTT** 3 pm  
**NICKY HORNE'S SHOW** 9 pm  
**TONY MYATT** 11 pm  
**NIGHT FLIGHT** 2 am  
**SATURDAY KERRY JUBY** 7 am  
**ROGER SCOTT** 9 am, Capital Countdown.  
**AMERICAN PIE** 12 noon  
**SOUL SPECTRUM** with Greg Edwards 6-10 pm  
**ROCK PILE** with Tommy Vance 10 pm  
**NIGHT FLIGHT** 2 am

**SUNDAY SOLID GOLD SUNDAY** 9 am  
**GERALD HARPER** 11 am  
**MARDI GRAS** with Brian Rust 10 pm  
**NIGHT FLIGHT** 2 am

## RADIO CLYDE

**TUESDAY BREAKFAST SHOW** 6.03 am  
**STEVE JONES** 9.05 am  
**RICHARD PARK** 12.05 pm  
**TOM AT TWO** with Tom Ferrie 2.03 pm  
**HOMEWARD BOUND** with Tony Currie 4.30 pm  
**GLEN CAMPBELL STORY** 6.10 pm  
**TIGER TIM** 8 pm  
**NOSTALGIA** — Richard Park with golden oldies 12.05 am  
**WEDNESDAY (as Tuesday till 6 pm)**  
**JAZZ SPOTLIGHT** with Jim Waugh 6 pm  
**POP** with Brian Ford 8 pm  
**ALBUM TRACKS** with Tom Ferrie 12.05 am  
**THURSDAY (as Tuesday till 6 pm)**  
**COUNTRY SOUNDS** with Bill Black 6 pm  
**MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS** with Tiger Tim 8 pm  
**MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT** 10.30 pm

## SOMETHING DIFFERENT

with Tim Stevens 12.05 am  
**FRIDAY (as Tuesday till 6 pm)**  
**PARKINSON'S PICTURE SHOW** 6 pm, with Alan Price  
**CLYDE CLIMBERS** with Brian Ford 9 pm  
**BOOZIE WOOGIE ROCK SHOW** Steve Jones with guest Chris de Burgh 11 pm  
**SATURDAY MACDONALD'S MUSIC BOX** 6.05 am  
**CLYDE ALBUM COUNTDOWN** with Tom Ferrie 12.30 pm  
**SATURDAY AT SPANKIES** Disco 11 pm  
**SUNDAY COUNTRY SOUNDS** with Bill Black 2 pm  
**RADIO CLYDE TOP 30** with Tiger Tim 4 pm  
**JIM MACLEOD** 7 pm

## METRO RADIO

(TYNE/WEAR AREA)  
**MONDAY DAVE GREGORY** 6 am  
**GROAT MARKET** with Len Groat 9.30 am  
**HARRY ROWELL SHOW** 12.02 pm  
**BIG PHIL** soul music 6.30 pm  
**TUESDAY as Monday except: JAZZ** with Alan Twelftree 7.30 pm  
**WEDNESDAY as Monday except: JACK LEONARD'S SHOW** 7.30 pm  
**THURSDAY as Monday except: BIG PHIL** soul music 6.30 pm  
**FRIDAY as Monday except: FOLK** with Benny Graham 7.30 pm  
**SATURDAY BILL STEEL BREAKFAST SHOW** 7 am  
**DON'S SATURDAY SHOP** 9.03 am  
**THIS IS STEREO** 5.40 pm  
**TAKE THIS** 7 pm  
**SATURDAY NIGHT** with Mark Williams 11 pm-2 am  
**SUNDAY JACK LEONARD'S SHOW** (repeat) 7 am  
**METRO MUSIC WEEK** 10 am  
**YOURS FOR THE ASKING** requests 12.10 pm  
**SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT** 3.30 pm  
**IN TRACK** 7, Giles Square reviews new albums 8.30 pm  
**BRIDGES** — Progressive and contemporary music 10.30 pm

## saturday

**GLEN CAMPBELL**, Odeon, Birmingham.  
**STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL**, Odeon, Hammersmith.  
**STRANGE DAYS**, New Inn, Alsop, Nr. Buxton.  
**GONG/GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY**, Sports Centre, Bracknell.  
**JUDAS PRIEST**, Links Pavilion, Cromer.  
**DEMIS ROUSSOS**, Belle Vue, Manchester.  
**THE TREMELOES**, Red Lion, Sunningdale, Berks.  
**ALBERTOS**, Clarence's Club, Halifax.  
**GOOD ROCKING TONIGHT**, Winter Gardens, Eastbourne.  
**BYZANTIUM**, Castle Hotel, Carmarthen.  
**NEW YORK CITY**, California Ballroom, Dunstable.  
**BRIAN DEWHURST**, Rugby Club, Ashton under Lyne.  
**SHABBY TIGER**, Bubbles, Carlisle.  
**FBI**, Upstairs at Ronnie's, 47 Frith Street, London W1.  
**WARLORD**, Greyhound, Fulham.  
**McSMITH**, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, London NW1.  
**CONKERS**, The Granary, Bristol.  
**MAGNA CARTA**, King's Cross Theatre, London.

## sunday

**GLEN CAMPBELL**, Palladium, London.  
**BEES MAKE HONEY**, Tithe Farmhouse, Eastcote Lane, South Harrow.  
**STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL**, Odeon, Hammersmith.  
**GONG/GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY**, Colston Hall, Bristol.  
**JONATHAN KELLY**, New London Theatre, Drury Lane, London WC2.  
**MANITAS DE PLATA**, New Victoria, Hanley.  
**WALLY WHYTON**, Deanwater Hotel, Woodford.  
**PETE SAYER'S GRAND OLE OPRY ROAD SHOW**, Nashville Rooms, London.  
**BILL BARCLAY**, Victoria Palace, London.  
**PAPER LACE**, Playhouse, Nottingham.  
**DEMIS ROUSSOS**, Guild Hall, Preston.  
**JO ANN KELLY**, Central Hotel, Barking Road, East Ham.  
**G. T. MOORE & THE REGGAE GUITARS**, Torrington, 4 Lodge Lane, London N12.  
**DAVE TURNER**, The Centre, 12 Adelaide Street, London.  
**WITCHES BREW**, Newlands Tavern, 40 Stuart Road, London SE15.  
**ARGENT / ALBERTOS / CIRCUS ATTRACTIONS**, Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, London NW1.  
**MAJESTICS**, Baileys, Hull.  
**SNAFU**, Winning Post, Twickenham.  
**GLITTER BAND**, Leascliffe Hall, Folkestone.  
**BETTY WRIGHT**, Gilly's Club, London.  
**FRANKIE LAINE**, Broadway, Manchester (one week).  
**NEW YORK CITY**, O. Club, London.

## monday

**GENESIS**, Empire, Wembley.  
**RORY GALLAGHER**, Colston Hall, Bristol.

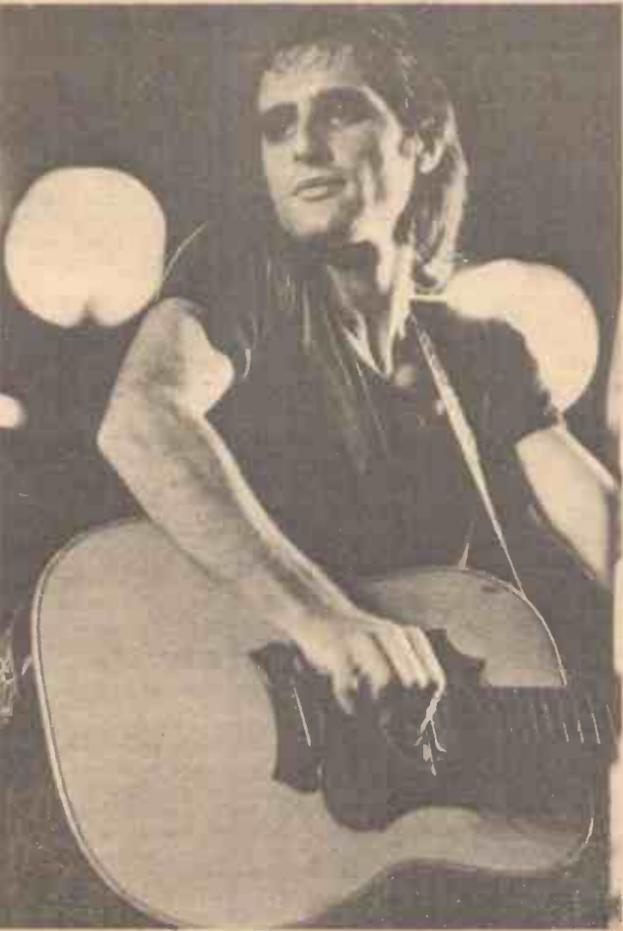
**KAI WINDING / MONTY ALEXANDER**, Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith Street, London.  
**GONG / GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY**, De Montfort Hall, Leicester.  
**MANITAS DE PLATA**, Guild Hall, Preston.  
**STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL**, Odeon, Hammersmith.  
**THE McCALMANS**, Centre Hotel, Bristol.  
**PAPER LACE**, Fairfield Hall, Croydon.  
**DEMIS ROUSSOS**, City Hall, Sheffield.  
**ALBERTOS**, Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1.  
**MICHIGAN FLYERS**, Fishmongers Arms, Wood Green.  
**STAN ARNOLD**, Railway Folk Club, Fratton, Portsmouth.  
**BATTI MAMZELLE**, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, London NW1.  
**MAGNA CARTA**, Farnham Technical College.  
**CANDLEWICK GREEN**, Fagins Club, Manchester.  
**MAJESTICS**, Bailey's, Hull.  
**SWEET SENSATION**, Chicken Inn, Oxford.  
**GLITTER BAND**, City Hall, Sheffield.

## tuesday

**JUDAS PRIEST**, Barbarella's, Birmingham.  
**GENESIS**, Empire Pool, Wembley.  
**GONG / GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY**, Victoria Hall, Hanley.  
**MANITAS DE PLATA**, Fairfield Hall, Croydon.  
**PAPER LACE**, Pavilion, Hemel Hempstead.  
**BLACKFOOT SUE**, HMS Collingwood, Nr. Portsmouth.  
**MOSSA**, Upstairs at Ronnie's, 47 Frith Street, London W1.  
**KELLY'S EYE**, Greyhound, Fulham.  
**ALBERTOS**, Newlands, 40 Stuart Road, London SE15.  
**RORY GALLAGHER**, Civic Hall, Guildford.  
**BETTY WRIGHT**, Royal Tottenham (E1) + 100 Club, Oxford Street, London W1.  
**YES**, City Hall, Newcastle.  
**BRIAN DEWHURST**, Rugby Club, Kedleston, Derby.  
**FBI**, Gullivers, Down Street, London W1.  
**WITCHES BREW**, Windsor Castle, 309 Harrow Road, London W10.  
**JOHN HALSEY'S BAND**, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, London NW1.  
**CANDLEWICK GREEN**, Fagins Club, Manchester.  
**MAJESTICS**, Bailey's, Hull.

## COMING EVENTS

**GENESIS**, Gaumont, Southampton (April 16).  
**YES**, Gilly Hall, Newcastle (April 16).  
**SLADE**, Winter Gardens Bourne-mouth (April 18).  
**GRAND FUNK RAILROAD**, Empire Pool, Wembley (April 18).  
**RAY CHARLES**, Royal Festival Hall, London (April 19).  
**RORY GALLAGHER**, Roundhouse, Dagenham (April 19).  
**RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON**, Town Hall, Oxford (April 22).  
**KEVIN COYNE / KURSAAL FLYERS**, University of Strathclyde (April 24).  
**THREE DEGREES**, Odeon, Hammersmith (April 25).



● HARLEY: Norwich, Thursday  
**COSMIC LOVE**, Youth Club, Diss.  
**MAGNA CARTA**, King's Cross Theatre, London.  
**AVON CITIES**, The Granary, Bristol.  
**SNAFU**, Golden Diamond, Sutton in Ashfield.  
**SWEET SENSATION**, Memorial Hall, Northwich.

## SOTTO VOCE NES

"THANK YOU, Thank You, that was a hit you know — all the rest were junk!" said Mike Nesmith after a burst of applause for the first chords of his opening number 'Joanne' but before Mike Nesmith came Bryn Haworth backed up by a one-off band of Dave Mattacks, John Porter, Pat Donaldson and a very lively Pete Wingfield. Haworth has a serviceable, if hardly distinctive voice, ditto tunes which he ran through in a loose and enthusiastic manner more like a studio session than a concert. Then came Papa Nes waving in an 'Aw Shucks!' fashion as his arrival onstage was met with rapturous applause.  
 An evening with Mike Nesmith is that thing so many solo performers are billed as but rarely deliver: an intimate occasion where one man invites you to see things his way and brings a bagful of fine songs along to illustrate his point. Last year at the Roundhouse at the end of a heavy day people stopped sliding down the wall and actually got quiet just so they could hear his little raps and sotto voce performance. Same thing at Victoria Palace: when he hushed you could have heard a sparrow fart.  
 His songs are marked by a gentle melancholy and regret: 'The closeness is gone/Still/The memory lingers

on', goes one off the ironically titled 'And The Hits Just Keep On Coming' album from which he drew most of his set. And irony in his other key device tempering the tendency to self-pity in lines like: "I've forgotten how long I've been sitting here/Watching my reflection in a disappearing beer."  
 One thing missing from the set was O. J. Red Rhodes' sweet steel guitar, as Nesmith acknowledged with an "Ah, Go Red!" where the solo should have been on 'Grand Ennu'. But most of all, between the songs delivered half sung half spoken often in a near parody of himself, it was the rambling raps about Love, and Consciousness and God that made his set remarkable.  
 His closing two numbers were taken from a new work 'The Prison', and he asked and got complete silence, before and after them so that the audience was left to watch him pick up his guitar and orange juice bottles and depart in perfect quiet. As someone remarked, it was no way to get an encore; but Papa Nes was obviously happier to close with the entire audience making the sound of one hand clapping. Pity he didn't sing 'Propinquity' though.  
**MIKE FLOOD PAGE.**  
 More Live Sounds Pages 42/43.

# sounds on the road

## T. Dream, perchance to nod off

A NEAR capacity audience greeted Tangerine Dream at the Albert Hall last week — their first British concert for some time — and most of it sat suitably quiet and attentive, even transfixed, while sounds burbled and hissed around at regular intervals.

But to me — and, on the evidence of Wednesday's concert, I'm very much in the minority — Dream remain rather cold and ponderous, an enigma, a phenomenon I can barely begin to understand.

They chose to improvise just two lengthy pieces, an interval between them, not recognisably different from each other. The trio took to the stage almost reluctantly, vaguely discernible shadows picked out now and again by a hazy blue light, and remaining, for the whole evening, completely anonymous.

At first the sound was localised and curiously distant, later it began steadily to build in stature, stereo, then quadrophonic effects were used tastefully and sparingly. Dream deliberately added layer after layer of pulsating sound, interspersed with deep chorals and harsh, percussive sounds, culminating in a crashing wave effect which, by virtue of the quad system, travelled slowly around the auditorium.

That particular stage finished, they seemed content to start it all over again — and it began to get a little tiresome. So, while other people were leaning forward in their seats, staring at the darkened stage and posed like statues of the Thinker, while the brows of others were knitted in apparently immense concentration, my mind was wandering.

Spellbinding, I decided, this was not.

The interval came and John Peel appeared on stage to announce, to those who had already begun to leave, that it was not the end of the concert and that Dream would be back on stage in some 20 minutes.

More tweeterings, bleeps and repetitious synthesising, followed by tumultuous applause, and that was it. Quite honestly, it was not an experience I would like to go through again. — GEOFF BARTON.

## Demis Roussos

DEMIS ROUSSOS, having become popular on the Continent, is intent on achieving the same rating over here, and the reception he received from a full house at the Birmingham Odeon last Thursday, showed he is perhaps on the way to realising his ambition.

Certainly, there has always been a market for the sentimental balladeer, and with such songs as 'Goodbye My Love, Goodbye', 'My Only Fascination', and 'Forever And Ever', Roussos is more than supplying the need for the bunch of flowers and box of chocolates brigade.

At first sight, he is an unlikely romantic hero though. Portly, bearded and clad in flowing robe, he bears a strange resemblance to an Old Testament prophet, and he emphasises this by his tendency to stand, arms half raised, blessing band and audience alike. His voice is strong, but sounded forced at times when singing in the higher octaves that by definition a romantic tenor has to dwell in, but he supplied sufficient vibrato to capture that heartfelt sob in his voice.

He also has a love of the long, drawn-out note or phrase where he receives plentiful har-

monic support from his backing group. Incidentally, for a non-ballad lover, namely me, the band provided some good moments, particularly during an instrumental that developed out of 'Thousand Years'. However, this is obviously of secondary importance to the majority of the audience, who were happy enough with the songs themselves and so, to young lovers everywhere, goodnight. — PHIL HOLT.

## Jack The Lad

THE LINDIES are dead — long live Jack the Lad. That was the idea behind the Lad's first ever headline date in their hometown's rock cathedral, the Newcastle City Hall. They were applying for the vacancy left by the Geordie band. So, though they were top of the bill, in one sense it was a question of "Did we pass the audition?". Certainly the promoters did their best with Rab Noakes and a local comedian-folkie called Mick Elliott who makes the biggest venue feel like the back-room of a pub for the duration of his act. And it was maybe just as well the audience had been well warmed-up because the heroes designate, normally as crisp as could be after two years graft on the road, admitted to being nervous and never really shook the raggedness out of their work — a canny few vocal and instrumental harmonies missed out.

But having picked the nits there's no doubt the overall effect was most pleasurable. Their basic motif is still the jig-a-jig with Ray Laidlaw's drums whipping it out of cuteness into excitement and they've now got together a really strong set of songs with the sort of hooklines that bite into the memory. It's not a sound that is widely accepted, yet looking at Steele's new single they must think they have half a dozen numbers that could take them across the bridge from being respected to being rich.

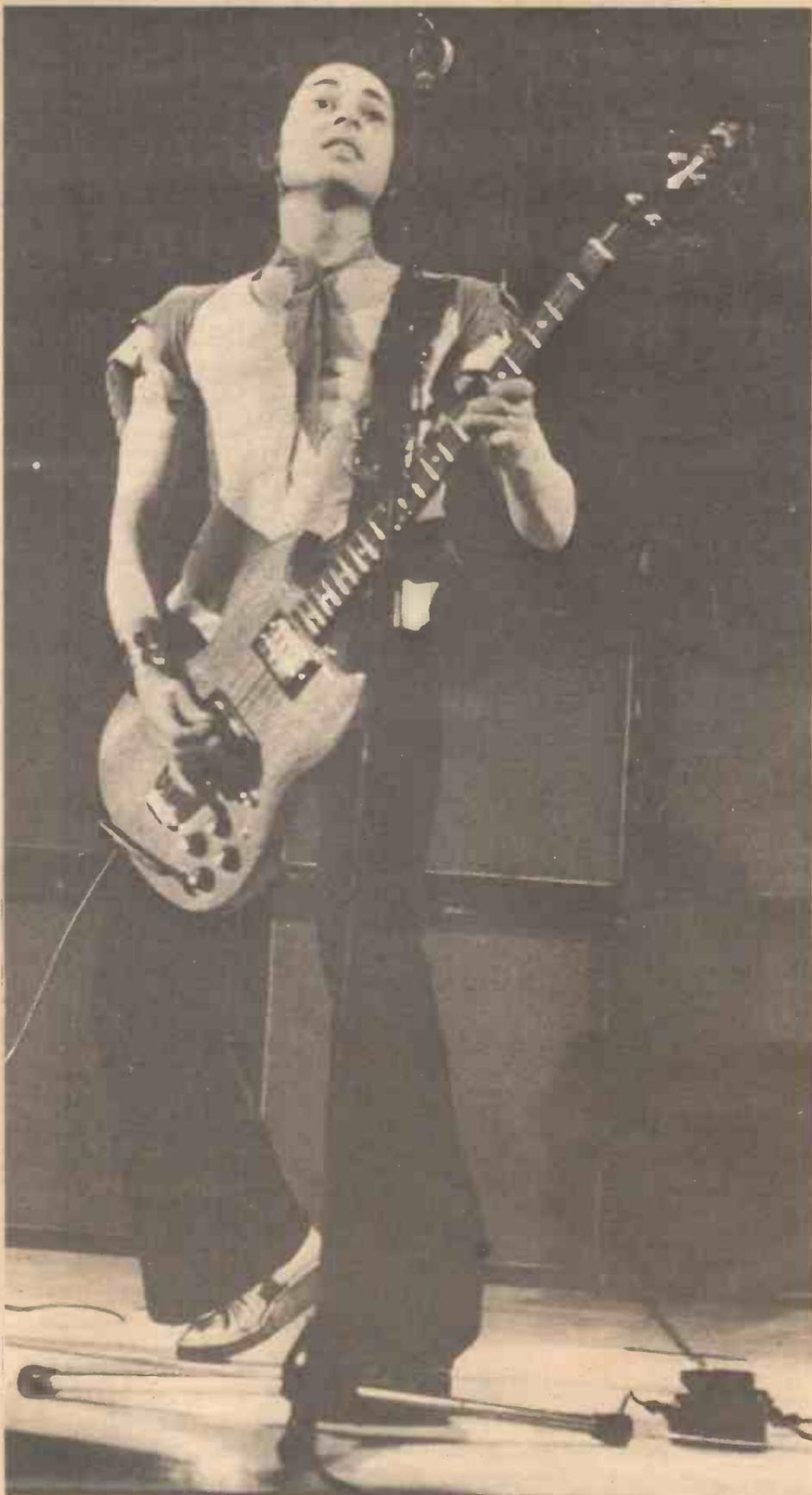
If the Bump can 'make it why not the Jib? It would be nice and not just for partisan reasons. They showed the City Hall some musical potential unexplored by any band: in brief snatches when they forgot the occasion the combination of mandolin, violin and electric lead took off into a hobgoblin land of musical anarchy as wild and eye popping as anything a heavy metal freak-out kid ever aspired to.

They're flexible within the framework too because singer Bill Mitchell, lead Si Cowe and fiddler Walter Fairbairn all play mandolin as needed. As for Phil Murray, it has been said that he started out as a bassist and finished up as an idiot. He breaks up the act with a couple of very long and very funny stories and it ain't arf good to 'ave a larf at a rock show. Though he can be a trifle indelicate. One of his tales is about a perambulant petomane (a bloke who farts as he walks). — PHIL SUTCLIFFE

## Dave Berry

IT'S NOT every night that you can see an 'international star' performing in a backstreet night club in Newcastle — except for last week, when Dave Berry was in residence at the Dolce Vita.

I'm not too clued in on club acts, so can I refer you to Jen, who was just out of nappies when Dave was first in the charts. She said: "He's luvly" He's too good for this. He



● FRASER: A good riff / hook line to sustain interest

## The stayaways missed a treat

"EVERYBODY had heard of Free, but I soon found out that after the split only about 300 knew who Andy Fraser was", so said Andy after the gig at the Usher Hall. And he was just about right in terms of numbers who had turned out to see his new band. However, as often happens, the stayaway fans missed a real treat.

At first glance, Andy's band appears a bit odd: just

bass, piano and drums. Not so. Andy has perfected a style of bass playing that has him sounding like a lead guitar, while Nick Judd provides the rhythm track on piano and a bass line using the piano's bass pedal.

The material, all Andy's except for an interesting version of 'Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood', is mostly mid-paced rock with a bit more emphasis on the funky side.

Where Andy scores is that he really can write a good riff/hook line to sustain interest. Good examples were, 'Love Is All Around', 'Keep On Lovin' You', 'Baby Forever' and the single, 'Don't Hide Your Love Away'.

The band have just finished their debut tour and are soon off to America to tour the East Coast with Mountain. Don't miss 'em when they get back. — BERT MUIRHEAD

should be at the top. Don't say anything horrible about him, or I'll never speak to you again."

As she'd never spoken to me before, please believe that the threat will not cloud my critical judgement. However, you can see that old Dave is still turning them on, despite the aged announcer's superstar hokum. His act is a careful compromise between oldies and new material, all presented in his one and still unique style.

Opening number, surprisingly, 'Can't Get Enough Of Your Love'. There's that slinky, mind-blown voice, but the spots flick around the stage, asking 'Where is Dave?' Ah, one finds him peeking cooly out from behind the dressing room curtain and

commencing to creep towards the stage. Which is sexy or funny, and always has been meant both ways by Mr B., I'm sure.

The old publicity was that he developed his charming stage act, a contradiction of the rock and roll he's singing, when confined to the postage stamp stages of tiny clubs in Sheffield. It used to look superb in 'Ready Steady Go' closeups, the mike drooping and slowly slipping from his fingers, the serpentine cord sidwinding after, while his fallen angel eyes stared at the camera.

Sometimes, this isn't quite so effective live — slow motion handclapping that produces no noise looks extremely peculiar — but cunning use of darkness and a

small spotlight often reproduced the TV screen image. And that's what will always make him something slightly different.

Musically, he and the John Reid Band were competent, still seeming to take pleasure in their work, though it must be impossible to retain anything like dynamism after years on the club circuit. They cantered through the Everlys, Buddy Holly, Sam Cooke and another Bad Co., then encored with 'Memphis, Tennessee', Dave's cover of the Chuck Berry classic, and reminded me that that was the song his voice was perfect for, melancholy beyond despair.

Find another number like that, and the amiable creep could become a cult again.

— PHIL SUTCLIFFE

## Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA FITZGERALD, at the second house at London's Festival Hall on Easter Monday, sounded a little tired — until she did a couple of numbers with just the immaculate Joe Pass on solo guitar. If there is a better all-round jazz guitarist in the world today it would be nice to know his name. This man is the master technician, but much more than that he is a 'super sensitive accompanist. He has an awesome chordal knowledge and he has that rare ingredient, jazz feel, which makes it all sound very much worth while.

Ella's regular accompanists, bassist Keeter Betts, drummer Bobby Durham and pianist Tommy Flanagan do a superb job but they don't half under sell it. Flanagan looks as though he's playing at a funeral and Betts produces runs of technical wizardry while looking as though he's trying to work out a mental mathematical equation.

Ella was adequate on such evergreens as 'Let's Do It', 'Too Close For Comfort', and 'Manhattan', but her 'Jazz Samba' was frankly boring and she shouldn't have tried 'Taint Nobody's Business'.

Oscar Peterson, both unaccompanied and with Joe Pass, was technically electrifying. We may have heard it all before, but the way Peterson plays, it's worth hearing it all again. In these days when so many jazz greats are slipping away to the Great Bandstand In The Sky, it's reassuring to see a hale and hearty Oscar seemingly improving and maturing every year.

An interesting show which really came to life when Ella sang 'Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye' to the beautiful playing of Joe Pass. — JACK HUTTON.

## Oscar Peterson

I HAVE to tell you straight away that Oscar Peterson is my favourite piano player, so he was going to get an enthusiastic — call it gushing review ANYWAY when he came to Edinburgh's Usher Hall. Now, after his two hour tour de force, he remains Oscar the Great. Still the definitive player. Still the genius.

And still the man who does things with 'Sweet Georgia Brown' that nobody else could even dream of doing. As he took this flagwaver at break-neck tempo there were more notes tumbling from the Steinway than the Bank of England has in circulation.

It was a good night for standards. 'Indiana' was revisited at cracking pace. And 'Take The A Train' got the full, totally imaginative treatment after a baffling but humorous intro that had the capacity audience away on the wrong tracks. They loved the con.

Peterson insists that no concert of his would be complete without a liberal dash of Ellington and by way of a salute he followed up that 'A Train' with 'Don't Get Around Much Anymore' and the luscious 'Satin Doll'.

In the second half there was that Peterson speciality... a showcase in which he rattled off various stylistic approaches to the blues. His strength in ballads was also evident. Neal Hefti's 'Lil Darling' came in for sympathetic treatment and nothing in the first half surpassed 'Wheatlands' from his 'Canadian Suite' for sheer beauty.

The surprise was reserved for his encore where, by way of a tribute to Nat Cole, he sang 'A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening', equipping the evergreen ballad with a fresh set of lyrics to suit the time and a place.

A one man band. If I dare quibble it's just to say that I'd have preferred to hear him with bass and drums. The man's a marvel for all this. — JOHN ANDERSON.

# sounds on the road

GEORGIE FAME'S appearance with the latest incarnation of the Blue Flame's at London's Dingwalls last week bore out the theory that his records seldom do justice to the quality of his live performances.

After an unnecessary apology for his "rustiness" — this was the band's first gig for a couple of months — he set about rousing the Dingwalls clientele from their customary torpor with a set drawn mainly from the repertoire familiar to fans of the mid-Sixties Fame.

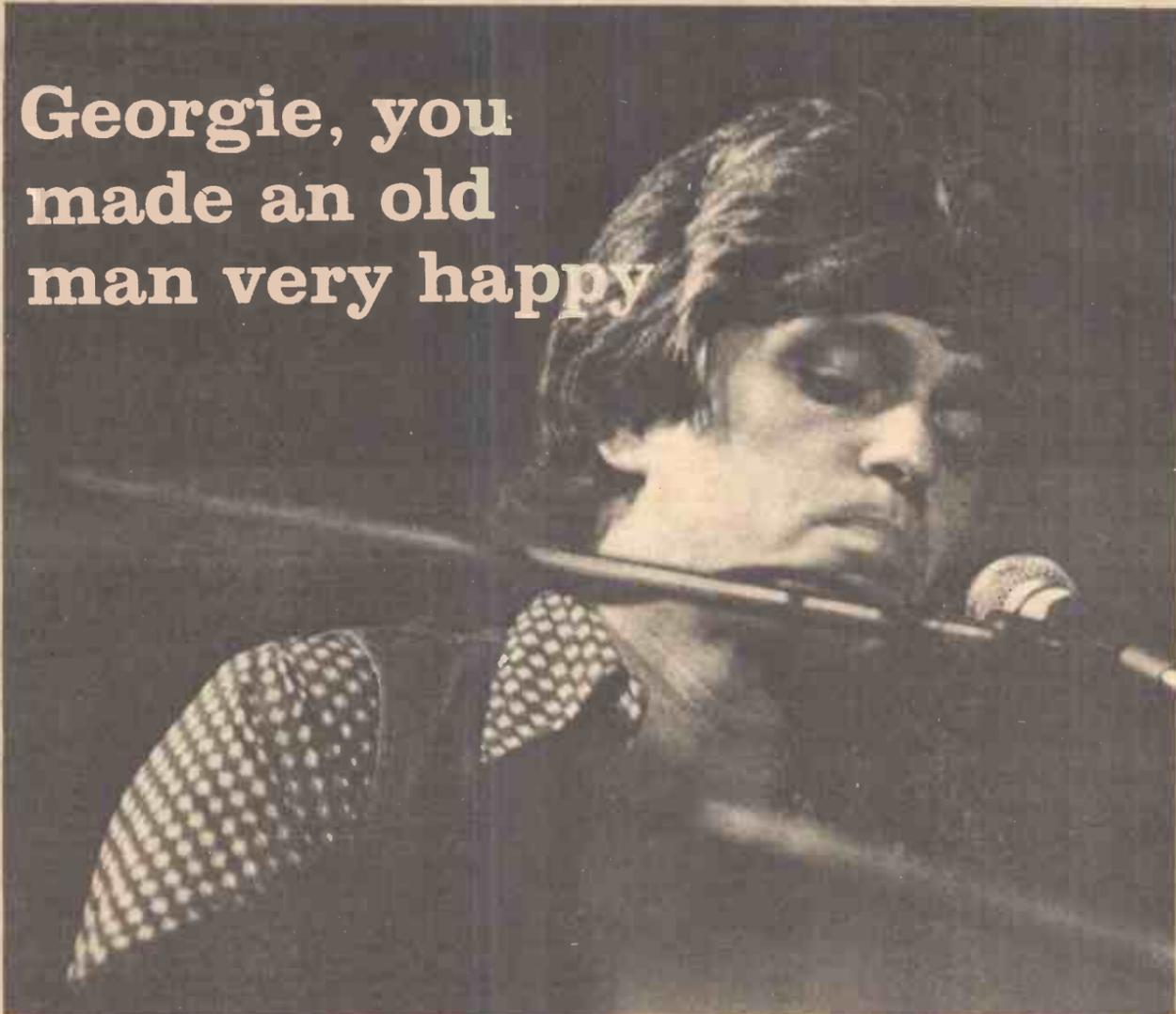
He paid homage to his mentors Oscar Brown ('Signifying Monkey') — King Pleasure — a note-perfect rendition of 'Moody's Mood For Love' — and Mose Allison ('I Love The Life I Live'). And he threw in a few of his more recent recordings — J. J. Cale's 'Everlovin' Woman', Gallagher and Lyle's 'Country Morning' and the infectious 'Muhammed Ali'.

The ten-piece Blue Flames hit a steady, hard-driving groove right from the first number. 'Pink Champagne'. The rhythm section, with the congas player acting virtually as a second drummer underpinned a six-piece horn section, with guitarist Bernie Holland filling in neatly behind.

Solos came thick and fast, principally from Alan Skidmore on a booting tenor, Elton Dean on alto and Marc Charig on trumpet. And when the whole section blew together, riffing away on the rhythm & blues standards, they blew away the cobwebs of the decade which has passed since Georgie Fame perfected his group sound.

He waited until the encore before giving us a taste of his own playing. Then, accompanied only by drummer Steve Gregory, he launched into a marathon version of 'Parchman Farm', punching out that insistent riff on Hammond organ. Skidmore stepped in to take a searing solo, with the other horns joining in to round off a most successful evening. Georgie, you made an old man very happy. — DAVE LAING

## Georgie, you made an old man very happy



Rubettes with all the enthusiasm of a morgue after they announced the cancellation of the Second Coming.

Well, Showaddywaddy had this collection of juvenile stiffs bopping even before they got on stage, whistling, shouting, and singing the rude 'Leeds, Leeds and Leeds' version when they put a tape of the 'Dam Busters March' over the PA.

Then the lads leapt into their well-rehearsed perpetual motion with an instrumental minute of 'Wipe Out', heralding the coming of the front three, who, behind the dark glasses, I believe were Buddy, Dave and Al (they play in a 2-3-3 formation that might interest Don Revie).

Then they move ensemble into 'Rip It Up', with the strobe light that features in every number — that sounds like over use of a gimmick, but in fact I think it works as they flick about like silent movie flappers. Pace is their

ace, with the maybe half a minute between numbers occupied by Dave Batram Rosko — raving at the kids in a joke American accent and getting the pantomime responses to cries like 'They told us you don't like rock and roll no more, up here in Sunderland'.

The third number, US Bonds' 'New Orleans', and I was bouncing on account of the floor was bouncing. 'If you want to let your knickers down, you do it,' screamed Dave, as they set up the rhythm of 'Chain Gang'. This really was a typical Showaddywaddy presentation, with a thin drum and guitar backing and five-man vocal/mime section.

They 'ooh aahed' and shovelled with gusto, and in perfect unison. It has to be said that maybe they don't rehearse the music as much as the action, because, simple as it is, they still hit a few bum notes, but that is more or less irrelevant.

It all comes back to what Herr Hitler said to The Beatles on the Reeperbahn: "Mach schau dumkopfs!" They pack 17 numbers into an hour, and their only lapse in schaumanship came at the end of the set with Romeo Challenger's misplaced drum solo and other unriveting interruptions to their version of 'Jailhouse Rock'. As the lads jived together, it struck me that a couple of girls would add to the spectacle. But that might be out of place — as I recall about all those knife-flashing cinema-slashing 'Teds' what they couldn't get up courage to do, was ask a girl to dance. — PHIL SUTCLIFFE.

### Judas Priest

CURRENTLY ON tour throughout the country, Judas Priest called in on Birmingham to play the Sunday night rock spot at Barbarella's last week. Being a Midlands band, they obviously had the right to

expect the large and sympathetic following and that is exactly what they got.

Having been tagged a heavy band, it automatically follows that you expect Judas Priest to have a powerful live sound and also a monotonous sledge-hammer approach to their music. The power is certainly there, but also there's far more subtlety than you hear from your average heavy metal group. This intricacy comes from the dual lead guitars of K. K. Downing and Glenn Tipton.

Downing, an enigmatic-looking character with a Panama hat pulled well down over his eyes, supplied many lightning runs and was perfectly complemented by the more substantial rock playing of Tipton's guitar.

The singer, Bob Holford, although borrowing many of Robert Plant's vocal tricks, constantly drove them on, urging, cajoling, and threatening them with a mike stand

that rarely left his hands. And while completing a name check, let's not forget John Hinch on drums and bassist Ian Hill, who maintained the solid rhythm so essential to the band.

The one department that may need treatment is the strength of their material, some of it settled into a similar rut and would probably benefit from being shorter. This was not the case with 'Rocka Rolla', though, which went down very well, nor with 'Never Satisfied', and 'One For The Road', which the band played as encores to a crowd that became more enthusiastic as the set developed. — PHIL HOLT.

### Slack Alice

"GET DOWN and ready to boogie" they said on the adverts for Slack Alice at the Granary, Bristol, on Saturday, and there was certainly a house full down there ready to do just that. The other advance piece of knowledge someone seeing this band for the first time might have is a rumour of overt sexuality from their lady singer, Alice Smith, which has been known to offend the sort of women who get upset at such things.

No comment on that point — not because I want to avoid the controversy, but simply because I couldn't get near enough to see anything except her kicking her feet while sitting on the piano, and if that was offensive, I didn't see anyone walking out in disgust. As for the boogie claims, they're fully justified. The band put down a really good line in danceable Saturday night music, but treats it in the way it ought to be treated — just as the expected foundation for their songs. Some bands rely on a fixed, fast rhythm, and give you little else — Slack Alice start with that and give you a lot more to listen to besides.

Pete Finberg on guitar is their outstanding musician and is the musical, if not visual focus of the band, and some of his solos were really worth listening to — not flashy or frilly, but smooth, even and gutsy too. Furthermore, they can play slow numbers just as effectively — the sign paradoxically of a really good rocking band.

'Gravelstone Cottage' was really superb, and hopefully will lead them into a fully balanced set of material in future. I'd hate to hear them playing 'Johnny B Goode' as an encore next time when I see them — but I'll certainly be there anyway. — HOWARD FIELDING

## Showaddywaddy

SHOWADDYWADDY must be the most together group since, ooh The Tiller Girls. Which is a smarty-pants way of saying that I don't think much of their music, but their stage act is terrific.

To understand their impact, you have to appreciate that in the past six months I have seen the Sunderland Locarno respond to the Sweet, and the

## Not quite Atlantic gold

of Rosko's convenial presence the curtains were opened for Sister Sledge.

They are four bona fide sisters from ages 15 to 20 who possess powerful sets of vocal chords. Unfortunately their well intentioned enthusiasm and youth have been channelled into a stage act that is just too perfect. Their identical white shining mid riff tops and trousers are certainly more sophisticated than when I saw them last year at The Apollo but they're still trying too hard. When they sang 'Help Me Make It Through The Night' you can tell they studied Gladys Knight breath for breath.

They too did half a dozen numbers, Rufus' 'You Got The Love', Bill Withers' 'Who Is She And What Is She To You?', Aretha Franklin's 'Spirit In The Dark' plus two from their album 'Mama Told Me' and their current disco hit, 'Love Don't You Go Through No Changes On Me'. The choreography is tighter. But it takes an enormous amount of



● BEN E. KING

subtlety to deliver the often trite synchronised hand gestures that most soul groups are parodied for. As yet Sister Sledge are not quite at home with the whole thing to make it flow or even let it relax. Give them another year.

Ben E. King has no excuse. A music veteran for nearly 15 years, the last few hitless



● DETROIT SPINNERS



● SISTER SLEDGE

years have been a misery for him, with 'Supernatural Part 1' now in the charts King should have put a new stage show together, instead he went through the motions of his past masterpieces, 'Stand By Me', 'Spanish Harlem', 'Don't Play That Song' plus incorporating 'Supernatural Part 1' and a self penned song

from his upcoming album. The man who once used to have his clothes pulled off by dozens of hysterical women now just shuffles onstage. A major disappointment by one of the finest vocalists of the last decade. Pull your socks up, Ben.

With three down and one to go, something was desperately

missing. The indescribable something that makes you want to jump out of your seat, sing loudly with every familiar lyric, move your arms like one of the Supremes and feel the rush of mild ecstasy that a good soul concert always brings. When the Detroit Spinners joyously skipped onto the stage the magic missing ingredient suddenly appeared.

The Spinners are the new undisputed kings of all male soul groups. They dance, bounce, horse around and reach out with a consistent warmth that moves you inside every time lead singer Philippe Wynce opens his mouth and stretches out his arms. Like the unforgettable tug of Otis Redding, Wynce is a one of a kind.

The Spinners graciously delivered most of their big hits plus their amusing imitations of well known personalities. A few of them were more Las Vegas than Liverpool but that's trivial. They do a terrific Ink Spots, it nearly brought the house down. Joni Sledge joined them for 'Then Came You', the orchestra pushed them off key a few times, but by the time the show reaches the rest of Britain the opening night kinks should be sorted out. If you haven't seen the Detroit Spinners do try to go. Consider the rest an education. — Robin Katz.

AT A maximum of £2.50 a seat in Liverpool the idea of seeing four Atlantic soul acts outwardly appeared like a can't miss bargain. Perhaps it was lack of advance publicity, for the house was not sold out. The Detroit Spinners alone are worth shelling out that much bread for, but unfortunately, they were the only knockout act of the lengthy evening's entertainment.

The enthusiastic Liverpool crowd made their presence felt despite the holes in the seating. Rosko was the compere. Deeked out in white suit and striped cap, he resembled an oversized vanilla ice lolly. You already know what he sounds like. First on the boards were The Jimmy Castor Bunch.

Castor and his fellow musicians, in their flowery suits, performed half a dozen numbers that varied between their cave man prehistoric funk 'E Man Boogie', 'Troglo-dyte', 'The Bertha Butt Boogie' and more subdued numbers like 'Love's Theme', 'Betcha By Golly Wow' and 'Whiter Shade Of Pale'. Castor plays a mellow sax, but with all his humorous attempts he couldn't get the audience to sing along with him. He probably does well in small clubs, but on a large stage like this one the performance left a void.

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# Instrumental sounds

## New Sounds

by Geoff Barton

**AFTER A short layoff, 'New Sounds' returns this week to its regular format, featuring, as ever, information on instruments, hi fi gear, accessories — new products and old; in short, just about anything of musical interest that can be grouped under its broad heading.**

Let's start off with some of the latest news from Heathkit, a company featured frequently in this column in the past, and rightly so — they encourage you to go it alone and do it yourself, without making matters too difficult and probably saving you money along the way.

Theirs is the world's largest range of electronic kits, and the new 64 page catalogue is currently available free of charge. It features a number of interesting models, including the four channel Colour Organ Kit which adds a 'Kaleidoscopic' effect light show to a hi-fi system.

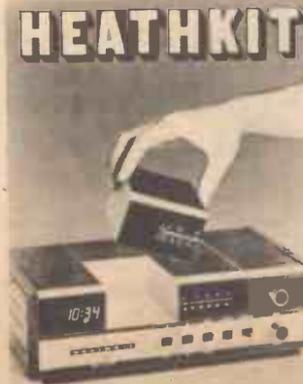
Designed to work in conjunction with any system, amplifier or FM radio, the colour Organ simply connects to the speaker leads of the sound source. Active filters separate the audio signal into four frequency bands, each controlling 35 coloured lights — red for bass, blue for low mid-range, green for the upper mid-range and amber for treble, in all, some 140 lights.

The Colour Organ retails in kit form and can be assembled at home — an illustrated instruction manual leads you carefully

### Heathkit's new 'home' light show



● KALEIDOSCOPE KIT



● NEW CATALOGUE

through each step of the construction procedure — 'a complete novice can do it,' say Heathkit. The Colour Organ costs £48.80, including VAT and delivery within the UK.

Their free catalogue with full details of this and the

complete range of Heathkit Electronic Kits is available from: Heath (Gloucester) Ltd., Bristol Road, Gloucester, GL2 6EE. Tel. (0452) 29451 or The London Heathkit Centre, 233 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9AE. Tel.: (01) 636 7349.



● SANSUI SH-5 PHONES

A NEW low-priced version of the SH-15 stereo headphones is being introduced by Sansui Audio Europe S.A. Called the SH-5, it is Sansui's latest non-isolating lightweight headphones, weighing only 245 grams (8.6 oz.).

A special feature is the 'hear through' design of the earpieces to free ears from the grip of uncomfortable earcups. Since the sound field produced is created outside as well as within each speaker unit ears will suffer, so Sansui say, 'no headphone fatigue even after long hours of high volume listening'.

The SH-5 is priced at £18.96, and the SH-15 at £23.11, plus VAT. Distributors are Vernitron Ltd. of Thornhill, Southampton.

### Montrose have not broken up

SOUNDS reported last week that vocalist Sam Hagar has left Montrose to form his own band. Does this mean that Montrose have now split up? If not, what is their present line up? — Mark Cassidy, Cardonald, Glasgow.

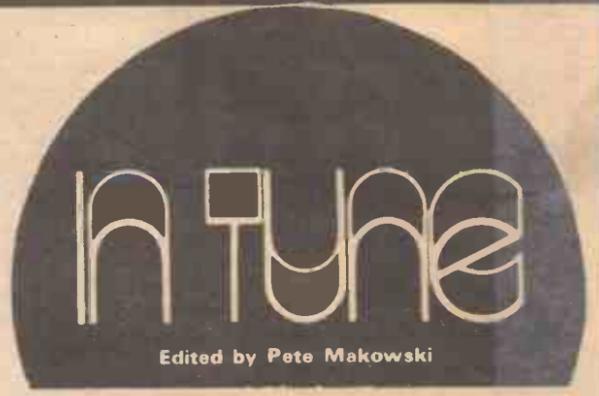
● Montrose have not broken up, and a new member has already joined the band. Warner Brothers have still to be informed of his name, however, though it will be announced shortly.

### Greenslade fan club

DO YOU know the address of the Greenslade fan club? — Keith Sanderson, Leavesden Road, Wimbledon.

... COULD YOU please tell me if Greenslade have a fan club and also if their album sleeves are available as posters. — William Wilson, Southfield Road, Middlesbrough.

● Greenslade have no fan club at present, but you can write to the band c/o Bron Agency, 100 Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. A 40 by 20 inch copy of the 'Bedside Manners' cover is available from Cauldron Promotions, 98 Mill Lane, West Hampstead, London NW6 1PA. Apparently, posters of their other covers have also been printed and may be available in some poster shops.



Edited by Pete Makowski

PLEASE COULD you tell me on which Van Der Graaf Generator album the track 'Killer' was included? — P. Neil, Bearsden, Glasgow.

● 'Killer' has so far been released on two VDGG albums, 'H To He Who Am The Only One' and also on the budget-price compilation '68 To '71'.

I'VE READ your paper for years now, but as far as I can remember you have never printed an article on Black Oak Arkansas. Please could you rectify this? — Steven Scott, Forset Hall, Newcastle.

● IT LOOKS as if you haven't been reading SOUNDS very carefully! Jim Dandy appeared on the front cover and was interviewed in June 1974, there was a Tommy Aldridge interview in October 1974, and yet another in February of this year. We've reviewed five of their albums and reported on them five — the last occasion being in March.

I HEARD a record called 'Our National Pastime' on the radio, but I can't remember who it was by. Can you help, please? Also, is the song available on an album? — M. Marriott, Pike Lane, Runcorn.

● You're probably thinking of the number by Rupert Holmes. He has an album, 'Widescreen', currently available.

COULD YOU give me some information regarding Orange's 120 watt Graphic amp? — M. Bridges, Newcastle.

● The amp now features a newly designed pre amp with a frequency analysing control and built in E.Q. It's got two inputs, one high level for stage use and the other for studio use. You can obtain more information from; Orange Musical Industries, 3-4 New Compton Street, London WC2.

Don't forget, if you have any questions or queries, send them to: IN TUNE, SOUNDS, Spotlight House, 1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX.

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