

T-7 HAFAN 11c

The King is dead — long live Little Richard see page 27

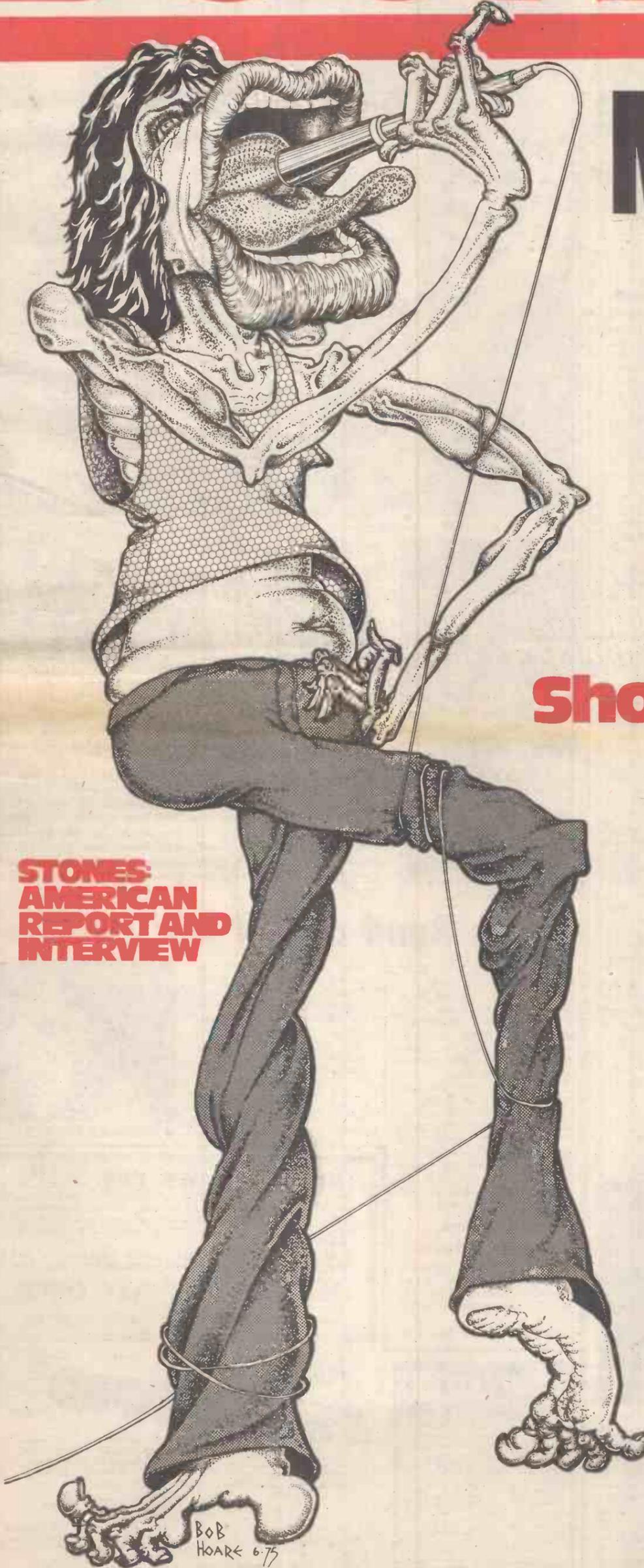
ALBUMS TO BE WON!

Rolling Stones
Average Whites
Black Oak
Wally
Billy Cobham
Super Soul 20
Steve Miller

SOUNDS

JULY 5, 1975 12p

Australia 40c South Africa 32c



**STONES:
AMERICAN
REPORT AND
INTERVIEW**

MARC BOLAN BACK ON THE ROAD!

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David Cassidy

The monster on the patio — page 7

Showaddywaddy

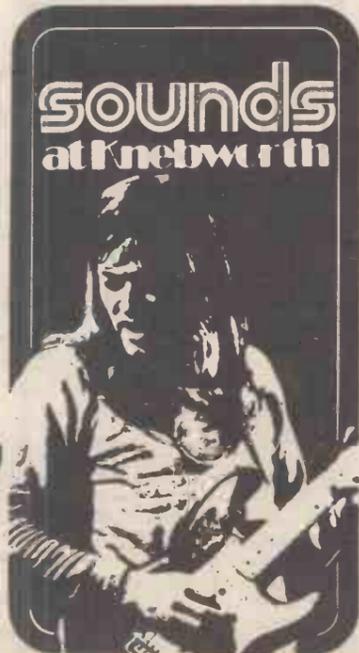
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Bop . . . etc — page 23

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Bob Harris — page 8

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the street? — page 24



**Pink Floyd
Steve Miller
Captain
Beefheart
Roy Harper
Linda Lewis
John Peel**

News Desk Mike Flood Page 01-607 6411...News Desk Mike Flood Page 01-607 6411...News Desk Mike Flood

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POWELL AND PIE - STRANGE BREW

EX-HUMBLE PIE members Greg Ridley bass and Clem Clempson lead guitar, have joined forces with drummer Cozy Powell to form a new band called Strange Brew.

The band are currently rehearsing new material in Clempson's studio and will record a first album in August for Autumn release to coincide with a major British and European tour.

The formation of Strange Brew, coming after speculation about the future of Humble Pie, confirms that Pie has finally broken up, and also ends rumours concerning the future of Clem Clempson.

Steve Marriott, front man with Pie has just completed a solo album, featuring guest artists and is lining up an Autumn tour of the US.

Nigel Thomas, representing the band, said of Strange Brew: "Since Humble Pie broke up, Clem and Greg have spent the last few months considering their future. After considerable searching they got together with Cozy Powell, really just to try out a few things, the band clicked instantly. The decision to proceed with the band obviated the possibility of Clem joining Deep Purple, a move that he had been considering." Exclusive interview P.11.

Carl came, he ate, and ...

● APOLOGIES TO Carl Palmer for reporting (Sidelines, June 21) that he missed out on eating at Lloyds, the insurance people, over a question of dress.

He came, he ate, and (as far as we know), he invested. Seems SOUNDS got its (clothes) lines crossed.

DYLAN 'TAPES' OUT THIS WEEK

BOB DYLAN'S celebrated 'The Basement Tapes', long sought after as a bootleg and highly influential among musicians, are to be released as a double album this Friday, July 4, by CBS worldwide.

The tapes were recorded in 1967 with The Band in the basement of a house they occupied in the West Saugerties in upstate New York and are to be issued under the title of 'The Basement Tapes' and retail at £3.99.

Several of the tracks have appeared as tracks by other artists. The album recorded between 'Blonde On Blonde' and 'John Wesley Harding', is considered by many to be among Dylan's finest recorded work.

Tracks are: (Side One) 'Odds And Ends', 'Orange Juice Blues', 'Million Dollar Bash', 'Yazoo Street Scandal', 'Going To Acapulco', 'Katie's Been Gone', (Side Two) 'Lo And Behold', 'Bessie Smith', 'Clothes Line Saga', 'Apple Suckling Tree', 'Please Mrs

Beefheart's Knebworth band

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART'S band for his appearance at Knebworth on Saturday will be: John French (drums), the 'Drumbo' of early Beefheart albums; Elliott Ingber (guitar), better known as Winged Eel Fingerling; Jimmy Carl Black (drums), an original Mother; Bruce Fowler (trombone and woodwind), a recent Mother; and Greg Davidson (second guitar), who has not been in a band before.

The band's repertoire will include numbers from 'Safe As Milk', 'Trout Mask Replica', 'Lick My Decals Off Baby' and new material.

HELEN REDDY releases a new single, 'Bluebird', a Leon Russell tune from her forthcoming album 'No Way To Treat A Lady' on July 11.

BUDGIE HEADLINE TOUR

BUDGIE, WHO have just completed work on their fifth MCA album at Rockfield, are to headline a major concert tour in September to coincide with its release. Dates so far confirmed are: Manchester Free Trade Hall September 10, Preston Guildhall 11, Stoke Victoria Hall 12, Cardiff 17, Cheltenham 18, Birmingham Town Hall 19, Liverpool Stadium 20, St. Albans City Hall 26, Cromer Links Pavilion 27.

Following the close of the tour the band will visit America for a debut tour, and then play Australia and New Zealand in November.



● BOB DYLAN

Henry', 'Tears Of Rage'. (Side Three) 'Too Much Of Nothing', 'Ain't No More Cane', 'Yea, Heavy And A Bottle Of Bread', 'Crash On The Levee', 'Ruben Remus', 'Tiny Montgomery'. (Side Four) 'You Ain't Going Nowhere', 'Don't Ya Tell Henry', 'Nothing Was Delivered', 'Open The Door Homer', 'Long Distance Operator' and 'This Wheel's On Fire'.



● STRANGE BREW: rehearsing new material



● BOB MARLEY

MARLEY IN THIS MONTH

BOB MARLEY and the Wailers are to play a series of major British dates this month.

Bob Marley and the Wailers arrive in Britain on July 16 and play London's Lyceum Ballroom July 17 and 18, Birmingham Odeon 19, and Manchester Hard Rock 20.

All tickets for the concerts, which all begin at 7.30 p.m. and also feature Jamaican band Third World, go on sale on July 5 from the theatre box offices and London Theatre Bookings for London, Hime & Addison, St James Square and One Stop Records for Manchester. Line-up for the Wailers on this tour is: Bob Marley rhythm guitar and vocals, Aston 'Family Man' Barrett bass, Carlton Barrett drums, Alvin (Seeco) Patterson congas, Al Anderson lead guitar, Tyrone Downey keyboards, Judy Mowatt and Rita Marley back-up vocals.

White Band cancel Isle Of Man

THE AVERAGE White Band have cancelled their two projected dates at Isle of Man, Palace Lido on August 2 and 3 due to touring commitments in the US. Instead, the band are to undertake a major British and European concert tour in the New Year.

The AWB expressed considerable regret at having to cancel and to all those who inundated the box office with enquiries. They could have rescheduled the event for another weekend but the August 2/3 weekend is the Irish and Scottish national holiday, and that cannot be changed.

Kevin Coyne, on both sides

KEVIN COYNE appears simultaneously on BBC 1 and BBC 2 on Saturday July 12. He has not become a politician.

At 11.10 p.m. on BBC 1 he

takes part in one of the 'Eleventh Hour' live drama broadcasts with writers Snoo Wilson and Trevor Griffiths. On BBC 2 five minutes later 'The Old Grey Whistle Test' is showing a film of the Last Rainbow Concert which includes the Kevin Coyne Band.

This Sunday (6) the band are at Blackpool Football Ground. They have not become footballers.



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BOLAN'S BACK ON THE ROAD

AFTER A two year gap Marc Bolan is to return to live gigging in Britain. Bolan will be back with a brand new band and new single.

"After our work out in Exeter two weeks ago," Bolan said this week, "we decided to return to the road by doing a selection of ballroom gigs which would provide us with a great chance to play to our fans while not getting too deeply involved in large, so-called, prestige concert venues."

The six-piece band includes original T-Rex member Steve Curry bass, Dan Lutton drums, Dino Dines organ, clarinet and moog, Gloria Jones vocals and clavinet, and Marc Bolan guitar and vocals.

Concerts are: Isle Of Man Lido July 13, Yarmouth Tiffany's 23, Hastings Pier 25, and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall 26. Marc Bolan's new single is 'New York City'.

Ray Thomas solo album

RAY THOMAS of the Moody Blues releases his first solo album, 'From Mighty Oaks', on July 18, from which a single 'High Above My Head' was released last Friday, June 27.

All nine tracks were written by Thomas and Nicky James. Thomas said this week: "What I have tried to do is what I always did for the Moodies with the additional freedom of being able to sing songs which would not have fitted with the group's musical identity. If it invited comparison with the Moody Blues, that's fine by me. I have always been proud of that association, and still am."

Thomas co-produced the album which features himself, Nicky James, Trevor Jones bass, Dave Potts drums, John Jones guitar, Mike Moran piano, and BJ Cole pedal steel guitar.

BUNNY PLAY the following July dates: Peterborough Technical College July 4, Llannelli Glen Ballroom 5, London Marquee 8, Cheadle (nr. Stoke) Highwayman 10, Coventry Mr George's 11, Worcester City Football Ground 12, Fulham Greyhound 13, London Highgate Wellington 14, London Nashville Rooms 17, London Speakeasy 18, Bristol Granary 24, and Bletchley Leisure Centre 26.

BILLY JOEL is expected to tour Europe in the Autumn.

JUDAS PRIEST are to play British dates in July, opening at Scunthorpe Priory Ballroom on July 5. The tour, prior to their first US tour in September, coincides with the Stateside release of their 'Rocka Rolla' album.

Other dates are: Birmingham Barbarella's 13, Blackburn Windsor Hall 18, Cardiff Top Rank 22, Fishguard Frenchman's Ballroom 23, Derby Cleopatra's 24, Ilkestone 25, Twickenham Winning Post 27, Huddersfield 29, and Cleethorpes Winter Gardens 31.

NUTZ, WHOSE second album is 'Nutz Too', record a BBC radio 'In Concert' programme for late July transmission and play the following dates this month: Huddersfield Ivanhoes July 15, Sutton-in-Ashfield Golden Diamond 18, Coventry Mr George's 20, Farnborough Recreation Hall 23, London Marquee 24, Marlowe Crown Hotel 25, Dagenham Roundhouse 26, and

Rufus' double bump

RUFUS THOMAS releases 'Do The Double Bump' as his new single in this country to tie in with his Summer tour. The single was recently in the American soul charts.

Who for Wembley?

A SECOND major event is likely to be staged at Wembley Stadium this year. The GLC has approved a licence to hold a concert there on August 23, and the Who look to be set to perform, no other names have been mentioned yet.

Official figure for Wembley

MEL BUSH, promoter of the Wembley Elton John concert, has issued an official statement saying that the official attendance on June 21 was 70,603 people — not 100,000 and over that was estimated. He says that the turnstiles are watched and checked by independent security people throughout the day. The figure of 70,603 is "official and final".

Bebop back on the road

BEBOP DELUXE are back on the road after their recent success at London's Victoria Palace, where they played material from their new album 'Futurama'. Their dates are: Sunderland Locarno July 4, Wakefield Unity Theatre 11, Malvern Winter Gardens 12, Aylesbury Friars 19, Newcastle Mayfair 25, Birmingham Barbarella's 29 and St Albans City Hall August 2.

Gazette return in July

COUNTRY GAZETTE, who visited Britain in February, return in July for a major con-

cert tour in July opening at Chelmsford Chancellor Hall on July 20 after a visit to Switzerland's Montreux Festival where they receive the Grand Prix Daimente for Best Country Record of 1974 for 'Country Gazette Live'. Other dates: London Dingwalls July 22, 23 & 24, Cambridge Folk Festival, July 26 & 27, Pembroke Castle August 2, Portsmouth Centre Hotel 3.

Coryell to return for tour

LARRY CORYELL who visited Britain briefly last week with Billy Cobham, is to return in November for a full tour with his band 11th House.

Kottke for the Palace

LEO KOTTKE, who is headlining at this year's Cambridge Folk Festival July 26 and 27, plays the London Victoria Palace on August 3, with 12 string guitarist Stefan Grossman. Kottke also plays European dates in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Germany where he will be supported by Pete Atkin. Kottke will also record some radio programmes whilst in Britain.

ELP gig in Summer

ELP WHO have not appeared live in Britain for a considerable while are now likely to play a major event in Britain in late Summer or early Autumn. Possibilities are the Oval which has a licence for a concert on September 27 or Brandside which has been booked for September 6.

Greenslade change date

GREENSLADE HAVE altered their Croydon Greyhound date from July 6 to July 13.

Showaddywaddy take more steps

SHOWADDYWADDY'S new album 'Step Two' is out this week and they are to play the following British dates in July: Blackburn Bailey's July 6, Shrewsbury Tiffany's 14, Great Yarmouth Tiffany's 17, Malvern Three Counties Show 25, Southport Festival 26, and Derby Bailey's 29-31.

Patto reform for Benefit

PATTO'S ORIGINAL line-up reform for a benefit concert at London's Torrington North Finchley on July 6 for the wife and children of their roadie who was killed recently in Pakistan.

ALBUM NEWS

PHIL MANZANERA has produced an album by his former band Quiet Sun which will appear on Island's Help label next Friday July 11.

NATALIE COLE daughter of the late Nat 'King' Cole has a single and album ready for late Summer release.

BOB SEGER'S long-awaited album 'Beautiful Loser' is to be released on Capitol in August.



ALRIGHT! GET off me foot and I'll teach you a few new licks! Carlos Santana appeals to Eric Clapton's sense of decency when they jammed together at a concert in New York recently, where Santana were opening for Eric Clapton.

Tickets for Van Der Graaf

TICKETS FOR Van Der Graaf Generator's British debut at London's Victoria Palace on July 27 are currently on sale. They are available at the theatre box office and usual agents; priced £2, £1.50 and £1.

Gladys Knight releases single

GLADYS KNIGHT releases a new single 'The Best Thing That Ever Happened To Me' on July 11. The single was taken from her 'Imagination' album and written by Jim Weatherly.

PROCOL LP, SINGLE, CONCERT

A NEW album from Procol Harum, 'Procol's Ninth', is set for world-wide release on August 1. The album was recorded at The Who's London Rampart Studios and was produced by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller.

It features eight new Brooker-Reid compositions, including 'Pandora's Box', 'The Unquiet Zone', 'Typewriter Torment' and 'The Final Thrust', plus a Leiber-Stoller song 'I Keep Forgetting' and the band's version of the Lennon-McCartney song 'Eight Days A Week'. Chrysalis rush-release 'I Keep Forgetting' as a single on July 18.

Procol will showcase the new album at a special concert at the London Palladium on August 10. Tickets for the Palladium date go on sale

Sister Sledge for 'TOTP' and 'Whistle Test'

SISTER SLEDGE, whose single, 'Mama Never Told Me', entered the charts this week, arrived in Britain last week to appear on 'Top Of The Pops' and for promotional work. Sister Sledge will also appear as part of an 'Old Grey Whistle Test' special, this Saturday, July 5, featuring live film of the Atlantic Soul Tour, including the Detroit Spinners, Ben E. King and the Jimmy Castor Bunch. The film was recorded at the Soul Tour's London Hammersmith Odeon concert on April 17.

Sister Sledge return to the US for concerts and then go on to Japan for a tour in July. They are expected back in Britain for concerts in late August.

CARL DOUGLAS releases a new single 'Love Peace And Happiness', produced by Biddhu, on July 11.

Mike Batt's 'Seaside Special'

MIKE BATT has recorded the theme to a new BBC TV series 'Seaside Special' beginning this Saturday July 5. The song is 'Summertime City'.

Buddy Holly re-released

MCA, ON their Coral label, release the only two complete albums Buddy Holly ever recorded 'Buddy Holly' and 'The Chirping Crickets' at £1.47 each in the original mono sound with the original front sleeves.



● PROCOL HARUM at the Palladium

from July 7. Prices range from 75p to £1.75.

The band's immediate touring plans take them to Scandinavia in early July through to the Festival D'Albi near Toulouse in France on July 13. Later in July they fly to South America where they'll play Mexico City. They return to Britain for the Palladium date

and will probably undertake additional concert appearances in Europe during this period.

In September and October Procol will tour America, including major dates on the East and West coasts. There's a small chance of further UK appearances in 1975, though nothing definite has as yet been set.

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Frenetic, laid back Stones

THE HUMIDITY hits you in the face like a soggy, damp sponge without pores, sucking up energy and rendering you listless. The temperature inside the Yellow Cab is definitely inhuman. Your shirt sticks stubbornly to the torn and frayed black leather interior.

The yellow cab stops in front of a frenetic sea of faces. You peel your shirt off the back seat of the cab and step inside Madison Square Garden. This is New York City in the Summer time, the only time ripe enough for the Rolling Stones.

Outside the Garden you can buy anything except tickets for the show.

Inside the Garden 18,000 people sit in tonight's - the - night anticipation, some of them eagerly waiting to see if Mick Jagger really exists or if he's merely the devil in disguise. This is not your everyday pre-concert atmosphere. The world inside is totally alien, filled with an eerie science fiction feel which recalls Jules Verne. This journey to the centre is for real.

Hunted

A 100 odd steel drummers begin to play, becoming more drone-like as they warm up, putting everyone on edge and adding to the mounting hysteria and frenzy. The six pointed star stage is folded up in foetal position awaiting birth. The steel drummers come together on 'Satisfaction' pounding away like captive animals about to be freed.

'Satisfaction' ends as the lights go down and Aron Copeland's 'Fanfare for the Common Man' strikes up on the huge PA system, heralding the band's entrance. A slight figure rises to the top of the first star point, the giant tarpin disappears, all star points begin to mechanically unfold and the audience begins to scream, catching the sight of Mick Jagger's first tease.

Just as the stars unfold and the stage becomes whole, Keith Richard kicks off 'Honky Tonk Women' with his back to the crowd, swooping down on his guitar like a wonderfully tamed but hunted animal. It is a spectacular beginning.

Moving like an uncontrollable metronome, Keith Richard beats out the rhythms to a steaming version of 'All Down the Line' as Jagger prances, pouts, and jumps about with

enough athletic virility to make an Olympic team. Driven by Ollie Brown's break neck paced percussion work, Charlie Watts betters past performances, leading the band through perfect paces.

In much the same way, new boy Ron Wood drives Keith along, pulling out of him some of the guitarist's best performances. They're rougher and more aggressive. Wyman stands stoneface, as usual, occasionally smiling at the prettier girls down front but always following Keith and Charlie as if they were one. Billy Preston grins cherubially from behind the piano or organ, supplying the necessary rhythmic filler.

Richard takes his first swig of Jack Daniels and 18,000 people cheer. So frenetic are the first two numbers of two-hour plus show that Keith blows his amp. "I can sing 'Lady Jane' for you," Jagger tells the crowd as roadies scurry about. "My sweet Lady Jane will I see you again..." "That's all I know," the singer teases the crowd.

But it's enough. This is the new Rolling Stones relaxed and laid back, returning to their pre-horn format of hard rock.

Exhilarating

Amp fixed, Richard winds up and churns out 'If You Can't Rock Me' standing right in front of Charlie, making sure all he hears is that rhythm. Richard and Wood move in complimentary time looking like a pair of hip guitar twins. Jagger turns his attentions away from the audience, stands next to Keith, screaming in his face, "If you can't rock me nobody will." It is exhilarating.

There follows a brief reminder — when of 'Get Off Of My Coud' before Richard does his best Chuck Berry imitation as he kicks off 'Starfucker' complete with the much publicized offending inflatable testicle that shakes as much as Jagger.

The wide stage and wireless microphone give Jagger total freedom to play on any part of the audience, often coming up on one star point and exciting certain audience sections to the point of hysteria. Keith blows another amp, his second, after 'Ain't Too Proud To Beg'. Replaced again, he turns up the new amp, tousles his hair, moves into the centre spotlight and starts building upon 'You Can't Always Get What You Want'.

Wood and Keith alternate solos, carefully constructing the attack and taking full advantage of the songs' inbuilt tensions. After a steaming solo, Keith blows his third and final amp of the evening. Tonight he is hot.

This Rolling Stones' tour belongs to Richard as much as it belongs to Jagger. Always hip to the importance of change, the band have done away with the possibility of stale playing by moving onto new heights. Just as Mick Taylor's stint with the band breathed new

Next stop—the Third World

MICK JAGGER INTERVIEW

THE ROLLING Stones are causing the predictable controversies as they slowly make their way up, down and across the United States for the first time in three years; peculiar backstage scenes, high living, even higher business and official police orders banning them from doing this, that or the other.

Word from inside the touring party has been quiet. Only this week Robert Hillburn, regular *LA Times* rock columnist completed a short interview with Mick Jagger, who, up until this moment, has let Keith Richard do all the yapping.

Jagger noted how public reaction to the Stones has changed over the years. From the once loutish image of the early Sixties, to the mysterious evil later in the decade to the high living Monte Carlo, jet-set existence of the Seventies.

"I was more aggressive then," he told Hillburn, recalling the Sixties. "I was trying to make it. I was hustlin'. You can see people doing it today and you have to have sympathy for them. Anything to get into the papers. That's what I was like then. It was an obsession. I still do interviews and take pictures. In the crass commercialism of it all, I suppose it helps sell records, but I know when it's time to turn it off. I can turn it off."

Naturally there was a tremendous emphasis on image in the earlier days. Outrageousness for the newspapers. Remember how much publicity the Move got out of their Harold Wilson postcard?

"Yeah, image was important. I used to go around to all the papers and magazines in England trying to get them to use something so we'd get some attention. I used to do it all by myself. They weren't interested in music either, so you'd have to find something else for them. It took two years of hard fighting, lots of gimmicks like arriving with two sheep dogs at Kennedy Airport. The only story they printed when we got to America was that we arrived with two shaggy sheep dogs. That was the whole story."

Jagger said that the Stones' system of writing has altered a great deal over the years. "Keith used to write all the music and a lot of the time he'd give me the title or mood of the song. Like 'Gimmie Shelter' and I'd go on from there."

Today Jagger writes many songs alone while Richard does the same. Less co-operation within the band. Jagger admits however that the Jagger/Richard joint efforts are his favourites, using 'Time Waits For No One' as an example.

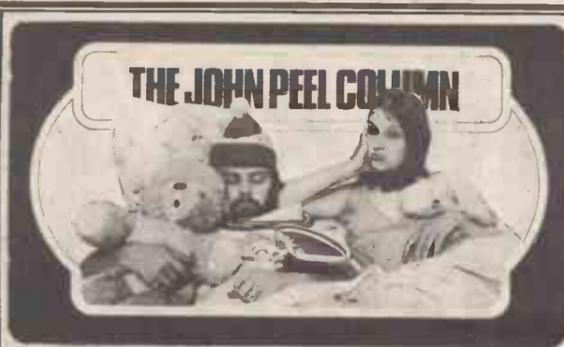
Recalling the events of the fateful Altamont free concert in Los Angeles when a man was murdered, Jagger recalled "People wrote an incredible amount of stuff about it and never even bothered to ask me about it. I thought it was a mess and I felt partially to blame, so obviously it was depressing. I can't take all the responsibility for it, but I take whatever I have to."

As ever, Jagger still wants to get into movies, but it seems his approach has altered. Whereas it was painful to watch him going through the motions in 'Ned Kelly', resembling a cardboard cut-out of an actor; trying too hard, he's now much cooler about the whole thing.

"I don't have an ambition to be the world's biggest movie star. That's a mistake. I've gone through that once before," he admitted. "I just want to make some good films. As soon as this tour is over I'd like to line up three films so that I could go right from one to the next one. You need that experience. It's like the stage; you have to learn it. It's a craft as well as talent."

As for the future of the Stones, well, Mr Jagger tells it like this: "It's a very fluctuating time for the band. We really need a permanent guitar player and we just couldn't find one. After this tour we're going to finish up the new album and then do some more shows. I want to do South America properly... and Japan which we've never done. And Europe, and some Third World countries. We've got a schedule that takes us up to September 1976. Then I want to do the films," he stated categorically.

"After that? I don't know. That's as far as I can see. That's as far as we've got it worked out." — ANDY MCCONNELL



For Wembley read Wombles — and Peel

"GET OFF with you, you old silly!" I hear you cry, as I settle down in a comfortable chair with a large glass of a rather intriguing Rhenish wine, to discuss the events of Saturday, June 21. "We have," you might reasonably continue, "read more than enough about all that already."

Nevertheless I intend to press on regardless, trampling roughshod over all of your finer feelings and sensibilities. You will have heard, no doubt, of the sunshine. It was a sunny day. Thus runs the consensus of opinion. We will leave it as read then, that the sun was shining. I will not bore you for one second with a lot of stuff about the effulgence of the sun, as other writers might. I'm not entirely convinced that effulgence is the right word anyway).

Loathsome

Neither do I intend to weary you with a load of drivel about children playing on the grass, glorying in their nakedness and in the music. To begin with I find naked children under the age of, say, fourteen, rather distressing. Above the age of fourteen I can tolerate them only if they are reasonably female. So spare me your naked children and their frolicking.

Further, I'm not entirely convinced that children appreciate music that much. To the infant ear Danny Kaye and Elton John or John Coltrane and the Goodies, sound pretty much the same.

To be brutally frank with you, I wasn't really looking forward that much to the event anyway. In the sun (forgive me for mentioning it again) I tend to go a rather loathsome pink. I also sweat profusely, grow maudlin and cross and, over the course of a week, lose, in a series of sleepless nights punctuated with shocking fits of bad temper, several layers of greasy skin.

Father-to-be

So, on the morning of June 21, your Peel was not in a good humour. Around noon, as I sat in the car waiting for the Womble, I grew more liverish still. Later, as I piloted the device around the grounds with Wellington Womble perched on the back, I brightened.

Although, in the past, I have had some unkind things to say about Wombles — mainly attributable to my being a sour, ungracious, old rascalion — and about their probable effect on the

very young, I must confess that I derived a lot of pleasure, in my capacity as father-to-be, from the sight of so many small faces lighting up with very real and evident delight when Wellington hove into view.

They beamed, I freely admit it, and when Wellington clambered down from the car and started to dance around among them, scooping up handfuls of the little blighters and hugging them to his hairy chest, well, even your crabby old Uncle John was visibly moved.

For a while, as we waited for live music, various Wombles recordings were played, echoing cheerfully around the arena, providing an agreeable background over which Wellington judged the children's fancy dress competition. Here was a butterfly, there was a Gary Glitter, while under the full-sized cardboard cut-out of Eddie Cochran which dominated the site, a tree was receiving final instructions from its mother.

My own preference lay with the tree and with a six-legged railway train, but Wellington Womble made several Solomon-like judgements and the prizes went elsewhere. At this stage your reporter drifted away from the centre of activity to speak with the Orwell String Band. This ensemble had travelled far to play for us and, although they made me slightly vexed by asking for free beer, they played, most agreeably, a wide range of jigs, reels and country dances.

Coconuts

The listeners pranced or lay on the grass, ate ice-creams or drank ale. Your boyish reporter, having escorted a heavily perspiring Wellington Womble from the premises, returned to busy himself with destroying bottles, annoying coconuts, buying a wide selection of books he'll never read, and throwing darts at a picture of himself with such skill and accuracy that he won himself a free single. Just what I wanted too.

The poet Roche, a man whose name has been spelt wrongly and Roach on the last three Fairport Convention albums, won both the Chip-A-Golf-Ball-Into-A-Paddling-Pool (Partially Inflated) Competition and the Guess-The-Weight-Of-The-Cake-Competition. The cake, which my lady Pig had made anyway, went down excellently with a bowl of Brooke Bond Divi later in the day.

As we cleared away in the cool of the evening we were all agreed that this had been our most successful village fete yet, due, mainly, it must be conceded, to the impressive presence of the Womble. Those of you who went to Wembley and ignored our fete missed quite a treat. I expect better of you next year.

American News... Chuck Pulin, New York; Andy McConnell & Sharon Lawrence, Los Angeles; Peter Bodie, San Francisco...

Alice rushed to hospital

ALICE COOPER'S stage effects backfired on him at his Vancouver, British Columbia concert the other week. He climbed into a toychest which then tipped over, catapulting Alice forward

20 stitches after stage prop backfires on him

with a resultant 20 stitches needed in his head, and six badly bruised ribs.

The show was halted for 40

minutes while Alice was rushed to hospital, treated and returned to play the rest of the show — in considerable pain.

Alice completed his concerts that week whilst undergoing medical care.

Dylan returns to New York

BOB DYLAN returned to New York last week and announced he was back there to live and write music. He showed up at Patti Smith's opening night at the recently opened Other End club, and dropped by to chat backstage after the show. Smith who is creating a forere with her rock and poetry in New York circles has signed to Arista Records and is preparing a first album, set for Autumn release.

Autumn tour for Diamond

NEIL DIAMOND is to undertake his first US tour this Autumn in three years. Meanwhile his 'Jonathon Livingstone Seagull' album is heading for two million sales.

Wailers conquer New York

BOB MARLEY & Wailers conquered New York last week with an appearance at Ron Delsner's Schaeffer Festival series in Central Park. Over 8,000 fans danced the evening away to the Wailers. In addition they did radio interviews and were welcomed to the City by Mayor Abe Beame.

Allmans: 'Win, Lose or Draw'

THE ALLMAN Bros new album 'Win Lose Or Draw', now expected in late August will be followed by a tour of the States. A Gregg Allman solo album is also expected late Summer.

as they and their Grunt Records are reported to be shopping for a new distribution deal.

New single for Joe Tex

PHONOGRAM MERCURY Records have resigned the Dial label which has Joe Tex on its roster. Tex, who gave the company their biggest ever single 'I Gotcha' which sold over two million copies, has ventured out of retirement to produce a new single, 'Under Your Powerful Love' his first in two and a half years.

Perkins pays tribute to EP

CARL PERKINS has a new single titled 'E.P. Express' out. The song is a tribute to Elvis Presley. The lyrics consist entirely of Elvis song titles, and his back up men on the session were Scotty Moore and DJ Fontana who worked on Elvis Presley's original records.

West in the studio

LESLIE WEST is in the Electric Ladyland studios with his new band comprising Corky Laing, Micky Jones and Donny Kretzman. The band also headlined in Central Park last week with Montrose and Thee Image on the bill. The double lead guitars of West and Jones getting a good response. Ian Hunter visited backstage after the concert.

Starship: new album

JEFFERSON STARSHIP have just released a new album titled 'Red Octopus'. It may be their last with RCA



BEFORE HIS recent accident onstage, Alice Cooper had occasion to celebrate the Bicentennial a little earlier than most with a huge 50,000 dollar party. Alice is seen trying to decide where to cut the cake.

New man for James Gang

NEW JAMES Gang guitarist is T. Richard Shack. He replaces Tommy Bolin, who, as widely reported, has gone to Deep Purple.

Mammoth Elton offer

ELTON JOHN is believed to have been offered 600,000 dollars for one show at the 120,000 seater Rose Bowl in California.

Wilson helps out Rhonda

BRIAN WILSON, guiding genius of the Beach Boys, is to sing on record for the first time in eight years when a new Johnny Rivers version of his 'Help Me Rhonda' appears on Epic this month. A new Johnny Rivers album 'New Lovers & Old Friends' is set for August release.

THE JACKSON Five, one of Motown's biggest acts are to leave the company to sign with Epic Records this week.

briefly

EARTH, WIND & Fire release a double live album in September... Tony Williams is recording a new album for CBS, Autumn release expected...

Taj Mahal is back in the studio working on a reggae album... Felix Pappalardi has just finished producing albums by Flock and new group White Lightning... Labelle have just finished their second Toussaint produced album in New Orleans, entitled 'Then Phoenix' due out late Summer before an Autumn tour... A new Grateful Dead album is set for August and will appear on United Artists. UA will distribute all Dead albums and all albums on their Round Records label.

ROBERT PALMER was in New York last week to promote his 'Sneakin' Sally Thru The Alley' album. The album is getting lots of airplay and looks like being a chart success. He has already finished some tracks on his follow-up album.

THE STONES' opening gig at New York's Madison Square gardens was joined by 100 drummers with steel drums for 'Sympathy For The Devil' and one E. Clapton, blues guitarist from London, England, plugged in and jammed.

MERRY CLAYTON who has an album due soon on Ode Records has released the theme from the TV show Baretta 'Keep Your Eye On The Sparrow' as a single... Steve Marriott has nearly completed an all star guest album and has a US tour in the works...

BTO headline with Elvin Bishop on the bill at Nassau Coliseum on July 12 — Meanwhile Long Island cops have been carrying out an intensive campaign of dope arrests during concerts at Nassau... Arthur Brown is set for a US tour... Sparks are due back in the States in the Autumn.

FLOYD GET A BLOW OUT

THE PINK Floyd ran into trouble at their Roosevelt Stadium open-air gig recently. The flaming airplane which sails onto the stage at the climax of their set got stuck some 50 feet before it reached the stage and burnt out over the heads of the audience. The Floyd also had wind problems — their giant pyramid stage covering threatened to blow away for most of the performance. The set comprised mostly new material plus some oldies like 'Heart Of The Sun'. The crowd of nearly 40,000 were kept entranced by the back projection and Floyd's quad sound.



KNEBORTH PARK CONCERT

Owing to a totally unprecedented demand for tickets we very much regret that when all our accredited ticket agencies have sold their allocation no further tickets will be distributed.

GENERAL INFORMATION FOR THOSE ATTENDING THE CONCERT

Trains — The nearest station to Knebworth Park is Stevenage. Do not get out at Knebworth station. Your trains between Kings Cross and Stevenage are as follows:—

Saturday, 5th July											
Kings Cross DEPART											
04.05	06.10	06.20	06.30	07.04	07.30	08.00	08.04	08.10	08.30	08.50	09.04
09.10	09.25	09.30	09.45	10.04	10.20	10.25	10.30	10.51	11.04	11.05	11.30
11.40	12.04	12.25	12.30	12.40							
Stevenage DEPART											
19.45	20.21	20.48	21.09	21.12	21.29	21.46	22.12	22.40	23.13	23.18	23.30
23.45											
Sunday, 6th July											
Stevenage DEPART											
00.15	01.00	02.05	02.40	03.00	07.36	08.30	08.34	09.20	09.30	09.34	10.11
10.30	10.34	11.30									

The day return fare is £1.15. Day return tickets issued after 00.01 Saturday, July 5th will be available for return from Stevenage up to 11.30 on Sunday morning. After 11.30 anyone returning from Stevenage will have to book an ordinary single fare, 95p, and no refunds will be paid. A coach shuttle service has been arranged between Stevenage station and Knebworth Park. There will be adequate train services to other destinations.

MOTORISTS

Knebworth Park is situated directly off the A1(M) at the A602 intersection south of Stevenage. Car parking is free of charge. Please help us and yourselves by co-operating with the car park attendants.

PEDESTRIANS

Pedestrians make for Stevenage and follow signs to Knebworth Park. Please note we have been asked by the police to point out that it is dangerous for pedestrians to be on the motorway. It is also an offence. Please take care when leaving the festival to avoid walking onto the A1(M) Motorway, which passes Knebworth Park.

CAMPING

As the concert lasts for one day only and is well served by British Rail, the A1 Motorway and other public transport, there will only be a very small amount of camping space available. Please note this will not be open until 6.00 p.m. on Friday, 4th July.

FOOD

Refreshments, hot snacks and soft drinks will be on sale all day. We regret there will be no licensed bar. However, if you are bringing your own liquid refreshments please bring them in unbreakable containers, as bottles are not allowed in the park. Drinking water is available.

GATES OPEN AT 9.00 a.m. AND THE CONCERT STARTS AT NOON

BRITAIN'S TOP 30 SINGLES

1	2	I'M NOT IN LOVE	10cc	Mercury
2	1	WHISPERING GRASS	Windsor Davies/Don Estelle	EMI
3	3	THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN	Showaddywaddy	Bell
4	4	THE HUSTLE	Van McCoy	Avco
5	14	TEARS ON MY PILLOW	Johnny Nash	CBS
6	22	DOING ALRIGHT WITH THE BOYS	Gary Glitter	Bell
7	5	THE PROUD ONE	Osmonds	MGM
8	10	DISCO STOMP	Hamilton Bohannon	Brunswick
9	6	LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID	Wings	Capitol
10	—	MISTY	Ray Stevens	Janus
11	26	MOONSHINE SALLY	Mud	RAK
12	15	BABY I LOVE YOU, OK	Kenny	RAK
13	17	MR RAFFLES	Steve Harley/Cockney Rebel	EMI
14	8	SING BABY SING	Stylistics	Avco
15	13	OH WHAT A SHAME	Roy Wood	Jet
16	7	STAND BY YOUR MAN	Tammy Wynette	Epic
17	12	DISCO QUEEN	Hot Chocolate	RAK
18	24	MY WHITE BICYCLE	Nazareth	Mooncrest
19	9	TRY TO REMEMBER THE WAY WE WERE	Gladys Knight & Pips	Buddah
20	25	I DON'T LOVE YOU BUT I THINK I LIKE YOU	Gilbert O'Sullivan	MAM
21	11	SEND IN THE CLOWNS	Judy Collins	Elektra
22	—	HAVE YOU SEEN HER/OH GIRL	Chi-Lites	Brunswick
23	—	FOE-DEE-O-DEE	Rubettes	Stata
24	—	MAKE THE WORLD GO AWAY	Donny & Marie Osmond	MGM
25	23	WALKING IN RHYTHM	Blackbyrds	Fantasy
26	20	ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY	Ian Hunter	CBS
27	21	SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT	Eric Clapton	RSO
28	18	ROLL OVER LAY DOWN	Status Quo	Vertigo
29	16	AUTOBAHN	Kraftwerk	Vertigo
30	—	MAMA NEVER TOLD ME	Sister Sledge	Atlantic

SUPPLIED BY: BRITISH MARKET RESEARCH BUREAU/MUSIC WEEK

CAPITAL COUNTDOWN

1	7	MISTY	Ray Stevens	Janus
2	1	I'M NOT IN LOVE	10cc	Mercury
3	8	TEARS ON MY PILLOW	Johnny Nash	CBS
4	5	MOONSHINE SALLY	Mud	RAK
5	3	LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID	Paul McCartney/Wings	Apple
6	4	MR. RAFFLES	Steve Harley/Cockney Rebel	EMI
7	10	FOE DEE O DEE	Rubettes	Stata
8	2	THE HUSTLE	Van McCoy	Avco
9	16	MAMA NEVER TOLD ME	Sister Sledge	Atlantic
10	—	MAKE THE WORLD GO AWAY	Donny & Marie Osmond	Polydor
11	26	SAIL ON SAILOR	Beach Boys	Wamer Bros
12	28	JIVE TALKING	Bee Gees	RSO
13	—	SOMEONE SAVED MY LIFE TODAY	Elton John	DJM
14	—	D-I-V-O-R-C-E	Tammy Wynette	Epic
15	6	THE PROUD ONE	Osmonds	Polydor
16	20	SWEARING TO GOD	Frankie Valli	Private Stock
17	—	IT OUGHT TO SELL A MILLION	Lyn Paul	Polydor
18	—	HAVE YOU SEEN HER	Chi-Lites	Brunswick
19	—	SEALD WITH A KISS	Bryan Hyland	ABC
20	14	SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT	Eric Clapton	RSO
21	13	WALKING IN RHYTHM	Blackbyrds	Fantasy
22	—	SWEET CHEATIN' RITA	Alvin Stardust	Magnet
23	11	DISCO QUEEN	Hot Chocolate	RAK
24	12	OH WHAT A SHAME	Roy Wood	Jet
25	—	I DON'T LOVE YOU BUT I THINK I LIKE YOU	Gilbert O'Sullivan	MAM
26	17	BABY I LOVE YOU, OK	Kenny	RAK
27	21	THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN	Showaddywaddy	Bell
28	—	ROLL OVER, LAY DOWN	Status Quo	Vertigo
29	23	SING BABY SING	Stylistics	Avco
30	—	IF YOU THINK YOU KNOW HOW TO LOVE ME	Smokey	RAK

SUPPLIED BY: CAPITAL RADIO

AMERICA'S TOP 30 SINGLES

1	1	LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER	The Captain & Tennille	A&M
2	2	WHEN WILL I BE LOVED	Linda Ronstadt	Capitol
3	3	WILDFIRE	Michael Murphey	Epic
4	4	I'M NOT LISA	Jessi Colter	Capitol
5	5	LOVE WON'T LET ME WAIT	Major Harris	Atlantic
6	7	THE HUSTLE	Van McCoy	Avco
7	9	LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID	Paul McCartney/Wings	Apple
8	8	GET DOWN, GET DOWN	Joe Simon	Spring
9	13	MAGIC	Pilot	EMI
10	10	CUT THE CAKE	Average White Band	Atlantic
11	11	TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS	Doobie Brothers	Wamer Bros
12	12	ONLY WOMEN	Alice Cooper	Atlantic
13	6	SISTER GOLDEN HAIR	America	Wamer Bros
14	27	SWEARIN' TO GOD	Frankie Valli	Private Stock
15	—	PLEASE MR PLEASE	Olivia Newton-John	MCA
16	—	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles	Asylum
17	22	I'M NOT IN LOVE	10cc	Mercury
18	20	I'LL PLAY FOR YOU	Seals & Crofts	Wamer Bros
19	24	THE WAY WE WERE/TRY TO REMEMBER	Gladys Knight & Pips	Buddah
20	23	MISTY	Ray Stevens	Bambay
21	25	MIDNIGHT BLUE	Melissa Manchester	Brista
22	25	HEY YOU	Bachman-Turner Overdrive	Mercury
23	26	DYNAMITE	Bazuka	A&M
24	30	WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?	War	United Artists
25	16	THANK GOD I'M A COUNTRY BOY	John Denver	RCA
26	28	BABY THAT'S BACKATCHA	Smokey Robinson	Tamla Motown
27	—	ROCKIN' CHAIR	Gwen McCrae	Cat
28	18	PHILADELPHIA FREEDOM	Elton John Band	MCA
29	—	I'M ON FIRE	Dwight Twilley Band	Shaker
30	—	RHINESTONE COWBOY	Glen Campbell	Capitol

SUPPLIED BY: BILLBOARD

AMERICA'S TOP 30 ALBUMS

1	1	CAPTAIN FANTASTIC	Elton John	MCA
2	2	VENUS AND MARS	Paul McCartney/Wings	Capitol
3	3	THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD	Earth, Wind and Fire	Columbia
4	6	STAMPEDE	Doobie Brothers	Wamer Bros
5	7	FOUR WHEEL DRIVE	Bachman-Turner Overdrive	Mercury
6	4	TOMMY	Soundtrack	Polydor
7	5	WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE	Alice Cooper	Atlantic
8	9	SPIRIT OF AMERICA	Beach Boys	Capitol
9	8	CHICAGO VIII	Chicago	Columbia
10	11	MISTER MAGIC	Grover Washington Jr	Kudu
11	12	SURVIVAL	O'Jays	Philadelphia Int
12	13	FANDANGO	Z Z Top	London
13	—	LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER	The Captain & Tennille	A&M
14	10	HEARTS	America	Wamer Bros
15	19	METAMORPHOSIS	Rolling Stones	Abkco
16	16	STRAIGHT SHOOTER	Bad Company	Swan Song
17	24	GORILLA	James Taylor	Wamer Bros
18	—	MADE IN THE SHADE	Rolling Stones	Rolling Stones
19	17	A SONG FOR YOU	Temptations	Gordy
20	25	BEFORE THE NEXT TEARDROP FALLS	Freddy Fender	ABC/Dot
21	22	AN EVENING WITH JOHN DENVER	John Denver	RCA
22	28	DIAMONDS & RUST	Joan Baez	A&M
23	—	THE HEAT IS ON	Isley Brothers	T-Neck
24	30	DISCO BABY	Van McCoy	Avco
25	—	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles	Asylum
26	—	ADVENTURES IN PARADISE	Minnie Riperton	Epic
27	—	BLUE SKY NIGHT THUNDER	Michael Murphey	Epic
28	14	BLOW BY BLOW	Jeff Beck	Epic
29	15	PLAYING POSSUM	Carly Simon	Elektra
30	—	BETWEEN THE LINES	Janis Ian	Columbia

SUPPLIED BY: BILLBOARD

Top 30 Albums

1	5	HORIZON	Carpenters	A&M
2	1	VENUS AND MARS	Wings	Apple
3	2	THE BEST OF	Stylistics	Avco
4	3	CAPTAIN FANTASTIC	Elton John	DJM
5	4	ONCE UPON A STAR	Bay City Rollers	Bell
6	6	THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK	10cc	Mercury
7	—	RETURN TO FANTASY	Uriah Heep	Bronze
8	24	PHYSICAL GRAFFITI	Led Zeppelin	Swan Song
9	9	GREATEST HITS OF 10cc	10cc	Decca
10	11	AUTOBAHN	Kraftwerk	Vertigo
11	12	TUBULAR BELLS	Mike Oldfield	Virgin
12	8	BEST OF TAMMY WYNETTE	Tammy Wynette	Epic
13	18	STAND BY YOUR MAN	Tammy Wynette	Epic
14	10	ROLLIN'	Bay City Rollers	Bell
15	13	THE SINGLES 1969-1973	Carpenters	A&M
16	7	TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF	Three Degrees	Philadelphie
17	—	MADE IN THE SHADE	Rolling Stones	Rolling Stones
18	17	THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON	Pink Floyd	Harvest
19	15	SIMON AND GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS	Simon and Garfunkel	CBS
20	16	BAND ON THE RUN	Paul McCartney/Wings	Apple
21	21	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS	Elton John	DJM
22	20	JUDITH	Judy Collins	Elektra
23	30	THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES	Steve Harley/Cockney Rebel	EMI
24	—	ELVIS PRESLEY'S 40 GREATEST HITS	Elvis Presley	Arcade
25	—	THE BEST OF BREAD	Bread	Elektra
26	—	THANK YOU BABY	Stylistics	Avco
27	23	SNOWFLAKES ARE DANCING	Tomita	Red Seal
28	—	I FEEL A SONG	Gladys Knight and The Pips	Buddah
29	—	HIS 12 GREATEST HITS	Neil Diamond	MCA
30	14	FOX	Fox	GTO

SUPPLIED BY: BRITISH MARKET RESEARCH BUREAU/MUSIC WEEK

SOUNDS PLAYLIST

Geoff Barton
 THE HIGHER THEY CLIMB.....David Cassidy.....RCA
 THE HARDER THEY FALL.....Doobie Brothers.....Wamer Bros
 STAMPEDE.....T. Rex.....Fly

Derek Canty
 DIXIE CHICKEN.....Little Feat.....Warner Bros
 VENUS AND MARS.....Wings.....Apple
 JUDITH.....Judy Collins.....Elektra

Barbara Charone
 IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N ROLL.....Rolling Stones.....Records
 OUT OF THE STORM.....Jack Bruce.....RSO Records
 DESPERADO.....Eagles.....Asylum

Bill Henderson
 CITADEL/ROOM 315.....Mike Westbrook.....RCA
 NUCLEAR NIGHTCLUB.....Wigwam.....Virgin
 THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE TELEVISIED.....Gil Scott-Heron.....RCA

Robin Katz
 PHIL SPECTOR'S CHRISTMAS ALBUM.....Various.....Warner Bros
 SILVERBIRD.....Leo Sayer.....Chrysalis
 PHOEBE SNOW.....Phoebe Snow.....A&M

Pete Makowski
 ALL OUT.....Grin.....Epic
 NILS LOFGREN.....Nils Lofgren.....A&M
 FREEWAY MADNESS.....Pretty Things.....Warner Bros

AH Martin
 461, OCEAN BOULEVARD.....Eric Clapton.....RSO
 I CAN STAND A LITTLE RAIN.....Joe Cocker.....Cube
 LET IT BLEED.....Rolling Stones.....Decca

John Peel
 RUBYCON.....Tangerine Dream.....Virgin
 DIXIE CHICKEN.....Little Feat.....Warner Bros
 FUTURAMA.....Be Bop De Luxe.....Harvest

Wax Fax

Things have been worse

A QUICK dekho ... oops, sorry, a totally biased generalisation of this week's top 50 singles reveals that 60 per cent are utterly abysmal and most of these are in the upper reaches of the chart. Dire straits, eh? Still, things have been worse.

10cc, Garry Glitter, Wings, Cockney Rebel, Tammy Wynette, Hot Chocolate and Nazareth are the seven that uphold the good music banner in the 20, lower down there are the Rubettes ripping up the mid-chart region with 'Foe Dee O Dee', 'D.I.V.O.R.C.E.', another Tammy Wynette, new in at 36 and (a ripple of applause around the SOUNDS office) Pete Wingfield at 44, who, by rights, should have shot right into the chart at number 18. But he didn't.

Other interesting breakers include Ferry's 'You Go To My Head', Steely Dan's 'Black Friday', Dr. Hook's 'Millionaire' and Dolly Parton's 'Bargain Store'. With the good news over and done with, the rest of the column looks to be pretty depressing. Abba, Leapy Lee (shades of 'Little Arrows!'), Hello, Al Martino and Folly Brown are all dangerously near the 50, 'Ought To Sell A Million', which really ought to have sold a couple of dozen at the most, and all to Coca-Cola employees at that, has actually entered at 49, along with Bryan Hyland at 48 and Wigan's Ovation at 47.



● DR HOOK: breaker

Meanwhile, RCA are confidently predicting that the D. Cassidy single 'I Write The Songs' is a hit. Ho-hum. Melanie should by all accounts be in there somewhere with her third (is it her third? I think so) single taken from her album 'As I See It Now' — 'Yes Sir, That's My Baby', the one track that should have been released in the first place.

New band Bubbles, plagued by the Mysterious Disappearing Interviewer, reckon that their single 'This Is Where Hurdy Gurdy Heebie Geebie Greenie Meanie Man Came In' should be in the charts, also. We can only hope. The album chart is in a similar state of upheaval — Tomita's 'Snowflakes Are Dancing', produced by Plasma Music Japan and out on the Red Seal label, would you believe, has gone down a little this week (it was at 23, now it's a 27) but it makes you wonder why Jade Warrior never made it big.

Barry White, Sinatra, Shirley Bassey and Perry Como are among the others who threaten to infiltrate. Oh — the new Sparks single hasn't appeared yet, has it. And the new Sweet single is 'Action!', as if you didn't know. — GEOFF BARTON.

NEW YORK'S Central Park, just before sunrise. On a dusty bench, beneath layers of rustling newspaper, a tramp sleeps, fitfully. Stumbling towards the bench comes another tramp. He's drunk and is singing 'Roll out The Barrel' in a slurred voice. "Newspaper, eh?" he mutters suddenly, seeing the improvised bed-clothes. *'The National Tattler'*, I'll wake this guy up.

"Excuse me, but I wanna borrow your paper. It's nearly dawn and you won't be needing it much longer, will you?" The tramp groans as the paper is taken away. "Good God, listen to this," says the intruder. "Some of these people you read about just can't be real, can they?"

"Look here, Teen idol finds girl in arms of other man! Fading teen idol Da idy... Da Iddy? Oh, Goddam, there's a hole in the middle of the name, we'll never know who he is, ... is reported missing. He's got no money, he's broken hearted."

Silver

"Oh well, what do we care anyway? We're just two hoboes and — hey, wake up! I recognise you, you're grimy, your clothes are tatty, but you're *him*, you're this Daidy! Right?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm him," comes the reply.

"You don't look too well."

"You've got no idea, man," he says.

He's in silver. Dressed in silver bomber jacket and silver trousers covered with curious bird-like transfers, David Cassidy reclines slowly on the softly padded chair and explains.

"That was something I had in my head. I knew I had to do it, I had to bridge a gap with it and do it."

The story of the bum and the mysterious fallen teenage star (adapted above) appears as a dialogue track on the new Cassidy album, *'The Higher They Climb, The Harder They Fall'*. Extraordinary.

"There was one guy I knew who would do the track with me," Cassidy continues, "I've been a fan of his records for years. His name's Phil Austin and he works with the Fire-sign Theatre. They're fantastic. To me, they make Monty Python look humourless. They're really funny."

"Austin and I sat down for an hour together and wrote the thing out. When we got around to recording it, I was in stitches, I was biting my wrists trying not to laugh."

Adulation

"It was three in the morning and I'd been working, like, 12 or 15 hours already. Austin's just all over it and I'm snoring on the other side of the speaker. I had to bring myself completely down because I was blowing it, I was losing it and he was right there."

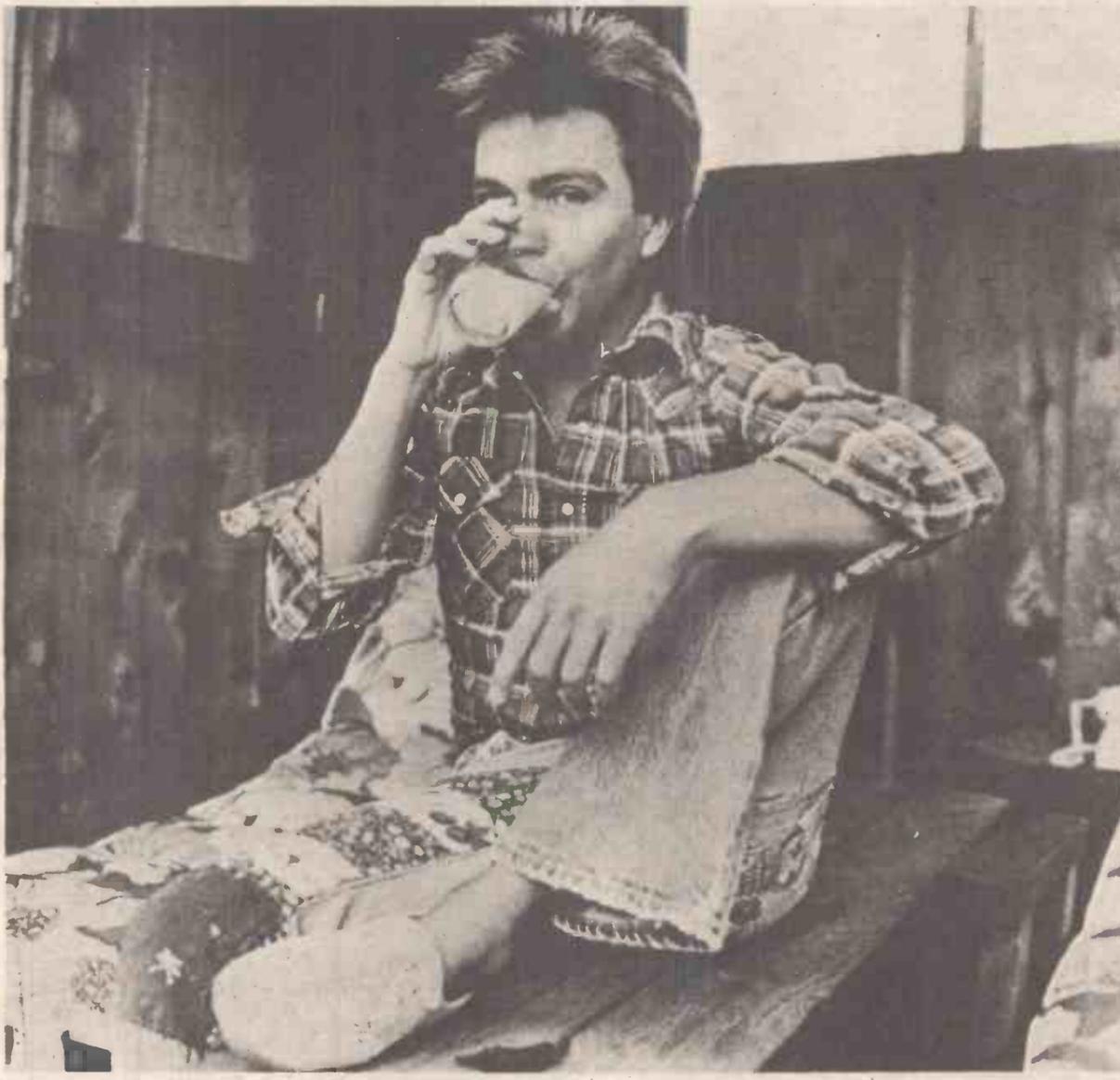
"I'd been delirious all day, working and overdubbing vocals. We did the dialogue at the last moment, after all the music had been completed. I think it's really great. I think it really works."

Why did you do it?

"Why? Well, it's tongue-in-cheek, you know, it's not serious, come on. I'm not busted, I'm not broke. It's like ... it might have happened a couple of years ago. It was like making a movie, it's not me. Not all of it, anyhow."

It was more than you might have expected, less than you could have hoped for. When I arrived at RCA there were just nine or 10 Cassidy fans in sight, wearing only slightly fraying fan club scarves and rosettes; by the time I got around to interviewing him, their numbers had swelled to around 150. A fair amount, I suppose, and they were making quite a din, mostly high-pitched variations of football chants. "We love you Da-

'Take your clothes off, come on, come on' Cassidy: the monster on the patio



DAVID CASSIDY TALKS TO GEOFF BARTON

avid, oh yes we do'; 'Come on David, come on David'; 'D-A-V-I-D — David!' Etcetera.

The stop-start interview, for reasons which will become apparent later, took place on RCA's roof patio, so the row-de-dow was quite obtrusive. Workmen on scaffolding adjacent to us pointed out where Cassidy was sitting to the fans below. While some girls were content to stay and stare up from the road, others climbed up fire escapes or forced entry into nearby buildings to get close. Periodically, they would appear on other roofs and by chimney stacks to look in our direction.

Cassidy revelled in this adulation, yet somehow found a balcony about twenty feet to the left, where no fan had yet infiltrated, rather more interesting.

He's cocky and smooth-talking, sure of himself and supremely confident of the reaction that a flash of greying

(or so a recent Daily claimed) quiffed hair, or the merest glimpse of silken trouser leg will bring.

Cassidy mania is undoubtedly on the wane, but there are still hordes of diehards willing to risk life and limb for there hero. I gestured to the fans below and asked Cassidy if he still found all this surprising.

"No," comes the answer, quickly. "Does that sound really conceited and blasé? But no, it doesn't surprise me at all. I accept it. I've been doing it a long time and you just kind of get used to it. As blasé as that sounds, it's true. It's like anything else, you just accept the fact that it's going to be there. If it's not there, it's OK. If it is there, it's OK

too, it doesn't hassle me. Really.

"I like turning people on. It's nice, I think everybody likes to do that. It's great to know somebody's digging you."

You've probably heard talk of the new Cassidy album. Released in July, it's far removed from the Partridge family, from the 'Didn't We Have Ourselves Some Kind Of Summer', 'How Can I Be Sure' stuff. As is apparent from the album's title (and from the dialogue track), Cassidy is anxious to shove all that teen star, chest: 37 inches, inside leg: 31 inches, favourite wild animal: jaguar, miscellaneous dislikes: American food, lime green jelly irrelevance well and truly behind him. He's enthusiastic about the record and considers it a huge departure from his previous recorded efforts.

"I was playing a lot on it, I co-produced it with Bruce Johnston. I think there are

'Oh my God, a man can only take so much. Get her attention for me will you? Awww. . .'

some real fine things on the album. I started progressing with it, instead of getting into, like, rock and roll, I decided to try an R&B thing. Two tracks I really enjoyed doing — 'Common Thief' and 'Darlin', that old Beach Boy's number. I wanted to get into an um - cha - um - cha feel on it, as opposed to the same old thing.

"But I don't think it really represents me as a writer. There are actually a lot of songs that I have written already that didn't go on the album. I think they're perhaps better than the ones that did go on it, but they didn't really work within its concept so I decided to leave them for the time being.

"Consequently, I've got about five finished tunes for my next one. 'Love In Bloom', now that's a good track," he changes the subject completely. "I wrote it with Harry Nilsson. It's real teenage, that's what I like about it. Harry wrote it in 1965 and I just changed it a little to put it on the album. It's fine. Harry likes it. It's such an old number, so it's hard for him to like something around 10 years old, but he dug it, and in the end was real pleased that I did it."

The album seems, broadly, to follow some sort of concept.

Aliases

"Concept? Oh yeah, it is, it definitely is. Its original title was 'The Rise And Fall Of Jackson Snipe', which is one of my aliases on the road. This album kind of puts a final cover on these last four or five years of my life."

At this point a dark-haired girl — not a fan — appears on that left-hand balcony wearing a bikini, obviously preparing to sunbathe. Cassidy stops in his tracks and, distracted, blows kisses. She disappears.

"Anyway . . ." he continues, "It's conceptual in as much as it deals with me as a small town boy thinking what it might be like to be a rock and roll star. Nobody wants to be movie stars any more, it's not like it used to be, everyone wants to be a rock and roll star. So, small town boy becomes pop star, you know."

He looks around himself, and sees the fans appearing on the rooftops. "God, there are a lot of birds around here," he says. "Jesus . . ." his narrow eyes widen considerably.

"Yeah, well, sorry. I just . . . my attention wandered a little bit, you know. What was I saying? Oh yeah, about the small town boy. Well, I had this idea and I walked in and just wrote the first track on the album, 'When I'm A Rock And Roll Star' in, like, five minutes, as quickly as that."

Delighted

"I didn't have a song to start off with, but it suddenly came to me. I was originally going to do Elton's number, 'I'm Gonna Be A Teenage Idol', but . . ."

A group of fans wander on to a roof, very close to us indeed, but they're looking in the wrong direction. "They're trying to find me, man," says Cassidy, delighted. He whistles and they turn.

"Hang on," he says to them, "hang on, I'm doing a little interview here."

"It's *him*." The girls run to the railings. One starts to snap pictures. Having attracted their attention, Cassidy contemptuously turns his back to them and resumes talking about the album.

"So I had to stick with a sort of storyline on the album, it was like a puzzle some of the time. I went in originally to produce it myself, but Bruce Johnston called me up and said, hey, I hear you're going to do it alone. Let me come down and listen. So he did."

"He came by and I had three songs to do — 'Get It Up For Love', 'Love In Bloom' and 'Be-Bop-A-Lula'. I cut them on the first night and he didn't really do anything at all. He just stayed out of my way. Then we started kind of feeling each other out and, eventually, he emerged as sort

of a co-producer. I think there are

Cassidy: the monster on the patio

● FROM PAGE 7

of backing vocal arranger. He's so good at that, you know, and I was real glad to have him along."

The girl on the balcony reappears. The bikini's small and revealing.

"What . . ." ogles Cassidy. "Oh my God, a man can only take so much. Get her attention for me will you? Awww . . ."

The fans on the next roof see him pandering unsuccessfully for her attentions, and turn to go. He notices and waves to them.

"See you," he whistles again, "see you soon, huh?" They're out of sight. "Look at that," he marvels. "I've disrupted everybody's day around here. They're all blown out about it."

"Anyway, what was I saying?" The screams below are getting louder, the girl in the bikini is still there. "How about, er, let's just turn this off for one second."

He switches my tape recorder off and proceeds, suggestively, to bare his shoulders to the girl on the balcony. She smiles.

Compromised

"Where was I?" I turn the machine on again. "Oh, let me just take a minute to think about what I was saying." He takes a deep breath to compose himself. "I knew what I wanted to do with the album, I wanted it to run as a sort of story, to tell the tale about my whole teenage trip. Some of it was tongue-in-cheek, you know, but mostly it was a therapy album that I really needed to make."

"It's over now, anyhow, and I think there are some real fine moments on it. I'm into something else now, but talking about it is OK. I like some of it . . . I like all of it, actually. There are parts of it that I think I could have made better if I'd had the time and hadn't had to rush. I even lost my engineer in the middle of it, so recording wasn't without its ups and downs. It was the first thing I'd tried to produce and I was so preoccupied with that side of it that I think I kind of blew it as a singer."

"I was so into arranging and playing that I sort of forgot about my vocals. I compromised on my vocals a lot, I was trying to drive the band and I over sang a little here and there. I think I'll be more pleased with the next one — although I am pleased with this one. I'm just striving to be better all the time, that's what it is."

Bowie

"It worked out all right. I liked working with Bruce Johnston — we might work together again, we might not. I'm just leaving it all open. I don't want to say that I'm definitely not or definitely going to do something, I want to leave it all open."

"I had a meeting with David Bowie about a year ago. He called me up and said, I want to produce you. I said, well, OK, let's have a talk about it. Then I thought, well, why does he want to produce me? I asked him, and he didn't really have an answer — he just said, well, where do you see yourself in five years?"

"I said, man I can't answer that. I don't even see myself in five days! So he went on the road and I split for a while and it never came together."



'There's this girl over there in the bathing suit and I want her to take her clothes off'

But he was, like, too definite. I don't like that.

"It's probably for the best that it didn't happen. I believe in doing what feels right at the time. I just want to keep recording and producing myself until somebody comes along who I think can do it better than me. I don't know. I'll just keep going."

She comes back again, and Cassidy goes off on a tangent. "Take your clothes off," he whispers, "come on, come on."

One of the Cassidy entourage comes out on to the patio to see what the fuss is about. Cassidy explains, "There's this girl over there in the bathing suit and I want her to take her clothes off . . ."

Frustrating

By this time a little surprised, rather taken aback by Cassidy's actions, I ask him a question in an attempt to bring the interview back on to an even keel. Something like: the headline to a recent piece about you in a daily paper said that you went through 'five years of hell' as a teen star. Was that bad?

"Really?" he says. "Yeah . . . there she is, there she is, see? Lovely isn't she?"

Useless. "I don't know. Five years of hell? Five years of heaven? More like five years of being on an emotional yo-yo. It was really that as opposed to being hell. I mean, there was hell in it, but there were some real high moments as well. As I say, I really like turning people on, in fact a whole lot of people got high with it all, which was fine."

"It was just unfortunate that, creatively, I was never able to do what I wanted to do. That was the most frustrating thing, that was the hell of it, constantly being rubbish to something I wasn't. I don't mind people rubbishing me for something that I'm honestly responsible for, but this was just not me. I had no control over the . . . monster I'd become."

Below, the chants were becoming very loud indeed.

"So, after I gave it all up I went through a period of re-evaluation and deliberation. I

didn't know what I wanted to do, I didn't know who I was.

"I cut off all my hair and I said, shit, I want to start all over again. It was an important thing to do, it took me a while to come to terms with . . ."

"We want David!" comes the chant.

"Let me just say hello to those girls," he says, getting up from his seat. He goes over to the edge of the roof, clips his feet beneath an iron bar and leans precariously forwards. He whistles and waves and the screaming starts.

"DAAAAVID!" "Jesus, this is lunacy," he says, on his return. "So, anyway . . . this is real distracting. I'm sorry if this isn't coming together. It's just real hard to take all this. It's going on, and I'm just amazed at it all, constantly."

"Anyway, I did go through an identity crisis, you know. I had waited so long to have my freedom, and then I thought, hang on a minute. Maybe I don't want to do anything ever again. I knew that I wanted to make records again eventually, but I thought I'd better cool it for a while."

Individual

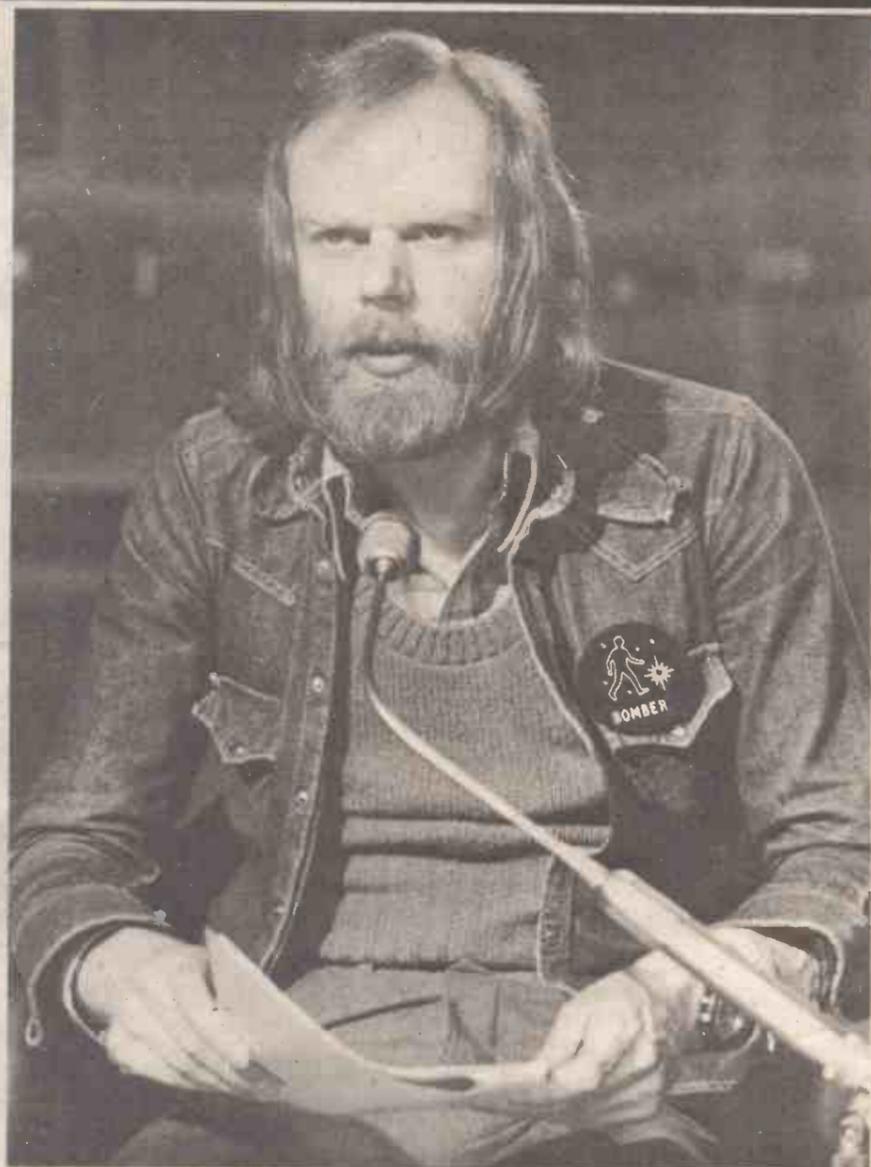
"I went to Hawaii and hung out. I relaxed, got loose a little bit, started relating to people, gradually became less of a recluse. It's taken me this long to get in touch with myself."

"It used to drive me crazy when people used to recognise me in the street because it was like recognising somebody I wasn't. I hated that. Now, I want people to recognise me, but as myself. I want to emerge as a person, as an individual with an identity and not . . . Keith Partridge. I would like that to happen. I think it will. But it's going to take a while."

People were queuing up in the other room, waiting to interview Cassidy after me. The powers that be reckoned that I'd had long enough. The interview finished here.

His final words: "Sorry about all the interruptions and," taking another long look at that nearby balcony, "distractions."

Extraordinary.



● BOB HARRIS: "we have to think in visual terms."

"BADA BADA badoo d day . . . s'no place, s'no place"—and he's right! The Sensational Alex Harvey is on his fifth rehearsal of 'Give My Compliments To The Chef' in front of the cameras in Studio A at the BBC, Queen Margaret Drive, Glasgow.

It is 3.30 p.m. he's been there since 2 p.m. and the 'Old Grey Whistle Test' goes out 'live' that night at 10.25 — a whole seven hours later.

The studio has gathered a crowd of smart secretary types who sneak away from their bosses in the building to watch the strange goings on. Last night Studio A was being used to record 'Take Five', a strange Scots programme which straight Scots TV men think is the ideal popular music programme. It's all plastic backdrops, obscure camera angles and stars Danny Street, an all purpose popular 'entertainer' who specialises in cover versions of 'popular' songs.

Meanwhile here's this bizarre team of people from London lining up shots of a bunch of weirdos without a backdrop, exposing the naked studio walls. Shit, these guys are breaking all the rules. They're drinking in the control room, smoking in the studio and they aren't even wearing ties. The director looks a lot like Ginger Baker, as he wanders about working out camera angles and giving directions . . . They're a bunch of crazies!

It's 4 p.m. and the show is nowhere near ready. Rab Noakes hasn't put in an appearance yet and Bob Harris, the Bomber, is somewhere between Carlisle and Glasgow, having got on the wrong train from London. Nobody quite knows when he'll arrive!

Honesty

"It's usually this chaotic" says tall, dark, handsome producer, Mike Appleton, in one of the breaks. "It always comes together when it goes out and it always amazes us just how it works out every time. With this sort of programme you can't do run-throughs, it has to look spontaneous, or the whole image of Whistle Test would have gone."

"It's a question of honesty; Bob's sincere, quiet links, the bare studio walls, and the shots of cameras in a style which has developed over the years. The viewer gets to expect honesty so we don't gloss over things; it's the music they're interested in and they show that they trust us by writing about 100 letters a week."

A day in the life of the 'Old Grey Whistle Test,' as seen by Stuart Hoggard in Glasgow

have a talk about it, then I go away and listen to them and decide whether or not to have them on."

There's a buzz in the studio — all the secretaries are rhu-barbing in the background — whispering Bob has arrived. He looks surprisingly natural as he unobtrusively watches the second rehearsal of 'Delila' but all eyes are on him. Alex Harvey may come and Alex Harvey may go but the Bomber goes on for ever.

He wanders over to the cue machine to check his script. "The fact that I use a script called down some derision from some quarters", he said, to justify the machine's use. "They thought that it was unnecessary, and that I should be doing it all off the top of my head. I can do that with my radio programme, if I talk a bit too long before one-track I can make up the time later on."

Naturally

"But on the Whistle Test we have to think in visual terms, I'm not in control of the equipment upstairs, so it all has to be worked out beforehand. There is a key word in the script which tells Tom Corcoran how long it will be until the next camera change. I spend as little time as possible writing the script, and I always write it the way I would say it, so that it comes over naturally."

'Bob had to have the experience of condensing everything and avoiding flannel'

WHAT'S OLD, GREY AND COMES OUT SATURDAYS?



"OK Bob, let's do your links now" booms this voice in an 'are you ready for the Ten Commandments?' tone. Bob ambles over to his chair.

Camera 2 has Bob Harris and music from Rab Noakes. 'It's never too late to fall in love' sings Rab. "We'll ask Rod Stewart", says Bob "The Daily Mirror did and the result was the centre spread we saw, what, 10 days ago or so, of Rod and Britt in the sunshine, looking less in love than self-conscious, I thought, as Rod moves further and further away from reality."

Spontaneity

"Still, that's show business, I suppose and really what's more important is the announcement that Rod will be spending most of his time in America from now on, so this track is appropriate enough." Just a smile away — "this is 'Farewell'." "Farewell brother please don't stand in my way

After a liquid tea in the Grosvenor Hotel we are all back in the Studio. It's 9 p.m. and I haven't seen a complete run through of the show yet. Rab Noakes turned up and executed his set before the cameras, but I get the impression that prefabrication is the name of the game.

"We don't go over the show beforehand because it would lose whatever spontaneity it has", says director Tom Corcoran. We make all these notes on the script; we knew where a camera should be at any given time so we can press a button and it's all change to Camera 3 or what-ever."

Upstairs in the gallery the time is creeping slowly towards 10.25 p.m. and a strange man keeps picking up a phone and saying "Network in 365, stand by." Mike Appleton sits with stopwatch in hand; a very pregnant Alma Palmer, the researcher, is next to him, script in hand; Tom Corcoran is next; and on the end is Joan Douglas, the vision mixer.

All are grouped around a crescent table with a bank of

seven monitors in front of them, showing what each camera sees and what BBC 2 is showing. At the time it happened to be a costume romance of some kind. Meanwhile Alex Harvey padded about in his pirate costume.

A phone buzzes and the strange man picks it up; "Network are running two minutes late". "Relax everyone Network are two minutes late," says Tom over the tannoy.

A door behind bursts open and Duggie Hammond, the

floor manager, rushes in breathless and angry "Alex Harvey has produced a pair of step ladders", he pants. "Aw shit! I don't want him climbing up them and falling off, get rid of them", commands Corcoran. The ladders are taken away, he is in charge now.

"OK, Twenty seconds . . . ten . . . five . . ." Joan Douglas presses a button and the opening credits roll; clouds, pink flame and Star-kicker.

Bob Harris is on Camera 1: "Hello again, well here we are spending our Friday night in Glasgow bringing some of the very best Scottish music onto the Whistle Test this week."

"Find the lead guitarist", yells Tom to one of the cameramen. One of the monitors zooms in close to where he should have been standing — there's no one there. Joan presses another button and Alex is on the main monitor. It's a small foul-up.

The four people at the control table are shaking their shoulders to the music and sipping whisky. Joan presses the buttons to the beat of the music which is why you get those amazing camera changes which seem to hit the right place just as the organist runs down the keys. But as 'Give My Compliments To The Chef' fades out into 'Any Old Time' the sound mixer realises that the group of secretaries standing behind the cameras watching might just clap.

Bopper

It's a contingency they hadn't counted upon and quick consultation decides that if they do then Bob will mention that we have some friends with us tonight.

It's 10.43 p.m. now and everything has gone well. Bob has just introduced the Nazareth film. But, two minutes into the song, the floor manager breaks in again . . . "Alex has found the ladders and sprayed VAMBO ROOL across the Whistle Test back-flap — the fucking bastard . . . let's have a look at it." It's not too bad; turn the lights

down and it becomes invisible. Dan McCafferty is being interviewed on screen and has produced a brace of haggas (two haggis) which he trapped and cut the legs off himself. The way they are hanging from their strings makes them look particularly obscene.

The rest of the show goes off without a hitch, Tom shakes in his seat to Alex Harvey's 'Delila' and I'm convinced that he's a bopper at heart.

Meanwhile, on Camera 1. Bob Harris is saying: "Next week's programme will be live in every sense of the word, and will feature the Jack Bruce Band with Jack Bruce, Mick Taylor and Carla Bley, and it will take up the whole of Whistle Test. This band could prove to be the saving grace of a stagnating musical scene' I read in SOUNDS last week, and everyone seems to be echoing that statement now. Meanwhile, though we've seen this piece of film before on the programme, how could we leave Bonnie Scotland without some music from the Average White Band? See you next Friday. Goodnight."

Then it's a mad dash up to the fourth floor to the hospitality suite to make conversation, slap backs, and avoid being seduced by a strange girl who thought I had nice eyes. I did a *News of the World*, and made my excuses.

Oh yes, we finished a month's supply of BBC Scotland booze before the commissioner threw us out around two in the morning. The following day Mike Appleton would be in his office planning the programme two weeks from now.

It's all go intit?



● JACK BRUCE and Mick Taylor: take up the whole Whistle Test.

SUMMER SOUNDS

IT'S BEEN a long night, the last before Summer, and whatever you're on you're going to make it through the day because Summer's here and the time is right.

At 3.30 a.m. you're changing records like an automaton and playing things that don't take too much energy but provide a spacey background to the hour of the wolf. More people commit suicide at this time of day than at any other. It's not so much the darkest hour, more the heaviest.

Brian Jones went to Morocco to record the mountain musicians playing their mountain music for a living in a strange timespace warp. The album that resulted from the Jones / Gysin expedition, 'Brian Jones Presents The Pipes Of Pan At Joujouka', is one of those records that is a mood rather than a piece of music. It has the power to propel the subconscious; it is the air above a North African mountain alchemically transmuted into plastic. And there are mountain dogs and mountain secrets barking and being kept. Perfect for 3.30 a.m.

But then dawn is coming and the sky is changing to the promise of a summer day. You drag out something a little nearer home, something a little more relative, but still

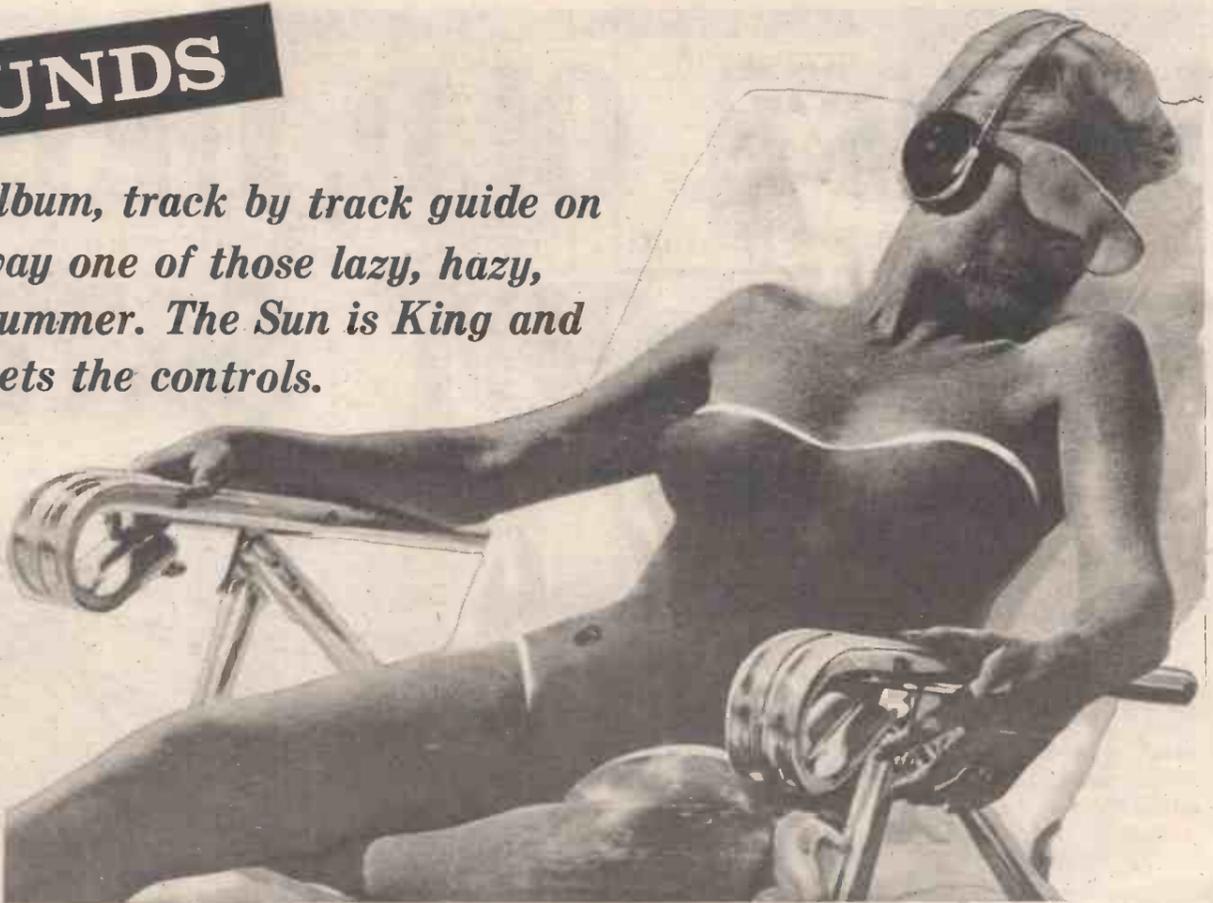
An album by album, track by track guide on how to play away one of those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer. The Sun is King and Idris Walters sets the controls.

spacey enough for the dawn chorus to harmonise with. The re-mix copy of 'Anthem Of The Sun' by the Grateful Dead seems to hit it. The sun is the Summer image and 'Anthem Of The Sun' ties the insides of the brain into hard knots for the day ahead.

The cosmic business of the sun as symbol and, more important, the fact that nobody else has got up yet makes your fingers do the walking along the albums to settle graciously on Floyd's 'A Saucerful Of Secrets'. 'Set The Controls To The Heart Of The Sun' is perfect for this time of the day. If more people played this track at 5.00 a.m. the sun would come up quicker and brighter and the Floyd would take their rightful place in the history of planetary gymnastics.

Having successfully avoided the milkman the nostalgia bug surfaces for a quick run through the 'Bluesbreakers / John Mayall / Eric Clapton' album. But it doesn't fit. Something's wrong, and you played it so loud that the children are awake and you feel you should greet them with something a little less wonderful. Something a little more Summerish.

You're tempted to play 'Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast' from Floyd's 'Ummagumma' but resist because it's never



Here comes the sun

sounded so good since you got used to it. Pulling a fast one you stick 'Moby Grape '69' on the breakfast turntable and settle down to a couple of hours of the bacon and eggs boogie. Grape's '69 is a Summer record and the last but one track on side one is called 'It's A Beautiful Day Today'.

It's about the California sunshine and the chorus goes 'People on their way / Beginning a brand new day / I love a hearin' people say / It's a beautiful day today'. The instrumental break is like somebody whistling through a heat haze.

Knackered

One's tempted to sidetrack through the first two albums by It's A Beautiful Day but resistance is provided by a string of morning songs for the bleary eyed like 'Good Morning' from Sgt. Pepper and 'Morning Song' from One Nation Underground by Pearls Before Swine with its surreal toytown organ and Tom Rapp's best lip. But that's a little twee for breakfast so you wake the last remaining layabouts with 'Morning Dew' from 'Truth'. By the time there are about a dozen dreamers slumped across the breakfast table you're knackered. So you look for a double, perhaps a treble to play through the chaos. Out of the frying pan, into Syd Barrett perhaps? Harvest's re-release of 'The Madcap Laughs' and 'Barrett' is long enough, daft enough and summery enough.

So before some wise guy notices you're there, quick as a flash, with 'Will The Circle Be Unbroken' by The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and friends. After all it's got 'Both Sides Now' on it (last track, side six) and you've hogged the chair next to the deck.

The sun has risen above the garden fence, the mail has been deciphered and everybody has noticed Summer. Being devoid of Beach Boys albums, playable 'original' versions of Eddie Cochran's 'Summertime Blues' and being in anxious need of uptempo you can always turn to 'Live At Leeds' with its Margate version of 'Summertime Blues' on side one. You follow it by 'Exile On Main Street' (headlag in the South Of France), 'Sticky Fingers' (Coke spilt down the trousers), or a straight West Coast revival session.

Because the West Coast is Summer all year round — or at least sounds like it — and because everybody is pissed off with there being no Beach Boys albums, you turn to 'After Bathing At Baxter's'

with its guitar shaped swimming pools. Then there's Quicksilver's 'Shady Grove' with its strangely early King Crimson synthesiser sound. And if you play 'Shady Grove' there is no way of getting out of playing 'Happy Trails'.

Barefoot

'Indian Summer', 'Waiting For The Sun' (the song rather than the album) and the others from 'Morrison Hotel' would complete any faint morning's heart on a trip through lysergic bay, and would bring everything back to reality. Suddenly it's time for cold lager and 'Old Songs, New Songs' by Family.

It's liquid lunchtime and you discover that the bathroom jukebox doesn't contain anything from the following Summer albums: 'Chuck Berry's Golden Decade', sun on a car park; 'Funky Kingston' by Toots and The Maytals, tropical heatwave; 'Cissy Strut' from the Meters, sun on a backbeat; or 'Be A Brother' by Big Brother and The Holding Company which includes 'Sunshine Baby' and Nick Gravenites' excellent 'Heartache People'.

Summer afternoon's must be taken horizontally, barefoot, and slow. So it was a mistake to prolong the rock bias of the morning uppers; a mistake to play 'Da Capo' by Love 'Four Sail' by Love and 'Brave New World' by Steve Miller.

Sweaty

California rock, in all its manifestations, is Summer music. And there is so much of it that everybody has their own particular favourites.

You grab a stick of celery, a shake-up is required. There's someone armed with 'Simon and Garfunkel's Greatest Hits' and the opposition has his eyes on the first Move album but Astral Weeks wins.

Van Morrison's piece of resistance, 'Astral Weeks' is easy and lazy, sluggish as in hot tarmac, a mood to lay back on. It is surprisingly easily followed by Traffic's 'John Barleycorn Must Die', English Summer in the English countryside. But it isn't sweaty enough.

Spreadeagled on the good earth, someone suggests getting into a bit of Santana 'Caravanserai' with its desert nonsense and its applied Eastern pollen count gives way painlessly to 'Welcome', with its lowly religiosity. Sadly, the latter, while suiting the time of day, leaves the listener in need of some guitars. Mahavishnu's 'Love Devotion and Surrender'

helps, and eases the transition across a million rock and roll singles to the genuine article.

John Coltrane's 'A Love Supreme' is a sweltering record, a perfect sound exercise for a Summer afternoon and side two of 'Prepare Thyself To Meet With A Miracle' by Rahsaan Roland Kirk is a 21 minute saxophone solo for afters. Which can only lead you into the nether regions of Miles Davis' 'In A Silent Way'.

Another direction could have been taken at Santana time. Certain West Coast sun worship albums like David Crosby's 'If Only I Could Remember My Name' (quite) or the Dead's 'American Beauty' could have led to the great Sir Douglas dead-end (Mexican sun over Texan America).

Reggae

Once you are stuck in Mendocino with the Augie Meyer (organist on 'She's About A Mover') blues you are in aural trouble that can only lead to Bob Dylan. But it's more likely that the West Coast would have led to some country music as done by the country rockers.

'Mother Earth Presents Tracy Nelson' for instance, or 'Pieces Of The Sky' by Emmylou Harris, or the excellent Burrito Bros' 'Close Up The Honky Tonks' retrospective, or even 'Country Joe McDonald Thinking Of Woody Guthrie'.

Whatever you pick try climaxing with the Byrds 'Sweetheart Of The Rodeo', an unchallenged masterpiece and difficult to follow unless changing horses and getting into 'Notorious Byrd Brothers'. And that would be a whole new thing which there wouldn't be time before. Before tea that is.

So how to agree about the right record to play on a hot Summer's day? It's on the magnificent Marble Arch label, by way of Kama Sutra, and is called 'The Best Of The Lovin' Spoonful Volume 1'. It's a record and a half and contains 'Summer In The City', 'Daydream', 'You Didn't Have To Be So Nice' and all the rest in dynamic mono. Followed by John Sebastian's summerhouse soundtrack solo album 'John B Sebastian', the Lovin' Spoonful make superb teatime, scones and butter music.

Wash up (plates, knives, steel guitars) with the Holy Modal Rounders' first album and have someone read the liner notes out loud between tracks. You need a good laugh with hands that do dishes.

Reggae is Summer music. It's hot in the ghetto, and it's

probably hot in the recording studios as well. 'Burnin'', is a good album for a long Summer evening, whatever there is to smoke and the more root reggae you play the hotter you get.

'Burnin'' is The Wailers' most sultry album. But, strangely enough, Leon Russell's 'Carney', the best thing he ever did, works remarkably well. Especially when the building sites have stopped choogling and you can hear cricketers helping the sun sink. 'Carney' is like a deserted fair-ground just before dark.

It's hard to find an evening direction, except that it should wind up Gothic or swampy. The following albums seem to fit:

'Moments' by Boz Scaggs at his most erratic, but with a setting sun; Allen Toussaint's 'Southern Nights' which is heading towards the swamps; Marvin Gaye's 'Let Get It On' which is the late night album; and the Bloomfield / Stills / Kooper 'Supersession' which is the other late night album.

After dark, which is pretty late these days, the Gothic instincts emerge. Any Alan Stivell album will do, as will Fairport's 'Liege and Lief'. The guitars on 'An Dro Nevez' from Alan Stivell's 'From Celtic Roots' put the trad / guitar / electric genre altogether at one hearing.

'Their Satanic Majesties Request' would seem to fit as Gothic madness but it is definitely a deep Winter album. It necessitates a big fire burning. Meanwhile Incredible String Band lunatics will doubtless veer dangerously towards 'The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter' but that's also a deep Winter number.

Hendrix's 'Electric Ladyland' contains the magnificently marshy 'Long Hot Summer Night' and the darkest rain forest 'Voodoo Chile', but it's one of those albums that cannot be taken in conventional sequence.

'Gris-gris' is perfect — in its murkiness, its perspiration, its gumbo and its delta doings. Dr John made a unique album there. Vegans, however, should turn to 'Tropic Appetites' by Carla Bley and her gang — it's a superb global event to go to bed with and leaves the mind off-centre.

But for silence, gathering dreams, and open windows after dark, the still near-supernatural sound of Paul Horn's 'Inside' should be left on the turntable overnight. It is a devastating sleeping pill and in these days and nights of extreme psychological overload, that's a kind of compliment.

Beans, rice, fried onions, peppers and chip. Another two smarties (red and orange).



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'What happens if we are a flop?'

(Clem Clempson)



'Oh, I hadn't thought of that'

(Greg Ridley)



'Cozy's busy tuning his motor so we won't be hearing from him' (M.F.P.)

IT IS a very large, very white room overlooking the trees at the top end of Shaftsbury Avenue. There is a desk, behind which sits Nigel Thomas, kingpin of Good Ear management, records et al. Opposite him sit Greg Ridley and Clem Clempson erstwhile members of Humble Pie. They are talking with great agitation, tossing ideas back and forth. Eventually Greg says "Strange brew!"

Instant cries of "Love it!" and "Yeah!"

No, gentle reader, they are not mad, even though it is a beautiful sunny day. For these fine gentlemen are discussing a matter of great urgency — what to call their new band.

Greg and Clem are now two thirds of Strange Brew, the third member is Cozy Powell, drummer and motor racer. In fact, right now he's busy tuning his motor so we won't be hearing from him.

After the names Cozy Pie and Humble Powell had been rejected, things went downhill, there were all sorts of variants on Gypsy and Boxer, when out of the blue came Greg's brain wave.

Phone calls are made to those in on the secret. Response is immediate and affirmative. Strange Brew it is.

Right lads, now you've got a name let's do The First Interview.

Free

Clem: "Cozy and myself, we got together about two weeks ago and decided it was time to form a band, 'cos from years back we've always wanted to do it. Greg and myself always felt that if Humble Pie finished we'd like to stay together. Cozy and I actually did get a band together once, years ago but it only lasted about a week 'cos I joined Colosseum."

Since Cozy and Clem have known each other well for so long how come the band never came together before?

Clem: "It's a case of never being free. When I split from Colosseum, Cozy was tied up with Jeff Beck, and when he split from Jeff Beck I was tied up with Pie. We got together two weeks ago and it suddenly hit us that we were both freed."

Free because the Pie split is final, and because Cozy's contract with hitmaker Mickey Most has just expired. So the Pie break-up, protracted and rumoured for months is now fact. Clem again: "We have definitely split. There is a chance we may get together to make an album if the record company want it, which apparently they do. So maybe there'll be a farewell album or something like that. We're still all good pals."

Greg: "Six years is quite a while, and you reach a peak and then jump off — and hope to land safe. You want to stay on top. You don't want to go down and go out on a bumper. Humble Pie could always guarantee more on their live shows than they could on their albums."

Clem: "The most successful Pie number was 'Doctor'. And I think the reason it was so successful was the arrangement that went into it: but we got kind of lethargic and never got around to getting down to that kind of thing after 'Smokin'. And that's something I feel strongly about. I don't believe in just playing a 12 bar and writing a quick set of lyrics over it."

The First Interview with Strange Brew

BY MIKE FLOOD PAGE



● STRANGE BREW: Left to Right, Greg Ridley, Cozy Powell and Clem Clempson.

"When you get to the stage Pie were you tend to feel that you're guaranteed certain album sales and things. We had actually broken up before the last tour. On the tour we had a really good time, and the thought did occur to us several times that maybe we shouldn't break up. But then the same things kept coming back. For instance Steve wants to be a stand-up vocalist in the future. He doesn't want to be a guitar-player."

"Steve is also a very dominant guy. It's not a put-down but he is, and Pie tended to go along with whatever mood he was in. When we did 'Eat It', it was a completely different direction from 'Smokin' but that was 90 per cent due to Steve, although we enjoyed it."

Influences

Greg: "We were just catering to what we were recognised for in Pie. We have other influences which were different."

Clem: "Yeah. There's a lot of things that Greg and myself would get together that couldn't really be used in Pie."

So, no Pie, and for Clem, despite rumours to the contrary, no Purple either. Instead, Strange Brew, a band which if it doesn't follow Bad Co straight off to the US, could fill a gap in terms of a good steaming rock and roll unit touring Britain. As Nigel Thomas put it diplomatically, "Strange Brew won't be very quiet." Also like Pie they'll be a leaping, visually dynamic band, the inclusion of Cozy Powell alone guarantees that.

Clem again: "Cozy's got more stage presence than any drummer I've ever seen, apart from maybe Ginger Baker. There's something about watching Cozy... he's really fascinating."

No danger that Cozy's recent chart success might lead people to expect something similar?

Greg: "He's capable of so much more..."

Clem: "Anybody that was into his band, as opposed to just his singles would realise that he's not really just that."

Greg will be taking the

weight of the singing chores with Clem helping out occasionally, even so, a three piece means that both will have to come up front and provide the focus of the band.

Clem: "That's why we like it, the challenge of it. When you've got two guitarists you can really lay back, but with a three-piece there's no way you can do that, I enjoy that. If you can imagine Greg's bass with Cozy's drums, even without anything else that's hefty, but it's also very controlled."

The trio will go into the studios to record an album in August due for late September release. The material will be all new and their own. Then in September they should be out on the road in Britain.

Clem: "It gelled immediately. We could go into a recording studio tomorrow if we wanted to. We prefer to give it a bit of time and work on it. That's what went wrong with Pie in the end. We did tend to say: Oh, it's time to make an album. And just go in and do it. The best Pie albums were always the ones that had kind of been worked out onstage before they were recorded."

Marquee

The fresh challenge of starting over seems important to the new band. Clem: "When it's your ambition to do the Marquee it meant so much more than having an ambition to do Madison Square Gardens. That was part of the reason we got bored. Not necessarily musically, but we were just going round going the same gigs once every four or five months. There was no way Humble Pie could've done a few nights at the Marquee, whereas we can maybe if we want to."

So far it's been great fun but we're going to have to pay our dues.

Greg: "A little bit of hard work, here and there, won't do us any harm."

Clem: "We'll be able to be a lot more ambitious, Greg (in an ominous stage whisper): "What happens it we're a flop?"

Clem, (taken aback): "Oh, I hadn't thought of that!"

'Blood, Sweat & Tears is the best thing to happen in rock and roll so far in 1968'

Jan Wenner, Rolling Stone 27 April 1968

Now in '75, David Clayton-Thomas returns ...history is all set to repeat itself.

1968: David Clayton-Thomas and Blood, Sweat & Tears. Together; an explosive combination.

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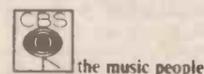
Featured tracks include Allen Toussaint's 'Life'; Lennon & McCartney's 'Got To Get You Into My Life' and Randy Newman's 'Naked Man'.

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NEW CITY from BS&T

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soul sounds

BY ROBIN KATZ

RUFUS THOMAS is a walking disco boom. He makes dance records, initiates the beat and in many cases is the only person to sing about a certain dance, and tell you how to do it, all at the same time.

Looking over his past successes it is fairly obvious that Rufus' ability to get people on their feet is not just a skill gained from years of entertaining.

These days, when every other thing you hear is an up-tempo dance beat, Rufus still maintains his uniqueness. He's never cleared a dance floor, which is something a lot of the current disco groups will probably be doing as soon as their monotonous bump-double-bump-hustle-bustle beat grinds to a boring halt.

Rufus is currently in Britain on a short tour until the end of the month. He's the Crown Prince of Dance who should now be promoted to the Great Grand-daddy of the Dance Floor.

But most people already know enough about Rufus and dance records and there are many more who are aware that Stax, his record company, have been through financial hell for the past few years.

"Maybe Stax will be coming back, just maybe," says Rufus, "I've got my fingers crossed and I'm going to do my best to stay there. In order for me to move somewhere else, Stax will have to fall flat on its face. I can't speak for anyone else on the label. All I hear is rumours about people leaving or those who have left like Issac Hayes.

Retire

"I can't see myself doing what Smokey (Robinson) did because I don't want to semi-retire from the stage. When I do retire it will be completely, although I still want to be a lending hand for other artists. There were people who helped me up the ladder and if I can I'd like to do the same for someone else."

Before he was nationally known as a singer, Rufus Thomas was a disc jockey for WDIA, the only 50,000 KWT station in Memphis and still the biggest drawing R&B station for miles and miles. Rufus spent over two decades there, from the days of those three stone a piece 78 records until a couple of years ago.

Since the British airwaves are universally considered to be permanently in a state of regressive progression, it was interesting to find out some of the different phases radio in the States went through between 1950 and now.

Student

"The first thing you have to know about is Nat Williams," Rufus began, with the ease of a long gone student recalling an important date off the top of his head.

"He was the first black disc jockey. No black man had ever talked on the airwaves before. Everytime anyone tried, the sponsors would pull off their ads. They were afraid or sure that people wouldn't buy anything a black man told them was good.

"But a man named Bert Ferguson believed. He said 'Nat, you go out there. I don't care about the sponsors. We're going to do it'. And so they opened the door in 1948.

"Now, I had been singing professionally since I was in high school at 14. In the early Fifties, until 'Walkin' The Dog' was a hit, I worked during the day for the American Finishing Company, which was a textile firm.

"I'd work there from 6.30 to 2.30 and then race down to the station. The engineer would put on the first record of my show and by the time I got there, the record would be over and I'd be off.

Rufus Thomas, the Great Granddaddy of the dance floor is in Britain for a short tour. ROBIN KATZ caught up with him in London.

Song and dance man Rufus Thomas



● RUFUS THOMAS: gift of comedy.

'When I do retire it will be completely, although I still want to be a lending hand for other artists'

"In the early Fifties the disc jockey never actually played the records. On the other side of the booth was the engineer and you'd give him a stack of the records to be played — in the correct order — and he'd put them on.

In the beginning it was all very serious and professional.

"The next step came when a man named David James came to the station. He's the man who really made it into a multi-million dollar business.

"He knew I was a comedian and one day he called me aside and said, 'Rufus, from now on, I want you to be yourself on the air. Exercise your gift of comedy... if you have to sneeze or cough, don't turn away from the mike, let the people see that you're just being yourself — a human being'. So I did.

Payola

"My first radio show was called 'The House of Happiness'. It was a one hour show on Saturdays where I'd sing and dance. Yea, I used to dance on the air even if no one could see me.

"As you probably know, B. B. King was a DJ for the same station. But slowly the word got out that B.B. was even better at making records than playing them. He began to pick up quite a following as an artist, so he left the station. I got to move into his slot, from 3-4 pm every weekday.

scratching his salt and peppered hair to get the dates right.

"In 1963, I travelled. I did a big Easter show at the Paramount Theatre on Broadway. I opened the show. Sam Cooke headlined the first three days, then Jackie Wilson did a few days and then James Brown did the last four, and he flopped.

"Lesley Gore was on the bill, and some big Texan and his musicians who couldn't play anyone else's stuff. Let's see, The Four Seasons were on as well. These were all good people. That's the difference between performers today and then. It's the moon and the stars.

Stars

"Stars set themselves apart from the rest of the things in the sky, and from the people who made them. That's why stars fall. I'm the moon, and so are a lot of those other cats from that show. If you stay close to the people it doesn't matter if you got a hit record or not. They still want to see you.

"I reel great about the disco boom. In America, they've picked it up from here... and mostly white kids who ain't danced since God knows when. I remember the days at The Flamingo club with The Rolling Stones when the kids would stop to watch the show and then start dancing all over again. Looks like it's about to happen all over again."

Beeb miss out again

Rockin' Robin's Soul News

'7-6-5-4-3-2-1 (Blow Your Whistle)' is currently the most controversial record around. It's been recorded for Epic by Gary Tom's Empire, an eight piece black outfit from Long Island, and by the Rimshots on All Platinum. Gary wins by a long shot, but once again the Beeb have been too slow to pick up. They got the All Platinum version first and couldn't waste three minutes of their time to listen to the more energetic, version. Rumour has it that CBS is going to mail BOTH versions to DJs to back up their belief that they have the superior record... right on.

IF YOU think Bob Crewe has made a comeback, keep your eyes open for Brian Holland, as in Holland-Dozier-Holland, name is rapidly reappearing on many new versions of old songs as well as no-land-Dozier-Holland, whose name is rapidly reappearing on many new versions of old songs as well as production work on both the new Jackson Five and Supremes albums... welcome back, genius...

TEAM COCKNEY Rebel's Jim Cregan up with Linda Lewis' kid sister, Shirley and friend Debby McDonna and you get a new composing team. The girls work together under the name 'Domino' and their first Epic single was produced by Nicky 'Hot

Stuff' Graham... Called 'I'm Gonna Love You' hasn't anyone noticed its resemblance to Diana Ross' 'Doo-be-dood'ndooobe'...

TONY TYRONE'S 'Please Operator', an up tempo song highly reminiscent of the golden days of Sam and Dave. Tyrone's got his number in the right place...

SYREETA'S (and Stevie's) 'Harbour Love' sounds like the Carpenters go calypso... Bettye Swan, long gone from current record retailer desks, now seen in two places at once. Contempo have reissued 'Make Me Yours' on their well researched 'Contempo-raries' label. Also 'Doing For The One I Love' out on Atlantic...

RIMSHOTS' keyboard player, just for the record, is named Mozart Lewis BOBBY FREEMAN, composer of 'Do You Want To Dance', a hit for himself, The Mamas and the Papas and Bette Midler (to name a few) is suing for unpaid royalties. They could easily roll into six figures.

BOBBY TAYLOR (remember Bobby Taylor and the Vancovers) who penned 'I Want You Back' and is credited with being the real discoverer of the Jackson Five, is back in action. He's got a new contract with Playboy Records. Incidentally, two of the Vancovers are now no less than Cheech and Chong...

From The Supremes to the Welfare



● SUPREMES: circa 1964. L to R: Mary Wilson, Diana Ross and Florence Ballard.

FLORENCE BALLARD, the wispy little girl who left the Supremes way back in 1967 never fails to stir people's sentiments and curiosity.

When she left the trio under the guise of going solo a lot of people had their doubts about the excuse and the truth. Several years later, her lawsuits against Motown confirmed suspicions. Two years ago a former road manager told me that there were always personality clashes between Diana and Mary versus Florence. Others will tell you that Flo was the group's original lead singer.

Now reports of her living off wel-

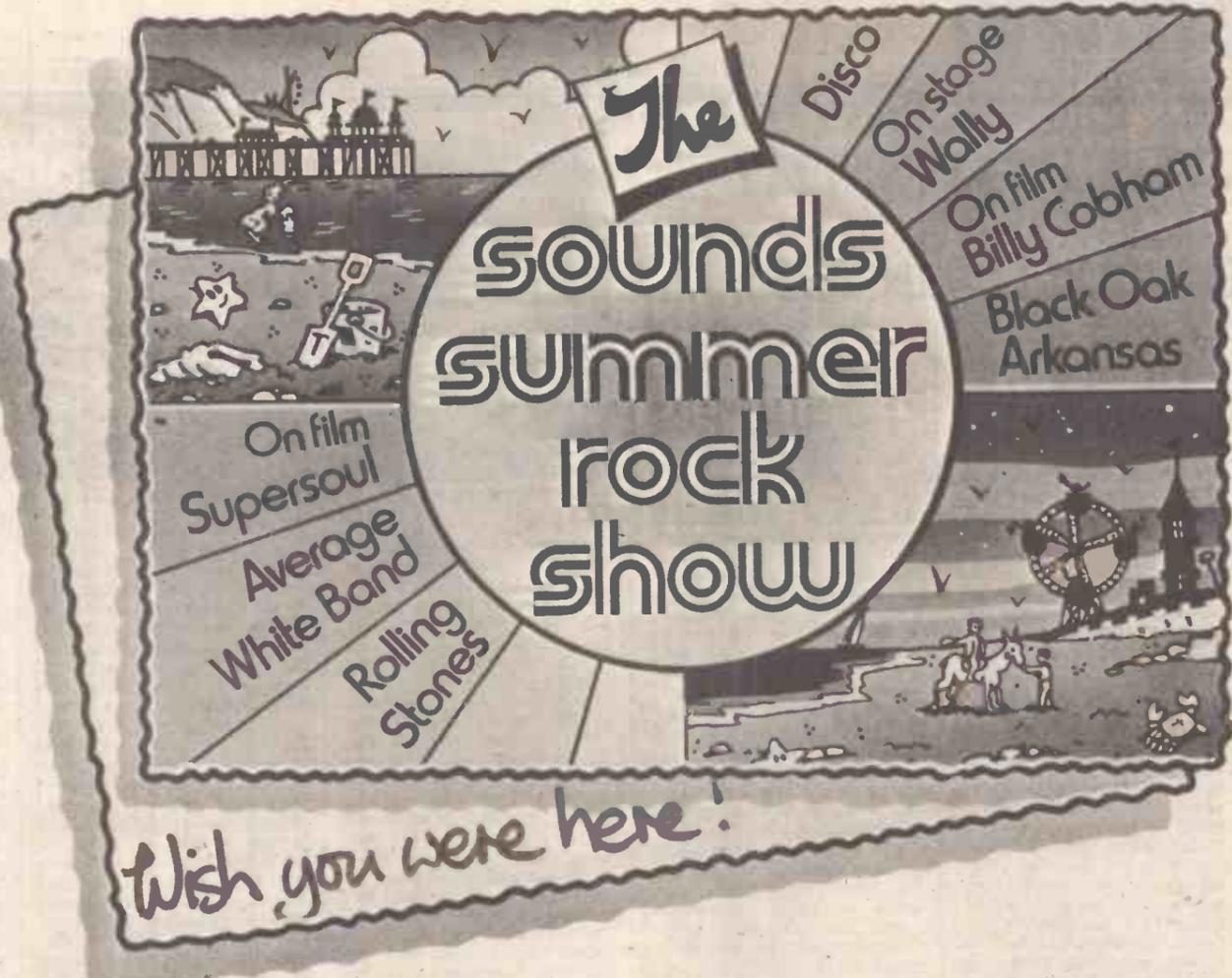
fare for the last few years are also confirmed as true.

What happened was that Mary married Berry Gordy's chauffeur, Thomas Chapman. In '67 she released two flop records for ABC 'It Doesn't Matter How I Say It' and 'Love Ain't Love' and in '71 she lost her lawsuit against Motown and is currently suing her old law team.

In '73 she and her husband separated leaving her with three daughters, including twins. At present, after expenses Florence is lucky to save £2 of her welfare money for herself.

Talking recently to a magazine in Detroit she said: "After I left the Supremes I was in no condition to work; I couldn't stand to hear records being played. I suffered a lot of mental anguish and had to see a psychiatrist. During one period I stayed in the house for six months. I couldn't take it any more."

"I don't know if I can perform again. I used to be a soprano but now I'm a contralto. I don't want to be pushed... I don't want to be hurt again."



**rolling stones ... average white band
 ... billy cobham ... black oak arkansas
 wally and atlantic's 'super soul' album**



ROLLING STONES



AVERAGE WHITE BAND



BILLY COBHAM



BLACK OAK ARKANSAS



WALLY



'SUPER SOUL'

THE ROLLING Stones ... The Average White Band ... Billy Cobham ... Black Oak Arkansas ... Wally and the artists from Atlantic's 'Super Soul' album are all coming your way in the SOUNDS SUMMER ROCK SHOW.

The show, sponsored by SOUNDS in conjunction with ATLANTIC RECORDS and the SHERRY COPELAND organisation, will play 20-plus venues in August, most of them at seaside resorts in England and Wales.

Each evening the three hour SOUNDS SUMMER ROCK SHOW will start with a disco bringing you the hottest sounds around.

Then, throughout the evening, there'll be exclusive big screen presentations of films by The Average White Band, The Rolling Stones, Billy Cobham, Black Oak Arkansas and artists from the 'Super Soul' album — Detroit Spinners, Sister Sledge, Jimmy Castor Bunch and many others.

Completing this Summer extravaganza of music, film and disco sounds, will be a personal appearance of Wally, and linking the whole evening's entertainment will be a super light show.

Admission to the SOUNDS SUMMER ROCK SHOW costs £1, but, starting with the July 19 issue and continuing through

all August issues, SOUNDS will feature special 50p coupons to get everyone into the SOUNDS SUMMER ROCK SHOW for HALF PRICE!

All holders of these 50p coupons will receive an ABSOLUTELY FREE SINGLE.

The coupons also give SOUNDS' readers free entry into the SOUNDS SEE THE STONES COMPETITION with its fantastic first prize of a TRIP TO SEE THE STONES LIVE.

The competition will be judged at the end of the SOUNDS SUMMER ROCK SHOW and the lucky winner will get an absolutely free trip to see the ROLLING STONES LIVE when they next perform after their current American tour.

NEXT WEEK, SOUNDS will give further details of the venues, dates and times of the SOUNDS SUMMER ROCK SHOW. Meanwhile here are the venues already confirmed: Torquay, Town Hall; Barry, Memorial Hall; Llanelli, Glen Ballroom; Barnstable, Queens Hall; Yeovil, Johnson Hall; Minehead, Regal Ballroom; Gt. Yarmouth, Tiffany's; Blackpool, Tiffany's; Bournemouth, Tiffany's; Southampton, Tiffany's; Southend, Tiffany's; Tenby, de Valance Ballroom.



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1. In which country are the Stones currently on tour?
 2. Who is the Stones drummer?
 3. Name the Average White Band's current single.
 4. Which former 'Yes' man co-produces Wally?
- Name.....
 Address.....

If I win, I would like to receive the

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**Don't miss THE SOUNDS SUMMER ROCK SHOW.
 Tell your friends and look out for it!**

albums

A fitting epitaph for the Rainbow

PROCOL HARUM, KEVIN COYNE, JOHN MARTYN, RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON, HATFIELD AND THE NORTH, FRANKIE MILLER, SASSAFRAS: 'OVER THE RAINBOW' (CHRYSALIS CHR 1079) (39.00).

"THE LAST concert, live!" proclaims the cover. And a worthy selection it is, too. The Rainbow was a handy place for us SOUNDS staffers to go and see a band, being only a short distance away from the office. Although it often suffered from hypercoolness and wasn't situated in the most desirable of areas (the album's 20th Century Fox type cover is a great romanticism), it was about the best regular venue London had and its eventual closure was sad, if unavoidable. The final gig didn't have the most spectacular of bills, but nonetheless there was a lot of good music on the night. The sound quality's crisp and clear, the album's intelligently compiled, and it runs like this: Side one features Chrysalis bands; Sassafras open up with

a rousing version of 'Wheelin' N' Dealin', much superior to the studio version — it sounds less like SQ, but rather has more of a band identity. Lead singer Terry Bennett adds two neat tambourine taps before the number begins in earnest, at once showcasing guitarist Dai Shell's fresh, clean style cutting through a solid boogie background. The following tracks (Procol Harum and Harum / Frankie Miller) are the album's weakest. Procol submit a rather leaden version of 'Grand Hotel' (in an improvised mid-section Gary Brooker plays 'Somewhere Over The Rainbow' — appropriate, but overly nostalgic for this early in the proceedings). Frankie Miller later joins the band for 'Brickyard Blues', which is also disappointing. Miller isn't on top form, his characteristic passion / coarseness at a low permium. Sassafras close the side with their encore of the night, a faithful version of 'I Am The Walrus'. Two's infinitely better — Richard and Linda Thompson take the first cut for an impec-

cable 'Hokey Pokey', Linda clear-voiced, Richard responsible for some dextrous guitar work. Hatfield And The North are next with a number written especially for the occasion, 'Between Heaven And Earth', and, perhaps surprisingly, it's the album's standout track. A thoughtful and often mesmeric piece, Dave Stewart excels on keyboards, and Richard Sinclair adopts his best 'Land Of The Grey And Pink' voice. John Martyn then plays a tender 'Discover The Lover', his vocals a lot clearer and less slurred, arguably superior to the 'Sunday's Child' track. The Kevin Coyne Band bring the album to a close with a rousing rendition of 'Saviour'. Coyne's vocals are rough as glasspaper, 'Archie Leggett on the bass' (who's mixed to prominence at first and then slowly slips into the background) plays a mean throbbing bass line. Yes, I think you'll find some memorable tracks on this album. The Rainbow itself couldn't have asked for a more fitting epitaph. — Geoff Barton.



● EARL SCRUGGS

THE EARL SCRUGGS REVUE: 'ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL VOLUME ONE' (CBS Import) (34.00).

THE BANJO man is getting on a bit these days. He travels with a small bluegrass group which includes his grown-up sons Gary and Randy who play those new-fangled electric instruments. But he plays nothing but that old five string banjo with the mother of pearl patterns beneath the frets. Anyways he's playing this club in town and a few of his friends, plus artists he's met or influenced down the years, have gathered to join in for an evening's tribute to his career. So around the basis of the Earl Scruggs Revue they come up from the floor to sing along, pick a little on his songs, and some of their own. Johnny Cash drops by to sing on Bobby Dylan's 'Song To Woody' and brings with him old timer Ramblin' Jack Elliott, and that young bunch the New Riders of the Purple Sage. Why it sounds like pure country even if the song is new and those fellas got hair way down to here. Well times change. Then young Gary starts to sing that classic 'Third Rate Romance (Low Rent Rendezvous)' and damn if that Chicago boy Roger McGuinn doesn't plug in an electrified 12-string and Miss Bonnie Bramlett sing along with those girls from Oakland, the Pointer Sisters, proving music don't know no lines of colour. It has to be said the result is joyous. And so it goes. That Loudon Wainwright fella comes up with a shy grin and gives out with his 'Swimming Song' while some Nashville session cats lay down a light chaotic rhythm and trusty Doug Kershaw whoops it up on fiddle. Hell, you can even hear Loudon fall smack in the water at the end of the track. Marvellous what tricks that Bob Johnston gets up to with the tapes; when he isn't playing piano that is. It sure is rolling Bob! Then don't forget Joanie Baez now. When she began she was a quiet college kid but we still remember her at hoots and such, giving out a freewheeling 'Gospel Song' like she does here. I'm damned if I can remember the last name of everyone that's in there but it sounds as good as the old days down Gerde's Folk City or even further back, when old Albert Grossman ran his Gate Of Horn. Country, folk, blues and gospel are sung by some of the very best musicians around, in an affectionate lively homage to the man whose banjo picking holds it all together — it has a live feel even though it's a studio recording. Earl Scruggs/Volume One it says. I look forward to more. — Mike Flood Page.



● LEWIS FUREY

mented and mannered rather like a pastiche of Roxy, Lou Reed, Bowie and Leo Sayer. There's a heavy sexual ambience lying all over the album, peaking on tracks like 'Louise' ("... the name, I feel the blade in my back"), a ballad of 'Stay With Me Baby' intensity. Lewis writes "... it's about the time one feels that lover is one's whole life". The ambiguity of Louise / Lewis has not gone unnoticed by some. Anybody arranging any music should beg, borrow or steal a copy as it might not get issued here. The unusual combinations of marimbas, cellos, banjo, horn section, bassoon, mandolin and strings, (no guitar at all), is matched only by the range of style from French Impressionist to Beefheart, from waltz and tango to rock and roll and ballad. 'Caught You' and 'Cleanup Time' are prime examples. 'Last Night' is so similar to Reed's 'Walk On The Wild Side' in feel with Lewis sounding very much like the man himself. Arrangements are by Lewis and John Lissauer (who also did the orchestrations), and with Tim Curry and Cat Stevens. This album will leave you uncomfortable, even if you don't like it first time round. An important record demanding release. — Fred Rath.

WIGWAM: 'NUCLEAR NIGHTCLUB' (VIRGIN V2035) (36.25).

WIGWAM ARE Finnish, and this is their seventh album in as many years, the first to be officially released in this country. Whilst admitting that my previous acquaintance with them is limited to 'Fairport', a double set (1971), and 'Being', their fifth album (1974), I get the impression that they're a somewhat free-ranging, 'conceptualist' band. And so to 'Nuclear Nightclub'. Personnel is as follows: Pembroke (vocals, pianos, lyric and song composition), Mans Groundstroem (bass), Ronnie Osterberg (drums, an original member), and Pekka Rechartt (guitars and composition). Additional keyboard contributions are made by Esa Kotilainen, who has since been replaced by Hesu Hietanen. Emphasis here is very much on short (2-5 minute) songs; they unravel themselves intriguingly as middle-eights, choruses, breaks and stanzas are all slotted into the delicate tonal web of sound. Pembroke's lyrics remain idiosyncratic and his phrasing totally original — effortlessly pulling lines out or compressing them. Instrumentation centres around strong bass and percussion, with Kotilainen texturing on synthesizer and organ. Rechartt is everywhere at once, lacing rich chords, harmonics and slooting with emotive fluency. Take 'Kite' for example — the song begins wistfully enough, with a soft drum backbeat and Pembroke

etching out gentle chords on electric piano, before suddenly moving into a prolonged break, with Rechartt clustering notes together as so many golden coins 'Do or Die', 'Bless Your Lucky Stars' and 'Pig Storm' (the latter a guitar-orientated instrumental) are fast, headlong pieces, whereas 'Save My Money And My Name', (loosely based around the cow, cat and moon nursery rhyme), is correspondingly whimsical. That leaves the title cut, with a hook-line that'll leave you entranced, and 'Simple Human Kindness', its socio-political lyrical content contrasting perversely with the song's mood. This is an extraordinary record in every respect. Complexity and accessibility aren't normally eager bedmates, but on this evidence you'd think they'd known each other for years. This is absurd magic and you should hear it immediately. — Angus Mackinnon.

Come on Rabbit, get that band and slay us!

RABBIT: 'DARK SALOON' (ISLAND Import).

RABBIT'S LACK of commitment to a band is a pity because this is one mother of an album and deserves to be brought to life on stage and sell domestic pressings in very large quantities. It's a very pleasant surprise to find that Rabbit can sustain his personality over an entire platter and show himself to be a very capable songwriter in the process. Interestingly, he doesn't hog the limelight, mixing the whole shebang so that it sounds like a band as opposed to a keyboards whiz, and it is to his credit as a producer that the widely disparate sessions — ranging from New York to Sweden with four sets of musicians — sounds like the same bunch in a studio across a couple of weeks. This isn't to say Rabbit doesn't let you know he exists — there's always at least two keyboards, usually multitracked — but he lets the various guitarists cut a figure at the drop of a plectrum, and the contributions are always aimed at building a song rather than showing off. 'Dig It (Johnny Walker)' for instance starts off with bits and pieces of organ, piano and guitar dropping out of each speaker in a quite complex combination but sounding very funky all the same. Likewise the title song, essentially two brilliant verses of an epic Western made truly haunting by a burbling synthesiser and orchestra that actually speaks as opposed to wallpaper. This orchestra gets to speak its piece in other places (credit Martin Ford) as well as providing a major emphasis to the riffs 'Don't You Leave Me Babe', one foot stomper of a disco tune. Perhaps the most unique cut is 'Special Woman', one of the Swedish numbers, wherein our Northern friends show some quite hot rocks, and Janne Scheaffer proves a more than able guitarist. Come on Rabbit, get that band together and slay us. — Jonh Ingham.

Jimmy's best ever album



● JIMMY CLIFF

JIMMY CLIFF: 'BRAVE WARRIOR' (EMI EMC 3075) (33.00).

"WHAT YOU say with your mouth/You should mean it from your heart." The obvious parallel is Bob Marley — "Check my life/If I am in doubt". Both are affirmative acts — 'Brave Warrior' / 'Natty Dread'. Jimmy Cliff is almost an elder statesman of the field these days. The young, and to me largely characterless talents of John Holt and Ken Boothe have been stealing the chart honours; Bob Marley has the critical accolades; Toots lets everybody get down; and where is Jimmy Cliff? I confess the last album of his I heard was 'Unlimited' and I didn't like it — lyrically dynamite but musically candyfloss; and he's got so much more in him. This album sets all that to rights. In the reggae tracks (and only five out of nine are pure reggae) he's used the bedrock Walters. The indomitable Barret Bros. Peter Tosh (welcome back), Towter (who by any other name would sound as sweet) and the I-Threes. Not to mention George (whoever he is) whose alto (soprano?) solos are among the real highs of this record. Otherwise there is the title track which has an insistent rhythm you're not going to be able to get out of your system; a Sam Cooke styled ballad 'Save A Little Loving'; what demands to be called an uptempo calypso ballad 'A Million Teardrops'; besides a beautiful yearning song, 'Don't Let It Die'. In many ways a very American album — Cliff has always leant further out than straight reggae and this time it's towards LA. But it's those reggae tracks; 'Bandwagon', 'Every Tub' which gave me the opening quote, 'Actions Speak Louder Than Words', the title track, and the second version of 'My People', that really says it for me. Despite an erratic recording career (which comes, I suspect from his willingness to take risks) Jimmy Cliff remains one of the key figures in contemporary reggae — which means a major figure in modern music. And this is one of his best ever albums. His voice has rarely been put to

better use, and the range of his talent, though only hinted at sometimes, comes over more effectively because of that feeling of strength in reserve. Compared with 'Natty Dread' it has its weaker moments, and is more lightweight; but then Jimmy Cliff has something different to say. And that, of course, is what counts. — Mike Flood Page.

A BAND CALLED O: 'OASIS' (EPIC 80596) (37.00).

A VAST improvement on their debut album, O's second offering is best referred to as a 'highly promising follow up'. The band are Pix (vocals/guitar), Craig Anders (lead guitar/slide guitar), Mark Anders (bass guitar), Pete Filleul (electric piano, clavinet, synthesiser and vocals), and Derek Ballard (drums and percussion). Their music borrows from, and is influenced by, such high priests of good taste as Steve Miller and Little Feat, and comes laced with a dash of that good ol' Humble Pie style, British boogie. The group's versatility comes over well with a selection of self composed toons. These range from romping hip jerkers like 'Amovin', 'That's Up' and 'Foolin' Round' (where Pix's vocal and guitar attack with razor sharp ferocity) to the more musically intense 'Sleeping' where the whole band has an enveloping and texturised like a cross between Floyd and Neil Young's 'Expecting To Fly' era. The group's instrumental proficiency is demonstrated on 'Morrocan Roll', where Anders' fluid guitar provides a neat contrast to Pix's hard edged style, while Ballard's drumming — along with brother Anders' bass — provides a concrete backbone for the whole musical excursion. It's a shame that Pete Filleul has now departed the band's ranks. His melodic passages lift a lot of the music, instilling fire and dynamics. My only complaint is the production which is fairly pedestrian and unadventurous. They wouldn't go amiss with a touch of the Szymczykys. O are a band whose versatility, dynamics and originality could be their

success or their downfall. Personally I'd plump for the former ... it's good stuff. — Pete Makowski.

CHILI CHARLES: 'QUICK-STEP' (VIRGIN V 2028) (39.00).

DRUMMER CHILI Charles with Del Richardson on guitar, Jean Roussel on bass and keyboards, Robert Bailey on keyboards plus sometimes horns and vocals produce some funk, some jazz (recent Miles Davis-styled on 'Miles', funnily enough, with keyboards overagainst Charles' drums), some salsa, some kwela, some ... It's goodtime; understatement from all participating, no pyrotechnics but meshing solidly to produce music of the loose but tight variety (the tightness being from Charles' drumming). It won't knock you off your seat but the up-tempo tunes are liable to get you out of it; the slow stuff is generally of the kind referred to as 'atmospheric' (notably the pacing, 'Sunset'). PS: 'Semba' would make a great single with its irresistible shufflerhythm and repeated horn section hookriff. — Bill Henderson.

RAMSEY LEWIS: 'SUN GODDESS' (CBS 80677) (35.00).

EVER SINCE he hit with a supper club-gone-funky instrumental version of 'The In Crowd', Ramsey Lewis has shown a remarkable capacity for soaking up contemporary styles, and regurgitating them with success. On this album he runs the gamut from Jimmy Smith to Gene Page via Stevie Wonder and Norman Whitfield without ever conveying anything remotely original. The resultant waxing is eminently danceable, listenable, funky, pleasant and going nowhere. I'm sure it's selling a ton to what is loosely called the Easy Listening crowd, and I'm sure they're welcome to it. Mr Lewis has graduated to such a point of sophistication that he lists an unbelievable number of synthesisers, keyboards and other instruments after his name on the credits. What we really want to know is: can he play a slow 12-bar and still have something to say? Nothing that isn't being said better elsewhere, would seem to be the answer. When Oscar Peterson began the game of jazzing the pops he brought a highly individual and influential keyboard style to the game; Ramsey Lewis unfortunately does not. — Mike Flood Page.

'LEWIS FUREY' A & M SP-4522 (Import) (28.00).

THIS IS a unique record. Lewis Furey's words have the directness of some of Dylan's work; the music arrangement and production are so superb it becomes an event. Lewis doesn't deal in images like Dylan, but to quote him, and Jean Genet, on the song 'Caught You' ("a terrible horror song"), "... the child invents symbols of fear for himself using as materials what we clumsily refer to as reality." His songs aren't songs, so much as open wounds — sad, funny, throw-away, real, always very personal — the delivery frag-



● WIGWAM: absurd magic

singles



reviewed by john peel

DAVID ESSEX: 'ROLLING STONE' (CBS) ****

I'VE HAD some harsh words for the man Essex in the past, but this sounds really good. I don't know whether it is that the standard of popular releases has sunk so low that the mundane now sounds admirable, or that David's recent absence from the rockaboogie race has given him pause to stiffen the sinews and summon up the blood. 'Rolling Stone', although allied in form to his previous successes, sounds considerably better than any of them. It starts with strange atmospheres and vaguely 'Rock On'-ish effects, an Essex sound, largely percussive, although later in the day a rather seedy orchestra is heard, sounding like an escapee from the soundtrack of an Indian film. These elements, together with a measure of rock muscle around the title lines, combine to form a dramatic and effective whole. At times David sounds a trifle like Eric Burdon — not a bad thing at all — and he is aided by a sort of Greek chorus — possibly himself multi-tracked, that serves to heighten the theatrical feel of it all. A success.

JESSI COLTER: 'I'M NOT LISA' (CAPITOL)***

A HASTILY scribbled note tells me that this is No. 1 in America. According to my records it is No. 8 — but still moving upwards. Jessi was once, I am told, married to Duane Eddy, but the twang clearly wasn't the thing and the two are now sundered. Jessi's song, allegedly written while she was still travelling life's 40 miles of bad road with Duane, is a countrified moan from a woman grown used to being called the wrong name by a loved one with wandering affections. For the first minute a piano provides the only accompaniment to Jessi's not overly-countryish voice, then the bass joins in. Another half minute further along and in comes the orchestra. It is easy to see why our American cousins have fallen for the single, although it is not absolutely my plate of soup, and it could very easily score heavily here too.

THE SHARONETTES: 'GOING TO A GO-GO' (BLACK MAGIC)***

THE BEST yet from Black Magic — and their best bet for a high chart placing. Naturally the record is functional — the function being frenzied dancing — with a monstrous beat, some aggressive bass, and a fairly simple arrangement. But there are pleasant moments for the listener also, viz. the xylophonic vibes in the intro which re-appear later as the number builds. The overall sound on the Miracles' biggie is dated, charmingly so, and the girls sing without fuss or unwarranted exertion. Most enjoyable.

SADISTIC MIKA BAND: 'TYPHOON' (HARVEST)****

ANOTHER REVIEWER in another journal recently claimed that the 'Black Ship' LP, from which this rousing offering is taken, is the most important and significant album of 1975 so far. He was not far wrong either. Sadistic Mika's music really leaps out at you, threatening you, bullying you, finally sweeping you away with its arm round your shoulder for a night on the town. Hear the drumming behind the early vocals on 'Typhoon' and you'll see what I'm driving at. On this single they play funk, they play rock, they play a dreamy sequence that erupts into some of the most forceful guitaring this side of Bill Nelson. Whatever they do they do it with style, with élan, with feeling. The vocals are in Japanese, incidentally. With The Sadistics, Be-Bop De luxe and a rejuvenated Roy Harper, Harvest are enjoying a bit of a purple passage at the mo.

Essex pauses for a success

THE SOUL FOX ORCHESTRA: 'THUMB A RIDE' (BLACK MAGIC)***

AT FIRST, this sounds like the backing track for the Sharonettes. The vibes are there, the sound is the same, but there are differences. What tune there is is carried by the strings — in fact, 'Thumb A Ride' is more a series of flourishes over the unrelenting Northern dance rhythm, than a tune. It must have been recorded at the same session as 'Going To A Go-Go' and doubtless will entrance the same high-steppin' audience.

DAVID CASSIDY: 'I WRITE THE SONGS' (RCA-VICTOR)*

WELL, ACTUALLY he doesn't, Bruce Johnston, former Beach Boy, does, but this is the New Serious David Cassidy and he is now singing New, Serious, and Meaningful Songs. Before we go any further, let me say, from my detailed observations outside Broadcasting House last week, that Cassidy attracts a slightly older and an appreciably sexier audience than either the Osmonds or the Rollers. I envy him that. However, the truth is that he is not much cop as a singer, and here he sounds rather like Cliff Richard rehearsing a supper-club act. In his defence I would say that the song itself, a portentous and wordy lump of a thing, is virtually unsingable anyway. David's new approach is itself so stylised and mannered that the unbeliever's reaction is likely to be sustained merriment rather than, as previously, marked indifference. Loosen up and rock, David, and you could still do it. As a ballad monger and/or interpreter of 'sensitive' songs — forget it!

MIKE HARDING: 'ROCHDALE COWBOY' (RUBBER)***

A RE-RECORDING of a number included, as is the B-side, 'Strangeways Hotel', on Mike's current LP, 'Mrs Ardin's Kid'. The number, which opens with butch Sons Of The Pioneers-type Western chorusing, has something of DLT's 'hairy monster' nonsense about it at first. However it expands into something rather more edifying later, as Mike outlines the problems facing a cowperson in Rochdale. All the music-hall Lancashire business is dragged in — 'spurs don't fit right on me



● DAVID ESSEX: drinking to a successful single?

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

clogs' / 'there's a tripe and cowheel fight in our local pea-and-pie saloon' — and one feels sure that the number 'is hugely received in clubs. Not sure that it is entirely successful on disc though.

LONNIE LISTON SMITH & THE COSMIC ECHOES: 'EXPANSIONS' (RCA-VICTOR)**

FROM THE No. 9 Jazz LP in the States, although such careful categories as 'Jazz' don't seem to mean much as far as the American record buyer goes. The No. 1 Jazz LP is 'Mister Magic' by Grover Washington Jr. and it is also the No. 2 R & B album and the No. 12 Popular album. I've just listened to the whole of the 'Expansions' LP and found it wanting — slightly. A bit dull, thought I. "Harruuussssh," ventured the Pig, who has hayfever. Quite disco-fied, is 'Expansions', opening with an odd noise like cosmic spoon playing, drifting, over brusque bass, into a welter of assorted percussive effects, and on into a danceable affair dominated by one Donald Smith, who sings about mankind and plays a lot of flute. Lonnie, in case you wondered, provides noises on the electric piano and what the sleeve rather archly calls 'electronic keyboard textures'. There's a lot of it about, that's for sure.

URIAH HEPP: 'PRIMA DONNA' (BRONZE)***

A HEADS down rocker from the revitalised ensemble, taken from the 'Return To Fantasy' album. This latter has some most acceptable tracks on it,

notably the title track and 'Showdown', but this, although not unpleasant, is one of the lesser selections on the LP. The lyric concerns itself, in my opinion, with the breakdown in communication between Successful Rock Band (ie yer Heep) and their audience, particularly that section of it with big tits. I'm sorry, I don't know why I said that — it must be the heat. Horns are heard getting worked-up behind the lads and I expect that what I would describe as 'Female backing singers' is just the cnaqs doing their stratospheric stuff. Jolly, but not startling.

PETER SKELLERN: 'MAKE IT EASY FOR ME' / 'LIE SAFELY THERE' (DECCA)****

THIS IS a double A-side. However 'Lie Safely There' is so poorly pressed that I do not propose to risk damaging what is left of the stereo by playing the record through. However 'Easy' is the side which will be played on the radio, I feel, if only because it is not at all unlike 'Hold On To Love'. The song is a languid love song, with an ultra-straight choir hooting behind Peter and at times threatening to o'erwhelm the boy. It is, (says he bravely), this overstatement which creates the tension that makes the record that Jack built. Well, almost Jack — Andrew Pryce Jackman in fact. I was much taken with the style and delivery of the line 'I don't know what it is, but here it comes again'. Backing is the aforementioned choir plus piano, rhythm and precious little else.

KURSAAL FLYERS: 'SPEEDWAY' (UK) ****

THE FLYERS, who have been heard on 'Top Gear' before now, debut with a somewhat confusing tale of a severely damaged 'speedway star, only 24 years of age, who enjoys a relationship with a lady called Sally. It was the thought of the gal Sal that pulled him through his most recent involvement with the boys of the plasma unit. Speedway effects are produced on guitar; the rockabilly tale is sung with aplomb by the group's personable vocalist; and there is a parcel of robust guitaring on display throughout from a variety of different guitars. The whole affair lasts four minutes. From the impending LP 'Chocs Away'.

APHRODITE'S CHILD: 'BREAK' (VERTIGO) ****

GREYBEARDS AMONG you may recall the Child's 'Rain And Tears', a little number that caused a ripple of excitement around the end of the previous decade. That Lord of the turntable, Rosko, played it often, and he tells me that he is keen on 'Break' too. 'Break' is risen from the band's 1972 LP, '666'. On first hearing, it is not much — just a commonplace wedge of moodiness with a lot of piano. Listen often, as I have done in your service, and you'll note the several little treats lurking among the foliage. The first comes after 20 seconds, when the whole mood is disrupted with a curious little 'steedle dem' which pops up unannounced and will have the company in fits. Certain key words in the lyric are heavily echoed, repeating through ensuing lines. There is also about 45 seconds worth of abrasive guitar. Finally, leave the record on after reason tells you that it is over and a voice will cry 'Do It'. An oddly effective oeuvre.

SPARKS: 'GET IN THE SWING' (ISLAND) ****

YOU WILL doubtless recall that at the end of 1974 we of SOUNDS made useful lists of Our Own Favourites (as if anyone cared). My fave record producer was Muff Winwood, and I picked that svelte 44-year-old largely for his work with Sparks. Therefore I was rather alarmed to observe that the ensemble's first 1975 release is produced by Tony Visconti. Despite a dozen careful listens I cannot really declare myself on this single yet. It edges away from the quay with fairground noises, general crowd atmospheres and the blowing of whistles. Russell Mael's voice is less manic than on the Winwood stuff, and brother Ron has written a song of some complexity which turns aside from its central theme into such diversions as a slower section, with romantic fiddling, and a brief dialogue between the Almighty and an uncommitted passer-by. Still a fine record, but comparison with the Winwood-produced reverse, 'Profile', leaves me yearning for the directness and power of the earlier stuff.

MOONRIDER: 'HAVING SOMEONE' (ANCHOR) ****

THIS VERY morning as I sank my yellowing fangs into a portion of Oat Krunchies, I listened, over the munching, to Moonrider's debut LP. My conclusion is that Moonrider have picked up the mantle discarded by Brinsley Schwarz,

and, although there are signs of strain throughout the album, they could well evolve into a much loved band themselves. Individually Moonrider line up as follows: on vocals, Keith West (who also plays rhythm guitar), ex-Tomorrow and ex-Teenage Opera; on lead guitar (and vocals), John Weider, ex-Animals, ex-Family; on bass (and more vocals), Bruce Thomas, ex-Quiver; on percussion, Chico Greenwood, from Bootle and mainly ex-Mainhorse. From this list you will see that Moonrider are no fools. Keith West sings well, nothing flash, but straightforward and with some expression. John Weider plays some nice guitar (is it he who operates the mandolin also?), while Bruce and Chico are solid and unobtrusive. A nice tight little band making undemanding music of an uplifting nature. Possible pick for the Under-23's Squad.

THIN LIZZY: 'ROSALIE' (VERTIGO) ****

I WAS given this record along with the instruction not to play it. However I have defied this harsh injunction (in the privacy of my own home) in order that you may be better informed citizens. 'Rosalie' is a fine song, written by America's Bob Seger (America the place, not the mild-mannered pop group), and, if my memory serves me right, a modest hit for him in the recent past. Thin Lizzy, as I'm sure you realise, are one of the best bands on general view in these islands, and in Phil Lynott they have one of the best singers and writers currently trading. On 'Rosalie' he has submerged his own identity a trifle, but you can still spot him amid the boogie, which the band play with the authority of the Stones themselves. Fine music and surely a hit. The B-side is Phil's entertaining 'Halfcaste', an adjusted reggae. Thin Lizzy records always have great B-sides, you know.

VALENTINO: 'I WAS BORN THIS WAY' (GAIIE)***

NOW THIS is a most interesting release, for it heralds a new category for you category-mongers out there in SOUNDSland. 'I Was Born This Way' is Gay-Soul, cats and kittens, and the record, which I was sent from the Americas when it was first released some months ago, has been a medium-sized hit there, bowling them over in the best discos. The music is old-fashioned soul, rather than yer funky stuff, and Valentino sings the lyric, which applauds the truth that it is no longer considered naughty to be homosexual, with some flair, although he does tend towards Tom Jonesishness at times. 'I'm happy, I'm carefree and I'm gay', he carols, thus, I feel certain, ensuring that he will not be heard on dear old Radio 1. An eminently pranceable wee thing.

Embarrassing confession. Last week I praised the 'female' vocalist with Flame. It transpires that Flame are a somewhat belligerent looking quartet of unswervingly male persons from Essex. The attached snap [below] will illustrate the truth of what I say. Sorry lads, and there's no need to come down to SOUNDS and slash my car tyres. Flame are, incidentally aged 12, 16, 15 and 17.



● SADISTIC MIKA BAND: do it with style



● FLAME: left to right aged 12, 16, 15 and 17

LOOSE ENDS AT AUDIO CLUB

LAST AUGUST I joined the Audio Club of Britain. I got three records for 39p each plus postage and packing. In September, I received them and sent the money. All I had to do was agree to buy six records at regular club prices over the next two years.

That is where my problems began. Each month they sent me their list with three new records each time, and the rest, the same every month.

In November, I ordered 'Loose Ends' by Jimi Hendrix. In January I ordered 'Next' by The Sensational Alex Harvey Band. In February, I received a warped copy of 'Loose Ends' and also 'An American Album' by Nana Mouskouri. I sent them both back and told them to send me a decent copy of 'Loose Ends' and my Alex Harvey record.

I heard nothing by June, so I wrote to them asking to cancel all my orders and terminate my membership. I realise I have not bought the six records I agreed to buy, but I think I have a right to complain. A few days later I received a bill for the Jimi Hendrix and Nana Mouskouri records which I had sent back. I am going to continue writing angry letters to them until they realise that I'm not going to pay for records I do not have and that I'm not going to buy any more records from them. — Lucy Hubbard, Gerards Cross, Bucks.

● The manager of the department at Audio Club concerned with your complaint is investigating the reasons behind it. In the meantime, he is writing a letter of apology to you and has terminated your membership.

Please do not send stamped addressed envelopes to Fair Deal as Liz Cooper is unable to enter into individual correspondence. Address your letters to: Liz Cooper, Fair Deal, SOUNDS, Spotlight House, 1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX.

DISCO SOLUTION

I BOUGHT a Fidelity UA3 stereo unit last December from Disco, Adelaide Terrace, Benwell, Newcastle upon Tyne. In February, it developed a small fault and a Disco service engineer called and took the stereo deck away.

After four weeks, I rang Disco's maintenance department at Wideopen and was informed that the makers had sent the wrong part. I have subsequently rung Disco every week and was told the same thing.

I am getting rather anxious about my stereo which they have had for nearly four months, and wonder if you could help me. — Richard Wilson, Newcastle.

● I spoke to the head of Disco's service department who confirmed what you were told the first time you rang them, namely, that the manufacturer had sent the wrong part. Despite repeated requests from Disco the necessary part has still not been delivered.

However, Disco have come up with a solution. In their stock they have a Fidelity UA3 stereo unit which is per-

fect apart from a damaged cabinet. They have removed the changer from this set and have fitted it into your unit.

By the time you read this your stereo should have been delivered to your home.

AIRPLANE CASSETTE MIX-UP

EARLY in May I bought an RCA cassette 'Volunteers' by Jefferson Airplane from a record shop in Bishopgate. I found, when opening the case, that the tape was faulty.

The record shop would have exchanged the tape for me, but they did not have another copy of 'Volunteer' so they suggested I sent it back to RCA for repair.

I sent it back to RCA on May 23. Their Consumer Liaison Officer wrote to me on June 4 saying: "We regret that we will be unable to be of

LIZ COOPER INVESTIGATES YOUR PROBLEMS

fair deal



assistance to you with regard to this tape as Vanguard are now the property of Pye Records. However, we are forwarding your cassette and letter to Pye Records and we are sure you will be hearing from them in the near future."

Well, I did hear from Pye who had the following message for me:

"I am very sorry we cannot give you a free issue tape as this is not our number. I suggest you send it to RCA Records where I am sure they will deal with it for you."

With this letter I enclose the cassette in question and hope you will be able to sort out my problem for me. — Mark Melvin, Southend.

● I can understand your feelings of frustration over this but surprisingly, the explanation is quite simple.

The number of your cassette is VCS67365. Pye are responsible now for all cassettes with the prefix VSC and

the person dealing with your query at RCA obviously mixed this up with VCS.

I have returned your cassette to RCA. However, the 'Volunteer' cassette has now been deleted so it will not be possible to send you a replacement.

RCA are writing to you to apologise for their error and to find out which of their tapes you would like to replace the faulty one.



● JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

WON PRIZE OVER YEAR AGO

IN MAY, 1974, I entered a competition on the Brian Ford programme on Radio Clyde, and was lucky enough to be one of the five winners who each received a copy of Steely Dan's album, 'Pretzel Logic' plus two complimentary tickets for their concert at the Apollo Theatre, Glasgow.

The concert was first postponed, then finally cancelled, and on Brian Ford's programme, he stated that each of the winners would be receiving Steely Dan's other two

albums as compensation. I cannot speak for the other winners, but I never received the two albums, despite writing to Mr. Ford on two occasions.

Without wishing to make a big issue of this, I would value your assistance, as I can see no other way of going about it. — Mark Blair, Glasgow.

● The person I spoke to at Clyde told me that it was the responsibility of the record company to send out these

prizes but, of course, files etc. would have to be checked before anything could be done, and that might take some time.

I felt you had waited long enough so decided to contact the record company, Anchor Records. Anchor's Press Officer, Sandra Marriott, showed immediate concern over your complaint and very kindly arranged for the other two Steely Dan albums to be sent to you immediately.

50 Albums To Be Won

STEVE MILLER, the guitar hero, the Space Cowboy, the Joker and the recluse is back. This week he comes out of hiding to appear at the Knebworth Festival and SOUNDS has taken this opportunity to let you in on some of the action as well. Here's your chance to win either 'The Joker' or Steve Miller's 'Anthology' album.



STEVE MILLER BAND



Anthology

Just answer correctly the three questions on the right and send your entry to: STEVE MILLER / SOUNDS COMPETITION, SOUNDS, P.O. BOX 195, LONDON N7 7AX. The first fifty correct coupons received will be announced the winners.

STEVE MILLER COMPETITION COUPON

1. What nationality is Steve Miller?
.....
 2. Name Steve Miller's first album
.....
 3. It was BOZ.....who was in the original Steve Miller Band line up
Name.....
Address.....
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- If I win, I would like to win the.....
.....album.

Steve Miller Band



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Obscured by the Side of The Moon

SOUNDS' GUIDE TO
KNEBWORTH FESTIVAL

PINK FLOYD are consistently dependable musicians, even if their work rate is somewhat unhurried. They're capable of providing one of rock's most complete spectacles when performing or disinterested. Are they complacent individuals, content to live off past glories, and quite unable to come up with the goods any more, interstellar or otherwise?

Well, I just don't know really, and Pink Floyd don't make it any easier themselves.

It's nearly two years now since 'Dark Side Of The Moon' and they're still completing work on a follow-up, having resorted to putting out a repackaged brace of veritably prehistoric albums to sustain interest. I'd hesitate to make any final judgement on the new material, having only heard it performed twice, but three songs in all this time is hardly an achievement of breathtaking proportions.

However, there's no denying that 'in the past' Floyd have produced

some excellent, if sometimes flawed, music, and that, contrary to the opinions of many, a good deal of this was conceived after Syd Barrett's departure. 'Piper At The Gates Of Dawn' can, I think, be reasonably set apart from all of the band's subsequent recordings.

Its extraordinarily idiosyncratic cohesion of whimsical lyricism: 'Matilda Mother', 'Scarecrow', 'Chapter 24', etc; and its manic atonality — 'Overdrive', 'POW R TOC H', 'Pick Up Thy Stethoscope And Walk' — remain quintessential listening.

It's difficult to ascertain to what extent Barrett himself was responsible for this bizarre combination of opposites although, apart from his 'Jugband Blues', the album 'Saucerful Of Secrets', recorded with Dave Gilmour safely in tow, differs considerably from its predecessor in both mood and emphasis. Nonetheless, it's an invigorating set.

THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING

A CAR had come to meet Captain Beefheart, to take him to the Radio Luxembourg studios. En route, in a quiet country lane, the car was blocked by a herd of cows which had wandered out of the field.

Mercurial and compelling, wholly articulate but light-years away from the questions, the Captain had already created misgivings about the proposed three-hour guest-spot and interview on Kid Jensen's late night programme. It's great, but is it great radio?

As the limo rolls to a halt, Beefheart winds down the window, leans out and strokes the cow's flank: "Hello, earth people," he addressed the placid creature, setting off gobstruck winks and nudges from fellow traveller Tony Prince to his younger colleague Kid Jensen and Warner's man Bill Fowler.

A flurry of behind-the-back gestures implied that "you've got a right loony here, and good luck to you with him holding forth for three hours on the air."

At first, Captain Beefheart was elusive, impressive and playing surrealist games with his interviewer, fencing around from behind that elaborate shield. But then, finally, he realised that he had found someone who was genuinely interested in him, so interested that he knew more of his subject than did Beefheart.

It was one of Captain Beefheart's most lucid recorded conversations — a far cry from the tripped out bozo that I had feared.

Despite vast and concentrated scrutiny by the media, the fascination of Captain Beefheart remains undiminished. Even the cold dose of demystification dealt out by his former sidemen in the Magic Band, has failed to cast light on the enigmatic Don Van Vliet.

Bill Harkeroad, alias Zoot Horn Rollo, and Mark Boston, alias Rockette Morton, should by rights know more of the Captain and his shadow Don Van Vliet, than anyone. They had adored him since their youth in Antelope Valley, Incastr, California, when he ran a rhythm and blues combo called the Omens.

Throughout their teens they followed his every gig, working the while on their own musicianship with the sole object of becoming part of the Magic Band. Eventually they stepped up. Bill was first, aged nineteen, after a year's anticipation: "The first day I joined I was there with Captain Beefheart, Frank Zappa and Mick Jagger and a whole bunch of other people and I was really scared... I was afraid but really excited. After a while the excitement wore off, but not the fear."

Soon after, Mark arrived: "The kind of thing that I'd seen him doing

was hard-rock blues, and that's what I was expecting. I walked straight into the middle of 'Trout Mask Replica'."

Both tell of Beefheart's extraordinary methods of composition. He'd bang the piano, 10-fingered, a completely chance chord, and tell them to play it. When Bill protested he'd only six strings on his guitar, the Captain merely countered "You'd better find another four."

But in the same breath they talk of his inspiration and his laziness. Despite the year's rehearsal in the house in Woodland Hills, they say that only on a few occasions did the Captain actually turn up for rehearsals. Yet extraordinarily, the record is completely and unmistakably Captain Beefheart, such was the osmotic power he exercised over the band.

Even John Peel — long identified with the cause, and the first man to broadcast the Captain's music — wouldn't claim to understand him. "I remember he said something to me when I first met him which I thought summed up his position. I asked him how he was and he replied, 'I'm seven people away from myself but I'm getting closer all the time'."

This accords exactly with quiet-spoken Rockette Morton's comment, borne out by personal experience: "He's the kind of person who can fool you if you want to be fooled. He's fooled a lot of influential people, but he fools himself more than anyone else. It's hard to be told you're a genius at five years old."

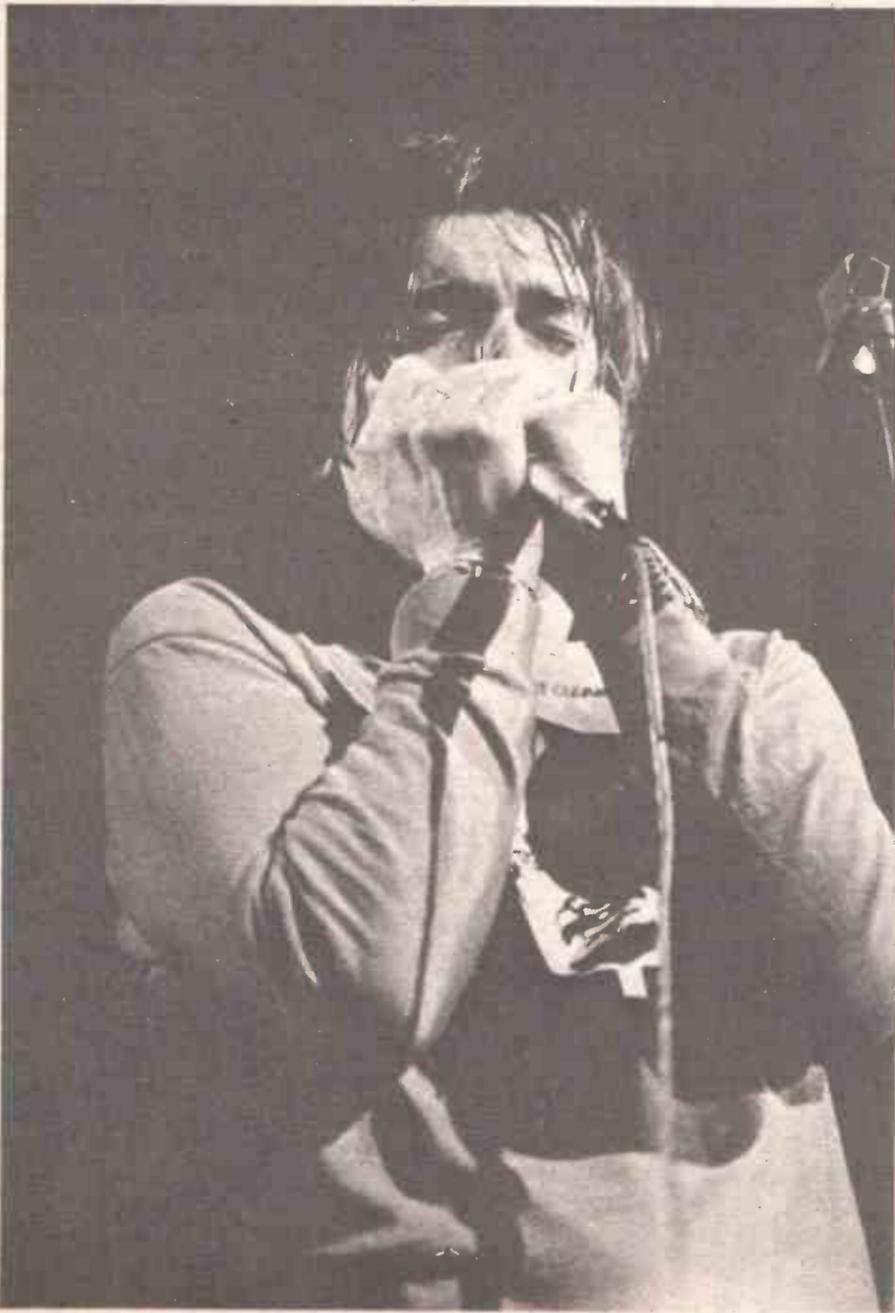
And, as Peel points out, his career has suffered for it. In the search to find an outlet for his talent — and most who have dealt with him feel he does genuinely want to be recognised — he has made many blunders. There's always someone ready to promote him fame and fortune if only he will permit them to channel that potential and capitalise on his unique voice, his startlingly lateral thinking in song composition and instrumentation and his compelling, almost overwhelming, stage presence.

That much can be judged from the musicians who have found him impossible, yet returned to give him one more try. Even his old Buddy Frank Zappa gave him a job with the Mothers when Beefheart, down on luck after the disastrous episode with the di Martino brothers, needed a gig.

I doubt that Zappa takes anyone on for sentimental reasons; nor does the astute Herb Cohen offer promoters the services of anyone who is duff. Knebworth's organiser, Freddy Banister doesn't book failures either.

Who will he turn out with today? At press-time we still didn't know. But one thing's for sure: the Captain belongs at the centre of a band, a Magic Band. Personally I join with John Peel in thinking that the ideal situation would be if he teamed up again with the band that's Mallard.

Behind those seven people Captain Beefheart is the realest of all the rock stars. — MARTIN HAYMAN



● CAPTAIN BEEFHEART: osmotic power



● PINK FLOYD: complacent

Dark

THE

AL '75

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less said about 'Obscured By Clouds', the better.

'Dark Side' itself, the product of months in the studio, improved things considerably. None of it is particularly demanding music, but no matter. The songs are strong, melodic and obviously conceived with forethought and care. 'Great Gig In The Sky' and 'Us And Them' are especially evocative.

The whole of 'Dark Side's' understated coherence was very reassuring and the album finally broke Floyd in America — everything seemed set for a fresh creative run. While I've no intention of labouring the point, this just hasn't been the way of it.

Occasional live performances in Britain since 'Dark Side' have met with extreme reactions, but there's little doubt that Floyd's current position is an unenviable one, and vulnerable to adverse criticism.

Many bands have attained immense popularity only when well past their creative peak. Among other things, it's an occupational hazard of maintaining stable personnel line-ups.

Like I said, it'd be premature to do anything other than await further developments. — ANGUS MAC-KINNON.

'More' showed Waters, Wright and Gilmour to be more than adequate writers themselves, as did the studio half of 'Ummagumma'. So far, so good. The electro-static edges were still evident, notably on 'Sisyphus' and 'Careful With That Axe, Eugene.'

Sadly, 'Atom Heart Mother' was more accomodating, with its clutch of three pleasant, if uninspiring songs and the rushed 'Alan's Breakfast'. The title piece was a courageous throw, impressive on stage, badly mishandled in the studio.

Floyd minus Barrett have never been exactly ineffectual.

Since 'Ummagumma', Floyd have been more inclined to explore other, less tangential fields. It's a natural enough process. 'Meddle' proved disappointing with commonplace songs while 'Echoes' (effortless but insubstantial listening) hinted that new ideas were a little scarce. And the



The Miller's Tale

IN HIS eight or so years as a recording artist Steve Miller has played many roles: the guitar hero, the Gangster of Love, the Space Cowboy, and the Joker. But none have been as puzzling as his most recent persona — that of the recluse.

It is almost two years since the release of Miller's last album, 'The Joker', and more than four since he was last in this country. In that time Miller has maintained a conspicuously low profile and his performing activities have been apparently negligible. This is strange when one considers that 'The Joker' had been the most commercially successful of his nine albums, and that Miller, as one of the legendary figures in rock music was finally achieving the sort of popular recognition that was his due.

Over the years Steve Miller's name has become inextricably linked with the mythology of San Francisco in the late sixties; with Haight-Ashbury, the Human Be-Ins and the Dead / Airplane / Quicksilver triumvirate which provided the musical catalyst for the social and cultural changes taking place at that time.

But while Miller first recorded on the West Coast, and made his name playing the Fillmore, the Avalon and the Monterey Festival, his family roots lay in Texas, and he picked up his musical education in Chicago.

Miller's first guitar was a gift from a friend of his father — Les Paul — and his first performances were at country hoots round Dallas. But it was playing in Chicago bars and juke-joints in the early Sixties with blues men like Muddy Waters, Junior Wells and T-Bone Walker that laid the foundations for Miller's terse, emotive guitar style.

Teaming up with Barry Goldberg, one of Chicago's 'white college-boy blues' establishment, he formed the Miller-Goldberg Blues Band. They signed with Epic, but Miller left the band during the recording of their first album, piqued by Epic's sense of priorities which called for a quick output of 'product' with little regard for its quality.

Miller, the perfectionist even at this early hour, had plans to record a more grandiose debut album. On a whim, he moved to San Francisco, assembled some musicians — including an old friend from his Dallas days, Boz Scaggs — negotiated a contract with Capitol and recorded 'Children Of The Future'. This intimated that Miller had a future but it was its follow-up, 'Sailor' (1968), which confirmed the fact. It emphasised Miller's skills as a guitarist, singer and writer and gave a first insight into his habit of off-beat self-perception which would run, like a thread, through his subsequent albums.

'Sailor' showed that while Miller might have been in San Francisco he clearly was not of it. While the rest of the Bay area bands studied the heavens from the heights of Mount Tamalpais, took to half-assed political proselytising or simply basked in the comforting glow of a self-created hallucinogenic utopia, one somehow suspects that Miller was swaggering in some downtown blues bar, cracking open a Coors, checking out the street action.

Miller's 'statement' on 'Sailor' was 'Living In The USA', an artless jive on the state of the nation — and Miller himself: "It's not freedom, but don't worry about me, babe ... I've gotta be free ... We're living in a plastic land, somebody give me a hand," and then "Somebody give me a cheeseburger ..."

And Miller's role in all this? It was neither revolutionary nor mystic, but the rebel loner, celebrating his own prowess on the cocky, strutting 'Gangster Of Love'.

With the release of his third album, 'Brave New World', Miller revealed another facet of his character — the Space Cowboy. He was still the loner but more disaffected now: "Tired of all this talk about love", suffering neither fools nor frauds lightly and "Keeping on top of every fat cat who walks through the door." All this was driven along by the most simple and compelling of bass riffs, gilded with a snaking and sliding Miller guitar solo.

Boz Scaggs had left the band by this time, but Lonnie Turner (bass) and Tim Davis (drums), who had been with Miller from the outset, were still with him now and would continue to be for the next two



● STEVE MILLER: self-perception

albums 'Your Saving Grace' (1969) and 'Number 5' (1970).

For all the subtle changes his music might go through it still remained closer to rough bourbon than Owsley acid.

With the release of 'Rock Love', however, it was apparent that something had gone wrong. The compositions were sloppy, the performance mediocre, and Miller didn't even appear to have the energy to spring another persona on his audience.

The next year or so was critical to Miller's career. In January 1972 Miller was involved in a car accident. Unbelievably, neither Miller nor his doctors realised that he'd incurred a hair-line fracture of the vertebrae in his neck.

Miller was also told he had hepatitis, and would have to rest. Added to which he was involved in particularly drawn-out and unpleasant divorce proceedings as well as feeling the pressure to deliver an album more worthy of his skills than 'Hot Love' had been.

It came with 'Recall The Beginning ... A Journey To Eden'. If its predecessor marked the nadir of Miller's career, 'Recall The Beginning' marked the zenith. It begins with Miller introducing yet another character to his repertoire — Maurice, a slicker who can jive his way into a girl's heart speaking of the 'pompitous of love' — in this instance in a neatly conceived doo-wop parody of Ruben and the Jets.

But its levity belies the mood of the rest of the album; for Miller was clearly in the mood for getting things off his chest and Maurice, the Gangster of Love, Space Cowboy et al were to take back seat to the Cosmic Poet, personified in the album's two most outstanding cuts

'Nothing Lasts' and 'Journey To Eden'.

The album was an outstanding musical achievement, but from July to September of 1972 Miller was confined to bed, unable to promote it fully or an anthology album released shortly after it.

He spent his time planning a comeback strategy and arranging his own business affairs.

Back on the road Miller was gratified to see the sales of the anthology album top the million dollar mark. He set about recording a follow-up to 'Recall The Beginning'. It was 'The Joker', released in September 1973, and sadly, it showed that Miller was unable to sustain the peak which he had reached with its predecessor.

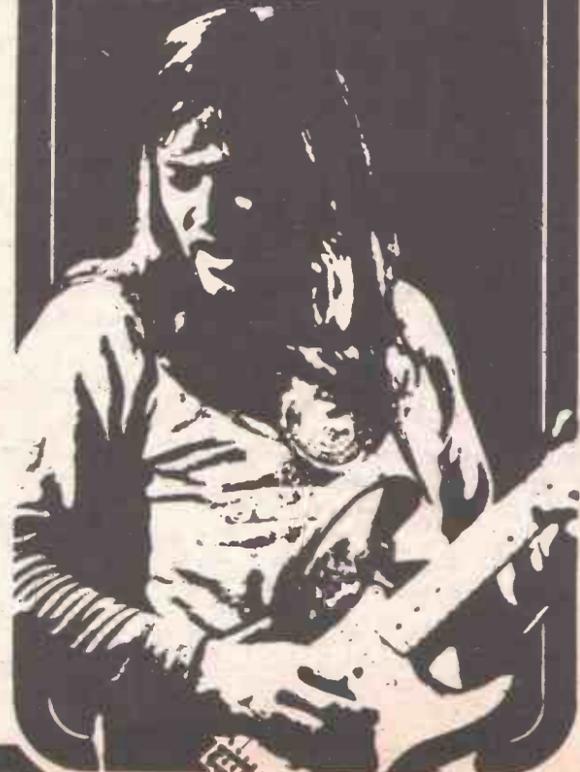
Dropping the string and brass arrangements he reverted back to a small combo and a more orthodox rock approach. Musically the result was disappointing, although the album did have its moments.

Clearly the time for meditations was now passed. As Bud Scoppa remarked in 'Rolling Stone', both the title and the cover-art suggest that Miller was attempting to conceal rather than reveal.

And since then — nothing. A sketchy account of an incident in San Francisco, when Miller was apparently implicated in a fire at a girlfriend's house; and a raised eyebrow at Capitol records in Hollywood when I enquired about the possibilities of a new album or a tour.

Now Miller is here, perhaps the mystery can be unravelled. Certainly his appearance at Knebworth will go a long way to showing just why Miller is regarded as one of rock's legends. If he's on form — watch out; he'll be worth the price of admission on his own. — MICK BROWN.

sounds
at Knebworth

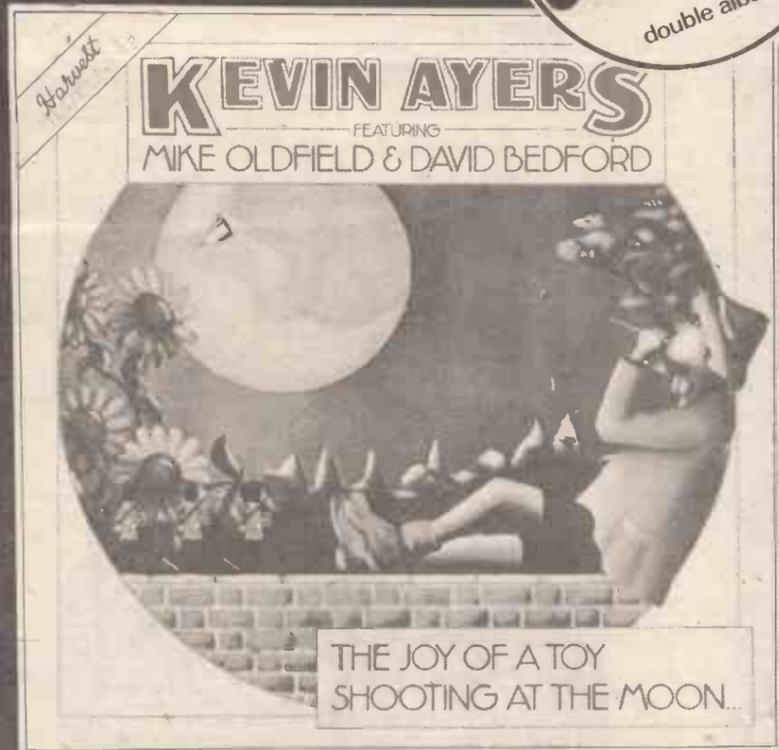


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Harper: music's misinterpreted man

THERE ARE probably more false impressions and bland misinterpretations of Roy Harper kicking around in after dinner conversations than of any other contemporary personality.

No one merely likes Harper. His disclaimers will kick him in the groin, his sworn allies will kill on his behalf. His philosophy is not one of compromise — if in doubt, he will push on over the top. Many are unable to stomach his megalomania or his honesty.

Basically his is an egomaniac, hence his apparent lack of distress over material matters. It's not your pocket money he's after, it's your ears.

Disagree if you like, of course, but react at least. The worst insult you could pay the man would be to compliment a pretty tune he had written and not mention the accompanying words. This doesn't mean that Harper is always obsessed or very serious. The word 'enigma' is often muttered at the mention of his name.

The 'Cosmic Bufon' label loosely hung on Harper is a flag of convenience. It betrays those who are concerned to label only for their own safety while being unprepared to risk an extra thought on any subject or person who may lure them towards the unfamiliar. Harper's most recent recorded work 'H.Q.', is his most accessible album to date and should reduce the above mentioned problems to a minimum. Through early experiments with the Nice, on 'Flat, Berserk And Baroque' and a growing relationship with Jimmy Page (which culminated in an off the wall, saintly suicidal 'St Valentine's Day Massacre'), Harper has acquired an intelligent electronic unit which successfully enhances his songs.

The acquisition of these musicians was a carefully considered move. The band drive along Harper's aggressive songs and, when called on to do so, they can match in power the intensity of a particular lyric. 'Hallucinating Light' is the example of this. Suffice to say, Roy Harper plus Trigger (Chris Spedding, guitar; Bill Bruford, drums; and Dave Cochrane, bass) works admirably and can do nothing but expand his potential audience.

Dr Goebels, the first modern Press Officer, would have admired the thinking. Take controversial words, with a fiendish, insidious propaganda content, and fuse them with harmless commercially acceptable rock and roll riffs which will play havoc with the unstable emotions of modern youth and you've got it.



ROY HARPER

With Harper's face set at its most acceptable, in terms of audience accessibility, one should consider the likely stumbling blocks to his projected world take over.

His egomania does sometimes cloud his consistently pertinent perceptions. The Rainbow massacre was an example of the 'Over - the - top - and - fuck - the - consequences' tendency. Not everyone has the necessary information and hand to read the story straight.

Harper's references can, and often do, lean towards the cryptic. If you alienate your potential audience at 'fact' level, any chances of finding that audience with what you actually want to say are greatly diminished. The greater a songwriter's mass identifiability the larger his audience and the more obvious allusions a writer can draw the wider will be his appeal.

Harper's crypticism often masks the broader relevance of his autobiographical songs, and as a result he does not reach all of the people he is capable of making sense to.

A Manchester City supporter, a lover of cricket (he discovered Frank Hayes before Alec Bedser did), and a writer of unusually intelligent songs, he should not languish in a state of semi-anonymity. Even if you disagree with everything he has to say he is worthy of consideration for his unique position in contemporary music alone.

Those of you who've rejected Harper as a 'Summer of Sixty Eight Folkie' should pick up the new album and reconsider him. 'H.Q.' is the definitive attempt to break down the preconceptions and apprehensions which have built up. — CHRIS BRIGGS

Linda's hoping for sun



● **LINDA LEWIS**
KNEBWORTH TO-DAY, next weekend, The Apollo? She's got a new album out soon called 'Not A Little Girl Anymore', and new record label, **Arista, and they're trying to tell me she's got a new image.**

I hate to tell them, but even with this new album, Linda Lewis' greatest gift is still her potential.

Linda Lewis is a healthy human being. She is constantly changing and growing. That's very good for us, her audience. Her concerts are marked by fresh air, she's infectiously warm in manner and has a pair of pipes that are easily in the same batting league as Minnie Riperton. She also writes fine songs which tug at the heartstrings and make your feet move.

'Not A Little Girl Anymore' is an album which is so commercial that you can sense it consciously from the first note. This is acceptable with hundreds of other folk, but it's like a boomerang in the backside from an artist who thrived in previous productions with an open air atmosphere and easy arrangements.

Bert DeCoteaux's productions usually reek of the feeling that he layed down the instrumental track three months ago and then lets the artist compete against it for three minutes. 'It's In His Kiss' is classic because Betty Everett's arrangement is timeless.

Poor Linda. She sounds like she's struggling to breathe for starters, and the arrangement will sound dated as soon as the Gloria Gaynor disco beat dies out. Very sad. Linda's 'Lark' album is fresher than this.

However, DeCoteaux and Silvester only did three tracks on the album ('It's In His Kiss', 'This Time I'll Be Sweeter', 'Rock and Roller Coaster'), the rest being done by Jim Cregan here in London. ('Remember The Days Of) The Old Schoolyard' was a much played single that never made the charts. That's what happens when you ask Cat Stevens to write a song for you.

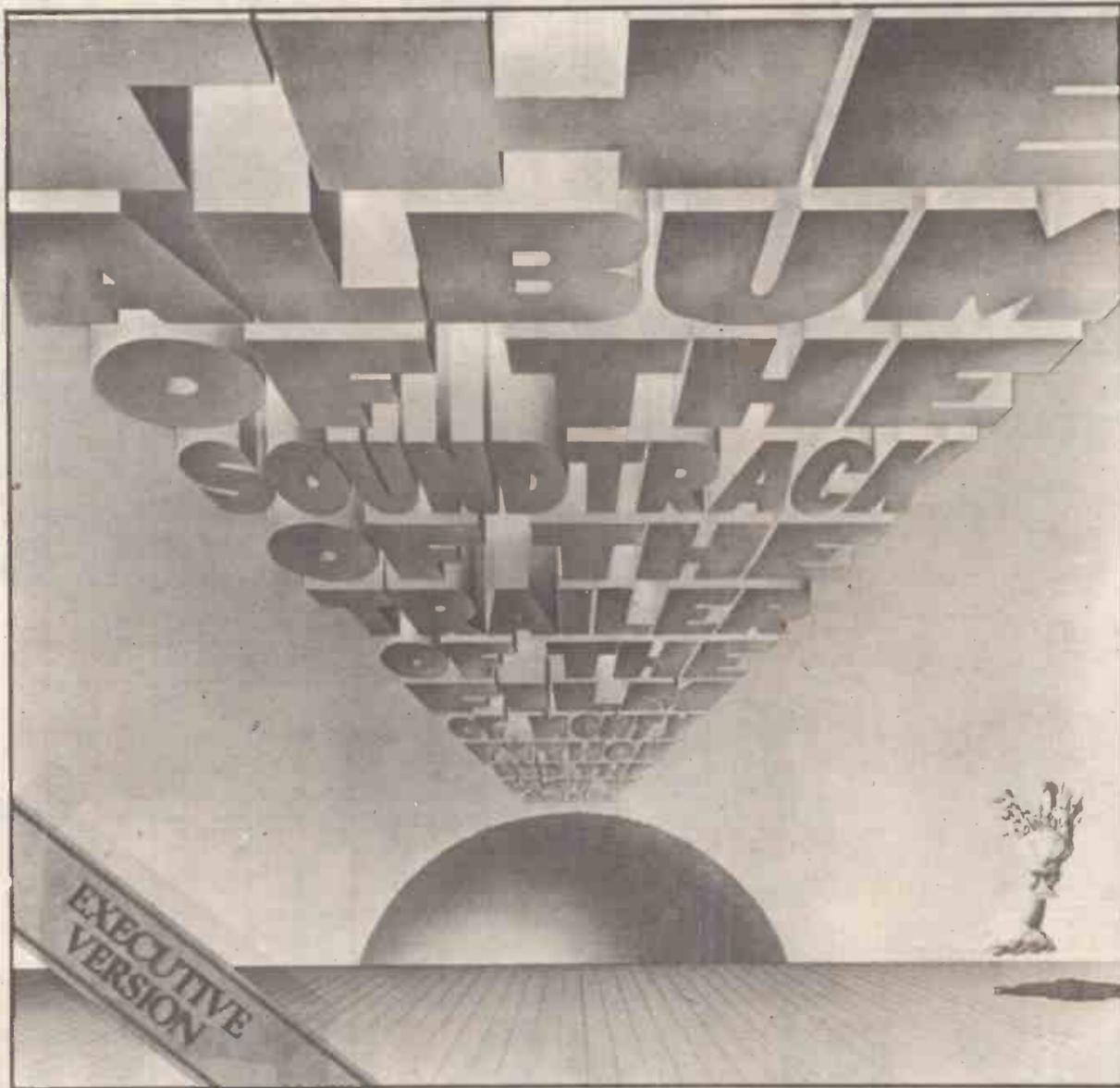
Tower of Power had the perception that Cat Stevens sadly lacked and gave Linda a song they had written for Linda Ronstadt.

As for Knebworth, Linda admits that this is her first festival for a while, "and the first ever with a band. I hope the sound is perfect because that's usually the biggest problem. We'll be using Pink Floyd's equipment. I just hope some people are there because we're going on first. That means the place may either be empty or everyone will be asleep! I also hope it's sunny.

"Last time I played a festival, it rained, and there was the audience all getting rained on while I was all dry.

"What I'd like to do next is an English tour with people like Labbi Sifre and Joan Armatrading or maybe go to America 'cause that's where all the money is, isn't it?"

"Still, I think this English tour would be good, you know, an evening with all us black folks from home." — ROBIN KATZ



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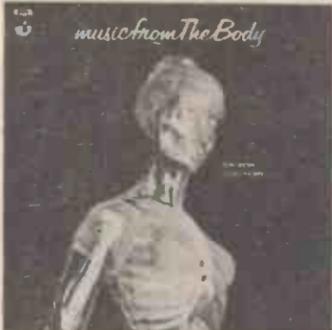
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*SHOW 403 (IE 048 50203 4)

'A NICE PAIR'

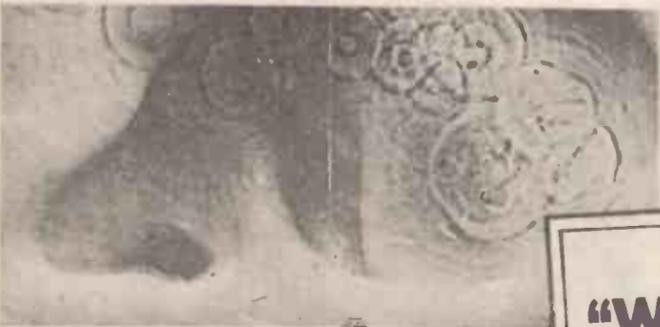


SHSP 4008 (IE 062 04515) 'MUSIC FROM THE BODY' SCX 6256 (IE 062 04190) 'A SAUCERFUL OF SECRETS'



*SHOW 1/2 (IE 054 04222/IE 054 04223)

'UMMAGUMMA'

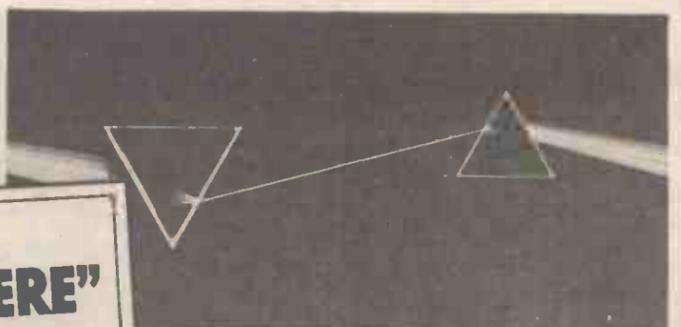


*SHVL 795 (IE 064 04917)

'MEDDLE'



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*SHVL 804 (IE 064 05249)

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*SHSP 4020 (IE 062 05054)

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*SRS 5071 (IE 048 04775)

'RELICS'

PINK FLOYD FIRST XI



*SCX 6157 (IE 062 04292) 'A PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN'



*SHVL 781 (IE 062 04550)

'ATOM HEART MOTHER'



SCX 6346 (IE 062 04096)

'MORE'

ROY HARPER



ROY HARPER

Lifemask
SHVL 808



ROY HARPER
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ARCHIVES OF OBLIVION



Flashes From
The Archives
Of Oblivion
SHDW 405

Stormcock
SHVL 789



Valentine*
SHSP 4027

Flat Baroque
And Berserk
SHVL 766



HQ*
SHSP 4046

*Also available on tape.



'bop-sho-waddy-waddy-bop-sho' .etc.

With *Showaddywaddy* three steps away from the top with *'Three Steps To Heaven'*, Geoff Barton joins the *Seventies - style* rock and roll band for *scampi and chips and cabaret at Bailey's Watford.*



● **SHOWADDYWADDY:** glitzy as a Liberace jacket

"IT'S A strange thing, cabaret," says Trevor Oakes, lead singer with *Showaddywaddy*. "We come out on stage and we're suddenly confronted by row after row of people sitting at dinner tables, munching their scampi and chips. We put a stop to it and get them looking at us instead of staring at their meal. They enjoy themselves or seem to."

The first time I saw *Showaddywaddy* was last year, around 'Hey Mr Christmas' time, in the brashest, brightest nightspot of North of London, that Northern - Club - down - South, Bailey's in Watford. And I was impressed.

Despite the ultra-pseud people there and the Busby Berkeley meets Roy Lichtenstein decor, the band came across supremely well. Wherever you sit in a club like Bailey's, you're close up to the stage and con-

sequently small flaws in a band's act come across as glaring faults. Yet *Showaddywaddy* were just fine. They're a tongue-in-cheek rock and roll band, as glitzy as a Liberace jacket, with superslick routines and capable of reproducing their recorded sound pretty well. "We play all our own instruments," they stress. It was entertaining.

Showaddywaddy claim to prefer playing regular concerts, now, but their show is so professional that I wondered if their grounding was in cabaret?

"At the very beginning? Oh no," continues Trevor Oakes, a sort of elongated Freddie Mercury. "We played the pubs first, like almost every other band does. But we've been through this, like, a thousand times — you know, the early days, the formation," he says, glumly. Well, how about just a quick

resume? "OK," he says, with a trace of reluctance.

"We formed in the Midlands, around the Leicester area, from the whole friendship thing in a pub, by jamming. We found that we all shared a common interest in rock and roll type music, we got a good response, started on the routines and soon got the show on the road. Then we got into the cabaret circuit, and it tightened us up a lot, got the routines really together and made us musically much better."

"We started off playing rock and roll standards," submits the slightly dumber Dave Bartram, "then slowly began to play our own material."

Your big break came, of course, with that winning appearance on 'New Faces'. "It was a good thing, yeah," says Oakes, "but I wouldn't call it our 'big break'. That came with our first single, 'Hey Rock And

Roll'."

Back to Bartram: " 'New Faces' helped because of the exposure. Up until then, most of our work had been in the North of England. But the programme brought us to the attention of Southern people who'd never heard our name before. It got us off the ground."

Showaddywaddy seem to fall somewhere in between being a pop band and a rock and roll band. Do you agree? "Yeah, that's what we wanted to do, actually," says Bartram.

"There are a lot of rock and roll revival bands on the circuit at the moment," says Oakes, "and they're struggling to make a living. They just can't appeal to a wide audience, both the kids and the mums and dads, like we've managed to do, which is amazing."

"But we're not a rock and roll re-

vival band as such, are we?" queries Bartram. "No..." continues Oakes, "we're a 1975 rock and roll band, if you get the idea. Ninety per cent of our material is self-composed and our new album, 'Step Two', due out in July, isn't just a rock and roll record. It's a big improvement on our first."

In what way? "Well, our debut album was just a collection of songs," he says, "but this one's more of a whole, more of an album."

Bartram admits: "The first album was a bit rushed, as well. We've spent more time on this one — arranging the songs to get the best out of them for one thing. Our writing side has probably matured a little and we also hired a few session musicians to add some brass and strings."

Showaddywaddy's latest hit, 'Three Steps To Heaven' (their most successful single so far) is, however, a reworking of an old rock and roller. One of the 10 per cent, no doubt. As the band are far removed from traditional rock and roll outfits, I'd guess that the single has caused many a long-time Ted's greased hair to stand on end and a fair number of creepers to curl up at the toes.

"Yeah, the rock and roll diehards don't appreciate what we're trying to do," says Oakes. "We get some stick from them, not a lot, just here and there. They want us to be a pure rock and roll band — and because we're not, because we're having a wave of success with the, er, teenyboppers, they hold it against us. They say our music's watered down, which it isn't."

"That's a load of rubbish," says Bartram. "We don't want to recreate the sound of the Fifties, we've got 16 and 32-track machines to work on now, so we spend a bit of time and try to arrange things to sound like *Showaddywaddy* and not somebody from the Fifties."

Finally, why did you call the band *Showaddywaddy*? "You know the Diamonds' song, 'Little Darlin'?' " asks Oakes, that glumness returning again. "It came from the backing line, which goes 'bop-sho-waddy-waddy-bop-sho-waddy-waddy'. It seemed to fit at the time. And that's about the thousandth time we've explained that as well."

MELLY JOINS THE TEA-SET

GEORGE MELLY'S current publicist has a wicked sense of humour. "No, I can't join you at the interview," he says tactfully before informing me that George and I shall meet up at 4 p.m. in the middle of a Mayfair tea shop.

The surroundings are nauseatingly posh. The little old ladies titter away spending ages deciding which pastry to have and Lulu comes in with two boys from The Second Generation or whatever they call themselves.

"You'll recognise George, right?" the publicist asks nasally. "Sure," says I, "he'll be wearing the motorcycle helmet and I'll be wearing a red Paddington Bear hat with my favourite badge that says 'I am not a pheasant plucker'. But will George recognise me?"

Dawdling

We recognise each other. He had seen me dawdling down the street killing time only two minutes before. He's just had a very heavy lunch, so he doesn't want any pastry, and my current weight dictates that I shouldn't either.

So what are we doing here? "He could at least have put us in some after hours private bar," muses George, thinking of his pseudo-hip publicist.

The reason for the meeting is simple. George Melly, journalist, TV anchor man, observer of current trends and vocal reminder of the triumphant jazz era of the past, has made a rock and roll record. He wants us all to know.

That both of us know he could write this fact up for himself serves as the foundation of a funny sensation. We have an immediate rapport although, at the same time, I feel a wee bit in awe of a man with such diverse talents and the rare ability he has to

Rock cakes were on the menu when George Melly and Robin Katz took tea in Mayfair to chat about the jazz purist's first rock and roll record. One bump or two?

expose them through almost any medium.

A man of charm is George. And that's the way he structures a good many of his phrases. A man of distinguishable style is George — no fool he.

Tea and cakes aside, the obvious reason for mid-afternoon meetings in Mayfair is to question why George Melly, jazz purist and reviver of many a filthy lyric, pre-war shimmy and bed-sit blues, should resort to the lowest common denominator of all — the commercial single.

It's called 'I Long To Get It On Down' and was written by Peter Skellern. Peter, you may recall, once had an album produced by Derek Taylor, and it's no surprise that Messrs Taylor and Melly already know one another well.

Bring in Peter Skellern, whose charm lies in a certain shyness and you have an incestuous triangle.

Poor George was existing under a cloak of disillusionment. After all, his concerts with John Chilton and the Feetwarmers were doing exceptionally well. Why, only the night before, he had actually taught a Dingwalls' audience the difficult skill of getting up on one's feet.

"To me Dingwalls is the toughest of any audience in this country," says George. "They are tough because they believe they know what's in and out, and they don't crack their faces easily for anyone. "The first night went ex-

tremely well but last night there was a bit of a sag and it means fighting back again to win their attention. There isn't anything quite as marvellous as triumphing in those circumstances."

Back to the single. Good as our George is live, his 45s are rarely snapped up with the enthusiasm of the latest Gary Glitter release. His albums "do pay for themselves", he tells me, but without a hit. Mo and Jo may not see what all the voo-doo-do is about.

So, behind his back, a web was woven and one day the team descended upon the unsuspecting George and presented him with Skellern's musical tale of a jazzman who desperately wants to sing rock.

"A lot of people had the idea for me to do something like this all along," says George. "The most resistant factor was me. I had always hoped to make it singing jazz and my belief was reinforced by the people who go to the clubs. But they don't buy the records."

"Halsam is a very clever producer. He would say 'how about trying... or 'why don't we?'. In fact he was the soul of tact. It took three days to lay down a track whereas before it would take 25 minutes. I even enjoyed it," muses George.

We talked about America, where George's sporadic visits to places like New York's Bottom Line, and clubs in Philly and Boston were eventually greeted by enthusiastic patrons. Melly is nowhere near

a well known figure in America. I was wondering what he discovered about Americans.

Says George: "They have an enormous lack of historical perspective. The most riveting experience for me was to be working in a club when a young black poet came up to me and said: 'Who is this Bessie Smith whose songs you sing?'"

"Who is Bessie Smith? Who is Shakespeare? Americans often treat their historical music with the same slap-happy attitude of the person who finds an antique in the attic and then polishes it up and puts it in a contemporary sitting room."

Worried

"Where I was so worried that bringing jazz to New York was like bringing coals to Newcastle, I discovered that it was like bringing back the coals that people never knew they had."

"On the whole I cut down on jokes. The Americans don't share our childish sense of humour," says George. "Whereas the English are hooked on potty jokes, the Americans will only discuss their toilet training in terms of Freudian innuendoes."

"I loved Philadelphia, it's a delicious place. I don't know why everyone turns their nose up at it. They have a fantastic art gallery there, and I saw Barnum and Bailey's circus which I think was one of the most exciting things I've ever seen."

"But here we are," he says, returning to the single, "it's the result of a conspiracy that has surfaced to make me a hitmaker. As I told the Warners house magazine, everyone seems to think it has a chance. I hope it has. Then I can make some use of my joke title: 'The first of the senile superstars'."

"But, I shall never desert jazz — nor will I need to."



● **GEORGE MELLY:** "I'll never desert jazz"

folk sounds

BY DAVE LAING

Quilapayun — the story of three bearded men



THE BRITISH folk scene has always had its share of people who believed that their music was both superior to rock, and the rightful music of "the people." If it wasn't for baleful commercial interests, the argument goes, folk music would have mass appeal today.

It's a view that has sometimes been associated with Ewan MacColl and his co-thinkers, though its latest expression is in a sprightly if rather off-beam pamphlet called 'We're Only In It For The Money'.

In a country where electric folk groups and singer-songwriters are very much part of the rock spectrum such attitudes and aims merely seem irrelevant. But they do correspond very closely to the musical situation which existed in Chile prior to the military coup of September 1973.

From the mid-Sixties the country had enjoyed a folk revival which went much further than its counterparts in Britain or America. In many ways this "New Chilean Song Movement" carried out the aim of the most starchy-eyed idealists of Greenwich Village and Cecil Sharp House.

Opposition

It began as part of the widespread opposition to American influence in Chile, whose political expression was the government of President Allende. The songwriters and performers felt that native Chilean music had been buried by the importation of foreign pop styles and set about reviving interest in traditional Chilean folk music, including that of the Indians.

Using those styles and sounds, topical songs were composed about the political issues of the day. But in 1973 that movement came to a sudden halt. Songs and records were banned by the new regime and many musicians were imprisoned. Victor Jara, perhaps the best known Chilean songwriter outside the country was tortured and killed.

But the New Chilean Song Movement itself was not destroyed. As Eduardo Carrasco explains: "Inside Chile now, people can't express in public what they are doing in music but we know that many have guitars in their houses and they compose new songs, some of which have been smuggled out of the country."

Quilapayun are a seven piece Chilean folk group who pioneered the cantata coup. Dave Laing reports on their success

Carrasco is the spokesman for Quilapayun, one of the most popular folk groups in Chile. They survived the coup because they were touring in Europe when it occurred. Since then they have remained in exile, playing their musical opposition to the new regime in virtually every European country and many others besides.

Quilapayun means "three bearded men," though there are seven in the group. They were formed in 1965, since when they've made 13 albums, the most recent of which is due for release here by Xtra in September.

At first hearing, their music is similar to that of other South American groups who have penetrated Europe over the last decade or so; groups like Urubamba and Los Indios Tabajaras. It is based on a rich acoustic guitar sound, overlaid with woodwind and various percussion instruments. These include the tumpadora, a hand-drum of African origin, plus tambourine, maracas and congas.

Within the Chilean movement, Quilapayun were responsible for pioneering the cantata form. Eduardo Carrasco says: "Cantatas are more developed than a single song. They tell a whole history, using songs, instrumental pieces and narration. They are works of 40 minutes to an hour, sometimes an hour and a half: it's a whole play."

"The first cantata we made was about a very big massacre that took place in Chile at the beginning of this century. It was a political subject that all the people understood very well. We went on to perform others, including 'The Flower', about the history of the working people of Chile, and at the time of the coup we were working on a cantata dedicated to the coal miners. And the cantata movement was a large one in Chile, not just us."

The group's repertoire ranges from traditional instrumental pieces and songs through the cantatas to what they call "street music." This deals with immediate topics in much the same way as American writers like Bob Dylan, Tom Paxton and Phil Ochs did in the early Sixties.

For obvious reasons the more directly political element takes precedence in Quilapayun's current concerts and it dominates their newest album, 'El Pueblo Unido' (The People United) 'A

People United Will Never Be Defeated'.

"The album was recorded in France about three months ago" says group member Rodolfo Parada. "On it, we've gathered together all the songs we have composed since the military coup. There is an instrumental piece composed by Eduardo, which was the first thing created by a member of the group after the coup. We call it the 'Song Of Hope'. There are songs dedicated to the memory of Salvador Allende and Che Guevara and the title song is one we worked on in Chile with a very important musician called Sergio Ortega."

For the past two years Quilapayun and the more instrumentally-based Inti Ilumani have been touring the world, performing, recording and broadcasting. Even though they are in exile, they are still regarded as a threat by the current regime.

Re-birth

The military government has tried to put pressure on other countries to ban the group from appearing. In Spain a live concert was cancelled, but they still managed to do a television show. In the USA, the powerful anti-Allende lobby held up their visas for months and when they were allowed to tour their documents were stolen from the dressing-room at a Washington concert.

Co-incidentally the same performance was the subject of a vitriolic eye-witness report in the government newspaper in Chile. Elsewhere, in Sweden and Australia, Quilapayun have been officially invited to tour by the respective governments.

They have been to Britain twice: for an extensive series of dates last year and for two performances at the Roundhouse in London a few weeks back. The release of their album, together with Victor Jara's 'Manifiesto' will begin to show the range of music that went to make up the New Chilean Song Movement. It has, perhaps been the most successful re-birth of folk music in recent years.

One positive result of the enforced exile of groups like Quilapayun will be that folk musicians in other countries will have the chance to learn from them the art of making songs that are both militant and musical.

FOLK NEWS

GEORDIE ELECTRIC — folk band Jack The Lad recently packed in 800 to the Centre Hotel, Portsmouth, breaking the house record which they set earlier this year. During their second encore, bass-player **Phil Murray** was swept from the stage by eager fans. At the time he was clad only in a pair of swimming trunks which were swiftly removed by fervent admirers. The group are shortly due to record their third album for Charisma.

TOPICS ARE shortly to release a new **Watersons'** album, 'For Pence And Spicy Ale'. Other recent folk albums include a bluegrass set from **Pete Stanley** and **Roger Knowles** on Xtra and records from **Tommy Makem** and the **Dubliners** on Polydor.

Meanwhile, **Richard Dignance** has renewed his contract with Transatlantic and will be recording a new album at Chipping Norton in July. It will form part of a double-set which will also include live tracks from his London concert with **Steel-eye Span** last year.

STEELEYE'S MADDY-Prior is due to make a rare club appearance with **June Tabor** at the Enterprise in London's Chalk Farm on July 20. Other guests at the club include **Dave Calderhead** July 6, **Geoff and Penny Harris** 13, **Leon Rosselson** August 3, **Downes and Beer** 10.

FUTURE GUESTS at Egrmont Football Social Club are **Miriam Backhouse** July 9, **Mike Whellans** 16, **Pig Meat** 30, **Hedgehog Pie** August 6, **Bob Williamson** 13, **Therapy** 20, **Martin Carter** and **Graham Jones** 27, **Raggety September** 3, **Bully Wee** 10 and **Mike Harding** 17.

OUTDOOR CONCERTS every Sunday are planned at the Deanwater Hotel, Wilmslow Road, Woodford, Essex. Those appearing are the **McCalmans**, **Jack Hudson**, **Peak Folk** July 6, **Harvey Andrews** and **Graham Cooper**, **Fred Wedlock**, **Heather Whittaker** 13, the **Yetties**, **Dave Burland** 20, **Bernard Wrigley**, the **Oldham Tinkers** 27, **Magna Carta**, **Johnny Silvo**, **Canny Fettle** August 3, and the **Taverners**, **Therapy**, **Mike Canavan** 10. Entrance to each concert is 75p for members and 90p, for non-members.

Dr. Feelgood, raised and refined on Canvey Island, are being followed like no other band since the British R & B boom of the Sixties. Mike Flood-Page followed along for a couple of days.

I'VE GOT to own up: first time I saw Dr Feelgood I didn't like them. The vibe that preceded the band was something amazing, you just couldn't ignore it. Real stone primitives out of oh so fashionably funky Canvey Island. I mean they had real dirt under their nails!

And that guitarist with the air of a clockwork zombie, zooming back and forth like an electric mouse on elastic while the singer did naughty things with microphone between his legs. The band beat the shit out of old John Lee Hooker and Coasters standards. It was all so camp, so back-to-1963!

No, I wasn't going to buy it. It looked and sounded too much as if the smart-ass London liggers society had decided that sweat was in this season. They'd patronise these glorious cavemen for a couple of months before something more outrageous came along.

But, give 'em one more chance I thought. So I joined Dr Feelgood for a couple of days on the Naughty Rhythms Tour. And slowly it dawned that these boys were for real. Out of London and in front of audiences most of whom had never seen them before, they were electric, instant communion with the kids.

This band played and looked like they did because that's who and what they were and the audiences recognised it.

Unlike Kokomo, who've set off for America, and Chilli Willi, who split up, Dr Feelgood went straight off the Naughty Rhythms Tour for a brief spell in Europe, and then came back to Britain for a solid 30-date tour to consolidate their new-found following. There is no doubt they were the hit of the show.

You can feel the 'something special' about the band. What links them most with the days of the early British R&B boom is not their music, but the strong following they engender. Like the Stones or the Who in those dim and distant days, people care about the Feelgoods in a way they don't about half a hundred other small British bands who sell as many tickets and flog as many albums. The Feelgoods have got the makings of hero worship among their fans.

Weird

Seated in an easy chair at United Artists Records, Lee

Brilleaux, singer, harp player and occasional slide guitarist, opines: "Praps it's because we're the sort of band that breaks all the rules and look like we don't stand a chance."

Primitive axeman extraordinaire, (and possessor of a BA Eng Lit), Wilko Johnson, adds: "I do notice a lot of, like, personal feeling from the people that come to see us. They know our names, and they're shouting them out."

"People come up afterwards", says Lee, "and shake your hand and say: 'You're a good bloke.'"

"I think the reason is that over the last few years people have gradually been relying on spectacular things, things that tend to reduce the human beings in the band to just part of a machine," said Wilko.

"We try and get something as big going, but it's through pure sweat — and people can see us sweating to do it. You're aware, I s'pose, seeing us, that it's real people working hard. I mean everything that we do is perfectly obvious."

They got a blast of that special vibe when they played Paris recently: "We went to this reception, and everybody was looking really heavy," volunteers Lee. "All these dudes with their glasses, an' that. We got in there and there was the Figure, in his shitty suit. We looked really awful. They looked pretty horrified. It was really weird."

Wilko says: "I think it was the first time we'd got the most extreme feeling of actually being a little bit special, and not just being another

**PICTURES:
MICK
GOLD**

band." Small wonder, France's prestigious *Folk et Rock* magazine had just reviewed the album 'Down By The Jetty' in terms which hailed the Feelgoods as the saviours of European rock and roll.

In many ways, the Feelgoods have passed up a rung or two on the ladder to success. Their follow-up tour has established them more strongly; a record deal for America with Atlantic is rumoured to be close to signing; and they continue to get the kind of audience response far bigger bands would be glad of.

Has success spoiled the lads from Canvey, what about that natty three piece chalk stripe suit you're wearing Wilko? "You're witnessing the last shreds of clothing that I possess. I am in fact a bit more affluent, but I've got a terror of clothing shops."

No but seriously Wilko, four roadies instead of two, a secretary at Feelgood House, Jake Jakeman on the payroll as tour manager and hustler supreme, isn't this a notch above the hump-your-own-amps days?

"You come to take things for normal, such as staying in reasonable hotels, that were luxuries before. In fact they are necessary, we're working much harder, and we couldn't live in the conditions we used to and do this amount of work."

"Well, I think we've got a bigger overdraft!" says Lee.

And that deal with Atlantic? Well, Chris Fenwick, the band's manager, was over in the States a couple of months back sussing out the angles. A bit of the Canvey Island friendly persuasion got the label interested, but nothing much happened.

Pirates

Then the band played the Led Zeppelin party after Earls Court, and Ahmet Ertegun, who was present, took a fancy to them, and the wheels began to whirr.

"It felt a bit weird," said Wilko. "We didn't know Ahmet Ertegun was gonna be there; someone told us just before we played. It was a kind of strange feeling. In fact he was probably the only member of the audience that I actually thought about. I thought it was going to be a very posey kind of thing, but in fact everyone seemed to be there having a good time."

Despite the R&B style of the Feelgoods, Wilko insists: "What we play is white music." And he has good reason. As he said during the Naughty Rhythms Tour: "We're not a revival band. There's two people in the band that can't remember the last time all this happened, and the two of us that can don't particularly want to revive it."

His own initiation into live music was a local thing: "When I was getting into music about 1965 I could see

THE DOCTOR IS 'IN'



● LEE and WILKO: Lee main pic and Wilko top right. On and off the sweaty stage.

Mick Jupp's group. I used to go and see them quite often. They were one of the best groups I'd ever seen with an absolutely brilliant guitar player.

"That influenced me quite a lot, because I never saw any of the London rhythm and blues groups. I never came to London. I was still at school when that was happening. I could only just about afford to go to Southend to the Crickets and see the Orioles play. I could certainly never have come to the Marquee; I wouldn't even have known how to get there."

Wilko wasn't much of a record collector either: "Nah, again that was a thing I couldn't afford. I did get the Rolling Stones' first album, and of course, like everyone else, I was very excited about these people and what they stood for." He took the day off school to buy it, and happened upon an old single by Johnny Kidd and the Pirates at the same time.

"I'd already got interested in them — as has been well repeated — and I took both records back to someone's house. Of course, I was really thrilled about the Stones thing, but I listened to Johnny Kidd and the Pirates, and I thought: 'they're a better group'."

"Although they didn't have the kind of vibe the Stones had, I listened to the guitar playing on the records, and I realised it was like nothing anyone else was doing."

Hence his later and well reported idolisation of Johnny Kidd's guitarist Mick Green, who now has his own band, Shanghai. "Oh, yeah, I know him now; he's sort of a personal friend."

"We've written a song together that we've already recorded for the next album. We'll just be sitting there twanging away, and suddenly I'll think: it's Mick Green! and he's sitting in my front room!" Wilko rolls his eyes in unfeigned awe, and returns to the subject of Johnny Kidd.

"I think they were the only band at the time, that actually looked dangerous, before the Rolling Stones that is. I can remember going to see them. I went to get Mick Green's autograph, and I guess... yeah, I was a little bit nervous."

"A lot of the stuff that I've really listened to and really consciously tried to get, he recorded at the age of 18 and 19. Which is a little bit frightening."

Talking of looking dangerous, one of the most striking things about the Feelgoods is the atmosphere of undisguised hate which they project onstage. It's as if they can't wait for the show to be over to get down and stomp some character in the third or fourth row. Yet off-stage, they are as approachable and reasonable as the next person.

"Oh, I think people like it," says Lee, "It's beautiful 'cos I often sit in pubs and think: 'that guy over there is really winding me up'. It's only 'cos

he's bigger than me, or I'd go over there and wind this bottle round his neck." Back to Wilko: "You've got to have felt those things in real life to be able to do them."

Perhaps that is where Dr Feelgood's Canvey Island and East End background come in, their look and threatening presence summon up the street and pub life of dockland. "I s'pose we did start to look like that because of where we've lived an' that" said Wilko. "We've seen people that do look like that."

"They're all familiar characters", said Lee. Like Lee's father: "Yeah, he was a boxer, a good one an' all."

"So don't threaten Lee, or 'is dad'll come and beat you up!" says Wilko. In many ways what Lee's dad was doing in his generation has parallels with what Lee is doing now. Unlike that romantic image of Canvey perpetuated by the Press, it's always been something of a dead-end.

"Yeah, in those days a lot of kids would get into boxing because it was a good way out. Like a lot of kids can become rock and roll stars now, well not so much now, perhaps earlier. It was a way anybody, provided they 'ad a bit of luck or a bit of talent, or both, could make it," said Lee. "In those days a kid could be a boxer, he could fight his way out of a hum-drum existence."

Wilko admits: "The thing's different now. But without overdramatising it, if you come from somewhere like Canvey Island, it's still awkward to escape from getting a job, and leading the kind of life that's prescribed for you by Society, especially if you haven't got the kind of money, connections, or the know-how to do anything else."

"I've spent my time since I left school just trying to escape from Straightville. Really this is just another way of doing it. We don't come from circumstances of grind-

ing poverty. Canvey Island's not like that. It's just like a lot of other places, it's monotonous, and it's awful in it's own way. We never went hungry or were badly dressed, or anything like that. It's just we never had money for anything more than that."

"All of our parents have been reasonably well off," said Lee, but "none of us are rich, we're all sort of upper working class." Wilko adds that: "Canvey Island's become nice and funky for journalists and that over the past 10 years really. When I was a kid it was quite nice."

But since then Canvey Island has become Canvey Island and, like many of his neighbours, Wilko has become actively engaged in the attempts to dump huge oil refineries on the Island. He got arrested for his pains.

Mono

"A lot of people were constantly horrified at just how limited their rights were. I mean, they're all perfectly well aware that such a thing would never be built where the directors of oil companies live, for instance. They seemed quite surprised when the same considerations didn't apply to them."

The band are working on the second album right now, they've brought in a producer, Vic Maile, and, yes folks, it's in stereo! "We were getting fed up with people asking us why we did it in mono first time," says Wilko.

A single is ready and most of the remaining tracks are near completion. They've come to terms with the fact that recording and performing are two different processes, and they don't simply want to put out a 'Down By The Jetty' Part Two.

Dr Feelgood's recent British tour also featured a band new to these shores, American Gypsy, and Lee and Wilko are effusive in their praise. They met in Amsterdam and asked them along for the tour: "The first gig," says Wilko, "we were wondering whether we'd been right. They started playing, and we said: 'Christ! We're never gonna be able to follow this.' They were great!"

The tour also saw them getting hounded by fans after gigs, a trying experience, even if it makes you feel appreciated, because as Wilko says: "After a gig I sort of sit there in a coma, and Lee's always really wired up."

They've come a long way in a short time. This time last year they were still humping their own amps. Success has come as something of a surprise. As Wilko puts it: "We didn't even think we were going to get any work, because as far as we could see, what we were doing wasn't being done. And we thought the reason must be that most people don't want to hear it."

Amateur

When they began it was amateur in every sense of the word and it broke all the rules. In retrospect, it sounds like a perfect formula for success.

Has the success made them local heroes? "Well," says Wilko, "Canvey High Street is one of the places where you can be pretty certain of walking down the street without someone coming up and saying: 'Scuse me aren't you...'" Even Lee admits: "I stand less chance of being recognised in Canvey High Street than I do in Tottenham Court Road."

And finally what would happen if the bottom fell out of the Feelgood market? "I'd have to look for another dodge to avoid getting a job," says Wilko.

"We'd be on the skids wouldn't we? We'd have to go to work again," says Lee pointing to Wilko. "You wouldn't, you'd find some bleedin' way out of it. I couldn't muck around and start another band now, it'd never be the same. It just couldn't work, if it bombed out, it'd bomb out, and that'd be it."

"I'd be well sick," said Wilko.

jazz

AREN'T OUR JAZZ MUSICIANS WONDERFUL

OPINION
BY MICHAEL
WALTERS

BACK IN the dim, dark ages, when the shadow of Bird still hung over the jazz scene, there was a simple rule of thumb for anyone who wanted to know what was happening. If it was American, it was good. Anything else, well, it might get by. But it wasn't the same, was it?

Then, gradually, everyone over here began to conquer their fear of the transatlantic titans. Perhaps they weren't all that brilliant, after all. As the flow of contemporary American albums began to grow, so it was possible to gain a clearer idea of what was really happening. And, above all, they started coming into Ronnie Scott's Club. Suddenly you could actually hear the legends in action.

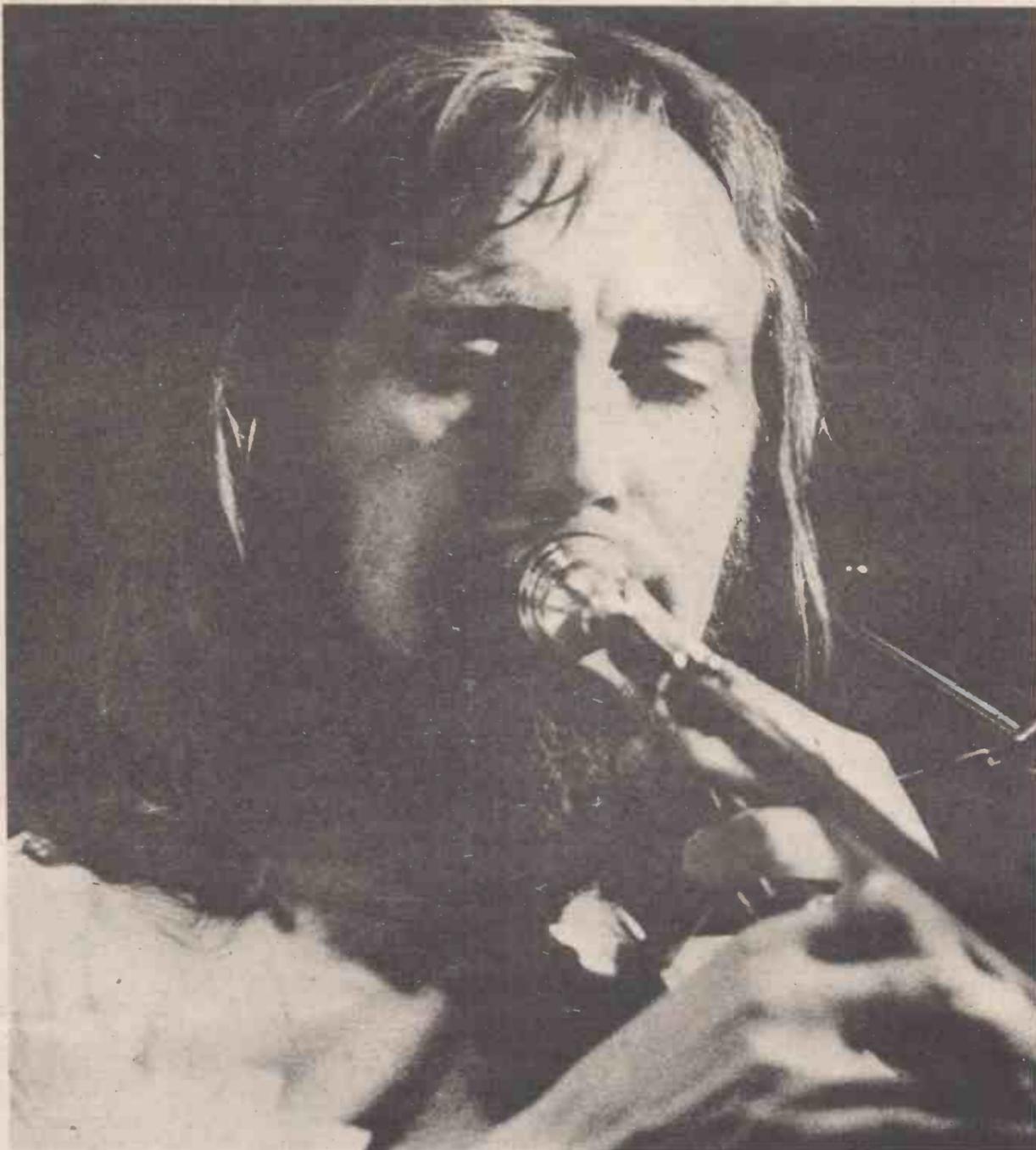
There were rows, of course, about the quality of local rhythm sections. And some of them were fully justified. But as time went by, it became more obvious that we were unearthing players who could keep pace with the Americans. Maybe we could make good jazz, as well.

Boastful

In the midst of it all — complicating it — was the black versus white bit. But since we'd come by the Sixties a fair way from the rural blind man blues scene, that wasn't necessarily such a problem. If British was perhaps not always the best, at least it was more difficult to dismiss it out of hand. You actually had to listen a bit before putting it down.

In the last five years or so, we've become quite boastful. All of those Americans admiring London town and telling us our bobbies were wonderful have been stretching the compliment more and more to our musicians. We've come to accept that our lads can do it — there's no reason any more to feel inferior because you're not black and never played in a band with Art Blakey.

Still, it staggered me the other day to hear a respected figure on the British jazz scene wondering out loud whether or



● PAUL RUTHERFORD: World class status.

not we really had the musicians of world-class calibre that everyone seemed to reckon. Perhaps, deep down in his socks, he still feels a tinge of awe at the American names and finds it hard to accept being ranked along with such all-time all-American geniuses as... well, I'll let you guess. I wouldn't want to give his name away.

The surprise came at hearing him say it, I should point out — not at the sentiment

itself. For a long time now, I've felt that there is a relatively small knot of really worth-while musicians on the home scene, fit to rank alongside anyone anywhere. But — and I apologise that I have not heard quite so many of the young generation as I should — it is a small knot.

At about this time — and not before time — it might be as well to try bringing a few definitions into the act, and that, as everyone on the jazz scene will know, is where the going gets infinitely trickier. Closing my eyes, crossing my fingers and ducking my head, I would suggest that the people I'm concerned about, and count as world-class, are the guys with the ability to stimulate and surprise, the men who leave you feeling that somehow they have added something good after you've heard them — even if you're not sure what it was.

My personal bias is towards what many would class the avant garde, an area which

would like to think it thrives on introducing something new consistently. But it doesn't. And being biased that way does not mean that there is no room for someone doing superbly well something he may have done for years before — just so long as he was the original, and he can make it sound right still.

But it does rule out the host of lads content to follow on behind, pinching a piece here and there from anyone and

everyone, putting them together the way that seems right, and ending up sounding reasonable enough — but basically second rate.

When you think about it, that knocks out a lot of the locals. They may be perfectly equipped to give you a pleasant evening, highly competent chaps every one. But the genius isn't there — not any night. They just aren't in the league to try too hard, whether they know it or not.

This isn't to say that every totally dedicated idiot who follows his own instincts is automatically approved. There are infinitely more lousy originals than original geniuses. Still, the devotion to duty does make a difference. The full-time fanatics, rejecting all other opportunities to play in order to do only what they need to, do tend to come out well ahead of those who opt for a more secure existence, working with anyone who offers a gig, in or out of the studios.

It used to puzzle me at first why some of the guys who could so obviously play chose to live on the breadline, rather than knock up a few quid in the studios on some rock or reggae record every so often, just to allow themselves to exist to play their own music. It influenced them some way, they said, playing what they deemed to be crap — and it showed in the music sooner or later. And I've looked at the names on the studio dates and listened to the music since — and it's true. In some cases, some styles, the conflict or unconscious compromise, does not show through too obviously. But it still takes the edge off, almost anywhere.

Significant

In the end, it does mean that we have precious few men of world-class status, few who can communicate an intense conviction because that is what they have to communicate. Guitarist Derek Bailey qualifies. So does percussionist Tony Oxley (You never seem to hear him now because no-one much here wants to listen, and he will only play what he wants to). And saxophonist Evan Parker. And trombonist Paul Rutherford. There are a few others fairly close behind, and perhaps a few I don't know about. But you can forget your favourite Herbie Hancock, Miles Davis, John McLaughlin and Billy Cobham sound-alike sensations.

On reflection, though, that isn't too bad a list. Trying to compile a similar group from anywhere in particular — even America — is tough. The number of musicians insisting on going their own way, and actually achieving something significant while doing it is small, very small.

Perhaps we aren't doing so badly after all. Maybe we don't have the depth of talent in the more melodic area where the mass of the audience is now, but up at the sharp end, where things are happening, it doesn't look so bad. Gee, aren't our musicians wonderful?

JAZZ ALBUMS

More recent releases:

'Oscar Peterson Trio With Clark Terry' (Philips International 6336 258).

'The Driver', Buddy Rich (Philips International 6336 232).

'Teddy Wilson And His All-Stars' (CBS 67289 double), 'Play It Again, Erroll', Erroll Garner (CBS 88129 double), 'Solid Gold Instrumental Hits', Benny Goodman (CBS 88130 double),

'The World Of, Duke Ellington (CBS 88128 double), 'The Great Paris Concert: The Art Of, Duke Ellington (Atlantic ATL 60 044 double),

'The Fantasy Years: The Art Of, Dave Brubeck (Atlantic ATL 60 079 double),

'Atlantic Jazz Express', John Coltrane, MJQ, Roland Kirk, Chick Corea, Charlie Mingus, Herbie Mann, etc. (Atlantic ATL 20 082),

'Big Bands!', Louis Bellson, Mills Blue Rhythm Band (Polydor/Onyx 2344-048).



● EVAN PARKER

JAZZ NEWS

CHRIS MCGREGOR'S Brotherhood of Breath play two British dates this month. On 14 they are at the London 100 Club, followed by the second Hastings Jazz Society concert on 18. From November 8 to 15 they will be undertaking an Arts Council-sponsored, British tour but for the remainder of the year they will be mainly working on the Continent, including Berlin on July 10, Vienna 11, the Antibes Festival 25, Willisau, Switzerland on August 29, the 'Humanite' concert in Paris on September 11, and the Nancy Festival on October 12.

Brotherhood bassist Harry Miller will be out of the country longer — a European tour with Keith Tippett's **Ovary Lodge** in late October and again with **Isipingo** in late November.

THE NINTH Montreux Festival starts Thursday, 3 continuing to 20. There are three categories: Folk, Coun-

try and Blues from 4 to 6; Rock, Blues and Gospel from 11 to 13; jazz from 15 to 20. **Billy Cobham's** band appears on 3. The regular American high school bands concert is on 8. The main jazz starts on 15 with an evening of Swiss groups. On 16 is the 'Pablo Jam Session' with **Norman Granz** presenting **Louis Bellson, Benny Carter, Harry Edson, Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, Johnny Griffin, Milt Jackson, Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis, Mickey Roker, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Toots Thielmans and Niels Orsted Peterson**. July 17 is gala night with **Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Pass, Oscar Peterson, Ketter, Betts, Bobby Durham, Tommy Flanagan**. 18 is the **Sadao Watanabe** group from Japan alongside **Rahsaan Roland Kirk** and the **Archie Shepp** band (**Dave Burrell**, piano, **Beaver Harris**, drums, **Charles Greenlee**, bass). 19 is the **Count Basie Band; Maria Muldaur** with the **Benny**

Carter Band; organist Shirley Scott with tenorist **Harold Vick** and drummer **Eddie Gladden**; and 'Basie Jam' with **Basie, Roy Eldridge, Louis Bellson, John Heard, Joe Pass** and friends. 20 is 'Today And Tomorrow' with **Anthony Braxton** leading **Barry Altschul, Dave Holland and Kenny Wheeler**; the **Bill Evans Duo** with **Eddie Gomez**; solo pianist **Andrew Hill**; and the **Charlie Mingus** group with reedman **George Adams**, pianist, **Don Pullen**, trumpeter **Jack Walrath** and drummer **Danny Richmond**.

TRUMPETER BILLY Butterfield and pianist **Dick Wellstood**, formerly together, in the World's Greatest Jazz Band got together during their current solo British tours to cut a duo album for release in the Autumn on **Doug Dobell's** 77 label.

Lennie Hastings Quartet play a new Sunday evening scene at London Camden Lock on July 6.

OUTSIDE THE Lewisham Odeon the faithful have gathered long before the doors are due to open. They form a thin line which snakes away from the cinema, past the pub and disappears around the corner. There are ageing Teds in drape-suits and brothel-creepers, with caterpillar sideburns and hair which has been greased and primed for hours on end in front of mirrors in Brockley, Peckham and Deptford.

There are middle-aged blacks in spivvy suits, their wives in evening gowns, like Mahalia Jackson; there are young kids with boot-lace ties and mannerisms poached from films their fathers saw first time around; and finally there are girls in their thirties — too old to boogie, but young enough to remember.

The inside of the cinema is huge, gaunt and chintzy. It's also half-empty. The kids put their feet up on seat-backs and flick cigarette butts from circle to stalls, killing time, as the show cranks up for the arrival of the King.

Frantic percussion

The last time he had been in this country was for a brief appearance at the Wembley Rock and Roll Show in 1972. He hadn't actually toured here since 1966 and he had never before appeared with his own band. This should be an Occasion.

On stage the Wild Wax Show, a sort of Rockers' Revue, mimic the greats: a man in shades cocks his leg on the piano as a girl in Bobby-sox and Minnie-Mouse pumps struts around to 'The Girl Can't Help It'. Another man feigns a gammy leg to sing 'Be Bop A Lu-La', and so on.

Then it's The Wild Angels, in neatly-pressed T-shirts, running through all the hits the Wild Wax Show mimicked five minutes before. There are a lot of decibels and a smattering of applause — and the pianist cocks his leg on the piano.

But somehow the mood isn't right. The air of expectancy sharpened by the long, hot wait outside has vanished inside the dark, cool extremities of the auditorium. There is an interminable interval; slow handclaps; and a hollow, echoing of derision as the King's band finally take to the stage in a streak of satin cat-suits, a clang of electric guitars and some frantic percussion from a drummer whose ginger Afro puts Sly Stone's to shame.

It's not what the faithful have gathered for and even when the King himself is ushered on stage you catch yourself wondering whether the cheer that goes up is really for him or something he once represented.

He goes through the motions. Plays the songs the faithful have come to hear; calls

some Teds up to dance and gives one girl a hug and a kiss as she's hauled up on stage. "I didn't fink you were like that, Richard..." somebody shouts. He preens, he struts, he pumps away at the piano, and he throws poses for the photographers.

The King plays for less than 45 minutes, and doesn't bother with an encore. The audience don't ask for one. Instead they flock to the exits or stand in small, bewildered knots as the house-lights go up. It's as if they're still waiting for something which has arrived and departed without their noticing it.

I'm scheduled to have an audience with the King backstage, and arrive there just in time to see him being bundled into the back of an inordinately large limousine, flanked by a handful of heavies, a cloak draped over his sequined robe and what looks like a blonde wig perched precariously on his head. Security staff hold back a group of Teds as the car purrs away.

The getaway operation has been slick, efficient, almost callous in its precision. The King had apparently cut his arrival just as fine, appearing a mere 10 minutes before he was scheduled to go on stage, much to the chagrin of his publicist for the tour, 'Waxie Maxie' Needham.

Destroying Himself

Max is the patron saint of the English rock and roll world and of indeterminate age. He's neat in his powder-blue drape suit and slicked hair, is an organiser of sundry events, a friend to visiting rockers and an indefatigable champion of rock's heritage. Now he must try to explain to a handful of irate journalists why the King is acting so unbecomingly. "I can't understand it," he confesses sadly.

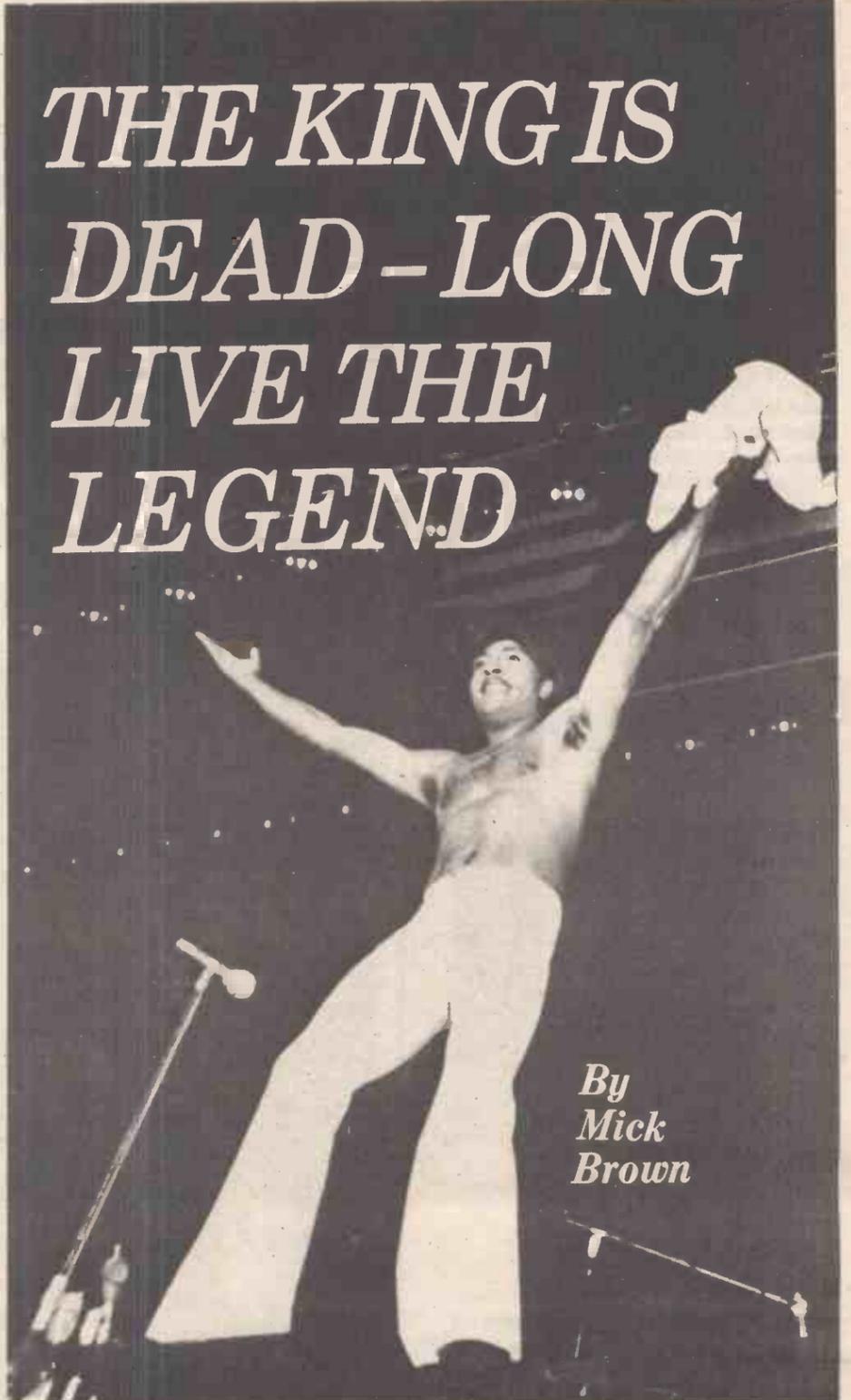
The show's promoter stands beside him, his forehead creased with worry, globules of perspiration trickling down his forehead. In the foyer a group of Teds are apparently demanding a refund. "It's not what rock and roll's all about," says Max. "He comes in here doing this big star number, barricades himself in his dressing room, won't see me — and I'm supposed to be doing his publicity!"

"And that band! Cat-suits! No saxes. And whoever heard of a rock and roll band with a fuzz guitar?" Max blanches visibly and admits that he only actually saw the first two numbers before heading for the nearest pub to drown his sorrows.

"He's only destroying himself," says Max. "He's got a lot of fans here, people who've stuck by him no matter what. It's no way to treat them. He may not want to admit it, but he needs England. I mean I like Little Richard. I really love him; but this... I wouldn't be surprised if it's the end of the road for him here."

Outside the crowds have dispersed. A couple of Teds linger at the bus stop. "Enjoy the show?" I ask. They shrug their shoulders. "It was all right. The band were fucking awful and the sound was crappy. But Richard... well, he's still the King ain't he..."

I couldn't decide whether it was a statement or a question.



By Mick Brown

ARTHUR BROWN DANCES BACK

LIKE A phoenix rising from the ashes of a fire which ultimately consumed him, Arthur Brown — the former God of Hellfire — is preparing to flutter his wings once more. But this time there will be none of the pyromaniac onslaught that made him an underground cult figure.

It was in 1968 that The Crazy World Of Arthur Brown took the London underground by storm or, to be more accurate, by fire. Brown, in flaming head-dress, long flowing cloak and white-painted face with black circles around his eyes, assaulted his audience with his incredible voice, his dervish dancing and his outlandish poems.

Theatrics

Backed by Vincent Crane and Carl Palmer, he can claim the credit for introducing theatrics into rock music for nobody who heard him scream 'I Am The God Of Hellfire and I bring you... Fire!' is likely to forget it.

It might all seem a little tame compared with the extravaganzas which accompany today's rock shows but at least Brown's theatrics were related directly to the music and lyrics — something that is lacking in many of today's efforts.

While London audiences lapped up the antics of Arthur Brown, the rest of the country was not quite ready for such a display and, although

'I used to be the God of Hellfire and I bring you... the new Arthur Brown.' **Hugh Fielder reports.**



an American tour generated a fair bit of interest, the Crazy World finally burnt itself out. Arthur moved on to Kingdom Come which made its own contribution to the

development of rock theatrics. It was a group in which manager, performers and roadies lived together as a sort of mobile commune. One of Arthur's more notable contri-

butions was at the first Palermo Pop Festival where he was busted for stripping off on stage. Kingdom Come finally folded, crushed by the weight of some pretty heavy scenes.

So what has Arthur been doing since he hung up his head-dress? Well, his years with the Crazy World and Kingdom Come had left him with an accumulated wealth of £60 ('No Cynthia, they don't all ride in limousines') so he split to Ibiza and played guitar at coffee tables.

"I wanted to travel", he says. "I'd been all over Europe with the group but it wasn't the same. The only collection we had of most of the cities was how good or bad the dope was."

Perspectives

So Arthur travelled — if not always by design. He was deported from Ibiza after an altercation with the local constabulary. So he moved on to Morocco, strumming away on his acoustic guitar for anyone who would listen and proffer a few local coins.

At the end of 1973 he found himself playing for wounded Israeli soldiers. "It was very strange," he remembers. "I was given a room in the Tel Aviv Hilton — fresh flowers on your breakfast table every day — and then I'd be taken from this luxury to a hospital full of young men with limbs missing and covered in bandages. There was a Spanish dancer going around with me and she eventually cracked up over the grisly scenes in the hospitals."

From Israel Arthur moved on to Turkey where he settled for a while with one of the last tribes still practising dervish dancing. It must have been almost a busman's holiday but, typically he found it fascinating.

And so eventually back to

the White Cliffs of Dover. Shortly after his return he enrolled at the Gurdjieff meditation school in Gloucestershire. "It's not simply a meditation school," he stresses. "It's a place where you can get new perspectives on yourself and on your relationship to other people and other spirits."

"I'd been through the hash and acid scene, transcendental meditation, Buddhist meditation and even the Druid bit. This school combines meditation with temple dancing, psychology classes and domestic chores such as carpentry and gardening. It's a crash course, from six in the morning to ten at night every day for six months."

One of the reasons Arthur went on the course was that he felt he had come against blockages within himself which prevented him from performing. "I believe that the audience and the performers should be feeding off each other. The performers give, the audience responds, the performers give a little more and so on."

"But you can reach a certain capacity and then you are faced either with carrying on at that capacity or stretching yourself for something more. I wanted to stretch but I couldn't do it by carrying on performing."

The school seems to have provided the necessary impetus for Arthur because he is now ready to perform again. The first evidence of the 'new Arthur Brown' can be gathered from his recent album 'Dance'. It's a carefully produced effort that took 200 hours of studio time but still leaves plenty of space for Arthur's vocal talents to give a spontaneous shine to the album.

As well as some of Arthur's songs there is 'We Got To Get Out Of This Place', origi-

nally a hit for the Animals and now released as a single, and the Stones' 'Out Of Time'. Both are given a highly distinctive treatment. There are also glimpses of the Arthur of old, such as on one aptly titled song, 'Crazy'. "Yes," admits Arthur with a laugh, "I hope I never lose my sense of humour."

His love of reggae is given reign on 'Soul Garden', which is supported by Flesh Skin And Bones. "What I really like about reggae," he says, "is the incredible relationship between the drums and the bass guitar." But Arthur's favourite is the title track 'Dance'.

A lot of credit for the album must go to Andy Dalby, guitarist with Kingdom Come, who has arranged the songs and supplied a couple himself. "Since Kingdom Come Andy's been learning the engineering side of recording as well as playing sessions. He's certainly done a fine job on this album. He suggested we do 'We Got To Get Out Of This Place'."

Mention must also be made of Arthur's 'cameo' role in Tommy. "That came about through Pete Townsend. Clapton was made the preacher man but although his playing was superb he wasn't really suitable for the part so I came in to finish it off."

In July, Arthur is off to the States for two weeks of radio station dates which are the trailer for a tour there in September. The group isn't fixed yet but Andy Dalby will certainly be a part of it.

Apparently they still remember Arthur Brown in the States, but they won't be getting any of the old act. Instead, Arthur is practising tight-rope walking as part of the act and has already progressed as far as being able to walk through a bicycle wheel while on the rope.

"AAA0000H!" HOWLS the voice, coyote-like. "On your feet, or on your knees," it rasps, the crowd responding with a mighty cheer. "Here they are — the amazing Blue Oyster CULT!"

The ultimate encore, the frenzied finale, the 'Metal' anthem 'Born To Be Wild' begins. The energy level is intense, the vocals are battered into submission by Buck Dharma's sizzling guitar. Steppenwolf never had it so good. The Cult roll almost every decent heavy band you can think of into one brash, gross combination and spit out the music viciously. Manic, thunderous, crunching, it's the last track on the band's live double album 'On Your Feet Or On Your Knees'.

It's hardly surprising that this set has outsold all the Cult's previous studio product. Released this Spring, it's a fiery 'greatest hits' collection, akin to the MC5's 'Kick Out The Jams' live recording in terms of doubleplus heaviness and similar to The Doors' 'Absolutely Live' by way



'All of our albums will go gold eventually, within the history of mankind'

of tangible, rock - concert - in - your - own - living - room atmosphere.

The Blue Oyster Cult — comprising Donald (Buck Dharma) Roeser, lead guitar; Eric Bloom, vocals, 'stun' guitar, synthesiser; Allan Lanier, keyboards, rhythm guitar; and the Boucher bros., Joe, bass and Albert, drums — have three other albums, three other lessons in rock and roll excess in their CBS catalogue. The first, 'Blue Oyster Cult', straight and simple, was released in 1971.

But the band as a whole was cultivated a good while earlier in the guises of both the conventionally - titled Stalk Forest Group and — in the other extreme — the Soft White Underbelly — something to do with a plate of mushrooms, I believe.

The band's manager, Sandy Pearlman, reminisces freely about the formative days, maybe with a hint of affection, it's hard to say. A phone call to CBS's New York offices secured his ear for half an hour or so. The line was crisp and clear, Pearlman was co-operative and, superficially, easy going. But he really sounds like a very shrewd, very heavy American businessman, his feet bolted hard on to the ground, his head way above most of the music biz's thick and billowing clouds.

The mastermind behind the Cult, Pearlman has been with the band since their inception. He uses words like 'per se', 'conceptualisation' and 'mechanistical' a lot. He's a fast talker.

Interviews with Dharma, Bloom, or any other member of BOC are rare things indeed, perhaps because Pearlman's manufactured, even conjured, a certain mystique around the band and he's loath to see it broken. Then again, maybe members of the band aren't the most lucid of talkers, or possibly there are other reasons unguessed or unknown.

But certainly Pearlman's got his finger stuck securely in every pie and dominates the band.

Be that as it may, he tells the Blue Oyster Cult story graphically and it's worth recounting here. "The Stalk Forest Group, Soft White Underbelly, yes, they're our previous names," Pearlman stresses *our* as if to draw attention to his close association with the band. "One was formed at the end of the Sixties, the other at the beginning of the Seventies.

"Most of the guys currently in Blue Oyster Cult were in those groups — the lead guitarist, drummer, keyboard player and rhythm guitarist." Impersonal. He neglects to mention them by name.

"I first came across them as the Stalk Forest Group in Stonybrook University, New York, at a concert where the — uh — avant garde student element gathered. I was writing for the American music magazine *Crawdaddy* at the time and I was very impressed by the band, I went for their brand of music in a wondrous way. I went up to them and suggested that they turn professional. That was the kernel, the genesis if you like, of Blue Oyster Cult."

A PEARL IN ÖYSTER'S CLOTHING



Sandy Pearlman, Blue Oyster Cult's manager, talks to Geoff Barton about the band

A contract with, at that time, pace-setting Elektra Records followed, and Jac Holzman, who signed many of the company's now classic bands, apparently hoped that the Stalk Forest Group would be the next Doors. He was afraid that Jim Morrison would soon falter and dry up, be no longer able to write quality material for his band. He hoped that the Foresters would step in and occupy this 'soon to be vacated' top position but the Doors held.

But while the Doors did indeed slip from the ladder's top rung (for the wrong reasons, though) the Stalk Forest Group never realised its potential.

"At that time we had a lead singer who sounded incredibly like Morrison," Pearlman recalls, "and Holzman was pinning his hopes on him. But when he came to record in the studio it was disaster, he sounded terrible. With about half an album completed, he had to leave the group."

With the departure of the singer, the focus of the group changed, its conception altered — it became less Doors, front - man - orientated and more of a unit. So a change of name was

in order.

"As Soft White Underbelly we completed one album for Elektra. It was never released, although it was very good," Pearlman claims.

I wondered if the music of the SFG/SWU was appreciably different from the stuff we hear today from the Cult. "Not really," he continues, "there was more emphasis on virtuosity than on long jams, though that was characteristic of music at that time. The basic elements of the Cult's music — surreal lyrics, the harmonic nature of it all, were indeed present in those days."

In late 1971 a CBS contract was secured and, simultaneously, the band became Blue Oyster Cult. "The name was derived from a series of songs I wrote some time ago, several of which — including 'Subhuman' — have been recorded by the band. The songs had a continuing, H. P. Lovecraft influenced storyline and dealt with the concept of attaining immortality in exchange for striking an allegiance with the Devil. A devil cult was featured strongly in the series, called the Blue Oyster Cult."

"With the CBS signing, the band — at that

time still Soft White Underbelly — wanted to obliterate all associations with the past and I suggested that they call themselves the Blue Oyster Cult. No one liked it very much, in fact most found it rather amusing. But we couldn't think of anything else. It stuck."

Response to the first CBS album, Pearlman assures, was "fantastic". Apparently *Rolling Stone* ("Who normally hate our sort of music") gave the album a fine review. It also got a lot of airplay.

Since '71, Cult albums — including 'Tyranny And Mutation' and 'Secret Treaties' — have sold steadily. "The band could have had more spectacular success," Pearlman admits; "but all of our albums will go gold eventually, within the history of mankind."

Currently, with the release of 'On Your Feet Or On Your Knees', the band are at an all-time peak. In America, they are enjoying some reasonable popularity: "About half that of Bachman - Turner Overdrive and a lot more than Roxy Music."

The live set, as I've said, knocked all the band's previous album sales for six. Everywhere. "I've been told that it's selling very well in France and Scandinavia as well as in the States," Pearlman says, "but, strangely, the markets where we expected to be most successful — Britain and Germany — have been the most disappointing."

For what reason, do you think? "I really don't know, perhaps they're not ready for us yet. But certainly, I can account for our popularity in France and Scandinavia. You generally find that, in France, a particular genre of music sells well — decadence and vio-



'We're about half as popular as BTO and a lot more than Roxy Music'

lence seems to appeal to them. The Stooges could have been big there, the New York Dolls were actually a great commercial success. The Scandinavian people seem to enjoy surrealism, some bizarre whimsy perhaps. There's plenty in our music."

When asked about influences, Pearlman names three bands in as many seconds — Black Sabbath, the Doors and the Yardbirds.

"First things first, Black Sabbath, well, we were originally attracted to the idea of texture per se, as an element of overwhelming attitude. Also, the preoccupation with certain lyrical themes.

"The Cult admires Sabbath because of their inspirational devotion, their devotion to a single theme, and because of their breakthrough in demonstrating texture as an element."

Make of that what you will. Pearlman cites the Doors "obviously, for inspiration". And the Yardbirds?

"For the same reason. Also, they, for the first time ever in rock, provided a working relationship between texture and arrangement. The Yardbirds used their instruments as machines, not as electric / acoustic instruments. Their sound was technically - orientated, they used their instruments as mechanical sources. Admirable."

From the rather cryptic area of influences, we moved to the more down - to - earth concept of touring. The band have never played outside of the US, except Canada — "but there is a tour of Britain and the Continent in the Fall".

A visit long overdue. The Cult were supposed to visit Europe last Spring, but the tour was cancelled for two reasons: an insufficient amount of dates in this country; its clashing with the Stateside release of 'OYFOYK'.

"The Spring tour was by no means perfect," Pearlman reveals, "it was very weak in Britain in particular — only two dates were set up, and we didn't feel that was enough. We decided to wait until a more comprehensive concert series could be drawn up."

"We've received a number of offers to play British festivals in the Summer, but we have commitments. All being well, we should be over in middle or late October. Britain will be the last place where we'll play material featured on the live double set."

A new Blue Oyster Cult studio album isn't due until 1976, after which the band will visit Australia, New Zealand and Europe again.

"We're not too sure what will be on the next album," Pearlman says. "There are a lot of directions we could go in, but I really don't know."

"In the past we've known almost track by track what we were going to do. Now, well, we've got a lot more material to record, a lot more time and money to spend. I can't specify what it'll be like, it may be considerably different."

readers' letters

SOUNDS, SPOTLIGHT HOUSE, 1 BENWELL ROAD, LONDON N7 7AX

Where have all the gigs gone?

IT HAPPENS all the time. A band forms, made up of brilliant and experienced musicians, and then tries to introduce its music to the public. Perhaps an LP or two is issued, but then the band falls apart.

On or two journalists — those that have liked the band — come to do interviews, and ask why the band is no more. The answer is almost invariably "No gigs, man."

As a rule all there is to be found are small Saturday night dance dates, and special college events. In these cases the audience are primarily interested in drinking pints and pulling birds, where a band like Dr Feelgood will go down far better than, say, Camel.

Those bands playing music to dance to can succeed all right in dance gigs, if not on record. But bands whose music is primarily for listening aren't going to benefit by playing dances. But that is almost all there is available to them.

Most of the popular bands are playing music designed for dancing, but where do they play? In concert halls. It's an odd situation, but I can't see what can be done about it.

Take Hatfield And The North, for instance. All four members of the band write music in totally different styles. They've had to call a halt due to lack of gigs, and now that Richard Sinclair is forming a band with his cousin David, the Press inform us that this must be the end for Hatfield.

There are only very few places an up and coming band can play in, and naturally, they can't very well keep on visiting the same place regularly. But if the various members visit the same place

in different combinations, playing different forms of music there would probably be more gigs for all. — P. S. Johansen, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Demand more TV time

THE radio interview on Andy Peeble's 'Rokzac' on Piccadilly radio with Roger Daltrey was the best one I've ever heard. Daltrey said the authorities are completely neglecting the youth of today and that many rock bands, including the Who, are finding it impossible to fix venues for concerts. He also said that when you're the biggest live group in the world, you need massive halls to play in, but there simply aren't any. When they try to play at football grounds, the authorities say 'no chance', because they think middle aged people will protest and that there might be violence. People don't go to rock concerts to cause trouble, they go to see and hear the performances. This and other governments are completely neglecting the needs for large halls holding five to 10,000 people to be used for rock sports events, and theatrical productions. Such places are built on the continent.

Roger then voiced his disgust at the BBC. Rock fans shouldn't be satisfied with just

two or three programmes per week, but should demand as much time on TV as football gets. — J. Thompson, Widnes, Cheshire.

Wembley complaint

I AM writing to complain about the Wembley concert. Well, not the concert itself, because all the bands were really good. The two things I want to complain about are security and toilet facilities.

The so-called security people did a really good job, that is if you like seeing the backs of red T-shirts. They stood just in front of us refusing to move no matter how politely they were asked. After the first three acts they disappeared but this caused more obstruction as fans were gathering and wouldn't sit down. The only way the rest of us could see was to stand too, much to the annoyance of the people behind.

Next the toilets. After standing in a very long queue for the ladies, I got to the door (eventually), only to be told "Sorry, we have to close these toilets to unblock them. Use the next ones." I wandered along to join yet another long queue. Inside we all rolled up our trousers and went for a paddle. These toilets weren't blocked, they were flooded! After paying £3.50 and travelling down from Edinburgh, I found this quite off-putting. — Eagles and Beach Boys Fan, Edinburgh.

Despair dispersed

I HAVE just bought Wing's new album, and am therefore in a state of delighted relief. I had begun to despair of ever hearing an album of the quality of 'Venus And Mars' again.

It seems to me that everyone else has been in a state of musical decline recently. 'Venus And Mars' shows that McCartney is as much the absolute leader in music today as was his band 10 years ago. So thanks Paul, and roll on the next album. — Trevor Hogg, Gateshead, Tyne and Wear.

IN SOUNDS, June 7, Idris Walters (he, or she?) (he — Ed.) viciously attacked the people of Newcastle in his review of Back Street Crawler. I feel I must write to prove that some of us can read and write.

Why, in an article of nine paragraphs, does 'this person' only write one paragraph of filthy words relating to what actually happened that night in the Mayfair? It took me about 20 seconds to read this paragraph, whilst the Mayfair was open for five hours.

Why was there no mention of the supporting act? And why the 'so-smug' criticism of the Geordies and their city. Anybody reading the review would get an inaccurate impression of the inhabitants of our not-so-fair city.

Was he actually at the concert? All we have is a valueless nine paragraphs telling us that in a certain shop we can buy Bay City Roller kecks for £7, David Haslam (and his flute) played at the Wallsend Arts Centre, Bernard Shaw was on at the Theatre Royal and Newcastle has Bay City Roller fans (hasn't every city?) ... Oh! And Back Street Crawler played 'The Hunter' and 'Steppin' Out' at the Mayfair. Is that enough?

If your reviewers are too shocked to write reviews after seeing the Newcastle way of life, why doesn't SOUNDS get a real live Geordie or a resident in the city to do Mayfair and City Hall concert reviews. — Keith Drysdale, North Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Back stabbing the Crawler



● PAUL KOSSOFF: viciously attacked

Picking at Pete

THE PICTURE I get in my mind when reading Pete Makowski's report on the Crystal Palace Garden Party is one of a man seated on a cushion of the like, 300 miles North of Crystal Palace, listening to Rebel etc., on a phone, a public phone box, with the pips going every three minutes.

There are so many points that I could pick holes in that I will simply say that this report was not of the same Rebel concert as I went to. I gather that Mr. Makowski thinks that I, and others, should not enjoy a mixed concert containing Jack Bruce, Steeleye Span etc. I had a very good time. — A Good Music Freak, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.



● STEVE HARLEY

SURELY ONE of the main reasons why Steve Harley and Cockney Rebel finished without an encore at Crystal Palace was because many of those who called for an encore didn't deserve one.

I am, of course, talking about the group of so-called Rebel fans who took to the water and refused to come out. I don't blame any of them for jumping in the lake to cool off, it was a bloody hot day. But why remain there screaming like BCR fans, presenting unnecessary problems for the security guards and preventing promised 'special effects' taking place, thus completely ruining the show for everyone else. And screaming "I love you Steve" — Love?? They must hate him, to insult him like that. — Trudi Atkinson, Harrow, Middx.

Several errors

I'D LIKE to thank Mike Flood Page for his review of the Rolling Stones' 'Metamorphosis'. I agree with most of his comments, but have noticed several errors in the review.

1. Unless the sleeve notes are incorrect, 'Jiving Sister Fanny' is written by Jagger / Richard, and 'Down-Town Suzie' by Bill Wyman.
2. I'd be very surprised if 'If You Let Me' is from the 'Sticky Fingers' period. Almost certainly from the 'Between The Buttons' period.
3. I always thought that Winwood and Capaldi played on the original 'Memo From Turner'. It doesn't sound as if they're on the 'Metamorphosis' version.

Finally, I should like to comment on 'Dazed and Confused Zeppelin, Yes and Purple freaks' letter from Bristol. A similar thought passed through my mind when I read that Yes were to open for the Stones in Seattle. You can probably guess what the difference was. — C. Taylor, Reading.

TEDS SEE RED

WHO THE hell does Little Richard think he is calling himself the 'King of Rock And Roll'? Teddy boy rock fans thought his performance at Lewisham (June 20) was a load of over-funky Las Vegas supper club rubbish!

I felt really sorry for the promoter and the people responsible for organising backstage interviews because Little Richard ignored the journalists and photographers and left the theatre almost before the curtains had closed.

I have one piece of advice for Little Richard. It is this: Go back to America, and don't come back — ever!

I can only think of one American rock initiator who still plays rock and roll the way most Teds want to hear it — Bill Haley. — Enraged Ted, Mitcham, Surrey.

They are going under

I CANNOT understand all the fuss surrounding the release of a new (?) Stones album. It seems to me that they are always releasing material from previous albums. Truth is, the only reason the Stones made it was because they were the only band around apart from the Beatles.

Guys like Mike Flood Page stubbornly refuse to admit the Stones are finished. Real rock music is the only thing that has a chance of surviving now, and the Stones are going to go under any day now. — Real Music Freak, Worcester.

Interview a King

ISN'T IT about time we had an interview with the fantastic, brilliant, gorgeous, sweet, sexy Jonathan King in SOUNDS?

I don't know if you have heard his latest LP 'A Rose In A Fisted Glove' but it's an excellent production. All the tracks are different and I have always preferred Jonathan's own compositions, but his version of 'The Way You Look Tonight' is so very beautiful and romantic. My favourite track is 'Here's Lookin' At You Kid! (C'mon Kid!)' written by Jonathan. I think he should release it as a single. — Carol, Preston.



● JONATHAN KING

Message for Bill

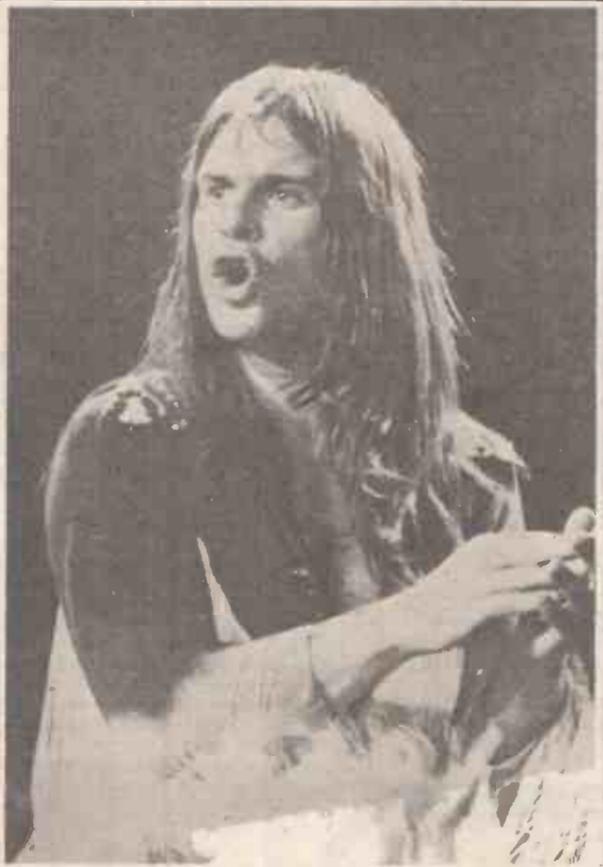
REGARDING BILL Haworth's letter on the vinyl shortage. Could you please pass this message on to him: It is very hard for bands like Black Sabbath to put something out in 3 1/2 minutes. Their music requires a certain level of understanding, not just listening to. The references on such tracks as 'Sweetleaf', 'After Forever' and 'Black Sabbath', are not that obscure, but I'm sorry Mr Haworth doesn't appear to have the level of intelligence required to appreciate them.

Mr Haworth says he has more respect for the BCR and Osmonds, fair enough, but the Osmonds and Sabbath are poles apart. I am a 19 year old Sabbath freak, who does not like the Osmonds, but I must admit that they do have high class performances. — Liz, Hammersmith, London.

There has to be someone

THERE ALWAYS has to be someone doesn't there? Some slow-witted, pea brained berk, who has to criticise reporters on interviewing a band he doesn't like. I am of course referring to the excellent Black Sabbath interview and your demon reporter, Pete Makowski.

Some poor bloke slaves to put SOUNDS together and tries to please everybody. But inevitably, people like C. Davies and B. Haworth come along saying "what did you have to interview them for?"



● BLACK SABBATH: not obscure

If SOUNDS cut out bands like Sabbath, Genesis, Yes etc., you would lose an awful lot of readers, like me for instance.

Sabbath happen to have a very large and loyal following and my friends and I happen to be part of it, so for

'those two people' (sheer nausea prevents me from mentioning their names again), may I just say: why don't you sod off back to reading Record Mirror and leave music fans in peace. — Jim, Rich and the lads, Cowplain, Hampshire.

sounds on the road

wednesday

CAMEL, City Hall, Glasgow
FIVE HAND REEL / COLD RIVER LADY, Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1
JACK TAYLOR SEXTET, Phoenix, Cavendish Square, London W1
CHRIS BARBER BAND, White Hart, Southall, Middx
HUMPHREY LYTTLETON, Opposite Lock Club, Birmingham
HEDGEHOG PIE, Disley, Cheshire
ACKER BILK, 100 Club, Oxford Street, London W1
TONY LEE TRIO, Bull's Head, Barnes Bridge, London SE13
DOUG LANDAU'S HARLEQUIN STOMPERS, Henri's Bedford Head, Maiden Lane, London WC2
LA PARANTULE, Stage One, 15/17 Deanery Road, Stratford, London
SALT GRASS, Hartspring Community Centre, Park Avenue, Bushey, Herts
LEE KOSMIN BAND, Speakeasy, 48 Margaret Street, London W1
MATILDA'S BUSH BAND, Old Swan Pub, 206 Kensington Church Street, London W8
YELLOW BIRD, Windsor Castle pub, 309 Harrow Road, London W10
THE DOGS, Golden Lion pub, 490 Fulham Road, London SW6
BANDANA, Newlands, 40 Stuart Road, London SE15
TUNDRA, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, London NW1
G. T. MOORE & THE REGGAE GUITARS, Wessex Hall, Clapham
MAX MERRITT, Greyhound pub, Fulham
MOON, Hope & Anchor pub, 207 Upper Street, London N1
SMILING HARD, Madison Club, Middlesbrough
CAPTAIN VIDEO, Rainbow & Dove, Leicester
GIN MILL 6, Kings Arms pub, Uxbridge
SONNY DEE BAND, White Hart pub, Wood Green
BLACKBOTTOM STOMPERS, Lord Napier pub, Thornton Heath
MILLENBURG JAZZ BAND, The Clarence pub, Shepherds Bush
BOB KERR'S WHOPEE BAND, Half Moon pub, Putney
NEW ERA JAZZ BAND, Flanagan's, Putney
NANCY AGEE, Last Resort, Fulham
MAIDEN VOYAGE, Stanhope pub, Gloucester Road, London
MAJOR SURGERY, Sweeny's, Basildon
JOHN STEPHENS / MAGGIE NICHOLLS WORKSHOP, Rochelle School, Bethnal Green
THE JAZZMAKERS, Rising Sun pub, Battersea
RON RUSSELL JAZZ BAND, Chinbrook Hotel, Grove Park, London
STEAM, The Crooked Billet, Penge

thursday

KURSAAL FLYERS, Sundown, Charing Cross Road, London EC2
JOHN FOREMAN, Angel Hotel, Bedford
LOUIS STEWART, 7 Dials, Shelton Street, London WC2
KEVIN COYNE / BYZANTIUM, College of Further Education, Dringhouses, York

COMPILED BY LIZ COOPER

KEEP YOUR fingers crossed that the amazingly perfect Festival weather continues for this week's outdoor events.

Surely the sun will shine on the rock fans at Knebworth and the jazz enthusiasts at Bracknell, but even without the blessing of good weather it's a sure bet that both events will be well-attended.

The Knebworth line-up includes Pink Floyd / Steve Miller Band / Captain Beefheart / Roy Harper / Linda Lewis / Graham Chapman. Two of the bands are actually re-forming especially for this gig. The Miller Band was disbanded last year but Steve will be getting them together again for this event while Captain Beefheart will be performing with a new Magic Band, which includes some of the original members.

All of this is due to happen at Knebworth Park, Herts, on July 5 from 11.30 a.m. to 11 p.m. and tickets cost £2.75 from all branches of Harlequin Records.

The Bracknell Jazz Festival takes place on July 5 and 6 and includes the Stan Tracey Trio and Mike Westbrook's Big Band on the Saturday and George Melly, Alex Welsh and Wild Bill Davison on the Sunday.

UPP, Nag's Head pub, High Wycombe
POODLES, Windsor Castle pub, 309 Harrow Road, London W10

SHAKIN' STEVENS, Penelope's, Paignton
TONGE, Civic Centre, Welwyn
CANDLEWICK GREEN, Bailey's, Birmingham

FOUNDATIONS, Streaker's Night Club, Leamington Spa
DUANE EDDY, Top Spot Ballroom, Margate

FIVE HAND REEL, Greyhound pub, Fulham
GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY, Cleopatra's, Derby

GROUCHO, Barnsley Art College
SASSAFRAS, Johnson Hall, Yeovil
WISPER, Ulanian Bay Hotel, Port Talbot

RED BEANS & RICE, Tracey's, Gloucester (until July 5)
MUSCLES, Barbarella's, Birmingham

CHRIS BARBER BAND, Adelphi, Liverpool
ANDY ROBERTS, Shakespeare's Head pub, Camaby Street, London W1

CLANCY, College of Agriculture, Chippenham, Wilts
CLARKE TERRY QUINTET, Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith Street, London W1

BILL LE SAGE/ART THEMAN QUARTET, Bull's Head pub, Barnes Bridge, London SE13
LEFT HAND BAND, Open Space, 32 Tottenham Court Road, London W1

BRUCE & THE WOMBATS, Matilda's, Old Swan, 206 Kensington Church Street, London W8
LEE KOSMIN BAND, Kensington pub, Russell Gardens, Holland Road, London W14

RARE TREAT, Cabbage Patch, Twickenham
SCARECROW, Lord Palmerston pub, 648 King's Road, Fulham, London SW6

SUNSHINE, Newlands, 40 Stuart Road, London SE15
WITCHES' BREW, Brecknock, 227 Camden Road, London NW1
SOHO JETS, White Hart pub, Willersden

STRUTTERS, Hope & Anchor pub, 207 Upper Street, London N1
VIOLA WILLS, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, London NW1
BIFFO, NE London Polytechnic, Waltham Forest

ROCKY SHARPE & THE RAZORS, Nashville, 171 North End Road, London W14

friday

GEORGIE FAME, Mayfair, Newcastle
POODLES, Music Box, Weymouth

SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS, Seale Hayne Agricultural College, Newton Abbot
FOUNDATIONS, Senate Club, Peterlee

CANDLEWICK GREEN, Bailey's, Birmingham
GLOBAL VILLAGE TRUCKING COMPANY, Dockland Settlement, Bristol

EVAN PARKER/PAUL LYTTON DUE, Soho Poly Theatre, 16 Riding Horse Street, London W1
CLEMEN PULL, Pier Ballroom, Hastings

BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDER BOLTS, Penthouse, Scarborough
HEAVY WATER, Imperial Hotel, Nottingham

ROCKY SHARPE & THE RAZORS, Pier Bars, Southend
CSA, Woolston, Southampton

JIVE BOMBERS/SCATLEY BAND, Crown Hotel, Marlow, Bucks
SASSAFRAS, Seale Hayne Agricultural College, Newton Abbott

WHISPER, Flamingo, Hereford
MUSCLES, Town Hall, Sutton Coldfield

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GROUCHO, Tavern in the Town, Bradford

SASSAFRAS, Winning Post pub, Twickenham

BRACKNELL JAZZ FESTIVAL: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS / WILD BILL DAVISON / ALEX WELSH BAND, Southill Park Arts Centre, Bracknell

RONNIE LANE'S SLIM CHANCE / KURSAAL FLYERS / GONZALEZ, Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, London

PATTO (original), Benefit, Tarrington, 4 Lodge Lane, London N12
STACKRIDGE, Greyhound pub, Croydon

CANDLEWICK GREEN, Allison's Club, Liverpool
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sounds on the road

Swing-along-a-Laney

NOW RONNIE Lane's a man I've admired for a long time. Giving the proverbial V-sign to the establishment of the music world he has come up with a swing along a Laney style of music. His band, Slim Chance, are behind him all the way, as well as being fine musicians.

Lane and Slim Chance were at the Queensway Hall, Dunstable, on Sunday night and the pug faced, little gnome, in tattered jeans nonchalantly strolled through the set. His days with Rod and the Faces have certainly taught him how to get over to an audience and at the same time enjoy yourself.

Slim Chance have their own unmistakable sound and even with the Stones' number 'Sweet Virginia' they stamp their mark all over it.

Bringing back ol' good time feelin', Lane gave us the old bluesy number, 'Careless Love' from his first album 'Anymore For Anymore'. While Lane's out front on vocals, Steve Simpson provides the sophisticated lead guitar work.

I reckon Lane must be a grass roots rocker at heart, belting out two oldies, 'Walk On By' and 'Never Can Tell'. These two had Charlie Hart giving it some stick on piano and the rest of the group bopping about on stage. 'The Poacher' brought a little class and decorum to the proceedings. The stand out track on his first album, it shows how talented a writer Lane is.

The fiddle work all through the set from both Charlie Hart & Steve Simpson was good—but I think Ruan O'Loughlainn's absence is very noted. On Lane's last album he was a standout and his sax featured on most tracks. Lane's had a saxist ever since he formed Slim Chance. First Jimmy Jewell and then O'Loughlainn, and there's no doubt the sax was missed.

After the encore Lane led the audience in some community singing—a rendition of 'Goodnight Irene'. Hart, Colin Davey, drums and Brian Belshaw, bass were down on bended knee singing along

with Lane. Ronnie Lane ... you're a showstopper. — NORMAN MACONALD.

Mike Westbrook Orchestra

BASHING AHEAD strongly through the unflattering acoustics of the Roundhouse, the Mike Westbrook Orchestra played an erratic and somewhat disappointing concert on Tuesday. In the absence of special soloist John Surman, Westbrook presented selections from his latest recorded epic 'Citadel/Room 315' instead of the whole piece. Although it sold a few albums, this scrappy effort fell far short of the recorded version, lurching along without ever developing into anything more interesting than the promise of the brighter moments.

The second half proved altogether brighter, however, opening with the first performance of a four part piece entitled 'Trumpet Serenade' which was presented with great gusto all round, and some remarkably uncomfortable five flute passages. Perhaps it was just the Roundhouse, but Alan Jackson's wood barrel drum kit, which gives out a good tone, proved far too prominent for much of the time, and highlighted Westbrook's eagerness to set everything clapping into gear at the earliest opportunity. The usual Westbrook mixture of styles, the piece would be very welcome in more favourable surroundings, with fun to be had by all from a three tenor romp through the calypso section.

Trombonist Malcolm Griffiths blustered energetically through the opening section of 'Love/Dreams And Variations', which hit hilarious heights in the fast section, and a lovely Paul Rutherford trombone feature on 'Creole Love Call' set the mood for the close. It seemed apt enough that everyone should feel happy with the encore of 'Flying Home', with Alan Wakeman's raunchy tenor driving it home in territory well known and loved. — MICHAEL WALTERS.



● RONNIE LANE: rocker at heart

The Rome report

ROME — Robert Wyatt, Henry Cow and Gong played a free concert to a crowd estimated at more than 20,000 people here at the weekend. The concert was a peaceful occasion.

This is not an attempt to win a most boring story of the month award: that the concert took place at all was remarkable because non-Italian bands simply have not played in Italy since the Lou Reed *debut* of a few months ago when the crowd pelted the stage with stones and bottles and turned a fire hose on the police. Apart from that, there hadn't been a live, foreign rock show anywhere in Italy for about a year until this weekend.

Rock promoters in Italy (along with those in other European countries, notably France and Germany) had met determined opposition from politically-left organisations: groups of people would turn up at concerts demanding free music, and often there would be 'incidents'. Eventually, the promoters gave up but instead of getting free music the Italians got no music.

The weekend's concert was organised by Stampa Alternativa, a left-organisation which

also publishes a magazine, and the rock magazine *Muzak*. One of Stampa's aims was to show that capitalism was unnecessary to a successful rock promotion, that British groups could come to play in Rome without the promoters needing to charge high ticket prices. In fact, the main burden of the costs, said Virgin Record boss Richard Branson, fell on the record company.

The concert also became a focus for various political and social campaigns: as well as a gesture against music business capitalism, it was a celebration of the recent communist gains in local elections [*Roma e Rossa!*] and a call for the legalisation of marijuana. Birgin's Italian distributors (Dischi Recordi) decided they did not want to be associated with such causes, and withdrew their sponsorship, which is why Richard Branson was left signing a rather larger cheque than he had anticipated.

Did he cry, or did he take it like a man? Full story in next week's special supplement on the political future for communism in Europe. — STEVE PEACOCK.

Jazz Fest: worth its weight in treble clefs

A BRIGHT young Jazz Festival can surely hold its head up high when it secures the world premiere of a work by one of Britain's most creative musicians — Stan Tracey. It cost £1,000 to commission and must have been worth its weight in treble clefs just for the prestige. Tracey's composition was called 'Poems', inspired by some pieces of Spike Milligan's (which pieces? His big toe and his left buttock, Min).

Tracey arranged it for his trio (Dave Green, bass; Brian Sprigg drums) and the Delme String Quintet, so it was an eye-bugging set-up even before they began playing. Straights meet hairies, three jazzbirds meet the earth-bound followers of dots — result: compromise. Still it was a sweet sound, quite angelically lovely for much of the time.

The first section 'True Purple' was floated on a delicate shimmer of violins and cellos, then swept into the melody full-throated but never quite orthodox enough to be merely pretty and sentimental. Tracey for the most part inserted quiet piano leads but once in a while laid about him with some freaky, jumpy ventures into the upper registers.

The world's most perfectly developed sound might have emerged from that dynamic tension between the strings and the trio but the jazzmen were too polite. Sprigg used his brushes for almost the entire hour; Tracey played 'Metropolis' like a bustling city guide, 'Spring Song' as if he believed in daffadowillies, and retreated from the staccato attack of the opening bars of 'Future Perspective Deceptive' into obliging smoothness. Meanwhile the Delmes plucked their pizzicatos like eager wagtails. Actually I think the music on record would feel a lot more blue and paranoid.

The civilised scene on the University Theatre's stage was too secure and reassuring to let any barb rip your flesh so that was the main event. The rest of the week produced consistent pleasure and some raucous nights to warm the heart of even this old rocker. The format of setting the 'star'

in the main auditorium and a local support band and jam session in the intervals and apres worked a treat.

A Geordie set called the Alan Glenn Band rather seized up and, though their playing was okay, froze the joint by none of them smiling for an entire hour.

However, the adrenalin hit the mainline for 'Last Exit' and the Gordon Bege Duo. 'Exit' combined experience and sophistication with a naked, funky excitement that makes the Average White Band look like a set of old grannies — and they're only regular outlets are to a few dozen people in a couple of pubs. Anyway they set out to blast Pacific Eardrum off the stand and when I had to leave to review Billy Cobham they were playing so fast that Tyneside's own Brendan Foster would never have caught them.

Gordon Bege was not so much challenging Mike Carr's organ skills as shaking off the shackles of Wallsend's Ex-Servicemen's Club, 'Big Spender' and 'My Way' twice nightly. He frolicked over his big Hammond C3 like a grisly bear escaped from the zoo. 'Summertime' and 'A Taste of Honey' could have extended themselves for ever, swinging like a Fellini fat lady saying "Grab hold of some of this, baby."

But playing some storming music as the locals did there was no way they could outgun the personalities of a clutch of infallible veterans who delighted everybody who'd laid their money down. Chris Barber showed that not only his band but his music was alive and well with a form of brass/rock including an arrangement of Macedonian folk song which would have been sagely debated as remarkably avant-garde if it had been delivered by a young electric band.

George Melly in crumpled jacket, crumpled trousers, a Robert Morley figure wearing Cecil Beaton's panama, was good-time, self-mocking, a clown, and sang well. And 70-year-old Bud Freeman, meeting a trio for the first time ever when he joined them onstage was gracious and fine. This really was art.

Bud Freeman said "That's the beauty of jazz. We never know what we're going to play next. So much better than intellectualising." — PHIL SUTCLIFFE.

I DIDN'T want to believe that Holland was going to be as flat, neatly ordered as it had been on my last visit, but it is. The hotel/motel/eurotel is about half a mile from the airport. Camel are already there, idling the time away.

Tonight's gig is at Breda, somewhere to the South, the third in a brief warm-up excursion before the band return to Britain for a nationwide tour. They confess to things being a little rough musically as they've just had a two week break, whilst a publicist reckons they're tighter than ever. We'll see. Thirty miles later we arrive at the hall, some sort of youth entertainment centre. The acoustics are worse than bad. Some Dutch band are on stage, led by a bearded individual playing accordion. Net result is roughly equivalent to a schizoid pairing of Focus and Hedgehog Pie — very odd.

Camel open with 'White Rider' and 'Supertwister', both from 'Mirage'. The PA is diabolical. Passages of the music that I know from previous showings to be very strong are just not coming over. Latimer's slide solo at the end of 'White Rider' suffers considerably.

There're frantic consultations back at the mixer,

Camel survive the alien acoustics

but no amount of level-sliding has any beneficial effect. Nonetheless 'Supertwister' earns a favourable response, and is followed by 'Snow Goose' in its entirety. Obviously it takes time for a band to accustom themselves to the rigours of presenting a 42 minute piece when previously their numbers have been considerably shorter, and less intricate, but, as the man said, the performance has improved unbelievably since the Roundhouse gig of a month or so back.

Camel are playing with a freshness and to an audience well short of capacity strength, equipment problems are something awful and yet this band are enthusiastic, excited about what they're delivering. And it shows.

Bardens moves unhurriedly around his keyboards and Latimer concentrates on melody lines, only taking a couple of solos proper throughout. 'Dunkirk' is par-

ticularly strong, with drummer Andy Ward flailing around his kit. Ferguson keeps himself to himself, anchoring the whole thing offshore. The encore is 'Homage To The God Of Light', moving around a fast bass riff and allowing Latimer and Bardens plenty of elbow room. Up front, people are actually dancing. Bar the PA, it wasn't at all bad.

Reassessing the gig, 'Snow Goose' remains a very enterprising piece, enjoyable even under adverse circumstances. Its carefully textured melodies and themes are memorable, standing up well to repeated listenings. With everything in their favour, Camel can put in a good, very good set.

Maybe it's all down to their appreciating limitations — something that not many bands are prepared to do, and approaching the business of making music open-mindedly, with a total lack of pretension. You should make an effort to see them. — ANGUS MAC-KINNON.

Soft Machine

BREDA'S SOMEWHERE in the middle of Holland, I think, and tonight Soft Machine are



● CAMEL: open minded approach

bill-topping a 12-hour event in its youth centre. They open with 'Floating World', from 'Bundles', with both Ratledge and Jenkins echoing out the melody on electric pianos. It's

a deceptively unassuming piece, in complete contrast to what follows.

Since the release of 'Bundles' guitarist Allan Holdsworth, responsible for much

of that album's forcefulness, has departed, to be replaced by John Etheridge (ex Darryl Way's Wolf). Now Etheridge moves. He also plays with considerable expertise and fluency.

His solos in 'Bundles', 'Land Of The Bag Snake' and 'Hazard Profile Pt. 1' are fast, tense and angular, accelerated by Marshall's hyperdrive snare and cymbal work. Ratledge and Jenkins, turning to synthesizer and reeds respectively, cast out lines against each other in 'Profile Pt. 5' with effortless precision before Babington takes a lengthy bass solo.

Marshall's solo spot later in the set is just as invigorating. Older pieces, from 'Six' and 'Seven', are included, all benefiting considerably from Etheridge's rhythm work.

There have been suggestions of late that Soft Machine are no longer delivering, that they're a sad parody of former line-ups. I find such insinuations hard to take at all seriously in the light of this performance. Their playing is little short of inspired throughout, persistently immaculate and inventive, and they're obviously anything but a spent force. — ANGUS MAC-KINNON.

sounds on the road

HUDDERSFIELD TOWN Football Club's first venture into the pop world was not a happy one despite some brilliant sunshine and fine music.

Unfortunately, more and more small time outdoor festivals are flopping through lack of public interest. Around 1,800 people turned up on Saturday to see an impressive array of bands headed by Mud. The group flew in from Amsterdam the same day and were nearly an hour late on stage. Many of the fans had by then left the ground.

Mud opened their set in dynamic fashion bursting onto the stage amidst a flash of smoke and lights. The group had stipulated that they would only play in the dark and it was easy to see why, watching their fantastic lighting effects which highlighted the act.

The show is really a golden oldie act. The first few numbers included 'Diana', 'Blue Moon' and the evergreen 'Do You Wanna Dance'. It was a cabaret act, not really suitable for an outdoor festival. Les Gray was good, vocally, and their overall sound was clear but I somehow felt Mud could have offered a little more. Fortunately, Mud have a lot of hardy fans and to be fair, the group gave them what they wanted — straight, uncomplicated rock and roll. The group moved around the stage well, oozing professionalism.

The support acts, though, made it a festival to remember, musically. Geordie started off the show in rip-roaring fashion and Mac & Katie Kisson appeared to be having a ball, performing their first ever outdoor gig in Britain. They played several encores.

Stackridge kept everyone entertained with their highly original brand of humour and music and were for me and by the sound of the cheers of everyone else, stars of the show.

But Festivals are run to make money and Chief Publicity Officer, Ray Kennan, commented after the show "It was all very disappointing. The promoters have lost between £7,000 and £8,000."

He did add, however, that the football directors promoting the show might be prepared to stage another festival featuring heavier bands. Certainly on Saturday the few fans at Huddersfield got real value for money. — SIMON ORRELL.

Del Shannon

ROCK AND roll musicians fall into one of two main categories: they are either performing because they positively enjoy doing so, or they perform because it provides them with an income. The difference between these two types is apparent in the performance of Del Shannon. An old professional going the rounds, playing the same old material in the same old way.

I doubt whether his act has changed much over the

Mud play away but fail to draw

years — substitute a few fresh numbers every now and then, but basically the formula remains the same. So much so in fact that it all appears very mechanical or automatic, rather like putting a coin in a jukebox — out comes the expected sound but without the atmosphere.

One could blame a pathetically small audience as an excuse for a lame and particularly dull performance; but surely a performer with such vast experience should be able to generate his own enthusiasm even if he is unable to motivate his crowd? Yet, despite playing such classics as 'Handyman', 'Pretty Woman' and 'Runaway', Del Shannon merely demonstrated his own palpable lack of talent.

In short, it all sounded much the same — positively boring, and any enjoyment derived from his show came from the quality of the songs not the manner in which they were performed. — NIAL CLULEY.

Bert Jansch

FOLLOWING HIS Royal Festival Hall concert with John Renbourn last Monday, Bert Jansch began a week's residency at London's Ronne Scott's club. Despite the international tours with Pentangle, Jansch's natural habitat remains the small club. To play at his best, he needs direct communication with an audience, to be able to exchange backchat with the front row.

Scott's is not the ideal venue for an acoustic guitarist, because the discipline of the folk club audience doesn't prevail there. Jansch's first, rather diffident, set was marred by the buzz of conversation from the businessmen who tend to infest the place. For his later performance, the audience was smaller but far more appreciative, and Jansch himself responded by turning in some powerful versions of his best known songs.

Cyril Tawney's 'Sally Free And Easy', and Ewan MacColl's 'First Time Ever I Saw Your Face' were given sensitive treatment in Bert's rather laconic singing style, while the outstanding instrumental work came on 'Casbah' and Davy Graham's 'Anji', two tunes from his first Transatlantic

album. At times it could have been a folk club from 10 years back, as Jansch worked out on a couple of blues and the traditional 'Blackwaterside'.

There were also some more recent songs, dating from his Charisma albums, one released last year and the other about to be issued. Several sounded slightly anonymous on a first hearing, although 'Sweet Summer Morning' and 'Lost And Gone', about the encroachment of the oil industry in the Shetlands, should establish themselves as Jansch standards.

Above all though, it was an evening dominated by that fluent, yet hard-edged guitar tone which has made Bert Jansch, along with his mentor Davy Graham, the most influential acoustic guitarist of the last decade. — DAVE LAING.

Judas Priest

JUDAS PRIEST are one of those road bands who do what they do mightily well. The vital question then is, do enough people like it? The Sunderland Locarno the other night was no place to judge though the thin scattering of get - your - rocks - off enthusiasts seemed to enjoy themselves. I didn't know what to expect from Judas but after they'd hammered out their first few riffs, I was wondering what sort of fates decree things like Quo being a heavy hit band and Priest being just hardworkers. Their music is in exactly the same vein except that Priest have more variety within each number though they always return to base stomp.

The twin lead guitars of K.K. Downing and Glen Tipton are a big plus for them not only crunching along on the mastodon beat, but throwing in some nice harmony passages. And the sound produced by engineer, Keith, out of some fairly limited-looking equipment was remarkably clear and clean. Give them a couple of thousand people shaking their heads and the set could easily have felt as exciting as the last two Quo shows I've seen (much as I don't enjoy the actual music of either band, that power gets under your skin irresistibly).

However one feature of the band which might offend many ears is the Mark I vocal style of Rob Halford. The set opens with a foghorn effect followed by a lug-lacerating scream from Rob. All very fine for grabbing your atten-



● MUD: fantastic lighting effects

tion but he's at that pitch for much of the next hour. He squeals, he squalls, he screeches — a horrible racket which seems a substitute for real passion, loses the lyrics and fizzes up the admirable guitar sound. I speak thus nastily because it's not a matter of deformed vocal chords. Rob chooses to "sing" that way. And presumably the band wants him to.

His "Mark II" vocal style revealed on slower passages and songs is strong, expressive — and tuneful. Snatches of the words I did catch suggested they'd been put together with some care yet "Island Of Domination", announced as a brand newie, was taking them even deeper into Status Quo land, so wither goest Judas? Probably onwards at the same respectable level of success and rock solid performance. — PHIL SUTCLIFFE.

Uriah Heep

I FAIL to understand the harsh criticism often levelled at Uriah Heep. OK so they're loud and they're flash, but that certainly isn't all as they proved at the Hammersmith Odeon on Friday. After a competent but unexciting set from the Heavy Metal Kids, Heep exploded into a slick-paced act, maintaining excitement and interest throughout. With a painted backdrop of the 'Return To Fantasy' sleeve and superb lighting, they steamrollered everyone with their own distinctive brand of rock and roll. Unlike many of their contemporaries, Heep are never self-indulgent and always entertaining.

They introduced some new material from the 'Fantasy' album like 'Shady Lady', 'Prima Donna' and the title track, but the audience seemed to prefer the old favourites like 'Gypsy', 'Sweet Lorraine' and 'Easy Living'.

Halfway through the set, David Byron introduced 'July Morning' as "the slow, roman-

tic number of the evening", bringing rousing cheers from the throng, and one poor unfortunate was even moved enough to leap onto the stage, only to be unceremoniously carried away by two helpful stage-hands.

As a colleague of mine recently remarked — "the introduction of John Wetton has given the band a kick up the arse". I can only echo that statement. An excellent bassist, he has total empathy with drummer Lee Kerslake. Ken Hensley displayed some dazzling keyboard work and fine ultra-sonic harmonies, but guitarist Mick Box almost stole the show with his powerfully aggressive playing and superlative showmanship.

An encore was compulsory, as the crowd stamped and cheered to bring back the band. Heep returned to reality as opposed to fantasy and stormed through 'Birds Of Prey', 'Love Machine' and 'Look At Yourself', finishing off a faultless show and proving yet again that not only are they Very 'Eavy and Very 'Umble, but also Bloody Good. — EAMONN PERCIVAL.

Streetwalkers

ROGER CHAPMAN is one of the elite of rock singers whose very presence heralds an event of extraordinary significance; his magnetic personality acts as a catalyst for both band and audience, so that when he is in top gear his band will be also.

His present outfit, Streetwalkers, consisting of old ally Charlie Whitney on guitar plus the excellent Bob Tench (guitar) and ably supported by a trio of drums, congas and bass, are remarkably reminiscent of his old band, Family. They have the same fine qualities — strength, power, drive and ability, and the same unfortunate drawback — they are too good, too sophis-

ticated, almost too talented for the average rock fan.

Their music is good and well played, and instantly recognisable. Yet somehow it leaves no lasting taste in the mouth, no lingering sensations in the head. It washes over, through and round the brain but fails to make more than surface contact. It's greatly entertaining and a must for all discerning rock fans, but that's where it stops.

All that remains is the vision of Chapman, singer extraordinaire, with finger pointing and microphone aloft, gearing himself for the next onslaught. The quality of songs such as 'Tokyo Rose', 'Crawfish' and the inevitable 'Burlesque' arouse momentary bursts of enthusiasm which die with the last notes of each number.

Yes, Streetwalkers are immensely enjoyable, but have yet to find a formula which will enable them to reach out to, and retain, a national audience. — NIAL CLULEY.

Andrews/Cooper

SEEING HARVEY Andrews and Graham Cooper in concert for the first time was a pleasantly rewarding experience. I had fully expected to admire the excellence of Harvey's songs and the skill of Graham's playing, but what I had not expected was to discover that both could sing very admirably, and also that Harvey is one of the few genuine ranconteurs left in British folk music.

He treated his considerable audience to a feast of humorous asides, carefully rehearsed jokes and amusing stories by way of introduction to his songs. Graham Cooper was no slouch in this direction either, although his witty anecdotes were nearly all designed to enhance the efforts of his partner. The highlight of this lighthearted approach was a superb take-off of American folk singers complete with accent, cowboy hat and cigar. It was excellent entertainment and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The one rather unfortunate aspect of their comical interludes was that the songs tended to be rather overshadowed. A pity this as Harvey is a very good songwriter as numbers such as 'Sweet Little Fat Girl', 'Darby And Joan' and 'Me And The Empty Glasses' amply demonstrated. In addition he and Graham complemented each other very well, both vocally and instrumentally, and are experienced enough to vary their approach from number to number.

Nevertheless the lasting impression of the evening must be on their skills as entertainers — if they carry on like this they'll end up as cabaret artists not folk singers. — NIAL CLULEY.

New Sounds

Four cabinets from Simms-Watts

SIMMS-WATTS have brought out a new range of cabinets, headed by the H100 Universal Horn, which they say is the first truly universal 100 watt cabinet.

It features four high frequency horns and a 15 in RCF speaker, with 4 in voice coil, and is suitable for PA, guitar or disco work. It measures 39 x 20 x 12 in and retails at £165, including VAT, covers and leads.

Also in the range are the 12062 and the 12066 cabinets. The former has two 12 in speakers and one hf horn, and the latter has one 15 in speaker and one hf horn. Prices are £95 and £89.50 respectively and inclusive of VAT.

The remaining unit in the



● H100 CABINET

new range is the 12065 which has one 15 in speaker for use with a 50 watt amplifier. Price is £79.50.

Interface easy connections

HAMILTON'S OF Teesside have brought out the Interface stereo pre-amplifier control unit which makes it easy to connect a portable organ to Leslie or Sharma tone cabinets. It also allows you to connect a console organ, guitar, electronic accordion, synthesizer or electric piano to a cabinet.

The unit is quite compact and provides two separate channels (complete stereo operation), three inputs, a mono switch facility, built in speed switch and indicator lamps and an alternative foot-switch speed change.

The interface is also claimed to be ideal for small bands and combos since it makes it possible to play organ, electric piano and bass guitar through one cabinet while giving the possibility to expand to two cabinets and an amp stack when more power is needed.

The unit needs no engineers, fitting kits or dismantling and will accept signals from a headphone

socket. It also has internal sensitivity controls for greater matching ability. Price is £73 plus VAT and enquiries should be sent to Hamilton's (Middlesbrough) Ltd., 26 Newport Road, Middlesbrough, Cleveland, TS1 5AE.



● PRE-AMP UNIT



New 100 range from Selmer

A NEW range of Selmer 100 amplifiers is now available for lead, bass and slave use.

Both the lead 100 and the Bass 100 have two channels, each of which features volume, treble, bass and presence controls and high and low impedance input sockets.

Prices are: Lead 100, £126; Bass 100, £101; and Slave 100, £79. All prices include VAT.

small sounds

Personal

WILL BARRY from London who was at Wembley Elton John concert, June 21, phone Christine and Sallie, at Rochdale 38609. Sorry we lost you.

PENFRIENDS WANTED, anywhere, any age, s.a.e. to — Pen Society, (K35), Chorley, Lancs.

GOOD LOOKING guy, sincere, but lonely, seeks similar for lasting friendship, genuine. All letters answered, photograph appreciated. — Box No. 2482.

FOR FREE list of Pen pals, send stamped addressed envelope to — Worldwide Friendship Club, 46 Cemetery Road, Denton, Manchester (State age).

TWO GUYS seek two sincere girls, 21-25, Liverpool area. Must be attractive. — Box No. 2483.

ALEC (30), Somerset, seeks sincere female penpals — Box No. 2484.

GUY, 21, seeks girl for loving, must be into Hendrix, Floyd. — Box No. 2485.

LONELY GIRL aged 16, into Bread, seeks friends. — Box No. 2486.

BIRMINGHAM GIRL, 19, wishes to meet guy 19-23 for friendship. — Box No. 2487.

COLIN, 21, wishes to meet shy young male for lasting relationship, into cider, Guinness and Barry White. Sincere replies only. — 54 Ocean Street, Keyham, Plymouth.

GUY, 18, seeks girl 16-18, Newcastle area. — Box No. 2488.

I AM 23, I would like to hear from any girls who would like to write. I'll answer all as I'm lonely and shy. — Box No. 2489.

BOY, 19, needs girl, has sister. Walks, outings, etc. West Sussex area. — Box No. 2490.

GIRL INTO Who and Faces, wants penpals. — Box No. 2492.

GENUINE INTRODUCTIONS, friendship / marriage. Confidential details. (s.a.e.) — Elite Bureau, 243 Regent Street, London W1R 8PN.

YOU FOR 18-year-old Belfast male. Shy guy or chick for penfriend. — Box No. 2491.

GUY, AGE 22, seeks girl, sincere relationship, possibly marriage. South London/Surrey area. — Box No. 2493.

NATIONWIDE FEMALE ONLY contacts, etc. Send s.a.e. in strictest confidence to — Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

GIRL, 17, wants penfriends, into Zeppelin. — Box No. 2494.

GUY, 29, and son, seven, seek chick in same position for lasting relationship. Own two-bedroom council flat. South Midlands. — Box No. 2495.

FELLAS, are you a bore? Unsuccessful with women? Lack charm, personality, wit, confidence? Unique postal course can help! s.a.e. to — REF (S3), 5 Rupert Court, London W1.

VERY GOOD looking guy, maturish, interested in arts and music in particular, seeks attractive teenager (16-19), girl, for friendship. Photos exchanged. — Write: Bruce Craig, 8 Hale Gardens, Acton, London W3.

GUY (20), shy and lonely, seeks girl, 16-22, in Swansea area for love and friendship. Photo please. — Box No. 2496.

FREAKY GIRL (18), seeks same for gigs, festivals, Coventry area. — Box No. 2497.

MAKE NEW Friends UK and abroad. S.a.e. — Susan Collins Bureau, O/C, Room 339, 93 Hope St., Glasgow.

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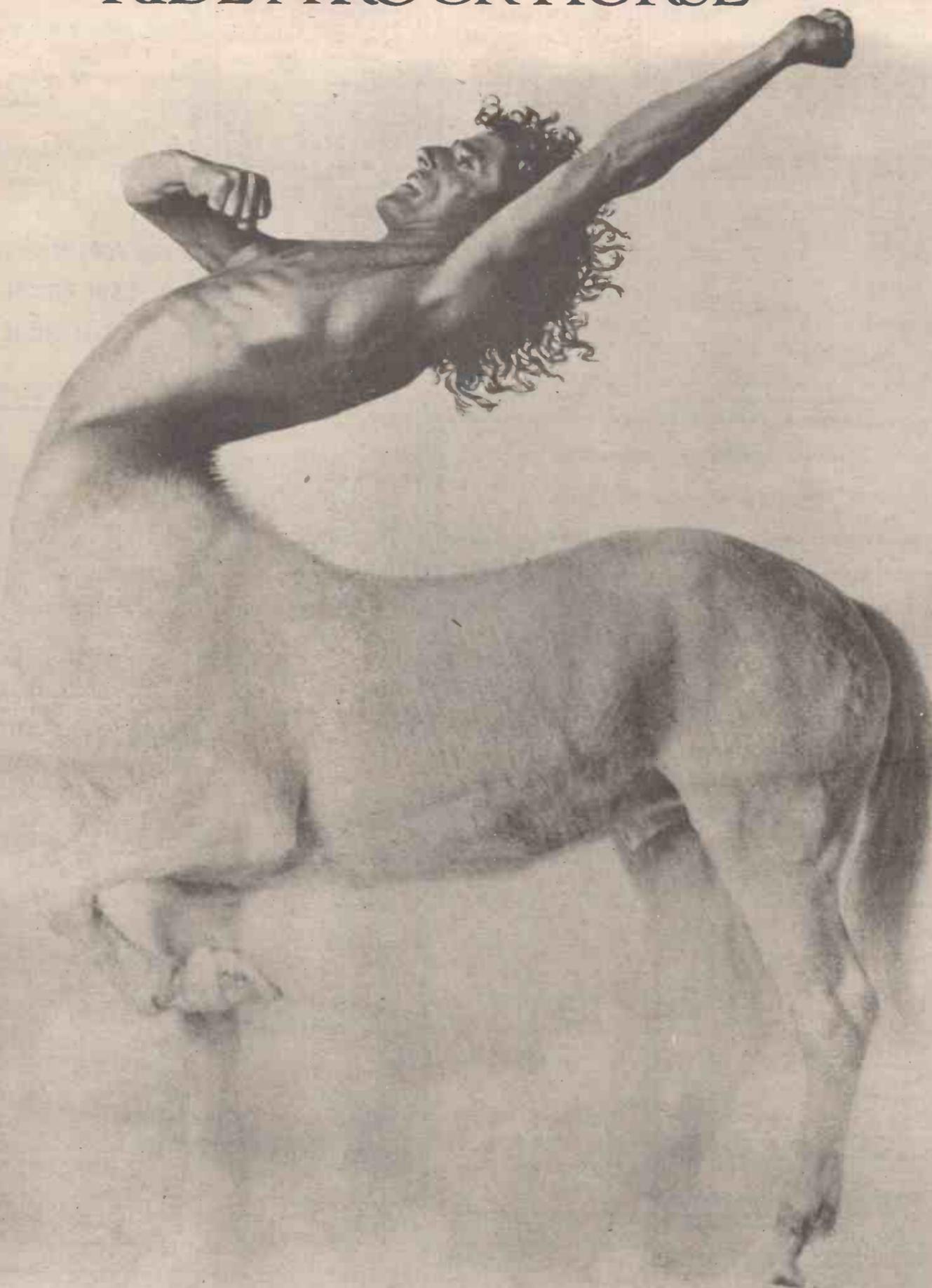
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ROGER DALTREY

RIDE A ROCK HORSE



On first listening, 'Ride A Rock Horse' is good. On the second listening it is even better, and continues to unravel hidden beauties through subsequent listenings. The album contains some of Daltrey's best recorded vocals, which in itself spells excellence. Unlike his first solo album which displayed softer, more sentimental sides, 'Ride A Rock Horse', is a good deal funkier, full of rock phrasing and foot tapping back-up, often strong enough to make you dance. Add Russ Ballard's production, which is always in total sympathy with Daltrey's voice, and you're left with real substance, no filler. The production is sparse in parts, and rightfully so, forcing Daltrey's voice up front all the way. Ballard proves his all round durability as a musician, often playing

very tasteful lead guitar and piano while decorating other instruments with immaculate timing. The songs themselves are full bodied tunes, not merely snatches of simple melodies. It begins impressively with the single 'Get Your Love', a genuine rocker made harder by raucous vocals and nice back-up singing from Kokomo. Three of the best songs are penned by Paul Korda, built around clever constructions and pleasing refrains, all the while pulling virtuoso vocals out of Daltrey. 'Hearts Right', 'World Over', and 'Feeling' are just as good as 'Giving It All Away' or 'One Man Band' from the last album. There's three lovely ballads, Philip Goodhand-Tait's 'Ocean's Away' being the best, full of emotion. Ballard shines on his 'Proud' as

does Daltrey. The past shines brightly on 'Milk Train', a cockney, busker type vinette that could easily get audiences singing along. While 'Walking The Dog' is given a new life, made better by cowbell percussion and good stuttering, aggressive vocals. For sheer well rounded variety and musical excellence, 'Ride A Rock Horse', is not merely an excellent vehicle for a singer, but a fine showcase for songwriters and musicians. If your copies of 'Who's Next', 'Daltrey' or 'Live At Leeds' are worn out, invest here. It's just another piece of vinyl proof of vocal excellence, an overwhelming testimony to the fact that Roger Daltrey is most definitely one of rock's finest singers. But definitely.

Barbara Charone—SOUNDS June 28th.

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