

STEELY DAN ♦ SPLIT ENZ ♦ SAINTS

SOUNDS

JOAN:
the
girl
who
wore
our
stylus
out

*see
Best
Albums
Of '76,
page 8*



pic of Joan Armatrading by Robert Ellis

JOHN PEEL

VINYL SCORE



Partytime with the fab and the famous

*'And shall all but rejoice to it all
There stands Quoqaq and shall point to the four corners'.*

I THINK, you know, that Jon Anderson's heart-warming words (from 'Olias Of Sunhillow') have a particular relevance at this season of the year. I'm sure you agree with me. I was reminded of them only the other day when, half mad with boredom, I drove Trixie's Matabele 12-cylinder Mk. 9 across London's teeming NW1 to Dingwalls Dancehall and the annual revel hosted by, one fears, the staff of a rival weekly.

Within seconds of entering the building I was knee deep in conversation with Phil Lynott. 'Hi! Catch you later', he exclaimed boyishly — and didn't. It was that sort of night. I shared a table with Radio 1's — nay, the world's — Paul Gambaccini, and I can tell you that the conversation was pretty damned brilliant as we downed pint after pint of the rough liquid the locals call 'blitter'; from the obsolete Scottish word 'furzel' or 'furzell' meaning a drainage system or leather bandage. I can't just remember now quite what it was we spoke about, but you can take it from me that it was all good stuff.

Within three-quarters of an hour of our sitting down Rat Scabies, noted percussionist, had rushed over to say 'Howdy' and to ask for a light. If I didn't think that it would kill Rat stone dead commercially I'd tell you right out that I thought him a dashed decent sort of a fellow. Later Roy Harper stopped by to enjoy a conversation about silage and he told me that he has a new record on the runway. One looks forward to hearing the same.

The music was provided by the Pirates, who recently recorded a distinguished session for Radio 1's Saturday afternoon rock 'n' roll programme, and who may well, if we can run the blighters to earth, perform for my own little late-night get-together. They were particularly good, with Mick Green (see countless features opening with the words 'The legendary Mick Green . . .') turning in some gratifyingly meaty guitaring. For a number or two they were joined by, I think, Lew Lewis on vocals and harmonica, and, I know, Wilko Johnson on guitar.

Maddy Prior observed, as she merrised past in search of refreshment, that today's young people seem mortal afeared of dancing. I retorted that some of the day before yesterday's young people — meaning myself — were also reluctant to dance in public. She seemed not to understand and left moodily, doing, I think, the Barrow-in-Furness hornpipe, degree of difficulty 3.4.

When the augmented combo was well into 'Bye Bye Johnny', a young woman of the genus 'Punk' afforded me hours of subsequent mirth and innocent fun by bounding on stage to bellow along, bounding off again almost at once when she discovered that the microphone she had seized was non-operative. Discomfited, she retired to a corner to shout 'Passé' petulantly when the band finished their work.

Even more extraordinary was the record promotions man — for a consideration I shall desist from naming him — who asked me which of the persons on stage was Johnny Kidd. I had still not recovered when I found myself on the highway and heading back for the BBC.

TODAY (Friday) the excesses and revelry continued when I was invited, with others, to lunch at London's latest smart restaurant, Langans. Princess Margaret has, I am assured, eaten there, and, although there were none present as we toyed with the simply super bread, film personalities are rumoured to flock there in droves. The place has been praised in quite the smartest papers, and David Hockney — you know — could easily have done the terrific drawing of two middle-aged men that distinguishes the menu; and I felt, as we placed our orders with the jovial French waiter — his name seemed to be Garçon — that I was in for something of a treat.

With care I explained that I eat neither meat nor fish nor fowl, and he assured me that I would find no trace of any formerly living creature in the lentil soup. Nor, he continued, would I discover wildlife in the Eggs-Something-In-French. Sadly enough the soup had succulent chunks of ham in it, so I passed it across to my carnivorous companions and devoured more bread instead.

Some time later the Eggs-Something-In-French arrived. Eggs-Something-In-French contained, interestingly enough, no discernible eggs, several mushrooms and succulent chunks of ham, no gourmets out there will be pleased to hear that I could find no hint of ham in the trifle, and this I wolfed down with understandable relish.

I'm afraid though that it is still all too clear that fashionable dining is not for your Uncle John, and in future I shall stick to our local Indian. I don't believe Princess Margaret has ever patronised — I think that is the right word — the place, but they do understand that ham is meat and comes from a dead pig. I suppose that must be one of those ancient secrets of the mysterious East that we read about, eh?

BUT ENOUGH of this carping and whining. In these tricky times I should count myself lucky to get bread and trifle, I suppose. All around us our traditions are crumbling, our national institutions are under seige (I think I got that bit from the *Daily Express*, and who can possibly tell what 1977 is likely to bring us in the way of disasters when Liverpool can lose 5-1 to Aston Villa. Typhoons, earthquakes, civil strife, widespread flooding, pestilence and diarrhoea, I shouldn't wonder.

Despite this I hope all you degenerate young hooligans have a bracing Christmas and that in the new year we can devise some method of keeping you off the streets.

NEXT WEEK. The Rocking-Chair Murders. The case for re-opening the file.

British Albums

- 1 1 20 GOLDEN GREATS, Glen Campbell, Capitol
- 2 2 ARRIVAL, Abba, Epic
- 3 5 100 GOLDEN GREATS, Max Bygraves, Ronco
- 4 3 DISCO ROCKET, Various, K-Tel
- 5 — HOTEL CALIFORNIA, The Eagles, Asylum
- 6 4 THE GREATEST HITS OF, Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons
- 7 10 GREATEST HITS, Abba, Epic
- 8 — A DAY AT THE RACES, Queen, EMI
- 9 9 A NEW WORLD RECORD, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 10 8 SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE, Stevie Wonder, Motown
- 11 6 22 GOLDEN GUITAR GREATS, Bert Weedon, Warwick
- 12 12 GREATEST HITS, Hot Chocolate, RAK
- 13 30 GREATEST HITS, Gilbert O'Sullivan, Mam
- 14 7 20 ORIGINAL DEAN MARTIN HITS, Dean Martin, Reprise
- 15 — GREATEST HITS, Showaddywaddy, Arista
- 16 18 DAVID SOUL, David Soul, Private Stock
- 17 14 44 SUPERSTARS, Various, K-Tel
- 18 13 FOREVER AND EVER, Demis Roussos, Philips
- 19 24 INSTRUMENTAL GOLD, Instrumental Gold, Warwick
- 20 23 SOUNDS OF GLORY, Arcade
- 21 15 THOUGHTS OF LOVE, Shirely Bassey, United Artists
- 22 17 THE STORY OF THE WHO, The Who, Polydor
- 23 19 BLUE MOVES, Elton John, Rocket
- 24 = 22 ATLANTIC BRIDGE, Billy Connolly, Polydor
- 24 = 42 HIS 20 GREATEST, Gene Pitney, Arcade
- 26 16 SOUL MOTION, Various, K-Tel
- 27 11 HEJIRA, Joni Mitchell, Asylum
- 28 25 BEST OF THE STYLISTICS, The Stylistics, H&L
- 29 33 SOME MORE OF ME POEMS AND SONGS, Pam Ayres, Galaxy
- 30 — GREATEST HITS OF WALT DISNEY, Ronco
- 31 81 GOLD ON SILVER, Beverley-Phillips Orchestra, Warwick
- 32 26 20 GOLDEN GREATS, The Beach Boys, Capitol
- 33 20 A LITTLE BIT MORE, Doctor Hook, Capitol
- 34 27 THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME, Led Zeppelin, Swansong
- 35 32 DEREK AND CLIVE LIVE, Peter Cooke and Dudley Moore, Island
- 36 35 THIRTY THREE AND 1/3, George Harrison, Dark Horse
- 37 — GREATEST HITS, Linda Ronstadt, Asylum
- 38 29 THE INCREDIBLE PLAN, Max Boyce, EMI
- 39 48 THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971-75, The Eagles, Asylum
- 40 31 FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE, Peter Frampton, A&M
- 41 41 BOXED, Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 42 40 ATLANTIC CROSSING, Rod Stewart, Warner Bros
- 43 47 A NIGHT ON THE TOWN, Rod Stewart, Warner Bros
- 44 36 SING SOMETHING SIMPLE 76, Cliff Adams Singers, Warwick
- 45 39 TUBULAR BELLS, Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 46 44 INVITATION, Peters and Lee, Philips
- 47 21 ENDLESS FLIGHT, Leo Sayer, Chrysalis
- 48 67 L, Steve Hillage, Virgin
- 49 54 SOME OF ME POEMS AND SONGS, Pam Ayres, Galaxy
- 50 34 CHICAGO X, Chicago, CBS

British Singles

- 1 1 UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE, Showaddywaddy, Bell
- 2 8 WHEN A CHILD IS BORN, Johnny Mathis, CBS
- 3 2 SOMEBODY TO LOVE, Queen, EMI
- 4 5 LIVIN' THING, Electric Light Orchestra, Jet
- 5 3 MONEY MONEY MONEY, Abba, CBS
- 6 7 LOVE ME, Yvonne Elliman, RSO
- 7 14 LEAN ON ME, Mud, Private Stock
- 8 4 IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW, Chicago, CBS
- 9 16 PORTSMOUTH, Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 10 6 YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING, Leo Sayer, Chrysalis
- 11 28 BIONIC SANTA, Chris Hill, Philips
- 12 21 LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE, Smokie, Rak
- 13 11 GET BACK, Rod Stewart, Riva
- 14 18 LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW, Kursaal Flyers, CBS
- 15 10 LOST IN FRANCE, Bonnie Tyler, RCA
- 16 12 SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORLD, Elton John, Rocket
- 18 24 DR LOVE, Tina Charles, CBS
- 19 32 WILD SIDE OF LIFE, Status Quo, Vertigo
- 20 17 DON'T MAKE ME WAIT TOO LONG, Barry White, 20th Century
- 22 19 FAIRY TALE, Dana, GTO
- 23 9 IF NOT YOU, Dr Hook, Capitol
- 24 25 YOU'LL NEVER GET TO HEAVEN, Stylistics EP, H&L
- 25 20 MISSISSIPPI, Pussycat, Sonet
- 26 41 SIDE SHOW, Barry Biggs, Dynamic
- 27 37 THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE, 10cc, Mercury
- 28 22 SPINNING ROCK BOOGIE, Hank C. Burnett, Sonet
- 29 — I WISH, Stevie Wonder, Motown
- 30 26 SO SAD THE SONG, Gladys Knight and The Pips, Buddah

Supplied by Music Week/BMRB

US Singles

- 1 1 TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, Rod Stewart, Warner Bros
- 2 2 THE RUBBERBAND MAN, Spinners, Atlantic
- 3 5 YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR, Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis Jr, ABC
- 4 4 MUSKRAT LOVE, Captain & Tennille, A&M
- 5 6 YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING, Leo Sayer, Warner Bros
- 6 7 MORE THAN A FEELING, Boston, Epic
- 7 11 SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD, Elton John, MCA/Rocket
- 8 8 NADIA'S THEME, Barry De Vorzon & Perry Botkin Jr, A&M
- 9 9 YOU ARE THE WOMAN, Firefall, Atlantic
- 10 10 NIGHTS ARE FOREVER, England Dan & John Ford Coley, Big Tree
- 11 13 AFTER THE LOVIN', Englebert Humperdinck, Epic
- 12 18 DAZZ, Brick, Bang
- 13 14 I NEVER CRY, Alice Cooper, Warner Bros
- 14 19 HOT LINE, Sylvers, Capitol
- 15 16 STAND TALL, Burton Cummings, Portrait/CBS
- 16 17 LOVE ME, Yvonne Elliman, RSO
- 17 22 CAR WASH, Rose Royce, MCA
- 18 29 I WISH, Stevie Wonder, Motown
- 19 21 LIVIN' THING, Electric Light Orchestra, United Artists
- 20 20 LOVE BALLAD, L.T.D., A&M
- 21 3 LOVE SO RIGHT, Bee Gees, RSO
- 22 26 SOMEBODY TO LOVE, Queen, Elektra
- 23 12 BETH, Kiss, Casablanca
- 24 24 HELLO OLD FRIEND, Eric Clapton, RSO
- 25 15 THE WRECK OF THE EDMUND FITZGERALD, Gordon Lightfoot, Reprise
- 26 30 LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE, Bread, Elektra
- 27 23 DISCO DUCK (Part 1), Rick Dees & His Cast Of Idiots, RSO
- 28 31 JEANSON, David Dundas, Chrysalis
- 29 32 SHAKE YOUR RUMP TO THE FUNK, Bar Kays, Mercury
- 30 34 SATURDAY NITE, Earth, Wind & Fire, Columbia

Supplied by Billboard

US Albums

- 1 1 SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE, Stevie Wonder, Motown
- 2 2 A NIGHT ON THE TOWN, Rod Stewart, Warner Bros
- 3 3 BOSTON, Epic
- 4 4 SPIRIT, Earth, Wind & Fire, Columbia
- 5 7 THE PRETENDER, Jackson Browne, Asylum
- 6 5 THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME, Led Zeppelin, Swan Song
- 7 9 A NEW WORLD RECORD, Electric Light Orchestra, United Artists
- 8 6 BLUE MOVES, Elton John, MCA
- 9 11 THE BEST OF THE DOOBIES, Dobbie Brothers, Warner Bros
- 10 10 FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE, Peter Frampton, A&M
- 11 8 FLY LIKE AN EAGLE, Steve Miller Band, Capitol
- 12 16 ROCK AND ROLL OVER, Kiss, Casablanca
- 13 13 CHILDREN OF THE WORLD, Bee Gees, RSO
- 14 14 ONE MORE FROM THE ROAD, Lynyrd Skynyrd, MCA
- 13 — GREATEST HITS, Linda Ronstadt, Asylum
- 16 17 NO REASON TO CRY, Eric Clapton, RSO
- 17 69 THIRTY THREE & 1/3, George Harrison, Dark Horse
- 18 53 HEJIRA, Joni Mitchell, Asylum
- 19 20 CHICAGO X, Columbia
- 20 23 HOT ON THE TRACKS, Commodores, Motown
- 21 21 BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US, Daryl Hall & John Oates, RCA
- 22 24 THEIR GREATEST HITS 1971-1975, Eagles, Asylum
- 23 15 DREAMBOAT ANNIE, Heart, Mushroom
- 24 12 SUMMERTIME DREAM, Gordon Lightfoot, Reprise
- 25 18 SILK DEGREES, Boz Scaggs, Columbia
- 26 27 YEAR OF THE CAT, Al Stewart, Janus
- 27 28 ALICE COOPER GOES TO HELL, Warner Bros
- 28 35 BRASS CONSTRUCTION II, United Artists
- 29 32 IT LOOKS LIKE SNOW, Phoebe Snow, Columbia
- 30 30 DON'T STOP BELIEVIN', Olivia Newton-John, MCA

Supplied by Billboard

Usually reliable sources indicate that the Saints' 'I'm Stranded' is probably the best single of the year. You read about it first in these very pages. Now Sounds (who else?) brings you the first feature on Australia's Public Enemies Number One...



THE SAINTS are based on Petrie Terrace. And if you've ever been around Petrie Terrace then you'll understand the forces behind their music.

Petrie Terrace is one of those inner city don't-go-near-there-Johnny areas where the early morning hours shuffle past under a tattered great coat.

A notorious piece of turf in the midst of condemned buildings, railway yards and streets that lurk in the shadows, it is home to winos, derelict aborigines and vicious brawls at the Windmill Cafe. In short: form matches reputation on neutral ground.

On Petrie Terrace you know you're getting' ripped off. You have to be. Everything is down to street level. And no matter who you are — if you want to make it then you're gonna have to fight like hell!

Opposite the police barracks there's a party going down. The Saints' home base has been converted into the 76

Club and every room is packed. Teenage wasteland takes a stand, the booze flows freely and dancing is automatic; one can't help it. 'Cos in the lounge The Saints are blasting out 'Runaway'.

As you push the door out of your way the sound hits you, knocks you to the floor and stomps you through the boards. It's machine gun music driving like a Mack out of control through the wastelands of hell.

Without warning a broken column of centurions come thundering through your mind, the brain is bombarded, shattered, trampled on, kicked at, pounded and

torn apart by grinding guitars and an iron grate voice. The sound just tears at your liver, crushes the spine, rasps the skin and hammers the cells to a pulp. The Saints are on!

Chris Bailey hangs onto the mike stand swigging from a bottle of Dewars, dragging on a cigarette and shouting in that voice that could fell a brick wall.

Ivor Hay's kit is about to fall apart, bass player Kym Bradshaw and guitarist Edmund Kuepper are working with the speed of a pair of well oiled circular saws and it's down to the hot sweaty electric atmosphere of the greatest M.S.G. concert,

just a seething mass of Kuepper's troopers letting go.

The freight train continues to tear down the line with 'I'm Stranded'. Their first single, it was recorded at the Window Studio and released on the band's private label, Fatal Records. Despite the lack of rave reviews from the Oz rock press it was treated favourably in the English and French rock papers.

Hundreds of copies of the single have been ordered from England, Europe and America and the reaction from local and overseas record companies has been nothing short of astounding.

But tonight, amidst piles of

Telecom transcripts, the Saints are thrashing out 'No Time' at their own party in their own house.

THERE ARE no two ways about it. The Saints are a pack of moronic punks who can't play a note, live at no fixed address and fit only into that category set aside for savage animals. That's the general consensus of opinion down at the local musicians club where no-one bothers to ask why animals turn savage in the first place.

Like son like father, the established promoters and managers of Brisbane treat the Saints like the plague. The band is viewed with disgust — four vermin carrying rodents with the sole aim of upsetting the status quo. And wot's more, they're doing it!

"We're probably the most anarchist group around — we've got very high ideals. We could probably sell out and make a mint." — Edmund Kuepper.

But the word compromise doesn't come into the Saints' vocabulary.

Consequently the band were forced to form their own record label, Fatal.

"We didn't wait for things to catch up in Brisbane. Rather than wait for trends we've set them, in our music and our dealing."

And that doesn't go over too well with the established order. The Saints "just want to play the music. That's why we have these parties. At least this way things don't get heavy. Everyone is here because they like the band and they want to have a good time."

At present the parties are the only time when their disciples can see the band. It all gets down to the law of rainbow.

The Saints have this reputation and whether it's been earned or not is beside the point as far as that law is concerned. Catch 22 if you like. Defying the wishes of those who virtually have a stranglehold on the local industry can lead to only one thing. No Work! Excommunication, all ties are severed and the band is left with zilch.

And when a group such as the Saints actually have the nerve to get up and do something that writes the established clique off as a pack of amateurish clots then all hell breaks loose. When the rock 'n' roll outlaw returns with Eternal Productions and an important single something has to break.

In this light it's not too surprising that over the past ten months the Saints have only been hired five times.

Those who have dared to bypass the law of rainbow include (naturally) the university F.M. station 4ZZZ, an art college and the Communist party. (Needless to say they did 'Red Suede Shoes' at that 'un.)

And 'tho they're not pulling in much bread the Saints are getting their music across to those who want to listen. Their ardent fans however, don't take too kindly to the hassles forced upon the band.

At a recent gig out at the Uni they maintained their reputation for wanting more. Much more! At eleven the hall management turned the lights on, told the band that they could do two more numbers and expected everyone to go home.

The reaction from punterland was slightly hostile. Six songs later the band had thrown half the door takings into the audience, a security guard had been bashed, windows broken and curtains torn down.

No, said the hall manager, the Saints will not be allowed back onto campus.

DESPITE the dedication of their fans, the Saints have gone almost unnoticed since their inception as Kid Gallahad and the Eternals some two years ago.

"We used to do the most obscure and wild stuff we could find. It's the same today really. We do some nice stuff cos there is some beauty in the world, but basically we're just letting out a feeling and music is the best way of doing it.

"Rock 'n' roll is meant to be revolutionary, aggression is always there... we're just opening up. We're definitely not into glorifying violence, but we are realists."

Unfortunately the realists are the only ones who bear to know what's actually going down, who can dissipate the hope from the truth, however tarnished that may be. And when the band is labelled alongside The Ramones, Iggy or even Radio Birdman then that doesn't go down too well either.

"People condescend to the B.C.R. I don't think that we're at all contrived. We don't use volume as a substitute for excitement, though we probably play twice as loud as most other local bands.

"It all boils down to realism. We haven't got the attitude of who gives a damn man.

"That's why I'd rather be a Saint than a sap!" —

ANDREW McMILLAN

REPRINTED FROM RAM magazine, Australia



The strange world of Steely Dan

A lyrical exposee by TIM LOTT

IN the USA there's been three but it's the first one over here and — praise to Papa Doc and Dean Parks — it's a classic alright.

'Do It Again', 'Reelin' In The Years' and 'Rikki Don't Lose That Number' were the big three over the water, class commercial 45s worthy of top placing in anyone's Top Ten. But in the UK: a big zero.

And now, its Yuletide 1976 and the transatlantic tables are turned with 'Haitian Divorce', unreleased in the States and bombing up the charts over here.

All this has come as rather a surprise to one Mr Donald Fagen of Becker/Fagen songwriting fame. Fagen is currently working five days a week in the studios putting together the new Steely Dan album (as yet untitled) and the success of what was the obvious single from the Royal Scam bodes well for the future.

Or was it the obvious single? ABC executives in America didn't seem to think so. Fagen explains: "Over here we released two singles from The Royal Scam — 'Kid Charlemagne' and 'The Fez', neither of which did anything.

"Haitian Divorce" does have slight reggae overtones and reggae music hasn't got commercial appeal in the USA in the way it has in Britain. It just didn't occur to anyone to release it over here.

"Its success in Britain surprised me all the same because it's quite an exotic number."

EXOTIC, YES. Almost to the point of being incomprehensible in fact, from a lyrical point of view. The excellent guitar work being the main sales angle coupled with Fagen's unusual nasal vocalising. But what does it all mean?

Well, the first few verses are plain enough. Babs and Clean Willy get married, right? But things don't work out somehow, and off they go to Haiti to grab themselves a quickie divorce. Then Babs heads off to some sleazy night club to drown her sorrows. Fagen takes up the story:

"If you've been paying attention you'll know she's in a drugged stupor by now and probably doesn't know anything about it. She is later . . . er . . . impregnated by this exotic gentleman.

"Later she is re-united with Clean Willy and they have some rather bizarre offspring ("Who's this kinky so-and-so")"

And then assumedly the chorus marks a second expedient divorce. Fascinating stuff, and not the only interesting angle on the record. The guitar soloing was in fact performed by two musicians.

"Yes, it was done in quite an unusual way. Dean Parks played the actual notes but Walter (Becker) altered the sound by using a voice bag." (One of those things Peter Frampton is always sticking in his mouth.)

"I think it's really great to see the single doing so well over there. And I really like reggae — Toots and The Maytals, Bob Marley . . ."

No doubt about it, singles sure are handy things to have — though not as lucrative for Steely Dan as they might be.

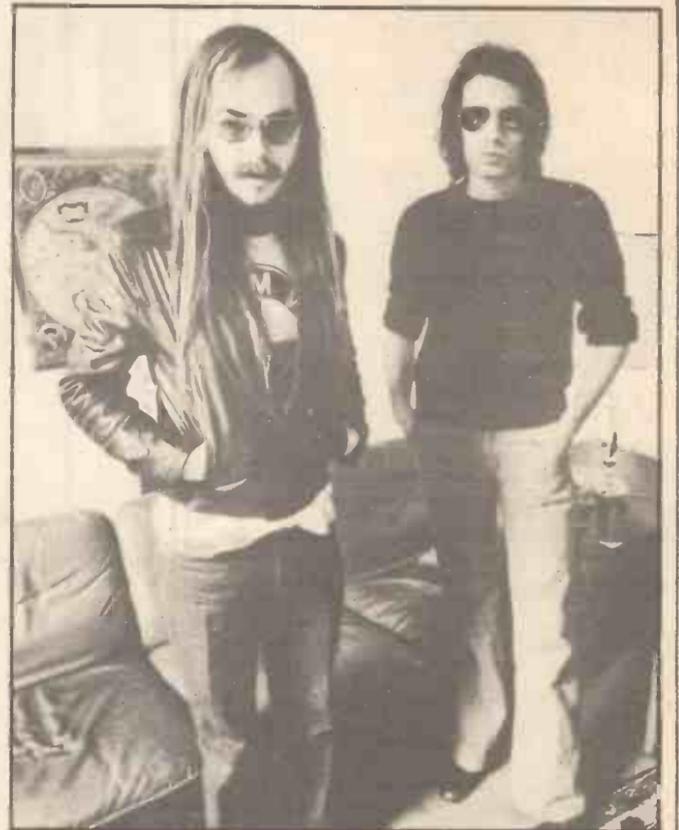
"I don't make any money whatever becomes a success, I live in a sort of financial limbo. When we were young and innocent we signed a contract which was less than sensible in the sense that we could have a lot of success and not make much money. And our studio costs have to be paid back through royalties.

"All the same, the single will help us to sell more albums so more people will hear the music, which is good.

NOW WE dolly back, now we fade to black and to an imaginary but not impossible TV studio. Mr Blackburn stands out in front of camera three smiling in his customarily genuine manner. He joyfully introduces Steely Dan and the first chords of 'Haitian Divorce' show the teenage blank-faced crowd wobbling from side to side in time to the rhythm. Blackburn talks over the last three quarters of the record as stills of Becker and Fagen doing cute things in the country side flash up on a side wall.

Steely Dan as pop stars? In America unremarkable, in Britain, bizarre. The most intellectual and customarily inaccessible of musicians providing fodder for the disco masses. Funny old world, ain't it?

The Becker/Fagen marriage is really most effective within album format — "Although we began our American career with singles, we've never recorded an album with a single specifically in



BECKER (left) and FAGEN: in financial limbo

mind" — 'The Royal Scam' is figuring high in the SOUNDS polls and the new album is eagerly awaited (by me, at least).

"We're using session musicians (as usual) in the studio again — Larry Carlton, Joe Sample, Victor Feldman, Steve Gadd and Wayne Shorter to name a few. We still aren't using a full-time band, but some of the musicians we're getting to know intimately, er, in a musical sense, and you should see some of them if we do a tour of the USA and Europe next year as we're hoping to. But we have the album deadline to meet first.

"The new album should be quite interesting — there are some slightly extended pieces on it, numbers up to eight minutes long. We don't know when it will be released yet.

"It's very gratifying to see 'The Royal Scam' doing well in Britain. I really enjoyed playing for English audiences — in fact I enjoyed everything about Perfidious Albion I saw in my short visit this year."

Perfidious Albion?

Phil Spector

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VOL. 6 RARE MASTERS 2.

The Enz justify the means

IT WAS breakfast at the staid St Nicholas Hotel, Scarborough the night after a Split Enz gig and I was sharing a table with the lighting lady Raywin and a large moustachioed roadie who specialised in subterranean Dynarod-style belches.

I ordered tea and the Yorkshire waitress brought me coffee and I laughed and the roadie ordered tea and the Pakistani waiter brought him coffee and the Pakistani waiter laughed.

Then the roadie ordered sausage, bacon, tomato and poached egg on toasted brown bread, have you got that? yessir ha-ha, and the Pakistani waiter brought him just a poached egg on toasted white bread and laughed and I laughed too.

Then Raywin ordered coffee and the Yorkshire waitress brought her tea. Raywin ordered prunes, followed by bacon, tomato and poached egg on its own, not on toast at all, have you got that? Aye, and the Yorkshire waitress forgot the prunes and brought her bacon, tomato and poached egg on toast and we all laughed.

This is nearly all true (apart from the bit about the duck-billed platypus coming on to jam on 'Johnnie B Goode') and as I haven't mentioned the maggot in my cauliflower the previous night I think I'm allowed a little licence. But what has it got to do with the life and work of Kiwi rock band Split Enz? Simply that it's crazy, 'Stranger Than Fiction' as their song says.

Through some quirkish pretention of the hotel the Yorkshire lass and the Pakistani were not allowed to write down breakfast orders. The title of Split Enz' album is 'Mental Notes'. People are not capable of taking too many mental notes. And we have to. Result: comic chaos. And that's the underlying theme of Split Enz music.

So the Pakistani laughs because it's all nonsense behind the language barrier and the Yorkshire lass laughs because it's all wrong and yet none of it really matters anyway.

Pretty goddamn subtle huh? Not to say devious, obscure, also pretentious — all of which comes from me, not the band I know. Split Enz make me think, but they make audiences react instantly.

I've seen them three times in the diverse setting of Durham University and Newcastle City Hall supporting Jack The Lad (consider the straight good fun crowd who appreciate them) and Scarborough Penthouse and every night the hundreds of people encountering them for the first time saw straight through the weird facade of white-face make-up, fright hair-dos, and clownish costumes to get right on terms with them.

So this apparently arty and sophisticated act gets standing ovations and stompings for more like far more

obvious operators. They are a turn-on.

It just shows how the flexibility of rock audiences can be underrated. Thus mysteriously did punk cover-girl Siouxsie of the Banshees lead 20 acolytes to the Enz changing room for autographs on Jack The Lad's London gig — Scarborough's two hennaed punks did the same at the Penthouse.

Sex is the common experience that most bands use in word and rhythm to reach us and it evermore shall be. But there can be other links between them up there with the guitars and us down here with the empty pockets.

Bemusement is one. Possibly more so now than ever before. We're civilised, educated and all that but only far enough to realise that we don't understand, we don't know what the hell's going on. I think that's what Split Enz express and that's why a mass audience can look at them and say "That's it! They've put their finger on it. That's exactly how I've been feeling." Especially when their lyrics stay away from the cosmic comic cuts and deal essentially with the same problem the first blues man had when he hollered "I woke up this mornin' and found ma baby done gone!"

For instance, when Noel Crombie and Tim Finn do their brilliant 'Walking Down A Road' mime, striding along and yet staying on the spot it's a physical image which mingles with lyrics of loss, loneliness, frustration and waste until you see yourself (at least the self of your most empty moments) reflected in all your sadness and absurdity; take that off-stage into reality and you have Noel with his irreparably crazy haircut going down to Sainsbury's, a mundane enough exercise, except that he runs the gauntlet of kids taking the mickey because he is what he is (he's inflicted that on himself to an extreme but when you here some runt yelling out "Fatty", "Skinny", "Baldy", "Four eyes", "Flap tabs", "Poofter" or "Na-na-na-na-na" don't you ever look round to see if he means you? And isn't he shouting so loud to make sure he can't hear anyone else yelling the same at him?).

Noel said "It makes you realise how people who are really crippled or deformed in some way must suffer." While the mockers try to hide that they're crippled inside.

From such insecurity, which I'm convinced nearly all of us endure, laughter is surely the best escape route short and long-term. Split Enz provide it. Enough of the analysis and over to da boys.

THE BAND happened about three years ago in Auckland

when Phil Judd took up the guitar seriously and began writing songs with Tim Finn (vocals and piano). They got through a lot of line-ups, mostly acoustic until the violinist, who had been featured, left and forced a re-think.

"You are so vulnerable being acoustic," said Tim. "We believed in the songs but we hadn't been able to put them across. We brought in the power."

And without restraint once the decision was made. They already had Jonathan Chunn's bass, but Phil went electric and they added keyboards (Eddie Rayner), brass (Robert Gillies), percussion (Noel) and drums (Emlyn Crowther, replaced in England by Malcom Green). They had the scope and they began to use it interweaving music hall, symphony, hard rock and dance band to create their present bedazzling, forever surprising, sound.

Three of them had attended art school. They all soon found themselves cleaning floors and public bogs to make enz meet (or maybe I shouldn't have).

Tim said: "Over here people think we've come out of Genesis and Roxy but we hadn't heard them back home." It was the other way round really — Phil Manzanera, touring Australia with Roxy, picked up on them and eventually produced their British album. "We're more of an extension of the 60s. The Beatles were our biggest influence. Maybe you can hear them in a few of our choruses and there is a lot of

they had to undertake worthwhile.

The music has progressed steadily but the key to their stage identity was something of an overnight discovery. Tim: "Performance was the problem. And the big step was Noel designing our costumes. We just became aware of ourselves, what to do and how to move on stage." What emerged was a loony parody of jiving and idiot rocking.

Phil: "It's very hard to go on stage and be Joe Cools, we're more Joe Fools." and such. It's nothing like that. Noel makes them, we fall about laughing at them.

"We're anti-intellectual.

The last thing I would like is for people to describe us in clever words. When they do that they've got you pinned to the wall."

Which is why they didn't like some of the things I said about them in a live review. I said that unlike the rest of the audience I found their theatricality partly a barrier, alienating.

Tim's answer to that makes no sense to me but it does prove how such an elaborate set-piece act must have grown out of gut reaction, not theory. "We're not theatrical," he said. "That implies acting and a script."

But cripes, said I, even your links between numbers are in rhyming couplets, nearly every movement choreographed. "Well every time we go on stage it's a drama we're in," said he. "The costumes play a part too. They are melodramatic, romantic, funny, comi-tragic, like the music."

So, you see, they're not theatrical, they're dramatic. Uhuh.

However, he does have the answer which overturns all logical quibbles: "The encouraging thing is that the real people, the audience, say it's good, something new. You shouldn't have to ask why we do it. It's honest and natural to us.

Audiences know!"

PHIL
SUTCLIFFE



Noel Crombie (he's the one with the cute coiffure) reveals the horrors of shopping in Sainsbury's . . . and much more

No, this isn't Noel Crombie, it's another bizarre barnet courtesy of Tim Finn

What's wrong with this man?

IF LOWELL GEORGE'S 'Willin' had been about a musician instead of a truck driver, it might have been describing Andrew Gold. On Linda Ronstadt's 'Heart Like A Wheel' album Gold played seven different instruments including ukelele. Gold arranges for Ronstadt, writes for her, sings with her and is a member of her highly praised band. Somewhere in all this, he is also an artist in his own right, having already released a debut album last year and soon to release an album called 'What's Wrong With This Picture?' The reason for the title is that the artwork on the album depicts one of those pictures chock full of mistakes.

Gold stands tall and slim with sandy brown hair, ginger beard, and a friendly but not patronizing personality. At 25, he is an integral part of the West Coast music scene, affectionately known as "The Tequila Circuit."

Yes, grimaces Gold, he knows Joni Mitchell from engineering 'Blue'. He first knew J. D. Souther and The Eagles' Glen Frey as members of Longbranch Pennywhistle. He was in two bands with Kenny Edwards, which led him to the job in Ronstadt's band a few years ago. But musically, Gold does not fit in with the country leanings of the L.A. pickers. His music, like that of Hall and Oates and Orleans, is full tilt harmony pop. And the reason he doesn't drop names as one who is star struck, or with the intent to impress, is that he is a native child of 'Tinsel Town'.

He's got all the connections and writes some great songs — so how come he's still labelled as Linda Ronstadt's side-kick?

Gold's father, Ernest, writes music for film scores, among them 'Judgement At Nuremberg', 'It's A Mad Mad Mad Mad Mad World' and the Academy Award winning 'Exodus'. His mother is Marni Nixon, the operatically trained singer whose voice was dubbed in for Natalie Wood in 'West Side Story' and for Audrey Hepburn in 'My Fair Lady'.

About working with Linda Ronstadt, the object of many a male fantasy, he says:

"People's ideas about Linda can be really funny. Like, it's the policy of the band that we don't mix business and pleasure on the road because it can get kinda wierd. Like, you don't even think about it. So for us it's sort of funny to watch guys in the audience watch Linda."

"There was this one concert, I remember, in the States where there was some guy crying in the front row for a good deal of the show. It's not to say, like, well, Linda is very pretty and can be very sexy. But living with her for years touring and whatever, it's wierd to think what the guy thinks she's like. There he is projecting his fantasy that she's the perfect woman."

"She talks very very fast and when she gets nervous, like before a concert, she tends to get shy like a little girl. So between that and her talking I'm not surprised a lot of the British audiences couldn't catch a word she was saying."

Ronstadt has been quoted as saying that Andrew Gold and Kenny Edwards, who has worked with her since the Stone Poney days a decade back, are crucial people in her life. On the other hand Gold recalls a review he got in the States for opening one of

Ronstadt's shows.

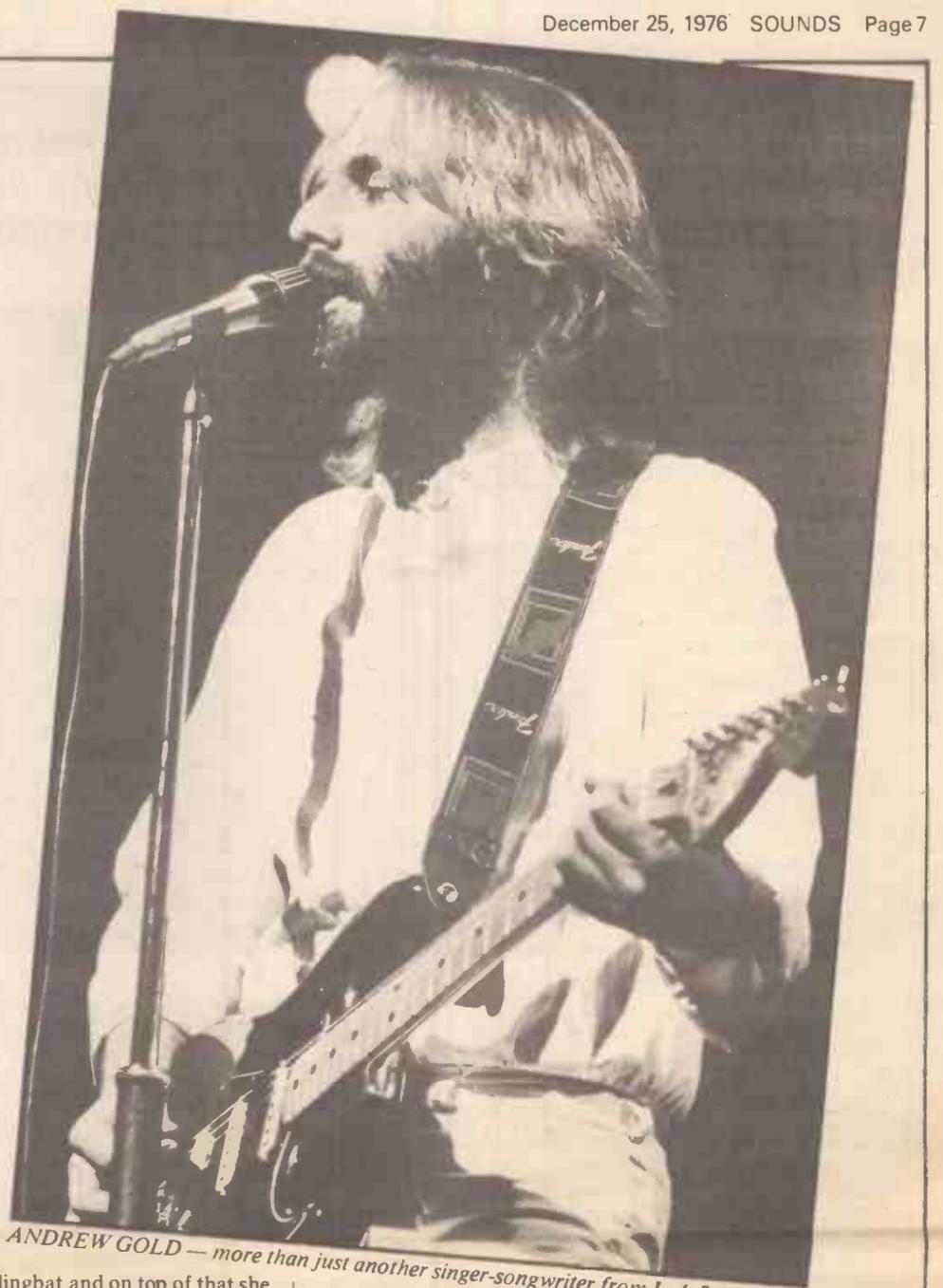
"If Andrew Gold decides to go solo", the guy said, 'He'd be very good'. What does he mean IF I go solo? What does he think, I do this for a hobby or to save money?"

Andrew Gold does understand why a lot of people don't see him as an artist in his own right. He appreciates that, like the McGarrigle Sisters, Warren Zevon and J. D. Souther, having Linda record a couple of songs seems a passport for a Warners or Asylum record deal. After all, why should someone else bring in the royalties for you when you can do it yourself?

Then, once you start making albums in your own right you stop giving away your good songs. One can picture all these singer/songwriters working away at their own albums (playing their own instruments) while the likes of Linda Ronstadt, Maria Muldaur, Bonnie Raitt and Emmy Lou Harris frantically run around looking for new material. Whoever they find is almost destined to become their own artist for Warners or Asylum in another year. You can't win.

"I ALWAYS keep my songs rather than give them away", says Gold. "There have been a couple from the album that have been covered after I did them, which is fine. Judy Collins did 'Love Hurts', Cliff Richard's done one, Leo Sayer on 'Endless Flight'."

"There have been a couple of songs I didn't want to do so I gave them away. There's Barbie Benton from Playboy Records. (Hugh Hefner's girlfriend who rivals Ronstadt in the bare shoulders division). She's a complete



ANDREW GOLD — more than just another singer-songwriter from L.A.?

dingbat and on top of that she can't sing. She did a song of mine which I hate called 'Something New'. She even named the album after it. It's a good melody but the lyrics are awful. Anyway she did it — a song that I hate, from a singer who can't sing." He sighs.

For a man whose compositions reek of commercial potential, Andrew Gold has tied himself into a peculiar Catch-22 of sorts. On his new album he has re-done three well known oldies.

'Stay' was originally a hit for Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs and has been a hit again for both the Hollies and the Four Seasons. 'Do Wah Diddy', the new single here and in the States, was originally recorded by The Exciters and made into a worldwide hit by Manfred Mann. In recent years Bruce Springsteen has been successful in reviving the song. And last is Buddy Holly's 'Learning Game' — in this, the year Buddy Holly songs, tributes and cufflinks have

repeatedly popped up to bring back the legend of the good boy who died young.

Gold describes the upcoming album as "more eclectic and diverse" than his first album. This time round Peter Asher produces and Gold is not hanging around till all hours playing all the instruments himself. He describes the band who have no name as having, "six leaders, but we don't clash. We cooperate with each other in the nicest way. Everyone has strong opinions but all sort of agree on things."

Gold writes his best songs during the seven or so months of the year he lives at home in Hollywood.

"A lot of people like to wait till they're depressed or sad to write", he observed. "But I like to write when I'm feeling good or in the early morning. When I'm depressed and feel horrible who wants to sit down and sing? I'd rather take a long bath. I'm a little more into lyrics than I was for the first album. They're still a

secondary consideration, but they're definitely getting better. And this time the lyrics will go on the sleeve.

Billy Joel makes a point that he hates having his lyrics reprinted because they aren't meant to stand on their own as poetry. "I see his point," says Gold. "But I always like to read along with the words. I can appreciate great lyrics. I'm fond of Jackson Browne and James Taylor, but I'm partial to a good melody."

Gold is also partial to being part of the band, exhausting as it occasionally is to be the opening act and main act at the same time. There is talk that the band may do a tour in January sans Ronstadt. Then there's a new album to record with Linda and another one to think about for Gold.

"My next year is already filled up for me and this one isn't even over yet" he notes with gentle amazement."

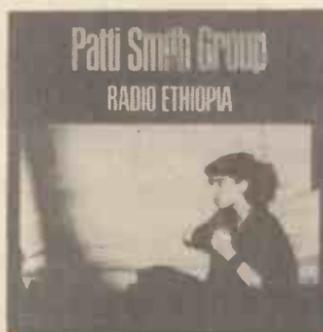
ROBIN KATZ

BEWARE OF IMITATORS LISTEN TO THE ORIGINATORS!

RADIO ETHIOPIA PATTI SMITH GROUP

"Patti Smith has it in her to be to the seventies what Presley and the Stones were to previous decades. She looks to be the first woman with style and energy enough to become a figurehead for a generation."

Evening News



Album SPARTY 1001
Cassette TC ARTY 1001

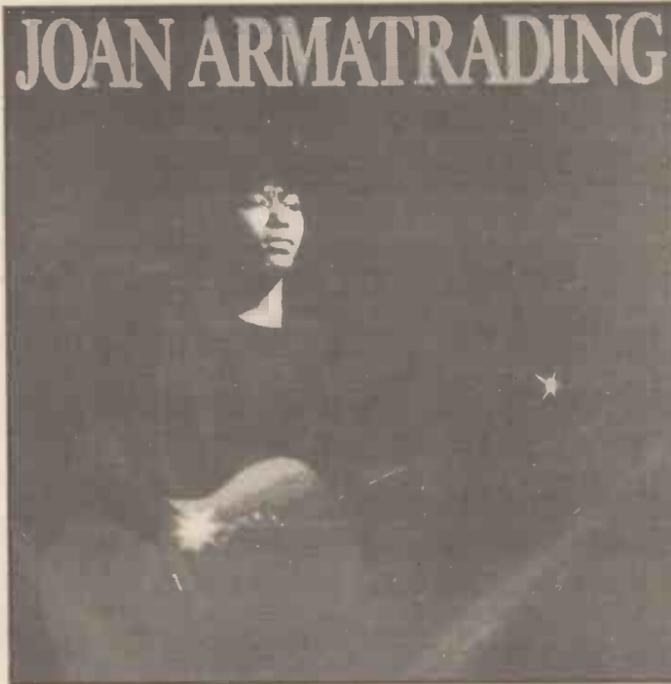


Her remarkable new album 'Radio Ethiopia' out now on Arista.

Best 45s of '76

(FM) STRANDED, Saints, Power Exchange
 NEW ROSE, The Damned, Stiff
 TO BE CLOSE TO YOU, Commodores, Motown
 THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN, Thin Lizzy, Vertigo
 ANARCHY IN THE UK, Sex, Pistols, EMI
 LITTLE JOHNNY JEWEL, Television, Ork
 CINCINATTI FATBACK, Roogalator, Stiff
 ROCK 'N' ROLL LOVE LETTER, Tim Moore, Polydor
 ROCK 'N' ME, Steve Miller, Mercury
 TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, Rod Stewart, Riva
 GET BACK, Rod Stewart, Riva
 X OFFENDER, Blondie, Private Stock
 CHERRY BOMB, Runaways, Mercury
 HAITIAN DIVORCE, Steely Dan, ABC
 I'M MANDY FLY ME, 10cc, Phonogram
 CHICKEN FUNK, Clover, Phonogram
 LOUISA ON A HORSE, John Otway and Wild Willy Barratt, Track
 HOTEL CHAMBERMAID, Graham Parker, Vertigo
 MAIN STREET, Bob Seger, Capitol
 SLOW DEATH, Flamin' Groovies, United Artists EP
 PLAY IT AGAIN, Roderick Falconer, United Artists
 PART TIME LOVE, Gladys Knight And The Pips, Buddah
 IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME, Yvonne Fair, Motown
 MISTY BLUE, Dorothy Moore, Contempo
 I NEEDED IT, Johnny Guitar Watson, DIM
 POLICE AND THIEVES, Junior Murvin, Island
 NONE A JAH JAH CHILDREN, Ras Michael, Gronation
 HEAVEN MUST BE MISSING AN ANGEL, Tavares, Capitol
 IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW: Chicago, CBS
 96 TEARS, ? And The Mysterians, London reissue
 SHE'S GONE, Daryl Hall and John Oates, Atlantic
 LULLABY OF BROADWAY, Winifred Shaw, United Artists
 DADDY ROLLING STONE, Streetwalkers, Vertigo
 TRAIN TRAIN, Count Bishops, Chiswick
 BOOGIE ON THE STREET, Lew Lewis, Stiff
 DOINA DEJHALE, Gheorge Zamfir, Epic
 MONEY MONEY MONEY, Abba, Epic
 DON'T GO BREAKING MY HEART, Elton John and Kiki Dee, Rocket
 KEYS TO YOUR HEART, 101ers, Chiswick
 HEART OF THE CITY, Nick Lowe, Stiff
 BLANK GENERATION, Richard Hell, Stiff EP
 I WANNA BE YOUR BOYFRIEND, Ramones, Sire
 BLITZKRIEG BOP, Ramones, Sire
 SHE'S MY GAL, Gorillas, Chiswick
 TEENAGE DEPRESSION, Eddie And The Hot Rods, Island EP
 FINAL SOLUTION, Pere Ubu, Hearshan
 STYROFOAM, Tyla Gang, Stiff
 COKANE IN MY BRAIN, Dillinger, Island
 WORK ALL DAY, Barry Biggs, Creole
 MPLA, Tapper Zukie, Klik
 BLACK STAR LINER, Fred Locks, Vulcan
 HERE COMES THE WEEKEND, Dave Edmunds, Swan Song

Each Sounds writer was asked to choose their 10 favourite 12-inchers. Awarding 10 points for their first choice, nine for their second, and so on, we came up with (fanfare) the . . .



Best Albums of 1976

1. JOAN ARMATRADING, A and M
2. HEJIRA, Joni Mitchell, Asylum
3. ROYAL SCAM, Steely Dan, ABC
4. DESIRE, Bob Dylan, CBS
5. HEAT TREATMENT, Graham Parker, Vertigo
6. BLACKHEART MAN, Bunny Wailer, Island
7. THE MODERN LOVERS, (Jonathan Richman and) The Modern Lovers, Home Of The Hits/Berserkely
8. SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE, Stevie Wonder, Motown
9. FLY LIKE AN EAGLE, Steve Miller, Mercury
10. HOTEL CALIFORNIA, Eagles, Asylum

How they voted . . .

<p>Geoff Barton ALIVE!, Kiss, Casablanca TED NUGENT, Ted Nugent, Epic FLY LIKE AN EAGLE, Steve Miller Band, Mercury TO THE HILT, Golden Earring, Polydor PRIVATE EYES, Tommy Bolin, CBS SEED OF MEMORY, Terry Reid, ABC RAINBOW RISING, Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, Oyster LOVE'S A PRIMA DONNA, Steve Harley And Cockney Rebel, EMI ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, Rush, Mercury SAD WINGS OF DESTINY, Judas Priest, Gull</p>	<p>Mick Brown DESIRE, Bob Dylan, CBS HEJIRA, Joni Mitchell, Asylum SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE, Stevie Wonder, Tamla Motown SEED OF MEMORY, Terry Reid, ABC WIRED, Jeff Beck, Epic RESOLUTION, Andy Pratt, Nemporer IDENTITY, Airto, Arista JOAN ARMATRADING, Joan Armatrading, A&M L, Steve Hillage, Virgin AGENTS OF FORTUNE, Blue Oyster Cult, CBS</p>	<p>Barbara Charone BLACK AND BLUE, Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones Records THE PRETENDER, Jackson Browne, Asylum A NIGHT ON THE TOWN, Rod Stewart, Riva ELITE HOTEL, Emmylou Harris, Warner Brothers A TRICK OF THE TAIL, Genesis, Charisma WARREN ZEVON, Warren Zevon, Asylum NO REASON TO CRY, Eric Clapton, RSO HASTEN DOWN THE WIND, Linda Ronstadt, Asylum 2ND HONEYMOON, Deaf School, Warner Brothers CARELESS, Stephen Bishop, ABC</p>	<p>Giovanni Daddo THE MODERN LOVERS, The Modern Lovers, Home Of The Hits JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS, Home Of The Hits/Berserkely THE ROYAL SCAM, Steely Dan, Anchor Records STATION TO STATION, David Bowie, RCA THE RAMONES, Sire STUPIDITY, Dr. Feelgood, UA LIVE BULLET, Bob Seger, Capitol TEENAGE DEPRESSION, Eddie And The Hot Rods, Island FAITHFUL, Todd Rundgren, Bearsville BLOW YOUR FACE OUT, J. Geils Band, Atlantic</p>	<p>Hugh Fielder CRY TOUGH, Nils Lofgren, A&M FLY LIKE AN EAGLE, Steve Miller, Mercury DESIRE, Bob Dylan, CBS JOAN ARMATRADING, Joan Armatrading, A&M KATE AND ANNA, McGarrigle, McGarrigle Sisters, Warner Brothers HARD RAIN, Bob Dylan, CBS 801 LIVE, Phil Manzanera, Island RASTAMAN VIBRATION, Bob Marley And The Wailers, Island HEAT TREATMENT, Graham Parker And The Rumour, Vertigo IMAGINARY JOURNEY, Jean-Luc Ponty, Atlantic</p>
<p>Flip Fraser MAN IN THE HILLS, Burning Spear, Island BLACK HEART MAN, Bunny Wailer, Island SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE, Stevie Wonder, Motown SPIRIT, Earth, Wind And Fire, CBS RASTAMAN VIBRATIONS, Bob Marley and the Wailers, Island NATALIE, Natalie Cole, Capitol RASTAFARI, Ras Michael and the Sons of Negus, Gronation BREEZIN', George Benson, Warner Bros JOAN ARMATRADING, Joan Armatrading, A&M REGGAETHING, Inner Circle, Capitol</p>	<p>Dave Fudger JOAN ARMATRADING, Joan Armatrading, A&M HEJIRA, Joni Mitchell, Asylum ZOOT ALLURES, Frank Zappa, Warner Brothers THE PRETENDER, Jackson Browne, Asylum ALL AMERICAN ALIEN BOY, Ian Hunter, CBS BLACK MARKET, Weather Report, CBS LIVE AT CBGB'S, Various Artists, Atlantic STATION TO STATION, David Bowie, RCA UNORTHODOX BEHAVIOR, Brand X, Charisma BLACK AND BLUE, Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones Records</p>	<p>Robert Gallagher GREATEST HITS, Harold Melvin And The Blue Notes, Philadelphia International EARGASM, Johnnie Taylor, CBS WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS, War, Island PLACES AND SPACES, Donald Byrd, Blue Note MOTHERSHIP CONNECTION, Parliament, Casablanca BEST OF JOHNNIE TAYLOR, Stax BRASS CONSTRUCTION, Brass Construction, United Artists BEST OF MILLIE JACKSON, Spring WHEN LOVE IS NEW, Billy Paul, Philadelphia International VISIONS OF A NEW WORLD, Lonnie Liston Smith, RCA</p>	<p>Susanne Garrett JOAN ARMATRADING, Joan Armatrading, A&M HOTEL CALIFORNIA, Eagles, Asylum IN ONE EYE AND OUT THE OTHER, Cate Bros, Asylum BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US, Hall & Oates, RCA SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE, Stevie Wonder, EMI NOTICE TO APPEAR, John Mayall, ABC SCHOOLBOYS IN DISGRACE, Kinks, RCA ROCK 'N' ROLL HEART, Lou Reed, Arista RAMONES, Ramones, Sire NO REASON TO CRY, Eric Clapton, RSO</p>	<p>Vivien Goldman BLACK HEART MAN, Bunny Wailer, Island SATTA A-MASSAGANA, Abyssinians, Jamaican pre-release MAN IN THE HILLS, Burning Spear, Island IT'S PRIVATE TONIGHT, Arthur Adams, Blue Thumb THOSE SOUTHERN KNIGHTS, Crusaders, Blue Thumb REGGAETHING, Inner Circle, Capitol SAFETY ZONE, Bobby Womack, United Artists LIFE OF CONTRADICTION, Joe Higgs, Vulcan TEENAGE PERVERSITY AND SHIPS IN THE NIGHT, Patti Smith, import bootleg HERE IS, Barbara Lynn, Oval</p>
<p>Dan Hedges (Didn't hear anything new this year that particularly knocked my socks off. Honest.) BLESS IT'S POINTED LITTLE HEAD, Jefferson Airplane, RCA MOON BATHING, Lesley Duncan, Fish Out of Water, Chris Squire, Atlantic BUCKINGHAM NICKS, Polydor CAMEO, Dusty Springfield, Left Banke, Smash SANDY'S ALBUM, Sandy Murvitz, Verve MR TAMBOURINE MAN, The Byrds, CBS YESSONGS, Yes, Atlantic BLONDE ON BLONDE, Bob Dylan, CBS</p>	<p>Jonh Ingham BLACK HEART MAN, Bunny Wailer, Island (FM) STRANDED, The Saints, Power Exchange (single) GIVE RASTA PRAISE, Ii P, Gronation (single) MAN IN THE HILLS, Burning Spear, Island REGGAETHING, Inner Circle, Capitol ANARCHY IN THE UK, Sex Pistols, EMI (single) RAMONES, Ramones, Sire THE MODERN LOVERS, The Modern Lovers, Home Of The Hits STATION TO STATION, David Bowie, RCA NEW ROSE, The Damned, Stiff (single)</p>	<p>Gunda Lenmanis SHAKE SOME ACTION, Flamin' Groovies, Sire RAMONES, Ramones, Sire THE MODERN LOVERS, The Modern Lovers, Home Of The Hits LIVE BULLET, Bob Seger, Capitol HEAT TREATMENT, Graham Parker and the Rumour, Vertigo ZOOT ALLURES, Frank Zappa, Warner Brothers HARD RAIN, Bob Dylan, CBS NIGHT MOVES, Bob Seger, Capitol STUPIDITY, Dr Feelgood, United Artists RESOLUTION, Andy Pratt, Nemporer</p>	<p>Alan Lewis THE MODERN LOVERS, The Modern Lovers, Home Of The Hits AGENTS OF FORTUNE, Blue Oyster Cult, CBS HEAT TREATMENT, Graham Parker And The Rumour, Vertigo HOTEL CALIFORNIA, Eagles, Asylum HEJIRA, Joni Mitchell, Asylum SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE, Stevie Wonder, Motown EVITA, MCA TEENAGE DEPRESSION, Eddie And The Hot Rods, Island CATE BROTHERS, Asylum DEREK AND CLIVE LIVE, Peter Cooke And Dudley Moore, Island</p>	<p>David Lewis (no relation) JOAN ARMATRADING, Joan Armatrading, A&M HEAT TREATMENT, Graham Parker and the Rumour, Vertigo FLY LIKE AN EAGLE, Steve Miller, Mercury DESIRE, Bob Dylan, CBS HOTEL CALIFORNIA, Eagles, Warner Bros ROYAL SCAM, Steely Dan, ABC TEENAGE DEPRESSION, Eddie And The Hot Rods, Island RED TAPE, Atlanta Rhythm Section, Polydor CRY TOUGH, Nils Lofgren, A&M BLACK AND BLUE, Rolling Stones, Rolling Stone Records</p>
<p>Tim Lott HEJIRA, Joni Mitchell, Asylum YOUNG & RICH, The Tubes, A&M JOAN ARMATRADING, Joan Armatrading, A&M THOSE SOUTHERN KNIGHTS, The Crusaders, ABC THE ROYAL SCAM, Steely Dan, ABC HEAT TREATMENT, Graham Parker and the Rumour, Vertigo HOTEL CALIFORNIA, The Eagles, Asylum RASTAMAN VIBRATION, Bob Marley and the Wailers, Vertigo TROUBADOR, J.J. Cale, Shelter KATE AND ANNA, McGarrigle, Kate and Anna McGarrigle, Warner Bros</p>	<p>Tony Mitchell ROYAL SCAM, Steely Dan, ABC CAPTURED LIVE, Johnny Winter, Blue Sky DERRINGER, Rick Derringer, Blue Sky HEJIRA, Joni Mitchell, Asylum GOLD PLATED, Climax Blues Band, BTM TEASER, Tommy Bolin, Atlantic ENTRANCE/WHITE TRASH, Edgar Winter, Epic MIDNIGHT LIGHTNING, Jimi Hendrix, Polydor SUNBURST FINISH, Be Bop De Luxe, Harvest PAT TRAVERS, Pat Travers, Polydor</p>	<p>John Peel DESIRE, Bob Dylan, CBS DOWNTOWN TONIGHT, Racing Cars, Chrysalis WIRED, Jeff Beck, Epic THE PRETENDER, Jackson Browne, Asylum BLACK AND BLUE, Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones Records TEENAGE DEPRESSION, Eddie and the Hot Rods, Island BLACK HEART MAN, Bunny Wailer, Island HEJIRA, Joni Mitchell, Asylum GANGSTER IS BACK, Johnny Guitar Watson, Red Lightnin' THE MODERN LOVERS, The Modern Lovers, Home Of The Hits</p>	<p>Phil Sutcliffe JOAN ARMATRADING, Joan Armatrading, A&M THE ROYAL SCAM, Steely Dan, Anchor MIRRORS, Peggy Lee, A&M DRY RUN, George Hatcher Band, United Artists TED NUGENT, Ted Nugent, Epic LONG MISTY DAYS, Robin Trower, Chrysalis STRINGRAY, Joe Cocker, A&M SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE, Stevie Wonder, Motown HOWLIN WIND, Graham Parker and the Rumour, Vertigo HOW DARE YOU, 10cc, Mercury</p>	<p>Chas de Whalley LET THE ROUGH SIDE DRAG, Jesse Winchester, Bearsville SINCERELY, Dwight Twilley Band, Shelter AGENTS OF FORTUNE, Blue Oyster Cult, CBS GENUINE COWHIDE, Delbert McLinton, ABC WE'VE GOT A LIVE ONE HERE, Commander Cody, Warner Bros TEENAGE DEPRESSION, Eddie and the Hot Rods, Island FLY LIKE AN EAGLE, Steve Miller, Mercury HEAT TREATMENT, Graham Parker, Vertigo TROUBADOUR, J.J. Cale, Shelter GOLDEN MILE, Kursaal Flyers, CBS</p>



JONATHAN RICHMAN: seventh best album, no less

... and the best of the rest

An alphabetical (well, almost) guide to the cream of the '76 album crop.

All 250 of 'em: it's been quite a year . . .

ABBA: 'Arrival' (CBS). Slick, mainstream pop at its best, as is . . .
 ABBA: 'Greatest Hits' (CBS).
 AC/DC: 'High Voltage' (Atlantic K 50257). Debut British album from SOUNDS-sponsored Aussierockers.
 AC/DC: 'Dirty Deeds Done Cheap' (Atlantic). The band's recently released second LP perpetuates their endearingly primitive musical tradition.
 'All This And World War Two' (Riva). Overblown, but a few interesting versions of Beatles oldies from Rod Stewart and friends.
 AEROSMITH: 'Rocks' (CBS 81379). Despite Aerosmith's disappointing British concert series, 'Rocks' remains one of the year's top heavy rock albums.
 AMERICA: 'History — America's Greatest Hits' (Warner Bros).
 JON ANDERSON: 'Ollas Of Sunhollow' (Atlantic K 50261). 1976 saw the release of a solo album from every member of Yes. This is the best of the bunch.
 ALLMAN BROTHERS: 'Wipe The Widows, Check The Oil, Dollar Gas' (Capricorn). Live album, possibly the last.
 AVERAGE WHITE BAND: 'Soul Searching' (Atlantic). Slightly below Average, but OK.
 BOB ANDY: 'Music Inside Me' (Soundtracs). Veteran JA vocalist makes good.
 ASWAD: 'Aswad' (Island). Not perfect, but promising first album from hot young British reggae outfit.
 ANGEL: 'Angel' (Casablanca CBC 4007). Promising first album from five piece American band.
 AMAZING RHYTHM ACES: 'Too Stuffed To Jump' (ABCL 5160). Bar band supreme.
 NEIL ARDLEY: 'Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows' (Gull). Most highly-acclaimed jazz album of the year.

BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE: 'Best Of BTO So Far' (Mercury 9100 026).
 BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST: 'Octoberon' (Polydor). Continuing the Moodies traditions.
 BEACH BOYS: '20 Golden Greats' (Capitol). Immortal old stuff, essential in any collection.
 BEACH BOYS: '15 Big Ones' (Warner Brothers). New stuff, patchy but interesting.
 BAD COMPANY: 'Run With The Pack' (Island ILPS 9346). Boogie downer.
 BAY CITY ROLLERS: 'Dedication' (Bell). Progress . . . of a sort.
 THE BAND: 'The Best Of The Band' (Capitol EA-ST 23927). Superior retrospective album.
 THE BEATLES: 'Rock 'N' Roll Music' (Parlophone). Essential history — lousy sleeve.
 BE BOP DELUXE: 'Sunburst Finish' (Harvest SHSP 4053). Be Bop's third LP, and best so far.
 BE BOP DELUXE: 'Modern Music' (Harvest SHSP 4058). Less fierce, more balanced and entertaining than 'Sunburst Finish'.
 ELVIN BISHOP: 'Hometown Boy Makes Good' (Capricorn). Gritty rock 'n' blues.
 JEFF BECK: 'Wired' (Epic PE 33849). Jazz rock like jazz rock should be played.
 GEORGE BENSON: 'Breezin'' (Warner Bros). Jazz-soul guitar man — a US number one.
 JACKSON BROWNE: 'The Pretender' (Asylum K53048). Rave-reviewed in these very pages a short time ago.
 BURNING SPEAR: 'Man In The Hills' (Island). The Spear goes back to Africa.
 BIG YOUTH: 'Hit The Road Jack' (Trojan). King of the dj's, transforms standards with his inimitable poetry.
 BROTHERS JOHNSON: 'Look Out For Number One' (A&M). Smooth, jazzy soul, one of the year's biggest black albums.
 TOMMY BOLIN: 'Teaser' (Atlantic). Bolin's premier solo LP, a fine all round effort.
 TOMMY BOLIN: 'Private Eyes' (CBS). Immaculately musical second album from the now-separated ex-Deep Purple axeman.
 STEVEN BISHOP: 'Careless' (ABC). Amazing debut, stuffed with great songs.
 BLACK SABBATH: 'We Sold Our Souls For Rock 'N' Roll' (NEMS 6641 335). Bludgeoning Sab compilation double album.
 BLACK SABBATH: 'Technical Ecstasy' (Vertigo). Latest thunderous Sabbath studio album, marred slightly by the inclusion of a sing written and sung by drummer Bill Ward, called 'It's Alright'.
 DAVID BEDFORD: 'The Odyssey' (Virgin). A rarity — an unpretentious concept LP.
 BLUE OYSTER CULT: 'Agents Of Fortune' (CBS S 1385). Surprisingly low-key, but still infinitely enjoyable LP from the Cult. Especially the track 'Don't Fear The Reaper'.
 BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND: 'Stretchin' Out' (Warner Bros). Ultimate funk.
 DAVID BOWIE: 'Station To Station' (RCA APLI 1327). 'The Man Who Sold The World' and 'Young Americans' collide. Play it very loud.
 DAVID BOWIE: 'ChangessowBowie' (RCA). Containing some of the very best Bowie tracks, 'Jean Genie' and 'Suffragette City' amongst them.
 'BRASS CONSTRUCTION' (United Artists). One of the biggest disco sounds of the year.
 BOTHY BAND: 'Old Hag You Have Killed Me' (Polydor). Ethnic but definitely kicking.
 BRAND X: 'Unorthodox Behaviour' (Charisma). British jazz-rock roots.

CADO BELLE: 'Cado Belle' (Anchor). Scots soul, smooth and mellow as Chivas Regal.
 JJ CALE: 'Troubadour' (Shelter ISA 5011). Well laid back, in the fine JJ tradition.
 CARAVAN: 'Canterbury Tales — The Best Of Caravan' (Decca DKL-R 8/1 and 8/2). A well compiled history of a band who've always managed to combine an accessible rock style with their own individual brand of esoteria.
 CATE BROTHERS: 'Cate Brothers' (Asylum SYL 9030). Ingredients from rock, country and soul — past and present — blend into a warm, mellow album.
 ERIC CLAPTON: 'No Reason To Cry' (RSO). Ol' Slowhand plays on.
 CLIMAX BLUES BAND: 'Gold Plates' (BTH). At last, the overdue British breakthrough.
 PETER COOKE AND DUDLEY MOORE: 'Derek And Clive Live' (Island ILPS 9434). Disgusting, rude, offensive, vulgar, distasteful, etc.

COMMODORES: 'Hot On The Tracks' (Motown). Perfect balance between modern funk zap and traditional soul virtues.
 ALICE COOPER: 'Alice Cooper Goes To Hell' (Warner Bros K 56171). Alice leans nearer and nearer to becoming pure showbiz with each successive album. 'Goes To Hell' is not without its highspots, however.
 JOE COCKER: 'Stingray' (A&M). Partial return to greatness.
 RY COODER: 'Chicken Skin Music' (Reprise). Yet another timeless, low-key masterpiece from rock 'n' roll's premier architect.
 CIMARONS: 'On The Rock' (Vulcan). Black, British and good.
 CRUSADERS: 'Those Southern Knights' (ABC). Boss jazz-funkers (ask AWB).
 CBGB's: 'Live At CBGB's' (Atlantic). New York's 'new wave' at its best and worst. Get it for Tuff Darts at least.
 THE CHIEFTAINS: 'Napoleon's Retreat' (Island). Irish punks.
 LARRY CORYELL: 'Aspects' (Arista). More proof that Coryell, along with Di Meola, is one of the most versatile guitarists around.
 GUY CLARK: 'Old No. 1' (RCA). Country-rock supreme.

DEAF SCHOOL: 'Second Honeymoon' (Warner Bros K 56280). Innovative album from hot new art rock outfit.
 DEEP PURPLE: 'Come Taste The Band' (Purple). Tommy Bolin's first and last studio effort with the band. Largely underrated.
 DEEP PURPLE: 'Made In Europe' (Purple TSPA 7517). A live album, gleaned from some of Ritchie Blackmore's last appearances with the band. A fitting epitaph to one of Britain's finest heavy rock outfits.
 DERRINGER: 'Derringer' (Blue Sky). Energetic debut of Rick Derringer's new band.
 DILLINGER: 'CB 200' (Island). JA's most provocative, verbal young dj — strictly rockers, y'all. Dillinger blows your mind.
 DOCTOR FEELGOOD: 'Stupidity' (United Artists UAS 29990). Basic r'n'b, 'Stupidity' nonetheless gave the Feelgoods a number one album, 'live' and their best to date.
 DOOBIE BROTHERS: 'The Best Of' (Warner Bros).
 BOB DYLAN: 'Hard Rain' (CBS 86106). Worthwhile, but hardly outstanding chronicle of the recent Rolling Thunder tour.
 ALDI MEOLA: 'Land Of The Midnight Sun' (CBS). The guitar as she should be played.
 DOCTOR HOOK: 'A Little Bit More' (Capitol). The romantic side of Hook.
 DRANSFIELDS: 'Fiddlers Dream' (Transatlantic). Gentle, surrealistic updating of folk styles.

EAGLES: 'Their Greatest Hits 1971 to 1975' (Asylum K 53017). Unfailingly excellent Eagles retrospective platter.
 EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS: 'Teenage Depression' (Island ILPS 9457). Giovanni Daddo called this one 'the debut album of the year' and who are we to argue? 801: '801 Live' (Island ILPS 9444). Enthralling one-off live LP from band containing Phil Manzanera and Brian Eno, among others.
 ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA: 'A New World Record' (Jet UAG 30017). Their best yet.
 THE ENID: 'In The Region Of Summer Stars' (Buk). Interesting addition to the art-rock school.
 'EVITA' (MCA MCX 503). Moving, intelligent, politico-rock opera from the chaps who brought you 'Jesus Christ Superstar'.
 EARTH, WIND AND FIRE: 'Spirit' (CBS 91451). Hot Stuff.
 DAVID ESSEX: 'Out On The Streets' (CBS). A step nearer rock credibility.

ANDY FAIRWEATHER-LOW: 'Be-Bop 'N' Holla' (A&M).
 FLAMIN' GROOVIES: 'Shake Some Action' (Sire). Not vintage, but good.
 FOGHAT: 'Fool For The City' (Bearsville K 55507). Steaming rock album from American-based British outfit.
 FOUR TOPS: 'Smash Hits' (Motown).
 PETER FRAMPTON: 'Frampton Comes Alive' (A&M AMLH 63793). The live album of the year.
 FLO AND EDDIE: 'Morning Targets' (Epic).
 ARETHA FRANKLIN: 'Sparkie' (Atlantic). Solid soundtrack scored by Curtis Mayfield.
 ARETHA FRANKLIN: 'Ten Years Of Gold' (Atlantic). Greatest hits.
 FLAMIN' GROOVIES: 'Teenage Head/Flamingo' (Phonogram). Vintage reissues; solid gold.
 BRYAN FERRY: 'Let's Stick Together' (Island). Another triumph for style over content.
 FOUR SEASONS/FRANKIE VALLI: 'Greatest Hits' (K-Tel).

GALLAGHER AND LYLE: 'Breakaway' (A&M). Watch out Simon and Garfunkel.
 RORY GALLAGHER: 'Calling Card' (Chrysalis). A return to top form.
 GENESIS: 'A Trick Of The Tail' (Charisma CDS 4001). The first Genesis album not to feature Peter Gabriel. Abundantly commercial, an out and out triumph.
 GENESIS: 'Wind And Wuthering' (Charisma CDS 4005). Another triumph.
 GENTLE GIANT: 'Interview' (Chrysalis CHR 1115). Absorbing sounds, featuring our very own Phil Sutcliffe.
 GENTLE GIANT: 'Giant Steps' (NEMS).
 GOLDERN EARRING: 'To The Hilt' (Polydor 2480 330). Criminally ignored LP from the Dutch band that gave us 'Radar Love'.
 ANDREW GOLD: 'Andrew Gold' (Asylum 7E-1047). Leading exponent of snappy West Coast melodies offers fine first effort.
 GRAND FUNK RAILROAD: 'Good Singin', Good Playin'' (MCA MCF 2216). Zappa-produced heavy metal album.
 AL GREEN: 'Have A Good Time' (London). Well up to standard.
 MARVIN GAYE: 'I Want You' (Motown). Not quite up to standard, but sexy.
 GLADIATORS: 'Trench Town Mix-up' (Virgin). Essential reggae.

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES: 'Whole Oats' (Atlantic). An oldie, but sounds new.
 DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES: 'Bigger Than Both Of Us' (RCA). Mighty fine.
 GEORGE HARRISON: '33 1/3' (Dark Horse). Pleasant.
 GEORGE HARRISON: 'The Best Of' (Parlophone PAS 10011). Pleasant.
 STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL: 'Timeless Flight' (EMI). One of Harley's weaker LPs, but vastly compelling for all that.
 STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL: 'Love's A Prima Donna' (EMI). Intensely moving platter, based around various aspects of the emotion love. Harley's best.
 EMMYLOU HARRIS: 'Elite Hotel' (Warner Bros MS 2236). Well worth a visit. The service is exceptional.
 HEART: 'Dreamboat Annie' (Arista). Impressive debut from Fleetwood Mac-ish Canadians.
 JIMI HENDRIX: 'Midnight Lightning' (Polydor). First credible album in a long while from the remaining posthumous tapes.
 HEPTONES: 'Night Food' (Island). Sweet reggae harmonising.
 JOE HIGGS: 'Life Of Contradiction' (Vulcan). Master of soulful reggae lays it on the line.
 STEVE HILLAGE: 'L' (Virgin). Hippy clothes and mystical guitar ramblings can still cut it in '76.
 IAN HUNTER: 'All American Allen Boy' (CBS S 81310). 'Unter makes good in foreign land.
 HAWKWIND: 'Astounding Sounds, Amazing Tales' (Charisma). The Hawks in mellow mood.
 HAWKWIND: 'Roadhawkes' (United Artists). Last of the 'old' Hawks.
 HOT CHOCOLATE: 'Greatest Hits' (Rak).

JANIS IAN: 'Afternoons' (CBS 69220). Good singer, good songs, good arrangements, five star album.
 INNER CIRCLE: 'Reggae Thing' (Capitol). Jacob Miller roots, OK?
 ISLEY BROTHERS: 'Harvest For The World' (Epic). More of the same, which is OK by us.

MILLIE JACKSON: 'The Best Of' (Spring). Phew! The ultimate in deep soul wailing.
 AL JARREAU: 'Glow' (Reprise K 54073). One for the wee small hours.
 JEFFERSON STARSHIP: 'Spitfire' (Grunt BFLI 1557). Boldly going where no band has gone before.
 JUDAS PRIEST: 'Sad Wings Of Destiny' (Gull GULP 1015). Powerful second album from Birmingham band, soon to become rivals with Black Sabbath.
 ELTON JOHN: 'Here And There' (DJM). Live.
 ELTON JOHN: 'Best Of' (DJM).
 ELTON JOHN: 'Blue Moves' (Rocket). Something of a renaissance for Elt.

KING CRIMSON: 'A Child's Guide To King Crimson' (Island). Good retrospective.
 THE KINKS: 'The Kinks Greatest — Celluloid Heroes' (RCA RS 1059). The Kinks' RCA years chronicled in fine style.
 KISS: 'Alive!' (Casablanca 7020). Barton is still drooling over this Eddie Kramer produced live double blood dripping album.
 KOKOMO: 'Rise And Shine' (CBS S 62279). Strong on melody, high on energy.
 GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS: 'The Best Of' (Buddah). Great wailing, but not as good as . . .
 GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS: 'Smash Hits' (Motown).
 DOUG AND RUSTY KERSHAW: 'Louisiana Man' (DJM). Seminal rock-influenced cajun fiddling.
 GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS: 'Pipedreams' (Buddah). So-so soundtrack.

LED ZEPPELIN: 'Presence' (Swan Song SSK 59402). Ingham was enthralled by this one . . .
 LED ZEPPELIN: 'The Song Remains The Same' (Swan Song). . . . And bored silly by this one. Others will find that apart from occasional yawns, it packs a mighty punch.
 RAMSEY LEWIS: 'Sacongo' (CBS). Exotic jazz funk.
 NILS LOFREGN: 'Cry Tough' (A&M). The cult hero you eat between meals. The strain shows just a little though.
 LONE STAR: 'Lone Star' (Epic EPC 91545). Roy Thomas Baker produced, the most promising debut album in an age.
 LYNRYD SKYNYRD: 'One More From The Road' (MCA MCSP 279). Yet another hot live double album.
 BARBARA LYNN: 'Here Is . . .' (Oval). Great soul singing from a lady who was ahead of her time.
 RONNIE LAWS: 'Fever' (Blue Note). Blistering jazz-funk keyboard pyrotechnics.
 RONNIE LANE AND SLIM CHANCE: 'One For The Road' (Island). Great album from a sadly short-lived band.
 ROBIN LUMLEY AND JACK LANCASTER: 'Marscape' (RSO). Adventurous stuff.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND: 'Roaring Silence' (Bronze). Doing to Springsteen what he once did to Dylan — and it's good.
 MAN: 'The Welsh Connection' (MCA MCF 2753). The Welsh band's first and last album for MCA.
 BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: 'Rastman Vibration' (Island ILPS 9383). The wild man of reggae's latest album, even more classics.
 KATE AND ANNA MCGARRIGLE: 'Kate And Anne McGarrigle' (Warner Bros). Haunting songs, hauntingly sung: the most poignant album of the year.
 MODERN LOVERS: 'Modern Lovers' (Home Of The Hits HH-1910). 'Yarool'
 PATRICK MORAZ: 'The Story Of P' (Charisma CDS 4002). Well, Sutcliffe liked it.
 PABLO MOSES: 'Revolutionary Dream' (Soundtracs).
 MOTHER'S FINEST: 'Mother's Finest' (Epic EPC 81595). Fiery debut, proving that black men can sing the whites.

Continued on page 14

BEWARE OF IMITATORS LISTEN TO THE ORIGINATORS!

ROCK AND ROLL HEART
LOU REED

"Rock and Roll Heart has been applauded as one of his finest achievements."

Melody Maker



Album ARTY 142
Cassette TC ARTY 142



Lou Reed the Godfather of Punk, has his latest album out now on Arista.

Joan

In 1976 Joan Armatrading achieved the success which has long been overdue, as it was back in 1972 that she released her debut album "Whatever's for us".

It was acclaimed as one of the albums of that year but was not the enormous hit that it deserved to be. Now that album is available again. Its 14 imaginative and evocative songs make up an LP that was undoubtedly ahead of it's time — one that nobody who has just discovered Joan's exciting talent can afford to be without.



Tracks:

- MY FAMILY
- CITY GIRL
- SPEND A LITTLE TIME
- WHATEVER'S FOR US, FOR US
- CHILD STAR
- VISIONARY MOUNTAINS
- IT COULD HAVE BEEN BETTER
- HEAD OF THE TABLE
- MISTER REMEMBER ME
- GAVE IT A TRY
- ALICE
- CONVERSATION
- MEAN OLD MAN
- ALL THE KING'S GARDENS

Personnel:

- GERRY CONWAY/
- HENRY SPINETTI Drums
- RAY COOPER Percussion
- LARRY STEELE Bass Guitar
- DAVY JOHNSTONE Guitar
- JOAN ARMATRADING Guitar/Vocals



Marketed by **DECCA**

The SOUNDS Literary Supplement

DON'T PANIC when Auntie Doris gives you yet another book token. It's been a good year for rock books and here's a selection. They are in no particular order.

'THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ROCK VOLUMES ONE TWO AND THREE' by Phil Hardy and Dave Laing (Panther) 95p each. The ones you MUST have — read all three volumes and you too can be a real Rock Expert. Objectively and informatively compiled by leading authorities. The first two volumes are also available in magazine format with illustrations.

'THE ILLUSTRATED NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ROCK' by Nick Logan and Bob Woffinden (Hamlyn) £4.95. Hard back and lots of album covers for illustrations! It's pretty comprehensive though you may well disagree with some of the opinions. Isn't the Musical Express a music paper or something?

'ROCK FILE 4' by Charlie Gillett (Panther) 75p. Latest in what is now an annual event. This episode deals with logging the British and American Top Twenty between 1955 and 1974 plus an extra section on chart toppers on both sides of the Atlantic.

'THE ROLLING STONES — AN ILLUSTRATED RECORD' by Roy Carr (New English Library) £2.95. The career of the Stones as linked to their records. Plenty of hitherto unrevealed facts and packed with pictures and memorabilia.

'GET DOWN — A DECADE OF ROCK AND ROLL POSTERS' by Mick Farren (Futura) £4.50. British and American posters spanning the last ten years or so from R&B through psychedelia and onwards. In colour.

'20 YEARS OF POP CHARTS' by Tony Jasper (Queen Anne Press) 75p. Presented in tabloid form. A bit stark and technical but intriguing nonetheless.

'BABYLON ON A THIN WIRE' by Adrian Boot and Michael Thomas (Thames and Hudson) £2.95. Intriguing photo/journalistic survey of Jamaican life, politics, culture and music.

'McCARTNEY IN HIS OWN WORDS' by Paul Gambaccini (Omnibus Press) £1.95. Paul McCartney reminisces and elucidates in a series of interviews with Paul Gambaccini which make add up to a life history of the fabbest of the Fab Four.

'LINDA'S PICTURES' (Jonathan Cape) £7.50. Linda McCartney may not rival Rick Wakeman at the keyboards but she knocks hell out of him as a photographer.

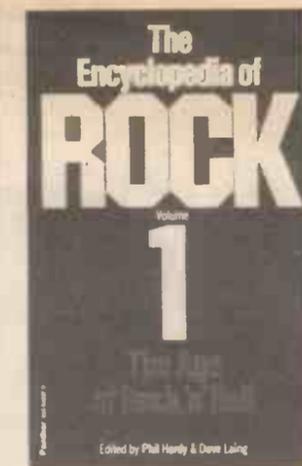
'CONVERSATIONS WITH ERIC CLAPTON' by Steve Turner (Abacus) £1.25. Steve Turner is one of the few journalists to have got close to EC and this book paints a revealing portrait of a superstar under pressure.

'ERIC CLAPTON' by John Pidgeon (Panther) 60p. John Pidgeon didn't get to talk to EC but instead writes a well-researched history with a comprehensive discography at the end.

'THE PINK FLOYD' by Rick Saunders (Futura) 60p. The story of the band who set the controls for the heart of the sun and found the spaceship was starting to control them. Interesting insights into their beginnings.

'LED ZEPPELIN' by Howard Hylett (Panther) 60p. Believe it or not the first book to be written about one of the world's most successful bands. Unfortunately it doesn't get far beneath the surface.

'LED ZEPPELIN' by Ritchie Yorke (US Import). Only available on import so far but a more definitive picture of Zepp from one of the few journalists who has got close to them.



'SUZI QUATRO' by Margaret Meander (Panther) 60p. Suzi Quatro's about to change her image which makes this story of academic interest.

'THE ROD STEWART STORY', 'THE JOHN LENNON STORY', 'THE ALVIN STARDUST STORY', 'THE CLIFF RICHARD STORY', 'THE PAUL McCARTNEY STORY', 'THE SLADE STORY', 'THE QUEEN STORY', all by George Tremlett (Futura) 60p each. And that's just what he wrote last week!

'ROD STEWART AND THE CHANGING FACES' by John Pidgeon (Panther) 60p. Topical moment to bring out this story of old gravel voice.

'A BIOGRAPHY IN WORDS AND PICTURES' series. **'THE BEACH BOYS', 'THE ALLMAN BROTHERS', 'ELTON JOHN', 'ROD STEWART', 'CAROL KING'** by various authors. (Chappell Music Co) £3.75 each. A new series of flimsy by glossy books with plenty of colour pictures spread around the text.

'BEATLES DISCOGRAPHY' by Arno Guzek. £2. A privately published book let from a Danish Beatles-freak listing every record, studio or live, that the group ever recorded.

'ELTON JOHN' by Dick Tatham and Tony Jasper (Octopus) £1.99. Hard backed and informative career of Elton that succeeds on several different levels.

'ELTON JOHN, SHOWMAN' by Alan Radnor (Quill Books) £1.15. Somewhat sombre treatise that takes Elton more seriously than he does.

'EMPEROR ROSKO'S DJ BOOK' (Everest) 95p. You too can talk fast and incomprehensibly and make lots of money after reading this. Seriously, a useful guidebook for all aspiring DJs.

'MYSTERY TRAIN — IMAGES OF AMERICA IN ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC' by Greil Marcus. (US import) £2.55. Rolling Stone called it 'probably the best book ever written about rock'.

'ELECTRIC CHILDREN' by Jacques Vassal (Muller) £6.95. French eye view of the development of folk music into the electric era. Readable but a little unbalanced in places.

'GRAND OLE OPRY' by Jack Hurst (Abrams) £17.50. Jumbo sized history of country music with stacks of truly amazing photographs.

'THE JAZZ BOOK' by Joachim Berendt (Paladin) £1.50. Revised edition of a useful introduction.

'SOCIAL HISTORY OF ROCK MUSIC' by Lloyd Grossman (McKay) £5.20. Rock and roll ain't fun you know, it's a sociological phenomenon.

'BLUES' by Robert Neff and Anthony Corior (Latimer) £2.95. The blues through the mouths of its surviving exponents in conversation.

'A LITTLE MUSIC' by Ashley Hutchings (Island) £2.75. Former Fairport and Steeleye member Ashley Hutchings, now playing with the Albion Dance Band, presents tunes from his past with annotations and illustrations.

'FOLK' by Bob Pegg (Wildwood House) £3.25. Folk singer Bob Pegg takes a personal and fascinating look at the world of folk music, its exponents and collectors.

'SHINING TRUMPETS' — A HISTORY OF JAZZ' by Rudi Blesh (Hale) £4.95. Just what it says and good with it.

'ROCK ON THE ROAD' by Mick Gold (Futura) £1.25. Series of essays about being on the road with various bands with back-up pictures.

'SO YOU WANT TO BE IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS.' by Tony Hatch (Everest) 95p. How to groom yourself for stardom via 'New Faces'.

'VAN MORRISON. THEM AND NOW' (Rock Revelations) £75p. Complete discography of the original punk from Belfast.

Listing compiled with the help of Compendium Books, 234 Camden High Street, London NW1, who also run a mail order service.

BUMPER CHRISTMAS ISSUE

SOUNDS



Snuff is enough

(or maybe too much, already)

A NEW WAVE of rock and roll, 'snuff rock' is gaining ground in several London clubs and has started attracting the interest of leading record company A&R men.

'Snuff rock' groups — who dismiss Punk Rock bands as 'boring old farts who just want to stay alive' — murder each other during the course of their performance in a series of executions, tortures and assassinations. The last remaining member of the band left alive then commits suicide while taking as many of the audience as he can shoot or stab with him.

Some of the groups have been on the verge of signing to record companies but none of them have yet stayed alive long enough to sign the contract.

Leader singer of former leading Kami Kaze, Arthur Vengeance told SOUNDS: "Argggggggghhhhh!" He was later booed for failing to provide an encore.

Christmas greetings from the editor (pictured above, currently researching a feature on Rock In The Seychelles) and the staff of SOUNDS, pictured (right) at the weekly editorial meeting. Clockwise: newshound Hugh Fielder, (front left holding phone), cheeky Giovanni Dadamo, svelte Tim Lott, rhythmic Vivien Goldman (standing), cute Dave Fudger (and girls, she's good looking), shy Geoff Barton, and boring old fart Barbara Charone. Table played by Jonh Ingham, telephone by Dave Lewis, lampshades modelled by Susanne Garrett, pinheads by Gunda Lenmanis.

DYLAN EXCLUSIVE !!!

SPECIAL EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
by E. X. CLUSIVE, OUR SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENT

BOB DYLAN's not an easy man to get a hold of, as you can well imagine.

The tip was he was at West Kensington's Nashville Rooms watching a 'new wave' outfit called Soiled Kleenex. I tood a cab immediately, by the time I arrived Bob had split, apparently by ambulance.

A police car followed the ambulance for me but by the time we'd tracked it down to London Airport I was to discover that a certain Mr. "Bylan" had taken the 12.10 flight to Oslo. A chartered two-seater helped me make the hop to the big 'O'.

Only to have arrived too late again. Yes, a Mr. "Limmerman" had arrived a few minutes earller but he'd already left again, possibly by motorcycle and heading east.

It took thirty hours on the Trans Europ Express before I finally picked up the trail again, in Istanbul this time.

Once again I arrived just a few moments too late; Mr. "Bløb" had taken a fishing smack and headed east. Ditto for me.

I won't begin to tell you about the Burmese jungle — the snakes, the eye-eating monkeys, the dystentry. China was no bowl of rice either. Chased and shot at by border guards, having to assume all manner of uncomfortable disguises — fish-hooks in the corners of the eyes, egg on one's face, that sort of thing. No fun.

It got worse. A month after the original tip-off I was crawling blindly across the polar ice-cap's frozen darkness in a half-track. Then it was Alaska and a team of huskies. Frostbite . . . grizzly bears . . . homosexual eskimos . . . the lot. Stranded and frostbitten, having to live on dried husky for a month, treating myself for scurvy . . . aargh, as they say in the comics.

Finally I crossed the border into the US. Rode across the North-West hobo-style, suspended under a cattle truck by my belt. And everywhere it was the same. "Ah yes, Mister "Rylan . . . passed through a coupla hours ago. Headin' east, I reckon."

Finally, in a grubby bar and grill in one of the seamiest parts of New York, surrounded by all manner of low-life, I finally came face to face with the object of my quest.

"Bob," I said, my cracked lips forming the question I'd carried with me across half the world, "can you lend us a fiver 'til Friday?"

Bob Dylan didn't even look up from his coffee and cake. He'd obviously given his answer a lot of thought as I hounded him across the globe.

"Piss off," he said quietly. And went back to his paper. — J. A. WEATHERMAN.



Exclusive pic of El Zimmo in Wapping Supermarket

SO * * * ds



Rotten goes solo

JOHNNY ROTTEN (pictured above) has quit the Sex Pistols and is planning a solo career.

His first solo album, 'These F—g Foolish Things' is released later this month and features him singing versions of 'Smoke Gets In Your F—g Eyes', 'It's My F—g Party', 'Sympathy For The F—g Devil', and 'Hard F—g Rain'.

He will be touring later in the year with a backing group of 400 punk musicians including a punk string quartet.

Meanwhile, the Sex Pistols continue to get themselves banned from playing venues in Britain. The latest places to cancel are the Edmonton Incinerator and Fred Arkwright's Scrap Metal tip just outside Accrington, both previously considered 'safe' venues for the Pistols.

At Edmonton the group were banned after they'd spat at the incinerator extinguishing it. And Fred Arkwright told *SOUNDS*: "My place looked like a rubbish dump after the Pistols played there last week."

EMI are considering whether to ban the group's latest release, a six-album set which has a total of four songs lasting 16 hours. A spokesman said: "We will consider whether or not to withdraw it after it goes platinum next week."



Presley, Dylan tour

ELVIS PRESLEY AND BOB DYLAN will be touring Britain later this year after reading a series of erroneous headlines in a rival music paper.

Presley and Dylan will be co-headlining on a series of Bailey club dates around the country and a major London venue, probably the Nashville Rooms, is being finalised.

Both artists will perform half-hour sets and will be using the rhythm section of the Bay City Rollers as backing musicians. The duo will also be making a guest appearance on 'Pauline's Quirks' where they will sing their latest single together 'I Saw My Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands Crying In The Chapel' while taking their clothes off. (See picture, left).

'Worse than Derek and Clive' threat

ISLAND Records are to release the controversial 'Longford And Whitehouse Live' album despite a series of protests from Bill Grundy and Johnny Rotten.

EMI have refused to distribute the album, which includes the infamous 'The Worst Porn I Ever Saw' sketch together with the now legendary remark 'Who Are You Calling Prude, Prude?', so Island will be distributing the record themselves with a special sticker warning that some people may find the people on the record offensive.

NOSEDESK

Oldfield: another box

MIKE OLDFIELD (right) will be releasing a new record set next month titled 'Cartoned'.

It will include all four albums recently issued on 'Boxed' remixed down to mono and pressed on 168 78s. The set, measuring 4ft x 2ft x 18 inches and weight 400 lbs, will retail at the price of a single.

Speaking from his Penge hide-away, Oldfield told *SOUNDS*: "Fab gear, terrific, far out, alright, er . . . I can't really say anything at this time."



ELP: more delays

EMERSON LAKE AND PALM-OFF's long awaited 64-album set, 'Welcome Back My Friends To The Record That Goes On And On And On And On And On (If We Can Ever Get it Finished)' has been delayed because of artwork problems.

The albums are being packaged in a special sleeve which will open out into a life-size replica of Emerson Lake And Palmer. However, only one of the 128 sides features the group playing together. The other 127 feature each member of the group playing solo.

JJ ordered to rest

JJ CALE, cult hero of "laid back" rock 'n' roll, collapsed on stage last night at the first date of his massive four-date European tour.

It was Cale's first appearance on stage since his announcement three years ago that he was retiring from live gigs to 'have a sleep'.

Cale was seen to keel over after playing the first chord of the opening number, but his absence was not in fact noticed until the encore when his prostrate body rolled off the stage waking several of the audience.

A spokesman later said that Cale was "unprepared for the physical stress of playing a guitar."

"His doctor has ordered him to rest for the next two years."

The Press officer for Island, Cale's record label, said, "ZZZZZZ . . ."



J. J. CALE: under the doctor

Weight watchers shock horror

DISASTER struck a charity concert last week (pictured right) when a stage collapsed halfway through a show.

On stage at the time were Demis Roussos, Barry White, Big Jim Sullivan, Judge Dread and compere Cyril Smith. They were taking part in a special benefit concert for Oxfam and all of them had agreed to forgo eating for ten minutes before the concert.



Y
W



JON ANDERSON, Steve Howe, . . . This leaves Rick Wakeman (picture . . . The official reason for the split . . . that there is no truth in the rumour . . . Wakeman himself announced this . . . join Yes. Others expected to be in th

Grundy: now a musical

A ROCK musical based on the life of Bill Grundy is being written by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber and will be staged later this year.

Called simply 'Grundy', the musical has already given rise to a million-selling single 'Willomen Grundy' with the now famous lyrics 'Willomen Grundy, born on a Monday, swore on a Tuesday, suspended on a Wednesday'.

Cliff Richard will play the part of Johnny Rotten in the musical.

Marley in new row

A BITTER controversy broke out last night after Bob Marley's mother, Mrs. Gladys Marley, won the Miss Brixton beauty competition.

Competition organisers were unhappy about stories that Mrs. Marley's son smoked eight hundredweight of "hash" every fourteen minutes.

Mr. Marley, when questioned about the matter, said: "I 'n' I 'n' I 'n' I 'n' I 'n' I (cont. p94).

WE'VE DONE IT AGAIN!

Once again the incredible CLOBBERAMA POSTAL BOUTIQUE has pipped all the rest to the post with its latest purchase of fire-damaged stock at ridiculous prices.

BE A PUNK!

You need no longer be left out. Be one of the in-crowd with Clobberama's COMPLETE PUNK OUTFIT. Includes . . .

*Packet of safety pins

*Four one-size, unisex recycled black polythene 'waste bags'

*Large tube of glue

*Stick-on scar (washable)

*Space-age-style nylon wigette (can be turned inside out and used as rainhat)

ALL FOR ONLY £13.99. Cheques, postal orders, ration books and luncheon vouchers to Clobberama, Postal Boutique, 42A The Claptons, Borstal Heath, B'ham 94.

NEWS FLASH***

Just in — the latest in punk accessories. Why waste valuable phlegm on your friends? Buy our special punklips outfit and spit to your heart's content. Consists of lifelike rubber lips with comfortable elastic band to hold them in place over your own mouth. Small nozzle concealed in lips connects by length of rubber tube to squeezey bulb. Bulb is full of realistic phlegm (refills available). Spit without effort! Comes out green (optional). Only £3.77 + 30p p + p!

es quit akeman



Chris Squire and Alan White have left Yes, it was announced this week (above) who only just rejoined the group. The incompatibility of the group's hairstyles' and a spokesman added that Wakeman rejoined Yes in order to make a solo album. This week that he had already persuaded Patrick Moraz and Bill Bruford to the new line-up include Bob Harris and Chris Welch.

Stewart storms out



ROD STEWART (pictured left) stormed out of the first of his London concerts this week when the audience of 20,000 arrived ten minutes late.

"I've never been treated like this before in my life," snorted Rod as he drove back to his 484-room pied-a-terre in Chelsea, Knightsbridge and Fulham.

As the 600-car entourage left Olympia, Britt Ekland said: "Wait for me, wait for me".

America to tour

PROMOTER Harvey Goldsmith is bringing over the entire population of America for a short European tour which will include British dates at Wembley Empire Pool and Glasgow Apollo.

However, as SOUNDS went to press it was understood that Richard Nixon had split from the population and would not be coming over with them.

It is not known whether or not America will get a replacement.

Tickets for the gigs are available from Box Number WAIT-ALONGTIME, London. Mark your envelopes 'Fair Deal'.

Pictured backstage Rod sings his latest chart topper 'Sailing With The Boring Old Farts In The UK'.

Move over Punks! '77 is the year of the . . .



Bank Generation pictured at recent signing to Decca Records: (l-r) Norman Normal, Osbert Ordinary, manager Malcolm McLayman, Egon Everyday, Charlie Commonplace

BANK GENERATION

— the band with a Sound Investment in the future of Rock And Roll

'We believe in Jesus Christ and we support the Festival of Light; Mothers Pride is out of sight and the Old School Tie is our basic right.'

'Let's Stay Normal'

"I REALLY do think it's time us decent, clean-living, hard-working people were allowed our say." Thus spake Norman Normal, 32 year-old lead singer with South London's self-styled 'retro-garde' quartet, Bank Generation.

Normal says he formed the group, along with fellow clerks Osbert Ordinary (39, rhythm guitar) Egon Everyday (37, bass) and Charlie Commonplace (52, drums), "because I was totally sickened by all this 'punk rock' nonsense with its talk of 'anarchy' and 'chaos' and so on," three months ago.

"I just felt there ought to be a real spokesman for Britain in the 'Seventies and that, failing the materialisation of any viable alternative, I might as well have a crack at it myself."

After asking around amongst his fellow employees at the Royal Bank Of Botswana in The City, Normal finally met up with three gentlemen of similar inclinations and the first Bank Generation ensemble was formed.

This line-up only lasted a couple of weeks due to the



Generation fans Jane Plain and Joe Blow.

premature death (a heart seizure) of original bassist Morty Mundane (75) at a rehearsal.

The die was cast however, and Norman had no trouble finding a replacement.

"I was chatting to Egon at Morty's funeral and he agreed to step in," says Normal. "I asked for references of course, and when they were found to be impeccable, Egon was in."

The new group played their first gig at a Salvation Army hall in Deptford in September and they were on their way.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say we caused a near-riot," Norman reminisces, "but Mrs Agnes Decrepit (92) did spill half a cup of cocoa on Chelsea Pensioner Albert Truelove's lap!"

"The three other people who went enjoyed themselves too."

Norman Normal recalls that the Bank Generation opened their debut appearance with his own 'Responsibilities'. "It's a song about facing up to things," he says. "About the joy of paying the gas bill, the quiet glow of satisfaction one gets whilst mowing the lawn or painting the garden shed."

Another Bank Generation 'standard' is Normal's 'Paternity Suite', an undisguised hymn to the joys of a large family. Normal, a staunch opponent of contra-

ception, with thirteen offspring of his own plus another on the way, says "There's nothing like having children to curb one's wilder instincts."

"It's that wonderful feeling of being tied down that I want to get across in my music," he beams. "I really think that if everyone had at least ten children there'd be a lot less moaning and groaning about the state of the country because no-one would have the time to complain."

The incredibly tedious 'Darts And A Drink With The Lads On A Friday' spells out another of Normal's creeds. "I think it's the very least a working man deserves," he says. He needs little provocation to play a demo tape of the song — a thirty minute 'concept' including dirty jokes about secretaries and the authentic sound of pints of ale being swallowed. The song ends with Normal being violently sick as he tiptoes up the stairs of his Surbiton semi.

"Just a hint of realism there," says Norman. "Of course we couldn't possibly include those secretary jokes on a record without a few bleeps, know that I mean?" he leers, nudging one painfully in the ribs.

Spurred on by the sound of his group, Norman plays other selections from their vast repertoire: 'Hughie Green' is a shameless tribute to the TV personality: *Hughie Green/he's so clean/if he wears a Crown Topper/I ain't seen the seam*; 'HP' deals with the joys of 'the never never/where you can juggle eight items of furniture if/your accountant's really clever'; other titles — 'Washing My Car', 'My Home Improvement Grant Chant', 'The Cost Of Dry Cleaning Boogie', '8.10 To Victoria' — are self-explanatory.

Musically the Bank Generation echo their environment — the rhythm section clanks

and wheezes like a commuter special whilst tape loops overlay the basic drone with the chatter of typewriters and the hum of adding machines.

Unfortunately the aforementioned Salvation Army bash is the group's only live appearance to date. "Promoters just don't want to know," says Norman Normal. "It's the same old story — innovators always have a hard time to start with. But I know we'll get through in the end."

Norman Normal says there's no doubt in his mind that the Bank Generation are the sound of '77. "I mean," he says, "how can the world go on ignoring something like this?" And he bursts into 'I'm A Clerk'.

'I'm a clerk/just a clerk/ but I really love my work . . .'
Bank Generation. Remember where you read it first.

Sir Lew Brush, in association with Blatantly Commercial Enterprises, is proud to present the return of

CHRISTMAS

The show for all the family. ALL YOUR OLD FAVOURITES (and we mean OLD). Who else could bring you all these acts on one bill? . . .

- Nauseating Sentimentality
- Incredibly Boring Relatives
- Stupid Seasonal Records
- Over Eating, Drinking, Feeling Ill and Putting On Weight
- Eighteen-way Family Favourites
- Hideous Socks
- Five Hour All Time Greats
- Radio Shows
- Television Variety Shows
- More Hideous Socks
- Old Movies
- More Old Movies
- Even More Old Movies
- Boxing Day

Tickets for this annual event are available everywhere at grossly inflated prices. But don't worry if you miss it this year — next year's show is already being arranged and promises to be even more profitable than this year's. You know it makes sense.



Original Bank Generation bassist Morty Mundane



COMPETITION

'It's That Headline Again' Again dept . . .

Why is this man smiling?

A CANDID SHOT of Steve Harley preparing to retire for the night. Bodyguard Alf Strobes helps Steve off with his coat while roadie Bert Amp tunes his guitar. "It's true," Steve admits, "they are a bit on the camp side. But they're a lot of fun!"

Actually what Steve Harley really said when these pics were taken for Men Only is not recorded. So we want YOU to write your suggestion in the balloon. Album tokens for the three funniest. Send 'em to: Harley Competition, Sounds, 1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX

Albums Of '76

Continued from page 9

MOTT THE HOOPLE: 'Greatest Hits' (CBS 81225). Any album containing 'All The Young Dudes' has to be good.
DELBERT McLINTON: 'Genuine Cowhide' (ABC). Fine synthesis of American country/R'n'B styles.
DOROTHY MOORE: 'Misty Blue' (Contempo). Soul singing supreme.
MIGHTY DIAMONDS: 'Right Time' (Virgin V 2052). Fine Jamaican sounds.

NAZARETH: 'Close Enough For Rock 'N' Roll' (Mountain TOPS 109). The Scots rock on . . .
NAZARETH: 'Play 'N' The Game' (Mountain). . . . And on.
TED NUGENT: 'Ted Nugent' (Epic SEPC 81196). Mad Detroit azeman makes bid for the big time . . .

MIKE OLDFIELD: 'Boxed' (Virgin Box-1). The compleat Oldfield.

ROBERT PALMER: 'Some People Can Do What They Like' (Island ILPS). He's finally cracked it!
PARLIAMENT: 'Mothership Connection' (Casablanca 4009). Funk music at its funkiest.

POCO: 'Rose Of Cimarron' (ABC).
ANDY PRATT: 'Revelation' (Nemperor NE 438). Exquisite.
GRAHAM PARKER: 'Howlin' Wind' (Vertigo). Great debut. . . .
LEE PERRY: 'Super Ape' (Island).
JEAN-LUC PONTY: 'Imaginary Voyage' (Atlantic). Punk violin!
JACO PASTORIUS: 'Jaco Pastorius' (Epic). Adventurous stuff from Weather Report's (and Joni Mitchell's) bassist.

QUEEN: 'A Night At The Opera' (EMI). Queen reached superstar status with the release of this album.
QUEEN: 'A Day At The Races' (EMI). And consolidated their position with this one.

RACING CARS: 'Downtown Tonight' (Chrysalis). Another abundantly impressive debut album.
RAINBOW: 'Rainbow Rising' (Oyster 2490 137). Thermo-nuclear rock 'n' roll.
RAMONES: 'Ramones' (Sire SASD 7520). Ingham hated this album when he reviewed it back in May. He loves it now.
LOU REED: 'Coney Island Baby' (RCA RS 1035). Lou in extraordinarily bouyant mood.
LOU REED: 'Rock 'N' Roll Heart' (Arista ARTY 142). His first for Clive Davis' Arista label, and it's . . . OK.
TERRY REID: 'Seed Of Memory' (ABC 5162). One-time boy wonder of rock emerges from the wilderness with a superlative platter.
JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS: 'Jonathan Richman And The Modern Lovers' (Beserkley BZ 0041). A second delight from the freshest voice in rock.

ROLLING STONES: 'Black And Blue' (Rolling Stones Records COC 59100). Say no more.
LINDA RONSTADT: 'Hasten Down The Wind' (Asylum). More plaintive, melodic heartsearching.
LINDA RONSTADT: 'Greatest Hits' (Asylum).
MAX ROMEO: 'War In Babylon' (Island).
DIANA ROSS: 'Greatest Hits 2' (Motown).
ROXY MUSIC: 'Viva!' (Island ILPS 9400). Live. The last Roxy album?
RUNAWAYS: 'Runaways' (Mercury SRM-1-1090). Music to lose your virginity to.
RUSH: 'All The World's A Stage' (Mercury 7508). Blockbuster live double album from Zeppelin-ish Canadian three piece outfit.
TODD RUNGREN'S UTOPIA: 'Another Live' Just that — and very good too.
TODD RUNGREN: 'Faithful'. Toddy's best new songs in years cut 50/50 with his fave psychedelic era one oldies. Classy.

LEO SAYER: 'Endless Flight' (Chrysalis). Leo American-style.
BOB SCAGGS: 'Silk Degrees' (Epic). White men can sing sophisti soul.
BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND: 'Live Bullet' (Capitol SKBB 11523). 1976 was the year of the live double LP. 'Live Bullet' is one of the finest examples.
BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND: 'Night Moves' (Capitol EA-ST 11557). Latest Seger studio album. Superb.
SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND: 'The Penthouse Tapes' (Vertigo 9102 007). Jokey.
SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND: 'SAHB Stories' (Mountain TOPS 112). Serious(almost).
PATTI SMITH: 'Radio Ethiopia' (Arista). Not as stunning as 'Horses', but the lady still gets it on.
SPARKS: 'Big Beat' (Island ILPS 9445). Sparks return with compelling platter.
PHIL SPECTOR: '20 Greatest Hits' (Phil Spector).
SPIRIT: 'Son Of Spirit' (Mercury SRM-1-1053). Original, beautiful, hummable songs in the fine Spirit tradition.

SPLIT ENZ: 'Mental Notes' (Chrysalis CHR 1131). The beginning of the Enz.
STATUS QUO: 'Blue For You' (Vertigo 9102 006). Concise, direct, uncluttered Quo boogie.

STEVEN STILL: 'Illegal Stills' (CBS 81330). An album that served to enhance Still's artistic reputation and helped him regain his rock 'n' roll credibility.
STILLS-YOUNG BAND: 'Long May You Run' (Warner Bros). Pleasant product of an uneasy truce.
ROD STEWART: 'A Night On The Town' (Riva RVL1). A return to greatness.
IGGY & THE STOOGES: 'Metallic KO' (Skydog). Likely the worst recorded Iggy platter but also the truest to life. Devastating.
SUTHERLAND BROTHERS AND QUIVER: 'Slipstream' (CBS 81593). Pop-rock at its best.
SWEET: 'Give Us A Wink' (RCA RS1036). The album that almost gave Sweet their much-sought-after break into the heavy rock market.
STAPLES: 'Do It Again' (Curton). Soul family return to form with a little help from Curtis Mayfield.
NEIL SEDAKA: 'Laughter And Tears' (Polydor 2383 399). Best of his recent stuff.
STEELEYE SPAN: 'Rocket Cottage' (Chrysalis). Another Mike Batt-produced goodie.
JOHN DAVID SOUTHER: 'Black Rose' (Asylum). Eagles/Ronstadt associate makes impressive album.
STEPHEN STILL: 'The Best Of' (Atlantic).
SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET: 'Mendocino' (Oval). Classic Tex-Mex/pop reissued at recession price.
DOUG SAHM: 'Texas Rock For Country Rollers' (ABC). Sir Doug returns! Not his best but worth investigating as always.

JAMES TAYLOR: 'Greatest Hits' (Warner Bros K56309).
10CC: 'How Dare You' (Phonogram 9102 501). We called it 'MoR rock', but it didn't stop it becoming one of the fastest-selling albums of the years. Contains 'I'm Mandy, Fly Me'.
TEMPTATIONS: 'Wings Of Love' (Motown). Soul veterans still deliver the goods.
JETHRO TULL: 'MU — The Best Of Jethro Tull' (Chrysalis CHR 1078).
THIN LIZZY: 'Jailbreak' (Vertigo 9102 008). Fine album, but outshone by . . .
THIN LIZZY: 'Johnny The Fox' (Vertigo).
PETER TOSH: 'Legalise It' (Virgin). Former Wailer whips it out.
ROBIN TROWER: 'Robin Trower Live' (Chrysalis CHR 1989). Quite magnificent.
ROBIN TROWER: 'Long Misty Days' (Chrysalis). Ditto.
DWIGHT TWILLEY BAND: 'Sincerely' (Shelter). American rock/pop hopes with much potential.
TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS: 'Reggae Got Soul' (Island).
MCCOY TYNER: 'Fly With The Wind' (Milestone). Sublimely free jazz keyboards adventures from ex-Dans sileman.
TUBES: 'Young And Rich' (A&M). Elaborate brilliance.
JUNE TAYLOR: 'Airs And Graces' (Transatlantic). Includes her classic anti-war song, 'The Band Played Waltzing Matilda'.

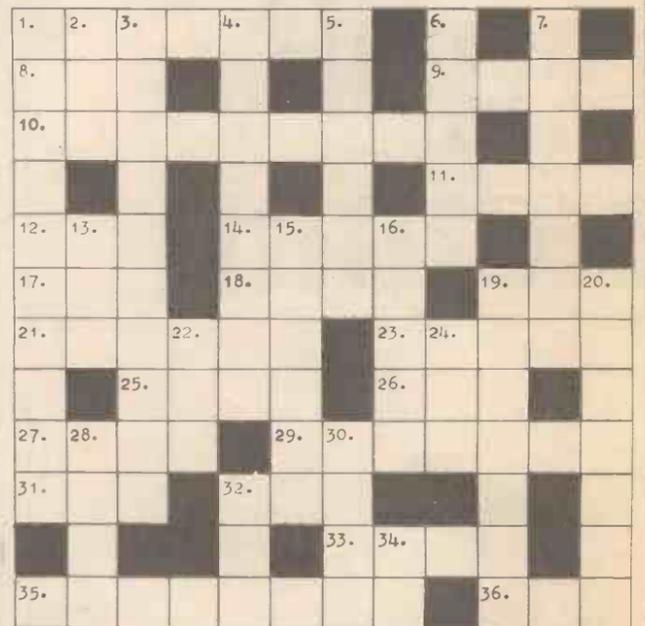
VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR: 'Still Life' (Charisma CAS 1116). Angst-ridden . . .
VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR: 'World Record' (Charisma). . . . depressive and wrist-cutting.
VANGELIS: 'Albedo 0.39' (RCA RS 1080). Greek keyboard player's tour de force.

WAR: 'Greatest Hits' (United Artists).
JOE WALSH: 'You Can't Argue With A Sick Mind' (ABC ABCL 5156). What? Just a single record live album?
JOHNNY GUITAR WATSON: 'Ain't That A Bitch' (DJM). The blues lives in the discos.
WHO: 'The Story Of The Who' (Polydor 2683 069). Inadequate retrospective.
WINGS: 'Wings At The Speed Of Sound' (Parlophone PAS 10010). A major disappointment; a fast seller.
WINGS: 'Wings Over America' (Parlophone PCSP 720). Now that's more like it — triple live album.
JOHNNY WINTER: 'Captured Live' (Blue Sky). Live rock and roll at its very best form the great white wonder.
WISHBONE ASH: 'New England' (MCA MCG 3523). A welcome return for the Wishbones.

JESSE WINCHESTER: 'Let The Rough Side Drag' (Bearsville). Not, perhaps, Winchester's sharpest or most sensitive collection, but easily the best constructed and best recorded.
BOBBY WOMACK: 'Safety Zone' (United Artists). Simply great, as is . . .
BOBBY WOMACK: 'Home Is Where The Heart Is' (CBS).
BILL WITHERS: 'Naked And Warm' (CBS). Return to sexy brilliance.
WEATHER REPORT: 'Black Market' (CBS). The master of jazz-rock do as only they can.
DELROY WASHINGTON: 'I-Sus' (Virgin V2060). Major new-wave British reggae release.
VARIOUS: 'Max's Kansas City' (Max). The year's other Noo Yawk compilation peaking with Wayne County's classic title cut.

ZAPPA, BEETHEART: 'Bongo Fury' (Warner Bros). The dynamic duo reunited in a live setting. Intriguing but likely to never manage a UK release.
FRANZ ZAPPA: 'Zoot Allures' (Warner Bros). Indelibly stamped with the Zappa psyche.
ZAP POW: 'Now' (Vulcan). Classy JA sounds.
WARREN ZEVON: 'Warren Zevon' (Asylum K 5039). Rugged, incisive addition to the LA cowboy school.
TAPPER ZUKIE: 'MPLA' (Klik). Punk reggae.

CROSSWORD



Crossword compiler: BOB BERRY

WIN AN ALBUM

Send your completed entry, including your name and address in the space provided, to: Crossword 43, Sounds, 1 Benwell Road, London N7 7AX. The closing date for entries is December 29. The first three correct entries opened on that date will receive an EMI album token. The names of the three winners will be published in two week's time.

Across

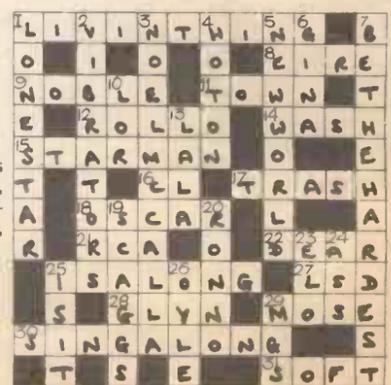
- The F-ABBA 4's *Opposite of Departure* titled new 'un. (7)
- 'It's all 2 Much' for far-out Man Steven 'L' Hillage. (3)
- Meanwhile, all male dancing QUEEN spent 24 hours betting on horses competing. (1,3) & 1 Down (2,3,5)
- BLACK SABBATH's 'Ecstasy' ain't natural MORE mechanical. (9)
- BOZ SCAGG's *worm spun cloth* 'Degrees' LP. (4)
- Are Rasta-Masters Inner Circle 'Black Punks on 'ash'? (3)
- Rice/Webber's Muzakill 1st Lady Of Argentina, *oojah* Peron, SOUNDS like (crass comparison) a *slimming bread brand*. (5)
- The River that divides cow-punching Z. Z. TOP from Mexico, titled Their 1st platter '--- Grande Mud'. (3)
- Johnny Cash "walked it," Elton played at "the bottom." (4)
- "Magic Man" HEART sisters', DJ Nightingal(e) namelink. (3)
- 'Tis to Harlem Blacks wot "The bottom —" is to NY whites. (6)
- CARLOS 'Santa' SANTANA's Kid brother in Malo, SOUNDS akin ex-Beatle CHIFFON NICKER Harrison, with Tex-Mex spelling. (5)
- Anozzer Sri-Chinnmoy devotee, JOHN McLAUGHLIN's 'My football score Beyond' Album. (4)
- JIMI 'ENDRIX's 'uge 'eavy 'it in '67, 'Purple '---' (3)
- "Noddy's" band inspired by *tots* writer Ms. Blyton? (4)
- "I know . . . Rock 'n' Roll, but I like it," chorus the STONE's in mutual celebration of Their OLD FORTE. (3,4)
- PINK FLOYD 'Saw Emly Play' in '67. *Present tense?* (3)
- Which '--- Road Up' for the Steve Gibbons Band LP? (3)
- bail* (Anagram) Siffre out of the MOR-ket. They have, an' all! (4)
- Prince Buster's Ska, IE: — Elton's 'Moves' + FAB 4, minus 'les'. (4,4)
- Micky Most's Label torture flops on the . . . (sic). (3)

Down

- For Baroque Lurex Pipers, see 9 Across.
- ELTON's (REGd. trade mark) 'Norma Jean', alias Marilyn Mon---. (3)
- Hank C. Burnett's exilarious 'Spinning Stone Blues'? (4,6)
- If You had accompanied Martha Reeves on the classic Motown 'Heat Wave', would U be --- Morrison + Ms. --- Reese? (8)
- SERGEANT PEPPER'S 'Susie up the Sky with Diamonds'? (4,2)
- Lassa (Anagram clue) feverish latin SOUNDS? (5)
- Nautical Roderick's Sea Shanty floats around t'charts. (7)
- Does rasping LITTLE RICHARD holla 'Gonna tear it up'? (3)
- ELO's Mik Kaminski 'tucks this under his chin!' (6)
- Piledriving Z. Z. TOP's latest chunk of raunch is titled after Gibbons, Hill & Beard's home state (Cajun spelling). (5)
- DON Mclean's lament to "VINCENT (Van Gogh) is familiar, but which French impressionist painted "Danseuse"? was it a Degas?, a Gauguin? a Monet? — or what? (1,6)
- Dolls from USA's "Big Apple" skyscraper city. (3,4)
- Billy Ocean previously promised 'Love On Delivery'. (1,1,1)
- '67 "Kites" re-vampers link with 10 Across's "Wizard of . . ." (3)
- MOR MUGS WANTED — "It's the beautiful noise of Xmas tills jangling to My annual 12 Gtst Hits", muses DIAMOND head. (4)
- Sean's Gang name = "L. in France" Bonnie & Clapper's "Layla". (4)
- Scotch whisky mixed with Black plonk = Clan dew-eyed Soul (1,1,1)
- Were da Drifters in?, by?, up? — the Club", — or wot? (2)

Last weeks solution and winners

Crossword No. 42 winners were: B. Phillips, Stanmore, Middlesex; L. Taylor, Allerton, Bradford, A. McNelis, Aintree, Liverpool.



SOUNDS STAR RATING
 ***** Very Important Platter
 **** Good album, hear it if you can

ALBUMS

*** Worthwhile
 ** Dull or disappointing
 * Re-cycle!



I CAN'T look . . .



I just can't . . .



bear to look . . .

Never mind the quality, steal the myth

'THE BEST OF GEORGE HARRISON' (EMI PAS 10011)***

YOU KNOW the deal: You wait until one of your former artists has a new album scheduled, then you package up his old material into a 'Best Of . . .' album and release it shortly after the new one comes out, thus riding happily in on the back of all the previous publicity.

There's a chance you might even do better than the new album as well, particularly as your own material is more familiar.

One side of 'The Best Of George Harrison' is a collection of the songs he wrote for the Beatles and the second side is drawn from his solo material. It makes a pretty good compilation and in as far as the solo side follows the group side it is chronological. But once you start examining each side you find the songs are scattered aimlessly across the grooves.

Presumably some A&R man will tell you that the songs have been arranged to 'flow'. The best way to make things 'flow' is to stick them down in the order they were recorded!

On the Beatles' side we get George's two gems from 'Abbey Road' — 'Something' and 'Here Comes The Sun', plus a couple more from 'Rubber Soul' — 'If I Needed Someone' and 'Think For Yourself' — that aren't quite so hot. You can top that lot up with the jaunty but wry 'Taxman' from 'Revolver', the delightful 'For You Blue' from 'Let It Be' and the immaculate 'While My Guitar Gently Weeps' from the white double album, featuring the weeping guitar of Eric Clapton.

George is now ready to step out on his own and from his boxed set, 'All Things Must Pass' we have that ever-popular courtroom favourite, 'My Sweet Lord' with 'What Is Life'. The desire to include something from all his albums brings us 'Give Me Love' from 'Living In The Material World', the title track from 'Dark Horse' and 'You' from 'Extra Texture'. All of them have a little difficulty living up to what's gone before.

And finally our A&R man has had one moment of perceptive genius and he has plonked the single, 'Bangladesh' on the album. It's not been released on album before (except for a live version on the 'Bangladesh' album). — HUGH FIELDER.

'THE BEST OF STEPHEN STILLS' (Atlantic K 50327)***

WHILE STEPHEN STILLS wrestles with this musical future, Atlantic cling on to his past and have decided that it's time for a 'Best Of . . .'. I thought they'd already done it with a live album released last year, not to mention the repackaging of his first two solo albums, but if they want to get out the vacuum cleaner one more time it's up to them I suppose.

Atlantic share the prevailing view that 'Stephen Stills' and 'Manassas' are the two landmarks in Stills' solo career and have put four tracks from each album here which doesn't leave a great deal of room for much else.

'Love The One You're With' is a classic and deservedly kicks the album off. We also get 'We Are Not Helpless', 'Go Back Home' (with a superb solo from Eric Clapton) and 'Sit Yourself Down' from his debut solo album.

The tight but fluid 'Manassas' album gives us 'It Doesn't Matter', 'Bound To Fall', 'Johnny's Garden' and 'Rock And Roll Carzies/Cuban Bluegrass'. And I'll say yep to all of those.

That only leaves us with three other tracks and two of those go to 'Stephen Stills 2' — the enchanting 'Change Partners' and 'Marianne' (so that's Nils Lofgren in there is it?). So 'Down The Road' just gets 'Isn't It About Time' represented.

I don't suspect Stills is picking up many new fans at the moment but if he is they can start with this before going on to explore the albums themselves. — HUGH FIELDER.

LINDA RONSTADT: 'Greatest Hits' (Asylum K53055)****

THIS ALBUM is great. Had it been live, it would have been even greater. The twelve tracks here represent some of the very best Linda Ronstadt vinyl vocals. But onstage, most of these tunes break out of their tightly structured, well produced studio confines and explode into something grander.

Nevertheless if you don't own any Ronstadt albums, this greatest hits package was especially designed for your benefit. If you've got 'Don't Cry Now', 'Heart Like A Wheel', 'Prisoner In Disguise', and 'Hasten Down The Wind' there's still a few tracks here that pre-date Ronstadt's Asylum days and

recent commercial success.

Ronstadt's first bigtime break, 'Different Drum', is obviously included here, a nice bouncy little tune with a vocal that doesn't possess the empathy or depth she has recently acquired. 'Long Long Time' is another classic that new converts might not be familiar with and is well worth a listen.

For country aficionados there is the divine 'Love Is A Rose' penned by the laconic Neil Young. And the more conventional C&W twang of the rollicking 'Silver Threads And Golden Needles', a song Linda has recorded twice and does even better onstage. It's arguable whether or not one would label 'Desperado' country but Ronstadt's rendition of this superb Eagles tune proves her genius at interpreting other artist's work. A definite classic.

Similarly she does wonderful things to Eric Kaz's emotive 'Love Has No Pride' which will please romantics everywhere. Paul Anka's 'It Doesn't Matter Anymore' is another slice of vocal finesse stuffed with toe tapping melodies and rockin' chair comforts.

The remaining five tracks are largely responsible for Ronstadt's permanent position at the top of the American singles charts. R&B enthusiasts will enjoy renamed versions of 'Heat Wave' and 'Tracks Of My Tears'.

'You're No Good' and 'When Will I Be Loved' have become the definitive Ronstadt lover's plea, rocking as steady as anything you're likely hear. Andrew Gold's guitar work is exceptional. Lastly from 'Hasten Down The Wind' is 'That'll Be The Day' which is good and immediate but nowhere near as brilliant as some of that album's slower, more sensitive songs.

Linda Ronstadt is finally receiving recognition in Britain as one of the very best female vocalists. Personally I don't think there's anyone better. If you don't own any of her albums, you should be ashamed to walk out on the streets. Get 'Greatest Hits' for protection. But just wait till they release a live album. Indeed that'll be the day. — BARBARA CHARONE.

NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE: 'Best Of . . .' (CBS 81742)***

WHAT A fine name, eh? New

Riders of the Purple Sage. Straight out of Zane Grey. The Raymond Chandler of the Western novel.

Unfortunately the New Riders were never quite the Philip Marlowes of the Country Rock World. And never will be if their last two albums are to be acid-tested. The New Riders are from San Francisco for a start, that city of milk, honey and idyllic chaos, and for a couple of hippies who have spent the better part of this decade stumbling through recording studios, the band's leaders John Dawson and David Nelson have picked up little or nothing in the way of sophistication.

Yet for all that, the New Riders made some highly enjoyable music and, perhaps, it wouldn't be too much to suggest that they also cut a minor classic or two.

All of which, I suppose, can be found on this grossly packaged collection which is kindly released by CBS now that the New Riders are working for MCA. The trouble is that whoever compiled this little collection of 'previously released material' and he chooses to go incognito (unlike sleeve designer Ed Lee who deserves castration for his incongruous and exploitative near-titip on the front) obviously doesn't share my views on what the New Riders of the Purple Sage were really about.

Of course, he includes 'Glendale Train', 'Panama Red' and, how could he ignore it, the happy-go-lucky doping song of all time 'Henry'.

But there our anonymous compiler and myself part company. He has fleshed out the rest of this album with 'I Don't Know You' and 'Last Lonely Eagle' from the first album, 'I Don't Need No Doctor' from 'Powerglide', nothing at all from 'Gypsy Cowboy', 'Hello Mary Lou' from the live album, 'Kick In The Head' and 'Louisiana Lady' from 'Panama Red' and Dylan's 'You Angel You' from 'Brujo'. I would have chosen seven others completely.

Admittedly Mr Marketing Consultant has captured some of the Riders' hippy earthliving bozodom with those cuts from the first album, and he has also tried to show off the Riders' strange ability to rock 'n' roll occasionally. But there are simply better numbers in the Purple Sage phonebook that have been inexplicably disconnected.

I prefer the New Riders when

they tell me stories, set me scenes and show me movies, you see. They were more country, more flippant and more shamelessly melodramatic than any high-flying bunch of LA superstars.

Just one of 'Old Man Nole', 'Ashes Of Love', 'Big Wheels' or the 'Singing Cowboy'. Would that have been too much to ask?

I guess so. I mean, I know my view of the New Riders, their strengths and their weaknesses, is severely at variance with the Zig Zagging party line, but that comic strip aspect to the Riders' work does exist and surely it deserves a little more recognition than simple 'Panama Red' and 'Henry'.

Still, bitching over and done with, I'll say one thing for this album. It's one helluva lot better than anything the Riders put their hands to these days. — CHAS DE WHALLEY.

BOB ANDY: 'The Music Inside Me' (Soundtracs TSL1003)****

I VOTED the single from this album, 'Feeling Soul', the Most Erotic Single Of The Week. I can now amplify that by saying that the other eight tracks on 'The Music Inside Me' live up to that standard.

Bob Andy is a veteran singer, songwriter and producer — remember Bob and Marcia's 'Young, Gifted And Black'? It's the same bredda Andy isn't a trendy or even a fashionable name. He's a craftsman of solid material, whose strength lies in his melody and lyrics, rather than fancy production techniques.

The songs are so unusually tasteful and tuneful for today's reggae sounds that a casual listener might be tempted to dismiss Bob Andy as middle-of-the-road.

They'd be making the biggest mistake of their listening careers. Messages as heavy as any currently issuing from JA are transmitted via songs infectiously irresistible as the pinkest, fluffiest bubblegum music; the meaning is the nut inside the pink sugar coat.

Bob croons the militantly-titled 'Hell A Go Broke Loose', like one long, pleading, languid, swaying sugar candy kiss. Infuriatingly, there aren't any musician's credits on the album. Another round of guessing-games, but the bass patterns ring with a quietly harmonious doesn't quite set the pulse racing. The new single isn't on it either. Sorry, no cigar. — DAN HEDGES.

expressive, inventive assurance that suggests Robbie Shakespeare, cooking easily as a bubbling vat of fragrant stew.

Opening with a burst of semiscat a la Killer Miller, Bob swoops into, 'Dying of starvation, trials and tribulations, can't get no money, you refuse to pay me, time hard . . .'. It sounds like a super-ethereal I Three liltng there in the background, angelic choirs spiral over the resonant, thoughtful bass lines, subdued drumming, and flickering, free-flowing lead guitar. Bob yearns as much as sings. The melody line is — romantic. That's the difference. Andy's dealing in tunes as sweetly inevitable, as decorous, as the most lusciously banal moon-June-spoon ballads of turn of the century Music Hall. Lily Langtry would have sung those tunes with the same genteely erotic panache.

But the way Bob Andy delivers his word; seems like deliberate perversity. He makes no concessions to the fashionably aggressive message school, liltng as if he were singing those much despised 'love songs'.

He actually does, a couple of times, but 'Desperate Lover', 'Rock It Down' and 'Feeling Soul' in the context of this album, glow with the shifting, white-hot, luminous passion of the political numbers.

"Like when you do something and you know that it's good then you feel so . . . down inside", Bob Andy sings on 'Feeling Soul'.

He knows what he's talking about. "Like I feel my soul, can you feel your soul? . . ." Yes, thank you very much. — VIVIEN GOLDMAN.

MUD: 'It's Better Than Working' (Private Stock PVLV 1011)**

THERE'S one sure thing about Mud. Though there's definitely no way to sidestep the fact that they're one of those bands, they've always seemed to have a bit more class and a touch more integrity than the rest of the horde.

They've always sparked off the sneaking suspicion that they're capable of turning out a reasonably first-class album, and it's only the necessity of having to cater to 'their audience' that keeps them on the less than awe-inspiring level they've been travelling on. After all, the gents can play, and play quite well (particularly guitarist Rob Davis).

As it turns out though, 'It's Better Than Working' (won't make many friends with an album cover like that, lads) isn't likely to set the world on fire in the New Year. Granted, it covers a fairly wide range of musical interests, and the odd blast of Very Fine Musicianship does seep through once in a while, but Mud are still obviously catering to 'the kids'.

Who knows? Maybe they wouldn't want it any other way, but an album's worth of watered-down heavy rockers, a passing salute or two to 'good old rock and roll', and even a vaguely Eagle-ish ballad (not to mention the Uriah Heep-esque vocal

DAVE SWARBRICK: 'Swarbrick' (Transatlantic TRA 337)**

ONCE UPON a time — nine years ago to be precise — Dave Swarbrick recorded an album with Martin Carthy and Diz Dizley with the self-explanatory title, 'Rags Reels and Airs'.

Now Swarbrick has followed it up with this album which also gets a good deal of assistance from Martin Carthy. But this time Swarb not only gets a more professional production job, he also recruits the services of a large number of his former buddies to give the album a variety and texture that you wouldn't get with a succession of fiddle and mandolin jigs.

It's a relaxed and highly enjoyable album and is a welcome diversion from Swarb's rather indistinct Fairport ramblings at present. — HUGH FIELDER.

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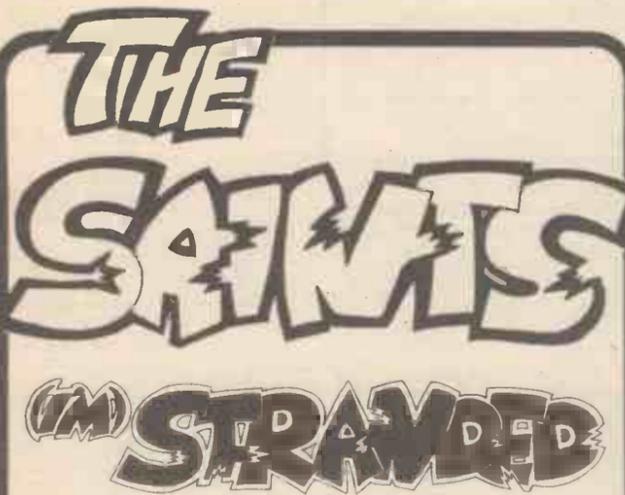
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The splitting image of John Miles

JOHN MILES: 'Stranger In The City' (Decca TXS 118)****
RUSH-RELEASED in time for Christmas shoppers and the post-Christmas record token boom, John Miles' second album achieves the force and vitality that got submerged on his first.

The switch to producer Rupert Holmes is largely responsible for this welcome improvement. His understanding of what John Miles is about has meant that John's voice is given more freedom of expression and the whole production is much more aggressive.

Holmes has also placed Miles firmly within the context of his band and lets him build from that base. Bassist and co-writer of all but one of the songs with Miles, Bob Marshall, and drummer Barry Black are kept well to the fore through most of the album. Holmes has also made various other studio additions at times — including a girl backing group who crop up quite frequently — but he's maintained a sense of moderation throughout.

However, 'Stranger In The City' doesn't answer all the questions surrounding John Miles. The lack of a clear identity means that the album takes two or three plays to start falling into place. Maybe it was my fault but for the first couple of listens I kept being sidetracked by finding influences when I was looking for a definable image I could put to the music.

It's probably the last remaining obstacle that lies between Miles and a successful career. Because most of other problems that arose from his first album have been answered. That message hits you right between the eyes midway through the title track which opens the album. A steady but harsh, whining guitar riff is backed by some hefty bass and drums and when Miles starts singing, it's with a determination that was never there on 'Rebel'. Now he's not afraid to push his voice at you in an effort to make you hear. The loneliness of the big city is echoed by the stern, almost sinister treatment and the song is probably the most immediate on the album. It's certainly the most obvious single cut.

From there a speedy, upfront beat sets your toes tapping with an instantly recognisable disco rhythm. Again Miles' voice oozes confidence and when he opts for a voice box halfway through it doesn't sound like a popular but hackneyed old trick, it's the right thing at the right time and is used for just long enough to create the right impact.

'Stand Up And Give Me A Reason' is, according to the office soul freak, a leaf out of the Tower Of Power book and even if I'm not knowledgeable enough on that side to make the connection, I can see that it's got plenty of soul. The song is given room to expand but the group is always tight and crisp. I'd just like to have heard Miles' guitar cutting loose rather than the somewhat restricted solo it's allowed.

Side one ends with 'Time', a gentle ballad that stops short of becoming cloying by some arrangements by Holmes which, although fulsome, are kept unobtrusive.

'Manhattan Skyline' which opens side two takes an occasional glance in Elton John's direction, but again the production toughens up the edges and Miles adds the degree of brawn necessary to off-set the female chorus.



JOHN MILES — identity is still the problem.

'Glamour Boy' has some of the best lyrics on the album and might have been more effective with a softer arrangement but at least there's a good guitar solo to compensate.

'Do It Anyway' keeps up the sturdy front and takes us to 'Remember Yesterday', his follow-up single to 'Music' which didn't quite make the grade. Certainly the song sits much better in the context of the album — as a single it was too much in the 'Music' vein.

The final track, 'Music Man' is a finely constructed song about the pitfalls that await a rising star with lyrics to match which I haven't got to the bottom of yet, but which may land up providing more clues to Miles' direction than anything else on the album. 'Stranger In The City' is a positive step in the right direction for John Miles. It won't turn him into a superstar overnight but it's strong enough for him to start getting through. — HUGH FIELDER.

THE CARPENTERS: Live At The London Palladium, AMLS 68403 ***

HERE's a beautiful collection of Carpenter's favourites which cannot fail to delight their many fans.

Recorded in excellent stereo with a full colour sleeve Roger and Cathy sing all the great hits from their wonderful concerts last month at the London Palladium.

There are twenty songs included which make it excellent value for money and a perfect gift for your enemy... sorry, friends and relations.

The only songs I remember from the concert that aren't here are a Spike Jones rearrangement of 'Close To You' and 'Greased Lighting', though I assume others were excluded. All the 20 songs sound like they were recorded under perfect studio conditions.

Track listing is: 'Flat Baroque', 'There's a Kind Of Hush', 'Jambalaya', 'Piano Picker', 'Strike Up The Band', 'S'Wonderful', 'Fascinating Rhythm', 'The Warsaw Concerto', 'From This Moment On', 'Close To You', 'For All We Know', 'Top Of The World', 'Ticket To Ride', 'Only Yesterday', 'I Won't Last The Day Without You', 'Hurting Each Other', 'Superstar', 'Rainy Days and Mondays', 'Goodbye To Love' and 'We've Only Just Begun'.

Happy listening. — TIM LOTT

The agony and the ecstasy

HAVE A GOOD TIME: Al Green (London SHU 8505)** (and even more)**

LISTENING to vintage Al Green, like listening to vintage Smokey Robinson, can be painful; so fine it's frightening.

'Have A Good Time' is the only release of '76 other than Bunny Wailer's 'Black Heart Man' that makes me tremble with awe. It deserves a poem rather than a review.

Green's voice conveys ecstasy, passion and pain. Certain notes act as a passion centrifuge, whirling the listeners' sensibilities around and around into a maelstrom of raw emotion.

For example, listen to 'Something', Al's classically subliminal — or should I say minimal — track. His delivery and phrasing function like a sublimely erotic torture — bondage/leathers. He alights on a note, carressing it in a brief, tender butterfly kiss. And each note encapsulates a wealth of undulating textures, vibrating within ultra-sonic scales. Willie Mitchell again. The horns less understated than before, but still leaving space for the music inside you to fill in the gaps. *That's* the essence of funk.

In case you hadn't guessed, I'm that most demented of beings, an Al Green fan whose disappointment with 'Full Of Fire' has receded into oblivion in the face of 'Have A Good Time's' shattering outburst of brilliance. The descriptions of Al's voice are ecstatic, I know, and they still

only hint at the effect this album has on me. Especially 'Something.' And especially — goldarnit, every track on this album hits target.

Give your soul, your heart, (and your private parts) something to be happy about this Christmas. Buy this record. — **VIVIEN GOLDMAN**

NAKED AND WARM: Bill Withers (CBS 81580)****

THIS MAN got laid late, but when he tried it, he liked it. Result: one hell of a fuck record.

Another instance of a man who can induce orgasm singing the telephone directory — or in this case, a mild, utterly unsuggestive paean to the city of Los Angeles.

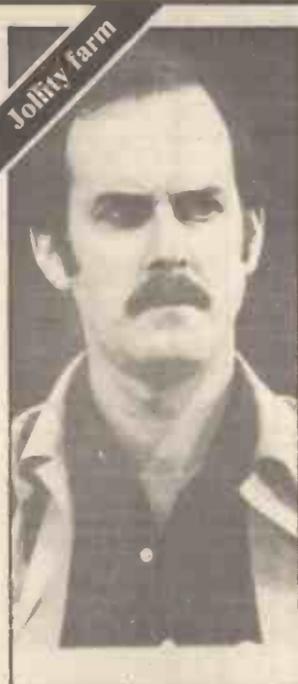
Voice: sandpaper satin. Every syllable a turn of the screw.

Arrangements: subtle super-funk. Percussive keyboards, silver sizzle drums, seething hi-hat bubbling like a pool of acid on a marble floor.

Songs: all by Bill Withers. Love songs. Body songs. Naked And Warm (HEAVEN! OH! HEAVEN!).

File, alongside 'Let's Get It On' and Timmy Buckley's 'Greetings From L.A.' (move with me, move with me...) say, I don't care if it do make you feel real good...

P.S.: in case you're wondering, I read about Bill's sex life in an interview he did with Denise Hall in Black Music. Look it up yourself, you saucy thing. — **VIVIEN GOLDMAN**



Why isn't this man smiling?

VARIOUS ARTISTS: 'A Poke In The Eye (With A Sharp Stick)' (Transatlantic TRA 331)***

SELECTED highlights from a benefit show in aid of Amnesty International held at Her Majesty's Theatre last May and featuring a glittering array of comic talent including three-quarters of Beyond The Fringe, Monty Python, the Goodies, Eleanor Bron and John Fortune. A film of the event is also being shown on the telly over Christmas.

Every single sketch is a winner and a good many of them have not appeared on record before (even though most of the cast have had their shows put out on record) like the hilarious Shakespeare sketch from Beyond The Fringe, Alan Bennett's famous 'Telegram' monologue and a previously unheard sketch written by John Cleese (written apparently for 'I'm Sorry I'll Read That Again' but censored by the Beeb) called 'The Last Supper', which is a side-splittingly funny argument between the Pope and Michelangelo who has painted the last supper with three Christs, 28 disciples and a kangaroo.

In a sense this album portrays the best of British humour since the war and the fact that Beyond the Fringe and Monty Python can sit together side by side on stage and on record shows that really good humour is timeless. All it needed was Tony Hancock... — **Hugh Fielder.**

THE GOODIES: 'Nothing To Do With Us' (Island ILPS 9452)***

I'VE NEVER been a great fan of the Goodies, finding that most of their humour is a bit childish, although they have come up with the occasional gem. Now they've signed to Island and if they're first album isn't in the 'Derek And Clive' crudity class it's a good deal naughtier than I was expecting.

As with almost every humorous record, it doesn't keep up a consistent standard but what I did find funny I found very funny indeed. Bill Oddie has written all the songs and is a superb mimic for almost every style you care to mention. He could probably make more money than Jonathan King if he wanted, but fortunately he doesn't seem to want to.

The main piece on the first side is 'The Policeman's Opera' which is a rather wide-ranging and nonsensical story but Oddie's musical piss-takes keep it going and he pulls out hilarious bits like the chorus line going 'hello hello, hello' and the Rastapoliceman — 'Dreadcop' — getting high just sniffing the air outside a Brixton club.

That's followed by 'Cactus In My Y-Fronts' which is a saucy tale about a cowboy with the predicament the title relates and all its resulting problems, and a love song to the Queen called 'Elizabeth Rules — UK!'

I can't tell you a great deal about side two because my copy was so warped that most of it wouldn't play, but skipping between the grooves I was able to distinguish a bit of country porn concerning that fine public school pastime, farting; a lament by a would-be raver who can't get high containing the immortal line 'I've tried sniffing Coke but the bubbles get up my nose'; one of those dreadful talk-over songs and a delightful Eurovision-style song with the jury from Luxembourg giving their votes in the background. — **Hugh Fielder.**

The good, the bad and the ugly

'VICKI SUE ROBINSON' (RCA RS 1095)***

'ARE YOU ready for this because here we go again', wails Vicki. Actually we haven't been anywhere yet because this is the start of the record but you soon get the point when she breezes into Bobby Womack's 'Daylight' with a hard driving band, which includes a massive horn section, 'gettin' it all down' behind her.

Like the famous album from that great lady of disco soul, Gloria Gaynor, the first side of this album is virtually one continuous track, 'Daylight' merging into 'Should I Stay' and then into 'I Won't Let You Go' and 'Something Like A Dream'. However, there is a difference — a much greater emphasis on percussion which at times almost gives the songs a salsa flavour.

'THE GODS' (Harvest Heritage Series SHSM 2011)***

ONE FOR all your Uriah Heep addicts while you wait anxiously to see what emerges from the new line-up. The Gods emerged from Hatfield in 1968 and featured Ken Hensley on keyboards and Lee Kerslake on drums (they also had Greg Lake on bass for a while but he left before they signed to Harvest and was replaced by John Glascock, now with Jethro Tull).

They recorded sundry singles and a couple of albums between 1968 and 1970 and this album on Harvest's Heritage series puts you in the picture.

THE WHISPERS: 'One For The Money' (Soultrain BVL1-1450)**

LATE NIGHT disco funk for when you've finally got that girl back for coffee or to look at your etchings. If it helps take her mind off your groping fingers then it will have served its purpose. Mind you, if she's not in the mood it will give her an ideal excuse to tell you to get your hands off and put something more lively on the record player.

THE SALSOUJ ORCHESTRA: 'Christmas Jollies' (Salsoul SZS 5507)

SOMETHING else to do under the mistletoe. If you've worn out our copy of Max Bygraves singing Christmas carols why not be adventurous and listen to the Salsoul Orchestra wrapping their Latin percussion around 'Sleigh Ride', 'Jingle Bells', 'O

Come All Ye Faithful' or even 'Silent Night'. It can't be worse, or can it? Come back Phil Spector, all is forgiven.

EDDIE BUTCHER: 'Shamrock, Rose And Thistle' (Leader LED 2070)****

EDDIE BUTCHER comes from Donegal, is 76 years old and has a fund of well over 200 traditional songs which he will perform at the sight of a jar of Guinness. He sings them unaccompanied with a clarity and pitch that belies his age. The songs range from simple rustic tales to long and involved ballads and even though they are as traditional as you're likely to find, they are by no means pure Irish songs — there are Scots and English influences cropping up all over the place which proves what an itinerant medium the folk song is.

NANA MOUSKOURI: 'Love Goes On' (Philips 9101 095)***

GREAT VALUE for all Nana Mouskouri fans and delightfully recorded in stereo... ouch, let go... I didn't mean it... Ow, you're hurting my arm... but it's true; Nana Mouskouri fans will love it... get off my back... What I meant was that she's chosen all the songs very carefully and if you like Nana you'll really like the songs... please, I can't breathe... And the arrangements are really well down... I think I'm going to faint... She's come a long way since she started as an opticians' model... Thud.

'THE BEST OF CHARLES AZNAVOUR' (Barclay 90 071)***

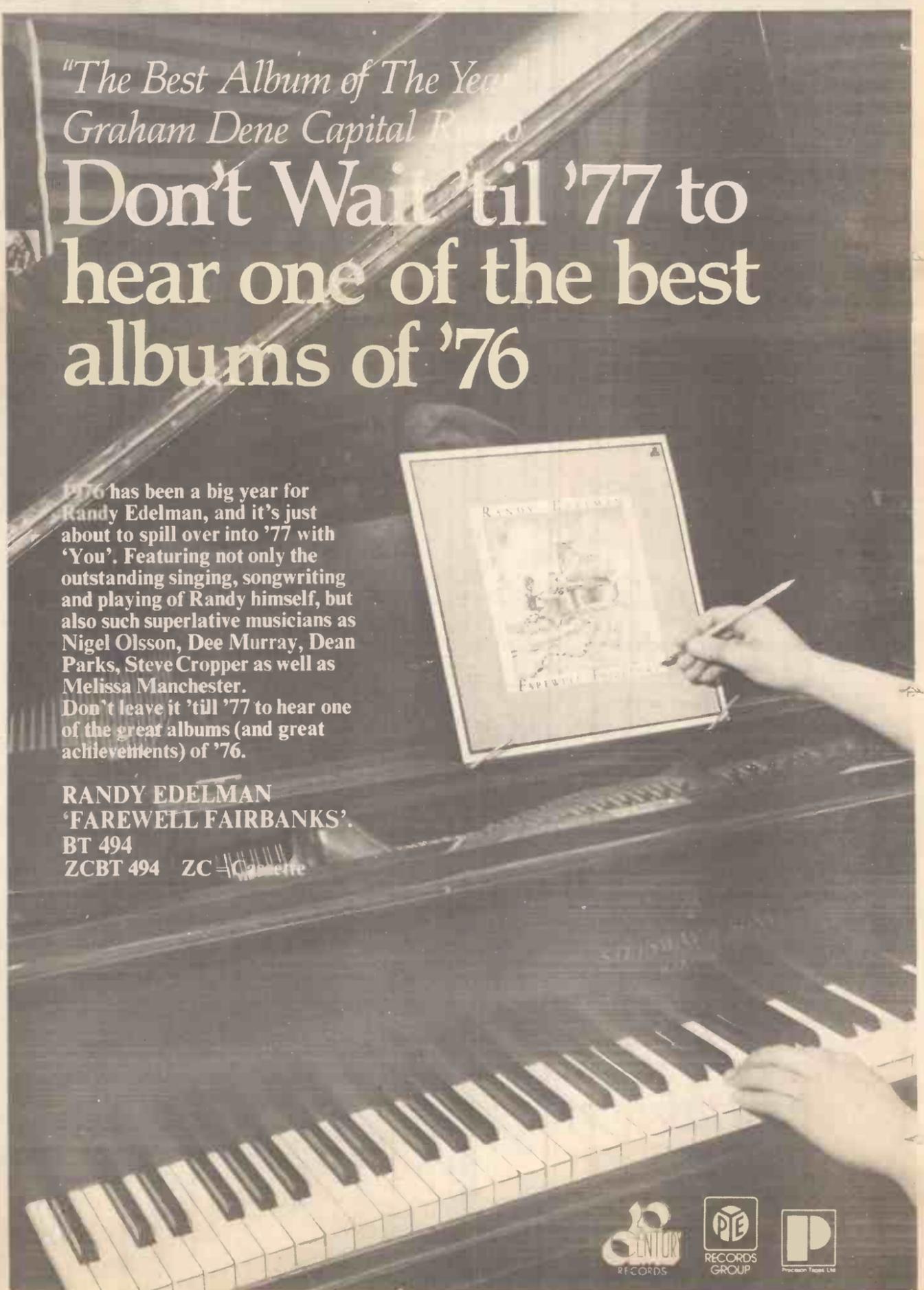
ZIS EEZ, 'ow you zay, ze verie best of Charles Aznavour gazzured togezzur on one album. 'E as praisured ard at keeping is accent Francais because e knows zat it weel send a... ow you zay... shivvur down ze spines of ze ladees. You zee, it is so easy for ze French to appear romantique in English Awl zey ave to do is sing wis ze accent and wis... ow you zay... feeling, like on 'She' and 'The Old Fashioned Way'. If zey do zis ze girls weel fall at zair feet and zey weel ave no trouble to get zair... ow you zay... ends away. But for me all zis gives me a pain in ze... ow you zay... (Oh no you don't — Ed).

— **HUGH FIELDER.**

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'76 has been a big year for Randy Edelman, and it's just about to spill over into '77 with 'You'. Featuring not only the outstanding singing, songwriting and playing of Randy himself, but also such superlative musicians as Nigel Olsson, Dee Murray, Dean Parks, Steve Cropper as well as Melissa Manchester. Don't leave it 'till '77 to hear one of the great albums (and great achievements) of '76.

RANDY EDELMAN
'FAREWELL FAIRBANKS'
BT 494
ZCBT 494 ZC = *Capitole*



STEPPIN' OUT

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BRETT MARVIN AND THE THUNDERBOLTS
 TEDUILA BROWN BLUES BAND
 and GARENT WATKINS LATE BAR

THE PORTERHOUSE RETFORD PRESENTS
 Fri 24th DECEMBER
BITTER SWEET

ALL ADVERTISERS SHOULD SEE PAGE 22

Eryl
 would like to wish
 all her clients
 A Happy Yuletide

•Hark the herald angels sing! This week, give or take a few bands, they're just about all you'll hear. Yes the BIG names are few and far between this seven days — a host of major tours are all set for the New Year, but right now most rock people are holidaying in sun-drenched faraway places or staying at home with the Christmas pud.
 •If you try hard, you can still pick a few good things out of the panto and cabaret-ridden seasonal fare on offer. Headliners must include *Rod* the mod with three nights to go at the London Olympia (Wednesday, Thursday), supported by juvenile locomotive Liverpool Express. Thanks to the wonders of modern science, the final Stewart extravaganza will be broadcast in gorgeous stereo on BBC 2 and Radio One.
 •For those of us with more taste, there's a chance to catch *John Miles* warming up at West Runton Pavilion (Wednesday), followed by a Christmas Eve gig at the London New Victoria (Friday). This could be your chance to catch this live performance of tracks from the new 'Stranger In The City' album — released just in time to miss the 'best albums of '76' playlists.
 •Yer bin-liner brigade ain't neglected either — there's a smattering of punk dates, starting with v-v-v *Vibrators* at London's Rock Garden (Wednesday) and Middlesborough Rock Garden (Thursday & Friday).
 •And the ethnic Geordie sound gets an airing with two special concerts at Newcastle City Hall from *Lindisfarne* (Friday & Saturday). Check-out the best of the rest with the 'Sounds' three-dimensional star rating system y'all. — Susanne Garrett.

WEDNESDAY DEC. 22

ALFORD, Half Moon Inn, West Street, Sydney Carter
 BATLEY, Variety Club (71537) Grumbleweeds
 BIRMINGHAM, Elizabethan Days, Hooker
 BIRMINGHAM, Mermaid, Flying Saucers
 BIRMINGHAM, Metropole Hotel, Brother Lees
 BLACKBURN, Cavendish (662662), Chants
 BLACKBURN, Lodestar (Ribchester 400), Strife
 BRACKNELL, Cellar Bar, South Hill Park (27272), Old Grey Bear
 BRIGHTON, The Dome (682127), New Seekers
 BRISTOL, Granary, Welsh Back (28267), Pigsty Hill Light Orchestra
 CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange (3937), Johnny Wakelln
 CORK, City Hall, Falling Asunder Rock Review with Jiml Steven Band/White Falls/Smiley Boger
 COVENTRY, City Centre Club (51120), New Vaudeville Band
 COVENTRY, Sportsman Club, Applejacks
 DERBY, Baileys (363151), Sweet Sensation
 DONCASTER, Woolpack, Harlow
 EDINBURGH, Nicky Tam's Tavern (031-225 6569), Slitting on the Fence
 EPSOM, Albion Folk Club, High Street, Amethyst
 GLASGOW, Apollo Centre (041-332 6055), Sidney Devine
 GLASGOW, Burns Howff (041-332 1813), Chicco
 GLASGOW, Maggi (041-332 4374), Foy
 LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Paper Lace
 LITTLE STOKELY (nr Huntingdon), Camelot Club, Geno Washington
 LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, Streamliner
 LONDON, Bulls Head, Barnes Bridge (01-876 5241), Howard McGhee/Tony Lee Trio
 LONDON, Bunjie's, Litchfield Street (01-240 1796), Hereward
 *LONDON, Bush Theatre, Shepherds Bush (01-743 5050), The Fosdyke Saga
 LONDON, Centrefold, The Centre, Adelaide Street, Bob Salmons
 *LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Carol Grimes & The London Boogie Band
 LONDON, Fangs, Praed Street, Heatwave
 *LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Upper Street (01-359 4510), Generation X
 LONDON, ICA, Jam Restaurant, Nash House, The Mall (01-930 6393), Phil Ram
 LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-603 3245), Buster Crabbe
 LONDON, Kings Head, Upper Street (01-226 1916), Idlers and Rollers
 *LONDON, Lord Nelson, Holloway Road, Vibrators
 *LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias
 LONDON, Matilda's, Old Swan, Kensington Church Street, Pete and Friends
 *LONDON, Nashville, North End Road (01-603 6071), Aswad
 *LONDON, New Victoria Theatre, Wilton Street (01-834 0671), Caravan/Oscar
 *LONDON, Olympia, Hammersmith Road (01-603 3344), Rod Stewart
 LONDON, One Tun, Goudge Street, Guthrie/Nash Jazz Men
 LONDON, Plough, Stockwell Road, Cobarus
 LONDON, Queen Elizabeth, Chingford, Dragon Milk
 LONDON, Railway, Putney High Street, Max Collies Rhythm Aces
 LONDON, Rochester, Stoke Newington High Street, RDB
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), The Darts
 LONDON, Ronnie Scotts, Frith Street (01-439 0747), George Melly and John Chilterns Feetwarmers/Ronnie Scott Quartet
 LONDON, Speakeary, Margaret Street (01-580 8810), Rainmaker
 LONDON, Stanhope, Gloucester Road, Riverside Five + I
 LONDON, Unity Folk Club, Victoria, Mornington Terrace, Ted Franklin/Fred McKay/Jack Marshall



THE FEELGOODS will be back on native soil when they play the Southend Kursaal on Christmas Eve.

LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnies, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Maniacs
 LONDON, Ye Olde Crown, Harlesden High Street, Country Wine
 LUTON, Caesars (51357), Barron Knights
 MATLOCK, Matlock Youth Centre, Modesty Blaise
 MEXBOROUGH, Jesters (3867), Scallywag
 *NEWCASTLE, City Hall (20007), Lindisfarne
 NEWCASTLE, La Dolce Vita (26793), Love Affair
 OLDHAM, Baileys (061-652 8421), Champagne
 *PAIGNTON, Penelope's, Sex Pistols/Johnny Thunder's Heartbreakers/Clash
 REDDITCH, White Lion, Evesham Road, Roaring Jelly
 ROCHESTER, Kings Head, Five Hand Reel
 SALISBURY, High Post Hotel, Dave Berry and the Cleveland County Band
 SOUTHALL, White Hart, Matchbox
 SOUTH WOODFORD, Railway Bell, George Lane, Original East Side Stompers
 STAFFORD, High School, Black Dog/Purple Haze
 STOKE, Baileys (23958), O'Haras Playboys
 SUTTON, Scamps, High Street, Cadillac
 WATFORD, Baileys (39848), Sparrow
 *WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Plummet Airlines

BIRMINGHAM, Mermaid, Stratford Road, Hellraisers
 BIRMINGHAM, Monicas, Merseybeats
 BILLINGHAM, Theatre Upstairs, Five Hand Reel
 BLACKBURN, Baileys (662662), Chants
 BRENTFORD, Bricklayers Arms, Ealing Road, John Keen Band
 BRISTOL, Granary, Welsh Back (28267), Trapeze
 COVENTRY, City Centre Club (51120), New Vaudeville Band
 COVENTRY, Sportsman Club, Applejacks
 DERBY, Baileys (363151), Sweet Sensation
 CROYDON, Gun, Evil Weasel/Splthead/Preacher
 DERBY, Cleopatra's (44128), Stripjack
 EDINBURGH, Nicky Tams Tavern (031-225 6569), Contour
 EDLESBOROUGH, Axe and Compass, Tequila
 GLASGOW, Burns Howff (041-332 1813), Dead Loss Band
 GLASGOW, Maggi, Sauchiehall Street (041-332 4374), Nasty
 HAMPTON WICK, Rose and Crown, High Street, Original Sans Souci Band
 HUDDERSFIELD, Peacock Inn, Leeds Road, Hull's Green Glinger Band
 LEEDS, Cinderella's (40704), Muscles
 LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Paper Lace
 LEICESTER, Tiffany's, Corn Exchange, Market Place, Flying Saucers
 LONDON, Bulls Head, Barnes Bridge, Alan Stuart Octet
 *LONDON, Bush Theatre, Shepherds Bush (01-743 5050), The Fosdyke Saga
 LONDON, Cart and Horses, Stratford, Jerry the Ferret
 *LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Dingwalls Christmas Party Nite with FBI
 LONDON, Edwardian Club, Loughborough Hotel, Brixton, Flashback
 LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham Road, RDB

THURSDAY DEC. 23

*AYLESBURY, Friars Vale Hall, Eddle and the Hot Rods/Orthi
 BATLEY, Variety Club (475228), Grumbleweeds
 BIRMINGHAM, Barrel Organ, Hooker
 BIRMINGHAM, Fighting Cocks, Mosely, First Band Xmas Special
 BIRMINGHAM, Golden Eagle, Cryer Street, Shoop Shoop

LONDON, Hope and Anchor, Upper Street (01-359 4510), Midnight Wolf
 LONDON, Hop Poles, King Street, Country Wine
 LONDON, Kensington, Russell Gardens (01-603 3245), Roy St John Band
 LONDON, Kings Head, Upper Street, Amazing Mike Khan Band
 *LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Alberto Y Los Trios Paranoias
 LONDON, Matildas, Old Swan, Kensington Church Street, Skyport Ade
 *LONDON, Nashville, North End Road (01-603 6071), Racing Cars
 *LONDON, Olympia, Hammersmith Road (01-603 3344), Rod Stewart
 LONDON, Orange Tree, Friern Barnet Lane, Flight 56
 LONDON, Pizza Express, Dean Street, Bud Freeman/Lennie Felix Trio
 LONDON, Prospect of Whitby, Wapping Wall, Paul Lee Quartet
 LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith Road, Nashville Teens
 LONDON, Rochester, Stoke Newington High Street, Consortium
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), Sam Apple Pie/Fabulous Poodles
 LONDON, Ronnie Scotts, Frith Street (01-439 0747), George Melly and John Chilterns Feetwarmers/Ronnie Scott Quartet
 LONDON, Seven Dials, Shelton Street, Howard McGhee/Pete King/Colin Purbrook Trio
 LONDON, Speakeary, Margaret Street (01-580 8810), Pacific Eardrum
 LONDON, Stanhope, Gloucester Road, Gothic Jazz Band
 LONDON, Star and Garter, Lower Richmond Road, Dave Defries Quintet
 LONDON, White Hart, Fulham Broadway, Liam Farrell
 LUTON, Caesars (51357), Barron Knights
 MALLOW, Hibernian Hotel, Falling Asunder Rock Review with Jimmy Slevin Band/White Fall/Smiley Boger
 MANCHESTER, Phoenix, SFW
 MEXBOROUGH, Jesters (3867), Scallywag
 *MIDDLESBROUGH, Rock Garden, Vibrators
 *NEWCASTLE, City Hall (20007) Lindisfarne
 NEWCASTLE, La Dolce Vita (26793), Love Affair
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, University Theatre, Haymarket, Bill Caddick
 OLDHAM, Baileys (061-652 8421), Champagne
 *PLYMOUTH, Woods Centre, Sex Pistols/Johnny Thunder's Heartbreakers/Clash
 REDCAR, Coatham Bowl (3236), Druid
 RISLEY, Blue Ball Hotel, Derby Road, Cadillac
 ROMFORD, White Hart, Collier Row, Matchbox
 SALISBURY, High Post Hotel, Dave Berry and the Cleveland County Band
 SCARBOROUGH, Penthouse (63204), Soraban
 SPONDON, British Celanese Club (61422), Cissy Stone
 STOKE, Baileys (23958), O'Haras Playboys
 TWICKENHAM, Madingley Club, Park Road, Mike Peters Jazz Band
 WARRINGTON, Lion Hotel, Trax
 WATFORD, Baileys (39848), Sparrow
 WELLINGBOROUGH, British Rail Sports Club, Sun Session
 WEST BROMWICH, Oakdale Social Club, Hellraisers
 WIGAN, Wigan Casino, Stray

FRIDAY DEC. 24

BATLEY, Variety Club (475228), Grumbleweeds
 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Fantastics
 BIRMINGHAM, Monica's, Merseybeats
 BLACKBURN, Cavendish (662662), Chants
 BRADFORD, Topic Folk Club, Star Hotel, Westgate, Robin Garside/Paul Gough
 BRISTOL, Granary, Welsh Back (28267), Avon Cities
 BUCKHURST HILL, Prince of Wales, Original East Side Stompers

STEPPIN' OUT

BURTON ON TRENT, Paradise Room, Second Hand Band
 ★CAMBRIDGE, Corn Exchange (58977), Eddie and the Hot Rods/Aswad
 CONNAHS QUAY, Albion Club, Maloney
 COVENTRY, City Centre Club (51120), New Vaudeville Band
 COVENTRY, Sportsman Club, Applejacks
 CREWE, Masonic, Market Street, Any Trouble
 ★CROYDON, Fairfield Hall (01-688 9291), Basil Brush Xmas Show/Bert Weedon
 DERBY, Baileys (363151), Sweet Sensation
 DUNSTABLE, California Ballroom (62804), Heatwave
 EASTBOURNE, Sundowners, Bethnal
 EDINBURGH, Nicky Tams Tavern (031-225 6569), Dragon
 GLASGOW, Burns Howff (041-332 1813), Spike
 GLASGOW, Maggi (041-332 4374), Khyber Trifles
 KNARESBOROUGH, Borough Bailiff, Kilsyke Will
 LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Paper Lace
 LEIGHTON BUZZARD, Hunt Hotel, One Ups Record Player
 LONDON, Brecknock, Camden Town, Streamliner
 ★LONDON, Bush Theatre, Shepherds Bush (01-743 5050), The Fosdyke Saga
 LONDON, Golden Lion, Fulham Road (01-385 3942), Pirates
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Max Collies Rhythm Aces
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Loving Awareness
 LONDON, Nashville, North End Road (01-603 6071), Max Merritt and the Meteors
 ★LONDON, New Victoria, Wilton Street (01-834 0671), John Miles
 ★LONDON, Olympia, Hammersmith Road (01-603 3344), Rod Stewart
 LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith Road, Strutters
 LONDON, Rochester, Stoke Newington High Street, Hellraisers
 LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden (01-240 3961), FBI/Sox
 LONDON, Royal Oak, Harlesden High Street, Dragon Milk
 LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnies, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Splteri
 LUTON, Caesars (51357), Barron Knights
 MEXBOROUGH, Jesters (3867), Scallywag
 ★MIDDLESBROUGH, Rock Garden, Vibrators
 NEWCASTLE, La Dolce Vita (26793), Love Affair
 NORTHAMPTON, Racehorse, Wild Thing
 ★NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club (869032), Plummet Airlines
 OLDHAM, Baileys (061-652 8421), Champagne
 SALISBURY, High Post Hotel, Dave Berry and the Cleveland County Band
 ★SOUTHEND, Kursaal (66276), Dr Feelgood
 ★ST ALBANS, Civic Hall, John Otway and Wild Willy Barrett
 STOKE, Baileys (23958), O'Haras Playboys
 STOWMARKET, Maltings, Station Road, Brother Lees
 WATFORD, Baileys (39848), Sparrow



AXEMAN Bert Weedon pictured shortly before his arrest for yet another of his notoriously bizarre attacks on animals. He was later released and will appear at the Fairfield Hall, Croydon on Christmas Eve.

WEST RUNTON, Pavilion (203), Sam Apple Pie/Ram

SUNDAY DEC. 26

BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Suburban Studs
 BIRMINGHAM, Monicas, Bob King
 BRISTOL, Granary, Welsh Back (28267), Superfly
 CAMBERLEY, Lakeside Club (deput cut 5939), New Seekers
 DONCASTER, Skellow Grange Social Club, Strange Days
 KILKENNY, Carlton, Falling Asunder Rock Review with Jimmy Slevin Band/White Falls/Smiley Boger
 LONDON, Empire Ballroom, Leicester Square (01-437 1446), Sweet Sensation/Cmdrons
 LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road (01-385 0526), Stripjack
 LONDON, Nightingale Club, Blooblo
 ★LONDON, Rochester, Stoke Newington High Street, Bees Make Honey
 LONDON, Royal Oak, Harlesden High Street, Dragon Milk
 SOLIHULL, New Cresta (021-743 7001), Candlewick Green
 WATFORD, Baileys (39848), Dooley Family

MONDAY DEC. 27

BATLEY, Variety Club (71537), Alvin Stardust
 ★BEDWORTH, Furnace Inn, John Otway and Wild Willy Barrett
 BIRMINGHAM, Rebeccas (021-643 6951), Captain Cooks Dog
 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), Raymond Froggatt
 BRISTOL, Granary, Welsh Back (28267), Yuletide Rock'n'Roll
 CAMBERLEY, Lakeside Club (Deput cut 5939), New Seekers
 CARLOW, El Ruedo, Falling Asunder Rock Review with Jimmy Slevin Band/White Falls/Smiley Boger
 DERBY, Baileys (363151), Tommy Hunt
 ★DUBLIN, National Stadium, Rory Gallagher
 EDINBURGH, Nicky Tams Tavern (031-225 6569), Khartu
 LEEDS, Florde Green Hotel (623470), Jenny Haan's Lion
 LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Sparrow
 LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Gene Allan Jazzmen
 LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Stray
 LONDON, Nashville, North End Road (01-603 6071), Fabulous Poodles

LONDON, Q Club, Praed Street, Paddington, Trax
 LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith Road, Midnight Wolf
 LONDON, Rochester, Stoke Newington High Street, Gloria Mundi
 LONDON, Upstairs at Ronnies, Frith Street (01-439 0747), Crossfire
 LONDON, White Horse, Uxbridge Road, Tidal Wave Band
 NORTHAMPTON, Lings Forum (348811), U Boat
 OLDHAM, Baileys (061-652 8421), Merseybeats
 PETERLEE, Senate Club, Geno Washington
 ROMFORD, Volunteer Country Music Club, Camelot, Manor Road, Lambourne End, Threewheel
 SCUNTHORPE, Baths Hall, Applejacks
 SINFIN, Saxon Arms, Strange Days
 SOLIHULL, New Cresta (021-743 7001), Candlewick Green
 STOKE, Baileys (23958), Fiddleygig
 WATFORD, Baileys (39848), Dooley Family
 WESTCLIFF, Queens Hotel (44417), Flying Saucers

TUESDAY DEC. 28

BATLEY, Variety Club (71537), Alvin Stardust
 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas (021-643 9413), George Hatcher Band
 BIRMINGHAM, Railway, Jameson Raid
 CAMBERLEY, Lakeside Club (Deput cut 5939), New Seekers
 DERBY, Baileys (363151), Tommy Hunt
 DONCASTER, Airport Club, Harlow
 ★DUBLIN, National Stadium, Rory Gallagher
 EDINBURGH, Nicky Tams Tavern (031-225 6569), Legal Tender
 GLASGOW, Maggi (041-332 4374), Right Hand Band
 LEICESTER, Baileys (26462), Sparrow
 ★LONDON, Bush Theatre, Shepherds Bush (01-743 5050), Fosdyke Saga
 ★LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), Steve Gibbons Band
 ★LONDON, 100 Club, Oxford Street (01-636 0933), Roogalator/Jam
 ★LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street (01-437 6603), Bert Jansch
 LONDON, Nashville, North End Road (01-603 6071), Pacific Eardrum
 LONDON, Red Cow, Hammersmith Road, Martin Heywood's Freelance
 LONDON, Rising Sun, Rushey Green, Catford (01-690 5814), Threadbare Consort
 LONDON, Rochester Castle, Stoke Newington High Street, Buster Crabbe
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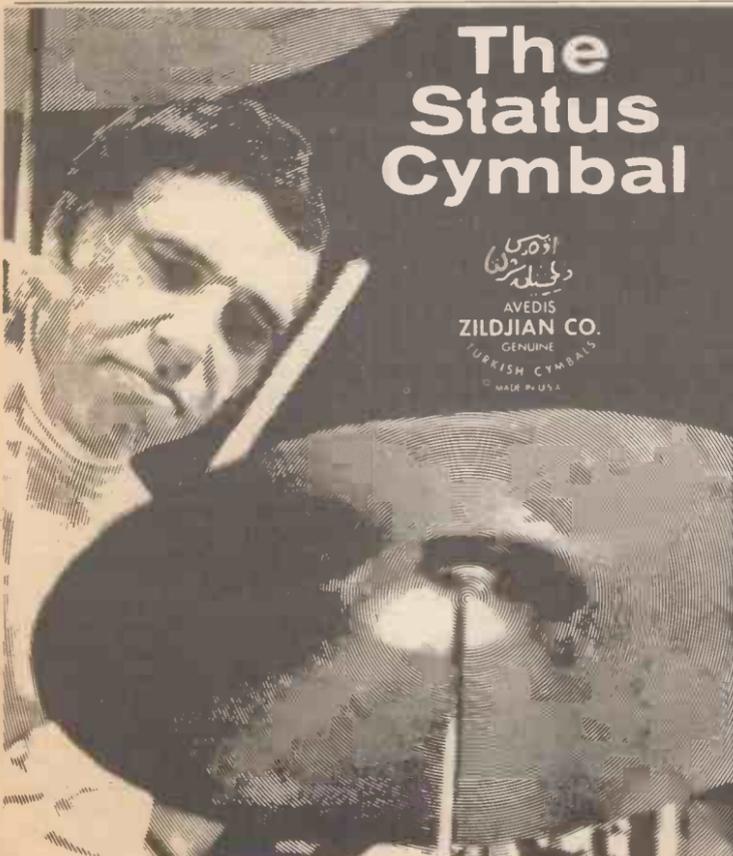
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LETTERS

Write to Letters, Sounds, Spotlight House,
1 Benwell Road, London, N7 7AX.Blows against
the empire

I'M NOT writing to talk about music as such but to register my opinion of the way some kids are opposed to the so-called "punk" scene.

As instances, in this week's *SOUNDS* a Zep fan says punks are sick, all of them, because they use foul language; a Roxy Music fan says the Pistols can flaming well piss off because they use four-letter words, and a number of 10cc fans make the token denigrations which their taste demands — punk is trash, punk is just hype, etc.

And just the other night in a local pub, several longhairs, not more than twenty-years old, were opining that punk fans should be birched . . .

Such shit like that irks me at the best of times, but coming from people young enough to know better it disgusts me.

I'd like to publicly applaud the Sex Pistols for putting a sense of outrage back into rock, something Bowie did not do, contrary to popular opinion, 'cos he came on like a fag, and people usually treat homosexuals as figures of fun. The music and images of rock should offend the self-righteous (Daily Mirror headline: "man leaps headlong through TV screen in attempt to get his hands on foul-mouthed pop vobs"). "I mean" said forty-four-year-old Reg Thorpe, winking in conspiratorial fashion, "We all swear a bit, don't we? But not at tea-time! Not in front of the

kids!"). I mean, we're all gonna be venerable idiots ourselves soon, H-bomb permitting, so let's be nasty while we can. Can't stay young for ever. Apart from the pseudo-Nazi crap, which, since we have enough on our hands with those National Front fuckpigs running loose, should be dropped forthwith, the punk movement is my-t interesting. The shameful anti-punk "jokes" in the Daily Mirror prove that the establishment is feeling threatened again; so let's see more middle-class values violated, more of the properties of the butt-fuckers against who Iggy rails flouted and more potted plants uprooted in hotel lobbies. This has been a cry from the (rock 'n' roll) heart. — Pete Scott, Branton, Doncaster.

Plank rock — the plane truth

THE ENTIRE universe was rocked to its very foundations by the appearance on television last night of the so called Plank Rock Band "The Board Ems".

They are four long, straight pieces of wood who remained totally silent during a three hour interview with one Gill Brandy. Said Mr. Brandy: "Personally, to my mind, the fact that these Planks stayed silent was meant as a serious insult to our whole way of life and to every decent, respectable citizen in the world

and Bournemouth. I have no doubts whatsoever that their total refusal to say one swear word was meant to sap the capacity of the nation for self-righteous anger and moral hypocrisy, two of our main exports".

Leader of the group, John Rottenwood, a six foot piece of teak, was unavailable for comment, but a spokesman for their record label, Easy Money Inc., issued the following statement:

"John used to be a surfboard so

he's used to accusations that he's just riding on the back of the New Wave. Actually he's an honest, genuine, serious-minded piece of wood so you can all get knotted. John may look to have a smooth surface, but that's just a veneer. He's a good Plank and he's totally committed to breaking the vice-like grip on music of people like the Carpenters. None of these planks will ever become tacks exiles, the very idea goes completely against the grain. Critics of the band are only jealous 'cos they're popular".

But what is the appeal of bands like the Board Ems, writer Giovanni Dadomontomybaby of the *SOUNDS* comic, explains:

"Kids today are sick and tired of going to concerts and hearing nothing but music. Basically the appeal of a Board 'em concert is that they never do anything and so people who are out of work find it easy to identify with them; they realise that they could do nothing just as well as the Board Ems do, or not?! When these planks don't do anything they are explaining whole new areas of apathy and lethargy and this is what kids are into today. I myself have been released from the restrictive constraints of critical criteria and objective assessment by the advent of Plank Rock. This is a shame, as it means that anyone can do my job now".

Meanwhile, the four Board Ems: John Rottenwood, U. Calyptis, Sick Amore and Desi Dewhurst are resting before taking part in the Planks Over England Package tour. — John Rabose, Leicester.

Poetry corner

AS WINTER draws her chilling breath,
Her white wings spreading pain
and death
As Nations cower for pending gloom

A monster stirs in Satan's womb
In hatred fit, the vermin beats,
From cellars deep in Soho's streets
A throbbing adder in the grass
A nail in Nature's sacred ass
Still nearer now, the darkened days
Induced by mad Italian praise
When love and peace will disappear
Submerged within the tide of fear

Bright stars unite, protect your thing
Destroy the punk, make love
and sing
Cling to the music in your hearts
May God bless peace . . . and the boring old farts

John Justin McGarvey, Broxburn, Scotland.
PS is Giovanni Dadomo really Nicholas Parsons father?

'How Dare You' dept



Freddie 'Deep Throat' Mercury — all mouth and trousers?!

AFTER reading Tim Lott's review of 'A Day At The Races' I was slightly maddened. It commented on overdubs. Well surely that's what Queen are all about, like it or lump it.

And as for saying that the album was, quote: "The most definitive justification of punk ever recorded" I think, Mr. Lott, that you were more than a little unfair there.

Whatever Queen are, or do, it is definitely NOT punk. Christ, I've heard the album too you know. I think that you think Queen are crap. Well whatever they are, I think that this was not the way to review this album.

I have to admit that most of the album does bear a slight resemblance to 'NATO' but saying that 'Seaside Rendezvous' was unimpressive. Well, that's a laugh in a half. 'You're My Best Friend' was hardly irritating — not to me anyway.

I think *SOUNDS* could at least have picked someone who likes Queen a bit to review the album. Although I have to admit that half of the things Tim Lott said were true. I would have written something similar myself, but not so unfairly.

Queen are the band of the seventies — Mislade, Langport, Somerset.

Tch, tch, who hasn't been paying attention then? A cursory re-read of said review will reveal that I did not say Queen were punks, I said they justified punks i.e. if the new wave bands are reacting against the sort of music contained in 'A Day At The Races' then I can see their point.

As for giving the album only one listen; I tried to make it clear several times in the copy that my piece was in no way intended to represent anything other than initial impressions, which could be safely disregarded by anyone possessing the faculties to make their own decision about the album.

There were at that time no white label copies available so the one play was all I had to go on, and it was reasoned — arguably — that first impressions are better than none. Having said that I must add that subsequent hearings of the album have done nothing to make me want to amend my original opinion.

Oh, and for the record — a renunciation of a statement I never made — Queen (Praise the Lord) are not, never have been and never will be punks. — Tim Lott.

You can't knock us we're
part of the union

I AM getting a bit tired of seeing letters from your readers criticising students unions. In *SOUNDS* there it was again, someone else with a grouse because he couldn't get in. I think it's about time someone answered on behalf of students.

First of all, these unions are run by students for students. Each student has £40 taken from his grant at the beginning of each year and this goes towards running the union. This means that big name groups can be booked to play and that the admission price can be heavily subsidised. I don't see why students should subsidise people who are earning much more than they are. God knows student grants are low enough.

Secondly, you tend to find that any trouble is caused by non-students. If a student starts any trouble he can be disciplined and banned from the union for a length of time. There is no such control over non-students. It's no use just throwing them out as they have a bad habit of hanging about outside and waiting for the

person who threw them out to go home. One student in Glasgow nearly got knifed recently in a situation like this.

Thirdly, universities may have a student population of many thousands. There is only a limited space in the union and it's hardly fair that a student be refused entry into his own union through overcrowding when there are many non-students inside.

Fourthly, I take the specific case of the Queen Margaret union in Glasgow. At the end of the last term it was raided by the police and lost its late licence when it was discovered that there was so much under-age drinking (amongst other things) on the premises. They have had to be especially careful this term who they let in. I agree rock music is for everyone and students don't particularly want to have to operate a closed shop policy, but frankly we are in a situation where a students union must first of all look after its members and if that means to the exclusion of outsiders then I'm afraid that is the way it has to be. — Rod Rudy, Cordonald, Glasgow.

Nix from
the Sticks

AT LAST a *SOUNDS* reporter who tells it like it really is! I'm referring of course, in the light of your prolonged obsessions with punk rock, to Ralph Whalley's review of the The Damned 'On The Road' (*SOUNDS* Dec 4).

It never ceases to amaze me how much the national music papers, er sorry, the national London music press, rave over a bunch of morons like like the Damned. Maybe they're stringing up London audiences, but in the provinces — forget it! A good example of this was on October 30th when the Damned played the Tiddenfool Leisure Centre, Leighton Buzzard, only to be blown off stage by support band Caught In The Act.

Sure, most people will agree that rock music has been looking for a new direction. But punk rock??? Long may Eddie and the Hot Rods (bless 'em) rock on, but groups like the Sex Pistols and the Damned can only be a passing fad and as far as outside London is concerned, it would seem to have passed already.

What next? We've already heard of Puke Rock (or did you miss that one?) and it seems only a matter of time before we have Spunk Rock with lead vocalists dropping their pants and masturbating on stage. (Remember Knebworth, Giovanni Dadomo).

"Music is the Message". Or at least it was in *SOUNDS* in earlier issues. Read your letters or save everyone a lot of time and bother and drop your circulation outside London. Provincial readers can only take so much. — Bob Wittenback, Leighton Buzzard.

On the crest
of a wave

VIVIEN GOLDMAN does not know what she is talking about. Her review of the 'Hot Rods' at the Roundhouse was the most uninformed piece of drivel I have ever had the mispleasure of reading.

What is she talking about new directions for? Look at the insipid nonsense Queen have just produced, or at the ruins of Roxy Music if you want to speak about directions! Such electronic artistry and verbal trickery has reached its furthest limit; there is nowhere left to go, except back to the basics.

'Punk Rock' is not important as a music form or in what it is saying, it has been done and said before, but in the way things are said. The Ramones, the Hot Rods and the Damned have instilled rock with the energy it so desperately needed. O.K. this has been done before (Stones, Who), but that was ten years ago. Since then nothing. 'Punk' has restored life and fun to 'progressive music', which until now was in danger of grounding to a standstill.

This New Wave music IS the ultimate in Seventies expression, as the Stones and Who were in the Sixties. Music cannot transcend its set boundaries, as, I think, Queen have proved by reaching a sort of void. But now rejuvenation has occurred. Why yes, the Kids Are Alright. Nicholas Frankland, Godalming.

Mott spot

WOULD IT be possible to thank through your letters page for a hard-core Mott freak to express her most grateful thanks to Nigel Benjamin (ex Mott) for his services to Mott freaks everywhere? Thanks Nigel. You were one of the best vocalists around no mistake. Don't quit music. You're far too good, though I wish you success in any case. — Susan Walker.

Thanks dept

I WOULD like to thank Jackson Browne for the concert in Manchester. It was incredible. — Ann McNeil.

Blackmore 7, Bolin 3

(latest score)

IN REPLY to these Tommy Bolin freaks. Firstly, what makes you think that anyone's surprised that you like Blue Oyster Cult. Given the chance I could introduce you to a lot more, myself included.

Secondly, okay, so Tommy Bolin didn't kill Deep Purple although we're all upset to find that he succeeded in killing himself. Such a terrible waste. Also, don't blame poor Ritchie for Deep Purple's death, surely he was the one who one who kept them going.

Incidentally, Ritchie is only the greatest master of the guitar that I've known, and I've known quite a few. I feel the blame for the killing of Purple should lie entirely on the shoulders of Glenn Hughes and David Coverdale, although I didn't envy him at the task of taking over the magnificent Ian Gillan's job.

Anyway, back to Tommy. Surely, if Purple wasn't his style, then why for Christ's sake did he join? There were others who would have taken the job, but then, to replace Blackmore was virtually an impossibility. As a matter of interest I have heard 'Teaser' and Bolin certainly had talent, although no more than some others.

I thought 'Burn' was Purple's worst album but in every decent person's view 'Mistreated' is the best and on the live album it couldn't have been better.

If you two ignorant females are so anti-Blackmore, presumably you haven't heard the two Rainbow albums. Please do. It's nice to hear some brilliant music now and again. — D. Bennett.

ARE THE two confused females who slag the hell out of such a brilliant high energy guitarist as Blackmore musically qualified in the guitar that they can pick out bummers on 'Burn' and 'Mistreated'? They must have a

warped copy of the album (which is I presume 'Made In Europe') or else need their ears tested. My mates (who are not Purple fans) can find nothing wrong with Ritchie Blackmore's superb playing on 'Burn' or 'Mistreated'. Nor can I.

Perhaps they are right about something, Blackmore did end Purple because no one (not even Clapton) can play the guitar with as much energy as Ritchie Blackmore, therefore no one could replace him.

I for one was all for giving the late Tommy Bolin a chance to develop with Deep Purple, but Bolin was a jazz orientated guitarist and not made out for a high energy temperamental rockband like Deep Purple. Bolin was the one who 'tried' not 'did' replace Blackmore dear confused females, so don't slag a guitarist of Blackmore's calibre because Tommy Bolin didn't make it with Purple. It's hardly Blackmore's fault for being what he was to the fans, it was he who prevented Deep Purple when he was with them from becoming Shallow Sepia. — D. Milligan.

WHAT A SHAME the people downed him, when he came to tour this land, pity that there was cries of Blackmore, when he stood Strat in hand. Yes a shame we couldn't see further than the ghost of the man in black, for now we will never see Tommy's real talent, because now there's no coming back.

Now, when we listen to 'Come Taste The Band', 'Teaser' and 'Private Eyes' let's not think of him as a man who killed a band, but as a musician who never got the chance to rise. — Tony Shelley, Leicester.

These are just three of the many letters we received concerning the Blackmore/Bolin feud and Tommy's sad demise. Unfortunately, we just ran out of space.

ON THE ROAD

Streetwalkers Roundhouse

A **THREAD** of anarchy wove its way across the Roundhouse stage on Sunday, getting entangled at different times in guitars, microphones, amps and monitors. But the result far from being chaos or disaster, was another one of those glorious spontaneous concerts for which Streetwalkers have become renowned.

This was a special evening. Not just the celebration of Christmas but the showing off for the first time to British audiences of the band's three new members — David Dowle on drums, Ryan Johnston on keyboards and Micky Feat on bass. As far as I could see they played like they've been born in the band — a testament to Messrs. Chapman and Whitney's ability to surround themselves with the kind of musicians everyone else wished they had.

And Chappo told the audience because it was a new band, they were going to do some new songs. The first of these was, I think, called "My Momma's Mad" — but it could have been called anything and the audience would still have loved it. A great mass of people crowded around the front of the stage to watch the lunatic antics of the rugby shirt clad singer, whose energy has not diminished despite a little extra weight these days. Microphones, stands and tambourines were demolished with gusto and total abandon.

Not all of the set comprised new songs — most bands know you've got to trade new material for something the audience recognised so there were numbers of "Red Card" and the first album "Everyone's Happy". An attempt to play what Chappo introduced as "My Friend the Firkin" had to be aborted after Charley Whitney had trouble with his acoustic guitar, so Brian Jostin was called upon to let rip with some thumping bluesy chords which led the band into a roaring version of the old Muddy Walters number "I Just Want To Make Love To You".

Then it was on with the acoustic guitar again and this time we really did get treated to "My Friend The Sun", a beautiful song which never fails to send shivers up my spine.

After this it was oldies all the way, with another spectacular bit of mike stand demolition during "Run For Cover" and an encore which ended with the band being joined by a couple of lads who added further muscle power to guitarist Bobby Tench's backing vocals. Half way through the last number Chappo grabbed the one nearest to him and danced across the stage with her, and the whole thing wound up with a wonderfully corny slow blues type ending, which put the final tap on another marathon Roundhouse evening leaving us in no doubt that the new Streetwalkers had well and truly arrived. — TONY MITCHELL.

Hawkwind Coventry

IT'S LIKE trying to resurrect the agonies and ecstasies of the Lysergic communion, putting Hawkwind's Robert Calvert on paper, spinning a yarn from the scattered strands of sensation and then knitting it all into some kind of shape that isn't at best hunchbacked... it's a difficult task, mon ami.

When the Hawklord speaks you must either go away or go all the way in. The Public Address crackles into life.

IN CASE OF SONIC ATTACK, DO NOT TAKE SHELTER. YOUR ONLY HOPE IS TO MAKE FOR THE SOURCE OF THE SOUND.

And when the Ladbroke Grove warriors tread the edge of time, to cover your ears is to cut yourself off from adventure.

Mind you, I could understand if you were to do exactly that.

A fine psychedelic band they may be but Hawkwind still aren't



Feelgoods triumph in orgy of sucking 'n' blowing

I DON'T think there can have been so much harmonica played on one stage in one evening since Sonny Boy Williamson jammed with the Yardbirds. Not only did Lee Brilleaux fit plenty of harp into his stage antics at Doctor Feelgood's London Christmas Party on Sunday Night, both the preceding groups made it the cornerstone of theirs.

Lew Lewis, who opened the show, can probably lay a fair claim to be the leading exponent of what used to be a thriving British tradition but has become neglected for the last ten years. He blew some of the finest harmonica I've heard since the Sixties beat boom, swinging from number to number with a jaunty, relaxed air. You can get the full flavour of what he's all about from his Stiff single, "Boogie On The Street".

The next group, Clover, looked as if they might blow it at the beginning when they opened with some funky boogie and kept exhorting the audience to "get down y'all". Fortunately their soul soon took on a harder R&B edge and they were able to win the auspicious audience back over with songs like "Child Of The Street" which they've recorded for a forthcoming album and a superb unaccompanied five-part harmony version of "Chain Gang".

And so the Feelgoods who emerged after the customary chants from the jostling crowd who also managed a quick chorus of "You'll Never Walk Alone".

There's not a lot left to say about the hottest live show in Britain today except to say that they were on form and they were great. On some songs, like "Stupidity" and "Riot In Cell Block Number Nine" the audience drowned out the band as they belted out the words.

They did have a new song that fits them like a glove. They also delved into their archives to find "Madison Blue" with Lee pounding out enough slide guitar to make up for an earlier abortive effort on "Rollin' And Tumblin'" which was ruined by a defective amp.

When it came to encore time, Lee sang "Johnny B. Goode" with an enormous cardboard safety pin around his neck. Who are you calling punk, punk? — HUGH FIELDER.

that good. Not if you've stumbled in out of the night to hear real music, that is. "Silver Machine" is still in there, even though it's never played these days. Melody is thin on the ground, chords are few and far between and the more cynical amongst us might even suggest that with hair shorn and earlobes punctured with safety

pins Hawkwind could give the Damned a good run for their money.

Nevertheless the new-look, honed-down Hawkwind, minus Nik Turner and drummer Andy Powell are a very clean and concise band. Simon House's keyboards, his eerie violin, Paul Rudolph and Dave Brock alter-

nating on bass and lead guitar, they present an aural explosion of tone colours that flashes, flames and novas at full force and in full focus for almost one and a half hours.

Which gives you just enough time to check out the visuals. As the sound dribbled and droned between every number a back-drop would raise or lower itself behind the darkened stage. The lights would then ride on Atom-henge or a Mars landscape, pulsating patterns that confused the eye and projections of strangely phantasmagorical space creatures.

The band started into "Reefer Madness" as the Thirties movie of the same name climaxed, flashing the words "TELL, YOUR CHILDREN" across the screen. There was a cartoon tale of a boy who had too much gas at the dentists and floated out to a world of obscene technology. Enter the Gypsy Mutant Vacuum Cleaner and an American spaceman to kill him during "Uncle Sam's On Mars". Exit with the sort of strobes that strip the flesh from the side of your face.

Put all of that into some semblance of order and then try a description of the Star of the Show, he who forges the link between the sights and the sounds, Mr. Robert Calvert — the man of mysteries who leads Hawkwind on their arguably outdated but nevertheless supremely effective flights of fancy.

Halfway between Biggles and the Human Fly, Calvert is clad in black leather. Jodhoppers, flying helmet, goggles and gloves and a huge black cloak spread out behind him like bat wings. In the flashing lights he looks like a harpie set down in the perverted realism of a Western Front trench painting. Then he strikes hick-Hamletlike poses, that cloak billowing around him like the silent villain of a Hollywood melodrama and performs "Steppenwolf" in Jack The Ripper's top hat and frock coat.

Such is true charisma and such were Hawkwind at Coventry. But in the cold light of the morning after it's hard to remember more than a small part of what I heard and saw. But I do know it was the best Christmas show since I was first taken to a pantomime.

My disbelief was well and truly suspended, I can tell you. — CHAS DE WHALLEY

Al Stewart/Asleep At The Wheel Chicago, Ivanhoe Theatre

THERE ARE just times when you can't have two headliners simultaneously. It's that simple. One band simply yields to the other as one, and that's that, right? Well yes, unless maybe one of the bands' doesn't know in advance the other's playing, or the music's as disparate as America's "native" country swing and ethereal British "folk-rock". Then you might get some surprises, and not all pleasant...

What remained joyous and free-wheeling of Asleep At The Wheel's act was pure show, and that's surprising. Actually with the amount of road work they do and the empty house they opened to, it's hard to justify even that much spunk. Big Ray Benson's jokes were few and far between, his vocal bite more of a bark.

Even through the band's classic tunes like "Jumpin' at the Woodside", and "Choo Choo Ch'Boogie" the sparkle was waning, even if the arrangements and timing were flawless. Their music is still bouncing relaxation, and with a near empty house and not their audience, it's a credit that they pulled off a solid set. It says something for their superior quality of road polish.

By the time Al Stewart strode on stage the theatre had filled, which was a surprise in itself. Ahhh. A Stewart cult has finally developed across the U.S. Once in a while you stumble on a personally appealing musician

and hang on for a few years, wondering what will happen, if he'll ever come to play, and will it be what's expected? A disappointment?

Hardly what had been expected, though I don't quite know why, but a most pleasant surprise. Something about the fantasy nature of Stewart's ear-grabbing lyrics, and the shimmering sound of his tunes and production carried with it a stage connotation of fantasy flair — costumes, light show and a touch of arrogance. A little overindulgence.

Didn't think that one through, though. Underindulgence, tastefulness, thoroughness and a flair for musical storytelling: those are Stewart's trademarks, and that's what he showcased. Setting aside the past, somewhat embarrassing material from "Love Chronicles" and "Bed Sitter Image" (neither released in the U.S.); it was all a well chosen representation of "Past, Present and Future", "Modern Times" and "Year of the Cat".

What's most amazing, though, is Stewart's ability to present as friendly a stage presence as his music reflects. I guess it's sort of a beginning for Stewart, the beginning of American acceptance. All I know, is that I want to be around for the future of it. — TED JOSEPH.

Osibisa Paris

THIS WAS a weird one. Osibisa were playing for Les Jeunes Giscardiens in a large tent which had been set up just behind the

Eiffel Tower.

Try to imagine the Young Conservatives having a jambouree in a marquee on Blackpool Sands and you're getting close. But you've still got to throw in the French capacity for mborganisation which left the young politicians who'd been listening to propaganda all day waiting for a long time.

For Osibisa it was the end of a long European tour which has achieved positive results despite all the usual hassles that touring in Italy and such places brings.

When they finally got on stage (no fault of their own of course) they went straight for the jugular, offering a swift selection of rhythms which got the sleepy audience to their feet without much problem. Raw percussion breaks punctuated the instrumental and chanting sections and kept the circulation lively while Kik's keyboard playing gathered pace and ultimately proved to be the most impressive feature of the set.

They had a new song which some reckon might make a good single but I reckon was a bit too close to "Sunshine Day". Indeed, Osibisa's problem lies in finding the right mixture of ethnic rhythms with commercial western melodies.

The young French Tories enjoyed themselves hugely while the band was on, bopping around at the front in true blue self-conscious fashion. But they had to be goaded into giving the band an encore and once it was all over they quickly got back to thinking what Giscard was going to tell them the following day. You can't really win with an audience like that. — HUGH FIELDER

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Phil Sutcliffe
Chas de Whalley

PHOTOGRAPHERS
Paul Cauty
Kate Simon
Chuck Pulin (New York)

IN AMERICA
Toby Goldstein
212 672 3166
Richard Cromelin
Suzin Shapiro
Al Rudis
Steve Rosen
Ted Joseph
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ON THE ROAD

Cheers, Man

Man
London,
Roundhouse

A BLINDER they played, boyo. A real corker.

In a mere hour and a quarter at the Roundhouse Man achieved more than they ever gained from eight years of solid slog.

That's my opinion anyway, the opinion of a man who has always enjoyed what Man were about but rarely connected quite so enthusiastically with the sounds laid down on plastic or on stage.

A bit too much of the old Heavy Metal bass, y'know, a few too many time changes for comfort and some loud but rarely lingering lead guitar. That's what Man used to boil down to in my kitchen, even at their highest flights of fancy with John Cipollina.

But in a mere one and a quarter hours, waving a fond farewell to the faithful at the Roundhouse, Mickey Jones, Deke Leonard, Phil Ryan, Terry Williams and John McCenzie showed me up as a fool.

I was not drunk, neither was I stoned, nevertheless Man played a set of real beauty and power. If I hadn't seen so many good gigs this year, this might possibly have been the best. It was definitely a candidate for 1976's Top Ten.

With the exception of guest appearances by Dave Edmunds and Alkatraz Will Youatt, this was the same show I saw at Birmingham some three weeks ago. That meant 'Bananas', 'Many Are Called', the excellent and succinct 'The Ride And The View', 'C'mon' and, of course 'Babe I'm Gonna Leave You'.

But this time Man were in a festive mood. Mickey Jones wore a safety pin through his head, Phil Ryan could hardly sit still behind his keyboards while Deke Leonard smiled and smiled.

And they played so well. The monster swing and the solid four. Skyscraping lead guitar and that chugging, growling bandsaw of a customised Telecaster. Terry Williams on the drums as tight as a Welshman at Christmas, the soloing as inventive and free-wheeling as any legendary bunch of San Franciscan acid rockers.

An epitaph? Don't look at me. Man will probably merit little more than a one liner when they write the definitive history of rock in twenty years time, but just let it be recorded, let it be remembered that they went out at the very top. The very top. — CHAS DE WHALLEY.

The Bothy Band Shaftesbury Theatre

LISTEN, I know there isn't much room for reviews this week and when they see this down at the printers they'll go 'Oh Christ, Fielder's rabbiting on about some bunch of folkies again' but the Bothy Band's London concert last week is definitely worth a line or two.

And if you think they're riding up on the backs of the Chieftains you are way off beam. Sure they play Irish traditional music but the resemblance ends there. Whereas the Chieftains are about polish and carefully worked arrangements, the Bothy Band go for the looser, more casual pub-style approach.

But there's nothing loose about them musically. Individually or as a unit the six members of the group exhibited a rare degree of skill. All of them got the opportunity to solo between bouts of jigs and reels that kept the set moving along splendidly. And the combination of instruments — pipes, flute, violin and mandolin among them — added an extra interest.

The band's only real problem at present is that their relaxed informal approach sometimes gets too laid back. Pipe player Paddy Keenan was either nursing an even bigger hangover than me



SO LONG, it's been good to know you...

or was just exceptionally shy, but he stared fixedly at his shoes through most of the show and had a tendency to run off if he wasn't involved in a particular number. Donal Lunny took the role of leader almost by default but the others will also need to be a little more upfront if the group is going to continue its upward path. And they certainly deserve to continue. — HUGH FIELDER.

Dave Mason Chicago

A WIZENED old rock star and a fresh new band: the concert in the Chicago Auditorium was an interesting evening of contrasts.

The headliner, Dave Mason, looked more grizzled than ever. He's been around a long time by rock and roll standards, and he's seen his share of ups and downs, his high points coming during his time with Traffic and with the later release of 'Alone Together', one of the greatest rock albums ever recorded.

In fact, that 1970 album has been an albatross of sorts, because it has been impossible to top. More than a fourth of the songs in Mason's set Monday came from it.

But Dave is in one of his up cycles at the moment. Some of the best numbers of the evening were the new ones 'Let It Go, Let It Flow', 'Give Me A Reason' and 'Taking The Time To Find', which brought the best Mason solo of a good night.

Besides writing the occasional memorable song, Mason is one of the most inspired guitarists in rock. His solos aren't flashy, but direct and melodic and clean, without any waste. Their sublime beauty is many times more satisfying to the listener than a hundred frenzied freakouts.

With a very tight and rocking back-up band, Mason ran the gamut from an electric-acoustic set all the way to a sizzling rock version of Bob Dylan's 'All Along The Watchtower'. The Mason version is much different from — but every bit as good as — both the original and the classic Jimi Hendrix version.

The Alpha Band, which opened the concert, also did a Dylan number, 'You Angel You', which was equally removed from the original, done in a country-rock style reminiscent of old Buddy Holly records.

At other times, the Alphas sounded a bit like the Eagles and like Dylan. Some of the band's members played with Dylan on his Rolling Thunder tour, but while it's easy to hear their influences, it's also clear that they are putting these together into something original, which they call rhythm and bluegrass.

The band write fine songs, sing well and, led by a small package of dynamite named David Mansfield, put together some terrific instrumental jams. The Alpha Band are one to watch. — AL RUDIS.

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