



Free poster: Neil Diamond

STONES IN FESTIVAL ROW

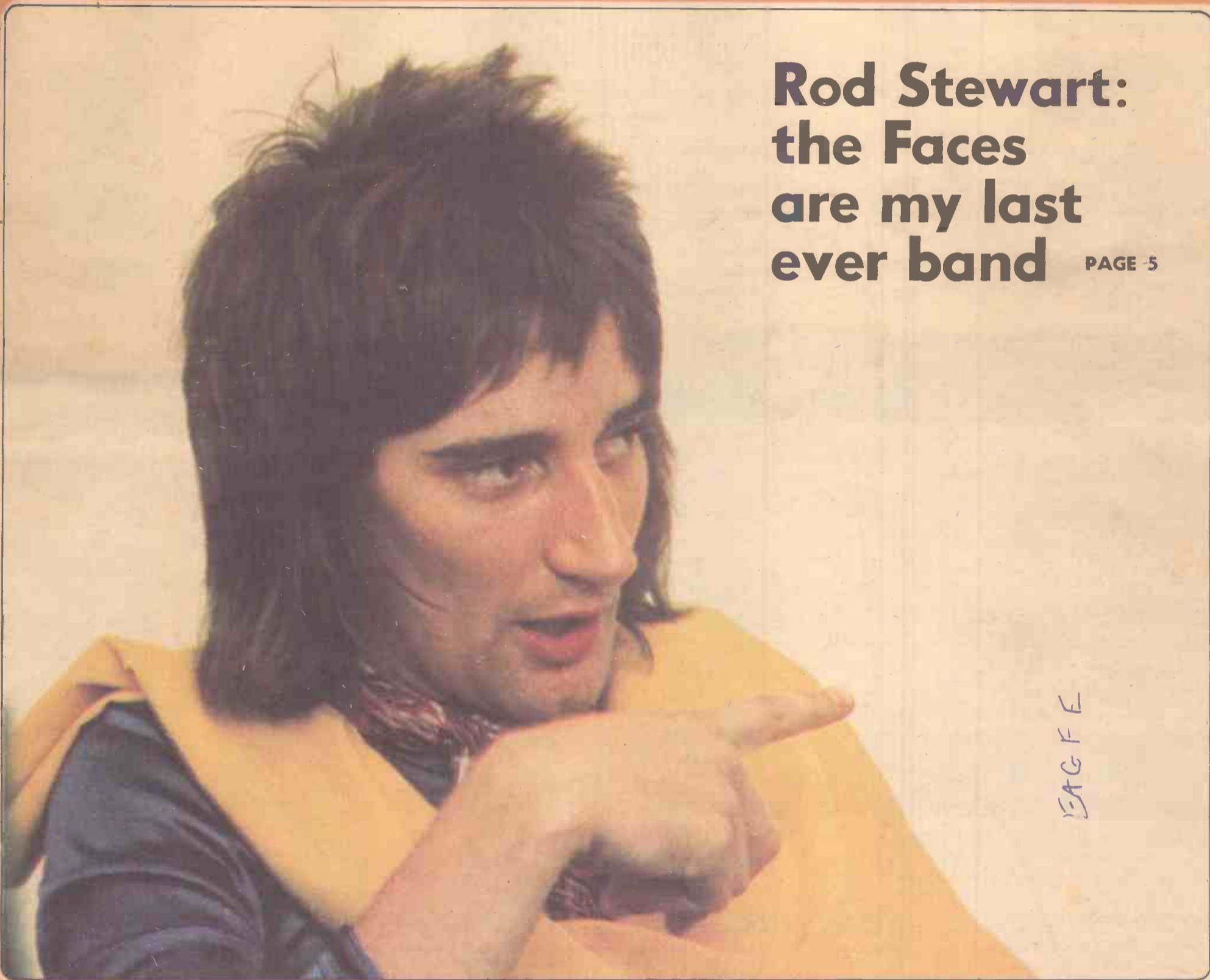
SEE THIS PAGE

AUGUST 12, 1972

6p

USA 30c

JAGGER AT ROCK REVIVAL—PICTURE PAGE 3



Rod Stewart: the Faces are my last ever band

PAGE 5

EAGLE

INSIDE

Joe Cocker Dave Mason Arlo Guthrie Edgar Winter

... and Clapton/Wonder gigs off as well

THE NEXT Great Western Express festival is OFF. And a row has blown up over the Rolling Stones—expected to make a bill-topping appearance over the summer holiday weekend (August 25-28).

Claims GWE organiser Barry Spikings: "I saw the Stones in the States myself. If they had appeared they would have been in breach of tax regulations which

governed their exile in France.

"Even if they played for nothing, it could be construed as promotion for the 'Exile On Main Street' album."

But Stones spokesman Les Perrin told Disc: "Mick Jagger never said they would do the festival. It's as simple as that really. A letter to this effect was sent to Lord Harlech on June 30."

However Harlech's GWE company have no knowledge of the letter. Said Spikings: "There's no point in getting

into a hassle over this. Maybe it suits the Stones to say this. As far as we're concerned, the Stones would have done the date—except for the legal problems."

Perrin points out: "The Stones haven't the faintest idea where or what their next gig will be. There are offers from the Far East Ireland, England and the Continent coming in all the time."

And Mick added: "We keep reading rumours about where we are or aren't about to play. The weather at the

Great Western could be awful, even atrocious, around that time. Over the next few weeks we'll sit down and work out plans for our future, which will include more recording.

Meanwhile, Great Western Express have completely cancelled any plans for an open air festival over the August holiday. The whole event has now been put back to the summer of 1973.

A new site has been sec-

Continued on P 3

Chart service

Albums

- 1 (1) **SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS** CBS
- 2 (5) **THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS** David Bowie, RCA
- 3 (7) **SCHOOL'S OUT** Alice Cooper, Warner Bros.
- 4 (6) **TRILOGY** Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Island
- 5 (9) **NEVER A DULL MOMENT** Rod Stewart, Mercury
- 6 (2) **AMERICAN PIE** Don McLean, United Artists
- 7 (10) **THE SLIDER** T. Rex, T. Rex Records
- 8 (4) **SLADE ALIVE** Slade, Polydor
- 9 (3) **20 DYNAMIC HITS** Various Artists, K-Tel Records
- 10 (8) **BOLAN BOOGIE** T. Rex, Fly
- 11 (13) **LIVING IN THE PAST** Jethro Tull, Chrysalis
- 12 (21) **MOODS** Neil Diamond, MCA
- 13 (16) **HONKY CHATEAU** Elton John, DJM
- 14 (15) **BREADWINNERS** Jack Jones, RCA
- 15 (11) **EXILE ON MAIN STREET** Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones Records
- 16 (14) **BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER** Simon and Garfunkel, CBS
- (18) **20 FANTASTIC HITS** Various Artists, Arcade
- 18 (17) **OBSCURED BY THE CLOUDS** Pink Floyd, Harvest
- 19 (11) **ELVIS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** Elvis Presley, RCA
- 20 (19) **CHERISH** David Cassidy, Bell
- 21 (23) **LOVE THEME FROM THE GODFATHER** Andy Williams, CBS
- 22 (—) **TOP OF THE POPS Vol. 25** Various Artists, MFP
- 23 (—) **ROXY MUSIC** Roxy Music, Island
- 24 (24) **TAPESTRY** Don McLean, United Artists
- 25 (—) **RIDE A WHITE SWAN** T. Rex, MFP
- 26 (28) **HOT HITS Vol. 12** Various Artists, MFP
- 27 (—) **TEASER AND THE FIRECAT** Cat Stevens, Island
- (—) **SON OF SCHMILSSON** Nilsson, RCA
- 29 (24) **GILBERT O'SULLIVAN HIMSELF** MAM
- 30 (—) **MACHINE HEAD** Deep Purple, Purple
- (20) **FOG ON THE TYNE** Lindisfarne, Charisma

Two titles tied for 16th, 27th and 30th positions.

Singles

- 1 (4) **SCHOOL'S OUT** Alice Cooper, Warner Bros.
- 2 (1) ● **PUPPY LOVE** Donny Osmond, MGM
- 3 (3) **SEASIDE SHUFFLE** Terry Dactyl and The Dinosaurs, UK
- 4 (2) **SYLVIA'S MOTHER** Dr. Hook and The Medicine Show, CBS
- 5 (5) **BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO** Partridge Family, Bell
- 6 (9) **SILVER MACHINE** Hawkwind, United Artists
- 7 (6) ● **ROCK-N-ROLL PART 2** Gary Glitter, Bell
- 8 (12) **POPCORN** Hot Butter, Pye
- 9 (7) **I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW** Johnny Nash, CBS
- 10 (14) **AUTOMATICALLY SUNSHINE** Supremes, Tamla
- 11 (8) **CIRCLES** New Seekers, Polydor
- 12 (10) **STARMAN** David Bowie, RCA
- 13 (11) **MAD ABOUT YOU** Bruce Ruffin, Rhino
- 14 (16) **MY GUY** Mary Wells, Tamla Motown
- 15 (13) **JOIN TOGETHER** The Who, Track
- 16 (18) **BETCHA BY GOLLY WOW** Stylistics, Avco
- 17 (—) ▲ **10538 OVERTURE** Electric Light Orchestra, Harvest
- 18 (15) **LITTLE WILLY** The Sweet, RCA
- 19 (23) **IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING** Faron Young, Mercury
- 20 (25) ▲ **WORKING ON THE BUILDING OF LOVE** Chairmen Of The Board, Invictus
- 21 (30) ▲ **THE LOCOMOTION** Little Eva, London
- 22 (17) ● **TAKE ME BAK 'OME** Slade, Polydor
- 23 (21) **OOH-WAKKA-A-DOO WAKKA-A-DAY** Gilbert O'Sullivan, MAM
- 24 (20) **AMERICAN TRILOGY** Elvis Presley, MAM
- 25 (19) **WALKIN' IN THE RAIN WITH THE ONE I LOVE** Love Unlimited, Uni
- 26 (—) **RUN TO ME** Bee Gees, Polydor
- 27 (22) **NUT ROCKER** Bee Bumble & the Stingers, Southside
- 28 (—) **WATCH ME** Labi Siffre, Pye
- 29 (—) **LAYLA** Derek and The Dominoes, Polydor
- 30 (—) **WHERE IS THE LOVE** Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway, Atlantic

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

Folk

- 1 **MORRIS ON** Various Artists, Help
 - 2 **JONATHAN CHANTIS** Claddagh
 - 3 **PLAYBOY ON THE WESTERN WORLD** Shawn O'Riada, Gael-Linn
 - 4 **KING OF PIPERS** Leo Rowson, Claddagh
 - 5 **NO MORE FOREVER** Dick Dockerson, Leader
 - 6 **CHIEFTAINS Vol. 3** Claddagh
 - 7 **WALKING SONGS FROM BOROUGH** Various Artists, Tangent
 - 8 **STAR ABOVE THE GARTER** Dennis Murphy and Julia Clifford, Claddagh
 - 9 **COME FROM THE SHADOWS** Joan Baez, A & M
 - 10 **FROM THE BEGGARS MANTEL** Barbra Dickson, Decca
- AROUND BRITAIN SURVEY, THIS WEEK EDINBURGH: Bruce's Record Shop, 70 Rose Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Soul

- 1 (1) **LEAN ON ME** Bill Withers, A & M
 - 2 (—) **GET ON THE GOOD FOOT** James Brown, Polydor
 - 3 (—) **HERE I GO AGAIN** Archie Bell and the Drells, Atlantic
 - 4 (—) **WALK IN THE NIGHT** Junior Walker, Tamla Motown
 - 5 (—) **BACKSTABBERS** O'Jays, CBS
 - 6 (5) **I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING** Jackie Wilson, MCA
 - 7 (6) **BETCHA BY GOLLY WOW** Stylistics, Avco
 - 8 (—) **WORKING ON THE BUILDING OF LOVE** Chairmen of the Board, Invictus
 - 9 (8) **WHERE IS THE LOVE** Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway, Atlantic
 - 10 (—) **I'M SATISFIED WITH YOU** Furys, Jay Boy
- Contributing retailers: Record Corner, Bedford Hill, London, SW12; Central Records, Stamford Street, Ashton-under-Lyne; P. & J. Records, Mare Street, London, E8; Henry's Records, St. Mary Street, Southampton; Sinfonia, Cookson Street, Blackpool; Musicland, Berwick Street, London, W1; Hime & Addison, John Dalton Street, Manchester; Sound Unlimited, 149 North Street, Brighton, Sussex; Boylans, 30/32 Old Road, Conisbrough, Doncaster; Redifusion, Nottingham.

America

Albums

- 1 (1) **HONKY CHATEAU** Elton John, Uni
 - 2 (2) **SIMON AND GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS** Columbia
 - 3 (8) **SCHOOL'S OUT** Alice Cooper, Warner Bros.
 - 4 (17) **CHICAGO V** Columbia
 - 5 (5) **STILL BILL** Bill Withers, Sussex
 - 6 (3) **EXILE ON MAIN STREET** Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones Records
 - 7 (4) **A SONG FOR YOU** Carpenters, A & M
 - 8 (9) **BIG BAMBU** Cheech and Chong, Ode
 - 9 (10) **LOOKIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW** Jackson 5, Motown
 - 10 (11) **ELVIS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** RCA
 - 11 (13) **MOODS** Neil Diamond, Uni
 - 12 (12) **CARLOS SANTANA/BUDDY MILES LIVE** Columbia
 - 13 (7) **THICK AS A BRICK** Jethro Tull, Reprise
 - 14 (6) **ROBERTA FLACK & DONNY HATHAWAY** Atlantic
 - 15 (14) **PROCOL HARUM LIVE WITH THE EDMONTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** A & M
 - 16 (28) **CARNEY** Leon Russell, Shelter
 - 17 (15) **AMAZING GRACE** Aretha Franklin, Atlantic
 - 18 (19) **THE OSMONDS LIVE** MGM
 - 19 (—) **TRILOGY** Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Cosillion
 - 20 (22) **THE EAGLES** Asylum
 - 21 (27) **SON OF SCHMILSSON** Harry Nilsson, RCA
 - 22 (23) **AMAZING GRACE** Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, RCA
 - 23 (—) **NEVER A DULL MOMENT** Rod Stewart, Mercury
 - 24 (24) **FIRST TAKE** Roberta Flack, Atlantic
 - 25 (25) **HARVEST** Neil Young, Reprise
 - 26 (26) **SOMETIME IN NEW YORK CITY** John and Yoko/Plastic Ono Band/Elephant's Memory, Apple
 - 27 (29) **HISTORY OF ERIC CLAPTON** Atco
 - 28 (—) **GODSPELL** Original Cast, Bell
 - 29 (30) **THE LAST DAYS OF THE FILMORE** Various Artists, Epic
 - 30 (—) **SEVEN SEPARATE FOOLS** Three Dog Night, Dunhill
- COURTESY OF "CASHBOX"

Singles

- 1 (2) **ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY)** Gilbert O'Sullivan, MAM
 - 2 (3) **BRANDY** Looking Glass, Epic
 - 3 (4) **LOVING YOU IS WRONG** Luther Ingram, KoKo
 - 4 (1) **DADDY DON'T YOU WALK SO FAST** Wayne Newton, Chelsea
 - 5 (8) **HOW DO YOU DO** Mouth and MacNeal, Philips
 - 6 (6) **SCHOOL'S OUT** Alice Cooper, Warner Bros.
 - 7 (7) **WHERE IS THE LOVE** Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway, Atlantic
 - 8 (10) **LONG TALL WOMAN IN A BLACK DRESS** The Hollies, Epic
 - 9 (11) **I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU** Al Green, Hi
 - 10 (9) **DAY BY DAY** Godspell, Bell
 - 11 (13) **HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WHOLE U.S.A.** Donna Fargo, Dot
 - 12 (5) **TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW** Cornelius Brother and Sister Rose, United Artists
 - 13 (16) **YOU DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM** Jim Croce, ABC
 - 14 (20) **HOLD YOUR HEAD UP** Argent, Epic
 - 15 (15) **HOLD HER TIGHT** The Diamond Brothers, MGM
 - 16 (17) **SEALED WITH A KISS** Bobbie Gentry, Epic
 - 17 (19) **GOODBYE TO LOVE** Carpenters, A & M
 - 18 (23) **HAPPY** Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
 - 19 (24) **LOOKIN' THROUGH THE WINDOW** Jackson 5, Motown
 - 20 (21) **NICE TO BE WITH YOU** Gallery, Sussex
 - 21 (25) **SONG SUNG BLUE** Neil Diamond, Uni
 - 22 (30) **ROCK-N-ROLL PART 2** Gary Glitter, Bell
 - 23 (27) **MOTORCYCLE MAMA** Sailcat, Elektra
 - 24 (—) **BACK STABBERS** O'Jays, Philips
 - 25 (12) **LEAN ON ME** Bill Withers, Sussex
 - 26 (28) **GONE** Joey Heatherton, MGM
 - 27 (26) **I'M COMING HOME** Stories, Kama Sutra
 - 28 (14) **LAYLA** Derek and the Dominoes, Atco
 - 29 (—) **BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO** Partridge Family, Bell
 - 30 (—) **GUITAR MAN** Bread, Elektra
- COURTESY OF "CASHBOX"

News/1

THE WHO HIT EUROPE

THE WHO kick off their first European tour in three years next week with a concert at Frankfurt on Friday, August 11—followed by Hamburg (12), Brussels (16), Amsterdam (17), Copenhagen (21), Stockholm (23), Gothenburg (24), Berlin (30) and Essen (31).

On September 2 the band makes its first-ever appearance in Vienna, followed by Munich (4), Rotterdam (8), and an open-air festival in Paris (9). Concerts are also set for Lyons (16), Zurich (17) and Rome (20).

All the Continental venues have been inspected and selected by Who representatives, with modifications to the halls to suit the band's requirements being carried out.

Pete Townshend's solo LP—the tribute to Meher Baba—is now set for release later this month, while John Entwistle's "Wistle Rhymes" is out in October.

PRICE JOINS WOOD'S WIZZARD

EX-MOVE bassman Rick Price is the surprise name in the line-up of Roy Wood's new band Wizzard, to be spelt with two Zs. He links up with former Electric Light Orchestra men Nick Pentelov (sax), Hugh McDowell, Trevor Smith (electric cello) and Bill Hunt (piano), plus two former Mongrel members Charlie Grina and Keith Smart (both drums). The band debuted at the Wembley Rock-n-Roll concert last Saturday.

Other dates for the band include Reading Festival (August 13), a trip to Belgium this month and back for Nottingham Cricket Club Hall (September 2), Aylesbury Friars (9), Buxton (16), Lancaster Polytechnic (October 12), Margate Dreamland (November 3), Salford (10), and London School of Economics (December 2).

The band rush-release a single in four weeks and an album should be ready in six.

FAMILY REHEARSE WITH CREGAN

FAMILY are currently rehearsing a new bass-player into the band. He is Jim Cregan, formerly with Stud.

Their new album "Bandstand," due September 15, features—for the first time since their first album in 1967—a 22-piece string section on three tracks, arranged by Del Newman. Linda Lewis does back-up vocals.

Family's first single in a year comes out August 18, called "Burlesque." Family tour America with Elton John from September 26, and do a 17-city UK concert tour from December 3-17, with a break for Christmas, then through to February.

ELP SET FOR UK GIGS

EMERSON, Lake and Palmer expect to make British appearances—at least 16 major cities—starting November 9.

And the tour will mark the first occasion on which Carl Palmer's specially-adapted percussion Moog will be played in this country. It was modified by Robert Moog and presented to Palmer last week in America, where ELP are touring until August 20.

On their return to the UK, the trio takes two weeks holiday, before rehearsing a new stage programme, to include tracks from their current "Trilogy" album, as well as record material for another album.

QUICKSILVER UK DATES

QUICKSILVER Messenger Service, the American band which once featured ace pianist Nicky Hopkins, starts a British tour on September 21 at Wafford Town Hall.

They then play London's Edmonton Sundown Theatre (22), Copenhagen (24)—with Wishbone Ash, London's Mile End Sundown (28), and Newcastle Polytechnic (29). Further dates are being fixed.



BECK REFORMS BAND

JEFF BECK has drastically reshuffled his new band—to the extent that only original members are himself, and keyboard man Max Middleton. New men are former Vanilla Fudge stars Tim Bogart (bass) and Carmen Appice (drums), plus Kim Melford on piano. Fudge musicians Bogart and Appice founded breakaway band, Cactus.

HUMBLE PIE FOR FINNISH FESTIVAL

HUMBLE PIE, back from their most-successful States trip so far with a Gold Disc for their LP "Smokin'," headline Finland's Turku festival this Saturday, August 12. They return to the U.S. for another three-week tour from August 22, when dates will concentrate around the West Coast area.

A two-week British tour for Pie starts at Waltham Forest Technical College on October 27, replacing the date cancelled due to Stevie Marriott's illness earlier in the year. Further dates are being fixed.

Pie's Continental tour starts after the UK dates—opening in Amsterdam on November 10 and running through to early December.

LINDA LEWIS ALBUM READY

LINDA Lewis has finished her second album, "Lark," which is released September 17, with a single from it in August. Linda does five concerts with Elton John here at the end of the month.

BR READY FOR READING

BRITISH Rail at Reading assure visitors to the town's pop festival—August 11/12/13—that "an adequate service will be provided for people returning home to London."

The Traffic Commissioner earlier refused ticket agents, Edwards & Edwards, permission to run fans to-and-from the site in specially-rented coaches. Edwards & Edwards have provided a similar service for visitors to Bickershaw and Lincoln.

Now, BR say they will have two extra trains on stand-by to cope with the extra traffic.

The Reading Festival, headlined by the Faces, might also feature John Baldry in his first British appearance for 12 months. Baldry has spent the past three months touring the U.S. with a four-piece band of American musicians, plus pianist Ian Armit.

HARRISON RECORDING A CHRISTMAS ALBUM

Everly Brothers dates

GEORGE Harrison has written and produced the next single for Cilla Black, the singer who sprang to stardom on the wave of "Beatle mania" in the early sixties.

George is the second Beatle to compose a song specially for Cilla. Paul McCartney wrote her "Step Inside Love," used as the theme for her TV series in the past.

Although no title or release date for the record has been revealed, Disc understands a backing track has already been recorded at the Apple studios—and Cilla will put on the vocals under regular producer George Martin's direction within the next few weeks.

Harrison, meanwhile, is believed to have begun work on his special follow-up album to the

mammoth-selling "All Things Must Pass"—which contained his award-winning single "My Sweet Lord."

He is reported to have booked the Apple studios for a two-month period to prepare the LP in time for Christmas release.

● Badfinger—due back from their three-month US tour this weekend—begin work on a new album in Apple studios September 1. The band return to America in November to accompany the Faces on a two-month tour.

YES AND WONDERWHEEL FOR MANCHESTER

YES and Wright's Wonderwheel, among acts set for the next Crystal Palace "Garden Party" (September 2), team up again for a concert at Manchester Belle Vue on September 10.

Both bands use the bookings

to debut material from their latest albums—the fifth Yes LP "Close To The Edge" (out September 1); Wonderwheel's "Horny Chords" (8).

Yes also appear at Glasgow Kelvin Hall (September 4/5) and Newcastle City Hall (12). The band returns from America on August 18 to begin rehearsals with new drummer Alan White, who appears on all the British dates.

LINDISFARNE LP AND SINGLE

LINDISFARNE'S new single is "All Fall Down"—from their

new "Dingly Dell" album. Both are set for release September 15.

The band, currently on holiday, begin work again August 13 at the Turku Festival, Finland, followed by dates in Sweden and Belgium. They play the September 2 Crystal Palace Garden Party alongside Yes, Wright's Wonderwheel and Capability Brown. One more "big-name" act is to be added.

COHEN ARRIVES

LEONARD Cohen arrives August 17 to help edit the film of his March tour of Britain.

Still's Manassas for Britain

STEPHEN STILLS' Manassas confirmed three British dates next month. They play a London concert and three provincial bookings between September 15, 16, 17 before going on a three-week Continental tour.



Picture by MIKE PUTLAND

EVERLY BROTHERS' month-long British visit in September now includes a concert at London's "Palladium."

Don and Phil kick off with a week at Batley Variety Club (September 10-17), then play Manchester Free Trade Hall (20), London Palladium (24), supported by the Searchers, Croydon Fairfield Hall (25), Chatham Town Hall (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Oxford New Theatre (October 1), Birmingham Barbarella's (2-3), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (4), Scarborough Spar (6) and Newcastle City Hall (7).

A single from the Everlys' latest album "Stories We Could Tell" will be cut to tie in with the tour.

DESPITE posters claiming Jimmy Cliff appearing at reggae festival at London's Alexandra Palace August 20—he will not be at show. Cliff denies any approach about it, and has prior commitments in Jamaica anyway.

POLICE have asked Island Records to make it clear that there will be no London Hyde Park concert this Saturday (Aug. 12).

ROSS TOUR OFF—LP WITH GAYE

DIANA ROSS, expecting her second child in the New Year, has cancelled her January three-week tour of Britain that was to have included a season of cabaret.

She continues to work on a number of recording projects including a joint album with Marvin Gaye, who hasn't worked with a female artist since his last album with Tammi Terrell two-and-a-half years ago.

Diana is also completing the soundtrack for the feature film "The Lady Sings Blues"—the story of Billie Holiday. It is set for an American premiere in October, and will feature classic Holiday material, plus specially composed works by Michele Legrand.



MICK JAGGER WAS THERE... AT THE WEMBLEY ROCK-N-ROLL "DO" ON SATURDAY AND HE WAS DETERMINED TO GET ALL THOSE MUSICAL INFLUENCES DOWN ON FILM FOR POSTERITY. (WEMBLEY REVIEW PAGE 18).

MCCARTNEY HOME FOR AUGUST LP

MCCARTNEY and band still winging their way across Europe with concerts in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Holland and Belgium to come. Wings are due home end of August when they will complete a follow-up album—probably a double—to Wings "Wild Life."

FOUR FOULK CONCERTS SET

FOUR concerts at the Kennington Oval and Nottingham's Trent Bridge cricket grounds are to be staged late summer by the Foulk brothers—responsible for last Saturday's rock concert at Wembley.

Artists have yet to be confirmed but dates are settled: The Oval, September 16 and September 30, and Trent Bridge, September 17 and October 1.

Platters, Coasters and Drifters off

PLATTERS, Drifters and Coasters were unable to appear at Wembley's Rock-n-Roll concert on Saturday due to legal problems and difficulties over work permits.

Problems arose through counter claims by other promoters alleging to have "the original" acts under contract. British artists Emile Ford, Joe Brown and The Bruvvers and Heinz were last-minute replacement acts.

Gate numbers totalled around 56,000 and now the promoters—Ron, Ray and Bill Foulk—plan to stage similar but smaller, events on an annual basis. An album and feature film are both likely to appear in the coming months.

● Little Richard, who received a hostile reaction during his set, plays Nottingham's Intercom this Thursday (August 10), before returning to the US.

SEDAKA'S HITS ON MAXI SINGLE

NEIL Sedaka's million-selling "Oh Carol," the song he wrote for Carole King, is re-released with his original version of "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do" and "Little Devil" to tie in with a month-long UK club tour later this month.

Sedaka is scheduled for Batley Variety Club for a week from August 27, then Liverpool Wooky Hollow (September 3), Sheffield Fiesta (10), and Stockton Fiesta (17).

Neil's hits are released in RCA's "Maximillion" series.

MOVE THE HOODLE

HIT SINGLE

ALL THE YOUNG DUDES

CBS 8271



WINTER'S TALE...

EDGAR WINTER, slight and spiderlike, an albino with thin, snowy hair and bleached out eyelashes, is sitting awkwardly within the plush surroundings of his Grosvenor House Hotel room.

He is clad from head to foot in chamois leather; on his back is some kind of reproduction of that well known personality of yesterday—Tutankamun.

His cadaverous complexion is not enhanced by the tasteful blandness of the surroundings, but there's an innate warmth to be found in his lazy elongated drawl, and a lack of the usual ultra-septic hipper-than-thou terms of reference that often go hand in hand with "stardom."

Edgar is both entertaining and highly articulate; his sense of humour manifests itself in frequent, but subtle self-derision, and then he throws back his head and emits gusts of high whinnying laughter.

Brother of Johnny Winter, the guitarist people love to refer to as "the white tornado," he's naturally had to endure the struggle of working within Johnny's shadow, for, as Edgar says, "Johnny's a natural star," although, contrary to general opinion their respective musical outlooks are in many ways different.

Edgar's first intimation of his natural ability to make music came when he was at school: "See, man, I was no good at schoolwork, and me being shy and an albino didn't help none—you know, they always used to refer to me as "the weird kid with the white hair," so I began t'get more n' more interested in music, until I completely withdrew into it—and I s'pose this withdrawal showed in the music I played—it tended to be remote and introverted too.

"The jazz from down South and a lot of classical things were the first kind of influences I had,

I suppose," he continues, "and so I quit school and began playing in little clubs with black musicians. But the kind of jazz they were playing was really a form of blues.

"So, gradually, I found people were beginning t'dig what I was doing—they were starting t'accept me, and so my music began widening in its scope, and I began to play less and less jazz—I couldn't get into the new jazz—to me it was jus' noise."

Edgar continued playing clubs and working around for other musicians, including his brother, mainly in the southern states, until he released his first album over here, "Entrance," a solo album that figured as a kind of musical collage of his diverse talents, which also acted as a fine illustration of his songwriting and compositional flair. The difference in style between this album and, say, the "Roadwork" album, is immense, but, then, you can understand why when Edgar explains.

"The original White Trash Band was formed to do club and roadwork—it shouldn't be taken for granted that the music laid down on 'Roadwork' is my only love—really, man, I'm at a point now where I'm into all kinds of music, and I really love t'keep changing my styles.

"With 'Entrance,'" he adds, "what I was into then was still something introverted and withdrawn. It was a very special, personal album, and I always get a nice feeling when people tell me they liked it—I s'pose that in many ways it was just a reflection of my musical fantasies.

"The first White Trash album, with Jerry Lacroix and Rick Derringer, was got together in much too short a time, but the live album was really nice to do—high energy music.

"But this band's not nearly as serious as the o'd White Trash. We put it together in just three days, worked out a few numbers n' got out on to the road again—n' I'm amazed at how well it's turned out."

The current line up is a straight 4 piece—gone is the brass section and the dual vocal line up. Rick Derringer, their last guitarist, has been ably replaced by Ronnie Montrose, who also handles some of the vocals. Edgar doubles on keyboards and saxes,



EDGAR WINTER
taken at Crystal Palace

as well as taking lead vocals, Chuck Ruff handles the percussive side (or as some, less bombastic than I, might say, drums), whilst Dan Hartman does a bit a' singin' and pumps a mean bass. Rick Derringer still does the odd gig with them doing guest appearances.

Edgar continues, "I love this new band; it's young, forward looking, and, as yet, not set in its musical ways—which, to me, was the failing of the old band, and the eventual reason for the split.

"Like, I've known Jerry and Bobby since we were at school; we'd all played together as kids, so that when we came together again, we all knew each other well, and became set in our different ways—like Jerry and the

by PETER ERSKINE

horn players got off black music, but that was all that they seemed to want to play—well, all right, perhaps not quite all, but that was their base. Now I dig that, but there's other things I wanted to get into, and that band was jus' too damn restricting; everything we ever did was OLD—even the new things we did sounded old—as if they'd been done before.

"But with this band playin' ain't like work anymore—I just love working on the road with 'em. I really like them as people, too."

Despite wild audience reaction, the band weren't altogether happy with their recent Crystal Palace set. Having wanted desperately to make as good an impact as possible on this, Edgar's first British date with his own band, they'd had to play through other people's amps and equipment scraped together at the last minute, as their own hadn't materialised, which meant that almost half the set was spent "feeling their way."

"Yeah, like I was really upset when we went out on to the stage—we hadn't even had the time to test the stuff, we just had to find out as we went along—fer instance, man, I couldn't hear Ronnie's guitar most of the time... but when we'd got over that, and the thing of th'audience being so far away—you know, I couldn't see 'em at all—it turned out okay; by the time we went off we were satisfied—all things considered, that is."

Edgar's own inimitable version of "Tobacco Road," which appears on both "Entrance" and "Roadwork" is also the pivot of the band's stage act; it features an amusing and musically brilliant guitar/vocal interchange. Edgar sings a really complex run at Ronnie and he has to respond by returning it note for note on the guitar; the idea is to try and out-do each other.

"Yup," says the younger Winter, smiling. "I been doing that song since I was here before with Johnny, and its one of those numbers people keep askin' for; otherwise we woulda dropped it ages ago. But it is fun t'do and we're always adding new bits so's t' keep it from bein' boring."

And then, inevitably, the conversation wanders round to his brother.

"You know, man, what I'd like t' see happening? Well, when both me and Johnny are really established with our different bands and well known for what we do, we could come together in a big show; my players, who'd be perhaps a little more versatile, and his, who'd be a little more earthy.

"We'd each play our different sets at the beginning, and then come together at th' end in a kinda huge jam... that's my dream."



KENNY LOGGINS
taken at Crystal Palace

on the road," explained Kenny, "so we had to start rehearsing again to make sure the piano parts weren't missed, but Michael will be on the next album."

At Crystal Palace, the band proved they could more than duplicate their recorded sound. Kenny began the set alone with a few acoustic numbers. Then followed a couple of acoustic numbers, featuring the band and Jim with Kenny. Then some of their more funky material, like "Vahevala," "Listen To A Country Song" and "Nobody But You."

However, it was all over in half an hour and the Loggins and Messina Band flew back to the States. Undoubtedly, the good word will be spread before the tour here, early in '73, when we can expect a large dose of this very delicious band.

John Peel

Being sick in trains

THIS HAS been a fun packed week. Last week, you will doubtless recall, your Byronic hero (me, you fool) was immersed in soapy water with a young woman. This resulted in the long run in my being unable to introduce the contestants on "Friday Night is Boogie Night" and in the Pig ordering me to bed at eight o'clock.

At three o'clock on Friday morning, after two hours sleep, I was woken by sharp and persistent pains in my rather lovely stomach. These ultimately forced me into The Smallest Room where I spent many a fretful hour being sick and doing other things too frightful to mention. By nine o'clock I was well enough to raise myself up on one elbow and whimper rather pathetically for a breakfast preparation we call Pigsli.

Having downed this and having arrayed myself in all of my costliest finery I walked carefully out to Friday (a Land-Rover) and readied myself for the drive into London.



Once, twice, three times I turned the key and nothing happened. Half an hour later I was still turning the key although alternating the turns with a lot of hopeful peering into the engine. I am a man whose mechanical knowledge just encompasses the less complex kinds of tooth-brush.

Finally, abandoning hope, I phoned for a taxi and headed for Stowmarket Station and caught a train which, perusal of a timetable assured me, would coincide, at Ipswich, with another train which would speed me into London. I had not noticed that the second train only ran on Saturdays.

Ipswich Station is not the sort of place I would immediately recommend to those suffering from stomach distress and a nagging urge to vomit colourfully and in large quantities. By the time the train arrived I was convinced that it was only a matter of time before everyone of my internal organs discharged itself through one or other of my bodily orifices. (I hope I'm not distressing you.)

One of the more diverting things about travel on this particular line is that you either have the entire train to yourself or share it with enough people to fill Wembley Stadium several times over. On this occasion I was not alone and found myself standing in the corridor between a Welshman, who thought it was scandalous, and the biggest truck-driver I've ever seen.



When my illness became apparent and I was disappearing into the bog for the sixth or seventh time, the truck-driver became very helpful and solicitous. Each time I re-appeared he'd clear a way for me and stand me by the window. Each time I disappeared he'd wait a minute and then shout through the door to find out whether I was OK or whether my worst fears had been realised. He was so friendly and kind that I felt a lot better when we finally reached Liverpool Street. It is reassuring to meet people like that.

The last time I was ill on a train—the same line curiously, but about five years ago—the passengers completely ignored me even when I finally collapsed on the floor (I was on my way to hospital from Radio London

with blood poisoning). When we reached Liverpool Street on that occasion someone called the gen-darmerie because they felt I must be maddened with drugs.

Carrying a box of records on rush-hour tubes is never a heap of fun but the legendary courage of the Peels drove me on and I came at last to the BBC. By this time I was well enough to search about for a tender message from the Sue Hook I mentioned a week or so ago but as none had come I had a sleep instead.

When I woke I felt a great deal worse and finally conceded that I would have to let the fearful B*b H*rr*s do the programme. The business of getting back to Liverpool Street and the train journey home were so unpleasant that I really don't like to think about them. All the way I consoled myself with a vision of a quiet night in front of the television with Pig and Pig's Sister ministering to my every need. When I got home it was a very different reality that faced me. A harsh and brutal Pig drove me up to bed and wouldn't even let me read. I hope you all feel very sorry for me.



As this is a music paper I'd better mention some musicians. Let's see now. I did get a post-card from Robert Wyatt and his lady this week—and the famed trumpeter John Walters has been scaring the wildlife around these parts with some of his own amusing variations on well-known and much-loved tunes.

A lady called Elizabeth has written a friendly letter from the village. She gave neither her address nor her last name so I'm scrutinising every face I see to see whether or not it looks like an Elizabeth.

We're listening to the Bob Weir LP again—we can't listen to "Never A Dull Moment" all the time—and the kitten, fast becoming a cat, is asleep on the table beside me. Woggle (a dog) is tugging at my trousers because she wants me to go and play football with her—and if you think I'm making that up I have photographs to prove it.

I get quite a few letters from "Disc" readers these days—just friendly letters about the sort of small things with which I fill this column—and that really is nice. There are lots of good people about and if you're one of them, thank-you.



BOB WEIR
LISTENING

SITTING IN WITH LOGGINS and MESSINA

IT'S ALWAYS a pleasure to welcome our musical brothers from across the Atlantic, especially when they are as talented as the Loggins and Messina Band.

All we had to herald their arrival was one positively tasty album—"Kenny Loggins With Jim Messina Sittin' In"—and some fond memories of Jim's days with Poco and Buffalo Springfield. Despite this, their one gig, at the second Crystal Palace Garden Party for this year, was received with warmth and enthusiasm.

In the States, Loggins and Messina are already big news. The album is about to be certified Gold and their "live" gigs have been getting rave reviews.

During their short stay in London, I managed to speak with Kenny Loggins about how Jim Messina came to "sit in" and about the band in general. Kenny

takes up the story:

"Jim had been out of Poco for about a month and he decided he wanted to do independent producing, although he didn't have anyone in mind to produce.

"I'd decided to be a performer about the same time. I'd been concentrating on songwriting for, like, three years, so I decided it was time to get out of my shell. I had been performing for around four years previous to that, but there was a three-year 'dry' period when I just wrote songs and travelled around.

"I was signed to a publishing company for a salary which meant I could go where I wanted to, when I wanted. When the spirit moved me, I'd go into the studios and put down some demos and, while the company was busy selling my songs, I'd be off somewhere else. It was a pretty free existence and I didn't really appreciate it until now, when I look back.

"Anyway, I went to Jimmy, via a mutual friend and I sang him some songs and he liked the

BY MICHELLE O'DRISCOLL

tunes. We started to work on them and decided to do an album. In other words, Jimmy was going to produce a Kenny Loggins album. As we got into it, Jimmy was working out harmonies and guitar parts, so he realised we should work together and that's how the coalition came about."

The result, of course, was the "Sittin' In" album, which one American critic described as being "perfect." It was made up of songs, old and new, with Kenny choosing "favourites" like "Danny's Song" and "House On Pooh Corner," which were written about four years ago.

"Other people had recorded some of the tunes, but I'd never heard them the way I'd envisaged them in my head, so Jimmy and I really worked on them to get the subtlety and meaning out of the tunes and I'm very happy with the way they turned out."

In February this year, Loggins and Messina made their "live" debut as support to Curtis Mayfield at the Troubadour. One week after opening, they were headlining. Since then, they've played everywhere from Carnegie Hall to the Hollywood Bowl.

On stage, they use all the musicians on the album, with the exception of keyboard man, Michael O'Martian.

"Michael produced a hit record just before we were about to go

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RECORD SHOPS

THE FACES are planning phenomenal effects for their next American tour; their umpteenth invasion there in the past two years. And where they're one of the hottest properties around.

For a start, they'll perform on a perspex stage which has to be specially constructed from six-foot squares—and the entire area will also be filled with tin-foil. Behind the band will be a huge backdrop depicting a giant tapping foot. While the roadies—never a sartorially conscious crew at the best of times—will wear black satin suits, black shirts, and white ties and gloves.

Visually, certainly, the whole thing should eclipse the circus set-up, with which the Faces toured the States earlier, and which British fans might find as a bonus at the boys' forthcoming appearance at the Reading festival.

Good presentation and intelligent packaging of rock performances, it seems, are becoming more and more important among acts today. At last, artists are realising that their mere presence onstage playing isn't sufficient. The paying public wants—and deserves—to be visually entertained; particularly at the prices charged for tickets these days.

Rod Stewart, the Faces' frontman, is a great believer in giving—and getting—value for money. That's why he's as considerate for Faces fans' welfare as he might be for the material things he acquires around him... the stable of thoroughbred Lamborghinis sports cars, for instance. Or the multi-thousand-pound mansion he owns on the fringe of Windsor Great Park.

We read about the Rolling Stones and their astonishing alcoholic requirements backstage; Joe Cocker's crates of Dom Perignon champagne written into every "live" show contract. Well, this is nothing new to the fantastic Faces. They've been receiving this sensational "star" treatment since their second States tour. And on one such visit, Rod revealed, they even employed someone to have bottles of "Blue Nun" wine chilled to the required temperature.

"The Stones have only just started doing the booze bit," believes Rod. "I don't think their management realised just how much of this sort of thing they could pull off."

"It all comes out of your own pocket ultimately," he admits. "But a bit of presentation is important. It gives that sense of occasion which is lacking with some groups."

"It's the same with the stage-show. Last time, with the circus, we had a lot of people booing, and a lot cheering. People throw things at the clowns. But, either way, like it or not, it left a lasting impression. The audience remembers. I don't think they'd remember a really bad support group."

Rod grinned from beneath his famous haystack hair-style; his loud yellow suit jacket—matching the ever-present Lamborghini outside—draped Napoleon-like across his shoulders.

"We've only got our own bar on the stage this time, too, haven't we?" he said. "Next to the Steinway piano." (Another request written into contracts.)

The Faces also have an unbelievable supply of booze backstage themselves, of course. As much for the image as actually imbibing. "Old Grandd" bourbon for Mac and Ronnie Lane; chilled wine for Woody; port-and-brandy for Rod himself. They even have personally-inscribed towels in the dressing-room... plus plush red carpets all around them.

"It makes you feel that people care for you," claims Stewart. "Anyway, it's certainly better than having to go round to the off-licences, like in the old days!"

And if the Faces themselves like to feel a sense of occasion when they perform—the fans aren't far behind in getting carried away by the excitement the band exudes. American audiences, claims Rod, can be frightening.

"I've seen some cases you wouldn't believe. One guy on the last tour we played threatened to slash his wrists... unless I looked at him! He was onstage, behind the monitor



EVER READY ROD

speakers, and shouting 'Come over her, or I'm going to cut my wrists.' He was holding a knife. I had to go over to him. Frenzy isn't the word for it. And they're just normal guys too—the type you see walking down the street.

"Of course, birds throw all their clothes onstage still; that's been done before. But threatening to cut an artery...! They even let bombs off sometimes. Not real bombs—but those loud crackers. We went into one number, 'Losing You'—which always gets them going—and suddenly BOOOOM! That was it!"

Rod likened the reaction to Faces' concerts to crowds at football matches to a degree, which conveniently brought him around to another of his favourite subjects—soccer. As a youngster, firm Stewart fans will recall, he came close to signing professional papers for a club. And he still enjoys a kick-around if the opportunity presents itself.

"A couple of seasons back I used to play Saturday afternoons AND Sunday mornings," he says. "But now I've gone out to Windsor it catches up with me. I have to get up at eight o'clock for an 11 a.m. kick-off."

"I was really serious when I played in North London, though. But the broken-leg bit worries me now. Then we were second in the league, but now we've gone up into the premier division. You get all the mad bastards up there. They kick each other to death!"

"I play in the half-back line, and that position is what you make it, but I always worry when we have a winter tour pending. Broken ankles and all that—it would restrict me a bit," he laughed.

Rod rightly believes too that soccer stars aren't paid enough for the entertainment they provide. "It's criminal that a guy who goes out to play for his country gets only £60. To me that's

mediaeval. He's entertaining 100,000 people! I know people tell me that a doctor saving lives doesn't get what I earn—but he hasn't got 20... 60... 100,000 people coming to see him. A navy earns more digging a hole for a week than a guy playing football for England.

"Mind, I wasn't aware of that when I played. I was blind; didn't care so long as I could play." A philosophy which the ever-ready Rod would also seem to apply to his music. He revealed that he'd have been willing to do a benefit for Senator McGovern—the same thing James Taylor and Carole King did. Mercury, his label, were 100 per cent behind him... he just needed gentle persuasion to go up onstage alone and play guitar.

Rod's relationship with the rest of the Faces, and their amazing understanding of his solo status, is a real rarity among big-name bands.

"I wish I could give the Faces a lot more attention than I do," he reflected. "Now, the boys are even making an album without me. They know I'm dead-beat after doing my own bit for four months—so they've steamed in. I'm honestly very tired after making my own album ('Never A Dull Moment,' which promises to be an almost-immediate No. 1 both sides of the Atlantic)—so musically I can't listen to anything more."

However, he's currently catching up on what's been happening on record and listening to the Rolling Stones' "Exile On Main Street" and his beloved Free.

"The Faces have started the new album without me, and I'll probably catch up with them after August," he reports. "You know, put in a few ideas. They're a really great bunch of guys, so understanding. I mean, can you name another band in the world that would let the singer stand down—and go away and make the album without him? They're doing what I love anyway; they could do anything and it would be all right by me."

"They sent me three tracks the other night that were beautiful. I had nothing to do with them; they laid them down on their own entirely. And they just said: 'This is what we're going to do. The key might not be right, but we can change that. You just write the words.'"

"I mean, they could have been the other side of the world. They send me a little tape—I write the words, sing them, and send it back—and it's finished. A sort of correspondence course in composing, I suppose."

"What sums it all up with the Faces—and I'm not talking about myself now—is that none of them have got egos, and that counts. They've been through the whole bit and seen what it does. It's the last band I'll ever be in!"

Rod's albums outsell those by the Faces by about three-to-one worldwide. He has a positive "Ataddin's Cave" of Gold Discs at home. "It's probably because I reach a bigger audience with my work," he mused. "The type that maybe wouldn't turn out for a 'live' show."

He'd seen Joe Cocker's recent

concert at London's "Rainbow," he revealed, and had been somewhat disappointed.

"Cocker's lost contact with his audience," he announced. "He's a bundle of nerves these days. I remember when I was with Jeff Beck I was shit-scared of following him onstage once. He was under us on the bill in America—only a couple of years ago, actually—and it scared the living day lights out of me! It's a shame, he hasn't got that necessary electric personality either. And he doesn't seem to be breathing anymore like he should when he sings. Personally, I think he should go back to the Grease Band line-up; get rid of the brass. Anyway, let's hope his current position is only temporary, 'cos he's a marvel-

lous artist."


Finally, the inevitable question about how Rod equates his enormous current success with all the years of slog which he'd put in.

"I never thought I'd be a failure," he remarked. "Maybe sell a record or two, you know. But I honestly never dreamed it would be this big. I mean, ONE MILLION albums sold in America on the day of release..."

He was pensive. "It's as weird as I thought it would be," he admitted. "Worth waiting for, too. And because of this I think I'm handling it quite well. But I'm pleased it didn't happen to me when I was 18 or 19. I'd have really freaked out then—and spent it all!"

—MIKE LEDGERWOOD

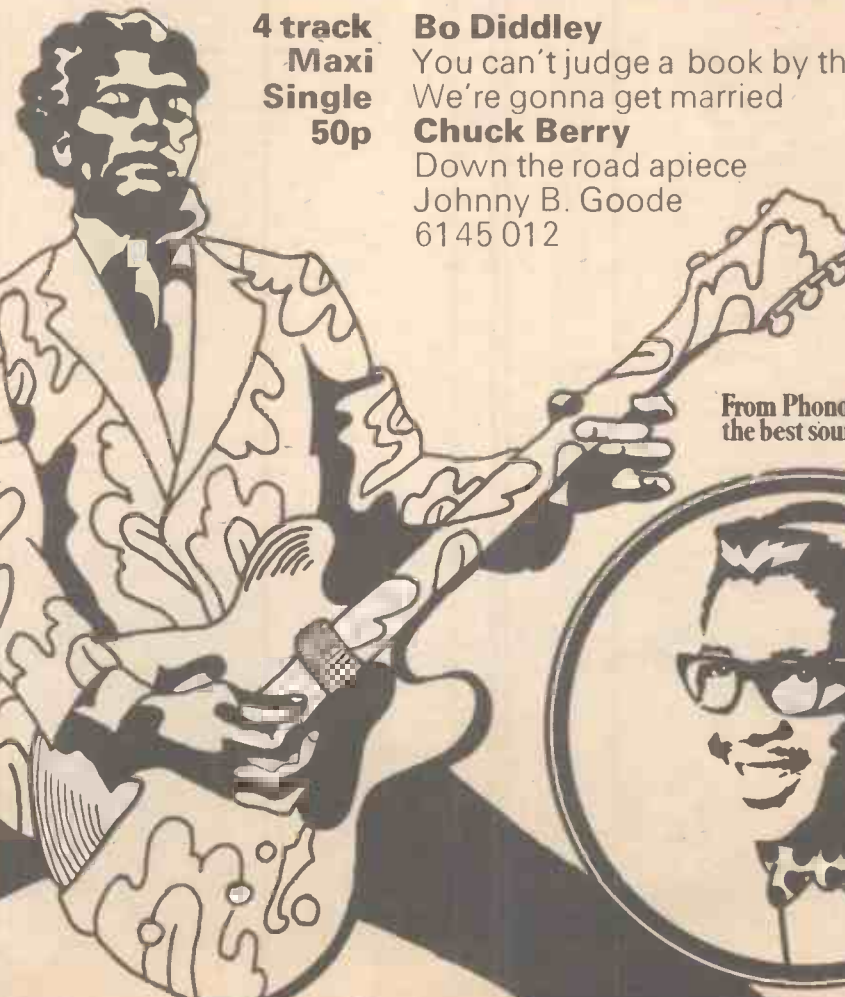
"We've only got our own bar on the stage this time, too, haven't we?"



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"None of the Faces have got egos, and that counts. They've been through the whole bit. It's the last band I'll ever be in"

Rock/2

BAND ON THE ROAD

A series of interviews with the hardworking bands whose success is gauged in audience response rather than record sales and whose names rarely hit the headlines.

C.M.U. SET HERTS BEATING

IN THE lazy reaches of Bishops Stortford, Herts., something is stirring—again. Now B.S.H. doesn't sound exactly like the outrageous mecca of the music world, in fact it's got more the ring of where ageing stars seek out to get themselves ruralised.

And again, the Contemporary Music Unit doesn't conjure those heady images of a band who'd knock the guts from you. Right. Well shorten the name then to just C.M.U. . . . now we're getting somewhere.

Two years ago (we're back in il'ole B.S.H., by the way) there was in the town the Contemporary Music Unit, high ideals about ingenious, original work, a blend of Pentangle-cum-jazz and unfortunately desperate musical differences. Rock, you see, wins in the end and some of the members of the band wanted things to jive a bit more.

We're back to the present, almost. The City Of London Festival to be exact, just a couple of weeks ago. Apparently it was something of a sober event until a six-piece unit took the stage. And yes, the people started to move—actually get up and do a bit of dancing.

Richard Joseph, not too tall, long-haired and bearded, is one of the vocalists with C.M.U. He's a soft-spoken, intelligent talker with a fair amount he wants to forget about the early origins of the band.

"You can't really compare the two line-ups," he says. "We started out as this very contemporary jazzy based unit, but now we're rock music and the band is developing along those lines."

Besides Richard, the band comprises Lorraine Odell who shares the vocals; Ian Hamlett (lead guitar); Roger Odell (drums); Steve Cook (bass); and Leary Hasson on organ. Since the shake-up, the present members have been together ten months.

They're due at Rockfield Studios, Monmouth, soon to cut what amounts to their first album. Producing will be Fritz Fryer—who used to be with the Four Pennies. Richard, who writes most of the band's material, said the album will probably have about six songs on it.

"We're also doing a single called 'Heart Of The Sun'—we're pleased with how that's going. Personally, I see nothing wrong with singles but we don't go in for the current thing of all the glitter and showbiz stuff—but we do consider ourselves an entertaining band."

"What we are trying to do now is find out what our market actually is. We may have to go abroad to find it, there's talk of us going over for the Munich Festival and also festivals in Tokyo and maybe Hong Kong."

—ROBERT BRINTON

LOUDON CLEAR

"WHAT'S happening with the lunch-time folk dancers?"

"What's all this about lunch-time folk dancers?"

We're in room 210 of the Grosvenor House. It's CBS annual conference week and just about anything can be believed. Eight-hundred swash-buckling young men and women in drip-dry Dacron shirts and loon pants have been parcelled in jets and flown over from the US for this, the largest-ever record company meeting and the first the label has staged on foreign soil. They are joined by at least 200 others from Britain and Europe.

These eager people, with CBS badges pinned to their chests, don't sleep. They shuffle about the lobby five in the morning eating cheese sandwiches and discussing doctrine and strategy. The occupation of the Grosvenor is complete and the residue has spilled over to the Hilton and White House.

Room 210 is Press HQ. Eyes fall on a blackboard on which the PR retinue chart the progress of a campaign for national attention, Ramsey Lewis to meet Dutch reporters at 14.00 hours, Vicki Carr to receive a German deputation at 11.20 hours. Space shortage dictates the use of a coding system and a party of Japanese journalists are designated "NIP." That's no way to win over our Oriental comrades so they are re-coded "JAP"—which still doesn't quite make it.

U.K. to meet Loudon Wainwright III at 11.40. That's us, ladies and gentlemen. Now the first thing you're supposed to say about Loudon Wainwright is that he's the new true-blue Bob Dylan reincarnate. You read that everywhere. He's also supposed to be a trifle mad and "a genius with laughing eyes."

"Now I've been playing music for three or four years and if people still think I'm the new Bob Dylan I really think they're crazy because everyone knows John Prine is the new Bob Dylan, or is it Don McLean?"

All those crazies who see a similarity base their case on the parallels of the two men's careers. Wainwright, like Dylan six or seven years before, went in search of the cosmic giggle, wearing beads and roman sandals. He'd been studying drama at college during the mid-sixties and later explored his own innards during a pilgrimage that took him from his North Carolina home to London, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago "and all the hot spots of the globe where the action was."

His first public appearance came nine years ago in a North Beach San Francisco club called The Coffee Gallery. He spent the summer of '68 in Cambridge, Mass. where he began documenting, in rhyme, his case against the perverse excesses of middle-America.

Appearances in New York and Boston followed, alongside people like Dave Von Ronk, Patrick Sky and John Hammond, and in Nov-



LOUDON WAINWRIGHT . . . NOT A SECOND DYLAN

ember '69 he was topping the Village Gaslight bill—a remarkably swift rise for one who describes himself as "a regular well-adjusted happy-go-lucky guy."

There have been two albums on Atlantic—just him, his guitar and a touch of piano. There's much wit and cleverness about his music ("listen buddy I'm no fool . . . a product of Episcopalian school") but he appears uncomfortable with his insights and it comes out sort of sad.

He toys with words much the way he toys with press people and others who try to penetrate too deeply. Above all he wants to conceal what might be construed as pretention and the result is an evasive self-parody.

"People come up to me and say you've changed, man. Where's the old you? Then I look at them and say you've changed too. People change. Things make them change."

His first album for CBS is due this September and features his new support band called White Cloud, who recently cut their own album for Leiber and Stoller's Good Medicine label. (Dylanoids note: Loudon Wainwright goes

electric).

He is on nodding terms with Mr. Dylan: "I met him briefly two or three years ago in the Kettle Of Fish in the Village. We shook hands and he was very cordial. He presented me with a solid-gold harmonica rack. He said 'so you're the new me. Well I'm the old me and the only me. There'll be no other me, but me so you start being you' . . . and I took his advice from then on."

He's not sure what comes next. He was reasonably content to hang around The Grosvenor, signing for drinks and sandwiches. Like most of the artists brought over by CBS it meant singing for his supper—demonstrating his prowess before all those excitable delegates.

But a line in "Motel Blues" gives it all away.

"There's lots of soap and lots of towels.

Never mind those desk clerk scowls.

I'll buy you breakfast, they'll think you're my wife.

Come up to my motel room. Save my life."

ANDREW TYLER



Michael Wale

The trouble with the telly . . .

AS BRITAIN lurches and groans under the threat of more self-destructive labour disputes, it occurs to me that one of the major things wrong with this country is the total lack of participation on the part of us, the public. No more so than in television and in television no more so than in that medium's absolute lack of recognition of young people and the new lifestyle.

Commercial television spawns the wretched *Dave Cash Radio Show* and every now and again lets a "serious" interviewer engage Marc Bolan in the most boring conversations as they delve into "what he really is all about." Marc, being a polite person, obliges by giving these interviews, but the interviewers always come off second best.

The BBC, at least has *Top Of The Pops*, which I'm not prepared to attack because it does a certain job. It fulfils a purpose and also gets a very large viewing, which proves there is a demand for it. The only thing I would quibble with there is the presence of the disc jockeys. I find they are the worst element of the show, hold up the pace, and they are not very good at what little they're meant to be doing.

It would be simpler and much more effective to "mix" through from one group to the next with a credit coming up, on screen; a technique Mike Leckebusch, of *Beat Club* fame in Bremen, Germany, has been doing for years.

The *Old Grey Whistle Test* is being rested at present and there is the pleasant series on BBC-2 *Sounds For Saturday* in which, blessedly, Stanley Dorfman lets the artists get on with it. I especially liked the Chuck Berry programme. The only snag to the pop follower, like myself, about this series is the highly-contrasting list of artists. To me, most jazz is a switch-off, and jazz musicians do feature every now and again on this show.

Mel Cornish and myself are still hoping BBC-1 will take up our series based on a group-a-show, in which the *Kinks At The Rainbow* was the try-out programme.

But what is really needed, and it should be the job of Robin Scott's BBC-2, is a far more flexible exchange where musicians and the young public can participate in a series of experimental programmes. It is becoming increasingly apparent that BBC-2 is joining the ratings race. While I think there is nothing wrong in making shows to be seen by the maximum amount of people, I also feel it is the duty of the BBC to permit experiment and this is just not happening at present. Where are the outlets for new groups and new writers, both of music and scripts?

It's no good just thinking up an *Opportunity Knocks*-like format in which new acts could be tried out. Now that it has been decided to discontinue *Late Night Line-Up*; surely 90 minutes, at least, of late night BBC 2 television could be set aside every week for true experiment.

There are many people already within the BBC who would like to try out their ideas. Not only producers and directors, but designers and camera-

men, and many, many, more. The trouble with television and radio in its present form is that everything has to be neatly-packaged and ready to be a success. For 99 per cent of the time this is a fair enough, in a commercial society, but for a Corporation, who get a large amount of their income from us, the viewers, it is about time some contribution to consultative television was made.

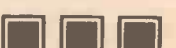
I gather Rowan Ayres is being sent by the BBC to study a form of this television in America, but why send him there? Why not take the bold stroke of creating our own experimental hour, or so, a week in London? Certainly pop music and musicians have a lot more to offer than they are allowed to show at present.



I LIKE getting your letters, even if they are only to ask how much my Lindisfarne T-shirt cost and where you can buy it. But I got an even nicer letter this week from a young lady in Stroud, about whom I'm sure there should be an instant Wale poem; but there isn't.

I'm writing back to her, as I do to anyone who writes, being a believer in that sort of thing. Miss Stevens wants to know all details about my visit to David Cassidy, what he was wearing, what his dressing-room looked like, etcetera. It will be done. Apart from being interested in Mr. Cassidy the good thing with her letter, as with the others, is that people really are interested in the way the country is run. Don't just get way-laid by the fashionable ecology trip, good as it is.

It's no good having a lead-free, clear blue sky if the people under it are unpleasant and thoughtless. Viewing what has been happening lately in this country, the time might be ripe for a new political party, which would reflect the new views. Almost at once I would qualify that remark by saying it would be the first non-political political party because at the moment to watch both Labour and Conservative on the television is pathetic, the way they just try to score political points off each other whilst the public continue to suffer, especially the working people, who in the end are the only people who suffer at the hands of continual striking.



BACK to the breezier things of life. And in particular Lindisfarne, because I was at the preview of their new album and it was really superb. A far stronger and resonant sound than before. The single from the album will be *All Fall Down*.

Producer Bob Johnston went as far as to describe it as his own personal *Sergeant Pepper*. It took an amazing three days in the studio to record, which is typical Johnston.

I'm not so sure that Procol Harum's "Conquistador" is selling as many as it deserves. Please help them into the charts, because I've always wanted to see a symphony orchestra on *Top Of The Pops*.



CMU (LEFT TO RIGHT): RICHARD JOSEPH, IAN HAMLETT, LARRAINE ODELL, STEVE COOK, LEARY HASSON, ROGER ODELL.

freemason

DAVE MASON was about to open up on the subject of his contract with Blue Thumb, but the litigation was at an end and there was no point in encouraging another round of hostilities. The last couple of years had been too wasteful and expensive so "it just wasn't worth it."

He has a new deal with CBS and another manager — the third in as many years — and, in balance, he seems to have come out on top.

"It was almost worth going through all those hassles," he said last week, "since it's helped a lot in getting myself together." He was among the scores of CBS artists brought over for the label's annual convention to entertain delegates and friends between drinks and business sessions.

Casualties

A couple of albums have fallen temporary casualties to the business wrangling. They are a studio job called "Headkeeper" — interrupted mid-recording—plus a "live" double-set recorded late '71 at the LA "Troubadour." The "live" package is to be frozen for at least 18 months, but "Headkeeper" might well turn up, via Island, during the next couple of weeks.

The last recorded sounds we heard from Dave were on "Welcome To The Canteen" — a "live" and not too inspiring album on which he guested with the meat and bones of Traffic—Steve Winwood, Jim Capaldi, Chris Wood, Ric Grech and Jim Gordon. (The album also marked the introduction of former Dizzy Gillespie sideman "Reebop" Kwaku Baah on African drums.)

It proved to be a passing interest in his old band and he soon returned to Marin County, Calif., to set about reshaping his own remarkable line-up. They're one year old and have made

BY ANDREW TYLER

three trips across America—last of which was topped off with a magical performance at the Santa Monica Civic. It was here that the heavy American Press rubbed the sleep from their eyes to marvel at the artistry of Mason and his band.

The reception was reportedly staggering. Mason's followers were more numerous and energetic than had been expected, especially considering he'd been quiet for so long.

"We'd been getting good reviews all along," said Dave, "but it all sort of culminated in the Santa Monica Civic. The reviews were really good. I don't think they realised there was such a strong following for me in America and it kind of made them more aware."

His band features Mark Jordan, a keyboard player who's worked with Van Morrison — another exceptional British expatriate; Lonny Turner, a bassist and slide guitarist who played alongside Steve Miller in the early days; plus Rick Jaeger, a drummer Dave ran into in Marin County.

For one of the American tours and for the CBS appearance he added a congo player and three girl singers but he's found the larger combination a bit restricting. "I think I'll go back to just the four of us. It makes it a lot simpler and lets the band stretch out a bit."

The current line-up is his first solid undertaking since leaving Traffic three years ago and settling in California. He was to return shortly after to work with Jim

Capaldi and Chris Wood, but three months later he flew back to California. Then came eight weeks on the Blind Faith tour as one of Delaney and Bonnie's Friends — where he melted into that astonishing "superstar" backdrop.

And then, most strangely of all, he linked with Mama Cass Elliott, the former Mama and Papa who was attempting to relaunch herself on her public. There were joint concert appearances, TV dates and an album.

"Most of the time since 'Delaney and Bonnie,'" says Dave, "has been spent going through all sorts of legal hassles—first with management and then with labels. Then I just moved up to San Francisco about a year ago and started getting the band together."

Inventive

In Britain we still tend to think of Dave as "ex-Traffic" yet things are very different in the States. They know him to be one of the finest exponents of acoustic rhythm guitar and an inventive electric player. He's also written many a stirring song—"Feel-in' Alright," "Only You Know And I Know," and some early Traffic material including "Hole In My Shoe" and "Paper Sun."

What of his new album: "I can't really say what it's all about. I'll have to let it speak for itself once it's finished. It will be a continuation of the kind of thing

I've been doing and I'll be trying to make it a bit more vivid and with a bit more depth.

"I've got about five or six songs written so far. One is called 'Misty Morning Stranger' and another called 'Maybe'. They're just sorta communication songs. The same kind of thing I've always been writing."

One of the surest signs of his new musical respectability are the film scripts that arrive from the Hollywood studios.

"I'd like to either write a theme or a whole score. I've already done a theme to go with a script I read, but the film never got made. The music was quite nice though. It was called 'Fast Delivery' and it was all about the preceding events to Castro taking over Cuba. I've also been given the script for an updated Western. I've been reading that and trying to come up with some music."

"I don't know too much about the film end of Hollywood, except it really seemed to die after pecking in the 'fifties and 'sixties. It's a difficult audience now and the business has had to adjust itself accordingly to keep in time with what younger people want."

"I lived in LA for about a year, but I got out because the air is so bad. I don't really like the life-style either. It's great to go there for a week or two and get crazy but that's about it. I couldn't live there. It would drive me nuts. It's so strange and it just feels foreign."

"It's just a city that's been planted in the middle of the desert. There are no trees that are indigenous to that area and everything else there seems to have been

transplanted as well.

"San Francisco's a lot nicer, but now I'm thinking seriously of moving back here. I'd like to get myself a small farm—maybe in the Cotswolds or south of London. Meanwhile I'm going to try to get over here and play at the end part of this year or early next and do as many dates as I can."

When he finally settles in England his band will be coming with him (Musicians Union problems notwithstanding).

Problems

"They (the MU) can't seem to understand why you're bringing three musicians over here already. They don't consider the fact that you've been working together for a year and that's what you want."

As for his old Traffic partners, he says: "I always call on Steve when I'm over. I really admire him as a musician. He's incredible. I also saw Chris briefly at the convention. I haven't seen Jim. I don't know where he is. Traffic always seems to be on an if-come basis. There doesn't seem to be anything permanent there. But they hold together somehow. It's strange."

"Our own hassles seem to be over. I'm at the point now where I can start again. I want to get back in the studio and start work on the new album, but to keep the money coming in we'll be doing a few dates in the San Francisco area. The purse strings have been pretty strained lately. A lot of money was going out for nothing, you know."



Moore of a musician than a funny man

THE LOVELY Dudley Moore lives in a chaos of suitcases in Camden Town with a motor bicycle in the lavatory. As the light is broken, when the telephone rings there's much crashing as he heads through the mounds of possessions towards the luminous dial. Amidst his disordered surroundings Dudley's main weekly chore is writing his music for the next Lulu show, on which he is currently appearing.

He likes to compose fresh things if he possibly can because he gets fed up playing his old material.

"I don't write my scripts for the show though, I didn't want to have to have that worry at the back of my mind. All the sketches have been of a light nature and I enjoy doing that type of thing. I enjoy doing the show, we all dip in with opinions and if there are sketches that we don't like we don't do them."

Some Dudley Moore fans have been moved to comment that the sketches on the show are a bit sub-standard for him and down-grade his image.

"I don't mind about images, I think the idea of sophisticated humour is a misconception—I think the best humour doesn't have to be extraordinary in its content, I think humour is like saying it's the singer not the song. I mean Morecambe and Wise don't have exactly an intelligent content to the things they do, but it's the good atmosphere they create."

When the series ends Dudley is going to get together with Peter Cook to work out something, and it seems likely they'll do another series of shows together.

Although better known for his comedy and the famous Pete/Dud raincoat routines, Dudley spends most of his free time playing music. Somebody who won a scholarship to the Guildhall School of Music on the violin at the age of 11, and was a Magdalen College, Oxford, organ scholar doesn't just give up music.

His last album with the Dudley Moore Trio, called "Today" was out here recently although he recorded it some time back in Australia after touring with them there. He doesn't do many live gigs, as he prefers to play small places with lots of atmosphere.

"My musicians aren't with me on a permanent basis—they do session work and they've got their own group. I'd like to do another album but I don't know exactly when, I never like to plan further ahead than two days. I'd like to spread out a little more in terms of styles—do some pop things and some black funky type things. The trouble is I'm not very good vocally, I only sing joky little things really. I love singing but I don't think I'd be very good as a pop singer, but I might try it very privately early one morning in a recording studio."

CAROLINE BOUCHER



DAVE MASON... WORTH THE HASSLES

Dis is de Hit
love theme from
THE GODFATHER

Andy Williams

Folk/Acoustic

Edited by Rosalind Russell

WHEN Woody Guthrie died in 1967 at the end of the illness which had kept him in hospital for the last 15 years of his life, not a lot of people outside of America and related folk scenes thought much about the event.

It wasn't until the great folk revival and the growing popularity of Dylan that people began to notice that there was a common source of inspiration in the "social comment" songs. They traced straight back to Woody. As he was proclaimed a father of folk, things became a mite difficult for his son Arlo who was just starting out as a singer.

Living up to a legend isn't easy, and there was a time when Arlo wouldn't record Woody's songs, although he always sang them onstage and did much to further his father's song-writing reputation. His own source of inspiration was Ramblin' Jack Elliott. It's only recently that Arlo has included his father's songs on albums—the double memorial album on CBS and Kinney featured Arlo among the many other friends of Woody.

Arlo is in Britain for a three-week visit to see friends. He did one show at the Crystal Palace garden party, but doesn't intend to do anymore work here until October, when he'll return to do television. Although he has been here about six times, this is the first visit that has given him such a big billing.

It was probably the release of the film "Alice's Restaurant" a couple of years ago that brought him to the notice of most people. The film, partly autobiographical, had some fine music in it, and showed us bits of the crazy life of some young Americans.

Since it was made, Arlo has changed. His hair is cut shorter, making him look even more wail-like than ever, and he seems to have filled out just a little.

DRAFT SCENE

"I enjoyed making the film more than I liked watching it. I'm not really into acting. I got all my friends parts in the film, we were all broke. The funny points in it, I loved—the draft and the garbage scenes. My own induction was even more absurd than the movie. It's a long story . . ."

But Arlo is an ace story teller. He's had plenty of practice in making some of his songs into stories—one of the funniest I ever heard was "The Motorcycle Song"—and it's basic talent of a good singer/writer to be a good storyteller, too. He leans forward and acts out the whole charade on the hotel sofa. His voice changes to suit all the parts in the tale, his expression is deadpan and he makes all the appropriate actions.

"I'd had my physical examination and they said I was fit. When the induction notice came, I said 'I'm sorry guys, I can't make it, I'm working on the road, postpone it.' So while it was postponed I wrote to all the army guys I could think of and told them that I just didn't fit, I

ALAN LEE looks at you with those soulful spaniel eyes and says softly, "What's happening, what is happening . . . I simply cannot believe how things have turned out." A gentle beatific expression forms on his face; for him the last six days have been the fulfilment of a lifelong dream—recognition and acknowledgement for his music and song-writing.

Arlo Guthrie and having a legend as a father

couldn't do it. I didn't have a medical reason, so I had to develop a history of psychiatric disorders rather quickly.

"I went to a psychiatrist and told him that I saw spiders where there were tables, I'd taken acid so many times, my mind was all washed up. So he gave me a letter to give to the army.

"I was told to come for a psychiatric examination at 7.30 a.m. I showed up, and the guy wasn't there. I see the head doctor and he tells me to get in line for the physical. I refuse and this guy gets furious, so I ring my lawyer. They tell me to go and watch TV. I go to this room and there's all these guys sitting there, in this awful green painted room, watching the TV up on the wall.

"Eventually I get to see the psychiatrist. And he looks just like Gabby Hayes—you know, the old guy that used to play in cowboy films? He was beautiful. He was German. He comes up to me and says 'Vot iss your name?' I say 'um . . . er . . . G-Guthrie, Arlo.' He gets a little closer, 'Vot did you say your name voss?' I told him again and he gets a little closer. He asked me what I did and I told him, 'Are your songs of social significance?' he asks. I said they were, and he answered 'Ah! Then we don't want you.'

"I couldn't believe it. I kept thinking they were just joking and that any minute a loud voice would yell out 'Guthrie where do you think you're going, get your ass back here right now!'

"All the way out, I thought, they're just letting me get so far, but still no one stopped me. When I got to the door I expected there would be a loud-speaker, ready to yell 'Guthrie get back here.' But no, I got into the car, looked in the back seat to see if they were hiding there for me. But no, I got to the gate and saw the guard, 'I'll slow down, so that they won't have to stop me.' I asked the guard directions, although I knew the road, just to give him a chance to stop me. And he says, 'Sure bud, just turn along there . . .'

"I was desperate for a cop to stop me to give me a ticket, so that I could tell him, but there wasn't a cop in sight. I did 90 all the way home and wasn't stopped. When I got in, my step-

father was there with a bottle in his hand, and we got so drunk . . ."

Arlo's brother, Jody, also a singer, found an easier way out by telling the draft committee that he just wouldn't shoot anyone. If he was out in Asia with the soldiers and he saw the bad guys coming over the hill, he'd say "Here come the bad guys" but he wouldn't shoot.

Despite the fact that Arlo stands a 50-50 chance of having the hereditary disease that killed Woody, it's not reason enough to get out of national service.

"What's better than a guy that might be going to die anyway?" said Arlo.

If Arlo has had a hard time proving his worth to those who might think that everything he knew came from Woody, then Jody stands the chance of having even more to contend with. The only time Jody and Arlo have sung or played together publicly was by accident. Arlo and his band were playing at a concert in San Jose. Arlo turned round and was surprised to find Jody standing behind him, playing guitar, but the band were even more surprised as they didn't know who Jody was.

Arlo works with four other musicians—a bass and pedal steel player, a bass guitarist, a fiddle player and a drummer. Arlo plays guitar, piano and banjo.

"When I bought my banjo, I didn't know any banjo tunes. I wrote my own so that no one could say I was doing it wrong if I used the traditional ones."

DISAPPROVAL

Arlo and his wife have recently acquired a farm, where eventually they hope to raise horses, goats and chickens. They are also raising two children. He's trying to get some of his taxes back from the government in the form of an improvement grant, but apart from registering disapproval with his government, he doesn't involve himself in the campaigns the way some other well-known American musicians have.

"Politicians come and go but music stays around. With Woody's songs, it wasn't that he was op-



posed to the government, he was opposed to the way it was run. When I went up to Congress to tell them I didn't support the Indo-China war, I asked the farmers around me what they wanted me to say for them while I was there. They told me to say that they wanted less taxes and more beer for farmers. So I told 'em."

It would seem that the vast machine of government wouldn't take much notice of an indivi-

dual's remarks. It would also seem to some that political songs, or even social comment songs, make little impressions on great bodies.

"All music does some good. When guys are whistling 'Blowin' In The Wind' in the street, then you know somethin' is happening. I'm more worried about racist politicians than I am about my disease that I MIGHT have. The people here are not alienated enough yet, but you're coming

along. We're trying to get out of what everyone else is trying to get into.

"You haven't got the police force here that we have. There's no way to compare the incredible situation in the States. A well-known comedian and social commentator was dragged offstage in front of an audience of 100 thousand, and beaten up by the police because he said 'shit' onstage. I was kinda hopin' they'd try it with me."

ALAN LEE ON THE THRESHOLD OF FULFILLING A LIFELONG DREAM

Two weeks ago he was roughing his hands up carting bricks on a Hoddesdon building site, today he has a publisher, a producer and the beginnings of some demo tapes to his credit. The phone at Steve Marriott's Essex home hasn't stopped ring-

ing and both he and his protégé are quite deservedly elated. The night before this conversation was held, Steve, Alan and BJ Cole, pedal steel guitarist late of Cochise, and acknowledged as the best in the country, had been recording one of Alan's songs, and the results were, to quote a usually reliable source, "f'ckin' amazing."

Without doubt Alan's guitar style and supremely sensitive song-writing are unique in a country whose acoustic scene hasn't changed for years. A lot of people are going to have their heads turned around when they hear Alan.

Weaned on the usual influences—Dylan, Donovan etc., Alan's first real musical turn-on came from influences across the Atlantic, from names that people here are only just beginning to pick on.

"Yeah," says Alan, still smiling dreamily, "the guitarist who could be claimed as my first great influence was the bottleneck artist, John Fahey. Later on, someone turned me on to Leo Kottke, and I became an admirer of his."

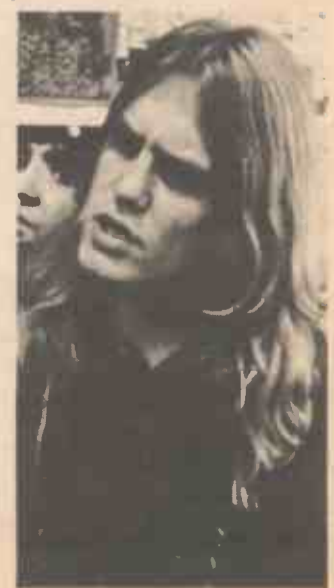
This isn't to say that Alan's work is derivative, though; it's clear that the styles of these two great guitarists have had their impact on him, but he's taken that theme and adapted it the way HE wants to—apart from the fact that Fahey and Kottke are essentially instrumentalists, whereas Alan regards himself equally as a songwriter.

And so does Steve; this is the side of Alan's work that he's concentrating upon. "And it's something I've thought about a lot more since Jerry let me into one of his little philosophies," adds Alan.

Jerry is, of course, 'Pie drummer, Jerry Shirley, with whom Alan had played before the formation of Humble Pie some years back. It was he who introduced Alan's work to Steve.

"I'd love to be respected as a writer, and I'd love to get into writing things for other people, but I'm also being encouraged to get into other instruments at the same time. He laughs at the thought. Disbelieving it all, but knowing that it's happening and that, at long last, it's all going to work out.

"After all, man, I'm in the best possible hands. I'm leaving it all up to Steve; like from the basis of what I've written it's turning into something that we're all sharing and contributing towards and that's what music's about isn't it? I mean, it's for everybody, man."



ALAN LEE

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America

Robin Katz exclusively previews the new CURTIS MAYFIELD "Super Fly" LP

MAYFIELD'S MOVING MESSAGE . . .

CURTIS Mayfield has been mighty quiet lately. Too quiet. Although his solo work was hailed as brilliant, it hardly had the commercial success of his work with the Impressions.

Must be his sense of timing, for in the last year a whole new field has opened up to the composer who wants to lay down more on his listener than just a good tune. It's called the movies and Curtis Mayfield has just burst on the big screen with the score to "Super Fly" and another potential hit with "Freddie's Dead."

It all started in the States a year ago with a movie called "Sweet Sweetback's Badass Song." The movie grossed millions and proved that there was an anxious black audience who wanted to see their



own heroes on the screen. "Shaft" followed, hot on the tail of "Sweetback's" success. The movie, by most people's standards, was far

from a masterpiece, but what had people standing for hours in line, was the music. Isaac Hayes made the term "background

music" obsolete in one shot.

How does all this affect the composer? While many are howling that all this riff-raff

is exploiting the blacks even worse than before, it is also true that Isaac Hayes, Solomon Burke and now Curtis Mayfield are being brought to the attention of thousands, who might have never bothered to listen to their music before. Things are getting so good, that many may go to the cinema just to close their eyes and listen to the soundtrack!

All of this history of the movies being used here to lure you to get into Curtis Mayfield. His new album,

with film to match, is called "Super Fly." The movie deals with the negative end of the nasty drug business, which unfortunately is one thing American movies are not exaggerating about. The score is a compliment to that theme and giving Mayfield due credit, most certainly holds its own, film or no film.

The album flows in Mayfield's familiar style, plenty of conga drums, strings, and of course the most distinctive, sweet, falsetto voice around. Don't let the dude on the cover with the gun in his hand lead you to believe this is another big bad blaring instrumental LP. This is Curtis Mayfield combining a fine musical message with gentle vocals but powerful lyrics.

There are nine tracks on the album and what never fails to amaze me is how Mayfield balances his instrumental work and lyrics without overdoing either. It is a touchy situation, but Mayfield handles it brilliantly. If you've liked his work before, this is an excellent continuation of what he's always done. If you lost track of him after his split from the Impressions, then "Super Fly" is a highly recommended way to get reunited with him again.

Hopefully, like Hayes, we'll get to see more of Mayfield's talents applied to the big screen. With "Super Fly" the only other thing one could hope for is that the movie is as good as its score.

HAPPENINGS IN THE HEATWAVE



John Mendelsohn's Hollywood

ONE hundred and twenty-six degrees Fahrenheit! That, not according to B. P. Fallon, is the current temperature in my stately Laurel Canyon study as I sit down to recount for you the most hurrayable Hollywood happenings of the last week.

"No! Oh God, he ain't gonna do it for the second week running, is he," writes Sue Thomas, a housewife from Norwood Green, Middlesex. "Why last week it was the identical old bulldocks, that's was too flippin' not to be anything other than an agonising old bore . . ." Adds Zowie Bowie, a preschool youngster from Beckenham, Kent: "If an irresponsible twit like that can be a big name in States rock writing wul then maybe it's time we took the bleedin' country back!" Amends The Pig, a balding DJ's girlfriend from riotous Peel Acres: "By force if necessary!"

Well, curse me until you're out of breath, invites John Mendelsohn, a Hollywood correspondent from Hollywood, California, but I'll swear the most brutish lie-detector in all of England that when it gets this hot, little of note happens.

Sure, all the newspaper editors send photographers out to take pictures of kids frying

eggs on the sidewalk so as to have a clever picture to run alongside headlines like HEAT WAVE CONTINUES: MILLIONS PERISH, but it's been so inhumanly beastly the last couple of weeks that every youngster they've tried it with has dropped dead of sun-stroke before the photographers could click their shutters.

Everyone's either locked inside his air-conditioned office or immersed in a bathtubful of ice water, and that includes the titans of folk-rock that you read this column to find out about. True, many Hollywood trendsetters have neither bathtubs nor air-conditioned offices in which to seek refuge, but they're in no condition to talk, crawling wretchedly, as they be, down Sunset Blvd. rasping and croaking: "Water! Kool Aid! Courvoisier!"

Anyway, to this week's few torrid tidbits: John Cale, who has, at various times in his life done fascinating things like play electric viola for the original Velvet Underground and produce The Stooges, wed ex-GTO Miss Cinderella in a glass chapel by the sea, with ex-GTO Miss Christine serving as bridesmaid-in-chief.

ELP played the Long Beach Arena. Greg Lake had a short haircut and Keith Emerson assassinated his organ.

Joy Of Cooking, a band of middle-aged Berkeley bohemians whose writing, lead singing, and guitar- and piano-playing are done by women, played at the Troubadour. None had a short haircut, and no instruments were assassinated.

Bernie Taupin is reportedly about to leave Elton John in order to join the new King Crimson line-up on maraccas. You sure have to hand it to



BERNIE TAUPIN . . . TO KING CRIMSON?

that Fripp magnetism-wise when you consider that Bern reportedly declined to step in for Smokey Robinson in the Miracles line-up.

It turns out that during Alice Cooper's performance of "School's Out" for their encore at the Hollywood Bowl last week a helicopter bombarded the audience with tens of thousands of pairs of disposable paper panties much like those included in the album of the same name. In America, this is known as promotion in motion.

Record tips: The B-side of The Move's "California Man" is one of the greatest masterpieces in the history of rock-and-roll. It's called "Do Ya," and it's very good indeed. (It shares the flipside, incidentally, with "Ella James," the Nashville Teens version of which—produced by Roy

Wood—is also immodestly stupendous.)

On the other hand, "Baby Don't You Do It," the B-side of the current Who platter, is an abomination—a masterfully-performed (live), recorded, and -produced abomination that, played side by side with an earlier Who's version of another Motown number, "Heat Wave," is enough to bring tears to the eyes.

On the third hand, circle September on your calendar, 'cos that month will see, on Warner-Reprise, one of the most sensational releases in the history of Western music, including new albums by James Taylor, Norman Greenbaum, Black Sabbath, Faces, and Christopher Milk's "Some People Will Drink Anything." Start saving your farthings now.

'Chirpy, Chirpy, Cheep, Cheep' (L. Stott) was Middle of the Road's No.1. 'Doggie' (L. Stott) is Candlewick Green's No.1.



Lally Stott writes hit records. He wrote Doggie. Which was Radio Luxembourg's Powerplay last week. Beware of Doggie.

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FLACK AND BEAUTIFUL

"THE BEST thing that has happened to London since Hitler missed," is how one ecstatic onlooker described Roberta Flack's first London concert.

Roberta is a lady who has been much raved about in America for a long time and is currently probably that nation's biggest singer. Following her first hit here with "First Time Ever I Saw Your Face," she came into the country for just one concert.

It was a rare experience. For a start the lady occupied the stage for well over two hours, something unique in this day and age when performers generally seem to limit themselves to 45-minute sets.

Secondly, her performance was quite unlike that of any other female singer we've seen recently. Her instant rapport with the audience was amazing. And she kept them hanging on to her every note throughout. She won each and every soul in the place.

"I really didn't know what to expect," she said reflecting on the concert two days later, "particularly after having sung at the press reception. The people there were

appreciative but their applause wasn't indicative of anything; they were only there because they thought they ought to be and not because they really wanted to.

"But I was really pleased with the way the concert turned out. There was such a beautiful feeling in the place."

In fact the lady was so absorbed by the atmosphere in the hall she wasn't aware of the time she was on stage.

"I really didn't realise it until yesterday when someone told me. If I'd been told I had to sing for two hours before I went on I would have had a nervous attack. Usually the whole show is only two hours, and that's with an intermission."

The audience too must have been totally enraptured—no one left to catch trains or last buses.

"Sometimes I get really carried away. It just depends on what feeling I get from the people. I felt they were with me right from the start."

Roberta has been a very "in" name since her first album release "First Take." She was one of those people musicians and fellow artists rated very highly, but the public didn't rush out and buy her records.

It wasn't really until a film came out featuring her singing "First

Time Ever I Saw Your Face" earlier this year that people started exchanging the change in their pockets for her records. The record was a million seller in a matter of weeks and now she's a big star. The ironic thing is that song was a track taken from her very first album.

"The success of that song both in America and here didn't surprise me. It's a beautiful song. I've done the song for seven years now and I still think it's very beautiful. I first heard it done by two folk singers. It was at the time folk singing was really at its peak. Everyone was into it, so was I.

"I heard them do the song while I was working with them and I had to do it. It's raw, pure and unaffected. And that's why I like it."

The song has made Roberta one of the most in-demand female performers in America. You could almost say a female super-star.

"I'm not really into making his, but that was very good for me. Not financially, because it hasn't really changed anything in that respect, but because it meant that a larger number of people got to know about me. It broadened the group of people that make up my audience."

Her audience is hard to define. A large proportion of them are black soul fans, but the rest are people of all with different tastes.

That's most probably because you can't classify her material. She takes it from writers like Cohen, Jimmy Webb, Buffy St. Marie, Bob Dylan; and some from R & B writers like Donny Hathaway and Eugene McDaniels. You just can't classify her style.

"That's good because it's very bad for an artist if you can classify them. I've been compared to all sorts of people, Nancy Wilson, Nina Simone, Dionne Warwick. I don't mind, in fact I take it as a compliment that they think I sound like so many people. It means that I have something of my own.

"I don't want to be classified as any one thing. I don't even want to be classified as a singer/pianist. I would rather just be thought of as a musician."

It's not surprising that Roberta includes such diverse material in her repertoire. Her training was as a musician. She won a scholarship to Washington's Howard University and graduated with a B.A. in music education.

"I've had training in all kinds of music and I want to do all kinds of music. Music is an art form that has no barriers. If I can sing anything I want to sing anything."

"I don't want to be thought of as just a soul singer. A lot of

people expect me to be heavy and funky like Aretha, but that's not what I'm into. A lot of people ask me why I do so many songs by white songwriters. Well I just do the songs that I like no matter where they come from.

"I would like to illustrate to my audience that music is a continuous stream of consciousness. So I can do maybe a bit of Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata' and then lead into any other popular song. I do it all the time. I never do the same thing twice—it just depends how the spirit moves me. So I might suddenly play, and I did at the concert, a bit of 'Clair de Lune.' I have the background and I can use it if I feel it."

Recently Roberta did an album with a fellow Howard University student, Donny Hathaway, whose career has recently spiralled in much the same way as hers.

"It was the record company's idea we work together," she says. "They got us together in the studio to cut a version of Carole King's 'You've Got A Friend' and it worked so well we decided we had to do an album. However, we've both been so busy we didn't have time to get around to it for about a year. Now that it's finished we're both really pleased with it."

So is the public—already in America it's in the album top ten, and a single from it, "Where Is Love," a gold record.

"We both hope the album won't be the end of our musical association. I don't see why it should be except that we might find it hard to put aside enough time for recording."

In the near future she plans to join the ranks of black artists writing film music.

"It's for a film of the book, 'I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings.' It's an autobiography by a black woman and is very typical of the black people in the early '40s in the south. I was so moved by the book I agreed to do it. I found it very easy to identify with. The book is so brilliant it's unbelievable."

She has set aside twelve weeks later this year to concentrate on the score and during that time will forgo all personal appearances.

The movie score is just one ambition achieved for Roberta who seems already to have achieved almost every goal.

"I've done some arranging, writing and taught privately and publicly. For five years I accompanied opera singers and I've done concerts with symphony orchestras. I've done so much but I feel there's so much more to do. Music goes on for ever. You can tear up a valuable painting but you can never destroy a song."

BACK IN THE USA . . .

SECOND album by Motown songwriting lady Valerie Simpson, called just after her name, seems set to establish her as an artist for once and for all.

Valerie is presently making her first live appearances at Los Angeles Bitter End. She and Nick Ashford have plans for an album together. Currently though they're writing material for Marvin Gaye and the album Marvin and Diana Ross are recording together . . .

Spinners, formerly The Motown Spinners, have their first release on Motown, "How Could I Let You Get Away." It's a Thom Bell production and a chart certainty . . .

Love Unlimited follow "Walkin' In The Rain With The One I Love" with "Is It Really True Boy—Is It Really Me."

Next **Bill Withers** single will be "Use Me" a song he's been using in his act for a while and has been requested as a single by many. No doubt another gold for the man . . .

Sixth gold album for **Aretha Franklin** with her gospel album "Amazing Grace." Aretha now has thirteen gold singles also. Her new single release is her version of Marvin Gaye's "Wholly Holy."

Stylistics next album is understood to be a masterpiece. The first was and if the second is only half as good it will certainly be one too . . .

Staple Singers "This World" showing huge sales on first week of release . . .

Smokey Robinson and Miracles supposed 'farewell' studio recorded album is "Flying High Together" and includes group's versions of "Betcha By Golly, Wow," "Oh Girl" and



ARETHA FRANKLIN . . . SIXTH GOLD LP

"Got To Be There" . . . a farewell 'live' album is reportedly still in the can waiting release . . .

Temptations new album "All Directions" includes their versions of Isaac Hayes "Do Your Thing" and "First Time I Saw Your Face" . . .

Dis is de Hit
love theme from
THE GODFATHER

Andy Williams

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STRINGS

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SAITEN • CORDES • CUERDAS

IF YOU'RE going to play guitar, learn to play it properly right from the beginning. That's the advice of Alun Davies, Cat Stevens' guitarist who has also worked as a session player, solo artist and music teacher for the Inner London Education Authority.

Alun recalls how he started playing finger-style acoustic guitar. "I was listening to these early folk records and I was aware that they weren't using a plectrum or just strumming because of all the separate notes," said Alun. "But the first time I really heard it clearly was listening to Jack Elliot's 'Cocaine Blues' where he used that clawhammer style. That was the first thing I got down to listen to and learn.

"I'd worked out a way of playing 'Cocaine Blues,' which was a strange sort of scuffling thing, which would take me all over the fretboard. In actual fact it didn't have to be like that, it was far more compact. And then someone showed me how to do it properly and I went 'Oh, I see.'"

Alun emphasises that the only way to learn finger style is to take it step by step, working out where your thumb has to move, what finger slides up to which note and so on. If you learn to do this properly you save yourself a lot of wasted effort in the long run.

"Things like good hand position are important," says Alun. "It's not a discipline that's there for no reason at all. If you do arch your hand properly, if you do have your thumb right underneath the neck of the guitar and not curled round it, you will find it's easier to make the changes. You will find that if you don't rest your entire hand on the fingerboard but stay above the sound hole, it is easier to pick. Keep your hand suspended above it and not anchored to the guitar.

"In the first eighteen months when I was learning to play guitar I very slowly and deliberately worked out all these chords from ear, and listening to records. I discovered that the way I was fingering the chord D

Alun's advice—get it right at the start

was all back to front. When I wanted to lay other fingers on top of that chord, say with my little finger, I discovered my little finger was in the wrong position to do it. I had to unlearn a hell of a lot of things, and there are things I've never successfully unlearned. It's definitely worth learning the correct method."

Obviously the best way to learn these techniques is to get someone to show you them. "Nothing is better than having a good friend who plays guitar and who's going to show you something," is Alun's opinion. "If you haven't got a friend who plays guitar then you're going to have to whack out a pound or thirty bob an hour to a teacher. And you're going to have to work at it. Your teacher's as good as you are. If he teaches you something and you come back the next week and you still haven't learnt it he's going to start to lose interest in you as a pupil.

"But if you start to turn on your teacher, then you'll get a wealth of things. No figure would pay for that, he'll do it for nothing at that point, in other words."

Alun speaks from his own experience as a teacher of guitar here. He found it extremely depressing trying to teach people who wouldn't make any effort on their own behalf.

"I was very serious about teaching," said Alun recalling his evening class experiences. "It used to drive me right up the wall when I'd say that's C and that's F and that's G and they just wouldn't take any notice at all. They'd come back dolefully twanging away making exactly the same noises they made the very first week.

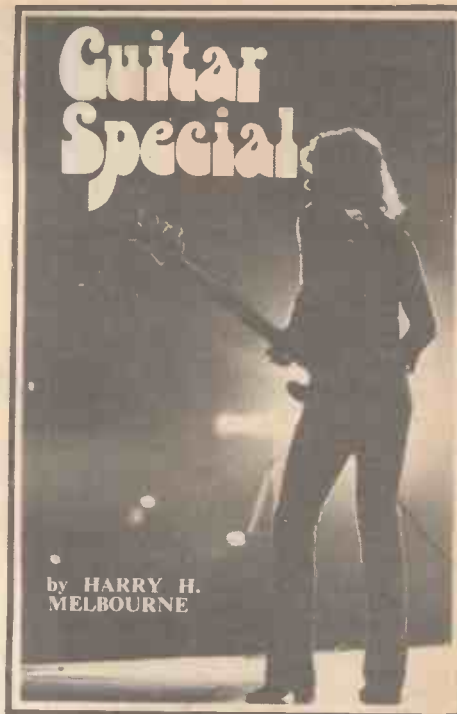
"But every now and then it would be very rewarding. There'd be a couple of people who were really into it, usually young geezers. They'd come back and they'd have all the changes off and they'd be snapping back-

wards and forwards on the guitar and you'd think 'Terrific' and how rotten for them to sit there with people struggling through it. Next year they'll give up guitar and go to jam making classes."

Alun also gives a vivid account of the effect an uninterested pupil has on his teacher. It clearly shows that you are wasting everybody's time if you don't apply yourself to learning. "I'd have people round at my house for private tuition and there was one who would make no effort at all," recalls Alun. "I've never known an hour go for so long. I was forever rushing out to the kitchen for another cup of tea. My mind was like a blank. There was nothing more I could teach this man. Basically he had no natural ability. I think you have to own up to your ability very early."

As well as learning from a friend or teacher you can pick up a lot from listening to records, and, as far as fingerstyle goes, unless you are talking about classic style players or flamenco, Alun recommends listening to country players.

"If you can believe he's flat picking listen to Doc Watson," Alun advises. "He's the man as far as that goes. And Jack Elliot as well, because of his time. You can set your watch to it. I always come back to old favourites, people like Chet Atkins, because you can't deny it, those guys can really play. As far as blues players, I listen to Son House and Snooks Eaglin, who's really good. I'm never quite sure how he does things actually. I can never quite suss it out but I think he



plays with finger picks most of the time. But the real man is Laurindo Almeida. I'm not sure what his nationality is, mainly I know him through American recordings. Capitol have got some really fine albums by him." Alun's final piece of advice for acoustic guitarists is to find someone else who plays it, too. You get to bounce musical ideas off each other. You can show each other things you've discovered and ask each other how to play things you don't know. Otherwise it costs you a fortune in tuition."

PERKINS' HINTS ON MASTERING ACOUSTIC

IN ROCK music most attention is focused on electric guitar but the acoustic instrument is by no means limited to classical and folk playing. If you listen you'll find that a lot of rock records use acoustic guitar as an essential part of the sound.

This applies to old rock classics like Eddie Cochran and Buddy Holly as well as many Beatles and Stones recordings. Steve Stills is another notable example.

Even if you develop electric guitar as your main instrument you will still be playing your acoustic, so it's a good idea to consider the potential of that instrument and the ways of achieving sounds you want to create.

Wayne Perkins, noted Muscle Shoals session guitarist and a member of Smith Perkins and Smith, who are currently living in Britain, uses acoustic guitar just as much as electric, and he gives some useful hints about playing acoustic guitar.

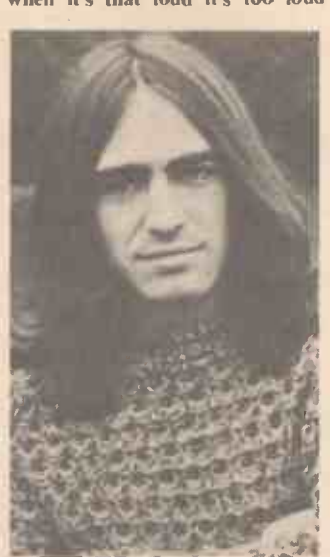
"When I use acoustic on stage or for writing songs I'm strumming most of the time," said Wayne during a break from a session at Island Studios. "On stage we do at the most a couple of finger picking things, but in the studio it's a different story. I'll use different strings for strumming a rhythm than I will for finger picking.

"Usually I use a smaller gauge for finger picking. You can get some crazy effects on a guitar by taking the high strings of a 12-string set and put them on a six string guitar. Double-tracked in a studio with another guitar it gives a 12-string sound but by itself it gives a very light, airy effect."

Wayne considers acoustic guitar to be a very flexible, wide-ranging instrument. "My parents both used to play country and western and they showed me a few chords

and I got started on an acoustic. You can get just about any sort of mood for writing that you want on an acoustic guitar. You can get a fast song because you can beat the hell out of it and it comes across.

"It's something about the live sound of an acoustic," Wayne went on: "You can't get the same mood on an electric guitar because you have to have it so loud to get that effect, and usually when it's that loud it's too loud



WAYNE PERKINS

for your head. You can't really hear what you're doing. With an electric you can fool yourself about what you're doing if it's turned up but there's no fooling at all with an acoustic. You know just what you are actually doing."

Wayne also advises that you think carefully about the kind of guitar you get according to what style of music you want to play, but that above all you should feel at ease with your instrument. "You have to get a guitar you're comfortable with," he said. "The

last one I bought was a Martin, which I think is about the best you can buy. It's a D41 and when I bought it I looked for a good neck that was comfortable to my hand and especially what it would sound like in the studio. Usually if it really sounds good in the studio you won't have any problem playing on stage.

"As to the size of the guitar and the type, it's really up to the individual and what he wants. For instance, if you're going to be into classical you'll get a gut-string guitar, a classical guitar. They usually have a neck which is a little bit wider and thinner than a steel string guitar. Also they have a flat, not rounded, front to the fingerboard. They're relatively easier to play fingerpicking than a normal acoustic guitar.

"I've got an old D21 Martin that has a much smaller neck. The sound is a little different from my D41 and I use it mostly on rhythm work. I use the other one for finger picking, it's bigger sounding and sustains more."

You can also vary the effects you get from your acoustic by using different tunings. "I use open G quite a bit," said Wayne. "You drop both the E strings down to D and the A string down to a G. And you find different inversions of chords you find in normal tuning."

One problem the acoustic player has on stage is getting heard. "There's very few mikes you can get for stage use that will pick up the full acoustic sound," said Wayne. "And a pick up on an acoustic never gives a true sound. We've just found these new pick ups in New York right before we came over here which are little bugs that you stick on the body of the guitar and they give a very good sound.

"It's called a Barcus Berry and there's another one just like it called a Frapp. You can still get feedback with these very easily if you run it through an amplifier but you get a really clean sound if you put it through the PA system. I heard Sandy Denny the other night and she had that running through her PA.

"These pick ups have an adhesive that you stick on the guitar and they don't move. I stick it right below the bridge where it doesn't pick up too much bass or too much top."

There's great satisfaction to be had from playing an acoustic and it's an art in itself that requires a different approach from playing electric. As Wayne points out, "It's much harder to play an acoustic guitar well and clean because you don't realise on stage so much as you do in a studio what it's going to sound like until you actually get there. I think it's a bit harder but sometimes I prefer playing acoustic to electric."



ALUN DAVIES . . . had to unlearn a lot.



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TWO MICROPHONES

poke toward Joe Cocker's face. Patiently, in his deep hushed tone, he answers the questions. Beneath the desk he's at, his right leg does the ageless school-boy boredom trick of constantly beating up n' down.

He lights a cigarette off an almost-gone butt. A thickly bearded, hairy gent. "Are you close-knit as a group, off-stage do you mix together a lot?" "Well, there's 40 people travelling—girls n'guys you know. You try and see everybody. You might sit next to someone on a bus or on the plane, and you get to know somebody that way.

"The other day I was having a chat to Paul Williams (lead singer with Juicy Lucy); when we get to a town we hit the bars rah, rah." He grins.

The other interviewer—an American with long curly hair. "Joe, what about all the movements on stage?" Joe: "I didn't think I was moving as much as I used to these days (he laughs). Occasionally I do grab my imaginary baton—I suppose I do get going a bit."

He wanders into a joke about how he noticed a poster advertising the last night of the proms the same night as his Rainbow gig a couple of weeks ago now; the last two performances with Alan White, who has left to drum with Yes. "That's one thing we're not—the last night of the proms," he laughs.

The first man again. He questions on Cocker's blues influence and powerful affinity for black music. Joe says it is strange to get white people singing the blues, but it does help spread the word.

"The blues do exist everywhere and it gives me great satisfaction to know that somewhere or other a white housewife knows that the blues do exist. It helps bridge the gap, I think."

Max Clifford's offices are tucked away near Oxford Street. He's Joe Cocker's publicist and he's explaining to a photographer waiting in reception with all the paraphernalia that his client didn't feel like having pictures taken.

He doesn't mind when he's on stage, he'd said, 'cause there's so much going on anyway—but not just sitting and posing. Yea, the photographer says he's got a lot of action shots. It's nearing four o'clock on a Friday afternoon and Joe Cocker hasn't been up long. The previous night he'd been up to well past mid-morning, turning in around 7 a.m. He'd been in the studio listening through hours and hours of tape—live takes from his performances at concerts in England and America this year.

Cocker's planning a "live" album; probably a side of material from each side of the Atlantic. There's problems, though. The Rainbow tapes, for instance, are likely to be useless due to cut-outs on the equipment—as many as three instruments inaudible at a time—and Joe, notorious for his liking of spontaneity—doesn't want to overdub.

The album will consist of the current stage show. There'll undoubtedly be "Black Eyed Blues," Still's, "Love The One You're With"—the Cocker version is in-



tense, quite astounding. Likewise, the dark blues "St. James' Infirmary"—so strong it's enough to put the stopper on anyone attempting the song again. Also there'll be Ray Charles' "What Kind Of Man Are You?" with those hell-bent choruses from the four Sanctified Sisters.

Cocker's figure is mighty deceptive on stage—in fact, he's lost a darned lot of weight now. "Being on the road and singing is the only exercise I get," he tells you. "If I'm hanging around, I only get fat, which I don't like. I feel in pretty good shape now—I don't get any colds or anything

THEY JOE



by ROBERT BRINTON

like that. I just like to keep on working." Joe was half-way through his second cigarette when the two interviewers left the room. Before going they asked what he was up to the two years he laid off the road. "Not much . . . you know, I was contemplating life a bit. I had some personal problems I wanted to sort out. That sort of thing. I didn't do much, really."

The recording equipment packed up, they're gone. Cocker gets up, comes around and shakes hands. He sits on a small table and somehow I get the chair. It's more like a genial conversation than a straight office interview; Cocker listens intently to questions and answers slowly and precisely. He smiles a lot, cracks jokes now and then and is friendly. If he doesn't quite get what's behind a question he'll ask you to clarify.

Since Cocker made his opening appearance on returning to stage work at Madison Square Garden, New York — playing a totally way off set — the word on how he's actually singing has come in for more than enough stick. They say the Stainton Band and Cocker only play the odd good set nowadays; that his voice is a pale imitation of how it used to be.

His rasping, strangled reaches still get to the root of the matter, not just scratch the surface. There's been great praise for his version of "St. James' Infirmary," but, Joe said, the enthusiasm is limited. "I know the band don't like that one too much. It is a bit of a doomy song. I reckon I can hear the rest of the band mumbling away when we go into that one; they like the faster stuff better." He thinks a brief moment . . . "I can understand it, it is morbid. I mean, it's about death I suppose."

It's the closest to out and out blues the band do; what did he feel? "With all British music it still comes down to the black line; there's the black line running through even the pop you hear. You get to understand a lot more working with four black chicks. They're really warm-hearted people, but it takes quite a while to get to know them, I suppose."

"They're pushing — far more than white people — and know exactly what they want. I know that most white people would just accept certain things, but they're not like that. It's the background they come from. They've never had quite as much freedom before—they'd always been limited to these really tight little parts all written out for them. When we got into the studio they asked me what I wanted them to sing and I said 'Oh sing whatever you like.' They've never known that before."

"They're teasers though," he says, shaking his head, "I'm certain one night on stage (during "What Kind Of Man Are You?") they were singing 'what kind of monkey are you?' They were doing it just to see if I'd notice."

It seems incredible that Cocker's last appearance in Britain—prior to Lincoln, Crystal Palace and the Rainbow dates—was way back on the Bob Dylan Isle of Wight Fes-

tival. He's been back on the road now since April, that's all; behind him now is the opening 24-date tour of America and Canada, the British dates, a European tour—when the recording is sorted out—the band embark on their second American tour, followed closely by work in Australia and possibly Japan.

In Europe things didn't go all that well, health-wise that is, which affected the gigs on a number of occasions. Joe talks about waking up screaming one night in a French hotel.

"I can't workout whether, in fact, I imagined it or not—but I thought I'd woke up screaming. In the hotels there are these ice boxes and this one was full of Scotch, but the ice had been there for months. I must have been suffering from the effects of a gastric stomach."

"I wasn't too well for a time, the change in water often does it," he said. "We played this one place," he continues, "it was out in the open air stadium, I think it was erected for the youth campaign—one of Hitler's old preaching grounds. It was quite weird."

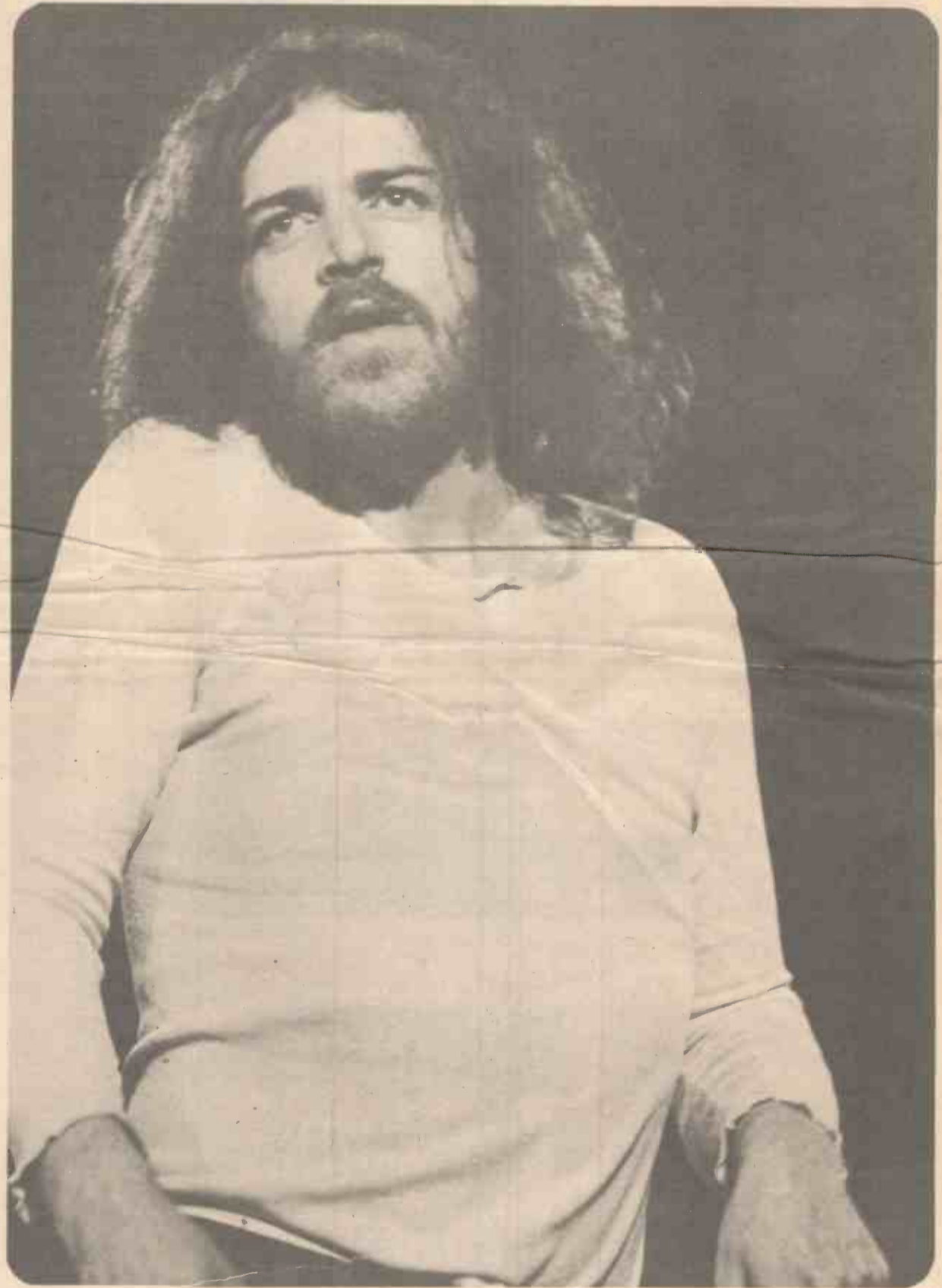
The talk turns to Alan White leaving the band. Along with Jim Keltner and Felix Falcon on percussion, the line-up made just about the most impressive rhythm section around. White is to be replaced, Cocker indicated, but no names are floating quite yet. "I think Jim knows who he wants to bring in but that's as far as it goes," he said. After the announcement of White quitting, Cocker's management were besieged with calls from drummers wanting to step into his shoes.

Joe appeared almost in the dark about White's decision to leave. "I haven't even spoken to anyone about it yet—I haven't had a chance to see Alan about it at all. "Maybe it might have been some sort of problem," said Joe seriously, "I really would like to see him to find out how he's getting along. When he came into the band I didn't find out what sort of deal he was getting so it might have been a money problem or something. I hope I can get to see him before we leave."

Alan White, I told Joe, had said in a Disc interview how he'd felt it was time for him to settle into a smaller unit. "Mmmm, I can quite understand just how he feels about it."

The last gig with Alan at the Rainbow he'd found strange, particularly from an audience point of view. "There was always something special about playing a London concert," he explained. "A special atmosphere; but I couldn't feel it on Friday or Saturday. The London kids were always into their own kind of music, liked to think they were into something special and it didn't feel like the strong English hold somehow."

With Cocker it's still worth talking over the infamous Mad Dogs and Englishmen tour—it resulted in a live album, played to packed audiences throughout America, made stars of Leon Russell and Rita



Collidge—which left the man himself dazed, confused, somehow not too embittered and for all the 57-day lunacy trek, only 682 dollars richer. Equatable really to a couple of shillings thrown to a street busker.

The present set up is similar—a massive entourage — and nobody would want to see history repeat itself. Just how do things stand. "I got used to a lot of things on the Mad Dogs tour. There was a management crisis all round, but I have got a lot of things straightened out now. We got some money on the last tour of America and it's working this time."

"I don't know," he says, tilting his head in a half laugh . . . "mmmmnn, the way it's going I'll have to get myself a bank in Jersey or Switzerland or somewhere."

Finances dealt with, it's back to music and Joe's saying that for

him black music is the most important of the day. There are many artists he'd like to work with if everything was right, but he couldn't be pinned to just who. "I keep saying about certain music—I'm very interested in melody, you see—but determining exactly what melody is has always been a puzzle to me." He breaks off . . . "It's taken us fifty years to get the roots and we're starting from there now."

And what about writing, is there any new material on the way? He's always written with Chris Stainton, usually just the two together, but Joe says it's so difficult on the road and nothing has worked out since the last productive period, prior to the last American tour.

"There's always so many people around when you're on tour—you need time to yourself to write songs. But it's hard to say if that

is the way," Joe continues. "Maybe we should just get in a studio and go from there. See, there are a lot of songs I haven't put lyrics to, and if I don't do it at the time the inspiration—or something—drops off."

"They're really great; there's lots of stuff — they'd make fantastic instrumentals."

When we met the singer looked tired and drawn, at least a day's stubble on his face. Yet, as always, it seems he's banging at the gate to get back to America to work and more work. "I love America," he said. "Everybody should get the chance to get over there sometime. I don't know what it is—just their love of life. Freedom. The place is so fast you feel a lot more free. I just forget everything—when I get over there I go round in a flat spin — not to mention the milk shakes. They're ridiculous!"

This week

A comprehensive guide to the events of the music week

TV/RADIO ROBERT BRINTON

RUNNING IN FOR THE OLYMPICS

SOON everyone's going to be buzzing with Olympic games stuff instead of anything else come September when Munich gets under way—which means, I suppose, proving masculinity or whatever by running for the bus and actually catching it in a morning 'stead of just giving up half-way.

Start doing the press-ups now lads! Anyway, get an early taster Friday at 10.15 on BBC 1 with "Olympia 36."

Puff, pant and relax for the weekend. Get in with "The Long and the Short and the Tall," a jungle war film with Richard Todd and Richard Harris (Granada, 10.30).

"Sounds For Saturday" (BBC 2, 9.25) features the light soul of Thelma Houston, and on (BBC 1, 8.30) there's Tony Christie (ugh!), Thelma Houston (getting about a bit ain't she) and Johnny Nash—he's worth a listen. Into Sunday and watch a top Northern club battle out with the South in "The Big Match" (LWT, 2.15). They've really dug to the bottom here—Tommy Handley and Jean Kent—if you're old enough to remember, start forgetting "It's That Man Again" (LWT, 3.15). The old love triangle gets going in the evening with "Sharing The Honours" (LWT, 10.15) starring Jane Asher; she's nice to look at anyway.

The "In Concert" programme has Tom Paxton; all right if he don't go on too much with raps about the state of the nation.

Then we've Roberta Flack all week guesting on Jimmy's Show with the New Seekers, Peter Noone and Bruce Ruffin.

Dave Lee's Manchester tones boom back at 11 a.m. each day and his guests include Lindisfarne—again watch out for the new material from their album, "Dingley Dell"; also playing are Sutherland Brothers, Duncan Browne and Carl Wayne. With Johnnie Walker are Hawkwind, Who and Lulu. Alan Freeman, he's there too, but the guests! Monday's "Sounds of the Seventies" has Wishbone Ash, Jackson Browne and Trees. Tuesday's "Top Gear" features Pretty Things, still knocking away there, and boring but harmless Harvey Andrews. Pete Drummond has Roxy Music, John Dummer and Listen. There's gonna be some changes coming soon so keep on reading.



JANE ASHER... SUNDAY FILM



WISHBONE ASH... ON SOUNDS OF THE SEVENTIES

LIVE GIGS PETER ERSKINE

STOMU Yamash'ta, the crazy Japanese percussionist who scored the music for Ken Russell's "The Devils," appears at Harrogate tonight (Wednesday). He recently signed a three-year contract with Island, and an album, "Floating Music" is due for release soon.

Gary Glitter continues his nationwide truck, and lo and behold, warbling echoes from the past are with us in the shape of Beaky, Mick and Tich, who, undoubtedly, have restructured their rock career, grown beards and donned faded denims.

Hawkwind are active again this week kicking out those intergalactic jams and Mott the Hoople, who look like achieving their first hit, play a date at Guildford Civic Hall.

WEDNESDAY (9)

London Fulham Greyhound, Nektar, 8 pm, free admission; Greenford Big Brother, Shamelady, 30p, 8 pm; Phoenix, Cavendish Square, Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath; Marquee, Audience, Snake Eye, 8.30 pm; Ronnie Scott's, up to August 15, Charles Mingus Sextet and the Alan Skidmore Trio. Watford Top Rank, Mary Wells, 65p adv., 8 pm. Torquay Town Hall, Status Quo, 60p, 8 pm. Barnstaple Queens Hall, Gary Glitter, 8 pm.

Harrogate Royal Hall, Stomu Yamash'ta, Come To The Edge, 50p-£2, 8 pm.

THURSDAY (10)

London, The Bull, Upper Richmond Road, Screaming Lord Sutch, 8 pm. Cardiff Top Rank, The Johnny Otis Show, 8 pm. Bristol Granary, Fruup, 40p members, 60p guests. 8 pm. Bournemouth Starkers, Hawk-

"Devils" drums hit Harrogate

wind, 80p adv., 90p door, 8 pm.

Nottingham Intercom, Gary Glitter and backup boys, mmm sounds nice.

FRIDAY (11)

Doncaster Top Rank, Gary Glitter, 8 pm.

Newcastle Mayfair, Brinsley Schwarz, Amazing Blondel and Fat Grapple, 50p before 10 pm, 60p after 10 pm.

Gloucestershire, Higham Court, Shirley and Dolly Collins, 8 pm.

Southampton Guildhall, Hawkwind, Magic Muscle, 60p, 7.30 pm.

Glasgow Clouds, Sleaz Band, 50p, 8 pm.

Bedford Corn Exchange, Man, Sunshine, 7.30 pm, 60p.

Cummock Town Hall, Salvation, 10 pm, 50p.

Plymouth Guildhall, Status Quo, 60p, 8 pm.

Bournemouth Chelsea Village, Johnny Otis Show, 8 pm.

SATURDAY (12)

London Dagenham Roundhouse, Quintessence, 8 pm.

Newbury Corn Exchange, Hawkwind, 70p, 8 pm.

Plymouth Guildhall, Incredible String Band, 60p, 7.30 pm.

Glasgow Clouds, Salvation, 55p, 7.30 pm.

Bristol Yate Entertainment Centre, Beaky, Mick and Tich, 50p, 8.30 pm; Granary, Wham Bam Thank You Maam, 40p members, 60p guests, 8.30 pm.

Highnam Court, Albion Country Band, John James, 7.30 pm.

Scarborough Scene I & II, Gary Glitter, 8 pm.

SUNDAY (13)

London Rainbow, Hawkwind, Man, Keith Christmas, Magic Muscle and the London debut of Bristol band Beryl Billabong and The Sheilas. 70p adv., 80p door. 3.30 pm.

Croydon Fairfield Hall, Barclay James Harvest, £1, 75p, 50p, 7.30 pm.

Guildford Civic Hall, Mott The Hoople, Fruup. 75p, 7 pm.

MONDAY (14)

Redruth, Room At The Top, Pigsty Hill Light Orch., 8 pm.

Gt. Yarmouth, Tiffanys, pre-processed fun with cuddly Gary Glitter.

TUESDAY (15)

London Bumpers, CMU start their five-day residency.

Portsmouth Tricorn, Hackensack, 8 pm.



MOTT THE HOOPLE... LIVE AT GUILDFORD

FILM

"SHAFT'S BIG SCORE" (Richard Kowntree, Moses Gunn. Cert. X). General release August 10. Said to report that Shaft has decided to rival James Bond in the getting-out-of-tight-spots and blowing-things-up stakes. Gone is the originality of a Black private eye mixing it with Harlem thugs in an almost believable if escapist fashion. Now it's helicopters, power boats, fast cars and high powered guns ripping guys' stomachs out.

First disappointment of it all is the music. No Isaac Hayes, just a Gordon Parks pale imitation of the fine man's score for the last movie. O. C. Smith sings over the credits and comes in mid-way through with a number but none of it is as memorable as the original. Hayes, however, does get into the act with one number "Type Thang" but, sadly, I failed to spot it. I guessed it was the number played over the beating of Shaft by a handful of thugs while a chick dances clad only in silver paint.

The story line is as simple as a Bond movie. Shaft is a good guy, the baddies are out to harm a lady he has a fancy for, the cops are all pretty useless so he kills half-a-dozen and gets away a free man (to live for another few movies, rumour has it). Things to look for are the fine return performances of Moses Gunn as "Bumpy," and his henchman "Willy" played by Drew Bundini Brown. Richard Rowntree has an appeal as the hero but isn't the most convincing actor. BS

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CMU, a band who've changed a lot since their early days, turn up at Bumpers, Coventry Street, and the last time they played there it turned into a right old jam with some of your more famous faces droppin' by and adding a lick or two. The band'll be there all week and you can dance till 3 a.m.

FESTIVAL

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Singles

Reviewed by John Peel

RODNEY—FRONTING THE BEST BAND IN THE WORLD

"You Wear It Well" (Mercury 6052171). In my life there have been a mere handful of people who have achieved that kind of God-like status that means that in my eyes they can do no wrong. Liverpool F.C., of course, have been there always but musically it's been Frankie Laine, Lonnie Donegan, Duane Eddy, Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran, the Beatles, the Stones, the Who, Country Joe and the Fish—and now Rod Stewart and the Faces.

It's that kind of manic devotion that admits of no failing. It's love and worship and lots of other things. For twenty-five years I've been getting that involved with bands and singers and I can't explain now and I hope I never can. It's there in that rush to the spine, the nearness of laughter and tears and the feeling that nothing in the world can ever be that good again. Now you might tell me that the Stones are the best rock band in the world and perhaps they are—but I'll take the Faces just any old day. I'll tell you why too. It's because the Faces make me laugh when I think about them or when I hear their music.

The Stones make you feel tough and tight—the Faces shake you out, loosen you up and make you want to shout out loud how damn good you feel. It's not because I know them a bit and they're friendly when they see me but it's because I'm a fan and I know that Rod, for all his flash and the cars and the big houses, is just a rowdy like my best mates and that knocks me out. I've heard this single a hundred times already and it still brings a lump to my throat—I've got one as I type these words—and makes me want to laugh at the same time. How the hell can I talk rationally and objectively about something that does that to me?

Every line of the song is a story in itself—every picture really does tell a story—and there's one of his little "woos" over the fade to let you know it's Stewarty there still. Do you ever feel affection for Mick Jagger? The Pig just came downstairs singing "a little old-fashioned but that's all right" and did her Rod Stewart walk into the kitchen. I guess we're just a Faces house and nothing's going to change that.

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN

"Just A Little Too Much" (Pye-International 7N.25588). This is a Johnny Burnette song and I suppose the record'll be a hit because Olivia Newton-John is one of that select band of performers who seem to be able to plug their latest single on TV whenever they want to. Of course that doesn't mean that what they do is good but it does mean that they have access to our homes and can flog us a load of stuff in the absence of anything of worth.

The lady is pretty enough and sings with one of those clear, shallow, British voices that can enrage me quicker than anything other than a blatant foul on Kevin Keegan. A country nurtured on crisps, fish-fingers, "On the Buses," tomato soup and watery beer is going to love, love, love an Olivia Newton-John. It's all so goddam wholesome and polite and even when the lyrics demand that she sing "I'm Gonna Scream And Shout It" you know that she isn't.

There's a line in a Woody Guthrie song about soup so thin you can see the bottom of the bowl through it and we've got to where we like soup that thin. Ask anyone over 40 what was the best time of their lives and I'll bet you you'll find a lot who say "during the Blitz." A nation that can get to like being bombed can get



LITTLE RICHARD ... SINGLE TOO LONG

to like records like this if they're never told there is anything stronger.

I know that's a bit hard on what is a relatively inoffensive record—and I'm sure "Livvy" (as we all know and love her) is a fine person—but sometimes despair edges a bit too close and you wonder whether we're always going to eat crap because it's deliciously cooked.

SHAG

"Loop Di Love" (UK 7). More from Jonathan King. You may think I give the man more prominence in these reviews than he deserves and I would agree with you up to a point. The thing is that his records are at least interesting even if they are breaches of taste so gross that you wonder there's no law under which he can be brought to justice. This thing by Shag is a case in point. It is written by two folk called Schepior and Dierks, who do not sound English, and it could be that someone other than J. King himself is performing. The lead voice, which chants the ludicrous words over what sets out as a bass drum and violin backing, is gruff and ugly. A girls' choir works away sweetly in the background. The whole thing is infernally catchy and I will probably find myself humming it instead of humming something morally correct—like a Pink Floyd track or something. More instruments seep gradually into the work and serve to obscure even further the peculiar lyrics.

I steeled myself against several listens in order to bring you news about the story behind the words

but must confess myself totally at a loss. I don't know where the Olivia Newton-John review appears on this page but some of my remarks there are relevant to this record. The difference is the work of the man King is so gross and excessive that it becomes dangerously endearing. As Tom Lehrer sang of someone else, "his taste-buds were shot off in the war."

CLIFFORD T. WARD

"Carrie" (Dandelion 2001-327). Once again my objective runs the gauntlet. I mean objectivity. Dandelion has not had a hit record since Medicine Head's "Pictures In The Sky" and it certainly would be nice to get a bit of money dripping into the coffers to pay for a few of the projects I have up my sleeve. However, Clifford T. Ward has made a good strong commercial single and it really might work. People who've heard the tapes of his LP have been most impressed and several BBC producers had intimated that they might find room in their programmes for "Carrie."

It opens with acoustic guitar and Clifford's attractive voice. The song is one of those that sings itself in your head after one hearing and the production is such that it's great for trying out a few of your own harmonies as you sing along. In fact the production is excellent throughout. Organ, guitar, bass, drums and piano are the basic ingredients and they are used skilfully and sparingly to provide the perfect setting for the song. There is no doubt in my mind that even if this single isn't a hit, the name of Clifford T.

Ward will be well known indeed before the year is out.

RAINBOW FAMILY

"Travellin' Lady" (President PT 375). You must have seen those TV commercials in which ladies rush about in wet clothes in order

to persuade you to buy cigars. On one of them there's alleged to be a slight hint of nipple, although I've never been able to spot it myself. The music behind all the dashing in and out of the sea is "Travelling Lady," at least it is if my memory has got things right for a change, and it was written by Manfred Mann, who recorded it himself on the first "Chapter Three" LP. This single starts off heavy but soon shifts into the high, wordless singing of the commercial.

The best thing about it is the guitar sound, which is extraordinary. It's that decaying, broken, ruined sound I once tried to get on a Medicine Head LP. At one stage it even cuts out as though it was shorting out completely—I like that. In between these guitar delights there is a bit of relatively light-weight singing and some choral sort of stuff. Some of the lyrics are spoken, then sung by a backing voice. All in all it's a diffuse and bity thing that might sell on the strength of the erection rating of the TV commercial. I wish they'd made a whole single of that guitar sound though—that could have been a dandy.

LITTLE RICHARD

"Mockingbird Sally" (Reprise K. 14195). I wanted really badly to like this single but I find myself uncertain about it. Certainly it's a great deal better than anything Little Richard has done for a long time. It's produced by "Bumps" Blackwell, who produced most of his early classics, and "Bumps" and Little Richard wrote it, as they co-wrote "Long Tall Sally"—in fact they use the same "alley/Sally" rhyme. Little Richard's voice is still unreal, even if it has lost that manic edge that told you that no one was going to stop this crazy dude.

That daft piano playing is right out front again and that's good. There's some fair-enough honking tenor too but it all adds up to something less than 100 per cent. To begin with it's three minutes and forty seconds long—which is about twice as long as a Little Richard record should be—and that gives you time to get your breath back after the first rush of his voice has winded and confused you. The instrumental opening is pointless, based on a distant and asthmatic guitar, and the vision is left tantalisingly close of a really fine single. Perhaps the next one, if "Bumps" can trim out the muck and get our man crazy again. There's no doubt that Little Richard is still full of good music.

10 C.C.

"Donna" (UK 6). A Strawberry Production this—and a very good one. Several hundred years ago I was recording the beauteous Stackwaddy at the Strawberry Studios in Stockport and heard some tracks that Messrs. Godley, Creme and others had recorded as Hotlegs. These were far removed from "Neanderthal Man" and really were most impressive. Sort of symphonic rock things in the Moody Blues vein—but, to my ear, greatly superior to the Moodys. I wonder why they were never released. The reason I mention this is because Godley and Creme wrote this and it has been put together with a great deal of skill and craftsmanship.

Initially it sounds a bit like something the latter-day Mothers might have done but it has warmth—something the Mothers have never had. Cling-cling opening, high falsetto voice and a lot of "wo-ho, Donna" stuff. Really tasteful use of echo throughout. This is no camped up nostalgia but a fine fusion of old and new. The lyrics are simple but they are effective and there are "bum bum bums" in the backing. A 'phone rings and there's a sung 'phone conversation and even a little bit of subtle boogie too. In every way a superior pop record and it could do very well indeed. Do you still have that amazing looking lady working upstairs, lads?

B. J. THOMAS

"That's What Friends Are For" (Wand WN 30). Listening to this over and over I came to the conclusion that there is no one in the country who is capable of this sort of production. Not that I liked the record a great deal but I do like the way it's made. It's all very delicately and subtly put together with the instruments subordinate to the sense of the song and the needs of the singer for emphasis and support. It's the sort of record which Noel Edmunds will play—and more power to him for doing it.

With the rest of Radio 1 firmly polarised around either Olivia Newton-John or Roxy Music there is a whole middle area which goes unmarked and records like this suffer a miserable fate as a result. The performance is moody and dramatic and the use of the various elements in the backing heightens and intensifies the feeling. The singer is a sailor "who longs for the sound of his own front door" and even though you know that B. J. Thomas isn't a sailor and probably never has been, there is a credibility to it all nevertheless. A good record.

Quick spins

REVIEWED BY ROSALIND RUSSELL



I DON'T know why Janis Joplin's "Me And Bobby McGee" (CBS 7019) wasn't released soon after "Pearl" came out. It's possibly the best track from the album, certainly superior to the many other versions of this Kris Kristofferson song around. The Full Tilt Boogie Band couldn't have bettered their excellent timing and arrangement and, as always, Janis sang as if she meant it.

Dean Martin "Little Old Wine Drinker Me" (Reprise K 14003). Despite the fact that this song

is so well known in Dean Martin's repertoire anyway, it stands a fair chance of prolonging its success with this release. It seems to be ageless, like Mr. Martin himself, and the harmonica arrangements are as good as anything new coming out.

Greyhound have been one of the more successful reggae outfits—and with good reason. They've used the music style without being swamped by it. The words of "Floating" (Trojan TR 7867) are clear, the tune manages to establish itself as a separate entity, while the infectious reggae hallmark holds the number together.

With enough airplay, Silverbird's "Getting Together" (CBS 8244) could easily make the charts, but these days, with popular musical integrity not always what it should be, the charts aren't all that important. Some really fine songs are ignored by a few media-conscious people who might be in a position to let us hear all these good sounds. However, all these drawbacks aside, "Getting Together" may be just the "acceptable"

kind of song that rates among the lucky few.

I think I remember reviewing a single by Harry Chapin some months ago and the criticism stands for this single, too. "Could You Put Your Light On, Please" (Elektra 12060) starts really well and has a good build-up ending, but the rest of the song is somehow disjointed. There are two apparent changes of mood in the middle of the song which just don't relate to the rest. It gives the impression of being rather contrived. It's a shame because the beginning and the end were really promising.

I'm sorry, but I think Springwater have totally destroyed the original grandeur and intention of "Jerusalem" (Polydor 2058-271). Quite apart from the error of attempting to soup-up a very impressive hymn of this sort—it might do wonders for "Amazing Grace," but that's an isolated case—the tune is repetitive, relying on the words and vocals for effect, and that's lost when confined to an even-key instrumental version.

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Albums

Reviewed by Disc Panel

Live landmarks of Glastonbury Fayre

GRATEFUL DEAD, PETE TOWNSHEND, MARC BOLAN, HAWKWIND, GONG, MIGHTY BABY, BRINSLEY SCHWARZ, EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND, DAVID BOWIE, SKIN ALLEY, PINK FAIRIES, "Revelation" (Revelation Enterprises, 281/283 Camden High Street, London NW1 7BX, £5.99).

Amazingly good value for a very fine album set based upon the above bands' performances at Glastonbury Fayre. Surprising, too, that the album has been compiled by different artists recording with different companies, without the usual blocks and contractual difficulties.

It arrives in a mighty cardboard fold-out complex, the cover depicting a night shot of the pyramidal stage, lit up, beautifully put together—booklets et al are included, along with a track by track breakdown.

But it's the live tracks that give the most pleasure—Mighty Baby's superbly spacious ultra stoned "A Blanket In My Muesli," recorded early in the morning on a wheezing cassette, Gong's sadly interrupted 23 minute set curiously entitled "Glad Stoned Buried Fielding Flash And Fresh Fest Footprints In My Memory," and Edgar Broughton's classic "Out Demons Out," an extended version inciting the usual crowd participation.

The Dead's 24 minute "Dark Star," recorded early this year at Wembley is superb, and Hawkwind's "Silver Machine," recorded at a Lyceum gig retains great atmosphere — and dreadful reproduction.

Marc Bolan and Pete Townshend recorded their contributions at home, both of which are interesting, if a little dull, whilst Skin Alley and Bowie laid their numbers down in the studio.

And if all this good music isn't enough to incite you into making the effort to purchase this album, it should be known that the profits are to go towards clearing the debts of the group who made it all possible, Solstice Capers.

Quality good, value good (ha ha). PE ★★★★★

VELVET UNDERGROUND—"Live At Max's Kansas City" (Atlantic, K30022, £2.09). This album, according to the sleeve notes, constitutes the "first legitimate bootleg." It was recorded in September 1970 by an old friend called Brigid Polk who used a mono cassette machine. It represents a small piece of history in a sense since it was the very last performance with the band by Lou Reed—Underground's singer, guitarist writer and one of the founding-fathers. The band at this stage also featured Sterling Morrison, Doug Yule and Billy Yule.

Much furore surrounded The Velvet Underground, largely as a result of their ties with Andy Warhol, who included them as part of his travelling mixed-media troupe called The Exploding Plastic Inevitable. But all attention doesn't disguise the fact that, by just about any standards, they were an extremely mediocre Rock-n-Roll band.

The tape has apparently been suppressed for a while and there was originally talk of a double instead of this single. But here it is for all you Underground devotees—10 songs including "I'm Waiting For The Man," "Femme Fatale" and "Beginning To See The Light." ★ AT



PETE TOWNSHEND ... RECORDED AT HOME



"EAGLES" (Asylum SD-5054, £2.15). And so some say they're the most exciting band, maybe the best to come out of America for a long time. Shucks, everything about them is doggone perfect, you've got to give 'em that. Harmonies so tight and floating that even a pensioner would be impressed by it all, short songs which are either danceable or hummable and neat, unobtrusive instrumentation. There's Linda Ronstadt and Jackson Bowne in there helping out and Glyn Johns producing this end of the line country musak which probably began with Dylan's "John Wesley Harding" album, stoked up steam with the Byrds "Seahorse Of The Rodeo" and resulted in Chris Hillman forming the Flying Burritos to turn out the great "Gilded Palace Of Sin."

Buffalo Springfield, Poco, Loggins and Messina, need we go on? Somehow this is just too plush and lifeless, nice yes, a little bit like treacle.

The band are, besides Frey, Bernie Leadon, Randy Meisner and Don Henley, and they take us through ten brilliantly engineered songs, so lacking in depth you feel you're drowning in a puddle. Honestly, it's no wonder America soaks up our talent if this is the best they've got to offer. The titles sum up the backbone of what amounts to armchair and fire-side listening—"Most Of Us Are Sad," Browne's "Nightingale," "Peaceful Easy Feeling" and "Earlybird." The ultra chic way they've taken Gene Clark's plaintive "Train Leaves Here This Morning" and smoothed away the feeling is painful. In short, hear it all done properly on "Gilded Palace." ★★ RB

FRITZ THE CAT — Original Soundtrack Recording (Fantasy 9406, £2.19). The Fritz soundtrack, like the film, is a bewildering combination. There is some very predictable corn mixed with a few genuinely brilliant moments. The celluloid Fritz—based on Robert Crumb's hero figure who first appeared in American underground comics—is an exaggerated, animated version of the screwed up col-

lege kid. He abandons his studies and races across America—pursued by cops and female cats—seeking the universal truth and unity with the other molested minorities.

On the album we have Billie Holliday singing "Yesterdays," Charles Earland playing "Black Talk" and Bo Diddley working through "Bo Diddley." All these heavy names are upstaged by a piece called "Duke's Theme," written by Ray Shanklin. It runs a full 5.25 minutes on side one and features a miraculous blend of wah-wah guitar, electric piano and vibes within a simple enough tune that instantly registers.

Some other artists featured include Jim Post, Bernard Purdie, Merl Saunders, Alice Stuart, Cal Tjader and The Watson Sisters. But there's not much else to warrant spending £2.19. ★ AT

"DAVID BUSKIN" — (Epic EPC 65070, £2.09). It's a shame that the market has been so wrongfully flooded with singer-songwriters to an extent where even the better ones tend to get sucked down by the sheer volume of bad ones. David Buskin, who dedicates this album to his wife, Judy, really writes nice songs which are nicely and unpredictably structured—rather like Carole King's

—well played on acoustic and electric guitars and keyboards. Four years ago this album would have had impact; nowadays we turn blasé ears. ★★ CB

PINK FAIRIES — "What A Bunch Of Sweeties" (Polydor Super 2382 132, £2.00). Rumour has it that the initial success of this album has forced the band together again. If true, then all well and good for they are here a better band on record than many unfortunate live gigs would have you believe.

Paul Rudolph (lead), Russell Hunter (drums) and Duncan Sanderson (bass) assisted by ex-Move man Trevor Burton whip up a storm through eight lengthy tracks. Rudolph's tasty picking dominates the album in much the same way Gallagher, Clapton and Alvin Lee have done, with both Hunter and Sanderson throwing in snatches of solo skill as well as some meaty backing.

Gratefully, despite the length of the tracks, it never becomes tedious, the riffs being varied and interesting. Perhaps there's more good stuff to come from them now. ★★★ BS

LIGHTNIN' SLIM—"London Gumbo" (Blue Horizon Super 2931 005, £2.00). A wowie, zowiee blues album that really spans the whole field of the music. Chuck Berry, Elmore James, J. B. Lenoir and Arthur Crudup numbers are here, alongside Slim's own compositions plus a couple from fine producer Mike Vernon and two more from pianist Paul Wingfield.

So there's rock, Chicago style and the unique music of Slim, growling away and picking his notes in great style. Wingfield's piano sets a really hot pace throughout and the harmonica of Laurie Garman and drums of Kenny Lamb strive to keep it moving along. Referred to as the "bossman," Slim earns his tag with his easy, nonchalant playing and singing that captures the feel of the blues, almost throughout the ages. ★★★★★ BS

GARY BURTON & STEPHANE GRAPPELLI—"Paris Encounter" (Atlantic K 40378, £2.09). A generation apart in age, Burton and Grappelli combine musically like brothers. The sharp strutting violin of the Frenchman and the smooth velvet vibes of the American in Paris really blend in fine style.

Recorded in Paris, there are nine tracks; just one from Stephane, two from bassman Steve Swallow plus Django Reinhardt's "Daphne" and Miles Davis's "Blue Is Green." Their respective individual recordings are well known — but this is something else. As a one-off session it has worked wonderfully well; a second attempt might be overstepping the mark. ★★ BS

"SHIRELLES"—(RCA SF 8279—LSP 4698, £2.19). A beautifully arranged and produced album from this still very much alive vocal trio. They've done some lovely late-night treatments to Carole King songs like "Brother, Brother," "It's Going To Take Some Time" and "Walk On In." There's the Bee Gee song "How Can You Mend A Broken Heart" and a medley of Tamlia things. Super orchestration and brass, and very professional all round. ★★ CB

RAY PRICE—"I Won't Mention It Again" (CBS 64640, £2.09). After these few paltry words, I certainly have no intention of ever mentioning this again to anyone, thank you. The gent is one of those big voiced balladeers who does "something different" with a song by wading into the lyrics much in the manner of Batman sorting out baddies — e.g. hideous ZOCK! POW! version of "Bridge Over Troubled Water." Puts me in mind of Buddy Greco and I don't think much of him either. ★ RF-C

"HEAVY AND ALIVE" — A ten album jazz series from Atlantic. It's de roots, man, that hold such a fascination nowadays. From where, you might wonder, do artists like Zappa, Ian Anderson of Tull, Soft Machine, Matching Mole, Caravan and a whole generation of British and American jazz-rockers draw their inspiration. Part of the answer can be found in a stirring new jazz catalogue called "Heavy And Alive," recently issued by Atlantic. During the past few years many of Atlantic's classic jazz titles have ceased to be available in this country. Now that the label has been absorbed into the WEA empire (formerly Kinney) wrongs are being righted.

They begin with these nine previously unissued albums, featuring some of the most interesting and decisive contributors to the contemporary jazz scene—artists like Gary Burton, Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Herbie Hancock and Ornette Coleman.

The most powerful of the set is a tenth album, a sampler at 99p incorporating eight tracks by eight different artists and titled "Heavy And Alive." If you're half expecting a diffident, rambling self-gratifying excuse for music, be prepared for a hefty surprise. Sure enough it opens with an ancient piece—Paul Desmond's "Take Five"—a surprise hit for Brubeck more than a decade ago. But it still sounds mighty. Brubeck sets the pace on piano and Gerry Mulligan sweeps through the melody line on baritone sax. David Newman also rates a solid gold mention for a superb flute solo on "Fuzz," a Roy Ayers composition. That's not all. The rest of the line-up reads: Eddie Harris with Les McCann, Modern Jazz Quartet, Mongo Santamaria, Roland Kirk, Yusef Lateef, Herbie Hancock, and Herbie Mann (Atlantic K 20034, 99p).

Titles, artists and sleeve numbers of the other albums in the series are: Gary Burton and Stephane Grappelli, "Paris Encounter" (K 40378); Gary Burton, "Alone At Last" (K 40305); Dave Brubeck, "Truth Is Fallen" (K 40367); Dave Brubeck Quartet With Gerry Mulligan, "Last Set At Newport" (K 40368); Yusef Lateef, "The Gentle Giant" (K 40359); Keith Jarrett, "Mourning Of A Star" (K 40309); Dudley Moore, "Dudley Moore Trio Today" (K 40397); Herbie Hancock, "Crossings" (Warner Bros. K 46164); Ornette Coleman, "Twine" (K 40278). Each album costs £2.09. ★★ AT

SONET AND SPECIALITY SERIES: Sonet, a tiny independent record company, has made brave efforts recently in releasing three series of albums—two on the Sonet label and one series on Speciality. The first Sonet series features guitarists, John Fahey's album—"America" (Sonet SNTF 628); Stefan Crossman's "Gramercy Park Sheik" (Sonet SNTF 627); Leo Kottke's 6 + 12 string guitars; and Robbie Basho's "The Falconer's Arm." These four have been called the world's leading guitarists, and the albums are well worth a listen.

In their legacy of the blues series, they've released a new Snooks Eaglin album, recorded in New Orleans and the first thing he's done in ten years; a Bukka White album and a Champion Jack Dupree album recorded in London. These three albums are the first in a series of 40.

On Speciality, there's a Larry Williams Original Hits album—(SNTF 5008); Lloyd Price Original Hits (SNTF 5007) and Don and Dewey (Don made fame later as SugarCane Harris). Also two albums called "This Is How It All Began" volumes one and two featuring a vast variety of unlikely people like Little Richard, Fats Domino, Doctor John, Ray Charles and Sonny Bono producing all in their early days. All the albums retail for £2.20 each. ★★ CB

MAYBE I KNOW

NEW SINGLE FROM

THE SEASHELLS

CBS
8218

the music people

WE had an inkling it was going to be a slightly wacky business when David Lord Sutch, green hair and mad eyes, leapfrogged across Downing Street with six naked disciples.

Then there was that peculiar press reception at Wembley Stadium last Thursday. It was inspiring to see Fleet Street heavies sitting obediently at rows of desks while Little Richard, chest bared and face encrusted in several layers of what looked like gravy concentrate—gave a sensitive portrayal of a man in love with his own image.

"Ah've been denied and defied, but Ah am the undisputed king of rock-n-roll," he proclaimed. "And on Saturday night on this stage Ah shall be defendin' mah title." Mohammed Ali comes over as a mute introvert by comparison. Lord Sutch sat on Richard's right with a parrot on his shoulder and nodded in time to the music and so did Richard's lawyer, his manager and his valet.

These were the preliminaries. The Foulks—Ron, Ray and Bill—worked for months to assemble their star package of rockers. Part of the problem was down to the scramble for that top-dog position. It eventually went to Chuck Berry and the others were unofficially consoled with titles like "Father Of" (Bill Haley), "The Wildest" (Jerry Lee Lewis) and "The King" (Little Richard).

Chuck was the man, though, he transcends all — "the spirit of rock-n-roll."

A fair measure of that spirit was reconstructed on Saturday. We were told 50,000 turned up, although that was probably one more exaggeration in a day of fantastic extremes.

Most of us weren't earnest enough to go all out with a Brylcreem shampoo, or to resurrect our velvet-trimmed drapes and black suede creepers, but we applauded—hand-jive fashion—the many thousands who've managed to keep their uniforms

crisp and moth free. The lady rockers looked very tempting, elevated on their slender heels—hair immobilised inside a crust of lacquer. They wore those fiercely constructed bras that wrench the breasts right up-front and impale anyone who gets too close.

Small armies of wispy 17-year-old rockers turned up cloaked in steel-studded black leather jackets and skinny jeans. They hung around in half-moon formations trying to look evil—heels dug into the ground and thumbs hanging from the corners of their pockets just like James Dean in "Rebel Without A Cause."

The day started with an embarrassing sense of lethargy—the Houseshakers, Joe Brown and The Bruvvers, Heinz and Emile Ford, then Billy Fury, who sang "Halfway To Paradise" and probably wished he'd spent the afternoon in bed.

Then it was left to the man whose probably earned more lineage for the concert than anyone else—including the Foulk trio.

It was Sutch's first British performance in three years and it was a flashy, arrogant, violent demonstration and not too much to do with music. There were a handful of songs like "You Gotta Keep On Rockin'" and Little Richard's "Good Golly Miss Molly," but they were sung and played with little distraction and were mere asides to the main business.

Sutch enters in a white coffin borne by four well-rounded women in bikini briefs and T-shirts. They parked him at the back of the stage while somebody, done up like an undertaker, ran amok with a flaming torch cursing and growling. Suddenly Sutch emerged amid a great plume of orange smoke. He was wearing a fifty-gallon silver top hat which he soon discarded to expose a shock of bright green hair.

He called out triumphantly: "In 1955 the film industry, the record industry and the businessmen said rock-n-roll would last six months and here we are in 1972..." but is this rock-n-roll, you wonder? Gunshots ring out and Sutch "dies." He jumps up for sword, knife and axe, fights with somebody in

Teddy boys' picnic



BILL HALEY

lights, who's supposed to be Alice Cooper ("he stole my show"). "Cooper" is eventually throttled and disembowelled and from his stomach Sutch pulls out a chicken, a snake and a rabbit. Very strange.

There's also some go-go dancing and a 45-second strip down to a G string. Several props, including a coffin, go up in flames. MCS also attempted to be menacing, but were even more ridiculous than Sutch. Musically it was quite an improvement, songs like "Gloria" (the old Them hit) and their own "Kick

Out The Jams" but the audience were on their back and wondering how long they'd have to wait for Chuck Berry. When Rob Tyner, their lead singer, clambered down from the stage and ran to comfort his audience, they greeted him with a shower of beer and coke cans. "Don't you know they need an excuse like that to stop the show, you bloody idiot," rebuked DJ Tony Prince. Oddly enough there was hardly a scrap more trouble. Had this been 1957 the impudent Mr. Prince would have had a beer can lodged side-

ways between his teeth. We'll pass over Gary Glitter as quickly as possible. They are so patently plastic and obvious it's not even funny. With that park bench rhythm section of his, he agonised his way through things like "Please Don't Go," "Donna" and other classics. He does a lot of torso shaking and body lunging, but the crowd knew they were being put on and insisted on a speedy ending to his set.

It was still the world's quietest rock-n-roll concert and Roy Wood's Wizzard did nothing to dispel the boredom. The sound was so muffled I was only able to pick out what sounded like "The Girl Can't Help It." Wood and his eight-piece band need time and more sympathetic setting to work effectively.

Mr Bo Diddley, a rubber-boned roly-poly man, produced the afternoon's first memorable action. Smartly turned out in white suit and black hat, he had, as always, his sister, The Duchess, by his side, plus the Houseshakers as support band.

Diddley used first a handful of chords and riffs and one steady, incessant rhythm to drive home his message. The message is "Bo Diddley," "You Can't Judge A Book By Its Cover," "Mona" and other superb classic R-and-B pieces. The crowd roared for the fat man and he answered "Amen."

Jerry Lee Lewis was his usual lawless self. He was missing and presumed to be seeking liquid courage when his turn came. Linda Gail Lewis and the Memphis Beats worked through a tedious Las Vegas medley, including "Twist And Shout," "Proud Mary," "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Yesterday" before Jerry Lee showed himself. Wearing cherry red T-shirt and matching slacks, he lazed through a brief set including "I Gotta Woman," Elvis' "Don't Be Cruel" and his very own "Great Balls Of Fire." He leaned back in his chair and slapped a foot on the piano keys, but it was an unconvincing performance.

"Let's hear it now for The

Father of rock-n-roll." Bill Haley, whose 1954 single, "Rock Around The Clock," has sold an astonishing 36 million, doesn't creak yet. The body's a little puffer but he hangs in there—jaw transfixed in a wide open-mouthed smile and kiss curl riveted firmly to his forehead.

Bill and The Comets, wearing racy, look-alike white jackets and black slacks, opened with "Shake Rattle-N-Roll," soon trading it for the almost identical "See You Later Alligator." The din was unbelievable. Teds were heaving womenfolk across their shoulders. Greasers were twisting, jiving and whooping and then the boss rock song of all time—beautifully embellished by that one note sax solo.

The Comets are actually fine musicians, which is probably why they've survived for two decades. The crowd demanded three encores (the only act so honoured) and Bill retired undefeated.

Little Richard came remarkably close to destroying his reputation as a king rocker. What began as a warm response from the crowd turned into undisguised hostility half an hour into his set. Richard left the stage teary-eyed and bewildered. He did nothing dramatically wrong except to come across as too cocksure. After all the boasting and giggling at his rock-n-roll brethren he must have felt a bit silly.

Chuck Berry's reception was totally positive. It was a modest musical performance and a tremendous musical climax to a day of shifting moods. "Good evening," said Chuck, "we are about to REALLY get it together. We're gonna start out with 'Roll Over Beethoven' just to get tuned."

And then he lurched into "Maybelle," "Sweet Little Sixteen," "Memphis Tennessee" and "On And On" with the crowd awash in wave upon wave of hysteria.

He got everyone to ignite matches and lighters and the vast stadium was dotted from corner to corner.

It was a spunky, irreverent Teddy Boys' picnic and thankfully people left their razors and bicycle chains at home.

ANDREW TYLER

In your own write

SOME time ago Disc published a feature on local radio. It was said there were 20 local stations on the air. To be exact there are 21—20 operated by the BBC and, in addition, the only commercial radio station in the British Isles, Manx Radio in Douglas, IOM. Perhaps if your article had included this, the overall conclusions about local radio may have been more encouraging.

MANX v THE BEEB

The IOM Broadcasting Commission supervises the station, which claims an audience of 85 per cent of the Manx population. Unlike the BBC's stations, the allocated needle-time appears to create no problems. During the 12 hours of airtime (7 a.m. to 7 p.m.), all music comes from records, though there is some live

music. The format is middle-of-the-road pop with local news. The day begins with the GFGM show (7-10 a.m.). Top 50 music with oldies on Saturday, which is far superior to Tony Blackburn's drive; the 10-12 noon slot is geared towards housewives with short talking features included; 12-2 p.m. Lunchtime Lucky Dip

which, unlike Family Favourites, has more music than chatter. One hour specialist shows appear in the afternoon with folk, big-band, film and show music. Irish music; country music fans have three hours on the Don Allen Country and Western Jamboree every Saturday. From 4 to 7 p.m. it is a mixture of current sounds and older material.

Everyone can receive the station as it is on 188 and 232 Medium Wave, as well as 89 and 91.2 MHz VHF. Though basically intended for the IOM, reception is possible on the mainland, especially in the North of England, Southern Scotland, North Wales and the East Coast of Ireland.

Your article asked: "Is it all worthwhile?" In the case of Manx Radio, definitely "yes," if only as a welcome relief from the monopoly monotony of the BBC. —John Rosborough, 82 Ballygowan Road, Crossnacreevy, Upper Castlereagh, Belfast, N. Ireland.

TYLER TOPS

THE presence of Andrew Tyler on your staff is a prime reason for my continuing subscription. Even among your generally good writers, he stands out for lucidity and knowledgeability. He has a clear-cut idea of what he thinks rock music should be, and his writing style makes his points abundantly clear.—Richard Evens, 2a Ravensbrook Road, London, N.W.1.

TALENTED FURY

WHAT a pleasant surprise to see and hear three singers whose only "gimmick" is talent in BBC-2's Saturday Cinema Presentation, "Play It Cool."

Helen Shapiro, Billy Fury and Bobby Vee made me realise the pitiful efforts of current pop favourites like Alice Cooper and David Bowie come nowhere near the standard of singing that used to grace the charts. If this is progress, God help us!—Harry Morrison, 131 Salisbury Avenue, Barking, Essex.

Mary Mahon (Disc, July 29). I am sick to death of hearing and reading about how fantastic Bolan is. When everybody began raving about him, I gave him the benefit of the doubt, but after listening to the lyrics of some of his hits, I was amazed that a grown man (or is he?) could churn out such utter rubbish.

I recently had a letter printed in Disc where I accused the New Seekers of being "plastic," but when compared with Bolan's "Nursery Rhymes," I reckon I owe them an apology.—Puzzled Peter Doyle Fan, Portsmouth, Hants.

BEATLES STORY LP

AS AN ardent follower of the Beatles from the word "go," I have been listening to the Beatles' Story on Radio One every Sunday.

I already have all the Beatles albums, but surely LPs of the Beatles' Story would make a welcome addition to any true Beatle fan's collection? With all the research and interviews that have gone into the series it is a must for one of the big recording companies to put it onto plastic.—Rodney Bleakley, 1 Brian Road, Ainsdale, Southport, Lancs.

SICK OF BOLAN

I AM totally in agreement with

ALICE COOPER SUPERSTAR



ALICE—WHAT'S IN A NAME?

AFTER reading Stuart Wilson's letter (Disc 22.7.72) all I can say is that if Alice Cooper does become the next so-called "Superstar," it will only be because he

dismembers dolls and has a woman's name. —Anthony C. Teague, 1 Cranford Street, Motherwell, Lanarkshire.

DISCWORD Six albums to be won

ACROSS

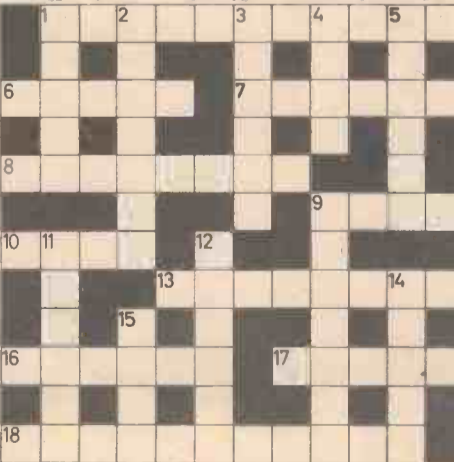
1. Astronaut making a hit (6, 3)
7. Maharishi country? (5)
8. The enigma of Nelson (6)
9. Jack's occupation (6)
10. Cody's Lincoln (3, 3)
13. "Here Comes _____" (3, 3)
15. Withers and Welch advertised to appear (6)
18. Joe? (6)
19. Alan Haven's exact likeness (5)
20. Billy Preston's disc said to be where "I Across" might be (4, 5)

DOWN

1. Need Rob to make up a group (7)
2. Honky building (7)
3. Scroggs as a peer (4)
4. The Bridget who's none too big (6)
5. Crosby has most of the game (4)
6. Peter Frampton's old group with nothing in for the old king (5)
11. The "Woyaya" group (7)
12. "_____ Me" (Engelbert) (7)
13. Number of times around the houses (5)
14. What JB must do to 'em? (4, 2)
16. Kiki quiet and profound (4)
17. Mr. Kristofferson (4)

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AND WINNERS
ACROSS: 1. Sister Jane. 8. A Tear. 9. Smith-y. 10. Old Man. 12. Dennis. 13. Scouse. 15. Friend. 18. Humble. 20. Daisy. 21. A Lonely Man. DOWN: 2. I Need You. 3. Tir Na. 4. Jimmie. 5. Nut. 6. (St.)Malo. 7. Ayers. 11. Angelina. 13. Sacha. 14. Smilin'. 16. Reddy. 17. Days. 19. Mel.
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First six correct entries win FREE LPs. Send answers by first post Monday to: 'Discword,' DISC, 161 Fleet Street, London, EC4P 4AA



NAME _____
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Pop

MR. KING doesn't talk so much, or pontificate quite as much as he used to these days. Instead, he gets on with business, turning out music for the people to buy on plastic discs—and making lovely money. Lots n' lots of money.

And he makes his money out of being straight down-the-line-nobody-knows-what-I-know-absolutely-right. He'll tell you of course he's always right. And nobody can bluster, get hot around the armpits and grumble because he'll state the facts and let them do the real talking.

Like how he was last year's number one producer, how the Piglets, Nemo, Weathermen, Bay City Rollers and—the first release on his new U.K. label—by Terry Dactyl and the Dinosaurs, all hit the charts. And now he's saying his new label is going to be the biggest.

Well I'm not going to be the first taking any bets and I wouldn't argue with the forceful Mr King: "I'm the ogre to all young journalists, they end up in strange places after trying to interview me," he snarled. I had no qualms. Good fun wasn't it?

Jonathan's a very humorous and intelligent man, his B.A. at Cambridge is a long time earned now. And his throw-away lines are beautiful.

Example 1: "I think I've now made the worst record of all time. It's definitely THE worst. It's called the 'Official Munich Olympic Games Theme 72?' Don't forget the question mark, that's very important—and it's recorded by a group called the Athletes.

"Oh, it's got to be the worst. Maybe it's only equalled by—what was that one? The one by Napoleon. 'They're Coming To Take Me Away,' that's the one."

Apparently what's going to be unleashed on the public will be very special, a staunch patriotic affair complete with the sounds of jackboots and all.

But what does it mean to rock-n-roll? And why have all these people said nasty things about Jonathan in the past. His one-time column—in Disc, of course,



JONATHAN KING ...
WAY OUT IN FRONT

KING'S KINGDOM

was just about the most interesting around. He'd tell you the state of music—now he proves it in the hit-parade.

But what about now? "Very dreary. I thought it was going to be good. But when you look around there's nothing sensational. I'm still way out in front of everyone else in the field. All the people living off the back of the music, those Radio One DJs they're not making money—it's just toy money."

Jonathan King is sitting behind the desk at his new offices—the control centre for U.K. records. On the wall in reception is the

splendid emblem of his new label, Great Britain topped by a fitting crown.

"That's exactly how it is going to be. Thousands of kids will be recognising the label soon. We'll be available for everything, we don't believe in limiting ourselves, there'll be opportunities for amateurs, professionals. We are out to make a lot of money."

With the Terry Dactyl single, Jonathan bought the masters to the song which he knew was going to be a hit. "I'd heard about the song from various sources for quite a long time. About five or six DJs told me—they're always

helpful."

He's got upwards of 200 DJ contacts throughout the country who keep him in constant touch with what is going down in the dance-halls. The company's new releases are usually "tested" on crowds in the halls and discos to gauge reaction before being issued.

"I love dance-halls and I'm often going around them. The kids know me in the dance-halls. You see the kids like a definite rhythm and they like to be able to identify—that's why the records are successful."

Jonathan has been to America twice in the past three weeks, fix-

ing the outlet for his label. He looked tired, sitting there unshaven, jeans on, checked shirt and high suede boots completing the picture. "Quite honestly," he says, "I'm exhausted, travelling all the time can get you down—well I find it tiring, anyway."

And so what can we expect from the new label? I'll break the news. The next King album is on the way and going to be released soon, entitled "Bubble Rock Is Here To Stay," it sounds, from Jonathan's description, like a gem.

"It ought to be the biggest selling record of all time," said Jonathan.

The album's going to consist of songs that've all sold a million, re-arranged like only King can do. It'll be camp, outlandish and

totally—yes, totally original.

Here we go then. You'll be hearing the Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction" done country; Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" with an actual orchestra of 15 tambourines; Leslie Gore's "It's My Party" slightly heavy and gay; then the old Honeycombs stomper "Have I The Right" coming on heavy and also a rock version of Bobby Vee's "The Night Has A Thousand Eyes," and, of course, many more.

"There should be about three or four singles on it. I'm hoping to develop it into a little game of pick the hit. That should be quite fun for everyone."

Robert Brinton



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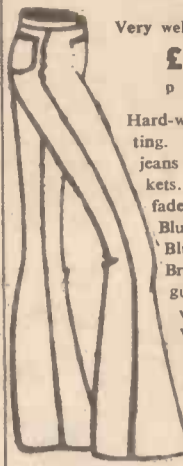
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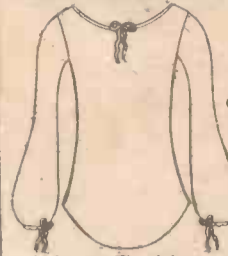
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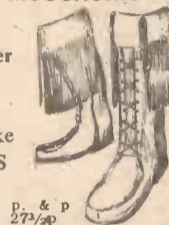
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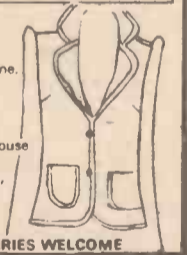
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FOR SALE: Four Tops Greatest £1.50, Motown Chartbusters 3 and 4, £1.25 each. Also "Farewell," Diana Ross double album. All excellent condition. Ring for details.—Tadworth 288.

LP WORKING, Mojo Jabel. Will swap for Solid Rock, Temptations, or Young. Gifted and Black, Aretha Franklin.—David Fulford, 188 York Avenue, East Cotes, I.O.W.

BEACH BOYS: "Pet Sounds," "All Summer Long." Stereo, mint. £1.25 each, or swap for any Nell Young, Car Stevens (Island). — B. Pooks, 72 Carston View, Bath.

ALBUMS

DEEP PURPLE, Fireball. Good nick. Offers.—Ann, 32 Harrogate Road, St. Anne's, Lancs.

FILL YOUR HEAD with Rock 60p, EL PA £1, both very good nick.—Paul Haste, 9 Clee Crescent, Grimsby, Lincs.

PINK FLOYD, Obscured By Clouds, Canned Heat, Historical Figures, Dave Edmunds, Rockpile. Brand new £1.25 each.—31 Norwood Road, Greenwich, London SE10 9QZ.

TAPE OWNER has many LPs as new. Progressive, folk, rock. Will sell but exchanges preferred. Please write—Margaret Griffiths, 58 Warwick Avenue, London W9.

ZEP II. One track scratched. £1. Mint. Gemini Suite, Jon Lord, £2. P.O. or S.A.E. to—David Kennedy, 51 Wyndham Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

PERFECT: Bangla Desh £4, and Every Picture Tells A Story £1. Also Dave Clark singles.—Dave Longman, Greenables, Long Wittenham, Abingdon, Berkshire.

NILSSON SCHMILSSON Point Harty, Pandemonium Shadow Show, Airplane; Leadbelly Sings Folk Songs; History Otis Redding (all played once) £1.75 each or swap.—Brenda Stubbs, 1 Johnson Court, Sunderland.

FIREBALL (£1.50); An Electric Storm (White Noise)—£2 or swap for any Pink Floyd except Relics, Dead Quicksilver, Steve Miller.—Rosemary Stanton, 2 Speer Road, Thames Ditton Surrey, D1398 1894.

WOODY GUTHRIE, Clancy Brothers, Corries, Dubliners, Hall & McGrover, Alex Cambell, Cliff, Charles, Ineld, Mark Murphy, Vic Damone albums for sale. All good nick, please.—John Hartley, 2 Whitelade Road, Whitburn, W. Lothian, Scotland.

WILL SWOP Electric Warrior for Time And A Word by Yes or any other progressive album. S.A.E. with offers.—Kevin Deamer, 29 Coleville Road, Farnborough, Hants.

ALLO "Story Ended" £1.60, "Paladin" £1.50. Both mint. Many other cheap albums and singles, eg "My Brother Jake" 25p. Send S.A.E. for free lists.—Neil Thomas, 70s, Kings Charles Road, Newbridge, Mon.

BUFFY SAINT MARIE Import double £2. Illuminations 75p. Hendrix With Knight 75p. Bee Gees Odessa double £1.75. More, all excellent condition. Swap?—John, 19 Richmond Road, Worcester.

THANKS VERY MUCH Adrian Harvey and everybody who bought my records. Hope to hear from you soon. Hope you have plenty of pleasure.—Flint, 97 West Hill Road, Ordsall, Retford, Notts.

PETER SARSTEDT £1.25. More Hits Shadows £1, Rock Around The Clock, Bill Haley 70p, Jungle Marmalade Lemon Pipers, XI-30, Nilsson Schmilsson £1.75. S.A.E.—Flint, 97 West Hill Road, Ordsall, Retford, Notts.

STAPLE SINGERS "Be Altitude Respect Yourself." Brand new £1.20. Write—P. J. Monaghan, 38 Aspen Gardens, Hammersmith, London W6 9JE.

BEST OF TRAFFIC, mint cond. Idle Race, mint cond. Manfred Mann Chaps, 3, mint, and Seekers (old) Golden Collection LP. Any offers?—Kym Kennedy, 35 Flansham House, Clemeance Street, London E14.

UMMAGUMMA, vgc; Feedback (Spirits Impaired) vgc; All Western Film Themes (United Artists) mint condition. All £1 each.—John Fulcher, 34 Priors Croft, Old Woking, Woking, Surrey.

BEACH BOYS: From Surfin' Safari to Sunflower. Write Jed Bushell, 7 Barham Close, Hastings, Sussex.

THEY'VE GOT TO GO: Will exchange "T. Rex" and "Flyback" for almost any decent albums.—Dave, 30 Cowper Street, Bootle L20 4RS, Lancs.

PAUL MCCARTNEY "Ram" LP. Mint condition. Stereo. Unwanted gift. Played once only as new £1.50.—Marlene Lewis, 55 Marling Road, St. George, Bristol B5 7LN.

25 ASSORTED SOUNDS & Disc posters, Eric Hendrix, Gallagher, Emerson, Sonja Kristina. Sell for £1.35 or swap for Fanny or Mason album if V.G.C.—Raymond Mills, 22 Carlton Lane, Rothwell, Leeds LS26 0DJ.

ELECTRIC WARRIOR: will sell £1.85 or swap for any early who LP. Must be good condition. Write first.—J. Richards, 49 Conway Close, Euxton, Chorley, Lancs.

VELVET UNDERGROUND: White Light, White Heat. Offers or swap for Matching Molé, Bowie, Kevin Ayers, Whatever She Brings, Vengar Joe, LTD, Alice—S. Goffe, 66 Wolverhampton Road, Oldbury, Warley, Wores.

T. REX, Best Of, to swap for Slade Alive or sell. Any offers. Send S.A.E. to—R. Barlow, 43 Goodwin Road, Rookingham Estate, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

CROSBY NASH NEW LP £1.50. Hot Tuna £1, Aqualung £1.25, Gerry Rafferty £1, America, Nice 70p. S.A.E. please.—R. Simpson, 12 Walden Drive, Bradford Rd, Bradford 9.

CASSETTES FOR SALE: Pop, soul, progressive folk, £1.25 each. S.A.E. for list.—David Smith, 58 Northham Street, Stratford, London E15 3LT.

DEEP PURPLE, Fireball. Mint con. £1.50 plus post for Lin. Also 1972 disrare cassette "Fog On The Tyne"—D. Sinclair, 34 Leominster Road, Morden, Surrey.

SIX MONKEES LPs, all except Instant Replay. Sell or swap for Best Beatles offer. S.A.E.—Pamela Dow, 130/2 Glasgow Road, Burnbank, Lanarkshire.

MOTOWN CHARTBUSTERS Vols 3 and 5 (perfect). Vols 4 and 6 plus I'm Still Waiting (LP). Offers. S.A.E. Swap any for Tommy (Who) To.—Alan Moore, 10 Milton Avenue, Weston-super-Mare.

STEVE MILLER "Rock Love," £1.50 o.n.o., vgc. "Ring Of Hands," Argent, £1 o.n.o. Write first.—Jane Bonner, 38 Oakfield Lane, Dartford, Kent.

T. REX, Beard Of Stars (import) on Blue Thumb label, with Ride A White Swan single free, £3.25. S.A.E. first to—Russell Salton, 35 Redford Drive, Edinburgh EH13 0BE.

HELP! Humble Pie/Rock On, T. Rex/Best Of, Santana/Third Album, Groundhogs/Spirit. Sell £1 each or swap for any Floyd, Hawkwind.—Gordon Jackson, 13 Birkdale Close, Orpington, Kent.

JOHN FAHEY: "Blind Joe Death; "Streetnoise," Auger/Driscoll; "Clear Light," Jody Grind; "Far Canal," "Marsipulami," Bauls of Bengal; "Monty Python" (first); Moby Grape "wow." Offers please.—Paul Ainsworth, 63 St. Thomas's Road, Chorley, Lancs.

CLIFF RICHARD/Shadows: Finders Keepers Wonderful Life. Established 1958, Stones' Between The Buttons, Mathew Ellis LP—£1.30 each. S.A.E.—Mr Farrokh Rahnama, 13 Ordnance Road, Southampton, Hants.

"FRESH CREAM" by Cream. This album is in perfect condition. Clapton, Baker, Bruce, Recorded 1966. Offers please.—M. Rosen, 13 Ashwood House, London NW4.

CASSETTES FOR SALE: Stones, Cream, Hendrix, Lennon, etc. £1 each. S.A.E. for list.—William Hoare, 12 Kingfisher House, Pelican Estate, Peckham SE15.

DEEP DOWN HEAVY, Bob Downes deleted LP. Very good condition, £1. Also need Blueberry Hill, Zep II.—S. Toal, 42 Prospect Park, Scarborough.

ALBUMS

ELECTRIC WARRIOR, T. Rex. Soundtrack from film "More." Pink Floyd, Silk Purse, Linda Ronstadt. All vgc. Offers please.—Brian Humphries, 1 Matheson Terrace, Inellan, Argyll, Scotland.

MASSEE Sale! LPs and singles from 50p/72. All vgc. Also rare import singles. Large S.A.E. for list.—D. J. Latter, 23 Lyndhurst Road, Chesham, Bucks.

UMMAGUMMA (Floyd) £2, Dolls House and Song For Me (Family) £1.50. Disraeli Gears (Cream) £1.50. Write, enclosing S.A.E. first to—Tony, 49 The Causeway, Southport, Lancs.

"SELLING T. REX "Warrior," "B.O.T.W.," Simon and Garfunkel, Al Kooper, Never Know Who Your Friends Are, £1.50 or exchange for any reasonable LP.—David, 20 Mulberry Walk, Blackburn, Lancs. BB1 1UH.

SINGLES

"BEG, STEAL BORROW," "Teach World To Sing (New Seekers)," "Wishin' And Hopin' (Dusty)," "Everybody Go Home" (Clodagh), 20p.—P. Delapheena, 44 Lincalns, Ingleby Greenhow, Great Ayton, Yorkshire.

THE SUPREMES! But I Love You More; Partridge Family Doesn't Somebody Want To Be Wanted; Buffy St. Marie's Until It's Time For You To Go; The Marmalade's Baby Make It Soon. All good condition.—Offers and s.a.e. please: June Wilson, 15 Thame Ave., Primrose, Jarrow, County Durham.

FOR SALE: Ex-Top Twenty Singles at 20p, each send s.a.e. for list.—Miss Ann Deay, 56 Barks Drive, Norton, Stoke-on-Trent.

DISCOTHEQUE. Chubby Checker on Cameo Parkway, Shotgun Wedding, Roy C., both mint condition. Offers not less than £1.30.—27 Dent St., Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

DONOVAN'S "Universal Soldier" for sale, 40p; and Memphis Slim's "Clap Your Hands," 75p.—Kenny, 360 Birches Head Road, Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs, ST2 0DD.

CITIZEN CLIPPER SINGLES for sale, each price. Send s.a.e. for list and deal. Cheap good condition. Anne Compton, 5 Willow Way, Hale, Farnham, Surrey.

ROLLING STONES SINGLES, private collection, for sale, 30p each.—Susan Kenyon, 9 Howards St., Melsom, Lancs.

APOLLO THEME MUSIC for sale, and "I Believe (In Love)," Hot Chocolate.—Richard Sadd, 7 St. Mary's Close, Rockland, St. Mary, Norwich, Norfolk, NR9 5SW.

PETERS, Jeeperster, What Is Life, Boogaloo, Gypsies, 30p each; Voodoo Chile, Open Up, 40p each; Oldie "Apache," 35p.—S.a.e.: Phil, 12 Silverburn Street, Glasgow G33 2LN.

MOUNTAINS! Roll Over Beethoven; Nell Young's Heart Of Gold; America's A Horse With No Name; sell or swap or any offers.—Kevin Gallacher, 89 Ryeside Rd., Barmuloch, Glasgow, G21 3LG.

DYLAN SINGLES: Subterranean Homesick Blues, Like A Rolling Stone,

Meanwhile...

Derringer's search for producers

MUCH favoured guitarist, Rick Derringer—formerly with Johnny Winter and guesting with Edgar here at the Palace—is here primarily to contact Pete Townshend whom he wants to produce a track on his solo album. Rick has written a load of songs for the LP and wants to get a different producer to do each track—so far he has contacted Pete and Tod Rundgren. His aim is to leave the treatment of each song and the choice of musicians for that song entirely to each producer. The result could be interesting.

V & O THE NEW S & G?

SIMON and Garfunkel, Crosby

MAINLINERS

"MOHAMMED goes to the Mountain" — Jack Bruce flies to America to record with Leslie West and Corky Laing.

TONY Christie attracting attention at BBC-TV at last. Likely "Eurovision" entry perhaps?

WHO are Sweet Sensation? RICK Nelson "Garden Party" single — which bemoans audiences who only want to hear his old hits—hailed as another "American Pie," they say.

"DAYS Of Pearly Spencer" song NOT on David McWilliams tape. Sorry. **NONE** of cast of "JC Superstar" at last week's "Meet The Press" reception. But photos of artists appearing on "JC" album distributed to guests.

CURRENT Continental success, German singer and composer Peter Orloff, making his own album co-produced by Chris Andrews in London this week. **WELSH** songwriting wizard Clive "I Close My Eyes And Count To Ten" Westlake Wins next Elvis Presley US single with "It's A Matter Of Time" — sort of licence to print money, eh, Clive?

MICK Jagger reckoned Disc's Lisa Robinson report of Stones' Madison Square concert most gratifying.

JOHN Lennon reported to have contributed £1,000 to Michael "X" murder trial costs.

MANFRED Mann and Tom McGuinness have collaborated on musical.

Only dubious contributor to "Jesus Christ Superstar" production has been "Judas," says reports. "He keeps letting us down a bit." That figures!

NAIVE of Lord Sutch "nudes" judge to think that fining girls their £20 "appearance" fee would be sufficient punishment. The widespread national publicity must have been worth a bomb!

BRIDGET St. John walking about with three stitches in her head after accident with do-it-yourself wardrobe — but still doing gigs.

ANDY Williams wore same trousers at Oval cricket match as he sported at London Albert Hall concert.

and Nash Vigrass and Osborne? Two young men, both virtually "veterans" in the rock business, look set to join the "superstar" greats as a result of the impact of "Queues," the dynamic duo's first album—from which they've already enjoyed an American hit.

The two are Gary Osborne, son of one of Britain's best-known composer/conductor/arrangers, Tony Osborne; and Paul Vigrass, who sang lead on "It's Up To You Petula," follow-up to Edison Lighthouse's smash "Love Grows." Both have already indelibly stamped their ability on the music business via snappy TV commercials on both sides of the Atlantic—the prominent "jingles" being "Flour So Fine It Flows," and ads for beer, bacon and the current Pepsi-Cola ditty.

"Queues," a first-class, phenomenally commercial album, actually evolved from the success of the "jingles" in the States. The lads were encouraged to expand their song-writing and singing — and the resulting album will make a lot of people sit up and listen. It's easily one of the best harmony albums to come out of Britain in a long while. One single track, "Men Of Learning," made a creditable impression in America—though little here sadly; next comes the catchy "Virginia," based on a cigarette commercial.

"If you like harmony singing there's something for you on our LP," points out Paul, adding with a wry laugh: "We don't really sing together though—Gary sort of hides behind me!"

Paul and Gary wrote the lyrics for "Queues"; Jeff Wayne, the man who introduced the duo to the "jingle jungle," composed the melodies.

V & O wrote the album in



HARRISON—THEN AND NOW

THE hirsute wheel has gone full circle, and here's George Harrison (above) snapped last week looking hardly a whisker different from the early sixties (right). The reason for the haircut could range from fleas to premature baldness, but either way ace trendsetters are probably following suit at this very moment and being shorn of their lustrous locks. Ladies, however, can remain long-haired. George's wife, Patti, appeared in this month's Vogue modelling a couple of dresses and her hair was long and curled.

E. C. RYDER in "Til depth us do part"

by J. EDWARD OLIVER

MY NEW MUSIC PAPER, "DISCORD" WILL HAVE BRITAIN'S FINEST POP NEWS SERVICE. WITH TWO PAGES DEVOTED TO THE LATEST HAPPENINGS ON THE MUSIC SCENE. USING MY EXCLUSIVE CONTACTS TO GLEAN THE LATEST INSIDE INFORMATION, WE SHALL PRESENT IN-DEPTH STORIES ON THE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE TOPICS OF VITAL INTEREST TO TODAY'S MUSIC FAN.

ACTUALLY, WE CAN USE THE SAME SEVEN NEWS HEADLINES EVERY WEEK, MERELY BY INSERTING THE APPROPRIATE NAMES:

* BUDGIE HAVE FAITH IN THEIR MUSIC

— TO RE-FORM FOR FAREWELL TOUR; LEAD SINGER OF — TO MAKE SOLO ALBUM; — TO HEAD GREAT WESTERN LINE-UP; RINGO PLAYS ON — LP SESSION; — FOR BRITISH TOUR; — TO SPLIT; AND, B.B.C. BANS

AND, OF COURSE, THERE ARE THE SIX ITEMS WE CAN USE EVERY WEEK WITHOUT CHANGING A WORD...

I WANT YOU TO MAKE A LIST OF POSSIBLE NEWS FEATURES, BUT YOU CAN PUT IT OFF UNTIL AFTER LUNCH.

AT LAST! I'VE REALISED MY GREATEST AMBITION!

I'M ADJOURN A LIST!

ROY WOOD FORMS NEW BAND; LENNON DISC BARRED IN U.K.; NEW ALBUM OF RECENTLY-DISCOVERED HENDRIX TRACKS; GREAT WESTERN FESTIVALS ANNOUNCE NEW SITE; CHANGE OF STYLE FOR STEVIE WONDER; ELVIS SAYS "I'D LIKE TO VISIT BRITAIN."

AND, LATER—HOLD THE FRONT PAGE! HAVE I GOT A GREAT STORY! DURING A FREAK STORM AT THE PENGE POP FESTIVAL, LIGHTNING STRUCK THE CABLE OF AN ADVERTISING BALL BOON, WHICH DRIFTED INTO THE PATH OF THE QUE-2, CAUSING IT TO HIT AN ICEBERG, THE JOLT MAKING MARC BOLAN, WHO WAS PERFORMING AT THE SHIP'S CONCERT, STUB HIS TOE ON THE MICROPHONE, WHICH FELL ONTO A LIVE AMPLIFIER, CAUSING A SHORT CIRCUIT THAT STARTED A FIRE WHICH WAS SPREAD BY A 40 M.P.H. HURRICANE TO WASHINGTON, WHERE PRESIDENT NIXON, MISTAKENLY ASSUMING IT TO BE A RUSSIAN ATTACK, ORDERED AN ALL-OUT NUCLEAR OFFENSIVE AGAINST MOSCOW!

MAN...WHAT A STORY! I CAN SEE THE HEADLINE NOW!

"MARC BOLAN STUBS TOE!"

IN ORDER TO MINIMISE THE RISK OF MUD, THE FESTIVAL IS TO BE HELD IN THE SAHARA DESERT.

"I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THE DAY...A 'DISCORD' NEWS-CARTOON THAT DOESN'T ATTACK THE BBC!"

NO.

* POP PUN CONTEST—THIS WEEK'S WARTHOG WINNER: T. NEKREWS, WORTHING ROAD, RUSTINGTON, SUSSEX. SEND YOUR HOT CROSS PUNS TO: DISC, 161 FLEET STREET, LONDON, EC4P 4AA.

Next week: E. C. RYDER visits a timber yard but cannot decide whether to plan shelves or shelve plans

FAYRE DEAL

THE long awaited double album to pay off the debts of some £5,000 incurred by last year's Glastonbury Fayre is now out (see review on the album page). It has been organised entirely by the three people that compose Revelation Enterprises who have formed their own label specially, so as to retain the personal atmosphere of the whole event. Available at most chain record stores and at W. H. Smith, Revelation are distributing it themselves so if you want a copy — which includes a little book and things to make and all manner of jolly bits, besides good music — write to them at Revelation Enterprises Limited, 281-283 Camden High Street, London NW1 7BX. After they've paid off the debt, any remaining money will go towards an Ecological Foundation for free festivals next year. Also expected out shortly—a film of Glastonbury, partly shot by Sy Litmanoff (who did Performance).

MP CHANGES HIS MIND

MARK Woodnut, MP for the Isle of Wight, seems to have turned full circle. A staunch fighter for the Night Assemblies Bill in an attempt to halt pop concerts and other such fun things, Mr Woodnut it would now appear has decided that rock concerts do serve some useful purpose.

They may in fact save the Wight Locomotive Society, of which Mr Woodnut is vice-president, from extinction. On Tuesday, August 15, on the lovely Isle, Christie and Worth will be appearing at a gig organised by the aforementioned Locomotive Society, who will take all profits. Remember the rest of us, Mark!

COCKER ALBUM

JOE COCKER looking considerably healthier just recently, which could well be due to the good influences of his new companion, a German lady from Berlin called Estelle. Both were seen bopping at the Speakeasy on Monday last week.

News/2 me

LENNON DENIES CRITICISM

"THE RUMOURS THAT MY WORK HAS BECOME INCREASINGLY INFLUENCED BY YOKO ARE UTTER CRAP," SAID JOHN LENNON RECENTLY AT A PRESS CONFERENCE GIVEN TO ANNOUNCE HIS LATEST ALBUM, "天正 奇 奇 奇 奇 奇"

Stones, Wings, Who, for festival?

ROLLING STONES, PAUL McCARTNEY'S WINGS, PINK FLOYD, JETHRO TULL, TEN YEARS AFTER, THE WHO, STEVIE WONDER AND THE MOODY BLUES ARE AMONG THE BIG NAMES INVITED TO DECEMBER'S GREAT EASTERN FESTIVAL.

"ACTUALLY, WE DON'T EXPECT ANY OF THEM TO REPLY TO OUR INVITATIONS," ACTOR STANLEY BAXTER TOLD A DISCORD REPORTER, BUT AS LONG AS WE JUST WRITE AND ASK THEM, WE CAN GET LOTS OF LOVELY FREE PUBLICITY LIKE THIS ON YOUR NEWS PAGES.

IN ORDER TO MINIMISE THE RISK OF MUD, THE FESTIVAL IS TO BE HELD IN THE SAHARA DESERT.



"I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THE DAY...A 'DISCORD' NEWS-CARTOON THAT DOESN'T ATTACK THE BBC!"

ELVIS TO VISIT BRITAIN?

NO.

Discord—August 12, 1972 3 Edited by Mike Legible



FOLLOWING HIS SUCCESS WITH WOBURN ABBEY, THE DUKE OF BEDFORD ANNOUNCED LAST NIGHT THAT HE INTENDS TO GIVE GUIDED TOURS OF ELTON JOHN. "WE'LL CHARGE 50P A HEAD," SAID THE DUKE. "AND EVEN MORE TO SEE THE REST OF HIM."

WHEN ASKED WHAT GAVE HIM THE IDEA, THE DUKE REPLIED "AMERICAN TOURISTS WERE ALWAYS COMING UP TO ME AND ASKING, 'WHERE'S THE JOHN?'"

DURING THE INTERVIEW, THE DUKE WAS BUSILY MAKING CHOCOLATE-COVERED DATES. DUE TO THE WARM WEATHER, HOWEVER, ONLY FIVE OF THEM HAD SET.

Bribery inquiry called off

THE SCOTLAND YARD INQUIRY INTO ALLEGED BRIBERY AT THE BBC WAS SUDDENLY CALLED OFF TODAY. "WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO GROUNDS TO SUSPECT THAT BRIBERY HAS TAKEN PLACE," SAID THE CHIEF CONSTABLE AS HE LEFT IN HIS BRAND NEW £12,000 MERCEDES.

Yes man leaves Crimson

EX-YES MAN BILL BRUTFORCE HAS DECIDED TO LEAVE ROBERT TRIPP'S KING CRIMSON JUST TWO WEEKS AFTER JOINING THE GROUP. SAID BRUTFORCE: "THE SPLIT WAS AMICABLE, AND STEMS FROM GROWING MUSICAL DIFFERENCES OF OPINION AND DIRECTION, AND FROM THE FACT THAT ROBERT TRIPP HAS B.O."

Sound advice

THE £17,000 SOUND SYSTEM (10,000 WATTS) USED IN THE RECENT WEMBLEY ROCK-N-ROLL EXTRAVAGANZA WAS THE LOUDEST EVER TO BE SET UP IN BRITAIN. REPORTS BRIAN MOUTHALL, WHO LISTENED TO THE CONCERT FROM HIS FLAT IN LEEDS.

NILSSON LP BAN

HARRY NILSSON'S NEW LP, "SON OF SCHMULLSTONE," HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY BARRED FROM ALL BOOTS RETAILERS. SAID A SPOKESMAN: "IT DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE TO US. AFTER ALL, NOBODY BUYS RECORDS FROM A FOOTWEAR SHOP."

Rod Stewart Dates

ROD STEWART HAS ASKED OUT MISS AGNES QUONT, PINEAPPLE CRESCENT, PENGE, AND WENDY KAPFITZ, SCALES WAY, NEASDEN.

Stones on the road

MAKE FOR A BUMPY RIDE.

On de banks of denial

THE BBC HAS CATEGORICALLY DENIED THAT TONY BLACKBIRD IS TO BE "RESTED" FROM HIS REGULAR BREAKFAST SPOT. A SPOKESMAN SAID, "THERE'S NO TRUTH IN IT AT ALL. HE STILL HAS TEN YEARS ANNUAL LEAVE, BUT OTHERWISE CONTINUES AS USUAL."

Apology

WE MUST APOLOGISE FOR A MISTAKE IN THE FOLLOWING NEWS ITEM:

REMEMBER DISC, AUGUST 12, 1967

Legislation against pirate radio stations comes into force and Caroline DJs go into exile (in Amsterdam) to escape possible fines and/or jail sentences.

Keith Moon, attacked and pushed through plate glass window in Alabama, escapes with only minor cuts.

Amen Corner, enjoying first chart success with "Gin House," lined up for British tour, American dates and appearance at Paris Olympia.

Ray Davies pleased at success of brother Dave's solo disc "Death Of A Clown," but adds: "He's too close to feel positive about."

Simon Dee tells Disc he'd like Deetime to be shown nightly!

John Lennon's Rolls, painted gypsy style for a cool thousand quid, sets off craze among stars for similarly exotic vehicles.

IN NEXT WEEK'S DISC

Little Richard

Rick Price

BOLAN + BOWIE + FACES

—just part of the

GLAM ROCK MOVEMENT

investigated

IN NEXT WEEK'S DISC

As important as soap and water.



When it comes to intimate hygiene washing with soap and water is very important. But to be really sure use Femfresh, too. It's specially formulated for the most sensitive part of you, the vaginal area.

Gently, softly, reassuringly, Femfresh Intimate Deodorant refreshes and helps to protect you all day. Three lovely fresh perfumes, one with a matching Underarm Deodorant, and handy tissues make your protection and your confidence complete.

That's why Femfresh is just as important as soap and water in your daily routine.

