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# new MUSICAL EXPRESS

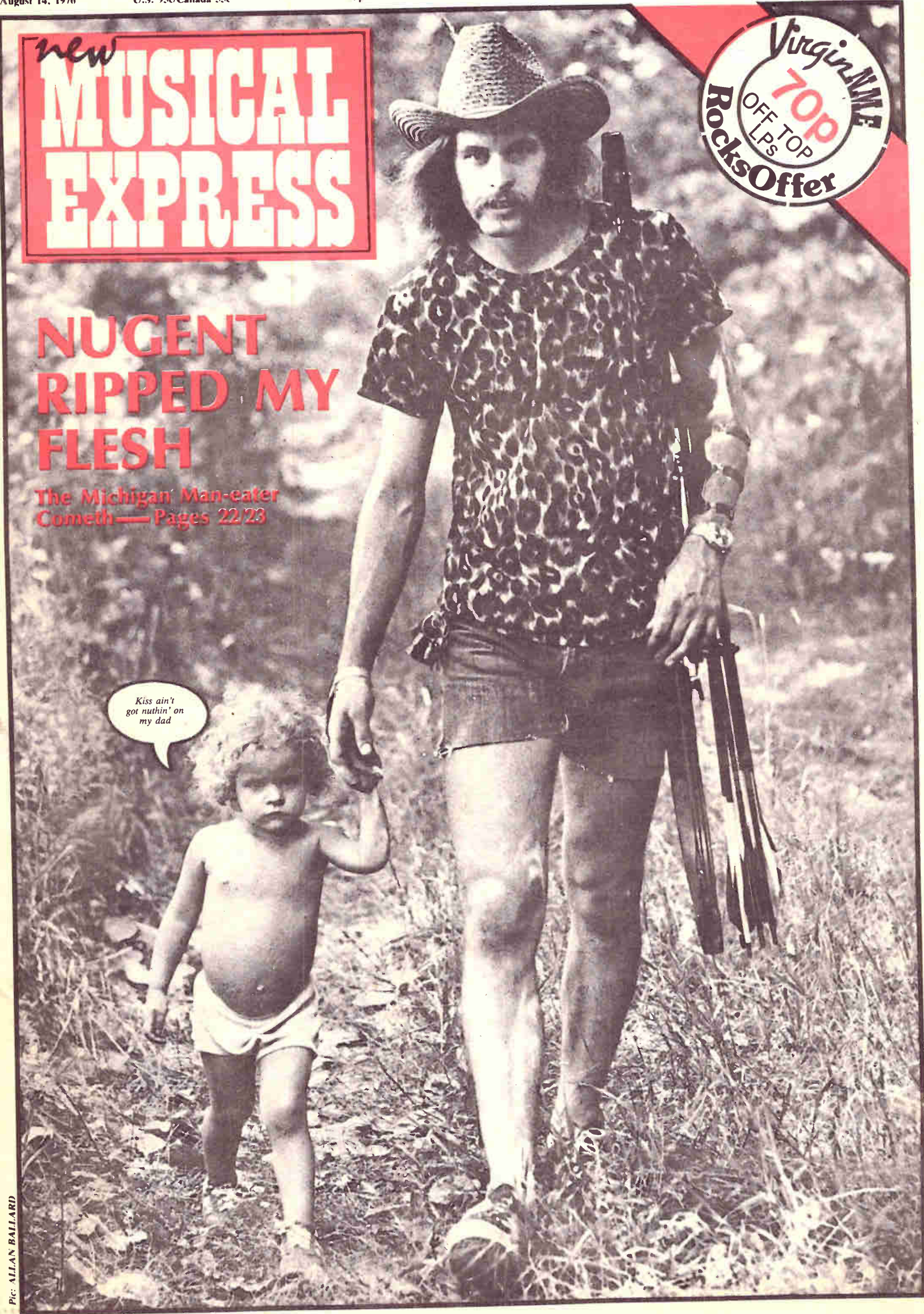


## NUGENT RIPPED MY FLESH

The Michigan Man-eater Cometh — Pages 22/23

Kiss ain't got nuthin' on my dad

pic: ALLAN BALLARD





News Desk

# Kids' tour is re-set

HEAVY METAL KIDS have now re-scheduled the bulk of their sell-out concert tour, which had to be postponed after singer Gary Holton sustained a leg injury on the opening night five weeks ago.

And to tie in with their revised tour, the Kids' first album on the Rak label — titled "Kitch" — is released on September 3. A single will be extracted from it, but titles are still under consideration.

The band visit Swindon Brunel Rooms (this Friday, 13), Truro Plaza (Saturday), Torquay Pavilion (Sunday), Douglas L.O.M. Palace Lido (August 22),

Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (26), Newcastle Mayfair (27), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (28), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (September 4), Croydon Greyhound (5), Maidenhead Skindles (11), Liverpool Stadium (18), Redcar Coatham Bowl (19) and St Albans City Hall (25).

Five of the dates in the Kids' original schedule have not yet been re-arranged. These are at Yeovil, Barnstaple, Bridlington, Ilkley and Malvern. But the Bron Organisation are expecting to slot these into the itinerary at the end of September, along with several additional gigs, details of which will be announced shortly.



# STRAWBS TOURING

THE STRAWBS are to headline an eight-concert British tour, starting towards the end of September, and culminating in a major London appearance in early October. This follows the success of their spot in the

Cardiff Castle open-air event last month.

As a prelude to their tour, the band's new album "Deep Cuts" is being issued on the Oyster label in early September.

Confirmed dates and venues are Newcastle City Hall (September 23), Edinburgh Usher Hall (25), Birmingham Town Hall (28), Manchester Free Trade Hall (29), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Bradford University (October 1), Reading University (2) and London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (3). There is a possibility of one or two more dates being added to this itinerary.

Edited: Derek Johnson

# Queen gigs switched

QUEEN, who were to have opened John Reid's pop and rock season at Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre on August 20 and 21, have switched the dates of their concerts and will now appear later in the event.

The revised Queen dates are Wednesday and Thursday, September 1 and 2. The season now opens with John Miles' concert on August 25.

Tickets are now on sale for all dates in the festival. Postal applications only are being accepted for

the Queen gigs (£3, £2.50 and £2), as well as for Elton John's concert on September 17 (£3.50, £3 and £2.50). Bookings for all remaining dates may be made by personal callers to the box office or usual agencies.

Latest booking for the season is The Real Thing, who headline in concert at the Playhouse on August 30. And Phil Collins' Brand X have been confirmed as special guest act with Van Der Graaf Generator on September 14. Several more concerts are still being finalised.

# Jack The Lad's 22-concert tour



JACK THE LAD undertake their most important tour to date in the early autumn. They headline a 22-venue concert itinerary, tied in with the late September release of their new album "Jackpot," for which a new label is currently being negotiated following their departure from Charisma. After the departure of Si Cowe, the band are now operating as a quartet — Phil Murray, Ian Fairbairn, Ray Laidlaw and Mitch — though there is a possibility that ex-Lindsayfarne co-leader Ray Jackson may join them on the upcoming tour.

Dates and venues are Aylesbury Friars (September 25), Sheffield City Hall (29), Preston Main Hall (30), Bath University (October 1), Leicester Polytechnic (2), Bristol Colston Hall (3), Leeds University (6), Portsmouth Guildhall (7), Aberystwyth University (8), Durham University (9), Redcar Coatham Bowl (10), Nottingham Albert Hall (13), Hull University (15), Southampton University (16), London Victoria Palace Theatre (17), Birmingham Town Hall (19), Glasgow City Hall (20), Edinburgh Caley Cinema (21), Manchester Palace (22), Bradford University (23), Newcastle City

Hall (24) and Reading University (30).

Support acts are at present being lined up, but they will not necessarily be musical. A spokesman for the band said: "We shall be trying to create a carnival atmosphere. Jack The Lad's music has changed over the past year — the folk element is still there, but the rock flavour is more prominent." They are currently routing their new stage act, which will go out under the banner of "Jackpot Tour '76."

# Elton 'easing the pressure'

REPORTS in the national Press at the weekend, suggesting that Elton John is to give up touring completely were categorically denied by his Rockets Records company on Monday. A spokesman told NME: "It's simply that Elton has been on the road extensively for many months, and he now intends to ease off the pressure during the autumn and winter, so that he can concentrate on his new position as chairman of Watford Football Club. But he'll be returning to work when the football season is over."

# Reading: full line-up and running order

THE FINAL LINE-UP for this year's three-day Reading Festival has now been completed, together with details of the specific days on which the various artists will be appearing. Can have now dropped out of the event, but among newly confirmed names are Frankie Miller's Full House, Sassafras, Moon and Back Door. The full programme is as follows:

Friday, August 27 (4-11 pm): Gong, Mighty Diamonds, U-Roy, Mallard, Supercharge, Roy St. John, Stallion.

Saturday, August 28 (noon-11.30pm.): Rory Gallagher Band, Camel, Phil Manzanera Band featuring Eno, Manfred Mann's Earth Band, Van Der Graaf Generator, John Hiseman's Colosseum II, Sadista Sisters, Moon, Sassafras, Camel, Eddie and the Hot Rods, Nick Pickett.

Sunday, August 29 (noon-11.30 pm): Black Oak Arkansas, Ted Nugent, Sutherland Brothers and Quiver, Brand X featuring Phil Collins, Frankie Miller's Full House, Back Door, Band Called

'O', Pat Travers Band, AC/DC, The Enid, A.F.T., Howard Bragan.

The 16th National Jazz, Blues and Rock Festival (to give it its full title) is being staged at its usual Thameside Promenade site at Reading. It is ten minutes from Reading main line station, which in turn is 30 minutes by rail from London Paddington, with a frequent service. Motorists from London should use the M4. Ample parking and camping facilities are available — as well as bars, restaurants, marquees and shops — and there will be various fringe attractions.

Weekend tickets, including parking and camping, are still available at £6.95 from the usual outlets such as Harlequin and Virgin shops — or by post from National Jazz Festival Ltd., Advance Ticket Office, P.O. Box 45Q, London W1A 4SQ. Daily admission, not bookable in advance, will cost £2.50 on the Friday and £3.25 on each of the other two days.

# People's Festival in late change of site

THE PEOPLE'S Free Festival has again run into trouble, less than a month before it is due to commence its nine-day run. It was announced at the beginning of July that the event would be held on the disused airfield at Tangmere in West Suffolk. But now an injunction has been taken out against six of the festival organisers, with a view to banning them from the site.

Action has apparently been taken by the Ministry of Defence (who are still technically owners of the site), following pressure from local MP Tony Nelson, and it was being heard in court yesterday (Wednesday). But despite this, a spokesman for the festival told NME that the event will go ahead as planned, starting on August Bank Holiday weekend.

He said: "Whatever the outcome of the hearing, we shall be moving to a new site which has already been lined up. We shall be announcing full details next week, but in the meantime I can tell you that, for people travelling from London, it is more conveniently situated than Tangmere. We have already notified all the bands of our venue change."

# Knebworth timetable — and special trains

PROMOTER Frederick Bannister has announced the time-table for the Knebworth Fair event on Saturday, August 21. Subject to any enforced last-minute changes, the running order will be: 11 a.m. Don Harrison Band; 12 noon Hot Tuna; 1.30 p.m. Todd Rundgren's Utopia; 3.15 Lynyrd Skynyrd; 5.15 10 c.c.; 7.15 Rolling Stones.

A special train service will operate between London King's Cross and Stevenage throughout the weekend of the concert, with a day return fare costing £1.50. These excursion tickets will be issued from 00.01 a.m. on the Saturday (21), and will be valid up to and including the 11.29 a.m. train leaving Stevenage on the Sunday morning (22). Passengers are reminded not to alight at Knebworth, but to travel on to Stevenage, where a coach shuttle service connects between the station and the Park.

For motorists, Knebworth Park is situated directly off the A1 (M)—A602 intersection, and car parking at the event is free.

Pedestrians are advised to avoid walking on the motorway, which is not only dangerous but also an offence!

There will be limited camping facilities, but the amount of space available is relatively small, and it will not be open until 1 p.m. on the Friday (20). Hot snacks and refreshments will be available all day, at fixed prices printed in the official programme, but there is no licensed bar.

### TRAIN SERVICE

Kings Cross to Stevenage on Saturday, August 21: 00.01, 02.05, 03.24, 04.05, 06.10, 06.20, 06.30, 07.00, 07.25, 07.30, 08.00, 08.04, 08.20, 08.40, 09.04, 09.10, 09.15, 09.30, 09.45, 10.04, 10.10, 10.25, 10.30, 10.50, 11.04, 11.12, 11.30, 11.40, 11.50, 12.04, 12.25, 12.30, 12.40, 13.04, 13.30.

Stevenage to King's Cross on Saturday, August 21: 19.03, 19.46, 20.21, 20.48, 21.12, 21.18, 21.46, 22.18, 22.40, 23.13, 23.18, 23.28, 23.45.

Stevenage to King's Cross on Sunday, August 22: 00.19, 01.12, 01.57, 02.46, 03.12, 07.36, 08.34, 08.59, 09.20, 09.34, 09.40, 10.11, 10.27, 10.34, 11.17, 11.29.

# LYNYRD EXPAND

LYNYRD SKYNYRD'S APPEARANCE at Knebworth will be their first British date since they reverted to their distinctive three-guitar line-up. They have now been joined by new man Steve Gaines, brother of one of Skynyrd's backing vocalists Cassie Gaines, who fills the position vacated by Ed King in mid-1975.

To coincide with their visit, MCA are releasing a Skynyrd maxi-single on August 20, featuring the full version of their classic "Free Bird". Other tracks are "Sweet Home Alabama" (from their album "Second Helping") and "Double Trouble" (from the LP "Gimme Back My Bullets"). Upcoming in October is a live double album, recorded recently by producer Tom Dowd at Atlanta Fox Theatre, and including new member Steve Gaines.

# Volts and Wakelin's dates set

5000 VOLTS, currently in the charts with "Dr. Kiss Kiss," begin a cabaret and one-nighter tour this weekend. Dates so far confirmed are Gloucester Roundabout (tomorrow, Friday), Taunton County Ballroom (Saturday), Leicester Bailey's (week from next Monday), Ryde I.O.W. Carousel (August 23), Bournemouth The Village (24), Stoke Bailey's (26-28), Clacton 101 Disco (29), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (30), South-end Talk Of The South (31), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (September 1), Derby Bailey's (2-4), Watford Bailey's (5 week), London Wood Green Bumbles (16), Bristol Yate Stars & Stripes (17), and Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (18).

Johnny Wakelin is going out on tour to coincide with his hit "In Zaire." First gigs to be set are Buckley Tivoli (August 19), Newcastle Mayfair (20), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (21), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (23), South-end Talk Of The South (24), Leicester Bailey's (25-28), Ryde I.O.W. Carousel (30), Bournemouth The Village (31), Bristol Yate Stars & Stripes (September 4), Bury St. Edmunds Corn Exchange (9), Gloucester Roundabout (10), Stroud Leisure Centre (11), Stoke Bailey's (14-18) and Derby Bailey's (23-25).

# NEWS ROUND-UP

MUD, currently touring Poland, have denied reports that they will be playing a matinee performance at Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre on September 11 as part of the Festival of Popular Music being staged at this venue. Their manager commented: "We were approached to do it, but we turned it down because it was in the middle of our annual holiday. It was never on, so I don't know why it was announced."

NATALIE COLE will play only one date in this country during her September visit, exclusively revealed by NME four weeks ago. It is a concert at London New Victoria Theatre on Friday, September 24. Her new single "Mister Nobody" will be released by Capitol to tie in with her visit. FLAMIN' GROOVIES and the RAMONES are both returning to Britain in the early autumn. But unlike their last visit a few weeks ago, when they co-topped a

one-off concert at London Roundhouse, they will on this occasion be undertaking separate tours of London and the provinces. Dates are expected shortly.

LEO KOTTKE has cancelled his European tour planned for next month, which was to have included a concert at the London Palladium on September 12, because his recording commitments in the States are behind schedule. A spokesman for Chrysalis said it is now hoped to re-arrange his visit for later in the year.

PETER FRAMPTON is to headline for three consecutive nights at New York's massive Madison Square Garden, starting October 8. The third night was added after 70,000 ticket applications were received for the first two shows. He is currently gigging in Canada, and details of his British concerts in November are expected in two or three weeks.



RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S Rainbow have had another date added to their debut British concert tour, starting at the end of this month. It is at Cardiff Capitol on September 13. Their Liverpool gig on September 3, for which the venue had not been announced, will be at the Empire Theatre — and they are at Edinburgh Playhouse the next day (4). Support act on all dates will be Stretch.



News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

British debut after nine years

# QUICKSILVER: LONDON GIGS

QUICKSILVER Messenger Service were this week confirmed for their debut British appearances — after nearly nine years of attempts to bring them over! They are to headline three concerts at London Chalk Farm Roundhouse next month — on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 9-11 (doors open at 7.30 p.m. each night). The gigs are promoted by Straight Music, and tickets are now on sale at £1.90. These will be Quicksilver's only dates in this country, prior to a European tour.

The precise line-up of QMS for their British visit is still awaiting confirmation. The band broke up in 1973, but re-formed 18 months later specially to record the album "Solid Silver" for Capitol. On that occasion their personnel comprised John Cipollina (guitar), Gary Duncan (guitar), Michael Lewis

(keyboards), David Freiberg (bass), Greg Elmore (drums) and Dino Valenti (guitar and vocals).

Freiberg has subsequently left the outfit to join Jefferson Starship, so they will definitely have a new bassist. And a spokesman for Straight Music said there is some doubt as to whether Cipollina will be able to make the trip, although he hopes to do so. The other four members of the above line-up will be coming here. The Roundhouse dates may be recorded by Capitol, for release as a live album.

Support act for the Roundhouse gigs is Mallard who, as previously reported, are also appearing at the Reading Festival on August 27. They are, basically, Captain Beefheart's original Magic Band — comprising John Thomas (keyboards), Zoot Horn Rollo (bass), Rocket Morton (guitar), Sam Galpin (vocals) and George Draggota (drums).



JOHN WETTON (right) at one of his final gigs with Uriah Heep. On the left is one of the three remaining members, MICK BOX. So what happens to Uriah now? See below.

Gallagher plays his calling card

RORY GALLAGHER'S second album for the Chrysalis label is being rush-released on August 27, to coincide with his bill-topping appearance in the Reading Festival the following day. Titled "Calling Card," it was recorded in Munich and produced by Roger Glover. It contains nine original tracks, all self-penned.

● Lou Reed has signed with the Arista label, after spending virtually the whole of his solo career to date with RCA. He is at present cutting an album for his new outlet, with a view to October release, and he is expected to visit Britain early in the New Year.

● Robin Sarstedt's album "Sarstedt," recorded in 1970 and produced by Simon Napier-Bell, is re-issued by RCA on August 20 at the budget price of £1.99. Out on the same day and label is the 14-track set "The Best Of Mike Nesmith."

● A new Champagne single titled



● With his "Live In London" set still selling strongly, John Denver has a new studio album released by RCA later this month, titled, "Spirit."

## RECORDING NEWS

"I'm Gonna Miss You" is the first Thunderbird release, following its switch from CBS to President for distribution. A new single and album by Shanghai follow early next month. ● RCA are putting out a collection of country music double albums on August 20, selling at the special price of £3.98. They include "Charlie Pride," "This Is Dolly Parton" and "This is George Hamilton IV."

Another set "Number One In Country" consists of 25 of the biggest all-time c-&-w hits. And "The Modern Country School" includes contributions from Waylon Jennings, Jessie Colter, Willie Nelson and Mike Nesmith.

● Kenny Rogers' return to the recording scene on August 20, after a lengthy absence, with a new Polydor single titled "Red Headed Lady." Out the same day on the Jet label is Roy Wood's solo single "Any Old Time Will Do."

● A new five-piece band called Fort Henry have been signed to Goldhawk, the label co-owned by Roger Daltrey. They are currently in the studios cutting an album for early autumn release. They are a folk-rock unit, both acoustic and electric, and gigs are planned for later in the year.

● Bachman Turner Overdrive have their single "Taking Care Of Business" issued by the Mercury label on August 20. And due out shortly is the new Ohio Players single "Fire,"

although an exact release date has not yet been fixed.

● A new label called Stiff Records is launched this week with singles by Nick Lowe (ex-Brinsley Schwarz) and Chilli Willi and the Red Hot Peppers. The label is devoted primarily to pub rock, and it is being distributed through Virgin shops.

● Power Exchange Records announce that their artists — including J. J. Barrie, Kristine and Bill Amesbury — are to be represented on a worldwide basis by the William Morris office, the biggest agency in the world. Power Exchange also announce that noted producer Shel Talmy has joined them as A & R Director, and that Kristine has been signed to the 20th Century label for U.S. distribution.

● Donny Osmond's new album "Disco Train" is scheduled by MGM for British release in September, along with a "Greatest Hits" album by Hank Williams Jr.

● The long-awaited Spartacus album "Watching You Grow," is now scheduled for release this month on the Zara Music label. It was recorded in Los Angeles and London. A single extracted from the elpee "Love Me Today" comes out tomorrow (Friday). The band play at London's Notting Hill Carnival on August 30.

● Nutz go into the studios next week to start recording their third A & M album for autumn release.

## Ringo: new album

RINGO STARR'S new album "Ringo's Rotogravure" (which apparently means a passing picture show!) is being released throughout the world on September 15. Among those who contributed songs to the elpee are Eric Clapton, Paul and Linda McCartney, George Harrison, John Lennon and Clifford T. Ward, and there are also two self-penned numbers by Ringo. Backing musicians include Jesse Ed Davis, Dr. John, Harry Nilsson, Eric Clapton, Melissa Manchester, Peter Frampton, John Lennon, the McCartneys, Klaus Voorman, Sneaky Pete and Danny Kootch. The album, to be released on the Polydor label in this country, was recorded in Los Angeles.

## UPCOMING TOURS

### Tops, Kraftwerk and Poco

THE FOUR TOPS return to Britain in October for what has become their annual autumn tour. Promoter Arthur Howes told NME that the group will be here for five or six weeks, playing concerts and cabaret. Their schedule is still being finalised and will not be complete for a fortnight, but their first confirmed date is a week at Batley Variety Club commencing October 31.

TRAMMPS are being lined up for another tour of this country, exactly a year after their previous visit. They will be playing concerts and one-nighters here for a 17-day period, opening on October 22 and closing in London on November 7.

ROD STEWART'S European and British tour will open in Norway on November 1 and close in Glasgow on January 1.

ACE will definitely be returning to Britain for an extensive concert tour in November, a spokesman for Anchor Records said this week. The band, who have been based in America for almost a year, are currently working on a new album at their ranch outside Los Angeles — and this will be released to tie in with their visit.

KRAFTWERK have now been confirmed for a British concert series in mid-autumn, at the tail end of an extensive European tour. Their first two dates to be set are at Manchester Polytechnic (October 8) and Sheffield University (9). These will be followed by a major London concert, which is still being finalised, plus several other gigs.

OUR KID are to headline a special charity concert at Liverpool Empire on Sunday, October 10. This will be their only British date for the remainder of this year, although they have been booked to headline their own Christmas special for Granada TV

POCO are to pay a rare visit to Britain for concert appearances in October. Original plans were for them to come over in late September, but they have recently undergone a personnel change, so their visit has been delayed by two or three weeks. Anchor Records hope to be able to announce their schedule next week.

THE REAL THING are going out on their first-ever headlining concert tour, starting on September 25 and continuing until the end of October. Details are expected shortly, but prior to this the group have newly-booked gigs at Douglas I.O.M. Palace Lido (August 29), Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre (30), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (September 9), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (11) and Dunstable California (18).

ANDY FAIRWEATHER-LOW is going out on the road again at the end of this month, and will be touring until the third week of September, including a major London appearance towards the end of his itinerary. But he will not now be playing London Queen Elizabeth Hall on September 3 as part of the South Bank Music Fair because, according to his manager, the booking was unconfirmed and should never have been announced. He is replaced by the Phil Manzanera Band on this date.

MANFRED MANN' Earthband are to headline a major concert tour next month. It is being promoted by Alec Leslie Entertainments, who are at present finalising the itinerary and expect to be able to announce full details next week. Meanwhile, the first date to be confirmed is at Croydon Fairfield Hall on September 12 (tickets priced at £2, £1.75, £1.50 and £1.25).

# Now Wetton leaves Uriah

URIAH HEEP, who announced last month that they had sacked their lead singer David Byron, were further depleted this week — with the news that bassist John Wetton has officially quit the band in order to pursue a solo career. This leaves Uriah with a nucleus of just three members — Ken Hensley, Mick Box and Lee Kerslake — but, despite this, they insist that the future of the band is not threatened and that they will continue to operate.

Wetton will be going into the studios in early autumn to start work on a solo album, with a view to pre-Christmas release. He is also working on Bryan Ferry's next solo LP. A spokesman for E.G. Management, who are looking after Wetton's affairs, said that he has no immediate plans for live work — apart from playing with Bryan Ferry, when the Roxy star sets out on his solo concert tour at the end of the year.

A spokesman for Heep commented: "We knew this was coming, but we asked E.G. if they would withhold news of Wetton's departure until a more convenient time, as we didn't want it to look as though the band's future was in jeopardy. Unfortunately, they didn't comply with our request, so we are not very pleased with E.G. — although there is no animosity towards John."

Ken Hensley told NME: "We want to make it clear that the heart of the band is alive and beating strongly. There will be a Uriah Heep as long as people want us. We expect to be able to announce details of our new members, as well as our long-term plans, within the next two weeks."

NME understands that Heep have already fixed a replacement vocalist for Byron, although they are not announcing his name until the new bassist is also engaged, and at present they have a short list of three possibles. Once the new members are finalised, Heep's first task will be to record a new single for October release.

Reports elsewhere suggesting that former Deep Purple vocalist David Coverdale will join Heep appeared this week to be without foundation. Coverdale himself said at the weekend that he has not even been approached about the job.

## TUNA IN LONDON

HOT TUNA, already announced as one of the support acts in the Knebworth Fair in August 21, are to headline a major London concert in their own right. It takes place at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Wednesday, September 1 (7.30 p.m.) and tickets are now on sale at £1.90. Support act is the Flying Aces, the band formed by ex-Man member Martin Ace.

Tuna will also be making an appearance in Birmingham immediately prior to the Knebworth event — they play Barbarella's on Thursday, August 19. Present line-up of the band is Jorma Kaukonen (guitar and vocals), Jack Casady (bass) and Bob Steeler (drums).



## AND 'JOE WALSH TO QUIT EAGLES'

REPORTS from America indicate that Joe Walsh has either left, or is about to leave, the Eagles — whom he joined on a permanent basis last year. Our U.S. correspondent says that he plans to revert to a solo career and, in this capacity, will be recording for CBS. A spokesman for the Eagles' recording company WEA was unable to confirm the split, while a CBS spokesman told NME: "It's still unconfirmed, but there is a possibility that Walsh will be joining us". There is also speculation in the States that all is not well within the Eagles, and rumours of a complete break-up of the band are gaining hold.

## Rock'n'Roll on 1

THE CAMPAIGN for more rock'n'roll on Radio 1, which was highlighted by a protest march to Broadcasting House in the spring, has proved successful! A 13-week series titled "It's Rock and Roll" begins on Radio 1 on Saturday, September 25 at 5.30 p.m. It will be introduced by Stuart Colman and will feature old and new rock, including many vintage classics and rare recordings.

Kid Jensen, the former Radio Luxembourg disc-jockey, has been signed by Radio 1. He begins a weekly two-hour Saturday morning show (10am to noon) on

September 25, replacing Rosko — who, as previously reported, is returning to the States for several months. And Jensen's programme will be followed at noon by a 90-minute lunchtime show hosted by Paul Gambaccini.

The Saturday evening "In Concert" series continues in its regular 6.30 p.m. slot, and there are plans for a simultaneous TV link-up in the New Year. The idea is that it will be aired both by Radio 1 and BBC-2, with stereo sound, thereby providing viewers with another regular TV rock show.

### FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST

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★ Stones/Black & Blue..... £2.50	★ Bowie/Diamond Dogs..... £2.95
★ Bad Co. 1st Album..... £3.95	★ Bowie/Lyrics & Photos..... 30p
★ Bad Co. Straight Shooter..... £3.95	★ Yesongs/Yes..... £2.95
★ Bob Dylan/Desire..... £2.00	★ Lead Guitar Tutor with Record..... £2.95
★ Peter Frampton/Songbook..... £2.95	★ How to improvise Lead Guitar..... £2.50
★ Bob Marley & Wailers Songbook..... £2.95	★ Rock Guitar/Self Tutor..... £2.95
★ America/Greatest Hits..... £3.95	★ Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor..... £2.95
★ Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here..... £2.95	★ Rock Bass Tutor with Record..... £2.95
★ Pink Floyd/Dark Side Of The Moon..... £2.50	★ Led Zepplin Complete (1-5)..... £1.10
★ Mike Oldfield/Tubular Bells..... £2.50	★ Free Complete..... £3.00
★ Bob Marley & Wailers Songbook..... £2.95	★ Roxy Music/19 Songs..... £1.50
★ Kinks/Greatest Hits..... £2.50	★ NME Book Of Rock..... 75p
★ Steely Dan/15 Songs..... £2.50	★ Clapton/Ocean Blvd & others..... £2.95
★ Jimi Hendrix/40 Greatest Hits..... £2.50	★ Lindisfarne/10 Songs..... £1.10
★ Hollies/Greatest Hits..... £3.00	★ Wishbone Ash/15 Songs..... £1.25
★ Wings/Venus & Mars..... £3.00	★ Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love..... 95p
★ Allman Bros. 75 Songs..... £3.00	★ Marc Bolan Lyric Book..... £1.50
★ Wings/Band On Run/Red Rose..... £3.00	★ T-Rex Songbook..... £1.50
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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS  
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**SINGLES**

This Last Week	Chart	Week ending August 14, 1976	Highest Position Weeks in Chart
1	(1)	<b>DONT GO BREAKING MY HEART</b> Elton John & Kiki Dee (Rocket)	6 1
2	(6)	<b>JEANS ON</b> .....David Dundas (AIR)	5 2
3	(2)	<b>A LITTLE BIT MORE</b> Dr. Hook (Capitol)	7 2
4	(7)	<b>MISTY BLUE</b> Dorothy Moore (Contempo)	7 4
5	(16)	<b>IN ZAIRE</b> ..... Johnny Wakelin (Pye)	2 5
6	(3)	<b>HEAVEN MUST BE MISSING AN ANGEL</b> .....Tavares (Capitol)	5 3
7	(9)	<b>NOW IS THE TIME</b> Jimmy James & The Vagabonds (Pye)	4 7
8	(4)	<b>THE ROUSSOS PHENOMENON</b> Demis Roussos (Philips)	7 1
9	(14)	<b>DR. KISS KISS</b> .....5000 Volts (Philips)	3 9
10	(10)	<b>HARVEST FOR THE WORLD</b> Isley Brothers (Epic)	5 10
11	(5)	<b>KISS AND SAY GOODBYE</b> Manhattans (CBS)	8 4
12	(30)	<b>LET 'EM IN</b> .....Wings (Parlophone)	2 12
13	(13)	<b>MYSTERY SONG</b> Status Quo (Vertigo)	4 13
14	(8)	<b>YOUNG HEARTS RUN FREE</b> Candi Staton (Warner Bros)	10 1
15	(19)	<b>YOU SHOULD BE DANCING</b> Bee Gees (RSO)	2 15
16	(27)	<b>HERE COMES THE SUN</b> Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel (EMI)	2 16
17	(24)	<b>SHAKE YOUR BOOTY</b> K.C. & The Sunshine Band (Jayboy)	2 17
18	(—)	<b>WHAT I'VE GOT IN MIND</b> Billie Joe Spears (United Artists)	1 18
20	(15)	<b>YOU ARE MY LOVE</b> Liverpool Express (Warner Bros)	7 10
21	(12)	<b>YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND</b> Queen (EMI)	7 7
22	(22)	<b>LOVE ON DELIVERY</b> Billy Ocean (GTO)	4 20
23	(20)	<b>LET'S STICK TOGETHER</b> Bryan Ferry (Island)	9 3
24	(11)	<b>IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE</b> 100 Ton & A Feather (Jonathan King) (UK)	6 8
25	(29)	<b>YOU'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER LOVE LIKE MINE</b> Lou Rawls (Philadelphia)	2 25
26	(—)	<b>YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO</b> Chi-Lites (Brunswick)	1 26
27	(23)	<b>THE BOSTON TEA PARTY</b> Sensational Alex Harvey Band (Mountain)	7 14
28	(14)	<b>MAN TO MAN</b> ....Hot Chocolate (Rak)	7 12
29	(—)	<b>16 BARS</b> .....Stylistics (H & L)	1 29
30	(17)	<b>I RECALL A GYPSY WOMAN</b> Don Williams (ABC)	6 17

BUBBLING UNDER ...

NICE AND SLOW — Jessie Green (EMI); MORNING GLORY — James & Bobby Purify (Mercury); AFTERNOON DELIGHT — Starland Vocal Band (RCA); THE KILLING OF GEORGIE — Rod Stewart (Riva); I THOUGHT IT TOOK A LITTLE TIME — Diana Ross (Tamla Motown).

**ALBUMS**

This Last Week	Chart	Week ending August 14, 1976	Highest Position Weeks in Chart
1	(1)	<b>20 GOLDEN GREATS</b> Beach Boys (Capitol)	7 1
2	(2)	<b>FOREVER AND EVER</b> Demis Roussos (Philips)	7 2
3	(4)	<b>LAUGHTER AND TEARS</b> Neil Sedaka (Polydor)	6 3
4	(6)	<b>A LITTLE BIT MORE</b> Dr. Hook (Capitol)	7 4
5	(3)	<b>PASSPORT</b> ...Nana Mouskouri (Philips)	6 3
6	(5)	<b>A NIGHT ON THE TOWN</b> Rod Stewart (Riva)	8 1
7	(7)	<b>ABBA GREATEST HITS</b> ..... (Epic)	20 1
8	(8)	<b>HAPPY TO BE</b> Demis Roussos (Philips)	8 3
9	(10)	<b>A KIND OF HUSH</b> Carpenters (A&M)	7 5
10	(9)	<b>CHANGESONEBOWIE</b> David Bowie (RCA)	10 4
11	(15)	<b>VIVA!</b> .....Roxy Music (Island)	4 11
12	(14)	<b>WINGS AT THE SPEED OF SOUND</b> ..... (EMI)	19 1
13	(18)	<b>SAHB STORIES</b> Sensational Alex Harvey Band (Mountain)	2 13
14	(13)	<b>OLIAS OF SUNHILLOW</b> Jon Anderson (Atlantic)	4 13
15	(12)	<b>LIVE IN LONDON</b> John Denver (RCA)	15 2
16	(11)	<b>BEAUTIFUL NOISE</b> Neil Diamond (CBS)	5 11
17	(19)	<b>JAILBREAK</b> .....Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	10 12
18	(17)	<b>FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE</b> Peter Frampton (A&M)	10 6
19	(16)	<b>THEIR GREATEST HITS</b> Eagles (Asylum)	22 1
20	(23)	<b>BEST OF GLADYS KNIGHT &amp; THE PIPS</b> ..... (Buddah)	23 6
21	(20)	<b>ROCK 'N' ROLL MUSIC</b> Beatles (Apple)	9 10
22	(21)	<b>ALICE COOPER GOES TO HELL</b> (Warner Bros)	3 21
23	(—)	<b>COMBINE HARVESTER</b> The Wurzels (One Up)	2 23
24	(27)	<b>SIMON &amp; GARFUNKEL GREATEST HITS</b> ..... (CBS)	163 1
25	(28)	<b>15 BIG ONES</b> .....Beach Boys (Reprise)	4 25
26	(24)	<b>GREATEST HITS VOL 1</b> Don Williams (ABC)	2 24
27	(22)	<b>ONE MAN SHOW</b> Mike Harding (Philips)	4 22
28	(—)	<b>GREATEST HITS II</b> Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)	1 28
29	(—)	<b>DARK SIDE OF THE MOON</b> Pink Floyd (Harvest)	135 1
30	(25)	<b>DIANA ROSS</b> ..... (Tamla Motown)	20 3

BUBBLING UNDER ...

SPITFIRE — Jefferson Starship (Grunt); MAN TO MAN — Hot Chocolate (RAK); THE MANHATTANS (CBS).

**U.S. SINGLES**

This Last Week	Chart	Week ending August 14, 1976	Highest Position Weeks in Chart
1	(1)	<b>DONT GO BREAKING MY HEART</b> Elton John and Kiki Dee	6 1
2	(2)	<b>AFTERNOON DELIGHT</b> ..Starland Vocal Band	7 2
3	(4)	<b>LET 'EM IN</b> .....Wings	2 12
4	(3)	<b>GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE</b> .....Beatles	8 4
5	(9)	<b>YOU SHOULD BE DANCING</b> .....Bee Gees	2 15
6	(5)	<b>KISS AND SAY GOODBYE</b> .....Manhattans	8 4
7	(8)	<b>GET CLOSER</b> .....Seals & Crofts	7 7
8	(10)	<b>YOU'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER LOVE</b> Lou Rawls	2 25
9	(17)	<b>PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC</b> .....Wild Cherry	1 18
10	(11)	<b>I'M EASY</b> .....Keith Carradine	1 18
11	(15)	<b>I'D REALLY LOVE TO SEE YOU</b> England Dan and John Ford Coley	1 26
12	(15)	<b>A FIFTH OF BEETHOVEN</b> Walter Murphy and The Big Apple	7 14
13	(6)	<b>MOONLIGHT FEELS RIGHT</b> .....Starbuck	7 12
14	(7)	<b>LET HER IN</b> .....John Travolta	7 10
15	(18)	<b>THIS MASQUERADE</b> .....George Benson	7 10
16	(16)	<b>TURN THE BEAT AROUND</b> Vicki Sue Robinson	2 16
17	(21)	<b>SHAKE YOUR BOOTY</b> K.C. and The Sunshine Band	2 17
18	(20)	<b>HEAVEN MUST BE MISSING AN ANGEL</b> Tavares	2 15
19	(12)	<b>YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND</b> .....Queen	7 7
20	(24)	<b>BABY, I LOVE YOUR WAY</b> ...Peter Frampton	4 20
21	(19)	<b>ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC</b> .....Beach Boys	9 10
22	(27)	<b>A LITTLE BIT MORE</b> .....Dr. Hook	2 15
23	(28)	<b>SAY YOU LOVE ME</b> .....Fleetwood Mac	2 15
24	(30)	<b>DEVIL WOMAN</b> .....Cliff Richard	2 16
25	(26)	<b>YOUNG HEARTS RUN FREE</b> .....Candi Staton	10 1
26	(—)	<b>SUMMER</b> .....Cliff Richard	1 26
27	(14)	<b>LOVE IS ALIVE</b> .....Gary Wright	4 20
28	(22)	<b>IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN</b> .....Neil Diamond	7 12
29	(23)	<b>I'LL BE GOOD TO YOU</b> .....Brothers Johnson	7 12
30	(25)	<b>TEAR THE ROOF OFF THE SUCKER</b> Parliament	6 17

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

**U.S. ALBUMS**

This Last Week	Chart	Week ending August 14, 1976	Highest Position Weeks in Chart
1	(2)	<b>FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE</b> ...Peter Frampton	10 6
2	(1)	<b>SPITFIRE</b> .....Jefferson Starship	2 13
3	(3)	<b>AT THE SPEED OF SOUND</b> .....Wings	19 1
4	(4)	<b>CHICAGO X</b>	6 3
5	(5)	<b>BEAUTIFUL NOISE</b> .....Neil Diamond	5 11
6	(6)	<b>ROCK 'N' ROLL MUSIC</b> .....The Beatles	9 10
7	(7)	<b>FLEETWOOD MAC</b>	2 23
8	(8)	<b>BREEZIN'</b> .....George Benson	8 3
9	(10)	<b>ROCKS</b> .....Aerosmith	7 5
10	(9)	<b>THEIR GREATEST HITS</b> .....Eagles	22 1
11	(11)	<b>FLY LIKE AN EAGLE</b> .....Steve Miller Band	4 22
12	(12)	<b>WIRED</b> .....Jeff Beck	15 2
13	(16)	<b>15 BIG ONES</b> .....Beach Boys	4 25
14	(14)	<b>THE DREAM WEAVER</b> .....Gary Wright	2 24
15	(13)	<b>CHANGESONEBOWIE</b> .....David Bowie	10 4
16	(17)	<b>IN THE POCKET</b> .....James Taylor	2 23
17	(18)	<b>SILK DEGREES</b> .....Boz Scaggs	8 8
18	(15)	<b>HARVEST FOR THE WORLD</b> ...Isley Brothers	5 10
19	(19)	<b>LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE</b> Brothers Johnson	2 23
20	(22)	<b>SPARKLE</b> .....Aretha Franklin	4 11
21	(24)	<b>SOUL SEARCHING</b> .....Average White Band	4 11
22	(20)	<b>CONTRADICTION</b> .....Ohio Players	2 24
23	(23)	<b>A NIGHT AT THE OPERA</b> .....Queen	2 24
24	(25)	<b>OLE ELO</b> .....Electric Light Orchestra	2 24
25	(21)	<b>ANOTHER PASSENGER</b> .....Carly Simon	2 24
26	(30)	<b>A NIGHT ON THE TOWN</b> .....Rod Stewart	8 1
27	(26)	<b>NATALIE</b> .....Natalie Cole	8 3
28	(—)	<b>WHISTLING DOWN THE WIRE</b> ...Crosby/Nash	8 3
29	(—)	<b>A KIND OF HUSH</b> .....Carpenters	7 5
30	(—)	<b>STARLAND VOCAL BAND</b>	7 5

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

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**FIVE YEARS AGO**

Week ending August 11 1971

Last This Week	Chart	Week ending August 11 1971	Highest Position Weeks in Chart
1	1	<b>GET IT ON</b> .....T Rex (Fly)	1 1
2	2	<b>NEVER ENDING SONG OF LOVE</b> .....New Seekers (Philips)	2 2
3	3	<b>I'M STILL WAITING</b> .....Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)	3 3
4	4	<b>DEVIL'S ANSWER</b> .....Atomic Rooster (B&C)	4 4
5	5	<b>ME AND YOU AND A DOG NAMED BOO</b> .....Lobo (Philips)	5 5
6	6	<b>CHIRPY CHIRPY CHEEP CHEEP</b> .....Middle of the Road (RCA)	6 6
7	7	<b>IN MY OWN TIME</b> .....Family (Reprise)	7 7
8	8	<b>TOM TOM TURNAROUND</b> .....New World (Rak)	8 8
9	9	<b>MONKEY SPANNER</b> .....Dave & Ansell Collins (Technique)	9 9
10	10	<b>WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN</b> .....The Who (Track)	10 10

**TEN YEARS AGO**

Week ending August 12, 1966

Last This Week	Chart	Week ending August 12, 1966	Highest Position Weeks in Chart
1	1	<b>A GIRL LIKE YOU</b> .....Troggs (Fontana)	1 1
2	2	<b>YELLOW SUBMARINE/ELEANOR RIGBY</b> .....Beatles (Parlophone)	2 2
3	3	<b>BLACK IS BLACK</b> .....Los Bravos (Decca)	3 3
4	4	<b>THE MORE I SEE YOU</b> .....Chris Montez (Pye Int.)	4 4
5	5	<b>MAMA</b> .....Dave Berry (Decca)	5 5
6	6	<b>OUT OF TIME</b> .....Chris Farlowe (Immediate)	6 6
7	7	<b>GOD ONLY KNOWS</b> .....Beach Boys (Capitol)	7 7
8	8	<b>LOVE LETTERS</b> .....Elvis Presley (RCA)	8 8
9	9	<b>SUMMER IN THE CITY</b> .....Lovin' Spoonful (Kama Sutra)	9 9
10	10	<b>VISIONS</b> .....Cliff Richard (Columbia)	10 10

**15 YEARS AGO**

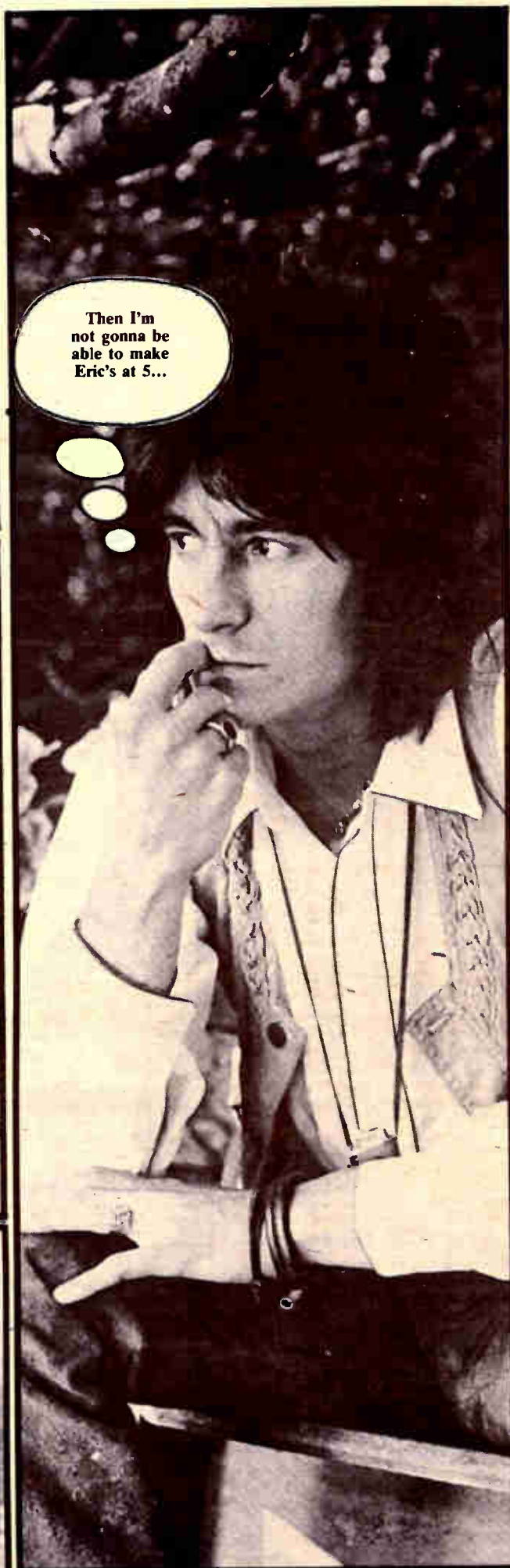
Week ending August 11, 1961

Last This Week	Chart	Week ending August 11, 1961	Highest Position Weeks in Chart
1	1	<b>YOU DON'T KNOW</b> .....Helen Shapiro (Columbia)	1 1
2	2	<b>WELL I ASK YOU</b> .....Eden Kane (Decca)	2 2
3	3	<b>JOHNNY REMEMBER ME</b> .....John Leyton (Top Rank)	3 3
4	4	<b>TEMPTATION</b> .....Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.)	4 4
5	5	<b>ROMEO</b> .....Petula Clark (Pye)	5 5
6	6	<b>HALFWAY TO PARADISE</b> .....Billy Fury (Decca)	6 6
7	7	<b>PASADENA</b> .....Temperance Seven (Parlophone)	7 7
8	8	<b>YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE</b> .....Clarence Henry (Pye)	8 8
9	9	<b>DON'T YOU KNOW IT</b> .....Adam Faith (Parlophone)	9 9
10	10	<b>RUNAWAY</b> .....Del Shannon (London)	10 10



Photos  
(after the style of Rodin):  
**PENNIE SMITH.**  
Prose (after the style  
of Samuel Johnson):  
**HONEST STEVE CLARKE.**

# DECISIONS



# DECISIONS

*Believe me, it ain't easy*



"Keith has often said that it's now the nearest it's been to the way he set the Stones out to be — which is quite a compliment. They said that, in me, they've found everything they wanted to find in Brian, and something he had once, before he started getting too deep off the rails" — Ron Wood.

**D**ESPITE REMARKS LIKE the above, it's still impossible to think of Ron Wood as a Rolling Stone. His predecessor, Mick Taylor, contributed crucially to the Stones' music while he was with the band, and yet, immediately after his departure, those close to the Stones were saying how he was never really one of them. That he was too nice; too much of a gentleman.

In a different way, the same is true of Ron Wood. Even more so because of his previous identity as the Faces' guitarist and, more importantly, as Rod Stewart's partner-in-crime. The inter-action between Rod 'n' Ron was the essence of The Faces, so much so

that the two seemed inseparable.

You've only got to cast your minds back to Earls Court (that's if you got a ticket), and recall Woody bouncing around the stage with Mick, Keith, Charlie and Bill, the ever-present fag stuck between his wafer-thin lips, an expression of childlike delight spread across his quintessential rock'n'roll face at being up there playing with The Stones. On the rare occasions when Jagger wasn't out-front doing his stuff, he would clown it up with Ron, though his way was to use Wood rather as something of a fall-guy. It lacked the Likely Lads affection of Rod 'n' Ron.

Put it another way, Ron on stage with The Rolling Stones looked like the proverbial spare-part. He added a certain warmth, and might have been brewing up a storm on guitar (the inadequate sound-system made it impossible to judge), but there are (and always will be) five Rolling Stones, one of whom is dead, and Ron Wood doesn't seem to be maximising his talent with the Stones in the way he did with the Faces.

Further, in terms of personality, there's none of the specifically Stone-like charisma about Ron Wood. Jagger is a man of masks; Wood is the

exact opposite. He doesn't pull punches at all.

Doubtless he gets up to his fair share of mischief, but there is an element of — wait for it — fun in Woody, something which was the essence of the Faces.

Then there's that Honest Ron tag. "I don't know where that came from," he says. "Stupid innit, really? It was something the press started. I dunno whether it's a piss-take or what."

"I mean, I suppose most of the time I'm honest. That's not bad really, is it? 'Cause basically it's too easy to be a bastard in this business."

So there you have it, by his own admission, Nice Guy Ron. Why, when he does interviews he doesn't hold them in some dreary record company office, but invites you out to his £140,000 pad on Richmond Hill, scene of that recent unpleasant dobebut when Ron's now seven-months pregnant wife Krissie was rudely awoken by the police. On the couple's return to England from a three week holiday in France last month, Krissie was stopped and searched extensively.

"They walked up to me and said, 'We've reason to believe that your

wife has connections with the pop business!' They ignored me", he says incredulously. They'd never do that to Keith, now would they? "They took away the Rolex that Mick bought her for her birthday. I think we did pay duty on it, so we'll be able to go back and claim that, but it's a hang-up because we got in really knackered. They kept us about an hour and a half."

**THE EFFECTS** of that holiday are clearly evident on the Wood countenance, which displays a surprisingly healthy glow — to the extent where there isn't so much as a hint of a line underneath his eyes, never mind a bag. Still, with the Amazing Ron Wood Nose (with which he continually fidgets), the jet-black plumage and dark eyes, the impression is still one of a crow, albeit one who's been eating well and sleeping in of late.

Always the rock star (I lost count of how many times his publicist insisted that I bring a photographer), the slim Wood frame is covered in a mixture of suede, cotton and leather. The look is definitely that of the swashbuckler, but unlike Rod Stewart, Wood never goes over the top when it comes to the threads — at least off-stage — or

allows his love of All That Is Flash to get the better of him.

Two days prior to the interview, Wood had jammed with Clapton at his disappointing Crystal Palace gig, and inevitably the subsequent party took place at Chez Wood. "Eric and I were down in the studio with Larry Coryell. He was showing us all these complicated chords. We didn't know what was going on," Woody says.

"How did that 'Further On Down The Road' sound?"

A bit shaky. "Oh. There was no rehearsal, but I thought the band would have had it off and then me and Freddie King and the other 18 guitarists would have, umm, slipped in all right."

"I'd rather have not interfered at all, 'cause when they came off before the encore Eric asked if I was coming up. I said, 'It doesn't seem like you've done your bit yet.' They weren't on very long, were they? But he swore they were on for an hour and 40 minutes — as did Roger Forester, part of the Stigwood Organisation. I told him he was only on for an hour, but I nearly got my head bitten off. He went berserk: 'Whad-da-ya mean, only on for an hour? We were on for an

Continues over page



# DECISIONS, DECISIONS

From over page

hour and 40 minutes at least." He mimicks Clapton.

Ron Wood has worked closely with the reluctant guitarist on his forthcoming "No Reason To Cry" album. He was invited to join the sessions when he was staying with Eric in Nassau. He explains: "I thought, no way would I get involved with that before the European tour, but he kept on and on. Eventually I agreed."

The two of them spent ten days solid recording together and, according to Ron, he plays on most of the tracks.

So does Clapton play a lot of guitar on it? "Yeah, but he left it amazingly free. I do quite a lot of solos. Robbie Robertson's doing a lot, and Eric's under-playing himself a bit."

Ron has no better explanation than anyone else as to why Clapton under-plays his role as a guitarist these days. "It's really difficult getting a straight answer out of him. He's a funny little fellow. When we were recording one track, I made him dig out the old Gibson he used to play at the Crawdaddy. Remember that old cherry red one?"

"I first saw him with it at the Crawdaddy with The Yardbirds when he used to really whip up a storm. And I got him doing that again. I don't think he used the track. It's a real shame 'cause he was playing some hairy stuff. I think those days will come again 'cause he's opening up every time I see him."

The two musicians wrote a couple of songs together, neither of which has been used on the album. Ringo, however, is recording one Clapton-Wood composition, a number called "Could This Be A Song?"

Wood does, however, provide an interesting insight into the relationship between Clapton and his band: "It seemed as if they were on dodgy ground for a while, but after seeing them the other day I think they'll be together for some time. It seemed that Eric was being his usual self, all stropky and drunk and with a very English sense of humour, and half of the things he was saying were falling on stoney ground. The band were taking what Eric was saying a bit personally."

The sessions were recorded at Zuma Beach, near Los Angeles and a location not totally unconnected with the last Neil Young album. Bob Dylan has a home there, and those of you who read the news pages will be aware of the fact that Bob not only popped in, but stayed by and contributed a new song, "Sign Language", to Eric's album.

That's not all, is it, Ron? "When he appeared we spent about a day clearing the studio, because when Dylan appears a lot of other people do. Finally we got down to some exploration of his musical past and what he's into now, mixing it up with what Eric's doing, what I was doing and what Jesse Ed Davis (the guitarist who augmented The Faces on their last, and final as things turned out, U.S. tour last autumn) was doing."

"Dylan sat at the piano and we were there for about a day solid just playing all his old songs."

It transpires that as a result of the sessions, Wood and Davis were invited to join The Rolling Thunder Revue.

"I might be the old slag of the music business, but . . ." he roars. "Oh, I'd love to have done it, but there was the Stones' European tour . . ."

Ah, the Stones. So do you think of yourself as a Stone now? He beams like a school-boy (and, knowing he's doing it, exaggerates it all the more).

"Yeah. I'm a Rolling Stone now", he giggles. "I'd like to devote a lot of time to it now. To it", he laughs again. "I suppose I could go off at a tangent but I'd like to pile some energy into the Stones for a while and see what comes out. I wasn't involved with 'Black And Black' from the beginning and I'd just like to see how an album would turn out if I was involved from the start."

Plans are afoot for the Stones to start work on a new studio album sometime from September onwards. Also, there's a live double album in the pipeline which they hope to start mixing in Los Angeles soon after the Knebworth gig on August 21, although as yet they haven't started listening to the recordings of concerts from last year's American tour and the more recent European dates, from which the album will be selected. Certain legal settlements

with Allen Klein, however, mean that live tracks from the Brian Jones' period could also be included.

OTHER HOT poop on the Stones from Woody indicates that they have A New Song which goes under the working title, "Holding On", and is hot stuff. Whether they actually record it in the near-future is another matter, isn't it Ron? "Recording with the Stones is a long drawn-out process. You've got to track everybody down and get everyone in the same country at the same time, in the same studio, and that takes a hell of a lot of doing."

Ron doesn't take so much time making his own records (although The Faces won no prizes for being prolific) with two solo albums ("I've Got My Own Album To Do" and "Now Look") in less than two years. Both platters, however, lost the guitarist a small fortune.

With characteristic perkiness, he laughs at the thought. "Both of them together cost a couple of hundred thousand pounds (that's very expensive indeed, especially when you consider they were recorded at home). I wasn't getting anywhere near any return like that, but I still wouldn't have changed it."

How much they cost that much?

"It just goes."

Yes, but a couple of hundred grand?

"Things like air-fares for people like Willie Weeks, Andy Newmark and Bobby Womack from LA. Then you have to pay for their hotels, hire them a car and pay for their meals."

His third solo album (yes, there's to be another) will be recorded in LA sometime from September. A lot seems to be happening in the life of Our Ron in September.

"At first I didn't want to do another album. I'd rather pump my energy into the Stones, but just before Mick went to Montreal he said he thought I should really do another one. So I said, 'Alright, I'll do it during September.' I want to try and cut down on the overheads, so I'm going to them (the musicians) this time." Stay tuned for further instances of the Wood extravagance.

Ah, but there are other reasons why Wood wants to record in LA. It's a necessity, unless he wants to be clobbered by the tax-man, and he and Krissie are going to live in LA for at least six months — which means that their offspring will be born on foreign soil. Over to Ron: "There was a time when it looked like I'd have to leave England, to sell up, because of the tax thing. I didn't know where I stood, just guess-work. I figured out what I must owe them. I still don't know what I owe from the Faces' days 'cause at that time I was really coining it in, and having to spend it all the time to keep the house running. Krissie would rather have the baby here, but if I'm going to be working in California she may as well be with me."

So it's not a case of leaving England because of . . . umm . . . police harassment? "No. But then I didn't go through what Krissie did. It was alright for me. Maybe they haven't even started on me yet. I don't know." He shrugs.

AS YET, NOTHING has been signed to say that Ron Wood is, in fact, a member of the Rolling Stones and won't be until a new record contract is lined up. The Stones' contract with Atlantic comes up for renewal within the next two months, and rumours are currently circulating the music biz that ridiculous amounts of loot are being requested, so much so that Island Records — for one — reportedly said no.

Wood states that he can't say much on this, only that the group are having a meeting to decide their business future soon.

Ron himself isn't contracted to anyone; it's only fairly recently that he had a manager at all. With the Faces' manager Billy Gaff there were no contracts at all (there still isn't between Gaff and Stewart). Says Woody: "That's one thing we stipulated at the onset of The Faces; that we wouldn't sign a piece of paper with anybody."

"When the Faces split up, Billy's loyalties were still with Mr. Stewart. He made no bones about it. But he said if I wanted him to work on me, he would. I said that if he and Rod were still happy, I'd rather see that relationship carry on than try and make

something work where there's not really the enthusiasm."

His relationship with his new manager, one Bob Ellis (also Billy Preston's manager), came about haphazardly. "He was negotiating Billy's deal with the Stones in LA and we just happened to be alone in his office when he asked who was doing mine. I said, 'Me.' He said, 'Are you mad?' I said, 'Yeah, I must be, but I don't know who to trust.' He said, 'Don't trust me, but let me do it.'"

THE SEQUENCE of events leading to the break-up of The Faces and Wood joining the Stones has been documented elsewhere at length. Wood, however, makes it clear that he wanted to keep The Faces together, and it wasn't until Rod Stewart's press statement (one wonders how much of that strategy was engineered by Stewart's publicist Tony Toon) at the end of '75 that Wood finally decided to go.

"I no longer had a problem then. It really blew my mind when Rod announced in the papers that he was leaving." Even so, there was talk of another Faces' album.

Wood explains, "There was a time when, even without Rod, we were going to do one more studio album and achieve what we'd set out to do in the beginning with The Faces." Which was? "The sound of the last album — the one that never got made. It was something that never got realised with The Faces. Something I can't explain. The nearest to it was 'Nod's (As Good As A Wink)', I suppose."

"Anyway, when all fell through, Warners (Faces record label) said they wouldn't back it. Then they turned round a couple of weeks later when it was too late and said they would do it with me and the Faces. By then I'd already committed myself to the Stones' studio work."

The relationship between Wood and Stewart is definitely on the mend again: they spent some time together in LA when Wood was working on Clapton's album earlier this year. Explains Ron: "We're basically still very good friends, underneath it all. He's going through a phase at the moment; I just hope he comes out the right way. He surrounds himself with some strange people — all that goes with Miss Britt and all that goes with the ex-Faces' management, and he keeps his house incredibly well-guarded."

"He's still the same old Rod underneath. He's got this shroud over him that just won't let himself come out and he's trying to change to a champagne-sippin', evening-suited Maurice Chevalier. We locked ourselves in a room together before we finally got dragged off to a party. I spent about an hour with him. I was telling him what I'd been doing, playing him some tapes. He was playing me bits of the album that is out now."

Does he think it's mainly down to Britt, the way he is now? "I think it was something in him that needed to come out and he used her as a vehicle for it."

Woody himself isn't totally divorced from the Jet Set syndrome. In France recently, he hung out with financier John Bentley.

"I do my fair share of dabbling in it," he says without sounding defensive. "You have to. You just find them there. Like if . . . erhh . . . not mentioning any names, if . . . erhh . . . I mean, for a start, a Stones' tour attracts a lot of that kind of person. I go round to see Mick occasionally. There's usually a few nobs going in and out."

He agrees that Jagger gets away with it, in fact thrives on it, but that Stewart doesn't yet seem comfortable in that situation. "It's all down to your basic attitude. If it's the kind of take it or leave it attitude that Mick does it on, then it's all right. With Rod, he's got his back to the wall about it, and he's very defensive."

Wood is not only a friend of financiers; he's a patron of the arts too. In France, he visited the galleries — and also spent some time painting. On the last Stones tour he and Charlie Watts got into drawing on the road. "Keith got into that too — when we weren't going out getting wrecked or writing songs. We are the Terrible Twins in a way, but on the European tour I spent a lot of the time with Mick, 'cause Keith had Marlon with him and various dramas. So I found myself with Mick and Charlie, but he disappears

at night. He hides in his room and does a drawing."

How does he feel about the Stones being written off as middle-aged poseurs? They drew a lot of flak at Earls Court.

He mulls it over for a moment, and very matter-of-factly states, "No accounting for taste." He then does a run-down of various aspects of each Stones' lifestyle, prefacing it with: "If you've got it, flaunt it. Charlie goes and buys French shoes and French suits; Mick is always globe-trotting; Keith's trying to bed down in any country that will have him."

"I still look at them a bit from the outside, even though I'm in them. I still think they rate pretty high with me. They always have done."

Were there any bad gigs on that last tour? "No." (Pause). "I suppose Earls Court was the only one that could be criticised, 'cause it is such an enormous place. Knebworth is going to be good. I think that will set the record straight. I thought Earls Court was excellent, but the chances are, that in a place like that, you're going to be in a really rotten seat."

"I knew a lot of musicians who couldn't tell what numbers we were playing 'cause the sound was so bad. From on-stage it was perfect. Hopefully Knebworth will repair the damage," he repeats.

"I think the Stones should spend more time playing England. Mick asked if I had any ideas for Knebworth, and I said I think in as much as what the public will want, we should do a whole segment of the show dedicated to 'Route 66', 'Little Red Rooster', 'Bye Bye Johnny' and that

kind of thing. Mick sounded quite enthusiastic. Bill sounded very enthusiastic and Keith is too."

ACCORDING to Wood, joining the Stones hasn't made him a rich man. He tells me that for last year's American tour (April-August and 41 gigs), he was on a fixed fee for each gig, while he's reluctant to state a precise figure, he says it was over £500 a concert, which isn't chicken-feed.

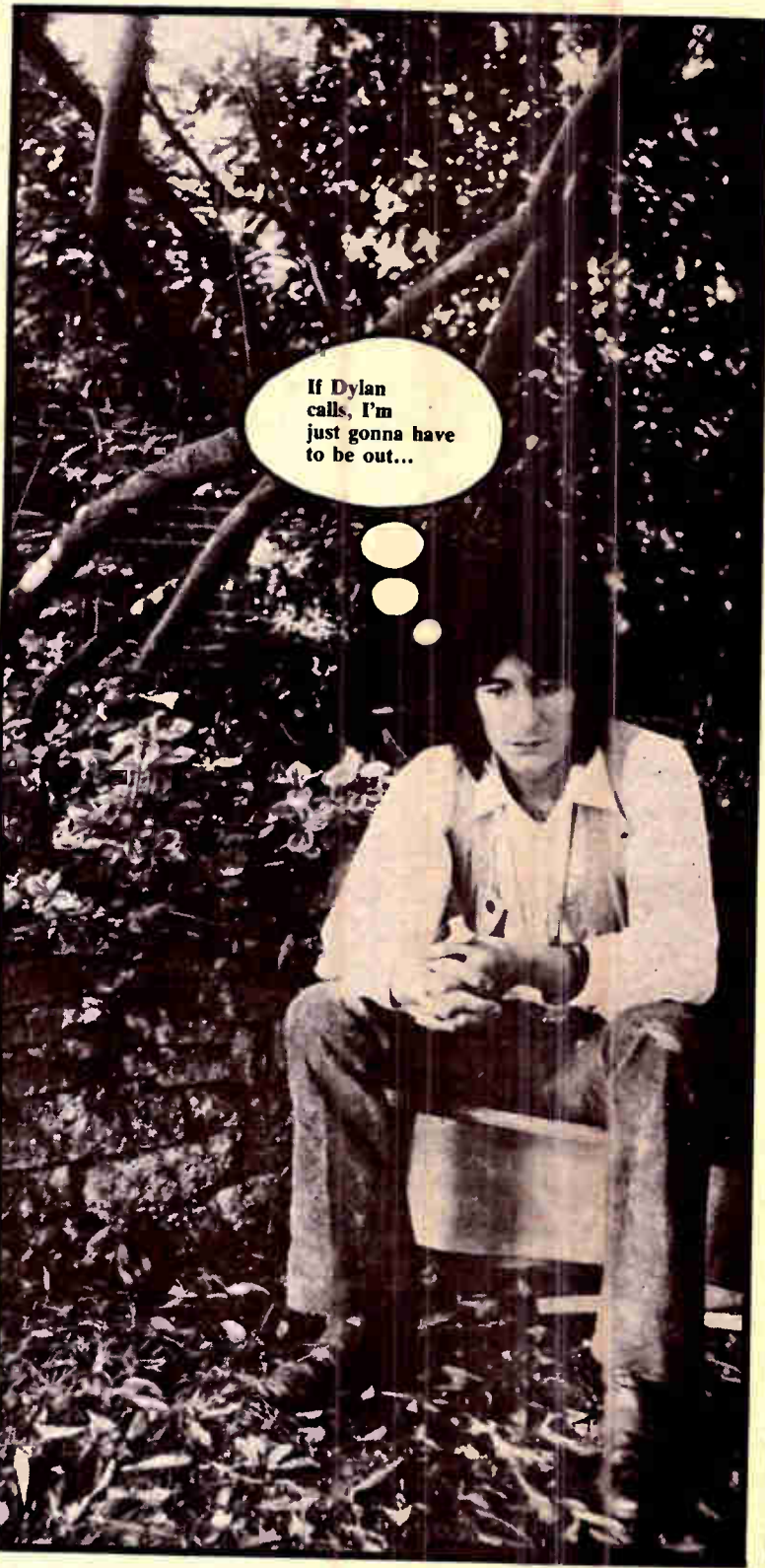
However, he didn't return home as flushed as he should. "I totally blew it 'cause I didn't have a manager. I didn't save any. Let's put it that way. I had a good time. I feel a bit bad 'cause I had nothing to bring home, but I put that right on the European tour where I didn't spend a cent."

For that tour he was on a percentage, again unspecified.

As a person, he doesn't appear to have changed much either. As a musician he says he now has more room to move. "With the Faces Rod used to tighten up the reins if the band was getting a bit loose. The Stones are very inspiring to play with 'cause they don't have any restrictions. Rod used to inhibit me. It's the exact opposite with Mick, 'cause he'll go and sit at the piano and fumble around during my guitar solos."

Nevertheless it remains difficult not to see him as anything other than one of The Faces and not imagine him draped around Stewart's shoulders.

And it seems as if Rod himself is beginning to realise that too. Sez Ron: "I keep getting messages from him saying he wants to tour with me. If I had nothing on I'd do it. Do you think I should? It was a good team."





# 'Joan Armatrading' is one of the most original albums of '76. But will you listen?

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ROCK and roll poster and album cover art was as much a part of the 1960's rock revolution as the music itself. From flat, dull corporation packaging, and posters that could have just as easily been for wrestling or a bankruptcy sale, 1966-67 produced an explosion in rock related graphics that burst into a joyous orgy of colour and form.

When San Francisco became the psychedelic capital of the planet, Riek Griffin was already its leading rock artist. Griffin was (and still is) the supreme stylist of the medium. His eclectic, energetic style drew images from such varied sources as mystic symbolism and hot rod paint jobs.

Londoners, this week, have another chance to look at the best of Riek Griffin. From August 11-21 there will be a retrospective exhibition of his work at the Roundhouse downstairs gallery.

MICK FARREN



# SPECIAL FRIENDS OF MAX: No. 1 in a new series (collect the set). This week: LES DUDEK

By MAX BELL

"HI MAN, I'm sittin' in a phone booth putting on mah costume." Pardon, sorry, operator! Bzzz. Click. "Your call to Les Dudek is through . . . now."

Les Dudek is lying. He's not in fact sitting in a phone booth, he's at home. San Francisco, rapping about his recent stints with Steve Miller, Boz Scaggs and something much dearer to his wallet, the imminent release of a solo album which CBS are expecting will break him as a talent in his own right.

So who the hell is Mister Dudek? You might well ask. Until this week I wouldn't have known if he'd dropped on my head, but a few listens to the aforementioned album convinced me that though Dudek is far from being the second coming he will be a familiar name among West Coast circles before too long.

A guitarist able to proffer all manner of pleasing styles with a voice pitched somewhere between those illustrious mentors Miller and Scaggs, both of whom I reckon have come up with records which are only par for the course, this LP has more of the essential rock vitamins to justify frequent spins on the deck.

Dudek hails from Auburndale, Florida, merely a jab on the atlas and not an area renowned for spawning major new discoveries. His history makes pretty boring standard biography reading: blues bands, failed demos, second string gigs as a side man on the Southern circuit. Boring, that is, until Les packed his toothbrush and headed for Macon, Georgia, where he joined Gibsons with Allman Brother Dicky (watch it, Max, that's Richard - Ed) Betts and played acoustic on Gruntin Gregg's boys' "Jessica" (which incidentally he says he co-wrote without receiving a name check) and electric lead on "Ramblin' Man".

For a while it looked as if an offshoot group with himself and Betts would materialise, maybe even a job as replacement for Duane Allman, but Gregg didn't seem too pleased to see him. Besides, Dudek valued his life too much to risk being the third Allman to bite the gravel in a pool of gore.

Thereafter Dudek took a pick-up band round some of the seedier Geargio clubs where a man can earn fifty dollars a night plus all the root beer he

can guzzle and still remain a household non-entity.

It wasn't scheduled by the Lord that young Les would linger in obscurity for ever though. Phil Walden, the Allmans' manager, hearing that this bright young hope was shortly to chop his chops with Bobby Womack, threw up his Jimmy Carter poll card in horror and called Boz Scaggs, who was desperately in need of a guitarist, being a curmudgeonly old critter renowned for getting up the nose of most all the support musicians he laid eyes on.

Shat with Boz coming from Texas an' all and Dudek "strong into Georgia at the time" (his words, whatever they mean), the arrangement was sealed and the rootless Les spent three years picking his way across America in the company of a man the very breath of whose name was guaranteed to shift records and leave concert halls with the SRO sign flapping rudely outside. In that time he got to feature as slide player on Boz's recent "Silk Degrees" and through him to flex some bottleneck with Steve "Guitar" Miller on the over-rated "Fly Like An Eagle" - all grist to the mill, and one way of fulfilling his own solo ambitions the faster.

HENCE THE travails of the Transatlantic phone call, not the easiest way of establishing contact with the subject - particularly as Dudek has a penchant for cracking remarkably unwitty jokes which need repeating before the punch line is clear. What the hell, I'm not paying for the call.

"Sideman was my thang but I had a hard ride in Florida. Wasn't until I hung round with Miller and Scaggs that I could get it together. The experience of them being their own managers, lawyers and all taught me a lot about the business from the inside."

Dudek took to staring glassy-eyed at Marshall Tucker, Skynyrd and Betts from the back-stage bar before he got his "in", and even then the prospect of gross-out, Allman style, didn't suit him overly.

"Bad vibes, man. I had to leave well alone. After Duane and Berry Oakley, ya know, I nixed that." I thought it unexpedient to enquire whether he owned a motor cycle.

Strangely enough both physically and musically the obvious similarity between the late Duane Allman has been noted. Dudek's style is chock-full of those pealing, high treble melodic clusters that gentleman made his trademark.

Continues over page



The actual telephone as used by Max Bell to conduct his interview with Les Dudek. To its left, an actual 10 x 8 photograph of Les Dudek.

LES DUDEK



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From page 8

The comparison isn't vetoed, though Les states categorically that his personal influences are a deal closer to the Western Swing school pickers, Chet Atkins, John Huey and Merle Haggard, with large slices of blues guitar men, like B. B. King, thrown in on top. His undoubted abilities on that instrument led him into the secure pastures inhabited by sidemen, but if you're ambitious that's no place to be.

Dudek has undoubtedly got something of his own to say, but is honest enough to admit that neither the album or the follow-up tour satisfied his expectations.

"Firstly there was some interference from Boz (Scaggs produced the record), 'cos I'd always encountered him in an artist to artist situation and now it was producer to artist. A lot of him came through on the album, mainly in my vocal mix, plus I think it was his first real attempt to look over someone else's shoulder.

"Overall I guess the album is successful, but live you wouldn't find me the same guy. We only play the up numbers, and mah new stuff has more energy and sponganuity — mah own word, ho ho. Hey, some of the new tunes are workin' well though. S'one called 'Sweet Streeper', that's a play on street sweeper, yuk yuk."

I guffaw politely and move on to Dudek's lyrical technique, which is nothing startling though, except for one track, co-written with rhythm guitarist Curley Cook, all his own work.

"Three or four tunes were done in the studio, the rest were kicking around for years. I tried for a mediocre key rather than anything hot or ballad influenced. I wanted it to be a mediocre album and moved into veins that spark'n'flicker."

Come again? "Jest mah fun. As far as vocals go, well there's no direction there. I sing in the shower a lot and I quit smoking-cigarettes that is, heh heh — six months back. Next time it will be a helluva lot different vocally. I ain't sure about the producer, though."

Presumably it won't be Scaggs, then?

"Nope." Dudek's main grouse at present is his inability to find a compatible second guitarist. His first choices are either "doing their own thing" or starting on personal stairways to stardom. Les has offered his services once more to Boz Scaggs, who is touring throughout July, but hasn't got an answer.

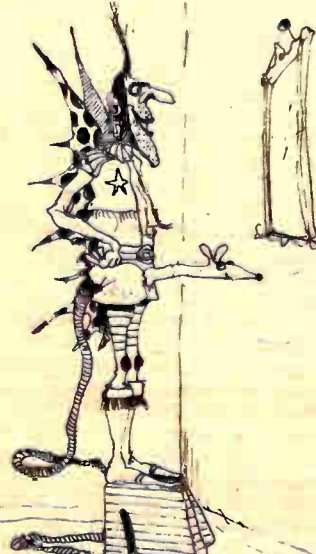
"Boz is never one for settlin' down, always trying different routes. Man, I've been with him when I'd swear he'd have the best band possible, and he'd just change the lot. Could be that Fred Tackett will be playing with him now, but I'm still available if he wants me."

For the time being Les Dudek is lying low. He'd like to visit England again ("Made a lot of friends last year at Knebworth Park Playin' with Steve Miller") but at only 23, with one fine album already under his belt, a second on the way, and guaranteed work with the Texas twins when the wolves reach the door way, he isn't too bothered.

As the pips, bleep up the bill we exchange final pleasantries and I ascertain the real purpose of my call. The brightly coloured parrot on the cover of Dudek's album is apparently called Buttons.

"It took about four hours to get those pictures right but the bird was pretty efficient. He's from LA." Just as I thought.

### BENYON



Mirror, mirror, on the wall who's the furthest out of all?

*But suppose it's all guesswork, everything's conjecture . . .*

# STRANGE, YOU'RE NOT KIDDING

By PHIL McNEILL

"THERE'S A SONG called, 'Doctors Of Madness' which says 'supposing everything's conjecture' . . . it really says suppose it's all just guesswork and we all just live on guesswork . . . supposing (sigh of frustration) it's all not just one level of illusion but fifty-four . . . y'know, all you can do is assimilate what you've got and take it from there really . . . and hope."

I suppose at this point I ought to interrupt Kid Strange and ask him what on Earth he's talking about, but I don't. Could be I'm a bit nonplussed by this oddly proportioned guy — big head on big body — with his light blue hair, nylons and clogs, flanked by two of his band, Stoner and Peter Dilemma, who actually look fairly ordinary.

But I do interrupt to tell him I don't like the music of "Doctors Of Madness," one of the songs already in the Doctors' stage act that will appear on their next album, out in September, called "Figments Of Emancipation."

You see, it jerks. Jumps. Like a speeding car hitting a ramp. Ruins the flow of the song.

No one with any sense would chuck such lame, awkward changes into the middle of such a storming number, but this band make a habit of it — and while I don't like its effect on "Doctors Of Madness" I have to admit that musical naivete is the Doctors' strength.

But being naive doesn't always mean being unsubtle, which is the operational guideline of that perfectly sweet set of primitives, as John and Caroline probably term them across their lunch-time cocktail, those cute Neanderthal darling wild boys The Sex Pistols. You can't categorise the Doctors with mugs like that, though with Kid's bleak vision of the world that's obviously a danger.

"I really feel no empathy with those sort of bands at all," Kid mutters. "It's an easy device: Punk Rock, right, who can we stick in that little box? And anything that's remotely out of the mainstream just stick in there."

"There's a huge difference between us and The Ramones and The Sex Pistols, in as much as we try to make contact on a higher sort of level for a start, which isn't to say you can't still tap your feet to it — but hopefully you can tap your head to it too."

"And then you get down to musical differences, which for me aren't so important . . . I really don't think bands like The Ramones and The Sex Pistols are '70s, on the contrary they're very much '60s. I think The Sex Pistols supported us on one gig, and as far as I remember they were doing Small Faces songs and Who songs."

"Here we are, three and a half

years away from the '80s, and they're playing songs from 1963/64. What we're doing is hopefully playing songs from 1983," he camps.

Well, I'm sure there'll be bands like the Doctors around then — hope so, anyway — but to me they retain an important part of the '60s too, the forgotten commodity: passion. A closeness to the meaning of their music that hasn't been swamped by modern technology . . . not even yer typical screaming guitar. Kid's sound being more of a mumble.

"I've tried, I've tried," Kid wails. "I just can't get it to scream! Lord knows I can break strings like the rest of them, and I can really make all the faces as well, but it just won't do it!"

Stoner and Peter, bass and drums respectively, fall about in fits of laughter at Kid's allusion to his cranky rhythm guitar which is occasionally augmented by equally cranky lead guitar from bizarre violinist Urban Blitz, the missing member today.

"Yeah, but that's very true actually," Kid goes on when we've gotten ourselves under control. "It is very passionate music, but it's performed in a detached way."

Kid's central song, "Mainlines," also refers to the late '60s a bleak depiction of some desolate, stranded place known as the "Hotel 1969."

"1969 . . . in a way it was The End of The Dream, the end of the '60s and the end of all that, and it was a significant marker . . . that line combines two things: firstly that a lot of people never got out of 1969, both bands and public."

"So many people are still playing '60s music, and we're playing very much '70s music, possibly '80s music — which doesn't include having Moog synthesisers, you don't have to have a modern set-up. I think modern starts about there," he comments drolly, gunned fingers at his temple.

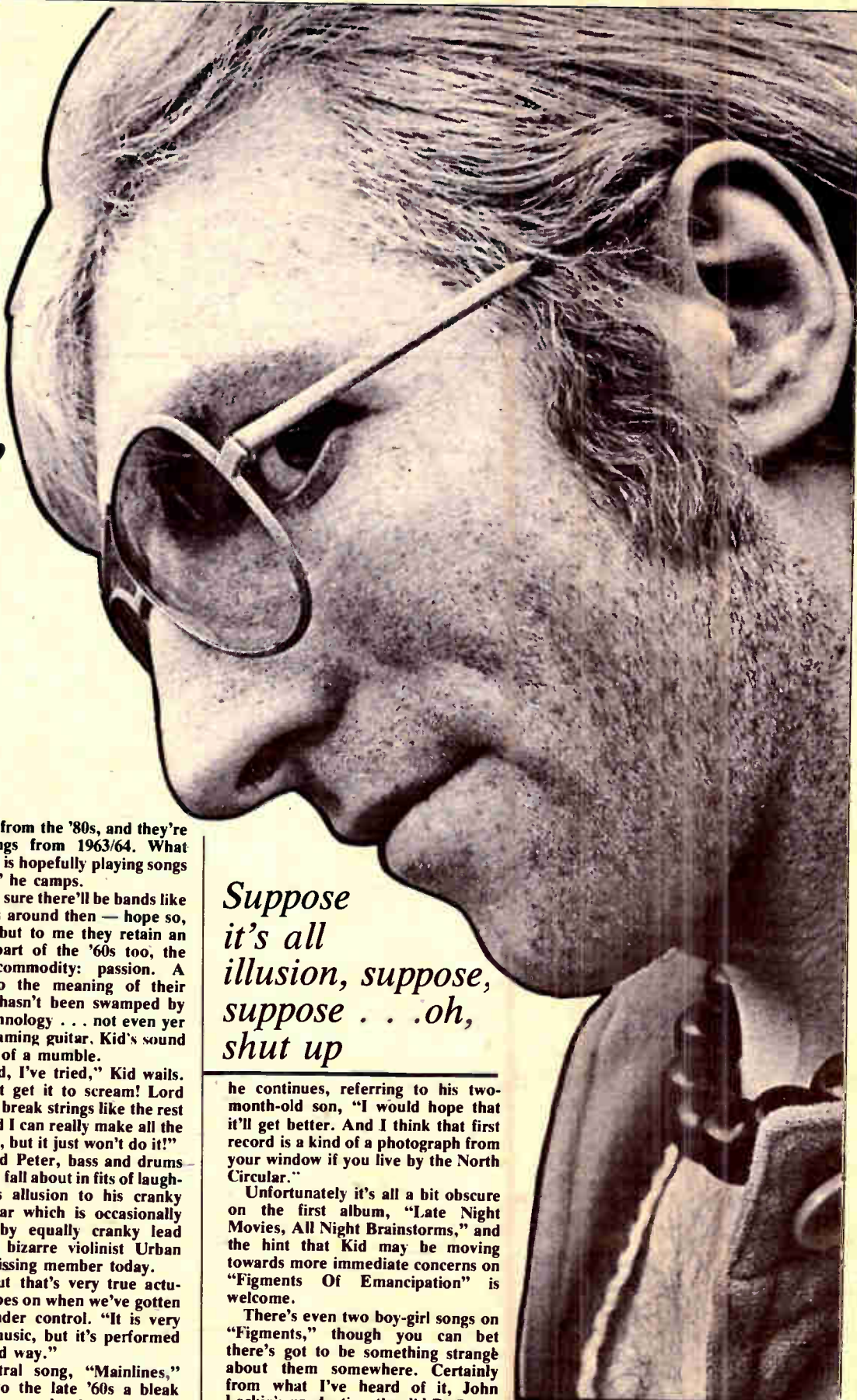
"And the other point about that line is that there was that passion, that hope."

"A lot of people say we're pessimistic. I don't think we are, we're realistic and optimistic, but realistic first. Things aren't too good out there, beyond these shutters. But I think what you have to do first if you've got any comments to make is state what's happening and take it from there."

Which brings us back to the danger of getting categorised with the blank ones. But Kid is more personally involved with the world, as transpires when I object that constant bleakness is melodramatic, the central fact that undermines his songs for me.

"Maybe it's unrealistic to be any other way," he muses. "I'm not actually a bleak person, but what I tend to do is take it seriously. I'm not gonna say 'Every night's party night' — though I do sometimes — but that could never be the main body of my music. Because I don't feel that, I feel a bit worried and a bit anxious, I'm not too thrilled about the 20th Century."

"Having a little baby growing up,"



*Suppose it's all illusion, suppose, suppose . . . oh, shut up*

he continues, referring to his two-month-old son, "I would hope that it'll get better. And I think that first record is a kind of a photograph from your window if you live by the North Circular."

Unfortunately it's all a bit obscure on the first album, "Late Night Movies, All Night Brainstorms," and the hint that Kid may be moving towards more immediate concerns on "Figments Of Emancipation" is welcome.

There's even two boy-girl songs on "Figments," though you can bet there's got to be something strange about them somewhere. Certainly from what I've heard of it, John Leckie's production (he did Be Bop's "Sunburst Finish") has put a more acceptable face on the Doctors.

"John Punter produced the first album," Kid explains "He engineered a lot of the Roxy stuff. Listening back to that we're not really thrilled, but I think it's good for a first LP."

"It was done very spontaneously really. It's very cold that record, very sparse and jagged and spiky, quite paranoid in a way — surprisingly, because I'm not . . ."

"Are they talking about me?" he jests, looking over his shoulder at Stoner in a huddle with the Doctors' manager, Bryan Morrison, who made his name with the likes of Tyrannosaurus Rex and Pink Floyd then left the business, disillusioned . . . until he saw the Doctors in Twickenham early in '75 and they rekindled his interest.

Morrison and, until their split at the end of last year, Justin De Villeneuve got the Doctors contracted to Polydor, and the LP was recorded in September and released in March '76.

"It's not really produced, that record," comments Kid "It's pretty much the songs, quite bare, not a lot of gimmicks. But the next is very much a record rather than just a representation of what we sound like."

However, before the Doctors of Madness can persuade people to flock to their local dealer, or at least give their music a fair hearing (though audiences of nearly 1,000 sometimes more, at many of the gigs on their recent tour indicate folks don't need much persuading), two barriers stand in the way.

First, us writers. The greatest thing since the Jackson Five they may not be, but I am surprised to find myself

alone, as far as I know, in actually acknowledging that Doctors are a good band.

"People in the press, anyway, are very wary in general about being the first person to say: This is good. Because they're like anyone else — no one likes to fall flat on their faces. But I think that's bad, because the media should be more adventurous than the average punter."

Of course, being English doesn't help get you press . . .

"Sure, very unfashionable being English," Kid smiles. "Specially singing English songs in an English accent. Awful. That's like 'Go to jail, do not pass go,' that one."

"The thing is that people who get past that first hurdle," says Kid, introducing the barrier I was going to mention second, "of realising that a band that is interesting to watch need not necessarily be superficial musically or be a hype, those people take it all very, very seriously."

"It's really tragic that if there's anything to look at onstage, people immediately assume that it's there to cover something up rather than to accentuate or illustrate or complement the music. It's generally assumed, I think, that people like Yes . . . for . . . example . . ."

(Kid trails off and his head sinks to his chest and a light snore comes out, then he suddenly jerks awake: "Ugh, oh, what was I talking about? Oh yes, Yes . . .")

" . . . must be superb musically because they're so boring to watch."

The Doctors of Madness aren't superb musically, but they play better music than thousands of better musicians, as "Figments Of Emancipation" will probably show. And they are good to watch.





Gee, but do ya really think we like being goggled at by all those ... uh ... men. Pic:BOB GRUEN.

THE RUNAWAYS made their New York debut at CBGB. That was the first sign I had that the "scene" there might be finished. The other signs were that prior to the appearance of the all-girl Hollywood rock'n'roll band, Television and Talking Heads co-starred in what might be their last appearance together: for Television have just signed a substantial contract with Elektra/Asylum Records, and both bands are getting too big to share bills.

And, the idea of a group travelling 3,000 miles to play there? Too hip.

For days everyone was talking about The Runaways. Much fun was made of the writer who had expressed interest in interviewing the girls before he removed the shrink wrap from the record. Bob Gruen was mightily on the side of the girls: "I don't get off watching someone like Jim Dandy trying to be sexy," said Gruen. "It's such a change for boys to have something to look at, too."

Gruen likes Suzi Quatro also, probably for that same reason.

This reporter was none too amused to read the remarks made by The Runaways about Patti Smith in this publication, to say nothing of calling The Ramones "tacky." At the risk of encouraging a cat fight, I told the Mercury publicist that no, I would not

be interviewing The Runaways.

While I can be as objectively aware of a cute 16-year-old girl as anyone, my tastes have always run more to Anne Bancroft and Jeanne Moreau than to, say, Sue Lyon. 'Nuff said.

The actual night (the first of two, but the real debut) was mind boggling. Wall to wall ogling males, CBGB more crowded than it ever has been for a good band. It was like everyone had come to watch a freak show, a novelty act, and made me slightly nauseated.

Flashback to a perhaps more interesting conversation that afternoon: Kim Fowley — legendary Hollywood scenemaker, songwriter, producer — telephoned to say I might notice that he was not in New York that night with the girls.

What?

"Well," he drawled, "once a man designed a car ... and then there were flaws in that car, and the way the car was sold was change, and the car was no longer the one he'd designed ..."

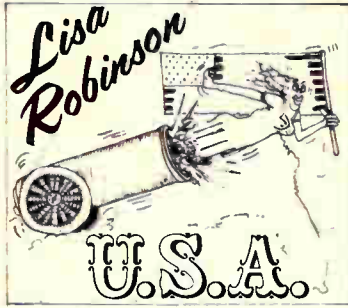
What???

"Well," he continued, "I read that interview in NME, and I thought it was most unkind. Most unkind. To everyone they bad-rapped, me included. Look, I discovered that band, I put them together, I gave them rock 'n' roll lessons, I co-wrote seven of their songs, I negotiated their album deal, I made them a worldwide publishing deal, I bought their equipment, and I produced their album."

"I was like Don Kirshner was with

# GIRLS WILL BE BOYS

... YES, EVEN IN A CORSET



The Monkees." Fowley continued dramatically, "and now, like so many bands that were 'put together', they resent that. They want to — you should pardon the expression — 'do their own thing'."

(When I mentioned to a friend that Fowley really did teach the girls everything they knew, she quipped, "That must have taken a whole afternoon ...")

Anyway, back to CBGB. I don't know why it seemed more grotesque to see the ogling males than the usual ogling females ... it's obvious that boys haven't had as much to drool over in rock and roll as girls. But it was what they were drooling over. Truly a Kim Fowley creation — like Barbie dolls, this band was composed of girls trying to act like boys. Actually, they were girls trying to act like

David Bowie who tried to act alternately like a girl or an android ... so where is that at?

People magazine writer Jim Jerome wanted a beer. He pointed to a girl and asked "Is that a waitress?" No, it was Jackie Fox, a Runaway. Jackie, incidentally, was dressed pleasantly in tight jeans and a snug-fitting blouse. Imagine my surprise when she returned onstage wearing ... an American Airlines red, Eydie Gorme jumpsuit straight out of *Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls!*

Offstage, she looks like a sexy teenager. Onstage she was some mad parody; come-hither looks, curled, twitching lips, and the aforementioned outfit that looked like it came straight out of the Cher Doll catalogue.

Girl or boy, a poseur is a poseur. The Runaways do near-perfect imitations of rockstars who do imitations. Ronson-Bowie, Kiss, you fill in the blanks. Lots of leaning into each others' legs (dikey?), bending backwards during "hot" solos, and buddy-ish arms around the shoulders. Not a trick missed.

Their music? Oh, the music is all right. Surely it's as good as any boring male band that's playing today. But the posing, the choreography ... the Runaways jump around too much.

Cherie kept going and coming, on and offstage, and I wondered when the costume change would happen. It happened at the finale, a song about a riot in a girls' reform school. With much fake beating-up (very "Diamond Dogs"), Cherie then returned at the end with blood all over her t-shirt. For the happy-ending, Alice Cooperish "encore" — Cherie actually spurted blood from her mouth. (Now where have I seen that before? ...)

P.S. Danny Fields said that Kim Fowley was always a big fan of James Williamson, and that Fowley obviously taught these girls all of James' guitar lines. The girls in fact, performed "Loose", a Stooges classic; did "Wild Thing"; and in a bit of public relations — dedicated Lou Reed's "Rock And Roll" to The Ramones, "one of our favourite rock and roll bands. They're going to L.A. soon, and we wish them well."

"It's nice when someone learns a lesson," said Danny Fields. The Runaways have perhaps learned too many.



Guess a feller designed this page, right?

## QUICK

### Before They Vanish

#### SINGLES OVERVIEW

ARE THE DAYS of teenybop over? It is with a certain regret that I have to inform you they may well be. Not only is there not a single teeny record in the Top Thirty, there's not even one in sight — unless Screamer manage to launch their cacophonous "Interplanetary Twist" or Slik make it with their Gregorian Glitter dirge, "The Kid's A Punk".

I imagine this is a temporary lull before the market revives with a new look of some kind. Cross your fingers for a Bolan or Leander to emerge.

Of course, the Bay City Rollers are about to shove one up the charts when they tour, but even their last single didn't exactly take the world by storm. And as for The G Band, Hello, Kenny, Arrows ... no sign.

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of disco musak. Currently there

are four British and six American records in the Twenty that are probably selling mainly to that market, from the sublime Isleys to the ridiculous Jimmy James. Still, at least there's no "novelty", disco or otherwise.

Plus disco does make for variety. Take a look at that Top Ten: only two of them have had a Top Twenty record this year before now, and, Elton John apart, they've had less than ten hits ever between the lot of them — and most of them were the Isleys.

Anyway, let me cast some random facts your way about a few of these interlopers.

Diving to No. 30 we find one of the most successful men around these days, because, my friends, Don Williams currently holds down all first four slots on the C&W album charts.

Matching that, of course, is the uniquely tonsilled Bryan Ferry, with

his single at 23 and his EP at 19 and rising fast. Presumably this is now Ferry's band — Spedding, Thompson, Wetton, Jobson and Mercer, Roxy revisited. Gotta admit they're dashed good, but the whole phenomenon's a bit weird, the rock equivalent of reggae cover versions.

Out of the six tracks on display, Ferry's own "Sea Breezes" is vastly preferable to the rest simply because it lacks their obnoxious flippant complacency. And don't let him kid you he rediscovered EPs — both P J Proby and The Count Bishops (the mighty "Speedball") have put out four-trackers in the past year.

Meanwhile, as Ferry begins to look infallible at last — and perilously few singles makers these days can claim that — Jimmy James discovers what it's like to have his first hit since he came over from Jamaica in '64. The key to his unexpected success is Biddu, who produced such chart-toppers as "Kung Fu Fighting" and "I Love To Love".

Another expatriate Jamaican in hitsville is Billy Ocean, whose "Love on Delivery" may not match his previous, excellent Motown copy, "Love Really Hurts Without You", but it's still okay.

Ocean, refreshingly, is very much his own man — as, indisputably, is Jonathan King, currently masquerading as 100 Ton And A Feather with a scrappy version of Tavares' US hit, "It Only Takes A Minute."

Tavares themselves are up there too, for the first time. They are five brothers, and judging by "Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel" and their last single, the ballad "The Love I Never Had", there's plenty more good music to come from them.

Actually, there is one man ahead of Ferry in the charts right now — and that's Bobby Martin of Sigma Sound, who produced The Manhattan's weepie, "Kiss And Say Goodbye" as well as arranging Lon Rawls' Gamble-Huff production, "You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine", probably the worst track on Rawls' new LP. Both discs, of course, are UK chart debuts.

Up there at No. 4 there's a lady called Dorothy Moore who is one of those forgotten faces (though you couldn't really say she was known to begin with) that the likes of Contempo resurrect periodically. Her last hit in the USA was "Lullaby Of Love" with a girlie trio called the Poppies in 1966. Welcome back, Dorothy.

And welcome back the Bee Gees and KC and the Sunshine Band, the former proving conclusively their consummate ability to adjust to today's rules, the latter proving that he is the commercial soul riff man of the '70s. The Fatbacks, the Players, JB, whoever — nobody comes near this grinning white kid when it comes to getting down with the dude on the street ... and the dude in the office,

on the building site, on the buses, in school ...

More statistix: there's five records sung by ladies in the Twenty, continuing their firm foothold on the singles market. Candi Staton's is probably best, but it's not a patch on the only other Candi Staton platter I've got, the fearsome "Love Chain" (Midnight Hour/UA). Compared with its spitting tension, "Young Hearts" is a nursery rhyme.

And while we're on the subject of ladies 5,000 Volts are on their third in less than a year. After Tina Charles sang lead on their debut hit, "I'm On Fire" — at which point they were just sessioneers — photogenic actress Luan Peters was roped in to plug it, which she did admirably. But then, of course, they had to find someone else who could sing, so one Lynda Kelly was recruited. And they claim not to be "a manufactured group!"

But for me the peachiest record on the chart, fact-wise, is Johnny Wakelin's "In Zaire". It's Wakelin's second hit about Muhammad Ali in two years, and it's been out since April. And who is JW himself? Friends, I kid you not when I tell you that Johnny Wakelin, currently at No. 5 on the Hit Parade with an African song about Muhammad Ali, is a 37-year-old one-legged cabaret singer ... from Brighton.

PHIL McNEILL



# Rainbow

## Rising



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# I was a hermit but my lease ran out

IF IT'S tough at the top, then it's even tougher constantly being hustled by well-meaning, over-zealous aficionados who're tout-ing you as a living legend.

The latter is Dave Edmunds's problem — although admittedly he isn't all that aware of it himself.

Ever since Edmunds deserted the bright lights and holed up in his studio in wild Wales, awed fans have blurred his image as an uncompromising rocker by superimposing an impression of their main man as a hokey recluse who only records as an afterthought.

The fact that for six years now Edmunds has restricted his activities to the control booth at Rockfield Studio, Mommouthshire, hasn't clarified this situation. If anything, it's made it that much harder to draw a bead on the man.

However, sitting here in front of me with his shirt wide open, punishing a freshly-pulled pint to try and beat the heat, Edmunds doesn't look too much like an enigma.

Enigmas drink Campari.

SPORADIC SOLO records on three separate labels, minimal promotion, a smattering of press interviews and a low-key profile have not nudged Dave Edmunds's career into limbo.

Quite the reverse, this lack of action has added to his mystic rep as some kind of cosmic Welsh whiz-kid who at the touch of a button can transmogrify himself into any one of a dozen legendary rock heroes or the largest one-man-band on record.

This isn't hearsay. Vinyl evidence confirms that Edmunds can out-gun Chuck Berry at his own game, pack more guitars per square inch than Les Paul, re-create the primitivism of Presley's Sun days, and — through painstaking multi-tracking — faithfully duplicate the Wall Of Sound Phil Spector blue-printed a decade earlier.

Edmunds is still working on walking on water!

All this is no bullshit. Phil Spector himself has paid lip-service to the Welshman's ability as a record-maker, and went so far as to state that should the Wall Of Sound Orchestra ever perform in public, Dave Edmunds' presence at Spector's right hand would be appreciated.

That kind of public endorsement . . . well, it can often inhibit an artisan.

But not Edmunds he's too much down-to-earth to come The Big Time. He just makes records.

IT WASN'T until quite recently that Dave Edmunds suddenly realised that he was beginning to spread himself thin. Though he'd spent the best part of the 70s incarcerated in Rockfield, his reputation as a solo performer had been established on no more than three dozen tracks precariously scattered over eight singles, two albums and side four of Ronco's "Stardust" soundtrack.

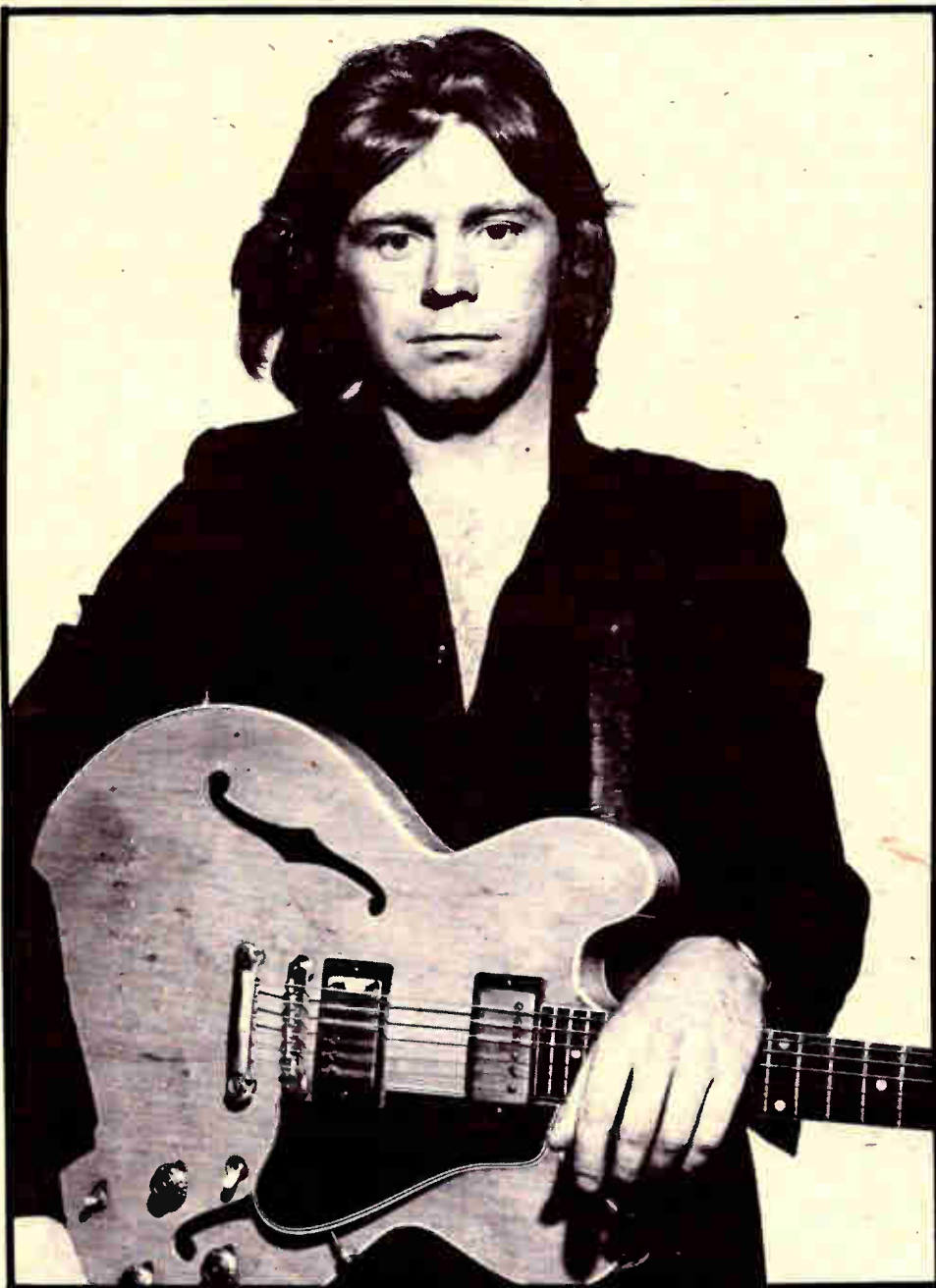
Since it took six years to amass so few recordings, obviously Edmunds wasn't spending too much time on furthering his own career.

Being constantly revered as a musician's musician and a highly collectable artist by serious record buffs may well be considered prestigious, but does it pay the rent?

There were only three actual hits: "I Hear You Knocking" (1970) and "Baby, I Love You" and "Born To Be With You" (1973).

It was at the beginning of this year, when his contract with Rockfield's tape-lease deal with RCA expired, that Edmunds decided to review his position.

"The first thing I decided," he recounts, "was to stop producing other artists. It took me six years to realise that I've never really tried to capitalise on my own personal success.



"If anything has held me back, it's been the fact that I've always been far too busy trying to finish other artists albums instead of concentrating on my own. Making solo records became something I did during producing."

Supervising albums for The Flamin' Groovies, Del Shannon, Deke Leonard, Ducks Deluxe, the Brinsleys and a host of others may have had its rewards — but enough was enough.

"Sure, it was tremendous experience, but that kind of work, if you do it too regularly, just dissipates your enthusiasm. After you've been in the studio with a group for six solid weeks you don't want to know about anything. "In fact, you don't want to see the inside of a studio for a long time.

"Well, I've finished with that." There's a definite note of finality in his voice. "From now on, I'm just gonna concentrate on my own recordings".

Edmunds has chosen a hard road to travel. Playing every instrument yourself is no mean feat — try it sometime

We proudly present the **DAVE EDMUNDS** Story (latest episode) in which the Welsh whiz kid plans his big break.

By **ROY CARR**

— but as a means of making records it's lonely and arduous.

Such a modus operandi might mean complete artistic control, but it still doesn't compensate for the undisputed truth that in Edmunds' case it took 18-months to finish an album to capitalise on the single success of "I Hear You Knocking" — by which time it was too late. He failed to follow through with "I'm Coming Home" and "Blue Monday", and worse still, he felt the album was "patchy".

Sadly, Edmunds failed to benefit from these mistakes.

Other than the "Stardust" soundtrack, there was no carefully planned follow-up once "Baby, I Love You"

and "Born To Be With You" again reinstated him in the best-sellers list for a second and third innings.

Fourth time around, however, and Edmunds is fully prepared for every eventuality.

The ink had hardly dried on his brand new Swan Song recording contract when Edmunds's latest single, "Here Comes The Weekend", was being power-played and picked-to-click on almost every radio station throughout Britain.

You know the record — the one that sounds like Don and Phil Everly have patched-up their differences and decided to go-for-broke with a ready-made hit.

Once "Here Comes The Weekend" stops bubbling under and boils over into the Top 30, Edmunds will immediately reinforce his position with an album.

Actually, he isn't unduly concerned whether "Here Comes The Weekend" is a hit or that it sounds distinctively like The Everly Brothers at their best. The aspect he's most concerned about is that it's the first

song he'll openly admit to having written.

"You know, it only took 20 minutes," confesses the co-author, while at the same time desperately trying to contain his boyish enthusiasm.

"I'd gone down to see Graham Parker and The Rumour at The Nashville and casually asked Nick Lowe if he had any new songs that might be suitable for me to record."

Material has always been Dave Edmunds' handicap. Today, he's recording nothing else but other writers songs.

"Anyway, Nick and I started discussing various ideas and within 20 minutes we'd sketched out this idea. You don't know what a breakthrough that was for me — this is the first real song that I've ever written in my life.

"Years ago, I wrote the B-side of a Love Sculpture single but it was so dreadful that I convinced myself that I just couldn't write and so I've never bothered until now."

He continues: "If writing that song with Nick Lowe was amazing, then recording it was astonishing. Three days later, Paul from Roogalator, Steve from The Rumour plus Nick and I booked into an eight track demo studio to try out 'Here Comes The Weekend' and it turned out so well that the demo we cut that afternoon for £45 ended up as the finished master."

Though he's never been adverse to utilising the modern studio technology, Edmunds always favours a simple approach whenever possible. Twenty-four track consols may well give your product a finer finish but the ability to punch-in corrections and remove the slightest human errors has emasculated much of rock 'n' roll. Oldies fans aren't always obsessed with nostalgia or specific artists — it's the sound, the enthusiasm, the sheer excitement that attracts them.

"Today," says Edmunds, "there really is far too much unnecessary overdubbing. People seem to have forgotten that there's absolutely nothing wrong with making records the simple way. If they did, perhaps there'd be far more spirit to the music."

He also has a word to say about guitarists, and his preference for the pickin' styles associated with Scotty Moore and James Burton.

"Nowadays guitarists who can construct short, concise solos hardly exist. It's become a fuzz-tone formula."

Stretching-out, insists Edmunds, is a lame excuse for total lack of discipline and the inability to playing interesting licks.

"If you listen real closely, many guitarists may only get off three good licks in a ten minute solo, the rest of the time they rely on effects instead of actual pickin'. There are so many special effects guitarists can use that it's possible to make an average player sound much better than he really is."

Stand up and be counted!

DAVE EDMUNDS may well exude the ethos of rock better than most, but such is his chameleon persona that, even after six years it's difficult to ascertain his real identity. It could be one of a dozen faces he's revealed on record. Or all of them!

Isn't there the danger of an identity crisis?

"It's all I can do," he says, unconcerned. "If I hadn't started writing my own material with Nick Lowe then, without hesitation, I'd have had to have said 'Yes', there was a great danger."

Well then, will the real Dave Edmunds please stand up!

"I guess, that's the real Dave Edmunds on 'Here Comes The Weekend' . . . anyway, I think it is!"

# BOB SEGER: 'Never argue with a live bullet'

By **LESTER BANGS**

I WENT to see Bob Seger at Pontiac Stadium in the Michigan city of the same name. Nothing so remarkable about that, except that I've seen Bob Seger play clubs in Detroit and Atlanta, I've seen him open for "heavies" at Cobo Hall, I've seen him headline all sorts of medium-size local halls, because he's a local hero and every time he plays here it's kind of like old home week.

But I ain't never seen the likes of this before. Bob Seger, after a decade or so, is finally becoming something

that looks very like a certified star, even if not Super yet.

Oh, he probably couldn't fill a club in L.A., but he's had hit singles, a hot double live album . . . and he damn near sold out Pontiac Stadium, topping a bill with Elvin Bishop and Todd Rundgren.

Pontiac Stadium is bigger than the Houston Astrodome. When they have football games here, they seat 80,000. When The Who played this joint they sold between 76 and 78,000. Aerosmith, with the aid of Ted Nugent and Foghat, did 74,000. Bob Seger didn't sell out Pontiac Stadium, but he did move 65,000 tickets. Forget seats, it's "festival seating." In other words squat and bear it. Even if this place is, as the scoreboard kept reminding us,

"the world's largest enclosed structure," with the world's biggest sound system." (More about the latter later).

I plowed my way through the sweatshops to the press box, and the contrast was, to say the least, interesting. Just picture yourself in the typical festival-seating charnel house of a rock arena venue; everyone sweaty and staggering around, some of them puking, and even the little girls in the halter tops losing a bit of their magnetism through the magic of the steamheat environment, (stringy hair, psychotically glazed eyes, staggering etc.). The first thing Esther (my rock and roll alter ego) and I saw as we trekked cross the acres of parking lot was a fat kid with rumpled shirttail

stumble and fall proboscis-first into the pavement.

You gotta understand that a lot of these kids had been here since five p.m., and it being eight now, the toxicity level is beginning to separate the survivors from the sorry jacks. By the time Seger finished his third encore it was one a.m., which meant that these kids had spent seven hours camping out on this place.

So, understandably, I'm not complaining about the press box. Not when by the simple expedient of walking through a door and flashing a pass you move from the Chicago stockyards to a country club with fully stocked free couches, and all the elite of Detroit media, radio etc. shooting the shit and

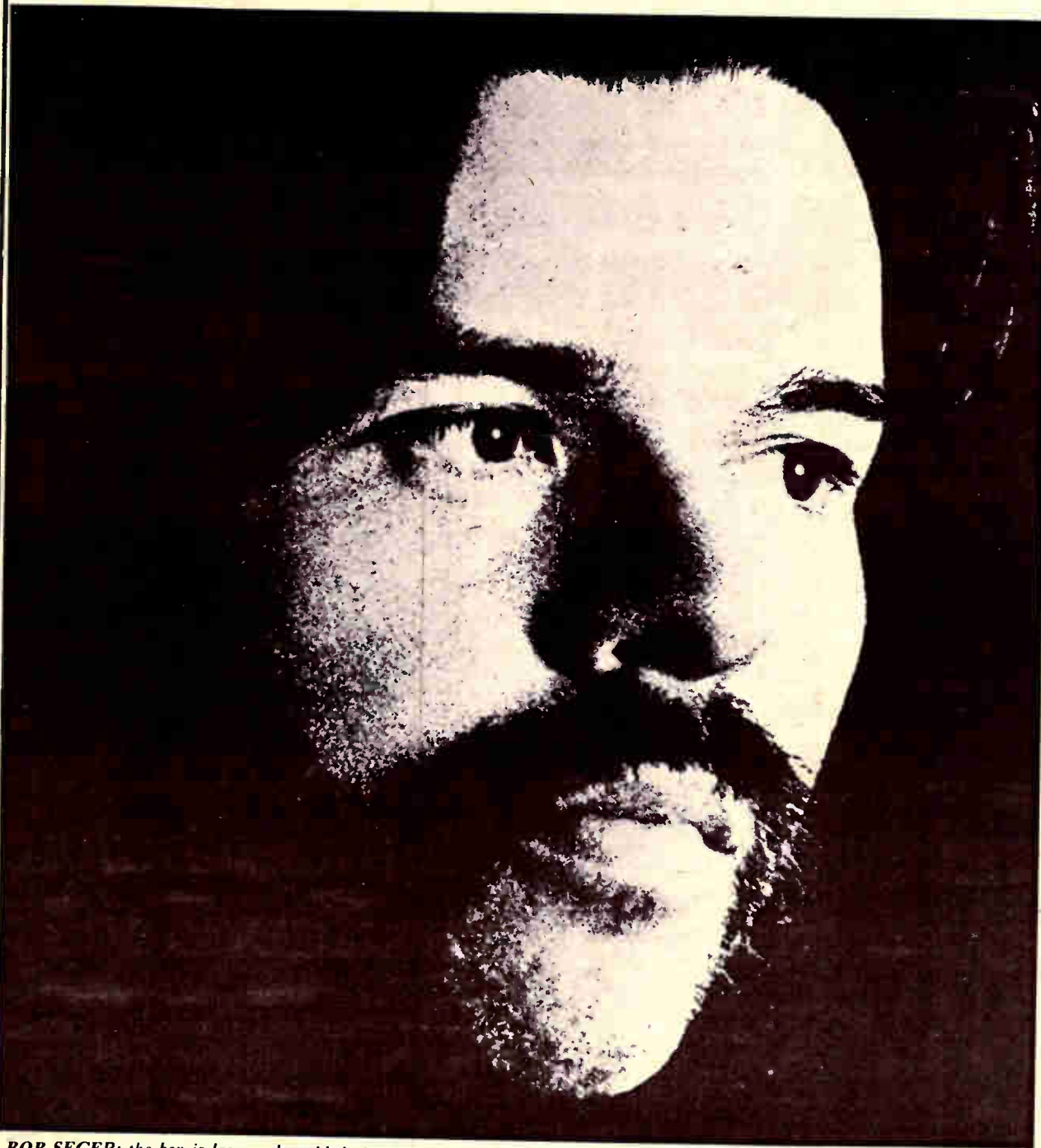
staying as far from Rundgren's synthesiser as possible.

But just don't let anybody tell you, ever again, that rock 'n' roll is "people's music." Rock 'n' roll is \$8.50 a ticket for Bob Seger, and there is an elite, and so what? My complaint is they didn't pass out opera glasses when we breezed through the magical portal.

Because you could hardly see the guy, up there where, outside the press box bar, we lounged back in swivel chairs with our legs up on the counter next to our drinks, idly taking in the rompinstopins. Oh, they had one of those big screens above the stage that made a closeup of Todd Rundgren's



# BOB SEGER



BOB SEGER: the boy is lazy and could do better

face make you think he is a Negro, but no, there was really nothing to see, not in the press box. To see you hadda be out there on the floor of the charnel house. To hear, too — the sound system at this place sucks anyway, claims to the contrary to the contrary — but it assuredly sounds better on the floor (well, obviously) than it does up in the biz-folk box. But don't look at me Jack, I'm not gonna squat on that floor where they're lighting fires that may make it even tougher on the lions. Screw it, you're either on the bus or off the bus. It's in the grooves, anyway, I always say.

Oh yeah, Bob Seger. Here is a guy who has a lot of grit and soul and rock 'n' roll power of the most primal sort. Trouble is, it's spread rather thin over several albums and long out of print singles. If somebody put together the following Seger songs on one album it would be one of the all-time killers: "Persecution Smith," "Sock It To Me Santa," "Heavy Music," "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man," "Lookin' Back," "Lucifer," "Mongrel." Let's see that's one side. Well, take the rest of the stuff from "Mongrel" album, truly, except for a draggy live "River Deep Mountain High" neglected metal classic. Oh yeah, I forgot  $\frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{4}$ .

Okay, all these songs are rock 'n' roll classics, right up there with the best of the Stones, Berry, you name it. They'll floor you. But they're mighty hard to get. Bob, contrary to his recent live album, did just about all of 'em in one long medley in the middle of his Pontiac Stadium set. Like I said, old home week. And when he did that, the energy level in the room rose so measureably it made your toes curl and your hair singe. I almost raped Esther, and that would be almost like raping myself.

It was rock 'n' roll dynamism animalism perfecto. It was everything I wish Bruce Springsteen was—just those few elements of true grit he lacks. It was also a bunch of songs written upwards of or more than a decade ago. Next to them, "Katmandu" and "Beautiful Loser" just don't cut it, not for me at least.


In fact, much of the rest of the set was downright competent, which is worse than being bad. Any asshole can be competent; it takes nerve to be bad in front of ten zillion and not give a damn. Competence is just a code

word for mediocrity. And at his worst Bob Seger is as mediocre as they come. For instance, he over-relies on oldies, and the most obvious ones to boot: "Bo Diddley," "Let it rock," "Little Queenie." Now he's added Ronnie Hawkins' "Mary Lou." But he adds nothing to it, or any of the others. So why do 'em? Because the rest of his originals he don't do don't cut it? Because nobody's ever heard 'em before? No, I'll even give him that one, these kids are young, they were *teething* when Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley first cut those songs. But those songs have been done to death by everyone from the Stones to Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley to Thundermugg. And anyway, if none of these kids remember anything, why not just hit 'em with "Persecution Smith," "Looking Back" and all those other self-penned Seger classics. I mean why even record new albums, just put 'em out again and only old timers like me and Seger's manager Punch Andrews (who has only retarded his stardom by a decade or so) will know the difference.

Also, Bob has absolutely no sense of stage moves. His idea of physical onstage projection is to rock back and forth slightly clapping his hands and bobbing his head. He has made music that has more teeth than Ted Nugent's wildest dreams, yet he projects this utterly depressing sense of restraint. I don't know what's wrong with him. But I do know this — when he did the standard "Do you like rock 'n' roll?" and "Say Yeah!" That Whole audience, all 65,000 of them, shot their fists at him like battering rams **YEAH!!!**

You couldn't feel it in the press box, but you could see it. I never saw anything like it since I saw Slade in England in 1972. But then, I haven't seen Kiss in two years.

P.S. Here comes the wimpout after everything I said about Seger, I think he deserves all the adulation he's getting and more. And not just because he "paid his dues" — because he's one of the last of a dying breed: the unaffected, uncreased browed, unhooked up trueborn disciple of rock 'n' roll. But I also feel the boy is lazy, and I know he can do better, and until he does Old Home Week can go take a flying crap in the rain.

P.P.S. Especially since I was born and bred in  Cajon, California anyway.

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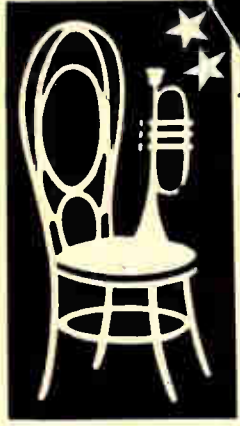




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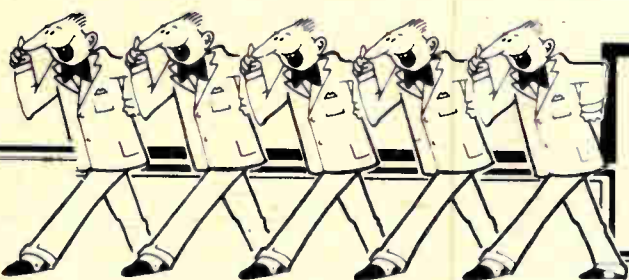
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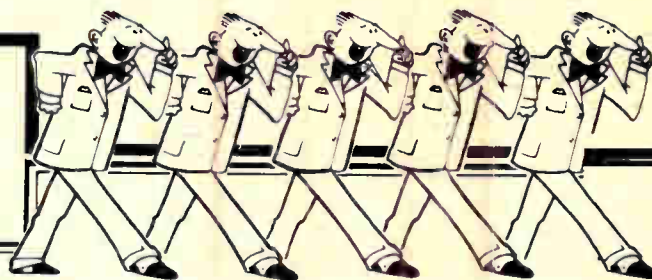
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AN NJF/MARQUEE PRESENTATION NME 3





# THRILLS



"The batteries are dead, man" Pic: BOB GRUEN

## GIMME THAT METAL MACHINE REED!

AN INTERESTING confrontation occurred between Lou Reed and Tom Verlaine in CBGB (the New York niterie — Ed.) Television were about to perform their second set of the evening, when Lou Reed walked in carrying a cassette recorder.

"What's he doin' with that tape recorder," mumbled Tom, who is not known for his great trust of other musicians. "D'you think I should ask him to keep it in the back?"

Ask him for the cassette, or the batteries, it was suggested.

"Hey buddy," Tom sez to Lou. "Whatcha doin' with that machine?"

"The batteries are run down," replies Lou, straightfaced, sincerely.

"Oh yeah?," responds Tom. "Then you won't mind if I take it and hold it in the back, willya?"

"Here," sez Lou generously, "take the cassette." Tom does.

"You'd make a lousy detective, man," sez Lou. "You didn't even notice the two extra cassettes in my pocket, heh-heh." Tom is not amused.

"Okay then pal, let me have the machine, I'll keep it in the back for you . . ."

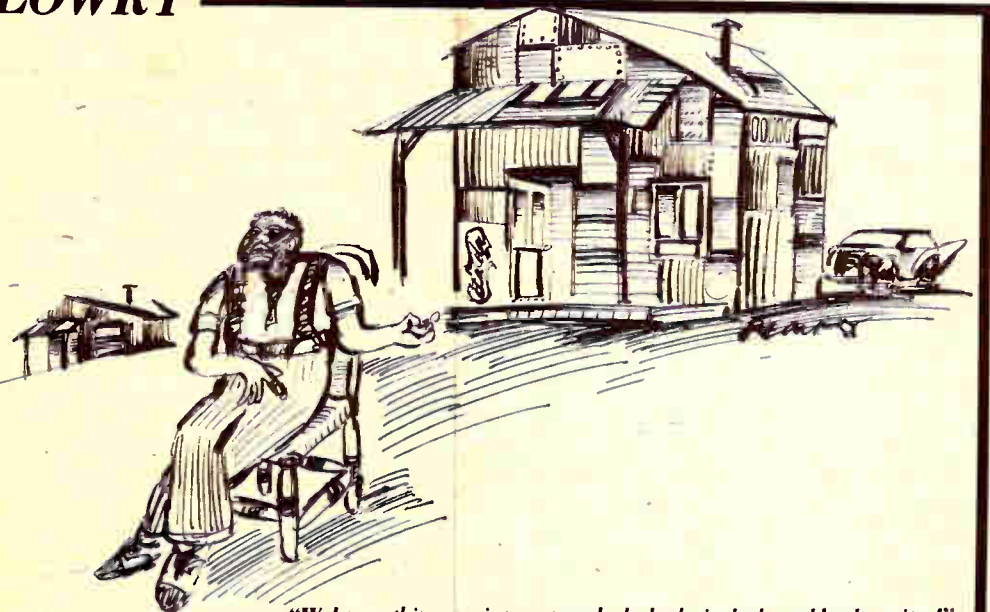
Lou hands over the machine, and says, "Can you believe him?" His eyes widen in surprise, shrugging shoulders, semi-offended.

Later, I remark that isn't it amazing that Tom is so assertive, so confident despite the paranoia. There are so many bands in that club who would be thrilled for Lou Reed to come in and tape them. Tom had guts, I say.

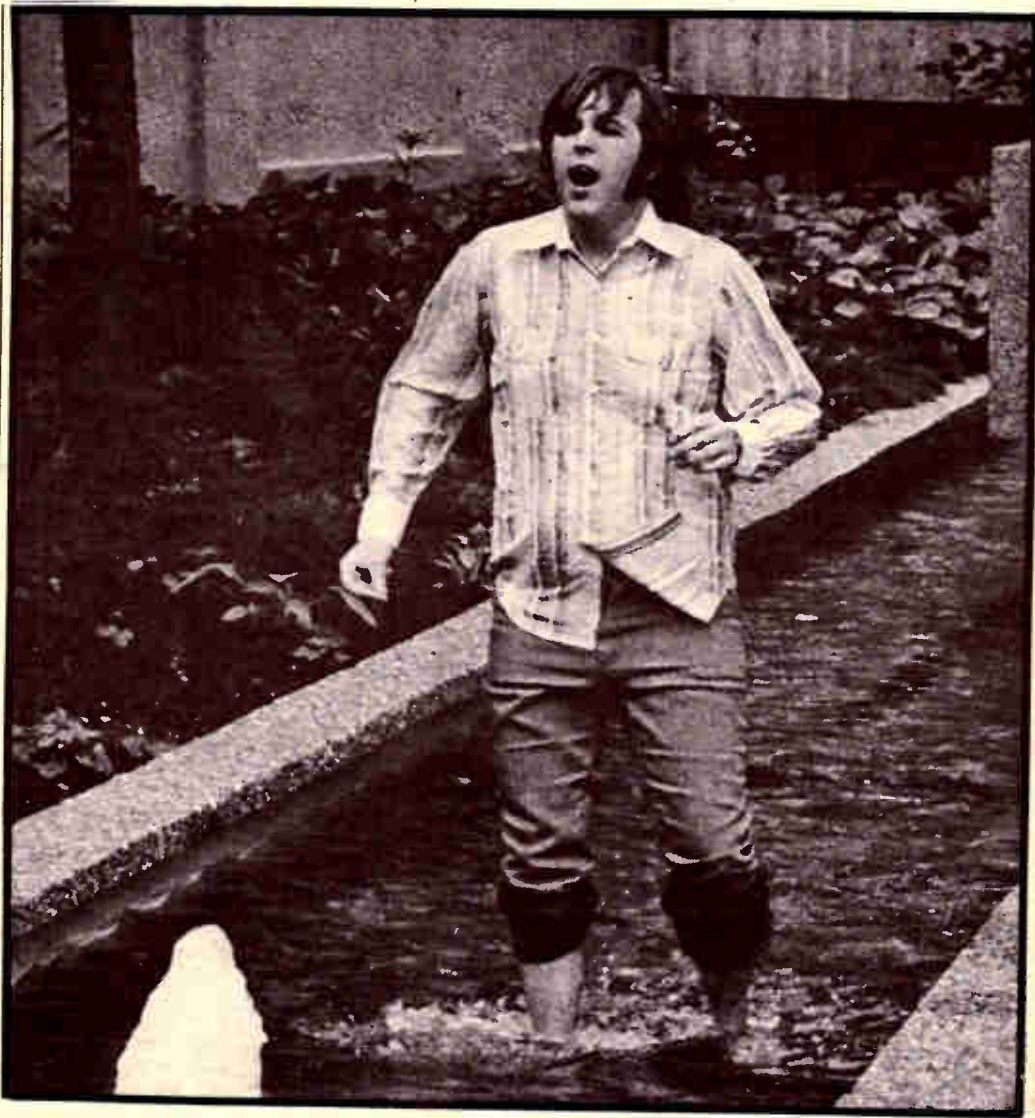
"What's Lou gonna do?," asks Richard Robinson. "Hit him with a flower?"

□ LISA ROBINSON

## LOWRY



"Woke up this morning — somebody had pinched my bloody guitar!"



## GENIUS IS STILL PAIN

(you better believe it!)

SEEMS LIKE I wasn't the only one who found The Beach Boys new album, "15 Big Ones" (sounds like the advert for a male stud farm) more than slightly lacking in originality.

Recently Brian Wilson has not only been writing, singing and producing — he's even been appearing live. At the July 4 concert in Anaheim Stadium a portly figure snuck into the corner and tinkled away at his piano for the entire set.

A momentous occasion? Well Brian had to be coaxed into stepping out front at all. According to a report in Newsweek, his psychiatrist, Dr. Eugene Landy, eventually persuaded him to test the vibrations: "Come on, Brian," he coaxed, "Just take a look at what it's like." Wilson dipped his foot and stayed.

Lately Brian has taken to making impromptu, and usually highly embarrassing, public appearances. There was that time in 1974, when at

Larry Coryell's Troubadour, Los Angeles concert he rushed crazily onto the platform clad in nothing but a bathrobe and slippers and broke into an off the cuff rendition of "Be-Bop-a-Lula". It is understood that Coryell, in the midst of an intricate guitar solo, "Improvisation On Robert De Visee's Sarabande", or somesuch, was a trifle taken aback.

Admittedly The Beach Boys without Brian have never matched the commercial success of The Beach Boys with their older relation, but even so they are apparently thoroughly pissed off at the dubious quality of "15 Big Ones" (named after their years in the business, not Brian's weight) and at Brian's enthusiasm in assisting Capitol with their re-packages of old hits in "Endless Summer" and "Spirit Of America".

It was Brian's wife Marilyn who apparently insisted on her hubby's return to the fold, a decision which has divided the group sharply down the middle. Dennis and Carl were very annoyed and though Al Jardine and Mike Love were all for letting Bri take over the controls, it is Love who seems to resent his intrusion the most vehemently. Quoth his Loveship: "I'm not going on the road like some broken-down rock star."

Diplomat Carl, who has really outclassed Brian's recent Beach Boys contributions with his own and not gained sufficient credit, was "depressed" after the release of the current record, while Dennis put it more strongly: "We were heartbroken. People have waited all this time, anticipating a new album — I hated to give them this. It was a great mistake to put Brian in full control. He was always the absolute producer, but little did he know that in his absence people grew up; we became as sensitive as the next guy. Why should I relinquish my rights as an artist? The whole process was a little bruising."

The situation assumed farcical proportions when the other Beach Boys started sneaking back into the studio after hours, when Brian was safely tucked into his sand-box, to add extra back ground vocals to the songs. Brian had wanted them left "dry".

Before the tour it was obvious Brian was in no

shape to join the group. The guy who never went surfing in his life but wasn't frightened to risk his creativity cells on LSD, arrived for an appointment with psychiatrist Landy, chain-smoking cigarettes, and then stubbing them out after nairy a puff. He insisted to his shrink that, "The Beach Boys are the real big group of the seventies", describing the new record as "nothing that deep". He was still insistent that, "We're going to do another masterpiece. For me material is getting harder and harder to write all the time. I don't know why. It just is."

By his own admission, whatever creative ability still resides in him can be explained by his abuse of "uppers".

Those people who still insist that "15 Big Ones" is a great record are deluding themselves. The fact that Brian has returned to working — and I use the term loosely — after an absence of nearly five years, is irrelevant. There is no logical definition of art that says past genius justifies present sterility. The record is interesting for its morbid quality, the record of a once celestial classicist fighting to recreate a lost innocence.

Dennis says: "There will always be a Beach Boys. Being a Beach Boy is like being in love" but everyone knows love affairs don't last forever. The rock and roll highway is paved with losers and Brian Wilson needs his over-haul pretty quick.

□ MAX BELL



"I always did have this thing about Nip birds"

## A Spectre is haunting Kaeko

TWENTY-ONE YEAR-old Ms Kaeko Nakamura, a Japanese psychology student from Osaka attending English Language courses in London, has been feeling a little troubled of late. Ever since July 3, 1969, in fact.

July 3, 1969, was the date on which Brian Jones was found floating dead in his swimming-pool.

July 3 is also Kaeko's birthday. Kaeko reckons that since then she's been haunted by the spirit of Brian Jones.

"I had a premonition that he would drown," says Ms Nakamura, "He died on my birthday. Ever since that day my family and I have heard his voice in my bedroom."

"For years I have been living with Brian's spirit."

In an attempt to break up this relationship with the spirit of the former Rolling Stone Kaeko recently paid a visit to its worldly manifestation's grave in Cheltenham.

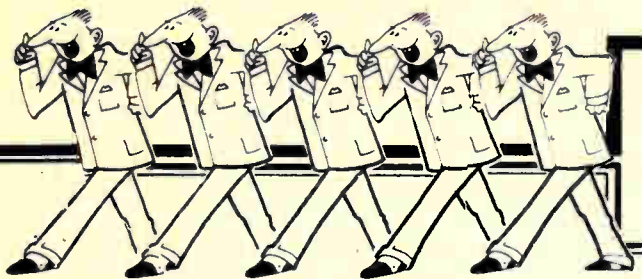
"Now that I have visited his grave," Kaeko comments, "I think I will be free of his spirit when I return to Japan."

□ CHRIS SALEWICZ

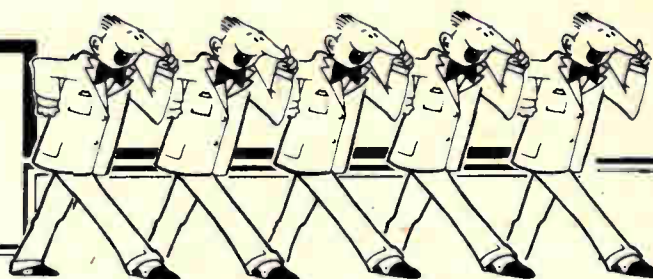


GLUESNIFFERS AND MODELMAKERS beware. There is a new glue on the market called Loctite Super Glue 3 which is lethal. Take the case of 17-year-old Stephen North from Bath. There he was, happily making a model, when his tube of glue burst over his fingers. A little while later he was admitted to the local hospital's accident department as his fingers and thumb on one hand had become rigidly stuck together. It was eventually freed by sweat which collected in his palm underneath the glue.





# THRILLS



## ELVIS AND THE GLORY OF LOVE

"TO SEE Elvis and his former wife together is to witness the power and the glory of love" comments *Screen Stories* magazine.

Yes, nothing could be truer, even of that loving couple, Gregg and Cher.

And how joyous it is, as top Hollywood writer Enid Norton notes, that Priscilla expects Elvis will be the father of her next baby!!!! Such, as Elvis himself once chirruped into the charts, is *The Wonder Of Love*.

Let's take a stroll down Lover's Lane, Beverley Hills, and find out what really gives with that woosome twosome.

When she and Elvis were married, Priscilla, as Enid whispers in my ear, "didn't have to lift a finger for a glass of water. What girl," asks Enid, perhaps with just a touch of irony, "could ask for anything more?"

Well, Priscilla could ask for more. Priscilla asked for the ordinary, downhome truths of existence. Gold-plated Cadillacs or boxed gift sets of Hershey bars — Priscilla only had to give the nod and they were her's. But, as Enid so astutely comments, "Priscilla knew there was a world outside Grace Mansion and the Presley estate in Beverley Hills." Priscilla was a thinking woman, a woman with a mind of her own. Who knows, perhaps whilst out shopping at the local K-Mart with Elvis's karate instructor, Mike Stone, Priscilla had scored a copy of *The Female Eunuch*.

Who knows indeed? Whatever, Priscilla knew that that world, was there — and now we must return to Enid once more — "She wanted to touch that world, feel its vibration, throb to it, be part of it, contribute to it."

And so she made with *The Big Split*. And after she left, didn't the state Elvis get himself into just prove that he needed the tender care of a woman around the house? He didn't eat a healthy balanced diet. He didn't get his proper rest. Often he was tired and emotional.

Money, you see, can't always buy happiness. Perhaps, by the end of last year, Elvis had begun to understand that without Priscilla his life was empty, shallow, devoid of meaning. Perhaps his physical state could even be attributed to no longer having a karate instructor to call his own. Perhaps he understood that if he were to regain his former stature, the King would have to go a-courting again.

— And there was only one woman he wanted to court!!!

And so, just before Christmas of last year, Elvis flew from Memphis to California, where he became re-united with Priscilla and his daughter, Lisa Marie. They jetted away to Vail,

Colorado, and bought a condominium — together. And the bedroom according to Enid's informant, is currently being rebuilt as an exact duplicate of Elvis' bedroom in Memphis: with that essence of Southern taste that enhances everything with which Elvis is concerned, it will have a royal blue bedspread, blue shag-pile carpeting and teak walls.

And is it just coincidence that, with *The Bedroom* recreated, A Friend of Elvis has told Enid that not only are Elvis and Priscilla discussing re-marriage — they've been seen together in Beverley Hills eateries like *The Bistro* and *Chasens* totally ignoring the big male friends who always go everywhere with the King — but that now the talks is of a brother or sister for Lisa Marie.

Kinda reasserts your faith in human nature, don't it?

□ CHRIS SALEWICZ

You'll score **54,000** hits with our joint deal!

Hasting News 3.8.76 Sent by Digger

## The unacceptable face of DONALD DUCK?

YOU MAY NOT have realised it, but all the years you spent watching or reading the adventures of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy, Minnie, Pluto et al you weren't, in fact, getting simple, innocent fun. You probably weren't aware, moreover, that your infant brain was being conditioned and softened by subtle but powerful capitalist propaganda.

You didn't. As a matter of fact neither did I, but that's the theory put forward by two left-wing Chilean educators, Ariel Dorfman and Armand Mattelart, in their book "How To Read Donald Duck."

The book came into being during the Allende administration in Chile. Dorfman and Mattelart were working on a new form of educational comics that would be in line with the progressive Marxist regime. As part of their research, the two men made a close study of the Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse comics from the Disney empire.

Disney comics do not enjoy a very large slice of the market for children's comics either in Britain or the USA. They sell more in some European countries, but in the third world they have something like a near monopoly in the comic book field. In Chile, at the time of Allende coming to power, Disney comics were selling a fantastic ten million copies a year.

The Disney comics that are sold in Africa and South America are a mixture of translated American strips that were first published in the US during the 50s, and new strips with a local bias, drawn by freelance artists employed by Disney's overseas bureau.

The Disney organisation reportedly issues each freelance artist with a lengthy specification manual. This is said to contain definite rules that the artist will invent "no new characters" and show "no use of firearms." It also forbids "geographical localizing", "dirty business tricks", "social differences" and "political ideas."

Dorfman and Mattelart, in their book, "How to Read Donald Duck", go even deeper. They cite instances like a strip where Jiminy Cricket cheers as two vultures called Marx and Hegel (you read it right) are stopped from gobbling up two sweetly beribboned Disney kittens by a shotgun wielding farmer. The cricket's payoff comment reads: "Firearms are the only thing these birds are afraid of."

Dorfman and Mattelart, however, interpret this as a kind of white-washing double talk. They view the adventures of Donald Duck and co. as being riddled with "greed, dirty tricks, cupidity, conspicuous consumption and competition for success in a duck-eat-duck world." Strong stuff huh?

According to the Chilean study, three out of every four of the Donald Duck strips are concerned with Donald and his nephews, Huey, Dewey and Louie, looking for treasure in some backward nation like "Aztecland", "Outer Congolia" or "San Bananador." In almost every case, claim Dorfman and Mattelart, the ducks relieve the gullible, all male natives of some kind of treasure that they are too dumb to recognise as valuable.

The relationship between ducks and natives is described as being a "replica of that between empire and colony or master and slave."

In summing up, they accuse Donald Duck of

"ramming the exploited condition down people's throats with honey." They force the "natives" to see themselves as they are in the American mass culture."

In Chile, the situation apparently went even deeper. In the period prior to the overthrow of Allende, while the CIA were arming the rightists, Donald and his nephews were off on their travels again, in the comics. This time they were rounding up a gang of revolutionaries and restoring the king.

Mattelart and Dorfman might have been written off as a pair of over-sensitive, obsessive lefties, had not the authorities so amazingly over reacted. When Allende was overthrown, "How to Read Donald Duck" was one of the books immediately put on the military junta's proscribed list. Along with other "subversive" works it was publicly burned. Dorfman and Mattelart were lucky to be able to flee the country.

In June 1975, shipments of an English edition were seized by the U.S. Customs Bureau as a possible infringement of the Disney copyright. After a year, the books have finally been permitted to enter the USA.

It is still possible that Disney Inc. will sue for copyright infringement. If they do, the publishers, represented by lawyers from the American Centre for Constitutional Rights, will fight. Their argument is that the copyright of "industrial folklore" (i.e. advertising, brand images, cartoon characters etc. that invade our daily lives) is a direct impediment to free speech. It is a breach of the first amendment to the constitution if they cannot be reproduced as a part of criticism, comment or analysis.

Disney Inc. are, of course, likely to maintain that they own M. Mouse, D. Duck and their pals lock, stock and whisker.

Whatever the outcome, the whole matter of the overseas comic operation would seem to be a definite cloud hanging over Duckburg.

□ RUDY THE CROW

## FAMILY ALBUM



Specially for Marc Bolan: Gloria Jones.

## LONE GROOVER



## BENYON



**THE HOLLYWOOD SUBCONSCIOUS SLURPS UP FOUR NEW MOVIES: MYTH BREAKERS & MONEY MAKERS**

**GOODBYE NORMA JEAN**

**Director: Larry Buchanan**  
 "NOT LEGEND, not even the way she told it, *this is the way it was*," claims the blurb, but this is no documentary. More fictional (factoidal?) than Mailer, it's a mishmash of things that sound like they might have happened to the Marilyn of legend.

Rape — she always said she'd been raped early in life, but was it by a speedcop demanding a favour in return for not booking her?

An affair with an elderly Hollywood producer who dies in the middle of launching her — well we've all heard that, but why is his name Hal James in the film? I thought he was called Johnny Hyde.

Whoring with a lesbian producer who watches snuff movies in her spare time — maybe that reflects more contemporary obsessions.

Mind you, Hollywood in 1950 must have been an awfully wicked place. Marilyn — sorry, Norma Jean — never

gets so much as a civil word, let alone a screen test, out of a producer unless she drops on one beautifully nyloned knee to minister to his comforts.

There's a fine ring of contempt in her (suddenly unhusky) tones as she tells men like him what girls like her think of them ("I went without my lunch and bought new white gloves to come down here this afternoon. But I didn't care — because I had a dream!") and yet, she gets on with it all the same.

When she finally lands herself a contract, she announces quite explicitly that she won't be giving blow-jobs on the casting couch no more . . .

And it's a relief for us as well as her, because the sex scenes in *Goodbye N.J.* are very insidiously yucky, the sort of thing that can put an audience off its oats for a full twenty-four hours.

Moreover, the script is crass. Flashbacks to the little Norma behind the orphanage bars, or being smothered in bed by her grandmother — both classics

of the legend — are done in hackneyed "dream sequence"; while the ghost of Norma's mad mother appears in the looking glass in her room at the Studio Club and is addressed, bravely, thus: "Hullo Mama — I'm getting there." Shades of *Born In A Trunk!*

But Misty Rowe is a real find (you may have seen her already as Maid Marian in *When Things Were Rotten*). No, she doesn't look like Marilyn, though she looks like some of Marilyn's pictures all right (the later rather than the earlier ones) and she is more pretty, less direct and less unusual (less unique, as journalists say these days). But she does light up all over the place and it is a pleasure just to watch her, as it used to be with Marilyn.

Ladies and Gentlemen, she is worthy of playing our Heroine. They should have given her a better chance.

But if you want to know about the young Norma Jean, look at the first dozen photographs in Mailer's book. Don't read; just look. **Kate Phillips**



**MISTY ROWE (left) and MARGAUX HEMINGWAY — sexual losers . . .**

**LIPSTICK**

**Director: Lamont Johnson**

DESPITE THE INANE advertisements, which not only blow an ending that would otherwise be quite a surprise but also show a markedly thick-skinned idea of what the film is supposed to be about, *Lipstick*, starring Margaux Hemingway, Ernest Hemingway's stunning Amazon (6' 1") of a granddaughter (currently America's reigning Face cover girl, wife of a hamburger millionaire and Celebrated Person) is rather interesting.

The film deals with the topical subject of rape, its significance and its consequences in a society that supposedly condemns rape but judges victims of it with little compassion or comprehension.

Unfortunately, despite attempts at making some intelligent points by consulting with a national organisation which deals with rape victims, the makers of the film have largely failed by displaying a preference for melodrama rather than insight.

A much more effective treatment of rape was presented in the television film *A Case Of Rape*, which featured Elizabeth Montgomery as a bewildered housewife in a credible re-enactment of a real trial, thought-provoking for its cool depiction of the crime and its sorry aftermath.

"*Lipstick*" handles the subject in such highly emotional terms that even the most sexist of clods must sympathise with the beauteous

model victim and cringe from her weirdo violator, whose existence, as we see it, seems to be taken up with being a "dirty pervert."

All of the characterisations are thumbnail sketches, but if the film is protesting in a small way, as it is, that women are treated as caricatures, it's not very perceptive to handle the male protagonist that way. It would have been more interesting had it not been so obvious from the first frame of Chris Sarandon's flaring nostrils that he was going to assault the girl.

Certainly the screen rape is ugly and scary enough to help dispel the myths that all women long to be raped and that a man cannot rape an unwilling woman without holding a knife at her throat. To watch the startled, terrified woman beaten brutally, her face smeared grotesquely with the lipstick she promotes in a cosmetic campaign, bound with her scarves and hair ribbons to the bed posts and sodomised is not sexy fodder for fantasy.

It is vicious, upsetting and infuriating.

The rapist is no Rudolph Valentino wafting Vilma Banky into his luxuriously appointed tent to awaken her soul. He is committing the worst of crimes — denial of another's will.

Anne Bancroft is the real saving grace of the film, enormously powerful as the shrewd, tough, articulate prosecuting attorney who challenges with ferocity the notion that the woman "asked for it." It is through her that scriptwriter David Rayfiel makes the most pertinent observations.

"You sell her," she spits at the ad agency boyfriend of the model, "you tell people to look at her, buy her."

In the most effective scene

the model is confronted with the "illusory" image of herself that she has conspired to create. When the defence parades glossy, seductive advertising blow-ups of the model to establish that she is a sexual commodity the girl is shattered by the attempt to justify her work.

A sympathetic Bancroft draws from her the shaken assertion that "I'm supposed to look the way every woman wants to be."

Despite Bancroft's Perry Mason cunning the rapist is acquitted, and from that point the plot goes incredibly awry. A further, more psychic outrage from her the shaken climax geared to the *Death Wish* minded vigilantes among us leaves us with neatly spouted concluding platitudes about justice and violence in society that provoked several understandable snickers in the preview audience. Too bad.

The degradation of rape is something few men really understand, yet it is simply the violent end result of men's persisting attitudes towards women. Most of the women I know have constantly and to their extreme annoyance to contend with passing strangers who feel that they have the right to comment on a woman's appearance in the crudest terms or to grope her, just because she is a woman and they are men.

This is supposed to be flattering, to be spoken to or handled like something in a cattle show?

As long as men persist in this belief women will continue to suffer from more than physical violation, and it will take a stronger, more thoughtfully written and more sensitively produced project than *Lipstick* to change anybody's minds. But it is a long way from *The Sheik*.

**Angie Errigo**



**Resolution. Andy Pratt's first album on Nemperor.**

"Emotionally and spiritually overwhelming . . . By reviving the dream of rock as art and then reinventing it, Pratt has forever changed the face of art!"

Rolling Stone

"A staggering voice . . . A soul singer in the most profound sense of the term."

Melody Maker

"Andy Pratt is brimful of vitality . . . Give him a listen."

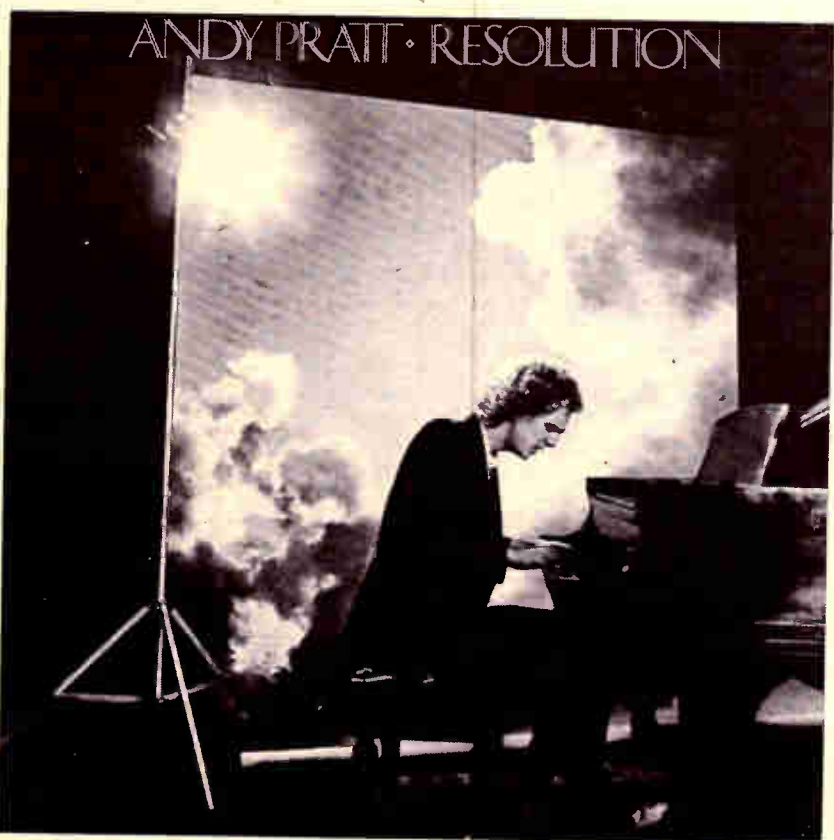
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You may have never heard him before. And you've never heard anything like him.



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# SCREEN

## GOING TO THE PICTURES

### THE OUTLAW — JOSEY WALES

**Director: Clint Eastwood**  
IN WHICH, having established flobbering as a valid image addendum, Clint Eastwood recreates The Man With No Name that he played in the Leone trilogy and, armed only with his guns and his spittle, gallops around Kansas, Missouri and Texas in what seems at first to be nothing more than a basic Revenge Western.

Where the Man With No Name would flick aside a cigar butt to announce the impending doom of whosoever was the flickee, Josey Wales makes his intentions clear with his chewing tobacco-dripping flob. Insects, carpet baggers' vests, dead men's heads... You name it. Josey'll spit on it. The Story So Far: Farmer Josey Wales's wife and son are



CLINT EASTWOOD

killed and his farm is burnt to the ground by Union guerrillas.

Josey is left for dead. Josey joins up with a bunch of Rebel guerrillas — interesting how the romantic characters of the American Civil War are always baddie southerners — who, at the end of the war, are tricked into surrendering to the (now legitimate) Union guerrillas that had caused Josey to leave his farm.

Needless to say, it's a trap. Needless to say, Josey appears to have sussed this and is the only member of the band not to have come in to swear allegiance to the North.

Josey Wales wreaks as much vengeance on the Union camp as a young man armed with a Gatling gun is able to before splitting to ride further and further South away from the omni-present bounty hunters. You've heard the radio ads by now, oh London Listeners: "A man's gotta do something for a living these days," says the Bounty Hunter to Josey in the Lost Lady saloon in Santo Rio.

"Dying ain't much of a living, boy," suggests Josey quite reasonably and kills him. It's almost certain that he also spits in that scene too.

Actually, for those who've never been able to shake off the heritage with which the English educational system presents us — you know the one: a good solid quotation to back up each paragraph — there's a scene a few minutes further on in which Josey has a line that the radio advertisement copywriters must have missed as a far more succinct summation of the movie.

"It ain't dying that's hard for people like you and me. It's living," Josey tells Ten Bears, the Comanche chief, as he persuades the Indian not to attack his new home that's filled with the adopted family Josey's gathered round him, this revenge Western having developed into a fairly epic picaresque tale.

In fact, *Josey Wales* is, of course, yet another quasi-metaphysical Quest For The American Dream — see also *Huckleberry Finn*, or if you prefer, *Easy Rider*. The Man Who Goes Looking For Freedom (aka America) And Finds Himself. In this instance, the person he is attempting to rediscover is the Missouri farmer self he had before the Union guerrillas wreaked havoc with his life.

Visually, the ever-changing American scenery is quite staggeringly beautiful: *Josey Wales* is stunning. To recreate an approximation of the character

that revived his career back in the 60's Eastwood — who, in the tradition of all Great Western Actors, appears only to be playing himself in the movie, uses more than one or two Leone directorial devices in filming himself — notably the constant shots of Wales taken from the waist with his face covered in his stetson's shadow. *Josey Wales* is also, after the initial traumas have started the plot along, a very funny film.

I reckon you'll probably be able to handle about four screenings of it.

Chris Salewicz

### BUFFALO BILL AND THE INDIANS

**Director: Robert Altman**  
ROBERT ALTMAN always has been a law unto himself and Buffalo Bill is yet another example of how far one can get from the standard idea of a box-office movie while still remaining a commercial success. Film buffs can have field days exploring the many-layered subtleties of the plot while yer average punter can enjoy what is, basically, a very classy and entertaining pic.

Altman's stated intentions with the film were to draw parallels between the entertainers of yesteryear and

modern showbiz, with Buffalo Bill as the focus.

You see, old BB was in fact a phony, a showman who just looked the way that great Indian hunters should and was smart enough to realise that he could capitalise on this. The whole persona of Buffalo Bill was merely an invention of a dime novelist called Ned Buntline which William F. Cody grabbed in order to sell himself and his show to a waiting world, a world ready and eager to catch a glimpse of the real Wild West.

The setting of the film is the Wild West Show's encampment somewhere east of the Rocky Mountains, and it is here that we are introduced to the motley collection of characters that go to make up the 19th Century's greatest entertainment attraction.

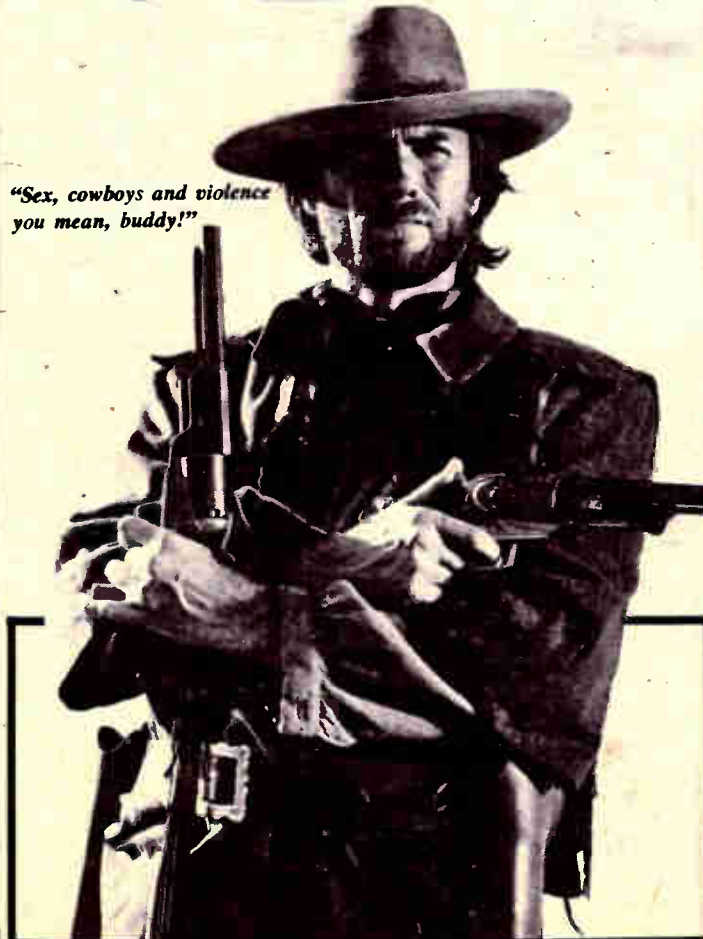
Buffalo Bill (Paul Newman)

Sex & cowboys, cowboys & sex . . .

That's all them Hollywood dudes ever think about.

'Fact, it's all we ever think about, so let's hear it for: Sex & Cowboys,

# COWBOYS & SEX



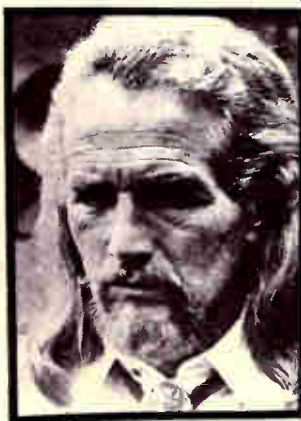
"Sex, cowboys and violence you mean, buddy!"

plays the star turn, swaggering around resplendent to maintain his chosen status.

The producer Nate Salisbury (Joel Grey), a diminutive, black-garbed hustler with the facts and figures at his fingertips, organises, cajoles and advises his wasted star in his chosen profession of Codyfying the world.

PRO man for the operation is Major John Burke (Kevin McCarthy), whose wildman appearance belies the command of verbal diarrhoea which allows him to introduce a mediocre opera singer as "this compellingly cornucopious canary, this cultivated coloratura from Colorado."

Backing up these front men are a conglomeration of characters ranging from the neurotic sharpshooter Annie Oakley (Geraldine Chaplin) to the cynical Ned Buntline (Burt Lancaster), who combine with a real-life cast of rodeo entertainers and stuntmen to give the correct period-piece flavour of the Wild West Show, that spuri



PAUL NEWMAN

ous mixture of skill, sawdust and bullshit that entertained a whole generation.

Against this background enters a new star, Chief Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) and his companion Halsey (Will Sampson) who Nate Salisbury has decided to introduce in order to boost box-office takings. Sitting Bull never speaks, preferring to let Halsey do the mouth movement for both of them but he radiates an atmosphere of power and control that Buffalo Bill just cannot handle.

After all, Bull is the genuine article, one of the greatest Indian chiefs of them all, and BB knows it. When faced with the real thing Buffalo Bill always comes off second best and, no matter how he tries to fight it, the truth of that keeps emerging to haunt him.

Paul Newman, by all accounts attempting to do in this what Brando achieved in *Last Tango* — ie show he can still cut it — tackles head on what is probably the most difficult part of his career. After all, Buffalo Bill is a version of Newman himself, a superstar who has become public property, a human being with a giant legend to support.

For my money he makes it — just. All those years of earning millions through MOR movies have taken their toll, but the final scenes where he paces his sumptuous quarters haunted by the ghost of Sitting

Bull like some latterday Wild West MacBeth are really powerful stuff.

Although the rest of the cast are good they really play second string to Altman's overall directorial vision. Mention should be made though of Will Sampson (Big Chief of *Cuckoo's Nest*) and Burt Lancaster, whose dry remarks provide a sharp cutting edge for axing the legend of Buffalo Bill. The script throughout is strong, the photography sharp and the direction clear and smooth: an accomplished piece of filmmaking. Dick Tracy



"Who do you want to play, Shomron or Amin?"

# SCREEN DREAM

THE ERA of the "instant film" is upon us. Witness the incredible activity surrounding the story of the Israeli rescue mission at Entebbe airport. Hardly had the swarthy kibbutzers set foot back on their home tarmac before the wheeler and dealers in Hollywood were sizing up the whole real life escapade for a celluloid spectacular.

George Roy Hill, director of *The Sting*, was the first out the starting blocks, stamping his claim on the whole affair by taking out a double page *Variety* ad announcing his forthcoming spectacular — but if he thought that would tie the whole thing up he was much mistaken. To date some sixteen film companies have got their spoke in, and it might not stop there.

The Israelis are taking the thing very seriously. Not only will this burst of activity provide the biggest booster to the local film industry since *Exodus*, but the Israelis are bound to come out the heroes whatever the version is, which can't be bad for national morale. Prime Minister Rabin has gone so far as to set up a special senior cabinet committee to discuss the various offers being put forward by the studios.

The likeliest prospect to date seems the Warner Brothers version which, it was announced recently, will have a \$20 million budget and will star Steve McQueen as Brigadier General Dan Shomron.

Entebbe could just be the tip of a large iceberg. United National Pictures have announced plans to film *The Chowchilla Incident*, that true life epic of the mass kidnapping of 26 children in California, and there's a deluge of other "instants" in the offing. How about doing a Chinese earthquake movie, or a medical detection pic on Lhasa fever? Believe me, it's only a matter of time.

UNLIKELY PARTNERSHIP of John Wayne and Lauren Bacall looks set to pay dividends in the Duke's latest pic *The Shootist*, the heartwarming tale of an ageing gunfighter dying of cancer and a widowed boarding-house operator. American critics claim that it knocks *True Grit* into a bucket... 1976 could see the return of the women to frontline stardom. Many Ms's have been fretting in private and in print about the shortage of strong female leads. But the tide is turning it seems. Susan Blakely, femme lead in *Rich Man, Poor Man*, the soap opera of the '70s, has just been signed to a three picture contract which could earn her a million bucks before she's very much older. The deal kicks off with the screen version of the Harold Robbins fleshpot *The Lonely Lady*, which could see Blakely, and women actors in general, really going places...

While we're on the subject of women there's a film coming out about corruption in a convent starring Glenda "I'll-bear-my-breast-for-anyone" Jackson. After some searching around for a suitable title it's finally been settled as *Nasty Habits*...

As if *King Kong* wasn't enough they announced plans for *Queen Kong*, starring, among others, Her Royal Highness lookalike Mrs Jeanette Charles of Danbury, Essex. As if that wasn't enough, news comes of a *Baby Kong* being put together by sci-fi director Mario Bava for a Christmas release...

Strange but true: *Benji*, that nauseous tale of a lovable mutt, has broken all known records for a US film in Japan. New house records were set in all five major cinemas in Tokyo and the Japs, it seems, can't get enough of the little hairy monster. Still, I suppose of they went for *Monty Python* they'd go for anything... which brings me to *Jabberwocky*, co-written and directed by Terry Gilliam. Based on the Lewis Carroll poem of the same name it features two other Pythons, Palin and Jones, and is described as a "Medieval Jaws", a "vile and vicious monster ravaging the lands outside the walled kingdom of King Bruno the Questionable." The Python team are backed up by squad of seasoned British laugh-mongers including Bernard Breslaw, Harry H. Corbett and Max Wall...

Farewell, Fritz Lang, mastermind of *Metropolis*, who died in LA last week. We'll all miss you...

*Volunteer Jam* is a Southern rock a full length movie. Filmed live at a concert at Middle Tennessee State University in Murfreesboro (where?) it features Charlie Daniels Band, Marshall Tucker Band, Dickie Betts and Chuck Leavell (ex-Allmans) and other obscurati...

Snatch watchers will be sad to learn that pornopic on Patty Hearst will not now be released. An injunction has been granted preventing this semi-documentary flesh film getting out until at least numerous lawsuits are settled...

New James Bond movie now to be *Warhead*... Kirk Douglas' film company bankrolling Ray Bradbury's screen version of *Something Wicked This Way Comes* while Salvador Dali announces plans to make new horror movie... Have also heard rumours that Jodorowsky is planning movie of *Dune*...

Finally, if there's any young black kids out there reading this column, perk up your ears. Columbia Pictures have launched a major talent search to find a teenager to portray the young Muhammad Ali in a Biopic entitled *The Greatest*. They could be looking for you... That's it. Forrest Lawns



# GRATEFUL DEAD



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# SINGLES

FLUFF. My exterior scanners detect it everywhere. Mountains of fluff, oceans of fluff, fluff puffing up over fluffy horizons, fluff falling thick from fluffier skies.

Imagine vastness. Imagine terminal enormosity. Imagine an area so gigantic that your skull splits open with the sheer gargantuan strain of it all.

Then double it. A fluffy infinity. An infinity of fluff.

Fluff on my stylus, fluff in my aural receptors. Friends, be informed that I am beset, besieged, surrounded and ultimately encompassed by enough fluff to stuff a scale model of Demis Roussos or muffle the mighty maw of Leviathan himself.

For I am your new Singles Column and, in this thirty-first week of 1976 (to paraphrase the Great Beast Crowley), Fluff Is The Law.

Take ROD STEWART, for instance.

His new single, "The Killing of Georgie Parts 1 & 2" (Riva), is a worthy effort. It's over six minutes long and there's a nice picture of a lion savaging the Stewart tartan on the label, but when my rock critic gave it a spin to check that the sound was up to standard, a strange sequence of events was set in train.

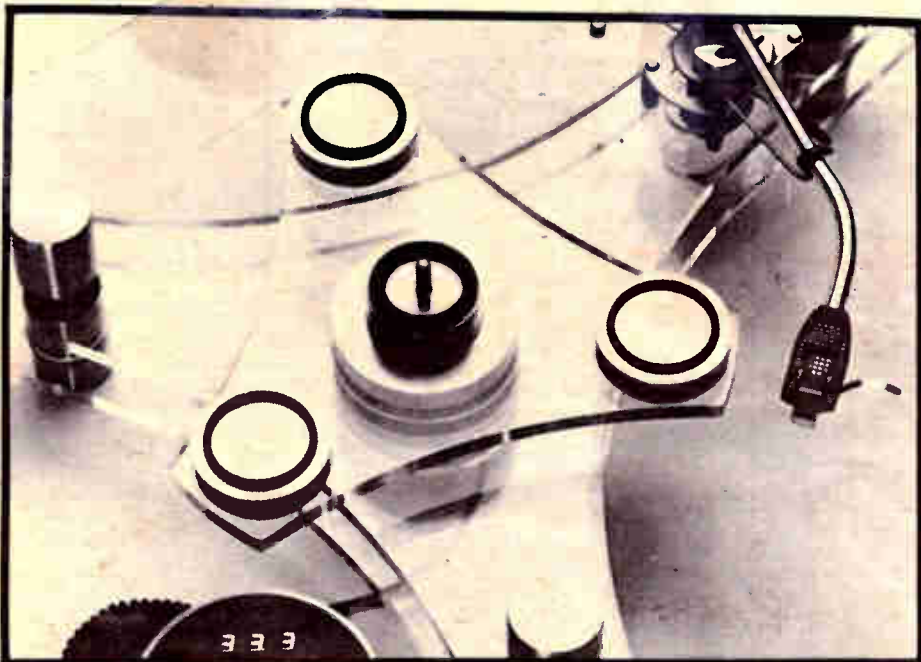
At first, all was quiet — or relatively so. A watery, tinkling noise filled the room and Rod's oh-so-familiar hoarsely heartrending glottals swam, as it were, into listening vision.

The fishy, swishy tintinabulations of the backing-track stirred an association in the sub-cortical region of my rock critic's shrivelled cerebrum and he recalled an occasion when, as a boy of twelve, he had clutched to his breast an EP by the Modern Jazz Quartet and timidly enquired of a chum as to his opinion of the trendsetting sonorities the disc displayed. "They tinkle," his pal retorted, dourly. "I can't stand groups that tinkle."

Such was the case, my rock critic felt, with much of today's popular music — from Andrea True Connection to The Soft Machine — but he had not bargained for the astringently-larynxed Stewart cow-towing to the same debilitating aesthetic.

Nevertheless the lyrics seemed to hold some promise. They were all about a golden-hearted gay boy in New York and all the wonderful friends he had, and my rock critic was just getting interested when suddenly it happened.

With a splintering pop, both stereo speakers burst open, scattered fragments of polished



## OH MY GOD! FLUFF!

... "My rock critic never had a chance. He was smothered instantly. I, the SINGLES COLUMN, would have to be self-written. I would have to produce myself. What could I do with these humans."



Fluff??

teak and moulded plastic into the corners of the room. For what seemed like countless aeons, but was actually 0.0004 of a second, there was a deadly hush, broken only by the sound of Concorde flying low overhead.

Then, softly, inexorably, it came. FLUFF — billowing out of the shattered speakers like sewage from a coastal sump.

My rock critic never had a chance. He was smothered in under a minute.

Only when the stylus lifted from the record on my rock critic's deck did the white horror cease to body forth from those detonated Wharfedales — and then I saw the thing I had to do.

I, the Singles Column that my rock critic had been about to write, would have to be self-written. To borrow a term from the eminent cybernetician Stafford Beer, I would have to be the world's first *autopoietic* Singles Column. I would have to produce myself.

IT WAS an extraordinary situation. The Next Week Box had had many entertaining adventures in long-gone issues of *New Musical Express*, but his



Fluff.

exploits had not been self-penned but ghosted by living rock critics. Likewise, the erratic Crossword Puzzle had always had a sub to keep it in line and those little furry Teazers would do no more than squeak and run around under

the skirting-board had it not been for the expert trainer NME employed to teach them discipline and a little basic mid-Atlantic slang.

As for Gasbag — well, everyone knew he was a hollow sham constructed each week by mere readers.

But none of the paper's staff had ever bargained for this outlandish eventuality. The singles were allocated, their allocatee was suffocated, and the deadline could not be abnegated. I would have to do the job myself — that job being me, the thing that I am. Or would be.

A pretty conundrum and one which (since I could reach neither the singles nor the record-player from where I lay, wedged tightly in my rock critic's scruffy Olympia 33 typewriter) brooked no simple solution.

For hours I lay brooding on this uncomfortable desideratum, unable to reason my way out of it — until, finally and literally, desperation rang a bell.

If, I realised with mounting hope, I could only jiggle myself back and forth with enough vigour, the carriage-lock on the typewriter would go PING! and slip suddenly sideways, thus knocking over the neighbouring pile of singles and allowing me to peer down at them on the desk below to ascertain their individual identities. If nothing else, I could then bluff my way through reviewing them — there being no possibility of my actually giving them a trial spin — by leaning over to the front of the machine and tapping the appropriate keys.

Believe me, it was hell. Even after I had accomplished the jiggling of the carriage-lock and precipitated the singles into a convenient fan on the desk-top, each typed letter came as a profound physical pain to me. It was like repeatedly punching oneself in the solar plexus and I could manage but little of it — especially after the disappointment of realising that my favourite single of the moment, The Brothers Johnson's "I'll Be Good To You", was not among the batch I was fated to pass comment upon.

These, then, were the modest fruits of my toil that terrible Sunday night:

**ABBA: Dancing Queen (Epic)** The original exponents of pop autopoiesis, Benny Anderson and Bjorn Ulvaeus continue to produce themselves and their pre-programmed grand design. The title, in using the word "dancing", is as hip to the prevailing zeitgeist as were all those earnest hacks of last year when to have "rock and roll" somewhere in your book-phrase was a guarantee of

covering studio-time and pressing costs. The word "Queen" too is closely associated with money.

**HOT CHOCOLATE: Heaven is In The Back Seat Of My Cadillac (RAK)**

Erroll Brown is the master of what connoisseurs of schizophrenia term the "inappropriate affect". You can thus be sure that this obvious invitation to a heavy-petting session will sound strangely menacing. It's on RAK, so it must be a hit.

**TINA CHARLES: Dance Little Lady Dance (CBS)**

QV. Abba (above). It's written, arranged and produced by Biddu, so it'll go boom-ching, boom-ching, boom-ching and feature effeminate violin tracteries adorning a sleek disco design of little substance but great commercial potential.

**BEV BEVAN: Let There Be Drums(Jet)**

Is it really already time for the next drum record? I'm sure Mr Bevan has made the correct calculations, but my how time flies. Actually, I think Johnny Wakelin's absolutely marvellous "In Zaire" is the drum record of this collective circadian cycle, but I'm usually wrong.

**LEE PERRY: Roast Fish And Corn Dread (Island); ZAP POW: Sweet Lovin' Love (Vulcan); THE CIMARONS: Dim The Light (Vulcan).**

As I'm heavily "into" reggae, I've already heard these so you can rely firmly on the following verdicts. Lee Perry: uncharacteristically lame, featureless, and definitely not up to Scratch. Zap Pow: characteristically aimless and a waste of some jolly nice ideas. The Cimarons: reggae romance, but hardly tuneful enough to reward its attempt to perform the old cross-over.

**NICK LOWE: So It Goes (Stiff)**

There will be tasteful utilisation of the power-chord, urbane verses, and a wry chorus. The label is full of biz jests, claiming, amongst other things, to be "mono-enhanced stereo". If my rock critic had lived, he would have been forced, from lack of alternative candidates, to elect this waxing Single Of The Week.

However, out of respect for the first singles reviewer ever to ace out on this normally safe domestic assignment, there will this week be no such award.

**I HAVE TRIED.** God knows. But now the fluff is rising again and perhaps my selfless striving will yet prove to have been in vain. If I should expire before Woffinden gets to me with a resuscitator and a clean lay-out sheet, these are my final wishes: remember my devotion to this great industry of human happiness — and bury my artwork in the Loon Pants ads. Farewell.

Receiving National airplay



The Most Beautiful Love Song Since — THE WIND

'THERE'S A PLACE FOR US'  
'THOSE WERE THE DANCE'  
and 'SALMON CHANTED EVENING'

## 'KIPPERS FOR TEA'

b/w 'NO CHARGE'

by Bob Williamson

EMI 2503

Now Swimming up the charts



**I**F TED NUGENT can knock out the hordes in Amarillo, Texas, then I guess he won't find the Reading Festival too much of a challenge.

According to himself, Ted Nugent is the world's numero uno top league axe grinder, and he's more than happy to bend your ear all day to push that point home. After ten minutes with the Detroit Duke, most unfortunate bystanders are reduced to shallow shells of their former selves, ground to a helpless pulp by the weight of the man's verbose conceit, a personal hype which makes Mohammed Ali's brain-wash antics seem positively mute by comparison. Nugent is so conceited, so damn cocksure of the Ted terror, that genial Dick Ogden, P.R. to the heavy metal gentry, is rendered unemployed.

When you get down to the knuckle it's either a question of kowtowing to Nuge's ego or telling him to go stuff it. On the other hand, when one is a safe distance from the tongue one can opt for the happy medium, and that's roughly where I'm laying my glove.

But Amarillo, pardners, is the pits. . . some stage-coach outpost in the Union's largest state. In Texas they plump for the dollar before God and keep bison as house pets. Anyone stupid enough to venture farther afield than the air-conditioned sanctuaries can go see the red dust bowl drift over the endless plains, observe cowboys in stetsons (yes, all those cliches ain't cliches, they're facts) or churn over the Santa Fe ruts on your way to rustle up some oil from the heart of the Panhandle. Alternatively you can hide in the shade and bore yourself senseless with the maudlin domestic troubles being mumbled out on KBJW, the C&W radio station, from dawn till dusk.

Everything is big in Texas just like they always told you. Amarillo Slim who gambles away his ranch is big, Jimmy Carter is a dead cert for bigness, Willie Nelson is even larger — even if his country Pic-Nic did get a mite messed up what with Waylon Jennings, five murders and a dope bust — and right now Ted Nugent's mouth and guitar are doing their collective best to be bigger still.

Take one. Scene . . . the T.N. band just about to hit the boards, fresh from Wichita Falls, where there was a riot and the roadies had to use electric cattle prods to discourage crazed fans from pulling Ted's hair out. The atmosphere in the Amarillo hall was somewhere removed from sanity; these kids want blood and I do believe old Nugent is about to satiate that lust. Thank Christ this isn't Detroit, or maybe it's worse.

Mean looking riot cops stalk the aisles constantly, fingers on triggers. Gun law round these parts says when you got something, use it. One kid who refuses to sit on request gets clubbed on the temple, *smack*. He's dragged unconscious off the deck to wake up in the pound. And man, he'd better be clean 'cos you ain't even allowed to smoke *cigarettes* in this hall, let alone anything a toke stronger. There are countless busts in the stall seats, police torches and trained noses testing the air for those

tell tale green clouds. One girl who can't be more than twelve finds out to her cost what redneck law'n' order amounts to . . . not a pretty sight.

Support groups Stu Daye (standard New York Bronx boogie and absence of good lead guitarist), and Head East (standard Southern boogie with obnoxious David Byron singalike vocalist but reasonable lead guitarist) have just proved that some Texans lack even the normal quota of sensitivity and taste. If these grunging pastramis can set the hall alight then it's time to start shuddering.

The lights dim to a tremendous caterwauling and Nugent's three stooges rush out. Rhythm guitarist and vocalist Derek St. Holmes, a young Detroit dude with plenty of ability and tiresome manners; bassist Bob Grange, who serves as anonymous lynchpin to Ted's thunderous power chords; and drummer Cliff Davies. Davies is odd-ball in the pack. He really shouldn't be here. For one thing he's a limey, formerly of progressive cult outfit, If, and for another he can actually play the skins, as opposed to thumping out the iron foundry beat which pays his wages on this gig. Cliff has been hired for the album and the tour. He wears ear plugs on stage and he's *behind* the P.A.

The band crank up the opening to "Stranglehold," which like the majority of the material is taken from Ted's new Epic album. There's a roar and a rush and a bunch of bearded, brown haired, head-banded mad squid leaps

**"I'm absolutely the best at everything I do. I'll out-run, out-shoot, out-hunt anybody . . ."**

into the middle of the stage. It is indeed Ted Nugent. The man flexes his leather wrist biker bracelet, slithers around in skin tight white treads, dances on his Indian moccasins and proceeds to deliver the goods.

Ted is transported into ecstasy by the sound of his own brilliance, all butch and Navajo and crouching for the audience. They love him, but he loves himself far more. Rows of large boobs stare Ted in the face, thrust into frenzy by their female owners. He ignores them. He is outrageously exciting, one of the ultimates in sonic guitar hero *machismo* with a panache that is a weighty vindication of his breast beating self-confidence. Maybe he has a right to be so flash. Even in the supposed lean years, when the Amboy Dukes were fraught with personnel changes and consistently derogatory reviews, Nugent was drawing 300,000 dollars a year salary. Some failure.

The music is aural rape, an assault on the nervous system which locks you in a membrane of all-enveloping noise. The abuse hurts, as licks are tortuously driven to the threshold of pain, but you suffer the holocaust.

After a while the attack levels into ranks of shell fire provided by tough ass Ted and his riveting presence. The other guys are doing a job but Nugent is doing his nut and it is entertaining. "Stranglehold" eases off and crashes into "Just What The Doctor Ordered." The guards don't know what hit them. They back off. Nugent leaps gazelle like onto the drum kit, flinging a bottle neck to one side with derisive *joie de vivre*.

"I do believe we've got ourselves a good one here tonight," smirks Ted boastfully to the outstretched salutes. Dense rows of metal freaks bow to the "Stormtroopin'" rifferama, and suddenly the cops decide this just isn't *ON*. Too much fun too soon. The retreat is hardly of Stalingrad proportions. Sullen and insolent brain-scrambled punters exchange blows with their protectors. *Ungh!*

"If it was up to me I'd have you stamp on their balls," Nugent screams tactfully, while St. Holmes renders up a fair indication of his native intelligence by knocking off a lawman's helmet.

Meanwhile, as the seats rise and fall under the weight of violent hooves, our hero is launching into his . . . uh . . . politico rap, "Great White Buffalo," and testing his Fender amp stack to the limit. A creamy hollow Gibson Birdland sends waves of destructive boom through the Leber Krebs equipment and the whole thing turns into an us versus them with Nugent winning hands down. The Sioux god shines down on its adopted son who is now merging with the mesh on his speakers and slithering over the floor rattlesnake fashion preparing for the kill. Ted quivers orgasmically, points his neck ferociously forwards and throws up his guitar like a Cheyenne warrior paying homage to his own trial by noise.

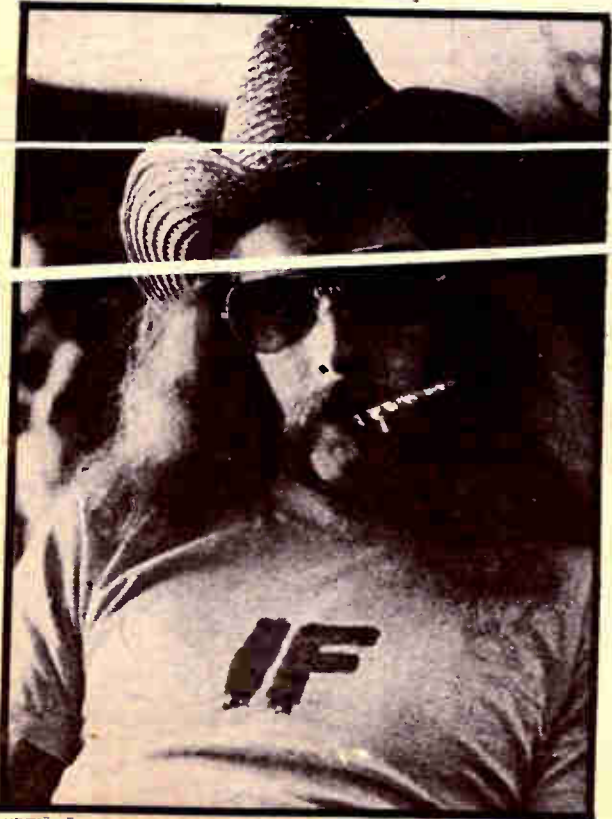
Impressive, quite stunning. "Hibernation" from "Tooth, Fang and Claw" is the peak of the set, a numbing instrumental with plenty of room for showing off. Some classical piccicato picking, a guided tour round the fret board at breakneck speed, and then some disgustingly heavy guitar drama from a man who knows he's just too good to blow it. The encores are equally successful. "Motor City Madhouse," very apt.

Ted appears after his boys, a silhouette on the highest pinnacle of the stack. A mad glint in his eye and then he jumps some ten feet to the floor — the rest of the band are sucked into his crawling, flesh-boned arrogance — he leaves the audience in a soggy deposit of creamy whipped jello foam fervour. Ah, the froth of tormented souls, and only Ted Nugent can save 'em! Sweat dripping off his glossy elbows, he *really* begins to thunder, as the pounding blood raises the scars on his arms to a red welt and Detroit Rock City comes all over Texas, the belch of the East Coast spreading dirt and grime deep into the skulls of every clean living short-haired Amarillian rabid for more.

He's led off knackered, the total summation of burnt out energy, a rock and roll prizefighter who, having given everything, has nothing left to offer.

**B**ACK IN the dressing room Ted had recovered completely and was eating a steak with his fingers. What a man. Someone wanted a Heineken opened and guess

**JAN**



"Y'know sometimes I can look mean as a Texas steer . . ."

. . . Other times I can be as downhome as Momma's apple pie."

what? Ted ripped off the top with his bare teeth, looking round for nods of recognition, as if to say, "here is the mettle of someone *not* to be trifled with."

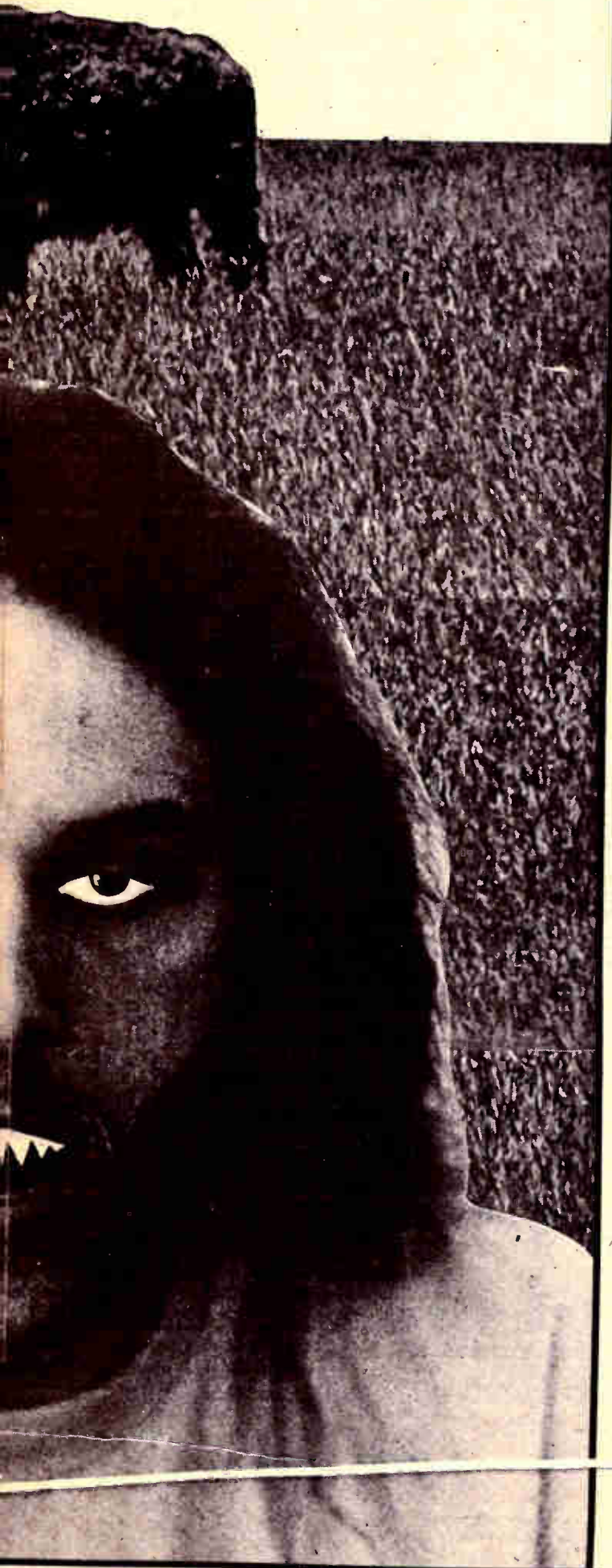
"Wasn't I great?" — he states as a matter of fact. "Wasn't that the best thing you ever saw. We'll sink you limeys." Richard Ogden chuckles in knowing agreement.

The mood backstage was decidedly up. Unlike most groups who come off and huddle miserably over their Jack Daniels, bitching their way through a post mortem of what went wrong, Ted Nugent has no delusions as to his greatness. In his eyes he is simply the tops and every show is another notch on the bank balance of success which has brought a whole new breed of American second rankers into the limelight this year. A comparative unknown outside the mid-west until the recent escalade of open air tickets to stardom, Nugent stands every chance of giving Aerosmith, Z.Z.

For years, aged idiot dance have told the tale of a lone, axeman from Detroit City, audiences across the nation and turning the brains of heavy metal fans to jelly. They say he cut his teeth on strings and grizzly bear claws. loudest, fiercest, craziest of Intrepid young MAX BEL reporters to peer into the jaws of NUGENT and live to file MICHAEL PUTLAND is an arm getting these pictures



WS



total wimp like Peter Frampton sacrifices any semblance of talent he might have left over from The Herd, buys up an army of electronic gadgetry, and turns into a teen super star. You can't escape the bugger's tedious *schtick*, it blares out of every radio station in every King Burger, every loud speaker, every record shop. Aerosmith and Z.Z. Top — who are really nothing to write home about either when it comes to originality — are now as big, or bigger, than the sixties monsters. Show them a Who or a Stones or a Zep House record and they'll break it.

Amongst these seventies demi-idsols maybe only Seger and Nugent deserve the attention. Both with respectable careers behind them — they were doing exactly the same thing long ago for no reward — they've blossomed into a fully fledged box office elite.

Nugent has been around since '65 and he knows the ropes. "I'm gonna take on the world . . . and win. But I'm only doing what I've always done, the music hasn't changed at all except that now there's records in the shops to back up the sell-outs. Maybe Derek supplies better vocals but it's only a question of having a together team. I've always been this good."

The following night I witnessed an exact replica of the Amarillo gig in Austin, the state capital of Texas. Altogether a much cooler place. In Austin the kids do a pretty fair impersonation of Kingston, Jamaica; it's the only place in the area where you get a parking ticket for smoking dope. Austin's standing on the hipness ratings is currently needle-busting. Not only is it home for the nouveau breed of country and western — a status symbol it easily stole from Nashville in '74 — it also boasts the Armadillo World Headquarters, where locals can see the best bands around in a club environment. The night before none other than Todd Rundgren had packed out the Armadillo's scales, and you may recall both Zappa and Beefheart and Commander Cody chose to record excellent live albums within its casing. Unlike the shotgun mentality prevalent in Amarillo, Austin features such delights as the loosest girls in the South, some of the best record stores, and a black quarter which is just about safe to stroll down.

The cops tonight are good humoured and the audience is zonked. For a Nugent concert maybe they're a trifle laid back, but that only makes Ted work harder, and he wins again.

**I** INTERVIEWED the subject prior to the show in his hotel room, and as he's commanding the respect which usually only applies to established rockers, we set about setting the early record straight.

"When I was twelve I was in a band called The Lords in Detroit. There'd been another group in Chicago in '65 called The Amboy Dukes, who disbanded, so I started up my own version." (The Amboy Dukes got their name from a street gang book in vogue at the time).

"The original band was a gas, we were just boys, but after that I had to work with a lot of jerks who couldn't stand my pace. I was great but we never got big sales so now I've dropped the name, 'cos it's my fame, my

music and I'm gonna call it Ted Nugent."

During the seven albums previous to the recent seller, which is already gold and looks like going platinum, Nugent fended for himself, latterly indulging in the much publicised and misunderstood guitar 'battles' with the likes of Mike Pinero, one time Iron Butterfly and Cactus machine head; Frank Merino, Mahogany Rush sub-Hendricreep, and even the great Wayne Kramer from the late lamented Detroit overlords The MC5.

Ted is scathing about all of them. "I always won of course, they were jam sessions, two guitarists playing off against each other, not much competition for me. Kramer was the worst. Pitiful. He used to be summat else but drugs got him."

Artificial stimulants are a sore point with Nugent, who never imbibes, doesn't drink anything save ginger beer (Vernors Detroit brew only) and is impatient with those who contradict his code of social boredom. Surprising, because St. Holmes, on two occasions I saw him, seemed to have swallowed enough downs to sink into the Big Sleep forever, and he spent the post gig hours comatose in the hotel corridor. While the rest of The Dukes used to cultivate habits, Nugent remained celibate, and it shows in his guitar playing. He has control and natural energy, and while he undoubtedly plagiarised West Coast acid guitar merchants like John Cipollina and Gary Duncan — something he resolutely refuses to admit —

**"My left ear's ruined . . . that's why I got my hearing aid, all these animals were sneaking past my deaf side."**

he comes out a survivor while they slumber in the past.

"I took drugs in '67. I smoked marijuana with the MC5 for two weeks on a park bench and I didn't get off on it."

Maybe you were stuck to the seat.

"They were all zoned out like rocks, dead animals. It was silly. I took coke once and it gave me no buzz, fuckin' stupid people droppin' like flies all around me. I learn by watching others make mistakes."

Psychedelics then, what about those acid rock songs on "Migrations" or "Journey To The Center Of The Mind"? C'mon, own up.

"I never took acid, it was the rest who wrote those lyrics. And I don't fear drugs. It's like I don't fear lions, but I ain't gonna stick my hand down a lion's throat. My music is human nature, high intensity."

Certainly is. When Nugent gets on stage he is king of all he surveys and there's nothing can stop him getting what he wants either from an audience, his band, or even the authorities who try to quell the displays of affection his performance ignites.

"It's great to have that power and if

the guards ever got rough I'd have the audience destroy them. Two eyes for an eye . . . but I'm not a violent person. The sounds I make are power, you've got to feel it when you're blowing your rocks off. The most gorgeous little thing in the world could bite a crowbar in half after she's seen me. People think I'm deranged. When I drive they're frightened, when they see me crawl around in the gravel with a bow and arrow they think I'm crazy. Some chicks think I'm crazy when I'm on top of them. I don't want to hurt them, I just do everything like that."

Nugent describes his music as being about sex first and then audible, visual physical recreation. He refuses to see any correlation between his guitar playing and the gunslinger, but recognises the potential for violence his approach suggests.

There are two particular moments of agony in the set where he touches on the borderline of sickness. During "Hibernation" he holds a deafening and dangerous high note so long you think your brain will burst, ringing with the kind of sonic frequency which could trigger off mass epilepsy.

At this point a roadie used to bring out a glass which shattered from the sound-pattern. It backs up Nugent's famous quote that the guy on the mixer could kill an audience with volume if he so chose. And then right at the close Nugent lets out the most gut wrenching scream imaginable, the howl of the banshee. It hurts.

"Isn't that a gas. The audience want the pain; I take 'em through to the other side but it won't get louder. Eleven years ago I started wearing an ear plug in my right ear, thank God I did 'cos this ear's ruined. I wear a hearing aid now. This side is perfect; I can hear a crow pick up a worm a hundred yards away, but here a big old elk could walk right past me and I'd have to smell him first. That's why I got my hearing aid, all these animals were sneaking past my deaf side."

**I**N CASE you're wondering just why assorted wild life should wish to walk past any side of Nugent's, a brief resume of Ted's home life should help clear up matters. When Nugent wants to get funky, lay out a bit, he doesn't roll up ten dollar bills and dust off the mirror, or sterilise the syringe, his fingers never build muscle adding the finishing touches to large numbers.

Instead he gets out a gun and takes off for the wilds of his 200 acre ranch in Michigan, outside Detroit: "Hunting is my hobby. I shoot everything I eat; that, my music and sex are my pastimes. I used to have wild boars heads on my amps, think I'll go out this fall and get some more. My way is so superior to society's . . . it's a joke."

But do you like animals Ted?

"Love 'em."

Then why do you kill them?

"Is it wrong for a cheetah to kill a zebra for dinner? Or me to kill a fresh deer? Of course not, I prefer to be independent."

Eventually I came out with it and asked him why he was so damn conceited, and whether maybe an ounce more modesty might be advisable at times, but he sticks to the role.

Continued on page 34.

rs from the hills ravaging wild who terrorised, bursting eardrums, hardened heavy

broken guitar ws, that he is the all.

L is one of the few s of TED is report, while said to have lost s.

Top, Bob Seger and Frampton a hellish run for their money.

The 1976 phenomenon of outdoor stadium events all over the States has provided the above with a massive ready made audience, a record buying public with a taste for hard rock who make up in volume what they lack in subtlety. None of the artists concerned could have hoped for similar returns had the passage been trailed through smaller indoor tours of the normal variety. Right now anyone with any sense is moving the underworld to get a place on the baseball park rostrum and it is written that he who is flashiest and loudest incites the most people to the most fervent heights of stoned mania will reap the most profit.

The new heavy metal bible has established acts overnight, groups who had hitherto struggled for years with grossly unsophisticated material, and taken them to the topmost heights of sugar mountain. Hence a



... But when I strap on my electric geeetar . . .



... I'm just another mad raving nutter.





# Information CITY

## Bowie early works excavated

THOU SHALT layest down in thine columns the entire list of David Bowie singles and albums that hath beeneth released in this fayre land. S. RAT, Huthwaite, Notts

COULD YOU provide a complete Bowie discography, listing his albums, singles (both sides) etc.? Also, could you list the singles released by groups that have included Bowie — such as Arnold Corns, The Manish Boys and The King Bees? COLIN READER, Reddish, Stockport.

● Since I seem to be snowed under with similar requests — from Vince O'Neill (Cork), Chris Cahill (Northolt), Betsie Webster (Hull), V. Pope (Wickford), Zig The Kid (Basingstoke) and scores of others — I'll do my best to list all Bowie's British releases, though there may be some omissions. So if you've got any extra info, just send it in and I'll try to collate everything in a later Information City. In the meantime, this is what I've come up with.

The first Bowie single was with The King Bees "Liza Jane"/"Louie Louie Go Home" (Decca V9221, June 1964); followed by one with The Manish Boys — "I Pity The Fool"/"Take My Tip" (Parlophone R5250, March 1965); and a couple heading The Lower Third "You've Got A Habit Of Leaving"/"Baby, Love Me That Way" (Parlophone R5315, August 1965) and "Can't Help Thinking About Me"/"And I Say To Myself" (Pye 7N17020 — January 1966).

Then came one solo shot for Pye—"I Dig Everything"/"I'm Not Losing Sleep" (Pye 7N17157, August 1966) and a few for Decca — "Rubber Band"/"The London Boys" (Deram DM107, December 1966), "The Laughing Gnome"/"The Gospel According To Tony Day" (Deram DM123, April 1967, re-issued September 1973), and "Love You Till Tuesday"/"Did you Ever Have A Dream" (Deram DM135, December 1967), "London Boys" being re-released with "Love You Till Tuesday" as a flip side on Decca 13579 in 1974.

One real album — "David Bowie" (Deram SML 1007, June 1966) — came out of the Decca period, this later being re-issued in slightly modified form as "The World Of David Bowie" on Decca SPAS8. Then, in 1973 came "Images" (Decca DPA 3017/8), a double-album containing 21 tracks cut between 1966-69.

Of the Pye items, "I Dig Everything"/"Do Everything You Say"/"Can't Help Thinking About Me"/"I'm Not Losing Sleep," appeared as an EP (Pye 7MX8002) "Can't Help Thinking" also re-emerging as a track on an album, "Hitmakers Vol. 4" (Pye 7N17144).

Following the signing of a lease deal with Phonogram in 1969, came three singles — "Space Oddity"/"Wild-eyed Boy From Freecloud" (Phillips BF1801, July 1969); "Memory Of A Free Festival — Parts 1 and 2" (Mercury 605026, June 1970); and "Holy, Holy"/"Black Country Rock" (Mercury M6052049, January 1971); and two albums — "David Bowie," also known as "Man Of Words, Man Of Music" (Phillips SBL7192, November 1969) and, when re-released by RCA, as "Space Oddity" (RCA LSP4813), plus "The Man Who Sold The World" (Mercury 6338041, — April 1971) re-released on RCA LSP4816.

Bowie's first single for RCA — "Starman"/"Suffragette City" (RCA 2199, June 1972) has since been followed by "John I'm Only Dancing"/"Hang On To Yourself" (RCA2263, September 1972) "Jean Genie"/"Ziggy Stardust" (RCA2302,

November 1972); "Drive In Saturday"/"Round And Round" (RCA2352, April 1973); "Life On Mars"/"The Man Who Sold The World" (RCA2316, June 1973); "Sorrow"/"Amsterdam" (RCA2424, October 1973); "Rebel Rebel"/"Queen Bitch" (RCA LPB05021, February 1974); "Rock And Roll Suicide"/"Quicksand" (RCA LPB05021, April 1974); "Diamond Dogs"/"Holy Holy" (RCA APB00293, June 1974); "Knock On Wood"/"Panic In Detroit" (RCA 2466, September 1974); "Young Americans"/"Suffragette City" (RCA2523, February 1975); "Fame"/"Right" (RCA2579, July 1975); "Space Oddity"/"Changes"/"Velvet Goldmine" (RCA2593, September 1975); "Golden Years"/"Can You Hear Me?" (RCA2640, November 1975); "TV15"/"We Are Dead" (RCA2682, April 1976); "Suffragette City"/"Stay" (RCA2726, July 1976). And on album there's been "Hunky Dory" (RCA SF8244, December 1971); "The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust" (RCA SF8287, June 1972); "Aladdin Sane" (RCA RS1001, April 1973); "Pin Ups" (RCA RS1003, October 1973); "Diamond Dogs" (RCA APL0576, May 1974); "David Live" (RCA APL2 0771, October 1974); "Young Americans" (RCA RS1006, March 1975); "Station To Station" (RCA APL1—1327 January 1976); and "Changesonebowie" (RCA RS1055 — May 1976).

To this list can be added the "Superman" track on the "Revelations" set (Revelation REV 1A — 3F, 1971) which is the only other non-bootleg item I can think of that came out under Bowie's name. However, he's been involved on many recordings featuring other artists including items by Lou Reed, Lulu and Mott The Hoople. Of these, the most sought-after discs appear to be the Arnold Corns singles on B and C — "Moonage Daydream"/"Hang On To Yourself" (CB149, April 1971) and "Man In The Middle"/"Hang On To Yourself" (CB189, 1972). The latter was also released on Mooncrest 25 in April 1974.

DID CAROLE KING make any albums prior to "Tapestry"? I'm interested to learn if she cut an album in her Song Factory days. If there any such albums, are they still available? — Peter Ryphope, Sunderland.

● The only Carole King solo album prior to "Tapestry" was "Writer" (A & M AMLS 966 — 1970) which as far as I know is still available. The only LP documenting those Brill Building days is "The Dimension Dolls" (London ZGU 131) a compilation that includes four Carole King tracks — "It Might As Well Rain Until September", "It Started All Over Again", "Crying In The Rain" and "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do" — plus others by Little Eva, who used to be baby-sitter for Carole and her hubby Gerry Goffin, and The Cookies a black female vocal trio.

You should be able to lay your hands on a copy of "Dolls" but the real toughie to find is "Now That Everything's Been Said" (Ode), 1968 album by the City, a band formed by Carole containing such musicians as Danny Kortmar and Charlie Larkey who performed such numbers as "You've Got A Friend" and "Wasn't Born To Follow". So don't ask me where you can get a copy — I need one myself!

WHICH LED Zeppelin track appears on the soundtrack L.P. "Homer" (Atlantic 2400-137)? Are there any other Zep tracks available that have not been included on their seven studio albums? Also, could you supply some info on Nickey Barclay, ex-Fanny?— R. EVI, Upper Clapton, London E.5

● The "Homer" track is "How Many More Times", which also appeared on Zep's first album. Offhand, the only item I can think of that hasn't materialised on a Zep album is "Hey Hey, What Can I Do?", the 'B' side of the band's "Immigrant Song" import single (Atlantic OS 13131). As for Nickey Barclay, well, that talented lady is still going strong as a solo act and has just had an album, called "Diamond In A Junk Yard" released on Ariola.

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#### THE BYRDS

Untitled

History Of The Byrds

#### CHRIS HILLMAN

Slippin' Away

#### GENE CLARK

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Gene Clark (imp.)

#### GRAM PARSONS

GP

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#### EMMYLOU HARRIS

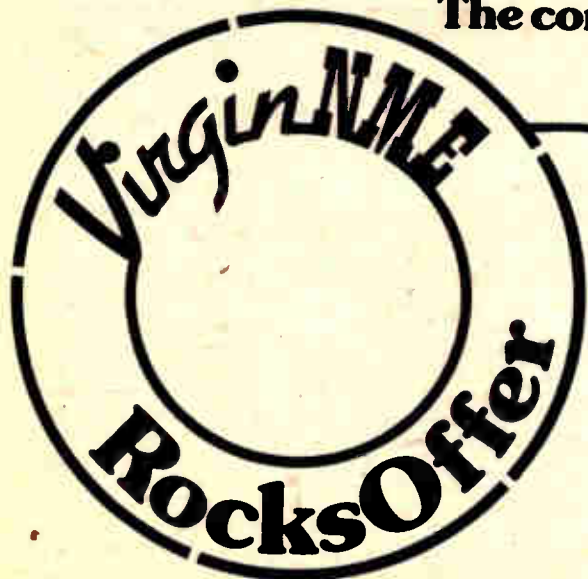
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Max Bell - New Musical Express 10th July

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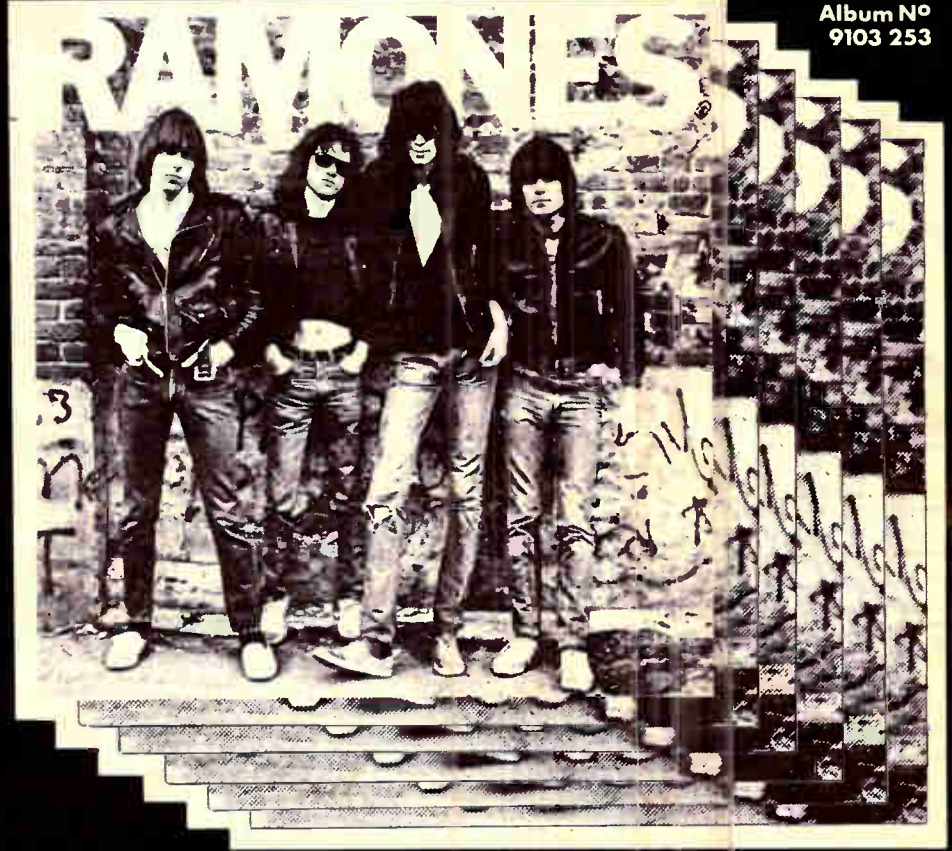
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# PLATTERS



"Notorious Byrd Brothers" sleeve artwork, with Crosby on the right.

**THE BYRDS:  
Sweetheart of the Rodeo/Notorious Byrd Brothers (CBS)**

THROUGHOUT their chequered history, The Byrds were never one of rock's more stable bands. But even by their own standards the period from the beginning of 1967 through to August '68 when "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo" (the later of these two albums) was released was pretty hectic.

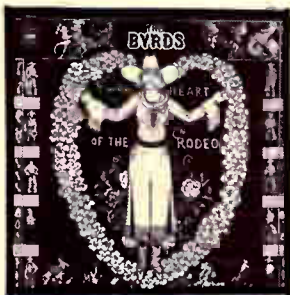
Be that as it may, "Notorious Byrd Brothers" (released originally in January '68) and "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo" are bona fide rock classics. And because of some inspired thought by CBS, both are now available to you for the price of one.

Only Gene Clark was absent from the original Byrds' line-up at the beginning of '67, so the line-up read: Roger McGuinn (sorry, make that Jim McGuinn — he was still unconverted to the Subud religion and answered to the name of Jim), Chris Hillman, David Crosby and Michael Clarke. A year later, all but McGuinn had flown from the nest (ouch) and the band was then composed of McGuinn, Clarence White and Gene Parsons.

In the meantime, the following had come and gone: Gene Clark (again), Gram Parsons, Doug Dillard, Sneaky Pete Kleinow and Kevin Kelley.

Confused? Let's move on to the music.

"The Notorious Byrd Brothers" is the fifth Byrds' album, their first minus Crosby — who was, however, in at the start of the sessions. McGuinn wasn't over-enamoured with Crosby's political raps. Moreover, he thought his "Mind Garden" ruined the feel of the second side of their previous "Younger Than Yesterday" album. And apart from the half-baked Byrds' reunion album of '73, "Notori-



NME will be offering 50 copies of The Byrds' double-album as prizes in a competition to appear next week.

In this week's issue, Byrds' and Byrds' offshoot albums (i.e. Flying Burritos, Roger McGuinn, Gram Parsons, etc.) form the basis of NME's special 70p discount Rocks Offer deal. See page 25.

ous" marked Crosby's final contributions to the group.

Incidentally, the cover-shot features the three Byrds (Hillman, Clarke and McGuinn respectively) looking through three window-type-things (as fab Paul would say). The fourth has a horse's head looking out, McGuinn holding its reins. Some have said that the horse represents Crosby.

Horse or not, Crosby gets three song-writing credits — alongside McGuinn and Hillman on "Dolphins Smile"

## Sweetheart of the bargain bins

By **STEVE CLARKE** and **JOHN TOBLER**

(remember, that was included on CBS's innovative sampler for the acid generation, "The Rock Machine Turns You On") and "Draft Morning," and alongside Hillman on "Tribal Gathering".

Crosby sings on "Tribal Gathering" and "Dolphins Smile", both of which bear his mark in that they're enchantingly ethereal and don't rely on basic 4/4 rock rhythms. Each uses two time signatures (you know, like on the title cut of "Deja Vu"). The former was inspired by hippy gatherings, which were all the go at the time (remember, this was 1967), while "Dolphins Smile" shows Crosby's obsession with the sea.

Both these tracks are stand-outs, "Dolphins Smile" just having the edge — the song perfectly evokes images of those creatures fooling around in some big salty ocean. And you can imagine Crosby going round, a big stoned grin, spread across his visage, peace sign at the ready, proclaiming

the words, "Dolphins smile, man" to anybody who'd listen.

"Draft Morning", not unsurprisingly an anti-war song, was less successful, marred by cumbersome bass and drums. Nevertheless, like the album as a whole, it has the feel of a fine pastoral water-colour, delicate, gentle with a subtle blend of perfectly subdued tones.

Continuing with the '67 theme, there is much on "Notorious Byrd Brothers" that positively reeks of the psychedelic. Seemingly out-of-context trumpet parts appear in songs and actually work (the opening "Artificial Energy", a drug song, is an example of this) as do surprising juxtapositions as in "Old John Robertson" which starts out as a straight-forward up-tempo country song, complete with fiddle, but then changes course drastically to produce a well thought-out, phased string section.

One wonders just how many of these ideas were taken from The Beatles, since similar devices had been used by the fab-four (and with more clarity and depth of sound) on "Revolver" and the "Penny Lane"/"Strawberry Fields Forever" single. Whatever, a spirit of adventure, doubtless triggered-off by mucho dope, is apparent on "Notorious".

Apart from "Old John Robertson", there are further

glimpses of The Byrds' subsequent obsession with country rock here, something which began two albums earlier on "Younger Than Yesterday". Side one's closing song, "Get To You", a lilting McGuinn-Hillman composition, hinted at a country-beat and had Red Rhodes' pedal steel blending beautifully with mellow strings. And "Wasn't Born To Follow", along with "Goin' Back", one of the album's two Goffin-King numbers, has a country arrangement with a soupcon of Clarence White's country-pickin' closing the song.

"Wasn't Born To Follow" and "Goin' Back" are undeniable gems. McGuinn's vocals on both sound comfortably stoned and are right there on top. "Goin' Back" is the album's only song harking back to earlier Byrds' days in that it features McGuinn's characteristic electric 12-string. On "Wasn't Born To Follow" there's more cosmic cowboy phasing.

Surprisingly, there are no Dylan songs on "Notorious", but the closing "Space Odyssey" is reminiscent of earlier Byrds because of its blending of traditional folk and what I suppose you could call space-rock. So there you have it, a Byrds album that is innovative, hints at things to come and coherently threaded to the past.

BY THE time "Notorious" was released Gene Clark had re-joined the band, but because of his fear of flying his reunion lasted a mere three weeks. Continuing with the personnel shifts, the other Clarke (drummer Michael) quit just before "Notorious" was released and replaced by Hillman's cousin, one Kevin Kelley who had played in some obscure outfit called The Rising Sons — with whom guitarists Ry Cooder and Taj Mahal had played.

And it's Kelley who drums on "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo", the first country album made by rock stars to reach a mass audience —

hence its country-rock tag and its place at the beginning of any listing of country-rock albums. It pre-dates, say The Flying Burritos "Gilded Palace Of Sin" by a year and the music contained on "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo" is, with one exception (ironically enough Parsons' fine number "One Hundred Years From Now), pure country music with none of that Nashville schlock, played well and with conviction, even if The Byrds' version of The Louvin Brothers' "The Christian Life" is done with tongue firmly in cheek.

The difference between "Notorious" and "Sweetheart" is like the difference between "Blonde On Blonde" and "Nashville Skyline". It sounded as if they'd given up the stoned life, but then maybe they'd been stoned so long it was no longer having such a drastic effect.

"Notorious Byrd Brothers" is essentially a hippy album and, although there are shades of country music on it, the thing they were singing about were not the kind of things country artists would sing about. They were the things country artists despised long hairs singing about.

Gram Parsons is the key to this seemingly strange situation. McGuinn needed a replacement for Crosby, and Parsons — late of The International Submarine Band (their only album still exchanges hands for ludicrous amounts of money) — was out of a gig.

McGuinn had probably seen Parsons playing around bars and clubs in the less affluent parts of Hollywood in the then embryonic Flying Burrito Brothers, who didn't record until after "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo". There's a strong rumour which says that McGuinn was so impressed with the Burritos that he originally wanted "Notorious" to be called "The Flying Burrito Brothers".

The irony of all this is that although Parsons' influence

● Continues over page



From previous page

was of paramount importance in producing "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo", his recorded contributions are strictly minimal due to fear that the Submarine Band's manager, Lee Hazlewood, would sue if he heard his boy spread all over a Byrds' album. And with the exception of "Hickory Wind", all Parsons' lead vocals were removed. Nevertheless, "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo" is an excellent album, although it didn't exactly go down a storm with Byrds' fans in the first instance.

McGuinn's 12 string had been left at home and unlike previous Byrds' records, on this one his voice doesn't dominate. Moreover, there isn't one new McGuinn-Hillman composition on the entire record. Instead, there's the aforementioned Louvin Brothers' song, two Parsons' compositions (including the classic mellow country waltz "Hickory Wind") a Merle Haggard song, surprisingly enough a country reading of William Bell's R and B song "You Don't Miss Your Water" (one of the album's less successful cuts in that McGuinn has difficulty coping with the high key) McGuinn and Hillman's great arrangement of the traditional "I Am A Pilgrim" and a Woody Guthrie song.

There were, however, two Dylan songs — both in a country mould and from the basement tapes.

McGuinn played banjo, Hillman played mandolin (and sang very well indeed) and country influenced sessioners like John Hartford (banjo and fiddle), steel players Lloyd Green and J D Maness also took part, as did the late Clarence White.

Soon after, as if to illustrate the strength of Parsons' influence original Byrd Hillman and Parsons split to form The Flying Burrito Brothers which left McGuinn as the only surviving original Byrd. So it goes.

### IMPORTS Eunice Stroud mystery solved

THE NEWS that Eunice Waymon, a.k.a. Eunice Stroud, a.k.a. Nina Simone had a newie heading our way caused a fair degree of brow furrowing here on the 21st floor — especially as our hard-pushed research department had only recently ascertained that Nina had fled the scene and was nowadays spending more time on the home Hoover than pounding stage situated Steinways.

But it all proved a false alarm, for "Songs Of The Poets", the first Simone release since the 1974 "It Is Finished", appears to be nothing more than just a run-of-the-mill compilation designed to keep RCA's Simone connection ticking over.

And whoever pieced the collection together must be well in the running for this year's McGonnigal award, for the term "poet" is employed in its loosest sense.

Now, I don't suppose anyone will object to the inclusion of four Dylan songs — even though most of them appeared on Nina's previously-released live set — and certainly "Backlash Blues", penned by Langston Hughes, qualifies with yards to spare.

But I doubt if even Nina herself would select "Young, Gifted And Black" as being among the lyrically best songs she ever had a hand in — and however debatable such points as these may be, the validity of the whole deal is blown sky-high by RCA's other sleeve-listed "poet".

For though Nina cut tracks penned by Leonard Cohen, Bertold Brecht and half a dozen others who might have been acceptable to those not averse to verse, the record company decided to award their supreme accolade to that laureate of Lime Street, L.A. and Lahore South, Mr Hari Georgesson.

The news is that John Betjeman still sleeps night!

In our rabble-raising, "due in anyway" spot is "Good Singing, Good Playing", Grand Funk's first for MCA, which, incidentally, was produced by none other than Uncle Frank Zap: while on the Calla label comes "Birth Of A Legend" by Bob Marley And The Wailers, which, I guess, is a collection of sides made back in the days when Cliff White was suffering from nappy rash.



NINA SIMONE

And also in the pipeline (air freight's getting too dear these days!) is a War "Best Of" compilation (UA); a live double of Herbie Hancock called "Retrospective Concert" (CBS); a 50-track, 5-album boxed set titled "The Greatest Hits Of Ray Charles", which Parke Record Distributors are shipping in.

Meanwhile, CRD of Lyon Way, Rockware Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex, say that they're now holding stocks of Millie Jackson's "It Hurts So Good" (Polydor); James Brown's "Live At The Apollo — Vol. 2" (Polydor); Moby Grape's "Moby Grape '69" (CBS); Quilapayun's "Basta — Revolutionary Songs" (Pathe Marconi); and The Flying Burritos' "Live In Amsterdam" (Phonogram);

while HMV Oxford Street tell me that they've got their hands on Christine McVie's "The Legendary Christine Perfect Album" (Sire), which has only just been released in the States, though the original British Blue Horizon release has been a perennial best-selling import over there since 1970.

But, once more, we're reduced to the old, coals from Newcastle situation — which means you'll now have to fork out a small fortune if you wanna grab a copy.

On Friday I managed to feast my eyes on the sleeve of "As Time Goes By" (Forest Bay), the new album by the reformed Harper's Bizarre, and wasn't in the least surprised to discover that Ted Templeman, now a very in-demand producer, isn't with the quartet, his replacement being Ed James, a guitarist who appeared on their "Harpers Bizarre 4", back in the late 60s.

However, John Peterson, Dick Yount and Dick Scoppeton are still around, and though their choice of material is kinda mind-boggling — it includes versions of "Back In The Saddle Again", a Gene Autry favourite from 1940; The Marvelettes' "Beechwood 4-5789"; McCartney's "Every Night"; the title, a 1931 smash for Rudy Vallee; and even a shot at something based on the "Going Home" theme from Dvorak's "New World Symphony" — I guess that anyone who's ever been into good harmony vocals will at least consider making an investment.

Also around: "Teddy Bear" (Gusto) by Red Sovine, a set that features those good ol' boys Pig Robbins and Buddy Spicher plus the legend D.J. Fontana on drums; "8.5." (Beserkley), second album from Earthquake, a great S.F. band worth keeping tabs on; The Chordettes "All The Very Best Of" (Barnaby), a 16-tracker featuring the sweethearts of Sheboygan, Wisconsin. Fred Dellar

# Old hippies: the problem that faces our society

### CROSBY-NASH:

#### Whistling Down the Wire (Polydor)

LIKE THE Beatles without John and Paul. Like Wings without Paul and Linda. Like the Stones without Billy Preston. Like the Who without Tommy. Like Led Zep without Jeff Beck. Like Nina and Frederick without Nina. Crosby and Nash are a depleted supergroup.

Like Crosby and Hope without Dorothy Lamour.

Not that there was too much to delete in the first place. Crosby, Stills and Nash were a supergroup with one studio album to their name. Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young were also a supergroup with one studio album. Never have such massive reputations been built on such slender vinyl.

Besides, it's all old hat, anyway. It's a measure of the senility of the rock audience that a band who were briefly hot six years ago should still merit attention.

All the speculation about whether they'd get together again has been very tiresome. After all, no great feat was really being demanded of them. Just a few back-up vocals on each others songs. All it needed was a little generosity of spirit. The Woodstock spirit, as it was once known.

So we're left with two cornball soloists and one drab duo because egos are even bigger than bank balances. Pretty selfish of them, really.

Let's face it, the guys haven't come up with much in the last six years to justify the legend.

Neil Young sings like a jammed door-bell — high-pitched, persistent, monotonous. Stills is huskier than a packet of Weetabix, and just as nutritious. Who needs them?

For all their shortcomings, at least Crosby and Nash wrote memorable melodies. Crosby's "Almost Cut My Hair" caught the dilemma of his times, and displayed a feeling for words that was never evident among his pals. and Nash came up with "Our House", a simple-

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**RAY THOMAS:  
Hopes Wishes & Dreams  
(Threshold)**

IF YOU hear this album you'll be listening to a gentleman exhibiting all the signs of someone attempting to ensure a longer lifespan in music by moving out of the pop-rock bracket into MOR.

Of course, some people will argue that The Moody Blues and their flautist/singer Ray Thomas were as middle-of-the-road as you can get, and that this album, like it's predecessor, "From Mighty Oaks", is merely an extension of that same formula.

It's a theory which I don't particularly go along with, however, and I view this album as a transitional work.

My observations are these: It's painfully clear Thomas can't handle himself as a rock vocalist. But he can cut it as a contemporary Matt Monroe.

"One Night Stand" and "Keep On Searching", the two obvious rock cuts on the set, with girly soulful backup harmonies and the perfunctory brass blasts, present Thomas as an unemotional clean-shaven singer, devoid of the vocal attributes needed to beef up the pieces.

But he does handle "Carousel", a 3/4 organ based romp, with ability, making it sound like a song which wouldn't be out of place on a Stackridge album.

This type of material, however, plays only a small part on the album, with Thomas — assisted by the writing of Nicky James (as on "Oaks") — generally trying to present himself as a composer and crooner of MOR songs.

In this area he succeeds, because he has a flair for melody and arrangements, even though his lyrics are overly sentimental. And it's songs like the lightly exuberant "Friends", "We Need Love" and "Didn't I" which suit Thomas's vocals better.

While appreciating the direction he's taking, I feel it'll

take more than a handful of mediocre songs and an elaborate production for the strings, brass and basic rhythm section to juice up his performance.

This is basically a pleasantly inoffensive album. But nothing more. — Tony Stewart

**RABBITT:  
Boys Will Be Boys!  
(Jet/Polydor)**

BOYS WILL be Boys (exclamation mark) archly proclaims the title over a blandly homerotic photograph of four smiling lads wrestling on a duvet. Their album was recorded in South Africa, where evidence of social deviation has to be confined to a pretty bland level.

Unfortunately, we are not treated to the sound of guttural Afrikaans voices extolling the virtues of separate development or promising firm action against communistic agitation, which would at least make the album memorable.

Rabbit's background is English and the sound they produce has filtered through from the British heavy pop market. The production reeks of Chinn & Chapman, and there are bits and pieces that remind you of God knows how many outfits that have passed through the TOTP maw in the past few years, with the odd snatch of the heavier brethren's sound (there's an Ian Anderson song, "Locomotive Breath", on side one).

Strings swoop, synthesisers wheeeee, ethereal voices go aaaaah, guitars wah and zip from speaker to speaker and tempos are apt to suddenly change. Blah. When this kind of thing was done well it wasn't very interesting, and here it's just camouflage for a bloody great hole where Rabbit's imagination should have been.

The appeal of cigarettes is that, among other things, they solve the problem of what to do with your hands. The idea behind "Boys Will Be Boys" is to appeal to those people who don't know what to do with their ears. — Martin de Cartaret.

**KEITH CARRADINE  
I'm Easy (Asylum)**

TO PUT down, indeed you're easy, but that's really too easy. . . . Once you know that Keith Carradine is brother to David, the slow motion people demolition expert, it's difficult to separate that fact from his music, and having made that discovery, it's difficult not to bend over backwards to give him a reasonable hearing.

However, unlike brother David's album of last year, this Carradine does have a voice, not unlike Steve Goodman in tone, and close to James Taylor in delivery.

What he does not have as far as I'm concerned is a sufficiently developed writing talent for a whole LP. Just too many of the songs are slow and "romantic," and not strong enough lyrically to uphold the forgettable quality of the tunes.

Which is not to say that this isn't a genuine attempt to make a record for its own sake. Keith did time in "Hair" in New York, and he's also made three films with Robert Altman, including Nashville, which included the original version of this album's title tune sung in much the same way as here.

It's probably the best song on the record, although all traces of Nashville backings have disappeared, replaced by familiar LA session names brought together by producer John Guerin.

This album is likely to appeal to the lonely female bedsitter audience, who lap up the Cohens, Stevens and Lightfoots of the world, but unlike those gentlemen, it's ultimately insubstantial and boring.

Next time he should try other people's songs, because they might provide a better showcase for the warm quality of his voice, which could easily lead him into the territory as Jack Jones, for example. — John Tobler.

minded litany of domestic pleasures that helped ease the path to an early mortgage among his followers.

So what shape are they in, these symbols of a bygone generation? Fatter and thinner, respectively, though their muses are arguably both slacker.

Two of Nash's tunes are winsome and wistful. "J.B.'s Blues" and "Marguerita", which open side two, are personal little songs with nice tunes and cosy words. His "Mutiny" elsewhere on the set

is oddly bizarre, particularly for him. Lines about cannibals waiting "to eat the meat that they can smell" are not nice.

Crosby, on the other hand, is still committed to auto-voyeurism, a disease that's particularly virulent in Mill Valley and surrounds. "Foolish Man" is more of that good old chest-beating narcissistic anguish. "I must be such a foolish man", he brays.

In between, assorted joint efforts do little to relieve the tedium. "Taken At All" poses

the question: "Can this road be taken at all?" and the answer poses itself. "Broken Bird" is twee and maudlin.

Naturally, the harmonies are pretty like they used to be. But then they were never in the same league as The Beach Boys, for example. The times just aren't right for the sort of cruid philosophising offered by ageing hippies. In the 40s we can no longer afford to indulge their musings. Entertainment is what's wanted. Invest in "15 Big Ones" instead.

— Bob Edmands

# THE BOY'S ARE BACK.....

## REMEMBERING PART I —

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# Derringer shows his class

**RICK DERRINGER:**  
Derringer (Blue Sky)

STEVE PAUL'S Blue Sky set-up is surely one of the most fascinating corners of the rock world, with that glittering trio of self-indulgent rock masters, Johnny and Edgar Winter and Rick Derringer, and the coterie of loyal, highly excellent band members around them — particularly Edgar's ridiculously underrated bassist/writer/singer, Dan Hartman, who could easily go out and get himself superstar status any time he wanted.

Still, why should he worry when he gets to play with so many great people? After all, old Edgar, probably the most prolific, turns out about one masterpiece, one goodie and one piece of trash every couple of years; Johnny gets out of bed every now and then to join a familial superstar jam and knock out the odd elpee, such as his ferocious "Captured Live" from earlier this year; and Rick hangs out in the background, producing the others' albums, tying down Edgar's guitar, occasionally venturing diffidently upfront with the brothers and even, sometimes, going out alone.

Despite a few blots on his record, like that horrific "Tobacco Road" on White Trash's "Roadwork", one tends to think of Derringer as less inclined to overkill than the Winters: he strikes me as less instinctual, a more coherent musician, the link between Johnny's harsh, razor-edged blues guitar electricity and his brother's greasy funk and bright, melodic rock.

And it's that brightness that illuminates "Derringer", and that razor sharpness that makes it cut straight through to the bone — a stripped down minor miracle, taut and gutsy, tough and alive.

For some reason I've never checked out Derringer's solo work before, but I'll be rushing out for "All American Boy" and "Spring Fever" any day now. Here the basic format is the simplest possible: a guitar/bass/drums trio backing one guy who not only plays matchless lead guitar with virtually no gimmickry or adornment, but who also reveals himself to have just as vibrant, youthful, distinctive a voice as Dan, Edgar and Johnny.

The young looking backing trio is Vinny Apicce, Danny Johnson and Kenny Aaronson, drums, guitar and bass respectively. They lay down spartan, cold-steel scaffolds on which Derringer bounces through the mid-tempo, pirouettes on the slowies, and from which he strafes the listener through the quickies.

His songs are unambitious musically, their appeal lying in his deft, tasteful arrangements, and Cynthia Weil's lyrics (that's right — goodness knows what she's doing here) are modest to vanishing point, which has its advantages, although a few stronger hooks wouldn't go amiss.

But all this is slightly irrelevant. At the heart of the matter there's a great, mature guitarist, a master of understatement and subtle power, peddling his wares in ideal surroundings. It's an object lesson in when to play and when to refrain, when to change key, when to attack unpretentious, unsophisticated class.

Edgar's due for another album as good as "Entrance" and "Shock Treatment" soon, and with "Captured Live" and



**RICK DERRINGER:**  
"Derringer" already behind them '76 could be the definitive year for Blue Sky. Phil McNeill.

## THE EARL SLICK BAND (Capitol)

IT WOULD appear that Earl Slick finds himself in much the same situation as Mick Ronson found himself when he too was cut adrift from the Bowie module.

Though Slick doesn't possess the same kind of visual identity as El Ronno, the celebrated American guitarist's contribution to Bowie's Master Plan has been just as important as that of the original Spider Man. In terms of dynamism, it could be that Slick has the edge.

Logically, Ronno had it made when he first embarked upon his solo career, but in the final reckoning he was compelled to ditch the obvious approach and re-route himself as a Rolling Thunder sidekick and then as producer for Roger McGuinn's "Cardiff Rose" LP.

If Earl Slick thinks that it's going to be easier with the band he's fronting on this, his debut album, then I'm afraid he's in for an extremely rude awakening.

Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination are bassist Gene Leppik, drummer Bryan Madey and the well below par contributions of singer-songwriter Jimmie Mack (can you believe that monicker!) an acceptable substitute for the epoch-making "Station To Station" crew that Slick fronted.

Indeed, they're so lame and predictable that if it wasn't for Slick's presence they'd find it difficult crossing axes with any local L.A. bar band. Even producer Harry Maslin can't seem to salvage anything worthwhile.

This album leaves one with the nagging suspicion that without Bowie's guidance Slick isn't the man he'd have you believe he is. Now that he's having to fend for himself, if he wants to progress from being highly respected sessioneer into a Main Attraction he'll have to give the whole deal a lot more thought.

There's no getting away from the fact that Earl Slick is one of the 70s' most exciting new guitarists, but you wouldn't know it from listening to this. Until such time as he can produce an album worthy of his reputation, stock up on those Bowie albums on which he earned his laurels.

Roy Carr

## RICHIE FURAY BAND: I've Got A Reason (Asylum)

RICHIE FURAY may have only one song but that doesn't stop it being a good one

It begins with him singing the first rhyming couplet on his own save for the tinkling harmonics of a guitar, then the band comes in four square and solid behind him to flesh things out as the tune makes its accustomed progress up the scale and down the scale while each line rhymes with the one before with military and monotonous regularity in time honoured fashion.

After the guitar solo, generally the same one, everything stops, he sings the first line again to the same harmonics and the process is repeated till the song ends and you can hear the surface noise again.

At its best, on such numbers as "Good Feeling To Know" and "Let's Dance Tonight" from the Poco days and beyond it's undeniably affecting and occasionally thrilling. But in its latest incarnation as the opening track of his first solo album, this time entitled "Look At The Sun" it falls flat on its bespectacled face and all the synthesiser embellishments of co-writer Tom Stipe can't hold it up for long.

Uninspired is only half the story; the exuberance that made his work with Poco acceptable and the ragged edges that made them charming and unique are long gone and nothing replaces them except a band who never put a foot wrong for the simple reason that they never put a foot anywhere at all.

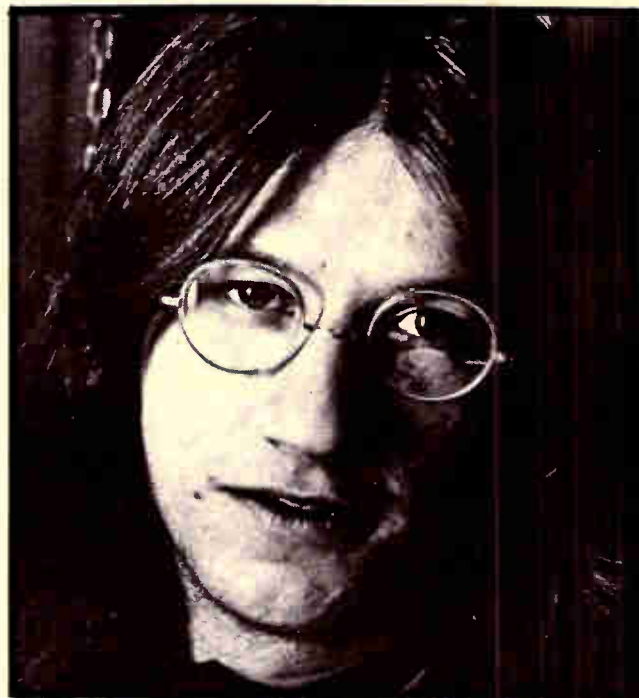
He was never the greatest of lyric writers and indeed never claimed to be but this time out, with no energy and spirit to provide cover, his words are forced out into the cold light of day and a sorry bunch of awkward musings they are too.

They hit an all time low on the English rocker "We'll See" with this muddled verse: "It simply won't do all the things we've been through/And oh what mattered then/It's as simple as that if you stop and look back/You've missed again and whoops it's the end."

Now, after studying that for half an hour, reading it backwards, upside down and holding it up to the light you realise it's entirely meaningless but, there again, you can hardly envisage people feeling a thrill of recognition or an instantaneous buzz of sympathy when they hear those words sung.

I've given up expecting the majority of singer songwriters to realise the importance of economy but if Richie Furay sung or played guitar as badly as he writes lyrics he'd never have got near a recording studio at all.

# The Furay Formula falls flat



**RITCHIE FURAY:** no energy, no spirit

All that went before, however, seems like pure gold when you happen upon "You're The One I Love" which is, horror of horrors, THE REGGAE TRACK. There ought to be a law against any act on Asylum attempting reggae — with the possible exception of the Cate Bros — but to allow Richie Furay, who has scarcely anything to do with black music at all and has probably never met a Jamaican to do so verges on the insane.

Suffice it to say that if you thought Bruce Ruffin was limp, this track makes him sound like Big Youth firing all four cylinders by comparison. You can forgive blokes like Richie Furay a lot but compounding the pointlessness of the rest of this album with a brainless, patronising piece of drivel like this is going a bit too far.

This is a very happy record that makes me very depressed.  
David Hepworth

## FRANKIE VALLI: Inside You (Mowest)

HARDLY VINTAGE Valli. In fact, it's further evidence of Motown's endless capacity to take the most distinctive talent and bury it under the house style.

What's startling about this

set is that eight of the cuts date from only last year. In other words, shortly before The Four Seasons' resurgence. From factory funk to made-to-measure finery overnight. It just goes to show the resilience of Valli and his Seasons.

Be that as it may, you're better off sticking with the recent Seasons' album on Warner or the Private Stock collection of ancients — that is, if you want to hear the Seasons as they should be heard.

If you want just another slick Motown dance 'n' grope album, this will suit just fine.

Only the classic cut "The Night", written and produced by Bob Gaudio, disturbs the set's blandness. Even the Valli falsetto is reduced to a whimper, and that's criminal.  
Bob Edmands

## MARLENA SHAW: Marlena (Blue Note)

BERT DECOTEAUX and Tony Silvester seem to be this year's Lambert and Potter: clever producers of dense disco music that sounds uncannily like soul but somehow isn't, the difference between tea and what we get out of the machine here in the office.

DeCoteaux and Silvester, of course, produced Gary Glitter's hilarious 'soul' LP,  
Martin de Cartaret.

# SHORTCAKE

## JONATHAN KING: "J.K. All the Way" (UK)

ODDBALL, ingenious batch of potential and actual hits. He's the King of his own musical Ruritania, with songs that are by turns pompous, eccentric, amusing and pathetic. "It Only Takes A Minute" was a deserved hit. "He's So Fine" points up the Harrison debt. A posh "Fattie Bum-Bum" is funny first time. And there are many more to enjoy.

## SOUND 9418 (UK)

MORE OF King's queening. Disco, reggae and country versions of Glenn Miller tunes, plus assorted other instrumental combinations, permutations and mutations. Clever stuff whose appeal rapidly wears thin.

## RED HOT HITS (Pye)

ANY COMPILATION that gives Gladys Knight's "Midnight Train To Georgia" must be worthy, unless it also offers Brotherhood of Man's "Save Your Kisses For Me." This has both. As well as Andrea True Connection, Sheer Elegance, Jimmy James and the Vagabonds, etc., etc., etc. Red vinyl nice, though.

ORIGINAL ARTISTS: Super Hits of the 70's (Part One) (Polydor Special) THIS COMPILATION is mainly etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. aren't particularly inspired on any of the cuts. And neither are Slade, Bee Gees, Medicine Head or New Seekers. How original are these artists?

A mixture of  and 

## ALEXANDER ROBERTSON: Shadow Of A Thin Man (Arista)

SINGING ventriloquists can always blame their dummies, although it's hard to know which is which in this case. Twee collection of vaudeville, G and S, and music hall. Don't ring us.

## VARIOUS: Soul Factory (Polydor)

TWENTY-EIGHT non-stop soul hits, it says here. Most of them are so truncated, they're a travesty. Devalues the talents of Jimmy Ruffin, Millie Jackson, Fatback Band, James Brown and Johnny Bristol to butcher their work like this. Disgraceful.

RUBETTES: Sign Of The Times (State) THE FIRST Rubettes album they've produced themselves, and sad to relate they no longer sound distinctive. Instead of a Four Seasons' surrogate, they could be any Baileys' support act. Come on lads, realise that glorious potential.

## RADIO ONE CHARTBUSTERS (Super Beeb)

THERE'S NO way you can follow The Who, unless you're Radio One. Then, after Squeeze Box, you programme Laurie Lingo and the Dipsticks. Also in attendance: the Drifters, Barbara Dickson, Slik, R and J Stone, and — yet again — the Bros. of Man.

## DISCO DANCERS (CBS)

THIN SELECTION from a label hardly well known for the strength of its soul catalogue. O'Jays, Harold Melvin, MFSL, and Archie Bell offer one cut each — none of them vintage. And Biddu's there with Orchestra and Tina Charles.

## JIMMY JAMES AND THE VAGABONDS: Now (Pye)

IMPRESSIVE return by the former great hero of the Mods. The new Vagabonds even look like veterans of the Clacton campaign. The momentum of "I'll Go Where Your Music Takes Me" is sustained throughout the album. Biddu produced in fine fashion.

ANDY FAIRWEATHER LOW (RCA) JUST GOES to show that record companies can be fairweather friends. Clutch of Low oldies, seven originals. "Natural Sinner" a natural highlight. "I Hear You Knockin'" also has moments. Best stick with his new work.

CARAVELLI: Rockin' Strings (CBS) DRAB VIOLINS saw their way through assorted fumbled funk. Caravelli evidently a French Mantovani. A musical escargot sans garlic butter.

## THE BOTTOM LINE: Crazy Dancin' (GTO)

BARELY ADEQUATE homegrown dance album. Uncredited lead singer has nice gentle high voice that Thom Bell could have done something with.

Bob Edmands



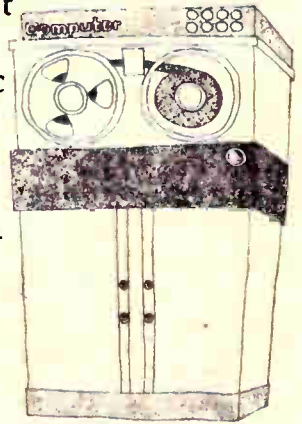
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# NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

# RADIO TV

THIS WEEKEND'S Mike Mansfield epic is an Electric Light Orchestra hour-long special titled *Fusion* screened on Saturday night in London, Scottish, Southern, Anglia, Ulster, Westward and Channel areas. It includes many of the band's long-standing favourites such as "10538 Overture", "Ma Ma Ma Belle" and "Evil Woman". Mansfield's other Saturday show is the morning *Super-Pop* (London only), featuring film of Slik's recent concert at the New Victoria.

The McGarrigles headline the latest edition of ITV's *So It Goes* along with A Band Called O, AC/DC and Eddie 'Guitar' Burns. Catch it in the Granada, Yorkshire, ATV and Border regions on Saturday, and at Sunday midnight in London.

Ask Aspel returns to BBC-1 on Wednesday, with Rick Wakeman guesting in the first edition. Later on the same day and channel, the Pasadena Roof Orchestra, the Bob Leaper Big Band and Madeline Bell are in *Band Beat*.

Still with BBC-1, David Gates guests in the repeated *Glen Campbell Music Show* (Tuesday). Not to mention Thursday's *Top Of The Pops* ... so we won't!

Novel spot of the week comes in BBC-2's *Festival 40* re-hash of old shows, which on Sunday revives a *Frost/Over England* programme with Julie Felix guesting.



"Hey, Francis, what the heck are we doing in this goddam punk hippie rag?"  
"Just adding a little class, Dino, just adding some class."

Movies worth seeing include the epic western *The Big Country* with Gregory Peck and Charlton Heston (ITV network, Thursday), and the James Dean showcase *Giant* also starring Rock Hudson and Liz Taylor (some ITV regions, Saturday). BBC-1 has Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis in *Ocean's 11* (Sunday) and the memorable Beatles animated cartoon *Yellow Submarine* (Tuesday).

Highlight of Radio 1's weekend, albeit a repeat, is *In Concert* with Emmylou Harris and the Hot Band on Saturday evening. Earlier the same day, the Beach Boys Story reaches its sixth and final part, subtitled "Making Waves Again".

N.B. Regarding my recent attack on BBC-1's obsession with the Olympics, it's worth noting that on Friday they're repeating the best of the Olympic gymnastics. Already? **Derek Johnson**

## JAZZ DIARY

THE MILESTONE Twofers ride again. After a fallow period, Milestone are releasing six more doubles from the old Riverside vaults this month through Transatlantic: "Thelonious Monk In Person" which useta be the Town Hall date and the Blackhawk; Bill Evans "Spring Leaves"; the trio with the late Scott La Faro and Paul Motian; Johnny Griffin & Eddie Lockjaw Davis' "The Toughest Tenors"; Mongo Santamaria's "Skins" for those really into hypsens, like Afro-Cuban-jazz-blues-soul; a bold re-release that will gas the collector, the late great underestimated Kenny Dorham's "But Beautiful" which useta be "Jazz Contrasts" with Sonny Rollins; an even bolder ditto of Elmo Hope, "The All-Star Sessions" with Coltrane and Mobley, Frank Foster, Philly Joe. Six more expected before Xmas.

The Brewery Tap features the Stan Robinson Quartet this Friday 13th. Harry Miller's Isipingo is on at the ICA Theatre on Sunday 15, and Barbara Thompson's Jubiaba at the Phoenix on Wednesday 18.

Ronnie Scott's sees drummer Louis Hayes' Quintet on Monday 16 for two weeks. Meanwhile, the Bath Festival is in full swing with Lol Coxhill in the saddle.

Lemme pull your coat about the Jazz Centre Society's Guide, *Jazz Now*. Worth the money for Brian Blain's *I Remember Phil*, apart from my own magisterial interview with the Skidmores, featuring reversed photos.

The 10th Willisau Jazz Festival begins on Thursday, August 26 with the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Friday Stan Tracey and Sam Rivers, Saturday Joe McPhee, Braxton, Bley, Sunday Isipingo, Schlippenbach and Mingus. Enough to make ya yodel.

Brian Case

## THURSDAY

AYLESBURY Britannia: BLIND BEGGAR  
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: BAND CALLED 'O'  
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BOULEVARD  
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY  
CORBY Nags Head: LEFT HAND DRIVE  
CHRISTCHURCH Ye Olde George Inn: STEVE ASHLEY  
DERBY Cleopatra's: THE ENID  
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: HOOKER  
HANLEY The Gaiety: WILDFIRE  
HARTON Railway Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST/TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND  
HONNINGTON R.A.F. Suffolk Punch: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS  
HULL Bailey's: MARMALADE  
IPSWICH Folk Club: PETE CASTLE  
IPSWICH Kingfisher Inn: EASY  
LETCWORTH Pelican: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS  
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES  
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: F.B.I.  
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE KOSMIN BAND  
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: G.T. MOORE & THE REGGAE GUITARS  
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE BOB STORY  
LONDON Marquee Club: FUMBLE  
LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA  
LONDON RICHMOND The Beehive: JOHN JAMES  
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Rochester: DOG WATCH  
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: HELLRAISERS  
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD  
NEWCASTLE City Hall: ERIC CLAPTON BAND  
NEWQUAY Blue Lagoon: KRAKATOA  
NEWQUAY Tall Trees Club: JIGSAW  
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SF2  
PEMBROKE DOCK Freshwater East Club: LOUDEST WHISPER  
PENZANCE Winter Gardens: AC/DC  
SWANSEA Langland Bay Hotel: BREAKER  
WHITBY Spa Ballroom: DIRTY TRICKS

## FRIDAY

BANBURY Castle Inn: TIDAL WAVEBAND  
BLACKBURN Imperial Hotel: BAND CALLED 'O'  
BRIDLINGTON Spa Pavilion: ERIC CLAPTON BAND  
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: MANTISS  
BURTON 76 Club: RICK GRECH BAND  
CIRENCESTER Crown Inn: KRAKATOA  
CLACTON 101 Disco: J.A.L.N. BAND  
COLNE Barnoldswick Civic Hall: BRIAN DEWHURST/TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND  
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: 5000 VOLTS  
HATFIELD Brookmans Park Hotel: ROCKING PNEUMONIA  
HAYWARD Seven Stars: THE SUBURBAN STUDS  
HULL Bailey's: COPS  
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: FARM  
LONDON CALEDONIAN ROAD Prince of Wales: LIMOSINE  
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: AC/DC  
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STRUTTERS  
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GONZALEZ  
LONDON N.W.10 White Horse: SHAZAM  
LONDON PUTNEY Sweetnighter: LANDSCAPE  
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Rochester: KOSSAGA  
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: LEMMY'S MOTORHEAD/BRAND X  
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ENERGY  
LUTON Royal Hotel: JEKYL MINCERS/EDDIE COUNCIL  
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE ENID  
NOTTINGHAM The Test Match: MATARKA  
PENZANCE The Garden: JIGSAW  
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: MEAL TICKET  
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: HEAVY METAL KIDS  
WALSALL Spiders Webb: INTER-CITY UNION  
WHITBY Royal Hotel: COMPLEX

## SATURDAY

AMMANFORD Civic Centre: KRAKATOA  
BATH Globe Inn: LOUDEST WHISPER  
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SEX PISTOLS  
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SUPANOVA  
BLACKBURN Old Blackburnians F.C.: BRIAN DEWHURST/TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND  
BURTON Paradise Room: MEDICINE HEAD  
CAMBERLEY Ragamuffins Club: ROCK ISLAND LINE  
CORBY Shafts Club: INTER-CITY UNION  
COVENTRY Mr. George's: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS  
CRANWELL R.A.F. Station: BREAKER  
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: MEAL TICKET  
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: FRANKIE VAUGHAN  
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: RAYMOND FROGGATT BAND  
HULL Bailey's: COPS



EDGAR BROUGHTON and his band headline their first London concert for a year on Sunday, when they appear at Chalk Farm Roundhouse. Much of their set will be devoted to material from their Nems album "Bandages". Support acts are Lemmy's Motorhead and Little Bob Story.



THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS and U-ROY this week thumb their noses at the Rank Organisation, who refused permission for them to appear at the Hammersmith Odeon in the wake of Bob Marley's concerts at that venue. They will instead be playing their London gig at the Lyceum on Wednesday. This is the first of several dates around the country by the two groups, climaxed by the Reading Festival on August 27, when they take part in the Virgin Records package on the opening night of the event.

ILFRACOMBE Cliff Hydro Hotel: JIGSAW  
LEEDS Staging Post: THE SUBURBAN STUDS  
LONDON BRIXTON Clouds: AL MATTHEWS & THE LAST WORD  
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LITTLE BOB STORY/CLUMSY  
LONDON EDWARE ROAD King's Arms: LANDSCAPE  
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: GOOD STUFF  
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Rochester: STRUTTERS  
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: ENERGY  
LUTON Kingsway Tavern: HELLRAISERS  
MANCHESTER Russel Club: CRYSTALS  
MANCHESTER University: DEAF SCHOOL  
MILTON KEYNES Navigation Inn: LEFT HAND DRIVE  
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: DIRTY TRICKS  
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall Square: PELICANS STEEL BAND  
SOUTHEND Queen's Hotel: CADILLAC  
ST. ALBANS City Hall: BAND CALLED 'O'  
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: ROCKING PNEUMONIA  
TALBOT Conservative Club: COMPLEX  
TAUNTON County Ballroom: 5000 VOLTS  
TELHAM Black Horse: STEVE ASHLEY  
WALSALL Jardari Night Club: J.A.L.N. BAND  
WEST RUNTON Village Inn: COUNT BISHOPS  
WIGAN Casino: LEMMY'S MOTORHEAD

## SUNDAY

AYLESBURY John Hampden: THE ROCKETS  
BARNESLY Halfway House: THE SUBURBAN STUDS  
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH  
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS  
BLACKPOOL ABC Theatre: ERIC CLAPTON BAND  
BLACKPOOL Opera House: THE BACHELORS  
BLACKPOOL Stanley Park Bowl: WILDFIRE  
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: BAND CALLED 'O'  
BURNLEY Burley Bank Hall: MATARKA  
CARSHALTON St. Helier's Arms: CADILLAC  
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: ROCKING PNEUMONIA  
LEICESTER Scaptoft Valley Club: BREAKER  
LLANHARRAN Rugby Club: KRAKATOA  
LONDON BRIXTON Clouds: AL MATTHEWS & THE LAST WORD  
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND/LEMMY'S MOTOR HEAD / LITTLE BOB STORY  
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: SUN SESSION  
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BOOMBAYA  
LONDON HAMPSTEAD The Enterprise: MARTIN SIMPSON  
LONDON LADBROKE GROVE Pig & Whistle: LEE KOSMIN BAND  
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open-Air Theatre: ALBION DANCE BAND/WATERSONS  
MAERBY Working Men's Club: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS  
MORECAMBE Central Pier Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA  
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: MAGNA CARTA  
PRESTON Avenham Park: FATT GUTT/OLD TENNIS SHOES/LINTONES  
SCARBOROUGH Futurist Theatre: PETERS & LEE  
SIDCUP Marlow Rooms: J.A.L.N. BAND  
TORQUAY Pavilion: HEAVY METAL KIDS  
WORSETHORNE Bay Horse Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST/TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

## MONDAY

ABERTILLERY Rose Hayward Club: KRAKATOA  
BATH Widcombe St. Mark's Church: FABULOUS POODLES  
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: HELEN DAY AND CATCH  
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot: TENNESSEE STUD  
COVENTRY Mr. George's: ROCKING PNEUMONIA  
DONCASTER Outlook Club: LEMMY'S MOTORHEAD  
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL  
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: BEANO  
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE SPLINTERED WIND BOOGIE BAND  
LONDON EDMONTON Picketts Lock: MOTHERS RUIN  
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: KOSSAGA  
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CIMARONS  
LONDON Marquee Club: AC/AC  
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: LITTLE BOB STORY  
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Rochester: FLYING ACES  
LONDON STREATHAM Crown & Anchor: RAY DEXTER  
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BRIAN KNIGHT  
NOTTINGHAM The Test Match: GREAT EASTERN  
ROMFORD White Hart: HELLRAISERS

## TUESDAY

BATH Pavilion: AL MATTHEWS & THE LAST WORD/KRAKATOA  
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LEMMY'S MOTORHEAD  
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BOULEVARD  
BIRMINGHAM Rum Runner: BREAKER  
BRITTON FERRY Rugby Club: KRAKATOA  
CAMBER SANDS Pontins Holiday Camp: ERIC CLAPTON BAND  
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JET HARRIS  
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CADILLAC  
LONDON ISLINGTON Florence Tavern: SONG-WAINERS  
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: FLYING ACES  
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: STRANGERS/VILLAGE  
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: SMIGGS BAND  
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Rochester: BOWLES BROS. BAND  
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: VOYEUR  
LONDON W.11 Acklam Hall: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND  
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: TOMORROW THE WORLD  
PENZANCE Winter Gardens: JOHN WILLIAMS  
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS  
SOUTHEND Talk Of The South: GENO WASHINGTON & THE RAM JAM BAND

## WEDNESDAY

ALTRINGHAM Malt Shovels Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST/TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND  
BATH Pavilion: LEMMY'S MOTORHEAD/AC-DC  
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND  
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: SPITERI  
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LITTLE BOB STORY  
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BOWLES BROS. BAND  
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: GLORIA MUNDI  
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH  
LONDON MORDEN Park Festival (doubling LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion): KRAKATOA  
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: LEE KOSMIN BAND  
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON The Rochester: SHUCKS  
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: MIGHTY DIAMONDS/U-ROY  
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: DIABLO  
NEWQUAY Blue Lagoon: AL MATTHEWS & THE LAST WORD  
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: BAND CALLED 'O'  
RETTFORD Porterhouse: MEAL TICKET  
TORQUAY 400 Club: FOUNDATIONS

## RESIDENCES

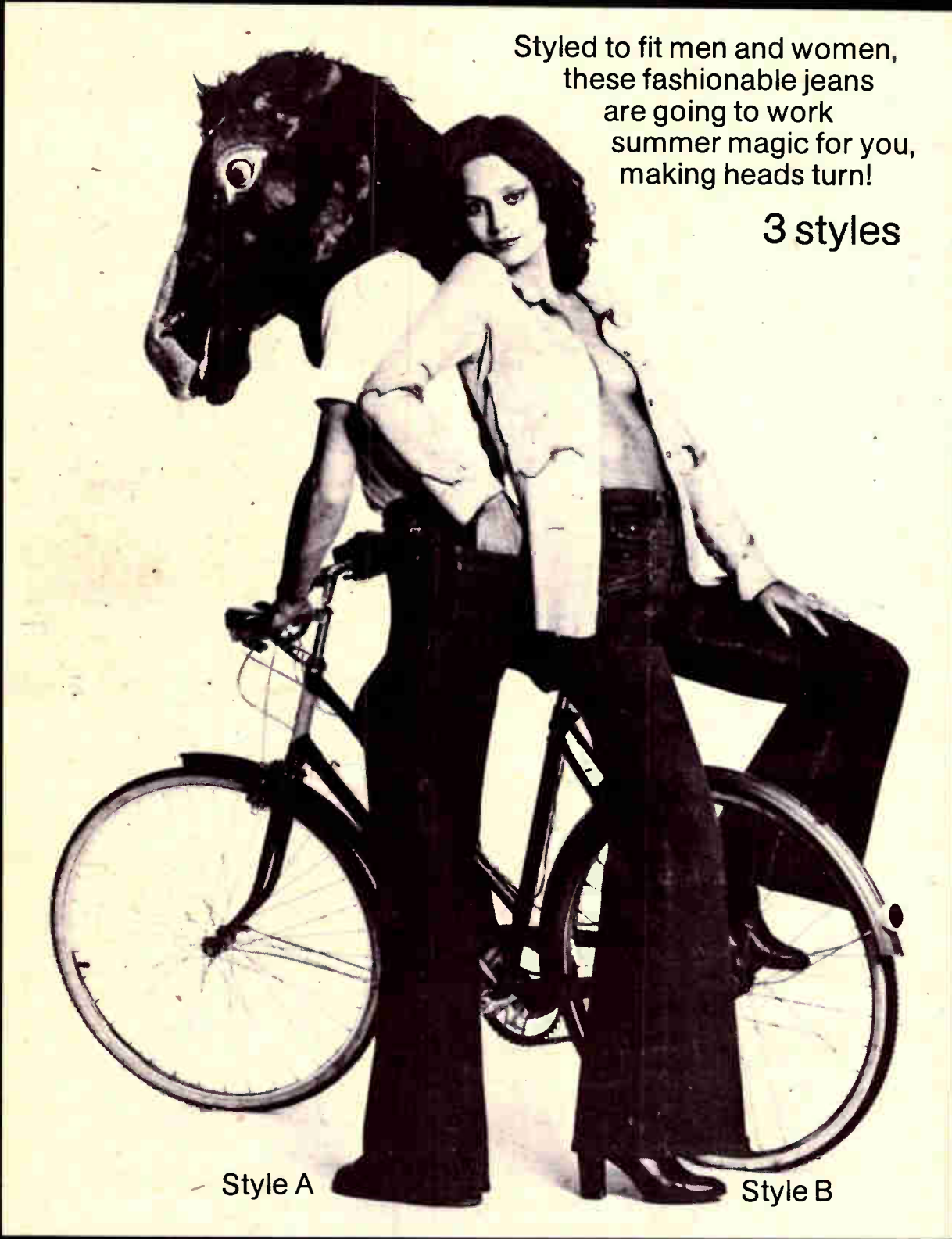
BATLEY Variety Club: MERSEYBEATS  
Sunday for four days  
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUBURBAN STUDS  
Wednesday (18) for five days  
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: FIESTA FLAMENCA  
Monday for two weeks  
BLACKBURN Cavendish: OFANCHI  
Thursday for three days  
BRIGHTON Sherry's: GIGGLES  
Thursday for three days  
CLEETHORPES Bunnies Place: BARRON KNIGHTS  
(Thursday for three days)/NOBODIES  
(Tuesday for five days)  
DERBY Bailey's: WILD HONEY  
Thursday for three days  
FARNWORTH Blighty's: DAVE BERRY  
Wednesday (18) for four days  
LEICESTER Bailey's: 5000 VOLTS Week from Monday  
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: VIV'S VIRGIN (Thursday for three days) / RHYTHMIC TRAMPS (Sunday for three days)  
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: LOUIS HAYES QUINTET/VIOLA WELLS  
Monday for two weeks  
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita: THE UNTOUCHABLES  
Week from Sunday  
OLDHAM Bailey's: LEE NEWMAN'S ARRIVAL  
Week from Monday  
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: BRANDY  
Thursday for three days  
SOUTHSEA King's Theatre: FRANKIE VAUGHAN  
Tuesday (17) for five days  
STOKE Bailey's: SHOWADDY WADDY  
Thursday for three days  
WATFORD Bailey's: THE VOYAGERS  
Week from Sunday



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Pre-washed indigo denim jeans at midsummer madness prices  
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3 styles



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12			30		
14			32		
16			34		

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# LIVE!

## Marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 p.m. TO 11.00 p.m.  
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur. 12th Aug (Adm 70p) <b>FUMBLE</b> Plus Friends & Ian Fleming	Mon. 16th Aug (Adm 85p) <b>AC/DC</b> Vaihalla & Jerry Floyd
Fri. 13th Aug (Adm 75p) <b>STRIFE</b> Razorbacks & Ian Fleming	Tues. 17th Aug (Adm 75p) <b>GRYPHON</b> Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd
Sat. 14th Aug (Adm 70p) Free admission with this ad. before 8 pm <b>S.A.L.T.</b> Major Bull & Ian Fleming	Wed. 18th Aug (Adm 70p) <b>ROOGALATOR</b> Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd
Sun. 15th Aug (Adm 65p) <b>THE 'FABULOUS' POODLES</b> Polcat & Jerry Floyd	Thur. 19th August CLOSED FOR PRIVATE FUNCTION
	Fri. 20th Aug (Adm 85p) <b>THE ENID</b> Plus Guests & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other hot and cold snacks are available

## READING ROCK '76

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

## THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday August 12	LITTLE BOB STORY	Free
Friday August 13	GONZALEZ	£1.00
Saturday August 14	RHYTHM TRAMPS	75p
	(Featuring G.T. Moore, Rabbit, Some reggae guitars & some Back Street Crawlers)	
Sunday August 15	THE ENID	60p
Monday August 16	Cimarons	Free
	(the best in reggae)	
Tuesday August 17	FLYING ACES	Free
	(featuring Martin Ace)	

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD NW5  
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)

## JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY

Enquiries to the Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930-4281  
At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus Tube) ... 8.00 pm

Wednesday, August 11th Don Weller's MAJOR SURGERY  
JULIAN BAHOLA'S TABULA

Wednesday, 18 August  
At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30 pm

Thursday, August 12th BOBBY WELLINS QUINTET

Thursday, August 19 PETER INO SEXTET

## WHITE HART

Church Road  
Willesden NW10  
Tel: 01-286 0184

Wednesday August 11th	VIBRATORS
Monday August 16th	GUEST BAND
Wednesday August 18th	UPROAR

## THE ROCHESTER

145 Stoke Newington  
High Street, N16.

Thursday August 12th	Free
DOGWATCH	
Friday August 13th	Free
KOSSAGA	
Saturday August 14th	Free
STRUTTERS	
Sunday August 15th	Free
BEEES MAKE HONEY	
Monday August 16th	50p
FLYING ACES	
(Featuring Martin Aces)	
Tuesday August 17th	Free
BOWLES BROS + ASTRA	
Wednesday August 18th	Free
SHUCKS	
Thursday August 19th	Free
OREE	

## SPEAK - EARLY

Open 8 to 11 Mon-Sat. Admission: Members free before 8 pm, 50p after. Guests 60p, first drink free before 8 pm.  
COMMENCING THUR. 19 AUG. WITH

### KRAKATOA



FRI. 20 AUG.  
ARTHUR BROWN

SAT. 21 AUG.  
CAROL GRIMES AND  
LONDON BOOGIE BAND

SPEAKEASY  
50 MARGARET STREET  
OXFORD CIRCUS W1  
RESERVATIONS 580 8810

## PICKETTS LOCK CENTRE

Picketts Lock Lane, Edmonton, London, N.9  
Monday August 16th at 7.45 p.m.

## MOTHER'S RUIN

+ Snowflake Circus  
Admission 65p including admission to Centre.  
August 23rd at 7.45 p.m. COMMOTION

## WINDSOR CASTLE



308 Harrow Road,  
London, W.9  
Tel: 01-286 0184

Wed. Aug. 11th	NIFTY NORAH
Thur. Aug. 12th	CLEMEN PULL
Fri. Aug. 13th	SCARECROW
Sat. Aug. 14th	UPROAR
Sun. Aug. 15th	VILLAGE
Mon. Aug. 16th	STRAIGHT
	JACKET
Tues. Aug. 17th	STREAMLINER
Wed. Aug. 18th	PLUM NELLIE

## WORDS ST ALBANS CITY HALL

(BARRY CLARKE)  
Coastin with the

## 'O' BAND

(Formerly A Band Called O)  
+ DODGERS

Saturday August 14th

D.J. Andy Dunkley

+ Films, Crystal Voyager  
featuring Pink Floyd "Echoes" sequence and other rock films

Bar Food

Tickets £1.10 from Box Office  
Tel: 64511 or on door.



at  
SPEAKEASY AUGUST 16th  
Enquiries 01-458 6165

## VILLAGE INN, WEST RUNTON, NORFOLK

Tel: West Runton 203

## COUNT BISHOPS

+ Fandango  
Saturday August 14th  
CALEDONIA  
+ Voice

Thursday August 19th  
JUDAS PRIEST + Blue Angel

## ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1

SUNDAY 22ND AUGUST at 5-30 p.m.

## 'O' BAND

## ALKATRAZ

MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS

ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'

ADM. £1.50 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R HOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564  
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft av w1 439-3371 or AT DOOR

## THE WHITE HORSE

176 Church Road, N.W.10

Friday August 13th

## SHAZAM

Admission 50p.

BORIS Agency presents Live on Stage

## GENO WASHINGTON

with the  
RAM - JAM - BAND

plus DISCO with Trevor Knight DJ plus GO-GO GIRLS

Thursday 18th November

MACADOWN East Meadway,  
Birmingham

Advance tickets £1 P.O., cheques s.a.e. to  
Boris Agency, 3 York Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

## ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1

WEDNESDAY 1st SEPTEMBER at 7-30 p.m.



FEATURING  
JORMA  
KAUKONEN  
AND  
JACK  
CASADY

WITH GUESTS  
FLYING  
ACES

ADM. £1.50 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R HOUSE BOX OFF 267-2564  
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft av w1 439-3371 or AT DOOR

YOU'LL FIND IT IN BOROUGH HIGH STREET NEAR DOOR

THE LEGENDARY HOLE IN THE WALL presents!

EVERY LUNCH TIME MON. TO FRI. 12.15 PM  
DJ GULLIVER COUPLED UP WITH EXPOSED LADIES!

MON - ROCK N ROLL NIGHT - DJ JOHN THOMAS  
TUES - TOPLESS GO-TO + sounds of DJ KIPPS  
WED - U.S. DISCO (?) - DJ GULLIVER  
THUR - GOLDEN OLDIES - GAMES - PRIZES - DJ GWS.  
FRI - HEAVIEST DISCO IN LONDON TOWN  
SAT - WITH TOO HEAVY D.J.'S.  
SUN - NOSTALGIA ROCK NIGHT (STONES 1965)

## NUGENT

From page 23

At least I get the feeling that he is sending himself up occasionally. I hope so. "I think I'm hot, correction, I know I'm hot. I hear myself man, and I'm outrageous. I've got fuckin' ears. If that wasn't me who was playing whoever it was was great. If that was you playing you'd be great, but it's me so I'm great. I'm not conceited."

At this juncture yours truly dissolved into helpless laughter on Ted's deaf side. Nugent continued:

"I mean I know I'm a shitty singer... well not shitty... I know my limitations, but I'm absolutely the best at everything I do. I'll out-run, out-shoot, out-stock hunt anybody. I'm fast. I'm on the ball. What am I supposed to do - get off stage and say 'aw shucks it wasn't that great'? Meanwhile there's 20,000 kids foaming at the mouth, jumping down each other's throats. That's not alright, that's brilliant. I'd be conceited if I didn't do interviews but I love to rap."

Because of his self-hype, and a lousy reputation for having played in a Detroit band that never gained the credibility usually associated with paying dues in da Motor City, Nugent is still not taken seriously by everyone. And does he care: "Audiences have always taken me seriously... you know how much more I need the rest... a big fat ugly fuckin' zero. It pissed me off the way we were handled, not that it ever slowed me down before I sold records. Did it?"

Uh, if you say so Ted. I home in on his good ear.

I point out that the last album, while something of a snub back at his many detractors, isn't the solid heavyweight it could be. Quite frankly some of the material sucks, many of the shorter cuts not showing Nugent or his band in any startling new light. Surprisingly he tends to agree: "Tooth, Fang And Claw" is my favourite, but the next album, 'Free For All'. Phew. Wait 'til you hear it, you'll shit. You will shit. Some of the nastiest fuckin' guitar work I've ever done, it's just disgusting, it just drips with pussy juice. I love it." Geddayway.

"People don't seem to realise how tasty I am. I play some beautiful stuff man... tek, tek, tek, tek, tek, yeegah! That's faster than the speed of light."

So finally success with a bullet comes the way of the infamous, but despite it all, strangely personable, Nugent. If he can keep his current outfit together, something he's failed to do in the past, reportedly because most musicians found his ego overwhelming and offensive, then in terms of blitzing an audience he can't fail. And there's no way he's about to let anyone, not even the upstart punk St. Holmes, steal his glory:

"I couldn't be overshadowed, there ain't nobody around who can outdo me at my own game. I mean have you ever heard anyone who sounds like me?"

I found myself agreeing with the abominable Nugent once again. More from a sense of relief than anything else. Anyhow I wanted him to open my beer.





HERBIE HANCOCK Pic: PENNIE SMITH

# HERBIE GETS FUNKED

**Herbie Hancock**  
**VICTORIA PALACE**  
**THE HERBIE HANCOCK** Band featuring Melvin "Wah-Wah" Watson? No, the "Wah-Wah" Watson Band occasionally and incidentally featuring Herbie Hancock would have been a more apt billing.

After scoring a direct national chart hit in the USA with "Headhunters" some three years ago, Hancock has been searching for ways and means to repeat that unprecedented success. Earlier this year the Headhunters, his 'support' band, broke up. Hancock retained bassist Paul Jackson and long-time associate and reedsman Bennie Maupin, adding guitarist Watson, drummer James Levi

and percussionist Ken Mash. Mash stayed home for this European tour, Hancock's first since 1974.

Watson has worked with Norman Whitfield, the Motown-Gordy producer who introduced the term 'psychedelic soul' to the musical lexicon with the Temptations' "Cloud Nine". A veteran of innumerable sessions, he is by any standards an extraordinary musician. He remains seated throughout, left foot tapping metronomically, right foot firmly depressing his wah-wah pedal with equal accuracy.

His playing, even his brief solos, surrenders completely to the rhythm: a persistent pulse, occasionally broken by scatter-shot echoplex runs. The chords are constantly rephrased, often with reverb: a rainbow filter which continues unabated even

between numbers and is never tiresome.

Watson even flecks the sweat off his forehead in time. His effect on the Hancock band has been incalculable. The new material has more in common with Donald Byrd, the Blackbyrds and Brass Construction than with anything that might be called 'jazz'.

But no matter. Hancock's new album is titled "Secrets"; the rhythms Watson etches out and those Hancock chops on clavinet are indeed 'secret' — itchy and irresistible. Watson dictates them, with Levi (whose muscular hi-hat and bass drum work seems indicative of an apprenticeship with Memphis producer Willie Mitchell) taking a cautious second place. In addition, Jackson is freed to lope the length of his fretboard.

Maupin is experimenting with the lyricon. At present, although theoretically capable of producing a wide range of tones, it's a very temperamental instrument, sounding mostly like an out of focus moog. All the same, Maupin's tenor in an extended "Hang Up Your Hang Ups" is rough and abrasive, a necessary contrast to the slickaphonics of the electric instruments. Maupin is restrained on stage, takes time to warm to his theme and plays a good deal less than many would like.

Hancock's latest acquisition, the Yamaha Grand, provides similar variation. It's an electric keyboard designed to reproduce the sound of an acoustic piano — a task it doesn't altogether succeed in. Hancock's own playing is largely determined by the strictures imposed by Watson and yet his melodic sense, which has always been strong, makes itself felt.

Maupin adds a wistful saxello motif in Watson's leisurely "Gentle Thoughts", before the band launch into "Spider". Watson attempts the intro, but his amplifier fails completely.

He reacts philosophically, realiating with unbelievably crisp lines when his sound is restored.

"Bubbles" next, soft and sly, before Hancock punches out the ARP sequence to the evergreen "Chameleon". The number tires rapidly and Hancock's moog solo is uninspiring. An encore follows — mainline funk, in which Hancock exhorts the audience to "do IT, feel IT and do IT". Everybody does. End of set. "Secrets" will score another

direct hit. Whatever the limitations of Hancock's current bent, there's little doubt that he does IT better than most of the competition. However, this kind of mechanofunk is rapidly entering obsolescence and he'll have to amuse himself elsewhere before too long.

Danish five-piece Secret Oyster opened with a short set. They're certainly more aggressive than when supporting Beefheart last year, but without the superlative sax playing of Karsten Vogel their material

wouldn't merit that much attention.

An entirely instrumental band, they've made four records, none of which captures them at their best. As a writer Vogel has a way with supple, exacting melodies — an approach that seems to have been temporarily abandoned in favour of electronic overkill from guitarist Bohling and moog operative Kundsén. Sadly Vogel finds himself flushed out of audibility most of the time.

Angus MacKinnon

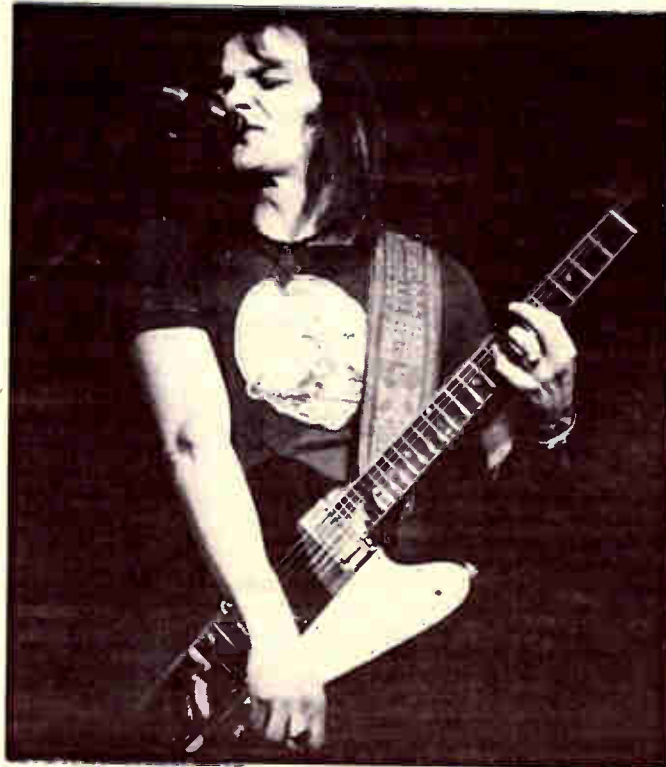
# "O" GET CLAPPED

**O** SCARBOROUGH IT ALWAYS happens, every time I see O, and during their second night at Scarborough's Penthouse Club the feeling became even stronger: Why can't they make albums as well as they play on stage?

As I reported in last week's issue, their third album, "Within Reach" doesn't exactly compel you to toss pancakes in the main street with excitement, and even the development from one recorded work to another isn't particularly startling either. Their stage act, however, is something entirely different.

And so it should be. But it's a simple point I'm trying to make: if O had as much going for them in the studio as they do live they'd cut the legs from under the other competition in this same league, immediately upgrade themselves, and perhaps become popular enough to play a major concert hall tour, instead of clubs like the Scarborough Penthouse.

Not that there's anything wrong with the place. It's great. But it's an undeniable fact that groups who stay on the smaller venue circuit too



A BAND CALLED O Pic: PENNIE SMITH

long eventually become disgruntled and frustrated because their success rating isn't progressing in accord with their musical development.

Then they throw in the towel.

O haven't reached that point yet, and if they did it would cause me considerable disappointment. Because they are — and I repeat for God knows how many times — a bloody excellent band.

They have energy... subtlety... excitement... exceptional ability... inspiration! In fact, all they lack is recognition. And the blame for that largely lies with you kids out there, rather than the band.

Because at Scarborough they pulled off a set which was easily the best I've seen them play; and I tell you I've seen quite a few.

No doubt their move from CBS to UA, with their new company constantly singing praises in their ears, has instilled in them a confidence which was possibly flagging. Not only

that but they've beefed up their act and individually they're injecting their personalities more into the music. Now there's probably just as much entertainment in their visual performance as in the music.

Although they include several new numbers in the set from "Within Reach," such as "Lucia Loser" and "Still Burning", their repertoire remains basically the same with lovelies like "Fine White Wine", "Sleeping", the magnificent "Sidewalk Ship" and two others from the new epee which they have in fact been featuring for quite some time, "Don'tcha Wanna" and "Smile Is Diamond".

The change in O then isn't because of new material but because of their attitude. The confidence of each of them — Jeff Bannister (keyboards), Pix (guitar and vocals), Derek Ballard (drums) and Mark and Craig Anders (bass and guitar respectively) — makes the music more positive; the edges sharper, the whole performance exuding considerably more excitement and polish.

With this though comes also a hardness, particularly during "Sidewalk Ship" and "Red Light Mamma", caused by their instrumental brassiness. Yet they're usually able to direct this dashing sense of adventure into superb solos — stand up and be applauded Craig and Jeff — and daring vocals — stand up Pix.

A scorcher it was, indeed. And a final note of praise for the wisdom of this Coastal Tour, of which Scarborough was just one date. It's an excellent method of completing a day paddling in the surf and scoffing fish 'n' chips, with further entertainment provided by the exuberant, if not stunning, group the Dodgers and a couple of flicks.

Hope I can find something as good by the Lakes.

Max Bell  
 Tony Stewart

# BOZ GETS SCAGGED

**Boz Scaggs**  
**CENTRAL PARK**  
**STROLLING THROUGH** New York's Central Park on a hot and sultry Friday afternoon was pretty much like reliving a David Peel song. The paths and verges littered with mainline black, heavy looking dealer dudes advertising their wares in tones of hushed menace.

"Hey man, ya wanna score. LSD, STP, DMT, amphetamines, rock (new hip terminology for smack, babania, junk or whatever), ready rolled joints — c'mon man you need it."

I decided I didn't and joined the throng of devotees scuttling through the tunnel to the Wollman Rink where Boz Scaggs was making his first appearance in the city since his Beacon Theatre adventure of last month.

Scaggs is big business these days. A headlining spot at the Schaefer Festival, New York's most intimate outdoor event, kind of the equivalent to our own Hyde Park I guess, was drawing him close to the end of what has been a real peaches and cream slow ride across the States.

Scaggs is no longer cult material. Fanatics who swore his Atlantic and early Columbia platters were amongst the only worthwhile white R&B offerings of the past six years have been joined by a new

army of followers weaned exclusively on the more sophisticated recent soul train disco trax.

With "Silk Degrees" steadily charting the upper echelons of the nation Boz is hot property, a long way from the pick-up blues on the patio at Madison University, Wisconsin, or the original Texas flirtations with the experimental Steve Miller.

Now in his middle thirties, Boz is one of those handful of mature artists who have earned their right to respect — even if his new wave soft shoe shuffle lost him a few admirers, unable to stomach the transition from diamond hard cultivated rock to laid back soulful interpreter.

I was one of them, but I shouldn't have been so traditionalist. Increasing familiarity with "Slow Dancer" and "Silk Degrees" uncovers different dimensions of the man; like Van Morrison he can tackle alternative angles of his talent and have them come out stamped Grade A.

Besides, Scaggs live is a total departure from Scaggs in the living room. He followed an appallingly mundane set from our own Maxine Nightingale with one of the classiest displays of male vocalist rocking chic I've seen since Van pulled the Rainbow to its hysterical feet that memorable night three years back.

Using as devastating a band as any he's worked with before, including the Porcaro brothers and himself playing

some breathtaking' rhythm and lead guitar, Boz scaled his career with a panache that left everyone demented, and generally whipped up a storm at ground level that made the opening heavens go away — it was wet but it was worth it.

"Lowdown" first, propelled by a bass intro that had you reeling. From then in he mastered the elements and delivered like a mother. Nattily dressed in skinny rib jersey and light blue slacks, Scaggs had a rapport with his band that was complete in its excitement, its cool ease and its way of inspiring you with that divine urge to rip up the barriers separating you from the stage.

Noticeably Boz draws as many black fans as he does white, surefire insurance that he has the rhythm where it counts — his music is for dancing, swaying and heart synching. The vocal delivery, too, is to be marvelled at, songs like "You Make It So Hard" and "What Can I Say" being saturated with righteous mojo-working sensuality.

For once it would be true to say that his band cooked. They burned from raw to red hot and through every intermediate stage. Absolutely incredible, beautiful female backing, a rhythm section that defied the normal conventions of rock structure and still made it impossible to keep sitting, a guitarist who didn't need teaching anything, and tenor and trumpet players who blew



BOZ SCAGGS

right across New York without ever masking Scaggs' own immaculate voice.

They held the tempo through "Angel Lady", knife-funked into "Runnin' Round, Runnin' Blue" (which he admitted to lifting from BB King), tore up "Georgia" and busted out into the most perfect attack on "Jump Street". One thousand degrees fahrenheit rock supreme and look out for the groove city boy.

Jeff Porcaro splattered the drum competition clean out of sight on "Lido" but they left the best until last. Though he didn't try "Loan Me A Dime" it didn't matter 'cos "Dinah-Flo" was better than I'd dreamed possible.

By now people were past caring about the cascading skies, they were permeated instead by that special delirious sensation you get when an artist you dearly admire is playing an Olympian set.

Scaggs encored with "I've Got Your Number" and "You're Mine", playing some of the finest R&B guitar licks it's ever been my privilege to encounter.

On the way back the dealers were out in force again, looking slightly more bedraggled than before. They needn't have bothered though, the audience was totally high on Boz Scaggs, a wonderful and time-tested intoxicant.



# RECORD, CASSETTE & CARTRIDGE DEALERS

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- Get Dancing —Disco Tex & The Sex-O-Lettes
- More More More —Andrea True Connection
- Let's Put It All Together —Stylistics
- Country Boy —Glen Campbell
- You Are My Everything —Lee Garrett
- Shoes —Raparata
- Do It Again —Art Garfunkel
- Funkny Moped —Jasper Carrot
- Love Me Love My Dog —Rod Stewart
- Dance With Me —Orleans
- Rock On Brothers —Chequers
- Lying Eyes —Eagles
- That's Where The Happy People Go —The Tramps
- I'm Not In Love —10cc
- Tracks Of My Tears —Linda Ronstadt
- Doing The Best I Can —Paul Kendrick
- Jungle Rock —Hank Shockley
- Drive In Saturday —David Bowie
- Something True —Nilsson
- She —Charles Aznavour
- Roll Over Lay Down —Status Quo
- Myater Song —Status Quo
- Goodbye Nothing To Say —Jevons
- My Little Town —Simon & Garfunkel
- My Resistance Is Low —Robin Sarstedt
- Under My Thumb —Wayne Gibson
- TVC 15 —David Bowie
- Can't Help Falling In Love —The Stylistics
- Devil Woman —Cliff Richard
- You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet —Bachman Turner Overdrive
- I Write The Songs —Barry Manilow
- Rock Your Baby —George McRae
- Get Your Love Back —Three Degrees
- Sorrow —David Bowie
- Da Doo Ron Ron —The Crystals
- Hey Mr. Music Man —Peters & Lee
- Una Paloma Blanco —Jonathan King
- Hang On In There Baby —Johnny Bristol
- Sandy —Hollies
- Sugar Baby Love —The Rubettes
- Please Tell Him That I Said Hello —Diana
- Touch Me In The Morning —Diana Ross
- Moonshine Sally —Mud
- Take Good Care Of Yourself —Three Degrees
- Love Won't Let Me Wait —Major Harris
- I Love To Love —Tina Charles
- This Old Heart Of Mine —Rod Stewart
- Glass Of Champagne —Sailor
- Three Steps To Heaven —Showaddywaddy
- Listen What The Man Said —Wings
- Love Is The Drug —Roxby Music
- Sailing —Rod Stewart
- Have You Seen Her? —The Chi-Lite
- I Only Have Eyes For You —Art Garfunkel
- Feelings —Morris Albert
- Sky High —Jigsaw
- Falling In Love —Hamilton Joe Frank & Reynolds
- Love Hurts —Jim Capaldi
- Sealed With A Kiss —Brian Hyland
- Space Oddity —David Bowie
- Barbados —Typically Tropical
- You —George Harrison
- Blue Guitar —Justin Hayward/John Lodge
- Imagine —John Lennon
- That's The Way K.C. & The Sunshine Band
- December 63 (Oh What A Night) —Four Seasons
- Forever And Ever —Slik
- Art For Art's Sake —10cc
- Hold Me Close —David Essex
- For You I'll Do Anything —The Stylistics
- Sing Baby Sing —The Stylistics
- How Glad I Am —Glen Miller Orchestra
- You Sexy Thing —Hot Chocolate
- Ride A Wild Horse —Dee Clark
- S.O.S. —Abba
- Life Is A Minestrone —10cc
- Sorry Doesn't Always Make It Right —Diana Ross
- Itchycoo Park —Small Faces
- It's Been So Long —George McRae
- What Am I Gonna Do With You? —Barry White
- Where Is The Love? —Betty Wright
- Fly Robin Fly —Silver Convention
- God's Gonna Punish You —I'm Mandy Fly Me
- Harpo
- You See The Trouble With Me —Barry White
- All By Myself —Eric Carmen
- Indian Love Call —Ray Stevens
- Solitaire —The Carpenters
- I Wanna Dance Wit Choo —DiscoTex
- Rain —Three Degrees
- The Way We Were —Gladys Knight
- Your Kiss Is Sweet —Sylvia
- Midnight Train To Georgia —Gladys Knight and The Pips
- Ain't No Way To Treat A Lady —Helen Reddy
- No Charge —Tammy Wynette with Tina Turner
- My Special Angel —Sonny Blake
- Fallen Angel —Frankie Valli
- Take Me In Your Arms —Doobie Bros.
- You To Me Are Everything —The Real Thing
- Cavatina —Manuel and the Music of the Mountains
- Viva Espana —Sylvia
- Reach Out I'll Be There —Gloria Gaynor
- Play Me Like You Play Your Guitar —Duane Eddy
- Rhinestone Cowboy —Glen Campbell
- Fame —David Bowie
- Theme From Mahogany —Diana Ross
- Out Of Time —Chris Farlowe
- Love Me Like I Love You —Bay City Rollers
- Low Rider —War
- Mud —Pluto Shervington
- Pinball Wizard —Elton John
- Live Talking —Four Seasons
- Deep Purple —Donny & Marie Osmond
- Don't Stop It Now —Hot Chocolate
- You Don't Have To Say You Love Me —Guns & Dolls
- Fernando —The Stylistics
- Golden Years —David Bowie
- Moonlight Serenade —Glen Miller Orchestra
- Rock and Roll Suicide —David Bowie
- Send In The Clowns —Judy Collins
- I Can Help —Billy Swan
- Love Hangover —Diana Ross
- Sunshine Day —Osibisa
- Hurt So Good —Susan Cadogan
- Knockin' On Heaven's Door —Eric Clapton
- My White Bicycle —Nazareth
- Don't Play Your Rock And Roll —Smokey
- I Do, I Do, I Do —Abba
- Hurt —Elvis Presley
- Movie Star —Harpo
- The Single Girl —Sandy Posey
- Answer Me —Barbara Dickson
- Heart Beat —Showaddywaddy
- Rock 'n' Roll Baby —The Stylistics
- This is It —Melba Moore
- Look At Me (I'm In Love) —Moments
- 50 Ways To Leave Your Lover —Paul Simon
- Tuxedo Junction —Manhattan Transfer
- La Booga Booga —The Surprise Sisters
- Let's Twist Again —Chubby Checker
- I'm Gonna Run Away From You —Tami Lynn
- Sherry —Adrian Baker
- D.I.V.O.R.C.E. —Tammy Wynette
- The Hustle —Van McCoy
- Love Me Baby —Susan Cadogan
- Why Did You Do It? —Stretch
- Swing Your Daddy —Jim Gilstrap
- Hey There Lonely Girl —Dodie Holman
- Convoys —G.W. McCall
- Funky Weekend —The Stylistics
- Sending Out An S.O.S. —Retta Young
- L.O.V.E. —Al Green
- Shame Shame Shame —Shirley & Company
- Scorch On The Rocks —Black Watch Pipe Band
- Girls Girls Girls —Sailor
- Get Back —Beatles
- Dat —Pluto Shervington
- Dreams Of You —Ralph McTell
- Show Me You're A Woman —Mud
- Pick Up The Pieces —Average White Band
- I Can Do It —Whispering Grass
- Midnight Rider —Paul Davidson
- Trail Of The Lonesome Pine —Laurel and Hardy
- Eighteen With A Bullet —Fete Wingfield
- Love Will Keep Us Together —Captain & Tennille
- Fool —Al Matthews
- Just A Smile —Pilot
- It's Time For Love —The Chi-Lites
- Tonight's The Night —Rod Stewart
- Young Hearts Run Free —Candi Staton
- Like A Butterfly —Mac and Katy Kissoon
- Summertime City —No Saver
- Baby I'm Yours —Linda Lewis
- Honky Tonk Train Blues —Keith Emerson
- The Snake —Al Wilson
- Moonlighting —The Stylistics
- I'm On Fire —5,000 Volts
- Can't Give You Anything —The Stylistics
- L. L. Lucy —Lud
- Ecstacy —Biddu Orchestra
- The Soul City Walk —Archie Bell and The Orioles
- Memories Don't Leave —Johnny Bristol
- I'm Still Gonna Need You —The Osmonds
- Requiem —Slik
- Silver Star —Four Seasons
- What A Difference A Day Makes —Esther Phillips
- Let's Call It Quits —Slide
- Pandora's Box —Procol Harum
- Misty —Rogers
- El Bimbo —Bimbo Jet
- If You Think You Know —Smokey
- Action —Sweet
- Gaudette —Steeleye Span
- Penny Lane —The Beatles
- Call Me Round —Pilot
- Ain't Lyin' —George McRae
- If I Could —David Essex
- D.I.V.O.R.C.E. —Billy Connolly
- Swearing To God —Frankie Valli
- Young Americans —David Bowie
- Someone Saved My Life Tonight —Elton John
- I Recall A Gypsy Woman —Don Williams
- I Love To Boogie —T. Rex
- The Night —Frankie Valli
- I'll Go Where The Music Takes Me —Jimmy James & The Vagabonds
- Walking In Rhythm —Blackbirds
- Save All Your Kisses For Me —Brotherhood Of Man
- There's A Kind Of Hush —Carpenters
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- Love To Love You Baby —Donna Summer
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- No Regrets —Walker Pros
- It's In His Kiss —Linda Lewis
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- Ships In The Night —Be Bop Deluxe
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- Boston Tea Party —Alex Harvey Band
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- Concrete And Clay —Randy Edelman
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- Here, There And Everywhere —Emmylou Harris
- Your Magic Puts A Spell On Me —L. J. Johnson
- Silly Love Songs —David Essex
- Disco Lady —Johnny Taylor
- You're My Love —Ivory
- Get Up and Boogie —Silver Convention
- I'm So Crazy —K. C. and The Sunshine Band
- City Lights —David Essex
- Don't Throw It All Away —Garth Benson
- The Continental —Maureen McGovern
- Dance The Body Music —Osibisa
- We Do It —R. & J. Stone
- Both Ends Burning —Roxby Music
- Happy To Be On An Island In The Sun —Demis Roussos
- Do The Bus Stop —Something To Sing About
- Walk Away From Love —David Ruffin
- Let Your Love Flow —Bellamy Bros.
- Hey Jude —Beatles
- David Ruffin —Falling Apart At The Seams
- Marmalade —Love Me Like A Lover
- Tina Charles —Highly
- John Miles —Sugar Candy Kisses
- Mac And Katie Kassoon —Honey
- Billy Ocean —Only Yesterday
- The Carpenters —It Should Have Been Me
- Yvonne Fair —Love Machine
- The Miracles —If Paradise Is Half As Nice
- Gloria Gaynor —I Want To Stay With You
- Gallagher and Lyle —Twistin' The Night away
- Sam Cooke —The Way I Want To Touch You
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- L. J. Johnson —Silly Love Songs
- David Essex —Disco Lady
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- Ivory —Get Up and Boogie
- Silver Convention —I'm So Crazy
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- David Essex —Don't Throw It All Away
- Garth Benson —The Continental
- Maureen McGovern —Dance The Body Music
- Osibisa —We Do It
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- Roxby Music —Happy To Be On An Island In The Sun
- Demis Roussos —Do The Bus Stop
- Something To Sing About —Walk Away From Love
- David Ruffin —Let Your Love Flow
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- Do The Bus Stop —Something To Sing About
- Walk Away From Love —David Ruffin
- Let Your Love Flow —Bellamy Bros.
- Barry White —Gris
- Memots and Womots —Money Money
- Bay City Rollers —You Can Have It All
- George McRae —Never Going To Fall In Love Again
- Diana —My Elvis Adored You
- Frankie Valli —Farewell
- Rod Stewart —I'll Be In My Dreams
- The Pearle —Let's Make A Baby
- Paul —The Continental
- Showaddywaddy —Show Me The Way
- Peter Frampton —Disc Connection
- Isaac Hayes Movement —Down Down
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Isaac Hayes & Dionne Warwick

LOS ANGELES NOPE, I DON'T know why they did it nor do I know what it was really all about nor do I really know where - quite literally, in fact - this little duo, Ike Hayes and Dionne Warwick were really at. Space 1999 vision of the Festival Hall gone funky somewhere off Sunset is about all I can help you with there.

Lost my ticket with the address, see. Mind you, I do recall that the tickets hit you for thirteen and a half bucks a throw, which is a mighty price even for a gig out on The New Frontier. Probably this was why this little Pleasure Dome was somewhere round about half empty at the start of the show. Those who were there, though, were mighty hip dudes. Hipper than any of them black guys that'd strut their stuff with razor blade pendants on their necklaces. Why, these dudes and their ladies had probably advanced beyond that and got into . . . w-e-e-e-ll, swinging maybe.

And Ike and Dionne are slick as slick can be. Bay-bee, this is smouldering bedroom soul that burns so fiery you kinda start figuring that maybe they got this thing together after hearing how Marvin went and blew it with "I Want You". My, this is the sound of Qui magazine - and that ain't no put-down. Just listen to that third number. Why, I do declare it is Ike and Dionne getting it on on that very classic

The roving Pole catches a highly improbable dynamic duo in superslick souleramascope.

number that was Dionne's very own way back in the mid-'60s, "Walk On By".

Now you may go sniggering about Isaac and calling him names like The Chocolate Chip; the singing coconut, the Kojak With Soul . . . but this - and especially when the two of them segue into "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself" and start duetting and interweaving the two songs - I mean, this is beautiful. Okay, maybe a lot of the impact is just down to Ike's orchestra sounding so clean and so mean at the same time, but you cannot deny, my friend, that whatever musical aberrations may have now and then come into the brain of Isaac over the past years Ms Dionne Warwick has kept those streamlined textured vocals and remained a deluxe soul balladeer. And well, Ike's steel grey tux doesn't do too much to me but Dionne in that fantastic midnight blue satin evening gown . . . Why, she looks so-

o-o foxy. And don't she know it: "Listen," she says to us, "You'd probably think 'What in the hell are Dionne Warwick and Ike Hayes doing together?'" "Well, I approve of your thinking." "But I must say I'm very impressed with the way we look." And the people fall about on the floor laughing. And then they sing Macca's "My Love", which is always worth a laugh anyway, and the "Walk On By" intro riff is used as a between numbers bridge and Ike sings "I Love You Music" and they do a mighty lame workout - kinda shows their ages, I guess - of KC's "That's The Way I Like It" with Ike growling so much on the lead vocals. And then, just to baffle our brains a little bit more, Ike and Dionne sing the theme tune from Claude Leluche's paen to Wimp Romance, "A Man And A Woman". And that's the end of

the first half. After only thirty-five minutes. Shit, man, if I'd had to go and pay thirteen fifty for my ticket I'd have been feeling kinda short-changed about now. Now when they come back Ike seems to be having a problem or two. See, his strangely static stage movements during "By The Time I Get To Phoenix" - not too bad at all - do suggest that very possibly he does have a very bad case of the runs. Maybe that's why the first half ended after thirty-five minutes. And he is sounding a little flat, too. Hell, I know what's wrong. Ike's just excited cos the next number's "Shaft." There you are. Told you so. Something's different, though. Yeah, that's it. The synthetic Hendrix wah-wah's been removed and re-directed via - guess what? - a watered down reggae riff. Then they get into "Love To Love You, Baby" after they've had a little rap between themselves. "You sure know what to say, don't you?" says Ike. "Know what to do, too," replies Dionne. Then she walks over to where Ike is sitting on a stool and opens her legs very naughtily and sits astride him. Ike pulls out his handkerchief very coolly and mops his brow. And then Dionne splits after "Love To Love You" and Ike and his band do "Sex Machine" without her and there's lots of curtain calls during which Dionne returns and that's it. Mind you, you know, about seventy-five per cent of the time this little pair did get down and get it on. Which is cool cos I had believed that it would be a bummer. Chris Salewicz

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Entire Population of China HOPE AND ANCHOR ROY CARR suggested that I should simply say that I couldn't get in because the place was filled with Chinese and not bother to go. But I did. When I entered Dave Otway was giving the drums a nice bit of stick and the group's sound was clean and crisp, like watching a speedboat cut through still water - the sound travelling well. Not that it had far to travel, of course, because it was all happening, as usual, in a bare brick basement - though a good feeling one, the barmaid kicking up her heels and dancing. Their act shuddered to a halt as their ancient old Wurlitzer piano conked out and Laka Kok announced a break while they took the top off. "Don't Gimme The Time Of Day" was a fine song in the West Coast/Asylum tradition with all five singing and a chrome plated solo from guitarist Philip Wagner. Vocalist Mick Strickland likes to jump about the stage with a cowbell and an Italian waiter smile. He sometimes plays flute, but mostly he is the focal point and pumps energy into the act like blowing up a bicycle tyre.

Bass player Dave Battiscombe is of the early punch-drunk stagger and sway school, very solid and effective. Laka plays a very chunky piano - like dog meat, full of protein and vitamins. She sings with sudden rises in her voice, all very pleasing. "Up Against The Law" was a good number and a nice vehicle for the drummer's penchant for the first-you-bit-one and then-you-hit-another bare simplicity, which he varies by sometimes running round the kit cheering (metaphorically that is) - and there might be a fine guitar note going on, because Philip doesn't mind holding a note for four bars at all, sometimes more, till he's ready to play another one. They did "I Am The Walrus" and they did it well. I confess the bass player reminds me a little of Art Kane with the New York Dolls - they have a touch of the punk about them but they try to keep it covered up. They are the kind of group that makes people want to shake a little ass but musically I think they are at their best when they don't play funk. Their guitarist is their ace: I'd like to hear more.

Miles



### Folk Festival

#### CAMBRIDGE

I LEFT last year's Cambridge Folk Festival very pessimistic about the musical prospects for British folk in the next few years. This year's festival confirmed all my misgivings, only more so.

Not that there wasn't sufficient good music to make the event worthwhile, but, predictably, the handful of American acts propping up the top end of the bill went down a storm, while the number of new and up-and-coming local names to make any impression was depressingly small.

Traditionally, Cambridge adopts the somewhat two-faced attitude of 'no stars' while at the same time fleshing out the bill with half a dozen names festival organiser Ken Woollard knows will draw. The policy's not too objectionable if the musical standards are good across the board, but this year the gulf between what was really worth hearing, on either of the two simultaneously operating main stages and the smaller club tent, and what was dismissible had widened even further.

Cambridge is by now an institution, with a twelve year track record. Although it's easily the biggest event on the country's folk calendar, it's still a very useful annual index of what's happening in the much smaller clubs. The answer on the evidence of this weekend is not very much.

Like last year, plainclothes narcs from the Cambridgeshire Drug Squad, though they apologised jovially to an enquiring journalist for being understaffed, still managed to ruin 109 weekends — which ain't a bad goal average for an official audience of 10,100 (drastically down from 18,000 last year, but according to Woollard the optimum attendance figure for his catering,



**MICHAEL "Heavy Metal" CHAPMAN**

toilet and camping facilities to cope with).

IT'S FOUR sets after 6.30 on Friday. Stage 2 has a ceilidh all evening conducted by the High Level Ranters, which goes down well by all accounts. I opt for Stage 1, and I've long since grown restless.

The solo performances are adequate for a fifty-strong club crowd, but pitifully low-key for the huge marquee. I need some of these sets about as much as a pint of Watney's.

City Waites serve up authentic early music, well arranged and performed, on a battery of instruments like crumhorns and rebecs. They're pleasant

enough in small doses, but lack a strong vocalist.

Cajun Moon are the first thing on to have any great impact on the audience. They whip through a number of the uptempo songs from their debut album and a number of songwriter Allan Taylor's familiar club favourites.

The PA gremlins who are in on cheap party bookings launch their first major assault. Cajun's instruments are pushing out a lot of juice by Cambridge standards and the vocal mikes, unable to cope with the requisite volume, aren't fully audible above the instruments. But veteran country fiddler Brian Golbey in particular knows how to hit an apathetic audience between the eyes.

Loudon Wainwright III returns to Cambridge after his success here two years ago. Much of the crowd remembers. If they hadn't he'd still be an instant hit.

Like all the American performers on the bill he's learned to connect with an audience first verse, first number and hold them for the whole set. It's an object-lesson for the British soloists which will be repeated many times over the weekend.

(A report on Wainwright in London will appear next week — Ed.)

The Bothy Band, Ireland's hottest export since Guinness and the Chieftains, are last on on Friday night. Unfortunately the acoustic stringed rhythm section of Lunny's bouzouki and Michael Ni Dhomhnaill's guitar is sounding very thin, so that the finely toned harmonics are mostly lost to lead lines. And brilliant young piper Paddy Keenan is more subdued than I've seen him in



**LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III: Genius is pain**

**Pictures: CHALKIE DAVIES**

the past: he takes only a few of the wild solos which usually lift the band to full flight.

Still, Triona's voice is in fine form, her keyboards supply the much needed bottom end and new fiddler Kevin Bourke, who's replaced Tommy Peoples, fits in admirably.

From what I've seen and heard of them to date, and knowing that their repertoire is huge, I'm convinced that, even more than trailblazing Irish trad bands like the Chieftains and Planxty, this band has the biggest crossover potential.

SATURDAY afternoon's action takes place on the open air Stage 1 and traditionally the audience lays back and soaks up the sun and ale. It's a lot harder on the performers, and again those who manage it best are all too predictable — the Bothy Band, Cajun, Wainwright.

Meanwhile, over on Stage 2 former *Sing Out* editor Artie Traum is conducting a Guitar Seminar. I slip back and forth between stages during the afternoon.

Of the guitarists I hear, best is the very promising Martin Simpson, a superb picker and singer who handles rural blues and transposed Scottish pipe tunes with equal dexterity.

Scaffell Pike probably got the worst reception of the entire festival. It's no mystery. Though three of them are English they're a quartet based in Sweden who deliver stagnant arrangements of some rather weathered folk chestnuts in cabaret style!

Michael Chapman's acoustic set removes the sour taste. I've never seen the man perform before though I like his records. His aggressive accomplished acoustic guitar accompaniment is a revelation. But it's small potatoes compared to

what's in store from him the following afternoon.

Bryan Bowers is warmly welcomed back to Cambridge after proving one of the surprise hits of last year's festival. His engaging stage manner is perfect for Cambridge, and he lost no time in converting the marquee to one of the Virginia gospel congregations or workfields where he first heard music.

What's most interesting about Bowers musically is his fully developed five-finger technique on autoharp. He gets more sound from the instrument than you're likely to hear anywhere else.

He's also got a good line in demonstrating what he's doing with the instrument for listeners who find it unfamiliar. It's sufficiently informal not to come across as a school lesson, but adequate to enable you to get into the instrument's musical possibilities.

The undoubted smash hit of the festival was Steve Goodman. He stands a slightly chubby five-foot-nothing in his socks, but he's undoubtedly a major singer/songwriter on the evidence of the two sets I saw at Cambridge.

An excellent guitarist with a beautifully pitched gentle voice note-perfect on everything he did. His vocals are somewhere between Don McLean and Mike Nesmith, but I wouldn't want those comparisons to detract from his individuality. "City Of New Orleans", the Arlo Guthrie/Johnny Cash cover, got the best reception Saturday, but virtually everything, his own songs particularly, went down equally well. Two unaccompanied songs for the British folkies, "Night William And The Shepherd's Daughter" and Louis Killen's bitter anti-war song "Penny Evans", revealed style and

polish — in a word class which none of the locals could hope to emulate.

Lancashire comic and singer Mike Harding acquitted himself remarkably well after Goodman. He's got his act down to a suitable balance of rehearsed and off-the-cuff one-liners, and he's often acute as a working-class observer of the British spectacle, as you'd expect from someone who's been everything from a teacher to a dustman.

Australia's Bushwackers got the unenviable last spot on Saturday night, and the first on Sunday afternoon. They've added an electric bass and a second fiddler since their last visit, giving a lot of guts to their workings of medleys of predominantly Irish tunes — which were in fact the earliest transplanted source of downunder traditional music. The dry, authentic-sounding vocals are an adequate vehicle for the convict, shearing and droving settings of their songs.

The Michael Chapman Band had been carefully calculating the devastation which upset some of the folk purists on Sunday afternoon, a few actually booing at the end of the set (shades of the Zim at the Albert Hall in 1965).

A sizable number of the rest of the audience got up to boogie to the heavy but subtle lineup — Rick Kemp on bass, Keef Hartley on drums, Ray Martinez on lead guitar, B. J. Cole on pedal steel, Chapman himself on second guitar-cum-rhythm, plus a keyboards player and two female backup singers.

So, even with a lot of goodies on the bill there was too much slack in the programme for my liking.

Rod McShane

### John Hartford

#### LONDON

JOHN HARTFORD'S sole London gig, a post Cambridge afterthought, was enjoyed enormously by those more interested in music than posing



**HARTFORD makes with the mouth percussion Pic: LFI**

but because Hartford's totally individual music demands more attention than the average Dingwall's regular can muster, reports of this gig will vary widely depending on who you ask.

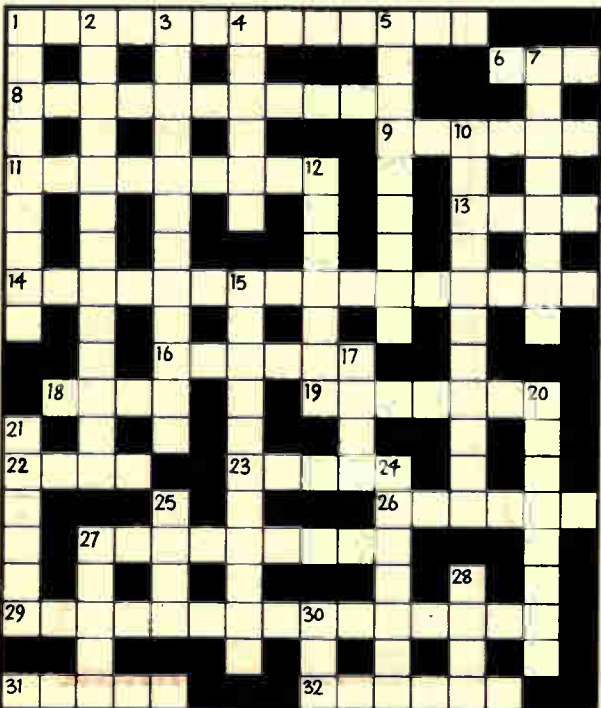
Personally I found Hartford quite gripping for the most part. Almost his sole fame in this country relates to the fact that he wrote "Gentle On My Mind," although his version on this night bore little resemblance to the sterile Glen Campbell cover. That few know him as a performer in his own right is tragic, as he proved during fifteen or so songs, backing himself on a combination of fiddle, banjo, acoustic guitar and amplified feet. The latter are the result of amplifying a board upon which he dances, and the outcome is by no means as amateurish as it may sound.

Hartford is a master on each instrument, as a perusal of album credits by the more discerning will show. However, his fiddle was most used, and as it is the least accessible instrument he uses it occasionally got to be overpowering — especially on "Austin Minor Sympathy", one of the five songs he previewed from his new

album, "Mark Twang", which is also the first fruit of an alliance between Sonet Records, who distribute here, and the Flying Fish label of Chicago.

Hartford is probably the least obscure artist on the label, with around ten previous albums under his belt, and he played a "best of" selection from his past work. It included "Up On The Hill Where They Do The Boogie", which you may be interested to know was covered here some time ago by B. J. Cole and the New Hovering Dog, "Turn Your Radio On", the magnificent "Nobody Eats At Linebaughs Any More", and an audience request for the encore, a song concerning the artist's dislike of a new washing machine which made less appealing noises than its predecessor.

I'm very pleased to have finally seen John Hartford playing a full set after his tantalising fifteen minute allowance at the County Festival, and perhaps the fact that he again has a record available here might mean a resurgence of interest in an almost totally neglected, worthwhile artist who is also one of the most amusing performers in the world. John Tobler



## NME EXPRESS WORD

#### ACROSS

- 1 Died at the age of 21, but was one of most influential of American bluesmen (6,7)
- 6 Known as Columbia in USA (inits.)
- 8 If meagre ego (anag. 7,4)
- 9 Label
- 11 His previous band was Zombies, with Colin Blunstone (3,6)
- 13 Vocal music — c.f. Concise Oxford Dictionary
- 14 Cut the cake, picked up the pieces (7,5,4)
- 16 Soul classic, originated by Temptations (2,4)
- 18 Signed to MainMan, briefly promoted as female Bowie
- 19 Bells to you too

- 22 & 21 down Wrote the music for "Rock Follies"
- 23 Dutch-rockers
- 26 Ford's other half
- 27 Instrument, popularised in blues
- 29 Animated Moptops' flick (6,9)
- 31 See 28
- 32 Previously Halfnelson

#### DOWN

- 1 Probably best-known of all album sleeve designers (5,4)
- 2 Three-quarters jazz-rock aggregation, truncated without remorse! (5,5,3)
- 3 Lennon's may be Green (or Blue), his is Red (5,7)
- 4 U.S. soul vet, became Joseph X when he caught religion (3,3)

- 5 Founder-member 2 down, and of Blues Project (5,4)
- 7 Is also label boss of fittingly-entitled Obscure Records (5,3)
- 10 Former colleague of 11 across (4,7)
- 12 Of Steeleye Span (3,4)
- 15 Electronic Kraut-rockers, first solo album was "Aqua" (5,6)
- 17 Otherwise Marie Lawrie
- 20 Seminal Beatles' album (then again, they all were)
- 21 See 22
- 24 Were one of the acts brought to fame via "Woodstock" move (3,2,2)
- 25 Woody's kid (not Ron, dumbhead!)
- 27 One half '67 Beatles No. 1
- 28 & 31 Kinks' drummer
- 30 Mystic transportation for Who

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

- ACROSS:** 1 Steeleye Span; 5 "(First) Cut (Is The Deep-est)"; 7 Patti Smith; 10 Tomita; 11 "Holy Cow"; 13 Taj Mahal; 15 Ian Stewart; 16 Monkees; 17 "Hound Dog"; 21 Mason; 22 Who; 23 EMI; 24 Union Gap; 25 Cass (Elliott); 27 "Music"; 29 (Baker-Gurvitz) Army; 31 Reg (Dwight); 32 Steve Marriott; 33 Ravi Shankar; 36 "Revolution"
- DOWN:** 1 Supertramp; 2 Elton John; 3 (Screaming Lord) Sulch; 4 "Natty Dread"; 5 "Come On"; 6 Dave (Mason); 8 Ian Anderson; 9 Mahavishnu Orchestra; 12 Otis (Redding); 14 "At The Hop"; 18 Uriah Heep; 19 Don McLean; 20 O'Jays; 21 Mike McGear; 23 Elektra; 26 Sadsistic (Mika Band); 28 Session; 30 Motown; 34 Ron (Wood); 35 Sun.



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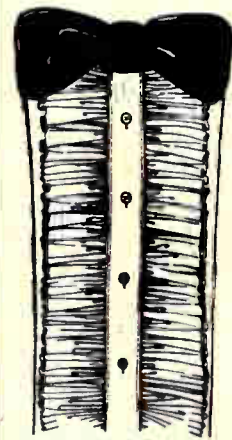
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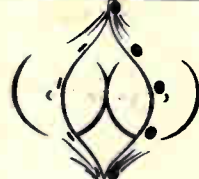


649. HEAVY DRINKER

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611. SIXTY NINE



587. BUSTIN OUT

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126. LIPSMAKIN



626. COCAINE



122. DRINK TEAM



538. SOUTHERN COMFORT



124. LIE DOWN



168. WORK



199. EAGLES



536. TAURUS All signs available When ordering state which sign required.



612. PATCH



650. CHOKED



568. CLUNK CLICK



125. VULTURES



134. GENESIS



211. BE KIND



647. CAUTION



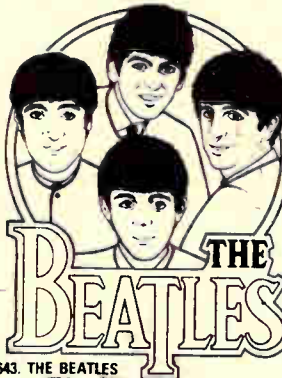
648. STONED AGIN



129. CONTENTS



204. NAVY DRINK TEAM



643. THE BEATLES



159. BEETHOVEN



548. OLYMPICS '76



545. DARTMOOR



506. STATUS QUD



645. CUSTOMER COMES FIRST



644. WHAT'S UP DOC



188. PRODUCT



509. THE WHO



508. NEW ZEPPELIN



515. PERISHERS



174. FOX



172. SAVE ENERGY



121. BAD COMPANY



170. SUPER TRAMP



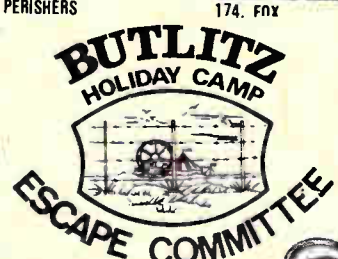
208. I SAID SIT



638. DEVIL WITHIN



181. JUST PASSIN



166. BUTLITZ



507. LATEST FLOYD



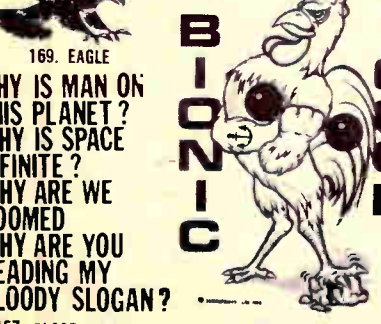
583. GROPPING HAND

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167. JOIN THE ARMY



163. NEW ROXY



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157. BLOODY SLOGAN 214. BIONIC COCK

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633. I'M HIS

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**CLOSED MONDAYS**



YOU DON'T know me. I'm just a humble, ordinary, bloke who's trying to do his bit towards bringing down both Western Capitalism and the Soviet brand of "Socialism", in order to establish a new order with myself as "liberal dictator" of the world.

But enough about me . . . What I really want to write about is the NME — and why said paper is now far & away the best buy on the newsagents' racks. Okay: that may sound like a piece of cheap flattery in order to get this letter printed, but harken unto my words.

In particular, to one word of your own coining: SIDESWIPE. In other words, articles which have no direct bearing on modern music, but which look at other facets of our culture/society. NME has, of course, given room to such articles for some time now, (eg. Chile, Miners' strike, film reviews), but with *Sideswipe* we now have a (semi) regular feature to look forward to, about everything from the U.S. elections to Howard the Duck — which, by the way, I started buying on the strength of CSM's column: I wasn't disappointed.

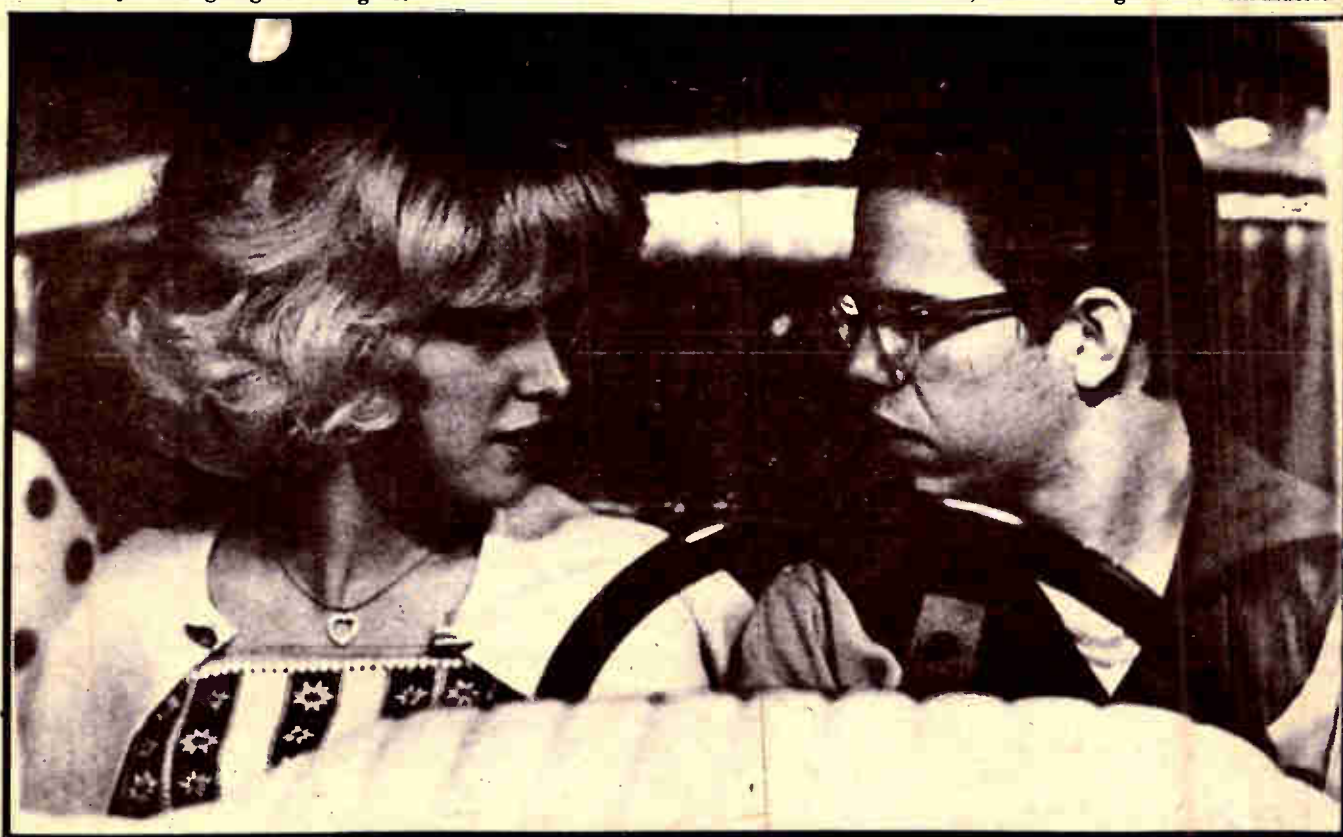
Now, I can just hear the hardliners asking what place such things have in a music weekly. Logically none; but I feel sorry for anyone who's interests are so narrow that they're content with a diet of music alone. In short, brethren, keep up the good work. Believe me, your efforts are appreciated.

Finally, a couple of suggestions: how about features on Aleister Crowley (oft mentioned in your pages, but do many readers really know much about him?) Ufology: Vietnam in retrospect . . . Over to you gentlemen. — M.G.S.

CONGRATS TO R. G. Brickmaster (probably Alan Pasco in disguise) for his Olympics article. When I opened up last week's offering my first reaction was "Not another boring shebang from The World's Most Packed With Stuff That Has Little To Do With Rock And Roll, Like The Olympics, Rock Weekly." But I found the article both entertaining and enlightening. — NIAL, Guildford.

THE FIVE hour seduction session had just run its time; the box was showing for the third time that Olympic team napping the Olympic Village for the good of sport; the American president had just been sold at par (brokers alone collect); and, as I waded to the last wart-deformed page of the weekly megalencyclopaedia, some neatly spaced sounds

"Don't you like going out with girls?"



"Yes, but what's it got to do with music."

coming over the hi-fi reminded me of music — that in fact, dammit, this used to be a music paper.

Or at least it used to be about music — it used to knock shit out of every bit it could find.

Now, risen above relevance to its title, its nastiness of yore having stamped upon the leaders of tomorrow the epithet "the NME terminal generation" (in praise of germinal tenebration — out of the darkness sprang forth a black hole), this mass-educator has it seems taken over where the Pope left off and is running derserk with its Bulls on all topics. Need I take the *Times* too?

We have had sunglasses (Ron too, bless him), ships that couldn't sink, now the Olympics, an expose of the alternative to Wes for Pres, and so on. Music don't even start.

But, hell, you gotta laugh. Last Nov./Dec NME was ace — killer lines by the dozen; the August 7th issue was in that classic class, and better informed. No harm in externalizing a bit, but watch it, on off weeks the articles are as boring and straight as this "pistle, with as little to impart. And get more album reviews together soon — after all, that (live sets too of course) is where the future lies, or at least, according to a usually reliable source, our final 8 years of it. A Supporter still. — D EASTWOOD, Brun.

Firstly and most simply, man cannot live by music alone. Secondly, contrary to what the owners of the Titanic would have you believe, rock music does not exist in a

It's not hard to get into . . .

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Just mail your wail to us at GASBAG, NME, 21st Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St., London SE1.

comfortable vacuum; it reflects, is sustained by, and comes into conflict with, the rest of society. Just like everything else and everybody.

WHAT'S happened to all those short, brilliant, L.P. begging letters? They're far better than these long, boring complaining letters you've been printing recently, so more L.P. begging letters please!!! — A POUNDER, Cleveland.

Alright alright . . . HOW ABOUT a mention for Boddingtons Bitter in Gasbag? — A TRUE FAN, Manchester.

WOODSTOCK WAS RIGHT, THE WORLD IS WRONG — KEITH, Liverpool.

WHATEVER HAPPENED to the Heavy Metal Dream? — MIKE.

Next please. ROLL OVER Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, Robin Trower and Co — here comes Denis "the Menace" Healey, Britain's latest axe-hero. — M.A.S., Norbury.

Like it. FELLOW punters you make me wanna puke, you scream

like hell 'cos there ain't enough rock music on the box an' then when a new rock prog multiplies the amount of rock on the box by a million you criticise it like you were god's gift to journalism.

O.K. so it has its faults, but at least it's a step in the right direction after the terrible "Jock's Frillies".

It would be more help if everyone wrote to the T.V. companies demanding more rock programmes on the box rather than apathetically farting in their armchairs in front of the box. — MARCUS CLAUDIUS, Birkenhead.

ACTUALLY, I'd much rather be a good lecturer in French and do nothing, than be the introducer of the most contrived rock show in the history of television and still do nothing. Hope it goes. — BARON PASSAGES, Deutschland.

WHAT HAS happened to NME this year? It's already August and you still haven't supplied us with a future of rock 'n' roll. Us skinny weeds have no-one to impersonate when running away down the street after someone has looked at us. Come on, it's about time you were running weekly 30 page articles on this summer's answer to Barry Trampoline.

And make it quick before the inevitable happens and us skunks have to content ourselves with reading and re-reading a 10 part — "The Saga Of Trampoline" by Nick Kent.

If you can't find anyone new, try looking for the lad again — I've got a couple of theories as to his whereabouts: firstly, he has re-emerged under the name of Neil Diamond (his true identity?); secondly, he ran for Britain in the Olympics, as one Steve Ovett (Born To Run?), but unfortunately failed to live up to expectations.

I suggest you give you correspondent Tina Named-roper (NY.) a kick up the hot line and get her to go round the clubs and pick up someone she fancies. — MICHAEL SIMPKINS, Leeds 6.

Actually, we already KNOW who the future of rock is but we ain't saying in case it ruins his career.

I SUGGEST that *Teazer's* photo caption the other week put the emphasis on the wrong person. The really outrageous person in the photo was the one getting wet, not Keith Moon. The wet one is Merman Gunston, an Australian TV personality whose interviews often end like the one you showed. Amongst his credits are running for Governor-General during the Whitlam crisis; suggesting to Gary Glitter that his main contribution to society was recycling Christmas decorations; telling Ray Charles that the sunglasses image had been done by Roy Orbison; jamming on harmonica with Frank Zappa (a slow blues); and telling Linda McCartney that she

## LETTERS EDITED BY NEIL SPENCER

didn't look Japanese! Surely a man of these achievements shouldn't go unmentioned? — S. TERKEL, Teddington.

Yes, it's amazing what people will do for money isn't it?

WHAT IS going down? Dig: Max Bell writes about rock; says nice things 'bout Blue Oyster Cult, also says nice things 'bout "Agents of Fortune". O.K. Largely impressed reader, gets flush, buys albums, plays it loud, gets brains blown. Far out. Reader comes down to earth, reads credits, finds Max Bell's name again.

Am I being sold down the proverbial river, or can Max Bell explain this?

See, me and the other explosives experts don't take too nice to journalists who plug albums they pull the old lootola off.—PARSIMONY CREEP, Atherstone.

Everyone knows the Blue Oyster Cult are special friends of Max's but they don't actually pay him for the privilege as far as I know. Just to confirm your paranoia we have a Max special on the BOC next week.

WHAT IS wrong with the dudes who stick the L.P. sleeves together these days? I've been through two pots of glue this year and it's getting hard on the pocket. In fact, it's getting to the stage where I don't give a shit about the music as long as the damn cover stays together. DAVE, Harwood.

Funny, we have that trouble too.

IF I chanced one fine day to the Marquee to see a band I knew nothing about, and if this consisted of dumping the long queue outside, and finding myself next to the stage in a grossly overcrowded steam bath of a concert hall, then I too might be somewhat unimpressed. Then if I then witnessed a stage act primarily describable as "an indulgent display of musical laxity" then I would find myself very unimpressed.

But if, on opening my eyes, I discovered the remainder of that unfortunate audience absolutely delirious with joy, then I might think on. If Tony Stewart cared to check out Van Der Graaf Generator on record he might learn something to his advantage, he might also find out what the songs were about — everyone else knew. Pete Hammill writes the sort of music that gets under the skin before it wipes out your brain and I like it that way. — LES SMITH, London W.1.

Just be happy that your cult hasn't been ruined by mass acceptance.

OH, *Christ*, I want to be a staff writer! The prestige of it all! To drink nectar at the tables of the mighty, to be on equal terms with the highest minds this civilisation has created, to discuss great things with the gods of the music press! To stroll into the office and say "Hello, Charles ol' chum, will you do the Dylan interview or shall I?"

But I've got to go to Oxford in October and I don't want to go. — A HISTORY STUDENT, Valhalla.

Right, right . . . to get stuck in the lifts in Kings Reach Tower, to inadvertently sit in a pool of Kent's tomato soup, to listen to the babblings of this crazed bunch in megalomaniacs, to have your new copy of *Rolling Stone* stolen by Murray to read on the can, to be pestered incessantly by record company press officers. Yes, it's a grand life on the NME. Back to your A. J. P. Taylor, pal.



## Days of whine and roses

IS THERE any room in *Gas Bag* for a strong complaint about the truly horrible quality of the surfaces of many of the records being produced today? The ludicrous thinness of discs is another equally ballsacking subject.

I've a very modest system employing a Connoisseur deck with a Shure magnetic cartridge (the stylus of which I check and replace regularly)

and it seems literally months since I've had a truly faultless record to play on it.

I've returned countless records direct to various record companies (at enormous cost in postal charges) in an effort to obtain even reasonable copies of albums. Anyone with the basic amp, deck, speakers system will know what I mean: egg frying noises all over the surface, pops and crackles

audible between tracks and at quiet moments.

My despair, anguish and loathing has been stoked into a terrible boiling rage by the enclosed non letter. The surface of the second side of "Jailbreak" (on pressings I've heard) is a veritable tour de force of annoying and intrusive surface noise. Due to circumstances beyond my control I had to pay the full price for my copy of the album and I wrote an angry letter to Phonogram complaining about the album and the fact that I couldn't get a decent replacement where I bought it.

I regard this curt note as a bloody insult to myself and everyone else out here in mugland who provides these jokers with their ridiculous profits. Not even an offer of another copy! Could you print it and make an old man happy?

They can't press the future of rock on crappy vinyl. — RAY LOWRY, Cadishead, Manchester.

Dear Mr. Lowry,

Thank you for your letter concerning the quality of the Thin Lizzy album you have bought.

It seems that you have been very unfortunate when purchasing your particular copies for as you must be aware records undergo very stringent testing before they are considered to be of a sufficiently high quality to be released to the public. Indeed, upon receiving your letter we played a copy of this particular album on our turntable and there seemed to be no obvious fault.

Again, I can only apologise for the fact that you have been so dissatisfied.

Yours sincerely,

Tom Press Office



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# TEAZERS

## A Weekly Something Or Other

INTRIGUE AND confusion all round concerning the activities of the former Faces. This week it's "officially" denied, by Stewart's management, that **Ron Wood** has been asked by **Rod** to re-form The Original Terrible Twins and return to gig with The Tartan Stringbean. Further, Stewart's management would like it known that **Rod** turned down **Kenny Jones** for his new band, and not vice versa (as reported in NME last week). The explanation, apparently, is that Stewart wants to make a "clean sweep". Nevertheless, **Ron Wood** remains of the impression that Stewart would like him back (See pages 5/6). To

confuse matters even further, a question: Was **Honest Ron** happy with his percentage from the **Stones'** European jaunt ...

**Bryan Ferry** solo compilation album issued in USA. It includes all four tracks from British hit EP, plus "You Go To My Head" and solo **Biryani** re-recordings of **Roxy** cuts. The latter include a most impressive rendition of "Casanova".

**Z.Z. Top** and **Jethro Tull** being discussed as front runners for bill-topping at Crystal Palace on September 11. Can't quite see the Texas Tornados at sedate Crystal P. somehow. Support rumoured as either **Dr. Feelgood** or **Nils Lofgren**.

Another rumour: the **Spencer Davis Group**, classic variant, may re-form to play a one-off if their re-released "Gimme Some Loving" hits

Small print department  
**ZIGZAG HYPE No 23**  
The "MATCH THE STARS TO THEIR QUOTES" QUIZ!  
Quotes: "I think the Plaster Casters are disgusting: I'd never show them my tool!" ... "Dylan was singing great chunks of 'Half Moon Bay' right there on the street!" ... "Van Dyke Parks and I were roaming the ghettos of Hollywood, looking for Brian Wilson!" ... "My regular job is gardener to one of the Double Brothers!" ... "We hired a limo and drove through the gates; they thought we were the Beatles!"  
STARS: IAN HUNTER, IAN ANDERSON, CYRIL JORDAN, JOHN MEEFE OF CLOVER, LOWELL GEORGE OF LITTLE FEAT  
For the answers, plus all the usual star-studded, fast-moving, dynamic, spectacular gists - see the brand new ZIGZAG from your newsagent, or 30p from 10 Kennet St, Reading, Berks.



again... And yet more rumours: Will **Patti Smith** return to these shores this autumn? Negotiations are reckoned to be underway.

At Virgin Records' party at The Manor (the most up to date recording studio in Europe, says **Tessa** at Virgin indignantly in response to last week's T-Zer, 'ologies for which are now offered), **Tony Tyler's** Labrador **Fang** distinguished itself by attacking **Mike Oldfield's** King's Reach-sized Irish wolfhound. The other week it went for **Rick Wright's** dooch. "Fang only attacks technoflash dogs," commented an unrepentant Tyler.

**Angie Bowie** and ex-model **Vicki Hodge** combining to launch a "drama, song, dance and satire company", whatever that means. You can find out by travelling to Valetta, Malta, next month - their first booking.

Don't believe it. Our Dirty Tricks Department have come up with the information that **Eric Clapton** was born with the surname **Clapp!** They also reckon that his grannie - that's **Mrs Rose Clapp** - is accompanying him on his current tour.

**Krissie Wood** in *Daily Mail*: "I'm not a lesbian. I don't take drugs and I have always tried to lead a decent life."

This week's **Howard The Duck** album titles package from Anon, Elsewhere: "I'm Waiting For The Duck", "See Emily Duck", "Are There Ducks On Mars?", "The Duck Who Sold The World", "Starducker", "Ducks In White Satin", "Duck Side Of The Moon", "All Along The Ducktower" and "Help Me Drake It Through The Night". Donald rush at once, but we're still open to suggestions.

Aside from excess weight, is **Elvis** still carrying a torch for **Ann-Margret**?

A ten-pound son born to **Gladys Knight** on August 1 - her fourth child, and her second by her present husband **Barry Hankerson**.

Footnote to the **Lou Reed/Tom Verlaine** confrontation in *Thrills*: Verlaine and Television have finally secured record deal, with Elektra/Asylum, and Lou Reed has signed with Clive Davis' Arista label. A new Lou is due around October.

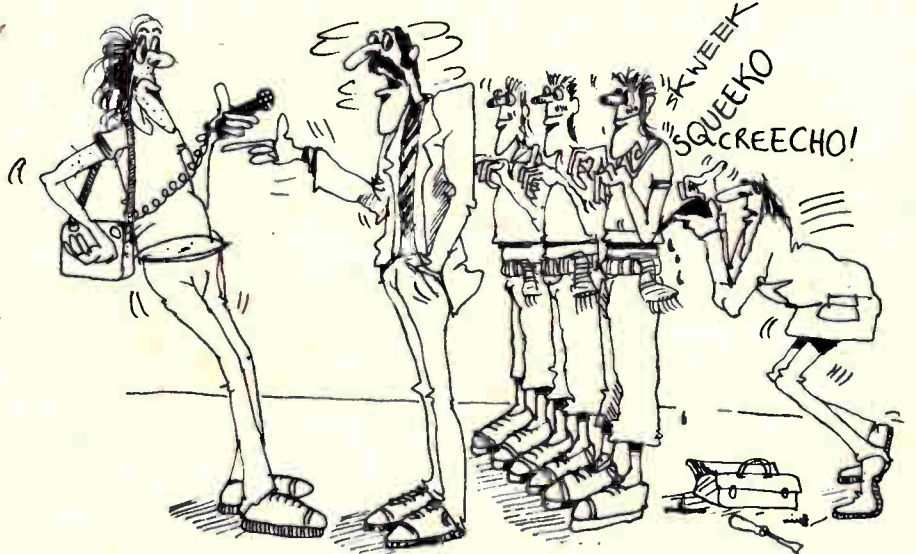
Former EMI Records managing director **Gerry Oord** appointed to same capacity at RCA Records U.K.

**Eric Clapton** (no, we just don't believe it) enters the political arena - in support of **Enoch Powell**. Leastways, Eric is reported to have voiced support for the Wolverhampton Wildman onstage in Birmingham last week. He's a card, that Eric.

A duck came between them: Is all well between **Faye Dunaway** and **Peter Wolf**?

**Kid Strange of Doctors Of Madness** (see page 10) used to work behind the counter, blue hair and all, of London's Cheapo Cheapo Records.

## BENYON



"I don't know why everyone accuses me of manufacturing this group. It's all lies - For Chrissakes Roddy, put some more oil on the bass player's elbow. I can't hear myself think..."

**Elizabeth Taylor** to star in movie version of musical "A Little Night Life", a role which calls for her to sing "Send In The Clowns".

Through Island Records, **James Paul McCartney** has been put in contact with Jamaican producer **Lee Perry**. Silly dub songs?

**JBC Radio**, Jamaica, has banned all tracks on side two of **Bob Marley's** "Rastaman Vibration", "cepting "Nightshift".

A duck in the works: In a recent interview in *Men Only*, **Bill Wyman** confides that his fave rave bass players are "Karl Ragel" and "Duck Dunley". Bill, it seems, didn't feel inclined to mention **Claws Vermin**, **Saul McCarthy**, and **Box Barrel**.

Help. Would you believe that **Olivia Newton-Squirrel**, **Bette Midler** and **John Denver** are reportedly pacted to appear in **Robert Stigwood's** movie version of "Sgt Pepper"?

Guitarist **Dave Wellbeloved**, only recently transferred from the **Groundhogs**, has quit the **John Miles Band**.

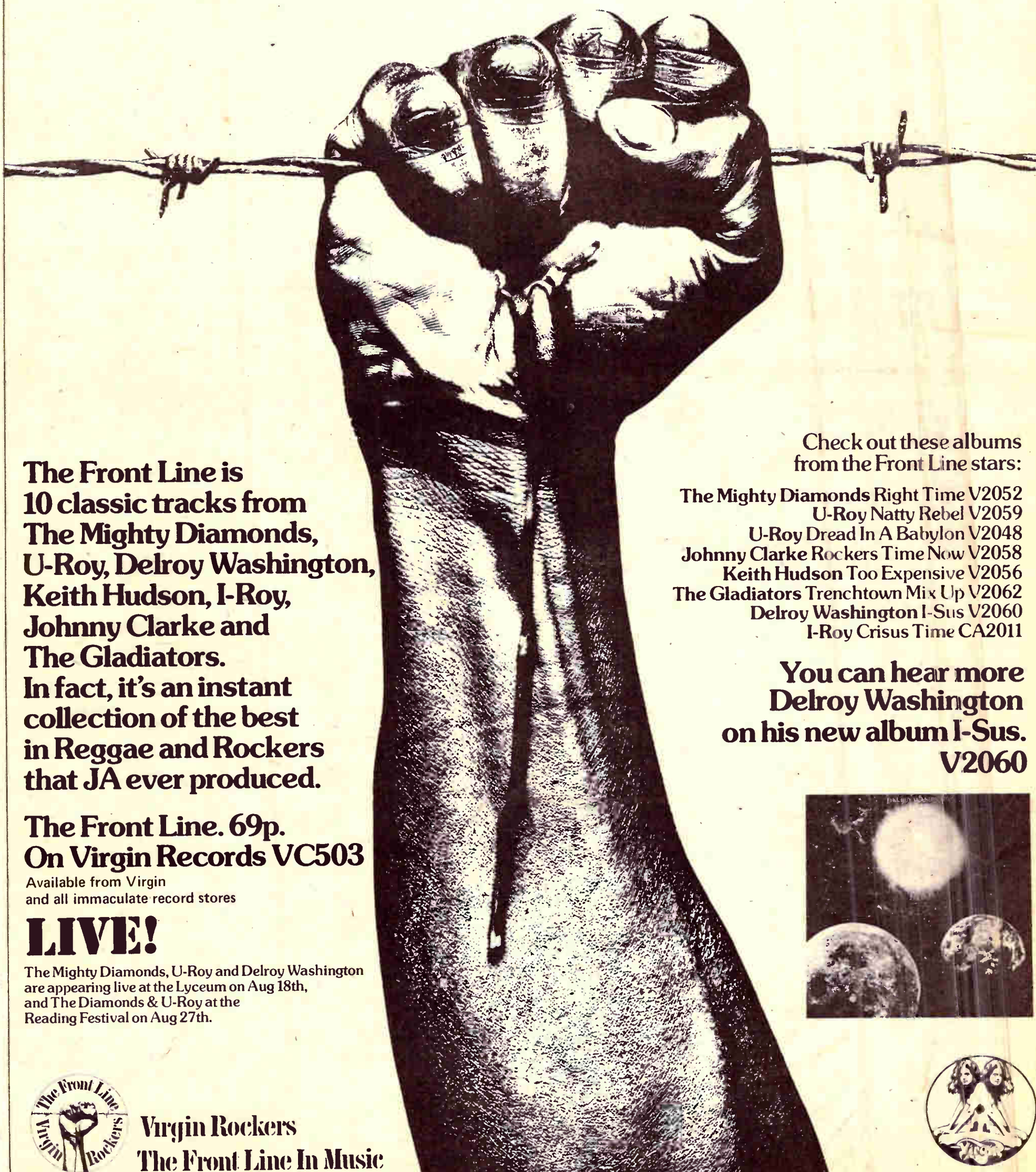
**Keith Moon** has just bought a new house (his 219th?). It's next door to **Steve "Slowmouth" McQueen**, who has had a 20ft boundary fence erected since he heard the news. Hold on: We've since heard that he's moved right outta town.

As the new soccer season looms, **Elton John** reckons he's gonna give up touring to devote his time to Watford Football Club. He's now their Chairman.



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- Delroy Washington I-Sus V2060
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