



JUNE 10, 1972

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USA 30c

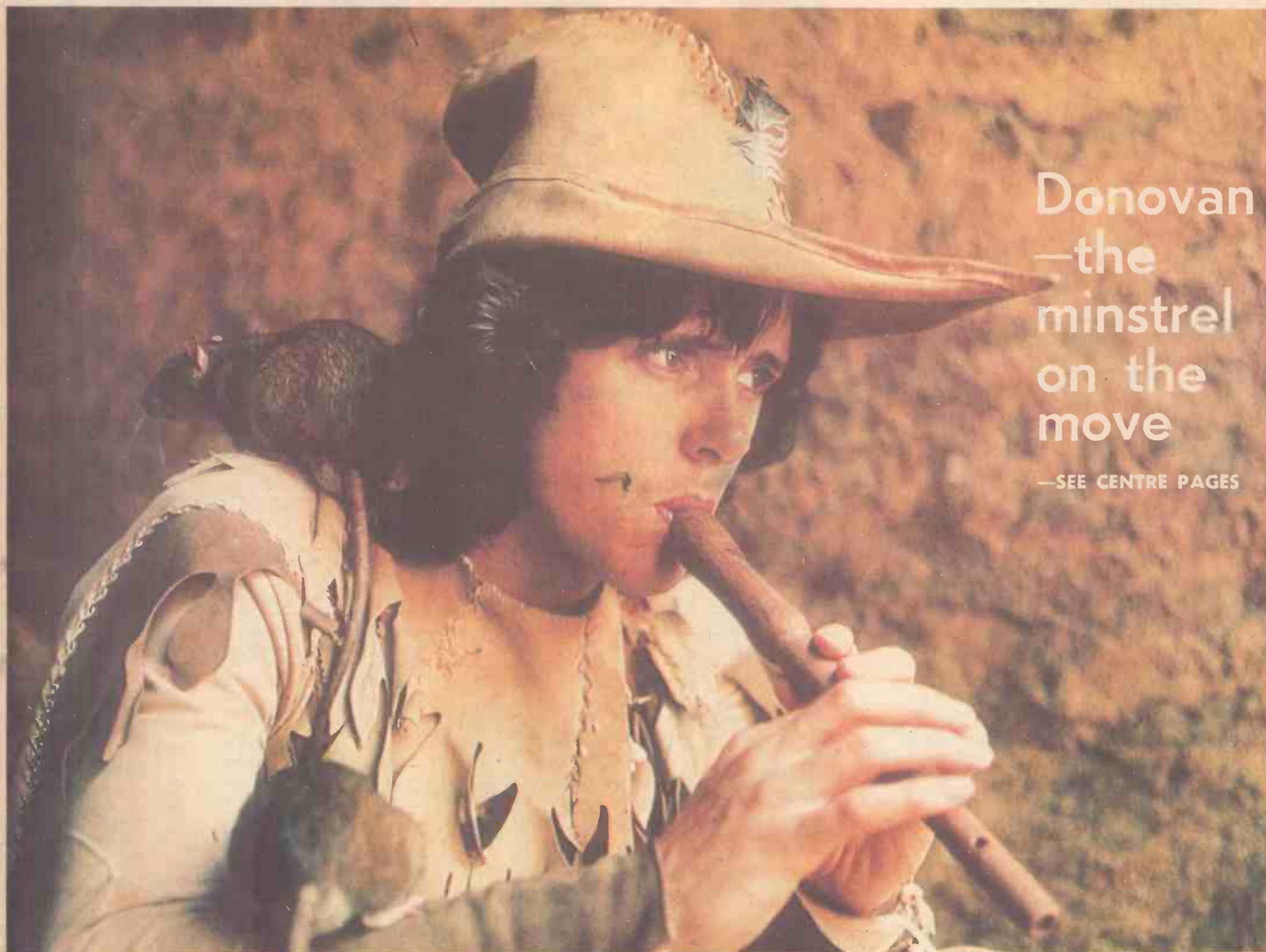
Free Poster: Dave Swarbrick

BOLAN MONTH

AGAIN ■ Maxi single and LP out

SEE PAGE 3

Stones rock Canada! Review page 2



Donovan
—the
minstrel
on the
move

—SEE CENTRE PAGES

Festivals snowball!

ROLLING STONES, "a strong possibility" for the second Great Western Express Festival in August, ran into riots on the opening night of their US tour in Vancouver, Canada, at the weekend.

Mounties battled with 2000 fans who hurled rocks and firebombs in a bid to gate-crash the concert, sold out in 75 minutes. Thirty police were hurt and 15 people arrested.

The riot, reports Disc's Canadian correspondent, lasted nearly two and a half hours. Thousands of dollars of damage was done. And the police bill of between ten and 12,000 dollars will come off the 105,000 dollar gate money. Review page 2.

Great Western Express booking director John Martin, confirming the second festival for August 26, 27 and 28, the summer holiday weekend, said a site would be announced at the end of the month.

"I'm off to America within the next week with a list of more than 20 acts I'd like to bring in August. Rolling Stones are a strong possibility. We do not have a formal contract, but I'm expecting them to appear."

FOUR MORE Crystal Palace "Garden Parties" are planned. Two will again be staged on Saturdays—July 29 and September 2; and two on Sundays—the jazz concert on August 13, and Andy Williams appearing with

a 55-piece orchestra on August 20.

No names have been announced yet, but the Beach Boys have been offered the July gig and, following Keith Moon's compere duties last Saturday, organisers have extended an invitation to The Who to appear.

Organiser Harvey Goldsmith paid tribute to artists and audience alike after last Saturday's concert—spoiled by wet weather and trouble with the sound system. "We were totally and utterly amazed by the audience. They stood there through all the rain like drowned rats—and still wanted an encore from Joe Cocker! They were peaceful and patient too. I'm completely dumbfounded. And the artistes, considering the situation, played their hearts out."

INSIDE: Full Crystal Palace report/Don McLean in close-up/Donovan the Pied Piper/plus John Peel and Michael Wale

197

Chart service

Albums

- 1 (1) **BOLAN BOOGIE** T. Rex, Fly
- 2 (3) **MACHINE HEAD** Deep Purple, Purple
- 3 (6) **FOG ON THE TYNE** Lindisfarne, Charisma
- 4 (10) **ARGUS** Wishbone Ash, MCA
- 5 (2) **HARVEST** Neil Young, Reprise
- 6 (8) **CHERISH** David Cassidy, Bell
- 7 (4) **PAUL SIMON** CBS
- 8 (7) **BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER** Simon and Garfunkel, CBS
- 9 (30) **HONKY CHATEAU** Elton John, DJM
- 10 (—) **EXILE ON MAIN STREET** Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones Records
- 11 (12) **SLADE ALIVE** Slade, Polydor
- 12 (5) **FAREWELL TO THE GREYS** Royal Scots Dragoon Guards Band, RCA
- 13 (9) **PROPHETS, SEERS AND SAGES** Tyrannosaurus Rex, Fly
- (20) **BREADWINNERS** Jack Jones, RCA
- 15 (17) **AMERICAN PIE** Don McLean, United Artists
- 16 (15) **A THING CALLED LOVE** Johnny Cash, CBS
- 17 (14) **WE'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING** New Seekers, Polydor
- 18 (13) **BABY I'M A WANT YOU** Bread, Elektra
- 19 (16) **GILBERT O'SULLIVAN HIMSELF** MAM
- 20 (18) **HOT HITS Vol. II** Various Artists, MFP
- (26) **TEASER AND THE FIRECAT** Cat Stevens, Island
- (24) **THE MUSIC PEOPLE** Various Artists, CBS
- 23 (—) **20 DYNAMIC HITS** Various Artists, K. Tel Records
- 24 (18) **IMAGINE** John Lennon, Apple
- 25 (11) **NILSSON SCHMILSSON** Nilsson, RCA
- 26 (—) **NICELY OUT OF TUNE** Lindisfarne, Charisma
- 27 (—) **DEMONS AND WIZARDS** Uriah Heep, Bronze
- 28 (21) **MANASSAS** Stephen Stills, Atlantic
- 29 (—) **ELVIS NOW** Elvis Presley, RCA
- 30 (29) **GLEN CAMPBELL'S GREATEST HITS** Capitol
- (23) **GRAHAM NASH AND DAVID CROSBY** Atlantic
- (25) **THICK AS A BRICK** Jethro Tull, Chrysalis

Two titles tied for 13th position, and three titles tied for 20th and 30th positions.

Folk

- 1 **MYRRH** Robin Williamson, Island
- 2 **SKY IN MY PIE** Pete Berryman and John James, Transatlantic
- 3 **TRIBUTE TO WOODY GUTHRIE Vol. 1** Various Artists, CBS
- 4 **ALISTAIR ANDERSON PLAYS THE ENGLISH CONCERTINA** Trailer
- 5 **DOC WATSON LIVE ON STAGE** Vanguard
- 6 **THIS IS MARTIN CARTHY** Philips International
- 7 **GRANDAD OF THE COUNTRY GUITAR PICKERS** Sam McGee, Arhoolie
- 8 **WON'T YOU GO MY WAY** Pete Bellamy, Argo
- 9 **NEW RAGTIME GUITAR** Dave Laibmann and Eric Schoenberg, Transatlantic
- 10 **BITTER AND THE SWEET** Roy Harris, Topic

AROUND BRITAIN SURVEY, THIS WEEK—LONDON: Dobell's Folk Shop, 77 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

America

Albums

- 1 (1) **THICK AS A BRICK** Jethro Tull, Reprise
- 2 (2) **FIRST TAKE** Roberta Flack, Atlantic
- 3 (3) **HARVEST** Neil Young, Reprise
- 4 (5) **AMERICA** Warner Bros.
- 5 (4) **GRAHAM NASH AND DAVID CROSBY** Atlantic
- 6 (9) **JOPLIN IN CONCERT** Janis Joplin, Columbia
- 7 (7) **EAT A PEACH** Allman Brothers Band, Capitol
- 8 (8) **MANASSAS** Stephen Stills, Atlantic
- 9 (6) **FRAGILE** Yes, Atlantic
- 10 (10) **SMOKIN'** Humble Pie, A & M
- 11 (14) **A LONELY MAN** Chi Lites, Brunswick
- 12 (16) **ROBERTA FLACK AND DONNY HATHAWAY** Atlantic
- 13 (13) **MARK, DON AND MEL** Grand Funk Railroad, Capitol
- 14 (—) **EXILE ON MAIN STREET** Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones Records
- 15 (11) **PAUL SIMON** Columbia
- 16 (12) **MADRI GRAS** Creedence Clearwater Revival, Fantasy
- 17 (19) **ALL DAY MUSIC** War, United Artists
- 18 (18) **LOVE THEME FROM THE GODFATHER** Andy Williams, Columbia
- 19 (17) **RESPECT YOURSELF** Staple Singers, Stax
- 20 (20) **THE GODFATHER** Original Soundtrack, Paramount
- 21 (24) **HISTORY OF ERIC CLAPTON** Atco
- 22 (22) **MALO** Warner Bros.
- 23 (15) **LET'S STAY TOGETHER** Al Green, Hi
- 24 (25) **DONNY HATHAWAY LIVE** Avco
- 25 (21) **BABY I'M A WANT YOU** Bread, Elektra
- 26 (28) **I GOTCHA** Joe Tex, Dial
- 27 (23) **TAPESTRY** Carole King, Ode
- 28 (30) **MUSIC OF MY MIND** Stevie Wonder, Tamla
- 29 (26) **NILSSON SCHMILSSON** Harry Nilsson, RCA
- 30 (—) **PROCOL HARUM LIVE WITH THE EDMONTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** A & M

COURTESY OF "CASHBOX"

Singles

- 1 (1) ● **METAL GURU** T. Rex, T. Rex
- 2 (2) **ROCKET MAN** Elton John, DJM
- 3 (5) **AT THE CLUB** Drifters, Atlantic
- 4 (9) ▲ **VINCENT** Don McLean, United Artists
- 5 (4) **OH BABE, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY** Hurricane Smith, Columbia
- 6 (3) **COULD IT BE FOREVER** David Cassidy, Bell
- 7 (10) **LADY ELEANOR** Lindisfarne, Charisma
- 8 (13) ▲ **CALIFORNIA MAN** Move, Harvest
- 9 (15) ▲ **ISN'T LIFE STRANGE** Moody Blues, Threshold
- 10 (8) **A THING CALLED LOVE** Johnny Cash, CBS
- 11 (7) ● **AMAZING GRACE** Royal Scots Dragoon Guards Band, RCA
- 12 (12) **A WHITER SHADE OF PALE** Procol Harum, Magni Fly
- 13 (24) **MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB** Wings, Apple
- 14 (18) **SISTER JANE** New World, RAK
- 15 (6) **COME WHAT MAY** Vicky Leandros, Philips
- 16 (29) ▲ **ROCKIN' ROBIN** Michael Jackson, Tamla Motown
- 17 (11) **TUMBLING DICE** Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones Records
- 18 (14) **LEEDS UNITED** Leeds United Football Club, Chapter One
- 19 (17) **DOOBEDOOD'NDOOBE, DOOBEDOOD'NDOOBE** Diana Ross, Tamla Motown
- 20 (20) **ME AND JULIO DOWN BY THE SCHOOLYARD** Paul Simon, CBS
- 21 (—) ▲ **TAKE ME BAK 'OME** Slade, Polydor
- 22 (28) ▲ **WHAT'S YOUR NAME** Chicory Tip, CBS
- 23 (23) **AMAZING GRACE** Judy Collins, Elektra
- 24 (16) **RADANCER** Marmalade, Decca
- 25 (19) **TAKE A LOOK AROUND** Temptations, Tamla
- 26 (25) **OPEN UP** Mungo Jerry, Dawn
- 27 (26) **LITTLE PIECE OF LEATHER** Donnie Ebert, London
- 28 (—) **SONG SUNG BLUE** Neil Diamond, Uni
- 29 (22) **SWEET TALKIN' GUY** Chiffons, London
- 30 (—) **OH GIRL** Chi Lites, MCA

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

Soul

- 1 (2) **I'VE BEEN LONELY FOR SO LONG** Frederick Knight, Stax
- 2 (3) **I'LL TAKE YOU THERE** Staple Singers, Stax
- 3 (1) **K. GEE** Nite Lites, RCA
- 4 (10) **WALKING IN THE RAIN WITH THE ONE I LOVE** Love Unlimited, Uni
- 5 (4) **AT THE CLUB** Drifters, Atlantic
- 6 (—) **ROCKIN' ROBIN** Michael Jackson, Tamla Motown
- 7 (5) **BETCHA BY GOLLY WOW** Stylistics, Avco
- 8 (7) **IF IT FEELS GOOD DO IT** Della Reese, Avco
- 9 (—) **LOOK WHAT YOU DONE FOR ME** Al Green, London
- 10 (8) **OH GIRL** Chi Lites, MCA

Contributing retailers: Record Corner, Bedford Hill, London, SW12; Central Records, Stamford Street, Ashton-under-Lyne; P. & J. Records, Mare Street, London, E8; Henry's Records, St. Mary Street, Southampton; Sinfonia, Cookson Street, Blackpool; Musicland, Berwick Street, London, W1; Hime & Addison, John Dalton Street, Manchester; Sound Unlimited, 149 North Street, Brighton, Sussex; Boylans, 30/32 Old Road, Conisbrough, Doncaster; Reddiffusion, Nottingham.

Singles

- 1 (2) **CANDY MAN** Sammy Davis Jr., MGM
- 2 (1) **OH GIRL** Chi Lites, Brunswick
- 3 (4) **SYLVIA'S MOTHER** Doctor Hook and the Medicine Show, Columbia
- 4 (7) **NICE TO BE WITH YOU** Gallery, Sussex
- 5 (5) **LITTLE BITTY PRETTY ONE** Jackson 5, Motown
- 6 (6) **I'LL TAKE YOU THERE** Staple Singers, Stax
- 7 (8) **WALKING IN THE RAIN WITH THE ONE I LOVE** Love Unlimited, Uni
- 8 (12) **SONG SUNG BLUE** Neil Diamond, Uni
- 9 (14) **LAST NIGHT (I DIDN'T GET TO SLEEP AT ALL)** 5th Dimension, Bell
- 10 (11) **TUMBLING DICE** Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
- 11 (11) **MORNING HAS BROKEN** Cat Stevens, A & M
- 12 (15) **I SAW THE LIGHT** Todd Rundgren, Bearsville
- 13 (3) **LOOK WHAT YOU DONE FOR ME** Al Green, Hi
- 14 (18) **OUTA SPACE** Billy Preston, A & M
- 15 (9) **HOT ROD LINCOLN** Commander Cody, Paramount
- 16 (19) **I NEED YOU** America, Warner Bros.
- 17 (20) **DIARY** Bread, Elektra
- 18 (17) **IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME TIME** Carpenters, A & M
- 19 (26) **TROGLODYTE (CAVEMAN)** Jimmy Castor Bunch, RCA
- 20 (23) **ASK ME WHAT YOU WANT** Millie Jackson, Spring
- 21 (22) **ISN'T LIFE STRANGE** Moody Blues, Threshold
- 22 (13) **THE FIRST TIME EVER I SAW YOUR FACE** Roberta Flack, Atlantic
- 23 (—) **LEAN ON ME** Bill Withers, Sussex
- 24 (29) **ROCKET MAN** Elton John, Uni
- 25 (27) **SOME DAY NEVER COMES** Creedence Clearwater Revival, Fantasy
- 26 (28) **OLD MAN** Neil Young, Reprise
- 27 (—) **DADDY DON'T YOU WALK SO FAST** Wayne Newton, Chelsea
- 28 (—) **I'VE BEEN LONELY FOR SO LONG** Frederick Knight, Stax
- 29 (—) **LIVING IN A HOUSE DIVIDED** Cher, Kapp
- 30 (—) **HOW CAN I BE SURE** David Cassidy, Bell

COURTESY OF "CASHBOX"

News/Review

Stones shatter Canada!



NORMAN MACKENZIE FROM VANCOUVER, SATURDAY, ON STONES' OPENING GIG.

THE Rolling Stones' 1972 North American Tour began with honking joy for 18,000 people at the Coliseum, here, last Saturday night. The dark stage cracked into white light as the Stones came on with "Brown Sugar" to a very live house. Dressed in good-guy white satin scarf, shirt, and strides, white shoes and black leather jacket, Mick Jagger picked up a piece of paper garbage thrown on the stage, kissed it and waved to the crowd. With an opening like that to a positive audience, nothing could go wrong.

Jagger, with his foot-stamping horse dance—and hand-on-hips chicken dance—kept things working as the band went through a tough time putting it together on the first few numbers. The horns and guitars were at odds here and there on "Rocks Off" and "Gimme Shelter." Jagger came in a couple of bars too early on an abortive solo by Mick Taylor in "Tumblin' Dice." But after stripping off the jacket and scarf in "Happy," Jagger came down, camping it up on "Honky Tonk Woman," shaking a naughty finger, hand on hip—at the bar room queen in Memphis who tried to take me upstairs for a ride, and the show flew up from there.

STEVIE WONDER, who opened the concert, is fronting an eight-man and three-girl chorus R-n-B machine for this tour. After some chunky opening Rhythm and Blues the

chorus laid out a very cool and blue version of "Just Call Out My Name."

Stevie was led on in a long black, red, and white robe to thundering applause. He opened with a very fast R-n-B jazz show piece, taking an extended solo on a whistling siren of an organ, switching to drums, then to the mike for vocal and harp wail. The band was sharp and flexible shifting from slow blues through easy sliding jazz pop in spite of having only rehearsed some of the material in the hotel room the afternoon of the gig. He closed his very fast one hour set with a driving rendition of "Keep On Runnin'."

The Stones' one-and-a-half-hour set was about equally divided between their classics and songs off their latest album, released here a week ago. Half way through the concert Jagger asked the audience "New Ones?" and everybody roared and clapped for several minutes which might give some idea of how the album has been received here. Everybody has been gassed by it and was well jacked up for the concert.

In the middle of a number somebody poked a giant green balloon up on to the stage which Jagger kicked stylishly up and over the amps at the back of the stage to noisy approval. Almost every piece of garbage that got thrown up on the stage became part of the act.

The first of several red roses became a belly ornament for Jagger's shirt. "You Can't Always Get What You Want," backed by some incredibly beautiful lead work by Richards and a pearly solo spot by Taylor was a thundering version that had the whole Coliseum joining in in perfect time, clapping and singing. A white felt cowboy hat appeared on stage, tugged down over an ear, is made for a Twenties Chicago-looking Jagger in a chewed-up and spit-out push on "Ventilator Blues." A grey cap was next and did a few rounds before being thrown into a tree of hands.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

More Bolan

A MARC BOLAN maxi-single and album of old material is out this month. Both are released on the Track label. The LP, "Hard On Love," comprises songs recorded around 1967/68 — 20 tracks, 11 Bolan solos, the rest done as Tyrannosaurus Rex.

The maxi tracks are: *Jasper C. Debussy*, *Hippy Gumbo* and *The Perfumed Garden Of Gulliver*

Smith. Release date is June 23.

Tracks on "Hard On Love" (price £2) are: *Jasper C. Debussy* (Nicky Hopkins, piano), *Lunacy's Back and Beyond The Rising Sun* (as Tyrannosaurus Rex), *Black And White Incident*, *Observations*, *Eastern Spell* and *You Got The Power* (Bolan solos), *Hippy Gumbo* (Bolan solo, different from version already released), *Sarah Crazy Child* and *Rings Of Fortune* (as Tyrannosaurus Rex). Side two: *Hot Rod Momma* and *The Beginning Of Doves* (Tyrannosaurus

Rex), *Mustang Ford* (Bolan solo, different version), *Pictures Of Purple People* (Bolan solo), *One Inch Rock* (Tyrannosaurus Rex, new version), *Jasmine '49* and *Charlie* (Bolan solos), *Misty Mist* (Tyrannosaurus Rex), *Cat Black* (Bolan solo), and *Sally Was An Angel*—two versions combined as one track—one recorded as Tyrannosaurus Rex, the other as John's Children.



ROCK FINDS A NEW HOME IN LONDON

LONDON is to get a new venue for rock concerts. It is the 2,400 capacity Coliseum, home of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, which has featured stars like Cat Stevens, The Faces and The Who in the past.

First of the string of shows is expected to take place within a fortnight. No names are available, but among acts recently contracted to Howard and Wyndham, booking agents for the Coliseum, are the Strawbs, Lindisfarne, Family, Genesis, Pentangle, and Buddy Rich—all signed for shows on the company's 15-theatre circuit.

Spokesman John Burrows, told Disc: "A contract was signed with the Coliseum last Friday permitting us to stage rock, pop, and middle-of-the-road type concerts. We feel there is a great shortage of suitable theatres in London where major artists can play. The Coliseum is an ideal venue."

He added that so far no restrictions on appearances by certain artists banned elsewhere in London had been made by the theatre.

"They've been very democratic; they're trusting our judgment."

News of the Coliseum concert comes at the same time as details on the Finsbury Park Rainbow reopening. Rock stars have had a rough time, finding a London venue since the Royal Albert Hall imposed a ban seven weeks ago.

JETHRO TULL'S HISTORY 'BOOK'

JETHRO TULL, touring America, have a double album "Living In The Past," a history of their music with photographs, out June 16.

The LP includes all their hit singles and three previously unreleased tracks—"Trying To Be," "Wandering Again" and "Singing All The Day."

The latter was to have been the follow-up to "Living In The Past," as a single, but scrapped because of a record company controversy at the time.

One side of the album was recorded "live" at New York Carnegie Hall. The package comes in book form, with 12 colour photos of the band. Cost: £3.49.



"LET'S SEE, WHEN SHALL WE HAVE THE NEXT SPELL OF BAD WEATHER?"

Deep Purple gig re-opens Rainbow

DEEP PURPLE will re-open London's Rainbow Theatre with two concerts at the end of the month.

The shows, for NEMS promoter Peter Bowyer, are set for June 30 and July 1. Tickets are available from the venue from this Saturday (June 10).

Purple agreed to play the dates after Bowyer contacted them on tour in Canada last week. He told Disc: "They wanted a good London gig; and were sorry they didn't play the Rainbow before it closed. It needs something like

a Purple gig now to hold its head up."

Purple's only stipulation about the booking is that the orchestra pit should be filled in. "They like to get close to their audience," explained Peter.

The Rainbow's lease was recently acquired by Biffo Music, a subsidiary company of the Chrysalis Organisation. The theatre will be booked for future rock shows by independent promoters. "I'm hoping that the Rainbow will be available to me in future as a London gig for my concerts tours," confirmed Bowyer.

Who's next—and 'Tommy' becomes an opera

A NEW WHO single is out next week. "Tommy" is being turned into an opera album. And a solo LP by Pete Townshend is scheduled.

The Who single, out June 16, on Track, is called "Join Together," a new Pete Townshend song. B-side "Baby Don't You Do It" (a hit for Marvin Gaye) was recorded "live" in San Francisco last November.

The band began work on a new album last weekend. And Pete's debut album is announced next week.

A European tour is expected in the Autumn, including one British date.

Townshend's "Tommy" is being recreated as an operatic album by Lou Reisner, Roger Daltrey revealed this week. Roger plays the title role, and among the probable line-up is Maggie Bell as the mother, Rod Stewart signing "Pinball Wizard," Ringo Starr as "Uncle Ernie," John Entwistle playing "Cousin Kevin" and Merry Clayton cast as the "Acid Queen."

BEACH BOYS —FREE SHOW

BEACH BOYS are to do a free open-air concert in London—following sound problems during last weekend's Crystal Palace appearance. Manager Jack Riele described the situation as "worse than the worst we've ever had on a concert."

At one stage, there were reports that the Beach Boys refused to play unless they had an undertaking from the promoters that a free-date would be found.

The band also stipulated that they would provide their own sound system. An agreement to this effect was drawn up on the spot and signed by the Beach Boys and representatives for the promoters, John Smith Promotions.

Organiser Harvey Goldsmith told Disc: "We were very unhappy about the sound; embarrassed even. Next time it will be dead-on perfect. In the past, our shows have always had impeccable sound."

He denied however, that part of the sound problem — and reason for long delay between acts—was the filming of the palace Garden Party by NBC TV.

"The hold-ups were due mainly to the sound problem itself, not really the TV people. They were quite together."

Beach Boys were nearly 90 minutes late, going on stage last Saturday as the result.

A date will be chosen within the next week, according to a Beach Boys statement issued on Monday, the possible time being the last week in July. The band are expected to be the only act on the bill—although Elton John and Keith Moon, both of whom made impromptu appearances with the Beach Boys on Saturday, have expressed an interest in taking part. Review page 22.

FAMILY CALL OFF UK TOUR FOR AMERICA

FAMILY have cancelled a proposed British concert tour this autumn in favour of an American tour, following the success of the album "Fearless" there.

The UK concert dates have been postponed until January 1973. The US tour—their first in two and a half years—takes in 35 cities between September 26 and November 15.

Family have finished tracks for a new album, and take two weeks holiday until June 19. After which they return to the studio to mix the LP and add brass and strings. The album is simultaneously released here and in the States in mid-September; a British single — first since their "In My Own Time" hit a year ago — in mid-August.

Family dates in the future include: Penzance Winter Gardens (July 6), Barnstaple Queen's Hall (7), Plymouth Guildhall (8), Torquay Pavilion (9).

Meanwhile, Family man Rob Townsend became a father this week when his wife, Carol, gave birth to a baby boy in London.

Last week, another rock drummer, Faces' Kenny Jones, became a dad. His wife, Jan, also had a boy.

And news this week that Mary Hopkin is to become a mum too, at Christmas. She and record producer Tony Visconti were secretly married in New York six months ago.

NEXT WEEK:

FREE POSTER OF DONOVAN

ROGER DALTRY IN CLOSE-UP

STEVE GOODMAN

BS & T—FOUR BRITISH GIGS

BLOOD, SWEAT and Tears, fronted by new singer Jerry Fisher (replacing David Clayton Thomas), are now confirmed for four British concerts next month.

There will be two shows each at Brighton Dome on July 21 and London's Hammersmith Odeon the next night (22).

Fisher, formerly solo with CBS in the States, joins other new members Larry Willis (keyboards) and Lou Marini (saxophone). Balance of BS&T line-up is now: George Wadinius (lead guitar), Dave Barger (trombone), Bobby Colomby (drums), Jim Fielder (bass), Steve Katz (rhythm), and Lew Soloff and Chuck Winfield (trumpets).

Says manager Fred Heller: "The band has been in constant rehearsal since January developing a concert show around past hits and completely new songs."

during the summer. Rosko flew to the US for three weeks at the weekend. And at the invitation of the Stones he joins them in San Francisco this Friday (June 9) for six days of the tour along the West Coast. "I'm not sure of the exact format for the show," he said. "But I plan to tape interviews on planes, in hotels, backstage... in fact, anywhere I can. I also hope to be able to include 'live' excerpts from some of the concerts."

BOWIE AND MOTT FOR "WHALE" GIG

DAVID Bowie and Mott The Hoople will be joint bill-toppers at a special "Save The Whale" concert at London's Royal Festival Hall on Saturday, July 8, proceeds of which go to Friends Of The Earth, the conservation group to preserve endangered species.

Kenny Everett will emcee the show, which starts at 8 pm. Both Bowie and Hoople are supporters of FOE and appear without fee. Money raised will be used for research and publicity. Tickets—from 50p to £2—are on sale at the hall and from agencies.

MICHAEL JACKSON FILM SINGLE

MICHAEL JACKSON, in the chart with "Rockin' Robin," has been signed by film producer Mort Briskin to sing the title tune of Bing Crosby Productions' film "Ben."

Motown will release the tune, "Ben's Song," written by Don Black and Walter Scharf, in America in June—to tie in with the movie's screening.

PENTANGLE'S Paris concert debut will be two shows at Theatre Bobino this Friday and Saturday (June 9/10). They play Sheffield University June 24.

STEELEYE SPAN, co-starring with Russell "Lonely" Hunter in stage version of "Kidnapped" at Edinburgh Royal Lyceum from August 2, also do solo concert at same venue on August 18.

BARRY GIBB FOR SUPERSTAR?

BEE GEES' Barry Gibb and Broadway star Jeff Fenholt are understood to be on a short-list for the leading role in the film version of the religious rock musical "Jesus Christ Superstar."

Shooting of the movie starts on location in Israel during August, and it is directed by Norman Jewison.

Fenholt sang the star part in the Broadway stage production. The show opens in London soon. He recently signed with CBS in the UK and flies in for promotion.

Stage version of "Superstar" opens Palace Theatre, London, August 9.

ROSKO'S ROLLING STONES RADIO SHOW

DJ ROSKO is to record a special Rolling Stones radio show during the band's current American tour. It will be broadcast on Radio 1 — along with other interviews taped in the States — sometime

...FOR EVERY MOOD...



9-30 FLY · NR 5062



JIMI HENDRIX More Experience NR 5061

LIBERACE

I'll Be Seeing You EMB 3417

JULIE ROGERS

Once More With Feeling NR 5050

VIC DAMONE

In My Own Way NR 5051

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Los Angeles: John Mendelsohn.
Publisher: David Mackenzie. Advertisement Manager: John Hassinger.

Subscriptions: United Kingdom: £5 per year. America: \$10.50 surface, \$23.50 airmail. Inquiries to: IPC Business Press (Sales and Distribution) Ltd., Subscription Dept., 40 Bowling Green Lane, London, EC1.



161-166 Fleet Street, London EC4P 4AA
Tel: 01-353 5011

Rock/1

Edited by Caroline Boucher/Andrew Tyler



FOUR OF QUINTESSENCE IN ACTION. MAHA DEV WITH BACK TO CAMERA.

A band living in the land of love

MAHA DEV, alias Dave, of Quintessence, fixed me with a penetrating eye and admitted: "I know that up until now our music has been bad. We have an idea, a goal, but it's hard to achieve musically."

We were sitting in an anonymous coffee shop, talking about the new album "Self" and the position of the band at the moment. Dave continued: "We all feel that it would be nice to have some kind of base for our live gigs; at present it's almost 99 per

cent improvisation—sure it has a spontaneity about it but at the same time it does tend to make us untogether. It's so improvised that we've never played the same set twice; we're still a very young band—there's lots of room for improvement."

Dave tells of how the band came together. "It all happened totally by chance. I was originally a painter, but after a while I found that somehow I couldn't get any further ahead—it was a cul-de-

sac. I had no direction. Also I think I was a kind of seeker of truth, if you want to put it that way. Shiva moved in next door and word reached me that he wanted to get a band together. So that's how it all started.

"The aim of the band was, and still is, to bring about a fusion of east and west, without being too heavy. We want to make people aware of what's happened to their heads through the conditioning process of parents, school, work etc."

Whatever your opinion of their

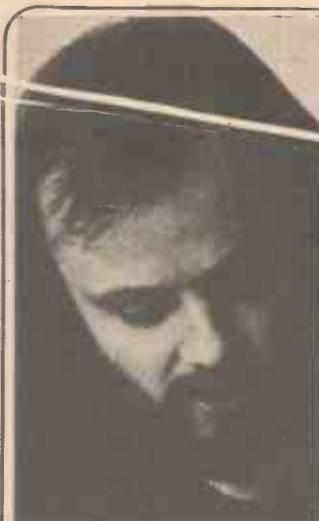
music, Quintessence are a catalyst to their audiences. Within the space of a couple of numbers you'll find very few people still seated. Rumour has it that at a recent gig in a church at High Wycombe, the hierarchy were seen dancing about singing and clutching bunches of joss sticks.

Quintessence have been doing quite a number of gigs in churches recently, including one at Norwich Cathedral. They are due to play a gig at Christ's Cathedral in Dublin in the near future, which should prove to be interesting, especially since this is the first thing of its kind ever to be performed in a Catholic Church. However, Dave doesn't regard "church" gigs as being very different from playing in halls and clubs. "After all," he says, "it all comes down to the same thing. It doesn't matter where we play it all comes down to the same thing—a two way sympathy between us and the audience—hopefully."

"We got into playing in churches through some guys who sometimes do our lightshow. "Gentle Sound Of Light" originally booked us to play a little chapel; and I suppose it just went on from there. Acoustically Norwich was a difficult gig to play—the sound tended to ricochet off the stone walls and floor, and we also had some trouble with sound balancing."

Certainly Quintessence do get a tremendous feeling going on stage, but so far they haven't achieved this on record, even on "Self" which contains a whole side of live recording. Surely it would be impossible to re-create this feeling in the sterility of the recording studio, without the audience participation?

"I think we could get it on record. We're still learning about making records, though. The studio is a different medium to be explored in a different way—it's possible to create beautiful sounds that can achieve the same effects. In the long run, though, live albums are going to be the truest representation of what we're about."



John Peel

Lincoln: the ups and downs

A PERSON called Ann just told me that she hoped that I'd write an exciting column this week. I will, I will. I'll tell you about the 15 Belgian groupies who invaded the select privacy of my bedroom on horseback only last week and then I'll tell you how, during my National Service, I wiped out a machine-gun nest of Welsh shepherds with only a fountain pen and a copy of "War and Peace."

My favourite author is not, as you might imagine, some Socialist philosopher—I'm a creature of little brain, with a hand of only four "O" levels with which to bluff my way through life and I can't even understand the chapter headings of books that Richard Neville (my famous friend) tells me I should read—but rather is he J. B. Morton, "Beachcomber."

I spend a lot of time trying to track down Beachcomber books in second-hand book shops but they are rare things. One of my favourite Beachcomber things was a headline without a story that read "Fifty horses wedged in chimney." I like to ruminate on that as I float around the country in Friday (a Land Rover).

From midnight 'til five last Saturday morning I was ruminating through the rain and wind on the way to Bardney with the aforementioned Neville blinking beside me and with two other citizens sleeping in the back. I wasn't really looking forward to the Great Western Festival and had spent much of the preceding day trying to figure out a method of avoiding going to it. In the event I'm going to be eternally grateful that my lack of imagination led me to the mud of Bardney because the weekend became one of the most moving and the most enjoyable of my drab and miserable life.

It was moving when Stone the Crows came on stage, and the audience poured out such love for them that it was almost a tangible thing. It didn't really matter how they played—I can't remember whether they were good or bad—but just sitting there watching Maggie Bell working her heart out brought a very real lump in my throat. It was good to see them.

It was moving when I played a track from a "Topic" LP by the Cheviot Ranters Country Dance Band and the audience reaction was such that I thought a famous star must have walked on stage and abandoned my turntables to go and see. By the final hours of the weekend I was playing a Ranters' track every other record and the audience were still reacting as strongly. If there's a second Great Western Festival they must have the Ranters there to play.

Then there was the extraordinary Spontaneous Hay Throwing event. It started, during a Ranters' record, on the left of the stage and gradually spread through the whole audience. The sight of 20,000 people dancing and throwing hay in the air is something I'll never forget. From the stage it looked like some ancient ceremony, an attack of dancing mania with vegetable connections.

There were downers inevitably. Several security men threatened to punish me physically for showing them my pass in a disrespectful manner and two roadies offered me violence—Sha Na Na's went so far as to tell me that he'd kick me off the edge of the stage if I got the group's set introduction wrong. I got it right, if slightly sulkily. Sha Na Na were great to watch, although those who'd seen them before said they didn't enjoy the act as much the second time round.

Perhaps the Beach Boys were the best of the lot—it certainly was nice to sit at the back of the stage and roar along with their songs. The Faces, as you will have read, played slightly below their best—perhaps too

many nights of having a good time are beginning to tell—and Lindsfame were as good as ever but are still playing the same songs they've played for over a year. The pressures of being on the road can blunt creativity.

There were lots of highlights. The nice security men on the gates and on the stage whose hospitality almost led to the complete collapse of Peel. They were latterly replaced by nasty security men who I hope will not appear at any future gathering of the fans. There were the two lads from Wales who looked like characters out of "The Canterbury Tales" and had come to help erect the stage. I hope they'll be at the next one.

There was an extraordinary game of football in the straw in which 20 odd group members, roadies, managers, journalists, security men and Peel were watched with withering scorn by the trendies who had just emerged, blinking, from the beer tent and record company hospitality caravans to wander in to the enclosure in front of the stage. From a pinpoint cross from TV personality Richard Williams I scored a fine goal and then, flushed with success, attempted a sliding tackle and the tacklee sat on my head. I took little part in the action after that.

I suppose I was a bit rude to the folks gathered in the elitist area in front of the stage—as if they cared anyway—but I do find it vexing that the paying customers are forced to sit some distance from the stage while the non-paying people can swing a pass stand in front of them discussing boutiques and blocking their view. Some of the organisers and most, if not all, of the popular press, seem to think that festivals are about the glamorous and influential who come to display their new outfits and stare at the hippies wallowing in the mud.

A contemporary equivalent gorgeous young thing complaining to another that she didn't know how she'd cope because the refrigerator in her caravan wasn't working properly and I hardened my heart against the whole back-stage scene from that moment. Fifty yards away were the people who really are the festival—more so than the music of the musicians—and they managed to turn the foul weather, the hunger, the dirt, the indifferent food (pegged, for once, at reasonable prices) and the lack of cover into something positive.

Certainly for Jerry Floyd and myself, on stage for 14 hours a day and three days (and we'd have had it no other way), the audience were, as people always say in these situations, the real stars. But, I mean, they really were.

The audience, Fred Munt—the stage manager, the many kindly and friendly people I met, the organisers who really did care and the people at Joe's Cafe really made it a weekend the memory of which will fuel me for months and years to come. If you were there thank you for doing that.



BEACH BOY AL JARDINE.

BAND ON THE ROAD

A DAY spent with Nazareth is a happy one, punctuated with much laughter, an ever-flowing stream of cigarettes and lager, and innumerable quips and ridiculous stories recounted in their thick Fife accents.

A turning off the Bayswater Road finds their flat—namely three vastly overpriced rooms which lurk behind a newly-decorated Regency facade—which can only be entered by throwing handfuls of pebbles at their window, since the doorbell packed up last week.

Pete Agnew, their bassist, comes to the window and rushes down to let me in. His words of greeting are overlaid with an accent too heavy to understand.

Together we enter their high-ceilinged living room, strewn with dozens of Scots laughing and bawling away... "Pete, this is Jim and this is Jim. They all seem to be called Jim."

Eventually it transpired that half the occupants of the flat were members of the infamous Sleazeband, who were "just crashing" there whilst playing a few London gigs, and are reputed to be able to drink anybody under the table—indeed as they departed there was a distinct rattle of bottles from more than one guitar case.

Dan McCafferty, Darryl Sweet, Manuel Charlton and Pete Agnew, namely Nazareth, spent a long time doing the stifling Scottish ballroom circuits, pressured into producing carbon copies of contemporary pop numbers, before wending their way southwards to play places like The Marquee, Bumpers and The Pied Bull, Islington, which eventually culminated in them being included on Rory Gallagher, Deep Purple, Buddy Miles, and recently, Faces tours. Their reception caused embarrassment to the feature bands on more than one occasion.

Nazareth have triumphed, and to prove it their second album, "Exercises," appears in the shops this week.

European gigs vary a lot though according to lead guitarist Manuel. "German audiences are hard to please. It's as if they'd seen it all before, because they seem to have a ridiculously analytical attitude to music. Their own rock

THE MEN FROM NAZARETH WITH THE SCOTS ACCENTS

music is very heavy and Wagnerian and they're only interested in very heavy foreign bands.

"Lindsfame did nothing out there, whereas they're really big elsewhere on the Continent. Our stage act includes one or two acoustic numbers—when we did them in front of a German audience they cut us dead."

"Yeah," cuts in singer Dan, leaping about in the corner, "and their interviewers ask you such strange questions, like 'What is the political and social message in your music?'"

But Italy was something else again. According to Dan, they hardly saw one chick in the audiences when they played Italy. "But you ought to see the way the guys carry on; they try and pull you off the stage, embrace you, and everything. We had one

guy who was led out in tears because he couldn't get one of our posters."

A recent tour of the States with Buddy Miles and Deep Purple shattered a few illusions—and created a few. They didn't really experience any of the hustles that longhairs are supposed to, even in the redneck areas of the deep south, but there were one or two nasty moments—like the time they spent the whole day in their Detroit Hotel having been confronted with a bloody great Police Department tank on their arrival, and the time they were nearly lynched when Deep Purple cancelled at the last minute.

We move for a few drinks up the road from the BBC then into the hospital-like corridors that lead to the studio where they are to record some numbers for the Pete Drummond show.

The place is reminiscent of a school gymnasium and is filled with the kind of functional-looking equipment that one associates with the old music school. No messing, though; the engineers know what they're doing, and in the space of three hours Nazareth have produced four very professional rocking numbers, "Morning Dew," "Fool About You," the powerful "Called Her Name," and a funky little filler, "Spinning Top."

Well pleased, we returned to the flat where I relinquished Dan's jeans, borrowed in lieu of my cords that had irreverently blown their zip.

P.E.

ROCKETTES

● Elton Dean has left Soft Machine to form his own quartet comprising Nick Evans on trombone, Jeff Green (old Softs' roadie) on bass; Phil Howard on drums and himself on sax, electric piano and flute. They are called Just Us. Elton's replacement in Soft Machine is old Nucleus man Carl Jenkins, on oboe electric piano and baritone sax, first date with the new line-up and also featuring Just Us is at Kings Cross cinema, June 17.

● Keith Moon smashed up his hot rod and his nose last week. His front tooth, missing for quite some time now, he hopes to replace with a platinum one with inset diamond.

● Alex Taylor singing the theme tune to the new Ali-McGraw / Steve McQueen film, "Getaway." The song is called "Bound to be Back Again."

● Wince of the week: Neil Diamond and his appropriately named new album, "Moods."

● Hookfoot, still waiting to take off in Britain, received devastating response at recent open-air concert in Rome, attended by 60,000. After demanding three encores the crowd stood and cheered for close on 40 minutes.



NAZARETH (LEFT TO RIGHT): MANUEL CHARLTON, DARRYL SWEET, PETE AGNEW AND DAN McCAFFERTY.

TOM JONES



close up

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Rock/2



BRIAN WILSON WITH AMERICAN SPRING-WIFE MARILYN (CENTRE) AND HER SISTER DIANE ROVELL.

BRIAN WILSON'S OTHER HALF

Mike Ledgerwood talks to the wife of the quiet 'genius'

reflected glory. Instead, she's waiting for Brian to arrive before they begin an eight-week vacation in Europe. They'll base themselves in Amsterdam for the summer; may even stay longer.

The album, recalled Marilyn, took three months to compile. She left the choice of material to Diane, who has something of a "Midas Touch" for songs; while husband Brian masterminded the whole operation. "What Brian can accomplish in five minutes — takes most people five days," says Mrs Wilson proudly. "On three tracks of the LP Brian did every single instrument himself. He tells me that I inspire him; but I sing — I can't write." Marilyn Rovell was born in Chicago, but reared in Los Angeles. She met Brian when she was a mere 15; they were married when she was 16. "Beach Boys and their music has been my whole life," she says. "I just have to be their No. 1 fan. The music is so beautiful. I've been through every stage of their work with them." Brian, she says, is basically a very simple man; despite his complicated creative side. "It's just that he's so different," she sighed. "He's really such a gentle man."

Brian's deafness in one ear—which has prevented him from performing onstage with the Beach Boys in the past—is proving a disturbing disability. "It's terrible," says Marilyn. "He suffers for days if he's too close to a loud noise. He had an operation a few years ago—which helped him hear a little better; but there seemed to be a lot of static as a result. Now it's worse than it was before; he really suffers."

In London, Marilyn is ensconced in an hotel occupied by the rest of the Beach Boys—Dennis and Carl Wilson and their wives were on floors below. While we talked, Marilyn nursed Carl's youngster, Justin. "He's just like my Brian was as a baby," she smiled, as the toddler tugged relentlessly at her long black hair. "He's also got a double-crown," she added affectionately, patting the top of his head. "It's supposed to be a sign of great genius; my Brian was like that."

AFTER JOHN and Yoko Lennon, and Paul and Linda McCartney, Brian and Marilyn Wilson — another rock two-some in harmony. This time, Brian, "brain" behind the Beach Boys' bonanza, writing and producing an album for his wife — teamed up, in turn, with her sister, Diane, as American Spring, a sort of Beach Girls together.

Marilyn Wilson is 24, and has been married to Brian for nearly eight years, now. They met after he spilled hot chocolate over her on a gig in Los Angeles. Then, she was part of the Rovell Sisters, in Southern California, later to become the Honeys, recording several unsuccessful singles along the line.

Now, Marilyn, mother of two, and certainly the Beach Boys' most ardent fan, has a chance to show that they aren't the only ones who can make good records. Her album with Diane, on which they are backed, basically, by Brian & Co., is an exercise in simple, unpretentious entertainment—good, wholesome songs of the sort that makes you feel good just listening.

We met in a suite overlooking London's Green Park. The kids were visiting the zoo, and Brian Wilson was on his way from Los Angeles, where he'd stayed to promote his wife's work around the radio stations. Marilyn, a warm, friendly, young woman, was over the moon with excitement that she'd ACTUALLY made an album of her own. They'd made several singles for several companies as the Honeys... but the album was a veritable musical milestone. It's been getting rave reviews across America; and there's every possibility that the sisters

find themselves with a hit on their hands.

Brian Wilson contributed four tracks on the album; brother Dennis, another; there are two by Carole King; plus a splendid version of Tommy Roe's rocker "Everybody." It's an album of many moods, with the girls in good harmony, helped out by the Beach Boys—both instrumentally and vocally. In the States, the sisters, Marilyn and Diane, go under the name of simply, Spring. Yet, on the album itself, there's no mention of the fact that American Spring comprises Brian's wife and sister-in-law; which is cool.

Incredibly, the first recording Marilyn made under Brian's guidance was a track titled "Surfin' Down The Swanee River"—when the sisters and their cousin, Ginger, were the Honeys. Off and on since then the sisters had provided—without visible credit—vocal backing on the bulk of the Beach Boys recordings. It was natural, therefore, that when the time came the compliment should be returned.

"You can imagine what kind of a thrill this album is to me," exclaimed Marilyn. "I should think that next to my children this is my greatest achievement."

The LP is going down a storm in the States at the moment. And Mrs. Wilson is just a little frustrated that she's not over there to bask in the

UNCHAINED MELODY

New Single by

Blue Haze



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b/w Throw a Little Lovin' My Way



WAY BACK when Brando and James Dean spoke up for an incoherent generation: "mumble, mumble, rhu-barb — shucks nobody understands me." Elvis painted on a pair of gold lamé trousers and shook that thing, Danny and The Juniors ripped it up "At The Hop" and The Teddy Bears swore that "To Know Him Is To Love Him." If you had acne in those days you've probably got varicose veins by now.

Those fabulous days of grease and party dresses that billowed and swelled in a light breeze and dark glasses that had you walking into doors and shaking hands with hat stands . . . they never did really die. They faded for a while.

The fifties were a magnificently innocent musical decade filled with songs of teenage heartbreak and reconciliation — boy meets girl girl meets boy; boy loses girl; girl loses boy — what else really needed saying.

Sha Na Na recall that era with more vitality and showmanship than anyone else around. Their stage show is loaded with devastatingly crisp choreography and authentic reproductions of period-piece tunes like "Whole Lotta Shakin'," "Jailhouse Rock," "Heartbreak Hotel," "Yakety Yak" and "Teenager In Love" (last of which is sung with so much poignancy and lollipop sweetness that it just has to be released as a single).

They were so lovely at Lincoln — first of a series of British and Continental dates that take them away from their Boston and New York homes until July 8. They rushed on stage taking maniacal leaps and bounds over drum kits and platforms. A couple had on dark glasses, a few chewed gum and matchsticks. The three front vocalists wore luscious gold lamé



... just a bunch of rocking lunatics

suits. There were black T-shirts, leather jackets, bumpers, bare chests flashing, biceps rippling, sneering, spitting and lots and lots of grease.

Joff, who looks meaner than most of his 11 partners, ended one number by running a comb through his thick black greasy hair and flicking the goo over his audience and then emptied his sinuses similarly. The crowd of 60,000 never stood a chance.

Of course the fifties were never the way Sha Na Na present them: "It's just the way people remember them," said Captain Outrageous over a steak and salad. "They were never like that—never in your wildest dreams. I think if you took another look at the fifties music you'd be truly disappointed, especially in terms of choreography from groups like

The Platters.

"I was watching an old film clip of Sinatra at the Paramount when he was huge. He was crooning middle of the road, slow-moving, boring stuff and the chicks were fainting in the aisles and screaming. It's peculiar what manages to turn on a generation."

The Captain, previously known as Scott, Scooter, Moishe, Mac and Elderberry is the Elvis of the group and wears a gold lamé suit. Even in his teenage dreams he never fancied himself as Presley. "Me Elvis?" he says, shocked by the comparison. "I've got a beer belly and I'm losing my hair."

Originally Gino sang Elvis but one night The Captain found himself with mike in hand while the band struck up "His Latest Flame."

"I began moving around stage

and shakin' and I could hear the rest of the guys saying 'take your jacket off, take your jacket off.'" The strip has remained and very sexy it is too.

Sha Na Na's rise to universal infamy has been incredibly swift. They'd started out with acappella (unaccompanied vocals) quickly sharpening the choreography and vocals. It was Woodstock that made the band. They'd played just four concerts before—debuting as solo act at an outdoor concert in May 1969 at New York's Columbia University. The response was instant fanaticism. Next came New York's Scene, a Long Island concert, The Fillmore East with Santana, Three Dog Night and Canned Heat, where they apparently eclipsed everybody on the bill . . . and then Woodstock.

Says The Captain: "We got \$300 for Woodstock and the check bounced. It's hanging on a wall now. But the movie presented us to millions of people. Right in the middle of this film there's 1½ minutes of total lunacy. People were stunned. There were standing ovations in movie theatres all over the country. At the screening in New York there was Hendrix on one side of me and Cocker on the other and I'm sitting there going wwooww." The group get along fine with each other, he says. "Basically we're a bunch of lunatics and I guess that's why we make it. We dig goofing around amongst ourselves. We avoid the ego thing. You really can't take yourself too seriously when you do what we do."

"If I've just had a fight with a cat about a gig or anything when

it comes to the point of doing a gig I might be pissed off with him but there I am getting into a gold lamé suit and greasing my hair up and I think what the shit does that matter anyway."

Even as far back as their second appearance, companies like MGM were hustling them with offers running to half million dollars with a film package thrown in but they went with Kama Sutra, a smaller label distributed in Britain by Polydor, because of the kind of control they were allowed. The deal involved "a very high percentage" plus an advance of £20,000.

"The group is a democracy," says the Captain. "We take care of absolutely every possibility. There are very few people who handle things for us. We've found that as soon as groups start making money people are there ready to rip you off. We do the books ourselves and pay ourselves. The British situation is so strange where you have guys like Jethro Tull and Zeppelin on salaries. We said we were gonna do it on our own terms or we weren't gonna do it at all."

Their third album — "The Night Is Still Young" has just been released in Britain and features several brand new songs. Composing credits go to band members Jocko, Joff and Scott as well as to their producer Jeff Barry — and to Andy Kim and Bobby Bloom. On returning to the U.S. they'll go into rehearsal for a new 2½-hour set — to include an hour or so of original material.

They also want to work into videotape and feature films: "We've had five, six, 10 directors interested in making a movie with us. The idea gets to the president of some film company and he asks his kid about us and the kid says 'Sha Na what?' Cocker they know, but we don't get played on the radio so they haven't a clue who we are."

The first album sold 60,000 and the second 100,000. "This one'll do five million," says The Captain.

The goo they use on their hair, by the way, is a water soluble lubricating jelly used for packing condoms.

"I couldn't believe it the first time I greased up. I thought 'I know this from somewhere.'"

ANDREW TYLER



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Folk/Acoustic

'I'm no folkie,' says Thompson

RICHARD THOMPSON, for a long time, has been a publicity-shy hermit, appearing only to other musicians guesting on their albums. Now that his first solo album, "Henry The Human Fly," has been released, he has decided to come out and talk.

He is a slim, stooping person, his pale face framed by a mouse-coloured halo of wispy hair. He sounds English, but was born in Dumfries, Scotland. He is amazingly diffident about his own abilities and honest to the point of disparagement about his disinclination to work. But he does work, and been on more albums than he can probably remember.

EMBARRASSED

"But there's nothing I'm very proud of," asserted Richard. "If the people I've worked for like it, then that's fine, I just do me best. We've just finished doing Sandy's (Denny) new album last weekend. I was part of Sandy's ensemble in the States in February."

"It wasn't bad for her first time. Sandy is stepping up her work. She gets embarrassed onstage, and it's unprofessional; it should all be worked out beforehand."

"I used to think organisation was all rubbish, but not now. You should be organised. Sandy is a good solo performer."

Sandy and Richard were among the people who made the recently released "Bunch" album, which also featured almost every other folk name you could think of.

"Ah, 'Bunch' — alas! I didn't think it was a good idea afterwards and I didn't want my name to be on it, but it went on. I don't mind doing things anonymously, but I should accept responsibility for all my follies. If you put your name to things,

it becomes your responsibility. It's better not to put names on records."

This piece of cross-thinking, is a vague but strongly held idea of Richard's. As a one time part of Fairport, he has had ample experience of working permanently in a group, and didn't like it overmuch.

"Individuality is lost when everybody is thinking group. Musically I found it unsatisfying. I was always laying back and being enthusiastic, but we were getting into all uptempo stuff, a bit bland. There are so many tones in musical differences you can use, and we missed out on a lot of them. It was frustrating. The nearest I came to what I wanted was 'Sloth' from the 'Full House' album. That's my style and I can't escape from that."

Much of "Henry" is on similar lines to "Sloth," using the same effects, although of course the songs are different. Richard isn't the folkie he's often taken to be.

"It's ridiculous to say I'm a folkie. It's not necessarily folk; it's British music with a bit of rock thrown in. My album is my first, and probably only, solo album. It'll never sell because I don't do any work. If it sells 2,000 I'll be happy."

Richard writes his songs to make sense to people, without hiding them in subtleties too deep for outside interpretation.

All of the songs on his album are about two years old. The time between, he says, was to give them a chance to mature. If they didn't still stand up after that time, they were discarded as being not good enough for recording. Many of them are dug out again after only six months, and altered.

"I have a high destruction rate. A bit of self doubt is good for people. My songs have an empathy with 'Sloth,' but once I have written them and recorded them, I don't feel that I want to have to perform them for the next six months. It's all behind



RICHARD THOMPSON . . . PUBLICITY-SHY HERMIT



MICK SOFTLEY

me. I agree though, that a band should play to its audience, what they want. It's important to be your own critic.

"My own writing doesn't come easily all the time. I've written hundreds of songs, but I wouldn't put them into a double album because I think they are superfluous."

Richard feels he won't work with a band again, because his songs work out better with his own ideas.

AWFUL FOOD

"I write hundreds of songs in my head, but not for other people. I'd be too ashamed to present any of my songs to anyone else. I'm never very sure about them."

His frequent trips to the States have made a fair dent in his musical ideas too. Although he isn't actively influenced by the music

he hears there, it helps him to get his own into perspective.

"But the food is awful. I take as much with me as I can."

"However the States straightens out my thinking. It gives me a perspective on life and what I'm trying to do. It makes me more positive and forces things out. But if I lived there all the time, I'd be out of my mind in six months. In fact, I'm cutting down on the trips. I don't learn from the music, and it forced me away from American music in many ways. What the American kids were doing, I didn't care for."

"I liked the Nashville sound, Merle Haggard, but it has red-neck associations, and Nashville wouldn't have had me there. I'm a great believer in self education. I taught myself music. Formal education has to be there, but I think it should be taken as it's needed. For instance, now I'd like to research into some things, but it's too late. I didn't feel like doing it at school, but when you get older, you need to have qualifications to go on learning."

MICK PLAYS IT SOFTLEY SOFTLEY IN IRELAND

GRANTED my interviewing abilities are minuscule, but Mick Softley isn't the easiest person to talk with—well, not on a professional level anyway.

The somewhat arrogant front that he puts up is only a protection for the vulnerability that he must feel from living his fairly solitary errant lifestyle. The plastic glare of The Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant isn't exactly a sympathetic setting for such a person.

At present Mick is working a huge variety of venues; from smoky clubs to vast concert halls. Recently he played on the same bill as The Steve Miller Band on a couple of dates in their British tour.

I wondered if it had been hard having to play to a large audience who'd really come prepared to listen to heavy electric music. "Well, that's my job isn't it," he replied, as if I'd just insulted him, "and anyway it's the kind of situation that suits me perfectly."

"Having this kind of attitude as soon as I get up there, means I can usually break the ice for the feature band. Otherwise they'd find it difficult to be themselves. In a way it's like being a road-sweeper — a similar kind of interesting job."

One detects a possible hint of envy in his voice.

Mick is well known on the acoustic scene, both for his music and his eccentricities. But there was a time when he ceased doing any public appearances, concentrating on the running of a home brew wine shop on the outskirts of Hemel Hempstead, and a little market stall in the same place that dealt in foam rubber. There

were also rumours that Mick was playing electric.

"I went through a time of what you might call 'submarine investigation,' he said taking a swig of vile coffee. "At that time my theme was that of micro-biology and a deep study of theology and philosophy. Although I'd stopped playing in public, it was still a very valuable period for me."

"Yeah, we did go electric for a while, with a band called 'Soft Cloud,' which at one time included Jim Rodford, of Argent, on bass. I still played acoustic, though. The whole thing was a failure because there wasn't any structural harmony between the people, so there was none musically."

Observer

"We broke up and it was 18 months before I was actually introduced to some people who did know what they were doing, musically and personally."

Mick was referring to Tony Cox, his producer and keyboards man on the last three albums, and session musicians Lyn Dobson, renowned for his remarkable reedwork, especially on the current album, and Jerry Donahue, guitars.

Recently he spent some time touring the Irish trouble spots, partly because he's part Irish and a Catholic himself, but also because: "I wanted to see for myself — not to be influenced by what's printed or said."

As an impartial observer he found a strange frightening scene as he strolled the streets playing his guitar. "The kids seem to have taken it upon themselves to form a kind of police force. I was questioned and searched by them and it was some time before they allowed me to go on my way—minus the film I'd taken."

get it together....



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BULLETS

● Good news from Cecil Sharp House — for the first time since they started printing the Folk Directory, it has completely sold out. The annual directory has been in use for eight years now, and this is the first time all the copies have been gone by May. Unfortunately, it can't be reprinted, but if you need to consult the oracle, it might be available in your local library.

● The Loughborough Folk Festival is preparing for a large turnout this year, at the University College of Technology, June 30 to July 2. Among the artists appearing will be Nic Jones, Isla St. Clair, The Broadside, Dave Burland, Spinners, Notts Alliance and Packie Byrne. As usual, there will be exhibitions and folk displays. Information and tickets available from the Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regents Park Road, London, NW1.

● Nick Strout and Bob Peg (remains of Mr. Fox) have a few dates, herewith: June 9, Matlock Folk Club; (10) Country Meets Folk; (12) Jersey, St. Helier F.C.; (14) Darlington Institute of Traditional Arts Festival.

DISNEY GIRLS (1957)



Don Mclean, or how to be a humble hero

by **Caroline Boucher**

INEVITABLY, the creator of such a good song is a disappointment. After hearing "American Pie" and building up a myriad of ideas and images you expect the composer to conform somehow, that you should be able to meet him and say "ah, now I understand."

It's rather like going to the circus and seeing the acrobat who had you sighing with fear ten minutes before, standing in the ring looking very ordinary, short and bald. It's unfair, but the cross creators have to bear; and some of them live up to it and wander about looking mysterious and creative, and others just turn out to be ordinary people. Don McLean falls into the latter category.

Sitting in his pink dressing room, fighting down the irritation that comes after spending a seemingly fruitless half day at "Top Of The Pops," Don alternately peers short-sightedly or takes refuge behind a pair of thick pebble-glass spectacles. He looks far younger than 26, is slightly chubby and faintly resembles Al Stewart.

PRETTY TIRED

Don is over here doing a fairly unostentatious selection of dates, as he's pretty tired after seven months of touring in America. When he gets back he plans to take it easy until October and then just do a couple of gigs a week. "If you're on the road you're not living at all."

It isn't just since "American Pie" that Don has worked hard, he's been playing clubs around his home in New York State since he was 18 and did two years working from a boat going up the Hudson with various artists giving concerts to communities up the river, in aid of conservation. It was after this time, which got him pretty well known, that Don signed recording contract and made the "Tapestry" album, followed by "American Pie," although they have been released the other way around in this country.

"I suppose when the single started to happen it was a jolt," he says. "But remember, I gave it first—I knew what was going on and if you hit somebody then you've got to expect to get hit back. I wasn't surprised once I saw what was happening—I watched it and knew it would subside. I also knew the song would survive. What I was concerned about was that people would identify me with the one song. People say certain things at certain periods—people writing articles for newspapers have to keep their jobs. The media only reinforces the natural attitudes, so people have to go out and say 'you're a one shot' and then 'so he's got another one, he's established, what will he do next?' It was perfectly accepted by me, it's a silly game."

All the time he talks he strums

guitar or banjo. He is polite, helpful but a million miles away and you get the impression that very few people can know the real Don McLean.

"Happy? I don't know the meaning of the word. I just know I move from sensation to sensation and moment to moment. I don't believe there's any future or past. I forget who said it, but you're as many people as you meet. And depending on my environment that is what I am—there are environments that turn me into a maniac, a samaritan—anything; things are far too liquid to be static. "Where I am living now is fine, which is a green part of New York State. Where I was born, I hated because it was most of the first record, I tried to say it all on that—it was a drag, just terrible. There was no place for anybody with a different point of view and I'm basically just beginning to realize that that wasn't just limited to where I grew up."

Don says that this same influence of environment affects his music, so that he picks up styles and traditions wherever he is. Since doing a tour of the south he's developed quite a strong affection for the land and the people.

"They're usually regarded as bigots, but I think Northern people can be just as bigoted. But then perhaps I don't know what it was really like because I got special treatment, although I try and avoid that."

Over here he has been particularly struck by the class system after the all-over middle-class American society. "America is like a big corporation. Now, the presidency used to have a certain amount of charisma, but the Nixon administration is like a very good management firm."

His songs just seem to come to him all at once, words and tune together and he just sits around and waits for it to happen. The latest single "Vincent," taken off the "American Pie" album, is about Van Gogh and "just came out of the blue. I wasn't particularly keen on his paintings. I don't really have that kind of mind. I believe that a person's art springs from the environment he creates for himself. It all depends on their life. The artist's greatest work to me is the life he led, the places he was, the people he met, memories he left in the minds of other people."

STAR IMAGE

"That's why the whole star thing makes me puke—the idea of an image is inconsistent with art—there's a real dichotomy between being a star and being an artist and I'm talking about someone who is just a celebrity—I could name a few names but I'd get sued. But there are all kinds of ladies who come out in all kinds of jewellery and false this and that and wigs and say they're actresses and go on to the chat shows and make it on the gossip. Chat shows are just outgoing middle-class parties."

"The important thing is not to become separate from people because it is being around people that gives you that feeling of what's on their minds. There is a danger that



DON McLEAN: "I KNEW THE SONG WOULD SURVIVE."

you begin to get separated by all the pressures and you want to move off in a very existentialist direction, a product of an unreal environment created for you, and that's no good for me—for some, but not for me."

He has certain very fixed ideas. One of them is his wife whom he won't talk about "because some things are nobody's business." He is very realistic about his future and very fatalistic about the present.

MY TALENT

"It seems to me as if everything is a fleeting illusion and that would make one be rather fatalistic. I have seen all too many things happen to me in a very preordained way—lots of strange, interesting things—it's almost as if I was guided along. I just put my faith in whatever there is and let it ride."

"But I don't believe that all this will last forever, I believe my talent could evaporate one day and if it's going to happen it will happen. You just have to be thankful you have your moment. It could be that for some reason or another you lose your touch. I don't believe that any talent anybody has in theirs anyway—I believe it comes from another place. Sometimes you're possessed—I've felt it. Sometimes when I knew I was doing something that had to be done and didn't really know quite why. I believe in phenomenon of all sorts."

Don hopes to record his next album this summer and already has some songs and ideas ready; he is also toying with the idea of putting out another album this year.

"I go through jags of writing frantically and then I don't do anything for six months. There's a certain sexual satisfaction to making music and having words express your feelings. That sounds like my music is conscious, whereas nothing I do is conscious."

Donny Osmond's new single **Puppy Love**

THE OSMONDS

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Soul

Edited by Phil Symes

THE CURRENT boom in soul music is not peculiar to America. It's happening here too, in case you haven't already noticed. Al Green and The Chi-lites were the beginning of it, and it's growing with chart approaches being made by Love Unlimited, The Staple Singers, Roberta Flack, and Frederick Knight.

Of all the records threatening to inject a lot more soul into the British buying taste, one looks as though it might get there a lot quicker than the others, a record by a five-man Philadelphia group, The Stylistics, called "Betcha By Golly Wow."

Already the record is gold in America. The group's third in a row. Here in Britain it's getting a surprising amount of air-play for a hitherto unknown American group, and sales are rising fast.

For those who haven't yet heard it, it has a sound closely akin to that of the group who put "uptown soul" on the map, The Delfonics. The similarity is not that surprising: it was written and produced for the group by the man who established the Delfonics, Tom Bell.

"Our record company asked him if he would take over the group, and as he wasn't working with any group at the time he agreed. We've known him some time; we came up with him," explains group member James Smith.

The partnership was instantly successful and so far has resulted in three million selling records, "Stop Look And Listen," "You're Everything" and the current one.

The group don't close their eyes to the fact that possibly The Delfonics paved the way for them; "It would be wrong to deny that there is a similarity in sound, but I think that's only in the musical tracks, not the vocals. We have our own vocal style."

Apart from James Smith, the group is made up of Herbie Merrell, James Dunn, Arian Love, and Russell Thompkins Jr., lead singer who recently has been getting his own credit on their record labels.

"That was nothing to do with Russell wanting to be promoted as the leader of the group," says James, "just that people kept asking who the lead singer was so we thought we ought to tell them."

The Stylistics have been together three years. Before that the five members were divided into two groups. Russell Thompkins, James Smith and Arian Love were part of The Monarchs, and the other two worked in The Percussions. As happens so many times, the two groups split and the five, knowing each other, got together.

"They've been working locally around Philadelphia most of the time up until now, having just one hit previous to teaming up with Bell, a thing called "You're A Big Girl Now."

"But that didn't do so much for us," says James. "It kept us fed, but it didn't put us in the big time. Things were slack for a long



STYLISTICS ... SOUL BOOM.

PUTTING ON THE STYLE

The soul group that's lost their black audience

time. We'd just play the little black clubs around the city.

"Lately though we've been moving a lot. Working lots of the better dates — the colleges and better clubs."

The curious thing about their success is that it's taken them right away from their black audiences.

"It's mighty strange, but lately we've hardly played to one black audience. There was a time when only black folks listened to groups like us, but now the music is so big that it's all the white kids that are listening to it."

"The same thing is happening with groups like The Chi-Lites and The Staple Singers. They're finding that their audiences are predominantly white kids."

Which makes you wonder who the black folks are now listening to?

"I really don't know," he says with a laugh. "But some of them must be listening to our records."

But that doesn't mean the group fear losing the audiences they were reared with.

"We're making sure we don't ignore them. From June 13 we're going to do a tour of the black south. I think really what's happened is the music is so big that everyone is buying it. Soul has now become pop. You can't tag it just 'soul' anymore."

"We're still basically a R and B group, as groups like The Temptations are, despite the fact they've been playing to pop aud-

iences for a long time.

"So far we've succeeded in both fields. It's our ambition to make it in all fields."

Their current selling single is also a track from their first album. So were their two other million sellers.

Says James: "We never expected to sell three from the album. We've seen groups do one or two gold records from one album, but never three. We were surprised. At first we didn't think 'Betcha' was going to take off just for that reason."

However, there won't be any further tracks lifted off the album. They're currently recording another with Bell.

"It will be in the same bag as the first; all ballads. We don't like doing up-tempo things. We do them on stage, because we feel we have to, but on record we prefer the slower things. They're so much more meaningful. People can really sit back and work out what they're about. Love is something everybody knows about."

As well as working better venues, success means to the group they don't have to work so much.

"In the whole of the last month we worked only six days. If we'd continued to work everyday as one time we had to our health wouldn't be so good."

Of all the "better venues" they have one particular place they'd like to work at.

"The Copacabana in New York. That's been a lifelong dream. That place still is where anyone who wants to be successful as an entertainer wants to play. Then we want to move on to Vegas. When you can play those type of gigs then you know you've made it."

But also they want to work in England: "We've got a very busy schedule right now but most likely we'll be over in January. That's what we've marked on our itinerary anyway. It seems that England is becoming a real soulful place. So maybe they'll make room for us."

Right now, there seems little doubt about that.

AL TALKS THROUGH HIS MUSIC

IT'S a long step from North London's Cricklewood Carib Club to New York's plush niterie, The Copa, but for Al Green it was a mere hop.

Not more than a couple of months ago there was Al Green, in the UK to promote "Let's Stay Together," seated on an upturned suitcase in his makeshift dressing room — the ladies room, in the Cricklewood Club; today he has the star dressing room of New York's most renowned night spot. An indication of his phenomenal rise since his name was firmly established with "Tired Of Being Alone," late last year.

His success includes three gold singles and a gold album, and an upgrading to a much higher income bracket. But has success changed him at all? Not at all.

"I'm still as stubborn and fun-filled as ever," he says, talking from one of New York's top hotels. And by the way he talks you know that's true. He hasn't lost his incredible sense of humour nor his natural friendliness.

"I'm just glad to be acceptable to so many people because this is what I've wanted for years." By that he doesn't mean all the glamour attached to being America's most popular male soul singer.

"Heck no. What I've always wanted is just to sing to as many people as possible and enjoy doing it. I love to sing, write and play my guitar."

Although it certainly applies, he shys away from the tag "superstar." "So many people have to go around telling people that I've begun to accept it, but that doesn't mean that I have to go around telling people how fantastic I am. There are much better things to say."

Mr. Green's way of saying things is through his music. He writes all his own tunes. And there are an awful lot of people who want to hear what he has to say. His current single, "Look What You Done For Me," turned gold just a couple of weeks after release.

He's in fantastic demand for personal appearances and is currently slaying audiences every night in The Copa. The opening reviews were some of the best ever of all the acts that have played the place.

"We're having a good time. And it looks like the people are too. They've just been fantastic."

He states a preference for night club-type audiences. "We're doing a lot of those now. We're booked for Cherry Hill Latin Casino which is the

biggest night club in the States. It holds between 2,400 and 2,500 people. Yet you're still close to the audience. I like all audiences to be intimate because it really gives you a leadway to have them participating. The more you get from an audience the more you can give them."

He hopes soon to get back to England for some more appearances. The UK is very dear to him. In fact he feels he owes the country a debt.

"England really started a lot of things for me. When we came over to work on 'Let's Stay Together' I got a lot of good reviews and write-ups. They got back to the US and started things really moving for me. So actually it was the trip to England that boosted my career. I want to come back. I enjoyed the Tetley tea!"

But chances of a concert soon are slim. There's just too much to be done in his home country. There's recording, for instance.

"Willie (Mitchell — his producer) just finished up the new single and he's raving mad about it. I think it's the best thing we ever cut."

He wouldn't give the title. "I want it to be a surprise," he says, bursting into one of his characteristic chuckles. "But I can tell you it's better than 'Tired Of Being Alone' and better than 'Stay Together.' It's different altogether. A new Al Green sound."

A lot of people expected his next release to be the much-raved-over "How Can You Mend A Broken Heart" track from his "Let's Stay Together" album.

"We're sure that would have been another million selling single," he says, "but we decided to leave it alone to sell the album. After all, a million 98 cents isn't as good as a million 3 dollars 98!"

It paid off. The album did sell a million. And more. Now he's working on his third album.

"We've cut four tracks already. We're just deciding what Bee Gee's song to do on it. As 'How Can You Mend A Broken Heart' went down so well we're speculating doing another. It wouldn't be out of line."

The album is scheduled for American release in August and bound to be another big one, adding a lot more 3 dollars 98's to the kitty!

Although he jokes about money he's not really hung up on it.

He says: "What is it, anyway. Just a little change to buy crackerjacks and biscuits." It's hard to keep the conversation serious. He adds: "If you're doing the job you dreamed of and being successful that's really all that matters."

"Another mile
Another bridge to cross
But will it turn to loss or gain?"

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AL GREEN ... STUBBORN AND FUNNY.

Michael Wale



✠ THE most amazing thing happened the other week. The Observer gave over a whole page (and with only two and a half pages devoted to sport the immensity of the above cannot be doubted) to a ponderous piece about Jesus Christ Superstar by Peter Hall who is about to take over the National Theatre, a thing he was tipped to do ten years ago.

"Already a classic of the seventies, this is an event that will describe our decade to the future," said the heading right across the top adding in larger letters The Jesus Show. Peter Hall, it was explained, 'Discusses the phenomenal Broadway success, and significant failure, of Jesus Christ Superstar,' the 'rock opera' expected in London this summer."

Well, what a to-do. The piece turned out to be a review of the show some seven months after it had happened, thus allowing

totally for any hindsight needed. Only The Observer could come out this a piece like this, perfectly untimed. Apropos of absolutely nothing.

It is a pity they can't find a space to record what is happening right now in the musical world. Odd too how anyone can be deemed to know about pop music, and yet imagine a pop reviewer being allowed to voice his or her opinions on the theatre, cinema, ballet, opera, or classical music.

Still, back to Mr Hall who goes on to describe Superstar as Camp because "Camp art is created whenever the method of telling the story is developed beyond its meaning."

And hereby really is the

Superstar seven months on

tragedy of this daring piece of work that has been attacked in America and shied away from by many people who should know better in England. The Broadway production has been drowned in theatricality.

It is the theatre, a trade in which Mr Hall earns his living, that has failed, not the piece. When it is performed as a one-nighter concert piece on tour it is much more artistically successful because you can hear and see what is going on.

This is why the theatre as

such does not appeal to a generation weaned on the excitement and realism of pop music, backed if necessary by television and cinema. Go into a West End theatre and nine times out of ten you will be bored to death. You will be made as welcome as you would be for a pop concert at the Albert Hall.

I rang up Tim Rice, who wrote the words for Superstar, after I read the Peter Hall piece of turgidity. "At least he said Superstar says nothing," said Tim. "Everybody's always reading things into it. As for it describing our decade I would have thought Belfast and Northern Ireland would describe it better. It's just strange that the head of the National Theatre should write a whole page on it." Odd, indeed.

Tim, by the way, contrary to the image portrayed of him in the media, is a real Rock-n-Roll enthusiast achieving one of his ambitions recently when he saw Elvis appear in person: "It was very exciting but he did look a little fatter than I thought he would be."

He has just finished work on a double album with The Scaffold, continuing the good work Mike McGear started on his album for Mike but breaking away with Roger McGough to do a fairly lengthy send-up of that multi-record Tamla Motown Story. The interviewer by the way is Tim himself. Meanwhile the laying down of the music tracks for the film of Superstar to be directed by Norman Jewison has gone into production. But Tim thinks the Grease Band did such a good job on the album that their

rhythm track is being saved just as it is.

THE one good thing that will come out the Government's laughable Monopoly money plans for commercial radio is that the BBC's local radio services will go on medium wave and therefore be available to many more listeners than hear them at present on VHF.

I've heard some pretty diabolical attempts at local radio—but Radio London has more good to it than bad, especially Steve Bradshaw's Tuesday night Breakthrough show and Andy Finney's Fresh Garbage which is enterprisingly programmed to go out on a Sunday afternoon when Alan Freeman starts his Pick of the Pops. There's also Charlie Gillett with his Rock-n-Roll Honky Tonk show on a Sunday morning timed so that you can avoid the unspeakable Family Favourites and that is followed by Steve Barnard's reggae show.

As far as Radio London is concerned it is this imaginative music programming that must make it beat commercial radio when they're all on the medium wave. The only thing that pains me is that Charlie Gillett, ace scorer for our Sunday morning football team and the man who helped us win the league for the first time ever, has switched to Saturday soccer next season so that he can continue doing Honky Tonk live.

During the past soccer season he used to tape it, but wisely found that live radio was better. The more "live" radio the better. Personally I think many of the big London pop concerts should

be put out on the radio. If they can do it for the very average promenade concerts they can do it for us.

KEEPING our eye firmly on what is going to happen to commercial radio I got a good letter from Colin Hill, 285 Bricknell Avenue, Hull. But more of that when I return. Meanwhile thanks to everyone who keeps writing.



TIM RICE "SUPER-STAR" CREATOR.

Roxy—the band behind the image

ROXY made a fairly unremarkable impact on the muddy thousands at Lincoln. Despite their outward flamboyance it was a quietish and reasonably self-conscious set. Yet there was something lurking behind it all that suggests we might do well to keep tabs on this band.

Their music is a strange combination of 1950s, '60s and '70s funk and electronic spaceship noises. The band is just eight months old but things have moved quickly

for them, especially since John Peel gave them some air time on Sounds Of The Seventies.

Shortly afterwards E.G. Management signed them up, Pete Sinfield, former King Crimson special effects man, offered to produce their first album and on June 16 "Roxy Music" will be in the shops—followed in July by a single—"Virginia Plaine."

They're a polished, nicely-spoken bunch, fastidious, more than averagely eloquent and with enough latent drive to develop into something quite

powerful. Stage mannerisms and costumes fall somewhere between Rod Stewart and a 50s revivalist band and their music also has a blurring effect on the mind—greasy combined with 70s trendy.

Eno, who handles a VCS synthesiser, greases back his long silver-sprayed hair, forcing it behind his ears; and Bryan Ferry, vocalist, pianist and the group's composer and acknowledged leader, does likewise—preferring gold highlights.

The two, along with Andy MacKay on sax and oboe, are Roxy's nucleus and founders. Eno and Andy spent a few years writing and performing experimental electronic music—mostly for a select bunch of friends it turned out.

Says Andy: "There was a distinct lack of satisfaction from this avant garde scene in that we were only communicating with people who were a long

way into what we were doing. It was more or less a small group of friends who were saying great . . . but that was about it."

Brian adds: "When you do rocking things you're able to get through to a wider audience. Later we'll be able to turn them on to something more sophisticated. First you have to let the people know you can rock. Yet much of the stuff we do is more spacey—music more for the

head than the body." Jazz, they say, are the least of their musical influences. They credit Sinatra, Ethel Merman and The Inkspots as their major musical preceptors.

Pete Sinfield, who used to set the mood so brilliantly for Crimson's performances, sees enormous potential for the band.

"Mainly because there are artists in the band (with an E and without an E). Their breadth of vision is greater than most," he

swears. It's the juxtaposition of straight rock and electronics that fascinates them most. Eno uses two Revox's, a Ferrograph and an Ampex cassette for his experiments.

Andy adds: "Lennon describes his music as 1970s rock. Ours is '50s, '60s, '70s and '80s. It's inevitable that we're going to be influenced by lots of things, people and ideas. The combinations are endless."



● ROXY... (LEFT TO RIGHT): RICK DENTON, ANDY MACKAY AND PAUL THOMPSON.

HOT 'N' NASTY
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Pop



CHICORY TIP (LEFT TO RIGHT): BAZ MAYGER, PETE HEWSON (FRONT), BRIAN SHEARER AND RICK FOSTER

ON AUGUST 26, Chicory Tip — the band whose worldwide sales for their hit "Son Of My Father" has just passed the million mark — are lined up for a Swedish Festival playing alongside Frank Zappa, Slade and Uriah Heep, and more important their latest single "What's Your Name" is now starting to rise up the charts.

More important still, the group featuring Pete Hewson (lead vocals), Rick Foster (lead guitar and keyboards) and Baz Mayger (bass) and Brian Shearer (drums) are gradually loosing the preconceived image as being merely a pop band.

"We were playing this one place," Rick said, "and this one girl came up to us and actually apologised for being there. She told us she'd only come along to have a laugh. And we surprised her I suppose."

"As soon as people come along and actually see the band live they immediately get a different impression. Unless you're in a certain position a band has to have hit records to earn a living."

With its current line-up, Chicory Tip have been together four years building their reputation around the club and ballroom circuit and as with so many of the "new wave" bands they've been experiencing wild receptions.

Besides their hits, the band

Give us a chance to prove ourselves, say Chicory Tip

normally feature other people's material onstage such as Stephenwolf's "Born To Be Wild" and the Moody Blues' "Gypsy." Blasting out of their custom-built P.A., all of 1,200 watts, their music isn't making many friends with ballroom managers and the like.

"We've got to the position where we've now got to break into the college scene," said drummer Brian Shearer. "The reaction's getting so big and more people are getting to reckoned with. The music's got a very heavy feel."

Those who have seen Chicory Tip live will realise the power of their strong harmonies riding over the background of surging Moog. Their sound, like fore-runners Slade and Status Quo, has the insistent drive to get people on their feet and boogieing around.

"It's a natural transition for a band," continued Rick, "to develop from the ballroom circuit. But you get this stupid tag as a basic pop group which

you can only get past by getting to audiences in a live situation."

Rick and Brian both felt that their image was mainly built on their first hit, "Excuse Me Baby," rather than "Son Of My Father." "A lot of people still tend to associate us with that song," Brian said. "But that was just a means to an end."

The band have currently been doing extensive work on the Continent. They've recently returned from a tour of Spain where they played most main centres including Barcelona, Majorca and Madrid. And soon the band are due to return to Holland then Belgium for more television appearances.

Limited Moog

Said Rick: "Between all this we are also trying to get time to lay down some tracks for the next album. Basically it'll be made up of short, punchy tracks. There won't be anything like three numbers on one side."

"There's just so much you can do with the Moog when you get into it further. Putting the voices through it for instance and the guitars as well. Obviously the instrument will be heavily featured."

Their hit "Son Of My Father" was originally written by an Italian and two Germans, with Chicory adapting it to suit their style. Lately, the band are writing more originals which are certain to be featured on the album.

Now that gigs are flowing in and audiences lining up to catch the band, Rick and Brian said they could "feel" the tension building. "Things are really changing fast now," said Rick. "The young audiences are so different. They like to get up and move and generally enjoy themselves."

"However, you still get this kind of superior attitude of some people who won't give a band a chance to prove what they can do. All I can say is that seeing is believing," added Rick.

Robert Brinton

The real Allan Clarke stands up

by Mike Ledgerwood

THERE'S a sudden spate of lead singers from successful groups making albums at the moment — and blowing everybody's minds. Carl Wayne, erstwhile knight errant of the Move, went sadly unnoticed. And Mike d'Abo, latterday Manfred Mann, cocking a snook at the laughing clown.

Now we have Allan Clarke, the "sound" of the Hollies, striving to make a noise in his own right. His first solo album — thwarted by his colleagues, and forcing him to fend for himself — demonstrates their mistake in letting him go.

It proves, pretty conclusively, that their loss is the listening public's gain. He is showcased as a singer, guitarist, songwriter and a record producer of no mean talent. The album is titled "My Real Name Is 'Arold'" — and it's something of a re-birth for Allan.

But, to recap on the Hollies situation a moment. Allan asked if he could make an album of his own; his songs, sung his way, presented as Allan Clarke — rather than lead singer of the Hollies doing his "own thing." The request, not unreasonable on the face of it, was rejected. And the democratic decision by the band somewhat forced Allan's hand as far as going solo was concerned.

A solo career was obviously something about which he'd thought for a long time. But he was happy with the Hollies; content even to be front man for them for a further five years — or as long as their sensational success was sustained. Yet he admits a certain degree of complacency had entered his career. "I went through five years of being virtually oblivious of what this business was about. I just sat back and the wreaths and laurels of fame were flung on me. I thought I could sing the shit out of anything they pushed our way," he said. "I wasn't really looking towards music. We were getting the hits. But I wasn't doing anything. I wasn't getting any further."

The actual decision to quit, he said, had given him the horrors. "You could be left with nothing; so you have to prove yourself. And what was obviously hidden inside me for so many years suddenly came up. "Now I'm more relaxed. I can talk to people about the sort of things I want to talk about; I don't have to keep things hidden because of the people about me."

He even went as far as likening his release from the Hollies to that enjoyed by his one-time group colleague and long-standing boyhood friend, Graham Nash.

"He was probably getting frustrated, not getting things out of his system," surmised Allan. "It was too much for him being closed in. Something had to pop."

"The thing is—it didn't work that way for me. Because I didn't know about this big 'bubble' thing I had; I was willing to carry on. But once that pressure is put on you—that's when it happens."

He didn't deliberately go out of his way to make a Hollies' album—just because it was Allan Clarke singing; although the impact of the material suggests that perhaps he was a much more integral group member than they might have supposed.

He was fortunate in having some of the finest session musicians among his friends — folk like Dee Murray (Elton John's bass man), and Alan Parker and Herbie Flowers, from the Blue Mink rhythm section. And they rallied round; put themselves at Allan's disposal, prepared to help in any way possible. The result is a perfectly splendid album. And an excellent launch-



ALLAN CLARKE . . . FRUSTRATED

ing pad for a solo career. It's been so well-received by his circle of friends and advisors, in fact, that several tracks have been suggested as possible singles.

"The one that takes the overall verdict, though, is 'Losing Me,'" says Allan. Curiously, unlike the bulk of the material, it isn't a Clark composition. And it's a somewhat slow track; with Procol Harum's Gary Brooker playing piano, and Allan's friend Ray Glynn on acoustic guitar.

"I really enjoyed doing that one," he said. "But my own personal favourite is a track I wrote—oh, about a year ago—for the Hollies. It was typical Hollies—but turned down; they thought it was too commercial. It's called 'Baby, It's Alright With Me.'"

He conceded, however, that towards the end of his time with the Hollies he'd been writing songs more for himself than the group. "I thought that if I was going to have them turned down as singles—I still should do them; get them accepted for me doing them the way I wanted them done, and get them on the album."

"The trouble with writing for the group as a whole was that you had to write commercially—

thinking of either 'Jennifer Eccles' or 'Carrie Anne.' But once you'd done that—and you present another song like those . . . they'd say 'We've done that! We have to go in another direction.'

"So I was getting just a little frustrated. On the 'Distant Light' album I was writing for me, personally. I did 'Long Cool Woman' and 'Hold On'—when I just didn't take the Hollies into consideration. Yet they were accepted on face-value. And they worked."

They worked to such an extent, in fact, that "Long Cool Woman" would have been an official Hollies single — if Clarke hadn't quit. And when the band changed labels—from EMI to Polydor at the turn of the year—it was still shoved out as a single to compete with "The Baby," subsequently only a mediocre hit in terms of Hollies standards.

"It would have been a feather in my cap if 'Cool Woman' had been a hit," grinned Allan. "After all, I played lead guitar, did the vocals, even produced it myself. I was quite proud of it, actually."

He has every reason to be equally proud of his solo LP debut too. That'll certainly be a feather in his cap!



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Meet the clothed Mr. Cassidy

DAVID CASSIDY, star of TV, stage and records, is well on the way to repeating his American success story in Britain. In fact, talking to his fans, you're led to believe he has already conquered this part of the world. Certainly this belief is strengthened by reports of wild airport scenes when Cassidy flew in for a week in February and by the recent picketing of the BBC by several hundred fans eager to see "The Partridge Family" back on the telly screen.

DEEPLY DELVED

Whether you choose to think such incidents are publicity stunts or not, it would appear Cassidy is a considerable force, if only by virtue of his latest single, "Could It Be Forever," reaching number two in the charts, whilst his "Cherish" album jumped ten places to number eight in the album chart. Someone has to be buying the records!

Up until May this year, it was easy to define the appeal of this 22-year-old, fresh-faced, all-American boy. He was every Mum's ideal son-in-law, every young girl's dream-boy. No matter what colour the glossies told you David's hair, eyes, underwear or whatever was, it all came out sparkling, virginal white.

INTERVIEW

In May, Rolling Stone magazine delved deeply until they discovered some "dirty linen" which they exploded in a five-page article, plus middle and front-page near-nude pin-ups. Down crashed all the myths, carefully built up by the teen mags. David was now an intelligent, sensual "head"—vulnerable to the heavy pressures of showbiz life, aware that his life span as an "idol" was short and fairly unimportant as opposed to his development as a human

being. But how have the fans reacted to this "alternative" David Cassidy? I asked his former fan club president in Britain, Pat Wallace:

"I can only judge David from the way he treats me personally. I find him to be a perfect gentleman — he never even swore in front of me. Of course, I realise he would probably speak differently to another man and it was a man who did the Rolling Stone article, but I think it may have been 'coloured' a little in order to make it more sensational. Some of the quotes from magazine people and such-like seemed foolish and I can't believe they would have said what they did, knowing it was going into print.

"When I first met David, it was to do an interview and I remember he was very tired. He told me not to take much notice of what he said, considering how he felt at the time. Perhaps Rolling Stone got to him during a particularly low period and he said a lot of things which gave a very one-sided view of him."

That this happened is quite on the cards, but at least we now have a more balanced view of what used to come across as another U.S. money-making machine.

Of course, as long as his "name" continues to mean hard cash, the fans will win their battle to have "The Partridge Family" repeated on television; they will continue to claw and bruise him when he appears publicly; they will choose to overlook the "nasty" side of their idol, as outlined in Rolling Stone.

IDENTITY

Meanwhile, through all the shouting and clamouring, David will continue his search for his own identity and one day the real David Cassidy will stand up and he'll still be a star. You see, the secret of his success doesn't depend on his "image" — he just has a whole lot more charisma than the next man!



DAVID CASSIDY . . . NUDE PIN-UP.



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DONOVAN, our home-grown beautiful musician, back in England after a year of exile, in common with the Stones and other rich people, has just settled into his new London flat.

The minstrel is pleased to be home, despite the tax problems etc., it will cost him to live in his home country—well, not exactly, because Donovan Leitch is originally a Scot and one of the greatest among the musicians to emerge from that fair land.

His time abroad was not entirely wasted, as he had two film projects going, and although he feels he has gained experience and wisdom by being away for a while, he doesn't think he has changed. I don't, either.

He has always given the true impression of being a gentle man, and is certainly a very talented artist in a field where his kind are not common. His ability to write songs which enchant both adults and children is rare indeed, and he has two children to give him experience.

His son Julian is showing interest in playing guitar and knows many of his father's songs, while his baby daughter sits solemnly on the carpet, fascinated by the sound of the guitar strings.

FILM STARS

Across the sofa is spread the silk shawl that Don uses to sit on for his performances. An old guitar leans against the wall in the corner, and Don tries out a new one he has just bought, giving us an impromptu show of delicate guitar playing and singing a couple of new songs—one written during his stay in Ireland—describing how far back the difficulties in that country go.

He looks even thinner than he did before his exile, but every bit the ethereal Pied Piper, in pure white trousers and black and white shirt. Don couldn't have come closer to the part of the Pied Piper, and that's why he was asked to do the part in the film of the same name.

He stars in the film which also features Diana Dors, Donald Pleasance, Jack Wild, John Hurt and Cathryn Harris. The cast runs on into lots of well-known and excellent actors, but as yet a release date hasn't been fixed. Don has done some music for one film before—"If It's Tuesday It Must Be Belgium"—but this is the first he has acted in, as well as writing the score.

"I wrote lots of songs for the film, but in fact only five have been used. So I don't want to disappoint people who come to see the film, thinking there is going to be a whole bunch of my music. The songs which had the real meaning of the film weren't used, but I'll use them on an album. We could have made a smash hit album from this film, but I'm not prepared to bring out an album with the five songs on, and a lot of incidental music taking up the rest of the time.

"It wasn't broken to me until the last week of shooting that the songs weren't to be used, and I got upset over that. I realised then that I had been hired to do a job and any actor could have done it.

"I enjoyed making the film, and it made me realise working with other actors how hard they do work. It's just that it doesn't seem to have a point, and I don't like to be part of a film that doesn't have people coming out of the cinema feeling that aah! it's finished—that feeling you get when you go to see one of the big Hollywood dramas."

Donovan isn't completely dissatisfied with the film, it's just the natural feelings that most artists have after completing a job and thinking over in retrospect how much better it MIGHT have been done. But in the film, you can see that Don hasn't changed; he still weaves the same magical feeling around his music.

A year abroad may change a lot of people, perhaps harden them a little, but he stays true to all he's stood for since he started out.

"I met Long John Baldry the other day and he said I hadn't changed and I credit him with more sight than I would a lot of people. It just showed me I'm a man with roots, and must stay at home. I would like to have done the film in England, and I tried to record in America, but it just fell through.

"Allen Klein, who is my new manager, said that you just can't pull yourself up after 23 years or so. I need the comfort of normality. Even in Ireland—that's a foreign country as far as England is concerned. Mick Jagger even felt uprooted while he was away.

"But the film took up a lot of the time. The guy who worked out the facts from the story was Andrew Birkin. He did all the research and really filled the story out, down to finding out what the children were like. Because that's what the Pied Piper was all about—the children, the piper and the rats.

"He got the songs of the time—"Ring Of Roses" was a plague song. The ring was the mark of the plague that appeared, the pocketful of roses was the herbs they carried for protection and the sneezes were the signs that gave the victim only three days to live."

The film really started out as a children's film, but somehow turns out as much an adult experience. Donovan only has a few scenes singing with the children, although the idea had started out as having more of that kind. He had thought that he would have more to do with drawing the children out and singing with them, but realised that the beginning of a film rarely turns out the same way as the end.

He would also like to have had the film more musical—he impressed the fact that he didn't want people to go along expecting to see a lot of him or hearing a lot of his music. The piper could have been played up as a stronger character, and the whole story made a little simpler, but even so, it is an excellent film of its kind.

"Having looked at musicals, I thought I would have the talent to do them. My hero is Lionel Bart. Musicals reach more people than opera does. 'Oliver!' was excellent. I thought I'd be writing the follow up to that kind of music. I found myself committed by the time I discovered what it was going to be like.

"I'm not trying to put the film down. I liked it, but perhaps I just think I would have directed it in another way. To make a musical you need



**DR. D
TRAVI
SALVA**

more money than we apparently had available. It was a good salvage operation.

"I like family things like this to be real corny. The song 'People Call Me The Pied Piper' is sweet corn. I think I know how to get a performance out of kids. I would like to have seen 'Riding Homeward' developed with strings and filled out. It'll be a while before another story comes along that's as good as the Pied Piper."

Donovan's acting part in the film is small, but he has a magnetism in his music that doesn't call for any serious acting—just an enlargement, and magnification of what he already is.

SMALL FESTIVALS

His compromise in the film has paid off, and will give him experience for the next venture he makes into acting. He is already writing the score for Zefferelli's "St. Francis Of Assisi." It has already been written but Zefferelli has ordered the re-writing because he has decided to alter the film—it's already been in production for three years. He may also put in an acting part for Don.

"With the Pied Piper, I went into it after years of tight performances, expecting it to run the same, which was impossible. But Zefferelli is a dynamic



DONOVAN'S SELLING MUSICAL TATION SHOW

director. He wants troubadour music, ethnic stuff."

The beautiful guitar used by Don in the film was painted by the Scottish artist Patrick. The guitar itself is very old—made in 1860. Don is also doing a short animation film with Patrick, and thinks it would make a nice musical. But, unfortunately, Don is having a few recording contract problems and can't bring out any albums until they are sorted out. This is also delaying personal appearances, concerts and the like, because he doesn't want to do anything until he can sing some new songs to his audiences.

He did a few at the Bickershaw festival, where he was one of the few bright spots, and certainly, in my opinion, was the highlight. He lifted us out of the gloom of the mud and squalor, till we forgot the cold and rain and remembered all the good sunny days. He did what everyone wanted—he sang all the old songs that we all knew, and slipped in some we didn't, but which will no doubt become equally well known when he is able to release them on record.

Donovan was/is the essence of what a festival should be. Like an original minstrel, he entertains and charms the people.

"I was a little upset with my set at Bickershaw. I wanted to play some new numbers but the situation wasn't the right one," he says. "I felt the lack of a record then. I'm finishing up about 10 jobs I've started and all leading up to the release of an album. "I think festivals are relevant events,

but they should be contained, smaller. The people are too far away. It would be nice if there was a crowd of only 10 thousand, where an artist can get out among the audience without being mobbed. Perhaps festivals should be a train that goes round the country. The artists travel together, with compartments for each band, shower carriages, food carriages, etc. That way we could say, you don't have to travel miles to see us, we'll come to you, so just stay where you are.

"We could seat them, have proper facilities. The guy in Italy who created the San Remo festivals ran a show round Italy by road, with local artists, stopping off and having the shows. Everyone came out of the hills like the old days. He did the same with a train around Europe. That might be the real way to run festivals. Travelling fairs, picking up local acts on the way.

"It could all be filmed, taking just one film crew, one set of journalists, like the Sarah Bernhardt entourage. People dream of festivals where they are going to make a lot of money and films out of it, well it could be done that way.

"The trouble with festivals the way they are run just now is that they are virtually in the hand of local councils, leaving us any old slag heap as a site. They view the whole thing from a different angle. It should be taken out of the hands of the local councils.

"A train festival can be contained, where no one is hurt. If there isn't one this summer, there will be one

next summer and I would be happy to be on it, with other musicians of my kind of music. I don't know if it would work with rock and acoustic, perhaps. We could take the train all round Europe, and bring it across to Britain on the boat. I couldn't do another hotel-airport tour, that would drive me mad."

BUYING LAND

If the train-festival doesn't come off this summer, Don and his family will be going to Skye for a while. He owns property and land in the northern point of the island, and a couple of years ago, when I went to see him there, was developing the buildings and establishing very good relations with the villagers nearby.

Many of the young people there were enthusiastic about having Don on the island, especially as he gave a few concerts in the hall in the main town of Portree. Others, a bit older, were sceptical as to his intentions. They had seen people from the mainland and the south come in and buy up land, then leave it to rot. Don was determined that shouldn't happen to Waterish. He hasn't been able to live there himself in the last year, of course, but an old school friend of his has established a family com-

munity. He also cannot stay there permanently, as there is no living to be made from the land. There was also the problem of getting builders up there to renovate the buildings, but finally a friend of Don's father in Glasgow was able to help out with that.

"I didn't think when I bought it what the feeling was about people buying the land. Then I went to a parish meeting there, and they were campaigning at the time for a lamp post for the village. They would turn it into a Blackpool if they could because they need the money. It's really the small landowners who supply the money to the place. I think my people were originally from Skye, so I feel an ancestral connection anyway. It's the big landlord, the man in the kilt with the Kensington accent, that's the baddie, trying to keep the people the way they are.

"The people are naively moving into the 20th century, they are interested in television sets and bingo, and are losing some of what they had. They resent people even from the mainland who buy land to have a bit of peace and quiet, but they deserve to have it if they appreciate it. If their hearts are there, it's all right.

"It's a paradox really, resenting the ones who are coming in, but wanting to be modern and have more money. It's an antique dealer's paradise. Old harps, coaches and things are left to rot."

So Don feels strongly about his homeland, and is concerned that his part should be looked after. It's a beautiful place—very quiet, overlooking the loch which leads to the sea. The local pub is like someone's front room—in fact it is—and time goes slowly, without hurry. A piper's peaceful retreat, a village buried at the end of a typical Skye road. The road is usually without tarmac, and is wide enough for one small car to pass along. The stillness is unbelievable after the rush of the city.

"Whatever England is, it must be London, and the area around. If Ireland succeeds in their struggle for independence, then possibly Scotland, Wales and even Cornwall will try too. The rest of England is different from the south. London is European, nearer to France. You get a warm feeling as you travel further north."

Donovan is an uncomplicated man, who writes beautifully moving songs about nature and life as it is. It's not difficult to see how much this stems from his ability to see things in nature which are plain for all to see. But he sees more than most of us.

**ROSALIND RUSSELL
REVIEWS "THE PIED PIPER"
IN FULL ON PAGE 16.**

WHATEVER THE SETTING DONOVAN MANAGES TO CAPTURE THE IMAGINATION OF THE PEOPLE, WHETHER HE IS PORTRAYING THE PIED PIPER, OR PLAYING TO THE CROWDS AT THE RECENT BICKERSHAW FESTIVAL (PICTURE TOP LEFT).



by Rosalind Russell

This week

A comprehensive guide to the events of the music week compiled by Rosalind Russell.



JONI MITCHELL ... SATURDAY TV.



ARGENT'S RUSS BALLARD ... DATES.



RORY GALLAGHER ... THURSDAY SHOW.



RAY CHARLES ... NEW SINGLE.



RALPH McTELL ... FOLK FESTIVAL.



CHARLIE PRIDE ... AUTOGRAPHS.

Live

London (tonight Wednesday), Surbiton Assembly Rooms, Yetties and guests, 60p, 7.30; Lord Wellington, Brewer's Droop, 8 p.m. (free); Marquee, the very excellent Patto, 60p, 8 p.m.; Fulham Greyhound, Fat Grapple (free); Ronnie Scott's, Heavy Rain, 8 p.m.; Music Workshop, Alex Harvey, 8 p.m.; Ilford Growling Budgie Club, Trees, 30p, 8 p.m. Liverpool City Hall, Kingdom Come, 8 p.m. Aberystwyth Kings Hall, Caravan, Parlour Band, 50p adv., 60p on night, 8 p.m. Tunbridge Wells Elizabethan Barn, Wild Turkey, 8 p.m. Liverpool Stadium, MC5, 8 p.m., 60p. Birmingham Top Rank, Curved Air, 7.5p, 8 p.m. Redcar Top Deck, Spencer Davis, 60p, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY (8)

Sunderland, Top Rank, Lindsfame, Capability Brown, Beckett, 7.30 p.m., 75p. London, The Boathouse, Kew, Rock-n-Roll All Stars, 7.30 p.m. Marquee, total theatre provided by Patto. Guildford Civic Hall, Flash. Stoke-on-Trent, The Place, Lightning Hopkins and Whispering Smith, 8 p.m. Bolton Tech., Brewers Droop, 8 p.m. Barry Memorial Hall, Budgie, 60p, 8 p.m. Middlesbrough Town Hall, David Bowie, 60p, 8 p.m. Northampton Fantasia, the very excellent Alan Bown (free), 8 p.m. Cleethorpes, mind-boggling Kingdom Come, 8 p.m., 50p.

FRIDAY (9)

Birmingham Odeon, the first in a series of knicker wettors from T. Rex, 6.30 p.m. and 8.30 p.m. Undoubtedly sold out. Plymouth, Van Dike Club, Swastika, 50p, 8 p.m. Glasgow, Kevin Hall, Richie Havens and Linda Lewis. Northampton Guildhall, MC5, 60p, 8 p.m. Twickenham, St. Mary's College, Osibisa, 8 p.m. Cambridge Corn Exchange, The Kinks, 60p, 8 p.m. Leytonstone Red Lion, Flash, 8 p.m. Newport, Kensington Court Club, Bond and Brown (should be good), and Wild Turkey, 60p, 8 p.m. Norwich St Andrew's Hall, Uriah Heep, 60p, 8 p.m. Sheffield City Hall, David Bowie, 60p, 8 p.m. Glasgow Clouds, Salvation, 50p, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY (10)

Newcastle City Hall, Richie Havens and Linda Lewis. Crewe Up The Junction Club, Budgie, 8 p.m.

Cardiff, Capitol, T. Rex. Glasgow Clouds, Chris McClure Section, 55p, 8 p.m. Slough College, Flash, 8 p.m. Boston Starlight Rooms, Argent, 60p, 7 p.m. Luton College, Ball (pardon?), Procol Harum and Brinsley Schwarz, 65p adv., 75p on door, 7.30 p.m. Sutton Coldfield Belfry, Spencer Davis, 60p, 8 p.m. Loughborough University, Gary Wright's Wonderwheel, 50p, 7.30 p.m. Middlesbrough Town Hall, David Bowie, 65p, 8 p.m. Swindon F.C., Lindsfame, Marmalade, Rock-n-Roll All Stars. Plymouth Van Dike, "mystery band," Main Horse Airline, 50p, 8 p.m. London, Dagenham Roundhouse, Osibisa, Royal Albert Hall, Gordon Lightfoot, sold out, King's Cross Theatre, Kingdom Come and MC5 plus "Montreux" Pop film. Tickets £1. Lyceum, Caravan, The Parlour Band and Khan, 60p advance, 75p on night. Shaw Theatre, Badfinger, Gwynyway, £1, 7.30. Airdrie, Countdown Club, Bay City Rollers, 55p, 8 p.m.

MONDAY (12)

Manchester Belle Vue, Sha Na Na and Paladin, 7.5p, 7.30 p.m. Portsmouth Tricorn, the insipid sound of Greyhound, 60p, 8 p.m. Cambridge Trinity College, MC5, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY (13)

Portsmouth Tricorn, Hot Chocolate, 60p, 8 p.m. Bristol Colston Hall, David Bowie, 70p, 8 p.m. Sheffield City Hall, Uriah Heep, 60p, 8 p.m. Northampton Fantasia, Man, 40p, 7.30 p.m. B'rum, Digbeth Hall, Caravan, 50p adv., 60p at door, 8 p.m.

Benefit

THOSE enterprising and good-hearted people, COMMUNITY MUSIC, have organised another benefit on Friday, June 16, at the Anson Rooms, Bristol University, featuring Edgar Broughton, Brinsley Schwartz, Cat Iron, Magic Muscle, Stroke and Willy Barrett, PLUS a sprinkling of musicians from Pigsty Hill Light Orch., Natural Theatre, Black On White, Bristol Street Theatre PLUS bars, light shows, food, etc. Midday-1 a.m., £1, 75p. Saturday, June 10, is the date for The Variety Club of Great Britain's annual bender in London's Battersea Park. The "Miss Variety Club of Great Britain, 1972," bathing beauty contest takes place in the afternoon, along with the "Most Beautiful Legs" contest (women only). Cruising within autograph book's reach will be Robert Morley, Barbara Windsor, John Bird, Bernard Cribbins, Nicholas Parsons, Diana Dors, Warren Mitchell, Ingrid Pitt and Charley

Pride, but to name a few. Tickets are 15p adv., 20p on day, which, incidentally, starts at 2 p.m., finishing at 6 p.m. "A FREE Jesus Rock-Folk Festival" is to be held on Midsummer Common, Cambridge, on June 10 at 12 noon, featuring, among others, Gordon Giltrap, Graham Kendrick, Malcolm and Alwyn and Out Of Darkness plus "anyone who has not confirmed his booking yet!" Hope the sun shines for you, lads.

Competition

THE "SEARCH FOR A SONGWRITER" CONTEST has now closed. Judging has begun and entrants will be notified of progress through these columns. Winners of the "GUITARS COMPETITION" will be announced next week.

Addresses

T REX Fan Club has apparently changed addresses, it now masquerades under the following description: "T Rex Fan Club, London, W1A 4XQ."

New sounds

FOR release next Friday is the new single from Creedence Clearwater Revival entitled "Sunday Never Comes." Also released are Everly Brothers—"Ridin' High"; Dawn featuring Tony Orlando—"Vaya Con Dios"; Joy of Cooking—"Let Love Carry You Away"; Stevie Nicks—"Dallas"; The Chimes

"When I Looked Around Me"; Undisputed Truth—"Superstar"; a re-release of Roy Orbison's "Dream Baby"; also Tin Tin's "Toast And Marmalade For Tea"; The Association—"Darling Be Home Soon"; Jo Ann Love—"Everything I Need"; F, F and Z—"Everybody Get Out Of Bed"; Equals—"Stand Up And Be Counted"; Ray Charles—"Hit The Road Jack"; Moments—"Love On A Two Way Street."

View

CATCH another thrill-packed edition of "Top Of The Pops" on Thursday, turn over to BBC 2—9.20—for "Show Of The Week," and ease along with Eric Morecambe and Ernie Wise's guests Keith Michell, Design and Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen. Zap! Later on there's the last Luis Brunei film in the World Cinema series, "Viridiana" (BBC 2, 10.45). On Friday there's yet another Marx Brothers' film, "Go West," with the arch looners on the prairies (BBC 2, 10.45). Saturday's "Sounds For Saturday" features the whimsical Joni Mitchell (BBC 2, 9.15). And on "The Old Grey Whistle Test" there's the astounding Richie Havens and Sandy Denny (BBC 2, 10.55).

Folk

SATURDAY, June 10, starting at 12 noon is a massive all-day folk concert at Platt Fields Park, Rusholme, Manchester, featuring Ralph McTell, Magna Carta, Robin Hall and Jimmy McGregor, Yetties, McAlmans, Johnny Silvo & Dave Moses, Alex Campbell, Mike Harding, Isla St Clair. Advance day tickets are £1, advance evening tickets are 75p.

Listen

SATURDAY'S "In Concert" programme features Jonathan Kelly and Julie Felix, and on Monday Andrew Finney carries on competing while Bob Harris is on holiday. He introduces Kevin Ayers and the Straws, and on Tuesday the "Top Gear" show has guests Lindisfame. The Thursday show features the great Rory Gallagher and Medicine Head, while on Friday it's Quiver and John Dummer band.

Rave

FRANTIC scenes down at London's Speakeasy when black acappella group, The Persuasions, played. At one point they were joined by four members of Sha Na Na in a glorious vocal jam. And also began testing the audience's memory of soul classics by breaking into one old time hit after another. A "Rock-n-Roll River Party" sets sail for a bopping four-hour cruise from Westminster Bridge on June 10 at 8 p.m., featuring the magic sounds of Bishop's Big Boppers. Tickets can be had from: Aqua House, 46 Chaldon Way, Coulsdon, Surrey.

Film

DONOVAN film "Pied Piper"—not yet given a release date—is a sure winner. Surprisingly, it had a realistic hardness about it, that you wouldn't normally expect of a fairy tale film. In places, it was even reminiscent of Ken Rus-

sell's "The Devils," as the scenery was in a medieval setting, the clergy rampaged righteously throughout, and there was even a burning scene—but not as horrific and gory as Oliver Reed's demise in the flames.

Donald Pleasence was a very excellent Baron, with John Hurt doing a fine job, if a shortish one, as his evil son, Franz. Roy Kinnear was the fat and nervous Burgermaster, Diana Dors a suitably-cast wife, and Noel Harrison's young daughter, Cathryn, as their daughter. The whole cast was littered with people whose faces are already well-known from TV—right down to the town wall guard, played by "Softly, Softly's" PC Snow.

Donovan's part was essentially singing, so his actual acting capabilities weren't called too much to the fore. The part of the Pied Piper was obviously right for him, and his type of music, and as such, he did well. It's thought that a single might come from the film score, but the release date is uncertain. In all, the film was unexplainably sad, but worth going to see as a straight venture, and not especially as a children's film. ("A" certificate; running time: 90 minutes.)

Show

"CHARLIE Girl" stars Gerry Marsden and Christine Holmes team up again in "Pull Both Ends," £100,000 British musical opening at London's Piccadilly Theatre on July 18. Show also stars the Young Generation. "Pull Both Ends" is set in a Christmas cracker factory, with songs written by John Schroeder and Anthony King. Show has a provincial preview at Manchester Palace for two-and-a-half weeks from June 14.

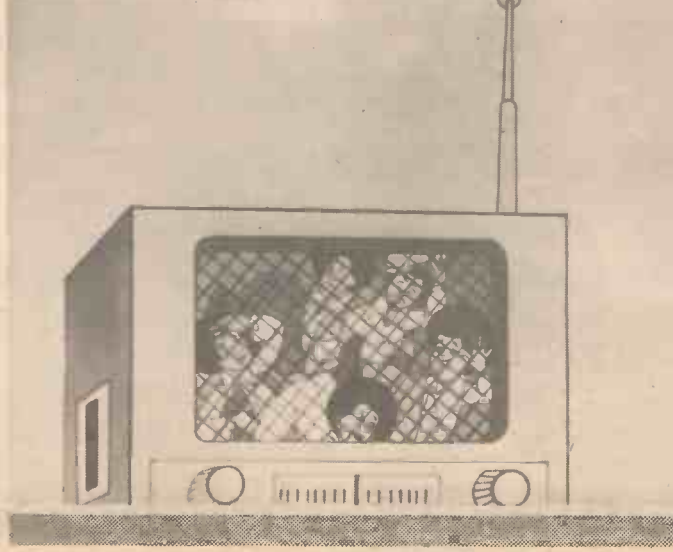
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Singles

Reviewed by John Peel

ELVIS GIRDING UP HIS LOINS

"An American Trilogy" (RCA 2229). Oh Lord, what am I going to say? This has been an enormous hit for Mickey Newbury and I expect Elvis' version will be an even bigger hit. It's recorded "live" and he sounds a whole deal better than on his monstrous version of "Until It's Time For You To Go."

The first bit is "Dixieland" and here he sings easily and tunefully without straining or sounding like the "Presley-machine" I mentioned last time round. The backing is appropriate and thoughtful with subdued strings and a rather dominant vocal group. When he moves into "Battle Hymn Of The Republic" I grow uneasy. His first "Hallelujah" in the "Glory, glory, Hallelujah" sounds very suspect—although I'm sure Presley devotees will write and tell me it is evidence of his deep emotional involvement in the work. Perhaps it is, perhaps it is not.

It's a brassy, big production section now and Elvis sounds as though he's labouring a bit to make the big voice. In a 50-second instrumental portion the orchestra fades away following a nicely sung bit of "All My Sorrows," while Presley girds up his loins to hammer his way into another round of "Glory, glory, Hallelujah's." He almost disappears in the massive orchestration and that's probably just as well because, from what you can hear of him, he sounds as though he's in trouble again.

TROGGS

"Everything's Funny" (Pye TN 45147). This is the first single from the Troggs on their new label and I must confess that, remembering their first two singles—both of which were/are classics, I was quite looking forward to it. I'd hoped for something rather funkier though. There is more of a melody than previous offerings from the group have boasted and strings and things saw away behind the Reg Presley vocals in a relatively agreeable manner.

It's no "Wild Thing" though. There's a strong bass line and the lyrics are along the lines of "my, my, my, you know what it's like when you're high. Everything's funny but you don't know why." A short instrumental break is led by what could be a banjo or a ukelele or something of that type. It's not a bad record and might re-establish the Troggs in the public affection—but I doubt it.

The production is of the rather thin, instant-pop variety and this is particularly noticeable on the "B" side which is a raunchy, sin-

ister thing on which Reg sounds rather like Jim Morrison. Personally I greatly preferred the "B" side and it did show me that Reg Presley does have a good, atmospheric rock voice which could benefit greatly from judicious applications of vulgarity and uproar all around it.

ZZ TOP

"Francene" (London HLU 10376). The obvious thing to say is that it seems rather early to be doing "Brown Sugar" again. That would be hard, fairly accurate but a bit unfair. But the truth is that the band does sound very much like the Stones and "Francene" is very reminiscent of "Brown Sugar"—right down to some of the little production details. Nevertheless it's a good record and I look forward to hearing the LP by Z Z Top which was recently released in America.

It's stomping rock music but the lead singer, who doesn't sound much like Jagger, hasn't a particularly identifiable voice—although some of his intonations brought to mind Lou Reed. Someone wrote recently and told me that they'd heard a lot of the group on a French radio station so I hope this means that the LP will soon be available here.

JONATHAN KING

"It's A Tall Order For A Short Guy" (UK U.K.I.). So now the fearful King has his own label from which he can launch a whole mess of peculiar records to delight or enrage. Naturally the very first release is from our hero himself and it will be intriguing to see how it sells.

It opens with an Anglicised equivalent of the guitar sound found on such Yankee hits as "Clean-Up Woman" and swiftly evolves into the usual harmless, undemanding song. As you might have surmised the song relates the problems of a man coping with a tall lady who is liable, in J. King's words, to "rip me off, bring me down, shake me up, run me out of town." Who needs that kind of treatment?

There's some wholesome guitar between the verses, and the conventional strings, brass and prominent bass. It's a fair enough record but, given a situation in which total escape from the machinations of this man seems impossible, I prefer his excesses. The record has one of those extraordinary "B" sides that go with King records.

This one is called "Learned Tax Counsel" and lasts for 100 seconds.

FLASH

"Small Beginnings" (Sovereign



CHER... ORDINARY AFFAIR

SOV 105). I'm sure that Flash are well fed up with people saying that they sound like Yes but the truth of the matter is that they do. Their first LP gave the impression of having been made in something of a hurry and was disappointing as a result. I've always thought Pete Banks an excellent guitarist and his work with a new band was something I looked forward to a lot. I appreciate the music. Yes play but I seldom enjoy it. Certainly they play well, very well even, but regularly sacrifice feeling to effect and I think that's a pity.

Therefore it's nice to be able to report that this single, while retaining the best of what might be described as the Yes sound, establishes Flash as very much their own band, with a lot more energy than they showed on the album. The sound is much more solid and what is essentially a sort of fast shuffle is played superbly. The drumming is particularly exciting.

There are some harmonies that sound so Yes-like that you'll double-take at the label to make sure it's not Atlantic after all. In an American paper I'm reading Flash are described as "the best new group of the year." That's a bit strong but they're certainly looking up and the second LP could well be a gem.

FAUST

"So Far" (Polydor 2001-299). The first time I heard tell of Faust was when I saw their extraordinary first LP in its equally extraordinary sleeve and felt that, regardless of the music within, I had to acquire one. When the music turned out to be highly original and very exciting that was a welcome bonus.

This single occurred during sessions for the second LP—which I've not yet heard—and will serve as an introduction to the band. I would advise you to hear the LP though because it must be one

of the most important of the past few years. It's not often that you hear a band that is heading off in a totally new direction—and it's surprising that when you do many of those bands are from the Continent.

It would be easy to say that Faust's music was Germanic and to let it go at that but I don't think that would be enough. It's really music born of a technological age in which there is neither time nor room for sentiment. Faust paint a bleak vision with music in much the way Leonard Cohen or Nico do with words. It is not easy to describe it in terms of what has gone before.

The single opens with a typical warm, folksy guitar with male voices singing gently a memorable little tune. This improbable calm is suddenly shattered by a wholly, alien, electronic uproar, reminiscent of tearing, rending metal, which violates and abuses the little song.

The little song continues throughout without deviating despite the regular and then constant assault of the deviate noises. The two fade out together. A remarkable single which is unlikely to get many plays—or sales. A great pity.

AMERICAN SPRING

"Good Time" (United Artists UP 35376). Brian Wilson produced this single, he arranged it, served as executive producer, co-wrote the song with Al Jardine and his wife Marilyn is half of American Spring. The backing voices sound very Beach Boys and the whole feel of the record is early 60s. The ladies even sound a little like Lesley Gore or Shelley Fabares sounded years ago—if I remember correctly anyway.

The lyrics are ridiculous and most enjoyable. They sing about a boy friend called Eddie. All boy friends were called Eddie in those days. When I was going out with Donna from Garland, Texas, I

was probably called Eddie myself. He is, is Eddie, "always ready." Well he would be. "And when he gets to dancing I feel just like romancing—especially when we're dancing close." How can you beat that, I'd like to know? Or "hey baby, turn up the radio... he's playing our favourite song." It's a lovely record, packed with teen-appeal (whatever that is), and I hope it does well. Synthesiser and woodblocks feature among the battery of devices Brian Wilson's production calls into play so well.

BLACKFOOT SUE

"Standing In The Road" (Jam JAM 13). There seem to have been a lot of singles coming from Jam during its short life and this is the first one that I've really enjoyed. Most of the company's releases seem to have been rather substandard stuff of the type that a year ago would have been guaranteed instant radio plays. Blackfoot Sue, on the other hand, are O.K.

Their record is sort of pop-rock (hi there, category fans) of a subdued Slade quality. It opens with percussion that reminded me vaguely of the sort of thing that red Indians dance to in Westerns and this is ornamented with strange hissings and whisperings. The production is good, with the bass and drums well forward in the mix, and is the sort of thing that the Troggs could have benefited from on their new single.

There's some nice piano and sustained guitar chords in the Townshend manner. Parts of the tune reminded me of Edith Piaf's "Milord"—which is an odd thing to be reminded of by a rock record. Not a great record and one almost certainly destined for obscurity but a promising thing nevertheless.

CHER

"Living In A House Divided" (MCA MU 1158). I was totally wrong about the last Cher single and I'll probably be wrong about this one too. It does sound to me like an extremely ordinary affair—what old-time reviewers would call "a weepie." There's an orchestral backing with a spot of wah-wah getar. A really wunnerful relationship has broken down—"the perfect couple were we." The orchestra slips into overdrive for the big, tear-soaked climax.

"Living in a house divided, with a love that's so... Go ahead and see if you can guess what comes next. Come on, think about it." Now, for the holiday for two in Corsica, what do you think the rhyme is? That's right, it's "one-sided." It's repetitive, dull to a degree beyond previous human experience—no, you're right, that is a bit unfair. But I really don't think it's going to work this time.

HAWKWIND

"Silver Machine" (United Artists UP 35381). I've always felt that Hawkwind were a great deal better live than they are in the studio. Studio work exposes their weaknesses and seems to drain much of the energy that is manifest at their gigs. Their weaknesses lie mainly in the area of their vocals, which are never particularly

by Rosalind Russell

strong, and their lyrics, which often border on the banal.

For the kind of music they play they could do with a highly distinctive, other-worldly lead voice and they have the opportunity to fit really strong and evocative lyrics to their strong and evocative music. This single really highlights this dilemma because the "A" side was recorded live—presumably at the same time as the Greasy Truckers Party LPs—while the "B" side was done in the studio.

"Silver Machine" is very exciting indeed. Opening with atmospheric noises of the type you can hear surrounding the voices of persons prowling about the moon, it moves into a very heavy, Germanic boogie with definite overtones of the admirable Can and, to a lesser extent, of Amon Duul II. The vocals are so submerged in the thudding, whirling sound that they are largely irrelevant. At certain points in the record they disappear entirely, which sounds very effective.

The overall effect is that of a thunderous rock band recorded in a wind tunnel and I look forward to being able to play this on the radio. The "B" side sounds very thin and unsure of itself by comparison. I don't know whether Hawkwind themselves feel that their live work is better than their recorded output but I'm sure that they must know that much of their energy vanishes in the studio.

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN

"Ooh-Wakka-Doo - Wakka - Day" (MAM MAM 78). I'm rapidly becoming very paranoid about the music business. Not only have I been threatened with a punch-up five times in the past week but Country Joe said in an interview that I thought he was a phony—and where the hell he got that from I simply don't know—I've been playing and enthusing about his music since the "Rag-Baby" E. P. he made—and Gilbert O'Sullivan has publicly castigated me ("castigated," dear—not "castrated") for not "phoning him in the period while he was making the transition from being plain Gilbert to being Gilbert O'Sullivan.

As a man who has an address book bulging with the phone numbers of famous and near-famous people but would never dare to call any of them in case I was thought of as a hanger-on, that really hurt. Nowadays I haven't even call Ronnie Lane and I even feel a bit odd about calling Robert Wyatt—but he's never in anyway.

Back to business... this is a lighter song—as you may have surmised from the title—than "Alone Again (Naturally)" which I regard in retrospect as having been his best so far. It's quite jaunty and has overtones of McCartney in spots.

The backing is a little funkier too—which is nice—and the orchestra, although present, never threatens to divert your attention from Gilbert's lyrics which, even when they're deliberately inconsequential, are always worth hearing. A good record, inevitably a top ten record and that's O.K. If we've got to live by the charts alone then let's have Gilbert O'Sullivan in them.

LOVELACE WATKINS

"Rain Falls Anywhere It Wants To" (York SYK 522). This, so I stand advised, is the theme, sorry, Theme from the Sound Track of C.C.F./20th Century Motion Picture "King Elephant." It surprises me that Lovelace doesn't sell entire warehouses of records but perhaps his followers feel, with some justification, that he's really a visual treat and go home with Tony Bennett and Jack Jones (whoever he is) records instead. This time he's singing a mellow, quieter song than usual and he does do it well. His voice is husky and warm—my only reservation is that he seems more concerned with the potential sound of the words than with their meaning—a common fault among what are erroneously referred to as "quality" singers.

Quick spins

NICKY THOMAS "Suzanne, Beware Of The Devil" (Trojan TR 7862) has a kind of Mecca ballroom charm—the old saxophones swinging in synchronised precision as all the boppers groove around the parquet. Like all reggae stuff, it's a discoteque sound, rather than serious entertainment, and Nicky Thomas is good in his field.

"I'm Leaving" (Pye International TN 25582) is a very sweet, sad song, starting almost like a Joni Mitchell type of number, although Daliah Lavi's voice is huskier. Nearer the middle the mood is interrupted by a heavier orchestral backing, bringing her nearer to Roy Orbison than Mitchell. It's a pleasant song, but could have retained the original feeling by staying simple.

By a strange freak of chance

which happens frequently in the singles' charts—after all, who'd have thought Hurricane Smith would have done as well as he did?—the repetitive chorus of Bill Withers' "Lean On Me" (A&M AMS 7004) might supply the necessary hypnotic qualifications to get a lot of airplay and be easily sung-along-to.

Paul Williams' "Simple Man" (A&M AMS 7006). This song is so beautiful it leaves me feeling all starry-eyed. The tune is soft and gentle and holds the words without being maudlin like so many others. It shows just how good a songwriter Graham Nash is—but it also creates the situation of Paul Williams being able to add something of himself to a song already recorded to make it even more tender. The lines are subtly worded—"I just want to

hold you, I don't want to hold you down"—I hope it holds everybody.

Rolf Harris' "Tutankhamun" (Columbia DB 8905). And now for something completely different. This is AWFUL. A hasty follow up to "So Early In The Evening" which only came out a couple of weeks ago, and not much better. It's quite funny really—like something straight out of an old Bob Hope/Dorothy Lamour "Road To..." film.

The Independents' "Just As Long As You Need Me" (Part 1) (Wand WN 29). This is so incredibly corny it'll probably be a raving success. The lyrics are predictable and the big dramatic vocals, meant to be soul swelling and lovingly fulfilling are too overdone to ring true.

Vera Lynn "If We Only Have

Love" (Columbia DB 8902). The first lady of pop has accomplished an amazing feat. The drama, the crashing brass, the vocal vibrato and emotional climax of this song is something we haven't been treated to for a long time. She also manages to sound like Shirley Bassey, so there's life in the... etc.

ANOTHER gem among this week's paste pearl hopes—Gordon Lightfoot's "Christian Island (Georgian Bay)" (Reprise K 14176). It's soothing and highlights his songwriting abilities. Like Paul Williams, he can conjure up a feeling of nostalgic romance and keep it on a human above—depressive level. Beautiful song.

Lea Nicholson "God Bless The Unemployed" (Transatlantic BIG

504). This is really Lea Nicholson and the massed voices of a dole queue he brought along to the studio. Very novel, and very well done. The star-like noises and the way he tells the story is reminiscent of Robin Williamson on a good day, though of course Lea's accent is different. A political record, it's doubtful whether there are many with the integrity to give it airplay. It would be a triumph indeed, if it did make it.

Dana "Crossword Puzzle" (Rex R 11076). Dana's voice would maybe be suited to folkier songs than this. It doesn't have a chorus line strong enough to hold onto, and the accompaniment is too smooth, too sophisticated for this lady who's appeal lies in her youth. She'd do well to observe the way Mary Hopkin is going.



Johnny Nash "CHARTBOUND SINGLE" I can see clearly now



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Albums



TOM JONES — "Close Up" (Decca SKL 5132, £2). Unaccountably, and unfairly perhaps, this album produced peaks of abuse when I gave it a pre-review spin in the office. After all, Tom's only doing what comes naturally. Singing the sort of songs his fans are always hungry to hear. And like or loathe him — you daren't deny his popularity.

For my part, I'm not his greatest admirer — but I concede that he can sing the pants off most of his contemporaries; as well as the panties off most of his women fans. Choice of tunes is important where Tom's concerned. I prefer his up-tempo mood to the slow melodies. But there's bags of variety here — from the tailor-made, hip-twisting "Witch Queen Of New Orleans" — maybe not quite as spirited as the Redbone original — to the inevitable, full-of-feeling "You've Got A Friend" — getting typical Tom treatment, earthy emotion and beautifully-controlled voice.

There's soul in Al Green's "Tired Of Being Alone," sentiment in David Gates' "If," and a slice of Country via the American Civil War cry "I Won't Be Sorry To See Suzanne Again"; not entirely dissimilar in words and mood to his "Detroit City" smash.

Curiously — and fans on both sides will freak at the thought —but Tom kept reminding me of Tony Christie... so many of the songs sounded like tracks he'd do. Perhaps Mr. Jones has become a parody of himself.
★★★ ML

PEDDLERS—"Suite London" (Philips SBL 6308102, £1.99). Unpredictable—that's the Peddlers, certainly the most underrated bunch of musicians in the business. Bubbling beneath the surface of stardom for years without acceptance—they suddenly broke through with "Birth," a single of rare beauty.

Now, after a string of albums which spotlighted their potential, they have bridged the gap between jazz/rock and the classics via an LP of inestimable value done in conjunction with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, a giant stride in their career. Composed by vocalist Roy Phillips, a writer with immense feeling, and orchestrated by Peter Robinson, erstwhile member of Quatermass, it is an album which is both experimental and adventurous in content, without sacrificing or selling the band's soul.

For throughout, despite the ambitious and exciting arrangements, the Peddlers' imprint prevails. Roy's vigorous voice, a cross between Ray Charles and maybe Georgie Fame; the meaty drums of Trevor Morais; and Tab Martin's insidious, yet important bass work. "London Suite" is something of a concept piece, as you might imagine; some of the material being pure Peddlers, that trio pattern, either slow and ponderous, or an untempo trot.

Other tracks get the full treatment; sweeping strings and pounding percussion. Either way, it's an exercise in energy and an amazing musical achievement. ★★★ ML

DAVID BROMBERG (CBS 64906, £2.09). Cult folk club singer and friend of the Harrisons and Lennons, Bromberg should not be dismissed too lightly as just a trendy figure. He is a very fine songwriter, lyricist especially and plays a pretty good guitar. His sensitive and subtle use of words makes you wonder whether in fact he isn't sending up just about everything, but even if he is then he does it in a very listenable fashion.

It is not only his guitar but a multitude of men who join in with saxes, harmonicas, pianos and drums as well behind his drawing singing. "Last Song For Shelby Jane" and "Sammy's Song" are Bromberg's best compositions here with "Dehlia" and "Hold Up," co-written with George Harrison well featured as well. ★★ B.S.

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O Captain Beefheart/The Spotlight Kid	2.09	1.75
O Crosby, Stills, Nash & Youngs/Deja Vu	2.29	1.75
O James Taylor/Mud Slide Slim	2.09	1.75

	Usual Price	Our Price
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Albums/2

Reviewed by Disc Panel

Don's beautiful beginnings

DON McLEAN — "Tapestry" (United Artists UAS 29350, £1.94). This is Don McLean's first album and it is nice to see that there is no bull from the record company selling it as a follow-up—there are stickers on the album proclaiming that fact, on my copy, anyway.

There isn't much difference in the quality of this and "American Pie." This one doesn't have "A. Pie" going for it, of course, but it does have beautiful songs that are extremely personal or can become personal—and the lyrics are printed on the inside cover.

As on "A. Pie," he has the ability to write up-tempo, almost rock and roll songs, like "Bad Girl" and "No Reason For Your Dreams," sliding into them with no effort and without trying to sound like a rock and roll band.

I find this album compulsive listening getting through to you more and more with every play. The songs reprimand the world's errors—(vaguely reminiscent of Dylan's attitude); straight, sad, love songs and what he calls "experimental songs" like "Three Flights Up" and "General Store." Also listen to his crisp and confident guitar style. ★★ ★ GP

MICK GRABHAM—"Mick The Lad" (United Artists UAS 29341, £1.94). Mick Grabham used to be Cochrise's lead guitarist, before they so sadly broke up. On this, his first solo album, he's ably assisted by ace Hook-foot guitarist Caleb Quayle on pianos, Dick Parry, tenor and baritone saxes, and "lone drummer" Nigel Olsson (see last week's Disc), and has written all

the numbers himself. "The Lad" plays a nice guitar, pardon me, "axe," especially on the chunky blues instrumental "Scaunchy," but his songwriting is of a pretty patchy consistency; despite his obvious multi-instrumental versatility, most of the songs are weak and unoriginal. Still he's taken a lot on in producing this album—doubtless the next will be more consistent. ★★ PE

U.F.O. — "Flying" (Beacon BEAS 19, £2.15). Their second album, they're apparently going down a storm on the Continent, but have yet to break here; it's doubtful whether this album's going to do it, for despite effective use of sound effects, phasing, echo, etc. they've nothing original to offer musically, for the bulk of "Flying" is based around usual Sabbath repetitive bass and drum riffs and screeching guitarwork. However, if you aren't tired of this sound it's probably an album worth having.

"Star Storm" sounds nice on a good stereo, with its beautiful phasing and echoing guitar licks, as does the title track "Flying," which occupies the majority of the second side and embodies all manner of sound warping, and aural distortion. ★ PE

20 DYNAMIC HITS (K-Tel Records TE 292, £1.99). You name 'em . . . they're here! A score of recent chartbusters; the actual hits by the original stars. None of yer "cover" versions. Fortunes, Argent, Cilla, Price & Fame, Redbone, Deep Purple—and the rest. A whole hit parade in a value-for-money package. ★★ ★ ML



FOUR TOPS—Nature Planned It (STML 11206, £1.99). It's been a long time coming, but gradually Motown artists are branching out from the accepted standardised formula and are progressing nicely. Unfortunately, though, as in the case of Marvin Gaye's beautiful album "What's Goin' On" the new work is being largely overlooked.

The pattern looks set, however, and we can expect some interesting music in the future. That's not to say this latest offering from one of the stable's most popular groups is anything quite as adventurous as Gaye's or Stevie Wonder's recent cuts, but there's a definite hint of what's obvious to come.

Side two of the album kicks off with a seven-minute medley: "Hey Man," written by group members Lawrence Payton and Renaldo Benson, who, in fact, helped to write the "What's Going On" single, and "We Got To Get You A Woman" penned by Todd Rundgren. Both tracks are quite a step away from the Tops' usual sound.

The rest of the album is basically the group as we already know them singing some new

material which on the whole is not particularly inspiring. ★★ ★ RB

DAVID FRYE — "Richard Nixon, Superstar" (Polydor Super 2318 058, £2.00). Political parodies of this type aren't new, but that doesn't mean that they can't be successful. The trouble with "Richard Nixon, Superstar" is that the humour is so predictable and direct, and any impact it might have had is flattened by inappropriate gusts of canned laughter.

The high-point of the album is reached in the Nixon/Jerry Rubin dialogue where Nixon justifies the US presence in Vietnam, "We are in Vietnam protecting the right of the South Vietnamese people to choose the right to their destiny . . . whether in this life or the next." ★ PE

DORY PREVIN — "Reflections In A Mud Puddle" (United Artists UAG 29346, £2.11). Despite much fuss and adoration of this lady's singing, I feel that she isn't really the best of her kind, and in fact could owe a lot to Blossom Dearie and others of that ilk.

One of two of the numbers are very well done—"The New Enzyme Detergent Demise Of Ali MacGraw" and "The Akrust And The Needy Case." They have a pleasant, soothing style of singing, giving fairly close impressions of how they'd be sung in a club. Most of the others have discreet orchestration, of which only the piano stands out. Perhaps it would have been nicer if they'd stuck to piano and dispensed with the smoothness of the other instruments.

Miss Previn has a good imagination, and writes well, but it could be that her ideas would have come across better in short story form, rather than being sung. And like a female Cohen, she can be just a little depressing. ★★ RR

MANFRED MANN (MFP 5269, 72p). The Manfreds, in their hit hey-day, hatched some of the best singles ever. The cream of their career is captured here—in the period 1964/66, via things like "Pretty Flamingo," "Do Wah Diddy Diddy," Carole King's "Oh No, Not My Baby," Dylan's "If You

Gotta Go, Go Now" and the superbly sensitive "Come Tomorrow." ★★ ★ ML

MICK SOFTLEY—"Any Mother Doesn't Grumble" (CBS 64841, £2.09). A beautiful sensitive album, lyrically and musically, it has to be the best yet from Mick. Beautifully produced by Tony Cox, who also produced his two previous albums, and features on keyboards, Mick is augmented by Jerry Donahue, electric guitar, Pat Donaldson, electric bass, Gerry Conway and Barry de Souza drums and percussion and Lyn Dobson soprano and tenor saxes, flute and harmonica.

Quite honestly, it's impossible to fault—every song has a beauty and significance of its own. Throughout, the arranging enhances Mick's songwriting abilities.

"The Song That I Sing," the opening track, starts off gently with Mick and guitar developing into an electric instrumental, highlighting Lyn's amazing reedwork, based on a mellow piano phase from Tony. An effective atmospheric scene-setter for what follows.

"The Minstrel Song" exemplifies Mick's lonely plaintive sounding voice. "From The Land Of The Crab" is a personal favourite, which has a huge majestic feeling to it, creating images of some awe inspiring vastness. Tony Cox has given it almost a country arrangement, which features Lyn to good effect again. "Lady Willow" is a simple delicate song containing bird like flute work.

"Great Wall Of Cathay" is another of Mick's songs that contain a haunting feeling of vastness and unanswerable questions. "Have You Ever Really Seen The Stars" has an intense beauty to it. Listening to it one almost feels an intruder into the man's soul. ★★ ★ PE

★★★★ Outstanding

★★★ Good

★★ Fair

★ Poor

Allan Clarke

his first solo album

"My real name is 'arold"

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NME Tony Stewart

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LOVELY LESLEY

ISN'T IT about time the lovely Lesley Duncan got the acclaim she so richly deserves.

Once again last week we saw Lesley backing others (this time it was John Baldry). But when are we going to see Miss Duncan get it on? Surely she deserves a whole programme in her own right.—B. Gaskin, Milton Road, Boreham Wood.



Prescription for a hit?

ON SATURDAY, May 27 I purchased an LP record, 20 Dynamic Hits on the K-Tel record label, from Boots the chemists in Hemel Hempstead, Herts, which on returning home and playing I found was faulty in that on every track on the second side had a series of hisses and crackles.

I returned to Boots in the afternoon and asked if they would exchange the record. The assistant listened to the record through a crystal earpiece and said she could not detect the fault, which is not surprising as a crystal earpiece is not exactly the ultimate in stereo hi-fi equipment. She would not exchange the record as she would have to listen to it all more carefully and as

she was on her own she was unable to do this. There were, however, several other copies of the record on display.

I will be contacting the record company concerned to get the record exchanged and to point out to them that Boots are not giving their company a good reputation, and suggest that they are more careful in picking the people to sell their records.

I would advise other record buyers not to purchase records from shops that only deal in records as a "side-line," but instead to go to a shop which deals in records exclusively and has more respect for their customers.—K. N. Reeves, 34 Ridgeway, Berkhamsted, Herts.

FROG FAN

HEAVENS be praised, another Froggatt fan! I, too, must praise Mike Ledgerwood's review of Raymond Froggatt's album "Bleach," the band has been around for so long, that it's about time someone sat up and took notice of them.

Maybe with the Acapulco Song Festival next month, in which Froggatt represents Britain, his talent will be recognised. In the mean time, thanks Disc for putting him in your paper.

With that review, Froggy must surely believe that it's worth all the hang ups, worth all the let downs. God bless you, Froggy, if you ever left the music scene, what a sad place it would be.—Pamela Ashwell, 81 Tame Street East, Walsall, Staffs.

DUSTY'S BACK

DUSTY'S back again like a breath of fresh air. Again she has excelled herself with a beautiful moving performance of "Yesterday When

I Was Young." Please God that her single finds its rightful place at the top.—Karl Johansen, 703/6 Ferry Road, Edinburgh EH4 2TZ.

PULL YOUR SOCKS UP

I FEEL I must protest about the way in which C.B.S. handle their artists, one in particular... Cliff Bennett.

RECENTLY WITH C, S, N & Y doing their solo albums a lot has been written about them. Neil Young with "Harvest" has come up with another gem, likewise has Steve Stills with "Manassas." With the David Crosby/Graham Nash album it seems that only Nash is getting praised. Out of the four of Crosby is virtually ignored.

With the release of their "The Music People" triple album, I felt sure there would be at least one Bennett track, but... NOTHING.

In one year they have put out two singles and one album, admittedly he is not the world's greatest record seller but like the saying goes—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

They must have thought him "sellable" material when they signed him, so why the hell aren't they trying to get some returns on their investment?

Pull your socks up C.B.S. And sell your wares properly to accumulate you have to speculate.—Alan Clegg, 19 Meaford Ave., Stone, Staffs.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

SO THE Lincoln Festival lost money did it? But how on earth did the organisers manage that?

Let's look at the facts. Between 50,000 and 60,000 people attended the festival. At £5 a head that's a minimum of £250,000 taken at the gate. True, not all those who attended paid full price and some no doubt did not pay at all, but it still leaves an awful lot of money left over considering the organisers claim the whole thing only cost around £175,000!

On top of all this there was money to be raised from drinks, food, etc.

Own up organisers, if you lost money I'll eat all the mud in Lincolnshire.—David Walsh, Eastcote Lane, South Harrow, Middlesex.

Please give his songs on the Crosby/Nash album a listen, and also his solo album. He's gloomy, but listen to tracks like "Laughing," "Traction In The Rain," "Page 43" and "Games" for sheer beauty. Don't miss out on this genius.—C. Smith, Broadview, West Pontnwydd, Cwmbran, Mon.

STONES from page 2

LIT by a soft red spot, Jagger opened "Sweet Virginia" with an extended sliding country harp solo. Keith Richards replaced the chorus on the recorded version here, as in other spots and it came off surprisingly well. It also featured a raunchy solo by Keys.

Sounding half-annoyed, Jagger told the audience: "Ya coulda sung on the chorus, I think... coulda sung on the chorus," then reaching down for "a little drink of water," he sprinkled himself and stepped to the edge of the apron throwing it on a hot, appreciative stage-side.

The entire Coliseum was up again, dancing and clapping to a squeezed-out "Midnight Rambler." Jagger went down on his knees, hunched over a harp solo and soaring falsetto, coming down with a thump to the "Hit And Run Raper" break which had the crowd screaming.

A chunky "All Down The Line" carried the energy that was lighting up the whole building. Jagger was clapping and horse dancing and jumping up and down. The Stones seemed to be having a very good time, thank you.

Exhaustion

"RIP This Joint" ended with Jagger spinning around and falling flat on his back from exhaustion. Plucky lad, though, he gets up and puts some more "water" down to go roaring into a very tight, fast "Jumping Jack Flash." Richards is stomping and hip-shaking and banging out the chords with huge swoops of his arm, Jagger is right out on the edge of the stage screaming. The Coliseum is beginning to creep up off its foundations.

"Street Fighting Man," their closing number, comes out with all eight blowing the sound system out. Jagger, flicking his hips, throws the mike up in the air and it lands with a bang as he stomps and twirls his way across the stage.

Exit the Stones to a standing ovation which lasts for a good five minutes; but no encore.

The only serious criticism of the concert I had, was that virtually all of Nicky Hopkins piano work was lost where I was sitting and Richards' guitar caused a few awkward breaks between songs due to tuning up.

DAVID BOWIE

DAVID BOWIE is one of the great enigmas of music.

But he showed that he is also one of the great entertainers when his current British tour opened at Newcastle City Hall last Friday.

Armed with his own fine vocals and stage presence, an immaculate sound system, a light show and above all the best rock band I have seen or heard for years, he took the audience by storm.

It really was a shame that the 2,500-capacity hall was only one-third full. But it was not surprising. The music loving fans of

Live music reviews

Tyneside could have had no idea of the goodies that were in store.

David Bowie has hardly hit the heights—until now that is. An amusing single, "Rubber Band," that was mildly successful on the pirate charts of 1967, one more recent hit single, "Space Oddity," and an LP, "Hunky Dory," that received some acclaim. That had been the sum of his credentials.

But from the moment he strutted onto stage, the audience knew they were in for something special.

Forsaking his Lauren Bacall gear, he was garbed in a multi-coloured seersucker jump-suit, that made him look like a "Snake-man" character from one of those American comic strip magazines.

The many amplifiers and drums had been placed around the edges of the stage, and the reason soon became clear as David Bowie strolled, leapt and minced around. He showed himself to be the supreme showman.

Straight from the first note the sound quality was amazing. The volume was full blast but the details were in no way muffled—as is so often the case.

Somewhere there was an echo chamber that seemed to be bouncing back sound from outer space, the setting for many of the songs.

The opening material must have come as a surprise to anyone who had heard the delicate, heavily orchestrated sound of "Hunky Dory." It was pure ear-shattering rock.

The first two numbers were tracks from the forthcoming album—"The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars"—including the title track.

Spiders from Mars is the name of David's backing group. It consists of Mick Ronson, lead, Trevor Balder, bass, and Mick Woodmansey, drums. I have already hinted at their quality. A really fresh blast of wind through a stale scene.

Ronson was outstanding, technically brilliant without being self-indulgent.

After the opening five rockers David, with the band's help, managed an almost perfect reproduction of "Star Man," which was followed by an equally fine version of the excellent "Changes."

By now sweat was pouring off David's short carrot-coloured hair and the audience welcomed every number with wild enthusiasm.

At last there was respite from the barrage when stools came out for Bowie and Ronson as they performed "Space Oddity" alone.

Apart from the display of musicianship the audience were lapping up David's showmanship. He is not afraid to take the mickey out of himself and his image.

And images was the subject of his song about Andy Warhol, which he performed alone. The band returned for a mind-blowing version of Cream's "I Feel Free." As it came to the instrumental climax David left the stage to change into a white satin outfit.

Next came what he described as "jitterbug" time with more rockers including Lou Reed's "White Lie" and "Suffragette City."

The end of the 60-minute set was met by a genuine spontaneous standing ovation. The band took a little time to return for the encore—so that David could change outfits again.

"Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars" had given their all. Nothing had been spared to give the audience a good time. If there was a fault, though, it can hardly be called that, it was that David Bowie tried a little hard to show what a good time he was having.

But as the audience obviously were having a good time that hardly matters. After the encore—Velvet Underground's "You've Got It"—a section rushed the stage.

I haven't seen a reaction like that since the Faces opened a tour in Newcastle, also to a half empty hall, nearly two years ago. And we all know what has happened to them.—MICK NIXON.

LACOCK FOLK FESTIVAL

THE first Lacock Folk Festival held in the National Trust village in Wiltshire over Whitsun nearly became memorable for the number of artists who didn't turn up.

According to my programme Mr. Fox, Rab Noakes, Johnny Slivo, Dave and Toni Arthur and John Harrison, and Marion Henderson were all scheduled to appear at the Friday night six-hour folk-in. Well, they didn't. Toni Arthur was ill and telegraphed apologies, Mr. Fox was playing their last gig and also telegraphed. Happily Mr. Fox arrived in the form of Strutt and Pegg the next afternoon and all but stole the festival from Steeleye who closed the proceedings on Monday night.

But what could have developed into a six-hour folk-in on Friday was saved by an unannounced appearance of Rosemary Hardman, who was brilliant, and Alan Taylor (he does Cambridge as his last festival before going to the States) who was superb. High spots of the festival were every set by a local group called Stonegallows; Alan Taylor's brief switch to traditional material with Gathering The Lambs; Strutt and Pegg's Starchild, The Gypsy (which featured a fantastic two-and-a-half minute whistle solo) and Kirkestall Forge; 1812 whose hilarious performance included the overture from which they take their name; Hunter Musckett and of course the Ian Campbell Folk Group.

Low spots of Lacock were the weather, the washing facilities and the price of food and drink (cheese and tomato roll 12p, one pint of beer 20p plus 10p on the glass—in the village pubs it was far cheaper).

The festival was sponsored by the English Folk Dance and Song Society to the tune of £2,000. According to the festival director Nigel Bonallick it broke even, and everyone, villagers, National Trust and other local worthies were happy in the way things worked out.

Lowest spot of all was that the Johnstons didn't arrive. Bonallick says he had a contract and is seriously considering suing.—JOHN BRYAN

DISCWORD Six albums to be won

ACROSS

1. A devil's ale made into a hit LP (5, 5)
7. Replace the receiver—it's something that bugs you (4-2)
8. U.S. group not appreciated by housewives (4)
10. Car sounds produced on "3"? (5)
11. "Dead" girl out of breath (6)
14. A famous part of the road (6)
16. Sing in soft and sentimental tones (5)
17. Not the concrete in a Unit 4 Plus 2 disc (4)
18. Nick is one of these birds (6)
19. Californian town on disc (10)

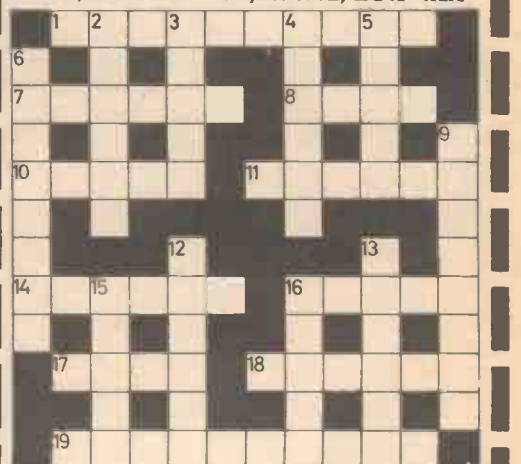
DOWN

2. Solitary character in "Callan" (6)
3. They were distant for Jim Reeves (5)
4. People of the canyon (6)
5. Vi, it's wrong to pay a call (5)
6. Label is a charm, somehow (8)
9. Skippin' into it (8)
12. Long one by the Faces (6)
13. Transport for an Elton John man (6)
15. Miss Reese (5)
16. A bend in air (5)

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AND WINNERS
ACROSS: 4. Stab, 6. Hook-foot, 7. Over, 8. Apple (Corps), 10. Sitar, 12. Small, 13. Flame, 14. Eloise, 17. Green, 20. Dirt, 21. Hillside(Singers), 22. Mike.
DOWN: 1. Ship, 2. Cool, 3. Dorris, 4. Stott, 5. Bernstein, 8. Amsterdam, 9. Piano, 11. Amaze, 15. Is The, 16. Exlie, 18. Rain, 19. Eden.

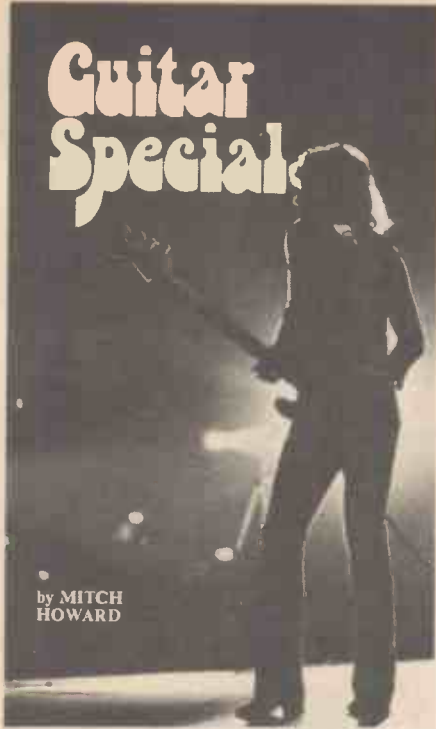
Paul Panue, 40 Elthorne Park Road, Hanwell, London, W7; Gill Hedgely, 5 St. James Close, Westcliffe-on-Sea, Essex; Mr. D. Norton, 120 Minor Street, Falls-worth, Manchester M35 9DZ; Mr. M. Barton, 29 Titchfield Road, Stubbington, Hampshire; Mary Farms, 27 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wiltshire; Lindsay McLaughlin, 15 Clifden Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

First six correct entries win FREE LPs. Send answers by first post Monday to: 'Discword,' DISC, 161 Fleet Street, London, EC4P 4AA



NAME
ADDRESS

Why good bassmen are thin on the ground



FINDING a good bass guitarist is a problem that nearly every group that is just forming has to face and it's not always an easy one to solve. Would-be lead guitarists may turn up in droves—although finding one who can play well is another matter—but bass players are very thin on the ground.

Very often the lack of rhythm and drive in a poor group is down to a bass player who is really a frustrated lead guitarist biding his time until he gets the chance to play guitar in another band.

If that's your attitude you are bound to get bored by the bass but if you take it seriously it can be as rewarding as any other instrument, and it's well worth remembering that a good bass player can get work far easier than an average lead guitarist.

These points all add up to good reasons for considering taking up bass. The first thing to remember is that, while it looks like a guitar, it is an instrument in its own right and should be approached as such. But at the same time, anyone who can play some guitar can very quickly pick up rudimentary bass playing.

The idea that the bass player doesn't matter is a fallacy that hangs over from the days of the upright string bass which was often inaudible on stage. In fact the bass guitarist is every bit as essential to a band as the guitarist who hopes to be Eric Clapton Number 2001. Along with the drummer he lays down the basic rhythm for the lead instruments and vocalist to take off from and the better he is the better the whole band plays.

The bass guitar came into wide use in the years 1958 to '60 although the instrument had been around since the early fifties, and an experimental acoustic bass guitar was built as early as 1931 by J. G. Abbot.

As Rock-n-Roll grew up in the mid-fifties, most groups used the double bass under the influence of Bill Haley but when Buddy Holly and the Crickets and others switched to Fender bass guitar it soon superseded double bass as far as rock was concerned, although Fats Domino's group had used electric bass for some years.

The advantages of the bass guitar are as valid today as they were when the instrument came into favour 15 years ago. It is amplified in the same way as an electric guitar and can be heard clearly on stage. Since it is a fretted instrument, which the double bass is not, it can be played in tune without undue effort!

Getting a good sound from a bass guitar is quite easy, even with cheap equipment, for the important effect on an audience is that it should be felt rather than heard. With a 15 in. speaker in a large cabinet and even a modest sized amplifier the bass guitarist can achieve the required effect, especially if he fingers the strings rather than using a pick. This gives a truer and purer bass sound than a pick which gives a sharper scratchier sound, although many bass players use both methods.

It is quite easy to get started on the bass guitar since its four strings are tuned to E, A, D, and G, the same as the bottom four strings of a guitar only one octave lower. You can play basic bass parts by playing the root note of a chord followed by the note on the same fret but one string lower.

For instance, if the chord being played is E you can play the note E on the second fret of the second string of your bass guitar on the first beat, followed by the B on the second fret of the third string on the third beat of the bar. It won't sound great but it won't be out of tune.



PAUL McCARTNEY

Very quickly, however, you will develop bass runs as you experiment on the instrument. The best way to learn is by listening to records and trying to play along with them, as well as learning from friends who play bass. It's also a good idea to follow a tutor, and the widest-sold bass tutor is the one written by Dick Sadlier and published by Feldman's.

Once you have decided to play bass you will find you listen to all your records in a completely new way as you try and make out the bass patterns. You will quickly discover that while different players have different styles the key to playing bass is to keep it simple and to keep the rhythm moving.

Excellent examples of this are the bass parts on Tamla-Motown records and the soul bass playing of Jerry Germot, of King Curtis's group, on the Aretha Franklin recordings of the last few years. Listen as well to the playing of Donald "Duck" Dunn of Booker T and the MG's who plays on most of the great Otis Redding and Wilson Picket records.

Bill Wyman is a good rock bass

player who drives the Stones along steadily, while if you want to hear how simple you can get listen to the bass on the first Taj Mahal album where at times the bass is playing only one note but it sounds right in the context of the songs. Remember that your job is to provide the "bottom" to the band not to play tunes, although just how melodic bass patterns can get you'll find out by listening to Paul McCartney.

As you develop you will learn what not to play as much as what to play. Jack Bruce's style with The Cream usually comes out as a jumbled noise when imitated by near beginners. Far better to copy the string bass playing of Willie Dixon on nearly all the Chess blues recordings of artists like Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker and Little Walter.

When you first play a bass guitar you will find the long stretches of the fingers required a bit of a strain, but don't be deterred and make a point of using the little finger of your left hand as well.

Another point to remember is that different basses have different scale lengths so when you replace your strings (which you shouldn't have to do that often because bass guitar strings last much longer than ordinary strings) make sure you buy the right length ones or the windings on the end will overlap on to the finger board.

The main point about playing bass guitar is the one that applies to all instruments. If you are going to play it take it seriously and don't regard it as a filler-in until you play lead guitar. If you really get into playing bass well you'll earn the respect of the musicians you're playing with, acquire a valuable talent, and gain the satisfaction that will always be denied the bassist who wishes he was on lead guitar instead.



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a day at the palace



BEACH BOYS AND FRIENDS—Left to right: Dennis Wilson (half hidden), Al Jardine, Mike Love, Blondie Chaplin, Elton John with Carl Wilson just behind and in the background Keith Moon.



MELANIE: cute and coy



SHA NA NA: days numbered?



RITCHIE HAVENS: primitive war dance



Umbrellas to the fore as festival weather strikes again.



JOE COCKER: rubber wrists and rolling eyes.



KEITH MOON and "Legs" Larry Smith take tea on the Palace pond.

MIKE LEDGERWOOD & BRIAN SOUTHALL

Pictures by MIKE PUTLAND

stuck Red Indian style around his head, soaked to the skin and unaccountably barefoot in the park. He was obviously either on something (and it wasn't booze) . . . or just coming off it.

Confused and frantic, he cornered Legs Larry, himself suitably bizarre in silver lamé with huge artificial flower gardens festooned around his shoulders, beseeching him to use the public address system to find his friends. "You're cool man," he implored, "they told me you'd help."

In a lighter moment there was Keith Moon—self-styled clown of rock music, a personality guaranteed to give us a giggle and perfect for raising a laugh in the rain.

One minute he was outrageous on stage in "drag" pink panties showing through a white lace trouser suit, blonde bubble wig, tarty make-up and little broly, the next amid the mud and wet he was changing into a dinner jacket and silver boots.

His entrance gave us an inkling of what was to come. Zooming in low in a helicopter throwing confetti before transferring to a Bentley and hovercraft to reach the

stage where he heralded the day's first Sha Na Na.

They raced on stage in T-shirts, shades and fully greased-up, then came their trio of gold lamé suited frontmen, and they were off. There was "Teen Angel," "Yakety-Yak" with a splendid rasping sax, "Blue Moon," "Teenager In Love," "Why Do I Love You," "Run-around Sue," "Only Sixteen," "Book Of Love," "Ram-A-Lam-A-Ding-Dong" and "Let's Go To The Hop."

Dance routines

The band is primarily visual and although they have strong vocal credentials, it's the corny 1950s dance routines that make them such a draw. But seen once they offer you very little that's new second time round and one wonders if their days aren't numbered.

But they got it all off to a good start before Richie Havens wandered on stage after a 45 minute delay. He was, however, well worth the waiting and with bassman Eric Oxendine, guitarist Paul Williams and percussionist Emile Latimer they whipped a storm.

GARDEN PARTY—They had to be joking of course. There was about as much festive atmosphere and pleasure about Crystal Palace on rain-soaked Saturday as you'd find in a funeral parlour.

The woeful weather in its predictable way nearly wrecked what promised to be a delightful day of music and amusement with an almost unequalled all-star line-up—Joe Cocker, Melanie, Beach Boys, Richie Havens, Sha Na Na—plus the combined comedy antics of Keith Moon and "Legs" Larry Smith.

The Palace site is superb. A tree-trimmed natural arena, little lake littered with lilies and a big bowl-shaped stage. The perfect setting for a rock concert; downright depressing in a downpour.

Persistent rain from early afternoon reduced it to a sodden, slippery mess of muck and mud. And this didn't please fans who had to suffer the inevitable astonishing and unnecessary delays—a 90-minute wait for the Beach Boys while the sound was settled to suit a TV team, thus making Joe Cocker over two hours late appearing.

Yet rock fans are amazingly resilient. They'll weather all the elements, put up with any type of aggro to see the stars and hear the music, once they've paid their money.

Seeking shelter under trees, bushes, a forest of umbrellas, even plastic bags and cardboard boxes—in fact anything they could find—17,000 of them huddled in the park as the heavens handed out what has become the pop people's punishment.

Disturbing scenes

Such conditions frequently produce disturbing scenes as was the case as so many fans seemed frighteningly unprepared with flimsy inadequate clothing and there were the occasional pathetic dropouts.

One was a shivering figure, pale faced and hollow eyed, a strip of what looked like sticking plaster

Dogged by poor sound, particularly on his voice mike, and an annoying feedback, Havens offered his moving "Just Like A Woman," "Handsome Johnny," "What About Me" and gradually the atmosphere built up with heads and bodies swaying to the compulsive rhythm.

He slowed down before moving into the one we'd all been waiting for "Freedom" and it built up and up with Havens dancing a primitive war dance with Oxendine and Williams as they reached the explosive climax. A superb set even with sound problems.

The Beach Boys showed their true professionalism by winning the crowd over with a faultless set. They could hardly have afforded to play a bad note with the fans feeling as they were when they finally showed and it seemed they knew it.

There was stuff from the new album, from "Surf's Up" and this set the pattern but it was the vintage Beach Boys, as ever, that set the people singing in the rain. There was a superb "There's A Riot Goin' On" featuring the strange "thummond" instrument of Mike Love and all the best surfing tracks.

"Barbara Ann," "Help Me Rhonda," "Good Vibrations," "Cottonfields" and they almost brought the sunshine out through the pouring rain as Elton John

and Keith Moon came on to join in on the encores.

Melanie followed the Beach Boys, with folk singer David Blue not getting a show due to the long delays, and she went on . . . and on, and on! Cute and coy, she simply sat there, a somewhat fragile figure and sang in that disturbing grating style appealing to her army of admirers but annoying to others. She sounded like a lost lamb bleating in a storm, her voice floating out through the wet night, fraught with emotion and feeling.

Compulsive

Joe Cocker has much the same quality and, unfortunately, also the ability to bore. He's far from exciting but there is something entertaining about his awkward, ungainly style—the fingers nervously tugging untidy hair, the rolling eyes, the rubber wrists—that makes him compulsive watching.

He too suffered from the same sound problems which had beset the Beach Boys earlier. But it settled down and Joe, propelled by Chris Stainton's powerhouse band and a quartet of black chicks, gave an impressive if not explosive performance.

Rain didn't perhaps stop play at the Palace—but it certainly dampened the proceedings.



MIDNIGHT SUN ... FORCED TO WORK ABROAD.

"IN THE old days any British band that came here would be guaranteed full houses and receptive audiences, but we've been inundated with so many bad bands that people are more wary now; and anyway, we're beginning to get our own music scene together."

That's Peer Frost, the epitome of the blond Danish communitarian, and for the last three years acclaimed as Denmark's finest guitarist, acting as spokesman for the less fluent members of his band, Midnight Sun.

The band are a case in point of the familiar situation where musicians are forced to work abroad in order to gain recognition at home. Denmark has no music press, a repressive and stifling musicians' union and no real venues suitable for good intelligent rock music.

Pianist Niels Bronsted elaborates: "We have a great shortage of venues. We used to play a kind of residency at The Studentforeningen, or 'Students' Place' in Copenhagen, which was the biggest and best in Denmark

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

and was owned and run by the students, but it went bankrupt and had to be sold — to a bank.

Architecturally, acoustically and atmospherically, The Students' Place was reckoned to be one of the best venues in Europe even above the much-hyped Roundhouse. However, the idea of a student organised venue, if well executed, could well be put into practice here.

Apart from these immediate disadvantages to ethnic musical creativity, Danish bands are being forced to sing their own language, according to Niels, and, ludicrously, to offer their services free. "Yes a kind of anti-capitalist, nationalistic feeling has arisen directed towards the musicians mainly, both here and in Sweden. The listening public see us as profiteers, but what they don't realise is that it costs us money to put on a live show — all the usual expenses like vans, roadies etc.

And they want us to sing in Danish basically because they're afraid of outside influences, they're afraid of 'losing Danish culture.' All this is aggravated by the wranglings of a stupid and introverted Musicians' Union, who'd be better off negotiating with importers to bring down the high prices of equipment that we are forced to pay in Denmark."

So back at home, Midnight are forced to play at small rural colleges and schools where, according to the band, the audiences consist of drunken 12 and 13 year olds, or take the hour and a half boat trip to Sweden and play the Student Clubs in Stockholm.

The situation of the Danish music scene isn't peculiar to Denmark though; Sweden, Norway and Finland offer the same problems. Whilst visiting Finland last year I was amazed to find that the Country's best band, Tasavallan Presidentit, were confined to playing ill-paid gigs at two Student

Clubs in Helsinki, both of which were virtually exclusive to the general public.

To join one had to be over 18 and a full-time student with enough bread to pay the exorbitant membership and admission, and beer prices in excess of six shillings a bottle! Perhaps it is these sort of conditions that ensure that only the best Scandinavian bands can afford to stay together.

However, Midnight are in capable hands — they record on the same label as Wishbone Ash and Osibisa, MCA, and are produced by their home country's best producer, one Freddy Hansson at Copenhagen's Rosenberg studios, much frequented by Alvin Lee and Marc Bolan, who are reportedly amazed by the fine sound reproduction.

All the members have served a thorough apprenticeship both in rock and jazz fields, Niels having accompanied such revered jazzmen as Jean Luc Ponty at Copenhagen's celebrated Montmartre jazz house, along with bassist Bo Stief, whilst guitarist Peer, amongst other assignments, spent 10 days touring Germany with Alexis Korner and Peter Thorup.

Drummer Carsten Smedegaard also makes the dubious claim to having played with Denmark's first pop group, "The Beat-hovens" (wince).

Flautist Bent Hesselmann has had a predominantly jazz background, having played in a variety of bands for the first European performance of "Hair" in Copenhagen, whilst vocalist Allan Mortensen, considered by some to be the weak point of the band has been replaced by Frank Lauritsen, who unlike his predecessor is aware enough to realise the importance of integrating the words with the music.

The follow-up album to their highly acclaimed "Midnight Sun" first album is due for release at the end of the month to coincide with a British tour. P.E.

Smith, Perkins and Smith... makes five

TIM Smith is 25 and has just become a professional musician in his first band. He is from Birmingham, Alabama, and played his first gig at Liverpool, England, a month ago with the rest of his band — Smith, Perkins and Smith.

A misleading name as there are, in fact, five members of the band including bassist Trace Harill and drummer Jon Vainrib besides Tim, his younger brother Steve and Wayne Perkins. Chris Blackwell, boss of Island records, heard them when he was at Muscle Shoals, signed them up and brought them here. "Wayne had been playing in various bands and decided it was time to move a step further, so he went to Muscle Shoals to play sessions. I had a term off college and Steve was going to Muscle Shoals to write, so I decided it would be fun for the summer," explains Tim. "So I went along and never went back to school."

Once there Wayne got into quite a few sessions including Joe Cocker and Leon Russell. Tim sat around trying to relax without too much thought of a musical career—he still reckoned he might make a career as a non-practising lawyer; and Steve was writing. When they eventually drifted into the album it was with the help of regular session guys—Roger Hawkins and David Hood, who both played and David produced. Their music is a sort of light country rock.

"We all have the same influences to draw from, but although I come from the south and lived in Muscle Shoals I hate country music. I have friends in Nashville and go up there and have to listen to it and it drives me up the wall. I guess living either in Alabama or the wilds of Malaya does something to you being so close to nature."

The band has now done about 20 gigs—the first being the Liverpool Cavern, and are getting into their stride.

"With every band there are things you have to work out—I think it's probably difficult for Jon and Trace playing with people who have never been in bands before. I'm used to playing acoustic guitar sitting in my easy chair but it's really fun when

you get off." They record the next album over here soon, and hopefully, by being seen around a lot in this country they'll build up an individual identity rather than—as at the moment—have people lumping them into the Muscle Shoals sound category, which is very far from the truth. "We're not doing a hype number, I couldn't care less about my image because what I think I

am is not what someone else sees. I make music and I'm not interested in all that other stuff. "Everything we've done so far we've tried to base on common sense and the assimilation over a period of time of a few major details. Joining Island was based on common sense, they're just decent good people. I don't want to be with anyone who I ask a question and I don't get an answer from." C.B.



STEVE SMITH



TIM SMITH



WAYNE PERKINS

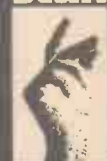
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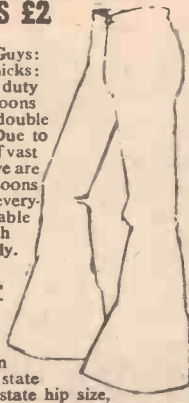
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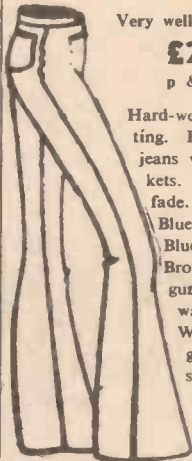


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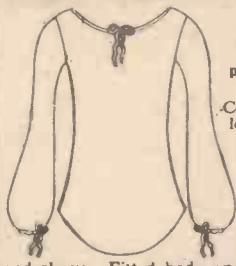
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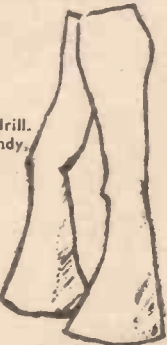
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ALBUMS

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PARANOID, Woodstock, Something Under the Big Lights, singles, great condition. S.a.e. for list please. Only 25p each.—Key Merriden, 25 Showwoods Rise, Harpenden, Herts.

SALE: about 100 singles, 1960-71, including Stones, Beatles, Kinks, Donovan, DDBBMT, Small Faces, Dylan, Purple, Move, Progressive etc. S.a.e. list.—T. Jones, 181 Nineacres Drive, Birmingham 37.

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD singles, Epa and LP for sale. All in excellent condition. Send s.a.e. for list.—Terry Hill, 27 St. Edmunds Street, Northampton, NN1 5EZ.

HOT LOVE T. Rex. Rex Songbooks for sale. Rex's highest ever sales. My Sweet Lord (import), G. Harrison. Any offers, Enclose s.a.e.—Kevin D'Mello, 47 Longhill Rise, Hucknall, Notts.

AMERICAN singles, 15 for £1 or 75 for £4. Limited quantity—sorry no lists.—B. Fooks, 72 Corston Way, Bath, BA2 2PQ.

ROLLING STONES: 19th Nervous Breakdown, Little Red Rooster, Satisfaction, from John's new LP, New Pussycat, Once Upon a Time. All in excellent condition. Any offers?—Mike Marwick, 32 Dundas Street, Edinburgh 3.

BEACH BOYS: Barbara Ann. A few copies left. mint condition. 40p plus p&p.—Mr. V. J. Ward, 37 Camarvon Road, West Bridgford, Notts.

FOR SALE: Clarence Carter, Patches (in excellent condition), also The Searchers, This Feeling Inside. Please state price. If you can, send s.a.e.—Jenny Bill, St. Lukes Vicarage, 80 Acklam Road, Thornaby, Teesside, TS17 7AD.

HIT SINGLES by Elvis Presley, Cliff Richard, Brian Hyland and Del Shannon, S.a.e. for list.—Alan W. George, 10 Fourth Avenue, Langore, N. Ireland.

WANTED: "All You Need Is Love," must be in good condition. Write first stating price wanted.—Eddie, 16 Englefield Green, Liverpool 8, Lancs.

ANYONE WHO HAD A HEART EP by Cilla Black. Not in good condition but very well loved. 20p. 92 Wakefield Road, Barnsley S71 1NN.

FOR SALE: small number of singles in excellent condition. Also few LPs "Band," Vanilla Fudge. S.a.e. for list. Silverwood, 73 Glan Gors, Wrexham, Denbighshire.

21 HIT SINGLES and EPs of the 60s, including Cliff, Shadows, Beatles, Bachelors, Trogs, etc. S.a.e. for list.—Lionel Currie, 166 Vinery Road, Cambridge.

WHO WANTS: Arnold Lowe and See Me Want—Pink Floyd. Also My Generation—Who. Excellent condition. Offers, s.a.e.—Roger Cogan, 44 Queens Street, Tottenham, DD6 9NS.

AMAZING GRACE, Scots Guards 35p. Troubled Water, Simon and Garfunkel 25p. Theme from Monty Python's Flying Circus 25p (s.a.e.).—R. Ayre, 6 Queen Street, Tappin, Fife, DD6 9NS.

60 SINGLES —Doors, Who, Atomic Rooster, Free, Tull, and more; all in excellent nick; write with offers if interested in any; SAE please.—Steven Bull, 18 Cyril St., Manchester M14 4EY.

COLLECTORS ITEMS

THE COMPLETE BEATLES on tape. S.A.E. details.—Rick Winkley, Nelson, Lancs.

CASSETTE: Beatles, contains "Get Back" sessions and Yellow Matter Custard. Hurry, one only. Offers and S.A.E.—G. Dean, 105A Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral.

EARLY ELVIS 78s (10 in.) Love Me Tender and All Shook Up. Best offer has them. HMV label.—A. J. McGeach, 83 Ridgewood Drive, Pensby, Heswall, Wirral, Cheshire.

BEATLES 1st EP. Tracks include Misery, Anna, Chains. First class cond. but not in original cover. 75p.—R. Robinson, 100 Heath Street, Rowley Regis, Worley, Worc.

EVERLY'S Singles: Be Bop A Lula, I'll Kissed You, Problems, Like Strangers (London 1958). Perfect. Offers to: S. Copson, 12 Hutton Avenue, Hartlepool, Co. Durham.

SEND ME your S.A.E. for list of deleted rare singles at reasonable prices. A. H. G. Kell, 1 A. de Prescott, 1 Central Beach Lytham, Lancs.

SOUL RECORDS for sale. U.S. imports 30p each. S.A.E. for lists. Also Elvis special, 1963. Offers to: Chris Savory, 36 Scraggsate Road, Sheppey, Kent.

TAMLA SOUL singles. Many rarities 20-40p including Gaye, Tops, Wonder, Valentine or 10-£1.20. All different. must sell quickly. S.A.E. list.—P. Jones, 18 Nineacres Drive, Birmingham 37.

TAPE or CASSETTE: Creedence Clearwater Live At Filmore West. 13 songs for £25. Includes Sweet Hitch Hiker. S.A.E. for details.—F. Murphy, 3 Myroch Place, Glasgow G3 0JL.

A FEW COPIES of Ram and Paranoind still available (cassettes) only £1.30 each with order. Hurry. Write first three of each left.—Alan Jones, 211 West Way, Stafford, Staffs.

RARE SOUL records for sale. S.A.E. for lists.—M. Hubbard, 70 Dallas Road, Lancashire.

SINGLES: Cilla's 1964-69 on tape 3/4 speed. Almost half £1.25 p.o. with order please. Thanks.—M. Hutt, c/o 356 Somercotes, Laindon, Basildon, Essex.

ALBUMS

MOTOWN Records wanted (cheap). Will swap Beatles, Double White LP for 10 Motown singles or 2 LPs. Also any unwanted records taken (post refunded) 78—S.A.E. K. Crathern, 121 Foxburrows Avenue, Guildford, Surrey.

WANTED, Beatles Records, Books, Pics.; in good condition.—Tracy Stevenson, 1 Renton Road, Benhill, Wythes-shawe, Manchester M22 7TQ.

STRING BAND Tapes wanted. Will buy or swap. Must be v.g.c.—Send SAE to John Powell, 6 Greentrees Drive, Walkinstown, Dublin 12.

THINK I LOVE YOU The Partridge Family. Loan or purchase.—12 Rose Terrace, Perth.

SELL "PIPER" FLOYD OR for "Nicely Out of Tune" Lindisfarne. Buy Faces "Autumn Stone" £2. Must be v.g.c.—Kemp, 29 Cedar Avenue, Kirkby, Notts.

"BYEKER HILL," "No Songs" and "But Two Came By" Martin Carthy and Dave Swarbrick.—R. Zee, Schommelstraat 31C Rotterdam, Holland.

WANTED: NAZARETH Album. Willing to pay up to £2 if in v.g.c.—lan Wilson, 33 Hamilton Drive, Cambuslang, Glasgow G12 8JQ.

"ANYTHING BY THE SHRANCI LAS. State condition and prices.—K. Thurlby, 3 High Street, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

WANTED: "Tangerine Dream" Kaleidoscope and Floating Bridge Album. Your price.—P. Brideman, 1 Cecil Road, Hoddeston, Herts.

ELVIS Rock 'n' Roll No. 1 CLP 1093. The Best of Elvis, £8 for each provided good condition. Also any Elvis 45 or 45.—John Francis, 5 Glyn Avenue, Rhyl.

WANTED: BLUE OYSTER CULT, Quinlanes Band, Michael Hurley, Duane and Greg Allman, Wilderness Road. Your price.—Write first, B. Andrews, Farnbridge Road, Dagenham, Essex.

WANTED: V.G.C. STEREO Please Me, Rubber Soul, Beatles for sale. Will give all things. Must Pass 45c stereo exchange.—W. Grant, 80 Eccleston Crescent, Chadwell Heath, Romford, Essex.

WANTED: Finders Keepers, Listen To Cliff, Aladdin, Cinderella, Summer Holiday, Wonderful Life, by Cliff Richard.—R. Harrison, 9 Stanhope Avenue, Horsforth, Leeds LS18.

WILL SWAP in very good nick Great Blows Against The Empire Paul v.g.c. and John Lennon (1st) for Wishbone Ash (1st) and Smokin' Humble Pie or David Bowie (1st).—Michael O'Neill, 72 Roman Cres., Old Kilpatrick, Dumbartonshire, Scotland.

WANTED: Bob B. Sox and Blue Jeans or "Kamas GHI For You" LPs. State price or will swap for new LP!—A. Rondeau, 19 Lonsdale Sq., London, N.1.

WANTED: "LOW" Will give two of following: Ram, Paranoind, Slade, P. Simon, Mothers, Live, Bumpers.—Govan, 17 Almond Ct., Edinburgh 9, Scotland. 031-601-4146.

URGENTLY WANTED. Any Zeppelin Year album, price £15 in good condition. Must be scratchless and in v.g.c.—Please send details, Alan Buckler, 15 Omega Road, Woking, Surrey.

HUMBLE PIES Town and Country plus 10 songs. Price £12 in good condition. To The Music, F11 exchange "Fireball" £1. C.S.N. Y. 1st. E.L.P. "Pictures".—Leslie Norman, 53 William Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

ROCK ON—Humble Pie. Will give Hot Rats—Zappa—Dave Hattam 134 Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne 1.

GRADUATE, Bridge Over Troubled Water, must be in good condition.—Write stating price. Elvis Craving Love, The Chapel (single)—M. Coutis, 11B Yeamans Court, Looch, Dundee.

WILL SWAP "Stone Age" and McGuinness "Plants 2nd album for any LP by Woodie or Dave, Melanie etc. (SAE).—Dave Phillips, John's Road, Tilney St. Lawrence, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

PROGRESSIVE & POP LPs WANTED 60p each. Paid in good condition.—Send list of LPs to "Golden Oldies", 14 Castle Avenue, Crosshill by Lochelly, Fife.

SWOP FILL YOUR HEAD WITH ROCK (Double LP) v.g.c. for Split or W.V. LP. Includes "The Bomb Place, Bridgway, Gosport, Hants.

P. F. SLOAN Albums wanted. Must be in good condition. Write stating price. Also Melanie albums except Father and Daughter, Palmer, 288 Brays Road, Sheldon, Birmingham 26.

TWO COPIES of Warlock of Love—Marc Bolan—Beatles. Monthlies 80, 49, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 64, 67 Christmas Record 1968/7 vols. of Kahil Gibran including Prophet, Madman, etc. Offers?—Ron Weleth, 18 Wallside Ave., Fareham, Hants.

ROD MCKUEN rare records, pics and any info wanted. Please state price and condition.—Phone Leicester 24231.

BEATLES MONTHLIES wanted. Will pay 20p each.—K. Harrison, 83 Dover Road East, Northfleet, Kent.

WANTED: Caravan's (1968) Family Anything considered.—Glenn Auld, 15 Newbridge St., Ayr KA7 1JX, Scotland.

WANTED: PICS, records, Autographs, scrapbooks any information on the Move and Carl Wayne. State price.—Denise Palmer, 288 Brays Road, Sheldon, Birmingham 26.

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SINGLES

ANY Marc Bolan, T. Rex singles wanted. Must be in good nick. Offers?—M. Hebborn, 44 The Green, Newby, Scarborough.

WANTED: Hippy Gumbo, Wizard, Third Degree (Bolan), Desdemona (John's Children), also any T. Rex albums. State price.—Diane Harris, 29 Quorn Crescent, Worsley, Worcs.

WANTED: "Happy Together" by the Turtles. Will pay 30p.—Tommy Dennis, 83 Ilchester Road, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

WANTED: "Alice In Wonderland," "Neil Sedaka," "Livin' Lovin' Doll," Cliff Richard, "Mr. Bass Man," Johnny Cymbal, "Ringo," Lorne Greene.—Raymond Harrison, 9 Stanhope Avenue, Horsforth, Leeds.

WANTED: Rose Garden by New World. Will pay 40p. Must be in good condition. Urgent.—Judith Tatum, "Glenholm," 18 Colehill Street, Holywell, Flintshire CH8 7UP.

WANTED: "My Babe," "The Pirates," "Something's Got A Hold On Me," Eikle Brooks. Must be v.g.c.—Vic Regan, 7 Coombe Road, London N.22.

STEPPENWOLF. Born To Be Wild. Up to 50p paid. Must be in excellent condition. Offer a lot.—Anthony Murray, 42 Park Bow Drive, Kirkby, Liverpool L32 8TG.

WANTED: Spencer Davis "Gimme Some Lovin'." Will pay up to 50p.—E. G. Pooleman, 39 Eden Grove, Whiteley, Melksham, Wilts.

WANTED: Real Thing by Tina Britt. Teacher To The Preacher by Aclink/Chandler. Any old Grotesque Motown recordings. Must be in good condition. State price.—Brian Fidler, 5 Main Road, Appleford, Berkshire.

JETHRO SINGLES wanted: Living In Past, Aeroplane and Long Song, 30p each except Aeroplane, £1.—Pete, 28 Winscombe Way, Stanmore, Middx.

GILBERT O'Sullivan: Underneath The Blankets, We Will, Alone Again. 40p for each.—Colin Mercer, 3 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down.

WANTED: "Days Of Pearly Spencer" by David McWilliams, also Paranoind (Black Sabbath)—C. McInyre, 168 Elmgrove Street, Glasgow G.21.

FOR First Cut Is The Deepest by P.P. Arnold. Must be first class condition.—Mr. T. Hancock, 20 Fardon Avenue, Sutton Manor, St. Helens, Lancs.

SPECIAL PRAYER, Percy Sledge; When Kalin Twins; Wandering Eyes, Charlie Gracie; Here Comes Summer, Jerry Kuller.—Maureen, 42 Mimosas Street, Fulham S.W.6, 736 7157.

WANTED: Any singles except Tame State price and condition. Also cheap LPs wanted in good condition.—Paul Johnson, 36 Whiteley Gardens, Altrincham, Cheshire.

NEW SEASTERS. Any singles in good condition. State price.—Miss C. Ellison, 26 Cyril Street, Warrington, Lancs, WA2 7BY.

WANTED: JETHRO's "Living In The Past," "The Young Man," "White Trash," "Road To Nowhere".—Keith Wimbles, 32 Eskdale Drive, Bonnyrigg, Midlothian, Scotland.

STRANGER IN YOUR ARMS—Bobby Vee. Good condition.—J. Cornes, 10 Cedar Avenue, Christchurch, Hants.

SUPER SOUL: Wants any Otis Redding single in good nick like Tuff Enuff or Shake. Also 123 Len Barry or L.C.'s Dance. Chris Garmston. I could buy? Thanks.—Gill, 5 St. James Close, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

WANTED: Early singles T. Rex. Free etc. in excellent condition. Will exchange new.—Tel 433-4822 after 6 p.m.

SOUL AND MOTOWN Records always wanted. Send titles to: David Pearson, 30 Daresbury Place, Bourbourn, Bedfordshire MK43 2BG.

HOT LOVE WANTED. Urgent. State price. Must be in good condition.—Lynda Parkes, 15 Hereford Road, Chaddesden DE2 4EM.

BOOKS, PICS. ECT.

MOVE E.L.O. pics, cuttings, posters, etc. Cash paid. S.a.e. Full details: Philip Jenkins, 6 Pleasant Terrace, Ystrad, Rhondda, Glam. S. Wales.

WANTED any Lyn Paul pics or material. Will pay cash. Send s.a.e.—Robert Hanson, 2 High Street, Suddington, Leics.

HEAP FREAK: Wants colour posters, write-ups and pictures of Uriah Heap. Send lists of what you got.—Martin Tracy, 41 Main Road, Elderslie, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

EDGAR BROUGHTON posters, black and white, 15" x 19", 20p each. Post free. They are really good! Hurry!—Pete Carter, 13 Causeway, Writtle, Chelmsford, Essex.

WANTED Beatles Biography by Hunter Davies. Hard cover. Must be in good condition. Please state price including postage.—S. Cuning, 9 Haywards Road, Arbroath, Angus.

WANTED books, pics, posters, mags, cuttings, etc. about Otis Redding and all soul stars.—Mr R. Hughes, 317 Priory Court, Walthamstow, E17.

PEE CLARK newspaper articles or good pre-1969. Photo copies will do. Good price paid.—Mike Jones, Tranmar House, Hamilton Rd., Ealing, W5.

INCRED. STRING BAND pictures, information, programmes, live tapes, or singles wanted. Write first: J. Lewis, 11 St. Augustines Gate, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire.

HENDRIX: Films, books, rare albums, tapes, etc. In fact anything rare. Details and price to: Mr M. Knott, 67 Eiliston St., Cleethorpes, Lincs.

ELVIS. P. J. Proby, Walker Bros. photos wanted. Exchange for pics of Hollies, Small Faces, Billy Fury, A. Faith, etc.—T. Morgan, 66 Leysdon Rd., GCN, New Ammanford, S. Wales.

WANTED Shadows plus scrapbooks, mags, etc. Especially Hank Marney, Bruce Welch. Will buy. Price, details please.—Palmer, 10 Oxford Road, St. James, Exeter, Devon.

WANTED: David Casidy's first few bab columns. Please state number and price: Ruth Stevens, 136 Siao Rd., Stroud, Glos, GL5 1EY.

HELP! I need posters, pics, cuttings, interviews, anything on the fantastic group Juicy Lucy.—Vanessa Newman, 13 Waterside Road, Westfield, Radstock, Somerset.

WANTED any pictures or information on Led Zepp or Yardbirds.—C. Sidebottom, 18 Oxford Way, Wardenhill, Cheltenham.

ANY Pics of Hoople, sorry no dough, all letters will be answered. Midnight Lady single 35p.—Alan Goss, 19 Stonyfield, Bootle, Lancs L30, 0Q. 051-924 8621.

WANTED any magazines, pictures, photos, scrapbooks of the Move and also Roy Wood and Electric Light Orchestra.—Alan Wise, 29 James Road, Peasmarch, Guildford, Surrey.

WANTED photos, pics, cuttings, articles, info about Colin Pilditch of the Young Generation. Will pay cash.—B. Foreman, 1 Breezley Close, Putney SW15 6JF.

LONELY SIMON and Garfunkel admirer would like to be cheered up by pics, articles on duo.—Gill, 5 St. James Close, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

DOES anyone have a Simon and Garfunkel concert programme. I could buy? Thanks.—Gill, 5 St. James Close, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

ANY Beatles books, except monthlies.—K. M. Turner, 107 Listrail Park, Stoke Newington, London, N16 5SP.

WANTED any Russ Conway photos, articles, cuttings. Please send details. Will pay cash.—Rosaland Bourne, 77 Bush Hill Rd., Winchmore Hill, London, NW21.

CHICAGO. Anybody with posters, cuttings or reviews of Chicago. Please contact immediately I am willing to pay any amount within reason.—A. W. Riggs, 52 Manville Road, London, SW16 6JL.

BEATLES Monthlies Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 10, 11. Top price paid. Must be v.g.c.—Aldo Carara, via Cimabue 9, 20148 Milan, Italy.

WANTED: UK and US LPs, EPs, 5SP. S.a.e. for details.—Graham Clark, 33 Keats Avenue, Boidon Colliery, Co. Durham.

SINGLES

BEATLES' SINGLES: Paperback Writer, I Feel Fine, Lady Madonna, I Want To Hold Your Hand.—Cash offers please to: John Wilkinson, 3 Daneholme Rd., Burnage, Manchester 19.

TROGS: I've Got a Feelin' Myself, Any Way That You Want me; Sandie Shaw: Long Live Love; state price.—Miss E. Smith, 127a Scotchman Lane, Mersey, Leeds.

T. REX: Will sell "Get It On," "Jeepster" and also "Back Off Boogalo" for 30p each; good condition. —Piers Moore, 1 Heron Court, St. Neots, Huntingdon.

LAZYBONES: San Bernardino, Black Skinned Blue Eyed Boys, When You Are A King, Years May Come; v.g.c.; offers.—SAE: Graham Taylor, 6 York Lane, Odham, Lancs.

"HUSH" to South, "Paranoind" Grand Funk, "Spanish Flea" Herb Alpert, "It's An Open Secret" Joystrings, "Teenage Opera" Mark Wirt, "Sweet William" Millie. Offers please.—Mr. B. M. White, 8 Southfield Park, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

"SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON" Paul Jones (Jack Bruce bass); "Black Hearted Woman" Allman Brothers; "Beautiful Geige" Allman Brothers; "Race With The Devil" Gun. Offers please.—Mr. B. M. White, 87 Southfield Park, Hampstead, London NW3.

T. REX/BEATLES: All good condition. Marry Bridge Over Troubled Water LP. S.a.e. for list.—R. A. Harper, 23 Ponthill Grove, Sale, Cheshire. 061 969 1866.

BEATLES' Magical Mystery Tour. EPs: Lady Madonna, Day Tripper, Long Tall Sally, I Feel Fine. Ticket To Ride.—Linda Proctor, phone 773 7580 after 6.30 p.m.

MAGGIE MAY, 25 or 6 to 4, Venus, Yesterday, My Sweet Lord 35p. Also Engelbert Fan Club mags 5p each or 14 for 50p.—Lynda Barratt, "Westville," Cross Lane, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

A WILL EXCHANGE Got You On My Mind, White Plains, Get Down, Get With It, Slade, and Temma Harbour, Mary Hopkin (good condition) for Black Night and Strange Kinda Woman, Deep Purple or sell at 25p each.—R. Stewart, 1 Parkmount Gardens, Shore Road, Belfast, BT15 4QP, N. Ireland.

Discs wanted

ALBUMS

GENE PITNEY LP "Only Love Can Break A Heart" or any Pitney imported albums. State price and condition. Will swap for new LPs. 26 Frances Road, Dewsbury, Yorks.

CASSETTES WANTED Faces, Lindisfarne, Tull, E.L.P., Harum, Move, M. Pilgrim, 70 Old Church Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

WANTED: ANY ELTON JOHN cassettes and Colin Blunstone's "One Year." State price.—Reply to Vic Hibbert, 47 Little Dock Lane, Honicknowley, Leicestershire.

SWOP: Beatles, Stones, Donovan, Berry, Monkees Albums, Singles, Postcard, Hollies For Babacombe Lee Pie "Live," Rockin' Filmore, Smokin', Any I.O.W. Steeleye.—Phone evenings Newcastle 547.

THE WHO: "Closer To The Queen Mary" LP wanted plus any old imports. Write first stating price. I'm desperate.—Tony Alabaster, 12 Reginald Mount, Leeds 7.

LED ZEP BLUEBERRY HILL in mint condition. Swop for Elvis Rock 'n' Roll 162 HMV LP. Must be in good condition and with original cover.—M. Austin, 35 Princess Court, Old Trafford, Manchester 16.

BABB. LEE, Pie "Live" performance, any I.O.W. any Steeleye, "Rock On Bunch of Stars" Country, Band, Fairports.—Phone Newhaven 5447 (swop), v.g.c.

CLIFF RICHARD Records, Mags, Pics or Books.—Please state price, Janet Binn, 3 Kings Terrace, Terry Street, Hull.

SWAP 2 of "Band of Gypsies," "Cactus 2nd LP," "Split," "Sing Brother Sing," "Electric Warrior," "T. Rex," "Electric Stars"—Steve, 31 Roworth Road, Middlesbrough.

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE: One Nation Underground, Use of Ashes.—Diane Holden, 7 Castellat Avenue, Gidea Park, Romford, Essex.

PRE-RECORDED Stereo Cassettes, Alice Cooper, Floyd, Bowie, Crimson etc. Please write immediately!—Rosaund Duffin, 2 Banercross Drive, Garrohill, Baittleston, Glasgow G69 6PL.

PICK YOUR NOSE if you cannot sell me any T. Rex or Mungo Jerry albums or single.—Write Mike, 29 Glebe Hey, Netherly, Liverpool L27 6PB Lancs.

FIRESIGN Theatre, Kotlice, Nesmith, Dave Mason, Stegal, Schwall, Fabry albums wanted. Your price paid.—Write first, Brian Andrews, 4 Farnbridge Road, Dagenham, Essex.

MOUSE TRAP GAME as new for one Beatles LP and one single. Fair condition.—Write Mike, 29, 67 Orwell Court, Pownall Road, London, E.8.

"LOOKING BACK WITH SCOTT WALKER." Willing to pay up to £2.—Rosemary Yates, Cumberland Infantry, Carlisle CA2 7HY.

SINGLES

WANTED: Any Reggae singles, pay up to 50p if in good condition. Mostly wanted, Wet Dreams.—Cheryl Jackson, 79 Deer Park Road, Fazeley, Tamworth.

FREE: My Brother Jake; Moody Blues, Nights In White Satin. State price and condition.—Miss A. Colston, 7 Greenbank Road, Gatley, Cheshire. Phone Carlisle 27366.

WANTED: Peter, Paul and Mary Album "In The Wind" in good condition.—Write to: Taylor, 29 Epping Way, Luton LU3 3JF.

WANTED: Any Jethro Tull Bootlegs albums. Your price paid. Also any pics and programmes of the band.—J. Williams, 47 Horninglow Road, Firth Park, Sheffield 5.

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Meanwhile...

Bob Pegg and his bag full of problems

BOB PEGG has a bag full of problems. He's just split with his wife Carole, lost his band, his manager, has a three-year recording contract with a minority label, and is not as rich as he needs to be.

Bob Pegg, for those who've been living in a monastery, is the man behind Mr. Fox (or rather was... Fox is dead) Britain's third-best electric folk band behind Fairport and Steeleye, and taught Tyger Hutchins all he knows about tradition music. Is Bob Pegg worrying? Yes, but not so he's neurotic... yet. He and former Fox-man Nick Strutt (yes, country freaks, the same Strutt who was with Natchez Trace) are on the road again as a duo doing a good job of losing the Mr. Fox image.

Gone are the harmonium, violin, bass guitar and bodhran. Now it's all down to guitars (a Martin and a Yamaha) mandolin and whistle, and the pair swing like a gibbet.

They played their first encore as Strutt and Pegg at the Lacock Festival the other weekend and have enough work to see them

through the next couple of months.

But they need a top-line management to get their image across to the right places. They want to leave folk and Fox behind forever. Bob said earlier this year on a TV special about Mr. Fox that he wanted an English rock and roll band. With his latest song *Kirkstall Forge*, he's almost there. Bob describes the song as "an English Desolation Row." It has strong country influences and Nick comes across with some great harmonies. It's also as commercial as hell.

But the song doesn't mention Kirkstall Forge (which, by the way, is in Leeds) so how come the tie-up with *Desolation Row*? "Have you ever been there?" came the answer.

Fox fans will be pleased to hear that *The Gypsy* is still part of their repertoire. But they've a surprise in store: The Gypsy doesn't sound at all like it did. And the boys hope to move it out for good. Bob's about half-way through another hard-moving ballad which will replace it.

LINCOLN DID WORK!

STANLEY BAKER, chairman of Great Western Festivals Ltd., confirmed this week the company's intention of staging its second Great Western Express event over August Bank Holiday weekend.

He said: "G.W.E. has invested a substantial sum of money in its five-year planned programme of festivals. In spite of the dreadful weather at the first festival, it was a huge success and impartial Press comment overwhelming.

"We proved an event like this can work and we can now go on from here with valuable experience behind us.

"In August we shall stage a three-day event; Saturday, August 26-Monday, August 28. It may be in Lincolnshire but we have not negotiated to rent that site again. There will be an announce-

ment about this at the end of June."

Added booking director John Martin: "I am going over to America with a list of about 20 acts that I would like to bring in for the August Festival.

"I am confident our discussions will be simplified by the Spring Bank Holiday success. The Rolling Stones are a strong possibility for August, although we do not have a formal contract I am expecting them to appear," he said.

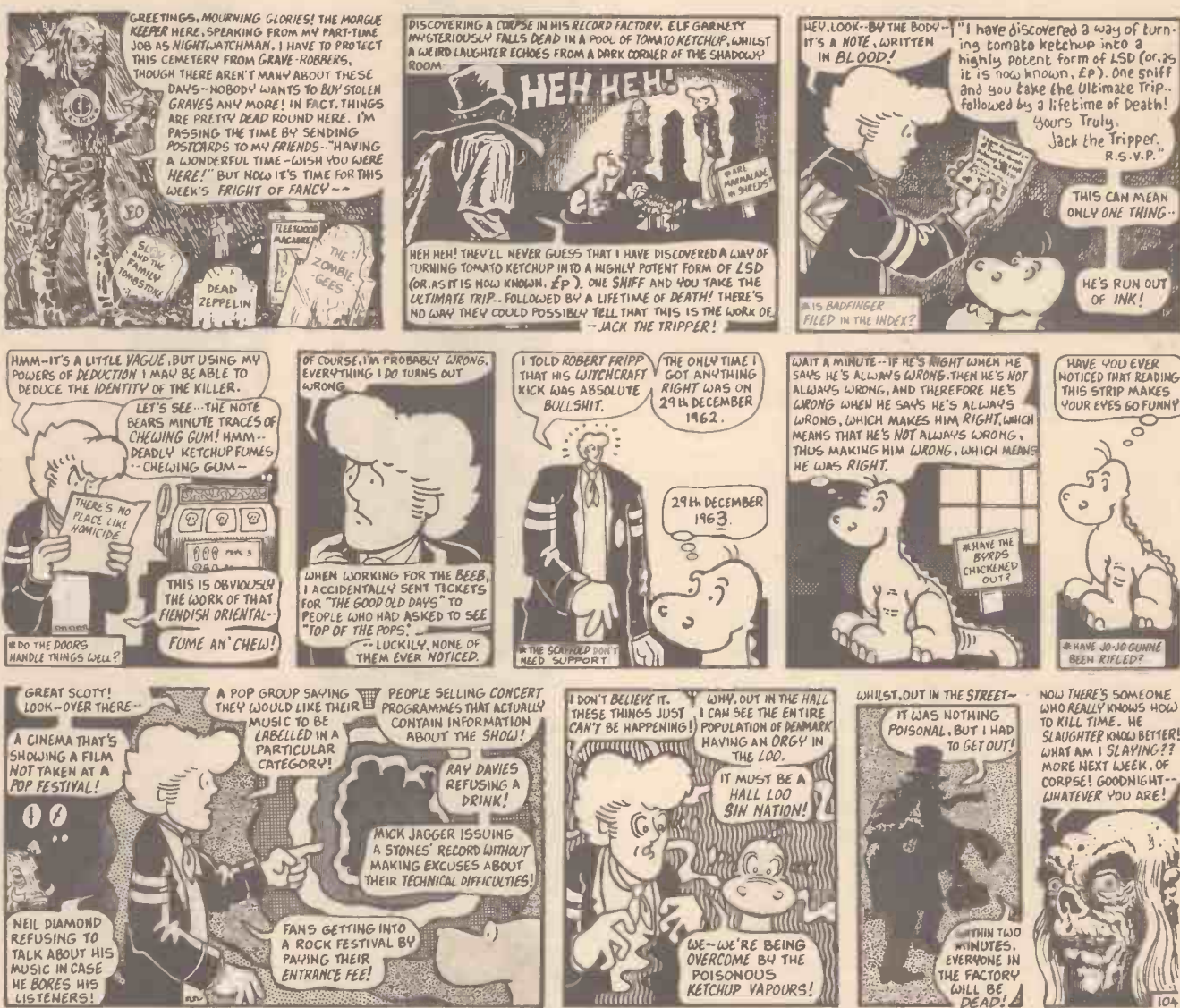
SURVIVED

Now that audience, performers and journalists have recovered from the Days of Mud and Music, the situation looks like this:

Everyone that was there was a martyr to the cause. It may have lost money, it may have fallen down. But it survived the worst spring weather known to Lincoln for many years. It operated under

E. C. RYDER in "Meet Me On The Coroner"

by J. EDWARD OLIVER



Next week: Learn the answer to this and other important questions!

the worst possible conditions, but organisation and efficiency went on—people ate, washed and were medically cared for.

If the weather had been kinder it could have been the best festival of them all—the weather wasn't. Great Western Express can organise and run a festival under the WORST conditions. British autumns have been warmer and dryer over the past few years, the weathermen say. There will be another festival this autumn. The point has been proven, expensively. Can there be any arguments left against the next one?

ONE LINERS

JUST FANCY that: The King—fat, jolly sax player with Sha Na Na used to play with Danny And The Juniors way, way back (probably best known for "At The Hop").

Ex-King Crimson Pete Sinfield expects to have solo album out by September featuring some Crimson musicians and Roxy men. "Somewhere between Leonard Cohen and the first King Crimson album," he says.

A Brian Jones Charity Trust Fund has been started by Jackie Saunders of Bristol to fight drug addiction and help other needy cases. Jackie, of 32 Fairford Close, Kings Wood, also runs a B.J. fan club, so far numbering 150. There'll be walks, dances and barbecues to raise funds in addition to a quarterly newsletter.

Nazareth recently described their German hotel rip off. They were booked in with the friendly greeting: "Good day, it is nice to haf you, you will pay in advance." Their luxurious top-floor accommodation, costing a total of £35 per night, consisted of a large spider- and bug-ridden dormitory with a broken window. Singer Dan tested a bed and put his hand through it, grazing a wrist. Neffer mind lads, bring lilos next time.

After those ex-Beatle chauffeurs sold their stories to Sunday papers—Leslie Anthony on John Lennon, and Martin Licket about Ringo—libel writ issued by John and Yoko.

Bloodstone, UK-based black band, went down storm at London "Ronnie Scott's" reception.

"Dave Cash Radio Programme" TV show start London screening on Thames from July 4.

All Beach Boys except Dennis Wilson at party in London restaurant following "Top Of Pops" taping. Menu of health food served for the band... but veal, strawberries and plenty of vino for the rest of us!

Malcolm Roberts, Penny Lane and Union Express our representatives at Knokke Song Festival next month. Meanwhile, BBC's entry in preceding "Golden Sea Swallow" TV festival will be Sha Na Na.

And talking of TV... what-ever happened to the BBC's "Kinks At The Rainbow"?

Those extra Beach Boys guitarists—chunky one with long dark hair—Billy Hinsche, formerly of America's Dino, Desi and Billy. One with Harpo Marx hairstyle and specs—Bruce Johnston's bass buddy, Eddie Carter. And Carmen Dragon's son, Darryl, also in new line-up.

Curry, chutney and poppoms served at Phonogram get-together for Kamahl, Australia's Oriental heart-throb.

Tony Christie's TV appearances improving appreciably.

Hollies will have to look to their laurels after release of former lead singer Allan Clarke's solo album.

Expect BBC to announce more "needle time" soon for records.

Dana's next: "Crossword

Puzzle," penned by Lynsey Rubin, writer of *Fortunes* "Storm In Teacup."

Jerry Lee Lewis fans at London's "Black" Raven" boozier have opened fund to pay off star's £2,647 tax debt in UK. Condition: that JLL plays charity show either here or back home.

Scott Walker following Neil Diamond's footsteps by signing for CBS.

Elton John's announcement that he's looking for wife surprise to his showbiz friends!

In Las Vegas: rock summit meeting between Engelbert Humperdinck and Elvis Presley.

David Bowie deserves to be so much bigger!

How about Cliff and Co. in "Wonderful Life" on TV then? You'd never get away with film like that today.

Kenny Everett's inclusion in Radio 4 show causing frowns at "Beeb."

Out soon: fine album by John Carter, hit-writer and former Ivy League star. Title: "Past Imperfect."

REMEMBER DISC, JUNE 10, 1967

Spencer Davis is offered a £5,000-a-week part in an avant-garde science fiction opera based on Robinson Crusoe; while Lulu is approached to star in a Hollywood murder film.

Rumours that Bruce Johnston was quitting the Beach Boys were hotly denied!

Micky Dolenz writes new Monkees' single, entitled "Randy Scouse Git."

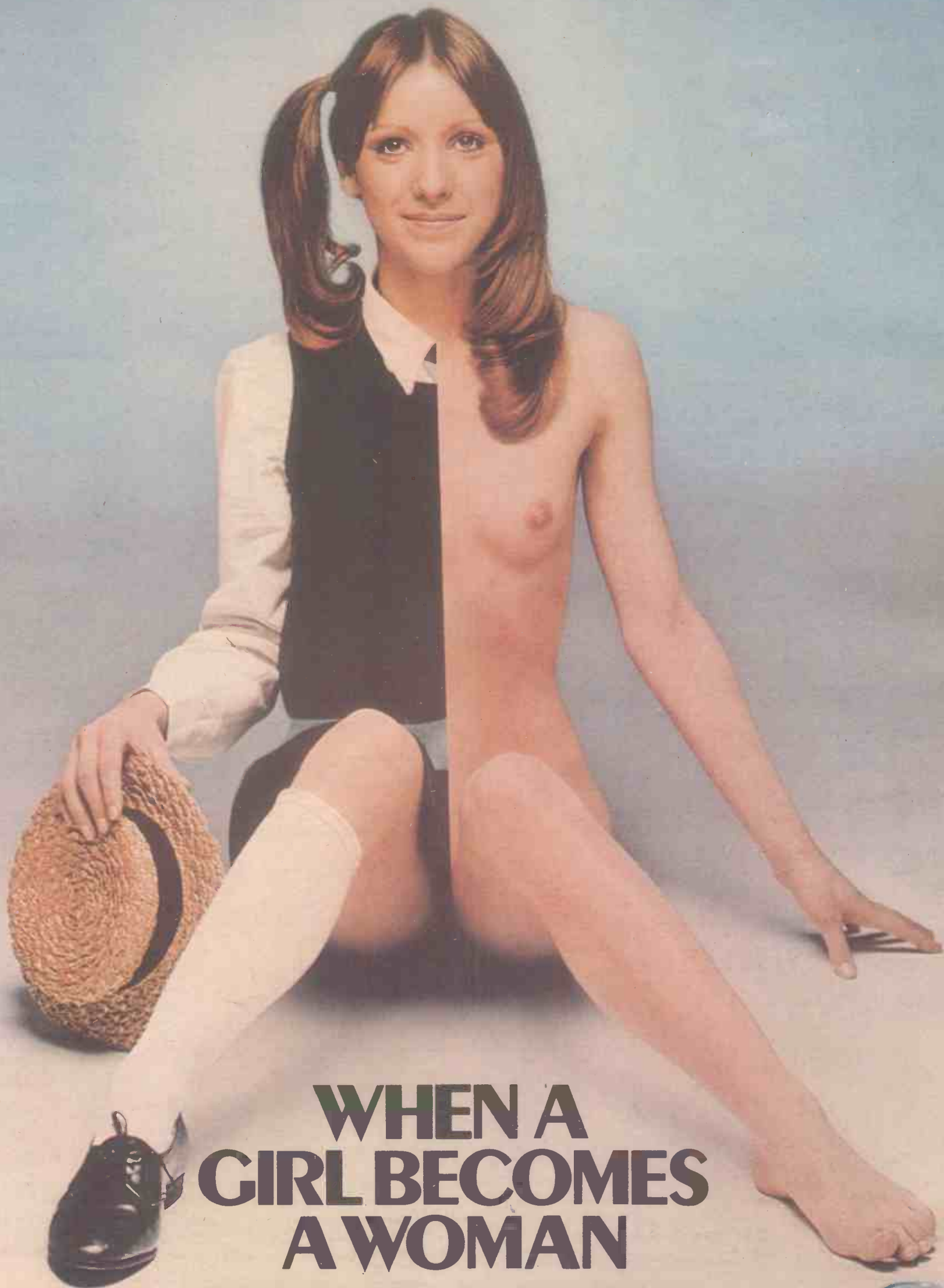
Procol Harum hit the top of the hit parade with "A Whiter Shade Of Pale."

David Hughes wrote a feature in Disc of his hunt round the Army barracks of England for the real Sergeant Pepper.

And on page 10, a little paragraph begged us to "hear Davie Bowie—he's something new."



NICK STRUTT (LEFT) WITH BOB PEGG.



WHEN A GIRL BECOMES A WOMAN

FEMFRESH BECOMES ESSENTIAL

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