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SOUNDS

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SEPTEMBER 20, 1975 12p

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• SEE PAGE 8

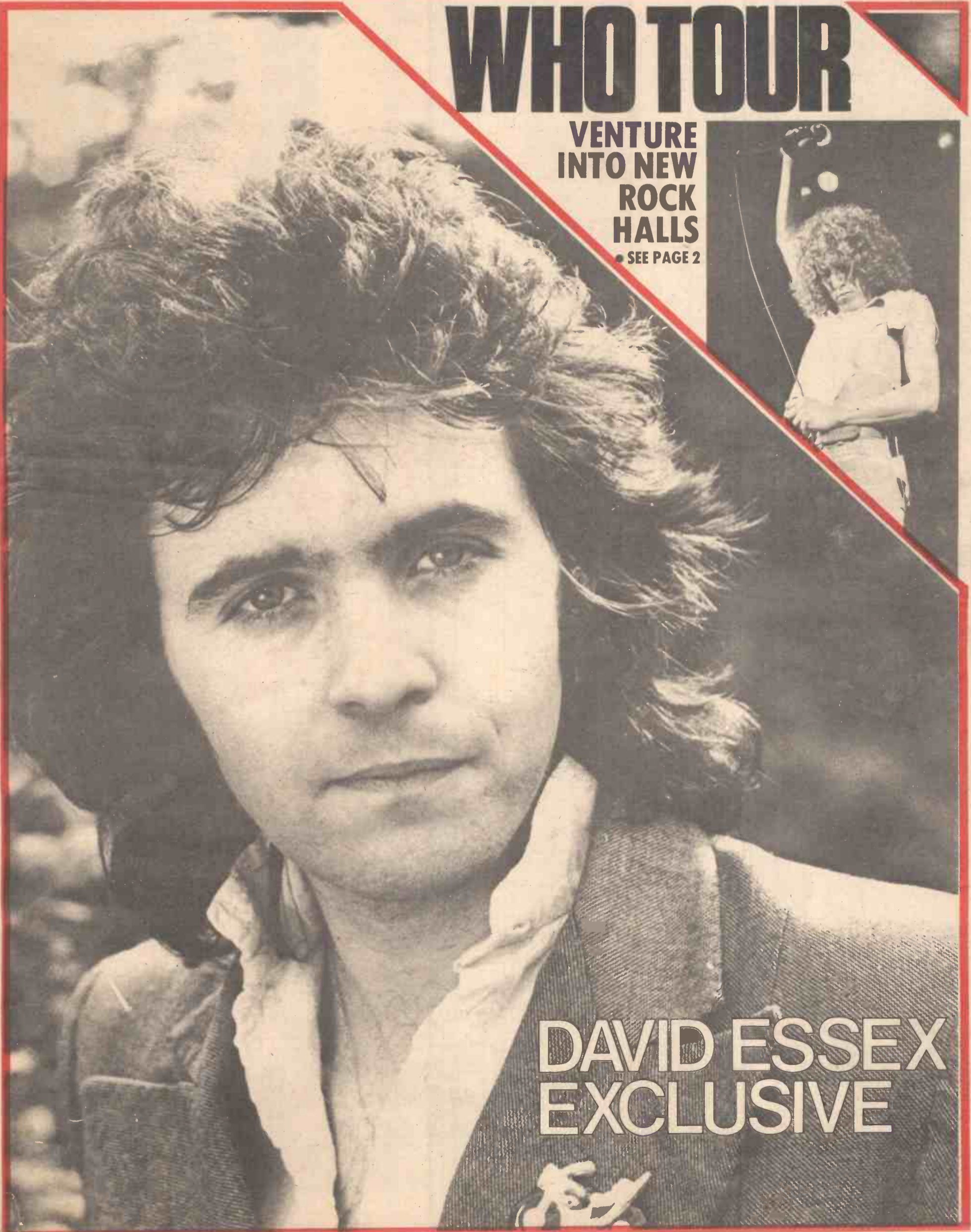
WHO TOUR

VENTURE
INTO NEW
ROCK
HALLS

• SEE PAGE 2



DAVID ESSEX
EXCLUSIVE



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Contents

September 20

News

British News 2/3/4
American Notes 5

Reviews

Albums 14/15/24
Singles 24
Live Reviews 32/33

Features

Wings 7/8
Jefferson Starship 8/9
Al Mathews 12
Chris Spedding 12
Barry Mann 19
David Essex 20/21
Kraftwerk 22
Mike Harding 22
Ginger Baker 28
Lindsey Kemp 34

Regulars

Charts 6
Sidelines 10
Soul Sounds 16
Folk Sounds 25
Fair Deal 26
Tasty Competition 26
Letters 30
James Taylor Competition 31
Gig Guide 32
Jazz Sounds 34
New Sounds 37

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WHO TOUR OPENS UP NEW VENUES

THE WHO are to tour Britain for the first time in two years. The tour will include two huge venues which have never previously been open to rock.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith says it will be the biggest concert series he has ever handled with 75,000 tickets available on 11 nights at five venues.

'Butterfly Ball' at Albert Hall

EX-DEEP Purple Roger Glover and artist Alan Aldridge are to present their animal allegory 'The Butterfly Ball' at the Royal Albert Hall on October 16.

The story of how the forest creatures resolve to stop fighting each other and celebrate the event with a grand ball has already seen service as a full-length feature cartoon, a book and an album by Glover released last year.

Now it becomes a two-hour show with musicians conducted by Del Newman including the New World Symphony Orchestra and a host of top-notch soloists and session men such as Eddie Jobson from Roxy, Ian Gillan, Tony Ashton (late of Gardner and Dyke), and singers Liza Strike and Barry St. John.

The original idea for 'Butterfly' came from Aldridge who is well-known for his comic books and an illustrated edition of Beatles' songs.

Tickets are on sale now from the Royal Albert Hall and London Agents at £1 to £3.50 (7.30 p.m. start).

Roller on assault charge

BAY CITY Rollers' lead singer Les McKeown has been committed for trial at Oxford Crown Court on two charges arising from incidents during a gig in the town several weeks ago.

He was accused of causing actual bodily harm to Alan Hartley, a photographer with the *Reading Evening Post* and Malcolm Rouse, a photographer, formerly with the *Oxford Mail*. There is an alternative charge of common assault on Mr Rouse and a further charge of causing criminal damage totalling £92 to photographic equipment belonging to Mr Hartley.



● ROLLER: Les McKeown

The Who last did a concert in May last year and a full tour in late '73 when they played most of 'Quadraphenia'.

But this tour will not be restricted to any major work though they will be performing some of their new album 'The Who By Numbers', to be released in the first week of October.

The new venues are the New Bingley Hall, Stafford, which seats 8,000 and the Leicester Granby Halls with a capacity of 4,500.

A spokesman said: "The idea was for them to play to as many people as possible. Although there are only 11 gigs they are well spread out around the country."

The mid-tour break of a week is to allow Roger Daltry to travel to Los Angeles for the world premiere of his new movie 'Lisztomania'. Tour details are:

New Bingley Hall, Stafford October 3 and 4 (tickets available from the Hall or Virgin Records, Corporation Street, Birmingham, £2.20, limit of four per person), Belle Vue, Manchester 6 and 7 (Box Office, Hyde Road, Manchester, £1.10 to £2.50), Glasgow Apollo 15 and 16 (personal application only £1.50 to £2.50), Leicester Granby Halls 18 and 19 (ticket office Charles Street, personal application, £2.20), Empire Pool Wembley 21, 23 and 24 (mail order only to the box office until September 24, then personal application if any left, £1.50 to £2.75).

The support group is the Steve Gibbons Band who have an album out on Daltry's new Goldhawk label.

Global Village pack it in

THE GLOBAL Village Trucking Company have tossed in the towel for a range of reasons — financial, musical and personal.

They were together for four years and were very popular live but never made it on record, their only available issue being one side of 'Greasy Truckers Live At Dingwalls'.

Band members with plans are Jon Owen, the singer songwriter, who will go solo, Peter Kirtley, guitarist who will work on Yesman Alan White's solo album and Jimmy Lacelles, keyboards, who will form a band with Mike Storey.

JOHN INMAN who plays the camp shop assistant in BBC TV's 'Are You Being Served' has made a single of the same name of DJM.

Fairweather boogas out

ANDY Fairweather Low hits the road next month with a distinguished set of side men. His line-up is Rabbit on keyboards, B. J. Cole pedal steel, Dave Mattacks drums, and John David bass. The title track of Andy's album 'La Booga Rooga' is just out on A&M as a single.

Dates so far confirmed are London Dingwalls September 24-25, Sheffield Polytechnic October 3, West Midlands College 4, Royal Holloway College 10, Essex University 11, Swansea University 15, Exeter University 17, Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall 18, Queen Mary College 24, Aylesbury New Friars 25, Birmingham Town Hall 26, Goldsmiths College 31 and Imperial College November 1.



● ANDY FAIRWEATHER LOW

Elton's 'Bottled' goes West

ELTON JOHN'S programme has not been notable for indecision but we have to report that since last week he has changed his mind about the title of both his next album and song on his next single.

'Bottled And Brained' as an LP tag promotes 'yucks' from most who heard the news which may have influenced the switch to the bizarre but charming 'Rock Of The Westies'.

The single is to be 'Island Girl' instead of 'Dan Dare (Pilot Of The Future)'.

Government reviews festival policy

THE DEPARTMENT of the Environment have appointed members to a working group which is to conduct a review into public policies on so-called 'pop' festivals.

Lord Melchett will head the group, and other members who have been appointed include: Donald Aitken of 'Release', Sir Douglas Osmond, Chief Constable of Hampshire



● WHO: playing to as many people as possible

Stones for Europe—no British dates

THE ROLLING Stones are to undertake a European tour before Christmas — with that well-known 'temporary' substitute Ron Wood still one of the boys in the band.

But there will be no thrills for British fans just yet as their tax position will almost certainly keep them out of the country until next April when a 'home' tour is likely.

The news source is Mick Jagger himself. In Eire at the weekend he said: "As yet we haven't got the itinerary together completely."

The expectation is a three-week tour in December round the usual major Continental venues.

Further on the rumour or fact front, Mick was asked to comment on a report that he was to star in a rock musical with Joanna Panchar. Droll Mick said: "It's the first I've heard of it. I've never heard of the lady in question but you can send me a picture."

Curved Air finds bassist

CURVED AIR'S new bassist is to be Tony Reeves formerly



● MICK JAGGER with John Mayall, Colosseum and Greenslade.

He replaces Phil Kohn, the American who had been with Air since their come-back last November. Upcoming Air gigs are Hastings Pier Pavilion September 20, St Albans City Hall 26, Bristol Polytechnic October 2, Aston University 3, Manchester University 4.

Air are still looking for a keyboard player to augment the band.

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SKYNYRD RETURN AS HEADLINERS

LYNYRD SKYNYRD, who proved themselves one of the most lethal support bands ever with Golden Earring last Autumn, will headline eight venues in Britain next month.

They are now a six-piece following the departure of guitarist Ed King earlier this year but are still expected to generate the same sort of heat as last time.

The British dates in the middle of a European tour taking in Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium and France, will be: Portsmouth Guildhall October 25, Birmingham Odeon 26, Hammersmith Odeon 27, Brighton Dome 28, Liverpool Empire 30, Sheffield City Hall 31, Glasgow Apollo November 1, Cardiff Capital 4.

Tickets at Hammersmith are from £1 to £2 and elsewhere from £1 to £1.65, available now at most venues.

A new single will be released by MCA to coincide, but the album Skynyrd are working on in the States at the moment will not be out until early next year.

Giant step out on NEMS

FUTURE RELEASES on the newly-formed NEMS record



● LYNYRD SKYNYRD: single to coincide with tour

label include 'Giant Steps', a double album by Gentle Giant (who are now with Chrysalis and promoting a fresh album 'Free Hand'), made up of 'prime cuts' from their early albums, for November 1. A Marianne Faithful single will be released in October.

City Boy join Thin Lizzy

BIRMINGHAM group City Boy have been signed as special guests on the Thin Lizzy 'Rocktober' tour. City Boy have just signed to Phonogram and their first single will be out within the next few weeks.

New line-up on Baker-Gurvitz album

'ELYSIAN ENCOUNTER' is the title of the new Baker-Gurvitz Army album, set for release on September 19. Although this is the second release under the name Baker-Gurvitz Army, it is the first to feature the new line-up —

Ginger Baker, drums; Adrian Gurvitz, guitar; Paul Gurvitz, bass; Peter Lemer, keyboards; and Snips, vocals.

Produced by Ginger Baker and Paul Gurvitz assisted by Anton Matthews, the record will be issued on Mountain

Records (see review page 14). The band will undertake a British tour in October to promote the album, and dates are: Cambridge Corn Exchange October 10, Southend Kursall 11, Norwich Theatre Royal 12, Watford Town Hall 13, Birmingham Town Hall 14, Sheffield City Hall 15, Manchester Free Trade Hall 17, Leicester University 18, Portsmouth Guildhall 20, Derby Kings Hall 21, Edinburgh Usher Hall 22, Glasgow Apollo 23, Newcastle Mayfair 24, Liverpool Stadium 25, Southampton Guildhall 27, Leeds University 29, Bristol Colston Hall 30, Guildford Surrey University 31, Hastings Pier November 1 and London New Victoria 2.

Crawler tour cancelled

THE BACK Street Crawler tour scheduled for October has been cancelled after all because of Paul Kossoff's illness.

At first he was determined to play but now doctors say that following his thrombosis attack caused by a blood clot forming in a leg, he will not be able to walk for another couple of months.

A couple of dates, one in Newcastle, the other in London, have been provisionally fixed for December.

Sabbath dates

BLACK SABBATH added the following dates to their tour: Cardiff Capitol November 13, Manchester Free Trade Hall 14, Southend Kursaal 15, Ipswich Gaumont 17, Portsmouth Guildhall 18, Plymouth ABC 19.

RECORD NEWS

LINDA LEWIS has a single, 'Rock and Roller Coaster' rush-released this week by Arista Records. The song is taken from her album 'Not A Little Girl Anymore'. Meanwhile and extra date has been added to Linda's UK tour — Liverpool Royal Court Theatre on October 20.

THE OFFICIAL follow-up single to Gary Benson's 'Don't Throw It All Away' is to be released by State Records in October, titled 'You'. Penny Farthing Records have recently re-issued a five-year-old single called 'Reunion' and, not unnaturally, Benson will not be promoting it.

CLARIFICATION (or, if we'd only admit it, apology): Richard Digance has signed for Mercury only in the States — in Britain he is still on Transatlantic.

THE OUTLAWS, whose debut album in the States is the fastest breaking LP by an unknown group for three years, have a single released in Britain this week. It's called 'There Goes Another Love Song'. The album release will follow shortly.

JACKIE LYNTON has a new single released by Bell Records. It's called 'I Only Have Eyes For You', the same song just released by Art Garfunkel.

STEVE HARLEY has produced the new single by Dennis Conoley released this week on Pye titled 'So Ashamed'.

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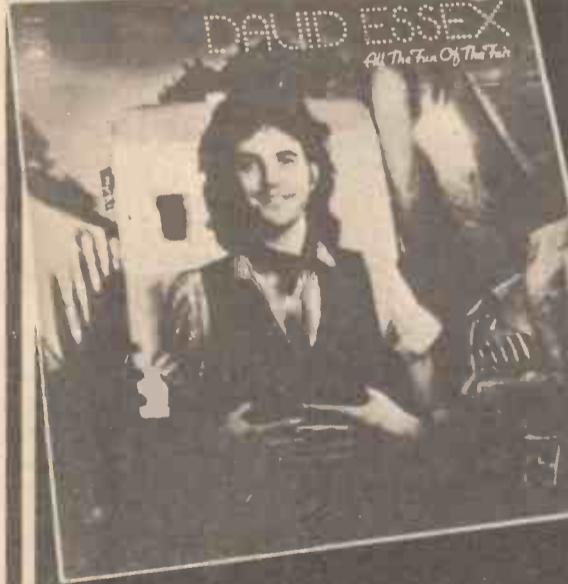
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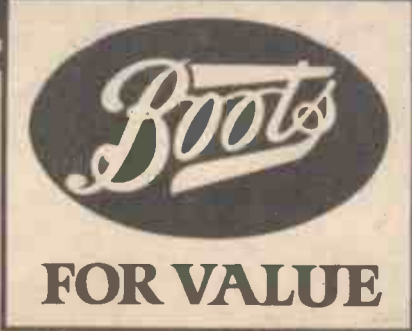
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ENO'S TALKING TOUR

ENO, WHO has been in the shadows working on various projects for some months now, is set to emerge once again with a brace of albums and 'tours' this Autumn.

First on the list is his new album, 'Another Green World', featuring guests Bob Fripp and John Cale. British release date for the LP is October 17 and it will coincide with, believe it or not, a lecture tour that Eno is to undertake, which will culminate with him talking to a group of 17-year-old American girls in London on 'the elements of British life'.

Eno has also recently produced five albums for future release on his own Obscure Records label. Three of the five LPs are due to be released in October, though no dates or titles have yet been decided upon.

Other plans include a new album with Bob Fripp, again at the moment with no title, set for October release; a US lecture tour to promote 'Green World' and the writing of a book.

Eno is currently on holiday in Minorca to, as his management say, "think of titles for the albums and also begin his book". On the question of Eno's preference to lecture rather than gig they state: "He prefers to talk. He only really likes to play in the studio. There are no plans at the moment for him to perform live with or without Bob Fripp."

Smokey Blues death crash

SMOKEY BLUES, the Yorkshire pop band destroyed in a coach crash tragedy last week, had just signed to make their first record.

They were due to go into a Leeds Studio next Sunday, but when their coach collided with a lorry near Everton, Nottinghamshire, sax player Arthur Blanchard, aged 42, and Dennis Bolland, 23, both from Grimsby, were killed and the other four members of the group were all injured.

Founder Terence McCoy has said he will never play in a group again.



ENO: new album

Linda on the Twiggy show

LINDA LEWIS will be on the box with fellow East Ender Twiggy in that lanky lady's show on October 28.

Mudd add keyboard man

MUD HAVE added a keyboard player, 23-year-old Andy Ball to their line-up. He will make his first appearance with the group when they do their next series of live dates at the end of October.

Meanwhile, Ball, formerly with Candlewick Green, is on the group's first album and single to be released on the Private Stock label. No date or title has yet been fixed for either.

Springsteen, Dylan rush release singles

BOB DYLAN and Bruce Springsteen both hit the shops with rush-released singles this week.

Dylan has brought out a pair of tracks from the 'Basement Tapes' compilation which is still in the album charts. CBS have chosen 'Million Dollar Bash' (once covered by Jonathan King), backed by 'Tears Of Rage'.

Meanwhile CBS have been shattered by the Stateside success of the young pretender, Bruce Springsteen, whose new album 'Born To Run' bulleted from 84 to eight in one chart this week.

This follows the sinking almost without trace of his previous critically-acclaimed works and seemingly galvanised CBS into such a fever of anticipation of a change in his fortunes in Britain, they decided on the single last Friday and had it in the shops by Monday.

The A-side is the album title track, already covered by Alan Clarke of the Hollies, on Polydor. A CBS spokesman said they hoped "the right man" (i.e. the composer, i.e. their artist), would get the hit.



BOB DYLAN

TOUR NEWS

FEELIN' GOOD IN 23 CITIES

DR FEELGOOD embark on a 23-city tour next month which coincides with the release of the band's second album, 'Malpractice'.

With support from GT Moore And The Reggae Guitars, the tour opens at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion on October 8 and continues at Lancaster University 10 (to be confirmed), Leeds University 11, Cheltenham Town Hall 13, Eastbourne Congress Hall 14, Leicester De Montfort Hall 15, Portsmouth Guildhall 16, Liverpool Stadium 18, Guildford Civic Hall 21, Bradford St. George's Hall 22, Sheffield City Hall 23, Newcastle City Hall 25, Edinburgh City Hall 26, Glasgow Apollo 27, Derby King's Hall 30 and Cambridge Corn Exchange 31.

Birmingham Town Hall November 1, Chatham Central Hall 2, Bristol Colston Hall 3, Malvern Winter

Gardens 4, Manchester Free Trade Hall 7, Southend Kur-saal 8, and London Hammersmith Odeon 9.

SADISTIC MIKA Band have been nominated the best group in Japan by five of their homeland's rock papers. In England as they prepare to tour with Roxy they have a new single out on Harvest (September 26) called 'Hi-Jack (I'm Just Dying)'.

Queen move to Elton's stable

JOHN REID, who handles Elton John's affairs, has taken over the management of Queen, from Trident. Their record deal with EMI is unaffected by the change.

Reid said that there had been no conflict over the deal. In addition to Elton, he has Kevin Ayers and Kiki Dee in his stable.



QUEEN: new manager

THE FATBACK BAND'S October tour kicks off at Hammersmith Odeon on October 3, where they are supported by new Polydor act, The Chosen Few, and continues at Dunstable California Ballroom 4, Norwich Crockers' Club 6, Farnborough (Hants) Burlesque Club 8, Southend Zero Six 9, Birmingham Barbarella's 10, and Yate (near Bristol) 11, venue to be confirmed.

THE RYLA GANG, led by Shaun Tyla late of Be-Bop Deluxe, have arranged their first gigs though they are still on the lookout for a recording deal. The dates are all in London: Sundown Charing Cross October 4, Wandsworth Prison 5, Dingwall's 18.

ARGENT are doing some adding and subtraction on their tour. The Portsmouth Locarno gig is cancelled but they have extra dates at Leicester University October 11, Bournemouth Village Bowl 12, Yarmouth Tiffany's 18, Liverpool Empire 26. Their album 'Counterpoint' is out on CBS at the end of this month.

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

Black Oak escape death

ALL SIX members and three road crew of Black Oak Arkansas narrowly escaped death from asphyxiation last week in the wilds of Montana. The band were on their way to a concert in a customised Greyhound bus when they stopped at a lakeside campground to spend the night, leaving their generator running. A malfunction in the generator exhaust system fed carbon monoxide gases into the bus' ventilator/air conditioning system.

Purely by chance tour manager Ronnie 'Hawk' Smith woke up and was able to crawl from his berth at the front of the bus and into the open air to revive himself.

He pulled out the unconscious occupants of the bus one by one and then radioed for medical help.

Doctors were rushed to the scene and told the band that if they had not been pulled out of the bus when they were, within three minutes they would all have been dead.

Commented lead singer Jim Dandy. "We were all pretty ill and then freaked out, but we still managed to play the concert."

Olsson's on a winner

NIGEL OLSSON held a play-back of his new album, due for release in a month, for a few proud friends at Sunset Sound in Hollywood recently. Nigel's voice and the varied rhythms on the LP make this one sound like a winner.

The single to be taken from the album has a disco sound and, in fact, is already getting disco play from those who've managed to get hold of an advance copy. Nigel is also busy producing a single for actress Susan George.

AFTER YEARS of regarding reggae as some sort of heathen noise, Americans are finally getting caught up in the natty vibe. Bob Marley's 'Natty Dread' is meandering up the US charts, and Island have now signed Toots And The Maytalls who are set to play a series of gigs this Summer. They've already been added to the Eagles / Jackson Browne / Linda Ronstadt show at the Anaheim baseball stadium.

Second annual Beatle fest

THE SECOND Annual Beatles Festival is currently under way in New York. Under the banner 'Beatlefest '75, Welcome To Pepperland', the show will feature movies, taped interviews, a swop market, look-alike contests and trivia competitions.



● SET 'EM up, bartender... John Cale and Patti Smith are seen here enjoying a drunken lunchtime in a New York bar recently. As reported in SOUNDS last week, the slow and dazzling Cale has opted to produce Patti's debut Arista album. And very pleased he looks about it, too



CRAZY OL' DOC

● CRAZY OL' Doctor Hook had the Bottom Line audience in hysterics last week with his lunatic actions. Here he's seen trying to flog a copy of his band's album to the crowd. He's wearing the LP's sleeve on his head

Flo and Eddie album ban

FLO AND Eddie's new LP 'Illegal, Immoral And Fattening' contains many uncouth phrases. Consequently, American radio stations are unable to play 80 per cent of the tracks of this live Roxy-recorded album.

Under the table, lads

POT SMOKING is apparently a growing problem at venues in Honolulu — so much so, in fact, that a local judge has issued a 'let there be light' order, meaning that all house lights should be on when rock gigs take place. The youthful dopers are now rolling their joints under the seats...

Riots at festival

NEW YORK'S Syracuse 24 hour outdoor festival was the scene of riots a few weeks ago. About 1,000 youths tried to storm the festival gates and State Troopers were called in with tear gas and clubs to disperse them. The activity occurred half a mile from the main stage, so most didn't see or hear the problems.

Gregg admits addiction

AMERICA'S PEOPLE Magazine recently quoted Gregg Allman as saying: "I was a heroin addict for two years." In a cover feature on Gregg and Cher, Allman gave details of his addiction and revealed that he was hospitalised last year while going through an intensive treatment programme. Allman claims that, most of all, Cher helped him kick the habit: "It just takes someone loving enough," he says.

VIDEO TAPE TV SCHEME

VIDEO TAPE recordings of many big-name Winterland concerts are now available, free of charge, to Bay Area cable TV stations — cable TV stations don't broadcast across the airwaves, they transmit through cables and it costs a small amount per month to have an outlet placed in your home. A similar system to 'British Relay' in fact. The Bay Area now has exclusive viewing of an excellent series of concerts.

The man behind the idea to transmit the gigs is Winterland manager Jerry Pompili. "I really want to see more rock on TV," he says, "particularly at peak viewing time." Bands such as Robin Trower, Blue Oyster Cult, Man, Ten Years After, Montrose and Lynyrd Skynyrd as well as top local bands like The Tubes and Earthquake can now be seen, unedited, playing for up to two hours in the privacy of your own home.

Clubs to re-open

THE NEW Orleans House, a long-standing Bay Area club which closed recently due to financial problems, is to re-open shortly. The new management have reportedly poured over 30,000 dollars into remodelling and improving the sound and lights. Another defunct San Francisco club is also due to re-open shortly — but as a discotheque.

The City, as it will be called, will have a dance floor shaped like a 45 rpm record, a juke-box booth for the DJ and a tone arm that serves as a bench.

briefly.....

MIKE NESMITH, the former Monkee, has recorded a new album. Produced by Nesmith himself, it's called 'The Prison'... Stevie Wonder's next release, due in November, will be a two album set titled 'We Are Seeing A Lot'... Mick Jagger was in San Francisco recently and stopped by to see The Tubes. He enjoyed himself heartily and was even seen standing on top of a chair, clapping wildly... Edgar and Johnny Winter, together with Rick Derringer, were seen playing together at a recent LA gig... Among those who braved the elements to attend Elton John's special charity shows at the LA Troubadour were Tony Curtis, Mae West, Ringo Starr, Cher, Henry Mancini, Kiki Dee and everybody's favourite, Helen Reddy... 'Stardust' the David Essex film opened in Miami recently to some fine reviews... A Frank Sinatra-Count Basie - Ella Fitzgerald week-long concert at the Uris Theatre has sold a million dollars worth of tickets. Top price for a seat is 40 dollars, about £20... Former President Richard Nixon phoned Elvis in hospital recently... With disco clubs all the rage at the moment in the States, various people are putting together their own collection of disco tapes and selling them to the clubs. A crackdown on the practice is expected soon... A Bay City Rollers LP has just been released on Arista in the States. The band appear on US TV this coming week... Frank Zappa, who once recorded with MGM Records, is now suing them for damages... With Jefferson Starship (Airplane) high in the charts with 'Red Octopus' the band's 1967 album 'Surrealistic Pillow' has made it back into the listings at number 67... Uriah Heep played NY's Central Park last week and Mick Box still has his arm in plaster. Box reckons that it'll be a while... yet... before his... arm... heals.

Massive West Coast tour for Elton

ELTON JOHN has confirmed a West Coast US tour this month to promote his upcoming album 'Bottled And Brained'. Opening at the 18,000 capacity San Diego Sports Arena, on September 29, Elton will work his way up California, into Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Canada, Washington, back to San Francisco for three shows, then two days at LA's Dodger Stadium.

The band for the tour will be Davey Johnstone and Ray Cooper from the old line-up, James Newton-Howard, Kenny Passarelli, Roger Pope and Caleb Quaye. The only bandster who played Wembley Stadium in June, but will not be featured on the planned dates is Jeff 'Skunk' Baxter, who is committed to a Doobie

Brothers tour.

Meanwhile, Elton's US label MCA have announced that 'Captain Fantastic And The Brown Dirt Cowboy' has notched up sales of two and a half million so far.

To date, there is no news of any British shows until the New Year.



● Ray Barretto, king of Salsa, bashed and bongoeed his way through a couple of nights at New York's Bottom Line, recently. Ray's infectious Latin rhythms really got the crowd up and moving. (All pics CHUCK PULIN)

How do drum collectors sound out genuine originals?



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BRITAIN'S TOP 30 SINGLES

1	1	SAILING	Rod Stewart	Warner Bros
2	3	THE LAST FAREWELL	Roger Whittaker	EMI
3	1	CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING	Stylistics	Avco
4	11	MOONLIGHTING	Leo Sayer	Chrysalis
5	4	THAT'S THE WAY	K.C. & Sunshine Band	Jay Boy
6	6	SUMMERTIME CITY	Mike Batt	Epic
7	8	A CHILD'S PRAYER	Hot Chocolate	RAK
8	10	FUNKY MOPED/MAGIC ROUNDABOUT	Jasper Carrott	DJM
9	9	BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED	Gladys Knight & Pips	Buddah
10	12	JULIE-ANN	Kenny	RAK
11	5	IT'S BEEN SO LONG	George McCrae	Jay Boy
12	30	I'M ON FIRE	5000 Volts	Phillips
13	29	HEARTBEAT	Showaddywaddy	Bell
14	7	BLANKET ON THE GROUND	Billie Jo Spears	United Artists
15	16	LOVE IN THE SUN	Glitter Band	Bell
16	28	FOOL	Al Matthews	CBS
17	15	SUMMER OF '42	Biddu Orchestra	Epic
18	21	PANDORA'S BOX	Procol Harum	Chrysalis
19	22	MOTOR BIKING	Chris Spedding	RAK
20	25	DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY	Gary Benson	State
21	13	EL BIMBO	Bimbo Jet	EMI
22	24	SING A LITTLE SONG	Desmond Dekker	Cactus
23	14	DOLLY MY LOVE	Moments	All Platinum
24	—	UNA PALOMA BLANCA	Jonathan King	UK
25	23	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles	Asylum
26	—	THERE GOES MY FIRST LOVE	Drifters	Bell
27	27	ROCHDALE COWBOY	Mike Harding	Rubber
28	—	PALOMA BLANCA	George Baker	Warner Bros
29	—	FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE	Bad Company	Island
30	17	FAME	David Bowie	RCA

SUPPLIED BY: BRITISH MARKET RESEARCH BUREAU/MUSIC WEEK

CAPITAL COUNTDOWN

1	2	MOONLIGHTING	Leo Sayer	Chrysalis
2	1	SAILING	Rod Stewart	Warner Bros
3	—	I'M ON FIRE	5000 Volts	Phillips
4	4	THE LAST FAREWELL	Roger Whittaker	EMI
5	3	THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT	K.C. & Sunshine Band	Jay Boy
6	6	CHILD'S PRAYER	Hot Chocolate	RAK
7	—	NO WOMAN NO CRY	Bob Marley	Island
8	16	HEARTBEAT	Showaddywaddy	Bell
9	7	CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING	Stylistics	Avco
10	8	JULIE ANN	Kenny	RAK
11	12	MOTOR BIKING	Chris Spedding	RAK
12	30	FATTY BUM BUM	Carl Malcolm	UK
13	10	BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED	Gladys Knight & Pips	Buddah
14	17	PANDORA'S BOX	Procol Harum	Chrysalis
15	15	SUMMERTIME CITY	Mike Batt	Epic
16	19	THE SNAKE	Al Wilson	Bell
17	—	FEEL LIKE MAKING LOVE	Bad Company	Island
18	—	UNA PALOMA BLANCA	Jonathan King/George Baker	Warner Bros
19	22	OUT OF TIME	Dan McCafferty	Mountain
20	—	THERE GOES MY FIRST LOVE	Drifters	Bell
21	20	BUTTERFLY	Mac & Katie Kissoon	State
22	26	FOOL	Al Matthews	CBS
23	23	SINGLE GIRL	Sandy Posey	MGM
24	13	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles	Asylum
25	5	IT'S BEEN SO LONG	George McCrae	Jay Boy
26	—	I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU	Art Garfunkel	CBS
27	11	DOLLY MY LOVE	Moments	All Platinum
28	25	LOVE IN THE SUN	Glitter Band	Bell
29	—	WHO LOVES YOU	Four Seasons	Warner Bros
30	18	DO IT AGAIN	Steely Dan	ABC

SUPPLIED BY: CAPITAL RADIO

AMERICA'S TOP 30 SINGLES

1	1	RHINESTONE COWBOY	Glen Campbell	Capitol
2	2	FALLIN' IN LOVE	Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds	Playboy
3	4	AT SEVENTEEN	Janis Ian	Columbia
4	3	GET DOWN TONIGHT	K.C. & Sunshine Band	TK
5	7	FAME	David Bowie	RCA
6	8	FIGHT THE POWER PT 1	Isley Brothers	T-Neck
7	9	COULD IT BE MAGIC	Barry Manilow	Arista
8	15	I'M SORRY	John Denver	RCA
9	19	RUN JOEY RUN	David Geddes	Big Tree
10	11	WASTED DAYS AND WASTED NIGHTS	Fredy Fender	ABC/Dot
11	12	FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE	Bad Company	Swan Song
12	14	BALLROOM BLITZ	Sweet	Capitol
13	13	THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD	Earth, Wind & Fire	Columbia
14	16	THIRD RATE ROMANCE	Amazing Rhythm Aces	ABC
15	6	JIVE TALKIN'	Bee Gees	RSO
16	5	HOW SWEET IT IS	James Taylor	Warner Bros
17	28	AIN'T NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY	Helen Reddy	Capitol
18	21	SOLITAIRE	Carpenters	A&M
19	25	DANCE WITH ME	Orleans	Asylum
20	23	I BELIEVE THERE'S NOTHING STRONGER THAN OUR LOVE	Paul Anka & Odis Coates	United Artists
21	22	BLACK SUPERMAN/MUHAMMAD ALI	Johnny Wakelin	Pye
22	26	FEELINGS	Morris Albert	RCA
23	24	DAISY JANE	America	Warner Bros
24	27	THE PROUD ONE	Osmonds	Kolob
25	—	GAMES PEOPLE PLAY	Spinners	Atlantic
26	29	HOW LONG	Pointer Sisters	ABC/Blue Thumb
27	—	IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE	Tavares	Capitol
28	—	ROCKY	Austin Roberts	Private Stock
29	10	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles	Asylum
30	—	GONE AT LAST	Paul Simon	Columbia

SUPPLIED BY: BILLBOARD

AMERICA'S TOP 30 ALBUMS

1	5	THE HEAT IS ON	Isley Brothers	T-Neck
2	1	RED OCTOPUS	Jefferson Starship	Grunt
3	3	BETWEEN THE LINES	Janis Ian	Columbia
4	2	CAPTAIN FANTASTIC	Elton John	MCA
5	4	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles	Asylum
6	10	HONEY	Ohio Players	Mercury
7	7	THE BASEMENT TAPES	Bob Dylan	Columbia
8	6	CAT STEVENS GREATEST HITS	Cat Stevens	A&M
9	9	THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD	Earth, Wind & Fire	Columbia
10	11	FANDANGO	ZZ Top	London
11	12	TOYS IN THE ATTIC	Aerosmith	Columbia
12	13	MELISSA	Melissa Manchester	Arista
13	16	PICK OF THE LITTER	Spinners	Atlantic
14	8	CUT THE CAKE	Average White Band	Atlantic
15	18	FLEETWOOD MAC	Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
16	19	NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY	Helen Reddy	Capitol
17	14	LOVE WILL KEEP US TOGETHER	Captain & Tennille	A&M
18	21	MAIN COURSE	Bee Gees	RSO
19	17	GORILLA	James Taylor	Warner Bros
20	24	NON-STOP	B.T. Express	Roadshow
21	15	WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?	War	United Artists
22	23	STEPPIN'	Pointer Sisters	ABC/Blue Thumb
23	—	K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND	K.C. & The Sunshine Band	TK
24	28	YOUNG AMERICANS	David Bowie	RCA
25	—	OUTLAWS	Outlaws	Arista
26	30	AIN'T NO 'BOUT-A-DOUBT IT	Graham Central Station	Warner Bros
27	20	ENDLESS SUMMER	Beach Boys	Capitol
28	—	RIDE A ROCK HORSE	Roger Daltrey	MCA
29	—	MELLOW MADNESS	Quincy Jones	A&M
30	22	AMBROSIA	Ambrosia	20th Century

SUPPLIED BY: BILLBOARD

Top 30 Albums

1	1	ATLANTIC CROSSING	Rod Stewart	Warner Bros
2	2	THE BEST OF	Stylistics	Avco
3	6	CAT STEVENS' GREATEST HITS	Cat Stevens	Island
4	3	HORIZON	Carpenters	Island
5	7	THE VERY BEST OF ROGER WHITTAKER	Roger Whittaker	Columbia
6	4	ONCE UPON A STAR	Bay City Rollers	Bell
7	5	THANK YOU BABY	Stylistics	Avco
8	9	TUBULAR BELLS	Mike Oldfield	Virgin
9	8	ONE OF THESE NIGHTS	Eagles	Asylum
10	10	VENUS AND MARS	Wings	Apple
11	13	RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW	Ritchie Blackmore	Oyster
12	15	THE SINGLES 1969-1973	Carpenters	A&M
13	20	SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS	Simon & Garfunkel	CBS
14	22	E C WAS HERE	Eric Clapton	Polydor
15	12	CAPTAIN FANTASTIC	Elton John	DJM
16	17	TEN YEARS NON-STOP JUBILEE ALBUM	James Last	Polydor
17	11	THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK	10cc	Mercury
18	14	ROLLIN'	Bay City Rollers	Bell
19	16	THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON	Pink Floyd	Harvest
20	—	THE MYTHS & LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR	Rick Wakeman	A&M
21	23	STRAIGHT SHOOTER	Bad Company	Island
22	29	MUD ROCK VOL 2	Mud	RAK
23	18	BAND ON THE RUN	Wings	Apple
24	—	K C AND THE SUNSHINE BAND	K C & Sunshine Band	Jay Boy
25	—	ANOTHER YEAR	Leo Sayer	Chrysalis
26	—	TOMMY	Soundtrack	Polydor
27	19	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS	Elton John	DJM
28	28	GREATEST HITS OF 10cc	10cc	Decca
29	21	SNOWFLAKES ARE DANCING	Tomita	Red Seal
30	27	STEP TWO	Showaddywaddy	Bell

SUPPLIED BY: BRITISH MARKET RESEARCH BUREAU MUSIC WEEK

SOUNDS PLAYLIST

Geoff Barton	SUNSET AND OTHER BEGINNINGS	Melanie	Pre-release copy
Hearts	HEARTS	America	Warner Bros
B The Magpie	B THE MAGPIE	Pekka Pohjola	Virgin
Derek Canty	ONCE UPON A RHYME	David Allan Coe	CBS
Feelings	FEELINGS	Loretta Lynn and Conway Twitty	MCA
Streets of London	STREETS OF LONDON	Ralph McTell	Transatlantic
Barbara Charone	STICKY FINGERS	Rolling Stones	RS Records
All the Fun of the Fair	ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR	David Essex	CBS
Selling England by the Pound	SELLING ENGLAND BY THE POUND	Genesis	Charisma
Mugh Fielder	6 & 12 STRING GUITAR	Leo Kottke	Sonet
Inside Out	INSIDE OUT	Flock	Mercury
Cunning Stunts	CUNNING STUNTS	Caravan	Deram
John Ingham	TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT	Nell Young	Reprise
Now Look	NOW LOOK	Ron Wood	Warner Bros
Three Steps from True Love	THREE STEPS FROM TRUE LOVE	Billy Davis	ABC
Robin Katz	NEW YORK TENDABERRY	Laura Nyro	CBS
Christmas and the Beads of Sweat	CHRISTMAS AND THE BEADS OF SWEAT	Laura Nyro	CBS
Gonna Take a Miracle	GONNA TAKE A MIRACLE	Laura Nyro with Labelle	CBS
All Martin	DREAD LOCKS DREAD	Big Youth	Klik
I Can Stand a Little Rain	I CAN STAND A LITTLE RAIN	Joe Cocker	Cube
Another Year	ANOTHER YEAR	Leo Sayer	Chrysalis
Tony Mitchell	JOHN DAWSON WINTER II	Johnny Winter	Blue Sky
Still Alive and Well	STILL ALIVE AND WELL	Johnny Winter	CBS
Rainbow Bridge	RAINBOW BRIDGE	Jimi Hendrix	Reprise
Phil Sutcliffe	B THE MAGPIE	Pekka Pohjola	Virgin
Salsa	SALSA	Various Artists	Island
Fulfillingness	FULFILLINGNESS	Various Artists	A&M
First Finale	FIRST FINALE	Stevie Wonder	Tamla

Wax Fax

What the hell's goin' on

Those Yanks have such a way with words don't they? No latinate circumlocutions for them. Not even any beating about the bush. So if you peruse the Sidelines page of this publication I trust you will see a brief note in which a Yank (anon) poses **THE QUESTION** about the British charts. To wit: "What the hell's goin' on over there?"

A fine turn of phrase. Pungent, poignant and hitting the nail on the head too. The rigorous rhetorician had been studying the album charts and sees, for one, the following catalogue of winging wetness, and saccharine schlorp: The Carpenters (twice in the fifty), the Stylistics (twice) Roger Whittaker, (it still wrankles with this adopted Geordie that he didn't even know the 'Banks Of The River Tyne' were nowhere near 'Durham Town'), the Rollers (twice, 'nuff said, except that if they make it in the States I'll eat Johnnie Wakelin with the Brixton Kinscassa Band for dessert), and the mortifying James Last (if he visited a morgue he would be distinguishable from the long-stay clients by a ghastly grin and a slight agitation of the right elbow).



● PINK FLOYD:

Oh mighty orator, let us ask once more — what the hell's going on? We are buying brain-damaging billions of records bearing musick, musuck and musak to enter a coma by, songs for swinging anaesthetists. Or, as my favourite American phrasemaker, Marlon Barando, mumbled to his silver screen sweetheart: "What a steaming pile' of horseshit."

Now the other source of well-judged Yankee alarm for Limey music is the appearance in our charts of certain albums which have become more like monuments than the rocking rhythms of life. The Floyd, Mike Oldfield, Wings, Simon and Garfunkel, whether or not they are to your own taste, have to be respected. And yet it seems we are carrying proper appreciation to ridiculous extremes of reverence. Pieces of plastic placed on the high altar — so that nothing alters. And so even the finest pop music of our day comes to spread the mood of a gravestone. Impressive, Dignified, but expressing death just as forcibly as the non bio-gradable James Last. There must be some way out of here. Lively up yourself. — Phil Sutcliffe.

Have guts will travel

Wings are on the road at last, and this time it's a tight, rocking outfit. Barbara Charone joins the bandwagon on the run.

MADLINE HAS come a long way to be here in Manchester at the Midland Hotel. She has come all the way from New Jersey to see Paul McCartney and his band, Wings. Tonight will be the fourth concert Madeline has seen this week. It is also the fourth night of the Wings tour. This is no coincidence.

Diminutive in size, American in appearance with her 'Venus & Mars' T-shirt, blue jeans and sneakers, Madeline is waiting patiently in the hotel foyer for the band to emerge from their rooms upstairs and leave for the show. Hers is the dedicated kind of fanfare that forces hardened cynics to remember what it was like when the magic in the music was real.

"I'm gonna die," Madeline mumbles seriously, glancing at the growing crowd standing outside the hotel. "I haven't seen him since yesterday." Right now, life for this 21-year-old lady revolves exclusively around hotel lobby contact and the actual show. "When I see him for a minute I say 'great show.' Then I don't know what to say."

She has met Paul twice before during the 1973 Wings tour when she made the long journey from New Jersey to eagerly view every concert. Madeline has paid for this trip herself with money earned from odd jobs and collecting unemployment checks. In her spare time, she listens to Wings.

"My parents don't mind me travelling but they are definitely against me being such a big Wings fan. Life changed for me on August 28, 1965, when I saw 'Help.' Since then I've spent all my time, effort and money on the Beatles and Paul," she stopped for a minute to scan the foyer for famous faces. "It was really great that first night at Southampton. Paul said, 'Oh, it's you again.' I mean I was so knocked out. He remembered me!"

Just then the frenzied clamour reached a peak as Denny Laine, Joe English, Jimmy McCulloch, Paul and Linda McCartney invaded the lobby. Madeline smiled, Paul waved and signed a few autographs before departing for the Manchester Free Trade Hall. Paul McCartney is a professional. For more than 10 years now he's had microphones shoved in his face, flash bulbs explode before his eyes, and television crews scurry about him.

Check

Although this is the fourth show of the tour, the sound check is lengthy, patiently taking time to iron out minor flaws. They run through a live version of 'Live And Let Die'. Downstairs in the dressing room, publicist Tony Brainsby is giving an interviewer from Granada TV a quick crash course in 'Everything you've always wanted to know about Wings.' The smooth faced TV man with his blue suit asks one question: "Which instrument does Paul play?"

Ten minutes later the guy in the blue suit and the entire band are on camera, bright white spots beaming down as if it was an interrogation scene from 'Kojak'. The band, especially Paul and Linda, are both clever and evasive, perfectly sending up the silly questions. The entire gathering is good absurd comedy, something Monty Python fans would appreciate.

The blue suit is having great difficulty getting a serious answer out of Paul. Sample: How do you feel about Liverpool? 'Fine thank



you.' Or: Are you the boss or is it just interaction? 'Sorta boss but it's interaction too.' Rule one of perfecting the interview: confuse the interviewer.

Justifiably confused, he turns to Linda. "Go on," she teases, "ask me what it's like being married to an ex-Beatle." Instead he asks her about her role conflict; wife and band member. "It's all playing," she deadpans.

Frustrated he turns to Jimmy asking 'What's it like playing guitar with Wings?' "It's alright," Jimmy says without emotion, "just like playin' guitar."

Visibly shaken he turns to

Joe. "Joe, you're the new drummer, what's it like playing with Wings?" English, who hails from New York, affects a heavy Southern accent. "I think it's the greatest thing that's evah happened to me since mah first communion," he stops for a minute as everyone breaks into hysterics. "And when a'm not riding bulls, ah like to ride with Paul. Right Paul?"

It has been like that since the start of the tour. "Listen," Linda tells the publicist after the comic chat, "let's do the interviews after the show so they don't ask such stupid questions."

The two shows I saw, Man-

chester and Birmingham, went from good to better. If this kind of onstage progress continues at such productive speeds, the results could be devastating. Wings have changed. From the start of the 'Venus And Mars' intro that aggressively runs into 'Rock Show' it is evident that McCartney has stepped out of hesitant shadows, and confronted his reputation head-on. His presentation and charisma reek of an infectious self-confidence.

Two years ago Wings were a good pop band. Today they are a band. A banner hanging from the balcony which reads: SMILE AWAY is indicative

of the optimistic atmosphere. It is a two hour show featuring much from the last two Wings albums 'Band On The Run', and 'Venus And Mars'. The complicated arrangements lose nothing in their onstage transition with a four piece horn section that captures every vinyl nuance. Great care has been taken to reproduce the recorded sound. But the reproduction is far from sterile. In fact, most songs sound a good bit rockier onstage.

Two years ago McCartney shied away from doing any songs from his former band. 'Long Tall Sally' was the only concession to the past then. "It's good that we're doing

some of those songs," Paul said later after the show. "At one time I was a bit embarrassed, people saying 'Oh that's not as good as the Beatles.'"

"I was a bit embarrassed to do a solo spot then. But I just thought the songs either die and become legends of remembering when the Beatles did those songs, or people can come and hear us do them. The trouble is that some people are bound to think of the past too much. But you can't hold onto the past," he says in reasonably measured tones. "You leave the Beatles

● CONTINUED PAGE 8

HAVE GUTS WILL TRAVEL

● FROM PAGE 7

thing where it is or you keep one or two songs alive."

Those familiar memory joggers send chills down the collective audiences' spines breathing as one a sigh of recognition, watching your life flash before you through the context of a three minute song. 'Lady Madonna', rocks steadily, 'I've Just Seen A Face' pleases 'Help' LP aficionados, while 'Yesterday' and 'The Long And Winding Road' prompt eye ducts to water.

Paul, in his black kimono top, bounces round the stage, emphasising their rockability while Linda, in her dress with the orange and yellow 'Venus And Mars' blotches, supplies more than adequate keyboards and very good harmonies. Wings are in fact becoming a vocal group. Paul, Denny, and Linda sing beautifully together. Throughout the show, the vocals are just excellent.

Highlights are many. Jimmy McCulloch's 'Medicine Jar' is stuffed with punky rocking. 'Jet' is electric energy. 'Spirits Of Ancient Egypt' is slightly black. 'You Gave Me The Answer' with its gramophone vocal could fit at home in a West End musical. 'Magneto And Titanium Man' and 'Junior's Farm' are almost as good as 'Listen To What The Man Said' and 'High High High'.

The atmosphere is tight hearted and highly spirited. There are reggae interludes where Linda mumbles something about 'Rastafarians'. There was an improvisational kick off of 'Satisfaction'. Jimmy forgets to plug in his acoustic guitar during 'Drink To Me'. Yet the mistakes fit perfectly. If the show was flawless, you might as well stay home and listen to the records.

Stunned

Male shouts of 'Elo darling' are aimed at Linda while Paul catches female sighs of 'We love you'. Co-ed sections of the audience scream out "We want the Beatles" or "You're still OK Paul!". The atmosphere is livelier than two years ago. Part of the novelty of seeing McCartney onstage has worn off. Many still sit in stunned appreciation, mouth agape, singing along. By the end of the show the crowd collectively snaps out of the haze and swarms the stage.

Audience participation and reaction pulls better performances out of the band. Joe English discovers new energy levels and hits steamroller percussion while Denny Laine bounces round infecting the atmosphere and supplying excellent rhythm guitar.

Backstage after the Manchester show, one elderly journalist tells Paul he helped break the Beatles. "We made you," he tells Paul as if he deserves some special award. "We made you," Paul replies. Everywhere they go someone else says 'Remember me Paul' and every time they say that Paul politely replies, "Yes of course." He is a pro.

Most of the rock regulars on the road crew agree that this tour is a pleasant change. "For one thing you get paid regularly," one roadie mumbled. It is the kind of tour that limo drivers relish compared to more flamboyant stars than the McCartneys. "What nice people," said the man with the badge that said: CHAUFFEUR.

"It's refreshing," said Ian Knight, the man responsible for Led Zeppelin and Genesis stages. "I've never worked with a band before who did 28 three-minute songs. None of those boring solos here."

Madeline thinks it's refreshing too. "Everything is just so fantastic," she said in between lobby duty. "Paul is so nice,



friendly, talented, gorgeous. Everything about him is just fantastic! I'd just like to thank him."

Still, Madeline admits she'd be at a loss for words if they ever got a chance to talk. "I'd be really scared. Very nervous. Not because he'd do anything but," she pauses in euphoria, "being the way I feel about him. I mean he's everything to me. I couldn't talk!"

So she stalks the hotel lobby content with a quick hello. After the shows the band has been relaxing with a light supper and plenty of alcohol. Rented films supply the evening entertainment, helping them wind-down after the in concert frenzy. 'American Graffiti' and 'Blazing Saddles' have supplied as many laughs as the television interviews.

Interviewing McCartney is a difficult task, not because he's unfriendly but because the interviews are geared towards the surface level only, quick 15 minute back stage chat amidst an atmosphere of chaos and policemen who want autographs, automatically disrupting any chance of penetrating the surface. When McCartney speaks, it's hard to tell if he's bored, polite or cautious.

The German television crew is standing outside Paul and Linda's dressing room, waiting to film the dash to the limousines. Inside the couple are friendly and relaxed. Heather, one of their three children, comes bounding into the room. "That was really a victory," she says of the exuberant Birmingham audience, "a great show."

"The thing is we like to rock," Paul says as Linda sings a bit of 'Tumbling Dice'. "Sometimes people think I just do the quiet songs. You get pigeon holed when you do interviews. I don't think my fans ever thought of me only as a balladeer. Most people who knew were aware of 'I'm Down', (Madeline's first single purchase) 'Long Tall Sally', or Kansas City, which is pretty

rocky stuff. "HELTER SKELTER, say it's your birthday," Linda says in tune.

This band, Paul says genuinely, is his most comfortable yet, the easiest to work with, the best to play with. When Denny Siewell and Henry McCulloch left Wings a trio, the McCartneys plus the all important Denny Laine rallied with their best effort yet, 'Band On The Run'.

"That's what I mean," Paul says of their survival, "what we've got is..."

"GUTS," Linda says bluntly.

"Yeah. I mean we've had to show an awful lot of guts. More than I wish. It surprised people cause I think round the time the Beatles split there was talk that I was the baddie, that I was splitting the group up. That's totally untrue. I was trying to keep the group together. It's not like the little play in the West End you know," he laughs. "Come on Paulie one more time for the group. I was on the other side."

"We waited around for a couple of months till gradually everything fizzled out. We always wanted to keep going but..." he stops for a minute and sips his whisky and Coke. "So I got another band which wasn't too good but alright and then got a second band that was almost OK. We're happy we've reached this stage now with a good band."

There was another knock on the door, informing Paul that he'd better leave now because the police were getting nervous about all the fans surrounding the limo. I thought about a line from the exquisite 'Blackbird', sung earlier that evening, "take these broken wings and learn to fly/you were only waiting for this moment to arrive."

"We've been through a few rough times," Paul said getting up to leave, "but ya know, it's working out OK."

Madeline would probably agree.

WHEN I WAS at school there was a small clique of older guys, who seemed to spend their entire lives in their study playing an endless stream of albums by strange-named bands like Moby Grape, Love, Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane. They were very serious about it, almost to the point of snobbery. Whenever a new West Coast album hit the London import stores, they'd send off a postal order. Then when it arrived, they'd sit around the stereo for hours, grooving.

Somehow they put me off. Maybe because I was 15 and into having "Fun Fun Fun" with the Beach Boys, or perhaps it was the elitism they flaunted so proudly.

Then, one rainy afternoon, they invited me in to catch some new vinyl, fresh from the States. There was Love's incredible masterpiece 'Forever Changes' and the Dead's 'Aoxomoxo'. I the vernacular of the time, it blew my mind. From there on it was total addiction. The Airplane's 'Volunteers', Quicksilver's 'Happy Trails', It's A Beautiful Day, Janis Joplin and Big Brother And The Holding Company... the lot. Those were the days. Then, just as suddenly as I'd been introduced to the West Coast rockers, the creative spirit began to dry up. First, Love could never match 'Forever Changes', then Quicksilver appeared to crack up, Janis went crazy and finally, Marty Balin left Jefferson Airplane and they went to the dogs.

Catalyst

Though Balin hadn't written a mass of songs or appeared the 'star' of the Airplane, his stunning, soaring voice had been an essential part of the magic. Marty had been the group's catalyst; drawing power from the others, urging them along into a position where they had become America's favourite home-grown talent. There was nobody even close.

Then he quit. The Airplane carried on without him, first with 'Bark', then 'Long John Silver' and finally '30 Seconds Over Winterland', growing progressively worse to a point where, with

The transformation of Jefferson Airplane to Jefferson Starship has been a long and tortuous one. Almost from take-off there have been rumblings of discontent among crew members punctured by voluntary departures, dismissals and brave new faces. And as the craft pursued its course, smaller expeditionary forces were mounted to explore neighbouring galaxies. Recently it seemed that everyone was off exploring and there was no-one left to control the mother ship. But the return of founder member Marty Balin has added a new direction and power. In the first of two articles Andy McConnell relates the rise of the Airplane up to Balin's departure.



● It still flies but the going gets a little bumpy at times

the Winterland live album, the Airplane had become embarrassing.

All that time Marty mostly sat at home, briefly putting his own band, Bodacious, and an album together. As a reaction against the Airplane's painfully long periods in the studio, Marty's album took just nine days to record; and it showed.

Then, late last Summer, he and Airplane (now Starship) mainstay Paul Kantner wrote a song together, 'Caroline'. Marty went down to Wally Heider's studio to record it with the band and things went well. The album 'Dragonfly' was duly released and the song received raves.

In November Marty, a mutual friend and I were sitting around in Marty's Mill Valley home when he suddenly declared: "I want to join the Starship."

Pow! "If I join," he continued casually, "it's going to be really interesting because those guys are good. Paul's much more together now. He's like he used to be in the old days. We'll be working on some things that'll be very interesting."

Two days later he sang 'Caroline' as an encore during

a two-night Starship Winterland spot. It was the first time he'd sung with them since 1969. The home-town crowd flipped.

1974 however, was the Year of Reunions and the public consensus was 'let's wait and see what happens'. They waited until late Spring when the Starship went on the road... with Marty a full-time member (along with Grace Slick, vocals; Paul Kantner, rhythm guitar and vocals; Johnny Barbata, drums; Pete Sears, bass; David Freiberg, keyboards; Craig Chaquico, guitar and Papa John Creach, fiddle and vocals). Though reviews were far from overwhelming — partly because of the large proportion of new material in the set — it re-established Marty with his old cohorts.

Now, two months later, the Starship's first album with Marty back as a full-time partner, 'Red Octopus', is at the top of the US album charts, their highest chart position since 1968.

Back in November, Bill Thompson, Airplane/Hot Tuna/Starship manager for nearly seven years, declared: "Marty will be an extremely positive influence within the band if he rejoins." His pro-



● The Airplane in flight. Left to right are: Paul Kantner, Spencer Dryden, Grace Slick, Jack Casady, Marty Balin and Jorma Kaukonen

THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE

phency has stood the test of time. The Starship are a happening band, once again.

Balin was a folk singer when he first met Paul Kantner in 1965. The Beatles were in the process of taking America by storm and their energy and popularity impressed them both. They wanted a pop group of their own, consisting of the finest musicians in San Francisco and the surrounding Bay Area. No second-bests.

It took a while. First were guitarist Jorma Kaukonen, bassist Bob Harvey and singer Signe Anderson. Then Marty bumped into Skip Spence one evening and began talking.

"We're forming a pop group," explained Balin. "We need a drummer. Can you play?"

"No," Spence admitted. "Okay," smiled Marty. "You wanna join?"

Skip Spence duly became Airplane's first drummer. With Jack Casady in to replace the incompatible Harvey on bass, the membership was complete. Marty now suggests their name was an idea of Jorma's but the story of how the name came about changes with each telling.

New Spirit

In the beginning the Airplane were clearly a new spirit in music, and record companies shied away. Then, an RCA staff engineer heard them and demanded his company sign them. RCA picked up the Airplane on a long-term low-percentage contract which was eventually to create bad feeling between band and label.

Their first album, 'Jefferson Airplane Takes Off' was recorded between December 1965 and January '66. It was an epoch-making album, pioneering a completely new movement in modern music, though few realised it at the time.

The excitement the Airplane was causing within San Francisco inspired a host of other bands. Singer Grace Slick and her husband Gerry saw a photograph of the Airplane in the *San Francisco Chronicle* and decided to go see them at the club. Impressed by the idea, they formed their own outfit, The Great Society.

Yet even as RCA were pressing copies of 'Take Off', a pregnant Signe Anderson quit and Skip Spence, who never came up to par, was thrown out. Los Angeles-based jazz session drummer Spencer Dryden was called in to replace Spence, and Grace Slick took over from Anderson, bringing The Great Society's best two songs with her: 'Somebody To Love' and 'White Rabbit'.

Foremost

With several months of experience from playing clubs and road gigs, the Airplane entered the studio to record a second album. They had experimented with the increasingly fashionable LSD on their first, but 'Surrealistic Pillow' was cut almost exclusively under the influence of it. With a new base of their rhythm section and lead singer, the basic sound altered. The tight harmonies a la Mamas and Pappas with Grace and Marty holding the spotlight, gentle melodies and tight foundations created a sensation. Both 'White Rabbit' and 'Somebody To Love' were million-selling singles, while the album marked up 1,500,000 sales. By the Summer of '67, Jefferson Airplane had been catapulted into the position of America's foremost rock and roll band.

RCA couldn't believe their ears when the band handed them the follow-up, 'After Bathing At Baxter's'. Naturally, they were expecting a near-duplication of its dollar-spinning predecessor. Instead, the Airplane served up the definitive acid album. It took nine months of on-off recording to complete. The method was simple: enter the studio, block-busted on LSD, and jam, leaving tapes rolling. Then listen back to see if there was anything worth developing. The process was repeated night after night, week after week.



● The crew that laid their heads on the 'Surrealistic Pillow'

'Baxters' sold 350,000, a respectable amount for the time, especially when considering the experimental nature of the music. Yet it wasn't so much the Airplane's music that had led them to the fore. In that burning Summer of '67, they aroused America's youth and enraged its elders. They played free concerts from coast to coast, spreading and encouraging radicalism through song. They weren't creators of a movement but they were its most potent catalyst. An Airplane concert was among the most exhilarating musical experiences of the decade. "Sometimes I felt so much power within me that I could have torn buildings down," smiles Marty today. "The whole thing was a giant party."

Sadly, the months spent in the studio took a heavy toll over relationships within the group. Primarily, Marty was upset by the length of time it took to record 'Baxters' while Jorma and Jack began to draw away from the band's musical path towards blues purism.

"I'm a very punctual person," states Marty. "I'd get into the studio on time, but everybody else would turn up three or four hours late. I'd just sit there with the engineers and when they'd eventually turn up I'd rant and rage and say: 'who the fuck do you think you are?' Everyone would apologise but it would be exactly the same the next night. It went on, month after month; thousands of dollars passing away. It was just noise and drugs. It was getting boring, fucking boring."

Spencer Dryden was becoming tired of the petty bickering and ego battles within the band. "When I first joined everybody had one amp. Then Jorma went to see Cream. He came back with two amps, so Paul went out to get three, so Jorma got four. It was fucking

childish." Meanwhile, Dryden was stuck in the middle behind his acoustic drumkit with no amplification being forced into playing louder and louder to make himself heard. Like many drummers, he turned to amphetamines to increase his energy. "I was slowly getting more and more wasted," he admits.

'Crown Of Creation' found them more musically settled. Perhaps they had reached the bounds of spontaneous acidic confusion. Marty began to feel that the Airplane should expand their horizons to encompass new ideas, but Jorma, a musical purist, would tolerate none of it.

Factions

As arguments continued, the band began to break into factions. The way he tells it, and manager Bill Thompson bears him out, Marty was the voice of common sense. "The managers were killing the band. They gave everybody exactly what they wanted. 'I want \$50,000; I want a Lear jet (private hire) back from the gig'. We lived like kings, but it was ridiculous. They had so much money that they couldn't see any reason to rehearse or change the music however slightly."

The Airplane rarely rehearsed, either before touring or recording. "The first three albums were interesting, but after 'Baxters' nobody wanted to work with each other," says Marty. For example, when it was time for Casady to lay his bass tracks down he'd insist the studio was completely empty and refused to record if other band members were present.

"On the road everything would be amazing," remembers Marty. "After three or four dates everything would gel, but then we'd come home; everybody would split up and you wouldn't see them for weeks. I'd want to try to

find something even better for the next time we'd go out, but nobody would show up for rehearsals."

Nevertheless, Jefferson Airplane remained America's top band. Record companies rushed into San Francisco like lemmings, signing anything that strummed a guitar in much the same way that Liverpool had been over-run two years before in the wake of the Beatles.

The inner conflicts and frictions had a direct result; the Airplane became angry. With their first live album, 'Bless Its Pointed Little Head', recorded live at the Fillmores East and West, they entered the studio and cut their masterpiece, 'Volunteers'. In it the pressures culminated to a point where one felt the band was ready to explode:

All your private property is Target for your enemy. And your enemy is we. We are the forces of chaos and anarchy. We are everything we say we are, And we are very proud of ourselves. Up against the wall. Up against the wall, motherfuckers. Tear down the walls, Tear down the walls.

Of course, 'We Can Be Together' was an overstatement, but then so was the entire album. Kantner was no anarchist, no Karl Marx. Indeed he voted for Bobby Kennedy and George McGovern in Presidential elections. The point is that 'Volunteers' was a vent, and accordingly portrayed out-and-out violence. Shrieking yet beautiful.

Kantner borrowed a rhythm guitar riff the Dead's Bob Wier had coined for 'St Stephen' from 'Aoxomoxoa', added a little speed and used it for the axis of 'We Can Be Together' and 'Volunteers' itself. That unmistakable riff became an Airplane riff after Marty's departure.

Significantly, there wasn't a single collaboration between the Slick/Kantner and Casady/Kaukonen camps on the album. Though its erotic intentions are clear, Grace just could have been thinking of Jack and Jorma when she wrote 'Hey Frederick':

Either go away or go all the way in. Look what you hold. Come back down on a spear of silence.

Jack and Jorma had started their own band Hot Tuna as a secondary concern, but inevitably they found themselves giving it a stronger commitment than the mother band.

1969 was the traumatic year; the year the Airplane hit its peak — the year of both Woodstock and Altamont. The band became a police target. "We'd get into town and the narcs would follow us in from the airport trying to look really cool," laughs Paul at the memory. "They were always in a plain dark car with a little aerial on the back."

Woodstock

They hit the Woodstock stage as the sun rose, dog-tired and stoned out of their brains. There are various stories as to why they never appeared on the movie. Grace claims: "We refused to go on it because we didn't get on until so late that it looked like we were about to die. We were kind of sloppy." Spencer, Grace's one-time old man says: "By the time we went on the guy who was supposed to be filming it fell asleep." Another story, probably the truth, suggests that sound, film and performance were all okay, but the group were refused an opportunity to mix the tapes of their performance. Subsequently they vetoed their appearance in the movie that did so much for all the other groups.

Everybody agrees about Al-

tamont, the free concert they played with the Rolling Stones north of San Francisco. It was a disaster. As the Airplane performed they noticed a 250-pound man making his way towards the stage. As he approached, Hells Angels, hired for security purposes, pounced and pounded him to pulp with billiard cues. Marty noticed a friend being beaten shortly afterwards, leapt off the stage to help out, but was thrashed too. Marty didn't talk the whole way back to San Francisco. His face was badly swollen and he was generally in a state of severe shock.

Spencer was the first to leave. The Airplane had worn him out, both mentally and physically. He, like Marty, had become disenchanted with the group. He claims: "It became too much like a business. There was too much emphasis on making money and not enough on making music. It was too restricting." Yet Marty, on hearing Spencer's claims, adds, "Spencer had to leave because he'd become too much of a businessman. He was managing Grace and going with her too. She'd never say anything at meetings; you had to go through Spencer to get anything done. It was a Sonny and Cher routine."

The crunch came one night on the road during the early months of 1970. The band had played its set and was being called back for a fourth encore. Marty wanted to do it but Spencer was exhausted: he felt enough was enough and wanted time to recover. Marty insisted and dragged the drummer out, forcing him to play. Spencer quit the following day. Joey Covington, who'd played congas on 'Volunteers' replaced him.

Spencer's departure did nothing to mend the wounds within the group. The arguing factions polarised; Jack and Jorma pressed ahead alone and recorded their first album together, 'Hot Tuna', while Paul and Grace ventured into the realms of sci-fi with Paul's 'Blows Against The Empire'. The band for the album was essentially the Airplane without Jack and Jorma and with a motley bunch of Bay Area musicians playing cameo roles in their place under the loose title of Jefferson Starship. The Starship album proved a stunning contrast to 'Volunteers'. Sure, it was a trippy album with swirling melodies and cool, severe vocals, but the overall atmosphere was one of relaxed fun.

"The Starship was just a name," explains Kantner. "Just a word. There were a lot of songs about starships. We didn't think about forming a band. There was a group formed out of those sessions though — Garcia, Crosby, Nash, myself and some others — which we called the Planet Earth Rock'n' Roll Orchestra which has yet to do anything."

While the album was in the making, Marty Balin, founding member of the Airplane, left the band. He had grown increasingly detached and disenchanted over a period of two years. With blues/boogie fiddle-playing Papa John Creach added for extra instrumentation, the Airplane pulled itself together for England's epic Bath Festival.

"We went to Europe and played really terribly," says Marty recalling the incidents that led up to his final decision to leave. "But still nobody wanted to rehearse. Then we went out and played the Fillmore in our home town against Quicksilver who had a horn section for the night, and the Dead. Everybody else was great but we were the shits. I woke up the next morning and found out Janis was dead," he says solemnly. "That was my signal to quit."

He did. 'Hey Fredrick': words and music by Grace Slick. Copyright 1969 by Mole Music. All rights reserved.

'We Can Be Together': words and music by Paul Kantner. Copyright 1969 by Icebag Corp. All rights reserved.

NEXT WEEK: Out of control — and heading for disaster!

Short stretch for

sidelines

EDITED BY PHIL SUTCLIFFE

Jack The Lad

THERE'S MANY a rock band who should be locked up and there's many who have been for a range of daft and dopey misdemeanours but precious few would actually volunteer to spend a day in the nick.

However Jack the Lad are game for anything, and next week they break off from the students' unions and civic halls of their British tour for a gig in the chapel at Durham jail.

It came about through the good-time band's holier connections: a teacher and a friend from their schooldays are now both prison chaplains and they put the idea to the Lad. It turned out they were no strangers to playing behind closed doors either. Unwinding after their set at London's Nashville the other night lead singer Bill Mitchell recalled the time they hit Wandsworth.

"Those walls. The moment you get in the courtyard and realise you can't get out — what a terrible feeling, overpowering. And then one of the prisoners was making us a cup of tea and apologising to me for not having anything stronger when one of the band across the room said: 'Let's go and get some beer before they shut', and we all nipped out. Somehow that brought it home to me.

"In the chapel the lifers were in a separate section surrounded by guards and they weren't allowed to move at all. But did we get some stick off them. The best was when I

was doing this long explanation of a song about emigrating to Australia and how it was no use running away, and this voice shouts out: 'What about Ronnie Biggs? Emigrating didn't do him any harm did it?' We just broke up.

"It's funny playing to an audience with no women. That's half of what rock is about — looking each other over and chatting up while the band's playing. That felt unnatural."

So what made them so willing to repeat the experience: "With the petty criminals I felt very sorry for them and also glad we could give them some pleasure. But I know a place like Durham has the child-killers, rapists and bombers as well and all those things are terrible. Still, I can't see that it should take away all their human rights.

"We were afraid before we went inside the first time, but now we're looking forward to it."



● ... so I said to Pele: 'If you think Alice is a funny name for a guy, what about Edson Arantes do Nascimento?' The twin strikers met in Gothenburg, Sweden.

Tales of a rugged warrior

CUTTING THE Berry Gordian knot which ties you to years of commercial success in the Tamla family cannot be easy but Edwin Starr, recently on the British circuit with Hamilton Bohannon, is one who has survived to tell the tale with some satisfaction.

He left in January and signed with ATV Music. Now he muses on his days at what he sees as the black bubble-gum factory. "It was a mutually agreed situation. I had been with Motown for eight years and the time span of a hit every year was not enough for an artist to build any kind of status.

"I think they restricted me to one single a year because I couldn't do the bubble-gum songs that they were world-famous for. I had to do some-

thing more of the calibre of 'SOS', '25 Miles' or 'War'. Yeh, I wasn't their cup of tea.

"I happened to be the left-field artist in a right-field company. '25 Miles' and 'War' were definitely not Motown sounds but they happened to be giant records for the company."

Which seems somewhat contradicted by his complaint that all his material was chosen for him by the Motown moguls — either it's not true or they chose well and belied their production-line reputation.

Warrior

"They didn't feel I could handle the whole syndrome of writing, producing and arranging. Now I've proved myself because my first record with ATV, 'Pain', got to 25 in the States."

Starr is 33, with 15 years in music; a rugged warrior. "I have to admire anyone who has the stamina to stay in this business — there's a lot of mental aggravation and physical wear and tear. Now I have to rekindle all the lost ground of the last few years. I owe everything to the fans. I'm trying to provide my best work for them." — Niall Cluley.

Persona Grata

WE MAY no longer tote a Pole with the departure of Piotr Makowski but that doesn't stop the news coming through on the rockin' mazurka front.

Like this little snippet of inside info: You may have noticed our report 'Troggs Storm Poland' last week. Well, it seems they broke an effective ban on foreign groups operated by currency restrictions for some time because an unnamed Iron Curtain wild thing persuaded the Communist party newspaper to invite them — and a persona can't get any more grata than that.

Clapton as clown

THERE WAS an awful crowd of people staring at Eric Clapton last weekend when he appeared as a clown in a charity show staged by Irish film producer Kevin McClory.

The entertainment was pre-

■ **MANY AMERICANS** are casting despairing eyes over the British charts these days. One of the US trade magazines ran a story last week saying Tammy Wynette was the top-selling singles' artist for the first six months of 1975 across the Atlantic. What with James Last, The Bay City Rollers, Mud, Johnny Mathis, Carpenters, Stylistics and several-year-old albums dominating the charts, and gems like 'Funky Moped' and 'El Bimbo' cornering the singles' market, many are wondering what the hell's going on over there. Few people, on the other hand, are asking why so many British acts are moving to the US these days.

sented at Staffan House, McClory's County Kildare home, in aid of the Central Remedial Clinic and the Variety Club of Ireland. In addition to the divine axeman, Shirley McLaine, Judy Geeson, Siobhan McKenna, Richard Harris, Burgess Meredith and Milo O'Shea all exercised their talents.

The attractions were a strange confection of circus disco and medieval banquet with music by the Chieftains. The artists gave their services free and tickets for the extravaganza were £20.

McClory is quoted as saying he would like it to become an annual event — with someone else staging it next year!

SPOT THE ROCK STAR



● This is a spot the rock star contest. You can't do it? Well, here's a clue? Look for the fag, I mean ciggy. Still too tough eh? Right. Look for the only one without a tie. No? Okay, zoom in on the guy between the third from the right and the sixth from the left. He's Ian Gillan, ex-Deep Purple, who has just opened his first motorbike showroom in Mangotsfield, Bristol. Still can't spot him? Well as an extra incentive we are offering a prize of one slightly used 750 c.c. Alfa Martin.

The Rocky Harp Show



● JAM: just harp at them!

AMONG THE back drop scenery of 'The Rocky Horror Show' at the King's Road Theatre, London, the 12 finalists of the SOUNDS / HOHNER harmonica competition took to the stage last week in the hope of winning a free trip to Germany.

From the 12, six were chosen to compete at the International Harmonica Championship at Offenburg, West Germany, between October 3-5. The five-day all expenses paid trip also offers each of the six a chance of winning part of the £2,000 contest cash prizes.

The lucky six were: Anthony Grant from Southport; Peter Hopewell, Nottingham; Paul Lamb, Northumberland; Paul Maloney, London; Stephen Smith, London; and Andrew Walton from Coventry.

Hohner's Les Stewart was more interested in the partici-

pation than the competing and so it was that Judd Lander of Chrysalis Records awarded each of the 12 finalists £20 worth of Hohner harmonicas.

The two-hour jam after the awards confirmed Les's suspicion that a yearly convention of harp players is sorely needed.



● **WINNER:** Paul Maloney (right) receives his £20 voucher from Judd Lander

Reviews:

TV

THEATRE

Supersonic pretty hot stuff

SO THERE we were, tea and toast and early morning telly, turned into 'Saturday Scene' because the Beeb had dropped 'Bilko' and nothing else was on. Sally James and Pilot were sleepwalking through the birthday requests, and it seemed about as good a time as any to take the empties back.

Chandelier

But then the chandelier started swaying, the walls began to quake, the cat jumped six feet into the air, and all hell broke loose with the debut of ITV's latest foray into "what the kids want" — an aptly-named audio-visual extravaganza called 'Supersonic'. If the prim pandemonium of 'TOTP' is supposedly enough to turn grey grandmas greyer, the coming-apart-at-the-seams chaos of 'Supersonic' should lead to far more serious problems.

As one of those new-fangled exercises in television *au natural* 'Supersonic' seems constantly to teeter on the very brink of disaster. Three cameramen, elbows in each other's ears, battle it out under Suzi Quatro's stomping feet while the floor crew crawl around under Gilbert O'Sullivan's piano and rearrange the set midway through his song. David Essex sways glassy-eyed in the control room, introducing a slightly stunned, obscured-by-confetti, bumping and grinding Linda Lewis; while Alvin Stardust, perched on a camera boom, does odd things with microphones and champagne bottles — all to an audience of super-sonically screaming young ladies.

Bubbles

It's structured without structure — lots of lights, bubbles, camera cables, balloons, shirt-sleeved TV people, control room choreography, and crazy angles — careering along at a velocity that's enough to make your hair curl. In short, 'Supersonic' is pretty hot stuff for Saturday morning (or whatever God-forsaken time they show it where you are) — ridiculous enough not to make any difference, even if you're not as young as you used to be. The colours are nice and there's nary a Blackburn grin or an OBE in sight — Dan Hedges.

THE LADY from the Gilbert and Sullivan Society did a Mary Whitehouse/Ross McWhirter and condemned 'The Black Mikado' as 'vulgar' in the same breath as she refused to go and see it.

So that's the purist audience deleted. Then again, surely pop/rock fans must be dubious about accepting a highlified-up Victorian comic opera. So who will go to see this show?

The silent majority if its backers' predictions are anything to go by. They predict a two-year run for it at the Cambridge Theatre.

Which means that over 100,000 people are going to have a good time. Partly because the G & S Soc lady was right. For example, that refined satirical ditty, 'Three Little Maids From School', is presented as a strip sequence with the cast's entire complement of gorgeous black ladies removing St Trinian's gymslips to vamp around in clinging gowns slit to the waist. It doesn't go any further but that kind of Pan's People sexiness purrs through the whole show and had this old codger sweating a bit.

The same sort of simple conversion job has been done on the music. Basically, the policy is to Afro-rock everything and the pace and the teamwork which links the stars to the back-line dancers,

Taking the Black Mikado

makes that acceptable even over a couple of hours. Early in the second half the startling delivery of a four-part unaccompanied madrigal indicates that the show could have had a lot more range because most of the singers have plenty in hand. But that would probably have made the album sound a lot classier while scrambling and slowing up the stage show, and that is not how the priorities lie.

'Black Mikado' has that youthful sense of joy which I thought had been transmuted into a plastic imitation after 'Hair'. It's not a knock-out, no call to rush forth and beat the box office door down, but you really would have to be pretty bolshie not to find it nice.

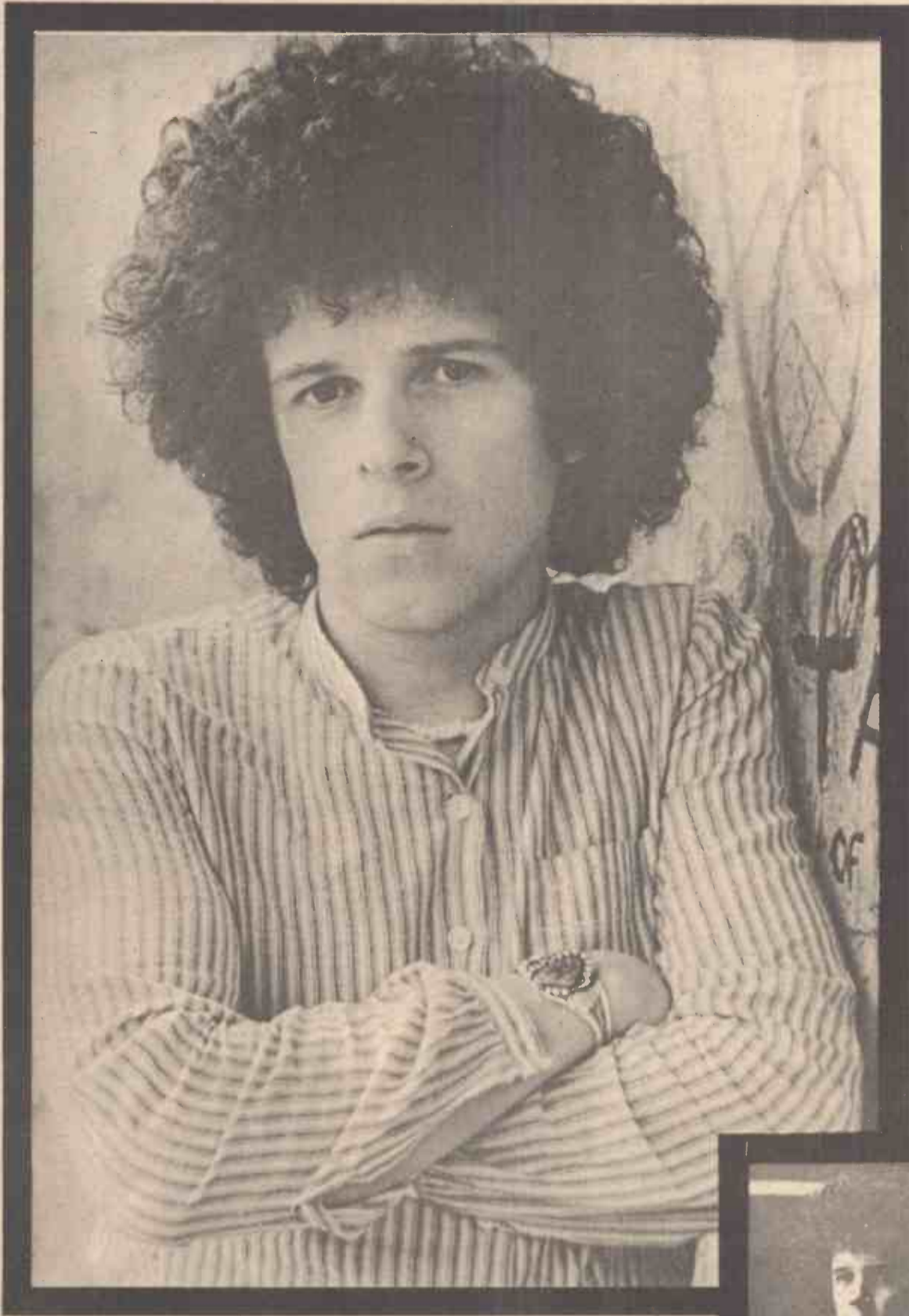
There's the gospel/blues power of Anita Tucker (with the Duke, the Count and Louis behind her in her time) singing up an astonishing storm in a comic fat lady role. There's a mountain and jungle fantasy set; a black band clad in leopard skins and pith helmets; and even some durable funny lines from G & S which fell freshly on my unoperated ears. Go on, enjoy it. — Phil Sutcliffe.

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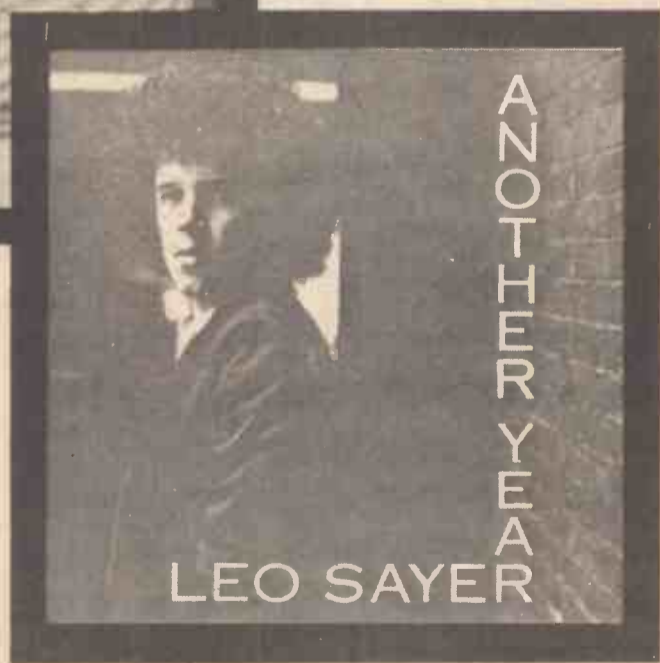
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ANOTHER YEAR
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ON **Chrysalis** RECORDS

DEEP IN the bowels of Television Centre, Chris Spedding whiles away the hours in a dressing room, waiting for those few minutes on 'TOTP' when 10 million people will see and hear him promoting 'Motorbiking', his first hit record, ever closer to that magic Number One. In the hall outside, members of Pilot clatter a Frisbee off the doors and walls; inside, opposite an array of leather jackets and a 'Wild Ones' motorcycle cap, Spedding merely sits and waits. And waits. And waits.

"No wonder solo artists are mostly loony," he mutters as the fifth hour of purgatory slides by. He has four more hours to go, interrupted only by a run-through. About the most interesting event in the day has been the gaff of admitting to her face that he didn't remember one of the backup singers who had accompanied him during his first 'Pops' stint two weeks previously. He's constantly saying things like that without thinking; people keep telling him he's arrogant for doing so. But then his bike boy wardrobe isn't exactly supporting claims to the contrary.

Influenced

"But it's not a conscious thing done for the public," he retorts. "I don't go home and change into a kaftan or something ... It must refer to something in my personality — clothes always do, don't they? I grew up in the Fifties, I'm very influenced by that period. I still think it looks good."

You must have had fun during psychedelia ...

SPEEDING SPEDDING

"Well, none of it was really me. I didn't listen to blues, I never became a guitar hero like almost all the other guitarists. The thought of it really bored me. Eric Clapton was taking care of it in his area, Jimi Hendrix in his area, so why not take care of it in my area, which I did — rhythm section playing as opposed to hairy lead guitar playing, which takes the public about three years to discover what you're doing. It's taken them 10 years to find out how good Keith Richard is."

Back then he was "the sound effects man" with Nucleus, utilising a battery of pedals and switches across stages the length and breadth of the Northern hemisphere. Now he uses one pick-up and the tone and volume knobs, relying largely on the latter.

"The trouble with most people using boxes and pedals is they can't get a proper sound. And pedals introduce another thought process: do I press the pedal?, what's the sound like?, will I improve the sound if I press the pedal? ... You're looking down at your feet all the time."

Before and after this tussle with live gigging Spedding spent his time as one of the country's top session men, until now he's played with everybody and it's a choice of moving on or stagnating.

"That's why I left doing sessions to join the Sharks. Even when things weren't going well I didn't leave, because people would say, 'Oh, he didn't last long did he? He hasn't got much stamina — he's not a rock and roller.' I wanted to prove that I was a lead guitarist in a group and dug being onstage in front of people. And I think I got the point over, because people

now think of me as a guitarist who can do a good live concert."

His abilities on the boards, while appreciated in Sharks, took on wide public notice earlier this year via John Cale and Roy Harper's Trigger. He was initially called in for the respective albums, the ensembles growing out of the session crews. At the same time he nipped in with Mickie Most and in three hours knocked out 'Motorbiking'.

"Well, it's time to step out. I'm much surer of what I'm doing. I've made about all the mistakes it's possible to make. I've consolidated it. This is a conscious attempt to start a career under my own name; to have some hit singles that will establish a Chris Spedding Sound, so that when I form a group people will know what to expect."

His first attempt at a solo career came via two albums on Harvest four years ago; then a single on Island earlier this year. Meanwhile he was providing the guitars — which in many cases sold the record to a vast public — for many of Mickie Most's hits. Most is a man whose considerable abilities as a smash hitmeister has earned him consistent scorn from the jealous and the snobbish. Spedding characterises him as a pipeline: "If I play him a song and he likes it, then half of Britain likes it." He also trusts Most's producing abilities. It was natural that he should end up on Rak.

'Motorbiking' was released three months ago, the only single Rak pluggers had to worry about for two weeks. It received initial attention, then seemed to fade away. But it continued selling steadily, until having made the Top 50 it was picked up by 'Top Of The Pops'. The rest, music

lovers, is history.

"I thought it was very instant. I recorded it at the same time as —" he decides not to name a certain hit that he played on, describing it as "a very, very, very big Summer hit that went straight up the charts and it's about dropping out now." — "We were both released the same week and I expected mine to follow it up and follow it down again. Very instant. But it's a grower, exactly the sort of thing a big world wide hit is. It's the sort of thing that will probably be re-released lots of times ... Become a classic."

Now that's what I'd call arrogance, or at least assurance. Whether the man's correct remains to be seen; only now that it has the weight of being a hit behind it is it being re-released in 'the territories'? American release hasn't been set but Chris is confident it will sell a million copies there. America means a lot to him.

High level

"It's very important; I'm just waiting for the right moment. The band has to be successful in America, otherwise there's no point in having a band. We learnt with the Sharks that a band can't exist in England, purely on economic grounds. I want a band on a pretty high level and the guys I want to get are worth a lot of bread and I don't want to have to shop about doing clubs and small gigs to just about pay the road crew and hotels. I did that with Sharks."

You can expect a band to follow the next single and a "party" album due for February.

The hours have been skiing by, there's still several more to go. Suddenly, what is perhaps the most obvious question of all occurs. Chris, do you own a motorbike?

"No, not yet. I want to get one as soon as I've got time, but I don't have a licence yet. Also, doing sessions, it's a bit hard to carry guitars on a bike."

What about bike movies. Seen 'The Wild Ones'?

"Yeah, saw it a while ago I thought it was boring."

Interview Jonh Ingham



● CHRIS SPEDDING: no licence

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WHEN I first saw Al Matthews perform there was a shrewd hint or two that he would not always be where he was — which was supporting Hawkwind in a suburban hall.

Even then he seemed like something of a misfit. The audience were of the proverbial plum pudding stuff, but Al was up there laughing and joking and asking the audience whether they, too, weren't in showbusiness. In between he played good songs and accompanied himself on guitar with more than a touch of the Ritchie Havens about him, which was hardly surprising as he had been a sideman of Havens's once.

Al also seemed to share some of the old fashioned performer's virtues which are something that is sneered at occasionally: a feeling for, and trust of the audience, no matter how big it was, the length of its hair or its favoured vices. He treated an audience of bombed-out Amsterdam hippies with the kind of gentle ribbing that you might have expected, say, at a hotel cabaret. All I can say is that they seemed to like it.

Well I didn't think much more about it until one day on Capital Radio I heard an unusually involving record called 'Fool' and was very agreeably surprised to find that it was by Al I'd thought he would find a niche but obviously his openness had paid off; here he was singing soul records. And on TV as well. Here he was, on 'Top Of The Pops', inviting me to admire his 'costume' — white duck trousers, pastel green silk shirt with a knitted scarf and a big straw hat; and wondering whether the look was pitched about right for 'TOTP'. I had to laugh. So did he. He seemed to be having a great time, and even forgot to take off his hat on

AL'S NO FOOL



● AL MATTHEWS

camera run-through. He remembered it at the first chorus, and knocked it from his head.

Later in Al's dressing room we talked: "now I know the game, I'm enjoying it," he laughed. "I'm gonna win". Al's a quick learner, though he's done it the hard way — through experience. He's played support on more bills, and more varied bills, than anyone I can think of — Hawkwind, Julie Felix, Slade, Edgar Broughton, Fusion Orchestra, Birtha. When I suggested that this was a bizarre and disparate collection of audiences before which to perform he merely shrugged it off:

"I'm an entertainer — I go where my music is needed. I like to work all the time. As long as the audience hopes to get in it doesn't matter to me who they are. If you see me playing guitar and singing in a folk club, or you see me at the Royal Albert Hall singing 'Ave Maria' with a chorus, don't you be surprised".

'Fool' is Al's first single hit and although it slots in nicely

with the current vogue for dancing records, Al says that it was not of paramount importance to cut a single which could easily be 'bagged', even though the formula is evidently just right for TV and radio exposure. "We just went into the studio to make the best damn record we could".

It must be said, though, that most of the singers and players on 'Fool' come from the funky side of town: the people from Gonzalez, the strings who backed Pete Wingfield on his recent hit, Robert Bailey on keyboards, Jo-Anne Williams, Liza Strike and Maxine Nightingale on vocals; twenty-five pieces in all. The song was written and arranged by Pierre Tubbs. Did he think of it as an American sound? "I don't know what they're doing in America and I couldn't care less. But as I'm a Yankee there's bound to be some influence".

Al Matthews is no ordinary Yankee. A New Yorker by birth, he's voluntary exile from his own country and has wandered extensively through Europe making a living as and where he could. Draft dodger? No sirree. Al Matthews served his time in the US Army in Vietnam and with quiet pride, although he makes light of it, tells you he was "the first black man to be promoted meritoriously to the post of sergeant."

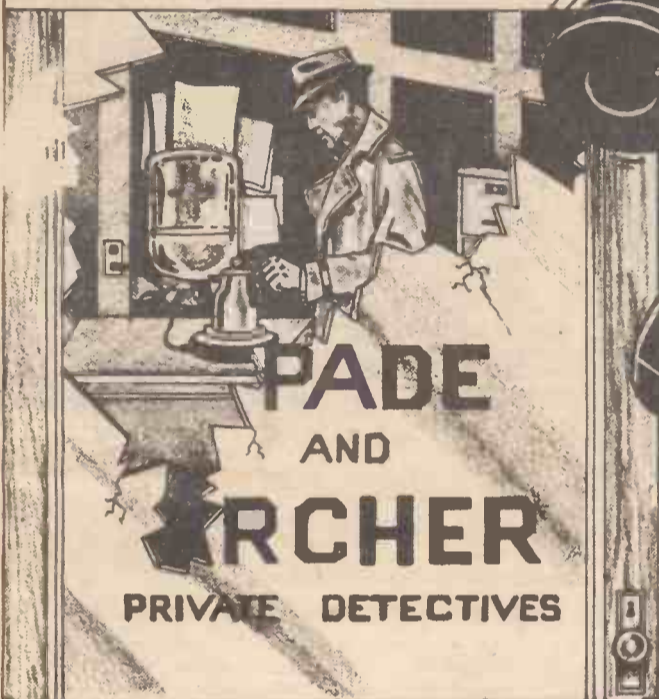
His experiences in the Vietnam front line were instrumental in making him a world citizen. He decided he was not going to go back to the same old stuff after the things he had seen and experienced there: "I realised I could be black anywhere in the world," he says. "After twenty-one months in Vietnam I couldn't go back to the US and be a nigger. In the middle of that shit I got an idea that there might be something different from that. I knew I had to find some peace and tranquillity, and go somewhere where they understand that. My survival instincts told me I could live anywhere in the world." — MARTIN HAYMAN

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albums

Argent turn cold

ARGENT: 'COUNTERPOINTS' (RCA PRE-RELEASE CASSETTE) (38.00) EXCLUSIVE REVIEW.

IN RETROSPECT, Argent's five year stint with CBS — or should I say Epic — was, from start to finish, a downhill slide. The band produced a few fine rock albums during their early days with the label. ('All Together Now' in particular), but in the latter years they managed to record some complete duffers (culminating with 'Circus', their last LP, which was an abortive 'concept' effort). Now they've signed with RCA and, sadly, it seems that the steady slide is pretty close to an alarming plummet. 'Counterpoints' (an unusually apt title), the second album to reature the twin guitars of John Grimaldi and John Verity, is, in short, one hell of a mess. Argent have now truly discarded one-time member Russ Ballard's gentle, melodic influence and have launched themselves into cold, unfeeling technical spheres. Here, the band sound like Yes around 'Topographic' time — A Bad Thing, as far as I'm concerned. Ostentatious compositions with Grimaldi, Verity, Argent, Henrit and Rodford all going in opposite directions like several balls spinning inside a roulette wheel make 'Counterpoints', at the very least, extremely wearing on the ears. While the album as a whole is musically faultless, it is also frenzied and frantic — difficult though it was to review the LP from a rough cassette, these qualities came across all too clearly. Still, listening to the first cut 'On My Feet Again' you'd be forgiven for thinking, initially, that Argent had returned to their roots. The track begins almost romantically, like a tune from a Thirties musical with a voice like Joe Walsh on 'Rocky Mountain Way' slowed to 6 r.p.m., then it picks up sharply — hand claps and a memorable chorus line do indeed recall the band of old. As the number wears on, however, it degenerates into a spinning musical morass, reminding you of a dog chasing its own tail. The same holds true for the rest of the LP: economic, simplistic compositions are out, in their stead are over-complex, over-indulgent numbers, with each member of the band doing his best to prove that he can play a whole lot faster than the other. There are a few exceptions to the rule: a stumbling acoustic piece with the suitably obscure title 'Waiting For The Yellow One'; 'Butterfly', which sounds like Stevie Wonder backed up by the Ladybirds (can you imagine it?) and 'Road Back Home', a lazy, lengthy ballad. But overall, jerky, mechanical numbers are most characteristic of the new Argent's new direction. This will no doubt delight a good many fans of — uh — Yes-type music, but I can only see an other rock and roll band bite the dust. — **Geoff Barton.**

JOHNNY NASH: 'TEARS ON MY PILLOW' (CBS 69148) (37.00).

I MUST admit it was with some trepidation that I put this on for the first time, but although the overall effect is very middle of the road, my worst suspicions were largely quashed. Johnny Nash is perhaps unique among American artists (born in Houston, Texas) in his strong learning to reggae rhythms, and included on this record are four straight reggae songs, three from the pen of Bob Marley — 'Rock It Baby', 'Reggae On Broadway', and 'Mellow

Mood'. Although they are not as rough as Trenchtown Rebel Music, they are crisp in their smoothness and a darn sight nearer home than some of the 'weggy' music that makes the charts (the exception being 'Tears On My Pillow' which I still find bland). Although he has a good melodic voice, he doesn't seem to have much emotional range. So he has wisely used material that doesn't stretch his credibility too much: sort of night club soul music. What saves the album is the choice of musicians who include Herbie Hancock, Bobby Womack, Rabbit Bundrick, Richard Bailey, Hugh Masakela and GT Moore. Back-up vocals include Madeline Bell, Bettye Wright and Liza Strike. All these and many more are used well and wisely (although the sleeve infuriatingly doesn't say where), and the result is an album with some good music hidden not too deeply within a slightly Tin Pan Alley-orientated outlook. It's rather like taking an aspirin — it relaxes you without you being aware it's done anything to you. But I like it. — **Fred Rath.**

BAKER GURVITZ ARMY 'ELYSIAN ENCOUNTER' (MOUNTAIN TOP-S101) (39.39).

IT'S A few years since Ginger Baker settled in long-term with any band but the Baker Gurvitz Army which emerged last year surely showed as much promise and even achievement as any outfit he's been in since, well, Cream I guess. The first album was all good, hard rock with the odd track delivering that ocean swell of restrained power which typified the Cream's greatest. 'Come With Me' was one such which would have lived in rock's Ever-Ever Land except that, as Adrian Gurvitz laments, a song cannot stand alone in relation to popular taste. It depends on the current popularity of its performers. Which is a long preamble to suggesting that perhaps the Army peaked first time out. Not that 'Elysian Gathering' is anything but a top-notch rock album. It just doesn't seem to take the band anywhere new or even on to quite the same level of heavy-weight punching. Still if they haven't gone higher they have extended the range and variety of their sound in a very consistent set of eight songs. There's country rock to that ole choo choo beat in 'The Dreamer', a ballad pushing vocal harmonies up front over a gently weeping guitar in 'The Gambler', and mainline urban rock in 'The Hustler', the longest and best sustained track with piano boogying and Ginger rattle-rousing the rhythm through to a stomping climax. Ginger has expressed his delight with the vocals of Mr Snips and he can certainly put a voice (shout, cowboy or even Sarstedt sophisticate) to anything though I felt with more capability than passion. Adrian Gurvitz does his versatility thing too from a delightfully flowing C & W doodle throughout 'The Dreamer' to dirty riffs and squealing rock runs in 'People'. And through this skillful and enjoyable frontage peers from time to time peers the mighty Ginger with a wildly forceful few seconds of solo. The strange appeal of his drumming remains complex yet with a primitive feel, the tone flat like tom-toms. The effect is as natural as an excited man pounding his fingers on a table-top. — **Phil Sutcliffe.**



● ARGENT: will they bite the dust?

Essex: much more than a pretty face

DAVID ESSEX: 'ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR' (CBS 69160) (44.00)

DAVID ESSEX is nobody's fool. His third album, 'All The Fun Of The Fair' is radically different from his first two albums, a more impressive collection of songs, better vocals, more intelligent clever production from Jeff Wayne, and fine performances from the musicians. The album, however, belongs to Essex who is beginning to step out of his pop consciousness and explore the rockier pastures of his youth. Wayne's arrangements are lucious but sparse, this time thankfully mixing the drums/bass/guitars all the way up while toning down the decorative effects. This is an album to be played loud, to be played over and over again to insure little musical surprises are not ignored. The title track is perhaps the most adventurous tune Essex has yet recorded, a perfect synthesis of that eerie atmosphere integral to his songs, melody, and hard driving rock. The time changes are superb and the singing the same. 'Hold Me Close', a mature variation on the similar 'I Know', and 'If I Could', are the album's only moments of dreamy adulation. The other songs are more experimental and therefore more satisfying. 'Won't Get Burned Again' is very good rock and roll, the type of tune that could easily convince the dubious that David Essex is much more than a shoulder to cry on. His phrasing totally complements the aggressive music while the energy level is so high it transmits easily to your living room. 'Here It Comes Again' is in a similar vein, totally divorced from the toe tapping simplicity of 'Hold Me Close'. One day Essex and Wayne will make one hell of a fine rock and roll album. There's also a stab at reggae with the jovial 'Coconut Ice', featuring a rum flavoured vocal and some nice rhythms. The hit single 'Rolling Stone' is included like the sticker on the cover says and bears up well under repeated listenings. Lots of people are going to find it

difficult believing that David Essex has made such an excellent album, one that is commercial without making concessions to either his or Wayne's creativity. It's time the post adolescent public stopped hiding behind masks of indifference and smug postures of superior attitude, and admitted that, like it or not, David Essex is much more than just another pretty face. The most exciting thing about 'All The Fun Of The Fair' is the hint of things to come with album number four. That is something I can't wait to hear. — **Barbara Charone.**

ASHA PUTHLI: 'SHE LOVES TO HEAR THE MUSIC' (CBS 80978) (36.07), JACKIE DE SHANNON: 'NEW ARRANGEMENT' (CBS 80878) (35.17)

THERE'S an old Biz kid joke about having records made by computer: a huge bank of tapes for every musical occasion, mixed and matched by machine. Asha Puthli, bless her heart, has made it reality. Ms Puthli is a dishing Indian basing her fame on the American criterion of a star being anyone who's noticed, and a recording career is just one of her many facets. Unfortunately, she has the emotional output of a robot. This is her second album, with two producers at the helm, though the ubiquitous Del Newman appears as producer, arranger and songwriter for one track. Like Ms Puthli's voice, the musicians are anonymous, reading their charts with all the gusto of a flag on a still day. The songs are interesting choices, but in the circumstances shouldn't have been made to suffer. The only bullet this record should receive is right through the heart, if it had one. Jackie De Shannon, unfortunately, doesn't fare much better, though part of her problem is due to producer Michael Stewart. It's hard to make musicians the calibre of Ron Tutt, Jesse Ed Davis, Brian Wilson, Buddy Emmons and Nick

DeCaro sound as though they came direct-line from the processing bank, but sure enough... But Ms De Shannon is also at fault. Possessed of a fairly limited voice she fails to use it to advantage in the way that Neil Young or Ian Hunter do, succeeding in only sounding bland. Consequently, she doesn't even generate boredom, merely disinterest. Perhaps it's just fond memories, but it would seem that there is a good record inside her, if only she had a Glyn Johns at the helm. But that's another Biz kid fantasy. — **John Ingham.**

FLOCK: 'INSIDE OUT' (MERCURY 9100 016) (34.47).

THE BAND Jerry Goodman left to touch super-stardom with the first Mahavishnu Orchestra have re-emerged with an album aimed at the same jazz-rock sphere of the musical spectrum. The nucleus of the old Flock — Fred Glickstein on guitar, Jerry Smith on bass and Ron Karpman on drums — has been joined by Mike Zydowsky on violin and Jim Hirsens on keyboards. Zydowsky's violin lacks the driving force of his predecessor but he has a romantic quality that is used to break up the more forceful sequences or to set the scene for a number. Producer Felix Pappalardi has put the skull-numbing drumming of Karpman well to the fore and above this the group lay down a series of riffs and melodies. The vocals, often very difficult to fit into this style of music, seem well-suited where they appear. The opening track, 'Music For Our Friends', is straightforward and simply sets the tone for what follows. The next track, 'Back To You', is a portrait of Karma and opens with a soft violin melody that recurs between more violent passages and a heavily synthesised drum solo. It's in this song, however, that one begins to have nagging doubts about Glickstein's guitar work. It needs, in the words of current political pundits, a smack of firm leadership, and as the album progresses you realise that the group has to rely more on frequent changes of mood or tempo to keep the songs alive than on the individual solo passages which are generally not strong enough to

hold your attention. Pappalardi's production tries to minimise this deficiency and on some numbers like 'Hang On' and 'Straight Home' (where Kirsens's keyboard work stands out) it scarcely matters. It's on the longer, more drawn out numbers that you really feel the need for a powerful solo to get the piece airborne. 'Inside Out' is a tight album, well conceived and with a common thread running through it, but there's not much in it that knocks your guts about. — **Hugh Fielder.**

MAJOR LANCE: 'LIVE AT THE TORCH' (CONTEMPO CLP523) (34.14).

COULD THE re-release of this album, first unleashed in 1973, have anything to do with the mass recognition of Northern Soul's existence? There can't be too many other reasons for redirecting our attention to one of the worst live albums to be released since 'Ritchie Valens Live At Pacoima Junior High'. Unfortunately, that album is hysterically funny, whereas this is merely dismal. The producer, who is also the artiste, and the band are atrocious. To be fair to the Major, he does give his all, but hearing such smoothies as 'My Girl' and 'Um Um Um Um Um Um' taken at a pace usually reserved for the Grand National does not encourage continued listening. Unfortunately, Major Lance's ability as a producer is negligible, his efforts failing to lend even a primitive enthusiasm to the proceedings. I've heard better quality and sound on a bootleg. The only favourable aspect is that the band aren't too audible. The rhythm axe is fairly tolerable at first, but as the same lick fights for air throughout each song one begins to wish for a quick release. While the lead guitarist has a penchant for wah-wah, displaying all the finesse of the bloke across the road demonstrating his newly acquired gadget to his friends. Whether this band is English or American is not discernible. The crowning achievement of this record, though, is the remarkable clarity of the audience, whose mass whistling, stamping and clapping is like Godzilla galumphing through the back bar. It's even more whether they or the Major win. — **Jonh Ingham.**

album

Calvert takes a dive

ROBERT CALVERT: 'LUCKY LEIF AND THE LONGSHIPS' (UNITED ARTISTS UAG 29852) (37.00).

NASTY NORSE God Loki must have got his hands on this one. On the surface 'Lucky Leif', broadly based around the Viking discovery of North America, sounds like another ingenious Calvert project; a worthy successor to the excellent and amusing 'Captain Lockheed And The Starfighters'. However, once you venture to dive below the 'Longships' water line you soon begin to realise that this is an unsubstantial and rather irritating effort. For Calvert has let his rock and roll poet eccentricities get the better of him. 'Leif' is segmented and jumpy for a concept album, possibly due to the lack of commentary. RC tries his hand at all sorts: rock, surf music, folk, American Indian chants and he neither succeeds in making the diverse selection gel, nor does he or his band (including Paul Rudolph, Andy Roberts, Nik Turner, Simon House and Michael Moorcock) perform any of them very well. Indeed, the whole LP has an amateurish, demo-like feel, possibly brought about by Eno's curiously bare production. This, coupled with Calvert's obscure train of thought makes for a poor basis to the 'concept' — if 'concept' 'Leif' truly is. The album starts off well enough with 'Ship Of Fools', with waves crashing throughout and a riff straight out of Hawkwind's book, but then it deteriorates rapidly. 'Lay Of The Surfers' is a sadly pathetic parody of surf music: the economic vocals weak and inconsequential, the song's single clever touch, a chorus akin to 'Barbara Anne' (Bar-barian), poorly rendered; 'Magical Potion' sounds like Bryan Ferry singing 'Not Fade Away'; 'Volstead O Vodeo Do' (as we travel into latter day America) is unfunny megaphonic music; and 'Ragna Rock' would have Odin turning in his grave. Certainly, it's a welcome change to listen to albums of a less-than-serious quality such as 'Leif', but Calvert could nonetheless have recorded the project with more professionalism and included, at the same time, a coherent story line. A tongue-in-cheek quality is also missing. But so be it. — **Geoff Barton.**

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND: 'NIGHTINGALES AND BOMBERS' (BRONZE ILPS 9337) (39.00).

AFTER A trio of somewhat unremarkable albums for Phonogram, Earth Band seemed to draw strength from a new contract with Bronze and set about producing music of a considerably more substantial and interesting nature. 'Nightingales And Bombers' follows both 'Solar Fire' and 'The Good Earth' in its reliance upon the muscular rhythm section of Colin Patenden (bass) and Chris Slade (drums), whilst Mann (keyboards) and Mick Rogers (guitars, vocals) elaborate with proficient expertise. The version of Bruce Springsteen's 'Spirit In The Night' is unashamedly deliberate, employing lavish electric piano and dense guitar chording, and the song's chorus gains a vibrant dynamic with backing vocals from Doreen Chanter, Ruby James and Martha Smith. Joan Armatrading and Pam Nestor's 'Visionary Mountains' is treated more cautiously, whilst the self-composed material divides into a



• **ROBERT CALVERT: jumpy**

pair of songs and four instrumentals. Of the latter, the title cut and 'As Above So Below' are the most effective; Mann's use of his electronic keyboard remains sensitive, never overstated, and Rogers provides melodic solos. 'Countdown' and 'Crossfade' are similarly paced, but perhaps a fraction less imaginative. Altogether a hyper-competent offering, and immaculately recorded. — **Angus Mackinnon.**

GARY WRIGHT: 'DREAMWEAVER' (WARNER BROS K56141) (36.30).

A CHANGE of direction for the ex Spooky Tooth man. It may be passe for musicians to emigrate to America but it's daily becoming more obvious that Britain is no longer the creative stimulant it once was. Gary was American all along anyway. Produced by Wright, and helped along by a rhythm section including Jim Keltner and Andy Newmark, 'Dreamweaver' is almost exclusively a keyboard album. Guitars are nowhere to be found, but rather surprisingly the result is as ballsy as hell. Every song, with exception of 'Made To Love You', is built up around a solid disco beat. The extensive use of synthesiser and special effects prevent it from becoming a run of the mill soul sell out. Gary takes lead vocals throughout, and very good they are too with the Windwood cum Cocker cum AWB approach proving just the job. 'Love Is Alive', 'Power Of Love' and the title track both severely effect body and brain, a higher recommendation I cannot think of. 'Much Higher' also falls into this category. Doubtless already getting a lot of airplay in the States, 'Dreamweaver', although possibly a trifle too American for the average Anglo Saxon palate, has great potential here. Doctor Who meets Kool and the Gang meet Gary Wright. Hmmm, something to think about. — **Alan Francis.**

DAVID SANBORN: 'TAKING OFF' (WARNER BROS K56148) (38.00)

SANBORN is an American, also sax player of considerable ability, whose contributions to Bowie's harrowing 'Young Americans' you may already be familiar with. He's currently with the Brecker Brothers Band, and this set shares the somewhat uncertain eclecticism of their recent debut on Arista. Of the nine cuts, six cross and recross ground already staked out by the AWB, Junior Walker and others. Some would term it effort-

lessly professional jazz-funk, others disposable strutting by musicians whose talents could be better employed elsewhere. I'm not at all sure how I'd take to this material but for Sanborn's presence. His unashamedly electric sax is evocatively sinuous, as readily graceful as aggressive. Support comes from the Brecker crew and, apart from Steve Khan's tidy guitar work, holds few surprises. However, flip over to side two, ignore the opening cut, and you'll find yourself some really invigorating music: a three-part 'suite', featuring Sanborn played off against acoustic basses, percussion, and a small string section. His alto runs are little short of astonishing, breathlessly streamlined, and the strings dynamically scored. Sad that the other material is not as adventurous. Maybe next time round. — **Angus Mackinnon.**

'PHIL SPECTOR WALL OF SOUND VOL. 1, RONNETTES: THE RONNETTES SING THEIR GREATEST HITS' (PHIL SPECTOR INTERNATIONAL 2307 003) (37.00).

THIS IS the album of the album that every self respecting rock journalist would occasionally have you believe he's been looking for all his life. Such occasions arise when writers turn nostalgic — and defensive — beyond the depth of their memories but well within earshot of the mythology of pop lore. Many people have never heard the album but, equally, many have heard of people who have; its reputation depends largely on hearplay. It's been unavailable for 10 years, since those heady days when the London American label ruled the Hit Parade, and its reissue seems the first truly positive step in restoring Spector's masterpieces to the catalogue. The success of the Ronettes depended on three ingredients: their foxy looks (an over-eyeshadowed, dark haired, slightly toothy version of the archetypal Bardot); the songs (teenage dramas by Barry / Greenwich / Mann / Spector / Weil etc); and the production ("little symphonies for the kids", wall of sound, aural meglomaniac). Success is achieved because the ingredients are the finest of their kind and their mixing masterly; success is retained because no one — Dave Edmunds, Roy Wood or latterday Spector — has ever managed to top the original. This album must be the reissue of the year, any year. Tracks are: 'Walking In The Rain', 'Do I Love You', 'So Young', '(The Best Part of) Breaking Up', 'I Wonder' and 'What'd I Say'

backed with 'Be My Baby', 'You Baby', 'Baby I Love You', 'How Does It Feel', 'When I Saw You' and 'Chapel of Love'. And in case you couldn't remember, the session men included Leon Russell, Barney Kessell and Sonny Bono. Unfortunately you can't say back to mono on this one (it's been stereo-lised) and back to the wall — of sound. — **Mike Sharman.**

'ROLLERBALL': ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK (UNITED ARTISTS UAS 29865) (35.00)

IF A soundtrack album is to be anything other than a collection of aural snatches from the relative film it must stand as a musical integrity and 'Rollerball' doesn't. It follows, but fails to emulate, the musical approach of Kubrick's '2001 A Space Odyssey' and 'Clockwork Orange'. Kubrick has the mastery of tying stunning, and largely futuristic, visual imagery with already popular (or at least recognisable) classical music to produce a synthesis of memories. It takes some mastery to get people to virtually retite Richard Strauss's 'Also Spake Zarathustra' as 'Theme From 2001' and 'Rollerball' director Norman Jewison isn't going to achieve any such success with this selection of cut classics played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Andre Previn. The music is a combination of modern classical (Shostakovich, Symphonies 5 and 8), popular and classical (Tchaikovsky's waltz from 'Sleeping Beauty'), Bach's Toccata in D Minor, Albinoni's Adagio in G Minor plus — if you can call it that — Previn's own 'Executive Party' and 'Executive Party Dance'. The result is like a classical compilation album put together with scant regard to listening continuity. Cuts from the classics don't make classic soundtracks and, with due respect to his talent as a populariser of classical music, Previn is no composer when it comes to writing the synthesised funk of 'Executive Party' and 'Executive Party Dance'. — **Mike Sharman.**

JADE WARRIOR: 'WAVES' (ISLAND ILPS 9318) (39.00)

JADE WARRIOR are Jon Field and Tony Duhig; between them they play an impressive array of instruments: guitars, flutes, brass, percussion, keyboards, and more. Like its predecessor 'Floating World', 'Waves', concerns itself primarily with careful evocations of mood and texture, relying inevitably, on extensive overdubbing and complex studio technology. There are 11 sections, interlinked and contrasted, whilst the project's intricate structure is clearly emphasised by a detailed linear commentary on the inner sleeve — c.f. "fade in with long chord made by ping-ponging single notes from Music Master pocket organ onto home Revox and playing tape at half speed..." Other contributors include Dave Duhig (electric guitar), Graham Morgan (drums) and Steve Winwood, who places a pair of thoughtful solos on piano and moog. Most of 'Waves' is richly understated, melodies etched out by guitars and flutes, although 'River To The Sea' and the awkwardly titled 'Groover' rely on percussive riffs — as with 'Red Lotus' on 'World', I'm not completely convinced of these more strident passages' relevance to the piece as a whole. However, 'Waves' does exemplify controlled, positive use of a studio environment, and is therefore a heartening release, its 'naturalism' effectively belying preparatory detail. — **Angus Mackinnon.**

More albums and singles reviews. Page 24.

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soul sounds

BY ROBIN KATZ

THERE ARE several reasons why Earth Wind and Fire don't belong on the soul page. Or on any page for that matter. Earth Wind and Fire have earned their phenomenal Stateside success by the pipelines laid by word of mouth. Put their story into print or use quotes by their easygoing spokesman and leader, Maurice White, and something substantial is lost.

Instead, put a person alone in a room with one of their albums (try 'Open Our Eyes'), and when the listener comes out, he'll do enough talking to dispel anything I'm going to tell you.

But since one has to begin a mental picture somewhere, start sketching with this: Maurice White formed the original EW&F about five years ago.

The word is spreading about Earth Wind And Fire. The spoken word rather than the written word that is. This is an attempt to correct the balance.



OFF THE STREETS AND INTO THE FIRE

Heavily involved with the original mix was brother Verdine, who plays bass and percussion equipment. According to Maurice: "Having been in a jazz group, I wanted to form

a band that would appeal to a greater audience. I had seen a lot of cats get tied up with the R&B and soul charts and this was something I wanted to surpass.

"This group is totally musically orientated but because of our colour it was inevitable that we got our first breaks from the soul radio stations. In 1970 we had no com-



petition. Tower of Power are basically a horn outfit and our emphasis is more vocal."

Not only more vocal, which was certainly not unusual for 1970, but EW&F are more album orientated. After a couple of years and a few personnel changes, EW&F set down to the art of perfecting their albums. To avoid describing their music (it really is an individual thing, depending on what you like), consider the ingredients going into White's mix: Nine musicians of city upbringing — pianos, guitars, congas, flutes, soprano saxes, organ, moog, funky instrumental riffs, a strong falsetto-voiced singer, appropriate harmonies, original music with relevant lyrics about love, life and humanity and a generous helping of pride and energy radiated on most tracks.

Getting Press was difficult because they invariably got confined to 'soul' pages like this one. But low and behold when no one was looking, EW&F's albums went gold. Gold? Hmm. So, if radio stations weren't playing EW&F, who did air this group?

Parties

People on the streets, record shops in the cities, and parties.

Like the word of mouth success of Phoebe Snow, EW&F got themselves passed around in the best places. So the album sales just kept on rolling.

'Open Our Eyes' was recorded at the Caribou Ranch as was 'The Way Of The World'.

"At the moment I'm working on a new live album due out in the Autumn. It'll be a double album which we've

recorded at a series of dates in Philly, Atlanta, and Baltimore. The audience reaction to the new songs sounds good and that's important 'cause about 60 per cent of the material will be new. The well known songs will be different than the albums they're originally from.

"In America we've changed a lot of concepts with our music. There are a lot of groups like us and it's flattering. It's also working to bring the level of music up. There was a time when an artist sometimes had to choose between being commercial and doing something he liked. I won't do a record I don't like. My era looked down on singers because they had to stay within boundaries.

Spiritual

"Basically we've educated our audiences. They've learned that our next album will be nothing like the last one. They're eager for something new and they want more. Music has become a very sophisticated business.

"There are no clubs for an outfit this size to work in. If you want to be professional you have to take the most professional gigs. For us that means an audience of 20-30,000.

"There are certain things people identify with this group. We're a spiritual concept trying to transmit love through the universe. People describe us as a spiritual entity. But don't confuse spiritual with religious. If people are tired of religion they think we're what they're trying to get away from! Spiritual is something else. It encompasses all the elements."

In the meantime, the EW&F tour with Santana continues. There's a genuine sense of respect between the two bands. According to White: "It's real good. We always wanted to get together with them anyway. The audiences have been good, even if they are a bit quiet here."

And so the word continues to be passed about Earth Wind and Fire. But forget you ever read it. Go and listen and make up your mind. Self-discovery is this year's answer to hype. Tell 'em the street sent you.

RALPH CARTER, singer of disco hit 'When You're Young And In Love' is star of the American weekly TV series 'Good Times'.

SUPREMES' latest stage show choreographed by **Geoffrey Holder**, award winning director of 'The Wiz'.

RICHARD PRYOR currently filming 'Bingo Long', has set up a mini-athletic competition for underprivileged kids in the Macon, Georgia area.



WAR'S 'Why Can't We Be Friends' has been turned into a television film. It would make a good jingle as well, fellas ...

ARETHA FRANKLIN recently hosted a fund raised for the Sickle Cell Anaemia Foundation. VIP guests included **Flip Wilson**, **Sly Stone**, **Carole Burnett** and **Quincy Jones** and wife **Peggy 'Mod Squad' Lipton**.

TEMPTATIONS' bass singer **Melvin Franklin** given a key to city of Mobile Alabama.

MERRY CLAYTON'S latest album 'Keep Your Eye On The Sparrow' produced by **Eugene McDaniels**.



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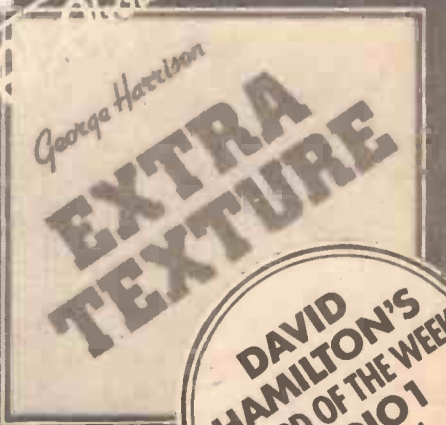
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MANN'S SURVIVAL

"I'M A SURVIVOR, and I've watched 'em come and go/I'm a survivor, I'm a rock 'n' roll show."

The song, which opens Barry Mann's new album is intended to be a mini history of rock rather than a strictly autobiographical piece, but either way it works. It's 15 years since Barry's first hit. Where the strain of being a business partnership and a marriage proved too much for the other two most celebrated New York teams, Goffin & King and Barry & Greenwich, Mann and Cynthia Weil are still together and have nine brand-new collaborations (plus a couple written solo by Barry) to prove it.

Barry and Cynthia moved to the West Coast a couple of years back, and there is some evidence of calming influence, not so much in the songs as the production by Barry and Bruce Johnston. The songs themselves are as diverse as you might suppose from someone who wrote hits for The Drifters and Tony Orlando or The Animals and The Shadows, but like all the serious end of Barry's writing — that's three minute serious, not dead serious — there is a certain committed feel.

A brief summary of the Mann-Weil catalogue is a difficult job. Since hit parades were written, they must come well up the top 20 successful teams of all time. But you don't have to be old to know their songs — in Britain there have been four notable revival hits in the last three years. There were two Drifters oldies, 'Come On Over To My Place' and 'Saturday Night At The Movies', and two mid-sixties numbers picked out by whoever selected songs for the Partridge Family, 'Walking In The Rain' and 'Looking Through The Eyes Of Love'.

Paranoia

So it's an appropriate time for Barry's first-ever promotional trip to Britain. He's sitting in one of those terrible Americana hotels that Americans in London will stay in.

Barry seems to have avoided that sort of programmed DJ blandness; he still has a little too much urban paranoia in him to get glib, the classic New York mixture of self-promotion and uncertainty.

Ask him why he's suddenly begun to take himself seriously as a performer and he'll tell you it's because he's a really great writer and becoming a really good singer; and if you've been with him a while, he might let it slip that actually, he does think he's a genius. But still, he's not quite sure what to do with it; where he fits into music in '75.

'Survivor' is not quite the first piece of performing Mann to be released. Like Carole King, he had one hit in the very early Sixties, a spoof on Marcell-type arrangements called 'Who Put The Bomp'.



● A GENIUS

It was a hit here in a cover version by a group called the Viscounts, whose only subsequent claim to fame was that one of them was Gordon Mills, who now owns Tom Jones, Engelbert Humperdinck and Gilbert O'Sullivan. More recently, an obscure album, 'Lay It All Out' was released on Epic, but 'Survivor' seems to be the first time he's taken the whole thing seriously, on the business scale, getting managers and all that.

Unlike most of his contemporaries, Barry has deliberately avoided using old songs and new arrangements to launch himself. "It's like my past. I go on all the time. To me it's more important to grow than to latch on to something. There's one I might do in the future, though — 'We've gotta Get Out Of This Place'. That was written for the Righteous Brothers, not The Animals. Eric Burdon left some of the lyrics out, and it would have been a much more important song if he'd left it the way it was."

Favour

Mention of the Righteous Brothers inevitably brings us on to 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling' and the lesser-known story of its follow-up: "I started writing 'Soul And Inspiration' as an obvious follow-up to 'Lovin' Feeling', but then I thought it was such a cop that I stopped writing. Then Bill Medley left Phil Spector and he came to me a year later, and said: 'Could you do me a favour and finish that song. I think it could be a hit.' So we finished it."

"Bill Medley did a half-assed Spector production, and the song was a half-assed 'Lovin' Feeling', and it sold more than 'Lovin' Feeling!'" which about ended Spector's boast that none of his artists would have a hit without him.

Songs like 'Lovin' Feeling' and 'Walking In The Rain' were always credited to 'Spector-Mann-Weil', in the manner of the times, but the pecking order wasn't strictly accurate: "'Lovin' Feeling' Spector contributed the hook to, and a little bit of the chorus. 'Walking In The Rain' and some of the other things, he didn't do anything, to be quite honest. By the time we'd got into it, I realised he wasn't doing anything, but of course, he did contribute to great records."

The problems now are a little different: "I want to get a comfortable act together and present myself the way I want to. Maybe just a piano or a small group. I want to get a nice balance between writing and performing. They help each other. I'd like to do a little less introspective type of writing. What I have to do now in the States is write straight commercial kind of things, be less self-indulgent. When I write for other people, it's easier to write more commercially, when I'm writing for myself it's harder."

His forehead rumples a bit more. "I mean some people have said that the album sounded negative. What I really need is a hit single, but I don't know with the sort of songs I'm writing. I wrote a song about my demons. It goes: 'My demons have the stench of death all around them. They gnaw at my brains and suck on my soul. They're cancerous growths that make the devil vomit. They whisper I love you, then devour me whole'. I mean, could I put that on a record? I don't know."

"Maybe if you were Alice Cooper."

"Oh, Alice Cooper? He's just a nice Jewish kid from Brooklyn."

Barry Mann leaves his demons in the room, and goes out to lunch.

Barry Mann— writer of hits for the Animals, the Drifters, the Shadows and the Righteous Brothers— has done more than survive; he's positively flourishing. Rob Mackie reports



● BARRY MANN: demons have a stench of death

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RO**MO**

JUST OFF the Fulham Road, round the corner from an old cinema that Manticore have converted into a hollow rehearsal hall, David Essex sits in a local cafe, drinking tea and dissecting his new stage show with arranger and confident Jeff Wayne. They are a strange sight; Essex with his 8x10 glossy good looks, Wayne with his rugged Dustin Hoffman appearance.

This Continental duo who clicked with a song called 'Rock On' just two years ago, have come a very long way in quite a short time. They have travelled great distances to reach this tea shop in Fulham; Essex with his East End roots that took him from pub bands to the West End stage with 'Godspell', Wayne with his distinctly American background grooming him for success with a good ear just perfect for commercial jingles.

Schoolgirls

They have been patiently rehearsing the nine piece band for three days now, ironing out sound problems, adjusting the sheet music for the complicated song arrangements, determined to keep the quality high throughout the five week British tour.

Tinted blue sunglasses hide the infamous blue eyes. Well worn denims, lumberjack shirt, and a casual waistcoat disguise the star infested aura that surrounds the Essex 'image'. Five minutes ago this dingy cafe was visibly empty. Now several giggly schoolgirls stare shyly from the back of the small place, stealing glances at a man that until a few minutes ago was just another celluloid image, painted with bedroom visions.

But now David Essex is very real to these giggly schoolgirls who stay cemented to the back of the cafe for fear of destroying surface impressions. Today Essex is more a concrete talent than he was one year ago, fighting for musical credibility, up against the ephemeral teen king image.

One year ago David Essex tried to present a straight rock and roll tour which met head on with a hysterical frenzy strong enough for some to mumble 'Essexmania'. With the 'Stardust' film doing the same SRO business as that concert tour, it was no wonder his audience were so confused. In the darkened silence of the cinema, he was a larger than life celluloid image acting the part of a rock star. In the more colourful concert halls, he was the rock star.

Cynicism

This situation proved a stepping block to critical acceptance, tagged with 'Saturday Scene' appeal and David Cassidy comparisons. Essex himself seemed both amused and dismayed at the reaction, always managing to instill some lyrical cynicism in the songs. There were the words



Up for the win attraction

The carnival is coming to town with a musical soundtrack appropriately titled
'All The Fun Of The Fair'. Ringmaster David Essex talks to Barbara Charone

to 'Stardust' all about painted-origins, and the tongue in cheek approach to 'Gonna Make You A Star'. One year later we are given 'Here It Comes Again'.

"See the man standing in the shadow / He looks a lot like me / Do you remember my picture / Do you remember me?" he sang minutes before during the rehearsal with a realistic rock vengeance. Despite everyone who thought he wouldn't, David Essex has lasted. He has out-lived tears of fanfare, with a sense of humour that prevents him from taking the whole thing too seriously.

"So you shaved off the beard," one of the vocal group the Real Thing jives David at rehearsal. "Had to shave the beard off for TV didn't I?" Essex flashes a grin. "Can't be a teen idol with a beard can I," he laughs.

Fanfare

Several hours before, sitting in manager Derek Bowman's office, we talked of the whole teen saga. Gold records for the singles 'Rock On', 'Lamplight' and 'Gonna Make You A Star' decorate the office walls. Behind David, a large colour photo of him hangs on the wall while in front of him, on the desk, lies the latest issue of *Look Now* boasting a story entitled 'Does David Essex fancy you?' Fanfare seems a good place to begin. "It always dumbfounds me that kids pull out all these images and carry through their loyalty all on the say of pictures in mag-a-zines," he says the word slowly. "It's all very touching and I do cherish it but I just thought well it's ME, I am a person, do you remember that or just the picture? Their whole recognition seemed interesting, it seems to go with those pictures on the bedroom wall. It's strange," he muses. "Sometimes the way I look gets in the way."

The way he looks gets in the way of any kind of critical acceptance. It's the way he looks and the way album sleeves have been packaged to capitalise on those looks, that make people assume he's just another puppet, manipulated by an outside force who really writes all the songs. Yet he never felt comfortable wearing the super Stardust image.

"It's really hard to live that way especially for me," he said thumping through that same copy of *Look Now* with disbelief. "I'm always detached from it all. I'm never completely involved with it. I've always got a critical eye and a sense of humour. It's difficult for me to accept all that craziness, coming out the stage door in a wooden box, dressed like a policeman," he laughs. "What's that all about anyway?"

It certainly isn't about the music which Essex stubbornly insists on perfecting. If anything he has avoided over exposure. There has not been a tour for a year, 12 months in which he could have easily reached for the easy money and there has not been a record until the just released 'All The Fun Of The Fair'.

Superior

"I was sick of myself then so imagine what someone who's not that committed to me would think, someone that just thinks 'oh he's alright,' They must have been well cheeced off seeing me on the telly. I don't want to be a pain in the neck so I took a rest. I needed the rest. And," he grins, "I'll need it again after this Autumn outing."

This annual Autumn outing should differ considerably from last year's frenetic debut. The new record and the new show are vastly superior to previous attempts. This year it should be easier for him to walk out the stage door, not fearing for his life. Vindictive bitterness over his healthy

pop success has lost its passionate distaste. Perhaps, the audience will be more of a cross section.

"It was all a bit weird wasn't it?" he laughs about last year's frenzy. "I expected that kind of negative reaction. There is some packaging involved so I can understand people's reaction against that. If they could just take the time to come to a show or listen to the records perhaps they would think that some of the packaging was worthwhile."

The packaging is merely a glossy veneer to attract surface appeal. On record one discovers cleverly executed pop songs that, dare I say, elevate the musical mode of the hit single beyond its usually mundane and repetitious groove. On stage, one discovers a show leaning more towards West End musicals and professional approach than the average laid back rock concert. Essex is a typically restless artist, pouring his energies into the stage productions.

"I've missed the road quite a lot," he says picking up the copy of *Look Now* and making a face when he reads 'Downright Delicious David'. "Films and record studios aren't clinical but that in-stinct-ive-ness is stilted by the process. There's a lack of impulsive reaction, a lack of flow that I miss."

"There was an instant reaction in the theatre, you could change things immediately or react to them," he says excitedly, as his speech patterns gain momentum. "The instinctiveness and the immediacy is what I like

musical. Too many rock groups forget their audience, not taking advantage of built in stimulants that could easily work for them. Essex and Wayne exploit that menace to its fullest.

"I like at-mos-phere. I like the feeling that something is going to happen, that makes you want to listen to it and then you can start to imagine situations inside the music. Creating an atmosphere seems to be the right thing to do with the music. This year we're using a set that's split in two ways."

"It's basically a fairground set, not colourful, cozy and candy floss but nas-ty. The danger side of the fairground. When you go there you like it but it's a little bit scary. The rest of the set will emphasise that urban atmosphere. I wanted a real ferris wheel onstage but the dismantling would take three days. I wanted to make my first entrance coming over the top of the ferris wheel," he excitedly demonstrates the fairground idea. "Roll on up..."

"I've come up with an abstract form of a ferris wheel which is maybe better cause in songs like 'Streetfight' you're stuck with a big wheel in the middle of the stage."

Aside from a slightly sleazy fairground scenario and a definite urban edge, the new songs lean harder on his roots, the rock and rhythm and blues more prominent than before but still definitely Seventies in approach. So strong is the rock feel that one suspects his next move

vanishes very quickly and it becomes an IQ test. I'd like to just go in and play, dead simple and not think about atmosphere and emotion. Perhaps our music is too complicated," he wonders out loud. "But the drama and atmosphere are really important to us. I'd probably get more recognition just going crash, bang, wallop and do something instinctive again."

He admits that his next Autumn outing could well be a return to the basics, adopting that stomping ground posture he discarded several years ago. Yet the rock roots creep into his conversation and his music. There is an eerie juxtaposition on record of a toe tapping melody like 'Hold Me Close' running straight after the insecure realities of 'All The Fun Of The Fair'.

"You need that variety otherwise it would get so heavyweight. That's why I brought out 'Hold Me Close' as the single cause it makes me laugh," then he chuckled to prove the point. "It's not a song that's 100 per cent serious. I know what it is, 'every cloud's got a silver lining,' that's great isn't it, makes me laugh."

Originally CBS wanted to go with 'Hold Me Close' as the first single from the new album but Essex and especially Wayne fought hard for 'Rolling Stone', a song they rightfully assumed was more artistically satisfying yet obviously more difficult to hit the charts. 'Rolling Stone' did well reaching number five but 'Hold Me Close' looks like it will repeat last year's success of 'Gonna Make You A Star'.

Plateau

"In a way it's unfortunate that 'Hold Me Close' is the single," Wayne later realistically mused in the dingy tea shop. "It's not representative of the album. I mean, the album really is a new plateau for us."

Like past albums, this new one features a fine assortment of experienced and respected session musicians. Drummer Barry de Souza, bassist Mike Thorn, guitarist Jo Partridge, horn men David White and Alan Wakeman, synthesizer pro Ken Freeman and the Real Thing contribute and will continue to do so on stage. There's also vital contributions from Chris Spedding and piano player Mike Garson.

"I asked Chris if he wanted to do the tour but he's gone solo," David laughs. "He drove off on his motor-bike. Of course he enjoyed the session, everyone does. Otherwise you wouldn't get real fee-ling. We set a free style in the studio. Jeff and I both have definite ideas about where we're going but sometimes they change because of the musicians. Like when Herbie Flowers came up with that bass sound on 'Rock On'."

So far, Essex and Wayne have managed to instil enough variety into their productions to avoid a monotonous wall of sound. Essex especially seems to thrive on change.

"If I felt we were locked into that sound, we'd change. Each album is a change. There will always be that stamp about it but it will get more direct then completely in-di-rect," he laughs mysteriously, purposely cagey. "I'm now coming up towards a small group thing. Perhaps then it will just be ballads. I've got to keep changing slowly because the good thing about me is that I get bored quickly. I like to change."

"That's really why I do so many things. I'd get fed up just being a singer," he says the word with inadequate emphasis. "So I started to write songs, got fed up being a songwriter so I got involved producing other people, fed up with singing went into theatre, fed up with theatre went into films, that sort of thing."

"It's restlessness which is in the music. I move every nine months,

city-country, country-city," he flashes a grin. "Yeah initially it bothered my wife (yes girls he is married) but she expects it now. She's the first one ready to move. I always move right in the middle of a tour just to keep things really chaotic."

He later joked, "If you ever need a flat don't ring the estate agent, ring me." But his constant change of domestic scene perfectly compliments his change of work. Chances are when both the British and American tours are over, he'll turn his restless attentions to films once again.

"I'll probably do a film in February. There's two I'm thinking of. One is historical, highwaymen carry on. Another one, which I actually prefer is a love story set in the Far East. Hong Kong. They've got it set in the present day but I'd like it to take place in the late Forties, opium smoked love story, very pictorial. I'll have a little crop," he gestures towards his hair, "glasses and a cream suit. I'll be a diplomat's son."

Opium

He stopped short and returned to that copy of *Look Now*, still perched on the desk. He began to read aloud in a comical tone of voice. "I don't like a girl that smokes," he laughs, "I do like a girl with a sense of humour," he laughs some more.

But suddenly it's time to leave manager Derek Bowman's office with the gold records and the *Look Now*, time to leave the Far East with the cream coloured suits and opium. It is time to go to rehearsal. After all, David Essex isn't a diplomat's son just yet. Right now he's very much a rock and roll star once again.

Scattered copies of sheet music to the new songs lay all around the Manticore cinema. Brightly coloured carnival lights are presently being strung. The Real Thing, a three man vocal group who David reckons will be 'Britain's first big black combo' are sitting around eagerly waiting for rehearsal to begin.

Essex has recently produced a single for the Real Thing, a new song of his given totally different treatment called 'Watch Out Carolina'. R&B urban paranoia. We are back to square one. The Real Thing will be the support group throughout the tour and will also sing a large percentage of back-up vocals during the Essex show, bringing the number of people onstage from 10 to 13. Just a small Autumn outing.

"It's just going to be a rehearsal," Essex kept mumbling on the way to Manticore. "I mean we've only been at it three days. It is coming together but I mean it's not like seeing the show or anything. Just a rehearsal. OK?"

Every time he said rehearsal, I kept picturing a haphazard, laid back, running through of the songs. You know the scene, late musicians, broken guitar strings, faulty sound systems, no monitors, someone who doesn't know any of the music, little things like that. In short, I imagined chaos.

Comical

Yet the 80 minute run through could just have easily been the real show. They stopped several times when Jeff Wayne corrected someone for missing the right punctuation, but other than that they sailed through the bulk of the new album plus golden oldies with professional 'the show must go on' aplomb. Even in rehearsal, the band seemed more rhythmic and rocky than last year's troupe. And the Real Thing are a surprise, injecting the show and Essex with a whole lot of soul.

In between takes David kept the atmosphere light and comical, continually saying hello to the invisible audience, blowing them kisses, and playing up the centre of attraction spot. After the third number he addressed an audience of 10. "Thank you so much for coming tonight," he said with mock seriousness. "It's really great to be back in Scunthorpe."

See you there.

*'Had to shave the beard
off for TV didn't I.
Can't be a teen idol
with a beard can I'*



about doing live shows. You work out the show and then it starts to fall apart. There's a danger about it. When you work in TV and records the danger isn't there. Most of my music has to do with danger, that apprehensive, menace, that neurotic quality."

It is that eerie menace, that slightly offsetting urban fright, that elevates many of the songs. That same neurotic paranoia, filled with Seventies danger made songs like 'Streetfight' and 'America' work. The new album, harder than before, contains much of that lurking shadow fright. It should translate well when adapted to the stage.

"There's a lot of material on the new album that's nicer to perform live. It's earth-i-er," he says rhythmically, like a tough street punk. "They read better onstage, more exciting. It's a harder show this year cause most of the songs are slightly harder. The menace is still there. I guess a lot of it is very neurotic. But that's the good thing about art forms. You can express your weirdness can't you?" he smiles slyly. "And at the same time live a basically real life. That's what draws me to the music."

"Someone came up to me at the CBS convention and said 'Gee you're really crazy. Those things you write. I wanna tell ya all of us in America, we love it, the crazier the better'". David delivers this speech in pure American street talk. "I think that was a compliment," he laughs.

Menace also means atmosphere which in itself is more theatrical than

could easily be back to a four piece rock band.

"I love the Fifties, that rock and blues feel is all over the record. There's even a few proper blues songs. But the menace," he grins with good natured but evil connotations, "is still there. If you look at blues music in the Fifties, it had an atmosphere of menace and danger to it that was suspended. But the overriding thing was the direct-ness, an en-er-gy," he really gets excited now, "What we've done is kinda changed that."

It is precisely that kinda change that makes the music unique, more specialised than 'Good Love Can Never Die' or 'All Of Me Loves All Of You'.

"Our music isn't as direct as the Fifties but the energy is still there in the same way music has changed from the Fifties to the Seventies. The influences are still there but in the Seventies the world is nastier, more paranoid, you expect things round the corner that are never there."

"We make musical paranoia," he laughs. "Authentic reproduction doesn't do it to me. It's nice to prove you can capture that sound but it doesn't really make a statement or anything. There's no rearrangement or stamping," he bangs the table to illustrate his point making the *Look Now* bounce, "of what you do on anything. It's just looking back nicely at the past."

"I'd actually like to do that though. I find the weight of doing this kind of thing very wearing. I'm tired after making an album. The joy

Kraftwerk: 2 am Newcastle hotel

'We not only try to brainwash people... we succeed'



Interrogation by Geoff Barton

I KNEW this was a mistake.

Up until a short while ago, my knowledge of Germany and the German people's way of life had been strictly limited. Dull geography lessons at school and the occasional reading of the American comic strip, 'Enemy Ace', featuring the adventures of a ruthless World War One fighter pilot, Herr Rittmeister Von Hammer; that's about all.

But an interview some months ago with Tangerine Dream, during which Edgar Froese was far too busy tucking into a mound of buttered toast to bother to exchange more than a few words with me, and a series of unpleasant occurrences during a costly Spanish holiday spent at a hotel jam-packed with Germans have since caused various prejudices to spring up. An interview with Kraftwerk does nothing to help dispel them.

The encounters I've had with Germans — and, in particular, obscure Germans — have invariably been uncomfortable and disquieting affairs. Our temperaments just don't suit.

It's 2 a.m. on a Saturday morning, some little time after Kraftwerk's debut British gig at Newcastle's Mayfair Ballroom. Band leaders Ralf Hutter and Florian Schneider are sitting silently in chairs in a less-than-bustling hotel reception area, the other two Kraftwerks, Karl Bartos and Wolfgang Flur, are not present. The hordes of reps, staying at the hotel, their P registration Cortinas with huge Green Shield Stamp cubes stuck on the roofs parked safely outside, are sleeping peacefully in their cosy beds. Just as well. Here, the atmosphere is abominably tense, like that of a dentist's waiting room and a hypercool night at the Speakeasy horribly combined.

Judgement

Well, what do you think of British audiences, then? I ask Hutter, a tentative opening question.

"I can't make a judgement yet," he replies, finally.

Not too good a start. I scan my notes, groping for a suitable follow-up question. 'Kraftwerk', the scrawl reads. 'Started in '68 playing various University concerts. In '70 they built their own studio in Dusseldorf where they now compose music, record tapes and work with instruments.

'Autobahn' is their fourth LP and most successful to date. Theirs is part of a new breed of German music and their motivation not an unfamiliar one. For a German band: to rebuild a musical culture that was destroyed during World War Two.

"Yes... to rebuild," pipes Hutter. I must have been reading out loud. "Being members of a younger generation of German people, we feel somewhat cut off from the old culture of the country. Many people of our age and also younger have been Americanised and Anglicised?"

"Anglicised, ja. They have turned to Anglo-American music. This is because, after the War, there did not exist any German culture within a respectable level of consciousness.

Spotless

"We began taking our music seriously in 1970 and other bands are now emerging and attempting to fill this void."

The atmosphere is slightly less strained, now. But Hutter and Schneider remain remote characters. Dressed in carefully tailored, spotless suits of an old-fashioned style, their shoes jet and shiny, their ties notted tightly and exactly in the centre of their collars, their hair short and faultlessly shaped, their eyes icy blue in colour, they sit stiffly upright as if they have iron bars for backbones. If they move it is because movement is absolutely essential and, whether they lean forward to pick up a glass or turn their heads to face each other and confer for a moment in German, each action is performed smoothly, with no deviation or uncertainty. Automatons? Maybe.

I make the point that Kraftwerk's music seems to be largely based around the staccato rhythms of the German language.

Schneider: "Part of our music is derived from the feeling of our language, yes. Our method of speaking is interrupted, hard-edged if you want; a lot of consonants and noises.

"Pzzt, pzzt, pzzt," he goes, mimicking a synthesised sound.

"We use the language also as a musical instrument," explains Hutter. "It's like when we sing. People say it's too low, we cannot understand the singer. But we are not singers in the sense of Rod Stewart, we use our voices as another instrument. Language is just another pattern of rhythm, it is one part of our unified sound."

The concert a few hours ago at the Mayfair had attrac-

ted a remarkably well-behaved and attentive Geordie crowd. Had Kraftwerk somehow tried to brainwash them and managed to subdue their notorious rowdiness?

"We not only try to brainwash people," says Schneider, "we succeed. We see the audience out there staring at us, we find we can control their minds to some extent for the hour during which we are on stage."

So you can manipulate people?

"Partly. Not manipulate them into actual physical action, just to keep them quiet to enable them to receive our music very deeply."

Could you go a step further and inflict injury?

"Well, yes, we could," murmurs Hutter. Matter-of-factly. "When you are aware of the fact that music is a process of brainwashing and manipulation, you realise that it can also go in the direction of damage. We have the power to push the knobs on our machines this way or that and cause damage."

"It can be like doctors with patients," claims Schneider, as I try to banish a look of horror from my face. "They have the same sort of power. Their patients are very much in their hands, as our audience is in our hands." I expect to hear a fiendish cackle, but it doesn't come.

Shifting the subject matter into a slightly less frightening area, I wondered about Kraftwerk's preoccupation with reproducing noises that you're able to hear in everyday life — like a journey down a motorway, a train ride or an early morning stroll.

Awareness

Hutter: "When you play electronic music, you deal with noises, and gradually you become more aware of the world of sounds. We want to communicate our awareness, so that when you leave our concert and maybe walk down a street, you can still hear concerts by listening to the noise of the traffic, the footsteps of other people..."

"People may drive down a motorway, but they remain unaware of the sounds around themselves. Driving is a whole psychological situation, an acoustic film if you like, where the windscreen is the cinema screen and the noises are the soundtrack."

Why do you think it is that most aren't aware of these sounds, then?

"Because they are too much self-occupied," continues Hutter. "That is why there are things like world pollution. If you are aware of your environment, then at the same

time you feel a part of it, you care for it and do not want to destroy it."

In retrospect, the recently-completed Newcastle gig was an anonymous event. I suggested that to improve the set-up, the band should maybe try to project their individual stage personalities on to the audience.

"No, no," says Schneider. "We go beyond all this individual feel, we are no superstar band. We are more like vehicles, a part of our mens-machine, our man-machine."

"Sometimes we play the music, sometimes the music plays us, sometimes... it plays."

No hands

So, presumably, the time will come when Kraftwerk's machinery will be able to play its own concerts, with no human hand to guide it.

"We have done this already, with rhythm machines and organs," says Hutter, again in extremely controlled tones. "We were playing at a party a few years ago in an arts centre in Germany. Everyone was dancing, the machines were playing. Eventually, we left the stage and began also dancing to the music the machines were playing."

"The machines played themselves. We created something, then put ourselves outside of it."

Like watching yourself walking down the street, I suppose.

Kraftwerk are currently working on a new album with the slightly egocentric title of 'Ralf And Florian' (what about Karl and Wolfgang?) I supposed that the band were under pressure to make the LP at least as successful as 'Autobahn', but I supposed wrong.

Schneider: "We have been working for seven years now and we aren't thinking of the next album as anything important."

"We don't think of things in terms of success or failure," continues Hutter. "We live in Dusseldorf, we have our own studio, we keep apart from the music business in general..."

Just then the late-night hotel receptionist decides to do some tidying up. A vacuum cleaner is switched on and, as it is pushed back and forth over a carpet, Hutter suddenly stops talking to seemingly concentrate on the whirring sound of the apparatus. Schneider listens intently, as well.

Are they getting off on the Hoover's humming? The vacuum's vibes? The world of sounds; it's an acoustic film.

I knew this was a mistake...

Harding hits the trail

IT'S A burning hot day in London, with the sun pouring in through the plate glass windows. Suddenly Mike Harding leaps up and starts shouting at the sky. "You're too hot. Turn it down a bit. The bloke in the lighting panel up there's got a huge spotlight..."

It's a hoary showbiz cliché, but the success of 'The Rochdale Cowboy' and the live album, 'Mrs 'Ardin's Kid', really hasn't changed the Lancashire lad. It simply means that his wife, Pat, has had to give up her teaching job to help cope with the increased flood offers of work, and that he's going to add a London date to his nationwide tour next month. But that's as far as it goes. "We've had managers and agents ringing up to say, 'I'll make you a star and knock all the rough edges off you'. If they did that, there wouldn't be anything left."

In Rochdale itself, that small town with an even smaller 4th Division football team, Mike Harding is the local hero. If they had any keys to the city, he'd have been given them by now. As it is, he's been asked to join someone called Harold Wilson in opening the new civic centre. And he's heard that his song has actually inspired some of the residents to ride their scooters round the town wearing cowboy hats. The latest tribute has come from the local police club who want him to appear at one of their functions.

International

Plans are now being made for an international release of 'The Rochdale Cowboy', and Mike Harding is looking forward to seeing how Lancashire wit goes down in places like Japan: "Imagine the scene. The guy has just got home from a hard day's work at the Yamaha motor bike works, and he's got his sayanara on, or whatever they call them, with his two geisha girls and he's supping his pint of saki. Then 'Rochdale Cowboy' comes on the radio. It could make Rochdale a major tourist centre, with coachloads of Japanese tourists rolling up, saying 'Scuse please, where is birthplace of Rochdale Cowboy?', taking out their cameras going 'Crick Crick'."

He managed to survive the ordeal of a 'Top Of The Pops' appearance, despite the lack of rehearsal with the orchestra: "It's a giggle when someone like me who's not pop, sells enough records to get into the pop charts. I tried to get into Pan's People's dressing room, but the tin-opener wouldn't work!"

The next step is to find a follow-up single for release

later in the year. Harding had just been into the Newcastle studios of his recording company, Rubber, to cut three songs, one of which will become the next record. One has already been featured in his live act, but the other two were completed only recently. All, however, are in the same vein as 'Cowboy'.

Beyond that, he'll be doing a national tour with a one-man show, taking in 17 major venues — including some theatres. "That kind of show is always the most challenging," he says. "It's all down to you to fight to win over the audience. I'm going to include a couple of my serious songs as well as the funny ones."

Poetry

His unexpected recording success means that Mike Harding is now in a position to pursue one of his main ambitions — to be published as a writer. "Publishers and people take notice of you when you've been successful in the music business. I've already got a book with illustrations by Bill ('The Cloggies') Tidy, ready to come out. It's called 'Napoleon's Retreat From Wigan' and includes a lot of my songs and monologues. And I've always written serious poetry, some of which has been published in little magazines. I'd like to try and get them published in book form."

The national success of 'folk entertainers' like Billy Connolly and himself seems to have happened suddenly over the last year, but Mike Harding reckons it was bound to occur eventually. "People like Billy and me have been playing to 200 people a night, five nights a week for 10 years. When you add that lot up it comes to half a million people. And I've always done the odd spot of radio and television. So all it needed was people like Terry Wogan and Pete Murray to play the record a bit and we were away."

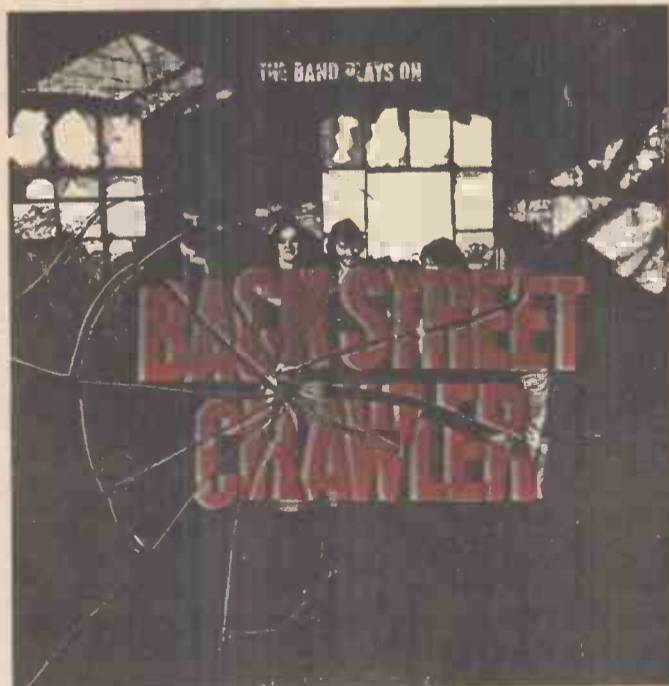
The only misgiving he has about the present situation is that while a folk entertainer boom might be happening now, "the problem with any trend or boom is that it's got to finish. The media-machine can get hold of it and do it to death." He's confident, however, that he can survive such a development, because he's determined to remain firmly rooted in his natural habitat — the music-hall and folk culture of Northern England. He's as pleased about his forthcoming appearance at 'The Wheelappers And Shunters Social Club', television show as he was about 'Top Of The Pops', and his ultimate ambition remains to get on to 'The Good Old Days': "I'll dress up in a cloth cap and clogs and get up there and give it rock!" — DAVE LAING.



PAUL KOSSOFF TERRY WILSON-SLESSER TERRY WILSON
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albums

ROY HARPER: 'FOLK-JOKEOPUS' (SUNSET SLS 50373) (35.40)

A TRULY vintage flash from Mr. Harper's archives of oblivion — his third album, released on a budget line. You might wish to buy it to complete your Shel Talmy collection, for he indeed produced it. You might be a Harper competitor with this all-important gap. You might be wanting to check him out, in which case you are advised to aim towards later albums. Virgin encounter with this could lead to brain damage. A product of 1967 (in spirit if not actuality), it's interest is now primarily historical. Apparently, Roy's singing and playing are mostly first takes, since Tammy spent most of his budget on arrangements, so the post-'Stormcock' perfection is missing, as is the thinking that has produced the stunning voice/guitar arrangements of the last four years. Nor has Roy developed his full leonine roar, sounding in comparison as though he had just gassed up on some helium. Lyrically, most of Harpie's time is spent blundering through the sacred cows with a fairly blunt machete, though he deserves credit for being so swift in puncturing hippiedom's sillier aspects. 'McGooohan's Blues', the first of his exegeses and the first track to capture a lot of people's attention, particularly shows his strengths and weaknesses. Primarily of interest as a standard by which he has subsequently matured as an artist. — John Ingham.

BIG YOUTH: 'DREAD LOCKS DREAD' (KLIK KLP9001) (35.00)

BIG YOUTH is OK. He is really called Manley Buchanan. He is a very colourful man. He has been evident in and amongst the inner limits of roots reggae for what seems like ages. He doesn't actually sing too good, but his image and significance make up for any lack of original musical talent. 'Dread Locks Dread' presents Big Youth with the inimitable Skin Flesh And Bones. Without them the album would not be worth listening to. 'Dread Locks Dread' is a fine record. But it is formula all the same. The formula is heavy, roots, rastafarian-motivated, reggae-menace, cranked up-market with a little extra money for production and marketing in the light of the Wailers' recent commercial success. And it is formula in that it contains all the reggae cliches currently available. There is the overriding dub feel (a predominance of bass and drums, spacey phasing, big black gaps in the music, inspired repetition, synthesised silences); and excess of religio-political arm-chair power ravings; the word 'dread' in five out of eleven titles (twice in the main title); the word 'natty' squeezed in wherever it can be made to fit; a quasi-mystical presence etc., etc. A second division, in-the-wake-of-the-Wailers, formula record; but a groove anyway. The producer is the true star of any contemporary reggae album. He pulls all the punches, holds all the aces, and pushes all the rivers. 'Dread Locks Dread' is produced by Tony Robinson and Big Youth. Just who did what is not known. The harmonica playing is outstanding. If 'Dread Locks Dread' ever emerges from its formula construction it is during a triple instrumental track cycle sandwiched in the middle of side two. 'Big Youth Special' / 'Dread Organ' / 'Black Man Message' elevates the album to real contender status. Obviously inspired by the melodic sound of Augustus Pablo, the harmonica player on 'Dread Locks Dread' manages to inject a genuine traditional blues inflection into this most abstract of reggae forms. Two tracks — 'House Of Dreadlocks' and 'Movin' On' — seem to contain the ghost of Keith Hudson's recent guitarist (whoever he is), who, in

Harper the matured artist

turn, contains the ghost of Hank Marvin (imagine that). 'Dread Locks Dread' has, predictably, an absurdist sleeve — a significant episode in the continuing saga of reggae comedy graphics: The label name is spelt two different ways — Klik on the logo, Klick on the credits; and Tony Robinson includes his address (45 Slupe Road, Kingston 5) and telephone number (Kingston 92-26821) on his credits. Finally, Big Youth wears red, yellow and green (rasta colours) ankle socks, and he has red, yellow and green settings in his fore-teeth. He is a very colourful man. A very fine record. — Mister Brown.

FELIX CAVALIERE: 'DESTINY' (BEARSVILLE BR6958) (34.27)

THERE ISN'T exactly an incredible amount of interest surrounding Felix Cavaliere these days, he was, after all, only a singer in yet another defunct rock and roll band. Or was he? Thankfully the Young Rascals were not just another rock group and Felix himself is mercifully not just another out of work star cashing in on the present dearth of good music. Felix Cavaliere is a name that looks likely to set off a chain of tremors that will be felt from Brixton to the Bronx. 'Destiny', his second release for Bearsville, is a disturbing record. Disturbing in so far as I doubt whether anyone will know how to spell his name let alone go out and buy the damn record. The feel of 'Destiny' is predominantly black, with influences at work ranging from South American to straight R & B. These variations make for interesting listening. What could have been a lacklustre cold chocolate brew, is transformed into 35 minutes of pleasure that would probably put a few good black bands to shame. Felix's vocals also show a surprisingly wide range, they are strangely reminiscent of the Average Whites. Strong, soulful and yet seemingly more controlled than those of the former. Stars featured on 'Destiny' include Laura Nyro. Todd Rundgren and Leslie West. Felix doesn't really need them and as he demonstrates on the two best takes — 'You Came' and 'Set Me Free' he shows he's the real star of the show. — Alan Francis.

WILSON PICKETT: 'JOIN ME AND LET'S BE FREE' (RCA SF8439) (35.00)

FROM THE man who brought sock-it-to-me soul to Britain comes a new album. Far less frantic in both pace and sentiment, 'Join Me and Let's Be Free' confirms Wilson's lately acquired mellow direction. With cosmic African cover and sensitive titles like 'Good Things (Come To Those Who Wait)' and 'Higher Consciousness', it represents something of a coming of age. 'Smokin In The United Nations', 'Higher Consciousness' and the title track are all fast numbers showing the backing band off their best. Who they are remains a mystery because there is no mention on the sleeve. Presumably they are session men. Of the lower key numbers, 'Gone' and 'Bailing Hay On A Rainy Day' are the best. 'Mighty Mouth' concludes with Wilson's characteristic vocals dominating once again. — Alan Francis.

singles

Frankie and Ray tie for the winner

LAST TIME I did this the goodies were thin on the ground. This week I'm faced with an embarrassment of riches. So many contenders, in fact, for the week's most uncoveted award, that the race to be the One-Off Wingfield Wax - Winner - of - the Week ended in a tie. Equal at the photo-finish:

RAY STEVENS: 'INDIAN LOVE CALL' (Janus)
RISKY follow-up to 'Misty' — it's a track from the album of the same name — but an even better record. Ray chose a doo-wop oldie by the Spaniels to be among his 'Top Twelve' on Radio 1 recently; this shows why. It's a genuinely soulful attempt to inject the creaky old Slim Whitman vehicle with some Fifties style wailing falsetto, and with Ray producing, arranging, and singing most (all?) of the voices, it works.

and **FRANKIE MILLER: 'A FOOL IN LOVE' (CHRYSALIS)**

NOW HERE'S a surprise. Not the old Ike and Tina classic, this self-written opus by long-underrated Scots soulster Frankie sounds vaguely familiar — was it recorded previously? Elliot Mazer produced, getting a particularly good horns and tom-tom sound; I suspect it's a track from an as-yet-unissued made-in-US album. The feel's nearer to Otis Redding or Sam and Dave than to today's sophisticated funk heroes; rough, raw, and a solid delight. Marathon, bluesy flip — the riff reminds me of Ray Charles' 'Believe To My Soul'. I just can't get this damn record off the turntable! Great, great, great.

The rest **DR HOOK: 'ONLY SIXTEEN' (CAPITOL)**

NEW LABEL, new album ('Bankrupt'), new writers, for the kings of stoned comic-rock. Yep, this is the Sam Cooke tune from 16 years ago (I freely own up to having in childish ignorance bought the Craig Douglas version). But, amazingly for a song so ripe for lecherous ribaldry, the group play it totally straight. You're white-knuckling it, waiting for the sting in the tail and it never comes! Capitol would do better to concentrate their efforts on the superb 'B' side, 'Levitate', a self-penned ditty for a spoof dance-craze requiring impossible bodily contortions. It's so funny me headphones fell off!

MUD: 'L'L' LUCY' (PRIVATE STOCK)

AH YES — a Very Important Record, coming complete with dignified typed letter from the group's new company. Produced by whizzo Phil Wainman, who does the same for the Rollers, and written by two of Mud, 'Lucy' is well up to par with the best of their hits: the kind of sound that'll be forgotten in six months, but a lot of fun while it lasts. For sure, a Number One! Flip is, incredibly, a pleasing mellow soul-flavoured ballad! Can the forthcoming LP contain yet further wondrous revelations?

PAUL MACARTNEY AND WINGS: 'LETTING GO' (APPLE/EMI)

UP-AND-COMING name could make it at last on the strength of this rocker culled from hard-to-find new album. Sooner or later he'll get the Big Break; stick with it, mate! Needs airplay.

ANDY FAIRWEATHER-LOW: 'LA BOOGA-ROOGA' (A&M)

TITLE track from the man's new, well-received set. Funky, unusual, and cunningly produced by Glyn Johns, it's appeal only comes through on repeated listening, which is an



● RAY STEVENS: better than 'Misty'

evident disadvantage in chart terms. Quality stuff.

PURE PRAIRIE LEAGUE: 'TWO LANE HIGHWAY' (RCA)

YET TO make an impact this side of the ocean, PPL had already crumbled when their two-year-old album unexpectedly mushroomed into a US chart success, causing the group to reform and make a good thing better. They're in the Eagles/Poco vein, and pretty good of the genre. Unlikely that this single'll make ripples here, though.

POCO: 'KEEP ON TRYIN'' (ABC)

SPEAKING of which, here they are, with a real gem of a record. Written by Tim Schmitt of the group, this is a beautiful example of, if you like, white West-Coast almost-acappella: waves of impeccable bleached harmonies washing over each other, backed only by an acoustic guitar. Exceptional.

MAGNIFICENT MERCURY BROS: 'NEW GIRL IN SCHOOL' (TRANSATLANTIC)

WOULD YOU believe a British surfing outfit? Mystery shrouds the identity of the MMs, but their debut is a fair effort at copying the original of the song by Jan and Dean. Only sop to current taste is a snatch of Gary Glitter-type footstomping midway. Flip is the old Lieber and Stoller thing 'What About Us' — dig the lyrics.

SPEEDY KEEN — 'BAD BOYS' (ISLAND)

COMING OFF an undeserved non-hit with 'Someone To Love', John 'Speedy' Keen teams up with members of the excellent Third World for this sly tale of urban strife — sound effects, synthesizers, sirens, and so on — over a cookin' reggae backing track. Version flip (under a different title) is equally worthy of attention — funky guiro, harmonica, and a whole lotta fun with the faders. Nifty.

SMOKEY — 'DON'T PLAY YOUR ROCK AND ROLL TO ME' (RAK)

THE PRACTICE of including the magic words 'Rock and Roll' in song titles has reached epidemic proportions — and here's another. It's not the



Pete Wingfield reviews this week's singles

sultant? (his manager, I guess).

Disco fodder
And still they come... but amongst the tawdry formalised dress there lurks a rare jewel that'll be on its way to the national chart as you read this.

THE FOUR SEASONS: 'WHO LOVES YOU' (WARNERS)

PRODUCED and written by group member Bob Gaudio for Mike Curb Prods, rather than, as in the case of F Valli's solo hits, by Bob Crewe, this is very much a disco record, but one that transcends the category. Fantastic total sound that's GOT to be played loud with lotsa bass and lotsa treble — every bit as good as the old classics by the group, whose harmonies have changed not at all — still half Four Freshmen, half descendants of doo-wop. Love that phased drum passage! 5½ minute 'disco version' on flip. And underneath it all, for a section of the song, is that good ol' C-Am-F-G sequence.

FAITH HOPE AND CHARITY — 'TO EACH HIS OWN' (RA)

REACTIVATED group masterminded by Van McCoy with a sound that's totally derivative but efficiently put together. Lyrics are a bit nasty. Once again, five-minute version on flip.

DEE CLARK — 'RIDE A WILD HORSE' (CHELSEA)

CAN THIS be the same Dee Clark that made all those fine Vee-Uay sides in the early Sixties like 'Raindrops', 'You're Looking Good', and 'Gloria'? Sad that he's the least important ingredient in this typical Kenny Nolan effort. Could be a track for Lulu, Jim Gailstrap, or anybody. Gene Page arranged, but it's all a bit too contrived — right down to the near-the-knuckle words. Needless to say, backing track on flip.

GARY THOMS EMPIRE — 'DRIVE MY CAR' (EPIC)

GARY HIT mighty paydirt via an old Blue Mink album track, 'Blow Your Whistle'. This time out he's aimed at the top and used a Beatle oldie. Not much down-home funk — it's good-time formula fare, with much car-honking etc.

TRAMMPS — 'HOLD BACK THE NIGHT' (BUDDAH)

PHILLY session-man disco heroes with just about the only cut from their 'Amazing Zing Album' that hasn't already been a single. Arranged by Norman Harris and mixed by disco-sound-expert Tom Moulton, its thumping 2 / 4 groove could be just right for the UK market. Since making these Buddah tracks, of course, the group's Golden Fleece set-up has moved under the wing of CBS / Columbia / Epic.

CLYDIE KING — 'PUNISH ME' (UK AMERICAN)

LONG-TIME session singer who's had some solo success in the past, with a masochistic plea a la 'Hurt So Good'. Doesn't sound special to me, but I guess there must be some demand, or Jonathan King in his infinite wisdom wouldn't have picked it up. You guessed it — backing track on flip.

B.T. EXPRESS — 'GIVE IT WHAT YOU GOT' — (EMI INTERNATIONAL)

SAME unadventurous but potent mixture as before for the Brooklyn outfit — but this ain't up to the stuff on their first album. New US single is 'Peace Pipe' off the new 'Non-Stop' set, which I suspect is better than this effort. So is the flip, 'Happiness'.

folk sounds

BY DAVE LAING

Brett: putting faith in a phoenix

Paul Brett has taken his future in his own hands. He is distributing his own record. If successful, others will get the chance to participate



● PAUL BRETT: 'total artistic control'

THE PREVAILING attitude among big record companies towards the majority of folk musicians is that their immediate audience is too small and their ability to reach out to a mass market too limited to make it worthwhile signing them up. And when a performer from the clubs does get a recording contract, they are often subjected to the music business's current idea of 'being commercial', once they get into the studio.

That, at least, has been the experience of Paul Brett, a singer and guitarist of many years' standing in and around the folk scene. "When you go to a big record company, it's on their terms," he says. "You run the risk of finding 18-piece orchestras swamping your records, which is what happened to me. The alternative is to work in a small studio in your own way, without the pressure to write songs as singles."

And that's exactly what he's done. His new album is 'Phoenix Future', recorded at Riverside Studios, housed in a converted bakery in a West London back street. Paul reckons it is the best album he's ever made, mainly because of the total artistic control he's had over the whole project.

The artistic control has been possible because this time Paul Brett has not only produced the album himself, but he has also released it on a label he's formed with friends who share his criticisms of the established music business.

Diverse

He's a South Londoner who left school at 15 and "was faced with the choice of being an electrician, a plumber, a builder or a musician. I did a bit of sparking for four quid a week, but all I learnt was how to knock down walls. So I quit for music". Among the people Paul then played with were Neil Christian and the Crusaders, the Overlanders, Velvet Opera, Cyril Stapleton's Orchestra and Lonnie Donegan — a somewhat diverse selection.

Paul Brett's Sage, his own group which was formed in 1971, lasted two years. Following the collapse of that band, which mainly due to poor management and the massive hype which surrounded the launch of the

label it was signed to — Bradley's, Paul then worked for a while in the clubs with Dave Griffiths and violinist Mike Pigott. But by the start of this year, he seemed to be more or less back to square one.

Brett had a song — 'Phoenix Future' — whose theme of renewal and rebirth proved prophetic of what happened next. Faced with the grind of going round the record companies with his songs once again — and the compromises which would have followed — he decided to go it alone. 'Phoenix Future' became an organisation as well as a song.

No money

"I couldn't have conceived it on my own," he says, "mainly because of the usual musician's complaint — no money. But an ex-school mate of mine manages a printing works and he introduced me to Michael Tickner, who wanted some music written for his audio-visual productions. He was also a lyricist and we started working on songs which eventually grew into the album."

The eventual aim is for Phoenix Future to expand and record other artists. Paul thinks that "there are a lot of good musicians that have gone by the board because they're not commercial in the music business sense of the word. What we want to do is to give them a chance as well". Among the people he has in mind are 12-string guitarist Johnny Joyce and singer Romie Singh, both of whom provide backings on the new Paul Brett album, along with bass guitarist DeLisle Harper and Steve Holley on percussion.

The album sleeve features an original drawing by the well-known illustrator and satirist, Ralph Steadman. It shows a scrawny phoenix crying out the title. Steadman's involvement came through Lawrie Brough, Paul Brett's printing friend, who prints editions of the artist's work. He was impressed by the 'Phoenix Future' concept and offered his services free as his contribution to the co-operative effort.

The record is available only at Paul's gigs and by mail order from the Phoenix Future office in Fulham. This means that it can be cheaply priced at £2 because the usual retailer's percentage and all the overheads of the large record companies are cut out. In fact the whole project so far has cost about the same amount as has been spent on the sleeve artwork alone of the next Roxy Music album.

It's a good first record for a new label whose intention is to disprove the current assumptions about the tastes of the listening audience. By Christmas, after his lengthy tour, Paul Brett and his colleagues will know whether their ideas are working out in practice.

SEVERAL OF the main figures in the Chilean New Song movement are featured in a concert at London's Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday, September 30. The list of performers includes Isabel Parra, Patricio Castillo, Inti-Illimani and Quilapayun.

The last two groups also have albums released on Transatlantic's Xtra label to coincide with the concert.

THE DUBLINERS, now reshuffled, begin a major British tour on Saturday, 20, at St. Helen's Theatre Royal. Their line-up has recently undergone changes because of Cairon Burke's illness and the replacement of Ronnie Drew by Jim McCann.

The tour continues at New Brighton Pavilion 21, Newcastle City Hall 23, Croydon Fairfield Hall 25, Sunderland Empire Theatre 27, Redcar Coatham Bowl 28, Preston Guildhall 30.

It continues in October with Leeds Grand Theatre 2, Newark Palace Theatre 4, Dundee Caird Hall 6, Rochdale Champness Hall 10, Glasgow Apollo Theatre 11.

FOLK NEWS

York Theatre Royal 12, Dunstable Queensway Hall 14, Heme! Hempstead Pavilion 16, Chatham Central Hall 18, and London New Victoria Theatre 19.

THE SPINNERS will be touring extensively during September and October. To coincide with the tour, Phonogram will issue a 'Spotlight On The Spinners' double album, with 29 tracks drawn from their previous records. Remaining dates are: Liverpool Royal Philharmonic Hall 19, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 21, Gloucester Leisure Centre 24, Harrogate Royal Hall 28, Lincoln Odeon October 9, Peterborough ABC 10, Bletchley Leisure Centre 11, Watford Town Hall 12, Leeds Town Hall 15, Hull ABC 16, Birmingham Town Hall 19, Derby King's Hall 20, Oxford New Theatre 21, Plymouth ABC 22.

LOUIS KILLEN, the Durham singer who has lived in America for almost 10 years, will return to Britain for a major tour in November and December. His repertoire will be drawn from both British and American traditional material. Killen's recent album for the American Front Hall label will be available to coincide with the tour.

ALEX ATTERSON, the Barnacles, the Crownsmen, Eastern Folk, Roger Gamble, Kemp's Men, Brian Limbrick and George Middleton will feature at Folk East 75 at Norwich St. Andrew's Hall on October 25. There will be appearances by other performers and also various workshops.

STEVE TISTON and **Cajun Moon** are among future guests to appear at the Wolverhampton Folk Club evenings at Wulfrun Hall. Other dates are: **Hedgehog Pie**, **June Tabor** October 15, **Jon Raven** and others in a **Black Country Night**, November 12, and **Decameron** and others on December 10.

Dirty Tricks' first album has already outsold the combined albums of all other bands put together*

Amongst world leaders who have praised it are King Haakon of Norway** and Uganda's President Idi Amin***



* White lie, designed to attract attention. ** Untrue. *** Black lie.

Another Dirty Trick from Dirty Tricks

Their first album available now on Polydor — 2383 351



On Tour With Argent · See Dirty Tricks at

SEPTEMBER	19th/20th	ST. ALBANS City Hall	14th	PRESTON Guildhall
	25th	GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre	15th	CARDIFF University
	26th	LONDON New Victoria Theatre	19th	WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
	27th	MALVERN Winter Gardens	22nd	GLASGOW Apollo Centre
		BRADFORD St. Georges Hall	23rd	DUNDEE Caird Hall
OCTOBER	1st	SHEFFIELD City Hall	24th	EDINBURGH Citadel Theatre
	3rd	NORWICH East Anglia University	25th	MANCHESTER University
	4th	BIRMINGHAM Town Hall	30th	CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange
	5th	LEICESTER University	NOVEMBER	1st
	11th			FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall

12 First Prizes of Five James Taylor Albums

each with T-Shirt



40 Runner Up Prizes of 'GORILLA'

COMPETITION COUPON. How to enter:

All you have to do is answer the following three questions. When you have completed your entry post it to: TAYLOR/SOUNDS COMPETITION, SOUNDS, P.O. BOX 195, LONDON, N7 7AX. The first 12 correct answers picked out will receive a set of five James Taylor albums and another 40 will receive 40 runner up prizes of the 'Gorilla' album. The editor's decision in this and all matters concerning the competition is final.

1. Which film in 1972 did James star in?.....
2. Who is James married to?.....
3. Complete this album title: 'Sweet.....'

Name.....
ADDRESS.....

LIZ COOPER INVESTIGATES

YOUR PROBLEMS

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

Sorting out Rush's records

REGARDING the recent enquiry from a Bergen reader about a Tom Rush LP, maybe you could sort out my confusion. I have an LP (1971) on the CBS label called 'Wrong End Of The Rainbow' by Tom Rush.

The two Taylor songs and 'Merrimack County 1' are on it. Has he got the title wrong, or are there two similar albums? — Mike Jones, Northwich, Cheshire.
● As far as they know, CBS say there are not two similar albums in existence. Tom Rush has recorded three CBS albums, the most recent being 'Ladies Love Outlaws'. In fact, your 1971 LP is deleted, though as you say, it contains the Taylor songs and Merrimack County 1. It may well be a case of a wrong title from our other reader, since CBS could not throw much light on there being another album featuring these titles.

Lyric sheets from Reprise

I RECENTLY bought copies of 'Tonight's The Night' by Neil Young and 'Boomer's Story' by Ry Cooder, both on the Reprise label. I was under the impression that both would contain some kind of sleeve-note booklet / lyric sheet but neither did. Can you help me obtain these, or tell me where to write for them? — Phil Cooper, Doncaster, Yorks.
● Yes, you're right. They do have lyric sheets and to obtain your copies you should write to the Production Department at WEA Records, 69 New Oxford Street, London WC1 and they will send them on to you.

Fan club for Faces . . .

COULD YOU please give me the address of the Faces Fan Club? I sent off about five months ago to an address I got from an old magazine and didn't receive anything. I'm eager to know if it's still on the go, and want to join, as I am a devoted fan. — Sarah Millhouse, Billingham, Lincoln.
● Write to Warner Brothers Records, at 54 Greek Street, London W1, asking for details of the Faces Fan Club and they will pass on your letter to the club.



● NICO: warped

. . . and for Status Quo

I WAS given the address of the Status Quo fan club as 90 Wardour Street, London, W1, by a friend. I have written two letters asking for details but have had no reply. I would like to join this fan club as I am a fan, but I can't if they won't answer. Was I given the wrong address or don't they want any more members? — J. Oxtoby, Woking, Surrey.
● Yes, it seems so. The address you quote is a very old one and the fan club is now handled from another address, though this doesn't explain why your letters were not re-directed. If you write to Diane Brown she will send you all the information you need to join the Status Quo fan club. Her address is: School House, St Rule Street, Battersea, London SW8.



● STATUS QUO: club

'Let It Be' book from EMI

ANY IDEA where I can get hold of the book that accompanied the 'Let It Be' album? — D. Hershey, Reading.
● You will probably be able to get one by writing to the Customer Services Department at EMI, Uxbridge Road, Hayes, Middlesex.

Warped Nico record

SOMEWHERE around the end of February this year I wrote off to Submarine Records of 155 The Parade, Watford, for a copy of 'Chelsea Girl' by Nico at £1.75.

It arrived on April 10 and was horribly warped, so on April 17 I wrote asking for a replacement or refund, but got no reply. On May 25 I sent back the record with an explanatory note, but again, heard nothing. I have since written again, but to no avail. Could you please help? — Geoff Swaby, York.

● When I checked with Submarine they were very surprised to hear you had returned the record and written. They only have a record of sending 'Chelsea Girl' to you originally in April, nothing to say you have returned it because it was faulty. They have promised to refund your money, and point out that since the early part of the year the record has increased in price by about £1, so if you do still want it, it will now cost you more!

PAUL McCARTNEY

and WINGS

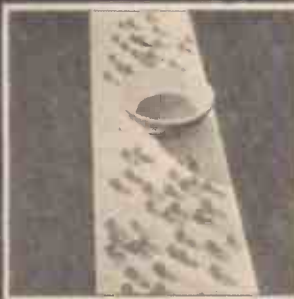
in Concert

Sept 9 Southampton Gaumont
Sept 10 Bristol Hippodrome
Sept 11 Carlisle Capitol
Sept 12 Manchester Free Trade Hall

Sept 13 Birmingham Hippodrome
Sept 15 Liverpool Empire
Sept 16 Newcastle City Hall
Sept 17 & 18 Hammersmith Odeon, London

Sept 20 Edinburgh Usher Hall
Sept 21 Glasgow Apollo
Sept 22 Aberdeen Capitol
Sept 23 Dundee Caird Hall

Playing tracks from...



McCartney PCS 7102



Ram PAS 10003



Wings, Wild Life PCS 7142



Red Rose Speedway PCTC 251



Band On The Run PAS 10007



Venus And Mars PCTC 254

and the latest single

'LETTING GO'

R 6008



'WE'RE OPENING a freight route across the Sahara,' said Ginger Baker thereby securing the prize for odd-rock-intro of the month from all challengers.

"Eh?" said I, and figuring that a searching question deserved an in-depth answer Mr P E Baker, late of the Organisation, the Airforce and currently with the Army, told me all about his new group the Trans-Sahara Trucking Company (of Watford).

It's the same sunken-cheeked Ginger, with the same wild red hair, the lived-in face that never looked younger than 35 and may never look older, even the same pair of Chelsea boots he's been wearing since nobody can remember when.

But a new expression. Gone was the buccaneer wildness of a Viking on the first day of the raping season. The volatile Cockney voice restrained to the quiet intentness of a serious businessman.

"You know I've been involved with Nigeria for some time with the studio and so on. Well, over the last year they've been having terrible trouble getting ships into dock at Lagos. There's not enough berths so some of them have been waiting for eight months and when you think they're losing a thousand dollars a day, by the time they do unload the price of the goods has gone into the realms of insanity.

Morocco

"So we're going to carry heavy plant and machinery. You can't take fragile stuff because it's pretty bouncy. We'll have 15 trucks, 40 tons each, spaced out over nearly four miles in convoy.

"It's straight across the desert from Morocco down to Nigeria. I've driven down there six times myself. No, there isn't a road all the way. We've still got 1,200 to 1,500 miles of desert — just sand. It's really quite a problem."

"That's where the Range Rover comes in as scout car. We want to cut the risk of trucks getting stuck to a complete minimum. If we find any deep sand or parts of the terrain that look to our experienced eyes like trouble — for instance if we have to get down to low gear in the Range Rover and there's a 40-tonner following we know it won't get through — we look around for a way through. Failing that all the trucks carry these metal tracks and we'll have to build our own section of road."

We? I thought rock stars reclined on water beds while their money toted barges and lifted bales.

"I'm in charge of the first convoy at the end of September. There's three trucking firms involved and we've gone into it very carefully. We've been working on it for the best part of a year. There's a need to get the stuff through.

"We've arranged the vehicles through the Algerian government. They're bloody monsters, enormous wheels ..."

Oh I thought you meant the Algerian government were monsters.

"No, they're all right. So a lot of your own money is going into the project?"

(Cagily) "A bit yeah. And you've already sunk a lot into the studios out there?"

(Not unproud) "Yeah it got into six figures."

So what's your attitude to the trucking company? Is it a big commercial enterprise or something you're doing for fun, excitement?

Blockage

"Not for fun. We want to make the thing a viable operation. I suppose I've got principles or something," he says with a trace of hushed embarrassment. "If you're going to make money providing you're going to create opportunities and help the situation then that's OK. For instance we'll be very useful in the drought dropping irrigation stuff down into Niger and the North. We can get down there in three weeks and there's no other way that can be done because there's such a bloody blockage. It's essential equipment for the country's economy and what have you."

I ought to be leading this towards music somehow shouldn't I? Did the whole scheme start through your involvement with Nigerian music? "Well, I got into the desert really. I have in fact done this route we're talking about in five days, which if you check it out is about two days faster than they did it on the World Cup rally — No way is it an easy trip. It's heavy work. You see my hands" (he held up a blistered right mit) "I have the hands of a working man."



GINGER BAKER (top), left to right Paul Gurvitz, Snips, Pete Lemer and Adrian Gurvitz

Baker starts truckin'...

...but this time it's for real. He's just set up a trucking company to ferry goods across the Sahara to Nigeria. He talked business (and a little music) with Phil Sutcliffe

That last remark is always said with pride no matter who utters it. A touch friskily I asked if that was the hand he used to swing his polo mallet.

"Yeah that's my stick hand," he said, unfriskily.

You say it's not for excitement, but surely you could run the operation from home?

"Not really. I wouldn't like to trust the first vehicles without someone at least of similar experience. I'm pretty conversant with it. The trouble is it changes. I don't know if you know but the sand moves all the time.

"You get a high wind come up and all of a sudden there's really deep sand. Or it rains and all the tracks disappear. You are presented with a lump of smooth terrain which is in fact quagmire. You have to know how to circumnavigate it and you can't do it with a compass.

"I've got lost a few times. On the first trip we lost a good day and a half trying to find out whereabouts we were. Another way you get lost, especially at night, is where you get hard-packed stones. All you can see is what's in your headlights and if you come off the stones and there's no tyre tracks you've missed the road.

"You get to know how to find yourself again. It involves getting out and walking about and sometimes you have to walk for miles. You have to leave a light on your car because if you don't you won't find your way back," he chuckles.

I accept that danger is a salty dog to adventurous souls but why?

"I've seen the problems with drought. It's very sad to see so many dead animals. I helped a lot of Oxfam people out there but really and truly I was astounded at their lack of ability to get stuff down quick. They start off at six in the morning when it's light then stop at dusk. They drive through the heat of the day and sleep when it's freezing cold. We sleep from midday to four 'cos that's when it's really fucking hot. And there's less chance of you being crept up on."

By whom? "You're in a very poor country and if you go to sleep in your car in the dark with the windows open the chances of your gear going are high."

Then Ginger says he's really got to get down to Richmond for his polo practice, as forewarned. Oh blimey. Well, can't you say just a few words about the music, the new album, the Autumn tour?

"It's beautiful. The band's going so fucking fantastic we've nearly got a third and fourth album laid down already. Everybody's very prolific; Adrian most of all. And Snips' singing is" (he searches for a word, but instead blows a kiss into the air) "coming on a bomb."

Making for the exit, he said it was a concept album, his next trucking trip would be after the tour in January and "listen I must go. It's my last match of the season. I'm playing with some real big important players and we've got to discuss some tactics. I hope you don't mind."

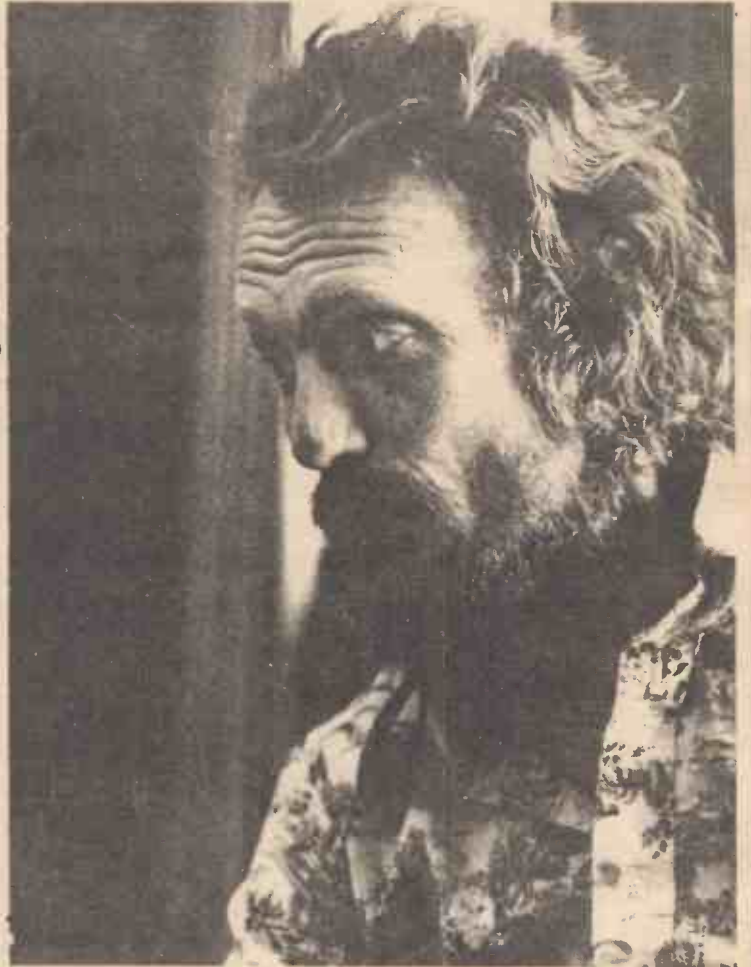
Abstract

Of course not. Any interviewer of sensitivity would appreciate the impossibility of barring Baker from his polo. And anyway the photographer had told me some lurid tale about this tranquil trucker seeing his boss off Baker acres with a shot-gun at an earlier date. So I was just wishing him luck in the match when I walked Adrian Gurvitz, full of enthusiasm to talk about, yes, the music.

He explained the concept of the new album: It's a cluster of songs about basic subjects like 'The Dreamer', 'The Artist', 'People', suggesting he's still in his unusual vein of setting abstract lyrics in a rough rock sound.

Adrian said that the sleeve drawing by Petagno gave Ginger the role of The Hustler and himself The Key. The man with the answers?

"I wouldn't know. Maybe it just looked good on the cover. I do keep searching for truer things to say. But I don't want to depress people, I



wanna write things that people will be happy listening to, only a bit special; not what everyone else is doing. My lyrics are very open though. I don't want to baffle people.

"The Graeme Edge album is the other side of me. The freedom I had in doing that album was fabulous. Freedom that I've never had before. Graeme has his own very big studio, unlimited time and money."

How did you come to know him?

"I was in the Gun and had my first success with 'Race With The Devil'. I was 17, very boisterous because I didn't know any better, and Graeme was in the Moodies who were going through a very bad period. We were going out with two sisters. He married Carole and I was engaged to Susan. We became best friends.

How can you alternate between Baker and the Moodies? Aren't they musical opposites, to say the least?

"Opposite is the word. Graeme is in to looking at what life is about, the hidden meaning, and Ginger's into fire. Ginger's a legend, Graeme's band is a legend. Ginger is fire, fire and nothing else. Graeme is fire, water, earth and all the other elements."

Why do you come up with your combination of cool lyrics and hot music?

"I don't want to be obvious. I don't look at songs for the value of who did it. Like John Denver's 'Annie's Song' is a classic that will

go down in musical history. Maybe the rest of Denver's music is sweet and sickly but that's a great song.

"I love being on stage and seeing them go crazy but I have a slight problem of er ... communication. Some people can look right as far as an audience is concerned and they might think he's sweet and gentle and he can be the biggest bastard on God's earth. And then someone can be big like me and tall and aggressive looking and they'll think 'Be wary of him'. I have problems with people misunderstanding me because of my visual presence.

"I never did anything. It was just a reputation. Like the woman down the street who held a soldier boy's hand one night and from that they said she's having 10 of them a night and she's the town slag. I did care at one stage. I wondered how I could carry on with people thinking bad of me.

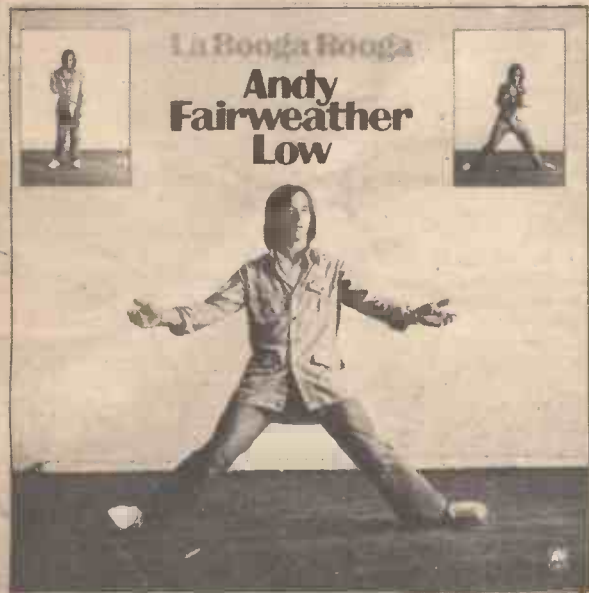
"Still it's very distant now. The honesty started with Three Man Army last year." The telephone interrupts to say his wife has arrived in reception to meet him. He wonders whether he's implied that he doesn't care about the public's reaction anymore and he adds with the same serious intensity as Ginger discussing his trucking prospects: "God, I want to have successful albums. You know I spend half my year just searching for songs to move people."

"IT'S REALLY GREAT" La Booga Rooga

**Andy
Fairweather
Low's**

NEW SINGLE

From the Album of the same name
on A&M Records



**"WATCH OUT FOR LABOOGAROOGA!"
IT'S TOO GOOD TO MISS!**

readers' letters

WRITE TO: SOUNDS, SPOTLIGHT HOUSE, 1 BENWELL ROAD, LONDON N7 7AX

LP prices: think yourselves lucky!

I OFTEN read complaints in your paper about high record prices etc., and I'm rather irritated because most British rock fans don't seem to be appreciating their lucky condition. Here in Japan, where British rock reigns over all other types of music, we fans are having a very hard time.

Roll over Tchaikovsky

I WOULD like to register a protest about the way in which people disclaim music that they are not into. And it doesn't only occur within the readers but also in the reviews.

It must be remembered that groups like the Rollers, Glitter Band, or Yes and Purple are writing for a market, and that doesn't mean the music is rubbish.

I might add that both the above categories of people think of classical enthusiasts as 'fuddy duddies', whereas all I've got to say is listen to the original versions of Musorgsky's 'Pictures At An Exhibition', the 'Sabre Dance', (Katchechurian) any of Beethoven or Tchaikovsky. You will then realise that lots of modern 'pop' composers have been influenced by the classical composers.

So please let's have less of this putting down of groups you don't like or understand, just live and let live, eh? — Mike Hardy, Harduay, Gosport, Hants.

Headline shocker

WHAT THE hell are you up to: trying to give us a heart-attack? I am referring to the front page of SOUNDS, August 30: 'Who: Their Numbers Up'. I nearly choked on my hamburger. I really thought they had split up. — Cammy, 'A Badly Shaken 'Who' Fan', Auchinleck, Ayrshire.

To give you a rough idea of what I'm saying, one LP costs at least 2,200 Yen (about £3.70), and usually 2,300 or 2,500 Yen which passes over the £4.00 mark. The lowest price of a double LP is about £5.60, though I'll have to mention that our record sleeves are of strong, water-proof cardboard and every LP contains lyric sheets and liner notes.

Another frustrating thing is the ridiculous price of concert tickets. The best seats always cost over £5.00 with the worst seats (standing tickets) never going below £2.70. And for all this, we don't get to see many artists.

The Stones never came, Zeppelin came three years ago, we never got to see the Mark III Purple, Bad Company came to do just one date and Queen came. But that's not enough.

We never get to hear or see upcoming hands, either. Anybody who reads this had better think he or she is lucky. — Jane Kosaka, Tokyo, Japan.

All is not lost

AFTER HEARING 'Sailor' by Sailor and 'The Snow Goose' by Camel, I must say that all is not lost. Sailor are a truly brilliant, original and entertaining group and their album certainly lives up to their expectations. I strongly advise every music loving person out there to have a close listen to it.

Camel's new album is just as good, and it's chart place is not full justification of it's brilliance. — Pete Hibbert, Chaddle Heath, Stockport.

Cockney refresher



● STEVE HARLEY

THE YES and Zep freak from Worcester who named Cockney Rebel as an example of what has turned 'commercial and banal' made my blood boil. Although I didn't start to dig Steve & Rebel 'til this Spring, I bought three of their albums in one week — 'The Human Menagerie', 'Psychomodo', and 'The Best Years Of Our Lives', and I dig them all equally.

To me, this is progressive, creative, original music, which has re-awakened and refreshed my interest in the scene. I too, used to be a musical snob, thinking I musn't dig anything 'commercial'. Now I'm sick of all these so-called 'purists', or people who are narrow-minded musically. — Liz Matthews, Filton, Bristol.

WE ARE totally disgusted to read that Budgie are adding another guitarist for their forthcoming tour.

Adding another axeman would do no good at all. So chuck him out Budgie, we want to hear you as you sound on your albums. — Five Budgie Freaks, Derby.

Pointless comparisons

IN REPLY to the letters from L Collins and P Thompson, how is it possible to compare Jon Anderson and David Cassidy in their singing ability? I am an avid Yes freak, yet to hear Anderson sing 'Could It Be Forever' would sound (to me anyway) about as alien as hearing Cassidy trying to sing 'Close To The Edge'; each singer has been type-cast in what he sings. While I hold no special love for Cassidy's music I would concede that he fills a position in the spectrum of music. — M. R. Levington, Barkingside, Essex.

The British knack

DESPITE OUR economic and social problems, we British do have the traditional knack of producing music, surely envied by the rest of the world.

One has only to mention the Rolling Stones, Beatles and the Who — the pioneers of British Rock — to appreciate why our present success is fully justified. Surely nobody can deny that the Softs, Pink Floyd (with Barrett) and Cream provided the foundation for what is happening today — free form improvisation.

Creativity breeds creativity — bands such as Caravan, Egg, Matching Mole, Hatfield And The North, Gilgamesh — the list is endless, have sprung up basically through the format of certain musicians.

Remember, if not for a certain Yorkshireman, America's hugely successful Mahavishnu Orchestra would not have existed. — Robin J. Kelly, Queen Adelaide Court, London SE20.

TROWER STILL IN HENDRIX SHADOW



● ROBIN TROWER: only improving a style

SO, ROBIN Trower thinks he is a great musician does he? I would like to remind him that what he is doing now has been done before by a left-handed, American negro some five years ago.

May I remind Trower that he is only improving on a style which Hendrix established. He is not developing his own style. If Trower is as great as he says he is, then

Hendrix must have been even greater for inventing that style in the first place.

Some people in the Press say that comparisons must stop between Trower and Hendrix, but I find it almost impossible. Has Trower heard 'Peace in Mississippi', from 'Crash Landing'? It certainly tells him where to get off. — H. B. Hutton, North Road, Plymouth.

Jimmy Page rumour squashed!

I WAS shocked and upset when I read the 'Next Week Box' in SOUNDS (Sept. 6). I am a staunch fan of Led Zeppelin and hearing Jimmy Page was leaving upset me greatly.

Please tell me, is this really true? I do hope it's not. — James Houlligan, Fairview Avenue, Wallasey.

● See next week box (left) — Editor

Cover

complaint

I WISH to complain about the photograph on the cover of SOUNDS, September 6. The picture is in extremely bad taste. It astounds me that what I had assumed to be a responsible magazine, and a talented group of musicians, Mott, would ever wish to be associated with it. I hope you can explain yourselves. — Harry Taylor, Bury, Lanes.

● Neither Mott nor SOUNDS intended any slur on the lady. It was simply the best available picture of Mott — Editor.



● JIMMY PAGE

What was the point?

I HAVE been reading SOUNDS now for about four years and have had no complaints about the paper — until now. I was really disgusted to see the cover of issue dated September 6 where Mott were seen openly taking the mickey out of an old woman. Surely SOUNDS is not stooping to the extent of capitalising on old age. If you meant it to be funny it did not succeed, so what was the point of it?

What will the cover be next week, some rock group kicking in a spastic? — Barry Charlton, Chopwell, Newcastle upon Tyne.

Italian job on Naz



I STILL cannot understand why such a great single as 'Love Hurts' by Nazareth failed to get anywhere. It was one of the best singles of '74 and got to number one in Italy. It even got good reviews here, so all I can think is that British people don't like good music. Was I the only one to buy it? — Naz fan, Derbyshire.

NEXT WEEK!

Jimmy Page didn't quit Led Zeppelin after all so Ron Wood stayed with the Faces and so did Rod Stewart

No one heard from Keith Richard all week and David Essex never got his interview with Wings.

Sometimes we exaggerate — but so would you if Ron and Russ Mael kept insisting that their new album was the best yet. Pete Makowski lunches with SPARKS and reveals all.

Please reserve/deliver SOUNDS for me every week.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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COMPETITION COUPON How to Enter

All you have to do is answer the following three questions. When you have completed your entry post it to: TASTY / SOUNDS COMPETITION, SOUNDS, P.O. BOX 195, LONDON N7 7AX. The first 50 correct answers picked out will be announced the winners of the albums. The Editor's decision in this and all matters concerning the competition is final.

1. Which group recording for Gull have an ex-member of Soft Machine?.....
2. What location in England do Judas Priest come from?.....
3. What was Arthur Brown's biggest hit?.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

AGE.....

sounds on the road

wednesday

MICK ABRAHAMS, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, Camden High Street, London NW1.
CHRIS BARBER'S JAZZ & BLUES BAND, 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street, London W1.
MAJOR BULL, Windsor Castle, 307 Harrow Road, London W9.
THE BURGLAR BILL'S, Assembly Rooms, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
WISPER, HMS Sultan, Portsmouth.
BRIAN DEWHURST, Park Hotel, Wigan.
CHI-LITES, Bailey's, Leicester.
CAJUN MOON, Rarr's Head, Disley.
KRAFTWERK, Dome, Brighton.
STRANGE DAYS, Speakeasy, 48 Margaret Street, London W1.
GENO WASHINGTON, Bailey's, Hull.
RICHARD DIGANCE, United Reformed Church, High Street, Wellington, Northants.
SQUEEZE, Greyhound, 175 Fulham Palace Road, London W6.
WALLY, The Saxon Tavern, London.
GONZALEZ, Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1.
MILT JACKSON, Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith Street, London W1.
DAVID ESSEX, Odeon, Birmingham.
WINGS, Odeon, Hammersmith.
CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS, Lyceum, Wellington Street, Strand, London WC2.
EQUUS, Upstairs at Ronnies, 47 Frith Street, London W1.
CHAMELEON, Kensington, Russell Gardens, Holland Road, London W14.
WITCHES BREW, Brecknock, 227 Camden Road, London NW1.
FAST BUCK, Golden Lion, 490 Fulham Road, London, SW6.
SALT, Newlands, 40 Stuart Road, Peckham, London SE15.
WILLIE SCOTT, Dingle's Folk Club, Adams Arms, Conway Street, London W1.
STEVE ASHLEY, Hartspring, Community Centre, Park Avenue, Bushey, Herts.
SINGERS' NIGHT, Stratford Folk Club, Stage 1, 15 / 17 Deane Road, London E15.
BORING DAVE'S SINGALONG, Matilda's, Old Swan Pub, 206 Kensington Church Street, London W8.
TED FRANKLIN / FRED MCKAY, Unity Theatre Folk Club, 1 Goldington Street, London NW1.
GILGAMESH, Phoenix, Cavendish Square, London W1.
ALAN ELDSON JAZZ BAND, Cock Tavern, Green Lanes, Palmers Green, London N13.
WEST LONDON LINE-UP, Salisbury Hotel, 1-3 Templeton Place, Earls Court, London SW5.
WEST END STOMPERS, Crown, Plaistow Lane, Bromley, Kent.
GIN MILL SIX, King's Arms, The Vale, Uxbridge Road, London W3.
ORIGINAL EASTSIDE STOMPERS, Railway Bell, George Lane, Woodford, Essex.

thursday

GONZALEZ, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, Camden High Street, London NW1.
SUPERCHARGE, Banyon Club, Liverpool.
CHRIS BARBER'S JAZZ & BLUES BAND, Kings School, Glos.
MAJOR BULL, The Gregorian, 96 Old Jamaica Road, London SE16.
WALLY, Hardrock, Manchester.
STREETWALKERS, Cleopatras Club, Derby.
HOBO / BUDGIE, Town Hall, Cheltenham.
UPP, Colston Hall, Bristol.
WISPER, HMS Collingwood, Portsmouth.
POCO, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.
WANDA JACKSON, Empire, Liverpool.
BRIAN DEWHURST, Hyde United FC, Hyde, Cheshire.
MAGIC LANTERN, Angel Folk Club, Angel Hall, Elstow Road, Bedford.
CHI-LITES, Bailey's, Leicester.
FATSO, Speakeasy, 48 Margaret Street, London W1.
GENO WASHINGTON, Bailey's, Hull.
NATIONAL FLAG, Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1.
CISSY STONE / BODY & SOUL, Crockers, Rose Lane, Norwich.
MILT JACKSON, Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith Street, London W1.
DAVID ESSEX, Odeon, Birmingham.
TROGGS, Global Village, Under the Arches, Villiers Street, London WC2.
WINGS, Odeon, Hammersmith.
MOONRIDER, Nashville, 171 North End Road, London W14.
RED BEANS & RICE, Greyhound, 175 Fulham Palace Road, London W6.
RASPUTIN, Kensington, Russell Gardens, Holland Road, London W14.
NIGHTHAWKS, Wellington, 513 Archway Road, London N6.
BORZOI, Golden Lion, 490 Fulham Road, London SW6.
CHAMELEON, Brecknock, 227 Camden Road, London NW1.
NO MANS BAND, Newlands, 40 Stuart Road, London SE15.
ROBIN HALL and JIMMY MCGREGOR, Barnet & Whetstone, Black Bull, High Road, London N20.
MR GLADSTONE'S BAG, Shakespear's Head, Carnaby Street, London W1.
LITTLE JENNY / SADDLE-TRAMPS, Old Covered Wagon, County Music Club, Loyola Hall, 64-70 High Road, London N15.
TERRY THOMPSON, Red Lion, High Street, Barnet, High Barnet.

friday

GEORGE JONES / WANDA JACKSON, Odeon, Hammersmith.



POCO: Saturday

ROY ORBISON, Fairfield Hall, Croydon.
TEEZER, Cottesley Youth Centre, HIGHWAY / NIMBUS, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, Camden High Street, London NW1.
CHAPMAN WHITNEY STREET-WALKERS, Mayfair Ballroom, Newgate Street, Newcastle upon Tyne.
CHRIS BARBER'S JAZZ & BLUES BAND, Roundways Hospital, Devises, Wilts.
WALLY, Penthouse, Scarborough.
HOBO / BUDGIE, Town Hall, Birmingham.
FUMBLE, Co-op Hall, Ilkeston.
WISPER, Valbonne, Swansea.
BRIAN DEWHURST, Hawker Siddeley Dynamics Sports Club, Loughton, Bolton.
CHI-LITES, Bailey's, Leicester.
CAJUN MOON, Bell & Pump, Birmingham.
BUNNY, Speakeasy, 48 Margaret Street, London W1.
GENO WASHINGTON, Bailey's, Hull.
JEVUTSHTA, Black Rocks, Heavy Music Enthusiasts Club, Cromford, Nr. Matlock.
PEABODY & McNULTY, Lazenby Folk Club, High Street, Lazenby, Cleveland.
THE SPANGLED MOB, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, London W6.
ALBERTON v LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS, Golden Diamond, Sutton in Ashfield.
DAGABAND, The White Hart, Church Road, Willesden, London NW10.
F.B.I., Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1.
MILT JACKSON, Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith Street, London W1.
DAVID ESSEX, Empire, Liverpool.
KRAZY KATS, Crown Hotel, Merlow.

saturday

EAST OF EDEN, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, Camden High Street, London NW1.
CHRIS BARBER'S JAZZ & BLUES BAND, Melbourne Village College, Cambridge.
WALLY, J.B's Club, Dudley.
STREETWALKERS, Tait Hall, Kelso, Scotland.
BUDGIE / HOBO, Stadium, Liverpool.
MOTT / UPP, Town Hall, Birmingham.
CURVED AIR, Pier Pavilion, Hastings.
CHARLIE RICH, Gaumont, Ipswich.
WISPER, Valbonne, Swansea.
MOTHER SUPERIOR, Croydon Technical College, Croydon.
POCO, Southport Theatre, Southport.
WANDA JACKSON, Gaumont, Southampton.
BRIAN DEWHURST, Royal Oak Hotel, Keswick, Cumbria.
MAGNUM OPAS II, Matlock United Club, Matlock.
CAJUN MOON, Wulfrun Hall, Wolverhampton.
HANDBAG, Town Hall, Hammersmith.
PALM BEACH EXPRESS, Speakeasy, 48 Margaret Street, London W1.
MOON, Trent Polytechnic S.U. Nottingham.
GENO WASHINGTON, Bailey's, Hull.
RICHARD DIGANCE, The Packhorse FC, Leeds.
BLISTER, Black Rocks, Heavy Music Enthusiasts Club, Cromford, Nr. Matlock.

coming events

MOTT, Friars Vale Hall, Aylesbury (September 27).
LEO SAYER, Apollo, Glasgow (October 4).
DAVID ESSEX, Odeon, Lewisham (October 10).
THIN LIZZY, Stadium, Liverpool (October 11).
MELANIE, De Montfort Hall, Leicester (October 17).
BLACK SABBATH, City Hall, Newcastle (October 18).
SPARKS, City Hall, Sheffield (October 30).

ALBERTO v LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS, College of Fashion, Croydon.
DAGABAND, Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1.
TONGE, The York, Bexhill.
KRAFTWERK, Odeon, Hammersmith.
MILT JACKSON, Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith Street, London W1.
DAVID ESSEX, Empire, Liverpool.

sunday

FLYING ACES, Torrington Music, Lodge Lane, High Road, N. Finchley.
SUPERCHARGE, Sportsman, Liverpool.
ORIGINAL EASTSIDE STOMPERS, Colchester Jazz Club, Colchester.
GENE COTTRELL & HIS ALL STAR SEXTET, Theatre Workshop, Theatre Royal, Stratford, London E15.
BUDGIE / HOBO, Mountford Hall, Leicester.
MOTT / UPP, Palace Theatre, Manchester.
CHARLIE RICH, Davenport Theatre, Stockport.
POCO, Odeon, Newcastle.
WANDA JACKSON, Theatre Royal, Norwich.
BRIAN DEWHURST, Dukes Playhouse, Lancaster.
BARRON KNIGHTS, The New Cresta, Hobs Moat Road, Solihull.
CHI-LITES, The Hardrock, Manchester.
KRAFTWERK, Fairfield Hall, Croydon.
GENE PITNEY, Blightys Ltd, Lancs.
SPARROW, Zodiac Club, Cumberland Hotel, Liverpool.
RICHARD DIGANCE, Centre Folk Club, Centre Folk Club, Centre Hotel, Portsmouth.
THE DUBLINERS, Floral Pavilion, New Brighton.
CLANCY, Roundhouse, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1.
ALBERTO v LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS, Black Swan, Sheffield.
CLEMEN PULL, Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1.
TONGE, Bailey's Court, Clympting.
SLEEPERS, Carrioca, Worthing.
DAVID ESSEX, City Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne.
JIVE BOMBERS, Tith Farm House, Harrow.

monday

JOHNNY CASH, Palladium, Argyle Street, London W1.
JIVE BOMBERS, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, Camden High Street, London NW1.
SUPERCHARGE, Nashville, 171 North End Road, London W14.
MAJOR BULL, The Gregorian, 96 Old Jamaica Road, London SE16.
WALLY, Golden Diamond, Sutton in Ashfield.
MOTT / UPP, New Theatre, Southport.
POCO, Apollo, Glasgow.
BRIAN DEWHURST, Rugby League FC, Wigan.
MAGNUM OPAS II, Granville Club, Long Eaton.
CHI-LITES, Bailey's, Liverpool.
FORMULA, Speakeasy, 48 Margaret Street, London W1.
KRAFTWERK, Colston Hall, Bristol.
SASSAFRASS, Outlook, Trafford Way, Doncaster.
KURSAAL FLYERS, Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1.
MOTORHEAD, Greyhound, Croydon.
MILT JACKSON, Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith Street, London W1.
DAVID ESSEX, City Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne.

tuesday

F.B.I., Dingwalls, Camden Lock, Camden High Street, London NW1.
SUPERCHARGE, Salford Technical College, Salford.
MAJOR BULL, Speakeasy, 48 Margaret Street, London W1.
THE BURGLAR BILL'S, Windsor Castle, 307 Harrow Road, London W9.
WALLY, Ivanhoes, Huddersfield.
BUDGIE / HOBO, Torquay.
MOTT / UPP, St. Georges Hall, Bradford.
FUMBLE, Marquee, 90 Wardour Street, London W1.
POCO, Hippodrome, Birmingham.
BRIAN DEWHURST, Eagle & Child, Garstang, Lancs.
CHI-LITES, Bailey's, Liverpool.
CAJUN MOON, Lakes Folk Club, Ambleside, Cumbria.
KURSAAL FLYERS, Newlands Tavern, 40 Stuart Road, London SE15.
DAGABAND, 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street, London W1.
TONGE, Carrioca, Worthing.
MILT JACKSON, Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith Street, London W1.
DAVID ESSEX, Apollo, Glasgow.

Although every precaution is taken whilst compiling our dates column, we would however advise you to telephone a venue prior to going to confirm that the act advertised is actually performing. All dates are correct at time of going to press.

THERE'S A fanaticism about Budgie fans which is difficult to fathom. Budgie got a standing ovation after their first number, and again after every number played during the night. Towards the end the fans swarmed over the seats like lemmings. Some even tried to give the band a standing ovation before they walked on stage but were restrained by the management of the Free Trade Hall. The shouting alone threatened to drown the best that Budgie's tons of electronic hardware could produce.

And yet, surprisingly, Budgie are really quite ordinary. There were no great pyrotechnics from Tony Bourge's lead guitar, Burke Shelley's bass lines aren't anything out of the ordinary and the lyrics are banal.

While other bands have sunk into introspection and technique, Budgie have aimed low and hit. They know their market and cater for it. There was barely a woman in sight — perhaps less than 40 in the entire building. But all the young lads came alive when Budgie appeared on stage, all frantically plucking at invisible guitars and strutting pigeon toed like Burke Shelley. It was as well the guitars were invisible — had they been real we would all have been deafened.

For this gig Budgie brought in a second guitarist, Myf Isaacs, from Wales. He hasn't played with the band before but has played with drummer Steve Williams in the past. He'll be playing on the rest of the tour and presumably some decision will be taken about Budgie's future as a trio.

Budgie had problems on this gig. They couldn't do a sound check and the monitors didn't work. Hopefully these problems will be solved so the sound can only improve. — RICHARD BELFIELD.

Edinburgh Festival

THE USUAL pattern of the Edinburgh Festivals is that they start with a bang, hold a level in the second week and fade away without a whimper in the last week. But this year things have changed slightly. True it started with a bang, but the second week was more interesting than the first for some reason.

Week two began with a prestige gig by the Ronnie Scott Trio at the Dominion Cinema. Flanked by Bobby Glen on drums and Mike Carr on organ, Ronnie ran through his standard series of numbers, including 'Send In The Clowns' and 'If', which was all very expert and professional but every time Ronnie finished a passage on his sax, whether solo or with the rest of the trio, the audience gave him a round of applause, which is all very laudable, but it does tend to grate against the ear particularly in the middle of a blues number, or even more so when it splits 'Send In The Clowns' into about four separate sections.

Three nights later the Sadies Sisters opened their orgy of feminist anti-sexist rip-offs. The Sisters aren't sisters by blood but sisters by commitment, although one of them is the second of Her Majesty the Queen.

The Sisters' set is a series of sketches and songs which parody the male's insistence on putting his woman on a pedestal, and at the same time making her a slave in the kitchen. They run through a series of stereotype characters which include 'Sadie The Whore' and 'The Narcissistic Teenager' who uses balloons instead of silicone injections to boost her appeal.

The trouble with the Sisters' show in Edinburgh was that it wasn't sleazy enough and it wasn't slick enough. The concept is good but in many of the sketches, which were written collectively by the group, the message fell on its face, and became just a string of funnies. The whole show was rescued by the Queen's relation, Teresa D'Abreu's mono-

Budgie aim low and hit hard

logue on the woman's condition, which isn't at all humorous, but gets to the nitty gritty of the sexploitation game.

At the official festival the rock musical 'Pilgrim' starring Paul Jones, Peter Straker and Paul Nicholas, is being presented by the Prospect Theatre Company at the Church of Scotland's Assembly Halls on the Mound. This is an adaptation of John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' by Jane McCulloch with music by Carl Davis, and deals with the pilgrim's journey from death to the Celestial City through all the trials and tribulations of the Valley of Death, a fitting production for a Church of Scotland building with an intimidating statue of John Knox in the courtyard.

But 'Pilgrim' is not a 'rock' musical, it is a 'contemporary' musical, lyrically it is weak, and musically it did nothing for me. There are no controversial points raised, no real issues dealt with. 'Pilgrim' seems to be the culmination of the whole 'rock' musical syndrome which began with 'Hair', and progressed to 'Superstar', 'Godspel' and 'Technicolour Dream Coat'. In rock terms 'Pilgrim' is the weakest of them all, but I got the impression that the musical wasn't written for a rock audience but for an older more staid theatrical audience, who think that it's trendy to go to a rock musical. It's the acceptable face of rock. — STUART HOGGARD

Climax Blues Band

FOR FIVE British guys, Climax Blues Band have a surprisingly crisp American sound, due no doubt to their popularity in the States and the amount of time they spend there.

At the Roundhouse on Sunday, they came across as a tight — though not forced — act, well seasoned with the kind of musicianship and style one expects from a band which has paid its dues to Chicago Blues.

The set consisted of about a dozen numbers in which the solo talents of all the band were fully displayed. Climax is a five-piece, with lead vocals shared between guitarist Peter Haycock and sax player Colin Cooper, whose baritone voice provides a welcomed stretching of the usual vocal range.

Several songs from the new 'Stamp Album' were featured, including 'I Am Constant', first recorded live in the States and released on the 'FM Live' album. But for me, the best performance came about halfway through the set, on 'Mister Goodtimes', when Haycock played the most amazingly-articulated solo on his ultra-short scale Veleno guitar, sometimes bending notes through half an octave! He also plays some pretty mean bottleneck, by the way.

My advice is: if you like exciting music with a blues influence, don't miss Climax Blues Band. — TONY MITCHELL.

Chi-Lites

WELL NOBODY could claim they didn't get value for money from the Chi-Lites show. From the first Wolfman whup-it-up from a disembodied black voice over the PA ranting on about "All the way from America" and "Let's hear it for..." through to the Chi-Lites saying goodbye for 15 minutes and

shaking every hand that wanted to be shook (five times!), the company kept their audience in a condition ranging from cheery to ecstatic.

With the slight exception of Linda Carr's backing band, British, judging by the accents, who were funky enough but were the first-on martyrs and duly died. When they announced a number called 'Trash' there were some unkind comments.

Subsequently everyone did all right. Linda Carr and the Love Squad sang a Dionne Warwick type of programme ('Then Came You', 'Yesterday') with plenty of cabaret sincerity, well-received, but only actually looked happy when bobbing into their hit 'Highwire' which therefore became as exciting as when you first heard the single. Though they're not kids maybe, they really like soul more than sophistication and should do it.

Next a slot from the Chi-Lites band, Dynamic Sounds, who look about as dynamic as a plate of cold macaroni with their automatic, moribund finger-snapping. They play tight and hard nonetheless. It had to be the actual Chi-Lites now didn't it? No. A short chubby gent in a white fun-fur waistcoat bounced on (Otis Brazil did de man say?) and sang a couple of moderate numbers in a hypnotic falsetto.

And then — it really was the Chi-Lites. No short-changing from them either. An hour of their super-confidence, absurd glitter, crazy dancing (there's one who seems to sing perpetually at 45 degrees to the floor his feet scoot about at such a rate beneath him) wide-ranging material (the ultra-slow 'Have You Seen Her' and the twinkling 'Too Good To Be Forgotten' are both very pleasant songs in quite different ways), creamy harmonies (they got a good old bass man) and elegant lead vocals (mostly by Eugene McCoy who also wrote their best).

Also several hundred people at the Odeon reckoned they had charisma — hence the long goodbye which might have been embarrassing but in fact came over as jolly show biz. — PHIL SUTCLIFFE.

Judge Dread Roadshow

JUDGE DREAD is rough, tough and bawdy, but with an 'ear of gold. Judge Dread is to the East End what Gene Hackman is to the West End.

The Judge's shows are preceded by the 'Judge Dread Roadshow', a DJ, disco and two clumsy male go go dancers. Looking at them staggering around stage one can't help but wish Dread had spent his money on a live band. Therein lies the big problem because he's got a good singing voice. Apart from that it was a superb exercise in the art of canteen 'umour, working class through and through.

There were his near hits, his not so near ones and his complete misses. Most like 'Wet Dream', 'Big Six' and 'Big Seven', were familiar, but others, like his tribute to Peter Sarstedt's 'Where Do You Go To My Love', were unexpected. The lyrics, always vulgar but never obscene, were based loosely on various forms of rhyming slang.

Although essentially a mime artist, full marks must go to the Judge for his impeccable timing.

If you like the 'Carry On' series, you'll love this one mate. — ALAN FRANCIS.

sounds on the road

"WELL ... IT'S surrealist, innit?" remarked the girl sitting in front of us, eyes open wide, staring at the impressive Empire Pool stage.

Alice has obviously spared no expense for this show: two tall, translucent grey pillars with a thick beam lying on top of them; like a futuristic version of Stonehenge, dominated the platform. In between them was a bed of twisted metal, beside them an over-large toy box, behind them provision had been made for a band. Surrealist indeed.

The Heavy Metal Kids got the evening off to a raucous start: front man Gary Holton was as obnoxious as ever, tripping over periodically and telling his year-old jokes ("We're gonna play a dancin' number now, but seein' as you're sittin' down rub your asses on the seats"). The Kids were brash and loud, but didn't try quite hard enough to win over the crowd. No encore.

Alice took to the stage after a long interval and, tugging at his red leotard, cavorting gormlessly around to tumultuous cheers, snarled out the appropriate opening lines to 'Welcome To My Nightmare'.

It soon became clear, however, that what should have been the ultimate fusion of rock and theatrical excess was in fact no more than a rather lewd pantomime.

Alice, taking the lead role in this epic, has well and truly discarded his malevolent,



● ALICE: "take that you..."

Alice's pantomime

blood-lusting 'Killer' image and now reminds you of a demented Jack minus his beans-talk.

He plays the frightened little boy, plagued by rotten dreams: he's taunted by groups of superbly acrobatic dancers, he cowers, crawls, sits cross-legged in front of the

toy box and enjoys a Punch and Judy show — in all, a rather embarrassing role.

He acts a vengeful Peter Pan figure who slashes with a sword, kicks around a limp female dummy, is attacked by bulbous spiders and decapitates a blundering cyclops — theatrical overkill, at times

laughable and mostly less than convincing.

This was Alice's trip. If nothing else, it served to tax his abominable voice and reveal to one and all that he has the absolute minimum of stage presence. He should never really have gone it so completely alone.

Alice's musically excellent band were demoted to mere backing musicians. They were lined up at the back of the stage and could generate little excitement because of their seemingly minor roles (except for the Steve Hunter/Dick Wagner guitar duel, one of the highspots of the evening). Alice had to carry the whole show — and he just failed to pull it off.

It was all precisely timed and choreographed: a combination of live and filmed action, where dancers would leap from and into a cinema screen was quite impeccable — even though it wasn't rock and roll. Many were all too easily impressed by the effects — the biggest cheer of the evening arose when a giant spider's web was hoisted up from wisps of dry ice and not when, for example, Alice sang 'No More Mr Nice Guy' or 'Department Of Youth'.

Even when the theatricals were over and the band played straight rock and roll for the encore, it was strictly anti-climatic. I believe solos were played, though the only clear view I had was of the keyboard player's head.

"I expected something a little more spectacular," said the same girl at the end of the concert. I wouldn't necessarily agree with that — but I do believe that Alice should save shows like this for Broadway and at the same time carefully assess his position in the leading role. — GEOFF BARTON.

THE HAMMERSMITH Odeon is a great cavern and after the first few rows of the stalls you feel as if you're watching the band through the wrong end of a telescope. So it says a lot for Earth, Wind and Fire that as support to Santana, one of the great leaders in rock, they made such an impression that 2,000 people would have gone home quite happy even if the advertised heroes of the night had not turned up.

Mind you, it's not easy to ignore a dozen musicians doing their ends to conquer uncharted territory and EW & F will do more or less anything to get noticed. Would you believe a drummer whose podium rises 10 feet in the air during the final number and then commences to loop the loop with him still sat there hammering away regardless of gravity?

Or a cleverly lit scene in which the bassist is doing his fairly modest solo when he's suddenly whisked away on Peter Pan pantomime wires and does a few somersaults like the daring young man of the flying trapeze? Admittedly dat ain't music — audience reaction was laughter, but that is surely the intention.

Purists may scorn such antics yet EW & F jest from a position of strength. As a

Santana and a band with fire

team they funk most furiously with their four percussionists and the big, powerful sound of up to five horns riffing under fairly orthodox falsetto harmony vocals. That's enough to give them their catchy single hit 'Shining Star' and make them an acceptable number two on any bill.

But it's their brass soloists, mostly added to the band in the last six months, who make them really special. No easy way out from them. They strike out across the melody, burp and honk atonally as the mood takes them and generally act as if they hadn't heard about any dividing line between jazz and pop — all praise to their commercially-minded management for allowing it to happen.

On stage they even worked this wildness and aggression into 'Shining Star' with Michael Harris (flugelhorn) and Lou Sattersfield (trombone)

tearing the sweet tune to shreds and reconstituting it as something rough, brash and dynamic. For whichever of these reasons, the crowd went wild and demanded a genuine encore — if they'd had albums on sale in the foyer they could have flogged a lorry-load.

Which is not to put down Santana who were caught on a cold first house at Bristol by our reviewer last week. They had to be good to avoid anticlimax — and they were. Basically a set of their classics played as per the albums so there was little sense of adventure about it. But there was style, grace and the eternal heart-stirring of immortals like 'Oye Como Va' and 'Black Magic Woman'. There were whoops, even roars of applause, when Carlos chose to sustain a note without a hint of falsetto half a minute longer than anyone expected, or

boldly held a silence in the middle of a flowing passage before picking it up again at that precise moment in the rhythm when it makes you go 'Aaa' if you're the girl from Ypanema — or whoop if you're British. I have never heard a crowd respond so electrically to what reluctantly has to be called 'tasteful' playing — PHIL SUTCLIFFE.

Disco Tex

DISCO TEX and the Sex-O-Lettes are a superb example of the depths to which popular music has sunk in 1975. At Bailey's Club, Derby, they played a one night stand completely devoid of any musical subtlety or expertise. And the saddest thing was that the audience absolutely loved it; evidence of what the public will accept nowadays.

Disco Tex's backing band, Muscles, and then backing vo-

calists, The Sex-O-Lettes performed the audience softening up exercise with some introductory songs before Disco Tex appeared. Wearing a white suit, cape and top hat his first words were: "Some people say I'm gay but I'm just weird." "Get Dancin'" was the opener, sounding much less sophisticated than the record version which the Bailey's DJ played only minutes before the live act began.

As the act went on it became evident that whether Disco Tex could sing or not he was leaving most of it to the Sex-O-Lettes anyway. After the inevitable 'I Wanna Dance With Somebody' came the first degree murder of Carole King's 'You Got A Friend'. "Carole's like me," commented Disco Tex. "She's got a big nose."

"I'm taking singing lessons," he'd said earlier. On this showing he ought to change tutors. An encore of 'Get Dancin'' and the Martha and the Vandellas' 'Dancin' In The Street' closed the set with a very small but fanatical audience clapping the nine performers off the stage. For this reason you cannot really criticise Disco Tex and the Sex-O-Lettes, but it's difficult to praise them too. — GERRY JOSEPHS.



● EARTH WIND AND FIRE, the drummer doing the loop the loop

COMPETITION WINNERS

Listed below are most of the winners of the June 21 Beach Boys and Eagles Competition. A further 100 singles of 'Breakaway' will also be posted to runners-up.

Beach Boys Albums

Mr Deno Evagorou, Hermitage Road, Harringay, London, N4. Janine Temple, Whitgift Avenue, South Croydon, Surrey. Stephen Drayton, Hampton Road, Scunthorpe, South Humberside. Iain Black, Yeaman Place, Edinburgh. Paul Huby, Nicholson Park, St. Helier, Jersey, Channel Isles. Colin G. Wheeler, Slater Street, Latchford, Warrington, Cheshire. Ian Price, Uplands Drive, Treve-thin, Pontypool, Gwent. Jonathan Leach, Home Along, Sutton Road, Somerset, Somerset. Graham Vincent, Old Farm Road, Poole, Dorset. Mr Michael Purves, Chagford House, Devons Road, Bow, London, E3. Miss Heather Powell, Mottram Road, Stalybridge, Cheshire. B. Gibson, Ley Park Road, Whipton, Exeter, Devon. Michael Strange-way, Allerton Grange Rise, Moortown, Leeds. T. B. Putt, Carfield, Clay Bron, Skelmersdale, Lancs. Mr A. Elliott, Howard Close, Swaythling, Southampton, Hants. Desmond Rush, Trewalder, Delabole, Cornwall. N. C. Johnston, Reynard Close, Blackbrook Lane, Bickley, Kent.

John Larkin, Ebenezer Terrace, Off Donore Avenue, Dublin, Ireland. Ian Wilkinson, Middridge Lane, Shildon, Co. Durham. Michael Kehoe, Turnage Road, Dagenham, Essex. Jim Boyle, Burney Lane, Ward End, Birmingham 8. Rob Smith, Wyvernhoel Drive, Quorn, Loughborough, Leics. Mick Stone, Tontine Street, Folkstone, Kent. John Lawson, Hadleigh, St. Osyth's College, Clacton on Sea, Essex. S. Smith, Moor Croft, Newrigin by Sea, Northumberland. Tim Bayliss, Ivy Street, Holcombe Brook, Nr. Bury, Lancashire. David Muir, Valdigar, Tankerness, Kirkwall, Orkney Isles, Scotland.

A. Grimdsdale, Hamilton Road, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire. Malcolm Brown, Bradford Avenue, Cleethorpes, South Humberside. Angela Vugasin, Burdett Avenue, Westcliff on Sea, Essex. Robert Worrall, Ulwine Drive, Northfield, Birmingham. Jim R. Wilson, The Neuk, Kirkby Fleetham, Northallerton, Yorkshire. Miss A. Beveridge, Glenesk Avenue, Dundee. Philip Barrett, Roewood Lane, Macclesfield, Cheshire. William Galbraith, Rednal House, Lickey Road, Rednal, Birmingham. Pete Raven, Parkdale Road, Sheldon, Birmingham. Paul Parkin, Braeside, Dunston, Gateshead. Tony Batty, Overwool Avenue, Mollington, Nr. Chester. M. Mather, Carrick Gardens, Bellshill, Strathclyde, Scotland. Ian Kirkwood, Kirkwood Road, Lewsey Farm Est., Luton, Beds.

Eagles Albums

David C. Ruddiman, Rubislaw Denworth, Aberdeen, Scotland. Neil Muffitt, The Roundway, Morley, Leeds. Derek Hogg, Dalrymple Loan, Musselburgh, Midlothian, Scotland. P. G. Ailanson, Melville Street, Burnley, Lancs. David Price, Pine Crescent, Highcliffe, Christchurch, Dorset. Paul Despy, Elmsleigh Drive, Leigh on Sea, Essex. Ian McColl, Lodgefield Mill Lane, Newdigate, Surrey. Glen Howell, Picketts Avenue, Leigh on Sea, Essex. Christine Smith, Melbourne Road, Earlsdon, Coventry, West Midlands. Miss Janet Foster, Devon Close, Stapenhill, Burton on Trent, Staffs. John Morrissey, Melock Road, Woodhouses, Failsworth, Manchester. Lee Kluth, Howard House, Evelyn Street, Deptford, London, S.E.8.

jazz sounds

BY BARBARA CHARONE, JOHN JACK

Crusade of the rebels

"I DON'T have to be sitting in a Chicago hotel room right now, touring with the Stones," Crusaders' drummer Stix Hooper laughed, more than slightly amused with all the fanfare lingering downstairs in the foyer. "But you know what this is worth? Everything."

Just then the telephone rang for the sixth time in little over an hour with the same request as the previous five callers. Two days ago the lady on the other end of the receiver had never heard of the Crusaders. Now, because they're opening for the Rolling Stones in Chicago, she loves them. Right now the Crusaders are just about her favourite group.

The Crusaders don't have to be sitting in a hotel room, staring at the claustrophobic surroundings because, collec-

tively as the Crusaders and individually as America's top session men, they earn more money per year than your favourite heavy metal band.

"Out of all the top ten albums, there's usually one or two of us on the record," Stix beams proudly. "It's as varied as Seals & Crofts, Marvin Gaye, the Jackson Five, Joni Mitchell or Joan Baez. But you'll never see more than two Crusaders on any one record. That's a business rule. Otherwise, we'd take over."

Pioneers

They'd take over because the Crusaders are one of the best instrumental bands, playing an intelligent but funky synthesis of jazz, R&B and rock. Through 25 albums over a 23-year period, the Crusaders have pioneered sounds later adopted by jazz purists. Even the Average White Band owe much of their current success to groundwork laid by the Crusaders.

Led by Hooper, who manages the band with the



● CRUSADERS: you've heard them before

same deft touches he rhythmically guides them, the rest of the Crusaders are keyboard man Joe Sample, guitarist Larry Carlton, Wayne Henderson on trombone, and bassist Wilton Felder. If the names sound familiar, chances are they've played on some of your favourite records. Carlton and Sample provided Joni Mitchell with much of the fine accompaniment on 'Court And Spark'.

They began as the first all black show band, working Las Vegas, acting the part of a typical after-hours lounge band. "The so called jazz field stays with a style till it becomes boring. There's so much to do, so much to try," Stix says excitedly. "The name jazz is a misnomer anyway; it's been abused. We rebelled against that whole syndrome. As the Jazz Crusaders we

were rebels and the purists rejected that, associating jazz with only a certain label. Jazz stayed in a vacuum which we wanted to avoid."

So they dropped the Jazz from the name and explored R&B roots and influences as the Crusaders, hitting stride with the 'Southern Comfort' album which, Stix smiles "was the only natural thing to do". The combination of diverse influences and experiences provided the magic formula for commercial acceptance as the album crossed every chart from pop to jazz to easy listening. "It's the varied appeal of the group. We're not old men, we want young kids relating to us. We want people to say it's unhip not hearing the Crusaders. A 14-year-old kid can dig our music and so can a granny. We've always wanted to be contemporary.

"We're in our thirties and we want to be at the forefront of contemporary music. I still want to play when I'm an old man. I can just see myself now," Stix prophesied, "with a cane and platforms trying to be hip."

Musically, however, they define instrumental hipness, perfectly making the transition from yesterday to today without sacrificing any musical quality.

Easily bored

"It hurts not to change. We didn't want to be in a jazz mainstream forever. We like that rockier pulsation. We're the most easily bored guys in the world but we're not jumping on a bandwagon just to be fashionable."

They stick mainly to original compositions which positively exploit the band's musicality with tightly constructed solos that are neither self indulgent or repetitious but refreshingly spontaneous.

Hard lots

"We're not trying to prove how much we've studied. We want to reach the hard hat with a lunch pail who can only tap his foot. People always say: 'Oh the Crusaders, they play simple shit sometimes'. But sometimes we want to; it's different. We like to develop one simple motif with a good solid harmonic cushion."

It's that harmonic cushion that's put the Crusaders into 14-year-olds' bedrooms and elderly sitting rooms, earning critical and commercial applause en route. For three nights in a row, 20,000 Rolling Stones fans discovered a new kind of music just as rhythmic as 'Brown Sugar'.

JAZZ NEWS

GENE COTTRELL leads a strong line-up of 'mainstream swingers' in concert at London's Stratford Theatre Royal on September 21 at 7.30 pm. In the band will be trumpeter **Colin Smith**, trombonist **Keith Christie**, bassist **Pete Chapman**, drummer **Derek Hogg** and pianist **Colin Purbrook**. The vocals will be supplied by **Val Walsh**.

THE HOPBINE in North Wembley is back in action on Tuesdays and concerts lined up for the future include: **National Youth Jazz Orchestra** September 23, **Denny Ogden's quintet**, 30 and for October a programme ranging from **George Paterson's Big Band** to **Alan Elsdon's Dixieland Combo**, exact dates yet to be confirmed.

PASADENA ROOF Orchestra is booked for two weeks at Ronnie Scott's Club. Other upcoming events include **Roy Eldridge** and **Zoot Sims** October 27 and the **William 'Count' Basie Band** for November 5, 6, 7 and 8.

THE STOKE Newington Assembly Rooms deserved to be packed on September 30 when the council presents a heavy bill: **The Stan Tracey Quartet** plus **Harry Beckett**. A pity for many devotees that it clashes with the premiere of 'On The Road With Duke Ellington' at the ICA in The Mall.

"BROADWAY..." says **Lindsey Kemp** with a sigh. "I'd dreamed for years of going to Broadway. But I was horrified to find it was so straight, and not at all the place of my dreams. The audiences were shocked by 'Flowers', and the critics said they saw it merely as a drag-show. I'm really fond of drag-shows, but 'Flowers' isn't one of them."

"I wear women's clothes in the show, as many of us do, because we're playing the role of women, or of transvestites. I'm not dressing up in women's clothes because I like to..." he pauses to expel a stream of cigarette smoke from his mouth. "I mean I do like to — but that isn't why I'm doing 'Flowers'."

After seven months in New York, being damned by Broadway and praised by the more liberated audiences off-Broadway, **Lindsey Kemp** is back in London. Kemp is Britain's most celebrated exponent of mime. 'Flowers' is his tour de force — a story in movement and music of prisoners' fantasies, based on Jean Genet's 'Our Lady Of The Flowers', which blossoms with humour, sensuality and the sharp, bitter air of moral decay. Kemp plays 'Our Lady'.

Lapping it up

The show first opened in London last year, and is now playing to packed houses for the second time around. Kemp is busily lapping up his success. He plans to open a new production, 'Salome', in the West End soon and there are film parts to be considered, including a role in the next Fellini film, 'Casanova'.

But Kemp's rise to prominence has hardly been meteoric. He is of middle-age (though his puckish appearance and manner give an impression of agelessness), and for more years than he cares to remember he has eeked out an existence performing in small arts laboratories, theatres and workshops — backwaters far removed from the milieu of orthodox theatre. However, with

Camp? No-Kemp

Lindsey Kemp says it with 'Flowers'. He also aided and abetted the transformation of David Bowie into Ziggy Stardust. Mick Brown reports



sexual ambivalence in the performing arts now emphatically out of the closet — a fact largely due to the work of David Bowie — Kemp's hour has finally come.

It seems only fitting that his emergence from obscurity should be partly attributable to Bowie, for the singer spent several years studying and working with Kemp before springing his alter-ego — the andro-

gynous Ziggy Stardust — on to unsuspecting audiences.

"I taught David to free his body," says Kemp with a smile. "Even before meeting we'd felt the need to work together. I was already working under his influence having heard his first records, and then I discovered that he'd already seen several of my performances and was working under my influence, I was singing the songs

of my life with my body, and he was singing the songs of his life very fabulously with his body. We reckoned that by putting the two together the audience couldn't help but be enthralled."

When Bowie finally metamorphosed into Ziggy it was with a sense of theatre and a use of movement to dramatise his songs that clearly owed much to his period under Kemp's tutelage. And it was Kemp whom he asked to choreograph and appear in the Ziggy Stardust curtain-raiser at the Rainbow. The working relationship will be taken a step further early next year when Kemp is featured in Bowie's first venture as a film-director, 'Diamond Dogs'.

"I taught David to exaggerate with his body as well as his voice and the importance of looking as well as sounding beautiful," says Kemp. "Ever since working with me he's practised that, and in each performance he makes his movements more exquisite. I think he's more wonderful now than ever. As he's matured he's got rid of all the trimmings; he's just got down to the simple truth. He demonstrates my technique more marvellously now than ever."

"My work is basically concerned with simplicity; not moving, but stillness. I only use movement in order to emphasise stillness, in the same way that John Cage used sound in order to stress silence. Bowie doesn't need all those frantic lightshows, all that decoration. Now he stands there so marvellously, so still, so that when he does make a gesture it's so much more effective."

Kemp's own performances are highly impressionistic, utilising the most subtle of bodily gestures to convey a gamut of emotions and abstract ideas. He describes mime as the living out of his dreams, and a mirror for his audience's innermost fantasies. "When I perform they can love the way they've always wanted to love; they can be brave, tolerant — and they can fly with me. This is what I always endeavour to teach everyone who studies with me — to free that dove inside them and let it fly. Mime is not like acting where you play roles and impersonate things. When I perform I don't pretend to be anything — I actually become it."

Following the success of 'Flowers', Kemp is now working on a loose adaptation of Oscar Wilde's 'Salome', based on the Biblical tale. As in 'Flowers', Kemp will take to the stage blithely indifferent to the limitations prescribed by the original story. "I use the stage as a platform to be everything and everyone I ever wanted to be — Blanche duBois, Fay Wray, Betty Grable. I don't feel I want to be restricted just to the title of the play. That's why the titles are so ambiguous."

'Flowers', for example, can be anything which is beautiful, anything which is wilting, or dying. Of course, I'm obsessed with dying. I adore the prospect of death; it will be just like the divine finale. On stage I die better than I do anything else. I believe in reincarnation too. I only hope, though, that in my next incarnation the Divine makes an exception, and I may be born again as Lindsey Kemp."



● KEMP: 'On stage I die better than I do anything else!'

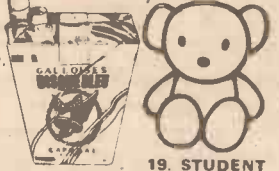
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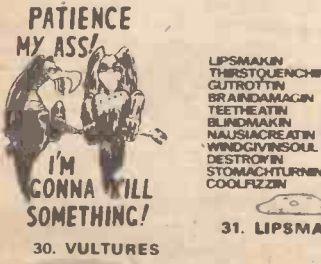
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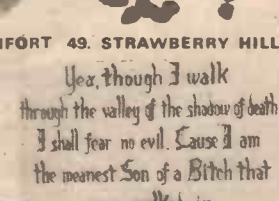
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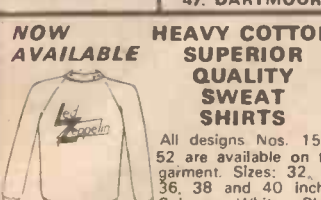
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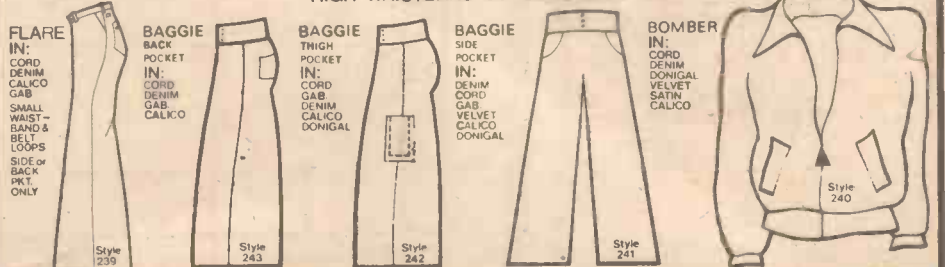
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TONY MITCHELL reports from the Second National Disc Jockey Exhibition And Convention, held in London last week

MANY MANUFACTURERS were exhibiting brand new discotheque and group gear at 'Disco 75', the second National Disc Jockey Exhibition and Convention held last week at the Bloomsbury Centre Hotel, in London.

Among those with new products on show was ISE Sound Equipment. They distribute the new Audio Musical Products (AMP) range of specialist entertainment speakers. Units in this range include the AMP 112-1HW Wedge Monitor, designed for on-stage use and capable of being stood at four different angles for variation in sound direction. It is available in 30W or 60W rms versions, 8 or 16 ohm impedance, and features a high frequency horn unit.

The AMP 215-2B is of double enclosure construction and contains two 15 in drivers to give 120 watts or 200 watts power capability. These speakers have been designed for disco or group use, containing different drivers depending on the application.

Choice

Last of the new AMP range is the 212-2B — again a double enclosure design featuring two heavy duty 12 in drive units, and again available in guitar or disco versions. All the AMP cabinets are finished in a choice of black or orange vinyl.

Another new piece of disco equipment being marketed by ISE is the Discogear Jingle 8 Plus auto-cue jingle player, designed to provide more professional programming for the DJ. The player features "at-a-touch" control, and the cartridges each carry four jingles recorded on the eight-track format, all cued to the same starting point, and indicated by cue lights on the player. A brand new list of cartridge jingles is available from ISE. Tel: 0493 57066.

new sounds



● SIS: new jingle machine

New liquid projector from Dave Simms

DAVE SIMMS, who lent his name to the well-known Simms-Watts brand of amplification, was showing a newly-introduced liquid projector for which his company, Dave Simms Music Products is distributor.

Called the Liquidator 250, the projector is manufactured by Project Electronics and is an improved version of the popular Liquidator II. It is claimed to out-perform other projectors and outdate all previous 250 watt projectors. It features dual effects (cassettes or wheels), a long-life lamp, heavy duty fan cooler, quick-change nose cone and all-steel construction, suitable for all accessories.

Cost of the unit is £89.75 including effects wheel and cassette.

New SIS equipment introduced

SIS AUDIO Systems of Northampton introduced two pieces of disco equipment at the show. The first is the S125 Jingle Machine, which is solenoid-operated and uses the NAB system to achieve fast, professional-standard performance. Features of the design are easily differentiated output sockets for Audio and remote control, and a remote control unit which can be supplied as a separate unit or integral with one of the company's own mixers.

Second unit introduced by SIS is the Streamlite control unit for rope lights. This unit has a speed control, a choice of forward or reverse, and can accommodate up to six ropes. The Streamlite costs £45 and rope lights can be bought at a further £35 per pair of 22 ft ropes.

First all integrated circuit disco unit

DJ ELECTRONICS of Southend introduced a whole range of disco equipment at Disco 75. It includes two power amplifiers, a pre-amp, four speaker systems and a complete package deal disco unit.

The Stereo Power Master amplifier is available in 100 watt or 150 watts per channel versions and features silicon transistors throughout with full short and open circuit protection even under full drive conditions. The Power Master 100 and 150 are mono versions of the above, built to similar specifications, and the DJ100 MkII is a 100 watt amp again to similar specifications but more compact in design.

Disco Imp

Heart of DJ's Prince, Consort. Majestic and Sovereign speakers is the SDL power speaker, designed to handle high power without cone or cone-suspension damage. The Prince is a 1x12, 50 watt twin cone driven unit, the Consort features two 50 watt twin cone drivers, the Majestic a single 15 in 100 watt driver and the Sovereign a combination of 8 in, 12 in, and tweeter units to handle 100 watts.

The Disco Imp is claimed to be the first all integrated circuit disco unit. It consists of a cabinet housing two MP60 turntables, a comprehensive pre-amp and a 50 watt power amp, together with two 50 watt speakers which clip together for easy transporting. The package includes an AKG mic, pair of headphones and complete set of leads.

Pre-amp

Disco-Vox MkII is an IC mono pre-amp with deck switches built into the front panel, neon indicator lamp, and a complete PFL system — three-way monitoring switch for headphone monitoring, illuminated VU meter and separate cue lights for each



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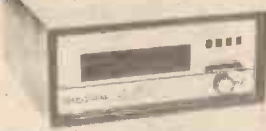
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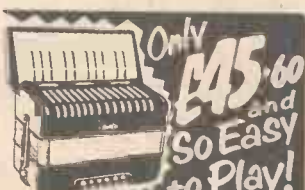
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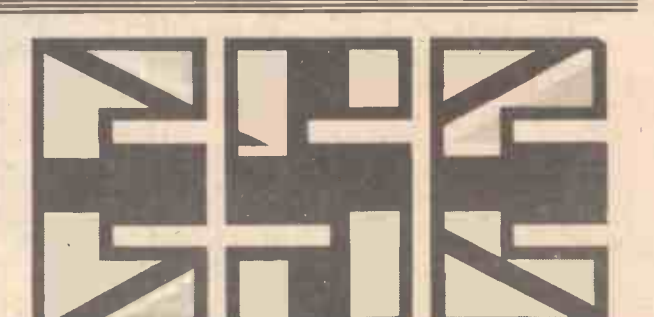
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