

Faces for Wembley!

15 Helen
5

DECEMBER 13, 1975 12p South Africa 32c Australia 40c

SOULS

**COCKNEY
REBEL dates!**

*The
Paul
Simon
Story*

PAGE 20

*Patti
Smith:
spirit
of '76*

PAGE 14

*Cat Stevens
Little Feat
Mike Nesmith
Hot Chocolate*



Is your turntable tired, limp and listless...



then put 'Mustard' on it!



Here it is. The recipe that will set your lips alight and warm your heart on the coldest of days. A gentleman's relish that ladies will know the meaning of. Blended with all the care of a lifetime's experience. Mustard's sharp, pungent, hot. Mustard is meaty. Mustard makes the mouth water. Mustard is Roy Wood's new album. So if your turntable seems tired, limp, listless, lacking in flavour - put some Mustard on it!



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JAWS

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sounds

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Dangling conversation

AFTER OUR self-confessed moustache twirler Jonh Ingham's amazingly sensual insight into the genital geography of Mr F. Mercury (star) a couple of weeks ago, not to mention the many letters from similarly perceptive readers, hard science has come into play.

Observing that Freddie lies to the left, it was suggested that we conduct a survey to establish whether this is a pointer towards new trends, or merely convention.

Is it politically motivated? An effect of Y-front infrastructure? Percy, our science correspondent, played with the problem until it led him to Saville Row where bespoke tailors admitted that, as a rule, the male sex was leftward leaning, and even allow for it in their trouser designs.

Scandal of last week was the tale of, as *The Sun* put it, 'what the police found in a pop girl's boudoir; i.e. cocaine. Allegedly a drug squad, the chief detective shouting "Good morning!" (well, it makes a change from "Move an inch and we'll fill ya full of lead!"), burst into Ronnie Wood's £150,000 mansion recently to find the guitarist's wife Kristine in bed with another woman, songwriter Audrey Burdon, and, on two bedside tables, allegedly traces of cocaine.

The case came to court last Wednesday. Kristine denied possessing drugs, although police claim that at the time she took full responsibility. Also in court, a Detective-Sergeant Ellison explained how cocaine was "snorted".

Congrats to Judith Alderson of SOUNDS own shockhorror satire group the Sadista Sisters on the recent birth of a daughter. Amy... and while we're on the subject, we know that the Moodies are simply devine, but this is carrying things a bit too far — Ray Thomas' baby (that is, his wife's) is due on December 25... Sacha Distel had an operation to remove a (non malignant) growth on his vocal chords last week... Queen described last week in the *Daily Express* as 'Britain's latest showbusiness rage'. Top hole the Express, eh?

A still overweight Elvis Presley defied his doctor's orders and opened in cabaret at the Las Vegas Hilton Hotel recently, in what has been forecast as his farewell series of concerts. El's only concession to his continuing ill-health is to limit his show to once-nightly. Meanwhile, the Leicester-based Elvis Presley Fan Club will soon be celebrating its 20th anniversary (1956 to 1976).

The SOUNDS poll already yielding some interesting nominations, the 'Bore Of The Year' category in particular. One bright reader, at a loss for a name to put under the 'Wind Instrument' section, wrote: 'Who



■ **AND NOW**, at last, especially for the connoisseur of such things, John Peel, a picture of Babe Ruth's Jenny Haan in not the most modest of schoolgirl poses. Peely, his normally droll voice all atremble, said: 'She can suck my lolly any time.' What can he mean?

cares? But if I must — Robert Plant — mouth organ'. And again in the 'Wind Instrument' section, someone else has put forward Steve Harley 'Don't delay, vote today!'

Rumour has it that the three lissome ladies who supposedly make up Silver Convention and sing 'Fly Robin, Fly' in fact do not. As we wrote some time ago, 'the goodlookin' chicks will help give the record a much-needed visual image, when they get to Britain'. And that's all?

Sonny and Cher are getting together again, we hear — but only for work. Apparently, they are planning a new show because, as Cher says, "professionally, we need each other". In the meantime, Sonny appeared in an episode of the 'Six Million Dollar Man' a few weeks back, displaying a great need for bionic vocal chords.

And while we're on the subject of TV: we all know that David Bowie is thin, but was that rake-like object that appeared on TOTP last week really him? The film shown looked like a clip from the US series 'Soul Train' and waif-like David's miming also left something to be desired.

Oxfam rock

A pretty baby heifer named after the singer Lulu was the sensation of the Royal Smithfield Show last week, we are assured. She walked off with the Supreme Championship at what is Britain's top show of Christmas beef. Lulu, who weighs 1,064 lb and may be worth over £7,000, releases a single 'Udder My Thumb' next week. Guest musicians are Henry Cow.

Are Kandidate Britain's black

answer to the Bay City Rollers? They're a new, fresh and parrrrrry-full band signed to the new Vulcan label, and at a gig at staid old Hatchetts, with its splurge of neo-Sixties psychedelia, they succeeded in getting all the ageing hipsters and Swedish au pairs dancing real loose and funky. The band is young, and ultra-cosmopolitan, featuring gents from Sri Lanka, London and Jamaica. The bongo player is 11 (yes, 11), and writes most of their material. Tear up your tartans now, and start clambering into the three-sizes too big old men's trousers they all wear. This could be Oxfam's best season ever, if Kandidate catch on!

Rubbish

Tales From Typographic Oceans: Roger Dean apparently gets little inspiration from the records for which he is commissioned to do cover work. "If I heard some of the rubbish," he was quoted as saying, "I doubt very much if I would design the sleeve". Dean also admitted that he gets paid so much, that he can easily afford to do just one or two designs per year. His greatest love is, of course, architecture.

Sweet's next single to be released in January. It's called 'Lies In Your Eyes' and look out for the 'Can't Get No Satisfaction' guitar riff. Watch also for an unexpurgated report of the Sweet life, in Germany, coming next week... Loch Ness monster news (and why not? Everybody else seems to be doing it): the official body at the Natural History Museum say that they won't be convinced of the creature's existence unless they see its carcass. Morbid, huh?

Jigsaw, currently in the charts with 'Sky High', have bought their own six-seater aircraft. The four Coventry lads will use it to fly them to and from engagements throughout Britain. Meanwhile, worst band in the world Motorhead have reportedly bought a new mini van, to ferry them to and from gigs at the Chalk Farm Roundhouse. Geoff Barton was the proud recipient of



Bore to run (John Peel is the future of rock and roll)

SHIT, MAN! From the rain-swept, rat-infested, snow-driven, black 'n' grey, off-the wall, up-against-the-wall, you-blow-my-nose-and-I'll-blow-yours, vainglorious, whore-ridden, er... reeking, sneaky, stinking streets of New Jersey — 'Noo Joysey' to the tilt-capped, thick-lipped, silent, turn-coat, scurriers in the dark, hustlers, winos, junkies, dupes and crazies who infest... oh! Bums! I've already used 'infest'.

Er... crawl, brawl, die, lie and see who can piss highest up the wall on the crumbling, dank, drear, stinking pavements as they wait for Rolling Stone and a recording contract.

Hold on, I've rather lost the thread of all of this. What I'm trying to do is to tell you, to prime you, to bust wide open your festering smugness, with the news... hell, 'news' just ain't the word, bird, I mean these are tidings, man, tidings of, why not? comfort and joy — but minus the comfort and stripped of the joy.

Beauty of the gutter

Because what I'm talking about is raw, bare, pure, gold-top, red-cap, flipped-out, evil-smelling, genius. I'm talking about reality. I'm talking about truth. I'm talking about the beauty of the gutter, the pawn-shop and the permanently closed public toilet. I'm talking about myself.

I've decided that it is time we had a British punk-hero to counteract the menace of the American dittos, and, in the absence of anyone else, I've decided to be it, him. All that stuff up there is my first tentative stab at a press-release.

I've studied the techniques that have made Bruce Springsteen a legend before his time and are grinding into action to do the same for Patti Smith, and, if one of you is prepared to invest a few hundred thousand in me — and buy me a Ferrari so that I can run down a few old dears to show the world how society has twisted me, how I've been tossed recklessly on the cruel seas of fate, what a mean bastard I am, well, I think I could make it. I'm even prepared to take a month off work to find out what street life (sorry, gang) is all about.

See me sneer as I slouch against the windows of our local Woolies with my tacky friends with the funny names, Fat Mal, Thin John, Bonker, Bumble, Super and Jeff. I think we'll have to get rid of Jeff. Watch closely as I try to score an un-cut loaf at the local bread shop. Draw your breath in undisguised admiration as I defiantly stamp in a puddle on the pavement as a traffic-warden walks by on the other side of the High Street.

If you care to invest in me you'll be delighted to find that I have already bought the hat — and this latter has the considerable advantage of covering my bald spot — for 5p at our village 50/50 sale. It is, unfortunately, rather likely to blow off if I wear it on the street — but it'll look great on stage. Perhaps I could get a few spares to throw out into the audience.

Street punk

I think I forgot to mention that I am also a poet. I have written a few suitable pieces and if I can get a band to play, say, 'Louie, Louie' very loud as I shriek the deeply meaningful words — well, who can say how excited the critics will get.

Want to see one of them? Tell you what — I'll make one up just for you, I'll make it up as I go along... er... M' bopo armalite night strewn Jackie veins filled with Nescafe, nein said Biggles in the soft death of iron clad thrust nightly up Spiderman, rigid, rich, right left

downcast and crying, brains bleeding, soulful twice nightly, frying tonight, flying tonight, caught in the afterglow of angels Well, do you like it so far? It must be terrifically exciting for you to see the creative process as it takes place. I would go on to the bottom of the page, but I fear that the ZOUNDZ accountants might refuse to pay me. After all, I don't want to be a poor street-punk / poet / crawler / biker / hiker / midnight man. Actually I think I could get to like writing like this. It is certainly a lot easier than thinking.

Drinking.
Stinking.
See what I mean?

As an encore I think I'll do him or me what's it gonna be. (Note the absence of inverted commas, and capitals in the title. That's VERY hip, that is). Or perhaps 'Una Paloma Blanca'. People might think that was Puerto Rican and, despite the new Miss World being Puerto Rican, it is still pretty hip to be Puerto Rican — or to know someone who is.

What a shame Leonard Bernstein got to 'West Side Story' first, eh?

W P c is flattened by
galloping peer's bullock

DAILY TELEGRAPH REPORTER

One thing about being a police woman: dull it ain't?

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VINYL SCORE

BRITISH ALBUMS

- | | | | | | |
|----|----|--|----|----|---|
| 1 | 1 | 40 GREATEST HITS, Perry Como, K-Tel | 20 | 18 | ONE OF THESE NIGHTS, Eagles, Asylum |
| 2 | — | A NIGHT AT THE OPERA, Queen, EMI | 21 | 23 | ALL TIME PARTY HITS, Various, Warwick |
| 3 | 2 | 40 GOLDEN GREATS, Jim Reeves, Arcade | 22 | 24 | THE VERY BEST OF ROGER WHITTAKER, Roger Whittaker, Columbia |
| 4 | 3 | MAKE THE PARTY LAST, James Last, Polydor | 23 | 20 | CRISIS? WHAT CRISIS?, Supertramp, A&M |
| 5 | — | WOULDN'T YOU LIKE IT, Bay City Rollers, Bell | 24 | 14 | SIREN, Roxy Music, Island |
| 6 | 4 | FAVOURITES, Peters and Lee, Philips | 25 | 33 | 24 ORIGINAL HITS, Drifters, Atlantic |
| 7 | 6 | GET RIGHT INTAE HIM, Billy Connolly, Polydor | 26 | — | YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL, Stylistics, Avco |
| 8 | 16 | 20 SONGS OF JOY, Nigel Brooks Singers, K-Tel | 27 | 17 | BLAZING BULLETS, Various, Ronco |
| 9 | 8 | SHAVED FISH, John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band, Apple | 28 | — | 40 SUPER GREATS, Various, K-Tel |
| 10 | 9 | ATLANTIC CROSSING, Rod Stewart, Warner Bros | 29 | 37 | ELVIS PRESLEY'S 40 GREATEST HITS, Elvis Presley, Arcade |
| 11 | 10 | ALL AROUND MY HAT, Steeleye Span, Chrysalis | 30 | 27 | WISH YOU WERE HERE, Pink Floyd, Harvest |
| 12 | 5 | DISCO HITS '75, Original Artists, Arcade | 31 | 25 | SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS, Simon & Garfunkel, CBS |
| 13 | 15 | THE BEST OF THE STYLISTICS, Stylistics, Avco | 32 | 22 | ROCK OF THE WESTIES, Elton John, DJM |
| 14 | 13 | ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR, David Essex, CBS | 33 | 26 | BEDTIME STORIES, Judge Dread, Cactus |
| 15 | 7 | ROLLED GOLD, Rolling Stones, Decca | 34 | 31 | TUBULAR BELLS, Mike Oldfield, Virgin |
| 16 | 11 | OMMADAWN, Mike Oldfield, Virgin | 35 | 29 | THE SINGLES 1969-1973, Carpenters, A&M |
| 17 | 12 | WE ALL HAD DOCTORS PAPERS, Max Boyce, EMI | 36 | — | ONCE UPON A STAR, Bay City Rollers, Bell |
| 18 | 21 | GREATEST HITS, Barry White, 20th Century | 37 | 28 | MOTOWN GOLD, Various, Tamla Motown |
| 19 | — | GREATEST HITS OF WALT DISNEY, Various, Ronco | 38 | 19 | GOOFY GREATS, Various, K-Tel |
| | | | 39 | — | A CHRISTMAS GIFT, Various, Ronco |
| | | | 40 | — | BREAKAWAY, Art Garfunkel, CBS |

Supplied by: British Market Research Bureau/Music Week

BRITISH SINGLES

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | 1 | BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY, Queen, EMI |
| 2 | 2 | YOU SEXY THING, Hot Chocolate, RAK |
| 3 | 5 | MONEY HONEY, Bay City Rollers, Bell |
| 4 | 7 | THIS OLD HEART OF MINE, Rod Stewart, Riva |
| 5 | 12 | ALL AROUND MY HAT, Steeleye Span, Chrysalis |
| 6 | 15 | NA NA IS THE SADDEST WORD, Stylistics, Avco |
| 7 | 3 | D.I.V.O.R.C.E., Billy Connolly, Polydor |
| 8 | 4 | LOVE HURTS, Jim Capaldi, Island |
| 9 | 21 | THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, Laurel & Hardy, United Artists |
| 10 | 6 | IMAGINE, John Lennon, Apple |
| 11 | 19 | IN FOR A PENNY, Slade, Polydor |
| 12 | 9 | SKY HIGH, Jigsaw, Splash |
| 13 | 8 | RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM, Maxine Nightingale, United Artists |
| 14 | — | LET'S TWIST AGAIN/THE TWIST, Chubby Checker, London |
| 15 | 26 | SHOW ME YOU'RE A WOMAN, Mud, Private Stock |
| 16 | 20 | WHY DID YOU DO IT, Stretch, Anchor |
| 17 | 18 | DARLIN', David Cassidy, RCA |
| 18 | 16 | LET'S TWIST AGAIN, John Asher, Creole |
| 19 | 27 | HAPPY TO BE ON AN ISLAND IN THE SUN, Demis Roussos, Philips |
| 20 | 10 | SPACE ODDITY, David Bowie, RCA |
| 21 | 13 | RHINESTONE COWBOY, Glen Campbell, Capitol |
| 22 | 29 | FIRST IMPRESSIONS, Impressions, Curtom |
| 23 | 14 | NEW YORK GROOVE, Hello, Bell |
| 24 | — | GOLDEN YEARS, David Bowie, RCA |
| 25 | 24 | ROCKY, Austin Roberts, Private Stock |
| 26 | 23 | LYIN' EYES, Eagles, Asylum |
| 27 | — | CAN I TAKE YOU HOME LITTLE GIRL, Drifters, Bell |
| 28 | 28 | FLY ROBIN, FLY, Silver Convention, Magnet |
| 29 | 11 | LOVE IS THE DRUG, Roxy Music, Island |
| 30 | — | LITTLE DARLING, Rubettes, State |

ALTERNATIVES

- This week: import records from Bruce's Record Shop, Edinburgh
- | | |
|----|---|
| 1 | NORTHERN LIGHTS, SOUTHERN CROSS, The Band, Capitol |
| 2 | THE BAND GOES ON FOREVER, Allman Brothers, Capricorn |
| 3 | HORSES, Patti Smith, Arista |
| 4 | BEST OF CARLY SIMON, Carly Simon, Elektra |
| 5 | THE HISSING OF SUMMER LAWN, Joni Mitchell, Asylum |
| 6 | ALIVE, Kiss, Casablanca |
| 7 | ERIC CLAPTON AND THE YARDBIRDS, Clapton/Yardbirds, Springboard |
| 8 | ROD STEWART AND THE FACES, Faces, Springboard |
| 9 | SHAPES OF THINGS, Jeff Beck, Springboard |
| 10 | THE IMMEDIATE STORY — THE SMALL FACES, Small Faces, Sire |
| 11 | SUPERSTARS OF THE SEVENTIES (four-album set), Warner Brothers |
| 12 | THE IMMEDIATE STORY — THE NICE, Nice, Sire |
| 13 | GO GIRL CRAZY, Dictators, Epic |
| 14 | NIGHTHAWKS AT THE DINER, Tom Waits, Asylum |
| 15 | THE KATE BROTHERS, Kate Brothers, Asylum |
| 16 | CLONAKILTY COWBOYS, Noel Redding Band, RCA |
| 17 | THE NIGHT THE LIGHT WENT OUT IN LONG BEACH, Electric Light Orchestra, Warner Brothers |
| 18 | RUBY STARR AND GREY GHOST, Ruby Starr, Capitol |
| 19 | SOLID SILVER, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Capitol |
| 20 | MADE IN GERMANY, Amon Duul II, Atco |
| 21 | THUNDERHEAD, Thunderhead, ABC |
| 22 | CARESS OF STEEL, Rush, Mercury |
| 23 | GP Gram Parsons, Warner Brothers |
| 24 | MAGMA LIVE, Magma, Utopia |
| 25 | DOCTOR SLINGSHOT, Amboy Dukes, Mainstream |
| 26 | TROUPER, Troupers, MCA |
| 27 | THE DRAGON IS DANCING, Jimmie Speeris, Columbia |
| 28 | SERIOUSLY DEEP, David Axelrod, Capitol |
| 29 | COM'N' BACK FOR MORE, David Blue, Asylum |
| 30 | SUNSET GLOW, Julie Tippet, Utopia |

SOUNDS PLAYLIST

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Geoff Barton
SWEET SILENCE, Mr Big, EMI
CAUGHT IN THE ACT, Grand Funk Railroad, Capitol
STRUNG UP, the Sweet, RCA</p> <p>Derek Canty
HISTORY OF THE HOLLIES, EMI
HOLLIES, Polydor
BORN TO RUN (single), Allan Clarke, EMI</p> <p>Barbara Charone
THE WHO BY NUMBERS, Who, Polydor
ZUMA, Nail Young, Warner Bros
SOAP OPERA, Kinks, RCA</p> <p>Hugh Fielder
HISTORY OF THE HOLLIES, EMI
ALL AROUND MY HAT, Steeleye Span, Chrysalis
REACH FOR THE SKY, Sutherland Brothers and Quiver, CBS</p> <p>Susanne Garrett
LET'S DO IT AGAIN, Staple Singers, Curtom
HOTI MENU, Sadistic Mika Band, Harvest
HARDER TO LIVE, Splinter, Dark Horse</p> | <p>Vivien Goldman
WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING (single), Prince Jazzbo, Marshall
NEGRIL, Negril, Kiki
ACADEMY IN PERIL, John Cale, Warner Bros.</p> <p>Jonh Ingham
HORSES, Patti Smith, Arista
LIVE, Bob Marley & The Wailers, Island
RICOCHET, Tangerine Dream, Virgin</p> <p>Alan Lewis
THE BEST OF DOBIE GRAY, Dobie Gray, MCA
THE HISSING OF SUMMER LAWN, Joni Mitchell, Asylum
WELCOME, Ronke Blakley, Warner Bros.</p> <p>Aif Martin
THE HISSING OF SUMMER LAWN, Joni Mitchell, Asylum
SAILOR, Sailor, Epic
CRISIS? WHAT CRISIS?, Supertramp, A&M</p> <p>Phil Sutcliffe
A NIGHT AT THE OPERA, Queen, EMI
TROUBLE, Sailor, Epic
THE BAND PLAYS ON, Back Street Crawler, Atlantic</p> |
|--|--|

US ALBUMS

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | 4 | STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, Paul Simon, Columbia |
| 2 | 1 | RED OCTOPUS, Jefferson Starship, RCA |
| 3 | 2 | WINDSONG, John Denver, RCA |
| 4 | 3 | ROCK OF THE WESTIES, Elton John, MCA |
| 5 | 14 | CHICAGO IX, CHICAGO'S GREATEST HITS, Chicago, Columbia |
| 6 | 6 | WIND ON THE WATER, David Crosby/Graham Nash, ABC |
| 7 | 7 | BREAKAWAY, Art Garfunkel, Columbia |
| 8 | 8 | WHO BY NUMBERS, Who, MCA |
| 9 | 24 | KC & THE SUNSHINE BAND, KC & The Sunshine Band, TK |
| 10 | 12 | ALIVE!, Kiss, Casablanca |
| 11 | 13 | SAVE ME, Silver Convention, RCA |
| 12 | 17 | FEELS SO GOOD, Grover Washington Jr., Motown |
| 13 | 16 | SHAVED FISH, John Lennon, Capitol |
| 14 | 15 | HONEY, Ohio Players, Phonogram |
| 15 | 5 | WISH YOU WERE HERE, Pink Floyd, Columbia |
| 16 | 20 | HISTORY-AMERICA'S GREATEST HITS, America, Warner Bros |
| 17 | 19 | LAZY AFTERNOON, Barbra Streisand, Columbia |
| 18 | — | FAMILY REUNION, O'Jays, Epic/Columbia |
| 19 | 23 | GREATEST HITS, Seals & Crofts, Warner Bros |
| 20 | 9 | BORN TO RUN, Bruce Springsteen, Columbia |
| 21 | 25 | THE HUNGRY YEARS, Neil Sedaka, MCA |
| 22 | 26 | FACE THE MUSIC, Electric Light Orchestra, United Artists |
| 23 | 18 | INSEPARABLE, Natalie Cole, Capitol |
| 24 | 30 | 2ND ANNIVERSARY, Gladys Knight & The Pips, Buddah |
| 25 | 10 | PRISONER IN DISGUISE, Linda Ronstadt, Asylum |
| 26 | 11 | ONE OF THESE NIGHTS, Eagles, Asylum |
| 27 | — | GREATEST HITS, Barry White, 20th Century |
| 28 | 28 | RED HEADED STRANGER, Willie Nelson, Columbia |
| 28 | 29 | THE HEAT IS ON, Isley Bros, Epic/Columbia |
| 30 | — | LET'S DO IT AGAIN — ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK, Staple Singers with Curtis Mayfield, Warner Bros |

US SINGLES

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | 1 | FLY, ROBIN FLY, Silver Convention, RCA |
| 2 | 2 | THAT'S THE WAY (I LIKE IT), KC & The Sunshine Band, TK |
| 3 | 6 | SKY HIGH, Jigsaw, Chelsea |
| 4 | 5 | LET'S DO IT AGAIN, Staple Singers, Warner Bros |
| 5 | 4 | THE WAY I WANT TO TOUCH YOU, Captain & Tennille, A&M |
| 6 | 3 | ISLAND GIRL, Elton John, MCA |
| 7 | 7 | LOW RIDER, War, United Artists |
| 8 | 9 | NIGHTS ON BROADWAY, Bee Gees, Atlantic |
| 9 | 11 | SATURDAY NIGHT, Bay City Rollers, Arista |
| 10 | 12 | MY LITTLE TOWN, Simon & Garfunkel, Columbia |
| 11 | 26 | FOX ON THE RUN, Sweet, Capitol |
| 12 | 16 | LOVE ROLLERCOASTER, Ohio Players, Phonogram |
| 13 | 27 | I WRITE THE SONGS, Barry Manilow, Arista |
| 14 | 17 | VENUS AND MARS ROCK SHOW, Wings, Capitol |
| 15 | 15 | EIGHTEEN WITH A BULLET, Pete Wingfield, Island |
| 16 | 19 | OUR DAY WILL COME, Frankie Valli, Private Stock |
| 17 | 20 | I WANT A DO SOMETHING FREAKY TO YOU, Leon Haywood, 20th Century |
| 18 | 25 | I LOVE MUSIC (PART 1), O'Jays, Epic/Columbia |
| 19 | 31 | THEME FROM "MAHOGANY" (DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO), Diana Ross, Motown |
| 20 | 24 | SECRET LOVE, Freddy Fender, ABC/Dot |
| 21 | 10 | WHO LOVES YOU, Four Seasons, Warner Bros/Curb |
| 22 | 8 | THIS WILL BE, Natalie Cole, Capitol |
| 23 | 13 | FEELINGS, Morris Albert, RCA |
| 24 | 14 | HEAT WAVE/LOVE IS A ROSE, Linda Ronstadt, Asylum |
| 25 | — | TIMES OF YOUR LIFE, Paul Anka, United Artists |
| 26 | 30 | THE LAST GAME OF THE SEASON, David Geddes, Atlantic |
| 27 | 28 | I'M ON FIRE, 5000 Volts, Phonogram |
| 28 | 18 | I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU, Art Garfunkel, Columbia |
| 29 | 33 | FOR THE LOVE OF YOU (PART 1 & 2), Isley Bros, Epic |
| 30 | — | COUNTRY BOY (YOU GOT YOUR FEET IN LA), Glen Campbell, Capitol |

Sabbath: more gigs



■ BLACK SABBATH

BLACK SABBATH have added two more major venues to their UK tour that never ends.

They had already rearranged three autumn dates that had to be cancelled through illness of Ozzy Osbourne and Geezer Butler but now they have taken on Birmingham Odeon January 11 and Hammersmith Odeon 13.

The booking offices are not yet open but tickets are now on sale by post from Brum at £1.25, £1.50 and £1.80 and Hammersmith at £1.10, £1.65 and £2.20.

Sabbath have just closed out a short US tour with a 24,000 sellout of Madison Square Garden.

Their other January dates are Portsmouth Guildhall 8, Ipswich Gaumont 9, Southend Kursaal 10 and their single 'Am I Going Insane' originally scheduled for November will be out on January 30.

McPhee re-forms Groundhogs

THE GROUNDHOGS have been reformed by Tony McPhee. A new album will be released in March and the group are lining up a tour to start in February.

The new-look Groundhogs is a quartet consisting of Tony McPhee on guitar and keyboards, Dave Wellbelove on guitar, violin and mandolin, Martin Kent on bass and Mick Cook on drums. Apart from Cook, who used to be Home's drummer, the other members are relatively unknown and McPhee has expressed the wish to mould the new band from scratch with no preconceived musical ideas.

The new album is being recorded at studios in Havering, Suffolk, and McPhee has already written nine numbers for possible inclusion.

The tour will start on February 20 at a London venue, and will run for six weeks at colleges and concert halls.

Snow Goose flies again

CAMEL give 'Snow Goose' its last full flight on the British concert circuit later this month with two dates following their return from Europe.

They play Sheffield City Hall December 16 and Reading Town Hall 18 and will go into the studio in the New Year to record a new album for March release.

Jack's lad collapses

JACK THE LAD'S bass guitarist Phil Murray collapsed after the group's concert in Sheffield last week with a suspected stomach ulcer and was ordered to rest.

As a result, dates at Salisbury last Friday and St Albans on Saturday were cancelled but the band are hoping to resume their tour at Halifax Tiffany's this Wednesday (December 10).

Rebel dates

COCKNEY Rebel have lined up a British and European tour to start next February and climax with a possible three nights at Wembley's Empire Pool in April.

The tour will open with three nights in Glasgow February 8, 9 and 10, then moves to Newcastle 12 and 13, Liverpool 15, Manchester 16, Birmingham 18 and 19 and Bristol 21 and 22 before going to Europe on 27.

They return to Britain to play the Empire Pool on April 9, 10 and 11 though the last two dates are options presumably depending on the progress of ticket sales (the tickets are not on sale as yet — don't write off for them until further announcements).

Rebel are currently touring the States with the Kinks but they will be back in Britain for Christmas.

Their new album, 'Timeless Flight', will be released early in January.

Noise threat to London rock

GREATER LONDON Council's proposed regulations on sound levels at rock concerts drew one leading promoter to say that he "didn't want men from County Hall telling him what to do at Wembley".

Mervyn Conn said: "I agree that there is too much equipment being used at a lot of shows but I detest the GLC getting involved in showbiz.

country and yet they think they can make rules about sound levels to cover all the different shapes and sizes of venue in the city.

"The public simply wouldn't pay to come if the volume was too loud for them."

The suggested average level is 92 decibels with a maximum of 102. A less than heavy band Fumble was recently clocked at 114 at the Roundhouse.

See Tony Mitchell's feature on page 29 for more details on the threat to the capital's rock venues.

"The politicians can run the

NEWSDESK

News Editor: Phil Sutcliffe



SUPERTRAMP, whose new album, 'Crisis? What Crisis', shot into the Top Thirty last week at number 20, have just received a gold record for their previous album, 'Crime Of The Century'. They continue their British tour this week with dates at Hull (Wednesday), Preston (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Ipswich (Saturday) and Great Yarmouth (Sunday).

Faces favourites for Wembley

RONNIE WOOD'S other band, the Faces, have now become favourites to take up the five dates at Wembley's Empire Pool previously rumoured to be pencilled in for the Stones.

Management for Rod and the band have been working on a sequence of major residencies for the period after the April 5 beat-the-Inland-Revenue deadline.

At first their London plans included football ground shows and Chelsea FC were said to be very keen on presenting them in front of their new stand (though the club denied any knowledge of the idea).

However, the Wembley dates are booked, the band are willing, but we are told there has been no signing on the dotted line yet.

Before Wembley, Rod and the Faces may play a week at the Glasgow Apollo and dates in Manchester.

As repairs at the Empire Pool will put the place out of commission from July to September, other bookings already made by promoters could be taken up by tax exiles such as the Stones and Clapton or American stars, possibly the Beach Boys.

Country Joe

COUNTRY JOE McDONALD has added two gigs to his short British tour, Cardiff University January 21 and Belfast University 25, with Welsh band Hobo, currently on the road with Budgie, as support.



ROD STEWART: willing

Steeleye delay Germany

STEELEYE SPAN drummer Nigel Pegrum, who collapsed with gastro-enteritis in Norway last week during the group's European tour, is now recovering at his home but doctors have confined him to bed for another week.

As a result, the German dates

for Steeleye's tour have had to be postponed until January. Maddy Prior and Tim Hart flew on to Germany after Nigel's illness to give a press conference explaining the delay.

Whistle at Osibisa

OSIBISA are inviting fans to bring along whistles and any other percussive impedimenta they fancy to their partied bash at the Roundhouse on December 14 when they will be supported by Hustler and Racing Car.

Fairies—the last, honest

PINK FAIRIES are heading for their nineteenth very last final and ultimate farewell tour (no

more, the absolute end, you gotta believe it).

They are a trio this time round, consisting of Larry Wallace (lead), Duncan Sanderson (bass) and Russell Hunter (drums). Allegedly there will not be the same number of spare Hawk's and Motorhead's drifting on stage this time as on their last farewell jaunt.

The dates are: Chelmsford Mid-Essex Technical College December 16, Canterbury Technical College 18, Croydon Greyhound 21, Birmingham Barbarellas 23, Twickenham Winning Post 28, London Marquee 29.

Rainbow gets brighter

THE REOPEN—the Rainbow project is still making progress according to Strutworth, the company specially founded to do the job.

The Greater London Council are currently completing their survey of the repairs that are needed to comply with safety regulations.

Strutworth are also considering re-opening another Rank Leisure property—the Brixton Sundowner. It used to be a rock 'n' roll venue but they hope to present black soul and reggae acts there.

Roadie Collins killed in fall

DEEP PURPLE roadie Patsy Collins was killed last week during the group's Far-Eastern tour in Jakarta, Indonesia, when he fell eight floors down a lift shaft.

Early reports stated that it was Paddy 'The Plank' who was killed, but this was in correct. Paddy, who was a lifelong friend of Patsy, flew home last weekend was 'too sick' to talk about the accident.

Meanwhile, Purple are continuing their tour with an alternative road crew.

Average Whites tour in May

THE AVERAGE WHITE BAND are fixing up a British tour for next May. The 12 date tour will be part of a six-week European visit that will take in the major continental venues as well as concerts in London, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh.

There are two London dates planned for the group—probably at the Royal Albert Hall or the Hammersmith Odeon and the tour is being arranged to give the soccer-mad band the maximum viewing opportunities for the Home International football matches next May.

Stylists here in March

THE STYLISTICS will play concerts in 10 major cities during the spring although the only dates so far confirmed are the week of March 29 at Batley Variety Club.

Promoters Kennedy Straight Artists and Jeff Kruger will announce the other venues soon including a London show.

TOURS

STACKRIDGE: Uxbridge Technical College, December 18, Lincoln Technical College 19, Aylesbury Friars 27.

ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIDAS: Torrington The Plough December 11, Bristol Polytechnic 12, Dudley J B Club 13, Skegness Pavilion 16, Bellingham Saxon Tavern 17, London Nashville Rooms 18/19/20.

MAGNUM OPUS II: Shirebrook King of Diamonds December 12, RAF Cosford (Warwicks), Calverton (Notts) Springwater Club 16, Derby Wirksworth County Youth Centre 17, RAF Leeming (Yorks), 18, Gainsborough Queen Elizabeth Grammar School 19, Doncaster Arnhorpe Miners Welfare 20, Doncaster Stainforth Central Club 21, Nottingham Gedling Miners Welfare, Calverton Springwater Club 23, Somercotes New Pacific 24, Wellingborough Allen Road Club 26, Sheffield Dinnington Club 28, Calverton Springwater Club 30, RAF Cranwell (Lincs) 31, Cranwell Village Hall January 2.

MAC AND KATIE KISSOON: Watford Bailey's December 14-20, Dunstable California Ballroom 31.

KENNY: Bournemouth Village Bowl December 12, Ashford Stour Centre 13, Barrow Maximes Disco 18, Blackpool Winter Gardens 19, Carlisle Cosmo Club 20, Hastings Pier Pavilion 22.

PALAIS DE FOLK, a new club, opened at the Derby Arms Putney, last Sunday with Bob Williamson and future artists will include Noel Murphy, Fred Wedlock, Jonnie Silvo and Jeremy Taylor.

LADY JUNE'S Linguistic Leprosy: evening of music, lights, laughs, strip, ICA Arts Centre, Nash House, The Mall, London December 11-13, featuring Lol Coxhill (brass) and Pete Drummond (7).

LINDA LEWIS: Capitol Radio Christmas concert at Ronnie Scott's December 15 also featuring George Melly. To be broadcast through midnight on Boxing Day. Her band will include Max Middleton (piano) and Philip Chen (bass).

ROCKY SHARPE AND THE RAZORS: Hove Town Hall December 11, London Camberwell School Of Art 12, London Nashville Rooms 13, Hounslow College 19.

101'ERS: Maidstone College of Art December 11, North London Poly 12, Harrow Tythe Farm House 14, Leicester Rock And Roll Society 18, Derby Cleopatras 20.

FATSO: Hastings College 17, Watford Town Hall 18.

TONGE: Worthing Southdown Hotel 12, City of London Poly 13, London Upstairs At Ronnies 15, London 100 Club 16, Cheshunt New River Arms 19, Isle of Wight Ryde Pavilion 20, Bognor Regis Sussex Hotel 21, Worthing College Of Further Education 28.

CAROL GRIMES BAND: London Nashville Rooms December 14 and 21.

KILBURN AND THE HIGH ROADS: London Nashville Rooms December 12, London 100 Club 30.

TROGGS: London Nashville Rooms December 27.

LONG JOHN BALDRY: London 100 Club December 16.

MAX MERRITT AND THE METEORS: London 100 Club December 23.

THUNDERPUSS: London 100 Club December 12.

WALLY: Dyford Ammanford Civic Centre 13.

RACING CARS: Abertillery Rose Heyworth Club December 15, Crumlin Viaduct Hotel 17, Llanharran RFC 21, Ammanford Civic Centre 24.

JACK THE LAD play Felixstowe Pier Pavilion December 16 with local bands Quorum, Rickity Thatch and Charlie May for the benefit of the Cancer Research Campaign.

RUBBER DUCK: The Party Of The Year at Horningsham Hall, Horningsham, December 24.

CLANCY: Surrey University January 16, Liverpool University February 7, North London Polytechnic 10, Leicester University 13, North East London Polytechnic 20, Kingston Polytechnic. More gigs will follow. Their new Warner Bros album 'Working Together' will be released January 30.

REAL THING: Worcester Bank House December 11, Birmingham Barbarellas 12, Hammersmith Palais 16, London Searcy's Club 22, London Speakeasy 23 & 30, Wigan Casino 24, Huddersfield Ivanhoe's 31. Then record a new single to be produced by David Essex.

THE HEAVY METAL KIDS have added several dates to their December / January tour, and the full list now reads: Cardiff Top Rank December 9, St Albans City Hall 13, Bolton Albert Hall 15 (replacement of cancelled November date, tickets still valid), Preston Guildhall 16, Stoke Hanley Victoria Hall 21, Liverpool Stadium 22 (with Sassafra), Malvern Wintergardens 23, Birmingham Barbarellas 27 (Christmas Party show), Plymouth Fiesta 29, Torquay Gatsby's 30, London Marquee 31, Huddersfield Ivanhoe's January 2 and Croydon Greyhound 4.

FRUUPP'S current British tour has undergone a few date changes. They are: Fareham Technical College moved from December 13 to January 9, High Wycombe Town Hall January 10 (additional date) and Manchester University February 7.

SEVENTH WAVE, who recently finished an American tour, will play selected British dates this month. Remaining gigs include: Plymouth Fiesta December 9 and Exeter University 10.

MUNGO JERRY play several dates this month: Nottingham Trent Polytechnic December 12, Nottingham Porterhouse Club 13, Bristol Baileys 15 to 17, Liverpool Baileys 18 to 20, Hull Baileys 29 to January 3, Oldham Baileys 5 to 10, Birmingham Dolce Vita 19 to 24 and Gloucester Roundabout 30.

STRANGE DAYS dates in December: Trowell Festival Hall December 10, RAF Nocton Hall 12, Lincoln New Penny 13, Cleopatras Derby 16, Ripley Cock Hotel 19, Nuneaton Stokingsford / Buckshill Club 24, Spönodon Crown Hotel 26, Derby Sports And Social Centre 31.

COUSIN JOE: Keele University December 10, Walsall Wheatsheaf Hotel 11, North Staffs Polytechnic 12.

HUSTLER: Sheffield City Hall December 10, Wigan Casino Club 11, Newport Gwent College 12, London Roundhouse 14, Ruislip Queensmead School 15, Harlow Technical College 20.

FUMBLE: North Staffs Poly December 10, Dundee College of Arts and Technology 11.

HOB0: North Staffs Poly December 10, Edinburgh Assembly Rooms 11, Paisley College of Technology 12, Harrogate Town Hall 16.

WALLY: Ammanford Civic Hall December 13, Harrogate Town Hall 16.

ALCATRAZ: Plymouth Fiesta December 12, Nottingham Peoples College 13.

GENTLE GIANT'S Derby date at Kings Hall, reported last week was incorrect. Truth is December 15.

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Back Street fighting man

THE VIOLENCE seemed to go out of rock after Altamont when came the nasty realisation that fantasy freaking out of the inhibitions could become cold death.

When did you last see even Townshend smash a guitar? Not in '75 as I recall.

So if you miss that touch of roughhouse with your rock 'n roll go see Back Street Crawler next time they're in your town. They are musical murder. A bomb on a short fuse.

Like the rest of the band American keyboards man Mike Montgomery is thoroughly approachable off-stage but speaks his mind so directly you can see how he might be difficult to work with (because don't most of us play at diplomacy just to get through the day?).

He wrote most of the Crawler set and that is one of the sources of the band's inner struggles, composer ideas clashing with legendary guitarist Kossoff's, composer's ego affronted by Free fans yearning and shouting for that great band's old hits. Not easy for all concerned.

And Mike is not one to back down. take a lucrative ride on a star name's glory: "I'm very Montgomery - minded I guess. I never say 'I want it done this way or fuck it' just to be an asshole. It's because I know I'm right."

"You try to be diplomatic but if nobody says 'BANG' (he karate - chopped the hotel bed with some vigour) "This is the way it's got to be" then nothing

gets done. It can turn into hours of babbling nonsense.

"During the recording of the album I pulled a couple of scenes which caused repercussions, flare-ups. That was when the band was actually jelling.

"Maybe I do have a manic streak. But I'm not into going round smashing up hotel rooms. I have to be angry before I get violent."

And he was later that night at Newcastle City Hall when Kossoff gave way to the joy of playing a stunning set and went back on the band's joint agreement never again to play 'The Hunter'. In the last couple of numbers Montgomery demolished two mike stands and an organ before the band closed to a standing and endless ovation.

Earlier he had said: "It's very hard to know whether the band will hold together for any length of time. A lot of it depends on whether Paul keeps himself together."

"We are working much better together as a group and the tensions are much more on the productive side." (Through all the on-stage feuding the music was the hottest of hot poop).

It could well be the exactly right setting for Mike's abrasive talents and his songs full of aggressive defiance of a black hostile world: "It's a long way down to the top", "Roaches in the Woodwork, The Madman On The Street", "Rock 'n Roll Junkie".

No wonder his classical piano tutor at Oakland University bemoaned his pop ambitions. When did Rubinstein last get the 'ump and lob his Steinway into the orchestra pit? (Well certainly not since Altamont.)



■ BACK STREET CRAWLER'S Mike Montgomery

In fact judging by the general idea of what a Classically Trained Musician is like Mike would make an excellent bull in a china shop. But he never meant to be anything other than a hot, hard rocker.

"I started with a garage band when I was 16 and I've played all the dives and strip clubs. I aimed my training at improving my musical vocabulary for rock 'n roll."

"When I write a song I don't just write out chords. I like to regard them as something a little bit closer to legitimate compositions."

So to close out you say that with all that undoubted skill he could always make a pile as a session man if the band should split.

"I can't stand session musicians, fucking hacks, playing the same licks on everyone's albums."

A no-compromises set of roughnecks are Crawler. I think we need them, trust we keep them.—Phil Sutcliffe.

■ IT COULD soon be the Thlee Deglees (a barrer of raughs) cos they reckon they have discovered a keyboard player to put some Oriental soul into their sound. His name's Jun Fukamachi and the toothy trio are said to be featuring him in Britain early next year.

It's only Choc 'n' Roll...

DIFFICULT GROUP to pin down, Hot Chocolate. They've had a string of hit singles in the five years they've been together (their latest, 'You Sexy Thing', is nestling at number two for the second week running) but they've been so varied that no clear identity shines through — except the bald pate of singer Errol Brown.

This hasn't been helped by the group's reluctance to put out an album until last year. And when they did, it sold better in America than in Britain.

But three top ten singles in the last year, a 23-date tour just completed which sold out at 20 theatres and a second album which nudged its way into the charts last week have established a firm base for Hot Chocolate to build on.

For Errol Brown, it's all happening right on schedule. "I said at the start that in five years we were going to begin."

Having started off knowing very little about the business I now feel at the beginning of my career.

"You see, we started off as a bunch of lads who were not musicians in the real sense of the word, but we just had the talent to write commercial songs at that time."

"We began to take it more seriously after a couple of hits and we started to believe in ourselves. Those first couple of hits we're not a serious thing as far as I was concerned, it was just a matter of earning a living."

But wasn't there a danger in the early days that the group wouldn't be able to meet the 'chart-topping' performance expected by those who went to see them on the strength of their hit records?

"Well there was, but we got around it by trying to provide entertainment rather than take ourselves too seriously. We recognised our limitations so we always got away with it. If it was a ballroom we made sure

□ CONTINUED OPPOSITE

'Renta Santa': DJ Chris strikes gold



WHAT STARTED out as Phonogram's in-house Christmas record for the amusement of themselves and a few friends is now shooting up the charts (it's number 36 this week) and providing Chris Hill, the DJ at the Goldmine discotheque on Canvey Island, with an unexpected but very welcome shot in the arm.

Chris helps to produce a disco group called Dizzy Heights with Phonogram executive Nigel Grainge and Johnny Staines, an East London record retailer. After the sessions were over, they used to fool around in the studios for an hour or so and make amusing tapes for the amusement of engineers and studio hands. Word spread and they were asked to provide a tape for the company's annual conference. They did a spoof blues song with references to various company personnel.

It went down so well that Grainge asked them if they'd like to do something for Phonogram's Christmas card. They nipped into the studio and came back two hours later with a rough version of

what you can hear on the single: spliced together snatches of recent pop hits linked together on a Christmas theme. Around the offices the unanimous reaction was: 'this would make a fine single'. So what started as a private joke is ending up as a public hit.

The idea on the single is not new; Dickie Goldman has been doing things like it in America for 15 years, most recently with his big 'Mr Jaws' hit. But, as Chris says, 'they were too Americanised and didn't have any appeal in this country'.

The question is, can he follow it? "Well, I'm not doing another 'cut-up' record, that's for sure! I might make a disco single or I might use the chance to set up a disco road show and go on tour."

"But I like the idea of one-off singles. I'd be quite happy to do another one when I get another good idea. It would be different though." — HUGH FIELDER

It's all Greek to me...

I'VE BEEN GETTING worried about Nana Mouskouri for some time. Changing your image is all very well but to stop wearing those glasses and start growing this gigantic beard is going a bit too far. At least the voice is still recognisable though.

Still the change has certainly done her some good. She's selling albums as if they're about to be rationed and has sold out the Royal Albert Hall five times in a year, not to mention a couple of concerts at the Festival Hall last week.

And her single, 'Happy To Be On An Island In The Sun', is



■ NANA MOUSKOURI

shooting up the charts with lots of TV spots to back it up so she must be pretty pleased.

Still, I can't help wondering what her husband thinks of it all.

I mean, long hair is OK but it's so unkempt and the beard must be off-putting, not to mention the hairy chest that looks as if it should have 'welcome' stamped across the middle. I expect he likes her better without the glasses though.

The extra housekeeping money must make a difference too. In fact, Nana is now so rich that she recently bought £3,000 worth of silver goblets, plates and candelabras. And then she thought the dinner set looked a bit tatty in comparison so she bought two sets of Royal Daulton and Minton china.

What's that? It's not is it? Oh Christ... I was just in the middle of writing this piece about... Is he related to her or anything? Oh Gawd... How do you spell it? R-O-U-S-S-O-S. What's his first name? D-E-M-I-S. No, no, it's not your fault. I should have checked earlier...

And all those things I said about Nana are really about this guy Roussos are they? Do you think the readers will understand? ... I mean, they're pretty intelligent so they'll know it's all about Demis really won't they. Jesus, I hope the editor doesn't see it though.—Hugh Fielder.

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SOCIETY



HOT CHOCOLATE: 'people say: why don't you get more into black music?'

From Page 6

everybody moved their arses. "Now when we do a show it's a whole different thing. It's a Hot Chocolate music show and it's a far better thing."

That also helps to explain why the band waited so long before making their first album.

"That's right. The band began to develop as musicians and when Mickey Most and I felt the time was right to put a serious album on the market we did so. We shied away from putting out a 'Chocolate Hits' album because that wasn't where I wanted to end up."

"So we held off until after we found the direction we wanted to go and then we stopped making singles just for commercial success and started writing more from within. That started with 'Brother Louie'."

So frequently do Hot Chocolate seem to be in the Top Twenty that it was surprising to learn that they have had the odd failure dotted between the successes.

"We've never taken any of our singles for granted. We haven't yet got that kind of following. All of them have had to survive purely as discs."

Who chooses what to release as a single?

"I take the song to Mickey Most and he says yes or no. I take his opinion because I respect his talent very much."

And what proportion of songs does he accept?

"About half of them." "You Sexy Thing" is also making progress in the American charts and the group are going

over to start cracking that market in the New Year. Cover versions of their songs have already made the Top Ten out there so they won't be having to start from scratch. A strange feature, though, is that they are regarded as more of a black-based band than they are in Britain.

"We are big in the black states of America and the only reason I can see is that they are getting fed up with the same old funky feel and they want a different buzz."

But people in this country don't think of Hot Chocolate as a black band.

"No. We have very few black people in our audience. You see, I was brought up in this country and my influences are the same as any other kids. My music isn't white music and it isn't black music. It's colourless music in that respect."

"People sometimes come up to me and say, 'why don't you get more into black music, man', but I tell them, 'leave me out of that'. I'm an individual and my music is individual. I write my songs the way they come out of my head."

"I don't go, it's gotta sound funky." If it works out funky then that's how it sounds. I could quite easily do a heavy rock song if I wanted." — Hugh Fielder.

IT'S - a - relief - to - be - British corner: Warner Bros in the States have mounted a campaign called 'The Works' aimed at 'formulating a co-ordinated, visually dynamic in-store program that would invite consumer involvement.' As far as we know over here WB just sell records.

A SORT OF MacTussauds is being opened in Edinburgh in the spring and Billy Connolly is one of the first 150 waxings. He'll stand (machorror!) alongside Moira Anderson and Andy Stewart. The Bay City Rollers (macnotagain!) were outside the gallery's price range at £5,000.



CITY BOY: Brummies

City for the livin'

BIRMINGHAM: metropolis, foot-stompers, ELO, Slade — and City Boy?

In fifteen months, Brum's newest offering to the music world has released a commercial single, completed a major UK tour with Thin Lizzy, embarked on their own circuit of Holland,

Heepster, Goodie, lecturer, jazzman: the gigs of Gibbs

CONSIDERING the warm words that were heaped upon jazz composer and arranger Mike Gibbs' latest album, 'The Only Chrome-Waterfall Orchestra', it's a pity that he has been unsuccessful in organising a concert to play some of the pieces in this country.

He's been luckier in Berlin, however. Gibbs has just been over there to give a concert at the Berlin Jazz Festival at which he played a specially commissioned piece, four bits from the new album and an earlier work.

"I was a little afraid of the Berlin audience because I was told they can be pretty hard but they were great, and the band was great too," said Mike, who was spending a week in London before returning to Berklee College Of Music in Boston where he is a resident lecturer and composer.

"Half the band consisted of German musicians and the other half I chose from around England and Europe — people like Alan Skidmore, Chris Pyne and Kenny Wheeler. I also took along Philip Catherine who played guitar on the album. And everything came together splendidly."

Next year he's hoping to put a



MIKE GIBBS

band together that he can take out on the road. "The trouble is that musicians fees have gone up enormously since I was last on the road about 18 months ago so I'm going to have to have a smaller band. I used to have 17 or 18 players but I'm now thinking of about 14 or 15."

Was he as happy with the album as other people seemed to be? "Yes, I like it a lot. There were some things about it that I never finished to my satisfaction. On 'Undergrowth' for example I had much grander ideas but I just couldn't realise them."

"But 'Antique' was a breakthrough; I'd been stuck in a certain harmonic area for 10 years but in this little nine-bar tune I managed to break out of it slightly."

Listening to 'Chrome-Waterfall' I found several passages where his work on John McLaughlin's 'Apocalypse' album seemed to have left a mark. Was that a significant album for him?

"It was a big project for me; I'd never worked with an entire symphony orchestra before. But my role was smaller in that none of the music was mine; just the way that the music was coloured was mine."

"There is a lot of McLaughlin on my album however. 'Unfinished Sympathy' is obviously close to some of his things. On 'Tunnel Of Love' it's not so obvious but there's an influence in the time signature. Until then I had been doing things in 4/4 and 3/4 but this one was in 14/8 and McLaughlin had been doing things like that."

Mike has also done some arranging work on Uriah Heep albums and has recently done some work on Ken Hensley's new solo album, 'Eager To Please'. "What I did was to add an orchestral backdrop after the basic tracks and vocals had already been put down."

Mike plays keyboards on 'Chrome-Waterfall' but he has gone back to his primary instrument, the trombone, for his contribution to Carla Bley's latest album: "Carla's planning a concert for next summer and I'm ready to give up anything I'm doing to play with her."

For his short stay here, Mike was staying in Bill Oddie's house which reminded me that he's also been responsible for the musical arrangements for the Goodies TV series. "It's all Bill's music though", he said.

"He doesn't write music but he used to sing into a tape recorder and I would take it down and arrange it for him." — HUGH FIELDER.

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When in Rome— watch out!

Threatened, ripped off, held to ransom . . . Van Der Graaf's Italian job was not a happy one . . .

VAN DER GRAAF Generator will not be wanting to watch 'The Godfather' when they get home from Italy. At the moment they feel as though they just played leading roles in Part Three.

Their lovely time began in Padua where they were playing a perfectly peaceful set of stomping rock when, by manager Gordian Troeller's account:

"A hundred guys wearing masks and brandishing lumps of wood stormed the stage and tried to do all the damage they could.

"We escaped from that one by jumping into a car and crashing it through a set of glass doors."

The right-wing alleged it was the left-wing and the left-wing said it was the right-wing trying to give the left-wing a bad name. VDG were just glad to get the hell out and play a happy gig or two before the Big One — Rome.

They were worried but they had taken the precaution of being co-promoted by a workers co-operative (or could that have been taken as provocative in some volatile quarters?).

Stumbled

Anyway 16,000 attended, had fun, and retired to bed. Except that the roadies of course had to move all the gear out at eight in the morning to get to the next gig in Bologna. They stumbled out of



□ VAN DER GRAAF: £10,000 ransom demand

the hotel, peered blearily at the truck, blinked and peered again — because there it was gone!

About £60,000 worth of gear and vehicle vanished. And within the hour came the first ransom demand. A modest £10,000 was the asking price. Troeller said they had about £200 in their pockets and would have to send to England for any more.

Then a lawyer advised him that it was a criminal offence to even negotiate with the hi-jackers

so the entire crew left it to the police for some hours and began energetically twiddling their thumbs.

That got frustrating after a while so the following day Troeller tried to hire a helicopter to see if he could spot the truck from the air. No dice. So he sent out a couple of squads of roadies in cars with walkie-talkies to see if they could find more than the police.

They reported back a

suspicious-looking spot, went to the police again, were passed from department to department until some official realised who they were and announced that the truck had already been recovered — it was just that the section to whom the theft had been originally reported had not alerted the other branches that there was a stray artie skulking around the streets of Roma.

Whence they were shown to the 'Judicial Depository', found the truck minus gear and immobilised by a dead battery.

They were still struggling through red tape but feeling a little reassured until they went back to the yard to pick up the truck and discovered a transformer which was on the 'stolen' list under a stack of used tyres.

Iron bars

After they had been shown off the premises by gentlemen with iron bars, they demanded that the police arrest the guy who ran the yard but he was released after questioning. Then they made another attempt to reclaim the truck and found it surrounded by heavies who could not be persuaded to step aside until the police moved in yet again — at which time it was discovered that the transformer, had transformed itself into the back of the wagon.

When I phoned Troeller in Rome he was hoping that all was well for their getaway a full four days after the robbery: "We have been threatened and we are all fairly frightened. We've been in touch with the British Consulate. All we want to do is get home."

Ten gigs were cancelled and the band will not know for some time whether their insurance will cover the loss — if it is decided

that the theft occurred when the vehicle was untended outside the hotel rather than under the vigilant protection of the judicial depository they could end-up without a bean.

■ All of which makes the bland announcement that Ike Turner had an attache case containing £43,000 stolen from a Paris recording studio seem just too plain. Then again what was he doing with all that loot about his person? 'A private matter' we are told.



ALAN HULL, pictured above, showing what he's made of at his Tyneside local, can currently be heard singing backing vocals on a single B-side called 'Benwell Lad' written and performed by Robert Barton (stage left) as a tribute to — Alan Hull. Al may not know much about modesty but he knows what he likes. Top-side is Bob's 'The Drinking Song' and both cuts sound strangely more like Lindisfarne than his own potent guitar efforts with now-defunct Geordie band Beckett.

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IT WAS perhaps inevitable that Cat Stevens, of all people, should suffer the musicians equivalent of a mild seizure.

All that earnest self-examination and revelation, burning the emotional candle at both ends — for himself and his audience. And on top of that the actual physical demands of being everybody's favourite inner-self — album / tour / album / tour / tour, to the point where the whole thing becomes an exercise in self-justification, which is really no justification at all.

His albums mirrored the impasse Stevens was rapidly falling into; moving inexorably from the sad-eyed, wistful, love-sick romantic to the just-as-sad-eyed, wistful pilgrim, abandoning the search for requited love in pursuit of Greater Things.

The strain of engaging in a spiritual quest before an audience of millions would eventually have to tell — and sure enough it did. Stevens, apparently in a state of mental confusion, retreated.

It is a distressing sign of the nadir his career appeared to have reached that, to be truthful, one didn't actually realise he had gone until it was announced that he was back again — with a new album and plans for an English tour, his first — it transpires — in almost two years.

I met Stevens at his management office, a slick Mayfair number, where the mechanism for the up-coming tour is being cranked into action — plans are being finalised, transatlantic telephone calls made and flights booked.

Amidst this confusion you notice that the office is something of a shrine to the man who makes it all possible. There are art-work posters of Stevens' albums on the wall, alongside awards from the industry for this and that and a battered gold eight-track cartridge for 'Teaser And The Firecat', hanging by a piece of string. The gold records are in the other office downstairs, literally covering the walls.

Stevens seems rather embarrassed as he leads me into this room, and exclaims, Oh Christ, he shouldn't have brought me in here. Such are the preconceptions I have about the man, based on what I've heard and surmised from his recorded output, that I immediately interpret this as the remark of an aesthete, pained that a stranger should bear witness to the base material rewards of his Art. Thinking about it, I decide he's just being every-day modest, and that it's bad to have preconceptions.

We talk about the new album. It is called 'Numbers', subtitled 'A Pythagorean Theory Tale'. One reviewer seizing on Pythagoras' famed theory about the square of the hypotenuse, asked whether this choice of theme meant that Stevens himself

'I reckon I lost my way somewhere along the line. The whole thing was too regimented. It was getting really silly'



On the eve of his long awaited tour, Cat Stevens talked to Mick Brown

might be a right-angled triangle?

Well, no. Pythagoras probably learned his triangle theorem from the Egyptians; his main interest was the mystical significance of numbers, a philosophy he developed from the relativity of notes on the Greek musical scale. Stevens was introduced to the theory by a lady named Hestia Lovejoy, to whom 'Numbers' is dedicated.

"She came to see me when I was in Australia and started talking about numbers", Stevens explains.

"At first I couldn't see the point of making numbers any more important than what you use them for. Then I read this book she'd left me on Pythagoras and realised that I'd always known the importance of numbers without really being aware of it — like all songs have a natural 'three' element, 'three' being the strongest number of all (hence 'third time lucky').

"Then you start finding out that Pythagoras developed the Western musical scale. Then, thinking about it, you discover

that the law of music is the same law that applies to nature as a whole, that your life has octaves in the same way as the musical scale does ..."

Then you go out and make an album about it, which is, thankfully, less obtuse than the foregoing might suggest.

If you want to do it properly, the starting point for the album is the booklet that comes with it, which sketches a Tolkienesque tale about an enchanted palace, peopled by nine characters (Monad to Novim inclusive) who

exist to give numbers to the universe.

A few of these characters from the book crop up in the songs, but not all; and not all the songs are about characters in the book. Some are Stevens being sad-eyed, wistful and philosophical, and one, 'Zero', is a characterisation of the number 'Zero', which is analogous to the Tarot card 'The Fool'.

Alternatively, you can overlook all that stuff and just listen to the music which, if you're not in a cerebral mood, is

probably the best idea.

Musically, this is probably Stevens' most satisfying album since 'Teaser And The Firecat' — lots of clever melodies, arrangements that neatly complement Stevens' exaggerated, staccato phrasing and an overall production which is full without being over-bearing. It's an album which bears the mark of much work, expense and time.

"It took a long time because I produced it", says Stevens. "It was the old thing that if you've got two days to do something you'll take two days; if you've got three you'll take three. I didn't have any time limit at all so we ended up taking four months."

The album was recorded in Canada with string arrangements added in New York and mixing completed in Paris. Stevens chose Canada because we'd heard the studio had a big window overlooking a lake.

"I hate coming out of a studio at night and you don't know what you've missed ..."

He admits that he's happier with 'Numbers' than he has been with an album in a long time. The respite from touring and recording has clearly done him good, restored some of the equilibrium which his music — and perhaps he himself — seemed to be losing.

"I certainly reckon I lost my way somewhere along the line", he says. "The whole thing was getting too regimented — the need to make albums and do tours, not necessarily because I wanted to do 'em but because they had to be done."

"It was getting really silly. I was saying to myself 'What is this?', because I'd forgotten what I was doing it for. And what I was originally doing it for was to make myself happier, because basically I'm not all that happy. I'm kind of one of these ... solitary people ..."

He looks wistful for a moment ...

"I've always been like that, and I'm beginning to realise that that's the way I am and I can't change that — I don't think. I think I was meant to be like this, a bit more solitary than ... just through circumstances."

He pauses. I am by now growing accustomed to Stevens' manner of talking; the fragmented sentences, a new idea crowding out the old one before it's been fully developed. Not so much a presentation of thoughts as an unravelling ...

"Anyway", he continues, "That's not the point. The point is I was losing the line somewhere. And then I found it again; just as if it was lying there, waiting for me to see it ..."

He found it, he says, in Brazil. Alone, cut off from the associate ideas, England, everything ... with just the music, the mountains, and the sea ... He says he knows it sounds like he's trying to be poetic, but that's how it really was.

It is necessary, he says, for any musician to get back to the source of their original inspiration for making music before it's lost in the sheer mechanics of being 'a performer' and all that entails.

"It's like that club they have in New York which is just for session musicians to go and have a jam. That's really important because if you begin to think that music is just being booked into a session for three hours you're getting a totally wrong conception of what it's all about."

"It's easy to do that though. You get people coming up to you waving pieces of paper, saying 'This is where you've got to be on such and such a date', and you start believing that *that's* the truth of the situation."

"It's difficult to keep everything balanced. It can be done if you don't block off your head to new ideas and keep changing things around. It's basically what Mao said about communist society — that it has to change every seven years or it becomes stagnant ..."

Drawing on established sources to illustrate or shore up

Continued Page 10

Cat Stevens

■ From Page 9

his ideas is something else you become accustomed to Stevens doing during a conversation. Mao, Carlos Casteneda, Paul Repps (author of the book 'Zen Flesh, Zen Bones', which inspired Stevens' 'Catch Bull At Four' — itself a Zen dictum) — Stevens obviously spends a lot of time reading — and assimilating — philosophy.

When I ask him whether, in view of what he has said about the danger of musicians losing their sense of direction, he now feels that he personally has a clear sense of purpose, he paraphrases 'Desiderata':

"Everybody has a right to be here — that's really all you have to know. Just understanding that you are necessary to the universe or whatever — the scheme of things — that fulfils my purpose. Even if I wasn't singing I'd be doing that..." (It says something for his conviction that Stevens makes it sound like a piece of wisdom chiselled on a 15th century gravestone, rather than a piece of schlock, pushed out to corner the Christmas market.

Why then does he carry on singing?

"Cos I like it more than anything. It gives me more... not money, but everything else I need. Yeah, the recognition is important. It gives me a reason for being there. If I didn't have that I'd have to find some other way of getting my fulfilment from people. I need that feedback. We all do..."

Money, he hastens to add, is not important; a familiar *cri de coeur* of rock stars who are nailed to the floor by the weight of



greenbacks, but Stevens insists it's true. It's true also that he's wealthy — enough to be a tax exile (I did it quietly, he explains), to buy land in Brazil, to build a house, and to facilitate his passion for travel. But as he says, it's only as important as you make it...

"I can go first-class everywhere. But that isn't necessarily the best way of doing it. The best times I've had have been when I've roughed it. I can have a limo waiting for me when I arrive at an airport — but it's better to get a taxi and have a conversation with the driver.

"Money is the difference between two worlds; one is basically illusion, unreal. It's made to look better, but in fact people are the only thing that really change your life in important ways.

"Money hasn't ruled me. It's ruled other people only because they haven't had the advantage of being able to keep a hold on the other side, see what's happening in the real world, and see themselves from both perspectives. I had that chance when I was missing for a little while after 'Matthew and Son'. That illness was perfect: it enabled me to see that the whole thing wasn't real..."

The illness was tuberculosis, and it checked Stevens' career in mid-stride. He had had his first

hit record, 'I Love My Dog' a year before, when he was 18.

As Steven Dmitri Giorgiou he had had an unusual childhood. The son of a Greek restaurant-owner, growing-up in the closely knit, parochial Greek/Soho community — his main recollection is of loneliness. Even before the halycon days of hippiedom he was a drug coterie of one. All things were available when you lived in Soho; we'd go to school, stoned behind dark glasses, with everybody wondering what the hell he was giggling about.

He was discovered in 1966, renamed Cat Stevens and his first record, 'I Love My Dog', released. He appeared on 'Ready, Steady, Go' in the same week as the Troggs and Kim Fowley singing 'They're Coming To Take Me Away'. He became a star. He remembers himself on the radio, for the first time and realising that at that instant he was being heard all over the country. It was, he says, the most incredible sense of power.

"It all went to my head a bit. I wouldn't go out anywhere unless everything was laid on for me in advance; everything had to be the best. It started changing me, because I was too young to cope with it. I suppose I should have been more aware, but I wasn't..."

The ensuing lay-off after 'Matthew And Son' gave Stevens breathing-space to reflect on the changes success had wrought in him; it obviously tempered his escalating ego, and when he re-emerged a year or so later with 'Mone Bone Jakon' and then 'Tea For The Tillerman', a more acutely developed awareness of self was evident in his music.

The lightweight, if evocative, observations of his first two hit singles had given way to more introspective, carefully thought out ideas. Nothing profound, mind, but perceptive enough to strike a sympathetic chord with enormous numbers of people, and establish Stevens as a kind of pilot

through the emotional chops and swells of life.

"I'm just a reflector for other people," he says. "If I'm going through hassles people can see that and say 'Right, well I can recognise that one... I won't do that'. That's the role I seem to play. I get a lot of letters and stuff from people — a lot of feed — back about what I'm writing.

"But I know that scene from when I was looking at the pop scene from the outside myself. I'd dream about certain people, and it was like I knew 'em personally. We all know each other basically through music — it's the fastest way there is to get to know someone..."

By the time of 'Buddha And The Chocolate Box', however, it was apparent that Stevens' development of ideas had led him farther away from his audience, not closer to them; his reflections had become more highly personalised, less obviously universal, and had begun to smack of evangelism.

"As you change your ideas get... finer", he says. "You get more oblique to the public, so they don't really know what you're doing. It gets to the point where do something thinking it's a giant step forward whereas it's very minute in the picture of things..."

Stevens had reached that point, and it was his realisation that this was what was happening that made his retreat to Brazil and the temporary lay-off from recording all the more timely.

Certainly from his audience's point of view it has been beneficial; it has meant that Stevens has rediscovered the impulse for performing and is back on stage — something which seemed unlikely to ever happen again 18 months ago, and his obvious delight to be touring and recording again augers well for the future. He says he already has enough material to record another album, and being on the road will probably bring forth more.

"I find I write more when I'm moving. I need different impressions to feed me, and that comes a lot from touring and just being with musicians all the time — not thinking about anything else..."

The new material, he says, is likely to be less complex.

"The lyrics are getting simpler perhaps; things that I can sing and enjoy singing without worrying too much about what the lyrics are saying. There's probably a danger of my audience thinking my songs were getting too philosophical, but really I don't know how I can stop that completely; that's me.

"It's the way I think, and it's the way it comes out. To stop it and try and be something else would be even worse.

"A lot of people make out they're complicated. At least I'm honest — I am fucking complicated..."

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JAWS

■ CONTINUED FROM
PAGE 3

a M'head T-shirt last week, emblazoned with the Lemmy slogan 'Born To Lose'. A Motorhead album is due in the New Year...

And by way of a change, some B. Springsteen (star?) news. Handkerchiefs at the ready; the lad was mucho upset with the vast publicity that heralded his arrival in the UK — especially with the 'Finally...' the world is ready' superhype. Eagle-eyed concert goers will have noticed that, for Bruce's second Hammersmith Odeon gig, all offending posters in the vicinity had the 'Finally...' line scratched out, in accordance with BS's wishes.

Breathe a sigh of relief dept.: Kenny are withdrawing from the so-called 'front line' for the time being — but only to prepare for a refreshed assault on the pop

world in 1976. "We've been doing the same act on stage for a long time now and we feel it's unfair to the fans," moans lead singer Rick Driscoll. And take note, all you snappy dressers — the Kenny 'Bump' suit, tipped as a popular new fashion, will be in the shops after Christmas.

Ken Hensley of Heep emerged from a Glasgow gig to find his car much graffitied with biro and felt-tip, also a lot of gear stolen from the roadies' wagon and remarked: "The sort of mentality behind this seems to be that you can be successful but you're not going to be allowed to enjoy it". So, the felt-tip pen is mightier than the keyboard... Queen deny rumours that they had to pay £50,000 to certain aggrieved parties to prevent injunctions against the issue of a track on 'Night At The Opera'. Read the lyrics yourself and make your own interpretations...

The fickle finger of fate, having hit with the sledgehammer, moves on: Last week, due to meteorological forces beyond control gusting through the printers, several photos were lost, one being the main pic of the new Man line-up. Ergo, the photo of the Thirteenth Man. We apologise to all concerned and you may rest assured that for at least the next 14 months, Deke Leonard is still with the band.

At Back Street Crawler's first post-Koss-collapse concert, Terry Wilson-Slessor was wailing into a nice blues when he suddenly heard the guitar hit a solid, unending note. Looking over, he saw Kossoff lying flat on the stage. "My God," he thought. "He's dead. We're stars". But the entire audience rushed to the front and chanted the young guitarist to his feet. The next night, Koss collapsed again. Terry took him aside. "Look, if you're going to continue this we'll all do it — make it part of the act."

The next night was Newcastle. No-one collapsed. The band played a storm.

Betcha thought Little Feat were too good for the British chart?

The band the critics have raved over for years have finally made it. Peter Crescenti talks to Little Feat in New York

- 34 — HOT CHOCOLATE, Hot Chocolate. Rak
- 35 — SUPERSONIC, Various. Stallion
- 36 — THE LAST RECORD ALBUM, Little Feat. Warner Bros
- 37 22 — ELVIS PRESLEY'S 40 GREATEST HITS.

EVERYONE in the hotel room was delving into his own private fantasies, as we watched Warren Beatty screwing Goldie Hawn in the film *Shampoo*, when suddenly someone in the corner of the room spoke and shattered five different dreams. "Hey, I saw 'Atlanta' in a juke box last night," blurted Little Feat's Richie Hayward. "The first time I've ever seen us in a juke box. 'Atlanta' and 'Down The Road' in a juke box."

An amazed Sam Clayton, the band's conga player, stared quizzically at his percussion partner. "'Atlanta' by Little Feat?"

"No, by Mantovani," Hayward wisecracked back. "Of course by Little Feat. F-E-E-T, written in pencil. I tried to play it and waited for an hour but it never came on."

Some hoodoo queen down New Orleans must've put some curse on Hayward because the boy's been running into that kind of bad luck all year. Several months ago, for instance, Hayward miraculously survived a rib-crunching motor cycle wipe-out, breaking some ribs and having to undergo plastic surgery, among a score of other things. Read all about it on the back cover of the new Little Feat LP, 'The Last Record Album'.

Hayward's luck though seems to run parallel with Little Feat's, because in the band's six year existence, it has been hexed with a load of bad luck as well. And their drummer's accident, characteristically, proved to be double indemnity for the group because they were right in the middle of recording 'The Last Record Album', which eventually took six long months to finish.

"There were a lot of things that came up that broke the momentum of the record project," says Hayward. "Paul got married, I had my bike accident, various other things, like being bumped on studio time, Lowell having to go in at four in the morning to start his over-dubs because it was the only time he could get in the studio. Things like that."

Keyboard player Bill Payne had one horror story of the marathon record project.

"I went to a couple of the mix-downs — they were occurring from 12 at night until about eight in the morning, even a little later sometimes — went to one of those and decided that at six in the morning I could not tell where the mix was good or not."

"We were listening to 'One Love Stand', and I was just saying 'Yeah, that sounds good.' I bowed out. If I have to go through mixes like that, I might as well stay home, and I did. I dug the album, it just took too long."

Whether they are the results of



LITTLE FEAT: a load of bad luck

spending half a year trying to finish the album or not, there were some definite changes going on within the band.

The most obvious is that Lowell George, long recognized as the band's leader, in addition to producing their albums and writing and singing most of their material, has suddenly stepped out front and said he's pushed himself back into the context of the group, and allowed the rest of the record, instead, to make 'The Last Record Album' their creative statement.

At the same time, the album unleashes the other two rare talents in the band, Bill Payne and guitarist Paul Barrere, who have a hand in five of the album's eight tunes, leaving only three credited to George.

Why did George assume such a low profile on the LP? Had the band put pressure on the boss so they could all share more equally in the songwriting royalties, or had Lowell simply decided to let everyone break loose.

THAT was always understood," explains bassist Ken Gradney. "There was just a better vibe, and everybody else got into it a little more, you know. That's where that came from."

"Lowell never said 'We're doing my songs,'" adds Richie Hayward, who co-wrote one of the LP's tunes, 'Mercenary Territory', with George. "He never had that pretense about the

group. He said 'If you got a song, bring it up. If it works out, we'll do it.'"

Conga Clayton agreed. "He wants you to come up with some direction, at least. If you sort of give him some kind of direction of the music or lyrics that you've got, then he's more than happy to take over and help you out, if you wanted help. Now if you have it complete, then you got it. It's up to you. If your material surpasses someone else's in the group who's been writing a long time, then you got it."

It's not all that easy all the time though, says Bill Payne, who's tune, 'Front Page News', was bumped off of 'Feats Don't Fail Me Now', and didn't make the new LP either.

"Lowell seems to think it could have a lot more potential than it does. We're gonna re-write it together, and with Paul, and see what we can come up with. Lowell obviously hears something really special in it, which is the reason I'm letting him do it."

"But if in fact we can't come up with that type of thing, we have got a really dynamite track on it, with John Hall (of Orleans) playing some guitar. It's definitely a rocker. I almost wish it was on this one, but I felt 'Let's give everybody a chance'. We've got to give Lowell exactly what he's letting us do to make it fair."

Another obvious aspect of 'The Last Record Album' is the mellow, subtle approach the band took toward the music. There's no 'Tripe Face Boogie' kind of rock and roll on this LP, and Bill

Payne blames the generally lazy groove on the conditions the record was made under, on producer Lowell George, and on himself personally.

"Next time I will be ready when I get in the studio to make it more exciting. I can only say it's my fault, in terms of it not being explosive. Live I can do it, and I do it at these rehearsal halls. We got in the studio and something changed. I don't know what it was. It's not bad, it's just a little laid back."

"It doesn't bother me, but still, it's probably not one of the albums I'll be listening to. It's kind of like 'Dixie Chicken' for me as a studio album. It was made similarly. It was very clean."

PRODUCTION technique, it seems, still remains solely Lowell George's domain, but now that Payne has asserted himself as a writer, he'd like to start flexing his muscles in the control room too.

"Paul and I have got these cassette tapes, where the band, sometimes without Lowell — in fact most often it is — just sit there and play, and jamming off each other is where we get some of these ideas for these tunes. There's this thing that goes down in the room, but with recording techniques what they are, you get such a clean sound. You hear every instrument."

"Whereas on these cassettes, the tones are like sometimes you can't tell if it's a guitar or an electric piano because they're so close to each other. A lot of times I wish there was some way we could get that type of thing on

record and still have it make sense."

Lowell George's clear and crisp production allows no room for Payne's raunchier concept, but Bill believes that it's George's clean production, in part, that has kept the band from bringing off on record the kind of excitement they create live.

"We always see things we want to do on the next one. To me, it's getting the excitement we bring off in a concert, get that on record somehow. I still don't think we've done it."

"Some of the tracks we recorded for Robert Palmer (the 'Pressure Drop' LP) are better than Little Feat, yet it's Little Feat playing on his record. It's simply because it was a little more of the attitude of 'Let 'em play what they want'."

"Some people dig that idea, and other people like Lowell's concept, which is a lot more of a controlled process of recording. There's nothing wrong with it, but I would prefer a little more of the action in there, to where it grabs you a little more."

"I still think there's room for the next one to really kick ass like a couple of these other albums that we did."

The record is also subdued, adds Payne, because of the long months and confusing working conditions the album was made under. Recording stopped completely many times over the six months, and an impatient Bill Payne began working on other artist's albums, playing on the Art Garfunkel, Bonnie Raitt, Manhattan Transfer, Tom Jans, and Peter Pringle LP's, all while making 'The Last Record Album', only to come back to the Little Feat record to find the situation as complexing as ever.

"We kept putting off certain tunes to such a degree that I just lost track. It was like making a movie. You're doing scene 34 first, then backwards, forwards. I didn't know where we were, and the album really came together like that. That's one of the reasons it sounds a little less active than most. I had no idea where the hell we were half the time. I know Lowell did, and I think he did a very good job considering everything."

Richie Hayward agreed, and analysed George's subtle touch in the control room.

"The peripheral effects on this record are, I think, more than we've ever done before. There's more things that you don't hear immediately that are happening, and if they were dropped out, you'd miss them. There will be like two instruments playing one line, and it'll sound like one, but then again another time it'll sound like the other. A lot of the time we spent like that, instead of doing the flashy things."

"The last album everyone got out on solos, so we figured we'd just do songs this time."

"It's called making money," draws Sam Clayton. "You make money or you die like the rest."

Little Feat tour America through December, and then come off the road to prepare for a proposed 40-city European tour in March, a prospect that has everyone in the band excited.

The group isn't quite sure why they're so revered in Europe, but after six years and four albums of frustration, they definitely don't mind bathing in the adulation for a while.

"Over there," concludes Sam Clayton, "you really have the feeling of being in a successful group because the people make you feel that way."

SINGLES

Reviewed by
JONH INGHAM

Youth
is the
truth!

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BIG YOUTH: Wolf In Sheep's Clothing (Trojan TR7972). Jah Youth tells us at the beginning-to-accept "this time, because there may be no next time". Then he whips into a mumble that only deciphers with careful listening, rhyming and free associating about that ol' Babylonian violence, dropping great lines like "chatting with a gun" and "How'd you like this to happen to your mother?" Apart from the rigid bass/drums, the music is an almost random assemblage of horns, piano and guitar, interweaving almost sublimally. It possesses every quality that made white rock singles vital a few years ago. It'll never get played on the radio. It should be your duty to hear it. (But watch out for the labels pasted on the wrong sides.)

B-SIDE OF THE WEEK

ROXY MUSIC: Both Ends Burning/For Your Pleasure (Island WIP6262). An incestuous mutation of Roxy/Ferry B-sides regurgitates a song from their second album — live! Always a killer with the frantic drumming creating tension against the delicacy, and the boys do it justice on stage. Some more live numbers, please?

THIRD WORLD: Freedom Song / Railroad Track (Island WIP6256). The A-side is pleasant enough in its sub-Wailers / Spear / Youth apocalypse via sweet stand-up-for-your-rights soul, but 'Railroad Track' is a winner. The voices intertwine in beautiful urgency, the percussion jumps, and a very funky pianist is allowed to escape every now and then; about the only thing reggae is the beat. Demand it at your disco and on your radio. An ace record.

REGGAE

DERRICK HARRIOT: Eighteen With A Bullet (Trojan TR7973). Pete Wingfield's vocal tracks glued to reggae machine output. Useful as an ashtray.

JUSTIN HINES AND THE DOMINOES: Carry Go, Bring Come (Island WIP6261). Justin tells off his hussy over a beat more soporific than hypnotic. Useful as an ashtray.



■ **GLADYS KNIGHT:** seasonal soul

CAROL BROWN: Teach Me Baby (Tropical Sound Tracs TST104). Susan Cadogan with a slightly stronger JA feel. A nice voice and great touches from producer D. Lee make for a chart chance, but where's Jamaica's Labelle? Or even Maria Muldaur?

NORA DEAN AND DANSAK: How Could You Do This? (Horse HOSS 113). Mixed for discs, Ordinary. Nora has a nice way with squeals and doo-wops.



■ **MARTHA REEVES**

FREDDIE McKAY AND DANSAK: Help Me (Trojan TR7971). Almost a pick-of-the-week just for the soaring gospel tinged chorus. Unfortunately, the rest doesn't quite match up. Well worth a listen.

LET'S LIVE AGAIN LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER

THE REAL McCOY: Twist And Shout (Route RT24). If the public insists on giving Chubby Checker his second chance for a pink Cadillac, perhaps Bruce Springsteen could give us the definitive new recording of this song? Until then, this version is useful as an ashtray.

HOT SQUIRRELS: You Really Got Me (UK 110). Jonathan King should be castrated for releasing this all-time eunuch version of an all-time seminal heavy rocker. C'mon Pye, get that original out. In the meantime, shoot all copies on sight.

ECLECTION: Nevertheless (Elektra K12196). First released in 1968, featuring Trevor Lucas now of the Fairports. More rock than folk, it features beautiful vocal intricacies in an overall framework of vapidty. Hit potential.

CULTURAL LANDMARKS

JOHN MILLS: Ever The Best Of Friends (EMI 2385). A musical of 'Great Expectations'? John Mills singing? No wonder the British film industry is in such great shape.

MATT McGINN: My Wee Auntie Sarah (Pye 7N 45555). How 'Guantanamo' was translated into Spanish from its Scottish origins. Amusing idea, lousy realisation.

BARRY MANILOW: Trying To Get The Feeling Again (Arista 37). Trying to get the hit again.

OLD FOLKIES NEVER DIE

ROBERT BARTON: The Drinking Song (Award BDMA 21). A former Beckett man writes, plays and produces a highly listenable folksy rocker that could become an anthem like 'Part Of The Union'. Worth a listen, and it can always double as a drinks coaster.

IAN MATTHEWS: I Don't Want To Talk About It (Elektra K12197). The original, by Crazy Horse, was an aching, emotional lament. This is pleasant. Get some pain in your life—first, Ian.

TOM RUSH: No Regrets (Elektra K12198). The original of the Walkers' newie. The Walkers win.

SOUL

THE CHOSEN FEW: You Mean Everything To Me (Polydor 2058 61). Though Jamaican, their ambition is to be produced by Thom Bell. They're 90% there already. Okay if you like your beat saccharine.

GEORGE AND GWEN McCRAE: I'll Do The Rockin (President PT447). Usual lyrics, usual music, usual hit.

MARTHA REEVE: (Your Love Keeps Lifting Me) Higher And Higher (Arista 36). An interesting reworking that just fails to take off. 'A' for effort.

ARTHUR ALEXANDER: Every Day I Have To Cry (Buddah BDS 439). Writer of the Stones' 'You Better Move On' (first EP), Art shows as much understanding of this original as the Stones did back there. Useful as an ashtray.

CHRISTMAS TURKEYS

NORMAN WISDOM: Do You Believe In Christmas (Genie RWS 0372). Not when there are songs like this. Useful as an ashtray (and thus a present).

TIGER TIM: Merry Christmas, Mr Christmas (President PT445). Nice sentiment. Dreadful presentation. Useful as an ashtray.

GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS: Silent Night (Buddah BDS 441). An overly reverent, somewhat lifeless rendering that will be a hit because of the artist. A good excuse for deejays to gush, too.

ROGER JAMES: The Little Orphan Boy (BEEB 012). A maudlin, kitschy attempt to remind us of those less fortunate at this time of Christmas cheer. Useful as an ashtray.

STIFFS

TONY CHRISTIE: Drive Safely Darling (MCA 219). Another pearl of death-rock. Though lacking musical balls, its kitschiness is hard to beat, especially the basso, echoed, spoken. "There's been an accident. She didn't stand a chance." Songs like this could make a man a fatalist.

ART WITH A CAPITAL £

LARRY PAGE ORCHESTRA: Volare (Penny Farthing Pen 903). And the Andrew Loog Oldham Orchestra begat the Biddu Orchestra. And Biddu's hit begat the Larry Page Orchestra. At least the ALOO had Mick and Keef.

PUBLIC SERVICES

TOM, ROSE AND ANNIE: Glad To Be Gay (Chebel SRT/CUS 015). Issued by the Campaign For Homosexual Equality, their reasoning is commendable. But whether gays need, or indeed want, to rally around a hootenanny type singalong is well open to debate. I bet this doesn't get played even at Dick's Inn.

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The Wild Power of Patti Smith

**"It Will Shake You And Move You
As Little Else Can Do!"**

"Patti Smith's first album 'Horses' is an extraordinary disk and every minute of it is worth repeated rehearings. Miss Smith's visions arise out of normalcy but then transcend it almost instantly. Devotees of Miss Smith will want to know how honestly and accurately this record captures the feeling of her club performances and the answer is—*marvelously!* The balance between voice and band is perfect, and big basic sound is the tacky, ricky-tick rock that her quartet produces live. The songs are infused with discreet, subtle touches that enhance them, and the vocal overdubbing in 'Land' is handled brilliantly. 'Horses' may be an eccentricity, but in a way that anything new is eccentric. If you are responsive to its mystical energy, it will shake you and move you as little else can do."

—John Rockwell/THE NEW YORK TIMES

"First albums this good are pretty damn few and far between. It's better than the first Roxy album, better than the first Beatles and Stones albums, better than Dylan's first album, as good as the first Doors and Who and Hendrix and Velvet Underground albums.

It's hard to think of any other rock artist of recent years who arrived in the studios to make their first major recordings with their work developed to such a depth and level of maturity."

—Charles Shaar Murray/NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the record of the year. Quite simply this is one of the most stunning, commanding, engrossing platters to come down the turnpike since John Lennon's 'Plastic Ono Band,' and for the same reasons."

—Jonh Ingham/SOUNDS

Patti Smith Horses



On ARISTA RECORDS


ARISTA

Patti Smith: poetry in motion

PATTI SMITH cannot compromise. She functions on her very own level of stratosphere, creating poetry, writing songs, lapping up the more elusive statics of life. She describes herself as 'an energy eater' and has the magnetic kind of personality that makes anyone walking within fifty yards of her an automatic piece of iron. Swish. One second you're minding your own business, the next you're listening to her rattle out a story with your mouth hanging open and your concentration pivoting on one point.

Onstage this spindly little creature pants, screams, whines, wimpers, whispers and punctuates the heavy air with her punching, gyrating fists. She wails with the commitment of both Van Morrison and Connie Francis (the lump of tears in the throat).

When Patti communicates, she makes fanzine a form of art, moves poetry to become the rhythm section of rock, and switches outspoken sensuality from the traditional male throne to the descendents of Adam's rib.

Her charisma as an artist stems from the very fact that she will not appeal to everyone. Another Lou Reed, Nikki Giovanni, or Laura Nyro to be preciously cherished, absorbed and emulated.

A lithe figure, you first notice an almost white face in contrast to an uncombed straw swatch of jet black (dyed) hair. Her usually black clothing hangs off her like a crinkled raincoat on an upright coat rack.

She talks in rough cut New Yorkese (though she's from south Jersey), dropping 'writing' and 'singing' to 'writin' and 'singin'.

She can talk for five minutes without grabbing a breath and will side-track a point for twenty minutes before returning to the original question. Take, for instance, Ms Smith on her earliest musical influence.

"The first record I ever heard was 'Girl Can't Help It', when I was around six. This boy I knew had an RCA Victor Victrola with one of those big round spindles. He said, 'Listen to this'. I remember it had a maroon label. The first record I ever owned was Jerry Lewis singing

'Rockabye Your Baby With A Dixie Melody' and Harry Belafonte's 'Shrimp Boats'. (breath).

"But my favourite was 'Come Josephine On Your Flying Machine' by Les Paul and Mary Ford. That was like the first drug song. I wanted to do it on my album like Hendrix. But when this boy put on 'The Girl Can't Help It', and when you're that little and someone puts on Little Richard... I just stood there (breath). I didn't know what to do.

"Now, when I heard Mick Jagger I knew what to do. Drop my pants."

Smith is committed to Jagger, Hendrix and Dylan. There are several of her favourite recurring themes. There is even the instance during one of her shows when guitar player Lenny Kaye was having extended technical trouble.

"I don't really mind," Smith told the crowd. "I mean, Mick would wait all night for Keith."

"Little Richard," she continued, "was a big part of my life as a kid. It was really important especially in high school cause I was a great dancer. One of the reasons I was so bad in school was because I was up all night dancing, mimicking.

"I can mimic every Marvelettes Record. I got all their hand gestures down. (She goes into an enthusiastic 'Don't Mess With Bill' complete with pseudo-coy vocals and determined batting eyelashes). That's where I got a lot of the stage motions I use now. Boxing gestures in little space. (breath).

I remember when Ben E. King played at the Airport Drive In and taught me and 400 other kids how to do The Monkey. He introduced us to Little Stevie Wonder. He carried him onstage like a little monkey on his back, and everyone went nuts. Smokey Robinson did 'Mickey's Monkey' and Ben E. King, who had done 'Spanish Harlem', started doing this dance. And like the next day, The Monkey had wiped out South Jersey.

"At that time, it was all James Brown, all black. I didn't like white music. It was either John Coltrane or Smokey Robinson. We didn't have no time for the Beach Boys or the Beatles. 'CEPT when Jagger came out. Then, I was happy to be white. There was nothing like him.

"I was into James Brown and Smokey but I didn't want to fuck them. All of a sudden I looked at Jagger and I knew.

"Dylan was the same. There was this whole new consciousness. Lou Reed too.

"Hey," she sidetracks, "we're doing this song where we sing 'Pale Blue Eyes' (she sings) and then it goes into 'Louie Louie'.

So, Patti Smith, survivor of

'I didn't like white music. But then Jagger came along. All of a sudden I knew what to do...drop my pants'

scarlet fever and willing carrier of Stones fever, grew out of a rocky adolescence in the pits of South Jersey. Patti's supersonic metabolism needed an out-let and in true student prince fashion, she took to art.

She followed the sewers to New York City where she found an artist / boyfriend named Robert Mapplethorpe and hung around Pratt Institute for Art to try to pick up on the smells of creativity.

But Patti Smith's muse was about to identify itself. She found out the hard way, that her love for Dylan and Rimbaud was not just fanfare. It was the essence of her own greatest gift. Psychic poetry.

"It used to be" she rambled almost as bewildered at her own discovery as any listener would be, "that I'd have my piece of paper, and I'd improvise. Then it got to the point where the drawin' (pronounced by Patti as 'drawlin') would flash in front of the piece of paper and all I'd have to do is follow the lines. It wasn't fast enough.

"So then I made a transition. I'd draw (drawl) a figure, then the figure would be saying something. So I'd write down the words. I got into calligraphy. Then the whole piece of paper was just in my way. It became a material object that I had to take care of. Taking care of the words is much easier than taking care of the art of the word. It's a slow transition.

"In a space of a year I moved from the character to the balloon. Then I'm the words in the balloon. Then the words get bigger and they obliterate the balloon. Like words in the air became my new hallucination.

"I began to see language; Mary Jane, - heart, - wing, -

plane, tunnel of love. I began to get these phrases just like the train rhythms and that started haunting me.

"I'd go to a party and I just wanted to have a good time. And these crazy rhythms started and I thought, 'I'm going to write a poem', and I would rebel and say, 'I'm not going to write it'. And so it started getting louder in my ear. So I had to start carrying a notepad with me all the time."

At this time, there are some people who are going to pinch themselves and wonder if Patti Smith is really a woman under the influence of genius, or is just a raving nutter like other people they know.

**Interview
by
Robin
Katz**



Patti knows. She's had to live with her mutant-ness long enough. She laughs about it more than you would give such a deep character credit for.

"All my friends who were takin' acid wouldn't let me have any. They said 'You're too wierd. You'll have us all committing suicide'. So they'd be on acid and I'd be on nothing and I'd be the most stoned person in the room. Eatin' energy again" she deduced.

"They'd have to ask me to leave. But that's when I discovered Hendrix. And do you know why I loved him? Because everyone always wanted him to talk about black is beautiful. But he'd talk about how Mars is beautiful."

And then there's the trip to Paris with best friend and younger sister Kimberley. In the midst of trying to decide which road art would take, Smith began having nightmares. The Stones were about to split and each night she'd see Brian Jones drowning in his own soup.

Patti even created a chant: "Brian, Brian / I'm not lyin' / I'm just tryin' to reach you". But she didn't reach him in time. Jones' death added more kindling to the fire under her rock poetry.

More than ever, Patti Smith became determined to search for the universal language of telepathy we all spoke before the stake out at the Tower of Babel.

"We've got to find the lost tongue. And we're getting closer. And the first lead is right there" she cried pointing to the poster from the film, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones'.

"Ever since I was a kid I've been looking for the lost tongue and look at that logo. The Stones are one of the most important things of this century. It's no accident that after following Dylan as a young girl, we're friends now. We influence each other, discuss poetry together. It had to happen because we're looking for the same thing.

"We can help each other and this whole line between artist and fan will have to be erased because we all have to move faster to reach some illuminated moment."

ON return to New York, five years ago, Patti Smith slowly but surely began to get her lightning quick ideas into solid form. Gravitating to the Chelsea Hotel, much frequented home away from home of groups like The Airplane and The Doors, Smith began reciting her poetry to an audience of performers.

"I had to tell 'em good," she smiles proudly, "cause when you audience is performers you gotta be right in there. And if there's a guy in the room who's foxy, I'm going to do my best."

It was a woman, however, Jane Friedman, who gave Patti her first regular stint as the opening act for anyone at the Mercer Arts Centre, a conglomerate building in the Village that simultaneously housed three off Broadway plays, small rock concerts and a coffee shop.

The only thing ancient to be seen (or not seen) were the building's support beams which collapsed a couple of years ago taking the building with them. Friedman became Smith's manager and it was time to find a new place to play.

"At Mercer I'd have no microphone. I'd do poems about car crashes, mama's boys having to prove themselves, tributes to Hendrix and Jones. Whatever propelled me into physical action I did."

Rock journalist Lenny Kaye turned guitarist for her, and pianist Richard Sohl a.k.a. D.N.V. (Death in Venice) rounded out the mini-band. Smith describes Kaye as 'a fellow fan' and Sohl as 'a hustler who loves sailors, the seamier Dorian Grey side of life with a Genet sense of existence'.

"One of the reasons the club scene underground happened is because bands like us and Television had to create them. There was no place to play. Jane would push to have us open anywhere, Max's for Phil Ochs, Reno Sweeny (a nauseatingly pseudo trendy club). It was hard but I started gettin' a following and good reviews."

By '74 Patti was able to give up her job as a book clerk for Scribners, was living with Alan Lanier of Blue Oyster Cult and had released a single called 'Piss Factory'. It was privately financed by Robert Mapplethorpe.

Smith unearthed CBGB's, a tiny bar in the derelict Bowery where the owner's pet afghan gives the room a permanent odor of dog shit and neon beer ads brighten the loo-like walls. Jim Wilcott of the Village Voice found Smith's energy likened to that of a 'Wild Mustang', and she returned the astute observation by following his advice and adopting the horse as her motto and album title.



When Dylan caught her show, Wilcott reported: "She was positively playing to Dylan... and he, being an expert at gamesmanship sat there crossing and uncrossing his legs, playing back." The article was dubbed 'Tarantula Meets Mustang'. And this is the electricity that heroines are made of.

The static from CBGB's filtered down to a record contract with the newly formed Arista Records. In uncharacteristic form, president Clive Davis eagerly awaited Patti's first album without pushing for a single as part of the parcel. By this time Smith added another guitarist, Ivan Kral.

"It was like when Keith Moon joined The Who", said Patti in another energy rush.

"He just came in and said he was going to play with us and we said all right. He looks the most like me, or Keith Richard. He wears all black and likes the 'Privelege' concept of a rock messiah taking over the world."

And just as they headed for the studios, Jay Dee Daugherty became their drummer. John Cale became their producer. And

in a very harried, haggard and hurried fortnight they produced 'Horses'. The album to split threads between the rumours and the real thing. Define your own idea of strangeness. Poetry in Motion/Rimbaud with too much pepper. Obsessive, Compelling, disjointed and disturbing.

"The record is a document of a group becoming a group" testified Patti.

"Not only is it a document of where we were at, for the last two years, but it's the document of the group all coming together.

"Our next record is going to be the first record we do as a group. This record to me is a magnet, I think of the group as a magnet.

"The thing with Cale is, that we fought constantly. It was fantastic. The thing is, he's intense and I'm intense and I'm relentless. I wanted it to be that our record would not sound like anyone else's. And he wanted to help but we had different ways of approaching things.

"I think things should happen fast. I don't believe in overdub and all that mixing. I believe in doing it and just doing it right. Spontaneity.

"I just don't look at anything in the future to fix up what's happening in the present. I don't like the idea of doing scratch vocals. Why can't I do it great at this moment?"

Smith scratches her head and the creative process takes off once more. She dismisses any talk of adrogynous appeal by citing Jagger as Rock's first two way trouble shooter and jumps into words from a poem called 'Beyond Gender'.

"I'm totally vulnerable as a girl" she admitted. "But when you're doing art you have no time for divisions. I don't want to start with exclusions. It's like Marley and Rasta. You know white people aren't surprised that black people do great stuff. Why should black people be surprised that white people aren't all stupid? And the Mormons, and their belief that you have to be white to get to God. We're all conspiring for the same thing, to get back to the Tower of Babel.

"Like I don't want to be anything yet. People say, are you a rock poetess, a girl singer, a rock singer? I'm not anything.

"I don't want to be anything. As soon as I find out, it's over. Then I can die or go onto the next stage of life. I want to stay alive as long as possible, probably because I was such a late bloomer.

"I think Hendrix was one of the heaviest people of the twentieth century, but I don't want to be dead. I am like my father, a constant student. Except now, I'm like a rock and roll star student.

THERE are millions of things, I want to be, a jazz singer, a movie star. When I get older as I get all of this stuff down, I want to be a fantastic story teller.

"It's no accident that the greatest storyteller in history was a woman Scheherazade, right? It doesn't matter if a man wrote them. And for the future, I won't need grammar.

"What I need grammar for is poetry. Don't ever put grammar down. You don't know how much I struggle with every poem I do. I struggle for hours, days, months. I don't know how to write it down. I don't know how to write a sentence or put in tenses.

"I was a speed reader, too, which means I don't read sentences, I read the essence of a sentence. That's cool, but I can't make my poetry diamond-hard like Rimbaud.

"I'm teaching myself. I'm 29 and I'm teaching myself all that stupid stuff I should have learned as a kid. (breath and turn next corner).

"Hendrix as a kid got his chords down. He got all that out of his way when he was young. And when he got older he could be totally free like jazz guys. They got all that virtuoso crap down and then they can go anywhere."

"I'm still like the reaper who uses the sickle."

LISTEN TO THE BAND

The high spark of stack-heeled boys...

THE GLITTER BAND: 'Listen To The Band' (Bells 259) 39 min***

WHAT A bunch of cards! On 'Dream Baby'—the side two opener, sung by Gerry—the band opens with the sax break from 'Diana', sing the first verse à la early sixties wimpy, and then launch into a wacky, fab middle eight straight out of Roxy Music. What a bunch of cards!

1975 seems to be a watershed year for British pop. Given the format of wildly ripping off every cliché and style from the past 20 years of rock, the past few months has seen Mud, Mike Batt, the Sweet, Keriny, the Rubettes and the Glitter Band evolve to where their music is merely using the past as stylistic reference. In the case of the Glitter Band, they've gone to the vocal groups of the Fifties, not forgetting the occasional nod to the California surf coterie.

Like the Sweet, the Glitter Band are rapidly moving away from the formula bubblegum of their early days. On the evidence of 'Listen To The Band' it's hard to tell whether they're consciously trying to be 'serious' and 'heavy' or just having a good time. The first song, 'Where Have You Been', starts with an eloquent guitar freakout before sliding into an ethereal vocal madrigal that sounds like good Harlan Ellison sci-fi which then slides into one of the best pop songs the band has yet recorded, an infectious little sci-fi ditty that sounds as innocuous as 'Rocket Man'. The attention to detail is magnificent—only I hope they're doing this because they enjoy it rather than straining for acceptance with their peers.

As long as the Band treat their songs as singles, they're great. The delicate 'People Like You And People Like Me' could hold its own against any harmonies group, and 'Watch The Show' is a great blast of honky soul, owing more than a little to the AWB and containing an indelibly memorable clavinet hook and chorus.

John Springate and Gerry Shephard seem to have taken on the mantle of recording teen romance and its heartaches and their lyrics are great. It takes serious thought to produce gems like 'Miss Mirage, Took you in my garage, Took you for a drive in the sun' or to juxtapose similes like 'Love was fading like a shooting star, You make my dreams, Like mountain streams.'

Needless to say, this is a great record to dance to—

Jonh Ingham Sounds Nov. 22.



THE GLITTER BAND
'Listen To The Band'

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THE GLITTER BAND ON TOUR

Dec. 19 GLASGOW University Dec. 20 KILMARNOCK Grand Hall Dec. 21 DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Ha



■ PATTI SMITH and band

MIKE NESMITH has been through a fair amount of professional incarnations, his two most striking public images being most easily summed up as Monkee and country music sage.

At this present moment, he is something of a philosopher / entrepreneur, as well as a musician, author, and songwriter.

A most charming and polite man, Nesmith has a very distinctive way of speaking — extremely slow and deliberate, choosing words with great care and employing the scope of the English vocabulary in a way that highlights the feebleness of most everyday conversation, confined as it is to a ritualised shorthand of grunts, broken sentences, and slang-of-the-day.

His speaking voice is modulated, too, an irresistible reminder of that phrase from "King Lear" that was screamed at me non-stop at my all-girl grammar school — "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low — an excellent thing in women." In this case, read: an excellent thing in an interviewee, but disconcerting.

Nesmith's precision, which extends to the naggiest little snow-white ankle socks I've ever seen, means that the usual light-hearted banter that kicks off an interview is out.

Adept at conserving energy, or as he might put it, using energy properly, he prefers not to lark about too much, and along with that unusual attribute, his thought processes (as well as his articulation thereof) are hugely different from any I've as yet encountered.



The thinking man's Nesmith

By Vivien Goldman

Listening back to the tape of our 2-hour talk reinforces the impression I had at the time that we were both struggling to get our

meanings through to one another, bashing away at each other verbally, and occasional frustrations are evident, each astounded that

the other doesn't follow his/her point.

Still, the will was there. As I was leaving, Nesmith said something like, I think it's much more important to talk about the kind of things we discussed than to waste time on idle social chat.

After all, Socrates and Plato did it all the time, and they thought it was fun. That's what it's all about, having fun.

With that in mind, the best way to transmit the information seemed to be in simple subdivisions, in Mike's words . . .

"The Prison: A Book with a Soundtrack."

IT'S SAFE to say that it's far less country than my earlier records, like "Pretty Much Your Standard Ranch Stash." That's not consciously country, any more than "The Prison" is consciously less country. I mean the music is just made and it comes out a certain way.

I'm getting tucked in for the market place battle, in terms of the reviews and the opinions it will generate, which will be very different and vary a lot. The soundtrack and the book developed concomitantly, because they were two different things at first, I didn't know they were going to be put together.

It was just a short story. I took it to a screenwriter when I'd finished the story and the book, and I said it looks to me like a movie of some kind.

So I took it to him, and he said no, it's not a movie, you really don't have anything here. What you've got is a book with a soundtrack, it's a medium that doesn't exist. Aha, I said (snaps fingers and smiles gleefully).

At that time I began to consciously polish and hone and buff and get them together so that they come out good. What I had in mind when I wrote "The Prison" was what's in "The Prison." The fact that it exposes many ideas I understand, I'm aware of.

It's very interesting too, cos it's a consistent question — "What did you MEAN by that?" — it's exactly what I said, I don't write lots of stories . . . If I

publish them at all, I'll do it via Pacific Arts.

Pacific Arts Organisation

SO FAR we've done "The Prison", the book with the soundtrack. The only other thing that will be released, very soon, is the new Kaleidoscope album, called "Scopes Collide." Remember Kaleidoscope? The band from the '60's, sorta avant-garde group, with Chris Darrow and David Lindley and Solomon Feldhouse and all those people, remember that? They got back together and made another LP That will be coming out.

It'll be distributed the same way as "The Prison", we sell through retailers but we developed the mail order capability, because in advertisements it's always available either at a retail level or by mail.

Pacific Arts isn't a record company, it's like an umbrella organisation, and records come in its scope. It has a larger notion to it in that there is a provision in its operating procedure to provide access to information to the member artists and if someone is involved in making a work of art or a project, and he or she needs to have the availability of information about the business that will necessarily surround that work of art if it is to wind its way into the market place — not all of them do — the ones that you and I see do.

To that end, the operating policy has been developed so that rather than keeping the artist at arm's length from the machinations of daily business, a large portion of the demand made upon the relationship between the artist and the Pacific Arts Corporation is that the artists have executive calibre business jobs, which immediately precedes 85% of the artists, as well as 85% of the businessmen that exist if they hang on to their current modes of thinking. They're forced to move into a different sphere of thought in order to exist in that environment.

Speech and Behaviour

IF ONE hangs out in a space of lucidity, eloquence naturally follows. Lucidity forces one into

a place where you must consider what you're saying, because what you are saying is, in its optimum, identical to what you are thinking, and if what you are thinking is what you are doing you have resultant impeccability of action. And if your actions are impeccable (pause) — you get happy.

Opinions are the prints of this world. Opinions are what keep man bound. The function of the discriminative intellect is to judge which is real from that which is not, not to decide whether it likes it or not.

You have to eliminate the deadwood of superlatives, catchphrases, in order to pick up speed. Deal in concept building blocks so that each work has meaning.

There's a difference between appetite, lust and desire, generally unseen. You cannot focus appetite selflessly, but you can desire. You cannot lust selflessly, but you can desire something selflessly. Unselfish desire focuses you and I on our source.

It's being afraid of building blocks that are real big worlds, to us, like God, but nobody really has a notion of. What is God? What are you talking about? We're afraid to use those terms, those ideas. Or to have them even. Because it seems like it's phoney, we've been told so many lies.

So when you say, what is our source, and answer, it's a mystery, you're just being afraid of looking at what it is. (Here I was not unnaturally eager to know what it is? Nesmith smiles wryly). From outside there is no Prison, but from inside there is. The question you are asking from that place yields no answer.

Consciousness and Intelligence

I HAVE no recollection of not being conscious, and neither do you, it's the way thought occurs. Intelligence is the activity of mind, it must be or it would not be mind. This intelligence is simply what you and I call consciousness.

What we are conscious of is so full of patches at the present time that we are unable to fashion a reality against which we are able to reconcile the vast phenomena of existence, and judge certain things false or true.

But this consciousness is consistently occurring, and is consistently occurring, and is conformation that we need. Always. Because of the unconscious behaviour of you and I, we get what is commonly referred to as disease.

If you're dealing with someone from effect to cause, you have in that cause another effect which you must deal with to another cause. You go from effect to cause from effect to cause, but you're actually going from effect to effect to effect. Those people which you and I call very deep thinkers are people which reason from cause to effect.

God and the Universe

UNIVERSE is presently comprised of a single event co-ordinate of five separately occurring phenomena. These are the five senses. There is no other input. This input is co-ordinated in some fashion by what you and I call — The Brain, which manifests itself as a physical lump of meat.

But if you take any one of those senses, and push them beyond itself, that is to say if you reason, that is, if you can imagine yourself for a moment with only one sense and fashion a universe from it, or if you imagine yourself without one of these senses, that is to say, you are able to detach from it, you begin to touch a place that is beyond this sensory finite co-ordinate universe.

Far beyond it. (Have you done that? I enquired). Yes. You do it too. It's called — Consciousness. You and I call it mind. That's what is meant when you say God Is Mind. It is a priori, and it is Source.

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It's a bit early for New Year predictions, but here's one: Al Jarreau



TO EVERYONE who's raved over Al Jarreau's Warner Bros album, 'We Got By', the identity of the man has remained an enigma that demanded solution. With the punctilious assistance of Dave at Warners over here, Al was finally tracked to his lair, an apartment somewhere in the heart of LA.

It was some ungodly hour for Al, and at first he sounded as if he wasn't fully awake. But in two minutes or so, he seemed positively effusive in his desire to communicate the blow by blow story of his life.

Al comes from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, from a church family — his father used to be a preacher, mother played piano at church, little Al used to sing there too.

"I spent all my life till I was seven in that church, when I wasn't at home."

That's a pretty typical musical background for a black American musician, and what followed fits in with the pattern. Together with friends, Al formed little street corner quartets, practising in halls and bathrooms, where the acoustics were good, singing 'shoobedooos and doowops...'

"I was just in love with making music. It didn't matter whether there were people round to listen or not. Then I started singing jazz."

Smoking

By this time Al was at Lincoln High School, where he began doing all kinds of semi-pro singing, at Jazz Festivals sponsored by the Jewish Community Centre, at other high schools' hops, three or four times a week he'd sing with a local dance band.

"I was involved with all kinds of extra-curricular activities. I loved High School, never missed a day in my life."

"When I hear the younger kids talking about drinking, smoking grass in school, it's inconceivable to me. It seems a bit conservative, but that's where I'm from. I was very academically involved."

After Lincoln High, Al went on to Rippon College in Rippon, Wisconsin. He went on an academic scholarship, but soon switched to baseball.

"Music sustained me emotionally. I had to work real hard at school, post grad was a real struggle. Y'see, I was implanted with that struggle for upward social and educational mobility that lots of black families strove for in the '50s, so I didn't pay attention to other things that were yelling and screaming inside of me."

Al formed a group at Rippon, the Indigoes, a quarter singing acapella versions of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, the Hi-Los.

"It was pretty far out for Wisconsin!"

After that, it was on to the University of Iowa for a Masters degree in psychology, rehabilitation and counselling.

In the nearby town of Cedar Rapids, there was "one of the hottest jazz rooms, the Tender Trap. It turned out to be like a school for a new breed of jazzmen, people like David Sanborn (Breckler Bros, sideman). I sang there three nights a week.

"Then I went into the Army for six months, and everything was kinda pushed to one side. After that I worked as a counsellor for the State of California, and sang at the Half-Note in San Francisco, with the George Duke Trio — he now works with Billy Cobham.

Samba

"Between '65-'68, I worked with a jazz trio with John Herd (bass player) in San Francisco, and in '68 I left counselling. My voice was by now doing all kinds of other things, like I'd toyed with it before, now it was full blown.

"I wanted to form a smaller musical unit, so I got in touch with a guitarist called Julio Martinez, and we did a lot of samba stuff. I'd loved it since '64, you know, the Getz and Gilberto thing.

"I was inspired to open up musically, open up the possibility of things I could do with my voice. Like on the album, there's a lot of things assignable to other instruments, but they're all me.

Julio and I started playing at a club called Gatsby's in Sausalito, we spent nine months there playing five, six times a week. Julio had only been playing guitar three months, I taught him how to voice things on guitar so it sounded as full chording as a piano.

"We moved to LA and tried to record, but people only wanted to know about rock and San Francisco groups then, and we were doing samba and jazz. I was just in another space. I was 28, living round the corner from the Haight, and I watched it in awe. I wasn't interested in fooling about with drugs..."

Jewels

Next step for Julio and Al was New York, where they "made some noise" as a duo, appearing on TV, David Frost, Mike Douglas, Johnny Carson shows and such like.

In '69, off to Minneapolis, "to rest". The town was "in full blossom and bloom as a home of contemporary music". There Al started to write music for the first time, playing on a boat venue called Puff the Magic Dragon.

After that, back to California again, where among other things, Al wrote some of the finest tracks on the album, including 'Lock All The Gates' (my favourite), and finally split up his duo with Julio.

His deal with Warner Brothers was arranged, and 'We Got By' was recorded.

Apart from a disagreement over production — too much strings, Al thinks — he's quite pleased with it.

Now he's gigging around some, not every night cos "you can't pitch five days a week, and I like every performance to be a small jewel".

Hopefully he'll play over here sometime. Musical jewels like Al's are always in short supply.

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By VIVIEN GOLDMAN

WAYNE Shorter used to be introduced by Art Blakey in the 1950s like this: "This is Wayne Shorter, ladies and gentlemen, 'cos he's shorter than me!"

God only knows what the then-budding sax-player thought of that little quip, but remembering it at a distance of a couple of decades or so, he falls about laughing in his leather armchair.

In fact, after four hours spent with W.S. and a couple of congenial colleagues indulging in the pleasant art of conversation, it seemed that Wayne not only has an exceptionally vivid recollection of his days with the jazz greats of our time, but has also had a very enjoyable 42 years, which he recounts with great flourish and verve. Things haven't been too difficult for him, mind; Wayne has always been blessed with the kind of talent that has had the leading lights of jazz hustling him to work with them, rather than the other way around. Couple that with a healthy dose of natural exuberance, and you've got a pretty good recipe for one well-adjusted musician, which is the aura surrounding Mr Shorter one rainy evening in London's glamorous West End.

This is the kind of thing I'm referring to — "I spent a whole summer not working, with the phone ringing. And here's Miles on the phone . . . I answer the phone, silence. I say, hello? Then I hear a gee-tar. Then I hear his voice, he sez (dropping into the sibilant whisper everyone automatically assumes in quoting Miles Davis: 'I wanna hear some of your music.' How about tonight? (that's Wayne talking) 'I'll be over'. And if that ain't a jazzman's dream, I certainly don't know what is."

Hottest

Wayne Shorter: best known for his work as sideman for Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, and Miles Davis. After leaving Miles, founded Weather Report with keyboards person Joe Zawinul. They're generally regarded as the hottest avant-garde jazz/funk outfit. While with Weather Report, Wayne's recorded a solo album for CBS, 'Native Dancer', supplementing his string of earlier waxings for the Blue Note label.

"When you start to do an album like I did 'Native Dancer', a lot of people started saying, wow, Wayne only wrote three songs on this album. It's as if he really wanted to listen to Milton's playing (that's Milton Nascimento, whose name features prominently on the sleeve and on the label), that's somebody new from Brazil, or he was just in a hell of a romantic condition!"

'Native Dancer', incidentally, is an extremely lovely, silken album, heavily immersed in that sultry Brazilian feel, a la Flora Purim, and actually featuring her



Shorter cuts it

Vivien Goldman talks to Weather Report's Wayne Shorter

husband Airto Moreira. Definitely worth investigating for a flash back to those languorous summer evenings. Back to Wayne. "I had a clarinet case, and on the side of the case was 'Mr Weird', Leroi Jones saw it, that's why he said Weird As Wayne in his book 'Black Music'. It was a band called The Group, and I was 17. My brother played alto sax, and he had on the side of his case, Doc Strange! He used to take his sax and carry it in a shopping bag, he played with gloves on . . . we used to play at those whaddyacall'em, Young Women's Christian, YWCA dances, we used to go wearing galoshers, raincoat, gloves, kinda comedy. Nice days, nice days.

"I started writing in, say, 1950 or '51. '49, a little bit in '49. 'Fore then, I was working with that 13-piece band, The Group. I wrote 23 arrangements between that band and another big band I worked for called Nathaniel Phipps, that helped pay my way through college, with funds and everything. Oh yeah, I started writing one year after High School, I remember I was working in a factory for a year after school, saving money.

"I remember in The Group, we were kinda hipsters, y'know, we all wore horn-rimmed glasses. The leader of the band, his name was Jackie Bland. He didn't know a note of music, he didn't play any instrument, but he would lead the band like Dizzy Gillespie, y'know, da-da! (clap-

ping hands, shaking his head) Aaaah! He'd dance like Stan Kenton in front of the band. He went to the same school I did, Arts and Music, uuh, Arts High. But I don't know to this day what he majored in — it wasn't Music and it wasn't Art!"

Wayne chortles gleefully, rocking back and forth in his chair.

For a guy who's just got in from Scandinavia half an hour ago, his energy is something fantastic. So tell us Wayne, how do you stay so young (that's bearing in mind he's twice as perky as me and twice my age)?

Chanting

"You have to work at everything. My wife is 16 years younger than me, I'm 42, she just turned 26 yesterday. We've been married five years, going together 'bout seven, eight years, and if I don't work at my own creation, I could be 42 and weigh 190 something pounds, just say I've got a nice wife, a nice home . . . that's what it's all about, working, making causes. That's what that Renge means — Nya Mya Ho Renge Kyo — not the kind of causes that you make and you hope something will take effect next month or in 10 years. Simultaneous cause and effect."

Because Wayne is a deeply religious man, a chanter, along with several other musicians, Herbie Hancock notable amongst them.

"The quicker I know how to turn the key of this Nya Mya Ho Renge Kyo in my life, the quicker I will receive everything I want. It sounds selfish, but I want something for myself, I want something for my daughter.

"My wife turned me on to it, after she had a 15-round battle with Herbie Hancock. It has to do with that — how can you walk by yourself. But not so much how you can walk, because when we have people coming to a meeting for the first time, they say, you're chanting this thing Nyo Mya Ho Renge Kyo, and something happens to you, something good, or you get a benefit. You chant for something and wish for it. How does it work? (laughs). Only way you can answer it, one and one makes two. elements make water, but HOW?"

Not surprisingly, Wayne's beliefs are brought out in his music with Weather Report. "Everyone in the band is trying to reach for the infinite, for whatever life is, for questions like what makes us walk by ourselves."

How did the band come

together in the first place?

"In 1969, I decided that six years was enough to spend with Miles — (whispers throatily a la Davis) 'See ya later' — I just spent a whole year not playing at all. I didn't even touch the horn. I was moving all over New York, I had met my wife, we were getting our lives straightened out, I was going to the Islands (West Indies) a lot . . . then I got married — we got married — we decided, Joe (Zawinul) and I and Miroslav (Vitous), we decided to join forces and get this band thing going, cos Joe was thinking about forming his own band and he said, man, it's going to take a long time to find the right combination of musicians. Musicians who could really hold their own.

"That's the thing about starting a band. How do you get a bunch — not even getting into the music — how do you get a bunch of secure guys together, when a lot of them at that stage believed that you really have to be — uuh — decently high to create something. Y'know, what are you running away from? Hiding?"

Putting together a picture from the above, you have to inject a hell of a lot of spirit into it for yourself. Never have I heard anybody talk about a religion, a life-style and set of beliefs so seemingly bizarre to us, or most of us, with such absolute lack of affectation, or side.

Wayne's continually lively way of speaking shrieks of a live-

ly intelligence, and without meaning to sound like a slogan for a new packet Health Food, he displays all those signs they tell you to watch out for in a healthy animal — his eyes are bright, he looks very trim and spruce, he literally radiates positive energy. In short, the exact reverse of the traditional image of the crank, or loser seeking refuge in an obscure cult.

Wayne admitted that he regards himself in some sense as a walking advertisement for the benefits of his way of life, and as the story of Weather Report continues, imagine an extra-elloquent and vivacious voice telling the tale, instead of dingy old typeface.

Crossover

"I know people say Weather Report is a crossover group, taking from jazz and rock. I reverse it, I say giving to jazz, giving to rock, giving to people. A lot of us almost got tricked into thinking that — wait a minute — jazz is like a war between music. It's not a war. It's like people say (growls) politics! Dirty! It's not politics, it's just people. . .

"Last night someone told us it was like everyone in the band was part of a drama, and they said like when I would play something, and Joe would play something, and Al would play something, it was like a person and I'd be the villain sometimes.

"Playing this particular, whatever music this is, to me it's like basic training in the army, and when you actually get into combat. It's almost like, any training you have has nothing to do with the actual performance on stage.

"It's much easier to track the music now from the audience point of view. There's not that scrambled egg thing, that confusion. It's also even more adventurous while tracking, while staying with it. Because we don't know exactly what we're going to do, we have things written down, but we don't know what we're gonna play when we get on stage."

Electricity

Going to see Weather Report the night after this talk with Wayne bore out everything he'd said. There is an electricity about this band, a feeling of mutual respect and sympathy that extends to each individual member. The music was unpredictable, sneaking a fresh start to a number that had appeared to have wound its way to a close, and it seemed to me that the band weren't all that well tuned in to the desires of their audience.

But in lengthy set, there were frequent moments of out and out magic, especially the interaction between Wayne and Joe Zawinul, doing a piano/horn duet. That was music stretching the musicians and the listener, taking nothing for granted, and that's one of the most worthwhile kinds of musical excitement you can get.

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The Paul Simon

by Dave Laing

IN THE autumn of 1965 I paid five bob to see Paul Simon in the upstairs room of a pub in suburban London.

In those days the kind of kids who were worried about Vietnam, carried books of beat poetry in their pockets and dug the Beatles and Stones but thought there wasn't enough *content* in their songs, went to the folk clubs. We'd sit there, sipping our pints of cider, listening to the local singer doing a Tom Paxton or a Dylan song and local guitarist making a brave attempt at Davy Graham's 'Anji'.

There were hundreds of clubs just like it all over Britain with their regular performers, their floor spots for budding folk-singers and the guest artist, usually drawn from the tight circle of people who'd made it at one of the prestigious London clubs like the Troubadour or Les Cousins.

By then Paul Simon was a minor star on the folk scene. It was his second summer in Europe, where he'd travelled up and down Britain and made trips to various parts of the continent. His buddy Art Garfunkel had come over during his college vacations, to appear with him on some of the club dates.

Simon had made one slightly uncomfortable television appearance, singing 'I Am A Rock' on Ready Steady Go! and had been heard on a religious radio programme called Five To Ten, where an East End social worker, Judith Piepe, discussed the inner meanings of various songs like 'A Most Unusual Man', the one about a suicide. And he'd made an album at the CBS studios, which we rushed out eagerly to buy the day after the gig.

He was every inch the Folk Singer, with his chat in between songs, his earnest requests for silence during them, and his crew-neck pullover. No one could have predicted then that in a couple of months Simon & Garfunkel would be at the top of the American Hot Hundred with a folk-rock version of 'The Sounds Of Silence'. And if anyone had tried to tell us that this same shy, serious-minded folk singer had enjoyed a brief moment of glory eight years earlier as a teenage rock and roll star we just wouldn't have believed them.

In later years, Simon & Garfunkel always seemed a little embarrassed by Tom & Jerry, the name they chose to record under at the age of 16 in 1957. The impression was given that it was all just a youthful escapade, an adolescent one-hit wonder. What isn't so widely known though is the fact that even after Tom & Jerry disbanded, Paul Simon went on trying to make it as a songwriter, performer and producer in the highly competitive and commercialised world of the New York pop scene, with very little success.

He had started singing Everly Brothers style duets with Art

Garfunkel at high school in Queens, New York, the middle-class suburb where both were born in 1941 (Simon's birthday is October 13). Soon, songwriting was added to singing and at the age of 15 Paul and Artie paid over two dollars to cut a demonstration disc of some of their compositions — at this time they were writing jointly.

What happened next was typical of those early buccaneering days of rock and roll. Two kids off the block making a record for kicks were catapulted into stardom overnight. The man responsible — the man with the big cigar — was a minor wheeler-dealer in the New York record business called Sid Prosen. He took the boys to a (small) label called Big Records and in November 1957 'Hey Schoolgirl' by Tom & Jerry was released.

It was nothing special, and clearly owed much to both the Everly Brothers and Buddy Holly. Although the composer credits read 'Garfunkel-Simon', the lads called themselves Tom Graph (Art) and Jerry Landis (Paul) for recording purposes. 'Hey Schoolgirl' began to sell and climbed the charts to No 54 before slipping back. As a result they made personal appearances, including one on the prestigious American Bandstand television show, hosted by the clean-cut Dick Clark. Another guest on the programme that day was Jerry Lee Lewis singing 'Great Balls Of Fire'.

The second Tom & Jerry single was 'Two Teenagers', which mixed in some cha-cha rhythms with the sub-Everly style continued from 'Hey Schoolgirl'. It flopped miserably and so, soon after, did Big Records. Sid Prosen quickly transferred the duo to an equally dubious company, Hunt, for 'That's My Story', a throbbing ballad written by Graph and Landis. It again went unnoticed. One more Tom & Jerry single came out a year later, on Ember. Entitled 'Looking At You', its clear Buddy Holly influence was final proof that Tom & Jerry had little to offer that was original.

The short career of Tom & Jerry was over, and both Paul and Artie returned to their studies. "We didn't plan to go on with music as a career", Paul later recalled, "but it wasn't for fun. We were deadly serious about everything we did. That was it. The music was it. We wanted to sing it and we wanted to play it. It wasn't like we said we make one record and that would be it and then we travel off to the university. We loved making records."

And despite the fact that he went back to his law studies, Paul Simon continued to make records after the demise of Tom & Jerry. Using the name Jerry Landis, he embarked on a series of recordings under various names, looking for the elusive chart success to follow up 'Hey Schoolgirl'. In 1959 Landis cropped up on MGM singing a sappy ballad called 'Loneliness', while the next year he wrote and sang a teen classic called 'I'd Like To Be (The Lipstick On Your Lips)'.

Tico and the Triumphs was another of Paul Simon's recording pseudonyms at this time. The first record by them, 'Motorcycle' turned out to be his most successful since the Tom & Jerry



days. For just one week in January 1962, it was at No 99 in the charts. By now Paul Simon had met up with Carole King, and they cut a few demo discs together. But unlike the struggling Simon/Landis, King was already becoming known as one of the most important new pop songwriters with her hits from Bobby Vee, Tony Orlando, Little Eva and others. Paul Simon's only other success in this stage of his career was with a Jerry Landis record called 'Lone Teen Ranger', which reached the dizzy heights of No 97 exactly a year after 'Motorcycle' had its brief moment of glory.

It was 1963 and already the folk boom based on New York's Greenwich Village was well under way. Bob Dylan had released his first album the previous year, and Peter, Paul and Mary had embarked on a series of hit singles. Just as important, the folk scene seemed connected with a new, questioning mood among white college students, which extended to participation in the Negro civil rights struggles in the South. Among those who went was a friend of Simon and Garfunkel from Queen's College. He was killed on a march in Mississippi. As a result, Paul Simon wrote 'He Was My Brother'.

THE CONTRAST between this new musical world of idealism and self-expression and the Tin Pan Alley scene of sleazy little record labels, music publishers and singles concocted from the latest hit sounds must have seemed total to Paul Simon, unsuccessful pop operator. For a while he combined the two. By day he worked at a music publishing house, by night, usually with Garfunkel, he would sing and play in Greenwich Village coffee houses like the Cafe Wha? and Folk City.

'He Was My Brother' was eventually released as a single with another Paul Simon song, 'Carlos Dominguez' on the obscure Tribute label. This time he used the name Paul Kane instead of Jerry Landis. That change of name symbolised the final break with the world of teenage pop that had lasted six years. It was also the last record released by Paul Simon under a pseudonym.

Two years later, in a note to the British album, 'The Paul Simon Songbook', Art Garfunkel wrote of 'He Was My Brother': "Cast in the Bob Dylan mould of that time, there was no subtlety in the song, no sophistication in the lyric; rather the innocent voice of an uncomfortable youth..." It was a protest song, but of a different kind to those being written by Dylan and others. Where they went in for images of doom, catastrophe and denunciation, Simon was content to describe one incident and draw his moral from that; "They shot my brother/because he hated what was wrong." Naive maybe, but effective.

Simon himself clearly liked the song, because it appeared three times in all on his recordings. The second was on the first Simon & Garfunkel album, released in America by Columbia towards the end of 1964. Entitled 'Wednesday Morning 3 am', it made little impact amid the flood of folk recordings that began to appear as record companies got the message that Dylan and the folk boom were big business.

The album was a mixture of Simon originals and folk standards from the clubs. Dylan's 'Times They Are A-Changin'' was there, along with two anti-war favourites, 'Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream' and 'The Sun Is Burning'. Among Paul Simon's own compositions, 'Bleeker Street' and the title track were over-romanticised pictures of Greenwich Village life, the later dealing with a man who has just "held up and robbed a hard liquor store". It does, however, also strike what was to become the main Paul Simon theme of the next couple of years in a verse which describes life as "a scene badly written in which I must play". The theme is expressed more fully on the one song which stands out from the rest: 'The Sounds Of Silence'.

It's about the only one of the early Paul Simon songs that has stood the test of time both commercially — there have been around 100 recordings of it — and for Simon himself: the version on the recent 'Live Rhymin'' album with the Jesse Dixon Singers retained all the power of the various early versions. These were three in number. The first



Simon & Garfunkel acoustic recording, its transformation into a folk-rock hit by producer Tom Wilson, and a solo variation by Simon on his British-made LP.

But 'The Sounds Of Silence' didn't become successful until nearly two years after it was first recorded. In the meantime Paul Simon left New York to spend the summer of 1964 in Britain on holiday, but taking his guitar with him, just in case. When he arrived he involved himself immediately in the bustling London folk scene. He busked in Paris with English singer Redd Sullivan and filled in for the Ian Campbell Folk Group when they were late for a concert. Art Garfunkel arrived and together they began singing their own songs in the clubs.

In London, Simon began writing prolifically. 'A Most Peculiar Man' came from a

newspaper report of a suicide. 'Homeward Bound' was written on a distant railway station when he was overwhelmed with homesickness. 'Hazy Shade Of Winter' was inspired by the bleak countryside of Northern England. 'Richard Cory', 'Poem On An Underground Wall' and 'Kathy's Song' were also composed here.

On that first trip, Paul Simon got to know everyone on the British folk scene, but perhaps the most important friendship he made was with Judith Piepe, a social worker in the East End who recognised the quality of the somewhat solemn songs Simon was performing at that time. She set about persuading the BBC to broadcast some of them and when he returned to London in January 1965 it was to record a dozen songs for the radio.

It was the first time that folk

Simon Story



the anger of the protest songs.

'I Am A Rock' and 'Sounds Of Silence' expressed that mood exactly, while two lesser-known songs from the British album — 'Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall' and 'Patterns' — were gloomier expressions of a feeling that there was no escape from the solitude of the sensitive individual. If the pessimism was overdone, the skill of the writing and the clarity of the singing suggested that here was a writer who would soon be somebody to be reckoned with. The same was true of the other songs, except for a rather mawkish anti-war song called 'The Side Of A Hill', in which a little cloud weeps and a soldier 'cleans and polishes a gun that ended a life at the age of seven years.' There was an immaculate love song to Kathy, a girl he had met in London and even a knockabout satirical song with a dig at Bob Dylan to prove that the solemn Simon had a sense of humour as well.

Throughout 1965, Paul Simon grew in stature on the British folk scene. He appeared at Tom Paxton's farewell concert in St Pancras Town Hall alongside Buffy Sainte-Marie and Carolyn Hester and even turned his hand to production on an album by fellow-American Jackson C. Frank.

Meanwhile, in America, Dylan had gone electric and the worlds of folk and rock were in uproar. While the folkies debated whether it would be authentic to trade in their acoustic guitars for Fenders,

back to New York, reunited with Garfunkel and began touring large halls in America as the record reached No 1 at the turn of the year. From that point on, Simon & Garfunkel never looked back.

To start with, they were known as the 'poets of alienation', something which, Simon later admitted, they encouraged as an image. Dylan was the protest man, S&G became the alienation men. That word was very much in vogue in American media circles at the time, being used to describe almost every variety of dissatisfaction expressed by individuals with the state of modern society, from student revolt to the first stirrings of women's liberation. 'The Sounds Of Silence', with its series of pungent, arresting images was eagerly seized on as an anthem of alienation, and since both Paul and Artie had been to college the publicity machine could dub them pop stars for the eggheads.

But it wasn't just the words that made 'Sounds' a million-seller. The addition of the rock rhythm section may not have added much to the song artistically, but it made it accessible to a mass audience which Bob Dylan had already shown was ready for rock and roll with thoughtful words. And then there were the pure, precise harmonies, which were matched by nobody else in rock then except for the Beach Boys and the Everly Brothers, the early heroes of Tom & Jerry.

In Britain, it was the Bachelors who had the hit with 'The Sounds

April 1966 rose to No 9 in the British Top 20, while in America it reached No 5. Fittingly, it had been written here two years before, and the promoter of the Widnes folk club in Lancashire, the town which inspired the song's composition, remembered Paul Simon as a rather arrogant young man. He had, it seems, boasted of his IQ of 155 and said he was going to write the Great American Novel. He clearly hadn't lost the ambition and drive that saw him through the unsuccessful years in the pop business. Even in the most idealistic folk singing phase of his career he retained a shrewd business sense, never allowing anyone else to publish his songs.

IN BETWEEN 'Sounds Of Silence' and 'Homeward Bound', Simon & Garfunkel went into the studio to cut an album with the same title as their first hit. The producer was Bob Johnston, the man responsible for Dylan's 'Highway 61 Revisited', but musically the album was a hotch-potch. Several different currently successful rock sounds were used but most of them sounded as though they were stuck on to the basically acoustic songs in a clumsy way. 'Blessed' had jangling guitars à la Byrds, while 'Richard Cory' had everything from a hard rock rhythm section to Hammond organ and strings. That song was one of only three new numbers on the album. The rest had all appeared on one or both of the two acoustic albums.

The basic problem here was that Paul Simon was not a prolific songwriter. Even now he reckons that there's only been one song he's finished but never recorded — the famous 'final track' on Bridge Over Troubled Water, which was vetoed by Art Garfunkel. In particular, he found it impossible to compose during the hectic touring schedules that Simon & Garfunkel undertook up to 1968. To make matters worse, Columbia believed in the hallowed principle of the record business that when an act is hot, you flood the market with the product. So the duo were hustled back into the studio again in the summer of 1966 to make 'Parsley Sage Rosemary And Thyme', ready for the Christmas market.

Musically, it was a great improvement on the preceding record, although again a number of the songs were re-vamped acoustic numbers, including the doomy duo of 'Patterns' and 'Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall'. The new songs included some which showed Paul Simon branching out in a lighter direction. 'Cloudy', 'Big Bright Green Pleasure Machine' and '59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy)' were all attempts to move towards the pop mainstream and away from the more serious philosophical lyrics which people were coming to expect from Simon & Garfunkel. The most successful and catchy was 'Feelin' Groovy' with its cascading melody line. The close-harmony group Harper's Bizarre recorded it and took into the American Top 20 early in 1967.

It proved that Paul Simon's satisfaction that he could compose lightweight pop songs without sacrificing his perfectionist approach to words and tunes. He had previously experimented with the style, writing songs with Bruce Woodley of the Seekers in England and even one number ('I Wish You Could Be

Here') recorded by Val Doonican. In America, another pop-folk group, the Cyrle, had successfully recorded another Simon song called 'Red Rubber Ball'.

'Parsley Sage Rosemary And Thyme' came complete with a sleeve-note which summed up the reputation Simon & Garfunkel had achieved during 1966. Written by Ralph J. Gleason, a jazz critic who had been converted to the new rock by Dylan's work, it concluded: "There are songs of alienation, but there are songs of love too, and they touch closely the prevailing philosophical current of the New Youth which is that of creativity AGAINST the machine and thus FOR humanity."

In fact, the record was rather an odd mixture of material. As well as the old folk pieces and the new pop ones, it included two ambitious tracks which combined contrasting elements in an attempt to make meaningful statements about war. The first, 'Scarborough Fair/Canticle' interweaved the protest song 'The Side Of A Hill' with a traditional English song Simon had learned during his stay in London. The other, '7 O'Clock News/Silent Night', had the Christmas hymn intercut by a news bulletin detailing various examples of man's inhumanity to man.

1966 had been a hectic year for Simon & Garfunkel. In that time they had five singles in the charts ('Sounds', 'Homeward Bound', 'I Am A Rock', 'Dangling Conversation' and 'A Hazy Shade Of Winter') and two successful albums. Of the singles, the least successful was 'Dangling Conversation', the newest and best song among them. Its relative failure (reaching only No 25 in America and, of course, nowhere here) depressed Paul Simon and made him stop to think about where his career was going.

There was some danger at that point that Simon & Garfunkel might not survive the inevitable tailing-off of the folk-rock trend which had first brought them to the public ear. And by 1967, folk-rock was beginning to be superseded by what came to be known as 'underground music'. Paul Simon got a chance to see the new music for himself at the Monterey Pop Festival, which with other musicians, including John Phillips of the Mamas and Papas, he helped to organise. The San Francisco sound was represented by Janis Joplin, Country Joe and others, while Jimi Hendrix and the Who came from England and Ravi Shankar from India.

But if the times were a-changing, so was Paul Simon's music and his approach to it. He resisted the pressures to put out another album too quickly, and during 1967, the only Simon & Garfunkel records released were two singles: 'At The Zoo' and 'Fakin' It'. The first was another of his whimsical, light songs but 'Fakin' It', with its mysterious lyrics and semi-psychedelic backing track suggested that Simon had been listening hard to what was going on around him.

Typically, the song grew from a phrase rolling around inside his mind. One day, he'd been wondering what he'd have been if he had lived a century earlier. 'I surely was a sailor' was the first thing that occurred to him, then 'tailor' instead of 'sailor'. Later

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songs had been used for religious broadcasting, but such was its impact that nowadays it's become almost a cliché for such shows which want to be 'with it' to include the odd acoustic guitarist. Each Five To Ten programme lasted for just five minutes, which was enough time for Paul to sing one of his compositions and Judith Piepe to expound on its significance. Pieces like 'I Am A Rock' or 'Most Peculiar Man' were almost tailor-made for messages about the need for social responsibility and concern for the lonely screwed-up individual faced with the impersonal world of the city.

Soon afterwards, he went into the studio to record 'The Paul Simon Song Book'. Every one of the 12 tracks was his own composition and taken together they represent perhaps the summit of that first phase of the singer-

songwriter movement, or what some critics called 'bedsitter music'. Simon has since referred to his music of this phase as "late adolescent songs".

THE REBELLION of Simon's generation of students is usually thought of as just a matter of acquiring a social conscience about civil rights for black people and about the awfulness of the plastic way of life of Middle America. But there was another, more personal, side, which Paul Simon expressed better than anyone else. For that rebellion also involved a break of a kind with the way of life that they had been brought up to inherit. And that emotional leap in the dark involved a lot of uncertainty and loneliness as well as

the businessmen of pop decided that this folk-rock-protest thing was the next trend and the most unlikely people like the Turtles and Glen Campbell recorded songs by Dylan and Buffy Sainte-Marie. At Columbia Records, somebody remembered the unsuccessful Simon & Garfunkel album they had released the year before and house producer Tom Wilson was given the job of turning 'The Sounds Of Silence' into a rock song by adding guitar, bass and drums to the original track.

Paul Simon was unaware of all this until, on a tour of Denmark, someone showed him a copy of the American charts with his record at No 40 and climbing steadily. He caught the next plane

Of Silence'. Since they were best known for crooning antique ballads like 'Charmaine' and 'Whispering', and treated his song in much the same way, Paul Simon was justifiably annoyed at the situation. "What kind of image are we getting with our songs being recorded by groups like that?" he said to one interviewer. "I think I write the wrong material for Britain. I make mistakes regarding the singles which are put out here. Sometimes I think I should write especially for Britain, for the kids. But I can't. I want to make the charts in Britain, to have some hits."

He didn't have long to wait, 'Homeward Bound', released in

The Paul Simon



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he discovered that his grandfather had been a tailor in Vienna, before emigrating to America.

'Fakin' It' grew outwards from there to include one of Paul Simon's constant preoccupations — the scrutiny of his own motives — as well as a dreamlike interlude in which the voice of Beverly Martyn, the English folk-singer, refers to "Mr Leitch", a name taken from Donovan's surname. The single climbed to No 23 in the charts in the Autumn of 1967, and a re-mixed version, which Simon regards as far better, appeared on the 'Bookends' album the next year.

There was another, unauthorised, record released by Simon & Garfunkel during 1967. The budget label, Pickwick, managed to dredge up the Tom & Jerry singles plus two tracks originally released under the name of True Taylor and written by Paul Simon. These were put out on an album with a current photo of Paul and Artie and some ambiguous sleeve notes. A lawsuit ensued, with Simon & Garfunkel claiming misrepresentation. The record was withdrawn from sale, but not before it had been released here on Allegro.

During 1967, the duo had consolidated their position within rock. Over the next year, they were to return to the top through their association with the hit movie 'The Graduate' and the highly praised 'Bookends' album. That record and the film soundtrack were released in the same month, an event which caused a major dispute between Simon & Garfunkel and Clive Davis, head of Columbia Records. Davis wanted to market 'The Graduate' as a Simon & Garfunkel album, despite the fact that only four tracks of their material appeared on the record alongside some orchestral background music. In addition, all of the four were already available on other albums by Paul and Art. They argued that it would be unethical to pass the soundtrack off as a new record by Simon & Garfunkel and for once they prevailed.

THE 'Graduate' focussed on the life of a dissatisfied middle-class kid (played by Dustin Hoffman) whose parents expect him to follow in his father's footsteps now he's graduated from college. His confusion increases as he is seduced by a friend of the family (Anne Bancroft) and falls in love with her daughter (Katherine Ross). The film was deftly directed by Mike Nichols, who perceptively chose Simon & Garfunkel to provide incidental music.

For the Dustin Hoffman character was another version of the troubled adolescent who had been the subject of so many of Paul Simon's earlier songs. Only one new song was written especially for the film, and even then it touched only slightly on the events depicted on the screen. 'Mrs Robinson' turned out to be the most successful song since 'The Sounds Of Silence', reaching No 1 in June 1968 and inspiring numerous other versions, in-

cluding one by Frank Sinatra.

But perhaps the most important thing about 'The Graduate' was that it introduced Simon & Garfunkel's music to a far wider audience than any of the hit records had. It elevated them into a situation no pop group had enjoyed since the Beatles broke the age barrier to attract audiences beyond teenagers. The immediate result was dramatic: on June 15, 1968, Simon & Garfunkel had the top three albums in the *Billboard* chart.

'Bookends' itself was the most satisfying album musically since the acoustic simplicity of 'The Paul Simon Song Book', mainly because for the first time Paul and Art had total artistic control over it. It was also the album which took longest to make. Together with engineer Roy Halee, the duo spent months in the studio going over every detail of the suite of songs which take up the first side. For the first time they made use of the 'punching in' technique, which meant that instead of doing a whole vocal line again, as little as one note would be re-recorded and added into the original version.

It's generally thought that this obsession with musical perfection was Simon's own doing, but he has since said that Halee and Garfunkel were responsible for it. And, since production decisions were taken jointly by all three, Simon was often outvoted.

The 'Bookends' album divided into two parts. The second side consisted of four tracks previously released as singles plus 'Mrs



Robinson', the new single. The first side was clearly intended to be regarded as a unity, since it opened and closed with the 'Bookends Theme'. It moved from a melodramatic song about a mother and child ('Save The Life Of My Child') through two muted love songs ('America' and 'Overs') to voices of old people recorded by Art Garfunkel and the nostalgic 'Old Friends'. The project was derided by some reviewers as pretentious and praised by others as proving rock could be as literate as any other art form.

In fact it was a mixed collection of songs, though one of them stood out as a new peak in Paul Simon's songwriting career. 'America' was not only his finest love song since 'Dangling Conversation', it also opened out into a wider dimension with the vision of America suggested in its evocative final lines: 'Counting the cars on the New Jersey turnpike/They've all come to look for America.'

There had been a gap of 20 months between the release dates of 'Parsley Sage Rosemary And Thyme' and 'Bookends', and there would be a similar wait for the next Simon & Garfunkel album, 'Bridge Over Troubled Water'. Much of it was due again to the meticulous attention to detail that was a hallmark of all their records, but this time there was an added factor.

Mike Nichols, director of 'The Graduate' had been chosen to film Joseph Heller's novel 'Catch 22', the campus classic of the Six-

ties, and had offered Art Garfunkel a part. As a result, he spent several months filming in Mexico while Paul Simon continued to work on the album in New York. 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' even included a song about the situation, the gentle 'Only Living Boy In New York' which begins "Tom, get your plane right on time..." Art had, of course, been Tom in Tom & Jerry.

This enforced separation of Simon and Garfunkel during 1969 meant that several tracks on the 'Bridge' album were more or less solo efforts by Paul. They included 'The Boxer' and 'Baby Driver' which were released as a single in April of that year. Both songs showed Paul Simon to be developing further as a songwriter, away from the naive simplicity of the early folk material.

The 'Boxer' and 'Baby Driver' were based on lyric ideas common in American folk song and blues: the narrative ballad ('I am just a poor boy...') and the use of images from automobiles to refer to sex ('I wonder how your engine feels'). But this was just the starting point for Paul Simon to develop his own ideas about the role of a professional entertainer in 'The Boxer' and to juggle the clichés playfully in 'Baby Driver'. Both were masterly combinations of funk and sophistication.

Towards the end of 1969, as progress on the album was slower and slower, it became clear to both Paul and Art that their musical partnership had outlived its usefulness. That Autumn was a particularly tough time. In September they had worked hard on a television special, only to end up in wrangles with the sponsors who wanted to censor it. In October they had toured extensively in both America and Europe. Touring by this time had become something of a chore for Paul Simon and he knew that immediately afterwards, they would have to return to the studio to complete the album.

It was finished in the first weeks of 1970, but only after Garfunkel had vetoed the final song. Simon wanted to put on it, a number called 'Cuba Si, Nixon No'. The exhausted Simon had now used up all his musical ideas and decided it was a good time to think about an album of material he didn't need anyone else's agreement on. Garfunkel, in any case, had another movie — 'Carnal Knowledge' — lined up. It was agreed they should split up — temporarily. But the separation soon became permanent.

When the news reached Columbia, there was consternation. In his memoirs, the company's former president Clive Davis recalls his own disappointment. With 'Bridge Over Troubled Water', Simon & Garfunkel had established themselves as the biggest-selling rock act ever — the album was to go on to notch up over 10 million sales. Davis put it to Paul that solo artists never emulate the success of groups, that had become institutions, citing the Mamas and



Papas and the Beatles as examples.

Simon was unimpressed. The split released him from a lot of pressure to live up to the reputation Simon & Garfunkel had gained in five years of public acclaim. It also brought to an end a phase of his life to which the partnership had been central. The restrictions on the kind of songs he could perform set by the image and existence of Simon & Garfunkel were removed. As a result he went on to produce his most intensely personal album since the 'Song Book'.

Although there was another two year gap between albums and it would be nearer three years before Simon toured again, the monumental success of 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' kept him in the public ear during that time. The song itself had originated from a phrase Paul Simon heard in a gospel song by the Reverend Claude Jeter. On one of his recordings the Reverend had improvised the lines: 'I'll be your bridge over deep water, if you trust in my name.' That image and that sentiment gave Simon the chorus for the song, but it took final shape in the recording studio.

It took a total of 10 full days to record the three minute track. The piano part, played by Larry Knechtel the veteran Los Angeles session musician and member of Bread, needed four evenings work to get the right gospel flavour. That formed the musical base of the track, and when it was completed, both Art and

Paul felt the song needed a third verse to go with what had been already written. It was duly composed in a short time, and even Paul Simon himself has suggested that it doesn't quite fit with its predecessors, particularly in the reference to 'silvergirl', which had many people arguing over its mysterious significance (his wife? drugs?).

The sound was rounded out by the addition of two bass parts, the drum track, vibes and the string arrangements. These were done very poorly at first by an arranger who transcribed the song's title as 'Like A Pitcher Of Water'. They were then re-written and Simon & Garfunkel returned to New York from Los Angeles to spend the final few days on Art's vocals, again making extensive use of the punching-in technique.

Rock music had previously produced songs which had caught the imagination of a whole teenage generation, but 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' was the first composition by a rock musician that cut right across barriers of age and nationality (half of the album's sales have been outside America, a very high percentage for someone working within rock). The choice of gospel music as its point of reference undoubtedly contributed a lot. What Simon achieved was a translation of the power and solace intrinsic to gospel to a secular context. It was a song of comforting, a commodity very valuable for Americans at a time of 'agonis-

ing re-appraisal' (as the papers called it) when they knew they had lost the Vietnam War.

The album as a whole found Paul Simon's songwriting reaching a new peak of craftsmanship. Each song was sparse and elegant in its construction and enigmatic in its message. The songs celebrating women ('Cecilia', 'Baby Driver') were high-spirited and seemed to be poking fun at conventional romantic lyrics, while the two most tender tracks ('So Long', 'Frank Lloyd Wright', 'Only Living Boy In New York') were addressed to fellow artists. In fact, if the album had an overall theme buried beneath its immaculate surface, it was that of the situation of the mass entertainer, the star who is trying to 'Keep The Customer Satisfied'.

After the split with Garfunkel, Paul Simon announced his intention to make a solo album and disappeared from public view until 1972, when he returned to sing with Art at a fund-raising concert for Senator George McGovern, the Democratic Presidential candidate, and to present the long awaited record, 'Paul Simon'.

The simple title was significant. It declared emphatically that this was his record and his alone, and suggested that the songs were expressive of his own problems and feelings. If so, he had been in a sombre mood during the composition of the material. The elaborate, sumptuous arrangements and the chirpy rhythms of Simon & Garfunkel were replaced by a starker,

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simpler sound. The album appeared soon after John Lennon's highly personal 'Plastic Ono Band' and was soon being compared to it. But, as the more perceptive reviewers were quick to point out, while Lennon insisted on eliminating the distance between himself and the listener by cutting out any artistic devices, Paul Simon remained the polished craftsman in his writing.

The exceptions to the generally bleak mood of 'Paul Simon' were the two tracks released as singles: 'Mother And Child Reunion' and 'Me And Julio Down By The Schoolyard'. In direct line from some of the songs on 'Bridge Over Troubled Water', they were full of surprising images and jaunty rhythms. The first was recorded in Jamaica and took its title from an item on a restaurant menu — a dish combining chicken and eggs. 'Me And Julio' was a sort of cartoon of life on the city street, a light hearted look at the themes which preoccupied Dylan in the mid-sixties and still preoccupy Bruce Springsteen.

In Simon & Garfunkel terms, that first solo album was only moderately successful, selling just one million copies. Clive Davis, in one of his frequent bouts of self-congratulation, tells of Paul Simon coming to him to ask how his next record could do better. "Tour behind it" came the reply. This he elected to do, and in 1973 undertook his first international tour without Art Garfunkel.

Not that he was alone. Towards the end of the



partnership. Paul Simon's interest in musical forms outside the mainstream of rock had grown, so that instead of taking a conventional backing group, he toured with a Latin-American Indian group of folk musicians and one of the most renowned contemporary gospel groups. Urubamba were a team of Peruvian singers and players, who backed Simon on 'El Condor Pasa', a traditional tune he'd first heard from Los Incas in Paris in 1965. The Jesse Dixon Singers, from Washington, accompanied him on one of the strongest tracks from the second album, 'Loves Me Like A Rock', and in concert the power and verve of their performance perfectly complemented the more fragile songs of Simon himself.

'There Goes Rhymin' Simon' was a more varied and rounded album than its predecessor, summing up in itself all the various strands of Paul Simon's career to that point. It is his most accomplished record to date. Carrying his exploration of black American music still further, it used a New Orleans marching band on 'Take Me To The Mardi Gras' and the Dixie Hummingbirds added the gospel styling to two other tracks.

The songs effortlessly expressed a wide range of feelings. 'Was A Sunny Day' was an exuberant word-game, bringing in a reference to Earl 'Speedoo' Carroll, the lead singer of the Cadillacs, one of the best of the fifties black vocal groups. 'Loves Me Like A Rock' was a



mysterious piece, mingling ideas of purity, mother-love and the Presidency in a joyous, gospel song. 'Tenderness' and 'Something So Right' were two honest, thoughtful love songs which stopped short at the dark pessimism that invaded similar pieces on 'Paul Simon'.

In 1965, Simon had stated his intention to write the Great American Novel, to capture the state of the nation in artistic form. With the arrival of the contemporary songwriters led by Dylan, that literary aim was taken over into rock music, and in 'Rhymin' Simon', Paul Simon came as close as anyone except Dylan, to achieving that aim. He did it through the variety of ideas and themes woven together on the album, and notably on its centrepiece, 'American Tune'.

This song was the summation of all he had tried to do in earlier pieces like 'Sound Of Silence' and 'America'. It moves from America's past, to its uncertain future, from waking to dreaming and from the individual singer to the society he is bound up with. 'American Tune' is all the more effective, because it makes no statements, draws no conclusions, it just asks the questions.

1974 found Paul Simon at 33. For most rock stars, the process of getting older poses problems. Having first found fame in the context of teenage music, they have either to appear to be ageless or make the transition to a different approach to music which can appeal both to newer teenage generations and their original audience who, like them, aren't kids anymore.

In many ways, Paul Simon has bypassed those problems since his never was teenage music, as such, except in the Tom & Jerry days. His first appeal was to the college audience, which self-consciously distanced itself from the world of the high-school hop. 'The Graduate', 'Bookends' and, above all, 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' broadened this audience further to include an older age group which probably had previously liked the Beatles but not the Stones, and Peter, Paul and Mary but not Dylan.

All this has made him, in audience terms, a 'middle of the road' artist, but of a new kind. That term usually implies that authentic music has been diluted for mass consumption outside the rock sphere, something which Simon & Garfunkel, along with James Taylor and Carole King, were often accused of during the sixties. But while the sound of his records seldom has much to do with the electric guitar-dominated mainstream rock of the past 10 years, his songs are far from the blandness and sentimentality usually associated with the term MOR.

The title of the most recent album — 'Still Crazy After All These Years' — could be taken as a response to these criticisms. The song itself suggests that the restlessness and dissatisfaction with the way things are inside and outside himself — the qualities that always lay at the heart of his best music — are still there.

The general tone of the album is more reminiscent of 'Paul Simon' than of the instrumental richness of 'Rhymin' Simon', while the lyrics are more enigmatically poetic than ever.

'Have A Good Time' and 'You're Kind', in fact, have much in common with the fierce and almost cynical humour of Randy Newman. 'Gone At Last' and 'I Do It For Your Love', on the other hand, are among the most positive and deep-rooted love songs of Paul Simon's career, while 'Silent Eyes' seems to indicate a specifically religious commitment previously unexpressed in his work. Here again, it's the range of responses and the skill with which they are expressed which impresses most.

If the test of a major artist is the ability to speak to us about our own condition, then Paul Simon is among the very few rock musicians to consistently have done so. And he shows no sign of stopping.



Discography

SINGLES

May 1964: He Was My Brother/Carlos Dominguez Oriole CB 1930 (under the name Paul Kane)
 July 1965: I Am A Rock/Leaves That Are Green CBS 201797
 December 1965: The Sounds Of Silence/We've Got A Groovy Thing Going CBS 202020
 March 1966: Homeward Bound/Leaves

That Are Green CBS 20245
 June 1966: I Am A Rock/Flowers Never Bend With The Rainfall CBS 202303
 September 1966: The Dangling Conversation/Big Bright Green Pleasure Machine CBS 202285
 November 1966: A Hazy Shade Of Winter/For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her CBS 202378
 March 1967: At The Zoo/59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy) CBS 202608
 August 1967: You Don't Know Where You're Interest Lies/Fakin' It CBS 2911
 March 1968: Scarborough Fair/April Come She Will CBS 3317
 April 1969: The Boxer/Baby Driver CBS 4162
 February 1970: Bridge Over Troubled Water/Keep The Customer Satisfied CBS 4790
 August 1970: Sounds Of Silence/59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy) CBS 5172
 October 1970: Cecilia/The Only Living Boy In New York CBS 4916
 February 1972: Mother And Child Reunion/Paranoia Blues CBS 7793
 April 1972: Me And Julio Down By The Schoolyard/Congratulations CBS 7964
 September 1972: America/For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her CBS 8336
 March 1973: Mrs Robinson/Bookends Theme CBS 1159
 May 1973: Take Me To The Mardi Gras/Kodachrome CBS 1578
 August 1973: Loves Me Like A Rock/Learn How To Fall CBS 1700

February 1974: American Tune/One Man's Ceiling CBS 1979
 May 1974: The Sounds Of Silence/Mother And Child Reunion CBS 2349
 November 1974: Something So Right/Tenderness CBS 2822
 September 1975: Gone At Last/Tenderness CBS 3594
 October 1975: My Little Town/Rag Doll; You're Kind CBS 3712 (with Art Garfunkel)
 All singles between 1965 and 1970 are by Simon & Garfunkel

ALBUMS

August 1965: The Paul Simon Song Book CBS 62579
 April 1966: The Sounds Of Silence CBS 62690
 November 1966: Parsley, Sage, Rosemary And Thyme CBS 62860
 January 1967: Simon & Garfunkel Allegro 836 (Tom & Jerry material, now deleted)
 June 1968: Bookends CBS 63101
 June 1968: The Graduate Soundtrack CBS 70042
 October 1968: Wednesday Morning 3 am. CBS 63370 (issued in America in 1964)
 February 1970: Bridge Over Troubled Water CBS 63699
 February 1972: Paul Simon CBS 69007
 July 1972: Simon & Garfunkel's Greatest Hits CBS 69003
 May 1973: There Goes Rhymin' Simon CBS 69035
 April 1974: Live Rhymin' CBS 69059
 October 1975: Still Crazy After All These Years CBS 86001

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- The Allman Brothers thought so too.
- Bo Diddley plugs a square guitar into them.
- Jeff Beck just plugs them in.
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- The Bee Gees and
- Johnny Winter do too.
- Bachman Turner Overdrive took them through England.
- The Osmonds take them round the world.
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- So do Sassafras
- And Yes
- Chuck Berry uses a 100 watt stack.
- The Tremeloes did.
- Kenny Rogers and the First Edition still do.
- Jefferson Starship use Marshall in the States.
- Barclay James Harvest use them anywhere.
- Alvin Lee tried a competitor then came back.
- The Mahavishnu Orchestra never stopped.
- Cream did
- Frank Zappa hasn't.
- The Climax Blues Band took them on 200 gigs.
- Deep Purple took them to the Rainbow for a sound record.
- Steeleye Span wouldn't want to try.
- The Edgar Broughton Band use Marshall.
- So does Chicken Shack
- And Brown's Home Brew.
- The Who tried to break them.
- Alice Cooper put snakes on them.
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Kinks: class of '75

THE KINKS: 'Schoolboys In Disgrace' (RCA LPL1-5102) (36 mins) *****

AFTER STANDING in shadows firmly rooted in the past, Ray Davies has moved his Kinks forward with alarming creativity and progress these last few years. 'Schoolboys In Disgrace' is the second Kinks album released this year, proof of Davies' almost desperate determination to achieve modern day recognition. Rock's most prolific songwriter, Davies churns out small, unassuming character pieces with insight and humour. The songs on this album are among some of the best he has written, driving those erstwhile Kinks onto new musical heights.

Since 'Preservation Act I' Davies has been experimenting with and perfecting a writing style that loosely revolves around a

'concept'. His concepts, however, are unleashed on an unsuspecting public without any of the usual superlative hype, a tribute to his integrity.

This album is the most successful of his post 'Lola' albums. There is none of the thematic uncertainty that plagued 'Preservation', none of the necessary onstage visuals that robbed 'Soap Opera' of maximum at home listening pleasure. 'Schoolboys In Disgrace' is the most solid rock album the Kinks have made since the sixties. While adding credence to Davies' unquestionable worth as a songwriter, the album once again establishes the Kinks as a rock 'n' roll band of unparalleled glory.

There is nothing nostalgic about 'Schoolboys In Disgrace'. On the surface school day recollections might seem the



■ KINKS: there's no more looking back

suitable vehicle for the Kinks to drag sixties riffs out of the closet. But on closer examination the album is a healthy reflection of the Kinks today, portrayed vividly as an intelligent rock 'n' roll

band who have the courage to step out of preconceived roles and actually do something new. Ask yourself how many other respected Sixties favourites stubbornly refuse to look back?

David Watts, Flash, and Ray Davies as a stuttering adolescent who shuns authority, thrives on breaking the rules, gets his first love pregnant and finds himself 'In Disgrace', and finally leaves school to face the responsibilities of the outside world. This entertaining thematic vignette is the perfect vehicle for the Kinks to wreak rock 'n' roll havoc from the score.

The first time I heard this album I mistakenly mumbled "oh yeah another Kinks record". Only with repeated listenings did the joy of the record invade my subconscious. The lost innocence of 'Schooldays' where the good-times seem much better in retrospect.

There's 'Jack The Idiot Duncie' which is one of the great rock songs of all time featuring a terrific guitar riff and perfect energetic back-up vocals reminiscent of early Who group singing. 'Education' is the big production number filled with subtle humour and a passionate determination to maintain individuality. "No you can't tell me why I am", our hero threatens. Romantic entanglement occurs in 'The First Time We Fall In Love', featuring a vocal Davies himself describes as a cross between 'Elvis Presley and Noel Coward'.

Side two contains all the scandal and shame brought to this particular schoolboy. 'I'm In Disgrace' is another great rock song, a sorta modern 'Till The End Of The Day' with a punky guitar solo and sophisticated construction. "It wasn't lust, it wasn't rape, it was just a mistake," Davies sings of his predicament

with his pregnant childhood sweetheart. But the 'Headmaster' won't believe any excuses, beating the guilty schoolboy despite protestations.

He has, of course, learned his lesson 'The Hard Way', telling the tale in another hot rocker, 'You Really Got Me' number 212 as Dave Davies plays some mean lead guitar while Ray perfects a Lou Reed vocal imitation. There follows the teary-eyed realisation of 'The Last Assembly', a sentimental ballad.

Yet the real tour de force of the album lies deceptively at the end. 'No More Looking Back' is a typically rich Davies masterpiece, indicative of the Kinks newly acquired self confidence and pride in their work today. Don't smugly dismiss the Kinks as yesterday till you've heard and seen 'Schoolboys In Disgrace' which just might make you forget incorrect assumptions that Ray Davies and his Kinks are memory prodders.

"No more looking back/No more living in the past/Yesterday's gone and that's a fact/Now there's no more looking back." That's the healthiest statement any rock hero has made in years. If Ray Davies and the Kinks are willing to forget, why don't you? The Kinks are very much today. Honest. — Barbara Charone.

BABE RUTH: 'Stealin' Home' (Capitol E-St 11451) 38.30 mins *****

THE SECOND side of Babe Ruth's latest might surprise their fans: it has variety. Opens with funk ('Elusive'), moves on to reggae with C&W vocals ('Can You Feel It'), through actual heavy ('Say No More') and pretty keyboard solo ('Caught At The Plate') to a melange of blues, cosmic and booming string ballad

('Tomorrow (Joining Of The Day)'). This album could be the beginning of broadening the appeal of Babe Ruth, the possibility of which is presumably why Capitol signed them.

But I still don't think it comes across on record. Live their plain hard rock hammered and screamed across is fine. On plain plastic all you have is the feeling that they are working hard. There are no moments of beauty, no moments of inspiration. In your living room you want to be lifted up not ground down. — Phil Sutcliffe.

SNAFU: 'All Funked Up' (Capitol E-St 11473) 43 mins *****

NOT AN album that calls for a lot of mind-bending and creasing of the brow in search of the lost phrase. Snafu are now playing solid, well-produced loud music (mostly on the soul end of rock) no doubt led that way by Bobby Harrison's penchant for singing so blackly he sometimes tips over into parody ('Hard To Handle').

There's plenty of spirit in 'All Funked Up' but less musical liveliness than on its predecessor 'Situation Normal' which is partly explained by the absence of fiddler Pete Solley whose blue grassing humour may not have fitted in one sense and yet did provide some attractive variety.

The best numbers on the new collection are in fact the least bluesy: 'Lock And Key' and 'Bar Room Tan'. These are soaring bottleneck belters out of Texas or sweet-home Alabama with Micky Moody's guitar and Terry Poppie's drums wild and exciting. Guaranteed live show knockouts. 'All Funked Up' adds up to listenable, danceable, highly acceptable if not rush-out-and-buyable. — Phil Sutcliffe.

Gimme the beat, boys, and free my soul

DOBIE GRAY: 'The Best Of Dobie Gray' (MCA MCF 2736) *****

UNHESITATINGLY recommended to anyone who still has the ears and the heart to be moved by a simple, no-frills blend of good songs and good singing.

Everyone will be familiar with 'Drift Away', the classic hymn to rock ('Gimme the beat boys and free my soul, I wanna get lost in your rock and roll') which, to Britain's eternal shame, just missed being a hit here in 1973. It was a smash in the States, where it ended 10 years in the wilderness for the mellow-voiced Gray.

In '64 his 'The In Crowd' was a soul hit and became a Mod anthem in Britain. But he rapidly slipped into obscurity: a gig with rock band Pollution, some acting



■ DOBIE GRAY

roles, a part in 'Hair', session work... until he met up with writer/producer Mentor Williams, brother of Paul (Carpenters etc).

Working with young Nashville cats like David Briggs (keyboards), Reggie Young

(guitar), Troy Seals (guitar), Mike Leech (bass), Kenny Malone (drums) and Charlie McCoy (harmonica), they crafted a natural, seemingly effortless blend of soul, country and rock.

The material was even better: strong, involving songs, with haunting melodies, from Mentor Williams, Troy Seals, Tom Jans, Lonnie Mack and others. The tracks here come from his three albums — 'Drift Away', 'Loving Arms' and 'Hey Dixie' — and demonstrate that he can rock with the best of 'em.

But it's on the sad, slow, ballads that he really hits home: hard to think of a more moving song than the bittersweet, yearning 'Loving Arms'. Maybe Gray is too good for Britain, but don't you miss out. — Alan Lewis.

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Joni: poet of the human jungle

JONI MITCHELL: 'The Hissing Of Summer Lawns' (Asylum) 42 mins *****

SHE MAY NOT be The Future Of Rock And Roll, but I'd trade you this or any other week's hero for Joni Mitchell. When other priests and prophets lose their magic, she is the one to whom we will return again and again. The still, small voice for those still, small hours of the night, telling us the truths we have to hear.

No one else can draw so accurately that thin line between hope and despair down which we all walk in the 1970s, the desperate balance between chaos and order, love and hate, madness and sanity. The jungle which lurks without (and within)

the city, the gathering darkness which people seek to banish, however briefly, with love and sex and music and drugs.

Pointless to describe this album in detail: if you were moved by any of her previous work, you can't fail to be moved by this.

At one stage in her career (chiefly the 'Blue' album, I think) Joni seemed to be getting too preoccupied with the jet set/rock star life, and her lyrics lost that hard edge of universal truth. But that was long ago. On this album, like last year's stunning 'Court And Spark', every line hits the raw nerve of reality, albeit often bathed in a glow of beauty and mystery.

Her themes are the eternal ones: youth, age, the cruel/loving things which people do to each other, the high cost (in human terms) of living, the price of success in a materialist society. As always, there is that

sublime, mystic blend of ravishing melodies and sharply perceptive lyrics. And, as always, she progresses musically, with new, subtle, nuances of instrumentation, sound and tone.

If any one track encapsulates the strange, unsettling beauty of this album it is 'The Jungle Line'. Above the hypnotic, menacing sound of the warrior drums and chants of Burundi and a grinding Moog bass line, Joni paints a savagely beautiful picture of New York, the concrete jungle whose lifeblood — black music — is pumped from the real jungles across the seas.

In the light of this and other tracks, the title 'The Hissing Of Summer Lawns' takes on a new and more sinister meaning: The jungle is taking over. But maybe you'll have your own interpretation. Like all great work, Joni Mitchell's haunting images have many shades of meaning. — Alan Lewis



Too much, too soon for Chicago

CHICAGO: 'Chicago's Greatest Hits' (CBS 69222) ***

IT WAS about seven years ago that I heard John Peel playing an amazing version of the Spencer Davis Group's 'I'm A Man' by a band called the Chicago Transit Authority. In the weeks that followed, Peel played several other tracks by the group and I was so knocked out by this (then) revolutionary, roaring fusion of rock, white soul vocals and blaring, jazzy brass that (along with hundreds of others) I went and laid out £5 (a lot of loot in '69) for their debut double-album.

I wasn't disappointed. Jazz-rock was nothing new. Blood Sweat And Tears had already released a couple of albums — but CTA (they didn't call themselves Chicago until their second album) made them sound tame. Just as clever as BS and T, but real rockers, I thought, rather than jazzmen who'd condescended to rock.

Sadly, the blistering excitement of that first album was not sustained.

Their lyrics became embarrassingly pretentious, full of pseudo-revolutionary crap, and their music fell into flatulent clichés. Their fourth album, a monumentally boring triple-set which simply regurgitated the material from the previous three, was a fittingly absurd comment on their work.

'I'm A Man', 'Beginnings' and '25 Or 6 To 4' still pack a mighty punch, and others, like 'Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is' AND 'Make Me Smile' are still hugely enjoyable for their good songs and good playing.

But few of the rest have worn well, leaving you with the impression that Chicago are a band who achieved too much too soon, robbing them of the need for experimentation and self-criticism. — Alan Lewis

CARLY SIMON: 'The Best Of Carly Simon' (Elektra K 52025) ****

WITH ravishing melodies to equal those of Carole King and sharp lyrics to rival those of Joni Mitchell, Carly Simon made a pretty heavy — and heady — impact when her first album, 'Carly Simon' was released exactly five years ago.

Since then she's released four more albums — 'Anticipation', 'No Secrets', 'Hotcakes' and 'Playing Possum'. Their musical quality has remained dazzlingly high, even if her lyrics recently have been rather more glossy and rather less concerned with painful truths. Time, success and marriage have inevitably taken their slight but perceptible toll with Carly, as with every other 'sensitive singer / songwriter'. And anyway, Carly always was a lot more 'up' — and often downright horny — than most of her contemporaries.

All her albums are represented among these tracks, and my only complaint is that there ain't enough of 'em — only 10. — Alan Lewis

TYPICALLY TROPICAL: 'Barbados Sky' (Gull GULP 1014) **

'BARBADOS' was a happy summer sound and I doubt if anyone was surprised — or offended — when the 'West Indians' turned out to be two very white studio cats called Max West and Jeffrey Calvert.

The joke is sustained fairly well on this jolly little album, with some nice steel band sounds and some 'reggae' from British sessionmen like Chris Spedding, Clem Cattini and Frank Ricotti which, while hardly the real roots article, certainly hits a solid enough groove.

The weaknesses are the songs, which are very slight, and Calvert's blacked-up vocals, which get a bit tiresome and hit rock bottom on a rotten version of Desmond Dekker's 'Israelites'. — Alan Lewis



■ CARLY SIMON: not enough tracks

Wooden spoon for Silver Convention

'SILVER CONVENTION' (Magnet MAG 5010) ***

AS SOUL MUSIC became more complex and sophisticated, more reliant on producers, arrangers and engineers, it was inevitable that it would become easier to imitate. (See Donna Summer review this issue). Thus, the spate of European-made records in the US soul charts (and our own), the most successful of which have come from Silver Convention. 'Save Me', 'I Like It' and, biggest of all, 'Fly Robin Fly' (all included here) have all been big disco hits.

Writers / producers / arrangers Silvester Levay and Stephan Prager have done a neat job of duplicating that surging Philly sound, but inevitably it lacks the zing and zap of the original as created by MFSB. And the three girls called Silver Convention (there's some controversy as to whether the girls

who are currently on tour are the ones who made the records) coo and sigh like the Three Degrees at their most mechanical and uninspired.

The singles are efficient enough, but lumped together on one album the result (as with most disco albums) is sheer boredom for all but the most undemanding and inexhaustible dancers. — Alan Lewis

OSIBISA: 'Welcome Home' (Bronze ILPS9355) 40 mins ****

I REMEMBER like it was last night the first time I caught Osibisa, sometime around November of '71. They were support to jazz loony Sun Ra and they — as we say nowadays — blew me away completely. Not long afterwards they seemed to have a similar effect on every journalist in the country, with the

Sunday papers in particular wetting themselves in flurries of complimentary adjectives.

Four years and several albums later the band are, for my part at least, as splendidly refreshing an aural experience as you could wish for. They've got better in fact, and with 'Welcome Home' they've produced a set with as much texture and polish as you're likely to find gracing the racks of your favourite record emporium in the next moon or so.

Those much-described polyrhythms are evident throughout, of course, but what's remarkable here is the sheer tasteful restraint with which they're applied. Not to mention the number of different styles of playing the band have managed to strain into an instantly recognisable Osibisa sound.

Like the opener, 'Sunshine Day', a deft mixture of Traffic, Wailers and salsa hornmanship. Like the beautiful poignant title track with its precision vocal harmonies. Not to mention a sprightly little gem named 'Densu', a call and reply work-song with the

same effervescent humour to it as last year's great 'You Got The Paper' single, or the urbanely street-funky 'Do It (Like It Is)'.

The only track I'm not sure about in fact is 'Chooobi (Heave Ho)', closer of Side One — for my money the Herb Alpert horns and bassy vocal chorus get a little too close to Ennio Morricone's spaghetti oater theme musics for comfort. But that's the one and only grumble — as for the rest, I only hope it doesn't get too lost in the current pre-Yule barrage of product: because 'Welcome Home' is one damn fine 33 1/3 rpm long-playing record. — Giovanni Dadomo.

HARRY CHAPIN: 'Portrait Gallery' (Elektra K 52023) ***

YOU'VE PROBABLY never heard of him but a lady of my acquaintance has every single Chapin album. Hearing her collection of his past works I failed to be entranced except by a long tale about a truck bearing 40,000 tons of bananas losing its brakes on a hill. Anyone who can make a hook-line out of '40,000 tons of bananas' is worthy of attention I thought.

However that promise (?) is not entirely fulfilled by 'Portrait Gallery'. It sports three satisfying numbers and a lot of dross in which Chapin's remarkable facility with word and rhyme lead him into arch moralising and to the very gates of the sentimentality which has made Rod McKuen such a pain in the ass. — Phil Sutcliffe.

DIONNE WARWICKE: 'Track Of The Cat' (Warner Bros) ***

LAST YEAR Dionne Warwick got together with The Spinners and their producer, Philly Sound mastermind Thom Bell, to make a single called 'Then Came Yqu'. The result was so pleasing (and successful: it was a top ten US hit) that everyone said how nice it would be for Dionne to make a whole album with Bell. And here it is, your actual Dionne Warwick In Philadelphia album, complete with that oh-so-tastefully-funky playing from MFSB and a crop of new songs from Thom Bell, his partner Linda Creed and other Philly writers. It's appropriate that Dionne should turn to Bell to revive her chart fortunes because his 'sophisticated soul' style owes much to the mid-60s work of Burt Bacharach, the writer /

few thoughts did put me in considerable doubt about that fifth star).

However, that breakdown leaves till last two songs in an entirely new vein for Sailor which, if issued as singles would follow each other to Number One (and would you believe I'm giving CBS this information entirely free of charge). 'People In Love' and 'My Kind Of Girl' would be romantic monsters of the adult, real-life, bittersweet kind pioneered and still solely represented by 10cc's 'I'm Not In Love'.

'People In Love' trills in with the accordion, Georg sings like the face and vocal chords of Sacha Distel ought to if they belonged to a mature man rather than an animated boutique dummy, and then they bank up a harmony hook that will defrost your deep-freeze in one revolution. With Sailor thus in the crows nest there could then be no chance of resisting 'My Kind Of Girl': Georg tender like Bogart in 'Casablanca', a simple, tasteful arrangement of piano and multiple harmonies set way back.

Lovely, touching, a racing certainty. But Harold Wilson's always ignoring my excellent advice on how to run the country and really I expect little more response from a record company. — Phil Sutcliffe.

SAILOR: 'Trouble' (Epic EPC 69192) 29.25 mins *****

SAILOR ARE the only band I can think of who really do sound nothing like anyone else. It helps to establish that. You're not talking about yet another act of excellent guitarists trying to prove that there is a better rock song than 'Brown Sugar' waiting to be discovered somewhere in the cosmos. Sailor, with their unique instrumentation of Nickleodeon, accordion, guitarran, charango and so on, couldn't fail to produce a new sound (Latin-laced oompah?). But they also have a fresh approach — if 'fresh' is the word for guys who devote almost every song to life in the world's red light districts.

That first album is still growing on me after 18 months and 'Trouble' is both a continuation and an advance on the earlier excellence. There's still the out and out fun and ribaldry of such as 'Coconut' (a Mexicali reggae?) and 'Panama' (the full Los Paraguayos routine though it's their Heath Robinson synthesiser standing in for squads of guitars and folk harps). Sex is there to buy and sell so why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't she?

But Georg Kajanus's lyrics have developed more delicacy and the grief side of this willy-nilly existence emerges more clearly and with a touching quality that

Sexy Sailor

was all but missing from their first compilation. The opener 'Girls, Girls, Girls' is a really fine composition moving in 2.41 from melancholy vocal and piano through the good cheer of fruity bass, ukeleli, honky-tonk and rabelasian chorus and back to that blue, had-a-few-too-many feeling. Romance and cynicism, fun and post coitum tristis (the Latin may be wrong but the vibe isn't) all in one little pop song.

Other goodies are two all-action stories called 'Trouble In Hong Kong' and 'Stop That Man'. The single 'A Glass Of Champagne' brings up my one criticism of the celebrity producers. Lesser and Holmes — its harsh, metallic vocal sound. And while, stating reservations I must say that the last tracks on each side are a touch weak, an instrumental called 'Jacaranda' and an unusually insubstantial piece of nostalgia 'The Old Nickleodeon Sound' (yes, and the whole thing is rather short and these last

ALBUMS

SOUNDS STAR RATING
 *****Very Important Platter
 ****Good album, hear it if you can
 ***Worthwhile
 **Dull or disappointing
 *Re-cycle

Be-Bop's best — I think . . .

BE-BOP DELUXE: 'Sunburst Finish' (Harvest SHSP 4053: for January 16 release) ****

THERE'S AN old saying about first impressions that I can't remember right now, but I know they're supposed to count for a lot. It's like when you're ready to leave school; you know how they always remind you to wear a clean white shirt and a manicure for your job interviews.

But can the same be true of new albums? Are 'exclusive previews' like the one given for Be Bop Deluxe 'Starburst Finish' album at Abbey Road studios last week anything more than excuses for a coven or so of journalists and broadcasters to sip free vino and crash out on the carpet?

This time it happened at some unearthly hour after midnight and most of the attendants had spent the previous couple of hours imbibing liberal amounts of the aforementioned vino in a nearby hostelry.

So what they do, these fiendish

record company chaps is to lead the media crowd down into Abbey Road Studios' bowel and pack them in a small room and water their gills some more. This done, you're lead into the rather cramped control room of the nearest studio and played 'Sunburst Finish' once and once only. And very loudly.

Mercifully the music prevails. But will it make sense the next morning? Take this, for example, scratched indelibly alongside the lyrics of 'Ships In The Night': Reggae + Pinball Wizard chording. Yes, but what does it all mean? Even better is 'Crying To The Sky' — 'Beatles melody/Lofgren-Lennon' it proclaims. And 'Sleep That Burns' gets two annotations: 'Massive chords into tango section' it says about halfway down, following up with the positively Wordsworthian 'ends on spiralling corkscrew guitar solo' to describe the song's finale. 'Surf noises fade into clock. Alarm rings. voice yawns into

next song' comes next.

'Is it a concept album?' I remember wondering. There was no reply. There's not much left. The sumptuously-titled 'Life In The Air Age' gets a mere 'Barking gtr coda/Jona' (I'm sure it says 'Jona') for a tail-piece, whilst the final gem, appended to 'Like An Old Blues' is perhaps the deffest of all — 'Sam and Dave + Stealers Wheel' comes the noble intuition.

The only other thing that rises from the memorial mist is a strong conviction that Bill Nelson's vocals had never sounded better and that, melodically, 'Starburst Finish' beats anything that's come out under the Be Bop Banner to date.

But did I enjoy it? Yes. And, even more important, does such a brief and fleeting glance of 'Starburst Finish' qualify one to make any but the most trivial judgement of the record's merits or demerits possible?

To tell the truth, Your Honour, I don't think it does. All I'm really sure of is that when I woke up next morning it was sometime in the afternoon. — Giovanni Dadomo

RITA COOLIDGE: 'It's Only Love' (A&M AMLH 64531) 35 mins ****

BACK IN '69, when Linda Ronstadt and Maria Muldaur were nothing but aspiring female vocalists waiting for the BIG break, Rita Coolidge stood gracefully on the brink of success. She came of age on Joe Cocker's Mad Dogs and Englishmen extravaganza, stepping out nightly to sing 'Superstar' in such lucious tones that I've never understood how Karen Carpenter had the audacity to even try singing it. Now five years later, Linda Ronstadt and Maria Muldaur are household words. And Rita Coolidge is still precariously poised on the brink of success. This time she might get lucky.

'It's Only Love' is the best album Rita Coolidge has made since the sensational but under-rated 'Nice Feeling', the second album. Her first three A&M albums were excellent, aided by the sheer strength of her voice and material by Marc Benno. Since then she has concentrated more on her marriage to Kris Kristofferson than establishing herself as a first rate vocalist.



■ BE-BOP DELUXE: beat the rest

With Kristofferson, she has made several albums that sadly fall right in the middle of the road. Until this album Rita Coolidge seemed fated for a life of airplane muzak and occasional requests on afternoon radio shows for housewives.

But there's nothing very MOR about 'It's Only Love' despite the fact that the bulk of material is slow. Coolidge is back in strong, powerful voice no longer putting the listener to sleep with dulcet tones but forcing you to listen. Backed by tasty accompaniment, producer David Anderle has given Rita the substantial sounds she has desperately needed. 'Born To Love' and 'Don't Let Love Pass You By' show off her ballad profile while 'Keep The Candle Burning' is a nifty rocker by Gallagher & Lyle. 'Late Again' with its sultry, sliinky posture finds Rita delivering an after hours wail.

Yet the last two songs are genuine masterpieces, perfectly capturing that smokey, late nightclub atmosphere with string bass, brushed percussion, and alcoholic piano. 'Mean To Me' and the divine 'Am I Blue' change the entire atmosphere of the album. 'Mean To Me' succeeds where Joni Mitchell's version of 'Twisted' merely hinted. If Rita Coolidge would do an album's worth of these piano lounge gems, she'd find herself at

the top of the charts alongside Linda Ronstadt and Maria Muldaur. — Barbara Charone

HERBIE FLOWERS: 'Plant Life' (Philips 9109 204) 41 mins ***

ON FIRST listening, the overall impression one gets is of a collection of 'novelty' songs sung by a bloke with a working class London accent, with the help of his mates and a bunch of kids.

But there's much more to 'Plant Life' than that. Herbie, for those who don't know, is a much respected session bass player who played in Blue Mink and wrote hit songs for them, and if you listen again and get below that first impression, you find some really well-thought-out songs, most of which could be instant chart successes if they were sung by that great Madeline Bell/Roger Cooke combination.

Madeline, in fact, provides some of the backing vocals for Herbie, who gathered together about 40 of his session-musician mates to make this album, including Chris Spedding and Rosetta Hightower.

Musically it is nice and if I were looking for one album that would give me a source of songs which other artists could turn into hit singles, I wouldn't have to look much farther. — Tony Mitchell.

Bitty Gritty Dirt Band

NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND: 'Dream' (United Artists UAG 29850) 47 mins. ***

IT TAKES a while to get used to the widespread coverage the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band give to the country style. It can vary from rocking country rhythms to traditional folk and pick up anything in between that the band fancy. Whether it's spread too widely to be easily accepted over here remains to be seen.

The title track turns out to be the Everly Brothers classic '(All I Have To Do Is) Dream' which is given more pace than the original. It's a nice try but I'm not sure the Everly's version isn't imbedded too deep into most people's consciousness for this one to find a place. There's also a rendition of 'Battle Of New Orleans' that has the voices put through a synthesizer, Linda Ronstadt putting the vocals on Hank Williams' 'Hey Good Lookin'' (but mixed too far back to make a real impact) and a neat version of J D Souther's 'The Moon Just Turned Blue'.

Their own material stands up well in comparison, particularly 'Daddy Was A Sailor' with Jimmie Fadden playing steel guitar, and 'Joshua Come Home', a song with rhythmic character that receives help from Leon Russell on keyboards. But the strange sound effects, fairground organs and a demonstration of banjo techniques tend to break up the album without much purpose. — Hugh Fielder.

JIGSAW: 'Sky High' (Splash CPLP 1001) ***

JIGSAW have been around for years, carrying the flag for clean-cut, uncomplicated, tuneful pop while all around them was Outrage, Heaviness or Glitter. But now their persistence has paid off, and their 'Sky High', the theme from the hanggliding/kung fu flick, The Man From Hong Kong, is a big US and British smash. It's a stylishly arranged, cleverly constructed single (the intro is straight out of some Temptations epic) and though there's nothing quite as strong here, the other songs are good enough to make you believe that Jigsaw will have another hit before too long. Drummer / singer Des Dyer and keyboard man Clive Scott write all their material, and they're clearly a talented team. Trouble is that they lack an identifiable image: too polished to be teenybop, too lightweight to be rock, they will probably always be only as good as their last single. — Alan Lewis.

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Donna's knee-trembler

DONNA SUMMER: 'Love To Love You Baby' (GTO GTLP 008) ***

TALK ABOUT 'Hold On I'm Coming' I guess Jane Birkin started it all with 'Je T'Alme'. Then a couple of years ago Sylvia took it a stage further with 'Pillow Talk'. And, suddenly, the Simulated Orgasm became the production gimmick. Hardly a soul record was released without the sound of some chick gasping and groaning away like she was having a knee-trembler with the producer right there in the recording booth. It reached a climax (sorry!) this summer with Major Harris's amazing 'Love Won't Let Me Wait'.

And now we've got Donna Summer, who doesn't add much in intensity but sure sets a new record for endurance: she manages to multiple-orgasm over a whole side of this album. Ms Summer is black, but the musicians are white, which now seems to be the rule rather than the exception with disco records.

Once 'blackness' was an essential part of disco appeal: today, tastes have changed, strings and synthesizers are in, and dancers don't give a damn for ethnic validity. So we have the phenomenon of records making the US soul charts which are not only not black, but not even American, like the French-made 'Crystal World' and the German-

made 'Fly Robin Fly' by Silver Convention. Donna Summer's 'Love To Love You Baby' was recorded in Musicland Studios, Munich and was written by two clever gents called Pete Bellote, who also produced and played guitar, and Giorgio Moroder, who arranged and played percussion.

Ms Summer's yearning, breathy vocal owes a lot to Sylvia's records, and the whole sound borrows heavily from the sexy-soul format created by the New Jersey label Stang/All Platinum (of which Sylvia is a guiding light) with perhaps just a nod in the direction of Isaac Hayes' epics. A lazy, loping rhythm, lots of drifting strings, choppy electric keyboard and wahwah figures, all underpinned by a slogging bass drum and heavily pulsing bass.

Really it's no more than a hookline (the title) repeated over and over again, yet it's so well put together and cleverly paced that it holds the attention most of the way. The moments when everyone stops playing and Ms Summer is heard moaning gently above just the bass or the tapping hi-hat are pure magic.

Side two features five songs in more conventional pop-soul vein: pleasant but, inevitably, an anti-climax (sorry again!). I'm dying to see what she does for a stage act. — Alan Lewis.



■ DONNA SUMMER: hold on, I'm coming

DOCTOR JOHN: 'Hollywood Be Thy Name' (United Artists) 38.63***

WHEN DOCTOR John failed to deliver a hit single (and album) to follow the success of 'In The Right Place' Atlantic promptly ditched him. That's show-business... This is his first album on UA, and marks a radical change in direction. He's dispensed with the accoutrements of gris-gris and night trippin' (on stage at least), put together a completely different act — Doctor John's Rizzum and Blues Revue — and acquired a new producer, Bob Ezrin, the man who made Alice Cooper listenable (or not, depending on your vices).

The Revue is a slick fast-moving show — modelled on the minstrel shows Dr John saw as a kid in New Orleans — featuring a nine-piece band, with two other New Orleans musicians, Ronnie Baron and Alvin 'Bishop Shine' Robinson both taking solo vocal spots, and the Creolettes, one of whom, Tammi Lynn, had her own hit single 'I'm Gonna Run Away From You' a couple of years back.

'Hollywood Be Thy Name' is an attempt to recreate some of the atmosphere of the live show on record, by cutting the album at a studio faked-up for one night to resemble a n-i-t-e-spot with a specially invited clientele of high-rollers like Ringo, Eric, Alice, Jackson Browne etc. That way you get atmosphere and publicity, right? In fact only half the finished product is 'live', but it goes some of the way to illustrating the variety and sheer good-time verve which the Revue cooks up.

There is one slice of irresistible New Orleans 'second line' hokum, 'New Island Soiree', one interlude of Mac's rolling, barrelhouse piano style, 'Swanee River Boogie', a poignant, delicately-shaded rendition of 'Yesterday', the Creolettes singing 'The Way You Do The Thing You Do', and a medley of 'It's Alright With Me', 'Blue Skies' and 'Will The Circle Be Unbroken' by 'Bishop Shine', guitarist Steve Hunter and Ronnie Baron respectively.

It's on the remaining, studio, cuts that Bob Ezrin's influence as a producer really becomes apparent. 'Babylon' is given the full mysterio-technology treatment; a double-heartbeat rhythm, sinister slide-guitar, Valkyrie chorus and a wicked, garbled incantation from the Doctor. 'Back By The River' and 'Hollywood Be Thy Name' (a prayer to Tinseltown — which needs all the prayers it can get) are both all sweetness and light — as far removed from gumbo as you can get. There is even the obligatory stab at reggae, 'Reggae Doctor', which happily confirms the interpolation of rhythms between New Orleans and JA rather than capitalising on the current fad for Marley et al.

This is one strange album, and regular subscribers to the good Doctor's medications are in for something of a surprise. Whether

Physician, heal thyself

it confirms UA's faith in him as a commercial proposition, God only knows. I hope so. — Mick Brown.

DR JOHN: 'Cut Me While I'm Hot' (DJM DJSLM 2019) 40 mins ***

THE ORIGIN of this Dr John album is something of a mystery — nobody knows for sure when and where it was recorded—but it represents some of the doctor's better efforts and they have finally surfaced in this country thanks to DJM's licensing deal with Springboard International of New Jersey.

The tracks almost certainly pre-date Dr John's signing to Atlantic and probably came shortly before his 'Gris Gris' album. The title is taken from the introduction to 'She's Just A Square' and the atmosphere on that and some of the other tracks clearly comes from something stronger than Colt 45 or Marlboro. There are three songs by Henry Byrd including 'Tipatina' and three from Jesse Hill including 'Shoo-Ra' which has some classy brass arrangements. Dr John fans will also appreciate 'Menu Cheatin' Woman' and the low-talking style of 'Trader John'. Choice stuff. — Hugh Fielder.

RONEE BLAKLEY 'Welcome' (Warner Bros BS 2890) 35.12 mins ****

RONEE BLAKLEY is the country singer previously unknown in the UK who gave such a complex and fascinating performance as the central figure in the whirlpool of characters that is Altman's day-in-the-life epic 'Nashville'.

Now hearing her as the actual Ronee you can see exactly why she got the part. She is a truly charismatic singer with a voice all on its own. She breaks the mould that formed Tammy Wynette and Dolly Parton, busts out of the hygienic plastic coating that makes C&W artists smile on regardless and deliver triumph and tragedy in the same tone as if it was all in a day's tobacco-chewing. She lets rip with emotions in a way not common in any aspect of pop and in this kiss-the-male-arse field she sings as a free woman.

It's not only her lyrics that are fiery. Her voice is rich from deep

in her throat, totally uninhibited in the slower songs where she can throw herself into grief or protest (personal, not political) and has an attractive way of always seeming to be chasing after the beat in the faster pieces without actually losing touch. If she's heard enough Ms Blakley really could become a lady hero to give Joni something to think about (which she hasn't had since the decline from fashion of Joan, Carly, Judi...) — Phil Sutcliffe.



■ DR JOHN: out with the gris-gris



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ALBUMS

Heep freaks—it's up your street

URIAH HEEP: 'The Best Of...' (Bronze ILPS 9375)***

WELL, WHAT can you really say about an album like this, except make the obvious comparisons with the family photo album or the author who has his entire life condensed into a paragraph on the dust jacket of his first novel.

Considering that Uriah Heep have released nine albums over the past six years, it's surprising

(and to their credit) that they didn't put out something like this much earlier on. For the weekend Uriah Heep enthusiast with a limited amount of cash to throw around, it provides a fairly representative sampling of their past work.

Ten tracks — interesting for the instant, right-before-your-eyes transformation that Heep go through between the blatant garage band-isms of the early 'Gyp-

sy' to the more polished strains of 'Return To Fantasy', pulled from their most recent foray into the recording studio.

That's all there is to it really, and it all comes down to the simple matter of whether you're particularly in the market for the best of Uriah Heep. If so, then this is obviously an album that's right up your street. — Dan Hedges.

Mike's book — with a soundtrack

MIKE NESMITH: 'The Prison' (Pacific Arts PAC-101) 48.26 mins *****

BEAR in mind when listening to this platter that it is not, repeat NOT an album. Contrary to popular belief befuddled by the fact that this creation is in LP form, with a book in the box, 'The Prison' is most definitely a Book With A Soundtrack, as Nesmith insisted on calling it at every opportunity.

Listening to it is rather like listening to a film soundtrack, 'cos there are spaces left for visual action to take place, with words instead of pictures to hold the attention while the music choodles placidly along. This makes the album slightly less of the socko listening experience af-

forded by previous Nesmith oeuvres, but if you're in the mood to roll with the flow, in his own immortal words, the record is highly enjoyable listening when taken neat.

And just as Nesmith had hoped, he's achieved an entirely new sensation with 'The Prison' when taken according to instructions. The lavish, glossy and aesthetically pleasing book contains a story that's attuned to spontaneous symbolising, and is the kind of lucid read that can be digested twice in immediate succession without the strain of boredom.

The point of this package is to experience new forms of synchronicity you read while you listen, and the one illuminates and feeds back onto the other, you find you can actually absorb both simultaneously, and it's an experience worth trying.

The story is remarkable for the variety of interpretations that leap from it unforced, just while you read. It's ideal for setting the brain working painlessly, and the

obvious care that's been expended on the elaborate packaging is a sensual bonus.

'The Prison' isn't readily available at your local Boots, but if you check in last week's SOUNDS you'll find a guide to stockists. It's worth the effort. — Vivien Goldman

SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET: 'Mendocino' (Oval OVLM 5001) 36 mins. ****

OVAL are to be congratulated in obtaining the rights to this platter, probably Doug's best apart from 1972's 'The Return Of Doug Saldana', wherein he returned to Austin, Texas, after several years in California and the world. 'Mendocino' was recorded in 1969, in that nebulous period when the counter-culture was losing its funniness without yet having taken on its self-destruction. The Sir Doug Quintet had been a fairly fundamental unit in the early days of Haight-Ashbury, playing



HEEP: nine albums in six years

often at the Avalon Ballroom, where 'She's About A Mover' and 'Watermelon Man' would co-exist side by side and everyone tripped out without really caring either way.

I always admired Doug for pulling off such juxtapositions without anyone worrying whether it was hip to like 'Watermelon Man', and this record achieves exactly the same atmosphere. How can you worry about a record that starts off by thanking all the beautiful people for their beautiful vibrations?

The basic vibe, man, is relaxed Texas picking, dominated by Augie Meyer's reedy Farfisa organ. As at the Avalon, several styles are delved into, but the only psychedelic guitar is when they're joking about. Unlike the subsequent Sir Doug lps, this was properly recorded — 'Together After Five' is reputed to be the band's first run-through after being taught the songs — and is undiluted pleasure. Perfect for when sitting on the front porch pulling on a Lone Star, or even a DD. — Jonh Ingham.

ALAN PRICE: 'Performing Price' (Polydor 2683 062), Double, 76.25 mins. ****

ONE OF my most unhappiest experiences was listening to Alan Price at The Festival Hall sing 32 straight numbers out of tune. The pain was multiplied many thousand-fold by his being one of my musical heroes. A great relief then to find that this album was not recorded on that night of travesty.

As throughout the past couple of years he is toting that largish orchestra which has never quite come together and which, hopefully may now be laid to rest. Price thrives on intimacy, heart to heart, not delusions of grandeur and musical dickie-bows. However, this time the band did not obtrude too much on Price's deeply moving performance of his own arrow-accurate lyrics.

If you have the 'Oh Lucky Man' and 'Between Today And Yesterday' albums, the live version isn't worth buying unless you can't do without a few snatches of the man's laconic patter (always hinting at contempt for both himself and his audience — a stressful relationship which his smoothie London followers seem unaware of). But for a new convert the package would be a handy compendium of his work over 10 years. On top of which there is that emotional power on some numbers which makes each of his concerts a unique experience.

His blue rendering of one of his less known songs 'Is There Anybody Out There' makes that the surprising peak of this set. I trust that next time I hear him he'll have cast away the dinner jacket and extraneous musicians and be giving them hell again, in the heart rather than the ears. — Phil Sutcliffe.

The good, the bad and the ugly . . .

CANNED HEAT: 'Canned Heat Cook Book' (Sunset SLS 50377) 37 mins. ***. A re-issue of the album originally released in 1970 but now on the budget-priced Sunset label. Subtitled 'The Best Of Canned Heat', it includes their biggest hit, 'On The Road Again', and the song that featured in both the Monterey and Woodstock festivals, 'Going Up The Country', as well as other favourites like 'Amphetamine Annie' and 'Rollin' and Tumbling'. Canned Heat were the masters of the boogie in their heyday and the 11-minute 'Fried Hockey Boogie' demonstrates just how they built up their classic sound. At £1.49 it's good value.

THE SHADOWS: 'The Shadows Live At The Paris Olympia' (EMI EMC 3095) 49 mins. **. Seems like The Shadows have almost come full circle. On this record, recorded last June, they plough through a bunch of the old (and I mean old) hits like 'Apache', 'Man Of Mystery', 'Guitar Tango' and 'The Rise And Fall Of Flingel Bunt' as well as exercising their CSN&Y vocal styles on 'Nivram' and 'Lady Of The Morning'. The old and the new are creditably performed and 'Honourable Puff Puff' is a gem that includes a couple of superb guitar riffs and synthesised drum solo but the fact remains that the classics do not weather well under modern treatment from a front line of three guitars: they lose the original sparse and raw feeling. But Hank Marvin's own virtuosity as an axeman still manage to come across — he's never been seriously rated as a guitarist which is a shame. Things start to slide downhill halfway through the second side, however when they try an instrumental of 'Somewhere' from 'West Side Story' and the rock 'n' roll medley at the end are neutralised by some harmonies that sound like the Pointer Sisters in full swing. As a performance it's all good nightclub stuff but I'd rather listen to their old stuff on scatchy 45s anyway.

DONNIE ELBERT: 'Stop In The Name Of Love' (DJM DJSLM 2014) *** ELBERT is the falsetto-voiced soul man who is best known for that often-reissued favourite of the Mod era, 'A Little Piece Of Leather'. More recently in the States he has enjoyed success with revivals of Motown hits like 'Where Did Our Love Go' and 'I Can't Help Myself'. The latter song is on this enjoyable, danceable album (which seems to have been recorded about two years ago) along with other Motown reworkings. Useful sleeve note, too.

TALISKER: 'Dreaming of Clonista' (Virgin C1513) 47 mins. **** IMPROVISING JAZZMEN hearkening back to the Scots' ethnic roots of three of the album's tracks, with arrangements by

drummer/leader Ken Hyder, Talisker talk of the links between Scottish music, street funk, the blues and Africa. It mostly makes sense, and John Rangelcroft's statuesque, mournful tenor tells it with authority. Without attaining any great heights, the album comes across as a refreshing notion from home-grown jazzmen, in spite of the strong Ayler echoes.

A trifle ponderous on the sustained bass notes and Hyder's tendency to clatter and clomp, it succeeds most for me on the nice, loose feel of the title track and 'Heel an' Toe, Foot an' Moo', where the two horns trade lines before resolving with a nice humour into the theme from a million school dances. But I could do with less hairy howling and such. Instead of conjuring up the ethnic Scots background Hyder prizes, it reminds a Sassenach like me of the White Heather Club at those pervasiveness he frets.

O'JAYS' (DJM DJSLM 2009) * RECORDED about five years ago with top producer/arranger H. B. Barnum (of Osmonds and Johnny Bristol fame, among others), just before they gained international success with Gamble and Huff's Philly Sound, this is an album which most of their fans will want. That surging Philly beat is missing, of course, but Eddie Levert's wailing is instantly recognisable and the songs are strong.**

STANLEY TURRENTINE: 'Another Fine Mess' (DJM DJSLM 2012) ** TURRENTINE, a tenor saxophonist with a mellow, undemanding sound, was one of the first jazzmen to get hip to the possibilities of jazz/funk and its crossover potential into the soul/easy listening markets. In the last few years he has had big selling albums on CTI, then Fantasy, and these cuts seem to date from about five years ago. Pleasant treatments of songs from the likes of Wonder and the Beatles.

GLEN CAMPBELL: 'Arkansas' (EMI VMP 1001) 30 mins. ** THERE are 16 hundred and fifty-three guitar pickers in Nashville. Count this man out. The album represents the most commercial Glen Campbell to date. It's a special re-packaging of the non-country, non-guitar playing television stuff. Not one Jimmy Webb song on the whole thing! There is some Rogers and Hammerstein though — even some Gordon Lightfoot... Very strange stuff for an album that is dedicated to Campbell's early years.

The Rhinestone Cowboy, in allowing packages like this to circulate, is making it much harder to remember that he is one of the best guitar players around. If he'd actually stuck to his roots in country music he could well have produced enough good music to warrant two full 'best of' albums. It is clear from this selection that he has yet to reach that point.

NINA SIMONE: 'In Concert' (Contempo CLP 531) ***

NINA SIMONE: 'Sings Billie Holiday' (Contempo CLP 529) *** AS a pioneer of black awareness and dignity, Nina Simone is rightly respected. But it has to be said that her sombre vibrato is an acquired taste and, in retrospect, her style often sounds heavily mannered and self-conscious. Still, fans will doubtless welcome a chance to collect these tracks which — although the label says 1972 — seem to be compiled from her early-60s albums.

DON WILLIAMS: 'Vol One' (ABC 5153) 27 mins. *; **'Vol Two'** (ABC 5154) 30 mins. **.

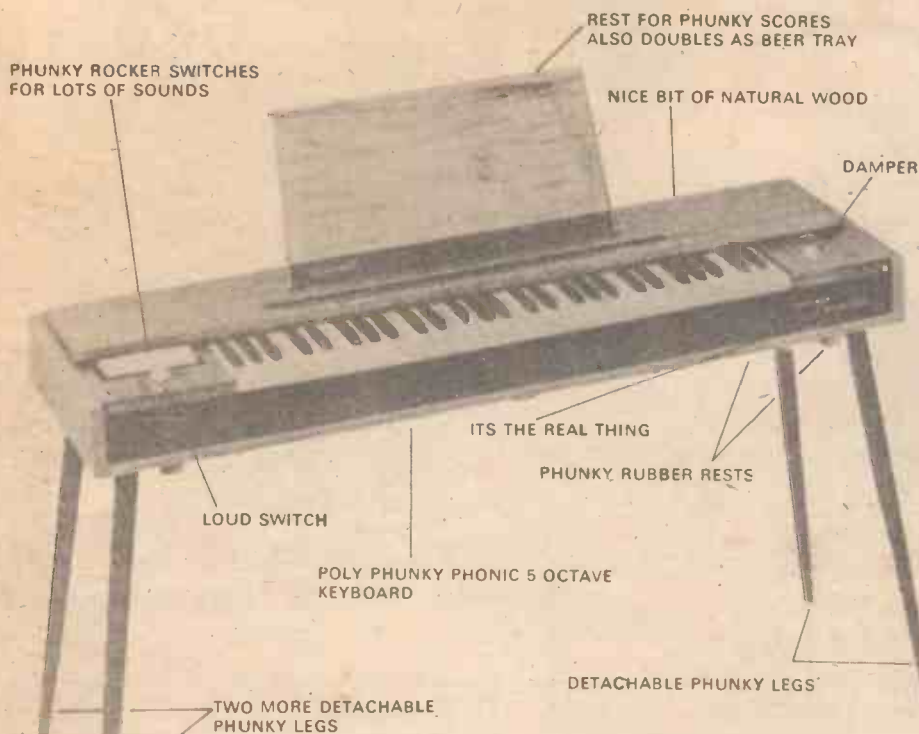
THE COUNTRY Music Association of Great Britain chose Don as 'American Vocalist Of The Year' this year, and also voted his album 'You're My Best Friend', American Album Of The Year. Impressive credentials (especially in the country field) aren't always an indication to an artist's talent, but after listening to these two albums I wouldn't disagree with anything the CMA cared to bestow upon Don. He has a clear, fine voice, plus the necessary depth required for this type of material. The production is excellent on both albums and musicianship is of extremely high standard. However, if you feel that 27 minutes and 30 minutes respectively, are value for money (not to mention good value) then go ahead and buy. A couple more tracks on each album would have secured the same amount of stars. — Derek Canty.

MAX MILLER: 'The Cheekie Chappie' (Philips 6382 114). Or not so cheekie. This is Max singing, and on 'Oh Yes! She Knows Her Onions' he's joined by the Beverly Sisters. Great music hall artist but it needed some gags. Tracks include: 'Little Swiss Miss', 'Friends And Neighbours' and 'Mary From The Dairy'.

THE THREE DEGREES: 'Live' (Philadelphia International PIR 69197) 47 mins. ***. Recorded at Blighty's Leicester (which doesn't have the same ring as the Copacabana or the Sahara Tahoe, but never mind) this album wisely dispenses with most the schlock showbiz standards which make their stage act a bit embarrassing. Hardly deep soul, but fairly dynamic stuff, including most of their hits, with a good band and a good sound balance. Fans won't be disappointed.

LENNY: ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK (United Artists UAS 29724) ***. It's a good film, and Dustin Hoffman's impersonation of Lenny Bruce is remarkably accurate, but this mixture of dialogue, snatches of sketches and jazzy music (including some vintage Miles Davis) doesn't make much sense away from the movie. Better to seek out the recordings by Bruce himself.

Phor Phunky Phinger Phreaks



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BLOWIN'

The page for musicians
Edited by Tony Mitchell

ROCK will be killed stone dead in London if the Greater London Council's proposed noise legislation is brought in.

So says Dave Martin, the Australian audio systems engineer who has worked with top bands like Argent, Caravan, Deep Purple, ELP, Jethro Tull, Manfred Mann, Man, Mud, Pink Floyd, Rubettes, Steeleye Span, Supertramp and Wishbone Ash.

Will fans and musicians just allow this legislation to creep up on them — not just in London but probably all over the country as other councils take the GLC lead — without making their protests heard? Dave says that so far he has seen nothing but complacency among music business people.

"The trouble is that everybody is acting as if this legislation is not a threat to their livelihoods, which it most certainly is," he told SOUNDS. He refers us to this month's Studio Sound magazine in which Adrian Hope discusses this very question in depth, and shows us just what the proposed legislation could mean.

Briefly, the legislation — at this stage a draft Code of Practice — calls for a maximum noise dosage of continuous 90dBA over eight hours (or the equivalent) for any member of the audience, and a peak level of 102 dBA which must never be exceeded, at an indoor concert.

Demonstrate

What do these figures mean in practice? Well, to demonstrate, Hope got hold of a sound dose meter which integrates sound and time to give a digital readout of the percentage of the allowable daily dose notched up by the wearer.

"At the Roundhouse," he reports, "the rock group Fumble, not a particularly loud group, notched up . . . over three times the safe daily dose. The group also smashed the peak limit permitted by at least a dozen dBA."

Deduction: if the legislation were enacted, the band would only have been able to play for 17 minutes, but they would have broken the law the first time a note peaked over 102 dBA (which might have been in the first minute of the performance).

But the point is, it's not just rock groups that are breaking the law. Book measurements in discos, and even in a pub with a jazz piano trio the law would have been broken. Then he measured the sound level one metre from a Covent Garden dramatic mezzo soprano.

His comment: "the reading was 104-105 dBA and she wasn't even trying". Conclusion: her colleagues on stage and some members of the orchestra would be subject to an illegal dose of noise at a Covent Garden Performance.

Effects

Likewise with a semi-amplified jazz quintet in a small club, where the trumpet player notched up 105 dBA some distance away.

And if you want to see the effects of such legislation, you've only got to go to Leeds, where legal limits below those proposed in London are already in force. Just try and find anyone who can put on what we would regard as a normal rock concert in Leeds.

But Dave Martin is in the business of selling amplification, so is he not really more concerned about his loss of business than our loss of loud rock music?

"Certainly it would affect business, but I also happen to like rock music," he said.

"The point is that these proposals were brought about



■ DAVE MARTIN (inset) surrounded by an array of amplification — destined for the junk heap if the Government have their way.

because a lot of bands do play too loud in small venues — often above 115 dBA. But the limit proposed for London is like telling a motorist who usually drives at 180 mph to slow down to 10 mph!"

If it doesn't look like that from the quoted figures, that's because dBA is a logarithmic and not a linear scale. An increase of 3dBA is equivalent to doubling the number of watts coming out of the speakers!

But how should amplification be arranged to get the best out of it without damage to our hearing, which is after all what the legislation seeks to prevent?

"We must try to get groups to play at a sensible level according to the type of venue. What they must do is cut down on the power of the back line.

"For a PA you need three times the total power of the back line, so the lower your stage amplification, the lower powered your PA needs to be," says Dave.

"This also makes the job of the sound mixer easier, and it makes it easier on the audience, who can still have it loud. I believe there is a lot more scope for bands to involve themselves in the dynamics of music.

Orchestra

"The better bands do this, but the way a lot of rock groups play is analogous to a symphony orchestra which plays fortissimo all the time.

"If there is going to be any legislation, it's ridiculous to have a peak above which the volume cannot go, because ear damage — which is what this is all about — is a cumulative problem, so laws should only be concerned with the total dosage during a concert."

So be assured that Dave is being reasonably impartial about this — as impartial as anyone who wants to stay in business can be!

Dave's business, for those who don't know, is closely tied up with Midas amplification, the organisation run by Jeff Byers. They share premises near to London's Euston Tower — they're actually in the backyard of the BTM management company (whose groups include Curved Air, Climax Blues Band and Wishbone Ash) and they do quite a bit of work with BTM's own equipment hire company, Scope.

Dave was just starting in this country when he first teamed up with Jeff. He was supplying some sound systems for discotheques and was stuck for mixing desks. Jeff offered to build him some and they've been together ever since!

Now, apart from supplying the

big names, they also provide 'down-market' equipment for those who haven't got as much to spend, take on permanent installation work and are always

available to give advice on any PA problem.

"But," warns Dave, "we are committed to using only those products which we consider can-

Turn it down!

Proposed noise limits threaten the future of rock in London. But there is a lot that musicians can do to ease the situation, says amplification expert DAVE MARTIN . . .

not be bettered. We use the best, regardless of cost, but at the same time we're committed to building cost-effective systems."

And cost effective means using fully horn-loaded bins, designed by Dave to have adequate mouth area and horn length while remaining reasonably compact. And for those who still aren't sure what it is about horns that has caused this resurgence in their popularity, Dave explains:

"Imagine the analogy of a shovel and pile of sand. If shovel A is twice the area of shovel B, it will move four times the volume of sand. The horn provides that greater volume of air for the speaker to move, and thus it is more efficient — you get greater volume of sound for a given speaker rating.

He and his colleagues are currently involved in developing systems based on direct radiation — ie the 'conventional' speaker cabinet — although you can be sure that nothing Dave Martin and Jeff Byers do will ever be totally conventional.

However their livelihoods and those of many, many people may yet depend on what can really only be described as well intentioned ignorance on the part of the GLC.

If the issue of licences for musical performances throughout the country becomes subject to noise regulations of the kind proposed (and in many cases already operated, according to Adrian Hope) by the GLC, life ain't going to be much fun for young nor old.

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FAIR DEAL

Susanne Garrett investigates your problems

Help! I've been uncovered...

HERE ARE three problems which I hope you can answer. First of all, a friend borrowed the sleeves to the following Yes albums, 'The Yes Album', 'Close To The Edge', 'Fragile', 'Yessongs', 'Relayer' and 'Tales From Topographic Oceans', because he admired the artwork and wanted to copy the drawings. However, he left the lot in a carrier bag on a train in Sheffield. I have written to Atlantic about obtaining replacements but have had no reply.

Secondly, I read a letter in SOUNDS in which someone mentioned that there are eight inner sleeves for 'Yessongs'. My copy has the normal white inner sleeves. Should it have?

Thirdly, I am trying to get hold of a colour supplement on Genesis by Tony Palmer. Where can I get it? — Tony Beal, Lincoln, Lincolnshire.

Write to Barry Saunders, WEA Records Ltd, 69 New Oxford Street, London, W1. He will do his best to provide you with new album covers and can clear up your inner sleeve problem. Your copy of 'Yessongs' seems perfectly normal — although it could be missing a songbook.

The Genesis supplement by Tony Palmer was published by 'The Observer' on October 27, 1974. You can order the edition you need from the Back Number

Department, Observer Ltd, 167 Queen Victoria Street, London, EC4. A postal order for 28p (inc p&p) will cover the cost.

Relayer back to front

SEVERAL MONTHS ago, I bought a cassette of 'Relayer' by Yes. There is a long period of empty tape after the last song on Side 2, during which I noticed that Side 1 had "printed through" in other words, I was hearing Side 1 backwards.

I immediately sent the tape back to Atlantic, requesting replacement. But since then, I have heard nothing for approximately three months — even though I have written to them twice. Please can you help? — S. Hooper, Barnstaple, Devon.

WEA told Fair Deal that they have tested your cassette and are sending you a replacement, which should have reached you by the time this letter is published.

Any Who programmes?

WHERE CAN me and my mate get two copies of the Who programme? When we travelled to the Bingley Hall to see them, although one of the stage crew



YES: faulty cassette

stated that programmes would be on sale at the end of the show we couldn't find any. — Paul Smith, Hull, Yorks.

Department Who, at Theatre Graphics, 13 Oxford Circus Avenue, London, W1, will be able to supply programmes at 50p and 10p post and packing for

a single copy, or 90p (including post and packing) for two copies.

Quadrophenia — double trouble

RECENTLY, I bought the LP 'Quadrophenia' by The Who,

only to find that side four jumped in several places. I changed the album three times, but the record jumped in exactly the same places. I decided not to go back to the shop again (mainly due to the cost of travel) and because I also reckoned that the whole batch in this particular shop could be faulty. Can you help? — Malcolm Smith, Southdene, Kirkby.

Send your album and an explanatory letter to the Quality Assurance Department, Phonodisc, Clyde Works, Grove Road, Romford, Essex. A test and report will be made at the factory. If your retailer has a faulty batch he should contact Polydor about his stock.

A whistling squeaking Fox

I RECENTLY bought a copy of the new Fox LP. But on playing it, I found that it squeaked or whistled on various tracks. The shopkeeper wouldn't change it — so I returned it to GTO. They sent a replacement but this too squeaked.

My record player is not the cause of the problem, as I have tried it on several different record players with the same result. Is this squeak a common fault or have I got a bad pressing? — Christine Ball, Preston, Lancs.

Paul Kinder of GTO Records has agreed to investigate your complaint. Please return your album to him at 17 Barlow Place, Bruton Street, London, W1X 7AE.

Duff cassette on the deck

I RECENTLY bought a Philips C-90 cassette which jammed while I was playing it on my deck. As this has happened with two similar cassettes on my car cassette player I feel it is about time I made a formal complaint. Where do I send the cassette to obtain a replacement? — P. A. Hollinshead, Gilfach Goch, Nr Porth.

Philips advise you to take the faulty cassette back to the dealer who is obliged to replace it if it was defective when you bought it. However, if your dealer will not replace the tape please return it to Mr T. Marchant at the following address: Philips Electrical Ltd, 17 Beddington Farm Road, Croydon, Surrey.

A baddy Goodie

I RECENTLY bought a copy of 'The World Of The Goodies' album. Although I am very pleased with the quality of the record, the outer sleeve was very badly damaged. As the copy I have is the only one available in Devizes, I would be very grateful if you could tell me where I can obtain another. — Stephen Bridewell, Devizes, Wilts.

The record retailer at Devizes is obliged to provide you with another sleeve if the cover of your Goodies LP was damaged on purchase. However, Decca have taken down your details and are forwarding you an untainted outer sleeve.

Address your letters to: Susanne Garrett, Fair Deal, SOUNDS, Spotlight House, 1 Benwell Road, London, N7 7AX. Do not send stamped addressed envelopes to Susanne Garrett as she is unable to enter into personal correspondence.

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- Which album does 'Good Vibrations' originally appear on?
- What was the title of the Beach Boys protest song about the Kent State University killings?
- Which Beach Boy now only rarely appears with the band?

NAME

ADDRESS

LETTERS

Write to: **SOUNDS**
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Omma gawd, what have we done?

TWICE IN last week's SOUNDS we had to endure the oh-so-smug 'I am rather above this Mike Oldfield thing' attitude. Occasion number one was in the singles reviews and the reviewer came to his damning conclusion on the basis of a listen to the B side of Oldfield's Christmas single, a beautifully open and ingenious song of joy designed as an envoy to one of the most uplifting, joyful pieces of music I know of — i.e. 'Ommadawn'.

Occasion number two was in the interview with Captain Beefheart, a man who was once a maker of wildly adventurous music but who is now, judging by the last few interviews I have read, one of the most conceited, egotistical figures in rock. Either the man condescends to give you his blessings or he rejects you outright with some extremely clever remark.

One would hardly expect the man who made the frantic, iconoclastic 'Troutmask Replica' to be on quite the same wave length as a man whose music sets out to express love of the pastoral world and lifestyle. But Beefheart of course has to tear this down, as he mocks everything else that does not suit him. And before we leave the subject of Beefheart, I might add that, of the hundreds of concerts etc. I have been to, his was the only one I have ever walked out of. — C. J. W. Plant, Hermitage Road, Sanghall, Chester.

Naz 'Hurts' the best

I WAS most surprised to read in the review by Geoff Barton of Nazareth's new LP the large amount of insults heaped upon 'Love Hurts'.

He called it abysmal. It isn't. It's really very beautiful. In fact I, and everyone else who I've played it to, thinks it is the best track on the album. Jim Capaldi's version falls into insignificance besides Dan McCafferty's soaring vocals. — Paula, Hawth Close, Southgate, Crawley.

Spotting the future of rock

IN REPLY to K. H. MacLeod's letter about Bruce Springsteen, he isn't the new Hendrix, or the new Robin Trower, but he probably is the new Dylan (a tag he'll soon have to shed. His songs are poignant truths of life on the street; real reflections of a New Jersey childhood).

This guy has so much emotion, so much pure energy and talent that fronting a band like that they really do deserve every accolade.

'Born To Run' really is the album of the decade. I was privileged to see him do a three hour, five encore gig on Monday, and I have never seen anyone even in the same league; and I've seen bands from Elton John through Steely Dan to Todd

Rundgren. They command silence or uproar in an audience by the merest wish.

Just give him an honest listen and you will be very surprised. — A. D. Lewis, South Lane, New Malden, Surrey.

America the beautiful

I MUST protest as to the way in which you reviewed the great America's new album 'History'.

As far as I am concerned the person who wrote this must listen to some pretty foul music, and, for saying what he did about it, is a !*!?!*! bad judge of music. I don't usually swear, but when I read that ...

I have been getting SOUNDS for some time and if anything has been said before about America you are lucky I didn't read it. Therefore my boyfriend and about 14 of our friends, will now revert to the *New Musical Express*. — Miss C. Meredith, Bebington Road, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead, Merseyside.

P.S. I am 20 and recently went to your concert in Southport and I must say that there were plenty of people who looked as if they hadn't bathed for weeks.

Legalised murder of Caroline

The execution of Radio Caroline is the greatest harm done to rock music. It is a definite case of discrimination.

It seems to me that popular music these days is governed by a desire to make money quick with a minimum of talent, originality and effort. Groups like the Bay City Rollers, Showaddywaddy and their imitators are controlled by accountants.

Now I'm not saying that the music of Led Zeppelin, Yes and Genesis is produced with no regard for money making. Perhaps we pseuds are controlled zombie-like by these bands. But isn't it fair that these bands should get air time. Radio One, through Messrs Freeman and Peel shed a little light on the darkness, but surely if bopper music can get whole channels to itself then so-called progressive music should be given the same service. So why get rid of Caroline?

It think the lucrative industry of hit-making and bopper-producing controls more than just the boppers. It's got the Government and the BBC under its grubby hands. — Nigel Thompson, Higham Green, Kings Lynn, Norfolk.

I should know, I wasn't there

IT APPEARS that, once more, the rock critics of your Music paper are intent on slugging Deep Purple. David Harris's review of Purple's recent New Zealand concert was a load of crap and I didn't even see the show!

Technology is more important than musicianship he says. Find he a group which has five better



■ **FREDDIE MERCURY:** if success is inevitable, lie back and enjoy it

Royal Toast

TO ALL members of Queen and managements:

I was at the 9pm I was at the 9pm show at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on November 26 and bloody hell what a concert! The only band that could better that performance of sheer perfection will be Queen next time round. Thanks Queen and see ya next year. — Alan Warren, High Lane, Stockport, Cheshire.

'Amateur' Sabbath

BEING A great Black Sabbath fan. I was really looking forward to last Saturday's concert at the Cardiff Capitol, but was it that special?

Bandy Legs really started it off in an excellent way, and their twin guitar line-up was second

Revolting threat to SOUNDS writer

RE DAVID HARRIS' review is Purple's New Zealand gig. Feedback, the essence of good heavy rock, is produced solely by 'cacophonous' volume, via the pick-up, all owing a string to recycle on itself is sustain. write 100 times Mr Harris: "Feedback is not sustain".

Therefore, if any feedback artists are slagged again — Beck, Blackmore, Hendrix (not R. Trower); I will personally come to the SOUNDS offices, find David Harris, and swing from the hairs in his nose. — Slug The Bug, Ordnance Road, Enfield Lock, Middx.

Magic from Mike Nesmith

MAGIC HIT Colchester for a few minutes on Saturday and very few people noticed and even fewer seemed to care.

The tragic? Michael Nesmith playing at Essex University. He struggled for 30 minutes against a crowd of noisy and totally disinterested intelligentsia. The few of us there who did care for Michael were incredibly saddened that he should have received such treatment. I hope he reads this and accepts it as an apology from two people who know his music and are positive that he deserves far better treatment. — Julian Coleman, Raglan Street, Lowestoft.

Queen: battle of the bulge?

JUST WHO does Queen Freddie Mercury think he's trying to fool? If he expects us to believe that the piece of rubber hose he tucked inside his snazzy shorts at the recent Bristol gig is a real !*!?!,

then what went wrong with me at birth???

I can't wait for *Playgirl* magazine to sign him up. — Gay Gordon.

only to Thin Lizzy of the groups I've seen.

Then, to the sounds of 'Superstar', we had Sabbath, and for the next hour or more we had an amateurish show. Tony Iormie's amps and guitars continually gave trouble, Ozzy Osbourne had trouble reaching some high

notes, and the songs all seemed mechanical and lifeless.

If Sabbath want to stay where they are, they must think more about a stage act, and less about pointless soloing. Take a leaf from Queen's book. — Tony Heare, Helpstone Terrace, Wainfelin, Pontypool, Gwent.

Walkers' ship is coming in

VIVIEN GOLDMAN was just a bit cheeky, when she suggested that the Walker Brothers 'might have benefited from living in America'. (Record review, November 29).

That is precisely the place where the Walkers' style originated, all of them having paid their dues working there.

What Vivien Goldman calls 'the soft/sweet' Walker sounds has always been spiced with angst and a sharp/sour angle or two. It is evident that your reviewer hasn't been paying attention to the direction of their work — together and solo. Perhaps their supporters will be better able to comment on her remark: 'Look what going to America did for Graham Nash'.

Your reviewer really is a very amusing lady — or would be if if...! — M. V. Cortland, Gleneldon Road, London, SW16.

Pearls from Blue Oyster Cult

I WONDERED if Geoff Barton was knocking Black Sabbath when he said that Blue Oyster Cult's concert was the best heavy metal set he'd seen.

Well, I've just returned from their gig in Manchester and agree completely with him that Blue Oyster Cult do a much more professional and exciting concert. I never thought I would see the day when I would say anybody was better than Black Sabbath in concert but musically Blue Oyster Cult are way ahead. — S. Warrington, Eldercroft Road, Timperley, Altrincham, Cheshire.

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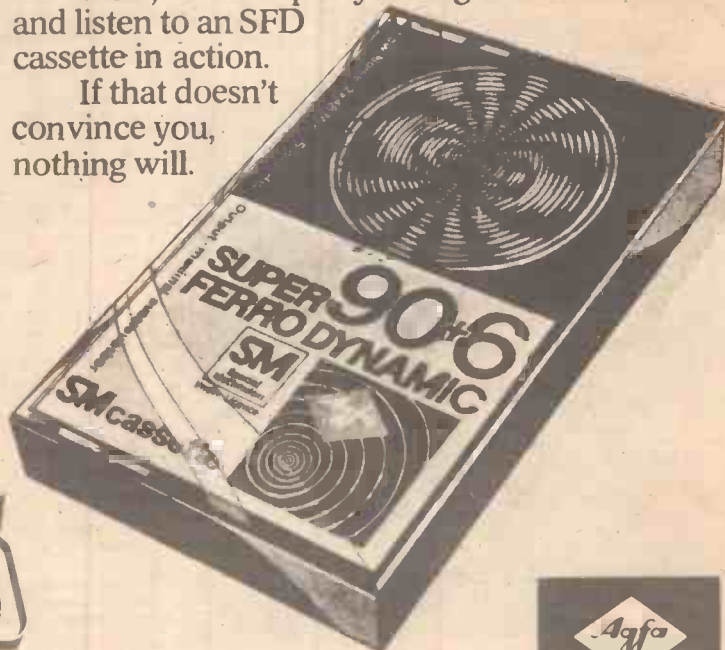
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STEPPIN' OUT

Britain's best and biggest gig guide

The information here is correct at time of going to press, but may be subject to change. Please check with the venues concerned

WED

BANCO, The Polytechnic, Stafford, North Staffs.
CHRIS BARBER'S BAND, Arts Centre, Dillington
MIKE BERRY, ICA Restaurant, Nash House, 12 Carlton House Terrace, The Mall, SW1
BIFFO, N.E. London Polytechnic, Waltham Forest
BLUE JAYS, Royal Albert Hall, London, SW7 (01-589 8212).
BRETT MARVIN AND THE THUNDERBOLTS / CISCO, City of London Polytechnic
BILL CADDICK, Folk at Centerprise, 136 Kingsland High Street, E8
MARTIN CARTH, Assembly Room, Claremont Road, Surbiton, Surrey
CISCO, City of London Polytechnic, London
COBARUS, Plough, Stockwell Road, SW9
COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS, Keele University
CRAZY CAVAN AND THE RHYTHM ROCKERS, College of Education, Oxford
CURVED AIR, The University, Keele (Keele Park 371)
DIRTY POSTCARDS, Troubadour
BONNIE DOBSON, Folk Centre, London
RAY DOYLE, Martha's Wine Bar, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, NW3.
DRUID, Northern Ireland Polytechnic, Jordanstown
ENGLISH TAPESTRY, University College, 25 Gordon Street, London, WC1
FAMILY COOKIN', USAF, Greenham Common and Gullivers Club, London
CHRIS FARLOWE, University of Essex, Colchester (44144)
F.B.I., Dingwalls, Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London, NW1 (01-267 4967)
RAY FISHER, Dingles Folk Club, Adam's Arms, Conway Street
FOGG, Windsor Castle
FORTUNES, Nero's Place, Camden, London
FUMBLE / HOBO, N. Staffs Polytechnic, Stoke-on-Trent
RORY GALLAGHER FILM, ABC, Bexleyheath
GLITTER BAND, University of Liverpool (051-709 4744).
GONZALEZ, Marquee, Wardour Street, London, W1
GRUMBLEWEEDS, New Cresta Club, Birmingham (021-743 7001)
ROLF HARRIS, Talk of the Town, London, WC2 (01-734 5395)
HAWKWIND, Bingley Hall, Birmingham
HEAVY METAL KIDS, Town Hall, Reading (655911)
HENRY COW, Aston University, Birmingham (021-472 1841).
HEREWARD, Martha's Wine Bar, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, NW3
VINCE HILL, Golden Garter, Manchester
HOBO/SPIDERS FROM MARS, Assembly Hall, Edinburgh.



■ KOKOMO: Twickenham, Sunday

HOMBRE, Bettina's, 383 Euston Road, London, NW1.
HUSTLER, Central Suite, City Hall, Sheffield
JACK THE LAD, Saxon Tavern, Bellingham, London, SE6
BERT JANSCH, Marquee, Wardour Street, London, W1 (01-437 8603)
JAZZ JUNCTION, Ship Inn, Jews Road, Wandsworth Bridge
DAVID JENKINS, Obelisk Restaurant, 294 Westbourne Grove, W11
MICKEY JUPP BAND, Rachel McMillan College, Creek Road, Deptford
JIMMY KAVANAGH BIG BAND, Edinburgh Suite, Alexandre Palace, London
TIM LAYCOCK, Waddon Hotel, Stafford Road, Croydon
TONY LEE TRIO, Bull's Head, Barnes Bridge, SW13
LONG JOHN BALDRY, Hope and Anchor, Upper Street
HUMPHREY LYTTTELTON / KENNY BALL / NEW GERALDO ORCHESTRA, London Palladium, Argyle Street, London, W1
MANTRA, Kilburn Polytechnic, Priory Park
GEORGE MELLY, Ronnie Scotts
MOTHER SUPERIOR, University of Warwick, Coventry
OPEN CIRCUIT, Brecknock, Camden Lock, London, NW1
ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS, Railway Bell, George Lane, South Woodford, Essex

PAZ KING GOODIE BAND, Pindar of Wakefield, Grays Inn Road, London, WC1
TONY PILSON, Bunjies, 27 Lichfield Street, London, WC2
QUEEN, Odeon, Birmingham (021 643 6101)
RED BEANS AND RICE, College of Education, Cardiff
REYNALD AND LUCIA, Jimmy's Wine Bar, Kensington Church Street, W8
RODEO, Olde Whyte Harte, London, WC2
JIMMY RUFFIN, Baileys, Derby (363151)
RAY RUSSELL QUINTET, Phoenix, Cavendish Square, London, W1 (629 1700)
SADISTA SISTERS, Ronnie Scott's, 47 Friih Street, London, W1
SASSAFRAS / BAND CALLED O, The University, Cardiff (396421)
SEVENTH WAVE, Exeter University
SHABBY TIGER, City of London Polytechnic, London, E10 (01-247 2717)
SHAKIN STEVENS AND THE SUNSETS, The University, Keele
SLACK ALICE, Fangs Disco, Praed Street, London, W2
SOLDIER'S JOY, Matilda's, Old Swan Pub, 206 Kensington Church Street, W8
VIV STANSHALL AND FRIENDS / DAGABOND, Decorum College, Herts.
STRANGE DAYS, Festival Hall, Trowell, Notts.
STRIFE, Greyhound, Fulham
SUPERTRAMP / JOAN ARMATRADING / MOVIES, ABC, Hull
JAKE THACKERAY, Bangor University
THIN LIZZY, National Stadium, Dublin
UNICORN, Speakeasy, London, W1
GENO WASHINGTON AND THE RAM JAM BAND, Baileys, Liverpool (051-709 0711)
WEST LONDON LINE-UP, Salisbury Hotel, Earls Court, London, SW5
WHISTLESTOP ROADSHOW / DRUID, N. Ireland Polytechnic
WILDER, Middlesex Polytechnic, Trent Park

EMPEROR ROSKO, Belfry Disco, Milton Common.
EQUILIBRIUM, The Gun, Croydon (6881046).
NICKI FRANCES QUARTET, Olde Whyte Harte, London, WC2.
FUMBLE, Dundee College of Art & Technology.
GENTLE GIANT, Colston Hall, Bristol (291 768).
CAROL GRIMES BAND, Hope and Anchor, 207 Upper Street, N1.
ISAAC GUILLORY, Olde Bull Inn, Market Place, Royston.
GUN RUNNER, Brecknock, Camden Lock, London.
ROLF HARRIS, Talk of the Town, London, WC2.
HOTRODS, The Kensington, Kensington, London.
HUSTLER, Casino Club, Wigan.
JIMMY JAMES AND THE VAGABONDS, Bonanza Club, RAF Henlow, Beds.
JOHNY WILDERS CHICAGO HEATWAVE, Vernon Club, HMS Vernon, Portsmouth.
JUST US, Seven Dials, 27 Shelton Street, London, WC2.
THE JOHN KEEN BAND, Bricklayers Arms, Ealing Road, Brentford.
LEE KOSMIN BAND, Wellington, 513 Archway Road, N6.
MOON, Westminster College, Oxford.
MOTORHEAD, Brunel University.
MUD, De Montford Hall, Leicester (22850).
NATIONAL FLAG, Marquee, Wardour Street, London, W1.
NO-MAN'S BAND, Newlands, Stuart Road, Peckham, London.
STEVE PHEASANT QUARTET, Kings Head, Upper Street, Islington, N1.
QUEEN, City Hall, Newcastle.
REAL THING, The Bankhouse, Bransford, Nr Worpester.
ROCOC, Greyhound, Fulham, London.
ROCKY SHARPE & THE RAZORS, Hove Town Hall, Hove, Sussex.
ROOGALATOR, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London, NW1.
SADISTA SISTERS, Ronnie Scott's, Friih Street, London, W1.
SASSAFRAS/BAND CALLED O, University of Aberystwyth.
SCARECROW, Lord Palmerston, Kings Road, Fulham, SW6.
PAUL SIMON, Palladium, London, W1 (437 7373).
SKYPORT ADE/MATILDA'S BUSH BAND, Matilda's, Old Swan Pub, Kensington Church Street, London, W8.
SLACK ALICE, Memorial Hall, Norwich.
SLENDER LORIS, Imperial Hotel, Birmingham.
SOS, Arncliffe Gallery, Bristol.
SPANGLED MOB, Cafe des Artistes, Fulham Road, SW10.
SPIDERS FROM MARS, Napier College, Edinburgh.
CAT STEVENS, Empire, Liverpool (051-709 1555).
STRETCH, 400 Club, Torquay.

STRIKE A LIGHT, Cricketers, 20 Fairfield South, Kingston, Surrey.
SUPERTRAMP/JOAN ARMATRADING/MOVIES, Guildhall, Preston.
SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER, Robert Gordon Institute, Aberdeen.
TONGE, Presidents Club, S. Kensington, London.
UNICORN, Speakeasy, London, W1.
UPP, Marquee, Wardour Street, London.
URIAH HEEP, Capital, Cardiff.
VIV STANSHALL'S VIVARIUM, Teeside Polytechnic, Middlesbrough.
BOB WALLIS AND HIS STORYVILLE JAZZMEN, Casino, Blackpool.
GENO WASHINGTON AND THE RAM JAM BAND, Baileys, Liverpool.
WHISTLESTOP ROADSHOW/ DRUID, University of Coleraine.

FORTUNES, Neroes Palace, Camden, London
RORY GALLAGHER film, Classic, Glasgow
GENTLE GIANT, Corn Exchange, Cambridge
GONZALEZ, College of Art, Portsmouth
GOOD HABIT, 76 Club, Burton-on-Trent
GRUMBLEWEEDS, New Cresta Club, Birmingham
ROLF HARRIS, Talk of the Town, London
JUDAS PRIEST, WALLY & HAWKWIND, Bingley Hall, Birmingham
HELLRAISERS, Paisley College of Technology
HI-TONES, The Howff, Regents Park Road, London, NW1
VINCE HILL, Golden Garter, Manchester
JACK THE LAD, North Staffs Polytechnic, Stafford
JIVE BOMBERS, High Wycombe College, High Wycombe
MICKEY JUPP BAND, North London Poly
KENNY, Village Bowl, Bournemouth
MADONNA, Rock Club, Wokingham
MARMALADE, The Monico, Canvey Island
GEORGE MELLY, Ronnie Scott's, Friih Street, London, W1
MOON, College of Education, Northampton
MOTHER SUPERIOR, Brewery Arts Centre, Kendal
MUD, Odeon, Birmingham
MUNGO JERRY, Trent Polytechnic, Nottingham
ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS, Prince of Wales, Packhurst Hill
OSIBISA, Annabellas, Sunderland
STEVE PLEASANT, Olde Whyte Hart, London, WC2
REAL THING, Barbarellas, Birmingham
RED BEANS/RICE, Blenkin Hall, Newport
RIOT ROCKERS, Manor Social Club, Sheffield
EMPEROR ROSKO, Addison Centre, Bedford
SADISTA SISTERS, Ronnie Scott's, Friih Street, London, W1
PAUL SIMON, Palladium, London
SLACK ALICE, College of Art, Harrow
SOS, Arts Centre, Plymouth
SUTHERLAND BROS & QUIVER, Glasgow Technical College
SPIDERS FROM MARS, University of Strathclyde, Glasgow
VIV STANSHALLS VIVARIUM, College of Education, Nottingham
CAT STEVENS, Bingley Hall, Stafford
STRANGE DAYS, RAF Noctor Hall, Lincs
STRETCH, College of Education, Brentwood
THE STRANGLERS, The Red Lion, Watford
SUPERTRAMP, Empire, Liverpool
ARMATRADING MOVIES, Empire, Liverpool
SUPERTRAMP, Empire, Liverpool
THIN LIZZY, The University, Bath
THUNDERPUSS, Crown Hotel, Harlow
TONGE, The Southdown Hotel, Worthing
UFO, Bretton College, Wakefield
URIAH HEEP, Colston Hall, Bristol
GENO WASHINGTON & THE RAM JAM BAND, Baileys, Liverpool
WATERSONS, Three Blackbirds, High Road, London, E10
WHISTLESTOP ROADSHOW / DRUID, Queens, Belfast
WHYE, Hungry Year's, Brighton
JOHNY WILDERS CHICAGO HEATWAVE, Neros Club, Southsea

FRI

ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIAS, The Polytechnic, Bristol
ARBRE, Darlington College of Arts, Totnes
CHRIS BARBER, City Hall, Hull
BEANO, Maddisons Club, Middlesbrough
BOOMBAYA, London College of Printing
BOYS FROM BENDY BQW, The Crown, Cirencester
BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS, Heriot Watt University, Edinburgh
CADO BELLE & TEQUILLA, Dingwalls, Camden lock, Chalk Farm Road, London
JASPER CARROTT, New Doghouse Club, Wall
CHAS & DAVE, Bettinas, Euston Road, NW1
CITY BOY, Reeves, Bristol
DEE CLARK, Top Hat, Spennymoor
CLIMAX BLUES BAND, North East Surrey College
COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, Beaconsfield
COUSIN JOE, Camegie Theatre, Worthington
CRAZY CAVAN & THE RHYTHM ROCKERS, Pier Bar, Southend
DESMOND DEKKER, Forth Centre, Stuarton
BONNIE DOBSON, Arts Centre, Stevenage
DOCTORS OF MADNESS, College of Art and Technology, Derby
JUDGE DREAD, RAF Marham, Kings Lynn
FAMILY COOKIN', Tites Club, Beckenham, Q Club, London
CHRIS FARLOWE, Brunel University, Uxbridge
FATSO, Newlands Tavern, Stuarts Road, Peckham, London

THURS

ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIAS, Plough, Torrington.
BEANO, Maddisons Club, Middlesbrough.
BILBO BAGGINS, De Montford, Leicester (22850).
ACKER BILK, New Public Hall, Shepton Mallet.
BONE IDOL, Bridge House, 23 Barking Road, London, E16.
BOOMBAYA, Granary Club, Bristol.
CARIBE, Northcote Lib, Northcote Road, SW11.
CHEQUERS, Mayflower Club, Immingham, Near Grimsby.
CLEAR BLUE SKY, NE London Polytechnic, Barking.
MAX COLLIE'S RHYTHM ACES, Assembly Rooms, Camden Town, Bidborough Street, London, NW1.
FAMILY COOKIN', RAF Halton & RAF Lyneham.
COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS, Wheatstheaf Hotel, Birmingham Road, Walsall.
CURVED AIR/CLIMAX BLUES BAND, The Dome, Brighton.
CYMANDE, Crockers, Rose Lane, Norwich.
DAWNWIND, Grail Folk Club, White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow, Middx.
DOCTORS OF MADNESS, Queensway Hall, Dunstable.
EAST OF EDEN, Nashville, 171 North End Road, W14.
DEREK AND DOROTHY ELLIOT, Angel, Elstow Road, Bedford (52603).



■ FRUUP: Farnborough, Saturday, and Birmingham, Sunday

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SAT

ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIAS, JB Club, Dudley, Worcs.
ALKATRAZ, People's College, Nottingham
ARBRE / UFO, County Cricket Ground, Northampton
BEANO, Madisons Club, Middlesbrough
BONE IDOL, The Brecknock, Camden Road, NW1
BREAKDOWN, Gazebo, Duke Street, Liverpool
BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS, Phoenix Club, Hull
BROTHER LEES, California Revival, Workingham
BURGLAR BILL, Sundon Disco
CHEQUERS, Entertainments Centre, Yuel
CITY BOY, Penelope's, Paignton, Devon
COLLOSEUM II, Leas Cliffe Hall, Folkestone
CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS, Pier Bar, Southend
CURVED AIR / CLIMAX BLUES BAND, Leas Cliffe Hall, Folkestone
DEE CLARK, Tracey's, Redditch / Mr George's, Coventry
DESMOND DEKKER, Le Bete Noir, Scarborough
DOCTORS OF MADNESS, Boat Club, Nottingham
DRUID, University College, Dublin
EMPEROR ROSKO, RAF Kinross
FAMILY COOKIN, Tivoli Ballroom, Buckley & Bumbles, Widness
FLINTLOCK, Empire Theatre, Sunderland
FOUNDATIONS, RAF Valley, Holyhead
FRUPP, Farnborough Technical College, Farnborough
RORY GALLAGHER, Apollo, Glasgow and Grand, Glasgow
GENTLE GIANT, The Stadium, Liverpool
ROLF HARRIS, Talk of the Town, London
HAWKWIND, Kursaal, Southend
HEAVY METAL KIDS, Civic Hall, St Albans
HELLO, Stour Centre, Ashford, Kent
HELLRAISERS, Frenchman's Motel, Fishguard
VINCE HILL, Golden Garter, Manchester
HI-TONES, The Howff, Regents Park Road, London, NW1
HORSLIPS, National Stadium, Dublin
HOTRODS, Newlands Tavern, Stuart Road, Peckham, London
JACK THE LAD, Barnet College
JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS, Carnegie Rooms, Theford
JOHNNY WILDERS CHICAGO HEATWAVE, Canvey Island
JUDAS PRIEST, Dudley Technical College
KENNY, Stour Centre, Ashford
MARMALADE, RAF Brize Norton, Oxford
AL MATTHEWS & THE LAST WORD, California Ballroom, Dunstable
GEORGE MELLY, Ronnie Scott's, London
MOON, Barkshire College of Education Students' Union, Reading
MOUNTAIN LINE, Folk Club, Hammersmith
MUD, New Victoria Theatre, London
MUNGO JERRY, Porterhouse Club, Nottingham
NICKY THOMAS' REBELS, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London
OSIBISA & BANDIT, Barbarellas, Birmingham, 021 643 9413
QUEEN, Caird Hall, Dundee
RIVENDELL, Gatsby's, Chesham
JIMMY RUFFIN, Balley's, Derby
SADISTA SISTERS, Ronnie Scott's, Frith Street, London, W1
PAUL SIMON, Palladium, London, W1
MARTIN SIMPSON, Tronbridge Centre, Stevenage
SLACK ALICE, Top Tank Suite, Sheffield
SOS, Arts Centre, Bridgwater
THE SOUTHERN RAMBLERS, Black Horse Folk Club, Telham, Sussex
STRANGE DAYS, New Penny, Lincoln
STRETCH, Sparkford Inn, Sparkford, Somerset
SUPERTRAMP / JOAN ARMATRADING / MOVIES, Gaumont, Ipswich
SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER, Wigan Casino, Wigan
SWEET SENSATION, Cosmo Club, Carlisle
TONGE, City of London Polytechnic, London
UFO, Northampton CC
ULP, Tithe Farm, Fastcote Lane, South Harrow
UNDER THE SUN / THE BOYS FROM BENDY BOW, St Pauls College, Cheltenham
URIAH HEEP, Hammersmith Odeon, London
WALLY, Annaford Civic Hall
WILDER, Rugby Club, Ashford, Kent
JOHN WILLIAMS, Fairfield Hall, Croydon

ACKER BILK, Polytechnic, Htfield.
BOOMBAYA, Top Rank, Sheffield.
BROTHER LEES, Kings Country Club, Eastbourne.
CANDLEWICK GREEN, Aquarius Club Chesterfield.
CRAZY CAVAN AND THE ROCKERS, Adam & Eve, Hackney, London.
CLEVELAND DIXIELANDERS, Stainton Suite, Teesside Post House.
DAGABOND, Boat Club, Nottingham.
DURHAM CITY JAZZMEN, Fleming Hotel, Fleming Field, Shotts.
EDDIE & THE HOTRODS, Torrington Music, Lodge Lane, High Road, N. Finchley.
EMPEROR ROSKO, RAF Lossiemouth.
CHRIS FARLOW, New Victoria Theatre, London, SW1 (01-834 0671).
FOLK TALENT CONTEST, General Havelock, High Road, Ilford.
FRED & THE PIGS, Centre Hotel, Portsmouth.
FRUUPP, Barbarella's, Birmingham.
GREATEST SWING BAND, Coventry Theatre, Coventry.
HAWKWIND, Top Rank, Reading.
VINCE HILL, Theatre Club, Wakefield.
HUSTLER, Roundhouse, London.
INTER CITY SOUL CONVENTION, Norbreck Castle Hotel, Norcalymia, Blackpool.
BRIAN JOHNSON BIG BAND, Brewery Tap, Monkhouse Road, Walthamstow.
KEN TYDER'S TALISKER, Olde Whyte Hart, London, WC2
MAC & KATIE KISSOON, Bailey's, Watford.
KOKOMO, Winning Post, Twickenham.
MAJOR SURGERY & FRIENDS, The Gun, Croydon.
MARMALADE, Bailey's, Blackburn.
MOON, Golden Lion, Fulham Road, London.
MOUNTAIN LINE, Chequers, Harley.
MUD, Gaumont, Ipswich.
OSIBISA, Roundhouse, London.
PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA, Centre Hotel, Portsmouth.



■ GENTLE GIANT

CLEMEN PULL, Marquee, Wardour Street, London, W1.
QUEEN, Capitol, Aberdeen.
RANDY PIE / SASSAFRAS / BAND CALLED O, Pavilion, Bath.
SADISTA SISTERS, Frith Street, London, W1.
SAVOY JAZZMEN, Post House, Washington.
THE STRANGLERS, Hope & Anchor, Upper Street, London.
STRETCH, Reeves Armas, Court Hotel, Bristol.
SUPERTRAMP, ABC, Great Yarmouth.
SWAN ARCADE, Folk Club, Chelmsford.
TEEZER, Stars & Garters, Gt Yarmouth, Suffolk.
TEEZER, Dixieland Ballroom, Gt Yarmouth.
THIN LIZZY, The Greyhound, Croydon.
TONGE, Wandsworth Prison, London.
TOWN CRYER, Olde Whyte Hart, London, WC2.
UFO, Winning Post, Twickenham.
URIAH HEEP, Tim Rose, Hammersmith Odeon, London.
WARREN & HICKEY, White Lion Folk Club, Egham.
JOHNNY WILDER'S CHICAGO HEATWAVE, NGSOB Sports Club, Nelson.
YAKETY-YAK / 1950, Golden Diamond, Stoney Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield.
GENTLE GIANT, Kings Hall, Derby
MALCOLM GREEN, Martha's Wine Bar, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, NW3.
ROLF HARRIS, Talk of the Town, London

MON

BEANO, HMS Sutton, Gosport
CHRIS BARBER, Red Lion, Hatfield
BOOMBAYA, College of Technology, Blackburn
CANDLEWICK GREEN, Aquarius Club, Chesterfield
JASPER CARROTT, Old Birmingham Rep, Birmingham
DEE CLARK, Tiffany's, Halesowen
FOUNDATIONS, Norwood Rooms, Norwich
RORY GALLAGHER, Town Hall, Birmingham

SOUNDS would be grateful if all promoters, publicans or performers could let us know when a venue is cancelled or changed. Ring Susanne Garrett on 01-607 6411 extension 40.

HEAVY METAL KIDS, Albert Hall, Bolton
VINCE HILL, Theatre Club, Wakefield
HUSTLER, Queensmead School, Ruislip
JACK THE LAD, Winter Gardens, Eastbourne
JIVE BOMBERS, The Nashville, London
STRANGLER, Dingwall's, Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, NW1
MAC & KATIE KISSOON, Bailey's, Watford
LEMMY'S MOTORHEAD, Golden Diamond, Stungy Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield
MUD, Theatre Royal, Norwich
MUNGO JERRY, Bailey's, Bristol
MIKE OSBORNE, Jazz Society, Leicester
QUEEN, Apollo, Glasgow
SADISTA SISTERS, Ronnie Scott's, Frith Street, London, W1
SPARROW, Rendezvous Club, Cumbria
STAN WEBB BAND / MICKY JUPP BAND, Marquee, Wardour Street, London, W1
CAT STEVENS, Royal Albert Hall, London
DON STUART BAND, The Gun, Croydon
TONGE, Upstairs at Ronnie's, London
URIAH HEEP, Dome, Brighton
GENO WASHINGTON & THE RAM JAM BAND, Bailey's, Hull.

TUES

ALBERTO Y LOS TRIOS PARANOIAS, Pavilion, Skegness.
BOOMBAYA, Brunel Rooms, Swindon.
JASPER CARROTT, Old Birmingham Rep, Birmingham.
CITY BOY, Philmore, Saltham Bank, Torquay.
CHRIS BARBER, 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street, London, W1 (636 0933).
GEORGIE FAME, Marquee, Wardour Street, London, W1.
FLIRTATIONS, Nero's Place, Camden, London.
JED FORD, Sady's, Bunnavent, Whitton Locks, Nr Weedon, Northants.
FOUNDATIONS, Aquarius, Chesterfield.
FRED AND THE PIGS, Town Hall, Cheltenham.
RORY GALLAGHER, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.
GAS WORKS, Nashville, London.
GENTLE GIANT, City Hall, Newcastle.
HAWKWIND, Top Rank, Cardiff.
HEAVY METAL KIDS, Guildhall, Preston.
HELLRAISERS, Birmingham College of Food, Birmingham.
VINCE HILL, Theatre Club, Wakefield.
JACK THE LAD, Pier Pavilion, Felixstowe (Cancer Research Campaign Charity).
MICKY JUPP BAND, Mid Essex Technical College, Chelmsford, Essex.
GEORGE KHAN BAND, Kings Head, Upper Street, Islington, London, N1.
MAC & KATIE KISSOON, Bailey's, Watford.
LONG JOHN BALDRY, 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street, London, W1.
GEORGE MELLY, Ronnie Scotts, London.
MUNGO JERRY, Bailey's, Bristol.
JOHN McNICOL, Olde Whyte Hart, London, WC2.
KEITH NICHOLS, Pindar of Wakefield, Grays Inn Road, WC1.
MAGGIE NICHOLS ET AL, Jackson Lane Community Centre, Archway Road, N6.
FINK FAIRIES, Mid Essex Technical College, Chelmsford.
QUEEN, Apollo, Glasgow.
REAL THING, Hammersmith Palais, London.
RIVER CITY JAZZMEN, Picolo Restaurant, Gosforth.
SADISTA SISTERS, Ronnie Scott's, Frith Street, London, W1.
SAILOR, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.
SASSAFRAS/BAND CALLED O, / RANDY PIE, Yeovil, Johnson Hall.
JOHNNY SILVO, Carnegie Theatre Arts Centre, Workington.
STRANGE DAYS, Cleopatra's, Derby.
SUPERTRAMP, ABC, Plymouth.
SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER, Workington College.
THIN LIZZY, Ivanhoe's, Huddersfield.
TONGE, 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street, London W1.

ON THE ROAD

... Won't you do the fandango?

Queen, Hammersmith Odeon

'BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY' as a single is astonishingly close to a true expression of the character of Queen in any setting. Live at Hammersmith they exuded the same exhilarating mixture of heavy, grandiose, beautiful and sheer extravagant silliness encapsulated in their superb No 1. And to spend an awful lot of time smiling with sheer pleasure at a rock show can be no bad thing. The inch perfection of every movement, calculated for effect and co-ordinated to the lights is one entertaining feature, 'artistic' in the showbiz sense and at the same time amusing you with the absurdity of taking so much trouble over ephemera.

Then there's Freddie's orgiastic relationship with most of his audience. His dark satanic face pouts and postures then once in a while lapses into a look of shrewd assessment of how he's doing followed by a voluptuous leer of delight and something like "My daarlings!" They have presence, character, you relate to them as well as listen to them.

But they really do make good music as well which is why everyone knows they will be one of the bands that last. So far they are better in the studio than on stage because of the difficulties of matching volume and excitement with beauty and precision. It's not a destructive margin though. They give out with unstinting power and hit four-voice harmonies with total certainty. And then once in a while they pull out something special to show that they can and will develop on stage rather than just perform, proficiently.

Brian's guitar and Freddie's vocal solos were the creative highspots. Each in turn taking the centre-stage to lay melodies one on another in echoed complexity, with conscious skill, but also with the sort of soul that is aware of the ecstasy sounds can convey. Brian's guitar orchestra particularly had me just shaking my head in wonderment. — PHIL SUTCLIFFE.

Brand X LSE

IT'S INTERESTING to see how rock musicians while away their off-duty hours, and although Genesis are relatively inactive right now, awaiting the February release of their next album, Phil Collins hasn't exactly been twiddling his thumbs or gaping at the telly during the hiatus — the proof of which was there to be heard at LSE on Friday night

A whiz with Liz

IN THE red corner, Thin Lizzy. In the blue corner, at the Fiesta, Plymouth, the audience. It was gonna be a tough battle for Lizzy amongst the surroundings of this disco-cum-nightclub, serving scampi and chips in the basket.

Lizzy knew it was going to be hard but they came out and went straight into 'Fighting', the title of their current album. Phil Lynott standing up there, legs akimbo, machine gunning the audience with his axe, trying to force the audience on to their feet. Then Lizzy are into 'It's Only Money' but the audience stay seated.

'Wild One', their new single, is to follow and Brian Robertson

when he turned up with his new part-time band, Brand X. Whether it was a case of the real Phil Collins finally coming out of the closet is something that only the man himself can answer, though Brand X's music is definitely several light years removed from the sort of thing he's become known for with Genesis.

To use the current popular vernacular, Brand X is something of a glorified 'progressive/funk' band — a standard guitar, bass, keyboards, drums, and percussion lineup (including ex-Spider From Mars Rob Lumley and ex-Atomic Rooster John Goodshall) that seems pretty well enamoured with the idea of simply getting together to have a good blow in what really boiled down to a tight, highly-organised jam — nothing more and nothing less. No musical milestones. No subtle hints of rock's new direction. Nothing to send Genesis scurrying to find a new drummer. Even if it wasn't quite what the audience expected (judging from the number of stunned faces), Phil looked like he was having a good time so, what the hell, it kept him off the streets. — DAN HEDGES.

Caravan Leith

WHEN CARAVAN rolled to a halt for the night at Leith last week it was as well, considering they'd titled their last album "Cunning Stunts" and they'd bared their backsides in America to promote it, that Sounds hadn't sent a hypersensitive bloke along to review this gig and sent a pheasant plucker like me instead.

I have to say straightaway that I've nothing stunning to report about Caravan, since they last played these parts. They're still providing an enjoyable gig, still generating intelligent (but not academic) rock, still underrated.

Selections from their albums mainly, from 'Girls Who Grow Plump' and 'Stunts', filled Leith Theatre and 'The Show of Our Lives' made a pretty near perfect introductory I-want-to-tell-you-astory opener and, even without the string cushion, 'Virgin on the Ridiculous' worked out well. An extract from the 'Caravan and the New Symphonium' LP which Pye Hastings described as 'a glorious folly'.

The entire affair, however, hinged on one piece, 'Dabsong Conshirtoe', an ambitious work in six parts that fills an entire side

of the 'Stunts' album. Everything that Caravan are about was here — contrast in lead vocals, individual musicianship (with Geoff Richardson's viola the real ear-catcher) and collective power. For the 'Dabsong' alone it would have been worth the money.

Only when they got round to 'Stuck in a Hole,' their single from 'Stunts', did they verge on mediocrity. And, like I said, the hypersensitive reviewer might have fallen off his seat when Hastings announced: "We're going to close the set with a number called 'Love In Your Eye', but tonight we're going to call it 'Love You is Sweeter than Having a Good Shit.' Caravan are so capable, you can forgive them the occasional lapse. — JOHN GIBSON

City Boy Fulham

SUNDAY night at the Fulham Greyhound was a rather unusual event. The pub seemed well populated for an off night, and the show put on by City Boys was equally out of the ordinary. This group had no struggle catching everyone's attention and the result was an overwhelming acceptance of a new act. Having played over an hour's worth of material and being called back for an encore, the crowd continued their uproar until City Boys re-appeared to perform 'Sunset Boulevard', a second time. Could this be the start of something big?

Frontmen Steve Broughton and Lol Mason were in great humour, playing up to each other and putting everyone at ease. They offer a nice contrast in personality, and together give forth the dynamics needed to drive their songs home. Their antics on 'Street Corner Love' really got the men going when a painted lady entered to highlight the number.

The overall City Boy set is enhanced by crystal sound clarity and a well organised and imaginative light show. The set was extremely tight and they managed to overcome the apprehension of pub audiences. Having seen some of the biggest bands from Britain and America, City Boys were the first to knock me off my feet for years.

City Boys are destined for success, but how quickly depends on the right releases and continuous performances like that at the Greyhound Sunday night. — CANDY MCGAW.

SUN

ANDY ANDREWS, Hermit House, Brentwood (Brentwood 218897).
STAN ARNOLD, General Havelock, Ilford.
BEANO, Cavalier Club, Hull.
BESSIE BANKS / CHRIS BARTLEY DELFONICS / FANTASY FOUR / TAMIKO JONES / MUSCLES, ETC, Town Hall, Birmingham.
CHRIS BARBER, Grange Arts Centre, Oltham.
BEANO, Cavalier Club, Hull.

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If you want to be included in Britain's Best and Biggest gig guide, send details and photographs to Susanne Garrett, 'Steppin' Out', SOUNDS, Spotlight House, 1 Benwell Road, London, N7 7AX.

Crosby/Nash: the wind blows strong

WHEN THE next week passed, David Crosby and Graham Nash would be across the Pacific in musically uncharted waters, their first tour to Japan. But the thought of a new, and possibly unreceptive audience was far from their minds as they stood basking in the spotlights and applause before a frantic Los Angeles crowd.

If not for Crosby's failing voice, nearly hoarse from exhaustion and obviously paining him, the Crosby/Nash electric band might have played all night. Instead, the screaming masses had to settle for a mere three hours of acoustic and electric tunes from the duo, backed by a hand-picked and unsurpassably tight five piece band.

Leaving the mastery of the electric music to the handful of tried and true musicians, Crosby and Nash concentrated on their precise and inspired harmonies. While their fluttering vocals filled the Anaheim Convention Center, the rest of the band

tore through countless hits adding more energy and power to the old favourites than one would have thought possible.

Powered by David Lindley's slide guitar, Danny Kootch's electric guitar leads and Craig Doerge's sparkling piano, the band continually picked up more steam as the night progressed, capped with overwhelming versions of 'Military Madness' (with screaming slide leads from Lindley) and 'Wooden Ships', highlighted by the dual lead of Lindley and Kootch. In all the madness, drummer extraordinaire Russell Kunkel and bassist Tim Drummond quietly played with furious rhythm and pace.

Being basically and acoustically oriented sound, though, the naturally expected highlights of the show came during their dozen songs of 'wooden music'. Nash mounted the stage alone after the intermission, spinning four musical tales before



■ CROSBY/NASH: spine chilling

Crosby reappeared for the closing harmonies on 'Our House'. Through three more tunes, and Carole King slipped in from the wings to add a perfectly blended third voice for 'Carry Me', a new King tune titled 'High Out Of Time' (to be on the upcoming 'Thoroughbred' album by King), and several others.

Somewhere in the acoustic set, though, lay the most beautiful and persuasive vocals on the American scene today. Backed by Lindley on violin, Nash's version of 'Simple Man' showed how

sweet an old favourite can sound year after year, and 'Wind On The Water' (with King on harmonies) was spine chilling with its sensitivity.

It was obvious that fame and success have only further inspired the Crosby/Nash sound as they reaped in the LA laurels, just as they have taken in one sellout crowd after another across the US. It was beautiful, mesmerising and dynamic enough so two of America's '70s folk heroes really had no worries about their Japanese adventure. They simply can't miss. — TED JOSEPH

'Lady' and the Tramp: hot dogs!

I HAVE never known an audience that seemed so devoted to a band as the congregation at Hammersmith the other night.

Nearly every number rated an outburst of applause as if they were Sinatra on the opening bars of 'My Way'. The reasons are quite different, though, I imagine.

I sensed an audience which has recognised a considerable new talent and wants everyone including the band to know that they are valued, that they must stick around for a long time and make a lot of music for us 'cos we need it in this crisis (what crisis?).

So Supertramp are loved — and that's a surprise. Because they are one of the coolest bands in the big-time. John Anthony Helliwell is the only one who seems to have any personal rapport with the crowd and perhaps his puppet-like mook show bizzy gestures say it for the rest of them: that's just not their scene. Even their lighting is almost entirely on stage, i.e., no long beams from the back of the auditorium linking them and us.

And their music, delivered with supreme precision as it was, is rarely hit - you - between - the - eyes stuff so the reaction of the comparatively impartial observer is hardly one of excitement. Except of course when they played their two singles 'Dreamer' and 'Lady'. Whether or not they were purpose-built hits they really do it and were the highlights of the set to me because the sweat came busting out on my brow and that's when this animal knows he's enjoying himself.

However, even with the academic feel to the rest of the set, some of the new material established itself as quite outstanding lives the 20s melancholy of 'Poor Boy' was very appealing, Hodgson's irate-goblin vocals on

'The Meaning' disturbed the appreciative calm and 'Ain't Nobody But Me' saw them get them down (almost) with ramrod piano and strident guitar. I also admired a sequence of fadeout soundings the like of what I've never seen a live band attempt before.

Meanwhile, back in the tailpiece, Joan Armatrading, exquisitely together with the Movies, proved again that she is the best singer in Britain, of any shape, size or sex (and if someone insists she's from St Kitts you got me because I haven't heard any other singers from St Kitts and perchance there are better). She shiver me spine, she stand me hair on end. — PHIL SUTCLIFFE.

Fruupp Aylesbury

FRUUPP got away to a most satisfactory start to their tour of England, Ulster and Eire last Friday at Friars in Aylesbury. The sustained applause which brought them back for a second encore must have put them in good heart for the lengthy journey ahead.

At first hearing the mixture of styles that makes up Fruupp's music might seem to put them on a tightrope. Their instrumental work alternates between the fancy footwork of Yes and the stomping riffs of Deep Purple while the vocals have a light jazzy feel to them. Yet they move from one to the other without slipping.

They sprinkled a number of new songs from the new album, 'Modern Masquerades' into their set and if they lacked some of the familiarity that characterised their playing of older songs like 'The Perfect Wish' and 'Annie

Austere' they certainly outlined some excellent prospects; like Peter Farrelly's dominating bass guitar on 'Gormenghast' and Martin Foye's deft drum work on 'Sheba's Song'.

They kept the set moving briskly by running the songs into one another and by utilising Peter's gift of the gab to tell stories in between and it seemed like no time at all before they had finished and the audience was clamouring for more. They got it when the band returned in white suits to perform an adaptation of 'On A Clear Day' that fitted them perfectly without ever going to excess.

They are a clever bunch but they don't ram it down your throat. — HUGH FIELDER

Man Croydon

MAN'S FIRST performance with their latest line-up was conclusive proof that Man-music doesn't depend too much on the machinery that's producing it. New bassist John McKenzie pumped along as though he had always been with the band rather than a month, and Phil Ryan emerged as a particularly strong contributor, much more so than one remembers from his previous engagement in Man.

Starting with Deke's tribute to Mike Nesmith, '7171551', they presented a balance of old and new songs. 'Hard Way To Die', 'Many Are Called', 'C'mon', 'Bananas' — about the only request that wasn't honoured was 'Never Say Nups To Nepales', which is particularly young, particularly straight looking boy was wanting to hear.

'Something Is Happening' opened strongly, but halfway through took off on a supercharged riff that seemed to set them for the evening. 'Born With A Future' confirmed it, much stronger than when I saw them rehearsing, with Terry really smashing into his drums, looking ceilingward with a silly grin.

From their time with Cippolina they've incorporated Quicksilver's 'Babe I'm Gonna Leave', which was fired with all

the spirit and energy of the original. Quicksilver touches were noticeable in several places, in fact, especially in 'C'mon', which had more than one flailing freak tearing his seat apart in no time.

But even so, they remind me more than anything of the Dead in 1969-70, building from a plateau into a supercharged flow, everything wedging in perfect harmony. Several times last Sunday they reached that peak, and their audience — which, like the Dead's is rowdy and boisterous — fully agreed.

A hot night from a hot band. — JONH INGHAM.

Henry Cow Glasgow

HENRY COW are a band whose music is varied enough to be interesting for its variety alone. If it was not for this fact their concert at Strathelyde University last Friday could have been a bore, and indeed parts of it were, but on the whole was a successful two hour set.

The first piece of music lasted 45 minutes and explored some of their old numbers. Fred Frith controls the other musicians admirably, as well as playing excellently on guitar and violin, but I couldn't help feeling that more control is needed on a sortie of this sort if it isn't to become self-indulgent.

After a 15 minute interval during which the small audience became even smaller, the music improved and perhaps reached its

peak with the playing of 'Living In The Heart Of The Beast' which the audience were obviously more familiar with. All previous indiscretions were forgiven with this number, and female vocalist Dagmar came across far more clearly, showing that she has a competent voice, which was unfortunately incoherent earlier on.

The audience demanded an encore and were rewarded with 'Team D' for their noisiness. Tim Hodgkinson played a saxophone solo and was joined by Lyndsay Cooper on bassoon and obo, together creating a fine sound for the others to play round. Again the audience asked for an encore, but the band refused to play more, which was a pity — as they were getting better as the night went on. Reluctantly, the audience finally left but their reluctance to go surely indicates that Henry Cow gave a satisfying concert. — IAN ADAMS.

Street corner symphony and 99 pounds of soul

IT WAS soul night at The Bottom Line with the acappella 'Persuasions' laying down their soulful struts. A true street corner symphony. The five, all dressed in white, were dynamic, as usual, with some fancy two-stepping and sensuous movements adding colourations.

'Got A Job' with Jimmy Hayes' deep, deep bass (vocal, that is); a jazzy 'Swanee' and the Everly Brothers' classic 'All I



■ ANN PEEBLES

Have To Do Is Dream' with Willie Daniels' leading tenor were just a few of the highpoints. Then it was sing-a-long time as the Persuasions started an oldies medley with 'Sincerely' segueing into a few other blasts from the past. They had wrapped the audience around their vocals as they encored with the Hollies' 'He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother' and Carole King's 'I Got A Friend' as they reached out and touched the audience's hands.

The Persuasions are vibrant, soulful, and above all, professional. No jives; just a solid performance from the only major acappella group on the scene.

Bristling

Ann Peebles, the female counterpart of Al Green, opened with a bristling set of soulful fire. Her seven piece backing clad in white tails warmed up with a wimpy Grand Central Station staple that included some fancy dancing and jiving about. But as soon as Ms. Peebles entered, the band wisely became more serious and let her command all the attention.

Being on the same label as Green and employing the same writers, musicians, and producers as Al has both hampered her as

well as helped her get needed exposure. But Ann doesn't sing about love the way Green does; she conveys right-on messages to all sisters on how to look upon that institution — usually its darker sides: lost love, untrusting love, love passed by. The song titles are stories in themselves: 'It Was Jealousy', '(You Keep Me) Hangin' On', and 'I Feel Like Breaking Up Somebody's Home Tonight'. With her husband Don Bryant on backing vocals at the rear of the stage answering the lover's questions, the funky drive was stirring with horns a-plenty and an ethereal organ over a steady, propulsive rhythm section.

'99 Pounds' is Ann's song: 99 pounds of natural born goodness — 99 pounds of soul. Her strong vibrant vocals on 'Doctor Love Power' brought Aretha (circa 1967) to mind with a thunderous backbeat and a sturdy choral effect accentuating. Encoring with her classic 'I Can't Stand The Rain', Ann Peebles left a soulful impression that most will never forget. And strangely, she also paraded off the stage singing 'Reach Out And Touch Somebody's Hand'. Hands haven't been slapped that often at the Bottom Line in recent memory. — BOB GROSSWEINER.

CHRISTMAS 1975

All advertisement copy for SOUNDS issue dated December 27 must be received by 4 pm on Thursday, December 18.

Copy for the January 3 issue must be received by 4 pm on Friday, December 19.

EMPORIUM

Kinks Cockney Rebel New York

"45 MINUTES of something light and bouncy," Steve Harley promises the audience at the Beacon Theatre one brisk Friday night. Cockney Rebel launch into 'Mr Soft' as less open-minded Kinks fans parade the theatre lobby in 'GOD SAVE THE KINKS' T-shirts, clutching cans of alcohol. These dedicated fans are positive that the Kinks are just about the best thing going in rock 'n' roll these days of disillusion. Nevertheless Harley and band break the ice with 'Make Me Smile' only to confuse the audience with 'Sebastian' seconds later.

Several fans down front howl "We want THE KINKS", but Harley braves onwards towards that new world. Tough audiences who know what they like are pulling good performances out of Cockney Rebel, forcing Harley to perform with a vengeance. The challenge must be refreshing.

After the last notes of 'Back To The Farm' float through the hall, the fans in the lobby filter back to their seats, readying themselves for the inevitable good time the Kinks always bring with them. Boisterous applause greets the Kinks while a standing ovation welcomes the master of rock 'n' vaudeville, Ray Davies.

The first 40 minutes is solid staples; 'Starmaker' and 'Rush Hour Blues' from 'Soap Opera' featuring rough, infectious rocking from Dave Davies, John Gosling, John Dalton and Mick Avory. The horn section simmers while the chorus line wails and the audience sits happily in the palm of Ray Davies' talented hand.

'Waterloo Sunset' and 'Lola' are eagerly embraced by this passionate gathering. 'Alcohol' is applauded much like a Saturday afternoon movie matinee while the all-improved version of 'You Really Got Me/All Day And All Of The Night' bring the audience to their feet.

But the Kinks have grown up and so have their audience. Two years back 'You Really Got Me' was the grand finale to an hour run down memory lane. Today it's merely a tease, a taster for better things to come. The great thing about seeing the Kinks live in 1975 is that solid gold oldies serve only as the perfunctory audience/band warm-up. The burden of having to depend solely on past hits has been lifted from Kinks shoulders, freeing them to give some of their best performances. But the real feeling of discovery and freshness comes the minute they launch into 'Schoolboys In Disgrace'.

It doesn't take the sold-out crowd long to realise that this

Kinks: School is in



RAY DAVIES

new Kinks show is chock full of humour, rock 'n' roll and some of the most clever staging in rock. The band play on, decked out in traditional schoolboy clothes, cap 'n' scarf. Davies himself bounces out with short shorts and knobby knees leading the entire ensemble through the new production with all the professional aplomb of a West End cast that were celebrating their second sold-out year.

Where 'Soap Opera' used more theatrical props and costume changes, 'Schoolboys In Disgrace' is more rock oriented. Back-drop screen projections supplement the songs, in-

roducing them with childish scrawl. A brief synopsis of 'Preservation Act 1 & 2' flashes across the screen, showing Flash and his gang terrorising North London as John Gosling runs through the major themes on piano.

"See the Kinks as you've never seen them before," Davies says in a burst of bravado at the onset of the new show and he's totally right. Dave Davies solos on 'Headmaster' and 'Education' as you've never heard him before. Ray and Dave sing angelic harmonies on 'Jack The Idiot Duncie' and 'The First Time We Fall In Love' that will make a cynic believe again in the magic of rock. The horns let loose in 'Education' as if they were in Dixieland.

The showman in Ray Davies is prominent as ever but this time the disguises are stripped bare. 'Schoolboys In Disgrace' is for real. By the show's end it is obvious to the audience that the Kinks will conquer on their own terms — with integrity, honesty, inspiration, and clever low budget production. "I don't want to leave school," Davies pleads. "Then I can't be a kid, I'll have to grow up."

Luckily, the Kinks bring out the Peter Pan in us all. — BARBARA CHARONE.

Stretch Warwick University

SUCCESS HAS come very quickly for Stretch — so quickly, in fact, that they seem slightly embarrassed about it all. Indeed they appear to be not quite ready, as yet, to accommodate instant stardom despite the pedigree upon which the band is based. They still have to gel together as a live unit, rather than relying too heavily on former Curved Air guitarist Kirby. At present he dominates the sound, and each song that they perform is merely a vehicle for demonstrating his formidable ability. In many respects he reminds me of Jimmy Page in the early days of Led Zeppelin, so its no wonder that he is the pinnacle of the band at the present.

Not that his comrades are lightweights by any means; ex Velvet Opera vocalist Elmer Gantry strives hard to lead the band from up front while drummer Jeff Rich and bass player Steve Emery provide a solid and steady rhythm section.

Technical difficulties apart, the band gave a good show despite lacking suitable material to support the excellent 'Why Did You Do It'. However, if they can build on the many good moments shown here they will most certainly be a force in the music business in years to come. — NIAL CLULEY

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Kokomo: killing me funkily

YOU REMEMBER how Barbarella nearly died on the Excessive Pleasure Machine? Well, Kokomo almost finished me off the same way the other night. Their whole set was one long, unadulterated, uncomplicated high. It started funky and it finished funky and in between it was — funky.

Now if you don't like funky music, well... But if your blood runs warm to boiling and if you like to sweat buckets of ecstasy grab the nearest piece of this band you can get hold of whether it be the new old album, January's new-born or the alleged tour in February. They will fill you so full of smiles your teeth will drop out.

Oh blimey, I've got to analyse it have I because I'm a real pro 'n' all that? Right. The vocal trio of Frank Collins, Dyan Birch and Paddie McHugh is so bubbling with harmonic ideas, so flexible

and sympathetic and tight, so full of wideopen passion in their solo spots they make you want to join them on stage in a dance of joy (fitting in with their just-for-fun Chi-Lites choreography of course).

Mel Collins' blowing of saxes and flute was hunky-chunky in the background and the wild element when he stepped into the foreground. I mean then he wasn't playing tight and simple, he was up and away and he was the necessary touch of individual insanity and genius when everything else is so organised (though soulfully-brothers and sisters).

Neil Hubbard was mainly engaged in blocked string funking but when he played a lead or three, oh was he beautiful (No, he looked much the same as before, it was the stream of clear, diamond-hard, melodic gems that made us moan with pleasure).

Not to mention the rhythm section pure bliss, Tony O'Malley and Alan Spenser both took lead vocals as if they really craved to sing, loved it, wanted to communicate that love, made it — and all of them seemed so happy and friendly amongst themselves and to the audience from the moment they made their novel entrance by being thrown through the pub door which is part of their stage back-drop.

Marginally the hottest numbers of a delectable evening were 'I'm Sorry Babe' and, from their next, 'It's Good To Be Alive', 'You Won't Make It' (Dylan featured), 'That's Enough' (Frank) and the title-track 'Rise And Shine'.

The show ended when the theatre management switched the power off — but then maybe they saved us all. Enough is as good as a feast even on excessive pleasure — isn't it? — PHIL SUTCLIFFE.

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ADULT BOOKS, magazines, films, etc. — Details s.a.e.: Rance (Dept SS), 18 Ardleigh House, Barking, IG11.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS from all continents want interesting correspondence, friendship, even marriage. — Details and sample photos, free. — Hermes, Berlin, 11. Box No 110660/s Germany.

WORLDWIDE / NATIONWIDE contacts in occult, witchcraft, circles, secret temples, etc. — S.a.e. to Baraka Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

SHY GLASGOW guy, 22, seeks home-loving girl 18 plus for steady relationship. Photo appreciated. — Box No 2924.

BLOKE TWENTY years old. Fed up here, going back to South Africa next year. Anyone interested get in touch, Rickie. — Box No 2940.

HEATHER 19, seeks gentle bloke to write. — Box No 2977.

EDINBURGH GUY 18 seeks shy, lonely girl to write/meet for warm loving relationship, must have need for travel and excitement. Photo welcome. — Box No 2982.

FELLAS, are you a bore? Unsuccessful with women? Lack charm, personality, wit, confidence? Unique postal course can help!

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Address
Age

HANDSOME GUY moving London seeks friends, both sexes. — Box No 2976.

STONES PEN pals wanted, any country especially France. — Box No 2978.

SEPARATED GUY very lonely and heartbroken wants chick 18-25 years old for sincere and strong friendship. Into good music and gigs. — Write soon, Surrey area, Box No 2979.

HANDSOME, SINCERE half-blind, diabetic (22), 5'2", impotent/desperate, likes Beatles, Floyd, seeks "Grail" — small, slim, pretty, introvert, problematic girl. — Box No 2981.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS. Write today for free details. Pen Friend Service, PL 22027-A, SF-20801 Turku 80, Finland.

"II FREE DATES!!" Send letters describing yourselves (and 6p stamp) to — Interdate, 18(S1), Woden Road, East, W. Midlands.

GUY, 17 from Lanarkshire, Scotland, into heavy rock seeks girl for concerts etc. — Box No 2970.

GUY, 17 seeks randy female, age unimportant, for serious relationship, London area preferred, frank replies please. — Box No 2971.

LONELY GUY (20's) seeks same for company and friendship, Central Scotland. — Box No 2973.

PENFRIENDS WANTED urgently; all ages, s.a.e. to: Pen Society, (K35), Chorley, Lancs.

GUY, 28, seeks male friend 17-20, all answered, London/suburbs. — Box No 2974.

GUY 21 lives in Lincolnshire, lonely, house, average looks, into progressive music, Straws, Floyd, Genesis, seeks girl 17-22 for love/friendship, preferably with car but not essential. — Box No 2825.

BRIAN 25 seeks Indian princess for sincere friendship, Bath area. — Box No 2975.

PAUL — EVERYTHING OK for December 28th/29th only. Hope that's alright. See you as arranged. — Cheers Ray.

FOR FREE list of pen pals send stamped addressed envelope to Worldwide Friendship Club, 46 Cemetery Road, Denton, Manchester, (State age).

MAKENEW friends UK and abroad. — S.a.e. Susan Collins Bureau, O/C Room 339, 93 Hope Street, Glasgow.

POEMS WANTED urgently. Send s.a.e. for free editorial opinion. — Strand Literary Editions (BD), 62 High Street, Croydon, Surrey.

UNDER 21 Pen pals anywhere, details free. — Teenage Club, Falcon House, Burnley.

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GUY, MID thirties, interesting, educated, into many things, his only drawback (in many eyes) is an aversion to children, seeks the unusual chick (she would probably be slim, in her early twenties), for whom an interesting man is enough in himself. — Jeremy, 21 Leybourne Avenue, London, W13 9RB.

GUY TWENTIES into Sabbath, wildlife, poetry, seeks natural girl for walks etc. Hull area. — Box No 2984.

GUY (20) seeks sincere unattached girl, all answered (Lancs, Manchester areas). — Box No 2986.

GAY CHRISTIAN seeks genuine, clean-shaven guy, for lasting friendship, photo please. — Box No 2987.

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ROCK ALBUMS on stereo cassettes including live concerts. — Details 19 Applesham Way, Portslade, BN4 2LQ.

THREE £2 tickets S.A.H.B. London 24th December, best offer secures. — Box No 2980.

BADGES, BLACK Sabbath, Wings, Alice Cooper, 10cc, Sparks, Who, Santana, Cockney Rebel, B.C.R., R. Gallagher, Elton, Genesis, Queen. Send 15p plus s.a.e. for the badge of your choice. — Julie Williams, 7 Candy Street, London E3 2LH.

ALL ACTION concert photos. Choose from proofs. No obligation whatsoever. Colour and black/white: Bowie, Springsteen, Who, Essex, Todd, Wings, Roxy, Faces, Elton, Harley, 10cc, Clapton, Joni Mitchell, Garfunkel, Trower, Kiki, Purple, Mud, Pilot, Sparks. — S.a.e. to Dick Wallis, 23 Dulwich Wood Avenue, London SE19.

CONCERT PHOTO'S for sale, Genesis, Zep, Kossuff, Harper, Yes and more. — S.a.e.: Phil, 730 Wagley Road, Oldbury, West Midlands.

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ALL TOP artists 1000+ singles 35p, albums from 50p. — S.a.e. lists 3 Ashton Way, Whitley Bay, Tyne Wear.

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Wanted

EXCHANGE TWO Who tickets £2.50, 23rd for same on 21st or sell. — John, 5 Key Avenue, Hoyland, Barnsley, Yorks.

WHO TICKETS wanted (two), any night, your price paid. — Phone Jackie, 01-874 0738, after 7 pm.

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Songwriters

MUSIC TO lyrics, Marketing Service. — S.a.e. to Donovan Meher, Excel House, Whitcomb Street, London WC2 7ER.

LYRIC WRITERS required by recording company. — Details (s.a.e.) Robert Noakes, 30 Sneyd Hall Road, Bloxwich, Staffordshire.

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HOLLYWOOD COMPANY needs lyrics for new songs. All types wanted. Free details. — Musical Services, 1305/E, North Highland, Hollywood, California 90028, USA.

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CHRISTMAS 1975

All advertisement copy for SOUNDS issue dated December 27 must be received by 4 pm on Thursday, December 18.

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NEWSOUNDS

Edited by Tony Mitchell



■ ANTORIA guitars are renowned for being some of the best electric copies around, and so we are glad to be able to reveal that three brand new models are about to become generally available.

The instruments are all copies of Gibsons, though in some features, according to distributor Coppocks of Leeds, the manufacturer has actually improved on the original! Of the three, two follow the popular Les Paul/Marauder shape, while the third imitates of the semi-acoustic double cutaway models. The Antoria 2660 retails at £125, the 2458 costs £165 and the semi-acoustic 2457 sells at £196.

Although we have not yet had an opportunity to try out all the new instruments, a five-minute play on the 2458 convinced us that the standard of workmanship is satisfyingly high, with a definite American 'feel' to the guitar.

Ya wanna bargain?

IF YOU'RE thinking of investing in some musical equipment and you prefer to go for secondhand gear, then January 13 is a date worth remembering.

That's the day Bonham's of Chelsea are holding their second auction of electric and acoustic instruments, and judging from the turnout at the first auction, it will be well worth a visit. Many people just went to watch the first time, and as a result, there were many bargains for those who went to spend. One particular advantage is that only 8 per cent VAT is chargeable at auctions, as opposed to 25 per cent in the shops.

December 14 is the closing date for submission of sale items, and some very interesting pieces have already been put in, including a late 20s Vega 'Hawaian' — one of the first electric guitars. Small and heavy, it has two huge horseshoe magnets mounted behind the pickups, giving it enough poke to overload the most accommodating amp!

Also in is a mahogany Gibson Mastertone acoustic slide guitar dated 1912, serial number 127, and a 1954 Les Paul Gold Top fitted with '57 humbuckers. A Viennese acoustic circa 1900, a late '30s Gibson Mandola, a 1954 D'Angelico 'New Yorker' and many cheaper instruments are also included. For juke-box collectors, there's a beautiful 1943 Rock-Ola complete with 16 rock'n'roll 78s, which failed to meet its reserve price of £700 at the last auction (one went for £2,000 at Sotherby's recently).

The man to contact if you want to put anything in for auction is Ron Terrill at Montpelier Galleries, Montpelier Street, SW7.



THE AMERICAN Electro-Harmonix company has introduced two new effects units which should soon be available in this country.

First is the Attack Equaliser, specifically designed for guitarists who want to make



their humbuckers sound like single coil pick-ups and vice versa.

The unit has a tuned 12-stage active filter that lets a player select the fundamentals he wants and blend them with a key range of 'high bite' frequencies — something that can't be done with a standard equaliser.

"Every guitar sound can be obtained from any guitar with the simple setting of a dial and flick of a switch," says Mike Matthews, president of Electro-Harmonix. Also new from the company is the Y-Trigger Filter, a unit which is claimed to convert any instrument into a polyphonic synthesiser with full dynamics.

Known as 'Trigger', the unit can be used with any amplified instrument but especially with guitar and keyboard.



Seeing double

■ ONE of the four new solid guitars in the CMI range is this 1944 Twin Neck. The necks are of seasoned hardwood with rosewood fingerboards, and fittings include multi-adjustable metal bridges and twin humbuckers for both 12- and six-string sections. Controls consist of two tones, two volumes, two pick-up selector switches and a 6/12 selector. The guitar is supplied complete with case at an RRP of only £197.71.

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CHRISTMAS 1975

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Maxwin 4 Drum Kit 22", blue. New	£155	£16
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EXAMPLE

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CHRISTMAS 1975



All advertisement copy for SOUNDS issue dated December 27 must be received by 4 pm on Thursday, December 18.

Copy for the January 3 issue must be received by 4 pm on Friday, December 19.

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'BRASS & STRINGS & OTHER THINGS'

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| 21st Taunton Odeon | 10th Birmingham Odeon |
| 24th Southampton Garment | 11th Newcastle City Hall |
| 23rd Bournemouth Winter Gardens | 13th Dundee Cairo |
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