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MUSICAL EXPRESS

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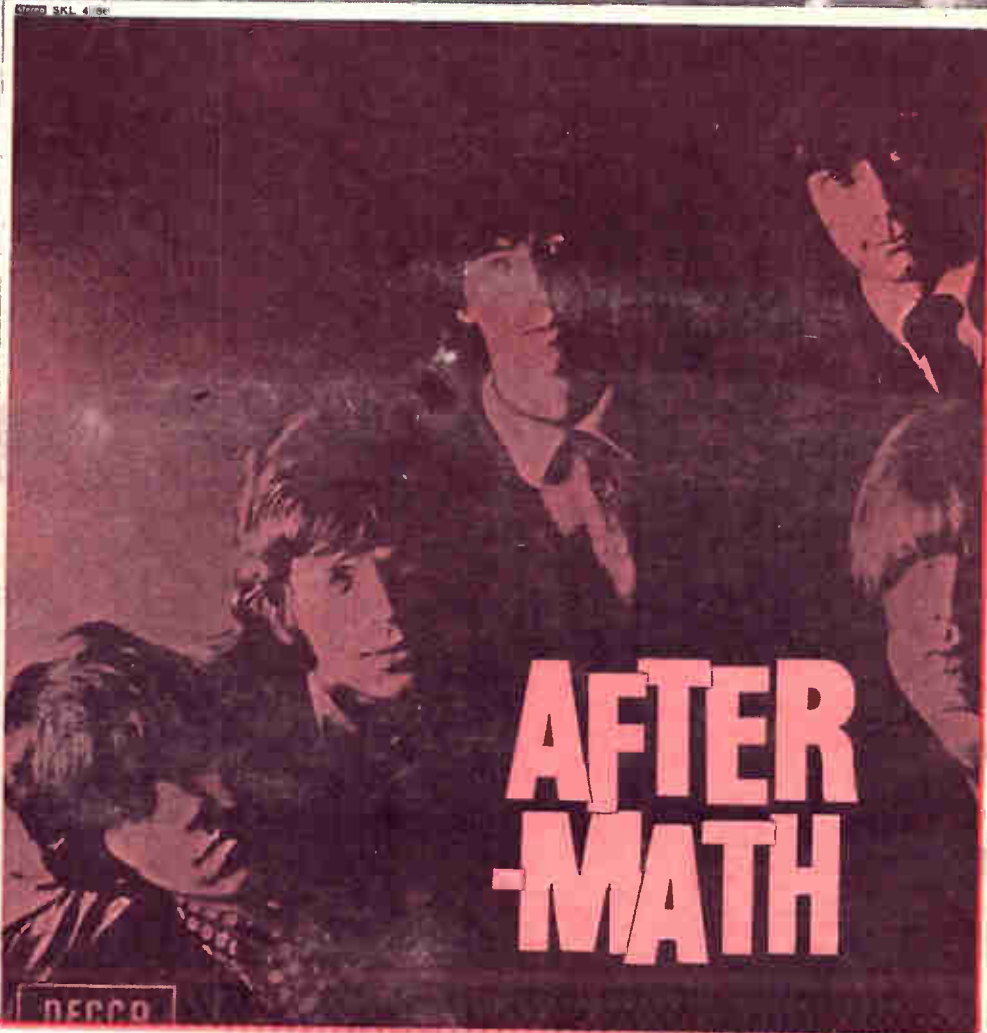
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In Waiting For The Day/Let's Go Away For Awhile
Did Only Karma I Know There's An Answer/Here Today
I Just Wasn't Made For These Times/Pet Sounds



News Desk

U.K. dates by Cooder

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the British visit at the end of next month by the much respected U.S. guitarist-singer Ry Cooder. He appears at Manchester Free Trade Hall (January 27), Birmingham Odeon (28), London Hammersmith Odeon (29), and Oxford Polytechnic (February 2). Support act on all dates will be British band Meal Ticket.

Cooder will also be filming a spot for BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" for transmission on Tuesday, February 1. All these dates were pencilled in by agent Paul Fenn of Asgard two weeks ago, and NME was on the point of printing them last week — but at presstime we were asked to withhold them, as confirmation was still awaited from Cooder's manager. This has now been

received.

Tickets are now on sale. Seat prices at Manchester and Birmingham are £2.50, £2 and £1.50. For the Hammersmith gig they are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. At Oxford they are available, by post only, all at the one price of £1.75.

Cooder is bringing over his full eight-piece Chicken Skin Band, comprising five Mexican musicians and three gospel singers.

Lone Star headlining

LONE STAR, who recently supported Mott around Britain, undertake their first headlining tour in the New Year. Dates confirmed so far at Brighton Top Rank (January 18), London Hampstead Westfield College (21), Bradford University (22), Plymouth Fiesta (24), Cardiff Top Rank (25), Bristol University (February 5), Aberystwyth University (7), Liverpool University (9), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (12), Newcastle Polytechnic (18), Swansea Top Rank (23) and Hatfield Polytechnic (25). The tour concludes with a concert at a major London venue, still to be announced, on February 26. The band also appear in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on January 4.

MARTYN TOURING

JOHN MARTYN opens an extensive British concert tour at Canterbury Kent University on February 11, including a major London appearance at the New Victoria Theatre on February 20. Remainder of his dates are still being finalised and will be announced within the next week or two.

To coincide with his tour, Island

are releasing a compilation album of his best-known works on January 28 titled "So Far, So Good". It marks the close of his first decade as a professional musician, and spans his eight-album career with Island. After fulfilling his British gigs, Martyn starts work on an album of new material, which he has written during the past year.

McTell's double

DUE TO HEAVY demand, Ralph McTell will now be undertaking two separate tours during the first half of 1977. He originally intended to tour here only during the period February 9 to March 7, but now this four-week schedule will be devoted entirely to campus gigs, visiting most of the major universities throughout the country. Then after playing a series of gigs in Europe, he returns to headline a major concert tour in May — including an appearance at a leading London venue. McTell's latest album "Right Side Up" is to be rescheduled by Warner Brothers to coincide with his February tour, for which dates will be announced next week.

● **OUTLAWS'** British tour, due to start in Leeds on January 28 and finish at London Rainbow on February 4, is now officially off. This confirms NME's Stop Press report last week. Reason for the cancellation is a delay in the band's recording schedule which means that they will now be in the studios in late January. It is now hoped to re-arrange their tour as early as possible, and it now seems likely that they will be here in April.

● **DEL SHANNON** returns to Britain for another tour from late February until Mid-April. Dates so far set are Eastbourne Kings Club (February 25), Camberley Lakeside Club (26), Charnock Richard Park Hall (28 and March 1), Nottingham Commodore Suite (2 and 3), Whitehaven Haven Club (6), Farnworth Blighty's (9-12) and Glasgow Rangers Club (April 10-16).

● **LITTLE BOB STORY** play another short series of dates here early next month, visiting Cardiff Top Rank (January 4), Newport Stowaway Club (5), Porth Pioneer Club (6), Burton 76 Club (7), London Camden Dingwalls (8) and London Kensington The Nashville (9). The French band will be returning in February for their first major tour of this country, lasting four weeks.

● **WINDOW** is the name of a new band launched by ex-Cockney Rebel guitarist Peter Newnam. Other members are ex-Love Affair drummer Mo Bacon, ex-Rudi Tchaikovsky bassist Paul Lilley, ex-Ice Cream keyboard man Mike Strang and guitarist Marcus Sullivan. Newnam will handle lead vocals, with backing support from the other four. Window will be going out on their debut tour in the New Year.

● **STEVIE WONDER** is the subject of a new Radio 1 biographical series, while British blues veteran Alexis Korner has landed his own show on the same wavelength. Both series begin on Saturday, January 1 — "The Stevie Wonder Story" at 1.30 pm and "Alexis Korner's Blues And Soul Show" at 5.30 pm.

● **DR. HOOK's** Medicine Show have augmented up to their original seven-piece size. New man is guitarist Bob "Willard" Henke, who has been working with the band as temporary replacement for hospitalised Rik Elswit. But now that Elswit is back in action, Henke is staying on as a permanent member.

NEWS IN BRIEF



● **GLADYS KNIGHT** and the Pips are to play an extra concert at London New Victoria Theatre. Their four shows at this venue on January 7 and 8 (two each night) have now virtually sold out, so they have added a 9 pm performance on Thursday, January 6. They have a new single titled "Nobody But You", taken from their "Pipedreams" album, released by Buddah on January 7 to coincide with their visit.

● **RINGO STARR** and **KEITH MOON** both have roles in the new Mae West film "Sextet", which started shooting at Paramount Studios in Hollywood this week. Ringo is cast as a film director, while Moon has a smaller cameo role as Mae West's dresser. Meanwhile Pete Townshend has almost finished work with Ronnie Lane on their duo album, for spring release.

● **GINGER BAKER** has a new LP released by Mountain on January 14, described as "a fun album". Recorded at Rampart Studios and titled "Ginger Baker And Friends", it includes such well-known session musicians as Chris Spedding, Rick Grech and Herbie Flowers.

● **DOROTHY MOORE**, whose "Misty Blue" hit reached No.4 in the NME Chart during the summer, has a new single titled "For Old Times Sake" released by Contempo on January 7. Out on the same day and label is "The Erroll Flynn" by J.J. Barnes, which apparently is the name of a new dance!

● **PHOENIX**, the splinter group from now-defunct Argent, guest in ITV's "Supersonic" on January 8. A few days later they leave for their first American concert tour, and they plan to record half their second CBS album live in the States.

● **RICK DEES** and his Cast of Idiots follow up their recent No.4 hit "Disco Duck" with a new single titled "Dis-Gorilla", issued by the RSO label on January 7. Out the following week (14) on the PSI label is a brand new Phil Spector production, "Lord If You're A Woman" by Darlene Love. And Bobby Pickett, of "Monster Mash" fame, comes up with "King Kong" (Polydor).

● **THE ANIMALS'** live album "Newcastle-upon-Tyne, December 1963" is released by Charly Records next month, along with an album of the same title by the Animals and Sonny Boy Williamson. Simultaneous releases on the same label include "London 1964-65" by Gary Farr & the T-Bones, "The Beginning Of Jazz-Rock" by the Graham Bond Organisation, and "London 1964-67" by Julie Driscoll and Brian Auger.

● **U.F.O.** have undergone a personnel change, with Paul Raymond (son of the 'Men Only' and Revuebar owner) replacing Danny Peyronel on keyboards doubling guitar. The band will be recording a new album in January, and this will be released in March to coincide with a major European tour, including British dates.

● **NOVA**, who have just completed a British tour with the Steve Hillage Band, headline their own club and college tour from late January through February, preceded by concerts in France, Holland and Belgium. The three Italian founder members of the band have now been joined by American bassist Doni Harvey (ex-Automatic Man) and drummer Rick Parnell (son of band-leader Jack), to complete a settled line-up for the first time in several months.

● **MUD** are to play a further series of concert and college gigs in late February. Eight dates are planned, at venues not included in their recently-completed autumn tour, and details will be announced shortly. Next month the band record a new single, for release to coincide with their February dates. January will be devoted to routing material for their next album.



JAMES BROWN LONDON SHOW

JAMES BROWN flies in next month to make his first concert appearance in this country for five years. He is playing one date only, at London Hammersmith Odeon on January 14, and there will be two performances at 6.30 and 9 p.m.

He is bringing his full stage revue, including the J.B.'s, Lyn Collins and various dancers and singers — making a 17-piece show in all.

Tickets for the Hammersmith gigs are on sale now

at the box-office and from the usual agencies priced £4, £3 and £2.

The London date is part of a jet-stop European tour, also taking in Amsterdam (12), Hamburg (13), Munich (15), Berlin (16), Dusseldorf (17) and Heidelberg (18).

Promoter Bob England of Good Earth explained that Brown's tour has had to be condensed, because he is due to perform at President-Elect Jimmy Carter's inauguration party in Washington on January 20. "But I hope he will be back later in the year," he said.

Manhattan Transfer

MANHATTAN TRANSFER return to Britain in February for a brief three-concert visit. Promoted by Harvey Goldsmith, they appear at London New Victoria Theatre (February 23 and 24) followed by Manchester Palace Theatre (27). Tickets for the London gigs are priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 and in Manchester they are £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75, and they are available now at both box-offices. The group are also expected to film a TV special during their visit.

HALL-OATES EXTRA

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES are to play another London concert at the conclusion of their European tour. Their two shows at the Hammersmith Odeon on January 23 and 24 have sold out, and promoter Ian Wright of MAM has now persuaded them to return to Britain after they have completed the European leg of their tour, in order to play an extra Hammersmith gig on Tuesday, February 15. Tickets for this additional date are now on sale priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2.

Edited: Derek Johnson

Elvis says it again

"Plans are under way now for a visit to London, and we hope that we can do it real soon!"

Those words are not NME's, but Elvis Presley's. And that's what he told his audience during his act at the Las Vegas Hilton two weeks ago yesterday (Wednesday).

He picked that occasion because 200 members of his British Fan Club were in the audience that night, during their annual pilgrimage to the States. What he might have added, in fact, is that negotiations are in hand for a world tour — of which Britain would be a part.

Presley's manager, Colonel Tom Parker, has already visited Canada, Australia and the Far East in the past few months, and has opened discussions with local promoters. And he told the British contingent, backstage at the Hilton on December 8, that he is "currently evaluating eight offers for Elvis to play in Great Britain."

Despite this apparent change of heart on the Colonel's part, it should be stressed that these are long-term plans. Parker said that, because of outstanding commitments next year in the States, it is unlikely that the world tour will commence until the beginning of 1978.

It is understood that RCA Record Tours will be the overall promoters of Presley's global travels, with local promoters being responsible for the actual events in their respective countries.

Jenny & Lion for Rainbow

JENNY HAAN'S Lion, the new band launched by the former Babe Ruth lead singer, play their first major London concert at the Rainbow Theatre in late January — on a bill which also features Meal Ticket and Carol Grimes & the London Boogie Band.

Lion, whose line-up was listed in last week's NME, also have one-nighters in their own right at London Camden Dingwalls (January 1), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (6), London City Polytechnic (7), Birmingham Barbarella's (8), Sutton-in-Ashfield Golden Diamond (10), Barrow Maxim's (13), Bradford

College of Education (14), Crewe College of Education (15), Derby Cleopatra's (20), Scarborough Penthouse (21), Leeds Polytechnic (26), Huddersfield Polytechnic (27), Stockton Pharaoh's (28), and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (February 5).

● **Carol Grimes** and her outfit have January gigs at Cromer West Runt Pavilion (8), London Fulham Golden Lion (9), Derby Cleopatra's (13), Scarborough Penthouse (14), Stockton Pharaoh's (15), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (20), Crawley Technical College (21), Bristol Granary (22) and London Trent Park College (28).

HAMILTON IV GIGS Pitney & Bonnie Tyler

GEORGE HAMILTON IV and **GENE PITNEY** are both undertaking extensive British concert tours in the New Year. Hamilton is to headline a C-&W package, promoted by Mervyn Conn, which also features U.S. singer Melba Montgomery and Britain's Pete Sayers. Pitney will be playing his first major British tour for several years, promoted by Kennedy Street Enterprises, and his guest artist on all dates will be "Lost In France" chart star Bonnie Tyler. The two itineraries are as follows:

HAMILTON: Hanley Odeon (February 11), Doncaster Gaumont (12), Hull New Theatre (13), Nottingham Albion Hall (16), Slough Fulcrum Theatre (17), Farnborough Recreation Centre (18), Peterborough ABC (19), Norwich Theatre Royal (20), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (24), Eastbourne Congress (25), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (26), Portsmouth Guildhall (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (March 3), Chelmsford Odeon (4), Ipswich Gaumont (5), Oxford New (6), Chatham Central Hall (9), Gloucester Leisure Centre (10), Paignton Festival Theatre (11), Taunton Odeon (12), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (13), Inverness Eden Court Theatre (22), Dundee

Card Hall (23), Aberdeen Music Hall (24) and Glasgow Apollo (25). Irish dates are still being finalised. **PITNEY:** Coventry Theatre (February 13), Oxford New (14), Leeds Grand Theatre (15), Southampton New Theatre (16), Blackpool ABC Theatre (17), Aberdeen Capitol (19), Glasgow Apollo (20), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (21), Portsmouth Guildhall (22), Gloucester Leisure Centre (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Ipswich Gaumont (26) and London Palladium (27) — followed by cabaret appearances at Stoke Jolles (28 week), Manchester Golden Garter (March 7 week) and Birmingham Night Out (14 for two weeks).

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson



SAHB IN 29 GIGS while Alex is gagged!

ALMOST THIRTY dates have now been confirmed for the New Year tour, reported last week, by the Sensational Alex Harvey Band minus Alex Harvey.

The outfit have an album titled "Fourplay," again without Harvey, released by Mountain on January 14 — it is entirely self-penned, with Hugh McKenna featured on most of the lead vocals, and they will be performing material from the LP in their stage act. Dates and venues are:

Derby King's Hall (January 26), Carlisle Market Hall (27), Edinburgh University (28), Glasgow Strathclyde University (29), Aberdeen Music Hall (30), Glasgow Tiffany's (31); Leeds University (February 2), Liverpool Mountford Hall (3), Durham University (4), Lancaster University (5), Redcar Coatham Bowl (6), Hull Tiffany's (7), Manchester Electric

Circus (8), Cardiff Top Rank (9), Cambridge Corn Exchange (11), Southend Kursaal (12), Southampton Top Rank (13), Portsmouth Locarno (15), Birmingham University (16), Hanley Victoria Hall (17), Newcastle Mayfair (18), Sheffield University (19), Bristol Locarno (20), London Marquee Club (23 and 24), Uxbridge Brunel University (25), Bracknell Sports Centre (26), Dunstable Civic Hall (27) and Swansea Top Rank (28).

Harvey himself rejoins the band in the spring to record their new concept album "Vibranza." And a series of special dates at major venues are being planned for the SAHB, complete with Alex, during the summer. A spokesman said that it will be a mammoth show incorporating a spectacular set, involving only those venues with the stage and technical facilities to cope.

'World War II' show in doubt

PLANS TO present a stage version of the album "All This And World War II", pencilled in for London Olympia on January 17, were still in jeopardy at presstime — mainly because of the lack of available time in organising the event, and the unavailability of some of the artists who performed on the LP.

Producer Lou Reizner has had acceptances from Rod Stewart, Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Leo Sayer and Keith Moon. But among the album artists who would not be able to take part are Elton John, David Essex, Bryan Ferry, the Bee Gees and Helen Reddy.

A spokesman for Riva Records commented: "The show would have to be on or about January 17, because Olympia would still be set up for Rod's gigs there a couple of days earlier. We are now trying to book replacements for those artists on the LP who can't appear. If it doesn't come together in a day or two, we shall have to scrap the idea."

'IN CONCERT': DATE SHEET

MOST OF the running order has now been finalised for the New Year "In Concert" series, to be transmitted simultaneously by BBC-2 and Radio 1 in stereo. Radio 1 producer Jeff Griffin, who is in charge of the series, has set Renaissance to open on Saturday, January 8 — followed by the Jess Roden Band (15), Santana (22), Rory Gallagher (29), the Chieftains (February 12), Jethro Tull (19), Kiki Dee (26), Gallagher and Lyle (March 5) and Procol Harum (12).

CHICAGO VENUES —three big shows fixed for January

CHICAGO are coming to Britain next month to play three major concert dates, as part of a whirlwind European tour. They visit Birmingham Odeon (January 23), London Hammersmith Odeon (25) and Manchester Free Trade Hall (28). They will also be filming a TV special during their visit.

Tickets at all three venues are on sale now, priced £3, £2.50 and £2 for Manchester and Birmingham, and £3.50, £2.50 and £2 for Hammersmith. Postal bookings will be accepted for Manchester and Birmingham, but tickets are only available for Hammersmith at the box-office and through the usual

agencies.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith said this week that the band will be performing for the entire 2½-hour show, and there will be no support act.

Chicago's recent chart-topping single "If

You Leave Now" has now sold over 800,000 copies in Britain alone. And in America, their latest album "Chicago X" has just been certified platinum — which means that all ten of their albums have now achieved platinum status.

Climax, Uriah concerts

CLIMAX BLUES BAND, who returned this week from a successful U.S. tour, are to play a short series of British concert dates in late January — culminating in an appearance at London Rainbow, which will be recorded with a view to a live EP being issued in the spring.

Confirmed dates are Liverpool University (January 21), Salford University (22), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (23), Hanley

Victoria Hall (24), Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom (28), Leicester Polytechnic (29) and London Rainbow Theatre (30). It is expected that two or three more dates will be added to this itinerary.

The band have a new single released by BTM on January 21, as the follow-up to their recent chart hit "Couldn't Get It Right" — titled "Together And Free", it is taken from their current album "Gold Plated".



The new-look URIAH HEEP

TEN DATES and venues have now been confirmed for the New Year tour by Uriah Heep, their first since their recent personnel upheaval. Tour highlight is a concert at London Rainbow Theatre on Sunday, March 6, for which tickets are priced at £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

Other gigs are at Birmingham Odeon (February 28), Leicester De Montfort Hall (March 1), Portsmouth Guildhall (2), Bristol Colston Hall (3), Manchester Free Trade Hall (4), Sheffield City Hall (8), Newcastle City Hall (9), Liverpool Empire (10) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (11). Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

JACK THE LAD'S DATES IN MARCH

JACK THE LAD set out for another British tour in early March, coinciding with the release of their second United Artists album, which they record next month. Dates so far confirmed are Glasgow University (March 5), Redcar Coatham Bowl (6), Stafford Top Of The World (7), Liverpool University (11), Loughborough University (12), Exeter University (14), Plymouth Fiesta (15), Coventry Warwick University (17), Uxbridge Brunel University (18), St. Alban's City Hall (19) and Bristol Polytechnic (26). Singer Mitch Mitchell has now recovered from the laryngitis which caused the postponement of the band's European tour earlier this month, and the tour has now been re-scheduled to begin on February 2.

ROCK FAMINE IN IRELAND IS OVER

THE RECENT rock famine in Ireland now appears to be ending, thanks to an extensive New Year tour schedule which has been lined up by Paul Charles of the Asgard agency. He has arranged January concerts in both Eire and Ulster by the George Hatcher Band, Cado Belle, Cajun Moon and Ry Cooder. These will be followed in February by Curved Air, the McGarrigles, Fumble, Flying Aces, Julie Felix and Racing Cars. So far set for March are Fairport and Roogalator.

Other acts being arranged for Irish visits in late winter are early spring include Motorhead, the Steve Hillage Band, Hot Chocolate, Be-Bop Deluxe, Sassafras, Giggles, Billy Connolly and John McLaughlin's Shakti. Major rock acts have been reluctant to work in Ireland due to the escalation of terrorism — and, in particular, the Miami Showband massacre. But this new burst of activity should help restore the Irish rock scene to near normal in 1977.

SEX PISTOLS This week's episode

TWO MORE cancellations hit the Sex Pistols' package tour, when scheduled gigs at Birmingham Bingley Hall (Monday) and Paignton Penelope's (Wednesday) were called off. But the show received a late boost in the shape of three last-minute bookings — gigs in Manchester and Cleethorpes earlier this week and a date at Ipswich Manor Ballroom tonight (Thursday). A further boost is the arrival of the Pistols' single, "Anarchy In The UK", in the NME Charts (See page 4).

Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren was having discussions with EMI executives this week, in order to determine their recording future. He told NME: "They can't stall any longer. They must state, once and for all, if they will support the Pistols or drop them."

Pat Travers Band have issued a challenge to the Sex Pistols, to be performed any time and anywhere for charity. They say they would feature Peter Cowling playing with just two bass strings, Travers using three guitar strings, and drummer Nico McBrain playing high hat, snare drum and one cymbal — and they reckon they would still out-play the Pistols.

The Vibrators, who were hit by the backlash of the Pistols controversy, have so far managed to salvage five New Year gigs. They are at London Covent Garden Rock Garden (January 4), London Hammersmith Red Cow (6), Loughborough University (22), Kingston Polytechnic (28) and London Kensington The Nashville (29).

NEW YEAR TOUR BY SAM & DAVE

SAM & DAVE have signed with Contempo Records after a long association with Atlantic. They have already paid a secret visit to London to start work on an album for their new label, and they are returning next month to complete it.

They will then be undertaking a short British tour for promoter Henry Sellers, who has so far confirmed Birmingham Barbarella's (January 28), Norwich East Anglia University (29) and Charnock Richard Park Hall (30 — February 5), with another week of one-nighters still to be finalised.

The soul duo will have a new single released in February. AMERICAN outfit Linda and the Funky Boys are set for the debut British tour, starting at the end of next month and promoted by Barry Collings. They had a disco hit earlier this year with "Sold My

Rock'n'Roll For Soul", and their new single "Climbing The Steps Of Love" is released by Spark on January 7.

The group will be bringing over their own backing band, making a nine-piece show in all, and dates confirmed so far are:

Norwich Crockers (January 28), Manchester Russell's Club and Wigan Casino (29), Dundee Angus Hotel (30), Edinburgh King James Hotel (31), Guildford The Place (February 2), Birmingham Barbarella's (4), Dunstable California and London Peckham Bouncing Ball (5), all-day event at Sheffield Bailey's and late-night at London Paddington Cue Club (6), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall and London Gulliver's Club (9), Stockton Incognito (10), Sunderland Annabelle's (11), Scunthorpe Baths Hall and Peterborough Wrima Stadium (12), London Paddington Falls (14), London Camden Dingwalls (16), Backley Tivoli (17), Retford Porterhouse (18), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (19) and London Brixton Clouds (20).

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending — december 23, 1971.

This Week	Last Week	
1	1	ERNE — Benny Hill (Columbia)
2	2	JEEPSTER — T. Rex (Fly)
3	3	THEME FROM "SHAFT" — Isaac Hayes (Stax)
4	4	SOFTLY WHISPERING I LOVE YOU — Congregation (Columbia)
5	5	SOMETHING TELLS ME — Cilla Black (Parlophone)
6	6	I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING — New Seekers (Polydor)
7	7	NO MATTER HOW I TRY — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
8	8	TOKOLOSHE MAN — John Kongos (Fly)
9	9	MY MIND'S EYE — Cher (MCA)
10	10	IT MUST BE LOVE — Labi Siffre (Pye)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending — December 24, 1966.

This Week	Last Week	
1	1	GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME — Tom Jones (Decca)
2	2	MORNINGTOWN RIDE — Seekers (Columbia)
3	3	WHAT WOULD I BE — Val Doonican (Decca)
4	4	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN — Donovan (Pye)
5	5	MY MIND'S EYE — Small Faces (Decca)
6	6	WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED — Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
7	7	YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON — Supremes (Tamla Motown)
8	8	DEAD END STREET — Kinks (Pye)
9	9	FRIDAY ON MY MIND — Easybeats (United Artists)
10	10	SAVE ME — Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending — December 22, 1961.

This Week	Last Week	
1	1	TOWER OF STRENGTH — Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
2	2	MOON RIVER — Danny Williams (HMV)
3	3	STRANGER ON THE SHORE — Acker Bilk (Columbia)
4	4	LET THERE BE DRUMS — Sandy Nelson (London)
5	5	MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW — Kenny Ball (Pye)
6	6	JOHNNY WILL — Pat Boone (London)
7	7	TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BABY — Bobby Vee (Columbia)
8	8	I'LL GET BY — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
9	9	WALKIN' BACK TO HAPPINESS — Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
10	10	HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWEET SIXTEEN — Neil Sedaka (RCA)

C · H · A · R · T · S

SINGLES

Week ending December 25, 1976

This Last Week	Position	Weeks	Highest
Chart	Charts	Charts	Charts
1 (3)	WHEN A CHILD IS BORN	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	5 1
2 (1)	UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE	Showaddywaddy (Bell)	7 11
3 (4)	SOMEBODY TO LOVE	Queen (EMI)	5 22
4 (2)	MONEY MONEY MONEY	Abba (Epic)	5 22
5 (5)	LIVIN' THING	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6 31
6 (8)	PORTSMOUTH	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	4 61
7 (22)	BIONIC SANTA	Chris Hill (Philips)	3 7
8 (6)	LOVE ME	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	7 4
9 (11)	LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE	Smokie (Rak)	3 9
10 (10)	LEAN ON ME	Mud (Private Stock)	4 9
11 (17)	DOCTOR LOVE	Tina Charles (CBS)	3 11
12 (7)	IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW	Chicago (CBS)	11 1
13 (—)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US	David Soul (Private Stock)	1 13
14 (20)	WILD SIDE OF LIFE	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2 14
15 (21)	GRANDMA'S PARTY	Paul Nicholas (RSO)	3 15
16 (—)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	1 16
17 (23)	THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE	10c.c. (Mercury)	2 17
18 (12)	GET BACK	Rod Stewart (Riva)	5 10
19 (15)	LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW	Kursaal Flyers (CBS)	5 15
20 (8)	STOP ME (IF YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE)	Billy Ocean (GTO)	5 9
21 (13)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	8 2
22 (28)	HAITIAN DIVORCE	Steely Dan (ABC)	2 22
23 (—)	DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA	Julie Covington (MCA)	1 23
24 (16)	LOST IN FRANCE	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	8 5
25 (19)	FAIRY TALE	Dana (GTO)	5 19
26 (14)	SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD	Elton John (Rocket)	6 13
27 (—)	ANARCHY IN THE UK	Sex Pistols (EMI)	1 27
28 (—)	SIDE SHOW	Barry Briggs (Dynamic)	1 28
29 (—)	RING OUT SOLSTICE BELLS	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	1 29
30 (26)	MISSISSIPPI	Pussycat (Sonet)	17 1

BUBBLING UNDER

KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE — KC & The Sunshine Band (Jayboy); DADDY COOL — Boney M (Atlantic); MAGGIE MAY EP — Rod Stewart (Mercury); SLIP — Jessie Green (EMI); THE CHAMPION — Willie Mitchell (London)

ALBUMS

Week ending December 25, 1976

This Last Week	Position	Weeks	Highest
Chart	Charts	Charts	Charts
1 (2)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	6 1
2 (1)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Glen Campbell (Capitol)	7 1
3 (6)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder (EMI)	11 1
4 (5)	100 GOLDEN GREATS	Max Bygraves (Ronco)	8 4
5 (4)	THE GREATEST HITS	Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (K-Tel)	7 4
6 (12)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen (EMI)	2 6
7 (7)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	39 1
8 (3)	22 GOLDEN GREATS	Bert Weedon (Warwick)	8 3
9 (9)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4 9
10 (11)	DAVID SOUL	(Private Stock)	4 10
11 (8)	DISCO ROCKET	(K-Tel)	4 8
12 (10)	HOT CHOCOLATE GREATEST HITS	(Rak)	6 8
13 (13)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John (Rocket)	9 4
14 (24)	SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS	(Arista)	2 14
15 (14)	THE WHO STORY	(Polydor)	12 1
16 (16)	20 ORIGINAL DEAN MARTIN HITS	(Reprise)	6 10
17 (17)	THOUGHTS OF LOVE	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	3 17
18 (15)	FOREVER AND EVER	Demis Roussos (Philips)	26 2
19 (—)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	1 19
20 (19)	BEST OF STYLICTICS VOL. II	(Avco)	15 3
21 (—)	GREATEST HITS	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)	1 21
22 (18)	THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME	Led Zeppelin (Swansong)	9 5
23 (22)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE	Peter Frampton (A&M)	29 6
24 (—)	SOME MORE OF ME POEMS AND SONGS	Pam Ayres (Galaxy)	1 24
25 (21)	A LITTLE BIT MORE	Dr. Hook (Capitol)	23 4
26 (—)	44 SUPERSTARS	(K-Tel)	1 26
27 (20)	SOUL MOTION	(K-Tel)	11 2
28 (30)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	27 1
29 (—)	ATLANTIC BRIDGE	Billy Connolly (Polydor)	1 29
30 (23)	DEREK AND CLIVE LIVE	Peter Cook & Dudley Moore (Island)	10 13

BUBBLING UNDER

WINGS OVER AMERICA — (Parlophone); HEJIRA — Joni Mitchell (Asylum); 33 1/3 — George Harrison (Dark Horse); BOXED — Mike Oldfield (Virgin); THE PRETENDER — Jackson Browne (Asylum).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending December 24, 1976

This Last Week	Position	Weeks	Highest
Chart	Charts	Charts	Charts
1 (2)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING	Leo Sayer	5 1
2 (1)	TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT	Rod Stewart	7 11
3 (4)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR	Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis	5 22
4 (3)	RUBBER BAND MAN	Spinners	7 11
5 (6)	STAND TALL	Burton Cummings	5 22
6 (5)	LOVE SO RIGHT	Bee Gees	7 11
7 (8)	AFTER THE LOVIN'	Engelbert Humperdinck	7 11
8 (9)	SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD	Elton John	6 13
9 (12)	DAZZ	Brick	11 1
10 (11)	LIVIN' THING	ELO	11 1
11 (14)	HOT LINE	Sylvers	11 1
12 (13)	LOVE ME	Yvonne Elliman	7 4
13 (16)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce	11 1
14 (19)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder	11 1
15 (7)	MUSKRAT LOVE	Captain & Tennille	11 1
16 (21)	SOMEBODY TO LOVE	Queen	11 1
17 (25)	WALK THIS WAY	Aerosmith	11 1
18 (22)	JEANS ON	David Dundas	11 1
19 (10)	NIGHTS ARE FOREVER	England Dan & John Ford Coley	11 1
20 (15)	NADIA'S THEME	Barry DeVorzon & Perry Botkin Jr.	11 1
21 (17)	I NEVER CRY	Alice Cooper	11 1
22 (29)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS	Mary MacGregor	11 1
23 (20)	YOU ARE THE WOMAN	Firefall	11 1
24 (18)	MORE THAN A FEELING	Boston	11 1
25 (30)	I LIKE DREAMING	Kenny Nolan	11 1
26 (—)	BLINDED BY THE LIGHT	Manfred Mann	11 1
27 (—)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread	11 1
28 (—)	ENJOY YOURSELF	Jacksons	11 1
29 (—)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles	11 1
30 (—)	WHISPERING/CHERCHEZ LA FEMME/ C'EST SI BON	Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah	11 1

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending December 24, 1976

This Last Week	Position	Weeks	Highest
Chart	Charts	Charts	Charts
1 (1)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder	6 1
2 (2)	BOSTON		7 1
3 (3)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart	11 1
4 (4)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE	Peter Frampton	29 6
5 (—)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles	1 19
6 (—)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	Wings	1 24
7 (7)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES	Doobie Brothers	11 1
8 (5)	THE PRETENDER	Jackson Browne	10 13
9 (9)	ROCK AND ROLL OVER	Kiss	11 1
10 (10)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra	4 9
11 (11)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band	11 1
12 (6)	SPIRIT	Earth, Wind & Fire	11 1
13 (15)	HEJIRA	Joni Mitchell	11 1
14 (8)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John	9 4
15 (22)	GREATEST HITS	James Taylor	11 1
16 (19)	THIRTY-THREE & 1/3	George Harrison	11 1
17 (12)	THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME	Led Zeppelin	9 5
18 (28)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt	11 1
19 (14)	CHICAGO X		11 1
20 (13)	ONE MORE FROM THE ROAD	Lynyrd Skynyrd	11 1
21 (17)	THEIR GREATEST HITS	Eagles	11 1
22 (25)	SONGS OF JOY	Captain & Tennille	11 1
23 (18)	SILK DEGREES	Boyz n the City	11 1
24 (20)	CHILDREN OF THE WORLD	Bee Gees	11 1
25 (16)	DREAMBOAT ANNIE	Heart	11 1
26 (21)	FLEETWOOD MAC		11 1
27 (23)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart	11 1
28 (—)	CAR WASH	Original Soundtrack	11 1
29 (24)	SUMMERTIME DREAM	Gordon Lightfoot	11 1
30 (29)	IT LOOKS LIKE SNOW	Phoebe Snow	11 1

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

OKAY, WHO said "I wish this jet was on the ground?" Wrong. Andrew Gold wrote it, but Leo Sayer sings it. Me, I said it — make that "shrieked it" — several times on "Endless Flight" 555 en route from London to Leo Sayer's New York opening at the Bottom Line. I won't bore you with all the details, but a flight that's supposed to take about six hours stretched to thirteen, with more people throwing up simultaneously than on the last train to Manchester after an away match.

When we actually landed at Kennedy there was only time for Leo's second set, and I was digging the idea of doing the down-to-the-wire transatlantic dash-to-the-gig-routine — so rock and roll. I always thrilled to the image of CSM or Nick Kent swanning off jets straight into waiting cars to the auditorium, but instead I fled directly to the hotel at 11 pm for a shower, to find my room still in ruins from a previous tenant. Somehow I don't think Charlie or Nick would have burst into tears and sat on the dresser until the maid who materialised and delivered a lecture on people who "wouldn't do this in their own homes" grudgingly produced some clean towels.

Then, after I'm safely tucked in at the Bottom Line, I'm made to feel guilty for making it at all when New Yawkers start belly-aching to the waitress that "Ya wait for an houer anna haff in the cold and get in, and all the best seats are reserved for these record company BOZOS." Bozette pretends she's never seen any of these record company people in her life and orders something unfamiliar to drink because women order them in *Police Woman* and things. Gin fizz it was. Tasted like neat PLJ.

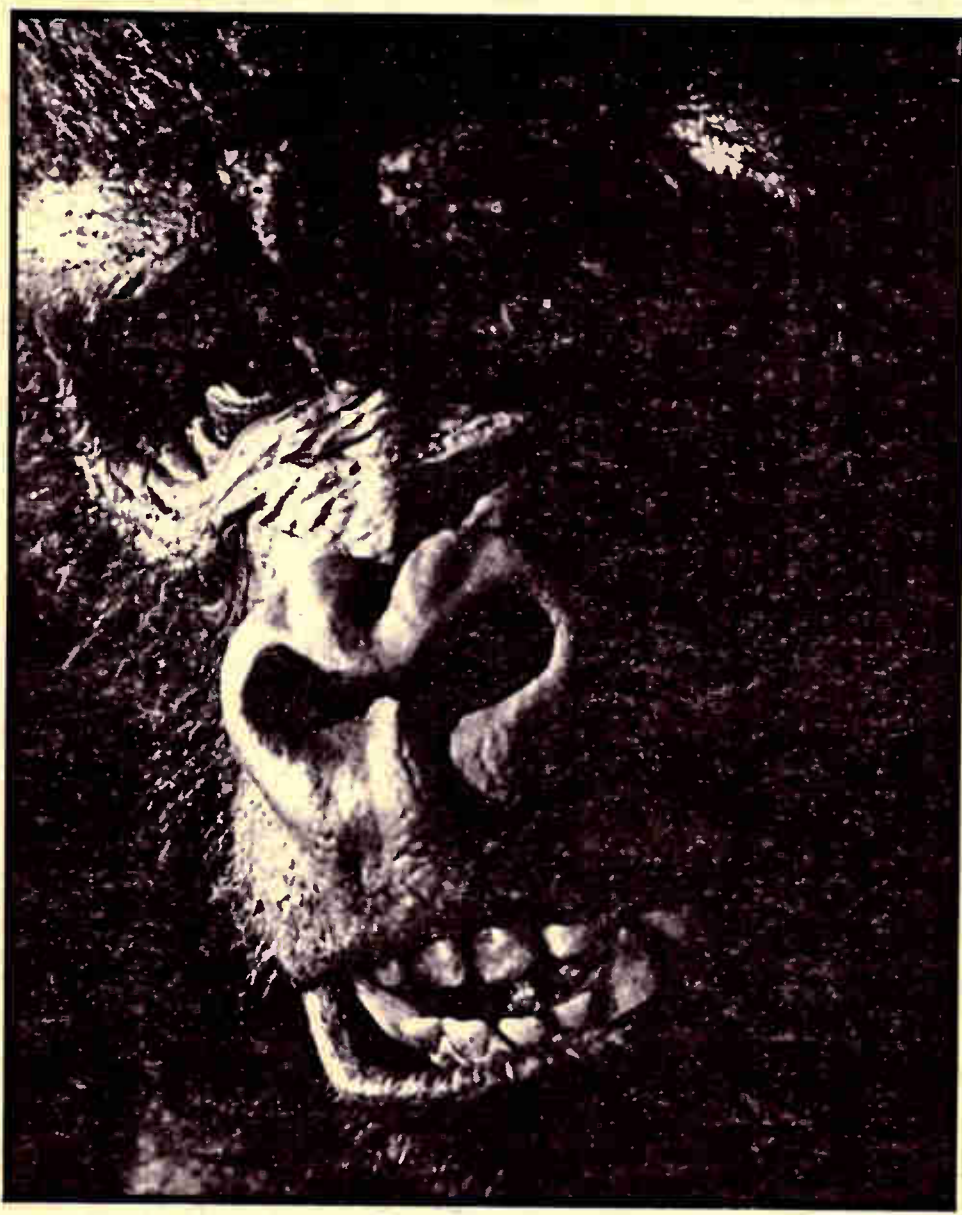
Adam Faith strolls in and I start babbling the story of Flight 555, but he's just had a similar ordeal on another plane and wasn't bothered because he's cool. At least Rory Gallagher and his band, come to see Chrysalis stable-mate Leo Sayer's big night, have the grace to look sympathetically bilious when I tell them how many people puked on my plane. (Bleccccc! — Ed).

A comic comes on and humiliates people in the front row. "You're a student?" he asks a balding character in corduroy. "What are you studying, ageing?" He also does impressions of famous people singing Dylan. Humphrey Bogart singing Dylan, Jack Nicholson singing Dylan, you get the picture. He was so good everybody was afraid to go to the bathroom in case he picked on them if he saw them moving, you know?

When Leo springs out I've done up enough gin fizz to feel as relaxed as he looks. The company he's keeping these days, he can afford to stay calm. This band is one classy outfit. Faithful retainer Les Nichol is still on guitar, surrounded by session men of the highest order: on drums, Alvin Taylor; on bass, Reggie McBride, who's been in Stevie Wonder's band; on congas,



"They try to make yer look silly..."



"Watch yer image, Leo!"

says ADAM FAITH to his erring charge, scattering photographers like confetti. And all this after ANGIE ERRIGO nearly lost life and lunch alike on the endless flight from London to New York



"Watch yer image, Leo!"

Oliver C. Brown; on synthesiser, Don Preston; on trumpet, Steve Madaio; on sax, Bobby Keys; providing backing vocals, Becky Louis and Milliecent James. And on keyboards is none other than Nicky Hopkins, looking healthier and younger than he did ten years ago.

The band is a gas and Leo is a delight, mixing old faves from the Sayer Songbook with the varied and surprising repertoire from "Endless Flight". The dynamics are carefully arranged, with the girls and horns backing off for clean, simple, fresh deliveries of "Just a Boy" and "One Man Band", and the ensemble turning up the power for "Train" and "There's No Business Like Love Business".

As a performer Leo has matured dramatically. Gone are the Frank Spencer impressions (mind you, they'd be lost on an American audience), gone is the most outrageous hamming and the occasionally embarrassing prolonged clowning. Apart from the record company bozos this audience is still over 21, and wildly impressed. I've always wanted to hear Leo

doing other people's material besides his own. Although it's a definite loss that he hasn't gone in for sweaty interpretative rock as Joe Cocker and Frankie Miller did — and he certainly has the voice — I can't fault him on the execution of the kind of material he has chosen. And on acquaintance with "Endless Flight" I do find it more and more involving than at first.

"How Much Love" really cooks, Hopkins swings in "Hold On To Your Love" and Nichol turns in some nice Hawaiian slide in "Long Tall Glasses". But the real breath-taker is Albert Hammond and Carole Seger's exquisite "When I Need You". Leo stands perfectly still for this, shifting the emphasis from sophistication that it has on record to one of personal intensity: "When I need you/I just close my eyes and I'm with you/And all that I so want to give you/Is only a heartbeat away."

Later Leo will tell me "Adam often says 'If I could just nail your feet to the floor and tie your hands in your pockets you'd be a great artist.'" He would also be a

considerable bore to watch, but for a number like this it works. Close your eyes and the voice does it all.

The other total knockout is the old Supremes hit "Reflections", where he gets the balance between punchy, rhythmic phrasing and a sense of the lyrics just right. The student of ageing up front is throwing up his hands in wonderment and a whole bunch of overweight New Yawkers get up to flaunt the flab.

Even the eternal finale of "The Show Must Go On" is injected with new life, most noticeably from Taylor, the most stylish, inventive drummer Sayer has ever worked with.

Backstage, the whole band is in high spirits and Leo is rushing back between his equally tiny wife Jan and all comers, raving about the band, the set, the new numbers. John Lennon's invited him to dinner, and he's even laughing about the state the dressing room was left in by Patti Smith and her boys, who'd finished a stint at the Bottom Line the night before. Seems the place had to be fumigated to kill of

the traces of crap on the floor and other charming souvenirs.

He cancelled all interviews the next day to save his throat but relented for this one, which is just as well since after what I went through to get there I'd a killed him if he'd cancelled. We agree to meet in the posh tea room of the ever so Plaza Hotel, at the corner of which Victorian hansom cabs queue for expensive trots around Central Park.

LEO ARRIVES looking very natty. I introduce him to the photographer and ask him if it's okay to take photos. He says sure and we all sit down to have tea first.

Leo these days is exactly as he describes himself: "Sitting pretty, really happy about everything, nicely confident". After several years of trying to assemble a strong band behind him and keep it together, he's come to the stage where first rate musicians want to work with him, and he's glad to have them for as long as it works. Naturally, he's openly excited about the current tour line-up. Nicky Hopkins didn't even know who Leo was until Richard Perry played him "Endless Flight", while Leo was in England rather desperate for a piano player. "All of a sudden I got a phone call and it's 'ello mate, this is Nicky 'opkins 'ere. I'm your new pianist.' It was an absolute gas, this is 12 o'clock at night, straight out of the blue, and I'm goin' 'Oh my God, Nicky Hopkins! 'Who's this talking?' thinking it was someone sending me up. Really amazing. And he's really digging it."

"The musicians all dig that it doesn't have to be a blowing band, it's a very tight set-up. I'm hoping it's going to go on into the next year. I really want to bring it to England. I think England deserves to see that band. They've been good enough to me, and I feel that I'll be repaying them a little bit with that band. But you have to realise with these guys that they're creatures of whim, and so much in demand. At least they're all really into it now. I feel at home with these guys, which is incredible."

"The other delightful thing is to get a band of this calibre happy to play Leo Sayer's numbers. They're happier to play "Train" and "One Man Band" than any of the bands that I've met before. Isn't that amazing? All the guys I've had before were always saying 'Oh man, we're above that, man'. But these guys love it. That is a knockout."

"Endless Flight" is another cause for celebration in Leo's corner: a deliberate departure from his recognized style into Tamla Motown, doowop, funk and collaborations from Sayer with Barry Mann, Vini Poncia and Johnny Vastano. Produced by Richard Perry, who Leo found both sympathetic and inspiring, "Endless Flight" startled some fans. But he says it is more the real him and closer to his roots than people think.

"Although the production is very sophisticated and very clean, as you'd expect from Richard Perry, what I'm

pleased about is that it's still got the simplicity of Leo Sayer. Which is nice for Adam, 'cause it was a very brave move of Adam's when he turned around to me and said 'Look, I don't think I should produce you any more.'"

Mention Adam Faith in relation to Leo Sayer and the image of a Svengali manipulator comes to more than a few minds. Leo vehemently protests against any such suggestion. "It's not true at all. Anybody who really knows me knows I'm a very stubborn, strong-willed person. I don't, can't, won't have people like that around me — anybody just sitting there telling me what to do. I'm very hard to work with and getting worse and worse as I mature," he says, leaning with amusement on the word mature.

"I'm a pig to work with. Like I just can't stand unprofessionalism. I like a band that's doing the gig, doing their best, keeping it well together. I don't like to turn around and some guy's out of it. I don't like to work with people who are messing me about or kind ment on the word of mothering me, you know? Adam's great to work with because he's totally straight with me, totally honest. If he feels something strongly he'll say it for my own good and I appreciate that. He comes back after every show with a little list of all the things that he thinks I cocked up. And he's always right, absolutely always right."

"We seem to agree so much on everything we talk about and all the ideas people think 'Oh, look, look, look, he's got to be manipulating him, there's one person here making the decision.' It's not like that at all. We laugh it off. I think we've got something incredibly rare. We're very close, very ambitious, very alike. Like brothers really," he states, laughing at his own insistence. "He wants a million and I want a million."

Adam Faith's arrival shortly after this conversation left me more puzzled and embarrassed. On introducing him to photographer Ritchie Aaron he said "You're not supposed to take photographs." When I try to argue the point Leo hurriedly starts asking about something until we are left to carry on talking. "We'll give you some pictures that make him look like Adonis," Faith said later. Okay, but why can't we take our own pictures of him looking like Leo Sayer? I mean, it's not as if the guy's spotty or anything.

If Leo wasn't such a nice fella I might have had a rapid attack of the sulks. Anyway, we started talking about his criteria for selecting other people's material and he said that "Endless Flight" represented suggestions that were about 50 per cent Richard Perry and 50 per cent Leo. "Endless Flight" was a song that he wanted to cut a long time before. "When I Need You" was a song that came into Richard's publishing firm from Albert Hammond and I over-

● continues over page



"... and sometimes they manage it."



"Hello... remember me? I'm the bloke this article's about, photographed here by JOE STEVENS."

● from previous page

heard it the day it came in and said I had to do it, so I cut it even before Albert did. That was a find. 'There's No Business Like Love Business' was something somebody played me out of the blue and I just had to cut it. It was nice to do because it's nothing to do with me at all — it's a man who's a real women's man, a pimp if you like, the pimp song of all time. It's a great song to act because it's not really the me who's underneath — little frail fragile just-a-boy- Leo Sayer.

"See, I did 'Let It Be' in England deliberately just to prove that I could do something else. I wasn't worried whether it was a hit or not. Then thankfully Lou Reizner said he wanted to use it on the film ('All This And World War II') and asked me to do two other songs, which was great. So something nice came out of 'Let It Be' after all. Which was nice for Adam because he produced it and everything and it was a bit sad

that it never did anything, because it was his idea completely to do 'Let It Be'. It was something that he kind of talked me into and said 'Look, why don't you try it and if it's no good we'll just have it for our own use' 'cause it was his favourite song. So we did it."

"I'm conscious of not being 'just a boy' any more. All the mimicking and the mime and everything are okay, but I'm now happy just to sing. It's the best asset I've got. I feel ready to do all the things I've wanted in the past and been nervous of. I've felt nervous about doing other people's material, insecure even about doing my own in a certain way. I used to worry terribly. Now I find I go on stage and I know the band are good so I can just let the music do it all and concentrate on singing, which is the best thing I've got together in the last year."

As far as his own material goes, Leo is still writing a lot of stuff. The next album will see collaborations with Mann, Vastano, and probably Poncia and Nicky Hopkins. Little

Feat's Bill Payne also has shown an interest in writing with him. It was with Vini Poncia that he came up with "You Make Me Feel Like Dancing", currently No. 1 in the American charts. I thought it was intended as something of a disco parody. "Good girl, good girl. No, I like that. There's a lot of that in it. Actually I was very serious about the song. Not super serious, but I was thinking of a 50s doo-wop band when I was singing it." He demonstrates doo-wop with a touch of the falsetto oo-oo-ee-ooos, to the amazement of nearby tea sippers.

The song started as a bass line from Willie Weeks and one "crazy line" from Leo in the studio. Some time later Perry played him back the one line and said it was a hit, he ought to finish writing it. It was finished a few hours later. "The whole process of that song reminds me of 'Show Must Go On'. It was the same thing, just messing around jamming and whammo, we've got a song. Those instant things that come from nowhere are always the best songs. 'Glasses' was like that as well. 'Moonlighting' was written in minutes. Total craziness."

Leo has some tapes he produced himself — something he doesn't think he should try seriously — of some straight, heavy rock and roll, but he thinks they were really all wrong for him to do. "They were all guts and no class, no subtlety, no light and shade, pure rock and roll. They were great for what they were, but you couldn't put them beside the things I release."

I wondered what he thought now about the image changes used to present himself — the pierrot, the street kid — accepting that we now have the Serious Artist. "I'm proud of

that. I feel a thousand miles on from it, but I'm proud of it all, and funnily enough I'm prouder than ever of songs like 'Show Must Go On' for the reasons I told you — that the guys love them so much. I look back on all those times like the pierrot and the Gatsby suit, just the boy and the English-pop-star trying-to-make-it-in-America thing, and it all means something. It's all very valuable. I never forget all that and turn my back on it."

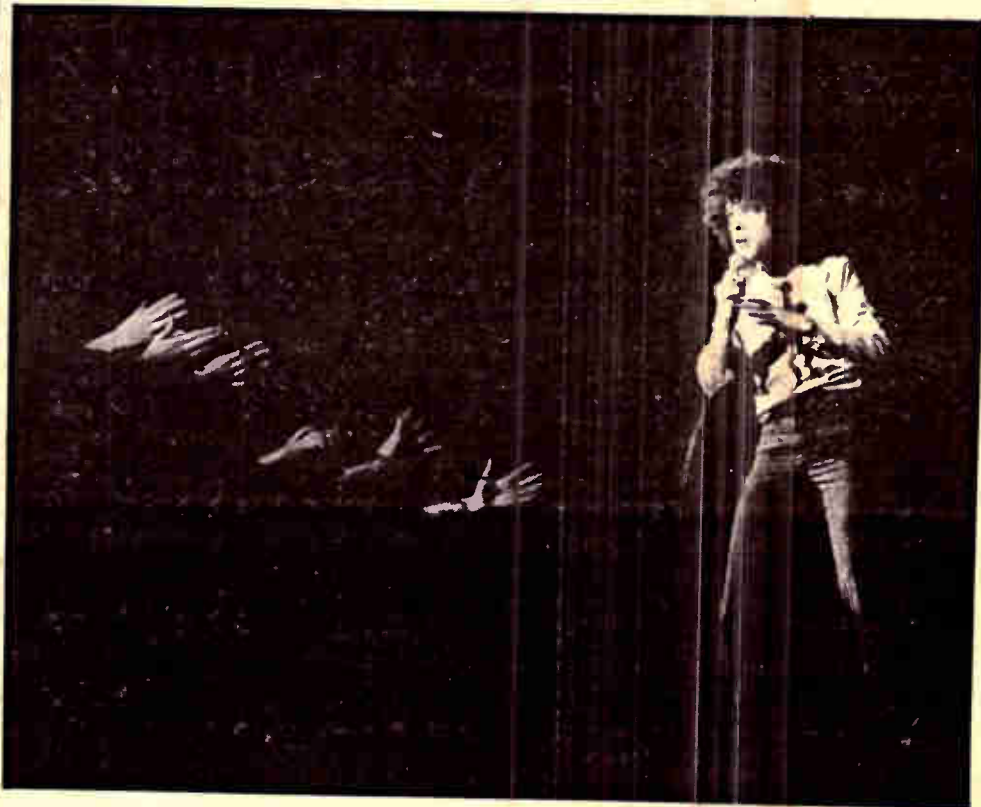
"I think when I first came out I was very arrogant. I look back at that now and I look at my old interviews and I think, 'My God, what an arrogant little sod'. I don't feel as if I

need to force myself on people so much. This is going very soapy now, but I found it so remarkable when I did that tour of England early this year how incredibly loyal the audience was. I mean, no hit record, 'Let It Be' was a total flop, and there was a real hard core Leo Sayer following. I do have some fans! It's amazing, it's ridiculous — I always thought they only come out when you have a hit record. I never forget that recognition I got. However much I work in America, I'll always work just as much in England."

He doesn't want to work in the States either, mainly because he likes touring there

and wants it to stay fresh to him. His wife Jan always travels with him and they like the life. "I can't stand sitting at home or hanging out. Oh God, hanging out in L.A. is the worst."

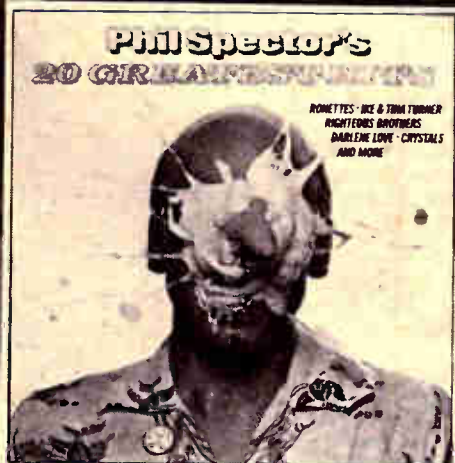
When it's time to push off Leo hears me grovelling to Ritchie Aaron for wasting his day, which he says he doesn't mind because he liked Leo. "Oh hey," Leo says, "I'm sorry about that. I didn't know." Ritchie says he heard Faith telling Leo he ought to be careful about his image. Right. I mean, I was going to stick a safety pin through his cheek and tear his shirt, wasn't I?



Leo, Leo, give us yer answer, do. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

Phil Spector

THE MASTER



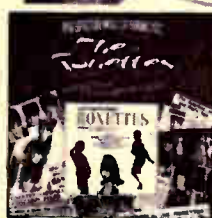
20 GREAT TRACKS

INCLUDING

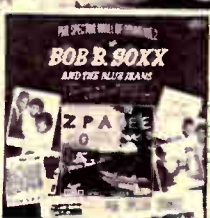
THEN HE KISSED ME • BE MY BABY
RIVER DEEP MOUNTAIN HIGH • HE'S A REBEL
ZIP-A-DEE-DOO-DA • BABY I LOVE YOU
YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN'
PROUD MARY • DA DOO RON RON



THE PHIL SPECTOR
XMAS ALBUM



VOL. 1
THE RONETTES



VOL. 2
BOB B. SOXX AND THE
BLUE JEANS



VOL. 3
THE CRYSTALS



VOL. 4
YESTERDAYS HITS TODAY



VOL. 5
RARE MASTERS 1.



VOL. 6
RARE MASTERS 2.

"Quite simply, this is pure gold... They're all here like Ike & Tina's wonderful River Deep, Mountain High, those dusky voiced girlies The Crystals with He's A Rebel and Da Doo Ron Ron, The Righteous Bros' You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin', two Ronettes greats, Be My Baby and Baby I Love You, and many more." **SOUNDS**

"In what has been a golden year for collectors, the reissues of Phil Spector's Sixties pop classics, under the 'Wall Of Sound' banner, have made a particularly outstanding series. At last, all Spector's greatest productions are available on one album: don't pass up the Opportunity." **MELODY MAKER**

"Pass the superlative dictionary because this album is just what it says it is... Phil Spector's 20 Greatest Hits. And need I tell ya, every track out of twenty is something of a Spector rock masterpiece." **N.M.E.**

THE WALL OF SOUND SERIES

The NME/Virgin Record Stores RocksOffer

THROUGHOUT December, the RocksOffer lists will remain the same each week, to allow everyone to take full advantage of the offer before Christmas. The first group of 30 contains albums which we feel might make suitable presents (for a variety of reasons), while for the special RocksOffer list, available to NME readers with the discount voucher in the bottom right-hand corner, we have put together some of the outstanding albums of 1976.

The authorised NME "Best of '76" will, of course, be with you in a matter of weeks . . . We should point out that five albums on the top list are not yet available: A Day At The Races, Hotel California, Wings Over America, the new Genesis album and Linda Ronstadt's greatest hits; however there is a strong possibility that all will be in the shops before Christmas, and so they will be immediately available from Virgin Record Shops at the discount price.



70p Off Top 30 NME New Releases

ABBA
Greatest Hits
Arrival
BEACH BOYS
20 Golden Greats
THE BEATLES
Magical Mystery Tour
GLEN CAMPBELL
20 Golden Greats
PETER COOK & DUDLEY MOORE
Derek & Clive Live
ROY DOTRICE
Watership Down (Narration Of)
DR. FEELGOOD
Stupidity

THE EAGLES
Greatest Hits
Hotel California
FLEETWOOD MAC
Fleetwood Mac
FOUR SEASONS
The Greatest Hits
PETER FRAMPTON
Frampton Comes Alive
GENESIS
New Album
GEORGE HARRISON
Thirty-three & 1/3
STEVE HILLAGE
L

ELTON JOHN
Blue Moves
LED ZEPPELIN
The Song Remains The Same
DEAN MARTIN
20 Original Hits
STEVE MILLER
Fly Like An Eagle
JONI MITCHELL
Hejira
MIKE OLDFIELD
Boxed
QUEEN
A Day At The Races

LINDA RONSTADT
Greatest Hits
ROD STEWART
A Night On The Town
TANGERINE DREAM
Stratosfear
THE WHO
The Story Of . . .
NICOL WILLIAMSON
The Hobbit (Narration Of)
WINGS
Wings Over America
STEVIE WONDER
Songs In The Key Of Life

This week's Special RocksOffer, only available to NME readers.

NEIL ARDLEY
Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows
JOAN ARMATRADE
Joan Armatrading
DAVID BOWIE
Station To Station
JACKSON BROWNE
The Pretender
BURNING SPEAR
Man In The Hills

J.J. CALE
Troubadour
GUY CLARK
Old Number One
BOB DYLAN
Desire
FLAMIN' GROOVIES
Shake Some Action
GENESIS
A Trick Of The Tail

EMMYLOU HARRIS
Elite Hotel
KURSAAL FLYERS
The Golden Mile
NILS LOFGREN
Cry Tough
BOB MARLEY
Rastaman Vibration
KATE AND ANNA MCGARRIGLE
Kate And Anna McGarrigle

GRAHAM PARKER
Heat Treatment
RACING CARS
Uptown Saturday Night
BOB SEGER
Live Bullet
STEELEYE SPAN
Rocket Cottage
THIN LIZZY
Jailbreak

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Manchester: 9, Lever St. Newcastle: 10&12, High Friars, Eldon Sq.
Glasgow: 308-11, Argyle St. Hull: 5&6, Mill St., Prospect Centre.
Birmingham: 74, Bull St. Bradford: 37, Arndale Mall, Kirkgate.
Coventry: 11, City Arcade. Edinburgh: 18a, Frederick St.
Southampton: 16, Bargate St. Swansea: 34, Union St.
Brighton: 126, North St. Bristol: 2a, The Haymarket.

Virgin/NME RocksOffer
Take this voucher to any Virgin Record store to get
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in this week's Special RocksOffer.
Hurry, this voucher is only valid until
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One album per voucher
One voucher per album



SANTA'S SLEDGE slithered on the snow that covered Keef's roof and ground to a halt frighteningly near to the guttering. "Nearly went over the top that time," chuckled Santa to himself wittily as he gazed down into Cheyne Walk below, before taking a quick hit on a half-empty quart bottle of Rebel Yell and staggering over to the sledge to unpack a sack of presents.

Santa was wrecked.

Bombed.

Out of his gourd.

This part of Christmas Eve was always a problem. If the agency had told him he'd have to do the dreaded Rock Star Run he'd have got a sick note. It wasn't just the sledge lap that did you in — though Lord knows that Polar sleigh run from LA was no joke — but the lavish hospitality that these fellows used to like to hand out if they came across you sneaking down the chimney.

And Santa hadn't felt quite the same since somewhere around Greenland when he'd chewed on that Christmas cake that Sly Stone and Jerry Garcia had baked for the journey.

"Spiked again," Santa giggled as he wandered about Keef's roof looking for the chimney. "But just wait until they've finished gorging that Fortnum & Mason hamper. That'll teach the bastards. Anyway, thank God the Macon run was cancelled for this year. Sketchleys charged me a fortune to get Gregg's puke out of my red robes after last year's little festivities."

Keef's house was easier than Santa had expected. He made it to the bedroom without being seen and found an empty stocking lying at the bottom of the Rolling Stone's bed. At heart, you see, Mr. Rock'n'Roll is just a sentimental old traditionalist. Santa felt quite touched as he filled the stocking with gifts: a new pen-knife (with a useful set of gadgets like things for taking stones out of horses' hooves and roach clips), Teach Yourself Defence Law and a Release poster, an in-car vacuum cleaner, a new shaving kit containing mirror and blades, and some mandarin oranges.

Downstairs he could hear Keef checking out the old Chuck Berry licks as he sang "Run, Run, Rudolph", whilst from another part of the house he could hear a strangely familiar Cockney accent arguing about something to do with somebody or other costing him his knighthood.

Pocketing the packet of snuff he found lying on the bedroom mantelpiece, Santa split back up to the roof pronto and, stopping only to give Rudolph a quick toot, within seconds he was traversing the skies of London.

Even without his A-Z Street Index, it was easy to find the Pink Floyd's place. Since that pig business their stoned fantasies had really got quite out of hand. East India Docks, which they'd bought and converted into a communal tenement, was easily distinguishable by the life-size inflatable reproduction of Mars attached by mooring ropes to Dave Gilmour's window and hovering a hundred feet above their *Ideal Home*-featured residence.

Peering in through a basement window Santa could see quite a party in progress: All the Floyd, all of ELP, all of Yes including Rick Wakeman, even Mike Oldfield and Camel. Oh, and Lemmy, of course, whom Santa had spotted sneaking through a crack under the door. The chaps had obviously come expecting to have a bit of a jam and this certainly explained the radio reports Santa had picked up on the way over from Keef's about giant articulated lorries blocking all roads from the Surrey stockbroker belt into London.

"How on earth am I gonna sneak into this throng without being spotted? Am I earthed correctly to avoid being electrocuted?" Santa

wondered. Pensively he raised the Rebel Yell to his lips. Suddenly everything went black.

It felt like only a moment had passed when Santa came to. He was lying on the damp ground by the window he'd been looking through, half in and half out of a puddle.

He could hear voices.

"Johnny, let's get in there and off those pigs, man," screamed a strident female voice.

"Cool it, Patti, or they'll hear us," replied a strangely muffled sounding male.

"Good God!" Santa realized, "It's Patti Smith and Johnny Rotten. And Johnny Rotten is chewing on what looks like Bill Grundy's head. I wonder what they've done with the rest of him. With this bunch around there's only one thing you can be certain of. And that's that they're up to no good!!!!"

At that moment, Smith and Rotten hurled themselves against the Floyd's front door. It caved in on the head of Jon Anderson who had been standing in the doorway chatting to Carlos Castaneda about the possibility of basing the next Yes triple album on Carlos's four books.

Just as Carlos was snarling, "Speak to my agent in New York", there was Jon with his skull stove in, face down in the brown rice with Patti and Johnny standing in the doorway firing bursts of sub-machine gun fire at the nearest triple-keyboard ARP4028762 synthesizer.

"Hey, cool it," shouted Nick Mason.

"Yeah, man, your karma's really screwed," muttered Chris Squire,

taking a hit on a joint and returning his gaze to the stock-market report of Yes Industries Inc.

"Up real music. Off all pigs etc," screamed the assailants, shredding up and puking over Greg Lake's Persian stage rug.

At this very moment, however, the sound of muffled hoofbeats could be heard. And then a voice—a strangely familiar voice, thought Santa, who'd watched all this through the window with stars spinning around his poor brain — could be made out. "Screw you lot. I'm just getting on top of things again!"

Yes, it was Rick!

It was none other than Rick Wakeman mounted on a cart-horse wearing a suit of armour and a pair of skates with a genuine Rembrandt painted on his cloak.

"I always knew this load of old rubbish would come in useful," he bellowed, riding his horse into the house and splitting Patti's skull with a mace.

"You want some too do you, Rotten?" he demanded with a sneer as Greg Lake handed him a keg of Watney's.

Johnny shook his head negatively. "Nah, mate. I've 'ad enough of this lark. I'm going back to art school to be an existentialist again. I've had enough of being a bleedin' Spokesman For A Generation." And with that Johnny mooched sullenly out the door.

As he left, Santa patted the gallant loser on the back. Santa thought that just for one moment he spotted a tear sliding down the Rotten face.

Luckily for Santa things were still

pretty chaotic at the Floyd residence. No-one even noticed him as he slipped upstairs first to the Floyd's bedrooms and then to each of the guestrooms and deposited a North Sea oil well ("Recommended by Tony Benn and H M Government for technoflash bands" read the legend amidst the operating instructions) in each stocking.

Nor as he pocketed the block of Afghani on the kitchen table and split through the back door.

Then quickly it was on to Pete Townshend's to fill his stocking with eternal youth, to Rod Stewart's to present him with a letter from H M Tax Inspectors saying that they loved him really and could they have an autographed copy of his new album — and then over to Pinner where Elton was staying with his mum.

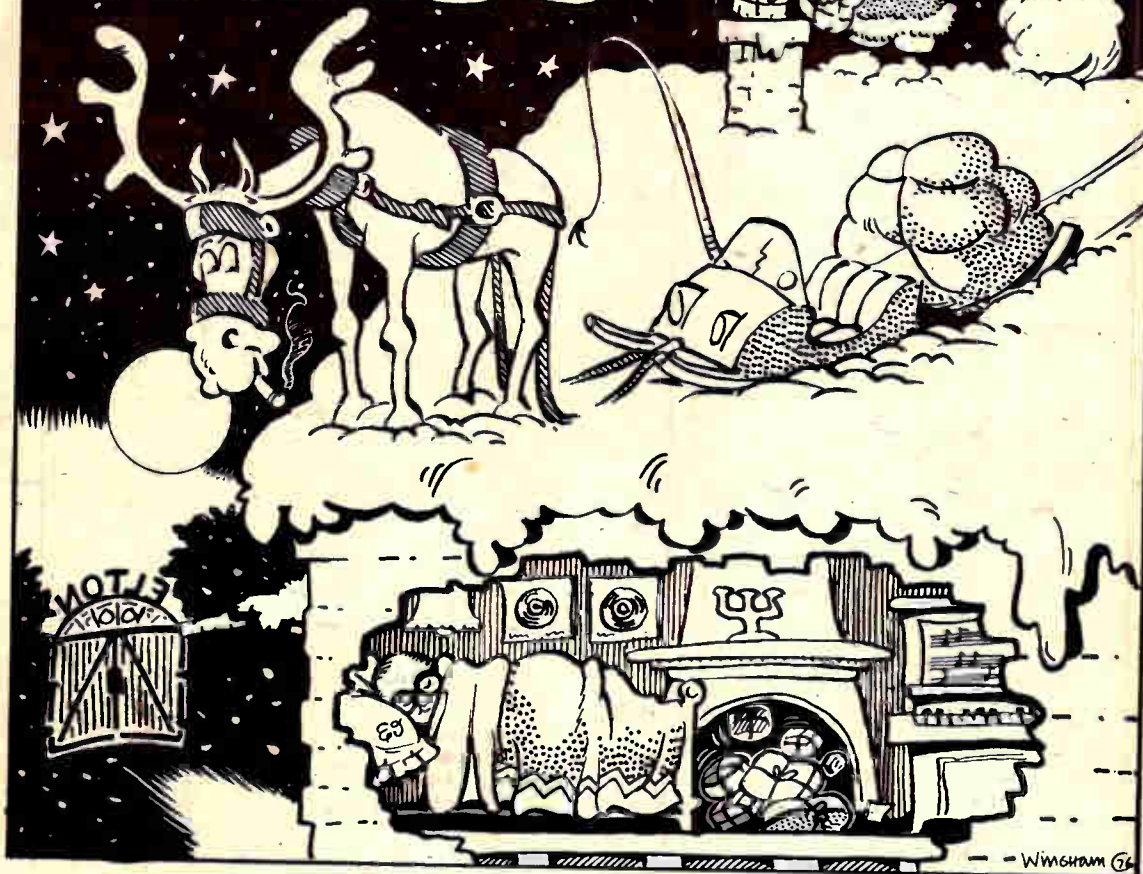
Ah, Elton... Surely it was easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for Santa Claus to think of a present for the Man Who Owns Everything In The World. Not so. Santa had given this due consideration. Into Elton's pillowcase (It rather impressed Santa that EJ put out a pillowcase rather than just a stocking. "He who asks shall get," chuckled S. Claus to himself) went the Empire State Building, plus Georgie Best.

And with his sleigh finally emptied of gifts Santa steered it up into the skies and back up towards the North Pole. "Gee up, Rudolph. Soon have you home, old chap," Santa cried cheerfully to his trusty steed over the sound of the jingling bells.

"And soon have you roasting on a spit, too," he muttered to himself.

Chris Salewicz

SANTA'S CHRISTMAS TRIP



A SEASONAL SHORT STORY
BY CHRIS SALEWICZ

EXHUMED! THE DEAD'S XMAS ALBUM

FIVE YEARS after it was recorded, the legendary Grateful Dead Christmas Album has surfaced for a waiting world to hear. A bootleg of the album with the given title of "No Snow Over Frisco" plopped onto the Thrills desk last week with a note from someone signing himself "Santa-Claws". The postmark was Los Angeles.

Rumours of the albums' existence have been circulating in the music business for some time. A Dead Xmas Package was actually scheduled for release for 1972 — a year after the sessions — but contractual difficulties and general disappointment about the quality of the sessions that gave birth to the disc, a double album, pulled the project to an abrupt close.

It is not known how anyone could have gotten access to the Dead tapes, which are reputedly locked away in the vault of the Marin County First National Bank. So tight has security been on the tapes that not even the inner circle of the Dead Family have ever heard them until their recent surprise appearance.

The project originally sprang from the time The Grateful Dead and The Beach Boys shared the stage of the Fillmore East in New York. A few years earlier, The Beach Boys had scored sizeable seasonal sales with a Christmas collection and, after putting the idea to the Boys, Carl, Al and Mike said they'd sing back-ups should the Dead decide to cut a Christmas album of their own.

As soon as they got back to the West Coast, The Dead began writing material. The first song they tried out, the Weir-Lesh composition "Santa's Snow Train" — with the hookline, "ridin' that sleigh/straight



The cover of "No Snow in Frisco."

on down to L.A." may have owed more than a passing nod to "Casey Jones," but somehow the acoustics of the Sunset Sound studios didn't give it that yule-tide flavour. They tried to cut it at Spector's favourite studio, Gold Star, but they couldn't re-create that sleighbell shimmer.

After at least a dozen takes, Carl Wilson suggested that they should all go back to Brian Wilson's house and re-think their whole approach. It was



while they were all seated around the grand piano in Brian's sandbox, that Dead drummer Bill Kreutzmann discovered that while jangling the spare change in his jeans and whacking a cut-glass fruit ball with a coke spoon he could get the right effect that had eluded them at Sunset Sound and Gold Star.

The next day, the Dead's roadies lugged 12 tons of equipment into Brian Wilson's front room and hooked it up to Wally Heider's Mobile Truck which they parked near the Wilson's organic vegetable garden. That night, "Santa's Snow Train" and a version of Chuck Berry's "Run Rudolph Run" — the latter featuring Brian, Carl, Dennis and Marilyn Wilson, Dean Torrence, Mike Love, Al Jardine, Van Dyke Parks, Bruce Johnstone, Terry Melcher, Johnny Rivers and Papa John Phillips chanting the chorus were recorded.

Around 5 a.m. Crosby, Nash and Young joined Brian, Carl and Van Dyke Parks in Jerry Garcia's hotel room where they wrote and then recorded — on a Revox — an acoustic California carol, "Boogie for Yule", the acoustic track. With "Santa's Snow Train", "Run, Rudolph Run", and a Jerry Garcia original "Schlockin' Around The Christmas Tree" taking up side one, the flip side is given over to a 24-minute improvisation on "Dark Star Over Bethlehem", a carefully edited version of a one-take jam which lasted almost three hours.

Had Pigpen not fallen asleep over the organ and sustained an E flat chord for an hour, then "Dark Star Over Bethlehem" would have continued onto side three.

As it is, side three features, Keith and Donna Godchaux duetting on a rework of an old R&B tune "Turn On Your Fairylights" and a slow country blues song "No Snow Over Frisco" which featured Brian Wilson on piano, Garcia on pedal steel and Grace Slick on tambourine. Side three ends with a seven minute instrumental featuring drummer Bill Kreutzmann entitled "Better Dead Than Alive".

Side four is the most bizarre, as Garcia goes into a long solo spot, croaking out the carols of his childhood while scraping out a spaced blues rhythm accompaniment on a synthesized Mississippi Steel Guitar. Included are "Oh Little Town Of Bethlehem", "Away In A Manger", and "Good King Wenceslas" which is turned into a nine minute blues dirge with the enigmatic line "Where the snow lay round about, courtesy of King Stephen". The album signs off with a laughably performed mass choral sing-along from the entire crew on "We Wish You A Merry Christmas", while Garcia croons "Blue Christmas" as the counterpoint.

No wonder no-one wanted it released.

□ NEIL SPENCER / ROY CARR

IT WAS of course The Event Of The Year. Forget about Mustique my angels, let the memory of St. Tropez and the Elton John "Blue Moves" party evaporate from your mind — there was but one social gathering of any significance in 1976... the NME Annual Soiree, last Thursday at Dingwalls Dancehall.

Where else, my angels, could you get to grips with so many stars? What better occasion for deciding who is the best looking star in the flesh?

How many parties have you attended where Janet (aptly named) Street-Porter has arrived, holding herself and demanding to know where the ladies is?

What better place for coming to terms with the fact that all stars are not rich? Why, Phil (Like your bottom dear, and where was Pauline McLeod?) Lynott can't even afford ready made cigarettes and had to roll his own all evening. Poor dear.

And who has ever before witnessed our dear, tranquil-eyed Editor, Nick Logan, attempting to pour tomato juice over Max Bell, or force olives into the mouth of snap-happy Chalkie Davies?

Neither have I my angels. I was cut to the quick. So, I understand, was cute Phil McNeill after speaking to Rat Scabies. Still we'll forget about that for a moment.

Even the BBC sent people to attend (I wonder what time they had to be back by?) — Bob Harris, who now has less hair than Elton John, and John Peel to be precise. The latter was heard to utter in an exasperated manner, "I must be the oldest one here" (never mind sweetie, you can peel Velda any time).

John Entwistle drank the NME preserve brandy, Phil Lynott wore a tiny swastika on his lapel, Lemmy wandered round in a daze, and Lee Brilleaux spent most of the evening clutching a full bottle of vodka and shaking hands with strangers.

Velda grew to love short haired young men (and I mean young men darlings) wearing plastic bin liners that evening (I met the most adorable black bin bag wearer imaginable, and he's rich). Yes, even the punks had a good time at the NME Party: The Clash, The Sex Pistols (who are really quite lovely little gentlemen I can assure you), Eddie and The HotRods, and The Damned, The Heartbreakers and some very strange young ladies all danced and pranced alongside the gentry.

Who else was there? Well someone saw Roy Harper doing tricks with bottles, The Kursaal Flyers grooved around, and The Flaming Groovies reminded Velda of the Beatles (especially that cute looking Paul McCartney look alike).

Oh, and if you're reading this you Kursaa's, young, skinny, and demure



Wilko Johnson (far right), in a mighty jam together. On the left, Mick Green aims a burst of guitar fire at Canvey Island legends, The Pirates and Dr. Feelgood, while Lee Brilleaux wears new jacket and Pirates' bass player, Johnny Spence.

Max Bell claims you owe him £15. What for I can't imagine.

What else happened? Well, a friend of Roy Carr's (oh and Roy stage managed the whole soiree by the way) received an extra bonus from a young lady with a long tongue who works for a record company. Mick Farren wore tight leather trousers and didn't dare visit the gents all night.

Then a young lady called Bobby took everything off (everything? Yes, everything my angels), and 27 men lost their contact lenses in the course of her strip. The Pirates (now there's a good looking bunch of lads) played an amazing set, and as if that wasn't enough, they were joined by Lee Brilleaux and Wilko Johnson on stage for a "jam".

Poor Wilco seemed quite nervous at the thought of playing with his idol Mick Green, but he seemed to manage pretty well from what Velda heard. Oh, and shame on the nurd in the front row who asked a bystander "Is that Johnny Kidd?" as Lee Brilleaux stepped onstage.

Sadly quite a few people present had colds. Why I've never seen so many people sniffing under one roof in my life.

Oh yes and Charles Shaar ("I was circumcised by the same bloke as Prince Charles") Murray danced.

Same time — same place — next year.

□ VELDA DACQUIRI



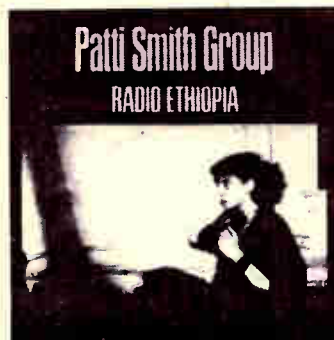
Phil Lynott and Scott Gorham of Thin Lizzy come out well in the grin stakes.

BEWARE OF IMITATORS LISTEN TO THE ORIGINATORS!

RADIO ETHIOPIA PATTI SMITH GROUP

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Evening News



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HAWKWIND SURVIVE

1976! EXCLUSIVE

THURSDAY NIGHT at the Coventry Theatre, and the latest mutation of Hawkwind is all set to damage the sensibilities of an 80% capacity crowd of Coventry's youth. At least half of them look like they might have spent their day at the building on the opposite side of the road from the theatre, a long, two-storeyed structure draped with a banner which reads: "THE OLD FIRE STATION: CENTER FOR THE UNEMPLOYED."

Underneath in flowing, red lettering is the inscribed legend. "If you are between 16-19 why not drop in?" Yes indeed, times are hard.

After being guided through the theatre's labyrinthine innards, painted corporation blue and white, I stumble into the dressing room buried deep beneath the artists' bar.

Upstairs, I'm told, Bob Calvert is giving audience to assorted penmen who've come down on this record company coach outing. Somehow the rest of the band don't seem to be enthused with the idea of joining him, preferring instead to stick papers together and get toned up for the evening's performance.

I wander around until I find my seat in the circle. *Reefer Madness*, the classic '30s drug paranoia movie, unfolds larger than life on the back-stage screen.

The band stroll on to a roar from the crowd. The Hawkbrothers version of "Reefer Madness", opening power cut from the "Astounding Sounds" album, slams out and the show begins.

Calvert is the first one you notice as he paces and jerks around the boards decked out in a patent-leather aviator's uniform, like an evil Action Man doll. Stage left stands Blackie, white stetson pulled down over his face, resplendent in green track suit with white sidestripe and running shoes. One foot perched on the drum platform, his body hunched over his bass. Later on, when he switches over to black Gibson and starts powering out some heavy metal you get a glimpse of his justifiable reputation as a good psychedelic axeman, though not nearly enough for my taste. Right now though, he's content just pushing the pace.

Numbers whizz by and then they're

into "Hashishin," named after the young men at the court of Hassan I Sabbah who were drugged with weed and then dispatched to kill the sultan's rivals. For this routine Calvert has now mutated into Dune-laden Lawrence of Arabia gear. The front liners — Blackie, Brock and Calvert —

scream out a hard-edged chant to the Coventry kids while the stage lighting strobes and pulses, treating the audience to a downhome version of the Star Trek energisation chamber effect. Now you see me, now you don't. It works well and provides one of the concert's highspots.

On the far right of the stage Simon House sits unobtrusively, his head immersed in a striped mask with wings, concentrating hard on his organ work, only occasionally emerging to provide some violin backup. His contributions may be good but from where I was sitting they were lost in the mix, for the most part.

"Sonic Attack", the last remnant from the Space Ritual act of some years before, draws applause from diehards in the audience. While Calvert leans out over the front of the stage reciting the Mike Moorcock instruction leaflet for surviving a future war, Dave Brock turns his back so the audience can grock his white lab coat painted with fluorescent patterns which shine out under the ultra-violet light. Despite all the years on the road with the band, he still retains the aggressive stance and rapid strumming technique of the busker he used to be.

Backing him Simon King, the other oldest member of this lineup, sits on

his plinth laying into his kit with a will. The Hawkwind double drummer incarnation has been and gone, Alan Powell disappearing for new percussion pastures, but tonight he isn't missed. King hits his skins with good timing and attack and looks like he means it.

Nick Turner is conspicuous by his absence, but that's another story.

"Back On The Street", the new January single is the last cut before the band leave the stage, wait three minutes and then return for the obligatory encore. The patrons are going wild, writhing around like a living room full of bloodworms. It's a good bionic rock number, punk music for the space cadets who have now graduated from the Academy. It gives as good an idea as any of the new Hawkwind style.

LATER, ON the company coach, I fish around for comments but no one seems quite sure what to say. You see, Hawkwind have signed with a new label, Charisma, an outfit distributed by European giant Phonogram, and this trip is the first glimpse that the Euro execs have had of the band.

To be honest most of them have flaked out, having flown over to England that day. One lady, however, did confess to me that she had got somewhat nervous at those points in the stage act when Calvert withdrew two rapiers from scabbards fastened to his sides and proceeded to plunge them into the wooden floor. Even more nervous when he unbuttoned his holster and produced a revolver which he waved in the general direction of the audience.

You know, she confided, that he has a history of mental illness.

Don't we all dear, don't we all. Back at the Montcalm Hotel behind Marble Arch, in an atmosphere of chocolate-brown padding and soft lights, it's time to ask the questions I came to ask. Why Nick Turner left the band.

Simon King and Dave Brock were honest enough about it. For reasons both personal and musical it was time for parting of the ways. Exit Nick Turner.

Blackie had commented some days before when I put the question to him: "One chap spoiling the fun for the rest of the chaps." That about says it. There's no ill-feeling on their parts at least, only regret and a trace of sadness. Nick is currently living in Wales and planning a trip to Egypt so they tell me. Meantime old members of the band keep reappearing. A few weeks back Del Dettmar flew over to renew contact with the lads and played with them at Hammersmith. He now has a log cabin in the Rocky Mountains where he entertains the natives with his synthesiser. Meantime Lemmy is still Motorheading and Stacia and Dikmik and all those many others who were with the Hawks at sometime in their long history are still around... somewhere. So it goes.

It's been a long strange trip, but right now Hawkwind are developing. Many years back the original lineup played for three days inside a huge pneumatic dome at the Isle of Wight Festival. Hawkwind were the benefit band. Anyhow, any way, anywhere. No matter how many miles, no matter

how many drugs, Hawkwind would do their best to outwit provincial drug squads and take the stage.

Now, many years later, one hit single and a thousand gigs on they're down to five and still going. While George Harrison agonises endlessly about his legal problems to the world's press, Hawkwind have been steadily moving on and have almost finished paying off the numerous debts incurred in the past. They have new managers and agents, still carry a light show but no dancers, and are generally still hard at work getting their act together.

Right now their strongest songs are good enough to carry them but many lose their structure and dissolve into repetitious riffing. Calvert has yet to decide how far to take his theatricals and generally the band, having stepped out of the space image, have yet to find a comfortable niche.

But the general feeling in the Hawkwind camp is one of optimism. For the first time in many, many months the business problems are beginning to sort themselves out and light is appearing at the end of the tunnel.

It will be interesting to see what universe they arrive in next.

□ DICK TRACY

THE BELLS, THE BELLS...



THE HASSLES some bands subject themselves to in order to appear on *Top Of The Pops* astonishes even us.

Take for example the other Wednesday, when the TOTP bosses summoned famous pop group Jethro Tull before them to play their new record "Ring Out, Solstice Bells" on the programme that very same day. The people at the Tull office were delighted, until they realised they'd mislaid three members, including leader Ian Anderson.

Superstar Ian (well, so he tells us) was shopping in Oxford Street. Guitarist Martin Barre was driving up to London from Wales, and drummer Barriemore Barlow was attending his uncle's funeral in Birmingham.

As we all know, an appearance on TOTP guarantees an immediate increase in record sales, so up at the Tull office the scramble button was pressed. A distress call for Martin Barre to phone the office was broadcast by Capital Radio and luckily he heard it. Barre Barlow was located by telephone after the office had phoned every Barlow in the Brum area. But Ian Anderson was still adrift, and failed to respond to tannoyed calls in every major department store in Oxford Street.

Where on earth was the man?

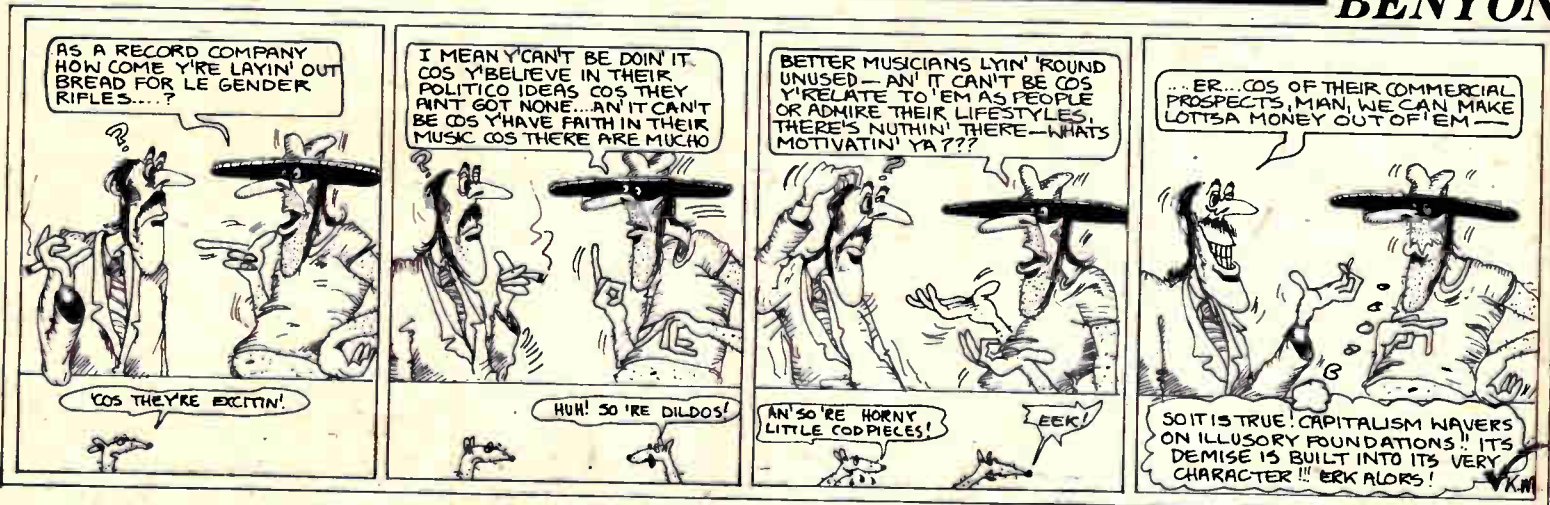
Eventually, after Tull's accountant's wife heard the Capital distress call and telephoned her husband, who had just been with Anderson, he was located in a boutique. A hurried recording session was arranged to lay down a backing track, and with only minutes to spare all members of J. Tull made it to the TOTP studios.

The band, you might hazily recall, used to be termed "progressive" and "underground" so why such panic to get them on the gristy Pops nightmare? Answered A Spokesman, "Well, it's a good number to do."

We'll take their word for that. □ TONY STEWART



LONE GROOVER



BENYON

AFTER THE SAND BOX

The zany, madcap world
of Brian Wilson, episode 98

"THE FEELING of being out of place," theorises the interviewer from *Oui* magazine, "was expressed in 'I Just Wasn't Made For These Times' on 'Pet Sounds', wasn't it?"

"That song reflects my life," Brian Wilson replies, "It was about a guy who was crying because he thought he was too advanced — that his ideas were too advanced and that he'd eventually have to leave people behind."

If you ever figured that all that stuff about the piano standing in the sand-box in Brian Wilson's Bel Air front room was a heap of baloney and that Wilson's nutty genius mystique was a figment of some shrewd Hollywood PR man's masterplan for the Beach Boys' everlasting credibility, then you should take a read of David Rensin's question and answer interview in the December issue of *Oui* magazine.

Brian Wilson — who incidentally claims "I don't think I'm a genius. I'm just a hard-working guy" — lists four reasons why he became the number one rock'n'roll recluse of the '60s, fairly effectively keeping himself away from the public for the past eleven years.

"One was drugs. I was taking a lot of cocaine, a lot of uppers, and I got my life all fucked up. They got me into such a paranoid state that I'd snort cocaine in my room and then it got to the point where I liked it there. Then, pretty soon, I didn't like it anymore, but I had no choice, because I'd gotten into the pattern of staying in my room."

(2): "Pressure. People kept asking, 'What's your next song going to be Brian?' I didn't know, and it got so that I didn't want to know."

(3): "And then I wasn't able to create because of the drugs. At first I was creative in drugs and then I got to a point where I couldn't even go to the piano — I was too afraid."

(4): "I was always allowed to do whatever I wanted to do. All of a sudden I realized I had all that free-

dom, and it was hard to deal with it. I had money and success and everyone was scared of me. Then all of a sudden I got zapped. The freedom got taken away like that. But I think the doctor is trying to rehabilitate me in order to bring out some of my talent that's been buried."

The standard sort of problems that might effect any young rock'n'roller, huh? But this stuff about "The Doctor"???

Brian's under therapy, you see. He has "The Doctor" treating him because he doesn't understand himself. Part of the modus operandi of getting Brian to understand himself is to keep him away from drugs. Accordingly he has two bodyguards working for him full-time under orders from his doctor. They haven't left Brian alone at any time during the past six months. They were even present during the *Oui* interview.

Presumably, though, there were times when they left the two alone and it was during one of these moments that Rensin's tape suddenly picked up Brian's question: "Do you have any uppers?"

Brian claims to resent his bodyguards "very much". The bodyguards are employed to keep Brian away from drugs.

"Some of my friends," Wilson tells Rensin, "use coke and the doctor doesn't want me to be around them."

"If cocaine were offered to you, would you use it again?"

"Oh yes, I would use it if I were around it, yes."

"Doesn't that imply a lack of self-discipline?"

"Yes, it does, but I would go back to it in a minute."

"Are you comfortable with your contradictions? A while ago you said you were off drugs."

"Yes, I'm comfortable with myself — about my lack of self-discipline. I go through periods where I think 'God, I'm so thankful that I have a doctor, you know? Then I got through periods where I think, 'Goddam he's nothing but restricting my fucking

mind!"

Also, apparently, Brian seems to feel he has some grounds for being certain that the doctor would have him certified if he tried to stop using his medical knowledge: "He's always got that threat of putting me on the funny farm."

Brian can say this even though he maintains "I used to think I was insane. I'm a lot saner since I've had my doctor."

The doctor, indeed, is the very reason that Rensin is sitting there rapping with Wilson. Interviews are "part of the doctor's program" Wilson maintains. And Brian likes doing interviews these days. "What interviewers ask is perfect. Interviews are for publicity." Now don't press your paranoia buttons too hard but just maybe Brian remembers that when, just fifty or so words on, he asks Rensin yet again if he can get him some uppers.

Of the other Beach Boys, Brian claims they are totally dependent on him, that they couldn't function without him in the studio.

Even his comeback to the US concert circuit, apparently, was because he realized the group needed to make some money.

And of "15 Big Ones", he claims: "15 Big Ones" started out as an album of nothing but oldies, but then we ran out of them. Halfway through, Mike Love decided to make the record half old and half new. I didn't like the idea at first, but he literally forced us to do it his way. I resented that."

He then goes on to tell *Oui* that he will never tour with the band again: "I'm just not made for the stage. I'm overweight and my voice isn't as powerful as it used to be."

Besides, this rock'n'roll lark doesn't seem to be that important to Brian any longer. No, it's the crunch of the cinders on the running track and the stench of sweat-stained track suits that Brian Wilson's into now. Jogging, which The Doctor has made him do regularly to bring down the spare tyre that hangs about his waist, has made him decide that he should follow his late father's athletic footsteps.

He tells Rensin he wants to become an athlete of great stature. "My father was a very dynamic person and he created the winner attitude in me."

"What sport?" asks the interviewer.

"Baseball. And I used to be a quarterback once."

"Do you think it's really possible for you to become a great athlete?"

"Very possible and I'm going to pursue it. I just may go out for sports. I'm going to practice."

"Pro?"

"Yes."

"At 34 aren't you a little old? And what about the music?"

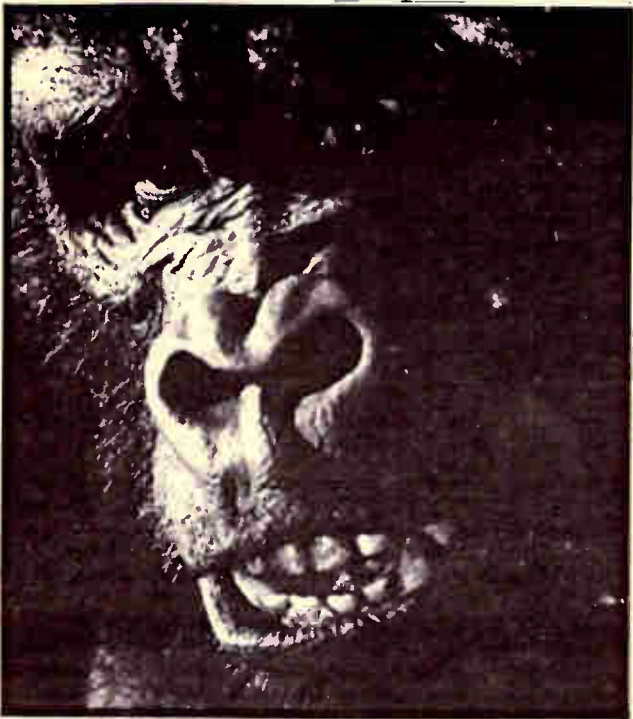
"I don't think I'm too old, and I'll have time for the music, too."

"Good luck!"

"Can you get me some uppers now?"

Typical Gemini, of course.

□ CHRIS
SALEWICZ



"Watch your image, Brian"

JESUS, MRS WHITEHOUSE & GAY NEWS

GOD'S BLOOD! Is there no end to the idiocy of our national moral watchdog, Mary Whitehouse? Her latest exploit is to prosecute *Gay News*, the world's largest selling newspaper for homosexuals, for the extraordinary charge of "blasphemous libel". Jesus wept (*Watch it, he may not have done* — Ed).

On Thursday December 9 Whitehouse was granted leave to prosecute *GN*, its editor Denis Lemon, and the distributors, Moore Harness Limited, by Mr Justice Bristow after a four-hour private hearing in chambers. There is no appeal against his decision, and the case is now *sub judice* while awaiting a private prosecution before a judge and jury sometime in 1977.

It's likely to be a long, complex case, so it may be months before it even starts.

The point at issue is a poem by Professor James Kirkup called *The Love That Dares To Speak Its Name*, which was published back in June in *GN* 96. It was accompanied by an illustration by *GN* artist Tony Reeves.

Whitehouse's charge is that *GN* "unlawfully and wickedly published a blasphemous libel concerning the Christian religion, namely an obscene poem and illustration vilifying Christ in his life and in his crucifixion."

The poem, it seems, intimated that Jesus may have been gay. I recall reading it, but since I've forgotten it I assume I found it quite innocuous and even feasible...

There are two lines of thought as to why Whitehouse is prosecuting. One is that this is a try-out of the blasphemous libel law, the sort of ancient statute these people specialise in dredging up, in case they need to use it against someone like the World's Most Wicked Man, Jens Thorsen, who recently created much havoc with his witty suggestion that he might visit our virtuous isle to shoot his *Sex Life Of Christ* movie.



"We'll soon put a stop to that... put a stop to that... put a stop to that... put a stop to that"

The other is that it's a last-ditch effort to strike a blow against *Gay News*, now two and a half years old, never successfully prosecuted and getting stronger all the time. If anything has made/will make homosexuality respectable, it's *GN*.

There have in the past been a couple of failed attempts to get *GN* on an obscenity rap, when the paper was seized in indiscriminate porn busts in Bath and Bournemouth. They proved themselves innocent in both cases — yet even so the Bath defence set them back £1,800, only £600 of which they recouped in awarded costs.

This one is likely to be even costlier. "We're going to fight it all the way," Lemon told me — unfortunately he's not at liberty to tell us exactly what he thinks of Mary and her case.

● THE LAW regarding blasphemy was actually removed from the statute books in 1967. Ms Whitehouse is bringing her case under Common Law; "blasphemous libel" cases have been fought occasionally ever since 1676. Christianity is the only religion to which it applies.



● *GAY NEWS* also appears in court on January 5. In September they were importing 500 copies of Richard Amory's gay novel, *Frost*, for their mail order service, when they were seized by the customs as obscene. *GN* had two options: allow the material to be destroyed or fight it in a magistrates court. It is interesting to note that Olympia Press already published Amory's novel here in the early '70s... with impunity.

● *GAY NEWS* have started a Fighting Fund to defend their freedom of speech in the Whitehouse case. Cheques should be made payable to G.N. Fighting Fund and sent to Gay News, 1a Normand Gardens, Greyhound Road, London W14 9SB.

□ PHIL MCNEILL

BEWARE OF IMITATORS LISTEN TO THE ORIGINATORS!

ROCK AND ROLL HEART
LOU REED

"Rock and Roll Heart has been applauded as one of his finest achievements."

Melody Maker



Album ARTY-142
Cassette TC ARTY 142



Lou Reed the Godfather of Punk, has his latest album out now on Arista.

NEVER HAS A band's last album been more aptly named than the New York Dolls "Too much, Too Soon."

If ever there was a bunch of kids totally hung up on the idea of living out every one of their rock 'n' roll fantasies then it was the Dolls. That was why they were never gonna make it; and after the plain dumb decision by David Johansen to let Todd Rundgren produce the classic songs on the first album, the weaker writing on the second album and numerous internal conflicts forced them to call it a day.

"David was still stuck on 'Personality Crisis' and me and Johnny wanted to get a whole new thing together, so we rang up Richard Hell who had just split from his band, got Walter Lure on guitar and that was the original Heartbreakers," Jerry Nolan says.

"Then when Richard left we got Billy Rath on bass," Johnny says. "And Lee Black Childers has been our manager for 'bout four months now."

Johnny's twenty-three now and when he gets back to the States he's getting married to his girlfriend Julie, who's the mother of his eighteen month old son. They're expecting another child. Seems a long way from his torrid romance with fifteen year old friend to the stars Sable Starr.

"Yeah, I was eighteen when I met Sable in LA, just after the Dolls formed," he says. "She was a real spoilt brat Hollywood child, her father's a diamond cutter — really loaded, y'know? — and her mother belonged to the John Birch society" (a kind of middle-class Klu Klux Klan), "so when I brought her back to New York with me they had the cops out looking for us and waiting at the airport and everything."

If the spirit of the Dolls lives on anywhere then it's in the Heartbreakers. They play clean, fast, flash rock 'n' roll, nodding in acknowledgement to the Old Masters but looking onwards, never allowing anything to go stale, and they describe their lyrics as 'love songs for objects,' whether the object in question be a girl, car, drug or ideal. Sort of revised and updated Cochran — here come that girl again and there's a car made just for me.

But right now I can't afford the gas; Johnny on welfare in New York and managed to slip over to the UK by telling them he was looking for work, which, of course, was true. And Jerry's supported by his girlfriend, who he helped through hard times when she was the one with no cash. He shakes his head in admiration for Johnny. "I don't how you got on welfare, man, I don't know how you managed that..."

They have no recording contract yet, although several companies are interested, several more being scared off by a reputation for letting white powders get too much in the way of rocking.

"We got no drug problems," Johnny insists. "You can't get on

HEY JOHNNY, HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GET ON WELFARE?

HEARTBREAKERS l. to r. Walter Lure, Billy Rath, Johnny Thunder. A long way from Noo Yawk when you're on the dole.
Pic: JOE STEVENS



stage if you're out of your head. Playing in the Heartbreakers is the most important thing in our lives and we don't let nuthin' an' nobody interfere with that!" He pounds the pub table with his pint and splashes lager over his leather strides. With their short barnet, careful choice of threads and drink these two look really at home in a South Kensington pub.

"Junk's a bad trip," Jerry says. "There's nothing good gonna come out of it, it gets control of ya..."

So how come you called Jerry 'Needles' up in Leeds, Johnny?

He grins shyly. "Dat's from the old days..."

The first Dolls album was dedicated to Billy Doll, the original drummer of the band. Billy was a teenage casualty. One night he mixed Mandrax with booze and died in a bath. He was Johnny Thunder's best friend and even after all these years he's still evidently cut up when he talks about it.

"That's just the worst thing that ever happened to me in my life, man. I just couldn't describe to ya how I felt about Billy dying, 'bout how I still feel. He was my closest friend and you never get over a thing like that..."

Billy Doll was always borrowing Jerry's kit, and when Billy died Jerry was the natural replacement.

The Dolls have been getting on fine with the English bands on the Pistols tour, most of whom number the Dolls amongst their influences, along with Iggy, Velvets, early Who and other Old Masters. Johnny Thunders describes Malcom McLaren, ex-Dolls now Pistols manager, as a genius.

"I've got a lot of respect for that guy," he says. "Great to see him again. We're learning a lot on this tour, writing a lot of new songs, changing our act, maybe we'll stay here for a while and do some recording."

"Yeah, the English bands are supposed to hate everything," Jerry says. "But those kids care so much... they care about their music, the fucked-up state of their country, the kids who come to see them... they care so much it's ridiculous"

The Heartbreakers are banned from CBGB's in New York because of as they put it, "a disagreement with the management", but they play gigs as often as they can and the rest of the time rehearse in a loft. It's been a long trip for only a few dates, thanks to the zealous concern of officialdom to protect our youth from corruption, and because of them the Heartbreakers will certainly lose a lot of cash. But they're true rockers, on and off stage, living it like they play it, same as always, and if you doubt my word then go see the Heartbreakers and let the men from New York City change your mind.

As we're winding it up Jerry's talking about the time he saw one of New York's finest hanging around on 53rd and 3rd, a notorious haunt of hustlers picking up their clients. "He came walking down the street towards me with this old guy," Jerry says, "an' when he saw me he says Hey Jerry, have ya met my Uncle!" Jerry laughs his street wise Brooklyn cackle of derision. "His Uncle!"

"Awww, he's always hanging out down there," Johnny says.

Awww, his bruduh probably wears suspenders.

□ TONY PARSONS

NO-ONE EXPLOITED the new found freedoms of the sixties more than the designers who worked on the promotion material for the new multi-media events.

The major publicity for them was the poster and the handbill, and although the first attempts were crude and garish, the poster artists quickly developed a recognisable style that was to be the foundation of what was later to be dubbed psychedelic art.

The first showcase for these artists was the rock poster and the design, illustration and layout of the fledgling underground press. Both offered an almost complete absence of control over the finished product. The artist's imagination was only confined by the limitations of the printing technique, and even this was adapted to produce startling effects and innovations.

The usual fast sell commercial considerations were set aside. Both artists and promoters saw themselves, in those early days, not so much as involved in a money making venture, but engaged in a peaceful crusade against the dullness and conformity in the society around them.

Just as the exotic environment of the multi-media event was an alternative to the stifling conservative world, the poster on the street was a direct assault on the same drab uniformity. With a grand naive innocence, those early hippies truly believed that a revolution could be brought about by colour, sound and imagery.

The need to sell was so far subordinated to the designer's freedom that often one would have to puzzle for some minutes before separating the actual message from the rest of the design.

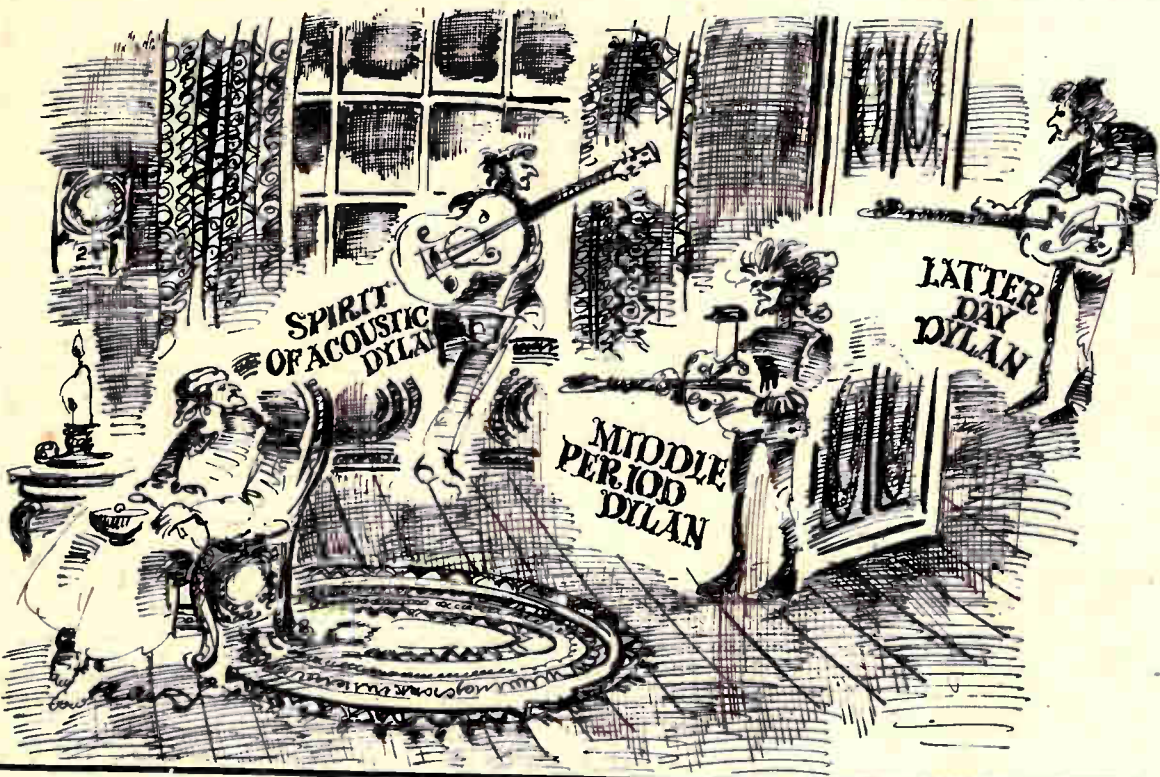
If you walked through a major city at the time, it looked as though the hoardings round vacant lots and the empty store fronts that had for so long been fly posted with adverts for wrestling, cut price sales and dubious cheap holiday deals, were being turned into instant, open air galleries by these new, vibrant pieces of design. For a few short months, it really seemed that something joyous and powerful was loose in the land.

The artists who produced those early posters came from a wide variety of different backgrounds. Some were fresh out of art schools, refugees from the world of academic training. Others were painters, freelance graphic artists, cartoonists and even designers of custom car paint jobs. Their range of influences was as wide as their fund of information.

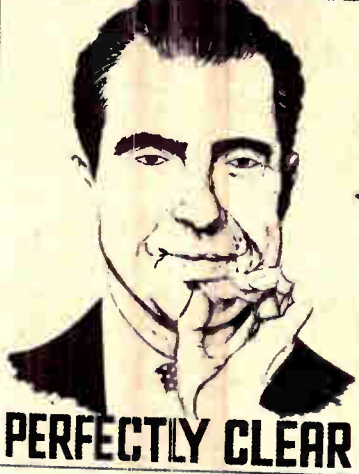
They had absolutely no reservations about borrowing whatever idea took their fancy. Terms like derivative or plagiarism had no meaning in an atmosphere where art wasn't considered to be private property. It was open season on any image or influence, and no juxtaposition was too bizarre in the search for new ways to express the visual bombshells that constantly burst in the consciousness of the acid freaks.

Certain artists provided the main props in the edifice of psychedelic design. One of the central pillars was the decorative, erotic and occasionally sinister period of art nouveau. Traces of Beardsley, Rackham, Maxfield Parrish, Edmund Dulac and Kay Nielsen, occurred over and over again. Another main support was the whole panoply of images from a cultural labyrinth of post war growing up. Disney couldn't be ignored, nor could the creatures that people the horror movies of the thirties, or the

LOWRY



LET'S MAKE THINGS



Nixon numbered!

SHAPES OF THINGS

The shapes, sizes, colours, effects and history of the Rock and Roll Poster to be precise.

Here we reprint samples of the genre from a new Rock Poster book edited by MICK FARREN (published by Dempsey and Squires £4.50), together with an extract from his introduction.

It's not in full living colour of course, but then it doesn't cost four and a half quid.

bug eyed monsters of fifties pulp sci-fi.

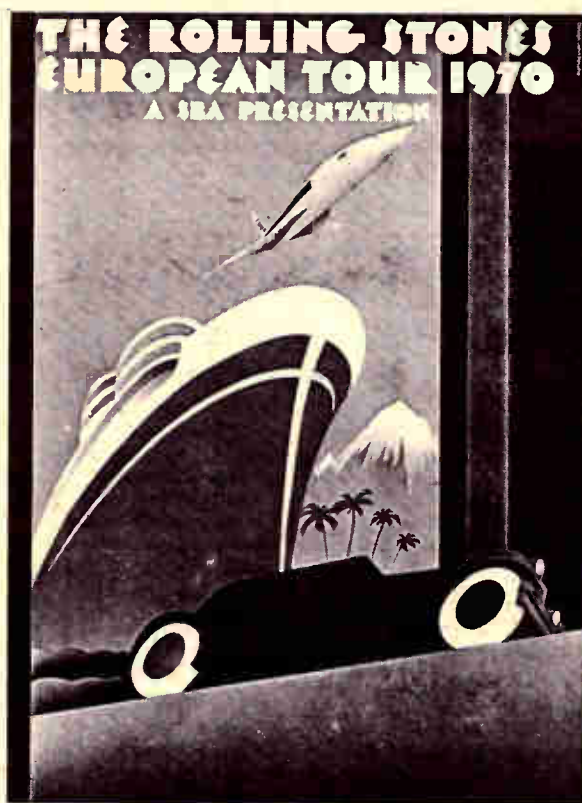
Another mainstream of the psychedelic was the fluttering colours and distracting patterns of the pop art of a few years earlier, only now they lost their rigidity, melting and flowing like the surges of an acidhead's vision.

Letterforms appeared that came straight from the violent stylisation of a hot rod paint job, and contemporary comic books like Doctor Strange and The Silver Surfer were treated with a respect that was previously reserved for Picasso's blue period.

In an amazingly short time, a few individuals emerged head and shoulders above the rest in most of the major centres of the hippie invasion. The great Mecca of the movement was, of course, San Francisco. There, Rick Griffin and Victor Moscoso were quickly recognised as its leading poster artists by their work for the Avalon and Fillmore ballrooms, and the smaller Matrix. In London, Michael English working in partnership with Nigel Weymouth under the name of Hapshash and the Coloured Coat. Mike McInerney and Australian expatriate Martin Sharp, held a virtual monopoly on the poster work for the UFO and Middle Earth clubs. Marijke Kroger rose to prominence in Amsterdam before joining the Beatles' Apple organisation, while in Detroit, Gary Grimshaw was the prime designer for the wildly energetic crew that centred around John Sinclair's Trans-Love Energies operation and the Grandee ballroom.

For a short while it seemed as though the campaign of assault by colour was going to triumph. The movement expanded from posters into almost anything a designer could get a brush to. Guitar players commissioned custom paint jobs on their instruments. Psychedelic cars appeared in the streets, and head shops and boutiques commissioned elaborate fascias and even painted buildings, often to the consternation of local residents.

One store in London's Camden High Street became the victim of local anger at the huge phallic symbol that



Stones European Four by John Pasche.

was the centrepiece of the decorative frontage, and when the Beatles had Marijke Kroger's outfit, the Fool, create a huge painting on two sides of their three storey corner building in Baker Street, legal action compelled them to remove it and repaint the building a more conservative white.

Apart from their experiments with colour and images, the pioneer designers also experimented with the actual printing processes. The early posters were produced very much on the cheap, and in order to create effects in a limited medium designers had to re-educate printers and, in some cases, even invent modifications to the machinery. One of the most important of these was the development of the rainbow effect. This was achieved, on both silk screen and offset lithography, by splitting the ink feeders so colours could be run together in a single impression to give the effect of multi coloured rainbow ink.

Another important innovation was the use of metallic and dayglo inks, or surfaced printing papers, textured paper, and even printing on plastics, foil or Mylar.

The golden age of the hippie explosion came quickly to an end, however. By the end of the summer of 1967 the phonies and hustlers had moved in and the whole flower power paraphernalia had become big business. One only needed to stick a peace sign or a floral motif on any piece of junk to sell it. The general standard of poster art took a serious beating as a flood of inferior material was rushed into print to make a fast buck.

Although this sudden boom produced huge quantities of incredible trash, it didn't affect the original artists too adversely, and even gave others who took their work seriously a chance to get printed for the first time. Poster publishing and distribu-

tion companies mushroomed in most cities. For a while large amounts of money were made, as posters were shipped to all parts of the world. One enterprising hippie huckster even went so far as to negotiate with a major international breakfast food corporation to offer a psychedelic poster as a give-away with their products.

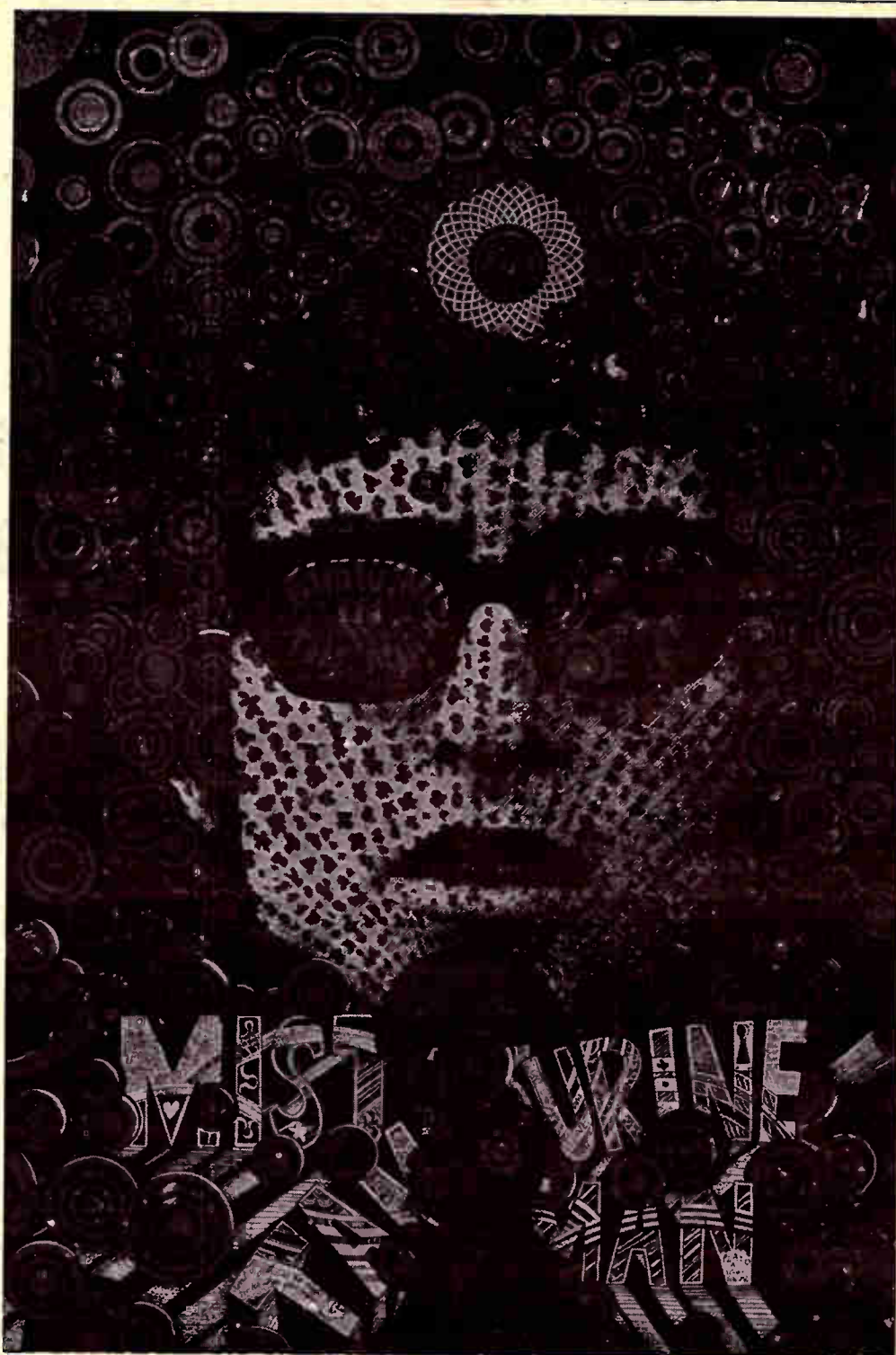
It seemed as though the paisley hordes were insatiable, and, to a great extent, without a whole lot of taste. The early concert posters were reprinted in their thousands. Top sellers were copied or bootlegged. Posters were even produced for events that were wholly fictional or that had already happened. Dreams

of financial empires were based on the sales of posters. Political, personality, astrological, mystic and simple drug slogans were all added to the distributors' catalogues. Whole chapters of Hell's Angels spent a good deal of time preventing hippie entrepreneurs using their corporate logo.

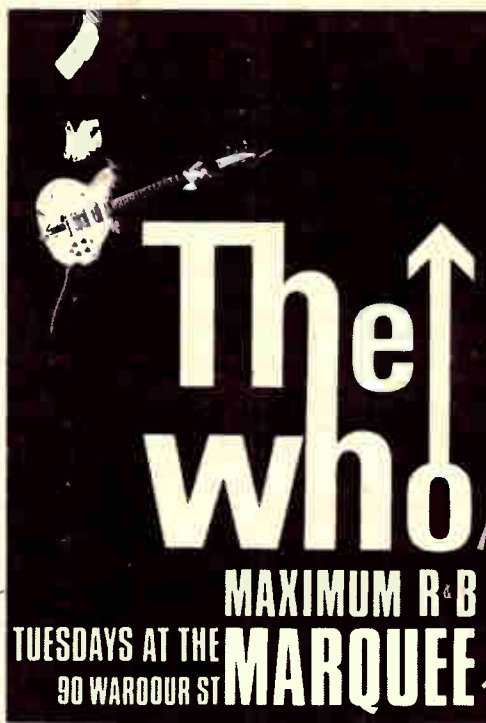
Then, abruptly as it had got underway, the poster boom collapsed. One reason could be that the potential trade was limited to the finite availability of wall space. People had simply collected enough. Another reason was that by the middle of 1968, many of the original bands were now big stars. The second wave of underground bands who had followed in their wake were also making records

and attracting large numbers of an expanding audience. Managements, record companies and the musicians themselves all recognised the part posters had played in the past in promoting bands, and they made sure it was going to continue.

With a product to sell over and above the poster, they began to attract the better artists, give them the freedom they needed, and, of course, their posters were free. After 1969, the only posters being commercially produced were the photographic type featuring pop and movie stars, sportsmen and pinups, or various cheap art reproductions. The psychedelic poster industry had all but totally collapsed.



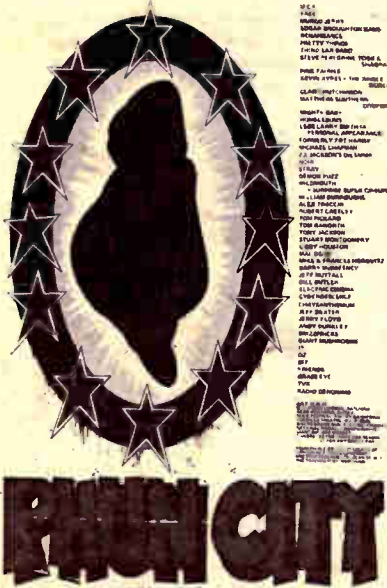
Above: Bob Dylan — Mr. Tambourine Man, famous psychedelic artefact by Martin Sharp.



The Who at the Marquee by Track Records.



CIA vs UFO by Michael English and Nigel Weymouth.



Phun City advertised by J. Edgar Barker.

THE COLD, stark beauty of Roxy Music rose like a phoenix from the ashes of the Love Generation in the spring of 1971. Flash, brash and trashy, they shot like comets through the firmament of glitter kids who erupted like adolescent acne in those dark days of the Heath government and the Vietnam war, when the dole queue was not yet an inevitable destination for the bright young things of the idealistic comprehensive system.

Roxy were real comprehensive, with something for everyone. Pre-pubertal girls could get off on the movie matinee brainstorm beauty of Bryan Ferry, image-conscious children of the proletariat could get off on the camp finery of Eno, pretentious bourgeois individualists could get off on Ferry's more obtuse lyricism. Never was so much given to so many by so few.

Roxy were the mutant space-age offspring of a quiet, frightened Northern boy named Bryan Ferry. He taught art at a London secondary school, but the kids in his classes reckoned he was a stoned old hippie, so he did his ceramics alone while they listened to reggae records. But he dreamed, and he had pale blue eyes, colder than a marble angel.

He knew a stunningly beautiful graduate called Andrew Mackay who played saxophone and oboe and epitomized Style. Andrew had a synthesizer, so Bryan asked him to join Roxy Music. Andrew also had a friend, an Arts Lecturer named Brian Peter George St John le Baptiste de la Salle Eno, who had golden hair to his shoulders and a forehead which reached halfway across his scalp. He was grotesque but lots of young girls liked him and anyhow what he didn't know about synthesizers hadn't been invented yet. Also enlisted were bassist Graham Simpson, who wore Fairisle sweaters and left to become a Sufi; Philip Manzanera, a guitarist who looked real solid and played Syd Barrett riffs which he'd picked up in a loser group called Quiet Sun. He went round to do Roxy's mixing one night and when they mentioned they wanted a new guitarist he played an audition which lasted three days; and from back up North, a Neanderthal blond boy called Paul Thompson, who played his drums like he was wired up to them.

The music press, clawing at the walls from the blind, boring sincerity of the '60's dreck leftovers, grabbed at Roxy like winos at paraffin. Those few journalists with Integrity — you remember Integrity? — hung back murmuring about Bad Taste, but where was that at? The '70s were desperate with honours. Roxy were The Chosen.

But, kid, were they good! Performing "Virginia Plain" on *Top Of The Pops*, their gold lame suits shone the clear light of ruthless regard on those around them. It was the first record that I ever bought: cannonball hyperbole that you could actually dance to! This, in the heyday of Slade and The Mighty Mormons; the supremely androgynous Eno prancing the hallowed floor where David Cassidy had probably been parking his heels the previous week!

With a single like "Virginia Plain", there was no way they could fail to hit. From the first faint strains of the wandering synthesizer to the communication-cord finish, it was Magic, crystal-cut imagery held together by threads as fragile as chains of frost as Ferry danced the

Cha Cha over midnight blue casino floors in Rio; "What's real and make believe?" What, indeed? Ferry's shaky fey voice, callowness masking contempt, a turnaround from the deliquescent sneer of past decades. Revolt into Style; "We've been around a long time / Just try to try to / Make the Big Time".

He had the hesitancy that comes only from complete arrogance; he wore tuxedos and Brylcreem and had no trace of a Northern accent. There was no other boulevard to walk, so Ferry led his boys on the first step up the blind alley of killer kitsch.

There was no "Virginia Plain" on the British edition of the album, but it was an education, nevertheless. The pattern of unpossessable flesh goddesses was established with Kari-Ann Moller lounging on icy white sheets, a pale pink rose held idly in cerise claws, every hood's best moll in bright blue eyeshadow and fluorescent lipstick, acidly arched eyebrows and caustically cruel mouth making her the legend on every locker room wall, a computerised Madonna for a newer, colder generation.

Though he wrote all the songs, Ferry hardly steals the show on the inside cover. Andy Mackay looks so sweet, a real teen dream, and for pure figurehead potential, young Mr Eno makes Ferry — in mauve eyeshadow, apricot lipstick and long hair — look like a novice tart. Later, he dyed his hair jet and quit wearing lipstick. He was learning, getting sharper every time he breathed in, though the album showed that he'd already forgotten more than most people catch on to in five lifetimes. He wore his indifference like the Iron Cross.

The opening track, "Re-Make / Re-Model" set out the scenario; "I tried but I could not find a way / Looking back all I did was look away". Ferry's first blast of anti-philosophy, so new the paint was still tacky to the touch, was a diamond cut rough by the purging earthiness of Thompson's drums breaking the civilised surface of stifling cocktail chatter. The lyrics transcend narration in the persona of an atomic blonde with a number for a name, wiggling straight into the trap of "Ladytron" where Mackay embraces his sax and Ferry convinces us that in the final analysis women are merely objects to be filed away for future reference; "I'll use you / And I'll abuse you / And then I'll lose you / And still you won't suspect me", he recites bleakly, already walking a dangerous borderline. But meanwhile to the left of Ferry the guitars and drums are duelling, and now when someone sneers; "Yeah, but is it rock and roll?", you know that question is just too dumb to be considered. They're so trashy they've got to be good.

"If There Is Something"; an ingenuous melodic little gem shielding a vicious attack on Romance. A coy corn pone guitar escorts the synthesizers spiral down the depths of cliché cruelty; "I would put roses round our

door / Sit in our garden / Growing potatoes by the score", bleats Bryan like a contemptuous Larry The Lamb. Ice-age jive; whenever Ferry sings an emotion, he exaggerates into a parody beyond all interpretation and redemption. The melody meanders on, redolent of a whirlpool of distorted mirrors, the relentless drumming never letting you turn away and forget until Ferry's belated Casablanca serenade to Humphrey Bogart "2HB" sweeps up all in its path with an aura as delicate as the flicker of Bergman's black eyelashes; "Oh, I was moved by a screen dream / Celluloid pictures of living". Life as a movie where the girls are beautiful and no one bleeds, like a rainbow-reflected bubble, like Kari-Ann in her silver slippers, it disappears at the merest touch.

On Side Two the synthesizers play pinball for "The Bob (Medley)" until Bryan arrives like a shell-shocked Attila the Hun, fading to a game of war into doowop harmony, guiltless guitars playing a jaunty melody, Mackay's oboe hurtling the dumb / numb horror of war into the arena, Ferry in the ringside seat never flinching or pointing the finger. In "Chance Encounter" again he keeps himself apart from useless emotion by using excess as armour, his enunciation a grotesque study of chinless ineptitude, the words a banal arrangement of light and shade; "It seems like yesterday / When I first saw you in your red dress smile / How could I forget that day? / I know time spent well is fine", his piano crying as many tears as his voice, a voice stretched tighter than a skin graft as the synthesizers poke their tormenting fingers through the bars.

Roxy sound like a bunch of Brooklyn princes on "Would You Believe?", full of languid rash promises and real dirty saxophone breaks; imagine Mackay up there in black leather skin swinging that sax like it was a woman. Ferry's silk falsetto, an exercise in innocence, is defeated by his own jaded palate.

Waves on a crumbling beach herald "Sea Breezes", as insidious as any psychotic love affair; "We've been running round in our present state / Hoping help will come from above / But even angels there made the same mistake / In love". Confusion and synthesizers rush in like the taste of sea spray, trampling the frailty like wings of baby birds; suicide music, fast, clean, blameless, bloodless, for the benefit of the press.

When Ferry tries to sound like an English gentleman, he comes over like a Slavic vampire. "Bitters End" is evocative of tangos and tea dances in a crypt, afternoon naps in Iron Maidens; war, suicide, hatred, alienation are toyed with, but everything ends as it began on a note of tinkling glasses and the chatter of cardboard teeth in the parlour where the walking dead play at rock and roll.

How to anaesthetize your mind in one easy listen.

DAYS OF ICE AND ROSES

JULIE BURCHILL plays the Generation Game

ROXY BOMBED in America, and Simpson cracked up, replaced by Rik Kenton, and then by John Porter. Their second single "Pyjamarama", an obtuse little dream in the vein of "Virginia Plain", followed its predecessor into the charts, though with less furore.

Roxy Music reached the shimmering apex of their career in the sinister summer of '73 with the release of "For Your Pleasure". Amanda Lear, panther evil incarnate on the sleeve, focused in a burning black light all the flawed beauty of my generation, cold, hard and hopeless.

A war-cry for a battle that never happened, "Do The Strand" especially caught the high-gloss tension of the time, its murderous camaraderie foretelling the new-wave ambience by three years. A whirlpool of images drawn in and consumed; "The Sphinx and Mona Lisa/Lolita and Guernica/Did The Strand!" without ever spilling the beans on just how — if transience is the vogue, there's no point in learning anything that won't be relevant tomorrow. Dancing on moonbeams, sliding on rainbows, savage saxes did The Strand with unearthly synthesizers and the menac-

ing baroque teenage cynicism threatened anyone over the age of 19. It was a '70s song for '70s kids just as "My Generation" rang true for '60s teenagers. In the Stale Seventies, there's nothing to do but dance.

Arguably one of Ferry's best songs, "Beauty Queen" was a hymn of contemptuous adoration composed of vivid urban harem cameos of a girl whose face the wind cannot erase, an anonymous savaged sweetheart who tried to fly from the top of the Hollywood sign while the guitars sway like palm trees in a sea breeze, the synthesizers as wayward as shifting sand, and as cold as death on "Strictly Confidential", grey English apathy dressed up for a performance of suicide at the Grand Guignol, other voices in other rooms cloaked in paranoia shadows; "There is no light here / Is there no key?"

"Editions Of You" is a straight brilliant rocker, the Great Paul Thompson still drumming hell for leather hedonism like he's got four hands and Mackay's sax the stuff dreams are made of. Music for Babylon to blaze to; synthesizers burning rubber in the dice for death down the one-way dirt-track to sweet oblivion:



BRIAN ENO (1973). Pic: PENNIE SMITH



We were happy then: ANDREW MACKAY, BRYAN FERRY, PHIL MANZANERA, ENO (1972). Pic: L.F.I.



EL FERRARI (1972). Pic: BRIAN COOKE



EL FERRARI (1973). Pic: PENNIE SMITH

LOOKING BACK

Roxy Music

Pic: JOE STEVENS

"If life is your table and fate is your wheel / Then let the chips fall where they may / In modern times the modern way!" For Ferry, history ends in Hollywood with the wisdom of despair; "So love me, leave me, do what you will / Who knows what tomorrow might bring? / Learn from your mistakes is my only advice / And stay cool is still the main rule / Don't play yourself for a fool / Old money's better than new / And don't let this happen to you!"

Ferry's *piece de resistance*, "In Every Dream Home A Heartache", is one of the greatest love songs ever written; Roxy Music — the sound of PVC — and an inflatable sex-shop doll were true soul-mates. In the dying embers of affluence in '73, an immortal little honey with skin like vinyl was the logical conclusion after open-plan ranches and swimming pool penthouses. Every Home Should Have One; capitalism run riot.

Maybe "The Bogus Man" was Ferry's statement on lobotomy as the natural condition of the '70s. Behind the guise of a brilliant evocation of lurching androids in a '50s robot movie, mechanically menacing Manzanera's slow, slinking, rifting solo, lay a school of thought. People are robots, now — so what? I'm a robot, a rich robot, everyone on this bus is a robot — big deal. Ferry was cursed or gifted with complete objectivity, never accusing or condemning, realizing that the greatest terror is apathy, realizing this because he was terrified and apathetic long before Malcolm McLaren recognized it as a marketable commodity.

Dangerous days, but a lot can be forgiven for lines like: "Blues sunset and grey lagoons / Silver starfish with

honeymoons / Satin teardrops on velvet lights." "Grey Lagoons" ceased to be a song and became a word portrait in which nuances have textures and colours, in which phrases were chosen not for sense but for sound. As with so many of Ferry's compositions, they were five-minute movies, unfolding across a quarter-inch of vinyl and an infinity of imagination. And if you could tear yourself away from the images, the saxophones were ace.

"For Your Pleasure" saw the end of the Indian summer of camp nostalgia, wierd, frightening and Oriental; "You're rubbing shoulders / With the stars at night shining so bright / Getting older / But you'll wake up soon and fight / In the morning / Things you worried about last night / Will seem lighter / I hope things will turn out right". It was all a joke; Ferry was an aficionado of Warhol, and just as Warhol stood back and watched the

dregs of New York City drag themselves through their nightmare of reality, Ferry gazed blankly into the eyes of slit-wristed Hollywood starlets, mechanical monsters and the alienated children who worshipped him. He had no sympathy or guilt or responsibility; he washed his hands of all blood and heritage the moment he began to understand.

LATER THAT year Ferry moonlighted into his own memory, recording "These Foolish Things", a collection of revamped classics. Without Roxy Music he was drowning in the twin swimming pools of his own sapphire eyes, becoming a crystalline parody of something he once wished to be.

1974 saw Marilyn Cole, centre-spread turned cover-girl, sprawling among the foliage in hennaed curls

and little else, frosted maquillage highlighting a face of hothouse beauty, "Stranded".

Eno had departed after an argument, and was replaced by Eddie Jobson, boy wonder of Curved Air. John Porter was replaced by Johnny Gustafson; Ferry once said he wanted to change his bass player every two months. The desperation of England was just beginning to make itself felt, the dole queues were growing and the superstars were flying out one by one. The aura of "Stranded" was move, get out.

The previous albums had been high-definition black and white negatives; now it was overblown Technicolour, true Hollywood like Bryan had always dreamed of. The previous albums were cold, austere works of art; from "Stranded" we saw Ferry attempt to melt, to act in a more socially acceptable way befitting to his image. He began to sing love songs and smile for the camera, the fantasy on every teenage wall. To those who knew, it was just another charade. Everything is a pose, and being natural the biggest pose of all.

But "Street Life", the opener, was a great single, sneering finger-snapping Ferry on a stage-set street haloed by a street-light, his collar turned up against the malevolence that lurks round every corner. The jet black magic knuckle-duster paranoia of the wild wide-boys; "Education is an important key, yes / But the good life's never won by degrees, no". The speed-freak Thought Police cruising through the ultra-violet avenues of the brave new world, where love and hate are a switch-blade apart, 1984 came early this year; "You may be stranded if you stick around / And that's really something . . ."

Ferry came his closest yet to a straight love song with the archly beautiful "Just Like You"; "Never again will I give up my heart / To gamble with fate's been my crime / Nevertheless, it's all here in my book / I'd write it but don't have much time / You see I know it sounds crazy but what can I do? / I've fallen head over heels over you", clichés gilded with fragile piano and quicksilver strings. The heavily synthesized "Amazona" was a journey through a steaming surreal maneating jungle swamp; "From Arizona to El Dorado / Sure is a mighty long way" filled with fall-outs and silver linings.

If he ever got it together to disapprove of anything, it's not too hard to visualize Bryan breathing fire and brimstone in a pulpit. Yet even then the smarm would trickle into his voice; "Try on your God / And hope he will send / Kindness from strangers / On whom you depend". Ferry crucifies "Psalm" on the cross of his own cynicism, helped by jeering saxophones, unknowingly aided and abetted by the London Welsh Male Choir.

Sid Two opened with the glamorous whiplash "Serenade", Thompson and Manzanera stealing the show from under Ferry's nose, followed by the Gargantuan Mackay / Ferry "Song For Europe": A Gothic subterranean dance of death, fraught with bi-lingual images of the haunted cities of Europe, Gauloise and dark glasses in a deserted cafe in the shadow of Notre Dame, gondolas gliding under the Bridge of Sighs to the strains of sleazy saxophones, solitary, heart-rending Bryan walking away whistling soulfully, hands in pockets.

Bogart lives!

The second epic, "Mother Of Pearl", is a fortissimo seduction by screeching guitars as a languid piano drifts into lonely dilettante beauties vainly searching for love in a looking-glass world; "With every goddess a let down, every idol a bring-down / It gets

you down / But the search for perfection in your own recollection / Goes on and on and on and on . . .", saturated in shimmering, semi-precious melancholy. The closing track is called "Sunset"; apt, as the end of the last good album Roxy Music would make. Dreams lying on cutting-room floors and slow-burning mis-spent youth, and Bryan, fore-telling the future; "Sunset, end of my days / My decline".

How right he was.

A NOTHER BORING Ferry album preceded 1974's "Country Life". The lacklustre cover showed two dopey girls in crimson lips and lacy lingerie lingering amongst the foliage. Despite the racy and decadent packaging, it heralded Bryan's determined dive into MoR, and contained nothing that might upset or outrage potential customers; after all, Bryan had guested on the *Cilla Black Show*. It was the supreme case of form over content; packaged like Roxy, sounded like Roxy, but did absolutely nothing.

It contained three good tracks; one was the single "All I Want Is You", a brash, coy Bobby Rydell-type case of camp teenage angst about a single-minded, soul-destroying obsession; "Going out with other girls was always such a bore / But since I fell in love with you, I need you more and more". And you could dance to it.

The second was a moody put-down of a rich-bitch, "A Really Good Time"; "All your troubles come from yourself / Nobody hurts you, they don't care / Just as long as you show them a really good, really good time". In just a year, Ferry had gone from doing The Strand and screwing rubber dolls to giving a debutante a shoulder to cry on.

Last was "Prairie Rose", a serenade to rangy Texan model Gerry Hall, the synthesizer and saxophone coming back into their own; "I will compose a fancy rhyme or just plain prose / A song of praise to you, Prairie Rose / Though I'm not sure I can explain your strange allure".

The great Andy Mackay's solo album "In Search of Eddie Riff" fell upon deaf ears. In 1975 "Siren" the fifth Roxy Music album was released, featuring a blue Gerry Hall crouching on jagged rocks like a praying mantis. Inside the sleeve crouched an excuse for a Roxy Music album. Containing two tracks of merit, the singles "Love Is The Drug" and "Both Ends Burning", it otherwise consisted of seven tracks of Bryan Ferry posing with a St Moritz while miming to a backing track. He was as sincere as Jayne Mansfield's heart-shaped swimming-pool, and twice as empty.

"Viva Roxy Music!"

Actually, no.

Said Eddie Jobson on Sunset Boulevard, '76; "I was a session player, I played what Bryan wanted me to play. I suppose the group's as likely to split up now as it ever was."

Said Bryan Ferry in his tasteful white deco *pied-a-terre*, '76; "There haven't been any domestic blow-ups or anything like that. This year everybody is consolidating their solo efforts, and I'm well behind on mine. We're not really breaking up, it's just a sort of rest period. I can't make any statements that the band is finished. There has never been a real row."

But the Ferry story grew more tacky with every bulletin from Tinseltown. Gerry Hall reads the Duchess of Windsor's etiquette book and purrs that she wants to be the perfect wife and describes in *Cosmopolitan* how she spreads wheatgerm on Bryan's face to keep his skin soft.

That was how Roxy Music ended. Not with a bang, but with a simper.



EL FERRARI (1983). Pic: MIKE PUTLAND



ANDREW MacKAY, EDDIE JOBSON (1974). Pic: JOE STEVENS
Above: PHIL MANZANERA (1975). Pic: PENNIE SMITH



The Great PAUL THOMPSON (1973)



● All lyrics copyright EG Music.

GORILLAS . . .

STORYLINE

THE BIG ONE

"King Kong is an unabashed fairy tale with epic proportions to it . . . It's a Gothic Romance. King Kong incorporates all our terrors."— John Guillermin, Director.

On Boxing Day, 1976, one of the classic films of the New Hollywood will escape to a waiting audience of eager millions. In almost every respect, it's a monstrous achievement, a giant among giants.

In movie business terminology it is yet another example of a "blockbuster" or even a "Big Bopper", a movie which, even if it should fail at the box office (which is more than unlikely) is still guaranteed to make a huge profit via commercial tie-ins. Technologically, it represents a huge advance for the science of special effects, as far ahead of the original Kong as the sophisticated Mariner Mars probe is of the lowly Sputnik. Culturally it stands as a kind of Mount Rushmore of the imagination, providing a powerful symbol and a new set of images guaranteed to sear even the most jaded 20th century palate. Plus it's a whole bunch of fun.

In fact the greatest miracle is that it got made at all.

RIGHT from the word go there were problems. See, the way it happened was that Dino de Laurentis (diminutive and dynamic Italian film mogul) had come to Paramount with the idea of a Kong remake after seeing a poster on his teenage daughter's wall. Paramount went for the idea, creaming itself no doubt at the thought of how much loot the post-Jaws movie audience would pay out for such a treat and the deal was consummated by a newspaper ad announcing the good news. Unfortunately, the news did not go down too well at the HQ of Universal Pictures, who already had their Kong remake in the works. It was entitled *The Legend of Kong* or something similar and they planned to film it in Sensurround starring Peter (Colombo) Falk. Not an outfit to hang about, in June of '75 they immediately slammed in a \$25 million law suit against RKO, holders of the original copyright, for doing the dirty on them. After periodic but fruitless sniping, Universal changed their tactics and claimed that the story of King Kong was in the public domain and RKO had no right to charge anything for the rights.

The Universal/RKO quarrel smoulders on to this day. Dino, however, won through, Universal giving way in exchange for an unspecified piece of the action with the option of making their own Kong 18 months after Dino's epic was released, presumably in the vain hope that Paramount might bomb out.

The upshot of this was that Dino had to rush into his production with only the barest shooting script and not the goddamnest idea of how Kong was even going to be made. To make matters worse, within a few weeks of the start of filming, it was decided that the movie would have to be ready for release by Christmas 1976. That left just 8 months to do the whole number.

The race was on.

Lorenzo Semple Jr., the man who brought Batman to the TV screen, was the guy chosen to do the script, a tricky task which he described as walking "a delicate line between screen romance and high camp." Roman Polanski was the first director approached to direct (he balked) which is when John Guillermin signed up. Noted as a big-action film director, the man behind *The Blue Max* and that inflammable classic *The Taming of the Shrew*, the assignment was to be the toughest of his career.

Next came the Kings of Special Effects. Carlo Rambaldi (old Italian friend of Dino's) arrived complete with a whole team of Italian craftsmen, who worked with Glen Robinson, mechanical wizard and Academy Award winner for *Earthquake* and *The Hindenburg*. They faced a formidable task. Dino wanted to make the definitive monster movie, nothing less, and demanded that

What made King Kong famous . . .



... made a monkey outta me

DICK TRACY previews the Big Ape

Kong remain in perfect proportion throughout the film. Put simply this meant that for every scene that Kong appeared in, two versions of each set — full-sized and miniature — had to be built. The cost of these alone, in materials and labour, was to become the biggest single expense of the whole project.

Castwise, first came male leads Charles Crodin and Jeff Bridges (son of Lloyd of *Sea Hunt*) as first choices. The lady proved more of a problem. The casting couch and computer had already rejected Barbara Streisand (too busy), Valerie Perrine (under contract to Universal), Betty Midler (!) and Cher Bono Allman (visibly pregnant) before they landed on an unknown 26-year-old model who, in true Hollywood tradition, came out of the blue and landed the female role of the year. Short of the young Marilyn Monroe they couldn't have chosen better than Jessica Lange.

Then began the nightmare.

THE first two months of shooting were madness. Location scouts had been out scouting and had selected Kauai, the northernmost island of the Hawaii chain as the setting for Kong's lair. This first big test of cast and crew did not go well. The weather broke at the worst moments, transporting valuable stars and equipment deep into the jungle by helicopter caused vast problems, and always there was that Big Deadline In The Sky staring everyone in the face. Costs were going through the roof and the accountants began showing signs of strain.

By late February 1976, not one single piece of Kong was ready. After much discussion Rambaldi and Robinson had decided that Kong would consist of one huge monster monkey with a small miniature, plus one man in an ape suit and a giant pair of hydraulic hands. That much was settled. Now all they had to do was work out how to do it.

The first rudimentary paw unfortunately suffered from faulty hydraulics which caused all the fingers to clench into a fist — except the middle one which stuck up straight in the air in a time-honoured gesture of abuse.

They didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Much hammering and redesigning later, the new ones were ready, a pair of giant automated foam rubber mitts, covered with hundreds of 18-inch-long Argentinian horse's tails. The delicate movements of the giant fingers were controlled by four men operating 16 hydraulic jacks and each finger had a bolt in the knuckle to stop the hand closing into a fist and crushing Ms Lange to death. Early tests with a stunt girl went well until the hand suddenly developed a case of severe limp wrist and dropped its passenger more than 20ft.

Needless to say all this was not designed to inspire Jessica with much confidence. After all, if you're going to be lifted more than 50 feet above

the ground by cybernetic paws you want to be confident that you're going to survive the experience.

Work is going ahead fast and furious on the man in the ape suit. Key people take to spending their lunch hours down at Los Angeles Zoo studying the gorillas. The face has to be right and is eventually based on a snapshot of a gorilla named Bum taken by Dino's son Frederico.

Rick Baker, an expert on plastic make-up, is the man chosen to play Kong, mainly because he is the right height but also because he admits to having had a fascination with the great apes since childhood. A life cast is taken of Baker's face and five masks with different expressions are built to fit him. Although he can move Kong's body he can only control the upwards and downwards movement of the head. All the facial expressions are controlled by a whole system of cables running up through the ape's jaw which have a bad habit of also stretching Baker's own face.

Soon the mother monkey is ready. Big Kong is like an animated Statue of Liberty, the largest and most lifelike cybernetic creature ever created. The statistics alone are staggering. Forty feet high it weighs 6½ tons, has a 20-foot chest span, 20-foot arms, an aluminium skeleton weighing 3½ tons and innards composed of 3,000 feet of hydraulic hose and 4,500 feet of wiring. Yet despite its huge size, it moves with an eerie grace.

For the final death scene at the foot of the New York Trade Towers, the giant monkey had to be broken down into ten separate pieces, packed in three vans and a convoy of trucks and driven across the nation. When people were invited to come and view the great ape thousands more than expected turned up and began to riot. A laugh a minute.

Then one day it was all over. The impossible movie was brought home on time.

I SAW the result last week at a packed press reception in one of the coldest cinemas I can remember. Whatever it was I was expecting after endless months of following the progress of this monstrosity I was satisfied. No matter how much you know about the background to this epic production you soon forget it all in the face of what is pure movie magic. The script follows the pattern of the original story while updating it with a tongue firmly in cheek. Charles Grodin plays Fred Wilson, the villain of the piece, with a king of pantomime baddie style that is guaranteed to get all the kids hissing. As an ambitious scout for the giant Petrox oil conglomerate he is the symbol of the greedy corporation man to whom human principles and untouched environment are only there to be exploited.

Jeff Bridges, a Brian Wilson lookalike, is straight ahead as the curious anthropologist eager to find out if the legend about a giant monkey on Skull Island are really true. He is kind, thoughtful, athletic, and concerned about exploitation.

Jessica Lange in the real treat, though. First discovered floating on a rubber raft, fugitive from a cabin cruiser that exploded with all hands, she is sometimes dumb, often very funny and always beautiful. After her rescue she explains that the only reason she was not below decks with the rest of her companions was that they were watching a dirty movie. This explanation is followed by the classic one-liner: "Ever met anyone before whose life was saved by *Deep Throat*?"

If you have any doubts during the opening scenes that this is not going to be the goods, they'll be exploded as soon as Kong appears. Quite simply, the monkey in all its forms is the most clever piece of special effects engineering it has ever been my pleasure to watch in the cinema. The eyes deceive the brain time and time again as the monkey's face simulates a whole range of meaningful human expressions and as the huge hands caress Dwan, undress Dwan and give her a wash and blow dry. Kong's death scene is truly spectacular — nothing less — real lump-in-the-throat, heart-in-the-mouth stuff. It may not be the definitive monster movie, but any other contenders will have to go a long, long way to beat it.

THERE WASN'T a happier hack in all of Kings Reach that day, I can tell you! The Editor himself summoned me from my cubicle where I was licking a stop-press jeremiad into shape — "The Washboard: For and Against" — and I found myself blinking under the Klieg lights of his office.

"I want you to go to Kingston instanter," he rapped, tapping the riding crop emphatically against his jodhpurs. "Track down the Roots of Reggae. Take Pennie Smith with you. All expenses paid."

Travel! My heart beat like a cake tin. Hundreds and Thousands sparked in my eyes, my cheeks were piped with the cochineal of boyish excitement. Kingston!

Neil Spencer's articles swam in my mind: black chaps puffing lewdly on "Mary Jane", all the swirl and strident colour of a box of Quality Street, "rydms" that beat like a boil, corrugated iron.

Anticipation whipped my legs into the intricate maze of some pretty authentic JA "stepping", Belafonte's "Oh, Island in the Sun" upon my lips, sphincter bobbing behind like a dinghy. I tossed my green eye-shield to the stop-at-homes, and scampered off to pack a couple of things.

Pennie and I hauled my steamer trunk aboard the Kingston bus. Tropical mufti — gym shorts, drill shirt still bearing the sixer's ribbons I'd got so knotted to earn, serviceable sun hat, calomine lotion.

It seemed odd that we were in for such a dramatic climactic change over a 30p bus journey, but I wasn't going to be caught short. Didn't want to be sleuthing around Kingston, deluding and vaporing without a pith to put in — I mean, a pith helmet to put on.

The Jamaican conductor hove into view. I took him to task on the tardiness of the bus service: "Soon come mon, huh?" I know how to draw blood.

"Wanna fat lip?" he replied, rudely I thought. "Where to?"

"Two to the pulsating epicentre of Trenchtown," I told him.

He blinked. A little hipper than he expected, no doubt.

"I'll charge you to Evans the Outsize," he said, and took our fares.

"Confusion," I told Pennie, and buried my face in "KINGSTON — A GUIDE TO THE VISITOR". Boning up — that indispensable prep for the Fourth Estate.

As we sped past the clipped hedges of Twickenham and Hampton Wick, it was borne in upon me that the compilers of my little handbook were unbelievably innocent of the musical and cultural explosion that had pitch-

Fans of popular music consider 1976 to have been not only the Year Of Punk Rock but also the year of Reggae. The pop weeklies are full of exotic, esoteric, evocative terms like "rydms" (rhythms), "ganja" (slang term for cannabis) and "skank" (a particular type of "rydim") and references to mysterious native performers like U and I Roy, Large Youth, Bob Harley and Tootsie.

We asked BRIAN CASE to visit Kingston, the torrid city whose Trenchtown district has become the focus of the pop world's attention.



THE KINGSTON (UPON-THAMES) CONNECTION

forked their dreaming riverbank hamlet into the headlines of the world press. Oh, there were hints, pointers — but of the Rise of Reggae and Rastafarianism, neither jot nor tittle. A conspiracy of silence!

Odd whiffs of Jah's gift can be detected in the deadpan prose: "At the south end of the Market Place's central island is a fine statue in memory of Henry Shrewsbury, three times Mayor of Kingston, who collapsed and died while distributing packets of tea to the poor."

Not too hard to discern here the outlines of a municipal Moose The Mooche. As with a new reel of cotton, it's simply a matter of finding the loose end, and the trained nose will unravel more than the duffer.

For example, the opaque chronicle

of No 20 Thames Street: "Edward Phillips established his chemist shop here, and soon became famous throughout the land for his concoctions. Queen Victoria's mother was a firm believer in Mr. Phillips' Antispasmodic Cordial Aperient Draught, Gout Pills and Indian Chutnee, all prepared from herbs and vegetables carefully grown by Mr. Phillips in a rented garden in The Bittoms. People would queue far into the night for free medicine from the house in Thames Street."

I-sus. Reading on, I came across the merest rune or potsherd of Kingston's musical heritage: "Atkins Scotch Cafe, where lady violinists in tartan dress played in the afternoons, was a favourite rendezvous from Victorian times with cakes so delicious that they became a byword in the town." Prince Bunny Marley, Tubby Pistols, The Mighty Upsetter, I. Clavdivs, U. Muffdivs — passed over in favour of the currant bun!

The vibrations changed as we drove over Kingston Bridge, a sort of pneumatic off-beat whumping up through the wheels of the bus. Along the tow-path, cycled a chap in shorts, bawling through a loudhailer at some chaps in vests who were rowing downstream: "In — Out! Watch out for the Locks!"

I gripped Pennie's arm. "Did you hear that?" I gasped. "We're on the right track here!"

Pennie tightened her scarf. "Still taters though, innit? Not exactly Caribbean round the Khyber, is it?"

Piqued, I thought, at missing a shot of the bumboats plying their colourful wares, the diving for coins and general aquatic high jinks that were going on no doubt on the other side of the bridge.

We alighted. I stared down into the muddy waters of the Thames. Rain pelted its banks into mud. Small wonder they dreamed of getting back to the Nile. There squatted Turks Boatyard, its skiffs and punts well up to the tricks and stunts of amorous floaters, but scant sign of the Black Star Liners built to convey the devout Rastas back to Ethiopia, the Promised Land. Fallen foul of those dread locks at Teddington, no doubt.

DRENCHED, we slopped into the bauble belt of Babylon, Church Street, past the Surrey Comet offices, the Garden of Remembrance, the Danish Sandwich Shop, the Post Office Savings Bank.

"I say — here's a clue!" I cried, pointing out a passage in the visitors' guide: "There is an intriguing story to the solid-looking shop that stands on the corner of Crown Passage. In the early 19th century it sold hand-made boots and shoes. In 1830, the business was acquired by a Mr. William Dale, who created a sensation by displaying

the first Wellington boots ever seen in the town. It caused riots among local shoe-makers, who imagined that this amazing innovation threatened their livelihood. They went on the rampage, smashed up the shop, and destroyed the Wellington boots."

"So?" said Pennie. "Can't you read between the lines? Can't you imagine the threat those Wellingtons posed to an essentially footloose and unconfined spirit? Me no like dem Wellies deh, me a tell you, 'cause dem mek de foots dem burn like fire, mon. Ah, how the rebellious 'Rude Boy' voices echo down the centuries!"

"Not me, buster," said Pennie. Probably nettled because I'd refused to take a turn with the steamer trunk — I was encumbered enough with pencil and Winfield Jumbo Jotter — and she shuffled huffily off.

There was only one thing for it. Hard evidence!

Hot on the scent of a hunch, I dragged the doubting photographer into Bentalls emporium, cuffing her past the Miss Revlon display and on into Haberdashery.

"Moving plenty tea-cosies?" I asked the saleslady.

A guarded look came into her eyes. "Who's asking?"

I palmed the tin. "Don't give me any of that D & D stuff — me tek a dem Fift' Amendment deh. Gimme the griff on the cosies." The saleslady jerked the thumb. "On ya bike, Scoops, or I'll call the floor-muscle."

"They're covering up for some reason," I panted to Pennie as we legged it through Quilts and Upholstery for the Exit. "Somehow — somehow — we're going to prise the lid off this seething melting pot of socio-religio-musico-ethno-cultural fermentation!" I gritted crisply.



Downtown crowds throng the market place at the heart of the colourful ghetto district.



Donning pith helmet, Case strides forth to purchase exotic native plants from a local herbalists. Pics: PENNIE SMITH.

WE SOUGHT refuge from the monsoon in J. Lyons.

"Snapper Savoury to start, please, chased by Curried Goat and easy on the Tabasco. For pud, Guava au Rum flambee twice, a wedge of Planter's Cake and an After-Deck Special with a dash of Angostura bitters," I told the lady behind the tea urn.

"Brother, are you a hot sketch or are you a hot sketch," she scoffed. "Bakewell tart or lump it, weisenheimer."

I flashed the buzzer. "Quit stalling," I husked. "I've already got the dope on Mayor Shrubsole's teabags, the looks, the cosies and the Wellington riots. Nix on keepin' de lips dem buttoned fe stay healt'y line. The game's up. Level."

We were fortunate to escape with no more than superficial macaroon wounds and a glancing fairy cake abrasion.

"Better must come," I told Pennie, but my tread was leaden. These Kingstonians were a close-mouthed bunch, not at all the rapping, hunkering down sort of chaps I'd been led to expect. We turned into Thames Street, past Woolworths, past the British Home Stores, the car park, the police station, bulging no doubt with many a reckless riefaman.

Not until we emerged into Clarence Street, did I get the bulge on that rash of recording studios which sprang up in the wake of reggae. "Littlewoods Store" said the guide, "hides a tantalising secret: the grave of Nipper, the world-famous dog who is the trademark of His Master's voice record company. The artist's family once lived on this site, and when Nipper died they buried him under a mulberry tree in the garden."

"This could be it!" I cried and we surged into Littlewoods, Pennie making heavy weather of the swing doors with my steamer trunk. We were pretty breathless by the time we reached the manageress's desk.

"Dubs," I panted. "Delroy Reggiekray. Nipper. Big Yout'."

"Big Youth Wear on ya left, Nippers' Nappies inna back, sport. And keep ya mudhooks off the merchandise."

Guiltily, I dropped the suspender belt back into the tray. "I - er - thought it was a dried squid - er -"

"Next time it's ya ass," said the manageress. All prospects of an interview faded. No stoolie in a Babylon, blast it! A town that wouldn't talk. We sloshed through the puddles down Fife Road. Hepworths, John Collier, Fine Furnishings, Wimpy, Boots, W. H. Smiths, Rymans, Dewhurst The Butcher flickered by like a carnival streamer. Umbrellas bobbed like fruit bats at a groundation.

Steam rose from housewives hats like herb smoke.

"Right!" I said to Pennie, mouth horizontal with determination. "Switch to Plan B. We'll beat up-country through the mangroves and confront the locksmen themselves, crack a Blackheart Chap and track the voodoo down!"

Pennie stared woodenly at the solitary angler on the sodden banks. "You mean plod down the towpath to Teddington Lock? Get the jump on the Fleet Street crowd?"

"Exactly!" I affirmed.

"Raasclaat to that," she said, and dropping my steamer trunk over the bridge, sprinted for a bus. "Abyssinia."



**Sorry Kids
No Prizes!**

1. The NME charts are the longest-running in British rockdom. In which year did they start?

2. In which year was Alex Harvey born? Was it ...
(a) 1893
(b) 1914
(c) 1935
(d) 1938
(e) 2001

3. Name the commodity Roger Daltrey is seen plugging on the sleeve of "The Who Sell Out" album.

4. He was once part of a famous duo — now he's into beautifully produced M.O.R. He's also appeared in a couple of movies — "Catch 22" and "Carnal Knowledge". Could you spot him on an identity parade?

5. Who were the artists responsible for these hits of the '70s?

- (a) Merry Christmas Everybody
(b) Angel Fingers
(c) Devil Gate Drive
(d) Vincent
(e) Double Barrel
(f) Hey Girl, Don't Bother Me

6. Manhattan Transfer have recorded for only two labels. What are they?

7. Provide the real names of the following bluesmen:
(a) Muddy Waters
(b) Piano Red
(c) Howling Wolf
(d) Memphis Slim

8. Name the female singers who won the Grammy awards with these songs.

- (a) 1968 Do You Know The Way To San Jose?
(b) 1971 Tapestry
(c) 1972 I Am Woman
(d) 1973 Killing Me Softly with His Song

9. List the rock stars who wrote these books:

- (a) Beautiful Loser
(b) Seventh Heaven
(c) Tarantula
(d) Daybreak
(e) Diary of A Rock 'n' Roll Star

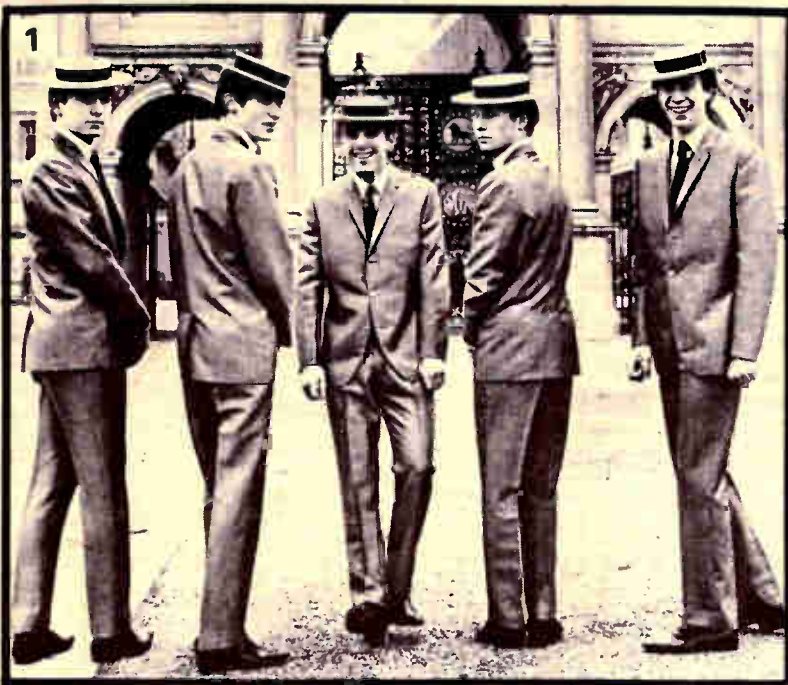
10. Which Argentinian film composer — responsible for the scores of "Cool Hand Luke", "The Cincinnati Kid" and "Kelly's Heroes" plus T.V. pot-boilers like "Mission Impossible" and "Mannix" — recently hit the charts with a disco single?

11. Who was the American deejay first credited with the use of the term "rock n' roll"?

12. Rod Stewart was once a member of the following groups. True or False.
(A) Alexis Korner's Blues Inc
(b) Jimmy Powell & The Dimensions
(c) The Downliners Sect
(d) Steampacket
(e) The Honeycombes
(f) Shotgun Express
(g) Jeff Beck Group
(h) Bluesology

13. Mix 'n' match the following groups and drummers.

- Roxy Music Bev Bevan
Black Sabbath Derek Longmuir



Pic 1. He actually followed the one in the middle but in this shot he's second from the right. Nowadays, he's got a Dave Clark connection. Name him and make an old Borstal Boy very happy.



Pic 2. Four more loveable Mop tops, and a cut above the crowd at that. Recognise 'em?

- Wings Joe English
Bay City Rollers Bill Ward
Status Quo Albert Bouchard
The Meters John Coghlan
ELO Paul Thompson
Blue Oyster Cult Joseph Modeliste

14. True or false. Gary Glitter sang on the original "Jesus Christ Superstar" album?

- (a) Black Oak Arkansas
(b) The Ramones
(c) Utopia
(d) Lynyrd Skynyrd
(e) J. Geils Band

16. Joni Mitchell has recorded nine albums. Name all of 'em?

17. Who blows harmonica with the following American bands?
(a) War
(b) The J. Geils Band
(c) Though Carl Perkins wrote it, Elvis Presley had the biggest hit with it. Name that song.

19. Which well-known reggae producer is known as both "Scratch" and "The Upsetter"?

20. It's true or false time. Can you believe everything you read in rock papers?
(a) Paul McCartney once banged tambourine on an Alma Cogan single?
(b) Joe Cocker was once engaged to Dusty Springfield?

(c) Cat Stevens got his name through playing bass with the Pussy Galore Soul Band?

(d) Bob Dylan was a sideman for Harry Belafonte?

(e) Jeff Beck recorded an unreleased album with Motown's top sidemen?

21. Waylon Jennings, Kinky Friedman, Asleep At The Wheel, Willie Nelson, Johnny Paycheck and Michael Murphey are all associated with one Texas town. Which?

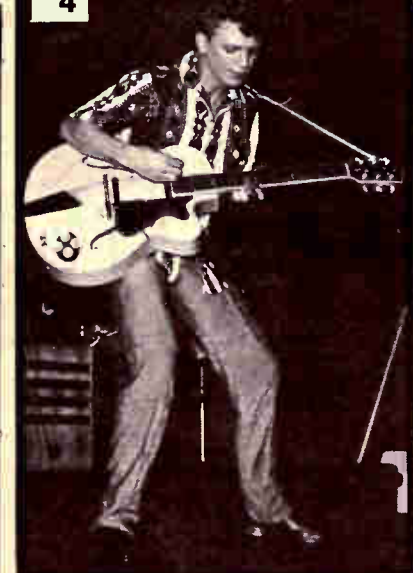
22. Which songs commence with the following lines?

- (a) Busted flat in Baton Rouge
(b) They paved Paradise, put up a parking lot
(c) She was just seventeen, you know what I mean
(d) You think we look pretty good together
(e) They're really rockin' in Boston, in Pittsburgh, P.A.

23. Who did Grace Slick replace in Jefferson Airplane?

24. Supply christian names to these famous songwriting teams.

- (a) Leiber & Stoller
(b) Gamble & Huff
(c) Mann & Weil
(d) Holland, Dozier & Holland
(e) Goffin & King
(f) Boyce & Hart
(g) Bacharach & David
(h) Ashford & Simpson



Pic 3. (Left) the guitarist playing quietly at the back is easy to spot. But which 60's soul star is he backing?

Pic 4. (Above) which early British rocker is getting down to business here?

Pic 5. They cut off my hair and made me into a rock "rebel". But I owe it all to my good luck medallion really. Remember me?

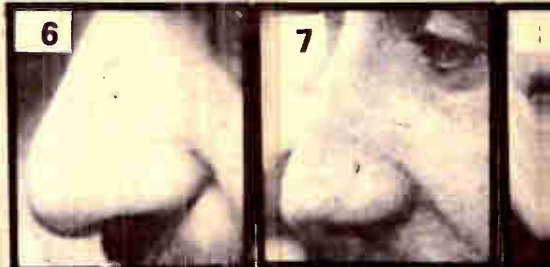


Okay F*b R
You've eaten and drunk e
You've opened your pr
or two of them. You've m
girlfriend's passed out u
broken down, you've just
time and you've run

Now is the mo
been drea
You have no al
to attempt,
labrynthine ho

THE
KILL
CHRIST
QU

Compiled by F
& ROY



Pix 6 & 7. Spot the conk! Who nose whose noses these a= a fair few mushy peas! Whose are they? Pic 9. A hup



Pic 10. Whose Piscevan toes are encased in this pair of cutesies?



Pic 12. Do you like boobs a lot? If so, name the Californian which cheeky chappie does this derriere belong? Pic 14. Re wore them back in the old days? Pic 15. This mad hatter w tifer?

25. What was the name of Ted Nugent's band before he went solo?

26. Who formed the following record labels?

- (a) Ode
(b) Reprise
(c) Chiswick
(d) Elektra

27. What are the real names of that dynamic duo Flo & Eddie?

28. Who were the one-hit wonders who recorded the following hits?

- (a) "Spirit In The Sky"
(b) "Na Na Hey Hey Kiss Him Goodbye"
(c) "In The Year 2525"
(d) "Dominique"
(e) "Je T'Aime Moi Non Plus"

29. Ruth and Anita are two of The Pointer Sisters. Who are the other two?

30. Who wrote the soundtrack scores for the following movies?

- (a) "The Family Way"
(b) "Shaft"
(c) "Uptight"
(d) "Trouble Man"
(e) "Superfly"
(f) "Shampoo"

31. Who was the original organist with Yes?

32. Name the original line-ups of the following bands.

- (a) The Monkees
(b) The Doors
(c) Traffic

33. There are no less than five bona fide brothers in The Isley Brothers. Name 'em.

34. The name Abba is derived from the first initials of all the four members christian names. Name the names now!

35. Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel once recorded as?

- (a) Don & Dewey
(b) Shirley & Lee
(c) Bob & Earl
(d) Crosse & Blackwell
(e) Tom & Jerry

36. Who was the original lead singer with the following bands?

- (a) The Move
(b) Manfred Mann
(c) The Moody Blues
(d) The Byrds
(e) The Spencer Davis Group

37. Iggy & The Stooges made one album for CBS. What was it called?

38. Which label did the Average White Band record for before switching to Atlantic?

39. Thin Lizzy singing bass player Phil Lynott named his publishing company after:—

- (a) Pippin — his cat
(b) Fido — his dog
(c) Seamus — his uncle
(d) A packet of cigarette papers

40. Patti Smith's made her name on the New York scene — but where was she born?

41. In which year did The Eagles form?

- (a) 1969
(b) 1970
(c) 1971
(d) 1972

42. Who turned producer under the name of Apollo C. Vermouth?

43. The following artists had hits with cover versions of the following songs. Who recorded the originals?

- (a) The Moody Blues "Go Now"
(b) The Beatles "Twist & Shout"
(c) Mud "Lean On Me"
(d) The Rolling Stones: "It's All Over Now"

(e) Rod Stewart "Sailin' "

(f) Linda Ronstadt "That'll Be The Day"

(g) J. Geils Band "Ain't Nothing But A House Party"

(h) Rod Stewart "Twistin' The Night Away"

(i) The Beach Boys "Rock & Roll Music"

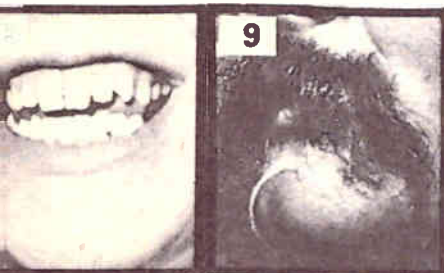
(j) Bryan Ferry "The Price Of Love"

44. Name the band that's featured Bobby Doyle, Jerry Fisher and Jerry LeCroix as lead vocalist.

*aders
everything in the house.
sents and broken one
islaid your stash, your
nder the table, the TV's
realised it's past closing
out of cigarettes.

ment you've
ding.
ternative but
in all its
ror . . .!

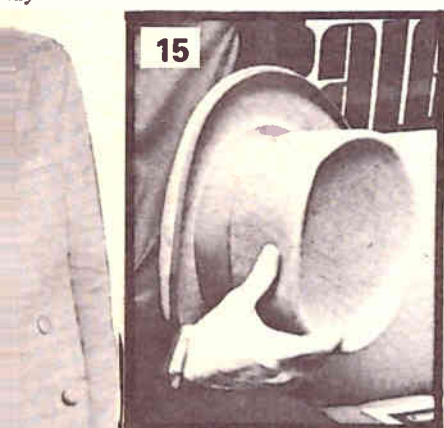
NME
LER
TMAS
IZ
RED DELLAR
CARR



...? Pic 8. These teeth must have chomped
... hairy upper lip belonging to whom?



...11. Whose Geminian plates of meat are on
... here?



...yummy busting out all over here. Pic 13. To
...member hunting jackets and the group that
...ants to be taken seriously. Recognise his

45. Who played bass guitar on the following Roxy Music LPs?
(a) "Roxy Music"
(b) "For Your Pleasure"
(c) "Stranded"

46. With which band did Sandy Denny record an album released here on Hallmark?

47. One of the following folk acts didn't play at the Chorley Festival this year. Which?
(a) Mike Harding
(b) Alan Stivell
(c) Steeleye Span
(d) Kae And Anna McGarrigle
(e) John Martyn
(f) Bert Jansch

48. In which songs to the following lines appear?
(a) Remember those basement parties, your brother's karate, those all-day rock'n'roll shows.
(b) A man must break his back to earn his day of leisure.
(c) If a man ever needed dying, he did.
(d) Then I noticed hers was red, mine was baby-pink.
(e) I thought that I could make it, but it took too long to bake it and I'll never have that recipe again.

49. Which British singer has worked with The Shakedown Sound, The Alan Bown Set, Bronco and The Butts Band?

50. In which two American cities were Bill Graham's famous Fillmore rock venues situated?

51. Supply the christian names to the following famous duos.

(a) Gallagher & Lyle
(b) Loggins & Messina
(c) Seals & Croft
(d) Hall & Oates

52. Supply the surnames to the following legendary duos.

(a) Jan & Dean
(b) Sam & Dave

53. Which famous stars own the following custom labels?

(a) Rocket
(b) Riva
(c) Dark Horse
(d) T-Rex
(e) Swan Song
(f) Tuff Gong

54. What was the title of the Beach Boys' legendary never-completed album?

55. What do the initials of the following record companies stand for? No marks for saying nothing!

(a) CBS
(b) EMI
(c) WEA
(d) MCA
(e) A&M
(f) RCA

56. Name the Neil Diamond song that provided Robert Wyatt with a successful single in 1974.

57. Who played drums with Derek & The Dominoes?

(a) Jim Keltner
(b) Jimmy Karstein
(c) Jim Gordon
(d) Jim Morrison

58. "Present Company," "Aftertones" and "The Secret Life Of Eddy J. Fink" are albums recorded by which New York born singer songwriting lady?

59. Stevie Wonder's "Fingertips" hit single was first released in Britain on which of these labels?

(a) Walt Disney
(b) Oriole
(c) Tamla-Motown
(d) London-American

60. Whose "Havana Daydreamin'" album contained a track called "My Head Hurts, My Feet Stink And I Don't Believe In Jesus"?

61. In which years did the following records hit the Number One spot?

(a) The Tornadoes: "Telstar"
(b) The Rolling Stones: "Get Off Of My Cloud"



Pix 16, 17, 18. Spot the Loony! Which bizarre rock personalities are on display here?

(c) The Mamas & Papas: "Monday Monday"
(d) Manfred Mann: "The Mighty Quinn"
(e) Desmond Dekker: "The Israelites"

62. What have Randy Bachman, Oscar Peterson, Marnard Ferguson, Joni Mitchell and Robbie Robertson all got in common?

63. The Teddy Bears' hit "To Know Him Is To Love Him" grabbed its title from:
(a) A Hemingway short story
(b) A tombstone epitaph
(c) A school report on Charles Manson.

64. Mix 'n' match the following stage names to the real names.
Alice Cooper Pauline Matthews
Judge Dread Sylvester Stewart
Commander Cody
David Jones

Kiki Dee Sly Stone
Vince Furnier Frederick Hibbert

David Bowie George Frayne
Carole King Alex Hughes
Toots Carole Klein



65. In 1964, Rod Stewart announced in a press hand-out:

(a) My favourite singers are Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald and my ambition is to sing with Count Basie.
(b) I was Lord Kitchener's valet.
(c) I am destined to be the British Ray Charles.

(d) My old man's a dustman. Which of these statements is true?

66. Hollywood vocalist Marni Nixon, who used to dub the soundtrack high notes for Natalie Wood, Deborah Kerr etc. contributed a multi-instrumental son to the world. What's his moniker?

67. How many of these albums received a British release?
(a) Frank Zappa And Captain Beefheart's "Bongo Fury"
(b) Mike Nesmith's "And The Hits Just Keep On Comin'"
(c) Flo And Eddies' "Immoral, Illegal And Fattening"

(d) "Jones, Dolenz, Boyce And Hart"
(e) "Harper's Bizarre 4"

68. Bob Seger and Mitch Ryder are both tough-sounding lungbusters from which U.S. city?

69. Who sings lead with American hard-rock band Aerosmith?

(a) Tony Tyler
(b) Andrew Tyler
(c) Steve Tyler
(d) Mary Tyler-Moore

70. Here's a cheerful one for Xmas — name the other two rock stars who died in that 1959 plane crash with Buddy Holly.

71. With which cities do you associate the following American record labels?

(a) Chess
(b) Stax
(c) Tamla Motown
(d) King
(e) Capitol
(f) Sun

72. With which progressive jazz-rock bands are the following keyboardists associated?

(a) Chick Corea
(b) Joe Sempale
(c) Joe Zawinul

73. How many musicians formed the Blue Ridge Rangers, a band that recorded an album for Fantasy?

74. Name the artist responsible for the sleeve designs on Donovan's "HMS Donovan," The Humblebum's "The New Humblebums" and Gefry Rafferty's "Please Can I Have My Money Back."

75. Who is Maria Grazia Rosa Domenica d'Amato, once vocalist with Jim Kewskin Jug Band?

76. Here we go again — more true or false facts for you to sort out. Which of the following statements are the phoney ones?

(a) Aretha Franklin's dad has made over a hundred albums.
(b) Supertramp were once backed by a benevolent millionaire.
(c) Stan Bowles once played on the wing for the Bay City Rollers.
(d) Steve Goodman is the son of "King Of Swing" Benny Goodman.
(e) Kris Kristofferson, apart from stripping off for Sarah Miles and Babs Streisand, has also been a helicopter pilot, a labourer, a soldier, a student at Oxford University and a novelist.
(f) Keith Richard once had his shoes eaten by a goat when he fell asleep on the lawn of his South of France home.

77. Mix 'n' match the following entrepreneurs to the correct record labels.

Chris Blackwell Arista
Ahmet Ertegun Virgin
Clive Davis Island
Richard Branson Atlantic

78. Where was Manfred Mann born? Was it ...

(a) Clapham Junction
(b) Johannesburg
(c) A Butlin's holiday camp
(d) On a small plot of land in Wales
(e) On Jupiter

79. At whose Nigerian studio was "Band On The Run" partly recorded?

(a) Ginger Baker's
(b) Ginger Tom's
(c) Ransome Kuti's
(d) Idi Amin's

80. Match the correct producers to the following debut albums.

"Bob Dylan" — Patti Smith
"Horses" — The Grateful Dead
"Songs To A Seagull" — Joni Mitchell
"Can't Buy A Thrill" — Steely Dan
"The Doors" — Paul A. Rothchild
Paul A. Rothchild
David Crosby
John Cale
John Hammond
Gary Katz
Dave Hassinger

Answers on Page 30 (and no peeking!)



Pic 19. One group that hasn't gone down in the world since this was taken. Recognise 'em?



Pic 20. And you thought the Pinks looked weird. Which bunch of one hit wonders, brought to an unsuspecting public by Kim Fowley, are enshrined here?

On starting your own fanzine . . .

HEY DOC, I want to start a fanzine. Not Punk or anything like that, but something based on my own tastes — Springsteen, Dylan, etc. So how do I go about things? Do I have to get publishing rights or anything? I was thinking of selling the 'zine by mail, from my home, and I'd be glad of any useful info you could come up with.

MICHAEL SCOTT, Strathclyde, Scotland.

● We dug Barry Lazell, who runs two upper-class fanzines in "Rumble" and "SMG", out of his pile of oldies in order to answer this one. After being given the once over with a dust-removing anti-static device, he supplied the following verbiage: "First of all, you've got to decide whether you're going to write the mag

yourself or if you're going to use other writers. If you decide on the latter course, then a small ad in a paper like NME could bring help. Once you've got your staff, then it's the time to cost your publication, taking into account the price of printing or duplicating (the latter being the cheapest course), the cost of postage, and the amount of bread you can allocate towards advertising in order to make potential readers aware of your mag's existence. Always remember to print more copies than you expect to sell initially. Hopefully, you'll get a demand for these early editions as your circulation grows. It's important too that you actually get your magazine into record shops and the right sort of bookshops — like Compendium — where people can get to see the publication and evaluate its contents. Be careful not to infringe anyone's

copyrights by simply reprinting articles taken from other magazines. And if you want to establish a copyright on your own material, then you can do so by simply mailing a copy of each issue to the British Library. Remember though that discographies are almost impossible to copyright — you can spend months putting one together, only to have it ripped off immediately on publication. But that's just something you'll have to learn to live with. Once established, however, a fanzine can be great fun — though you'll find that it'll take up a great deal of your life. So if you're not really dedicated, then give the idea a miss!"

HOW ABOUT a complete rundown on all Alex Harvey's recordings, from his Soul Band era to SAHB days?

ROY PAGE, Enfield, Middlesex.

COULD YOU please provide a complete discography of Alex Harvey, including the Soul Band dates?

ROBERT THOMPSON, Walton, Merseyside.

● Despite umpteen hours spent piecing various bits of info together, I still get the feeling that my Harvey disco is far from complete. So, taking the easy way out, I'll print all that I have on Alex's British album releases and leave any helpful Harvey freaks to supply any gen they've got on

singles emanating from our favourite geriatric Glaswegian's "Got My Mojo Working" and "Agent Soul" days. Then we'll print the correlated results in a future Info City. Okay? In the meantime, here's the line-up on the album: "The Alex Harvey Soul Band" — Polydor SLPHM 46.424 (1964); "The Blues" — Polydor SLPHM 237 641 (1965); "Roman Wall Blues" — Fontana STL5534 (December 1969); "Framed" — Vertigo 6360081 (November 1972); "Next" — Vertigo 6360103 (October 1973); "The Impossible Dream" — Vertigo 6360112 (March 1974); "Tomorrow Belongs To Me" — Vertigo 9102003 (October 1974); "Live" — Vertigo 6360122 (April 1975); "Penthouse Tapes" — Vertigo 9102007 (October 1975); "SAHB Stories" — Mountain TOPS 112 (April 1976).

ON THE RADIO, I recently heard a couple of tracks from a new album by John and Sue Kirkpatrick. But our local record shop doesn't seem to know of the disc's existence. Can you home me in on a copy?

T. G. CAMPBELL, London NW1.

● I guess that you heard "Plain Capers", a set of Morris tunes the Kirkpartricks

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

recently had released on Free Reed, a label that can be obtained from Free Reed, Duffield, Derby. Everybody seems to be going Morris loony of late, what with Island having to re-press "Morris On" and Harvest signing Ashley Hutchings to record "Son Of Morris On". Which has been all very nice for Martin Carthy, who got session fees for both the Free Reed and Harvest offerings. Black marks however, to EMI, who list Hutchings' line-up as including Dave Matlock and Simon Nickel (sic) on their release sheet.

I'M TOLD there's a Beatle album called "Something New" that contains the German version of "I Want To Hold Your Hand". Could you list the rest of the tracks on this highly desirable item and tell me where it might be obtained?

PHIL BECK, Guildford, Surrey.

● Oddly enough, you can order this disc from any record shop by just quoting the catalogue number (IC 062 04600) and asking the guy behind the counter to obtain the album through EMI International. The tracks on the disc are: "I'll Cry Instead"/"Things We Said Today"/"Any Time At All"/"When I Get Home"/"Slow Down"/"Matchbox"/"Tell Me Why"/"And I Love Her"/"I'm Happy Just To Dance With You"/"If I Fell"/"Komm Gib Mir Deine Hand."

IN A RECENT NME article, Ralph J. Gleason's book "The Jefferson Airplane" was mentioned. Could you tell me where I could get a copy and state the approximate price?

LYNNE E. MADIVER, Kilbirnie, Ayrshire.

● Gleason's 340 page paperback, which documents the early history of San Francisco rock, was published by Ballantine Books of New York, in 1969. Musique Boutique, of 70 Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London W1A, 4PJ, had a few copies last time I looked in. The price, if I remember rightly, was 90p — or £1.05 inclusive of postage.

COULD YOU please find out what the situation is with Mike Heron's Reputation? I went to see them earlier in the year but they didn't turn up because Mike had 'flu. Since then, they appear to have gone into hibernation.

EGGY, Stapleford, Notts.

● By a fortunate coincidence, a handout recently arrived bearing the news that the band — Mike Heron (guitar, moog and vocals), Malcolm Le Maistre (vocals), Frank Usher (lead guitar), David Sams (keyboards), Mike Tomich (bass guitar) and John Gilston (drums) — have signed a deal with Bronze Records and have an album "Diamond Of Dreams" due out on January 28th. 'Tis said that this sextet will be playing a short residency at London's Marquee Club shortly and will then spend most of February and March hitchhiking 'round Britain giggling hither and thither. Only thing is — they're not the Reputation anymore, cos they've changed

their name to Heron. Which seems a bit of a duff move when one remembers that there was (and maybe still is) another British band called Heron, who cut two albums "Heron" and "Twice As Nice And Half The Price", for the recently defunct Dawn label. Isn't anyone registering names anymore?

I'M A DEVOTED, 16-year-old, Beatles fan and over the past two years I've striven hard to collect all their LPs, EPs and singles. However, some albums have continually eluded me, these being "Electronic Sound" and "Wonderwall Music", by George Harrison, and "Life With The Lions", "Two Virgins" and "The Wedding Album", by John and Yoko. The problem has rapidly deteriorated my health and almost driven me to suicide (maybe I should have written to Marje Proops instead!) I'm sure there are a lot of other people in the same plight and we'd all be eternally grateful if you could tell us — yes, you've guessed it! — where these albums can be obtained

BILL FINLAY, Darlington, Co. Durham

● If you've still got your head out of the gas oven, I'll supply the news that the Virgin Record shop at 130 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 has mysteriously acquired a whole caboodle of Apple goodies — including albums by Billy Preston, George Harrison, John and Yoko, James Taylor, Jackie Lomax, Badfinger, Elephant's Memory, Doris Troy, Modern Jazz Quartet, John Tavener, Radha Krsna Temple, Lon And Derreck Van Eaton, David Peel and Ravi Shankar, plus the "Come Together", "Raga" and "El Topo" soundtracks. I suggest you give 'em a call on 01-580-6177 and stake a claim!

I'VE JUST ACQUIRED John Hartford's "Mark Twang" and now I'm very interested in purchasing more material by the man. Could you give me a rundown on his releases to date and list those which are currently available in this country?

NEIL WORBOYS, Bishops Stortford, Herts.

● One-man band Hartford has cut around a dozen albums to date these being "John Hartford Looks At Life", "Earthwords And Music", "John Hartford", "Iron Mountain Depot", "The Love Album", "Radio John", "The Housing Project", "Gentle On My Mind And Other Originals" (all RCA); "Aero-Plain", "Morning Bugle" (both Warner Brothers); "Mark Twang" and "Nobody Knows What You Do" (both Flying Fish). Unfortunately, only "Mark Twang" (released on Sonet) is currently available in this country, though Benny Martin's "Tennessee Jubilee" (Flying Fish/Sonet), a bluegrass jam-session, features Hartford (or Harford, as he's listed on the sleeve!) fairly prominently. The catalogue number for this one is SNTF 703. Of the rest, the two Warner releases, plus "Iron Mountain Depot" and "The Love Album", (all of which are worthwhile) turn up pretty frequently in import shops, while "Nobody Knows" is to be released by Sonet early in '77.

"The Best Album of The Year" Graham Dene Capital B Don't Wait 'til '77 to hear one of the best albums of '76

1976 has been a big year for Randy Edelman, and it's just about to spill over into '77 with 'You'. Featuring not only the outstanding singing, songwriting and playing of Randy himself, but also such superlative musicians as Nigel Olsson, Dee Murray, Dean Parks, Steve Cropper as well as Melissa Manchester. Don't leave it 'till '77 to hear one of the great albums (and great achievements) of '76.

RANDY EDELMAN
'FAREWELL FAIRBANKS'.
BT 494
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PLATTERS

Happenings ten years time ago



THE BEATLES

Revolver (Parlophone)
TEN YEARS after its release, "Revolver" — the seventh Beatles album — stands as their most listenable and durable work, being free of the overbearing weightiness of its successor, "Sgt Pepper", the idiosyncracies of the White Album, and the comparatively lightweight nature of some of "Abbey Road".

Moreover, "Revolver" marked the completion of the group's new-found maturity, the first signs of which had been demonstrated on "Rubber Soul". This was the turning point in that it showed the group experimenting with sounds other than basic guitar/bass/drums/keyboards, singing songs containing sharp social comment and which were all written by the group themselves.

1966 was the Beatles' last year as a touring band; in fact they played their final gig on August 29, at San Francisco. From hereon they would devote their time to working in the studio on effects that would in any case have been impossible to reproduce on stage.

The Beatles had returned to the studio in Spring '66, during which time George had married Patti Boyd.

The fruits of these sessions were unleashed to the public in the shape of a single, "Paperback Writer"/"Rain". Apparently there was no intention to cut a single as such, but just to lay down tracks from which a single, and later, an album would be culled. These two tracks were representative of

the material on the subsequent album and wouldn't have seemed at all out of place on "Revolver".

They showed the Beatles playing tougher, harder and more economically than before — and achieving more.

For the first time the Beatles weren't writing simply about affairs of the heart, and they were also expanding the musical devices at their fingertips.

"Rain" made use of backward tapes. Said Lennon at the time: "Paul and I are very keen on this electronic music. You make it clinking a couple of glasses together or with bleeps from the radio; then you loop the tape to repeat the noises at intervals."

The observations Lennon made in the song itself were doubtless induced by either dope or acid. As such, "Rain" stands as one of the first (if not, the first) psychedelic records. More would be revealed on the subsequent "Revolver".

Recording went on for longer than for any previous album — Ringo remarked that the group had spent an entire month in the studio and the record still wasn't finished.

Remember this was before the days of seemingly unlimited studio time, when the classic John Mayall/Eric Clapton "Bluesbreakers" album was recorded in a week.

World tours interrupted the session and, on their return from Manila, The Beatles made their first, albeit brief, trip to India, probably at Harrison's instigation. George had introduced the sitar to Beatle People Everywhere on "Rubber Soul" — "Norwegian Wood".

In the months prior to its release, there was much talk about the progressive nature of "Revolver", a title settled on after "Abracadabra" was dropped.

Paul echoed John's thoughts about introducing electronic music to the group and even before the album's release claimed responsibility for working out the effects on "Tomorrow Never Knows".

He said, rather defensively, "We did it because I for one am sick of doing sounds that people have claimed to have heard before."

Such was the seemingly arcane nature of "Revolver" that EMI felt the need to do the unprecedented — to trail a

The year 1966 saw the virtually simultaneous release of "Revolver", "Blonde On Blonde", "Aftermath" and "Pet Sounds" — each quite literally a seminal album.

So how good do they still sound ten years on? And were they produced in a vacuum or was the competition equally hot?

To answer these questions, we looked closely at the albums concerned, and also the company they kept at the time. Investigation reveals 1966 to have been a watershed year for albums, as the old attitudes (two hit singles plus ten filler tracks) were overturned and artists began to realise that their albums could aspire to higher levels of creativity.

Here we present a cross-section of some of the more interesting releases of '66. Next week, when we unveil NME's Albums Of '76, you'll be able to assess the progress (or lack of same) of rock music over the past decade.

Beatles' album with a single from the elpee-to-come.

So before "Revolver" came out in August, two of its tracks, "Eleanor Rigby" and "Yellow Submarine" were released as a single.

Their contrasting natures were indicative of the eclecticism to come.

Sung by Paul, "Eleanor Rigby" is a highly evocative song. Written as a narrative, it's lyrically superior to the other two McCartney ballads (although later Lennon claimed he had as much to do with the song as Paul) which would surface on the album, "Here There And Everywhere" and "For No One".

The title itself conjures up an elderly lonely spinster and the lyrics, which tell of her personal loneliness and move on to consider universal loneliness, have a precision lacking in McCartney's later work.

By contrast "Yellow Submarine" was a hybrid nursery rhyme and pub song. It was written for Ringo and was perfectly in tune with his persona. Its simplicity was

engaging, rather than dumb.

"Yellow Submarine" was recorded with an actual brass band in the studio, and not just the sounds of one. It also featured John blowing bubbles through a straw and George swirling water in a bucket.

Like the album as a whole, both these tracks stressed the different personalities within The Beatles. "Revolver" was the first Beatles album where each one had a pronounced sense of individuality, something eventually taken to extremes on the White Album where sometimes only two of them might collaborate on a track.

EMI need not have had any doubts about the commerciality of "Revolver", for every song was both memorable and enhanced by the inspired arrangements, so that "For No One" had a French horn obbligato, Paul's rousing R&B flavoured "Got To Get You Into My Life" had a brass section and the album's closing song, the overtly psychedelic "Tomorrow Never Knows", was a vivid panorama of backward tapes and weird sound effects.

As musicians The Beatles played better on "Revolver" than ever before.

McCartney's bass lines had become unique. Harrison's sarcastic "Taxman", a tight, spare rocker, sung by him in an arrogant Lennon-like drawl, was propelled along by John's incessant and incisive rhythm chording and Paul's peerless bass, vibrant and imaginative.

Ringo's performances also far exceeded anything he'd done previously, as demonstrated on side one's closing "She Said She Said", a Lennon rocker. Rather than playing a straight 4/4 pattern, he lays down perpetual fills.

On Paul's buoyant "Good Day Sunshine", Ringo beefs up the sound with two drum parts. One has Ringo laying down the beat while in the other speaker he plays embellishments.

The Beatles' use of bass and drums would be advanced further on "Sgt. Pepper", but this was the first time the rhythm section compelled the listener's attention.

"Revolver" also heralded a new guitar sound for The

Beatles. It's always struck me as a very electric guitar orientated album, as "Taxman", "I'm Only Sleeping", "She Said She Said", "And Your Bird Can Sing", and "Dr. Robert" demonstrate.

Lennon's rhythm guitar is invariably terse and aggressive; Harrison's lead is always doctored to create an effect like the solo in "Taxman" which comes on like some rapid electric scrawl, or the ringing distortion on "And Your Bird Can Sing" where the guitars are multi-tracked. On the surreal "Tomorrow Never Knows" the presumably 'backward' guitars sound like sitars.

While The Beatles were constantly experimenting with sound, structure and arrangements, nothing ever got out of hand so that even "Tomorrow Never Knows", the record's least straightforward cut, is immediately accessible.

The reason for this was the group's peerless sense of melody; every song was etched into the memory after the third or fourth time play.

And, with the exception of "Yellow Submarine", the melodies weren't deliberately catchy and, unlike so many pop-rock songs, didn't just make it because of their hooks.

For instance the melody lines to the verses of both "I'm Only Sleeping" and "And Your Bird Can Sing" were as fully formed as the chorus melodies themselves. Where lesser acts would write a song from just one melodic idea (often less), The Beatles would often incorporate several sound ideas into one song.

Finally, let's speculate on "Revolver" as part of the acid culture.

There's a water-tight case for saying it's the first British psychedelic album, that is if you take 'psychedelic' as being something triggered of as a direct result of taking acid.

By this time Lennon had been doing a lot of acid and has described "She Said She Said" as "an acidic song". Lyrically "I'm Only Sleeping", and "And Your Bird Can Sing" seem to have the same source of inspiration (as did "Rain").

And whether it's a direct reference to scoring acid or not, the brilliant mid-tempo rocker "Dr. Robert" is, of course, a reference to obtaining drugs from a Harley Street man.

Psychedelic album or not, "Revolver" is one of rock's finest hours and demonstrated how far the genre had progressed in less than a decade.

It dwarfs much of what has gone under the bridge since. And nostalgia doesn't come into it.

Steve Clarke

(Still on catalogue, EMI PMC 7009, price £3.35p)



OTIS REDDING

Otis Blue (Atlantic)

WHEN OTIS died the mohair kids up Manchester way wore black armbands.

See, he was one of theirs. Hell, he was probably the only performer at the '67 Monterey Festival who wore a suit and tie

— which is the way most people probably remember him, in the sweaty total commitment of *Monterey Pop*, reaching out to the paint-streaked love children of middle America to show that he too was a Love Man. (And, hey, creepy how many dead stars in that movie).

Or they think of him the way Guy Peellaert did in *Rock Dreams* — in the eerie elegiac light of "Dock Of The Bay", which together with "Satisfaction" and "My Girl" (his other big hits) are mistakenly considered his best records — brands of convenience.

Personally I think of a crummy backroom in a mate's house, where we went 'cos there was nowhere else, and played "Otis Blue" deep into the night.

It's a perfect album not because it contains Otis' best performances — even though practically every track of "Otis Blue" winds up on all the "Greatest Hits", "Best of" and "History Of" collections, it's arguably earlier performances like "Pain In My Heart" and "Arms Of Mine" that have it — but because of a certain inner symmetry and balance between the up and down tempo sides of Otis, between his personal and social personae.

There's the hard-rocking extraversion of "Respect", "Shake" and "Satisfaction", delivered with a humorous arrogance that has its roots in Otis' fascination with fellow Macon Georgian Little Richard; and then there's the slow compelling soulfulness of Smokey Robinson's "My Girl", B.B. King's "Rock Me Baby", Solomon Burke's "Down In The Valley", and, of course, his painfully moving rendition of "A Change Is Gonna Come" penned by Sam Cooke, who was for Otis the greatest inspiration. Ironically, they both died at the peak of their careers.

"Otis Blue" is also a perfect album because for many people it sums up not just Otis himself but — along with Eddie Floyd's "Knock On Wood" and Wilson Pickett's "Midnight Hour" — the whole 'soul' era; big black men in outrageous stage threads strutting, sobbing, and shrieking their hearts and lungs out to a cavalcade of Stax horns and solid 4/4 rhythms.

It was an era that died about the same time as Otis, that unlike Otis never really made it across the gulf that separated it from the face paint, idiot dancing and psychedelic meanderings of the Love Generation.

Yeah, and you know what? They didn't even put Otis' picture on the cover of "Otis Blue". 'Cos in 1966 they figured pictures of black people didn't sell records too well, so "Otis Blue" got a grainy ultimately '60's blow-up of some pouty blonde model.

Yeah, Otis, maybe the change you and Sam said had to come arrived after all, but I tell you this; if you could see the dross they put out now in the name of 'soul' you'd sho' nuff cry a river.

The blues — like you and Cropper on "Rock Me Baby" — ain't even in it. Vision — like you and Sam on "Change" or "Ole Man Trouble" — ain't in it. Tenderness — like you on "My Girl" — ain't in it.

They say dead heroes are the best ones 'cos they don't let you down. "Otis Blue" says otherwise. I'd prefer to say, you don't miss your water till your well runs dry.

Neil Spencer

(Still on catalogue, Atlantic K40003, price £3.29p)



George, Paul, Ringo and John: together back in '66.

"Ivor" — first Townshend rock opera

THE WHO A Quick One (Reaction)

"A QUICK One", The Who's second album, released at the height of their mod championship and stage destruction outrage phase, conveys little of the innovative dynamism of the band.

After the quickly acclaimed classics of the early singles and the "My Generation" album, the songs here come across now as more transitory pop-rock product, although Townshend's lyrical irony is unimpaired. And Kit Lambert's debut as Who producer emerges thin, tinny and more outdated than Shel Talmy's previous work with them.

Nevertheless it remains of particular interest for Townshend's seminal mini-opera, "A Quick One While He's Away".

The acknowledged master of Who nastinesses, John Entwistle, made two contributions to the compositions, the better known of which is the rather disturbing tale of "Boris the Spider".

Distinguished mainly by its menacing guitar/bass interplay, "Boris" seems to be thought the more bizarre classic, hence its inclusion on "The Story Of The Who"; but I much prefer his evocation of giggling delirium tremens in "Whiskey Man" — "Life is very gloomy in this little padded cell / It's a shame there wasn't room for Whiskey Man as well".

The then 19-year-old Madman Moon's zany anthem "Cobwebs And Strange" is still mildly enchanting in its absurdity, with its oom-pah brass, trilling piccolo and Joe Brownish guitar linking frenetic, showband drum breaks.

Of the nine tracks, only four are Townshend compositions.

"Run, Run, Run", "Don't Look Away" and "So Sad About Us" are nice vintage Townshend, but really exceptionally interesting only for the development of the guitar riffs to be glorified in "Tommy".

"So Sad" and Daltrey's "See My Way" are actually the strongest on their feet in maturity — infectious, well sung (in contrast to the uncharacteristically pinched, nasal quality Daltrey demonstrates on most of the other tracks), and highly forceful in the ensemble playing.

"A Quick One While He's Away" made it apparent that Townshend's aspirations lay far beyond succinct three-minute song formats.

The ten-minute track compresses a sympathetic little tale of Infidelity and True Love in a rapid sequence of themes and a wide use of the foursome's abilities: a clever acapella four-part harmony introduction describes the lover's long absence; Daltrey's upper range is clearly and sweetly entwined through the "We have a remedy fa-la-la-la-la" segment; Townshend and Moon explode with sudden drama in the build to "Ivor the Engine Driver".

Strains of "Amazing Journey" make their debut in the unfaithful damsel's confession (*I kissed a few and once did sit / On Ivor the engine driver's lap /*

And later with him had a nap"), and the lover's forgiveness is awkward but prophetic in its choral delivery.

While in retrospect the track "A Quick One" is naive and somewhat clumsy, it was ambitious, revelatory and engaging.

Angie Errigo

(Available on Polydor as a double-album with "The Who Sell Out", price £4.49p)



THE ANIMALS Animalisms (Decca)

AT the time of recording The Animals were nearing the end of the first stage of their career, and were dangerously close to losing the essential magic which had originally made them so successful.

Since the previous set, "Animal Tracks" (an authentic blues album), Alan Price had left and replaced by Dave Rowberry, and they'd ditched the producer of their major hit singles and two albums, Mickie Most. And even during the sessions for this set, drummer John Steel left; on the back of the sleeve new recruit Barry Jenkins was introduced to the public with "Operation Eavesdrop"; a critical analysis of the album, attended by four members of the Animals and Jenkins.

Musically "Animalisms" is a peculiar mixture of rock 'n' roll, soft rock and some blues, particularly "Squeeze Her — Tease Her"; the most apparent link in style to their first set, "The Animals".

But basically it is a transition, with the band collectively experimenting with fairly new devices such as fuzz-guitar and deliberately attempting to perform, and in one instance, write, sweet melodies, like "You're On My Mind" and "What Am I Living For".

Elsewhere on the set, with "Outcast" (the B-side of "Inside Looking Out"), "I Put A Spell On You" and "She'll Return It", they're coming on as hard and electrically aggressive, more aware of commercial demands.

Basically the wild, Georgie Animals were tamed.

Rowberry concentrates more on piano than Price ever did, and to compensate guitarist Hilton Valentine is allowed upfront more than he was previously.

At best he's an average guitarist, and a lot of the spontaneous excitement Price had been able to create was missing.

Burdon, however, is the traditional tower of strength vocally.

"One Monkey Don't Stop

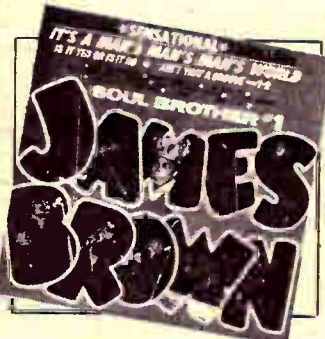
No Show," "Maudie" and particularly his classic version of "Gin House Blues", all find him using the full, fearsome quality of his exceptionally expressive voice.

And at times he's able to ignite Chas Chandler on bass, Rowberry, Steel and Valentine with such inspiration they occasionally forget their commercial aspirations.

To alter their musical approach might not have been particularly appealing to Animal purists and as such was rather adventurous. But it was the final recording of the original band, and shortly afterwards the group collapsed.

Tony Stewart

(Now deleted; expect to pay at least £5.00 for a copy today)



JAMES BROWN It's A Man's Man's Man's World (Pye International)

1966 WAS perhaps the peak of Brown's acceptance among whites.

Certainly on this side of the Atlantic, where he made his first visit for some concerts in March, appeared live on *Ready, Steady, Go* the same month — bemusing all and sundry in the process — and achieved his one and only British Top 20 pop hit in July with "It's A Man's World".

Three years earlier he'd been unknown outside of the ghetto, within a similar span of time he was virtually being ignored again, except by fellow blacks, hard-core soul fans and disco-goers.

Ironically it was also one of his few barren years of recording. For most of his career Brown has churned out records faster than the time it takes to note their existence, but in '66 he'd only just settled a dispute with his American record company and still seemed reluctant to commit himself to tape.

To compensate the company were busily rifling his archives and this was the third album in nine months to feature old material padded around a couple of new hits.

Ironically also — though understandable — that "Man's World" was such a smash, for by then Brown was redefining black music with the rhythmic balls that fathered modern funk.

This impassioned ballad was a throwback to his earlier tormented scrambling of gospel emotion, thinly disguised by a handful of violins.

With words by Betty New-some, who presumably thought she was doing the female cause a good turn when she wrote "This is a man's world, but it wouldn't be nothing without a woman or a girl", the song became an exaltation of male chauvinism when rapped by Brown.

Seldom backward in coming forward, he made the nod of appreciation to women seem like a condescending pat on the fanny compared to the catalogue of male achievements that make up the rest of the song. Truly a memorable performance.

One up for stud power.

Apart from the flip of the single, a maudlin but compelling dirge called "Is It Yes Or Is It No", the only other contemporary track on the album was his previous hit,

"Ain't That A Groove" (Parts 1 & 2, natch), an untypical light, finger-snapping skip through hip city.

The rest of the cuts were from the back of the hog — oldies but, for the most part, undiminished goodies.

Like wavy gravy from a holy chalice, distraught secular images poured from his gospel phrasing of "Bewildered" and "The Bells"; the hypnotic call and response of a revival meeting fired his insistent command, "Come Over Here"; and the unusual song constructions that he later extended into a personal language were first heard on hits like the superb "I Don't Mind" (later recorded, if you can believe it, by the Moody Blues).

Four other raw slices of similar vintage completed the package: an album that neither represented Brown as he was at the time of its release nor prepared listeners for his subsequent development — for as the man himself is wont to say, "The best was yet to come".

It was, for all that, a freak blast of individuality amid the Stax and Motown corps of black America and the recycled r&b and rubber soul of the rock rebellion.

Cliff White

(Now deleted; probable cost from an oldies shop — £3.00—£4.00).



JOHN MAYALL WITH ERIC CLAPTON Blues Breakers (Decca)

AWAY FROM the mainstream albums like "Revolver" and "Pet Sounds", John Mayall and Eric Clapton were creating their own waves, with an album that was to change the face of contemporary music.

Hitherto blues guitar had been the prerogative of black musicians working in the hothouse atmosphere of urban America.

Clapton had bared his teeth with his previous band, The Yardbirds, showing that here was a young musician of extraordinary talent.

With Mayall, an eccentric Mancunian, already no spring chicken even though he'd released just the one album before, Clapton was given the environment to really show how.

And within months of joining Mayall's band, the legend "Clapton is God" was scrawled all over London. Punters would pile into Wardour Street's Marquee Club to get a look-see at this tough-looking mod who was taking the electric blues guitar places it had never been before.

The album, recorded in a week, was the record of all that had gone down, illustrating Clapton working out on a number of blues classics and Mayall originals with unprecedented guitar skill.

His playing was intense, fast, imaginative and heartfelt, elevating the blues guitar to Another Level.

The inspiration had come from the black masters like B.B. and Albert King, but Eric transcended his influences.

Consequently, "Blues Breakers" became something of a textbook for aspiring blues and, later, rock guitarists everywhere. No other album has influenced such a

multitude of rock guitarists to such an extent.

Moreover, "Blues Breakers" hit the charts, sewed the seeds of the late '60s British Blues Boom and inaugurated the age of the Guitar Hero.

Such was the creative spirit in '66 that Clapton had left Mayall's band before the year was out and had formed Cream, with whom he was about to create an even bigger dent on the shape of pop, but this is where it all started.

And there are still those who maintain that El Clapton's finest moments are contained within these groves.

Steve Clarke

(Still on catalogue from Decca, price £3.35.)



THE MAMAS AND PAPAS

If You Can Believe Your Eyes And Ears... (RCA)

THE FIRST appearance on record of a group who practically invented the blueprint for being "groovy", this album seems in retrospect even better than it did at the time.

The Mamas and Papas were more or less Virgin Islands beatniks before becoming pop stars, and they predated, and were a formative influence of, San Francisco sartorial hipness. All but Michelle Phillips had been part of the New York folk-rock scene, and the Mamas and Papas were probably its most distinguished alumni, alongside the Lovin' Spoonful.

Although their lyrics (typical of which are those to a song called "Somebody Groovy") seem alarmingly banal in 1976, it is the harmonies which John Phillips masterminded which still seem impressive today.

Songs like "California Dreamin'", "Monday, Monday" and "Go Where You Wanna Go" have lost none of their original impact, and several others still sound almost as fresh.

The only jarring feature (and this was a shortcoming they never repaired) was their sometimes over-sentimental approach to established songs.

"Spanish Harlem" and "Do You Wanna Dance" had both been better performed several times before, and "You Baby" was clearly inferior to The Turtles' version.

Nevertheless, this was one of those debut albums that showed the group were going to be around just as long as they wanted to be. John Tobler

(Now deleted, though ABC now have the rights to it; you can expect to pick up an original for about £2.00)



IKE AND TINA TURNER River Deep, Mountain High (London)

THAT THE Tina Turner-Phil

Spector combination should have produced one isolated tour-de-force 45 was perhaps not surprising; after all, Tina more than anyone else was the one vocalist to set in front of the Spector wall-of-sound; that the team should also have produced an isolated album of sustained brilliance, however, was against all the odds.

When Spector wanted to record Tina, he paid like to be conspicuous by his absence from the sessions, but for this album at least the two are co-credited as producers, even though their contributions were entirely separate.

We all know that Spector was responsible for the majestic, tumultuous title-track, the formidable reputation of which has only been enhanced by the passing years. He also added fire and imagination to a version of "Save The Last Dance For Me", which remains the one interpretation of The Drifters' song that manages to take on an identity distinct from the original, and just let Tina's vocals work their magic on the Arthur Alexander composition "Every Day I Have To Cry".

These were solidly supported by Ike's new versions of the duo's previous hits, "A Fool In Love" and "I Idolise You". A couple of his other tracks — "Make 'Em Wait" and "Such A Fool For You" — were decidedly spare and bluesy, the more so in comparison with the extravagance of the Spector technique at its most brazenly ebullient; though this undoubtedly provided rock music with some of its headiest moments, it was the presence of Ike's tracks here that gave the album an inner balance and a variety, qualities not evident on previous Spector albums.

Some curious things happened to the album. It was reissued by A&M in 1971 with one Ike production "You're So Fine" replaced by an excellent composition "I'll Never Need More Than This", by the Spector-Barry-Greenwich team responsible for "River Deep". Also, six other Ike Turner tracks were all rather artificially fortified with the kind of post-production work that Spector was to use on "Let It Be". And, most disturbingly, Ike's name as co-producer was withdrawn, as was Jack Nitzsche's credit as arranger.

Strange indeed. It's clear that, for one reason or another, we shall never see the like of this album again.

Bob Woffinden

An original copy on London would today cost you £10.00; the album, however, is on catalogue on the A&M Hamlet label, and costs £1.99.)



THE YARDBIRDS Yardbirds (Columbia)

IF IN the final analysis, The Yardbirds were too flawed a band to qualify as truly great, then at least let them be remembered as a band in which great things happened.

"Yardbirds", their second album, brought Jeff Beck up to bat and caught the band between past and future.

It contains sort-of-blues, a lot of material reminiscent of their singles, a few dumb jokes and a nod or two to the emergent psychedelic adventure.

The quality is, to say the least, uneven, and the standard of the material virtually

provides a continuous shuttle service between the sublime and the ridiculous.

Really, it's Jeff Beck's performances that are largely responsible for the excellent reputation that this album enjoys, yea unto the present day.

He transforms every song he works on: the country sing-along bathos of "I Can't Make Your Way" achieves almost epic stature because of the marvellous fiddle evocation that Beck plays beneath the vocal and the aching purity of his deceptively simple solo. His buzzing, screeching, whining guitar is everywhere on the album, texturing when not soloing.

It was the world's first opportunity to hear Beck blasting his way through a whole elpee's worth of tunes — and from stage centre a good deal of the time, since the reedy, anaemic vocals of the late Keith Relf gave him no competition at all — and yeah, it was a revelation.

Though it wouldn't be for another two years on the "Truth" album that Beck was to bring to full fruition what he got into on this album, "Yardbirds" still has such an aura of heady excitement of being on the verge of something, that it eclipses much of what was to come after it.

Charles Shaar Murray

Journey to the centre of the psyche



BOB DYLAN
Blonde On Blonde
(CBS)

IT'S AN almost impossible opening sentence.

There can't be anyone reading this who needs to be introduced to this record. It is certainly Bob Dylan's finest hour, and there are less than a handful of other works that can seriously challenge it for the title of the greatest rock album of all time. (And it was also, of course, the first serious rock music double-album.)

Shortly after the idea of this project came up, a bunch of us were sitting in the pub. All kinds of ideas were thrown about. Pieces of information were laid out on the table. Theories flowed almost as fast as the beer.

Did anyone know that the mono mix was appreciably different? Did Dylan sit up nights in the Chelsea Hotel writing the songs, or was the rumour true that he cobbled it together right there in the CBS studios in Nashville? What was the man's drug consumption at the time?

The speculation and the technical secrets only led to one single ultimate question.

Where was Bob Dylan's head at when he put down these tracks?

We all know now that that is the question, and we also know it just isn't going to be answered.

For ten years there have been books, articles, pamphlets, mimeographed broadsheets, wall graffiti and a million conversations worrying at the question like terriers round a rat.

One of the main problems about approaching "Blonde On Blonde" after all this time is the temptation to take the whole thing far too reverently.

It's become entwined with the experience of so many of us, all the trips, the jagged late nights, the girls, the friends, that it's almost impossible to separate the music from the decade of one's own stacked-up responses.

The only profit that could possibly come from the whole exercise would be to pin down what the initial impact was.

I looked up some of the contemporary reviews and comments. There was a lot of verbiage about "a contemporary poet", how Dylan "knew", how he was "telling it like it is".

The one thing they said nothing about was the music.

This kind of loose talk still goes on today. (Of course, the clichés are new.) It comes trippingly from the pen. Shit, I've done it myself, more times than I care to remember.

If Dylan was really "telling it like it is", we'd all know exactly what he was talking about. We wouldn't have been sifting through his symbolism, the rare interviews and even his garbage in the vain attempt to find his particular Rosebud. If we all knew, there wouldn't be any Michael Gray or A. J. Weberman, and everyone could put a precise definition

on "The ladies that treat me kindly/and furnish me with tape."

So, if it's not the language that grabs you, maybe it's just the sound that gets you.

Could it be that "Blonde On Blonde" was one of those records like "Heartbreak Hotel", "Cathy's Clown" or "Tracks Of My Tears" that bypassed the mind and got directly to the hairs on the back of your neck?

Well, Cooper's organ was oft copied, and the combination of guitars, harmonica and keyboard had a definite impact. In things like "One Of Us Must Know" the ponderously ascending cathedral chords do, at times, grab me by the gut in non-verbal uplift.

So, for that matter, do some deodorant commercials. If all of Dylan was in his voice and sound, we'd be treating "Self Portrait" with the same reverence.

It ain't just the noise. There's a whole lot more to it than that.

When "Blonde On Blonde" came out, a lot of us had been with Dylan for some time. It wasn't anything radical and new.

We'd been stuck and carotred progressively into it. We'd followed an observant protest singer away from the external of society and down a corridor of increasingly unresolved movie images. They had that real dreamlike quality (as opposed to Dali or Hollywood dream sequences) in which things understood gradually become confusing. The dream gave glimpses of heaven, right next door to the hints of nightmare.

In a way, "Blonde On Blonde" was in the pits. It was the deepest shaft rock and roll had ever sunk in its journey to the centre of the psyche.

Either consciously or unconsciously, Dylan performed a neat trick. He gave the illusion that through the time space of the double-album, he was finally stripping down his head, turning himself inside out so that we could actually see into the mind of this individual who had been throwing up such tantalising, familiar images.

We bought ourselves a ticket and sat down in the front row.

While we watched like geeks, the whole thing was switched on us. We weren't watching Bob Dylan's interior movie. We were seeing a series of distorting mirrors.

While trying to puzzle our way through the symbolism we were, in fact, being led through previously uncharted, often suppressed and frequently twisted passages of our own brains.

All Dylan gave us were some complex cat's cradles, uncompromising structural diagrams of the way relationships operate.

(Although a lot of people tag Dylan as a social commentator, the great majority of his songs are about personal relationships, not those of society. This holds true for all the songs on "Blonde On Blonde". They're love songs, if you like.)

We took these relationship sketches and busily fitted them into our own frames of reference. I guess that was where all the trouble started.

You've probably noticed how dope fiends claim he's singing about dope, homosexuals tell you they're faggot love songs and women know for sure that they're all about women. I even met a paranoid once who claimed that "Sad



Try to look inside his head . . .

Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands" contained the truth about the Kennedy assassination.

Everyone fits Dylan into his own framework. Why exactly I'm not sure. Certainly the operation involves a certain amount of self-perception that wasn't quite the rage.

Maybe the response to Dylan at that time, both violent hostility and psychotic adulation, was the audience attempting to come to terms with some of the things they'd stumbled across in their own minds.

So "Blonde On Blonde" was a giant therapy group?

I had a feeling when this started that it might wind up far fetched. I really did try to keep it on the rails. But . . .

Anyhow, now I've come to this point we come to another version of the Big Question.

Was Dylan the therapist, Machiavelli messing with our heads or just an unwilling catalyst? As I said earlier, that's the one we don't get an answer to.

Rosebud.

"Blonde On Blonde" is a mnemonic for Bob.

Mick Farren



THE SMALL FACES

Small Faces (Decca)

BILLED BACK THEN as Marriot (one T), Steve as a Stepney kid aged just eighteen when he parted with his backing band, the Moments and got together the Small Faces (trans: diminutive mods) with Plonk Lane on bass, Kenny Jones on drums and Jimmy Winston on organ.

Within ten weeks, they'd been picked up by Don Arden and had launched "What'Cha Gonna Do About It" into the Top Twenty, the first — and pretty much only — major success from within the Mod scene.

The record epitomised their stance, bringing Booker T and the MGs with The Who, Winston's even then almost archaic fat organ thudding up against Marriot's whining feedback, Jones' drums riffling high in the mix and Plonk just audible if you turned the bass full up (which, of course, you always did).

Plus, naturally, Stevie's unrivalled R&B punk voice.

"Own Up", the B-side of their next hit, "Sha La La Lee", was the perfect example — sounds exactly like a cross between "Be My Lady" and "The Ox". And the whole of this debut album, released at the same time, is a precise non-verbal expression of all the flash and passion and claustrophobia of the craze. No pop art or social comment ("Sha La La Lee" even ends happily in wedding bells!) just the essence.

What's more, it all still sounds great. No idea who produced it (A "Contemporary" Product, it says), but it's a minor masterpiece.

The Small Faces had a good line in writers on tap — ex-Shadow Ian Samwell donated "What'Cha Gonna Do About It", while Kenny Lynch gave them "Sha La La Lee" with Mort Shuman, "You Better Believe It" with Jerry Ragavoy and the brilliant "Sorry She's Mine" (definite singles material — Winston tried with it, in fact, after he quit just prior to the album's release, to be replaced by Ian McLagen) on his own.

And the band weren't bozos themselves. The most daring track here was Marriot and Lane's "E Too D" (named, I guess after the chord sequence), which is a thunderously vicious portrait of their impression of spoilt-brat neurosis.

Plus they knew how to plagiarise: their brilliant "You Need Loving" (Marriot-Lane) is actually the missing link between "Whole Lotta Love" (Plant-Page) and "You Need Love" (Dixon), retaining Muddy's basic instrumental feel (Muddy did it with Earl Hooker's organ-based "orchestra") and bequeathing Zep the vocal phrasing. As for contemporary influence, "It's Too Late" owes something to the Who's "The Good's Gone".

"Small Faces" (not to be confused with the 1969 Immediate LP of the same name) was their finest hour outside of "Tin Soldier": two hit singles, five potential singles, three rave-ups (even "Shake", the trickiest song on earth to do well, is quite interesting), and the stunning "E Too D".

Phil McNeill

RICK NELSON

Bright Lights And Country Music (Brunswick)

THIS WAS not only the album that restored Rick Nelson to prominence after his fall from teenybop grace around '62, but was also arguably the very first

country-rock album ever recorded.

To my mind, it is the missing link between early Presley and Gram Parsons. Apart from the purely musical connections, it's also relevant that James Burton, who's played with both Presley and Parsons, also spent a long time with Nelson.

On this album, his contributions are impressive; he plays like a man who's just won the pools, and it's plain to tell this is his favourite type of music, and he burns his way through a series of songs which are all reasonably familiar today, but which were then rather obscure.

The best are the faster songs — Terry Fell's "Truck Drivin' Man", a quicksilver version with Burton's dobro well in evidence, "Louisiana Man" (the best version of the song I've ever heard), the slightly more obscure "Kentucky Means Paradise", with its neat banjo solo, probably by Glen Campbell (a great session guitarist before he became the dream of the everyday housewife), the title-track with its Don Gibson-style nuances, and the magnificent "Night Train To Memphis", which provides a rousing climax.

Of the slower tracks, two ("Hello Walls" and "Congratulations") were provided by Rick's namesake Willie Nelson (no relation, though), while Rick himself wrote "You Just Can't Quit".

While these are all less gripping, there is one, "Here I Am" which is decorated by Burton and The Jordanares in the expected tasteful style.

John Tobler.

CREAM: Fresh Cream (Reaction)

IT WAS left to other bands to change the way people thought and felt, or the way they dressed and danced, but what Cream achieved was to change the way other musicians played, to rearrange completely the way musicians thought their instruments should sound.

Cream's thick, massive sound — so solid that when Clapton laid a chord down you could practically lean on it — was derived from the larger and more powerful amplification equipment then becoming available and the necessity of using it to its fullest, a necessity imposed by the very nature of a three-instrument band.

With that degree of volume, it became desirable to emphasise bass rather than treble frequencies — hence the Gibson Les Paul/Marshall 100-watt stack sound pioneered by Cream.

In many ways "Fresh Cream", the band's debut album, is a more pleasurable listening experience in 1976 than much of what came after it, incorporating as it does Cream's innovative playing and exhilarating freewheeling energy while mercifully remaining free of most of the excesses that plagued their later work.

The album's most dated feature is Ginger Baker's rather disappointing drum solo on "Toad", and that's simply because nobody bothers to record drum solos these days unless they're trying to pad out a live triple album.

Still, if Cream were low in content, the form of their music — the sound, the soloing/jamming, the huge ostinato riffs — made most other rock bands sound puny by comparison.

Cream set out to be a blues band, but they poured so much sound and fury into the blues that it split at the seams. "Sleepy Time Time" and "Dreamin'" provide interesting companion pieces to The Beatles' "I'm Only Sleeping" from "Revolver", but otherwise none of the material was remarkable.

"Fresh Cream" could well have been promoted with the line "In the future, most rock albums will sound like this".

Charles Shaar Murray.



DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

Ev'rything's Coming Up

Dusty (Philips)

ALMOST EVERY bloke I knew in the mid-'60s fancied Dusty. She was the pre-eminent lady singer — frequently on the box, nearly always in the charts.

I used to hope I'd see her in her local ("The Bear", if I remember correctly) when I went in there after badminton on a Friday night. I never did.

I bought this album shortly after it was released, though I'd needed to save up, because it was rather luxuriously packaged — more like a book than an album — and wasn't on the cheap side; I think it set me back two quid.

It was worth it, though — Dusty was always infinitely superior to her contemporaries, like Lulu and Cilla Black. In fact, her version here of "I've Been Wrong Before" completely outstrips Cilla's earlier hit version.

Know who wrote that song? Randy Newman. And part of the key to Dusty's success was that, like Bonnie Raitt today, she knew how to select excellent, often unknown, songs and make them her own.

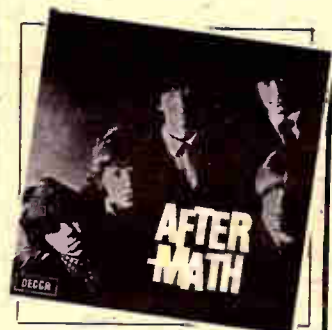
Two examples are "That's How Heartaches Are Made", which she must have heard by Baby Washington, and "Long After Tonight Is All Over", which she probably knew from the Jimmy Radcliff single. Goffin/King, Bacharach/David, Jon Hendricks, Margie Hendrix and Rod Argent ("A bright composing talent" it says in the sleeve-notes) are all songwriters credited here.

Dusty's other great advantage over her U.K. competition was that she always sounded as if she meant it. Sometimes her passionate delivery ranked with that of the top black American singers of the day — say, Mary Wells.

And finally, this album, like all of her others, still sounds just as good today as it did ten years ago.

John Tobler

Less an aftermath, more an interlude



ROLLING STONES Aftermath (Decca)

"AFTERMATH" CATCHES the Rolling Stones in transit: somewhere in between pissing on garage walls and the mass dope busts, after their first long spell on the road as teenybop big bad wolves but before their grand reentry as elder statesmen of raunch, cruising through the baroque studio zone that separates the hot little R&B combo cum ace singles band from the towering edifice of The Greatest Rock And Roll Band In The World.

A very studio album with a sound that in some ways seemed surprisingly lightweight in comparison to the mammoth earthquake of tormented Marshalls laid down by Cream later that same year, and in other extended feelers and tendrils into uncharted areas.

Jagger's most brutal chauvinism, Brian Jones on dulcimer, marimba, sitar and a mouth-harp style that had somehow ended up a million miles away from the Little Walter and Sonny Boy Williamson pastiches with which he'd started out, poisoned pop bonbons and 11:35 of "Goin' Home", Brian Jones' beautiful waxy mask, the arrogant knowing stares of Bill Wyman and Keith Richard — the one poker-faced, the other vaguely psychotic-black leather and white corduroy, mod mutating into hippie, gimme danger little stranger and you can feel my disease.

An odd mixture, therefore, of courtliness and violence: the rapist with a rose; "No, after you, madam," murmurs Jack the Ripper with a sweeping bow.

The exaggerated — almost grotesque, in fact — medieval chivalrousness of "Lady Jane" rubs shoulders with "Stupid Girl" and "Under My Thumb", and there's still "Out Of Time" to come yet.

While there was still a crying-out need for rock songs that cast aside the tawdry vocabulary of *Woman's Own* romance that still held sway as approved means of sexual rhetoric, the vicious and dehumanised attitude touted by Jagger in these songs might have provided comfort for spotty failures with bad breath who needed to get their consolation kicks out of hearing those arrogant creatures who rejected them getting soundly put down, but it sure as hell sounds nasty coming from a guy who was getting more pussy than the local cats' home. Women: there's a certain kind of guy who hates 'em even more when they're coming across than when they ain't.

Open it up with a dope song: "Mother's Little Helper"

points the finger at the bored, resentful housewife who gets through life on overs, unders, sideways and downs because her existence is so crummy; the song is not without compassion though it eschews the mawkishness that, say, Paul McCartney put have fallen into if he'd tackled the same theme.

It seems vaguely incongruous that midnight ravers like Mick'n Keef would be able to empathise with the problems of a middle-aged woman caught in the housewife trap.

There is more to these guys than meets the eye. This has been a public service announcement.

No bleeding-heart sympathy on "Stupid Girl" though, Jack! It's the whole *awwwwwwww dumb chicks, man trip* writ large.

Could well be that Jagger was trying to shape a young-white-British (i.e. relevant to him and his audience) equivalent to the swaggering macho stance of bluesman like Muddy Waters; trouble was that he completely missed out on the wit and observation of Muddy's songs and those that Page and Plant — whoops, sorry — Willie Dixon wrote for him, and ended up with little more than frenzied abuse, nowhere more so than in "Under My Thumb"; pure slaveowner mentality.

Musically, "Aftermath" is notable for Brian Jones' uses of his various instruments for textural purposes: the ragged sitar outbursts on "Mother's Little Helper," the clunking marimba (and what could be a more incongruous rock and roll instrument than the marimba: just check Frank Zappa) on "Out Of Time" and "Under My Thumb", the smirking tomcat slide guitar on "Doncha Bother Me", another girls-are-soppy putdown song and a surprisingly faithful recreation of '50s electric country blues right down to Jagger's evocation of Muddy's falsetto, the wind-through-the trees echoing ghost-train mouth-harp on "Goin' Home".

Ah yes. "Goin' Home."

It's a moot point as to what was the first really really long-studio improvisation by a rock band.

Certainly, 1966 was the year of Butterfield's "East/West", which featured something like twenty-two minutes worth of improvisation of "Work Song" and the little track, there was all kinds of lengthy weirdness on Zappa's "Freak Out" not to mention Bob Dylan doing long songs as far back as "The

Times They Are A-Changin'," but in 1966 the Stones were a bigger deal: they were more famous and their album came out first.

"Goin' Home" was a long stoned roller-coaster ride: Keith's guitar was as eerie and shimmering as Jones' harp and they improvised together for extra texture.

None of that okay - two - verses - and - then - get - yer - eads - down - for - the - solos; Jagger remains at the mike scatting, slurping, whispering, grabbing onto a phrase and elongating it like taffy, stretching it out/cutting it up/folding it back.

The track is actually very sparse: Keith leaves a lot of spaces. In a fact, what he plays is almost blues riff doodles, lazy but incredibly deft and sneaky, which leaves it up to Jones to provide both ambience and counterpoint, which he does with a soft, reedy, reverberating sound that's simultaneously close up and very distant, right behind you to tap on your shoulder and simultaneously round the block and up on the hill somewhere.

It was blues opened right out; a conjuror shaking out his pocket hankie until it's the size of a bedsheet.

Blues is claustrophobic: tales of pool-hall jive and life and hard times in cardboard-box ghetto bedrooms, concrete angst hammered out in sweatstream one-whisky-one-beer barroom clubs.

What Jones' "Goin' Home" did was put space into the blues. Space blues: something that didn't happen even with the mammoth improvisations of later Cream despite their length: that was just heavy-duty urban claustrophobia escalated to the levels of an acid nightmare: blues not so much opened out as stretched out.

Brian Jones gave the blues a sense of Central Park gothic on "Goin' Home"; without him the Stones became more consolidated, more concentrated, more entrenched in their strongest areas.

When they went out on tour with Mick Taylor in '69 they regained an essence of liveness and immediacy that had perhaps been lost amongst the dulcimers, sitars, marimbas, cellos, harpsichords, recorders and gawdknowswhat that Jones lugged into the studio when he was at the height of his powers.

Certainly where Brian Jones was headed could've ended up,

if he'd lived, as creeping Oldfieldism, but me I doubt it, since Jones was always too much of a bluesman to get sucked into the swamp of pastoral romanticism and overdubbing-a-go-go for too long.

"Aftermath" was heavy music in content rather than form: you foot-taps rather than stomps. The accent was on being clean, brisk, light and tight: it doesn't sound as if anybody blew their speakers out while making this one.

Outside of "Goin' Home" (11:35) and "Out Of Time" (5:15), nothing on the album breaks the three-and-a-half-minute barrier, which is why the Stones managed to squeeze in fourteen tracks totalling over fifty minutes of music, a feat which wouldn't have been possible if they'd been into the kind of thunderous bass lines that hog inches of vinyl for comparatively short playing times.

Lotta pop songs: the kind of songs that can be lifted, covered and charied.

Chris Farlowe scored a number one with a Jagger-produced version of "Out Of Time" and also had a go at "Think" over on side two, Wayne Gibson hit with "Under My Thumb" just last year (though he'd made the record in '66 and piss-poor it was too), and only Roy Carr and Allen Klein know exactly who else made their tries.

"Aftermath" was originally entitled "Can You Walk On The Water?" and in the light of Mr Jones' eventual fate it's just as well that it wasn't.

As it is, it's less of an aftermath than an interlude: "Aftermath" and "Between The Buttons" (let's leave "Satanic Majesties" right out of this, okay?) serve to act as territorial/temporal boundary lines between First Wave Classic Stones and what we might think of for purposes of reference as Modern Stones ("Beggar's Banquet" and after).

Still, '66 was like that: the end of the echoes of Merseybeat and First Wave Brit R&B and a curtain-raiser/coming attractions display of what was to emerge in the last years of the '60s.

And in some ways it was more exciting than the psychedelic eruption it presaged.

Charles Sharr Murray (Still on catalogue, Decca SKL4786. Price £3.35.)



The Stones, without Keith Richard, photographed at Aldergrove airport, Belfast.

doses — his fully fashioned funk, often de-humanised by both Moog and Margouloff, usually leaves me cold and I tend to enjoy his session-work more than his fully-fledged album-bashing on behalf of A & M. Consequently, I still dig out "Wildest Organ" and muse about the time it was all so unsophisticated.

Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged.

Fred Dellar

(Long deleted; expect to pay at least £3 for a copy today).

THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP

Autumn 66 (Fontana)

SADLY, this was to be the last elpee from the Spencer Davis Group.

Carefully produced by the founder of Island Records, Chris Blackwell (who, over the next ten years was to become Steve Winwood's professional adviser and personal confidant) the group discovered a delicate balance between authentic blues and commercial R&B.

In fact, they were one of the few bands who managed to achieve this with any degree of success in the '60s, and perhaps the only others in their company at this time were The Yardbirds and The Animals.

Although the group was named after their rhythm guitarist there was really only one source of musical inspiration: Steve Winwood.

Birmingham born, he was barely 18 when this set was released, had bum-fluff on his chin and was already acclaimed as Britain's Stevie Wonder.

Influenced by Motown, black blues and jazz he was a musical giant. Not only did he possess one of the greatest white-soul voices, but could play organ and guitar with the same, numbing ability.

Yet, as was proved in later years with Traffic, one enormous talent didn't necessarily mean the band would be musically excellent, and so it would be wrong to ignore the contributions of Davis, bassist and big bro' of Steve, Muff Winwood, and the superb drummer, Pete York.

Together, with tracks such as the hard-rock piece "Neighbour Neighbour", the country flavoured "Midnight Special" (with Spencer himself taking the vocal) and the more commercial approach evident on "Somebody Help Me", "High Time Baby", and "When I Come Home", they were powerful and instrumentally superb.

The gifted Winwood, however, performed the real classic tracks of the set.

With the blues piece, "Nobody Knows When You're Down And Out" he's influenced by Ray Charles and plays the piano and sings with amazing conviction. And his performance here is even surpassed by his wonderfully sensitive reading of "When A Man Loves A Woman".

The second side of the set exhibits his sincere affection for hard blues music with "Mean Woman Blues" and Elmore James' "Dust My Broom" (listed on my copy as "Dusty My Blues").

On these two he moves away from the keyboards to the guitar, and blinds you with some of the finest solos, fluent and aggressive, to come out of the '60s.

For anybody interested in Winwood's formative days of his musical career then this album is an essential possession.

My own copy is now wearily worn, crackles like a bog of crisps, and the cover is falling apart. But it's an album I won't ever be parted from.

Tony Stewart (Long deleted; an original would probably cost at least £4.00)



BILLY PRESTON Wildest Organ In Town (Capitol)

ON THE FACE of things, this album looked no great deal. "Plays The Top 40 Hits" read the subtitle. Just Capitol playing it safe, doing cover shots with a keyboard kid (BeePee was 19 at the time) whose major British claim to fame was that he's once played the young W. C. Handy in the Nat Cole movie, "St. Louis Blues" — even though Preston had already gigged here as a Little Richard sideman.

So it all seemed pretty bland — even the titles weren't correctly listed, "I'm Gonna Take You Higher", a Preston-Sly Stone original, being credited as "Advice."

But one drop of the stylus and things got a whole deal better — for there was Preston freewheelin' on "Midnight Hour," zooming up and down the keyboard with sheer gospel joy, hoarsely but briefly doing Pickett-duty on the lyrics, a big band kicking at his heels. He gave notice to The Beatles that he was hip to their line of jive via an almost reggae-like, but churchified "A Hard Day's Night"; dropping his calling card to the Stones on "Satisfaction". And among the browser-grabbers like "I Got You", "The In Crowd", "Uptight" and "The Duck", he slotted in further funky originals like "I Ain't Got No Time To Play", "Free Funk" and the prophetic "It's Got To Happen".

And happen it did — through his work for Ray Charles, who claimed "This is the man who's gonna take my place", and his eventual bite at the big Apple, and stints with the Stones.

Meanwhile, this album has one point of retrospective interest, since all the arrangements were by Sly Stone.

Nowadays, I only listen to undiluted Preston in small



VARIOUS ARTISTS

(The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, The Lovin' Spoonful, Tom Rush, Al Kooper, Eric Clapton and the Powerhouse)

What's Shakin' (Elektra)

THE BRITISH beat boom invasion of the US had an enormous impact on the musicians working there; groups like the Stones, who were using American blues artists as their sources, provoked the Americans into looking into their own musical background, and when they did, they too rediscovered the blues, and regurgitated it as white electric blues.

Though Elektra records was still essentially a folk label at this time, the tracks here are a valid indication of the form this new musical consciousness was taking in Greenwich Village (though not everyone on the album was a product of the area).

Five of the tracks here are by the Chicago-based Butterfield Blues Band, who had already been the cause of a furore in music circles by backing Dylan on his first electric performance at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival, and they reflect the raw excitement still felt by musicians then about the blues-rock fusion. Kooper's track (he too appeared with Dylan at Newport) is a very long solo keyboard effort, and is very characteristic of his work with the Zim.

The Spoonful have four tracks. The opening one, "Good Time Music" describes how terrible US music was until the British invasion, and suggests "we think about the blues and start all over again." They then do just that with a version of Chuck Berry's "Almost Grown."

The album was not assembled from previous material, but recorded for the specific purpose of illustrating the developments taking place in contemporary music, and so it was deemed imperative to include tracks by a British blues band.

Joe Boyd, himself an old Greenwich Village folkie who was Elektra's London representative at the time, therefore got down on tape three tracks by Clapton and the Powerhouse to show how electric blues was then being played in London, and ironically it is these three that actually sound the most authentic on the album.

"What's Shakin'" was a very worthwhile project, and had a great impact, particularly in Europe, where bands like the Spoonful and Butterfield were only just becoming widely known.

Miles
(Long-deleted; an original copy would probably cost about £2.00 second-hand, but it is also available on a WEA European mid-price series for £1.75).

ments, desperately wants to make rock and roll respectable! It seems inconceivable that, having cut a whole slew of instant hard-rock classics with The Who and The Kinks, producer Shel Talmy should compromise himself with this sort of schlock.

But then, this perverse obsession with attempting to fuse a shing-a-ling back beat onto quasi-classical turnips and James Bond themes was something that also once prompted Andrew Loog Oldham to blow his credibility.

With a studio orchestra under the direction of David Whitaker, the Mike Sammes Singers and a grand piano mixed to the front, Talmy attempted to promote the then 21-year-old Nicky Hopkins as rock's answer to such glorified cocktail hour janglers as Peter Nero and Roger Williams.

The result was a total disaster. Apart from raping Chopin's Revolutionary Study (hence the title, the album was revolutionary in no other respect), cranking out the compulsory Tijuana Brass and Beatles tracks, the album reached its nadir when "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" was bled white.

Indeed, after this gross lapse of taste, it's a wonder Mick and the lads ever invited Nicky along to future sessions.

In the light of subsequent events, it's certainly a '66 curio, but unfortunately it has no points of musical interest at all.

Roy Carr
(Long deleted; an original copy might cost £4.00).



LOVE (Elektra)

FOR THREE YEARS Love were as representative of the West-Is-The-Best syndrome as anyone, but they had loser built into their structure.

Their best quality made them the enigma they were and simultaneously killed them off. The line-up had already changed twice by the time the debut hit the deck. Drummer Don Conka was an early casualty, replaced by Snoopy Pfisterer for performance, though legend has it that Arthur Lee laid down drum and bass parts in addition to his accepted contributions — as well as writing the tunes.

Lee lifted "Little Red Book" from "What's New Pussycat", but stamped it with the chip-on-shoulder-hurt that characterised all his best vocals. Bacharach and David never dreamt the song would be injected with a spit like this half-caste boy spat.

Looking back through the haze people usually think the period existed on some dumb spirit of optimism, but the great groups sang about the bad trips as well.

"Can't Explain" (not the Who one) seeps poisonous remorse from every thrashing chord and every minor sequence. Lee puts his Mosrite into overdrive, the voice cracking in an unself-conscious nihilism. 'Ya always wanna start a fight'.

At this stage Love weren't trying to say much. "Da Capo" is slicker, "Forever Changes" is a landmark of bed rock significance but this is a blueprint.

Lee was experimenting with imagery, giving out hints of drugged experience that suggested he was above the kind of 'isn't this groovy' gush of so many contemporaries, viz Donovan's "The Trip".

"Signed D.C." (for Don Conka) is a statement of fact that is more cruelly cynical than The Velvet's "Heroin" because there's nothing chic in his account of psychedelic abuse: "Look, I joke I'm falling, I can't unfold my arms."

Arthur Lee was definitely off the bus while the rest of the West Coast was queuing for tickets.

"Colored Balls Falling" is proof positive that Arthur was on a monumental bummer in the summer. Under the gooey harmonies and runny rhythms Lee told you he was just passing through, his skies are dark and grey.

Jac Holzman, who signed the band to Elektra, had wanted a folk rock carbon copy of The Byrds but he got something better, something no-one has ever understood properly. Love hardly ventured out of Los Angeles, the commercial

ball passed them by and The Doors' signing sealed them into obscurity, partially realised legend and a losers tag. Let's hear it for the losers.

Max Bell
(Long deleted; expect to pick up a copy for about £3.75).



BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND

East/West (Elektra)

"EAST/WEST" was the second and last album by the great original Butterfield Blues Band, with Elvin Bishop and Mike Bloomfield hot off the pavement griddle of Chicago's Southside and punching out if-the-left-don't-gitcha-the-right-one-will guitar power to frame Butter's impassioned macho vocals and scorching, soaring mouth-harp.

The first album more convincingly demonstrates their rock-'em-sock-'em urban hardass energy, but on "East/West" they were opening out the blues in a few different areas to their Anglo counterparts.

They got stuck into pop soul with a taut, committed version of the great Lee Dorsey/Allen

Toussaint "Get Out Of My Life, Woman" and — you should pardon the expression — folk rock by way of a song called "Mary Mary", written by a Texan kid named Michael Nesmith who later that same year joined The Monkees. ("Mary Mary" showed up on The Monkees' second album, "More Of The Monkees" less than a year later).

However, "East/West's" greatest innovation was contained in the title track and its sister instrumental, the nine-minute rampage through Nat Adderley's "Work Song", wherein Butterfield, Bloomfield, Bishop and organist Mark Naftalin soloed frenetically in a mode halfway between their blues holocausts and hard-swing club jazz.

"East/West" itself ran to over 13 minutes of hard-rock accelerando gear-shifting and jamming over a modal structure that enabled the band to move at will from electric country blues to full-blown Orientalisms, and you best believe it generated.

Mike Bloomfield shines in particular, anticipating paths later trod by Jerry Garcia in his more lucid moments and John MacLaughlin in his more exuberant.

You can talk about "landmarks in the development of rock improvisation" all you want, brutha, but I just check that first Butterfield team as one hell of a blues band, and in the last ten years only J. Geils and the Feelgoods have even come within spitting distance.

Charles Shaar Murray
(Still on catalogue, Elektra K42006, price £3.29)

The end of endless summer



THE BEACH BOYS

Pet Sounds (Capitol)

THE ILLNESS and subsequent recovery of Brian Wilson have added a painful poignancy to his old songs, making it impossible to hear them again in their original context, unblemished by the taint of tragedy.

There is no way you can listen to Wilson's early teen anthems without experiencing some small pang of sadness. Such exuberant, glorious innocence and such a sad outcome.

"In My Room", for example, from 1963, has special, appalling significance when they're written by a man who is to spend the years of his early maturity immobilised by depression and confined to the very four walls that previously provided such comfort.

Few of the Beach Boys records are more poignant than "Pet Sounds." Though it's his singles for which Brian Wilson will ultimately be remembered (on present form), this particular album has great importance for an understanding of the whole ironic story.

By 1966, Brian Wilson had fully appreciated the limitations of the music that had made his reputation. He was more cruelly harnessed to a teenage market than any major songwriter before or since.

It wasn't just that Brian Wilson was fast out-growing his target audience, there was also the fact that the subject matter of his songs must have seemed to deny him credibility among the grown-ups.

What's important about "Pet Sounds" is that it was Brian Wilson's attempt to get off the beach and stop being a boy. It was, by its very nature, doomed to commercial failure, because of the musical expectations that Wilson had created among his followers.

Nowadays, "Pet Sounds" would be recognised as a classic, not just by the critics, who spot such phenomena once or twice a week with great ease, but also by the public.

There's surely no doubt at all that "Pet Sounds" is the equal of anything by Crosby, Stills, Nash et al or The Eagles, people operating in roughly the same mode of lush harmonies allied to sweet melodies and rockanroll rhythms.

Brian Wilson couldn't progress, as a musician or an individual, by continuing to crank out jolly little songs about surfing and hot-rodding, any more

than Pete Townshend could continue to glorify mod culture.

The fact that Wilson had Townshend's distance from his subject matter is neither here nor there. He had enough enthusiasm, for the pursuits that were mainly accessible to his brothers, to carry him along, but only for a while.

So "Pet Sounds" is utterly different to most of the Beach Boys music that preceded it. By this time, of course, Wilson had already taken the decision to come off the road, to send out the boys as his musical ambassadors, to retreat (in a sense) back to that room in which he found such security.

A dangerous decision it was, too, in retrospect. The camaraderie of the group were clearly what kept him going, personally and socially. To shut himself off in this way was surely to deny much of the source of his inspiration.

After all, they were growing older, as well, and chances were that their changing enthusiasms would inspire new subjects for his music.

Sure, it's possible that his ear for melodies would

survive, as indeed it proved for an album or so, but where was the need to keep creating the songs, to keep on proving himself, when he'd cut away the peer group?

"Pet Sounds" is Brian Wilson growing up to be a man, and still not knowing what he was going to be.

The tunes are still there. Brilliant, and memorable and inevitably enduring. "Wouldn't It Be Nice", "You Still Believe In Me", "Don't Talk (Put Your Head On My Shoulder)", "Sloop John B", "God Only Knows", "Caroline No." Six classics, at least, for reviewers to spot that week.

There's no doubt this album indicated the massive potential that Brian Wilson could have realised, with sympathy and support from those around him.

The arrangements and production were rarely short of inspired. The characteristic

Beach Boys harmonies had rarely been heard to such bitter-sweet effect. The Phil Spector pastiche never put to such valuable purpose.

Those observers who heard Brian Wilson gaining musical maturity weren't far wrong, and they were definitely right to think this was among the very finest albums of a very fine year.

No matter that the words were written by an advertising man, Tony Asher. They were classy lyrics that Brian might have written himself. After all, they touched upon the themes that dominate teenage concerns without getting explicitly involved in surfboards and hot cars.

If you were a kid, you should have heard these songs and recognised the ardour that fuels puppy love. If you were a little older and a little sourer, there was much that ought to have moved you, too.

But the tragedy was that the American kids weren't having any. The crude symbolism of the beach, endless summer, two girls for every boy, were too potent to be shaken off by one album, however cautious the shift in emphasis may have seemed to many.

The sleeve was no help at all to confused kids. What were the Beach Boys doing messing around with a flock of weird-looking sheep at some crummy zoo in the front picture? What the hell had sheep got to do with anything?

The upshot was that "Pet Sounds" bombed disastrously in the States, even though it was big in Britain, where they like a good tune regardless of any images that are sold with it.

It didn't help, of course, that "Pet Sounds" was incomplete, rushed out before Brian Wilson could complete his master-work.

And yet it's futile to look for scapegoats to explain the failure away. The unhappy truth is that Brian Wilson tried to grow faster than the kids who bought his records. There wasn't the huge audience there is today for creative rock music.

The only people who could sustain him were too young to know why it was important that they should.

Bob Edmonds

(Still on catalogue, EMI ST2558, price £3.35)



The Beach Boys, minus Brian Wilson, prepare to get their heads down



NICKY HOPKINS

The Revolutionary Piano Of... (CBS)

THERE'S ONE in every crowd. Someone who, not content with their achieve-

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE Two-Week compilation

The Christmas and New Year period is traditionally quiet on the gig circuit. Many of the regular venues close down for up to a week, the colleges are on vacation, and a lot of the hard-working bands choose this time to take a well-earned rest. Besides which, a large number of people prefer to spend the holiday at home, instead of lugging around in the clubs.

The big-name tours start swinging into action again early in the New Year, as you will see from our next Gig Guide in a fortnight's time. Meanwhile, if you feel in need of some live music during the next two weeks, we've managed to round up a cross section of gigs from which you can choose. Oh, and a Happy Christmas from me to you. — D.J.

THURSDAY 23

AYLESBURY Britannia: SUNFLY
AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/ORTHI
BEDFORD Corn Exchange: MILLION AIRS ORCHESTRA
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid: HELL RAISERS
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: MERSEYBEATS
BIRMINGHAM MOSELEY Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BLACKBURN Old Blackburnians F.C.: BRIAN DEWHURST
BRISTOL Granary: TRAPEZE
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
CHESTER Rascals: SWEET SENSATION
COVENTRY Sportsman Club: APPLEJACKS
DERBY British Celanese Club: CISSY STONE BAND
DERBY Cleopatra's: LEE JACKSON'S STRIP JACK
HANDKUTIH Betty Hotel: ACKER BILK BAND
IPSWICH Manor Ballroom: SEX PISTOLS/THE CLASH HEARTBREAKERS
HULL Bailey's: NEW SOUTHERN COMFORT
LEEDS Ciderella's: MUSCLES
LEICESTER Tiffany's: FLYING SAUCERS
LEITCHWORTH The Pelican: ABBOTT
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: F.B.I.
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SAM APPIE PIE / POODLES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: NASHVILLE TEENS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: RACING CARS
LONDON KENSINGTON Olympia: ROD STEWART BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: ALBERTOS Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: FLIGHT 56
LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
LONDON W.I. C.D.P. Ltd.: MUNGO JERRY
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: VIBRATORS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: LINDISFARNE
NEWCASTLE University Theatre: BILL CADDICK
NORWICH Crookers Disco: HEATWAVE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SF 2
POYNTON Folk Centre: OWL & KETTLE FOLK
RISLEY Blue Ball: CADILLAC
ROMFORD White Hart: MATCHBOX
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: TRAX
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: SUN SESSION
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: STAN ARNOLD / TOM MCCONVILLE & BOB FOX
WIGAN Casino: STRAY

CHRISTMAS EVE

BEDFORD Corn Exchange: MILLION AIRS ORCHESTRA
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SWEET SENSATION
BIRMINGHAM King of the Road: THREE'S COMPANY
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: ZIGGY
BRISTOL Dockland Settlement: DRAGON
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BUCKHURST HILL Prince of Wales: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
BURTON Paradise Room: SECOND HAND BAND
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
CHELTENHAM Tramps Disco: SMACKEE
COVENTRY Sportsman Club: APPLEJACKS
COVENTRY Tom Mann Trades Hall: BREAKER
DUNSTABLE California: HEATWAVE
EASTBOURNE Sundowners: BETHNAL
EXMOUTH Pavilion: EYES
HULL Bailey's: NEW SOUTHERN COMFORT
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: ONE-UP'S RECORD PLAYER
LONDON CALEDONIAN RD. Prince of Wales: LIMOSINE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: STREAMLINER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: F.B.I./SOX
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: ORIGINAL PIRATES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STRUTTERS
LONDON HARLESSEN Royal Oak: DRAGON MILK
LONDON KENSINGTON Olympia: ROD STEWART BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: LOVING AWARENESS
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: JOHN MILES CHRISTMAS SHOW
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: HELLRAISERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: VIBRATORS
NORTHAMPTON Racehorse: WILD THING
NORWICH Crookers Disco: PETER COLLINS & STYLE
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: DRUID
REDNAL The Chalet: SOUL DIRECTION
SOUTHEAST Kursaal: DR. FEELGOOD
ST. ALBAN'S Civic Hall: JOHN OTWAY/WILD WILLY BARRET
STROOD Old Gun: BODEAN
THORNE Winning Post: TENDER TOUCH
WIGAN Casino: THE REAL THING

CHRISTMAS DAY

Does anybody go to a gig on Christmas Day? I wouldn't have thought so. Except in Scotland, where you've a fair chance of finding your regular haunt open. But south of the border, everywhere's closed, except for just two venues

Rainbow re-opens



GENESIS begin their nationwide tour on New Year's Day, and the first three concerts mark the grand re-opening of London's renowned Rainbow Theatre, almost two years after its enforced closure. It's gratifying to have such an important rock centre back in action again, and equally pleasing to see Genesis on the road — complete with new drummer, American Chester Thompson. Their provincial dates begin on January 7, but they're all pretty well sold out. Pictured above is Phil Collins.

which have come to our attention. So unless you live in Aylesham or Huddersfield, you'd better settle for watching "Airport" on telly.

AYLESHAM Working Men's Club: BLOOBLO
HUDDERSFIELD Greenside Club: TENDER TOUCH

SUNDAY 26

Still a very thin gig schedule today. But the chances are that most people will still be feeling the effects of the night before. If you don't live close to one of the few gigs listed below, it's a good time for listening quietly to your favourite albums, before the rigours of Boxing Day are upon us!

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Monica Club: BOB KING
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
HEMSWORTH Miners Welfare: TENDER TOUCH
LONDON E.5 Nightingale Club: BLOOBLO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Palais: JIMMY HELMS/FANTASTICS/CRESCENDOS
LONDON HARLESSEN Royal Oak: DRAGON MILK
LONDON LEICESTER SQ. Empire Ballroom: CIMARONS/SWEET SENSATION
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
POYNTON Folk Centre: MUCKRAM WAKES
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: PINK FAIRIES
WIGAN Casino: TOMMY HUNT

BOXING DAY

BEDFORD Furnace Inn: JOHN OTWAY/WILD WILLY BARRET
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: CAPTAIN COOK'S DOG
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot: THREEWHEEL/GILLIAN CASEY
COVENTRY La Chaumiere: BREAKER
CRAYFORD Town Hall (doubling LONDON BRIT-Clouds): FANTASTICS
DUBLIN National Stadium: RORY GALLAGHER
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
HUDDERSFIELD Oakes WMC: TENDER TOUCH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: MIDNIGHT WOLF
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: POODLES
LONDON Marquee Club: STRAY
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: CROSSFIRE
LONDON W.12 White Horse: TIDAL WAVE BAND
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: AIRBORNE
NORTHAMPTON Lings Forum: U-BOAT
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: APPLEJACKS
SPALDING Pied Calf: BLOOBLO

TUESDAY 28

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
COVENTRY Smithfield Hotel: BREAKER
DONCASTER Airport: HARLOW
DUBLIN National Stadium: RORY GALLAGHER
LEEDS Florde Green Hotel: WILDFIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: MARTIN HAYWOOD'S NO-NAME
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON Marquee Club: BERT JANSCH
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HUNGRY HORSE
MEXBOROUGH Jester: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
MORECAMBE Bowl: THE REAL THING
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA

WEDNESDAY 29

BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: THE FIRST BAND
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
DONCASTER The Woolpack: HARLOW

COMPILED BY
DEREK JOHNSON

NEW YEAR DAY

AYLESBURY Friars at Vale Hall: SASSAFRAS/MEDICINE HEAD
BATH Forum Cinema: DRAGON
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SUPANOVA
BIRMINGHAM International Club: JIMMY HELMS
CINDERFORD Causeway Club: BREAKER
CORK City Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
DERBY Penine Hotel: FANTASTICS
EASTBOURNE Sundowners: BETHNAL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ANDRAE CROUCH & THE DISCIPLES/CHORALERNA
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GENESIS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STONEHENG
LONDON W.12 White Horse: TIDAL WAVE BAND
LUTON Sands Club: SMACKEE
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: STRAY
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: AIRBORNE
STEVENAGE Locarno: ABBOTT
WOLVERHAMPTON Codsall Crown Inn: CHRIS BARBER BAND

SUNDAY 2

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
BUCKHURST HILL Roebuck: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CORK City Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
CROYDON Greyhound: STRAY
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ROD STEWART BAND
IPSWICH Kingfisher Club: DRAGON MILK
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: PINK FAIRIES/STRANGLERS/LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSH-WACKERS
LONDON HOLLOWAY Lord Nelson: TIDAL WAVE BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GENESIS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
ST. ALBAN'S Goat Inn: TOM GILFELLON

MONDAY 3

BOSTON Folk Club: KELSEY
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot: HICKORY LAKE
COLCHESTER Windmill Club: JIMMY HELMS
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ROD STEWART BAND
HATFIELD Red Lion: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: MUSCLES/A.F.T.
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GENESIS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: EATER
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: ANDRAE CROUCH & THE DISCIPLES/CHORALERNA

TUESDAY 4

BELFAST Grosvenor Hall: ANDRAE CROUCH & THE DISCIPLES/CHORALERNA
CARDIFF Top Rank: LITTLE BOB STORY
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ROD STEWART BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: STRUTTERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: VIBRATORS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON Marquee Club: MEDICINE HEAD
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SWIFT
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: TRAIN
SOUTHEND Talk of the South: FANTASTICS
STRAFORD-ON-AVON Toll House: MUSCLES

WEDNESDAY 5

BELFAST Ulster Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
BIRMINGHAM Elbow Room: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: THE FIRST BAND
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: CRYER
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ANDRAE CROUCH & THE DISCIPLES/CHORALERNA
ILFORD King's Club: JIMMY HELMS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: SPITERI
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BUSTER CRABBE
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: LITTLE BOB STORY
PENZANCE H.M.S. Raleigh: GIGGLES

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club (evenings): DUKES & LEE Week commencing December 26
BATLEY Variety Club (matinees at 2.30): ALVIN STARDUST December 27-30 and January 1
BEDFORD Nite Spot: BLACK ABBOTTS (December 28-January 1)/FAITH BROWN (January 4-8)
BLACKBURN Cavendish: CHANTS (December 24, 26 & 27)/TERRY WEBSTER & DICTIONARY (December 30 for three days)
BRIGHOUSE Showboat: DAVE BERRY & THE CLEVELAND COUNTY BAND Week commencing December 27
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: NEW SEEKERS Week commencing December 26
DERBY Bailey's: TOMMY HUNT December 30 for three days
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ROD STEWART BAND December 29-31 and January 2-4
HULL Bailey's: JASPER DECEMBER 30 for three days
JERSEY Behan's Club: GIGGLES December 30 for four days
LEICESTER Bailey's: SPARROW Week commencing December 27
LIVERPOOL Empire: GERRY MARSDEN (panto) Thursday (23) for a season
LONDON EDWARE White Lion: DRAGON MILK December 29 for four days
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: SALENA JONES January 3 for two weeks
LONDON Talk of the Town: MADELINE BELL January 3 for three weeks
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND Week commencing December 27
MIDDLESBROUGH Madison Club: MUSCLES December 28 for five days
NEWCASTLE La Dolce Vita (doubling SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern): MOJOS Week commencing December 27
OLDHAM Bailey's: MERSEYBEATS December 30 for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: CRUISER December 30 for three days
SOLIHULL New Cresta Club: CANDLEWICK GREEN Week commencing December 27
STOCKTON Fiesta: FOURMOST Week commencing December 27
STOKE Bailey's: FIDDLYGIG Week commencing December 27
WATFORD Bailey's: DOOLEY FAMILY Week commencing December 27

DUBLIN National Stadium: RORY GALLAGHER
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ROD STEWART BAND
KNOTTINGLEY Hilltop Club: TENDER TOUCH
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DARTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LEE JACKSON'S STRIP JACK
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: MEAL TICKET
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: T.C. WRAFTER & THE BEST OF FRIENDS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PLUMMET AIRLINES
RIBCHESTER White Bull: BRIAN DEWHURST/TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

THURSDAY 30

AYLESBURY Britannia: CROSSFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Chalet Country Club: BREAKER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Moseley Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BRISTOL Granary: BETHNAL
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
FOLKESTONE La Clique: FANTASTICS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ROD STEWART BAND
HASTINGS Queen's Hotel: BODEAN
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: MOON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MOVIES / PANAMA SCANDAL
LONDON ISLINGTON King's Head: TIDAL WAVE BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BUSH-WACKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: SASSAFRAS
LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: MIMI DANIELS & RUSSELL QUAYE play SCOTT JOPLIN
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SF2
PENZANCE The Garden: STRAY
PORT TALBOT Afan Lido: PAT BOONE / ANDRAE CROUCH & THE DISCIPLES
ROYSTON Bull Folk Club: FLAKY PASTRY
YORK Corner House: TENDER TOUCH

NEW YEAR EVE

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SMACKEE
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ANDRAE CROUCH & THE DISCIPLES/CHORALERNA
BRISTOL Granary: DRAGON
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
CHARING Robin Hood Country Club: BODEAN
CHELTENHAM Highwayman: CISSY STONE BAND
CHELTENHAM Pavilion: STRAY
CLAFTON Westcliff Hotel: BETHNAL
DUNSTABLE California: REAL THING
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: ROD STEWART BAND
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: SOUL DIRECTION
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Hunt Hotel: HELLHOUND
LONDON BRITTON Clouds: COOL NOTES
LONDON CALEDONIAN RD. Prince of Wales: LIMOSINE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwells: MOON
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MOVIES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DARTS
LONDON Marquee Club: PAT TRAVERS BAND
LONDON PADDOINGTON Western Counties: TIDAL WAVE BAND
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: FANTASTICS
LONDON STOKES NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MANIACS/THE BOYS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: STREAM-LINER
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: HOTT WAX
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MEXBOROUGH Northgate WMC: TENDER TOUCH
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STOCKTON Pharaoh's Club: BLOOBLO
WIGAN Casino: SWEET SENSATION

THURSDAY 23

BBC-1: The early-evening "Nationwide" includes the climax of the Young Nation Funky Dancing Competition. Noel Edmonds hosts "Top of the Pops" at 7.30, and there's "The Spinners At Christmas" (recorded at Liverpool Philharmonic Hall) at 11.20.

RADIO 2: "Country Club" looks at the best country records of 1976 (7.30), followed by a Christmas miscellany in "Folkweave". The New Vaudeville Band are featured at 10 pm.

LUXEMBOURG: The Bay City Rollers' Christmas Special at 8 pm.

CHRISTMAS EVE

BBC-2: Highlight of the day is the "Old Grey Whistle Test" special, featuring Rod Stewart in concert live from London Olympia, and there's a simultaneous stereo link-up with Radio 1. That's at 10 pm, preceded by "Rutland Weekend Television" with Eric Idle and Neil Innes.

BBC-1: Not much to recommend, but there's Ronnie Barker in "Porridge" at 8.00.

ITV: Not much here either unless the hour-long "Bing Crosby's White Christmas" (10.30 pm) appeals to your taste. The entire Crosby family is on the menu, all except David that is.

LUXEMBOURG: The station's disc-jockeys begin their Christmas party at 11.30 pm.

CHRISTMAS DAY

BBC-1: The first of the two "Top Of The Pops" surveys of the year is at 2.10, with No. 1 hits from Abba, J.J. Barrie, Elton John and Kiki Dee, Queen, Demis Roussos, Slik and the Warzels. The most successful British film musical of all time, Lionel Bart's "Oliver", is at 4.15. Elton John crops up again in "The Morecambe And Wise Christmas Show" (7.45). The big film at 8.45 is "Airport".

ITV: If you don't fancy "TOTP" on the other side there's always "Christmas Supersonic" at 2.15 with Gary Glitter making his 'comeback' — along with Linda Lewis, the G-Band, Marc Bolan, John Miles, Guys'n'Dolls and Twiggy. Evening movie is the epic "Waterloo" with Rod Steiger.

RADIO 1: Ed Stewart at 8 am for two hours, then Tony Blackburn for three hours. Kid Jensen takes over at 1 pm, with Simon Bates following at 3.0.

SUNDAY 26

BBC-1: Part Two of the annual "Top Of The Pops" survey is again at 2.10, with Abba, Brotherhood Of Man, Chicago, Four Seasons, Pussycat, Showaddywaddy and the Real Thing. The evening brings the weepie "Love Story" movie with Ryan O'Neal and Ali MacGraw (7.55). Late night viewing is that marvellous film "A Man For All Seasons" — a bit heavy for Christmas, but well worth seeing.

BBC-2: Dame Edna Everage stars in "The Barry Humphries Show" (7.55). At 10.30 there's "Brazil Tropical" featuring the rhythms of Latin America. "Music from Montreux" at 11.20 pm includes such big jazz-blues names as Sarah Vaughan, Jimmy Witherspoon, Weather Report, Odette and Stan Getz.

ITV: Comedy highlight will probably be "Stanley Baxter's Christmas Box". And the big film at 8.25 is Kirk Douglas in "Catch Me A Spy".

RADIO 1: The usual Sunday schedule, apart from an hour of Jonathan King at 5 pm.

LUXEMBOURG: Worth hearing "Best Of The 208 Powerplays" at 9.30 pm.

RADIO 3: "Sounds Interesting" looks back on the year's most interesting sounds at 11.15 pm — including Mike Oldfield and Jon Anderson.

BOXING DAY

BBC-1: Noel Edmonds has a Swap Shop special at 11.15 am called "Swap Of The Pops" with Abba, Showaddywaddy, Mud, Dr. Hook, Smokie and Pussycat, among others. Feature film at 8.35 is "Tora! Tora! Tora!". Finally at 11.05 Michael Parkinson introduces musical highlights from his past shows — including Elton John, Jack Jones, Sammy Davis, Duke Ellington and Oscar Peterson.

ITV: Musical 'high spot' of the day is "Gilbert O'Sullivan's Greatest Hits" at 6 pm. And the evening film is Alistair Maclean's brilliant "Puppet On A Chain" at 10.15.

RADIO 1: Ed Stewart at 8 am, followed by Noel Edmonds at 10.00 and Paul Gambaccini at noon. Elton John wear his disc-jockey hat for two hours at 1.30.

LUXEMBOURG: Abba are featured at 9 pm, and there's rock 'n' roll special at midnight.

RADIO 2: An hour-long Johnny Cash special at 6 pm.

BBC RADIO LONDON: Be-Bop Deluxe and Sutherland Brothers & Quiver in "Break-through Christmas Concert," recorded at the Hammersmith Odeon (7.30 pm).

TUESDAY 28

BBC-2: "The Old Grey Whistle Test" (11.35 pm) gives us another chance to see Queen's 1975 Christmas concert at the Hammersmith Odeon. Earlier at 6.50 there's "John Denver's Rocky Mountain Christmas" (bleechee!!! — Ed) with Olivia Newton-John guesting. The afternoon film at 4.20 is "It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, World".

ITV: The Three Degrees guest in "Tommy Cooper's Guest Night" at 7 pm, followed by a re-run of the James Bond movie "From Russia With Love". There's a special Christmas edition of "International Pop Proms" at 10.25 with Gene Pitney, Barbara Dickson, Tina Charles, Love Machine, Bidda and the Chanter Sisters.

RADIO TV

RADIO 1: Abba have their own 75-minute show at 12.45 pm, otherwise it's the usual Tuesday mixture.

LUXEMBOURG: At 9.30 pm, there's the Top Thirty of 1976.

WEDNESDAY 29

BBC-1: The one and only highlight is "Pleasure At Her Majesty's", recorded at the London theatre of that name in the spring — among those featured are the Monty Python team, The Goodies, John Cleese, Barry Humphries, Peter Cook and Jonathan Miller (10.25 pm).

THURSDAY 30

BBC-1: No "Top Of The Pops" today, but you can see the Osmonds at 6.40 (Oh, joy!).

ITV: Best thing on this channel today is the commercials!

RADIO 2: Dodie West and Dave Travis in "Country Club" (7.30) and highlights from this year's Loughborough Festival in "Folkweave" (9.0).

NEW YEAR EVE

BBC-2: From just after midnight until 2 am, "Old Grey Whistle Test" looks back on past shows with contributions from the Stones, The Eagles, Jimi Hendrix, Bob Dylan, Nils Lofgren, Bonnie Raitt and Dave Mason, among others. There's also a repeat of the classic Ronnie Barker-Ronnie Corbett non-speaking classic "The Picnic" (8.40).

BBC-1: A repeat of "The Goodies And The Beanstalk" (4.55). One of the best of the MGM musicals "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers" has its first TV screening at 8.40. "A Jubilee Of Music" at 10.30 runs the gamut from Vera Lynn to Cliff Richard, taking in Lulu and Acker Bilk along the way.



ROD STEWART: Christmas Eve

ITV: The awful-sounding "Hogmanay Show" at 11.30 is preceded at 10.45 by Billy Connolly's own special, with guests Gallagher & Lyle. Big film of the evening (8 pm) is "Zulu" with Stanley Baker.

RADIO 1: Kid Jensen and Simon Bates have a six-hour show from 7 pm to 1 am, then Radio 2 takes over through the night until 6 am.

LUXEMBOURG: Stuart Henry hosts a dee-jays party at 11.30.

NEW YEAR DAY

BBC-1 Abba are having a busy holiday — they're with you again in "The Multi-Coloured Swap Shop" at 9.30 am.

ITV: The big evening movie, George C. Scott as "Patton", is worth catching at 7.30.

RADIO 1: Two new series begin today — "The Stevie Wonder Story" at 1.30 and "Alexis Korner's Blues And Soul Show" at 5.30. "In Concert" at 6.30 is a re-hash of some of the main 1976 highlights — including London Wainwright, Mike Nesmith, Steve Goodman, Joanna Carlin and Harvey Andrews.

SUNDAY 2

BBC-1: Not much except the return of Esther Rantzen's "That's Life" in the late night spot, with Jake Thackray as resident singer.

ITV: Over 30 members of European royal families, including the Queen, crowded London's Talk Of The Town last week to see a charity gala. Tickets were priced up to £500, but you can see it for free at 7.25 — if you fancy Andy Williams, Brotherhood Of Man, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. Me? I'll settle for "The Muppet Show" at 5.35.

MONDAY 3

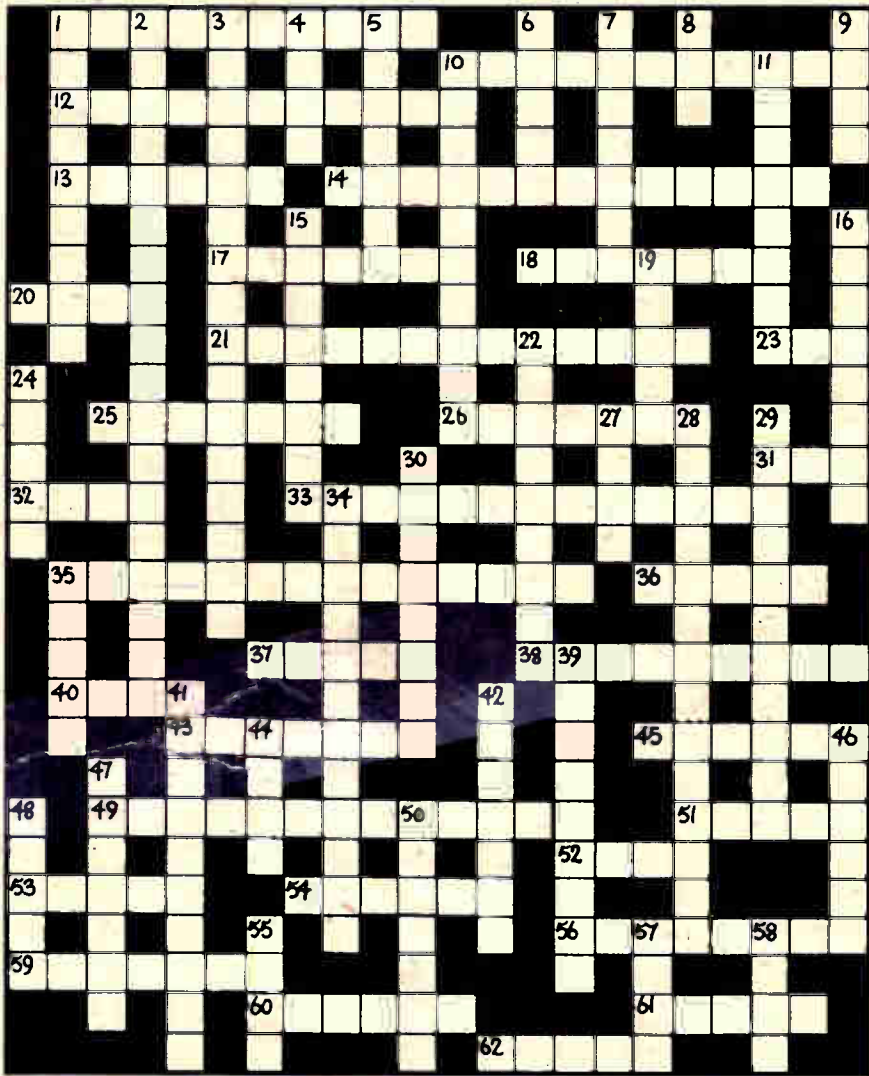
BBC-2: Max Bygraves surveys the 1960's (8.15 pm), which we wouldn't normally merit a mention, but on this occasion he's showing film of vintage rockers and The Beatles.

ITV: Might be worth catching the first episode of the much-acclaimed "Charlie's Angels" series at 8.30, about three girl private eyes, whose assignments involve constant shedding of clothes. "Tonight With Bing And Liza" (Crosby and Minnelli, that is) at 10.30 includes film clips of such stalwarts at Satchmo, Duke Ellington, Beafonte, the Kingston Trio and Burl Ives.

TUESDAY 4

BBC-2: "Old Grey Whistle Test" settles back into its usual Tuesday format, and tonight the studio guests are London Wainwright III and Lone Star. There's also the start of another "Musical Time Machine" series.

EXPRESS WORD



ACROSS

- 1 Noo Yawk's fojnest — and it ain't brat Patti! (3,7)
- 10 i.e. loco caper (anag. 5,6)
- 12 Currently / formerly (delete where applicable) of Roxy, at present sidekicking with Uncle Frank (5,6)
- 13 Kinks single — will it be re-issued to cash in on King Kong?
- 14 Enter Ray's fate (anag. 3,5,5)
- 17 Miss Rigby, star of the song of the same name, alongside Father Mackenzie
- 18 Felix Cavaliere and Eddie Brigati were their lead vocalists
- 20 "Rock'n'Roll Heart" — throb?
- 21 '69 soul smash from Bob and Earl (6,7)
- 23 The World's Greatest, Raunchiest, Dynamic, Most Conceited Rock Weekly
- 25 They cut the original "Get Back (This is cruelly designed to make older readers feel even older — Ed)
- 26 Due to re-open on January 1
- 31 Unfortunately, one-hit wonders; though their "How Long" was a one-hit classic
- 32 Son of the Dust Bowl Balladeer, a hero, to the boy Dylan
- 33 Glaswegian soul/rock outfit — dis'continued performances in July 1973 (5,3,5)
- 35 Park near centre (anag. 5,9)
- 36 See 6
- 37 Chicago-based, this was one of the most celebrated labels in blues and R&B
- 38 A classic from '66 (3,6)
- 40 1976's answer to 10 across; roll on 1977!

- 43 Producer Willie Mitchell was his mentor on a string of soul hits (2,5)
- 45 See 59
- 49 Temp after porn (anag. 5,8)
- 51 Featured guest appearance by Duane Allman & 53 LA outfit, formed 1971, by ex-Spirit members Jay Ferguson and Mark Andes (2,2,5)
- 54 The One Who Writes The Words
- 56 Had original hits with "I Can't Let Maggie Go" and "Do I Still Figure In Your Life?"
- 59 & 45 His "We Are Not Helpless" was an answer to Neil Young's "Helpless"
- 60 Lee, the "Ya Ya" man
- 61 See 57
- 62 Hump-backed rock band



DOWN

- 1 Rat's chums; they're nice lads really . . . no really (3,6)
- 2 Did he shoot and deter? (anag. 5,3,3,3,4)
- 3 Their original drummer died of heroin poisoning at LA party in 1974 (7,5,4)
- 4 Instrument
- 5 See 24
- 6 & 36 I and I's well (Courtesy Rastafarian Anag. Co., 5,5)
- 7 Their drummer became their singer in 1976
- 8 & 30 Prententious fa— sorry, almost forgot, it's Christmas . . . Sensitive young singer/writer who took time out from super classical-rock group to record truly moving solo album
- 9 Daddy of dub (1-3)
- 10 Former Free bassist (4,6)

- 11 Traffic's first hit single (5,3)
- 15 Family album (no pun intended)
- 16 Took name from Ronnie, the lead singer, who went on to marry her celebrated producer
- 19 Another instrument
- 22 They offered vocalist David Byron in 1976 (5,4)
- 24 & 5 He was managing a record shop in Liverpool when he became intrigued by customers' requests for German records by a group called . . . 25 across
- 27 "Wired" was his 1976 album
- 28 The definitive heavy metal anthem (5,5,4)
- 29 Jethro make with the heavy breathing! (7,4)
- 30 See 8
- 34 Hit big in '74 with "When Will I See You Again?" (5,7)
- 35 They made No 1 in 1964 with debut single "You Really Got Me"
- 39 The One Who Sings The Songs (5,4)
- 41 Original recorder of the p'nk classic "Woolly Bully" (3,3,4)
- 42 See 44
- 44 & 42 But does anyone want him to make a "comeback"
- 46 Under original name Halfnelson, they were discovered and produced on first album by Todd Rundgren
- 47 . . . Davis
- 48 Wishbone Ash LP
- 50 They have the dubious distinction of being pop's best-known "manufactured" group
- 55 Kim or Mackay
- 57 & 61 The former Gonzoid Bonzoid
- 58 Who makes / made honey?

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW

DOWN: 1 Black Sabbath; 2 "Nutbush City Limits"; 3 "War Child"; 4 Lindisfarne; 5 Bruce (Springsteen); 6 Clive Davis; 7 Sex Pistols; 12 Anne Murray; 13 Robin Sarstedt; 15 Edgar Broughton; 19 Colosseum; 20 Family;

22 Blue; 23 Wishbone (Ash); 28 "Lola"; 30 Roxy (Music).
ACROSS: 1 Bunny Wailer; 6 Chris (Hillman); 8 Art Garfunkel; 9 ELP; 10 Springsteen; 11 Ash; 12 Adrian (Gurvitz); 14

Agent; 16 Brian (Eno); 17 Ben E. King; 18 Hillman; 21 Bob (B. Soxx); 24 Maria Muldaur; 25 Set; 26 "Substitute"; 27 Sly (Stone); 29 Jesse (Ed Davis); 31 Nazareth; 32 (Bob) B. Soxx (And The Blue Jeans).



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Sunny Ca. and the mid-70s quirkiness of the Inner Being

Jackson Browne
NEW VICTORIA

WARREN ZEVON hits the stage an hour and five minutes late. This is not without significance. Jackson makes oblique references to the PA he'd been using in Europe having been slipped off of the boat transporting it into the North Sea. A Record Company Man with a natural sense of histrionics maintains that the delay is caused by all the equipment's still having been sitting out at Heathrow customs at five in the afternoon. Money is said to have exchanged hands to allow the show to get on the road.

Whatever, it was still not without significance, for though the audience showed nothing but gaga devotion for Jackson — and, to a lesser extent, for Zevon — the delay not only set the tension knots a-twisting in your reviewer's neck but, it seemed, interfered with a true, pure outpouring of Browne's soul, too.

Would you really expect Jackson Browne to get uptight with his onstage monitor and dump it over on its side three-quarters of the way into the set? I mean, like, where's that cat's head at, man?

California, man. That's where that cat's head's at, man. The State For The Consumer With An Ecological Conscience.

Why, early on in the set some dame in the audience yells out that she's from New York. "I'm from California", Jackson beams. The true cognoscenti of the Browne lyri-

cal mot juste chuckle inwardly at this searing self-parody. "I'm from Edgware," one guy interjects.

Tom Wolfe has been working on a new project, I'm told, in which he equates the seventies with the seventeenth century in terms of religious fervour. All this mid-seventies crankiness and quirkiness and cosmicity of the Inner Being is seen by Wolfe as heralding the Age Of The New Religious Renaissance. And needless to say, of course, it's in Southern California that, you know, people are like most into that.

And never mind why they're like that. Ignore the thought that they're all guilt-stricken about having the highest standard of living in the world. Just accept that as rock 'n' rollers go at this point in time Jackson Browne is the embodiment of that Southern Californian consciousness: aware guy (28) (Libra) tired of phonies. Seeks sincere companions. Into meditation, ecology, natural things. Let me be your guru.

After all, is this not what the audience request? Does Jackson not attract the seventies' equivalent of the Leonard Cohen fan? Does this audience not require their collective angst exorcising? Is this why Jackson and his band perform with more of a proselytizing zeal than any real passion or fire — or is this just down to the evening's hassles?

The band is the obligatory one that you've all come to expect by now: supreme musicianship from a bunch of LA sessioneers, two of whom — bassist Brian Garofalo and organist David Mason — naturally used to be in Joe Walsh's band, plus John Mauceri on drums and a double beefburger (contains only soya bean meat substitute) sized



JACKSON BROWNE from California

Okay, bozos, here's a special Yuletide message for ya: have yourselves a wangdangdoodlin' rootin' tootin' industrial disputin' time of it, with love from all the contributors worldwide to . . .

ON THE TOWN



GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
Pic: ALAN JACKSON

Soul night NY & whitey uptown

Graham Parker/
Southside
Johnny/
Robert Palmer

NEW YORK

SOUL NIGHT in the city. Down on 14th Street, the white boys took their cut at rhythm 'n' blues on the Palladium's nicely stacked triple bill of newcomers: Graham Parker and the Rumour opening to Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes and headliner Robert ('Pepsodent') Palmer. Most of the press came to see Parker, most of the crowd came to see the Southside gang from neighbouring New Jersey, and most stayed to see Palmer.

Even before the show, many people thought the billing should have been reversed, and next morning most of the city's daily papers ratified the opinion.

Thanks to PanAm, I didn't hit New York in time to pick up my juicy press tickets (cultural note: it takes the "wings of man" 2½ hours to fix a heating duct on a 747), and I slunk into the balcony with Graham Parker already onstage. Not that the company wasn't charming, but my impression of Parker's set seems to have suffered from the Olympian perspective.

From where I sat, the show seemed restrained. Despite the energetic raspings of his voice, which was in good form, he didn't seem interested in animating the stage with much movement. And the band, huddled in a tight horseshoe toward the centre of the stage, seemed cramped.

The playing from all parties was spirited, covering material from all of his albums, but the energy seemed muted up in the rafters, despite the infectiousness of rollers like "That's What They All Say." I kept yearning for my headphones. Maybe my ears just hadn't depressurised.

But milling about the lobby during the pause that refreshes, I found several friends with floor seats who were delighted with the set.

The sound was full and feisty, they said, and it had zinged straight to their tapping toes. (These are honest people.)

The favourites of the night were Southside Johnny, the Springsteen cronies from across the Hudson. Decked out like zoot boardwalk boys sporting a five-man brass section, and making with plenty of jive babble, they delivered a set that strongly resembled the theatrical Stax soul revues of the '60s. For a while it seemed a standard hommer.

Johnny Lyons (that's him in the shades) has a dauntless flair for showmanship, though, and his sweaty voice and zesty humour slowly broke the ice. He got a major assist from the group's drummer, a tall R. Crumb type geek with rubber legs and a wonderfully deep voice. Midway through the set he came up front to clown around with Johnny — chicken strutting, spastic dancing, mugging — and he proved to be a devastating fool. He's their secret weapon.

After that lift, Johnny was in firm control of the sweatbox, primalling out those James Brown fantasies that white R and B singers are born with. He danced, he slaved, he worked that mike stand like John Henry working a jackhammer down in the mines. And finally he won the princess.

No, not some hippie from Passaic, I mean the genuine princess of naughty love, the girl with that thrilling original sin in her voice, Ronnie Specter, who joined him for the

encore.

Two years ago she was plump and on the rebound. These days, she's slim and nympho enough to spark teen dreams. As long as Johnny doesn't mind that no one is looking at him during the show's high points, this will be a swell, albeit derivative, showboat act.

After Johnny's jubilee, Palmer's stiff-upper-lipservice to the blues came across as a polished and cold recital. Tailored in a black three-piece suit, and flanked by two stunning black vocalettes in cocktail dresses, he looked like comic book heir Richie Rich "getting down" at the supperclub. He seemed remote, formal, and uncomfortable, as though the maid put too much starch in his underwear.

This stiffness was unfortunate, because a close listen can persuade you that Palmer's voice is supple and commanding, and his musicians and sound-mixing were outstanding. But personality? Forget it.

His intricate arrangements, favouring Caribbean tempos punctuated by congas, sounded consistently unmelodious to these ears, and the suave presentation left one admiring his remarkable abilities while remaining curiously untouched.

Too chic! Too much good taste lacking enough grease to taste good. The New York kids gave him a smattering of appreciative applause and accepted one encore, but no one wanted to push it much past that.

Stephen Demorest

Steve Goodman
VICTORIA PALACE

TO MY MIND one of the most compulsive artists in the world today, Steve Goodman, although locked into a folk image, is actually a much more varied performer, both in his choice of material and the way he puts it over.

His lack of exposure outside folk festival confines, the fact that this was strangely enough his first headlining concert in London, and the plethora of gigs we've been blessed with

recently, all conspired to produce a half full house. But those 700 odd who were there enjoyed Goodman immensely, almost to a man.

He was on stage for over two hours, with only a short intermediate break, performing solo save for a couple of numbers when Royston and Heather Wood, once of the traditional Young Tradition, helped out on a couple of acappella folk oldies. Other than that, seventeen songs came from Steve's four albums, with a reasonable enough preference for the latest "Words We Can Dance To".

Streetwalkers
ROUNDHOUSE

HEY CLEO, dig that band on the stage. Get ya ass over here, gonna be the latest rage.

Ladies and gentlemen, would you please put your hands together for the British debut of the new Streetwalkers at the Roundhouse Christmas Cracker Show.

Strictly speaking it's the Mark III model, again steered by the front trio, Roger Chapman, Charlie Whitney and Bob Tench. Earlier this year, just as the accolades were bestowed on them for "Red Card", a national tour and their football stadium gigs with the Who, the rhythm section was sacked.

The immediate response was that besides being a foolhardy decision it jeopardised their popularity growth. But now they've returned with bassist Micky Feat, drummer David Dowle and the addition of keyboards, played by Brian Johnson.

Yeah, five men went to the graveyard, but six came running back.

The major change in approach stems from Feat and Dowle, who have a particularly straight'n'hard approach to their instruments; driving furiously, and peculiarly calling to mind Family's style rather than the black funkiness of Nicko and Jon Plotel, the dismissed 'Walkers.

Once the band have collectively slipped into their musical shoes with a ragged "Walking On Water" it's with a "Red Card" cut, "Crazy Charade" (something the old band never performed on stage), that they display this main difference. Feat plays figures that, at first, appear to be deceptively soft, but suddenly harden and stun, while Dowle beats the snare with the trained tempo of a woodcutter chopping logs. Unfortunately, Johnson's keyboard work is yet to be heard.

By "Charade" Chapman is

sweating profusely, bawling fiercely into the microphone with his neck muscles bulging, and parading a vocal talent that hasn't been as exciting or dedicated for many a concert. And similarly Tench has the same vocal passion, matching Chapman's intensity chorus for chorus, and is consumed by a feeling of revitalisation that results in scalding guitar solos that temporarily leave him drained from the physical effort.

Meanwhile Whitney stands at the side of the stage, cold as a pub meat pie, keeping musical order from behind either his famous twin neck or a straight Fender. Like his posture, his playing is unhurried, diligently precise and sometimes impossibly aggressive as he churns chords back at the rhythm section.

The third number is a new one from the forthcoming album, "Vicious But Fair", called "Mama Was Mad"; the fifth is a slow measured blues version of "I Just Wanna Make Love To You", but the rest of the set is familiar: "Me, Me Horse And Me Rum", "My Friend The Sun", "Toe Nail Draggin'" (AKA "Doom") and "Run For Cover".

With "Love To You", Johnson makes his presence felt on organ, and later, with "Sun", embellishes the song considerably. And together the whole band storms through "Doom" and "Run For Cover" on overdrive, with a movie of the London to Brighton train run projected on the back screen for the latter.

With Chapman's arse sliding across the stage it's a fitting climax to an excellent set, which of course can only be followed by "Burlesque" and one final newie, a rock'n'roll stunner called "You Can't Come In", with two black girls joining Chapman and Tench on vocals.

If the recent personnel upheavals were considered to be their deathknell, then they are, to borrow from the lyric of "Doom", rolling in their hearse.

Tony Stewart

All the expected goodies were there, "City Of New Orleans," "The Dutchman," "Would You Like To Learn To Dance", a chilling "Ballad Of Penny Evans", "Door Number 3", and so on, with the complementary show-stoppers like the perceptive, and very funny, "You Never Even Call Me By My Name", "Death Of A Salesman" and the much requested "Lincoln Park Pirates".

Add to that some truly excellent guitar picking on oldies like "The Glory Of Love", "It's A Sin To Tell A Lie" and "I'll Fly Away", this

last featuring some appropriate bottleneck, a hilarious 'soul' medley of "La Means I Love You", and "Get Ready", and perhaps the variety on display becomes more obvious.

The Island mobile was outside, but Goodman wasn't at all sure that the results would form his next LP, the recording being more of an experiment than anything else. Even so, I suspect that quite a few of his audience would be interested in hearing a live album, and I'm definitely one of that number. An enjoyable and pleasantly low key gig, of which there are too few.

John Tobler

Chris Salewicz

The Final Manoeuvre: Mystery Of Missing Attack

Man

HARROGATE

AN ABSTRACT sort of worry has been snarling at my brain like a frenzied terrier ever since I quit the gig some three hours ago; I couldn't pin it down until now. There were things wrong a-plenty up front, couldn't miss em if you tried — wrong.

The hall was wrong for one; all red drapes and tacky lights, more in tune with starched chamber music than stone crazy rock 'n' roll. Christ, there was even a fight — a fist fight at a Man gig!

I'm not sure, maybe it's because these things were so hopelessly wrong that they didn't worry me over much. Who cares if the hall's a dog? Who cares if a bunch of scum-sucker sadists feel inclined to paint the walls red with each other's blood? Not me. Although they are all contributing factors, none of them is on the power base.

The fact is that that gig was the second last Man will ever

play. After tomorrow night no more Man. Bye bye old friend. It should've been an emotional experience. Goddammit, it should've been special, an Event . . . But it wasn't, it wasn't any of those things.

The band played well, at times they were as noble and powerful as any rock band I've seen in a long while. But it wasn't enough. It seemed just like any other end of the tour show, in feel at least.

For all I know the guys may have wanted it that way, they could have played down the occasion on purpose. Perhaps I was expecting too much; after all, I liked them, I thoroughly enjoyed everything they played. But I wanted more somehow.

Unfortunately my supposed overview of the night's rock-'n'-roll is cruelly warped by this nagging discontent. It seems the harder I try and concentrate the foggier is the vision. Truth to tell, only three isolated moments stand out really clearly in my mind: Deke's knife-edge guitar solo in the encore, a white hot version of "Bananas", and "The Ride And The View". The latter from the excellent "Welsh Connection" album.

"... He got caught in the spotlight, but when you get to the end..."



MICKEY JONES of Man snapped at the Roundhouse on their final London performance by PETER RUTHERFORD

"The Ride And The View" was undoubtedly the hot-song-of-the-night. On the album it's laid back and very tuneful, a real catchy number, but live it's a whole different rock-'n'-roll tango. It was hard edge funk, vicious and menacing, superbly highlighted by the stark syncopated lighting — a green spot for Deke and a red spot for Micky.

However, even the excellence of "T.R.A.T.V." didn't take the show where I hoped it would go. In a nut, Harrogate

didn't make it. Harrogate left me wishing I could see the band again. No warmth. It didn't seem a fitting end . . . hell I didn't mean to get into this subjective groove again, so I'll terminate that right here. In fact, in all honesty I should terminate the whole thing here, there's not much left to say.

Their fans will miss them, and if you never saw them then you missed out and it's too late now.

John Hamblett

Suburban Studs

BRISTOL

INSIDE BRISTOL's Granary Club the DJ is playing this week's twenty most requested records; No. 1 this evening is Skynyrd's "Freebird" and the people are obviously well pleased, for the dandruff is descending thicker than the snow outside. However, near the right-hand corner of the stage are conspicuously gathered Bristol's premier punk gang, dressed more like Richard Hell in the Big Apple than Johnny Rotten on the front page of the *Daily Mirror*, who've come to check out another new group.

Ante-gig impressions: Suburban Studs are a Birmingham punk group with the unusual and dubious (for the new wave) addition of a sax player. Still, it should be interesting to see how they deal with this crowd, who are not exactly sympathetic towards the tenets of anarchy, musical or otherwise.

As the band come on I whip out my *News Of The World* punkometer and begin to calculate their punk credibility rating. Gee, they all score for having short spiky haircuts and — wow — the vocalist wearing a pair of black latex trousers, but the penalty points start to pile up when it becomes apparent that all five of them are halfway down the hill to quinquagenariansville — and worse still, the bass player is wearing a T-shirt with Barrie Masters' face on it. Somebody should tell him that the Pistols and Clash greatly despise the Hot Rods for producing what they see as music to flap flares to.

The Studs' credibility begins

to look really sick when half-way through the second song the Hell contingent hold a quick discussion and retreat to the bar, their faces covered in mocking grins. And even more tellingly, a couple of guys move into the large vacant space in front of the stage and start to do the eyes-down-here-come-Sabbath.

Compromise, that fatal dose of hemlock for all music, is the name of the game tonight. The group plays fast, but not so fast that they become in danger of messing up the chord changes. Meanwhile the vocalist churns out the now familiar clichés about being on the dole and revolution, along with phrases like, "I don't remember Woodstock" and "Johnny Rotten is God," with absolutely no conviction, and combines Iggy poses with Rodney's mike-stand swinging in such a hilarious way that you half expect them to suddenly launch into the Albertos' send-up of the Ramones.

Mind you, the audience have a great time; here at last is a symbol of punk, and they work off all their resentment of being labelled boring old fart followers in a continual blazing torrent of abuse that the Studs are unable to stand, not even managing to summon up in reply one convincing drop of vitriol the like of which gushes non-stop from the Rotten gums.

Instead, they launch into the Stones' "I Wanna Be Your Man" which they play fast and really quite well. In fact, they are a competently good band, more tight and musically aggressive than the audience give them credit for — and the guitarist has a fair line in Ronsonesque riffs, showing, perhaps, their previous influences.

Their own songs, however, are forgotten almost before

you've heard them. And punk rock needs the Suburban Studs like it needs the awful middle class patronising of certain rock writers.

Post-gig impressions: the Suburban Studs' Acme Little Junior Anarchist Disguise Kit

is not good enough to fool the kids but it is sufficient to alienate everyone else who might otherwise be drawn towards the mainstream hard rock that lurks within.

David Housham



Rock Against Racism

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

It was a combination art school dance, Christmas party and Rock Against Racism gig; one of the most highly integrated gatherings I've seen in a long time — and I don't just mean black and white. There were the reggae fans, the punk rock new wavers in slit PVC skirts and fishnets, the politicians looking very '60s in beards, and weaving in between them all were the locals — Royal College Of Art students, often in amazingly flash gear.

Limosine had the chore of opening up, but like one of those numerous tight New York funk bands they soon generate sufficient excitement to pull enough people out of the bar to respectfully fill the dance floor.

The guitarist kept his foot firmly glued to the wah-wah peddle — he wasn't planning on letting it get away.

Matumbi were one of the most laid back bands I've ever seen — some reggae aficionados at the gig suggested to me that perhaps they were a little too laid back.

They just stood there grinning, bobbin' up and down and looking like they were having a lot of fun while their friends blew smoke at them from the wings.

Sometimes they double-timed it like on "Chatty, Chatty, Chatty" which I think is on their album, but mostly it was real slow, particularly their version of "Get Up, Stand Up."

One black girl and one white both shouted up from the foot of the stage, "Please sing 'After Tonight,' Dennis," but he kept it back for the encore.

Before that he gave the audience a little verbal about Rock Against Racism — how it's just what it says it is — a really positive vibe with everyone relaxed and co-operative and not feeling scared of each other.

By this time in the evening it was much more of a party and much less of a gig. There was lots of dancing — the art school dance goes on forever and they're always good — and people necking and standing round drinking and talking and laughing — hundreds of them. There were a few stalls where you could buy stuff: posters, Rock Against Racism t-shirts, rock books and the like.

Carol Grimes had an earlier gig at Bedford College but she came straight on over as soon as she could, leaving her band there to pack up. Onstage at the RCA she seemed to have an eight-piece backing group most of the time, with a lot of overspill from the wings of people clapping, banging tambourines and grooving.

Her set was just an extended jam. "I've never seen any of these people before," she told me afterwards in her husky whisper. "That's really jumping into it . . ." But she jumped well and the musicians really got it on. And once they got it on they shook it about.

The sax player from Limosine joined in, blowing great bursts of cascading notes, holding his horn up high. The bass player dropped out and loaned his axe to another guy. It was the kind of jam where everyone embraces afterwards — not because the music was so great but because of the feeling.

A lot of people made new friends and some of them curled up right there on the floor together asleep. One person actually managed to go to sleep on a wobbly trestle table. Everybody had a good time.

Miles

"What do you think of it so far, mummy?"



Christmas Supersonic

DRURY LANE

HEAVENS, I didn't realise Princess Margaret had such big tiaras!

Actually she's not wearing one — but I bet she wishes she was wearing earplugs as she sits pallidly up in the Theatre Royal royal box grimacing and occasionally sticking her royal fingers in her royal ears.

This has to be the worst show anyone has ever put on anywhere. What makes it trebly appalling is that it is due to appear on your television screens over Christmas dinner, and it features two of the great pop performers of the '70s — Marc Bolan, whose influence is still far-reaching, and the G-Band, whose "Listen To The Band" album, had it been released two months later than it was, would have been in at the death when I chose my top wax of '76.

To start at the beginning: "You are kindly requested to be seated by 7.45 pm," the

ticket says, for a *Daily Mirror* Pop Club presentation produced and staged by Mike Mansfield, in aid of two charities.

We arrive to find Millicent Martin and other stars selling programmes to an audience consisting of screeching Gary Glitter fans, bellowing (largely male) Marc Bolan fans, children accompanied by parents, sequinned elderly matrons, DJ'd young swingers and long-frocked debutantes. HRH bobs out on the hour and we all stand for a mercifully short rendition of "God Save Her Sister".

And straight on with the disaster, as the fatuous Russell Harty takes the stage to GARY and BOLAN chants.

His mike isn't working! Harty continues to talk on and on, while everyone roars with laughter — their only enjoyment of the evening, it transpires — and when he eventually gets power on he doesn't recap, just sails on.

Russell Harty is apologising to "Your Majesty" for the noise. He's trying to kid her these kids shouting GARY and BOLAN are doing it to welcome the Countess of Snowdon, the creep.

Nobody believes him, but the audience is completely alienated to find the compere apologising for them.

Harty brings on his co-compere, Joanna Lumley, of *The New* (unimproved) *Aven-gers*. She doesn't talk so much, just introduces the G-Band.

They are awful.

Look, I love this band. But I must say they are execrable. The sound could not possibly be worse, overloud vocals and an overall trebly scream that never lets up all evening, so that by the time it's over I feel like my brain has been ripped bare by a paint stripper.

A very untogether G-Band do "Almost American" and "Lay Your Love On Me" from their new, disappointing "Paris Match" album, a guitarist hidden away in the back-of-stage orchestra playing the lead licks (!), and "People Like You" and "Goodbye My Love" from the old hit singles catalogue.

The stage crawls with cameramen, the PA crackles and splutters and saws into your skull.

The tinsel curtain comes down and Harty and Lumley come on for another patronising school-teacherish session of

PRINCESS MARGARET & PHIL McNEILL stick their fingers in each other's ears for Mike Mansfield's Christmas turkey and majestically suggest he should... STUFF IT!

diabolical repartee, bringing out the *New Faces* humbug (at least he's conscious about it) Clifford Davies to present some puny award to Tina Charles.

Tina Charles performs her three songs. She bores through every orifice so you have to put fingers in your ears, close your eyes and mouth and stuff chocolates up your nose to avoid the torture. Not her fault, it's the atrocious sound system — presumably the £8.00-a-head audience is there strictly for the TV show crowd scenes, and their enjoyment is totally disregarded. Bet the TV version has a decent sound.

Tina muzaks her way through "Dance Little Lady", "I Love To Love" and "Doctor Love".

Russell and Joanna hold a private conversation about their schooldays, his resentment of the audience beginning to lead to direct insults, then on trip the perfectly at home Guys And Dolls. They are so professional they even mention Christmas — for the first time, surprisingly.

Interval. Sighs of relief. Please, please, please do something about the sound while we're away.

Part Two. Russell Harty introduces Joanna Lumley who introduces Alan Freeman who actually treats the audience like human beings and introduces T.Rex.

Yay, Marc Bolan! Last saw Marc round the corner at the Lyceum in February and he was fantastic. He got close to the audience and drew you into that wonderful weird fantasy of his and it was warm and beautiful.

Tonight it's awful. Not as bad as the G-Band, mind you, but — apart from not doing the best of his new or any of his old — he's TOO LOUD! Princess Margaret is seen to smile for the only time, but she's sheltered by the front wall of her box from this Force Fifty blast of tinny rhythm guitar that is cutting us plebs to shreds.

But... look!... even the Princess is putting her fingers



"It wasn't this loud at the soundcheck, Your Majesty"

in her ears just like the kids in front of me in the Bolan hats.

Marc does "I Love To Boogie", something else and "New York City", wears red and is accompanied by guitar/bass/drums/keyboards.

Russell and Joanna come and try to keep us quiet again for some reason (it's not like the *Saturday Scene* gig at Wembley last year where the BCR fans drowned out all the acts, this mob only chant when the comperes come on) then introduce The Man Who Made One Of The Most Beautiful Records Of The Year, John Miles.

Miles jogs through his pleasant rock songs and actually gets tolerable. "High Fly" is so almost good I take my fingers out of my ears momentarily, and when Miles' lead razors out venomously I don't mind. But he goes out on "Music", with this kitchen sink orchestra screeching away, and blows my goodwill with a terribly contrived MOR showstopper.

Harty comes back as the audience applaud with feeling for the first time, and introduces Marti Caine. He proceeds to warn her what a bad audience we are, asks if she's ever faced such a horrible audience before, then tells us she's going to introduce Twigg.

Twigg's mike isn't working.

Doesn't matter. She croons a couple of pop-country nothings and "Angie Baby" and might as well not be there. The sound is still out in the danger zone.

Harty and Lumley return, and the obnoxious Harty deliberately tries to display his power over the audience. "Gary won't come on unless you're quiet." What's it all about? The audience let him know what they think of his pathetic toadying (Mansfield is labelled "a genius" at one point)... and it's Gary.

He opens with the masterpiece the public spurned, "You Belong To Me" — gratifying to see him stick by it although its place in his Greatest Hits catalogue is last instead of deserved first — in white glitter tailcoat and suit.

What's he doing it for, this comeback? It's not the same without the Glitter Band around him, he's just a posturing queen without them.

"Do You Wanna Be In My Gang", "Do You Wanna Touch Me", "Hello Hello I'm Back Again", all in a medley. His mike lead comes out and he carries on inaudibly while the roadies scabble at his feet.

A new song — actually not too loud! — the mike goes off again, and into the final run of "I Love You Love Me Love", too loud again, "Oh Yes You're Beautiful", "Remember Me This Way" and reprise "You Belong To Me", storming out as if he's climaxing a three-hour show, not a fifteen-minute spot.

Compared to his truly excellent farewell gig a few months ago, it's a feeble routine performance.

Sorry, Mike, but it was absolutely terrible. Don't try and threaten your critics with the "But at least I'm putting rock on TV" line, because when you cock it up like this it's not worth putting on.

The Christmas Day choice is this shambles versus *Top Of The Pops*. There's going to be a lot of folks playing Monopoly.

Sex Pistols Heartbreakers The Clash

MANCHESTER

THREE DANCE bands playing the Electric Circus for the second time in ten days. They're back because the Circus is one of the very few venues in the land that will accommodate them.

The Clash appeared first, and they're a band for living to. They play vicious — vicious as in raw, edges jagged. Joe Strummer plays a crushing consistent rhythm guitar, sings a little anonymously, but plenty intently — and he was once with nostalgic bores The 101ers, knows his rock'n'roll. That's rock'n'roll as in Eddie Cochran.

Fighting through the high energy surges of that type of tight arrangement that makes The Ramones kingpins. The arrangements that in the Clash's case are surprisingly only a few steps removed from Showaddywaddy, the band played tight, rhythmically strident, totally belying the resultant sound; grated rock'n'roll.

Visually they are on top too. Concentrated, intent they look as aggressive as they sound, all of them moving just right. No perfunctory performances for these boys.

From where I'm sitting (*The North-Ed.*) they are London's best rock'n'roll band.

The tourist Johnny Thunder and the Heartbreakers pop up next, and they're a band for twisting to — more New York Dolls than the New York Dolls, whispers a voice in my

ear. Which can only be a good thing.

A great deal more together than ten days ago, they go down a treat and are my favourite on the evening. Their music is a mishmash of all the New York bands you've ever heard, not just the Dolls. Regular rock'n'roll, lyrics about love and going steady, a lotta beat, no glitter, no choir, no synthesisers, no shit.

They move like they oughta, casual, play simple, hard and driving, not so much minimalistic as

Buy their singles. And dance.

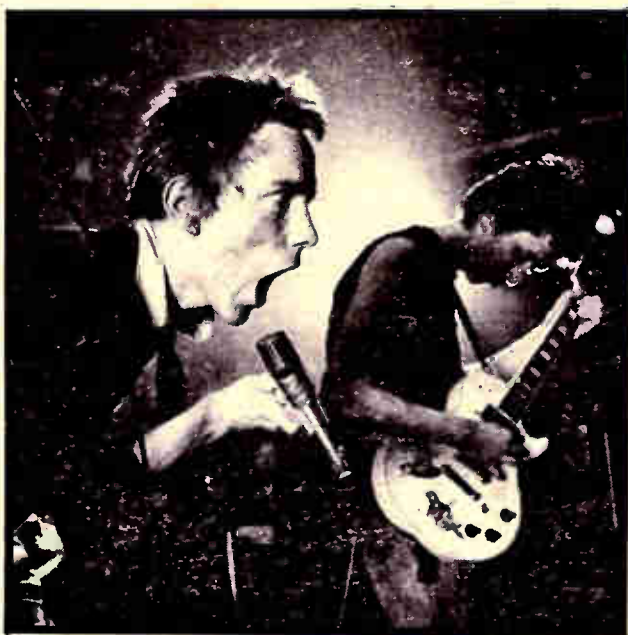
Finally, the Sex Pistols, a band for jumping up and down to. A pop group to the Clash's rock'n'roll and the Heartbreakers' bop rock, musically self-conscious enough for Johnny Rotten to get snobbish about lacking Damned musical attributes, and for Steve Jones to paint GUITAR HERO on his amp and get flashy with fingers during "Substitute".

Let's be honest, tonight after three or four tunes they begin to bore. I really hate to have to say it, but yeah, boring. Almost lackadaisical. Only volume and speed disguising basic malfunctions.

Each song, taken as a separate entity, is relentless, but anonymous, gut-wrenching rock'n'roll. Strung together, though, the whole thing drags, a definite feel of laziness seeping from the stage.

Röten, though, was for much of the time naturally magnificent. Demented Pinnocchio type tactics, his ten year-old Hunter/Marriott

Do these chaps want to be pop stars?



vocals skidding wickedly.

He bored with his pathetic crowd-baiting moans.

"All you do is stare," he whined at one point, which is hardly surprising because all that was happening was Jones yet again tuning his guitar and Rotten himself blowing his nose... with a clean handkerchief.

Hey, but they did "Anarchy" at the very end after a churn-out version at the beginning, and it was a really great way to go, all frustrations channelled, it seemed, into this

one version. It showed how they could and should have been: instead of being the disappointment of the evening they should have murdered us.

Previously the Pistols have set high standards of musical torment. They seem reluctant to sustain it; they were normal tonight, musically, sloppy even.

Lack of match practice, maybe, but at this rate that telly series can't be too far away. They want to be pop stars and boy, tonight the harmonies were spot-on.

Paul Morley

Generation X The Drones

MANCHESTER

THE DRONES play their second gig in another do-it-yourself affair at the Houldsworth Hall. A pitifully small turn-out, fifty at the very most, sit cautiously at the back of the hall, leaving a sixty foot gap between applause and stage. Bet it's like playing to no one.

Generation X turn out to be the pretty side of punk. I caught them a few weeks back when, as Chelsea, they struck me as being a "they can do it — we can do it too" Pistols tight surge copyist. They pleaded not guilty: "Our sons are more melodic than the Pistols" — the Beatles to the Pistols' Stones type of thing.

Tonight, with a slightly better PA set-up, the melodies are more in evidence, also the careful arrangement of each song apparent. The band is now Billy Idol no longer guitaring but crooning manfully; new guy Bob Andrews on chunky guitar and occasional whizzing solo (over before you've realised they've started); and the old rhythm section, Tony James on bass and John Towe on drums.

Basically they're a Pop Group, y'know, The Searchers, Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas, that kind of thing. Playing short, fast, simple, catchy tunes, all with a hook. Towards the end the tunes got a little samey; also the words tend to be aggressive anti-statements or rambles about new orders and such, when the melodies cry out for candy

floss (sugar and spice and all things nice...)

Such twaddle may not gell with the kind of image the band wants to cultivate, but it certainly suits Idol. He comes straight from the early '60s, Heinz hairdo, Billy Fury deep throat croon, and is really pretty, moves real good. Trouble is, at the moment his vocals all but get lost in the surge.

What would be nice would be some instrument separation, a cleaner sound on the guitar, and some thoughtful harmony, with the energy and enthusiasm still retained. Then Generation X would be more than merely promising. Hope they don't get lost.

The Drones had it rough. Playing with a really neat band and coming on straight after "Anarchy" had been played. They tried hard, but their approach is entirely orthodox, nothing new, energy but little tension. The Drones, in spite of adopting apparent stylistic devices — "punk" — are at the moment heavy metal, third rate at that, their most interesting original, City Drones, coming as fresh as a Sweet B-side.

The band, though, are young, and some passages did suggest they do have potential. The threat is that one of the labels apparently scouting for a "punk" band records the band too early, wrecking any chance of the band developing and discovering things for themselves.

Maybe, a few months from now, I'll be marvelling at the band's ability to bristle with the best of them. Hope so.

Paul Morley

Classified

All Advertisements must be prepaid. I enclose P.O./Cheque value £ . . .
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I WOKE up at 10 a.m. (yes, I'm on the dole) yesterday morning feeling really lousy. I was just moving into the final stages of a cold and could feel a sore throat coming on. I lay about feeling sorry for myself until a distant memory spurred me into action. I got up, dressed and dragged myself through the pouring drizzle and bought my NME. Then I bought some lunch and went home.

Definitely I rolled a joint and smoked it while reading your rag. Then I ate my lunch and felt much better. The question is: was it NME, Mary Warner or the steak and kidney pie that did the trick? Answers on a packet of Rizla Red please to:

GLIDER, *Deep In The Heart Of Texas*.

● Fascinating stuff, but I'm putting my money on Mary Warner. — MB.

DEAR P*** Payola Pocketers (How about that? Not even into the letter proper and I've numbered you already. Is this a record?)

What is this? Spot the deliberate mistake week? Look at that telly on the front page. It's not turned on, you nuds. Then there's your sudden about face on Prat Rock. You've been mercilessly putting it down ever since it first reared its ugly etc., etc. Now, just cos the dailies are leaping on the bandwagon (pun) you suddenly see the future of rock'n'roll.

Then there's Julie (the person I'm writing about was my first wet dream) Burchill with "To the good citizens of Derby (the Sex P'stols) are more menacing than V.D." C'mon Jools, the Piss Artists were at least given the chance to justify themselves, when did anybody give that opportunity to a Syph. germ? Hey, there's more! Julie B. comparing the Pistols with the Stones an' claiming that at least her faves've got balls. That's cos you're comparing 'em with the wrong band, sweetie. The Beatles were the true revolutionaries of my generation. The Stones weren't unusual. When you think about it, most conformists are foul mouthed bastards. The Beatles used intelligence (in-tel-i-gence). They had us singing "Give peace a chance" as we occupied various offensive buildings. They had us singing "Power to the people" when we marched on No. 10. They had us singing "Yellow Submarine" while the police moved us on (tho' I'll never know why). They smoked marijuana at Buck House. They put the people straight at the British Embassy in Washington. And while they were at it they gave Music such a kick up the backside.

"And what did they achieve?" I hear you ask. Well, not much more than sweet F.A. when compared to God's great cosmic plan, but they achieved about 200% more than J*ohnny Rotten will ever achieve. I wonder if he ever saw the Who v. Russell Hart? —

DEKE ROBERTS, Oxford.

P.S. When you gonna review Boss Radio?

● When you gonna learn how to spell "intelligence"? — MB.

A FEW weeks ago you asked for new perversions. Well, last night I indulged in whipping, bestiality and necrophilia. Is this the start of a new craze or am I flogging a dead horse? —

WEAVER CREATURE, Basildon.

● So what else is new? It's about time you got into dolphins and here's your chance. — MB.

IS CHRISSIE of Northants still interested in how dolphins have babies? The same way the rest of us mammals do it. But underwater living demands a more streamlined version than our dangling in space set up. They make love upside down, sideways, vertically, etc. (everything's relative in water), usually swimming the while. They obviously enjoy it and homosexuality and menages a trois aren't rare.

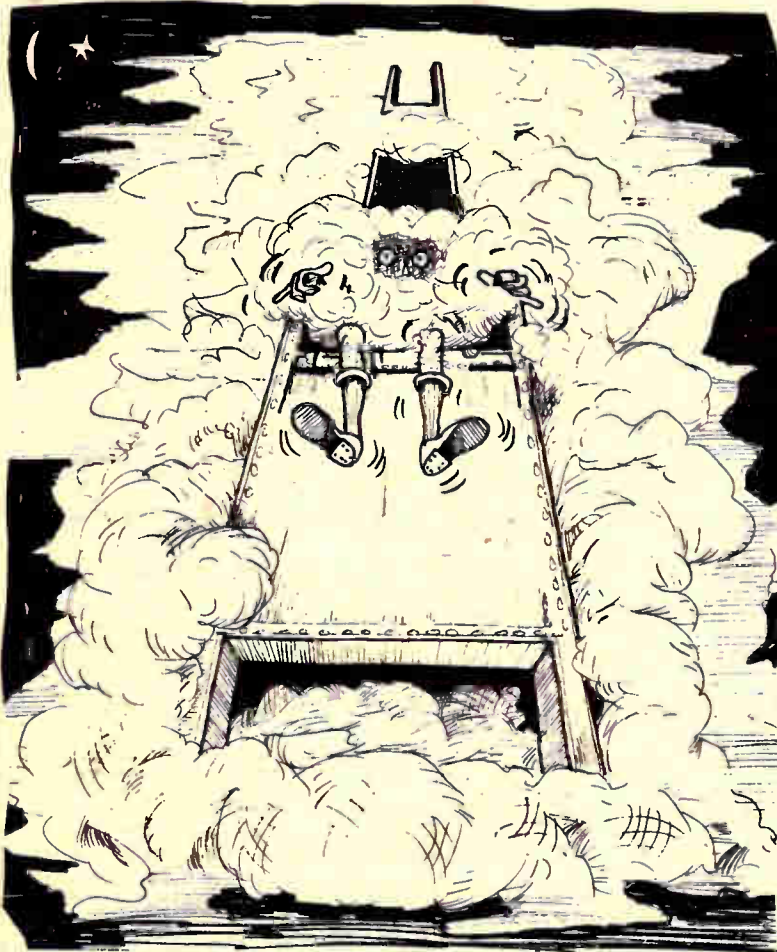
Unlike humans, they accept sex as an activity as natural as breathing or sleeping. They are completely uninhibited and studies to date seem to indicate a complete lack of double entendres, sexual innuendo, coy references to tits, cocks and asses — none of our inability to cope with our sexuality. This can only be assumed to be another indication of the dolphin's superior intellect.

I am writing this on behalf of the dolphins at Marine Land of the

'Tis the season of goodwill (Tinkle tinkle)

Merriment, joyousness and all manner of degrading excess (Schlurrrrrrp)

Now is born unto us . . .



Tony Benyon

SON OF GASBAG

Pacific. And they don't care who's watching.

KARI JOHNSON, Seal Beach, California.

● I'd just like to take this opportunity to wish all our dolphin readers a Happy Christmas. — MB.

● Was a menace dur trowel? — HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE.

● Oh bum! — DENNIS THE DEGENERATE DOLPHIN.

WITH REFERENCE to Brian Case's centre spread, "The Blues Is Getting Old." Admitted, but there are young (in relation to the people cited in the article) black kids who have taken over, the least you could do is give them a little coverage. Also the paragraph on Luther Allison was very dated, since to my knowledge he has cut three albums for Motown.

Articles such as this contribute to the myth of the blues, or to borrow from Norman Mailer: a factoid, a half truth that if repeated often enough is eventually taken as fact. The blues is alive and well and being played daily by various artists at numerous venues in and around Chicago. There are also blues albums being released with little or no commercial coverage e.g. the new Delmark albums by Otis Rush and Jimmy Dawkins, and the new Sonet album by the Son Seals Band.

Let's have coverage of the blues as it is, not as it was, because the kids

that accept the Feelgoods, Eddie and the Hot Rods, plus many other R and B groups would really dig some of the authentic material coming out of Chicago at present.

BARRIE CHAMBERS, Rotherham, South Yorkshire.

I THINK punk rockers are ignorant, violent, boring twats. Viva Black Sabbath.

COSS'N'CO, Madhurst.

● You should know. — MB.

I'M FED up reading other people's predictions so I've sent mine in early. In 1977 Genesis' tour will be a brilliant success. Peter Gabriel will want to re-join but will be told to piss off. Punk rock hysteria will fade away. Pavlov's Dog will tour Britain and get rave notices. The Who will break up. Ken Russell will make a film documentary on Hobbits. Fuzzie Bear will be given his own show. Scotland will qualify for the World Cup Finals in Argentina — England won't and the university will accept my application. Festive greetings.

A STUDENT, Ayr Technical College, Ayr.

● You seem to have hit the nail quite firmly on the head. — HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE (for it is he).

ON A clear day I can hear Radio 1.

NICK, Oslo, Norway.

● Bigger all else to do in Norway, mate. — MB.

DEAR NICK Kent, go and watch *Crossroads*; it's about all you are capable of reviewing. Zep blow it? No way! "Song Remains The Same" is brilliant. It's all very well for you lot in London who saw it months ago. It

Edited by



MAX BELL

has only just managed to get to us folks up North and at least we appreciate it. All you seem to do is knock bands. Another thing — anyone who doesn't believe JIMMY PAGE is the BEST GUITARIST IN THE WORLD — go and see the film. Zep rule on.

STE AND BRY, Stockton On Tees, Cleveland.

● Well, that's certainly telling him. Personally, I thought the only good thing about the film was the title, but Zeppelin Schmepel, what does it matter as long as they love their mothers? — MB.

I'M 19, unemployed, and trying to suss out what has happened to NME in recent weeks. There has been plenty on the punk bands which suits me fine, but do you really have to preach politics to us like we were a bunch of ignorant scum? I don't give two shits if the new wave rockers are fascist, just like I didn't care a fuck that most of the sixties bands were left wing. I mean, we're asking them to play rock music, not form a government.

Incidentally, I think Julie Burchill is wrong when she implies on page 6 that the Derby councillors had already made their minds up to ban the Pistols even before the "audition." The point is these guys have been fed propaganda by the media, and if they'd seen the act, they, like the rest of us, would have wondered what all the fuss was about. Remember all the crap that went down a few years ago about Alice Cooper? It's just a fear of the unknown. No band should have to justify itself to an ignorant bunch of councillors but the Pistols should have done the audition. That way, if they had been banned, they would have a real reason to complain, and we would have seen these narrow minded turds for what they really are.

PETE, Glasgow.

● If the new wave rockers are fascist then you should care — one way or the other. I reckon most of the political argument is bullshit anyhow. I don't dig it for aesthetic reasons. — MB.

● That's what we like to hear. — THE DUMMY MARGARET THATCHER.

IS IT too early to say I like the Sex Pistols?

BESTIAL JAKE VICE, Leeds.

● Search me. I'll hand you over to someone who knows. — MB.

AS A former punk rock fan who now spends every evening snogging with a 27-year-old Teddy Boy called Rockin' Roy, I heartily endorse the idea that punkrock girls — pogo dancing pips-queaks — be encouraged to turn grease and throw away records that drape-jacketed Teds consider should never have been allowed to see the light of day.

How could I have been turned on by a scruffy looking group like the Sex Pistols? They look like refugees from a Red Cross jumble sale. Talent? They cannot play the guitar or even read music. Their latest record contains lyrics of incredible ineptitude, written in a style that would look retarded in the pages of a primary school exercise book. The effort they put into a performance is almost as little as their talent. But to get back to more important things, because my newly acquired Ted boyfriend objected to my striped hair, Clockwork Orange make-up, brass nose ring, jumper with three holes and six safety pins, he bought me a Jayne Mansfield pony tail hairpiece, white lace blouse, and a tight black leather mini skirt so he could see the outline of my navy blue knickers showing through the skirt.

It is obvious to me that girls can obtain more soda satisfaction from tattooed Teddy Boys with broken noses and long drape jackets than any other boys. The Sex Pistols are the worst thing to happen since they dropped the safety curtain at Bill Haley's recent New Victoria concert. You can keep your foul mouthed punk rock groups — give me Crazy Cavan 'N' The Rhythm Rockers anyday. Long live R&R — the 1950's kind. —

BRENDA O'HALLORAN, Cliftonville, Kent.

● Naah, roll on the psychedelic revival. — MB.

COULD YOU please print a picture of Charles Shaar Murray when he was a baby? I am 18 years old and watch your programme every week. Love. —

JAMES.

● I'm sorry, I don't feel very well. — MB.

● So we've heard. — A VOICE (off).

AH! BUT by wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with "Social Security £9.70," Joe Strummer unwittingly revealed all. You see, the going rate for a single adult is now a little higher than this, so evidently our Joe has lost touch with urban reality etc., and become just another corrupt and degenerate superstar. Fast work, considering.

But can I now put forward another idea? That one's grasp of reality depends not on simply being a punk but on imagination and intelligence. Thus I can think of at least one major rock star who retains some contact with "street reality" whereas others, manufactured dummies like Elton, Rod and Paul, probably never had it in the first place. Also, popular sentiments are almost by definition easy to fake. Dylan for instance can write good radical songs ten years after becoming a millionaire. So what price instant indignation?

A BOURGEOIS PUNK, Rodborough, Stroud, Glos.

● Depends on how much yer rent is, where you live, how much you got at your last job and so on, dunnit? — A GRITTY SON OF THE STREET.

I REMEMBER when Ian Dury of The Kilburns was the only p**k with a razor blade in his earlobe.

AL THE WILD ONE, Brixton.

● Yeah, and look what happened to him. — MB.

HAVING HAD the unfortunate experience of watching the London Weekend Programme on your latest glamour boys, the Sex Pistols, I have (almost) resisted the temptation to vomit and put pen to paper instead. Please excuse the stains.

They worry me — the same way that Skinheads worried me, still I should be able to get round them — they were thick as an elephant's dick as well.

When Johnny Rotten managed to string one or two intelligible words together I gathered that he was attacking "hippies" for being complacent. Remember the Oz trial, the Windsor Free Festivals?

As regards their music I tend to agree with Richard Meltzer on the Rolling Stones — "Obviously Heracitus contains Anaxagoras but crystallisation out of flux in music or subway car stability assertions might also be a different scene."

Follow that Punks!

BIG AL.

THE CHRISTMAS T-ZERS were excited as they shed the snow fall and saw the y-lights on the tree tening in the shiny apping paper of the esents beneath it. With eathless anticipation they w A Triple Dot wander thargically across the fice and unwrap the ighest box of all. Jnhurriedly he tore apart he wrapping paper and pilled the contents onto he ground. There, dripping and oozing scurrilousness onto the white goatskin rug were millions of minute crystallized Triple Dots, squealing a mind-numbing chant that sounded something like this:

And with punk action off the front pages for the next decade or so, it's back to luxury crumpet for the *Mirror*. Last Friday (17th), Cindy had "slipped home to her wild man". Yes, 22-year-old Miss World, **Cindy Breakspere**, had "flown off to a secret rendezvous in the sun to meet" the wild man of pop, **Bob Marley**, after having confessed to friends that she was desperately missing him. Marley, incidentally, is believed almost totally recovered from the bullet wounds he received in the recent attack on his home, as is his manager.

And talking of luxury crumpet, **Krackers Keith Moon** (108) recently spent five hundred quid on 100 Imported Swedish and Danish magazines from the backroom of An Adult Bookshop in Hammersmith. *Penthouse* magazine reports that Moon's porno tastes are mainly for "straight sex", though there appeared to be a slight tendency towards what is known in the trade as "juve gear"; that is girls under the age of consent. Two hundred fruit tarts, each 9½ inches in diameter, were baked for **Robert Palmer's** after-gig bash in New York. **Graham Parker** and support act

Southside Johnny also joined in on the fun with Bob, the old tart. "I needed the hepatitis to quit drinking." — **George Harrison** in *Rolling Stone*.

New distribution deal for **Beserkeley Records** upcoming in the UK???

And zooming straight into **Sex Pistols** space, T-zers learns that drummer **Paul Cook's** mum has been Telling All to the *Daily Mail*: "I'm going to make a very nice little dining-room out of Paul's bedroom. I don't think I really want him back." Forty-four-year-old Sylvia Cook is also not happy about young **Mr Rotten**. "After he'd been

around a bit," she told the *Mail* from her Hammersmith council house, "I used to tell my husband that it wasn't surprising he couldn't find any pins to eat his winkles with because Johnny Rotten had taken them all."

"We all had a say in calling him **Johnny Rotten**, because his teeth were all green and decayed." Sylvia suspects that Paul has inherited his musical talent from her side of the family: "His great-grandmother, who's now 89, plays the piano and I'm quite a singer myself round in the pub."

Nice work if you can get it. Ehh, ehh, ehh. Know what I mean: **Marlon Brando** is likely to receive an awful lotta bread for portraying **Superman's** father in the currently-being-lensed movie of *Superman*. For just twelve days work Marl will pick up £2,250,000. He will, therefore, be earning £187,500 a day. This is quite a lot, thinks T-zers. . . . More, in fact, than any other movie star has ever made. How strange: at NME Christmas party **Phil Lynott** the only black Irishman any of us had ever seen wearing a swastika. **John Cale**, **Television** and the **Patti Smith Group** to rock and roll the New Year in at New York's Palladium.

Congratulations to **Rockin' Ricky And The Velvet Collars** who now hold the new world record for non-stop singing and playing rock'n'roll Ricky, along with **Cyanide Al**, **Alan Blood** and **Greasy Graham** played for 144 hours at the Talaridy Hotel in St Asaphs, Flintshire, to raise money to — appropriately enough as this is rock'n'roll — send a local boy to the US for brain damage treatment. "They had to have their arms bandaged and in the end we could only feed them with glucose tablets and liquid. But they did it," said **Louis Parker**, manager of the Talaridy.

Gay News reports, via America's *Gay Scene*, that no less than one in five-prostitutes arrested in New York City is a man, though that's nothing on Hollywood where forty per cent of arrested prostitutes are male.

Paul Zone, drummer for **The Fast** almost committed accidental rock suicide by accidently slashing his punk wrists on his cymbals during a rather untimely CBGB's set. Weeping Teenies chased the ambulance but Mr Zone survived, which spoils a good story.

Richie Havens plans to

introduce his new teeth to the world on USTV's wacky *Saturday Night Show*.

Half a million bucks going into the Broadway production of *Beatlemania*. It's set to open in February of '77.

And they ask why it's called **Dole Queue Rock**: two of Manchester based **Slaughter And The Dogs** went down the Labour to sign on as usual only to find their friendly local civil servant — a young "hip" music fan — with a pile of newspaper cuttings about Slaughter and his Chiens spread in front of him. "We're signing you off, lads," he smiled. "You're stars now." "We ain't seen a penny!" said the band.

Strong stuff from *The Sun's* music writer **Bob Hart** in his round-up of the year's singles — "a year in which some of the most forgettable singles of the seventies found their way to the top of the charts." He speaks of **Slik** as "computerised", and of "the Eurogarbage" "Save Your Kisses For Me," the nauseating "No Change", and of "the singing whale, **Demis Roussos**". Credibility approaches, **Robert**.

Congrats to NME's own very lovely **Julie Webb** who had her troth spliced by photog **Steve Emberton** last week. May they snap many happy polaroids together.

Tony Blackburn getting together again with estranged wife **Tessa Wyatt** to Talk Things Over. There is no other person in either's life. Though **Tone's** been getting chummy with his son's mumps germs lately.

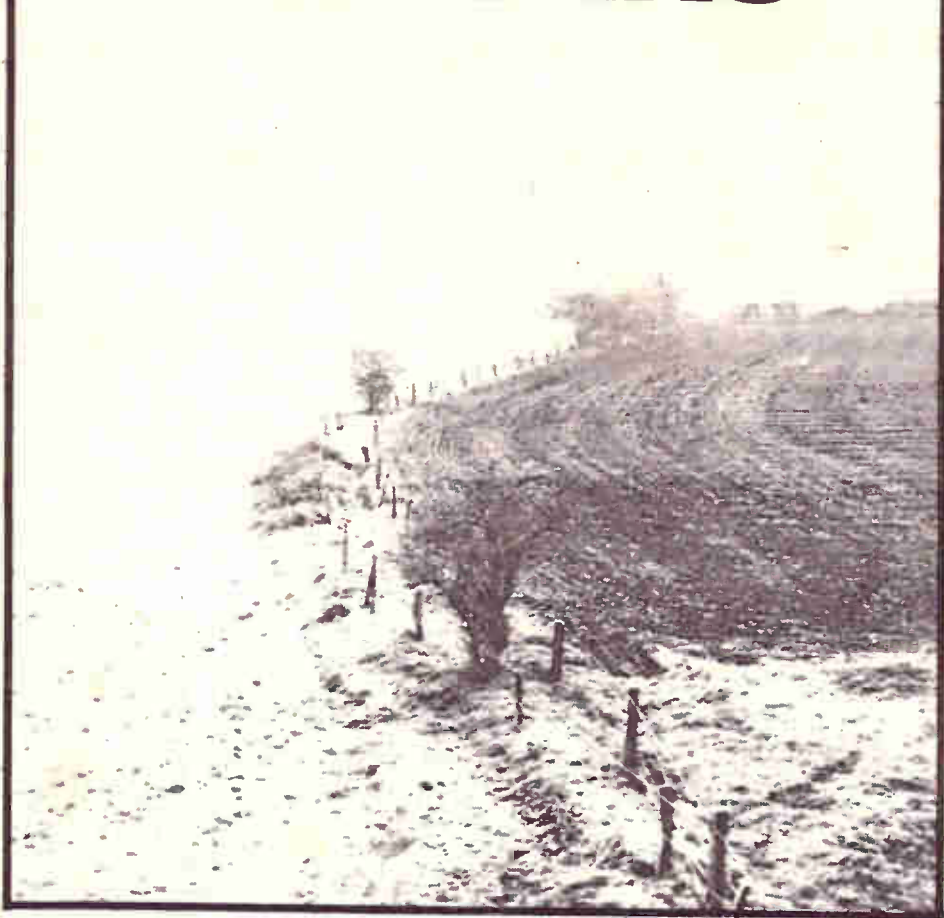
But wait, a messenger approaches: 'Tis news of **Joe Cocker** he tells, booked to play Birmingham's Bingley Hall with **Kokomo** on New Year's Day, the 1st of '77; starts at 7.30, tickets £2.50 at the door. Now push off yer cheeky young varmint and let us get down to trivialities again.

Grace Slick on **Paul Kantner's** winter climb up the north face of Everest: "He's doing it because it's the only mountain in the area he can pronounce."

Police guard for **Rodders the Modders** for his Newcastle gig after Threats Had Been Received. They (the threats) are believed connected to a spot of aggro two years ago in a Newcastle nightclub after involving some lads working with the **Faces**.

Tax hassles for **Gary Glitter** may be behind the comeback T-zers has been cynically expecting. "It was the business of being constantly 'on duty'," **GeeGee** told the *Express*,

TEAZERS



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

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Serious, academic readers of next week's ish will be awestruck by the power, the dignity, the sheer intellectual strength even, of *The NME* ALBUMS OF THE YEAR voted fabbest for 1976.

Chaps and chapesses who like to get off on Good Bands will find **Steve Clarke's GENESIS** piece frankly awe-inspiring.

And finally the Teazer sort of person will grunt and chuckle with lascivious evil as he paws his way through . . . THE TEAZER AWARDS FOR 1976.

This will probably be the best NME ever. Probably.

"which got through to me. I would be up at the crack of dawn, look at myself and say 'Hi, this is Gary Glitter. I have to be bright, breezy and happy for the rest of the day.'"

"It got to the stage where I did not know what I was doing. I reckon to have averaged about four hours sleep a night for four years. **Mary Medalee** (the 23-year-old locks trimmer for whom **GeeGee** quit the dizzy pop world but whom has now split from his arms) gave me the push I needed and the incentive to stay 'stop'. But now she's gone I have not changed my mind. I must admit I do miss performing on stage. It is like winning a world championship."

According to *Gay News* that fine figure of a man **Sir Robert Mark** was recently heard cracking limp gay jokes of the macho-men-in-uniform genre during an after-dinner speech at the exclusive Athenaeum Club.

Bowie next album "New Music: Night And Day" now retitled "Low".

A massaGe form the Auditor

AN INDUSTRIAL dispute between local NUJ members and their management at the print works contracted to produce *NME* continues to affect certain of this magazine's normal processes, most notably the editorial proof-reading of pages. Though every effort is being made to keep mistakes to a minimum, the dispute may result in weirdness and scruffiness over and above our normal weekly quota. For this we apologise. All other weirdness and scruffiness is entirely normal and all part of our calculatedly seedy ambience.

Mrry Chr%stmQs t% a + + o*r read@rs.
—NICK L*G@N

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