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Pathetic, just pathetic...

Yours sincerely — A real music  
lover, Sheffield.

# LETTERS

Would the two hitch-hikers to whom I gave a lift on the A6 near Matlock on Sunday 20th June, please contact me and I will post them the records they left in my car.

Please name the record when writing.  
Thanks — Ed Paytherch, 19 Stanagate, Clifton, Preston, Lancs.

## In defence of B Charone

A QUIET word in Mr. Poulter from Essex's ear with reference to the garbage that he wrote to *SOUNDS* (June 26) slagging Barbara Charone. I'd like to inform this musically deprived unfortunate that Barbara don't write a good story just because a big band is doing a few gigs and just because she appreciates GOOD rock music. I think Charone is a little like me: "seen the light"

Sure the Stones are good, so's Zep. Company etc. but when it comes to good live rock shows well only four guys come to the title greatest rock 'n' roll band Pete. John. Roger, and Keith. So Ed instead of putting the boot into Barbara give her a pat on the back for we Scots fans will accept no substitute. Thanks — Cammy, Derec and all Who Fan, Auchinleck, Ayrshire, Scotland.



Barbara Charone

## T and A — we can live without

UP TO now no all-female rock band has been able to win the hearts of the people, without making the whole thing seem a joke, and I can't see the RUNAWAYS changing any of this. Just looking at their picture in last week's *SOUNDS* made me want to throw up (blerrh!)

Why did they have to stand there posing (perhaps they all have something wrong with their hips that makes them tend to lean to one side). As for the music, well perhaps they are better at posing for photos.

Patti Smith is brilliant, but if she had an all female band things would start falling apart, it would be as if the band was trying to prove that they were as good as any all-male rock band and that is just shit 'cos rock 'n' roll isn't a game (boys against the girls) it's a way of expressing yourself with the use of music, like Julie Driscoll, Bonnie Raitt, Carly Simon, Nico and many others have done, without putting on some kind of tit and bum show.

So any girls thinking of starting a band like that, had better give up the idea 'cos you've never been wanted and I can't see that there is any special need for you now. — From a dazed and confused female hiding in Pompey.

## Cryogenic question time

HAVING BEEN melted out of the ice-cube which has been my home for the last 3,000 years, I'm desperate to know two things:

1. What the hell is a LIGGER (not included in my English Hieroglyphics dictionary) and II.

Is Syd Barrett dead, alive or somewhere completely different? Someone wake me up when *SOUNDS* comes out, I'm going back to the deep freeze now. — Rameses II

1. Barbara Charone is a ligger.
2. Syd Barrett is somewhere completely different.

## Slightly Off The Wall Dept.

FIRST, BEFORE I run into demented babbling I must say your comic is much more relevant to rock than the other cosmic mag (*M.M.E.*) and the Ian Anderson article was good except that he's a conceited twat, but then deserves to be, being lyricist No. 2 seed, with the form shown on 'Aqualung' and 'War Child' (have Shark Management really gone bust?) But back to the point, why did he have to slag Jon Anderson (not that his lyrics mean much to the average space and time travellers) although he did have full reason to write off Young Gregory of Hemmerson, Lake and Parker fame, but people, and other rock appreciating life forms, should not make slick comments about the lyrics of Sabbaf (Sabbaf!) and Hawkwind (the Starship).

Can you beat the Iron Man/Hand of Doom ideas from Paranoid LP also a minute into 'Warrior On The Edge Of Time' and Mr. D. Brock (is that his real name?) has got 'Footprints in the Sands of Time' down which makes him No. 1 seed but there's still crap by the tonne about eg Crapwerek's 'Radio Activity' (only active Radio being Caroline) fancy poor Capitol signing them — they aren't on a loser neither, like Baseball getting a contract with UA to do a triple live LP.

This week's height of excitement was the new Granada Rock prog but oh dear young presenter definitely not on drugs didn't even imitate as though he was he'll learn, still there's "STAR TREK" for me and Spacelord of This Universe Dave Brock (hero association it's called) and until you print a pic of new 'Wind Dance Girl (a pair of her panties and a knife and fork supplied free with each new Hawkwind album if it's ever released) I shall continue to bide my time on this planet. Bye Bye and thanks for the sympathetic ear, and it's high time I could get your mag on social security — Mike, Hawkhole, Shrewsbury (not Screwsbury).  
Yea, Star Trek ...

## Mismatch of the day

AS ONE who dislikes most sport, I'd like to say how much I object to five minutes of a so-called music programme being used for a plug for British athletes. I refer to the playing of "Superspike" on this week's TOTP's.

Considering this single was released several months ago and was, thankfully, ignored I can see no reason for its inclusion.



Lee 'n' Wilko 'n' Marc 'n' Gloria

## Killer threads Brilleaux

PLEASE GET Lee Brilleaux to give "the new" Marc Bolan a few

The time wasted could have been used to promote one of the excellent records that never make it due to lack of exposure.

Yours sincerely — Dave Fowler, Horley, Surrey.

## A request

JUST TO let you know I'm in love with a girl called Ann-Marie, and would you please play John Steven's 'Anni' in your next issue?

Yours sincerely — Graham Touxe, Rickerscote House, Rickerscote Avenue, Stafford.

## Dem Busters

WE ARE writing to protest what you said about Buster in *SOUNDS* Mag.

We do not believe for one minute that anyone was conned into buying Buster's record 'Sunday'. No person would buy a record unless they wanted to.

Lots of record companies send out films discs for fans, so it is conning why that means all new groups have conned their fans and as for fixing it must also mean that most new releases by up-and-coming groups are fixed. We have seen Buster in concert and they sound just the same as they do on record.

Yours faithfully — Carla Lane, Debbie Browne, Tracy Lloyd, Three Buster Fans, Wheatland Lane, Wallasey, Merseyside.

## Hawknuts on the edge of Time

WATCH OUT, WATCH OUT THERE'S SOME HAWKNUTS ABOUT. Hawklog 8.7.76.

Whilst me and my bird were quite happily sucking the sugar off our frosties and inhaling the smell of stale coffee we noticed that there across the table was *SOUNDS*.

We decided to have a screw (AT THE PAPER!).

GASP! There was actually something about a Hawkwind Concert at Cardiff and something about a single, an album and a book. (MY WORD). We said, or words to that effect. Further on there was an article about Bob Calvert and the birds. We were shocked.

I ran into the bog and relieved my system. We said to ourselves, there should be more articles about 'Hawkwind' instead of groups like Mud, Slik, the Kinks and Roxy Music. So please put an article in.

We the Hawkwind fans left left out. — Stephen (porridge) Norris and Elaine (cuddles) Roxby alias 2 H.I.S agents from Denmead, Hampshire.

THE AL Rudis article on Paul McCartney was interesting but Mr. Rudis still appears to be a supporter of the anti-Paul McCartney brigade. Chicago may have been different but all I can say is that I was at the New York concerts and there Paul McCartney was acclaimed for his own sake not because he was a



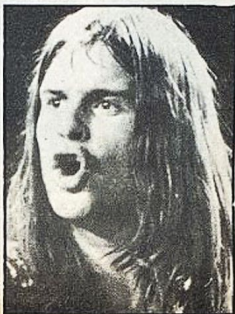
tips on how to dress. Thanks — Charlie Farley, Hull.

Beatle.

Some of the loudest cheers of the concerts came for songs such as 'Maybe I'm Amazed', 'Band On The Run', 'My Love' and 'Silly Love Songs'. I saw no Beatles Merchandise for sale outside — only McCartney T-shirts, badges, bags, posters and photos. The people came to see McCartney because like it or not he is a rock star in his own right not just because he was a Beatle. — Debra Endesby, Sweet Briar Walk, Edmonton, N18.

## Da Oz

FIRSTLY I would just like to impress on you that I am not inflammable, (infallible, geddit?) but I have just topped up the number of times 'Sutta Ox', singer with the greatest band in the land, Black Sabbath, utters the word 'yeah' during their last six albums. It comes to a grand total of 102. Just thought I'd tell ya — Bill, Ozzy, Tony, and Geezer fan, Burton Grange, Barnsley, S. Yorks.



'Yeah!'

## Wot's in a name?

(No relation)

I AM becoming increasingly perplexed and nauseated by the peculiar habits people have adopted in the simple and straightforward task of signing and addressing their own letters. All sorts of amazing, wierd and bizarre aliases have been confirmed up.

Yes Mr. Robert Hines Constipation (Broadmoor), Agatha Bograt, Gossamer Frank, Hawkeye The Ladbroke Groover and the Necrophiliac from Neasden, I am talking to you, and stop gobbing when I'm speaking Necromancer III.

Naturally, I fully realise that in some cases that occur, the circumstances are partly mitigated by the fact that the contents of the letter are utterly moronic and the sender is too ashamed to reveal their true identity. But does this excuse you, Mr. Constipation, Beanie G and the Kid, and Binny Cratercole from Waltons Mountain (You don't watch that rubbish on the TV do you?) who have shown great taste and discretion in their epistles.

However, I must be fair in adding that *SOUNDS* are not entirely absolved of blame, you don't really expect us to believe that John Ingham is your real name do you? And Giovanni, you may have fooled a great many people in your time but you don't fool me. It's just a sophisticated pseudonym for Martin Borman isn't it?

I expect this silly practice to cease forthwith, or else I'll confiscate all you glue.

Yours truly — A. (Graf Zeppelin) Sharp, no relation to R. W. P. H. H. Constipation, Whatsoever, Hinckley, Leics.

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# LETTERS

Edited by DAVE FUDGER

## Pop on the doormat

REFERENCE: METHOD of introducing a new group namely BUSTER. Question: What is wrong with the method R.C.A. used? It was very well presented and my daughter was delighted when she received her letter. We didn't have to buy the record but we did because it is a pleasant sound and a very nice record. There is no mention of sex or violence which makes a change in this day and age.

Teens produce records that were self-taped onto *Record Mirror* of the Rubettes, and Peters and Lee on the front of *Hers*. Now I didn't buy the papers just because of the record but that was the idea. What is the difference? Just a subtle method that didn't cost postage but still had to be paid for.

I'm sure the record companies had to pay the papers to distribute them, the method isn't new, it's been done for years one way or another. *Readers Digest* sent envelopes with "open this you have won a prize". I hadn't asked for it but I soon found out that it was an invitation to become a subscriber to *Readers Digest Book Company*.

Companies have done it by sending books out and inviting people to buy it, become a subscriber and get books monthly quite unsolicited.

So what's so wrong with R.C.A.'s method? I am a mum and a grandmother and I know I wasn't conned into buying the record. I know BUSTER are good. Very good. I have seen and heard them at Mr. Pickwicks in Liverpool. I wonder if you would have written the article if the disc had been given with *SOUNDS*.

I wonder if you will print my letter.

Come on BUSTER fans, rally round. — From a mum and Grandma.

## Teens demand apology

REGARDING YOUR article on Buster (High Society, July 3), I thought your comments were very unfair and almost libellous as the Buster Packs my girls received did not contain the words "buy, buy, buy" and my girls were thrilled to bits with the colour pics, Buster stickers and the plastic record. I may also add that recently I was conned into paying 20p for a comic because it contained a plastic record of the Bay City Rollers and it was so blurry and badly recorded you could hardly make out what they were saying.

You owe Buster a public apology and I look forward to seeing one in the next edition of your paper. These four lads have worked hard for years as New Attraction and deserve to do well, so let's have no more of your stupid remarks.

Yours — Ms. E. Daly.  
Seconded by Caron Daly (aged 11)

and  
Amanda Daly (aged 9), Liscard Road, Wallasey, Merseyside.

## Da light (delight, gedditt?)

ERE WAS I depressed, disillusioned, and nuffin to do 'cept bang my greasy 'ead against the equally greasy dog. Even my well-worn faithful, "Made in Japan" failed to pull me through. Then, when my miserable allowance finally allowed, a new light came into my feeble existence — 'Rainbow Rising' joined my 'Rainbow' album. Jeez! He's goooooood. I even attempted a smile after playing it! Trower? Clapton?? Huh!!

Yours truly — Fin (as in fish). (Huh!! indeed. Huh?). — Ed.

## Remember Letcombe Bassett!

SO THE never-ending centralisation of rock music continues! We accepted the fact that the Who had missed us out, that Bing Crosby was passing us by with scarcely a sideways glance and we are resigned to the fact that Led Zeppelin will never again step past the parish boundaries. But in *SOUNDS* today we discovered that Neil Lewis and John Luce are missing out Letcombe Bassett on their current tour while they are visiting Eltham Well Hall Open Theatre!

They know what a following they have in these parts! Why can't someone somewhere pull their finger out and bring some live music to Letcombe Bassett?

Yours irately — B. Alexacki and P. Hilpott, The Old Mill, Letcombe Bassett, Oxon.

## Complaints, diseases etc.

Oh God! This is it. The bog paper has gone round the bend. Is the ed. pineapple? What of Japan's answer to losing the war, Jo\*\* Ingham, his naughty bits seems to be in for a bit of damage. Maybe brain surgery would be more helpful, I'll just get me boots on... right... THIS IS SERIOUS... IT IS A COMPLAINT...

Item 1. It is my considered opinion that John (correct spelling) Ingham is planning to take over the papers, all of them. He must be stopped from writing such banana sandwiches as Nureyev's flaunting, naughty bits orientated, dancing?

Pans People types are just a little bit more exciting OR (scandal, a scoop for sounds) IS INGHAM A POOF WHO IS JEALOUS OF OTHERS LOOKING AT HIS SEXUAL IDOLS E.G. URIAH HEEP ETC!??

Item 2. Lynn Collins from Wigan sucks. Maybe crowd control is poor at Manchester but to say Preston Guildhall is good? Man (oops, PERSON) you need tellin. Me 'en the boys went to see Budgie last year some time, I had a broken collar bone which was made very obvious by the wearing of a white sling, well to cut a long story short, when a small percentage of the crowd had risen in the centre of the floor, I rose also and was promptly knocked over the back of the row by a bouncer's ham.

On top of this, the bars were not open, in case we were too drunk to get our tiny selves back home no doubt, and you could not get pass outs. This may be OK for mass audience hysteria but hell, there were only a couple of hundred of us there.

Case of the kids gloves being boxing gloves. See ya — Broken, B.S.A., Rebores 'n' Gaskett, Nr Lancaster, Lancs.



Jonh Ingham

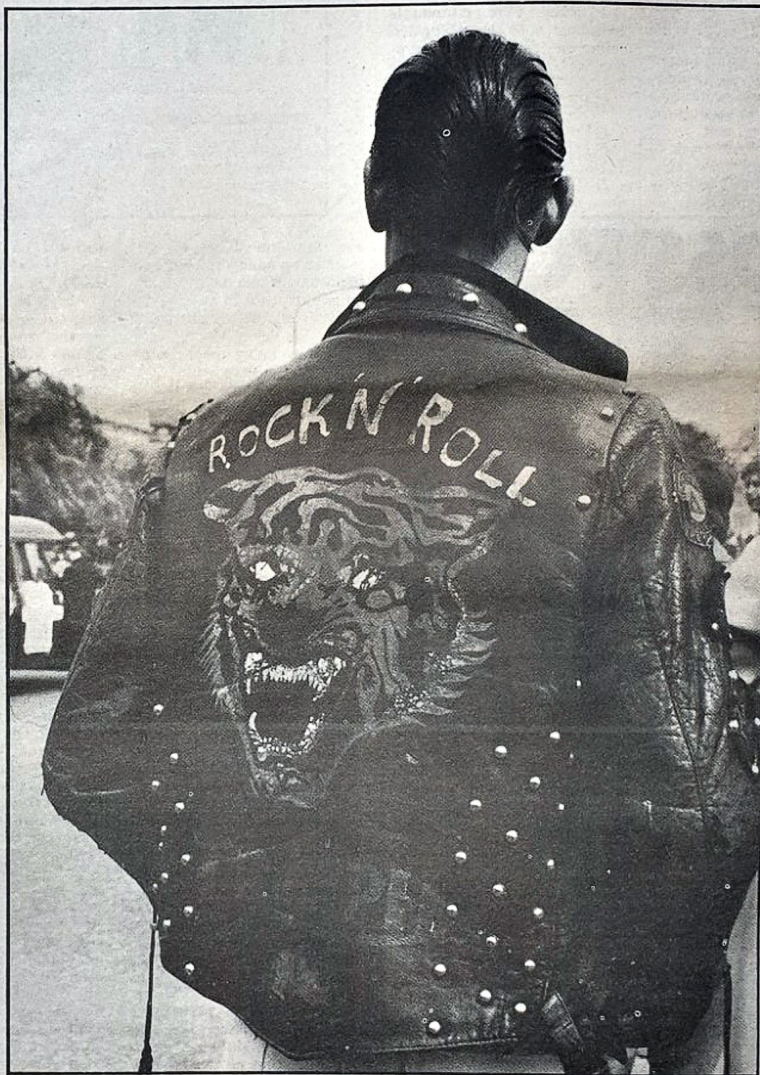
## Lost Property Dept.

WOULD YOU kindly print the following in the most suitable place:

R O M A N T I C

# GREASE

FOR THAT DREAM HOLIDAY



I SWAM lazily in a comfortably slow-paced Teddy Boy crawl, enjoying the exercise and the water. Jailhouse John had been so right there was nothing really like it, this Good Rockin' Holiday Camp was rock and roll perfection. The camp was well situated and the amenities good; there was a Rockola jukebox in every chalet, vintage record shop, Rock 'N' Roll Hall of Fame, and a pinball hall with a resident 50s-style rock and roll band.

The topper to top all toppers — my neighbour in the next chalet turns out to be a young Teddy Girl, with a slender waist and broad luscious hips that tapered gracefully into soft, sun-kissed thighs and well shaped legs. Her hair was jet black and gleamed like a well polished 78rpm record.

I made myself a pot of tea, and put two rashers of Sainbury's streaky bacon in the frying pan. Then, I settled down to enjoy myself with *SOUNDS* propped up against the Weetabix packet — looking, first for a Mick Brown r&r feature, then at the Letters page. It might be my lucky day, I thought. Who knows, perhaps she'll invite me in to have a look at her Carl Perkins scrapbook — just like that.

I'd once got it on with a chick while her boyfriend was listening to a Crazy Cavan LP in the next room. She hadn't wanted to at first. She'd been scared; then she saw my L-O-V-E & H-A-T-E tattoos and got worked up, and then... I chuckled to myself... afterwards she'd begged me to come back again.

Anyway, I hurried into my Teddy Boy holiday clobber (Robert Mitchum T-shirt, St. Michael shorts, and a pair of open-toe Scholl sandals), grabbed a couple of Jerry Lee Lewis publicity photos, and raced to the next chalet, shouting: "Rock & Roll's The Thing — Jerry Lee's The King!"

She was sitting on the edge of the table, and shifted her legs, letting the hem of her dress ride high on her thighs. "I'm Rockin' Roy the Teddy Boy," I said, sticking 10p in the jukebox. Before I could ask her if she liked 'Ubangi Stomp' by Carl Mann, she shoved me into the bedroom — the walls and ceiling were entirely covered with Billy Lee Riley and Warren Smith photos — and started to rip off my clothes.

"That's it — put your hands round the back and bust open the padlock on my bra," she groaned hotly. I did so, and having thrown it out of the open window, I heard a voice say: "Can I have a lollie, daddy?"

I must have dozed off, I realised, because when my eyes opened, I was reclining in a deckchair with a knotted white handkerchief on my head and — well, the fact is, I was with the wife and kids on a day coach trip to Margate... damn, if only I could remember how that r&r holiday camp dream ended.

Rock On! — Rockin' Roy, Woodhurst Rd., London W3.