

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

1974 Hot Rock Guide



Rock, Soul, Jazz, Folk

— not to mention oldies, goldies, hotsies,
groovies, and a touch of vicious controversy in
NME's annual music survey.





Contents

TWO VIEWS OF BOWIE	4
PENSION BOOK ROCK SENSATION	8
THE BACK DOOR SAGA	10
THEATRICALS IN ROCK	13
SLADE ON THE ROAD	18
LIFE AND TIMES OF ALICE COOPER	22
GIBSON GUITARS: A HISTORY	26
LOU REED NOW	30
HOW CHARTS ARE COMPILED	33
THE SOCCER-ROCK SYNDROME	34
SOUL OF STEVIE WONDER	36
LOOKING BACK ON FLOYD	39
AMERICAN OLDIES SCENE	44
FOLK CLUB DO'S AND DON'TS	46
THE HIGH COST OF ROCKIN'	47
ROLLING STONES SPECIAL	49
LADY DAY: THE REAL THING	54
ROCK ON THE BOX	56
ROAD TO NAZARETH	58
THE HOUSE OF ORANGE	60
YES: DEVELOPMENT TO DATE	62
THE WHO: WHO DOES WHAT?	66
ROXY MUSIC REVOLUTION	70
STEELEYE SPAN	74
SHORT HISTORY OF ROCK	77
THE STONES' MOBILE STUDIO	80
JAZZ BREAKING BARRIERS	81
SOUL SURVEY	82
SONGWRITING: HOW TO START	84
THE JAZZ-ROCK DISASTER	86
THEY SHOULD HAVE, BUT DIDN'T	89
NME EXPRESSWORD	93

COLOUR PIX by Robert Ellis, Joe Stephens

Editorial direction: ALAN SMITH

EDITED by JACK SCOTT

Published by IPC Magazines Ltd, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, England. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon and Gotch Ltd, South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd, Rhodesia and Zambia: Kingstons Ltd. Printed in England by Fleetway Printers, Gravesend, Kent.

Two views of Bowie

In June, 1973, David Bowie announced from the stage of London's Rainbow that he'd just played his last gig, and would now concentrate on other activities—reportedly outside the field of pop. Here Charles Shaar Murray and Ian McDonald look back on Bowie's achievements up to the time of the announcement.

THE STRANGEST STAR

IT'S BEEN a fairly bizarre 12 months for David Bowie. In the last year he made the extraordinary transition from being a critics' act, only just beginning to reach a mass public, to a people's act whom the critics detested.

He compounded this felony by scoring his greatest success with an album that received almost unanimous bad reviews. It just wasn't done.

But then if David Bowie had been into doing the done thing he wouldn't be David Bowie, and he certainly wouldn't have been Ziggy Stardust. David Bowie became a rockanroll star in the strangest

By CHARLES
SHAAR MURRAY

possible way, a way peculiarly befitting his own particular method of operating.

After the release of "Hunky Dory", he became intrigued with the whole concept of rockanroll stardom. The song cycle that became the second side of the "Ziggy Stardust" album was Bowie's exploration of the various facets of the phenomenon: groupies, business hassles, intergroup jealousies, and eventual decline.

Remember, at this time Bowie was not a star, merely a highly touted

songwriter with a small but vocal cult audience. So, when he went out on the road to promote "Hunky Dory" and to create some demand for what was to become "The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars", he decided to play the part of a rockanroll star.

After all, that was what the songs were about, so why not perform 'em that way? Not for nothing did Bowie refer to himself as "The Actor" on the sleeve of "Hunky Dory".

Well, what happened next has passed into legend. Bowie's assumption of the persona of Ziggy Stardust caught on so much that—you guessed it, Hildegarde—he actually became a rockanroll star. And so why not carry the role further? And so he did.





BOWIE and lead guitarist Mick Ronson

Some observers perceived that a certain amount of role-playing was going on, and so, leaping aboard their high horses, they dubbed Bowie a "poseur" or labelled him "contrived."

So what? Whatcha see is whatcha get, and if it looks like a rock star, sounds like a rock star, sells records like a rock star and turns on teenage girls like a rock star, then by all criteria, it is a rock star.

Much adulation, spiced with a dose of frenzied hatred. A potent brew, and one which most rock stars are forced to drain to the dregs. David Bowie has had to swallow more than most. He was managed in a way that no-one has been managed since the heyday of Elvis A. Presley, and who's to say that manager Tony DeFries was wrong?

He guided Bowie from a little-known song-writer to a position of superstardom, the most controversial man in British rock. Sure, he got the press righteously cheesed off, but they've survived, and so has Bowie, so what's the problem? As Bob Dylan put it, even the butler's got something to prove.

It must be strange to play a gig to hordes of ecstatic people who reach out their hands to you and scream for you, and then to read the papers the following morning and be told that you have no real charisma, and that you're putting people on, that you're a rip-off artist.

It must be even stranger to have your one-time boosters telling you that you've sold-out and become a teenybopper idol, just because there are

more people at your concerts there than there were before. It must be strange being a rockanroll star.

I'm writing this late in June of '73. Yesterday, Bowie told me that he would never gig again, and would concentrate on "activities that have very little to do with pop."

Just two months ago, Bowie had sat in a hotel room in Paris and told me that his advisors had planned out everything that he was supposed to be doing for the next two years. It seems at the time of writing as if the product has just got up and walked off the assembly line.

It's not uncharacteristic. After "Space Oddity", and the failure of the single and album which followed it, Bowie quit the business and retired to



FROM PREVIOUS
PAGE

run an Arts Lab in Beckenham for 18 months, only emerging after his then record company pressured him heavily to come up with another album.

It was then that he recorded "The Man Who Sold The World", the album which began his partnership with Mick Ronson.

Bowie has never been afraid to change direction if he thought he had to. So his decision to give up gigging was an exceptionally courageous move, because he could well have carried on in his present vein for some considerable period of time without losing his audience. Rule 1 of the rock business method: never, ever, quit while you're ahead. But then Bowie was never into rules anyway.

By the time you read this, you'll know what (if anything) David Bowie has done since the summer. Somewhere along the line, there'll be a new album and a movie. But treasure your memories of the David Bowie live show, because from where I'm sitting it really doesn't look like there's gonna be any more . . .

This piece certainly isn't an obituary, personal or artistic. It's just a way of saying hail and farewell to Ziggy Stardust, a Clockwork Oddity who changed rock and roll.

Superstar by choice

By IAN
MACDONALD

FROM July 5, 1972, to July 4, 1973 David Bowie was a practising superstar, possibly the best and certainly the most interesting we've yet seen.

Because it was a plot from the word go—both conspiracy and fiction. David Bowie chose to become a superstar, dictated his own terms, played out the short season he'd signed on for, and

then closed the box-office, all in precisely one year.

Where others came, grabbed what they could, and then faded from view, Bowie used every means at his versatile disposal to make his superstardom an allegory in itself.

At a time when rock was, not to put too fine a point upon it, drowning in its own vomit, this guy became the first truly objective rock star, mixing myth with reality so complexly that a large proportion of British youth lived his imagination and saw the alternatives of his fiction as tangible.

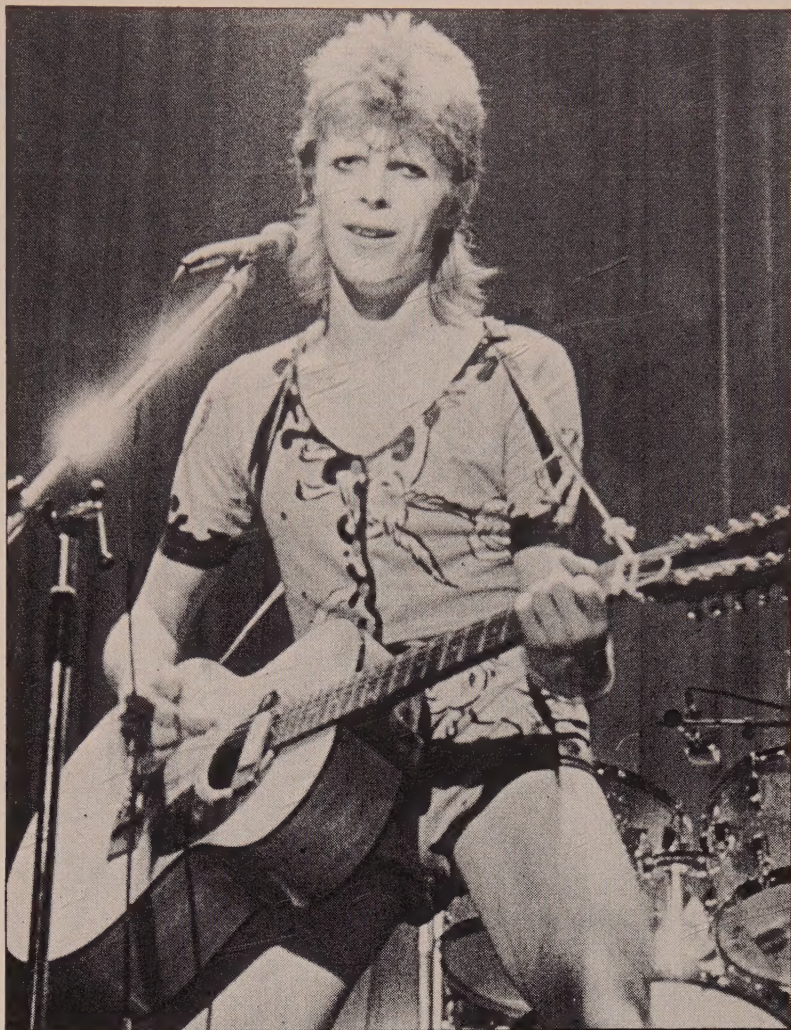
An incredible achievement.

The blueprint for this career-within-a-career exploit is contained in the



album "The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars". Subtly borrowing a little reflected impact from Kubrick's socially-influential "A Clockwork Orange", Bowie outlined a vital, visionary youth's world-view and placed himself within it as a "leper messiah", Ziggy Stardust.

Simultaneously he was outside the concept, commenting on it to poignant



FAR LEFT: Bowie and his wife Angela boarding a hovercraft at Calais, returning to Britain for what was to be his last concert tour. **LEFT AND ABOVE:** The man in action on that tour.

and ironic effect—and inside it, functioning at a level of emotional commitment never before experienced in rock.

In fact, I'd guess that a sizeable chunk of the public who reacted violently against Bowie's all-embracing onslaught were probably more embarrassed at the high emotional tone than at the bi-sexual posturings of his stage-act or his underlying sci-fi superman philosophy.

Everything that Bowie took on after "Ziggy Stardust" was, until he did it, pure sci-fi fantasy. A man who decided to become the last star before the end of the world got him—and did it. A man who wanted to tour, not

just America, but that same world—and did it. A man who wanted to build things to nigh-on messianic proportions and then drop the lot—and did it.

With David Bowie rock was shaken awake and found itself the musical esperanto of the globe. And with David Bowie the tawdriness of rock and the cultural void beneath it became at first thrillingly and then horrifyingly actual.

David Bowie chose to become a superstar to show us that the day we wake up on is the future. And that imagination, on his global level, is probably all that can save us from going under.

Seenybopper

A RAIN-SOAKED Atlantic wind swept across Runway Three, Heathrow, London, Britain. It was the kind of early morning that you can't wipe out of your eyes, and I stood with my fur collar curled around my neck and gazed skywards, trying to see through the low cloud and pick out the big bird that was roaring up there somewhere.

It was an unreal morning. Heathrow officials had never known anything like it. The Weeny Boppers had been bad, the Teeny Weenies had been atrocious, but the freaked-out crowd around me looked like they'd crawled off a Fellini film set.

They acted like lobotomies were in fashion, and there wasn't a hardened artery aged under 70 pumping on that concrete pitch.

What caused those yellowed corneas to run wet that Wednesday? Well, it all started harmlessly enough with a news item given out on Radio Four—Rocky Thighs was due to grace British soil with his stack heels via the 6.30 am incoming flight.

A simple announcement—and no-one had imagined the hysteria that would grip our senior citizens. Who could have forecast that wheelchairs would be zipping hazardingly over the airport lobby floors? Or that the tapping of walking sticks would haunt the dreams of security guards for months to come?

I stood on the observation platform gripping the wet safety rail, and while fingers were cold, my heart was even colder as I gazed at those senile swingers. I thought with horror that my mother could be down there. Not only my mother but my father. Oh God, I tried not to search the well-worn faces for familiar features.

I thought I had witnessed everything that the pop scene could throw up. But I never envisaged anything like this.

All around there was the cackle of excited conversation.

"Is Rocky Thighs 95?" "Was he hoisted for necrophilia in '38?"

"Was he Blind Lemon McDuff's student or his father?" That's the style of the underground culture—get some cat on a pedestal and then start flinging the crap. Now it's Rocky Thighs' turn, so oil the padlock on the city stocks—because

this cat is going to be touching his ankles with his wrists for a while.

I'm not interested whether he's had so many face lifts his navel is on his forehead and he doesn't wear tie pins. It doesn't bother me that he's been inside for indecent exposure, fraud, and busted for shooting vitamin tonic. I'm not interested in the past; I'm into the present. Why? That's the question. Why's he the idol that the pensioners would die for?

It's certainly true that kids are old for their age these days, and it's also true that with people retrain'g earlier, the senior citizens are younger than ever.

"Music is my life style man," said

83-year-old Syd from Ealing. "You can't expect someone my age to sit at home watching the telly with the youngsters. I need some action. After all I've fought in two world wars and I guess it's just become a habit with me."

All those who've seen Rocky Thighs' stage act know that it's aggressive. His wheelchair is a copy of Bodicea's chariot, with knife blades attached to the spokes and it's incredibly spectacular when he scythes off the legs of his dummy lead guitarist at the climax of the show.

"I'd like to mother him," said Enid, next to me, as she misted up



Shocker

ROCKY THIGHS KILLED IN PENSIONER'S RIOT



Words and cartoon by **TONY BENYON**

her three-inch deep bi-focals with hot, wet sobs. "He's the sort of naughty boy I never had. I live out my fantasies when I watch him on stage. He doesn't make me feel ashamed of being a hundred and forty."

There's no doubt about this fanatical group of people. They feel rejected by society. They're fed up of being unemployed and sitting about on park benches all day. It's society's fault—we've turned our backs on these ravers from the grave,

and frustration has caused this senile rebellion.

"I'm just crazy about Rocky," sighed Lt.-Col. Hargreaves (Retired). "He just makes my legs go weak."

The air was grey with coronaries and the oxygen marquee was working to capacity as the stretcher bearers carried fans who'd been trampled in the crush.

"All we need is for the safety barriers to give and the runway will be one big red carpet," muttered

a frightened ambulance man as he sat on an iron lung cracking his knuckles.

I poked a King Size into the corner of my mouth and cupped a phosphorous flame in my shaking hand; I flicked the burnt-out stick into space and the wind took it to the sea of outstretched arms. The arthritic tendrils of the aged anemone swayed hypnotically, and as I stood mesmerised I failed to notice the big jet touch down.

It was the sudden escalation of sound that brought me back to my senses. I swivelled my head in time to see the metal door swing open and an entourage of roadies like octogenarian Liberaces tumbled down the first few steps.

The anemone was one vast howling mouth. You could hear the crackle of dried lips performing manoeuvres that had been forgotten for decades. And then it was time for the man. Rocky Thighs appeared. His head was bowed under the weight of facial cosmetics. He stuck a stack heel out, like some sort of extra-terrestrial probe, into the cloud of dried ice that swirled theatrically around the steps.

Too much. I turned my back on the scene to descend the stairs to the interview lobby, and it was then that I heard a report like a rifle shot.

The barrier breaking. The crowd, a heaving, wild-eyed mass, was streaming towards the plane.

Rocky tried to turn and run back up the steps, but his stack-heel had got caught in the gridding, and like a mad fiend he was trying to undo the lace that went all the way to his knee. It was futile. The tide of distraught humanity was coming in like a tidal wave. The entourage and press men scattered like iron filings in a reversed magnetic field.

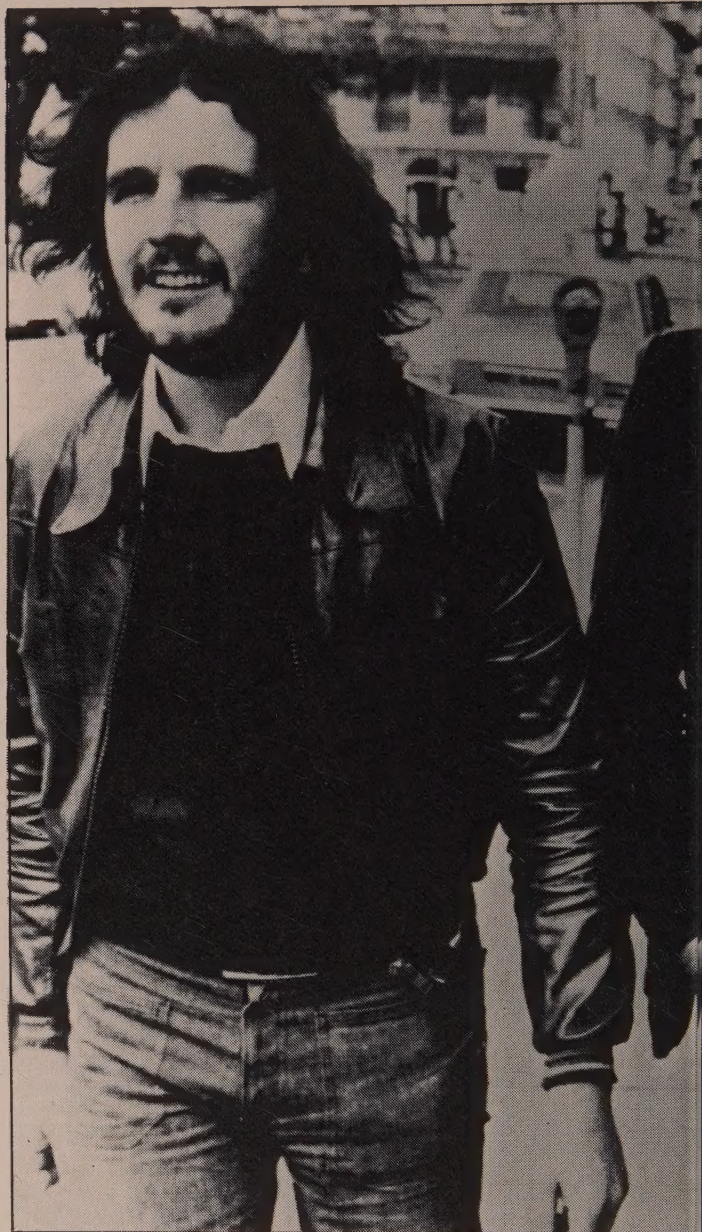
For one frozen moment the superstar was alone, a polychromatic bundle of fashion on a grey landscape. Then with a howl from the bowels of Hades he was engulfed in a mass of rheumatic limbs.

Somehow I found myself on the runway as the crowd dispersed. "I've got a finger from his right hand," said a toothless mouth as it pushed past me.

I was standing over a red stain. There was nothing left of Rocky but a small purple button. Looking around, I stooped and slipped it into my pocket. I stood up. I stepped over a legend and made a line for the exit. I had a deadline to meet.

Back Door

Jazz-rock three-piece Back Door made one of the most spectacular breakthroughs in history when they rocketted from gigging in a Yorkshire pub to being hailed as the most innovatory band of 1973. Here ROY CARR tracks their unusual road to the top



BY ALL THAT'S held sacred in the music game, Back Door should never have happened. In actual fact, Colin Hodgkinson, Ron Aspery and Tony Hicks should still be struggling in obscurity on the non-too-lucrative Yorkshire gig scene. But despite innumerable obstacles they're in the process of smashing through and re-writing many of the rules that have for so long dictated the basic policies of the industry.

Everything about the rise of this

trailblazing jazz-rock trio has hinged on a succession of rather bizarre accidents and contradictions. Well within their first year of glory, Back Door have exploded more myths than a whole team of rampaging News Of The World investigators.

To start with, after payin' more than their fair share of dues on the London

merry-go-round these three simply fled to the isolation of the Yorkshire moors to escape the rat race of the 'Smoke'.

And what happened? Well, I'll tell ya. Just as they'd about reconciled themselves to working for beer money, they're back in town and packin' 'em in with their own devastating brand of highly original music—a pot-pourri of jazz, rock and earthy blues which they consider to be of very limited

to the top



BACK DOOR:
(from left) Collin
Hodgkinson, Ron
Aspery, Tony
Hicks

appeal. The reason for the flight to Yorkshire was they were fed up of being puppets to other musicians' dictates. So better to starve for what you believe in. At least you'll die with a smile on your face.

Anyway, they were certain that their music would never have sufficient commercial potential to enable them to spread best butter on the meagre crust they were then earning.

"To be quite truthful", says multi-saxophonist Ron Aspery, "we didn't imagine anyone would spend good money to hear us play our funny little tunes".

Now when Aspery comes out with such statements—and he hurtles them at you every other minute—he's not trying them on for effect. That's exactly how the band feel.

You see, it still hasn't altogether

sunk in that a lot of people are now shelling out good money to see them perform, to the extent that some venues are just packed and no amount of bread can secure admission.

When they first banded together it was a different story. Every major label promptly returned their demo tape with a rejection slip.

OVER PAGE

Back Door

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

How they broke through was as follows: With a hundred quid in their faded denims, Back Door quietly slipped through the front door of a small London recording studio, and in the space of two short sessions in June of '72, recorded and mixed down a dozen of their tunes and still had twenty quid left over.

The album was subsequently pressed as a private limited edition and a couple of thousand copies went on sale practically everywhere except in record stores.

But even after having gone this far, Back Door were still hesitant about attacking the London music scene for a second time.

"We had this list", recalls Aspery, "of all the writers on all the music papers. My wife wrote a whole load of letters, but in the end we never sent them out because we felt it was a bit of a cheek."

"Not because we thought the record was good", he insists, "we still think it's bad, but because we knew that writers must receive so many records each week that they wouldn't be bothered playing something recorded by three unknown lads from Yorkshire on their own private label".

Still, copies of their album somehow managed to infiltrate the "Magic City" and droves of music writers were soon combing the West-End for this remarkable vinyl legend.

When, without warning, glowing reviews started to appear in the press, Hodgkinson, Aspery and Hicks were dumbfounded. Then elated.

After someone dropped a copy into London's Ronnie Scott's jazz club, Back Door were invited to play a three-week residency there opposite Chick Corea.

And within hours, all the record companies who had shown Back Door the back door were promising them the earth, moon and stars as a perk for signing on the dotted line.

Pubs play an integral part in most musicians' lives, but for Back Door beer boutiques have proved of prime importance.

It was in the public bar of the Lion Inn, up on Yorkshire's Blakey Ridge, that landlord Brian Jones gave them a residency and also encouraged them

to formulate their personalised concept.

And it was in the public bar of Jack Straw's Castle, up on Hampstead Heath in London, that Warner Brothers' hawkeyed "artists man" Larry Yaskiel came across their rare home-made Blakey album, flipped, and secured them for his label within 24 hours.

The reason Back Door chose Warners wasn't anything to do with them coming up with an offer (of money) they just couldn't refuse.

If it was just a question of money, then Colin and Ron could have kept their old jobs with Eric Delaney's Showband, and Tony could have once again played each night for "Oh, Calcutta"—which I'm certain accounts for his wide-eyed expression and lack of words.

"Warners, unlike all the other record companies, didn't look upon us as a commodity. They were more interested in us as artists. I mean, the first thing they wanted to know was whether our wives were all right, whether there were any debts worrying us, and what equipment we needed. It was simple. They cared".

In every band there has to be a strong focal point—some intriguing aspect that sets them apart from the faceless masses. For the Yardbirds, it was their succession of ace guitar heroes; with the Stones—Mick's magnetism; the Cream—Clapton.

If you've seen and/or heard Back Door, then you'll know that in part it's the unbelievable virtuosity of Hodgkinson.

To describe him, I'll quote my own liner notes.

"In the same way as Jimi Hendrix seemingly came from nowhere and showed the world that there was in fact a whole new way to play guitar, Colin Hodgkinson has done just that with the four-string model. Hodgkinson is the complete bassman. The first person who has liberated the bass player from his accepted role as subservient accompanist. With just two hands and one Fender bass, Hodgkinson takes on the almost impossible role of lead, rhythm and bass player all at the same time and without overdubs. I doubt if anyone thought such a feat

was possible.

"Colin's our circus", is Aspery's opinion—but this doesn't mean Back Door are promoting him as some kind of four-handed freak.

"If the occasion ever arises, when we need something to really pep up our set, Tony and I just go off stage and leave Colin to perform '30-20 Blues' and when we return we just can't lose".

Aspery may feel that Hodge' is the main attraction in their little circus, but the fact remains, it's a three ring extravaganza. When saxophonist Aspery is on form, he can send most of his contemporaries running with their tails between their legs, while Hicks does more than anyone could ask of a drummer.

If as the theory goes, all truly great artists are embarrassed by their own prodigious talent, then Hodgkinson has more than enough humility left over for those who insist on exercising their inflated egos.

This man isn't remotely aware that since his emergence bass playing will never be the same. He can't comprehend all the fuss.

"I've always played this way", he self-consciously informs you.

"When I was 17, and playing in a mainstream band, people didn't take what I was doing very seriously. They considered it some kind of joke."

Who has the last laugh now!

In much the same way as musicians are now turning to Hodgkinson, Aspery and Hicks for inspiration, Back Door admit they got theirs from the likes of Miles Davis, Charlie Mingus and the hierarchy of British blues blowing by Clapton, Mayall and McLaughlin—which they fused to their initial bedrock admiration for Robert Johnson and Leadbelly.

Between them the Back Door men have established a whole new set of values and given the most positive direction of any British band since the end of the sixties.

They never cease to be a source of amazement, and a source of inspiration to all those bands who still have to make their way up.

Support your local pub band, you'll be surprised what they're capable of.



PETER GABRIEL of *Genesis*

ONCE UPON a time, when the world and I were both young and green, I was sitting in a dressing room at Reading University attempting to interview Johnny Winter. We were discussing the extravagant way that he and Rick Derringer had rampaged all over the stage while blasting out the particular brand of

instant boogie that made Johnny Winter And such a delight.

"You should be able to put on a show while you're playing your music," mused Winter from beneath a huge black velvet hat. "If you can't, you oughtta stay in the studio."

That was the best part of two years ago, and since then you could say without fear of violent contradiction that rockanroll has gotten the message.

So what are rock stars doing dressed up like this?

By **CHARLES SHAAR
MURRAY**

Of course, there are still a few bands who come on like their jeans are cemented to the floor ready to be climbed into at the start of a set, but mainly . . . well, the show's the thing, innit?

Basically, rock theatrics can be divided into two zippy categories. There are those who play music histrionically: you know, pulling anguished lead guitarist faces, kicking over your Hammond as if the musical ideas exploding in your tortured midbrain

OVER PAGE



KEITH EMERSON of ELP

are too utterly cosmic for you to actually *play*, throwing mike stands at the faces of audiences who for some negligible reason are not howling for encores in frenzied and piteous tones. And so on.

Then there's the Cecil B. De Millions who bring on dancers, smoke bombs, snakes, gallows, onstage vomiting, urinating, simulated sexual intercourse or, in the case of some early performances by Frank Zappa and that jolly bunch of mutants laughingly known as the Mothers of Invention, large sections of the New York Police.

Naturally, many shy away from such exhibitionism. Hey, man, don't lay none of that bullshit on me. We're musicians, man, then don't complain when your latest twenty-eight minute synthesiser and amplified sackbut solo has the nation's pop fans (or whatever they are these days) sleeping in the aisles and snoring on the off-beat. So get in there, and give the kids a show!

Really, the modern rock concert is a fairly complex ritual, planned right down to the last encore. The days of the Image are back with us, tiny ones—and if maintaining the

image means arriving at the gig in smart clothes and changing into plimsolls, tatty jeans and sweaty T-shirts before going on like at least one celebrated 'eavy band we could name, then that's what gets done. Pretension is no means limited to the glitter crowd.

Ergo, aspiring rockers, if you don't know how to play your best licks while squatting on the stage with your Stratocaster held erect between your satin-coated thighs, then you'd better stick to dubbing on Jeff Beck's guitar tracks or something because



ANDY MACKAY of Roxy

today's modern audiences don't mess around. No way. They want—how you say?—uh, *action*.

Well, what on earth can you do, poor baby? You have to go out and give it to 'em. So breathe in and zip yourself into those satin pants, remember not to scuff the knees when you do your Hendrix rip-off at the end, scurry up the step-ladder to hoist yourself into your platform boots with the dinky green stars, spray your hair silver and your face gold, drop a few specks of that cheap glitter into your poor, mis-

treated coiffeure (wishing that you could afford Sue Fussey to really do it up right), put your shades on, and wait 'til the roadies have got all the gear humming right—and then what are you going to do? You're gonna get out there and play some rockan-roll—or had you forgotten? This is a concert, brother—not no fashion show. As Duane Allman once said, "You don't play to show off your new clothes. If you're gonna be in my band you better be pickin'."

The thing is that music must not only be played, but it must be seen to be played.

So no matter if the sweetest licks and toughest riffs ever known to mankind are dive-bombing their way out of your nice shiny Fender amp. Unless you're goose-stepping around the stage making faces like a chimpanzee with a vital part of its anatomy inextricably tangled up in a high-powered industrial vacuum cleaner, then audiences will yawn themselves into an advanced case of acute lockjaw.

A while back I saw Dave Greenslade's

OVER PAGE



IGGY POP

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

new band, called, appropriately enough, Greenslade. Now since it's a two-keyboard band, things are necessarily pretty static, which meant that the visual burden was thrown squarely onto the shoulders of bassist Tony Reeves, who looked singularly uncomfortable throwing his hair around

like Mick Rossi. But ya gotta keep the customers satisfied . . .

Apart from the long-running Alice Cooper super-spectaculars and amazing one-or-two-offs like Steeleye Span's "Kidnapped" and David Bowie's monumental Rainbow gig, the most consistently theatrical band in the country is Arthur Brown's exemplary Kingdom Come. Despite all the lights, costumes, ships, brains, traffic lights and telephones, the music never flags for an instant, as a cursory listen to either of the albums will

illustrate. I'd trade one number by Kingdom Come for any amount of exhibitionistic pseudo virtuosity, calculated artlessness or ego-tripping masquerading as humility.

Please let's own up. Forget who you're supposed to be and concentrate on what you are. When the rock pages have yellowed and the TV clips have been erased to re-use on "Coronation Street", all that will remain is the music. So let's have some. Let's *hear* action.



DAVID BOWIE



SLADE (from left): Jim Lea, Dave Hill, Don Powell, Noddy Holder

The Slade

Machine

There's a lot of pressure on a band on the road, and it takes good organisation to make life bearable—witness the Slade road crew, who are one of the best, smoothing the bands' path and taking care of all hassles. Here JULIE WEBB looks at the system.

BOWIE QUIT, Family split—Ronnie Lane left the Faces to be replaced by Tetsu, yet Slade remained as solid as ever in '73, gaining momentum with every single.

'Seventy-three will doubtless go down as the year when more bands chopped and changed and gave up than at any other time. It was a period of unrest in which ego reigned supreme and wrecked many a fine band. Only Slade, it seems, are indestructible.

They've been together for a long time—and that adds strength. While pressures obviously get them down, the idea of them splitting or quitting seems ridiculous. Few bands could have met the tragedy they faced last summer—when Don Powell was critically ill after a car crash—and survived unscathed.

At the hospital there was a time the doctors didn't think Powell would pull through. Yet the others in the band always believed he would. Maybe

they just couldn't think of it any other way.

Apart from their natural solidarity, a large part of Slade's success is due to the professional set up around them. Manager Chas Chandler, himself an ex-musician with The Animals, knows the hard grind bands have to face.

Since he quit playing, Chandler has only managed two acts—Hendrix and Slade. Incredibly, he had a hard time selling Hendrix at the beginning. No one wanted to know. And much later, when he was trying to sell the then-skinhead band Slade, again no one wanted to know.

Chandler is the sort of guy you don't argue with. He has quiet authority. And the important thing is, he knows every in and out of the business. It'd be hard to rook or rip off him or his band.

And on the road, Slade have perhaps the best personal road manager around. He's a guy called Swin. Swin has been with Slade right from the word go. At 13 he attended the same school as Don Powell, and when Powell joined a band named the Vendors Swin was involved, helping with the equipment—such as it was in those days.

Swin laughs it all off: "I was a hanger on—free booze and birds was what I was after." Yet he slogged

away with The Vendors and the later band The In Betweeners at night while holding down a day job at the same time.

It was a thankless task. But Swin stuck with the band simply because Slade were a band who gave him a "tingle at the back of my spine..." In short, he knew Slade had what it takes—five years before anyone else realised it.

Now, with the money and better gigs rolling in, you'd think his task would be easier. But a band's success means more hassles, more things to organise, and a need for more professionalism.

"It took three years moving slowly, making mistakes—I remember a time when I was terrified at airports," he recalls. "But I know Slade better than anybody else. I'm with them more than anybody else. Although Chas helped me a lot—I couldn't have done it without his help."

"He helped and advised me, and now I know he's happy with me on the road because I can handle any situation."

Run-of-the-mill things that Swin fixes are flights, hotels, checking arrangements with the promoters of each gig, making sure the roadies are okay, checking lighting. He also is

OVER PAGE



Dave Hill

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

responsible for the hire and fire of the road crew.

"I've got complete respect for the roadies. We've got three permanent ones: Charlie Newnham the mixer; John Jones who looks after backing equipment and Rob Wilson who looks after drums. I couldn't do my job without them."

So what about Slade—are they temperamental? Doesn't Swin ever feel like turning round and giving them a bit of lip when the band sit down and, say, demand that he fetch them a drink?

"No, I don't get annoyed, it's just a matter of accepting it as part of a job. A roadie is the last link in a chain—it's always his fault, no matter what."

Tact is one quality Swin has to possess. A lot of situations need careful handling. Like when people get heavy with the band. Like when kids bang on hotel doors when the band are trying to sleep. So how does he cope.

"It's just a matter of judging when people are annoying the group. It's not Slade's job to tell people to beat it. If a promoter screws up a show it's not the group's job to argue with the promoter. It's my job."

"The group never have to put themselves in a position to argue. I've got to step in before it happens."

"The most awkward situation I've had to deal with was an argument with another band."

One of the saddest aspects of any Slade gig is security. Always there are crowds who push towards the front of the stage, and occasionally this sometimes brings a brutal security reaction. Again, it is part of Swin's job to see that the kids are not hurt.

"Very often I've removed security people from the stage when I thought they were too heavy."

"At one open air gig in New Zealand the security guys were enormous—they seemed about 7ft tall and 20 stone—and when anyone came near the front of the stage they got kicked in the face. So we had to throw the security off, which was quite difficult."

"Later at that gig a huge Maori who was very drunk got up on the stage and made a bee-line for Noddy. He was after Nod's hat but by the look on his face, if he couldn't get the hat, then he'd get Nod."

"Now that was another difficult situation, because he was a big guy. Anyway, I took off my Slade T shirt, gave it to him and he sat at the front of the stage in the middle for the rest of the gig, very happy."

The important factor throughout all this is to keep Slade happy, and free of hassles.

"It's a matter of understanding how they feel. So we make the best possible conditions before they go out on stage."

"Okay, so you get tantrums about little things on stage which might seem silly to us, but to an artist who has worked himself up in nervous energy for hours before he's got on stage it's very important that everything should be right."



Noddy Holder

THE ALICE COOPER PHILOSOPHY

by JAMES JOHNSON

'Live fast, die young, and have a good-lookin' corpse'

"HEY, ya wanna turn off my soul?" Alice Cooper complained as somebody moved to turn off the television that had apparently been talking to itself, unnoticed, in the corner. The television stayed on, of course—as always in Alice's hotel suites.

This was Detroit and Alice was entertaining. He was sprawled across a sofa backed-up against a wall, faced by a pack of European media-men aiming cameras and microphones at him from all corners. He was, as usual, being charming in the extreme. No more Mr. Nice Guy? Don't you believe it.

The night before, Alice Cooper had played at Detroit's Cobo Hall, another date on the massive States tour the band undertook at the beginning of the year; there were over 50 dates, and whatever you might think about Alice Cooper generally, you have to admire the man's endurance.

Apart from the nightly, gruelling stage show which Alice played every time like it was his last, there was an enormous party after almost every show. The whole thing looked like Alice was living up to his self-confessed guiding line in life—"I want to

live fast, die young and have a good looking corpse."

However, the dangers of his lifestyle are something that he accepts with a wry smile. On stage Alice has been working with a guillotine which he claims is the most dangerous device he's used so far. Apparently there's only one safety device, and that could easily not work.

"It'd be a great show but we could only do it once," says Alice with a wry smile.

He continues: "The point is, I feel I need to do something death-defying for an audience. If the guillotine was made of cardboard or something I'd feel I was cheating. Like, there's also a fight scene and we used to fake that—but it just didn't work. Now when we do the fight scene we do it for real.

"When I come off stage my body is a mass of bruises. I guess I'm spitting at death. Looking at it in the eye and spitting at it.

"That's why I insist on a hotel suite. I need the comfort because I know that every night I'm going to get the hell beat out of me."

Still, a mere hotel suite hardly makes a dent in the Cooper bank balance: "We made about six million dollars last year," Alice says proudly. "That's not bad, is it, for a drunk, television-watching queer . . . ? That's what they call me, y' know."

He goes on to explain quite un-

ashamedly how money is utterly important to him—as important as success. He explains that the two obviously go together. "And I love money. I get to do more with money. I would rather be sitting in a suite than a single room. I completely enjoy comfort. It seems to me that the only goal in life worth aiming for is to achieve the ideal of being completely comfortable—so that if all I want to do one day is sit in a warm bed, drinking a beer and watching television, I can do it anytime."

In many ways Alice's values are in line with a high-powered business executive only he treats it all with a cynical sense of humour. There's nothing he says, he likes better than bad taste. That's really what Alice Cooper is all about.

"After all the whole of America is in bad taste." He gives a satisfied smile. "There's nothing in America that's in good taste and that's wonderful, isn't it?"

"The thing is there's no culture in America. What culture we have we've ripped off from Europe and from the Indians. We were born into a society of bad taste, so I think it's great that Alice Cooper comes out of that society. Let's face it . . ." another grin . . . "we are a bad taste."

"Really the spirit of Alice Cooper is that we don't take anything seriously.

OVER PAGE



COOPER In the guillotine routine

There's nothing in America that's in good taste, and that's wonderful isn't it?

FROM PAGE 22

When you start taking things seriously you start putting pressure on yourself. I make fun of my mother—she makes fun of me. I can't think of anything serious really. I mean funerals, for example—they're perfectly ridiculous . . .

Alice Cooper tends to refer to death and kindred subjects rather frequently. He says it fascinates him because it's such an unknown quantity. But as his current stage show proves, he's concerned much more with death than, for example, transvestitism—which he has sometimes been linked with in the past.

"All that transvestite thing has grown up from the press. It's a very strange thing because I've never worn women's clothes on stage. I guess it was only the name Alice Cooper that made everybody think we were feminine."

"What I try to do on stage is act through as many of the audiences' fantasies as possible. When I cut up a baby I know there are hundreds of people out there who would like to do that themselves.

"Everybody has one little diseased thing, y'know, a little sexual twinge that they'd be really ashamed of if anyone found out. They like to act it out if they can, and if they've got those things it doesn't matter. It's great. Y'know I'm sure there are people who want to sleep with a MacDonald's Burger, or a diseased yak . . .

"I can't cater for everybody's fantasies but maybe I can satisfy a few. Basically I know that if I was in the audience, I'd want to see something that was entertaining and startling at the same time.

"You see, I'm a sexualist. I believe everything comes out of some sort of sexual drive. Like when I fall down the steps on stage I'm sure it must come from some kind of masochist thing in me."

Musically Alice has never made any secret of his admiration for American rock music—"the louder, the harder, the more grisly it is—the more I like it," he says. Yet also he's not unwilling to admit that in the early days of Alice Cooper he borrowed from a number of British bands, mainly the early Kinks, the Pretty Things and the Yardbirds—especially the Yardbirds.

"At one time our whole set was comprised of Yardbirds material. I remember one gig we played with them and we went on stage first and played all their numbers before they went on.

"Musically we got a lot from British bands. We weren't necessarily into the Beatles, although we liked them—but more into hard rock like the Jeff Beck guitar sound. Things like Jeff Beck or the Pretty Things doing 'I'm A Road-runner' and all those raunchy, rotten things are the best in the world."

Perhaps despite the success, despite

the number one chart hits, the one thing that Alice Cooper lacks is respect. Nobody seems to take him or the band seriously. With typical bravado, he feels this is undeserved.

"Musically I think the boys in the band are great. We've been together nine years and after that time, unless you're a moron, you can't be bad. OK, so we had a period when we weren't the best group in the world. But now I would put us against anybody musically at all—anybody."

Apparently he feels the same about his lyrics.

"Personally I think my lyrics are brilliant. Truman Capote doesn't like my lyrics. He doesn't think I make any sense, but I think I make one hell of a lot of sense. Maybe people get too confused by the image to appreciate the lyrics.

"I don't want to sound egotistical but I think my lyrics are as good as anybody's. They're as good as Dylan's. I think they make a lot of sense. Personally I think Alice Cooper makes a lot of sense."

**JAMES
JOHNSON**



ALICE COOPER: "We made about six million dollars last year"



WISHBONE ASH'S Andy Powell: vintage plc with the Gibson Flying V.

Gibson—the Stradivarius of the future?

ONE SUNNY London afternoon about two years ago, a Stradivarius violin known by the name of the "Lady Blunt" celebrated the 300-odd years of its existence by changing hands at Sotheby's for a cool, mouth-watering, cash-on-the-nail £84,000.

Hot stuff indeed . . . it makes the two or three hundred pounds passed over the counter of the High Street music store for the latest in six-string get-your-rocks-off electronic hardware not very much after all.

But look on another two hundred years or so, and maybe, in some far off auction house of the future, the six-string razor of today could just become the "Stradivarius" or "Amati" or tomorrow.

After all, it's beginning to happen already. Find a rusting National or a pre-war Martin guitar in the attic and you can laugh—if you're that way inclined—all the way to the bank.

A good guitar—a really great guitar—is so much more than just an instrument. It's a work of art . . . it's something very special.

So what's it going to be, that magic name of the future? Will it be a Martin that sends collectors rushing for their cheque-books. A National, maybe, or perhaps a Fender? Possibly, like the Stradivari and Amatis of today, it might after all be down to the hand-crafted specials of the single maker: a Zemaitis, perhaps, or a Dan Armstrong.

One thing is sure: it won't be one of

By JOHN BAGNALL

the massed-produced, made-in-Japan-under-licence instruments. The really special instruments of tomorrow will survive from the exceptional instruments of the early sixties and before. They'll be models made, in other words, before the pressures of the rock boom put the true craftsman out to grass and replaced him with technology and automation.

All those names—Martin, National, Fender, Guild, Gretsch, Epiphone—have a special, almost personal magic. Any of them could be the one to hold that special significance in the future. But there's another, not on that brief list, that perhaps—in the imagination of every kid who's ever put three chords together and sung a song—has it over all of them in my book.

The name is Gibson, and it's somehow more than coincidence that Stradivarius should have been the inspiration behind the birth of the world's most famous guitar. The very first Gibson design began life as a violin.

Orville H. Gibson was born in Chataugay, N.Y. in 1856, the son of an English father, John Gibson, who'd settled there in the early 1840's. The family moved to Kalamazoo in Michigan shortly after Orville's birth; an 1881 directory lists Orville H. Gibson as a "salesman", with a shoe store at 96 Lovell Street. By 1896 the

address had changed to 114 South Burdick, and Gibson—in changing his listing to "musician"—had embarked on the first chapter of the Gibson story.

Music was Gibson's life, and making instruments his hobby. His first was a violin, modelled on the strutting and arching principles of Stradivarius, and made from wood taken from Boston's old Town Hall.

From the violin's design came a number of mandolins (mandolins were big in those days), and from them the very first Gibson guitar.

He worked with hand tools, adapting the principles of his mandolin design—with which he first began to make a name for himself—to a new kind of guitar construction. The rims were cut complete from solid board, gouged and chiselled to the right profile.

Gibson hand-carved each sound-board and back, also from single pieces of wood, cutting and strutting each one to achieve the resonance he wanted. He reasoned that the volume and tone of each instrument depended on the size of the air chamber inside . . . and, accordingly, designed his neck around a hollow tube which did nothing—on Gibson's own admission when the company later dropped the idea—for ease of fingering.

Above all, he *experimented*—and came up along the way with the design patterns that established Gibson guitars as the premier instruments of their time and have provided the first models for many of the standard guitar features of today.

He built the first jumbos, established the first optional long-scale and

OVER PAGE

How the rock boom ended the magic of hand-finished guitars

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

short-scale guitar design and enlarged the sound hole of the classical guitar to the size of the folk and jumbo design.

It's a Gibson tradition that has survived today, and the present company has added—in ideas like the truss-rod and the humbucking pick-up—a string of similar "firsts" to the Gibson name.

The first Gibson company, the "Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Manufacturing Co.", was established in 1902 by Gibson and five other residents of Kalamazoo.

The name is interesting—it wasn't until the early 1930's and the beginning of the dance band era that the guitar began to assume prominence in Gibson's catalogue. Mandolin orchestras flourished through the early twentieth century—Gibson's first "Army and Navy" models, produced during the first World War, were mandolins—and the craze for the instruments only began to fall with the rise of the banjo in the 1920's and early 30's.

Orville H. Gibson died on August 19th, 1918, the year that Gibson introduced their first banjo. From it came the "Mastertone" design and, in 1924, the "father" of the present Gibson guitar range, the *f*-holed L-5.

The design won immediate acclaim from solo and dance band musicians (guitars, until the L-5, were almost universally based on the round-hole classical design), and became the first of the Gibson range as it stands today.

Another Gibson innovation of the same year was less well fated: the first-ever electric instrument (a double bass) to use the principle of the pick-up. It didn't catch on, and it wasn't until some 20 years later that the electric pick-up was to re-emerge into the limelight.

The instrument that made the final breakthrough for electric music was Gibson's EH-150 electric Hawaiian guitar, introduced in the early forties. It met with instant success; the dance band guitarist could

step up from the rhythm section and, for the first time, take a solo.

But the Hawaiian design was limited for full harmony and solo work. One of Gibson's engineers took the guitar away for a while, experimented with the idea of pedal mechanisms to produce set chord patterns, and came back with the design for the Gibson "Electraharp", the first electric pedal steel guitar.

Shortly afterwards, Gibson introduced the ES-150 electric Spanish guitar and—with the parallel introduction of the BR-1 amplifier, the electric guitar as a readily-available instrument was born.

Through the 1940's, Gibson began the creation of their most historic models: the ES-350 semi-acoustic, the ES-300, the ES-5 three pick-up electric version of the L-5, the Super Jumbo 200 (christened the "King of flat-top guitars") and the Super 400 flat top.

From them, in 1951, came the Super 400 CESN, the first cutaway semi-acoustic and, a year later, the legendary, first-ever Gibson solid-body electric: the Gibson Les Paul.

The Les Paul custom, the "fretless wonder" was unveiled in 1953, followed by instruments like the ES-5 "Switchmaster" in 1955, the "Byrdland" and the EB-1 electric bass.

The first Gibson twin-neck, with six and 12-string necks, came out in 1957 and the famed "Flying V" in 1958. The ES-335 was launched in 1958 and the LG-O shortly afterwards. The latter guitar, a flat-top folk acoustic, sold more models in each of its first three years on the market than the *total* yearly sales of all Gibson's instruments during the company's first 25 years of existence.

The LG-O is still around today, and selling just as well as ever.

Gibson entered the sixties with the "Dove" acoustic and the "Firebird" and "Thunderbird" range of solid-body electrics. More models followed towards the peak of the Gibson range: the custom-built "Citation", finished in gold with a long, long waiting list and a price tag of over-£1,000.

£1,000 is a long way away from the

£84,000 paid for that Stradivarius violin. But can anyone yet really say that the "Citation", or an original Les Paul or an early L-5, is a collector's item?

It all depends—and it's certain that the rock boom hasn't helped. As the blues boom got music rolling, a Gibson—particularly the early electrics—became a status symbol. It wasn't Gibson's fault that people clamoured for more of their instruments, and that they followed the demand by stepping up production and re-introducing some of the "lost designs".

Other manufacturers followed suit... and the ball of automation began to slowly but inevitably roll.

Now, sadly, the special magic of the early years, and the first hand-made and hand-finished models has gone forever. I don't think they'll ever return; money and sales talk too loudly. Gibson have come a long way now from the days when Orville H. Gibson, when asked how long it would take to make and supply 500 of his early mandolins to a big exporter, replied that it would take "500 years".

No-one's to blame, least of all Gibson who still manufacture guitars which are, with a handful of other well established names, the finest in the world today.

You can put it down, if you like, to the old evil "progress". Things, and the modern day guitar in particular, aren't what they used to be.

But still originals survive, and the best news of all is that—far from being put behind glass cases—they're still being played. Gibsons like the original Les Paul that Paul Kossoff played in the early days of Free and then passed on to Eric Clapton, the Flying V's of Andy Powell, Alvin Lee's custom 335 and many, many more are still making music, all the more sweetly for their age and maturity.

And some of them—like the Stradivari and Amatis of today—are going to survive, as documents of the name behind the guitar almost universally acclaimed as rock's finest-ever instrument.



TEN YEARS AFTER'S Alvin Lee—on Gibson



SO 1973 was the year Lou Reed squirmed his way up the Fun Thirty and into the consciousness of the sheltered masses on both sides of the pond. Sure, stranger things have happened but not much stranger.

I mean, who could imagine Reed, former habitué of some of the scuzziest, most deranged crannies of the human psyche ever making the big swoop?

You never can tell with these nice Long Island Jewish boys though,

and give him his due, Lou's made the grand connection with pure undiluted grace.

"Walk On The Wild Side" was the number, delivered by Reed with a sublime edge which immediately placed it apart from his previously stark Velvet Underground creations. All the right noises: transvestism, speed, sex deviations, male prostitution—you name it, ole Lou draws it out with that same charming sense of self-detachment.

It's great, which is far more than can be said for "Transformer," the album of "Walk On The Wild Side's" origin, and unfortunately Lou Reed's calling-card to public mass-

acceptance.

Those terrible "gay" consciousness songs, the limp-wristed rockers, *that* cover—they all added up to produce Lou Reed's first real artistic turkey.

His previous album, spectacularly titled "Lou Reed", was a barely adequate representation of his former glories when he played in a band of neurotic bohemians called the Velvet Underground.

But let's start at the beginning. Louis Reed, a product of upper middle-class New York, broke away from his background, where plans for a career in journalism had previously been constructed, and holed up with a bunch of punk-hoodlum rock bands,

Middle-class punk New York hoodlum makes good

... AN APPRAISAL OF
LOU REED, by NICK KENT

one of whom, Ponch and the Prophets, actually recorded a single, "Do The Ostrich".

Upon meeting John Cale, a remarkable Welsh classical student who was known as "Horseface" in his native Wales and who was now studying in New York, the two decided to form a cacophony-inspired band, named it the Velvet Underground after a well-known pornographic novel of the same name, and picked up a bunch of human oddities to fit the bill.

A butch-looking female drummer called Maureen Tucker, the studiously anonymous Sterling Morrison on guitar and, of course, Nico, the ice-cold madonna and Warhol protégé of

sorts as "chanteuse".

The Velvet's history from then on now dwells in the land of legends—half-fact, half-fiction mingling together in an exotic limbo, building from the bizarre Plastic Exploding Inevitable project of 1967 through Nico and Cale's departure, through terrible managerial hassles up to Lou Reed's crack-up and disappearance in 1970.

There is still a Velvet Underground in existence, but we don't talk about that.

What remains of the Velvet's, of course, are four remarkable albums, each one an absolute masterpiece.

"The Velvet Underground And Nico"—stark brilliance tailored around

Reed's songs from "I'm Waiting For The Man" to one of the greatest love-songs ever, "I'll Be Your Mirror".

"White Light, White Heat"—white energy cacophony and probably Reed's most difficult creation to actually get into.

"The Velvet Underground"—the only truly successful rock opera ever written, complex and confusingly subtle.

And ultimately, "Loaded"—the final affirmation of the Velvet's credentials as a great rock 'n' roll band. The album included the immortal

OVER PAGE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"Sweet Jane", "New Age" and "Rock 'n' Roll".

But after the release of "Loaded", rumours of Lou Reed's disappearance were rampant. Some claimed he had committed himself to a mental institution, while others dared to believe him dead. In actual fact, Reed had gone over the top a little, what with the excesses of rock 'n' roll and terrible management problems and spent some time working for his father while he recuperated.

Reed next appeared in a recording studio with Richard Robinson, ex-rock writer and occasional producer, for the first solo album.

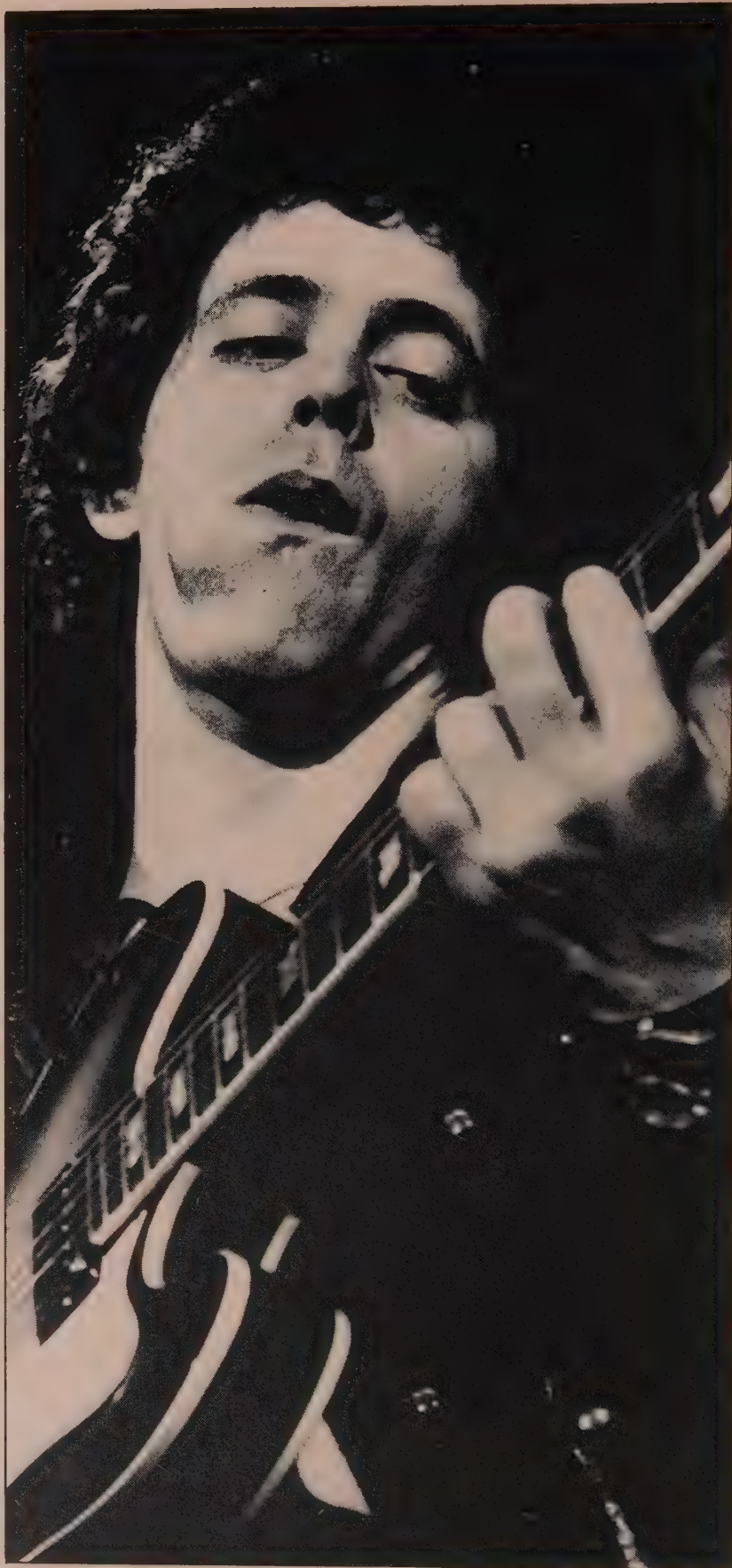
The album was marginally successful and helped to re-establish the fact that Reed was still alive and kicking, even though it failed to display the sustained brilliance and real sense of detachment that has always been Lou Reed's main claim to fame.

However, the album itself was overshadowed by Reed's reported dalliances with David Bowie, then humping his "Ziggy Stardust" media-assault tactics. Bowie was to produce Reed, which sounded feasible until one eventually heard the results—which were, with one fine exception, remarkably unsuccessful and what's even worse, a total parody of Reed's whole style.

Lou Reed's main problem in the studio appears to be his weakness and almost subservience to a producer. Fortunately for all concerned, he employed Bob Ezrin, himself solely responsible for turning Alice Cooper from good exoteric trash to even better commercially-viable trash, and the result is "Berlin".

As I write this, the album is going through the usual finishing processes, but advance tapes indicate that Lou Reed has regained his old finesse and reconciled it to a new more tastefully woven approach.

Also he now seems much healthier than has been the case of late, so good on ya Lou, and let's just hope you prove all us puny rock writers who prophesied your total degeneration, wrong and deliver the goods. Anyway, the real giants always have the last laugh.



Lou Reed: regained his old finesse

The Charts

NME CHART EXPERT DEREK JOHNSON ANSWERS SOME CONTROVERSIAL QUESTIONS

HOW ARE charts compiled?

On a cross-section basis. Record dealers all over the country submit weekly returns of best-selling records in their particular shops. These returns are analysed by a team of accountants, who convert them into one chart representative of the whole country.

ARE THE charts completely accurate?

As reliable as any survey can be that's based on a cross-section. Because of the method employed, they can't be guaranteed 100 per cent accurate—no one has ever claimed they are. But they provide a pretty faithful indication of best-selling trends in any one particular week, and are a guide to the public and the business alike.

WHY NOT aim for complete accuracy?

Because this would mean obtaining sales details from every shop in the country that sells records—the recognised record dealers, little village shops, multiple stores, market stalls and so on. It would take weeks of hard graft, and by the time a chart was produced it'd be completely out of date. So the cross-section system—utilising the big record shops with the largest turnovers—is the only logical way.

COULDN'T SALES figures be obtained from the record companies themselves?

That's a suggestion often put forward, but it wouldn't work. In the first place, the record companies are remarkably reluctant to divulge sales figures—unless they have a potential million-seller they want to brag about. And anyway, even if they were to supply statistics, these would only indicate records actually dispatched from the factory—which, in many cases, would stay in the shops for weeks before being sold.

CAN the charts be fiddled?

Theoretically, yes—but in reality, no. Any artist who wanted to break into the charts by unfair means would need a vast spy network and a huge amount of money. First of all, it would be necessary to discover the names of shops supplying weekly returns—that is a closely guarded secret, and even I do not know the names. Then he'd have



ELVIS PRESLEY: has sold more records and had more hit singles than any other artist or group since the NME chart was inaugurated in 1952. He also tops the comprehensive NME Points Table covering the last 21 years, making him the most consistent chart artist of the period.

to bribe the managers of every shop in question (all over the country), or buy enough copies of his record at each shop to ensure he figured in its weekly return.

At this end of the operation, journalists and other staff have no connection whatever with chart compilation. This is handled by independent accountants who have no connection with the music business, and whose reputation and livelihood depends upon producing accurate figures.

WHY ARE there sometimes variations between, say, the NME chart and the BBC chart?

Simply because one chart is based upon returns from one set of shops, and the other chart is compiled from returns submitted by different shops. Thus there are bound to be slight variations. For instance, a record that's selling well in Wolverhampton (Slade territory) may not be faring quite so well in Newcastle (Geordie land). But differences that do occur are minimal—which, in itself, is proof that the system is effective.

WHEN WERE charts first introduced?

The first chart of best-selling records in Britain was published by NME in November, 1952. In those days it was a Top 12, but was subsequently extended to a Top 20, then to a Top 30. There had been a weekly "hit parade" published before this, but it was based on sheet music sales and not records.

JUST HOW important are the charts?

Probably the most important single factor in the music business. They are the guideline to public tastes, the ever-changing musical influences, and the success or failure of individual artists and groups. They are a weekly popularity poll—and cover the whole spectrum of the music scene.

HOW DOES the artist benefit?

Both financially and in terms of status. Initially a chart record means a handsome dividend in terms of royalties, but it's the reflected glory that's more significant. Once a performer makes the chart, the fees he can command at concerts increase immeasurably. When it comes to renewing his record contract, he can almost dictate his own terms.

HAVE THE charts become a monster—dominating the music scene to the detriment of the lesser-known acts?

That's a fair point—but the business does need the incentive the charts provide. This means there's intensive competition, which ensures that high standards are maintained. Besides, if an artist is good enough, he will eventually succeed in breaking into the charts. The door is always open. And the fight to get through that door is the name of the game.

ROCK TAKING OVER FROM SOCCER?

Well, stop kicking

PLAYING MUSIC has been compared to playing football. And, of course, there are a lot of similarities between the two—involving images, money and public idolatry. In NME recently Bill MacCormick discussed the parallels and social characteristics at some length, and arrived at the conclusion that a large proportion of young football fans are switching their allegiance and milling into the rock concert halls.

That may or may not be so: but what I query is whether rock deserves such attendance figures. After all, concerts seem to be slipping into the abyss and turning into little better than amateur shin-digs.

Admittedly, you can't slate *all* concerts in this way—but there are a large number of real bums.

This situation shouldn't be allowed to continue much longer. Because if football has lost part of its audience, it hasn't happened just because of music and its rising social stature.

There are other reasons—lying in poor facilities, dull play, and unprofessional behaviour. And if history repeats itself, then rock too will topple from this metaphorical pedestal.

Because whatever musicians may claim, music-making is a profession. 'First Division singers and players' are highly paid professional entertainers, and unfortunately certain people in the music business are abusing the responsibilities of this position.

There are three basic reasons why I believe

rock too will lose its followers—at least at gigs. And these opinions stem from the opening of Earls Court, London, as a venue (remember the criticisms of Bowie's gig there earlier this year?) First, there's this so-called need to find large-capacity halls, which ultimately spoil gigging pleasure and at the same time raising the profit margin.

Second, there is a lack of professionalism by certain roadies and sound engineers. They often display an inability to set up equipment and keep it operating for 90 minutes without a hitch.

Then finally there's the attitude of some musicians towards appearing in public. Quite a few—and the numbers are increasing—believe it necessary to kick the fans right in the teeth.

This they manage to do by either being too drunk or stoned to give their best—and often displaying their state of inebriation by cavorting around. For a good deal less money, you could see something similar at the chimp house of London Zoo.

To take another point, it was David Bowie's gig—and I must emphasise that the fore-mentioned criticisms do *not* apply to him—at Earls Court which cast doubt about the advisability of arranging mammoth gigs. To stuff an 18,000 audience in there was a mistake. And even if the sound quality improved for Pink Floyd shortly afterwards, there were still many people too far away to appreciate the performance.

Surely the pleasure and thrill of paying a few quid to watch a group is to actually see them—and not be content with knowing that those tiny dots far away in the distance are the band.

Allow me to emphasise this point. To hear a

TONY STEWART HOLLERS FROM THE TERRACES . . .

fans in the teeth

racing, football or boxing commentary on the radio is second-best to seeing the action. The kick is actually seeing Ali belt his opponent in the gob, or Charlie George nod the leather ball into the net, and not be told this is what they did.

As large capacity venues increase I believe that, conversely, audiences will dwindle in size. And there's the comparison to soccer crowds that I mentioned earlier.

Recently soccer gates dropped. No, not because of a shift to rock halls, but because of innumerable reasons such as lack of facilities, violence in the crowds (we saw that at Earls Court too), and the danger of being crushed in a surge forward (something else not unknown to music).

Then there's the sound problem. Frequently performances are marred by PA distortion, bass cabinet rattles, continuous howls of feed-back, bad mixes and balance. I recall one gig at which, to rectify bad sound quality, a roadie had to run the complete length of London's Festival Hall and mount the stage mid-performance.

Then again, you're never quite sure whether the equipment will last the concert out. To put it in context, would you appreciate the floodlights failing just as the ball was crossing the goal line at a big game? You bet you wouldn't. And how'd you appreciate a cinema projectionist fluffing a reel-change halfway through the feature movie?

Ah, yes, and there's the musicians. While realising that the social environment of the music business often over-rides artistic motives, it's still difficult to comprehend why certain people hit that stage incapable of very little other than three-step staggers.

At Manchester Hardrock not so long ago I saw one gentleman being carried off stage after he'd knocked over several microphones and a monitor speaker and tried to argue with the front-row audience. Each time he managed to blow one phrase on his instrument he received a round of applause.

At Kingston Poly a couple of years back a band's drummer was carried to the drum stool. On other occasions I've witnessed a vocalist throwing booze over an audience; another singer nearly taking the head off a roadie when he carelessly threw a mike stand; and a gentleman who collapsed before a gig.

Agreed, quite often little incidents are blown out of proportion, but these are facts. If audiences were more discerning they just wouldn't put up with it. Needless to say, if a football star trod the pitch after downing a bottle of brandy he'd be lynched.

To use the comparison with football again, let me ask these questions: If a trainer forgot his bucket and sponge, what would you think of him? If a manager forgot to tell the team about a fixture, would he earn your respect for diligence? No way, people.

Rock has no right to be a hallowed form of entertainment beyond criticism. Inevitably there will be a climax to these poor shows and sloppy jokers calling themselves musicians—audiences will raise two fingers to large venues, poor sound, and those incapable of playing their music.

They might just prefer to spend their well-earned pennies on something else. After all, motor racing is becoming quite popular . . .

LOOKIN' BACK

Stevie Wonder and the wind of change

STEVIE WONDER'S musical progress over the past decade has in many ways epitomised the development of black American music in the same period—an era during which it has at the same time strengthened its own identity and validity and become a part of the mainstream of pop culture.

When Wonder first emerged to fame as "the 12-year-old genius" his audience was strictly defined. In America it was young blacks. In Britain it was a handful of mods who were heavily into soul music—R&B as it was more familiarly known then—and who had discovered the Motown sound when the product was released first on Fontana and then on the independent Oriole label. It was very much an underground taste.

As Wonder's renown grew here, alongside that of Motown itself, it was unthinkable that people into rock music—psychedelia as it was then—should listen to and appreciate what he was playing.

Rock and soul were poles apart and so were the audiences that dug them, and never the twain should meet.

Tamla Motown was Palais music, the sound of the disco.

Rock was for the smelly, long-haired hippies.

But the wind of change was in the air even then. America, as so often in popular music, was setting the trends. The freaks

By **ROGER ST. PIERRE**

and heads packing out the Fillmore West in San Francisco were just as happy listening to King Curtis or even Otis Redding as they were listening to Jefferson Airplane or the Dead. They found nothing strange in digging the both.

I remember seeing one Fillmore bill which boasted Buddy Rich, the Herd and one of the top West Coast acid-rock bands on the same musical menu—unthinkable in Britain at the time, but over there it worked.

In contrast, the late Brian Epstein put Bo Diddley and Ben E. King—both black American R&B artists, though musically poles apart—on the same bill at London's Saville Theatre and nearly had a riot on his hands.

The change in attitudes over here started two or three years ago. People who, as 14-year-olds, had got it off to the sounds of the Temptations, the Supremes, Jr. Walker and Wilson Pickett then dropped it all in that first surge of "flower-power", started digging back to their roots, bringing all those old soul singles out of hiding. Oldies' shops gathered momentum, and it was long-hairs who started catching up on the latest imports from the American R&B charts.

The words Tamla Motown, once held as being tantamount to bad language, started to command respect again, at first grudgingly: "Yeh, the recording techniques are fantastic but I don't dig the music."

And then Motown itself started to move halfway across the gap with the "progressive soul" of the Temps, Marvin Gaye and, finally, Stevie Wonder providing a line of inter-communication.

Yeh, Stevie Wonder, the very guy who

had cut some of the most banal pop-soul ballads of them all—remember "Alfie", "My Cherie Amour" and "Yester-You, Yester-Me, Yester-Day"—was suddenly right back on the ball.

From the promising but hesitant "Where I'm Coming From" set he'd moved on to the brilliant "Music Of My Mind" and "Talking Book".

More importantly, he had given us something new, not black soul or white rock but pure Stevie Wonder.

There's been a world of progression and yet, right from the beginning, Stevie Wonder—"Little Stevie" as he was then—has shown a remarkably high standard of musicianship.

Let's take a look, then, at the 15 albums released in Britain under his name. Several are now deleted but are usually fairly easy to find in deletion shops or collectors' auctions.

Stevie Wonder was introduced to British listeners with two albums released on the now defunct Oriole label.

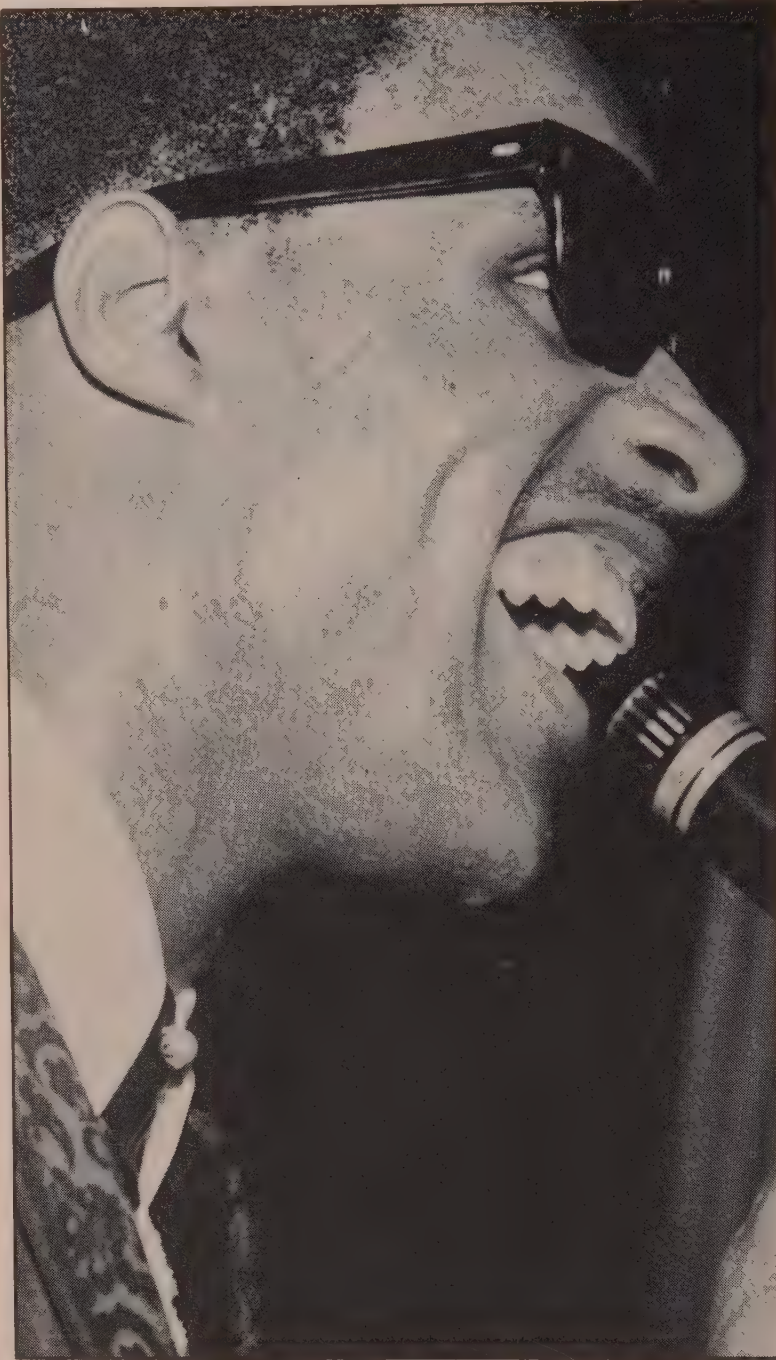
In those days people were comparing him to that other blind black musician, Ray Charles, both for his musical style and for his dexterity on various instruments—in Wonder's case harmonica, piano, organ, bongos and drums.

So what better then than a "Tribute to Uncle Ray" (Oriole PS40049), which included such Ray Charles' favourites as "Hallelujah I Love Her So", "Drown In My Own Tears" and "Mary Ann"?

As the sleeve-note said, "No-one can sing these tunes like Ray Charles", and Wonder's pipping sub-teen voice left a lot to be desired. But if the depth and the power were lacking the distinctive phrasing and delivery which were to make his name were already in evidence.

"Recorded Live—The 12-Year-Old Boy Genius" (Oriole PS40050) was the album which really sparked off the excitement, thanks to one particular track which remains an all-time masterpiece, a spontaneous explosion of sheer excitement which happens once and can't be recaptured. I refer, of course, to "Fingertips" with the band wailing, the audience screaming,





Stevie Wonder

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Wonder's harp letting rip and his squeaky vocal somehow just right.

"Soul Bongo" too had it's moments and there was another, more effective version of "Drown In My Own Tears", again enhanced by its having been recorded in concert.

Proof that the quality of that "Fingertips" recording was ephemeral came when "The Jazz Of Little Stevie" (Stateside

SL10078) was finally released here when EMI took over the Tamla Motown catalogue.

This album was actually recorded before the 'live' one and included the original studio cuts of both "Fingertips" and "Soul Bongo", which somehow lacked all the verve and fire of the on-stage versions. The music here was typical early-sixties big-band rhythm-and-blues and nothing to really rave over.

With "Up-tight" (Tamla Motown TML11036). Wonder moved into the classic

Tamla style which, this being 1966, was by then firmly established in Britain and had attained its own label identity.

As well as "Up-tight" we heard the punchy "Nothing's Too Good For My Baby" and "Music Talk". But already, with a version of Dylan's "Blowin' In The Wind", Wonder was moving into the realms of the sickly-sweet ballad.

"Down To Earth" (Tamla Motown STML11045) took this trend even further with things like "A Place In The Sun" and "Mr Tambourine Man", but at least there was a balance, as maintained on "I Was Made To Love Her" (Tamla Motown STML11059), which was well-endowed with guts thanks to "Baby Don't Do It", "Can I Get A Witness" and interesting versions of non-Motown songs like James Brown's "Please, Please, Please" and Bobby "Blue" Bland's stunning "I Pity The Fool".

"Stevie Wonder Live" (Tamla Motown STML11150) found the pop element of Wonder's output on top. Really, we could have done without "By The Time I Get To Phoenix", "Alfie" and "Love Theme From Romeo And Juliet". Still, there was a version of the driving "Shoo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Da-Day". Like most Motown 'live' albums though this one lacked sparkle, and much the same could be said of "Live At The Talk Of The Town" (STML11164), which contained more of the same format.

The inevitable Christmas album came up with "Someday At Christmas" (Tamla Motown STML11085) but we'll quickly forget that except for the gas version of "The Little Drummer Boy".

By the time of "For Once In My Life" (Tamla Motown STML11098) Wonder was a regular fixture in the pop charts, but most soul freaks had long since lost interest. He was still capable of getting raunchy, though, as the inclusion of "You Met Your Match" and "I'm More Than Happy (I'm Satisfied)" gave proof.

"My Cherie Amour" (Tamla Motown STML1128) was next in line, duplicating several older tracks, and then in 1970 came the superb "Signed Sealed Delivered" (Tamla Motown STML11169), the title single of which revived a somewhat flagging career. That one also included his definitive version of the Beatles' "We Can Work It Out", generally acknowledged at the time as the most imaginative and effective re-working of any Lennon/McCartney song.

Wonder himself was well aware of the need for change and he split from Motown, though his records were still to be released on the label under an independent production deal.

"Where I'm Coming From" had the lyrics printed on the cover; something nobody would have dreamed was necessary for earlier Wonder albums—which, though often first-rate for what they were, had never exactly been aimed at the intellect.

Now Wonder started to make music which was essentially for listening rather than dancing to.

"Stevie Wonder's Greatest Hits Vol. 2" (Tamla Motown STML11196) was issued to complete the story-to-date of "Greatest Hits Vol. 1"—to remind us of the Stevie Wonder that was. But now we had "Music Of My Mind" (Tamla Motown STMA8002) to show us exactly where Stevie Wonder's head is now at and it immediately broke down all musical frontiers, being acclaimed across the board by his long-term fans and newly-tuned-in head-freaks alike.

"Talking Book" (Tamla Motown STMA8007), containing the American number-one single of earlier this year, "Superstition", brings the story bang up-to-date.

Today nobody finds it strange that Wonder is to be heard on Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, Graham Nash and Steve Stills sessions, nor that he has toured with the Stones, nor that his records are as likely to be played on "head" radio shows as on R&B shows. Stevie Wonder has, quite simply, arrived.

FLOYD: cosmic giants or technicolour yawn

OVER PAGE



PINK FLOYD

by Tony Tyler

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

WHEN THE nominations start flying around for the World's Most Extrovert Band, don't expect Pink Floyd to topple the giants. But when someone gets round to figuring just who is the World's Most Consistent Band, then the Floyd may well get a large slice of the action. Dependable, consistent, and constantly underrated they are; personality cultists they aren't. That's life on the Dark Side Of The Moon.

And who are Pink Floyd? What is the secret of their success? Who is Eugene? How come they can simultaneously field both the largest cult following in Britain and an equally-large number of rock fans totally turned-off by their electronic eclecticism? Which group is right? Does it matter?

Yes. It matters. It's important to make accurate assessments of any band's music, but it's doubly vital to get Pink Floyd in proper perspective—because, like the iguana lizard, they're a living fossil. In form, shape and texture they're an evolutionary hangover from the dinosaurs of '67.

By all the rules of evolution, Floyd should have followed the rest of the psychedelic pseudery into comfortable oblivion, unmourned by none but a few pstoned psatellites of psi-fi rock.

But in fact they've survived the winds of change and, admittedly after a couple of years when things looked somewhat dodgy, have, in 1973, made a notable reassertion of Floydhood with a superb album, an amazing concert and a whole new approach. Things now look as good as they ever did. And the Floyd are richer than they've ever been.

That's nice, Eugene. But is it true that Floyd are boring individuals, that

they're contemptuous of their fans and of the press, that they're latter-day dilettantes whose main preoccupations are with bread and elaborate circuses? That, really, they take nothing seriously, not even their own music, and that their intellectually-based arrogance gets up one's nose even more than the rougher didactic wafflings of cornier acts? Put that axe away; let's talk about this.

As to whether they're boring individuals, that's a matter for them and their nearest and dearest. Certainly, there's none of that sultry charisma which emanates from more ego-based rockstars—and rock'n roll is, after all, about ego if nothing else. Contemptuous of their fans? Boo, unfair. No band that can go to the colossal trouble that Pink Floyd do when laying on a Spectacle for their fans can be accused of contempt.

If you go to a Floyd concert then you can be assured of a full evening of total entertainment, with immense trouble taken to mix those medias along with the music in a glorious display of technicolour porridge.

Who else—apart, maybe, from Alice Cooper—would lay on inflatable monsters, model divebombers and a quadraphonic sound system of such superb quality?

Contempt for the press? Well, that's a different box of nettles. Certainly Floyd have "never really needed the press" (to quote Dave Gilmour) and, as it hasn't done them any appreciable harm, perhaps there's grounds there for contempt. But journalists themselves are not the most sagacious of individuals, and they make mistakes as often as anybody. Perhaps the Floyd have sussed this, and therefore take no more trouble to be nice to the press than anyone else would?

Dilettantes? Preoccupied? Inasmuch as the individual members of the group never seem totally committed to Lifestyle, man, or the Scene, man—then they certainly fit the classic description of a dilettante as "one who dabbles for fun'n profit without the necessary ideological commitment." Perhaps this is what Floyd's somewhat-surlly

mystique is all about—that they're not noticeably committed to anything other than making their own music and having a good (if private) time into the bargain?

And as to arrogance, if you're confident that you put on about the best damn value-for-money show in the entire history of rock music, then isn't that good cause for a certain, ah, arrogance? This writer thinks so.

But enough of this rapier-sharp cut-and-thrust. Let's check out Floyd's progress from ground zero up till the present day and see if we can't shed a little light on their innermost workings.

Pink Floyd boosted into life care of one Sydney Barrett, Esq., of Cambridge, in late 1966. Barrett, a strange individual, whose boyhood reading must have consisted of an unrelieved diet of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll, formed a precocious band of space fantasy-orientated musicians to take full advantage of—and to contribute to—the great psychedelic boom of the mid-to-late-sixties.

In that group were Barrett (lead guitar), Roger Waters (bass), Richard Wright (Farfisa organ), and Nick Mason (drums). An ordinary line-up? Stop right there, Eugene. Because what this early Pink Floyd did was to define British psychedelia in such a way that every band whose sound even remotely echoes that period is still compared first of all to the Floyd.

These were the days of acid-rock, remember, and of acid-y production techniques on record (phasing, remote vocals, surrealistic lyrics), and on stage (lightshows, strobes, fireworks, incense, hypnotic music, freaked-out audiences).

Floyd laid down a groundwork that many emulate but few have equalled. The combination of Barrett's obsessions with British fantasy and the band's obsessions with sci-fi and UFOs has been etched into the rock tapestry on a permanent basis. They made a couple of singles ("Arnold Layne", "See Emily Play") and a

OVER PAGE



FLOYD'S Dave Gilmour

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

majestic album ("The Piper At The Gates of Dawn") and attracted a huge following.

Barrett's leave-taking is now part of rock'n'roll legend and has no place in this tale. The band, lost for a lyricist and a lead guitarist, rowed in David Gilmour on guitar—and Gilmour, Waters and Wright formed a coalition to take care of the compositions.

The next album, "A Saucerful Of Secrets", was considered by many (this writer *not* among them) to be something of a disappointment and it was soon apparent that many people's interest in the Floyd departed with Barrett (who still, despite many years' silence, has his own Appreciation Society).

But what you lose on the cosmic swings, you gain on the celestial roundabouts and the Floyd attracted a huge new influx of followers with their increasingly-ambitious concerts. Private psychedelia at the UFO was ditched in favour of enormous, contrived stunts where sound excellence and visual dynamite were mixed with Floyd's crop of galactic standards to provide, for many, a totally cosmic experience.

Their records sold respectably, but they were really a concert band—and almost from the start they established a formidable reputation in this field.

Musically, they went into an interim decline. Album followed album and, although excellent, it could be seen by the discerning that most new material was, in fact, a better-recorded re-hash of earlier thoughts. There are, of course, exceptions: "Atom Heart Mother", with choir and brass band, was a brave experiment that almost worked (and Floyd had great fun with it on tour) but the recording wasn't up to much and the structure proved too unwieldy.

Perhaps this . . . well, not *sterility*, but an ominous trend towards it . . . got to the individual members of the band; they made a few detours into French avant-garde and filmscore work. The film music for "Zabriskie

Point" was composed by them (in the event director Antonioni ditched most of the specially-written stuff and included just "Cirrus Minor" and another track). So was "More", which was far more successful, even if the Floyd's "regular" album of the same period, "Meddle", contained far too many of the same ideas.

"Obscured By Clouds"—perhaps their weakest record—followed and, as they weren't doing too many of their fantastic concerts at the time, interest in the group was seen—almost imperceptibly—to be on the wane.

Then came 1972, and the premier of "Dark Side Of The Moon". Instantly it was apparent that the group had not only found their old form, but had taken their excellence in stage presentation a double jump up the evolutionary ladder. (They were to top it yet again at their 1973 Wembley concert but that can wait.)

"Dark Side", all about madness, pressures, manipulation and coercion, showed social responsibility and awareness, and it has to contain the best set of lyrics since Barrett left.

Musically, it's their strongest yet. The rich sonorities of the group were augmented by any number of electronic devices, their already-superb sound system, and by the skills of the best roadies in the world. The 1972 premier tour caught the public's interest and, by the time the tested material was issued as an album in early 1973, it already had legions of eager people ready to fork out.

And for the first time Floyd found chart success in America. This countryside of most of the money in the rock world—had proved a tough nut for the band to crack. They'd always had a cult following over there but, as in the case of Britain, Floyd's following came from that stratum of society which doesn't, as a rule, have enough money or more than two albums a year. They sold out their concerts, all right, and the Americans were as impressed with the group's visionary use of all the tools of theatre, but they'd never really cracked the

album market in any enormous way.

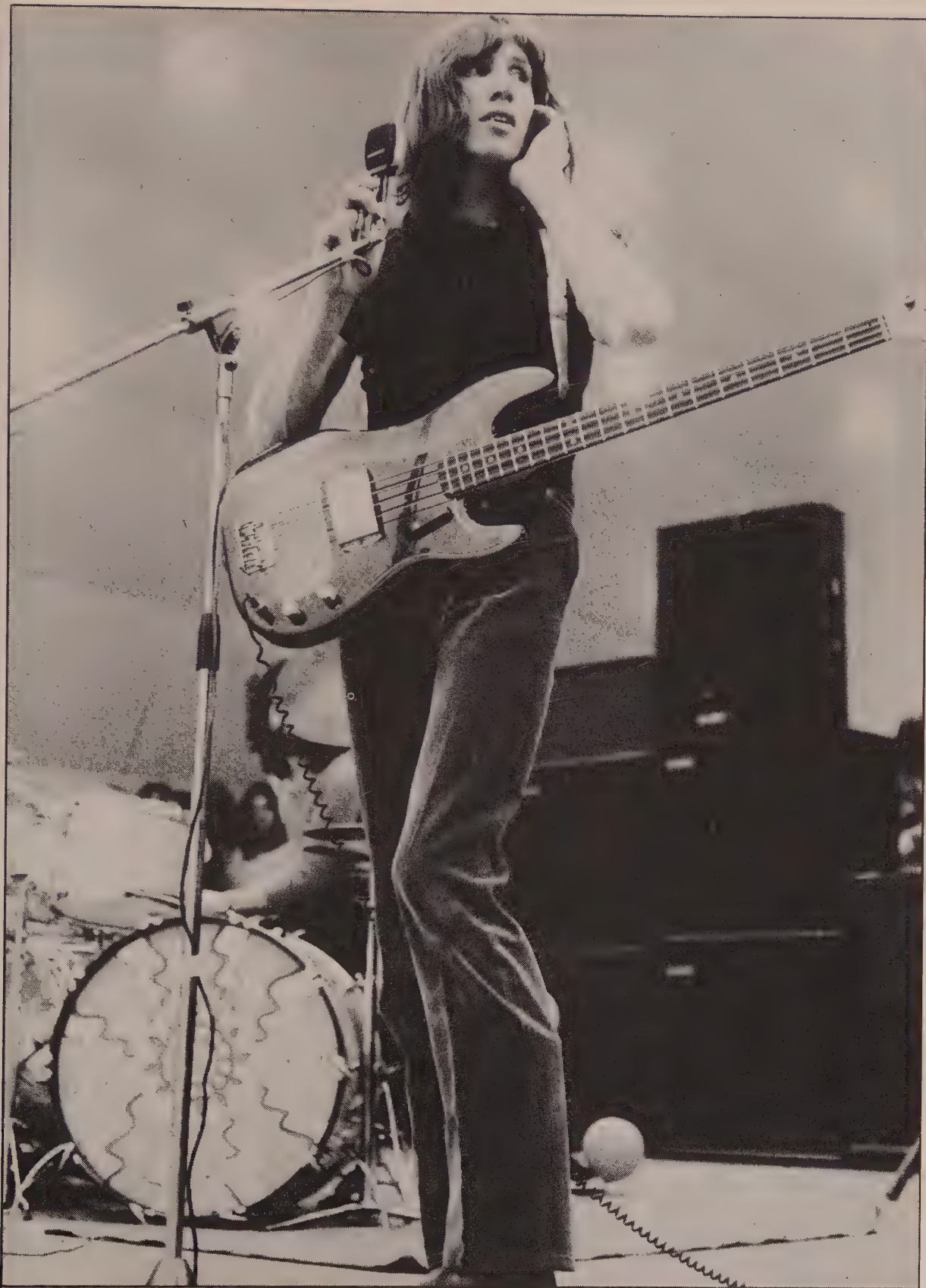
"Dark Side" broke all the rules. It shot to no. 1 in the States, did the same over here and added large lumps of cash to the group's already-healthy bank accounts.

Perhaps because of this unforeseeable chart success, the next extravaganza the band laid on was a charity affair at London's Earl's Court Arena. If you've never seen Earl's Court, the information that it's where they hold the Motor Show each year should give you an accurate indication of its size. David Bowie, on his way up, had died there the week before by means of a total underestimation of the arena's hazards, especially in terms of sound and visuals. But Floyd, unlike Bowie, do not need to be seen close up; their act doesn't depend on personal charisma. And, unlike every other rock act in the world, Pink Floyd's sound crew are a bunch of totally-competent engineers whose skill with duff venues is breathtaking.

The concert at Earl's Court is already legend but, if you weren't there, let me say it involved fantastic sound, unbeatable visuals, with the stage a mass of glowing colour at times, and carefully-worked out dramatic high-points. The pinnacle of Floyd theatre must surely be the large model aeroplane which dived on hidden wires the full length of Earl's Court to plummet into the Aurora Borealis of light that surrounded the group onstage—there to explode.

That explosion signalled a peculiarly Floydian triumph—a return from the ashes of extinction with a piece of music—and a series of concerts—which signalled the group's intention to remain firmly in that unique position they'd created for themselves over several years of painstaking work. They have no rivals. And, while they may not be strictly a rock 'n roll band, all the more power to them for refusing to compromise with other people's standards of performance. They're out on their own.

Long life, gentlemen.



Roger Waters



The spirit of the era—She Na Na. But there's still a lot of people who just dig the originals.

America and the rockanroll people

NORMAN JOPLING ON STATESIDE OLDIES

IF ANYONE started a contest for America's Craziest Rock 'n' Roll Fan, the judges' panel would have a tough time picking a winner. The rock oldies boom has brought some mighty fanatical collectors and enthusiasts out into the open. Many of them are cashing in on the boom and making money from their favourite hobby . . . or lifestyle.

"You can tell time with records", explains Walter Iooss Jr. (he's for real, believe it or not). "I can tell you everything that happened in July '58 because I know that was the month 'Born Too Late' by the Pony Tails was a hit".

Walter's head, like so many others, is stuck in the rock era and successfully avoids contact with the music of the seventies.

Another superfan, 28-year-old Val Shively just spent 800 bucks on three singles—"My Baby's Gone" by the Five Thrills, "Baby It's You" by the Spaniels and "You Did Me Wrong" by the Buccaneers. He already has a collection of 3,500 R&B and early rock records and claims his collection is "the best in the world".

Writer-fan Jeff Greenfield wrote a book on the fifties nostalgia fad, called "Where 'ave You Gone Joe DiMaggio?" (2 out of 10 for that title), and philosophically declares: "There's no Joe McCarthy revival and nobody is longing for the days of the H-Bomb tests, but people listen to 50s songs and go to 50s movies because it's fun".

A more interesting publication for serious oldies fans is "Record Exchanger" which costs 95 cents (11 dollars foreign subscription annually) from Box 2144, Anaheim, California 92804, USA.

It features in-depth interviews with artists and producers, old pix, lists of auction records, discographies and many other juicy titbits. I reckon it's better than any comparable British fanzine, so dedicated rock and R&B fans should subscribe.

Oldies fans in Hollywood and LA can even see the real thing. Promoter Art Laboe has revamped Ciro's Club on Sunset Strip and renamed it "Laboe's On The Strip", alias "Art Laboe's Oldies But Goodies Club".

It features screens showing visual flashbacks of various stars, and boasts a regular house band (Don Julian and the Meadowlarks whose members have worked with Chuck Berry, Eddie Cochran and Bo Diddley), regular spots from old-time hitmakers and a distinct lack of long hair and post-Beatle paraphernalia.

The chicks wear long-line low-cut black numbers or pink fluffy sweaters and the guys still sport crewcuts, college-boys and even grease.

Says Laboe: "We've been getting a certain kind of audience at the club, you might call it a working-class audience. It's an older audience, mainly. There are blacks and Chicanos, a lot of people from East Los Angeles, that area, and the suburbs.

"It's not a 'Sunset Strip' kind of crowd. I would bet that most of them rarely, if ever, go to clubs. The three bucks admission is a lot for them and there's one thing we've heard from them, again and again: 'Just don't get any of that new music in, don't start playing that new stuff'.

"These are people who are wary of most recent music, they don't want the heavy, deep music. They don't want Steve Lawrence either—I only pick him as an example—they don't want the Rolling Stones and they don't want Steve Lawrence. They want music from their own time, music that hasn't changed much."

Opening night at the club featured a big blue 50s Pontiac, parked on the Strip in front of the premises, with lashings of chrome, a white fur dashboard and "Poor Side Of Town" stencilled on the side. Guests included Dick Clark, Danny and the Juniors (singing "At The Hop"—what else?) and Chubby Checker doing the twist on the dance floor.

Some original acts since featured

include the Penguins ("Earth Angel"), Ron Holden (resplendent in Afro, singing "Love You So"), Ray Sharpe ("Linda Lu"), Bobby Day ("Rockin' Robin"), Tony Allen ("Night Owl"), the Olympics ("Western Movies", etc.), and Shirley and Lee ("Let The Good Times Roll").

Other highlight stars have included some of the Coasters, the Shirelles, and Rosie (of Rosie and the Originals) whose "Angel Baby" evoked much admiration from John Lennon.

A press handout on the club includes these words:

"Cool cats . . . hot chicks . . . gremmies . . . hodads . . . greasers and bobbysoxers from all over California will be stepping into their Penny Loafers and White Bucks . . . puttin' on their Pegged Pants . . . Butch Waxing their Flat Tops . . . and jumpin' into their Candy Apple, Chopped and Decked, Shaved and Lowered, Racked 57 Chevys (Tucked and Rolled, of course) and making it down to THE place to be . . . Art Laboe's Oldies But Goodies Club!

"Brush up on your Pony, Bop, Mashed Potato, Bristol Stomp and Locomotion.

"Be there or be square!"

If you're into all those things and visit the club, you might be lucky enough to see Art's assistant, Paul Pollitti, another dedicated oldies fan who once showed his dedication by writing a hymn to the genre—"Those Oldies But Goodies", a big US hit in 1961 for Little Caesar and the Romans, and also by Nino and the Ebb Tides. Where are they now . . . ?

Rock 'n' Roll is evidently here to stay in a big, money-making way. Yet it seems to be selling to the people who bought it first time around.

Does this mean the future may see nostalgia clubs of 40-year-old Beatle-wigged patrons in their second childhood. And even more bizarre, elderly gentlemen with star-spangled eyelids, pencilled eyebrows and bisexual garb? The big question then is, what will the kids be listening to?

Winter's 10 Commandments

ONE MAN'S VIEW

ON HOW TO

RUN A REALLY

GOOD CLUB

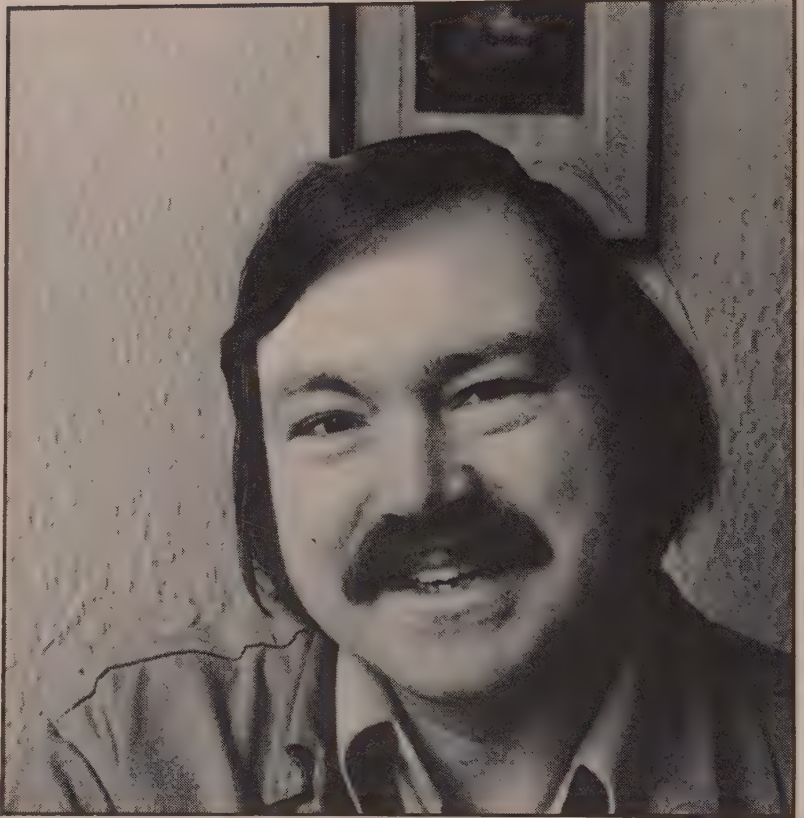
1. The function of a good club is to entertain, to educate, to provide a forum for a good sing-around. There are good clubs that do any one, any two, or all three of these things. To exist merely to educate fans about folk music may sound dull, but some of the best club evenings I've ever experienced (like one at the Merry Neet, Clarence Hotel, Dalton in Furness) were really popular lectures away from which I came happy and wiser. Entertaining is not a dirty word. I don't think Hammersmith Folk Centre (Prince of Wales, Dallington Road) sets out to educate at all, but it's a thundering good club. Singarounds are the lifeblood of many clubs that devote (say) one evening a month to such an occasion (Catford, London, Rising Sun; Towersey . . . and thousands too numerous to mention).

2. It's wrong to kick artists for asking for a decent fee. They have to live. "We can't afford you" is not good enough. Clubs that can't afford artists should book them more sparingly (say every other meeting, as at Lancaster, Midland Hotel), and pay properly.

3. It's also wrong for the toplineers to expect clubs to pay astronomical fees (like the £80 that some solo acts are now asking), just because they are riding the wave at the moment. Artists who can't afford to lower their fees shouldn't accept club bookings . . . but they should remember that most of them came up through the clubs at £5 and £10 a night. They owe a debt here and there.

4. A club owes it to an artist to give him a quiet and considerate hearing. Members who want to discuss the weather and football and Ewan MacColl's ear should do so in the bar, not in the concert room. Also artists owe it to the club not to sit in the bar all evening until they are called upon to perform. By sitting in on the rest of the club session, they can learn a lot and contribute advice and help. Roy Harris is a shining example of how to give as good as he gets in a club.

5. Promises, promises, are not enough. Clubs who book at an agreed fee and then ask an artist to accept less than that fee should be banned.



ROY HARRIS: shining example of a great club artist

There is an alternative, though I don't personally like it much. That is to offer the artist a percentage of the door take: then he gets a fee proportionate to his drawing power. A fairer way is to offer him a guaranteed minimum against a percentage . . . after all, England might be playing Scotland that evening and the match on the little screen may have more pulling power than even Ralph McTell.

6. Artists who don't turn up are the bane of club organisers' lives. Naturally, a broken leg is a good reason, but some of the reasons are just excuses. And a cancellation, even several weeks in advance, is inexcusable if it is on the grounds that some TV show has offered the artist a fat fee he can't turn down. Of course he can, if he has any decency.

7. Premises need to be as clean and comfortable as possible. Small rooms with overpowering sound systems are worse than big rooms with no PA at all. Leon Rosselson wrote a song about the condition of folk club (that is, pub) loos . . .

and he was right. Some of them are abysmal. Some folk like standing but it isn't a good idea to keep the chairs out to get in more playing customers—that's just avarice.

8. Clubs have a duty to artists. It includes giving them accurate directions on how to get there, meeting them if possible, enquiring in advance whether they want a hotel booking or (more usually) a free bed at the home of a club member. Many of the little fish can't afford hotels . . . and some of these fish are among the best singers we have on the scene.

9. The PQR of folk clubs. Good publicity helps enormously. A good Q means a club that's not always in the red. And good residents help to make for a true club atmosphere, set the tone of the gig.

10. Finally, nobody has the tablets from Mount Sinai as far as folk club commandments go. You can break all the rules and still run a good club. What matters most is the honesty of your intentions, combined with a little efficiency . . . which is really what I've just been on about.



Will you finance my rockanroll band?

By **TONY TYLER**

SO YOU'VE got together a group—a collection of local boys, red-hot on their respective (if tatty) gear, and you Really Wanna Make It. Fine. The rewards are certainly tangible and the route upwards can be fun.

Assuming you're not totally naive, however, you must be aware that the path to fame is lined with razor-edged

cobblestones. The first such malign boulder is usually encountered when you do some swift sums and realise just how much (HOW much?) must be paid in hard cash just to put your band on the road.

You may be monstrously in debt before you've even earned a penny.

But it is possible to put a realistic breakdown on just

OVER PAGE



"Like we should have stayed a trio, man"

what it's likely to cost. That is, assuming you don't aim too high.

If you believe in acting the part from the word go (and it sometimes pays off publicity-wise), then add to the list detailed underneath assorted sums for private group limousine (£3,000), plus wages for chauffeur/personal roadie (£30+ weekly), running expenses including booze, fags and food (£50+ per week minimum), funds for being seen in fashionable nightspots (ditto) and sundry other items, all of which can be classed as "luxuries".

In this piece, though, we're concerned with *essentials*, and these can be broken down as follows: instruments, transport, road crew, personal expenses, stage clothes, running overheads, PR man, general overheads and a few other things that don't even come under these headings.

One by one, then:

INSTRUMENTS: The price depends largely on the line-up of your band. Obviously the more instrumentalists you have, the higher the cost. Also many horn players, for example, furnish their own gear—but certain things are a group responsibility.

PA systems are the most expensive single item a band will ever buy, mainly because good quality sound is a matter of constant—upwards—revised taste. Price? For good gear, say a secondhand custom 12-channel with horns, bins and speakers, around £5,000. You can do it for less but sound will suffer.

Keyboards are also a costly item. Organs, usually Hammonds (either L-type or A-type) can cost from £500 upwards, while Leslie speakers, together with auxiliary amplification, can run to another thousand before you've even got the power you want.

Electric pianos (Fender Rhodes, RMI and Hohner are very popular) come cheaper, being between £200 and £500 (the amplification can be doubled with that of the organ), and the ubiquitous Mellotron also costs £500—a secondhand Mellotron is not really recommended as these somewhat frail instruments don't survive heavy-handed road crews.

Guitars should be provided by the respective guitarists. They can still come expensive, however, and if you can find a good secondhand axe for £150 you'll be lucky. Otherwise, expect to pay about £300+ for a new Gibson or Fender. Amplifiers are another heavy expenditure. A stack of 100 watt gear can easily take £500, together with effects pedals and leads. Multiply that by two (don't forget the bassist) and you've got a grand for the amps.

Beginning to have second thoughts? You've already spent about seven thousand pounds and you haven't even begun. **TRANSPORT** is the next major pay-out—usually involving one fairly large truck for the gear and road crew, one car for the group. Here, of course, astute secondhand buying

can pay off and if you're lucky (and smart) you shouldn't lay out more than £1,500 for suitable wheels.

ROAD CREWS, if they're good, are worth their weight in beer cans, and they're not easy to find. Assuming you find your men, it's up to you how much you pay them—but top men these days get £80 a week plus.

Roadies who are friends of the band may well work on a feed-me-now-pay-me-later basis, but choose your friends carefully. Otherwise, a man is worth his hire. Say £20 a week for starters, plus all living expenses while on the road.

PERSONAL EXPENSES depend on your appetites and on how much you like comfort. If you're prepared to save on hotel bills by sleeping in the van (in approved manner) then you can keep costs down. But everybody has to eat.

Baked beans are 10p a tin these days, and corn flakes about the same per packet.

Petrol is likely to be a major cost: two vehicles at 20 mpg adds up to a lot of gas over 500 miles. Again, this depends on how far you travel and how often you work.

STAGE CLOTHES: Some groups wear their originals, some prefer the full glitter galaxy. For baubles, bangles and beads, expect to pay around £60 for a custom suit.

Running overheads include wages for the band (don't forget this), insurance, VAT, wear and tear on vehicles and gear plus running replacements, roadies' wages, shoe leather and cigarettes. Say, £130 a week for the average band at a conservative estimate.

PR MAN: it's essential to have one when there's a record or tour to promote. His charges are usually around £25-£30 a week—every week, whether he's doing promotion on your band or not. *This is the going rate.*

AND HOW DO YOU PAY for all this? It's not easy, unless you've got either (a) a rich, philanthropic manager, (b) a fairy godmother. Most groups use the old device of the Record Company Advance to finance a good part of the list—a PA and vehicles can't usually be bought without this help.

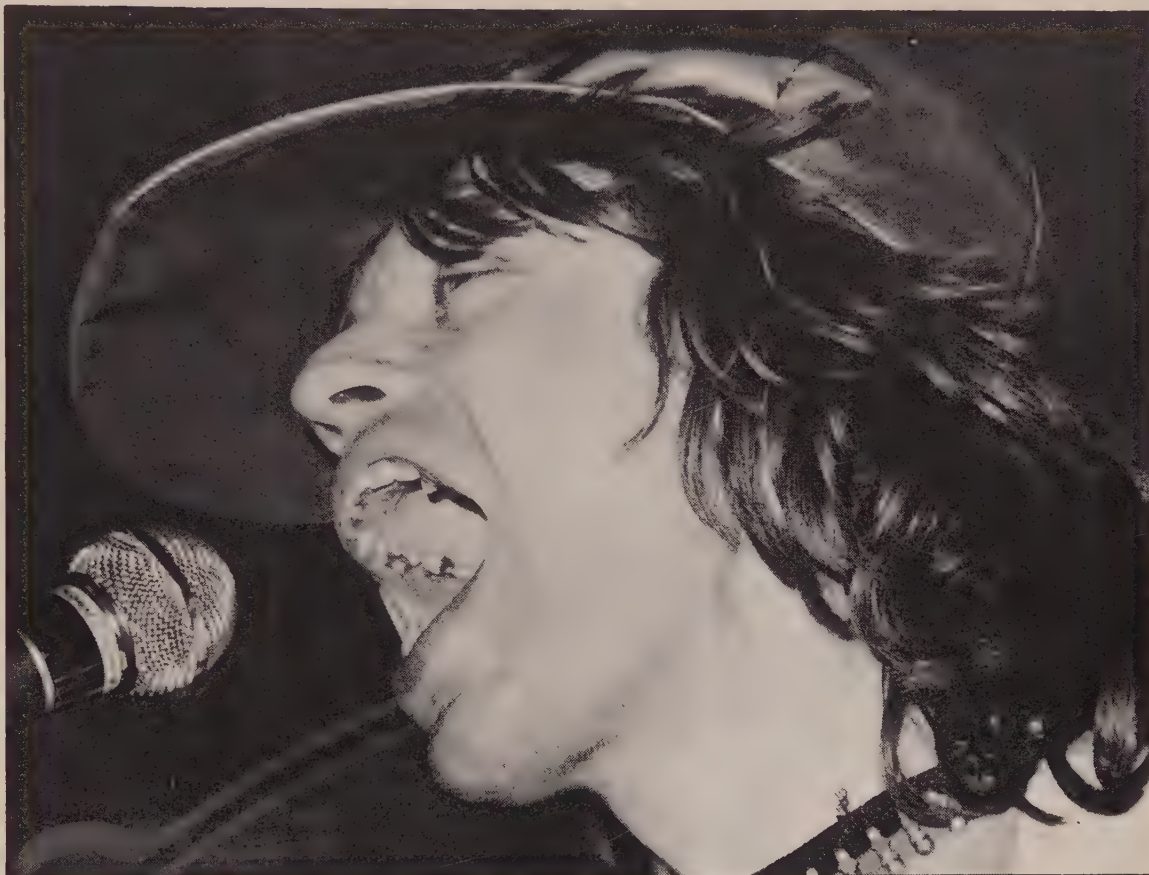
You go to the Record Company of your choice armed with a demo tape, impress them, and get them to sign you on a three-year contract to make a certain amount of product.

In return for this commitment, the company will usually come through with an advance—which represents a shrewd guess on their part as to how many albums you'll sell. If you don't like their offer, try another record company. But beware—companies don't like being played off against one another.

Failing this, marry one of the group off to a millionaire's daughter. A GULLIBLE millionaire's daughter. One word of comfort: harmonicas can still be bought for around a quid.

And the Stones

keep on rolling...



On the occasion of the Dartford Renegades' 10th anniversary, ROY CARR looks back at the repulsive, rebellious hard-rockin' charisma that's kept them way out front.

TEN YEARS ago, when Chicago rhythm 'n' blues was about as easy to sell as a '57 Chevy with 120,000 miles on the speedo, the Rolling Stones came along, overhauled the engine, tarted up

the bodywork and turned it into a honky hotrod.

Yeh, the Stones were a rough-looking outfit. Whereas the cuddly Beatles posed with the Primate, shook hands with

Royalty and gained parental approval, the Stones stuck out decaying digits.

The Stones didn't wanna hold anyone's hand. When they plugged in,

OVER PAGE

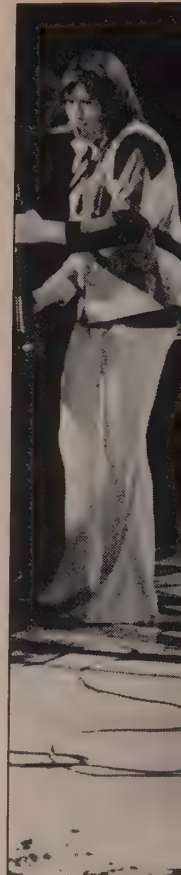


LEFT: the late Brian Jones, drowned in a swimming pool.

RIGHT: the Stones now—pictured on their last tour.

BELOW LEFT: the band in their formative years, with a whole lot of hell-raising still to come.

RIGHT: Jagger with Marianne Faithfull. Their hectic romance kept the band in the headlines.



FROM OVER PAGE

they made sparks, churning out what was soon to become their distinctive brand of nihilistic rock. Whenever they appeared, the air was saturated with tension and foreboding. It seemed the only reason the Stones stuck together was because no one else wanted them. They were bad news.

They were the original rock 'n' roll bandits—everything our protective parents warned us against. They were the kind of urban guerillas who prompted self-appointed guardians of morality to scream for the re-introduction of conscription and the birch.

The more louder the public outcry, the more their fans rallied to their support. For here was the only band that had injected

white snot-nosed sneer into black raunch. Here was something a silent majority could quite easily identify with.

The Stones just oozed contempt and debauchery. Mom and Pop were not amused.

To a generation weaned on wimpish Presley plagiarists and a million mohair-suited choreographed instrumental groups strummin' red Fender Stratocasters, they proved



the perfect outlet for every adolescent pent-up frustration.

When the Stones were dubbed filthy long-haired morons and a couple of them were busted—for what most males have done at one time or another—urinating against a wall, immortality was assured.

With Andrew Loog Oldham manipulating the strings, the Dartford Renegades were

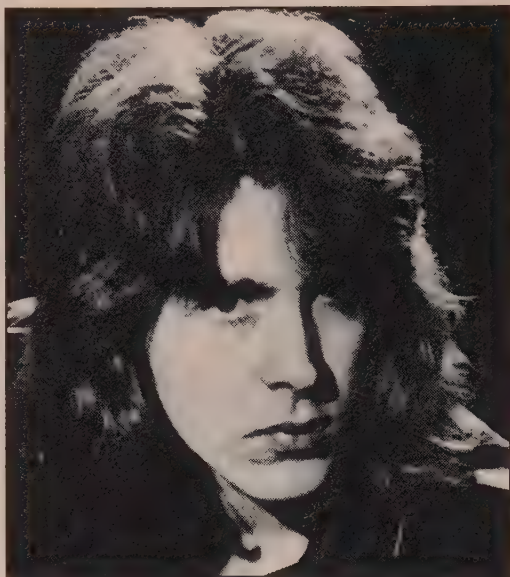
firmly established as Public Enemy Number One.

Aside from the excellence of their music, the key factor that has kept the Stones branded as undesirable, and therefore attractive to every new generation, has been their magnetic presence. Slovenly, anarchistic and bored to the teeth.

Along with Elvis, the Stones are perhaps

the only other rock act still around who have emerged as true superstars. Whether their records maintain their early standard or whether they fall apart on stage has become irrelevant. The sheer intensity of their self-styled charisma is sufficient to keep a majority in awe.

OVER PAGE



ABOVE: Guitarist Mick Taylor—who replaced the late Brian Jones—lacks the Stones' evil image, but that hasn't held the band back. LEFT: Jagger, the pouting, postulating ringleader. BELOW: Jagger with wife Bianca—their marriage symbolised the Stones' joining the Establishment in many people's eyes. FAR RIGHT: Keith Richard, with the unshaven yobbo image that symbolises the spirit of the Stones.



Innumerable drug busts, threats of deportation, Altamont, even the death of Brian Jones haven't impaired their progress. All these things have merely added to their strange mystique.

With the arrival of the Summer of Love, peace and wearing flowers in one's hair, the Stones began to slip from favour. But their Satanic Majesties hung on until everyone realised that despite all the love and peace the world was still far from the way God

planned it.

Bathed in the glare of the spotlight, Jagger is still the most outrageous performer to tread the boards. He needs no props. All Mick has to do is pucker up his red Dunlop lips, thrust out his boney bum and cavort, mince and postulate on long match-stick legs in front of his electric henchmen.

Jagger is the personification of punkdom, the archetypal camp artist, a definitive drag queen in male attire. He continues to infer

all manner of corrupting naughtiness, inciting a whole mess of bad-mouthing from society.

There are those who feel that with the passing of time the Stones have become too pooped to pop, too old to stroll—that this band who took it upon themselves to take the first hefty sideswipe at the Establishment have now become an integral part of what they once scorned.

That's still hard to believe. To me Keith Richard is still your unfriendly neighbourhood



hard boy, while Wyman and Watts lurk in the background, like a couple of silent heavies who make them a gang to be reckoned with in a rumble.

Even the presence of angelic looking Mick Taylor can't divert one's attention from the fact that Keith Richards is the supreme rock 'n' roll mad axe man. Invariably unshaven, wasted, stubbled chinmed, he embodies the whole essence of rock and the Stones.

While the Stones triggered off the youth revolution, their contemporaries could only fake it for as long as their records sold or as long as their legs could hold them up.

No matter what some people infer, the Rolling Stones are still hotshots, wallowing in an atmosphere of sex, violence, and expensive cheap thrills.

So long as they keep getting busted, they'll still be in business. Would anyone want it any other way?

**By ROY
CARR**

A tribute to Lady Day

ONE FACT that emerged earlier this year in the NME musicians' poll was that Billie Holiday is still as highly regarded today as she was by the jazz fraternity during her lifetime.

Sandy Denny, Suzi Quatro, Robert Wyatt and Mike Heron were among those who voted for Lady Day, and Billie was finally placed in 12th position in the vocalists' category—a place she shared with Aretha Franklin.

Then, in April, "Lady Sings The Blues", the film of Billie's life-story, starring Academy Award-nominated Diana Ross, hit these shores and the record-buying public remembered Billie once more.

They went out to buy the still-being-issued 10 volume "Voice Of Jazz" set (Verve), Decca's "The Real Lady Sings The Blues", One-Up's "Gallant Lady" and the many other Holiday albums that appeared on the market following the success of the Motown-sponsored film.

And so it was that during '73, Billie probably sold more records in Britain than she did during any year of her life.

Billie Holiday was born Eleanora Fagan, in Baltimore in 1915, the illegitimate daughter of 15-year-old Clarence Holiday, who played guitar for the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra. Her mother was 13-year-old Sadie Fagan, descended from an Irish plantation owner on one side—and from a negro slave on the other.

After receiving her education at one of Baltimore's segregated schools, Lady moved to Harlem where she became, among other things, a prostitute, an experience vividly recounted in her autobiography.

With her luck at its lowest ebb, her mother gravely ill and about to be dispossessed, Billie tried to turn dancer, but the audition proved so disastrous that the piano player asked if she could sing instead.

So she performed "Travellin' All Alone" and poured into it all the heartbreak and

despair she felt. From then on she became not a vocalist but *the* vocalist—the one everyone else had to follow, a natural successor to the great Bessie Smith.

The CBS album "God Bless The Child" recalls Billie's early days when, during the thirties, she recorded with various stellar pick-up groups, often comprised of musicians from the Basie band, including tenor-player Lester Young, whose cool style helped change the course of instrumental jazz as much as Billie reshaped it vocally.

Although many jazz buffs consider this to be Billie's best period (an opinion I do not share), all agree that some of the songs she was handed at this point in her career were banal in the extreme, and included titles like "Rhythm In My Nursery Rhymes" and "Under A Blue Jungle Moon".

That Billie converted such songs into something more than acceptable is further evidence of her greatness.

However, it was Lady's session for the Commodore Music Shop in 1939 that provided her with an opportunity to display the intense emotion she could wring from a worthwhile vehicle. It was on this date that Billie recorded the horrifying but powerful "Strange Fruit", and made her first, highly moving, protest on behalf of America's oppressed black population.

And though she found fame, she was never allowed to forget that she was a negro. When singing with Artie Shaw's orchestra—the first coloured singer to sing with a white band—she recalled that she hardly slept anywhere or even went into a toilet without a major NAACP-type confrontation.

And when working with Basie's band, she had to darken her skin with greasepaint—her skin was too light and to have even a seemingly white girl vocalist with a coloured unit was totally unacceptable at that time.

So, though on-stage Billie was received with all the trappings of royalty, away from the theatre she couldn't even rent an apartment in a better-class area. It seemed that every road pointed back to Harlem and the ghetto.

Billie eventually turned her back on her problems, having faced them all her life, and took to heroin as a means of creating her perfect world. But she quickly learned

that, in the eyes of the New York police, the only thing lower than a drug addict, was a *black* drug addict, and from then on until the very day of her death she ran the gamut of actual arrests, trumped-up plantings and the consequential jailings that are part of the life of a New York junkie.

During 1944 Billie signed for Decca and recorded a number of sides with studio bands. Her voice had changed dramatically. It no longer was the finely-honed instrument it once was, but what it lacked in purity and range was more than compensated by Billie's enhanced ability to get inside a song and create something totally definitive out of anything she chose to record.

Also, during the forties, she was given a part in a film—the totally unbelievable "New Orleans"—in which, thanks to the Dream Factory's casting system, she appeared as a singing maid.

In the fifties, Norman Granz began to record her in various jazz settings once more—with varying degrees of success and I recall that she began to make trips to Europe about this time. I have a hazy but joy-filled recollection of hearing her one night at the Mapleton (London).

It is said that Billie loved Britain so much that she planned to one day make her home here—but it was not to be.

In 1958 she recorded the memorable "Lady In Satin" with Ray Ellis and his Orchestra, which, incidentally, is my favourite Holiday recording and was also her own favourite. She also made one last brief trip to Europe.

During the following year her health deteriorated greatly, due to her long addiction to drugs, and, just a few days after her appearance at a benefit concert at the Phoenix, New York, she was taken to hospital where she died on July 17, 1959, while technically under arrest.

But when Billie died, a legend began. "God Bless The Child", which Billie wrote, became an anthem and the rock fraternity recorded it profusely. You could say it was a way of saying "thank-you" to someone whom music owed a great debt. And, as Lillian Roxon says in her Rock Encyclopedia, the list of debtors includes everyone from Frank Sinatra to Janis Joplin.

By FRED DELLAR



DIANA ROSS as Billie Holiday in a scene from "Lady Sings The Blues", and (Inset) Billie Holiday herself pictured with British jazz singer Beryl Bryden



Rock on the box

IT CAN be safely said that the amount of rock that gets on TV is pathetic. And in the last few years there's even been a decline in middle-of-the-road pop on the box.

The fact is that in relation to all other forms of music—including classical and opera—rock is very much the poor relation.

So why does TV give rock the cold shoulder? Do the moguls believe there isn't enough demand for it? Or is it musical snobbery—do they regard rock as beneath their dignity?

In fact, there are several reasons. And the biggest hurdle is a familiar monster known as The Ratings—the weekly statistics showing what percentage of the viewing audience are watching any given programme.

The advent of commercial TV in 1955 was in many ways a blessing—because it shook the BBC out of its monopolistic lethargy and injected some competition. But the drawback was that the battle between BBC and ITV to gain the largest number of viewers has degenerated into a situation where 95 per cent of all programmes now come into the category of so-called "family entertainment", designed to have the greatest possible mass appeal.

That is why any contemporary music is strictly POP. And even that is largely confined to "guest spots" on variety shows. Virtually the only exceptions on the full network are BBC-1's perennial "Top Of The Pops" and ITV's occasional "Lift Off", which is always relegated to a teatime slot.

All other pop-orientated shows are left in the hands of accepted "personality performers"—like Cilla Black, Val Doonican, Lulu and Rolf Harris—because TV executives know full well that 30 or 45 minutes of non-stop pop will not keep an all-ages audience glued to their sets.

The exceptions are few. A really big international entertainer—of the Petula Clark, Tom Jones or Andy Williams type—might

DEREK JOHNSON WITH REASONS WHY ROCK MUSIC GETS SUCH A POOR SHOW ON TELEVISION

be allowed half-an-hour of uninterrupted music. But even then, their acts are interspersed with dance routines or band numbers.

In short, it's all a continual fight to ensure Mr. Average's unbroken attention. For in TV circles, pop music (and rock) come under the general heading of "Light Entertainment"—and that means "variety".

Because of this obsession with the ratings,

I'm afraid that BBC-1 and ITV viewers are doomed to rockless programme schedules for a good while yet.

The only regular rock on TV is on BBC-2—in "The Old Grey Whistle Test", "In Concert" and "Sounds On Saturday", plus one-off specials featuring visiting Americans.

The reason here is that BBC-2 is Auntie's second channel and is permitted to dabble in items with an alleged minority appeal. If and when ITV secures a second channel, it will presumably adopt a similar policy.

Even so, the powers-that-be will tell you that shows like "Whistle Test" and "In Concert" don't command a particularly high viewer rating. But how can they be expected to when (a) BBC-2 is not available to everyone in the country; (b) these shows are invariably screened at a ridiculously late hour; and (c) they usually clash with a mass appeal programme, like football, on one of the main networks?

Yet we all know there's a demand for rock music—proved, if we didn't know it anyway—by the enormous sales of rock records, which far outstrip any other record sales including pop and classical. And such TV series of the past as "6.5 Special", "Oh Boy!", "Boy Meets Girls" and "Ready Steady Go" have shown that a well-produced and intelligently slanted programmes can and will attract a large audience.

This brings us to another major obstacle. Television today seems bereft of ideas for presenting rock and pop. Producers claim there's not enough scope, within the confines of contemporary music, to convert it into a visual entertainment—particularly because the ban on miming to records has curtailed location shooting and has largely restricted music to the studio.

One producer told me: "What is there to do after you've used up the 'Top Of The Pops' format? TV has been searching for new ideas for years, and if anyone could come up with the right inspiration, we'd be only too glad to use it."

But would they? The TV boys seem convinced that non-stop music is not visual. The same producer commented: "The public will cram into a hall for a two-hour concert, but they'd be bored with two hours of unrelieved music on TV—whether it's by the

McCartney—one who made it onto
the small screen with his
"James Paul McCartney"
special on ATV

London Symphony Orchestra, Mantovani or the Rolling Stones."

Well, maybe they would in the case of the LSO or Mantovani, simply because their performances are strictly static. But rock is not, and must offer a vast scope for TV interpretation if only the authorities would shake off their obvious aversion to it.

It just needs some creative thinking by those in power. So many big-name rock groups simply won't do TV in this country because they feel their image will suffer from sub-standard treatment—either from a miserly budget which doesn't allow the true reproduction of their accepted sound, or from the confinement to a 10- or 15-minute spot which hardly gives them time to warm up.

Over in America, they are even more conscious of ratings than we are. Yet ABC-TV have been networking a 90-minute "In Concert" show every week, featuring leading rock groups. They couldn't have done this if audiences weren't on a par with major variety shows.

If American TV can attract such audiences, then it must have found the right format.

One of the keys to the problem is, as I have already mentioned, the time slot allotted to any programme. If you network a show at a peak hour, even if your subject is the sex life of the sperm whale, you're bound to get a reasonable audience.

ATV proved this when they had the enterprise to screen the hour-long "James Paul McCartney" special in the 9-10 p.m. spot. And would "Coronation Street" and "Opportunity Knocks" continue to top the ratings if they were screened at 11.30 p.m., as so often is the case with "Whistle Test"?

In live concerts and in recording, rock music is the biggest money-spinner in the music business, if not in the whole entertainment field. Radio 1 has at last made some concessions to the ever-growing demand for rock, but television for the most part stays aloof. A few pioneers, like Stanley Dorfman and Michael Appleton, struggle on gamely.

But what TV rock could do with right now is the stimulus of a new personality like Jack Good of "Oh Boy" fame, with the drive and determination to see his ideas through on to the screen.



Nazareth, the stripper, and a happy ending

1973 WAS the year when tartan rock emerged—a strange solid rhythm laid down by Scottish bands. Musicians from north of the border, such as Average White Band, Glencoe and the sensational Alex Harvey Band, all made their presence felt on the college circuit. And rising like a Phoenix above them all—was a four-piece dealing in heavy metal, namely Nazareth.

In some ways Nazareth's success was a surprise, because the band had a tough not to mention almost unforgivable beginning.

They were subject to an enormous hype (remember the stripper?) when they first moved down to London, and a long time elapsed between the hype and the band actually producing solid gigs.

Still, just before the start of 1973 the word got around that Naz were indeed putting out some fine music, and going down well, and

getting booked back to colleges time and time again.

So people began to forget all the hype, and reckoned that Nazareth weren't that bad.

The band: Darrel Sweet, Dan McCafferty, Pete Agnew and Manuel had suffered enough blows early on in their career to not to let the hype tag get them down.

After all, five years back, then masquerading under the name of the Shadettes, they had got the boot from a Scottish dance hall—because the management just wanted a nice quiet combo who would turn out top 20 hits for the customers. The Shadettes, of course, went 'heavy' and got kicked out.

It was inevitable that to get anywhere they'd have to move to London, yet they still retain permanent links with Scotland—still recording there and having homes there.

Their success must go down to Scottish determination—because it certainly was sheer determination and hard work that sent them on monstrously long tours of Britain (five gigs a week at least), each time paying careful attention to their stage act and to how it needed changing and reactivating. But it was when they introduced much of the material from their album "Razamanaz" that the whole thing came together.

"Broken Down Angel" was the single that finally broke them nationwide, with the

resulting TV exposure on programmes like "In Concert" and "Old Grey Whistle Test", not to mention "Top Of The Pops".

Darrel Sweet says the band put a two-year time limit on making the bigtime once they moved to London.

"We just made it, so it was well timed. And if the whole thing had happened earlier we wouldn't have known how to cope."

Perhaps the lengthy lapses from the limelight by Deep Purple and Black Sabbath helped Nazareth on their way, because colleges and indeed the majority of record buyers were to some extent starved of a British band catering for the heavy metal brigade.

Surprisingly, Nazareth do not name Purple as one of their influences—selecting Zeppelin instead. Surprising, because former Deep Purple man Roger Glover is their record producer.

After their success in Britain, obviously America is now an important goal for the band.

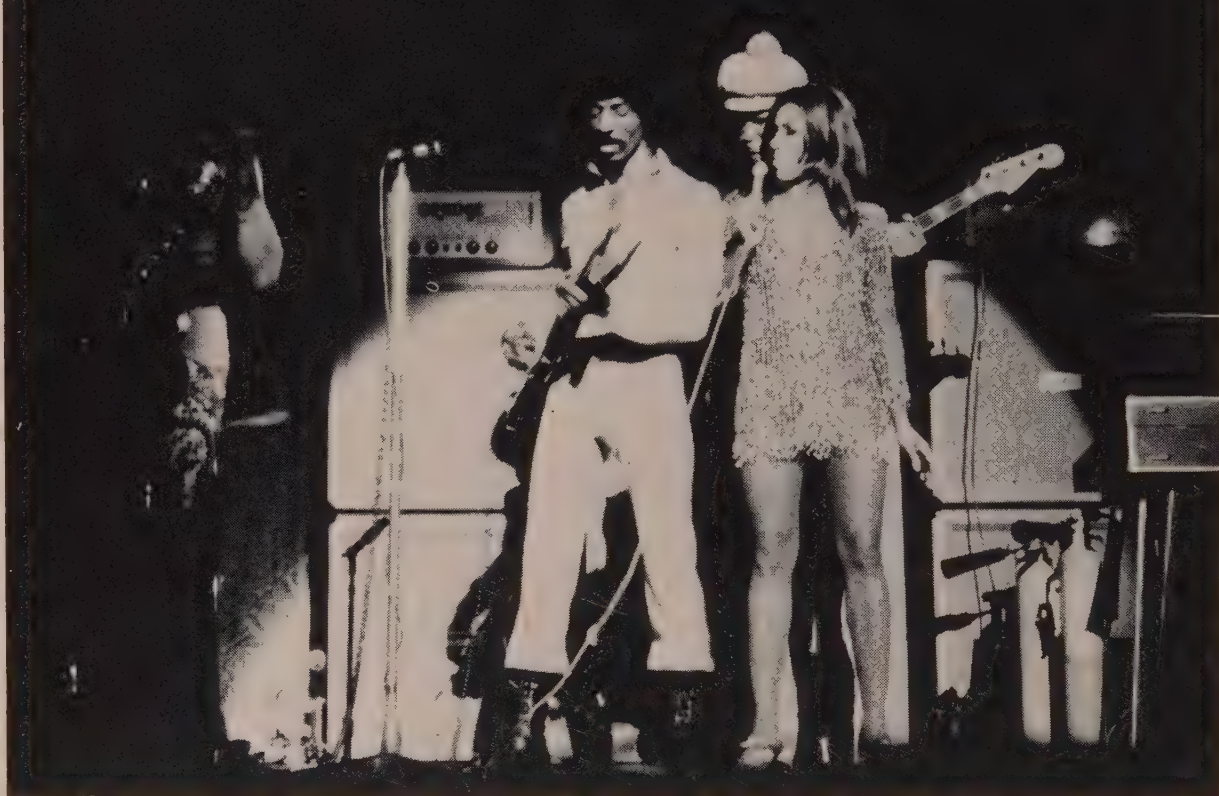
"It is an important market and as such we can't ignore it", Sweet says. "And you can't risk saturating British gigs. We had to work hard up and down the country to get known in the first place, but there's no point in being silly and just staying in Britain."

JULIE WEBB



Nazareth with producer Roger Glover, formerly of Deep Purple (holding cup)

Electric Orange



IKE AND TINA TURNER: fronting Orange amplification

CLIFF COOPER is young, polite, quietly-spoken and, if I didn't know him better, I'd say that he didn't stand a chance in the world of big business. Certainly he's no **Man At The Top**.

This year, however, his company, Orange Music, have made an estimated turnover of around one million pounds—which proves how wrong one can be.

Orange began when Cliff, with just a hundred pounds cash in his pocket, decided to rent a derelict building in London's Old Compton Street and turned the basement into a recording studio.

Never one to waste space, he converted the street-level shop into an instrument centre and promptly began to manufacture his own line in equipment.

The big breakthrough occurred when guitar man Peter Green purchased a

complete set of equipment and was afforded a great opportunity to display his wares via Fleetwood Mac's "Albatross" hit.

Other bands began to call into Old Compton Street to enquire about Cliff's hand-built products, figuring that if the Mac sounded so good on Orange then they might possibly emulate that band's success if they were equipped in the same fashion.

Soon Cliff found that it was useless thinking in terms of "one-off" jobs. His sales were ever-increasing—even his export market was beginning to build—so, in 1970, he opened a three-storey factory in Huddersfield in order to keep up with the demand.

Meanwhile, the shop was beginning to bulge at the seams with the secondhand equipment Cliff was taking in part-exchange for new goods.

And so the now-renowned Orange Sale was inaugurated, the first being welcomed by a queue that was over half-a-mile long. More recent Sales have brought customers all the way from France and Germany,

while prospective customers have encamped outside the shop for three days prior to the Sale commencing.

Secondhand equipment was just an Orange sideline, however. Cliff Cooper had bigger deals in hand and bought a depot in Frankfurt in order to alleviate his growing storage problem and to enhance his European distribution.

Nowadays, it's common for Orange to ship huge quantities of equipment—200 amps, 400 cabinets and 100 mixers constituted one such delivery—which are all taken directly to the Frankfurt warehouse and from there to retailers all over Europe.

And the orders pour in from everywhere, many of them from Communist countries—Orange currently being the most popular equipment used in Yugoslavia.

One of Cliff's innovations was the Orange instrument log book. Everyone who buys equipment from his company is issued with a book as proof of ownership. Each time a modification is made on the gear, a note is

**ANDY POWELL of
Wishbone Ash:
another band of
Orange lovers**

duly recorded on the log and the engineers, or second owners, can immediately view the equipment's history.

It is now rare to hear of stolen Orange apparatus, because few people will take a chance and buy such goods without the accompanying log book.

The list of log book owners is an impressive one: Stevie Wonder, the Beach Boys, Frank Zappa, Wishbone Ash, Led Zeppelin, Sacha Distel and Ike and Tina Turner are among them.

But it's not everyone who wants to buy. Many touring acts merely wish to hire gear and for them, once again Orange provide a service.

Chicago, Santana, James Brown and Sammy Davis Jr. have all hired systems from Cooper, and one internationally famous band asked the firm to organise transport and equipment for a world tour. Which meant not only supplying PA units and instruments but also lighting, stage-management and a complete wardrobe of 60 suits.

Recently Orange have placed a superlative new drumkit on the market—one which has attracted many buyers, including Wishbone Ash's Steve Upton.

Also, a second London shop has been opened, in the capable hands of the most shapely instrument shop manager I've yet seen—a young lady who was once a guitarist with the Dolly Mixtures.

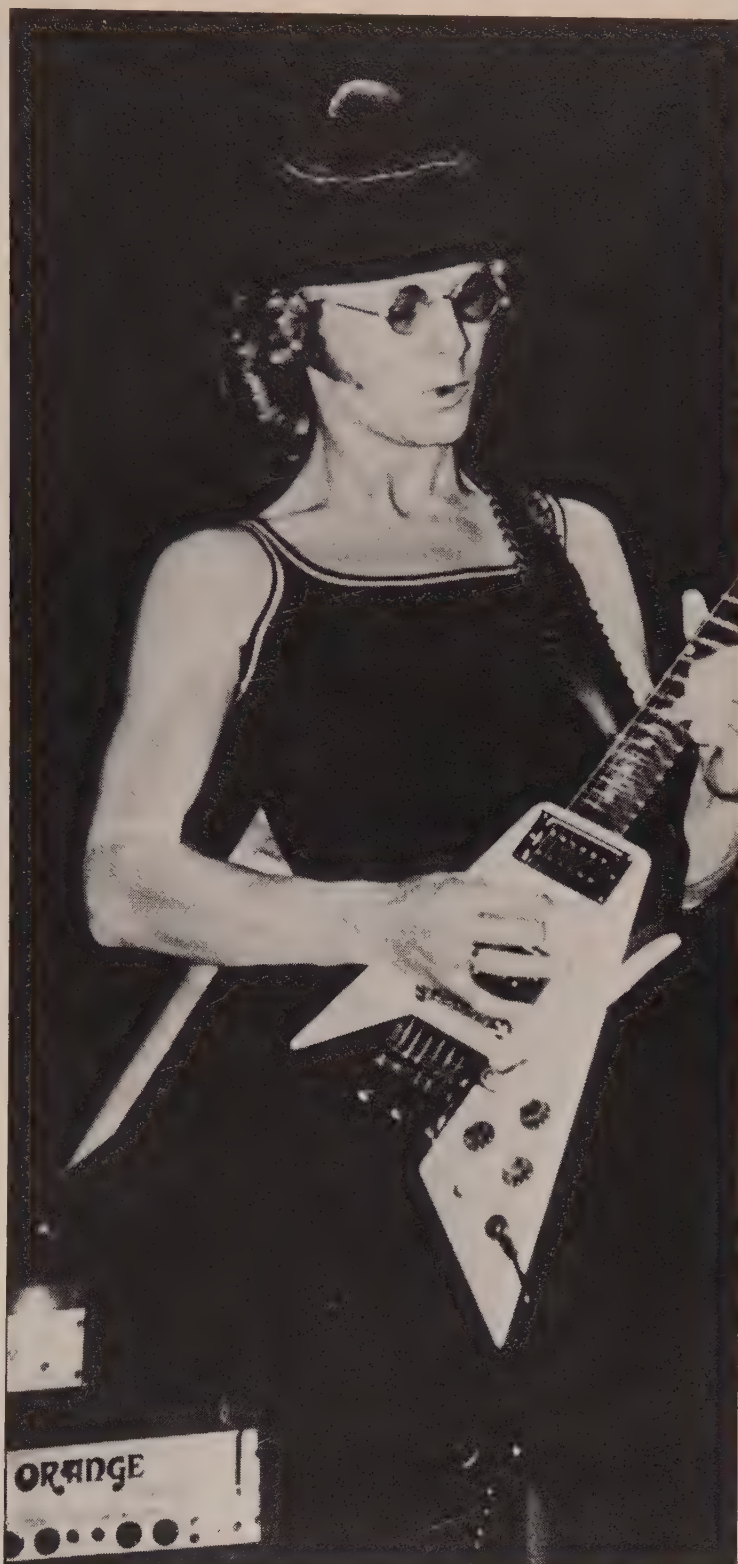
Changes in Orange transport are also on the way. The fleet of Mercedes vans, which Cliff Cooper employs, cannot handle some of the huge PAs that are required nowadays, and an articulated truck has to be used in order to tote a 5,000 watt system around for Frank Zappa.

Sales, as ever, are improving and another factory is scheduled, one that can double or even treble present production. And the studio, having come up with a winner, a revolutionary 24-track tape deck that was the main talking point of the 1972 APRS exhibition, has moved on to a 32-track machine.

Currently, Orange are producing 16-, 24- and 32-track machines with built-in Dolby noise reduction units at a factory in Cambridge, where, so Cliff says, work goes on under almost clinical conditions.

During 1973 Orange have signed a deal with a US distributor that guarantees the company 260,000 dollars-worth of business per year. And Japan also has become greatly interested in Orange equipment, even though it retails there for something like four times the British price.

So Cliff Cooper's company seems on the way to even greater things. In 1972 he was asked to supply complete sound systems to



two of the main Olympic Stadiums, and in 1973 Orange was responsible for all the amplifying equipment used at the Midem Music Festival.

But Cliff still has one unfulfilled ambition. "I wish we could get a hit record on the Orange record label," he confided to me. "Other people come into our studio and

record hits but we've not really had any great success yet. Perhaps we'll make it with John Miles."

With Cliff's track record in mind, I wouldn't be surprised if he did.

FRED DELLAR

A short history of the Yes men

THE RELEASE of "Yessongs" earlier this year was a history of the bulk of Yes's work over the last three years—and as such, a good point from which to assess their career, which began record-wise in 1969 with the release of "Yes".

It's interesting to note that "Yessongs" includes nothing from either "Yes" or the band's second album "Time And A Word". Chris Squire has explained this by saying it wasn't until their third album, aptly titled "The Yes Album", that the band really found their true direction.

Listening to those early albums it's not difficult to see what he means. Apart from Jon Anderson's vocals and Chris Squire's harsh Rickenbacker bass sound—and even this is only evident on a few of the songs on "Yes"—there's little relation to the sound the band would later create.

In those early days the band covered other artists' material as well as playing their own.

Although with Yes the word "cover" just doesn't ring true, "Adaptation" is a better description. On "Yes" we hear their interpretations of the Byrds' "I See You" and the Beatles' "Every Little Thing". Both are used as vehicles for improvisation.

In retrospect the sound on "Yes" seems empty. Anderson's lyrics are light years away from those on "Close To The Edge". The single taken from the album, "Sweetness", is a pop song pure and simple, and

when the band open up instrumentally, as on "Harold Land", their debt to the Nice is apparent.

"Time And A Word" was a giant step for them, and the surreal illustration of the sleeve was reflected in the music. Again there were a couple of other people's songs—Richie Havens' "No Opportunity Necessary No Experience Needed" and Stephen Stills' uncharacteristic "Everydays", dating from his Buffalo Springfield days.

Again these songs served as improvisory vehicles. But Anderson was no longer content with mere boy-meets-girl love songs, and we also have his first attempts at profound writing—with "The Prophet" and "Then".

Rather than use an electric string machine Yes employed an orchestra for much of the material on "Time And A Word". In the Havens song there's an excerpt from "The

OVER PAGE



Rick Wakeman



In action (from left) Steve Howe, Jon Anderson, Chris Squire

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Big Country", and on the other tracks strings are continually slipping in and out of the arrangements.

"Astral Traveller" gave us even more indication of the direction the band were heading, with Tony Kaye creating noises which he would use to the full on the magnificent "Yours Is No Disgrace".

It was after the release of "Time And A Word" that Yes experienced their first line-up change. Guitarist Peter Banks quit and, after a short spell with the now defunct Blodwyn Pig, formed his own band, Flash, who don't sound too unlike Yes.

His place was taken by Steve Howe from Tomorrow, generally recognised as a brilliant all-round guitarist. At a Terry Reid gig at London's Rainbow in June, Howe showed what he can do outside the rigid confines of Yes—and that's not in any way intended as a putdown.

Although Howe's playing wasn't too far removed from Banks' style, he added a lot to their sound—as is demonstrated on "Yours Is No Disgrace" where he excels as both soloist and group member.

Between the release of "Time And A Word" and "The Yes Album" the band went through managerial upheavals which resulted in Brian Lane taking them over. And to dissociate themselves from these business distractions the band, complete with new guitarist, took themselves off to a house in the West Country where much of the material for "The Yes Album" was conceived.

It was with that album that Yes achieved the sound they're still developing today. Although it lacks the consistency of "Close To The Edge", songs like "Yours Is No Disgrace" and "I've Seen All Good People" still stand as the band's best numbers.

The production—by the band and Eddie Offord, who's now considered part of the group—was first-class, and there was that vital colour that had been lacking on the first two albums.

Although the main criticism of Yes centres around their complexity, there's no denying they're a rock 'n' roll band, and their simple numbers are usually the ones which work best. Things like "Yours Is No Disgrace" and "All Good People", which both rely on basic riffs.

Just when Yes seemed to have found what they were really looking for, keyboard merchant Tony Kaye left. He was replaced by Rick Wakeman, being heralded as the new Keith Emerson. Wakeman had sat rather uncomfortably with the Strawbs for the last year or so before joining Yes, and he was also a session man of high regard, playing on Bowie's "Space Oddity" and "Hunky Dory".

Wakeman has often talked about the difficulty he experienced in settling into the Yes framework. But right now he could well be the band's best-known member.

His keyboard technique, more technical than Kaye's, made its debut on "Fragile"—on which each band member had a solo spot.

There were also four group compositions on the album, of which "Roundabout", written by Anderson and Howe, stood out. This track was released as a single in the States, and was a top ten hit.

It's a beautiful song with first-class production. Even non-Yes fans dig "Roundabout".

"Fragile" also featured the band playing at their fastest—as on "Heart Of The Sunrise".

The solo pieces, especially Wakeman's and Bill Bruford's are unsatisfying, though the success of "Roundabout" justifies the album.

The same line-up recorded "Close To The Edge", musically the band's finest achievement to date. Lyrically, it was puzzling at



Jon Anderson

best, and pretentious at worst. The album featured three songs—"Close To The Edge", which takes up the whole of side one, "Siberian Khatru" and "And You And I". "Khatru" has been used as the band's opening number on stage, and relies once again on a fairly simple riff from Wakeman to propel it along.

"Close To The Edge" is little short of astounding, and the live version on "Yessongs" proves once and for all the band can create their recorded work on stage with little trouble.

After recording "Close To The Edge", drummer Bruford quit and was replaced by Alan White, who, with Lennon's Plastic Ono Band, had displayed a very simple technique. This seemed a strange choice, but judging from his work on "Yessongs" White has fitted in, and maybe he'll add some funk to Yes and avert the danger of the band becoming too clinical as a result of the technical expertise

of Wakeman and Squire.

Wakeman once said Yes were Jon Anderson and his orchestra and when you think about it that's pretty true a picture. Anderson has a unique voice and is clearly the band's leading light.

Musically, none of Yes lack the necessary talent and ideas to carry the band on to greater heights. It remains to be seen whether Yes will be remembered in years to come as they can hardly be described as a typical late 20th century pop band. Yes stand alone as Yes and no-one else.

STEVE CLARKE



YES's Steve Howe: a brilliant all-round guitarist



JOHN ENTWISTLE

Who does what?

By TONY
STEWART

A CAKE cut into portions tastes just as good as when it's whole. And the Who are just as good when they're temporarily divided to pursue individual ambitions.

That's my argument when I hear people sobbing out tales of woe because three of the Who are recording individually outside the band.

After all the Who's future has never been in jeopardy. And it's rather refreshing to find that wealthy musicians can keep on creating music of an exceptionally high standard while preparing their projects as a complete band.

Anyway, just what have they all been doing?

Well, during '73 we saw Roger Daltrey making it purely on his own endeavours, with assistance from Adam Faith, Dave Courtney, Leo Sayer and those musicians. And, of course, John Entwistle's adventurous band Rigor Mortis bombarded our ears with a generous dollop of rock 'n' roll.

Peter Townshend had, of course, shown the way in 1972 with the LP paying tribute to his guru Meher Baba.

Yet of the three (Keith Moon hasn't branched out solo in a musical sphere) Townshend had the least cause to release his set, because he already had creative fulfilment as the

man who created the music for the Who.

Daltrey and Entwistle did need to savour the delights of their *own* ideas—remembering, of course, that Moon got his personal kicks from acting—either the fool or something more serious.

I don't think it's too much of an overstatement to say that these solo outlets have saved the Who from the frustrations and tensions that often cause groups to split.

"I enjoy playing in the Who", said the Ox (as Entwistle is sometimes known) once. "But I don't enjoy it so much that I'll stay in the band and play that music for ever".

And if that doesn't suggest he'd have quit had it not been for his solo pursuits, then here's another of his quotes.

"I just felt frustrated as a writer because there was no outlet for me. So I had to create one, and the easiest thing was to do a solo album. I could have left the band and formed my own group and dictated the writing to them. But I decided just to do a solo album".

So while all the hullabaloo raged via letters from distraught Who fans in the pages of the musical press, not

enough people paused to decide exactly what was going on. They couldn't see that the solo work by Daltrey and Entwistle was a safety valve. Their prime concern was to see the world's most wonderful rock 'n' rollers back gigging.

They didn't realise that were it not for these solo efforts there might not be a Who at all.

One thing is sure: Daltrey felt the same way as Entwistle. He said early in 1973: "I'd been in the group environment for eight years, and I felt I was getting in a bit of a rut singing with the Who".

Oh well, enough of this narrowly-averted doom. Let's turn to the merits of the two solo ventures, because Entwistle and Daltrey's respective albums are first in my Ten Best Dressed List of 1973.

You could say they were motivated by ego—the dreaded stigma. But let's face facts, ego here really means pride in their own abilities. There's nothing wrong with that.

The time was right for Daltrey's venture. He'd always been to the fore in the Who, but he needed to experience something fresh—even if it was just to improve on his vocal talents.

And as his solo album "Daltrey" shows, our singer came up with a bag of songs—starting with the neo-busking number "One Man Band"—

OVER PAGE



PETE TOWNSHEND

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

that the Who would never have touched.

His vocal treatment and arrangements were significantly different to anything the Who had done, with perhaps the exception of Lou Reizner's orchestrated version of "Tommy".

Dave Courtney and Leo Sayer wrote songs for the album that were relevant only to Roger.

As he himself says: "I thought it'd be nice to do an album with somebody else's material rather than Pete's, which I've done for a long time. Just like I say, it's a completely new experience."

True. So much so that the album is one of the greatest pieces of artistic accomplishment since Noah built his ark. And instead of drawing Roger away from the Who, it has merely extended his capabilities, and reaffirmed his position as a brilliant rock band vocalist.

The reasons for the Ox doing something on his own were somewhat different. At least with the Who he was more or less allowed the full expression of his instrument—witness the many tracks on which fine bass patterns rumble from your speaker cabinets.

What Entwistle wanted was to experiment with lyrics. Of course he had written lyrics for the Who on numbers like "Boris The Spider" and "Whiskey Man". But really it was too seldom that he had a number recorded by the band.

For example, on "Who's Next" only one cut was his—"My Wife". And he was so displeased with that treatment he and his band Rigor Mortis re-did it for the "Sets In" album—the most commercial album he's released.

Entwistle's "Whistle Rymes" set is my own personal favourite—with lyrics full of the wonders of peeping toms, flashers, etc., that always curl my lips into a smile. However, many of the chord sequences on this are both innovative and complex, which takes away the immediate impact.

Anyway, to sum up, the Ox was a writer who needed another band to play his stuff, as the Who wouldn't. But don't let that statement misguide you into believing the Who were too set in their ways and unimaginative. Far from it. Pete Townshend knows what he's doing, and it occurs to me they've discovered a rather successful formula.

So, as I said to start with, we still have the whole cake, from which we can occasionally take a slice. In fact, we can have our cake and eat it.



ROGER DALTREY

Roxy and The Rise

By **TONY TYLER**



IN ONE year and a half Roxy Music have become the glitziest item on the British rock agenda. After emerging at a time when you had to be serious and heavy, man, to get anywhere, they've postured their way to the top with impeccable bad taste. So how did it all happen?

A pseud would tell you it's because Roxy provide the perfect answer to the drabness and almost-wartime austerity of the singer-songwriter genre, denim-clad, warbling about pain, misery and psychosis.

One might say that Roxy, aesthetically, don't matter a damn. Everything they do is in the worst possible taste. The glittering rhinestones on Bryan Ferry's suit simply shriek of kitsch; and the whole aura that Roxy shed, comet-like, in their wake, is a reinforcement of the widely-held opinion

that rock 'n roll is no more than interesting trash.

So what's wrong with trash? Nothing, providing it is interesting.

I'm no upholder of trash for its own sake. What I do support is the notion that, when interestingly presented and intelligently-constructed, it may, in fact, upset all our notions about Good Taste and so forth.

A better brain than I once said: good taste is no substitute for genuine style. I uphold this—and what better example to pick than that most confectionary of bands—Roxy Music?

May I add: Roxy also have an interesting way of playing. And their lyrics are also pretty good. And—most important—they deserve their success. But don't get any ideas that the band are anything other than a collection of couture bandits, apostles of Warhol, striving to set—not new standards of talent—but new standards of taste. Downwards.

Consider the way that rock was moving before the totally-unexpected

arrival of Roxy on our drab scene. Bands like ELP, Yes and Jethro were taking the art of techno-rock to new, and previously unattained heights of superb instrumentalism and aesthetic boredom.

They wrote ponderous lyrics, they played superb, complicated music, their instrumental expertise was unquestioned. And yet . . . well, weren't we all a little bored by the deathly seriousness of it all?

Do we really want our brains shattered by collective Moog genii? Are we such automatons that we must bow before the mass idol of technique? Above all, isn't there something missing?

At any rate, that's what Roxy's Bryan Ferry thought—it's what kept him going—as he patiently hoddied his tapes around every manager in town during the year of our Lord 1971.

Ferry's biography (official) will tell you that he is a "disciple of Warhol," that he's an earnest student of Pop Art, that he worships John Cale and

of Rhinestone Rock



ROXY MUSIC (from left), Paul Thompson, Bryan Ferry, Eno, Phil Manzanera, John Porter, and Andy Mackay

the Velvets, that he's a follower of all that is mysterious in American rock.

Bushwah, my friends. Bryan Ferry's an astute northerner who thought along the lines I've just briefly outlined.

That's why he carried those imperfect tapes from manager to manager until a certain company—namely EG—finally accepted them, and him, and launched Roxy Music upon an unsuspecting world.

This is how Roxy got started. And there's more to tell. Bryan Ferry also has a talent for writing rather good words. Melodically, he's no great shakes but those lyrics were—as EG saw—the perfect vehicle on which to hang a whole new lifestyle band. And Ferry, most conveniently, had already discovered several musicians who might be moulded into the Roxy Music Company (as it was then known).

First, there was Eno.

Well, not first, really, because Andy Mackay discovered Eno and as Andy, a saxophonist himself, had access to a synthesizer, it seemed like a good way

to row the beautiful Eno into this group that seemed to have some promise.

Eno is no relation to the constipation-remedy company of the same name, but he sure has a nose for constructive crap—and besides, he's pretty. And there was nobody who knew *more* about synthesizers. So Eno was in.

Philip Manzanera, psychedelic guitarist, was discovered playing Syd Barrett riffs and was also employed. Ferry already knew a bassist—a friend of his from Oop North—and a certain Paul Thompson was discovered to be a steady, reliable drummer.

So Roxy, the group, was born.

Now . . . if you, the audience, were getting jarred off with endless keyboard maestros and humourless, pompous lyrics, think what the music press had been going through. For every lame band that you see, the hapless journalist (who, although he complains, wouldn't trade places) goes through sheer hell. Like, try writing

something meaningful about every Yes lookalike on the market and you can see the problems.

So, suddenly, there's this band of grinning oafs, dressed in ill-fitting glitter. Whaddya do? You rave about them, stupid. You do your nut.

Which is what happened to our radiant friends. If ever a band was booted to the top of the tree by ideas-starved journalists, it was Roxy Music. They had everything: apparently little talent; a dubious standard of playing; total musical anarchy . . . they were a gift from the gods. So every music writer in town, except those with Integrity, instantly raved about Roxy—with the result that their first album ("Roxy Music") zoomed, power-assisted, to the upper echelons of the Fun Thirty.

Now all this was all very well, and it was nice for a while, but after a bit several disturbing facts emerged. First, there was at least one person in Roxy—

OVER PAGE



BRYAN FERRY: *the band was his brainchild*

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

no. two: Paul Thompson can really drum—who had talent. Real Talent.

Bryan Ferry's lyrics, upon examination, proved actually to contain more than a smattering of genuine social perception based upon forties post-war sadness, fifties glamour and late fifties unreality.

This was disturbing. It upset all the plans. People had to begin re-appraising Roxy in terms of quality and it spoiled the picture.

Luckily, Eno saved the day. (Of course he has left the band now, but more of that later.)

Now if Eno had been born a chick he'd've been a hustler, the kind of two-bit dame who would bamboozle her way into any set-up simply on the strength of her body. Luckily—for him, because he really makes out these days—Eno's not a chick. But he is an exceptionally pretty guy and, even more than Bryan Ferry, he emerged as the Face behind Roxy Music.

Like, ask anybody north of the Tweed who sums up Roxy and he'll answer "Eno". This may have got up Ferry's nose but it's also where Roxy

have been at. For the band were judged, not on Ferry's superb lyrics, but on Eno's mincings and languid air. And it's Eno who scores the front pages in music papers—not Bryan Ferry.

To counter this, Bryan Ferry has had to resort to a device as old as the record business itself in order to stamp his mark: he's had to Make His Own Album. And the real judgement passed here is that *both* Roxy Music albums should—by all accounts—have been Ferry's own albums.

Lyrically, both were. Musically, most of the tracks were; yet somehow the thunder had been stolen and, by mid-'73, critics were already predicting either Ferry's—or Eno's—departure from the ranks before the whole glittering construction fell apart in a shower of rhinestones, tinsel and bitchy catch-phrases.

To sum up, then: Bryan Ferry, from the first, intuitively knew just what a Star was, and what Success was—he knew they were what you *told* people they were. Yet, when the opportunity came, he was unable to resist his impulses to use what Talent he

had.

This complicated things. Stardom and Success are understood. Talent is open to interpretation and Ferry had not yet been able to impose his personality on the public consciousness in such a way as to convince them that his Stardom and his Talent are one and the same thing. In short, he had Ethics.

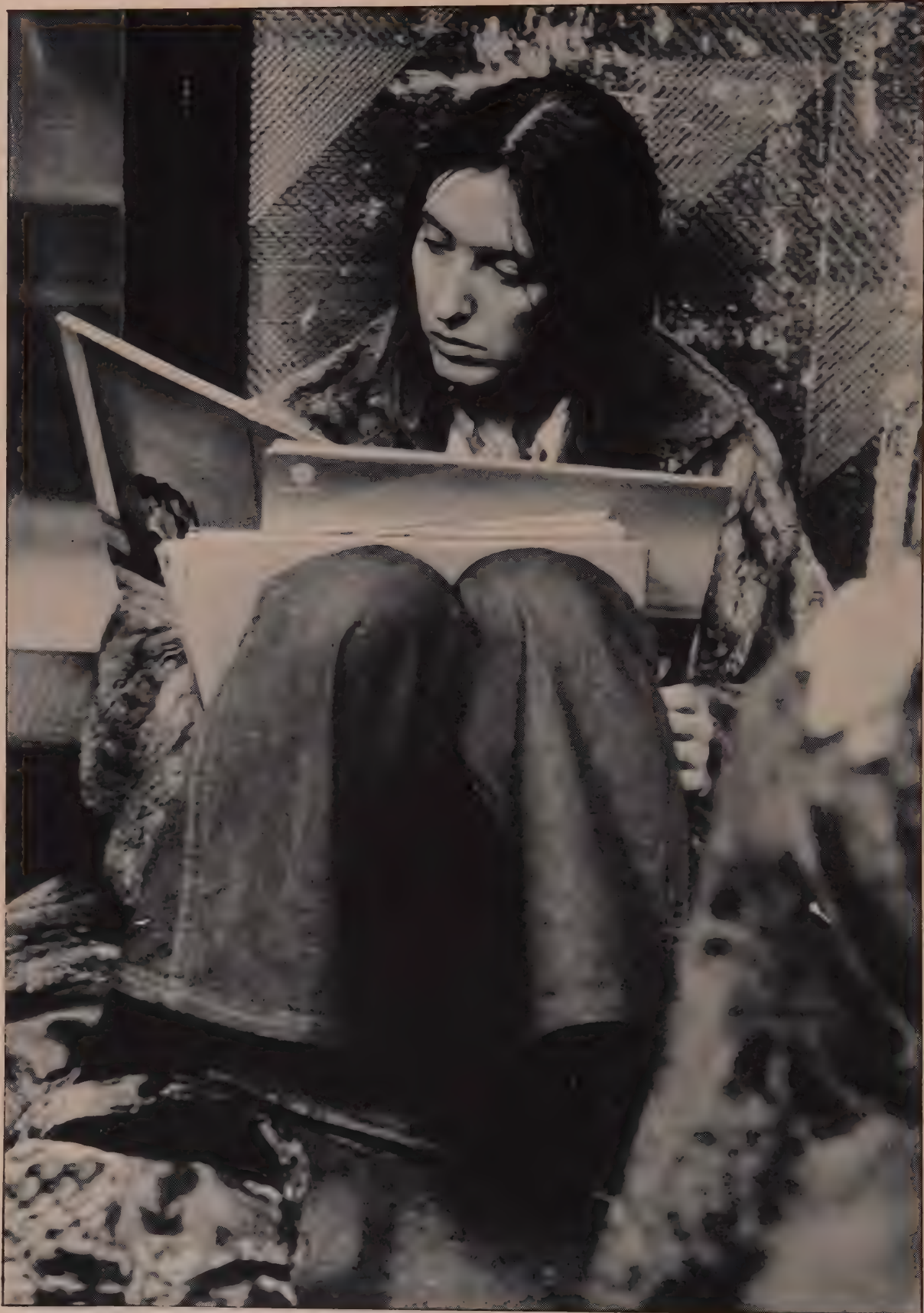
Now Eno laboured under no such illusions. Not the creator of Roxy, and not musically involved to any depth, he had nothing to lose by going all-out for Stardom. In short, Eno now understands Stardom better than Ferry.

By the time you read this article, Eno will probably have formed Loana and the Lizard Girls—the ultimate ghastly band.

Loana and the Lizard Girls may or may not sell records—Ferry will always be able to do so. Yet in the end Eno will have understood Roxy's basic premise better than Roxy's creator. And, as Roxy deal in instant culture, they can have only themselves to blame if they unleash a new level of constructive bad taste on an unsuspecting world.



ENO: became Roxy's figurehead, then split mid-'73



STEELEYE'S Maddy Prior

STEELEYE

SPAN

A MODERN FOLK STORY, by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

WITHOUT ANY great trumpeting or fooforah, Steeleye Span have quietly and goodhumouredly crept up on lotsa folks both here and on that large bit of real estate on the other side of the Atlantic. In the three years of their existence, they've built up their audience to the point where they can cheerfully pack any hall in Britain from the Albert downwards, and they've been sending American critics mildly bananas as well.

So, let us take this golden opportunity to get up to date on—fanfare please, maestro—the Steeleye Span Story.

Let us go back in time to the Cambridge Folk Festival of 1969. Tim Hart and Maddy Prior (highly thought-of folk club duo) meet Terry and Gay Woods (ditto) and Ashley "Tyger" Hutchings, former bass player of Fairport Convention, and decide to form a band dedicated to playing British traditional music in an electric context.

They sign with Sandy Robertson's September Productions, adopting the name of a character from an old ballad, record an album under the collective name of Steeleye Span.

The album appears on the RCA label, and is entitled "Hark! The Village Wait". The basic five-piece line-up is augmented by Dave Mattacks (occasional Fairporter) and Gerry Conway (once of Fotheringay). It's nice and funky, and the voices of Gay Woods and Maddy Prior sound lovely together.

In short, a mildly auspicious debut.

However, there are teething troubles. Terry and Gay Woods don't really get on with the other three, so they depart. Their places are taken by Peter Knight, a fiddler of great renown, and Martin Carthy, a young singer and guitarist who was (and is) probably the greatest single figure in the English traditional revival.

Thus we have Steeleye Span Mark II.

This version goes out on the road, and makes an album, again produced by Sandy Robertson, which appears on the B & C label under the title of "Please To See The King". The introduction of Pete Knight into the band proves to have been no mean inspiration, and the jigs and reels that showcase his flashing fiddle become integral parts of the Steeleye set.

Carthy's guitar style transplants well to the Fender, and Tyger's simple, percussive bass binds everything together quite formidably. Miss Prior rapidly begins to stake a claim to being one of the most remarkable female singers currently walking the earth.

S. SPAN produced some incredible music in this incarnation. Tim, Maddy and Martin were all active as soloists, and this period also produced Martin's "Shearwater" (Peg) and Tim and Maddy's "Summer Solstice" (B & C), as well as another Steeleye album "Ten Man Mop Or Mr Reservoir Butler Rides Again" (Pegasus).

"Ten Man Mop" was, in a sense, a step back from its predecessor, being far less electric and far closer to the traditional methods of performing the material.

Schism and many tears shed.

Martin and Tyger set off into the sunset to go their ways before once again teaming up in the Albion Country Band. Sandy Robertson also departed, to re-emerge as producer to

Ian Mathews and Andy Roberts' ill-fated Plainsong. The best of Steeleye Mark II appeared on a Charisma album entitled "Individually And Collectively".

Steeleye entered 1972 with a new line-up, a new manager, a new production deal and a new label. The two new members were Bob Johnson (guitar and voice) and Rick Kemp (bass).

Bob Johnson had worked the clubs as the other member of a duo with Peter Knight. Also, he was no stranger to rock, having backed up Paul (Gary Glitter) Raven, and played sessions for Andrew Oldham's Immediate label alongside Jimmy Page.

Before he joined Steeleye he'd spent a year paying his dues as a chartered accountant.

Rick Kemp had come from the same scene that spawned Mick Ronson and the Spiders From Mars via a long stint with Michael Chapman and much session work.

The new manager was Jo Lustig, a transplanted New Yorker, and a long-time folk entrepreneur. Through his hands had passed such acts as Ralph McTell, Pentangle and Julie Felix, and all that need to be said is that they parted from him a lot bigger and a lot richer than they joined him.

The new label was Chrysalis, and the band's next couple of albums were produced by them and Jerry Boys, the engineer who'd worked with them from the beginning.

Bob and Rick gave Steeleye a total relaunch, and a very different sound. Bob was by no means as distinguished a vocalist as Carthy, but he was infinitely more flexible, while his guitar playing linked folk and

OVER PAGE



RICK KEMP: a bass player technically almost without equal

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

rock styles without the faintest hint of contrivance.

Rick was one of the monster bass players of the age, technically almost without equal, superlatively imaginative, continually wringing things out of a Fender bass that few suspected were even there.

Thus prepared for the future, the band released two superb albums "Below The Salt" and "Parcel Of Rogues", went to the States, started getting known, etcetera.

Finally, they added up ex-Gnidrolog drummer Nigel Pegrum to bring themselves up to a six-piece.

Despite a modicum of dismay from various folkie circles, the move was

unquestionably a wise one. Steeleye's audiences reacted to Pegrum with delight. And this is where we came in.

Does stardom await? Who knows? More important, who cares? As far as I'm concerned they're stars already, and if they sell a million records, all that will prove is that any band who put the past, the present and the future into one place deserve what they get.

Rock: back to the roots

FOR two decades rock has fronted the popular music scene and the term has come to cover a wide range of styles. Here DEREK JOHNSON outlines briefly how it evolved to its present stature.

TWO DECADES have now elapsed since the music world erupted to the sound of a dynamic new phenomenon known as rock 'n' roll. At least, it was hailed as new—largely because, at that time, the flagging music business was desperately in need of a new sensation to rekindle the public's interest and enthusiasm. But in fact, rock music is infinitely older than Haley and his contemporaries.

It did not suddenly emerge in 1954, neither was it a Bill Haley invention. The name "rock 'n' roll" was first coined that year by deejay Alan Freed as a gimmick on one of his radio shows. It is impossible to put a specific date on the emergence of rock music, for the simple reason that it was not born—it evolved.

Rock is a hybrid, the product of many different styles and influences, as varied as the roots of the American people themselves. Even within the context of rock itself, the contrasts are enormous—for example, consider the vast gulf between Haley and Zeppelin.

This is the result of 20 years of change, development and progress in rock. Yet, in going back to the very

beginning—the sowing of the very first seeds—we have to span three centuries and more.

Chuck Berry said recently: "There was always rock 'n' roll—only in the old days we used to call it rhythm and blues." And Fats Domino echoed those sentiments when he observed: "Call it rock, call it r-and-b. What's the difference?"

What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, commented Will Shakespeare, who died just four years before our story begins. For the fact is that rock, like most other forms of popular music, evolved basically from jazz. And in order to trace its history, we have first to see how jazz itself evolved.

So we'll go back to the year 1620 when the first batch of slaves were imported from Africa into the plantations of America—although in fairness, we could just as easily look still further back to encompass the tribal rhythms of Africa itself.

But it was the slaves who pioneered jazz. Music played an important part in their lives, and it continued to do so as they worked for their white masters on the plantations. Gradually the primitive African music absorbed white influences—ballads, waltzes, the quadrilles of the French settlers in the Southern States, and the religious songs of the Methodist revival.

All these influences blended together to form a genuine folk music of the American Negro, expressed in

work songs (improvised as they slogged in the fields), spirituals (reflecting their new-found solace in Christianity) and blues.

Perhaps more than any other influence, the blues were the basis of Jazz.

This development continued, entirely as a vocal form, for a couple of centuries until slavery was abolished in 1865. It was then that the Negroes converged on the cosmopolitan city of New Orleans, picked up many of the wind instruments discarded by military band musicians at the end of the Civil War, and began transforming their vocal music into instrumental terms.

To a large extent, they retained the white man's line-up, but played in their own unique way, with a fluid syncopated rhythm. They played on every possible occasion—at carnivals, funerals, to advertise products and at night, in sleazy clubs in the red-light district of Storyville.

There were other influences, too. Back in the 1820's, touring white singers and musicians had introduced a new form of entertainment by "blackening up" and apeing the Negro. These so-called "nigger minstrel" shows incorporated both Negro syncopation and European sophistication, and they resulted in a totally new form of musical expression.

Then there was ragtime, which originally was the Negro's first attempt to cope with the piano, by

OVER PAGE



Which one is rock? Bill Haley (left) or Led Zeppelin's Robert Plant?

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

trying to emulate—in keyboard terms—the style of the brass band. Eventually, other popular influences of the day—like the cakewalk and the polka—were absorbed by such legendary ragtime pianists as Tom Turpin and Scott Joplin.

Ragtime, which started out as the piano offshoot of jazz, was to form the basic feature of the first jazz orchestras. And, in its keyboard form, ultimately progressed to boogie.

But back to the turn of the century and those early New Orleans bands.

Competition was intense, and there was great rivalry between groups. And there emerged some great musicians—like Buddy Bolden, Manuel Perez, Bunk Johnson, Kid Oliver, Alphonse Picou and Honore Dutrey—who came to epitomise this exciting new music which was slowly but surely establishing itself.

But while ragtime flourished throughout America, jazz as such was still largely restricted to the New Orleans area. Indeed, it was not until 1916 that the word "jazz" was first used, and no-one is quite sure from whence it was derived—the most popular theories are that it came either from the French verb *jaser* (to chatter) or the Creole word meaning to speed up.

It was during the first world war that jazz cast off its shackles and gained acceptance both nationally and internationally. There were two main reasons for this.

The first was the growing trend of white musicians to imitate Negro jazz under the guise of Dixieland—they had already found success on the big-city circuit outside of Louisiana.

And the second was the enforced closure of the Storyville district of New Orleans in 1917, which led to jazz musicians looking elsewhere for a home—many took the river boat to Chicago, then onwards to Kansas City and New York.

Thus the jazz message was spread. And new styles developed in all these different centres.

During the following decade, jazz bands continued to purvey their good-time music and blues strictly in the form of collective improvisation. But inevitable changes were taking place, and by the late twenties these had given jazz a new flexibility—Louis Armstrong had pioneered the personality individualistic approach; vocal blues were revitalised through the work of such greats as Ma Rainey, Trixie Smith and Bessie Smith; and Duke Ellington was bringing a new concept of writing and scoring to the jazz idiom.

Pop writers of the day, like Irving Berlin and George Gershwin, were absorbing jazz influences into their songs—and even some contemporary highbrow writers, such as Stravinsky and Hindemith, were noticeably affected by the style.

But as jazz gained in respect and reputation, so it became more com-

mercialised. Black and white musicians were now playing together but, in the dance halls and tea rooms of New York and other cities, a new milder and sweeter form of jazz was demanded.

This was the heyday of the jazz orchestra (Fletcher Henderson, Paul Whiteman, etc.). Formed primarily for dancing, these bands retained jazz rhythms and a degree of improvisation in the solos, but rejected polyphonic spontaneity and relied on pre-conceived ensemble passages.

Many of the pure jazzmen attempted to keep the New Orleans flag flying but, faced with the Wall Street slump, were forced to knuckle down and accept this new trend. And when in 1935, Benny Goodman adopted the term "swing", the era of the big swing band was in full cry and lasted through the second world war.

Throughout this period, and into the post-war years, traditional jazz had continued to command a loyal following, if on a somewhat specialist scale.

In the late 1940s jazz shook off some of its lethargy when a few stalwarts like Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Bud Powell championed a new school of modern jazz known initially as re-bop, and subsequently as be-bop. It was in this form that Latin American influences first made their presence felt. And the style led in turn to the "cool school" of Stan Getz and Miles Davis, and the progressive experimentation of Tad Dameron.

Meanwhile—as trad jazz floundered and modern jazz sought to establish itself—the swing age ended almost as abruptly as the war. And the popular music of the day, as dispensed by the big bands and solo singers, degenerated into an abyss of sickly sentimentality that reflected the general air of relief and relaxation following six years of hostilities.

During the immediate post-war years, a large number of Negro rhythm-and-blues bands had been playing throughout America. Their music was a logical progression from pure jazz, but taking a different direction from modern jazz.

Rhythm-and-blues is, in fact, exactly what its name implies. It is a combination of many of the elements that make up the jazz spectrum—a blend of jazz rhythms, blues singing, piano jazz (or boogie) and the personality solo approach. Mainly for economic reasons, the full trad jazz line-up was scarcely employed, and the personnel usually consisted of guitar (which had long since replaced banjo in the jazz band rhythm section), string bass (which had taken over from tuba) and drums—plus either piano or sax.

R-and-b enjoyed a relatively limited appeal, mainly amongst the coloured fraternity and a few whites, as the world continued to wallow in the conveyor-belt pop of the late 40's and early 50's. But its impact was growing, and it steadily widened its market and even began to make an impression on the newly-launched record charts.

It was undoubtedly rhythm-and-blues, itself a direct offshoot of jazz,

that led to the rock 'n' roll explosion of 1954. Basically all that Bill Haley had to do was to introduce electronics—to amplify his instruments, accentuate the beat and exaggerate the personality aspect.

Indeed, it might be said that early rock 'n' roll was nothing more than vastly exaggerated r-and-b—exaggerated almost to the point of distortion, and commercialised to the *nth* degree. It came at a time when the public and the music industry alike were sick to death with the appalling sludge which had been their lot for almost a decade, and it was accepted with glee.

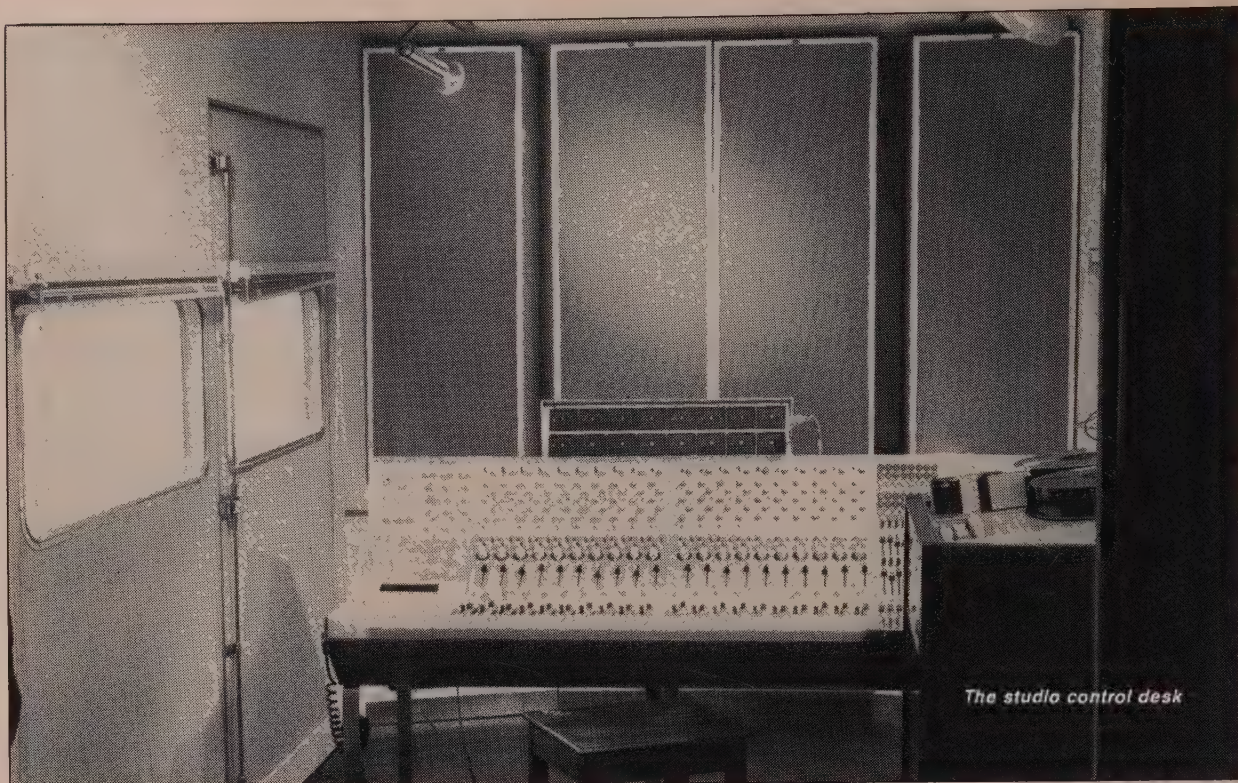
The development of rock during the last 20 years is another story altogether. For, as I have already mentioned, the chasm between Haley and Zeppelin is immense. In fact, many would argue that Zeppelin and their contemporaries are not rock musicians at all, but rather "beat musicians" or "progressive musicians". By the same token, it could justifiably be argued that Messrs. Gillespie and Davis do not play true jazz.

It all depends what you mean by rock, and what you mean by jazz. As I said before, what's in a name? In any event, it is probably true to suggest that—despite that musical chasm—Zeppelin would never have existed if there had been no Haley and rock 'n' roll. And there would have been no rock 'n' roll if the American cotton barons had not started shipping slaves to their plantations three-and-a-half centuries ago.

FOOTNOTE: In this brief outline, I have scarcely been able to scrape the surface of the history of jazz. But millions of words have been written about this fascinating subject, and there are many authoritative works of reference available. Two books which I would confidently recommend to anyone anxious to delve deeper are "Jazz Cavalcade" by Dave Dexter and "Really The Blues" by Mezz Mezzrow.

ANSWERS TO EXPRESSWORD (page 93)

ACROSS: 1 "Rubber Bullets"; 9 (David) Bowie; 11 "Yellow Submarine"; 12 Wishbone; 13 "(Do You Know The Way To) San Jose"; 14 "Ram"; 16 Stones; 18 Sly (Stone); 19 Dawn; 21 Bridget; 24 Crazy Horse; 25 Slade; 27 Darryl Way; 28 Brass; 30 Richie Havens; 31 Alice (Cooper); 33 Roy C; 34 Al Stewart; 35 Fanny; 36 Ash.
DOWN: 1 Roxy Music; 2 "Billion Dollar Babies"; 3 Elton John; 4 "Big Seven"; 5 Len Barry; 6 Edgar Winter; 7 Home; 8 "Life On Mars?"; 10 Nilsson; 15 (Dave) Swarbrick; 17 Steeleye Span; 20 Byrds; 21 Bell; 22 Isaac Hayes; 23 T.Rex; 26 "Abraxas"; 29 Island; 32 War.



The studio control desk

Rolling with the Mobile

Short history of the Stones' studio: by **FRED DELLAR**

WHAT HAVE Traffic, Family, Yes, Horslips, Deep Purple, Procul Harum, Wishbone Ash, Black Sabbath and Tucky Buzzard in common?

The answer: they've all used the Stones' mobile studio.

The idea of the mobile sprang to mind at the end of the sixties, when the Stones wanted a first-class studio, but not one that they had to travel to, rather one that would travel with them.

Eventually the idea came to fruition. A specially-designed body was mounted onto a Leyland Laird chassis, and then Dick Swettenham, who runs a company known as Helios Electronics, set about installing the actual recording equipment.

Swettenham has a lifetime of experience in recording which began when he joined EMI soon after leaving college. After helping to advance stereo techniques he moved on to Argo, where he acquired a tremendous knowledge of mobile recording.

Later, he left to become chief engineer at Olympic Studios in Barnes, scene of many of the Stones' finest recording dates. There he was responsible for designing and equipping the studio.

Since that time Swettenham has had some part in the equipping of both Apple and Island studios.

Glyn Johns was the consultant engineer for the Stones' project. He'd been one of IBC's most popular engineers and was, in fact, the first person ever to record the Stones.

Slowly the project made headway and the studio was ready to follow the Rolling Stones around Europe in 1970. As a try-out, this was eminently successful, but further refinements were carried out before first recordings for the new Stones' label were made.

These tracks were cut at Mick Jagger's Hampshire home. The van became an extension of the house for two months and whenever the band felt like playing, they just upped and did it—which was what the Stones, who are notoriously lackadaisical in their recording habits, had always wanted.

Other bands began to hire the vehicle. First in were the Faces, who used it for an album. Then Frank Zappa borrowed it to record the soundtrack of his "Two Hundred Motels" film, at Pinewood.

Forty-five microphones were used simultaneously to record the Mothers Of Invention playing with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The Stones' office claim that this was the biggest recording job ever done in this country—they may well be right.

Next users on the list were Led Zeppelin who cut seven tracks using the camouflaged vehicle. Since then, everybody has wanted to use the Stones' mobile and if you attended

the Blood, Sweat and Tears or Paul Simon concerts, earlier this year, then you probably observed the mobile in close attendance.

CBS often hire the studio for outside recordings and engineer Mike Ross describes the results he obtained on the two Simon concerts as 'magnificent'. Glyn Johns also returned to the Jagger home not so long ago and used the mobile to record Gallagher and Lyle's "Willie And The Lap Dog" album for A.&M., while Fleetwood Mac's "Penguin" was evolved in similar circumstances.

So the mobile continues to be much-used despite growing competition from newcomers like the 1973 Orange mobile and Virgin's Monster. In view of the increasing number of bands requiring 'live' recordings—usually in the form of eventual double-albums—there could be plenty of work for them all.

FACILITIES

The mobile contains a 20-channel control desk with outputs to a 16-track 3M tape machine. An 8-track Ampex is also carried, along with a selection of microphones and stands, echo devices, monitor speakers, Dolby units, etc. The cables carried allow the studio to operate 100 metres from the mains, with the microphones another 100 metres away. Fully air-conditioned, the studio can be used to record at any location—from a festival site to a private home. A maintenance engineer always travels with the vehicle.

By ROGER
ST. PIERRE

EVER SINCE the Original Dixieland Jazz Band first brought jazz out of its Southern birthplace cynics have been predicting the imminent demise of the music. But despite several very shaky periods, the death never happened, and now we have a very interesting situation in which jazz is once more reaching out to the world at large—thanks in no small measure to the stimulus provided by the new-wave rock bands.

It's been rock outfits like Chicago, Blood Sweat and Tears and Colosseum who have turned younger white audiences on, and the jazz backgrounds of soul men like Isaac Hayes have brought black people back into the music they created in the first place.

Incredibly, jazz albums sales—once measured in mere hundreds—have shot up into thousands, and for the first time since Dave Brubeck's "Take Five" a jazz-ish disc actually hit the top rungs of the American charts.

The record was Deodato's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" which skated to a gold disc award in April.

Deodato, a young Brazilian with a rock background, cut the record in New York with such renowned American sidemen as bassist Ron Carter, flautist Hubert Laws, and drummer Billy Cobham.

It was issued on CTI, a label which has proved that properly-marketed jazz can spell big business. With CTI and its sister label Kudu, owner Creed Taylor grossed an impressive 12 million dollars' worth of business in just 12 months.

Although sometimes criticised by purists for his commercial bent, Taylor has produced some tremendous records over the years, first as a staff producer and later through independent production deals with Verve and A&M.

His success led him to starting his own labels and—most importantly—distribution network. Taylor says: "Apart from the way the music had turned its back on the audience, one important factor in the decline of jazz sales was that records were not getting into the right shops.

"When I set up CTI and Kudu that was the first problem I had to tackle."

Over the years Creed Taylor has been responsible for big sellers by the likes of Jimmy Smith, Wes Montgomery and Stan Getz, and currently he has Hank Crawford, Grover Washington, Milt Jackson, Kenny Burrell and Freddie Hubbard signed to his stable.

And he's 100 per cent convinced that jazz is a viable sales commodity.

"Look, we've been promoting concerts all over the States and drawing sell-out audi-

Pop and all that jazz



ences of 4-5,000 people—does that indicate that jazz is dead or dying?

"And we're gaining new listeners from the fringes of rock and R'n'B. There's always been a close relationship between these styles, but previously there's been a barrier, a form of snobbishness, which has kept the audiences apart."

He's right about the snobbishness. And jazz musicians never used to help in this direction. They took every chance they got to knock rock, with the result that rock

musicians and their fans resentfully turned away from a music which was at the roots of their own.

Audiences were narrow-minded in the extreme. I remember British jazz drummer Tony Cromby returning to a jazz club after an unsuccessful attempt to break into rock and roll as "Tony Cromby And His Rockets" and being booed off stage. That was back in the late fifties.

But as jazz gigs fell away, clubs closed and record sales dived, many jazz musicians were almost forced into rock to earn bread, and subsequently they brought a new respect for the younger sound and also played a big part in bringing it to a higher standard.

Nowadays it's no great news to hear of a jazz maestro playing a solo pop or soul hit—it's taken for granted that this is the field where they earn the rent money and, as importantly, can indulge their creativity at the same time.

Some have developed a more than passing interest. Miles Davis, for instance, one of the formative musicians of the modern jazz "bop" revolution and in the jazz forefront ever since, has been heavily involved in rock experiments. And in Britain bands like Solid Gold Cadillac, Centipede and CCS are composed of jazzers doing their own rock thing.

With record sales in Britain too slowly reversing the previous downhill trend, there is a renewed interest in live jazz.

Jazz acts are finding themselves booked into rock festivals and getting a warm reception from crowds which five years ago would have turned a deaf 'un.

There's also a healthy trend for record shop managers to give a bit of prominence to jazz releases instead of poking them away in a far corner of the shop.

"Jazz has a very special kind of appeal but it is far wider reaching than most people realise", says Creed Taylor. "It is unfortunate that it has been branded with a 'minority interest' tag. The biggest factor in our success is that we decided to get directly to the customer.

"We've opened 75 per cent of the US with our own distribution network and, by actually getting the records into the sales' racks we've proved that the public, given the chance, will listen."

In the States there are special jazz radio stations. Here at home there are just a few programmes on the BBC, but in a way this is an advantage for, as long as it is offered without a jazz tag, there is now a strong chance of getting the more commercial forms of the music played on Radio One's pop shows as records like "Shaft"—which was more into jazz than soul—and "Thus Sprach Zarathustra" have indicated.

As long as jazz can continue this healthy trend of going out and meeting its audience rather than rejecting it and always looking inward, then there's no danger of the music languishing on its death bed.

For a dedicated jazzman's view, see Ian MacDonald on page 86

So you want to be a songwriter?

DEREK JOHNSON, WITH A 'DEMO' OF HOW— TO BECOM

THERE ARE more aspiring songwriters than singers in Britain. It seems that nearly everyone, at some time or another, has the urge to compose a lyric—if only to prove he can do it so much better than the banal rubbish he's always hearing on the radio.

And most people find it's easy enough to criticise—but not nearly so simple when you attempt it for yourself.

It's understandable that so many people should want to break into song-writing, because on the surface, it seems an effortless task occupying relatively little time. And the financial returns are proportionately greater than in any other show business field.

Writer's royalties on record sales are infinitely higher than those earned by the performer and, of course, there are also royalties to be picked up on sheet music. And every time a song is played on radio, TV or stage, the composer benefits.

In any event, there's a great deal of money to be made from a successful song. Lennon and McCartney, for instance, have earned far more from

their writing than from performing, either as Beatles or as subsequent soloists. What's more, it's a long-term income, because a song that becomes a standard will continue to reap handsome dividends for decades.

So how do you go about breaking into this lucrative market? That, of course, is the 64,000-dollar question. Because, as with so many other aspects of the music scene, getting your foot on the first rung of the ladder is the most difficult step. I've often heard frustrated writers say that composing is a closed shop as hard to penetrate as a trade union.

It's true that writers do have their own union of sorts—the Songwriters' Guild—but its doors are always open to anyone who proves his worth. The main obstacle these days is that so many groups and soloists write their own material—so that the writer doesn't have the scope to peddle his wares.

All the same, there is always room for a really good song.

Luck is all-important. There's an old saying that "you've got to have the right song in the right place at the right time". I discovered this for myself when the only song I ever wrote lay unwanted on a music publisher's shelf for 10 years—it was

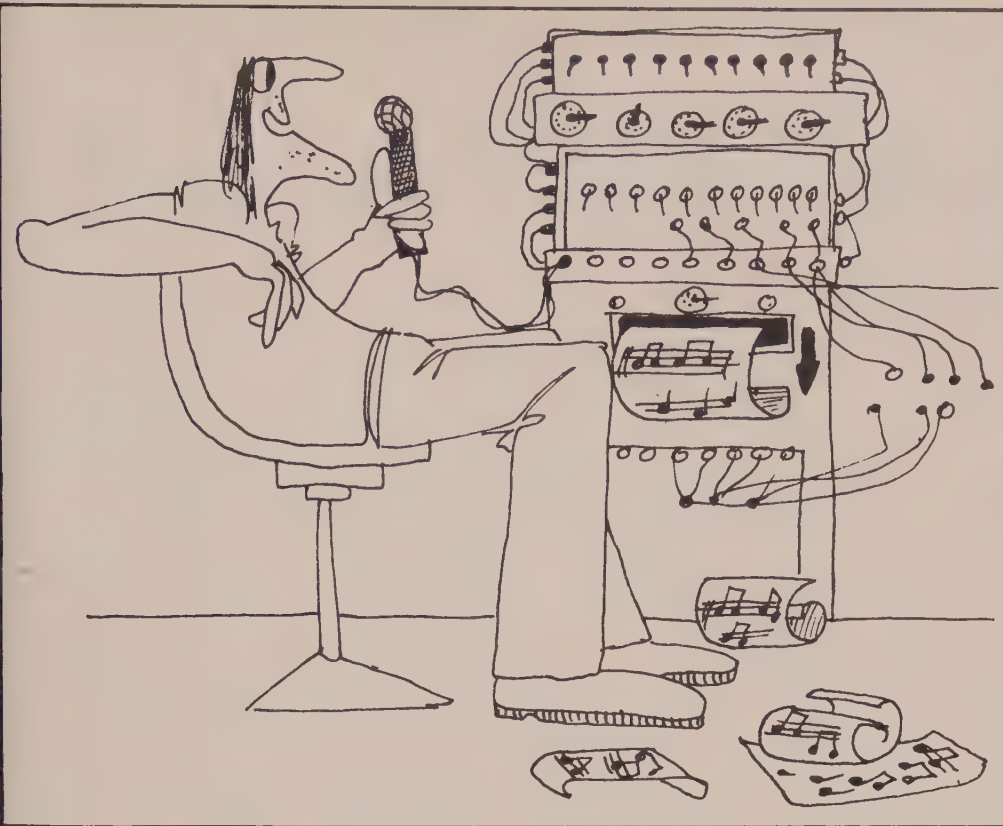
finally taken down and dusted off only because the publisher was moving offices, and it happened to be just what he needed for a specialist album he was compiling. But for this, it would still have been gathering cobwebs.

Anyway, I still receive a lot of requests for advice from New Musical Express readers, who send manuscripts, lyrics written out in longhand, things recorded on tape in the front room either with or without accompaniment, and sometimes actually recorded on to disc at a local studio.

By far the most common approach is the lyric on its own. It usually comes with a letter saying, in effect, "I've written these words—can you get someone to set them to music for me?" Or more specifically, "I composed this lyric specially for Tom Jones—please forward it to Les Reed so that he can write the music."

Let me say right away that writing a lyric for a song, and hoping or assuming that someone will take it from there, is a complete waste of time. No-one, but no-one, will want to know. You've got to have your song set to music before you attempt to make any approach whatever to the industry.

This is simply because, although the lyric frequently has the more profound



Cartoon by
TONY BENYON

THE BIGGEST THING SINCE GERSHWIN...

effect upon the listener, the music is the more complex and professional aspect of actually putting the song together. In the majority of cases, you will find that the melody is written first, and the lyric is then added to fit the melody line.

To be brutally frank, practically anyone can write a lyric of sorts, but it requires a special talent to write music—and the lyricist's art is to blend his work into the context and mood of the music.

Assuming you can neither read nor write music, there are several courses open to you. The first is to find yourself a music-writing partner—which could be done theoretically either by advertising in a trade publication or by making approaches to a school of music. The second possibility is to find someone who can write music and, if you have composed a tune in your head, hum or sing it to him so that he can jot it down in manuscript form.

But the obvious course is to learn to write music. A fundamental course is neither very long nor very expensive and, if you have your heart set on composing, it's the obvious step.

Let's assume you have overcome these handicaps, and that your song has been written—both music and words. What to do with it now? You could make several copies of it, and submit it

to some of the leading song publishers for their consideration (names obtainable from the Music Publishers' Association). But the shape of the industry today is such that I personally would not recommend this policy.

It is far better to circularise the various record companies with your song. Send it to a specific a-and-r manager whom you know to be associated with the style of your work.

If you adopt the course of submitting your wares to the record companies, you will stand a much greater chance if you first have your song transcribed on to disc or tape. It doesn't need to be a massive production—just pop into a local recording studio with a friend who can play piano or guitar, and you can sing the words yourself. Believe me, a-and-r men make full allowance for amateur performances and inferior recording, and are adept at using their imagination to visualise what the song could sound like if properly treated.

If you send an a-and-r man a sheet of music, it could lie on his piano for months before he has the time to play it over for himself. But if he just has to pop a tape on to his machine, it's a certainty that he'll do just that right away—because producers are always on the look-out for new composing talent.

Remember also that there are today many smaller recording companies, not to mention independent producers, who are probably more anxious to give newcomers a break than are the established companies.

Another course of action you could follow, and I would suggest this is probably the best of all, is to pick upon an artist or group for whom your song would be particular suited—and submit your tape or disc to their agent or personal manager. But obviously don't choose an act who you know write their own material.

You will doubtless find that placing your song is far more difficult than actually writing it. You will need a great deal of patience and perseverance, but that's all part of the business. And if you're going to do the job properly, you must be prepared to invest hard cash in having your song transcribed and demonstration recordings made.

One final thought—more songwriting contests than ever before are being held in Britain today—run by record companies, proprietary firms, agents, TV companies and so on. Keep your eye open for these events, and enter as many as you can. They are all watched with an eagle eye by the people who matter.

So you want to be a songwriter?

DEREK JOHNSON, WITH A 'DEMO' OF HOW— TO BECOM

THERE ARE more aspiring songwriters than singers in Britain. It seems that nearly everyone, at some time or another, has the urge to compose a lyric—if only to prove he can do it so much better than the banal rubbish he's always hearing on the radio.

And most people find it's easy enough to criticise—but not nearly so simple when you attempt it for yourself.

It's understandable that so many people should want to break into song-writing, because on the surface, it seems an effortless task occupying relatively little time. And the financial returns are proportionately greater than in any other show business field.

Writer's royalties on record sales are infinitely higher than those earned by the performer and, of course, there are also royalties to be picked up on sheet music. And every time a song is played on radio, TV or stage, the composer benefits.

In any event, there's a great deal of money to be made from a successful song. Lennon and McCartney, for instance, have earned far more from

their writing than from performing, either as Beatles or as subsequent soloists. What's more, it's a long-term income, because a song that becomes a standard will continue to reap handsome dividends for decades.

So how do you go about breaking into this lucrative market? That, of course, is the 64,000-dollar question. Because, as with so many other aspects of the music scene, getting your foot on the first rung of the ladder is the most difficult step. I've often heard frustrated writers say that composing is a closed shop as hard to penetrate as a trade union.

It's true that writers do have their own union of sorts—the Songwriters' Guild—but its doors are always open to anyone who proves his worth. The main obstacle these days is that so many groups and soloists write their own material—so that the writer doesn't have the scope to peddle his wares.

All the same, there is always room for a really good song.

Luck is all-important. There's an old saying that "you've got to have the right song in the right place at the right time". I discovered this for myself when the only song I ever wrote lay unwanted on a music publisher's shelf for 10 years—it was

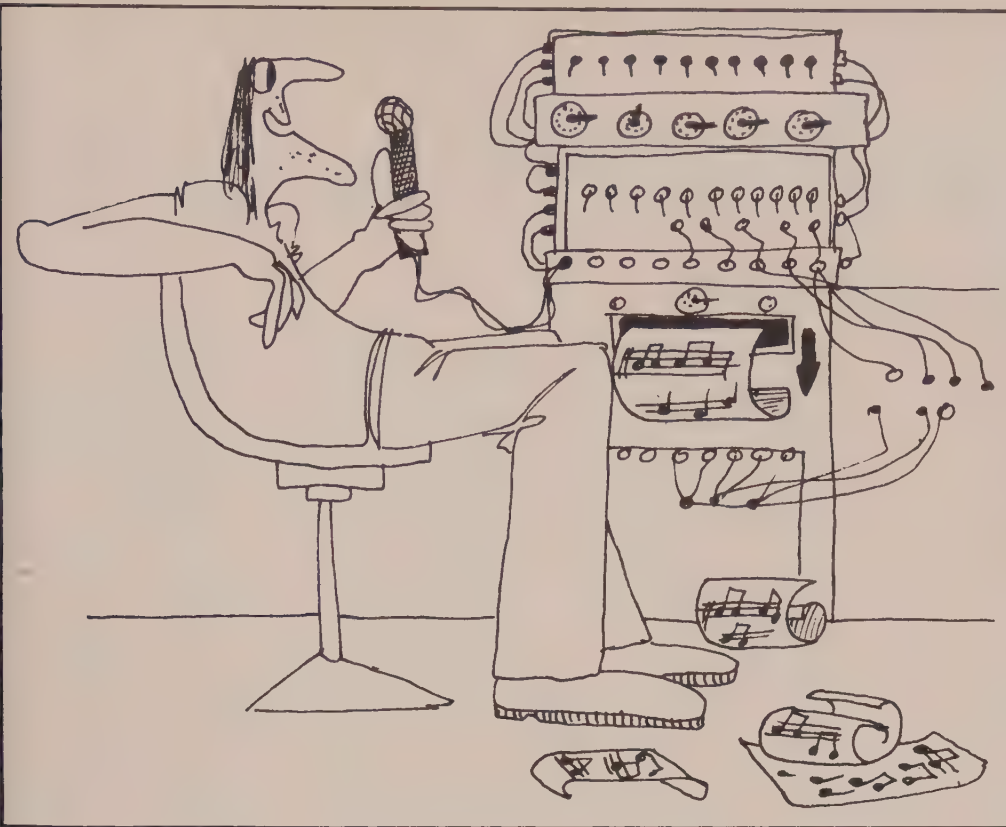
finally taken down and dusted off only because the publisher was moving offices, and it happened to be just what he needed for a specialist album he was compiling. But for this, it would still have been gathering cobwebs.

Anyway, I still receive a lot of requests for advice from New Musical Express readers, who send manuscripts, lyrics written out in longhand, things recorded on tape in the front room either with or without accompaniment, and sometimes actually recorded on to disc at a local studio.

By far the most common approach is the lyric on its own. It usually comes with a letter saying, in effect, "I've written these words—can you get someone to set them to music for me?" Or more specifically, "I composed this lyric specially for Tom Jones—please forward it to Les Reed so that he can write the music."

Let me say right away that writing a lyric for a song, and hoping or assuming that someone will take it from there, is a complete waste of time. No-one, but no-one, will want to know. You've got to have your song set to music before you attempt to make any approach whatever to the industry.

This is simply because, although the lyric frequently has the more profound



Cartoon by
TONY BENYON

THE BIGGEST THING SINCE GERSHWIN...

effect upon the listener, the music is the more complex and professional aspect of actually putting the song together. In the majority of cases, you will find that the melody is written first, and the lyric is then added to fit the melody line.

To be brutally frank, practically anyone can write a lyric of sorts, but it requires a special talent to write music—and the lyricist's art is to blend his work into the context and mood of the music.

Assuming you can neither read nor write music, there are several courses open to you. The first is to find yourself a music-writing partner—which could be done theoretically either by advertising in a trade publication or by making approaches to a school of music. The second possibility is to find someone who can write music and, if you have composed a tune in your head, hum or sing it to him so that he can jot it down in manuscript form.

But the obvious course is to learn to write music. A fundamental course is neither very long nor very expensive and, if you have your heart set on composing, it's the obvious step.

Let's assume you have overcome these handicaps, and that your song has been written—both music and words. What to do with it now? You could make several copies of it, and submit it

to some of the leading song publishers for their consideration (names obtainable from the Music Publishers' Association). But the shape of the industry today is such that I personally would not recommend this policy.

It is far better to circularise the various record companies with your song. Send it to a specific a-and-r manager whom you know to be associated with the style of your work.

If you adopt the course of submitting your wares to the record companies, you will stand a much greater chance if you first have your song transcribed on to disc or tape. It doesn't need to be a massive production—just pop into a local recording studio with a friend who can play piano or guitar, and you can sing the words yourself. Believe me, a-and-r men make full allowance for amateur performances and inferior recording, and are adept at using their imagination to visualise what the song could sound like if properly treated.

If you send an a-and-r man a sheet of music, it could lie on his piano for months before he has the time to play it over for himself. But if he just has to pop a tape on to his machine, it's a certainty that he'll do just that right away—because producers are always on the look-out for new composing talent.

Remember also that there are today many smaller recording companies, not to mention independent producers, who are probably more anxious to give newcomers a break than are the established companies.

Another course of action you could follow, and I would suggest this is probably the best of all, is to pick upon an artist or group for whom your song would be particular suited—and submit your tape or disc to their agent or personal manager. But obviously don't choose an act who you know write their own material.

You will doubtless find that placing your song is far more difficult than actually writing it. You will need a great deal of patience and perseverance, but that's all part of the business. And if you're going to do the job properly, you must be prepared to invest hard cash in having your song transcribed and demonstration recordings made.

One final thought—more songwriting contests than ever before are being held in Britain today—run by record companies, proprietary firms, agents, TV companies and so on. Keep your eye open for these events, and enter as many as you can. They are all watched with an eagle eye by the people who matter.

Jazz, and the rock

By **IAN
MacDONALD**

THE FUSION of jazz and rock which has been under way during the last few years will be the death of jazz. How's that for an ultra-reactionary statement? Actually I think it's ultra-radical—and, as I've now got just under a thousand words to say why, I'd better get going.

Folk music lives forever. Not "Lord Randall" or "Wabash Cannonball" (although they'll doubtless continue to be played in cellars and fall-out shelters for several more centuries), but the abstract definition of folk music: music by and for the people. That means anything that the people at large can enjoy listening to and join in on themselves without having to study 20 years to do it.

By this token, rock is the Western

folk music of today. And by the same token jazz, in its very earliest form, was the folk music of the Afro-American world. Jazz ceased to be folk music and to become art music when it moved away from its vernacular origin, the blues, to challenge the European tradition as the foremost

"serious" music of the West.

Some critics (notably Henry Pleasants in his provocative books "Death Of A Music" and "Serious Music And All That Jazz") have claimed that this challenge has proved successful, partly on the score of the European tradition's abdication of



that broke its back



Pictured: Miles Davis, who perceived the real possibilities of the rock-beat for jazz, but now seems to be in trouble with his experiments.

popular credibility through the rejection of its own technical laws—the dreaded “modern music” which is supposed to have so few admirers.

The question of supremacy is endlessly arguable and, in the end, unresolvably pointless. But it should be remembered that most of the

Pleasants school wrote their theses at a time (the late Fifties) when jazz, though developing at hot-house pace, was still recognisably related to its point of origin in New Orleans.

In the Sixties that link was sundered by the so-called New Wave—musicians like John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman,

Cecil Taylor, and Albert Ayler, who rejected the technical laws of jazz as totally and far more suddenly than Schoenberg and Webern had, during the first decade of the century in, symbolically enough, Vienna, overthrown those classical harmonic tenets already buckling under the impact of Wagner and the Late Romantics.

This abruptness telescoped jazz's Avant-Garde phase into its preceding Romantic phase and released a music of passionate anarchy so easily interpreted in revolutionary political terms (cf., LeRoi Jones, Frank Kofsky) that it simultaneously lost a genuine audience for the wrong reasons and gained a new following with so little interest in its purely musical lineage that its abdication of popular credibility was, inadvertently, twice as extreme as it might have been.

By the mid-Sixties jazz was as far from its folk music origins as was the

OVER PAGE

'Most jazz-rock efforts have one drawback—the music is no longer jazz'

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

European tradition, having travelled the same five hundred year road in just under five decades.

In the terms of Henry Pleasants, yet another music had "died" and the world was, apparently, running short of its resources of popular alternatives. That is, unless you were inclined, or brought up, to ignore rock.

In the nick of time "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" arrived and was seized upon by the musical establishment as a worthy cultural replacement for what had got broken in the past.

But, by now, the pattern was obvious and the recent critical reaction against what, for want of a more accurate term, I shall term "art-rock", has manifold justification in the face of the fate of first "serious" music and then jazz—always depending on the supposition that an audience's ability to cope with and even enjoy developments away from the beaten-track remains static and limited, a daunting constant against which all musical evolution is to be measured.

And, if you believe that, you'll believe anything. No music dies—it just changes into something else.

So why am I charging rock with the murder of jazz?

Jazz has departed from a direct parallel with the development of "serious" music at the very last minute. An immediate format, its tradition has always been more flexible and less solemnly concerned with technical predestination than has the mainstream of Europe and, with all the species that were born from the jazz gene-pool (at the approximate rate of one per decade since the 1910s) still functioning side by side, so it was no hard task to jump off the Pleasants Express before the predicted final crash occurred.

Individualists like Ornette Coleman had built worlds of their own and couldn't be destroyed in any cataclysmic crisis of identity within the general confines of jazz, but others, possibly less spectacularly endowed, but usually just plain *young*, needed their own alternative to Romantic Anarchy and Black Nationalism—and the answer had to be principally rhythmic since therein was constituted jazz's central uniqueness.

The swung rhythm used by jazz musicians since Parker (8/8, as opposed

to the even 4/4 of most other Western forms) had sub-divided itself (via Coltrane's "sheets of sound") into the infinitely-pulsed rhythm of "free-jazz", a natural development.

There was no going back if the music wished to cheat the death of popular incomprehension so, while Coleman and Coltrane looked for the roots of jazz harmony, the rank-and-file of jazz investigated the possibility of a new popular rhythm.

They found it in the blues, or more precisely in the rock music that had evolved through R&B. It was 4/4 again—but it was a new, regularly accented 4/4: one-TWO-three-FOUR. And it provided all the fresh opportunities for bass and drums that jazz had so long needed after the disproportionate emphasis on the "voice" instruments of the front-line which Bop had constructed from New Orleans Theory.

Gary Burton, Don Ellis, Charles Lloyd, and Herbie Mann were the first to try this out but, being white and possessing the jazz-man's instinctive under-estimation of what appears, from the outside, to be a pretty primitive idea, they simplified and prettified what, in rock, was building into a device for rousing crowds to instant dementia and the palpable risk of mass spinal dislocation.

It took a great black musician, Miles Davis, to perceive the real possibilities of the rock-beat for jazz and, in the end, for music with a capital 'M'—and even he had to get into it with caution and restraint at the start. "Miles In The Sky" is the first true "jazz-rock" album and deserves some close examination right now—most relevantly from Mr Davis himself. Because, on the evidence of his latest release, "Live In Concert", he and his invention are in more trouble than the Romantic Anarchists ever got into between them.

The rock rhythm has finally killed jazz by tying it down—but it's not rock's fault. Just as they misconstrued the significance of one-TWO-three-FOUR, so jazz-men have failed to grasp the laws of rock harmony.

Joining the game at a time when rock was temporarily paralysing itself with extended jams on one chord ("Spoonful", by Cream, being the unfortunate initiator of an endless stream of increasingly banal imitations), jazz musicians saw what they took to be natural, gut-level rhythm hand-in-hand with har-

monic freedom.

What, in fact, was there was gut-level harmony too—the only thing available to amateurs brought up on the basic blues progressions and a half-baked acquaintance with Indian scalar constructions.

This is not to say that such a framework by definition cancels out improvisation of any sophistication. In its own terms it can be, and has been, extraordinarily productive and generally enthusiastically received. But it's no longer jazz.

Simply that. No longer jazz. It's something else, something for which we need no name right now, but something which is as far from Armstrong and Beiderbecke as Stockhausen is from Monteverdi and Bach.

And, what is more, the newfound rhythm of rock is so firmly embedded in the consciousness of jazz-men that the natural note-values doubled by Charlie Parker and quadrupled by John Coltrane are gone forever.

Rock has affected the way a jazz tenor-solo is played so profoundly in terms of its specific durations and harmonic relations that it can never be the same again—and even the instrument has changed. A tenor won't sound over electric bass, electric piano, and electric guitar, so you need at least an alto and usually a soprano to make textural sense, both in terms of timbre and the octave-range of a group.

In the words of Sly Stone, jazz now has more "bottom to its groove" than it can handle without owning up that it can't play Charlie Parker anymore.

But why mourn? Who cares what the music's called? It's only good or bad and, with "jazz-rock" or whatever you think its calling-card should read, we've got another option. Another way of enjoying ourselves via our ears.

Jazz is history—but, now it's written, so's this article.

For Roger St. Pierre's middle-of-the-road view on jazz-rock fusion, see page 81

A black and white portrait of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair, smiling at the camera. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, top. The background is dark and out of focus.

Portrait of an Old Master

MYSTIFIED? SEE OVER PAGE

LINDA HOYLE

TONY STEWART looks back at the records that could have been, and should have been, but weren't . . .

LIKE PAINTING, music too is an art—although they haven't got round to opening an album gallery yet . . .

Following the same parallel, not all artists have their paintings exhibited—and neither does every musician have his, or her, album played.

You can take the comparison of the two cultures a stage further. In the same way that Dutch artist Van Gogh won most of his early fame not for his painting but because he chopped his lug off and despatched it, first class, to a lady (or something like that!), Alice Cooper had to achieve fame (or notoriety) with his stage antics.

In Cooper's case, there the parallel ends, because he's risen to acclaim and financial success via his brand of insanity, while Van Gogh's fame only came after his death. But in other cases you'll have observed that certain musicians' record sales only increased after their funerals.

Many musicians, writers and singers have done wondrous artistic work which, sadly, remains undiscovered by the buying public, and, in some cases, the music industry.

To continue the Art comparison, these albums must surely be the Neglected Masterpieces of music. Pause for a moment and ponder, people. Have you stumbled on some wonderful LP that few of your friends ever heard? Why, of course, and I have too.

Hence the purpose of this article is not to wallow in nostalgia, but to attempt to do justice to certain records, which I personally had great faith in, and respect for, but which never made it. You see, it's never too late, as David Bowie found with the reactivation of "The Man Who Sold The World" and "Space Oddity", after his "Hunky" and "Ziggy" success.

The reasons why truly fine recordings should be forced into near obscurity are manifold and inexplicable. Frequently it's because of lack of promotion by the record company.

On the other hand, a lot of worthy albums are pushed and advertised, yet still not accepted. Don't ask me why, I've no idea.

Anyway, one Old Master that nearly got lost was ex-Stealer's Wheel man

Gerry Rafferty's "Can I Have My Money Back?" The title track, released as a single, had a substantial amount of airplay—which apparently only had a slight effect on the sales. That was about two years ago, and it was recently re-promoted following Stealer's Wheel's recent "Stuck In The Middle With You" hit.

On its release, I wrote in my review: "This LP will have lasting value, which puts it in the league of the best out this year—and I will still say that even if it doesn't sell".

Needless to add, I have the same opinion now.

Rafferty is certainly one of our finest writers, and that album proved it. But its worth also depended on the instrumentation and arrangements—the latter by keyboard man Tom Parker, who has helped one or two other artists out.

Actually, I reckon there are quite a few neglected masterpieces in the stock room of Transatlantic Records, along with "Money Back". They were a small, not too influential company, at one time known for little more than having Ralph McTell and Pentangle on their books (and this could have some bearing on my earlier argument that albums don't get to the public because of a lack of promotion).

Two albums in particular gave me immeasurable pleasure, and still do:

Brian Short, a young singer-songwriter, recorded "Anything For A Laugh", which unfortunately came at an unfashionable time—with the demise in popularity of the one-man folkie show. And there was a Lindisfarne tinge in the opening cut ("Right That Bell") that was a bit misleading.

The set had flaws, such as the inclusion of Randy Newman's "I Think It's Going To Rain Today". But Short's own compositions, especially "You On My Side", easily compensated for that—in the same way that you'd forget about a smudge on a Goya when examining the intricate details of, say, his girl's eyes.

The other album is a John James—Peter Berryman guitar special, "Sky In My Pie", which is an example of pure digital mastery at its finest. Unfortunately, I've not heard much about any of these artists for a long time.

Quite often, however, our critical faculties become somewhat confused between what is genuinely a masterpiece and what indicates great

potential. For example, first albums often show remarkable promise, but they may not be Mona Lisas—they may just be good 'charcoal sketches'.

A case in point is Chi Coltrane's debut set here—a fine album, but I'd rather wait and see . . .

Similarly, the Sutherland Brothers first set was good, but its the second one, "Lifeboat" that I'm heralding. It's so damn magnificent, and by pure coincidence to my comparison with art, "Lifeboat" has Bernard Gribble's painting, "Pride Of Our Isles", as a front cover.

The set's lyrics were profound, poetic and realistically explanatory, and many of the melodies were really masterful. But despite all this, no real attention was paid to brothers Iain and Gavin until they teamed up with Quiver.

Fortunately the Sutherlands are still in with a chance of standing out from the mass of other artists. Time will tell.

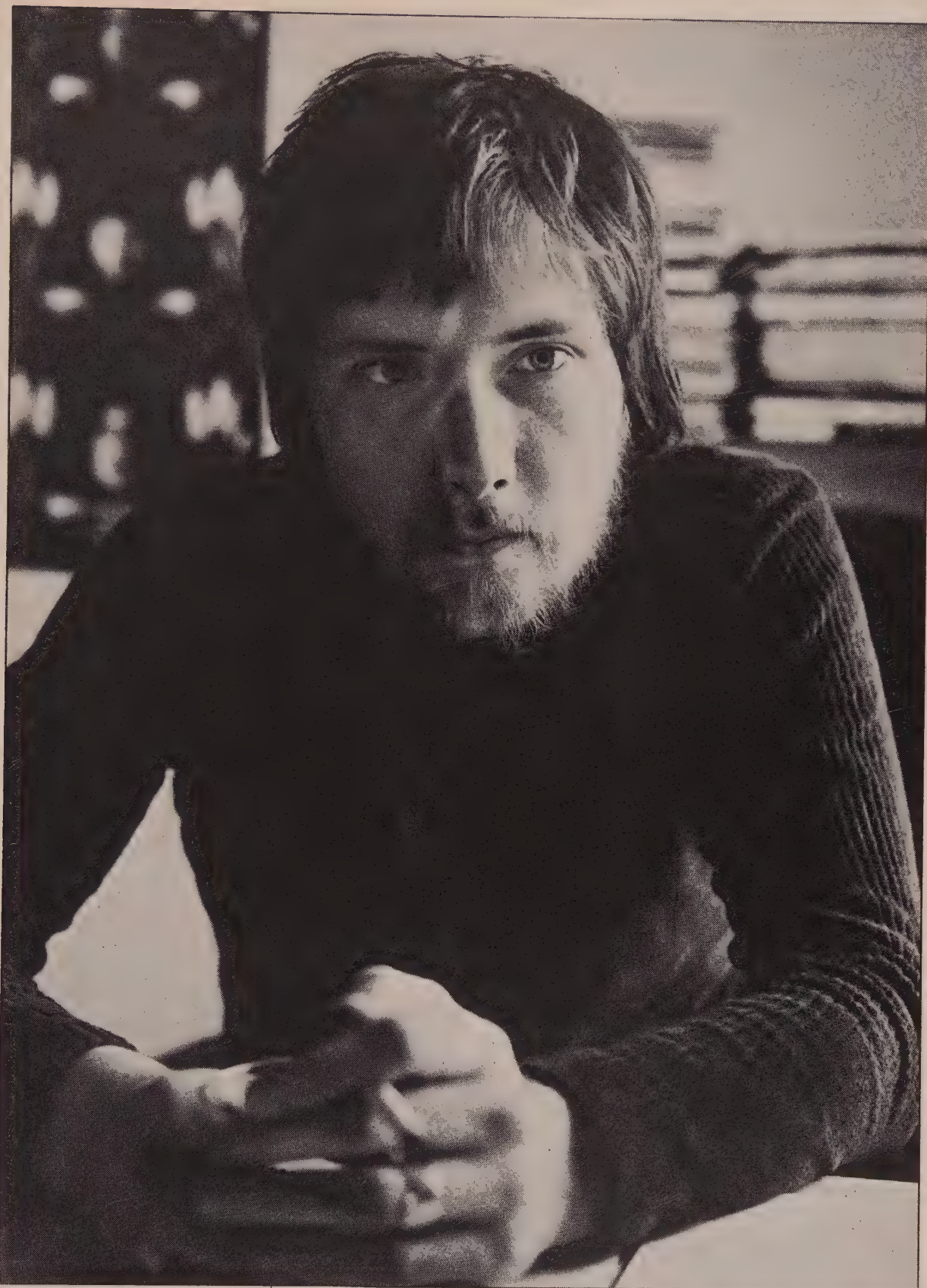
This fact, however, leads to one of the most depressing aspects of masterpieces being neglected, in that performers can become disillusioned and forsake their art to make money to feed themselves.

This brings us to a major difference between the two cultures of painting and music. Finance. The cost of the canvas and oils is minimal compared to the expense of studio time, album sleeve artwork, manufacture, etc.

Anyway, back to masterpieces . . . Several years ago Linda Hoyle (pictured on page 89) released "Pieces Of Me". And she has since left the business, except for some flirtations with Soft Machine. That album, however, is one I play frequently. Linda is truly a rare, distinctive vocal talent, whose taste revolves around jazz, blues and some pretty earthy rock—as on "Black Crow". She's a sad loss to you people.

Musicians on that session included the likes of Chris Spedding, so it'd have been well worth your while to spend an hour listening to the result.

Still, perhaps it's not really much use reminiscing, because, being realistic, there'll always be neglected masterpieces. Your selection of records will naturally differ from the person next door. And so it goes. I'll just leave you with this thought: if Van Gogh didn't sell a painting while he was alive, at least an album is a lot cheaper than his work now.



GERRY RAFFERTY: *"Can I Have My Money Back?" was a fine album—but it missed out first time round.*

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE

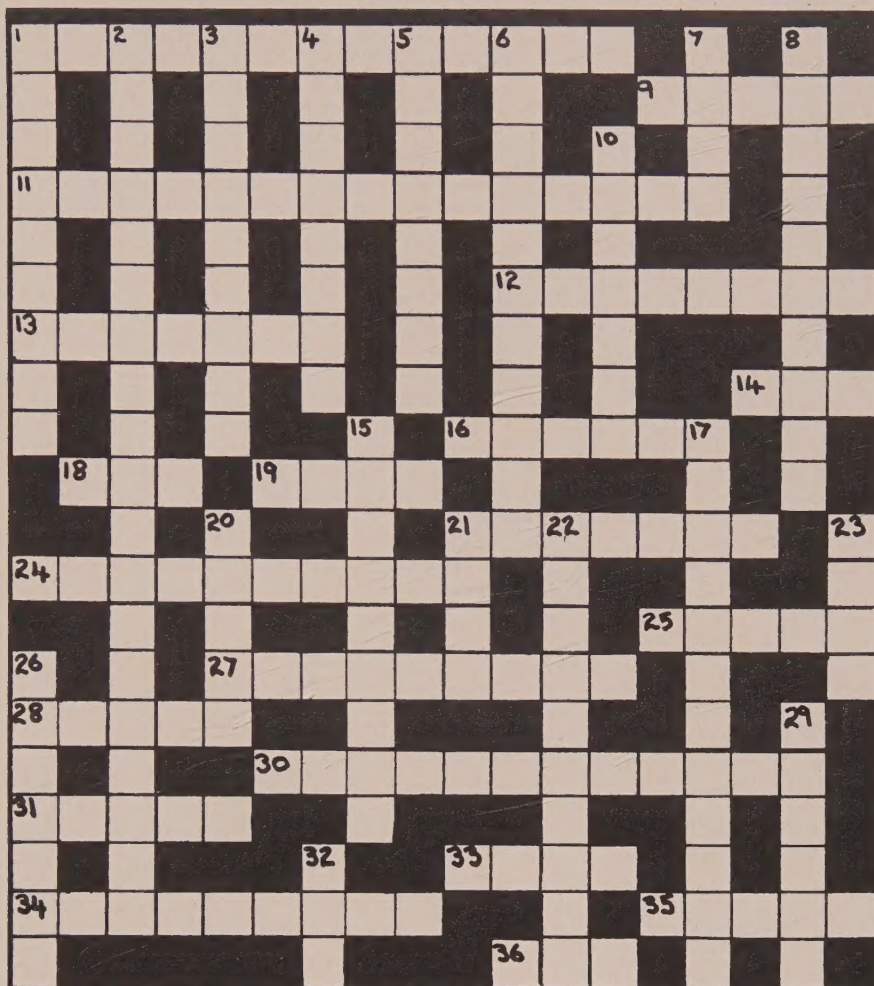
Don't miss the gig of the
week every week when

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

slays the nation's news
stands every Thursday
with a star-spangled
extravaganza of rock, soul,
jazz, blues, folk and frenzy

ALL THIS JUST FOR 8p-WE'RE MAKIN' YOU
AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE.....

NME EXPRESSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 10 cc—armed and potentially dangerous? (6,7)
- 9 The former Mr Jones of the Lower Third
- 11 From mid-period, Beatles novelty song (6,9)
- 12 and 36 Who burned the chicken? Andy Powell?
- 13 Somebody show Miss Warwick the way (3,4)
- 14 McCartney album
- 16 A decade of rock 'n' rolling . . .
- 18 Alias Sylvester Stuart
- 19 Tony Orlando's an early riser it seems
- 21 Miss St John
- 24 Originally recruited by Neil Young as back-up band (5,5)
- 25 Two name-changes back, known as The In Betweens
- 27 The airman cried wolf (6,3)

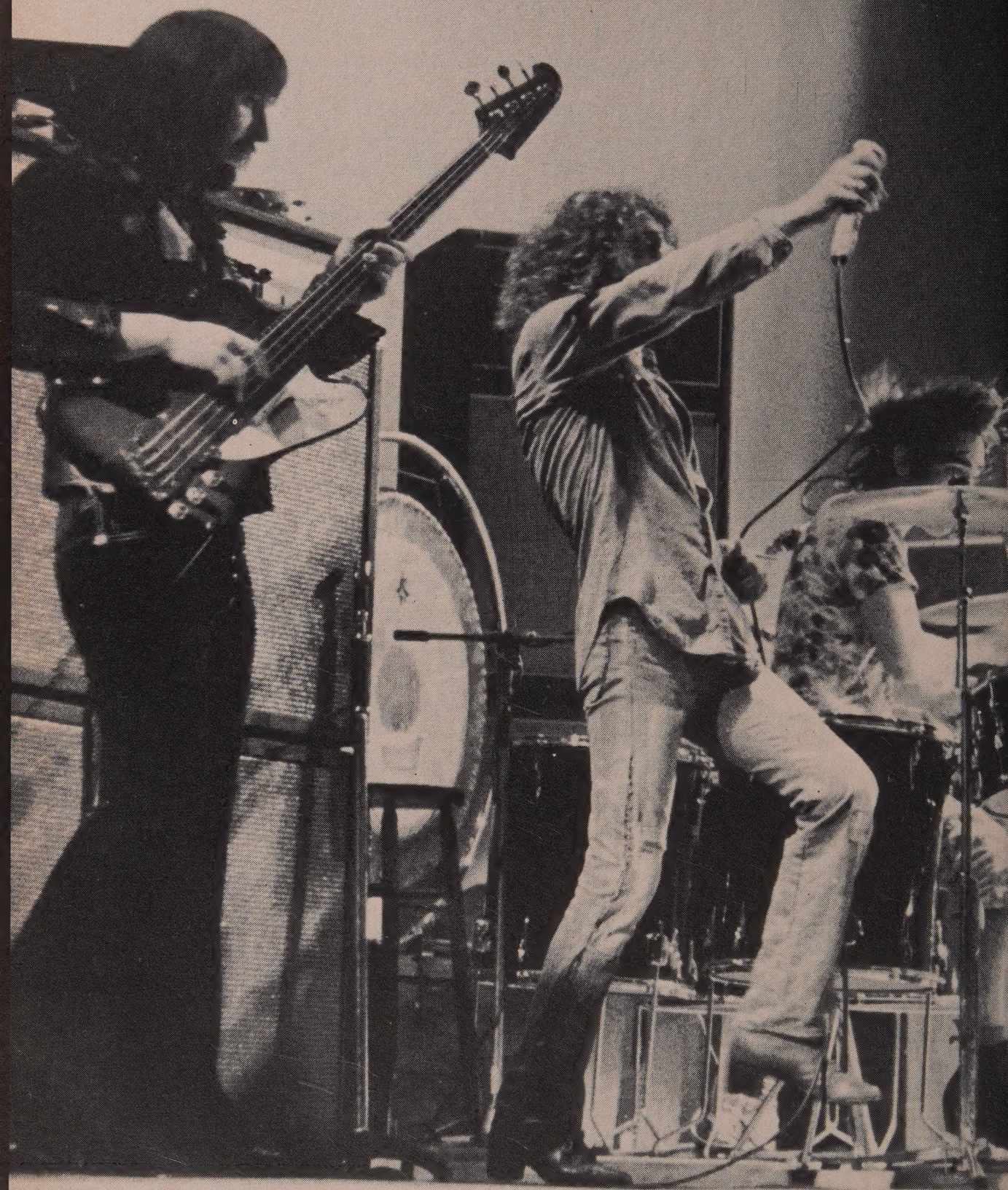
- 28 Instrumentation, collectively speaking
- 30 Played the hawkier in original stage production of "Tommy" (6,6)
- 31 You may have heard of his restaurant too
- 33 Made "Shotgun Wedding" soul classic (3,1)
- 34 Folk-singer namesake to extrovert vocalist (2,7)³
- 35 Doyens of chick-rock
- 36 See 12

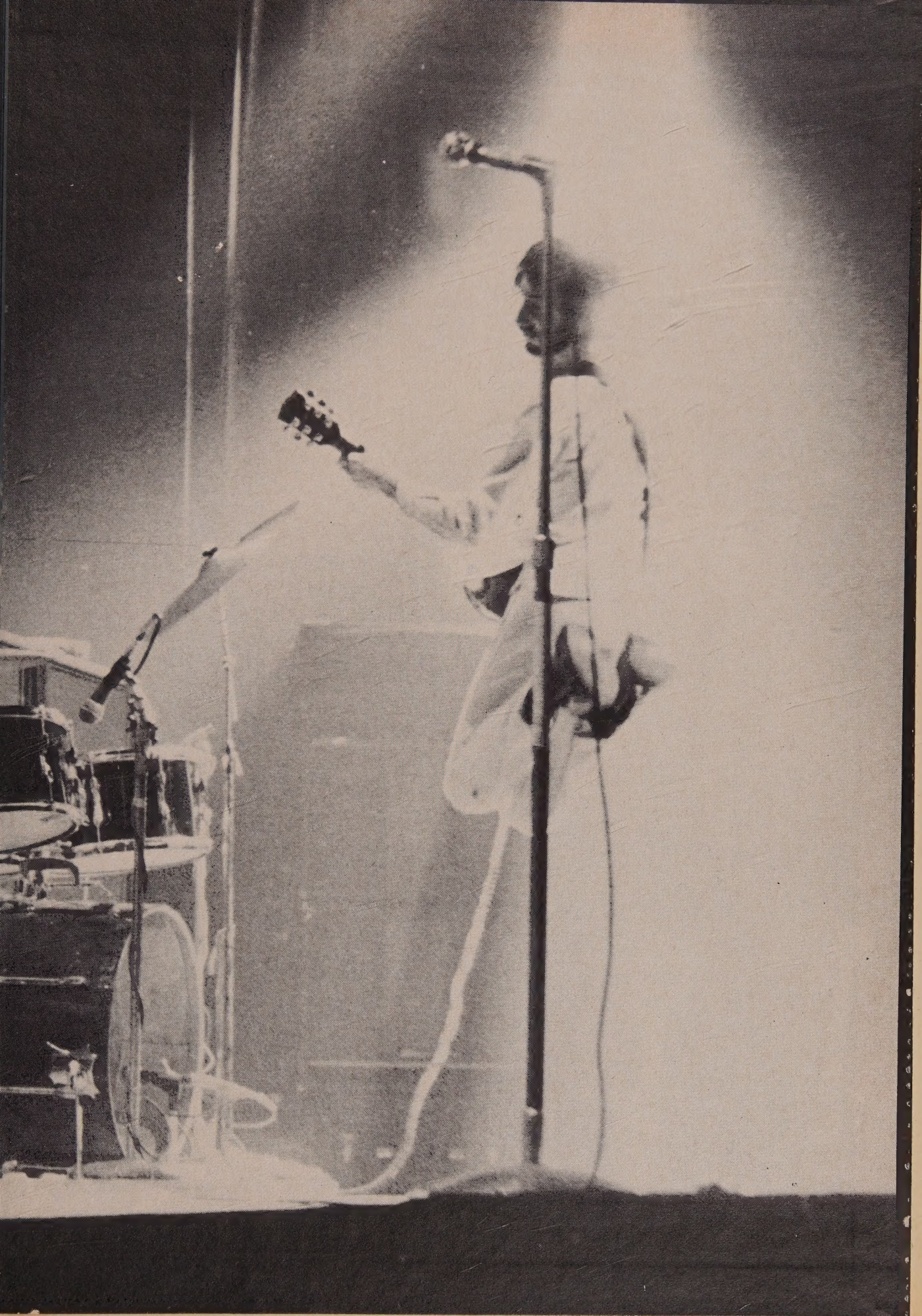
DOWN

- 1 Winners Best New Band poll 1973 (4,5)
- 2 31 across and the price of procreation (7,6,6)
- 3 Don't shoot the piano player (5,4)
- 4 The Judge's number (3,5)

- 5 Best known for his "123" and "Cry Like A Baby" hits in '65/'66 (3,5)
- 6 Draw it green (anag. 5,6)
- 7 New band, but aren't they already household name?
- 8 9 across and the cosmic question (4,2,4)
- 10 Singer-songwriter commonly known by surname only
- 15 Folk fiddler, conventionally speaking
- 17 Spent eel, easy (anag. 8,4)
- 20 Innovative electric-folk band
- 21 Label
- 22 Black Moses himself (5,5)
- 23 The groover's outfit (1,3)
- 26 Santana's second
- 29 Cat Stevens label
- 32 Previously backed Eric Burdon

ANSWERS PAGE 79





NEW

MUSICAL EXPRESS

*1974 Hot
Rock Guide*

INSIDE

David Bowie/Pink

Floyd/Roxy Music

Stones Special/Slade/

Yes/Nazareth/Alice

Cooper/Lou Reed

AND A LOT MORE

KS-515-220

