

POLL RESULTS

BEAT INSTRUMENTAL

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BEAT INSTRUMENTAL

No. 71

MARCH 1969

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISEMENT OFFICES:

58 Parker Street, London, W.C.2. Telephone 01-242 1961

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Editorial

THE news that we are going to have an official Top Thirty in future, produced by a recognised research organisation, has caused a certain amount of heart-searching in the Pop world.

Certainly, something needed to be done to stop the hyping of records by those nameless individuals anxious to get their record into the charts at all costs. One has heard so many comments about it over the past few years. "So and so didn't sell a disc until they got to number 14. I spent £4,000 hyping it up to number 14 but then it took off after that and made number 2 in the end" or variations on the same theme.

The main abuse in the Pop world is surely not in the charts where an occasional record has been hyped in the past, but in the method of plugging. Now that we are back to just Radio Luxembourg, BBC1 and a very few TV programmes, no wonder people get desperate when they see their record as one of 70 or 80 being released that week.

The Beatles, Stones, Hollies, etc., of this world have no problems. Everyone wants to play their fresh disc. But the new group, with their first record and nothing very big going for them in the way of management or promotion, has one hell of a job getting anyone even to listen to their seven inches of wax.

One plug is no good anyway. You must have several a week to make any impact. This must, in the end, mean commercial radio.

With 30, 20 or even 10 commercial stations in operation, there would be a whole new range of Dee Jays with more open minds willing to give the new ones a chance. And once they have proved that the record buyers of Newcastle or Bristol or Birmingham are interested in the disc, then it will be taken up nationally.

It would also help to give the whole business a massive transfusion of new groups, which is something it badly needs right now. **The Editor.**

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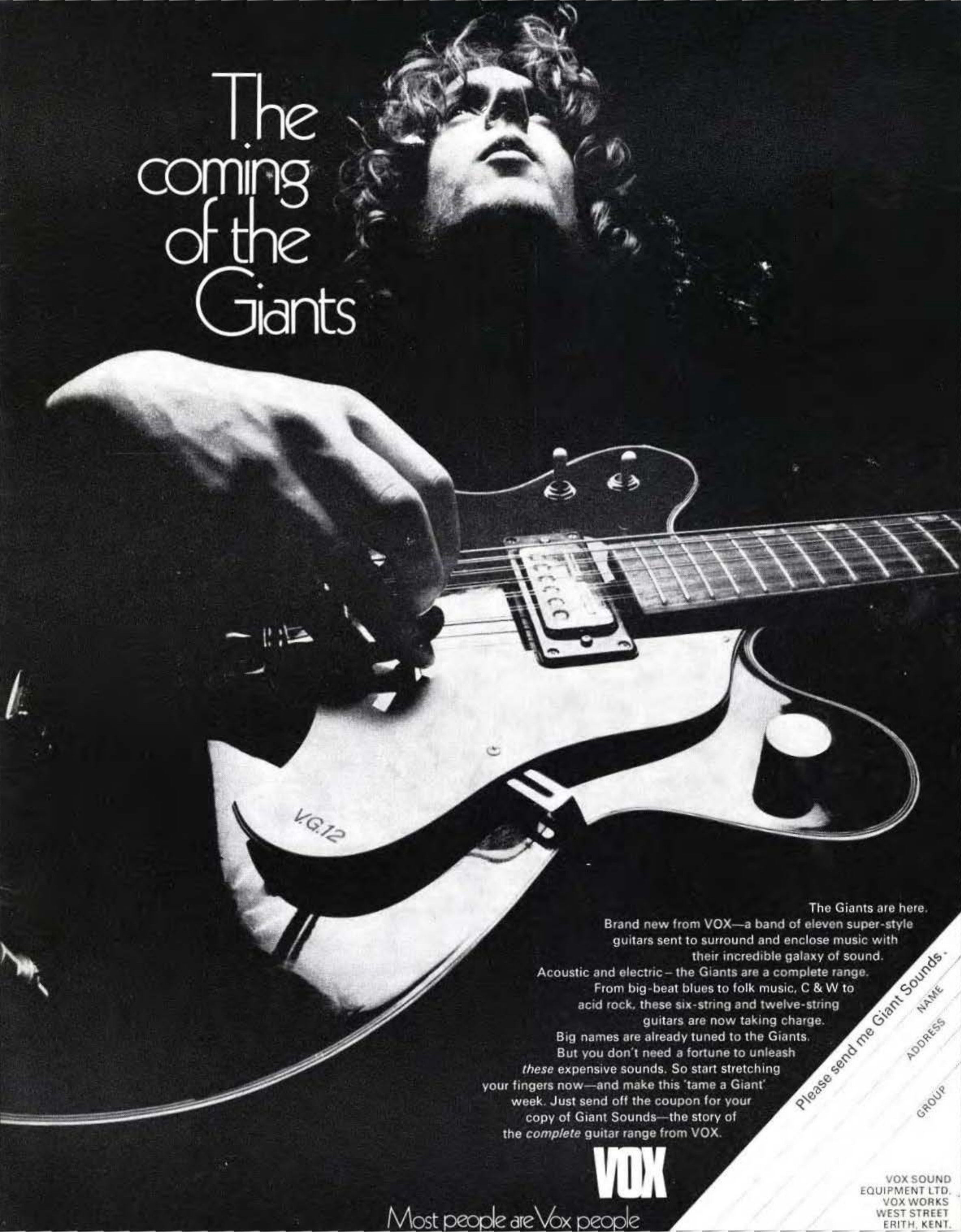
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mason capaldi wood & frog

THE departure of Steve Winwood from what was Traffic threw Messrs. Jim Capaldi and Chris Wood into a fair amount of panic. What had been a four-man team had already been reduced to a trio with the vanishing Dave Mason being in America . . . and there didn't seem much future for just two musicians, no matter how good.

But as a sort of last throw, Jim and Chris put a call through to Dave in Los Angeles and suggested getting together again. Dave said he'd sampled the American scene and was quite happy about returning. Into the picture then came one Mick Weaver, alias Wynder K. Frog . . . and so started a new team, with new ideas and a new approach to the business.

Says Chris, flautist-saxist: "We did the get-away-from-it-all thing in order to find out just which way we wanted to go. For several weeks we worked in a hide-out in Hereford, forgot about



the equipment but just got down to working out things. The point was that we had one show already in the book so it was important to get a few numbers, six or seven, together right away. We had some new stuff from Dave, who writes such good material, and an instrumental—Albert King's *Born Under A Bad Sign*. And then it was purely a matter of rehearsing.

"Later we rehearsed in London. The dates started coming in and we felt a week or so ago that we were really on the right lines."

The name of the group? A lot of people thought it was to be Wooden Frog, but it has now settled down as Mason, Capaldi, Wood and Frog. Explained Chris: "Our main problem was to make it quite clear to people that we were something quite apart from Traffic. Really we don't mind much what people choose to call us just so long as it is clear that it is not the old Traffic with just one change of personnel. Not just a new Traffic but a new group. We had to be careful otherwise people would have expected the old sort of material.

"The first date was in Birmingham. What surprised us is how audiences seem such a lot better these days. They are so willing to listen—to take something in. A date at Sheffield University was great, too, because the audience reaction was so enthusiastic and aware. Sometimes, you know, you can play well but just not get across to the audience at all. Often you used to find that it had to be a visual sort of show. People weren't so worried about what you played but more what you did with your body. No, audiences really do seem more intent on actually listening—and we're finding this very rewarding.

"Still, the main thing to get across is that we're not really replacing Stevie . . . not replacing his voice or his organ playing. But it's not getting somebody from a different scene, either. Just somebody who is sympathetic to what is going on musically. We've recorded a couple of things but maybe the best thing would be to record in the States.

"We could sometimes be just a trio—that's an idea. But the group as such remains the same. Dave is a composer and doesn't



other people's numbers. What we need is a repertoire of about thirty things which are just right for the group. We might easily do Steve Winwood material, too. The recording side centres round Island Records—and around Jimmy Miller, who is to produce us and has been very helpful all the way through our getting together.

“Jimmy is a tremendous person to work with. He's very close to the lot of us. He's spent three days going over things—and in the studio is always coming up with great ideas. Really he's a ridiculous producer in the sheer effort he puts in to make things as good as they possibly can be.

“The future is bound up with Island Records and with what is profitable and what won't work out. We've no intention of splitting anyway, as can be seen by the name of the group as it is now, but that apart there is still plenty of scope for the individual. We could get individual recording things together—but this is all part of a general development. We like the idea of recording in America—this month, March, we expect to go over there.”

At present, the theme of the group's stage act is on strong instrumentals, riffy pieces based on Chris's amplified tenor sax work. He plays flute, too. There's constant switching of the vocal lines and pieces like *Long Black Veil* feature both Dave and Jim. Strangely, the departure of the Winwood talent has not made as much difference as people thought. On the vocal side, there is a certain difference of approach obviously, but the group has an act that runs for the best part of an hour—and it shows the individual versatility off well.

Though Chris finds that audiences are ever willing to “listen” more closely, the boys also put across visual happenings which add to the general appeal. But even now it is early for them to have a perfectly-rehearsed stage act. Their real musical theories will get a better showing on that first album. However, there's no question of a rush-release job.

These four boys think deeply about their work and in what way they want to influence music.

And they don't want any mistakes at this stage of the game.

P.J.

really like playing all that much. I'm not saying this is something that will happen but, in any case, Dave would be part of the set-up because of his writing material.

“Take the group as it was. We were not really an impact group. We had an influence on the scene in a rather general way. We were successful more in the States—our second album went to number 14 in the charts.

“Trouble was that we didn't get on together over certain things. I think we got too involved in each other—which can obviously be a bad thing. You try to get too close and then, before you know what's happening, you have petty jealousies.

“There's the other question, which is boredom. You work at becoming more proficient and you try to perfect what you are doing, but it can become boring doing something which is expected by everybody else. From now on we'll do our own stuff, naturally, but we're not closing the doors. We'll do things from other people, but change them round completely so that we can retain our own individuality.

“Okay, originally we were regarded as a bunch of recluses. Now, as a group, we're working that much harder. But even in the old days, when we weren't actually playing a lot, we were trying to do something every day. Not necessarily in public, but blowing a bit so that we were adding something to our knowledge and sound. Our point in going into hiding, as people said, was to get the best conditions to create our own sort of music. There's this big social thing in London and you have to be very strong as individuals not to get caught up in it. We prefer to get outside London—in the city you can't just make a noise whenever you want to. It's important, to us anyway, to be able to do what we want just when we all feel like it.

“Stick yourselves in London and the chances are that you'll get a hundred and ten phone calls, or forty people calling round to see you—just because you happen to be available. Sure I need the city at times, but the important thing is to be able to get away as and when you want to.

“What we have to do now is think more about recording. We have enough material for an album—Dave's written a bit and there are



PLAYER ^{OF} THE MONTH

RIC LEE

Musicians start playing their instruments for a variety of reasons. Ric Lee, drummer with Ten Years After (and no relation of Alvin Lee), was inspired to become a percussionist at the age of 11. "I used to love listening to the Billy Cotton Band Show after lunch on Sundays, trying to tap knives and forks in rhythm with the drummer. That's where it all started.

"The first drum I ever had was a ropey old snare. I'd made up my mind that I wanted to be a drummer, so I saved up until I had £7 and bought it from a friend. It turned out that I was rooked, but I didn't mind too much. My parents bought me some sticks and I was away."

Before very long, Ric, who was living in Mansfield at this time, felt the urge to expand his range. "I wanted a bass drum," he says, "which at that time meant having a 20-inch drum just like the Shadows. I got hold of a 28-incher and my father and I set about doctoring it down to the required size. It worked well, too. So many people today think that they have to have the best equipment right away, which isn't necessary."

Ric learned some of the basics of drumming from a friend who used to come around to his house and pass on what he knew. This worked well for a time, but Ric thinks that the first big advance came from another mentor. "I knew this man who worked in a dance band. I was impressed with the way he was playing different rhythms with his right and left hands and feet, and he taught me how to achieve independence.

"Until about four years ago, I could drum reasonably well, but I didn't know any of the formal rudiments of drumming. Although you rarely use the rudiments in pop drumming, it's very useful to have them up your sleeve. It's like a guitarist playing scales—good to loosen you up—so I started spending four hours a day on solid practice. It did me a lot of good."

Apart from Billy Cotton, I asked, who were Ric's influences? The answer, as from most pop drummers, was Buddy Rich. "I've learned such a lot from him. He has such a brilliant technique, and though he plays so fast and accurately, he keeps it mainly to simple things. Of the pop drummers I think that both Jon Hiseman and Aynsley Dunbar are very good indeed."

Most of the limelight in Ten Years After naturally falls on Alvin and Leo, both very visual performers, with the result that Ric's drumming is not immediately appreciated for what it is. How does he see his place in the group? "I don't want to stick out on my own, but at the same time I have to get my ideas across within the context of the group. Obviously the ideal is for everyone to react on the other members of the group."

Anyone who has seen the group play a half-hour jam will know for themselves how this works. Ten Years After are one of the few bands who can so effectively take a simple phrase and take it through to its natural conclusion, building all the time. Try to imagine the band without Ric Lee, and you'll see just how good a drummer he is.

R.S.

PHOTO BY MIKE McCARTHY



TWELVE-BAR FINGERING

BY THE TUTOR

Anyone who is interested in pop music must have heard dozens of 12-bar blues sequences. They are also an excellent way of learning what 4/4 time means because each chord represents one beat and there are four chords, or four beats, to each bar.

As the name suggests, a blues song always runs in sequences of 12 bars. When you get to the end of bar 12, you just go back to the beginning and repeat it again.

Let's take a blues in C. As we have explained before, you can adapt this to any other key as the chord shapes and progressions are the same. The relevant chords in C will be C, F and G⁷ and this is how you will play them.

Now let's sort out the fingering for the whole sequence. For the first four bars you will play the chord of C four times a bar, i.e. 16 times in all. *Right hand:* start with the thumb on C, the index finger on E and the middle finger on G.

Left hand: little finger on C, middle finger on E and the thumb on G. For the next two bars, we play F four times a bar, i.e. eight times in all.

F chord—right hand: The chord of F is made up on the notes F, A and C. You will notice that both the C chord and the F chord contain the note C so, to make the change from C chord to the F chord easier, keep the thumb on C and just move the index finger up to the next note, i.e. from E to F, and the middle finger up to the next note, i.e. from G to A.

F chord—left hand: Instead of playing the chord of F, F A C, we will play it C F A which is an easier position, so keep the little finger on C and move up the thumb to A. But, instead of moving the little finger, play F with the index finger which you will find hovering over the F note making it a natural movement.

This method of changing from C to F is a smooth progression ideal for organ playing because there is no break between the chords.

Alternatively, you can make the change by moving the whole chord shape from C to F. By this I mean play the C chord, thumb on G, index on G and middle on C as before. Then move your hand up or down the keyboard until your thumb is on F, your index on A and your middle finger on C.

To keep the sound smooth, you can try mixing these two methods of playing the chords.

Then you play the chord of C again for two bars, i.e. eight times in all. After which, you play the chord of G⁷ for one bar, i.e. four times.

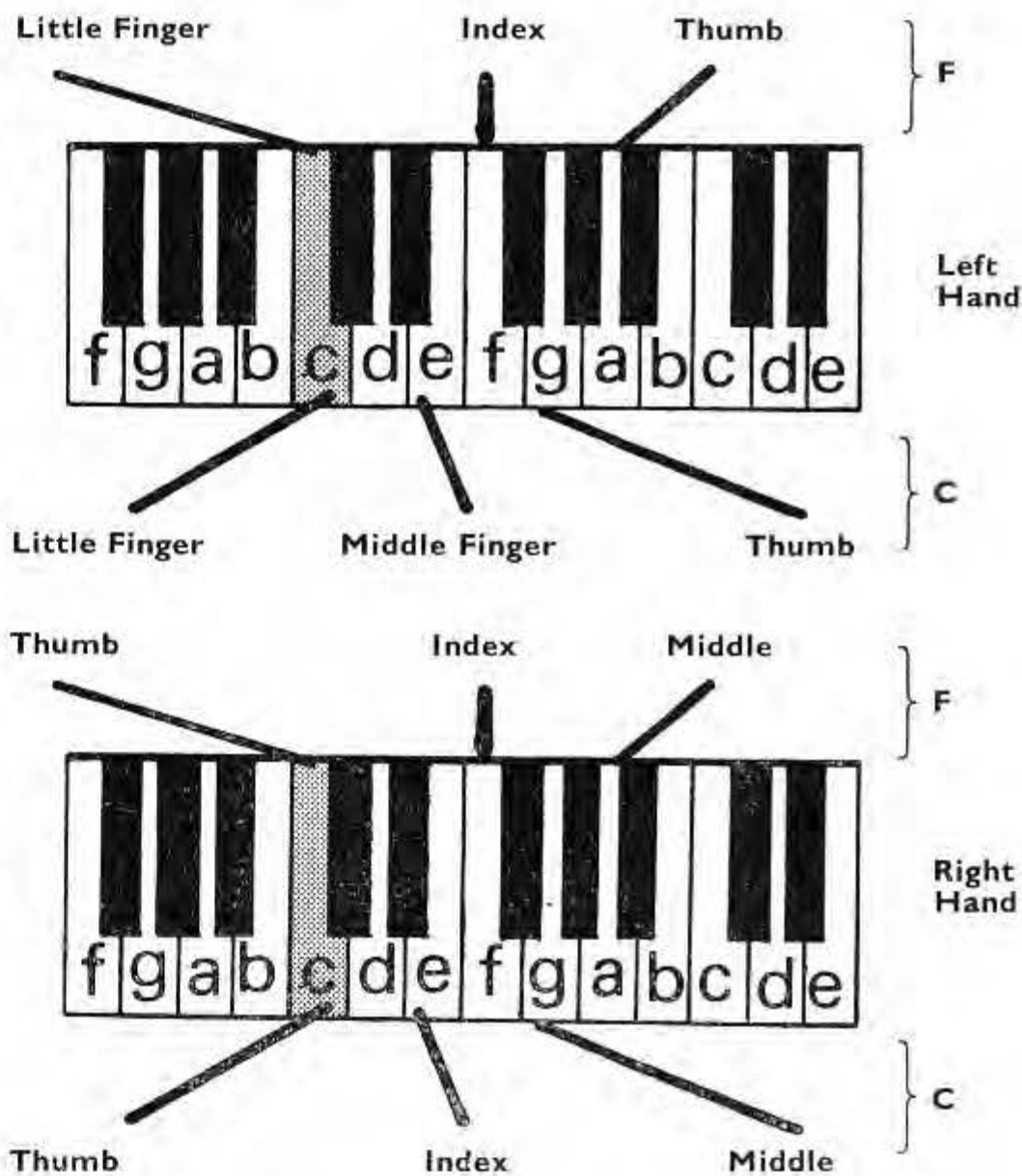
G⁷—right hand: Lift your hand away from the C chord, then put your thumb on G, your index on B, middle finger on D and little finger on F.

G⁷—left hand: Put your little finger on G, middle on B and index on D, and your thumb on F.

To move from G⁷ to F, which is the next chord in the sequence, play a different position of an F chord, which will be F A C as opposed to the first type of C F A.

Finally, play the chord of C for two more bars, i.e. eight times in all.

Keep repeating the sequence over and over again, starting slowly at first until you get the changes to run smoothly and then gradually speed up until the whole thing flows naturally—which I again remind you too often only comes with practice.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
C	C	C	C	F	F	C	C	G ⁷	F	C	C

STATESIDE REPORT



MIKE Bloomfield and Al Kooper are wandering minstrels with many things in common. It's well known that both are widely acclaimed as two of the country's finest rock instrumentalists. Both have been leaders—Mike with *The Electric Flag*, and Al with *Blood, Sweat and Tears*. But the thing most in common, however, is the fact that Mike and Al both play best when they're not tied down to a routine—namely with a band that works, tours, lives and even fights together. By being wanderers, shedding these inhibitions, performances—as lax and informal as they are—have proven to be much more rewarding, for both the musicians and their audience.

Fortunately the products of some of these performances have been recorded, and the results can be found in the pair's new two-record album called *The Live Adventures Of Mike Bloomfield And Al Kooper*. It comes equipped with some of man's natural but forgivable flaws (the singing is sometimes off key, the microphone is lost in the middle of a number, etc.), but it also has some very good jamming (and some mediocre ones as well).

The collection is a good portion of what went on for three nights at Fillmore West last September. It's an hour-and-a-half in length, possibly a bit more than one can digest, and it might have made a better meal if Columbia had pressed only one record which included the sessions' best tracks.

Mike comes through with some beautiful guitar work (some of his very best) on Albert King's *Don't Throw Your Love On Me So Strong*, which he also sings, and Mike and Al do a great job on *Green Onions*, a very exciting number which swings madly. The track which seems to outdo all the others is *No More Lonely Nights*, a

Sonny Boy Williamson piece which features Elvin Bishop on both guitar and vocal. His work on guitar is perfect and precisioned here and the different sounds he is capable of creating seem endless.

Though the instrumental work is generally very good, the playing is so loose and relaxed that it isn't difficult to get bored midway through the set. This feeling can also be attributed to the dominance of blues numbers (most having a sameness about them).

Nonetheless, this record is an important one because it represents a branch of recording many musicians prefer. In the case of Bloomfield and Kooper, this happens to be the branch of recording in which they come through best, which is probably true of others as well.

This album is significant for another reason. It is the first of its kind—but it will soon be followed by others. *The Fillmore Sessions* is a series of LP's Columbia will soon be starting, and all the recordings will be of jam sessions and the personnel will vary. The first series of sessions was recorded last month and features Mike Bloomfield, Mark Naftalin, and Nick Gravenites. I'm sure Columbia aren't the only people who realise the bright future for jamming.

The Collectors, Canada's finest hour, is so underground in America that it might be more appropriate to refer to them as unknowns. It's been the same way with Canadian groups all along. The Band needed years before they were able to make a name in the States, and the Sparrow had to break up, reform, and start all over again in order to become established in America. I really don't think the Collectors need to go as far as dissolving itself to get a name—they're simply too good to die so young, and evidence of their brilliance can be heard on their two albums which have

been marketed in the U.S. under the Warner Brothers label. Sparrow (members of Steppenwolf before there was one) has just been issued by Columbia. The Sparrow was one of the biggest things to ever happen in Canada, but Capitol in America didn't think so a couple of years back and turned the band over to Columbia who, until now, limited the Sparrow to singles that went unnoticed.

Airplane

Album number five for Jefferson Airplane is 53 minutes in concert, something they've always wanted to do but were never satisfied with the results. The title: *Bless Its Pointed Little Head*. The numbers: *It's No Secret, Other Side Of This Life, 3/5 Of A Mile, Fat Angel, Rock Me Baby, Somebody To Love, Plastic Fantastic Lover*, a new one by Grace called *Bear Melt*, and two tracks of pure sound entitled *Turn Out The Lights* and *Clergy* (the last three minutes of the immortal King Kong classic). The cover: bassist Jack Casady passed out with a row of 15 wine bottles lined up alongside him on a gigantic table.

It's good to see Jay and the Americans recording once again after such a long absence from the field. They're not the greatest band to emerge from America,

but Jay Black certainly has one of the richest and most distinguished male voices around. Their new single is *This Magic Moment*, which ain't no *Caramia* but is sure selling like one.

Chess Records has pushed the famed blues artist Howlin' Wolf into the studio to record against his will, what can sadly but appropriately be called a sequel to Muddy Waters' *Electric Mud*. Wolf has always had a traditional blues unit backing him in the past, but this session, like Muddy's last, was with a "psychedelic" blues band. Wolf, who suffered through the session and ultimately regrets it, calls the products "dogshit."

One of America's most renowned R & B performers in the fifties, Jerry Lee Lewis, whose unforgettable recordings of *Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On* and *Great Balls Of Fire* and volcanic stage manoeuvres sent sensations up the spine of almost everyone in his hey-day, resumed his profession as a singer and pianist recently. He has matured and progressed, and his two new albums on the Smash label show Jerry's new face as a country and western singer.

Hoping to get a little more colour into their lives, The Rascals have launched a policy stating that they will perform only when the bands on the bill



The Collectors, multi-talented Canadians, have adapted the lyrics of a stage play to their music

are half black, and they've decided that they'd rather pack up their gear and go home than play on a segregated bill. The new policy accompanied an announcement that Rascal Felix Cavaliere will soon start his own record company which will be designed to give the black ghetto youths a chance to get recorded. Meanwhile Atlantic has released a new album by The Rascals entitled *Freedom Suite*.

Bayou Country is the new LP by the Creedence Clearwater Revival, one of the San Francisco bands which has become very popular in the States. Their music is uncomplicated and rhythmic and consequently has an attractive commercial quality which is selling well as the top-40 fodder. The Revival, however, depends too strongly on John Fogerty, unquestionably a very talented musician, who is miles ahead of his colleagues and runs their act like a one-man show. He writes most of their material, sings it all, and has a stunning, powerful voice that closely resembles the singing of a black R & B performer. He plays lead guitar competently and extensively and occasionally solos on harp; and if he had more hands, I'm sure he'd succeed at bass



Elvin Bishop comes up with the best track on the new Bloomfield-Kooper LP

and drums as well. The Revivals new single, *Proud Mary/Born On A Bayou*, is off the album and is selling well as a two-sided hit.

Johnny Winter now has his own band. Name: Winter. They haven't been gigging on a large scale yet, but judging from the reactions which have come from the few places they have played,

Winter need not fear anyone. They're a trio (bass, drums, with Johnny on guitar, harp and vocals), play straight blues, and are soon to be on record. The lanky Texan guitarist has been compared to the best, and it seems his name will soon be entered to a very elite roster if all goes well. As one reviewer put it, "Winter is the news!"

Originators

The Left Banke, one of the originators of the so-called "baroque pop" with *Walk Away Renee* and *Pretty Ballerina* a couple of years ago, have at long last issued their second album, *Left Banke Too*. Joan Baez has a beautiful two-record set out now of Dylan songs entitled *Any Day Now*, and Al Kooper's *I Stand Alone* (cover shows the Statue of Liberty with a new mug—Al's!) has been marketed on Columbia. Atlantic has released a slew of new LPs. Among them: *Retro-spective* by Buffalo Springfield, the best tracks from their three previous albums; *Ball* by the Iron Butterfly, their third one; *Soul '69* by Aretha Franklin, which features a very soulful rendition of the Miracles' *Tracks Of My Tears*; *Best Of* albums

by Sam and Dave and Percy Sledge; and *Babylon* by Dr. John the Night-tripper.

Neil Young, late of Buffalo Springfield and author of such memorable songs as *Mr. Soul* and *On The Way Home*, is now a solo for Warner Brothers and has an LP out. Gary Alexander is back with the Association after two years, and he may be just what they need. Guitarist Danny Kalb is now performing on a small scale with his newly-formed group. The Dillard-Clark Expedition's next single will be an upbeat rendition of Elvis' *Don't Be Cruel*—honest! The Beach Boys have a new album called *20/20*. The boys from Big Pink, The Band, have begun work on three new albums. Author of *East-West* and *Born In Chicago*, Nick Gravenites, is finishing up a solo album for Columbia, his first project since the dissolution of The Flag. Taj Mahal's second LP is out and called *The Natch'l Blues*. Marble Farm, another of the up and coming San Francisco bands, now has Elvin Bishop, who's been jamming madly in the S.F. area (with some exquisite tapes to prove it), as their guitarist.

M.A.



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SAM GOPAL

RESURRECTION OF A DREAM

"THE best way to have a group is for everyone to be happy," said Sam Gopal, reflecting on the breakdown of his band the Dream. "It's pointless to have a situation where money is the stronghold keeping you together."

It was about 15 months ago when Sam formed the Dream, one of the first groups involved in the underground in this country. When I spoke to him then, even his delicate and calm eastern manner was wavering under the enthusiasm he had for his group. He told me he had promised himself only the best, and that he thought he had achieved this. Sam plays tabla drums. He has been for 14 years, and consequently, is a man with a high musical standard. To retain a value to his music, he recruited musicians who weren't inhibited by any boundaries, and his band had a neo-Indian sound, with powerful blues phrasing.

Sadly, his objectives were thwarted by managerial problems. Sam says: "I had to leave, rather than break the band up, to regain my own influences. I saw what

the others were doing, and felt my mind wasn't balancing with it. I knew what my frustrations were, and no one could have solved them but me. It was an unfortunate, pent-up feeling, which I couldn't even let go on stage."

His answer was to think. About himself and his music. And his answers came quickly. He felt his musical direction was right. Exerting his own influence, without dictating it, which in fact meant finding people who could complement his tablas, and understand their musical, rather than gimmick value. As for himself, he realised that his personal problems had been caused by circumstance, which had since passed, so with a clear mind, he set about creating a new band.

Six weeks ago, without warning other than a call from a recording studio who told me that Sam was recording again, he showed up with an album, *Escalator*. And with it was a press-kit, pictures, and a big smile full of his former enthusiasm. "It took a long time," he said, "but here we are."

I listened to the album, hoping to be critical, but everything was good. It was as we had been promised. The blues guitar, a driving rhythm, and Sam's tablas so necessary as the balancing medium. "I just couldn't have got anything together without these boys," said Sam. The boys are Lemmy Willis, on vocals and guitar, Roger D'Elia, lead guitar, and Phil Duke, bass. "We weren't four different people fighting hard to keep a common thing going. It was all there—so much interest. We did this album in 20 hours. Lemmy would bring in a song, but didn't tell us how to play it. We just contributed what we felt."

With Sam's band now fully together, I asked when

they would be playing again. "I haven't done any gigs for six months, and the first one isn't for a couple of weeks yet. My idea of doing a gig is to be good. You can't form a band, give yourself a name, and play any old rubbish. There's a strong focus in our society today. To survive, you've got to be good."

Work rate alone promised the first Sam Gopal (the Dream has gone, at least in name) album to be something special. Knowing a person, seeing them frequently, and listening to their sound is a bad way to judge. Like growing up with a friend, and failing to see his changes. Then a year later, you meet again, and it's "Christ, haven't you changed. Where's your stomach?" This LP was the first product from Sam I had heard for several months. He hasn't changed much, although his confidence is stronger for the first set-back. Their sound isn't wildly different from other bands, but it comes across as an honest experience, a lot of good music, and an ambition fulfilled.

Everyone says listen to *Season Of The Witch*, or *Cold Embrace*, and someone thought *Yesterlove* would be a good single. "But that won't happen," said Sam. "It wouldn't be fair to take a track off the album, and cash in on it. We will make something different. There are so many good things coming out."

Sam is surviving with money from Stable Records, his new company, and the thought of live shows within diary distance. Take a listen to Sam Gopal. You'll see the frustrations were well worth bearing in the end.

M.C.

The Vivian Stanshall Column

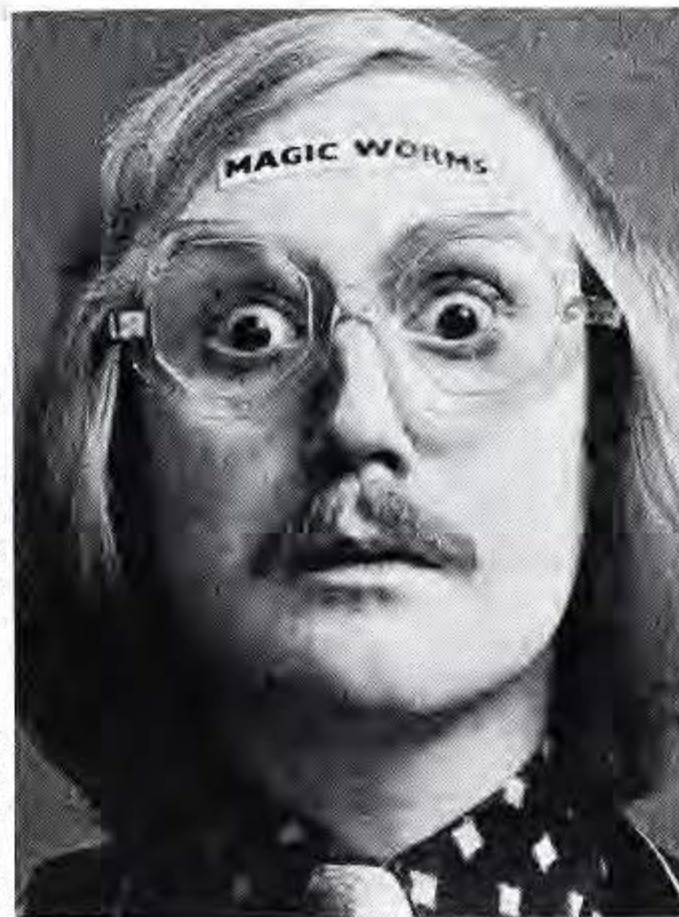
HELLO, this is my first bash at being a writer and it's jolly exciting. I always rather fancied the idea. So, today I'm wearing a purple striped dressing-gown (with alarming décolletage) because it seems appropriate. Bernard Shaw used to do it on the tops of buses but I don't. I'm at home. In fact I've just stumbled back from Bristol. It was an utterly beastly drive. We set off after the show at 3 a.m. and now it's nearly 12 o'clock. It snowed last night and we had to go very slowly. Extraordinary isn't it? No sooner has the snow stopped falling and for a brief instant the streets look clean and beautiful, when teams of trained spoilsports and rotters sneak out of their houses, stamping their slippers, whistling and gasping with philistine glee, and ruin everything with disgusting heaps of ashes, pilchard-tins, salt and shovels. "Foul that footpath! Ruin that slide!" they chortle. Haw Haw Haw. It must take enormous self-control for these beasts to stop themselves from bursting into flower shops and art galleries and shovelling filth over everything. I

might go tobogganing today if there's anything left.

Nine hours in a closed car with six pimply ruffians bulging with Wally's O.K. Cafe "Beans on toast with sauce anonyme" is an unforgettable experience and can cost a king's ransom in dry-cleaning.

It amazes me I can still look glamorous. Sol Warthogstein, my manager and close friend told me, "Sunshine, never kick a badger, and no matter how tough things become, keep grinning and waving and signing autographs even if people don't want them. Remember that and I'll make you a star."

Motorway cafés (greasy oases) are probably the greatest indignity of British travel. Filled with self-loathing, one marches into the watering-hole and is forced to eat swill from cardboard plates. Quite apart from the hilarious prices charged, one is subjected to "the sound of Muzak". That mindless, whimpering, whispering, brain-washing drivel. Never loud, never soft. Eat more. Eat. Eat. Spend.



Spend. "Yes, I want to spend. More, give me more. More grease, Yes, Ha, Ha, Ha, I am enjoying myself. This filth is delicious. More. More. Gobble gobble gobble. Cluck Cluck. Good grief the waitresses are going round with baskets. Help me, we are all laying eggs!"

I look forward to boring you next month with more "Secrets of the Stars".

Yours immeasurably,

Vivian Stanshall.

★ IN THE STUDIO ★



GIVING THE FACTS BEHIND THE HITS

IF you saw *Wonderwall*, as we think you all should, you may have been struck by the rather eerie-looking building in which the film was set. This building was **Lansdowne Studios**, just next to Holland Park station in west London, who were invaded last summer by camera crews and actors—you may remember Jack McGowran performing feats of high daring in a top hat and cape on the roof of the building. Apparently nobody at Lansdowne knew what the filming was for, and the *Beat Instrumental* roving eye was pleased to convey the said information after having enjoyed the film so much.

Lansdowne have been doing a good deal of pop work recently, including sessions by Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, who made a single with Steve Rowland producing. Steve also produced on sessions by the Family Dog and P. J. Proby, both of whom have albums now completed.

Kenny Young has been in the studio to record tracks by the Searchers, Peter Shelley produced tracks by singer Bimbi Warwick for Polydor, and Dave Clark, who did *Mulberry Bush* at Lansdowne, was in the studio to overdub strings on a track.

The Herd have been doing more work on their album,

and the Magic Lanterns have done some recording recently. The Granada TV show *Discotheque* has all the backing track recorded at Lansdowne.

At IBC studios in Portland Place, Gene Pitney was a recent visitor, recording vocal overdubs and looking after some new backing tracks. The Bee Gees' *The First Of May* was recorded, as with the vast majority of their material, at IBC. Another famous American visitor to the studio was Jack Jones, who recently made a lot of appearances and converts on his British appearances. He

recorded *It's Only Love*. Other artists who recorded at IBC over the last few weeks included Tony Blackburn and Cliff Richard—Cliff being with his long-time producer Norrie Paramor. Mike Vernon, who did so well in the recording manager section of the *Beat* poll, the results of which are in this issue, fulfilled a lifelong ambition recently. He went into Decca studios in West Hampstead and recorded a number of afro-blues tracks of his own. Mike says he has long cherished a desire to make an album with himself doing the singing, and is not terribly

concerned as to how the record will be received by the record-buying public in terms of sales.

Two of the Manfreds, Tom McGuinness and Mike Hugg, have both been into the Decca studios to produce records. Tom produced a single by new singer Gervase while Mike did a single, *Fade Away Maureen*, by the Cherry Smash—their second for the Decca company. Following *In Search Of The Lost Chord*, the Moody Blues have now finished recording their fourth album at Decca with producer Tony Clarke.

Regent A was the scene of the making of a new Equals album, from which one number, *Michael And His Sleeper Tree*, is shortly to be put on the market as a single, said engineer Adrian Ibbetson. Susan Keeley, the discovery of busker Don Partridge and herself a street singer from California, has cut a single under the supervision of producer Jonathan Peel—who certainly isn't who you might think he is—called *Mulberry Down*. It is to be released on EMI.

Tony Hicks, lead guitarist with the Hollies, has been in Regent A with a Swedish group called Bamboo. Titles were recorded from which



The Herd, pictured here with new Stylophones, have been recording at Lansdowne

(continued on page 16)

SCULLY

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Hollie Allan Clarke wrote "Tomorrow When It Comes" for the Stack, pictured in Central Sound Studios

will be selected a single release. Among the featured instruments are trumpets, trombones, saxes and flutes, all played by members of the group themselves.

Brian Poole, who used to be backed by the Tremeloes but has so far failed to emulate their success has recorded a new single entitled *Send Her To Me*. This record was produced by Adrian Ibbetson. Richard Robson has produced a single by Pop Workshop called *Punch And Judy Man* which uses a string section including cellos.

Anne Rogers, who replaced Julie Andrews in the stage show of *My Fair Lady*, has

cut an album which was described by Adrian as "a sort of story-play with songs on record, using a lot of sound effects. It includes a commentary by James Robertson Justice".

Pye studios were recently inundated with four Jew's harps, Indian bells, sleigh bells, tambourines, toy xylophone and clockwork aeroplane along with people to operate them—the Jew's Harp Band who completed their LP *The Wars Between The Fats And The Thins* for Head Records in a day. The group, by the way, included Stan Kenton's daughter Lesley and 78-year-old Claude Lintott.

The London Pops Orchestra have recorded a further LP of recent pops given a semi-classical treatment, produced by Tony Macaulay who has also recorded some Foundations tracks.

Cartoone, Lulu's protegé group, put down a new single during a night session with Mark London producing with Brian Humphreys handling the engineering.

Pye have started work on installing 8-track facilities in their number two studio, which should be fully operational by April or May. To allow more valuable studio space the building is being extended to incorporate two new mixer and reduction suites.

Tracks have also been cut at Pye by Jimmy James, Nirvana and Jack Dorsey.

The Pink Floyd have been into EMI where most of their LP follow-up to *A Saucerful Of Secrets* has been recorded by Norman Smith with Peter Mew as engineer.

Also recorded at EMI, Warwick group the Edgar Broughton Band have cut their first LP produced by

Peter Jenner. This is the first time the Broughton Band have worked in a studio but all worked well with odd tensions between brothers Edgar on guitar and drummer Steve being smoothed out by their mother. Mrs. Broughton is the driving force of the group in more ways than one. As well as encouraging her sons and bass player Arthur Grant—"Steve had his first drum when he was ten"—she does in fact drive the van for the group.

The Hollies, including new



Damon Lyon-Shaw in the IBC control box

man Terry Sylvester, have been recording a number of songs with Ron Richards, and Wallace Collection, Gods and the Nocturnes have been in the EMI studio.

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★ THE ROTOSOUND "SUPERIOR" STROBE



The Marbles, Graham Bonnet and Trevor Gordon, in the Polydor Studios

Underground group John Mark's Little Boys have been working at De Lane Lea on an LP which they are producing themselves. Tracks by a group of session men going under the name of Sweet Thursday have been recorded there. Included in this group which will never be doing a live performance is Nicky Hopkins, now pianist with the Jeff Beck Group.

Des Champ has been producing a single—top side *Highway Of Dreams*—by Vanity Fare and Chas Chandler has recorded LP tracks by Glass Menagerie. Derek Lawrence has produced *Emaretta*, a new single from Deep Purple.

Chappell have been having a busy time with Gerry Marsden and Joe Brown recording new singles and Frank Ifield making his first recordings for Decca with Dick Rowe. And newer faces Love Sculpture have recorded a follow-up to *Sabre Dance* with John Iles engineering.

At Trident, Joe Cocker has been doing some tracks under Denny Cordell for a single and an album, and the new wonder-group from America, Group Therapy—about whom more elsewhere—have been finishing work on some tracks which they started in the States.

Lee Stevens, who used to be with San Francisco's Blue Cheer band but who has now decided to try and make it on his own with an album for Mercury which he produced himself. Tyrannosaurus Rex have been recording tracks for another album produced by Tony Visconti, and the Jeff Beck band have made a single at Trident with Mickie Most doing production.

The New York Public Library have made a single, and, also at Trident, the Nice have finished a couple of tracks which may or may not find their way on to a single release.

Gus Dudgeon tells us that the Bonzos have finished making an album and a single under his production at Trident, and Tea and Symphony and Bakerloo have both been doing work on albums.

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BI's CHART FAX

Britain's best-sellers of the last four weeks, in alphabetical order showing songwriters, producer, studio, engineer and publisher.

Albatross (Green) Fleetwood Mac
RP—Mike Vernon. S—CBS. E—Mike Ross. MP—Fleetwood/Immediate.

Blackberry Way (Wood) The Move
RP—Jimmy Miller. S—Olympic. E—Glyn Johns. MP—United Artists.

Dancing In The Street (Stevenson/Gaye)
Martha Reeves and the Vandellas
RP—Stevenson/Hunter. S—American. MP—Jobete/Carlin.

For Once In My Life (Miller/Marden) Stevie Wonder
RP—Henry Crosby. S—American. MP—Jobete/Carlin.

Fox On The Run (Hazzard) Manfred Mann
RP—Gerry Bron/Manfred Mann. S—Olympic. E—Alan O'Duffy. MP—Mann.

Half As Nice (Battifiti/Fishman) Amen Corner
RP—Shel Talmy. S—Olympic. E—Alan O'Duffy/George Chkiantz. MP—Cyril Shane.

I Guess I'll Always Love You (Holland/Dozier/Holland)
Isley Brothers
RP—Holland/Dozier. S—American. MP—Jobete/Carlin.

I'll Pick A Rose For My Rose (Dean/Weatherspoon/Johnson) Marv Johnson
RP—Dean Weatherspoon. S—American. MP—Jobete/Carlin.

I'm Gonna Make You Love Me (Gamble/Ross)
Diana Ross and the Supremes
RP—F. Wilson/N. Ashford. S—American. MP—Jobete/Carlin.

Lily The Pink (McGough/McGear) Scaffold
RP—Norrie Paramor. S—EMI. E—Ken Scott/Peter Mew/Peter Bown. MP—Noel Gay.

Ob-la-di Ob-la-da (Lennon/McCartney) Marmalade
RP—Mike Smith. S—CBS. E—Mike Ross. MP—Northern Songs.

People (Styne/Merrill) Tymes
RP—Jimmy Wisner. S—American. MP—Chappell.

Please Don't Go (Ray/Reed) Donald Peers
RP—Les Reed. S—Wessex Sound. E—Mike Thompson. MP—Donna.

Private Number (Jones/Bell) Judy Clay and William Bell
RP—Booker T. Jones. S—American. MP—East.

Something's Happening (Del Durgio/Big Azzi/Fishman)
Herman's Hermits
RP—Mickie Most. S—de Lane Lea. E—Dave Siddle. MP—Cyril Shane.

Stop Her On Sight (SOS) (Hamilton/Morriss/Hatcher)
Edwin Starr
RP—Golden World. S—American. MP—Essex.

The Way It Used To Be (Cassano/Conti/Cook/Greenaway/Argenio) Engelbert Humperdinck
RP—Peter Sullivan. S—Decca. E—Bill Price. MP—Maribus.

To Love Somebody (B. and R. Gibb) Nina Simone
RP—Stoud. S—American. MP—Abigail.

Where Do You Go To (Sarstedt) Peter Sarstedt
RP—Ray Singer. S—Lansdowne. E—John Mackswith.

You Got Soul (Nash) Johnny Nash
RP—JAD. S—American. MP—Teepee.

RP—Record Producer. S—Studio. E—Engineer. MP—Music Publisher.

CHICKEN SHACK

MAY I carve a modest niche in pop history for Stan Webb of the Chicken Shack? I saw Stan recently at the Blue Horizon/London Blues Society Blues Concert at the St. Pancras Town Hall, where he appeared to be under the spiritual guidance of Mike Yarwood. His impressions, very visual and very funny, didn't in any way detract from his enterprising and original band. Together, they entertain people, and that, says Stan "is what I'm here for."

For example: during one number, Stan rushed off stage (not to the obvious, I may add) and proceeded to play in the middle of the hall, a good 40 feet from his amplifier. Then he stood on a chair and played one of the best guitar solos I have ever heard. The immediate reaction was one of embarrassment, rather like being in a Dave Allen audience in front of millions of television



viewers, and told that your flies are undone, while Mr. Allen throws custard pies at you. When it was obvious that Stan wasn't going to direct his attention at any one unfortunate, the audience relaxed. Then the electricity was cut off.

Let there be light

"Let there be light," cried one. "Let's go home," cried another. And they did. Stan, swearing through the haze, took his band offstage, and people gathered in the street outside, recollecting the excellent show, and reminding themselves to sit in the stalls if the Chicken Shack were on again.

I had been very impressed with Stan's playing, his lack of inhibition, and the thundering rhythm section surrounding the Webb guitar. It had been nearly 14 months since I had last seen the Chicken Shack, when

they were backing Freddie King, sympathetically and religiously. Then, Stan stayed completely in the background. "I was like a little kid watching Cliff Richard. There was no time to play anything. I just watched and learnt."

As well as being Stan's favourite guitarist, Freddie King acts as his leaning tower. To qualify anything he likes or dislikes, Stan says that Freddie King "thought that was bad" or "laughed his head off." He feels this about many of the blues groups, and the earlier psychedelic bands.

His admiration for King doesn't border on the fanatical. He likes the guy and his playing, and any form of identity with a hero is self-satisfying. "He's going to be disappointed when he comes over here on his next tour. He won't like the backing. We had a day rehearsing, which he stopped after 20 minutes. 'You guys



things that came out. I looked on it as entertainment. It wasn't for dissecting, like 'but this isn't blues.' I wasn't self-conscious about it. I don't care what people think about me. I haven't played with Mayall, or lived up in a tree, so I've got nothing to live up to. I started from nowhere."

Stan used to write plays at school, and says he was always cast as Tony Lumpkin, the village idiot. "I was Lumpkin because of my voices." Stories about his background come easily, and he always colours them with the correct accent. Two of the funniest are built around his labouring experiences.

"Laurie Bradley was the foreman at this building site, and he had the most ridiculous stories. These are true. We were working at this farm, mainly to get rid of this mountain of dung which had been there for a good few years. Apparently, neighbouring farms had implied to this farmer 'keep your dung to yourself,' the smell was so bad. So we went in to blow it up. We were fixing detonators in the pile, and the foreman told me to clear the area. The only bloke I could see was this Italian who had stayed on the farm ever since the war when he was in a P.O.W. camp. I tried to explain what was happening, but he just smiled at me and said something like 'Itsa all righta. Donna worry.' This was too good to be true. I rushed back up to the mountain, fixed the detonator and blew it up. It flew into the air, and shrouded out like a mushroom, and I saw this Italian bloke get swamped by it. There wasn't any movement for a minute or so, until this pile moved, and up he came, covered in it. I went down, and got as near as I could, but he was still smiling saying 'Itsa all righta.' You ought to have seen him.

"The second happened when we were building this loo for the building site on some road. The foreman told me and Andy Sylvester to dig a small trench about two feet deep, and camber the sides inwards. We dug it about twelve foot deep, and made the side slope outwards. We covered it over with planks, and it all looked all right. A couple of weeks later, when it was filled right up, we got someone to inspect it. It turned out to be this young bloke,

don't need no learning' he told us." And another Webb impersonation.

Stan says the Chicken Shack would have loved to have played with him again—"to keep up my education." The reason they won't be is that it is embarrassing having to pay a backing band more than a star turn, and Freddie King wouldn't even be that in some people's eyes. Stan wouldn't admit it, but more than a few people think he and a couple of others have outgrown their contemporaries.

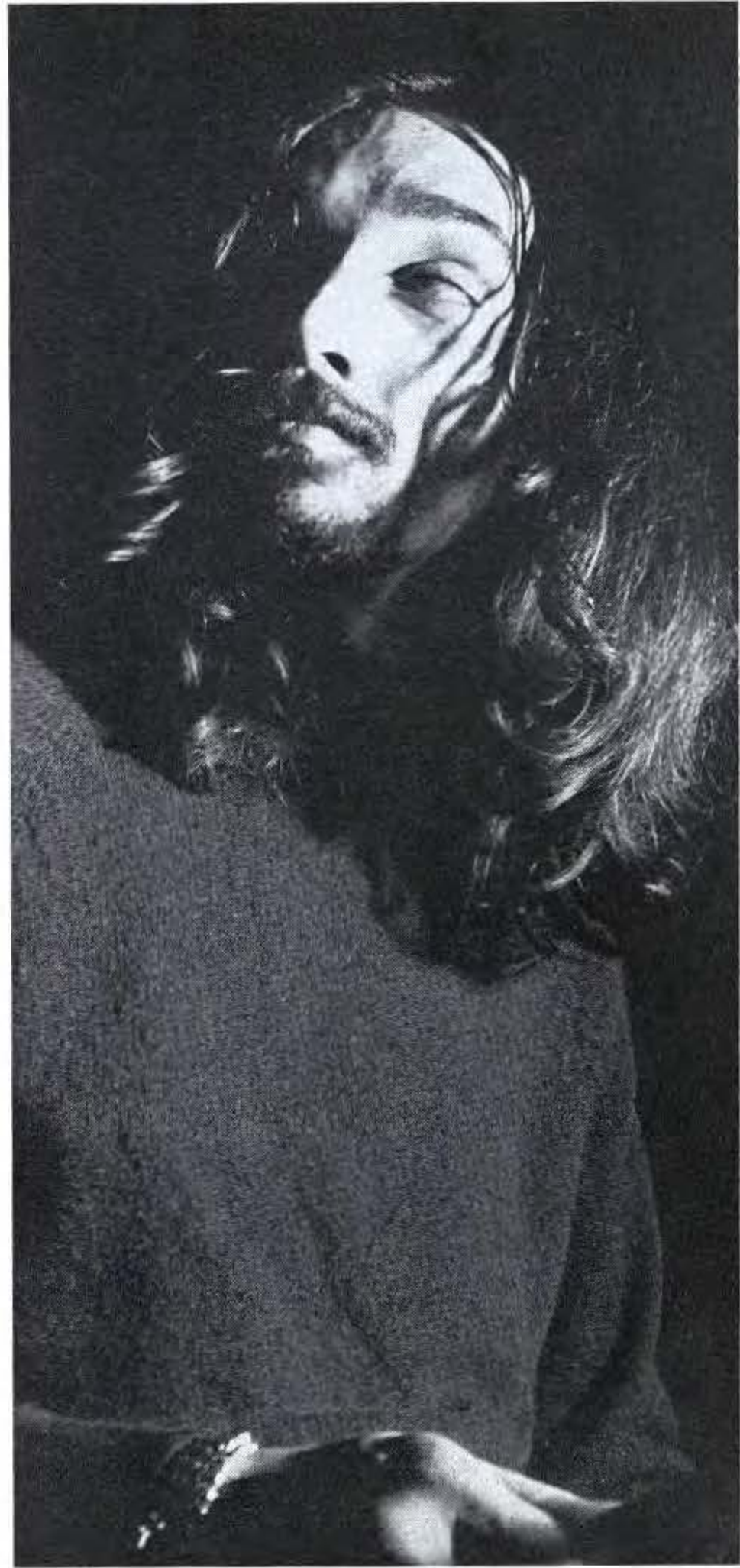
The Chicken Shack's acceleration has been fast, even by today's standards. Before their first album was released, "We didn't do anything," explains Stan. "We were getting £25 or £30 a gig. Then the LP got to number four in one paper." And they started earning more than any other regularly working band in this country, bar perhaps the Who and one other. Their new

album, *O.K. Ken*, sold 12,500 in a couple of weeks, which is more than the total sales of *Forty Blue Fingers*, although that refuses to stop selling.

"Beat Instrumental" christened Christine Perfect "the first lady of the blues." It caught on, and she took much of the spotlight in the first album days. *O.K. Ken* has seen Stan Webb's re-birth. Or should I say his character's?

Inarticulate

To hear Hughie Green talk to an inarticulate groupie, or to hear Harold Wilson discuss the virtues of promoting blues groups, alongside some Max Wall and Steptoe and Son ramblings is an enlightening experience. "It was the end of the session for the album," says Stan, "and Mike Vernon said 'do some impressions.' They rolled a tape, and I talked for five minutes. It was just



who made the tea and things. He was balancing on these planks, when suddenly, tip, he's in it right up to his waist. We left him for about half-an-hour. What we really wanted was for the site supervisor to have a look, with his suit on and all."

The birth of the Chicken Shack is nothing like as exotic as Stan's stories. "I'd been in few pop groups, playing Hollies type things, when I saw the Cream debut. I went back to Birmingham and started a group. It was Andy and me, and a drummer called Alan Morley. We were doing

Howlin' Wolf, Freddie King and Buddy Guy numbers, but there was no reaction, although E.M.I. offered us a deal, but it was doing commercial rubbish. Then we saw an ad in the "Melody Maker". Mike Vernon was looking for blues groups, so we wrote to him and asked him to come up and see us. He thought we were all right, so we started coming to London at the weekends to put things together.

"Then we stayed in London, in this house where some students we knew lived. We used to get in through

a window, and we all slept on the floor. Dave Bidwell joined us on drums after Alan and Hughie Flint. He'd never been out of his house, and took a couple of weeks to find out what was going on. I've seen all the drummers people talk about nowadays, but I've never seen them do things as right as Dave. He just plays, and it's all together."

And then Stan leaves, everything explained, taking Max Wall, Hughie Green, *et al*, right along with him.

M.C.

manfred mann



FOR most pop addicts, the name Manfred Mann would figure in at least the top half-dozen groups in the business. Certainly they are one of the most consistent outfits, in terms of chart success. There is a Manfred Mann set-up, then, but in another sense there is not a Manfred Mann set-up.

Individually, the members really don't believe there is a group called Manfred Mann as such. There are now five characters who get together from time to time with the express purpose of making hit singles. No appearances, apart from the odd television promotion spot. Certainly no touring.

And if the hit singles stop? Well, that could produce a final break-up so that the group that has pursued a strong musicianly line could be no more. And, as a matter of fact, *Fox On The Run*, despite being patently commercial, took seven weeks before appearing in the Top Thirty—which surprised the Mann men more than somewhat.

Said Tom McGuinness: "This had never happened to us before,

not as far as I can remember. Normally a single went straight in. This one we virtually gave up on. But it seems that singles generally are taking that much longer to take off."

Manfred's own view is that the group somehow exists without a hard core of real fans, perhaps because there have been so few appearances recently . . . but that the following shows itself when singles are released. In fact, all the group's vocal-type discs have gone into the charts.

However, each of the members of the group, or non-group, has hands full of other activities. We know about Manfred and Mike Hugg, founder members, who have earned a stack of money by writing television jingles . . . samples: BEA; Eden Vale yoghurt; Dulux paints; Peter Stuyvesant cigarettes. And there is their film-writing, like "Up The Junction" and now "Black Angel", which won't be out on release for several months. Says Manfred: "This side of composing interests me, though we're not fully into



the business yet. But score-writing gives much more scope than one could hope to find in even two dozen singles."

As for Mike D'Abo . . . well, he's been writing songs and producing records but also made his personal breakthrough in the lead in "Gulliver's Travels", which has played to packed houses at the Mermaid Theatre. Mike, too, says: "The group scene as such is over for us. It's a springboard to bigger things. Acting came a bit hard at first, in terms of getting my voice across to the back of the stalls, but I grew to enjoy it very much. But songwriting is honestly my biggest enthusiasm. What I'd like to do is produce and record a whole album of my own material.

contributing

"And anyway some time ago we found, in the group, that we weren't really contributing anything to each other. Now we meet occasionally, turn over ideas, then depart to do our own work."

Which is all very well for the three bigger names in the group. But spare no tears for the others, Tom McGuinness and Klaus Voorman. They, too, have plenty going for them. Tom, for example, is very much involved on the movie production side. He is strong on film editing, has several important productions under his belt and would just as soon go into that side of the business full-time.

And there is Klaus, German-born bassist. He lives in

Hampstead, listens a lot to classical music, and gets on with his main love of painting and drawing. "We all tended to have strong characters, except me," he says, "and we simply didn't have to go on with the business of touring and living in each other's pockets."

He said: "I've started doing the art work on a television series and there are other things . . . say, working on sleeve production. One thing rather worries me. I've tried my hand at song-writing, like just about everybody else in the business, but it just doesn't work out. Two or three I did manage to complete simply were terrible. It's frustration, I suppose, that I have this problem in communicating. That's why I've never had much to say in the affairs of the group, even in the recording studios. But if I had to live with my art work for a while, I don't suppose it would worry me."

Something of a unique situation, then, exists round the Manfred Mann set-up. Though never the top group at any one time, they've been a most consistent band. They've applied strict musicianly standards to all they've done—and sometimes applied strict censorship about what is written concerning themselves!

But they've also applied current common-sense. No point, say they, straining personal relationships just because other groups do just that. Just strain things enough to keep those hit singles rolling in.

P.G.

Brass & Woodwind

1. Dick Heckstall-Smith
2. Ian Anderson
3. Chris Wood
4. Alan Bown
5. John Anthony
6. John Entwistle
7. Harold McNair
8. Tubby Hayes
9. Mike Vickers
10. Ray Davies
11. Mike Rosen
12. Ray Thomas
13. Jim King
14. Chris Mercer
15. Viv Stanshall
16. Klaus Voorman

Recording Vocalist

1. Jack Bruce
2. Tom Jones
3. Joe Cocker
4. Stevie Winwood
5. John Mayall
6. Paul McCartney
7. Rod Stewart
8. Scott Walker
9. John Lennon
10. Mick Jagger
11. Arthur Brown
12. Peter Green
13. Donovan
14. Jimi Hendrix
15. Dusty Springfield
16. Roger Chapman
17. Julie Driscoll
18. Duster Bennett
19. Victor Brox
20. Ian Anderson
21. Jess Roden

Best Arrangement

1. America
2. With A Little Help
From My Friends
3. Albatross
4. Sabre Dance
5. Hey Jude
6. All Along The
Watchtower
7. Macarthur Park
8. White Room
9. Eloise
10. Need Your Love So
Bad
11. Those Were The Days
12. Crossroads
13. Fire
14. Jumping Jack Flash
15. Ars Longa Vita Brevis
16. Sunshine Of Your Love
17. Spoonful
18. Brandenburger
19. This Wheel's On Fire
20. In Search Of The Lost
Chord
21. Love Story
22. Magic Bus
23. Karelia Suite
24. Meet On The Ledge
25. Voodoo Child
26. Saucerful Of Secrets
27. Blues From Laurel
Canyon
28. Please (Mark II)

BEAT INSTRUMENTAL POLL WINNERS

Lead Guitarist

1. Eric Clapton
2. Jimi Hendrix
3. Peter Green
4. Jeff Beck
5. Alvin Lee
6. Dave Edmunds
7. Hank B. Marvin
8. Mick Taylor
9. Jimmy Paige
10. George Harrison
11. Pete Townshend
12. Richard Thompson
13. Mick Abrahams
14. Stan Webb
15. John Morshead
16. Rory Gallagher
17. John Mayall
18. Albert Lee
19. John Renbourn
20. Kim Simmonds
21. Jeremy Spencer

Songwriter / Songwriting Team

1. Lennon/McCartney
2. Bruce/Brown
3. John Mayall
4. Jimi Hendrix
5. Peter Green
6. Jagger/Richard
7. Pete Townshend
8. Marc Bolan
9. Donovan
10. Mike Heron
11. Roy Wood
12. Gibb Brothers
13. Chapman/Whitney
14. Ian Anderson
15. Robin Williamson
16. Pink Floyd
17. Tim Rose
18. George Harrison
19. Jeff Lynne
20. Ray Davies
21. Brown/Crane



Nice



John Lennon



Paul McCartney

MENTAL WINNERS

Drummer

1. Ginger Baker
2. Mitch Mitchell
3. Aynsley Dunbar
4. Jon Hiseman
5. Keith Moon
6. Blinky Davison
7. Brian Bennett
8. Carl Palmer
9. Trevor Morais
10. Clive Bunker
11. Keef Hartley
12. Jim Capaldi
13. Ringo Starr
14. Bobby Elliott
15. Micky Waller
16. Gerry Conway
17. Mick Fleetwood
18. Ric Lee
19. Pete York
20. Clive Thacker
21. John Dummer

Bass Guitarist

1. Jack Bruce
2. John McVie
3. Leo Lyons
4. Noel Redding
5. Paul McCartney
6. Alex Dmochowski
7. Tab Martin
8. John Entwistle
9. Lee Jackson
10. John Williams
11. Dave Ambrose
12. John Rostill
13. Ron Wood
14. Bill Wyman
15. Maurice Gibb
16. Steve Thompson
17. Klaus Voorman
18. Greg Ridley
19. Trevor Lucas
20. Trevor Burton
21. Dave Mason

Best Group on Stage

1. Cream
2. Jimi Hendrix Experience
3. Nice
4. Jethro Tull
5. Fleetwood Mac
6. Bonzo Dog Band
7. Who
8. Ten Years After
9. Crazy World Of Arthur Brown
10. Family
11. Alan Bown!
12. Move
13. Pink Floyd
14. John Mayall's Bluesbreakers
15. Chicken Shack
16. Peddlers
17. Jeff Beck Group
18. Hollies
19. Shadows
20. Spooky Tooth
21. Fairport Convention
22. Ecllection
23. Traffic
24. Taste
25. Pentangle

Recording Manager

1. George Martin
2. Mike Vernon
3. Mickie Most
4. Jimmy Miller
5. Denny Cordell
6. Robert Stigwood
7. Kit Lambert
8. Norman Smith
9. Joe Boyd
10. Terry Ellis
11. Jimi Hendrix
12. Chas Chandler
13. Paul McCartney
14. Norrie Paramor

Keyboard Player

1. Keith Emerson
2. Brian Auger
3. Stevie Winwood
4. Alan Price
5. John Mayall
6. Nicky Hopkins
7. Vincent Crane
8. Christine Perfect
9. Chick Churchill
10. Dudley Moore
11. Roy Phillips
12. Rick Wright
13. Alan Haven
14. Wynder K. Frog
15. Champion Jack Dupree
16. Gary Wright
17. Gary Brooker
18. Paul McCartney
19. Georgie Fame
20. Dave Greenslade
21. Manfred Mann
22. Jeremy Spencer



George Martin



Dick Heckstall-Smith



Cream



NICE

THE Institute of Contemporary Arts, despite its rather austere and high-sounding title, is a pretty good mirror to what's going on in the youthful arts. Experimental art is presented as a regular policy in an atmosphere far removed from the stuffiness of more long-standing institutions, and even if it sometimes makes mistakes in what it presents, it is never because of an unwillingness to keep up-to-date.

So, when the news came out a few months ago that plans were afoot to put on concerts of pop music, we all took it for granted that it would be the best of the groups that we would see. One of the first names to crop up was that of the Nice—a group who manage to combine real excitement and entertainment with tremendous musicianship and, whisper it, thoughtfulness.

I recently spoke to Lee Jackson and Keith Emerson, both of whom were happy, to say the least, about how the show had

gone down. "I really enjoyed it," said Lee, "and I could feel the audience feeding back to us. We had John Mayer (the leader of Indo-Jazz Fusions with Joe Harriott, and also a fine classical violinist) up on stage with us playing through the PA. On some things we did, particularly *Ars Longa Vita Brevis*, we had some great free-form things going."

"It could have been very difficult," said Keith. "When you're playing semi-classical stuff you have no set beat to follow and if you falter just once, you might as well forget it and start again. Luckily that didn't happen."

"We wanted to give everyone in the audience an instrument—a tambourine or something—so they could all join in and get involved. There was one little bloke, only about 15 or so, who came up and asked if he could come on stage with us. We gave him some maraccas. He had the most fantastic sense of rhythm. Rondo is a character who turns up at nearly all

our gigs, and he came on stage as well, playing tambourine. Everyone had a tremendous time," said Lee.

After the performance, Lee stayed in front of the audience to talk and answer questions about what the group were trying to do, the point of their music. This session was well received, though, he said, "I was a little worried whether they would get into the swing of it, so I asked Mike d'Abo if he'd get the ball rolling with a few questions. The first thing he asked was why Davy O'List left the group!"

There is already far more cross-fertilisation between pop and the other fields of what could be loosely labelled 'art' than is generally realised. The collaboration with Mayer has already borne fruit, and he also intends to write a full-length work with the object of the Nice and the Indo-Jazz Fusions performing it together. Roy Harper is generally considered to be a folk man, but he too has done things with the group, and it is altogether very gratifying to find the extent of the group's willingness to experiment. For the album *Ars Longa Vita Brevis*, the group did not use a well-known pop producer to work with them; instead they engaged the services of Don Brewer. He had never done any work with pop before, being more concerned with jazz and middle-of-the-road light music. The results speak for themselves.

The Nice are at present in the process of recording tracks for a follow-up album to *Ars Longa*—this time doing all the production on their own—but there'll still be experiments. No relying on tried and trusted formulae.

One of the more pleasant problems which holds the group back lies in their audiences' refusal to let them drop their old songs from the act to make way for the newer stuff. "Keith and I got *War And Peace* worked out when we were with the T-Bones, which is quite some time ago. We didn't have a name for it; it was just a riff thing that we liked playing. It's about time we stopped doing it, but they won't let us. It's the same situation with *Rondo*. We've tried to phase that one out, but more or less every gig we play, someone will come up and ask for us to do it. As soon as they hear the first notes, they recognise it—and the same again with *Daddy, Where Do I Come From*. We usually play these as encores—people feel cheated if they don't hear them."



One of the reasons the Nice are so often forced to play an encore is their obvious urge to get right through to their audiences. This comes out in the fact that they play long sets simply for the sake of playing. Said Lee: "We are usually booked out for one hour-long spot, but it generally turns out to last for an hour and a half. We like it that way; it takes us that long to really get into what we want to play." An attitude which isn't remarkably widespread in the group world, most of whom seem to be happy with doing as little as possible and then off home.

The group have a name for putting in long hours, and there is no thought of letting the pace drop. "We're still going out about five or six nights a week. We enjoy it—we certainly would not be doing it otherwise, even if it is pretty exhausting," said Lee. One might be excused for thinking the Nice are by now approaching multi-millionaire level—but the reality in the group world is nothing like as profitable as is thought, particularly where the artists are concerned. "You might think we were vastly rich," said Lee, "but no. It's the old story—there are a million ways for it to get soaked up. I don't know where it all goes. We try and stick to giving ourselves a regular salary and putting the rest into the group account."

It may perhaps be not such a bad thing for the group that their fans cling to the old songs. Said Lee, "It takes us a long time to get our writing done. Before we decide on anything permanent we work out at least three arrangements. It takes time, and we don't have too much of that. All three of us are involved with each other's instruments—we don't only think of our own—which means that we all have our ideas about a song in its entirety. We spend a good deal of time working out what each other should be doing. There's a lot of argument,



but we know each other well enough to avoid throwing any moods."

The main reason for O'List leaving the Nice was a simple difference of temperament. When he went his own way, it was taken as read that a new guitarist would be found—by the fans, at least. But the group think they are playing better than ever without a guitarist. "We did consider a couple of people to join the group, but nothing ever got really worked out. We hadn't enough time to get a real audition going when it happened. We were in the middle of a pretty hectic rush of gigs and we didn't want to have to cancel any of them. For one thing, we needed the bread, and we didn't want to let anybody down who was expecting to watch us play. We were very worried about how we'd go down as a three-piece on our first go, but it turned out that we got a great reception. It's been like that since, so there are no plans to bring anyone else in."

The Nice are understandably very happy with the results of the *Beat* poll. They are not a chart single type of band, and it isn't easy to assess their popularity by one straightforward yardstick. Because of this, it's good to have some unequivocal indication of their standing. "We've all been in so many groups that really tried hard yet never made it, so we don't get carried away with dreams of our own glory. We don't take anything for granted," said Keith.

The Nice's situation has certainly changed for the better since they started to back Pat Arnold a couple of years ago. "We began as a backing group, pure and simple. It never really occurred to us that we might make it on our own. As I said, we'd been at it so long before that all we wanted to do was enjoy playing and make a decent living. The only reason that we did strike out as the Nice was because Pat had to go back to America every now and then to sort out her work permit. We'd been playing for her for some time when she had to go back for a month and Andrew Oldham suggested we had a go as a group.

"We went out on our first solo gig scared to death. We didn't have enough numbers to play the full length so we took everything as slowly as we could and still ended up playing a couple of songs twice. I'd always wanted to go up on stage and sing things like *She Belongs To Me*—but it didn't work like that. We got some of our own songs together afterwards, and we just progressed."

When you hear the word progressive, it's people like the



Nice who come to mind. Unpretentious, honest and anxious not to rest on their laurels. They are going to America twice this year, for the first time on March 13th, and no doubt American audiences will be equally, if not more, enthusiastic as over here. Emerson will be playing two organs at once, the group are fixed up with Ampeg amplification, and all looks set for another British invasion. It's difficult to see how the Nice can fail. It's also very pleasing to see that the group are getting their rewards at last. There is hope yet.



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Terry Poole



David Clempson



Polly Palmer

BAKERLOO

YOU have probably heard of them as the Bakerloo Blues Line, but now they are simply known as Bakerloo, and must be one of the most popular unrecorded groups in the country. The group is a three-piece affair with two new names—Terry Poole and David Clempson on bass and lead respectively, also vocals—and new member Polly Palmer, ex-Blossom Toes, taking over from Pete York on drums.

Although they are all still resident in the Midlands, David (also known as Clem) and Terry living in Tamworth, they are rapidly becoming an increasingly powerful attraction in London via their residency at the Marquee. And it looks as if they will soon be a name on the international level. Plans are in hand for them to tour Scandinavia in April and the United States in late summer of this year. Pretty good prospects for a group that's been together in its present form for little more than a month. Terry and Clem formed a band with a different drummer a year ago, but Pete did not join up until January.

The reason for their change of name was explained by Clem, a 20-year-old player who promises to be one of the country's best guitarists before very long. "We originally called ourselves the Bakerloo Blues Line because we wanted to let people know that we were basically a blues-oriented group. However, this was a year ago, and we aren't now an exclusively blues band. I suppose you could say we do about

30 per cent of traditional blues in our repertoire; the rest is a mixture of all sorts of things: jazz, rock, and so on. There was also a group called the Piccadilly Line, which sounded rather too similar, though I believe they have now broken up."

Competition

The Bakerloo star started to rise when Jim Simpson saw the group (without Pete) playing in one of the numerous beat competitions in the Birmingham area. Says Clem: "All the other groups were playing soul music, and though we didn't in fact win the contest, Jim was sufficiently impressed to sign us up. I think it must have been because we were playing the music we wanted to, rather than what we thought we could make most money out of."

With Jim as their manager, the group are a part of the massed band road show rejoicing under the title of the Big Bear Ffolly. This is a collection of groups — the Locomotive, Tea and Symphony, Earth and the Bakerloo themselves — who are going to travel together, each group having a solo spot and then as a climax to the show, taking part in a monster jam. "We've only had one joint show up to now, but the idea is extremely promising," says Clem. "There are four bassists and three drummers and many more on stage at once." Which is a powerful idea, indeed, arousing much enthusiasm from many quarters.

The amount of interest shown in the Bakerloo is remarkable when one considers they haven't even made a record yet. After their *Top Gear* broadcast, enquiries came flooding in about the group. Some measure of the standards the group set themselves is given by the fact that they were not exactly thrilled with their performance on the show that created such a reaction.

Records, however, are well up on the agenda. Their producer is Gus Dudgeon, and recording the first album is expected to be finished by the end of February. Gus told me that the LP will have about eight original numbers with lyrics by Terry and melodies from Clem, and he also drew attention to a break in style by the group on an orchestrated version of *Georgia On My Mind*.

Bakerloo are not signed to any one label, and the finished album will be released by the company that offers the best deal; an approach which is becoming increasingly popular when worthwhile groups are at such a premium. Bakerloo should have no trouble in this respect. Apparently there have been seven companies anxious to release the record. A further point in the group's favour is that they have the considerable talents of plugger Tony Hall acting on their behalf.

So it seems that Bakerloo are a group more likely than most to make a lasting impression on the pop scene.

R.S.

INSTRUMENTAL NEWS

PSYCHEDELIC WOLF

Howlin' Wolf was pressured by Chess Records into making a psychedelic blues album with studio session men during January. Wolf is not pleased with the results, although the executives at Chess think it will sell well "and he needs the bread." It is a sequel to the Muddy Waters album which was released last month entitled *Electric Mud*.

ORGAN WINNER

The winner of the Selmer Capri Duo organ in "Beat Instrumental's" January Competition is

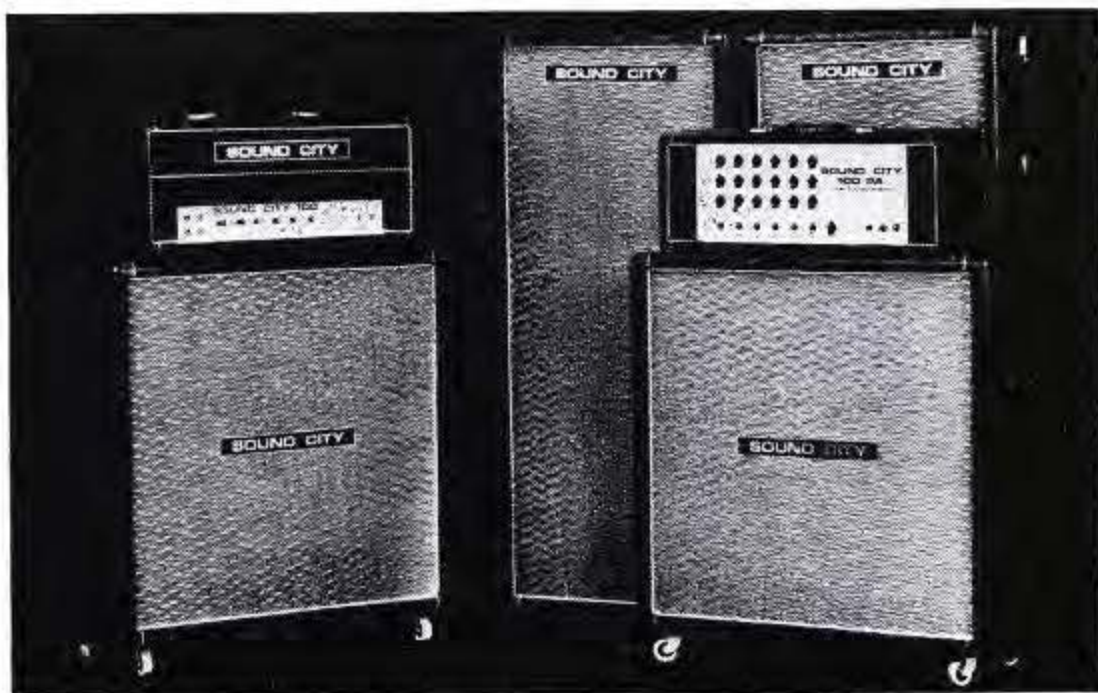
ALAN MOBBS

of 41 Beechfield Avenue, Birstall, Leicester. Alan came closest to forecasting the first ten keyboard players in our 1968 Readers' Poll, results of which you will find on pages 22 and 23.

SCENE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S

The Liverpool Scene have been booked for four days at the Ronnie Scott club at the beginning of March. They appear on the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. This follows their successful concert with Roland Kirk during February at the London College Of Printing. Another snow story — the Scene and their roadie, Rod Smith, had a lovely 13-hour drive from Liverpool to London during the night of the big blizzard.

DALLAS ARBITER AT FRANKFURT



The Dallas Arbiter organisation will again show the complete range of products at the Frankfurt Fair, and will first and foremost introduce the George Hayman Vibrasonic Drum Outfit, a completely new conception in drum design and performance. These drums, designed and manufactured by drummers for drummers is a functionally designed outfit in metallic finishes, supplied in various sizes, allowing both easy transportability for groups frequently moving their performance sites as well as bands permanently performing in one location. One of the many features of this outfit is the sound produced by the drums which will be heard over the most powerful amplification.

The range of the famous Dallas and Houghton banjos, which not only incorporate many modifications but will also introduce new models, and most important, a full range of British electric guitars will be available.

SOUND CITY

From the electronic works the Sound City range of amplification which is used by a daily increasing number of groups such as Jimi Hendrix, The Who, Chris Farlow, The Thunderbirds, Dave, Dee, Dozy, Mick and Tich, and many others. This range of amplification covering both 100 watt and 200 watt (at full RMS) power is supported by specially designed square and column cabinets.

In addition, the full range of electronic effects units, the Soundette Echo Unit, Fuzz Face Distortion Unit and WAH Face Pedal, Dallas Arbiter microphones and stands, will be shown.

Also on view for the first time will be the new 50 watt amplifier with column speakers.

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ROSE MORRIS 'GEM' ORGAN

Rose-Morris have great hopes in the group field for their Gem Imperial Duo portable organ which sells for £462. On the market since the end of last year the Imperial Duo has upper and lower manuals each with 49 keys, and a 17-note pedalboard and swell pedal.

The upper manual has five footages plus tremolo, legato, percussion and sustain, the lower manual having three footages plus bass drum and brush rhythm effects. Vibrato with speed, depth and delay controls operates on both manuals which have reverb with separate depth controls. Percussion with five footages and time and volume controls operates on the upper manual, and sustain incorporates five voices with a short or long selector.

The Gem portable range also includes the Jumbo Gem (£133) and the Gemini (£100). The Jumbo Gem has a 49-note keyboard of which the lower octave can be used to simulate a pedalboard effect or as an extension to the keyboard range. Six rocker-tab switches provide effects of vibrato, bass chords, horns, strings, reeds and flutes, and the same effects are included on the cheaper Gemini model which has a 39-note keyboard and is smaller than the Jumbo Gem.

Both the Jumbo Gem and Gemini are available in the Gem home range with teak-finished wooden cabinets.

GUITAR CRUSHER

Blue Horizon's latest signing is an American blues singer known as the Guitar Crusher. His real name is Sydney Selby, and he is based in New York after moving there from North Carolina. In June of last year Mike Vernon signed him to Blue Horizon while on a trip to the States, and his first single *When My Baby Hits The Numbers* is now on release. His nickname comes from his massive appearance. He is six feet tall, has shoulders like two barn doors, and even a full size guitar manages to seem like a toy in his enormous hands.

YOUTHFUL NUDITY

Nudity in the record world continues. Buddah Records have accumulated all their best and biggest selling bubble-gum records and put them into an album called the *Naked Truth*, which features an album cover full of nudes. They don't expect an outcry, however, because the models are all about four years old.

HOLLIER/KANE CONCERT

Terry King and Ronnie Oppenheimer are preparing a Tim Hollier meets Amory Kane concert for March. Date and venue have yet to be arranged. Watch this column, etc., etc. Tim Hollier is recording a single for release in March. It will be one of his own compositions.

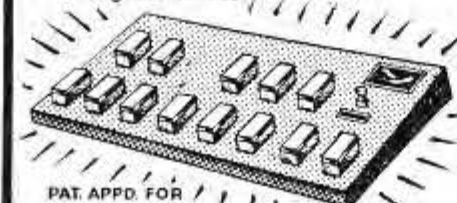
Fugs

An American press release from the Fugs issued last month proclaims: "Bill Wolf, the legendary bass player for the Fugs, Reprise recording artists, was admitted to Bellevue Hospital early this morning claiming to be Paul McCartney."



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DESMOND DEKKER AND THE ACES' TOUR

Desmond Dekker and the Aces return to this country in March for a full ballroom and club tour. The group's latest single is *Israelites*, a song dedicated to their manager who they think takes too large a percentage from their money. The number has been taken from their new album *Intensified*.



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you play one. Try one at your dealers soon.



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NEW BREED!



A FEW months ago we published a feature on what we considered to be four of the bands most likely to earn early recognition—bearing in mind the manner in which the most carefully considered pop predictions usually come unstuck—and we have been proved reasonably correct. Joe Cocker and the Grease Band, Fairport Convention, Timebox and Spooky Tooth were the groups.

This month we're repeating the exercise with some of the new groups and singers who seem to be in a similar position right now to the previous four when we wrote about them. Because we have singled out these people, however, do not think that we believe they are the only ones worth tipping. Certainly not. There are always deserving artists and bands who are still to be noticed.

The first group is an outfit called **Freedom**. Two members of Procol Harum, guitarist Ray Royer and drummer Bobby Harrison, split from the *Whiter Shade of Pale* group shortly after the hit record, and announced their intention of getting a new band together. This they did, with bassist Steve Shirley and, later, Robin Lumsden on Hammond and piano.

Although it's over a year and a half since Freedom was formed, not much has been heard of the group by the general public during that time. However, they have been anything but lazy during the long preparation. For the first two months

after the formation, the group took themselves off to a rural retreat in Hertfordshire and got into writing and rehearsing.

The biggest moment to date came when Dino de Laurentiis, the well-known Italian film director, heard of the band and asked them to write a score and perform the songs for a full feature film called *Black on White*. This they did, recording an album of the 14 songs which should be released with the picture. At the present time it is by no means



certain that the film will be given a national circuit release, but it is nonetheless a pretty good way of starting out as a group.

Freedom have not yet played many gigs. They spent a long time in making sure that they were going to be as good musically as their advance publicity claimed. In fact, they have been getting tremendous receptions at their shows, one of which was at the Revolution, the expensive club with one of the least impressionable clienteles. At various colleges the response has been equally enthusiastic.

Ray is unwilling to categorise about their music: "We play so many different kinds during our act that you can't say it is any one type. We all have different things going for us, different influences. The whole point is that everyone should give as much of himself as he can. The name of the group is Freedom, which is self-explanatory. However, it has to be disciplined at first; you can't have four musicians each playing exactly as he wants without knowing about the others. It had to develop so that we all understood what we wanted to do.

"The reason we left Procol was exactly this. It was a very good band, but we were always told precisely what we had to do. I was playing the guitar in between the organ and the piano, which meant I didn't get too much opportunity to play hard. The only number I did anything at all on was *Repent Walpurgis*. Freedom is so much better for me; it's the best band I've ever been with."

Freedom's records up to now haven't made much impression, mainly due to lack of promotion. But they have a new single out,

FREEDOM



TIM HOLLIER

excitement builds, aided by the power drumming of Bill and athletic but meaty bass work from Bruce, the youngster of the group.

One factor in the favour of the Village is their being signed to Head Records, a new independent which plans to put a lot of promotional weight behind the group—and also offering the advantages of national distribution with Pye. Head have only two groups on their books and the Village are likely to get better treatment than they would perhaps have had with one of the big companies.

But the Village's prospects eventually come down to the effect produced on audiences by their music. It isn't instantly apparent just how much there is happening from the three musicians, but it seems sure that when the records come out (a single and an album in the near future), combined with the interest aroused by live gigs, the group will be a very popular addition to the ranks of those who play music rather than present an image.

"All I live for," says **Tim Hollier**, "is my next gig. Literally playing and entertaining." Tim isn't yet a success

called *Kandy Kay*, which may well remedy the situation, released on a new label, Plexium. It seems to me that a group like Freedom will not have to rely too much on hit singles, though. Judging by the receptions they have been receiving, they are more likely to be album sellers. Their totally unique blend of so many forces, musical and emotional, can hardly fail.

The second of the bands is the brainchild of Peter Bardens, an organist who has been on the scene for many years, fronting the Peter B's (which had Pete Green, guitar, Dave Ambrose, bass and Mick Fleetwood, drums), the Shotgun Express, and he also spent time playing with Them. Bardens has now formed the **Village**, a group which looks set for more solid commercial success than any of his previous bands, which were highly rated but never quite made it.

A three-piece group, the Village are already starting to win a regular core of fans at their Marquee appearances and at clubs around the country. With Bardens, who plays a Hammond L100 and sings, are Bruce Thomas, at present on a six-string Fender bass but thinking of changing to four, and Bill Porter on drums. The sound of the Village is basically instrumental, with all three members

feeding ideas and digging deeper and deeper into improvisation as the numbers progress. Typical of their repertoire is the Miles Davis classic *Milestones*, taken with more urgency and tension than the original, and drawing on blues, classics and good straight pop. Many of their songs are the work of Peter, an intense figure crouching over his organ as the



THE VILLAGE



be Mondego for all anyone cares. Well, a group called **Man** from Wales have just released an album called *Revelation* which deals, however obviously, with the world from its conception. The title track is about the sexual act. While the music builds and builds, a girl cries and moans. It is vivid, too vivid perhaps, and has caused a fair old stir in the business.

The group has been Man since December. They are: Ray Williams, bass, vocals; Mike Jones, guitar and vocals; Clive John, organ, guitar and vocals; Jeff Jones, drums; Roger Leonard, piano, organ and vocals. Previously, they were in another band doing lots of Radio One shows, and making about £450 a week. Now they make practically nothing. "We were getting p— off with what we were doing," they say. "The same old thing, day after day, and getting us nowhere."

"We were working on material, which we were finding hard to put into our act which was just pop. We were gradually changing, and finding that the new stuff we were doing was getting a good reaction. So we decided to start again."

"We just wanted to satisfy ourselves musically. Before Man, we were playing without integrity." About the album, they say—"It's what we believe. We're not saying 'here's our philosophy, like it and believe it.' We thought it was a good idea, and went about it as best as we could. If people don't like it, or it offends them, well, that's that. It's honest and it happened, and as for *Revelation*, what do you do? Close your mind to sex everywhere? We've thought about it since we've done it, and there's not much we would change."

A lot of the credit should go to John Schroeder, who produced the album in spite of a safe position at Pye producing pop records. He upped and did it, and is being criticised left, right and centre. It is interesting that he used to produce the group under their old format. Integrity, in any form, rubs off, and the group appreciate his efforts, both in giving them confidence to tackle a delicate subject, and in actually producing it.

R.S./M.C.

story, but his determination almost guarantees it. Twenty-one, and "a virgin in the studio," he says, the pop world is a new way of life for him. He has had one record released, an album *A Message To A Harlequin*, which is his message to us all, and epitomises the confidence he has in himself, and some of the world.

He writes songs with Rory Fellowes "my lyricist. He sends things to me from India on the backs of envelopes, after a period of his dreams. I edit the words, and turn them into pop tunes. Rory is unmusical—he just writes poems. He cannot criticise from 6,000 miles away. Quite frankly, we're two different minds. We don't even see each other when he's over here."

Tim is looking hard for success, without necessarily playing down for it. He joined the Hemdale group—David Hemmings' business organisation—before recording, and it was a sudden decision to see Martin Davis of United Artists Records. Davis offered him a contract, and said make an album. "It took me about four weeks," he says. "Most of that time it was finding out what to do—becoming aware of my responsibilities. I'd never seen the inside of a studio."

Tim used to be a graphic designer—"but I couldn't see the audience reaction to what I was doing. Being on stage is the one way to do this. I was five years at college and the only thing I learnt was to perceive—to see." Singing for Tim is almost his only thorough way of communicating. He sees it as "being able to meet a girl for the first time—a woman I've never seen before, sing, and make it with the music and sound."

Big money

Along with people like Amory Kane and Rick Cuff, Tim Hollier sings and plays as yet free of the pressures of big money and hyped success. He records with these people, is anxious to try anything new, and knows it's easy to throw away the things that don't sound good. At the moment, he is making a single, and would like it to be a hit. He isn't worried by labels, and doesn't like them hung on himself. He is, he says, "a singer who wants to appeal to everyone. I hope it's possible."

Wales, we hear continually, is a place for the musically backward. Although it is only a few hundred miles from London, it may as well

Colour Me Pop, every Saturday on BBC 2, has its lapses. Nonetheless, it's the only pop programme on the box with any substance to it. Steve Turner is the producer. He says this: "Group Therapy are the most exciting group I have ever recorded. For me, probably a once in a lifetime experience. Every superlative has been used in describing groups and would therefore sound hackneyed; but they are all of these and more."

Publicist David Reay had phoned earlier in the week to let me know that Moby Grape, a band of no small repute, were in England and were going to be doing a *Colour Me Pop*. How would I like to go along and see them? He then treated me to a torrent of words to the effect that with the Grape were an unknown group who were the greatest band of all time. Ho hum, I thought, but being an obliging sort of bloke I took a walk down to the BBC TV centre to have a look. And anyway, I was interested in seeing Moby Grape—having previously seen them at a reception at the Revolution fighting a losing battle against ratty equipment and unconcerned reception-goers, and feeling sure they were capable of great things.

The Grape had finished rehearsing their set in the tiny studio ("that's how we get the atmosphere") and were packing up to have a cuppa. In came five blokes. Girls looked interested. There passed a few minutes of setting up the gear—just organ, drums and guitar—and the band exploded. There's no other word for it.

Pop writers are supposed to be enthusiastically non-committal about their subjects. But everyone who was in the studio, myself included, was going frantic with praise for the group. The five: Tommy Burns and Ray Kennedy, two singers who sing like the Righteous Brothers and move like Mick Jagger; the diminutive Jerry Guida on organ, hands, feet and head moving as if plugged into the mains; Michael Lamont, the hardest pop drummer I've seen; Art del Gudico, tearing his guitar to pieces and playing beautifully. The experience of seeing the group was tremendous, as you may have gathered.

I was amazed to hear that the group had not made any public appearances in their native USA. For five months they had lived in the desert near San Fernando (having missed the last train, no doubt) under the mental leadership of co-manager Artie Stonehill, who got the group together in the first place. This is how they got their name, Stonehill being a psychiatrist, taking the band through various stages, getting them to react together "until we got to love each other", according to Ray Kennedy, a man who comes on

who needs group therapy?

so honest you think he just has to be putting you on. Group Therapy spent the time rehearsing themselves into the ground, playing not to audiences but in front of mirrors. They were still in the desert house when Mike Gruber, more like the traditional high-drive pop manager, came in one day and informed the group they were leaving for England in three days' time.

So they arrived, and knowing they had to play at the Roundhouse, they went to have a look at the monster club. A group of mod fools decided they didn't like them and smashed the group up, which resulted in many stitches and elastoplasts. You'd think that a welcome like that would put the group right off our wonderful country, but it didn't. The next week, straight after *Colour Me Pop*, Group Therapy made their live debut at the club, followed by a short tour of underground clubs. Reaction was, predictably, highly enthusiastic.

They are now back in America for

an extensive tour, but the band plan to make Britain their home when this has been completed.

I think it's very unlikely that the group will prove to be anything other than a massive success. Their record *Remember What You Said*, is perhaps not very typical of them, but they have been recording a new album at Trident which should be out before very long, a far better statement. They are now using exclusively their own songs, of a very high standard, and rarely have I met a group with the mental equipment to stand up to the rigours of British weather and the fancies of the pop industry.

As soon as Turner had finished recording the group for television, he made them the first group in the programme's history to be booked for a second appearance. It can't be long before the effect is repeated on a really big scale. We need Group Therapy.

R.S.



your queries answered

Mothers

Dear Gary,

Could you tell me the name of the Mothers of Invention LP which has the song *Flower Punk* on it? I would also like to know where to write to obtain this record?

BILL ROBB,
Auckland,
New Zealand.

ANSWER:—This track is on the LP *We're Only In It For The Money* (Verve VLP 9199). One Stop Records, 40 South Moulton Street, London W.1, export LPs to order and will send it to you by airmail for £2 10s., including postage.

Out of tune

Dear Gary,

I play a Vox Phantom guitar and am experiencing trouble with the tuning. For example, if it is adjusted to play an E chord perfectly in tune, then I find that a C chord is out of tune.

For rhythm playing, this is unnoticeable, but for some lead playing it is not at all satisfactory.

Can you advise me of any adjustments I could make to improve the situation?

BRUCE CAMPBELL,
East Grinstead,
Sussex.

ANSWER:—The most likely cause of this slight inaccuracy of tuning would appear to be warp of the neck or badly adjusted action. Adjustment of the truss rod in the neck might remedy the problem, as might the position of the bridge which could be too high or too low. But if you are in any doubt at all as to carrying out these adjustments yourself, take the guitar along to your dealer who will be happy to advise you.

Speakers

Dear Gary,

Could you please advise me on a few points about speakers?

Firstly, is it possible to run two 15-ohm cabinets, with an 18-inch speaker in each, wired in parallel from an amplifier plugged into 7.5 ohm output, without involving extra wiring or loss of volume?

Secondly, what would be the effect of running a 7.5 ohm output amp through a 15 ohm cabinet?

Thirdly, I was recently given an 18-inch Goodman's bass speaker which requires a new speech coil. How should I go about getting the speaker repaired and how much is it likely to cost?

PAUL ARMSTRONG,
Manchester 9.

ANSWER:—Yes, you can run your two 15-ohm cabinets from a 7.5 ohm output as long as the two speakers are connected in phase (red wire into socket marked with red blob).

Running a 7.5 ohm output amp through a 15 ohm cabinet would result in a mis-match on the amp. The maximum volume free of distortion would be reduced and there might be an early failure in the amp.

Send your bass speaker to the service department of Goodman Loudspeakers Ltd., Axiom Works, Lancelot Road, Wembley, Middlesex. The repair cost will vary depending on which model your speaker is. If you use this speaker for bass work (e.g. bass guitar) use a standard cone. Never use a bass cone.

Starting

Dear Gary,

I am a member of a newly-formed blues band called H. G. Wells. Please could you tell me if there is any other

group by this name because if there is we will have to change it.

We have now practised enough to start playing at concerts, parties and dances, etc., but we do not know how to get dates. Can you tell me how we could start to do gigs? Should we get in touch with an agency?

JOHN BREWERTON,
Northwood,
Middlesex.

ANSWER:—I don't think I have ever come across a group called H. G. Wells before, but I believe there was once a writer of the same name. However, this business of choosing a name for a group is a vital and tricky business. It would seem to be better to call yourselves by some name which conjures up some picture of the group's image and material. For example, a name like H. G. Wells suggests a freaky, futuristic sound—after all, he wrote science-fiction for the most part—yet you describe your band as a blues outfit. I wouldn't presume to tell you how to name yourselves, which is a personal matter—but a little thought will be well repaid.

As to the problem of getting bookings, many young bands start off by playing in small local clubs; it could be worth your while to contact the manager of any blues club and, having made some demo discs of typical material you play, see if he can give you any work.

A self-addressed envelope enclosed with your query will help us get a speedy reply to you.



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dusty springfield



WHEN Dusty Springfield first went solo, she had a two-pronged line of attack on pop music. One was to become established as top girl in this country. Poll results within a year showed that she did just that. And the other was to become a truly international artist, which is a more involved business altogether.

Count the number of our world-status girls and you can manage it on the fingers of one hand—and still leave over a thumb and a finger for further calculations.

But this year sees Dusty in the throes of her busiest spell yet. And the accent is on the international aspects. Talk to her and she bubbles as ever, but throws in a great many facts. And those facts spell out a boom period.

There's her first date at top American nitery the Copa—in June. There's her third

season at top Britain night-haunt, Talk of the Town. There's her fourth telly-series, back to BBC-TV for this one—and that'll be sold round the world. There's a concert tour of America. Surprisingly for this globe-trotter, there's her first dates in Honolulu. There's a guest appearance on the British-based Liberate TV series—again to be sold round the world.

There's a trip in March to Los Angeles to record a TV spectacular with the Temptations. There's three weeks in Australia. There are guest spots galore on other TV programmes, including two with the massive-budget Tom Jones series.

But there will not be another pop tour of Britain. According to Dusty there never will be. That is no longer her particular scene.

What is being sorted out is a big concert tour of the

major cities. The format is a big-band accompaniment (say Count Basie), plus an American concert-type visitor to do the first half (say O. C. Smith). Take no notice of the actual names—they are merely examples of the style of presentation.

And of course there is that well-produced TV commercial for a certain proud kind of bread. How come Dusty sank her previous anti-feelings towards advertising? "Simply that the money was very good, the script was excellent and I knew it would come out well because it was produced by Joe McGrath." McGrath is a big name in the feature-film world and Dusty has often told friends: "If I do get round to making a feature movie, then I'd love to work with Joe."

Maybe the biggest development is her signing with Atlantic Records for the American market—really she has a rather complex deal between Philips here and Atlantic there. *Son Of A Preacher Man* came out of her sessions in Memphis . . . and the album *Dusty In Memphis*, by all accounts a positive gas, will be out here in May. Says Dusty: "Working in Memphis was an eye-opener. Jerry Wexler and his men, Arif Mardin and Tom Dowd, really are a fantastic team . . . Tom is nothing short of a genius when it comes to engineering a session."

bracket

"Sure it put me rather in the soul bracket, but the plans at Atlantic are for me to develop a lot of different types of record. I spent a whole week in Memphis, partly working and partly soaking up the atmosphere. At first, it felt very strange to me. I suppose I felt inhibited because their whole approach

is so different. Often they'd spend a whole day just getting the rhythm track dead right—this helped me, because it gave me time to get to know the way they work.

"But it's just not true that I won't be making records in Britain in future. Johnny Franz here has a load of new material for me to try out. It's not a matter of cutting out one side of the Atlantic—it's having a sort of dual personality. The interesting thing about American records, though, is the way they don't lose the voice but still manage to produce the backing with total clarity."

Meanwhile, Dusty continues to surprise even her close mates. There was the business of being invited to the Bahamas for the Atlantic convention . . . "and drop by for dinner," said Mr. Wexler. Dusty flew over to Nassau just for the meal. Then pushed on next day to Miami, then to Hollywood where she fixed a late guest spot on a Robert Goulet spectacular! There was a time when she fought shy of working non-stop, but this year is packed with status-building activity.

Sharing her new house in Kensington is Norma Tanega, who had a hit not long ago with her self-penned *Walking My Cat Called Dog*. But Norma is earning her keep. She is a qualified interior designer and decorator and is creating the house and furniture and trimmings according to Dusty's taste . . . as a professional job. Norma, too, expects to produce an album in London, mostly featuring her own compositions.

As Dusty said by way of a departing quote: "There's still such a lot of ground to cover in this business. And suddenly I'm more active than I've ever been before." P.G.

SONG- WRITER'S COLUMN

So Lennon and McCartney have won the *Beat Instrumental Songwriter's Poll* for the third year running. Predictable, but not with such a clear-cut majority as in previous years. Not that their writing is deteriorating in any way—far from it, but there are now other writers capable of providing reasonable opposition. Jack Bruce and Pete Brown came very near to taking the title, although this ties in with the incredible success that the Cream have had in other sections of the poll. But important new names managed to filter in throughout the first 20. Notable were Peter Green, whose success with *Albatross* has brought his name forward in this field; Marc Bolan, with his child-like fantasy songs, which are original and entertaining; and Mike Heron and Robin Williamson, the Incredible String Band, noted perhaps more as songwriters than performers, particularly in this country, where concert appearances by them are few and far between.

That accounts for most of the home-grown talent, as this was a British, or British-based poll. Despite this, two notable songwriters polled many votes, one, a Canadian, and another, an American, who, unfortunately, didn't count. They were Leonard Cohen and David Ackles, both relatively new names on the recording scene, but who've created a tremendous amount of interest during the past few months. Cohen, particularly, is now a national name with a best-selling album behind him, while David Ackles wrote *Road To Cairo*, the current Julie Driscoll single.

But the most important thing behind all your votes was the quality of the people voted for. It is notable that no machine-like aim-for-charts with every record songwriters came even anywhere near the top 20.

THE A & R MEN

MARK WIRTZ

MARK WIRTZ had it all planned out. Back home in his native Germany, he'd come up on a diet of Paul Anka and Elvis Presley, but the big influence on his life started when he went to see a Jerry Lewis movie. NOT Jerry Lee Lewis—just plain Jerry, the rubber-faced comedian.

Mark remembers thinking: "I would like to be a world-class comedian. But maybe 16 is a little young to do just that. Instead, I'd better become a teenage singing idol first so that later on it'll be easier to turn over to movie comedy."

He bought a guitar and learned a few chords. And he sang. He won talent contests, got a contract with Polydor . . . "but nothing happened because it was mostly schmaltzy typical German pop music and it wasn't for me. I decided the best way into pop music was to get to London or America."

He arrived in London on holiday and had a look round. He returned soon after, wearing his art-student disguise—"My parents weren't against art, but they didn't think much of pop." So he enrolled in an art college. Then went to another in Reigate where pop was encouraged and played piano in a group called the Beatercrackers. From there he submitted songs to publishers, met up with Norman Newell and was launched on a brief career as "the new Russ Conway" . . . operating as Mark Rogers and the Marksmen. But, he recalls: "The Beatles were IN . . . not jangly piano records."

Out of the blue came a chance to conduct and arrange an album for Marlene Dietrich, no less. And later came the breakthrough into the production side, starting as staff A and R man at EMI in January 1967. Now, at 25, Mark is one of our most imaginative producers—and has a company with Chas Mills. He says: "He's the lyric-writer; I'm the composer. He's the sensible one, diplomatic with the artists we produce . . . tactful."

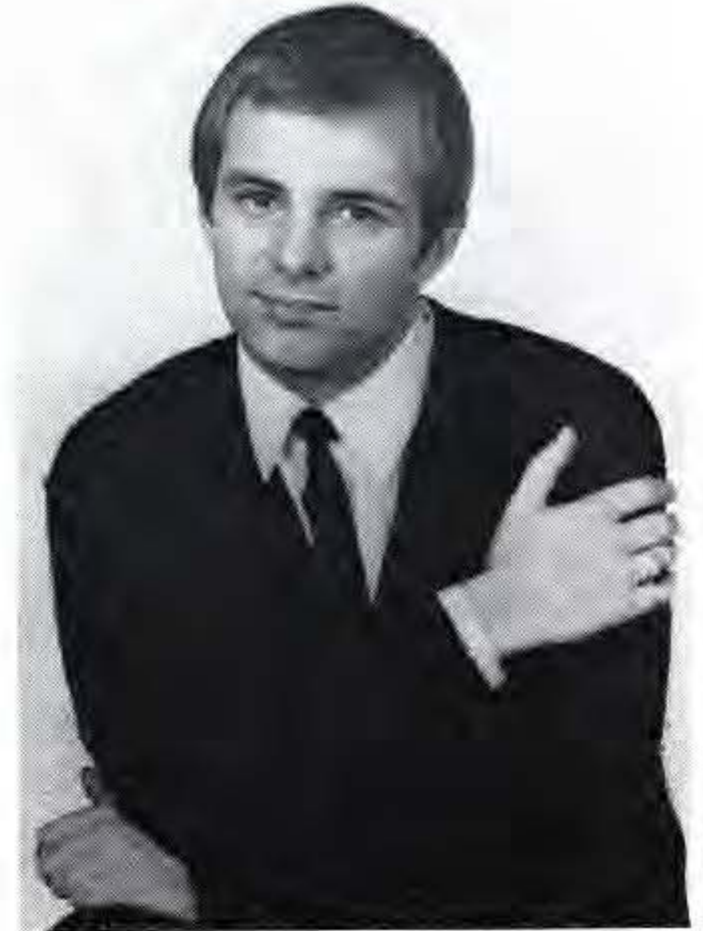
He raves about two talents he produces—the young Miki and Kris Ife. "Miki writes a wide range of stuff. From *I Remember Natalie* for Bob Monkhouse to a real soul sock-it-to-me number. Chas produces the Monkhouse-type records—not me, I couldn't get creatively involved and I'd be bound to go ahead and OVER-produce it.

Specialised things

"I used to get hung up over specialised things. Like the *Teenage Opera*, which misfired. And the *Satangelic* thing just before Christmas which didn't happen. Now I just don't get hung-up over any one thing. I take things as they come. We miss the pirate stations and this has affected what people buy.

"In the studios, I go for the sound side. I could almost engineer a session myself—I know every knob and so on. I like to see a thing right through . . . writing, arranging and then producing. I like to work until the musicians hear the thing and play it just how I originally heard it. I do have a strong creative urge.

"But when it comes to looking ahead . . . well, we are in for a spell of nostalgia. Hundreds of releases of old records, of old films. There's a general craving for glamour, for a little bit of the old show-biz thing. There will surely be more like Donald Peers making it big. The point is that we are going a long way back to simplicity in sound. . . .



"Which means that productions as big as *Eloise* are going to be the outsiders, the exceptions that prove the rule. I think this a terrible pity for it cuts across some of my basic ideas as a producer. This goes back to the limits on Radio One, unfortunately—the simpler the record the better chance it stands of getting played.

"And I'm honestly sure that the blues thing won't be as big as one hears from the experts. There's much too much of the trend of coming down to earth and simply looking for entertainment as such. I'll predict that a lot of record companies will lose a lot of money by pressing on with the underground scene; they promote heavily but still lose out. I don't want to be nasty about this but I doubt if much more will be heard of people like Arthur Brown or Brian Auger's Trinity—that kind of thing which has registered with singles just once or twice."

Since 1962, when Mark first came to London he has somehow "found" himself involved in just about every aspect of the business. He has few regrets about the failures of things like *Teenage Opera*, which promised so much, was so costly—yet simply didn't really get off the ground after the early hit single. "To be hung up over some personal fancy is just plain unprofitable. And all producers are in the business to survive and succeed . . . that's what I've now found out for sure."

P.G.

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AMPLIFICATION
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leviathan rise from the deep



JUDY Collins, the Doors, David Ackles, the Incredible String Band, Tom Paxton, John Koerner, Earth Opera, Clear Light, Ars Nova, Dave Ray, Election and Love. All on Elektra Records. The most recent addition to this impressive list is Leviathan, an English group who are only the third home-bred signing on Elektra's books.

The band has been together for over a year, although they didn't become Leviathan until January. The four members are Stuart Hobday, vocals; Roger McCabe, bass; Roscoe Murphy, drums; and Brian Bennett, guitar. Stuart and Roscoe are responsible for most of the material, and their first album is now in preparation.

They joined Elektra "after sending demos of some of our numbers to Clive Selwood, head of the company over here," Stuart explained. "He was very pleased with them, and consequently sent them to the States, to see what Jac Holzman thought."

"For the seal of approval," Roscoe added. "We weren't going for a recording contract deliberately. We just wanted to get the band together under the new name, with another manager and agency."

accepted

Stuart said that Holzman accepted the group pretty near straight away. "He listened and liked. Clive said it would probably take six weeks before we heard from him, but he rang within a week and said he wanted an album from us. We still had one or two avenues opening up, so we didn't say 'yes' straight away. We went to see Clive who put the position to us in a little more detail. He said come back in a few days after you've thought about it, and let me know. So we thought, and told him we'd decided to do it."

"He was delighted," said Roscoe. "He was almost thanking us for being available. Obviously, we were just as pleased."

Top, left to right: Roscoe Murphy, Stuart Hobday. Bottom, left to right: Roger McCabe, Brian Bennett.

"Then we talked the record situation over," explained Stuart. "Clive thought as we were a new group, it was best to get a single out fairly quickly, so we did some rough tracks at Jones' studio in Modern, and managed to get three numbers down. It would have been more, but there was a film crew there who told us to repeat everything we were doing. From these demos, we got *Remember The Times*, which sounded commercial. So we did a finished track at I.B.C., to give it a bit more drive."

powerful

The record comes out about the same time as this issue. Subtly powerful, with strong, clever lyrics, Stuart felt . . . "that we hadn't made it to be a hit parade record. We just want to establish the group in its field."

"Although it's commercial enough to be played a few times," Roscoe added.

The band know their capabilities, and keep their song structures balanced with their sound. They have a wide range of influences. Stuart said: "I may see something on TV — maybe an evocative film about Biafra, or a play. It may not register immediately, except as a type of emotion, but perhaps a couple of days later the original idea may suggest something else."

Roscoe thinks Elektra has made him more profound about his own lyrics. "Since I've been with them, I've been far more conscious of my material. I'm more schooled now, and think about it more. Before joining Elektra, I just wrote when I felt like it. There wasn't quite the same meaning."

Leviathan are being looked after by Dave Robson at the moment. "He's helping all he can," said Stuart, "although it's not that official. He's also got Mike Hart and the Spirit of John Morgan, so we're in the right hands. He and Clive have really taken the immediate problems off our backs."

Watch out for Leviathan. It's not going to be a quick promotion, and a quick death.

m.c.

"THEY like us in the States. They don't like us here." So said Jeff Beck before going on stage for the first time in seven weeks at the Toby Jug at Tolworth in Surrey—which just shows how wrong people can be about their own performance.

There were the traditional cries of "More!" from an audience packed together far tighter than rush-hour travellers as the group left the stage after an hour's powerful music. The highspot was the new-style version of *Shapes Of Things*. If fans of the Yardbirds as of old have reservations about the new *Shapes* on the Beck LP *Truth*, then hear it live.

"It is really a live number," said Jeff, "and we do play to please people. Records come after that. So many groups aim at good records first and they disappoint people when they come and see them." But there was no disappointment at Tolworth with Jeff back on his home Surrey turf and his father in the audience. "He doesn't play round here often," said Mr. Beck senior, "so I've not heard him very much. But I've got all his records."

Beck Junior has been around on the British scene for a long time now. When British R and B was getting off the ground around 1963 with the Stones, the Yardbirds and Manfred Mann building up a strong following for this music in the south of England clubs, Jeff was at the centre of it. He played a lot at Eel Pie Island, with a group called the Night Shift.

Then when Eric Clapton left the Yardbirds Jeff joined them and sides like *Heartful Of Soul*, *Over Under Sideways Down* and *For Your Love* still stand up to repeated playing today. After leaving the Yardbirds at the end of 1966 he formed his own group producing that fine first coupling *Hi Ho Silver Lining* and *Beck's Bolero* (which is on *Truth*).

Jeff was not too keen on releasing the LP in Britain, although it has sold very well here. "I'd rather have sat on it," he says. "I didn't want it to come out, sell for a while and then die on us. It's really material for the States where it's sold a quarter of a million."

Truth probably had a lot to do with the group's good showing in *Beat's* poll where Jeff came fourth in the lead guitarist section and Rod Stewart, Nicky Hopkins, Mick Waller and Ron Wood were all well up in their respective



sections. Jeff also picked up another award for 1968. The US magazine *Rolling Stone* gave him their Erect Left Nipple Award saying the group was "the best thing from England with the exception of Traffic."

In fact he prefers the American music scene to Britain's: "They like us over there for some reason, perhaps it's our deodorant. It's better playing in the States. You play somewhere for two nights and then move on, not like this place where you shoot off somewhere for one night and then have to come back again.

"American audiences are good now.

At one time they were nostalgic. They'd be yelling for *Smokestack* and we'd have to do it, but now they are more prepared to hear new stuff. The group scene is different over there."

Jeff is quite a veteran of the US scene, having toured half a dozen times with the Yardbirds and twice with his own group. And now he's over there again for six weeks with the Small Faces and Julie Driscoll.

Without a doubt he will find that the Americans still like them. Let's hope that when they return they will play here a little more, because it's not true Jeff. They do like you here. M.H.

L.P. REVIEWS

MIXED BAG



RICHIE HAVENS
VERVE FORECAST
SVLP 6008

This Richie Havens album released well before *Something Else Again* in the States, although it's just been issued here. It's the same formula, although he has become a stronger voice for the black people since this was first released. His coarse, moving voice commands a lot of attention, and intensifies the pointed, dramatic songs, which take several hearings to reveal their objective. I find Richie Havens one of the few singers who can raise an immediate emotion, and keep it on a plane for a complete album. That is his contribution, and our prerogative.

Side One: High Flyin' Bird; I Can't Make It Anymore; Morning, Morning; Adam; Follow.
Side Two: Three Day Eternity; Sandy; Handsome Johnny; San Francisco Bay Blues; Just Like A Woman; Eleanor Rigby.

RHINOCEROS



RHINOCEROS
ELEKTRA EKS 74030

A very impressive first album from this American Elektra band. Rhinoceros, I am told, indicates heavy music. But what is heavy music? The All-Star Wrestling Psychedelic Music Band? It sounds to me like a strong soul-influenced group powering their way through their own material with as much fury as they can muster. The voices are superb, particularly on *When You Say You're Sorry*, and they do an excellent impersonation of Booker T. and the M.G.'s on *Apricot Brandy*. Sugar Pie Desanto's *You're My Girl* is admirable. It's nice to see a white band jumping into soul music without reservation, and doing it this well.

Side One: When You Say You're Sorry; Same Old Way; Apricot Brandy; That Time Of The Year; You're My Girl (I Don't Want To Discuss It).
Side Two: I Need Love; I've Been There; Belbuekus; Along Comes Tomorrow; I Will Serenade You.

ELECTRIC MUD



MUDDY WATERS
CHESS CRLS 4542

A high-pressure, show-biz machine album that Chess Records forced Muddy Waters to make. Everyone hates it. I think it is the best thing he has ever done. As a singer, Muddy Waters is limited; as a song-writer, he is lucky (*I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man?*—Master Ernest Lough wouldn't even get away with that). It's taken the money-grabbers to get him together, although, I'm afraid, he is a fairly insignificant part of an album which is dominated by a whining guitar and a bunch of great session men. They do his songs with guts, and £9 10s. in their pockets, and Muddy sounds unsure and worried. And despite all, it's bloody good.

Side One: I Just Want To Make Love To You; I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man; Let's Spend The Night Together; She's All Right.
Side Two: I'm A Man (Mannish Boy); Herbert Harper's Free Press; Tom Cat; Same Thing.

A NEW TIME — A NEW DAY



CHAMBERS BROTHERS
DIRECTION 8—63451

The vibrant gospel sound of the Chambers Brothers comes round once again on this, their second album. Full of powerful voices over a less solid backing, they attack soul standards like *I Wish It Would Rain* and *Rock Me Mama* and take them right back to the gospel roots. Gospel music is no longer considered an old hat, quick trip to soul stardom, and the Brothers perform it better than most. Remember that Sam Cooke, Eddie Floyd, Otis Redding, Diana Ross Little Richard and a whole host of others came from gospel. The Chambers Brothers have stayed right there with it.

Side One: I Can't Turn You Loose; Guess Who; Do Your Thing; Where Have All The Flowers Gone; Love Is All I Have; You Got The Power—To Turn Me On.
Side Two: I Wish It Would Rain; Rock Me Mama; No, No, No, Don't Say Goodbye; Satisfy You; A New Time—A New Day.

A PORTRAIT OF RAY



RAY CHARLES
STATESIDE SSL 10269

"For those who care enough to want the very best . . . here is the genius of Ray Charles at his very best." Those nice words introduce us to this fine Ray Charles album. I'm sure everybody would like to see Ray Charles raving again, and sometimes he really does nearly make it on this album. Nice professional orchestrations lever a lot of the Charles sound to the background, but he is an artist intelligent enough to do the best for himself, and obviously realises the commercial appeal of the really big band sound. Fingers crossed for a live album next time.

Side One: Never Say Naw; The Sun Died; Am I Blue; When I Stop Dreamin'; Tha's A Lie.
Side Two: I Won't Leave; A Sweet Young Thing Like You; The Bright Lights & You Girl; Understanding; Eleanor Rigby; Go On Home.

AMAZING ADVENTURES OF



LIVERPOOL SCENE
RCA SF 7995

At long last, Adrian Henri and the Scene are on record. A totally unique group, this is a record unlike anything you'll have heard before. It is a mixture of group numbers, poems, songs from Andy Roberts and Mike Hart (now working as a solo singer) and the odd word of wisdom from John Peel, the producer. Some of it doesn't work out as well as it might—some is brilliant. I like particularly *Universes*, with Adrian and strange sounds, Andy's instrumental *Burdock River Run*, and the overwhelming *Happy Burial Blues*. If you haven't got stereo headphones—buy them for this record if nothing else.

Side One: Tramcar to Frankenstein; Che Guevara (Pt. 1); Gliders, Parks; Burdock River Run; Che Guevara (Pt. 2); Universes.
Side Two: Batpoem; Che Guevara (Pt. 3); Percy Parslow's Hamster Farm; Happy Burial Blues; Palms; Che Guevara (Pt. 4); Love Story.

BY JOHN FORD

FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE



STEVIE WONDER
TAMLA MOTOWN
11098

A very composed and professional Stevie Wonder can now sing anything he cares to turn his hand to. On this album he belts through *For Once In My Life*, *God Bless The Child* and *Sunny*, and matches them with recent hits like *Shoo-Be-Doo* and *You Met Your Match*. The interesting thing is that he changes the songs to his own style, rather than let them dominate him. But the disappointment is that, although they're very good, he has to include the oldies. Surely there's enough recent material for him to record? But that doesn't detract from his great performance.

Side One: *For Once In My Life*; *Shoo-Be-Doo-Be-Doo-Da-Day*; *You Met Your Match*; *I Wanna Make Her Love Me*; *I'm More Than Happy (I'm Satisfied)*; *I Don't Know Why*.
Side Two: *Sunny*; *I'd Be A Fool Right Now*; *Ain't No Lovin'*; *God Bless The Child*; *Do I Love Her*; *The House On The Hill*.

WHAT WE DID ON OUR HOLIDAYS

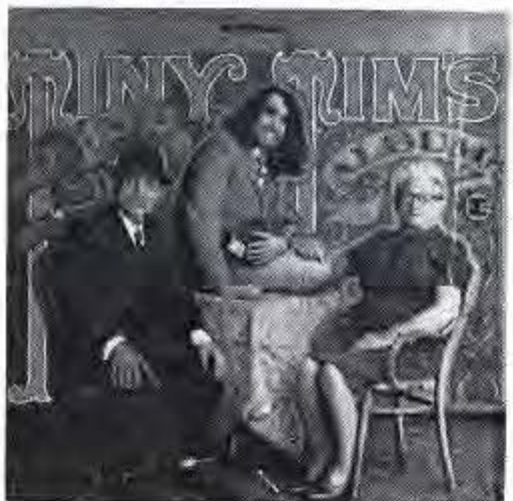


FAIRPORT CONVENTION
ISLAND ILPS 9092

Despite a tendency for a few of our best bands to indulge in producing one album for several months, and then release it when it's not really representative of what they do any more, some, like the Fairports, get things done when they're good and let us judge the results. This is their second LP, better than the first, but it's a studio improvement, and a more professional outlook. I am yet to recover from the superb *Meet On The Ledge*, although all the other numbers are well chosen and flow in unity. The whole group is excellent, and one cannot fault anything they do at present.

Side One: *Fotheringay*; *Mr. Lacey*; *Book Song*; "The Lord Is In This Place . . . How Dreadful Is This Place"; *No Man's Land*; *I'll Keep It With Mine*.
Side Two: *Eastern Rain*; *Nottamun Town*; *Tale In Hard Time*; *She Moves Through The Fair*; *Meet On The Ledge*; *End Of A Holiday*.

TINY TIM'S SECOND ALBUM



TINY TIM
REPRISE RSLP 6323

Enter Jac Moneybaum, record executive, and Tiny Tim. *Mr. Moneybaum*: Hey Tiny, make us an album. *Tiny*: Ooooooh, oooooh, oooh yes, yes, yes, oooh. *Mr. Moneybaum*: It'll make you a lot of money. *Tiny*: Oooooh, oooooh, yes, yes, oooooh. *Mr. Moneybaum*: And it'll make me a lot of money. *Tiny*: Yes, oooooh, deserved, oooooh, thank you, thank you, yes, oooh, oooh. *Mr. Moneybaum*: We'll call it Tiny Tim sings Elizabeth Arden. *Tiny*: Yes, yes, oooooh, oooooh, women, oooooh, yes, thank you.

Side One: *Come To The Ball*; *My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time*; *We Love It*; *When I Walk With You*; *Community*; *She's Just Laughing At Me*; *Have You Seen My Little Sue*; *Christopher Brady's Old Lady*.
Side Two: *Great Balls Of Fire*; *Neighbourhood Children*; *Can't Help But Wonder (Where I'm Bound)*; *It's All Right Now*; *Down Virginia Way*; *Medley - I'm Glad I'm A Boy*; *My Hero*; *As Time Goes By*.

LETTERS

Getting too complicated?

Sir,

Having only been to London once, in 1965 when there was a hazy-eyed worshipping of the new scene which produced new moves virtually every day, I complain about the direction of the scene.

Isn't it getting too complicated? Some groups try so hard it must make Dave Brubeck laugh as he is so good yet so simple and straightforward. The groups are leaving the ever-stupid public behind.

Everyone says we need something new and a lot of folk like the bomb. Right, then make with the bomb moves and then make with the new scene for the benefit of the kids living in 1,000 years' time. Contradiction: how can one obtain the Electric Flag LP—impossible to get in Cape Town, an outpost of the scene. Craving to hear it.

Stevie Farber,
Cape Town,
South Africa.

seems that talent now depends upon such abilities and also one's position in the power race — 1,000 watts today, tomorrow?

Surely it is the musical content that counts, but music is being sacrificed in the face of technical advances. Do today's audiences look for banks of the latest in high-power amplification being hammered by a lightly-strung Gibson — or do they want to listen to the music? Don't get me wrong, I have the utmost admiration and envy for Clapton, Bruce and Hendrix — but Eric Clapton is a musician even without a 200-watt Marshall.

Next time you hear *Crossroads*, instead of dreaming about the lightning fingers and super-sensitive Gibson pickups, try and feel what Eric is feeling, try to realise that the notes are coming from the heart, not a massive amp wound up to the top.

Stephen Narey,
Bingley, Yorks.

Group Therapy

Sir,

It is a great thing to feel as if you have been in on the birth of something very important in pop. I got the clear feeling when I saw Group Therapy yesterday at the Roundhouse that here was a band that can pump all the old life back into the one-nighter scene. Those two singers were too much—I found nothing to fault at all in anything they did. And the others, too. I've never seen anything like them. Let's hope that *Beat* will continue to cover new important groups like Group Therapy as it has in the past.

P. Roche,
Tranmere.

It's the music that counts

Sir,

It is only on rare occasions that I am inspired to write letters to magazines, but I feel I must express my opinion on a matter which has been receiving much publicity.

My point was finally brought home in the Peter Green column last month. It is a sad state of affairs when the ability to play 7,541 notes a minute should give one recognition as a guitarist. Not that I decry the ability of any artist to do so, but it



CARAVAN

There is an Eastern legend which tells of a young man who has a recurring dream about patterns. He sees lines, and colours, but can never join them together. The lines run wild, are never stable enough to form a base to weave any more than a disjointed criss-cross through a blur of dull colour. As the months pass, his frustrations grow more and more as his dreams never improve—indeed, they worsen into a continual nightmare which doesn't just come at night anymore. He is stricken during the day, until his mind is eventually blown, and then comes the moral.

His ideas are reversed, and he sees the colours and patterns as they really are—visions of his unbalanced past, and he thanks the Buddah for focusing his life as a useless nonentity, which he vows to correct in the future. Now his dreams are centred around his god, the waving arms of the Buddah, and it's dull shade of green. He rejoices, and is lauded as a man of great learning—a man who can separate all his thoughts to the bare core, able to see many different things at once, yet all within the framework of his mind. A complete separation, yet still together. Needless to say he was made ruler of his country, married a beautiful princess, and lived happily ever after, etc., etc.

I was listening to the first album by Caravan, when I was reminded of this story. Here was a group with a separation, and unity at the same time. The clearness of their sound is balanced by vocal work as powerful as their music permits, and it usually comes through as an extra instrument, recorded to fit the overall effect rather than be a dominant force.

Caravan was formed from the basis of a Canterbury group, the Wilde Flowers, who also gave us the Soft Machine. Canterbury is a changing city. Apart from the historical mainpoint of the cathedral, it offers virtually nothing. And, until now, the group scene in this area, or even Kent, has been almost non-existent for real talent. In fact, the only band which made any impact during the past few years were Bern Elliott and the Fenmen, although Mick Jagger, and a couple of the Pretty Things were born in Dartford.

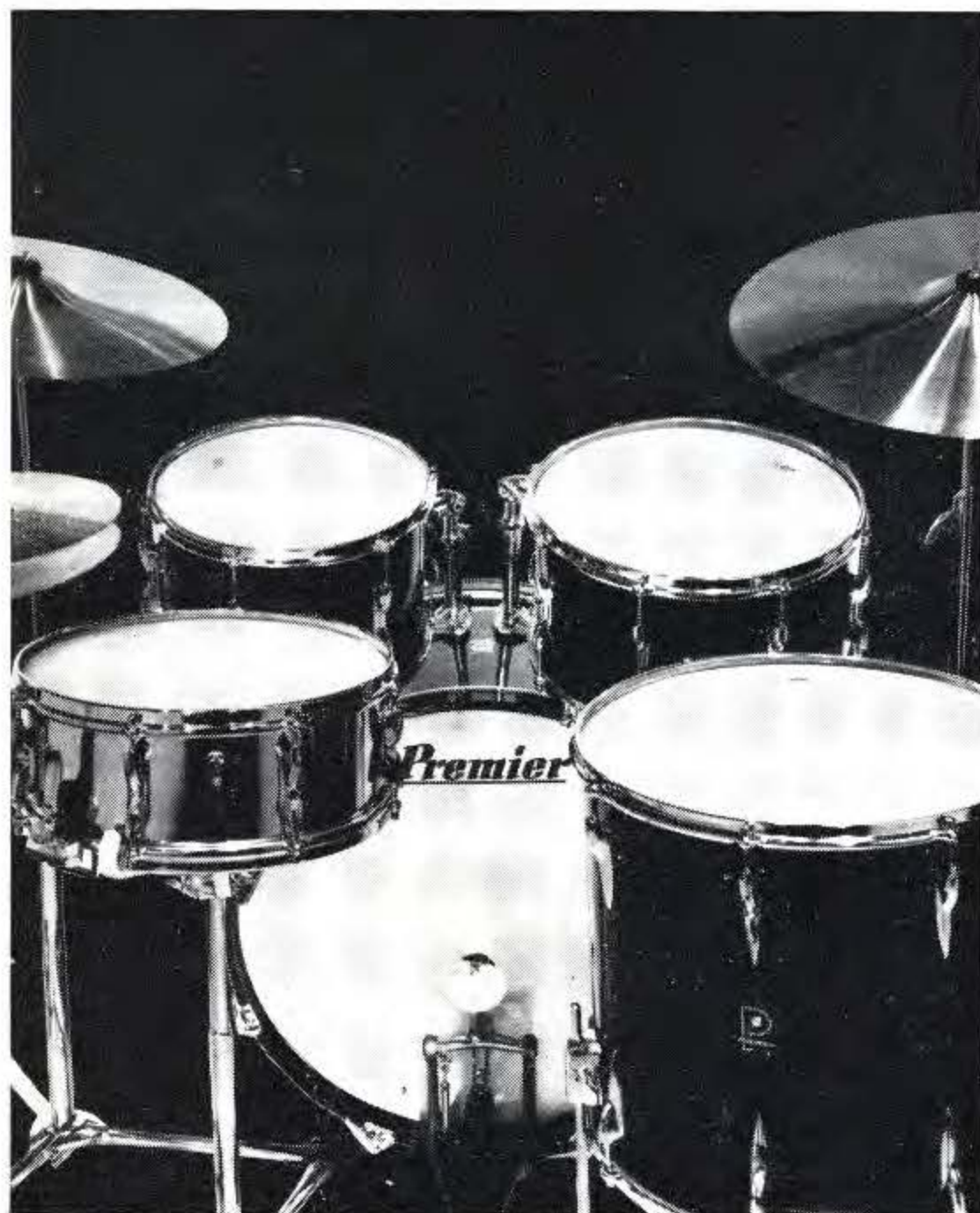
Having lived in Kent for the past 13 years, it is particularly pleasing from a native's point of view. I used to go to school with Dave Sinclair, organist, vocalist with the group. But all I can remember is that he was a better high jumper than me. Dave's brother Richard is also in the group, along with drummer Richard Coughlan, and guitarist Pye Hastings.

Before they attempted to become a fully working band, Dave dug roads for a year to make money for equipment. He got himself enough to buy a Hammond, and they were away, working and rehearsing at a cottage in Graveney. They were heard by people important enough to get them a contract, and they joined MGM's Verve Forecast label, and made an LP with producer Terry Cox. It is one of the best things I have heard for some months. Dave didn't exactly spit on me when I told him my thoughts on their sound. But he didn't agree. "I feel it's very together. When we were rehearsing, our object was to create one thing—four musicians contributing their own ideas into the boundaries of the group. But if each member comes through to the extent

you suggest, it does give us more identity."

Their music, the different rhythms, the careful construction, and the immediate choruses, is all their own. They write their material, perform it with ingenuity, and enjoy it to the utmost degree. "All we've ever wanted to do," says Dave, impressing this upon me, "is to play how we feel, and to get accepted at the same time. If it had taken longer, well never mind. We didn't really ever doubt that we wouldn't get recorded, not even living in Kent, so with that stage passed, and a wider audience coming to us, we just hope it's not long before more and more people want to listen. Isn't that everybody's ambition in music?"

Please listen to this group, and forget that Kent is the "garden of England" and Canterbury is where "that cathedral and archbishop come from." It is the home of Caravan. One hopes they'll emulate the past. M.C.



driver's seat

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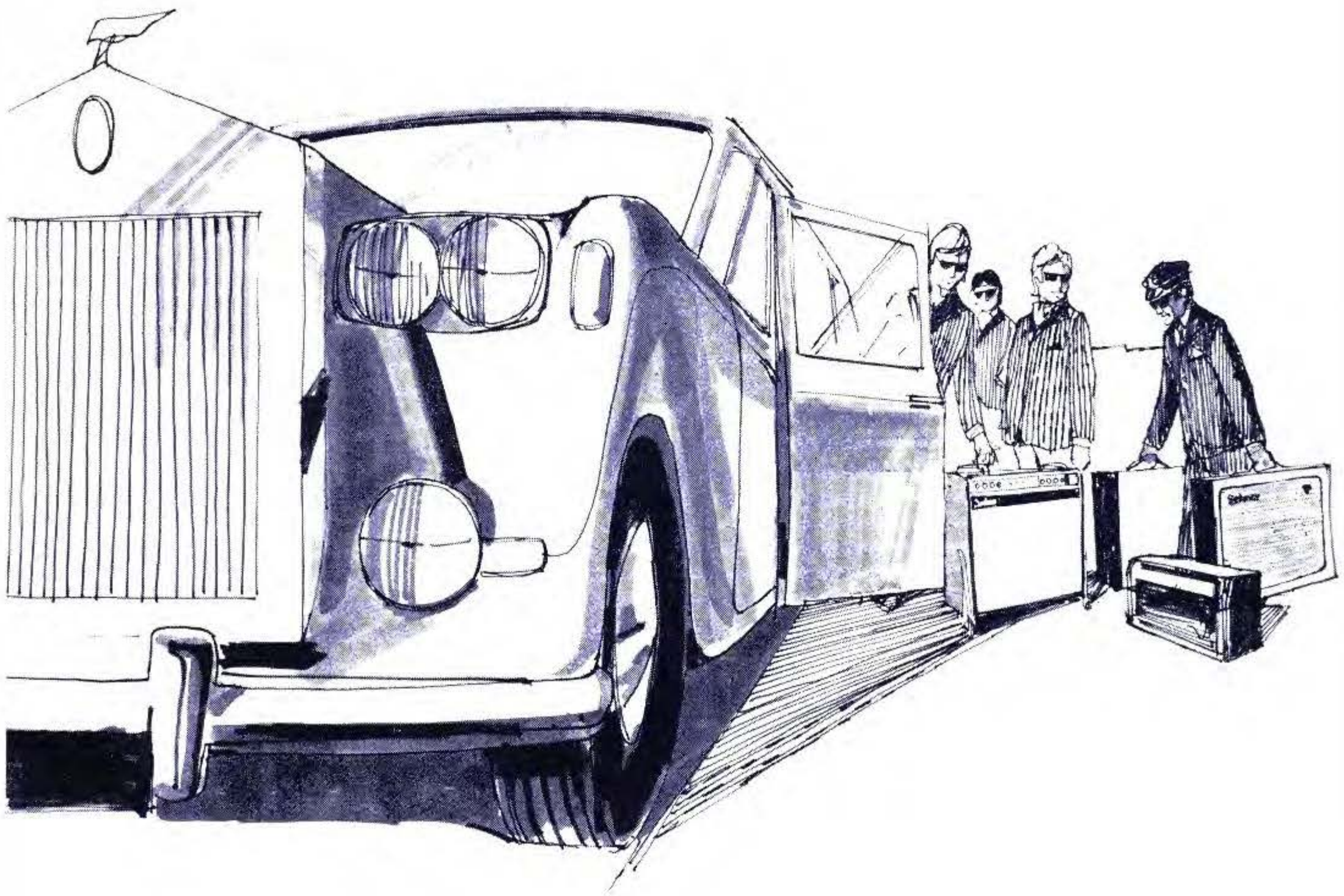
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