

DISC

and MUSIC ECHO 1s

APRIL 12, 1969

EVERY THURSDAY

Scott Walker and Tom Jones fans fight!

TURN TO PAGE 17



**Steve
Ellis's
mother
worries
about him.
Thousands
of girls
adore him.
Why?
Find out
on page 8.**

**NEW BOB DYLAN
LP: EXCLUSIVE
REVIEW: PAGE 15**

**INSIDE STEVIE
WONDER'S MIND
—SEE PAGE 9**

info

on this week's new releases from Decca

We welcome **ROY ORBISON** back to the singles scenes with a tender emotional ballad titled "My Friend". Roy sings beautifully over a country-flavoured guitar and rather sad strings. The whole sound is great, and this one should do very well for Roy, especially in view of his tour here. This is on London, number HLU 10261.



I'm sure you've seen **BILL ODDIE** on your TV or heard him on radio, so I don't have to tell you how funny he is. Proof of his funniness is a hilarious single on Decca—a fairly gentle spoof of one of our national celebrities—you've guessed it, "Jimmy Young". A heart-stirring song complete with housewives chorus and a recipe! The number is F 12903.

FRANK CHACKSFIELD & HIS ORCHESTRA provide some beautiful mood music for when you're in a beautiful mood. Or for putting you into one. "Blue lace" is a relaxed, dreamy orchestra number for late-night listening, on Decca, number F 12904.

KEEF HARTLEY was drummer in what used to be John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, a group that spawned a ridiculous number of musical giants. He has an album out at the moment which is going like crazy, and the style of his music is really progressive pop verging on jazz. The single, "Leave it till the morning" is not from the album, and stands out as a very brilliant number, with an insistent guitar riff and punchy brass. On Decca, the number is DM 250.

STEVE MONTGOMERY of the deep deep voice sounds relaxed and at home with a big moody ballad produced by Gordon Mills. The title is "You've still got a place in my heart" and if this one doesn't carve itself a place in the charts, I'll be very surprised. On Decca, F 12902.

Although **RAY STEVENS** has a lot of devoted admirers in the U.K., he hasn't yet had the big chart success he deserves. His new single, "Gitarzan", looks like changing all that. Ray is a song-writer, singer, musician and producer, and comes up with some utterly amazing lyrics. Listen to this one on Monument MON 1033.

You might not have heard of **RAY BARRETTO** but you soon will, especially if Latin Soul is your thing—Ray's your man "Acid" is so Latin it's practically jungle, bursting with booming congas and biting brass. Very hot stuff, on London HL 10261.

Look out for Info next week

DECCA group records

45 rpm records

Meet the man who helped Cliff to look so sharp



MEET THE MAN dubbed as the Beatles' personal poet... Dougie Millings.

This might seem surprising since Dougie Millings is most commonly known as the showbiz tailor. It's positively "out" not to be in a Millings suit for important appearances, but one of the many Millings adjectives is composing verse about everyday subjects.

The Beatles, who have long been his clients, got to hear of his flair for poetry and asked to see some of his writing. And now it is not uncommon to walk into his shop in London's Great Pulteney Street and see Paul McCartney engrossed in the latest Millings literary efforts.

"Paul has sat for hours in the shop reading my poetry," says Dougie, who has been dressing the Beatles since they started. It was he who dreamed up the idea of the round-necked collarless jackets, he who took them on to the velvet-collared jackets which he called the Peter Pan style, and he who then introduced them to "the stripy, double-breasted scene."

"I must have made them around 600 suits," he says, "but, of course, they don't dress as such now."

Today, he says, his best clients are Tom Jones and Engelbert Humperdinck, who pay approximately £80 for one of Dougie's esteemed and individually cut suits. But his first client in the pop world was Cliff Richard.

Before the war I had been a part-time pop singer with the Al Berlin band in London and many of the musicians I had known in those days had since become agents. One was Trio Burns who stopped me in the street one day in 1958 and told me he had a great young singer and would I like to make him a suit for his first show.

The singer was Cliff and I made him a white sharkskin suit, with a black satin shirt and tie. He's kept coming back to me over the years and there was the one time when he was in Glasgow, I was in London and we agreed each to get on a train and meet up at Carlisle where I fitted him for a new suit on the platform at midnight.

"Cliff, though, was the first of my showbiz clients and they quickly started following him into my shop. Adam Faith, Marty Wilde, Tommy Steele, Eden Kane, John Leyton, Mike Sarne... they all came."

Indeed, when the Beatles began the group boom, Dougie even allowed groups to rehearse in the cellar of his shop while he fitted them for suits. "I really never know who will walk into my shop next," he says—and his shop is decorated with dozens of photographs of the stars in their suits to prove it.



He puts his remarkable reputation down to three factors. "I think young and many of my customers seem to be between 17 and 25, my prices are competitive and I make clothes quickly. I've made suits for the Beatles on the same day as they ordered them, before now."

And there can be few people in my position who still cut the suits themselves, perhaps because I regard my work primarily as a craft, rather than merely to make money.

Dougie, who says he's "around fifty," was born in Manchester, but was off to Scotland within two hours of his delivery where he stayed until he was 19. "I got apprenticed to the royal tailors in Edinburgh's Princes Street, then came south to make my fortune."

He came to London as a cutter by day and singer by night before the war intervened. Afterwards, it wasn't until 1957 that he set up his own business and had the good fortune to be commissioned by Cliff.

Today solo singers provide most of his showbiz market. "The kids today scoff at the group suit." Yet what looks nicer than four members of a group in the same smart uniform? The Shadows were very sharp dressers, but kids laugh at that expression. I suppose the one really smart group that springs to mind today is the Hollies."

But above all the Beatles are his favourites and Paul in particular. "They were always complaining that their trousers weren't tight enough. It was quite incredible. I used to think that these trousers couldn't fit any human leg until one day Paul found he couldn't get his trousers on. 'That's a good fit,' he told me. And he meant it."



ENGELBERT backstage: whistling is banned in his dressing room—just for luck

IT is quite possible that in a hundred years, Engelbert Humperdinck will be remembered as the Rudolph Valentino of the 60's.

Since the newcomer with the long name topped the Beatles' "Penny Lane" from number 1 with "Release Me" on March 4, 1967, Engelbert's route to the Hall of Fame has been quite a simple and direct one.

Now he ranks with the Sinatras, Presleys and Jones's of this era, as anyone who has been among the capacity audiences of his current tour will tell you.

For while some tours don't pull in the crowds as they used to, Engelbert has filled theatres from Glasgow to Plymouth.

Engelbert enjoys touring. He enjoys meeting the fans, and feels he owes them a "live" appearance rather than relying on TV.

Last week in his dressing room at the New Theatre, Oxford, Engelbert still looked remarkably bright and healthy, despite three gruelling weeks on the road and a sore throat.

"I felt this cold coming on yesterday," he whispered wielding an evil-smelling throat spray, "so I got the doctor to give me a shot to ward off whatever was on the way because we do have a heavy schedule and I don't want to miss any dates."

Onstage half an hour earlier, Engelbert's voice had been every bit as good as usual—it

by CAROLINE BOUCHER

would be again for the second performance—but only by nurturing it along in between shows and conversing in a whisper.

We continued our conversation between puffs of throat spray and sips of medicinal brandy and port.

"If I ever feel a little bit low, I always call my doctor for some vitamin injections. Because there's no doubt about it, you can't eat the right foods and sleep the right hours in this business. You just have to snatch whatever you can get. We just don't have a normal life."

Why then, with a seven-bedroom, three-bathroom house in Weybridge (plus a swimming pool and a sauna bath) does Engelbert work to such a heavy timetable?

At the end of his tour in early April he leaves for appearances in Las Vegas, Chicago and Toronto and then returns to start a 12-week summer season in Yarmouth.

And no time for a holiday, although his wife and children are at present holidaying in Malta and will come with him to Yarmouth.

"I must be wicked you know," says Engelbert, "because there's no rest. I have to do it. If you're in this business it's a dedication, and as long as you have an odd day off it's all right."

"On my days off I just lounge around at home and watch the TV and the home movies."

Being at the top of a profession could be precarious for some, having to worry about the success of records and having the tenacity to stay there. Engelbert appears unruffled.

"I can't just release a song and say 'Let's forget about it,' because if the public don't like it they won't buy it, whoever you are. It all depends on the song."

"I don't think being a big top name means every record will get into the chart. You can't fool the public in that direction."

"The future doesn't worry me—I've left it entirely in the hands of my manager and agent, I feel fairly confident in their ability to guide me in the right direction."

Doesn't the mind being channelled and directed by other people? The answer was emphatic:

"Everybody needs direction—look at Elvis Presley and his manager Colonel Tom Parker."

As far as ambitions are concerned, one would imagine Engelbert had fulfilled all his—but he hasn't.

"Ambition is a funny word—especially in showbusiness. You start off by saying 'my ambition is to sing at the London Palladium' and then when you have done that you say it's to have your own television show. And so it goes on."

"But I have one ambition left—and that's filming. I'd like to be a serious actor with the romantic dramatic touch. I haven't done any

acting so I wouldn't know what it's all about yet, but I think if you're a singer and performer, you don't need much to push you in that direction."

It was nearly time for Engelbert to go on stage again. His road manager, Tony Carwright, took an immaculate dinner suit off its hanger for him.

"No," said Engelbert. "I'll wear my lucky suit tonight." And the dinner suit was exchanged for a slightly older looking one.

"I've got some 30 dinner suits and I still prefer that one."

It is just one of Engelbert's superstitions. He always enters on to the stage from the left and leaves on the right, and he won't let anyone whistle in his dressing room.

"I was talking to Frankie Vaughan the other day. He won't wear live flowers."

Outside in the audience the excitement was growing. What did it feel like to step on to the stage to be met by a barrage of screams? To take off your jacket and tie and have the women nearly fainting?

"I think it's very flattering. The sex bit everyone always seems to be going on about—but it's not that sexy is it? It's just a part of the thing, it helps the act along. I want to take my jacket off because it's hot, and I feel it's a little bit of entertainment in the eyes of the people."

"I think my sort of mixed age audience is the best you can possibly encounter. An all-age group audience is a foundation—it stays with you."

"An audience of one-age group only grows up and forgets about you."

A GROUP of schoolteachers called the Tring Glee Singers are sweating over two gospel numbers in the basement studios at Thames TV, Teddington.

I think I have walked onto the wrong set because there are twelve technicians, a motley assortment of extras, set assistants, floor managers and it looks like they are mid-way through a play.

Yes, I am informed by a technician, this is the "Opportunity Knocks" set—on a wet Sunday at 3 p.m.

They have been hard at it for over a day now and everyone looks tired and pretty bewildered. Except the floor manager who is very young and in control.

Hughie Green is not there. His assistant, a stunning woman in her mid-30's called Doris, says he's in the building "in conference with the sponsors."

"He likes to have a chat to them before rehearsals, to make them feel at home."

"Opportunity Knocks" has been going now for over 12 years, in the face of stiff commercial competition. Its success has been a stunner. "Especially," says cheery producer Len Marten, "as we're the Cinderella show at Thames." Len has been on it for 18 months and is small with receding red hair and a beard. He calls everyone sweetie.

On the floor the Tring lot are in thundering form. A lady extra in an orange beret thinks her job is over and gets up to leave. "No, no," shouts the floor manager and she falls back into her seat.

The programme is unique. Viewers' figures are over 20,000,000 every week, and they have launched hundreds of promising newcomers to success.

Their most famous prize was the discovery of Mary Hopkin, but they have put Linda Kendrick, the Casuals, the Whales and comedians Freddie Davis and Les Dawson before the cameras for the very first time.

"I remember that little blonde girl who did 'Turn Turn Turn' that dreadful rainy day in a Cardiff church hall," recalls Len, whose unenviable job it is to spend three months of every year auditioning acts all over the country. It was Mary Hopkin.

"And now," says the floor manager pretending to be Hughie, "for Thomas O'Hara"—breathless pause—"Opportunity Knocks."

Mr O'Hara, a sprightly little man in his 60's, leaps to the piano. His wife, a sweet faced blonde

lady in a blue two-piece, looks on proudly as he charges away at boogie speed in his cloth cap and braces then stuns us all by leaping up and with amazing agility executing a tap dance mid-way through.

Anna McGoldric — so far the closest contender for the Mary Hopkin title because she's won six times in a row—walks past in a sweater and skirt, her side curls held flat with two silver grips. She is Irish and a great favourite on the set, where she seems totally calm and at home. She's the old times of all the artists gathered on Sunday and not a nerve passes over her face.

"Of course not all the people who appear have a chance of doing anything afterwards," says Len. "A little man from a farm- yard in Norwich who makes imitations of pigs and sheep doesn't stand a chance. But when he goes home to the farm—he's a star."

Nevertheless every Tuesday morning, after the show goes out, the switchboard is jammed with agents who want to book artists who have appeared.

Roy and Julie are next. Roy is a magician who looks handsomely Chinese in evening dress, Julie wears silvery tights, Roy's stars are doves—but they are nowhere to be seen.

"No, we haven't got the birds," the floor manager copes with the control room. "They're a bit frisky in daytime—they'll start flying off and things." Disgruntled yells from above.

They break for tea at 3.40. When they return Hughie Green comes on the set in a green sweater and suit. He looks tired and doesn't smile. Doris goes off to talk about false fringes he's using for a gimmick, tutting under her breath.

A small pandemonium breaks out as Pat Ferris, a blonde with long legs who sings "Embraceable You" in husky tones, has come to dress rehearsals in a black cocktail dress.

"Pat, you've got a much better figure than that dress suggests, sweetie," says Len glaring at her now flattened frontage, and she goes off to return in a clingy silver number that brings sighs from the technicians.

"Opportunity Knocks" is got together a month in advance. The show starts with a casting meet-

'For Fanny Gluck of Oldham - Opportunity Knocks'

EVERY WEEK
20 MILLION PEOPLE
HEAR HUGHIE GREEN
SAY WORDS
SIMILAR TO THESE.
PENNY VALENTINE
REPORTS FROM
THE STUDIO



World's most genial host —HUGHIE GREEN with the show's biggest hit to date MARY HOPKIN

surprises. He remembers a girl last year who came on and was brilliant. He thought she'd win hands down. "She'd sung with Stan Kenton and Tommy Dorsey in America and she just sent chills down my spine."

"When the voting came in—well I wouldn't like to tell you how many votes she got."

Three girls in Green's office are especially there to collate letters, send out entry forms and tickets to the show for friends and relations of the artists. The votes are counted, for obvious exhaustive reasons, by old-age pensioners and part-time workers.

Back on set the Little People are doing a version of the Association's "Time For Living" with great verve.

Today the acts are fairly standard. But the programme is noted for its rare finds—like the man who suspended himself in a sack from a blazing rope, the man who stunned everyone by playing an ivy leaf, and muscleman Tony Holland who moved his muscles intime to "Wheels—Cha Cha."

"When you go to auditions," says Len, "you never know what you'll meet—but you treat them all kindly."

His favourite memory is of the girl who, when auditions were held at Chelsea Barracks in London, said she could extricate herself from a tied sack in three minutes.

"Twenty minutes later she was still writhing about on the floor and I'd auditioned five other people," says Len.

For all anyone knows she may still be there.

ing. Doris, Hughie, Len and the other producer Robert Fleming chew over the files to get the right balance of acts. It can take one long exhausting day and then Doris has to check that people are still able to come and a sponsor can be found. If not, everything has to be re-planned. You can't have two groups and three soloists, or three musclemen and two comedians—the programme has to appeal to everyone.

"We give them the best," says Hughie Green in his office later. It is his idea, his show and he got it originally from a programme he did in California called "Meet The People."

"We have the best orchestra we can." At the moment it's Bob Sharples, but Stanley Black and Steve Race have also been bred at the "Opp Knocks" stable.

"My people have to be sympathetic towards the artist. They have to be aware

that Fanny Gluck from Oldham who's never sung with anything but an out of tune pub piano in her life will be nervous. If they don't treat her properly they're out."

Hughie Green thinks the reason for the programme's amazing popularity is that it's the only outlet for unknown talent on TV. "They'd never get a break if we didn't do something."

Although he's been with the show since its birth he still gets

YOU might find it odd that Hank B. Marvin—bastion and cornerstone of early pop music—is admired and hailed by such long haired musicians as Jimi Hendrix and Fleetwood Mac's Peter Green.

Equally surprising is that the admiration is mutual. For the ex-Shadows with the short hair and big specs is a great fan of current Underground music. He will even go so far as to wistfully say that he wishes he didn't look quite so conservative so he could play blues and be accepted.

"I've got a very wide musical appreciation," says Hank, "and I do like the so-called 'underground' blues. Privately I love to play this type of stuff because it's so interesting."

"But I won't get involved in the scene musically—it would be very difficult for me to be acceptable to the kind of people who enjoy underground music. Even if my guitar-playing was

accepted, I don't think I would be because I don't have long hair and wear wild clothes."

Far from fading into early retirement since the Shadows split up in December, Hank has been hard at work pursuing his solo career. His current single, "Goodnight Dick"—with strong Shadow overtones—is small proof of three busy months in the recording studios, and there's an album on the way in early May.

Also he's been doing a lot of writing. "Songwriting has been

Hank wants 'underground' acceptance

a large part of our income over the last eight years—now I have more time I want to concentrate more on it. There are a lot of good artists around I'd like to write songs for."

Then there's still the possibility that the Shadows might get together again to do an LP although, says Hank —"It's difficult because of the different attitudes and activities we now have."

Hank and Cliff are definitely getting together in the studios to do an album—with them sing-

ing in harmony on some of the wacks. Also Cliff and Hank have been approached to do a tour of Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore and Australia in September, but that still has to be discussed.

Anyway, there's no animosity between the Shadows members and Cliff—"We were getting very stale as a group."

When Hank started on his own he admitted it was strange.

"I was sad at first but afterwards excited at the challenge presented, because I couldn't hank any

more in the safety of four members. Now I have to start thinking as a solo artist in a slightly different way, and I've been doing better musically far better than I did for about 18 months."

And though he may seem to have been around for ages, Hank's still only 27, and is the first to assure you he's feeling younger.

"Age is merely a convenience to know when you can draw your pension, anyway," says Mr. Marvin.



Hank Marvin . . . getting together with Cliff

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"A series on make-up?" said Sandie Shaw, sitting in the hairdressers without a stetch of make-up on her face—"Oh good, you can tell me all the others' tricks."

But—if Sandie will pardon the expression — there's no teaching an old dog new tricks. Not that she is an old dog at all, but as far as make-up is concerned, there's nothing much Sandie doesn't know.

She sticks to her own rules on the subject, however contrary they are to the current trend, and couldn't care less if she's seen about in the day time when she hasn't got any make-up on.

Her self-appraisal of her face is:

"I've learned to live with it. Anyway it's not just a face it's an overall look that counts—it all mucks together.

"I always used to like soft looking ladies like Audrey Hepburn, but I suddenly realised I couldn't look like that because I've got such hard features, so I didn't try."

Hard features they may be, but Sandie is fortunate in having a good strong face with excellent bone structure and can quite easily get away with wearing no make-up.

"My skin's very sensitive, so I don't wear make-up during the day because I just feel irritated. So I only wear it in the evenings."

When she does reluctantly don make-up, her foundation is Germaine Monteil's (24s. 4d.) with translucent powder by Yardley (7s. 11d.) She shades the hollow under her cheek bones with Revlon's *Blush-On* (10s.) For lipstick she just uses a natural toned lip gloss.

Beauty



by
Caroline
Boucher

Sandie makes up her eyes just like a painter

Her eyes she does go to town on, because they are naturally small.

"They start off little pea eyes, and work up," she says. Gordon at Leonard (her hairdressers) taught her "a lot of little tricks" for her eye make-up, but when it comes to actually describing how she goes about making them up—she can't.

"I can't describe how I do it—it's just like painting," she says. She uses no eye-shadow, just highlights and shading in beiges, browns and skin colour. The darker shades to give depth and used above the eyelid to enlarge the eye, and the skin colours for highlighting. Her eyeliner is Revlon's block eyeliner that you mix with water (11s. 9d.) in either dark brown, brown or grey.

Mascara is just any ordinary type.

"I don't like heavy ones—

they make you look as if you've got nylon eyelashes rather than hair ones."

She uses false eyelashes for TV stage and evening wear, and is proud of the fact she's been wearing the same pair for a year now.

"They're not real hair ones, and you can wash them and they stay curled. I got them from a girl at the BBC—and I've been trying to get a pair like them for ages, but they don't seem to be in the shops. The BBC have stopped using them now as well."

Sometimes for television she uses Mary Quant's "Loads of Lash" that you buy in a great long piece and chop up. (49s. 6d.)

For television Sandie wears the same sort of make-up she would for evenings. "The more make-up you use on television the worse it looks."

But for stage—"I'm a pan-stick rebel." She hates the heavy greasy stage make-up, and maintains "it's just a matter of changing the colours, the same amount but darker shades because the lights take it out of your face."

Lastly cleansing: Sandie first washes her face with soap and water and then uses cleansing cream—and that's all.

"No night cream. There'd be a quick divorce if I did."

Girl stars talk about their faces

Next: Mary Hopkin

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Jethro Tull's Ian—afraid his appearance offends

Hollywood Scene



Judy Sims

MET Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull yesterday and talked for two hours. I liked him, and I felt he was much older than 21, but I'm still confused about him. He's different from other rock stars, that's certain.

He seems extraordinarily concerned that he might offend someone by his appearance . . . so concerned that he limits himself to the coffee shop across the street from his hotel because an unknown restaurant may house someone who might be offended . . . I haven't told it well, it makes him sound like a raving paranoid.

He's very straightforward and

outspoken about some things, like the apparent need for musicians to get together and jam and shower praise on each other. "When you know this is the most competitive business . . .

I mean, I know and they know that if we play on the same bill we'll try to blow each other off the stage, so why go through all that good-friends-who-can't-say-enough - ahut - each - other routine?"

He wasn't knocking friendship, merely commenting on the insecurities and well-meaning dishonesties around us. And he's very funny, as with his description of a New York "hero" sandwich which looked great but was all sodden and greasy and "molten Italian" on the inside.

I was in San Francisco again last weekend, but I'll spare you my exultant litanies to that city.

I went to Winterland, which is a huge indoor arena that Bill Graham (manager of the Fillmore) uses when he expects crowds larger than the Fillmore can hold. It was indeed crowded—it was Janis Joplin's San Francisco debut with her new band. The first group was Aum, an SF trio; second was the Savoy Brown Blues Band, which didn't sound like a blues band but more like a jazz band performing a few blues songs—I specially liked the guitarist. And then Janis came on.

She didn't flop, certainly not, this was her city and her crowd, but I was bored. Not offended, not turned off, just bored. Her new band, all seven pieces, is loud and "driving" (a favourite word of rock writers which simply means they play fast).

Janis sang at peak volume, seldom pleading her voice lower than a shriek. The second number was a driving instrumental followed by a driving vocal by the Negro sax player. Followed by a ballad by Janis delivered

in a slow shriek. I missed Big Brother, and I wonder if maybe Janis didn't miss Big Brother.

Jefferson Airplane news: they're recording their next album in San Francisco and tentatively plotting some way to present another pop festival . . . not a hype festival, but a real one like Monterey. In addition, bassist Jack Casady and lead guitarist Jorma Kaukonen (pronounced COW-kun-on) have just signed with RCA to produce two albums on their own—recording the first in San Francisco simultaneously with the Airplane album. They're not leaving the group, they're just expanding their activities.

Neil Diamond is getting very busy. He will soon start filming a musical version of "Scarabouche" in which he will star (he was once national fencing champion, so he won't need a double to wield a rapier) and for which he will write the score. He's also negotiating with a TV network for a series based on his unreleased album, "Brother Love's Travelling Salvation Show." Which is also the title of his new hit single.



Jonathan King

I HOPE you had a good Easter. Chocolate bunnies, gilded eggs with fondant centres, baby chickens, presents hidden in the garden and all that camp.

I've been inspired to write a treatise in favour of the pop world. Outsiders either don't know it or knock it as trivial or comment on it as sordid or simply kick out its jams. I sometimes do so myself. All the more reason for telling you why the pop world is so groovy and so exceptionally cuddly.

It is a warm and welcoming country filled with very happy people with smiles on their faces and sun in their hearts. They are happy because they are doing jobs they really dig doing. If they don't enjoy it they either get out or are pushed out or wander out accidentally and can't get back in again. Therefore, for whatever different reasons, deep in their souls they want whatever is best for the pop country and its inhabitants and the members of its large and merry family.

A lot of them are intelligent, some are creative, others merely after money. But the kernel attraction is love, because you can't achieve anything without a basic love for the media, and with the media come the people in it and the public who buy it and the listeners who hear it.

The attitude of the pop world is strangely open and frank. They respect honesty even if they don't always adhere to it (though a lot do, and those who don't enough for the wrong reasons don't always get forgiven). They have few if any inhibitions, they welcome new emotions and new morals. They laugh an awful lot (I've never laughed so much as in popland), they can smile and be serious, they don't know much about politics, but they'd love commercial radio, and they personally will slay any party elected which does not keep to its promises on this issue.

Popland is very tolerant, and tolerance is a gift from God. Its arms are open to very nearly everybody. It has very little pride (and pride is God's curse) though it sometimes pretends to have a lot, and stands up for its values with one hand on its gun and the other on its wallet.

It has no boundaries. All over the universe pop people cuddle and welcome pop people, of any race, colour or creed. It is not prejudiced, or biased or vicious. It is utterly classless.

They can be outrageous, colourful, grey, crinkled, furry, wrinkled, pink and giggly. They can be drunk, stoned, verbally inebriated, platitudinous, boring, wishful, pathetic and sweet. They can wear coats of many colours, Burton suits, Carnaby Street ties and frilly lace underpants. They can be strong and silent, weak and woolly, fresh and eager or old and defeatist.

Without doubt, it is the closest knit, the most exciting, the most up and down society built out of a business. I have ever come across. Everyone has to be alive and bouncing to be allowed in.

It's freaky and hard to analyse. Irregular and unpredictable.

And I love it.

Before I go to gather my chocolate fragments may I beg leave to replug current King fave raves? "Dizzy," "Dizzy," "Dizzy," Bill Medley and "This Is A Love Song," Creedence Clearwater—wait for 'em!

Forget the talk—just LISTEN to Tim Hardin!

SOMEONE walks up to you, hands you a record album, and says, "This may do for folk what 'Sgt. Pepper' did for rock." What is your first reaction? Probably never to play the album at all.

I hope, for Tim Hardin's sake, that fans and critics alike overlook the publicity talk on his first Columbia album and give it a listen. The album, "Suite For Susan Moore And Damion—We are—One, All In One," is being lauded as promising "to do for folk music what Sgt. Pepper did for rock" by Hardin's press agents.

There is some similarity between this album and the Beatles' effort since both are of a piece in content and presentation. But then, in a pop world of Beatles imitations, that's not something to brag about.

The album is dedicated to Hardin's wife and son and was recorded in Nashville and New York, and finished at Hardin's home in upstate New York. Tim sings several of the tracks to his own guitar and piano accompaniment, recites against musical setting, and uses a backup group.

The four selections of the actual suite are called "Implication I, II and III" and "End Of Implication." On the final track Hardin is joined in recitation by his blond wife Susan.

Hardin is now appearing in New York City at the Café Au Go Go in Greenwich Village.

This is his third club appearance here in the last year and must set some kind of record for him. In fact, Hardin, who in the past has often done a better disappearing act than Fred Neil, is doing many concert appearances in the coming months mainly on the East Coast.

Tim Hardin, like so many other folk figures of the early sixties, has a strong, loyal following and deserves to be heard. More than anyone else from that folk scene, he is potentially ready to break into the pop mainstream. I hope he does, but I don't think that bragging about an album before it is heard is going to help matters a great deal.

● American radio stations vary between rising excitement and absolute dullness. In New York City there are five major stations. Two are "AM" commercial Top Forty stations marked by high pressure talking, no dead air, constant commercial interruption, and the top singles being played over and over again. In contrast to this we have "FM" radio which is on

a different frequency band. A little over two years ago a great experiment got underway on "FM." A station called "WOR-FM" started playing progressive rock.

Long album cuts were played, the disc jockey was replaced by a "hip" radio announcer and the commercials were grouped every fifteen minutes.

Eventually WOR decided to quit the format and WNEW-FM took it over including the announcers: Rosko being the top man in town. Your Rosko was named after our Rosko.

Recently WNEW-FM hired me to become the first young person to have a show on commercial radio here. Rather than being an experienced disc jockey, I was simply from the music. This great experiment came to an end last week since I seemed to make everyone nervous by playing music that wasn't getting exposure.

Now WOR—I hope you can keep all the names straight—has come up with something new. A few weeks ago they played a 48-hour history of rock-n-roll. This was a combination of music, interviews, and facts about rock. It went on non-stop one weekend tracing the various forms of rock from the early roots. This same show has been played on the West Coast and will be played around the country.

New York Reporter



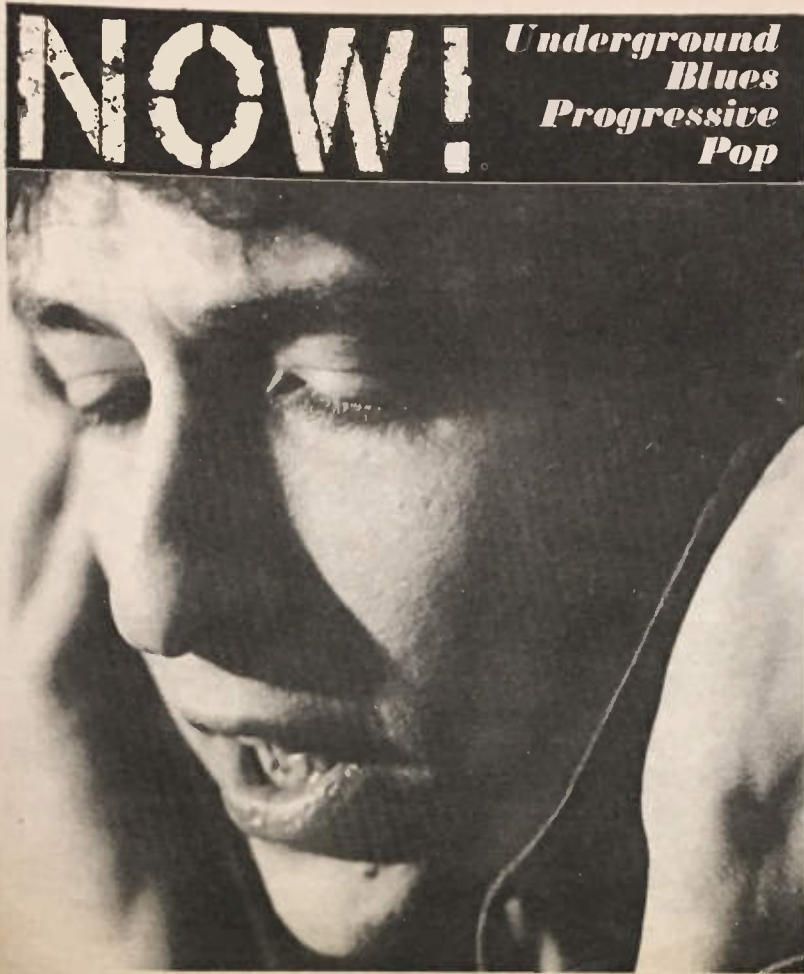
Richard Robinson

Although WOR is now a sort of very polished "AM" station, it looks as if they may consider adopting their rock history format all the time. In other words, they have decided that listeners may just be interested in what's happening behind the scenes as well as interested in hearing the top records of the day. This could very well be the biggest, most important move radio has made in this country for years.

● Back from Europe, Melanie will appear at the Troubadour in Los Angeles with Mason Williams and Dion during mid-April. Impressions new album features an incredible tell-it-like-it-is song called "Mighty, Mighty Spade And Whitley," which should cause a great deal of ruffled feathers, especially in the South. Sly and the Family Stone's equipment demolished by a train as their equipment man let up on the gas while driving across a railroad crossing. The equipment man went to the hospital, but is reported in good condition. Carolyn Franklin, Aretha's sister, is now recording on her own. "Lady Sing The Blues," a movie about the late Billie Holiday, is being filmed in New York. "98.6" man Keith back from the Army and recording. Nice ended their press party set at The Scene last week to the sound of "bravo" from the audience. . . .



Tim Hardin . . . loyal following and deserves to be heard



NEW DYLAN LP IS AN ABSOLUTE KNOCKOUT!

by HUGH NOLAN

sounding rich and full, on the intro, leading into a sorrowful country lament which is pure 1969. Rolling organ chords build up the mood. Easy, simple lyrics, so unlike the complexities of, say, "Ballad Of Frankie Lee And Judas Priest" on "John Wesley Harding."

"Peggy Day" — Strange, high quality on Dylan's vocals, and would you believe lines like: "By Golly, what more can I say, I'd rather spend the night with Peggy Day?" Jangling twangy guitar over compulsive "hick-rock" backing and the whole unbelievable thing is finished off with almost bar-room piano!

"I Threw It All Away"—One your mum will like! Desperate vocal over joggling hoofbeats with that wicked twangy guitar again. Quiet, rather strange country music and a beautifully-constructed song which oddly doesn't sound like a typical Dylan song at all.

"No Light Will Shine On Me"—Dylan the lonesome cowpoke, with a song which sounds as if it would be more at home round the campfire or at a barn-dance, with incisive twangy guitar. Except it's not mere

country music at all—he's taken the music and made something completely new out of it.

"Say It Isn't True"—like a cross between "Blonde On Blonde," "Big Pink" and Hank Williams, if you can imagine that. His voice sounds a lot like the "Loving You" Elvis Presley on this. Lovely organ and piano over an ultra-simple but perfect country backing.

"Country Pie" — highpowered country rock with fast happy twanging guitars. The lyrics are very much what you'd expect from Dylan if he was asked to write a typical C-n-W song.

"Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You" — A perfect little love story, sounding like yet another Saga From The Life Of Bob Dylan. A simple country tune building up with "Big Pink" organ into the fullest, richest and longest track on the album. Like all the songs, perfectly beautiful.

● "NASHVILLE SKYLINE" is scheduled for release here on CBS in the last week of April—only a week after the Americans get it, which is great news.

BOB DYLAN'S ninth album, "Nashville Skyline" is an amazing "all change" in the history of the most influential solo singer-song-writer of the 1960's.

Sneak hearing of the album (before its release either here or in the States) show that Dylan is farther into the country thing than ever before.

There's a duet—with country giant and close friend Johnny Cash; there's an instrumental, echoing the excitement of Flatt and Scruggs' "Bonnie and Clyde" theme "Foggy Mountain Breakdown," and several tracks which call to mind nothing more than the earliest (country) rock and roll, of Everly Brothers or Elvis Presley.

And then there's Dylan's voice, which has undergone an incredible transformation — most of the time you wouldn't even know it is Dylan without being told, which is not something you can say for his previous eight LPs.

That famous drawing, even snarling voice has mellowed, matured and deepened — so much so that at times it could be early Elvis Presley of "Loving You" days.

And his songs have gained in melody but lost (or at any rate become much simpler) in lyrics. Two years ago it would have been unthinkable for Dylan to repeat a line once—on "North Country Fair," the duet with Cash, the line "She once was a true love of mine" is repeated not once but SIX times!

But never mind: the songs themselves are such a gas that nearly every one would be a major hit if everyone hadn't bought "Nashville Skyline" first—and they will, because what the album has which a lot of Dylan's other work hasn't is the feeling that it's a hell of a lot of FUN!

It sounds as though Bob, Johnny Cash, the musicians, Bob Johnston the producer and anyone else who were in the studio at the time really enjoyed themselves doing it.

"John Wesley Harding," Dylan's last year album, turned the whole of progressive pop music onto a completely different course—country music. "Nashville Skyline" is also completely country, but so far into the genre that it's ridiculous, with everything from the country repertoire — from twangy guitars to hoofbeat rhythm—in there somewhere.

Track-by-track breakdown of the album which MUST sell more copies than any so far this year:

"North Country Fair" — the duet with Cash, with both voices sounding kinda deep and relaxed. Lyrics are languid, simple, unhurried and beautiful. Solid, shuffling rhythm with lovely tinkling guitar and heavily emphasised bass and drums. Super broken-up ending with over-singing which recalls the "Big Pink" Band—but then, who did THEY once play for, bug Dylan?

The instrumental is a happy, joggling thing with high fast country guitar and super-bluegrass backing (Bob Dylan plays Flatt and Scruggs!) Nice harmonica and a lovely Floyd Cramer piano comes urgently in at the end. A lovely song.

"One More Night" — Really nice. Country rock like early Everlys but somehow unmistakably Dylan at the same time. Jerry Lee Lewis-type piano and excellent stereo break-up — it's really a superb job on production Dylan and Johnston have done between them.

"When I'm Alone With You"—Rolling, Band-type organ,

● "Stonedhenge," third album by TEN YEARS AFTER who are fast becoming one of America's favourite English groups, is an odd mixture. There are some really very heavy and excellent blues tracks and then there are some odd bits of near-humour which really fail to mean anything.

The playing throughout is always excellent, but there are just too many musicianly - selfish "nothing" tracks. Despite that, you can't put down Alvin Lee when he really decides to play guitar, nor Chick Churchill on organ, Leo Lyons on bass or Ric Lee on drums and mice (that's what it says). Hear it before you buy it, but there is a lot of music in the grooves between the fooling (Blue Horizon).

● Would you believe RICHIE HAVENS singing the Fugs? It happens on Richie's second Verve album "Mixed Bag" and in fact it comes out sounding really nice because "Morning Morning" is probably Ed Sanders' prettiest song, which goes beautifully with Havens' dark brown voice. The album includes the excellent Harvey Brooks—another Electric Flag veteran—on bass, which makes tracks like Dylan's "Just Like A Woman" and "Eleanor Rigby" sound very nice indeed. As well as being a distinctive singer, Richie plays excellent guitar and also wrote most of the rest of the tracks. A good effort.

● TOUCH is a new American group with the best cover to their first London album we have ever seen, without a doubt. Their music is a very strange mixture indeed, ranging from hard rock to things which wouldn't be out of place at a concert of modern chamber music from London's Royal Festival Hall. The lyrics could be described as "neo-realist" and recall the excellent United States of America more than somewhat: "Welcome to the first grade. My name is Miss Teach and I've been deemed fit to mess with children's minds" over a kind of barrel-house piano with electric overtones. An interesting sound though, and one not to be missed by students of modern music.

10 Years After: a groove!

● Blood, Sweat and Tears are a curious group. When they are good they are indeed excellent, and when they are bad they are something of an abortion. This was proved on their first album, and the second (on CBS), which is untitled, is the same if even more so. Commendable because they try—and very hard—to do something really different with their music. Thus you have quite respectable attempts at modern classical, rock, jazz and even folk sounds, and if it doesn't always wholly succeed you can't blame 'em for trying. It may not be a "pop" record—but then, what is?

● For a first album from a totally unknown group "VELVET FOGG" (that's the group's name too) is not bad, although shows rather pointedly that they could yet do with quite some getting together. Difficult to escape the feeling though that since "underground" music became a force to be reckoned with commercially (or so we're told) the record companies rushed around frantically looking for groups in that bag to sign up and release a record from as soon as possible.

It has the now obligatory sleeve-note of John Peel — from which it appears that not even the inimitable Mr. Peel had come across the group before either. Not a bad sound, but by no means the best either.



TWO OF TODAY'S MOST EXCITINGLY PERSONAL ARTISTS. RICHIE HAVENS AND MUDDY WATERS, OFFER REVEALING SIDES OF THEIR TALENTS ON THESE NEW TRANSATLANTIC LPs. ON "ELECTRIC HAVENS" THE INCOMPARABLE RICHIE EXPLORES SOME OF THE SONGS HE HAS MADE SO MUCH HIS VERY OWN. AND THE MUDDY WATERS BLUES BAND BACKS THE THRILLING SOUND OF LUTHER GEORGIA BOY SNAKE JOHNSON, A NAME WHICH THOUGH LONG, WILL NOT LONG REMAIN UNKNOWN

TRA 187

TRA 188

Transatlantic
WHERE TRENDS BEGIN

Don't compare Scott Walker and Tom Jones!



Scott Walker—'doesn't want people to admire the way he uses his body'

YOU certainly cannot compare Scott with Tom Jones. They are totally different. Scott doesn't want people to admire him for the way he uses his body: but he wants them to listen to his songs.

So please, let's have no more comparisons between Scott, Engel and Mr. Jones.—Stephanie Scott, 7 Wakefield Road, Stalybridge, Cheshire.

● Pat Barra should either switch off, turn to the other channel or go and make the Horlicks! Scott is not one of the world's greatest mimers but it is his first series and he is sure to improve as time goes on.

Scott gives quality rather than quantity and

Tom gives quantity rather than quality.—Susan Roberts, Kathleen Pope, Laura St. Ruth, c/o 114 Woodland Road, Upper Norwood, London, SE19.

● Re Pat Barra's letter about Scott's TV show (Pop Post 29.3.69)—Anybody could see that Scott only mimed to two songs, not every song on the show as she stated.

And did she have to bring Tom Jones into it? Too many people make the mistake of comparing the two singers when there is really no room for comparison, as each singer has a completely different musical approach, but in their own way they both appeal to their vast public following. As Scott is the only singer of this type to write his own material the gap is even wider, because their songs are different now.—Miss L. McLellan, 22 Granville Street, Salford S, Lancs.

I AM disgusted at the BBC's new programme changes. They have decided to put "Top Gear," the best progressive show on radio, on at a time when, in our region, interference from other stations is at a maximum. It's bad enough trying to hear Pete Drummond on Saturdays and there is no chance for me to listen to Wednesday's "Night Ride."—Stephen Panter, 153 Beatrice Road, Kettering.

I HAVE just witnessed the TV show of the century! "This Is Tom Jones" with guest Jerry Lee Lewis. What an artist this man is! Whether he's performing straight country and western or funky rock-n-roll, he still manages to inject some of that vital Jerry Lee magic. I've never seen such an incredibly intense and exciting TV show.—Peter Wilson, 33 Kingsfield Avenue, Ipswich.

AS you'll know, Phil Spector is planning a comeback with two singles—the Ronettes' new disc, "You Came, You Saw, You Conquered!" and Checkmates Ltd. "Love Is All I Have To Give"—both unquestionable masterpieces... sounding much superior to anything else on today's music scene.

In conjunction with Phil Spector Productions in U.S.A. and A &

M Records in England, I have formed an official appreciation society for Phil Spector and his artists.—Phil Chapman, 16 Denville Crescent, Manchester 22.

I AM a Czechoslovak DJ, with three shows a week in Prague clubs. But I need more records than I have as fans are well informed about the British and American top twenty. Would any readers like to send me old British and American hit singles? I can send you Czechoslovak records of pop music, folk music and classical music in return.—Waldemar Stransky, Glinkova 12, Prague 6, Czechoslovakia.

A FOUR-WAY tie in the Eurovision Song Contest! Does this mean there were four equally good, or equally bad songs? From the fact that each song received only 18 out of 160 votes, I should say the latter! If entries continue to be as outstanding, I can foresee a 16-way tie next year!—Stephen Robinson, 45 Chaminster Road, Worcester Park, Surrey.

THREE cheers for Tony Blackburn for reaffirming my opinion and at the risk of being labelled unpatriotic, stating that American popular music is the best. My top

six records would all be American too, headed by Herb Alpert. Wait for the enraged Beatle fans to complain!—Mrs. Pam O'Connell, 3 Mossley Hill Road, Liverpool.

IT'S hardly necessary for Astrid Arabian (Disc 29.3.69) to write about such a trifling subject as how Sandie Shaw pronounces Monsieur in "Monsieur Dupont."

Anyone with a grain of sense should realise that Sandie merely pronounces the "r" in the song to accentuate the note. I find it difficult to believe that even the Lebanese will hold such a ridiculously insignificant thing against Sandie.—E. H. Myatt, 28 Priory Road, Oldswinford, Stourbridge, Wores.

IT IS with relief that I read the great British Blot, Jonathan King, has apparently taken America to his heart. What happier event

could cheer the tedium of 1969 than King's permanent departure for that far-off shore?

America has plenty of room for little tin gods, especially one that can name-drop in the best British public school accent.

In exchange for his assurance of at least a thirty-year visit, I could tolerate another column devoted to his heart-rending farewells to Stonehead and the National Health Service.—Chris Gibb, 103 Watling Street, Strood, Kent.



Six of the best: Noel Harrison

NOEL HARRISON, the debonair singing son of "Professor Higgins" Rex, was just as busy as his famous father when we asked him to select the six records he would most like to be stranded with for the rest of his days.

Rushing from TV studio to film set and trying to learn the script for "Take A Girl Like You," in which he stars with Oliver Reed and Hayley Mills, Noel was brief and to the point with his selection.

Beatles' "Penny Lane"—because it's about as good as you can get.

Bob Dylan's "Rainy Day Woman 12 and 22"—because it's the happiest record I know.

Spike Milligan's "I'm Walking Backwards To Christmas"—to keep me from taking myself too seriously!

Lovin' Spoonful: "Nashville Cats" because I love country music too!

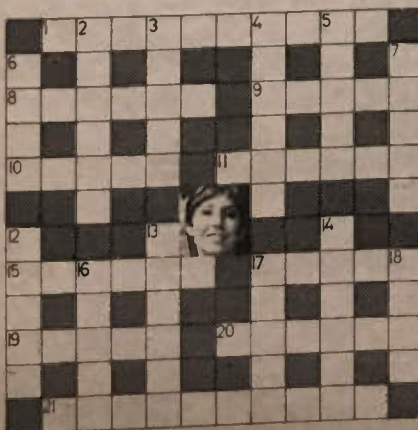
Beatles' "All You Need Is Love"—which I shall if I'm to be stranded all by myself with these records!

Bob Dylan's "Blonde On Blonde" LP—because no matter how often I listen to this album I always find something new.

DISCWORD

SIX LPS TO BE WON

First six correct entries win FREE LPs. Send answers by first post Monday to: 'Discword', DISC, 161, Fleet St., London, EC4.



CLUES ACROSS

- Gene Pitney's latest (5, 5)
8. and 9. Sam the Sham oldie (6, 5)
- Fury? (5)
- Ike or Tina (6)
- Cilla's Surround (6)
- Harris? (5)
- Cowboy road (5)
20. One of those heavenly bodies So Much In Love (6)
- Amten Corner hit (4, 2, 4)

CLUES DOWN

- The Bonzos Mr. (6)
- Those Brothers (5)
- Some party! (6)
5. You get it in any London store (5)
6. Wash down the decks (4)
- "Dave"—of Sultones fame (5)
12. Religious number? (5)
13. Go away—records no longer being played? (3, 3)
14. Make a meal off grass! (6)
16. Carl's place in Monmouthshire (5)
17. "Duffy" Don? (5)
18. Does something on stage (4)

Last week's solution

ACROSS: 3. Madrid. 4. Peers. 7. Rapid. 8. Hüner. 9. Annuals. 10. Ryan. 14. Byes. 16. Spanish. 19. Once in. 20. Logan. 21. Yells. 22. Asses.
DOWN: 1. Maria. 2. Dupont. 3. Indians. 4. Paul. 5. Entry. 6. String. 11. Beatles. 12. Melody. 13. Single. 15. Excite. 17. Hands. 18. Kiss.

Last week's winners

FRANK Sandilands, 52 Craigmore Street, Kirkton, Oudee, Scotland. Chris Marshall, "Thurloiv," Langford, Mr. Bristol, Somerset. Miss S. Chamberlain, 4 Gas Ouch, Llangollen, Mr. Bridgend, Glamorgan. Liz Jones, 4 Fremantle Square, Cotham, Bristol 6. A. Gray, 11 Whitelands Avenue, Chorleywood, Herts. Robin Cere, 20 Balfour Loan, Edinburgh 4.

Bee Gees fans demand 'no split'

AN OPEN letter to Robin Gibb: I believe that I represent a large majority of Bee Gee fans, in this area at least, and I would like to express our feelings concerning your possible split from the group. First, in our opinion, you are definitely not indispensable—Barry, Maurice and Colin make a good trio—but we WANT you to stay. Secondly, we would like to make it clear that whether you leave or not we will remain loyal to the Bee Gees—but PLEASE, Robin, we WANT you to stay.—Miss J. M. Brown, Solihull, Warwickshire.

WILL someone please tell Molly Gibb to stop interfering in her husband's job? Surely it's up to him to make up his own mind and to comment on his own decisions. I have always liked Robin and always will, even if he does go solo. I liked Molly but I'm rapidly going off her now!—Pauline Thurman, 55 Forest Road, Forest Gate, London, E7.

TAMLA Motown trash? What a joke, after the great impact the Stevie Wonder tour made. Despite his blindness Stevie Wonder is brilliant as a singer and also as a musician. He puts everything he has into his performances and it's he who has more talent in his little finger than the Bee Gees! More Tamla artists on tour,



Robin Gibb: not indispensable

please, and less of the Bee Gees squabbling!—Miss A. Watkins, 42 Taff Embankment, Grangetown, Cardiff.

Now someone else is after John and Paul's affections

Bob Farmer takes a look at his pop star investments

FOR JOHN Lennon and Paul McCartney it must be all most confusing. Here they are coming home from their honeymoons only to find themselves being wooed by fresh suitors or—at least—their Northern Songs company.

ATV, part of Sir Lew Grade's empire, has made a takeover bid for Northern Songs said to be worth about £10 million. EMI were at one stage also interested. And now an American company is rumoured to be about to challenge the ATV offer.

What does it all mean? MONEY, for those of you sensible enough to follow me by buying some shares in Northern Songs a month ago in March. For when a company is the subject of a takeover bid, first of all the offer is for more than the company is worth, which immediately attracts people to buy up shares in the belief that they are on to something good.

So although ATV's offer has not yet been accepted, the value of Northern Songs shares has risen steadily over the last few days to reach 39s. 4½d. You may recall that my modest five shares were bought in March for only 35s. 6d. Thus—and the takeover fight is still going on—my profit at present is 3s. 10½d. a share... 19s. 4½d. altogether.

John and Paul are said to be against the takeover although



Paul McCartney... against a takeover.

they don't own enough of the Northern Songs shares to be able to do anything about it. But at least the ATV action shows that there are plenty of people about who still have great faith in the Beatles—despite all the knocking they have suffered recently.

Says Sir Lew Grade, head of ATV: "We are determined

to buy Northern Songs—music is an essential part of our business and there's no denying the brilliance of the Beatles as musicians."

Stock Market closing report on my five other shares in Constellation Investments (Cliff Richard, Cream, etc.): 8s. 3d., which is 1s. 9d. more than when I bought them for 6s. 6d. each.

R-n-B



Johnnie Walker

GROOVY for Stax in the States, WNEW-TV of New York have produced an hour long special of Memphis music featuring Booker T and the M.G.'s, Sam and Dave and Carla Thomas under the title "Gettin' It All Together."

Show, directed by Art Fisher and produced by Neal Marshall, was taped last week for showing all over the States in mid-April. Highlights are an Otis Redding tribute by Sam Moore on "Try A Little Tenderness" and with Dave and Carla for "Tramp" and "These Arms Of Mine."

Carla will also duet with an up-till-now vocally silent Booker T Jones on "Yesterday." There's a certain influential TV producer I know who eats the Stax sound for breakfast and if it's at all possible to show the programme here, he'll do it.

Keep them beady and watchful on this space and thou shalt be informed. It's nice for Stax, whom I feared would find the going rough after the parting of the ways with Atlantic, for the company is small in every sense of the word.

This TV special can now be added to a list of achievements which includes a number one gold record with Johnnie Taylor, a top ten with Soul Limbo and a film score written and recorded by



Diana Ross... Supremes/Temptations follow up disappoints.

Booker and the boys for "Hang Em High."

Dee Dee's defied out on her British visit. Miss Sharp's gone and done a Marsha Reeves on us and apparently is very ill indeed. But other Action artists Bob and Earl are due to tour for five weeks from April 26.

Real names Bobby Garrett and Jackie Lee (of "The Duck" fame). They've recently cut the Roy Head number "Treat Her Right" which will probably be their first single to come through on Action.

Next Sweet Inspirations the Everlys "Cryin' In The Rain" ... Stevie Wonder playing bagpipes on tour coach but turned down offer to drive over Salisbury

Plaint... Four Tops missing Holland - Dozier - Holland motif? Come on Tamla, let's have a new single... Mini Skirt Minnie the baddest girl in town—the Wicked Pickett's baddest record ever (which in the States means it's fantastic)... Follow up from Supremes/Temps combo "I'll Try Something New" a disappointment... but then Edwin Starr's "Way Over There" puts everything good and groovy again... thanks London Transport for a year's rides on your lovely underground trains, now I've got my very own soul sedan so it's all down to yellow tickets and green crystals from now on. Solid like the rock of Gibraltar!

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American Top Twenty

- (2) AQUARIUS/LET THE SUNSHINE IN.....Fifth Dimension, Soul City
- (4) YOU'VE MADE 'ME SO VERY HAPPY
Blood, Sweat and Tears, Columbia
- (1) DIZZY.....Tommy Roe, ABC
- (5) GALVESTON
Glen Campbell, Capitol
- (3) TIME OF THE SEASON
Zombies, Date
- (7) ONLY THE STRONG SURVIVE
Jerry Butler, Mercury
- (14) IT'S YOUR THING
Isley Brothers, T Neck
- (8) HAIR.....Cowsills, MGM
- (6) RUN AWAY CHILD, RUNNING WILD.....Temptations, Gordy
- (13) TWENTY-FIVE MILES
Edwin Starr, Gordy
- (11) ROCK ME.....Steppenwolf, Dunhill
- (10) PROUD MARY
Creedence Clearwater Revival, Fantasy
- (8) TRACES.....Classics IV, Imperial
- (15) HOT SMOKE AND SASSAFRASS
Bubba Puppy, International Artists
- (12) INDIAN GIVER
1910 Fruitgum Company, Buddah
- (30) DON'T GIVE IN TO HIM
Gary Puckett/Union Gap (Columbia)
- (17) THIS GIRL'S IN LOVE WITH YOU
Dionne Warwick, Scepter
- (34) SWEET CHERRY WINE
Tommy James and the Shondells (Roulette)
- (19) MR. SUN, MR. MOON
Paul Revere and the Raiders, Columbia
- (20) THE LETTER.....The Arbors, Date

British Top Twenty LPs

- (1) GOODBYE.....Cream, Polydor
- (2) BEST OF THE SEEKERS
Seekers, Columbia
- (5) DIANA ROSS AND THE SUPREMES JOIN THE TEMPTATIONS
Tamla Motown
- (3) ENGELBERT
Engelbert Humperdinck, Decca
- (7) SOUND OF MUSIC
Soundtrack, RCA Victor
- (8) ROCK MACHINE I LOVE YOU
Various Artists, CBS
- (4) PETER SARSTEDT
Peter Sarstedt, United Artists
- (11) HAIR.....London Cast, Polydor
- (6) POST CARD.....Mary Hopkin, Apple
- (14) OLIVER.....Soundtrack, RCA Victor
- (9) YOU CAN ALL JOIN IN
Various Artists, Island
- (10) WORLD STAR FESTIVAL
Various Artists, Philips
- (-) 20/20.....Beach Boys, Capito
- (12) THE BEATLES (Double Album)
Beatles, Apple
- (16) GUTBUCKET Various Artists, Liberty
- (18) GENTLE ON MY MIND
Dean Martin, Reprise
- (17) STONEDHEDGE
Ten Years After, Daram
- (13) FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT
Family, Reprise
- (15) THEWORLD OFVALDOONICAN
Val Doonican, Decca
- (-) HELP YOURSELF...Tom Jones, Decca

COURTESY OF BILLBOARD

PENNY

BRITAIN'S TOP SINGLES REVIEWER



VALENTINE

SPINS THIS WEEK'S NEW DISCS

CHECKMATES LTD:
LOVE Is All I Have, To Give (A & M)—This record welcomes back the production and sound of Phil Spector to pop. On it he proves he still has the power to send me into cold shivers. He also, by the way, manages to make this group sound like the Righteous Brothers, quite a feat in itself.

SPECTOR SENDS ME INTO COLD SHIVERS!

But back to that sound. It has unmistakable Spector DOOM. It slogs away relentlessly like raw nerve endings and even the corny violin at the end didn't deter me from my admiration. And he even managed to make my hated mandolins sound good at the beginning.

I welcome this record. Mainly because someone's brought all the crass splendour back to records and I love it in its flash brilliant way. But also because it has a frantic sexual raving about it—it left me quite exhausted. Hurray!

OUT TOMORROW

Orbison, sounding like good ol' Elvis

MY FRIEND (London)—One thing you must say for Roy Orbison—he always sounds unmistakably Orby on his records. And if you think that's an introduction for me to say I don't like this record then—you're wrong.

I do quite in its gentle way. He's not given the chance to do his usual stunning let-rip climax where his voice reaches notes only dogs can hear, but it's nice enough. It is in fact Mr. O warning his friend not to mess around when he has a nice wife and kids at home. Commendable stuff. Oddly, at times, he sounded a bit like good old Elvis.

OUT TOMORROW

ANITA HARRIS

LOVING You (CBS)—There's a saying about a tried and tested formula, or something like that, and obviously that's exactly what the people behind Miss Harris think.

And so back to format she goes after a couple of brave but, sadly unsuccessful ventures away from the "Just Loving You" field. Her fans will love her clean treatment of this old song, and she does it very well. It's not honestly my kind of record, and I found the backing a bit disconcerting if they're really trying to break the mum market again. But good luck to them say I.

OUT TOMORROW

HERMAN'S HERMITS

MY SENTIMENTAL Friend (Columbia)—I must say in the past

I haven't really ever LIKED Herman's records. They've been okay and I could see why they appealed to so many people but that's all. But I do like this one. And I think one of the reasons is that although it's not exactly adventurous it has a pleasant slow charm, will grow on you, and is a great relief from all the jolly hand-clapping stuff of the past. It's actually about a boy standing here looking at his old girlfriend standing there and everyone trying to get together again. Nice chorus too.

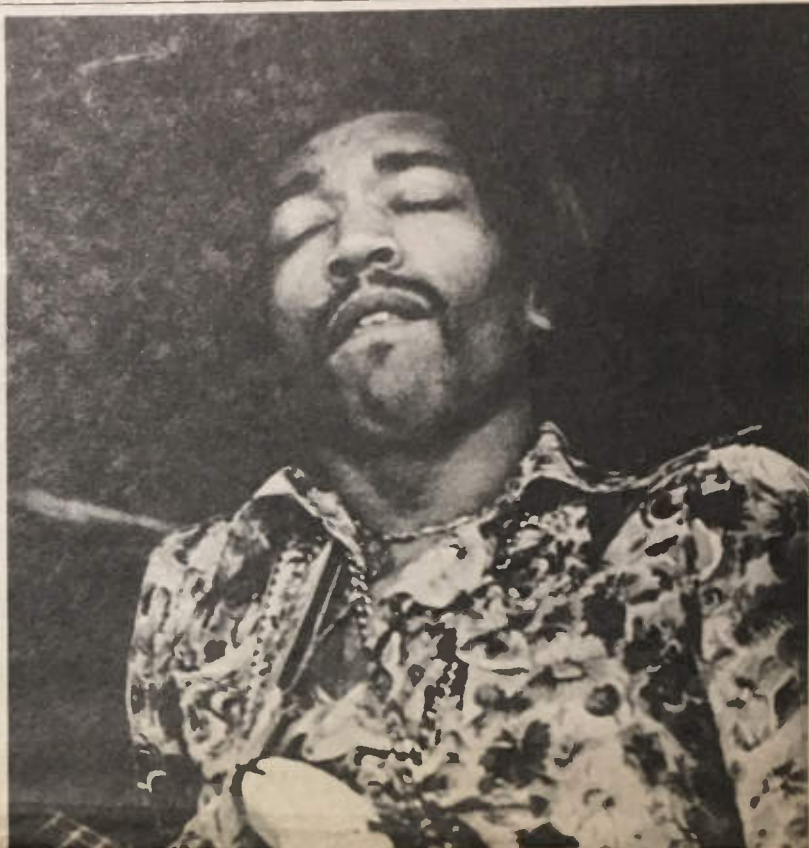
OUT TOMORROW

PAT BOONE

JULY You're A Woman (Polydor)—Normally I wouldn't be in a rush to predict chart success for Pat Boone after all these years and the memory long faded of "I'll Be Home." But with Dean Martin so high and as this is a very very nice record—well, why not?

A cross between "Wichita Line-man" and "Little Green Apples," Pat Boone sings with such easy charm it really isn't any effort at all to listen to him. A lovely clean sounding record. Simple but effective.

OUT TOMORROW



JIMI HENDRIX: manages to sound downright mean—and a lot older

HENDRIX: A WEIRD NOISE

CROSS - TOWN Traffic (Track)—Written, produced, directed and sung by Mr. Hendrix—who also by the way manages to sound downright mean and a lot older at the same

time — this is one of those records that's going to take me time to get used to.

On first listening it's a weird noise and some very fine chat/singing. After that you can see

it's very clever in its messy way and as though it was recorded in Hendrix's bathroom.

I didn't find it particularly attractive but it IS different and for that alone may they be

praised because I have a sneaky suspicion that I was getting very fed up with the old Hendrix sound. On second thoughts it's very good and VERY American.

OUT NOW



Herman: a great relief

RIGHTEOUS BROS

EBB Tide (Verve)—Hot on the heels of "Lovin' Feeling" comes another old track from the now disbanded pair. Actually someone has been pretty sharp because now Bill Medley has dropped the name they've chosen a track which hardly features him at all. Instead it's the high voice of Bobby Hatfield giving a great deal more meaning to a song I always found rather a hoot.

Apart from sounding as though he was recorded in a hole 50 feet underground it's okay. Or maybe that's why it's okay. I don't know. What I do think is that it's not going to do what "Feelin'" did because that was a classic of its time. This isn't—though it's nice to listen to.

OUT TOMORROW

Quick Spins

JEANNIE C. RILEY is in reminiscent mood—and a lot less bitter than in the past—on "There Never Was A Time." It's pleasant but if she was going to have another hit here it would have been with her last single, I feel (Polydor).

Al Wilson first did "The Snake." Now Kevin "King" Lear beats it up and growls very effectively. A nice sort of record in an odd way and a cautionary tale of how not to pick up snakes (Page One).

"In The Night" was partly written by Marty Wilde and Dominic Grant, who sings it, does his vocal nut fairly effectively. But I found the backing didn't really punch enough to help him. Could grow on you (Mercury).

Ah said Joan Baez wraps her too pure tonsils round Dylan's lovely old thing "Love Minus Zero" and the backing just about ruins any feeling there was left. Doubtful because the Vanguard label's first release here (this is their second) was so promising.

I RATHER liked Keef Hartley's "Leave It 'Til The Morning." A bit messy in places, but oddly effective (Deram).

Nice combination of strings and soul punch from the Staple Singers on "I See It" (Stax). Toyshop's "Say Goodbye To Yesterday" is a pleasant record with nice lyrics (Polydor).

"Smile A Little Smile For Me" is the Flying Machine's attempt to cheer up this girl whose boyfriend's just left her and it has a warm American sound. But it might need a lot of plays (Pye).

My lovely Jerry Butler sings as superbly as ever on "Only The Strong Survive" but the song's too broken up for the chart (Mercury).

"This Is My Love" is the sort of big sob ballad Judy Garland likes to get to grips with. Instead Eve Boswell does and makes a good enough job in passing (Morgan).

"Am I The Same Girl" has been done before, but Barbara Acklin gives it a tight soul treatment that makes it sound good (MCA).

Louisa Jane White is another nicely harsh singer. But on "Caledonia Mission" the backing was such a horrendous mess it ruined everything (Phillips).

LIVERPOOL SCENE sound like a cross between the Bonzo and the Scaffold on "The Woo Woo" which is a send-up of a pop show and a bit too close to the truth



Joan Baez: too pure tonsils

for a lot of people's comfort I'm sure (RCA).

"Try A Little Tenderness" the old tear jerker is beaten into submission—and almost existence—by Three Dog Night. Odd (Stateside).

"Have You Forgotten Who You Are" ask Glass Menagerie which is a good question. They sound a bit like the Bee Gees. Backing's nice (Polydor).

Yet ANOTHER version of "Aquarius" this time by Ronald Dyson and Co, who have the best intro I've heard for a long time. But I'm so familiar with the song I've given up (RCA).

"Dixies do Beatles" "All Together Now" with not much enthusiasm but a lot of pub feeling (Honey).

Bill Odde manages to sound like the Fifth Form Remove on "Jimmy Young," which is a send-up unlikely to receive plays on the BBC (Decca).

Oh where will they dig them up from now—Hank Locklin it is, responsible for "Where The Blue Of The Night." We'll be getting the caveman's stomp if they go back any further in the annals of time (RCA).

"You've Still Got A Place In My Heart" sings Steve Montgomery in rich baritone. Which is fine if you like rich baritones (Decca).

Good looking Udo Jurgens has a Humperdinck-type song called "Only For You" which would normally have been a smash, but Mr. Jurgens isn't really well enough

known here I feel (Fontana). **WHICHWHAT** have the kind of sound you can hear in any club on any night. Good raucous stuff, but you need a smoke-filled room and a lot of noise to go with it and it certainly doesn't sound like a "Wonderland Of Love" (Beacon).

Sounds Orchestral re-release their "Cast Your Fate To The Wind" which still reminds me of strawberries and summers long past (Pye).

If you thought you'd heard the

last of "Le Bamba" listen to "Long Green" by the Fireballs and marvel at its reappearance (London).

"My Heart Cries For You" is SO old and worn that even Ronnie Carroll's smooth voice can't bring life to it (Phillips).

Academy's "Munching The Candy" is notable for Polly Perkins' really good gritty lead voice and a very nice American construction and feel on the production. Not hit stuff but very well done (Morgan).

MIND MUTILATION IN THE MONTH OF MAY FROM — STEPPENWOLF

AM DUNHILL



E.M.I. Records (The Gramophone Co. Ltd) E.M.I. House, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES

Two New Singles



The Montanas

Ciao Baby
7N 17729



The Soulful Strings

I Wish It Would Rain
CRS 8094



SCENE: London's highbrow home of chamber music, Wigmore Hall. Onstage: a Belgian pop group, the Wallace Collection. Line-up: two guitars, drums, piano, cello and electric violin. Result: fantastic standing ovation from music industry audience.

Sally Moore, Daily Mirror reporter, wrote "At This Moment In My Life," being recorded soon by Monty Babson. Will Yoko sing on next Beatles' LP?

John Peel has intriguing plan to record that sound on the M1 that makes car tyres squeal (southbound section, where they are testing the road surface).

Euro-hit co-writer Alan Moorhouse says "Boom Bang-A-Bang" has the right chords to adapt it into a jazz waltz. Geoff Turton, ex-Rockin' Berries star, is leaving Birmingham's Sight And Sound because of success of his "The Colour Of My Love" single, recorded under the name Jefferson.

SCENE

Thor, South London group, clinched record test by winning final of a beat contest run at Croydon's Top Rank Suite. Dean Ford's wife, Jane, very nice lady.

Engelbert a big Bobby Darin fan: "If he was playing ANYWHERE I'd go and see him."

Watch out for a Frankie Howard show on ITV in May. He and Hank Marvin sing a protest song together!

JOHN and Yoko's preaching seems to be succeeding. A small boy was sitting resolutely on the pavement near London's Victoria Station last week with a sign saying "Sitting Peace" and a cap full of pennies.

Scott Walker has had his hair cut—he did it himself!—and looks much better.

Paper Dolls split from producer Tony Macaulay, left Pye label, signed with CBS.

RINGO says he moved from Weybridge (he now lives at Elstead, outside Guildford) "because I couldn't stop there with all those pop stars like Tom Jones and Engelbert living next door and holding all-night parties."

Ex-Zombies leader Roy Argent says that following the group's "posthumous" hit in the States with "Time Of The Season" he could re-form, work there for six months, and make enough money to retire!

Ringo's favourite record of the moment is Marvin Gaye's "I Heard It Through The Grapevine." And he says the record companies are getting money under false pretences with the re-releases. "They should be cheaper," he claims. "All re-releases should be half-price. After all, they are sort of second-hand!"



MARY HOPKIN is looking and singing better on the Engelbert tour... she's now dealing with car breakdown problems and the usual tour hang-ups with professional calm.

Beatles: what goes on?

BEATLES NOW! Up-to-the-minute exclusive interviews next week with George Harrison and Ringo Starr, answering the burning questions which are on every fan's lips.

think they're mad. But he's only being John!"

● **A BIG JOKE?** Or are we underestimating the Lennon mind? What do fans think?

● **NEXT WEEK** in Disc—the full facts. Don't miss Britain's top pop weekly... first again **NEXT WEEK!**

● **PLUS**—John and Yoko... What's It All About? Says Ringo: "Some people



John and Yoko at London Airport on their peaceful return from Amsterdam

FIFTH Dimension surprised and delighted that their "Aquarius/Let The Sun Shine In" is No. 1 in America. "We had to force our record producer to let us do it," says big Ron Townson. "We only saw 'Hair' last summer and wanted to record those two songs straight away."

Johnnie Walker celebrated first Radio 1 series by buying 1960 Rover 80 "with overdrive."

Hank Marvin still can't believe Jimi Hendrix was serious when he said Hank was his favourite guitarist.

Jim Webb writing again for Fifth Dimension; two Webb songs expected on their next LP.

If Radio 1 does not improve its reception, "Top Gear," at its new time, will not be heard in much of the country.

Fifth Dimension's favourite English group — Gulliver's People.

Microbe, Pat Doody's three-year-old son Ian, highlight of the Dave Cash programmes, makes his recording debut this week with, of course, "Groovy Baby." Youngest star yet?

Excellent performance from Mud on "Radio 1 Club."

In America, Bob Dylan, Mama Cass and Joni Mitchell raving about new name Elyse Weinberg.

Anita Harris, who already owns a £22,000 country home in Sussex, negotiating for £26,000 town house in London's St. John's Wood.

Congratulations to Roy Orbison on his marriage—no one deserves a change of fortune like he does.

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FAVOURITE



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MOORE!
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-TREE TOP TALL'
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'LITTLE
GREEN APPLES'
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DISC

and MUSIC ECHO 1s

APRIL 12, 1969

EVERY THURSDAY



Townshend: why our groups die

WITH the news that Pete Quaife is to quit the Kinks in the fashionable pop groups game called "Changing Partners," you might feel it worth a bob or two to bet on which will be the next group to lose one of its line-up.

In which case, take some advice and avoid having a flutter on the Who. Explosive individuals they may seem, but in fact they are very firmly together. The loquacious Pete Townshend said as much when talking this week of the group splits that have been going on lately at the alarming rate of one a week.

"What is going on now with British groups is a complete reflection of the American scene where groups get formed in a day and are broken up a week later," says Townshend.

"Their whole concept is to put star musicians together for quick cash, quick music based on incredible talent. As soon as there are a few bad times, the group tends to split. Groups like the Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, Country Joe and the Fish and the Electric Flag tended to be in a permanent state of flux.

"Our own Cream were born for the States. They had great talent, they were forced together and eventually they burst apart again.

"And all this has affected British groups. Our scene of cosy little groups getting hits to keep everybody happy has become ridiculous. That's why Frampton left the Herd. He's an incredible musician and must have felt insulted to have to comply to the British pattern of pop groups, so he left.

by **BOB FARMER**

"There's a commercial market here in Britain demanding certain material and it ends in the absurd situation that unless you play what they want, you end up a rich but frustrated person.

"It's all right for groups like the Tremeloes or Dave Dee. Their creative aims are very small and they don't have to be frustrated. But groups that are aware that personal satisfaction is in the writing of songs or in producing a good stage act become much more serious and fervent about their

music. I imagine the Love Affair would long to play more serious pop.

"Some of these splits do surprise me, though. It's a drag that the Small Faces are splitting for the Faces' last album was a landmark in pop. And look at the Bee Gees—they seem to have been working together for 100 years and now they are feuding. It's amazing.

"If there had ever been a period when the Who might have split, it would have been in the days of 'My Generation.' We had an image of no time for anybody, and mod arrogance, in a period when we were

a very ordinary group. We hadn't really done anything good. We didn't have any self respect as a group, but we knew we were capable so we managed over a period to get it together, as they say.

"Since those days, we've grown up and become more conscious of what it is about us that makes us a success. Working a lot in America, too, has exerted discipline over us. When you are travelling long distances between dates and facing demanding audiences, it makes you stick together as a team. We're very much a team today and our new album

("Tommy,"), although I wrote most of the tracks and music, is a reflection of what we've achieved as a band."

Of all the others in the Who, he says, Roger Daltrey is the one who has changed most, and very much for the better. "Roger was a very, very tough character when I joined. He stood no nonsense and if you didn't go his way you got his fist instead. Yet now he is known to us as Peaceful Perce. You can't get him angry, because he's got no anger left.

"He doesn't write because he doesn't have hang-ups and I believe any writer has to have hang-ups to get his ideas. But Roger is for his car and his house in the country. I don't really know why he's taken this change. Perhaps, like me, the Who has made him more mature.

"John Entwistle, on the other hand, is practically unchanged. He always knew where he was going and what he wanted. The girl he would marry was the one he did marry. His only outside influence was Duane Eddy and is Duane Eddy. He's like a rock—but he's a bit of a drinker, especially if it's other people's drink.

"The fact that he gets less attention than the rest of us might worry him to a degree but he would never take action. He's come in a straight line from the early days to now."

Which leaves us with the demoniac Keith Moon. Townshend sighs, smiles and says: "His is a ridiculous, farcical life from beginning to end. God knows how he's still alive, still in the group and I'm still sane. He's incredibly entertaining, a brilliant personality and he sees comedy in any situation which is very valuable to the rest of us. Keeps up our spirits when we have hang-ups."

Collectively, Townshend has tremendous regard for the rest of the group. "They've all made incredible sacrifices to give me freedom as a writer. At the concept of this new album, for example, they all feared it was over-sappy and over-religious or spiritual. But they didn't stop me going ahead with it.

"I get an incredible buzz from playing with them on stage. There are better musicians about than them, but there aren't any other musicians I'd rather be playing with."



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PLUS

The Sandpipers 'KUMBAYA' AMS 744

THE CHECKMATES LTD. 'Love is all I have to give' AMS 747 RELEASED 11th APRIL

THE RONETTES 'You came, You saw, You conquered' AMS 748 RELEASED 25th APRIL

PSST... PHIL SPECTOR RETURNS

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DISC
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TOP 30



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LONDON

- 1 (1) I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE**
Marvin Gaye, Tamla Motown 
- 2 (2) GENTLE ON MY MIND Dean Martin, Reprise
3 (3) SORRY SUZANNE.....Hollies, Parlophone
4 (8) ▲ BOOM BANG-A-BANG.....Lulu, Columbia
5 (10) ▲ IN THE BAD, BAD OLD DAYS
Foundations, Pye
6 (7) GAMES PEOPLE PLAY.....Joe South, Capitol
7 (18) ▲ ISRAELITES.....Desmond Dekker, Pyramid
8 (5) MONSIEUR DUPONT.....Sandie Shaw, Pye
9 (11) GET READY.....Temptations, Tamla Motown
10 (4) ● WHERE DO YOU GO TO
Peter Sarstedt, Parlophone

- 11 (6) SURROUND YOURSELF WITH SORROW.....Cilla Black, Parlophone
12 (20) WINDMILLS OF YOUR MIND.....Noel Harrison, Reprise
13 (16) GOOD TIMES.....Cliff Richard, Columbia
14 (17) I CAN HEAR MUSIC.....Beach Boys, Capitol
15 (9) FIRST OF MAY.....Bees Gees, Polydor
16 (1) GOODBYE.....Mary Hopkin, Apple
17 (24) PINBALL WIZARD.....Who, Track
18 (15) IF I CAN DREAM.....Elvis Presley, RCA Victor
19 (12) WICHITA LINEMAN.....Glen Campbell, Ember
20 (14) YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELING...Righteous Brothers, London
21 (21) HARLEM SHUFFLE.....Bob and Earl, Island
22 (23) HELLO WORLD.....Tremeloes, CBS
23 (13) THE WAY IT USED TO BE.....Engelbert Humperdinck, Decca
24 (17) I DON'T KNOW WHY.....Stevie Wonder, Tamla Motown
25 (19) ONE ROAD.....Love Affair, CBS
26 (29) CUPID.....Johnny Nash, Major Minor
27 (25) PASSING STRANGERS.....Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine, Mercury
28 (22) PLEASE DON'T GO.....Donald Peers, Columbia
29 (1) ROAD RUNNER.....Junior Walker and The All Stars, Tamla Motown
30 (26) DON JUAN.....Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, Fontana

- Silver Disc for 250,000 British sales
▲ This week's TOP 30 Zoomers

AMERICAN TOP TWENTY AND BRITISH TOP
TWENTY ALBUMS CHARTS: PAGE 18

HIT TALK

by Desmond Dekker
**TREMS: JUST
A CHEAP
TAKE-OFF**

I'M A GREAT fan of Tamla Motown music and I like Marvin Gaye's a helluva lot. And Dean Martin too! What really gets me about his record is that fantastic brass sound.

I did "Top Of The Pops" with the Hollies and they're such a polished, professional group. Their harmonies are really beautiful. Foundations have a Tamla sound, but British influenced. I like the group—and what a strong bass line!

Peter Sarstedt writes great lyrics, and Lulu's was an ideal number for the song contest. She is a dish and this record will be a massive seller all over the world.

Who have a good song, but the record sounds very tinny, and that intro goes on far too long. Stevie Wonder is just more of that great Tamla sound. He's a man I really appreciate, and I hope this is No. 1 very soon.

Johnny Nash worries me a bit, 'cos he's such strong competition for my record! May the best man win! But the Tremeloes' "Hello World" is just a cheap take-off of "All You Need Is Love" with that long ending repeated over and over again. But it's a good number for all that.

Next Week:
DAVE CASH

BUBBLING UNDER

THE IMPRESSIONS

Can't Satisfy Stateside SS2139

TOMMY ROE

Dizzy Stateside SS2143

MAMA CASS

Move in a Little Closer Baby
Stateside/Dunhill SS8014

GENE PITNEY

Maria Elena Stateside SS2142

VINCE HILL

The Wonderful Season Of Love
Columbia DB8546

SHIRLEY AND THE SHIRELLES

Look What You've Done To My Heart
Bell BLL1049

THE TOYS

A Lovers Concerto Bell BLL1053

WALLACE COLLECTION

Daydream Parlophone R5764

JUNIOR WALKER and the ALL STARS

Road Runner Tamla Motown TMG691

MIREILLE MATHIEU

Une Simple Lettre Columbia DBB557

EMI RECORDS (The Gramophone Co. Ltd.)
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**THE FLYING MACHINE
IS TAKING OFF...
SO 'SMILE A LITTLE
SMILE FOR ME'**



7N 17722

HAPPENING



Be in

... if you want beautiful engravings all over your guitar, by going along to Kensington Market, where ex-Animal Barry Jenkins sits and paints lovely things all over guitars for a small fee.

... by watching star football this Sunday at East Grinstead's football ground, kick-off 3 pm. Benefit match for Sussex cricketers Les Lennon and Graham Cooper, so you'll see the stars of cricket as well as pop. Playing a Sussex XI side will be Ed "Stewpot" Stewart in goal, Don Partridge at right back (complete with hip flask) and assorted other stars. Foundations Tony Gomez and Allen Warner have recently joined the team too.

Natch!

IT had to happen. Desmond Dekker's hit, "Israelites," on the Pyramid label, to be released in Israel next month.

Look In

TOMORROW night (Friday) "How Late It Is" due to feature both Jon Hiseman's Colosseum and Family, plus Dudley Moore, but you never can tell with them! (BBC-1, 10.50 p.m.)

"This Is Tom Jones" finds more Jones wiggling, plus guests Donovan, Bobby Goldsboro, Linnie Kazan and that gas comedian Godfrey Cambridge (ATV, Sunday, 10.20 p.m.; regions, Sunday, 7.25 p.m.)

"Our Jim" (Jimmy Young) may make surprise appearance on "David Nixon Show" this Sunday (ATV, 11.15 p.m.) with former Eurovision winner Udo Jurgens. One of those old recipe tricks again?

Shirley Bassey special on Saturday (BBC-1, 7.30 p.m.) has the lady from Tiger Bay with Noel Harrison special guest.

Scott Walker's last programme of the series (BBC-1, Tuesday, 9.55 p.m.) features violinist guest Ivry Gitloff. Look in for further enlightenment!

And Free, one of the many groups said to take over from the Cream, hold "Colour Me Pop" spotlight on Saturday (BBC-2, 11.00 p.m.). Judge for yourself.

Tune In

FIRST live guests on new "Johnnie Walker Show" (Radio 1, 2.00-4.00 p.m., Saturday, April 26) will be J. J. Jackson and the Greatest Little Soul Band In The Land. "The shows will be fast and poppy with the accent on R-n-B, and I'll want everyone's ears glued to the radio," says Johnnie.

Phil Spector
RETURNS with
THE
CHECKMATES
LTD.

Grapefruit are back from South America, and celebrate by appearing on "Dave Cash Show" all next week (Radio 1, 2.00-4.00 p.m.). With them are Marmalade, Dave Dee's mob, Flowerpot Men and Fifth Dimension's favourite group Gulliver's People.

Ex-Jethro Tull man Mick Abraham's new group, Blodwyn Pig, join Terry Reid and the Bonzo's for "Top Gear" (Radio 1, Sunday, 3.00-5.00 p.m.). Make sure you listen; John's soon to be drowned under the Radio 1 whistle.

And to be the first to find out how much more expensive records can get, "Roundabout" has a Budget Day special next Tuesday (Radio 2, 3.45-5.30 p.m.).

Oldies

VERA LYNN has been signed for six 45-minute colour specials for BBC-2.

Rumour

JOE Cocker may actually make another record! It's now so long since "A Little Help From My Friends" that we thought Joe needed more than that to push him into the studios. "A new single will be coming... sometime," said a spokesman.

Sad

THE FINAL demise of London's hip Middle Earth Club, after being chased by one form of restriction after another from Covent Garden to Chalk Farm to Ladbroke Grove. Now it appears to be all down to the Lyceum!

On the way

BOOK EARLY for incredible concert at London's Roundhouse on May 25. In the afternoon, there's first British appearance ever by Texan guitar giant John Fahey, who's been long since known as "king of the hippies," with perhaps Roy Harper and/or Scottish guitar wizard Davy Graham.

And in the evening there's first ever show here by favourite American rave group Steppenwolf, with a full supporting show promised including perhaps fire-eaters and other entertaining freaks.

Val Doonican and Sandie Shaw start season at London's Palladium next Thursday (April 17). And on May 22 Des O'Connor starts a show there which lasts until the end of the year. Rockin' Berries also appear.

New LP from Scaffold, titled simply "Scaffold LP"—one side all sketches recorded "live" with audience—out in May.

Frankie Vaughan's next single, due out next month, will be his first produced by wizard manager Gordon Mills. It'll be a complete change, they say.

New album from the beautiful Spontaneous Music Ensemble, called "Oliv," out soon on Marmalade.

Live

IF YOU'RE very lucky you may yet be able to beg, buy or borrow a ticket to the Pink Floyd's Festival Hall, London, concert next Monday (April 14)—your first chance to see the revolutionary Azimuth Co-ordinator in action!

Status Quo at the Swan Hotel, Yardley, Coventry, on Saturday, while on Tuesday Love Affair are at Newcastle's City Hall.

And next Sunday Fleetwood Mac play Mothers' Club, Erdington. And at Hampstead Country Club—Soft Machine.

Groovy!

DAVE Cash's 2½ year old Radio companion—Microbe—stars with him on his new single "Groovy Baby" out on April 11.

Lucky

EXPOSURE for Noel Redding's group Fat Mattress; he plays with them for six of the 19 weeks of the new Jimi Hendrix American tour.

Get well

... to Barry Ryan, who flew home last Friday from Munich where a photographic stunt that misfired nearly cost him his life. Barry, who suffered first-degree burns on face and shoulders, and third-degree burns necessitating skin graft on his right hand, was flown to London by private Hawker Siddeley Executive jet, and is now in the London Clinic. He leaves hospital on Monday for several weeks' convalescence.

New Singles

NEW SINGLE from Diana Ross and the Supremes on Friday called "I'm Living In Shame."

A reputedly groovy version of the Beatles' "Back In The USSR" from Chubby Checker on April 25, which is when the first single from the Herd minus Pete Frampton comes out called "The Game."

Emperor Rosko takes to song with "The Opposite Lock" which is written by the owner of that Birmingham club, Martin Hone, who also races Porsches (hence the racing title) and there are high hopes for a new dance called the Opposite Lock taking the country by storm. All happening on April 18.

Which is when Jeannie C. Riley sings "There Never Was A Time," and the Ohio Express bring out a bit of bubblegum called "Mercy."

Blues

MORE American blues stars heading to Britain for club and ballroom fortnight tours are: Otis Spann, from June 20; Junior Wells, October 4; Lightnin' Hopkins, October 11; Eddie "Son" House, October 25; Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, November 2. Prince Buster flies in for four weeks from May 30.

Airborne

JET-AGE pop on stereo earphones if you fly by Trans-World Airlines, who already broadcast Hollies, Small Faces, Lulu, Marmalade, Love Affair, Georgie Fame and others. Latest plan is for passengers to submit list of songs they'd like on the flight and then hear it on an exclusive request programme.

Decibels

JEFF Lynne, guitarist and songwriter with Birmingham's excellent Idle Race, rushed to hospital with painful and bleeding left ear after a show. He's now receiving treatment for infection of the inner ear... hope those medical scaremongers, who swear prolonged exposure to loud music in clubs "can cause permanent damage," aren't right after all.

Gilded

MARMALADE this week receive Gold Disc for world sales exceeding one million of "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da."



Lock up your sons—Janis Joplin is here!

PICTURED above is the lady whom one American magazine has described as "kind of a mixture of Leadbelly, a steam engine, Calamity Jane, Bessie Smith, an oil derrick and rotgut bourbon, funnelled into the 20th Century between El Paso and San Francisco."

She can belt out a song like no one we have ever heard, can sing two notes at once and is

happily unable to explain how; and consumes a bottle-and-a-half of Southern Comfort, one of the most expensive and potent whisky liqueurs available, every day.

This, in a nutshell, is Janis Joplin, currently in Europe preparing for concerts, one of which Britain is privileged to stage at London's Royal Albert Hall on Monday, April 21.

HAPPENING



Discoteque

RONNIE SCOTT'S Discoteque: 47 Frith Street, London, W.1. (Ger 4752). Open Monday-Saturday 8.30 p.m.-3 a.m. Admission 12s 6d, free membership.

Situated upstairs above Ronnie Scott's main club, the discoteque was re-launched three months ago and is a very popular haunt. Plenty of famous faces to spot—David Hemmings, Peter Sarstedt, Stevie Wonder and permanent host is DJ Mike Lennox.

Good plushy decor with some of the most comfortable seats in London, where you can sit and hear yourself speak, which is a novelty. Licensed bar at pub prices, with pinball tables too. Food includes anything from an omelette to spaghetti and is reasonably priced — there's even a four-course meal available.

Most important—the atmosphere isn't a hostile London one—you aren't deafened, and the records are excellent and not the usual run of the mill.

Flying out

JON Hiseman's Colosseum fly to Denmark for five days in the clubs today (Thursday), return and are off again to Switzerland's Montreux Festival on April 24.

Bonzo Dog Band leave for their first tour of America on April 14. They are there for a month... God help the Americans!

From London Heathrow today (Thursday), **John Rowles**, for TV in Germany, returning on Satur-

day. John flies out again next Thursday (17) for more TV in Italy.

Desmond Dekker has one day in Holland next Wednesday (16) when he guests on Amsterdam TV show. But he's back same day to play Cheam's South Side club in the evening.

Move fly to Germany April 10 for four days. Also **Grapefruit** commute to Belgium and back that day for a TV appearance.

Flying in

AMERICAN singer / song writer **Kenny Young** arrives at London Airport today for a year's stay. His next single, "Spider," is out April 18.

JOE SOUTH arrives on April 27 for TV and radio appearances. Likely spot is guest on new **Bobbie Gentry** BBC-1 series.

Nice

LIVERPOOL Scene, that multifarious assembly of minstrels from Scouseland, are to promote their own concerts from now on. First will be at London's St. Pancras Town Hall on April 26, 8 p.m., tickets 10 shillings. Group's next LP, for June release and again produced by John Peel, is titled "Bread On The Night."

Fusions

TEN Years After only British group to be included when New-

port Jazz Festival goes "on the road" in America for the first time from July 11 to 20. Meanwhile they record new album and first single for over a year.

Trimmed

APPLE hairdresser, **Leslie Cavendish**, went up to St. John's Wood this week to cut the McCartney family's hair. Wonder if it included **Martha**?

Return

ON Radio 1 for **Stuart Henry**. Stuart returns on Sundays, 9-10 p.m. from April 27, with his own show, which will include his pleas for lost children. "Mike Raven's R-n-B Show" will follow from 10-11 p.m.

Book

SCAFFOLD **Roger McGough** has his second book of poems, "Watchwords," published next month by Jonathan Cape, and **Mike McGear's** first book, a "children's story for adults too" called "Roger Bear," to be published by Dennis Dobson soon, price 10s. 6d.

Yet more poetry, this time from **Liverpool Scene's** **Mike Evans**, whose first volume, "The City and Slum Goddess" is published April 26. And fellow member **Adrian Henri's** third book, an epic poem "The City" also out this month.

Birthdays

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD (left) is 28 on Wednesday (April 16) —two days before her sixth album "Dusty In Memphis" comes out here. She will be in Sydney, Australia, where she is at present doing cabaret.

1969 is turning out to be her busiest year yet, and she is fully committed until December. She flies from Australia to America later this month when her four-week concert tour opens at University of Nevada on April 30. Good news is that she's recording her second album in New York's Atlantic studios while she's over there.

She shares a birthday with **Vince Hill** who will be 32, while **Dave Edmunds** of **Love Sculpture** celebrates his 25th birthday in Copenhagen, where the group are on tour, the day before—Tuesday.

Tour

MINI-TOUR with **Herman's Hermits** and **Love Affair**, plus **Dave Berry** and the **Sponge**, **Parking Lot**, and compere **Johnnie Walker**, kicks off this Sunday (13) at Newcastle City Hall. Other dates are: Portsmouth Guildhall (14), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15), Keetering Granada (16), Bristol Colston Hall (17), Brighton Dome (18), and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (19).



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The new Kinks: replacement John Dalton (left) with Mick Avory, Ray Davies and Dave Davies in front

'Pete to quit Kinks' decision surprises even the Kinks!

DISC's exclusive story last week that Pete Quaife was leaving the Kinks because "I'm sick of standing onstage and playing two notes per bar," surprised even the group itself.

Said leader Ray Davies this week: "I didn't even know Pete was going to leave when he did until I read the story. He told us he would stay until we had done all the promotion for our new single 'Plastic Man.'"

Quaife left the group last Wednesday, and was replaced at short notice by 22-year-old John Dalton, the man who stood in for Pete before when he was forced to leave the group following a road accident.

Beatles hold-up

BEATLES are rush-releasing their new single "Get Back" tomorrow (Friday) . . . but Apple advise that the record may not be generally available until the middle of next week.

"Get Back" features American organ star Billy Preston with Paul McCartney taking the vocal lead. The B-side, "Don't Let Me Down," is written and sung by John Lennon.

Dylan and Cash concerts here

BOB DYLAN and Johnny Cash in concert together in British football stadiums . . . that's the latest plan from country "King" promoter Mervyn Conn following the sell-out success of his Country and Western Music Festival at London's Wembley Empire Pool on Saturday.

Conn, who has already had discussions with Dylan's manager, Albert Grossman, and counts Johnny Cash among his closest friends, plans to present the two in concert next May.

"I want to use such soccer grounds as Arsenal in London, Birmingham City, Manchester City and Glasgow Rangers, and am fully confident that my plans will materialise."

Cash is definitely booked to appear for Conn next May, and if Dylan plans fall through, he will tour theatres as on previous tours.

Other country artists set for British tours are Marty Robbins, who plays Liverpool Philharmonic Hall November 8 and London Palladium the following day. Buck Owens and the Buckaroos tour again in October, and Glen Campbell is also due in the autumn.

Conn is already making

plans for the Second Festival of Country and Western Music, and plans to use the Empire Pool for three days next Easter. Many artists playing the first festival have agreed to return next year.

208's Dylan exclusive!

RADIO Luxembourg is to get an exclusive "first" on the new Bob Dylan album—"Nashville Skyline"—when they play the LP in its entirety on the Dave "Kid" Jensen underground show a few days before its release, which is likely to be early May.

The album, with a reputed million advance orders in America and 100,000 order in Britain, was originally set for April 25 release but has been delayed. Luxembourg has acquired exclusive rights to play the record first.

Manfred and Mike Hugg win 'jingles' award

MANFREDS Mike Hugg and Manfred Mann won awards as Britain's top "jingle" writers for TV commercials last week.

The award, presented in London, was for their work on Bulmer's "Woodpecker" cider advertisement.

Mike and Manfred are currently the busiest "jingle" writers in Britain. They have been asked to extend their famous "Dulux" commercial into a full-length song. Mike Leander will record it on MCA next month.

Manfreds new single, "Raganuffin Man," is re-released next Friday (18).

● Bonzo Dog Band will star in their first major film this year—a black comedy titled "The Magic Suit."

ORBISON STARTS NEW LIFE WITH BARBARA

THE SMILE of someone who hopes that this time he has found lasting happiness . . . Roy Orbison with his week-old bride, Barbara Jakobs (above), from West Germany, on arrival in London for his two-month tour here which opened in Ireland on Sunday.

In the last three years Roy has suffered more personal tragedy than most people experience in a lifetime. In June, 1966, his first wife, Claudette, was killed in a motor-cycle crash. Then last September, while Roy was in Britain, the news came of a fire at his Nashville home. Two of his sons—Roy jr. (11) and Tony (6)—died in the disaster.

But last week at his home in Tennessee came the beginning of a new life for the Big O with his white wedding with Barbara. She says: "I know he's had more than his share of troubles. It's now up to me to make him happy again."

Roy said: "It has been a very sad three years. But I found a great deal of comfort in religion, commonsense, good friends and a little patience. It's been rather like a boxing match. I've been knocked down in the first and second rounds. Now I deserve better luck."

The couple first met in Leeds last July at a discotheque. On being introduced to Roy, who was wear-



ing a Levi jacket and jeans, Barbara said: "What a terrible jacket." Roy replied: "I'll put on my best suit to take you out to dinner tomorrow if you like."

The new Mrs. Orbison—full name Barbara Anne Marie Well-honer Jakobs, who is 18, and comes from a small town near Dusseldorf where her father owns two factories—was proposed to over the phone.

Then, last November, Roy flew to Germany to meet Barbara's parents and ask, in traditional style, for her hand.

Now, to complete his new-found

happiness, Roy has hopes that his new record "My Friend" may end the lean last two years for him here. "It hasn't bothered me not having a hit, though."

"I believe, by analysis, I could conjure up a hit record any time I really wanted it, but we try to do what we like and when it coincides with what the public like, then we've got a hit."

"Anyway, I'm used to long pauses between having hits. My first was in 1960 and then there was nothing for another 18 months and a year's gap again before my third hit."

Roy's tour here, which lasts until May 28, is again heavily booked by the fans. He says his lasting success is due to "being true to what I do. If you're after the money, you generally don't get it. If you're after doing a

good job, then the money usually comes, too. So my appeal, I think, lies in sincerity, although that's a word I don't really like to use."



Phil Spector

RETURNS with
THE CHECKMATES
LTD.

because its makers, N.B.C. of America, do not want to release the show to British viewers.

'NO' TO PRESLEY TV SHOW FOR BRITAIN

TAMLA MOTOWN'S hour-long colour TV spectacular starring Diana Ross, Supremes and Temptations, titled "Taking Care Of Business," has been turned down by British TV companies because they say it has "limited appeal"—and Elvis Presley's long-awaited TV show will NOT be shown in Britain this year.

Said Larry Curzon of William Morris Agency who are handling both shows: "B.B.C., Thames and all London Weekend TV have all said that the Supremes and Temptations are not popular enough to warrant a TV show in Britain. They felt the majority of viewers were not interested. It is very disappointing."

Curzon added that the Elvis TV show would not be screened

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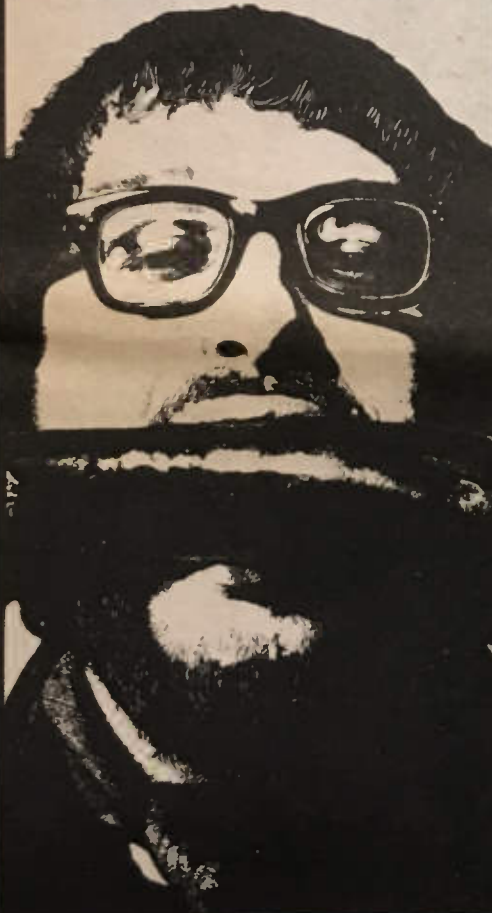
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HARD ROCK SOUND FROM THE LIVERPOOL SCENE AND HAIR CAST!



Adrian Henri of the Liverpool Scene.

It's blast off time again, folks. Would you believe the **Liverpool Scene**? Yes... they're at it again! This time, with a hard-rock number about a late-lamented group, Bobby and the Helmets. The **Woo-Woo** it's called and you'll find it on **RCA 1816**. Trust you've heard the Scene's **Amazing Adventures** on **RCA SF 7995**.

You haven't heard "**Hair/Aquarius**" until you hear the original. That's the original original. **Ronald Dyson, James Rado and Company** with the original full Broadway

They had all the ingredients for a hit group; the looks, the sound. They were launched by the Beatles, but . . .

ONE YEAR later and Grapefruit, the group launched in a blaze of Beatles - backed publicity, are still awaiting their first big hit.

Their failure is one of the most puzzling mysteries of pop for it defies all logic. Grapefruit looked good, sounded good and, by golly, they did you good judging by the enthusiasm they generated wherever they appeared.

Their records frequently received rave reviews and plenty of plays from the deejays; TV appearances were not difficult to get; and with their clean-cut, young and smart appeal, they were the subject of the sort of publicity that would make some of the top groups in the business green with envy.

A computer couldn't have put together a more obvious hit group than Grapefruit. It seemed only a matter of time before they made it. "Dear Delliak" got into the bottom reaches of the Top 30 and it seemed a satisfactory start to their career. Next came the double A-sided "Yes/Elevator" which they were able to promote at the time because they were on the Bee Gees tour. It didn't do a thing.

'Bad year for Beatles'

Unperturbed, they put out "C'mon Marianne." It nibbled at the bottom of the 30, but nothing more. "Someday Soon" followed. Superb, said the reviewers. Silence, from the public. Now their newest single, "Round Going Round," is revolving its way into oblivion.

Where, one might well ask, did Grapefruit go wrong? From them, blank faces and a bit of an attempt to put a brave face on it all. "We don't know why we haven't made it yet," says George Alexander, "but we've gained a lot of experience over the last year.

"Because we were presented as the Beatles' group, we were expected to be sensational. But last year was a bad year for



Surviving segments of the original Grapefruit line-up are (left to right): Geoff Swettenham, John Perry and George Alexander. Now two newcomers—Mick Fowler and Bob Wale—have joined them.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GRAPEFRUIT?

the Beatles from a publicity point of view and so we may have been associated with it.

From John Perry: "Let's face

it—we had a good image going, we were four pretty faces and the records we made seemed right for the time. Certainly

the reviewers liked them and they got played on the radio. The only reasonable explanation I can think of is that the public resented us for riding in on the Beatles bandwagon although this was not the case. We were friendly with them, but no more than that.

"It's really rather like when someone wins the football pools. There's always a lot of resentment and jealousy and I think this is where we may have suffered."

They all say they are cool and happy and yet there was a hint of desperation in the fact that Grapefruit became five last autumn when Mick Fowler from Birmingham was brought into the group. "We needed a stronger voice," says Geoff Swettenham.

'A heavier sound'

But then Geoff's brother, Peter Swettenham, had to pull out of the group because of poor health. Again Grapefruit introduced a new member, Bob Wale, to replace him.

And with the arrival of Wale, not only the Grapefruit personnel has changed but also the mood of their music. "We're not exactly leaving the teenybopper scene," says Geoff, "but simply heading for a heavier sound, a dirtier sound if you like."

Adds John: "It's now not so much a case of playing to please other people as playing to please ourselves. The group is getting its own sound which you have to have for any lasting appeal. Our second LP, which we completed in Los Angeles recently (they have just returned from a South American tour), will blow a few minds.

"The thing is we're grooving together a lot more than in the past and happiness is 80 per cent of the battle for any group. Success is only 20 per cent."

As you can see from those few words, Grapefruit have changed. Now, it seems, they'll never be the giant teen-appeal group we all predicted. They're going to groove, man, and somehow it seems rather sad.

Bob Farmer

cast recording. Two show-stoppers on one single . . . with all the pow and zest of the live performance! **RCA 1815**. It'll whet your appetite for the album . . . on **RCA (M) RD 7959 (S) SF 7959**.

It's got to be agreed that Leonard Cohen writes the most fantasmagorical lyrics around! But who do you think has recorded "**Suzanne**"? **George Hamilton IV** no less! C & W fans should give a listen to the flip side, "**Back to Denver**". **RCA 1812**.

Henry Mancini knows how to pick them!

Hear his own distinctive treatment of that chartbuster, "**Windmills of your Mind**". Film fans will want to hear "**Love Theme from Romeo & Juliet**". Beautiful. **RCA 1818**. Remember, "**Where the blue of the night?**" An oldie oldie. One of Bing Crosby's best. Recorded now by that great C & W man **Hank Locklin**. On **RCA 1814**. c/w "**From Heaven to Heartache**".

RCA

Loretta Lynn,



country star

IF it achieves nothing else, Britain's first Festival of Country and Western Music, staged before 10,000 people at Wembley's echoing Empire Pool Stadium on Saturday, proves beyond all doubt that there is a market, so far untapped, for the American cowboy in this country.

During the day, over 6,000 converted country cousins, and possibly a few curious newcomers, had flocked to the Pool to do little more than hear their music, see a few artists, obtain a few autographs and buy a few magazines or a genuine stetson. But this 6,000 survived the long day, and, joined by 4,000 more, sat riveted for 250 minutes of the best American and British country talent ever assembled.

Certainly it was a case of preaching to the converted, but as one with little previous enthusiasm for the moaning slide guitar and sobbing tales of love and death, I found the evening the most refreshing change for years. The music is so soft; you can hear it without being battered in your seat; it is simple, unpretentious, super-sincere and, above all, musical.

The supporters (you can't call them fans) were deliriously happy. The biggest receptions went to Loretta Lynn, a chirpy five-footer from the Kentucky hills who ended her act with a free-style barn dance; Bill Anderson and wife Jan Howard, who were almost overwhelmed by their applause; George Hamilton IV and bill-topper Conway Twitty, still backed by the Lonely Blue Boys who helped on the "Mona Lisa" road to fame.

But no one failed—no one could fail; from openers Orange Blossom Sound and their Blue Grass violin; through Merrill Moore with his Jerry Lee-type piano country rockers; John Wesley Ryles—a new face with a fine voice; Larry Cunningham and the Mighty Avons with the best Irish schmaltz ballads; and Charlie Walker, a great old singer from the Grand Ole Opry.

Will the festival ignite the heralded country boom? Impossible to say, since there were so few non-country addicts in the hall; but one thing is certain—that if 10,000 people could make Wembley, there must be 100,000 more who couldn't... and that's a figure no one should underestimate.

Mervyn Conn has made a handsome profit; he has proved that country music has a vast audience in Britain; he promises there is more, much more, to come.

To which, in the words of George Hamilton, I can only reply—"Yipee!"

David Hughes

Real name: Steven Ellis.
Age: 18.
Spends: Erratically—mainly on shoes, for which he has a passion.
Drinks: Scotch and Coke.
Smokes: Peter Stuyvesant, 30 a day.
Earns: Over £200 per week.

IN THE PAST YEAR, Steve Ellis has sprained his ankle twice, had his trousers ripped off; given away a waistcoat, pair of shoes, belt, scarf and two silver rings to anguished fans; nearly broken his neck; suffered from exhaustion, nerves and a near mental breakdown... all in the line of duty.

At 18 years old Steve Ellis, from Tottenham, lead singer with the Love Affair, has managed what many people thought they'd never witness again. Along with possibly only two other young groups in the country he has brought the screaming, rioting, hair pulling, punching, crying audiences back to pop.

Although he admittedly likes his power, at times it makes him shudder with disbelief. What particularly staggers him, he says, is how tiny six-stone girls suddenly get superhuman strength and try to pull his leg off as he's leaping into a car.

Ellis' appeal lies in the fact that basically he's very ordinary, approachable and goes out of his way to be sexy on stage.

He thinks fans can identify with him. He can fly into terrible tempers and get direly rude, but on the whole he is kind to his fans and gives them as much of himself as he can.

Fame has not come easily to Ellis. The last year has taken its toll. On stage, he says, he becomes totally lunatic and goes severely off his head every night. He is, he says, a raver—and it shows.

In fact, his mother worried so much about him that she suggested it might be wise to return home to live. A couple of months ago he did, but he finds the situation rather restricting as, like all good mums, Mrs Ellis is not exactly happy when Steve brings friends home at 4 am to play stereo records.

She worries too about the endless stream of girlfriends, and hovers around the front room door to inquire cheerfully whether anyone would like a cup of tea.

It is not surprising that she has sleepless nights over her son. Steve worries himself.

His hands shake when he talks and he looks earnestly unsmiling. He folds and unfolds a paper napkin, smokes too much and doesn't eat enough. In 12 months he's lost nearly two stone in weight.

He has an astute lively mind and doesn't really look like anyone's idea of a star. He says he has overcome his fear of talking to people and appearing thick in the process by doing as many interviews as he can and FORCING himself to be chatty.

He can recall nearly all his horrific, amusing and embarrassing moments on stage as though they are firmly imprinted on his mind. Sometimes he looks as surprised as everyone else at what's happened to him.

For instance, there was the incident at Kettering when someone grabbed his bell bottomed green velvet trousers and the next thing he knew he was flat on his back on stage in his underpants.

With agility, Steve grabbed a handy towel and made a quick disappearance backstage—but he didn't enjoy the experience much and was thankful his underpants were a new clean pair!



Then there was the lady who scratched his hands and the other one who grabbed his cross and chain and nearly choked him to death on it—he had red weals on his neck for days afterwards.

At Paisley, he gave away most of his clothing, and at a later date at the same place had a horrific experience when he was surrounded by 1000 girls all



trying to get a piece of him to take home.

He nearly blacked out. He doesn't really find it amusing that they will take anything—from a sock to an ear or finger.

At one date recently, the hall had huge 18-foot beams along the ceiling which he suddenly decided to swing from mid-way through the act. The screaming girls suddenly stopped in horrified silence when it became apparent that Ellis might fall on them. He didn't.

At another place he did roughly the same thing but this



Steve Ellis's mother worries about her son and no wonder!

time swung from the stage curtains on to the light fittings. Only when he realised that they were electric strip lights and he might have blown himself up did he come back down to earth.

He says he's slowed down a great deal in the past month. The thing that brought this to a head was when he thought he was going to have a breakdown.

It was in Berlin and the group exited from a hot studio into below freezing snow. The combination of hard work, lack of sleep, cold and glaring light made the earth spin, his legs buckle and he blacked out. His road manager, Martin, looks grim and says it was an unpleasant experience for them all.

But despite all this, Ellis enjoys being Ellis more than anyone else. He loves singing and has a healthy egotistical attitude about appearing in front of huge enthusiastic audiences.

Success has given him confidence, money and a greater feeling of security. Now that the group have worked out a formula for escaping after one-nighters (car parked backed up to the rear door), and almost overcome the problem of ripped clothes (everything's now made

skin-tight so that there's no loose material to get hold of) life is a little easier.

Ellis's days are long. Starting around 11 am, he will do interviews, photo sessions, rehearse new numbers. Then, around 5 pm he starts his journey to a one-nighter. Around early morning, if he's still feeling keyed-up when he comes off stage, he and the group will go out and get drunk.

If he's tired—and his road manager confirms that often



he comes off stage and sweats for over half an hour—he goes home and practises on one of his three new guitars, or reads a book.

He spends most of his money on clothes—especially boots—and often gets into bad debt. But the group are very close and there's always someone to borrow from until the next time he's paid.

There is, possibly, only one thing he doesn't like about his success and that's because, as he's in the limelight, there are always rumours going around about him.

He says he's fed up with getting letters from Clacton saying "Please write back and tell us you're not a junkie." It makes him extremely angry.

And there are, he says looking fierce, several girls in Tottenham who once a month get out their wooden spoons and have a good stir about him. They start a rumour that sweeps round the local schools and dance halls to such an extent that last time he went out with a girl for two weeks, anguished fans paraded round his house with placards begging him not to get married.



He had, he says, no intention of doing any such thing, and now finds it safer and easier to adopt a very casual attitude to girls, enjoying the feeling of freedom and the fact that he knows at least two girls who are "good types" and he can phone at night and take out to dinner without any complications.

He is very pleased at the moment because the whole group is getting on so well.

There were a nasty couple of months when they were at each other's throats the whole time but he cheerfully reckons he had a lot to do with that. He says he was very pushy and always thought HE was right, when really he was always wrong.

Ellis says he's grown up a lot lately. He's glad not to be an ordinary kid from Tottenham leading an ordinary life, though he still has a lot of good friends there and likes spending time with them. But the thought of not being lead singer with the Love Affair doesn't hold much attraction.

After all, he says, if he wasn't a pop star, he'd be a raving soul fanatic roaring down to the local Palais every night in his Levis and Tuf boots.

Next Week:
Andy Fairweather-Low

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START OF A NEW SERIES BY PENNY VALENTINE

ONE of Stevie Wonder's biggest heroes, along with Ray Charles, Abraham Lincoln and the Kennedys, is the late Martin Luther King.

He did a concert for the Negro leader once in Chicago and later he met him at an airport in America.

"You know that man turned to me and said 'Stevie I'm proud and happy at what you're doing for the young people all over the world. That meant more to me than anything anyone—even the President—could have said.'"

Stevie Wonder felt very sympathetic towards King and his cause—not specially because he is black—but because he finds most situations, and the people in them, very interesting. He wants to **KNOW** all the time. "Do you think there is colour prejudice in Britain?" "Do you see the end of the world?" "What star are you born under? Aquarius? Ha. I thought so."

He is interested in the colour problem in America and the influence young people have, not because he is politically minded, but more because he is interested in the social aspect.

"You know," he says, leaning back on his bed and fiddling with his harmonica, "a lot of people, black and white, didn't realise how important King was until his death. And the riots that happened afterwards were because this was a man who was killed because he tried to stop hatred. Not just hatred from white against black, but hatred from black against white."

Stevie Wonder is much taller and thinner than you'd imagine watching him on stage. He moves round a room as though music is constantly coursing through his body and mind and it's an odd experience watching him—as though somehow you're left out of what he's enjoying.

Music is his life. Along with his entourage that accompanies him all over the world—his friend and co-songwriter Don, his valet, conductor, musicians—go his tape recorder, amplifier and harmonica just in case he gets an idea for a song. Even while you're talking to him he'll suddenly burst into the middle of "For Once in My Life" for no apparent reason other than that he likes hearing it.

"Singing is my life but I'd finally like to just write. It's as satisfying to me as going out on stage, just to hear what you can do."

In his hotel room in London are masses of half-eaten cream cakes, packets of sweet biscuits, a



Stevie Wonder . . . taller than you'd imagine

huge jug of fresh orange juice and tea. He eats constantly, as though building himself up for the out-pourings of energy on stage.

He has a lot of energy—high powered and restless—but even he gets tired.

"I look forward to the end of a tour just to rest up—otherwise I can't talk man, never mind sing! But the first two days go by without me knowing what's happened, it takes a time to unwind."

Unwinding means reading, roller skating and bowling. But even in the middle of all these he can

suddenly get an idea for a song and rush off home to try it out.

Because he's blind he says he's very aware of atmosphere. If someone talking to him is tense it reflects badly on him, so that he gets nervous himself. Be that as it may he has an inbred interest in people.

"I go by their voices. Some people really put me off by just one thing they may say. Others may say something and I think 'hey that's interesting' and after that I want to know more about them".

He loves talking, astrology and girls, outside of music. He was

born on May 13 and says with pride that Taureans are very sexy.

A fan phones from Germany halfway through the conversation and Stevie answers it. He takes a lot of personal interest in fans: "They are good people man," and gets Don to take the name and address so that he can write to this one.

The fan says something about Stevie being blind and without hesitation he laughs and his voice goes soft. "Oh look you musn't get upset man. Don't worry about that—I can get around as good as you."



Ray Barrett . . . 'Bit old'

and both are selling so favourably that Fontana are convinced Mr. Barrett need not get oil under his fingernails any more.

"I'd never drop acting, though," he says, one huge fist clenched around a glass of whisky, the other protectively shielding his blonde girlfriend of the film business. "I feel I'm a better actor than singer. Acting, anyway, is more creative than pop."

"But although the record thing has turned out so well, I'm really wondering whether I should have gone ahead with it. The fact is that I don't have a bloody spare minute in the day any more. 'The Troubleshooters' is a full-time job, but on top of that Fontana naturally expect me to promote the record with TV appearances and so on. I tell you my head is so full of learning the lines for 'The Troubleshooters' that I dried up in the middle of 'If You Go Away' the other day because I couldn't remember the words."

"Still, I don't see why I can't combine the two things. I like singing—particularly songs where the lyric is important—and my ambition must be to make a musical."

No trouble at all for Ray!

RAY BARRETT has the sort of face you would find in an advert for acne. Except that at approaching 42, the battleground that is Mr. Barrett's countenance is unquestionably beyond repair. And he couldn't care less.

Neither would anyone else when, with the aid of such striking features, he has emerged as the face with the most masculine appeal since Tom Jones via the rugged role he plays as Peter Thornton in the increasingly popular "Troubleshooters" series.

And, having become a household face, it didn't take the enterprising pop business long to test the Barrett tonsils for further untapped appeal. "I thought they must be bloody joking when Fontana Records phoned up and invited me to do an album," says Brisbane-born Mr. Barrett, who doesn't believe in mixing words overmuch. "I thought 'I'm a bit bloody old to start singing, mates'."

Fontana insisted they were not fooling. They had heard him sing "What A Difference A Day Makes" in a BBC show spectacular and were impressed. So Mr. Barrett, in his best manner, said simply: "Okay, we'll do it and if it's no bloody good, throw it out the window, shake hands and have a drink."

There's been much handshaking and drinks all round since, but no records have floated out of the Fontana windows. For his first album, "No Trouble Now," together with a single, "If You Go Away" received generous reviews

Singing is first in Stevie's life

"Candy makes the mind boggle." DAILY MAIL

"A pornographic eye-full. Hilariously funny, a blazing satire on current vogues." The People

"It's eroticism without parallel ... the most controversial movie perhaps of this generation." Evening Standard



Candy

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