

DISC

and MUSIC ECHO 1s

JULY 5, 1969

EVERY THURSDAY

SCOTT
TO STAR
IN FILM

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Harrison,
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on the State of
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the facts

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plans
a baby

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The jammiest millionaires

PICTURED on the left—a millionaire called Marmalade! IN other words, collectively, from left to right, Pat Fairley, Alan Whitehead, Dean Ford, Junior Campbell and Graham Knight are now worth £1 million!

THEIR life insurances are together worth £500,000; their record royalties from "Ob-La-Di" alone are expected to bring in £50,000.

THEY have invested in a company called Pacific Copper, which was drilling for copper and has instead struck a large gold seam!

THEY own their own publishing company and also a top racing greyhound.

THEIR CBS recording contract expires in September, and with five companies currently bidding for their services, a new contract is expected to bring in at least another £100,000.

AND apart from Britain, they will be working this year in Australia, America, New Zealand, Singapore, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Israel and Canada!

IMPRESSED? Turn to page 8 for more about the £ S D of Marmalade.





Albert — the love of Anita Harris' life

SHOULD you be strolling in Hyde Park one day and a large white Afghan hound comes loping towards the Serpentine, and wades in, then there's a strong possibility that it's Albert.

If he then stands with water up to his knees and waits until his irate owner is about six feet away before slowly sinking down and rolling, then you are definitely witnessing Albert demonstrating his independence while his owner, Anita Harris, stands fuming helplessly on the bank.

Despite the fact that Albert's dips are a regular occurrence—even to the point of breaking the ice in winter—and the result is a bath to remove the slime and smell, Anita says that this is one of Albert's most endearing qualities—his spirit.

Anita never really intended to own a dog. She considered her South Kensington flat too small, and her work takes her away a lot. But one morning nearly four years ago, when she was doing cabaret in Nottingham, Anita came downstairs in her hotel to be confronted by a beautiful Afghan hound.

"I'd never seen one close to before," said Anita ruefully. "He was beautiful, and had just won at Crufts."

The rest of the story was inevitable. The champion Afghan had just sired some puppies, with one white one in the litter. Anita boarded the train to London with a large cardboard box containing a six-week-old puppy, whom she christened Albert Thumper because he thumped his tail on the floor, and because her manager—Mike Margolis—had just written a script for the "Avengers" where the leading man was called Albert T.

And since those terrible days of house-training when Albert managed to find the one square inch of floor that wasn't covered with newspaper, and had to be coaxed down three flights of stairs at the first signs of danger, he has ruled the flat.

He costs more to feed than Anita ("I survive on bits and pieces, and Albert eats £7 worth of hearts and stewing steak a week"), sleeps on her bed, and the whole day has to be arranged around his half-hour run in the park. If Anita is busy, then her maid Maria takes him.

The Park seems to have been Albert's main downfall in his four years.

"When he was a puppy I took him into the Park at 11 a.m. one day, and we didn't leave until

A new series by Caroline Boucher

6 p.m. He just ran away. He'd wait for me to get up to him and then he'd run. I walked backwards and forwards across the Park, crying and thinking he would get run over—the Kensington police turned up—he must have been the most famous dog in Knightsbridge. In the end I just had to wait until he got tired, which took seven hours."

After that when Anita took Albert to the Park, she made sure she had no appointments for the rest of the day.

His recent Hyde Park escapade was to chase a young female Corgi round the Serpentine to the embarrassment of Maria who was walking him that day, and came back to report that "perhaps he needs a wife."

So rather than a batch of Afghan Corgis, Anita is looking for a suitable wife for Albert.

Sitting sedately at Anita's feet, Albert looks as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. When he stands on his hind legs to talk to her, he reaches her shoulder

and people have been known to remark that when Anita is in old jeans with her hair in bunches they do look very alike.

"I don't think a dog should do tricks," says Anita (Albert gives a cold stare of agreement) "they should be daft, spoilt, sophisticated and fun."

"I've always had two brothers, but Albert's added one to the family. When I'm away and he's staying with my parents in Bournemouth I think about him an awful lot. I like him with me all the time."

Albert goes almost everywhere with Anita while she's in this country. The commissionaires at the BBC all know him, and he's become quite a connoisseur in front of the TV screens. In a future show he even has a George Sanders voice dubbed so he can voice his thoughts about his owner in suitably pompous tones.

Back home in the flat Albert feigns sleep, but opens one eye as soon as his name is mentioned and leaps up to follow Anita as soon as she gets up. His only competition as far as other pets are concerned is a canary called Hercules the Third. Hercules I was sent to Anita by a fan, but died of a heart attack last year while Anita was doing a summer season.

So she wouldn't be upset, Maria went to Harrods and bought Hercules II who died of the same complaint a few weeks



ANITA HARRIS at play with her Afghan hound, Albert

later. Undeterred, Maria took Hercules II R.I.P. back to Harrods and complained of shoddy goods. She left with Hercules III, who is still alive and well.

Albert treats him with suitable condescension by going up to the cage every morning just to check he's there.

Now that Anita is doing a summer season in her home town

of Bournemouth this year, Albert will be close at hand at her parents' house, and enthused with the dog-owner spirit, Anita is thinking of joining the local Afghan Club.

"Albert is part of me. I talk to him all the time and people think I'm mad—a typical dog owner. But he understands. He does need a wife though."



STARS AND THEIR PETS

Next week: Maurice and Lulu Gibb at home with their high-pedigree Pyrenean Mountain dog, Aston.

EX-SHADOW Bruce Welch is launching this week a new group. Nothing too fantastic about that. But this new group are three boys who sing like the Righteous Brothers, look like the Walkers Brothers, and are a lot more besides. Their name is the Virgil Brothers.

Add their talent to Bruce's know-how—accumulated from 11 years with the Shadows—and you'll see why they have every reason to succeed.

'DDD CLEARED UP MY SPOTS IN A SHORT MATTER OF TIME'

says 17 year old Keith Nichols



"Spots can be embarrassing, especially if they're big. I thought I'd tried everything. Then I heard about DDD, and I tried it. It cleared up my spots in a short matter of time. If you use it properly it can be very effective." Keith Nichols, an apprentice watch-maker, discovered how DDD's unique prescription with 5 powerful antiseptics and other scientific cooling and soothing ingredients really gets to work on spots. The DDD Company Ltd., 94 Rickmansworth Road, Watford, Herts.

DDD

Balm Liquid Soap

Ex-Shadow Bruce launches a bright new hope

Bruce himself is very excited about them.

"I heard their single 'Temptation 'Bout To Get Me' last Christmas when we were at the Palladium. At that time I'd already said I was going to quit, but I didn't know what I wanted to do. When I heard the record I thought 'Christ! What a lot of potential!'

"I took seven months off after that to go round the world and have a rest. I was bored stiff by being on stage and with the Shads for such a long time—it was getting like an office job."

Meanwhile Peter Gormky, the Shadows manager, had been to Australia, seen the Virgils and asked them to come to England. He and Bruce now co-manage the group.

"The reaction on the record has been great from everyone," said Bruce. "It doesn't worry me to have them compared to the Walkers, if they're half as successful I'll be delighted!"

"I think they're right for the pop scene now. They're excit-

ing, and that's what we need. They don't move around like mad. But they've each got a tremendous vocal power and excitement on stage.

"We gave them a little sort of audition to see what they were like live because we didn't know — they'd only been together for just over a year. And they were rather nervous. Well we shoved them into a room with a hand and all sat around to criticise—and they were very good."

"The main thing is that kids will be able to identify with

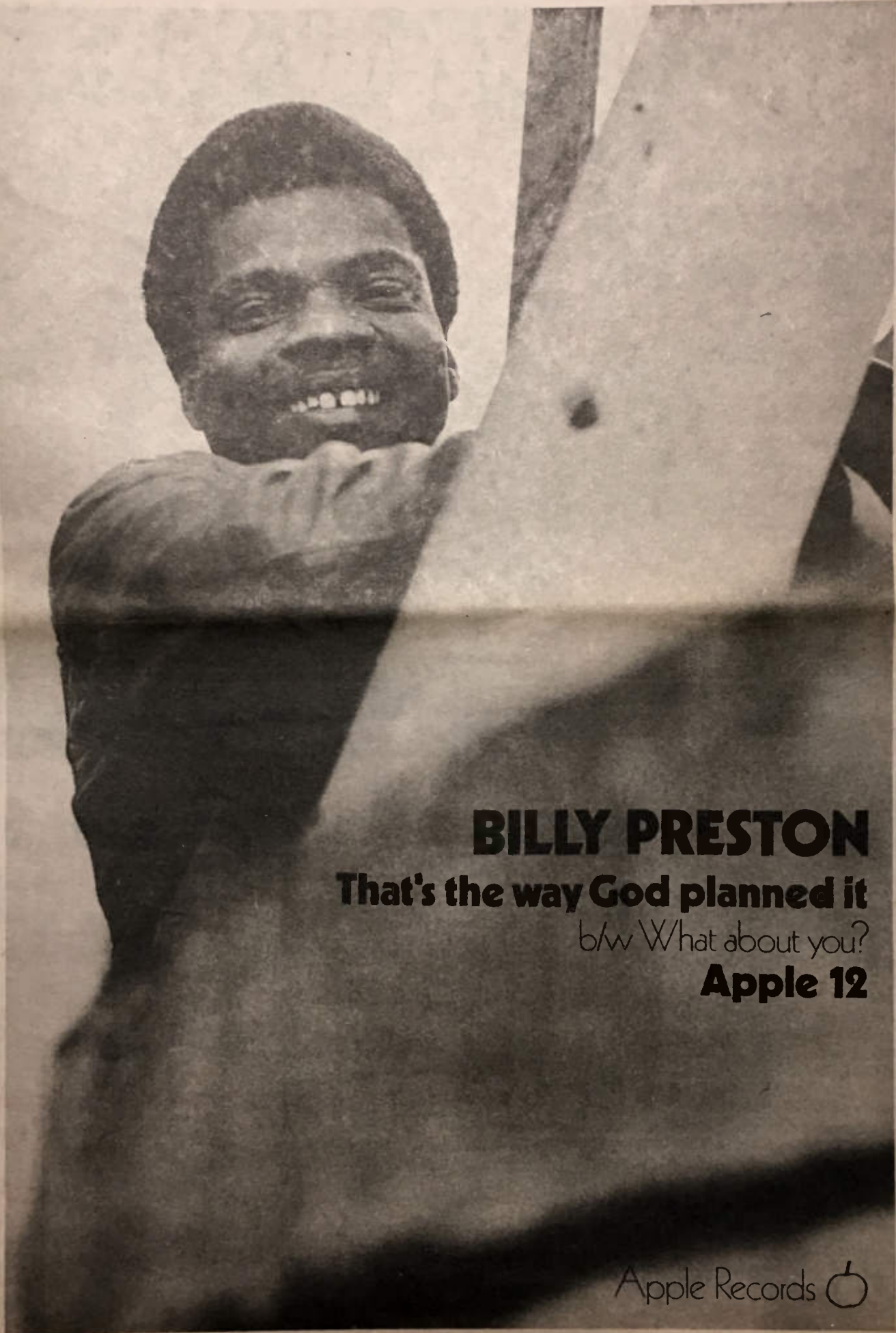


VIRGILS (from left): Danny, Peter and Rob

them as separate individuals. Like the Shadows—when we started everyone knew our names. It's not like Jethro Tull or someone who are a group—nobody knows them individually."

The Virgil Brothers are three

ex-university students from Melbourne, Australia. Called Rob, Peter and Danny they aren't actually brothers but, like most groups, old friends. They should cause quite a sensation—especially as they're all over 6 ft tall!



BILLY PRESTON

That's the way God planned it

b/w What about you?

Apple 12

Apple Records 

info

on this week's new releases from Decca

CARRIE MARTIN is a new name with a refreshing voice, sounding relaxed and effortless with a smooth, soul-flavoured number titled **'I won't do anything'**. A smoochy backing sets just the right scene for Carrie's voice, and this debut disc promises success for a welcome new talent. On Decca, number F 12951

THE BACHELORS, currently in the middle of a London summer season, consistently make high-quality singles. But their new one is my all-time favourite. **'Punky's dilemma'** is a great Paul Simon song that could have been written for them, it's so right. Sounds like they got tremendous enjoyment making this, and you can't help but feel happy hearing it. Decca F 22946.



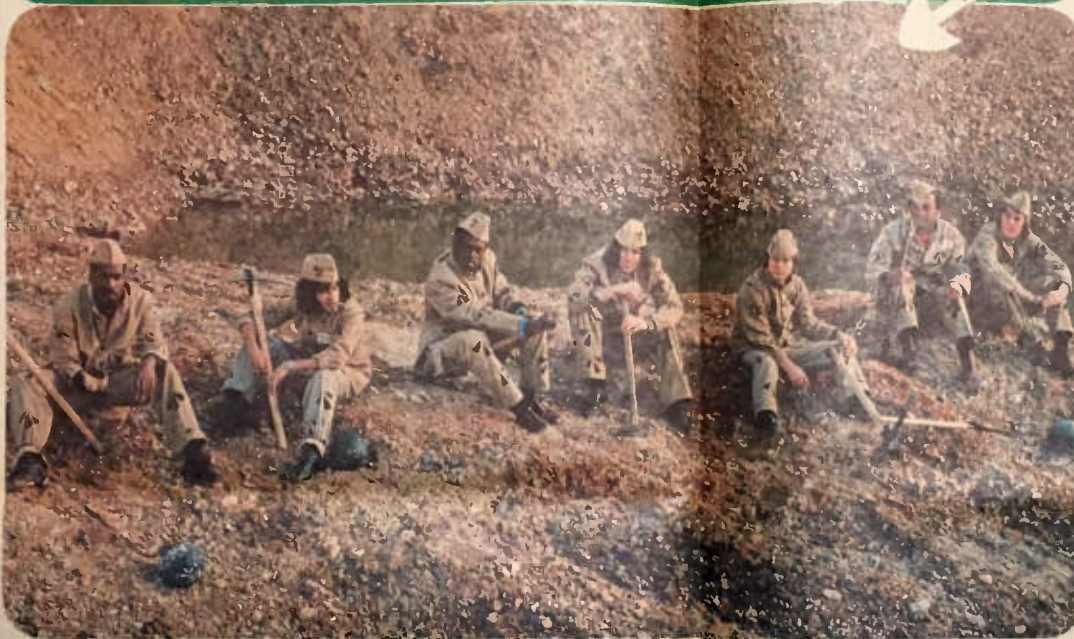
Everyone's got the moon on their minds at the moment, and **JONATHAN KING** will probably be up there before anybody else with the timely re-release of his colossal hit, **'Everyone's gone to the moon'**. This is on Decca F 12950—a must for all lunar loonies. And if the moon isn't your scene, get on the **'Solar level'** with **THE JOHNNY ALMOND MUSIC MACHINE**. This is a group of very young and ridiculously talented jazz men, produced by Mike Vernon. Johnny himself plays more instruments than most people know the names of, and is in demand for many a super-session. The single is on Deram DM 266, so look up and listen. Watch out next week for another star-studded info!

DECCA group records

45 rpm records

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Digging the Foundations



Left to right: Eric Allandale, Tony Gomez, Colin Young, Peter Macbeth, Allan Warner, Pat Burke, Tim Harris

THE Foundations, like it or not, are one of the most successful bands in the pop business today... and a lot of people won't like it.

Ever since the boys burst on to the scene in the most spectacular way—a No. 1 hit with their No. 1 record—they have been subject matter for the cynics. "One-hit wonders" and "tame copies of Tamla Motown" were the early forms of abuse.

The answer to all this was the aptly-titled "Back On My Feet Again" which climbed to No. 17. But then came "Any Old Time You're Lonely And Sad"—while the Foundations were in America on their first tour—which, although their favourite single, barely made the Top 30 to be followed by the decision of lead singer Clem Curtis to leave the group and go solo.

The cynics were back on the scene immediately. "That's the end of them," was the common remark. But instead of oblivion, the boys found, from 200 auditions, the voice of Colin Young and so introduced one of the

most attractive new voices to arrive in pop for some time. Despite bursting on the public with a No. 1 hit "Baby, Now That I've Found You," they had steadily gone downhill. Their next two singles, although entering the Top 30, had hardly kept up the early promise.

With the departure of Clem Curtis, the knacker, of whom there had been many, assumed that the end of the Foundations was in sight. Instead, into the studio went Colin to cut "Build Me Up Buttercup." It was more than a build-up, it was rocket-powered boost because the record reached No. 1 both here

and in America.

And to prove that this was no fluke, back came Colin to sing "In The Bad, Bad Old Days..." and another huge hit both sides of the Atlantic. Colin's voice and the Foundations' sound clicked perfectly and the prestige bookings began flooding in. The Coghebanas in New York, a \$100,000 investment American tour, total world sales of singles now exceeding 11 million.

The original Foundations formed themselves in 1967 and struggled for six months to stay together, without any financial means, by eking out a meagre existence in a basement coffee bar in London's Westbourne Grove where they lived, re-

hearsed and are what little food they could afford.

Things started changing for the better the day they met Barry Clark, a property tycoon and record shop owner who at once saw the possible potential of talented musicians, allied to their multiracial appeal. The final brick came with their introduction to an unknown songwriter and record producer, Tony Macaulay, who, with his colleague John Macleod, had a song

called "Baby Now That I've Found You" buried in the bottom of his drawer.

That disc took 10 weeks to register with record buyers, but then it shot to the top, establishing not only the Foundations, but Tony Macaulay, too. He has since written all their A-side singles and all the artists he has since written for, the Foundations are the artists that helped to make his name.

Today there records have

figured in the charts of some 39 countries across the globe, and they are beginning to become one of the major attractions with American audiences.

Furthermore, there seems to be no stopping them. Unlike any other pop group, the Foundations rely neither on sex, nor age, nor one personality. They are a solid unit of seven talented musicians selling highly commercial pop without a gimmick in sight.

A No. 1 hit that caused them trouble!

Digging their new album, track by track

TILL NIGHT BROUGHT DAY: Warner, Macbeth and Gomez are supposed to be getting on well with their writing and this is certainly a funky sort of track.

WAITING ON THE SHORES OF NOWHERE: The one track from an outside source—this is a track of Tony Macaulay by friends of Tony Macaulay, and for all the world it could be another Macaulay song, called Bob Sear and Jack Wince.

IN THE BAD, BAD OLD DAYS: If you don't know this number, you must have been taking Jonathan King's advice these past few weeks.

A PENNY, SIR: Written by Colin it also features him and found its way into the Foundations' repertoire through a rather deeper lyric.

I CAN FEEL IT: By Eric Allandale with a fairly catchy hook line, although not strong enough for a single. Typical Foundations track, though.

TAKE AWAY THE EMPHATIC TONES TON: Macaulay-Macleod song originally intended as a new single but not considered strong enough by the Foundations although it's commercial enough.

LET THE HEARTACHES BEGIN: The Long John Bakery smash given a very optimistic treatment intended to be in the Duffins style.

A WALK THROUGH THE TREES: Written by Pat Burke it was intended to have lyrics but because the boys were so pleased with what they played, they left it alone as an instrumental with fine pieces of sax playing on it. The most progressive track of the album.

THAT NAME, OLD FEELING: Macaulay-Macleod commercial song but the Foundations which the boys themselves do not like.

SIMONON GUNDY: Eric Allandale was commissioned to write a straight pop song for a Philippine group and this was the result.

From the hit makers who brought you **Build Me Up Buttercup, Baby Now That I've Found You** and **In The Bad, Bad Old Days**, comes their latest Album.



DIGGING THE FOUNDATIONS



DIGGING THE FOUNDATIONS

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DISC SPECIAL



COLIN Young, a modest young man who will throw back his handsome head and roar with laughter at the absurdity of it all if people pay him compliments, is, for all his denials, the straw that mended the Foundations' back.

When Colin came into the group to replace Clem Curtis last October after that cliché problem—"a difference of opinion over musical policy"—the Foundations were at a fairly low ebb.

Things have changed since then, but in his early days with the Foundations he had to toe the line and accept that he was only another member of the group—not the most important. He was sent up, sent to Coventry, sent into despair. But now, nine months later, he feels he's become accepted into the Foundations. "But they really put me through it at first," he admits.

It's given him time to assess the others and since the Foundations, as individuals, are pretty unknown to the public, he agreed to assess them one by one.

PAT BURKE, he says, is "very serious and a bit shy like me. Actually he thinks in a very business-like manner."

ERIC ALLANDALE: "He varies—he can be happy or miserable,

but when he's happy he's the joker of the group."

TIM HARRIS: "He really makes me laugh. He's just a natural hubbling person who's always cheerful."

PETER MACBETH: "Very serious indeed. But when he does say anything it's always intelligent. Mind you, he does the driving and that's probably why he hasn't much time for talking."

ALLAN WARNER: "He's another who varies. He'll sit for six hours saying nothing and suddenly perk up. He lives out at Elstree and we don't see him to socialise very much."

TONY GOMEZ: "He's a bit fascinating or frightening. He's the weird one. He digs snakes and spiders and things. Very weird indeed."

And Colin himself? "I don't think I've changed much as a person since joining the group. The only obvious thing is that I've really got to think more financially now that I'm handling more money."

"I've simply been blowing it,

going to clubs, meeting friends, having champagne in my bachelor flat at West Hampstead. I go to a club and put my hand in my pocket and think 'Blimey man, I've just got through £50 and I don't feel a thing. In the old days if I spent a fiver in a night I'd really worry about such extravagance next day."

He has a secret longing to sing ballads but accepts "it will be a damn long time before I'll be allowed to do that. The thing is that the Foundations will keep on with the same sort of music that is not too complicated. We're not fantastic musicians, let's face it, but we can only get better all the time."

"I think our success lies in this different original sound, the difference of races which gives some sort of visual appeal and the fellows do have a bit of personality even if it isn't obvious since no one of us is thrown up as a leader. We get on well together and have a respect for each other which we hope other musicians may share with us in time."

Colin Young — longs to sing ballads!

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By **BOB FARMER**

Tony Gomez —once a 'stinker'
Tim Harris —seagoing drummer

TONY GOMEZ, the Foundations' baby from Ceylon—he's 20 and tiny—tells with shame of the day, during the six-month struggle for survival before the Foundations found their footing, when his mother came calling to the basement coffee bar where he, Peter, Allan and Tim were living on approximately £2 each a week.

"We were so poor, we couldn't even afford the price of a packet of razor blades and my mum, who was always coming round to have a go and tell me off for leaving my job in County Hall in the architect's department, stood on the steps talking to me and, man, I stunk!"

"I don't think our audiences really know what to make of us," he says. "Actually, although we haven't got a sex image as such, I think these guys are all quite sexy in their own way."

Pat Burke —in love with jazz

MOST of the time Pat Burke is like a dominant Desmond Dekker with a vocabulary that varies from "Yeah, man" to "No, man" and little further. Be patient with Pat and you can probably find quite a lot ticking away inside.

For one thing, he's a slightly frustrated jazz musician. "I like pop from the commercial point of view," says the Foundations' saxist in a rare burst of response, "but I still regard jazz as my first love."

He came to this country from Kingston, Jamaica, in the early fifties to spread his musical wings with British jazz groups but decided to switch to the Foundations because "jazz wasn't paying me much."

He says his personal ambition is to be a good writer and arranger of big works. He'd also like to see less intolerance between races.

Allan Warner —digs Bach

GUITARIST Allan Warner was born and bred in London, did the usual round of struggling groups and eventually wound up with the Foundations or, as they were known at the time of his audition, the Ramons.

Allan himself would possibly like to produce a piece for classical guitar. "Unlike the others with their feel for jazz, I've always dug classical music, especially Bach. I'd love to be able to devote more time to studying classical guitar, but that's just one of the things about the Foundations—we get next to no time. We're not having a holiday this year for a start."

He lives, when he's not touring, at Elstree, has an added ambition to become an expert in archery.

TIM HARRIS may not come from the colonies like the majority of the Foundations, but he did the next best thing. "I joined the Merchant Navy as a deckhand and travelled all over the world—even went as far North as the ports of Siberia with a timber ship. But you never got to see much farther than the docks, so I packed it in, came back to England and got involved with groups," he says.

He says the early days were extremely tough. "We lived together for six months and everyone was always talking of splitting, but we stayed and it probably explains why we all get on so well together today. I may think that the drummer hasn't got to do much in the group, but we still split everything up into equal shares, whether it's money or interviews or whatever. We haven't as much visual appeal as the average groups—but we've got the harmony, onstage and off."

Eric Allandale —grandad

ERIC Allandale—at 33 the granddaddy of the group—would probably like nothing better than to be a member of the winning outfit in the annual British brass bands competition. "The first music I knew back home in Dominica was military music and when I came to England the first band I joined was the Hammersmith Borough Brass Band," says Eric with obvious relish.

Like a lot of the Foundations his later influence was jazz. "I did sessions with a lot of jazz bands and would really like to be playing bigger, more involved sounds with the Foundations, but my outlook has changed a lot."

I think our success is due to the fact that we have a distinctive sound, which is like British Motown and we're also a mixture of people of different nationalities."

Peter Macbeth —intellectual

PETER Macbeth has Scottish parents but like all but Allan Warner, he spent a large slice of his earlier life abroad. "In my case, I left school and went to Singapore where I taught English and draughtsmanship."

Peter is probably the most surprising Foundation, for he is almost intellectual. He loves reading poetry, exploring Anglo-Saxon prose and was strongly Left Wing until money made him alter his attitudes somewhat.

"I get the feeling that as far as England goes, there is a lot of contempt for us from the pop intelligentsia. Some underground people make a face if they hear our name mentioned. But if, by two albums time, we haven't shown what we can do, then that contempt will be deserved."

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Jeff Beck

Donovan, Jeff, an instant hit

with a little help from Mickie Most
—and a few bottles of wine

DONOVAN's new single "Goo Goo Barajagel" is the result of one six-hour recording session which "burst into flames"—and it certainly sounds like it!

On the single, which is a hypnotic chant-type song a la "Hey Jude" with one tumultuous, shocking break in the middle, Donovan joins forces with Britain's well-respected Jeff Beck group.

And if the result is anything to go by, this is one super-group which could beat 'em all if it got together permanently!

"It happened because we're both with Mickie Most for recording," said Jeff on Monday—on the eve of leaving to play his bit in America's New-

port Jazz Festival.

"He thought it would be a good idea to get us both on the single with us as a sort of backing group for Donovan. So we went into the studio with a few bottles of wine and did the whole session in one evening—about six hours of recording."

Which, listening to the single, is the last thing you'd expect—it sounds like a model example of the recording producer's art.

But not so, says Jeff. "I think some of the best things do come out when you just fly into something.

"You see, Donovan's very easy to work with. He just walked into the studio, picked up a guitar and strummed the song while we joined in and wailed behind him.

"Sometimes these things work and sometimes they don't—but this session just burst into flames."

And that, as they say, was just about that. The song eventually turned out as "totally unrecognisable" from the original Donovan strummed, and a little more time was spent on it in the studio adding a few girls' voices on the chorus.

"The words seemed to come straight out of Donovan's head at the time—he didn't have anything written down.

"It's strange: the words are very difficult to hear at first but if you listen carefully you can hear them all.

"They're funny words because they are what you make of them—they could be obscene, they could be religious, they could be just anything."

The mind-staggering break in the middle, when the Beck group's wailing abruptly stops, Donovan chants strange poetry and then one cord comes leaping out of the loudspeaker to pop you in the head, was also a bit of an afterthought.

"We thought that some people might think the song goes on for too long, so we stuck an eight-bar break in just to break it up a bit.

"I didn't really think it needed it, though—I could listen to it all night!"

The single was cut about a month ago, just before ace pianist Nicky Hopkin quit the Beck group—and his piano can be heard to stunning effect.

Two other songs were cut with Donovan, one of which—



Donovan . . . words straight out of his head!

"Bed With Me"—is the "B"-side of the single while the other is being kept in the can as a possible future LP track.

Which, in the troubled, two-and-a-half-year history of the Jeff Beck group is quite an achievement.

THIS IS US!



CHICKEN SHACK (left to right): Dave Bidwell, Paul Raymond, Stan Webb and Andy Sylvester

Chicken Shack

Stan Webb

Full name: Stanley Frederick Webb.

Instrument played: guitar.

Born: February 3, 1946, at Parson's Green, Fulham, London.

Present home: Hackmans Gate, Kent, Worcs.

Family: Parents and one sister, living in Worcestershire.

Education: Ackmar Road School, Fulham.

Met group: Andy (Sylvester) and I have known each other for about five years and we formed Chicken Shack about two years ago.

Favourite music: Gatemouth Brown, Laurodo, Almeida, Freddie King.

Clothes: Yes, I do wear them.

Marriage: I'll be around for a long time yet!

Money: The more I have, the better I like it.

Travel: Hate flying, but I have to do it.

Ambition: To see "Tears In The Wind" at number one.

Compositions: "Tears In The Wind," "Worried About My Woman" and others too numerous to mention.

Eyes: Hazel.

Hair: Brown.

Height: 6 ft. 1 in.

Weight: 9 st. 4.

Likes: Too numerous to name.

Dislikes: Badly cooked food, rain, wind and flying.

Paul Raymond

Full name: Paul Martin Raymond.

Instrument played: Organ, piano, guitar.

Born: November 16, 1945 at St. Albans.

Present home: Earls Court, London.

Family: No siblings—I'm the only son.

Education: Streatham Modern. Compositions: numerous.

Previous job: hairdresser. I'd rather not say what group I was with before!

Met group: Auditioned as pianist after Christine Perfect left.

Favourite music: B. B. King, Buddy Guy.

Clothes: Leather, preferably black.

Marriage: I'm not a real believer in it—it seems pointless to get married if it's going to end in divorce.

Money: I adore money, I idolise it and I wish I had more!

Travel: I'd love to do a lot of travelling but I'm terrified of flying. I like ships though—I'd like to go to Africa.

Ambition: To see Chicken Shack at number one.

Eyes: Dark brown.

Hair: Black.

Height: 5 ft. 8 in.

Weight: 8 st. 12.

Likes: Sleeping.

Dislikes: Shaving, long car journeys.

Dave Bidwell

Full name: David George Bidwell.

Instrument played: Drums.

Born: Maidstone, Kent—July 22, 1946.

Present home: Raynes Park, south London.

Family: Two sisters.

Education: Wimbledon College. Compositions: None.

Previous jobs: cutting grass for the council, worked in a department store and sold insurance.

Met group: Producer Mike Vernon's wife knew I was looking for work when Chicken Shack lost their previous drummer Al Sykes so I auditioned with them.

Favourite music: Jazz and blues.

Clothes: They're all black!

Marriage: Not for me yet. Give it a few more years.

Money: Hard to earn but easy to spend.

Travel: I enjoy flying and travelling. "a by ship.

Ambition: To be regarded as a good musician.

Eyes: Brown, but it says yellow on my passport!

Hair: Black.

Height: 5 ft. 11 in.

Weight: 10 st.

Likes: All good music; lager.

Dislikes: Setbacks.

Andy Sylvester

Full name: Andrew Frederic Sylvester.

Instrument played: bass.

Born: June 16, 1947 at Kidderminster.

Family: One sister, Evelyn.

Education: Sladan Secondary School.

Previous jobs: Banjo-player, electrician, labourer and trainee representative.

Met group: I'm a founder-member!

Favourite music: James Brown and Graham Bond.

Clothes: Anything that fits.

Marriage: No, I wouldn't like to get married. I'm not a great believer in it.

Money: I love it! It's so necessary in this day and age.

Travel: Yes, I love it. I prefer air travel—travelling in England is a drag because the roads are so congested.

Ambition: To keep playing with Chicken Shack for a long, long time.

Compositions: "Hesitation Stomp."

Present home: Notting Hill Gate, London.

Eyes: Blue.

Hair: Sandy.

Height: 5 ft. 10 in.

Weight: 9 st. 7.

Likes: Women.

Dislikes: Travelling on motorways.

IT'S difficult to tell whether the Iveys are happy or sad with life.

Launched with much acclaim and publicity last year by the Almighty Apple with a pleasant-enough single called "Maybe Tomorrow" and a nation-wide tour with house-packing Gene Finney, they have since been forgotten by all.

Or almost all . . . until last week when a heart-warming registered letter arrived at Disc offices with a plea, signed by 143 Ivey fans, to know what's going on!

"We do feel a bit neglected," said Ron Griffiths, "especially as that record got as high as No. 50 in America and nobody seems to know about it. We had hoped someone might have blown a trumpet for us when that happened."

In fact the main reason nothing's been happening for the Iveys is that the Beatles (who you may know are directors of Apple) are very hard to please! "We keep writing songs for a new single and submitting them to Apple, but the Beatles keep sending them back saying they're not good enough."

"We've now come up with a song that Mal Evans (former Beatle road manager and now their personal assistant at Apple) says he likes, so perhaps we stand a chance at last."

The Iveys (the rest of them are Peter Ham, Tom Evans and Mike Gibbins) are currently ensconced in their Golders Green flat with manager Bill Collins, alternately writing and rehearsing.

"We've had a sound-proof studio built in the flat, and now seem to be sweating out all our time in there."

"Mind you," adds Tom Evans, "we've had a lot of things that most groups could not expect. The Beatles bought our gear for us, all the equipment and the group van, and we've had all sorts of concessions . . . all we need now is a hit single, or even just a new



Ron Griffiths: 'we're neglected'

IVEYS FIND IT HARD TO PLEASE BEATLES

single, hit or not, and we'll be happy!

"We're going to keep on writing, and we're determined to come up with something the Beatles like. At first we were adamant about not recording anything but one of our own songs, but now we'd record anything, so long as it was good."

"No, the Beatles haven't offered us any of their songs, but then we're not really expecting them to. Paul McCartney did suggest that a couple of tracks off our American LP might make a single . . . but not for England."

Asked about the state of their morale the Iveys reply they are up one day, down the next.

"But in general we're still optimistic—and whatever happens we're determined to win!"

State of the Pop Scene '69

six top stars
answer six
pointed
questions to
take the
pop pulse



Mick Jagger



Peter Green



Manfred Mann



Pete Townshend



George Harrison



Andy Fairweather-Low

The Beatles and Elvis are established giants. Who would you nominate as likely to match their popularity and influence the future?

THE God Pan, Beethoven, Brahms, Schoenberg and Mrs. E. Dimbleby, of Oxford, who loaned me her record-player! I can't think of anyone at the moment to influence the scene to that extent. But people develop overnight so we'll have to wait and see!

NOBODY. There's no group around with visual excitement, musical content and individual personalities. It's a shame. Most groups rely on music to give them visual appeal—that doesn't produce anyone with the world appeal or impact of the Beatles, Stones or Presley.

I **REALLY** haven't the faintest idea, but I'd like to see someone like the Soft Machine, simply because I heard them on the radio recently playing a number that was absolutely marvellous. But that's just picking a name out of a hat. I'm sure there's a new giant looming on the horizon. We just don't know who he is yet.

THERE'S definitely no one around at the moment, but the next pop phenomenon will definitely come from America. Britain simply doesn't have the right atmosphere or machinery to launch a new Beatles; we've been lulled into pop complacency, whereas America, teeming with race riots and other upheavals, has just the right atmosphere to produce a phenomenon.

BILLY Preston! And probably Jesus Christ and Krishna! Billy Preston, mainly because I don't really know that much about people like Jethro Tull and haven't heard them anyway. He's a tremendous inspiration to work with. For everything there's a season—and the season's now for Billy Preston!

OH GOD! I think so much of the Beatles—they're the reason I am what I am and where I am today, and they're the only reason I formed the group. I don't want to nominate anyone else. Take the Beatles away, and for me you've taken away the whole meaning of pop.

Why are singles sales falling and albums selling more?

BECAUSE singles are lousy. The best news I've heard is that albums can now be sold at any price. I was thinking of taking a lorry out and selling our LPs at a quid each, off the back.

SINGLES are too expensive—especially since a lot of them have duff 'B' sides. An album is better value and people are making very good albums now. I don't see singles disappearing—after all, pop is still geared to the Top Ten.

PEOPLE have finally realised what a drag it is to keep changing singles on their record player! I never play singles for just that reason. It could also be the price of singles—you can get so much more value for money on an LP.

THE price of singles at the moment is quite ludicrous, and this is why LP's are selling more. If the record companies ever want to recover the singles market, they'll have to absorb some of the tax themselves.

I'M glad albums are selling more. Usually people can only sell an LP if they have had a hit. And it takes more than one single to show versatility today. In the States a lot of people don't put out singles.

BECAUSE better things are coming out on albums than on singles. People are taking much more care over making albums, and are following American influences.

How do you think the death of pirate radio, and two years of Radio 1, have affected the scene?

THE effect of Radio 1 has been calming and stultifying. There's no doubt that since the death of pirate radio things have been a lot quieter.

PIRATE radio meant—choice. Now that choice has gone. No monopoly is a good thing. Since Radio One there's been a lot of records that haven't made it—and would have done in the days of the pirates. But I still think if a record's **REALLY** good it will sell no matter what.

I **REALLY** don't think either of these facts has altered the scene much, except that new groups have to struggle more for recognition now. Pirate radio killed single sales, simply by overexposure. Before the pirates there were only a few BBC programmes where you could hear pop singles, and if you wanted to hear them more than twice a week, you had to buy them.

VERY sadly! I seriously believe Radio 1 is nothing more than housewife entertainment, and as such it succeeds better than the pirates did. But Radio 1 has none of the glamour and excitement of pop, and pop group writers, like myself, are losing touch with their public because of it. Radio 1 was never meant as an alternative to the pirates.

STUNTED is the word! Radio 1 is a lot of —. I listen, but I've never heard anything decent. It's disheartening. At least with the pirates everybody got exposure. More people had a chance.

I **LOVED** pirate radio. The first time I'd ever heard one of our records on the air was on Caroline and London. I'm against monopolies of any kind, and if there were only more variety in radio there would be better music resulting. Radio 1 is certainly better than it was, but we still need commercial radio.

If you were asked for advice by someone wanting to become a musician or singer, what would you reply and why?

I **ONCE** asked someone how to play the harmonica and they said: "Suck and blow and if it comes out okay then it's okay!" My advice is just to have a go—and get a good producer.

MUSIC is something you're born with. The only advice I can give to someone who has music burning in them is to slog on and never give up, no matter what happens. I was on the outside and nearly gave up, then suddenly it all happened for me when I least expected it. Unless you have an unfair amount of bad luck you'll make it one day.

If you really genuinely believe you are capable of becoming a professional musician, then do so. I was advised against it, but I did it because I knew I had to try. Usually people will know the answer themselves without having to seek advice.

I **DON'T** really know. You've got to have self-confidence and faith in yourself and in the future, but at the same time you've got to be aware of the facts. Pop's no dreamland now, there's no "bonanza" as our manager would say, even in America.

JUST do it! And keep doing it. Whatever you want to do—keep doing. If you do it and have it, keep doing it and you will make it! If people believe in themselves and have a certain amount of talent they'll only succeed by doing it and bringing this talent out.

DON'T ask me! So many different things have happened to me that I don't know if my advice would be the right advice, and I'd hate to give advice and find it turned out to be wrong!

There are now only two or three groups guaranteed to attract screaming fans to live shows. Why is this, and is it a good or a bad thing?

IT'S all down to a lack of excitement. It's a sexual thing really—reaction by exciting the kids. If there's no excitement from a group how can they expect an exciting response from an audience?

GIRLS are maturing younger now—they think before they scream. Then they usually don't scream. I'd love to see a big new group loom up that got everyone screaming their heads off. But we've become musically snobby now. It's good that groups are trying to become more concentrative but you need someone to give an audience release.

IT is a good thing, but why? Perhaps it's because the teenyboppers just don't want to scream any more. Or perhaps groups around with whom they can identify. Andy Fairweather-Low looks available, and the fans probably think "I could marry him happily and we could live together on the end of a rainbow," whereas Mick Jagger is unattainable.

IT'S terrible—the worst thing that's ever happened to pop. It's got a lot to do with the fact that not so many young good-looking groups come along these days—again because with only Radio 1 and "Tip for the top" on "Top Of The Pops" there's no outlet for them. The pirates were great for exposing new talent; the BBC is terrible.

MAYBE all the fans have got hoarse! Perhaps they don't dig anymore. I don't dig it!

FROM our point of view it's a good thing. The fewer groups like this there are, the more screaming there is for us. I don't think groups such as us have lost any fans; we've just each got a greater concentration of them.

After hippies, love and peace and flowerpower, what would you hope for as the next positive influence on young people?

PEOPLE ought to get into the previous influences you've mentioned before going on to anything else.

I'D like to think all those things were permanent influences on the young—I think they were. Youngsters have realised that before we start going round the moon there's a nasty state down here to be cleared up. I don't know about a positive influence but a pop influence that will affect them is free concerts. More groups will play for nothing.

I **NEVER** thought any of those things were positive influences. They were just trends and I found it most depressing that everyone took themselves so seriously. I'd like to see youthful smugness disappear. There was a smugness about flowerpower, and now student smugness that they are right about everything, has an almost middle-aged ring about it.

YOU can't brainwash people with publicity stunts, and that's basically what flowerpower and the hippies were. Nothing bad came out of flowerpower except a farce, and we've got that now! I'd like to see young people having a better understanding of life, a more optimistic view of the future and of the status of England.

LET'S hope for Love and Peace. And the self-liberation of Yoga.

I **DON'T** think young people should suffer any influences. They should just be allowed to be themselves, and do what **THEY** want to do, not what the current trend demands they do.

Judy Sims at the Newport Pop Festival

LAST weekend Los Angeles had its first and only pop festival this year, a three-day event held in remote Northridge (northern San Fernando Valley) and called, for reasons unknown, the Newport Pop Festival. The talent lineup was enormous and impressive, with Jimi Hendrix, Rascals, Creedence Clearwater, Chambers Brothers, Spirit, Steppenwolf, Byrds, Poco, Three Dog Night, Joe Cocker, Taj Mahal, and many more.

There was even a super jam session Sunday with Hendrix and Buddy Miles and a jazz saxophonist, joined by the traditionally freaked out Eric

Burdon (whose new group performed one night) who ended up atop a high platform dancing ecstatically, albeit un rhythmically.

A blonde girl, allegedly his girlfriend, joined the jam with appropriate shouts and joined Eric's gyrations with, if not appropriate, at least frenzied movements.

The festival, for all its music (and the music is the only constant with these festivals, aside from the problems—the music always good, the problems consistently bigger) ended in a large bummer for everyone except the immediate audience... that is, the audience in front of the handstand, the screaming thousands who paid their money and sat in sardine-like closeness for three days. My conservative guess is that 150,000 people attended over the three-day period. It looked more like 150,000 per day, but I tend to overestimate crowds.

The promoter, who learned a tough lesson from last year's Newport festival fiasco, had pro-

The chaos that is a pop festival

vided water and sanitation facilities, booths with things to buy, and even enough food for the masses.

Unfortunately, conditions backstage had worsened, and performers, press and festival employees experienced three days of unremitting tension, outright hatred, physical discomfort, and unprecedented confusion. The colour of the passes which allowed entry and exit changed from hour to hour, performers were kept waiting outside the gates, the stage was alternately crowded past the danger point and emptied unceremoniously, and the guards were impossible.

Several times no one in the backstage compound was allowed out—which meant we couldn't

even walk ten steps to buy a hot dog. The heat was killing, the dust choking. No place to sit, no place to stand. Worst of all, outside the grounds young people wandered and milled and broke into houses and messed up lawns.

I heard reports that one gap in the fence let in several thousand non-paying fans, and I saw a rock-and-bottle fight between angry outsiders and angry security people. The promoter is being sued by residents for property damage, one girl is suing because some security guards (members of a local motorcycle club called the Street Riders) molested her, and the entire festival is under investigation by the sheriff's department;

it seems there were several arrests for offences ranging from drugs to fights to immoral conduct. One young man, discovered in a rather compromising position with his girlfriend, was handcuffed to the fence—naked. One man, standing innocently backstage, was hit by a rock thrown over the fence and taken away in an ambulance, barely conscious.

The entire event made news headlines because of the arrests and the investigation, and the promoter swears he lost money. I feel that the whole situation revealed the worst of both sides—the shocking disregard of the young people for property and propriety, and the infuriating lack of respect for personal rights on the part of the guards and festival promoters.

The youth-authority confrontation continues with ever-increasing hostility in this country—and the Newport '69 festival only served to remind me that Monterey took place in another time when we were innocent and believed in love and flowers.



Jonathan King

I GENUINELY believe the latest Stones' record is their "Hey Jude." Basically the peaks of the Beatles' musical careers were "She Loves Me" and "Hey Jude," with the probable LP addition of "Sgt. Pepper." The Stones had "Satisfaction" and, since then, records of varying quality but no gigantic content. This double sider fulfils all qualifications.

I'm shattered by today's teenagers. These teenyboppers are not bubblegum/Monkee music fans. They are the ones who uncritically accept all the underground music, creative or rubbish. They're wallowing naively in pretention and distortion.

Last week I wandered around a few London dance halls and was paralysed by the attitudes. Intolerance is groovy. Tunesless music is groovy. The kids look ghastly — colourless, unoriginal, badly dressed. No brightness, no individuality, they lurch about, and bumping around out of time, un rhythmically on the dance floor.

I saw them appreciate the Principal Edwards Magic Theatre, John Peel's latest "wow" group, with stale guitar solos, out-of-tune harmonies, pathetically verbose lyrical innuendo — had absolutely nothing to offer anybody musically, or creatively.

John is a sincere, humorous, good disc-jockey. Sometimes he brings to our attention highly original and undiscovered talents. But he can slip up as much as any of us. Unfortunately he has more power than the whole of the rest of Radio One. His influence over the mini-teens (and I believe, more and more, that he is losing his hold over the intelligent 18 year olds/upwards) is immense.

They respect and idolise him. They've been taught to despise bubblegum, ballads, standards; to ignore the maxim that good music can have any roots.

So onwards they bumble, these open-minded, innocent young kids—pressurised into habits and attitudes which will direct their entire lives and pattern their heads into little grey squares of intolerance.

They HAVE to keep up, you see; Chubby Checker is now white, distorted, long haired and unshaven, with a strange gleam in his eyes. Dreary, pale, boring—their energy sapped and trickling away.

It's pathetic. Sad and pathetic. What a waste! It's not John Peel's fault. His intentions are good. No—it's the fault of a much less concrete and much more evil figure.

Catch them young, Mr Tambourine Man, catch them young, turn them on. There was Victoria and Inhibitions, there were wars and alcohol and nicotine. There were atom bombs. Hey, Mr Tambourine Man, sing your song to me. To hell with individuality—human beings are sheep, anyway, aren't they?

ALTHOUGH summer is now official, Los Angeles is experiencing London weather—grey, very grey, with no rain to break the monotony. Weeks of grey, with one or two hours of sun every afternoon, just enough to make you regret wearing the cool-weather clothes you put on that morning to shelter you from the cold grey.

But summer in Los Angeles is not just sun and surf, it's more music and more people passing through the smog to keep us busy and broke. The Airplane are still here finishing their album, a most complex and beautiful thing—with the typical Airplane iconoclastic and unconventional lyrics.

The title, tentative, is Volunteers of America, which is also a song by Marty Balin, an almost joyous account of the Revolution... and not the one of 1776. Jack and Jorma have started work on their separate (non-Airplane) album; Mitch Mitchell was drumming the night I was there, but I suspect they'll use more than one percussionist. Their effort will be some new tunes plus a number of old blues standards—Jorma's first love.

One of my favourite groups opened at the Troubadour to an enthusiastic bunch of shouting

first-nighters. Poco just keep on keepin' on, getting tighter and better, if possible. Poco might be a trifle confusing to someone who hasn't seen them because they dress western style, with fringe and embroidery and dude-like duds, but their music is more rock than country. Their first album is good, but not nearly so good as they are—but until such time as you can see them, it will do.

MAMA Cass dropped in to see and hear the Airplane one night, and sitting in the dark studio on little metal chairs we talked about Los Angeles ("You can either breathe or smoke in Los Angeles, you can't do both," she said, with reference to our puff of smog and the cigarette she was lighting).

She's moving to New York, she said, and while my eyebrows were still crowding my hairline she explained that she'll be in a Broadway play, a musical called Yellow Moon, but hers will be a straight non-musical role. She had just had her tonsils removed (source of recent trouble) and looked good but slightly subdued. She's very com-

THE group of fifty-six boys and girls stood quietly behind the handstand, boys to the right, girls to the left. A couple of them held cameras and generally they looked like a school class who had just got off their bus and were about to make their first tour of New York City.

The boys were wearing dark blue sports coats and grey trousers, the girls all had on floor length blue gowns. But standing there in the middle of Yankee Stadium just out of the spotlight waiting for the Chambers Brothers to finish their set wasn't a school dance going home, these young people were part of one of the most phenomenal stories in the history of pop music: the Edwin Hawkins Singers.

Polite

As they took the stage, the girls hitching their dress up a bit to climb the wooden steps and the boys politely letting them go first, a change came over the stadium. During the same evening last weekend the Clara Ward Singers had been on the bill dancing, jumping up and down, and generally having a good time. The Isley Brothers were to end the show and when they did a riot ensued as over half the audience rushed the stage. But during the few minutes that the Edwin Hawkins Singers were onstage everything was different.

Hollywood Scene



Judy Sims

fortable to talk to, and I was sorry that she was leaving before I ever had a chance to get used to that comfort.

Los Angeles will be considerably emptier when she leaves.

Byrds' Roger McGuinn wrote the theme for the Peter Fonda-Dennis Hopper movie, "Easy Rider."

I don't have the words to tell you how impressed—and shattered—and moved—I was when I saw that movie. I was numb, I couldn't talk to anyone. I read somewhere that the film received a standing ovation at the Cannes Film Festival. It's the least they could do.

New York Reporter



Richard Robinson

They weren't there to give a show, entertain, or carry on. Their message is very simply that of the Lord and their medium is fifty odd voices blending in song. You've got to feel it.

Originally the group consisted of forty young people, the best choir singers from a variety of congregations around San Francisco. Now they are fifty-six. And when they tour seventy-six people are in the troupe. Don't ask me how they make money, get hotel accommodation, or even how they manage to find a restaurant. They do. Perhaps they don't even know how.

The story of the Hawkins



Mama Cass... Broadway play, and no singing!—see Judy Sims

Singers is one of success that really isn't success so much as it is an opportunity for some very religious people to take their message to the country and now to the world.

It is also the story of the music business in this country. Of people vowing many thousands of dollars in Edwin Hawkins' face, following him wherever he went, and even impersonating each other in an attempt to get "Oh Happy Day" for their label.

It is the story of Neil Bogart of Buddah Records, who had the humanity to concern himself with

more than just a hit record and offering Hawkins a quarter of a million dollars. He knew that the young people in the choir were the important thing and he showed his concern for them.

Personally I don't think that the Hawkins Singers or gospel will ever have a bigger day than when that record was at its height. They have been recording again and perhaps they'll come up with another smash, but I tend to doubt it. The song is just too strong to be followed up with anything that could do as well. I could be wrong.

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THIS WEEK'S BEST BUY: FIRST EDWIN HAWKINS SINGERS ALBUM (37s 6d)

Gentle Tommy Roe



TOMMY ROE—respect for Buddy Holly on his new LP

"DIZZY" — TOMMY ROE (Stateside): Heather Honey; Raining In My Heart; Cinnamon; A Dollar's Worth Of Pennies; Stormy; Makin' Music; Money Is My Pay; Proud Mary; Gotta Keep Rolling Along; Look Out Girl; Dizzy. MARKING the return of Tommy Roe, this fine album shows that despite his long absence from the chart, Tommy has not changed so very much.

The basic appeal is really one of softness and gentleness—Tommy is one of the few singers who does not believe in noise, and "Dizzy" is the roughest track on the whole LP.

Of the others, "Cinnamon" is a beautiful song that should have been a hit for Derck—who issued a single of the song. "Proud Mary" is a softer version of Creedence Clearwater, and "Dizzy," "Dollar" and "Money" are all written by Tommy with Raider Freddy Weller—the latter being a good tale of life in the coal mines. "Raining In My Heart" shows that Tommy still holds great respect for Buddy Holly—remember the similarity between "Sheila" and "Peggy Sue"?

Recommended for all who like good pop songs without danger to eardrums! ★★★

THE NEW LPs

LP STAR RATINGS

- **** Outstanding LP
- *** Good LP
- ** Fair LP
- * Poor LP, not recommended

'Happy Day' team brings shivers to your spine

Here's a song about a darling girl called Nancy," draws the singer who is, of course, Lee Hazlewood doing his own rendition of "Boots." It's part of "The Very Special World Of Lee Hazlewood" (Music For Pleasure) in which the talented Texan (did you know he wrote the bulk of Duane Eddy's hits like "Rebel Rouser"?) sings 11 of his own compositions.

this cut-price set (Fontana Special) that full, rich, and so powerful departed voice is let loose on fine numbers like "Willow Weep For Me," "Cottage For Sale" and "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." Yes, they were around before Aretha Franklin. Buy this and get a cheap slice of history! ***

"Mahalia Jackson Sings The Best-Loved Songs of Dr. Martin Luther King, Junior" is, as you'd expect, a gospel album packed with the power and heart-full emotions of one of the best singers in the field. Tracks include "We Shall Overcome" (really majestic in its drive), "Rock Of Ages," "If I Can Help Somebody" and "Just A Closer Walk With Thee." ★★★

Recommended to addicted housewives: "The World Of Jimmy Young," which for 19s. 11d. is a bargain. He has a sweet, pleasing voice and his tunes here, including his hits "Unchained Melody," and "The Man From Laramie," are among some good tracks.

Julie London is a sensual singer, breathing songs rather than singing them. For all those who like a sensitive singer on good songs, she's on top form with "Light My Fire," "Mighty Quinn," "Without Him" (a super track) and "And I Love Him" on her new Liberty label LP, "Yummy Yummy Yummy."

And some of her earlier work is re-issued on the low-price Sunset label, called simply "Julie London." Titles here include "In The Middle Of A Kiss," "Spring Is Here" and "Blue Moon." Very nice. ★★★

The lush strings of Mantovani are always restful. His new Decca album, "Memories," features some lovely tunes including "Sunrise, Sunset," "Once Upon A Time" and "What A Wonderful World."

Bristling piano on top of a lush back-beat over sustained strings." That's the description on the cover of Peter Nero's "I've Gotta Be Me." He's a good pianist, but far too busy to be sensitive enough, and he's too busy being busy to properly interpret the melodies nicely enough. Shame. Tracks include "Wichita Lineman," "For Once In My Life," "Hey Jude," and "Scarborough Fair." (CBS). ★★

If you like the song "Fever," like we do, you will be horrified to hear it done by a group called Fever Three on their LP (MCA Time, Another Place" (MCA label). Their sound is ugly, the lead singer strives far more than sounds healthy for him to do, and the whole album is a drag. ★

"Oh Happy Day"—Edwin Hawkins Singers (Buddah): Oh Happy Day; I Heard The Voice Of Jesus; Early In The Morning; Joy Joy; Let Us Go Into The House Of The Lord; Jesu, Lover Of My Soul; To My Father's House; I'm Going Through.

We often talk of voices and sounds being a breath of fresh air. By comparison the Edwin Hawkins Singers are a howling gale! "Oh Happy Day" is only kept from the No. 1 spot by the Beatles and has created the greatest relief from most pop noise since "A Whiter Shade Of Pale." Now comes the LP from which the single was taken . . . and it's breathtaking!

We guarantee the songs will send shivers of delight down your spine and renew your belief in the natural joy of the human voice unmarred by vast electronics or distortion.

This is simply pure gospel, sung with alternating gentleness and fervour by this enormous choir. You can actually hear the changes in vocal volume — a human feat completely lost in the multi-track studios from where emerge most pop songs. You can sense the atmosphere, the exuberance with which the choir belts out its religious feelings without making you feel at all uneasy!

The eight tracks here are long and varied. "Happy Day" runs for its full 4 minutes, 50 seconds; "Joy Joy" starts with two delightful solos from Trumaine Davis and Ruth Lyons; "House Of The Lord" features the male section of the choir, and "Early In The Morning" is a rip roaring belter.

"As life requires harmony among individuals, so does this choir set an example with precision in harmonies — tenderly yet daringly performed," runs the sleeve note. How true! This album cannot be praised highly enough. Buy it, and put it where it belongs. ★★★★★

"Scaffold L the P" (presumably meaning "Lily The Pink"—clever title!) is a perfect showcase for the varied talents of this group, their satirical poetry and humour, their acid commentaries on current "trendy" things, and their apparently meaningless little songs that actually have some meaning. They are a hot combination but their work is aimed mainly at audiences like the university students who are part of the live audience on this album. Tracks include "Lily The Pink," "Oh To Be A Child," and the whole of the second side features humour and poetry. (Parlophone). ★★★

Mary Johnson, whose "I'll Pick A Rose For My Rose" (Tamla Motown) is released on the strength of the single success here, is a pleasant enough singer without exactly being one of the more dynamic vocal motors from Detroit. "Just The Way You Are," "I Miss You Baby" and "I Wish I Liked You" are the pick of a pretty average Tamla album. ★★

"The Hits Of Donald Peers" (Music For Pleasure) breaks further fresh ground for the very first British pop idol of 'em all. When Peers had his recent success with "Please Don't Go" it was his first-ever chart entry since there was no such thing as a chart in Donald's heyday. And this album of all his most famous hits is also the first Peers LP ever issued. All the old favourites are on it like "Lavender Blue," "Powder Your Face With Sunshine" . . . but no "Babbling Brook." ★★★

Nine noted musicians, including Stanley Black, did the orchestrations for the 12 tracks of the "Topol" album (MCA) on which the rich tobacco brown voice of the "Fiddler On The Roof" star handles beautifully a selection of mainly Israeli songs. Top tracks: "Eli Eli" and "The Singing Lesson." ★★★



JIMMY YOUNG: for housewives?



MIKE MCGEAR: new "L the P!"

SPIDER IS HERE

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"SPIDER"
4302

Produced by Kenny Young
Published by April Music

CBS Records
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Meet Jim Dale
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AND A SINGLE

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The Kinks

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The WinStons

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AS THE dust settled this week after a hectic weekend of activity in record shops, the hard truth is coming through... records are NOT going to get much cheaper! You'll still have to pay the full 37s 6d for "Nashville Skyline" and "Best Of The Seekers" and Thunderclap Newman won't be yours for half a crown—or even five bob!

The large chains of record stores, like Boots, W. H. Smith & Son, Timothy Whites and Woolworth's have already announced they are not cutting prices... yet! And even the highly competitive record shops in London are only making cuts on "dusty" LPs and bulk-purchase singles.

The cuts in prices are a result of the abolition last Thursday of Retail Price Maintenance (RPM) within the record industry. This means your local record shops are now able to sell goods at whatever price they like, although they still have to pay the same amount themselves.

In practice of course, no record shop in its right mind is going to sell you a HOT chart single or LP at a reduced price. They know you want it, and are probably prepared to pay full price for it, so what's the

Record prices — don't expect big cuts yet

Chart singles still 8s 6d, but 'old' LPs take a dip

point of them losing some of their profit to no advantage?

Where RPM abolition will prove useful, for retailers and buyers alike, is that you will now be able to buy OLDER singles and LPs at cheaper prices. If you've been saving for six months for that old Jim Reeves or Elvis Presley album, and assuming your record shop still has some dusty copies on the shelf, you may eventually get it for as much as 10s less than you expected.

Harlequin Records, the London chain of stores, for in-

stance, already have posters in the windows announcing "Ten shillings off surplus stock LPs."

Harlequin are also selling singles at 7s 6d each instead of 8s 6d, but only if you buy a minimum of four at a time. They say prices may change again shortly as "we've all been caught unawares" and all LPs may soon only cost 27s 6d, but these are early days.

W. H. Smith and Son are making no price cuts at all at the moment but will "watch progress and make cuts if we feel our sales are being affected."

But Mr Len Wood, group director of the records division of EMI, feels that in the long run, the end of RPM will make very little difference.

"The main advantage is that it will enable the record shops to try and clear their shelves of older LPs by selling them off cheaply. But as far as singles go—well, you can't even give away a dead single!"

So whether or not you, the buyer, will benefit, will depend

largely on where you live. If there's only one record shop in your vicinity, prices will stay the same. If you live in a big town or city you may save some money... providing you have the patience to trek round all the shops and find the one with the lowest prices.

Perhaps the main attraction will be if the supermarkets plunge in at the deep end and put Beatles with the bread and Edwin Hawkins with the sugar.

So far they're not showing much enthusiasm because they know what a risky business it is. As EMI's Len Wood says: "Every application from a new retailer to stock records will be examined on its own merit, and of course we expect every record retailer to stock a reasonable selection of discs."

So the supermarket will find it difficult to be able to throw in a cheap Elvis disc with every ten jars of yoghurt; and unless they are prepared to open a genuine record department they are unlikely to dabble in the record business.

All in all, it's a bit of a fuss about little. Remember when they abolished RPM on cigarettes? Most people have probably forgotten all about it. People in pop think the same thing will happen with records—until the government decides to reduce tax, or the record company reduces its price to the dealer.

At the moment your record shop still has to pay the same price for the records, and it's up to him what he charges for them.

So don't expect to find "Frozen Orange Juice" on sale for half a crown. Not yet anyway!

SCENE

PETE Townshend maintains there is an anti-British pop feeling in America: "They're disenchanted with the Beatles and disappointed that groups they want to see, like Kinks, Small Faces and Zombies never appeared."

Geno Washington puzzled and upset that he's never appeared on TV here. "What's the matter, am I so ugly?" he moans.

Marmalade's Pat Fairley travelled to Shepherds Bush by tube last week to record "Top Of The Pops" . . . and got recognised!

Move's Bev Bevan celebrated return of his driving licence after 12 month ban by buying new Rover 2000.

"Curly," next Move single, written in honour of Carl Wayne's pet pig.

It's a shame Tony Blackburn gets knocked so much; if you judged the show by the music on it, his would surely be voted best.

Apple slogan is now: "Our sounds speak louder than our words."

Move's Bev Bevan on the look-out for good unwanted singles for his Springfield record shop in Stratford Road, Birmingham, 11.

Long John Baldry looking for a manager.

Leaky tap in President of the Board of Trade Anthony Crosland's Bayswater flat, flooded out Hard Meat group who live below.

Spirit of John Morgan group approached to do TV commercial for famous ruin company.

Has God of Hell Fire, Arthur Brown, finally burnt himself out?

And as supermarkets threaten to stock albums, Caroline Boucher considers the dangers of it . . .

WELL, COULD the supermarket of the near future become the Place To Be on Saturday morning? As housewives groove up the aisles behind laden trolleys—injected with new enthusiasm as they shop to the strains of the Top Twenty—the infamous British teenagers will be flitting past the frozen meat and hardware shelves without so much as a backward glance en route to the record section.

The British High Street seems to have become acclimatised to the giant supermarkets that hog its pavements, so perhaps the "Beatles 6d off" sign vying with the usual "sliced peaches down 2d" will go unnoticed. Perhaps the bored cashier may blanch at some of the more way-out of the record buying public. But on the whole the addition of more records to their merchandise will probably go unnoticed.

After all, quite a number of supermarkets have been selling the cheaper lines of LPs for ages.

But in the case of the small grocer, old customs die hard. And it would take a lot for the "Grocers For Over 150 Years" establishment to stock pop records. "Pop?" they'd say, "none of that row in here."

Personally, I'm all for records in record shops and meat and veg. in the supermarket. The pace of supermarket shopping always frightens me—as I get swept along in the purposeful tide of efficient



"... two tins of beans, a packet of salt, loaf of bread, a large packet of peas, a cauliflower, two toilet rolls, packet of corn flakes, bacon, the latest Tommy Roe LP, . . ."

housewives.

If I buy records I prefer to browse leisurely in a record shop, listen to things in the booths (please could the shops with glassed in ones do something about ashtrays and breathing conditions?) and look through the tempting "All At 2s 6d" box.

But as far as the whole complex abolition of retail price that's great. Anything that means a cut in record prices I'm all for. The price of singles really is impossible; when you're paying 4s per minute's listening, something's

got to be done. And LPs were getting a trifle exorbitant, especially with the advent of double albums.

I'm still undecided about this "Pop in the Supermarkets" possibility. It may produce a new wave of groovy housewives, but there's a sort of inbred British loyalty that will still direct me to the record shops for records.

I still tramp miles out of my way to buy meat from the butcher rather than in supermarket cellophane packets so perhaps that's got something to do with it. Everything in its rightful place?

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

PERSONAL

TEENAGERS! Pen Friends anywhere! S.a.e. brings details.—Teenage Club, Falcon House, Burnley, Lancs.

FRENCH Pen Friends, all ages.—S.a.e. for details: Anglo-French Correspondence Club, Falcon House, Burnley, Lancs.

ROMANCE or Pen Friends. England/Abroad. Thousands of members.—Details: World Friendship Enterprises, SC74, Amburst Park, N16.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS! Both sexes, all ages. S.a.e. for details. Postal Penfriends, 52 Earls Court Road, London, W8.

FREE LISTS. DETAILS. Friendships, Romances. Worldwide Contacts. All ages.—Jeans, Exeter, Devon.

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STEVIE WONDER official fan club. S.a.e. to: 72 Corston View, Bath, BA2-2PQ.

TOM JONES OFFICIAL FAN CLUB.—Stamped, addressed envelope to: Jo and Vicki, P.O. Box 25, Post Office, Weybridge, Surrey.

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Replies to a Box Number must be addressed to the "DISC AND MUSIC ECHO" offices. Please make all remittances payable to "DISC AND MUSIC ECHO". Cheques and P.O.s to be crossed &/Co. The management reserves the right to refuse to insert any advertisement—even though accepted and the paid for—and to make alterations necessary to the maintenance of its standards.

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Name.....

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PUBLICATIONS

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pop the QUESTION

When Dusty Springfield was a Lana Sister

Which of the Lana Sisters was Dusty Springfield? — Iris, Shan or Lynne? — Byron Phillips, 1 Wheatley Avenue, Port Talbot, Glamorgan, South Wales.

Dusty was "Shan" in the Lana Sisters act.

I read in "Disc" that the American version of "Aquarius" / "Let The Sunshine In" by the 5th Dimension lasts for nearly five minutes, whereas the British version has been cut by two minutes. Is it possible to obtain the original version? — John Bullock, 22 Dartington House, Larkhall Lane, London, SW8.

Yes. The full-length version is available on Liberty LBS 83205. Why was it cut? Says a Liberty spokesman: "In order to get the necessary airplays, it is usually best to make a cut."

Do Fleetwood Mac ever play "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight" on stage? And how come they played "Man Of The World" when I went to see them recently, when Pete Green was alleged to have said they don't play it on stage because it's too sad? "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight" is the B side of "Man Of The World". — "Fleetwood Mac fan," Dunstable.

Pete Green says that the Fleetwood Mac doesn't feature "Man Of The World" so much these days as it doesn't represent his feelings today — not so much as when he wrote it, when it expressed his experiences at that particular time. But it is played "under pressure" because of requests from fans. Fleetwood Mac play their B-side when they get requests for it.

Are Cliff Richard and the Settlers planning an LP of the songs on their religious programme, "Life With Johnny"? — C. Constable, 7 Marine Parade, Doverport, Essex.

No plans to make such a recording at present but Cliff and the Settlers have had requests for such an album.

What is Jack Bruce, late of Cream, doing now? — James Girling-Buck, Lyon House, Sherborne, Dorset.

Jack, former Cream bassist, has completed his first solo album since the break-up of Cream. Album is titled "Songs For A Tailor" and is provisionally set for release this month (July). Album is dedicated to Genie the Tailor, the Los Angeles girl killed in the Fairport Convention motorway crash. Genie was a friend of Jack's. She met him when Cream were touring the States.

Other friends featured on the album are George Harrison, Jon Hiseman, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Henry Lowther, Chris Spedding and Art Theman.

Has Kenny Everett a fan club? — Vicki Cressey, Bunkers Hill, Offchurch, Nr. Leamington Spa.

Write to Kenny c/o Harold Davison Ltd., 235/241 Regent Street, London, W1.

When will the LP "From Elvis in Memphis" be released in Great Britain? And is it true Elvis is going to appear in the Wembley Stadium in 1970? — Luuk Bonthond, Rotterdam.

"Elvis in Memphis" will be issued in Britain, but no date has yet been set. Reason: EL's album of his Christmas TV show is still a fast seller, and the "Flaming Star" album at 19s. 11d. has just been released.

There have been reports on various occasions that Elvis would appear at Wembley Stadium. If he did come to Britain, it would need a venue of that size to hold the crowds! But nothing has definitely been set.

Is it possible to buy a recording of the incidental music of the film "Candy"?

I have heard it being played as background music on some Radio One jingles. — Kellium Sutton, 15 Heol Gwyrsoydd, Treboeth, Swansea, Glam.

There's the soundtrack album on Stateside SL 10276 (mono) or SSL 10276 (stereo). There's also a single, "Rock Me" by Steppewell on Dunhill Stateside SS 8013.



Dusty: Lana Sisters' Shan



Jack Bruce: first solo album



Kenny's fan club

We welcome your questions. But each question MUST be accompanied by one of these seals. Pin it to your letter or postcard and write to: "Pop the Question", Disc, 161 Fleet Street, London, EC4.



OH CHRIST, you know it ain't easy to understand the logic whereby "Christ" is a permissible song lyric and "Bum" is a dirty word by comparison! — Veronica Richardson, 6 Benstede, Stevenage, Herts.

"YOU'LL hear much more on the Tony Blackburn show" is one of the many jingles in his programme. More of what? One thing for sure—it certainly isn't music. Once the constant chattering of Mr Blackburn (which is mostly about himself) is subtracted from his show, then you have some records. Even when they are playing he has the annoying tendency to talk through some excellent introductions. Yes, you'll hear much more, much more of Tony Blackburn!—Alan Kettles, 194 Craigie Drive, Craigiebank, Dundee, Scotland.

Cut the chat, Tony Blackburn!



Tony Blackburn: constant chattering

Beach Boys beat Beatles

WHO says the Beatles are the world's No. 1 group? I don't after seeing the Beach Boys tour. The Beatles haven't a look-in compared with the Beach Boys. Their harmonies are fabulous, their songs so beautiful that they just can't fail to come out on top again—pollwise—in the very near future, and I'll bet there are a few thousand other fans who'll agree with me!—J. Robertson, 10 Gryffe Street, Glasgow S.4.

True progress

AFTER the recent open air concerts at London's Parliament Hill, I would like to find out just what progressive music is to some people. If listening to a group playing for 20 minutes is progressive, then I feel rather old-fashioned. As for Peter Brown and his Battered Ornaments, all I can say is thank goodness they have split up. Peter Brown is a brilliant writer, but he should have left the singing to somebody else, years ago.

The only way for people to find out what real progressive music is, is to listen to the Family, Jeff Beck of the Pink Floyd and many other groups such as Instant People, only known on the underground scene.—Carol Ricketts, 3 Donville Drive, Woodchurch, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

What on earth are Pam and Jane of Kent trying to prove by writing such trash? For the first time in ages "Top of the Pops" had one group worth watching, so why criticise Ian Anderson because he had long hair? Why not listen to the music?—Mary Clapp, 29 Darlington Road, Withington, Manchester 20.

I WENT to see the Beach Boys and Paul Revere and the Raiders at Brighton and came away a devoted Paul Revere and the Raiders fan. I shall never forget them, especially dreamy Mark Lindsay.—Susan Booker, 2 Blacke Sha, Campbell Road, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

Regarding the ignorant remarks of two young (apparently teenybopper) girls — Jane and Pam from Kent — about Jethro Tull, they seem to be sadly unaware that long hair and flamboyant clothes certainly does not mean lack of talent. If this were true, Jimi Hendrix, the late and brilliant Cream and Fleetwood Mac would all be, in their view, pathetic useless morons.—Linda Tihyard, 47 Henrys Avenue, Woodford Green, Essex.

Country my foot! You have placed on record your opinion that veteran rock pianist Merrill Moore has mellowed with age. I disagree. It is a question of material. Obviously B and C Records are still puzzled about which market to cater to with this particular artist. After two superb Merrill Moore albums from Ember Records, I'm rather upset by his new "Tree Top Tall" album, which lacks those thunderous bursts of "race-like - the - clappers" boogie woogie piano.

B and C Records now have one of the all-time country-rock piano "greats" on their artist roster. Surely this rediscovered headliner from the dawn of the rock age can be put to better use than joining the ranks of whining "rosin-on-the-bow" C and W yokels! Come on, B and C, keep in step with the demands of ardent rock and rollers. We're genuinely concerned about Merrill's future recordings.—Dave Ryan, 17 Cobbett Road, Graveney Hill, London S.W.16.

Reading the charts in Disc, I can only feel sorry for the waste of British talent and pop buyers' neglect. Your charts are getting almost as bad (worse?) as ours with all these soul-type and Motown dribble. These records basically all sound alike, their creativity is nil and are suitable for little more than dancing. I can understand some reaching the Top 30, but those re-issues. You have so much to offer — British groups are the best. True, Love Affair, Marmalade, Amen Corner, Hollies and others are hit-makers, but what about groups like Gun, the Kinks, Easybeats, Pink Floyd, Idle Race, Blossom Toes, Status Quo, Honeybus, World of Oz and others? They always put out different and quality records. I'm glad to see the Who back, and the Move's "Blackberry Way" but



what happened to "Wild Tiger Woman," a fantastic disc?

Also your album charts are geared to mom and dad. Why don't you support more rock groups? You made Moody Blues, Led Zeppelin and Jethro Tull big sellers, now how about Ten Years After, Deep Purple, Cartoone and the Alan Bown? If you don't like British groups, then support Americans like Spirit, Earth Opera and Creedence Clearwater NOT the Temptations!—Joseph Fleury, 1694 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, N.Y. 11227, U.S.A.

I protest most strongly at your correspondent's inane remark that Tom Jones contains about 95 per cent sex appeal and five per cent talent (Disc 21.6.69.) That Tom Jones is loaded with sex appeal I certainly do not deny. But does Mr. Davies imagine that British and American TV companies, not to mention the American promoters who are backing his present, highly successful visit to the States, would pay the vast sums of money they do for Tom if he had so little talent?

Mr. Davies mentions Frank Sinatra: Tom Jones broke Frank Sinatra's record at the Copacabana recently. Presumably he did this with five per cent of talent! So where does that leave Frank Sinatra in the talent stakes, Mr. Davies?—Shirley Ann Osborne, 39 Gleanworth Road, Radford Boulevard, Nottingham.



JOHN AND YOKO (with Yoko's daughter Kyoko) —no more blasphemous than hymnwriters

I LEFT my copy of Disc on the table this morning, ready to read when I'd finished my work. I kept glancing at the front page wondering who the beautiful young girl was in the colour photograph.

I fell about laughing later when I found it was of all people Mick Jagger! Oh dear, where

Oh Mick!

has that he-man I used to see cavorting on "Top of the Pops" gone to, Mick? Disappeared behind a mop of silken hair, I gather.—Mrs. Sandra Kelly, 10 Stretton Road, Greatham, Oakham, Rutland.

Lennon's praying, not blaspheming

THANKS, Richard Robinson, for your report from New York about the stupid controversy over the "Ballad of John and Yoko."

It is a great pity American society is as blind as a bat. They turn a blind eye to anything they do not want to see. If they bothered to look at the words of the song they would notice that Lennon is talking, or praying, to Christ. That is hardly blasphemous. If it is, then the hymnwriters of many centuries must have committed terrible sins, and would, of course, be refused entry by Uncle Sam. But then, I wonder how many directors of radio stations ever go to church?

Several suggestive songs have come from America, for instance: "Move Over Darling" and "Touch Me," and the most suggestive group in the USA, the Doors.—Peter McCabe, Clissold Farm, Sheepscombe, Glos.

SO reader M. Murtough (Pop Post June 28) can't seem to understand why nobody has objected to "When Jesus Washed" from "Oh Happy Day," when people all over the world were complaining of the word "Christ" as used in its context in "The Ballad of John and Yoko." The answer is simple: "The Ballad of John and Yoko" is just straightforward blasphemy, while "Oh Happy Day" is a Christian hymn written years ago, not by Edwin Hawkins (he is just the arranger), with the object of praising Jesus Christ. So perhaps M. Murtough will listen more closely to the words of "Oh Happy Day." Maybe then the complete contrast between "Oh Happy Day" and the "Ballad of John and Yoko" will be realised.—Mr. T. C. Bowen, 5 Bedford Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

"SET Em Up Joe" with Joe Brown is one of the most entertaining shows of late, and I include the over-rated "This Is Tom Jones." Good songs, excellent guitar work, good guests.—Peter Roberts, "Redfern," Park Lane, Barnstaple, N. Devon.

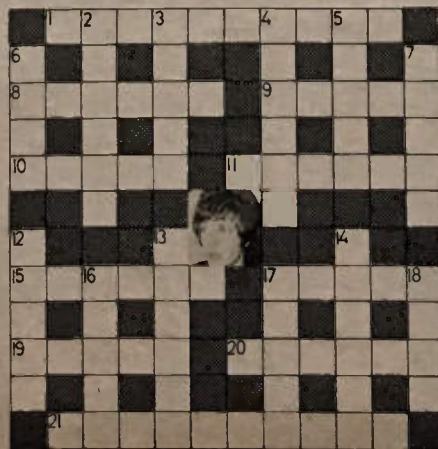
Anyone would think rock steady, ska and reggae had only just been discovered, the way everyone is going mad about them. People in the East End have been strong supporters of this type of music for years and records are bought and forgotten long before everybody else even hears them. I bought Desmond Dekker's "Israelites" six weeks before it was even played on the radio and this so-called new release was purchased five months ago. These records are hardly ever heard on Radio 1—DJs must either have very limited taste, or they are totally ignorant to his sound. So if you want to know where it's really at, come to the East End.—Lorna Ellis, 68 Senrab Street, Stepney, London, E1.

I must congratulate the Independent Television Authority on replacing the "Tom Jones Show" with one of the best comedy shows on TV, the Liberate Show!—Alan Watts, 6 Clarendon Street, Haworth, Nr. Keighley, Yorks.

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CLUES ACROSS

- "2" Day for the S.C.I. one (5, 5)
- "Los _____" (6)
- Really terrific (5)
- Nothing in it (5)
- Second performance? (6)
- Jackie or Harold (6)
- Lane? (5)
- For musicians, one over the eight! (5)
- Nutty country (6)
- By the time he gets to Phoenix (4, 6)

CLUES DOWN

- See "1" (1, 5)
- Animals went in " _____ two" (3, 2)
- And again for Jackie Wilson (6)
- One boy and girl! (5)
- Lane? (4)
- This side for some discs (5)
- Rock from side to side? (5)
- Bill Inr. (6)
- Large family dog? (6)
- Perceval? (5)
- More certain (5)
- Say a few words (4)

Last week's solution

ACROSS: 1. Friend, 2. My Way, 7. Drift, 8. Runner, 9. Enlarge, 10. Shoe, 12. Aida, 16. Pinball, 19. Lave Mc-20. Godot, 21. Mason, 22. Stayer. DOWN: 1. Fudge, 2. Inheld, 3. Natural, 4. Maud, 5. Wench, 6. Yorker, 11. Tonight, 12. Harlem, 13. Baldry, 15. Davis, 17. Later, 18. Amen.

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Cilla plans to stop work and become a Mum

CILLA BLACK is putting aside her career, stopping all work for at least nine months next year—to have a baby.

"My career came in the way of Bobby and me getting married. We waited and waited because there was always something I was doing that interfered with it.

"In the end we couldn't wait any longer, so we did it bang in the middle of my TV series one afternoon. We vowed we'd never let work stand in the way of our personal happiness again.

"I want a baby and I'm not going to say 'Oh I can't have a baby now—I've got a summer season coming up.' That way you drive yourself round the bend.

"And if I get pregnant and there just happens to be work to be done then I'll have to sing with a dirty big lump sticking out. It wouldn't bother me!"

"It's a sensible conclusion to come to. Too many girls in pop, once they find themselves at the top, find they don't have time for anything but work—and in the ensuing dazzle never wonder about the day they wake up with a lot of money—and nothing else.

"Of course it doesn't mean that I'm not going to worry about my career anymore. It's just that I'm not going to take such a frantic attitude. After all who wants to be a career girl and nothing else?"

"And once you've got something other than a career—like I've got Bobby—it doesn't seem half as important as whether you're going to be happy together."

Of course Cilla is one of the lucky ones. There's always going to be a niche in the entertainment business, if not the basic pop world, for her talents. She's always assured of a loving audience. There isn't much to worry about.

She works consistently. Currently in Blackpool for the summer she

has a new single released, a new TV series looming and film parts being offered.

Like everything else she does she takes things like records and films steadily in her stride. She chose "Conversation" because she "just liked the sound."

"It doesn't matter to me who writes a song if it just gets me in a particular way. It doesn't matter if it's the Beatles or anyone else, if there wasn't something I really liked about a number I wouldn't do it. I'm very lenient with songs. Bobby often says something's terrible and gets impatient but if I play it a few more times to him he sees what I see in it.

"Of course I'd like to do more films. But I don't bite my nails over it. Actually the offers aren't exactly flooding in because I think film people have finally realised it's not such a good idea to plunk somebody in a film just because they happen to have a good pop image. It's a good reversal now back to proper actors.

"I was quite pleased with what I did in 'Work Is A Four Letter Word' even though the first two times I saw it I couldn't under-

stand what it was about! "The thing is, I keep getting comedy roles offered. I suppose that's what people see me in best.

The one thing that has always surprised a lot of people about Cilla is that despite her appeal being home grown and very English, she has never followed in the footsteps of Dusty and Lulu and tried to crack the American market.

"It's pointless really for me to go over there with only one hit, stand up and say 'I'm an artist from England' and expect fame overnight.

"Those days when the Beatles and everything English was accepted without question in America are over.

"Anyway I've put all those ambitions behind me now. I haven't cancelled everything out because I do love singing and I do love audiences and that's something that never goes.

"But it wouldn't be the most shattering blow in the world to me if my career collapsed—simply because my marriage would go on. And that's the most important thing isn't it?"

American Top Twenty

- 1 (1) **LOVE THEME FROM ROMEO AND JULIET**
Henry Mancini and Orchestra, RCA Victor
- 2 (6) **SPINNING WHEEL**
Blood, Sweat and Tears, Columbia
- 3 (2) **BAD MOON RISING**
Creedence Clearwater Revival, Fantasy
- 4 (8) **GOOD MORNING STARSHINE**
Oliver, Jubilee
- 5 (5) **ONE**.....Three Dog Night, Dunhill
- 6 (3) **GET BACK**.....Beatles, Apple
- 7 (18) **CRYSTAL BLUE PERSUASION**
Tommy James and the Shondells, Roulette
- 8 (35) **IN THE YEAR 2525 (Exordium and Terminus)** Zager and Evans, RCA
- 9 (13) **COLOR HIM FATHER**
Winstons, Metromedia
- 10 (4) **TOO BUSY THINKING ABOUT MY BABY** Marvin Gaye, Tamla
- 11 (11) **THE BALLAD OF JOHN AND YOKO**.....Beatles, Apple
- 12 (7) **IN THE GHETTO**
Elvis Presley, RCA Victor
- 13 (14) **BLACK PEARL**
Sonny Charles, A & M
- 14 (16) **WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO WIN YOUR LOVE**
Jr. Walker and the All Stars, Soul
- 15 (15) **LOVE ME TONIGHT**
Tom Jones, Parrot
- 16 (22) **MY CHERIE AMOUR**
Stevie Wonder, Tamla
- 17 (10) **GRAZIN' IN THE GRASS**
Friends of Distinction, RCA
- 18 (19) **PART I MOTHER POPCORN (You Got To Have A Mother for Me)**
James Brown, King
- 19 (9) **ISRAELITES**
Desmond Dekker and the Aces, Uni
- 20 (24) **LET ME**
Paul Revere and the Raiders, Columbia

British Top Twenty LPs

- 1 (6) **THIS IS TOM JONES**
Tom Jones, Decca
- 2 (2) **MY WAY**.....Frank Sinatra, Reprise
- 3 (1) **NASHVILLE SKYLINE**
Bob Dylan, CBS
- 4 (7) **BEST OF THE SEEKERS**
Seekers, Columbia
- 5 (5) **2001**.....Soundtrack, MGM
- 6 (4) **ON THE THRESHOLD OF A DREAM** Moody Blues, Derram
- 7 (3) **HAIR**.....London Cast, Polydor
- 8 (11) **ELVIS (NBC-TV SPECIAL)**
Elvis Presley, RCA Victor
- 9 (—) **FLAMING STAR**...Elvis Presley, RCA
- 10 (14) **HIS ORCHESTRA, HIS CHORUS, HIS SINGERS, HIS SOUND**
Ray Conniff, CBS
- 11 (9) **TOMMY**.....Who, Track
- 12 (10) **OLIVER**.....Soundtrack, RCA Victor
- 13 (8) **HOLLIES SING DYLAN**
Hollies, Parlophone
- 14 (18) **WORLD OF VAL DOONICAN**
Val Doonican, Decca
- 15 (13) **SOUND OF MUSIC**
Soundtrack, RCA Victor
- 16 (20) **WORLD OF MANTOVANI**
Mantovani, Decca
- (—) **ACCORDING TO MY HEART**
Jim Reeves, RCA
- 18 (—) **WORLD OF THE BACHELORS**
Bachelors, Decca
- 19 (12) **GENTLE ON MY MIND**
Dean Martin, Reprise
- 20 (18) **LED ZEPPELIN**
Led Zepplin, Atlantic

PENNY

BRITAIN'S TOP SINGLES REVIEWER



VALENTINE

SPINS THIS WEEK'S NEW DISCS

Quick Spins

VIVA Bobby Joe sing the Equals about a man and his fruit machine (I think). Actually the best they've done yet in commercial power (President).

Virgil Brothers **DO** sound like the Righteous ones on the solid "Temptation 'Bout To Get Me." with that famous high and low voice. Very good though — if I hadn't known better I'd have thought them American (Parlophone).

Madeline Bell has her strongest record to date in Chuck Jackson and Van McCoy's lovely "We're So Much In Love." Nice chorus and I hope it does well (Philips). Billy Fury sounds a bit drowned by backing—and sorrow—on "I Call For My Rose." A bit dated somehow too (Parlophone).

"It's Getting Better" was done by Paul Jones. Now Mama Cass and her sweet voice do it and it sounds nice (Stateside).

I couldn't make out if Joey Scarbury was a boy with a young voice or a girl with a gritty one. No matter, the treatment of Webb's "Where's The Playground Suzie?" is brilliant (Stateside).

Praise for the Bachelors in their bravery and good choice to do Paul Simon's lovely little jokey "Punky's Dilemma." Not bad at all (Decca).

They've re-released Jonathan King's "Everyone's Gone To The Moon" and I must say it hasn't dated a bit. But he sounds so youthful—and innocent. My my (Decca).

Yes are a very good group and proves it on "Sweetness." A very warm new sound and the lead singer has an attractive voice (Atlantic).

"We Try Harder" is by Kim Weston and Johnny Nash, whose voices blend nicely in a warm invigating soul way (Major Minor). Very sharp sound on "Man In The Moon" by Village. But I'd have liked it to get somewhere (Head).

Gary Joe Cooper has a nice individual voice on "Lovin' Is Believin'," which is a very pretty song (Polydor).

KENNY Young has written some much better things than "Spider" so I can't understand why he decided to record this Troglolith thing himself (CBS).

Nice: Genesis and "Where The Sour Turns To Sweet." In fact, not just nice—very, very good (Decca).

Stevie Wonder's lovely "My Cherie Amour" done very well indeed by Donald Torr. But he should change his name. Good sound (CBS).

Aretha's other sister Carolyn Franklin smooths through "I Don't Want To Lose You" as though it's no effort at all (RCA).

For Jim Reeves fans. Another lovely thing called "When Two Worlds Collide" (RCA).

Clara Ward, the famous, gospels her way through "America The Beautiful" in fine "Happy Day" style (MGM).

Misunderstood move closer to the commercial market with "Never Had A Girl." A misleading title but a nice sound (Fontana).

Kenny Lynch's voice is perfectly suited to the nice "Drifter" (Columbia).



STEVEN ELLIS: he's never sounded better and gets some lovely breaking-up bits in his voice

Jagger goes nuts on new Stones disc!

HONKY TONK Women/You Can't Always Get What You Want (Decca)—I met Charlie Watts the other day who said: "Are you still telling people what to buy?" which really didn't detract from his charm or this record. Anyway to the heart of the matter. Two new tracks from the Stones are always worth waiting for. And from these two it will be hard to tell which is the one everyone will go for—though I have a feeling it will be "Honky Tonk." Typical Stones stuff here, with Jagger snarling away in the background and a crazy chorus. A lovely line too: "She blow my nose—and then she blow my mind." Poetic licence is all.

"You Can't" starts with very pretty guitar then Jagger doing his Dylan impersonation. Do not be fooled by its gentleness. Soon we have Doris Troy, maracas, drum, organ and choir all bursting in to get a foothold. In the meantime Jagger has gone nuts shrieking and extolling and it all sounds like the Rolling Stones' first live appearance here is going to be amazing!

OUT TOMORROW

ROBIN GIBB

SAVED By The Bell (Polydor)—Robin's first solo record displays his weird phenomenal voice up even more than before. The song reminded me of "I Started A Joke" and is handled in an amazing and almost pseudo-religious style.

Although Mr. Gibb's voice is rare in its pained and anguished quality, it isn't really one I like to listen to a lot. But everyone I know is a fan of his style and if they buy this record then his solo career looks set for a good start.

OUT NOW

Love Affair's biggest and best—a certain hit

BRINGING On Back The Good Times (CBS) — It's a shame Love Affair will be battling with giants like the Stones and Beatles this week. If it wasn't for that minor explosion I'd have said this was the biggest, most certain number one they've ever produced.

Nevertheless it will do very well. Young Steve Ellis has never sounded better and gets some lovely breaking-up bits in his voice. The backing is tight and clean and when the trumpets come in on the chorus... well. A hit.

OUT TOMORROW

FAIRPORT CONVENTION

SI Tu Dois Partir (Island)—One often wonders if, in the light of tragedy, emotions are churned up to make you more lenient towards a record than you might have been. I thought that listening to the new Fairport Convention single. But no. On further plays and colder heart I find it just as good and I really hope this does well because it deserves to.

They take this Bob Dylan song and give it a marvelous unusual treatment with accordion, violin and what sounds like something

on washboard. A great easy "join in" feel. Well worth having around you.

OUT TOMORROW

HANK MARVIN

SACHA (Columbia)—It's hard to tell whether an instrumental is going to be a hit—exception being "Tune Is Tight"—but if any instrumental should then this should.

"Goodnight Dick," Hank's last single and first solo effort was too like the Shads' old sound to be very striking. But this is beautiful. Written by Jerry Lordan with David and Jonathan it reminded me of a melody that could have

been used in "Dr. Zhivago." The guitar work is—naturally—brilliantly easy and unaffected and Hank changes to acoustic mid-way through to charge it up a bit.

OUT TOMORROW

JIMMY RUFFIN

I'VE PASSED This Way Before (Tamla Motown)—This is one of Motown's really nice goodies re-charged to the British public. It's STILL a nice number, and the chorus still sounds catchy to me. A very round together sound, and it would be nice, as Mr. Ruffin is now in our midst again, to have it in the chart.

OUT TOMORROW

GIVE Peace A Chance (Apple)

—I have to admit it now—I'm beaten. Mr. and Mrs. Lennon have won. I didn't like "Ballad Of"—and I still don't from a sheer musical standpoint. Conversely from a musical standpoint this is a far more obvious number one and brings to mind the fact that Lennon's mind has certainly become almost as commercial as McCartney's.

Appearing on this record — apart from the obvious—are choir, rabbi, and for all I know bell boy, kitchen staff, members of the public et al—gathered in

Plastic Ono Band — Mr and Mrs Lennon have won!

a hotel bedroom in Montreal which must have been very big (and the guests very dead). Imagine a cross between an African chant, Shirley Ellis, "Oh Happy Day" and the Salvation Army. This is it. The chorus, which goes on for over two minutes at the end will drive you mad—and make you buy it.

OUT TOMORROW

Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66

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CHRISTINE HOLMES—GIRL WHO POPPED IN TO SAY 'HELLO' AND BECAME A MEMBER OF A CHART-BUSTING GROUP!

PRETTY solo singer Christine Holmes wandered into a full-scale Family Dogg internal argument last Tuesday . . . and walked out again the new member of the group that's chasing Elvis Presley and Thunderclap Newman to the top of the chart.

By **BOB FARMER**

"I just went into Steve Rowland's office to say hello, as we are old friends, and found them all in the midst of a shouting match. The upshot was that Doreen De Veuve has left the group and I was invited to replace her," says Christine.

And when you have made five solo singles that flopped, been stuck in a show for 3½ years uttering the same lines night after night until you end up on the brink of a nervous breakdown, you forget all about aspirations to do it your way and just jump at such an opportunity.

Which is precisely what Miss Holmes did. "I'd like eventually to make it as a solo singer, of course," she says, "but I'm very young yet (she's 21) and, anyway, remember what happened to the girls who sang for the Springfields and Seekers?"

Christine—she looks remarkably like Lulu, only not so small—had been under doctor's orders to take a rest cure until the Family Dogg offer came along. "I was offered the part of the title role in 'Char-

lie Girl' three-and-a-half-years ago and, as my career as a solo singer hadn't progressed much further than selling a fair number of copies of the Eurovision song 'This Is My Prayer,' I accepted the offer.

"Actually, my parents had been on at me to give up show business because nothing seemed to be happening, so 'Charlie Girl' was something of a reprieve. Working with people like Anna Neagle, Derek Nimmo and Joe Brown (he's since been replaced by Gerry 'Pacemaker' Marsden) was a tremendous experience, of course, but it began to get very wearing to be doing the same thing night after night.

"I did do three series of TV's 'Crackerjack' while I was appearing in the show which helped a bit, but the general monotony gradually got me down until I just had to get out of the show.

"The funny thing is that while I was playing 'Charlie Girl' Steve Rowland mentioned more than once that it would be a good idea to join the Family Dogg. But I always turned the idea down."

Circumstances altered and Christine leapt at the Steve Rowland offer last week. "I like the boys in the group so much—(she's single)—and really believe that the group will be so big. Who else is there to match them? There's the Fifth Dimension and they're in America.

"This group gets such a great sound and they will probably fill the gap that the Seekers left even if the music side of things is not exactly the same. There's been this big gap that the mums and dads and very young like and Family Dogg seem the obvious answer. "Steve, of course, is the com-

plete boss, although the rest of the group are allowed their opinions. He's such a perfectionist. The album—it was completed before I joined—took 12 months to make, simply because Steve wants perfection and took such care over each track." (The album, also titled "A Way Of Life," is due

out in August and production costs of £3,000 should be much more for the amount of sweat and tears involved in its making).

"And, of course, because of Steve, Family Dogg have yet to make any live appearances. Everything had to be just right. I don't suppose he's really satisfied now, but because of the hit, the group is in demand and we'll be doing one of those free open-air concerts in Hyde Park in August to be followed by 15 concerts in the States in October.

"Getting this chance to join Family Dogg has probably saved my career."

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TOP 30




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- 1 (1) BALLAD OF JOHN AND YOKO**  **APPLE**
- 2 (6) ▲ **IN THE GHETTO**.....Elvis Presley, RCA
- 3 (7) ▲ **SOMETHING IN THE AIR**
Thunderclap Newman, Track
- 4 (5) **LIVING IN THE PAST**.....Jethro Tull, Island
- 5 (2) **OH, HAPPY DAY**
Edwin Hawkins Singers, Buddah
- 6 (4) **TIME IS TIGHT**.....Booker T and the MGs, Stax
- 7 (15) ▲ **BREAKAWAY**.....Beach Boys, Capitol
- 8 (10) **WAY OF LIFE**.....Family Dogg, Bell
- 9 (3) **DIZZY**.....Tommy Roe, Stateside
- 10 (11) **PROUD MARY**
Creedence Clearwater Revival, Liberty

- 11 (20) ▲ **FROZEN ORANGE JUICE**.....Peter Sarstedt, United Artists
- 12 (8) **BIG SHIP**.....Cliff Richard, Columbia
- 13 (9) **I'D RATHER GO BLIND**.....Chicken Shack, Blue Horizon
- 14 (13) **HIGHER AND HIGHER**.....Jackie Wilson, MCA
- 15 (17) **TRACKS OF MY TEARS**.....Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, Tamla Motown
- 16 (21) **LIGHTS OF CINCINNATI**.....Scott Walker, Phillips
- 17 (30) ▲ **HELLO SUSIE**.....Amen Corner, Immediate
- 18 (19) **GIMME GIMME GOOD LOVIN'**.....Crazy Elephant, Major Minor
- 19 (12) ● **GET BACK**.....Beatles, Apple
- 20 (14) **MY WAY**.....Frank Sinatra, Reprise
- 21 (25) **BABY MAKE IT SOON**.....Marmalade, CBS
- 22 (—) **WHAT IS A MAN**.....Four Tops, Tamla Motown
- 23 (16) **THE BOXER**.....Simon and Garfunkel, CBS
- 24 (18) **MAN OF THE WORLD**.....Fleetwood Mac, Immediate
- 25 (—) **HAPPY HEART**.....Andy Williams, CBS
- 26 (28) **TOMORROW TOMORROW**.....Bee Gees, Polydor
- 27 (27) **WET DREAM**.....Max Romeo, Unity
- 28 (24) **GALVESTON**.....Glen Campbell, Ember
- 29 (22) **LOVE ME TONIGHT**.....Tom Jones, Decca
- 30 (—) **IT MEK**.....Desmond Dekker, Pyramid

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

AMERICAN TOP TWENTY AND BRITISH TOP TWENTY ALBUMS CHARTS: PAGE 22

HIT TALK 

by Colin Petersen

Beach Boys anti-climax

THUNDERCLAP Newman is one of the best records I've ever heard and should be number one with no trouble.

Beatles is great but I think the lyrics could have been better. Presley is okay but it's not a large Presley sound.

"Living In The Past" is beautiful. I think Jethro Tull will be as big as the Cream in America. That flute player is extraordinary—and his facial movements are great.

Everything the Beach Boys have done since "Good Vibrations" has been an anti-climax and their new one doesn't really do anything for me. I'd like someone to explain Peter Sarstedt's record to me. Not very clever unless there's deep hidden meaning. It's a bit mind boggling—will his next single be "Walking with you through a plate of yellow marshmallow"? One wonders.

"Hello Susie" is vocally empty and shallow—not my scene. I'm not a real soul fan but I like everything the Four Tops do.

I don't understand Desmond Dekker but I can hear it's not as commercial as his earlier single. Marmalade have a good commercial single and it should do very well.

Next Week :
Marmalade
Junior Campbell

JIMMY RUFFIN

I've Passed This Way Before
Tamla Motown TMG703

THE VIRGIL BROTHERS
(ROB, PETER & DANNY)

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Benedict Brown

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7N 17782 



SOUNDS FROM BYE

HAPPENING



Be in

... by being first to congratulate Tiger Doll on her wedding today (Thursday) to Rocking Berry Clive Lea. Tiger, Sue Mathis of Paper Dolls, weds Clive at Marylebone Register Office this afternoon at 2.30 p.m.
 ... by joining John Peel in a Macrobiotic Buffet Luncheon at the ICA centre in London's Mall tomorrow (Friday) at noon. Unfortunately you need a ticket to enter into the feast, to launch John's new Dandelion underground label.

On the way

AN ALBUM John Peel's been raving about on "Top Gear" out on July 11. By Los Calchakis, it's called "Flutes Harpes and Guitars Indiennes."
 After much controversy over screening the film of Johnny Cash at San Quentin, things seem to have been settled for the end of July and the LP is scheduled for that time.
 Due in August, Tim Rose's LP called "Through Rose Coloured Glasses."

Birthday

AFTER a four-day holiday in Nice, Ringo and Maureen are back home in Weybridge and look like staying put for a while. At least till Ringo's birthday on Monday when he is 29



THE NEW ROLLING STONES (from left): Charlie Watts, Mick Taylor, Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Bill Wyman.

Stones' park show..

DEFINITELY all happening this week for the Rolling Stones with their new member Mick Taylor; a new single "You Can't Always Have What You Want" and "Honky Tonk Women"; and their first concert for three years.

The concert is this Saturday in Hyde Park, kick-off 1 p.m. (so an early lunch is called for) and lasts five hours. Apart from the Stones you'll hear The Battered Ornaments (now without Pete Brown), Third Ear Band, Family, Screw, King Crimson. And all this absolutely free of any charge.

Cross your fingers and pray for fine weather and a square inch of grass near the speakers. Once rolling, who knows what the Stones will do?!

See Penny Valentine's record review on page 23.

fame has a single out on July 11, "Run To The Sun."

LP's on July 4 include Procol Harum's "Salty Dog" and "Hard And Heavy (With Marshmallow)" from Paul Revere and the Raiders. And on July 11 "Stand"—an album from Sly and the Family Stone.

STEPPENWOLF

BORN TO BE WILD



STATESIDE SS 8017



Look In

CLODAGH Rodgers, a bunch of spoons players and resident singer Vince Hill join Roy Castle in the "Castle Room" for first of six-week series on Saturday (BBC-1, 7.30 pm). Also, horrors, resident comedy from Jack Haig and Eli Woods!

Liberace (ATV, Sunday, 10.20, various times for regions) opens the salon to the luscious Nancy Wilson and Irish comedian Mike Newman.

Own-up time for the Bachelors as they head list for BBC-1's "Good Old Days" next Wednesday (9.55 pm) from Leeds Palace of Varieties!

Shirley Bassey in her own show from Sweden's Bern's Restaurant this Sunday (BBC-2, 10.25 pm).

Joe Brown has Georgie Fame singing "Peaceful." David Essex and Mikki and Griff on "Set 'Em Up Joe" (London Weekend, Saturday, 6.15 pm).

"Golden Shot" (ATV, Sunday, 4.45 pm) has Gerry Marsden. "Sunday Night With David Jacobs" (London Weekend, 11.20 pm) gives first TV break to Bruce Welch discovery the Virgil Brothers, and Eamonn Andrews does same on "Today" (Thames, Friday, 6.00 pm) with new group Arrival.

Marmalade and Matt Monro guest on "Dec Time" this Saturday (BBC-1, 6.15 pm).

Tune In

LATEST list of speakers for the Free Radio Association rally in Trafalgar Square on August 10 includes Andy Archer, Roger Day, Martin Kayne, Robbie Dale and Jason Wolfe, with possibility of Ronan O'Rahilly, Mrs. Dorothy Calvert and Ted Albury, and taped messages from Mark

Roman, Mike A'herne, Ian Macrae and Dennis the Menace.

Terry Wogan, the "Late Night Extra" man, takes over from "Jim" for a month from next week. First guests include Equals, Grapefruit, Casuals and Mary Wilde (Radio 1, 10.00-noon).

And Tony Brandon returns from "hols" with Georgie Fame, Foundations, Dave Dee's mob, Marmalade, Harmony Grass, Bob and Earl and Vanity Fare (Radio 1, 5.15-7.30 pm).

Engaged



GORGEOUS Fifth Dimension girl Florence LaRue engaged to group's manager Mark Gordon, thus shattering the dreams of a thousand young men!

Discoteque

UP THE JUNCTION, South Street, Crewe, Cheshire. Open seven nights a week—8.30 pm-1.45 am. Membership 5s a year for people aged over 21 only, but 18-year-olds may go on Sunday and Thursday. Admission: Monday to Thursday, 5s for members, 7s 6d for guests. Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 7s 6d and 10s respectively. The club, which has been con-

verted from an old cheese warehouse, has only been open since May, and boasts three bars, discotheque, cabaret and bistro. Plus a kiosk downstairs where you can buy anything from aspirin to stockings. "Rockin' Berries" appeared there in cabaret before doing their summer season, and there are hopes of big groups in the future.

Prices in the bistro are reasonable—8s 6d for a "Steak Copenhagen"—and bar prices much the same as a pub.

New Sounds

ANOTHER of his own compositions for Tommy Roe—called "Heather Honey"—and inspired by a label on a tobacco tin. Out on July 11, the same day as his LP "Dizzy."

Also on July 11, "No Matter What Sign You Are" from Diana Ross and the Supremes. Matt Monro sings "On Days Like These" from the film "The Italian Job."

Fleetwood Mac have done a re-mix of their song "Need Your Love So Bad," which they released last year before "Albatross."

J. Vincent Edwards of "Hair"

Film

THE ITALIAN JOB (U): Michael Caine leads a mob of gangsters to rob Italy of £3 million worth of gold bullion. The operation is backed by the big boss (Noel Coward) whose national pride forces him to sanction the job to help Britain's balance of payments.

The stars, however, are the cars, many of which are wrecked, and the drivers who do a humorous "Bullitt" car chase.

It's really a fun picture, corny and contrived at the beginning, but moves on quickly to become great fun, interspersed with palm-sweating excitement, and culminates in a twist ending to end them all.

NOW at London's Plaza; general release August 3.

Nice

ELVIS Presley fans plan to walk to annual EP convention in Leicester's De Montfort Hall on September 21, raising extra money for Guide Dogs for the Blind Association.

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THE ROLLING STONES

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DECCA

photograph: Elton Ralston

The Decca Record Company Limited Decca House Albert Embankment London SE1

SHOW REVIEWS

Pop Proms—a riotous start

IF THE REST of the Pop Proms carry on as explosively as they began, then by Saturday night it's a fair bet that there won't be any Albert Hall left for the Proms Proper to start in next week!

Not that there were any riots, bostlings, punch-ups or anything like that on Sunday night; but the combination of Blodwyn Pig's hard blues, Liverpool Scene's tame but mad poet Adrian Henri and the sheer exciting volume of Led Zeppelin all but precipitated a bloodless revolution.

The first-ever pop proms started peacefully enough, with a happy friendly audience of 90 per cent freaks quite receptive to the bluesy but original sound of Blodwyn Pig—led, of course, by the guitar of Mick Abrahams, who used to play with current chart-riders Jethro Tull.

Then it was Adrian Henri's turn (with, of course, the Liverpool Scene—but if you've never seen Mr Henri onstage before then it's him rather than the band, which is going to stick in your mind).

Exhorting, swearing, blaspheming, shouting and raving, Adrian roused the hitherto peaceful audience into a near-anarchistic frenzy.

Which meant that when Led Zeppelin came on and played

at a good ten times the volume of everyone else—played very well indeed, mark you—the audience very nearly freaked completely.

They stormed the stage, danced in the aisles and the boxes, and were screaming so hard that the band did three encores.

Jimmy Page, ex-Yardbird who's got together one of the most exciting live bands playing anywhere now, blew some really mean and fine guitar solos. Hugh Nolan

NIGHT two of the Pop Proms was definitely Fleetwood Mac's. Their programme was well thought out, varying tempo, rhythm, and style to keep what basically wasn't a blues audience, interested.

Later in their set, when they went quiet and everyone expected "Albatross," Jeremy Spencer suddenly exploded into "Great Balls of Fire"—and from then on their show developed into what looked like a 1958 rock-n-roll movie, with an audience that loved every minute.

They eventually played "Albatross," but not "Man Of The World," but by then no one cared, they just yelled for more of anything from Fleetwood Mac.

Pentangle were immaculate as ever, but their quiet medieval-type sound was lost in the plush, acoustically imperfect Albert Hall, and they seemed embarrassed at being part of the concert.

Finally, Duster Bennett, a sort of electronic, r-n-b Don Partidge, who wasn't really given time to "do his thing" proficently filled the Albert Hall with the sound of guitar, drum, cymbal and harmonica, enough to justify a longer spot at a future concert.

Gavin Petrie

Harold Wilson would have dug Foundations

HAROLD WILSON accompanied me last Sunday when I went to Stockton to see the Foundations. He was in the next compartment on the long rail journey north.

Good heavens, I thought. Was he perhaps a secret pop fan? Had their success round the world prompted him to consider recommending them for MBEs? Maybe he'd even adopted "Build Me Up Buttercup" as his political motto? Although "In The Bad Bad Old Days" seems somehow more appropriate.

But no such luck. He left us at Doncaster with a puff on his pipe and a cheery wave. Perhaps he preferred a day at the races instead.

Pity, because he missed a good show! Let me admit now that I was among those people whispering "One-hit wonders" when this bunch of multi-racial musicians first marched to No. 1 in the chart with "Baby, Now That I've Found You." But somehow they've survived the knockers.

And I saw the reason at the swish Stockton Fiesta, showplace of many international stars, last Sunday. Forget the Foundations you knew. Stand by for the new look!

Gene are the gaudy flamboyant clothes — instead they sport smart black tuxedo-type suits, shirts and ties. And as their appearance has improved, so too has their musical ability. A much more tight and together sound to complement the virile vocal strength of Colin Young, whose only real fault is that he should allow his personality to blossom more.

Of course, there were the hits "Baby," "Buttercup" and "Bad Bad Old Days"—mists for the chicken and chips crowd; but there was also Colin's moving version of Stevie Wonder's "I Don't Know Why," a Richie Havens' piece, and some pleasing appetisers from the latest LP "Digging The Foundations." Pity the PM wasn't there!

Mike Ledgerwood

Special Foundations feature starts on page 13

Cilla turns to clowning

FOR YEARS the formula for seaside shows has been laughter and songs—with audiences always willing to join in the latter.

On this year's Blackpool show, there are plenty of comics

to provide the laughs—and no shortage of singing.

Audience participation plays a big part in Val Doonican's beautifully-presented act in the "Val Doonican Show" at the Opera House. Backed by half-a-dozen singers and the excellent Jimmie Currie Quartet, Val charms his way through his many hits—plus his comedy routines, culminating in a hilarious version of "Kaffery's Motor Car."

And Val's audiences too are tailor-made for Scots lass Morna Anderson making her summer season debut and almost stopping



Scott walker: dramatic role

Scott to star in first film

SCOTT WALKER is set to star in his first film. He flies to New York next week to clinch the deal with top movie men.

Manager Maurice King exclusively revealed on Monday: "The time is right now for Scott to move into another sphere of showbiz and expand his ability as an entertainer."

"I'm not able to reveal the details of the deal but the film will star Scott in an important dramatic role."

In recent months, following his TV series success, Scott has been flooded with film offers from all over the world. All have been carefully scrutinised until the right part was found.

Shooting is expected to begin early in 1970 and apart from his acting involvement Scott will also write songs and sing in the film.

Tomorrow (Friday) Scott makes a rare "live" concert appearance at Brighton Dome, followed by a similar date at Blackpool ABC on Sunday (July 6). He flies to America for a week of movie talks on July 9.

Maurice King also confirmed this week that Scott would continue making singles following the success of "Lights Of Cincinnati"—at No 16 this week.

"There will be more—but not on the conveyor-belt system," he said. "We don't want to try and 'con' the public four times a year. We'll always wait for a suitable song."

Jefferson Airplane part of Stones show 'surprise'

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, darlings of the American underground, are expected to be the Rolling Stones' "surprise" guests on the mammoth concert in London's Hyde Park on Saturday (July 5).

The group flew secretly into Britain early this week and went to ground. A spokesman for RCA, their record company, told Disc: "There was talk of a visit in July, but we've heard nothing definite."

Airplane, which includes controversial lead singer Grace Slick, were in Britain last autumn. Their visit, to take part in the five-hour extravaganza of pop entertainment, is believed to be at the personal invitation of the Stones via ace session pianist Nicky Hopkins, who has worked with both groups.

Blackhill Enterprises, responsible for the concert, said on Tuesday: "We're really excited about this. I'm sure they want to appear and it would be groovy to have them!"

During their last visit Airplane appeared with the Doors at London's Roundhouse.

Blind Faith back to one-nighters

BLIND FAITH, the Clapton/Baker/Winwood/Grech "super group," are to do a one-nighter tour of Britain in September.

The four stars have decided to go on the road again and the three-week plan takes in ballroom and club dates, but NO full concerts.

"They want to return to the slog round the country, travelling in a van," said Robin Turner of the Robert Stigwood office. "They want to get back a group feeling. It appears they've had enough of travelling first class and staying in luxury hotels."

Blind Faith go to America next week to open a two-month concert tour — their first since they were formed.

Their first album will have only SIX tracks on it and is released in August. The tracks are: "Do What You Like"—a 16-minute number written by Ginger on which everyone solos; "Presence Of The Lord"—written by Eric; "Had To Cry Today," and "Sea Of Joy," written by Stevie; the old Blues number "Sleeping In The Ground"; and Buddy Holly's "Well, Alright."

Top of the Pops

Jimmy Savile introduces "Top Of The Pops" tonight (Thursday) with guests Desmond Dekker, Clodagh Rodgers, Marmalade, Amen Corner, Scott Walker, Thunderclap Newman and—wait for it—film of Elvis Presley!

TREMELOES fly back from Scandinavia on Sunday, bearing £1,200 worth of Czechoslovak cut glass through Heathrow Airport customs.

RAY DAVIES arrives back from Los Angeles at London's Heathrow at 2 p.m. on Monday. He flew there earlier this week to finalise arrangements for the KINKS' American tour in September.

Investing in the Foundations

DAVE DEE, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich are among the first stars interested in a revolutionary investment device by Foundations boss Barry Class.

Following the abolition of price-fixing on records, Class plans to offer top-selling stars a share in his chain of "Disci" shops — in return for a percentage of their record royalties.

Says Barry: "The idea is to get pop stars to invest in themselves as it were. In return, we will guarantee to order their releases in larger quantities, thereby assuring fans of copies continuously."

Foundations will be the first group to consider the set-up, and Dave Dee and Co. have also declared an interest.

Last Saturday, with the abolition of RPM (retail price maintenance) on records, Class reduced copies of the Foundations' "Digging The Foundations" LP to cost-price of 30s and cleared 600 in two London shops in a day.



Vivian Stanshall—"we'll be knights"

Bonzos—Feldman movie

BONZO DOG BAND as Mediaeval knights in armour in a movie with TV funny man Marty Feldman. That's the mind-boggling scheme revealed by Bonzo boss Vivian Stanshall this week.

"It's all still a bit vague," he explained on return from the Bonzos' bonanza US trip. "But it's about Chaucer and minstrels and things. And we might all be knights!"

Film will be financed and produced by wealthy Worcestershire land-owner and art dealer Nigel Harcourt-Lees, a fervent fan of the group, who has already shot film of them when they hived up a barn on his estate a few months ago.

Bonzos are unlikely to do any more regular one-nighter dates in Britain. Instead, they will use a lorry to carry props and equipment, and will restrict themselves to two-three hour concerts giving a musically theatrical show.

Who, Preston for Dylan show

THE WHO and an Apple train led by Billy Preston are set to attend a mammoth three-day pop concert at Woodstock, Connecticut — home of the folk hero Bob Dylan — next month.

The show, which starts on August 15, already has a huge star line-up — names like Dylan, Joan Baez, Ravi Shankar, Richie Havens, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Laura Nyro, the Incredible String Band and Crosby, Nash and Stills — the group formed by ex-Howie Graham Nash, James Taylor may join Preston in the Apple train.



Remember?

5 YEARS AGO

From Disc, July 4, 1964

A RAIDING party tried to break into the Beatles' hotel in Wellington, New Zealand, "to cut their hair!" The attempt was foiled by a passing maid.

NEW YORK'S famous Carnegie Hall put an official ban on all rock shows after alarming incidents by rioting Rolling Stones fans.

P. J. PROBY announced plans to launch his Mexican hamburger on the British public. "Each one is a long potato chip shaped like a U with beef, lettuce, cheese and tomato inside."

BBC producer Bernie Andrews selected "Top Gear" as the title for new Brian Matthew series from vast number of suggestions sent in by Disc readers. Are you reading, John Peel?

NO LESS than five British singles hit America's Top Ten. Remember Millie's "My Boy Lollipop", Gerry and the Pacemakers' "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying"; Peter and Gordon's "World Without Love"; Billy J. Kramer's "Bad To Me" and Dave Clark's "Can't You See That She's Mine"?

ARE Elvis Presley fans being victimised by "Top Of The Pops"? Despite having two huge hits this year with "If I Can Dream" and "In The Ghetto" up until today (Thursday) the King had not been featured once on Britain's one and only regular television pop show.

Complaining, on behalf of El's enormous army of fans in Britain: Sheila Waters, from Tiverton in Devon.

Defending, on behalf of the BBC, is genial Johnnie Stewart, back in the show's production chair with the promise: "Elvis is on tonight (Thursday)."

To be fair to Stewart, he hasn't been producing the show for several months. To be extra fair to Stewart: "Whenever I've produced 'Top Of The Pops' I've never not deliberately played Elvis or anybody else for that matter. I've presented Jim Reeves—and he's dead," says Johnnie.

"As far as us not playing 'If I Can Dream' goes, all I can say since I was not doing the show at the time, is that this can happen to anyone.

"As for 'In The Ghetto', I got nine phone calls from fans immediately after last week's show complaining that Presley hadn't been featured in the programme and my answer is that you'll be able to see it tonight.

"You can't please everybody all of the time. We've not featured some hit by a coloured artist and you get stacks of calls complaining that you're biased—you are against all coloured artists."

Stewart is now immune to attacks upon his integrity, even his parentage, from furious fans claiming he has a bias against their particular pop idols.

Fair

"I can honestly tell Sheila Waters and all Elvis fans that there is no BBC bias against him as far as I am concerned. But, to be fair to us, they must accept that it is extremely difficult to feature Elvis on 'TOTP' because, for one thing, we have never had the slightest co-operation from his manager, Colonel Tom Parker.

"I've tried to contact Col. Parker but the nearest I ever got was talking to a contact of mine in America who in turn got in touch with Col. Parker,

Why is Elvis left out of 'Top of Pops'?

who promptly asked so much money for just a clip of Elvis walking round the garden that it made the whole thing ridiculous.

"Anyway, I can see their point. Elvis needs 'Top Of The Pops' like he needs a hole in the head. It's a shame though because he has millions of followers—lu this country alone.

"Believe me, I've tried 10,000 times to get some sort of clip of Elvis to use in the show. Col. Parker won't even allow us to use a clip from one of his films. Every TV station in the world has tried for Elvis—just for a film clip—but they all get the same answer."

Stewart has sent his film cameras out into London slum areas this week to shoot a suit-

able backdrop for the "In The Ghetto" smash.

"It's a difficult one to film. It's a great song with difficult words to reproduce in some sort of film idea. We hope the Presley fans will like it and understand our general difficulties every time Elvis has a hit."

Presley fans have, of course, a case against previous producer Colin Charman for failing to produce a film of some sort to depict the "If I Can Dream" smash.

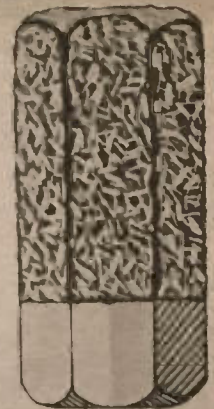
But they might also dwell on the distinct fact that even though they are devoted Elvis loyalists, when has he ever shown sufficient appreciation of this fact to come across the Atlantic and let them see him for themselves...



"Elvis needs 'Top Of The Pops' like he needs a hole in the head"



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LUV

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Lyons Maid

£ s d of the Marmalade

'We're insured for £250,000 so that if ever any one of us dies we each get £50,000 compensation. We're just thinking about whom to bump off first!'

WHAT WOULD YOU do if after many years of struggling to make ends meet, your bank statement suddenly started to lose its red hue, and large black figures appeared where once there were none?

Most people would answer this question with a Cheshire Cat grin, much rubbing of the hands and a vast outpouring of previously never-dreamed-of luxuries that must be bought.

Marmalade similarly struggled, both in Scotland and London, for several years before "Lovin' Things" put them on the road to fame and fortune, "Ob-La-Di" consolidated the foundations and now "Baby Make It Soon" completes the hat-trick.

Now, financially anyway, they're in easy-street, though Dean Ford is hoping for at least two more hits this year before he can feel secure in himself.

"We've had a lot of trouble finding songs in the past. We used to think that as soon as we had a hit, songwriters would flock to us with No. 1 smashes. We certainly had a lot of songs and they were all terrible. So the reason 'Baby Make It Soon' came so long after 'Ob-La-Di' was partly because there was nothing good enough for us to record.

"Actually, though, it's a blessing in disguise. If we'd had another single out quickly after 'Ob-La-Di' people would have compared the two. Leaving it so long has at least enabled this song to stand up on its own without comparison."

But back to all that lovely



DEAN FORD: £1,600 orange Triumph



JUNIOR CAMPBELL: £1,500 white MGB



GRAHAM KNIGHT: £1,345 steel-grey E-Type



ALAN WHITEHEAD: £1,500 white Triumph



PAT FAIRLEY: £500 green Spitfire

by DAVID HUGHES

money! Amazingly, the Marmalade have so far resisted temptations to get out and blow the lot.

That is, apart from this somewhat impressive array of vehicular transport, which is the Marmalade's only concession to stardom.

For the enthusiasts — and there are many of them — here is a breakdown of the Marmalade motoring mania!

Dean Ford: Orange Triumph TV4, 1969, with special wheels, cassette tape recorder and radio with electric aerial, "because I've had so many broken by 'fans.'" Total cost £1,600.

Graham Knight: Steel-grey E-Type Jaguar, 1967, with six carburetors, D-Type Jaguar racing engine, and wide wire wheels from a Ferrari. "It still only does 120 m.p.h., but I can get to Glasgow in half the time of a normal E-Type. Dean and I are trying

to break each other's record from London to Glasgow which currently stands at just under five hours." Total cost £1,345.

Junior Campbell: White MGB, 1968, with Bermuda hard-top, stage four engine, tape recorder, special seat, special wheels, radio and electric windows. Total cost £1,500.

Alan Whitehead: "He changes cars like the weather," says Graham. Changed his TR4A for a gold 2 plus 2 E-Type, but that's gone back in the garage to be changed again for a white Triumph TR6. Estimated total cost £1,500.

Pat Fairley's Green Triumph Spitfire, "which he boasts has no extras on it at all as he's only interested in getting from A to B. We therefore reckon he must have more money stacked away than the rest of us." Total cost £500.

It's certainly an impressive array, but that really is the only visible evidence that the Marmalade are now in the top earning bracket. Their CBS record contract expires in September and already no less than six companies are trying to outbid each other for their services. This plus fat royalty cheques pouring in from all over the world for sales of "Ob-La-Di" makes the group's financial future very rosy.

Amazingly, however, they draw just £50 a week each for expenses—and that includes things like running their cars and their flats; keeping their wives and in some cases children; and ensuring their stage clothes are always new and smart.

"My Afghan hound Sacha costs me eight bob a day to feed," says Graham, "and I suppose I do get through the whole £50 every week."

The rest of the Marmalade earnings goes into the group account to be carefully scrutinised by a Glaswegian accountant whose experience with stars' money dates back to the days of Harry Lauder.

"We buy tax bonds to help pay the taxman every year, and some of us have shares in unit trusts and Pacific Gold. Then there's the group insurance policy."

"We're insured for a quarter of a million pounds, so that if ever any one of us dies we each get £50,000 compensation. We're just thinking about whom to bump off first!"

"Of course we're insured individually too," says a smiling Dean Ford.

Next step for the investment campaign of the Marmalade is the purchase of houses.

"I want a house in London to begin with," says Dean. "I've got to move flats again soon, because my present one isn't really big

enough, and I've realised that with the amount of money I'm spending on rent, I could just as easily be paying off a mortgage."

Graham Knight has spotted houses in Bournemouth going for £4,000, but doubts he'd want to live there, and the rest of the group is just keeping its eyes open.

"I think actually the days of the big pop star spending are over," confesses Dean. "We've heard of so many former big names who've gone broke because of too much flash living, and we don't want to fall into that trap."

"So we confine ourselves to the cars. We were all interested in cars before we had any money, but I confess I wanted something that was a bit different and a bit flash."

"After all we're still all boys," adds Alan Whitehead. "Except Pat that is. He's the hairy man among the boys... which probably explains why he's the richest!"



Sad to say folks, but this Supremes—Temptations TV spectacular is just one long BORE . . .

THE FIRST half of a special Tamla Motown TV spectacular called "Taking Care Of Business" is colourful, slick and very professional. The second half of the hour-long colour extravaganza is boring, I have to report after seeing a special preview this week.

"Taking Care Of Business" stars Diana Ross and the Supremes and the Temptations. It was shown on American TV last December and since then has been offered to every TV company in this country — and turned down.

There is a remote chance that when all the British TV channels go into colour it will get shown. But it is remote.

I'm not sure what reason British companies have used for their refusal of the show. But my own theory is that through this spectacular (no matter how acclaimed it was by the American press and public) the Tamla Motown organisation are stepping on dangerous and sometimes delicate ground.

In the last two years Motown have adopted a policy to push their artists into the field of "All Round Entertainers." Consequently they have used what is the most distinctive sound in the world as a springboard into the show-business, rather than pop, world.

This is fine in theory — after all, groups as talented as the Supremes and other Motown acts have got to progress in SOME direction.

It is also fine in practice — within the confines of the cabaret circuit, like our "Talk Of The Town," "Palladium" and America's "Copacabana."

by PENNY VALENTINE

But this is the first colour TV slot ever allotted to Motown. And sophisticated though much of it is, it doesn't quite come off.

The Supremes look gorgeous, like huge butterflies, larger than life and five times as colourful. The Temptations are a smoothly professional moving-around act, but they miss lead singer David Ruffin and their one highpoint in the show is — away from Tamla — "For Once In My Life."

An hour of two acts — no matter how good, no matter who — is bound to fall down in parts. And "Taking Care Of Business" does just that. Even the invited audience who took part in the shooting appreciated much more the few Motown favourites that were thrown in on occasion, than the long lists of 'standards' churned at us.

The main point that stems from this show is that Tamla Motown have produced some of the finest visual acts around. Good-looking people who know how to inject a little more into songs to get you leaping to your feet and becoming part of a great whirling ferris wheel.

In "Taking Care Of Business" they have lost a lot of that. Perhaps it is simply that watching Motown artists from a distance — on TV set — doesn't lend itself to visual contact as watching them on stage does. It bears thinking about.

So too, I thought, does the inclusion of Miss Ross's "Somewhere" — which caused such a row on the Royal Variety Performance at the Palladium. This, combined with a series of pure Afro-dance routines that Diana did in native African costume, proved the most embarrassing spot of the evening, lovely to watch though she was.

• The soundtrack album of this spectacular is now available on Tamla Motown titled "Diana Ross and The Supremes and the Temptations."

Meditating with a Beach Boy

— on the dodgems!

BEACH BOY Mike Love sat on a sofa, crossed his legs yoga-style, stared blankly out across Brighton seafont—and left us! His daily meditation had started.

Near him a weird woman with greying hair was rambling on about reincarnation, the mysteries of the occult and her belief that in another life I had been a great artist. On the sideboard stood pictures of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

Earlier, in company with Bruce Johnston, we had watched Wimbledon tennis on the telly and been served with cream cakes and fresh fruit as afternoon tea by a trio of very attractive young ladies.

I was guest of the two Beach Boys at their transcendental meditation retreat in Sussex by the sea. "We love it here," confided Bruce. "It's so nice to get away from worries and things like that. We're even thinking of buying a hotel down here ourselves."

Bruce, wearing a pale blue boating cap and looking a little weary round the eyes, met me at the station. The sun was shining brightly and he announced that he'd been up since 9 am. A taxi took us to a tiny pub only a pebble's throw from the promenade and Bruce explained his personal belief in meditation.

"I'm not a great believer," he revealed. "I just find it relaxing. I don't try and spread-the-word either. I use meditation to dive inside myself and it helps me come to terms with life."

"Mike, though, is very serious. He does sometimes send it up himself—but that's only because I think he feels he shouldn't expect other people to understand everything he involves himself in."

Later we left to meet Mike at one of the two flats being used as meditation HQ. I was surprised not to find him attired in the now familiar white flowing robes. Instead, he wore a loose red jumper over brown suit trousers. The famous beard was bushy and his fair hair hung to his shoulders.

"Hi," he said. "Glad you could make it. Have a good journey down? Hang on a minute and we'll go and meet the others."

En route to the other flat, a few blocks away, we encountered Mike's younger brother, Steve, a sturdy fellow with fiery red hair and twinkling blue eyes, and his girlfriend.

Steve's been with the Beach Boys throughout their European tour. The trip was a gesture by Mike following his graduation success back home.

The other flat was cool and comfortable. From the verandah you could look out over the lawns to the choppy English Channel.

A friendly gentleman called Geoffrey, a sincere meditation man, organised tea for us which was served by three pretty pupils. Someone switched on the "box" and we all watched Wimbledon for a while.

"You don't have to meditate," explained Bruce. "Just

MIKE LEDGERWOOD
learns the mysteries

relax and enjoy yourselves. That's what we're doing."

To illustrate his point the benign Bruce suggested a stroll along the seafont. "They've got some groovy dodgems down there," he indicated, with all the enthusiasm of a 10-year-old.

A few minutes later, just as the sun slipped behind a cloud and it began to spit with rain we arrived at the dodgems. "I hate the rain," revealed Bruce, screwing his face up. "I love Britain and everything about it—except the weather!"

Bruce must easily be the friendliest and most generous pop star I've met. He stops and talks to passers-by in the street, fusses over their pets and speaks to everyone as though he's known them all his life.

The dodgem cars were close to the seashore and a cruel wind swept over the shingle. Bruce pulled his hat on firmly and marched to a car. I secretly prayed that we wouldn't become human kebabs while in the cars having read about the danger of water and electricity.

The next hour was utter madness. We must have raced round the track a million times in the rain. The cars skidded and shuddered, bumped and bashed their way along. We made the famous "Bullitt" chase seem like a funeral procession.

A small boy with National Health specs joined the fun and found it hard to believe that the dodgem he'd just rammed contained a Beach Boy. The loudspeaker blasted



Beach Boys ... Al Jardine, Bruce Johnston, Dennis Wilson, Carl Wilson, Mike Love.

out, appropriately, "Do It Again." And we did!

Finally, after a plate of cockles from a stall, we returned to the sanity of the flat. Mike was busy doing a marathon phone interview and explaining for the umpteenth time that the Beach Boys were not really broke.

For the next 90 minutes I listened intrigued to Mike's views on meditation and his belief in the teaching of the Maharishi. His conversation with the woman who studied life-after-death was captivating. Talk revolved around the planets, about which Mike is currently composing a song, and about Piscean people and Aquarius-Rising.

A lot of it, I must own up, left me cold. But after watching and listening I don't doubt Love's enthusiasm.

It was about this time that Mike left us to meditate. "You're welcome to join in," he invited. But, being cowards we opted for a drink round the corner and a game of table football in the amusement arcade.

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How a star is born — next week in DISC!

Benedict Brown