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RECORDING STUDIO



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Editorial

OVER the last few years the Art of the Nationwide Tour seems to have died out. The mammoth, crowd-pulling journeys from venue to venue made by the various Supergroups were seen as a central element of the Pop scene, and were dubbed '-mania' by the Press, always eager for easily identifiable labels.

Then, with the coming of the festivals and the high-price gigs, the tour fell out of favour. The Beatles retreated into their own private lives; the Stones, harried by the forces of Law and Order (and by the Press) withdrew from the spotlight; Led Zeppelin were lost in the transAtlantic wastes—the only source of 'reasonable' money—and the result was that the earnest, ticket-buying, album-purchasing fan suffered. As usual.

Good to see, then, that both Zeppelin and the Stones have hit the road once more: Zeppelin playing the 'clubs that made them great', and the Stones doing a farewell tour before they go to live in France. Nevertheless, the average fan will be realistic enough to realise that both these tours are probably—and almost certainly in the case of the Stones—more gestures than anything else. The Nationwide Tour, despite these revivals, is gone. But a lot of us wish it would return.

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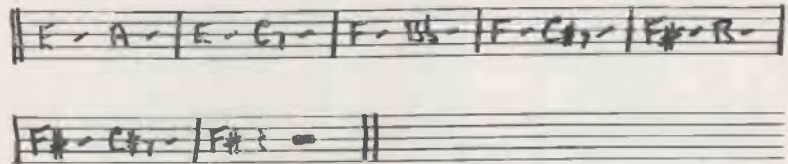
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12: More chord changes

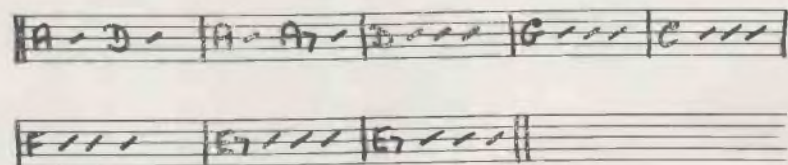
The object of this month's article is to help you practise chord changes. By now, you should be reasonably proficient with the simpler changes—like those in the three-chord sequence—so let's move on to some of the more complicated ones. Remember that any chord will fit into any key providing the correct chord progressions are used. Adding Sevenths into the appropriate places will allow you to lead direct from one Major chord to another, even if it's not normally associated with that particular sequence. Here are seven bars showing how Sevenths can be used to lead from one key into another, i.e. E to F to F#:



It's a fallacy for anyone to say that you need to know every chord in the book, because you don't. The Majors, Minors and Sevenths are all you need . . . at this stage, anyway. Many pieces of sheet music show complicated, previously unheard-of chords, but the same effect can be achieved simply by playing a chord that you have already learned. Say you see a bar of music with the chords of G C+ G in it. You don't know the C+ (C Augmented) chord yet, so just play a straight bar of G Major. Only a really experienced musician could tell the difference. These extra chords show how the music *should* be played, but not necessarily how it *must* be played.

There are many groups in existence who have recorded one of their own compositions containing about four chords, and then found the sheet music to contain 24. Thing is, the person who actually writes the score is usually a proficient pianist, and he puts in every single chord, sometimes forgetting that what sounds correct on a piano doesn't necessarily sound right on a guitar. So don't worry about all those pieces of sheet music you've got. They can all be played if you simplify some of the chords.

Now let's try some more chord changes. I'm sticking to those found at the bottom of the fretboard, so they shouldn't prove too difficult.



Once you've played through this sequence a few times, you will find that your ear has become attuned to it. Try making-up a few sequences of your own—starting with something simple like C, Am, F, G7—and add or reject chords as you go along. For example, the chord of Am can be changed to Em or the chord of F to Dm. If worked correctly, you should eventually be able to 'feel' which chord will or won't go with another. But, as I've said before, never try to advance at too fast a rate. *En route* you could well miss some very important points.

Next month I'll move on to the actual reading of music. Believe me, it's not half as hard as you imagine, so don't decide to give up if you find it difficult at first. I'll start off by explaining how chords themselves are made up. Once you can understand that, then the whole process of reading will be simplified.



PLAYER OF THE MONTH

GORDON GILTRAP

THERE are many instrumentalists more famous than Gordon Giltrap, but, as we at *Beat* are always attempting to show, fame does not always guarantee quality. Of course the reverse does not hold true either, but one does tend to appreciate an artist's qualities rather more if he has not been exposed to the publicity Machine for too long beforehand.

Giltrap's acoustic meanders are immediately recognisable throughout the folk clubs of England, but outside of that field his name is unknown (except in the Marquee, whose audience gave him a great reception a few weeks ago). Speed is Gordon's trademark; he fingers and plucks the neck of his instrument with such a speed that when I watched him play in my office a few days ago I couldn't follow what was happening. 'I play fast by habit as much as for any particular musical effect. I am always being accused of being a show-off or something, and I guess it's true to an extent; I just don't like playing ordinary guitar, there's no excitement in playing slowly.'

All of the material on his third album (to be released by MCA and as yet untitled)—is Giltrap original, although he admits that when he has finished putting down his own playing and vocals he leaves all the rest up to his arranger Del Newman.

'I have been playing since I was about 12, but only seriously since I was about 18, and at 19 I signed a contract with Transatlantic to release two albums. Neither sold particularly well, but I like to think that it was due to bad publicity as opposed to bad records. When I did the second album it was with Don Partridge's *Accolade* and thus I got lumbered with the title of busker, even though I've never busked in my life. That was a good album but I don't think groups are for me. Perhaps when I have made a better name for myself I will return to my old ambition of doing session work, but until then I just want to keep writing and playing my own material.'

Gordon's guitar is also something of a masterpiece, bought originally at the 1969 Frankfurt Trade Fair for master instrumentalist and tutor John Pierce, who, realising its natural compatability with Giltrap's playing style, sold it for the nominal sum of £70. 'I just haven't the faintest idea what make it is, the only thing we can think of is that it is a "one-off" exhibition model. Since I got it I have sanded the front down, put on new shallow machine heads and adjusted the action. The strings I use are about the cheapest you can buy; Rotosound Students at about 40p per set. I still use the Bailey for recording, but not nearly as much as I used to now that I've got this.'

When Gordon Giltrap manages to write himself a commercial song (*Never Ending Solitude* of the album *Accolade* was a very good start) and get himself a little publicity he will do a James Taylor all over again . . . and don't say *Beat* didn't say so.





A SHORT one this month, I think: a nice crispy article like we used to have before the war.

I sometimes get asked questions about Jazz and Pop; these questions assume different forms, and they are asked from different angles, but lurking in the background of everyone is the assumption that jazz is Better Music; and that I, DHS, would rather be playing jazz than what I am playing. I am always polite (well, nearly always), but if my mind were visible, all these questioners would run a mile: what a rich array of confusions unfold before me, and how I hate them! Let me enumerate.

1. If there were anything else I wanted to do, I would be doing it.
2. Any music is as good as it is (or bad, or mediocre, or any other damn valued judgement you care to name) because that's the way it is; not because it's any particular kind of music! Some classical music is awful, some brass band music is the greatest. I, for my part, am happy to put a stack of sounds on my record player with Muddy Waters' *Louisiana Blues* and Sibelius' *Tapioala*.
3. There is no *opposition* between jazz and pop—they are different, and that's all.

There is only good music and bad music.

Jazz I believe to have gone off the rails slightly (not seriously, because fortunately it is a chaotic, individualist music without binding traditions, and law-breakers and law-makers will always keep on appearing), in not paying enough attention to meaning; and people know this.

If it does not mean anything, however 'good' (well played, strongly felt, put over forcefully by confident men) it is, it's boring. Audiences have a great sense of form: if they perceive that a musician's work has lots of lovely content but no form—if the artist does not mean anything—they get bored and drift off.

I stopped playing jazz for a living because the life seemed to be going out of it; I have always played for communication. (A bad word, but there isn't another). Whatever I have played, it has always been me playing, good or bad, so naturally gravitated toward a live, enthusiastic, developing scene—and that was just what Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated was for me in '62; a hot house of a band, full of opposing, complementing directions.

No-one knew what would emerge but everyone sure enjoyed it.

I am still the same: I will go where the action is. . . .



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

After The Gold Rush—Neil Young

RP—Briggs/Young S—American. MP—Warner

Air Conditioning—Curved Air

RP—Edwards S—Island. E—Caldwell MP—Blue Mountain

All Things Must Pass—George Harrison

RP—Spector. S—EMI. E—K. Scott. MP—Apple

Andy Williams' Greatest Hits

RP—Mixed. S—American. E—Mixed. MP—Mixed

Black Man's Burdon—Eric Burdon & War

RP—Gerry Goldstein S—American. MP—Carlin

Blows Against The Empire—

Paul Kantner and the Jefferson Starship

RP—Kantner. S—American. E—Zentz/Ieraci. MP—Godtunes

Bridge Over Troubled Water—Simon and Garfunkel

RP—Halee S—American. E—Halee. MP—Pattern

Chicago III—Chicago

RP—Guercio S—American. E—Luluse/Mitchel.

MP—Mediarts Music

Easy Listening—Various Artists

RP—Mixed. S—Mixed. E—Mixed. MP—Mixed

Elton John

RP—Dudgeon S—Trident. E—Cable. MP—Dick James Music

Emerson, Lake and Palmer

RP—Lake S—Advision. E—Offord. MP—EG Music

Led Zeppelin III

RP—Page. S—American. E—Johns. MP—Supertype

Taste—Taste

RP—Taste S—Live. E—Swiss Radio

Pendulum—Creedence Clearwater Revival

RP—Fogerty. S—American. E—Fogerty. MP—Burlington

Stephen Stills

RP—Stills/Halverson. S—USA/Island. E—Halverson.

MP—Goldhill

Sweet Baby James—James Taylor

RP—Asher S—American. E—Lazarus. MP—April

Tamla Motown Chartbusters, Vol. 4—

Various Artists

S—American. MP—Mixed

The Yes Album—Yes

RP—Yes/Dowd. S—Advision. E—Offord. MP—Yessongs

Tumbleweed Connection—Elton John

RP—Dudgeon S—Trident. E—Cable. MP—DJM/Sunshine

Whales and Nightingales—Judy Collins

RP—Abramson. S—Mixed/Live. E—Haeny.

MP—Harmony & Mixed

RP—Record Producer. S—Studio. E—Engineer.

MP—Music Publisher

THE state of the business being what it is, survivors from the halcyon pre-underground days are few and far between. Mayall soldiers on under a blanket of LA smog, but the Beatles have come to an acrimonious end and Geno Washington has had a long period out in the cold. The music of the '65-early-'66 period was so typecast, so rigid in structure (70% of bands playing sock-it-to-me stuff, the other 30% into Motown-esque music) that, when the building fell, it really crashed down.

A notable Ancient Mariner is Alan Bown, still blowing great trumpet, still wielding his cohesive little seven-piece (with five original members), and still very much a part of What's Going On (as they say in Disc). Alan has had his moments, though. The Soul Boom found him enmeshed as leader of The Alan Bown, a highly successful outfit by the standards of those days; two years later, like many another talent, he needed various Continental gigs to keep body and Soul together. 1971 finds him with a very successful album on his new label, Island, and prospects once more brightening visibly.

Alan, mind you, is no chicken, having been around since John Barry Seven time, of which redoubtable organisation he was once a member (along with Tony Ashton, whose recent success is applauded by Alan as 'bloody great'). Alan's trumpet-playing, always more colourful than the usual soul riffs, has matured into a texture which, enhanced with a recent series of electronic aids, owes more to Miles Davis than to the Mar-Keys. Other members of the Alan Bown include fellow-originals Vic Sweeney (on drums), Tony Catchpole on guitar, John Anthony on saxes and Jeff Bannister on keyboards. New members are a Scottish vocalist, Gordon Neville, who has been with Alan about six months, and, most recent addition, Andy Brown on bass. Alan is delighted with Andy's playing, mentioning that he was the thirty-sixth of a long, long series of would-

ALAN BOWN



'Miles Davis the only trumpet player worth listening to'

be Bown Bassmen. 'Both these changes have been made for the better,' says Alan. 'Andy, especially, is incredible. Our previous bassist—who was also with me in John Barry — lost all interest in what he was doing, sold his bass and, last I heard, was do-

ing a straight job.' A sad fate indeed. The very stuff of our darkest dreams. Alan, however, is happy with his present rhythm section. 'I could sit back and just listen to the drummer, the guitarist and the bass-player go at it all night—they don't need us.'

The new Alan Bown, complete with this phenomenal rhythm section, swings as hard as ever and experiments a great deal more. We have already mentioned Miles Davis, but the links and influences are obvious. *Bitches' Brew* excited Alan's admiration very heavily, and, 'let's face it, he's the only trumpet-player worth listening to'.

For the wild, raving sound that characterises the band on stage, Alan uses an advanced system of effects on his trumpet — still, incidentally, the same old Olds with the blue lacquer peeling off. There are two mouthpieces, one of which has a tiny hole drilled in the side; this orifice is bugged into an amplification system via footpedals and echo units. Sound is controlled from a console at Alan's waist. The result is 'free music' — although Alan is reluctant to be bagged. He also has a certain admiration for the work of Lifetime, although he professed a slight come-down after the first 20 minutes of Lifetime's act . . . 'It's all got to be too much.'

Alan is highly enthusiastic about his new label. 'I feel as if I've got a whole new career,' he says, going on to describe how Chris Blackwell heard — by chance — some Bown tapes, raved, came to hear them, and offered them a contract the same night. 'For years I'd been trying to get with Island,' adds Alan, 'and there he was, asking me. I nearly fell over.' Island's first effort, *Listen*, achieved sales (to date) of over 60,000 copies — which compares well with the previous (Decca) album's 5,000-odd. *Listen* is still selling strongly, but Alan has already been back in the studios, laying down tracks for two proposed new albums. One will be a Various Artists' Bumpers, and the other will be the new Alan Bown LP. Three tracks to date have been produced.

A new label, a superb band, plenty of experience and constant optimism: these are all attributes of musicians who are Together, as the vernacular has it. Next time you hear Alan Bown, *Listen*.

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THE DOORS

GONE WITH THE WIND



MOST people you meet seem to have a blind spot about a performer or a group who, for them, can do no wrong. My acquaintances mention the Byrds, the Lovin' Spoonful and the Charlatans as well as the more obvious ones like the Beatles, the Stones, Dylan, etc. One thing they, and I, have in common, is that we are unable to believe that our particular favourite is capable of fault, despite the fact that the vast weight of critical opinion is totally to the contrary.

My hang-up is the Doors, and it has become my life ambition to convince the rest of the unfeeling world that the Doors can be a substitute for sex, food, money or whatever it is you're short of at any time. This single-mindedness (call it moronic, if you like) has increased in intensity ever since I heard the totally incorrect interpretation by Jose Feliciano of *Light My Fire*. Listening to that nauseating, sickly, gutless call, as far from the intentions of the song as *God Save The Queen* is from *Up Against The Wall*, the ignorance of those who could tolerate the offending version, as well as of those who had the temerity to record it, combine to depress me.

Publicity-wise, the Doors only make the papers when something occurs verging on the criminal. Everybody is aware of the Florida episode where Jim Morrison is alleged to have exposed himself on stage, and probably large numbers have heard of the time he was accused of insobriety whilst on an aeroplane.

Perhaps you don't recall the time that the Stones had a bit of trouble when a petrol pump attendant maintained that they had relieved themselves in an unpleasant way? Or when the Beatles experienced vast unpopularity in the States after John publicly voiced his opinion that the Beatles were more influential than J.C.? Or that both these groups have had numerous disagreements with authority on questions of certain substances? Yet what Morrison is supposed to have done has been seized upon by

the gutter musical press to such an extent that one distasteful journalist, whose name I find it repugnant to mention, christened Jim 'The Flasher' during the band's visit last year to the Isle-of-Wight festival.

Adverse publicity

Granted, this sort of publicity may be more interesting to those non-music lovers who like to seize upon every opportunity to denigrate that which gives those of us who do love music such enormous pleasure. In the case of the Doors, such publicity seems to have totally obliterated any desire to listen to their music, and this appears to me to be not unfortunate, but criminal. Just as the situation had reached the point where I was about to concede to myself that my beliefs were doomed to be those of the minority, a superb compilation of golden portals has been released by Elektra, as part of the first pile to emerge from the Company's new headquarters in New Oxford Street, an integral part of the Kinney Record Group. The album title is *Doors 13* (Elektra EKS 74079), and that title refers to a very suitable best 13 previous tracks recorded on their first five LPs by the Doors, containing all the majesty which has excited and delighted my ears for those four years since their first album steamrolled into the American charts, commencing a stay, I believe, of over two years.

The new album contains one second under 44 minutes of vocal splendour, instrumental magnificence, and some of the most tuneful, but meaningful, songs of love and life that have resulted from what might be termed the 'New Wave', spearheaded by the sometimes less commercially inclined West Coast musicians. There are a couple of things which may be familiar on the album even to the non-believer, headed, of course, by the long version of *Light My Fire*. The single of this amazing song was put out without Ray Manzarek's

organ solo, rendering it consequently less meaningful than the correct version, where the organ solo builds between the vocal passages, the interim between the invitation to copulate and the final gasping climax. Perhaps you can understand my incomprehension of the Feliciano version now? Then *Hello I Love You* was the Doors' one and only hit single in this backward country of ours, and even that is a fairly untypical super commercial thing, with a less-than-subtle rhythm; and *The Unknown Soldier* has become somewhat famous for its anti-war sentiments, although, for me, its beauty is in its ever-changing mood and the channel switching gunshot of the soldier's execution.

Insufficient exposure

Part of the problem is that the Doors have received little exposure in Britain, to the extent that they have played only five sets in all in this country. Their first visit was in the autumn of 1968, when they played Middle Earth at the Roundhouse, with the Airplane and Glenn McKay's Headlights, on two consecutive nights. A supposedly hip person from Granada TV, probably latching on to an epic from the second album called *When The Music's Over*, decided to make one of those pseudo - documentary films which intersperse snatches of music with extra-contextual quotes and films showing the strife of trans-Atlantic life. No doubt the gent had heard Jim shouting, 'We Want The World And We Want It Now' with all those capital letters, and figured that here was one of those revolutionary groups who upset people and swear a lot. His mistake was that he didn't understand that the point of the Doors is to entertain, to give an audience their money's worth, but not only with music: to use the art of the thespian as well as the minstrel.

So, when I got to the Roundhouse, it was lousy with tired and elderly cameramen, no doubt recruited from

'Football Match of the Day', or some other unsuitable experience. Seemingly unaware that the vast crowd wanted to see the bands, they obstructed many people's views with enormous success, and effectively reduced the Doors' first set to a shambles.

By the time that the Doors were ready for their second set, it was around half past four in the morning, and many had departed after suffering the choking claustrophobic atmosphere for some seven-and-a-half hours. So by the time the band began, their audience had diminished to more comfortable proportions, fittingly for the magic that was to happen. As the dawn broke over the Roundhouse, the Doors played the very best music I have ever

heard putting over the point magnificently that they are the tightest, most professional band around. The empathy between the members, which allowed Morrison's theatrics full reign, presented the perfect setting for the climax of the night. The contrast between the directness of the Doors and the aimless wanderings of Marty Balin and Grace Slick made the performance still more impressive. A long wait was in store for those who wished to see them again: it was not until the 1970 Isle-of-Wight festival that we were privileged again to see the Doors, and that was on that best ever of all rock days, the Saturday, when John Sebastian and the Who headlined a veritable excess of wonderful sounds. Per-

haps you're surprised to see that the Doors are not also mentioned in my headline, and the reason is that I was a little disappointed in their set, due to the fact that I was directly in front of Ray Manzarek's speakers, and could thus hear little else. The stigma of the trial, as well as trepidation regarding the result, was undoubtedly still surrounding Morrison, and in many ways, the visit was a disappointment.

Morrison restricted

Taking my life and courage in both hands, I inveigled my way into the artists' enclosure on the next day and spoke with Jim, finding it inconceivable that such a man could be accused of such an act, and also hearing from him that he thought the Doors might do a tour of Britain about this time but, of course, that has not yet come to fruition. I can only hope that soon Jim Morrison will be able to travel as he pleases, and that we can soon all hear the Doors in full cry, performing as only they can.

Until then, you must all buy the record. It's about time those interminable charts in all the music papers had a name of some consequence in them, and you know who I mean by that.

Perhaps I'd better tell you a bit more about the tracks on the album, just to clinch it. The only one not written from within the group is *Back Door Man*, a Howlin' Wolf/Willie Dixon number, demonstrating as well as any of their own songs the sort of charisma that is the Doors.

Then there's the powerful side of the Doors, as demonstrated by *Roadhouse Blues* and *Land Ho!* from the excellent *Morrison Hotel* album, and the romantics of *Moonlight Drive* and *You're Lost Little Girl*. The rest of the album is merely superb, and the only quibble I have is that *Twentieth Century Fox*, the anthem of the female pseud, is not included. But there's a good start for a second volume. . . .

J.T.



Morrison: guilty of 'flashing'?



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PINK FLOYD

'Until very recently we were in acute danger of dying of boredom'

As a band, Pink Floyd have always proved difficult to define. One of the few surviving forces from the Flowerpower period of our youth, Floyd have always managed to remain all things to all men: they made a hit single in 1967 (*Arnold Layne*); they had the first professional light-show seen in this country; they were the creators of a UFO-preoccupied science-fiction music that rapidly became the centre of a growing cult. In the less-than-balmy days since that



▲ Nick Mason ▼ Dave Gilmour



halcyon age, Floyd have done a singular thing: they survived. More than that, they succeeded in producing (at discreet intervals) several important progressions from their original, more light-hearted, sound.

The first of these was *Saucerful Of Secrets*, which can be considered as a direct polishing of the earlier, spookier Syd Barrett sound. Barrett's influence waned, he left, and *Saucerful* was the second-generation Floyd's first venture onto record. So successful was it—and so much did it mould their act—that up until 1970 they were still staging one of the album's strongest numbers *Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun*. This piece also survived onto their consolidation album *Ummagumma*. (There was an older survivor on *Ummagumma* as well: *Astronomy Domine* from the first Pink Floyd LP). The second side of this record, however, contained a few tentative Floyd steps in a further, as yet unseen, direction.

40-foot Mother

Enter *Atom Heart Mother*. Floyd first produced this lengthy and much-praised piece at the Bath Festival, later taking it on tour to America and around England. *Atom Heart Mother* is an event for Four-piece Psychedelic Band, Brass Orchestra, and 40-piece mixed-voice choir. (When Pink Floyd took this around California, there were 40-foot billboards along Sunset Boulevard bearing the well-known cow). On stage, in addition to the above ensemble, Pink Floyd made use of their own well-tried instruments — plus the Azimuth Co-ordinator device. This, drummer Nick Mason describes as 'a sort of quadrophonic pan-pot'. The *Atom Heart Mother* tour of the U.S. was in full quadrophonic sound, and American audiences were suitably fascinated by the eerie effect of sound swooping round the auditorium.

Floyd lost money on that

tour, as in most other on-the-road projects they have done in recent months. In England it set them back £2,000 every time they did a show; in America the cost must have been excruciating.

'This year we've achieved a certain financial independence,' says Nick. 'The band still doesn't make money, but we're not fighting to pay back debts.' When was this point of financial independence reached? 'Some time last year, I think. I don't really know what caused us to get suddenly solvent, but for years previously we'd been paying off enormous debts—all our royalties and everything else just being used to pay off running costs. At least our royalties cover us now.'

Hasty Breakfast

Nick feels that the *Atom Heart Mother*, album, released to co-incide with the tour, was 'another time job'. The 'B' side (containing *Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast*) was 'definitely rushed', and even the cover track was not what it could have been, in his opinion. (He adds that he doesn't think it would have made much difference to the overall effect).

'I don't feel that there is a definite course of progress in our music. People see continuations and progressions, obviously, but it's not apparent to us. We get an idea for something and we try to do it'.

There has been much talk of a new Super-Floyd extravaganza. The world downtown was that the group would shortly tackle a ballet representation of Marcel Proust's *Remembrances Of Things Past*. As the title indicates, this monumental 12-volume novel is a long, dreamy ramble, and very difficult indeed to reduce to concrete form. How were the Floyd coping with this ambitious task?

'Proust', says Nick — and quoting bassist David Gilmour — 'has been knocked on the head'. Marcel has indeed been given the bullet and Director Roland

Petit has now got *A Thousand And One Nights* as a working title — which might prove equally difficult to handle. 'Originally he (Petit) was going to do a complete programme: a piece by Zinakist, a piece by us and a new production of *Carmen*. I think he has now decided to do just two pieces, Zinakist's and ours — which has meant doubling the length of the thing we are going to do'.

It's not the first time that Pink Floyd have had a hand in somewhat esoteric productions. They also did the film score for Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*. And now they have plans of their own for a new all-Floyd idea, to be staged in theatre form— locale, as yet, unknown.

'Hopefully, it'll be something that settles in one place for one time. The idea being that we choose what we want to do — music, films, video, theatre, mime or dance—and then do it. We've been trying to do something like this for years, but we've only just achieved the financial independence necessary'.

Boredom

The germinating of this particular seed has lifted Pink Floyd out of a slough of despond in which they have found themselves wallowing ever since the close of the *Atom Heart Mother* tour — and possibly before that. Nick says: 'until very recently we were in acute danger of dying of boredom'. (Some months ago Roger Waters was interviewed by *Melody Maker*; they, in their wisdom, headlined the feature 'Troubled Waters'). 'But now', continues Nick, 'this depression has lifted a bit because we have finally got a very rough basis for this new project.'

Meanwhile inactivity saps initiative. 'Our thing now is to press on as fast as possible. At the moment we are doing a few odd gigs — Roger really feels that we shouldn't be working at all, but it is a great release to play the drums, once in a

while, all the same'.

'What we *must* do is Get Ourselves Together in every sense of the word—because we've always previously had a scene where people are telling you "do this", or "do that", or "you ought to go out on the road and promote the album" . . . and all the time you're desperately trying to stop and take stock'.

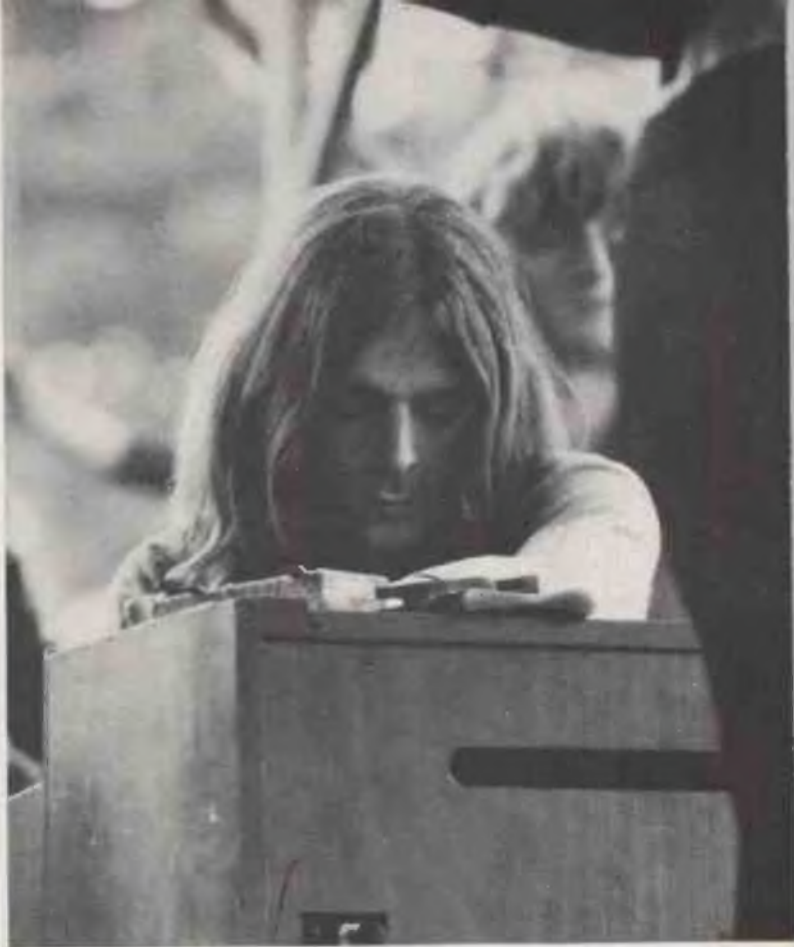
Technology

The Floyd have already started a new album. At least, they have 'gone into the studio and put down some ideas . . . something we've never been able to do before'. They intend to record in quadrophonic—and should be one of the first to do so in this country, although quad records are to be with us soon. EMI are bringing in quadrophonic equipment to Abbey Road when the music is ready, and Pink Floyd are also having a special quad mixer built for their own (onstage) use— 'in an attempt to get a better quality of sound'. They already have the Azimuth Coordinator, and Nick has a Putney VCS3 Synthesizer in his Studio-workroom. Although not integrated yet, it seems like a predictable step for them to take.

Apart from their own obscure imagery, Pink Floyd have managed to stay apolitical, using in the unworldly character of their music to preserve this carefully chosen distance.

No 'message' lurks in the Floyd's music. 'Messages are too specified and they become a drag—like preaching. I think one of the worst possible beliefs is that Pop stars know more about life than anyone else'.

'The thing to do is to really move people', says Nick, speaking of the legendary Floyd stage-acts, 'to turn them on, to subject them to a fantastic experience, to do something to stretch their imagination.' But the music can, after all, do that unaided? 'Yes', says Nick, 'but we can back it up'.



▲ Rick Wright ▼ Roger Waters



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SONGWRITER OF THE MONTH

ALAN HULL



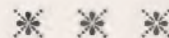
IN the space of 12 months or so, Merseyside poured forth great numbers of pop bands and soloists and, for a couple of years to follow, completely enveloped—not only the record buyers—but the entire music scene.

Tyneside has been doing something similar; over the last few years several 'top name' bands have been noticed to speak with a rather pronounced Geordie accent. The process of infiltration to the capital has been slow, thus very little publicity has accompanied it. With the rather obvious exceptions of Messrs. Burdon, Jackson and Price the latest group to receive the North Eastern

spotlight is Lindisfarne, known around Newcastle in the form of the Aristocrats, Downtown Faction, Brethren, Chosen Few, Impact and the Druids for five years. Rod Clements (bass, organ, piano, violin, vocals, and guitars) and Ray Laidlaw are all that remains of the original heavy blues band. Now Ray Jackson (harp, mandolin, and vocals), Simon Cowe (banjo, mandolin, vocals, lead, and 12-string guitars) and Alan Hull (electric keyboards, vocals, and acoustic guitar) make up the five.

It was last May when Alan joined Lindisfarne, although prior to that he

had been well known around the folk clubs of the north, and had written songs recorded by groups such as Affinity and Hash. In fact in 1966 *BI* included an article on Hull and his ambitions for forming his own record company and publishing his own books of poetry. The latter has now come true, with *The Day We Met* at present in the shops. 'My poetry is very personal, not really the contemporary Liverpool Scene type of thing, more towards the traditional,' he says. Leonard Cohen is one of the few people that Alan admires, and his reason is straightforward. 'I tried many times to set my poetry to music, but it very rarely seems to work. Cohen is about the only person other than Dylan who can do it consistently.'



Although Rod Clements also writes, it is Hull who has brought attention to the group with his simple melodic tunes sounding (as every other music critic has said) somewhat early Beatlesish and presented with a similar harmonious fashion. 'Most of my songs,' Alan resumed, 'like most of my poetry, are taken from real-life events and happenings; nobody can possibly talk about philosophical subjects without experiencing at least the basic elements of the world . . . love, passion, hate, fear, etc. I take a great deal of trouble over getting my songs to work out exactly as I want them to: there's no such thing as having to think of a song to record the next day, the way quite a few groups do nowadays. There's no particular method to the way I write; well, perhaps, if you look at it statistically, you could probably find that I have usually had a pint or two before I begin to get inspiration—but then again I don't get inspiration every time I have a drink.'



STUDIO PLAYBACK

Mrs. Harold Wilson—no laughs please—has been into Pye Studios this month, recording an album of her poetry for the benefit of her admirers everywhere. Engineer and producer on this auspicious occasion were Ray Prickett and Cyril Stapleton.

Back in the world we know and love, Mungo Jerry have been working on an album; producer was Barry Murray and deskworkers were Terry Evenett and Howard Barrow. There was an orchestra piece — *The City Of Westminster* — recorded at Pye this month; engineer was Alan Florence. Mike Margolis has also been into Pye, recording some stuff by Anita Harris for a TV show; engineer: Howard Barrow. Gingerbread have recorded a single, produced by John McLeod and desked by Dave Hunt.

Sangam

Jackson Studios, exotic as always, have recently been recording a first single for a new label (Sangam Records) aimed specifically at the Indian population in the UK. (Sangam, incidentally, means 'Come together'). Also in Jackson this month has been the Phil Henry Orchestra, a 17-piece band modelled on the late Glenn Miller. The album they made was, in fact, of Glenn's greatest hits. The two songwriters of McGuinness Flint (Lyle and Gallagher) have been using the Studios for recording and rehearsal



Greg Lake—producing at Advision



CCS—Most production at De Lane Lea

for a forthcoming BBC2 production. Another 'first' has been an album of Rogers Organ music—organist Norman Leslie—that was recorded in Rickmansworth this month.

CCSingle

All been happening at De Lane Lea this month, starting with Herman — sorry, Peter Noone, doing a single, produced by Mickie Most and engineered by Louie Austin. Mickie also produced a new single for Alexis Korner's CCS, with deskwork by Dave Siddle.

New LP time for Rock Workshop, with production by Fritz Fryer and engineering by Martin Birch. Irish group Skid Row are also in, doing an LP, with engineering also courtesy of Martin and production by the boys themselves. *BI's* Player of the Month, Gordon Giltrap, also in De Lane Lea, recording

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some material for a new LP. Production for Gordon was by Derek Lawrence and engineering by Martin and Louie jointly.

New single for Main Horse; self-produced, of course, and engineered by Louie. Some work also going on for Firefly, and production was by one-half of Firefly as well, Richard Kerr. Engineer? Martin. . . .

Down at the Sound Centre, John Stewart has been doing some work for Mike Hurst (an LP) and for Curtis Maldoon — also an LP. On each occasion the tracks were produced by the artists in question.

IBC

Aussie group, the Mixtures, have been recording an album in IBC Studios this month, with sessions produced by Dave Mackay and engineered by Mike Claydon. Mike also did the necessary on a new LP for the Peddlers, which was produced by Cyril Smith. Some material for Manfred M., produced again by Dave

Mackay and engineered by John Pantry, was also done. LP time for Graham Bonnet, too, with production honours going to Trevor Gordon and desk credits to Mike Claydon.

IBC have put in 16 consecutive days and nights on the new Bee Gees' album. The athletes in question were Mike and John Pantry. The new single *It Is Written* of Barry Ryan was also recorded at IBC, produced by Bill Landis and engineered by Bryan Stott.

IBC are now awaiting the arrival of their new 16-track machine, which is destined for Studio B, rendering it into a 16-track vocal and reduction suite; it will be opened as soon as possible.

Tarkus

Emerson Lake and Palmer's new album — entitled *Tarkus* — is in the process of being finished off at Advision Studios this month. Production is by Greg Lake and deskwork is by ELP's very favourite engineer, 'Ready Eddie' Offord. Also in Ad-



Mixtures: recording album at IBC

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vision are Pet Clark with her producer Johnny Harris, working on a new album; engineer, again, is Eddie Oford. Martin Rushent has had a fairly busy month as well, desking the half-finished LP by Jack Wild (with Brian Lane producing) and working on a Jonathon Swift album for CBS — again with Brian producing.

Martin also did the necessary on Gentle Giant's second album — this time with Tony Visconti on the producer's swivel chair. Brian Auger's Oblivion Express have been working on their new single—self-produced as always — and with assistance on the machinery from Ready Eddie.

Joe Dolan has recently been putting in time at Lansdowne Studios with producer Geoffrey Everett and engineer John Mackswith. The outcome of this session will be a new single for Joe. Nana Mouskouri has also been around, adding vocals to pre-recorded backing tracks. It is not sure in what form the two titles already completed will be released. The producer in this case was Andre Chappell and the engineer Peter Gallen.

Primrose Films have also made use of Lansdowne to produce a sound track for an as-yet-undisclosed film. The session men involved were again engineered by Peter Gallen.

Tom Jones has recently completed his new LP—produced by Gordon Mills—at Wessex Studios. Engineer on this, and on most of Wessex's stuff this month, was Mike Thompson. Other Mike Thompson engineering triumphs include an LP for new artist Robert Young (for CBS and produced by Keith Mansfield), an album by Gerry Monroe (produced by Les Reed and Jack Baverstock) and an album by the Royal Life Guards, who also marched into Wessex last month. Production for Her Majesty's Armed Forces was by Arthur Frewin.

Ve hav vays . . .

The Reed/Baverstock team also produced an album of Les Reed's own music. This double LP was also engineered by Mike Thompson. A German group—Fagin's Epitaph—has also been into Wessex, recording an album for Polydor. The producer was a certain Herr Muller, and the engineer was Canadian deskman Nick Blagona. Ver-r-y inter-restink! Nick also engineered an album for Leomi Hawthorn, which was, again, produced by Les Reed.

The highly successful team of Elton ('hands off my shiny jacket') John, producer Gus Dudgeon and engineer-par-excellence Robin Cable have started Elton's new LP at

Trident this month. Also in, while we're talking of heavy names, was George Harrison, mixing some material of Rada Krishna's; Ken Scott was the mixdown engineer for George's work. Robin Cable also desked an LP for Colin Scott (with John Anthony on the production side of things) and did some work for Catherine Howe, in Trident this month to record a new single. Dave Corlett has been engineering some material for T. Rex, with production honours going to Tony Visconti, and Ken Scott has been doing the deskwork on an album for Linda Lewis, with production by Warner-Reprise's Ian Samwell.

A group described as simply 'the band from Apple' have been recording a single at Tangerine Studios. This session was produced by George Peckham and the engineer was Tony Rockcliffe.

Stuart Taylor is producing an album with Carol Grimes who will be singing the songs of Michael Albuquerque to an *avante-garde* jazz backing. The result is expected to be jazz/rock but *not* in the style of Blood Sweat & Tears or Chicago.

Top album

For a studio who state that their aim is 'to get ahead of the times', they have been well represented in the results

of a recent jazz poll in the musical press. Many of the winning musicians were regular users of Tangerine and also the top British album was a Tangerine product.

SWM

A Donovan single, *Just Gimme Some Of Your Love*, was re-born in SWM studios last month. The group's name was, unsurprisingly, Birth and production and engineering credits go to Derek Watson and Steve Waley respectively. Steve also engineered some demos (destined for Pye) for Gillian Gilbert, as well as doing the deskwork on a recently-commenced LP by Jeff Castle. Jeff, incidentally, produced his own tracks. SWM have also completed demos for Morgan/Jones' songwriting team, as well as a single by Natural Gas, which was produced by John Walker. Engineering, again, by Steve.

One or two heavy American names in Orange Studios this month: James Brown playing back some live tapes from his Paris Olympia show, and Ike and Tina Turner starting work on a single—produced by themselves and engineered by Brian Hatt. Shock Productions have also, as always, made use of the Orange facilities, producing and engineering an album for the Orange group Growth.

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LETTERS

Curved hype

Dear Sirs,

I am writing in disgust. Loath though I am to slag anyone, the rubbish that is being talked about Curved Air is enough to make anyone spew up. I've seen them and they're not bad — the Vivaldi thing they did was more than adequate—but for anyone to talk about them in hushed tones as if they were God's gift or something is totally unnecessary, and only contributes to the already extensive hype machine which they have operating. Why can't they be like every other group and let their music speak for itself? Unless, of

course, they've got something to hide — like a dearth of genuine talent.

Unrepentantly,
D. J. A. Carrock,
Croydon, Surrey.

Nice one!

Dear *Beat*,

Thank you for your article in January's *Beat* on Emerson Lake and Palmer — which was very good indeed. The artwork especially was the best I have ever seen in *BI*. All the same, how come you have done nothing on the two other bands that emerged from the Nice? I'm talking about Blinky Davison's Every Which Way and Lee Jackson's Jackson Heights. Both of

these bands are really good and must deserve to get on as much as Keith Emerson—good though he is.

Hoping to see something soon,

Yours,
Trevor McDougall,
Inverness, Scotland.

Still waiting

Dear Sir,

It has been a long time since you did anything on the greatest-ever group—Crosby, Nash, Stills and Young. I know everyone's been writing about Neil Young, but surely you could spare some space to interview one of the best guitarists in the world—Steve Stills, whose *Stephen Stills* LP is really fantastic. You're doing a good job, but don't neglect the greats from America.

Yours faithfully,
Bryan G. Nicholson,
334 Runnymede Crescent,
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Lancs.

Fleetwood sick

Dear Sir,

I almost turned violently sick at the end of a concert which I attended about three weeks ago. Never in my whole life have I been so sad when right there before my very ears I heard something that definitely wasn't blues.

Oh dear! As far as I am concerned neither Fleetwood Mac nor Christine Perfect exist any more. Peter Green has proven to me he is king of the Blues. Do you know what Fleetwood Mac did for an encore? Would you believe *Let's Dance* by Chris Montez?

From the best ex-Fleetwood Mac fan,

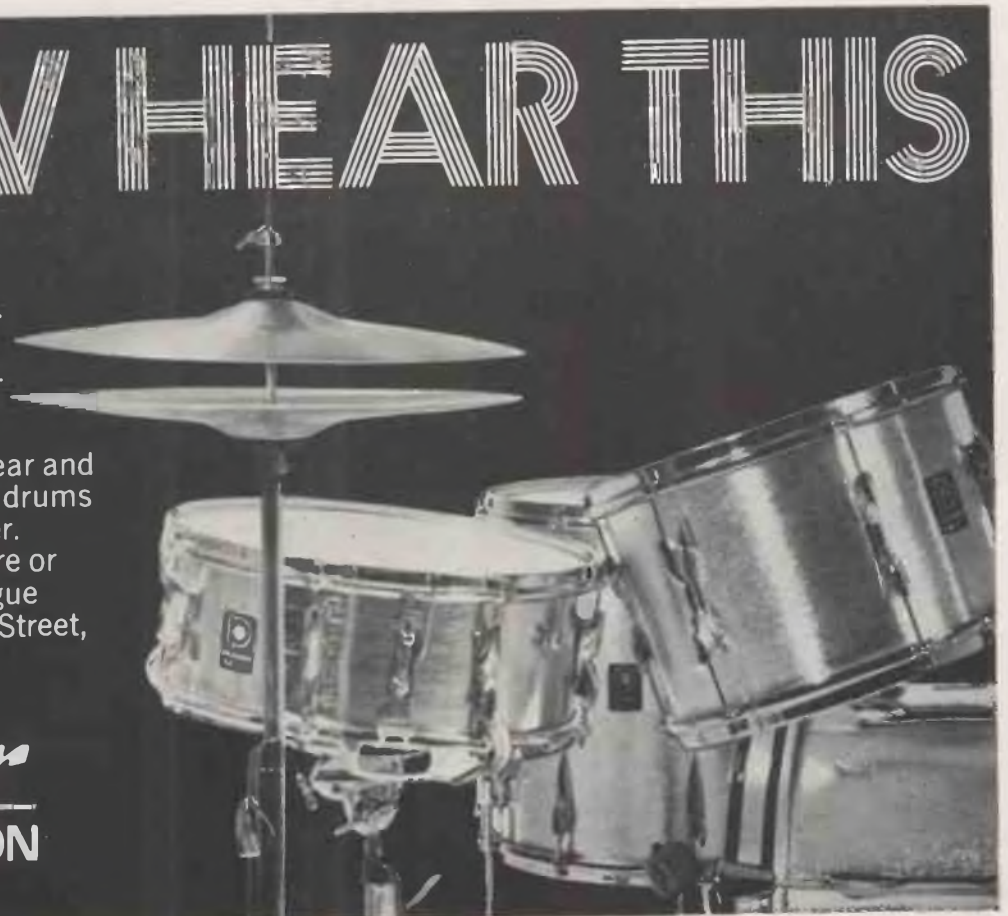
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ACOUSTIC DESIGN

As stated in the first of these articles in February's *Beat Instrumental*, Acoustic Consultants Ltd. are a firm of studio design specialists, based in Harpenden, Hertfordshire. Acoustic is an Anglo-Swedish company, founded by Stellan Dahlstedt, and run in the UK under the auspices of Eddie Veale.

In the previous article, Eddie dealt with the problems and hazards of external studio factors—especially those such as vibration and noise—which need to be taken into account when building or structurally altering a studio building. But there are other factors which can greatly affect a studio characteristic; factors such as internal design, placing of screens and baffles, and, of course, the natural skill of the engineer. Over the latter there is little or no control, but much can be done to render the fully-equipped studio as fine—and just as tuneable an instrument—as possible.

Artful deflections

Sound, like light, travels in straight lines except when deflected. Therefore, to deaden a sound down to acceptable db levels, artful use must be made of this deflection. Those of us who are drummers, and have recorded, will have noticed that especial care is taken to isolate the drums from the other live mikes in the studio. This is not done merely from a dislike of the drummer's face; on the contrary, the sound of a snare drum is in more need of deadening and isolation than any other instrument—except possibly the bass because its particular frequency spectrum is difficult to control. Hence the array of screens, and the occasional separate

room. The drum notes have a habit of finding their way onto other mikes—messaging up the mixdown—and so, at this point, scientific use is made of deflection: the drum sound is forced to detour via the roof, or the opposite wall and, if this ceiling or wall surface has been properly prepared, the vibration that finally finds its way through will be so dead as to be, for all intents and purposes, non-existent.

Noise rating

To prepare the internal surfaces requires some time and experimentation. Instruments are brought out, and every signal is carefully measured and plotted against the International Standard Noise Rating curve. This graph—of complicated appearance—defines 'octave band sound pressure levels of equal loudness at different levels, with a noise rating value allocated to each curve in the octave centred at one thousand Hz'.

However, not all studios are live. Some are designed expressly for monitoring—for balancing or mixing relative sound levels.

In the early days of sound monitoring little attention was given to the acoustics of the room in which the operation was to be done. Things have now changed, and nowadays it is common to find rooms fitted and furnished in a domestic style, so that a domestic-type balance will be obtained. For the same reason, many control-rooms are dispensing with huge, expensive speakers and going over to smaller, more compact speakers in order to get a better idea of what the punter who buys the record will actually hear. After all, it's no good spending a great deal of time in

acquiring a subtle effect if nobody is going to be able to hear it without paying out for a set of JBLs, or whatever. It is, therefore, important that the monitoring room has very little acoustic influence on the sound, and that the amount of information fed to the ear is of the required quality—so that the ear and sensory systems may correctly interpret the information. Ideal conditions will be as neutral as possible.

Studio designing, building, re-building; internal and external calculations; experimentation with different materials, positions and equipment systems: all of the above come into the province of Eddie Veale—or of any other Studio designer. A highly technical job, but one without which the Recording Industry—and the artists who make use of the Recording Industry—could not survive.

Advision

N.B. With reference to statements in February's article, the new Advision Studios have not been refurbished as we put it. In fact, Advision moved from Bond Street in November, 1969, to a building in Gosfield Street, W1, which was gutted and completely rebuilt. Supervising architects were Associated Development Consultants (A. Boroughs in association with D. Norris). Acoustic Consultant was Stellan Dahlstedt, who was retained by Advision directly in 1969. Technical Project Engineer on Advision's staff was Eddie Veale, who was concerned with most aspects of the work. The interior decoration, furnishings and the external appearance of acoustic areas were designed by Bernard Carey.

Euro-Rock, like the Griffon, is a legendary beast. Some say it exists, live and well and living in Paris; others, more sceptical, point with derision at Johnny Halliday; Colosseum, on their way back from Germany and the Free-Rock-freaks, shudder. Euro-rock, however, lives on in the form of many progressive bands of a style almost unknown here and in the States; and at the forefront of the whole European scene is Burnin' Red Ivanhoe, a Danish band of hard jazz influences and progressive approach.

Burnin' Red have been here several times — they did the Plumpton festival last year, and have also done various gigs around London, including the Lyceum — where they were received rapturously by their British aficionados. The Ivanhoe style is very much in the freedom-of-music bag (perhaps the nearest musical equivalent is Lifetime). All of the Danish group (Kim Menzer: trombone, flute, harp, tenor sax; Karsten Vogel; alto and soprano sax, organ; Jess Staehr: bass; Ole Fick: lead; Bo Anderson: drums), have served lengthy apprenticeships in the jazz field, and, as a group, made a well-publicised transition to Rock music in Copenhagen. Their progress — from Denmark's

Pride to a serious international contender for the Progressive crown — has been swift. In England they were adopted by John Peel — a sign of high favour(. . . the most adventurous medium-sized band around. Burnin' Red are just ridiculous and could wipe the floor with any group in the country when it comes to playing exciting, funky and original music'—John Peel; *B.I.* December). I asked Kim if the time for Euro-Rock—or at least for Burnin' Red—has finally come.

'There are many questions in this, and one of them is the question of money,' he said. 'You need a lot of the stuff to get set up, and European promoters are just not used to thinking in those terms. We believe in our music, of course, and if we go on the way we have been going then we have a chance. There must come a time soon when European

music will achieve prominence. Rock music is very wide open, and you can do many things with it; for example, a German band might play with a very German manner, and it will be accepted.'

'And especially the European bands' put in Karsten, 'who are playing their open music; the English bands are not using this open form, they are more . . . disciplined.'

Burnin' Red have had two personnel changes since their inception. Steen, Claesson, the first guitarist departed; as did bassist Arne Wurgler. Arne was replaced by Jess Staehr and Steen by Ole Fick — who was with a top Danish band at the time. This combination of talents was more suited to the abilities of the refurbished Burnin' Brighter Red, and especially to group composer Karsten, whose electronic meanderings on his

Vox organ are a basic element of the group's sound.

What is the extent of their relationship with John Peel? 'He heard us in a club in Copenhagen,' said Kim, 'and he was . . . surprised.' Karsten continued: 'He got our first record and played it a lot on his programme. When we came to Britain last July he heard us again, and was also in the studio with us.' The album in question, *Burnin' Red Ivanhoe*, was released in England last November on — of all labels — Dandelion.

The members of the band seem to relate to London in the same way as English musicians feel about New York, i.e., not a bad place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there. All the same, if Burnin' Red want to make an all-out assault on the International music scene, they are probably going to have to find a base here — 'even for only six months of the year.' However, the Grocer's recently-announced Immigration laws may effectively put the mockers on such a scheme. (Wogs, after all, *do* begin at Calais).

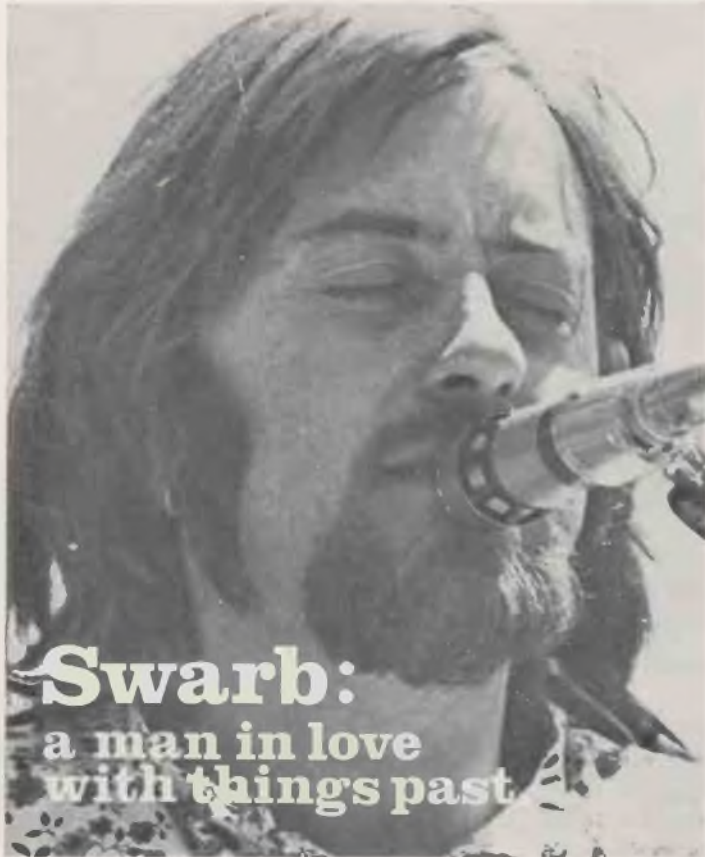
It would be a shame if we were to be prevented from knowing more of them: the Ivanhoe sound is progressive and musicianly, and many more-together but less-imaginative English bands would profit from their presence.

BURNIN' RED IVANHOE

**'There must come a time
when Euromusic will
achieve prominence'**



FAIRPORT



Swarb:
a man in love
with things past

Fairport Convention have been through many personnel changes since their inception as the Ethnic Shuffle Orchestra back in 1966; lead guitarist Simon Nicol is the only remaining member of the original band that caged Tyger Hutchings and Richard Thompson. One thing, however, that has remained constant is Fairport's unique interpretation of Folk into Rock. This, coupled with their ability to innovate on that theme, has earned them righteous success, both as live performers and as recording artists.

With respect to albums, 1969 was Fairport's most productive year: they released three of their total of four albums, respectively What We Did On Our Holidays, Unhalfbricking and Liege and Lief. Also in the same year a single from Unhalfbricking, Si Tu Dois Partir, amazed all (including Fairport) by selling like hot croissants. Full House, released a year later, was their

last album.

Early in 1969 Dave Mat-tacks replaced drummer Martin Lamble, tragically killed in a car crash; later that same year when Tyger Hutchings split to form Steeleye Span, Dave Pegg took his place on bass. Fairport suffered yet another blow when their formidable singer Sandy Denny left—along with her cosmic voice and presence—to form the now-defunct Fotheringay. To bring the year to a round and more satisfactory close, good news came in the person of Dave Swarbrick—complete with violin and earring. A Man in Love with Things Past, the electric Gypsy Violin player now seems to be the musical mainstay of Fairport. He doesn't often give interviews—eschewing the spokesman's mantle—but, some time last month, he broke his rule for Beat Instrumental.

He proved loquacious, interesting, informative, discursive, disertive, perceptive

CONVULSIVE



and downright talkative.

BI: Dave, what exactly are Fairport's labels? Do you see yourselves still in the Folk idiom?

DS: We're less in the Folk idiom than we were, but we have a 'return' coming. We'll be throwing ourselves back into Folk. The sound hasn't altered much since Richard [Thompson] left, apart from the absence of a guitar. It's folk music based on melodic improvisation—whereas all popular music is based on harmonic improvisation. What we've done is to split the two. For example, in one particular passage everyone will play ensemble, because to add harmony would detract from the music. That's the part that people say is folk-influenced. Also an important aspect is the guys who are playing it. You know the chemistry of the people involved.

BI: Where do you—as a band—get most of your material from?

DS: We get a lot from Cecil Sharp House—from the manuscripts of Sir Cecil Sharp. We used to get a lot of child ballads at one point.

BI: What are your personal musical influences?

DS: I like heavy stuff, really, like the Who. *Live At Leeds* is a great album . . . but I also like Irish players—John Dogherty is great. Also the Band, and Janis Joplin's *Pearl*.

Sandy's split

BI: What was the feeling in the band when Sandy Denny left?

DS: When Sandy left the band we had a very bad time, mainly because we are so susceptible to bad vibes. There wasn't anybody in the band who was able to get over the enormous hurdle of being put down.

BI: Whereas now you have the ability to say 'soddit'?

DS: Yeah, but that's probably due to experience—

the band being together longer, and all that.

BI: Why did Sandy split?

DS: The main reason is that she wanted to spend more time with Trevor [Lucas] who was, at the time, with Election. I think it's a very valid reason. Sandy's a great singer, and she's also one of the most lovable people I've ever met (she's doing an album with Richard at the moment). It's difficult to know why people split. You only know what you're told, anyway, in the end.

BI: What happened when Richard left?

DS: If I was to speak for the Band, I'd say that it was a tremendous blow when he left, but we got over it. Now we're happy and there are no plans for a replacement. The band has got a good chance of being better than we have ever been. The best thing would be to say that we are 'ambitious in a non-ambitious way!'

BI: Any imminent further splits?

DS: No, we're very pleased with the band at the moment; it's going to be all right. The sound's getting tighter and we all get on well—which is very important.

Love songs

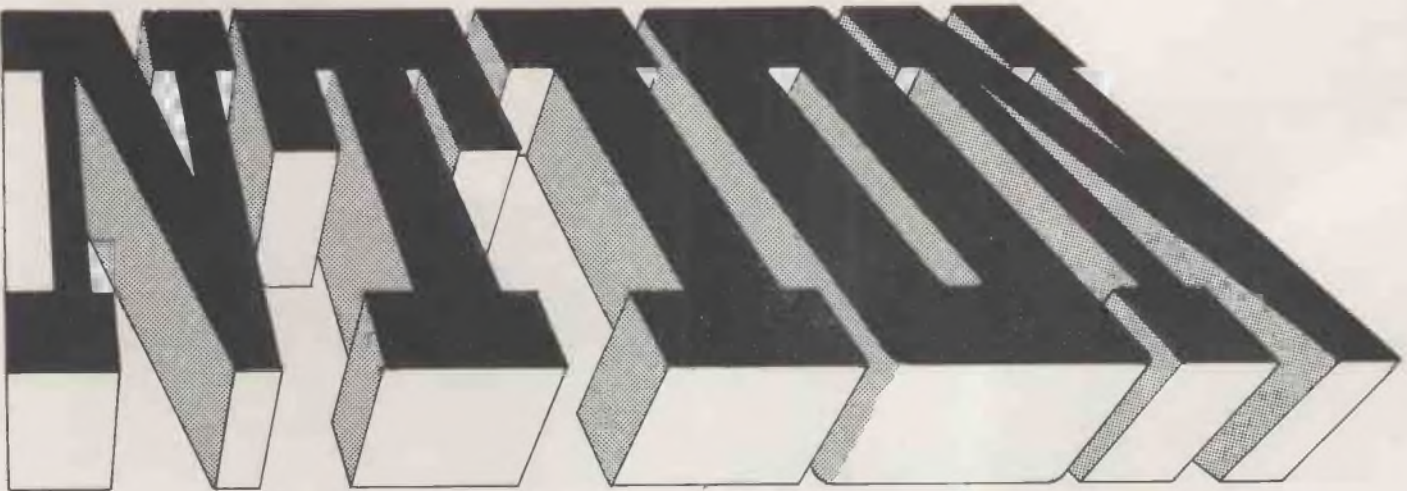
BI: There is a noticeable absence of love songs on your LP.

DS: I know, which is strange, because it's an emotion commonly shared by everyone in the group at one time or another. We'll be doing a love song on our next album, which we'll probably start recording at Sound Techniques—and Olympic—in about three weeks' time.

BI: Is there a difficulty in interpreting emotions via love songs?

DS: Yes. And also a fear of feeling vaguely silly, I suppose.

BI: Speaking of albums, which particular track do you



consider as being Fairport's best-ever?

DS: *Sloth*. That was the track I was most happy with—as far as melody and arrangement were concerned. [At this point he looked pensive and said 'Mmm. Perhaps it would have made a good single'.]

BI: Why didn't you release *Come All Ye Minstrels* as a single? It's one of the best things I've ever heard you do. Surely it was single material if anything was?

DS: We have never been a commercial band. And also I don't think we'd know if we had a hit on our hands. This single we're doing now [*Sickness and Disease*] did have plans for Doris Troy to sing on it, but they fell through. It was a gas doing it, mainly because of the freedom—the ability to fart as loud as you want!

BI: What are your present plans?

DS: We have one or two ideas—one of which I wouldn't like to say in case it gets nicked—but the basic ideas are to write stuff for a kind of musical story. This story could possibly go on an LP, or be part of a stage performance which would last an hour. On the other hand, we may do it as both, but *that* still needs more thought.

Full house

BI: What did you think of your last album—in the context which you just mentioned?

DS: There was an incredible amount of room for improvement, both musically and technically. Tracks are too slow or too fast and the tempos are wrong—we were unhappy with it at the time. The problem was, we weren't relaxed in the studio, and we were a long time doing it.

BI: Which studio was that?

DS: Sound Techniques. I like them now but I didn't at the time. That feeling is shared by the rest of the band; also the feeling that it was *not* a good album—although it could have been!

BI: You sat in on the *Lady And The Unicorn*, Rem-

bour'n's last album. What do you think of Rembour'n as a musician?

DS: A matchless guitarist. But I prefer him on his own rather than with Pentangle. I really enjoyed working with John, and I would like to work with him again—if I'm asked!

BI: Are you intending to session with anybody else?

DS: No, I don't think so. I only play well when I feel secure with the band in question. I can't play with people I don't like . . . I can't play with a guy if I don't know his first name, at least.

BI: Does anybody else in Fairport sit in on sessions?

DS: Dave Pegg and Dave Mattacks do quite a lot of session work. They sit in with all sorts of different people.

BI: Dave, you're a violin

virtuoso—whether you like it or not, I'm afraid! Do you have any problems with it as an instrument?

DS: I have a lot of trouble with mine, actually. Mainly because I haven't yet found a true way of amplifying it . . . What I do basically is to amplify it with an average guitar pick-up—with the acoustic properties dampened down with cotton wool in order to cut back on feedback.

BI: Is this due to the pitch of the fiddle?

DS: The trouble is, you *bow* the string rather than pluck it—which means it doesn't oscillate. You can't use a magnetic pickup to get any volume. I've experimented in other ways, but found that one string is either louder than the others—or completely dead. A common failing with the

violin . . . I think the time has got to come when serious research is done into the fiddle as an electric instrument. Fender have put out a Fenderfield, and I've recently seen a violin with a pick-up in the bridge, which works in principle, but not in volume.

BI: What about Darryl Way's perspex job?

DS: I'd like to go along and see it—until then, no comment!

BI: Are you thinking of using keyboards in future Fairport?

DS: There *is* a possibility of keyboards by Mattacks—who is reputed to have been a child prodigy! If we use anything it's more likely to be a harmonium than a piano or organ.

Instrumentalists

BI: Will you interchange instruments at all in the future?

DS: I'm going to play a bit of guitar—I've got this 1903 Mustang—and Dave Pegg will probably be playing some lead. We won't deviate from the Folk idiom, but we'll be more electric in concept—which really means a more imaginative exploitation of the instruments. Up until now it's been straight guitar and straight fiddle; for example, on the new single we'll be having fuzz bass . . . We'll also be exploiting the gear we have to its fullest capability.

BI: Won't this alter your sound a lot?

DS: No.

BI: Are you planning to go abroad soon?

DS: There's talk of going to the States with Traffic, and there isn't another band I'd sooner go with. Winwood's a great guy.

BI: Talking of that, what do you think about the new Superstar scene? The 'down home' music?

DS: I like James Taylor; he sings beautifully. But I feel he's a bit affected in style. The scene now has got more Folk in it than it ever had in the last 12 years. Seems to be the way it's going.



▲ Sandy Denny: nobody could get over being put down

▼ The post-Thompson Fairport: 'The sound hasn't altered much'





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STUD

John Wilson
Richard McCracken
Jim Cregan



'THAT'S it, we'll call the new group Stud,' shouted John Wilson with loads of enthusiasm in a restaurant somewhere in Germany. It was in the early hours of the morning and we were all sitting having a late meal shortly after another of Taste's fanatical concerts on their final tour of Europe. Somehow the word 'Stud' had cropped up in the conversation and Richard McCracken broke into one of his warm smiles and nodded in agreement to John's loud exclamation which had drawn many stares from the surrounding tables.

I suppose you could really say that Stud started about four years ago when John and Charlie (Richard's better-known name) met up in an Irish band. Since then they have spent many a long hour playing together all over the country with two groups: firstly, Cheese—who had quite a reputation in their homeland Ireland but, for one reason or another, didn't really get off the ground and finally split when John and Charlie left to join Rory Gallagher in the legendary Taste. Each move was a step nearer their own musical freedom and a step nearer meeting up with Jim Cregan to form Stud, the group of their dreams.

While John and Charlie had been playing their way up through the Irish group and Jim Cregan was paying his

dues to the music world with several groups around the Continent. This included a short spell with the Tornados from whom Jim was sacked because of his wont—and need—to play some blues. From Jim's very coloured career the most musically satisfying time was spent with Blossom Toes, one of the first groups to use the double-lead / harmony - lead guitar thing.

Following the split of Blossom Toes (which Jim thought came at rather a bad time as the group had just started to 'get places') he left England and played around the Continent. He returned to London late last year, happened to meet up with John and Richard in the Marquee Club. The three renewed a friendship they had struck up some time before when Taste and Blossom Toes played the same gig and arranged to meet a few days later 'for a bit of a blow'. The result of that blow is the group Stud with John on drums, Jim Cregan on vocals (and lead guitar) and Charlie on bass—and lead guitar.

Spending most of their time in the studios rehearsing original material they were ready to make their music world debut in the Marquee Club at the beginning of the year. John and Charlie had also managed to do some session work with their friends Anno Domini for their al-

bum. Since then Stud have done quite a few club dates, have two short tours of Germany and Ireland—the latter being a triumphant return for John and Charlie—behind them and have completed work on their debut album, as yet untitled but due for release in April.

When the group first started they had planned on a fourth member for vocals and playing a keyboard instrument. Musically the three worked together so well that it would have been impossible for an additional member to fit in. So, a bit reluctantly at first because of the obvious implications that he might be stepping into someone else's shoes, Jim agreed to do vocals. His rough country-flavoured voice fitted perfectly with the raw rock music. Although I personally see it as an impossibility Stud say that should another person come along who thinks the same and *plays* the same as they do, then the group will be extended to a four-piece.

At the occasional live gig the band have been joined on stage by a few friends to have a bit of a jam session for an encore. Jim told me of one such gig, 'At the gig in Crawley we had just come into the dressing room after finishing our set and the audience were looking for an encore, so we asked John Jones, who John and Charlie had known from the last tour with Taste,

would he like to come on for a jam? He agreed, and asked me what key and tempo it was going to be in, and I answered, "none, it's just going to be a blow, play whatever you feel".

Stud is the kind of band Jim had been waiting for to happen since Blossom Toes split—mainly because of the freedom of the music. I asked him if the jamming thing became a success on stage would they ever try it on record. 'Yeah, well, with the way the music scene is changing all the time and the younger musicians taking over the singles-type market I think this blowing thing is going to catch on in both the record and live stage fields. On the album we got two of the guys out of Family to do a bit on two of the tracks, *Turn Over The Pages* and *Horizon*, and we didn't really have any set thing we wanted them to play so we just played what we had done and asked them to put on what ever they wanted. They had a jam on it and it turned out great!'

The only problem Jim saw with the free-form music was overblowing. 'If the audience isn't with you all the way then it could become boring to them. I think this is mainly a problem at big venues where you and the audience are somewhat separated by the size of the place and it can become a case of "you up there just playing music". But in the smaller places where you are physically nearer to the audience they get more involved with the music and it is much easier to create an atmosphere and the audience are with you all the way.'

Perhaps, to date, the most frightening dates were those on the Irish tour, especially from Jim's point of view, 'I was really paranoid about playing them. I am no Rory Gallagher and, for that matter, Stud are no Taste, and I was scared that the Irish audiences might have been expecting another Taste.'

But, alas, he needn't have worried. The Irish audiences accepted (and very enthusiastically) Stud for what they are. Anyone who hears them can't but help doing that.



CRAZY HORSE



YOU HEARD THEM WITH NEIL YOUNG ON
'EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS IS NOWHERE'
NOW YOU CAN HEAR THEM
ON THEIR OWN ALBUM
CRAZY HORSE
IT REALLY STANDS UP

YES

The Yes Album is, as you may have noticed from its review in last month's *BI* (and its position in the LP charts), an excellent example of what rock bands in this country are still capable of—if they manage to get themselves out of the self-imposed rut which rock is in at the moment. Yes are one of the very few bands who have not only the vitality and the experience, but also the natural creativeness necessary to get the Bandwagon rolling again.

Over the last few years bands have been increasingly aware of what it takes to make a hit record and have thus been over-consciously striving to achieve new and different sounds. The result has been—as no doubt everyone already appreciates—a goose-stepping of new sounds: heavy—lull; harmony—lull; acoustic—lull, and now a combination of the latter two. While all this has been going on, a few bands, such as Mark-Almond, Continuum, Emerson, Lake and Palmer, T. Rex, etc., have been creating new bags for themselves. Yes are in the same category, far re-

JOHN ANDERSON

moved from the main bulk of bands who are content following along the, so-called, creative road to stardom.

I don't wish to incriminate myself by declaring my favourite TV programme, but ... on 'Magpie' way back in 1968, Pete Brady said that Yes were going to be a very big name during 1969. They did make a reputation in that year, but not as big as Pete's prediction. Their album *Yes* did sell fairly well for a couple of months, but not sufficiently to make vast amounts of bread for the group's five members. Still, the band which had come together through a 'musicians wanted' advertisement had got off the ground and it was only a matter of time before their music left the pop roundabout to follow an individual route: a route which was becoming apparent with the release of *Time and a Word*, and which reached a junction with *The Yes Album*. It's difficult to pass comment on the next album, or even where it's going, because it isn't due to be recorded until May, when the band return from a one-

month tour of the States (with the Faces); although a few of the tracks which are already prepared could be recorded in Atlantic's Miami studios—if the tour's timetable permits.

Yes began when Jon Anderson (vocals) and Chris Squire (bass) got together over a pint in a London club. Drummer Bill Bruford joined through the above-mentioned ad, and Tony Kaye (organ) came in as a result of both the advertisement *and* a pint with the other three. Peter Banks was last to say 'Yes', only a matter of days before the group's first gig at the Marquee. It is just over a year now since Peter left and Steve Howe took charge of the guitar depot. Steve's first claim to fame was with the Keith West group Tomorrow (which had disbanded because of Keith's interest in the business side of pop).

Tony Kaye is one of those people who seem to have been bred for a musical career: his grandfather was a Broadway arranger and saxophonist, and from the

TONY KAY

age of four Tony was given piano lessons. At school he took up the clarinet because at that time you had to be competent on more than one instrument to get into the Royal College of Music'. While still at school, Kaye was playing with one amateur and two very successful professional bands—one of which, the Danny Rogers Orchestra, was a 15-piece. Following Kaye's failure to gain admission to the Royal College, he went to Art College where he studied graphics; but, again, due to his constant moonlighting as a musician he failed his final examinations.

That was the deciding point for Kaye. He made up his mind to be a pop musician and shelved the idea to be a concert pianist until he could be sure of success. There followed periods with Johnny Hallyday's backing band, the Federals, Winston's Fumbs and Bitter Sweet. 'When I was with Winston's Fumbs we went on tour to Turkey and Rumania. At that time there was no rock at all in the country, so we got an incredible reception, football



A definition of excellence

stadiums, the works. We recorded the first pop record ever to be made there, and it was absolutely terrible because nobody else had ever done it before. The engineer hadn't got the faintest idea what we wanted, all the instruments they have in Rumania use strings, so, when it came to recording my Continental (Vox), they hadn't the faintest idea how to do it.' Chris Squire began playing bass while still at school. From there he joined Boosey and Hawkes as an instrument salesman—which enabled him to buy a new guitar for £30. There followed a longish spell with Syn, a band which enjoyed top-ten success in France. Yes was the next step. Military band was Bill's first 'professional' encounter with drums. Following that he went to Leeds University, but the pull of pop was too much so he joined Yes.

Last is the guy with the voice which always sounds as though he is always singing at the top of his voice . . . from a distance: John Anderson. Four years

with a group in his native Accrington was John's apprenticeship before he joined a band bound for the German market. Six sauerkraut-weary months later he was back in England—discussing the formation of Yes.

Yours Is No Disgrace, perhaps the best-known track off *The Yes Album*, begins and ends with Tony playing Moog—an instrument which he likes very much when played by its chief advocate Keith Emerson. 'Keith is doing lots of very nice things with the Moog, and I would like to get into it a lot more, but I simply don't have the time. Eddie [Offord, sound engineer at Advision Studios] always has a Moog set up in the studio, so when I get a chance to have a play with it between takes I do. Electronic music isn't really our scene anyway—except those little bits on intros. Anyway the Hammond organ is still quite a new instrument for me; in fact, I think it is quite a new instrument altogether—it's only since Emerson started throwing it around the stage that it really came

into being as an *instrument*.'

Tony's Hammond B 3 is very much the same now as it was when he bought it, the only addition being a treble booster. Two Leslie 122s issue the sound—one into the PA and the other, from the opposite side of the stage, straight at the audience. The PA is, as John puts it, 'nameless'. Yes bought it from Iron Butterfly at the end of their recent joint tour of this country. Eight months ago Yes were recognisable by their vast banks of WEM speakers: now, although there are still huge amounts of gear the individual stacks have gone. In their place are small solo cabinets and one almighty PA set.

The four roadies (John, Lou, Phil the sound engineer, and Mike the business administrator) have a task which is still uncommon with groups: they set up a complete monitoring rig on stage, i.e. four speakers situated around the stage, usually on top of the PA, pointing at the band and not at the audience. 'It makes playing much easier and much more pleasing, because we can

hear exactly what the audience hears—it is surprising what it's like playing without one now that we are used to it—you can't even hear what's going on beside you sometimes,' Tony explained, 'for all you can hear the guy beside you could be playing a different tune, but with our monitors we can hear everything.'

It's not that Yes aren't successful enough as a band, but should they ever find enough time, all five could become session men in their own rights—Tony already has a number of session credits to his name—all five read music AND translate it to their respective instruments with a truly professional talent. I shall refrain from saying Yes are the group of 1971 only because for my money they were one of the groups of 1969 and 1970. 'Magpie' always did have an eye for talent.

S.H.

CHRIS SQUIRE

BILL BRUFORD

STEVE HOWE



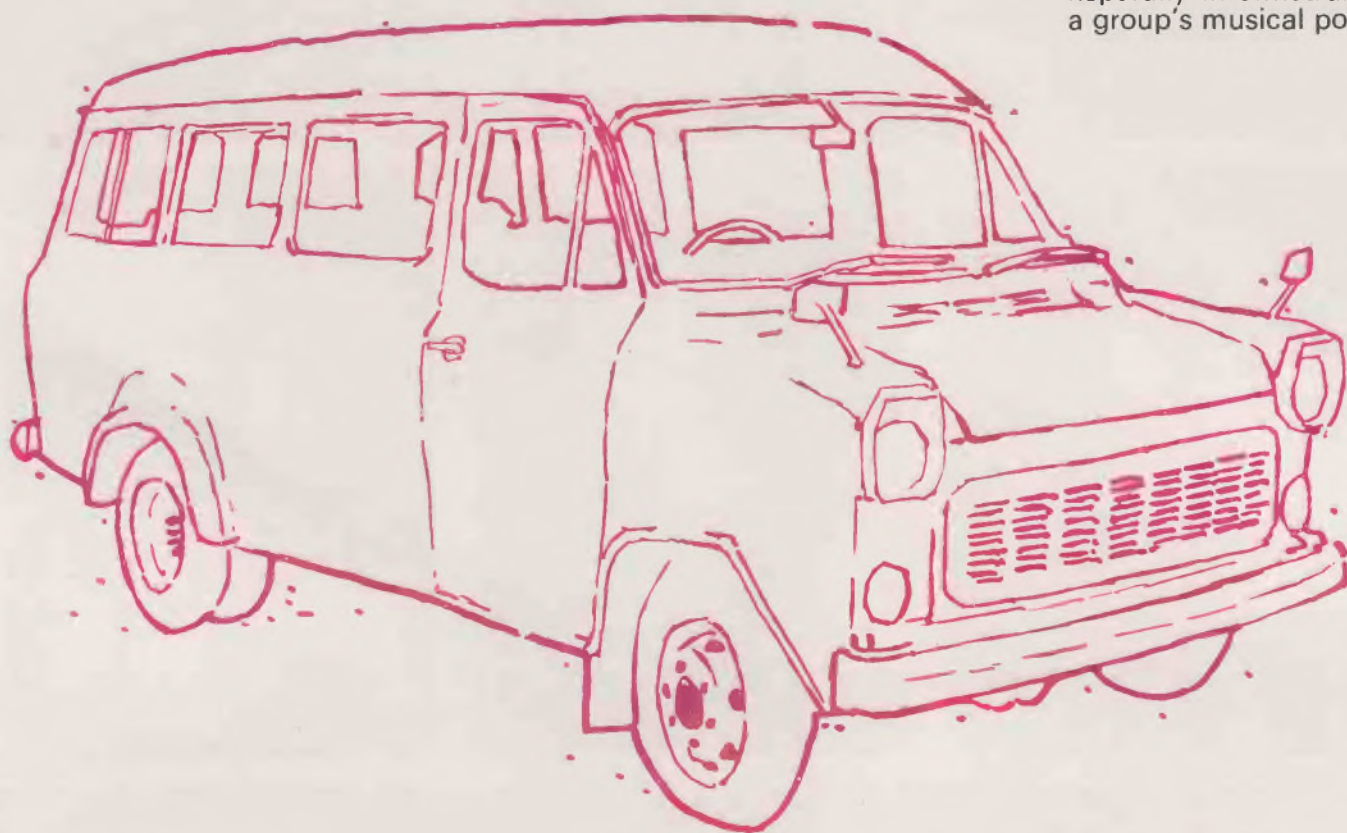
**What kind of van
should a group use?
There are many good
vehicles around so . . .**

B.I. LOOKS AT TRANSPORT

Not too many groups, obsessed as they are with amplifiers, guitars, drums and other gear, spare a thought for the more prosaic angles of their profession—such as management, bookings, hustlings and transport. The management is left to the managers, the bookings are left to the agents, the hustling is left to the roadies—and the transport is also the province of these genie-like gentlemen. And yet, if it wasn't for good roadies and—just as important—good, reliable transport, not too many of these groups would ever arrive at their gigs in order to perform on their guitars, amplifiers, etc.

Roadies are indeed a strange breed. They often work harder, worry more, panic less and come through with their promises a great deal more often than the musicians themselves ('I'm an artist, Man. Can't be bothered with these hangups'). The Roadies *can* be bothered, *must* be bothered and, in fact, are failing in their job if they're *not* bothered about these 'hangups'—which include, as often as not, booking hotels, driving vehicles, hording gear, arranging gear, balancing gear, repairing gear, waking people up, buying fags, making tea, beating off groupies . . . you name it, they do it (and not always for good wages, either).

Of course, good Roadies are worth their weight in gold and are prized greatly, often being passed from group to group as their service expires—rather in the manner of any other accomplished musician. Such creatures are often kept fully-informed about a group's musical policy,



and are themselves consulted in a great variety of matters. The subject in which most Roadies are held to be expert is the matter of transport: what vehicle to buy (and why), what tyres to fit, what mods to make . . . all of this is the province of the expert Roadie, and his decision is usually (finance permitting) final.

The decision is usually made on several bases: 1. How much gear does the group possess (and how much is it likely to possess)? 2. How many members are there in the group (including Roadies)? 3. How far, and how often, do they have to travel? 4. How much may (most important) be spent? In fact, it is true to say that the single most expensive item a group will ever purchase is its vehicle.

And yet most musicians give less thought to this than to the type of strings they use. Such is the musician's temperament, and, after all, this is why they employ Roadies.

Sometimes a group needs, not one vehicle, but two—or possibly a fleet. Rikki Twit and the Murgatroyds from Stow-in-the-Wold may be able to get by with a couple of private cars stacked up to the roof; on the other hand, heavier outfits—such as ELP or Colosseum—have so much gear that it is not practical—or desirable—for musicians and gear to travel together. For example, one Roadie drives the group in a car—or a small minibus—while the other two travel with the instruments, and go straight to the venue—often spending from mid-afternoon

till 8 p.m. getting everything straight.

Obviously the choice of a suitable vehicle for the purposes of the group is a highly important decision—and one that taken badly, may wreck a group's chances of building up a reputation for reliability (just as important in this business as good music). In the following pages *BI* examines some of the vehicles—and one or two of the better-known Roadies—that are on the roads today.

many of them switched brands, so to speak.

Nowadays, the Bedford CF, which replaced the incredibly popular CA in October, 1969, is coming back into strong favour again, mainly because of its reliability, its name and its in-built strength. The CA—which was a bit on the slow side and was inclined to be draughty—has disappeared; the CF, which took its place, is a completely modern vehicle, in keeping with modern ideas of fast, economical transport with a high degree of payload—as well as comfort. Gone are the draughts, and in come high-speed luxurious vans and buses—or, as Bedford call them, 'personnel carriers'. The Dormobile—originally designed as a motor caravan—became a household word, and the name has been retained to cover Bedford's large and flexible range of windowed vans.

There are two wheelbase lengths available: 106 in. and 126 in., giving loading

BEDFORD

A superb vehicle for group purposes is the Bedford—made by Vauxhall. At one time, Bedford were dominant in the group field with their CA model; as groups grew, and grew—and grew—musicians found they needed larger vehicles, and

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BI LOOKS AT TRANSPORT

capacities respectively of 185 and 252 cubic feet of gear—enough for almost every purpose. There are four engines, two petrol and two diesel (although it will be the petrol models that interest groups the most). For groups Bedford recommend their 22 cwt. model with its gross vehicle weight of 2.46 tons—well within the legal non-licenceable limit. This vehicle has a four-speed synchro box, and a fully-designed interior for the driver—which should please the Roadies. The seats, in particular, have been the object of long and conscientious study: the idea being to support the driver

in the most vulnerable parts—which is not the behind, as may be imagined, but the small of the back, where fatigue sets in far earlier.

For the colour-conscious Roadie, the CF can be obtained in Honey Gold, Iris Blue, Ocean Blue, Foam Gray—and so on. The prices of this estimable vehicle are also in keeping with his ideas of good taste. The 97470 22 cwt. van retails for a mere £891—or, put another way, the price of a couple of good-quality stacks. For the average group, with an average amount of gear, there are few better buys available.

FORD

By far the most widely-used of all group vehicles is the range of Transits from Ford. These vans first arrived some years ago and, since that time, have become highly popular for their speed, durability, payload capacity and relative low cost.



The Ford Transit: most popular of all

The first Transit made its appearance in October, 1965. Since that time its total sales have exceeded £140m (some of them, of course, have been bought by perfectly respectable tradesmen!). Year by year, several improvements have been made: high-performance engine options, increased gross-weight ratings for the short wheelbase models, optional automatic gearshift, etc. In fact, the range of optional Transits that you can choose is vast—and

must include a vehicle for every group's requirements. Top speed (although illegal) is well into the 80s (it was a common sight some years ago to see groups—intoxicated with the power—dicing like mad up the M1. Now they seem to have become blasé).

The basic Transit motor is a V4 petrol engine, which is located above the front axle for greater safety and stability. In addition, this engine location permits a clear walk-through loading



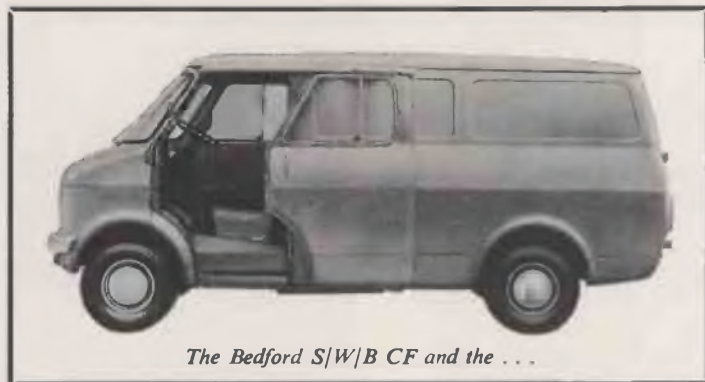
The Bedford CF which is proving highly popular because of its price and versatility

space. The long wheelbase versions have as standard the 2-litre low-compression 85 bhp V4 (there is an optional diesel). This vehicle offers 268 cubic feet of amplifier and speaker loading, which is more than enough for most groups.

Transits also come in bus form—that is to say, with side windows. This qualifies for increased Road Tax but, for groups who travel *with* their gear, it is a desirable feature. Also recently announced are Transits which have been specially designed to take advantage of laws

anyway. Face-level ventilation (surely designed with chain-smoking Roadies in mind?) is now standard, and for those Roadies who are obliged to travel too far, too fast and too unsafely, there is now a special padded fascia—in case the unspeakable should happen, as it occasionally does. The driver's seat is adjustable for reach and rake (on Custom models, both front seats are fully valanced, and the driving seat can also be adjusted for height).

All Transits are sold in a range of finishes, Standard



The Bedford S/W/B CF and the . . .



VW Microbus are ideal for smaller groups

that free vehicles of 3.5 tons gross vehicle weight from licensing control. These Spacevans—as Ford call them—can now be made with loading capacity of up to 560 cubic feet.

The Tranny driver is not neglected either. Of course, any amount of different mods, like aeroplane seats and special bulkheads, can be obtained from the Dealer but, in case such options are beyond your purse, Ford have revised the interior of their Transits to allow more comfort for the driver—who is usually our friendly Roadie

or Custom. Although most groups prefer—or say they prefer—anonymity on the road, there is also a wide range of colours. The prices—for such a superbly adaptable vehicle—are very easy on the eye as well. The long wheelbase standard Tranny Type 75 retails for £1,130.00, while the Custom equivalent will fetch £1,169.00. Not a bad deal for the single most important item of a group's gear. Next time you're on the road, count how many Transits you see being used by other groups; they obviously agree.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A ROADIE?



SCOTT TAYLOR is Colosseum's Roadie. That is to say, he is the bloke actually in charge of the gear. He drives a Bedford J4 6-cylinder petrol driven 4½ ton van. In it, at any given time, you are likely to find Colosseum's entire stage equipment, including 'Ten on-stage speaker cabinets—four by 12 in. for the bass and for the organ monitor, the guitar speakers, which are two by 15in. speakers and the PA itself, which comprises four large reflex cabinets, which are about 3 ft. by 5 ft. tall, and eight smaller cabinets to spread the sound around. Then you've got the monitoring system—which is also eight cabinets, and a big mixer, about the size of a large television set.

'Then we've got the organ—a Hammond A100—which has been split, although it wasn't done very well. We don't use Leslies. We did, until one time when we were in Germany and I found a little electronic unit made by Schaller that duplicates the sound without the cabinet problems.

'Of course, there's the drum kit—a Gretsch double. It's not heavy, but it's bulky. We also carry four spare speaker cabinets and spare speakers themselves.

Heavy hodding, indeed, and Scott has to carry all of this—with assistance of course—in and out of the vehicle every single time Colosseum do a gig: and, as Colosseum, being a hard-working band, do plenty of gigs, Scott needs to be strong, practical and ingenious.

'I suppose we do about 500 miles in an average week—plus buzzing around town—but we do a lot more than that on tour. One time we were in Belgium, trying like hell to make a festival in Germany. There was ice on the road, so I was taking it easy. Anyway we went into one of those wide gutters they have, carried on like that for a while, and eventually went into a slide, just turning round for what seemed like hours. The van stopped—and we thought she was going to make it—but she just slowly rolled over on her side. We couldn't move it, of course, and as it was around two in the morning, it was about six bloody freezing hours before anybody could get us out. We drove as fast as we could for the German frontier, but they wouldn't let us through "because we had a dangerous van"—they're bastards, the German Customs. So we got another van on my credit card, re-loaded the gear and drove through, leaving the old one in the Customs car park. We made the gig and went down a storm.'

BI LOOKS AT TRANSPORT

MERCEDES

Notwithstanding recent unhappy events at Derby, the name 'Rolls-Royce' is still synonymous with quality; and the 'Rolls-Royce' of group vehicles, is the well-known marque of Mercedes-Benz. Jethro Tull think so, at least, and so do Badfinger, Fairport Convention and Atomic Rooster. Come to think of it, so do the Strawbs, Alan Bown, the Pete Brown Piblokto, the National Head Band and Osibisa. Not only these, but Traffic, Uriah Heep and Kenny Ball also use the comfortable, fast and luxurious Mercedes van.

These are indeed heavy testimonials and, of course, the reader will point out that all the above-mentioned groups are earning good money: the point being that Mercedes vehicles are not cheap. True, they are more expensive than most other vans on the market, but, for transport of the standard that Mercedes have to offer, one can hardly expect to get by on a song. What, then, do you get for your money?

For a start you get between 3.49 and 4.6 tons gross vehicle weight, enough to carry almost anything in the way of group gear; you get a payload of up to 5,600 lb, you get a 94 bhp petrol engine, which will haul you along in comfort at speeds in excess of 80—when you can get away with it. In addition, you get one of the most luxurious rides on the market, with a well-appointed cab of light and spacious dimensions, a well insulated engine (lessening internal noise), an unobstructed walk-through,

easy-loading cab, and well-shaped seats, which can be adjusted for height, inclination and rake (you can specify either single front seats or a combined bench).

Group vans often have to load and unload in tiny parking areas behind clubs; roadies, therefore, will be glad to learn that the Merc. has a turning circle smaller than the average. The wheelbase and type of cab can, of course, be specified down to a minute degree, and there are many variations on number of doors, sliders or openers, length, height and appointment of cab, etc. The options are many and varied and it is possible to practically specify your own van.

One of the most remarkable things about Mercs.—and one of the reasons why they sell so well—is the excellent, soft ride, which absorbs heavy loads, English potholes, Belgian pavé and Autobahns with equal indifference. This is due, in the main, to an anti-roll bar which is fitted to the front axle, and to powerful shock absorbers, in addition to the normal—but advanced—complement of leaf semi-elliptical springs front and rear. The gearbox is four-



The Merc cab is light and airy

speed synchromesh, with cunningly contrived ratios that enable drivers to get the most out of the engine under all conditions.

Was kosten der Mercedes Gruppenwagen? Yes, indeed. Most of the above-mentioned bands and artists who have become acolytes of the Merc marque use the L406 and the L406D. These vehicles have set them back, respectively, £1,810 and £1,900—we are speaking of the long wheelbase, double-cab models in each

case.

For those who balk, it is worth pondering the fact that a Merc—as some British manufacturers know to their cost—will keep going when all other vehicles have clapped out. A Merc will still be on the road after five years' use by the most sadistic of groups, which—plus their already-mentioned comfort and ride—makes them one of the best buys on the road.

And, after all, think of the prestige.



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KEEF HARTLEY OF MUSIC, MAYALL, MONEY AND OTHER THINGS

KEEF Hartley began playing drums because he had failed at virtually everything else he had tried in his home town of Preston, where he was born 27 years ago. Hartley was fortunate in being in Liverpool at the beginning of the Mersey sound and, due to the old factor of being in the right place at the right time, he was given the position of percussionist with Rory Storme and the Hurricanes (their previous one, a certain Ringo Starr, had left to join another band hoping for the big time). Following the break-up of the band, Hartley returned to Blackpool where he played with such people as Tony Ashton and John Evan.

For obvious reasons he was determined to break into the music scene in London so, with drum kit in hand, he came down to the Metropolis. Three weeks later—and still without a job—he auditioned for the Artwoods: a job which he got and kept through three years of ‘selling soul’. Eventually, through session work on various Champion Jack Dupree albums (with Clapton and Mayall), Hartley was offered

the Blues-breakers bangers bench (a coveted position amongst drummers). A week later he was out, sacked for ‘musical incompetence’ but, for a reason which is still undisclosed, he was reinstated the following day, and stayed for a year (a record broken only by John McVie). Following *Diary Of A Band* Mayall sacked Hartley again, or, as is generally quoted, Mayall suggested that Keef should ‘get a band of your own on the road’.

Hartley and his band have just released their fourth album—or should I say Hartley’s fourth album and this band’s first? It was with this album in mind that I went along to meet Keef in an effort to discover his aims for this new band.

BI: Quite recently Lyle Jenkins and Dave Coswell left your band to join Tony Ashton’s company. Was this arranged between all four of you or was it purely coincidence that they should leave you to join another group from approximately the same part of the country?

KH: When Lyle and Dave left me it was because I wanted

to reduce the size of my outfit, not because they wanted to go on the road with Ashton. In point of fact, they were both out of work for a couple of weeks before the offer to join Ashton came up. I had had my big band for 18 months and I was beginning to find it a burden instead of a pleasure. It had reached the stage where everything had to be arranged—it’s part of the price you pay for having horns in the band. Brass arrangements have a habit of sounding contrived. Now, ours weren’t sounding like that but they were getting that way. So for that reason I decided to cut down. There was always the thing about the scope of the band as well; brass does limit the number of different things you can do with a band. You know, we had taken the experiment as far as we could, further than any other band had taken it, even further than Blood, Sweat and Tears. We had just got everything out of it that we could so, instead of going bigger, we went smaller. I gave them notice on one Friday and they left on the next.

They left and Peter Dines,

the keyboard player, left too, so I had cut down to three from six, but then Wynder [K. Frogg] came along which brought us up to four again.

BI: On the last album *The Time Is Near* there was a great deal of improvisation: or, in fact, an obvious lack of arrangement. Was this a deliberate reversal of the direction you felt you were being carried by having a brass section?

KH: Well, yes, it was really. I was so afraid that we were sounding like Joe Loss’ orchestra, that I countered so much that the album became very free. We tried to work out of the rut we thought we were in so hard that it brought on great gluts of improvisation. We are probably more relaxed and free now than we ever have been before. On stage it’s a whole different show every night, we have the sparsest arrangements that we could possibly do. It boils down to being simply a jam session where everyone knows approximately where everyone else is going. Unfortunately, in this country—due to a number of egotistical players—jam sessions have taken on a

new 'meaningless' meaning. It's like if you go down to the Speakeasy and you get half-a-dozen people from different groups sitting in; it just becomes a ridiculous ego trip. Things like that have given the whole thing a bad reputation, but it is true to say that we do jam between ourselves on stage. There's one thing you have got to bear in mind all the time and that is: it's Ego which makes anyone play in the first place. Like, if you listen to a record, the music itself is a self-satisfying thing—no matter who's playing it is what it's all about—so, as soon as you sit down and listen, because you are a musician you immediately compare it with yourself, and if it's better than you are, you make up your mind to be better. Which is what makes good musicians; people who want to be best. What I try to do is to play my particular part within the band's format. I mean, it's so easy for a leader to force his ideas or his music on the other players, everything in my band is done democratically so I play as a drummer, not as a band leader. I don't know if that comes across or not, but that is how I set out to play.

Split fans

BI: Still on the subject of *The Time Is Near*, it seemed to split your fans up into two distinct groups: those who liked your new direction and those who thought you were going too far into the open form brand of music. Did this have an adverse effect on record sales?

KH: I know exactly what you mean. That LP did not seem as appealing to me as either of the first two. On the first albums there were colour changes from track to track—you know, brass on one track and none on the next, one track loud and the next gentle, but on *The Time Is Near* it was very much the same backbone which ran all the way through. For me that was a very personal album because it was the culmination of everything that had happened to the band which had started after North-West Six, and, as it happened, finished immediately

after the album was completed. To me this album sums up everything that band had achieved. A recording is merely the capturing of one moment in time and putting it down so that it may be referred to at future dates, or listened to by a follower so that he may also appreciate our exact musical position at the time—very much in the same way as a photograph is used to record progressions in Fashion.

BI: Where was this album recorded?

KH: At Trident, for the simple reason that they'll bear with you if everything isn't working out right the first time. In Decca it was unbelievably bad; if you were just about to lay something down or were nearly hitting on something which had been especially elusive and the lunch-break came around, the engineers would just get up and go off for an hour or whatever it was; by the time they got back everything you would have thought of would have completely gone.

BI: You have had a total of five bands now. Obviously you will have more; have you any idea exactly what your next step will be?

KH: I don't know, this time round there seems to be more of an equality about the band. We've all been around for the same length of time, we've all come from more or less the same background and we've all come more or less the same route inasmuch as Gary Thain (bass) came from New Zealand, Miller Anderson (lead vocals and guitar) came down from Scotland, Wynder comes from Bolton and I come from Preston. So we all came in from way out. None of us came in through Jazz; we all worked our way up through rock bands. I mean, Jazz is such a facade. There's so much technique involved, and snobbery built-in to Jazz players that, if you get somebody from that background working in the band you tend to get cynical about Jazz.—probably as bad as they are about rock. It's funny that this time round I feel more affiliated towards the rest of my band. All those people who complained about the amount of improvisation in our act

have never taken the trouble to listen properly. If you can set up a good thing between the audience and the band from early on in the concert, like a hand-clap—or preferably just a movement—you can use the audience as an instrument, and they will keep up the basic tunes leaving the band free to do solos and little bits of improvisation on top: it boils down to people getting as much out of our music as they put in. This is why I would like to record live more than I do now. There used to be a set-up in the Whiskey-A-Go-Go in New York [now the Cafe-a-go-go] which we used in the Bluesbreakers to record for seven nights in a row. Nothing very much came of it, but it was really good recording there. The Marquee is doing very much the same thing over here, I hope it works out OK.

Bluesbroker

BI: Speaking of the Bluesbreakers, could we go back into the business side of your associations with Mayall? How did his management techniques influence the way you run your band?

KH: Well, when I got sacked John 'phoned me up and said, 'Look, Keef, the scene is this: you're sacked, but come round to my place tonight, I've got some things I want to talk over with you.' Now John knew me well enough to know that there wasn't much music around the scene at the time which I liked, there were a few bands like Traffic which I would have liked to work with after Mayall, there just weren't any bands about that I wanted to work for, so John suggested I should get a band of my own together—which I couldn't see at all—but he based his theory on the fact that I had very strong views on music—about everything, really.

Even at John's level he used to ask my opinion, knowing that I would tell him exactly what I thought instead of the sort of 'that's a good idea' answer which he would get from a band like that. You have got to bear in mind that Mayall's bands are employed bands, they are all paid by John so you got the 'yes sir' type of relationship coming

up every now and again. It was because I was strong-headed enough—or maybe foolish enough—that John said I could make a go of running my own band. As far as making decisions are concerned, in my band I try to make everything as democratic as possible but, for the business side of things, it's all up to me. Basically, I roll into the office about 10.30 every morning and I handle all our business and financial things from there. With the Mayall band, everyone was paid exactly the same amount of money. It's a popular myth that the guitar aces like Green and Clapton were paid more than, say, the second sax or bassist. They weren't, in fact. The top roadie was being paid exactly the same as every other member of the band—except Mayall. With my band, on the other hand, I have taken John's system a step further: people in my band get an increasing salary as their service with the band increases. The newest member won't earn as much as somebody who has been with the band for a longer time. Even when Mick Weaver [Wynder K. Frogg] joined, he started off on the pay which any other new member would get. Wynder has been around the scene for long enough to appreciate the hard times we have gone through to get where we are today, so he also appreciates the fact that he can't be paid as much as the 'old hands'. There was a time about two years ago when things were particularly rosy, so I put the basic living wage up from £20 to £30 per week, but a couple of weeks later I had to bring it down again. At the moment the pay of the newest member is still a very pleasant living wage.

With Mayall that never happened; he had a safety margin in his financial workings. He has never paid out a fortune, except off his own bat. I mean, before one of our tours he turned round to me and gave me £250 and said, 'You'll need a PA, won't you.' The principle is common to both Mayall and me, and that is to give the band a sense of security and never to pay out more than our safety margin.

S.H.

demick & armstrong-

along the van morrison route

MOST of the members of Jethro Tull came from there, Tony Ashton came from there, so did Keef Hartley, Roy Harper, Roy Carr, the Gods, Little Free Rock, and yours truly. During the era of free-radio most of Caroline North's staff spent their free time in and around the clubs of the area.

The Fylde Coast is where I'm talking of (Blackpool, St. Anne's, etc.) and yet another band has emerged to join the aforementioned ranks. Demick and Armstrong are both Irish but came over to Lancashire six-and-a-half years ago with the Wheels, a group which made a very big name for themselves during the 'pop-blues' years.

Like so many other bands, Demick and Armstrong have come full circle from acoustic; through blues, heavy rock and back to acoustic again. The last show of the last series of *Disco 2* featured two tracks of their current album *Little Willie Ramble*. The show was, as everyone readily admits, a flop. 'For a start off,' said Herbie Armstrong, 'I completely lost my voice about

two hours before we were due to go on live, so we dashed off to a chemists to get something for my throat, that's why I was chewing as I was singing — to make the saliva in my throat keep working. I heard lots of people say afterwards that I shouldn't have been chewing, but I had no choice on the matter.' Armstrong's first break into music was in the ballrooms of Northern Ireland, where he used to play in a couple of Mecca bands with a vocalist friend of his, Van Morrison. 'At that time blues were considered underground — even the Stones hadn't been heard of then — and there was Van raving the blues. But then a Mecca inspector from England came around and said we were playing too much to young people and not enough to the older ones, so Van and I got the boot. As a result of all that he started Them and I joined the Wheels and came to Blackpool.

The manager of the Mecca also got the sack (for objecting to us getting the same) so he came to England and

HERBIE ARMSTRONG



ROD DEMICK

started work in the Queens Club in Cleveleys, so he gave us enough gigs to get us started again.'

Rosy

Everything was rosy for a while until Caroline was closed down, good friends from the ship (Tom Lodge used to share their house) left, and the atmosphere of the entire scene dropped so low that Rod and Herbie decided to quit and move out. A drummer named Plug joined the duo and together they became Screaming Lord Sutch's backing band, a time which Herbie describes as 'a time when the whole world was at our feet, Sutch was earning a lot of bread and we were getting our share. Unfortunately, when Sutch went to the States he couldn't get work permits for the rest of us, so again we were out of work. That was really disheartening for us, because we had really enjoyed working with Sutch — all that larking about, and getting paid for it. He was one of the all-time great showmen.'

All through their time with the Wheels and Sutch, Rod and Herbie had been writing material of their own (usually recorded by other people) so when faced with starvation they again resorted to their cultivated skills. This time luck was on their side for Ronnie Scott was looking out for new talent for MAM Records, and it was on Scott's suggestion that they sang a few of their own compositions for him. Suitably 'knocked-out' by the result, Scott signed them up for the label (having had to buy them out of a writing contract with Miles music first).

Now with several hit concerts to their credit—including one with Leon Russell at the Lyceum—a tour of Switzerland and Germany coming up soon, and their album selling very nicely, Demick and Armstrong (plus drummer Jeff Jones and guitarist Gordon Smith) are definites for success in the next few months; and, on present form, this band should make all those hardships worthwhile.

S.H.

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Beat Instrumental magazine has campaigned long and hard to try and persuade musicians and singers to think before they sign anything.

But in spite of all our efforts hardly a week goes by without some phone call or letter asking for advice about some contract or other.

Almost every time it becomes quite clear after a few sentences that the people who have signed their talents away—in some cases, for periods of five or ten years—just didn't understand what they were letting themselves in for.

So, in the hope that we will save at least a few groups from the mistake of scribbling their names at the bottom of an apparently innocuous piece of paper, which later presents long-term difficulties, here, once again are the basic facts about contracts.

Let's state, though, that we fully understand why the temptation to sign a piece of paper headed 'Recording Contract' is so great. Every musician, from the time he starts to play an instrument, or sing with a vocal group, dreams of the day when his voice will be heard on the radio and his name listed among the magic men in the Top Thirty.

But the point we have been trying to get across for many years now is that there are good contracts and bad contracts—like there are good cars and bad cars, or jobs or anything else. You may want to own a car but, if somebody delivered a wreck to your door which couldn't be started, it is very unlikely that you would agree to part with £50 or £100, no matter what the seller promised.

It is much more difficult, of course, to evaluate con-

tracts because, provided that the words are decently typed on reasonable paper, they all look much the same. But they aren't.

Nor is it a simple matter of getting so-called 'expert advice'. Many a musician has been persuaded by his parents to take a contract along to the family solicitor to be vetted by 'an expert'. The truth, of course, is that often it is the first time that the family solicitor has ever seen a contract of this type so he's no expert at all and, through lack of experience of the show business world, he may tend to damn it completely—even though it comes from a very reputable company.

So what should you do when presented with a contract to sign? First of all, unless you have already examined it in detail, don't sign. Make any excuse. Claim that you can't read without your glasses or something so that you can take it away and go through it line by line with an expert whom you feel can advise you on a recording contract, to find out exactly what it involves.

What should you look for?

Firstly, exactly with whom are you signing an agreement? Is it a reputable organisation with a decent success record, who have put big names into the Charts before? Or is it an unknown person just calling himself a recording manager?

Secondly, what exactly are they offering to do for you?

Thirdly, how long will the contract last — including options?

Fourthly, exactly who is going to pay for what and how much money can you hope to get out of the deal provided, of course, that your records sell? If you can't find out the answers to these

questions by reading through the contract then don't sign!

You must discover whether the person or organisation to whom you are binding yourself is trying to sign you up under some other headings. Are they, for example, getting you to give them the publishing rights for all your songs? And, again, for what period of time? If you come face to face with a contract with a small organisation which clearly ties you up with options for five years, only guarantees to record one LP and then also includes the publishing of all your own original numbers in the deal—beware!

We say *beware* because the term 'recording' can actually cover just sticking your band in a small front room and getting them to play into a poor quality tape recorder. It is certainly no guarantee that you will end up in one of the major London studios or that the final recording will be any good at all.

Again, what does the contract specify about releases. Recordings are NOT releases. They are just songs or compositions on a tape. You must have something specified in the contract which guarantees you a release. And, here again, what kind of release are you being promised. A single released in Timbuctoo isn't going to do you much good at all. Nor do the magic words 'United States' or 'North America' mean anything if the actual release is with one of the tiny American labels which only operate in a very small area.

There are quite a number of solicitors who do handle pop artists. They have great experience in dealing with recording contracts, and management contracts for that matter, and they can give you

the expert advice that you are seeking. They may charge you £10, £20 or even more for their services but, believe me, it is well worth it in the long run.

Far too many groups sign contracts with managements and so-called recording organisations which end up in complete frustration. They make a recording which is never released. Then they find that the publishing rights to their original material are completely tied up with the company as well. If they want to get out, they are told: 'Sorry, you are under contract for five years'.

If they insist that they want to get out, then back comes the answer: 'Pay us £500 or £1000 and we might agree'. And when you compare that £500 or £1000 with the sum of ten or 20 pounds that I have just talked about to get expert advice . . . which is the wiser course of action? I think the answer is obvious.

Long-term interest

We know that you want to sign a recording contract. We completely understand why you want to get into a recording studio. But, at the same time, don't sign the first piece of paper you are offered unless you believe that it is going to be in your long-term interest. It may be very hard to say NO! but the only sensible thing to do is to wait until a satisfactory deal comes along and, these days, there are so many managements and many organisations who are prepared to invest in new talent. They want to find fresh people to cultivate and record and you may well be just what they are looking for. But, if you have already stuck your signature on a

LIFE AWAY

to do!

piece of paper which signs you up for five years to some other organisation, you've had it.

It is also very important to remember the psychological effect of not being over-keen. If the members of a group welcome somebody with open arms, then it is only natural for the potential manager or recording company to feel that you can't be that good because nobody else wants you. There is nothing like a touch of psychological warfare in negotiations.

I am not suggesting that you should become middle-aged politicians or anything like that but, if you have talent and other plusses like a large selection of original numbers, then you have certainly got something to offer and it is only sensible that you should approach a reasonable number of managements and recording companies before you decide what to do.

This may sound like Utopia to many outfits who have sweated around and got absolutely no interest at all. It can be terribly demoralising to get repeated Noes and if, after your umpteenth rebuff, Joe Bloggs of Smiley-on-the-Hill comes along with a load of typed sheets headed 'Recording Contract' the temptation to sign is very great.

But do remember that if he is just Joe Bloggs, then you are really on fairly equal terms. And I think that you should realise that the strength is not all on his side. You can insist that he doesn't have the publishing. You can also insist that he only signs you up for a year and that if he doesn't obtain a major release for any of your numbers in the UK during a 12 month period, then he must release

you from the contract.

Supposing that Joe Bloggs immediately says, 'You can get stuffed, then.' Don't run after him, because all he has done is prove quite conclusively that he is out to do you. If he isn't, he would come back with reasonable counter-suggestions.

No suspicions

I would like to make it quite clear that I am not talking about the very reputable recording organisations in this feature. If EMI or Island Records or any other well-known company offers you a contract, there is no reason to be immediately suspicious. But, at the same time, you should examine the contract very carefully—no matter who it comes from. They can always make typing errors and insert 13 for 3 years, for example. Naturally, any reputable organisation would be very unlikely to hold you to a mistake, but it could happen.

So, whenever you are offered any piece of paper which suggests that there is some agreement which you are being asked to sign, make sure that you understand exactly what you are signing. Read every paragraph with an independent adviser, if at all possible, and get at the guts of what it means. Then, once you have signed, realise that you are stuck with what is on that piece of paper.

Just one last point. Some would-be recording stars become over-suspicious of contracts and I have known circumstances when, frankly, the artist or group was being silly in refusing to sign. For example, I remember one band which was stuck away up in the country. A recording

manager—not very well known, as it happens—travelled up many times to rehearse with them and, finally, offered them a short-term contract with options to record their numbers and try and obtain releases. One member of the group wanted to sign but all the others turned it down flat. As far as I know, they never obtained another recording contract.

So don't ignore the small independents. After all, that's all Brian Epstein was when he tried to flog the Beatles to one of the major record companies. If a bloke you like offers to sweat his guts out and spend his money trying to promote you, don't automatically think he's going to try a con. The test is always the deal he offers. If he only wants a short term to have a go—and you've got no other offers—you'd be daft to refuse.

One can only end with what was said to a friend by his solicitor when he asked his advice about a certain contract which he had signed and subsequently didn't like at all.

He was told, 'You're free, white and over 21—so I'm sorry, you're stuck with it'. Nowadays, of course, you only need to be free, white and over 18. Even if you are under age, and your guardian has counter signed, then it is not necessarily true that you can automatically break a contract.

But that solicitor's advice is well worth remembering when you have a pen poised in your hand to sign your musical career over to some other person or organisation for quite a number of the most important years of your life. ARE YOU GOING TO BE STUCK WITH IT?



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GUS DUDGEON

'If someone rang me up and said "We want you to record Bob Dylan" and we found we couldn't get on I'd say "Knock it on the head". I'd rather work with people I get on with.'

So says Gus Dudgeon who, in three years of record production, has worked on a remarkably high average of successful records. He puts the art of record production like this: 'It's simple psychology plus common sense. You've got to get on with the people you're working with. Ideally you want an interrelation where you know what the artist wants and he trusts your judgement. I have built this interrelation now with Michael Chapman.'

Gus produces artists for his independent company Tuesday Productions and now is in the happy position of only working with artists he really wants to record. 'I suppose I'm a born optimist,' he says. 'Things were very hard at first, but very few things upset me, even when things are going badly. I don't worry. When I first started I had to do things to make money but as soon as I could I only did things that I wanted to do.'

Among the first artists that Gus produced were Ralph McTell and the Strawbs. 'I did their first single which wasn't a hit, but it opened a lot of doors. It got them an A and M recording contract which was no mean feat in those days because A and M hardly existed here then.' He also produced David Bowie's *Space Oddity*

and the cover version of *Je t'Aime* by Sounds Nice which fought the original up and down the charts.

But Gus is best known for his work with the Bonzo Dog Band, Mike Chapman and Elton John. 'I finished off *Urban Spaceman* and did *Mr. Apollo* the follow-up. We did that one once, scrapped it and did it all over again. It was a pity it didn't make it because we put a lot of work into it and I had a lot of faith in the song. I did the *Doughnut* in *Granny's Greenhouse* album with them. A lot of people didn't sense that there were a lot of serious complications in that LP.

'When the Elton John album was reviewed in *Rolling Stone* they referred back to *Doughnut*, which really cheered me up, because the Bonzos were never big in the States—but they remembered that I'd produced that album. The Bonzos' *Tadpoles* LP was interesting. Originally it was supposed to be the songs they had done on the television series "Do Not Adjust Your Set", but by the time they did the album they didn't want to do all the songs. The jazz tracks on there were done in a pub years ago with the original line-up. It's really early Bonzos stuff.'

Gus has also produced two Elton John albums. 'I did *Elton John* and *Tumbleweed Connection*,' he said. 'There's a film album called *Friends* out in America with the film in February. We plan to release either an

album from a US broadcast—which we haven't had time to balance yet—or else another album to be recorded in a studio.'

Despite his success Gus has no plans to start his own record label or work in a studio of his own. 'As soon as you start getting involved in that, all sorts of extra implications come in. I produce quite a few artists and that takes up time. At the moment I am working with them; they are the only thing I'm concentrating on, and they appreciate that. If I'm in the studio with Mike Chapman, he knows I'm only thinking about *that*.'

Gus hopes to go to the States in April to look over US studios, but he has no plans to work a lot over there. 'None of the engineers I know who've worked in the States have said they wished they worked there permanently. I've worked in a studio in Stockholm which was as good as anything in London but no-one says they want to work in Sweden. I think you can get as good a sound in England as anywhere. Al Kooper says he rates Trident above all the studios he's worked in, and he likes the musicians he works with here.'

You may say that Gus Dudgeon is really involved in his job but he would disagree. 'I wouldn't look on this as my job. It's like being a man who is mad about aircraft and who owns an aerodrome full of planes. It's really a giant hobby.'



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Stan
Webb...

Down to
good old
rock and roll

WHEN Chicken Shack lost the vocal talents and good looks of Christine Perfect way back in '69, the critics said 'It could be the end of Chicken Shack's balanced blues . . . like Herman's Hermits without Herman.' Now the only original member is Stan Webb.

Gone are bassist Andy Sylvester, drummer Dave Bidwell and organist Paul Raymond (Paul is the only one already re-established in another group — Savoy Brown) and in their places had come Brian Chapman on organ—from Pacific Drift, John Glascock on bass (from Toe Fat) and Pip Pyle on drums — from Steve Miller's Delivery. The new band got under way early in the year to a very enthusiastic audience in Norwood Technical College and has gradually been tightening up ever since. There were still very obvious instances when communication was lacking — or non-existent — between Stan and Pip when I first saw the new Shack in the Speakeasy last month. Showmanship had become Webb's signature, stopping mid-bar or sentence to stick in a quip or other characteristic statement which all his many friends in the audience immediately lapped up.

For a comparison, his performance in the Marquee was everything it should have been by tradition, playing lead with the speed and tonal fluctuations which — if he can keep it up for long enough—should get him right back to the top of the list of British guitarists. As long ago as August '69, Stan told *B.I.* that he was going to increase the amount of humour in his act, at the moment it looks as though he should increase the amount of music and leave the fun generated by the sounds to look after itself. Not that Mr. Webb's music isn't still good, his guitar licks and phraseology are still up to the standard which gained him the title of one of Britain's best instrumentalists.

I asked Stan what his intentions for this band were: 'To get down to good old

rock and roll', he replied, 'we have been getting too bogged down in the straight blues category. Now we will be getting heavier and playing more blues oriented pop.'

Following Brian Chapman and Pip Pyle's surprise departures from Shack two weeks ago — having only stayed for a matter of weeks—I asked Stan if his intentions for getting heavier were still valid. 'Oh yes. The break and Paul (Nancox)'s joining were only teething troubles. The sound wasn't as together as I wanted so the best thing to do was to try and fix it in the early stages before we did ourselves some damage. My aims for the band are still exactly as they were two months ago, but now I think the band I've got is more capable of achieving those aims. Quite honestly, I'm not sure if I shall get another organist or not, but I doubt it very much.' There was just one point about Brian and Pip's dismissal which had caused a few rumours to circulate; was their sacking perhaps slightly connected with recent incidents in which they were 'taking the piss' as Stan was out-front doing a lead solo? Stan's one word of reply was, 'No'.

Schizoid

Stan Webb has two very distinct personalities, one for music and it's associated social functions and one for discussion and philosophising on current news items: Webb's straight personality is apparent when he gets into his second favourite subject: history-relating to the Second World War (his first interest is a combination of wine, women and song). So knowledgeable is Webb on the subject of military tactics that he has been commissioned by a major publishing group to write a paper-back on particular aspects of the conflict—and his interpretations of some of the already well-known blunders by the administration. 'I mean this "peace brothers" bit is all very well,' he said holding two fingers in the air, 'but if some guy came through your

door with a gun threatening to kill you and your old woman, I'm damn sure you would have a bloody good try to kill him, or at least knock him down first. It's easy being a pacifist when there is nobody about to fight; I think if there was another war it would be

got away with it for a while as well, but now he is the laughing stock of the business—Man, he can't even play his guitar properly! There is no reason why politics and music should have to be associated; war history is my hobby, nothing more.'



Stan:— I think we'll make it this time



Stan . . . Paul . . . and John

just the same as before—nobody would want to fight, but everybody would anyway. I'm really proud of my old man being in the RAF; just because I'm a musician with long hair doesn't mean I have to preach revolution all the time. God, look at Broughton, he tried that, and

The night I saw Shack in the Speakeasy, Webb played a second set, this time with Tony Ashton on organ, Keith Moon and Mick Avory on drums and John Glascock on bass. Quite honestly I found the music of the jam tighter and more organised than the music of the normal band. I

asked Stan about his connections with Moon, Ashton, etc.; was it strictly a Speakeasy relationship?

'Ashton and I have known each other for years, ever since the Star club in Hamburg. We have both got very similar ambitions for our bands, he used to keep asking me to join him and I used to keep asking him to join me, but I think we are both too determined to make it as individual leaders. If I could form my own ideal band it would be with Ashton, Bonham, Grech and Stewart. They are all undisputed kings of their instruments as far as I am concerned, Grech's bass is so tasteful, Man, he could play with anyone and still keep his own personality; Bonham is the same for his drumming — he's got energy and vitality AND the ability to play properly, Stewarts' vocals and Ashton's organ are obvious choices.'

Elusive

Ever since the *100 Ton Chicken* the band's keenest followers were to be found in Germany and the States, so the fans here began to resent not being able to see the band which they had helped to establish, live. This vicious circle expanded to such a degree that Shack are almost easier to see live in Paris than they are outside London, for instance; in mid-March they played at a private party in Paris—taking almost a week, a week back in England then one in Sweden, England for a week then Germany for the same. The three months from April through until a planned tour of America in August are as yet fairly free of foreign engagements, so perhaps we might see more of Webb and Company around the college circuits in late Spring. 'As soon as we finalise our new contract—can't say who with—we will be ready to release a new album. All the material has been written and recorded (we took that on ourselves while we didn't have a label) so we can start off with a bang.'

S.H.



COMMERCIAL RADIO

WILL IT WORK?

HUGHIE Green is well-known to the public as the genial host, firstly of *Double Your Money*, and secondly—more importantly—of the TV talent show 'Opportunity Knocks', which was unique in that it was the only show reaching a mass audience that has conscientiously tried to present unknown talent to the public.

Hughie has another, less well-known side, however. He is heavily involved in the embryonic Commercial Radio situation in this country. Together with a number of other people, Hughie has formed CBC (Commercial Broadcasting Consultants) with the

object of acquiring a licence to run the proposed Station Network—if and when it should appear. This seems to depend on the forthcoming Government White Paper on Commercial Radio, and Hughie, when interviewed by *BI*, was not totally optimistic that the Government's ideas and his were totally in accord. Producing voluminous charts to show peak listening times and other important statistics, he argued powerfully in favour of his own vision — quoting prices, advertising rates, and well-known political figures' pronouncements to put his point across.

The vision seems to be one of Medium Wave stations 'there are eight or nine medium frequencies available', no FM (or VHF), and the possibility of all-rock stations seems to be a pipe-dream. However, Hughie, as his record shows, has a deep interest in stimulating local talent and it was with this in mind that we went along to his Baker Street apartment/office to get the lowdown on an event which is likely to change our lives to no small degree.

BI: *Hughie, assuming that all goes well from your point of view when the expected White Paper on Commercial Radio appears, what would be the first steps that you would take to set up your network?*

HG: The first thing that we hope is that somewhere along the line the Minister's idea of an IBA, an Independent Broadcasting Authority, disappears. Our costings, which give a reasonable return and no more, do not take into account running an IBA. If you get a code of ethics from a [US] Government Organisation like the FCC [Federal Communications Commission] — which I am 100% with — I am quite certain that we can behave ourselves.

BI: *Where will the premises of the various local radio stations be located?*

HG: In theatres — so that we can have audience participation, which is very important — and mainly in the hub of the city. We have also talked to Mecca — nothing final, of course — but their dance halls would make ideal places to put studios in, with fine broadcasting bands. The aerial would be wherever our engineering department would site it.

BI: *If you were an ordinary working Rock musician from, say, Chester, how would the advent of Commercial Radio affect you?*

HG: Well, any radio station that I have anything to do with—and I am not going to discuss programming because naturally no one person is going to control a number of stations — I would make arrangements with other stations; we'd have a 'Battle of the Groups', and

we would bicycle Rock groups around the various stations—they'd get paid for it, of course, a fee recognised by the MU, although they won't get rich, but they will get exposure.

BI: *Then you think local talent will be stimulated?*

HG: I do feel that in this particular instance I can talk with more authority than any person in this country. In 'Opportunity Knocks', now going into its 13th year, we see 9,000 artists a year. I'm not saying they're all good—we all know they're not all good—but by God there are some damn good ones and, when realising what kind of magazine you write for, we once had a great big tall guy called Gerry Dorsey audition for us three times and pass. Four times he was put into 'Opportunity Knocks' and four times he was taken out—not because he wasn't any good, but because we had to be fair to the whole of the nation. Now I tell you that little story and to some extent you might take it as a story against us. I hope you don't because I think it exemplifies the toughness in not being able to put on as many people that we would like to put on—*simply because we do not have the time*. Now those people would very definitely have been taken care of on Commercial Radio.

Opportunities

BI: *There is a big problem in that there are an awful lot of good groups all over the country and, at present, the doors open to them to achieve some kind of air-play or prominence are so few—and always involve coming to London, which they may—with good reason—not want to do.*

HG: I would say that we have at least 125 to 130 top-class groups, but unfortunately we are not going to be able to put them all on ['Opportunity Knocks']. For instance, the Scottish auditions this year uncovered an awful lot of talent in the Dundee / Aberdeen area, which we have not visited before. Now these guys, if you had a local station in the area, would have all kinds of opportunities to go on and be



Hughie Green: 'To lose local radio is going to be an absolute crime'

heard—to give them hope and a chance to get started—and these are some of the reasons why to lose local radio is going to be an absolute crime as far as the whole of the light entertainment industry is concerned.

BI: *What would be your plans if the White Paper goes against you?*

HG: Well, we have been told in writing that the White Paper is going to be fairly loose and that there will be discussion afterwards. If we are faced with an untenable situation — a financially im-

possible situation — we shall try as hard as we can to bring it to the attention of the right people and get it changed.

BI: *Do you see any chance of FM stations as exist at present in the States?*

HG: No. The main thing is that there are many FM stations going broke in the States right now. It's simple. If you were an advertiser, would you advertise on something nobody could hear?

BI: *At the present time—No. But there are many people who have got FM receivers,*

and they are not all that expensive.

HG: But the point is that the majority of people who have got FM are specialists—not the mass market. We are talking about Commercial Radio, not about some specialised thing that you and I would personally enjoy. The comparison between who can hear medium-frequency stations and who can hear VHF is ludicrous. Do you realise that more than 27% of the working people go to work every morning in this country with MW equipment? Who

the hell is going to invest in VHF? The other thing about VHF is that the people who *do* have VHF are the class of people who can afford it. Now, when you come to the lower income brackets, you have something that the advertisers are very anxious to get after. They are less likely to want to go for the sophisticates who 'say' they never listen to the ads anyway. The BBC did a run-down on VHF and it's just laughable.

Multi-stations

BI: *Are the local radio stations likely to transmit on more than one wavelength at a time? Possibly a punters' specialist wavelength, equivalent to BBC Radio 3?*

HG: No. Costs would be astronomical. You can't have local radio in any place in this country under a 25,000 conurbation area. If you take an area of 75,000 the maximum you would get is 7,500 listening to the station—total income for the year on these is £38,000. It would cost you £45,000 per year to run an automated station.

BI: *Exactly what do you mean by an 'automated' station?*

HG: Well, we have a machine in which you stick your programmes, commercials, etc. This — by means of a print-out — keeps track of everything you play, which keeps the Performing Rights Society happy. The cost to you is £45,000 per year and what we say to the Minister is that the rest of the money, i.e. 50%, must be sponsored or patronised.

BI: *Hughie, are you optimistic about breaking through with Commercial Radio as you see it?*

HG: Let me put it this way: I have never counted any money until it is in the bank. Reading what I have read, I am heavy of heart, but I am hopeful that in the end, when everybody faces up to the fact that there is only £15m to play with, they will avoid the grave mistakes that, in certain quarters, I think they are sailing towards at the present time.

T.T.



Eddie Hardin—No demonstration of skill



Pete York—'Broughton's a narcissist'

HARDIN & YORK

ARE THEY GOING STALE?

Eddie Hardin and Pete York are about to release their third album onto the great unsuspecting British public. Neither of the duo were particularly pleased with the UK sales of *The World's Smallest Big Band*, or *Tomorrow Today* even though both sold in vast numbers throughout Europe; and an album with the self-explanatory title of *Hardin and York Bootleg* (still available in some West End record stores) is reputed to have sold 25,000 since it was unleashed ten months ago.

'We were playing in a German youth centre one night,' Eddie began, 'and the director of the place asked if we would mind if his film club made a film of our show, it seemed O.K. at the time so they carried on, the next thing we knew was that an LP had been released of the show — the filming had all been a cover to record a bootleg. Nobody seems to care any more about the money we have lost through that. At first there were high court injunctions and all that sort of guff, but now it's been forgotten and we haven't had a cent.'

Quieter

'For *The World*', Pete continued, 'isn't like the others, it's quieter and there was more thought put into the

production. For instance, almost half of the tracks on this one include orchestral arrangements, something which we haven't had very often before, and there's Eddie's title track which is just about the gentlest thing we have ever done.'

A couple of months ago I watched as Al Stewart complained to the Albert Hall audience that his act had been spoiled because of 'a big ego trip by Hardin and York', who had overrun their allocated time. The incident was played down by the press during the subsequent days, but the events of that evening still arouse comment from Eddie and Pete.

'All that day he (Stewart) was walking round telling people what to do; he told my roadie to get him a stool — didn't even say please. I mean, my roadies don't have to work for him! And the only reason we overran was because the whole show was late in getting started— don't forget we all gave our time free for the charity. Afterwards Stewart came back stage and said "I'll make sure you never play on the same stage as me again", well, you know, that would be the last thing we would dream of doing. Other people have told us since that he is always a bit of a bastard to work with.'

'While we're in the mood for slanging people,' Pete

joined in, 'We have always had a better reception in Germany than we have anywhere else, but now, thanks to dear Edgar Broughton, the promoters are reluctant to hire any British bands. When Broughton stands on stage and tells the kids to go and demand their money back because they are being exploited by the management—and that all music should be free—he always makes sure to get *his* money first. He is the biggest hypocritical, narcissistic git in the whole business. Since his last tour of preaching it has been really difficult to get halls to play in; people want us to play but nobody wants to let halls to British bands!'

On the other hand Hardin and York are themselves a bit open to criticism, for when I last saw them live a few days ago their stage numbers were almost exactly

the same ones as their repertoire of nine months ago, *but* this time there was a second drummer, Ian Paice of Deep Purple, and the way the trio pounded their way through their own brand of *Norwegian Wood*—and their most popular number *The Pike* was pure excitement to watch. The guest spot is something which is going to be built upon for future dates, with guitarist and ex-accomplice from the Spencer Davis group Ray Fenwick due to do one soon (Ray is also on the new album).

Skill

As I was saying, although the visual and musical show is good, there is no demonstration of real keyboard skill from Eddie. His stage performance is somewhat similar to that of Keith Emerson (what else can you do from behind/in front/on top of an

organ, you may well ask!) but lacking in those little instrumental touches which show Emerson's true technical mastery of the instrument. Pete York's drumming is, however, the other extreme. Technically perfect (or as near as makes very little difference), and musically brilliant (for a drummer) he brings dimensions into play which one doesn't normally expect from such a kit—Rogers with one bass, one snare, one mounted tom-tom, floor tom-tom and an assortment of cymbals and cow-bells. 'Over the last 18 months or so I have been reading a book by Jo Cusatics on the art of drumming in different patterns, and I am now bringing what I have learnt into use more. When we were on tour with Deep Purple, Ian and I practised together, which is how he came to play with us in the Marquee

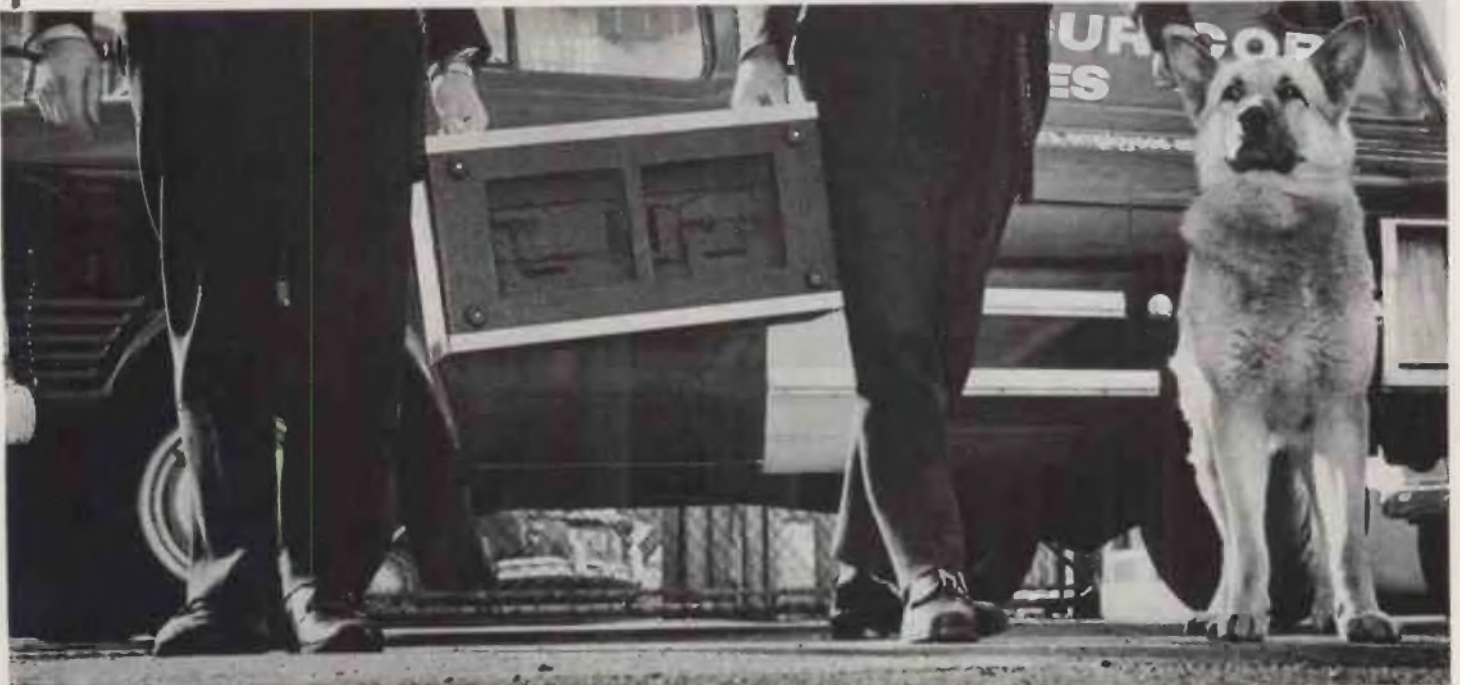
—he's more talented than most pop drummers.'

The fact remains that Hardin and York are essentially a live band; their music and stage presence create an atmosphere which is the envy of many more technically perfect bands. Record-wise the duo are rather more original than I have perhaps given them credit for, with tracks such as *For The World* and demonstrating Eddie Hardin's writing ability, a talent which, I believe is capable of producing songs and instrumental pieces of a much higher standard than at present.

Little splash

There is nothing on *For The World* to shatter the world of pop music but the little splash which does result from the release is probably sufficient to wash quite a number of new fans Hardin and Yorks' way.

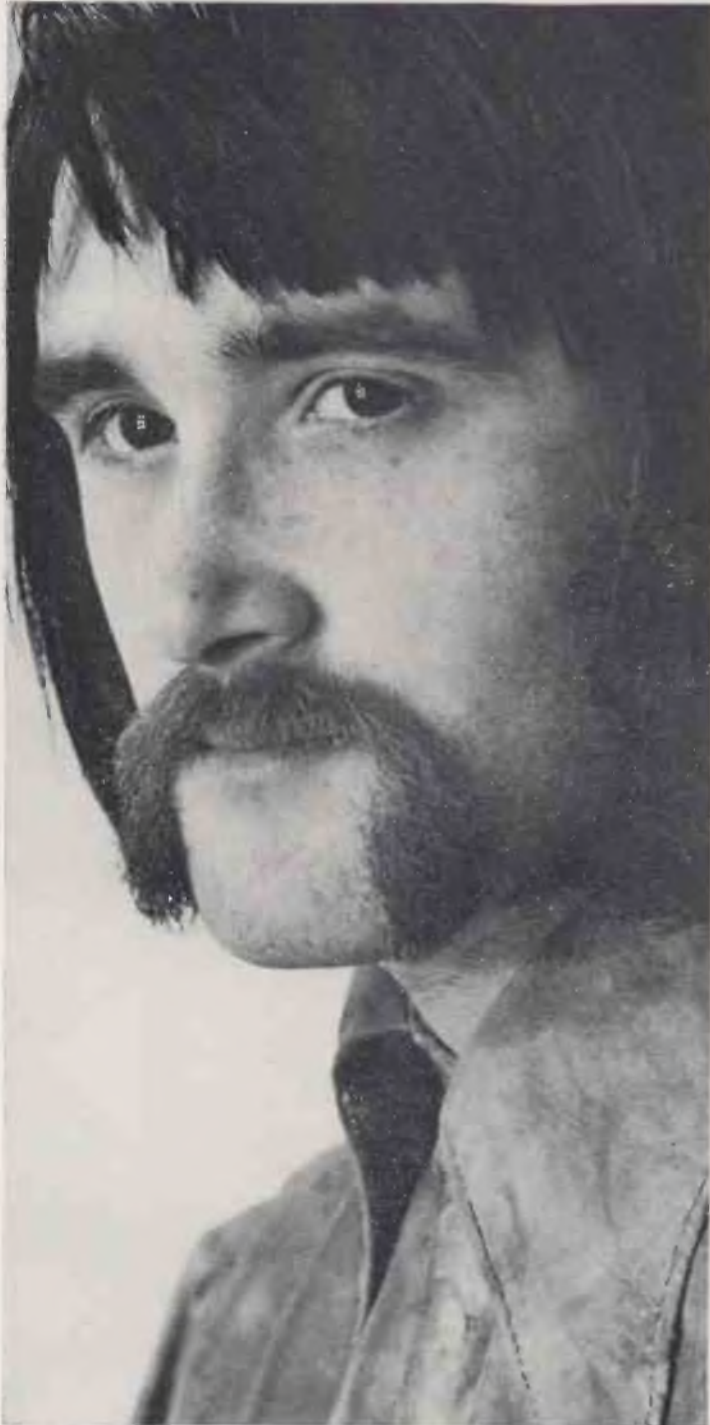
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PROFILE

DAVE ARBUS



I'M 29, and I was born in Leicester, believe it or not. I only stayed there for two years and after that I lived almost everywhere, ending up in Bristol University doing French and Philosophy. Then I went abroad for a couple of years, teaching English in places like Arabia and Yugoslavia. All this time I had been playing music in my spare time; jazz trumpet (I learned that at school, too) and classical fiddle in things like chamber orchestras—I still do like chamber music. Then I met a guy named Ron Kane who played sax and flute and we decided to get a jazz band together. That stayed together for a few months then he had the idea to get a rock group together—he knew nothing about it and I knew even less, I *did* know I didn't like pop music. I suppose that was our asset in a way, coming from right outside pop music—we didn't know all the hackneyed old phrases.

'I think I was 11 or 12 when I started to play violin—at school, the way everyone else learns to play an instrument. The others did piano, but I did fiddle just 'cause my old man played it, but I didn't enjoy it any more than anyone else. When I gave up lessons I began to enjoy it a bit more; I'd had about four years of lessons then I carried on teaching myself.

'I don't write very much now. When I was with Ron we wrote quite a lot because we were forced to base our act on something. I'm not fantastically creative really, I prefer to perform. Classics must still influence my playing

to a certain degree but it is impossible for me to say how much; I mean, I still tune the fiddle the way I would for classical pieces. In a way, I'm lazy, I have never experimented with proper pick-ups on the fiddle, all I use now is an ordinary contact mike. Actually there are lots of things I would like to do with the sound I get, but, as I've said, I'm too lazy. I would like to try lots of different tunings or guitar strings or something. I *did* try a wow-wow pedal for a while; it was quite effective really, worked to a certain extent, but it seemed to get too complicated. You know, I have two arms and they are flying about at great speed and I just didn't have the co-ordination to get my foot (or feet) pressing the pedal at the right time to the right degree. All these effects tend to make the thing too tricky, I think it is more important for me to reach an overall high standard—when I reach that, then I might try more electronic gadgetry—the violin, as such, is still comparatively virginal as far as "bolt-on goodies" are concerned.

'Yes, I play alto sax and flute on stage, but not as much as violin. After all, I *am* primarily a violinist and, secondly, the sound of the violin is, let's face it, what makes East of Eden's sound distinctive. Our third album will be out within the next month, I should imagine, but I can't say for definite because we haven't finalised our new label yet. The music, to put it bluntly, is nearer to basic rock.'

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Heavyhead opening



Bev serves Zep's Bonham with an album

A gathering of the masses in Birmingham at the end of last month. The reason was the opening of Move drummer Bev Bevan's new record store, Heavyhead Records, at 803 Stratford Road, Spark-

hill, Birmingham.

Present at the gathering were: Rick Price (Move), Ozzy Osbourne (Black Sabbath), Raymond Froggatt, Jeff Lynne (Move), Bev Bevan, Tony Iommi and John Bonham.



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New Wharfedale cassette

The other day, while taking one of my educational walks around the radio and Hi-Fi shops of Tottenham Court Road, I came across a cassette tape recorder with some very interesting qualities. The unit was the Wharfedale DC9 and it looked remarkably like the 100.1 stereo receiver which was launched just before Christmas by the same company. The design of the new DC9 recorder is based on the system originally developed for professional recording studios by American electronics expert, Dr. Ray Dolby. In addition to the Dolby system which eliminates the hiss which has marred the performance of existing equipment and made it unsuitable for serious listening, the DC9 incorporates a number of design developments made over the last few months which largely reduce distortion and improve the overall reproduction.

Mr. Kenneth Dean, Wharfedale's Marketing Director, says: 'The reason we have not marketed tape recorders before is that the only machines which could be con-

sidered reasonably compatible with a hi-fi system were relatively large pieces of equipment using a cumbersome reel-to-reel system, which were consequently never likely to appeal to the majority of listeners.

'Cassettes, however, are both easier to handle and to store than records. Until now the performance of cassette machines was certainly not good enough for us to take seriously, but the Dolby system and other improvements have enabled us to design a player whose performance is as good as or better than that of the big and expensive high performance machines.'

The Wharfedale DC9 is a four-track stereo and mono recorder with simple piano key controls, and uses a tape speed of 1 7/8 inches per second as compared with the 7 1/2 in. per second required to give equivalent performance from a conventional tape recorder. The DC9 is equipped with pre-amplifier for recording, but it is intended for playback through high-fidelity amplifiers or receivers such as the 100.1.



Cornick's Tull'd Turkey

Ex-Jethro Tull bassist Glenn Cornick is back on the road again, this time with his new band Wild Turkey. A five-piece, Turkey will feature Gary Pickford-Hopkins' vocals, John 'Pugwash' Weathers on drums, Graham

Williams on lead, John Blackmore on second guitar and vocals and Glenn Cornick on bass. Gary and John were with the Welsh band Eyes of Blue prior to joining Glenn, the other two are comparatively new to London's music

scene. The band's first engagement was at Loughborough College on the 19th and their first album will be recorded for the Chrysalis label in April.

Carlsbro burned

A nasty blow for the Carlsbro Sound Equipment company this month was the burning down of their cabinet works at Ashfield, Notts.

The fire, which completely gutted the building, is thought to have been started by some malfunctioning electric wiring. Over £20,000 worth of equipment was completely destroyed, including a large part of Carlsbro's stock of gear. However, they still have a reasonable selection of amplification equipment in safe storage, and they ask prospective buyers to bear with them for a little time, while they sort themselves out some new premises and production facilities. This should take place 'as soon as possible'.

ELPA

Talking of PA (we weren't, but let's do so anyway), our source in the ELP camp—who happens to be John Robson, ELP's sound engineer— informs us that the group's new, and somewhat unorthodox PA system, is the closest thing to a miracle he has ever heard.

The new system consists of four cinema speakers, each with 10 ft. folded horns, 2 x 15 in. speakers to take care of the lower frequencies and, for the top end of the spectrum, four Vitavox horns— plus two JBL horns for good measure.

This sound system—the origin of which is not revealed by Robbo—is driven by ELP's existing Crown amps via the specially built mixer for balance on stage. The sound is 'incredibly loud, crystal clear and sharp', and, what's more important, cost little in comparison with the various systems on the market today. They'll be taking this PA system to the States in May when they go on tour to

follow up their successful album.

Burdoned

For those of you who may have thought our Burdon piece last month was a bit of a knock at the Great Man (which it was), we are happy to be able to report that Eric's concert at the Lyceum on Friday, February 5 (immediately following the notorious press conference) was a roaring success. Mr. Newcastle Brown was in great form, singing with feeling and power, and handling the crowd (including a groupie who was muscling in on the act) with a degree of humour not usually evident in his live performances. Notwithstanding any personality problems Eric may have, the guy can sing the pants off nearly

everybody when he really gets it on—and that, after all, is the most important thing in the business.

S/City pricecut

A very welcome innovation came from Sound City Amplification last month; they announced price reductions in their entire range of amplifiers and cabinets (with the exception of the Concord, which is already being sold at 'the lowest possible price'). The reductions are already in effect and bring the prices of items such as the P.A. 200 down from £415.40 to £316.20.

This move on the part of a major manufacturer is certainly enlightened, and should enable many more people to reap the benefits of ownership of top-class professional gear.



No, it's not just an excuse for a booze up, they are actually all recording together. The gathering—under the name of Bullfrog—was thought of and arranged by De Lane Lea's Derrick Lawrence, 'We've all been playing in bands together for years, long before anyone made the big time, so we thought it would be good to do an album. Take Big Jim Sullivan, for instance, he taught Ritchie

Blackmore to play guitar in the first place.' The photograph shows, from left to right: Big Jim Sullivan, Chas Hodges, Albert Lee, Ritchie Blackmore, Tony Ashton and Ian Paice. Since the pic was taken, Rod Alexander of Jo-Do and Matt Fisher (ex-Procol Harum) have joined the team. The album is released in America on March 19 and should be out here on the MCA label soon.

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UNIVERSE



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POP is a difficult business to make a living out of. Even if you have been playing around the right places for years. Unless your sound is new, or at least *different*, there is very little chance of that well-known saying 'fame overnight' coming true. One band who knows all this very well is Universe: a quartet of very young musicians (oldest member is 20) who have chosen to forfeit their homes in the nicest part of Britain in favour of fame and — dare I say it — fortune on the sunny shores of the Thames.

John Alcock, lead guitarist, pianist, harpist and spokesman filled in the details of the creation of Universe. 'Three of us were together as the Weight for a couple of years before Allan Armstrong joined about ten months ago. When he came, we completely rationalised our music, our ideas . . . everything, and we changed our name. In and around Penrith we had been playing at just about everything there was to play at, and over the last 18 months or so we had been making quite a name for ourselves in the

south of Scotland and around west Cumberland. You know, places like Workington and Barrow-in-Furness are really great to play; most bands never even consider doing gigs there. But if they did they would get quite a shock. Black Sabbath started in more or less the same clubs and gigs as we did, so we thought if they can go down to London and manage to break in, we should be able to do likewise. Although we rate the northern audiences as just about the best there are, you can only go so far. I don't want to sound flash about it but we had reached the top as far as that area was concerned so London was the next logical step.'

Other members of the band are Ian Borrowdale—12 string lead (Gibson B45) and harp. Allan Armstrong—bass (Gibson EBOF Fuzztone) and Malcolm Thorburn—drums.

There are a couple of points of drum design about Malcolm's kit which should be of interest to aspiring percussion manufacturers: 'The kit was modified slightly for me before it came over



from Italy, but basically it is a Meazzi Hollywood. The tomtoms have pedals so you can alter the tensions of the skins while you are playing.

'This has two advantages: it gives a range of tones not usually available from a drum unless you "elbow" it, and secondly it leaves the other hand (normally used for elbowing) free to do something else. The snare drum is on a heavy duty, non-slip ball-and-socket joint instead of the usual screw friction type, and lastly the tension rods on the snare are hinged instead of being straight, which means that when a skin goes, all you have to do is slacken off the rods and fold them out of the way to change the skin. The entire kit is simply designed with common sense. Nothing too difficult but all very obvious.'

While on the subject of instruments, John stated that he refuses to use any effects, such as wah-wah or fuzz, a principal which he admits may be a little narrow sighted or even a simple case of "cutting off the nose to spite the face", but whatever the principals concerned he can still create some very nice sounds from the (left handed) Gibson. 'I do use echo a little,' he confessed as he noticed the way I was eyeing his echo unit the following night in the upstairs of Ronnie Scotts.

Tangerine studios — and engineer Robin Sylvester — were used for the band's first album, featuring *Gold Watch, Universe, Oceans, Hurricane* and *The War* from the band's stage act. Another number, and perhaps the best one they perform on stage, is *The Building*, but this is not included on the album. Listen-

ening to *The Building* one can detect a very strong similarity to Eric Clapton's *Layla*—close guitar/guitar/vocal harmonies, the fortunate thing for the Cumbrians is that they have been playing in that particular style for rather longer than Clapton, and, as Ian assured me, 'We all like Clapton very much but I don't think any of us have heard the LP yet.'

A fifth member of the band (or third member of the roadies, depending how you look at it) is electronics engineer Dick. 'Malcolm and I knew Dick from Carlisle Art college, he was the lighting technician for the theatre there and he used to come on the occasional gig with us; just for a giggle really, he knew his lights—as they say. So we said that if we found a good management agency down here he could come and create something nice with the lights,' John continued. 'There are so many descriptive numbers that we do, that we wanted something happening visually at the same time—not just the coloured lights and oils that everyone else uses, we want something programmed to fit with every note and mood of the music.'

All four members of Universe are competent musicians, and have principals and ideas worthy of more experienced players, but it is experience which will eventually decide if this band is to become nationally known or simply successful. Personally, I think within the next year, Universe will be sufficiently experienced and capable, both musically and professionally, of making a splash in the ever-rising oceans of pop music.

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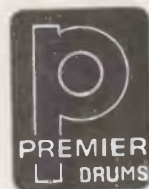
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ALBUM REVIEW

FIRST MEETING

TRIFLE
DAWN DNLS 3017

Not bad, not bad, might well go far. A tight little album from Trifle (who tend to sound like a strangled James Brown at their worst, but rather like If or Yes at their best—when it happens). The brass section, in particular, deserves praise. They are very, very together, this band, but some of their musicianship might be put to somewhat more melodic uses. Easy listening and, for brass-heads, a good buy.



THE CRY OF LOVE

JIMI HENDRIX
TRACK 2408 101

One puts on the record, sits down to listen and to read the cover poem . . . first track — *Freedom*, Ah! Still the same Hendrix sound. Then, reading through the poem, for the second time, the poignancy of the whole thing becomes apparent. This man knew where it was at. The music is still the same; the unmistakable sound of Hendrix. If you get past the cover poem (the words of



Straight Ahead — first track, side two) without deciding that you love the album regardless of its musical qualities, you will probably decide that it is not the greatest collection of Hendrixalia in the world — not, for example, up to the standard set by *Experienced* or *Bold As Love*, but then again, there shouldn't be many more of the man's records coming out — and there sure won't be another Hendrix. *Requiescat in Pace*.

MARVIN, WELCH AND FARRAR

REGAL ZONOPHONE
SRZA 8502

This is a highly polished and very well-put-together record from Hank, Bruce and



John Farrar. Although it has been criticised as doing a CSN & Y (a fair comment), the derivation is done unashamedly and with a good deal of flair. Shadows' professionalism dominates throughout and, if it does seem rather overdone at times, 'tis nevertheless a welcome change from some of the inarticulate, unmusical rubbish that passes for rock these latter days. Best track, by far, is their single *Faithful*, and several other selections nearly make the same standard. Nice one.

DADA

ATCO 2400030



Dada is a rather unmemorable album from the band of the same name. All very big-bandy and jazz-riffy and a bit irritating to listen to when your mind is not quite on the music—which must, surely, mean that the music itself does not hold the attention? The vocals, however, are of a very high standard (Elkie Brooks, no less), and should be set in a more commercial packaging job to gain full acceptance.

GARDEN OF DELIGHTS

VARIOUS ARTISTS
ESP 9001



Quite a long time since we have had such a good sampler album, but then there are so many good tracks by established artists that the occasional not-so-good one merely serves to highlight the better effort. Artists included are: Love (*Alone Again Or*), Tim Buckley (*Morning Glory*), Incredible String Band (*Air*), Delaney & Bonnie (*In The Ghetto*), Tom Paxton (*Mr. Blue*), Eric Clapton (*Crossroads Blues*), Butterfield Blues Band (*In My Own Dream*), Bread (*It Doesn't Matter To Me*), Judy Collins (*Someday Soon*) and Farquahr (*Start Living*). By the way, that Farquahr track is off a very good album by the same name which also deserves a listen.

BABY BATTER

HARVEY MANDEL
DAWN DNLS 3015

The fourth album (first on the Drum label) by the guy who has suddenly reached the spotlight in this country because of his Union (of the USA variety) with our very



own John Mayall. All titles were composed by Mandel and his lead guitar work is technically perfect. A very good album for the punters who appreciate tasteful guitar as opposed to those who like heavy whining volume. Just a note of warning: don't play it over and over, otherwise it will become very boring.

OLD SONGS, NEW SONGS

FAMILY
REPRISE RMP 9007



Hung Up Down, Drown In Wine, No Mule's Fool and The Weaver's Answer are only some of the tracks on this album of Family's best songs, and at only £1.49 it can't be a bad buy; this is for those unfortunates who don't possess all the band's previous LPs. A great collection — no home should be without one.

WEEDS

BREWER AND SHIPLEY
KAMA SUTRA 2361 005



A really beautiful album by the boys — with the help of Michael Bloomfield (guitar) Red Rhodes (steel) and Richard Green (fiddle). Tracks to listen to first are *Lady Like You* and *Indian Summer*, and the only track not credited to Brewer and Shipley—*All Along The Watchtower* — one of the best versions ever recorded.

TONY JOE WHITE

WARNER BROS. WS 1900



Chief swamp rat T. J. White growling his way through 11 songs of his native South. *They Caught The Devil And Put Him In Jail In Eudora, Arkansas*, opens the first side in true White tradition — even if it does sound just like a cross between *Polk Salad Annie* and *Willie And Laura Mae Jones*. The second track of the side, *The Change*, is again good but, by the time one reaches the third, the music changes to a drone and from the fourth track on all interest in the record dwindles away. *Copper Kettle* has some strong harp blowing but, overall, unless you really rate T.J., this isn't for you.

BEGINNING FROM AN END

FAIR WEATHER
NE 1

The first release from RCA's new Neon label: a very nice label, which is, unfortunately, more than can be said for the music. Most of the ingredients to make a hit album are present, but everything lacks in 'sparkle'. Tracks such as *Don't Mess With Cupid* have heavy funky rhythms but even then they appear to have been slowed down and thus lose their entire effect. This album comes so very near—yet misses the target. Unfortunate, but there



it is. *I Hear You Knockin'* and *You Ain't No Friend* are the best of the album and are, in fact, both good. Hard luck, boys.

BOMBERS

VARIOUS ARTISTS
POLYDOR 2675 007

This is a sampler for the original purpose of *having* a sampler: to show that particular groups are capable of producing good sounds other than those which they have already made popular. The tracks which are already



well known are *Sweet Wine* (Airforce), *Here Comes The Sun* (Richie Havens), *Life In Botanical Gardens* (Elliott Randall), *After Midnight* (Eric Clapton), *Juju* (Gass), *Shape Of Things To Come* (Slade) and *Take My Car* (Mayall). Other tracks are included by Lifetime, Web, Stone the Crows, Taste, Jack Bruce and Andy Pratt. A good buy.

MARK-ALMOND

HARVEST SHSP 4011



Jon Mark and Fatty Almond have succeeded in putting their current stage act on record, and what a record it is. Side one is a five-part piece illustrating various aspects of *The City*. Side two is again of the 'concept' variety, this time on the theme of *Love*. All four members of the band make this side what it is — tasteful, acoustic MUSIC.

THE COMPLEAT TOM PAXTON

TOM PAXTON
ELEKTRA EKD 2003



The title tells all there is to know about this double album by the man who is, without a doubt, one of the world's leading modern folk composer/writers. All 26 titles are Paxton originals, punctuated with his own introductions and humorous anecdotes. Tracks included are *Clarissa Jones, Angie, Talking Vietnam Pot Luck Blues, Mr. Blue* and the *Last Thing On My Mind*.

EMITT RHODES

PROBE SPBA 6256



This is an interesting album. Not for the musical content—which verges on the banal—but for the uncanny degree to which Mr. Rhodes, a pallid New Yorker, has managed to impersonate the Beatles (around their *Rubber Soul* vintage). It results in music that we have all heard before—and it was done better first time around.

YOU must have heard *Let's Work Together* by Canned Heat. The guitar solo that lifted the record was played by Harvey Mandel. Since leaving Canned Heat, he has been playing sessions, making his own records, and is currently with John Mayall on a world tour.

Harvey Mandel took up guitar nine years ago. It was in Chicago that he made his first stage appearances: 'Chicago used to be really heavy,' said Harvey. 'When I first started playing guitar, you could go from one end of the city to the other and hit ten or 15 different clubs—heavy jazz, heavy blues, rock acts, Las Vegas type acts. That's what I did for four years—played everything from weddings to roller-rinks to strip oints. But I dig it because that's how I learned to play.'

'After I was playing about two months, I joined this teenage rock group. I just went from one group to another. Each one went up in money, prestige and musical ability all at the same time and it's constantly gone that way since.'

Harvey never recorded with Bobby D. and the New Breed, or the Busters and the other Chicago groups with whom he played. In that city he did only one session, his first, and this was with blues harmonica-player Charlie Musselwhite. From Chicago, Harvey Mandel moved on to live in San Francisco for a couple of years. In 1969 he joined Canned Heat and lived with them in Los Angeles.

Today, Harvey reckons that he is to be heard playing on about 20 albums as a result of sessions with Barry Goldberg, Jimmy Witherspoon, Graham Bond, Canned Heat and John Mayall. He has also had four albums released in America under his own name.

Harvey now uses a custom-built guitar, after years of trying to find the right model. 'You see my hands are way smaller than the average person's . . . the average size guitar is too big for me,' explained Harvey. 'As I play I use my thumb a lot. In order to be able to wrap it around and still use my fingers, the neck has to be skinny enough. On all the store-bought models I've had, I've taken them to a guitar place and had the neck shaved off. And that's like a hit-or-miss proposition. Sometimes it's alright and sometimes it's not. The two best guitars I ever had were stolen—where I had it just the way I wanted it, so I had this cat in Chicago make me this custom guitar I'm using right now. His

name is Bozo — pronounced 'Bojo'. I had it made in the finest wood — ebony finger-board, Gibson pickups and the best parts for a guitar. It still isn't exactly right, but it's closer than any guitar I can buy off the shelf.'

Harvey feels an amplifier is a further obstacle: 'Acoustically, I can do a lot of things I can't do on the electric guitar with an amp,' said Harvey. 'I should be able to play the licks I can do sitting in my room when I'm on stage, but I can't do it yet. A person like Jimi Hendrix could. That's why he was Jimi Hendrix. He could play at volume but with an acoustic-type feel. An amp controls the way the sound comes out. Sometimes you can't play as fluid with all the noise happening.'

On tour with Mayall's band, Harvey Mandel turns down the

volume. He said: 'We play at much lower volume than the average rock group. Individually, I have to play more reserved. It's not like on my albums or when I was with Canned Heat. It's not the heavy sustained ripping guitar scene—but more laid back. That's the way John wants it. He does more of a feature on the individual musicians.'

Ex-Canned Heat bass player Larry Taylor is also a part of John Mayall's USA Union. And the drummer is Paul Lagos. For the first time, the line-up includes an electric violinist. He is Don 'Sugarcane' Harris — undisputedly the best there is. Don is the Don of Don and Dewey, responsible for masterworks such as *Soul Motion* and *Stretching Out*. Of these, Don said: 'It was actually an experimental thing because we were

working on a very limited budget.'

While in Germany, Don recorded an album for the local MPS label. With the rest of the group, he cut six or seven numbers in a five-hour session. When the trip to Europe is over, an American tour follows, and then the band—less John Mayall—will go out on its own. Individuals will continue to make their own records and Harvey himself will be cutting his fifth album. 'I shall be producing it myself, so it's not going to be a producer's trip like all my other albums,' said Harvey.

'I'll have a chance for the first time to go in a studio and do what I want to do. All my others have been made in two or three days, but I want to be able to go in there and lay down certain tracks every day for a week and overdub a solo on a song until I get that masterpiece. I don't care if it sells "one". I just want to make that magic album that has the real guitar stuff on it.'

Harvey prefers playing clubs to concerts. 'I'd rather play three nights in a row at the same club and make the same money—if that's what it takes,' he said. 'That's where you really get it on with people. Concerts are too artificial. I know I'll go back to the clubs when I go out on my own.'

He said he would also like to take a tour more slowly. 'One thing I love more than anything is travelling around the world. I could do it forever. The only thing that's a drag is that I never get to stay long enough where I really dig it. If I ever come back to Europe and do a tour myself, or with the collective group scene, like we're planning with Don, Paul and Larry, we're gonna set it up on purpose. I don't care about the money. I can play two nights in America and make more money than I can make in a whole month here. So it's just the idea that I dig Europe. I'd like to go somewhere you play one night and then you're off for three or four days—check out the town, meet a lot of the people and you have a good time.'

The current tour, while keeping the band busy, took them also to Japan. 'That was my favourite time,' said Harvey. 'Japan is like a new frontier for music and there's not too many left. Not so many groups have been there—perhaps two or three major groups of any importance. John Mayall is like way above the exceptional to them.'

HARVEY MANDEL

**'A chance to do
what I want to do'**



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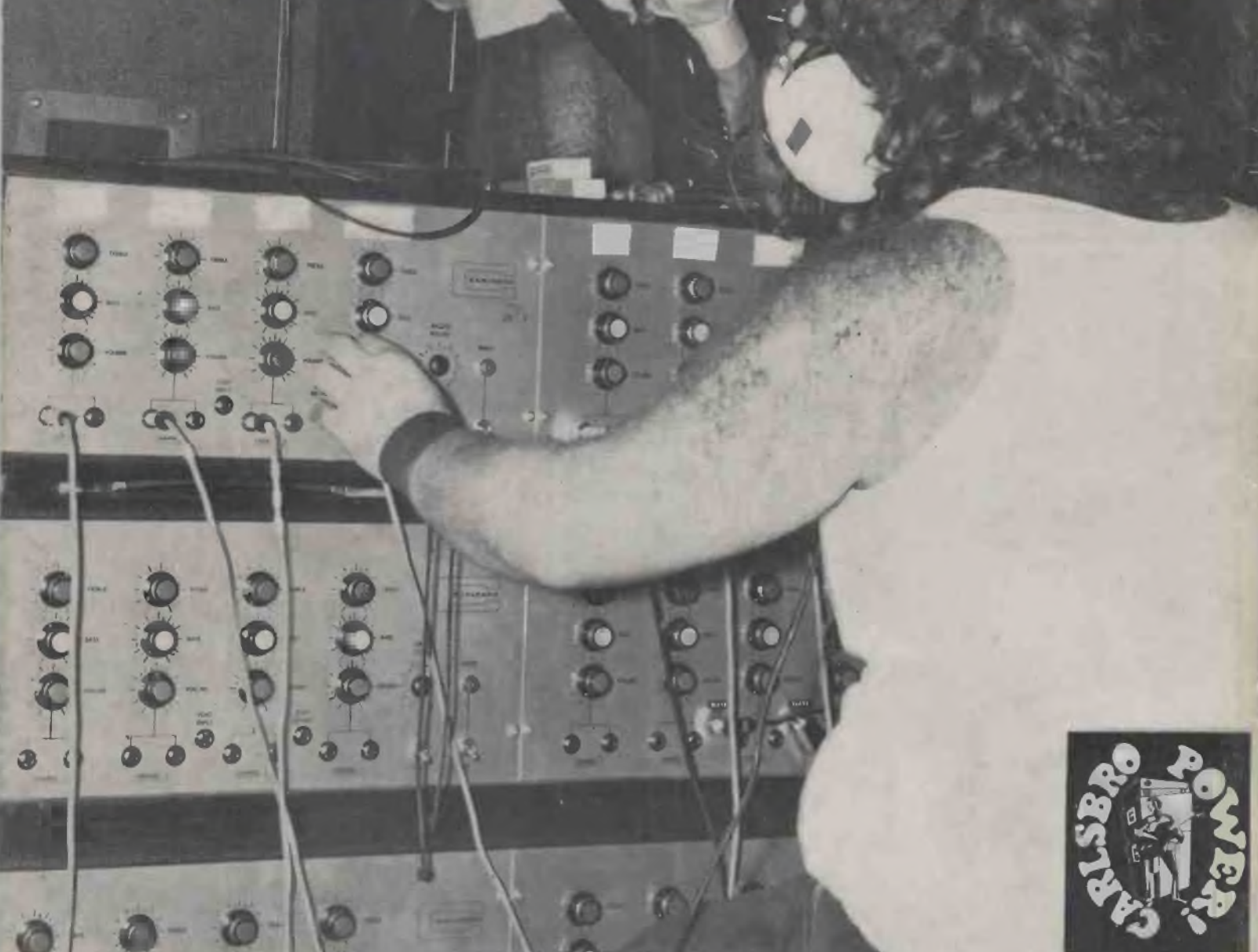
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