

CURVED AIR CONCERTS

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

T. REX ROW

NEWS
PAGES

Doors for Rainbow



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FESTIVALS:

NOW A NEW THREAT TO YOUR FREEDOM

A NEW ATTEMPT was being made this week to further strengthen the powers of the proposed Night Assemblies Bill — so much so that the move is now being seen as a real threat

to public freedom and Civil Rights.

An amendment to the Jerry Wiggins-inspired Bill has been tabled by Tory MPs Mark Woodnutt and Martin Maddan giving local authorities the

powers to restrict night assemblies "in the interests of public order."

This is IN ADDITION to the basic wording of the Bill, which stipulates health controls and

site approval.

It means, in effect, that bigoted local authorities are able to ban festivals out of hand for no reason other than disapproval of a gathering of people.

The amendment was due to be discussed by the Standing Committee on Wednesday, and could be in the Bill in time for its final reading in the House.

A Parliamentary

correspondent reports that the powers are so far-reaching and oppressive that — had it been introduced at an earlier stage — the Bill would probably not have passed its second reading.

PRINTING EMERGENCY SPECIAL



A NATIONAL PRINTING dispute is affecting many weekly newspapers and magazines and as a result this week's NME is a restricted-size emergency special brought to you with blood, sweat, love and tears. Some regular features are missing from the paper but we squeezed in most of the goodies (big editorial meeting — see picture) plus the Nationwide Gig Guide and several exclusive interviews. Our apologies for any inconvenience; normal service will be resumed as soon as possible.

THIS IS AMERICA

Stones album: the continuing story

THE ROLLING STONES' U.S. concert tour, according to the most reliable sources, will take place during the last two weeks of April, either starting or finishing here in Los Angeles.

Jagger and Richard have been living here since November working on their new al-

BERRY, BO JAM

IT WAS MIDNIGHT and the temperature below freezing in Greenwich Village, but at the old Anderson Theatre, a few blocks below the closed Fillmore East, the place was warming up to the sounds of Elephants Memory.

The band has been "underground" in New York for about five years and the mass public had hardly heard of them until John Lennon and Yoko Ono did a set with them.

At the Anderson they did a fine, rocking set, with the sax man lying across the piano on a particularly wild break. It was "old" rock, but not a put-on.

After some set-up time and the two drum sets brought on the music again started cooking.

Most of the audience failed to notice that the drummer on the left, with the cowboy hat, was none other than Bo Diddley. The band rocked on for a while, and the crowd was happy, but when the drummer with the hat got up, and picked up a red, rectangular guitar, they realised it was Bo.

He plugged in, rambled up to the mike and went directly into "Hey, Bo Diddley" (the answer song to "Bo Diddley").

Bo has gained about twenty pounds since I saw him a year ago, at least he looked it, and it seemed that the extra weight stopped him from his usual movements, although he was really rocking with his voice and guitar.

He stayed close to the original arrangements and even though he no longer has his famous side-man Jerome with him, he sang "Bring It To Jerome".

Bo was on for a relatively short time, and did little talking, even omitting his "I am your Bo Diddley" speech, or his "Bo Diddley for President" speech.

He did one encore, and there was a break, while the instruments and amps were changed and re-arranged.

Without any fanfare, a man in a red velvet outfit walked out and plugged in his red guitar.

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STOLEN TAPES PREVIEWED

Chris Van Ness: LOS ANGELES

bum. Last week, the rest of the group flew into town for a brief visit — just long enough to



BERRY

It was Chuck Berry, looking tall and thin and much younger than his latest album cover would have you believe.

Chuck Berry is either "on" or "off", at least in New York. On this bitter night he was "on" and the crowd, of course, was with him all the way.

He tore through "Johnny B. Goode", and "School Days",

Wayne Stierle: NEW YORK

"Rock And Roll Music", "Roll Over, Beethoven", and the bluesy "Bee Feeling".

Chuck closed on a strong note, and did a short encore.

For a second encore he called Bo Diddley to join him. This could have led to a super jam session or to a "battle" of the giants, but it turned out to be just a friendly trading of guitar licks.

Although Chuck had not been as powerful as Bo he clearly outclassed him with his playing this time around.

Despite the modern and earthy sound of Bo Diddley, Chuck was laying in some brilliant changes, that leaped around everything Bo was doing.

Bo started a Diddley beat, and even though Chuck played along with it, he added extra style that was stamped with his "sound", and yet when they did a "Berry" section Bo Diddley rarely strayed from the basics.

Who is really the best? It may well be impossible to say, but this night it was Chuck's turn.

Chuck went off, and when Bo tried to get him back for an encore, he said to let Bo take it, and right there on the corner of the stage he packed up his guitar and got his coat ready.

Bo did a slight talking bit at this point, by declaring, "I am your Bo Diddley, and that is your Chuck Berry, and we are going to keep on truckin' along as long as you want us to. We ain't never gonna quit."

Despite the New York winter, the good rock 'n' roll feeling generated by Elephants Memory, and underscored by the two pioneers, Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley, it was a warm night in New York town.

have photos taken for the album cover.

Several thousand people here got a sneak preview of the album last weekend when radio station KDAY purchased two cuts from a mysterious stranger, who showed up at their studios one day last week.

The two cuts were supposed to have been the two sides of the Stones' next single (I understand two different songs have now been selected), and they were played off-and-on for about eighteen hours until the station received a court injunction forbidding them airing non-copyrighted material.

It was discovered later that the pirated disc was the same one stolen from the house of Marshall Chess.

The thief and the stolen disc (KDAY made a tape copy for their use, returning the original to the anonymous thief) are still at large.

WITH THE MORE liberal elements in this country continually sounding off about oppression and censorship — particularly with regard to pop music — the recent reports from Britain indicate that things may not be so bad over here, after all.

First comes the news that Paul McCartney/Wings' single, "Give Ireland Back to the Irish" has been banned by the B.B.C.

Then we hear Isaac Hayes is barred from the Royal Albert Hall as being "not suitable" as a performer.

Joni — a woman with nothing left to say

JONI MITCHELL MADE her first Canadian appearance since the 1970 Mariposa Festival at Massey Hall this weekend. In her words, she brought along, "A few new songs and a cold" for the occasion. The cold was more interesting.

The sold-out house treated the concert as a great homecoming, as audiences always receive Joni in Toronto. Joni, despite her emigration to California's Laurel Canyon, is still regarded as a Canadian, a one-time resident of Toronto's Yorkville district.



MITCHELL

Jim Smith: TORONTO

Neil Young is held in much the same nationalistic esteem, although no one can really remember the last time either Young or Mitchell inquired about the state of affairs back home.

Nonetheless Joni Mitchell is a very special person here. Acoustic concerts in Toronto, perhaps anywhere, are sad

affairs — not because of the performers but the audiences. It seems that acoustic fans have never really recovered from the snob effect they cultivated during the folk boom of the last decade.

Rather than coming to sit and enjoy a concert, they come to supplicate and grovel.

So it was for Joni. The audience applauded every song — at the beginning, competing to see who could claim to recognise a melody first.

When Joni blew her nose — that's all, simply blew her nose — the hall went into hysterical

laughter. And the crowd hung on her every word, despite those words being primarily "like" and "you know".

The truth of the matter is that, while Joni has been the source of some interesting compositions in the past, her performing ability is over-rated. Her voice, which is almost worshipped for its pure, glacial quality, is totally devoid of emotion to accompany her poignant lyrics.

The result is technical excellence but rather dispassionate experience.

The truly sad part of her career is that her composing talents do not seem to have progressed with time. The new songs she introduced dealt with the same over-worked emotional turmoil, backed by the same familiar Mitchell melodies.

Judging from her lyrics, Joni must go from crisis to crisis; her story is decidedly a depressing experience.

Accordingly the new songs are little more than hindsight, harkening back to an earlier day.

Joni has chosen to make herself the central figure of her lyrics and admittedly the device has worked well for years. But there comes a time for all individuals, as it has for Joni, when one's supply of momentous occasions runs dry. There is nothing left to say.

That is the impression Joni left — a woman with nothing left to say.

In many respects the evening belonged to Jackson Browne, a California singer who opened the programme. Browne also writes about himself — and will eventually encounter the same problems as Joni. But presently, early in his career, he comes equipped with strong imagery and pleasant melodies.

If you like to keep tabs on future stars, remember Browne's name, for he comes with impressive credentials. His manager handles members of Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young as well as Joni Mitchell.

Brewer and Shipley, one of the best vocal duos in the business today, have recorded his "Rock Me On The Water". And the first Jackson Browne album is due any day now, complete with some very important session musicians.

The only failing in Browne's performance was his insistence on playing alone. Give him stronger musical force and this boy will be dynamite.

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