

# Elvis revives Dusty toppler

ELVIS Presley's next single in America will be a revival of "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me", the Dusty Springfield No. 1 hit of 1966. EP's version is a bit disappointing in that the orchestration, particularly the percussion, nearly drowns out Elvis' voice.

This is a pity, because the English lyrics by Vicki Wickham and Simon Napier Bell, put to Italian P. Donaggio's original song, are good.

The flip side is "Patch It Up", which was in his stage act at Las Vegas.

Another Elvis LP was also released this week on the Camden label, featuring songs released as previous singles, such as "U.S. Male", "Edge of Reality", "Charro", "Rubberneckin'", and others.

John Phillips ex-Mamas and Papas, made his Los Angeles concert debut as a solo act with a five day headlining engagement at the Troubadour folk club this week. Phillips has penned songs that have sold more than \$14,000,000 worth of records.

Don "Sugar Cane" Harris, who plays electric violin for John Mayall, was admitted to the San Mateo County Hospital for further skin grafting operations and an

DIANA ROSS plays her first straight acting role on the new TV show "Make Room For Granddaddy", starring Danny Thomas. The programme is a half-hour comedy series. Although the script has not been finalised, at this point Diana will do no singing, which is the way she wants it!

When Diana left the Supremes, it was speculated that she was eager to enter into an acting career full time. Although that was not true in its entirety, Diana has been looking to get more into acting.

It is expected that Diana will sharpen her acting talent by guesting on several TV situation comedies this season before she



Ann Moses Editor of "Tiger Beat"

## in Hollywood

ditional treatments. Due to this Harris was released on August 19 and were pleased with him.

The title may be changed to simply "Credence Clearwater Revival". The film was shot at several concerts around the United States and also shows the group in rehearsal at their "Cosmos Factory" in Berkeley.

## Diana Ross — actress

takes on her scheduled starring role as the late Billie Holiday in Jay Easton's "Lady Sings The Blues." A biography flick,

# from you to us

HEARING a six-minute track on the new Jimmy Campbell LP called "Don't Leave Me Now" (the album is called "Half Baked" on Vertigo), I immediately rang up Essex Music to ask if anybody had considered, or would consider, releasing the track as a single.

A spokesman said that they had already done so but, although reduced from six to four minutes, the BBC considered it too long. They apparently didn't say it was bad, just long.

There are very few pop records that can sustain being listened to for longer than four minutes, I thought this one did.

Because pop musicians were not really into it all six or seven years ago, someone decreed then that records would be two-and-a-half minutes or thereabouts in length.

If everyone made their sounds as long and as interesting as they thought they could be — and they are, after all, the originators — then could it be that every record would be ten minutes long?

As the originators of an industry that has become vast, may the musicians now please put on their single exactly what they want I seem to recall the price increasing out of all proportion to the playing-time avail-

able. So why not the playing time increasing, too?

If everyone did precisely that now, it would be good. — SIMON DEE, London, S.W.10.

K. Campbell (FTU Oct 10) must be the sort of fan who makes the Hollies groan in frustration. Surely they've a right to expect encouragement from their fans, instead of an instant moan that they don't like the sound of something they haven't even heard yet?

The Hollies are progressing because they've grown up both as people and musicians. They are creative, adult people who want to write and perform the sort of songs which are now coming naturally to them.

Jolly good luck to them, I say. I think we can expect to hear some really great things soon. M. FAULKNER, Margate, Kent.

At last David Symonds has decided to leave the BBC — a deci-

sion which has undoubtedly been influenced by the attitude towards him shown by the Corporation of late. While it has been a possibility for several months, his repatriation means that Radio One has lost the services of one of the very few, if not the only, discjockey who endeavoured to play as wide a range of music as possible.

While John Peel, to give an example, plays one type of music for one type of audience, Dave Symonds, as well as playing the more commercial records, tried to bring others like the Moody Blues and Judy Collins to a new audience.

Radio One will survive without him, but it will be much poorer for his loss. PAUL HARRIS, Dudley, Worcs.

I am rather surprised and disappointed that after such a triumphant seventh-month tour of the United States, Tom Jones is not appearing again at this year's Royal Variety Performance. I know he has appeared at this occasion but who better than Tom to head such a star-studded cast? JUNE TUCKER, Cheshunt, Herts.

EVERYBODY was shocked at the recent deaths of Alar Wilson, Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, but

for the newspapers it was a field-day. They scraped up the usual scandal about drugs, sex and violence, but made little comment about their musical talents. When President Ken-



neddy was assassinated we heard all about the good work he had done in his lifetime. Perhaps the papers could not work music a form of leisure, not work.

Newspapers are supposed to print facts. The facts are Jimi Hendrix was probably the greatest guitarist in the world, his music was different and eccentric, but his fans went to hear him play not to stare or poke fun.

I suppose as long as great people keep on dying we will get the same old scandal bit, whatever the newspapers say. Wilson, Hendrix and Joplin will all be sorely missed by their fans. JULIE COTES, Corringham, Essex.

# AMERICA CALLING RITCHIE YORKE declares

## JIMI and JANIS



## DIED IN VAIN

Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix both dead. Two of rock's biggest stars — in the old-fashioned meaning of the term. Janis and Jimi were real stars — flamboyant, fiery forgers of the New Life style.

Yet in the end they were both victims of that very life style which they did so much to create. Slain by their own swords. As if the man who discovered electricity died by electrocution.

It's hard to imagine the rock scene without Janis or Jimi. To a livewire, life-loving youth, death is as far away as the peak of Mount Everest. We don't face the eternal reality that death is final. After all, it couldn't happen to us!

But it has, and it is, and it will probably continue to happen to us. It is therefore vital that every young person in the world today spends hours pondering the deaths of these two equally young artists.

Some will think that Janis and Jimi died in glory. Yet, in point of indisputable fact, they died in vain. Just as the soldiers of other side are dying in vain in Vietnam.

Sure, they helped to create a New Life style and a new way of looking at things. But what sort of life style takes life away when it has barely begun? What sort of life style lets its creators die a lonely death?

Neither Joplin nor Hendrix nor most of the pop stars of the 'Sixties would have stood for a single

moment's decrying of their life style. Yet their deaths and that of Canned Heat's Alan Wilson, shout out the futility of it all. Just as peace is not worth killing for, a life style is not worth dying for.

There is something obviously masochistic in many of today's most favoured entertainers. Why else would a girl such as Janis Joplin, who fought so hard to reach the pinnacle, turn around and jump off?

Of all the most colorful personalities in the New Life style, none was more direct and demanding than Janis. Her image was everything. She took a bottle of Southern Comfort (whiskey) onto the stage and periodically took swigs from it. She boasted that she was one of the sexiest chicks around, more than a match for any man.

She swore like a Skid Row drunk, and when she sang she screamed like a beerwoman in a crowded Naples marketplace. What she may have lacked in originality and sheer talent, she more than made up for with the most dazzling female stage image the mass white audiences had ever seen.



Sure Tina Turner had done it all before, in the little coloured clubs where the white folks didn't go. Sure Aretha Franklin, even with laryngitis, could sing Janis off the stage. Certainly almost every coloured female singer in America had tons more vocal ability than Janis could ever dream of.

But Janis had more than all of them — she knew what it would take to turn on white America. She would do things, and act like, no US woman since Judy Garland had ever dared to behave on a concert stage.

See through clothes. Four letter words. The bottle of booze. The roughly shattering of the vocal chords, and the precious partying which inevitably followed. No attempt to hide any of it. Indeed, it was the very thing which made

Janis world famous. The world's first truly liberated woman — the first woman-man!

She was as rough and as tough as any man could be. And all the while, she tried to emulate the life style of Jessie Smith, one of the all time great blues singers.

Only a few weeks ago, Janis contributed heavily to a fund to place a new stone above Jessie's grave. At least 75 per cent of Janis' fans couldn't tell you a thing about Bessie Smith, but to them, Janis was the ultimate girl singer of the New Life style.

Her two albums — Cheap Thrills and Kosmic Blues — were not particularly memorable as blues records, but they sold well. Her concerts didn't produce much that hadn't been done better previously, but they were packed. Janis Joplin was the unchallenged high priestess of hippedom.

It's hard to believe that someone who lived life so furiously could yet be so very futile and so short and sweet but so terribly bitter in the aftermath.

Bessie Smith died because she was black and because black people didn't ride in white ambulances. Janis Joplin died because she couldn't believe that something supposed to be so groovy is so often so ghastly.

The greatest legacy Janis Joplin can leave us is a realisation of the stupidity of it all.

# CASH AND 'EASY RIDER' HOPPER

JOHNNY CASH looked extremely fit and dapper in his frock coat and blue ruffled shirt. "I've never felt better in all my life," said Johnny at the season's first taping of The Johnny Cash Show at the Opryhouse.

"I've been runnin' around tourin' and all, but I've got rested up — and I stopped smoking too, which is kinda hard to do if you've been smokin' since you're twelve years old. But I'm ready and rarin' to go!"

So was Carl Perkins, dancing and picking his famous Blue Suede Shoes. Also on hand with Johnny was Mother Maybelle and the great Carter family along with Cash's beautiful wife, June Carter.

After the show, Dennis "Easy Rider" Hopper brought guitars, Cash's producer, Stark Jacobson, Joni Mitchell and an array of music personalities to a Spanish restaurant for a meal/boozey eve of drink and song.

In levi jacket, jeans and boots, Hopper — like an easy going director — kept the party hopping — first by kissing the guitar to Bucky Wilkins (who with Kris Kristofferson wrote the score for Hoppers' new Peruvian flick "The Last Movie") and Bucky sang a song from his new Liberty release.

Hopper then asked Chris Gentry to sing "Pentagon Bygone" from Chris's Monument LP — a song inspired by Hopper's last film with Peter Fonda. More sangria and scotch served, the guitar moved to Hopper's lovely old lady, Maureen Michelle Phillips, and we all joined her in another Kristofferson classic, "Me And Bobby McGee." Jumping up from his table applauding, Hopper thrust the guitar merrily into the hands of writer/singer Mickey Newberry ("Condition My Condition Is In") who played and sang "23rd of August" in a lonesome voice.

It was now three in the morning. Hopper stood up and warmly thanked two people not present for bringing us all together — Kris Kristofferson and Johnny Cash — and then he passed the guitar down the L-shaped table to miss lady-Donovan, Joni Mitchell, whose dulcimer and feminine aura earlier on the Cash show completely captivated her audience when she

## PACE IN NASHVILLE

sang her newly written single, "California". At the party, in her pure, sweet voice, Joni sang about her old man, a rock and roll star who sings in the park — and so the night went until dawn when



all shouted for Hopper himself to sing, but he declined laughing. "Come on — I don't even sing in the shower."

Dennis did, however, sing with Cash earlier. "That was the first time I've ever sung," Dennis declared, "and the first time I was ever nervous. I mean you can understand — singing with my all-time hero, Johnny, really man!"

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