

O Eremita apresenta

RECORDES DEEP PURPLE



PARTE 2

Reprodução de matérias sobre o Deep Purple em revistas nacionais e internacionais

Versão 1 – Julho de 2016

Disponível em www.arquivosdoeremita.com.br

Lord was ensconced on the 14th floor of the Plaza Hotel in a room overlooking Central Park, a favorite view of visiting rock royalty. Circus Magazine interviewer Scott Cohen arrived at Lord's suite only hours after he had been informed that Deep Purple's latest excursion into ear shattering music, *Burn* (on Warner Brothers), had just turned gold.

"How does it feel being expendable?" Glenn Hughes snapped aboard Starship I. "Well, this is a lot better than being in a group nobody's heard of."

Lord answered the door dressed in a black kimono, blue jeans and thongs with no socks. He was watching "Star Trek" on a color TV in the sitting room of his suite. There was a sterling silver tea set on a table, and nearby a bar stocked with liquor. Through half open doors his visitor could see two bedrooms.

Lord was most charming, chatting with interviewer Cohen for over two hours. He spoke at length on classical music, politics (he's a libertarian and believes in *laissez faire* government), and drugs, which he detests. Jon, like all the members of Deep Purple, loves booze.

Circus: How did Deep Purple get its name?

Lord: We did what every band must do when you're starting. We were grinding into action and we made a list of all the names we wanted to call a band. We found a lot of the names we liked other bands already had. Ritchie thought of Deep Purple. There was a song in the forties by that name, and it was Ritchie's grandmother's favorite song.

Circus: What were some of the names you didn't use?

Lord: "Orpheus" was one. Bands used to name themselves what they were, like Fred Smith and the So and Soss, but we were formed after that had gone out. But you realize once the band's accepted you can use any name.

Circus: In 1968 there were some very good purple tabs of LSD going around the States.

Lord: We heard, but there was no connection.

Circus: The name didn't have any mystical significance?

Lord: Only that it was the right name

for the band that we wanted to be.

Circus: Does the band have a ritual or warm-up it goes through before going on stage?

Lord: Well, I get nervous, always, which is good because it gives me an essential knot of energy in my stomach, and before the show I like to be quiet. Some of the musicians like to get to the place two hours before they go on stage, others like to get there a minute before. I like to get there an hour before. Then there's the tuning-up, which is also part of the ritual. That, and a couple of beers.

Circus: How does Black Sabbath compare to Deep Purple?

Lord: They're out of the same school, the same time-zone, the late '60's, but I think they're a group that got trapped by their own image. I think Purple has more humor about it.

Circus: What do you think it means when a heavy metal group such as Deep Purple reaches an enormous popularity all over the world?

Lord: It seems to me there must be a need for this kind of music or it wouldn't reach that popularity. If there was no rock music I believe this generation would be a lot more violent than it already is. It would be self-destructively violent.

Circus: What are the politics of Deep Purple? How are decisions made?

Lord: We like to take as active a role as possible. As for decisions about the future of the band, as to what we'll do next, we always confer with our managers.

Circus: So there really isn't a leader?

Lord: No, it's totally democratic. The major force in the group for the last couple of years has been Ritchie. It's been his energy that's got us through a lot of our personal problems.

Circus: Is it true that the band members hate each other?

Lord: No. There was a time when we weren't good friends for awhile. But if you're intelligent and have respect for each other you can get through it.

Circus: Did you ever seriously consider ending the group?

Lord: Yes, around the time Ian Gillan left the group. Ritchie saw the group one way and Gillan saw it another. Roger saw it more the way Gillan saw it and Ian and I saw it more the way Ritchie did.

Circus: How did you find David?

Lord: When it hit the trade papers that Gillan had left, tapes just started arriving. I must have listened to over 150 before I got totally wiped out. Unfortunately David's tape wasn't one of the first ones.

Circus: What was it about David that you liked?

Lord: He was a breath of fresh air.

He could sing, he could use his voice like an instrument and we liked the tone of his voice.

Circus: Wasn't he working in a boutique at the time?

Lord: Yes, in far away Teesside.

Circus: What were you doing before you were in Deep Purple?

Lord: I've been in this business since 1964, before that I was in drama school and before that I was in my home town, working in an office.

Circus: Did you like Jimmy Smith?

Lord: That's what turned me on to the organ. I heard "Walk On The Wild Side" and I didn't know what that instrument was. I found out it was a Hammond and I found out I couldn't afford one, so I managed to buy an organ of sorts. With a little beefing up it was made to sound roughly like a Hammond.

Circus: When you tour America, where do you stay?

Lord: In the nearest hotel to the gig, usually a Holiday Inn or a Ramada Inn. When we're in a big town such as New York we like to lush out a bit. In a small town all hotels are the same. I can find the light switch in a Holiday Inn without even looking.

Circus: What's the worst part about being a rock musician?

Lord: Living out of a suitcase. That's why musicians have a reputation for wrecking hotel rooms, throwing wild parties and getting sixteen year olds in trouble. We get bored.

Circus: What are your favorite night spots in New York?

"I'll talk about anything except the movie 'The Exorcist.' I'm so bored with that nonsense. That's all anybody ever wants to talk about," Ritchie Blackmore sighed, munching on a chicken wing in Boston.

Lord: There's been a rash of new clubs that I haven't been to . . . yet. The only place I've been to is Max's, which is like a pilgrimage. It used to be Nobody's, but now nobodys go to Nobody's. There's a bar on 48th and 8th called the Haymarket where most English rock musicians end up.

Circus: What kind of plane are you touring in?

Lord: The Starship. It's a 707 put together by a firm in L.A. that Sinatra, Dylan and the Band just used and

Elton John uses. It has a lounge, a bedroom, a shower, a fire place and a study. It's supposed to look as little as a plane as possible.

Circus: *Is there a difference between walking around in an airport in England and one in America?*

"Instant stardom?" snif-fed David Coverdale, the new lead singer. "It might seem instant to you, but not to me. I think I can handle it. I hope so, anyway."

Lord: If someone in England doesn't like the way you look, he crosses the street, or at the most, shakes his head. Here, they are more vocal. "Will you look at that," they say.

Circus: *How has rock changed from the time Deep Purple started and now?*

Lord: Now it's limousines and coliseum. It used to be Pontiacs and small sweaty clubs.

Circus: *Which countries have the toughest customs?*

Lord: France.

Circus: *Who does your laundry?*

Lord: The hotels do when we're on the road.

Circus: *What's the difference between a Fish 'n Chips in London and a McDonald's here?*

Lord: A Fish 'n Chips shop is basically a very greasy, hot, steamy, quite small shop, where you cue up at a counter and get your food wrapped in paper and take home to eat. Very few have room to eat there, whereas your hamburger joints have tables and chairs.

Circus: *Where can you get the best fish 'n chips?*

Lord: Up north, around Liverpool and Manchester. There are more fish 'n chips shops to the mile there than any place in the world.

Circus: *What kind of places do you prefer to play in?*

Lord: My favorite gig is somewhere small, like the Boston Music Hall or the old Fillmore, but because of the way big business is, they're too small for us to play. The Rainbow in England is good because it seats about 3,000.

Circus: *How do you play a place like Madison Square Garden which is so enormous that there's no place to focus on?*

Lord: Well, you have to play to the first fifty rows and pray that those people a quarter of a mile away are

getting into it.

Circus: *How do you feel about most of the audience being almost half your age?*

Lord: That's never actually worried me. I'd keep the audience as it is.

Circus: *Do you wish you got as much airplay on FM as you do on AM?*

Lord: I'd like to be played on every available station. As it is, we're hardly played anywhere.

Circus: *What do you like about live albums?*

Lord: Live albums show the group in its natural habitat, the stage. The recording studio is something the business created in order to sell its product. We try to get the studio quality on an album which wasn't made in the studio by using the Stone's mobile hot-shot unit.

Circus: *Are the first takes usually the best?*

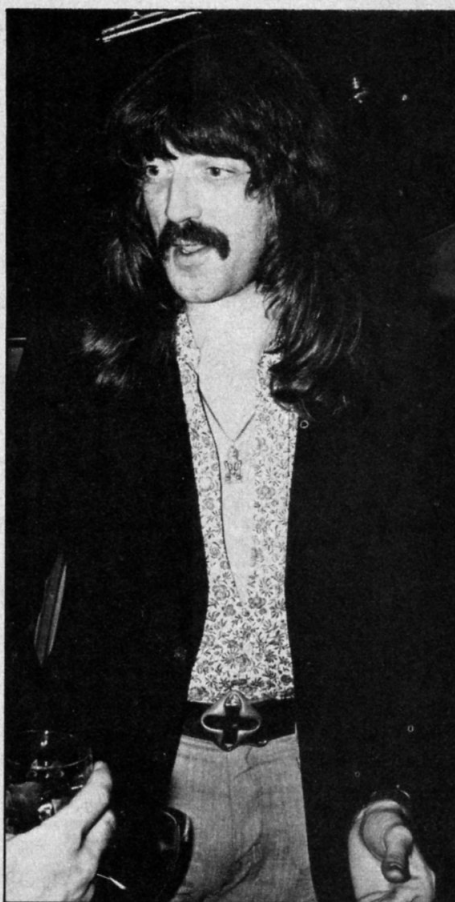
Lord: Yeah. We use two or three take-ones on "Machine Head." In a studio you usually get to take fifteen or sixteen, and the whole balls is gone, the whole meaning you started out with is gone.

Circus: *Was Burn recorded on the Stone's mobile unit?*

Lord: Yeah.

Circus: *How does it differ from*

Jon Lord, organ: "I've toured the U.S. so often I can find a light switch in a Holiday Inn without even looking."



your other albums?

Lord: The basic difference is the use of the vocals. There is a different vocal approach. It's much freer and looser, a progression that's noticeable to us though I don't know if it is to the audience. Also, no casino burned down during the recording.

Circus: *Did you really once go to do a concert and find the building in flames?*

Lord: Yes, in France. It was a dance-hall disaster that was in all the newspapers.

Circus: *But that's not why the album is called Burn?*

Lord: No. It's *Burn* because there's a song on it called "Burn."

Circus: *What's your favorite Deep Purple record?*

Lord: My favorite album is "Machine Head."

Circus: *Who did you like more, the Stones or the Beatles?*

Lord: I was a Beatles freak.

Circus: *Has your hearing been impaired since you've been in Deep Purple?*

"I go to seances back home." Ritchie confided to a Circus correspondent. "We put a wine glass on a table scattered with letters and numbers. Then we all lightly touch the glass and it moves around the table. I think it's important to talk to the other side."

Lord: No, it hasn't, knock wood.

Circus: *Do you have a liquor clause in your contract?*

Lord: There's supposed to be booze in the dressing rooms, but most promoters supply it anyway. Most promoters always provide food too, but nobody eats it.

Circus: *How long do you think a group can stay together and still sound together?*

Lord: As long as the "want" is there. When the need to perform disappears, the group should disappear.

Circus: *What do you find most amazing about being a performer?*

Lord: To sit at a church organ and feel that "shake," and to charter, for one hour, a small airplane and fly down the Grand Canyon. That keeps me speechless for four or five hours.

Record Reviews

Deep Purple—Burn (Warner Brothers)

First off, I must get something off my chest. Please Mr. Warner Brothers . . . why was there a Doobie Brothers poster in my Deep Purple album? There, now that it's been said we can get down to business. Another Deep Purple, another day. Dave Coverdale, the new lead singer, sounds a great deal like Rod Evans. Do you remember Rod Evans? He sang the lead on Deep Purple records in the old Tetragrammaton days. They tell us that a few months ago Dave Coverdale was a shop assistant, singing for free beers. He must have drunk a lot of beer because this record shows he's done a great deal of singing, if not on stage, then in bathtubs. It seems very obvious that he loves to sing, and he does it very, very well.

Glenn Hughes, the other new Purpler is a welcome addition. His bass guitar work and vocalization adds yet another level of life to this old and well established band. From the very beginning of the title track "Burn" it seems very evident that Deep Purple has been given a whole new enthusiasm by their personnel changes. Many fans worried when they heard about the departing Glover and Gillan. Soon both names will be foggy and a member of the past, just like Rod Evans. The new Purple sound is a much cleaner, less muddled sound. The vocals are rich and throaty, very soulful, but never really dirty sounding. "Might Just Take Your Life," for instance, is a mid-paced soulful number with a great deal of simple and forceful keyboard work, compliments of old friend Jon Lord mixed with tight vocal harmonies. It's really very encouraging.

The raw gutsiness of the new Purple sound can only be compared to very early Steve Marriott/Small Faces days. "Lay Down Stay Down" features the distinctive drum technique of Ian Paice, coupled with more of these incredible soul chorus style vocal harmonies. This is beautifully tied together by Blackmore's fine clean guitar work. None of that onstage simplistic thudding that is so typically Deep Purple is evident here. "Sail Away" side one's closer, is filled with still more vocal excitement. If you were a devotee of Ian Gillan's tuneless, discordant screeching you'll be in for a huge disappointment. What Deep Purple has here is a funky, slightly grittier version of the mid-sixties Walker Brothers sound and it's incredible.

The frenzied, fast-fingered guitar sound of "You Fool No One" coupled with the pulsating, driving rhythms of Hughes' bass start side two off with a vengeance. Though Jon Lord is not as evident on this album as on previous ones there's some lovely piano work in "What's Goin' On Here." Obviously the newness of the other members has pushed them into the foreground, presumably by the next album a balance will be achieved.



Side two peaks with a stunning vocal performance by the young Mr. Coverdale. Heralded by some really neat guitar riffs and the simplicity of the bass drum, the Rod Stewart-like sounds of Coverdale's voice soon majestically fill the room.

A whole new side of Deep Purple is emerging here. No more Black Sabbath sounds of driving furious chaos, instead there's a well tempered, but enthusiastic musician. Deep Purple, totally rejuvenated.



Purple trauern um ihren Roadie

Auf Deep Purple's Fernost-Tournee verunglückte ihr Roadie Patsy Collins tödlich. Patsy fiel in Djakarta (Indonesien) acht Stockwerke tief in einen Fahrstuhlsschacht. Deep Purple setzten die Tournee mit einer Roadie-Alternativbesetzung fort.

Superjam Spreads Entertainment Thick

In the biggest supergroup festival since the historic weekend at Max Yasgur's farm near Woodstock, eight of the world's biggest bands gigged at the Ontario Motor Speedway, 35 miles east of downtown Los Angeles. Every one of the bands who appeared have headlined sold out concerts in the US at one time or another, but the California Jam marked the first time the topling bands all performed together at the same concert.

The 12-hour event started around 11 a.m. Saturday, April 6, opening with Motown's only blue-eyed soul band, Rare Earth, and they were followed by Earth, Wind and Fire. The Eagles sparked off the afternoon sets, tailed by Seals and Crofts, Black Oak Arkansas, and Black Sabbath. Deep Purple appeared as the dusk settled in and evening fires were lit. And to top off the event, Emerson, Lake and Palmer played "Karn Evil Nine."

The nonbroadcast concert marked the ABC Corporation's first entry into the area of live concert promotion. Bob Shanks, Vice President in charge of Late Night Programs for ABC Entertainment held the reins of the concert which was coordinated by Pacific Presentations of Los Angeles. The Ontario City Council cooperated with the concert event by lifting the customary evening curfew. The California Jam marked the first time many topling groups performed together at the same concert. Deep Purple was winding up a US concert, and it was their first Southern California appearance of the year.

CIRCUS 57





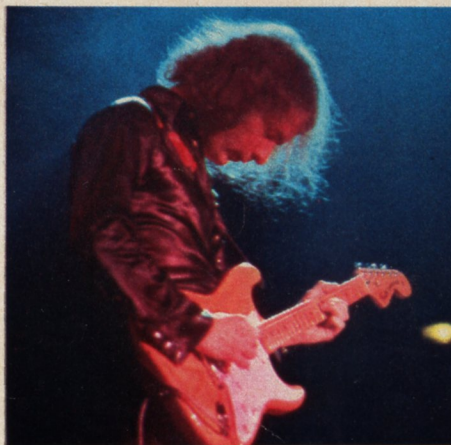
DEEP PURPLE

Nos shows, a loucura escorre do palco para toda a platéia.

PAULEIRA A TODO VAPOR



No ano passado, o conjunto quase acabou. Mas, com a troca de dois elementos, voltou à estrada este ano, com muito mais energia do que antes.



As coisas não andavam muito bem para os lados do Deep Purple, no ano passado. Depois de muita piração, dois caras da banda decidiram saltar fora. E eram dois caras importantes: o vocalista Ian Gillan, autor da maioria das músicas do grupo, e o baixista Roger Glover, um mestre nas transações comerciais do conjunto. Mas não seria por isso que o Purple iria deixar de espalhar sua incrível pauleira pelo mundo afora. Depois de algumas transações secretas, os três elementos básicos do conjunto — Jon Lord, teclados; Ritchie Blackmore, guitarra, e Ian Paice, bateria — desenterraram o baixista Glen Hughes dos subterrâneos de Londres, e transformaram o dono de boutique Dave Coverdale em cantor do Deep Purple.

Com isso, o grupo recebeu nova injeção de energia e voltou à estrada, fiel à zoeira infernal que o caracteriza como um dos mais adorados grupos de rock-pauleira do mundo. Os concertos que deu na Europa, no início deste ano, reviveram o clima de loucura e histeria de 1970, quando ao trio original, preocupado com jazz e música clássica (Lord/Blackmore & Paice), juntaram-se os rockeiros Glover e Gillan. Esse encontro foi o início de uma verdadeira loucura coletiva: a música do grupo sofreu uma virada de 90 graus, ganhou incrível vitalidade e o Deep Purple, rapidamente, tornou-se o maior representante do *hard-rock* britânico. A cada novo disco e a cada nova excursão, o conjunto trocava novas vibrações com o público e ampliava sua legião de admiradores. Até que veio a crise do ano passado, que chegou a ameaçar a existência do conjunto. Mas os três fundadores do Purple deram a volta por cima e o grupo está aí de novo, a todo vapor. E nos seus planos se inclui uma excursão à América do Sul, ainda este ano.

DEEP PURPLE DESENTENDIMENTOS & DISSOLUÇÃO

Antes de mais nada eu queria deixar bem clara minha atitude para com o Deep Purple: sou sua fã absoluta, total, histérica. Fui apresentada ao Purple por um antigo e grande amigo que se tornou subitamente famoso por uma curiosa mistura de sorte & falta de sorte (falta de sorte de estar num certo Boeing da Varig, que caiu em Paris; sorte — incrível — de ser o único passageiro a sobreviver). Pois é, foi o Ricardo (*) mesmo que me apresentou à rapaziada, deixando lá em casa o *Deep Purple On Rock* com uma breve informação: "É uma banda de rock pesado, muito boa aliás". Na época eu andava meio cheia de *heavy rock* — uma fase cíclica que me acomete de vez em quando. Mas confiando no gosto afinadíssimo de Ricardo e em nome da velha amizade, condescendi em ouvir o disco: e pronto, estava iniciada uma louca paixão entre eu e Deep Purple, solidificada, mais tarde, com o *Concert For Group And Orchestra* (que a maioria esmagadora dos críticos considera uma horrível e pretenciosa heresia — mas eu duvido que alguém não se arrepie ouvindo a voz solta de Ian Gillan naquele segundo movimento, ou o duelo da guitarra de Ritchie Blackmore com os metais de Sir Malcolm Arnold.)

Para mim, o Purple sempre foi, juntamente com o Led Zeppelin, o protótipo da banda perfeita de rock pesado, por sua total integração, coesão, unidade, e pelo fato de ter pelo menos dois músicos fantásticos: o Gillan e o Blackmore citados aí em cima.

Por isso não quero que interpretem como agouro o fato de eu levantar o problema da dissolução do meu querido Purple: duvido que alguém sofra mais do que eu com essa lenta agonia que já dura um ano e quatro meses.

Os fatos

Como toda historinha do mundo do rock, o fim do Deep Purple começou com boatos, rumores, fatos isolados durante a primavera de 72, culminando com o primeiro indício concreto: uma entrevista coletiva à sucursal inglesa da revista americana *Circus*, onde Jon Lord, organista, chegou atrasadíssimo e Roger Glover, baixista, saiu 15 minutos depois do início, pretextando mal-estar. Nessa coletiva — para divulgação do LP *Machine Head*, aliás o melhor do grupo — apareceram os primeiros desentendimentos. Gillan, após deixar bem claro um interesse marcante por produção de discos, discorreu longamente sobre como a gravação do dito *Concert For Group*... prejudicou a imagem inicial do grupo, por ser "um projeto exclusivo de Jon, uma idéia dele, onde nós éramos apenas convidados, participantes". Lord, por seu lado, silencioso e carrancudo, só abriu a boca para falar de seus planos individuais: o *Concert* e a *Gemini Suite* (com a orquestra da BBC) seriam apenas estágios iniciais de ambicioso projeto, prêtes a realizar-se com o convite do Real Ballet Sueco para a criação de peças análogas. Jon resumiu suas idéias acerca do trabalho para o Ballet, fechou a cara e ficou quieto até o fim.

Só uma carranca bateu a sua: a do guitarrista Ritchie Blackmore, que se queixou abertamente de "não estar conseguindo uma chance sequer para mostrar meu verdadeiro trabalho" — durante toda a *tournee* americana daquele ano ele havia provocado verdadeiras batalhas no palco para conseguir solar.

Com um clima de mal-estar reinando no ambiente, a entrevista acabou com uma definição de Jon Lord para a situação: "Todos esses anos nós lutamos juntos por algo e, de repente, percebemos que não é preciso mais lutar juntos".

Bem, *Machine Head* vendeu aos quilos, o Purple fez com absoluto sucesso o circuito britânico, foi aclamado como superastro nos EUA e recebido com loucura no Japão. Não se falava mais em disputas — mas um amigo meu, voltando da Inglaterra em outubro de



ANA MARIA BALTHIANA

72, confidenciava: "É, parece que o Deep Purple vai acabar mesmo. Todo mundo está dizendo isso lá fora".

E ele estava certo. A partir de fevereiro retornaram as notícias, nos jornais ingleses especializados em pop: Ritchie Blackmore era visto *trando som* com o baixista do Thin Lizzy, Roger Glover tomava emprestado ao Stone Bill Wyman o grupo Tucky Buzzard e anexava-o ao *cast* da Purple Records, juntamente com o Silverhead; em entrevistas, não mencionava sequer seu conjunto, concentrando-se em seus planos de produtor. Quanto a Jon Lord, ninguém sabia dele: as últimas notícias davam-no em Estocolmo, trabalhando em peças de vanguarda para *ballet*.

Finalmente em junho, um Ian Paice abatido e inchado por uma grave intoxicação recém-curada dizia à *Rolling Stone* americana, com um pouco de raiva e algum mau-humor: "Somos incrivelmente preguiçosos. Gastamos uma fortuna com esse álbum *Who Do We Think We Are* porque passamos o tempo todo tomando sol em Roma ao invés de ir para o estúdio". Era durante a última *tournee* americana, e Jon Lord esclarecia: "Temos problemas internos muito sérios. Nosso moral tem andado muito baixo, os ânimos estão esquentados". E Ritchie Blackmore, num camarim separado, só falava do Purple no passado, e dizia estar farto de ser máquina de fazer dinheiro e querer mais que tudo tocar *blues*.

Houve uma pausa de três meses. Nesse intervalo, o Free passou por idêntico processo de dissolução, seu vocalista Paul Rodgers foi chamado para *transar* com Paice e Blackmore e recusou. Jon Lord sumiu. Roger Glover, após uma séria doença, declarou que "não podia e não queria" continuar como músico do Purple: agora era apenas produtor. E, pouco a pouco, as águas turvas foram



Deep Purple — foto Purple

se aclarando: Ian Paice e Ritchie Blackmore convocam a imprensa inglesa, em fins de agosto, para apresentar seu novo baixista: Glen Hughes, ex-Trapeze, que é também ótimo cantor. Nas fotos, os três aparecem sorridentes e bem dispostos — realmente Hughes parece se integrar perfeitamente à banda. E Paice, assumindo uma liderança insuspeitada, aponta novos rumos: sair do esquema fechado do *heavy-rock* (*intro-melodia-riff-melodia-riff*), elaborando os temas, tornando-os mais densos e suaves — um dos caminhos naturais do rock, hoje.

Um pouco além

Eu creio que agora está tudo bem: posso até ouvir o novo Purple, com um som assim como o do Free em *Heartbreaker* (*Travelling In Style, Easy On My Soul*) ou o do lado 3 de *Eat It*, do Humble Pie. Não lhe aconteceu nada de trágico, nem de extraordinário: ele é bem o exemplo típico da evolução do rock. Grupo da segunda geração — a geração do álbum, não mais do avulso, do trabalho evolutivo, não mais dos estouros sucessivos do *hit-parade* do Deep Purple desenvolvido até as últimas consequências a *liberação do músico* que os Yardbirds iniciaram em 67. Pouco a pouco, de dentro da própria trama progressiva do *rythm 'n blues*, os membros do Deep Purple, como de tantos outros grupos, foram se aperfeiçoando individualmente, burlando suas intervenções, criando cada vez mais em cima da infinita fonte do rock. A tal ponto que, de súbito, "não havia mais necessidade de lutar juntos": daí a preguiça, o descaso. Nada definitivo: apenas uma fase, *self-evaluation time*, como chamou Cameron Crowe, da *Rolling Stone*.

E quando, após as análises nascidas da crise, alguns de seus integrantes decidem se reunir, não é como antes: são agora peças absolutamente unhas, completas em si mesmo, que decidem não mais aprender um com o outro, mas dar uma colaboração total para um novo som de todos. O tecido vivo recompõe-se. E o rock continua.

Não confundir, por favor, com as brigas e dissoluções do pop nativo. Aqui — o que é claro como água, mas muita gente não vê — nós estamos vivendo outro momento, outro contexto, que exige saídas e soluções inteiramente novas. A maioria dos fins de grupo, aqui, se dá exatamente por não compreender isto: formados por sopros de entusiasmo, terminam com ventanias de egocentrismo, cada músico se achando um Clapton ou um Palmer, ao mesmo tempo sem a calma & coragem necessárias para enfrentar as infinitas dificuldades que surgem de pronto: falta de dinheiro, falta de lugar para ensaio/apresentação, falta de aparelhagem, falta de tudo.

O artista-solo, dentro da evolução que apontei lá em cima, é a quintessência do rock levado à última fronteira: é quase um luxo. Ele só existe porque tudo existiu antes dele. O Deep Purple é um exemplo clássico.

Só que agora, *purple boys*, sua treslouca fã brasileira aguarda com impaciência notícias e sons novos. E — por que não? — uma excursãozinha por aqui.

(*) Ricardo Trajano, único passageiro sobrevivente do desastre com o Boeing, da Varig, em 11 de julho último, em Paris.

**NEU
FARB-
3 SUPER-
POSTER**

Nr. 24/73
sFr. 2.—

8. Jahrgang
DM 2.—

öS 16.—

Lire 420.—

erscheint 14täglich

POP

Poster



**Deep
Purple**



**Marc
Bolan**



**Laurel &
Hardy**

Ritchie Blackmore

DEEP PURPLE

On Tour in England



Jon Lord

In England, ihrer Heimat, hatten sich Deep Purple seit fast zwei Jahren nicht mehr auf der Bühne sehen lassen. Die beiden neuen Mitglieder, Sänger David Coverdale und Bassist/Sänger Glenn Hughes, stellten sie im Oktober letzten Jahres bloss kurz während einer Pressekonferenz vor. Seitdem bereisten sie fremde Länder und liessen sich ausschliesslich von ausländischen Fans bejubeln.

Vom schlechten Gewissen geplagt, hielten sie deshalb den Wonnemonat Mai für eine massive Englandtournee frei, und als Beweis,

dass sie ihre Landsleute keineswegs vernachlässigt und vergessen haben, berührte die Purple-Tour nun fast jede grössere Stadt in Grossbritannien. Überall spielten sie vor ausverkauften Hallen, die Begeisterung ähnelte fast der neuerwachten Hysterie für die Teen-Idole, und Deep Purple zählt nun in England nach zweijähriger Abwesenheit wiederum zur einsamen Spitzenklasse.

POP-Korrespondentin Margot Sonnendecker erlebte vier Etappen dieser siegreichen Rückkehr. ➡



Ian Paice



Ritchie Blackmore

X

Deep Purple On Tour in England

Der britische Triumphzug der Deep Purple begann im Lande Maria Stuarts, in Schottland, um das die meisten anderen Gruppen einen grossen Bogen machen. Doch die vier Konzerte (von 21 insgesamt) im Norden der britischen Insel waren proppenvoll, ausverkauft, und so blieb es die ganze Tournee über. In Birmingham, der ersten englischen Station, war der Andrang so gross, dass eilends noch ein zweites Konzert angesetzt werden musste, und am Abend bekamen Deep Purple von ihrer Plattenfirma auf einer rauschenden Fete 29 Goldene überreicht – wahrlich, kein schlechter Start.

Solo-Garderobe für Herrn Blackmore

«Wir haben auf dieser ausführlichen Tour bestanden. Alle unsere Fans sollen Gelegenheit haben, die neue Formation zu sehen!» erklärt Ritchie Blackmore am anderen Tag, als er als erster zum zweiten Konzert im Odeon Birmingham eintrifft. Gesten hat er hier, wo normalerweise Spielfilme laufen, einige unangenehme Überraschungen mit der Anlage erlebt: Seine Gitarre machte nicht mehr mit, sein Amp ging ungewollt in die Luft, und auch Jon Lords Orgel-sound war nicht immer mit von der Partie. Jetzt will Ritchie vorbeugen. Schon zwei Stunden vor dem Konzert steht er auf der Bühne und prüft Akustik und Technik, und das dauert so lange, bis die ersten Fans sich in den Saal und auf die besten Plätze stürzen.

Ritchie verzichtet sich in seine Solo-Garderobe. Auf die besteht er immer, die anderen vier Purples teilen sich das Nebenzimmer. «Ich muss vor jedem Konzert in Ruhe meine Gitarre stimmen», meint er und füllt seine Cola mit «Teachers» auf, «wenn dann tausend Leute um mich rumschwirren, kann ich mich nicht konzentrieren. Ist auch besser so, wenn ich den anderen nicht ständig im Nacken sitze.»

Zeit für die Show. Schwere weisse Trockeneis-Nebelschwaden ziehen über die Bühne, rosa und violette Scheinwerfer holen fünf Gestalten aus der Dunkelheit. Aus dem Saal ein vieltausendstimmiger Aufschrei, dann legt Deep Purple los mit «Burn», dem Titelsong ihrer letzten LP. Seit ihrem deutschen Debüt im Dezember hat sich das, was jetzt kommt, kaum verändert. Fünf Titel spielen sie insgesamt, und nur noch «Smoke On The Water» haben sie von der alten Gruppe übernommen.

Akzeptiert!

Vor dem Konzert war Deep Purple ziemlich nervös – werden ihre beiden Neuen, David Coverdale und Glenn Hughes, auch vom englischen Publikum akzeptiert? Doch nach dem donnernden Applaus, der ihnen während und nach jeder Nummer entgegenhallt, sind alle Zweifel vergessen. Strahlend kehrt die Gruppe für die obligatorische Zugabe «Mistreated» auf die Bühne zurück. Es ist geschafft: Auch zu Hause in England werden

die neuen Deep Purple mit offenen Armen empfangen. Die Leute im Saal begeistern sich bis zur Hysterie und wollen sie nicht mehr gehen lassen.

Glenn, das Gesicht – David, der Songwriter

Nach dem Konzert. Ritchie sitzt in seiner Garderobe und frottiert seinen verschwitzten Körper ab. «Jetzt setze ich meine grosse Hoffnung auf David», erzählt er. «Er hat in der letzten Zeit einige erstaunliche Sachen geliefert. Und Glenn ist unser neues Gesicht auf der Bühne, er weiss sich zu bewegen, auf ihn stehen die Mädchen.» Ritchie hat die beiden Neuen unter seine Fittiche genommen, lobt sie, übt aber auch Kritik, wenn es sein muss. Über Davids Erfolg freut er sich besonders. «Dabei hat er noch vor einem Jahr in einer Boutique Hosen verkloppt... Und Glenn wäre fast bei Uriah Heep gelandet. Als man dort vor zwei Jahren einen neuen Bassisten suchte, klopfen sie auch bei ihm an. Aber Glenn wollte nicht – unser Glück.»

Ritchie packt seine Stratocaster ein und zieht sich ins Hotel zurück. Ian Paice, Jon Lord und Glenn Hughes fahren zum Essen in einen abgelegenen Club auf dem Lande. Glenn kennt sich hier aus, er ist in Birmingham geboren. Erst in den frühen Morgenstunden kehren sie ins Hotel zurück, wollen noch ein paar Drinks weggiesen, aber weil es in der letzten Nacht etwas zu hoch her ging, bleibt die Bar für sie geschlossen.

Sheffield

Zwei Tage später sind sie in Sheffield, Joe Cockers Heimatstadt, aber Joe ist nicht da, wahrscheinlich sitzt er wieder mit seinem Vater in einem Pub und säuft. Die Gruppe tummelt sich in einem riesigen Dressing-Room, Ritchie spielt wieder Eremit im kleinen Kämmerchen nebenan. Er und die anderen sind sich keineswegs feind, doch so bleibt ihr gutes Arbeitsverhältnis erhalten. Diesmal klappt die Show vorzüglich. Dreitausend Menschen im Saal, alle stehen auf den Stühlen und toben wie verrückt. Dazu eine fast ideale Akustik – Deep Purple sind so richtig in ihrem Element. Besonders David und Glenn beweisen, dass sie das Zeug zu Superstars haben. Ihr Zusammenspiel und ihr Gesang holt auch den letzten Fan nach vorne,

alle drängen sich gegen die Ab-sperrungen und schreien nach Zugabe um Zugabe.

Nach dem Konzert verschwindet das Trio Ian, Jon und Glenn wieder nach Birmingham, eine ziemliche Strecke von Sheffield aus. Ritchie und David samt Verlobter Jackie machen es sich in der Hotelbar bequem, umringt von einer Mädchenhorde, die ungelenkt herumstehen und enttäuscht sind, nur zwei ihrer Idole vorzufinden. «Sieh Dir das an!» grinst Ritchie, der über unsere Geschichte in POP 4/74 gar nicht begeistert war (siehe auch Hi Folks). «Sie lauern wie wild auf die Beute.» Ritchie kann nicht

Ritchie Blackmore

auf Engländerinnen. «Die wollen bloss alle Fotomodelle oder Filmstars werden. Eine ernsthafte Unterhaltung ist bei ihnen nicht drin.»

Ein Mauselloch für Ritchie...

Am nächsten Tag tritt Deep Purple in Stoke-on-Trent auf, in den riesengrossen Trentham Gardens, in denen sonst meist Teen-Gruppen spielen. Die Garderobe ist verheerend: Ein winziges Zimmerchen für die ganze Gruppe und ein Mauselloch im Keller für Rit-



POP-Korrespondentin Margot Sonnendecker mit Ritchie Blackmore

more than sufficient by the other three for the kind of music they had in mind at the time. And so, in that form, the original Deep Purple was born.

Before too long the Purple had wangled recording contracts on both sides of the Atlantic, released three highly derivative albums, and found moderate, though fleeting fame with two brief top tenner hits—"Hush," and a heavy remake of Neil Diamond's "Kentucky Woman." Unfortunately this was in 1968-69, and the music industry wasn't yet as professional as it has since become. Instead of receiving immense promotional backing from their record company, Deep Purple received notices that both companies were going out of business, and the Purple career began to flounder.

Truckin' poor: "We had so little money back then," Jon Lord remembered, "that we had to do long-distance American tours by truck. I'll never forget having to drive up and down the west coast, stopping in little towns along the way to play and make enough money for us to continue."

But things were soon to change, although there was change of another sort in the wind. As often happen with talented musicians, the trio of Paice, Blackmore and Lord discovered that they were no longer musically compatible with Simper and Evans. "It simply reached a point," Paice thought back, "where our aims were no longer the same. We wanted one kind of sound, they wanted something different, so we got together and decided it would be best for all the involved parties if we split up."

So, split up they did, and into Simper and Evans' shoes came the now-notorious duo of Ian Gillan and Roger Glover, whose screeching, searing vocals and booming bass guitarwork were soon to define the "Deep Purple sound." "At the time we were always doing a lot of other people's songs," explained Blackmore, "and we reached a point where we had to demonstrate that we weren't simply some wimpy bar band dredging up Top-40 material. We felt powerful, we wanted to sound powerful, and Ian and Roger certainly gave us that capability."

The results of that power were two albums, *Deep Purple in Rock*, *Fireball*. Certainly no one could say that the new Deep Purple weren't realizing their wishes in this regard, as those albums were so explosive that they were nearly banned as lethal weapons. Then came the big break—*Machine Head*, *Made In Japan*, and the single "Smoke On The Water." Deep Purple had become superstars—and not for a few fleeting moments as before. This time they arrived in the superstrata and

stayed, as evidenced by Bill Graham's comment that "Deep Purple is the number one international draw outside of the Rolling Stones."

Funky Future: The temptation was certainly there for the band to just continue on in that vein—to conjure an endless succession of heavy-metal riffs and write songs around them until it no longer worked. It was the old Vince Lombardi tactic of hit the line til they finally stop you. But the members of Deep Purple are musicians first, entertainers second, and they chose to continue evolving, to continue in the search for new musical experiences. "We decided that we wanted something a lot funkier than we'd previously been doing," Lord explained. "We wanted something that required more improvisation."

Gillan and Glover were evolving too, but not in the same direction. Before long it was agreed that another split was in everyone's best interests. It was a major event indeed, for never before had a major band had such a major change at such a critical point in its career.

As Deep Purple's 'Burn' LP shot up the record charts throughout the world, an unknown singer named David Coverdale was instantly boosted to a pedestal in the rock and roll hall of fame.

So there they were again, Blackmore, Lord and Paice, searching for still another singer and bassist. They had very specific qualities in mind, as Lord pointed out. "They both had to sing, since we wanted to do things with vocal harmonies. The bass player had to be very funky, and the singer had to be able to tailor the songs to the general musical mood of the moment rather than spouting off the same lines in the same delivery every night."

Fortunately Purple knew which bassist they wanted, and when they sounded out young Glenn Hughes of Trapeze about the opportunity he was more than willing to give it a go. No auditions, no hassles, and they had one slot filled. If only the other one had been nearly as easy.

Tape race: "We placed ads in all the major music papers asking for a

singer," remembered Lord, "and we got literally thousands of tapes. Some were good but not what we wanted, others were so awful that they were actually humorous. There was this one guy who even enclosed a note saying 'I realize I can't sing, but my mother says I'm kinda cute and I've always wanted to be in a rock and roll band so why don't you give it a listen.'"

"We must have sifted through a million tapes," Paice remembers, "but we couldn't find anybody even close to what we had in mind. It was a real bummer, and toward the end it was getting to the point where we were considering just staying a four-piece and having Glenn do all the singing."

Enter David Coverdale, a strapping youth who was working in a Northlands boutique. "I was singing semi-pro with a band called the Fabulosa Brothers," he remembered, "and our repertoire was contemporary soul music—it was sort of like we were white but if you peeled the skin off we'd be black underneath."

Coverdale had seen the ad in *Melody Maker* many times, but never thought of sending Purple a tape because he feared that he wasn't good enough. "But then this guy came in one day and started making fun of me, suggesting that I try out and then laughing at me. I owe that guy a lot—it's because of him that I finally sent in a tape."

Meanwhile in London, Paice and Lord were preparing to pour over one final batch of tapes before giving up the search, and Coverdale's was the first to be auditioned in the last batch. "Suddenly there it was," Lord remembered, "right before our ears everything we'd been looking for. We rang him up immediately and invited him down for an audition."

"I was so nervous before that audition," Coverdale remembered, "That I drained a fifth of Scotch. They played together so well that I was scared, but in the end that helped because it enabled me to sing up to their level. They sent me back home and I was sure I had it, then not so sure, and after about a week of that I was going out of my mind. Finally they called, and it's been an absolute gas ever since."

Indeed, it's been such a gas that Purple have played to nothing but overflow crowds since, completing a rags-to-riches tale that proves that dreams still do come true in 1974. Deep Purple dreamed of that ideal singer and bass player, David Coverdale dreamed of joining a rock band, and in the end it's the dreams of their fans that are realized; high-quality music from the number one band in the world—Deep Purple! ♦

longplayers

by Gordon Fletcher



Burn — Deep Purple (Warner Brothers)

This album turned out to be much better than I'd expected. After Ian Gillan and Roger Glover exited I'd figure that Deep Purple's gig was up. When Blackmore recruited little-known Glenn Hughes and unknown David Coverdale to take their places, then started talking about a "melodic" approach to their music, I started getting the feeling that maybe I didn't want to listen to the album at all.

But I did listen to it, and my psyche is currently echoing "I'm glad he did!" It turns out that *Burn* could well be the most impressive album Deep Purple has yet produced—even better than *In Rock*—and it's doubly important in that it totally reverses the steady deterioration of Purple's studio excellence (capped by the utterly abysmal *Who Do You Think We Are!*).

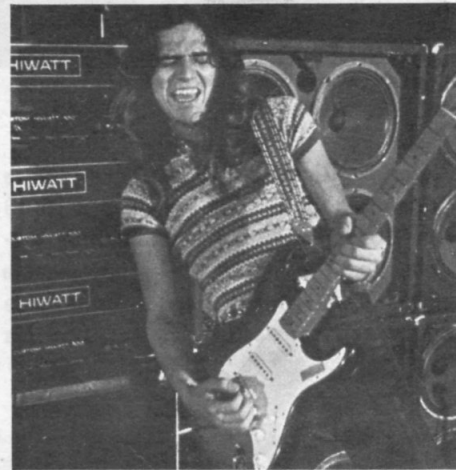
The group's new members were so well-chosen and well-integrated into

the scheme of things that the group's sound is scarcely changed an iota. Coverdale's vocal range matches the departed Gillan's precisely, and he uses it to the same effect, ever-knowledgeable of a singer's place in a heavy-metal format. Hughes' basswork parallels Glover's, and his vocal harmonizings contribute an added dimension that's nonetheless hardly of smothering proportions.

Side one consists of the standard Purple fare; frenetic rockers like "Burn" (one of their strongest cuts ever), and crunching churners like "Might Just Take Your Life" and "Sail Away." Ritchie Blackmore's seering Stratocaster is the star of these festivities, and on side two we see the first glimpse of his increased influence on the band's material. Successive cuts begin to take an increased blues feeling, culminating in "Mistreated," a heavy English blues that's this critic's favorite tune on the LP.

Then with "'A' 200" Purple close the bill with a bit of serious instrumental improvisation, portending a foreseeable future in which they'll be regarded as "musicians," not merely rockers.

With Led Zeppelin a fading has-been, Beck bottled up by a lack of worthy material, and the rest of the field stymied either by inexperience or the right combination of "the breaks," *Burn* is an LP that should catapult Deep Purple into the ranks of heavy-metaldom's most important purveyors. It's a work of great depth and musical advancement, and gives promise that *this* Deep Purple is going to be very, very big.



Tommy Bolin.

Depois de muitas especulações e rumores sobre o futuro da banda, **DEEP PURPLE** chega ao fim. O grupo foi fundado, no ano de 1968, por Ritchie Blackmore, Jon Lord e Ian Pace. Em oito anos de bons serviços prestados ao rock mundial, o Deep Purple conseguiu enorme popularidade, principalmente nos Estados Unidos, onde ganhou a primeira colocação em vendas de discos no ano de 1974. Todos os elepês do grupo obtiveram "Disco de Ouro", sendo que "Made in Japan" e "Machine Head" o "Disco de Platina". Com a saída de Ritchie Blackmore do conjunto, o Purple perdeu muito de sua força, apesar do guitarrista que o substituiu, Tommy Bolin, ser um dos melhores do momento, tendo inclusive gravado com Billy Cobham. Antes mesmo do fim do Deep Purple, Bolin havia formado outro grupo com Mark Stein (ex-Vanilla Fudge) e Michael Walden (ex-Mahavishnu

"Oh it goes boogying by now and again," Bill boomed.

And then there's the haggis story. Knowing that haggis is a stuffed intestine of some sort that tartans are fond of eating, we asked about its origins. "Oh the wild haggis, yes, darling little beast, runs about on one long leg and one short—in ever-widening circles, it does. You must come visit our haggis farms."

Manny Charlton believe in layers of reality piled up like the overbuds of his famous slide guitar on the next Nazareth LP. It's called *Closer To Rock & Roll*. How can they get any closer to it, except by playing Dan's solo album, *McCafferty*, whereby the voice, reknown for its mangled jet afterburner sound, smooths out and flies straight like a long cool shot of whiskey.

Why is this man crooning tunes such as "Cinnamon Girl," "Boots of Spanish Leather," and "Great Pretender?"

"I wanted to make an album of songs I sing in the bathtub," he responded. Called the "Ben Hur" of solo discs, Dan's material spans many decades—from Dylan to the songwriter teams of Hayes/Porter and Ragavoy/Weiss.

"People think that Dan can only get up and scream like the banshee with a heavy rock band," explained Manny who produced the LP, "but he's right tackling material that wouldn't be associated with him. I think he just sort of shines on the album."

McCafferty avoids the solo flier's usual mistakes—he gets a new band to back him up, rather than hanging with his usual comrades. Although Charlton plays guitar on some tracks, Dan picked up a non-Nazareth line-up including Roger Glover, Alex Harvey's Zal Cleminson and Ted McKenna.

"We could have used the guys in the band, but it would then sound like another Nazareth LP. And we didn't want to use the old superstar ego trip you know: 'Here we have Eric on this track and Ron Wood guesting on that one.' We wanted to keep the album reasonably fresh and not many session guys on it either."

"It gives us another point we can attack from," added Manny, downing another brandy.

Roger Glover's Bailing Butterflies & Grasspoppers' Feist

by Ellen Mandell

The truth is out! Roger Glover, former heavy-metal bassist for Deep Purple, has

traded in hard rock for a pair of butterfly wings . . . so to speak. "When I left Deep Purple, I didn't feel that the band was doing anything original anymore," the author of "Smoke On The Water" recently confided, working up to revealing his latest, most original endeavor.

During the three years since his Purple departure, Roger had busied himself with a variety of non-performing projects—producing Nazareth and Elf among others, doing some freelance A&R work for Purple Records, and managing Kingsway Studios which he co-owns with his fellow former Purple person, Ian Gillan. But he had carefully avoided any music-making pursuits of his own.

Late last year, however, Roger emerged from his cocoon long enough to produce, write and perform on *The Butterfly Ball (and the Grasshopper's Feast)*, (on Mercury) the musical score to a projected BBC animated TV series based on the children's book of the same name. And for the featured roles—characters with names like Saffron Doormouse, Froggy, and Harlequin Hare—he netted the talents of rock & roll animals Dave Cloverdale, Glenn Hughes, Ronnie Dio, Eddie Hardin and Ray Fenwick. Suddenly, Roger's career is again all aflutter.

"I thought about doing it for about two months," Roger recalled during a cross-Atlantic phone call. He related how he was first approached with the idea for *The Butterfly Ball* in early 1975 by John Craig of British Lion Films, the animators on the project, who also filmed Deep Purple's "Concerto" at the Albert Hall back in 1969. "What I had to keep in mind was that they wanted to make a film out of it, so all the music had to be fairly visual. Most of the songs are just straight-forward songs that can easily be synched with animation. And because of the success of the book, I decided that whatever the music was, it should be fairly commercial. I could have done a classical album, or a jazz album, or a rock album, but I don't think it would've really echoed the book. The book appeals to every age group. So I really tried to come up with some music that would also do that."

Without hesitation Roger admitted that he feels songs like "Sitting In a Dream," sung by Froggy (Ronnie Dio) and Kingfisher's (Jimmie Helms) "Waiting" are among the best tunes he's ever written. He's also particularly proud of his own synthesizer debut on the haunting "Magician Moth," and on the melodious "Sir Bedivere."

"In some cases I wrote a song specifically for a person," Roger explained. "Ronnie Dio—I wrote Froggy's songs with him in mind. And I wrote the part of the Newt with Tony Ashton in mind. But some songs I wrote just for the song or the animal itself, and I

had to search around for the right singer. For example, the Glenn Hughes song, 'Get Ready' I tried about three or four different singers and none of them really worked until Glenn came along—and he fitted perfectly . . .

"And I went for characters. For instance, I used my wife, Judy, to sing 'Aranea,' and she's never sung before in her life. Another person who doesn't sing much is Mickey Lee Soule, formerly with Elf, who sang 'No Solution.' He's not really a singer but I thought he had a character's voice. The same with Neil Lancaster, who sang 'Harlequin Hare.' I felt he brought the character to life."

Since the album's completion, *The Butterfly Ball* has been presented onstage at The Albert Hall with Twiggy and Vincent Price. "I didn't want it done in costume," Roger confessed, "because I didn't want to make people feel silly by having to wear frog's outfits and the like."

"I suppose a lot of people expected more Deep Purple, and possibly they were disappointed," admitted Roger, who feels the overall sound of *The Butterfly Ball* is light. "But I found, when I was doing it, that the rock side of things tends to take out any subtleties you try to put in melodically. If you try to put in battling drums and loud guitar all over everything it tends to flatten it—to overstate it. I was quite content to understate it—almost to overdo it in understatement."



Saffron Doormouse, Froggy, and Harlequin Hare are played by Dave Coverdale, Glenn Hughes, and Ronnie Dio.

11

TRAPEZE

Mel Galley Glenn Hughes Dave Holland

WAY BACK TO THE BONE



TRAPEZE

Way Back To The Bone

Bandit BRF 2001

Plantons tout d'abord le décor : nous sommes en Angleterre, à l'aube des seventies, en pleine période Led Zeppelin, Taste (Rory Gallagher), Deep Purple et Free. Vous prenez à la batterie Dave Holland, futur Judas Priest, vous y ajoutez à la guitare Mel Galley, futur Whitesnake, sans oublier à la basse et au chant, Glenn Hughes, futur Deep Purple, Gary Moore et Black Sabbath. Vous obtenez un super power-trio du nom de Trapeze. Ce trio de black soul et de white power rock (comme le définissent les critiques de l'époque) créé en 70 et dissous en 73 (suite au départ de Hughes pour le Pourpre Profond) a enregistré deux albums : « Medusa » en 70 (produit par John Lodge des Moody Blues !) et « You Are The Music, We're Just A Band » en 72. « Way Back To The Bone » se présente comme un best of Trapeze. L'ensemble, mené par la voix étonnamment « soul » de Glenn Hughes (« You Are The Music »), est un heavy-blues sensuel et intimiste qui donne l'impression d'être joué live en studio. Une ballade très californienne avec guitare planante (« Coast To Coast »), un blues langoureux (« Seagull »), un titre d'inspiration sudiste (« Loser ») alternent avec le british blues de Free et de Paul Rodgers (« Your Love ») ou le futur Bad Co (« Black Cloud »). Une musique subtilement heavy qui vous remue les tripes : écoutez donc le morceau « Way Back To The Bone » avec ses guitares affûtées et sa basse vrombissante. Cet album, futur collector, est à posséder au plus vite. Georges AMANN

Titres à écouter en priorité :

« Loser », « Way Back to The Bone » et « Black Cloud ».



DEEP PURPLE

La que fuera alguna vez una de las bandas líderes del rock pesado, tuvo un año bastante malo. Las continuas peleas entre Blackmore y los demás, y la ida final de éste, fueron desgastando el prestigio del grupo. Ahora tratarán de rehabilitarse con el ingreso de Tommy Bolin.

New York

by Ron Ross and Peter Crescenti

Our Back Pages

Hughes Helps Jagger/Richard Supersession

Deep Purple's Glenn Hughes, pried loose from his old band Trapeze to play bass for Purple, now finds himself the most sought-after vocalist in England. The man who David Bowie called "the best white soul singer" has been drafted as a vocalist in a proposed super-session album featuring Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, John Entwistle, Jim Keltner and the Memphis

Horns. The Who's Roger Daltrey was among the contenders considered, but as of press time, Hughes was the super-lung of choice.

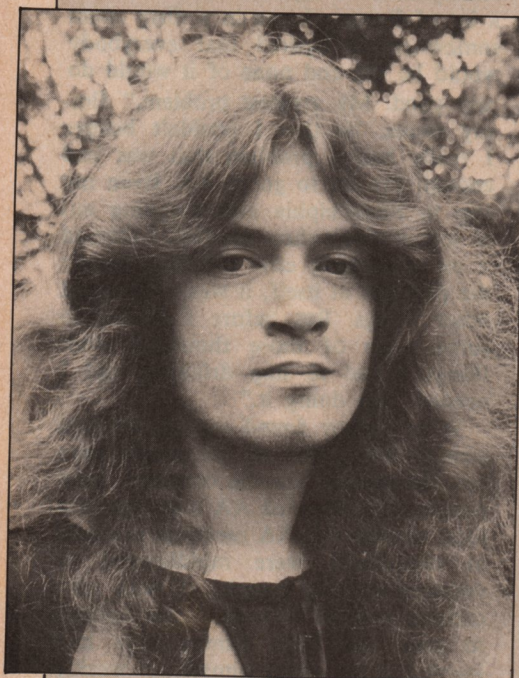
Hughes' soulful groans will also be heard on the soundtrack of "Butterfly Ball," a British cartoon feature by the animators who brought us "Yellow Submarine." Glenn sings and plays bass on the LP which will be released on the expanding Purple Records.

"I can't believe all these things are happening to me," beamed an excited Hughes in an exclusive *Circus* interview. "Suddenly there was one week where everything started happening at once, and all sorts of people approached me for different projects, one right after another. It was amazing."

But Purple's bassist is renowned for his pounding bass as well as his soulful vocals. Both he and Paul McCartney were asked to play bass on Keith Moon's solo album, but neither one could make the sessions.

Hughes did take part in an impromptu jam with one of his idols, Stevie Wonder, when the two extemporized for nearly twelve hours at the Record Plant in Los Angeles. Glenn met Stevie while Purple was doing the final mix on their *Stormbringer* LP, and according to Hughes, "Stevie just flipped over the funkier stuff."

"He was blown away by my vocals," confessed the newest member of rock royalty. "And while we were listening to the tape of our jam, Stevie kept asking, 'Is that you or me?' He dug my voice almost as much as I dug his." Purple pal Jon Lord, commenting on Hughes' fanatic love affair with Afro-American music said, "He'd have been born in the ghetto if he had it to do over again."



Glenn Hughes: He's been singing up a storm, on everything from a possible superstar jam album to the soundtrack of a feature length cartoon. His greatest thrill came when idol Stevie Wonder gave him a smile of approval.



Dig Deep.

**DEEP PURPLE
COME TASTE THE BAND**

ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS AND TAPES.

Deep Purple Fills the Blackmore Gap

BY CLAYTON FROHMAN

LOS ANGELES—Lead singer David Coverdale remembers the scene. The members of Deep Purple were sitting around a stuffy bar in Frankfurt, Germany, last April. Just a few days before, guitarist, cofounder and gray eminence Ritchie Blackmore had ended not only a show in Paris but his association with the band. The mood in the bar was, in a word, despondent.

"We were all pretty upset but Jon [Lord] took it personally," Coverdale recalls. "It caught him completely by surprise. He and Ritchie had been together seven years." Coverdale was less shocked than the keyboard player. "I'd known something was up after Ritchie finished his solo album. Nothing definite, but Ritchie was staying away from us socially. I asked Rob [Cooksey—Purple's manager] what was what. He didn't have to say anything. I could tell from his eyes that he'd been told something in confidence."

Seated in the bar, the band resolved that each member would draw up a list of guitarists who might fit into the band. They were not, Coverdale emphasizes, trying to replace Blackmore. "When Glenn [bass-

ist Glenn Hughes] and I joined back in Chapter Three," Coverdale says, using Purple's method of describing each of its major personnel changes, "we were told that we were not replacing Roger Glover and Ian Gillan. We were joining musicians who played under the name Deep Purple. In that sense, Ritchie couldn't be replaced. He was one in a million. But, as it happened, we found another one in a million."

Former Humble Pie guitarist Clem Clempson and various others auditioned as Blackmore replacements. "I sat in the studio and looked at the faces," Coverdale says. "Jon and Paicey [drummer Ian Paice] simply weren't getting off. It's more than technique because all of the blokes we tried were excellent players. But we have to satisfy ourselves."

Coverdale was the only Purple to have Tommy Bolin's name on his list. All he'd heard of the guitarist who'd replaced Joe Walsh in the James Gang was his sessionwork on Billy Cobham's *Spectrum* album, particularly a cut called "Quadrant 4." He therefore figured that Bolin was "a jazzier," and had his East Coast management ask around about him. "Somewhere in my mind I had the

idea that all jazzers were New York-based; probably because of the club scene. So then I heard the geezer lives five minutes down the coast from me!"

After getting drunk enough to make the call, Coverdale dialed Bolin's number. The thin, stoned voice at the other end was cordial and the conversation ranged from local restaurant preferences to music. An hour or so later, Coverdale asked, "Do you fancy having a blow?" Bolin agreed to audition.

Five minutes after Bolin strapped on his guitar in a Los Angeles studio, Deep Purple had a new lead guitarist. "The other

geezers were really turned on," Coverdale says. "They were working to keep up with this guy. Then Tommy apologized because this isn't his equipment and he really hasn't played for months."

Back at full strength, Purple returned to Munich's Musicland Studio, where *Stormbringer*, the last Blackmore-Purple album, had been recorded. The result was *Come Taste the Band*, which is scheduled for release at the end of this month. Though Blackmore had mentioned Purple's new "soul sound" as a reason for leaving the band, Coverdale insists that

"the heart of Deep Purple is in hard-driving rock & roll. You've got to involve the audience—hit 'em in the stomach—which is what we try to do."

But not without growing pains. Amid rumors of trouble within the group, Purple's management announced that bassist Glenn Hughes had contracted a case of hepatitis serious enough to cancel a planned European tour. Purple still plans a November swing through the Far East and a January tour of the U.S. but, for now, the ink is still drying on Chapter Four.

Paice, Bolin, Lord, Coverdale and Hughes. Five Deep Purples for Chapter Four



BACK PAGES

by Ian White

LONDON

Purple Hushed: Split is Final



Deep Purple: After eight years, a final break-up.

The end has come for **Deep Purple**. After months of rumors, and years of personnel changes, the group's manager **Rob Cooksey** announced a final split, brought on by the planned departure of singer **David Coverdale**.

"Having had so many personnel changes over the past eight years, we felt rather than rearrange yet again, it would be better to stop while the going was good," Cooksey explained. Coverdale had actually resigned from the group last March, but the news of his departure was kept secret until the other band members had a chance to decide on their futures.

"It would be a lie to say there were not some personality differences," Cooksey said. "Everyone wanted to pursue his own career, and David and **Glen Hughes** have been driving me mad wanting to make their own albums. **Jon Lord** and **Tommy Bolin** had already done so, and there was a feeling that their best stuff was being siphoned off for their projects at the expense of Deep Purple."

The future plans of the band members are not all set, but guitarist Bolin already has his own band, bassist Glen Hughes has rejoined English group Trapeze, and Jon Lord and **Ian Paice**

will probably be forming a band together.

"The real reason for the split is simple," said manager Cooksey. "Their talents have outgrown Purple. Their music has matured from the heavy rock that has made them famous."

Deep Purple was formed in 1968, by **Ritchie Blackmore**, drummer **Ian Paice**, keyboard **Jon Lord**, bassman **Nick Simper** and **Rod Evans** on vocals. They had a smash hit with "Hush," that year, but soon after Simper and Evans departed. They were replaced by **Roger Glover** and **Ian Gillian**.

In turn Glover and Gillian were replaced by David Coverdale and Glen Hughes in 1972. Then in 1975 Ritchie Blackmore left to start Blackmore's Rainbow, and there was talk of splitting up the group then. But American guitarist Tommy Bolin was brought in, and the group recorded their last album, 'Come Taste the Band,' with him.

Every one of the Purple albums has gone gold, and two ('Made in Japan' and 'Machine Head') are platinum. Their singles were few and far between but immensely successful, and one, "Smoke on the Water," went platinum twice.



Deep Purple: Only Jon Lord and Ian Paice remain from the original lineup. That's Bolin with the glass.

Purple's Tommy Bolin: "We're A Real Family Now!"

by Dan Nooger

"If someone yells 'Where's Blackmore?' at one of our concerts," vowed Deep Purple's raven-tressed guitarist, Tommy Bolin, as he sprawled across the only couch in his suite overlooking Central Park South, "I'll just do what I did when people yelled 'Where's Joe Walsh?' at me while I was with the James Gang. I'll have cards printed up with his address and throw them out to the audience."

Deep Purple are no strangers to change. In the nine years since Jon

Lord, Ian Paice, and Ritchie Blackmore first assembled the prototype Purple, change has been their constant boon companion on the stardom road to the top. After a promising beginning as pop-rock interpreters (with international hit versions of Joe South's "Hush" and Neil Diamond's "Kentucky Woman"), Purple Mark II, featuring vocalist Ian Gillan and bassist Roger Glover made their first appearance in London's 400-seat show-biz hangout Speakeasy

to a half-house (and the 50 or so people who were there to listen and dance instead of drink were literally blown away by their wall of sound). The bartenders union's loss was the rock world's gain: three years later Purple had become the most phenomenal success story in the business, selling an incredible 12 million albums per year, lionized from Lancaster to Nippon. Gillan and Glover split, but with David Coverdale and Glenn Hughes more than filling the holes

Deeper Shades of Purple

PAL's 'Malice' And Glover's 'Elements' Turn Away From Heavy Metal

by Deborah Frost



Allen Green

Deep Purple. The name itself was synonymous with the rock genre it perfected; Deep Purple *was* heavy metal. Unleashing waves of relentless decibels upon worshippers of the almighty powerchord, Deep Purple achieved the kind of success most rock bands only dream about. Yet, as they reaped heavy metal's financial rewards, Purple's members matured beyond its stylistic confines. With the current release of Roger Glover's *Elements* (Oyster), and Paice, Ashton and Lord's *Malice In Wonderland* (WB), four rock and roll veterans are free from the heavy metal monster.

"Deep Purple became a chain around our necks," said bassist Roger Glover. "Many of the younger musicians I've worked with (as a producer) think I must have been out of my mind to leave Deep Purple. Except, when you're making so much money and you're still unhappy, the reasons for your discontent must be rather strong. Deep Purple became a formula band. We couldn't experiment because there were so many people who wanted more 'Deep Purple' records."

Glover's charge is constantly reiterated in conversations with other Purple alumni. Jon Lord and Ian Paice re-

Roger Glover is the least inclined towards heavy metal. "It's straight-down-the-line music—for my sake."

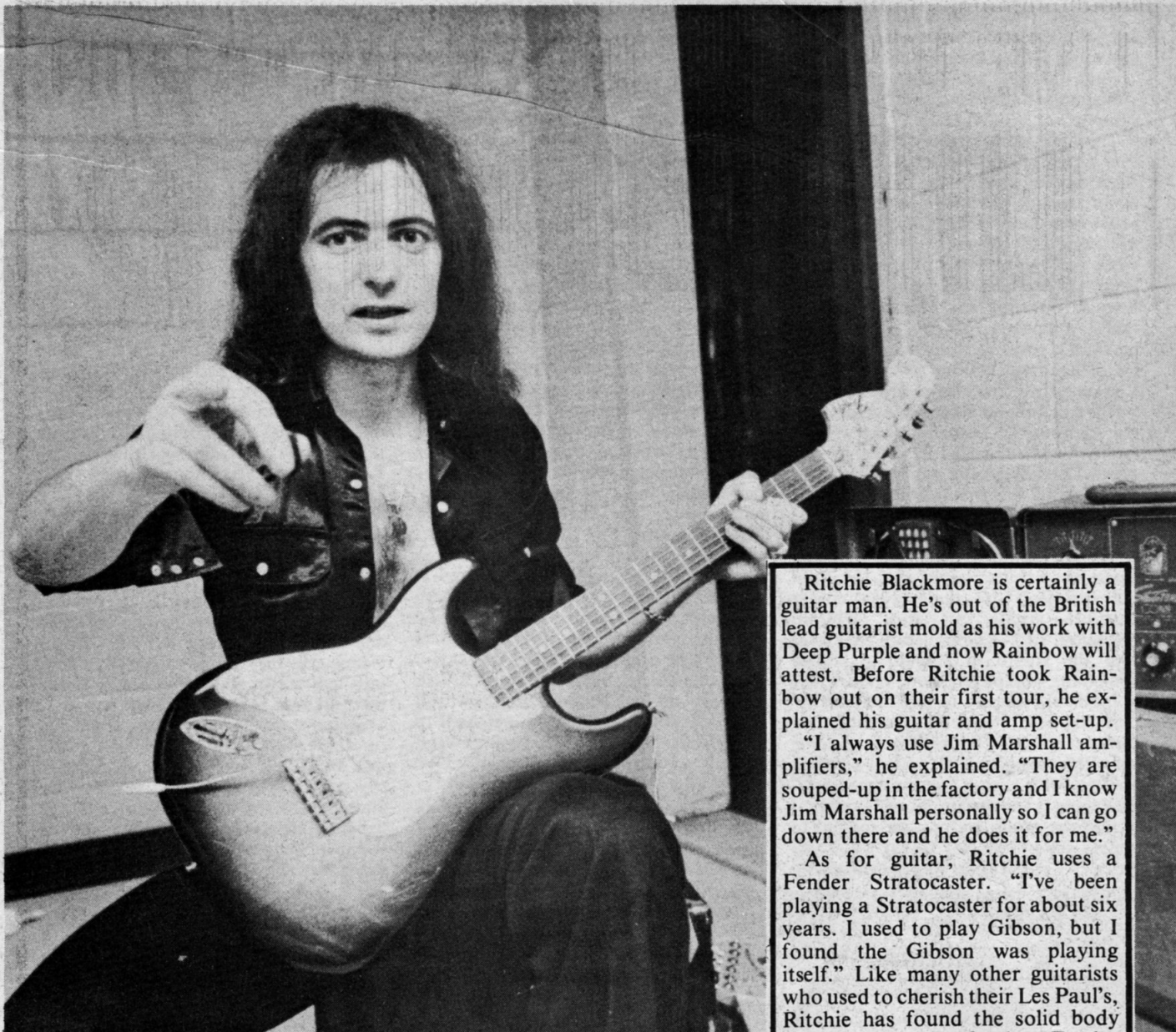
mained the core of the heavy metal monolith throughout numerous personnel changes, and continued to satisfy the public's desire for pile driving riffs. But, they too chafed beneath its restraints.

"We could have gone on forever if we had the mental capacity to block off our creative instincts and keep churning out heavy metal," Glover continued. While Deep Purple blasted its audience into senselessness, the sensibilities of the individual perpetrators were dulled.

Glover's strong feelings about the Purple experience provide a key to understanding his recent work. *Elements* is an exercise in non-conformity.

Those familiar with the earlier solo-album, *The Butterfly Ball and The Grasshopper's Feast*, will be partly prepared for the aural surprises of *Elements*. Although, he pointed out, *Butterfly Ball* was actually a commissioned work, a score for an animated film that was never completed. And, although he has been represented on records with his extensive production credits for everyone from Nazareth to Barbie Benton, *Elements* is Glover's first bona-





RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S GUITAR

Playing A Stratocaster

by Richard Robinson

Ritchie Blackmore is certainly a guitar man. He's out of the British lead guitarist mold as his work with Deep Purple and now Rainbow will attest. Before Ritchie took Rainbow out on their first tour, he explained his guitar and amp set-up.

"I always use Jim Marshall amplifiers," he explained. "They are souped-up in the factory and I know Jim Marshall personally so I can go down there and he does it for me."

As for guitar, Ritchie uses a Fender Stratocaster. "I've been playing a Stratocaster for about six years. I used to play Gibson, but I found the Gibson was playing itself." Like many other guitarists who used to cherish their Les Paul's, Ritchie has found the solid body "jazzy" sound of the Fender Stratocaster to be the more exciting sound for the times. "It's a much harder guitar to play," he says. "It's rather like a cello when you get all the notes."

As for all the little boxes that have come to be part of the modern guitarist's equipment to achieve fuzz, wah, and other effects, Ritchie eschews them. "I don't use any effects at all really, because I've found that they just cause trouble and they always blow up or something happens, so I just go right through the amp and I occasionally use echo but that's it, I don't use any wah-wah or phasers."

Doesn't he feel ill-equipped in this day and age when if you don't buy six boxes they won't sell you a guitar?

"No," says Ritchie, "because while they are all out buying the boxes, I'm home practicing." □

Circus Magazine Second Annual Photo Contest Winners

More than two thousand pictures were received this year. Among the most photographed performers were Paul McCartney, David Bowie, Kiss, Aerosmith and Blackmore's Rainbow. What surprised the judges most was the relative high technical quality of the photos. Cameras and equipment are only part of the reason—photography has burgeoned into a universal hobby, seem-

ingly as popular as tennis, piano playing or newspaper reading. Many schools have photo classes and young people take well to visual and technical topics, not to mention rock and roll. The electronic age has its advantages.

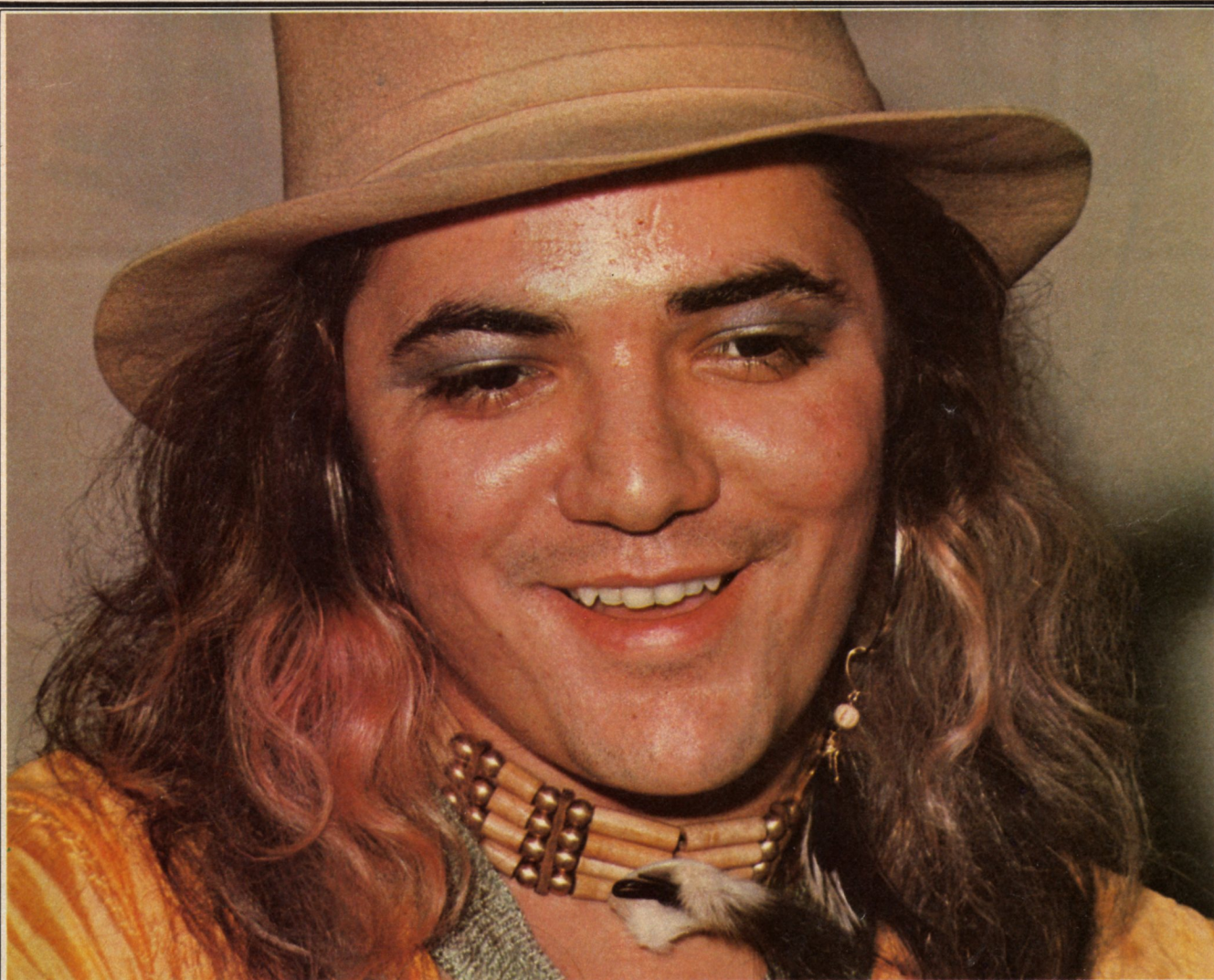
Circus Magazine wishes to thank all the enthusiastic entrants and urge you to try again next year—you may be just a flash away from a grand prize.

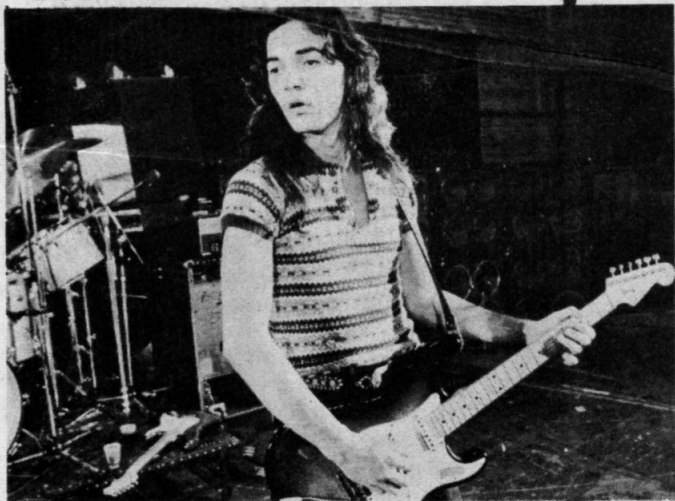
Grand Prize Winner

**Paul Montecalvo
Lutz, Florida**

Prize: Fujica 901 Fully Automatic 35mm SLR

The late Tommy Bolin, photographed at a Deep Purple concert in Lakeland, Florida using Minolta 102 with a Braun strobe, 1/60th of a second at f11, on Vericolor II film.





TOMMY BOLIN

**quit the James Gang
for a solo career,
then Deep Purple
called**

by Richard Robinson

Tommy Bolin made a name for himself when he played lead guitar for that Mid-Western phenomenon, the James Gang. Seeking a wider audience, Bolin quit the group and signed to Nemperor Records in June of 1975 as a solo artist. A month later he was recruited by Deep Purple who had lost Ritchie Blackmore and were in need of a guitarist of Bolin's energies.

Bolin started out in the Sixties as guitarist with the Colorado-based rock group, Zephyr. From there he toured with the James Gang, recording on their first two albums, *Bang* (1973) and *Miami* (1974). He also recorded as lead guitarist on albums by drummers Billy Cobham and Alphonse Mouzon. His reputation is one which allows him to cross the hard rock — jazz inspired playing boundaries.

Asked what he thought about when he left the James Gang, Bolin says, "A solo album." "Which I'm doing right now," he adds. He spent six months trying to get the right people for the album which he eventually recorded at Electric Lady Studios in New York and the Record Plant in Los Angeles. "I always have trouble finding the right keyboard player and I had been unsuccessful in finding the people that thought the same way as I did,

so I didn't try to put a band together, but rather went to work on an album."

We jump from his album to Deep Purple. "They called me up and I went over and we jammed. They dug it, and I dug it. In the first minute, literally." The result was a quick agreement to join Purple and a hustle to get the final touches on his own album out of the way before joining Purple to record their album in Germany. The result is a Tommy Bolin album and a Deep Purple album set for release within weeks of each other.

After months in the studio Tommy plans to return to the U.S. where he will "take a couple of months off and get a band together and go out myself, and play here and there." Tommy says he wants to pursue things with his solo play-

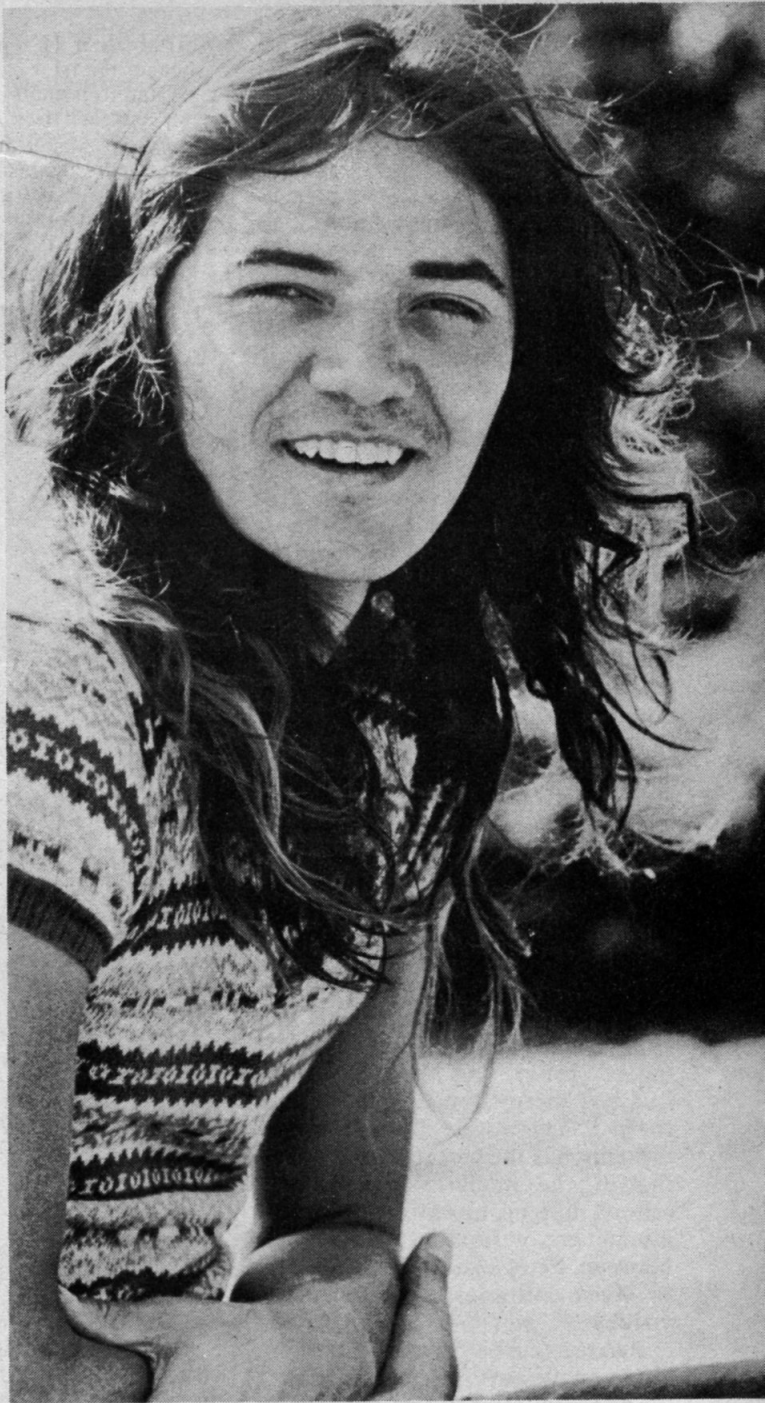
ing that Purple won't reflect. "The Purple thing is mainly just straight ahead rock. My solo thing will be much more instrumental and different time signatures. I love doing both and while I'm involved with Purple I'm involved with Purple. And when I'm involved with myself then it's myself."

At this point in the interview Tommy disappeared and came back with a glass of milk.

"You'll ruin your image," I chide.

"Maybe not," Tommy shrugs, "Maybe I'll start a whole new trend, put down the Jack Daniels and pick up a glass of milk."

Tommy sips and I roll back to his years with the James Gang. We start to talk and Tommy really doesn't say much about them.



"Was it frustrating for you?" I ask in a burst of directness.

"Yeah, on stage mainly," he says. "There was no communication and when there is no communication there is no learning and when there's no learning then I become stagnant."

"So that was your motivation for leaving them?"

"Mainly, yeah, and also I think we were all on different sides of the river."

Back to Deep Purple. "You'll be pretty surprised at the stuff that's on the new album," he says.

"In terms of what, rock and roll or variety?" I ask.

"Variety."

"Is that a challenge to you?"

"No, not at all. In fact, if anything, I think I'm kind of showing off the rest of the band because before they just weren't being complemented enough, I mean Ian Paice is an incredible drummer, really incredible. In fact, he's just so smooth. We all get along really well and we play really well together because we respect each other's playing."

I point out that getting along may be as important as how well Tommy and Purple play.

"Oh certainly," he says. "I've seen groups that are amazing musicians and hate each other and people can tell. And I've seen rotten bands that really dig each other and they sound good."

Getting into the electric end of the business, I ask Tommy about the

Stratocaster he's playing, it's a custom Fender in that it has a Telecaster neck on it. Tommy is another of the guitarists who has switched from Les Paul Gibson to Fender Strat. "I made the switch about three years ago because I could never play the Strat because it bothered me that the strings were so close to the body as opposed to the Les Paul where the strings are further away. But the tones, you can

get many more tones out of the Strats and it took a while to get used to but just the tone advantage is so much greater."

As for amplification, Tommy is using three Hi Watt 100 watt tops and six Sound City Bottoms. "I'll probably add some more things. I'm getting into this stereo thing and panning across the stage and the like."

We bounce away from transistors and tubes (Tommy favors tube amplification) and get back to Deep Purple and the fact that Tommy will be doing some writing for them. In fact, he's already doing it. And then we drift back to his solo album on Nemperor and his plans for his next solo album — which he may record in Europe with a little help from Deep Purple, who knows. Tommy is embarking on an interesting career which will probably make his years with the James Gang seem peaceful by comparison. One thing that many Deep Purple watchers will no doubt be keeping an eye on is how well Tommy does with Purple and without. For he is coming to Purple as an established player with a solo career in the works if not yet out in front of the public. He is also an experimenter who plans to provide a full color version of himself by not repeating his Purple riffs on his own records and vice versa. What the results will be, well its hard to say, but our conversation with Tommy indicated that however it works out, he's delighted to be getting the chance to play so much music. □



Konkurrenz für ELP: Wakeman, Bruford & Wetton

Melody Maker

Deutsche Ausgabe

18. November 1976

Endlich-Heep komplett!

● Vor wenigen Wochen erst vermeldeten Uriah Heep Bassmann Trevor Boulder (ex Bowie's Spiders from Mars) als Nachfolger von John Wetton. Und jetzt kommt die gute Nachricht, dass auch die Stelle von Sänger David Byron — er wurde im vergangenen Sommer an die Luft gesetzt — neu besetzt werden konnte.

● Der neue Vokalist (er wurde aus einer Unmenge von Bewerbern ausgewählt) heisst John Lawton, war vorher bei den Les Humphries Singers (der Mann mit der Sopranstimme) und machte

sporadisch bei der James-Last-Splittergruppe Lucifer's Friend mit.

● In englischen Musikkreisen ist Lawton schon seit vielen Jahren eine bekannte Grösse. So wollten ihn u. a. Deep Purple für sich gewinnen, als Ian Gillan 1973 ausstieg. Lawton lehnte aber ab, weil es damals gerade unheimlich gut für die Les Humphries Singers lief.

● Einer breiten Öffentlichkeit fiel Lawton zum erstenmal auf, als er im letzten Jahr in der Bühnenszenierung von Roger Glover's «Butterfly Ball» eine der Titelrollen sang.

● Mud-Drummer Dave Mount war es schliesslich, der Lawton zu Uriah Heep brachte. Er erzählte Ken Hensley von dem begabten jungen Mann, und dieser liess via Management eine Probeplatte anfordern. Nach langwieriger Suche wurde Lawton endlich in Deutschland aufgespürt und unverzüglich zu einer Probesession nach London geflogen. Schon nach den ersten Aufnahmen war die Gruppe davon überzeugt, dass Lawton der richtige Mann für Heep ist.

● «Sicher gab es berühmtere Anwärter als John»,

meinte Ken Hensley in einem Interview. «Als wir jedoch Johns unglaubliche Stimme hörten und mit ihm arbeiteten, wussten wir, dass er der beste Mann für uns ist. Sein Talent als Sänger ist so überwältigend, dass er in Kürze zu den meistrespektierten Rocksängern der Welt gehören wird!»

● In wenigen Tagen wird die erste Single der neubesetzten Heep erscheinen. Noch vor Weihnachten sollen in Amerika die ersten Auftritte über die Bühne gehen, und Anfang 1977 soll ein neues Album erscheinen.



John Lawtons (2. v. r.) grosser Auftritt beim «Butterfly Ball».

Links von ihm David Coverdale und Glenn Hughes, rechts Roger Glover



"On Saturdays I always play rugger. But the bit I like best is having a bath with the rest of the lads and pissing in it," said the caption under a photo of a young lad with a black strip inked over his eyes. "There's nothing I like more than being tucked up in bed with a good milkman," said the line under the picture of a middle-aged, motherly type, also with a black strip over her eyes. "I like watching telly (TV) and pretending the news-readers haven't got any trousers on," said the words under the photo of the young, bank-tellerish gentleman whose eyes were similarly adorned with a black strip. Was it a page from a British scandal sheet, an ad for an expose of sexual perversion in London, or merely an inquiring photographer's column gone berzerk? None of the above. It was the English ad for Deep Purple's album *Who Do We Think We Are*, the most peculiar piece of record advertising to appear in the British press in well over two years. But the outlandish ad was thoroughly appropriate for an LP on which one of the key songs ("Mary Long") had been inspired by a TV show where the hero suggested that the Virgin Mary probably only had one son because she was on the pill. As Purple's Roger Glover says when he talks about the sexual humor in "Mary Long," "It's funky!"

Glover To Launch Percussion Safari

Roger Glover, best known as the bass player for **Deep Purple** from 1969 to 1973 (although he certainly would like to be known for other things too, like being a producer and a writer), has a new project in mind: Africa.

"I want to go to study percussion,"

Glover said on a recent stopover in New York. "Probably to Kenya. I'm one of these people who play around at playing a lot of instruments. I've got a set of drums at home, although I'm sure a drummer would run screaming in pain if he heard me, but I enjoy it. I think putting a tambourine with some hand-claps on a track can enhance it a lot.

"Anyway, I've built up quite a collection of Latin-American percussion instruments, like congas and the jingle-jangles, and I've also been listening to various home-made African instruments. I've decided it would be instructive to go to Africa and listen to the percussion there and use it in my music.

"I want to create something percussive and danceable. I want to concentrate on writing music for the radio. I really feel that music's medium now is radio." From Deep Purple to disco, Rog?

The Glover versatility is showcased on "The Butterfly Ball," a whimsical poetic story about a crew of talking animals who would have had Bugs Bunny in shock. Glover created a musical suite for it and was in charge of assembling the musicians and vocalists and producing the LP. He also played synthesizer, piano, guitar, bass and percussion on it. Glover, a most modest chap, kept insisting he was just okay as a musician, really. No ego-mania here.

"'The Butterfly Ball' was given to me as a project," he said, "and I was given a very strict framework to work within. But I find that I write well under pressure, being told, 'Write this' and 'Here's a deadline'."



Roger Glover: In search of the lost percussives.

MAMMA MIA, QUESTI DEEP PURPLE



IN CASA DEEP PURPLE, DOPO
L'USCITA DI RITCHIE BLACKMORE,
NON CI SI CAPISCE PIU' NIENTE:
LITIGI, SILENZI, GRIGIORE MUSICALE.
ARMANDO GALLO LI HA
INCONTRATI E ASCOLTATI
A LONG BEACH IN
CALIFORNIA E VI DICE LA SUA.



LONG BEACH, Calif.

Non credevo durassero così tanto...» mi aveva detto dei Deep Purple Masami Yokota, un noto fotografo-giornalista giapponese che lo scorso dicembre li ha seguiti per le tre settimane di tournée in Giappone. Insieme, ora, stavamo viaggiando sulla San Diego Freeway in direzione Long Beach dove i Deep Purple si sarebbero esibiti all'Arena Auditorium. Così Masami Yokota mi ha raccontato di strani incidenti e «liti-senza-senso» avvenute nel paese del Sol Levante e il suo «Non credevo durassero così tanto...» non si riferiva ai 7 o 8 anni che i Deep Purple sono stati insieme, ma agli ultimi due mesi di tournée americana. Infatti Masami mi ha detto che il complesso è stato sul punto di sciogliersi almeno tre volte e che l'inserimento di Tommy Bolin «... Non credo abbia funzionato come Jon Lord e compagni volevano». I Deep Purple sono sempre stati famosissimi in Giappone, per anni hanno occupato i primi tre posti tra le «Pools» di preferenza, quindi anche questa nuova formazione con Bolin al posto di Blackmore è stata accolta con un'enorme campagna pubblicitaria e vivo interesse da parte della stampa giapponese. I concerti hanno visto il «tutto-esaurito» con settimane d'anticipo, la Warner Pioneer ha perfino invitato Martin Birch a Tokyo per incidere il concerto al Budokan per un possibile album dal vivo, ma tutto è andato in fumo per l'indifferenza del complesso. (Nota: Martin Birch si occupò delle incisioni di «Made in Japan» ed è ora l'attuale co-produttore dei Purple). Masami mi ha sorpreso ancor di più quando mi ha informato che la Warner Pioneer, casa discografica giapponese del complesso, ha già pronto per pubblicarne un doppio «live» dei Deep Purple con Ritchie Blackmore. «Il recente concerto al Budoan è stato bruttissimo e credo che butteranno via i nastri» mi ha detto Masami. «Ma i nastri della tournée di 15 mesi fa sono eccellenti, migliori di "Made in Japan", specialmente da parte di Ritchie. Forse sapeva già che avrebbe lasciato i Deep Purple e in quella tournée diede tutto...».

Così siamo arrivati all'Arena. Entrata artisti. Raccogliamo il «back-stage pass» e ci dirigia-

mo verso i camerini dei Deep Purple che sono in zona «off limit». I soliti due bestioni alla porta, ma Jon Lord intercede per noi e dal profondo del grosso stanzone ci fa cenno di entrare. Sorrido malignamente ai due bestioni dal viso vuoto... «Come va il Pope Paul?» mi chiede scherzosamente Jon. Beh, solo scherzosamente un Jon Lord mi può chiedere di come sta il Papa. «Non lo so, non l'ho visto recentemente» rispondo. «Gli abbiamo scritto, ma non ci ha risposto» mi rivela accostandosi vicino in segretezza. «Siamo un po' stufo di fare gli esiliati fiscali in California, così gli abbiamo chiesto di traslocare nel Vaticano».

«Hello 'Mando!» Ritchie Blackmore? penso io. Da bravo «cockney» non è mai riuscito a pronunciare la «r»... Mi giro ed è proprio lui: «Il cavaliere nero dalle chiome irsute». «Vi continua a perseguitare eh?» chiedo a Jon. I due si perdono in racconti privati: entrambi hanno appena divorziato dalle rispettive mogli e si stanno allietando a vicenda con succosi pettegolezzi. Dovete sapere che Ritchie è uno di quei bambinoni cattivi, uno di quelli che si diverte ad organizzare scherzi maligni e sembra che questa sera non ci sarà scampo per Tommy Bolin. «Il ragazzo ha alzato un po' la cresta da quando ha preso il mio posto» ha confidato Ritchie ad un amico. E Ritchie posa per fotografie, parla con tutti, esamina due modelli-campione di chitarre che qualcuno ha portato nei camerini forse per Tommy Bolin. Bolin entra ed esce dai camerini facendo finta di non vedere nulla; ancora non ha salutato Ritchie e non credo abbia intenzione di farlo. C'è una tremenda elettricità nell'aria. Il povero Masami Yokota non riuscirà nemmeno questa sera a mettere insieme il complesso per un poster in «Ongaku Senka» una delle più importanti pubblicazioni rock giapponesi. Tommy Bolin gli ha perfino rifiutato di posare con una copia del giornale; Ritchie invece lo fa a sorriso aperto.. Bass e Colin, due vecchi «roadies» dei Purple sghignazzano da una parte della sala, mentre i tre tecnici di Bolin (sì, perché va in giro con «tre» tecnici) sono furiosi.

Chiedo a Rob Cooksey, manager dei Deep Purple se è vero che il complesso si scioglierà. «Noooo...» mi dice con un sorriso. «Ma non avete nemmeno una data europea in programma» ribatto io.

«Abbiamo 5 concerti inglesi e per il momento è quello che ci basta... Scusa devo portarli in palco...».

Il concerto inizia e i 14 mila dell'Arena si rizzano in piedi accogliendo il complesso. Ma un po' alla volta si metteranno a sedere e li desolatamente rimarranno fino alla fine del concerto. Il palco, invece di emanare calore, divertimento e partecipazione, trasforma l'esuberante entusiasmo iniziale in un'atmosfera glaciale che raggiunge limiti imbarazzanti verso la mezz'ora di concerto quando viene eseguita «Smoke On The Water», il più grande successo dei Deep Purple in America. Tommy Bolin si imballa in un paio d'accordi, si gira verso gli amplificatori e sembra fulminare con gli occhi qualcuno. Oh no, Ritchie Blackmore fa capolino da dietro gli amplificatori di Bolin e gli fa perfino l'occhiuto: «Che figlio di...».

Il concerto procede con formale freddezza generale interrotta però da qualche spunto di classe durante gli assoli specialmente da parte di Jon Lord e Ian Paice. David Coverdale già si è dimenticato che due anni fa era un commesso di boutique e continua ad ignorare il pubblico come se fosse nato sul palcoscenico e mai stato in platea. Annuncia i titoli dei brani come se stesse parlando per telefono a notte inoltrata e i suoi «Thank you, thank you very much» sono meno convincenti del Chianti fatto in California.

L'ultimo brano ci ha coperti di fumo, ghiaccio freddo e il pubblico ha iniziato ad applaudire: si applaude sempre il ghiaccio freddo. I nuovi Deep Purple — o dovrei dire l'ombra dei Deep Purple — sono tornati per il bis velocemente, mentre mezzo Auditorium se ne stava andando. Uscendo ho sentito le note di «Highway Star»... Non avrei mai pensato che suonasse così tetro senza la chitarra di Ritchie Blackmore.

Armando Gallo



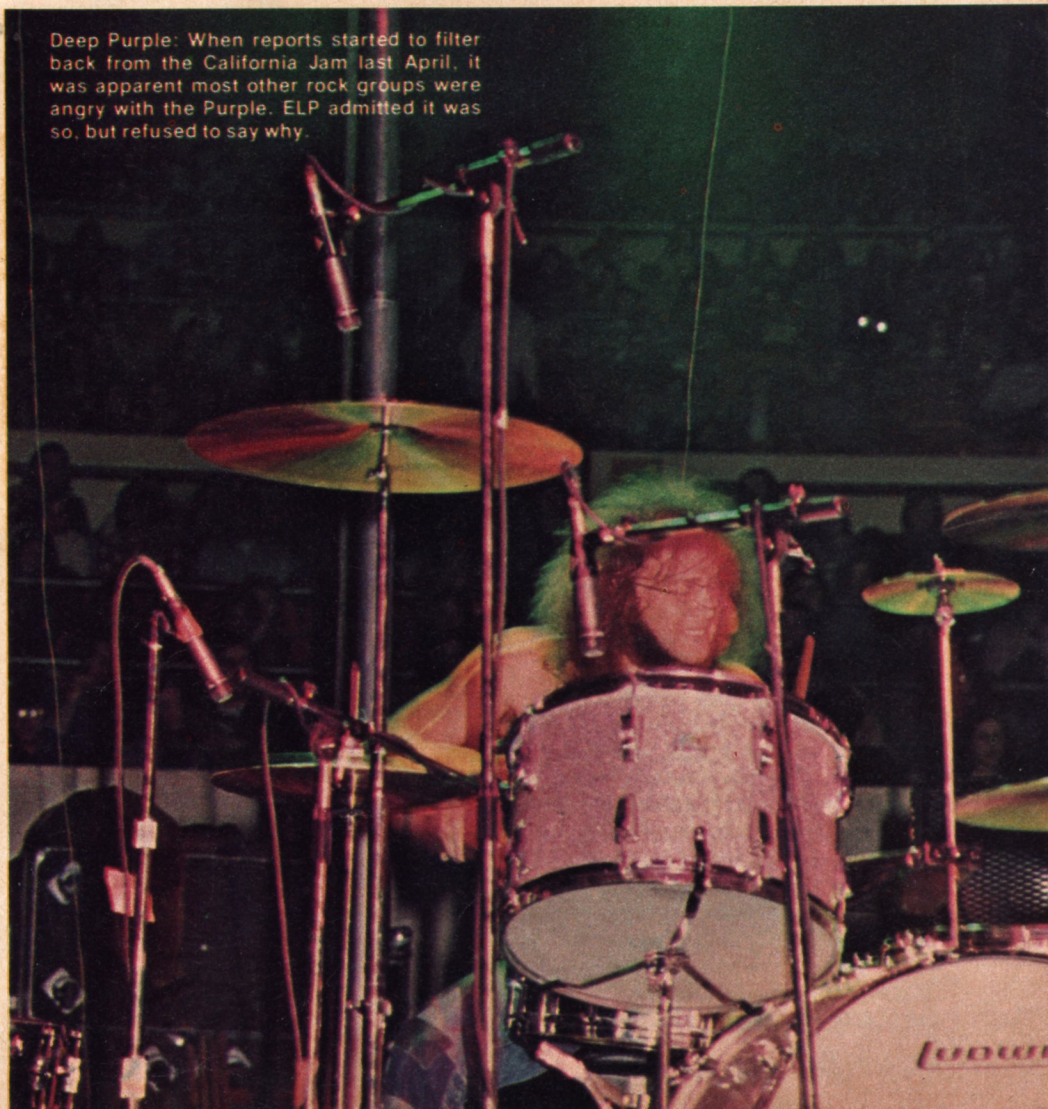
singles charts, to realize the superstardom they so rightfully deserved. Purple's also a band that's had to make several personnel changes along that route, personnel changes that might not have been as numerous as other bands', but were probably eighty times more earthshaking at the time of their occurrence.

The Purple past: Deep Purple began in 1967 with the chance meeting of keyboard player Jon Lord and guitarist Ritchie Blackmore. Lord was a remarkably talented player with years of classical training, Blackmore a stumble bum itinerant who'd played guitar for ages only to give it up in disgust one day, claiming that "nobody gives a damn about whether you can play good guitar solos." But then came Jimi Hendrix, and as with so many other English guitarists, Blackmore discovered that there was indeed another way; he approached Lord with the idea of forming a band.

Before long they crossed paths with their eventual drummer, a lad named Ian Paice. They found Ian's percussion steady, inventive, and filled with all the power and gusto that they needed to drive their band. He was asked to join in the endeavor, thought it was a marvelous idea, and then there were three.

Nicky Simper and Rod Evans soon happened upon the nascent trio. Simper and Evans were a bassist and singer whose talents were deemed

Deep Purple: When reports started to filter back from the California Jam last April, it was apparent most other rock groups were angry with the Purple. ELP admitted it was so, but refused to say why.



Bolin's Purple: Re-made in Japan

by Peter Crescenti

The first concert was a bit hairy, I must admit," says Jon Lord of Deep Purple. "It came off all right, but there was this mad whispering running across the stage. 'What the hell's next? How does that go?'"

"We opened with 'Burn,' and we were just going onstage. The lights go down and the audience is applauding, and Tommy says 'How the fuck does that riff go?'" The Purple you have seen on American stages this month went through a period of intensive training under fire in the Far East before they even set foot in an American arena. Tommy Bolin had been a member of Deep Purple less than six months when the band began their 1975-76 Amerasian tour, but he was anxious to get out on the road and confront the legions of Ritchie Blackmore fans head-on. Purple had recorded *Come Taste The Band* with Bolin two months before the tour, and as they watched the LP jump up the international record charts, they knew that Purple fans had at least welcomed Bolin's arrival on record. A tour would be the final test. Would Purple people everywhere accept this young American onstage? And more importantly, would the chemistry established in the studio and in the rehearsal hall between Bolin and Purple carry over into the concert hall?



fide solo project.

The thematic concern of Glover's work is medieval rather than contemporary, and based on a poem of his own. The unconventional LP is composed of four mostly instrumental movements: "Air," "Fire," "Water," and "Earth." *Elements* is Glover's reaction to the stifling atmosphere of Deep Purple as well as the commercial demands he faces as a producer of popular ("other people's") music. Glover attempted to produce "something free, new, totally spontaneous, and totally without bounds."

"I gave up all thoughts as to what people would think of me," Glover said, "and what they would think of the record or whether they would buy it or not—to the point that when I'd finished it, I wouldn't have cared whether it ever came out or not! I've proved something to myself. The album is not intended to be commercial. It's straight, down-the-line music—for my sake."

While Roger Glover's exploration takes place in an ethereal, spacy realm, Ian Paice, Tony Ashton and Jon Lord's first post-Purple album, *Malice In Wonderland* is an equally radical departure from their earlier work. It employs subtle shades of jazz and a subdued sense of funk, and augments the multi-keyboard nucleus of Tony Ashton and Jon Lord with a horn section and female backing vocalists. Without sacrificing any of Deep Purple's intensity or drive, *Malice In Wonderland* is a well orchestrated blend of contemporary influences.

"Deep Purple was a major part, a very fantastic part of our lives," explained Jon Lord, "but Ian and I both thought it would be insane to go from one heavy rock band to another. We've both said about everything we can say in those terms."

Adds Paice, "If we'd wanted to go on playing 'Smoke On The Water,' we never would have broken up Deep Purple."

And, PAL introduces Tony Ashton's formidable talents to an American audience that may be unfamiliar with his keyboard and vocal work in English bands such as Family and Medicinehead. Lord is equally adept at running off Stevie Wonderish riffs, as well as classical arpeggios, and he is able to integrate all of his technical facility within the framework of Paice, Ashton, Lord. Tony Ashton's strident piano perfectly complements Lord's, and it is obvious that PAL has renewed the energy, excitement, and sense of challenge that was submerged in the com-

placent superstardom of Deep Purple's last days.

Paice has always been a leading member of the "So Good He Doesn't Have To Take A Solo" school of supreme rock drummers. And on every track, from *Malice's* opening "Ghost Song," to the LP-title tune, Paice consistently pushes the band without overpowering it, providing a solid rock backbeat with the natural feel of a swing drummer.

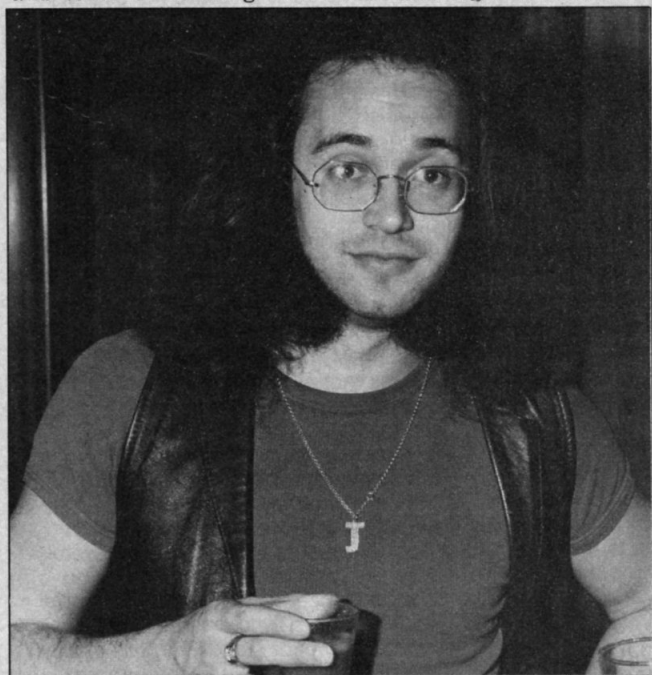
Malice In Wonderland is infused with a refreshing, healthy sense of humor. Even the title, despite its ominous overtones, is something of a joke, coming from the conversation of "two American businessmen slightly the worse for German beer," overheard by Jon Lord in a hotel bar. "I'm Gonna Stop Drinking," while humorous, is a bluesy number reminiscent of prime Joe Cocker (and not just because of the lyrical content!). Tony Ashton, in fact, possesses a classic, though unheralded, rock voice. Full and expressive, it is comparable to Cocker or Paul Rodgers at their most soulful.

"Shake With Me, Baby" gives Ashton a chance to display his boogie-woogie dexterity. Playing a rolling, honky tonk piano, and grunting every cliche imaginable, Ashton leads the band through an amusing take-off on "prehistoric" rock and roll.

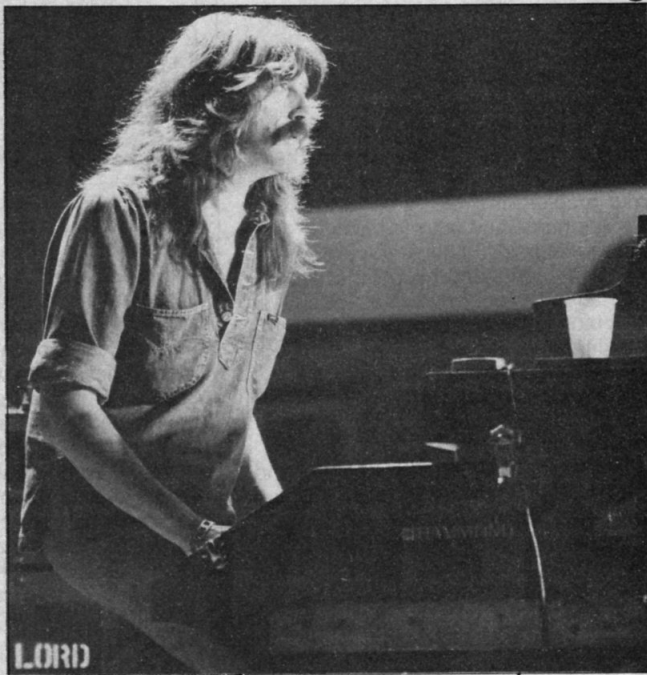
"It was supposed to be a spoof," comments Ian Paice, "but only in the gentlest sense—of all the music we heard while growing up. In fact, it was the hardest number to record. It was so simple, it took us four days to get it right!"

The principals are ably supported by Bernie Marsden on guitar (late of the excellent but unrecognized Babe Ruth), Paul Martinez on bass, singers Sheila and Jeannette McKinley, and a superb brass section led by tenor man Howie Casey, who comes to PAL straight from the Wings tour.

But, whether Paice, Ashton, Lord or Roger Glover, for that matter, will ever sell several million albums in a single year, or soar to football stadium concerts in a private jet as Deep Purple did, is totally unknown, and maybe inconsequential. What is important is that they have had the courage to do what few established rock personalities would—take a chance and dare to change. And the result, certainly, is preferable to the alternative: watching a bunch of jaded superstars reluctantly getting it up to deliver "Smoke On The Water" just one more time. . . .



Jorgen Angel

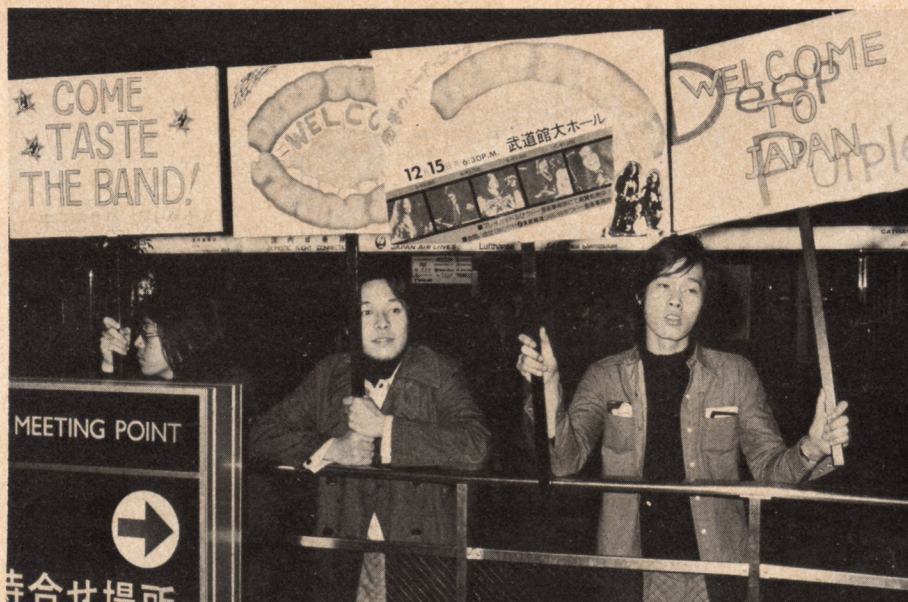


Neil Zlozower

LORD

Jon Lord (above) is joined by Tony Ashton of Family—the band wants the flexibility of two top-line keyboardists.

PAL provides Ian Paice with a better showcase for his drumming. Purple was a disciplined but restricted format.



Japan, where Purple has achieved immortality in the Japanese Rock & Roll Hall of Fame, would be the first big challenge of the tour. Purple had last played Japan two years earlier, when singer Ian Gillan and bassist Roger Glover were still with the band, so they weren't only debuting Tommy Bolin, they were also bringing David Coverdale and Glenn Hughes to Japan for the first time. The support and approval of the Japanese rockers, at this point in the band's evolving career, was obviously crucial to the future of Deep Purple.

But when the band arrived in Tokyo on a Saturday night, for their opening concert in Nagoya on Monday, an aura of impending doom surrounded the group and their entourage. They had all just experienced two nightmarish days in Jakarta, Indonesia, and mental and physical exhaustion clutched at everyone like a monster from the Oriental deep.

JAKARTA NIGHTMARE: In Jakarta on Thursday night, one of Purple's hired bodyguards, Patsy Collins, had been killed when he tumbled down an elevator shaft. A somewhat tipsy Collins had gotten locked inside a hotel stairwell after an argument with two roadies, and when he finally found an unlocked door it turned out to be the wrong one. The ill-starred bodyguard stepped into the darkness and plunged six floors down, crashing through a scalding maze of hot water pipes to his death. Later that night, the two roadies Collins had fought with and Purple's manager Rob Cooksey found themselves languishing in a fetid Indonesian jail under suspicion of murder. The police released them the next morning but not before extracting a \$500 "fee" for photostating their passports. Several weeks later, when Deep Purple returned to America, Jon Lord expressed a fear that others had only brooded over at the time—that Collins might actually have been murdered by local residents.

With their manager in jail, Deep Purple went back into the 100,000-seat outdoor stadium the Russians built in Jakarta 10 years ago. The national police, in a foul mood after having battled off the 20,000 fans who had crashed the first night's show, had warned any Europeans in the audience to leave their seats and congregate near the side of the stage for safety. Purple was only a few minutes into their set when the police went berserk, firing rubber bullets into the dancing crowd, cracking skulls and ribs with rifle butts and truncheons, and loosing a vicious pack of Doberman pinschers on the kids. Jon Lord saw one of the killer dogs dragging a helpless long-hair across the ground in his teeth as blood spurted from the boy's ruptured veins. Lord was appalled.

To compound the misery, Tommy Bolin had pinched a nerve in his left hand after the second concert. With



Tommy Bolin: He officially became one of Purple's "Fat Boys on the Prowl" when, after a two-day search, he located a McDonald's in Tokyo.



Dave Coverdale after a Big Nip in Tokyo McDonalds.



Deep Purple.....

Bolin's hand numb and lifeless, Purple was suddenly faced with the real possibility of having to cancel some or all of their Japanese tour—or at best, having to play the gigs with a handicapped artist who'd never proven himself onstage in Japan before. Bolin had only two days to mend before the first concert, so everyone was hoping for a miraculous recovery.

The first signs of encouragement came in Nagoya on Sunday night. Bolin went out for a stroll near the group's hotel about midnight and passed three fortune tellers along the way. Bolin hesitated, then decided to chance a glimpse into the future.

The palm-reader didn't speak English, so one of Bolin's Japanese friends translated for her. The woman immediately identified Bolin as an "artist" of some kind and told him he had recently assumed a big responsibility.

Then Bolin quizzed her about his hand. She caressed his hand and forearm lightly touching his skin, and told him it would heal but not very soon.

But Tommy forgot all about his hand a minute later, when the old woman told him he would be a star with Deep Purple but an even bigger star as a solo performer. Bolin, who was planning to follow Purple's American tour with his own solo tour, didn't even seem surprised. "I totally believe it," he insisted.

Meanwhile, spirits were picking up back at the hotel as well. Bolin and friends arrived back at the bar just in time to hear Jon Lord, a master storyteller, recount a meeting David Coverdale had once had with big John Wayne in a bar in Los Angeles. Coverdale, sitting in the bar with some other members of Purple, had noticed Wayne seated nearby, and after a few stiff drinks the singer went over to Wayne.

"My mother's a big fan of yours, Mr. Wayne, and she'd be thrilled to have your autograph," Coverdale had told him.

"Who are you, kid?" Wayne had asked as he began to sign his name. Coverdale told him he was the singer in a rock group called Deep Purple. Wayne sat up, a look of surprise flushing his face.

"My daughter thinks the sun shines outta your asshole," Duke told the amazed vocalist. "Can I have your autograph for her?"

VALENTINE NOOKIE: Early the next morning, Tommy Bolin sat, the object of a score of stares, in the hotel coffee shop, impatiently waiting for the vegetable sandwich he'd ordered 20 minutes ago. The sandwich and one of the gigglers who'd been staring starry-eyed at Bolin arrived

at the table simultaneously. The Nagoyan teenybopper, her blushing face looking like a crimson ball against her silky, jet-black hair, gave Bolin a box of candy and a single red rose.

"Today is Valentine's Day," she giggled in broken English.

"Will you be my Valentine?" Bolin asked as he stuck the rose in his water glass. The girl kissed Bolin and, giggling, returned to her envious friends in the corner booth.

"I'll save this in case I don't get any nookie tonight," said Bolin as he bit into his vegetable sandwich.

The brief encounter shifted Bolin's fevered memory into reverse, sending him back to a night weeks earlier in Australia, at The Stormy Summer night club. Tommy had had a ringside seat for the floor show. . . .

"This chick comes over and starts wiggling in front of me, and everybody's yelling 'Tear 'em off with your teeth!' But she was so high up I couldn't reach her. She didn't bend down so finally I took my hands and ripped 'em off.

After the show, two strippers had been invited over to Purple's hotel to perform at a party in Tommy's room. "There was like 25 people at the party. Between the 25 of us, we got together only \$16 for this chick to do a show. She was thrilled. Sixteen bucks for her was like a zillion dollars. She did her strip show, and then Glenn did one. We didn't have to pay him."

The next morning Bolin had awakened to find himself sandwiched between the two strippers. "I had to do an interview, and we're all in bed naked, and this guy calls and says, 'You got an interview in two minutes.' There was really nothing I could do, so I said 'Okay send him up.' He came up and he was wearing these annoying Bermuda shorts and high socks



Glenn Hughes and Tommy Bolin.

and half-beaten Beatle boots and a madras shirt that wasn't quite bleeding. So he comes in, and I said 'Sit down,' and he sat down but he would not look at me. He just kept glancing over, like every ten seconds."

Bolin's appetite for revelry is equalled only by his ability to retell the event in vivid streams of narrative. He is a candid raconteur who has learned to field as many as 20 interviews a day since his ascendancy to Purple. Sometimes, however, it gets to be a bit much even for him.

NEEDLES AND PINS: The next morning, in desperation, Bolin saw an acupuncturist. "The dude had, like, this cardboard piece of electronic stuff went 'bzzzz' all over my arm," he said that evening sitting in Trader Vic's as he waited for the "Suffering Bastard" he had ordered from the exotic drinks list. When the doctor's detector had located the damaged nerve, he explained, the doctor had grabbed his needle and moved in for the pinch.

"I think he missed. In fact I know he missed. It was stuck in the old main vein. I said 'Forget it, I can do it myself.' Then he stuck me with a piece of electricity with clamps on it and said 'Okay I'll be back in five minutes.' The needle was just spinning around and spinning around. It looked really strange with just a needle sticking outta your arm, and nobody else around. It was really stupid looking at it."

That was the evening of the opening show, and the left hand was still a lifeless tentacle. Bolin struggled through the first half of the set, but in "Ode To G," his solo spot, the hand failed him. It quickly became apparent that his guitar was no longer under his control.

"I saw him," recalled Jon Lord the

next afternoon. "He was trying and I'm going, 'Can it, Tommy.' Paice put it best. He said he thinks Tommy panicked. He was out there on his own, spotlights all over him, and he thought 'I've got to do something.'"

"That made me angry, but it's so easy to get angry onstage. All your reactions and emotions are multiplied by a hundred. Glenn can play one bum note, and even though he's played a beautiful set, he'll come off and say 'I played shitty,' because of the one bad thing he did."

Disappointed in the medical treatment he'd received in Nagoya, Tommy decided to buy an electric heating pad for his arm when the band got to Osaka for the second gig. The Japanese don't make heating pads, though, so he settled for an electric blanket instead. He sat with it wrapped around his arm in the hectic dressing room before the show.

"Are all my guitars tuned?" he asked his roadie, who nodded yes.

"You're a prince," laughed Jon Lord, "and you better watch out, because I'm a princess."

Bolin played better that night, and better still the next night in Fukuoka. The big Tokyo concert, which was to be filmed for European television and recorded for a possible live LP, loomed only three days ahead, so Bolin decided to visit a doctor who had been recommended by the promoter of the tour. "The Professor," as Bolin called him, twisted and massaged the guitarist's left hand back to near-perfect health by the day of the final concert. "He really looked mad," Bolin explained. "Like insane."

Nearly 12,000 rock fans filled the Budokan concert hall to see the new Deep Purple. The band had flown their producer, Martin Birch, in to

supervise the recording of the album, and two film crews, one stationary and one mobile, were there to record the excitement on celluloid. Purple opened to pandemonium with "Burn," and with Tommy Bolin healthy again, they played their most explosive set of the tour.

Jon Lord and Ian Paice dazzled the rock & roll ravers with an impromptu jam of "Woman From Tokyo." Tommy Bolin mesmerized them with his echoplex during "Ode To G." (The device repeats a riff Bolin had been playing while he claps his hands over his head.) Glenn Hughes, one of rock's funkiest bassists, had the girls screaming during his soulful rendition of "Georgia On My Mind," and David Coverdale was fully in command as he sang "Smoke On The Water," the song that made Ian Gillan's wail famous.

"This tour had to prove whether it could work or not," said Ian Paice, shirtless and sweating after the show. "This proved that it can work."

"I think we can afford to relax a little bit," reflected Jon Lord, as he peeled off his custom-made, hand-painted leather suit. "We know that it works. We should be able to get into some really nice things, and experiment a bit with what we are."

"With Tommy, people didn't know what to expect, so we were able to be free again. What's come out of it, to me, is a good extension of what we were. It proves that the band will always be this kind of band, but we're trying to extend the variety of the things the band is capable of doing."

"And with Tommy," Lord concluded, smiling "the contribution is also a personal thing as well. He's a much more happy, outgoing person than Ritchie was. It's made the band a different place to be."

Tommy Bolin, Rock Tease

by Peter Crescenti

I just wanted to blow my cookies all over the record," says Tommy Bolin, regurgitating the motivation behind his first solo album, *Teaser*. Unlike most initial solos, *Teaser* had been smacked with a bullet its first week on the charts, and within a month it had become one of the most requested records on the FM airwaves. When Bolin returned to Los Angeles after the first leg of Deep Purple's current tour, he found *Teaser* had become a full-blown hit.

"It's like walking into a dream," he admits unabashedly.

"I'll go as far as to kill myself to

have this album go gold," he declares with his customary hyperbolic zest. "Some of the tunes are four and five years old; I knew they were good then, and now they're getting airplay. I'm not saying they were ahead of their time—but I am saying they must really be good tunes. They wouldn't play them five years ago, though, let's put it that way."

Tommy Bolin had wanted to cut a solo LP for years. He waited through tenures in three bands—Zephyr, Energy and the James Gang. After he quit the Gang, Atlantic invited him to record a solo album produced by drummer Billy Cobham. The idea was logical—Bolin had played most of the guitars on Cobham's first solo shot, *Spectrum*—but Bolin had something else in mind. He was assuming lead vocals for the first time with his assembled studio band and he wanted to work with Ken Scott, a producer highly experienced in recording singers. Bolin did want Cobham to produce the album's instru-

mental cuts, but Cobham rejected the compromise and the project was dropped not long afterwards.

Months later Bolin recorded a demo tape at the Beach Boys' studio, backed by the group he had assembled. When he brought that tape to Nemperor Records, Bolin says, they "flipped" over the material and signed the guitarist to a lucrative solo contract.

Tommy checked into the studio immediately with more than a dozen musicians, including Mahavishnu Orchestra alumni Jan Hammer and Michael Walden, saxophonist Dave Sanborn, and bassist Stanley Sheldon, who played with Bolin in Energy and who will probably be a member of the solo band Bolin plans to take out on the road in April.

A perfectionist, Bolin is absolutely satisfied with his first album, and he admits that he would never have joined Deep Purple if it had meant sacrificing quality on his own LP. "I put every amount of effort that I could into it," he says. "Maybe more."

EXTRA
Nakeman no Brasil

13

Cr\$ 6,00

A HISTÓRIA E A GLÓRIA

RAGG

jornal de música E SOM
King Crimson

DEEP PURPLE



Blackmore



Fripp

Veludo
Walter Franco
Hermeto Paschoal

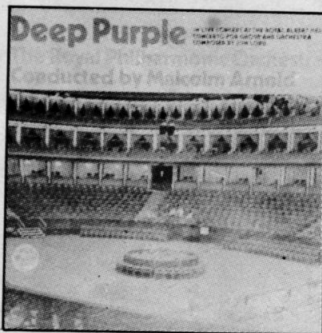
Os Discos de 75
MIKE OLDFIELD

Colunas: Jazz, Folk, Soul, Samba, Erudita

OS DISCOS

DEEP PURPLE

- ★ **Shades of Deep Purple** (Parlophone/Tetragrammaton, 1968)
- ★ **Book of Taliesyn** (Harvest/Tetragrammaton, 1969; BR. Harvest/Odeon, 1975)
- ★ **Deep Purple** (Harvest, 1969; BR. Harvest/Odeon 1976 - previsão de lançamento)
- ★ **Concerto For Group And Orchestra** (c/ Royal Philharmonic Orchestra regida por Malcolm Arnold; ao vivo; Harvest/Warner Bros., 1970; BR. Harvest/Odeon 1976 - previsão de lançamento)



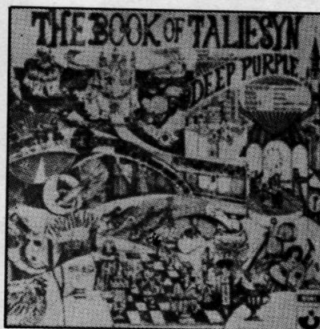
- ★ **Deep Purple In Rock** (Harvest/Warner Bros. 1970; BR. Harvest/EMI/Odeon, 1973)
- ★ **Fireball** (Harvest/Warner Bros. 1971; BR. EMI/Odeon, 1972)
- ★ **Machine Head** (Purple/Warner Bros. 1972; BR. Purple/Odeon, 1972)
- ★ **Made In Japan** (duplo; ao vivo; Purple/Warner Bros. 1972; BR. Purple/Odeon, 1974)
- ★ **Who Do We Think We Are** (Purple/Warner Bros. 1973; BR. Purple/Odeon, 1973)
- ★ **Burn** (Purple/Warner Bros. 1974; BR. Purple/Odeon, 1974)
- ★ **Stormbringer** (Purple/Warner Bros. 1974; BR. Purple/Odeon, 1974)
- ★ **Come Taste The Band** (Purple/Warner Bros. 1975; BR. Purple/Odeon, 1976 - previsão de lançamento)

Discos individuais

- ★ **Gemini Suite** (Jon Lord,

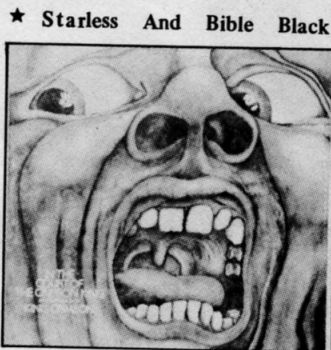
Albert Lee e a orquestra da BBC regida por Malcolm Arnold. Harvest/Capitol/1971)

- ★ **Windows** (Jon Lord. Purple/Warner Bros. 1974)
- ★ **First Of The Big Bands** (Jon Lord e Tony Ashton; Purple/Warner Bros. 1974)
- ★ **Rainbow** (Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow. Oyster/Polydor, 1975); BR. Oyster/Odeon, 1976 - previsão de lançamento)
- ★ **The Butterfly Ball** (Roger Glover. Purple/1974)



KING CRIMSON

- ★ **In The Court Of The Crimson King** (Island/Atlantic, 1969; BR. Island/Phonogram, 1972)
- ★ **In The Wake Of Poseidon** (Island/Atlantic, 1970)
- ★ **Lizard** (Island/Atlantic, 1970)
- ★ **Islands** (Island/Atlantic, 1971; BR. ATCO/Continental)
- ★ **Earthbound** (ao vivo; Island/Atlantic, 1972)
- ★ **Lark's Tongues In Aspic**



(Island/Atlantic, 1973; BR. ATCO/Continental, 1973)

- ★ **Starless And Bible Black**

(Island/Atlantic, 1973; BR. ATCO/Continental, 1973)

- ★ **Red** (Island/Atlantic, 1974; BR. ATCO/Continental, 1975)
- ★ **King Crimson USA** (ao vivo; Atlantic, 1975. BR. ATCO/Continental, 1975)

Discos Individuais

- ★ **McDonald & Giles** (Island 1970)
- ★ **No Pussyfooting** (Fripp & Eno; Island, 1974)

NESTE NÚMERO:



Biografia (Deep Purple) . . .	3
Letras (Deep Purple) . . .	7
Veludo	9
História do Rock	11
Biografia (King Crimson) .	15
Letras (King Crimson) . .	19
Rock e Eu	21

Jornal de música

Hermeto Paschoal	1
Coluna Samba	2
Coluna Erudita	2
Rick Wakeman	4
Coluna Soul	6
Mike Oldfield	6
Ezequiel Neves	7
Walter Franco	8
Coluna Folk	10
Coluna Jazz	10
Os Discos de 75	11
Cartas	14
Humor	15

(Os artigos assinados não representam necessariamente a opinião da redação.)

Diretor: Tárík de Souza

Diretor-Responsável: Glauco de Oliveira

Redação: Ana Maria Bahiana, Ezequiel Neves, Martha Zanetti, Tárík de Souza.

Arte: Diter Stein (diagramação), Cássio Loredano, Elifas Andreato, Chico Caruso, Luis Trimano, Petchó.

Fotografia: Tânia Quaresma, Walter Ghelman

Serviço Internacional: Associação Periodística Latino-Americana (APLA)

Colaboração e Consulta: Almir Tardin, Armando Amorim, Carlos A. Gouvêa, Luiz Carlos Maciel, Maurício Kubrusly, Okky de Souza, Henfil, Roberto Moura, Júlio Hungria, José Márcio Penido, Alberto Carlos Carvalho

Distribuição: Superbancas Ltda. - Rio: Rua do Rezende, 18, tel.: 222-2316 - SP: Rua Guaianases, 248, tel.: 33-5536

Composição e impressão: Apex Gráfica e Editora Ltda., Rua Marques de Oliveira, 459 - Rio Registrada no DCDP/DPF sob o nº 1337 - P.209/73

Publicidade em São Paulo: Quanta/Merchandising - Rua Francisco Leitão, 149 - CEP 05414 - tel.: 80-9853

Editado por

Maracatu Editora Rua da Lapa, 120 - gr. 504 - ZC 06 - CEP 20.000 - tel.: 252-6980
Rio de Janeiro, RJ.



DEEP

Foi portanto sem nenhuma intenção profética que o pianista e organista Jon Lord, ex-auxiliar de escritório, ex-ator, músico profissional há 4 anos mandou chamar seu amigo Richard Ritchie Blackmore, guitarrista em excursão pela Alemanha, com um vago projeto de fazer um conjunto. Era um idéia que eles tinham de tempos em tempos, cada vez que o trabalho escasseava e os dois tomavam bebedeiras juntos. Tinham muito em comum: o trabalho constante no meio musical de Londres, a preferência pela música negra, pelos blues elétricos — Wes Montgomery para

Se John, Ritchie e Ian eram o Deep Purple — e para sempre, nos próximos longos e trabalhosos anos, eles assim se considerariam — faltava encontrar alguns complementos necessários. Um baixista, em primeiro lugar: “Eu podia fazer a baixaria no órgão, isso é possível e os

O resultado não foi dos mais emocionantes. Na verdade, o recém-nascido Deep Purple não tinha muito a oferecer:

"Num quartinho imundo de hotel, em Nova York, nós vimos que se pretendíamos chegar a algum lugar precisávamos de idéias novas, sangue novo. Tínhamos que nos livrar de nosso cantor e de nosso baixista."



Purple em 68: Blackmore, Simper, Paice, Lord e Evans

músicos de estúdio e background por muito tempo, eles simplesmente não sabiam o que fazer com a liberdade conquistada. Não ousavam compor. Para eles, criatividade era fazer arranjos novos para músicas dos outros. Mas como os tempos eram de expansão & euforia, e Lord, Paice & Blackmore tinham um bom nome no cenário rock, o álbum de estréia foi feito e lançado. Nada aconteceu: e como poderia? Numa Londres cheia de sons novos, estimulante, como ouvir de novo velhos sucessos?

Mas o Purple era muito insistente. Um segundo disco foi feito, e eles decidiram arriscar tudo excursionando pela América "com o nome lá embaixo do cartaz de promoção, sabe como é, desse tamaninho", diz Paice. O esforço foi recompensado: o avulso *Hush*, um cover, chegou aos Top 40 nos Estados Unidos. Era mais do que um bom sinal: era um sopro de esperança numa banda que já começava a ser minada pela desilusão. E era uma pista segura para o futuro: ignorado em Londres, o Purple era compreendido na América. Como sempre seria.

"Foi numa das últimas noites na América", diz Blackmore, "que nós decidimos. Estávamos num quartinho imundo de um hotel de Nova York, e nós vimos que, se pretendíamos chegar a algum lugar, tínhamos de evoluir. E para evoluir, precisávamos de idéias novas, sangue novo. Quer dizer, tínhamos que nos livrar de nosso cantor e de nosso baixista." Uma decisão privada dos três mosqueteiros. Uma operação cirúrgica, um talho simples e certo. De volta a Londres, o trio simplesmente desapareceu e deixou ao empresário o duro encargo de despedir Simper e Evans. Quando a Harvest, que havia assumido o contrato

do Purple com a Parlophone, lançou seu terceiro álbum, para aproveitar o sucesso de *Hush*, Lord, Blackmore e Paice estavam rodando os pubs do norte da Inglaterra à procura de substitutos.

Num desses bares eles encontraram uma banda de blues: o Episode Six. E, no Episode Six, um cantor de voz ágil e potente: Ian Gillan. E um baixista com estilo, não apenas um mero marcador de compassos: Roger Glover. O novo Deep Purple estava formado, pronto a arriscar tudo pelo sucesso.

E agora, dois anos depois, já era possível ler nitidamente os sinais da nova era, da nova década, exigindo um novo



Paice tipo de música, um novo tipo de rock, feroz, industrializado, tecnológico e um pouco cínico como os anos 70, anos de dissolução, debandada, ceticismo, complexidade.

Uma das tendências da nova era já estava se delineando: o rock nutrido a informações eruditas, onde o teclado, revisto e aumentado, tinha lugar de destaque. O rock do Emerson, Lake & Palmer, por exemplo. Se o Deep Purple

quisesse ele poderia ter aderido: Jon Lord era músico o bastante, e informado o bastante em música clássica, para levar a cabo um projeto desse tipo. Na verdade, quando o grupo estreou sua nova formação no Royal Albert Hall, com a Royal Philharmonic Orchestra tocando o Concerto Para Grupo e Orquestra de Lord, todos pensaram que o Purple seria uma versão mais agressiva do ELP ou do Yes. Os críticos odiaram profundamente o experimento — Lester Bangs, da Rolling Stone, definiu-o como "uma atrocidade" — mas a conclusão que se tira, ouvindo mesmo hoje o registro fonográfico da estréia do novo Purple, é que sua música já era vital e impulsiva desde o concerto. E que o espírito básico da obra é antes a brincadeira e o bom humor — como o próprio Lord definiu no texto da capa — muito mais divertidos e arejados que seus contemporâneos sérios e eruditos.

No entanto, não era esse o caminho do Purple ao estrelato: o grupo, armazenado de idéias novas com Gillan e Glover, tinha descoberto que podia compor, construir sua própria música. E estava moldando essa música para os anos que viriam: acentuando, pesando e explodindo cada compasso, cada riff conhecido do rock da década passada. A isso se chamaria hard rock, ou heavy metal. Seu ano de definição, 1970. Seus definidores: o Led Zeppelin, com seus álbuns I e II; o Black Sabbath, com o *Paranoid*. E o Deep Purple, com o *In Rock*: básico, carne e sangue. "Eu sei que os críticos não gostam muito desse tipo de música", diria Lord alguns anos depois. "Mas acho que ela deve ser necessária, porque senão não haveria público, nem sucesso, certo? Creio mesmo que se não fosse pelo metal