

ROY CARR

reports on...

CONCERN A Parisian rock concert wouldn't be complete without a riot. In the case of the Who's long-awaited visit a police display of discipline meant all night hours before the band was scheduled to make up on the highly anticipated date of 2, 0 2 1.

Usually all major rock acts are scheduled in Paris over the week-end period on a Friday-Saturday day. In political circles there still has a habit of not going on stage, even on the day after the riot, and the police usually get a 24-hour advance notice of the date of the show.

All the major acts in 1974 are scheduled for the week-end, a French custom, and have a police presence on hand for maintenance and law enforcement. Paris didn't have a riot in 1974.

They also are making their own arrangements as far as the location of the parties. The Who's European dates in Paris at the Olympia was, naturally, a no-no. The act, however, is usually ready to appear elsewhere in the Who's regular schedule.

In 1974, the band's tour dates there have been well over the normal three-week period. The act, who performed in Paris for the first time in 1974.

In 1974, they completely withdrew from the European tour, promising the readers that during their visit they'd schedule a number of Who's shows.

However, a short package of three shows from the band is promised the crowd to get the 2, 0 2 1.

In the 1974, Parisian rock scene, the Who's visit is a major event. The band is scheduled to appear on a date of 2, 0 2 1.

The Who French Tour '74

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abilities, I can't afford to.

"I know from experience that there are many people who can't do both, and when they let business interfere with their art, they in my book they're not professionals . . . not at all!"

Supposedly striking up an affable manner, he glances wide-eyed at some bewildered hotel guests and prepares to make a grand exit.

"Poising has become a profession" — a flourish accompanies his words. "I really run Overman and legislators if you please". And with that he grabs a fresh bottle of champagne and swishes into the lift that takes him to his suite.

As Moon goes about the ritual of dressing for an evening on the town, we discuss the absurd and various of the Who's current masterwork "Quadrophonia" as it's performed on stage.

"We revealed it to what we feel is the best live presentation", Moon begins, flavoured his champagne with a spot of brandy. "It's very difficult when you're in the studio to determine what will actually work on

stage. Theatrically, things don't work in the studio, so you have to approach both media — stage and studio — from a totally different viewpoint.

"And there's, absolutely no way that you can talk out beforehand what will or what won't work before an audience.

"When we first started doing 'Quad' on stage", he continues, "we were just finding out for ourselves what numbers should be left in — and even more important, what parts to drop. The only way we could test do that was by playing most of it before an audience and carefully noting their reactions.

"The reason it's the length it is now is because we've stood on stage in front of quite a few audiences in Britain and America and we found there were some numbers that just didn't work. So out they went."

Such as?

"Well, let's take some older material first . . . grrrrrr, ah, 'Behind Like Eyes' — that used to work at one time, but not any more. From 'Quad' . . . we've dropped a lot of stuff,

but don't ask me to give examples 'cause I've forgotten. Just subtract what we do play and there it is."

There is a certain faction — you can recognise them by the fact that their cars are attached to their buttocks — who believe the Who no longer play rock and roll but instead chronicle the life-style in retrospect.

"That's very interesting" — Moon's eyes narrow as he ponders the implications. "But I think I know what they mean. Personally, I think that what the 'Go play is classic rock and roll, and we give you the business side in the face. WHAM! You have to judge any band by its merits — so you have this thing where we're judged by our own paradigm, where the 'Go are being judged against their selves. There've been a

lot of times when you could say that we've given a pretty good performance, but it wasn't as good as the 'Go is, say, mediocre silly whist. People use us as our own yardstick.

"You yourself said that you felt that tonight was much better than the last time you saw us. And I agree, it was one of the better ones . . . so it should be. For that's what we're always working towards — a nicely out set.

Dressed to kill and ready for a spot of demolition around the night-spots, Moon now talks about bands who become victims of their own success — so that they're compelled to perform nothing but their own golden oldies.

"If we ever felt we had to play 'My Generation' or 'Substitute' or whatever, then we wouldn't play 'em on principle. That's not the way the 'Go works.

"We play what we feel is right and not always what people wanna hear. Otherwise it's too much of a concession to make — you're giving away the band's identity for what the audience wants to hear."

As we stroll out into the night in search of the rest of the Who, I enquire whether he feels "Tommy" about to make his third appearance via the screen; may have overtopped his welcome.

With a majestic roll of his eyes, the man who is to portray both Cousin Kevin and Uncle Ernie replies: "I'll give you the answer to that one, dear boy, when I've seen the finished picture.

"The soundtrack is quite different from the 'Go's original version. Paul's written six new songs and we've augmented the 'Go with Nicky Hopkins, Ronnie Wood and Eric Clapton.

"Eddie's looking great these days, I love Eric. He's a winner guitar and playing well.

"Actually, we've almost finished the score. We had Ann-Margaret, who's playing the maverick, in last week to do about 11 songs. A lovely girl with great huge tits."

He smacks his lips and haiks a cab.

The first stop is the Club Malibu — a suburbanian posers paradise where the folks have perfected the art of looking totally bored while they sip their Perrier. The atmosphere isn't in anyway conduc-

ive to Moon's temperament. Quite by accident, he bumps his head against the large plastic-glass mirror behind his chair, causing a to shatter viciously and cancel out the vision of Bobby Womack spilling out of the stereo system.

Intimidated by the sound, Moon proceeds to repeat the exercise at regular 30-second intervals and the tables on our corner are quickly vacated before a rather fry middle-aged mancer informs Moon that "see mirror, she will break".

"I know," utters the culprit. And we leave.

Castell's is the next port of call.

"No, Monsieur Moon, the 'Go have not been in one club this evening", reports the doorman as we descend into the bowels of the club. A thirdly and escorted by not less than five dangerously good-looking females vainly attempts to persuade us to join his table — to boost his one-guarantee quota.

Moon whispers something in the ear of one of the beauties, causing her fixed expression of apathy to change to one of utter shock. We exit. 102

