



## NEWS FROM A&M RECORDS

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### THE MOVE

(Or How We Came to Love Mr. Wilson)

THE MOVE were once the darlings of destruction--infamous for bashing-smashing-in several TV sets, autos, flickering-picture-tube likenesses of Ian Smith, Adolph Hitler, and almost anything that didn't smash back on stage, publicizing their records with libelous postcards depicting a certain British political figure in a state of undress, looking, to quote Mr. Nik Cohn, "Mean as hell" in Capone outfits with down-in-the-dregs expressions, and making a big, bad rock and roll noise, although not in that particular order.

But that was way back in prehistoric 1966-67. Today The Move IS a most impressive act, minus--Capone-vibes, nudie cards, and libel leers. They are quiet, high-soaring, three-part vocal-harmonic, and crispy, crunchy 12-string guitar dominated, making their 1970 impact on pop as heavy as that of the Byrds, who they now resemble in their present incarnation album for A&M Records entitled SHAZAM.

The Move began as a composite of local semi-professional groups in their native Birmingham, lead guitarist-songwriter ROY WOOD coming from the Nightriders (now the Idle Race), singer CARL WAYNE from a collar-tie-time-clock post as an insurance clerk, drummer BEV BEVAN from a brief but not un-illustrious football career, and now-departed members basist TREVOR BURTON, and guitarist CHRIS (ACE) KEFFORD (who N. Cohn describes as "the singing skull itself") from unfortunately indeterminable quarters.

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At the time of their inception, The Move styled themselves after the American Motown-type acts, incorporating synchronized, showy, slippery dance-steps into their stage presentation. Seeking a London-based manager because no Birmingham group had ever made it with local representation, they discovered Mr. Tony Secunda, who had earlier distinguished himself with the Moody Blues.

"We'd heard so many bad things about him," remembers bronzed, athletic-looking Carl, the group's most prolific conversationalist, "that at first we were convinced he was a real crook. So we avoided our first scheduled conference with him by hiding Roy and telling him that, since he'd been beaten up and put in the hospital, we couldn't very well sign anything."

Eventually though, the Move-Secunda alliance was formed, shortly after which Secunda secured them a month-long residency at the world-famous Marquee Club, where, recalls mustachioed Roy, "the fun and games started," and The Move were launched.

The Move in no time at all took over from such heart throbs as the Stones and Who as London's rabble-rousers-in residence.

Looking back at their now-legendary antics, Carl says, "We were never terribly happy about the idea. All the energy we wanted to channel towards projecting our music properly, we expended instead on exploiting these visual gimmicks, which you must remember were very dangerous. Why, when we used to stick axes through televisions someone could have lost an eye or something. Which would have lost us a fortune.

"Simply, we were as nasty and controversial as we were only to

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gain the attention of the press. Also, I think we were acting as an extension of Mr. Secunda's ego. He was a very small man who was constantly on this ego-trip in which he envisioned himself as some sort of horrible villian."

During the flower-power-bell-bottomed-San-Francisco summer, 1967 The Move released Wood's "Flowers In the Rain," which they advertised via a "feelthy" postcard of Harold Wilson, then Great Britain's Prime Minister. Reading "Disgusting, despised, and despicable though Harold may be, beautiful is the only word to describe 'Flowers In the Rain' by The Move," it depicted Harold in bed with a former secretary with whom he had been rumored involved to the tune of an American abortion and bribery.

"That," reminisces Carl, "was none of our doing really. It was just another of Mr. Secunda's bright ideas. When we first saw it we asked him if maybe it wasn't a bit libelous. He said, 'Oh, no! I've showed it to my lawyers and they've assured me that it's quite safe.' The next thing we knew, Mr. Wilson, bless his heart, was slapping a writ down on us, and we wound up giving every penny of our royalties to charity.

"Very strange really; about a month after the case against us had been won the guy who handled the prosecution was made a Lord."

"Flowers" established The Move. Winter, 1967, saw the end of flower-power, but the group itself proved durable by recording another hit, "Fire Brigade," which came complete with a Duane Eddyish twang guitar line.

At the beginning of 1968, around the time of the English smash

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"Blackberry Way," Kefford and Burton left the group, the former because "his paranoia and incredibly psychotic nature had begun rubbing off on us and we had to ask him to leave," the latter because he wanted to play more country-blues than The Move's commercially-gearred repertoire permitted. They were replaced by Rick Price, who left a Beach-Boyish vocal-oriented group called Sight And Sound to join them.

Unlike so very many of their countrymen, The Move have chosen to remain in their native city in preference to setting up residence in London. "Today we're as close to celebrities as Birmingham has," observes Bev, "but we've kept all our old friends because we've never tried to come on superior. We still all go out together and get pissed with the geezers from the meat-market."

"Certainly," adds Carl, "it's the pattern to move to London once you've made it, but we've always defied the patterns--no group that's produced six singles and one album in four years can be considered pattern-prone, can it?"

The reason for The Move's smallish record output, according to Roy, is that they're nearly always too busy moving up and down England doing one-nighters to get themselves into the recording studio. When not occupied on one-nighters, The Move keep themselves busy with week-long gigs in cabaret, on which occasions Carl, who sees himself as a solo cabaret superstar ala Tom Jones sometime in the future, is generally happier and Bev, who possesses the all-time lowest bass in English rock history, gets to deliver his amazing rendition of "Zing Went The Strings of My Heart."

Anyone who makes a habit of reading the English pop-papers might well labor under the misconception that The Move are planning to break up

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next hour. But one member has this reassuring observation relating to the supposed perpetually inevitable Move break-up: "There's always been a big potential rift in the group caused by the wide and very obvious personality differences between me and Roy. Somehow, though, The Move's variety of personalities has come to impress me as a positive thing for the group. And to finally be in America now, after four years as a group that experienced the most incredible hassles from its very earliest days, is really quite a testament to our ability to continue."

We won't let hope dwindle. Amen!

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— Bob Garcia