

BLIND DATE

with



ROLF HARRIS

WHEN ROLF HARRIS was invited to discuss records in the BLIND DATE series, he replied:

"I must caution you. My tastes in music are extremely weird. And I certainly won't guess the artists properly. I don't follow the pop scene that much and only have records of my own that were given to me."

But ex-schoolteacher Rolf, Australian-born British hit parader, came forth as a shrewd character with some determined analysis on the discs:—

● **PATSY CLINE:** "Sweet dreams" (Brunswick).

I liked the beginning—that insistent slow beat. The sort of song which a bass player would love to play on. But the melody isn't memorable, and this girl seems to be going through so many emotional troubles that I couldn't sort out exactly what her problem was. Who was it? Vera Lynn? Possibly Dakota Staton. I liked it—but there were too many things going on.

● **STEVE PERRY:** "My Dad" (Decca).

(After the first verse)—That's enough of that. So unreal. No, I don't like this sickly American-type stuff. What a ghastly song! They say all the good things about Dad and forget all the bad things. No, I don't like it. Parents are worth more than that.

● **SHIRELLES:** "Foolish little girl" (Stateside).

What a lovely clean opening—then it gets cluttered. I think it's quite commercial. I haven't the faintest idea who this is. It's American, of course—naturally they over-simplify

everything and the lyrics are ridiculously childish, showing a total lack of knowledge of the marriage service.

● **GARY U.S. BONDS:** "Where did that naughty little girl go" (Stateside).

What can you say about this? The voices on this sound like hessian dipped in honey. It's one of those frenetic things with a lot of shouting and a good beat. The words are unintelligent, though, and the beat doesn't make up for that in my view. Too much screaming.

● **DON CHARLES:** "Heart's ice cold" (Decca).

I can't tell a lie—Don Charles lives in the flat below me and I was in at the birth of that record. The instrumental is lovely in the introduction, but I'm not too happy about Don's phrasing in the middle. Very commercial—the best record you've played today.

● **THE HOLLIES:** "Ain't that just like me" (Parlophone).

This is one of those records put out with nowhere near enough thought put into it. The bloke who wrote the lyrics probably relaxed back and said "That's great." But it isn't. The lyric idea was good, about nursery rhymes, but not carried to a logical conclusion. The words made nonsense of the song—no sense in that. I don't think it will be a hit and I don't know who it is.

● **BILL BLACK's Combo:** "Do it—rat now" (London).

Great! I love boogie-woogie and that piano intro was jumping. But the introduction of trumpet wasn't right, though the tenor fitted the sound nicely. This has a Bill Haley feeling about it. I like it—but why do they go in for those awful fade-out finishes? Don't they know how to end a record? I loathe fade-out endings—they're dishonest.

● **JIMMY SMITH (organ):** "Hobo flats—part 1" (Verve).

This is a knockout. I love that beat, the feeling of unity throughout the record, and the beautiful rocking way it's played. I can't see it as a hit, but I love everything about it. These boys know what they're doing.—R. C.