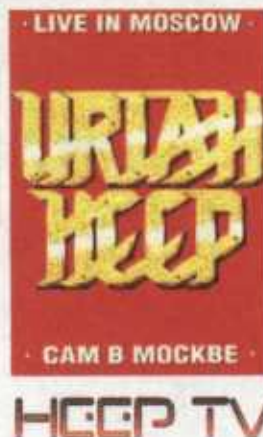


"Live In Moscow" Heep TV Review

Contributed by: Alan (ALE) Edlund

Watching the evolutionary stature of a band growing up along with you is a rare and seldom noticed gift given to the public. Uriah Heep is one such band that given a moment's reflection, one will find have always been there in the soundtrack of your life. Despite the numerous personnel changes and musical directions the band has taken over the years, the essential core of honest rock 'n' roll: soaring vocals, strong harmonies, intricate workings of guitar, keyboard and bass, have remained and are still the cornerstone of the bands makeup. An offering of this gift Uriah Heep provides is the soon to be re-released 1987 documentary, "Live in Moscow."



Here we get a glimpse into the cohesive bonding of what is to become the most stable lineup of the band, newly recruited lead vocalist Bernie Shaw and short-term veteran keyboardist Phil Lanzon join in flawless performances with the founding veteran guitarist Mick Box; the redoubtable Lee Kerslake on drums and Trevor Bolder's thundering bass work. As Uriah Heep was the first western rock band to be allowed to perform within the Soviet Union, we are presented with a rather amusing mistaken identity incident at the beginning of the film in which a local reporter is unable to recognize the members of band departing a plane from the just arrived flight, from there we are solidly reminded of who Uriah Heep is from the rousing opening chords of Pacific Highway followed into the grinding guitar of Too Scared to Run, Uriah Heep proves that good music has no boundaries or limits in appreciation.

We are allowed witness to Bernie's early stage presence development, while at times he seems stiff and easily resembles Peter Goalby in his movements; it is refreshing to watch his unabashed amazement at Mick's lightning fretwork. The enjoyment these musicians derive from performing with each other is captured in the good humor and ease they demonstrate moving through the concert's play list of stalwart Heep classics: Bird of Prey, Stealin', The Wizard, July Morning, Easy Livin', Gypsy, along with the new era tunes of Too Scared to Run and That's The Way That It Is. As each song is presented it becomes more and more apparent that this lineup is more than adequate to carry on in the finest Heep tradition. The performance is given heroic significance by the introduction of three new tracks, the opening Pacific Highway, Corina and Phil Lanzon's presentation of Mister Majestic exhibiting the new song making capability of the band.

Scattered throughout the video against the concert soundtrack are scenes of the band out in the streets of Moscow performing Beatle-istic camera muggings that would have been better suited in an extra feature at the end of the film. It is rather like watching old home movies where everyone appears to be having a good time but we aren't allowed in on the joke. The insight none the less proves that the admiration of the fans is genuine, as in one scene we see Mick giving an autograph to one enthusiast who immediately aggrandizes it with kisses, as if given something precious. Now who can argue with that?

The Live in Moscow concert can be viewed on line by pointing your web browser to www.heeptv.com or by following the link from the Uriah Heep official web site at www.uriah-heep.com. The effort is minimal and secure and you will be able to watch your selection within minutes of placing your order. As an added bonus the online viewing purchase price will be applied as a discount if you choose to order the DVD copy of the concert.

As streaming video is still a relatively new technology some limitations are to be expected, but to be able to see rare and exclusive concert footage and other performances they are easy to overlook. The worst drawback of internet video is that for best clarity of picture you should limit your viewing screen size. Double screen or full screen will severely cause distortion and breakup of the picture, but at the original size the picture came through smooth and clear.

As this is a live concert, emphasize should be given to the sound and here I can find no reason to complain or find fault. The sound is delivered in CD quality format and allows you to enjoy every subtle keyboard tickle, guitar string teasing

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and thunderous wall of music that Uriah Heep is famous for. (If you haven't upgraded your PC sound system, I highly recommend you should to truly enjoy this feature).

The Live in Moscow concert footage is a very nice look back at one of the milestones of this band and I recommend it to all. Given all the varied opinions of which line-up was best Messer Box, Kerlake, Bolder, Lanzon and Shaw have proved themselves a capable band at least, and very deserving of the name Uriah Heep.

In spite of it all, Uriah Heep has passed thirty years of continuous existence as a band, and God willing they be around for another thirty, because hopefully by then the rest of the world will have discovered what we Uriah Heep fans have known all along: **"Uriah Heep are a band that are very 'eavy, very 'umble and very very good."** [1]

[1] 1996 Robert M. Corich, A Time of Revelation CD Box set liner notes page 47

My Wonderworld

Contributed by: Don Ellis

When coming up with an idea for this article, it was important for me to come with something original. This is why I came to the decision to explain what role Uriah Heep played in my youth. Anyway, I hope you enjoy, and possibly connect with what is inside. Enjoy.

I first became aware of Uriah Heep in the summer of 1971. The local FM rock station was really pushing material from Very eavy, and Salisbury. The first song I ever heard was Gypsy. After that I was never the same. In my early youth I was a serious music fan. However, one week Steppenwolf would be my favorite band, the next week The Guess Who, the next Black Sabbath, etc., you get the picture. But when I heard Gypsy everything changed. To me Uriah Heep were like a hard rocking Three Dog Night. You had the heavy hammond, mutiple harmonies. Great melodic hard rock on the heavy side. The first Uriah Heep album I ever owned was Demons & Wizards. It was a Christmas gift. Man I wore that one out. The same day I got it, I learned all the lyrics. I wasn't very outgoing as a teenager. Life at home to say the least was very tense. With Uriah Heep I could excape into my own little Wonderworld. Yes I said Wonderworld as that is the imaginary world I could go to get away from all the problems of the day. Even before Heep released Wonderworld, I used that word as my own, and when Heep put out Wonderworld, it really connected me to Heep. In my teenage mind it was like I had a connection with Ken Hensley. And later on when I found out his place of refuge was the imaginary Wonderworld, it made me feel a special bond. Uriah Heep could always blow the blues away. When I would buy a new Heep album. I would study it thoroughly and within a day or two I knew all the lyrics by heart. Uriah Heep are like a religion to me. Now I find myself 30 years later in my mid forties, and Uriah Heep still give me that special rush that no other music artist will. Anyway, these are my thoughts. I hope you enjoy me letting you into MY WONDERWORLD. I hope you enjoyed yourselves. HEEP ON.

Diary of the Madman

Contributed by: Merrick Crittenden

GREETINGS boys and girls and even you the wild ones of all ages ha ha ha. AS most of you know The magians Birthday DVD is out and should be showing up soon. I ordered mine way in advance and cannot control my self. But with the early shipment of the magians bithday party on cd live from SHEPARDS BUSH EMPIRE I will be able to make it. I have to say being there was great. All the friends i have made because of this band called URIAH HEEP is incredible. For those who wer not there don'y worry we get to do all again in November. To be in London is always fun for me and seeing my favortie band, life is like YEAH.. NOW if your like me the madman or want to have some fun go grab an ice cold adult beverage and crank up some URIAH HEEP. It doesn't matter which CD / album you put on because the thrills and chills and spills (((((well that is if you had as many adult ice cold beverages i have had today hahahahahahaha bbuURP !!!)))) and excitment of listenig to URIAH HEEP the worlds greatest band will put you in outer space well it does me hahahahaha (((wondering if i am having flash backs?? hhhmmm??)) Remember only you can stop noise pollution , put on some URIAH HEEP and make the world a better palce. HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA. SEE you next time for an action packed funfilled tales and thoughts and random acts of madness from the MADMAN . P.S. URIAH HEEP FOREVER

The Other Side Of Midnight

Contributed by: Anononyous

It was about 11 AM on 12/31/76 and a heavy snow was starting to fall on central Ohio. However, I was not going to let even the weather distract me on this day as I was making the final preparations for my trip to Cleveland's Richfield Coliseum to bring in the New Year with Uriah Heep. This promised to be one of the truly great New Year's Eve celebrations of my life and all the arrangements for meeting up with the band had been made a few days earlier at a show in Dayton. The Dayton show had been unique as I had been introduced to the new band members, John Lawton and Trevor Bolder, for the first time as well as Mick's new bride Diane. So with all the final preparations made I wished my family Happy New Year, picked up an old high school friend to accompany me on the trip and headed off to the North Coast.

The plan was to meet up with Dell Roll and the rest of the road crew at the backstage door at about 4 PM as that would be the time they were arriving to set up for the show (they would be opening for Blue Oyster Cult). The snow storm raged on and in fact bordered on being a full blown blizzard but we continued on our journey as nothing was going to keep us from this appointment. Once we had arrived at the Coliseum the whole parking lot was covered with about two feet of snow and plows were starting the job of clearing things for that night's show. So we proceeded to the back of the building and found where staff members had parked and headed down the backstage ramp. The crew had not arrived yet but security was kind enough to let us wait inside. About twenty minutes later the crew showed up and the work of getting the show set up commenced. Usually we would get to assist with the set up but since Heep was not the headliner and the promoter did not have backstage passes available yet we had to sit on the equipment cases so some unknowing security officer did not try to throw us out. While this beat waiting outside in the snow, the location did serve as a constant reminder what was going on outside as each time the backstage door opened the cold and snow blew in. After about two hours, the band showed up and we were able to secure passes and move around more freely to thaw out and explore.

I can not remember who the opening act was as I had stayed in the dressing room to talk with the band. However, about twenty minutes before Heep was to go on I wandered out into the Coliseum to look things over and see what kind of mood the crowd was in. As I looked around the building, I could feel the energy and excitement build in anticipation of Heep's arrival on stage. As I turned, I saw that Lee was standing beside me and you could tell by the smile on his face that he was really enjoying the atmosphere. Just then a large limo pulled up to the stage and a rather inebriated older gentleman literally poured out of the back and was helped to a microphone at center stage. He mumbled some incoherent words that got the crowd worked up then was thrown back into the limo which promptly drove off. As the limo left the building I learned the gentleman was Allen Freed, the historic DJ that supposedly coined the phrase rock n' roll. However, on this given night I do not think he could spell those same words. Needless to say my view of Mr. Freed went down a bit that night and it was a bit tough to see a supposed legend reduced to such a state. However, my disillusionment with Rock was about to be short lived as the house lights went down and the crowd roared in anticipation of Heep hitting the stage.

As the band walked by Lee waved me to come along and I followed to take my usual position whenever I had the opportunity to be on stage in those days immediately behind Ken. What a rush it was to watch the crowd react as the band tore into one of their typical fiery sets. The new lead singer and bass player fit right into the blend as if they had always been there and the crowd was treated to a truly delightful New Year's Eve gift. It was tough trying to figure out how BOC was going to follow up on such a performance and sustain the crowd's energy until midnight. Let's just say Cleveland was already in flames with rock n' roll. However, that was their problem as the band and I departed the building at about 10:30 PM for the Richfield Holiday Inn and a more private celebration to ring in the New Year.

After the short drive to the hotel we set up residency in the bar. The entourage basically broke up into three groups. Lee had slide off to the far side of the bar and was talking to two young ladies. Ken was sitting quietly by himself at

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the bar as earlier at the show someone had stolen a special personal item of his from the dressing room which somewhat dampened his celebratory mood. The rest of us were huddled at a couple of tables in the center of the room. Mick, Trevor, John and I had the opportunity to tip a few drinks and talk in a bit more depth than we had at the show a few nights before. I had not been familiar with John's past works and this was a good opportunity to learn a bit more. As for Trevor, what can I say but what a fanatic experience to be sitting and talking with one of the legendary "Spiders From Mars". Holding the whole thing together was Mick and Diane who were acting as the perfect hosts.

Shortly before midnight, Lee called me over to ask me to help him with a predicament. It seems he had promised to give the two young ladies he was conversing with a New Year's celebratory kiss before he had realized that there was more to them than he had realized (i.e. once one of them had gotten up to go to the restroom it became obvious that the baggie outfits they were wearing served more than a decorative purpose) and he was wondering if I would mind helping him up by acting as his surrogate. Being a bit more observant, I informed him that I did not think I could fill in for him but still might have a solution. We introduced the ladies to the friend that had come with me and we both sauntered off to join the rest. Shortly there after my friend rejoined us having taken care of Lee's promise. At this time several bottles of champagne were passed out in anticipation of the quickly approaching midnight hour. However, a small problem arose in that the bottles had been stored in a freezer and the necks had frozen shut. We all sat the champagne down to thaw and started to order back up drinks when my friend, determined to have champagne at the stroke of midnight, started to shake the ice out of one of the bottles. As one would anticipate he successfully dislodged the ice but at the price of an uncontrollable champagne volcano which soaked a well-dressed lady at the next table. Thankfully she was a good sport and jokingly took the bottle away asking that we please allow her to pour. So, with this mission accomplished we all properly toasted the New Year in. At this point, I went over for a private toast with Ken, still sitting by himself at the bar, sharing how sorry I was that the earlier event had lessened his ability to enjoy the moment. At this point he just smiled and exclaimed that it was okay that it was just a material item and how the greater gift was the friends around him. We toasted the New Year and he joined the rest of us in celebration.

The partying continued full throttle from this point on. About a half-hour later, there was a lot of commotion in the lobby and I wondered out to investigate. It seems my friend had gone into the restroom to make more room for additional beverages and while standing at the urinal Lee had sneaked up behind him and grabbing him by the back belt loop taking off out the door into the lobby at a full run. Unprepared for what was happening my friend created his second champagne, though somewhat recycled this time, spray of the night. Everyone, even my friend, got a good laugh and we headed back into the bar. The lady who had earlier gotten sprayed with the pre-consumed champagne said she was going to quit while she was ahead and bid us all a good night. Needless to say, each time I went to the restroom the rest of the night I kept a cautious eye over my shoulder.

About 1 AM things were starting to die down when Lee decided to liven things up again and started a huge conga line that weaved all over the bar, out into the lobby and back again for about 15 minutes. At this point, I collapsed into a chair totally exhausted and was ready to call it quits. A young lady recognized my predicament and offered to help me to my room. It seems Hall and Oates had performed in town that night and she was a dancer in the show or at least that is what she told me. Once in my room I was to learn she felt a good remedy for what ailed me was intense physical activity. Though I had my doubts, I found myself a willing patient and was soon to learn her treatment was just what the doctor ordered. I also gained a new appreciation that night for the physical stamina and flexibility of dancers.

About 2 AM my friend showed up at the room with two more young ladies and we all set down to talk when suddenly the phone rang. The voice on the other end claimed to be the Bear (Lee's moniker at that time) and that he had some more champagne and was heading to the room. About five minutes later Lee arrived with a couple bottles and we all sat around and talked some more. After a while Lee became emotional and told us all Mick's wife had become ill and had been taken to the local hospital. We talked for a while about the unfortunate situation then all decided to finally

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end the party or so I thought.

Everyone left my room except for one of the young ladies who had come up with my friend. It seems she felt I looked a bit down and wanted to stay and help me out. Fortunately, it seems she was a believer in the same method of curing ones woes as the dancer so we commenced another aggressive physical treatment regimen. Once again, the therapy proved very helpful.

Finally daybreak came and I started to prepare to leave for home. The hotel informed us that the band had departed earlier for their next show (somewhere in Kentucky) and that Mick's wife was better. Going outside to get in the car we found the snow had stopped falling but about four-foot was on the ground. I stirred the car onto what I hoped was the road and head south towards home. Once home my parents asked how things had gone and probed for a little detail but obviously this was a case where the less said the better and I just told them I had a great time. They knew that with out asking by the smile on my face. Since I was now heading towards my third day without sleep, I headed off to bed. I would like to say I had some good dreams but after the events of the past few days what was there left to dream about. This was by far a New Year's celebration for the record book and I guess you can say I definitely got a taste for life on the other side of midnight.

2003. Geez! Are we really going to have to wait almost another year?? I love the live albums but we've already got 25 live versions of Easy Livin'. We want new songs! I make a proposal to Heep, Bob Carruthers, Pip Williams.... whoever! Hear me out on this one. You could release an EP in the Fall... say about September. It could include 3 or 4 new songs with a bonus song or two from the Magician's Birthday Party. You could even include one of the songs not included on the MBP DVD. It would be a great product to have available for this year's Magician's Birthday Party. If you do this for us, I promise to quit bitching. Well, I promise to try anyway! :-> Do we have a deal?

An Open Letter To The Powers That Be!

Contributed by: Mac Steagall / www.travellers-in-time.com

It's now been nearly four years since Uriah Heep released a studio album. Long gone are the days where bands released two albums a year. The reasons are obvious. In the 70s, albums were 35 to 40 minutes. Today albums are often close to 80 minutes..... essentially a double album by 70s standards. Additionally, Heep is touring band. Their heavy touring schedule has paid the bills over the years while their royalty percentages have been miniscule. Although Heep had a brutal touring schedule in the 70s, management at the time apparently was less concerned with the band's health. Studio sessions were squeezed into the schedule causing additional stress. Over the years, several band members have quit the band due to exhaustion. Finally, Heep's annual special event in London (Acoustically Driven, TMBP) requires many days of rehearsal and arrangement leaving very little time to write new songs much less go into the studio.

Luckily over the four years we haven't been deprived of new Heep CDs. We've been treated to live albums and DVDs galore..... The Legend Continues, Future Echoes of the Past, Acoustically Driven, Electrically Driven, The Magician's Birthday Party and even the Remasters. However it is time... it's PAST time for a few new songs!

Originally the plan was for a new studio release in 2002. Now in May of 2002, the reports say 1/3 album is written (6 songs) but the estimated release date has been set back to Spring

Tapio Minkinen's

THE HEEPFILES

<http://www.saunalahti.fi/~htaplom/index3.htm>

Dave Sherrod's
BOOTLEGS

<http://skywebsite.com/ds-heep/URIAHHEEPBOOTLEGS/id21.html>

Jay Pearson's

THE MUSIC OF URIAH HEEP

<http://www.geocities.com/deepheep>

Pete Wharton's

FAQ'S

<http://www.uheep.freemove.co.uk/uheep/faqframe.htm>

John Lawton & Steve Dunning • Steppin' It Up

Contributed by: Pete Wharton

A short while ago, I had the pleasure of sitting in on a day's recording of John Lawton and Steve Dunning's new semi-acoustic album, *Steppin It Up*. Since then I've been allowed a sneak preview of the finished songs, though not in the final CD order (I've left my original comments in for *I'm Alive*, though it's replaced by *Still Paying My Dues* as the Opener.) With the imminent arrival of the "new baby" into the catalogue, I thought I'd share what were my initial impressions of some of the songs and perhaps bring you up to date with the CD launch and John's future plans. You may also be interested to know which people play what on which tracks. Finally some question and answers with John. These were some ramblings from scribbled notes as and when I had chance to listen. What is nice overall is that it just keeps growing on me more and more and as with all the best you keep noticing more little bits all the time. I've added some of John's notes to my comments as well.

I'm Aliveall guitars, Steve, Rich (drums) Steve Simmons (sax) JL (vocals). Good choice of opener. It's uptempo and let's you know from the start that this is not going to be just another straight forward acoustic playing of songs. The flamenco style guitar riffs work well, once you get used to the concept and there's some excellent guitar as the track fades out.

Still Paying My Dues.....all guitars, Steve, Phil (keys) Rich (drums) JL (vocals, harp) Graham Hulme (bv's) Like the harmonica at the start. Retains the rocky blues feel and yet resists the temptation to become too country. This is definitely aided by the use of the piano. Keep on playing this song, it's great.

Firefly/Come Back to Me.....all guitars, Steve, Rich (drums) Steve Simmons (sax) JL (vocals). A beautiful mellow sax opening to Firefly which keeps reappearing to re-emphasise the mellowness, works beautifully as a link to Come Back to Me where it's alternate use of adding some power features well. Firefly returns to finish and you have to mention the outstanding harmony vocals and the sax as the song fades out. Brilliant version. I'm so laid back with this that I'm horizontal.

Burning Ships.....all guitars, Steve, Rich (drums) Phil (keys) JL (vocals). I like it. How it compares with the LF version I don't know. I thought I had *When Groupies Killed The Blues* but blowed if I can find it. This is definitely pleasant and listenable though, from the opening guitar on. Love the change from the gentle opening to the full on power section. There is a slightly unusual sound to the keyboards, but it works.

Wise Man..... all guitars, Steve, JL (vocals). Difficult to say anything about this that hasn't been said before. All I can say is it went down an absolute storm at HV2K and this is just as good.

Feelings.....all guitars, Steve, Rich (drums) JL (vocals). Again a Spanish guitar style intro before the usual shuffle. Nothing particularly unusual in this version other than to mention how pleasant it is to hear this on an official release with decent vocals. Great harmony and background vocals also. Actually that's what makes this version so good, I can listen to it instead of going into contortions trying to get those meandering vocals out of my head.

Rain.....all guitars, Steve, Rich (drums) JL (vocals) Graham Hulme (bv's) Erol (guitar solo) If I'm going to find something nitpicky, it's in this. It's a great interpretation and instrumentally brilliant. There is just the line "Why should you want to waste all my time" that is broken up and stressed differently to how you expect and it just jars a bit. That said, when you expect the song to end, it carries on for another minute with some lovely guitar work that sounds very Eric Claptonish and the backing vocals fit beautifully. **(JL Note): Erol on guitar at the end. They were trying to lock up for the night at the studio, but we needed to get the solo finished and even as they were packing away, he was still playing, no pressure though :-))))))))))))))))))))))))))**

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