THE POWERS of darkness who are to descend this night cause the Who’s transformer to explode in dense clouds of sickly black smoke during “Can You See The Real Me” — the third number of their set. Now with 25,000 kids crammed tightly together for the biggest-ever indoor bash held on cold French concrete, there are fears that such an incident may ignite a senseless orgy of mass destruction. And sensing the dilemma, the Who stay on stage while the roadies perform a quick electronic transplant.

In the meantime, Daltrey gives a well-received display of intricate microphone swinging. Townshend attempts to kick a hole in the stage to the delight of the more physically-orientated spectators, Moon swings brandy, bangs his gong and frisks about, while Entwistle gazes on, suitably bored. After what seems like an eternity, the house-lights are dimmed, the rumble of the OX’s bass drags a cheer from the throats of the mob, and the Who’s “5.15” gathers up steam.

Considerable pent-up frustrations are vented on this poll-winning paean before it gives way to “Sea And Sand”, during which Townshend executes many neat aerodynamics as he elevates himself a good four feet off the ground.

“The fucker’s trying to fly”, hollers a roadie, as he watches Townshend gather momentum with rapid windmill thrashes of his right arm. Maybe he fancies a quick circuit around the vast auditorium. Jeze… Brexter McClyde tokin’ a Les Paul! The birdman flutters before crashing to his knees, the crowd yells, Daltrey lassos himself. Moon goes mad, Entwistle yawns.

Daltrey announces the next number, “Drowned”, as the band’s current favourite on-stage work-out. After exploring a number of high-energy variations on this great one-off rock riff, Townshend takes off his Les Paul, swings it over his head and dashes it to the ground. It bounces twice causing two tuning pegs to snap off. He picks it up and repeats the demolition. Retrieving his instrument for the third and last time, Townshend squares up to his speaker stack and, with the experienced eye of a mad axeman, severes the boxy from the neck with one swift classic stroke.

The audience goes bananas as the instrument lies mortified at his feet.

Keith Moon, who Townshend introduces as “the only person who can sing c’mon up to my room in 15-languages”, then lurches into a gloriously off-key “Bell Boy”. This leads into “Won’t Get Fooled Again” with everyone up and dancing, followed by “Pinball Wizard” and its extended coda of “See Me, Feel Me”.

It’s all over bar the shouting, which is loud enough to match the entire electrical output of the band. The Who strike back with encores of “Substitute”, “Magic Bus”, “Let’s See Action”, “Naked Eye” and “My Generation” by way of peace offerings.

If you’ve ever attended a good Who gig, then you’ll know just how vibrant they sounded.

MEANWHILE, back at the ranch… in this instance the madly expensive George Cinq Hotel, where it seems like you’re obliged to take out a mortgage on a room for the night. Moon madness is driving everyone around the bend.

He swans around the ultrachic cocktail lounge swaddled in one of the hotel’s white monogrammed bathrobes, ordering Tequila Sunrises by the half-dozen and warbling a barack-room ballad that begins ‘I Want You To Sit On My Face’.

In between Sunrises, Moon leans over and confides in a voice that stumbles somewhere between that of Basil Rathbone and Robert Newton: “You know dear boy”, he slurs, “I never let my loining get in the way of my professional respon-

SOMEHOW a Parisian rock concert wouldn’t be complete without a riot. In the case of the Who’s long-awaited visit a token display of disorder erupted eight hours before the band was scheduled to strike up at the highly appropriate time of 5.15 p.m.

Virtually all major rock gigs I’ve witnessed in Paris over the years have acted as a musical back-drop for political extremists and bon a rien to kick down the doors, over-run the box office, smash the stalls, pilage the popcorn stand and K.O. the odd pop star who happened to get in the way.

All this comes prior to spilling out into the street for a bloody confrontation with baton-wielding gendarmes supported by watercannon and tear gas while Paris Match magazine freezes the loot on film.

Things must be cooling down or toughening up, for the incident at the gigantic Parc Des Expositions dome at Porte de Versailles was, thankfully, a non-militant affair, motivated solely by genuine enthusiasm for the Who’s expected appearance.

At 9.00 a.m. the building’s large glass doors were burst wide open by several thousand young Parisians who proceeded to squat in front of the massive stage.

In doing so, they completely cordoned in the equipment lorries, preventing the roadies from driving away once they’d unloaded £100,000 of Who hardware.

However, a short exchange of choice patais from the roadies prompted the crowd to part like the Red Sea.

If, like I said, Parisian rock show isn’t complete without its statutory punch-up, then likewise a Who gig isn’t an event without it’s share of gremlins.
sibilities. I can't afford to.

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

Purposefully striking up an
affected stance, he glares wild-
eyed at some bewildered hotel
guests and prepares to make a
grand exit.

"Posing has become a pro-
ession"—a flounce accentu-
ates his words. "It really has,
Overtures and beginners if you
please!" And with that he grabs
a fresh bottle of champagne
drinks into the lift that
takes him to his suite.

As Moon goes about the ritu-
al of dressing for an evening on
the town, we discuss the abridg-
ed version of the Who's current
masterwork. "Quadrophenia"
as it's performed on stage.

"We trimmed it to what we
feel is the best live presenta-
tion", Moon begins, flavouring
his champagne with a spot of
brandy. "It's very difficult when
you're in the studio to deter-
mine 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 to-
tally different viewpoint.

"And there's absolutely no
way that you can suss out be-
forehand 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 im-
portant, what parts to drop.
The only way we could ever do
that was by playing most of it
before an audience and care-
fully 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 Ameri-
cana 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... ummmh, ah,'Behind Blue 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 ears are attached
to their bootocks — 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 'Oo play is classic rock and
roll, and we give you the busi-
ness right in the face. WHAM!
You have to judge any band by
its merits, and so you have this
thing where we're judged by our
own yardstick, whereas the 'Oo
are being judged against them-
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
'Oo in, say, nineteen sixty
Whatever. People use us as our

"You yourself said that you
felt that tonight was much bet-
ter 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 al-
ways working towards — a
nicely cut act."

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

"If we ever felt we had to
play 'My Generation' or 'Sub-
stitute' or whatever, then we
wouldn't play 'em on principle.
That's not the way the 'Oo
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 overstayed his wel-
come.

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 pic-
ure. The soundtrack is quite dif-
ferent from the 'Oo's original
version. Pete's written six new
songs and we've augmented the
'Oo with Nobby Hopkins, Ron-
nie Wood and Eric Clapton."

"Eric's lookin' great these
days. I love Eric. He's a winner
gooner and playing well.

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

He smacks his lips and hauls
a cab.

The first stop is the Club
Malibu — a subterranean
poseurs paradise where the
folks have perfected the art of
looking totally bored while they
sip their Perrier. The atmos-
phere isn't in anyway conduc-
tive to Moon's temperament.
Quite by accident, he bangs
his head against the large plate-
glass mirror behind his chair,
causing it to shatter violently
and cancel out the voice of
Bobby Womack spilling out of
the stereo system.

Intrigued by the sound,
Moon proceeds to repeat the
exercise at regular 30-second
intervals and the tables on our
corner are quickly evacuated
before a rather fey middle-aged
mincer informs Moon that "thee
mirror, she will break".

"I know," smirks the cul-
prit. And we leave.

Castel's is the next port of
call.

"No, Monsieur Moon, zee
'Oo 'ave not been in zee club
this eve'ning", reports the door-
man as we descend into the
bowels of the club. A trendy
soul escorted by not less than
five dangerously good-looking
females vainly attempts to per-
suade us to join his table — to
boost his one-upmanship quota.

Moon whispers something in
the ear of one of the beauties,
cauing her fixed expression of
apathy to change to one of utter
shock. We exit.
Next stop is the world-famous Crazy Horse Saloon—
which claims to present the
most luscious strippers on the
planet. Believe me, it’s no idle
boast. It’s a threat!

“Zee club, it is full, drones a
doorman dressed as a Royal
Canadian Mountie, attempting
to block our path.

“That’s all right, dear chap”,
says Moon, “Can I see the ma-
nager?”

“Who shall I say you are?”
quires a swarthy waiter as he
steps forward to shake the
drummer’s hand.

“Keith Moon of the ‘Oo,”
replies Keith Moon of the ‘Oo.

“Monsieur ‘Oo?”

Moon again presents his ver-
al calling card.

“Oo... what! what ‘Oo
Monsieur ‘Oo, ‘Oo?”

Things are getting quite silly
when a pretty little cigarette girl
recognises the distinguished
guest and promptly chastises
the dumb waiter. Fingers-snap.
A table is seemingly produced
out of thin air, and we are seat-
ed.

Aside from this little incident,
the public at large and equally
important, people within the
film industry, are now becom-
ing acutely aware of Moon the
actor as opposed to Moon the
drummer.

“It’s because I’m a good ac-
tor, Mr. Carr” — he temporari-
ly diverts his attention from the
statuesque Sofia Palladium,
who came on stage 15-minutes
ago just wearing a pair of even-
ing gloves and has only now
discarded them to gurgles of
approval.

Though Moon will again be
portraying a rock musician in
“Stardust” (the follow-up to
“That’ll Be The Day”) he has
no intention of being type-cast.
To his credit, our Mr. Moon al-
ready has Ken Russell as a
staunch fan.

“Ken Russell has recognised
that I am a good actor, and
when you see my latest film,
dear boy you’re going to say
‘Keith Moon is a bloody good
actor’”.

Polly Underground is going
through her paces, and Moon is
quoting Ken Russell: “There
are only two natural actors that
I’ve met. One of them is Oliver
Reed the other, Keith Moon”
end of quote.

“You see”, he continues,
goggle-eyed at Madam-
ioiselle Underground’s attrib-
utes, “I find acting quite
natural. It’s something I’ve always
wanted to do since I was a kid.
I’m always acting. I love it. I
might be Keith Moon of the
‘Oo, but when I’m in a film I
become part of the film.

“There are a lot of avenues
open to people in this business
and it’s up to the individual to
make full use of them. I’m using
my nut the same way as Adam
Faith did. My attitude is that
I’m one of the winners. I won’t
go out of my way to step on
anyone, but I won’t let anyone
step on me. I don’t take crap
from anyone.”

By now Polly Underground
has bowed off to be replaced by
Norma Piccadilly. Moon’s
senses are reeling under the
impact of such an unending
display of supreme womanhood.

“Dear boy, they’re all so
beautiful”, he moans. “I can’t
stand it any longer. I don’t
know what to do, rush the stage
or retire to my bed.”