



BON SCOTT

ROUND
AND
ROUND
AND
ROUND



ABOUT

What you're reading is a labour of love. 40 year labour of love. And a vindication of fate. A twist of a fate , a drunken spat, a motorbike accident, a long recuperation, a time reflection for Bon Scott. 4 decades ago.

It happened in Adelaide, the Cinderella state, the city of churches, the only Australian state that wasn't founded on the backbone of the convicts, banished when the English tried to cleanse their pristine country of the undesirable lower class. They threw their petty criminals out of sight, to the other side of the world, hoping they'd stay out of mind. The Scotts tried to get away of their own free will, but the Brits wouldn't let them.

Bon Scott was born in Kirrimuir, Scotland, and in the sixties migration rush to the convict colony on the other side of the world, moved with his family, along with thousands of other British families.

His rock'n'roll star eventually took him to Adelaide, and what happened before and after is well documented in many books, many fanzines, and in the fertile minds of many highly imaginative journalists. But one of the most formative pieces of the Bon Scott jigsaw legend happened during this period, 1974, whilst recuperating from his famous motor bike accident. Smashed jaw, broken teeth, gammy leg, marriage problems, his age becoming an obstacle in his struggle for creative identity, Bon began to explore his song writing talents, his simplistic mastery of street vernacular, his poetic ability to tell a story.

He was creatively encouraged and nurtured during this brief period by Adelaide musician Peter Head (Nee Beagley) whose optimistic love of music and all who embraced it, provided a catalyst for out of work or transient musicians in between gigs. Probably the most potent incarnation of the melting pot was The Mount Lofty Rangers.

For a few years many of Australia's best known and least known singers and players passed through the ranks of the Mount Lofty Rangers: Robyn Archer, Jimmy Barnes, Bruce Howe, Chris Bailey, Mauri Berg, "Uncle" John Eyers, Glenn Shorrock, and Bon Scott, being just a few.

Like so many other splinter movements, not much became of the old Rangers, now splattered into the anonymity of history's backwash like so many before and since. Makes you wonder how many unknown meanderings contribute to the mainstream, though. Nevertheless it was an outlet for the people like Bon Scott to expand, to musically grow, to take a breather.

A month before he joined the band that would take his street poetry to the world, Bon recorded two songs written by Peter Head. Now based in Sydney with his family, still following his philosophy of organic musical growth, Peter has treasured the memories of those days and recently re-discovered and re-worked the recordings.

With 1996 technology, producer Ted Yanni has devoted almost two years to bringing Bon back to life via two previously unheard songs assisted by many likeminded friends – musicians and technicians for whom this project has been a labour of love.

These are genuine collector's items. Unique. You may have thought until now, that you had heard everything Bon Scott recorded pre AC/DC. But what you have in your hands is the Bon Scott you didn't hear.

REFLECT AND ENJOY. IMAGINE.

VINCE LOVEGROVE



PETER HEAD SPEAKS !

It was in Adelaide, January 1970. I had been invited to join a stable of top musicians in Adelaide that were being handpicked to be the next big thing in entertainment. A local enterprising young businessman, Hamish Henry, had decided to finance the first well-managed, artistically satisfying pop-group ever out of Adelaide.

It was a good plan. He gathered the remnants of Barrie McAskill's 1969 Sydney band "the Levi-Smith Clefs", Mick Jurd (guitar), John Bissett (keyboards), and Bruce Howe (bass), and brought them all to Adelaide. To them was added the charismatic "Uncle" John Ayres on harmonica, and Adelaide's John Freeman on drums.

And he combined them with a young singer from the Perth band "The Valentines" a very interesting ball of energy that went by the name of Bon Scott. I'd never met anyone called Bon before, but I understood it to be Scottish for "good", so I thought that maybe this kid could be something special. He was wide-eyed, always grinning happily, scrawny but muscular, and always with an impish sense of fun, lost in the wonder of finally being put in the position of being the singer in a potentially great band with backing and A PLAN OF ACTION !



As I was an ex art-student, and had spent a couple of years running my own art galleries, Hamish also asked me to work for him during the day, by running the office to manage both bands combined with the duties of running his very spiffy North Adelaide Galleries, which was situated at the back of his huge house, in what used to be the old stables, and servant's quarters. It was my dream job.

Two other people were involved from early on and one was the incredibly under-rated genius of painting in Adelaide, Vytas Serelis, and the other was Bon's ex-singer-partner Vince Lovegrove, who came over to set up a rock'n'roll office that produced bands, live events, posters, magazines and publicity.

So, these were heady times, in every sense of the word.

My band "Headband", usually played support to the other band "Fraternity", as we recognised that they were slightly superior in terms of experience, and also their singer Bon, was just so damn good, that they were the natural peak of the show.

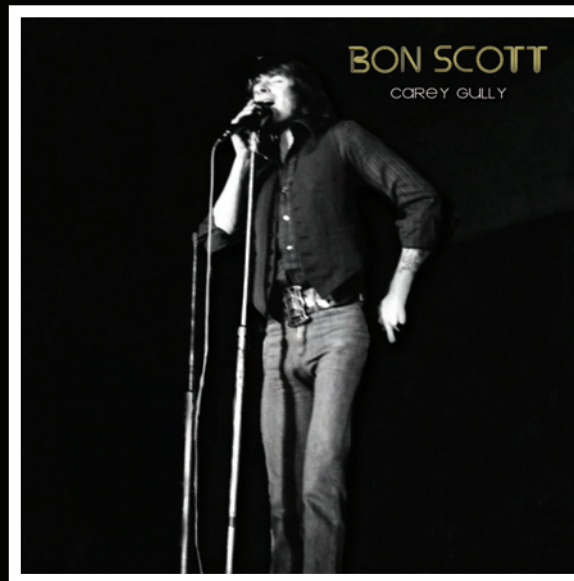
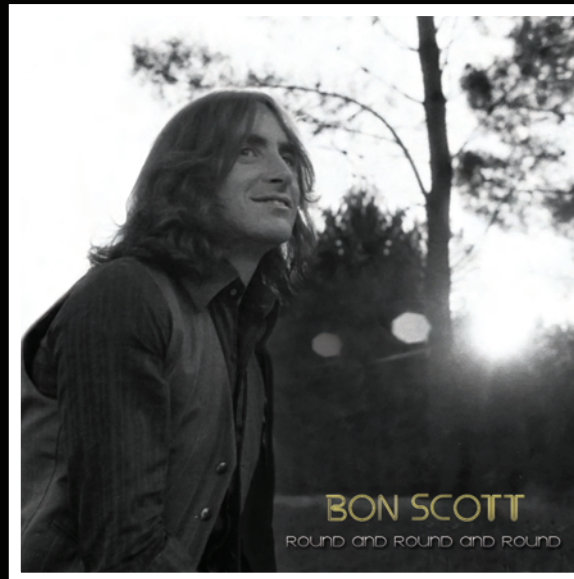
But we shared a spirit of camaraderie that continues today with the surviving members of that particular freak show.

Hamish was generous, but he wasn't stupid. He made all the members of the two bands earn their own living apart from him. But he'd occasionally offer the members odd jobs to do around the house, and that is how I'd sometimes find myself sitting round the gallery some afternoons after Bon had been there mowing the lawn, or cleaning up the backyard, and we'd have jam sessions with an old acoustic nylon-string guitar each.

Bon was very basic on guitar, only knew what we called the "cowboy" chords, but he had a good ear for what came when, and we were both just getting serious about song writing as being very important to our future careers, and NOW was the time.

So, I used to teach him chord progressions, scales, and music theory, which he lapped up like a dog, and he would in turn sing a few of the songs I had written, and, in doing so, turn them into something I could only ever dream about, and in this way, we helped each other to achieve higher artistic success.

Bon and Vince were old friends, Vytas and I were the same, and now the four of us drew closer. We'd often end up on a weekend at Vytas's sprawling 17 acre ramshackle hippie paradise at Carey Gully, making music, and art, and photos, and stories from our party-rehearsals, we worked hard, we played hard - beer, whiskey, wine, pot, mushies -



whatever was around, really, but in that time, empires were built in the mind that eventually came to fruition in different ways for us all.

There was one time Bon turned up at my place in the early evening. He had been working all day at the Wallaroo Fertilizer Co., lugging around sacks of shit, but, while doing this onerous chore, his mind had been racing, and he now had two scraps of paper with him covered in hand-scribbled notes. Over the next few hours, fueled with many Jack and cokes, and the odd spliff or two, we came up with two unique songs.

One was a beautiful country called "Clarissa", written about a local ballet dancer that he had a scene with, and the other was a fast and furious, and absolutely hilarious toe-tapping hoe-down called "I've been up in the hills too long". In both cases, Bon had worked out his singing part perfectly - he had the words AND the melody in his head, but he needed to be able to communicate to the musicians, the chord progression and the arrangement, riffs and so on.

So, he'd sing the song while I tried out all the chord progressions I knew that might fit, and he'd always know what the right one was when he heard it. So, we had a good time working on music together, but I also ended up being around while Fraternity rehearsed on a few occasions, and I was amazed!

Those guys were more intensely serious about their music than anybody I had ever seen. They would argue for hours to get a chord right, or a sound, and it was like watching a brutal football match. The one that emerged at the end of the arguments, shouts, pushes, shoves, slanging matches and even punches on a few occasions, would have earned the right to be responsible for defining another few seconds of Fraternity's stage-repertoire. And they went on for years and years like this - that band was a miracle of dogged determination to survive - and it was often Bon's sense of fun that would be the release of tension during the heated moments with that band.

When it finally folded, and Bon went on to join AC/DC, they must have seemed like such good fun to him, after the intensesness of Fraternity. Finally, Bon would have got to show his more outrageous sense of larrikin humor.

20 years later, as I walked through New York for the first time, and saw "Bon Scott Lives" scrawled in huge letters on the Brooklyn Bridge, I felt a great pride in having known and worked with such a huge personality, that he managed to conquer the world, just by exercising his imagination. And working on it!



Ted Yanni

Peter Head

D amien Reilly

PETER HEAD

ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND (1996)

Written by: Peter Head

Performed by: Bon Scott

Time: 3'22"

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Produced by: Peter Head and Ted Gianni

I wrote the answer up on the blackboard
For everyone to see
But the price they couldn't afford
So I guess it wasn't meant to be

I found a mansion up in the sky
But you didn't want to pay the rent
I can always get by
'Cos my pleasure don't cost me a cent

Round and round and round
Lay me on the ground
And in and up and down it goes

I can go a hundred miles an hour
But you put me in a no-speedin' zone
I live in an ivory tower
With a bath and a telephone

I got a ship that'll go to the moon
But your feet are stuck on the ground
Play that funky little tune
That just goes round and round







ROUND AND ROUND (1974)

Written by: Peter Head

Performed by: Bon Scott

Time: 2'45"

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Produced by: Peter Head

I wrote the answer up on the blackboard
For everyone to see
But the price they couldn't afford
So I guess it wasn't meant to be

I found a mansion up in the sky
But you didn't want to pay the rent
I can always get by
'Cos my pleasure don't cost me a cent

Round and round and round
Lay me on the ground
And in and up and down it goes

I can go a hundred miles an hour
But you put me in a no-speedin' zone
I live in an ivory tower
With a bath and a telephone

I got a ship that'll go to the moon
But your feet are stuck on the ground
Play that funky little tune
That just goes round and round



CAREY GULLY (1974)

Written by: Peter Head

Performed by: Bon Scott

Time: 2'53"

© 2013 Blue Pie Records and Head Office Records

Produced by: Peter Head

You go on down Piggy Lane through the flowers
That paint the hills as far as you can see
And that's where I while away my hours
Hours of eternity

In a little tin shed on the hillside
Where we sit and drink peppermint tea
And the candlelight flickers inside
'Cos we haven't got electricity

But I know I've found peace in Carey Gully
And I haven't known that state of mind Before
And I sing as I walk down in the valley
'Cos these things city things don't bother me no more

Well its taken such a long time to get there
And we've travelled a long winding road
Now I sit in my old rocking chair
And my darling I never will go





ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND (1996)

Composition Peter Head. Arrangement Ted Yanni and Peter Head. Vocal Bon Scott. Piano Peter Head. Guitars Ted Yanni. Hammond organ Paul Verma. Keyboard Robert Sazdoz. Bass Yaw Glymin. Drums Paul Wheeler. Trumpet Nigel Harris. Saxophones Ross Middleton, Joern Harris. Backing Vocals Sophie Michaelitsianos, Cora James, Paul Beguad.

PRODUCED AND ENGINEERED BY TED YANNI. Technical Engineer Tony Polsen. Programming, Sampling, Vocal Editing Robert Sazdoz. Digital manipulation of the Danny Dunn. Guitars recorded at Art Rage. Engineered by David Lumsdaine assisted by Josh Clayton Smith. Bass, Backing vocals recorded at Art Rage assisted by Rusty Javasevic. Drums recorded at Paradise assisted by Tony Wall. Initial tape transfer Michael James and Mark Hornibrook. Digital transfer Michael Allen and Steve Francis. MIXED BY TED YANNI AT MIRAGE. Assistant engineer Guillaume Bourque. MASTERED BY LEON ZEVROS AT ABSOLUTE AUDIO N.Y.C.

Special thanks to Peter "Feeney" Williamson – Art Rage, Steve Francis – Timelock, Billy Field – Paradise, Gerry Nixon and Tom Misner – Mirage Studios, Sydney ... and Alex Russos, Andrew Mison and Gavin Smith for the drums, Daniel and Kaz for the A-DAT, Doung and Feeney for the Marshells, Shuan Jones, Lien Chew, Martin Kirkpatrick and Tac Khongrot.

ROUND AND ROUND (1974)

Composition Peter Head. Vocal Bon Scott. Piano Peter Head. Guitar Phil Colson. Drums John Freeman, Bass and backing vocals Chris Bailey. Backing vocals Jon Berg, Loene Furler.

PRODUCED BY TED YANNI AT VELVET SOUND. Recorded at Slater Sound, Adelaide, August 1974. Tape copy thanks to Vince Lovegrove. Assistant engineer Adrian Grigorieff. MASTERED BY RICK O'NEILL AT TURTLE ROCK.

CAREY GULLY (1974)

Composition Peter Head. Vocals Bon Scott. Piano and guitar Peter Head. Violins Adrian K (solo), Nicole Rosenbaum. Viola Angela Lindsay. Cello Matthew Hoy – Classically Blue String Quartet.

PRODUCED AND MIXED BY TED YANNI AT TIMELOCK. Vocals, piano, guitar recorded at Slater Sound, Adelaide, August 1974. Tape copy thanks to Dave Collville. Strings recorded at Timelock engineered by Steve Francis. MASTERED BY RICK O'NEILL AT TURTLE ROCK.

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