



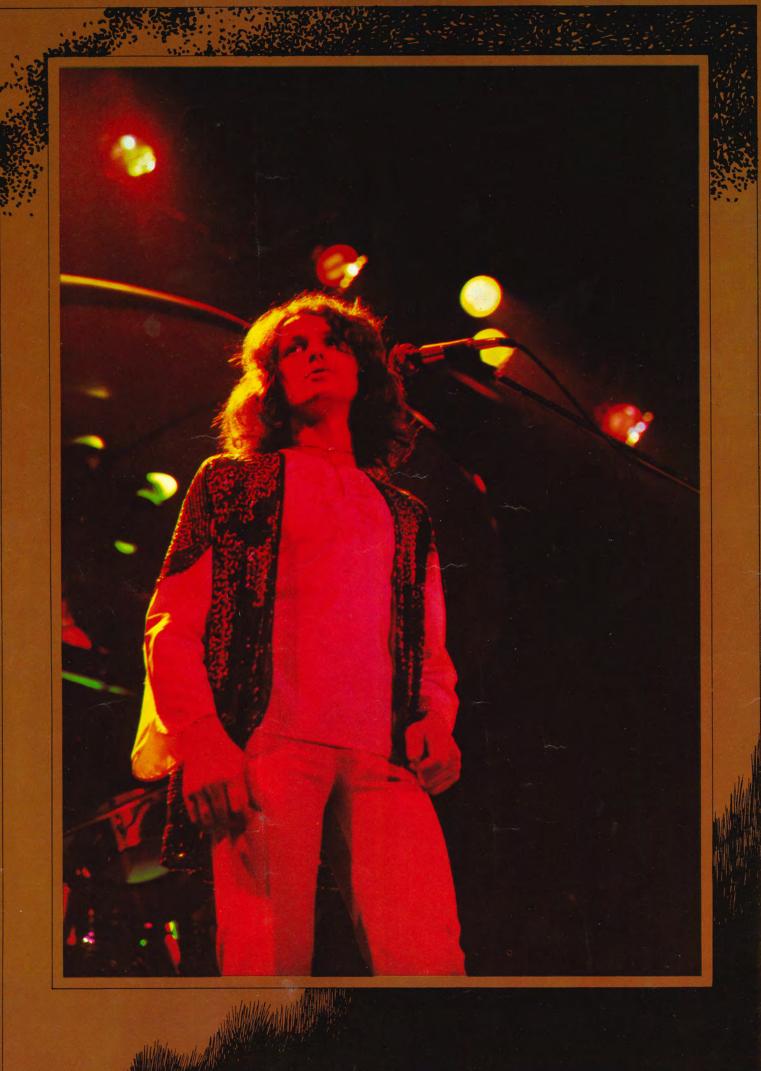


# Tales from Topographic Oceans

Yes' New album on Atlantic Records

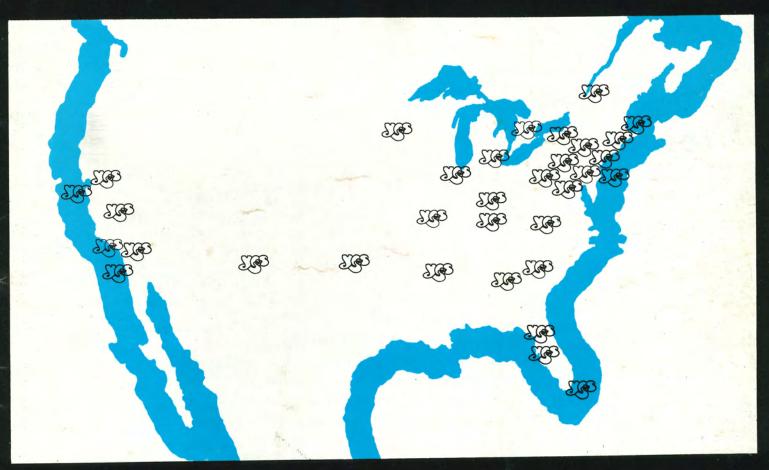






### AMERICAN TOUR 1974 PROGRAM

Part One
Close to the Edge
Part Two
Tales From Topographic
Oceans



#### **FEBRUARY**

| Fri 8 Miami Stadium<br>Sat 9 Tampa Stadium  | Thurs | 7  | Univ. of Florida        |
|---|-------|----|-------------------------|
| Sat 9 Tampa Stadium Sun 10 Univ. of South Carolina Mon 11 Georgia Tech Tues 12 Civic Centre Wed 13 Civic Centre Thurs 14 Nassau Coliseum Fri 15 New Haven Coliseum Sat 16 Spectrum Sun 17 DAY OFF Mon 18 Madison Sq. Gdns. Tues 19 DAY OFF Wed 20 Madison Sq. Gdns. Thurs 21 Civic Arena Fri 22 Maple Leaf Gdns. Sat 23 Broome County Arena Sun 24 Cornell Univ. Mon 25 Forum Tues 26 Boston Gdns. Wed 27 Cobo Hall |       | 8  | Miami Stadium           |
| Sun 10 Univ. of South Carolina Mon 11 Georgia Tech Tues 12 Civic Centre Wed 13 Civic Centre Thurs 14 Nassau Coliseum Fri 15 New Haven Coliseum Sat 16 Spectrum Sun 17 DAY OFF Mon 18 Madison Sq. Gdns. Tues 19 DAY OFF Wed 20 Madison Sq. Gdns. Thurs 21 Civic Arena Fri 22 Maple Leaf Gdns. Sat 23 Broome County Arena Sun 24 Cornell Univ. Mon 25 Forum Tues 26 Boston Gdns. Wed 27 Cobo Hall                     |       | 9  | Tampa Stadium           |
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## GAINSVILLE Fri FLORIDA Sat FLORIDA Sun COLUMBIA Mon ATLANTA Tues ROANOKE, VIRGINIA Wed BALTIMORE, MARYLAND HEMPSTEAD, LI, NEW YORK CONNECTICUT PHILADELPHIA, P. A. Sun Mon NEW YORK Wed

| NEW YORK                 |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| NEW YORK                 |  |
| PITTSBURG, P.A.          |  |
| TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA |  |
| BINGHAMPTON, NEW YORK    |  |
| ITHACA, NEW YORK         |  |
| MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA |  |
| BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS    |  |
| DETROIT, MICHIGAN        |  |
| DETROIT, MICHIGAN        |  |
|                          |  |

#### MARCH

Thurs

Fri Sat

Sun Mon Tues Wed Hershey Arena Convention Centre

|   | 3  | Cincinnati Gdns.       |  |
|---|----|------------------------|--|
|   | 4  | DAY OFF                |  |
|   | 5  | Met Sports Centre      |  |
|   | 6  | Amphitheatre           |  |
| s | 7  |                        |  |
|   | 8  | Kiel Auditorium        |  |
|   | 9  |                        |  |
|   | 10 | Cook Convention Centre |  |
|   | 11 | Fairgrounds Arena      |  |
|   | 12 | DAY OFF                |  |
|   | 13 | Univ. of New Mexico    |  |
| s | 14 | DAY OFF                |  |
|   | 15 | Winterland             |  |
|   | 16 |                        |  |
|   | 17 | Memorial Auditorium    |  |
|   | 18 | Los Angeles Forum      |  |
|   | 19 | Arena                  |  |
|   | 20 | Selland Arena          |  |
| s | 21 | San Diego Sports Arena |  |
|   |    |                        |  |

| HERSHEY, P.A.              |
|----------------------------|
| <b>OUISVILLE, KENTUCKY</b> |
| CINCINNATI, OHIO           |

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MÉXICO

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. L.A. CALIF. LONG BEACH, CALIF. FRESNO, CALIF. SAN DIEGO, CALIF. See the Earth unearthly. Earth without oceans. Without mountains, valleys, chasms. Earth without rivers, caves, deserts. Earth without sky. Earth without Moon. Earth without earth. Earth without you. Unearthly.

Now Earth is new, just expelled from a star that had grown too great with its own creativity. Earth is whirling in space, heaving, seething, pulsing—a pinpoint of molten matter 8000 miles thick.

The bowels of Earth and the surface of Earth are the same: an elemental commotion so hot that every atom seems ready for breakdown. Or build-up. Earth is swaddled in a blanket of agitated gases and sublime radiation, thousands of miles deep. Action and reaction. Electron and proton. Atom on atom. Nucleus on nucleus. Heavy on light. Light on heavy. All on all.

Here is a sphere of iron and gold and silver. Of hydrogen and oxygen and carbon. Of copper and tin and lead. Of sodium, radium and uranium. Of chlorine, neon, nitrogen. Of mercury. Of sulfur. Of silicon. Of iodine. Of 92 elements compacted into a ball. And it's excited. Everything is in flux. Everything bounds and rebounds. Everything changes. Currents of iron rush from the center to the surface, from the surface to the center. Back and forth. Back and forth. Aluminum, tungsten, magnesium, calcium, silicon bubble and dance, spurt in jets; sink, rise; sink

Thus, a gigantic cauldron, Earth begins its voyage around the Sun, the first of some four billion six hundred million still to come.

For millions and millions and millions of years, Earth revolves and rotates, cooling, always cooling. And as it cools, it becomes more complex. It keeps changing. The heaviest matter condenses into a core, the lightest floats like a scum. Elements combine, make minerals, make liquid rock-make something utterly unmade before. Its dense envelope of gas and radiation thins. In time, Earth is cool enough for water to form without being instantly vaporized by the burning surface. And it rains. It rains for a billion years. Electrical and magnetic storms sweep from pole to pole, then sweep back again. The equator is an unimpeded highway for tornadoes that roll straight around the globe. Again. And again.

And again. And again.

rise. Action and reaction. All on all.

And a light crust forms. And primitive seas form. And the crust cracks from the weight of water. And water rushes to the interior, and is explosively ejected, and rushes in, and is ejected, and rushes in, and is ejected. The crust contracts, expands, deforms: some crust sinks deep towards the center of Earth; some rises high above the waters and land appears: the first continent, the super continent from which all subsequent continents will be derived. And Earth begins to settle down. But not completely. Earthquakes and massive volcanic eruptions shake Earth daily if not hourly. Water encounters everything, every old element, every new mineral. A little bit of everything—and a great deal of a few things—go into solution. And now the seas are a rich chemical soup such as no star could ever create, even though all this has come from a star. And so the foundation for life is laid. All the essentials are there, nothing is missing. And there is no eye to see it, no ear to hear it. It is as if nothing were happening at all. Yet history has already begun, is already very old.

Within the Earth already lie the rise and fall of countless species, the birth and death of hundreds of civilizations. Sharks are there, ready to swim; dinosaurs are there, ready to rage; and gibbons, ready to gibber; wolves, ready to howl. The ruins of Nineveh, Troy, Petra, Carthage, Copan and Angkor Wat are already there. The Egyptians with their masks of gold, the Jews with their sacred tablets, the Chinese with their porcelain bowls, the Indians with their thought of Krishna, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Armenians and the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans, the Incas and the Aztecs—they are all already within the Earth. And Buddha is within it. And St. Francis. And Caesar. And Shakespeare. And Newton. The Bible is within it. The Koran. The Upanishads. Painting is within it. Music is within it. Speech is within it. And sex. Earth is waiting, waiting for all to emerge.

Earth waits for the octopus and the tiger. Earth waits for the mushroom and the orchid. Earth waits for the mammoth and the ape. Earth waits for the Pyramids and the Great Wall of China. Earth waits for harvests and festivals, for famines and wars. Earth waits for love and fear, for courage and cowardice, for hope and

despair. Earth waits for you. For just as Earth is the child of a star, you are the child of the Earth, and no less descended from a star. Earth waits for its star-child,

Man, to come and give it the name of Earth.

You and Earth and history are one. You do not belong to a race or a nation, to a time or a doctrine. You belong to Earth. Through you—through Man—Earth has sought and found a mouth to speak with, eyes to see with, hands to work with. Through Man, Earth discovers itself and reveals itself to itself and to the rest of the universe. Early Man—unblinded by science and institutional religion, undeafened by economic and political theory—seemed to know this. Early Man was not alienated from the Earth. For him, every tree and stone, every river and mountain possessed a spirit that was inextricably entangled with Earth. Kings felt and understood their descent from the Sun. Their people felt it too. And if they could not express it in cold equations as a fact of physics, believing in it as a divine truth, that does not make them more naive or less sensible than anyone alive today. What they had, what we have lost, is a sense of wonder, a sense of union with every living and non-living entity on Earth and in the universe.

Man has come a long way since he first appeared as a species. He has a long way to go. Perhaps Man will go. Perhaps Man is a stepping stone to a higher species with powers of consciousness over mind and matter that are impossible to imagine right now. For, surely, Earth is still waiting, waiting for more to emerge. Earth is not

finished. Earth has all the time in the world.

Everything about Earth is a mystery. Geologists do not know the structure of the core. Biologists do not know why or how life began. Physicists cannot explain gravitation or magnetism. Psychologists are defeated by telepathy. Historians and modern architects cannot even agree about how the Pyramids were built. It is as if Man had forgotten his origins, like an Easter Island figure staring sightless and forever toward an unknown shore. But how can this be so?

Since every single thing on Earth derives from the same source, every single thing must carry the memory of that source. Like some text in a lost language, the history of Earth—of the universe—must be written in the mind of everyman, but inscrutable, indecipherable. For us, then, is the task of recovering, of finding what has

been found and lost a hundred times before.

Man must return to the source

of his being and drink from it, or man will perish, which (clearly) Earth will not permit. Earth will not allow four and a half billion years of creativity to be annihilated by its principal species in a few hundred years. Earth has shown itself to be too flexible, too productive, too loving for that. Earth is not on a suicide trip around the

Sun. It has much to do, much more to do. And so has Man.

To find out where he is going, Man must first find out where he came from. Music and poetry help him remember, as they always have, for they are basic, uncorrupted and incorruptible. They are the original magic out of which religions were formed, and though those religions may be extinct (even if still practiced), the magic of music and poetry is not extinct. It lives in every one of us. The contemplation of art helps Man remember. Meditation helps Man remember. Communal action helps Man remember. Love helps Man remember.

Look at Earth. See its oceans and mountains and valleys and chasms. See its rivers and plains. See its webs and spiders, its foxes and grapes, its vultures and flamingoes. They are all sacred. See its sky and Moon. And then see yourself. You have been alive since the moment of Earth's creation. And you will remain alive as long as Earth continues its daily

round of light and dark, and yearly round of miraculous seasons.

Life spins its own meaning and is its own purpose. Life is its own religion, and we are all highpriests. Neither life nor Earth nor Man needs a saviour or a received religion to impose form and direction. The direction and the form are there. We must search for them. And just by trying, just by meditating, just by contemplating, just by submitting to love and love's potent alchemy, direction and form will find us. They will find us where we have always been — with our feet planted firmly in Earth and our heads pointing toward the Sun.

You and Earth and history are one. Donald Lehmkuhl, January 1974 Steve Howe
Equipment:
Gibson ES 175D
Gibson Stereo ES 345
Gibson Les Paul Junior
Gibson Twin Neck
Fender Twin Neck Steel Guitar
Danalectro 12 String
Danalectro Electric Sitar
Kohno Concert Guitar
Martin 0018 Acoustic
Dual Showman Amp.
2 Dual Showman Cabinets
Fender Quadraphonic Amp &
Extension Speaker
4 Channel Echoplex
Showbud Volume Pedal
Mainly Gibson effects

Jon Anderson
Equipment:
Various percussion
Pair of Zyldjan Cymbals
Gibson Firebird
Martin 00018
Fender Twin Amp.

Alan White
Equipment:
Ludwig 22" Bass Drum
Ludwig 14" Snare Drum
213 X 10" Tom Toms
14 X 6" & 13 X 6" Timbalies
216 X 16" Floor Tom Toms
4 Dresden Timpanies
1 Set Tubular Bells
1 Cymbal Tree
1 Tenor Pan Jamaican Steel Drum
Compacti Piano
24 X 16" Concert Bass Drum
5 assorted Symphonic Gongs
Various percussion
1 Thunder sheet
Janco Vibraphone
2 African log drums
Fender Twin Reverb
Minimoog
1 Moog drum
6 Zyldjan Avidis cymbals

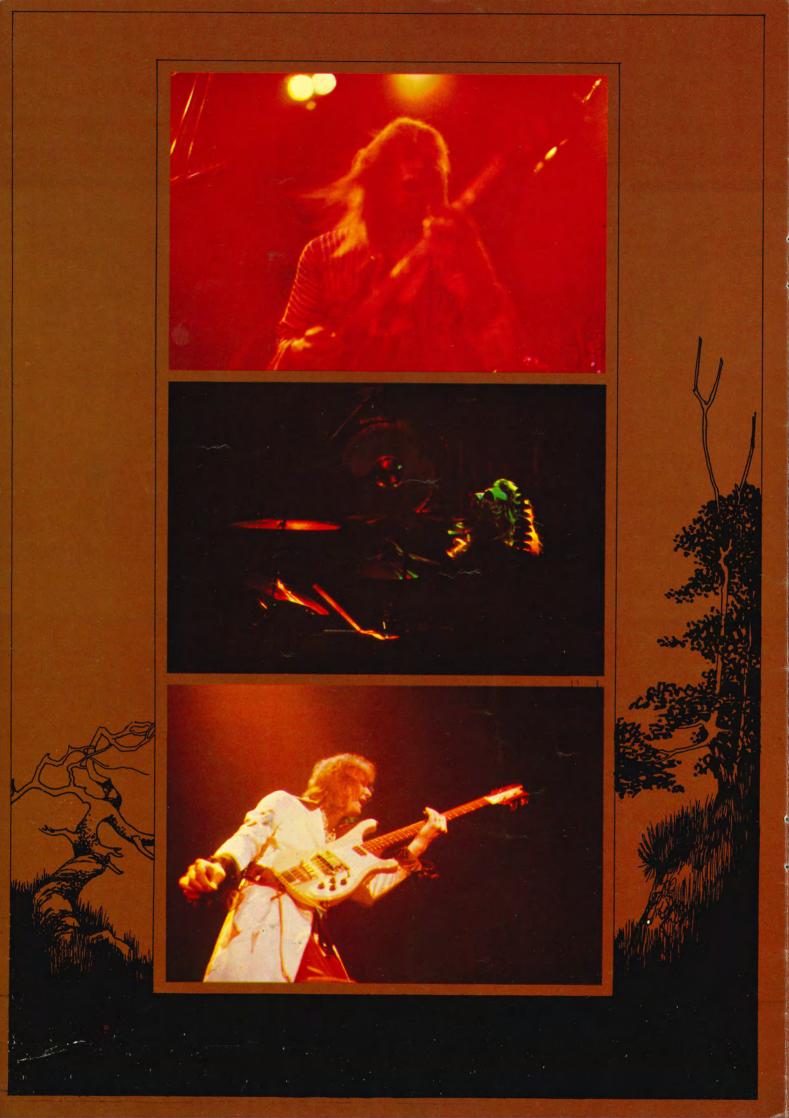
Chris Squire
Equipment:
Rickenbacker Bass
Fender Telecaster Bass
Fender Jazz Bass
Jumbo Acoustic Bass
2 Sunn 6 X 12" speakers
1 Sunn Amp.
1 Marshall Amp.
Custom built Pedal & effects board

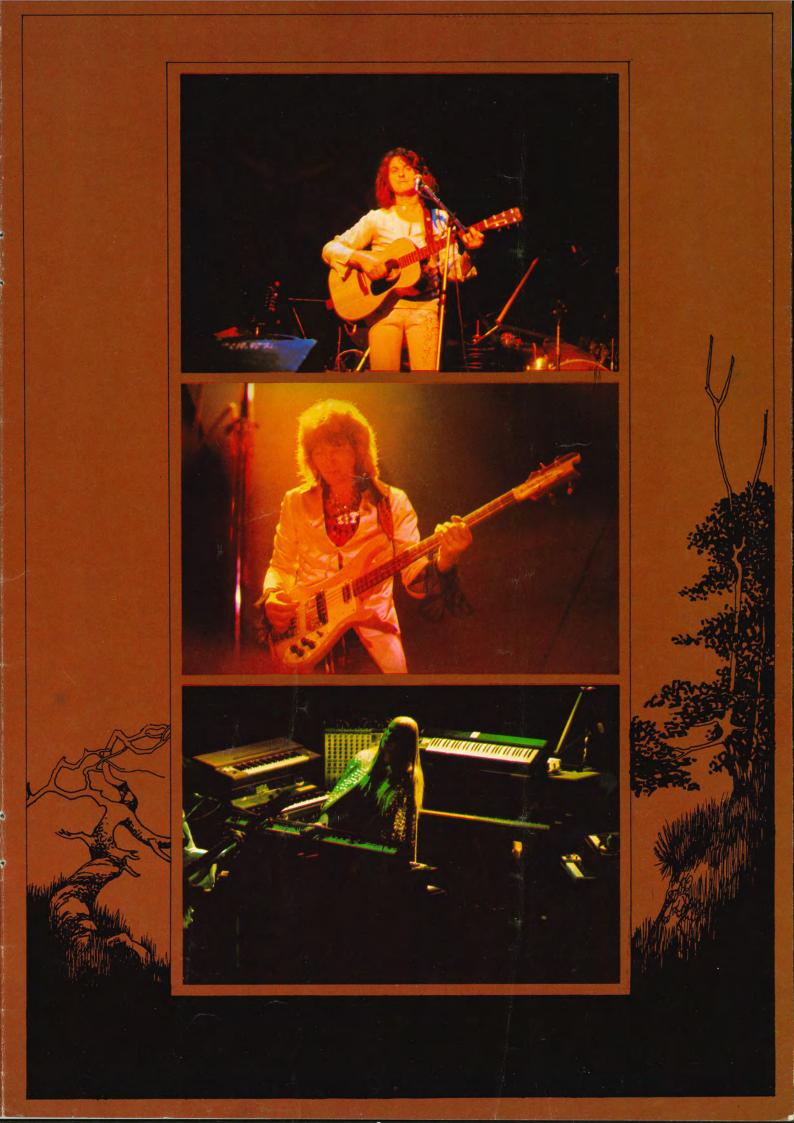
Rick Wakeman Equipment: C3 Hammond Organ 2 Mellotrons Double Mellotron 3 Minimoogs **Concert Grand Piano** RMI Electric Piano Clarinet D6 Piano Campacti Piano Church Organ built by Mander's Organs 8 channel Quad mixer built by Walsall **Timing Developments** Various assortments of foot pedals 2 300 watt SAE Amps. Graphic Equalizer 3 way crossover
2 JBL monitor cabinets
2 JBL monitor cabinets with Horns Helpinstill Piano pickup

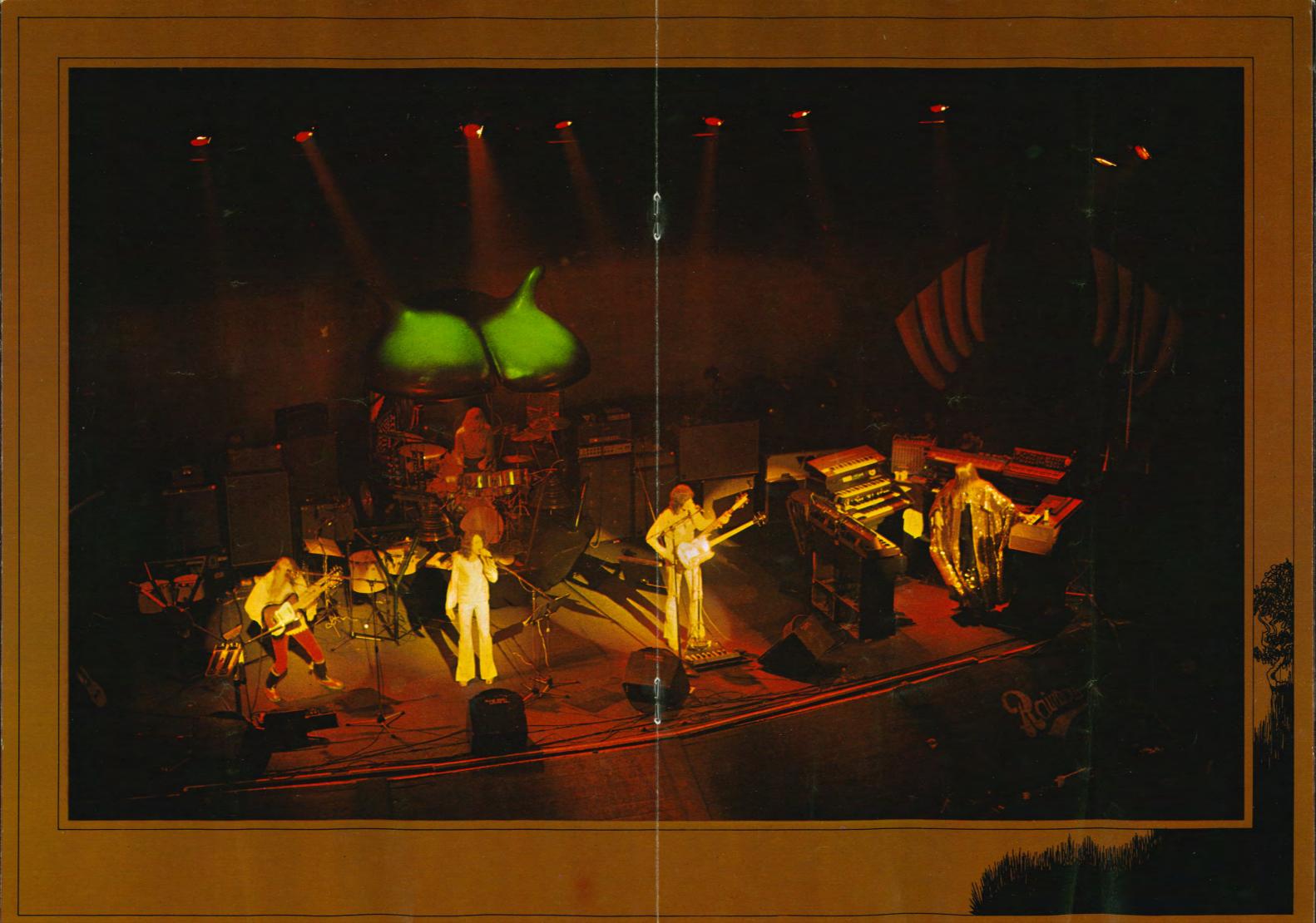
Sound Production & Engineering by
Eddie Offord assisted by Genarro Rippo
Sound Equipment by Clair Bros Audio
with thanks to Roy Clair & Mike Roth
Production Manager Mike Tait
Lighting by Mike Tait assisted by Andrew
Barker
Slides by Alistair Robinson
Stage Design by Roger/Martyn Dean
made by Clive Richardson &
Felicity Youette A & B Welding
Stage set managed by David Goldberg &
Adam Wildi
General Tour Manager Phil Hepple
Roadcrew:
Phil Hepple Stage Monitoring
John Cleary Keyboards assisted by
Fred Stones
Tasty' Guitar
NuNu Drums assisted by Ian Peacock
Nigel Luby Bass
Personal Manager Alex Scott
Secretary Krissy
Photos Martyn Dean

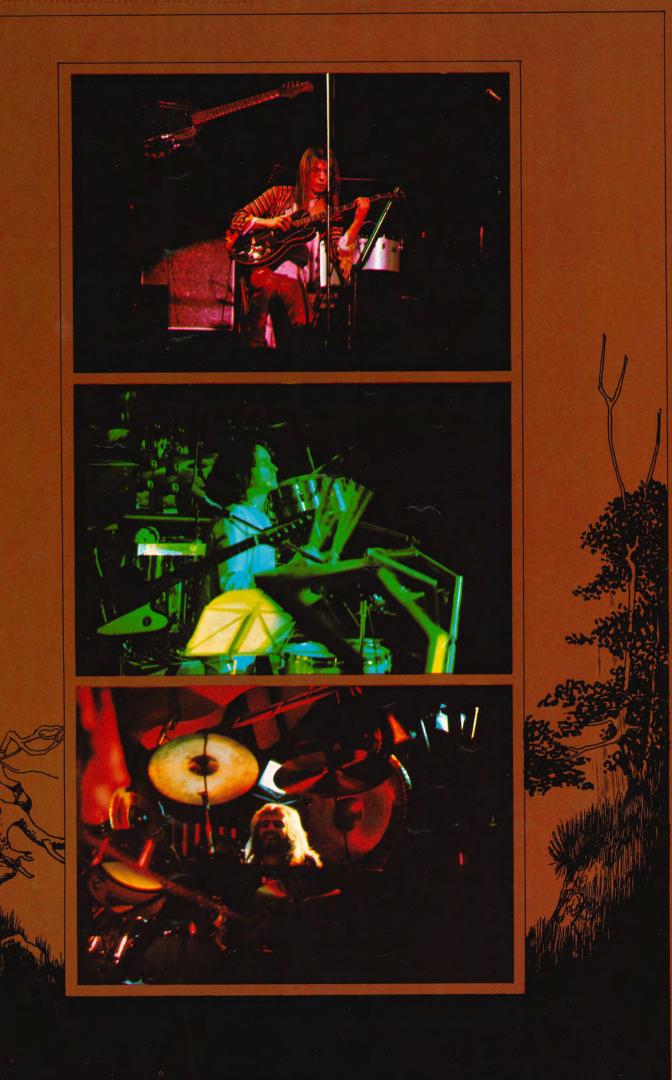
YES would like to give special thanks to: British Optical Lens Co., ESP Lighting, Dede Gandrup for Rick's cloaks, Richard Hartman, IES, Ludwig Drum Co., Mander & Son, Manny's Music, Roy Ericson, Union Air Transport, & all the Health Food restraurants on tour that fed us.

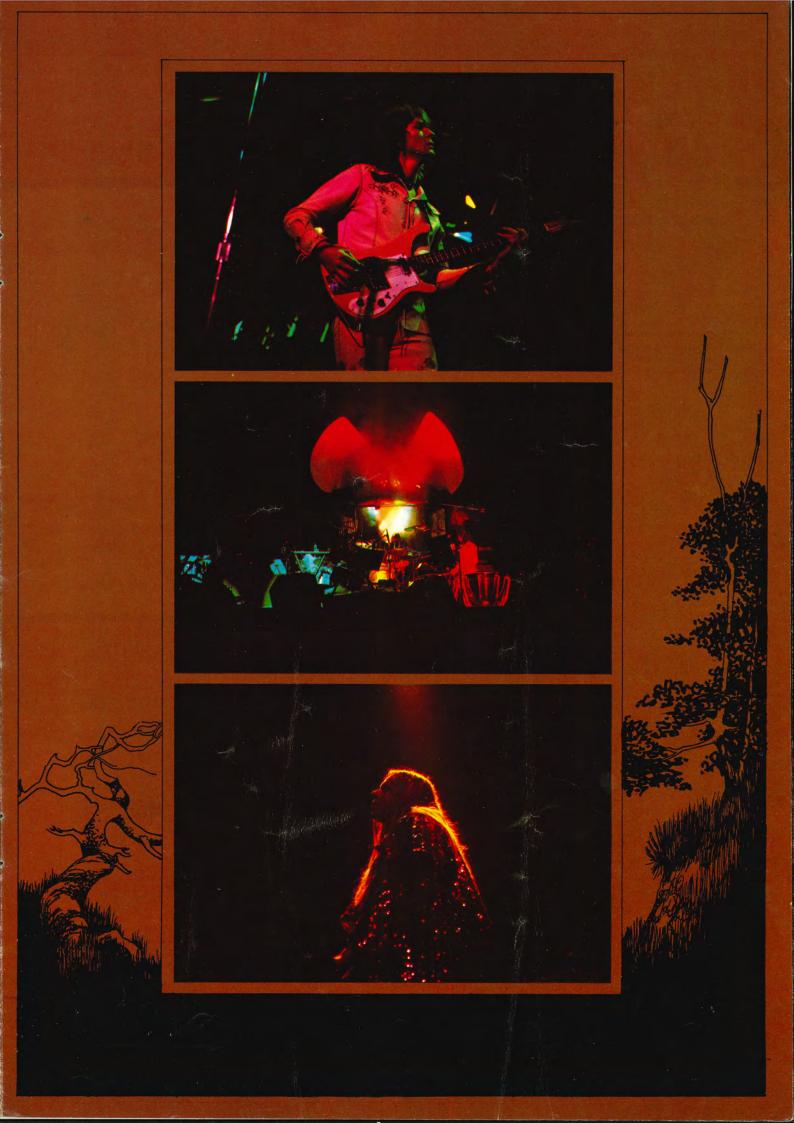


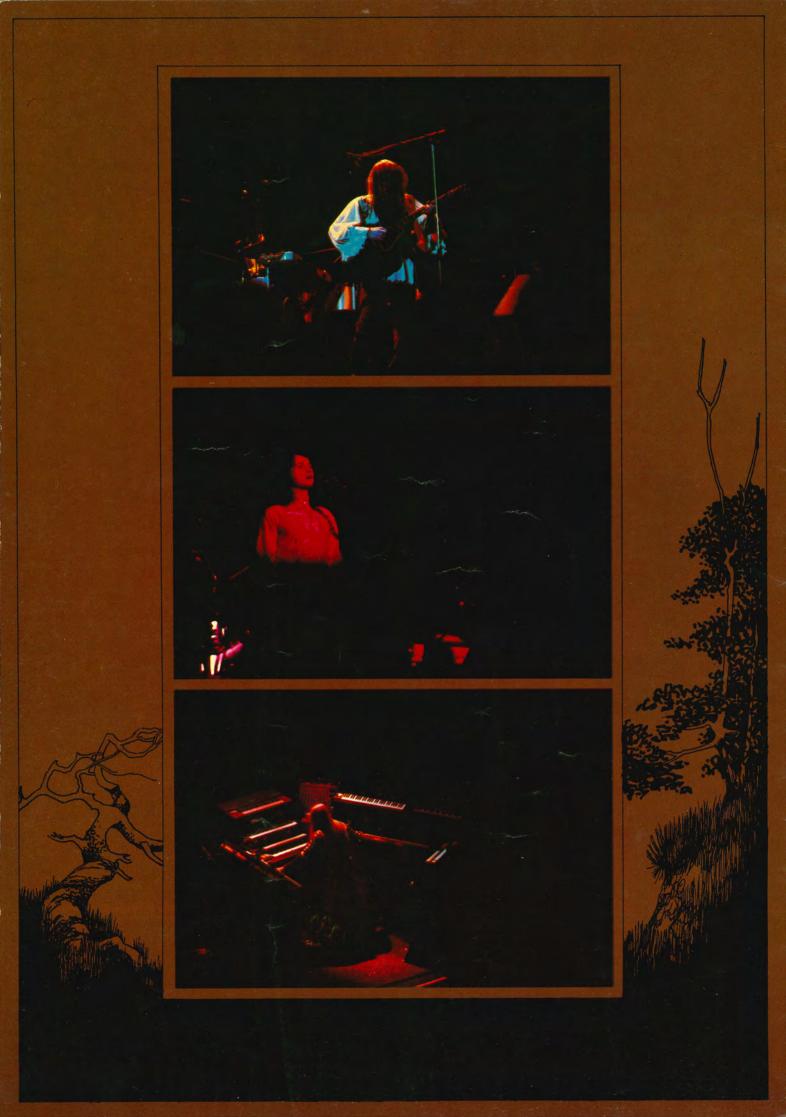












What makes a great group? Sense of purpose, unity and a streak of genius are handy ingredients in the moulding process, and when assessing the triumph of Yes, it

can be fairly said they have their share.

But what makes Yes unique is their ability to both adapt to new circumstances and continue to progress, renew and regenerate their music. Right from the start, when Yes were struggling for a living amid the small rock clubs, pubs and dance halls, the rules were laid down in the sense that they would devote themselves to a kind of perfection and always place their music above all considerations. They have never swerved from that path. And the fact that Yes have made it on merit, is a credit to their musicianship—and the calibre of their audience.

There are now Yes fans from New York to Tokyo. In recent years they have played in every rock receptive country in the world, and they are held in esteem and affection that few bands can command. All this—the selling of records, and selling-out of concerts—has been achieved without theatrics, or super-hype. Yes have never even been a cult band, or elitist's delight. They have always played for the people, and the rate of acceptance has been at a steady, natural rate. They were a marvel-lous band in 1968 playing to a handful of people. It was the handful who spread the

word — to the rest of the world.

Although they have been through some changes over the years, Yes have a strong life-line that runs through the band, and affects and changes whoever comes into the fold. And the influence of past members is still felt, like a ghostly presence. New players joining have often likened Yes to a school. Rough edges are smoothed off and new demands are placed on ability, concentration and vision. And at the same time, the new contributors subtly alter and improve on what has gone before. Technically, Yes are equipped today with some of the finest players to emerge in rock. And they use that power to create a rich and sophisticated form of music that is quite without precedent. From their earliest days of arranging songs like Simon & Garfunkel's, "America," and Jon Anderson's own tunes like "Sweet Dreams" and "Dear father." Yes have always loved adapting, evolving and building musical structures based firmly on melody and good lyrics. And today that process has reached a logical conclusion in extended works like "Tales From Topographic Oceans."

When Yes first arrived in America in 1971, quietly slotted into second and third billings, and supporting the likes of Mountain and Humble Pie, they were virtually unknown. Those that knew the band waited with bated breath for the reaction. At Gaelic Park in New York that year, they went into their usual routine that had already made them the Toast of the Continent (Europe that is), and succeeded in pinning back the ears of fans bent on hearing some boogie. Yes, don't exactly boogie. but they certainly provided a shock.

From then on the conquest of America and the rest of the planet, was just a matter

of a few thousand hours flying time and several tons of health food.

But the matured and exciting Yes entity that first swooped over the States two years or more years ago, was not an overnight success. Before that were the years of evolution and survival against financial odds. There were the experiments, like the famous Yes PA system invented by sound and lighting wizard Michael Tait, consisting of a series of small hi-fi speakers linked together to give a stereo effect. Now each member of Yes has a pile of unused speakers in their home. It wasn't until Yes toured with Iron Butterfly in 1970 and bought their PA system that the music could be delivered with the power and clarity it deserved.

music could be delivered with the power and clarity it deserved. There was a time when Yes could hardly afford the cab fare to a gig.... They formed in 1968 as the brain child of Jon Anderson, lead singer and composer, and bass guitarist Chris Squire. Jon had been singing with a violent rock band called The Gun, but spent much of that year sweeping up and sleeping on the floor of La Chasse Club in Wardour Street, then a favourite haunt of musicians, now sadly

defunct.

Chris had been a member of the Syn, and brought with him their lead guitarist, Peter Banks. Tony Kaye came in on organ from Bitter Sweet, while drummer Bill Bruford was induced to leave Leeds University for one of their first major appearances, which by luck happened to be Cream's farewell concert at the Royal Albert Hall.

Nervous, and barely rehearsed they launched their imaginative arrangements on an audience of hard core blues fans waiting to hear their idols Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker for the last time. The support band was well received and stood up to the test with honour. In those days their influences included the 5th Dimension, Simon & Garfunkel and the Nice. Vanilla Fudge were also one of their favourites, and thus was laid the foundation of Yes music, a balance between the power of organ, guitar and drums allowed a free range of expression, and strong vocal harmony as a kind of alternative front line.

The frail, endearing qualities of Jon's voice, contrasted with the unexpected strength of the instrumental department, came as a breath of air to a scene dominated by years of adherence to the jamming blues band formula. It was not to everyone's taste of course, but those with ears were intrigued and finally converted.

In 1969 Yes embarked on their first trips out of England. Two particular tours should go down in the annuls of rock. The first was a week in Ireland, where Yes were supporting the Nice and the Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band. It was a hilarious disaster, climaxed by the final gig, an outdoor festival where none of the groups got to play as the only power supply consisted of an electric kettle flex which "blew" when the first stage light was switched on.

But when Yes did play the writing was on the wall. They actually did far better than their senior partners and considerably more interest was taken in that first LP "Yes". Towards the end of the year they toured Switzerland which was also something of a financial disaster, and they had to play in tiny night clubs, totally unsuited to rock music. But even here the dinner jacketed Swiss businessmen and their ladies were charmed by the strong melodic content of the music, which had to compete with a Yugoslav dance band, and a team of plate spinners from behind the Iron Curtain. One club manager, at first visibly disturbed by the sight of unkempt musicians loose on the premises, was so delighted at their performance, he presented

them with bars of highly ornate Swiss chocolate. In 1970 just as their second album "Time And A Word" was released, Peter Banks left the group, the first traumatic split to hit them. Musicians frequently come and go in lesser groups and nobody worries too much. But when it happens to Yes, it always seems somewhat painful. In the event, Peter's replacement, was to be the first of a series of upheavals that were in the long run to prove beneficial.

Without denigrating Peter, who went on to form his own band, Steve Howe's arrival speeded up a major breakthrough. Combining superb technique with an inherent feel for Yes music, Steve quickly became a major asset to the band and with his work on "The Yes Album," contributed to their international success.

After the American tour of 1971, Tony Kaye left the group to form Badger, and once again there was upset at his departure among old fans. But Yes were eager to expand into the realms of synthesisers and Mellotrons. The ideal man to replace Tony, who was happiest with his basic Hammond, was the sensation from the Strawbs—Rick Wakeman.

With a flair and technique that made him a hot rival to Keith Emerson, Rick added tremendous zest to Yes and he was introduced on the highly successful "Fragile" album, which was followed by "Close To The Edge." By now Yes were spending months in the studio perfecting their recordings, and after the completion of "Close To The Edge." Bill Bruford decided to quit to explore new pastures with Bob Fripp in King Crimson.

As Bill was a founder member, a man of great intelligence and wit, and one who had long championed the cause of Yes, his departure seemed like a crippling blow. It came particularly hard for Rick, who was still finding his feet. Many close to the band feared it meant the end and that nobody else could possibly fill Bill's place. But on the recommendation of engineer and producer Eddie Offord, who was by now practically the sixth member, Alan White was brought in and achieved little short of a miracle in learning the complex arrangements and then embarking on a major tour within a matter of days.

In 1973 they released a triple album "Yessongs," consisting of live recordings of their best material, and then the controversial and hugely successful "Tales From Topographic Oceans."

In 1974 the music may have got deeper, more adventurous and complex, but their

power and supreme artistry remain undiminished, and those high standards Yes set themselves six years ago are pursued with greater tenacity than ever.

Tonight you'll see and hear five musicians who have dedicated themselves to involving not only themselves but their audience in a shared experienced in which love is not too strong a word to apply. That is certainly at the basis of much of Jon Anderson's lyrics, together with a plea for ever growing awareness of self and

Jon is not a schooled musician. He'll clutch a tambourine and rock back on his heels, eyes closed while his band roar around him, then step diffidently, almost nervously up to the microphone to disclose his ideas, part idealism, part fantasy, part romance. While he seems almost buffeted by the gusting gales of music, he is actually in full command, and living out every note that is played, as if the band were his instrument.

Jon from Lancashire (born 1944), is soft spoken and often so wrapped up in Yes music as to appear cut off from the rest of the world. But beneath the surface vagueness is a resiliance that can help him make decisions, alter course, and ensure Yes do the right thing at the right time. And because he knows what he wants, he is respected by his fellow musicians who give their absolute best for him. His career, apart from stints with the Warriors and the aforementioned Gun, has been totally devoted to Yes, and his family. Jon lives with his wife Jenny, daughter Deborahagedthree and Damian (15 months) in a small house in Central London. Plans to move to larger premises are constantly being held up. Originally the whole of Yes shared a two room flat and none of them have got the bug for big mansions

Steve Howe, good looking perfectionist of the guitar, was born in London in 1947. Although he has a classically developed style, he is self-taught. Among his first groups were the Syndicats, the In Crowd, and the band where he achieved his first

degree of fame, Tomorrow.

Steve was quite a guitar hero on the Underground (when it existed), in London, famed for his work on wah wah pedal and already furious turn of speed. He had a stint with a promising group called Bodast before the call of Yes came. Then his style blossomed out, and his writing ability quickly became apparent too. On instrumentals like "The Clap," a kind of pot-pourri of effective ideas, and works like "Roundabout" and "Close To The Edge," Steve became a vital contributor and star performer. Steve and Jan have one son — Dylan aged four .

Chris Squire, a founder member and corner stone of the rhythm section has long been regarded as one of the best bass guitar players in rock with a readily identifiable sound. He took the bass guitar and gave it status by intelligently blending lines with the main themes and making it something more than a rhythm machine. Chris is tall, quiet and of measured speech, who used to be nicked named The Fish from the length of time he spent in the bath during apartment sharing days. Another Londoner, he is also entirely self-taught and one of Jon's main collaborators in Yes-writing. He and wife Nikki, live not far from Elton John's abode, they have a daughter Carmen aged four, and daughter Chandrika aged one.

Alan White had the immensely difficult job of filling the shoes of Bill Bruford and did it so well that he is now a fully-fledged Man  $o^7$  Yes - it would be difficult to imagine the band without him. He brought a harder, more solid sound to the percussion department. He learnt his craft with a variety of bands since he left his Durham home, where he was born in 1949. Alan drummed for British rocker Billy Fury, Happy Magazine, Balls, Ginger Baker's Airforce, and worked for George Harrison and Joe Cocker. Some of his best work was with John Lennon in the in-

credible Plastic Ono band.

His vast experience served him in good stead as he had to learn "Close To The Edge," in a matter of days, and now he is bringing fresh ideas and immense driving force to the band.

Rick Wakeman, who joined in 1971 is a much loved man, with a tremendous appetite for music, life and beer. He is as at home in his local pub throwing darts, as he is on stage enclosed by a battery of key-board instruments which he plays with a dexterity and style that is at times overwhelming. He gave Yes a vast new array of sounds and helped them open up a new era in their music.

Of good looks and good cheer, Rick has achieved considerable personal success with his solo album, "The Six Wives of Henry VIII" and his own concert at London's Royal Festival Hall which will be his next solo album, "Journey To The Centre of the Earth."

Born in Middlesex in 1949, he studied classical piano and theory, and was in great demand for session work for nearly two years before he joined Dave Cousins and the Strawbs, in 1970. He joined Yes in 1971 and plays Hammond organ, Melotrons, synthesisers, electric piano and harpsichord, and grand piano.

Rick lives in Buckinghamshire with wife Ros and their son Oliver, aged one

Assisting Yes in their recording concerts and travels around the world are a small but dedicated team who are virtually members of the band. There is Michael Tait who has been with them since the early days, and is now their lighting engineer, assisted by Andrew Barker. Phil Hepple is in charge of the road crew, which includes John Cleary, Claude Johnson-Taylor, and Nu Nu. Alec Scott is designated as "good vibes man," while Eddie Offord is solely in charge of sound.

The PA system in America is supplied by Clair Brothers, and Roy Clair personally travels with the band during a tour to offer his expert help and advice. Keith Goodwin is their enthusiastic publicist and press relations man, and last and most important—Brian Lane is the manager who has helped and guided Yes to success and

security since he took them over three years ago.

By now the road crew should have completed their final adjustments and a can of beer should be placed near to hand on the grand piano. Enjoy the show—after all, it took them a long time to get here! CHRIS WELCH. MELODY MAKER.



