

WAZA

No. 15 September 2/6

**LEON RUSSELL
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
JONI MITCHELL
MANFRED MANN
A GALAXY OF GOODIES**





August 1991
HUMBLE PIE

hACCKED

Space-Rock... a new album... LBS 804



ZIGZAG WANDERINGS

Well, this is a strange issue, no doubt about that. For a start we goofed up the page numbering. What happened was this: lurching through our usual financial quagmire, we thought we'd cut this issue down to 40 pages - so we got to work on that basis and sent off various pages to the printer. Then we started getting in some late adverts, and rather than give our 'amazingly loyal and true readers' (fanfare of trumpets) an advert ridden issue we decided to shove some more pages into the middle. At the time of scrawling this particular page, we're not sure whether it'll be a pull-out or stapled in (ah the mystery of underground magazine production). And it's late again - due to the fact that there is only one human not on holiday (if you could call me human), and I've been simultaneously shoving this together and trying to feed and placate 12 dogs, 2 goats, 1 pony and 2 goldfish. (A peep into our seamy existence there).

On, on, on. We don't often get singles sent to us - we have to leap out and buy the ones we want usually. But usually when a single does arrive, it's grotty. Strange then that this month (or since last copy date) I've been playing 3 singles to death: 'Gondoliers' by Dr West Medicine Show (which is fantastic because it mentions Mississippi John Hurt in the lyric), 'Every day's a lovely day' by Gulliver (due to a startling change in the daily round and common task, every day is a lovely day), and 'Kentucky' by Stack Waddy (because it's unpretentious, shitty, primitive, silly old 1962 R&B... and it's even got whistling on it. Wahoo!). What a very strange git, you're thinking.

"I ain't buying no more of your magazines unless Jeff Cloves is reinstated as a contributor" write several angry and irate people from all corners of the globe. Well, I mourn Jeff's temporary absence as much as anybody, but he decided to sink all his resources into a big fat motorbike, jacked in his college lecturing job, and hurtled off across Europe in search of good times, clad only in ex-CND sleeping

bag and leaky tent, pockets jangling with assorted European currency, clutching a list of addresses and a do-it-yourself 8 hour Russian course. But he'll be back soon to take up a new career as author of learned books - not to mention Zigzag articles.

Meanwhile, welcome to our pages Pippin of Lancashire... the same Pippin who has to remain one hour ahead of the Inland Revenue posse, the Warrington Police, the Postmaster General and various other bodies who are pressing him for the debts he accumulated whilst running Gates of Dawn Imports for the benefit of others rather than his purse. Now half way thru a precipitous college career - take it easy.

Most of the American books on rock (and there is a considerable number) never get published here. Most get a real battering from US critics, but one or two of them have been well worth reading - the one on Jefferson Airplane for instance, and The Poetry of Rock (published here by Corgi). One which reached us last month is 'Rock: A world bold as love' by Douglas Kent Hall and Sue C Clark (an early Zigzag subscriber yet!), which, despite its high price (\$7.95), is an excellent piece of work - beautiful photographs of everyone of note from the Airplane to Zappa, and quotes about all aspects of rock today by everybody you care to think of. (An example of the photography can be seen on p 7). As I say, I doubt if any English publisher will risk his purse, so I suggest (if you're loaded with bread) that you write to the publishers; Cowles Book Co Inc, 488 Madison Ave, NY, NY 10022.

I'll tell you what I find funny - all this stuff that's being written about Free these days. They've been jerking the one armed bandit for about 2 years now and critics have remained either silent, indifferent or on the fence. Now they've suddenly come up with 3 lemons, everyone is either saying how much they had dug them all along, or else decrying them for 'selling out'. Farcical. Comedy.

As well as striving to keep Zig-

zag going, I've now assumed another role. I have become the world's worst (but cheapest) disc jockey... so, if you want to see me making a bloody fool of myself, come to Friars Bedford (see the MM for details folks) where I not only goof everything up, but also give vent to all the venomous wrath that I'm to chicken to put on the printed page. (Cries of 'hypocrite', 'cop-out', 'bum!', etc).

Ah yes - had several letters on the horror and illegibility of our new logo on the cover. Well, we've attacked it again and slightly modified it... so to all you miserable buggers, can you read that? (Or as Arlo Guthrie would say: "Can you dig it, far out, heavy vibes, too much man, New York Freeway's closed, can you dig it?").

Messages & plugs:
Growth is a Manchester alternative magazine and is 1/6 from 56 Crow Hill North, Middleton, Manchester.

Free Poets is 6d postage from 51 Seymour Rd, St Albans, Herts.

The Seed is 6d postage from 50a Princedale Rd London W11.

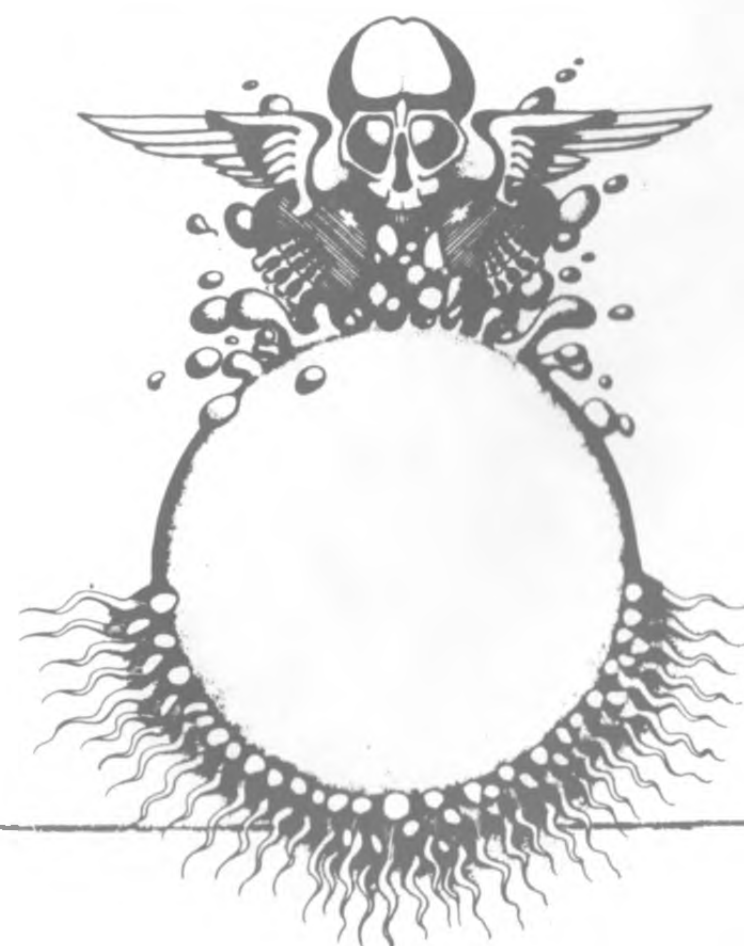
Together is a new poetry mag from 4 Clinton Close, Coxheath, Maidstone, Kent... 2/6 including post.

Crawdaddy is going strong once more and is really good. It costs 12 dollars for 26 issues from 510 6th Ave, NYC 10011.

New records are on the way from Joe Cocker (double album - wahoo!), Love ('False start' including live stuff and bits and pieces from a certain guest guitarist). Meanwhile, plenty of good albums around: Canned Heat, Quicksilver (not as good as I'd hoped), Creedence, Keef Hartley, the Dead, Dave Mason, Fairport, Mick Softley, Donovan, Steve Miller, Southwind, and the 4 albums being played most out in the wilds of Bucks County - John Simon, John Phillips, Terry Riley (rainbow) and the Fifth Avenue Band. All goodies.

(Stumbles off in search of sustenance, music ringing through his headknackered but happy). (!). (?)

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ZIGZAG
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NORTH MARSTON, BUCKS.
029-667-257

Distributed by
Moore Harness Ltd, 11 Lever St, EC1 (01 253 4882),
Ratner Distributors Ltd, 139 City Rd, EC1 (01 253 2299)
Gardan Enterprises 01 733 5463. Direct 029 667 257.
Printed by M&T Printers Ltd. UPS ARM

Grace Slick and Paul Kantner of the JEFFERSON AIRPLANE talking with Abbie and Anita Hoffman

(Reprinted from the East Village Other)

Anita: A lot of people regard 'We can be together' as sort of an anthem. Do you like that?

Paul: It's whatever people want it for. Yeah, it's a song. It wasn't thought of as an anthem. It's almost like a news story. We're all relating to what's going around us, you know.

Anita: It expresses everything that a lot of us feel.

Paul: Well, we're a people. It's not an anthem though. It's fun to sing.

Grace: There are millions of 'em, aren't there? The only difference is, it's saying something. A lot of people are saying words like that. You set 'em to music and then it just becomes that title. But everybody's talking like that.

Anita: Rock musicians are sort of culture heroes. People love the music and the dancing, but often there's a gap in philosophy and politics between them and the musicians. That's why it's so exciting for people who are fighting in the streets to hear just what they're thinking in their music.

Grace: Music's Dionysian. It immediately, because you can't put your finger on it, divorces itself from a lot of reality. It's almost like a wine. That's what's weird about it, because the lyrics aren't like wine. The lyrics are jabbers and yet music in its essence is nothing. I mean you can't say it's good, bad, this, that or the other thing.

Paul: It just is.

Grace: It's a weird combination; the idea of putting news to music is really strange.

Abbie: Do you use many contemporary images, like the outlaws of America?

Paul: It's not ours...

Abbie: It's permanent. I mean it's sort of a universal thing.

Paul: Right. We're not claiming, I'm not claiming zero origination of that idea. Of Outlaws of America, I mean it's just something that everybody talks about. You're an outlaw. They write about that in the papers all the time. I just put it down.

Abbie: Do you think it's a violent song?

Paul: No, no.

Abbie: No?

Paul: Then let me say, what do you consider violent? I don't consider the IBM building violent.

Abbie: Blowing up the IBM building?

Paul: That's humorous?

Abbie: (laughing) That's humorous?

Paul: Particularly when they call ahead and tell everybody 'your building is going to be blown up. Don't get hurt'. That's humorous.

Grace: You're being arbitrary though, that's what's strange about it. The decision to write certain things into a song. Marty's constantly amazed about that stuff. Because he feels like he's been totally objective or not involved in it, and people come up and involve him in something. He almost doesn't know that he's written that song. And it's very weird.

Paul: He's always saying, look what's happening out in the streets.

Grace: You ought to talk to him. He's a really strange cat. One of the weirdest characters I've ever seen.

Abbie: What role did he have in the song?

Paul: He wrote 'Volunteers'. He wrote the words to 'Volunteers'. I wrote 'We can be together' and they were originally one song.

Anita: Oh, I had that kind of feeling.

Paul: The problem being that we wanted to finish the album with it but we couldn't. As you get into the disc, as you get into the bands of a record, and closer to the hole, the fidelity of the record gets shit-

tier. The grooves of the record always tend to be shitty unless you don't... They can't take a lot of the stuff. You can't have a big bass line and a lot of piano and a lot of voices all going at once and expect to understand as well as you would on the outside band. Does that make any sense? A lot of it was just a technical trip that couldn't be avoided. We had it on the inside first and it sounded shitty. The fidelity was gone. It was all muddy.

Abbie: The symbolism of Volunteering for America is, uh... I find it a bit troubling. It's like a Peace Corps thing. Let's help it.

Paul: No, no. Do not help it. Just be it.

Anita: You mean, like, we are the Second American Revolution.

Grace: The intention of the album title was to make fun of the dying Christian organization, the dying Christian image. So it gets out of hand. People attribute all kinds of names to it.

Paul: It's just like your thing, of just being it rather than doing it.

Abbie: I said orphans when I was testifying. We are orphans of America.

Paul: Yeah, that's the same.

Anita: It's always an awkward problem because you're trying to differentiate between a land or a country, and the government and its institutions.

Abbie: Do you think about starting your own record company? 'Cause the royalties are probably the same as for a book. 5 or 10%, is that what it is?

Paul: Yeah.

Abbie: I don't know which company you're with, but it's probably like a subdivision of some huge...

Paul: RCA. RCA is like the Catholic Church, man. They own Hertz Rentacar. They own millions of hotels. They make missiles, they make colour TVs, refrigerators. I mean they make everything. You could live inside the RCA building for your life, probably, and never need to go outside it. They make plastic foods. They're one of those octopi.

Abbie: Do you think about starting your own company?

Paul: Yeah, we just did, with the Grateful Dead and Quicksilver Messenger Service. Started a company called Triad. We just did a dance in San Francisco. You know, our own dance without any big rock'n'roll star trip. We just had a big party. And all



the old people from San Francisco who went out to live in the hills and all the freaks came back in. It was really a great night. We had the biggest guest list in the history of the place.

Abbie: It's going to be a new record company?

Paul: We're just getting out of our contract and the other groups are getting out of theirs, and we'll just get our thing together between the three groups. Not only a recording company but other possibilities we can think of. Is that what you meant?

Abbie: You must have the same problem I do: writing for a company that, first of all, interferes with art.

Paul: Interferes?

Abbie: Interferes, yeah. I mean my books have been censored. And I'm sure it's worse on records than in books. Because the publishers sort of pride themselves on being liberal. But it goes beyond that to the idea of participating in that distribution system, of writing for companies that make tremendous amounts of money and don't do nothin' with it.

Paul: It's not even anything you can deal with though. There's nobody at RCA that is RCA. There's always somebody who says, 'this is his department, check with him'. You can't go to Mr. RCA and say, 'I've got a problem, can you take care of this, because there is no Mr. RCA. It's the Board of Stockholders that we're all responsible to, supposedly. It's like the government. Without a president though. Without even a president.

Abbie: Well, maybe I can draw an analogy with the Movement Speaker's Bureau. There are lecture bureaus, you know, that book campus groups like a booking agent, only they take 30-35%. By going through them you're actually supporting an institution in which the people that run it have different goals and visions than you. And you're making a lot of bread for them. So what we did was start a Movement Speaker's Bureau that operates on a one-member, one-vote principle. And the percentage that's taken out is put into a fund which goes to different movement projects according to the participants' votes. We're trying to build our own institutions.

Grace: That's the way the Jefferson Airplane operates as its own institution which amounts to about thirty people. But outside of that RCA's almost like a ... our contract's up in six months. You sign with RCA as a jerky young kid saying, 'yeah, you make me record, I sign contract'.

Abbie: We've been thinking of alternative distribution systems. That's the whole problem. The reason I write for Random House and Jerry for Simon and Schuster is that they're the only ones who can distribute it.

Paul: That's their gig. That's what you supposedly pay them for. Because they can do it well. Because for you to do it you'd have to own a whole lot of industry. Have to have distributing houses in every major city of the country. I mean it goes on and on ... If we had our own record company we still wouldn't want to distribute it. That would cause so many headaches. That's ... business.

Abbie: They're not good at it either. Do you find that a lot of capitalist record companies aren't even good at that? There's a saying that they don't go bankrupt 'cause they make so much fuckin' money.

Paul: They're not very efficient. They're more efficient than we would be, but they're

not efficient at what they're supposed to do.

Abbie: Is the Mafia big in distribution of records? We've been told that as soon as you get into the distribution of magazines, books, or records - boom.

Paul: Who knows. You don't come across the Mafia, just some weird guys who run rock'n'roll clubs. Sort of low on the Mafia totem pole. They have to do this for a year because they've been bad guys. They run the Whiskey A Go Go, or something like that.

Anita: When you travel around the country each year, can you tell, just from the audiences, how the country is changing?

Paul: Oh sure.

Grace: You can tell just from the headlines.

Paul: All these weird little colleges we play in have helmeted crazies. Really good old revolutionary crazies ...

Grace: Climbing over fences and climbing onto cops and screaming at 'em and shit.

Paul: At Amherst, sixteen hundred crazies broke in ...

Grace: ... to hear the concert free.

Paul: There were chicks letting them into the bathroom. They had a ladder and they climbed up into the chick's bathroom. They broke one window, in all, and the cops got uptight. As though there was going to be a riot. SDS, Weathermen, all breaking in, tear down the walls, up against the wall, and all this shit. They were breaking in and were just stoned, dancing and having a really good time.

Grace: Three or four years ago if there was any hassle there would immediately be cops doing their thing, rushing out and taking care of whatever scene it was. And everybody'd go 'I like cool it!' and go back.

Paul: Now they fight.

Grace: At the last concert we did there were two cops standing over by the speaker system, hiding behind the speaker system 'cause they were scared. That's why they were back there. It was very far out. All the kids pointing at them saying 'Hey, look at those pigs over there. Go say hello to those pigs. Man, look at 'em over there'. So I went creeping over by the amplifier, crept up around one of 'em and waved at 'em like that. And the kids were laughing saying, 'Get 'em out of here. Pigs', and guys were throwing shit. It was incredible. Just amazing.

Abbie: What's the age of the audience? Does it change?

Grace: Mostly early twenties, I'd say.

Anita: We ... they're at colleges, mostly. Is the audience wilder at colleges, or at Fillmore type places?

Grace: Not really, 'Cause Boston was pretty goofy and that was a public thing. It was an auditorium.

Paul: Acid freaks always. It's getting back to that it seems. A lot of places we've played that happens. And, uh, Baltimore. Even Baltimore just freaked out. Not necessarily because of our music out front. I mean they were freaked out when they got there. Just all those bizarre happy freaks dancing there, jumping up and down, before the show even got on. John Hammond, do you know him? A guitar player from New York. He was playing acoustic guitar and even for the first act, just one guy playing acoustic guitar - the kids were up jumping in the aisle. You know how they do at Stones concerts? Just filling up all the aisles, all the empty space. And the cops tried to stop

the show, to get them back. So they stopped the show for twenty minutes and they couldn't get 'em to move back. And they didn't know what to do, so we started the show again and the kids just danced and freaked out. They didn't do any real damage 'cause nobody hassled them.

Grace: The cops are really afraid of microphones. If you stick a microphone in front of their face perspiration comes out immediately. They'll come up to you and say 'Hey listen, you can't play anymore!' and you just say 'Oh, you want to tell the audience that?' They shake and perspire and get fat around the collar and everything.

Paul: It's fun to play with the police in that situation.

Grace: (laughs)

Paul: We've never really gotten hassled. I got busted once in Florida for disturbing the peace but it was humorous. I was in jail for about an hour and a half. Got right out. No hassles.

Abbie: They've banned festivals in New York State, you know. They passed an anti-Woodstock law. They said that a gathering of 5,000 people or more with music, if it lasts more than a day, has to conform to federal health standards, which is like two toilets per person - some ridiculous rule. But it was to prevent Woodstocks.

Anita: What do you think of free concerts, do you think they're the same? Do they have the same meaning as others?

Paul: A free concert's a free concert and it's a whole different thing than a pay concert.

Grace: California's a whole different thing, almost silly in its idyllicness. Like a concert in San Francisco is all these kids ...

Paul: This is like the heart of a crumbling empire and San Francisco's like the pastoral setting out. The Aenlad or something like that.

Grace: Compared to the rest of the country.

Paul: Countryside. Really pleasant bright city, clouds ...

Grace: It's funny too because you write lyrics about things that are going on. They almost have no bearing on our own lives at all 'cause it was incredibly peaceful and pleasant.

Anita: That's what's puzzled me. Like the Stones' 'Street fighting man'. The lyrics at that time, were the most militant ever - fighting in the streets and all - and when we saw the Stones perform a lot of political symbolism passed back and forth between stage and audience. The thing is, it seemed more theatrical than real, more dashing as gesture than meaningful politically.

Paul: That's 'cause you put a pretty dull picture of what you think he should have been, on him.

Grace: They're a strange group. We play rock'n'roll music and it's strange to watch them play for us too. They're really a bizarre group.

Anita: Yeah.

Grace: Because Jagger's just this kind of mashed up sort of clown-chick.

Paul: Super actor. Medieval actor.

Grace: Fag. Commie freak.

Paul: Among other things. I mean he does

Opposite page: Grace, Paul and Jorma. Photograph from "Rock; A World As Bold As Love" (see ZZ Wanderings).



a lot of that just to freak people out who are expecting certain things from him. Gives them totally what they can't handle.

Anita: I think the thing that also surprised me, even though I don't know much about their lives -

Paul: It's not important.

Anita: was that they could write such a song although they do lead rather sheltered lives in terms of street demonstrations.

Paul: Hey, all they have to do is turn on TV. That's what it's all about. The media trip today. You don't have to be in street demonstrations.

Abbie: You might have felt that way because Jagger said, when we asked him about that song, "Oh no, it's just about a poor boy growing up and becoming a rock ...

Paul: I mean he had a shitty time now and then.

Abbie: He was probably putting us on a bit.

Anita: It wasn't what he said so much ...

Paul: Like the Woodstock news clips on the news the day after were a better movie than Woodstock as far as getting high off Woodstock.

Abbie: Do you think of other things besides music? How long have you been together as a group?

Paul: Four or five years. Three with Grace.

Grace: The process of doing what we do is like being a doctor. It's almost 24 hours a day. It involves other things besides music. It is everything, essentially, or it

can be.

Anita: I keep thinking about the summer of 67, though I never did see San Francisco then.

Paul: Summer of love.

Grace: Yeah, it was idyllic.

Abbie: Garden of Eden.

Anita: When things began to change, were you more surprised than we were? Because we're used to conflict and you were into a more artistic, creative thing?

Paul: Well, that had been going on in San Francisco for five, ten years.

Grace: We were just amused by the fact that all of a sudden everybody else discovered it. "Hey, we want to do an article on you guys. What are you doing out here, making weird posters, strange music? What are you doing?" I don't know. We've been doing it for five years. We were just amused by that. People used to laugh at us in airports but they don't anymore. Charles Manson did that.

Abbie: Rock groups are accepted.

Paul: They're understood because they make money, that's all.

Abbie: If I'm flying on an airplane - well I don't have long hair now cause they cut it in jail - but when I had long hair, flying in the early morning about 8 or 9 was strange because it's all executives. And here comes a freak bopping along, so I say I'm with a band. They say what band? I say the Yippies. Oh sure, they say. It's accepted. It's not threatening to them. Their racism can allow non-conformity as long as it knows its place. Also they feel we wear long hair and freak clothes so we can make money, which is accepted. Sort

of - we have to dress this way because our job requires it.

Paul: The first Be-In freaked everybody out. We came to Golden Gate Park expecting to see maybe two or three hundred people. When we got there there were something like 20,000 people there. Same thing at Woodstock. It just blew their minds that there were many people into the same thing.

Anita: Do you ever feel isolated from the kids on the other side. I was thinking of Woodstock and the special feeding area for performers and the mud and starvation and crowds on the other side of the partition.

Grace: It is isolated, and it is different and it is easy.

Paul: I mean it almost has to be isolated. Or else you have 250 people around you while you're trying to tune your guitar.

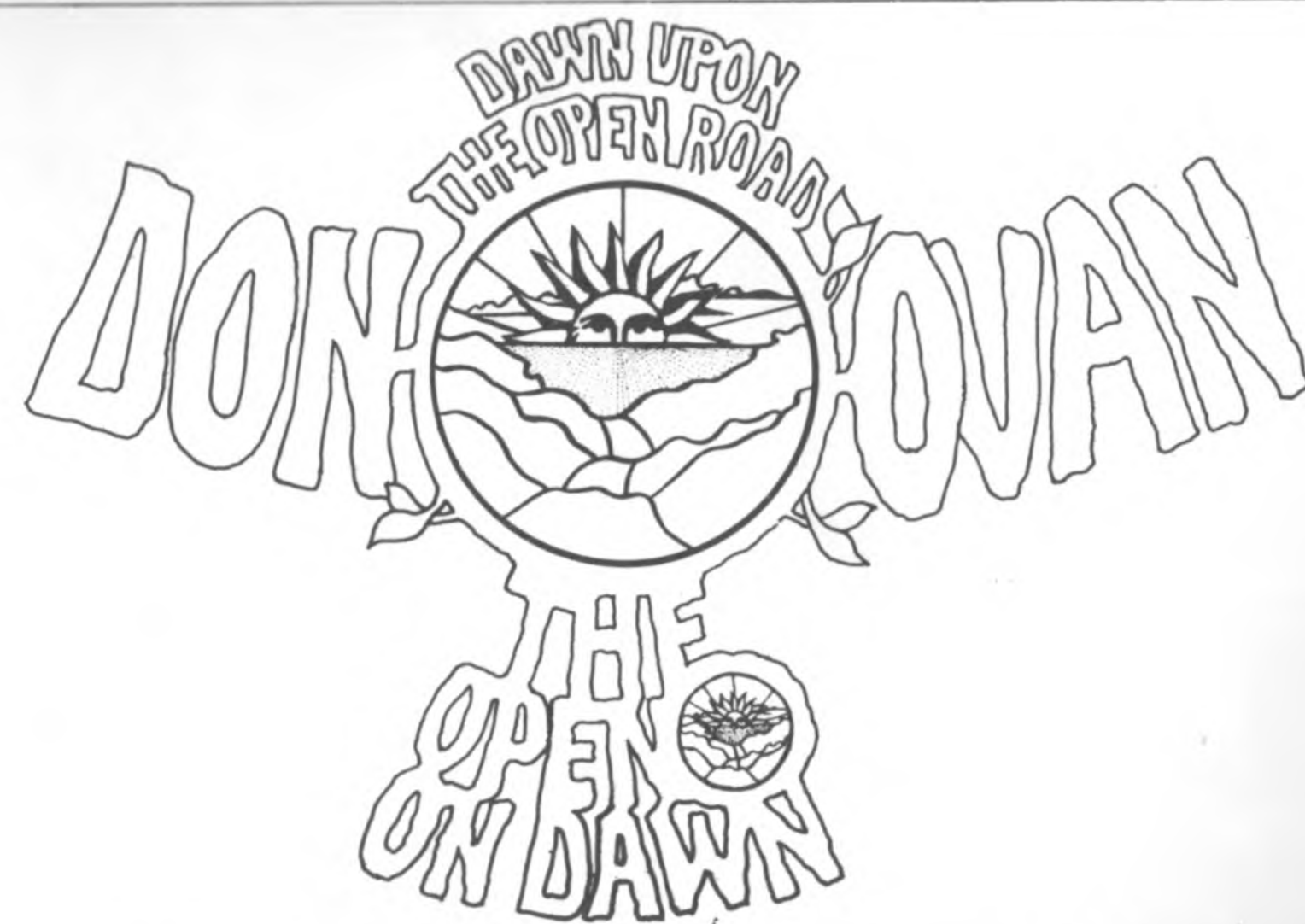
Grace: It's a strange position to live in. If you do let a bunch of people on stage there are tons of wires up there. All you have to do is step around up there and break those wires. It's happened before...

Anita: That wasn't what I meant. What I meant was, don't you at times feel removed from the struggle - at Woodstock, in the streets or the cities, on campuses etcetera.

Paul: Well we think our politics speaks through our music.

Anita: But major rock groups are noticeably absent at large demonstrations. Not many groups to speak of, for example, made statements or gave money to support the Chicago Conspiracy.

Continued on page 38



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OH NO! NOT THE DREADED THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN!

Sitting there in Track's offices, waiting for Speedy Keene to appear, and thinking about Thunderclap Newman. Newman himself, the central figure if only for his bizarre eccentricity, doesn't resemble a Greek god, so no-one tried to sell him as an aphrodisiac for teen nymphets; and he doesn't sweat over the piano and beat the shit out of it, so no-one heralded a new Jerry Lee Lewis. But what they did do was promote him as a novelty, not his record company particularly, but the press... so that the music got thrust aside by people who were more interested in this iconoclastic, grinning, freaky straight than making any sensible critical judgements.

So what about the music? Well, don't ask me; that's what I've come here for - to listen to their new album (released in mid-September) and talk to Speedy, who is apparently pissed off by the novelty image. As it is, I've only heard the two singles.

A wheeze, a cough, a splutter and a string of curses are heard from the stairs. "That sounds like Speedy now!" says the man from Track, plying me with coffee. And in he darts, large as life.

We get to chatting about this and that and listen to the record. Alright then - tell us all about Thunderclap Newman.

"Well it was Townshend's idea I suppose. I was writing with him, Andy Newman was working with him, though I didn't know him at the time, and he met Jimmy up in Scotland when he was playing in a band called One In A Million...he was only 13 at the time. Anyway, Pete came up to me and said 'I've got this cat who wants to record 'Accidents', a song I'd written some time before, and Jimmy recorded a couple of versions of the song

which didn't come out too well - they sounded a bit squeaky because he was so young. Then he came up with the bright idea of putting us all together - which was a weird thing to suggest because Andy was such a strange cat and Jimmy was such a young kid - but we got together and recorded 'Something in the air', which I'd written a couple of months before. I actually met the others for the first time in the studio!"

Speedy had met Pete Townshend when he was drumming on a session for T.H.E. Cat (which group he had nothing to do with), who were recording 'Run Run Run' with Townshend producing. "Well we sort of knew each other, but then he laid ½ oz of charge on me on my birthday and we really became friends!"

"I wanted 'Something in the air' to be like a quiet revolution song - a whisper" (shields mouth with hand and furtively whispers "get it together") "rather than a big shout. But there were people saying to us, 'Right, you're going to be a big underground band, or a big pop group' and so on, and the only way to get the ackers in is to get onto the front pages of the record papers!"

Did he get the ackers?

"Well no, not really, because I owed so much to Track... they'd kept me alive for two years before anything at all happened. I used to creep into the office on my hands and knees every week and say 'I've got this great song!' and they'd give me some bread and I'd keep saying 'I'm just finishing it off Kit, it sounds fabulous', and they kept on for a couple of years!"

Hang about mate. It can't have been that easy. What did you do? Just walk into Track and say I'm a shit-hot

songwriter, haven't written anything yet, but you better put me on a retainer.

"Well I just walked in there and said 'I've got this song called 'Armenia City in the Sky' - in those days Kit Lambert was all flash and finger-snapping, and he said 'What's it all about then?' So I said it's about anything you want - if you're an Irishman it could be a pub with free beer, if you're hung-up it could be a place without hang-ups, if you're a fucking maniac it could be a place in the sky with a thousand chicks, and so on. So I managed to score fivers and tenners for a few months and then they said 'We want the song', so I had to get down to it and write it... and the Who recorded it on 'The Who Sell Out'. Before that I'd written a song for a bloke called Oscar, but I gave him the song and never heard anymore about it!"

"After 'Armenia', the next blague was 'Accidents' which I told them was about children's accidents but wasn't sick... and there was no-one else writing about children's accidents, so I lasted another 4 months on that one. So that's how I started... and by the time 'Something in the air' came out, I owed them a lot of money!"

"'Something in the air' went the wrong way... well, no, it went the right way because it went to the top of the charts. But it went the wrong way because we didn't want to do an on-the-road-band-thing, we just wanted to record mine and Jimmy's songs - a nice relaxed sort of thing, using this guy Andy, who was very strange... I knew it would be hard to work with him because he's so, how can I put it, straight. But the record took off, and it took another perspective... everyone was saying 'Where's the band then, bring out the band!'. So



Track sent us to the country to get it together, which was a total disaster, and then we went on the road, which was an even bigger disaster. For the road, we had to augment the group, so we got in a friend of mine called Jim (who's now an enemy of mine) and Jimmy's brother Jack, who played with Bent Frame for a while!"

"Getting us on the road was very expensive, because I was into everybody having 4 cabinets, 36 cabinets for the PA and Track laid it all out, which was very good of them because I'd been laying blagues on them for two years and they knew that... but they also knew that under pressure I finally came up with a song. Anyway, we went on the road and did a tour of England which as I said was a nervous wreck of a disaster. There was always this reaction by the audience of not-knowing how to act - they wanted to scream at Jimmy, but they didn't know what to do about Andy. It was successful, but not musically successful... I mean I couldn't ask Andy to play rock'n'roll when he'd never heard any, because if you just play it mechanically from sheet music it sounds dreadful. So we didn't really have time to work things out because we had to capitalize on the record before people forgot about it!"

"After the tour, I realised that I wasn't satisfied with the band as it stood, so we asked the 2 extra members to leave and we went back to just the 3 of us, with Pete in the studio. The selection of the other 2 members had been a hazardous business anyway - I'd got my mate Jim Pittman-Avery in on bass after auditioning over a hundred people... some of them were good bass players who just got freaked out when they saw Andy and Jimmy, some were really bad, some weren't bass players at all but just wanted to join a group, and

I just couldn't find anyone who was suitable. Since then I've had all sorts of letters from people I auditioned saying things like 'Arseholes to you, I'm now playing with the Byrds and the Beatles, and things like that.'"

Amazing pictures get conjured up - Speedy sitting there, shades of Lar-geesse brimming from every pore, casually shaking his head as each applicant strains to impress him with fiendish and dextrous runs.

"No, it wasn't like that at all - I'd come into the office and there'd be about 10 cats waiting to see me and I'd say 'OK - let's hear you!' and they'd play a bit and then I'd show them a photo of the band and they'd say 'Oo's that geezer, I ain't playing with 'im - he's around 50!' And the whole thing was a drag - you couldn't tell how good they were or anything!"

In the early days, the enthusiasm that fired Speedy's attempts to pull the trio into a unit was constantly being eroded by a succession of tribulations - like things were so bad that Andy would start pounding out some obscure pre-war syncopation and Jimmy would look on blankly wondering where he was going to fit a guitar part in. Not only that, but they found living under the same roof a strain.

"Kit had this mill out in the country and he sent us out there to prepare our stage act. So we got out there and set about doing just that, but it was so hard to get started... there was Andy playing his 1928 blues, Jimmy would be playing like Led Zeppelin and I was in the middle trying to balance it out. Like Andy is a fantastic pianist, but he had no idea what a 12 bar was, or what a middle 8 was, or things like that and once he started up you had to either turn him off or blow him out;

and it was very frustrating!"

"Then Andy would come up with complaints about Jimmy, and Jimmy would come up with complaints about Andy, and we got to the point where we held a sort of board meeting every week to sort out the troubles. It was always little things - like I'd be playing records about midnight and Andy'd come in wearing pyjamas saying 'Here, how am I going to get any sleep'. We solved that one by him deciding to live in a tent about half a mile from the house, which enabled him to record the dawn chor-us and talk to the birds, because he'd bought a load of birdcalls. And he used to practise his bass saxophone at dawn, walking around the house. He's really into that outdoor life - one of his hobbies is ornithology and there's nothing he doesn't know about birds!"

"In the end it was great and we really got to dig living out there - Andy had bought a rubber dinghy and 2 air guns (an hours rehearsal then 2 hours target practise, an hours rehearsal, then down to the river), and we were getting £25 a week each and altogether it was so cushy that it's amazing we ever got anything together!"

So are they going back on the road now?

"Well no, not yet. What I've got to do is write some more songs, which I don't find particularly easy. What I do is carry an idea around in my head for about a week and then it starts to take shape. Like for one song, I had the Kent University shooting in mind, and you can't just throw out a song about that... and I mentioned to Chris Stamp that I was thinking of a song on those lines a couple of days after it happened, and he leapt off shouting 'Rush release, rush release, bring it

to me finished in the morning" and things like that, and it threw me for weeks".

What's going to happen within the band? Will Speedy remain on guitar?

"No, I'd rather play drums, but you need the stamina of a wrestler if you're gonna sing too. The thing is that the band's still very young, and Andy's got to get into playing rock more, and Jimmy's got to get into singing more - he sings a bit on the album. But we only see each other when we arrive at the studio now".

How good is Townshend as a producer?

"He's really fantastic. We're not one of these groups that comes into the studio, gets stoned and fumbles around for some sort of sound... we go in straight and work hard, and if it's not going well he comes out and bawls "FUCKING IT TOGETHER" ... he puts a lot of pressure on us because he's either just about to go to America or he's just come back, but we do all the recording in the studio in Pete's house. It was very difficult for Jimmy in the early days, because Pete was Jimmy's idol, but it's OK now".

I wondered if Speedy had felt a bit sick over all those initial criticisms about the group riding to success on Pete Townshend's coat tails, using his fame to attract publicity.

"Yes it was very difficult, but Pete took no notice of all that stuff. At one time he was into being God, but that finished years ago and we're all sure that the music will come through and people will forget all this second-hand-Who bit".

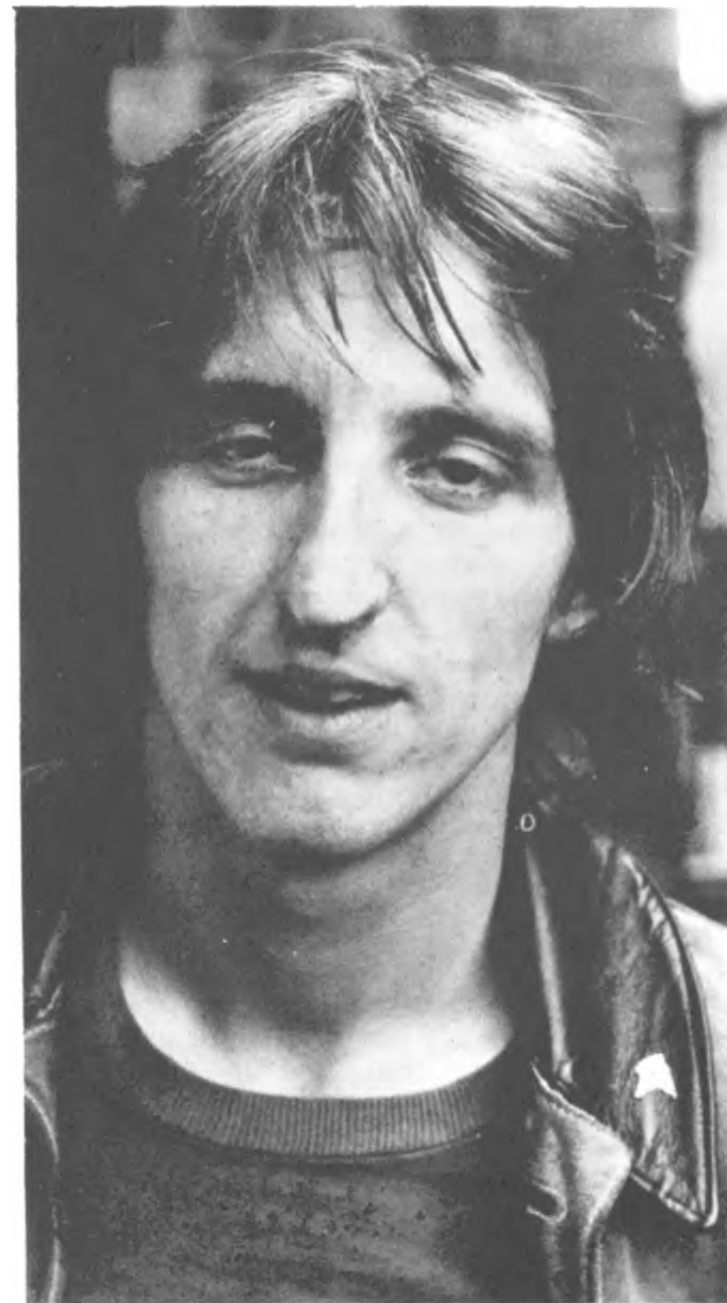
If you're perplexed at not being taken seriously, why retain Andy, a giant nigger in the pop wood-pile?

"Well, I reckon if we didn't have Andy to pin us down we'd just be another 2 album group who split up. As it is, I take the song to the studio and have to write down all the chords for him, starting on a piece of paper this big (stretches arms) then a piece of paper this big (stretches arms wider) and end up on a fucking great enormous board bigger than the house and he finally learns the chords ... but it's still difficult because if you play G, he plays an Andy Newman version of G which is completely different. But he's a bloody good pianist and he's got a good way of speaking to the papers - they like him. Like the day Chris Welch was coming down to the mill to see us, me and some mates who had come down to see me burst Andy's dinghy and I was all wet ... so Andy goes up and says "Hello Chris Welch, do you like the music of Mr. Bix Biederbecke? I have several of his records, 500 in fact would like you to hear them. Come with me" - and when I went up to see how they were getting on, Chris Welch was playing drums to his records".

We had some more coffee (thought you'd be interested in that), and the conversation drifted into a derisive assault on TV, during which Speedy talked about the groups appearance on the Kenny Everett Show recently.

"You can understand groups not wanting to go on telly ... we turned up at the studio and no-one even spoke to us, not even Kenny Everett. A lot of people took the piss out of Andy, which they usually do, but that doesn't bother me - I'd rather be with Andy and Jimmy than 4 ordinary typical heavy kind of people. Anyway, it was really depressing because it's supposed to be a zany, funny show and there were these surly cameramen and people saying "Who are they?" and things like that. But you're in their hands - you do one moody and they chuck you out".

"But Top of the Pops was as bad. The whole point is that you've got to be an ego-maniac to get on in this business ... you've really got to put yourself down that tube like Des O'Connor does, and I can't do that ... my natural reaction is Urregh! But for Top of the Pops you're allowed 3 rehearsals, and the best is the first because it's in front of all the cleaners and the stage builders and so on, who regard it as a monkey show ... and with us it was a monkey show. They just stood there with their brooms and shovels and thought "what a bunch of fuckers" - specially with Andy in his policeman's uniform. The reason behind that was simple - how can you dress Andy on stage? If you try and freak him out he looks stupid, so we thought what a gas to have him look like



Speedy Keene: "We're not one of these groups who go into the studio to get stoned... we always go in straight".

a fuzz, which is what he did look like because he's so straight".

"For Top of the Pops we took along the backing track + 1 voice, and I just sang another over the top ... you've got to do that because their production jobs are so bad. They put orchestra on live there and then, and it's bloody hard to sing properly because you're singing along to playback speakers as big as an earhole. I mean, how can you get into that? But the BBC would rather chop people's fingers off than alter the knob settings or try a few improvements".

A major factor of their success to my mind has been their fortune in signing with Track, a small personal label which prefers the "release good stuff" policy to the "release any old rubbish, some of it is bound to sell" policy. What did he think of Track?

"Fucking fantastic. The thing is that there are only about 12 people and they're all bloody interested ... they're not the sort of blokes that quibble about working late - if there's something happening they get behind it and work 24 hours a day. They're all friends you see, they've all got good heads and it creates a great atmosphere".

I reckoned the American magnet would soon get hold of them, and drag them off in search of wealth. He was dubious:

"We've eventually got to go to America I suppose, and from what I've heard, it stinks ... unless you like hamburgers this big, and cars this big, that is. Mind you, Pete likes touring there, which I can't understand because it must be so hard writing a thing like Tommy for two years and then playing it every night for two years. He said to me the other night that the only thing he doesn't dig is that they bill The Who as 'the greatest, most exciting live band in the world' and everywhere you go they expect you to be the greatest that night and you're never allowed to let up".

There you go, Speedy Keene - amazing, darting, leaping, laughing bloke who talks about Vivaldi and the James Gang in the same breath.

Well, I'm not going to make a 'critical judgement' about the album either. Not because I don't want, but because I only heard it behind our conversation. The music was there, certainly, and sounded very impressive, especially on a track called 'Wild Country' - at least I think it was called that - but I don't think that's what Thunderclap Newman are up against. Like it or not, they've been saddled with this general notion that they're a joke... a pot boiler ... a freak show. Maybe the fact that Pete Townshend is so closely involved will act as the prod that people require from someone they trust before they'll look outside their own terms of reference. Anyway, whatever happens they'll be alright.

Pete



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JONI

Long before Dylan daubed his 'Self Portrait' sleeve, there was in existence an album cover bearing the tranquil face of Joni Mitchell as painted by herself. A portrait in oils on troubled waters; perhaps the calm eyes stare into the middle distance; to her left, behind her, is the city... to her right, the open country... the lady looks vaguely sad. The face is appealing but the artist could have made herself look more beautiful had she wanted to. But, in contrast to the Dylan picture, it is an honest portrait.

Joni's honesty is in her songs as well as her painting. Her honesty is innocent and captivating. At her last appearance in England, she turned the Royal Festival into an intimate folk club, and introduced and sang her songs with an unpretentiousness which made everybody in the audience incapable of either cynicism or indifference. She

stood in the varying lights sometimes looking like a carefree schoolgirl, sometimes like a woman who sees the world so clearly that time ceases to have any meaning.

It was through other people's versions of her songs that Joni became widely known (as was the case of Fred Neil through Nilsson, Gordon Lightfoot through Peter Paul & Mary, Kris Kristofferson through Lightfoot and Jack Elliott, and so on). A lot of eighth rate performers murdered her song 'Clouds', but others recorded excellent interpretations of her work - Tom Rush did 'Urge for going', Judy Collins did 'Both Sides Now' and 'Michael from the mountains', Dave Van Ronk made a superb version of 'Both Sides Now', and by early 1968 Joni was attracting some sort of universal recognition, although no album was released until much later that year.

Tom Rush was the source of encouragement Joni needed to break out of the Mid West club circle: "He persuaded me to get out of Michigan. So I went to New York and played at the Gaslight, but didn't do all that well. I drew a few interesting people, but nothing really startling. Then Tom took my song 'Urge for going' - he had Judy Collins in mind at the time. He took it to her and she apparently didn't like it - it just didn't excite her enough to do it. So he didn't know what to do, and learned it in the meantime. And one day I got a letter from him saying 'I'm going to do Urge for going - I don't think it's my kind of song, but I'm going to try it anyway'. And he had beautiful success with it. So then he really started it - he opened doors, and the only way I got work was through Tom. He'd go into a club and he'd stand up there and sing my song and build me up, and people would get curious. So he really opened up a whole new circuit for me. That's where I grew and through experience got some other ideas, and lived some other things. Tom really helped me because at that time I was terribly insecure about my writing - I really thought it was awful".

Joni's influences are many, but whereas so many writers deny ever having been influenced by anybody, she willingly specifies which songs were influenced by whom. "I wrote a song called 'Cactus Tree' which is Dylan influenced in its melody and even its style. I even lengthen my As when I sing it because it sings better. It's all sort of in a monotone - I wrote it after I saw 'Don't Look Back', which I think left a big impression on me".

Of Judy Collins she says; "I'm very Judy

Collins influenced because for the first year and a half of my career I memorised her albums. And that's what I sang - my sets were her sets".

Of Leonard Cohen: "I think I'm rather Cohen influenced. I wrote Marcie and afterwards thought that it wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for 'Suzanne', which is another character sketch song".

If you listen to the songs she mentions you can see what she means, but the degree of influence seems very slight to me - at least 90% is unmistakably Joni.

A once-famous literary critic, discussing Macbeth, pointed out that the oft quoted phrase 'Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow' is the ultimate in simplicity, but is perhaps the most remembered line of the play. The same is true of many lines in Joni's songs - they are simple, yet unforgettable: 'And she's so busy being free' has a world of meaning in the context of Cactus Tree; and 'you are a refugee from a wealthy family' (Rainy Night House) is full of the thoughts you care to put into it.

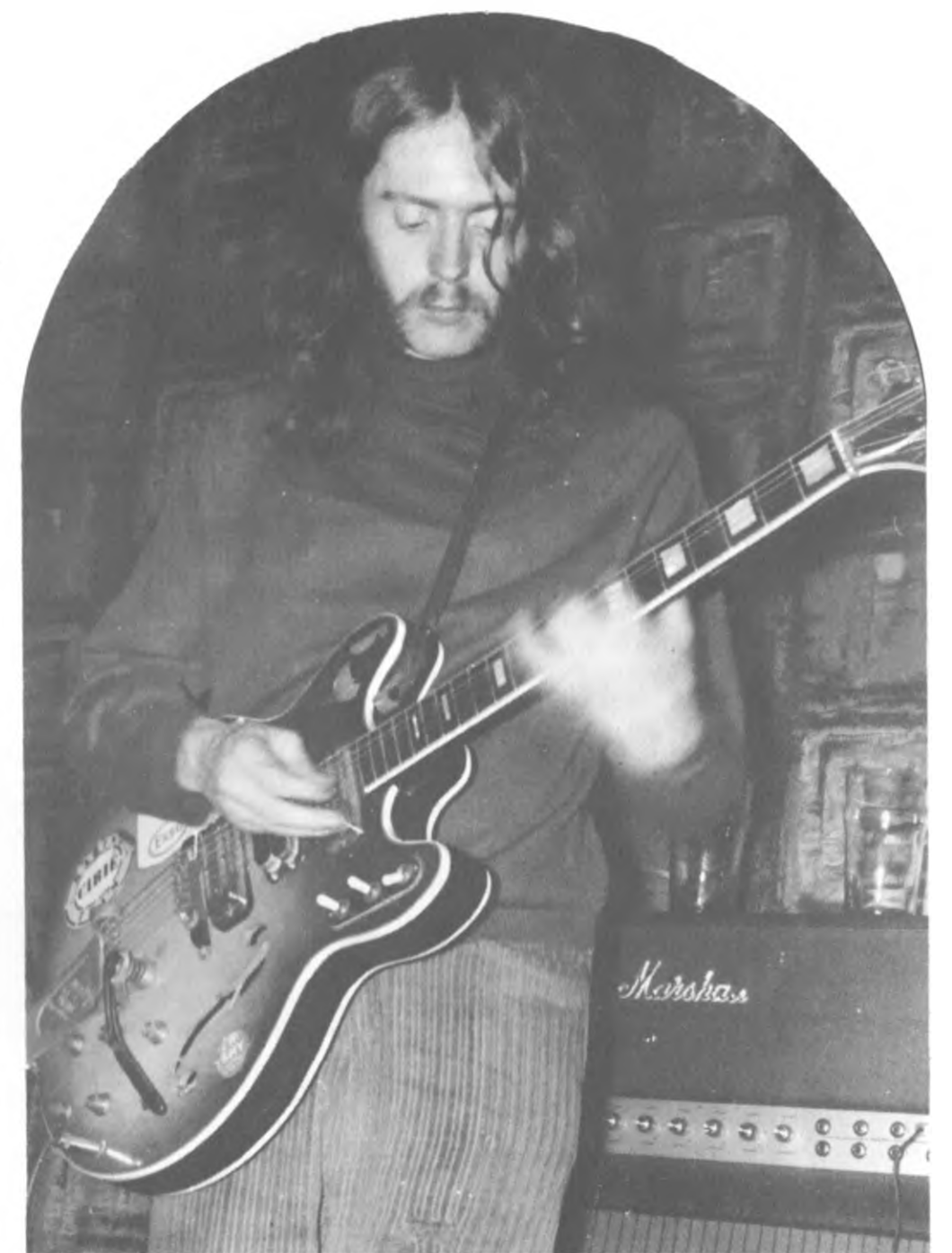
On the other hand, at times she comes near to being over-flowery and sometimes over-prosaic... but never quite. Even without the intricacies of musical accompaniment, her songs escape verbosity. Like Laurie Lee (author of 'Cider with Rosie'), she has a sense of proportion which allows her to dance along the edge of a precipice without toppling. The same is true of all her album covers, all of which she designed herself. This was part of her deal with Reprise: "The reason I waited so long before I recorded was that I wanted to be in a bargaining position. Judy Collins' album (Wild Flowers) was the thing that really put me in a position where I could get the things I wanted. They weren't really outrageous, but I wanted complete and total artistic control over everything - which eliminated everybody. It eliminated the liner man and the artist, and I was allowed to do my own sleeves".

The first cover has the intricacy of psychedelic art, but the choice of colours and the manner of execution lift it into a class far from the easily parodied squiggles of the late Notting Hill period. In her self portrait on 'Clouds' (mentioned earlier), Joni manages to hold a flower posed an inch from her face, but I can look at it for hours without the merest thought of a chocolate box. And 'Ladies of the Canyon' bears a semi-Cocteau line drawing, interrupted by a water colour country scene - definitely non trendy, far from the Kings Road boutique mood of tie-on sunglasses and foot-deoderant.

Lines like 'Peridots and periwinkle blue medallions/gilded galleons spilled across the ocean floor' are offset in the same song (Dawntreader) by the splendid simplicity of 'he stakes all his silver on a promise to be free'. And at the other extreme (in Macie), the line 'Marcie's faucet needs a plumber' doesn't jar at all because the song is such a balanced blend of a strong string of images and a haunting tune.

The same balance and control is evident in the mood of her songs. As Geoffrey Cannon said in the Guardian: "She is not... in any way sentimental, although many of her songs explore the emotional meaning of memory". Her songs involve

(continued on page 35)



GET YOURSELF SOME STACKWADDY

Yeah....Stack Waddy. Sweet, charming and gentle. Play the fucking heaviest music you ever heard. They're no band to sit and listen to - you have to get up and leap, while you're audially raped and plaster falls from the ceiling. You'll love them, or hate them.

Musically, they appear to be an impossible hybrid of all that's best in good, strong music. They take old classics and infuse new life and energy into them, producing virtuoso performances of things that used to have them stomping in aisles long ago. Witness them attack 'Susie Q' on stage. The way they play would make even the most die-hard sceptic chortle for

joy. You can't help but gasp at the simple brilliance of things like 'Rolling Stone', or rock in your boots as 'Who do you love' romps along at break-neck pace. Shiver in ecstasy as they thunder through 'Mystic Eyes', a thing with a beat like a maniacal pile-driver. They live for total involvement. And when the amps are good and warm, they'll play their own compositions. The strength of the response they get from the audience determines how they build each number. Their aim is to produce a vast, orgasmic frenzy of sound and rhythm that carries you along like a tidal wave. Only when the audience is tearing up the floor-boards, and smashing light fittings

in their excitement do they feel they have played well. Everytime they play, they play differently. And that's what Stack Waddy are about. Excitement and aggression.

Their line-up reads like a Who's Who of notable Manchester band members. John Knall, late of the Knalls, plays harp, and provides vocals. He doesn't claim to sing, his voice acting more as an instrument than a method of conveying words. Mick Stott is the guitarist. Originally with New Religion, he produces the most incredible noises out of his old and battered machine. Stuart Banham's bass chews its way through a number, while his hair flies

as he leaps about like a soul in ever-lasting torment. And Steve Revell, with the Zap Band up until last August, provides a form of percussion of an alpine rockfall intensity. Musically, they know each other well, originally playing together in an early venture that was curtailed abruptly back in 1965, when the finance company deemed it advisable to repossess their gear while they were playing a gig. They went their separate ways and met again, accidentally, last September. After the initial shock of seeing each other, and deciding whether or not to recognise each other, Stack Waddy was born.

They have gained quite a reputation of being aggressive, not only musically, but physically, towards promoters and agents. The band deny ever having caused grievous bodily harm to the aforementioned, but do admit to having often voiced the threat when payment was looking doubtful. It was once said that Stack Waddy could last only as long as their equipment did, and as their gear has seen better days, the longevity of the band seemed pretty dubious. They have had a non-stop struggle with agents ever since they started playing together... they must have represented an agent's nightmare with their continual refusals to knuckle-under. And any suggestions to the effect that they should go down to London to seek their fame and fortune were always quickly and pointedly dispelled. They admit to being outspoken (an understatement!) but nowadays, having amassed a hearty following, their independence appears to have paid off. A first gig at Mother's resulted in 4 encores, the audience moved to cavorting spastically all over the stage, and a tearful manager asking the band to play some more before the enthusiastic revellers wrecked the

place. A return gig pulled a large audience, even though the Moody Blues were playing further down the road on the same night. A recent audition for Granada TV's 'Octopus' resulted in the band playing so well, that when the roof of the studio threatened to collapse, the producer respectfully suggested that perhaps they weren't exactly suited to playing alongside the folksy bands they had already agreed to feature. John adds "We really scared the shit out of them".

Moneywise, like many promising bands, they're skint. They find that the only work available in the Manchester area is benefit and expenses-only gigs. When they played at a well-known London venue, in Wardour Street, they spent the preceding night in a graveyard: "We only realised when we kept falling over tombstones"... and arrived the following afternoon hungry and penniless. A very sympathetic manager refused to lend them enough even to feed before they played. (Fortunately a young lady was so moved by the band's collective charm that she loaned them enough to prevent death by starvation. I might add that the band is very grateful and will gladly repay her when next they see her).

Their last agency still owes them a substantial amount of money. No amount of persuasion seems to correct this state of affairs, and Mick is at the moment in danger of being sued by the agency for libel. The band left them after being fucked about, the final straw being the refusal to help them pay for repairs to their old van when it gave up the ghost outside Northampton. The gearbox was found to be somewhat mangled, and a replacement was needed. So a frantic phone-call to the agency for money, out of their account, resulted in them receiving a mere £20, two days later. So Stack Waddy are

now desperately seeking an honest agency.

However the future is looking brighter. John Peel got his first taste of Stack Waddy at the Buxton festival last October, has since managed to get the band into a studio (all at once!) and has produced a single and an album for release on Dandelion. The single ('Road-runner'/'Kentucky') is a joy to hear, but again due to large record companies treading on enterprising little labels' toes, is almost impossible to obtain. CBS deemed it necessary not to supply area representatives with copies, and ordering the single seems to be a farcical waste of energy. Publicity has been non-existent, and the only way of knowing of its existence seems to be by listening to the Peel/Drummond programmes. The album is due for release in September, and contains a fair cross-section of Stack Waddy's material. The band are suitably pleased with the finished results, and agree that Peel has made a very fine job of the production. There is already talk of a second album, which Peel has stipulated must be all original material.

A lot of people have had vague theories about how Stack Waddy was chosen as a name. Sadly, there are no weird tales of DMT and the shorter Oxford Dictionary. It appears that Stack Waddy was a character in a Mad magazine comic-strip that vaguely resembled John Knail, and his nick-name became the band's name. And in the early days of the band, people were under the impression that John was about 8 foot tall, due to the vast height of his mike stand.

Stack Waddy have a long way to go, but they're trying very hard. Try and see them somewhere. It's well worth the effort.

Pippin & Lyn.

Photographs of John Knail and Mick Stott by Pippin.

ROOTS



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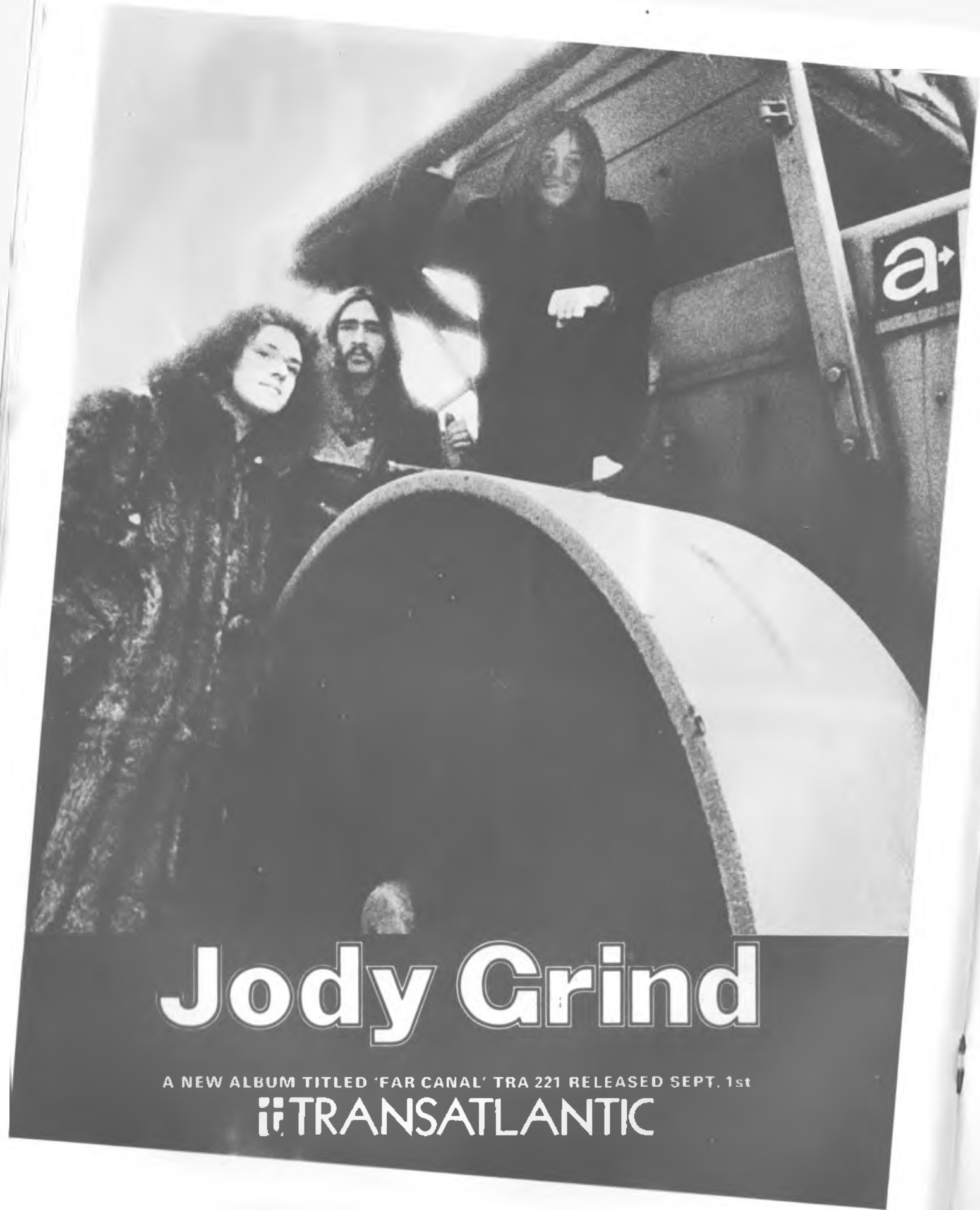
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TRANSATLANTIC



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TRANSATLANTIC

Berkeley, Cal. (LNS) — The following interview with John Fogerty, lead singer and guitarist for Creedence Clearwater Revival was conducted by Liberation News Service last month at Creedence's rehearsal studio on the shores of San Francisco Bay. It was meant to deal with subjects not covered in depth in the excellent Rolling Stone interview with Fogerty that appeared a couple of months back.

LNS: In the Rolling Stone interview that you did, you said that you weren't sure that people were listening to your words. Like some people were saying that they thought it was Good Time music, that they liked to dance to it, that kind of stuff—which is good—but that you thought you were saying something more than that—with songs like Proud Mary...

JOHN: Actually, I was quoting other people, quoting a lot of reviews I've read about us. It's sort of a tongue-in-cheek statement because, well really straight reviewers, I don't really know what their view is but obviously they're not listening, so I guess they take it for granted that nobody else is. And it started bugging me after a while that they kept saying the same old thing—dance music, good time, ad nauseum... there was nothing there but beat, etc.

LNS: That's reviewers. That's not the people who listen.

JOHN: Yeah, I don't know how deep it goes with the average listener. I mean I wouldn't presume to know, cause a lot of times I've liked records just for the beat, you know, and didn't really listen to the words. But I would imagine with one artist for a period of time—I don't really know for sure.

LNS: Well, you don't want to get into a thing of just looking at the words, not as the total thing you want to do. You're saying something in the music itself.

JOHN: Well I'm not a Tin Pan Alley writer. I don't write on commission—you know, come up with three tunes for a musical or something. So I guess it's just that I write about whatever I know about—which I don't presume to be a lot. I'm trying to talk about at least what I'm personally frustrated about or what I see from the middle—cause I usually consider, well, I usually try and say I'm in the middle. But I think I'm not, actually.

LNS: What do you mean by being in the middle?

JOHN: Well I think it's trying to be really objective all the time, and even though I consider myself really objective I find myself on the left most of the time.

LNS: That's where the truth is now.

JOHN: Well, yeah, I don't know why it's come to mean that. Academically you'd think the middle would be the best place to be, right? Obviously you're not an extremist in either sense. But I think what's happening in this country is that since the right is so much in control—no one questions that, you know, and I think you have to be on the left just to raise a question. That's the position I find myself in anyway. Like, in other words, if you're in the middle like Hubert Humphrey you're really not doing anything and—this gets really vague at this point...

LNS: Do you run up against people who attack you because they think you're on the left, or that the music is causing young people to do this or that...

JOHN: Oh vaguely, yeah. Mostly the general thing that happens to all of us with long hair, that kind of look-down-your-nose attitude. I think that's what I'm getting at, that the people on the right don't have to be uptight at the middle, because the people on the right are really in control. The far far right, sure, they're gonna want

talking with John Fogerty CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL

more conservatism. But I think that this country is 70 percent right-wing anyway. Most people aren't in the middle, I think that most people are very conservative. But it's how you make a definition. If the majority is on a certain place then that must be the middle. That's not the way I think. I think we have a preponderance of right-wing thinking in this country. We call it the middle, but it's really the right. All I'm trying to say is that when the bulk of society is thinking a certain way, and it's *wrong*, then you're forced to go to another extreme. In other words, just raising the question of "let's not have any more draft." That sounds like you're an extremist—you see what I'm getting at?

I'll tell you the truth about that whole subject, as far as I can see. The people who do burn down buildings or cause, you know, more than just apathetic trouble—people that really cause violence—I'm in favor of. I won't do it myself. But I'm sure glad somebody did, cause the people like me who want change, let's say, and really aren't quite reactive enough to go out and burn flags and whatever are, well, I am anyway, I'm glad that it's happening. Just to bring attention to the problem. Because no attention is given, otherwise.

LNS: I know a lot of people took "Bad Moon Rising" to be a song that talked about repression. It didn't say anything specifically, but it gives a whole mood—through the words and the music—that fits very well into things like the Conspiracy trial and Fred Hampton's murder. I know this sounds like a very normal question and all that, but did you have that in mind when you wrote the song?

JOHN: No. I had it in mind after I wrote it, but not when I wrote it. In other words, I saw how it fit and I dug that part, but actually I was just—when I wrote the song I was talking about natural catastrophe. It's just as simple as what I said. I was trying to show, sure, you can bullshit about this, you can try and colonize Vietnam or whatever, but when you get all done a hurricane can come and wipe you out. A lot of people have said the same thing. Later I saw, yeah, wow, this fits here. And I liked it because it was so ambiguous, I guess, that it could mean a lot of things. A lot of my songs are that way, quite often. But the original intent was simply natural catastrophe.

LNS: Music is a way to reach lots of people that we haven't even begun to reach. But there are lots of limitations—like the price of a record, or the price of admission to a concert. It's really true that there a lot of people to whom you are less available because of that thing. And I'm curious as to what you think about that and, more important, what you're trying to do, if anything, to rectify that in some way.

JOHN: In other words, play for free?



LNS: Well, play for free or fight to keep prices down or whatever you think should happen...

JOHN: I would say we're carrying on our own campaign to—well we're not going to charge any Rolling Stone-type prices, that's for sure. Ever. But we're not gonna play for free either, cause it's a physical problem of, you know, equipment and transportation and all that. And also I have to admit I'm a capitalist too. I mean I'm not doing all of this to end up with nothing. But I think it's what do I want to do with what I end up with that's important. Like you could stop right there and say, wow, he's just a typical businessman. We run our business very effectively, by the way. We don't waste. We're probably one of the most profitable rock groups going—not because of popularity. Just that we're able to cut expenses and show more profit from what we do.

With the Stones here it's 12 bucks for the front row. That's out of the question, that's just ridiculous. But I think an average of what people are used to—like here I think our last concert was \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.50. That's acceptable. In fact it's lower than average, really, for this kind of show.

Because, also, artistically, you know, we'd show up at the Avalon, and it'd be up to us to organize the show. We'd show up at a rally and we'd have to make sure there was a stage. And no one else even cared. They thought that all you do was to mention a happening, and somehow it would all come off. But it isn't that simple, you know. We're gonna do our own shows from now on. We're not gonna let some scam promoter take everybody—including us—down to the cleaners. So we'll be able to control it. We'll control prices, we'll control cops, we'll control curfew—the whole works. Because we've proven that we can do it. And I think that's knowledge that people like us will have to have if we're ever gonna compete with Wall Street. And that's really what we're talking about. Because politicians aren't really politicians. It's all money. It's really the whole question.

LNS: What about other kinds of things. Like you say that you probably won't play for free. But if there was a group around that seemed reliable and all...

JOHN: Yeah, we're playing benefits. But you can't do that all the time. But when we do our free concerts we want it to be a real thing—not a scam where we're making, you know, Altamont or something. OK, now that we bled for you for \$15 a night for a seat, now we'll do a free concert, U.S.A., you know.

And I'm really not trying to say, hey, I'm good for you all. I can't rationalize everything away. But what I'm trying to say is, for sure we have to be profitable, we have to be a going concern. Otherwise we'll end up like the Grateful Dead, with other people having to do benefits for us, in order for us to keep going. And that—that's weird...

LNS: What kind of things do you envision as happening. You mentioned that we may have to take it away from Nixon, physically. You said that you can understand the use of violence, and things like that.

JOHN: Well, I'm a fatalist, I really am. I mean I foresee revolution. I really do.

LNS: What does that mean?

JOHN: The people taking it away. In my lifetime there's going to be chaos in this country. I mean real chaos, the kind that destroys the economic system—just a mess. You see, young people are starting more and more to think that way. We see the things that are wrong, and we don't want to end up dying with those things still wrong. Older people, they've got their cheesecake, they've got their Mustang. That's okay. Cause they had nothing. They were brought up during the Depression. We were brought up in the middle class post-war atmosphere. And we don't think that's where it's at, you know, having a tv and a car and I'll keep quiet. Because there's 25-to-30 million people here in this country who don't have that. Okay. I mean maybe this is too poetic, I don't know. But stop me if you want. Those are the people who we look at, even though you and I are really middle class and we've got it. We look at them and we know that there's just no rationale for Nixon day after day saying how things are gonna be rosy. And yet nothing ever changes. So for the next few years we'll keep pushing the guys who are politicians—cause none of us are—we'll keep demonstrating, we'll keep making noise, we'll keep trying to elect candidates. But there won't be enough. Because you know H.L. Hunt represents maybe five hundred people in government, one of whom is probably Nixon. All that money—which is just billions and billions, represent so many people who are in control that no matter what we do—we can't even afford one lobby, you know we can't. There ain't that much money. Our group couldn't afford one lobby. So we'll keep trying to make them change. And they won't. And older people are content—they'll think that we're crazy, you know. They'll say "well come on, change takes time." And we'll keep saying, but it shouldn't take that much time. And nothing changes. Okay. And somewhere along the line people like us are gonna go out in the streets and say—I mean we'll be as nutty as Eldridge Cleaver or Bobby Seale seems to us right now. I really think so. It's just, how can they insult your intelligence like that, day after day? With nothing changing.

LNS: So you think that people will have to move...

JOHN: Yeah. And I'm not advocating it. I'm just saying that that's the way I see it. I really do. I may be—I'll probably be one of them.

Paul, Twink, Sandy and Russ talk to Jerry Floyd.

PAUL: I joined The Deviants, infamous English Rock'n'roll band about a year and a half ago (see Zigzag 5), but on tour in America last year we lost a member, so we disbanded. When we came back here in February we decided to reform as the Pink Fairies - Twink was with the Pretty Things then, but came over to join us - he reckoned it might be fun.

RUSS: In summer 1967 I left the Civil Service to join the Deviants. Before that I'd been with a Bournemouth band, but I used my GCE's as a vehicle to reach London... I worked in Her Majesty's Stationery Office for about a year before deciding that the atmosphere of 1967 and UFO was getting the better of me. It was just a lucky coincidence that Mick Farren needed a drummer at the time. Well we tried to organise the band, which was called The Social Deviants then, into a good musical unit (because in those days it was diabolical) but it continued as pretty much of a joke I'm afraid, which was why it fell apart. But we drifted through an amazing number of gigs, some hair-raising times, and a few albums... things like 'Ptoof' and 'Disposable' - things which made us cringe when we looked back at them.

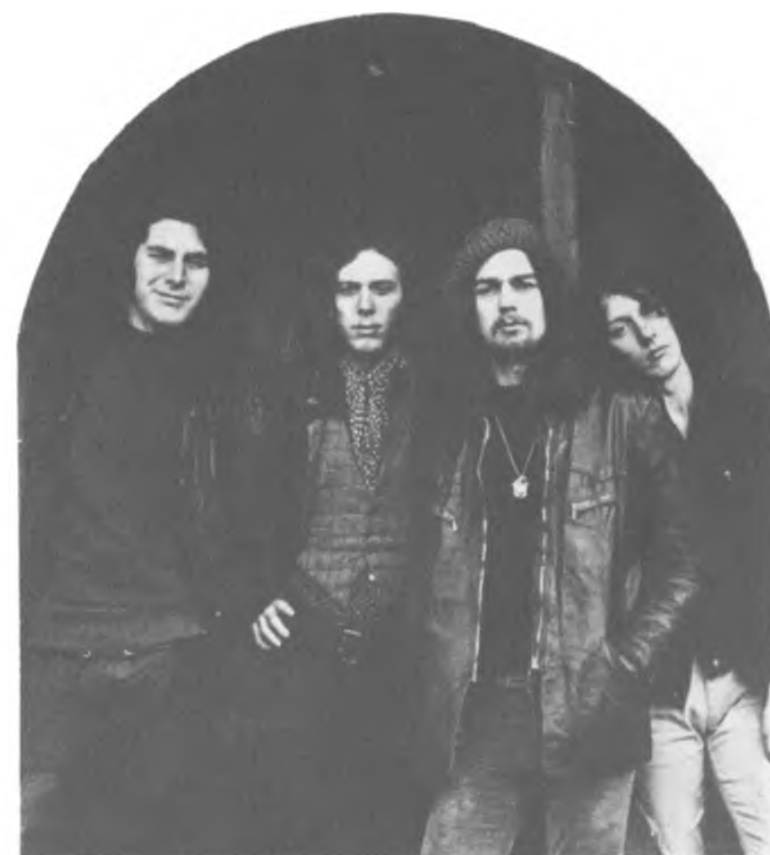
We were committed to this idea of this family thing, but it was sad because it just didn't have the musicianship to get it off the ground... it was really sad. The turning point came when our guitarist Sid left, Paul joined and the Deviants got going at last... till growing troubles came to a head in the States and Mick left.

That tour was pretty tough because it hadn't been set up with the efficiency of a vast agency... we hadn't got gigs booked or anything, and we found ourselves surviving together without any bread. But it was as if a new band was born when Mick left - all our difficulties were resolved and the novelty of our being a trio doing what we wanted kept us going. We got to Seattle, then down to San Francisco (where nothing happened - there was no work there... the city can't even support its own bands), and eventually we got to Montreal, where we made enough bread to come home.

SANDY: I'd known Mick for some time, and when Mike McInnery left the flat that he and I shared, Mick replaced him. On the 'Ptoof' album I helped out on the vocals and was, at first, going to be like an extra singer - in fact Mick had some idea of making me his stooge - but then I began to tinker around on bass, becoming the second bassist. Anyway I seemed to get on quite well on bass, learning it instinctively almost, and I took over as the sole bass player.

TWINK: I came to London from Colchester in early 1964. We were an R&B group trying to make our fortunes in the big city - but we went through the usual scenes of woe and despair and of course we got nowhere. Then I met up with, and joined, a group called The In Crowd which became Tomorrow in the psychedelic/acid period, but all that dissolved in a mass of managerial hang-ups and I joined the Pretty Things. After 18 months I decided to leave them in search of a sound that I had in my head... I'd already met the Deviants because they'd helped me make a solo album, and when they came back to England I joined them.

ALL FOUR: Besides being a super-fun type band, the Fairies are into trying to draw people together. Like playing free outside festivals, which we've done, gives an alternative for those with no money. If anybody phones and asks us to play for



THE PINK FAIRIES

nothing, we would - as long as we thought it was worthwhile from a community point of view... mind you, it's a drag setting oneself up as a judge to decide what is or is not worthwhile. But we don't like to get ripped off, and we don't like to see others getting ripped off - like paying out a few quid to sit in a refugee camp festival for a couple of days.

Some people phone up and ask us to play free, which we often do, but we prefer to ask for petrol money. Like it cost us £40 of our own money when we played outside Bath. And some people who try to organise free concerts don't bother to work it out properly - they forget about arranging power and a stage - and so you spend out a lot of bread just getting there. A lot of people don't appreciate what a hassle it is to transport all our equipment.

You just have to balance your own survival level against the whole thing - and you've got to have some kind of dependable background to be able to do these things, which means a certain amount of paid gigs, and you necessarily have to do some things that you don't like doing.

I think it's really good to rip off a record company for a huge amount of bread - I think that's really far out because they're the people you should rip off. Then they turn round and say 'that's why we have to raise the prices of our albums', but that's not really a very valid argument when you consider the bread that record companies make. The whole community system/underground has got to be financed and the way I see it, the record companies are in a good position to do it.

If somebody came up to us and said 'Hey Fairies, here's a gross amount

of bread', we'd plough it back rather than invest it in stocks and shares. Like it'd be really nice to put on an Albert Hall concert, charge a pound admission, and as people go in hand them all an envelope with their £1 back.

Most of our repertoire is our own, except for a couple of 12 bar rock standards. We usually start off a number and then work an on-the-spot improvisation which eventually returns to the head. It's all very loose but we prefer that to neat precision - but at the same time it's very together as far as a meeting of the minds goes. On a bad night we can carry off a good mechanical set, and on a good night all hell breaks loose on both sides of the stage. We try to get our ideas across as well... if you think somebody should know something you just tell them - so we talk about a wide range of things like peace, politics, elections, being cool, drugs, cops, screwing, being together.

It's hard to say exactly what we discuss on stage - it obviously depends on the thread of thought which happens to be running through our minds at the time... but we like to think that we're doing something for the cause, whatever the cause may be. Like people who are in jail for 3 or 4 years for dealing hash are there for the cause - a lot of them were groovy and not just in it for bread. They wanted to turn people on, and that's part of the cause, whether it's turning on with drugs or spiritual enlightenment or whatever.

It's getting to the point where not only the straights, but the Ladbroke Grove spades seem to be discriminating against the freaks... and you could put in that I hate narcotics officers. The Pink Fairies are tired of being turned over in the streets, and having to take off their boots and play stupid little games - we all know where it's at and it's time that kind of thing stopped. Where you're playing your guitar in the sun in Holland Park, and suddenly about 50 sunbathers get up and say 'Nobody move - we're police officers; take off your boots and socks, turn out your pockets, let us feel your bodies, let us feel around your crutches'. Poofs. That's true by the way.

It would be nice to think in terms of not worrying about some fool sending off a missile to annihilate half the world... nobody likes to think about that - so people should really have a fucking good time and get it on. Who knows what's going to happen, so pack as much as you can into each day and just freak out. It's all down to not taking it too seriously... which is a paradox because it is serious.

We'd like to add that if any Zigzag readers have any trips they want to get together and they'd like the Pink Fairies to play for them, they can get hold of us very easily - we've done free festivals, played for communes, various underground organisations, and we want to do an Arts Lab tour... do as many Arts Labs as we can; just go in and blast the roof off the place and see what they think of that - and just let people know that we're here if they need us. Basically we want this to be a real thing and not just bullshit covered with, what shall we say, a snake-skin shroud... I mean it's real. The more money we have, the more things we could do - we've had some really incredible ideas - but things have been a little limited so far because the people who have the bread and the connections in the pop industry don't care about the community or the underground or anything - all that they care about is getting people to sign iron-clad, three year contracts.

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JESS, KARSTEN, BO, KIM, OLE.

BURNIN' RED IVANHOE

Personnel:

Karsten Vogel - alto, soprano & organ.
Kim Menzer - harmonica, trombone and
Bo Andersen - drums, tenor.
Ole Frick - electric and acoustic guitar.
Jess Staehr - bass and acoustic guitar.

I saw Burnin' Red Ivanhoe at the 100 Club just over a week ago... I hadn't heard any of their music previously and was wondering whether they were going to be worth the hour's van drive. I'd seen Miles Davis and Cecil Taylor last October and for me that was about the best music I've ever heard. So since then, there have been precious few bands who I've really thought were worth the effort of going to see - 4 to be exact. Firstly were the Soft Machine, who cut any other rock band to ribbons, then I saw John Surman's Trio, then Nucleus, and lastly Burnin' Red Ivanhoe. (I tell you all this because if I'm about to make recommendations, you should be aware of my tastes).

Burnin' Red Ivanhoe seems to have combined the best rock music that you could hear (the bass and drums play as if there were four hands, two feet and one mind), including a good and original guitarist (Ole Frick is one of the few who knows how to build a solo without resorting to clichés), with a really good feel for

avant-garde jazz. Kim Menzer plays strong trombone, wailing tenor and screaming harp, while Karsten Vogel gets an early Doors type sound from the organ and solos well on alto and soprano - his playing with Menzer is often very aggressive, but when he solos his playing is extremely lyrical, though never losing its strength... somewhere between John Handy and Joseph Jarman.

I asked them about their motivation and direction. "Well we're just in love with music, that's all", said Karsten. "The group's been going for 2½ years now, but only 4 months with Ole. Bo and I have been together for 6 years, but our progress as a group has been tremendous since Ole joined". We talked about English bands - they enthused over the Soft Machine, East of Eden, the Incubates and Fairport - but their interests, or more particularly Karsten's, seemed to be more rooted in free jazz: "One cannot listen to everybody, but Charlie Parker means a lot to me, Coltrane to all of us... Albert Ayler, Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry, Terry Riley - so many. Ayler was in Copenhagen about 8 years ago, before he was known at all, and he was fantastic - such a strong personality. But we try to listen to as much music as we can - not only rock and jazz, but every kind of music, which is possibly why the band is acceptable to rock and jazz audiences alike".

The first time I saw them, I was amazed by the sound they achieved as they bounded through 'Gong, Gong, the Elephant Song' - an instrumental with pounding bass & drums, violent guitar, and wailing harp and alto. The kind of sound that takes you right up and leaves you there. It's the initial impact and excitement that hits you, but after this has gone their musical process carries them through, and it was this that I realised when I saw them again at the Country Club. (This seems about the time to put in a plug for the Country Club, which is making the very worthwhile move of putting Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath on every other Sunday - another band really worth the drive. I also met a young lady on the door who was a Cecil Taylor freak, which cheered me up no end - at least I'm not alone. But I wish they'd install some air conditioning... unless they're trying to promote a wave of 'sauna rock').

Anyway, back to the band, who tore through several other numbers; a Doorsy 'Burning House', 'Secret Oyster Service', 'Rotating Lons' which featured some beautiful guitar from Flick, and the superb 'Ksiliyoy' which had a fun-fair theme (a bit like a soul band on speed) and long passages of free playing.

The audience was receptive and obviously satisfied; one heard mutterings

of 'refreshing', 'they're Danish too' and 'far-fucking-out'. Karsten: "We'd heard that English audiences were cool, but the people we've played to at Mothers, the Lyceum, and the Roundhouse have been the hottest audiences we've ever... just fantastic. All these cats! Whew! We don't get this kind of reaction from Danish audiences every time we play".

Exactly how did the Scandinavian audiences compare? "Well, for about the last two years the Danish audiences have been too stoned. Once we played in a club near Copenhagen called the Bromby; it was a big place, about 1500 people every night, and all the big English groups played there. The drug situation there was fantastic - everyone had what they needed (laughter all round) - and when we finished our set, everyone was so stoned that nothing happened... everyone was lying on the floor in complete silence".

Were the rumours about your having to be in absolute possession before the police will bust you true? Like can you just sit there with your dope beside you and feel safe?

"No it's not like that, but they just don't bust you. It's the pusher that they're after. Over here the situation is much more difficult - and much more expensive. But to get back to audiences, we generally go down quite well all over the continent - though we had some strange experiences at the Berlin Jazz Festival last year, where our reception was split. Berlin is the most conservative festival going, but Joachim Berendt (the organiser) wanted to see what it would be like to take a jazz influenced rock band and put it into a straight jazz audience. Well, some liked us and some didn't, but anyway we met Richard Williams there and it is he who we have to thank for this tour really".



KIM MENZER

Were they likely to play Berlin again? "I don't think Berendt wants us any more because he had problems when we played a beer hall after the festival. We were meant to do a three-quarter hour set, but after three numbers Berendt decided to pull us down from the stage because it seemed that the audience didn't like us at first. But then they started shouting out 'Burnin' Red Ivanhoe' - they wanted us to go on again - and Berendt, standing there all tight and nervous, came out as being very unpopular. He's very old and unpleasant - we won't work for him again".

Work permit difficulties prevented their going ahead with the proposed

Dandelion album, but the chances are that they'll return for this purpose in October. "Our first album wasn't released here, & I don't think it ever will be because the recording quality is so bad. The studio facilities and techniques are so much better over here... they just haven't got the experience yet for our kind of music in Denmark".

Did they think that musicians should become political? (Dramatic change of subject). "It's OK if the musician thinks that way... there aren't many who are political, but there are many who have political connections. Music is certainly tied up with the present youth culture because that is what brings people together. (Muffled voice in background 'No! Cannabis!'). It's more important in America than in Europe because the musicians are being forced into politics. Every day there is something going on that they must react to, rather than just sit and play. We played to members of the Black and the White Panther parties, and they said how important it was to act and not just to sit and smoke - because where they came from it was war. And it really is war in America - we've seen film of People's Park and so on, and in that situation you must make a choice. We hope it'll never be like that in Europe, but then you have to do something to stop it before it comes".

Burnin' Red Ivanhoe have managed to create a music entirely their own and have absorbed the best parts of the music they love. Their music is part of the new music - demanding and meeting demands. John Tchicai (a Danish-Negro alto player the band admires) said that in the new music 'the content and feeling must always be there... passion, lyric, energy and strength'. Burnin' Red Ivanhoe have this.

Tim Powell.

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SINGING THE BLUES

The British R&B boom, springing from the Stones/Yardbirds scenes at the Crawdaddy, provoked a flood of visiting American bluesmen, in many cases grey shadows of former greatness, discovered in gutters and dragged over by bread-head promoters to be foisted on the hungry young cats here as the original recorders of some very hackneyed twelve bar which almost anybody could have written. In many ways, these old men destroyed the market for blues in Britain, which could have been an immense gravytrain, as well as providing some measure of authenticity on which a real blues fan could get into his subject.

The reason for the downfall of this great idea was, I think, in many cases the bluesmen themselves. It was only the commercial 'names' who ever came over because they were the only people the average clubgoer had heard of, and no promoter was going to risk a safe income by booking Blind Cripple Lush or someone like that. I was once told by a friend of mine who played in a group which backed several of these 'names' that they were, almost without exception, totally pissed when they went on stage. One very well known blues giant actually fell into the orchestra pit twice on one theatre gig, and nearly all were incapable of making good, or even coherent music because of their advanced inebriation. My own experience bears this out, for on the one occasion during that era that I got to see one of these great men - Sonny Boy Williamson - I felt like asking for my money back. It was shortly before he died I think, and the Yardbirds with Eric Clapton were backing him. Williamson played one number 3 times, and it was one he'd written earlier that month while on a tour of Germany. It was fairly obvious that he hadn't got a clue what was going on, and I went home sadly disillusioned about this so-called harp genius.

The pattern for so many seemed to be that you were living out your last few years in peaceful poverty, and then suddenly you were discovered, whisked off to England for a series of strenuous one-nighters whilst managers fought over who owned you, liberally dosed with Scotch Whisky... and it's hardly surprising that constitutions not used to liquor in such quantity and often frail with age failed to stand up to their new environment.

So the boom died and most of the bluesmen stopped coming. But meanwhile, new legends began

to spring up. Eric Clapton turned a few heads, mine included, when he told the press that among the guitarists he admired was one Otis Rush. The name had only previously been seen, I suppose, as a name in composers credits, and then only on pretty obscure records. Likewise Arthur Crudup was a composer credit name... but to a few initiated, Rush and Crudup were names to conjure with, having made only a few rare records, pretty well unobtainable in England. The realisation that 'My Baby Left Me' and 'That's alright' from Elvis' real (and long gone) golden era were compositions of Arthur 'Big Boy' Crudup possibly turned a few people to scuffing through their old catalogues and getting Crudup a bit of well deserved fame.

He'd cut several tracks for RCA during the forties and early fifties, and provided them with an occasional big seller, including, strangely, 'Dust my broom' and also some for Checker (Bo Diddley was their most famous property) under the pseudonym of his son's name before the RCA tie was finished. Then he vanished into marital obscurity until he recorded a few tracks for the Fire label, which also had Elmore James at that time. Then back to obscurity until his Delmark album, and his more recent tour of Britain, when he was recorded for Liberty by the National Blues Federation. (This might be a suitable point at which to praise the NBF for their non-profit making work in bringing over some of the better, though less commercial bluesmen. Anyone who went to see Son House, whose visit apparently cost the Federation quite a bit, will no doubt endorse my enthusiasm for their efforts).

Now Blue Horizon have released the Fire tracks, very rare until now, on their Post War Masters series. Among the tracks are 'That's all right', 'Look over yonders wall' and (wait for it Elvis freaks) 'So glad you're mine'.

A really worthwhile album - as is the one in this series by the late Slim Harpo. Again there is the parallel with one of today's greats, for included is 'I'm a king bee', which the Stones did on that amazing first album. It was Harpo's signature tune, though perhaps not done in quite the same way as Jagger on stage. Also, James Moore (his real name) wrote a beautiful epic, a near hit of the mid sixties, called 'Scratch my back' - a taconic, cool vocal with a bit of ridiculous guitar, and some soulful harp. I reckon that he'd probably have clambered out of his pit of comparative obscurity within a few years, had he not died last February. I never quite knew what a drag that was until I heard this album, because it's very progressive as far as a down home bluesman goes, and wrote some very fine material. Unfortunately 'Raining in my heart' - Harpo's hook song - isn't included, but in fact the lyrics appear during 'Baby Please Come Home'.

Another of the men featured in the series also died recently - Sam Maghett or Magic Sam, the man who brought influences of somewhat less pure music into his blues. A quote from Roger St Pierre in Record Buyer might be appropriate: "His music possessed the quality of instant communication with all types of audience - virtually bubblegum blues, and that's not meant in any way to be insulting. There have been many better singers, and far more skilled guitarists, but Sam was one artist who never lost sight of the principal purpose of urban blues - to entertain". The tracks were recorded when Sam

was only 22, and in many ways it shows, with a vibrant alive quality so often missed by the Uncle Tom school of down and out spades. In fact he was only 32 when he died last year, and may well have grown, with Slim Harpo, into the same sort of success that B B King, a frequent performer at the Fillmores, enjoys.

A man who may still do this is also featured in the series, and that's Otis Rush - as previously mentioned, one of Clapton's idols. (And a brief word here to those who are disturbed by the direction Clapton seems to be taking: there is absolutely no doubt in my mind that he is the greatest white blues guitarist that I will ever hear. A picture is very fresh in my mind of the Bluesbreakers at Klooks Kleek, with Clapton visible through the thick smoke, leaning on his cabinets, eyes shut, face contorted, as he forced more and more of those astronomically slow screams from his Les Paul. Really too much. It doesn't matter to me that some of his things were copies, because if some of his things were copies, because if Clapton hadn't heard them, it's quite likely we never would have. But you can hear why Clapton liked them when you hear Otis Rush. His album is called 'This One's a good 'un' - and really that's not inappropriate. Eighteen (count 'em) tracks, including 'All your love' and 'Double Trouble' - both later revisited by the Mayall bands of 66 and 67.

Altogether, this is very good value, and it's interesting to note that among the backing musicians can be found several well known names from the R&B hall of fame - including Ike Turner and his whole 1958 band. The sleeve note says it, right at the bottom, 'Otis Rush has not matched or surpassed these first recordings. But he could. And someday he will'. Like Magic Sam, Rush was in his early twenties when he did these things, but now at 36, he has become friendly with Mike Bloomfield. Surely between them they can recapture the splendour of this Rush album and the first Butterfield epic?

All the above albums have been out for a few months, and now they've been joined by two new ones - Lonesome Sundown and Lightning Slim.

Of the former gentleman I confess complete ignorance, but apparently he was for some

time with Clifton Chenier, whose music may be known to you from his Blue Thumb album. In 1956, at 28, he signed with Excello and cut some thirty-two tracks (of which 12 are included here) during the next ten years. Then he gave up to become a preacher. Unlike the famous Richard Penniman, Lonesome Sundown (real name Cornelius Green, would you believe) continues with honest religion and refuses to have anything to do with music. In his day, this cat was Excello's greatest urban blues artist, so he must have outsold Slim Harpo, which can't be bad, and this is certainly an interesting album.

Also from Excello comes Otis Hicks... better known as Lightnin Slim. The first track is pretty familiar to me - the original Mann Hugg Blues Brothers used to do it - Rooster Blues; and it's definitely a rock'n'roll track which would be appreciated by your Smiley Lewis aficionados. In fact much of the album is in that mould, spiced with double-entendre blues like 'My starter won't work'. Another song which Manfred used to do was 'It's mighty crazy' - Paul Jones must have been a real Lightnin Slim freak. This album has a solidity and depth rarely found on such records - possibly due in part to the overdubbing of various percussive devices such as washboard and woodblocks - with plenty of beautiful echoey guitar (he had one of the first electric guitars in Louisiana apparently).

Each record has full, informative sleeve notes (most important to me), written in most cases by Mike Leadbitter and Neil Slaven, the editors of that excellent publication 'Blues Unlimited'.

I very often feel that I should try to learn more about the roots of the music I love, but until this series, no group of records had ever failed to disappoint me due to tedium, inconsistency and the rest of the faults which would only go unnoticed by the totally dedicated blues freak. But here, boredom is rare, and I'm happy to own the set.

It would indeed be sad if only those already into blues bought these and similar releases... sample any of the Otis Rush, Slim Harpo and Lightnin Slim (the others are not at all inferior in quality, but it's likely that you'll find these three most appealing if you're reading this) and see if they widen your tastes at all. John.



Otis Rush

THE PEOPLE BAND!

Exactly who is in The People Band at any one time is anybody's guess - their personnel seems to be as unrestricted as the music they play - but Jeff Cloves, who himself played with the band on occasion, managed to round up some of the members and extracted the following 'statements', which arrived at our office with a letter from Mel Davis saying "they must on no account be altered... if the editor will not accept them as they are, then we don't want them printed in any other form. Otherwise they're meaningless and invalid". I see. Well, in that case....

MEL DAVIS: "The People Band' is only an identity for the sake of one.

Any number of musicians.
Leaders? You are you.
Directions - possibly.

Some of my greatest moments of joy and exultation have been when blowing the music.

Civilisation? is plagued with dualities. 'We' try to obtain a oneness - a real oneness, not an untidy fake one man's idea of a oneness. I'm not putting down Bach or Parker.

Do you know what Zeitgeist is?
Men on the moon! That's easy.

Well if you don't have ideals you never reach them, but ideals are for people with fixed ideas.

'Nothing' is fixed.

There is only one law in music and that law is infinite, so?

Pythagoras was a crazy cat.

By the way, Police aren't Pigs.

Pigs are animals and everything is good and everthing is bad; so Albert Ayler saying 'Everything is everything' is crazy,

or too much or too little depending on where you are.

Adolph Eichmann said 'I was only doing my job'. We're all only doing our job. There's a degree of everything. Words are words and words are only sounds.

There's a large/minute greenfly crawling up the paper - it's nearly at the top. I've just blown it off into the garden; looked quite tasty. Where do we go from here?

About the record - everything is about the record and the record is about everything. About - about - about. It's possibly about....

Anyway, those people who have heard the music - you'll never hear the same again.

Many thanks.

How do you define everything?

The flowers of heaven are but a springtime coming.
Definitiveness.
Take care.

PAUL JOLLY: Some people will always confuse the sounds they hear with the images they see. To those I plead - see with your ears.

TERRY DAY: OHSAWA! OHSAWA!
infinite macro music.
a dog barks in the yard
"mu mu"
"mu mu"
"mu mu"
Primordial intestines.

CHARLIE HART: African Dhama/now-now/
mind/what?/The level (you are it)/body/

how?/All answers are approximations/you are it/well?/Don't worry/Deathbed-birth bed/void is energy/no dualism - everything melts/yong/Taking (make-break/giving/see! be!)/Listen, listen, listen - the blast is here/as energy
7692103216193196537482 8164523791506 times a second.

MIKE FIGGIS: The People Band is not a band but one to - people blowing together at the same time.

The People Band sometimes appears to go out of its way to make things as hard as possible for itself. No two members of the band think the same way about the music, or play the same way.

What do you want out of music?

If it's bulging trouser rock, white man's Coltrane, third ear Shankar, third hand blues, the social hit - buy the LP or come and see us - we don't do any of those but maybe you can add us to the list.

The only importance of form is as a platform for your statement of now (then & future). Heavy rock is saying - 'Cop this darling!', pseudo raga is saying 'Ah the infinity of it all', white mans blues is saying fuck all. I suppose each of those statements is valid at a particular time, but as isolated statements they are unrealistic and ridiculous.

Pop music has become the most unhealthy music form in the West today. It is socially valid - youth finding its own identity-blah-blah-blah but thriving on cynicism, departmentalisation, banality, lush sentimentality, gross egoism, narcissism, in short everything that music isn't about.



John talks to Manfred Mann and Mike Hugg.

Z: Can we talk about some of the people who've passed through the band? What about Dave Richman, he's the most obscure because he went first... was it for reasons of image?

MM: I would say that Dave's leaving was the most regretful thing that ever happened within the band, because he was such a really nice guy - but it was for 2 reasons. He was playing very busy bass lines - an awful lot of notes - and he wasn't really pinning it down the way we wanted, and also there was this important image factor in those days and he didn't really fit in visually. But if the music had been right I'm sure we wouldn't have asked him to leave.... I hate to talk about this image thing, because image just doesn't matter these days. He was a really good musician, but he wasn't playing right for the band - I suppose he got freaked out with the facility he found he had on the instrument.

Z: Tom McGuinness, who replaced him, looked a little like Richman... and Mike D'Abo wasn't dissimilar from Paul Jones, was he?

MM: Totally coincidental - people didn't believe it, but you don't go out searching for someone who looks the same do you?

Z: Mike Vickers was the next to leave.

MM: Yes, and he made it as an arranger, writes film scores, and so on. But oddly enough, I don't think he made it the way he wanted to - he feels he's capable of more.

Z: Were you worried when Paul Jones decided to go?

MM: Yes, we felt that the whole band was going to collapse. As far as a great deal of the public was concerned, he WAS the group, and the fact that everyone was involved on the records just didn't occur to people. Then having left us, he proceeded to go in a most unexpected direction.

Z: Whilst he was with you he seemed bent on giving you an image of being higher than pop.

Manfred Mann

"In 1962 we went to London to be successful doing what we wanted to do, so we became successful doing what we didn't want to do. Now we're being unsuccessful doing what we want to do."



MH: You mean the political and ban the bomb stuff he used to talk about in the papers?

Z: Yes. And yet I was listening to your second LP last night, and he was no great shakes as a singer - were you conscious that he was trying too hard?

MH: I can't honestly remember that album too well. I did think, and still do think, that our first LP was really good, but after that we all got guilty of trying to be too clever, and we lost all the simplicity we had in the early days.

MM: Yes, that first one was just a very unselfconscious mixture of things that we wanted to do at the time - same as the first Chapter 3 album, which was approached in the same way basically. In later albums we were getting more poppy and we lost the ability to just get into the studio and blow.

Z: Of all your A-sides, few were written by the group... where did you find all those hit material type songs?

MM: Well we had good ears - we had the ability to pick out a good song - and we were really good at spotting the commercial parts and plugging them to death almost. We learnt our lesson with the songs we weren't sure about, and after each failure we came back with the biggest hit we'd ever had - after 'Hubble Bubble' we came back with 'Do Wah Diddy', and after 'So Long Dad' we had 'Mighty Quinn'.

Z: Are you pleased about things like 'Do Wah Diddy', looking back?

MM: Well that song was summer 1964 - it was alright... it's not one of the records I personally like. Some things you remember with more pleasure than others - 'Sha La La' for instance, was terrible. We didn't think they were great pieces of music, but looking back they're not as bad as they were then... we loathed them. Like 'Fox on the run' - I almost died as that came over the playback speakers... and 'Ha Ha said the clown' - ugh.

Z: You're no doubt extremely relieved to be out of the hit-or-die syndrome now.

MM: Well we never started out to be a hit group, but we got a hit and the underground

audience of that time just deserted us - so we got into the position where we'd have been out if we hadn't maintained our string of hits. Then as time passed, we got better and better at being able to make consistent singles... until we thought it was time to take our fate by the balls and quit being stars to do something we really wanted to do. Like basically we came back to London in 1962 to be successful doing what we wanted to do, so we became successful doing what we didn't want to do. Now we're being unsuccessful doing what we want to do again.

Z: Had you made enough bread to allow you to set up Chapter 3 in your own good time?

MM: Well no, not really. Mike and I had made a bit more than the others because we'd made money out of commercials - but we weren't doing live gigs towards the end and there wasn't that much money about. We aren't in a position to retire or anything.

Z: You reckon that you've taken your tongue out of your cheek with Chapter 3?

MM: There have been two periods in my life when I've been naively having some sort of face that if we were doing things we thought were good, people would recognize it. One was when we first started the group until I finally went cynical in 1964, and the other time was when we did the Chapter 3 album, when we thought "God, we've thrown all that over", and we even tailored that to be more commercial to a certain extent. I mean, there are some parts of the record that make us groan now - like Mike's vocals which he could do so much better now - but there was a certain element of naivety in that we said "Let's go and do our thing and it'll happen for us". Then we started going round the country and people came up to us for our autographs, saying "Where's Mike D'Abo?", and the pressures of the business have turned me, to a degree, back in a cynical direction, which I regret very much - I'm now beginning to look at the business a bit more like the race that it is, and that nobody helps you if you fall down.

I feel now that the image we're stuck with tends to prevent us from going



out and having a blow - so we're making absolutely sure that we don't go commercial and lose the essence of playing. I mean I can't stand all that Blood Sweat & Tears type thing, and anyone who compares us with that kind of music just can't have ears.

Z: Aren't you tired of touring?

MM: No, I really enjoyed touring the States and I enjoy playing in England when they're good gigs. I don't even mind going out and playing places like Dreamland at Margate - it's got a sort of life about it... the smell of the greasement, the roar of the crowd shit.

Z: But it's not your intention to become a 7 nights on the road band.

MM: No... though I'd rather do that than 7 days in the recording studio.

Z: Have you ever done session work for others?

MM: No, I've never been asked to, but that's one thing I'd really love to do.

Z: How did you come to leave EMI for Philips?

MM: Well, EMI just didn't have faith - they wanted Paul and not us basically, which was an understandable thing really because that's the way everyone felt... something I still gloat over to this day. They didn't want us but offered Paul a good deal. Then Philips offered us a good deal.

Z: Philips has never been universally highly regarded as a label, has it?

MM: Well, that may have been the case, but it's changed a lot lately, with Vertigo. They let us produce everything and don't interfere - in fact our contract was up and we decided to go back with them because I

liked the feel of the Vertigo idea. But as long as they get the records to the shops and promote them, that's OK.

Z: Let's go back to your past again for a bit. First time I saw you was at the Crawdaddy - the Stones were doing a broadcast and you were filling in as the Mann-Hugg Blues Brothers.

MM: Yes, I remember - we were very nervous, but we were trying to be successful. We weren't really a blues band, we were a jazz band - but Paul was a blues bloke and he influenced us to go in that direction. We felt we needed a guitar in the band and although he'd never played the instrument before, Mike Vickers took it up because we couldn't find another guitarist. But Paul influenced us to a great extent, and we've always been influenced by the music around us, even today.

Z: Then you were playing the Marquee on Mondays, Portsmouth, Bournemouth and Southampton during the week, and then back to London for the week-end. Did you get the acceptance you wanted at these places?

MH: Well, it built up at the South Coast gigs long before we got off the ground in London. When it did take off at the Marquee it was really good. The fan thing started up then, and that was good for about 6 weeks, but then became a drag and just something you have to live with... like chicks cutting your buttons and hair off when you were talking to them.

Z: Didn't it eventually get to the stage when you went to every gig and churned out your hits like a jukebox?

MH: Yes, we were bringing ourselves down all the time by doing just that. The

prospect of playing on stage made us all happy, but we didn't get any release because we didn't get a chance to play anything else. That's what broke the group in the end.

Z: It must have been a wrench, throwing up the comparative security of the pop stars bit?

MH: Well, you could say that all good things come to an end anyway, so it's best not to keep neglecting what you really want to do. Time just drifts on and on.

Z: Why the name Chapter 3?

MM: Well it's like the third group... Paul, Michael. We just wanted to make some difference in the name, and at the same time retain something that would make people cough up some bread.

Z: How many are there on the road in this particular band?

MH: The last group had 10 in it, but we've changed it round. We've got a new drummer, we've only got 2 horn players, and we may get a guitarist - if he's as good as we think he is. You see, originally there wasn't a band until we went into the studio - we had a rhythm section, but the rest of the people came from those on the session.

Z: So you've got about 8 in the band now?

MH: Yes, but we're thinking of incorporating a couple of wailing girl singers, which might fit in quite nicely with what we're doing.

Z: Playing down the bill must be a drag?

MH: That doesn't bother me - so long as we get a chance to be heard and judged on whether we're good or bad, and not whether we've got a hit record

JONI

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

the listener and provoke his own thoughts, rather than dragging him into the joys or agonies that caused them to be written.

Many of her compositions are about incidents she's experienced - 'Nathan La Franeer' is about a taxi-driver who once drove her somewhere, 'Michael from the mountains' is an artist friend of hers, 'For free' concerns a clarinet player she saw on a London street... "he was playing real good for free" - I'd like to think that it refers to Lol Coxhill,

The association of Joni Mitchell's name with Crosby Stills Nash & Young is not recent. The first album was produced by David Crosby, and the bass part on 'Night in the City' was by Steve Stills. "David Crosby" said Joni at the time, "is the most into my music of any outsider I've met. He also has very good judgement, and he gets a very good sound out of me in the studio. He's taught me a lot of things about recording and he's managed to get that stage presence on the album". And she wrote 'Circle Game' for Neil Young: "He was lamenting lost youth at 21. He decided that all the groovy things to do were behind him now, he was too old to do them. Suddenly he was an adult with all the responsibilities. All his life he'd been told to wait till he was older - and now that he was older he didn't want to do them any more". 'Willy' ("Willy he is my child, he is my father, I would be his lady all my life") is generally acknowledged as referring to Graham Nash now sharing a house with her in Laurel Canyon.

In 1965 Roberta Joan Anderson (as she was known to the registrar of births at Fort McCloud in Alberta) became Mrs Chuck Mitchell, but not much more than a year later the marriage was dissolved. There has been sadness in her life; in Time she was quoted as saying: "If you are sad, you should feel sad. The French are good at that. They show what they feel and in that way purge themselves of it". Joni has purged herself of her sadness - none of her songs inflict sadness, there is always something positive; the unhappy husband in 'Conversation' knows he'll find comfort; the lonely clarinetist in 'For Free' plays sweet and high; the woman who breaks a thousand hearts in 'Cactus Tree' is trying to make people happy. You feel that if she wrote a song about a nuclear bomb that she'd sing of those who survived unharmed.

"My songs are very honest, they are very personal, extremely personal. Sometimes they really hurt to sing. Some nights you really get into them, and they really take a lot out of me". Joni Mitchell is not politically involved. At least not to the extent of expressing a clear cut set of attitudes or pre-packed slogans. She doesn't need to be - her honesty and positive warmth are inspiring enough to make us strive to create the better world we spend so much time talking about.

Ian.
(The quotations are from an interview with Joni conducted by Dave Wilson of Broadside Magazine. The small photograph was taken by Steve Hansen of the same magazine in early 1968)

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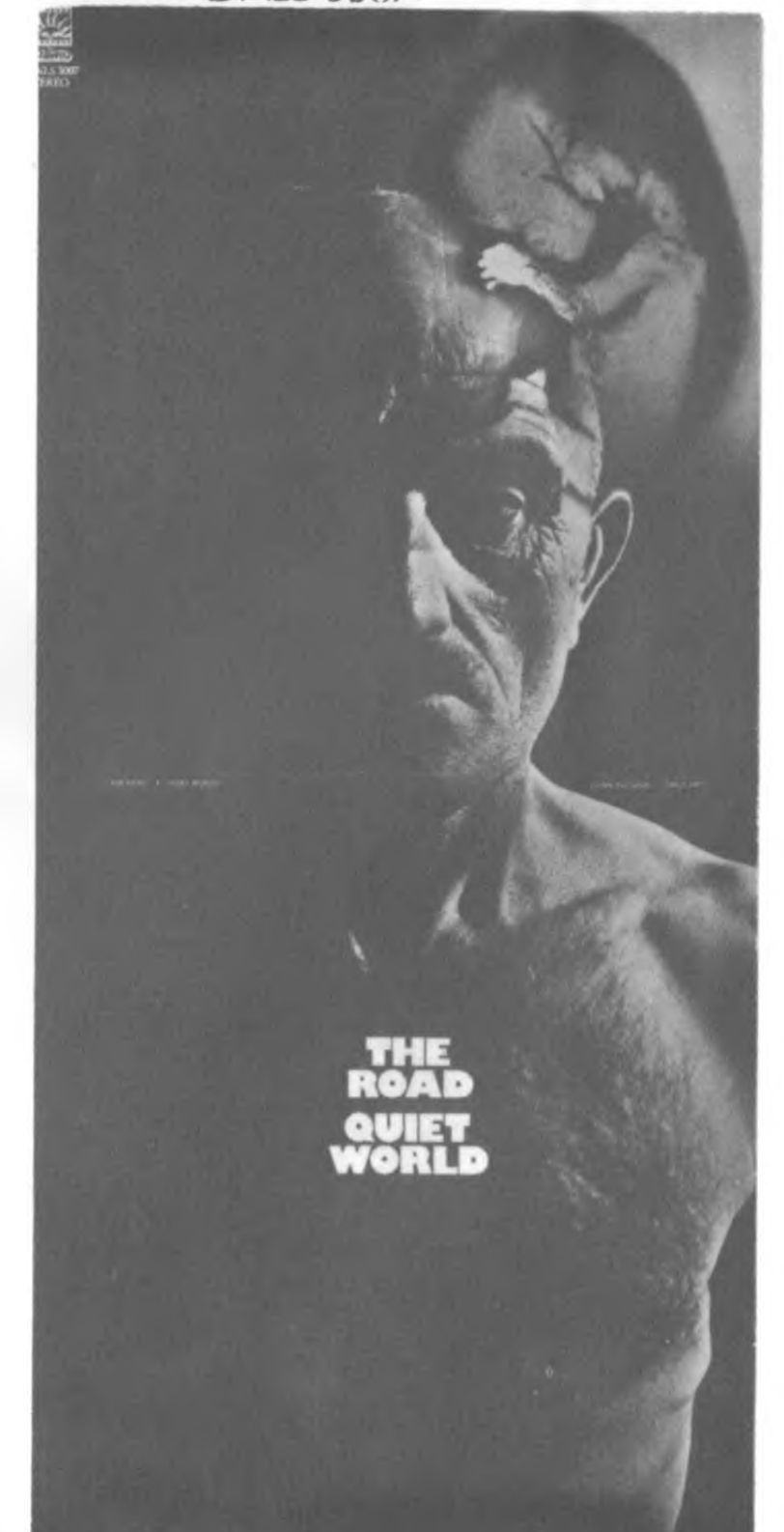
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JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

(Continued from Page 8)

Grace: Looking at the political movement is very difficult with all the different groups. Many of the so-called political leaders are a drag. They're not interested in our culture and its values. If there was such an organization maybe more rock groups would support it. But as far as playing at big demonstrations, I don't think many people understand the hassles of moving tons of equipment. Abbie: Do you have a model for revolution?

Paul: No. I just expect it to happen. The government's doing it by itself. There's not very much you have to do other than point it out.

Grace: It's like watching a very slow bomb explode.

Paul: The country's falling apart on its own. And all you or us or we are doing is accelerating it.

Abbie: When you wake up in the morning or write a song, do you say, 'I'm gonna overthrow the fucking government with this song?'

Paul: No. The government's already been overthrown. It just has to realize it. I just like to point it out and get the people in government uptight.

Abbie: It may be a dying dinosaur but its tail is still swinging.

Paul: Oh sure, it's still swinging, but it's falling apart. I mean New York City's falling apart.

Grace: Look at the streets man. Where there isn't a building there's a pile of pig shit, you know. And then there's that ecology farce going on.

Anita: In history, when empires of civilizations reach that point they get very brutal and they start thrashing around and they try to devour us.

Paul: You just got to take care of it and cover yourself. I've got an AR 18 ordered. I've also got my scissors ready and at the first thing, chop chop off goes the hair and on goes the suit and you're safe.

Anita and Abbie: Are you serious?

Paul: Sure. If I hear that 3 of the Grateful Dead and 2 of Crosby Stills and Nash have been shot down in the streets of Sausalito for having long hair, I'm going to start snipping.

Anita: You're going to start sniping, maybe.

Paul: Snipping and sniping. I mean I don't really expect it to happen. America's too slow and stodgy for anything to go flashing like that. It's just this little creeping step by step that no one can get their fingers on to grab at.

Abbie: Do you relate to the Berkeley political scene?

Paul: Only on an abstract basis. They're always uptight. San Francisco and Berkeley - it's really a weird, strange strong conjunction. 'Cause they're very uptight politically in Berkeley and they're always unhappy. San Francisco's sort of a happy version of Berkeley or Berkeley an unhappy version of San

Francisco. San Francisco's alot more Dionysian or pleasure-seeking. They're more concerned with things to do rather than rejecting things not to do. Instead of protesting about the war with 20 people I'd rather take those same 20 people out into the woods and get 'em high and swimming in a stream. And just doing that shows them a much better way to live and will convert them alot faster than yelling in their faces at a rally. That's the difference between Berkeley and San Francisco.

Grace: It's boring man. It's like listening to Nixon talk only they have long hair. It's boring shit. They don't know how to entertain.

Paul: Some of them are entertaining. But by and large you get two out of ten that are really fun to listen to. There's no good oratory in Berkeley.

Grace: There's no point boring people to death with politics. It's the same politics we're trying to get rid of.

Anita: You're not pacifists, are you? Paul: No, I mean if someone points a gun at me I'll do my best to point one back. I've never been in the situation so I could not say what I'd do.

Grace: I prefer not to kill people, but I'd like to destroy as much property as possible.

Paul: Like I would have enjoyed blowing up CBS that night that you were on - or rather weren't on. It would have been a nice gesture to go down to the station that was broadcasting that and blow it up.

Anita: I thought that was one of the most frightening experiences.

Paul: It was. But again it was so humorous also. That somebody would go to those lengths. That's why it's so hard to deal with it on a rational level. I mean to waste our time dealing with that sort of mentality is the reason we have managers.

Grace: Fighting with those guys on their level is really hard because they have all those tanks and shit.

Paul: They got much better guns.

Grace: and gas and numbers they throw in. I saw a film on a police chief's convention in Hawaii.

Anita: But there are things we can do. Battles to win. We burned down the Bank of America.

Grace: I love that stuff. That's the stuff.

Paul: Once in Los Angeles people were yelling 'play White Rabbit, play White Rabbit' you know, like they always do, and I just said 'something alot heavier has just gone down in LA than White Rabbit. A cat named Charles Manson is in jail' and a hush fell over the audience. I told them that most people think he's guilty before he's even been tried.

Grace: There's always a constant noise from the audience, even a straight audience with white gloves on, but all of a sudden there was a

complete lack of noise. Nothing. Abbie: Do you identify with Manson because he has long hair?

Paul: No. It's because he's getting fucked over because of the long hair. He's being made a hippy-symbol especially in LA.

Abbie: Well that is a nation concept. You have identification with him because he's a hippie.

Paul: No. He's just getting burned by the same people that are burning us all. I mean I'm not really interest in what he is or even if he's guilty or not. Cause the issue right now is how he's being treated.

Abbie: right. But he's not being treated that way by black people or by long-haired people. He's being treated by people who represent power in this country.

Paul: Right. Well when I flashed on what I had said at the concert it flashed on me that even I had assumed that he was guilty. Right up front, you know.

Anita: Right. Right. It's the effect of racist news reporting. There's no way that 12 Charles Mansons can sit in the jury in judgement of him. There is no way that he can have a jury of his peers. Young people, especially longhairs cannot be tried by people from another generation.

Paul: They should turn their parents on. Spite them. There's no need to kill 'em. That's sort of a harsh thing to subject the typical American teenager to. What do you mean by that?

Abbie: I mean that the values that kids have got are good and right and they should kill their parent's values. See, it's sort of like blacks saying blacks should kill whites. Black culturalists say that.

Paul: They don't mean it.

Abbie: Maybe they do at some level. They're not running down the street pulling guns but they're saying that black people have been told that they're worthless, that their culture's no good, that they're ugly and they're saying through that method, through those symbols, black is beautiful. And I think saying Kill your parents is saying youth is Beautiful. The Youth culture is beautiful in the same way.

Anita: I think artists do what they want - like what they do.

Paul: That's why they're artists, because they can't make it working. You know I didn't have any particular plans on being a rock'n roll star. I was just hanging out and I liked to play guitar. I just happened to meet some other people who did. And some of my friends were making \$5000 a night as the Byrds playing rock'n roll for all these freaks in LA who were taking LSD and jumping around the dance floor. And that looked like a fun gig and you could work whenever you wanted and you picked the times you wanted to work. It's not a conscious thing. There's no direction. The direction shows itself to you. You haven't got time to chart a direction because

you're always gliding down the stream. Whichever stream you fall into. You're got to fill people's time. Most of them sit around and don't do anything. They try to figure out what to do.

Anita: What do you think about heroin?

Paul: It's an ugly drug, a downer. It makes people boring.

Abbie: Do you talk against it?

Paul: No, I don't talk against hardly anything. I like to talk for things. We talk against things by talking for things. When we talk about marijuana we talk against marijuana laws, but we don't say fuck Washington, fuck marijuana laws, kill the marijuana people. We just say go out and smoke a joint.

Abbie: Do you think it's gonna be legal?

Paul: It'll have to be. Either it'll be legal or there'll be a revolution. That's one point for revolution. There are so many young kids in jail.

Abbie: There is revolution going on now. There's a violent revolution. In this town right now, there were, during the last month, maybe 30 bombings.

Paul: Yeah, but it doesn't reach the point of revolution, of out-front attack. It's still gotten to a point of humor almost.

Anita: to a point of...

Paul: humor.

Anita: Humor?

Paul: I mean it's just a humorous lash back at the establishment.

Anita: but people are going to jail for long times, people have already been killed by premature explosions.

Paul: Well, that's cause they got caught. Now when they do it in front they should expect to either get caught or not get caught.

Anita: How can you say that?

Paul: If they don't cover getting caught then they should be caught. You should go into it with that in mind. It's wrong to blow up property. It would be wrong if Mayor Lindsay came in here and blew up your television set. You wouldn't like it and it would be wrong. It is wrong to blow up an IBM building.

Anita: Those people are heroes.

Abbie: The police are gonna come in this apartment any day - and come in and rip the apartment apart lookin for dope. Ain't they? That's Mayor Lindsay. They already have ripped apart our offices without search warrants.

Paul: But they're doing it on a legal basis. Blowing up a building is illegal.

Abbie: There never was a legal revolution. It never happened.

Paul: Well, that's what I'm saying. So they should be prepared to suffer the consequences if they get caught.

Anita: Don't outlaws by definition live outside the law and run risks?

Paul: All I'm saying is, you try not to get caught. The good people shouldn't have to die and rot in prisons.

Mungo Jerry

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By about eight o'clock in the evening everything had changed. We had heard, and quite warmly applauded, Fotheringay with their pretty and talented Joan Baez-style female singer, and their pleasing, tasteful folk-music; we had heard a Dutch drummer and an Indian sitar-player, and a Chicago group who clowned irrepressibly and made quantities of noise but no music, and some folk-singers. Then came Mungo Jerry, the group whose song "In the Summertime" came from nowhere into the top of the English charts a couple of weeks ago. They were unknown in Holland, as in Britain a month ago. While they were on the platform it seemed that everybody in the park assembled, everybody stood up, began to clap and dance, throw paper plates and toilet rolls in the air. Many followed Zacchaeus and

climbed into the trees for a better view, and they were dancing as well, like the gatecrashers on the light-towers (anguished appeals from the excellent English announced, Ian Knight, but in vain).

During their last number, a gloriously solid piece of rock-'n'-roll, the whole place had visibly metamorphosed from lethargy into two miles of solid human vibrating electricity, total mass-commitment not for boring politics but for live music. For the rest of the night everyone was reverently recalling the name of Mungo Jerry; if not the most inventive rock music I've heard, it was in context about the most inspiring, and it's nice that a British group did it without benefit of an established reputation.

William Mann
The Times: July 2nd



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