

# zigzag 24

THIRTEEN PENCE





four sides  
of  
the **DOORS**



double album of the Doors greatest numbers on Elektra

**SOMETHING STIRRED**

After laying dormant for nearly two years Jeff Beck—brilliant ex-Yardbird guitarist—is back into the action. He's got together a new band. The Jeff Beck Group. And cut a fine album "Rough And Ready". As Rolling Stone put it, "Beck is back, and in pretty good shape too."

**EPIC**

**ROUGH AND READY —**  
**JEFF BECK GROUP EPIC 64619**

# CHATting WITH PETE TOWNSHEND

After almost three years of Zigzag, it was about time that we got round to doing something on the Who. So, at the end of last year, John and a Who-freak friend called Connor McKnight, spent a couple of evenings with Pete Townshend and came away with 7 cassette-fuls of chat. This was duly transcribed and a pile of hand-written foolscap, about two inches thick, arrived for perusal and editing. What to do? Well, in the end, we decided that we would publish selections of the interview in this issue and number 26 (next issue is solely on the Byrds), and the whole thing will eventually be coming out as a Who Special (details in 26). Subjects discussed ranged from Hells Angels, via Thunder clap Newman, to evolving technology in the recording studio, and from Dylan, via Chuck Berry, to all the Who's albums... and it's all good stuff. So, for this issue, we chose a random section labelled 'Tape One - second session'.

ZZ: A lot of your earlier songs had a definite Stones feel about them (and you recorded a couple of their numbers) and you said in The Times that their re-surgence as a live band owed a lot to your example. It's obviously a pretty complex relationship, but can you talk about it a bit?

Pete Townshend: Yeah, sure, but first let me say that that thing in The Times was a bit embarrassing, because re-reading it, it seems to be full of name dropping. To really pin that down... I'm writing a piece for a magazine that Meher Baba lovers put out in India, and one of the questions they asked was to give an intimate glimpse of three of your famous contemporaries - and I really couldn't... I can't give an intimate glimpse of anybody really. I could give several intimate glimpses of Ronnie Lane, but there isn't anybody else. We don't really know the Stones; we've never spent any time with them socially, and we've never really spent time with the Beatles - we were around them a lot when Epstein was their manager because we were hoping to get in that stable. KIt Lambert and Brian Epstein really respected each other very highly - quite rightly I think. We were hoping for some sort of leakage into the Beatles thing, but it fell through when Epstein died, and I don't think I ever saw any of the Beatles again socially.

Hendrix I always admired tremendously but never got to know, and same with Eric Clapton, who I spent a bit of time with. I met Dylan once, but that's all. But Mick

(Jagger) is one of those guys who seems to ring up occasionally and say "hello", but everytime he rings up he asks about a gig or a particular venue or working on the road or some particular problem which has to do with touring. I think that the reason he came to us was that we were the only group that lasted; a contemporary of the Stones right from the ground up, and we were working the kind of gigs that they



needed to work when they went back on the road last year. It was at a point where the status was similar, the kind of performance was similar, and the dynamics that we were involved in would be similar.

Quite simply, I personally feel that the Stones are the world's best rock and roll band - I think that unqualifiedly. Not that I think their records are always great... it's like Glyn Johns says about a Stones

session; you can sit and wait for weeks and they'll just churn out a lot of rubbish - and Glyn's very tough like this - but when they do get it together, they're the best in the world. This is why they are often weak live - because you can't wait for three weeks to get it on, but if they did a live tour that came up to the pitch that they get onto some of their albums... the presence, the physical excitement, the mental exhilaration, the electricity of the whole occasion, they would be, really, the best in the world. They suffer, I feel, because Jagger's the only one who wants to play.

ZZ: Mick Taylor wants to play... Have you seen Altamont?

PT: No. I was too nervous... we've had a few experiences with bad vibe audiences and evil audiences here and there.

ZZ: Not in England presumably.

PT: One was in England... we had a few in England actually. I had an argument with a Hell's Angel on the stage at Leicester once, and got bottled. It made the press in a small way, but they treated it like 'Christ, don't let this sort of thing happen again' - that sort of way. A road manager and I had to have eight stitches apiece, but even so, I think that if I had not been quite so pissed and quite so bloody, I would have got stuck in a lot further and probably got a lot more badly hurt. Because I got hit on the head, and it bled a lot, I thought I'd better get to a hospital, but I was really wild; I broke my guitar across some geezer's collar bone, but it didn't seem to do much to him - he had a ring in his nose, I remember.

ZZ: It's a nasty thing to say, but I wasn't sad when they got their's over Weeley.

PT: I know; I must say that I felt the same. I know a lot of Hell's Angels and they always seem, on the surface, to be incredibly innocent, fun-loving people, but there isn't any doubt that when they get involved in a fight, they're willing to go a lot further than other people. This too, I suppose, is the feeling I've always had about skinheads, and it's because they're not interested in anyone as a human being, they're much more interested in themselves as a showpiece. When they're clubbing you with a billiard cue, they must look graceful when they're doing it - and they're not going to hold back, because their chick is there watching. You find that by themselves, they are very ordinary people, and that's what scares me the

most in a situation like that - this mindless thing where they're out to get you though they haven't really got any grievance at all... it's like facing an army of robots, and the obvious thing is to run.

ZZ: To get back to the Stones/Who thing, I feel that the Stones have come adrift from their audience. I mean, 'Brown sugar' is a long way from 'Goin Home', don't you agree?

PT: (pauses) I dunno... it's hard to say.

ZZ: I think they're about dope, basically.

PT: Maybe... I suppose they could be... it's really hard to say. I know that Mick is an incredibly sharp guy, and if he thought that the Stones would remain a vehicle for him if he wrote songs about dope, then he would... because he wants the Stones to exist and he wants to work within the Stones - he wants the whole thing to keep going, and he might even do it subconsciously, if you like. 'Brown Sugar' might be about a black chick's cunt or about raw cocaine - I mean, I don't really know, but I do know that coke is a huge thing in the rock world at the moment. In the last two years, it's overtaken pot in popularity among musicians, and I feel it's very much something to remark on, because coke is an addictive thing. Whether you snort it or mainline it or take it in your mouth... it's addictive, and much more than just psychologically addictive. It's slower to get to you, but it gets you in the end. I've had people here, and they've really amazed me - I won't mention any names, obviously, but I've had people here that I'd never ever thought of as being drug-hungry people, and I've seen them just break down right in front of me and say "I've just got to get some coke... get me some coke, I've just got to have some - where am I going to get it from... who do you know?"

ZZ: Do you think that drugs are self-destructive, or destructive of anything?

PT: I think that's such a difficult question... I don't really know. Some drugs, like hallucinogenic ones, actually alter the mind - they don't just cloud it over like alcohol does... they actually alter it.

ZZ: On a permanent basis?

PT: No, not on a permanent basis...

ZZ: What about acid?

PT: Well, I don't know about acid. I mean, chemically, the only thing they've been able to pin down to acid is the chromosome damage, about which there is no doubt, but apparently, by the time you're 80, you've already lost half your chromosomes anyway - through eating too much vinegar on your fish and chips or something. So I don't really know the relevance of that.

What I'm worried about is the psychological thing about it. When I stopped, and I stopped because of Meher Baba, my whole world suddenly caved in. Mind you, it had got to the point where I found it very repetitive; it was humping everybody's music into the same bag and it was always going to the same place in my head. When I first got into pot, I was involved in the environment more; there was a newness about Art College, having beautiful girls around for the first time in my life, having all that music around me for the first time, and it was such a great period - with the Beatles and all that exploding all over the place. So it was very exciting, but although pot was important to me, it wasn't the biggest thing; the biggest thing, rather, was the fact that pot helped to make incredible things even more incredible.

Later on, say 5 years later, I'd gotten into that rut of listening to every record

stoned, and it was just turning to sculpture in my head... I was seeing the music rather than hearing it. It's hard to explain but it was like symmetrical towers of sound - that's how I saw it. The last time I ever heard a record stoned on pot was 'Music from Big Pink', the night I first met John Sebastian, at Peter Tork's house - so there!

ZZ: So what happened to you when you stopped smoking?

PT: Well, like I said, my world just sort of caved in, and I suddenly thought 'Christ, what have I been up to?' I found that I couldn't listen to a record unless I was stoned! I've got about 250 albums now, and the only ones I like are the ones that I first heard when I was stoned... what I call 'the stoned ones'; the ones that had that 'stonedness' around them, that aura. I've got to learn to listen to music all over again, and I've got to learn how to write all over again... I've got to learn how to enjoy life all over again, without leaning on dope. This wasn't the betrayal though; the betrayal was that I found I could give it up just like that (snaps fingers). When I realised that everything I'd been crediting to pot was nothing at all to do with it... the fact that I could write a song, or play guitar, or have a good time at a party, or enjoy a satisfying sexual relationship. Alright - a lot of people would say that I learnt through pot, but anyway, it was like a betrayal.

It was a very strange thing; I thought "Christ almighty, what have I been doing?"



I've been giving my whole life to a weed". Previously, I'd been saying "it's only a weed growing out of the ground - what can be harmful about that?" But now I think that pot is possibly the most subtle evil of all, because of its subtlety and because the psychological dependence, which to me is a far more gritty dependence than actual physical dependence, takes over... it's more spiritually based, where you can't enjoy the pleasures of the spirit or the soul. I found it very easy to give up tobacco, and I found it very easy to give up pot, and I think that if I decided not to drink any more I'd find that fairly easy - if there wasn't a Keith Moon in the group, that is - but it was the results which were important. I know I'm lucky in that respect, but it was the results which made me take a positive stand on it - and it's not just aping Meher Baba's words and spouting them out in a quasi-religious manner. I really did make that decision for myself, and in some respects I made it before hearing about Baba. I was, as

I said, getting bored with these symmetrical visions, though at the same time, I was attached to them. I liked them, yet I was bored by them, so I suppose that in itself shows that something was in decline.

What shook me about acid was when I took what I thought was acid, but turned out to be STP - something that I would never ever ever take. It was after the Monterey Pop Festival, and I spent more time outside of my body looking inside myself than I've ever spent... it was like a hundred years. It was actually a four hour hump, whereas a normal acid hump is about 25-30 minutes... you have a hump and then plane off into a nice trip. Well on this STP trip, the hump was about 4 to 5 hours - and it was on an aeroplane over the Atlantic.

ZZ: What do you think about legalising dope?

PT: Well, even though I'm against drugs, I say pot should be legalised. You see, I spent so much of my time pissing around with pot purely because it is illegal; and I came very close to being involved with far more serious drugs because policemen in police stations told me, with grave looks on their faces, about the terrible things dope does - "do you know what this stuff does?" I mean, do they know what it does? No. One day they get a pot smoker in and give him an incredibly hard time just because the day before they had a heroin addict in - and to them, it's just the same... if you're not one, you're the other, because you're on your way.

ZZ: They say that if pot were made legal, people would find something else that was not.

PT: That's a possibility. The other argument I've had put to me several times is that alcohol, which is legal, is still very dodgy. But then look at prohibition - that never stopped people drinking... they made their own and died because it was such poison. This is the point; if we're going to have dope, let's have decent dope - at least that would do away with the corruption, and it would bring the thing into the open. Then you could separate pot from drugs that really do cause physical and mental problems.

ZZ: Let's get onto a lighter subject, shall we? Can you tell us about Keith Moon's epics in American hotel rooms?

PT: They do happen with alarming regularity. Keith feels that he has to be involved in some form of entertainment all the time - even when the rest of the group is asleep, he feels he has to entertain us and wake us, either by causing explosions or by getting us thrown out of the hotel. The first really big thing he ever did was on our first American tour (with Herman's Hermits); we happened to go to Georgia, which is the only place in the States that you can buy fireworks. They sell these things called Cherry Bombs. Anyway, a few days later I was in his room and all the paint round the door knocker was black where he been putting these things in the key-hole. I happened to ask if I could use his bog and he just smiled like this and said "sure". I went in and there was no toilet - just a sort of S bend coming out of the floor! "Christ, what the fuck's happened?" I asked, and he said "well, this Cherry Bomb was about to go off in my hand, so I threw it down the bog to put it out". "Are they that powerful?" I asked, and he nodded. "How many of them have you got?" I said, with fear in my eyes. He said "500!", opening up a case which was full to the top with Cherry Bombs.

Of course, from that moment on, we got thrown out of every hotel we ever stayed in. The Holiday Inns were phoning round saying "don't let this group in - they'll blow the place up", and it got to the point where they were asking for 5000 dollars deposit to let us stay in even the shoddiest hotel.

My nerves finally broke in the Gore-ham, which is like the hotel in New York where all the groups stay. My wife was with me at the time and it was hard enough just to try and keep the hangers-on away from the cosy family situation, but we got ensconced in our room and tried to make it feel a bit like home. A couple of hours or so later, we got to sleep, only to be woken up by police cars outside and a lot of police running about. I thought that Tom, our production manager had been busted, because he was really heavily into dope, so I ran out and got the lift to the seventh floor where his room was. Then I heard this huge great explosion which rocked the lift. Then the lift stopped, the doors opened, and all I could see was thick smoke - so I got back in and pressed the button for the seventh floor again, and just as the doors were closing, I saw Moon walk past. He'd apparently picked the hotel manager's wife's room, and so, of course, we got thrown out of that and every other hotel in New York as a result. We still have difficulty finding a place to stay in New York.

ZZ: Does he still carry on like that?

PT: Well, Moony's got this thing now, where you wake up in the morning and he says "greatest hotel room I've ever done - it was a work of art!". . . and you look in his room and it's just total chaos. He does this a lot now - he actually arranges it artistically. . . you don't hear any great smashing noises these days - he just arranges it so that you look in and go "Oh Christ, what you done?" - but he hasn't actually broken anything, he's just made it appear wrecked. He unscrews cabinets and prises them apart, takes the television cabinet off and sticks black sticky tape over the screen to make it look shattered. . . . or, if he's drunk enough, he just smashes the place up. . . pours tomato ketchup in the bath and puts those plastic leg things sticking out.

When we play English towns, Keith always finds the joke shop; tear gas pellets and smoke bombs, stink bombs and itching powder in the bed, bugs under the pillow, naughty doggie in the sink. . . .

ZZ: Why do they always nail down that plastic sheet under him on stage?

PT: I don't know. I can't really work that out. . . it can't have anything to do with the sound.

ZZ: Does he still own the pub?

PT: Yeah - he's got a half share in it. . . they got an Egon Ronay star this year for good cooking - it's a very good hotel.

ZZ: Did he have something to do with that shout of 'I saw ya' on the end of 'Happy Jack'?

PT: Oh yeah. Keith, you see, is very annoyed at not being allowed to sing; he's got an awful voice. . . really terrible. So when we do all the vocals, he feels left out, and being Keith, he pisses about. On that particular session, we kept trying to get the vocals down, but he kept stopping us by talking and so on. In the end, we stuck him in the engineer's booth so that we could do them - but that didn't work because he kept pulling these funny faces at us through the glass, so that we laughed

in the middle of the take. To stop him, we made him crouch down under the panel so that we couldn't see him - and just as we were finishing, he lifted his head up to see what was happening. . . so I yelled out 'I saw ya', and we left it on.

ZZ: Is it right that Roger made all your guitars in the beginning?

PT: He made his own. There was a time when we were all using home made guitars - it was a bit of a weird situation; we used to make our own, rather than put up with shoddy gear. John was the first that I know of; he'd make bass guitars out of one piece of half inch ply. He'd mark out the shape with a pencil, cut it out, divide the neck into frets and get someone to fret it, put a pickup on with the wire hanging out, put a few false knobs on and paint it bright red. He used to get a fairly good sound out of it too. I had a guitar that I made myself, but it wasn't really very good, but Roger had one which he made, and that was alright. He was a bit of a handy-man, but he only made his own and told us how to make ours - he was always too busy pulling birds I think.

ZZ: You played on Mike Heron's album, and Keith was on 'Becks Bolero' - what else have you all played on besides the Who?

PT: Sorry to disappoint you, but I think that's it. Keith's played on a few.

ZZ: Like that awful Viv Stanshall record 'Suspicion'.

PT: Well, he produced it didn't he? He was on the Scaffold's 'Do the Albert' and one or two others. The thing is that when Keith did Beck's Bolero, that wasn't just a session - that was a political move. It was at a point when the group was very close to breaking up - Keith was very paranoid and going through a heavy pills thing. He wanted to make the group plead for him because he'd joined Beck.

ZZ: Was Ronnie Lane on that session?

PT: I don't think so.

ZZ: What's the tie-up between you and Ronnie Lane, because you must've been rivals in the old days.

PT: No, we were never rivals. . . I don't think he's got a rival in the world. The tie-up is the fact, I suppose, that the Small Faces and the Who always got on incredibly well. I don't know how it came about though, because Kit Lambert was murderous to the Faces; he accused them of copying us. I always used to get on really well with Steve Marriott too - it was a pity when he and Ronnie split up, because they were cohorts. . . I looked that word up today, and it said 'Roman legion'. They were the two songwriters and producers, but I think it was natural, in a way, that the Small Faces broke up after 'Ogdens Nut Gone'. . . there's that 'Tommy' thing. . . the 'Tommy Test'; you do your classic album and then you really have to use every ounce of stamina and guts to stick together, because it's so tempting to relax.

ZZ: Can I ask you a question that is intrigued me for years, and that is this: The two best bands in Britain today, in terms of sitting in a seat and watching and listening to them, are the Faces and the Who. How much is this that you share the mod thing?

PT: I don't know. They were a damned sight more real mods than we were. . . at least they were the right size.

ZZ: Shepherds Bush wasn't really a very mod place was it?

PT: It was the sort of place where you'd never wear your mod clothes because you would get them dirty in the bundles. But no. . . Shepherds Bush was a very mod place as it happens; the Goldhawk Club was amazing - I used to spot all the major fashion changes at the Goldhawk Club. . . nowhere else. Like you'd see one guy wearing a pair of sneakers with buckles and you'd know that next week they'd all be wearing them. . . . and, sure enough, they were. Maybe it was because I got to know all the leaders and could spot the right things.

But to go back to your question, I don't think the mod thing has much to do with it. . . it might be in a line - Stones, Who, Faces - not that Rod Stewart follows in a line from us. I used to go and watch him when I was in short trousers; the night he started - the Cyril Davis benefit night - was the first night I saw him. I remember saying to my mate "Cor, look at 'im, what a poof, what an 'orrible 'aircut", because he had exactly the same haircut then as he has now, and it was really outrageous.

ZZ: He always used to camp it up on stage.

PT: Yeah. Well, to put it bluntly, I think Rod Stewart was a poove - still is a poove. I've gone from my poovy stage. It's difficult to say whether what you see means anything, or what you hear means anything, because people allow what they want to hear to be heard. In those days it was a really good mystifier if people thought you were queer.

I think the Small Faces were a mod group, and we were a mod group, and in their way, I suppose the Stones were too, although they came from different sources and were quite old. We were a mod group because we picked the situation and went into it; the Stones were picked by the mods and dragged into it, and the Small Faces came out of the mods. We weren't mods but we became mods - we looked at it and said "that's incredible, let's be involved in it". . . we didn't grow up as mods, but had to learn all the stuff. I was at Art College, had long hair, was smoking pot and going with girls with long red hair, and all that. Painting farty pictures and carrying my portfolio around. . . and I had to learn how to be a mod.

Like in those days, a scooter was a big status symbol, but I used to have an old American car - that was my symbol. But I used to have to lie to the little mod chicks I pulled, and tell them I had a Vespa GS. . . "Oh yeah, I buzz all over the place". If I'd told them I had a '58 Cadillac, which to me was a dream, they would have thought I was a rocker.

ZZ: Do you want people to think really deeply about your music, or just listen to it?

PT: Oh it's so difficult - I don't want to pin people down to any attitude. I know that people get things out of certain people's music that I just can't relate to. For example, when Dylan first came out, I dug his music - his sound and chords and voice, but I'm only just beginning to get the lyrics of his songs. It's not that I'm thick, it's just that I wasn't listening to them. I think, however, that Dylan made people listen to the lyrics but his genius lay in the fact that he didn't consider his lyrics. The way he used to write and record was to write down the rhyming words and fill in with the first words that came into his head. . . . or spontaneous titles that came into his head, just sing them off and fill in lines. Let's face it; Dylan is a poet and poets



become expert at doing that. Ending up in the same place they started. Allowing their minds to flow freely and yet organising their minds at the same time. I don't suppose for a minute that he was conscious of what he was saying, but when you look at it in retrospect you can really find out an incredible amount about the man - more than you'd ever find out by meeting the fucker. He won't rub two words together for you - and if you mention a song, you've had it.

I suppose he's really got the biggest problem of responsibility of any rock star in the world; his biggest problem of responsibility is that he can't face people - that's why he's so incredible in his music; because everything, everything comes out in his music. But, because of things he said in his early music, now that he's become big and influential his responsibility (if you look at it in the Jean Paul Sartre syndrome) is to get up and do something about the world. . . . and of course, he's not capable. He's a very ordinary, shy, weak person. This is really where I hope to be a bit more successful. . . I dunno, to try and relate the group's work



to some role in life. It's really hard, but it just has to be done - you can't just walk around in a dream all the time.

ZZ: Well Dylan's got his problems - like Weberman for a start.

PT: Well, Weberman I would've killed by now; I've had Weberman equivalents and they've had hammers bashed over their heads before they got in the door. If someone looked through my dustbin. . . . Christ, Hoffman got a bat in the neck for



less. It's just bull headedness for bull headedness's sake. To go back to the lyrics, if you want to know where Dylan stands, you've got to look there - that's the problem. Weberman is listening to the lyrics and saying "there's the man, there's his words, there's his work - but look at him just sitting there with a lot of money, a wife and family and doing nothing. He isn't using the money for the right purposes - he's a hypocrite!". But that isn't true; Dylan is a one way person - from him to you through his music - that's what it's all about, and you can't play the guards-van off against the loco-motive. The whole drag is that people really do that. I mean, I can't play the first few years of my musical career off against what I'm doing now. When I started off, the object was to make as much money as possible in the shortest time, don't let any fucker get in the way, be a big star, fuck a load of women, and end up with a mansion in the country. It's taken a lot longer than I thought, and in the meantime I've learnt some sense.

John & Connor  
Photo on the front cover by Spud Murphy



## A Child's Garden of Beefheart

photos/jim anderson



Compiled  
by  
King  
Leer

"I think that if everybody cut out all cleverness there would be no anxiety."  
Beefheart



"A" is for **AMBITION**:  
"I wish you'd put a rhinestone chain on my neck and lead me up and down the street."  
and for **AUTO** too:

"I have a Hudson at home... a Hudson Hornet 50. I dig that car. I never drivy it... I have an ivy display growing in it back home. It's like a barbecue brass type of color... a futuristic '58 barbecue color. I have a faded red '65 Volvo with a big bump in the back... bulbous, that my wife wrecked before we got married. It looks like it's smiling to itself."



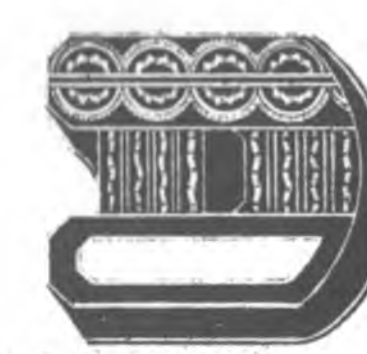
"B" is for **BEEFHEART**, of course:  
"I'm not a poet. I'm a situation comic."  
and for **BREATHER APPARATUS**:  
that is, his soprano sax, tenor sax and musette.



"C" is for **CAPITAL PUNISHMENT**:  
"Don't give yourself capital punishment, there's no money in it."  
for **CLOSE CONTROL**:

"When I say close control I mean that we love each other." (referring to the Magic Band)  
and for his **CREDO**:

"I don't believe in straight lines either, or any lines. I believe in circles... I have to believe that way or I'd fall apart."

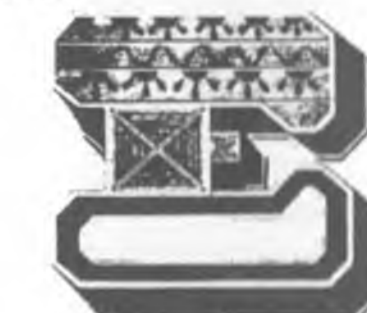


"D" is for **DIAMONDS**:  
"I've seen some of the most beautiful diamonds on a woman's face after she's perspired and danced."  
as well as for **DOPE**:

(1) Ever used? "Well of course, I'm an artist. When I didn't realize that I didn't need to be an artist I indulged in a few things just to satisfy myself, you see, which was a selfish thing. But I will go on record, as they say, I'm sure there is a record, I'll go on record as saying I don't think it helped me. Matter of fact, I used it for awhile as an excuse to hide behind to not emulate what I really wanted to do."

(2) Did it do harm? "No because I think the mind is something that's more vast than that. Do you mean, do I think I'm an acid-casualty or something like they talk about, I think not. Because Zoot Horn Rollo, in the group, I mean I have his permission to talk freely about this, had lysergic acid two hundred and fifty times before he met me. And he was curled up in a ball, like a clam. And any time anybody'd say anything artistic to him or anything, he would... I think he was afraid. You see man, when you're a clam, you throw a piece of sand in the clam, you get a pearl, you throw a piece of sand in a man, you get an ulcer. He had ulcers and... finally... after two years living in the same house... finally he was able to start emulating himself again. So he's fine now, you heard him play. He doesn't sound like a casualty. I think he's an example, if you will... and there needn't be except that people tend to think of things by the way things have gone... if anybody would like to think of him as an example of somebody who had that amount of hallucinogenics, I think that he's doing real well. But I don't look at him to be anything abnormal or un-normal, I just look at him as another human being."

(3) Can drugs benefit anyone as a short cut to mind expansion? "I think not, 'cause the mind's already there..."

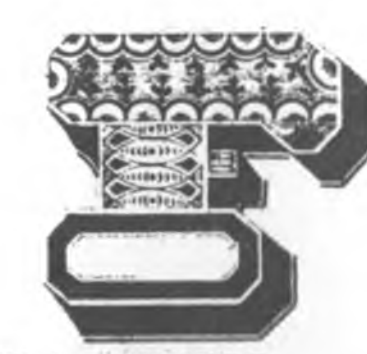


"E" is for **EGALITARIANISM**:  
"You notice that I use... if you want to call it that... you notice that my musicians are on an equal basis with me."  
"Everybody drinks from the same pond."

"Everybody's colored or else you wouldn't be able to see them."  
and **E.S.P.**:

"I think that everybody who has a circle has E.S.P. and I think they have it anyway whether they like it or not."

"I think almost everybody has it but I think the telephones and televisions and things like that have made people lose their ability to use the imagination. As I said before, I don't believe in insanity I believe in varying degrees of disconnection, and I don't believe the telephone company is the kind of network I would try to emulate for my mind."



"F" is for **FILLMORE**:  
"I don't feel I need any help, you follow me?"  
"I don't wish to be told that I needed any help to make it, you see, because I've already made it... we all made it the minute we got out of our mothers."  
and for **FILM**:

Leer: How do you relate to film?  
Beefheart: Very Kodak.  
On being a film-maker: "I see it as a role that I want to roll and if it rolls and it doesn't stop, it pleases me."

"I've already made a movie and I'm making another one. I'm making a movie right now, on this tour."

"I think every film is a promotional film. Really, don't you? I don't think people do films not to promote themselves."

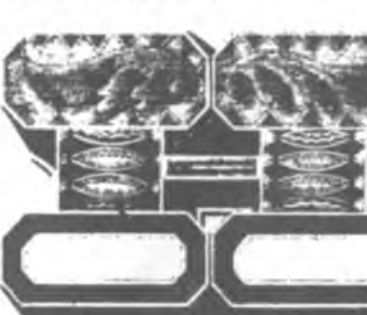
On making a movie with Zappa: "Never!" "That was a rumor that Frank Zappa used to connect Captain Beefheart to Frank Zappa and then when he got me connected to him on that label he got scared and wretched the deal." (see also ZAPPA)



"G" stands for **GOD'S GOLF BALL** (Beefheart's new record company):  
"It bounces higher than the Washington Monument."

"We're having a group called the Twenty-Fifth Century Quaker that's going to record on it. We have a group called Rattlesnakes and Eggs, from the desert... a seven piece group. We'll also have a film on it."

as well as for **GOLD**:  
"I like beads better than money..."



"H" is for his **HAT**:  
"I wear this hat on stage on my head because when I'm on stage like that and I wear this hat I can gather all that music on the brim, like this, and it keeps coming around and around. Mainly because I'm more of a person that likes acoustic things and I get more of an acoustic sound. See, I don't get quite so... I don't get quite as much of an electric sound when it hits here and goes around."

"This is a Mad Hatter's hat... I mean, one that was made with mercury."

"I didn't make it, but it was given to me by a Mad Hatter that had been cured."

as well as for **HOPE**:  
"I just figure if I'm breathing in and out I'm doing all I can and if I'm doing all I can, it's all I can do."

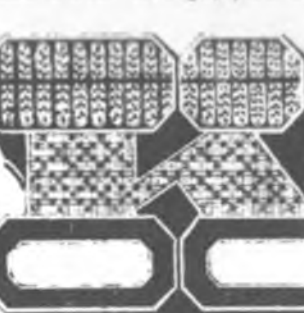


"I" is for **IDENTITY**:  
Referring to the Magic Band: "They're not interested, you see, in having their surnames because of the fact that it's attached to all of those myths their folks tried to keep them in... which is one of the things I think we have to do is get away from that Family Tree. You know? Then we can be friends with our folks rather than having a feeling that they're a burden."  
and **INSANITY**:  
"I don't believe in insanity, I believe in varying degrees of disconnection."

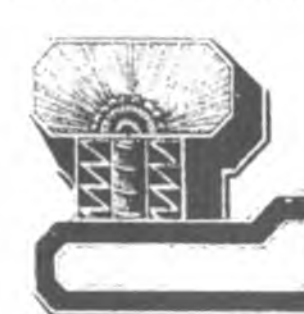


"J" is for **JEFFERSON AIRPLANE**:  
"I never met them... but I'm not too fond of their calling card. I don't care for their music. It's... uh... too lullaby like."

"I see other things, you see?"



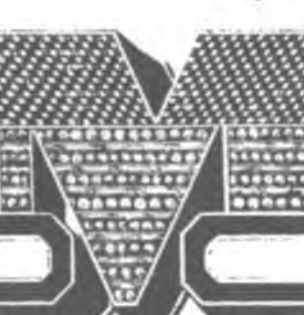
"K" is for **KITE**: - see PANACEA.



"L" is for the **LEGENDARY RECLUSE**:

"It's just that nobody came over to see me before. My name's in the phone book and... I've been waiting for Frank Zappa to come over and see me."  
"L" is also for **LICK MY DECALS OFF, BABY**:

"A far-out fine record!"  
King Leer



"M" is for **MAKING IT** (see also **FILLMORE**):

"I'm not interested in ruling or being the rules."

"I'm trying to move art into their neighborhood, let's put it that way"

and for **MAN**:  
"I think that man has the most highly developed intelligence. I think men get so intelligent that they're stupid."

"Man can spread mayonnaise."  
\* \* \*

"I think that man shouldn't give up his ability to reason, 'cause once he gives up his ability to reason he's an animal that's missing part of his brain."  
\* \* \*

"I think that man is a child that can't accept his natural functions."  
**and MELLOW:**

"I don't think that mellow can be put in categories."  
\* \* \*

"The word mellow has been designated to mean yellow, my music entails more colors than yellow."  
\* \* \*

"If I really want to do an anachronism I always use a sea-foam green."  
**for MISUNDERSTANDING:**

"If you know the history of Captain Beefheart, you know it's been one of tremendous misunderstanding."  
Grant Gibbs, Beefheart's personal manager.

"You Should Know By the Kindness of Uh Dog the Way Uh Human Should Be."  
Beefheart

**and MUSICAL STRUCTURE:**

"Musical structure is really a laugh, only it's a very bitter laugh. Bitter pleasantly, like an olive, but maybe like a martini."  
\* \* \*

"I plan, on a tape. I don't ever edit."  
\* \* \*

"I don't work it out, it just comes out."  
\* \* \*

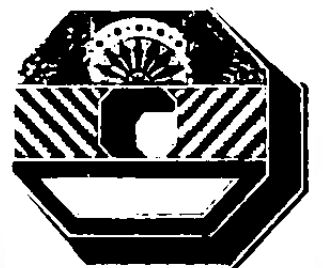


**"N" is for NATURE:**  
"The more you disconnect yourself from nature the more insane you are."  
\* \* \*

"The bee takes the honey, then he sets the flower free. Man takes the honey and gets stuck in it... either that or he refines the rice to such a degree that it looks clean."  
\* \* \*

"There's more than one chord and it's made up of a lot of drops of water. Then it turns into beads, then the beads explode and make rhinestone chains."  
**and NEW YORK:**

"I haven't had any trouble. Nobody's brushed off my shoulders or anything with whisk brooms since I've been here."  
\* \* \*



**"O" is for ORNETTE COLEMAN:**  
"The greatest."  
\* \* \*



**"P" is for his PANACEA:**  
"I have an explanation: if everybody would get a balloon in one hand and a kite in the other. Blow up the balloon

and go fly a kite. I think that would ease their worries."  
\* \* \*

Leer: Do you *really* think so?

Beefheart: No because after they did it and they let the air out of the balloon and breathed a little bit and felt the kite and the wind blowing it they'd just... they'd probably think, *Well Edison... what was his name, Edison?... Well, Edison did this so it's already done.*

**for PHYSIQUE:**

"I'm pretty padded myself."  
**and POLITICS:**

On the revolution: "I think it's old hat... I don't think there's *one*, that's why I don't think there's a revolution, because I don't think there's *one*, see what I mean?"  
\* \* \*

"I've got to buy shoes, a man's got to eat."  
\* \* \*



**"Q" is for QUANTUM:**

"I guess I don't believe in three square meals."  
**and for QUARREL:**

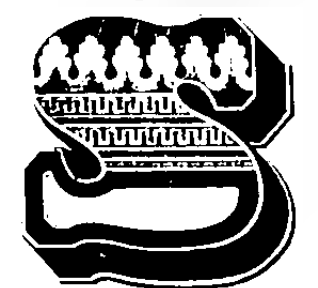
"I've had records used against me and I have had my art used against me by foolish people."  
"For example?"

"Well, they're their own examples."  
\* \* \*



**"R" stands for RADICALS:**  
"They remind me of a rabbit's foot on a key chain."  
**for the REVOLUTIONARY CINEMA:**  
"Oh, that's wonderful. You mean, before their cameras weren't turning?"  
\* \* \*

"That's cute."  
**and READING:**  
"I don't read."  
**not to mention ROLLING STONE:**  
"The one that gathered the moss?"  
\* \* \*



**"S" is for SAFE AS MILK:**  
"Anything that sounds this good five years later is a triumph."  
King Leer

**and STRICTLY PERSONAL, and SELF:**

"A lot of people say I'm just moving my fingers which is an accurate description of what I'm really doing."  
\* \* \*

"I'm just not as serious as the rest of these people."  
**also SWINE:**

"Beautiful sight to behold. They're very smart, they really have E.S.P."  
**and the SWITCHMAN-SELF:**

"I'm not interested in stopping any light. A lot of people play switchman. I did a composition called, 'Switchman with Parkinson's Disease,' it'll be on the next album which I think you'll enjoy."  
\* \* \*



**"T" for TEST-RESULTS:**

"I tell you what I'm gonna do to clear this all up. I'm gonna offer myself to *CAR AND DRIVER* and let them run a test on me, you know, and I'll run out with a unicycle... with a small baby wheel on the back of my fanny, and I'll run down the street and I'll let them go through all of their Goodyears and Voits."  
**and TROUT MASK REPLICA:**

"I conceived *Trout Mask Replica* in eight and one half hours, and we didn't have much more than that to record it in. The group did the tracks in four hours and I put the voice on in four and one half."  
**for TIME:**

"There's two balls... there's two balls up there and they have absolutely nothing to do with my coming or going. I'm talking about the sun and the moon... Put them together and you've got the daytime, put them apart and you've got the nighttime, but it's still the same, ask an eskimo."  
**and TRAINING:**

"There are people who are trained and are willing to forget it and not do an animal act such as Clyde Beatty."  
\* \* \*



**"U" is for UNGANOS:**

"Should it be called the Periscope instead of Ungano's?"  
\* \* \*

"I don't have a thing for small clubs, nor do I have a thing for big clubs. I don't care that much about wee-wee."  
\* \* \*



**"V" is for VALUES:**

"You see, I've seen man's heart in a large filing cabinet. You know, like building. I've seen the smile of a Buick Riviera. I've seen the hand on the wheel of plastic rather than the wheel of life. And all of that's fine provided they don't overdo it. They seem to want to graduate, they keep graduating, you see? They graduate in the areas that seem to be so solitary instead of the kind areas. Like dolphins graduating across the horizon, into the sun. Man graduates his school of thought with no sand and no air and water in it. He mixes... I think that more children should play with mud-pies. That's out now, you see? They play with plastic shovels, with gloves, the latest ray-gun and space ensemble. And toy tanks and things like that, war toys. Things that take life rather than give it. Carving is out... it's hard to find a hand carved thing, and even if you can find it it's so totally expensive that it's easier to go get a plastic copy of it."  
**and VAN VLIET, Beefheart's previous incarnation:**  
"Van Vliet was a tremendous painter who could never finish anything."  
\* \* \*



**"W" for WARNER BROTHERS:**

"I think if you have a marriage and the children are getting hurt by it you should separate, but I'm enjoying this marriage right now. I don't have any plans for leaving."  
**WEAPONS:**

"The gun is an orgasm that stops the cycle. The penis is an orgasm that, if the circumstances are right, continues the cycle. I prefer *that* to violence. I prefer, not the gun, I prefer things that complete the cycle."  
**the WHEEL:**

"I use the wheel... I deal with the wheel."  
**as well as the WORLD:**

"Well, the world is a record and... the music that's out now in the world... you see, the world is a record."  
\* \* \*



**"X" is for BEEFHEART'S T.V. COMMERCIAL, RATED 'X':**

"Metromedia refuses to air Captain Beefheart T.V. Commercial - charges album title 'obscene'."  
Warner Records press release



**"Y" is for YELLOW - see MELLOW**



**"Z" is for ZOOT HORN' ROLLO - see DOPE**

**"Z" is also for ZAPPA:**

"I can't understand, it seems that all Frank Zappa wanted to do was make anal noises which is one way of saying that everything you eat comes back, you see?... He likes to work and I like to play, so we had to separate. The thing that I'm saying is that he seems to have been caught up in the fact that he didn't have musical training, seemed to worry him, that he hadn't had this musical training."  
\* \* \*

"I don't know why he wanted to keep my group... our group, in check behind him. I don't understand that, a person says they want to create and do new things and then they hold back the group that I'm in, which obviously couldn't be held back. But only in the business, contractually, to try to hamper our movement."  
**and also for ZEN:**

Q: Are you into zen?  
Beefheart: I don't think anybody is.  
Q: Would you like to be?  
Beefheart: No, I prefer an overcoat.  
\* \* \*

reprinted from Changes



# jac holzman on Love

Considering that he could probably have sued us out of existence had he wished to, we were delighted when Jac Holzman, President of Elektra Records, having read the 'Snoopy in Love' booklet we published, offered to run through some of the points with us the next time he was in London. Consequently, during his flying visit at the end of January, John rushed down to hear his side of the Love story.

"Let me preface this by saying that my first reaction to anything of this type is just to kinda laugh at it and forget it, not unlike Snoopy's characterisation of what Arthur would say, but there is a very particular reason why I'm not ignoring the various statements that Snoopy makes, and that has to do with the character of Zigzag magazine itself, which in my opinion is just the best magazine of its kind anywhere, and I think since the readers of Zigzag and the personnel of Zigzag have always been close to Elektra, and particularly have been Love lovers and devotees for some time, they are entitled to more than a laughing response from me. This response will come in two hunks: 1. today's, which will be answering

specific questions, and 2. I'll let you have some figures, which I've never done before; they'll be forthcoming as soon as I have a chance to develop them.

A lot of what Snoopy says about Arthur and the way Arthur functions are, in my opinion, correct, but he sees Arthur from a different standpoint than I do. My relationship with Arthur was musical and business, and I guess you know the story of how we got to Love in the first place.

I called a friend of mine who was a manager, and said "What's in town that I don't know about?", because I really had missed out on the Lovin' Spoonful, and I was desperate to get into that whole area of rock, and he went down a list - "heard that, heard that" - and then he said "There's Love at Bldo Lito's", and so I said "I don't know where the hell it is, but I'll meet you there." So I met him there, and the first thing they did was 'Hey Joe!', and four bars into it, I knew that was the group for me - and I had no difficulty signing Arthur at all. Snoopy says "They all wanted to sign us, but Arthur wasn't interested in signing any contract that didn't give him all of the publishing, 100%.

Well, as you might know, record companies don't go for that trip, but Jac Holzman found a way of talking him round and he eventually signed with Elektra." Actually, that's incorrect. There were a number of record companies interested in signing Arthur, but they were only interested in releasing singles. I'd committed to Arthur that we would release an LP, which is what Arthur wanted from a status standpoint. The matter of publishing never came up at all. As a matter of fact, at that time we had a publishing company, but it was virtually inactive. It was our promise to give him an LP that convinced Arthur, and in fact I always carry a blank contract with me, and Arthur came and signed the contract the next day. He got 250 dollars cash on signing the contract, which called for 5000 dollars on completion of each LP, less any monies that might have been paid to them through the union.

Next: - "I didn't make any fucking bread." Well, Snoopy should have read his contract. Snoopy appointed Arthur as his agent to collect all monies on behalf of the group. Now, if Arthur didn't give the monies out, that's their problem. "Sure Jac Holzman

said 'take all the bread'" – I never spoke about bread with Snoopy; in fact Snoopy was perhaps the most mild mannered of the entire crew, at least when I was around.

We signed Love originally on a five per cent royalty in 1965, and I produced the album myself at the end of '65 for early '66 release. Arthur never bothered to tell us, and it never occurred to us to ask Arthur whether he was a minor or not. So when I went back to visit the group after the success of the album, which had done about ninety or a hundred thousand, which was a lot of records for those days, and the success of 'My Little Red Book' which had done about a hundred and fifty thousand, had hung on the bottom of the charts, and had then begun to move up the charts, till it got to about Top Thirty, Arthur gleefully rocked back and forth in his happily stoned position, and said "Heh, heh, man, we were under twenty one! We don't have to do a thing – tough shit!" at which point I turned various shades of apoplectic green, and read them the riot act, and had them negotiate a new contract. The new contract then called for 7%, but he had me over a barrel. I got them to re-affirm the contract, by which time Arthur had turned 21, between the time the contract had been executed and the the time that the album was released, so he had time to disavow the contract. However, if he had performed under the contract again, he would, in fact, by performing, according to the law of the States of New York and California, have reaffirmed the contract. So the royalty increased from 5% to 7% and money continued to be paid to them.

The next item – Snoopy and 'Seven and Seven is .' He said "Considering my level of drumming." Snoopy, on the recording of 'Seven and Seven is', which I sat in the studio two days trying to get right – it took about sixty takes – there was so much energy required in terms of the drumming, that he would do one take, then come back in the control room, and Arthur would do the next take. To this day, I don't know who was on the final take of 'Seven and Seven is.' I suspect it's Snoopy, but I'm not sure.

Despite the rounded castigation I get... there's a bit where you say "so now you're an accepted member of Love", and Snoopy says "Right, but only because Jac Holzman said I had to be!" – that's true; "There was this chick working at Elektra, however, who was dead against it" etc., etc. First of all, there was no chick working for Elektra in LA at that time – we didn't even have an office in LA. I think who he's probably, but not positively, referring to is Ronni Haren, who was a kind of publicity lady on the fringe, working for the Whiskey; she had an involvement with Arthur and the group, and he may have thought she represented Elektra. She did not represent Elektra. "I played all the piano, the harpsichord, the organ" – that's true, he did.

"Da Capo" was produced by Dave Hassinger" – absolutely incorrect, it was produced by Paul Rothchild; Dave Hassinger was the engineer at a few sessions that were done at Studio B, because Arthur had heard that Hassinger had been the engineer for the Rolling Stones, so of course he had to have the same engineer. I was not in the studio with them at that time, and it might have been correct, so I checked the point with Paul Rothchild, who said "No way". Rothchild, when he read it, turned greener than I turned.

"Was there another album by that old group – one that Elektra have got but won't release?" – "No, that's not true." Half

true, half not. Snoopy doesn't know what we've got in the can. We have about six unreleased Love tracks, although whether they'll ever see the light of day, I don't know. I don't really think they're good enough to release.

"About 'Your Mind/Laughing Stock'". "No man, it's the other way round. Those two tracks were too tatty to go on 'Forever Changes'. Arthur stopped them from going on the album, but Elektra put them out subsequently." I had nothing to do with it; they were never on the album because they weren't good enough to go on the album, but they were issued as a single, at Arthur's subsequent request.

"Forever Changes" was produced by Bruce Botnick, and Arthur had to be dragged, kicking and screaming, into using any kind of arrangements at all. When the album came back to New York, it was re-programmed in New York, and Arthur didn't particularly like the re-programming, but I felt that he was too close to it at that time to make the decision, and it was re-equalised. By that, I mean that the original two track tapes were beefed up a bit by the addition of a small amount of bass and a trace of high end, because they were pretty weak sounding.

There is a statement he makes which is kind of true, and is worth explaining: "I think Elektra was downright uncool. We made that company". Well, it was a mutual decision for Arthur not to resign with Elektra. The reason was that Arthur refused to move out of a radius within the distance of a long ball of twine from his house to the next gig. He worked in a very small area. We finally got him to New York, after a long period of time, but you could tell he was unhappy. Once he came to NY to talk to us about something, and we couldn't get him to stay overnight – we had to put him back on a plane at eleven o'clock. It's not true that he left a strange note in a hotel room (see ZZ?) – I drove him to the airport myself. He came down and had dinner at my house, and my wife made spare ribs; Arthur couldn't get over the fact that my wife could make spare ribs as good as his mother's. We talked for a while, and when we finished what we had to talk about, he said he wanted to go home. He hadn't brought any baggage in with him, so he hadn't intended staying anyway. I popped him into my car, with Johnny Echols and Danny Fields who were with him, and drove them out to the airport.

The allegations that he makes that if we hadn't had Love, we wouldn't have had the Doors are quite true, for two reasons. One, I probably wouldn't have gone to the Whiskey if Love hadn't been there, and I would have missed the Doors; and secondly, the Doors were the hot group around town, and the Doors themselves said, I think it was in a Zigzag interview, that if Elektra was good enough for Love, it must be good enough for them, because Love was THE group, and that's true.

Basically, the failings of Love, who had it together musically, were that they were just totally unable to keep together in performance, and that they didn't develop anything approaching a professional attitude towards their music, and what they had to do. I just think Snoopy is misinformed about a lot of things. I didn't know he was such a big mouth until after he got out of the group, because when he was with them, he didn't dare say a word. A lot of what he says I found fascinating, and I don't take umbrage at any of his remarks about Elektra or myself really, because he just doesn't know, and he never asked us. You would think that if he wanted to question anything about it, he would have asked us.

There is one coda to all of this that

nobody knows; that is, that Arthur, after he left Blue Thumb, because they weren't good enough for him, went to Columbia, and Columbia weren't good enough for him either, so he got a release from them, and came back to Elektra. We said yes, we would go on with the band again, but only on two conditions; one, that the deal was not a monstrous one – Arthur hadn't proved that he was willing to do anything, and secondly, that we would have mutual say in the producer. Arthur said he was going to be his own producer, and at that point, we withdrew our offer to re-sign the group, because we know that Arthur needs a catalyst beside himself to make things happen. So Arthur is now free again, and will probably sign with someone else, but he's right now gone through three record companies. I don't know whether he spent a long time in the studio for Columbia (ed: he reputedly used over 60,000 dollars worth of studio time and still failed to get one track completed – so Columbia got rid of him) but I do know that he was in the studio, and didn't like the engineers, didn't like anything in the setup, and Columbia are reasonably laissez faire about that sort of thing. He was signed by the West Coast people, who wanted to sign him. He may have run up an incredible tab – I don't know for sure. I don't have the slightest idea who is in the group at the moment – I would have found out, had things.....

When we had Love, we never knew when we went into the studio who was going to turn up. It didn't really make any difference because Arthur could play all the instruments as well as anybody else. He had all of the tenacity, the musical savvy to get that part of it together, but he couldn't direct it, in his own enlightened self-interest, to make the group happen. I always have the feeling that Arthur's function on this planet is to see how much he can get away with, but he is musically incredible."

The following is extracted from a letter which Jac subsequently sent to us:

"In rough summary, these are the LOVE sales figures:

Domestic U.S. sales:

4001/LOVE.....147 000 copies  
4005/DA CAPO.....120 000 copies  
4013/FOREVER CHANGES.106 000 copies  
4049/FOUR SAIL.....45 000 copies

May I stress that the above sales figures pertain to U.S. domestic sales, and do not include any sales elsewhere in the world, or licensed to the Columbia Record Club, etc.

During Love's stay with Elektra, we paid them over 36,000 dollars in cash, and advanced the following amounts in terms of recording costs plus union scale payments (which went to them or musicians):

4001/LOVE.....7000 dollars  
4005/DA CAPO.....22 500 dollars  
4013/FOREVER CHANGES.31 000 dollars  
4049/FOUR SAIL.....26 000 dollars

The albums could have been made less expensively, but it was Love's habit to rehearse in the studios for all the albums after the first, which I personally produced. The first one went very smoothly because the material had been thoroughly rehearsed in performance and it was just a matter of capturing the spirit as well as the notes.

Hope all this is of interest to Zigzag readers and will, to some extent, clarify the remarks made by Snoopy.

Best regards to my friends at Zigzag,  
Cordially, Jac Holzman."



## Chapter 1 Richie Furay hits the Village

In the early sixties, the gold rush was on. Every aspiring young folksinger in America, inspired by the awe, romanticism, and significance of the folk renaissance, was packing his guitar, lining his pocket with his few bucks life savings, and heading for the gold-paved streets of Greenwich Village. Dylan had come across from Minnesota, Paxton had travelled over from Oklahoma, McGuinn arrived from Chicago, John Phillips from Virginia, Stephen Stills from Louisiana, and the enthusiastic, hopeful 18 year old Richie Furay forged in from Ohio. But he didn't find any gold.

1964. Established singers could make fairly good bread in the well known clubs and concert halls, but unknown 'apprentices' had to do it the hard way - playing the basket houses; coffee houses which used a "folksingers here" sign to attract and trap provincial tourists who had come up to see trendy Greenwich Village. There was no admission charge, and financial donations - into a passing hat - were optional. Consequently, a lot of young folk singers remained pretty cold, pretty sick and pretty hungry.

Just how bad was it, I wondered?

"It was pretty bad" replied Richie, "... the biggest basket we ever got was only 17 dollars and 22 cents, which doesn't go far when it's divided by three. You see, I'd come in as part of a college trio and we were trying to make it singing some of our own material, but mostly Kingston Trio and Peter Paul & Mary stuff. You couldn't play the big clubs until you were a big name - and we were considered the peasants of the street... the lowest of the low. So we had to work at these small places from 8 in the evening till 4 in the morning, doing rotating sets. ... it was pretty exhausting. A typical club, say The Four Winds, was maybe about 15 feet by 20, and the guy at the door would hail the custom in. We had to go round all the

tables after each set and offer the basket; if they liked you they'd give you maybe a quarter, and if they didn't they'd give you either a cent or nothing. ... so it was quite embarrassing really, looking the guy in the eye and wondering if he thought enough of your music to give you some bread".

Starving is no fun, so when security loomed up in the shape of The Au Go Go Singers, Furay dived in, temporarily trading his integrity for a square meal ticket. The Au Go Go Singers were a 9 piece folk group commercially calculated to cash in on the bread scene currently being plundered by the New Christy Minstrels and the Serendipity Singers. Big ultrabrite smiles and guitar-neck swinging abilities were considered rather more important attributes than musical dexterity but, even so, Richie got the job. ... and the group's constituents were much better than the crudely conceived end product. Stephen Stills, it would appear, is so ashamed of his association with them that he conveniently misses out any references in his interviews or biogs. Since I had a copy of their album (Roulette import) with Richie's photo on the back, he was unable to side step the issue - not that he wanted to, mind you.

"Our trio got to New York around the time that the folk boom was starting to die out, and the Au Go Go Singers offered a paycheque rather than a basket. It didn't amount to much more, but at least you were assured of 50 dollars a week as opposed to 25 or less, and we had flashy uniforms with striped waistcoats too! It was built to a formula; 2 girl singers, a deep bass voice, plunky banjos, tuneful folk standards, and a little choreography thrown in too. We played at the Cafe Au Go Go in New York for quite a time, but then they decided we had to play somewhere else - so they shipped us all to Texas, where we did 3 supper club gigs. ... then we came back to New York, did a TV show 'On Broadway Tonight' and then broke up. That's when Stephen left for California".

The Beatles' film 'Hard Day's Night', which had fired the Byrds and the Spoonful into rock, had the same effect on Steve Stills, who decided that Los Angeles was the place to get to. ... folk was dying on the East Coast, and rock was being born on the West Coast.

"When Stephen left, he set off with the other group who had comprised the Au Go Gos; a Massachusetts folk group called the Bay Singers. They toured off across Canada, where he first met Neil, and he wound up in California. He came back to New York briefly to try and pester Neil (who had been in the Village but had decided to return to Toronto) to form a group, but Neil wasn't interested at the time. So Stephen flew back to LA".

In California, late 1965, Stills started a group with Van Dyke Parks but it didn't work out and he spent a few months fruitlessly searching for his ideal rock band components. Down. ... but not out.

## Chapter 7 Birth of the Springfield

Richie: "I was bored in New York - nothing was happening for me there, so I wrote to Stephen. As a result, he called me up, told me he had this terrific band and that all he needed was another singer. So I flew off to Los Angeles as quick as I could, but when I got there I found that Stephen had no-one. ... it was just me and him sitting in a room, playing our guitars and singing songs to ourselves".

How the Buffalo Springfield came into being is one of the most romantic legends in rock history. "Stephen and I were driving down Sunset Boulevard when we got caught up in a traffic jam. As we sat there, we noticed that the car in front was a hearse bearing Ontario plates and Stephen, knowing that Neil used to ride around in an old hearse, shouted 'That has just got to be Neil!'. Well, we rushed out and sure enough there was Neil Young with Bruce Palmer. Neil had come to Los Angeles looking for us and being unable to find us, was just about to go off to San Francisco".

"Whilst I'd been in LA, I'd taught Stephen 'Nowadays Clancy can't even sing', which Neil had taught me when he was in New York a few months earlier, and so we went home and played it to Neil, who liked

it. ... and that was it - we started a rock and roll band".

So that was four of them - Steve, Neil, Richie and Bruce; all they needed now was a drummer.

"Dewey Martin was playing drums with the Dillards and we heard from their managers (Jim Dickson and Eddie Tickner) that the Dillards were going back to country and bluegrass music and no longer needed a drummer. So we called Dewey and he said 'Yeah', he'd come if he could be allowed to sing just like Ray Charles and Otis Redding. 'Sure Dewey', we said. ... and he came over".

The origin of the name is another rock legend. "We were living on Fountain Avenue in Los Angeles, and workmen were tearing up the street to do re-surfacing. Well, they were using these big steamrollers to flatten it all out and they had a name plate on the side - 'Buffalo Springfield'".

\*\*\*\*\*  
Their first gigs were supporting the Byrds, who, in many people's esteem, they outshone considerably; a source of great perplexity to the Byrds who had some difficulty reproducing their recorded perfection (and not surprisingly - see next issue). Their very first gig, in April 1966, is described by John Peel on the sleeve of the 'Expecting to Fly' 99 series budget album, and John notes that even then, their potential was evident.

Their records however, weren't quite attracting the masses; two singles - 'Nowadays Clancy can't even sing'/'Go and say goodbye' and 'Burned'/'Everybody's wrong' - failed to get off the ground.

Then, in the summer of 1966, came the riots in the Watts ghetto area of LA and, as John says in the same sleeve notes, "we saw the first signs of that senseless brutality that we have come to expect from the police in big American cities". The blood of selfishness and hatred was surging in the faces of the redneck establishment and a few months later, when the nascent long-hair movement was discovering the peaceful pleasures of grass, the fascist police chose to strike again - to protect the interests of fat businessmen on Sunset Strip. The scare was out that 'the drug crazed hippies', who had chosen the strip as a convenient congregation area, were detracting from the tourist trade. The background to the ructions which followed is very com-

plex (and was going to be the subject of a long article in Zigzag until Rodney Bingenheimer bugged off back to LA), but basically the cops decided to enforce a 10 pm curfew on under-18 year olds, and enforced 21 as the legal drinking age. All the long-hair clubs, which had made the Byrds, the Doors, Love, Mamas & Papas, etc, had to stop selling alcohol, and many were busted.

Well, after being kicked in the balls for a few weeks, the longhairs decided to take a stand, and on November 12th 1966, a demonstration organised by 2 students, attracted a crowd of several thousands, who blocked the entire Strip. The ultra paranoid police chiefs promptly shat themselves and then sent their thugs in with their truncheons, boots and fists - driving a fucking great wedge into the generation gap.

The events of the milestone evening were written into a song by Steve Stills and 'For what it's worth' (released in December 1966) brought the Buffalo Springfield, and the feelings of what later became the 'Love generation', to America at large.

The song, which became an anthem of hip resistance, could have been the beginning of a magnificent journey for the Buffalo Springfield but, as it turned out, it wasn't. Due to mismanagement, misdirection, internal eruptions and a million other hassles, the group stumbled across the ups and downs of moderate success and seemed to remain a musicians' group. ... praised by other musicians and a core of perceptive cats, but largely ignored by a wider audience - until it was too late. ... for the Springfield's brilliance was recognised only after it had ceased to be.

(One small point: Stills recently said that 'For what it's worth' was written in 1964 as a result of his observations of revolutions in Latin America. Richie says the song was written right after the Sunset Strip riot, but says 'if Stephen wants to present the song like that, for whatever reason, it's ok with me').

Photograph below: POCO (left to right): Paul Cotton - lead guitar, Tim Schmit - bass, Richie Furay - guitar, George Grantham - drums, Rusty Young - dobro/steel guitar. (Photo by Mike O'Mahoney)

## Chapter 19 Springfield albums

Approximately fifteen tons of nasty criticism has been levelled at all their recorded efforts. ... "thin", "weak", "flat", etc, etc. Personally, I can't see what they're on about. Admittedly, I'm a barmy, Buffalo Springfield nut-head, but I consider ALL their recorded stuff as being fabulous. My only carp is that Atlantic chose to issue the first album only in mono (though they subsequently released much of it on stereo compilation albums. ... and hands up all the Zig-zaggers who possess a mis-pressed copy of that first album which has a different track to replace 'For what it's worth').

I have just remembered that this is an article about Poco, so unless I want to fill 120 pages, I'd better get a move on. OK - so I love the first album, particularly all the tracks. (Feb 1967).

On to the second one very briefly. First, let's investigate the rumours, changes and irregularities:

1. Bruce Palmer left because he got busted twice and deported?

"Right, but it was a lot more than twice. (They all got busted later, including the celebrated San Francisco bust involving Clapton and Nureyev, I believe). He was Canadian and was busted again for not having work permits and other regulation papers, and for being in the country illegally." Jim Fielder replaced him for a short time and was on one track of 'Again!'

2. Jim Gordon played drums on some tracks? (Whereas the first album had no session men). "Yes, he probably did, though I can't remember which ones. ... he may have been on 'Expecting to Fly'".

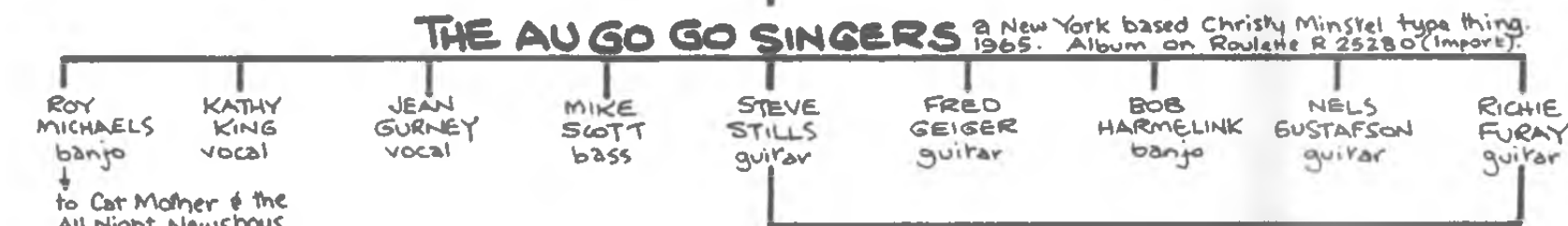
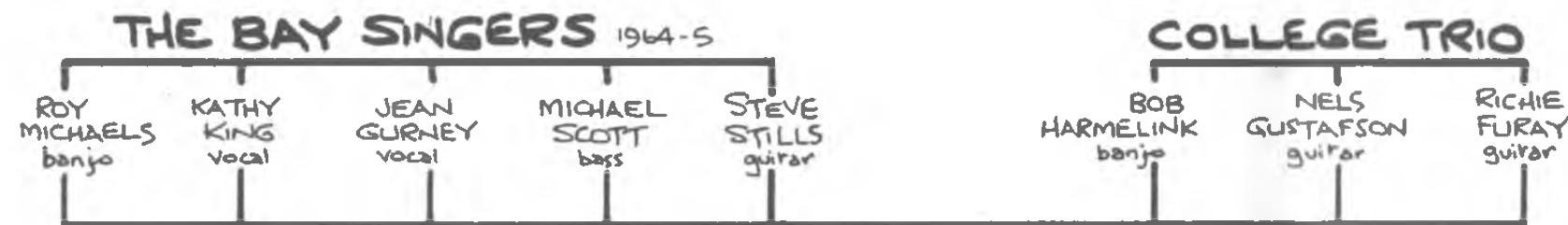
3. All those names on the sleeve?

"That was Stephen's idea; each name had a reason." Well, I couldn't go through the lot, so I picked out two. Who is Ken Koblun? "He was Neil's first bass player in Canada, and the first person Stephen and I rang up to be in the group, but Kenny felt too

# THE WORLD IS FINALLY CATCHING UP WITH POCO.

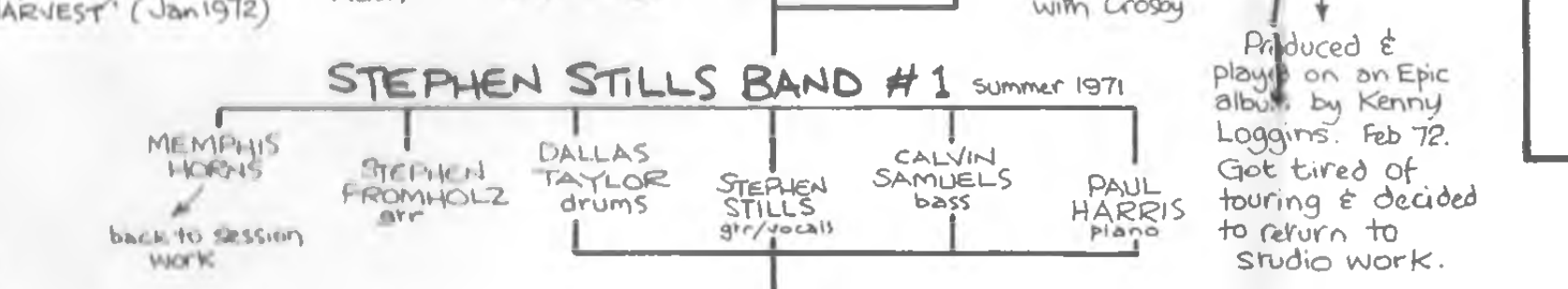
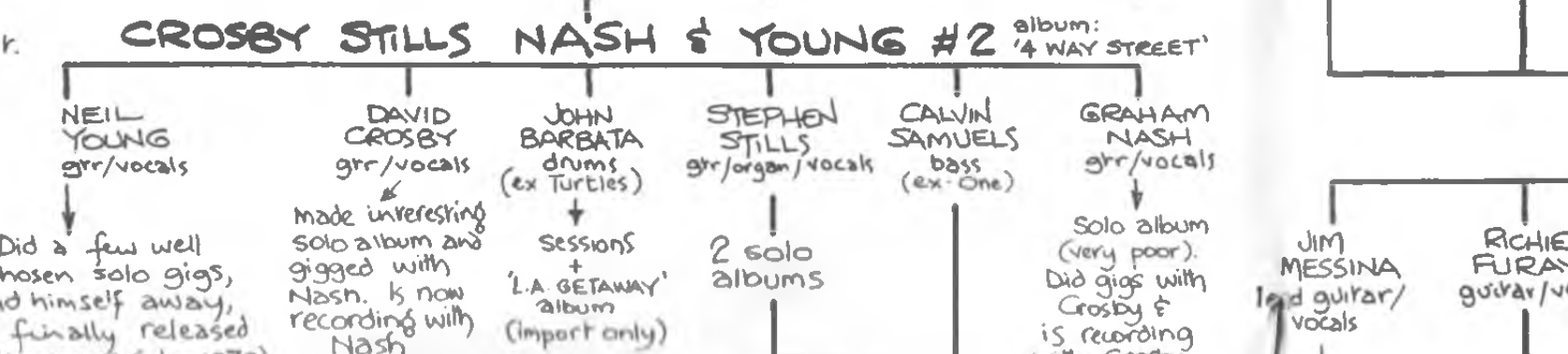
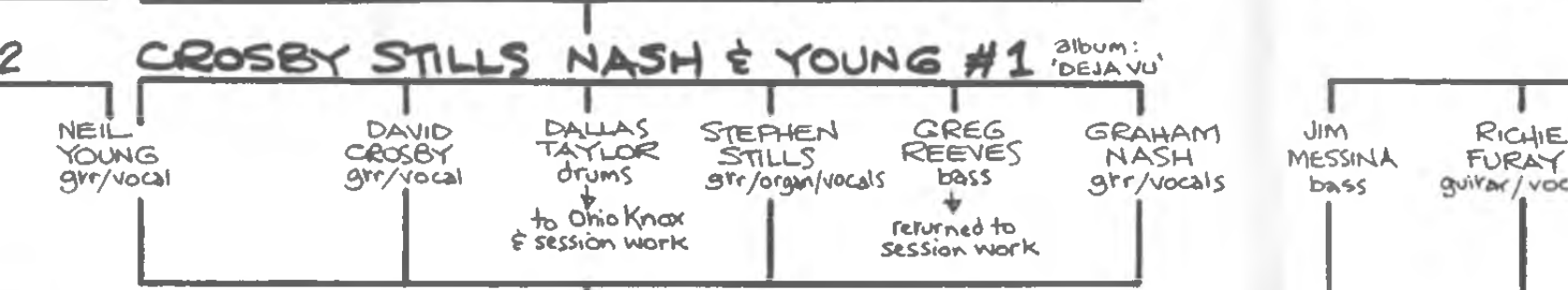
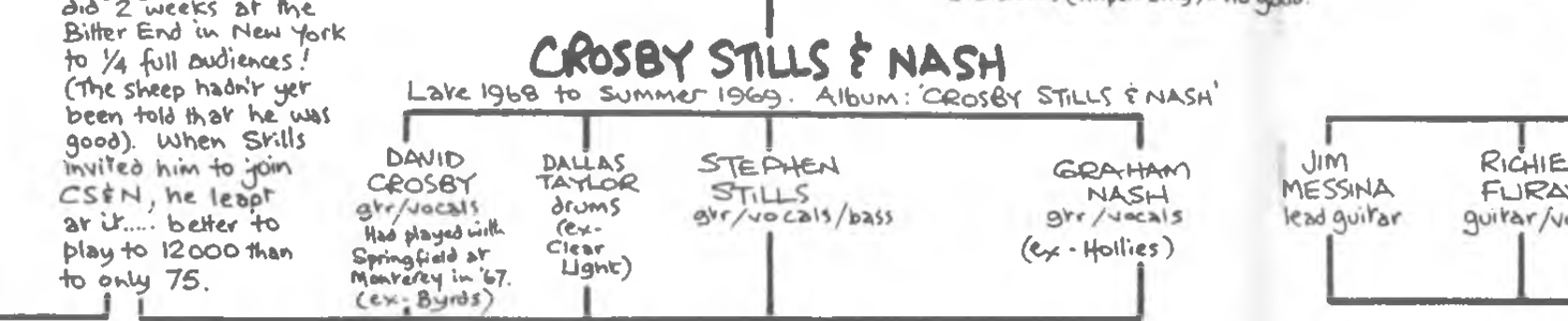
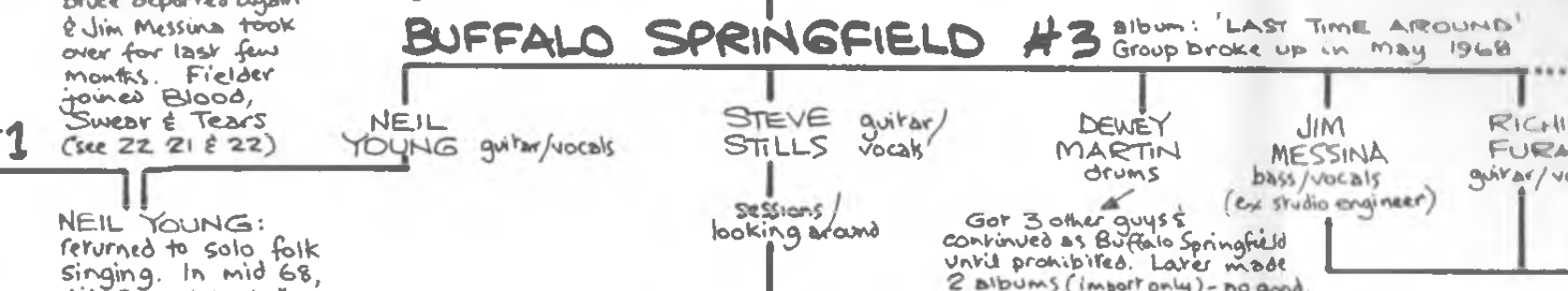
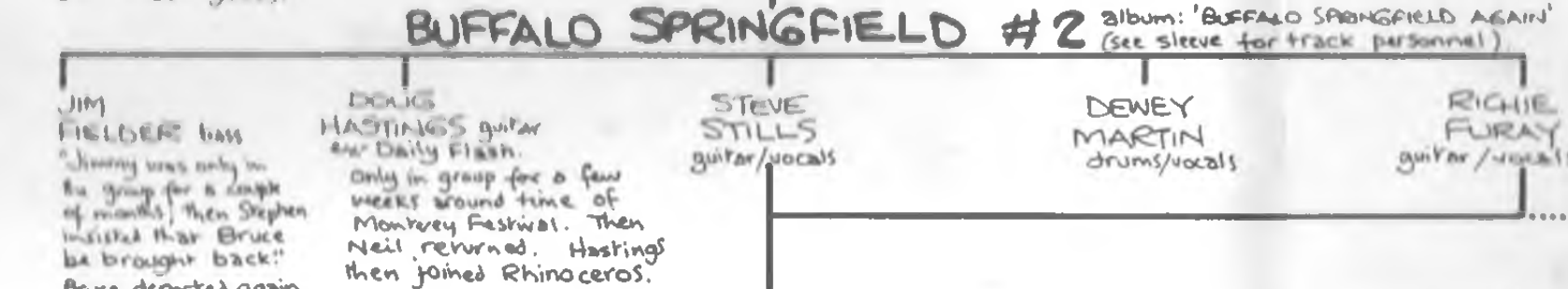
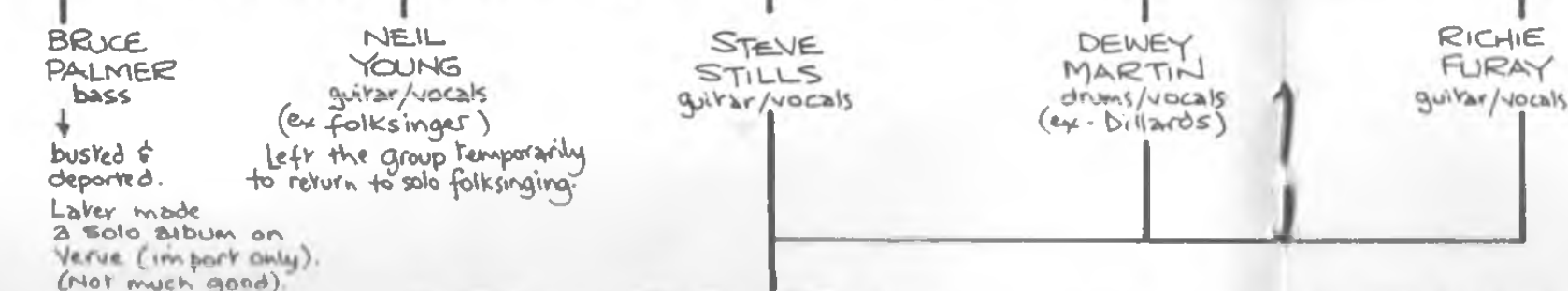
(AND ABOUT BLOODY TIME TOO)





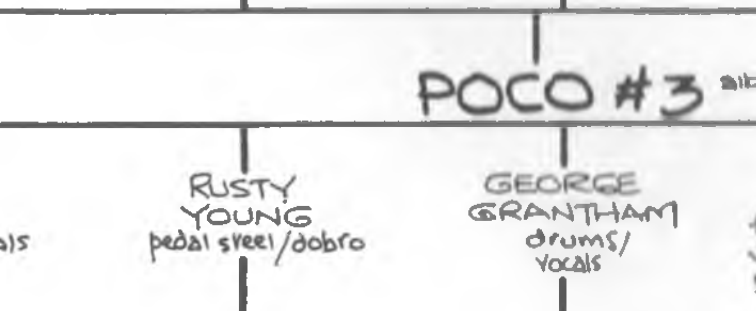
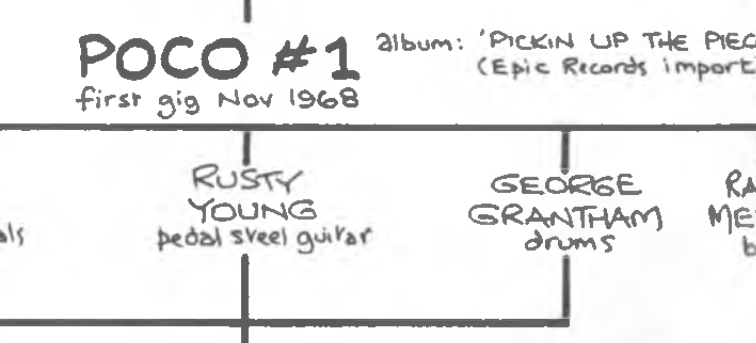
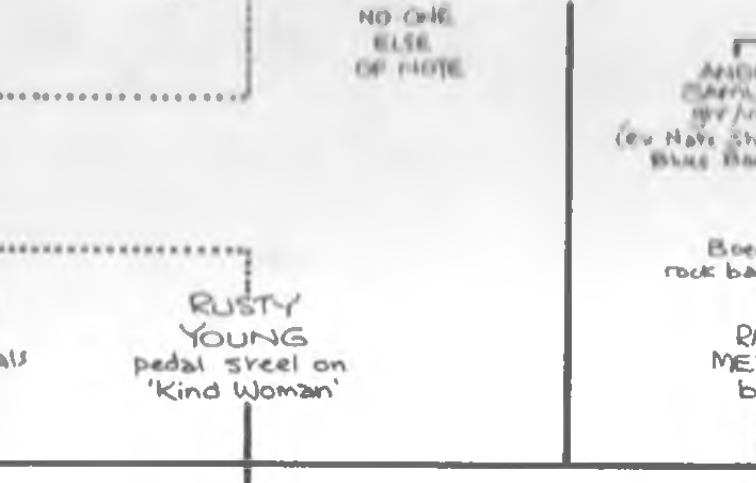
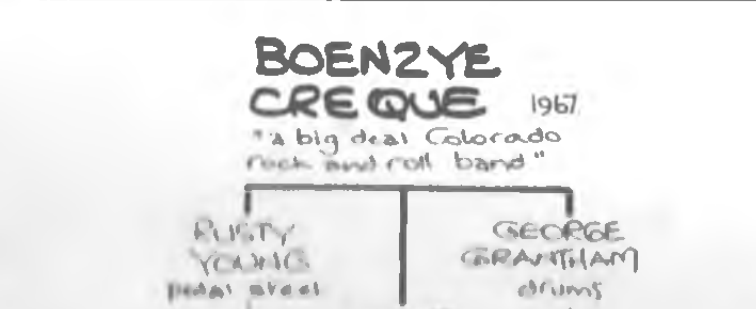
**BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD #1** album: 'BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD'

In the pre-Haight Ashbury days of 1965-6, folk-rock/goodtime music was the hype. The Springfield's eclecticism spanned & encompassed both fields with unprecedented taste and invention. Formed March 60.



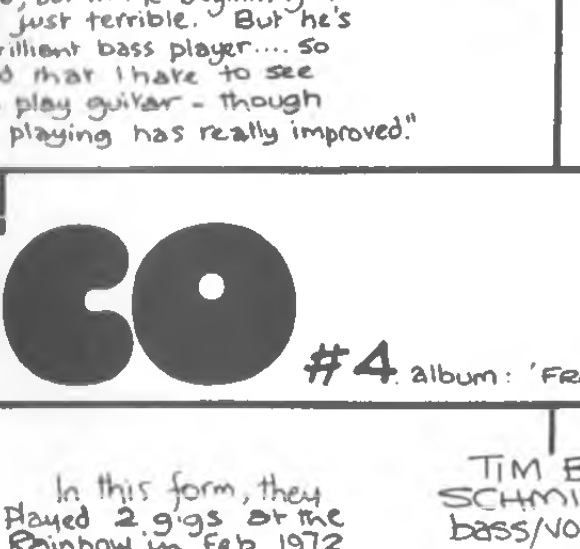
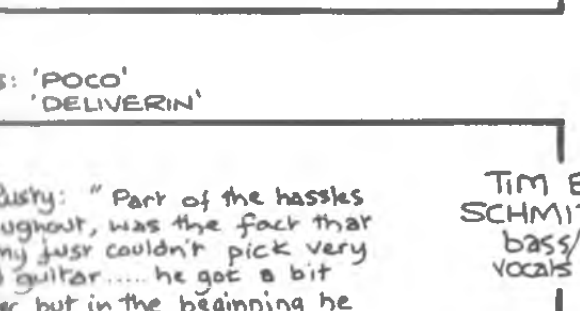
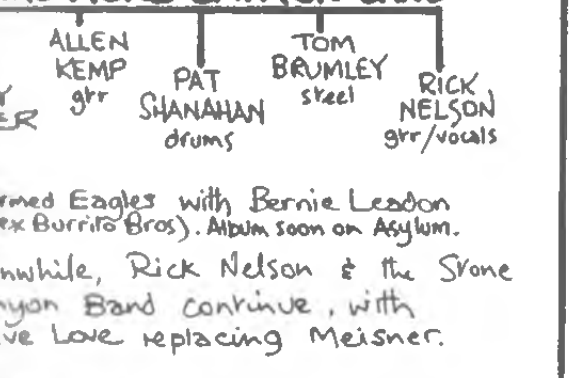
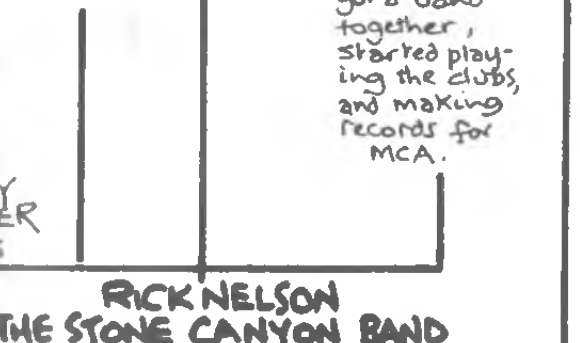
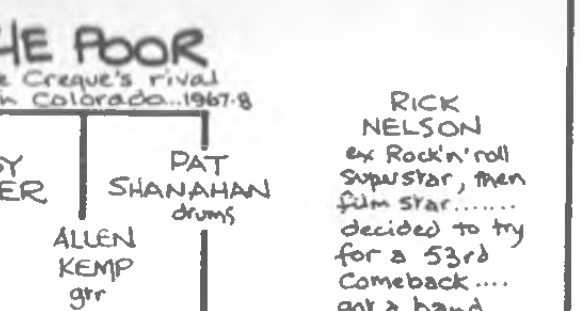
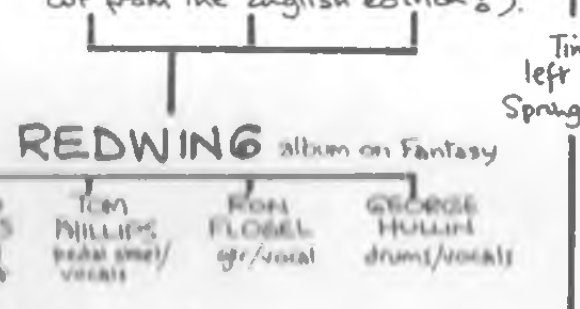
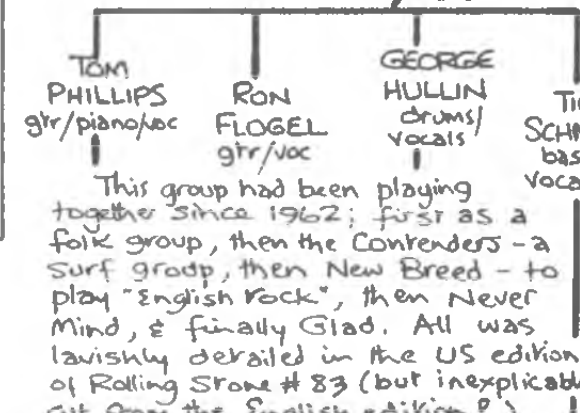
# THE HISTORY OF POCO

This chart, which took a bloody long time to compile, was drawn by Pete, with grateful thanks to Andrew Louder for laying open his vast warehouse of knowledge which was plundered without mercy. Photographs of RICHEL FURAY (left) and RUSTY YOUNG were taken by Mike O'Mahoney. Feb 1972

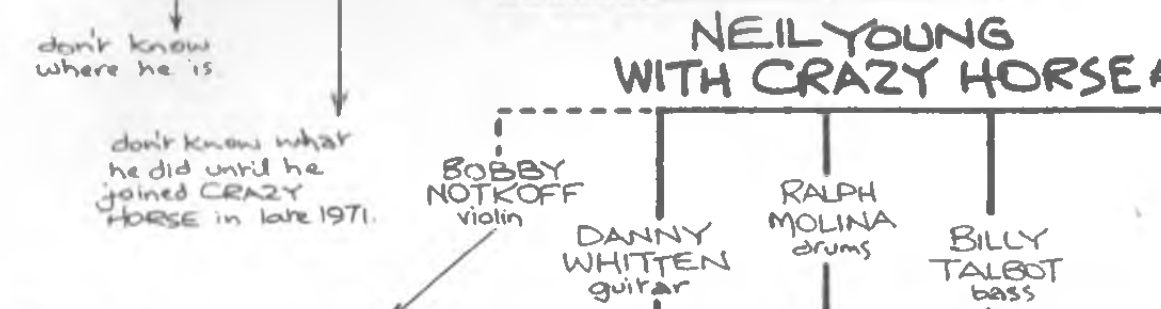
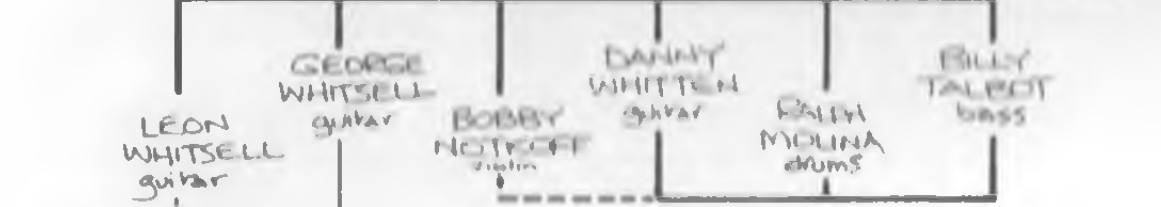


In this form, they played 2 gigs at the Rainbow in Feb 1972

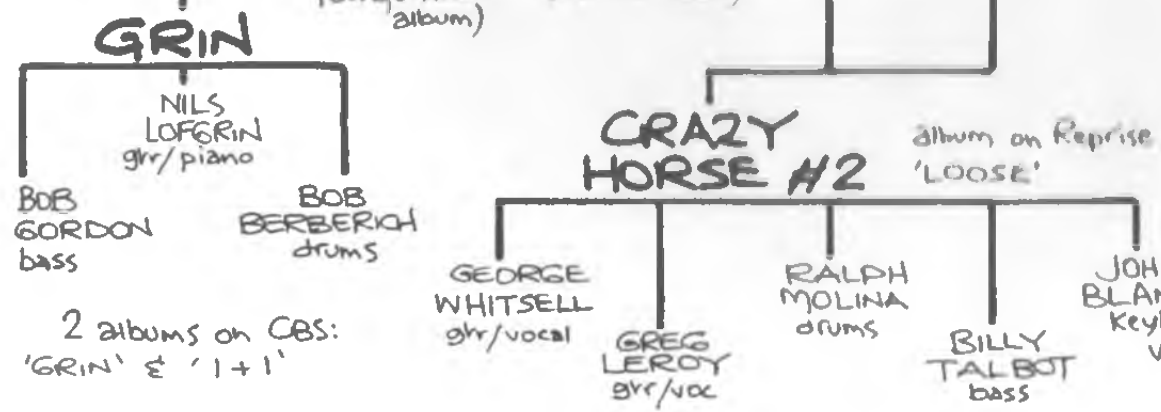
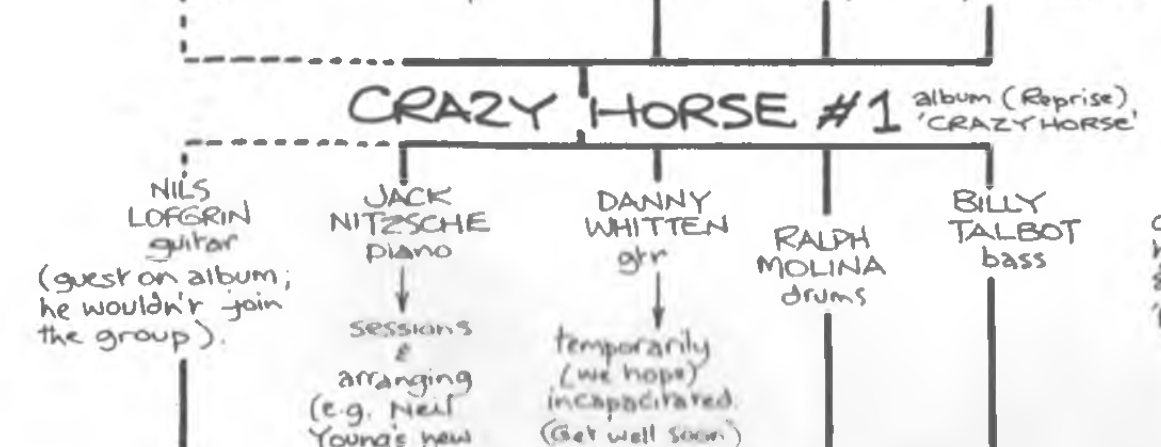
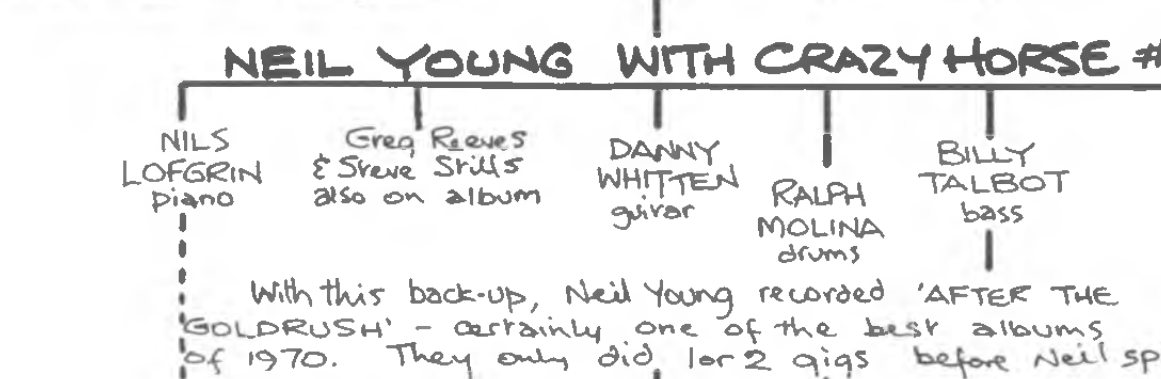
## NEW BREED/GLAD



## THE ROCKETS



Played on 'Running Dry' (Requiem for the Rockets) on 'EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS IS NOWHERE'. Then he did session work - e.g. on MERRYWEATHER album. Don't know where he is now - but he was great.



# POCO

The group split up in Sept 1970 when Paul left to join Poco. John Uribe, whom Paul describes as "the best guitarist in the world", is currently "hanging with the Rolling Stones."



The BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD in 1967: Young/Palmer/Martin/Furay/Stills

insecure, and disappeared one night leaving a note which said 'I'm sorry Stephen, but I just can't make it. 'He flew back to Canada'.

Why Herman? "Oh, he threw my wedding party for me. It was such a big deal that he was there."

Charlie Chin? "He played in the Four Winds with Stephen and me, passing the basket, and he played banjo on 'Bluebird'. He was in the early Catmother with Roy Michaels".

4. Why was it recorded at so many different places?

"Well, all through 1967, the group was scattering, fragmenting, breaking up, coming and going. . . . you know? It became a very strange trip. . . . and like, 'Mr Soul' was cut in New York with overdubs in Los Angeles, and 'Blue Bird' was cut in LA with overdubs in New York. . . . so it was that sort of a situation. I couldn't act as a mediator between Stephen and Neil, because there wasn't as much respect laid down for me at that time, and they more or less knew what they wanted to do anyway."

5. You produced a couple of tracks?

"That's all bullshit - they were produced by the engineer as much as anyone else. . . . it was just bullshit and ego."

6. You wrote three of the tracks - had you just started writing?

"No, I'd been writing for ages but I couldn't get a look in, you know. But with all the goings-on during the recording of 'Again', I was often the only guy in the studio. . . . so I sang a couple of my own songs."

7. You wrote 'A Child's Claim to Fame' as an observation of Neil's degeneration?

"I was very pissed off by Neil at the time - he was so indecisive it was driving me batty. It had no personal offence because I really love him, but he just really pissed me off and got me so uptight because he kept leaving. People thought 'I am a child' on the next album was his reply to me, but it was directed at all of us."

Also, enter Jim Messina as engineer on two tracks.

Right - Buffalo Springfield Again (Dec. 67) - one of the bittiest albums in rock, but paradoxically one of the most together, and certainly one of the best ever. What a beautiful album that is.

Leaping rapidly on to the third album: Jim Messina is now the bass player, engineer, producer and apparently self-appointed sweeper up. He pieced this album together when the others were supposedly past caring, and it came out a couple of months after they'd split up. The last track, 'Kind Woman' is a trailer for Poco, featuring Richie and Jim singing, with Rusty Young on pedal steel.

"This was a very individualistic album; everyone did their own tracks with their own friends - like Buddy Miles played on 'Special Care', Jimmy Carstein played on 'Questions' and 'Merry Go Round', and studio musicians were involved on all the tracks except 'Pretty Girl Why', which was recorded by the original five way back in 1966, and 'On the Way Home' which was also by the original five.

A strange thing: you'll see that 'The Hour of not quite Rain' was written by Richie and one Micki Callan. Richie: "there was a competition on KHJ, a Los Angeles radio station; they said 'you send in a poem, Buffalo Springfield will write the music'. She sent in the poem and no one else was interested; well, it had to be done, so I did it."

## Chapter 34 Death of the Springfield

Those three albums are all that remain of one of the best groups the world has ever seen - but Atlantic Records have SEVERAL HOURS of unreleased Springfield stuff. Stephen Stills (talking to us in our own lamentably lost interview - the tape recorder went wrong) says they won't be released because he won't allow them to be. . . . he's holding a gun at Atlantic's head. Richie, however, reckons that they'll eventually be released "when the time is

right."

After a gig on 5th May 1968, the group broke up, and news of tears shed backstage leaked across to us poor mortals who'd never had the chance to see them.

"Everyone was sad to a certain extent, and everyone was glad to a certain extent. "Didn't Richie feel like saying 'oh, come on. . . . we can do it' ? "No, it wasn't really my place to do that; it was Stephen's group and he was involved in that - his soul was attached to the group."

Everyone went off in their different directions; their personal satisfaction had been thwarted and frustrated by total mismanagement and they had never been able to achieve the success they'd dreamed about for two years. In what proportions the blame can be distributed between internal conflicts and pressures, bad handling, a dozy public, ill chosen singles, the thick press, the psychedelic/acid rock barrage, stupid disc jockeys, apathetic promotion, etc, is anybody's guess.

Very sad. Very sad.

## Chapter 85 Pickin' up the pieces

Poco got together in autumn 1968, but it wasn't quite as simple as that. Let's try to pick up some of the pieces with the help of steel player Rusty Young.

As we know, Rusty played on 'Kind Woman' on the 'Last Time Around' album; the Springfields roadie had been at school with Rusty and recommended him for the track. It all fits into place, because Rusty later returned to LA from Colorado to join Gram Parsons (who had quit the Byrds in summer 68) in a group he was planning - the Flying Burrito Brothers. Rusty: "when I got there I didn't like Gram Parsons, so I went off with Richie and Jim instead."

So, just to get the picture chronologically sound; by August 1968, Neil Young had gone to NY in an attempt to become a big solo; Stephen was locked up with Crosby and Nash - rehearsing like mad; Dewey Martin had been rapped on the knuckles for being a naughty boy (he continued to use the sacred Springfield name) and was at a loose end; and Richie and Jim had decided to form a group. . . . called Pogo at the suggestion of their first manager.

Richie was on 12 string and singing, Jim switched to lead guitar from bass, and Rusty Young was on pedal steel. . . . the story that Jerry Garcia had discovered him is total horsemanure - Rusty has no idea where the tale originated and presumes it to be the figment of some star-struck publicist's imagination.

To complete the group, Rusty suggested George Grantham who had been in a group with him, and another Colorado guy - Randy Meisner - on bass. So there you are; Pogo.

The name Pogo came from a cartoon character who appeared in syndicated newspaper comic pages. The guy who drew the strip, Walt Kelly, was not amused. Now, any normal bloke would be proud for a group of such taste to borrow the name - but not Walt Kelly, who filed lawsuits. The case didn't reach court; to avoid any unpleasantness Pogo became Poco, and as such recorded their first album, 'Pickin' up the Pieces'.

Now this is a great album, but CBS,

in their wisdom, decided not to release it here. I feel sure, however, that they'll change their minds and put it out before the end of the year. (After the Zigzag shotgun squad has paid them a visit).

Summer '69. Changes. Randy Meisner departs ("people have head problems; he couldn't get along with either Messina or our old manager and he couldn't talk about it, so he just quit") and because a suitable replacement couldn't be readily found, Jim Messina switches to bass and they play on as a quartet. But not for long.

Richie's songs had always been the prettiest and countriest of the Springfield's songs, and when he started Poco his direction was clear; to start off as a countryish/steel guitar/rock n' roll band, and embellish and modify the sound as they went along. So the band was ready - all they needed was a record deal and some gigs and they were away.

The record deal was easy. They got used as a convenient pawn in the big, murky load of shit that the pop music business is. Atlantic, to whom Furay was signed, swapped Poco in return for Graham Nash, whose American label was Epic. Atlantic obviously got the better of the deal financially, but as far as I'm concerned I'd rather possess one track by Poco (say, 'Bad Weather') than every album ever made by Nash, who must surely be one of the most over-paid, over-rated nonentities in the history of pop music.

The gig scene was perplexing. When the Springfield split, the publicists, hype and fan mags clustered round Steve and Neil, whilst Poco had to creep in through the back window and start from the bottom.

Rusty: "I'll tell you how glorious our beginning was. We had to audition for a club before they'd book us for our first gig. We went down to the Troubadour in LA one Monday night, did a twenty minute audition and they liked us enough to book us second on the bill to. . . . somebody, I can't remember who. The bread was next to nothing. We had to work our way up - playing lots of clubs, often places we didn't want to play, often for very little money, often to very few people. For the first year and a half we just played mainly around the LA area, but as we went on, we managed to branch out a little and slowly we were able to build a reputation."

"In the early days we had very little money. Epic weren't too eager to give us any - and even when we needed to buy equipment, we had to fight for them to lend us the money. . . . we just about made enough to survive."

## Chapter 246 Poco in motion

A short chat about steel guitars:

ZZ: Who inspired you to take up the instrument?

Rusty: Buddy Emmons - he's still got to be my favourite. Curly Chalker too. . . . he's good.

ZZ: What about people like Red Rhodes, Sneaky Pete, Jerry Garcia. . . . are they any good, technically?

Rusty: Barely average, I'd say.

ZZ: The trouble is, I'm not into steel guitars enough to be able to judge people comparatively.

Rusty: Nobody can - that's how they survive. If they were drummers, everyone would know how bad they are.

ZZ: What sort of guitar do you play?

Rusty: A Sho-bud, which has been the

big name in steel guitars since the start. ZZ: What, in three words or so, do knee levers and foot pedals do?

Rusty: Basically what they do is raise or lower the pitch of given strings - you just have to know which levers work which strings.

Back to summer 1969. Randy Meisner, after several months of deteriorating happiness, had decided to pack up his bass and go off with Rick Nelson, who was re-emerging under a country/folk-rock disguise. What happened next isn't exactly clear (I didn't get to speak to Tim Schmit) but from what I can piece together from other sources, here's the story:

Tim was the leading light - bass player, lead singer and handsome front man - of a Sacramento group who had been together since 1962. Originally a folk group called Tim, Tom and Ron, they changed to the Contenders and became a surf group. When the Beatles spearheaded the English rock invasion, they decided to get into the bloodstream and in 1964 became the New Breed, and under that name did pretty well for four years. It would appear that the people they chose to sign with just lacked the capability to spread their reputation past California, but in late '68 they signed with Terry Melcher (infamous Byrd producer). He changed their name to Never Mind and subsequently to Glad, and as Glad they made an album for ABC records. (All this stuff is detailed in Rolling Stone no. 83, but it was cut out of the English edition). Melcher apparently did a pre Byrdman-like embellishment job and covered what was a neat basic album with strings, choirs, brass and the usual trappings, and when it was released in January 1970, the group puked up, wrung their hands in despair and sunk to their lowest ebb for eight years.

Cut back to summer 1969. When Meisner left, Poco interviewed several potential replacements. Tim Schmit was the obvious choice; his bass playing was fine, his voice clear, and he had the visual attraction. Now, since Glad were on the threshold of success - recording an album with Melcher - he chose to stay with them; after all, you don't discard eight years' dreams and allegiance just because someone appears with a suitcase of bread.

So Poco stayed as four. . . . and lurked on the sidelines, dangling the carrot. Nine months later, after considerable mind-racking, Tim joined up - just in time to play on their second album.

In this formation, Poco made a third album - 'Deliverin' - recorded live, but though these two middle-period albums are pleasant (and sometimes brilliant), they don't compare with the excellence of the first and, in particular, the latest one.

In September 1970, Jim Messina, having got married, decided he wanted to put his feet up for a while, and dropped out. Enter Paul Cotton, recommended to Rusty Young by Chicago's Pete Cetera. Cotton had made two albums with the Illinois Speed Press (the latter featuring a nice version of 'Bad Weather'), who often sounded more like the Springfield than the Springfield did. He was ideal - well versed in jigsaw guitar and harmony. It made a world of difference.

Early and middle period Poco was like, say, a bowl of fresh fruit salad. Paul Cotton's arrival made it like the same bowl of fruit salad, but with the sliced apple replaced by fresh strawberries. You know what I mean? It was all the difference between the tasty and the delicious.

## Chapter 439 "From The Inside"

The latest album, 'From the Inside' is beautiful. Sit back in a fat chair and listen to it through phones. The music seeps into your head and your senses seem to lie back comfortably and just soak up the sounds whirling round the cranium. 'Bad Weather' is certainly one of the ten best tracks of 1971 (in my humble opinion that is).

How the album turned out so well is a miracle to Rusty. "We needed a new producer, and Columbia pushed very hard for Steve Cropper; they'd just signed a deal with him and thought he'd be the answer. . . . but it didn't work out."

What?

"No. You see, he didn't really produce - he got in the way more than he helped."

Rusty - a little worried that he's being a bit too truthful for comfort, but balls. . . . integrity is the key.

"He didn't have any suggestions. . . . drank a lot of whiskey. Mind you, this group is tough to produce because everyone has his own idea on what's right. So a producer has to go into the studio knowing what's right and acting like God. But Cropper didn't enter it as God. . . . I mean he's a guitar player - a crummy guitar player with a soul background. I thought he'd be able to help us cut a good sounding record - you know. . . . good levels and good sound on the instruments. . . . set the board up right, master it correctly, and do all the things that we can't do because we're too busy."

"When we arrived at his studio, he only had an eight track machine, he had no equipment and it was just terrible. . . . but we were stuck - we had to do it there. Well, we ended up doing half the album on eight track, which was a bummer - a nightmare in fact. . . . we had to keep everything as bare and simple as possible, and we had to do things like put the bass and an acoustic guitar on one track - which makes it impossible to mix. . . . you can't raise the level of one in relation to the other."

"Steve sort of gave up halfway through. But he got the producing credit because of the deal he had made - and he got the bread."

How was the material assembled and prepared?

"Well, we'd rehearse the songs in the afternoon and record them in the evening. Like we came into the studio at twelve noon, the guy who wrote the song would play it to the others, then we'd rehearse till six. Then, from six p.m. until two a.m. we'd record. . . . most of the numbers were worked up from scratch in one afternoon, which is the worst way to record, but we had all these pressures on us and it was the only way to do it."

Some of the songs - including 'What if I should say I love you', and 'Bad Weather' were re-recorded in San Francisco.

Anyway, this article has got completely out hand.

## Chapter 608 Poco; live at the Rainbow

Whew!

Pete.

# Al Stewart's

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# THE JOHN WALTERS INTERVIEW

ZZ: Before we start the interview proper, I wonder if you could very briefly run through an outline history of your career as a BBC producer. . . . . just a few words will do.

John Walters: From what I'd seen of the BBC studios, they seemed to be full of people doing nothing at all, and it looked like money for old rope. Having been involved with the pop business for some time, I thought I must have some knowledge of it, and I wrote to them. They'd heard of the Alan Price Set (with whom John used to play) and invited me for an interview. I told them I didn't want to spend the rest of my life rushing up and down the M1 and, much to my surprise, the BBC almost snapped my hand off. They were so very amazed that anybody should actually want to leave the million-pounds-a-week Beatle style life (they had no clear idea of what a real group's life was like), and they thought I must be crazy. They were pleased to have the prestige of having a group member join them, because they wanted to start Radio One, but they said they weren't able to offer me a job immediately. That was fine with me, because I was still working with Pricey, but they arranged to call me when something came up, and they subsequently did.

I was first attached to Bryant Marriott, who was doing Scene and Heard, which was ideal, because I knew nothing about radio and it was a question of watching people. I was quite useful to Scene and Heard because I could fix up interviews, make the odd phone call, and I knew more about the pop business than they did. I then went into my first almost solo venture, which was the David Symons teatime thing, and then the first thing I really got on my own was looking after Jimmy Savile, who had decided he'd do a show on Radio One, going round talking to people. They wanted to call it "The Savile Scene", but I didn't like that, and suddenly, in bed one night, I thought "Savile's Travels", and that was about my best contribution to the programme. I got on with Jim very well, and found him to be a very amiable geezer, very impressive; he's one of those people that it changes you slightly to have met. You can relate things in show business to him - if you're stuck you think "What would Jim do in a situation like this?" and you know exactly what he'd do; he'd say "What do the lads in Wigan want?" . . . . . You go for obvious showbiz, gold lame things, and it was interesting to see that side of the business, and to see him sell himself. He's rather like Pricey in that when he's winning, he's a very amiable winner. I've seen him really pull off some nice little things, and thought "tremendous", like watching Pele play. At one of the MM awards, when John (Peel) won Top Disc Jockey, he was asked to come back the following year to present the trophy, but he won it again, so they asked Savile, who came second, to present the award. That sort of thing is not Jim, but he went, grabbed the mike, and was photographed holding the mike, tickling the chick who was presenting him with his award, and got a stack of photos taken with his big cigar. Then he had to make a speech before giving John his trophy, which he did, then John came up and as soon as he got near enough, Jim thrust the award into his hand and turned away as quickly as possible, but in a nice way, so that no-one was quick enough to get a photograph of Jim Savile, second DJ, presenting an award to John Peel, first DJ. It's those little strokes that make a showbiz personality.

He gave me an old photo of himself once, shaking hands with Elvis, holding

gold discs, and it sums up an era - Elvis smiling with all the grease, Jim with short hair and a suit. There's a great story Jim tells about Col. Tom Parker: Jim was asked over to breakfast to talk to Parker, who is the only person I've heard Savile speak of with respect and awe, like Henry Cooper speaking of Clay. Tom Parker called him and said "Mr Sav-ill, I'd like to have you come over for breakfast and talk. I've got a few business friends coming and we'll have a business breakfast. I'll send a car for you at nine o' clock. By the way, just a word of advice as you're an up and coming young man - don't touch any door handles." Jim was a bit confused by that, but was ready when the car arrived. Jim went into the hotel lobby and saw the car waiting, and was about to go out of the door when he remembered what Col. Parker had said and stopped. Immediately the chauffeur leapt forward and opened it for him, Jim walked through, and everyone turned round, thinking it must be someone important. When he got to the car he stopped again, and again the door was opened for him, and suddenly it dawned on him that that was what the rock business of that time was all about - the acme of the business was to be in a position where you don't have to touch door handles.

I managed to consolidate a lot of my pas experience into 'Scene and Heard', and so many things started to tie up. Then I came off 'Savile's Travels' because David Symonds' show went to Sunday mornings... and suddenly my choice became very different. With Savile, it was "Is it popular, or is it unpopular"; the criterion was whether the lads in Wigan would like it. With David Symonds it was quite different, and we were considered quite crusading at the time, because we were the first people to introduce into popular time slot broadcasting, groups who subsequently became famous by getting into the charts; not just Johnny Arthey with a well known popular singer, or the Searchers doing their old hits again, or the other popular live BBC groups at the time, but we used, amazingly for Sunday mornings in those days, Fairport Convention with perhaps Geno Washington and the Herd. So all of them would be good, and things the kids wanted to hear, but all of a different type. So we might have Dave Dee and co., with an orchestra, Cliff Bennett for the disco type things, and then Ten Years After playing fairly short things. Among the others we used were Fleetwood Mac, and the full cast of "Hair" which was amazing at the time. Really, I suppose it was a bit too quality, and I subsequently came off the show, because the Bernie Andrews row blew up over certain attitudes to his work. The result was that they took him off "Top Gear".

When I first got onto 'Top Gear', Peely disliked me intensely - because to him I represented a form of cynicism and commercialism from the Savile era. With Savile it was "popular or unpopular?", and then with Symonds it was "good or bad?" irrespective of what sort of music it was. . . . and although you couldn't, for obvious reasons, play half an hour of the Soft Machine, we at least got the first broadcasts of groups like Mason/Wood/Capaldi & Frog, Blodwyn Pig, Family and the Bonzos - as well as the Status Quo and Amen Corner type groups of that period. When Peely and I got together, we were both, for different reasons, aghast. I'd seen the more superficial side of the 'underground' thing and thought it was going to be all that "running through the cornfields of my mind" sort of piss, because there was

so much of that "margarine policeman" stuff after 'Sgt Pepper'. . . and when you've done a four year art school course, you're not easily fooled by third form poetry or fourth form philosophy, or fifth form paperback oriental religion. Naturally, I reacted strongly against this, whereas Peely was a bit more committed; not that he was into the third form stuff, but he hoped it would develop a more mature side. While I took the piss out of it, he encouraged it in the hope that something would happen, so we were at different ends. But eventually we broke it down, had a couple of lunches together, and found that we had a lot more in common than we thought, because we tended to laugh at the same things.

I think the turning point came when I noticed that there was a W.C. Fields festival on at somewhere like the Baker St. Times Cinema, and he wasn't keen to go until I told him what was on; he'd been an admirer of W.C. Fields for years, and so we went. We went back to his flat for coffee, and we suddenly realised that we were both concerned in some ways about the quality of the rock scene. My attitude was to be rather cynical about it, and to pour cold water on the more bizarre and silly aspects of it, whilst his attitude was far more outgoing and much less cynical, almost naively encouraging, and we realised that we were aiming for vaguely the same area; in the same way that I was with Savile, he taught me for that short national service period (so to speak), put you through your six week course, he used to say that we were like Jack Sprat and his wife - eat no fat, eat no lean, and it was the same with John and I, except that I was playing the other role. Whereas Jim was fairly hard compared with me, John was completely flexible and open compared with me; we eventually met half way. Early on, I did a session with T.Rex only because I knew John liked them; I thought that all that Larry the Lamb with bongo accompaniment, as I'd seen it before, was rubbish. But after doing a session with Marc and hearing him lay down the songs, (and having to listen to them: half a dozen times), I suddenly felt that his songs were really quite good - even the words - (they were a bit "unicorns in their galleons to mystic isles" - all that Donovanish sort of young Scots laddie under a toadstool syndrome - which I don't go along too well with) - and I thought that he was good in the same sort of way as the Incredible String Band. I started to adjust more to things I'd previously detested, and John tended to feel that some things were a bit too silly, and drop off some of the sillier people, and so we met somewhere around a middle area, which we've consolidated ever since; now, there are very few things we don't agree on, and they tend to become bones of contention, so we don't talk about them.

We had to get down to a right and wrong thing about the people we book for Top Gear, although I personally detest that sort of judgment. We don't automatically book Fairport Convention or Chicken Shack for the programme. As soon as we think they've stopped developing, and aren't going to come up with anything new we don't book them again for quite a long time. We could get much bigger names - in fact we've turned down some of the biggest international names - we just don't want to know any more, because they've stopped doing anything. A good example is Ten Years After: I did the last Top Gear session with them and we broadcast it, because I thought that John liked them, and they'd been on a lot in the past, and when

it went out, he said "Christ, this goes on a bit", listening to a six or seven minute "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" boogie blues - one suddenly realised that they had started to become victims of their own publicity, and it was now "I will now break the hundred yards dash on the guitar". You can understand why they did it, but you mustn't also assume that they will still be on Top Gear with the Right/Wrong moral choice thing. I didn't even bother to put on the last TYA album when it came in, but John still ploughs through everything that comes in, and he picked out a track that he felt showed that they were trying to get out of their rut a bit, and it could happen that we might be willing - although they might not be by now - to have them on again. We can have all sorts of strange decisions, like recently we played a Uriah Heep track; we've heard them before and I said "Forget it". You know, clever, highly competent, but to me, highly superficial, and to John, the same. Clever Dick heavy, plastic heavy. What comes in the wake of any big movement. It's not our job to help them cash in on a trend, so we've always avoided them. But this particular time, it was rather a low level show in some ways, in the sense that there wasn't a lot to wake people up, and there was a fairly unpretentious Creedence type boogie shuffle, and it was the sort of thing we needed, so we had a long debate. You can find that the things we don't agree on tend to be the subject of a long searching debate. It was that if we gave our stamp of approval to this band, would they go further into the type of thing we don't approve of, and do they expect us to play those things. Even with Tonto's Expanding Head Band, I said that it was very beautiful stuff, but I wondered if there was any depth to it.

We also have a lot of debates about what we ought to be doing, and whether we should be doing things just because Peely likes them. He may dislike something, but it could still be the right thing to play. Again, it's a moral decision. There may be bands who are not popular; they may not even be good, but they may still be suitable for Top Gear. You might, perhaps, mention Stackwaddy, and in a sense that's right; I have yet to hear anything by them that has sufficiently impressed me; I'm not necessarily going to book them because they're good, or because they're bad. Admittedly, the tapes I heard of that last album did seem more like a band, and it could be one of those cases where they turn out to be something special - in fact, if you listen to the early Stones stuff, it's incredibly badly strung together, and it may be that Stackwaddy's obvious energy and don't-give-a-bugger kind of philosophy and earthiness may gradually pull the music together. I don't automatically assume that it will never appear, but on the other hand, I'm not just going to use them because John's keen on them, and is involved in their recording. We can't do that, and he knows we can't.

We even used Principal Edwards twice, although I would never use them again as things stand. I used them the first time because I could see why John had taken an interest, in that they were unusual; it was a mixed media group, and at that time it seemed a good idea to explore it as an avenue that might happen. . . . a big group, incorporating all sorts of arty-crafty nonsense. I was pretty disappointed by the session - I didn't feel it really had anything, so it was a good eighteen months or more before I booked them again, on the grounds that they had supposedly got themselves together. I found that the instrumental side had improved, but the

pretentious side had become, if anything, worse, to my mind - although it's obviously a personal thing.

Take ELP; they are undoubtedly good, in that they play well as instrumentalists, but it seems to me that what they do is, artistically, bunkum. The reason we use the Nice as our signature tune is because it's there. The original signature tune was Sounds Incorporated version of that same tune, but it became obvious as Top Gear got going, that it couldn't use that kind of Saturday Club noise; the Nice were doing a session and they just included that, in Bernie's era. Radio signature tunes are very funny - once they have associations in people's minds, like "Down Your Way", or anything, they know what it is, whatever it is. Like the name Top Gear - nobody would start a show today called Top Gear - it's real Brian Matthew kind of material. But both the title and the tune came from the era when the Nice were a band who'd come out of backing groups, and they were good young musicians who'd got together like Lee Jackson, who was around that old Newcastle scene with the Vondykes. Anyway, to return to ELP, they'd all paid their dues, they could all play well, and they'd got a good rocking boogie thing, which could make one think that they might get into something, but in my opinion, the pseudo-classical bit was the wrong thing for them, and is always the wrong thing. I can think of no example where it's really happened. Artistically, it can't be any better than the Swingle singers kind of silliness - I don't think it's even as good as "Nut Rocker" which just takes it and destroys it, like Duchamp drawing a moustache on the Mona Lisa. It's a direct V-sign in the face of concert art. Unfortunately, so many kids haven't had the real artistic background and the intellectual heritage, and they don't appreciate the lack of artistry in a synocopated version of some classical thing. I don't think they add anything, and it's no answer to say that it may lead kids on to the real thing, because that's like putting Rubens on a tea towel and thinking it will lead people to visit the National Gallery. The prime example, in fact, of peddling crap around the scene under the guise of art is not ELP, who are at least technically sound, but Continuum - you listen to the record and it's not even technically sound. They are indescribable. As some critic wrote in one of the posh Sunday papers, "They never rose above the level of a primary school percussion band." That, in my opinion, is a very fair comment.

Although I've got one or two awards at home for top radio show, they're off Peely's back in a sense, because there's no question of the show existing or being successful because of me. It's successful because of him, and if there was someone else producing it, as long as they were the sort of person who wouldn't get in the way, he could run it himself. It obviously helps to have someone who takes an interest, who is able to do the sessions fairly sympathetically, and to program sympathetically, provide a foil, and also to prevent him (although he never tries) from filling the show with Dandelion artists. He has control, which he appreciates, but we get on very well. I'm still in a position where I'm relatively new to radio, and I still have a lot of faith in it, in that I don't really see radio as a natural stepping stone to television, any more than Bix Beiderbecke, having become famous in jazz, progressed by joining Paul Whiteman. Television is really opulent bunkum, and I'm sure, had Oscar Wilde been alive, he would have



Walters and Peel make merry at a fashionable wine and cheese party in Chelsea.

described it as "the unspeakable producing the unwatchable". It's not my sort of thing at all, and I retain my faith in radio, as long as it doesn't get too much like a battery farm. I hope that commercial radio doesn't force the BBC into running too much to a format.

Although I was quite pleased with the things I'd done before, I wanted to do something with a bit of thought involved when John went on holiday. I knew it was no good saying to John, who's a sensitive chap, "I think I'll try this new Bob Harris bloke, and you might have to look to your laurels a bit". You get nowhere like that, and there wasn't anyone around who could be seen as an alternative. Most of these underground DJs are appalling - I don't mean the ones we've got, but the geezers one occasionally hears in clubs doing a weak imitation of Peel, mumbling a bit, and talking about rip-offs, and putting on the same records all the time. So I felt we needed something that wouldn't piss the audience off, but would maintain our quality and interest level without competing with Peel. So the first year, I indulged my longfelt desire to do a show of oldies, which I didn't feel had been exploited on Radio One at that time. When you have people in at home, you have a few drinks, you get the records out, but you don't normally drag out Poco or Country Joe, and actually sit and listen. You get out your oldies but goodies, your Eddie Cochran Memorial Album, your Shangri-Las, and it struck me that there was a lot of very beautiful music that just had not been heard. Peely was quite excited by the idea, because he'd seen the Shangri-Las live, and it transpired that in some ways, he'd like to have presented it himself. It was obviously a good idea, and we got a lot of mail as a result, showing that there was a definite need for it, and it was subsequently made into a regular show, which was a feather in my cap. Unfortunately, they wouldn't let me produce it on that basis, and it might have been different if I had.

The next year, I thought of doing that same sort of thing, but then I heard Viv Stanshall on Radio Four, and it struck me that he could at least present stuff; he's witty, amusing, slightly irreverent, slightly obscene, but it would make a nice hip thing to get him present something. I didn't realise what I was letting myself in for at the time; it finished up with him as a kind of Don Quixote figure, making wild schemes and tilting at windmills left right and centre, always rushing in where angels fear to tread, and yet seeing the least criticism as a sabre slash. I was the Sancho Panza to him at the same time - I was jogging along on a mule behind, desperately trying to keep him out of trouble, and get us through. Viv was going through a very funny period in his own life and work, with the Bonzos and

Big Grunt, and he was at something of a crossroads, wondering what he was going to do with his life. There were times when you'd be waiting for him, and he'd come in and start writing the script, and he didn't understand that we didn't have time for that, that he should have come in with the script ready. He'd say things like "Well never mind, it's the last show then then you can really tell me what you think of me". Then one day we went round to the pub, and some geezers had been quite innocently playing the bar billiards machine in the corner. I went straight to the bar to order the drinks, and Viv walked over to the table and said "Are you guys going to monopolise this table all night?", and you suddenly felt that if you stuck around with him long enough, you'd get shot. He's not the sort of geezer to go on an American tour with. The show did wear me out a great deal, and I came out of it feeling that I'd achieved something just getting through it. For example, if there was supposed to be an elephant walking about in a certain sketch, Viv would actually want an elephant there in the studio. Eventually the shows ended, and they were evidently highly successful with some people, in the same way that Monty Python or the Goons are successful. I felt that it was the first real radio I'd done, with effects, signature tunes, perspectives, put together like good old fashioned radio, like Dick Barton. That was the high spot of my career; I would now like to come up with something - I don't know what it will be - about which I can feel that it isn't a reflection of somebody else, because Viv was only a development of what he'd done on Radio Four, and old records aren't exactly an original idea. In both cases, I added something to it, and made it a successful programme, and it's possible that if the right time slot became available, Viv might be asked to do something regularly, or at least a series.

As far as records go on Top Gear, we don't have to play mostly new records, but it may appear that we do, because that is part of where Top Gear's always been at. Top Gear's original brief was something like "looking over the horizons of pop," and they meant by that "what's going to be in the charts next month." It should have an ear to the ground about what's going to happen; the very first record played on Top Gear in Radio One's terms (there had been an original Top Gear about two or three years before, a short series with the Beatles and Dusty Springfield - an alternative to Saturday Club - but the planners axed it) was Martha and the Vandellas, and guests after that were Lulu, Gilbert O'Sullivan (who, of course, was "underground" at the time), and it was only through John's influence, with Bernie co-operating, that it got to what it is. There were two DJs originally, one of whom was Tommy Vance.

Naturally, people have come to expect and want things early, and we try to get things before anyone else, inasmuch that things are brought to us, and we can, say, have the first play of the latest Faces album, the whole first side without any introductions between tracks. Another thing, American albums that Peel buys - he spends a lot of money on albums. As you know, most people in this business get everything free, but we have to buy them, and we have a licence that other programmes are not supposed to have, whereby we can play American or pre-release material.

ZZ: Secondly, I'd like to ask you about the. . . . oh bloody hell, the tapes run out!

John

## STEVE MARRIOTT

was a reluctant child actor who left home at 14 to become a "liver" in a mud hut in Finsbury Park owned by a Pakistani. Any way, I couldn't act - I could only be myself, so all I got was Cockney-Kid parts! Was in THE MISSISSIPPI FIVE at school, THE ORSONATION KIDS "Saturday Morning pictures group", the WHEELS "Buddy Holly stuff", the FRANTICS "Shadows/Shane Fenton echo chamber trip", then THE MOONLIGHTS in the R & B boom era - did stuff like "Talkin' bout you", "Hog for you baby", "Route 66" and all the others.

then led a band called STEVE MARRIOTT & THE MOMENTS (who I saw in late 64 - big deal). They did Rufus Thomas, James Brown, & "You Really Got Me" type stuff. When they collapsed, "me" and Ronnie (Lame) got a job doing washing up at a Lyons Corner House, but I couldn't stick it. My hands went brown with all the

## THE SMALL FACES

Summer 1965 to early 1969. Several albums (all deleted) on Decca & Immediate, the best of which are "ORSON'S NUTGONE FLAKE" (Sept 68) & "AUTUMN STONE" (Summer 69).

bleach they used, and so I bottled out after a day. Ronnie stuck it out though - he stayed for a whole week - and then we started THE SMALL FACES.

This is the most disorderly and haphazard chart we've ever done, but look at all the information crammed onto this page!!!

## JERRY SHIRLEY

was in THE KEYTONES, THE VALKYRIE "definitely underground" - I was 11 at the time, LITTLE PEOPLE, APOSTOLIC INTERVENTION (previously THE R.A.F., and almost THE NICE. Steve: "I thought of calling them THE NICE, but Andrew Oldham didn't like it. Then 3 weeks later, he called P.P. Arnold's backing group, THE NICE". Jerry went on to THE WHISTLE STOP SHOW for "3 weeks insanity", then WAGES OF SIN "completely stoned rubbish" with Tim Renwick and Ricky Willis among others, then LITTLE WOMEN "great loud stuff" with Tim, Ricky, Bob Argent and him.

## GREG RIDLEY

had been playing in Carlisle based groups for years and years: he was DINO, singer with DINO & THE DANUBES (shille group), then he was in THE DAKOTAS (not Billy's lot) - a very shadow-type group, then THE RAMRODS with Mike Harrison, then THE VIPS with Harrison, Luther Grosvenor & a couple of guys now with Junkyard Angel. (Made a great single on Island, produced by Guy Stevens). The VIPS evolved into ART (1967 era), who made album "Supernatural Fairytales" (Island).

## SPOOKY TOOTH #1

Oct 1967 to early 1970. Albums (all on Island): "SPOOKY TOOTH" 1968, "SPOOKY TWO" 1969, "CEREMONY" 1969, "LAST RUFF" 1970

Steve: "All of us in Humble Pie have shared the same experience; like we all moved away from home at an early age and did a lot of things, turned our hand to all sorts of work just to keep ourselves alive, and never made any money. Beans on toast was a luxury.... it was usually porridge or else bloody oxtail soup." "Joe Brown was the first geezer who turned me on to guitar - before that, I was just reading dirty magazines."

Spooky Tooth were one of the best of the underground era/flower power type bands. Chris Blackwell, on tour of Scandinavia with Traffic, "discovered" Gary Wright, added him to ART, and created SPOOKY TOOTH.

## JEFF BECK GROUP

Early 1967 to summer 1969, but went through several permutations (see ZIGZAG 20). The line up at its death was as follows. Albums: "TRUTH" Aug 1968, "BECKOLA" Aug 1969 and "THE MOST OF" Oct 1971

JEFF BECK guitar, TONY NEWMAN drums, RON WOOD bass, ROD STEWART vocals

## KENNY JONES

drums, IAN M'LAGEN organ (replaced Jimmy Winston in late 65), RONNIE PLUNK LANE bass

## STEVE MARRIOTT

guitar

## HUMBLE PIE #1

early 1969 until October 1971. Albums: "AS SAFE AS YESTERDAY IS" (Summer 1969), "TOWN & COUNTRY" (Dec 1969), "HUMBLE PIE" (1970), "ROCK ON" (1971) and "PERFORMANCE" (Nov 1971). "When we first formed, we made a point of saying 'please don't make a big scene out of this.... just let it happen naturally, or else you'll force something on us that we won't be able to handle.' Well, at the time, there was all that Blind Faith hoo-hah, & so we just got roped in as 'another supergroup.' No-one can live up to that - and we didn't want to."

## THE FACES

late 1969... still going strong - wahoo!!! See ZIGZAG 19. Albums: "FIRST STEP" Summer 1970, "LONG PLAYER" March 1971 & "A MOD AS GOOD AS A WINK" December 1971. (Rod also has made three solo albums).

RON WOOD gtr, ROD STEWART vocals, KENNY JONES drums, IAN M'LAGEN keyboards, RONNIE LANE bass

## JEFF BECK GROUP #2

JEFF BECK gtr, BOB TENCH voc, COZY POWELL drums, MAX MIDDLETON piano, CLIVE CHAMBERLAIN bass

## BAKERLOO BLUES LINE

started in 1968 as a local youth club band in Tamworth, Staffs. Harvest label

KEITH BAKER drums, TERRY POOLE bass, DAVE CLEMPSON guitar

## COLOSSEUM

Aug 68-Oct 71. It would take 2 pages to trace their history, so I won't bother. Made various albums: "THOSE ABOUT TO DIE" (Mar 69), "VALENTINE SUITE" (Nov 69), "DAUGHTER OF TIME" (Nov 70), "LIVE" (June 71), "COLLECTORS COLOSSEUM" (Nov 71)

MARK CLARKE bass, DICK HECKSTALL SMITH sax, JON HISEMAN drums, CHRIS FARLOWE vocal, DAVE GREENSLADE keyboard, DAVE CLEMPSON gtr. (joined late 69)

## STEVE MARRIOTT

guitar, PETER FRAMPTON guitar, JERRY SHIRLEY drums, GREG RIDLEY bass

Started out in The Preachers, & then formed The Herd, a chart topping teenybop band which descended slowly into oblivion & ended in "rueful". Lasted from mid 66 until early 1969, & made several undistinguished albums. Left Humble Pie in October 1971. Steve: "He'll get his own scene together, and meanwhile, we'll rock on and be as stoned as we ever were."

DAVE CLEMPSON gtr. (joined late 69)

DAVE CLEMPSON gtr, STEVE MARRIOTT guitar, JERRY SHIRLEY drums, GREG RIDLEY bass

## HUMBLE PIE #2

Going great guns! Finally getting loads of gigs in England, and recording a new album (between exhaustion collapses) called "HOT AND NASTY"

DAVE CLEMPSON guitar, STEVE MARRIOTT guitar, JERRY SHIRLEY drums, GREG RIDLEY bass

## MIKE KELLIE

drums, MIKE HARRISON piano, LUTHER GROSVENOR guitar, GARY WRIGHT organ

After Ridley left, they tried several other bass players, but never really picked up. The collapse was an inevitable result of long struggles ending in "stale, predictable folk music and creative demoralisation."

## SPOOKY TOOTH #2

Only lasted for a few weeks in Autumn 1970 (Easy come, easy go).

MIKE KELLIE drums, MIKE HARRISON piano/organ, LUTHER GROSVENOR guitar, STEVE THOMPSON bass (ex John Mayall, Heavy Jelly)

JOHN HAWKEN piano (ex Renaissance), Currently looking for a band, to Stone the Crows

## JUNKYARD ANGEL

Made their album "MIKE HARRISON" last summer but only started gigging together in January 1972

FRANK KENTON guitar, MIKE HARRISON organ, PETER BATY bass, IAN HERBERT guitar, KEVIN NERSON drums

Steve Marriott on "DRUGS & THE SMALL FACES" (Ereki!): "Here comes the NICE" was about a pusher - this guy we called the NICE used to supply us with certain things. But we got away with that one; I remember Johnnie Stewart, the producer of Top Of The Pops, was worried about the words, but we convinced him they were OK, and he let it go. Then with "Itchycoo Park" everyone got the wrong idea - it was at the time of acid,

First solo album.... "EXTRACTION", with a cast of all star heavies including Alan White, Klaus Voorman, Mick Abrahams, Trevor Burton, Hugh M. Cracken.

Guested on various albums including Ringo Starr, George Harrison, Andy Leigh, BB King, Badfinger, etc, before forming his own band.

## GARY WRIGHT

& WONDER WHEEL April 1971 - still going strong. Album "FOOTPRINT" (Jan 1972)

MICK JONES guitar (both ex-Johnny Hallyday), ARCHIE LEGGETT bass, BRYSON GRAHAM drums (ex Nirvana & Main Horse)

"Footprint" was recorded last summer. Meanwhile Gary is producing new Tim Rose LP.

about how you got your wings when you were a kid as opposed to later. I used to go around with a hip flask of methedrine - I was very hung up on that at the time, but they were weird days. The Small Faces were totally outrageous at a time when not many were... we had this very angelic image, but we were just terrible.... bloody terrible. Good job we're not like that now!!!

ZZ: Hello Pieman, how are you doing?

Steve: Hello mate.... alright.

It was a rare moment; Steve Marriott was actually sitting there quietly. Word had reached me, however, that Greg Ridley, Jerry Shirley and Roadie Cy were on their way, so I decided that we'd better get on with it while the going was good.... I'd heard all sorts of stories about bedlam at Humble Pie interviews.

Right - let's start off, I suggested, with the reasons for Peter Frampton's disappearance and Dave Clempson's subsequent arrival.

"Pete was a different guy.... what more can I say?" Steve was obviously thinking of a way to explain it all without seeming unkind.... at least, that's what I thought he was doing. "You see, Jerry Greg and me; we're all the same sort of guy - like we're 1964 ravers.... and I don't think that Pete went through a lot of the things that we did, so he never was able to share our attitudes on certain things. That in itself created a rift, and the two lifestyles just got further apart. In the beginning we thought we could probably make Pete think along our lines, but that was obviously very wrong of us. What it boils down to is that Pete has got his own way of living, and it's just not the same as ours. The three of us were always very close, but we only ever saw Pete at rehearsal, or when we were doing a gig, or else recording; like he didn't ever socialise with us. What can I say..... you know?"

During the hiatus which followed Pete's departure, there were various rumours of a fourth member - like Rick Derringer's name was bandied about in the papers.

"That was just speculation. Sure we did approach Rick, but then he got settled with Edgar Winter, and the last thing we want to do is break up bands. No - what we did was a lot of rehearsal as a three piece, which was great because it really tightened us up and it made me get my finger out and start playing, because up until then I'd just been a sort of Bruce Welch to Pete's Hank Marvin. Well, we really grooved as a trio - not a bad vibe there at all - and we just worked up a lot of new material until the right person turned up. We were looking for someone who not only played our music but someone who thought the same



way as we did.... a stone cat, if you like, and Clem was exactly right. It didn't take him ten minutes to feel his way into it, and he arrived just at the right time - just as I was realising what a strain it was going to be if we stayed as a trio. So now we're together.... ravers and dirty rock'n'rollers".

It seemed to me that despite the acoustic period the group went through early on, Steve was always subduing the "dirty rock'n'roll" pressures that were training to get him jumping again. Instead of giving vent to his natural style, he went stabbing into various fields without ever finding a direction.... Humble Pie were constantly seeking, but never finding.

"Well, when we started, we were very careful not to tread on Pete's toes - it was his influence that had to count because it was his band. I've always been loud, as you well know, but Pete's approach was softer and I couldn't really impose. You see, I joined Humble Pie after it was formed, knowing that Pete was the leader - although, in actual fact, I formed the band. After Pete had left the Herd, he asked me if I knew anyone he could start a new band with, and I put him onto Jerry, who was still very young but had the makings of a great drummer. Then I rang up Greg, who I knew wasn't very happy with his group, and as it turned out, when he joined, I joined too".

"Anyway, where were we? Oh yes; Pete's roots and influences were very different from ours in as much as he'd been through the whole jazz trip and none of us had. I mean, I like Mingus and a few others, but I'm not too keen on a lot of jazz kicks and licks, but we all went along with Pete and played acoustically. Then my influence inevitably started surfacing, and prompted by Greg and Jerry too, we got into some shouty rock'n'roll, which escalated over a period until Pete's influence had more or less become non-existent. So you can see what happened - he couldn't play the stuff that he wanted to anymore and in the end, decided to leave. But when you look at it, that's what I am - a rock'n'roller.... I can't pretend to be anything else".

I told him that I'd always thought of him as a crunchy-chordy-rockblaster.

"Well, that's right, though I've got into a bit of lead work lately - like Clem's willing to

# ZIMPLE ZIMON MEETS THE PIEMAN (STEVE MARRIOTT, THAT IS)

# STUFF & NONSENSE

better soul album than 'Otis Blue', then it must be by Freddie Scott. I urge you to listen to it, and buy if you think it is as good as I do. Next in this category is Tommy James' 'Greatest Hits' compilation. No doubt about it 'Crimson and Clover' is a classic, and there's quite a few others in there too. A double album of Ray Charles best stuff, a collaboration between ABC-Paramount and Atlantic, is excellent, with thirty-six tracks on a double album, including the long version of 'What'd I Say'. I should need to add nothing, but I would urge more record companies to come together and pool their products for 'Greatest Hits' albums. The double Dylan album deserves a mention in this category, as does a compilation of recent hits on Polydor called 'Nicely Together' which has the first two Slade hits among a mixture of gems and dross.

Winner of category of 'Most Inept Title of the Century' goes to an LP called 'Mama's Big Ones' by Mama Cass. Can you believe that? But whilst on the subject, the good lady has made a nice new album, on RCA again, and hopefully they won't try anything too silly with her in the way of album titles.

'Best Live Album Ever' (in my opinion) - Bangla Desh, a really fine package. Tears came to my eyes the first time I heard Clapton's solo on 'White my Guitar Gently Weeps'. Please Eric, come back - we need you desperately, and what's more, I'd love to interview you. Bangla Desh deserves a place in everyone's collection, both for the music and the events that sparked it off.

'Good to Have Another Album (U.K.)' goes to the Brinsleys, Jeff Beck and Badfinger. Don't underrate that last name,

see  
**AL STEWART**  
at the Rainbow  
on March 7

they're better than you think. The USA award goes jointly to the Captain, Brewer and Shipley, Nilsson, Grin, It's A Beautiful Day, Laura Nyro, Paul Simon, Harvey Mandel, Boz Scaggs, J. Geils and Ry Cooder. The Doors 'Other Voices' as well, and doubtless their double 'Greatest Hits' although I haven't heard it yet.

'Newcomers to my Shelves' is shared by Mickey Newbury's 'American Trilogy', Papa John Creach, and the excellent Mordecai Jones, who's backed by Link Wray.

'Re-Emergence' goes primarily to Rick Nelson, whom we hope to interview, and the Kinks, a group whose albums should be persevered with, even if you don't come first time. (Not many people do).

'Novelty Rock n' Roll' award is taken easily by the Royal Teens, who have produced an album on Pye at £1.49 which consists of excellent introductions cribbed from the classics (like the Del-Vikings 'Whispering Bells') preceding recent hits. Very good and sometimes very funny. Sha Na Na lives - hopefully.

'Re-availability of the essential Grist' goes again to RCA (nobody could say we don't forgive and forget), for putting out all those excellent Country Joe albums. 'Electric Music', you will recall, was voted 23rd best album ever by ZZ readers, so you can go out and get it, if you don't already possess and treasure it. The award also takes into account the re-issue of every Vanguard Buffy Saint Marie album, plus the first release of some that didn't make it before. An interesting story came to my ears - that Buffy herself refused to let Philips put out her albums after they wanted to do a whole Red Indian trip on one of her sleeves. You know, war paint on the face, tomahawks - the lot. Hmm.

Finally, 'Oddity of the Issue' goes to Jerry Garcia's solo album. I put it on, not noticing that the speed was wrong, and it wasn't until I heard what sounded like Neil Reid's voice after about five minutes, that it occurred to me that it wasn't a 45; funny, that.

That's all the awards, and leaves me time only to note that whoever the bogus Burrito Bros were, they played really well at the Rainbow to a very mini audience. Incidentally, Leon Russell played very badly at the Rainbow, but listen to Marc Benno's 'Minnows' album. And what is more, the Chi-Lites single is great, and the lights have just gone off, so bye bye for now.

John.

Well now, about halfway through the year and the first Zigzag of 1972 limps out, minus about threequarters of the things advertised, but I can definitely say that Interviews with the Turtles and Lou Reed will be in the issue after the Byrds one. I know - I did them. (Big deal).

Right; records. Its been so long since the last time that mammoth quantities have found their way into my snivelling, groping, greedy hands, and there's a pretty good percentage that haven't made their way to the cheap racks. Certainly better than usual, and I shall now pretend that Zigzag is a paper of pretensions and award some awards. First off, 'Single of the Decade for Elderly Rockers' goes to Don McLean's 'American Pie'. Perhaps we'll print some of the more interesting explanations of the lyrics if you send them in, but I expect the record will be forgotten by the time we come out again, and 'Ride a White Ferret' (part 29) will be Top of the Pops. Re-packaging tastefully award goes to RCA. After, the (deservedly) vitriolic remarks in the last issue, an old friend of Zigzag, Barry Holt, went to work for the company, and has sent me staggering along Curzon St with oodles of goodies, particularly the excellent Vanguard double album re-issues. For £2.99 each (I think), you can get doubles of Eric Anderson, Doc Watson, Mississippi John Hurt, Richard and Mimi Farina, the Weavers, and best of all, John Hammond, who's backed by members of the Band and Area Code 615. Philips treated the Vanguard catalogue with a far lesser regard for the few thousand lovers of good music in Britain, and RCA have really done nicely with this series. No doubt there's more to come, and I'm sure if you write nicely to RCA with your suggestions for Vanguard re-issues, they'll listen sympathetically. Next time, the re-packaging award will go to Fly, who are putting out the first two albums each of Joe Cocker (get back on the road!), the Move, Procol Harum, and the dreaded bopping pixie. These doubles cost £2.30 each. Nice one, as the trendy wankers say.

Comedy album award of the issue goes to Cheech and Chong, whom it would be nice to see at the Rainbow. Golden Oldies Re-issues is an award shared by several people, the first being Freddy Scott with 'Are You Lonely For Me', a Shout album produced by Bert Berns, and available for the first time on Joy at £1.30. If there was a



The old and the new: left photo: Frampton/Shirley/Ridley/Marriott; right photo: Clempson/Ridley/Marriott/Shirley

double chords with me... he doesn't want to hog all the lead!

In view of what he said, pictures sprang to my mind where Steve, Jerry and Greg would sit around listening to records, chatting and getting ideas, and then having to suppress them in order to follow Pete's line.

"That's just it; Pete was straight and we weren't, and the three of us inevitably got drawn together and got influenced together.... but I was in a weird situation. I was a bit lost and insecure having just left the Small Faces; everyone thought I was a total idiot (or words to that effect) for leaving that band, but looking back it wasn't such a bad thing to do - they got a fresh lease of life and so did I. So me and Greg and Jerry, though we felt and thought differently from Pete, we were willing to try and groove with him until the differences became too great. The eventual split was the best thing that could have happened really because now we can pursue our ideas wholeheartedly - and with Clem we're doing just that."

To go back to the start, it seemed that the newborn Humble Pie were going to succeed by having greatness thrust upon them, rather than by earning a reputation.

"We wanted to come in by the back door, but the press thought differently." In the end, reality didn't match up to the press hype

and anticipation, they felt the backlash of bad reviews, snide comment and a sea of criticism. Through it all, Humble Pie were doing their best and remained convinced that they'd win through in time, despite the tensions that strained below the surface. All they really needed was time to sort themselves out. Of course, their early gigs were less than remarkable - it was inevitable; you have to be bad in front of audiences before you can be good in front of them. As Steve says "you could rehearse for three years and still blow your first gig."

Shouting and cursing elsewhere in the building heralded the arrival of the three others who careered swaggering and brawling into the room. "Have you been spilling the beans about what a ceat he was?" shouted Jerry... and everybody fell about in hysteria. After it'd reassembled the broken parts of the tape recorder and decorum had been restored, I attempted to continue.

"Yeah - we didn't give a shit; the press treated us as wankers, but we knew what we were doing...." "Too true, it's a pity more groups don't realise that 90% of music critics are complete arseholes.... why bother with the opinions of people you don't respect?"

Anyway, to cut a long story very short, the band had the courage of their conviction.

ions and just got on with it, and after a couple of American tours, appearances in Britain and several albums, the press decided to accept them as a group rather than a Supergroup. Steve's maxim for the period was "go where you're appreciated.... after all, England fits into the corner of Texas."

As if bum press reaction wasn't enough, Immediate Records collapsed (owing Zigzag bread too, I might add) and they were left with thoughts of throwing in the towel nothing, no bread, no support, no gigs, no label and no royalties. It was almost the last straw, but we put on our bowlers and pinstripes and went out hustling. We had to, it was survival."

A&M Records, seeing their value, stepped in and saved the day, and eventually the group gave them a smash hit in 'Perform-ance', the double album recorded during the death throes of the Fillmore.

"American audiences always seem to participate more at a concert - especially in New York, where the audiences sort of feel that they discovered us.... and they're right, because we got our first 'local' following at the Fillmore. But the Americans are extroverts - they come dressed up and want to be part of it. They shout and sing back at you and get involved, but then the whole scene is geared to accommodate that -

like even the light shows flash 'far-fucking-out' on the screen behind you, and everyone wants to have a good time. That's why the double album was so full of atmosphere. English audiences tend to be more reserved".

The band is more together now than it's ever been, and Dave Clempson's suitability will be seen on the new album, currently in preparation.

I was wrong in my ideas about Humble Pie; I thought that the combination was wrong - that the differences in age and background were too great to produce a good working unit. Like Greg came from Spooky Tooth, who gave the impression of being the roughest, rowdiest, druggiest bunch of blokes....

"There you go!" said Steve, "you hit it right on the head." (Much laughter and cackling).... and Jerry came from a secluded East Anglian environment....

"Nah, he came from a rowdy, druggy bunch too." "Wahos, hooting and general pandemonium. Jerry explained that he came from North London anyway.... and you (to Steve) seemed to be...."

"the drug artist from the East End". Unabandoned whooping and gaily breaks out. "Don't worry mate! Says Steve ".... the chemistry is there alright."

Yes, I suppose so.... there would seem to be a common element in there somewhere.



A regular column by Bob Harris (which always arrives about 4 days late - come on Harris, come out from under those headphones and get yer biro working!)

If we are to take 'Top of the Pops' as the visual barometer of the state and direction of pop music in 1972, then we are in a pretty dire mess. I watched today (in the week when 'Son of my Father' took over from 'Telegram Sam' at number one), and sat almost unbelieving as the Hollies, the Sweet, Chicory Tip and the Fortunes went through their two-and-a-half minute rituals, honestly trying to make myself believe that it wasn't what it seemed - the same lot appearing four times, each time to play an insipid, totally inoffensive piece of Wimpy Bar muzak with the maximum amount of ego and the minimum of musical involvement. Billy Preston, Colin Blunstone and particularly Don McLean (all on that same programme) at least gave it some kind of soul, but it was a frightening experience. Without 'American Pie', T. Rex, and the Faces, this week's Top Twenty would be almost devoid of any kind of character or personality (although I very much like the Badfinger single, and Paul Simon should be there by the time you read this). Rarely have the singles charts been less of a reflection of ourselves than they are today. And I do believe that they should be, as should the programme which represents them, a reflection of a point of time - the mirror for our inexperience, our energy; the colour and the atmosphere which somehow makes our learning and growing a time to remember. I think the Top Twenty is the music of the juke box, the discotheque; music of the city, music which truly represents the emotional energy which I remember being expressed for me through the excitement of my involvement with the music of the Beatles, Stones, the Who and the Kinks, and those many others. To have been into it, 1956/

bands on the label, and has had the time to make one of the most sensitive and delicate albums I've ever heard. He seems to express, just in one line of a song, feelings and emotions which I struggle for years even to recognise. Please listen to this LP and try to feel its warmth and strength; he is a remarkable man.

Judee Sill's LP took me very much by surprise. As with Mary Hopkin's 'Earth Song/Ocean Song' some weeks earlier, the music seemed to fill the room with the kindest of feelings. 'Gandhava' by Beaver and Krause becomes whatever you want to make it, and Brinsley Schwarz's 'Silver Pistol' has a truth and simplicity about it which is like a deep breath of fresh air. Look out too, when it comes, for a record by Jimmy Spheeris called 'Isle of View' - very good.

Something with a bit more boogie about it is a new album by the Siegal Schwall Band, which I'll no doubt have played on the Monday or Review programme by this time, Bridget St John's 'Fly High' single; as Alan Black so rightly said last week, it is among the most magical things she has done. Mind you, having only just recovered from the bruising received at the hands of various members of the Peel foundation for missing the impact of the last Medicine Head single, I can only suggest that a copy of the new David Bedford album finds it way into every home, lest the great man stamps his foot again, which hasn't happened for quite some time. Rick Nelson's LP has moments of rare beauty, and finally Focus, a Dutch band (as I write they are playing gigs in this country) whose recording 'Moving Waves' should find a place in your collection. Since I've owned it, friends seem to be making unusually profuse apologies for having to leave early, but I think its great. Jan Akkerman's guitar is among the tastiest I've heard for a long time, and the album is one of great contrasts and humour.

So. Another rambling (but much more together than the last one) piece of writing from Bob. I didn't thank you last time because I didn't know, but thank you for the poll result. John was rightly number one. Without him, my radio programme, this magazine, and many more like it, would most likely not be possible. To be second to him in your thoughts has made me very happy. He has done a very great deal for all of us.

Bob

Hello, hello, hello - welcome to Spring, and our quarterly mag! I know I'm always moaning and carping, but oh for the luxury of a 48 pager, or better still 64 pager - then we could squeeze everything in. Unfortunately, we've had to leave over interviews with the lovely Miss Bridget St John, the excessive Mothers, and the lustful Hawkwind. Never mind... on to better things.

All going to see the Captain? Good. Jeff Cloves, after months of seclusion in a Hertfordshire monastery, suddenly reappears! He's been spending the time preparing an anthology of some of his poems and his own rock magazine called 'Ooop-bop-she-bam!' - and what's more, both these fine periodicals are available to Zigzagers at the ridiculously low price of:

'And this may just be heaven!' - Jeff's poems, songs, drawings, collages, and photos (of his St. Albans penthouse even) .... that's 20p including post (while stocks last, folks), and then there's edition number one of 'Ooopbopshebam!' - poems, reminiscences, music, pictures, notes, snippets, Jasper Brackett and a galaxy of grist - all for 13p inc. post! Unbelievable. His address (groupies welcome) is 5, Manor Road, St Albans, Herts.

And whilst on the subject of publications, a brief word on a few others:

Lillian Roxon's 'Rock Encyclopedia' is available from aware bookshops at £1.70. This obsolescent tome was published in 1969 and hasn't been revised, which is rather like publishing the Top Twenty a few months late, but even so, its full of fax and info (even if some bits are pretty inaccurate) and I've got to admit that I refer to it a great deal. Heavy reading - 611 pages. Lillian rocks on.

Charlie Gillett's book 'The Sound of the City' is at last widely available in bookshops around Britain (Souvenir Press). We've touted this fine history of rock n' roll before, but have one major criticism - he left Zigzag out of his list of recommended reading. ... you filthy rotten pig dog, Gillett - we'll send the boys down to open up your face for you! It's worth reading despite that dreadful flaw.

'Revolt into Style' by George Melly is out in Penguin at 40p, and is a gas. Melly's obvious enthusiasm, tempered with more than a pinch of cynicism, always hits the nail on the head, and at times he had me pissing myself (not a pretty sight). Also I found myself involuntarily making notes and even started a giant family tree (oh no), based on the book, to get the whole rock scene into perspective.

If you're interested in the history of rock, a really invaluable magazine is 'Who Put the Bomb', which has a lot of good writers doing articles for it, and is edited by Greg Shaw who used to put out San Francisco's 'Mojo Navigator'. I suppose it centralises on the Mersey boom of '62 - '65, but it wheels out on all sides too. You can get sample copies by sending 5 International reply coupons (from any post office) to 64, Taylor Drive, Fairfax Calif. 94930.

Speaking of Greg Shaw, we apparently made a bit of a balls-up regarding the Janis Joplin/Big Brother interview in the last issue. He asks us to make you aware of the following: "That interview was done at an important stage in the development of the group; Janis had joined a couple of months previously, their popularity had declined drastically while she was trying to learn their songs. They were one of the first SF groups to get an out-of-town booking, and the Chicago



story was of interest in that regard. At the time they returned and noticed our mag, Mojo Navigator, which had started in their absence, on sale at the Psychedelic Shop; they were so desperate for publicity that they called us breathlessly, begging to be interviewed, came over to our apartment with their assorted wives and families, and spent the entire day. This was a month or so before their single 'Blind Man' came out, and as the interview shows, they were feeling very humble and fatalistic about everything.

I might also have pointed out that what you printed was only the first half of the interview. The second half, which they refused to let us publish, consisted chiefly of complaints against Ralph Gleason (who had held them back by his nasty comments - he'd do a whole column on the Grateful Dead - then his fave rave, and stick on at the end 'Big Brother also played; I walked out after two songs!'), and Bill Graham, who had refused, the previous week, to let Janis in the Fillmore without paying."

John Curd, imprisoned by mistake, thanks all Zigzag readers who sent him letters and cards. He's taken up the guitar, so look out Clapton when he gets out.

Records since the last issue have been a very mixed and varied lot, would you not agree? Here are some worth rushing out to listen to and perchance to purchase. J. Geils (lacks the sting of their first), Brewer and Shipley (not as good as either of their previous ones), The Faces (ditto), Judy Collins, Kantner/Slick, The Byrds (getting better again), the Burritos (released last year, but excellent in parts) Gene Clark (ditto), Brinsley Schwarz, Ry Cooder, Garcia (nice one), Beefheart (ditto), the Bangla Desh concert, Neil Young (standing still?), and Paul Simon (though this is nowhere near the beautiful intricacy of, say, 'Bookends'....no-where near!).

Help Yourself have a new album out around now as well - I've only heard a couple of tapes, but it's as if the spirit of the extinct Quicksilver Messenger Service had been reincarnated in their meagre, starving forms. Hooray for Help Yourself - long may their lums reek!

Larry Knechtal has joined Bread. Good news indeed - for he was one of my first idols. I saw him playing piano for Duane Eddy at the Elephant and Castle Trocadero when I was hardly out of short trousers; his subsequent session work, especially playing on the Mamas and Papas albums, has always been superb. Come on over mate, we're waiting for you.

Another magazine I forgot to mention - it's a poetry mag called 'Lines'; 15p inc post from 68, Southdown Road, SW20.

Mick Softley invited us over to the Manor to see how he was getting on with his third CBS album. I wrote a long account of the visit but, of course, we ran out of pages. Anyway, very briefly, it sounds good and any criticisms I have would take too long to explain. He's included an old 1965 hit 'I'm so confused' - one of the first anti organised religion records... great song.

Amusing to see that the New Musical Express have undergone a very peculiar transfiguration from teenybop to progressive, heavy, man. The older guys seem to have stepped into the shadows and left it to a new, young, forceful breed of journalists to explore areas of progressive music; good for laughs.

Disc, apart from John Peel's column, would seem to be an almost total waste of time and 6p, and though Melody Maker conveys a lot of information, I can't help feeling that a big nose and a head to match are probably the features they look for in their writers. I agree with most of the things that Richard Williams writes (he usually chooses to review the best albums and interview the people that interest me most) and I enjoy Geoffrey Cannons occasional pieces. (I can never understand why people link the names of Cannon and Tony Palmer; they're about as similar as wine and phlegm). I love Cannon's enthusiasm and obvious deep love of good rock - though I don't always understand the way he expresses himself. I'd like to sit with him and listen to, say, Neil Young's 'Harvest' - and talk about the tracks. Come to think about it, there are a lot of people I'd like to sit down and listen to records with.

Sounds is probably my favourite weekly; it has some funny factual goofs, and its awfully fond of congratulating itself for petty successes, there's a lot of pandering to advertisers and publicists (that is probably the pot calling the kettle), and the front page headlines are usually farcical (to digress - the letters page this week has a picture of Ian Hunter and the headline 'Mott's concerts spoiled by noisy audiences' or something like that, and no mention anywhere of anything of the sort), but despite all that, it has a lot going for it. I like Steve Peacock's stuff, Jerry Gilbert's too, Martin Hayman has fits of enthusiasm and Penny Valentine's work is often very informative (e.g. she did the best article ever on Steve Stills). The free ads are good too, we've picked up some goodies from them.

Needless to say - Zigzag is the world's best quarterly rock publication (not surprising: it's the only one). Frame blows his own horn again - a repulsive sight.

That's about all for this issue - I seem to have run out of trite, ephemeral drivel, but the next issue will be totally devoted to the BYRDS! All your questions answered, all you ever wanted to know about them in this amazingly comprehensive document. Look out for it around the beginning of May, and if it hasn't come out by then, keep looking.... we'll make it sooner or later. Meanwhile you can help if you'd be so kind; I want this book to be as representative of Zigzag as possible, so if you can find the time, please list your favourite 10, or even 20, Byrds tracks in order of preference and send them in as soon as you can. If while you're in the mood, you want to say anything else about the Byrds e.g. what you think of various albums, or their stage act, or anything else, we'll be pleased to hear from you.

OK, take care and look after yourselves .... see you again soon.

Pete.

# ZIGZAG

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Distributed by  
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Due to space restrictions, we've had to leave out the rest of the poll results, but separately printed copies of these have been sent to all subscribers. Should you desire a copy, merely send a large s.a.e

ZIGZAG ROCK ROCK

Goof (what do you expect at 3 a.m.?)

Concluding our chat with **Rory Gallagher**:

**ZZ:** Supposing you decide to sit down and listen to some guitarists..... which records would you put on?

**Rory:** Hardly a day goes by without me sticking on a Muddy Waters record - or, if I want to hear a bit of acoustic, Doc Watson. Then I like to listen to Scrapper Blackwell, Blind Blake, Blind Boy Fuller - some of those guys could play the legs off anyone. I often play some old Eddie Cochran, Buddy Holly - I listen to those guys too. People who played guitar on Dylan's mid-period stuff are nice..... those tracks with Bloomfield and Robbie Robertson.

**ZZ:** What about your contemporaries - do you try to keep up with what's going on at the moment?

**Rory:** Up to a point.... I keep my ears open. Keith Richard always gives me a kick - he's a good mean guitarist who doesn't mess about..... he always keeps his grit, but still manages to move on. Martin Carthy.... Bert Jansch.... Davy Graham.... I think that the acoustic guitarists in Britain are a little ahead of the electric ones, or maybe it's just because we hear the electric ones more often and we're used to hearing them play well.

**ZZ:** What about singers?

**Rory:** Well, Muddy again, Dylan, Willie Johnson, Eddie Cochran.... so many people I think I probably have a tendency to get used to hearing some bands and I don't give them the credit they deserve.... their names don't spring to my mind. Let's see.... I like Steeleye Span, the Stones, Rod Stewart, Jansch sings nicely. I reckon the old blues guys, especially Muddy, are pretty difficult to beat.

**ZZ:** Let's talk briefly about Ireland; do you feel that London's your home now?

**Rory:** I'm domiciled here.... it's a place to hang out, but I can't regard it as my home. I'm always thinking about Ireland, but I get home fairly often, so it's not too bad. I mean, that's not to say I don't appreciate London.... you'd probably feel the same if you came from Derby.

**ZZ:** What about the group scene over there?

**Rory:** Well, the troubles in the north don't help, of course, but it's improving steadily. Skid Row, Thin Lizzy, the Woods Band and various others have come over here to have a go.

**ZZ:** I know you can't generalise, but it seems that most bands coming over from Ireland have a Rory type feel to them... as



if they're treading the path of a great pioneer.

**Rory:** Now come on, you don't think I could be as presumptuous and pompous as to agree to a statement like that. There are all sorts of different bands.... a wealth of music.... from hard rock to the folk scene, which is particularly rich. I think that most rock musicians have the urge to make it, and that usually involves coming to England, but recently the gig scene has improved and bands aren't so anxious to leave Ireland.... they're taking their time and getting more experience before stepping out too far. The scene where you-had-to-make-it-before-you-were-twenty has been superceded by a much more relaxed state of affairs where musicians are musicians and age is unimportant. It's a much more pleasant and satisfactory state of affairs.

**ZZ:** What about your recent pioneering tour of America - did you manage to see anything except the insides of hotels and dark auditoriums? Like, did you see the seamy side of America at all?

**Rory:** Well, Detroit was probably a tough area, but the odd days that we did have off were usually in milder cities where the violence wasn't so evident. We played five nights at the Whiskey in LA, two sets a night, and that was good.... then we moved back to the east coast for a while, and on to Chicago.

**ZZ:** Did you get to see any bluesmen there, or was it too perilous for a white kid to penetrate the clubs?

**Rory:** I saw Hound Dog Taylor - he was just great.... played and sang through a little Fender amp. That was at Peppers Lounge, which is apparently the only blues club you can safely go to these days, what with all the tension, and that seemed to be pretty much of a borderline case as far as safety went. Then we had a blow with a white band called Siegal Schwall, which was nice. They're a nice folkie, acoustic blues band.... great harmonica player.... and they showed us around, took us to the pawn shops and so on. Then we went back to New York and off home.

**ZZ:** Was it a well promoted and organised tour?

**Rory:** It wasn't the best tour as far as promotion went, but I can't really complain because we were only third on the bill. Like, a typical bill was Frank Zappa, Mylon, and then us.... but maybe it'll be a bit better the next time.

Pete.

photograph by Barrie Wentzell

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