

DR HOOK NICK DRAKE MOBY GRAPE LOVIN SPOONFUL
FREE ● JOHN STEWART ALBERT HAMMOND AND MORE

zigzag 42

VOL 5 No 2

*Early Flight
2 Spoonful
Sopwell Camel*

15PENCE



ANDY FRASER & PAUL RODGERS



ZIGZAG
70 OLD COMPTON STREET
LONDON W1V 5PA

01 439 1741

June 1974

editor

ANDY CHILDS

business manager

JIM MCGUIRE

secretary/subscriptions

LYNNE ROBINSON

production

JULIAN STAPLETON

NICK LUMSDEN

CHLOE ALEXANDER

hangin around

PETE FRAME

JOHN TOBLER

MAC GARRY

indispensable

ANTHONY OLIVER

NINA PIPPIN

BOB HOPE

dispensable

MICHAEL WALE

GRATEFUL THANKS ALSO TO ANDREW & MAURINE
AT THE WORD-OF-MOUTH ARCHIVES, TO MARTIN
HALL'S ACME TAPE TRANSCRIPTION SERVICES

ZIGZAG IS PUBLISHED BY SPICEBOX BOOKS LTD,
PRINTED BY THE CHESHAM PRESS OF GERMAIN
STREET CHESHAM Bucks, AND DISTRIBUTED BY
NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY OF SARNIAUX INN HIGH
WOLBORN LONDON EC1

Copyright here and abroad of all editorial content is
held by the publishers, Spicebox Books, and repro-
duction in whole or in part is forbidden, save with
the written permission of the publishers. © 1974

Published as a public service

HOME EDITION



How can you refuse
this month's offer?
A full colour Zigzag
5th Anniversary T
Shirt, (as sported
here by the dashing
James O.D. McGuire)
is yours for the asking
if you subscribe.
How can you live
without one?

All you have to do
is fill in the coupon
(or write the details
on a piece of paper
if you don't want
to chop up this
marvellous mag.)
and send it off with
the money (cheque
or P.O. made out
to ZIGZAG) to
Zigzag subscriptions
70 Old Compton St.
London W1V 5PA.
You will receive
your T Shirt and
twelve issues of
the world's finest
music publication
(excluding 'The
Sound Of Music
Songbook') delivered
in a plain wrapper.

**DON'T DELAY-
DO IT TODAY!**

☐ 12 Issues of ZIGZAG + T Shirt : £3:65

☐ 12 Issues of ZIGZAG only £2:00

☐ T Shirt Only : £1:65

State colour and size in order of preference

☐ LARGE

☐ RED

☐ MEDIUM

☐ GREEN

☐ SMALL

☐ BLUE

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

Foreign subscriptions: Surface mail 6 dollars, Air mail 12 dollars.



CREST 16

Tim Moore. One of Woodstock's best kept secrets.

Tim Moore doesn't seem to have any conception of time. By now, most artists with Tim's talent would be on their fifth or sixth album, touring the country signing autographs, fending off fans.

Tim's been too busy living out an aesthetic songwriter's dream in Woodstock, where it's easy. Up there, he's written hit songs for other artists, done session work on hit albums, and continued to turn down record offers.

Tim was content, living with his music, until his music lived up to the high expectations.

Then one day, a small record company was founded in Woodstock. They were able to convince Tim that his time had come, and he should begin his first recording.

The result is a refreshing fusion of talent, heart, and blarney. It's such a good album, in fact, it must even please Tim.

Mooncrest Records now has the honour of presenting Tim Moore to the British public. There can be little doubt that this injection of great talent has a unique attraction for everyone who likes first class music.



Mooncrest

MARKETED BY B&C RECORDS, 37 BOND STREET, LONDON W1

WEREN'T BORN A MAN

Dana Gillespie

Her debut album APL 0354
also available on cassette & cartridge



RCA Records and Tapes

IN SEARCH OF NICK DRAKE



Hi there! Nice to be with you, happy you could stick around

Six months ago I walked wearily into the office of ZigZag's production consultant. Weary because it was 1.30 in the morning, and because the then current issue of the magazine was virtually complete; after days of last minute toing and froing, it was all over for another four weeks. He was playing a record that began, imperceptibly, or so it seemed to me, to fill the entire room with music of ravishing beauty. I asked who it was and he replied Nick Drake. Two hours later I left his place with my head reeling, after keeping him up so that I could listen to Nick's other albums. I also, fortunately, persuaded him to lend me Nick's latest album 'Pink Moon' and when I got home I played it again to try and dispel my incredulity that there was music this good that I hadn't been aware of till now. It worked and I went to bed anxiously waiting for the next day, which offered another chance to listen to some more; my feelings about Nick Drake and his music haven't altered since then.

Island, in the person of their press officer, informed me that they didn't know where Nick Drake was, what he was doing, or what he intended to do, but did send me some photos and all their old press releases about him. One in particular was an extraordinary testament, at least in terms of the normal guff that record companies issue, so I phoned the man who had written it, because by now I had to know as much as possible about how this beautiful music came to be made. This is what I uncovered.

Nick was discovered, as the saying goes, at the Roundhouse, where he was playing during a 12 day festival for peace arranged by one of the more 'hip' members of the aristocracy. Tyger Hutchings, then playing bass with Fairport Convention, had gone to see Country Joe, and heard Nick playing. He was sufficiently impressed at what he saw, that he went backstage, talked to Nick, and got a telephone number from him. He also, more importantly, mentioned Nick and his reactions to Joe Boyd, who was then head of Witchseason Productions. Joe Boyd rang Nick and asked him to send Witchseason some tapes of his songs. The tape he sent in had been put together on a home recorder; Joe remembers that it contained among others, three songs that were to appear on Nick's first album, 'Five Leaves Left'. Joe called Nick back and told him how impressed he had been with the tape, and asked him to visit Witchseason as soon as he could. Now that is pretty much the story that has been told of every musician in his first encounters with a record company since Elvis did his famous one minute mile to get to the Sun studios in 1954. Two bits of the story are different. The first was that Nick was visiting Witchseason and not a normal record company.

Joe Boyd had been the first head of Elektra in this country, but had left in 1966 to become a producer, working on, among other things, the Floyd's first single, 'Arnold Layne' which was released in 1967. With the growth of the underground, there was a need for individuals who were a part of that culture to take on the business aspects, and this Joe did, so Nick was going to an enterprise that was part of the movement itself, rather than exploiting it. Witchseason's impact on British music of that era was profound. It was one of the first units to offer the artist a complete service—management, agency, publishing and recording, and in terms of the taste that it exhibited in the artists it signed, it was equally innovative—Fairport Convention, and The Incredible String Band. But that is another long, long story.

The second difference was that whereas Sam Phillips had first started the great Presley history with the remark, when he was considering who to record 'Without You', 'What about the kid with the sideburns?', Joe Boyd had a very special response to what he sensed of Nick Drake from the tape. 'I've always had a very strong taste for melody and it has obviously been reflected in the people I have worked with. And it was Nick's melodies that really impressed me. There was also a considerable feeling of

sophistication and maturity about his songs and the way they were delivered. While the tapes were in the office, I was playing them to someone who came in, and he made a remark to the effect that they sounded like Donovan, and although a lot of people went on to echo that sentiment it was one that had never occurred to me, because I really did feel that I was listening to a remarkably original singer. And from the point of view of a producer, I felt that they lent themselves perfectly to good arrangements. So when he came in to the office we decided to do an album."

The album was 'Five Leaves Left', and I think, together with Family's 'Doll's House', although it received nothing like as much acclaim, is one of the best first albums ever made. The songs are stunningly evocative; Nick latches onto a theme and develops the inspiration it furnishes him, with a fierce, but always coherent intensity. His voice provides all the melody, with the arrangements underpinning its subtlety. It is a curious thing about Nick Drake's songs that they are almost impossible to sing, for he teases notes and phrases in such a way that they only seem to exist for the moment; and as soon as that moment has passed all that remains is a disembodied memory. His voice lacks stridency, but never falters, and this comes from his very gentle attack, so it seems that all the notes are slurred. The arrangements on the album demonstrate Robert Kirby's literally fantastic empathy with Nick. They are sombre and melancholy, devoid of gaiety, but exhibit a total apposition to the voice.

Joe Boyd had already sensed that arranging would be the key to a successful production, and the first attempt was made in summer of 1968, using material from a new demo tape that Nick had got together in the spring. The arranger they used was the same guy who had arranged James Taylor's first album (anybody know his name?), and had been recommended to Joe by Terry Cox then with Pentangle.

They recorded three songs which Joe recalls as having 'nice' arrangements, with the quotation marks he would wrap around the word evident in his voice. In spite of enthusiasm from Polydor, it was generally agreed that another soul would be needed. Robert Kirby was a friend of Nick's from Cambridge; Nick had told Joe that he wanted to use him on 'Way To Blue' one of the tracks that they were attempting to record. Joe remembers being fairly sceptical, but agreed to meet Kirby in Cambridge, where Kirby explained that he wanted to use just six strings and Danny Thompson on bass. Joe's scepticism turned to delight when he heard the results of the one track and so Robert Kirby went on to do the arrangements for all but one song on that album and all the material on Nick's next, 'Bryter Layter', with results little short of magic. Joe describes Nick as being very shy and tentative, with Robert Kirby throwing out ideas until one stuck, but detected in Nick's quietness, a determination to wait and keep working until the music was exactly how he wanted it to be. The album took nearly a year to finish. "That was partly because Sound Techniques had just had 8-track equipment installed, partly because Nick was very unhappy at Cambridge where he was still an undergraduate, but most of the delay came from his reticent, yet strangely determined approach to recording." Another relationship that was forged during the making of the album which has had a profound effect on the subsequent work of Nick was with John Wood, who was the engineer at Sound Techniques, where Joe Boyd did the major part of his work. Joe describes the relationship thus: "John was tremendously interested in Nick's work, and very, very protective towards him. Their relationship is still a mystery to me. Every time I come back to England I try and arrange it so that John and I could do some work with Nick if he wanted to, but . . ."

The tape was played to Island at Sound Techniques, who agreed to release it, although the general feeling was that in spite of the relationship with Island, Witchseason could easily

have obtained another record company's interest. Island's efforts can possibly be gauged by this peerless piece of prose that was sent out with the record. It reads in part: "Nick Drake is tall and lean. He lives somewhere in Cambridge, somewhere close to the University (where he is reading English) because he hates wasting time travelling, does not have a telephone—more for reasons of finance than any anti-social feelings and tends to disappear for three or four days at a time, when he is writing, but above all . . . he makes music!" The record sold almost nothing. One feeling at the time still current in quarters that ought to know better, is shown in a reply to my question as to why it didn't sell, "It only sold six copies because there are only that many people miserable enough to buy it."

Joe Boyd explains the problems encountered in trying to bring Nick's music to the public: "The conventional approach is to get the artist performing, but Nick had very little experience of playing live, and the one occasion when we tried, was disastrous. It was the first gig the Fairports did after the car crash, and Nick opened the show. He did three numbers, and then 'Things Behind The Sun' which I remember, because I was really upset that it wasn't on 'Bryter Layter'. Nobody really seemed interested, and of course Nick's enthusiasm for performing was minimal. It became very hard to get bookings for him. We also tried to establish some interest in him as a songwriter, for that way he would at least make some money, but again it was to no avail." Curiously enough, one person who did express interest in doing an entire album of Nick's songs was Francoise Hardy, to the extent that she brought her musicians over ready to record, but the only published material had been recorded by Nick already and he couldn't or wouldn't write fresh material for her, so she abandoned the project. So Nick was left in hiatus, surviving on the £15 a week provided by Island. Thank God he didn't perish, because he went on to make an altogether brilliant album, 'Bryter Layter'.

If Nick's career was helped initially by the sympathetic handling he received from Witchseason, it is also true that Witchseason bloody nearly ruined it, and it was only Joe Boyd's personal commitment that saved it. John Martyn in last month's issue reflected the general state of the malaise afflicting Witchseason, but Joe's comments maybe enlighten it a bit more. "1970 was Witchseason's last year and was insane. I realised my limitations as a manager, and was generally pretty unenthusiastic, the Fairports were in the shit with all the splits, and the String Band also required a lot of my time. I just generally took against working during that year—I OD'ed on record producing, I did twelve albums! The only ones that were the real thing were 'Bryter Layter' and Mike Heron's solo album, 'Smiling Men With Bad Reputations', and of the two Nick's took by far the greater amount of my time."

I think the album is near perfect. It exhibits the abundant quality that was evident on 'Five Leaves Left'—beautiful tunes beautifully sung, with arrangements that are audacious in what they attempt, and brilliant in what they accomplish. Here is what the review in Rolling Stone said about Nick Drake's album released over there. I should add that this album, called simply 'Nick Drake' was a selection of material from his three albums (which the reviewer doesn't seem aware of), but most of his comments seem to me to be based on the tracks taken from 'Bryter Layter'.

British singer-songwriter Nick Drake's American debut album is a beautiful and decadent record. A triumph of eclecticism, it successfully brings together varied elements characteristic of the evolution of urban folk rock music during the past five years. An incredibly slick sound that is highly dependent on production values (credit Joe Boyd) to achieve its effects, its dreamlike quality calls up the very best of the spirit of early sixties jazz-pop ballad. It combines this with the contemporary introspection of British folk rock to evoke a hypnotic spell of opiated languor.

The intention of casting a spell—perhaps the broadest and most powerful artistic impulse underlying Van Morrison's 'Astral Weeks', and to a lesser extent Cat Stevens' 'Mona Bone Jakon', 'Nick Drake' is an addictive record—perhaps even more than its predecessors, since Drake's voice is so softly, seductively sensual. Add to this Drake's own densely textured guitar, plus, of all unpromising elements, shades of Stan Getz and Ramsey Lewis, plus two of the most melancholy string arrangements ever written—and you get a head cocktail in which the 'astral' of Van Morrison and the 'transcendental' of Donovan are still present, yet seen as passively erotic distortions in a pool of sweet liqueur after a couple of downs and a few takes.

Could this sort of thing be the muzak of 1984? It would seem a fair guess. So what keeps 'Nick Drake' from being the muzak of today? The variety of its musical thought; the intensity of its aesthetic stance; and the superior musicianship of all concerned. Ray Warleigh's alto sax riffs are thrilling—tinged with the anarchic urban wail; likewise Chris McGregor's piano and John Cale's always distinctive contributions (celeste, piano and organ on 'Northern Sky', and viola and harpsichord on 'Fly').

Drake's songs vary considerably in style from the delightfully simple skipping-down-the-London-street 'One Of These Things First' to the Astrud Gilberto cafe-romantic ballad, 'At The Chime Of A City Clock'. Drake's tunes though more or less derivative, are melodically strong and harmonically kinetic. Their high degree of harmonic sophistication is enhanced by the brilliant arrangements, the most ambitious of which, by Harry Robinson, is lavished on 'River Man', a mystical reverie with affinities to 'Lazy Afternoon'.

'Cello Song' is a tour-de-force of Indian-influenced erotic meditation, wherein guitar and cello (Clare Lowther) are interwoven with Drake's husky voice (itself taking a second cello part) to create the most sensuous of textures. On 'Poor Boy', an outright gasp of self-pity, the soulful backup voices of Pat Arnold and Doris Troy repeatedly interrupt Drake's lament with the comment, 'Oh poor boy/So sorry for yourself'. This mockery of self-mockery is wonderfully ironic, but it also enhances the obsessively insomniac quality of the complaint itself—all six-and-one half gorgeous minutes of it.

Drake's greatest weakness—one he shares with all too many of today's male lyric troubadours, especially those from England—is the lack of verbal force in his song lyrics, which by and large could be characterised as nouveau art nouveau. In the case of Drake, this is less serious a liability that it is for artists who are more up front vocally. The beauty of Drake's voice is its own justification. May it become familiar to us all.

(Steven Holland, April 1972)

A fair summation, even if he couldn't resist the temptation to stick in the usual bit about drugs.

Most of the musicians came from loose affiliations with Witchseason's other bands, for example the Fairports, and musicians like Chris McGregor who had worked on Dudu Pukwana's album with Joe. Paul Harris was over to do John and Beverley Martyn's 'Road To Ruin' and John Cale was linked via Joe Boy's work with Nico. The record was again engineered by John Wood and arranged by Robert Kirby. The album had taken a year to get finished, but this was probably as much to do with the availability of players as with Nick's search for, and insistence on perfection. I asked Richard Thompson who overdubbed some guitar on one of the tracks what Nick was like to work with. "He is a very elusive character. It was at Trident I think, and I asked him what he wanted, but he didn't say much, so I just did it and he seemed fairly happy. People say that I'm quiet, but Nick's ridiculous. I really like his music; he's extremely talented, and if he wanted to be, he could be very successful."

It is at this stage that it is necessary to say, in a spirit of regret rather than one of vicarious

Like to introduce Legs Larry Smith—drums

and morbid interest in such things that Nick as a person has difficulty communicating with other people, and is, sadly, a very insecure person. Which explains both his remoteness, and may also explain the stark beauty of his work. The title of the album with its overtones of enervating gloom says it all.

The year proved too much for Joe Boyd and Witchseason was folded, the whole shop going to Island, but since Island were supporting Nick, and he didn't need management or agency anyway, it didn't have too much bearing on matters. What is interesting is a story told me that one of the clauses in the heads of agreement for the sale was that Island undertook to release *any* album by Nick Drake. Joe Boyd neither confirmed or denied the story, saying gnominically—"Chris Blackwell has always been right behind Nick". Whatever the truth is, it says much for Joe's commitment to Nick that Island did continue to support him, and maybe goes some way to dispell the doubts left by John Martyn's remarks last issue. Anyway, Joe Boyd left for the States, and the general feeling was that without his help, the musical career of Nick Drake would fritter out.

It was not to be. During 1971, Nick rang up John Wood and said that he wanted to make an album. He had been in touch with John off and on, and John agreed. "He arrived at midnight and we started. It was done very quickly. After we had finished, I asked him what I should keep, and he said all of it, which was a complete contrast to his former stance. He came in for another evening and that was it. It took hardly any time to mix it, since it was only his voice and guitar, with one overdub only. Nick was adamant about what he wanted. He wanted it to be spare and stark, and he wanted it to be spontaneously recorded."

Nick was very depressed during the recording of the record, and, one can assume, during its gestation; and because Nick Drake is an artist who never fakes, the mood is reflected in the album. Without the arrangements, and with lyrics for the first time, it is impossible to avoid the seering sensibility behind the record. The album makes no concession to the theory that music should be escapist. It's simply one musician's view of life at the time, and you can't ask for anything more than that.

Dave Sandison, who was Island's press officer at the time of the album's release, had this to say. It is worth quoting, because it is so rare to find sincerity in these releases, and also because what he says is true.

The first time I ever heard Nick Drake was

when I joined Island and picked out his first album 'Five Leaves Left' from the shelf and decided to listen to it because the cover looked good.

From the opening notes of 'Time Has Told Me' to the last chord of 'Saturday Sun', I was held by the totally personal feel of the music, the words, and the vague feeling of intruding on someone's phone conversation.

The first time I ever saw Nick Drake was at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, when he came on with his guitar, sat on a stool, looked at the floor and sang a series of muffled songs punctuated by mumbled thanks for the scattering of bewildered applause from the audience who didn't really know who the hell he was, nor cared too much. At the end of his last song, his guitar was still holding the final notes as he got up, glanced up, then walked off, his shoulders hunched as if to protect him from the embarrassment of actually having to meet people.

The first time I ever met Nick Drake was the week his second album, 'Bryter Layter' was released. I went to the old offices of Joe Boyd's Witchseason company in the beautiful Charlotte Street, W1, with the intention of telling Nick how much I liked the album, and that I wanted him to do a couple of interviews.

He arrived an hour late, shuffled in, and shrugged disinterestedly when I suggested a coffee round the corner. When we got there (it was about lunchtime), I asked him if he wanted a cup of tea, something to eat, anything? He looked down at the dried ring of saucerstain on the table, and smiled to himself, meaning 'no'.

For the next half-hour he looked at me twice, said maybe two words (one was to agree to an interview which was done and was a total disaster), while I rattled on at him about every kind of nonsense, trying to get some reaction, until I ran out of voice, paid the bill for my coffee and sandwich, and walked him back to Witchseason.

That was more than a year ago. Since then, I have seen Nick twice. Once, when for some reason still never explained he came to Island's offices, stayed for maybe half an hour, addressed perhaps three monosyllabic words to people he knew from Witchseason, before leaving as mysteriously and silently as he'd come.

The second time was a week or so ago, when he came in, smiling that weird little smile, half-mocking, half-bewildered, and handed over this, his new album. He'd just gone into the studios and recorded it without telling a soul except the engineer. And we haven't seen him since.

The point of this, is this: Nobody at Island is really sure where Nick lives these days. We're

pretty sure he left his flat in Hampstead quite a while ago. We have a bank agreement for him so that he's always got his rent money and some spending bread, so there's no need for him to make more appearances than he does.

The chances of Nick actually playing in public are more than remote.

So why, when there are people prepared to do anything for a recording contract or a Queen Elizabeth Hall date, are we releasing this new Nick Drake album, and the next (if he wants to do one)?

Because we believe that Nick Drake is a great talent. Quite simply that. His first two albums haven't sold a shit, but if we carry on releasing them, maybe one day, someone in authority will stop to listen to them properly and agree with us, and maybe a lot more people will get to hear Nick Drake's incredible songs and guitar playing. And maybe they'll buy a lot of records and fulfil our faith in Nick's promise.

Then. Then we'll have done our job. (David Sandison, November 1972)

Al Clark ended his review of 'Pink Moon' in Time Out with this observation: "Sadly, and despite Island's efforts to rectify the situation, Nick Drake is likely to remain in the shadows, the private troubadour of those who have been fortunate enough to catch an earful of his exquisite 3am introversions."

Little has been heard of Nick since then. He seems to have retired into a world in which music doesn't exist as a form of expression any more. He spent some time in 1973 working with John Wood, but little came of it that satisfied him, and he occasionally spends time with John and his wife at their home in Suffolk. Joe saw him late last year, "He rang me to ask if he could stay with me since his car had broken down in Pimlico. John Wood had previously told me that Nick had said that he had some tunes but no words, and when he arrived I talked to him and mentioned this to him. He just looked at me and said sadly, 'I haven't got any tunes anymore'."

John wouldn't talk much about Nick, because he feels protective towards him, except to say, "Nick has terrible trouble leading any sort of a life at all these days."

If Nick Drake never recorded another song, he has left me at any rate, a gem of a legacy, music that is honest and true to himself, and because it is so, the complete affirmation of what music is about.

Connor McKnight



Sam Spoons—rhythm poet

Now we didn't know whether those words were right or not. Just going to California was a dream come true, let alone worrying about the possibility of rain. After nearly three weeks of weather which would make you think Majorca was Siberia, we piled into Greg Lewerke's smaller car (merely the size of a furniture van) and went down to Chris Darrow's house. Quite a way, actually, even by freeway. And on the way back, it didn't just rain—the great water closet in the sky had been filling its cistern for about a year (someone else said that they'd missed the rain last year, because they were asleep both times) and a torrent was suddenly unleashed, which made California look very different. Most of the drivers were a little taken aback, not having experienced such road conditions for some time, and a lot of exciting aquaplaning was happening all around. Greg drove like a dream and we arrived back in Hollywood with our brains no more damaged than usual, but it was a day to remember, for the rain, and for the fact that we saw an accident on, you guessed it, Dead Man's Curve, which really does exist.

The rain was just one of some very interesting coincidences which have recently struck me, all relevant to a British ex-patriate born in Gibraltar, a much under-rated artist in this country, and one to whom I think you ZigZag people ought to listen. Albert Hammond. To put over my point, I shall be quoting from some of the songs written by Albert and Mike Hazelwood, which are published by Rondor Music (London) Ltd. Let's go.

*Out of work, I'm out of my head,
Out of self respect
I'm out of bread.
Underloved and underfed
I wanna go home . . .
It never rains in California
But, girl, don't they warn ya
It pours, man, it pours!*

"I came over here, and I was living at a place called the Knickerbocker Hotel, with Mike Hazelwood. We came because we'd written the music for a Broadway show, and we were helping to do the casting, although the show never got on, despite the fact that we met up with Anthony Quinn and Harry Belafonte. When the show didn't come off, I was going to go back to England—in fact, I remember that one Christmas I was really ill, with a temperature of a hundred and four for about five days, and I thought I was going to die. I don't really remember a thing—if my wife hadn't been here on vacation, I may have died, because I'd never have taken care of myself. When I recovered, I said to Mike, 'I'm leaving, man. I hate this place, everything's falling in, bad memories—I'm just going.'

"Now not only had this happened that Christmas, but if you had ever stayed at the Knickerbocker, you'd know that it used to be the big hotel for the stars. I had Cary Grant's room, and Mike had Groucho Marx's, and it really was *the* hotel, in the forties, I guess. And I was dying in there in a little corner—"This is Hollywood", you know? I went to the elevator one evening, and there's a guy that's always hogging me, always saying 'I'm going to play the piano in this movie,' and he's about eighty-five, been trying to make it since he was fifteen, and he's still saying he's going to play that part in that movie. And the guy dies right there in my arms. He goes totally white, his eyes go up, and he's dead. So I take him downstairs, I put him down, and I say 'My God, I've got to get out of here!' The Knickerbocker Hotel was like all the oldies that never made it, and you were living there with them, and feeling that you were never going to make it, be-

cause you were there. It was disgusting. So we moved over to Laurel Canyon, after my wife convinced me to stick it out. She said, 'Look, you've been away from me for a year. Are you going to go back to England with nothing again? Why don't you just stick it out for a while, and see if you can get some record contracts and sell your songs?' So we moved over to 1545 Laurel Canyon Blvd."

*Got on board a westbound seven forty seven,
Didn't think before deciding what to do,
All that talk of opportunities,
TV breaks and movies,
Rang true, sure rang true.*

"I went to every record company, and that was hard, because we didn't have a car, so we'd be walking carrying a guitar, and you know how far it is to walk here. A&M is fine, it's just down the road on La Brea, but when you had to go to RCA, which is two miles further, and then to Capitol up on Hollywood Blvd . . . I mean, forget it! I met with every record company, and nothing. I played them 'It Never Rains', I played them 'Free Electric Band', I played them every song you've heard today, and they didn't want to know. I said 'What's the matter? Is there something wrong with my singing, or something wrong with the songs?' I'm sitting there with this guy from A&M, and he says 'I love it, I love it! It's a smash!' and this is the head guy, right? 'But,' he says, 'I've got to have somebody else give his opinion.' So in comes Jeff Barry, the guy who used to be with Ellie Greenwich, and is also a producer, and I play the songs for him, and he says, 'Well, I'm going to be an artist too, and I'm a bit like you, so I don't think we can take you.'

"So having got nowhere with Jeff Barry, I tried Steve Barri, who used to work with P.F. Sloan, and was a producer for ABC-Dunhill. At that time, Jim Croce had just signed with them, and when I played the songs for Barri, he said 'Look, I love it kid, but we've already got Croce and this guy and that guy . . .'. And I went to another company, and another one, and no way. I mean, just nothing."

*Will you tell the folks back home I nearly made it
Had offers, but don't know which one to take
Please don't tell them how you found me
Don't tell them how you found me
Gimme a break, gimme a break.*

"There were two guys at ABC, that absolutely adored me, called Marty Cups and Barry Gross. Cups heard that I was broke, so I lived with him for a while. I mean, I really was broke—I was keeping myself here, and a family in England. Bloody P.R.S. wasn't keeping up with me! So anyway, he said 'Look, we're forming a new record company, with a guy who used to own Dunhill called Bobby Roberts, and Hal Anders, and the company is Mums, but the problem is

that this has been going on for nine months now, and the deal hasn't been set, and we don't know how long it's going to take.' I said 'Great, I love it. When can I see Bobby Roberts?' And they said 'Well, he's in Palm Springs' . . . the Hollywood trip again, you know? 'He's in Palm Springs . . .'."

"So these guys call him up, and he comes down on the Saturday, and Bobby Roberts, the first time I saw him, reminded me of Trini Lopez. I don't know why. I sat down and played him all the songs, and he flipped. He said 'Kid, you're gonna be a star!', and I said 'I've heard all that before, I'll tell you what I want—I want a lot of money, man, if you want me!' Anyway, I made a deal with the guy, but before I signed, I went into the studio, and cut some songs as demos, including 'Down By The River' and 'Names, Tags, Numbers and Labels'. And the bloody people put them out as singles . . ."

Fulham

No, not an anagram, nor a ZigZag code name for anything. Merely a rather less than pretty part of South West London. What relevance et cetera, I hear you muttering? You'll see, after I ask Albert how he came to write 'It Never Rains In Southern California' in England. The song, by the way, is just one of the great songs, in the same bracket as 'Take It Easy', 'One Toke Over The Line' or 'California Girls'—just the right sort of song to listen to on KMET as you wander along Golden State Freeway not going anywhere in particular. Halcyon days . . .

"We were just writing all these American songs. At that period of time, I wrote a song with Tony Macauley called 'Oklahoma Sunday Morning' which was recorded by Glen Campbell, and has subsequently won an award. That's just one example of what a great period that was for our writing, because the songs just seemed to be lucky. But 'It Never Rains' was a tune that was going around in my head, at the time when Mike and I were writing 'Oliver In The Overworld' for Southern Television and Freddy and the Dreamers. Mike had a book, a yellow book, and it said 'Southern California' on it, and I said 'Mike, this is such a good tune, and Southern California's such a good title,' and I left it with him. Next day, I came back, and he said, 'It Never Rains In Southern California', and that was it."

How about the story line, then?
"Songs like that actually came because when Mike and I got together, I told him a lot of stories—you see, I'd been in the business since I was thirteen. I started playing when I was thirteen years old, in a strip club in Morocco—I was singing 'The Wanderer', and all that Dion stuff for the American servicemen. So when I met Mike, I gradually told him my life story, what I'd done, how I'd been broke, no money, and this and that. Mike takes a lot of that in, and whenever he's writing something, he always kind of adds something of what's been happening with me, or what's been happening with him."

"With 'Free Electric Band', he actually did meet a chick from Berkeley in Fulham. He used to live in Rostrevor Road in Fulham—that's where we wrote all those songs. Boy, it was a dump too! The place was called Florence Mansions, and that was a dump too, but we always used his address because it looked so good, and Fulham was also the hip football team at the time."

OK, OK, I did put him right, and he sure enough knows that QPR is the best team in London at this point. And I don't want any arguments from you, Andy Childs . . .

A Parallel

Now, I didn't (and still don't) know too much

IT NEVER RAINS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SOME DAYS YOU EAT THE BEAR AND SOME DAYS THE BEAR EATS YOU

His New Album on ELEKTRA K 42160

Marketed by EMI Records



about Mums, a lovely name for a record company, so we made a few enquiries, which revealed that other artists on the label were P.F. Sloan (which we knew), and the Jackson Sisters (which we didn't). Then Albert said something very interesting, and even perhaps flattering, because he said that I looked a little like P.F. Sloan. What an accolade—I mean, quite seriously, he's been a ZigZag hero since the start. Nicky reckons she can see a likeness between the great Sloan and the great Tobler, but I'm not so sure. Anyway, every chance of a picture of me in the mag boosts my ego enormously, so see if you can tell which one is the grandmother. Now, back to the story.

"I didn't put 'It Never Rains' on my album, and in fact, I hadn't recorded it at all. I had my album finished, and Bobby Roberts came to me and said 'I've got this kid P.F. Sloan, who used to write great songs, but now he's gone down the drain and he can't write. Have you got any songs?' So I played him a couple of songs, plus 'It Never Rains', because I didn't figure it was a hit, and he went crazy over it, and said 'That's the one for him!' So I went into the studio with P.F. Sloan, and cut the tracks, exactly like mine, except instead of flute, it had a guitar beginning.

"Then he went to put his voice on, and he started to screw it up. You know, 'I'm out of work, I'm out of cigarettes, I'm out of reds, man, I'm under-loved, man . . .', you know, started to go on like that. I played the record to Bobby Roberts, who didn't like it, and suggested that I put my voice on instead of P.F. Sloan, but I insisted on cutting a fresh backing track. So I did, and that was the story of that song—it was a mistake, and it wasn't even for me!"

Now this is where it gets a bit complicated, except for those with devious minds, which is probably a lot of you out there reading this. Albert Hammond's first single, and one of my four all time Albert Hammond faves, is 'Down By The River', which should not be confused with the Neil Young song of the same name.

*City life was getting us down,
So we spent a weekend out of town,
Pitched our tent on a patch of ground,
Down by the river.
Lit a fire and drank some wine
You put your jeans on top of mine
I said 'Come in, the water's fine'
Down by the river.*

Sounds pretty nice, doesn't it? The chick's well in accord with the guy, and very likely they'll spend the evening doing raffia work and that sort of thing—fine healthy pursuits for young people.

*Didn't feel too good all night,
So we took a walk in the morning light
And came across the strangest sight
Down by the river.
Silver fish lay on its side
It was washed up by the early tide
Wonder how it died?
Down by the river.*

Are you beginning to wonder now what's happening? Not just a little love song . . .

*Doctor put us both to bed
Dosed us up and he shook his head
'Only foolish people go,' he said
'Down by the river.'*

*'Why do willows weep?' said he.
'Because they're dying gradually
'From the waste from the factory
'Down by the river.'*

Are you beginning to understand? I expect so. In the next, and final verse, there's a line which chills me to the bone. In all seriousness, it strikes a chord in me of such intensity that I want to do something about it. It's the penultimate line . . .

*In time the riverbanks will die,
And the reeds will wilt and the ducks won't fly.
There'll be a tear in the otter's eye
Down by the river.*

*The bank will soon be black and dead
and where the otter raised his head
Will be a clean white skull instead
Down by the river.*

It destroys me just to think about that. Really. A very fine set of lyrics, and set to one of the most infectiously rocking backings I've heard.

Can you guess what it reminded me of? Yeah, that other rocking protest song, about which you'll recall there was so much fuss when it came out. A ZigZag Zonker (the highest accolade) —'Eve of Destruction' by Barry McGuire, which was, is, and always will be, just great. The stupid sods who objected to it reckoned that a protest song should be performed in a Seeger/Dylan sort of voice, backing to be reverent, as befitted the subject. Didn't it occur to them that a great rocking song like that would reach many more people, and they'd hear the words just like the CND marchers heard 'We Shall Overcome'? The aim ought to be to involve the maximum number of people in an anti-war or an anti-pollution song, and 'Eve Of Destruction' and 'Down By The River' both score that way, and are mandatory listening for ZigZag readers, and everybody else, for that matter. The punch line's pretty obvious, but I'll just spell it out—'Eve Of Destruction' was written by . . . P.F. Sloan.

Miss-Tery

You've heard about two amazing songs, both of which were hits in America, and both of which were neglected totally here. It's my feeling that one day both of them will make it here, because they're simply brilliant songs, and I feel the same about fave rave no.3, but this one hasn't yet been a genuine hit anywhere. The title is 'Half A Million Miles From Home', and I doubt very much whether you've heard it, unless you've been in America. It was just about the very first record that we heard in the States, and very few which came afterwards even approached its majesty. Let's pass this over to Albert for some explanation.

"You know who Roy Halee is, right? Works with Simon and Garfunkel. I'll tell you what happened. I was in Europe, and I tried to change my whole idea of music. I went from all the big production stuff to acoustic guitar —'Peace-maker', 'I Think I'll Go That Way', that type of thing, 'Who's For Lunch Today', simple, because I thought 'Here I've got a couple of guys, a piano player and a guitar player. If I can sell records that don't have a big production, I can go out on the stage this way and it'll be fantastic, people'll say it sounds great.' I was wrong because my guys became superstars, my records didn't sell—I mean, I was just totally wrong!"

"On my next album I'm not going to have set musicians, because they become superstars. They turn around, and you say 'Well, we gotta do that,' and they say 'I ain't doin' that'. 'What do you mean, you're not doing that?' 'You find another guy playing like me . . .'. They become superstars and you say 'Wait a minute! I'm giving this guy a break, I'm paying him money on top of that, and now he's a superstar!' At the moment, I'm going to change my whole attitude entirely, and use different guys the whole time to prove that I don't need anyone specific. If you knew the aggravations I get when I go out on the road . . . 'I gotta sit in the front, I gotta have a spotlight, I gotta . . .'. It's incredible. So I put them in the front, I give them a spotlight. When they play a solo, I say 'This guy's fantastic!' so that at least he gets something, then at the end of the show, I pay him 500 dollars, and that's it.

"Jay Lewis never made that kind of money with Arthur Lee, or anybody else like Morning. I've taken him everywhere, best hotels, best food, and when he complains, I think 'Okay, Hollywood, here you are again!' Now he's working in a little club in Ventura for 100 dollars a week or something—he put another band together, then he calls me up and says 'Is there any work going?' I said 'Jay, man, I'm not going on the road any more, because I'm tired of all the aggravation.'

"The other way I was wrong is that I was trying to do an FM kick before I was established on an AM kick, and I realised that especially when I was in Europe. Funnily enough Europe isn't as advanced as America, but it teaches you a lot. When I was there, I had a forty-seven piece orchestra backing me in Germany, and I went crazy! I'd never had a backing like that, even on records. I was singing, and I heard these guys with the brass and the strings, and I was Frank Sinatra, and it opened my eyes to the possibili-

ties of when I came back here to America.

"The first record I went to was that song 'Half A Million Miles From Home'. It was already cut, for my second album, but it didn't get on there eventually. Then I called Roy Halee, who I'd met in San Francisco, and also while he was doing the Art Garfunkel album, because I have a song on that called 'Mary Was An Only Child', which is also the B side of the single. I said to Roy, 'I've got to sit with you, because I've got a record that I want you to mix.' He said that he had a couple of days free, so I took him up the tape, the sixteen tracks, and I said 'Look, I don't want you to mix this, I want you to co-produce with me on this record and on my new album. I want you to add something to this record, because it's not finished yet, but I'm confused. I know it needs fullness, and a big production.' So he says 'Great, let's work on it,' and we started listening to it—for a whole day, all we did was just listen to the record. Next day, I wanted to add a jawbone, a crashing jawbone, and he says 'Why use a jawbone? Everybody uses a jawbone. Let's use a piano stool.' So what I did was open up a piano stool, and bang it down hard. We put all sorts of percussion on top of what was already there, and on the third day, that was it, the record was there. It took three days to do that little bit plus all the vocals, because I did new vocals."

When we spoke to Albert, he felt this was going to be his sixth American hit, following 'Down By The River', 'It Never Rains In Southern California', 'If You've Got To Break Another Heart', 'Free Electric Band' and 'The Peace-maker'.

"I've had five chart records so far, and this will be the sixth. Believe it or not, the record wasn't released until today, but the radio stations have gone crazy, they added it in the middle of the week last week, so the charts wanted to put it in this week. And I'm saying 'Please don't put it in!' because they hurt, you know. If they put it in so fast, it goes in at 95 or something, no bullet. So I had to say 'If you just wait for three weeks, and when everybody's playing it, just put it in like you did with 'It Never Rains'—put it in with a bullet at 63 . . .'"

To the untrained British ear, such a request seems at least a little odd. You mean they put records where they like in the charts?

"No, I meant that just as an example, putting it in at 63 or whatever. Normally you go in at 70 with a bullet, or even 75 with a bullet, depending on radio plays. It's based on a whole lot of things, phone calls coming in, radio plays, and so on, not just sales, which is great, because at least you give a record a chance. If it's getting enough airplay, and people see it in the charts, it's got a better chance of people going out to buy it. If you only based the charts on the number of records that were sold, that would be really difficult, like it is in England. My story in England might have been different, because 'The Peacemaker' got so much airplay that it would have been in the charts if they were done as they are in the States."

'Half A Million Miles' is quite sensational, and I still play it frequently, six months after I first heard it. Nevertheless, some inexplicable accident occurred, and it hasn't appeared in the top fifty of either America or Britain. I'm sure that it will, so I'm going to leave this piece here, perhaps a little inconclusively.

You see, the next chapter will be that Albert gets himself a real hit single here in Britain. If that happens, the British public will have to catch up on the goodies they have certainly missed so far, contained on two albums, and to make Albert's third album, which should be released in the summer, the hit it deserves to be. I've heard it, and I know it's good. When the inevitable occurs, and there's an Albert Hammond record near the top of each chart, I'll gather up my notes and investigate the man in somewhat more detail. Now it's up to you.

John Tobler DISCOGRAPHY

It Never Rains In Southern California

The Free Electric Band

MUMS 65320

MUMS 65554



AMLS 63627



"A NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS FROM RITA THAT REFLECT A SPECIAL WARMTH."

FALL INTO SPRING

Rita Coolidge

HER NEW ALBUM FOR A&M RECORDS

February 1969 found Moby Grape and the rock world's media men circling each other like one-bitten twice-shy postmen, each anxious to deliver, but all to aware of last time around. So, the critics and reviewers settled for indifference and the Grape—who by this time had broken up, reformed, changed managers, cut a third album, done a half-hearted tour of Europe, and made up their minds to make 1969 their year—suddenly spun on their heels, threw in the towel and broke up again.

'ello 'ello 'ello what's goin' on 'ere then?

In late 1968, the Grape, now down to Bob Mosley on bass and vocals, Peter Lewis on guitar and vocals, Don Stevenson on drums, and Jerry Miller on lead guitar, had attempted to recover their initial unified enthusiasm and had gone into the studio, again with producer David Robinson, to cut 'Moby Grape 69'—without the driving force of Skip Spence who, as we saw last issue, blew out in dramatic circumstances.

Leaving Robinson to mix their efforts, they came to England for a short tour which attracted little interest because a tarnished reputation and tales of repeated break-ups had preceded them. The gigs they played were mainly in grotty clubs, but nonetheless Peter Lewis remembers the visit fondly.

"We really had a good time in Europe; we played some good gigs, like the Roundhouse (Middle Earth), did a session for 'Top Gear', and then toured Scotland and Scandinavia.

"There was one weird incident which comes to mind every time I think about that tour; we went back to the hotel to smoke a little hash with some guys we met—you know, a friendly Anglo-American gesture—when suddenly these two men wearing suits burst into the room. They announced that they were from Scotland Yard and went into the whole routine about 'stay where you are and don't touch anything'—you know?

"Anyway, our tour manager was pretty quick off the mark and he persuaded these guys not to pursue the matter any further by promising to give them 200 dollars as hush money. He explained that we didn't have the cash on us but that he'd make sure it was ready and waiting for them at our agency if they went round there at ten o'clock the following morning. Incidentally, they took it all in and decided to leave us in peace... then we split too—on the dawn plane for Stockholm.

"Apparently, these fools went round to our agent, as directed, and he told them to clear off or else he'd call the police!"

Robinson mounts his soap box

'Moby Grape 69' (CBS 63430) was released in March

With Roger Ruskin Spear on tenor sax

Hi Vivian Stanishall on trumpet

The Rise and Fall and Rise of MOBY GRAPE

STRAHNEVA STUDIOS
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Part 2: The Fall and Rise

1969, clad in a particularly insipid sleeve bearing tracts of bleating agony from Robinson's pen. Loads of "Yes, we're guilty—we knew our launch was a hype, we can't deny it, we wanted fame and glory and money... but we've changed now. We're humble and honest enough to realise our mistakes, we want to try again with a clean slate, please forgive us and give us another chance... listen to the integrity in the music..." On and on he went.

Neither the critics, nor the public, were impressed—which is a shame, because I thought the album was perfectly acceptable. Overall it might lack the quality of their first effort, but tracks like 'It's A Beautiful Day Today' and 'I Am Not Willing' certainly stand the test of time, and it's worth picking up if you see it. (It's not too difficult to find in second hand shops and usually sells for peanuts, so keep your eyes open.)

Ironically, Robinson concluded his disavowal rant as follows: "We have promised each other; no more gimmicks, no more hypes, no egos, nothing ever again but the music and the mutual respect and feeling from which the music springs—pure, honest, and with a most hopeful eye to the future."

So saying, his association with the group ceased. (For the time being, anyway.)

Mosley brades his bass for a gun

The album promotion was in vain anyway. A month before its release, Bob Mosley left and they fell apart.

Mosley evidently spent some nine months as a caretaker at a San Diego high school before enlisting as a US marine the following January. Lewis, broke/busied/disgusted/puzzled, sat around wondering what he was going to do... until someone suggested that the remnants of the Grape should reform to cut a final album which would not only honour contractual obligations but might also provide some bread.

Columbia Records, well aware of their terrifying track record, sent them to Nashville to record under Bob Johnston. He'd knock them into shape if anybody could.

"Bob Johnston was great," says Peter Lewis, "... he made himself perfectly clear right from the outset. 'I've heard all about you guys,' he said, 'and I know what your deal is... so you may as well know how I work; if you aren't prepared to get down and complete the whole album in two days, you might as well fxxk off home right now!' He was great, and he made us work."

"As you might expect, we whipped those tracks down pretty quickly, making up a lot of tunes on the spot, right there in the studio, but all the same I'm pleased with some of the stuff we did... I like 'Changes, Circles Spinning' and 'Right Before My Eyes' particularly."

The album, 'Truly Fire Cit'zen' (CBS 63698) released in August 1969, featured Lewis, Stevenson

and Miller augmented by a Nashville Studio bassist called Bob Moore (whose back is shown to good advantage on the rear of the sleeve). Very ordinary it was too . . . the death throes of a legend, mainly competent fillers padding out the odd inspired flight. On this showing, at this level of enthusiasm, resurrecting the group was out of the question. Everybody concerned was in agreement—even T. Dell'Ara. (Competition: who or what is T. Dell'Ara and what multitude of sins does this pseudonym enshroud?)

The bogus Moby Grape

Moby Grape now firmly buried for all time (or so they thought), Peter Lewis went back to Los Angeles, his home town.

"I worked there for awhile, just doing various things, and then returned north where I had a house. I lived up there until my money ran out and then I sold up and decided to hit the road for a spell. I'd really fallen in love with the southern states when I was in Nashville, and so I hitch-hiked out to Alabama to have a good look around.

"When I felt the urge to come back to California, I couldn't face the thought of hitching again and I bought a truck which I drove back . . . that was a great journey!"

In the meantime, Stevenson and Miller had joined an emerging Mill Valley group called The Rhythm Dukes, which also included John Barrett on bass, a second drummer—John Oxendine, and (a few months later) Bill Champlin, who was relaxing between the temporary death and subsequent re-birth of the Sons.

The Rhythm Dukes, reputedly a great band, ruled the roost in Marin County during the two years between the summers of 1969 and 1971 and we'll be dealing with them in greater detail in the forthcoming Sons of Champlin article and family tree (currently on one of Frame's drawing boards).

During this time too, the famed Matthew Katz sprang his latest venture upon the unsuspecting (but not that gullible) rock audience . . . a false Moby Grape!

Lewis: "Somewhere along the line, we'd got into a disagreement with Katz . . . without going into details, we just weren't prepared to accept his terms, and we'd split off with Michael Gruber in 1968. So Katz, who claimed ownership of the name Moby Grape, put out another group under it. That really made us mad; we'd put all the music together, written arranged and recorded it, and there he was hiring guys to come along and play it as though they were us! We were angry!"

"I remember going to the Stones concert at Altamont (December 1969) and whilst we were walking to the site, we had to pass through this sort of valley . . . and suddenly we came upon these people



Moby Grape after the departure of Skip Spence. Standing: Bob Mosley and Don Stevenson. In front: Jerry Miller and Peter Lewis. (Photo via Hot Wacks).

shouting 'Hey, you don't want to see the Stones—come over here and see Moby Grape.' It was like some sort of weird surreal dream, but sure enough there on this platform truck loaded up with gear was

this group of guys who began to play and sing our music! I just couldn't believe my ears and eyes! And they'd even picked guys that looked vaguely like us. "The thing was that these guys, even though they

had nothing to do with the real Moby Grape, made more money out of the group than we did."

Never having met the guy, I can't be sure how seriously Matthew Katz takes himself. From what I hear, he jealously guards the ownership of the various names he "creates" . . . Moby Grape and It's A Beautiful Day, for instance, but one can only assume that his threats to sue people like Ralph Gleason and Bill Graham for uttering his patented phrase 'the San Francisco Sound' are his whimsical little way of amusing himself.

To give the fellow his due, Katz's contribution as catalyst, get-it-together-man, schemer, image-maker and manager certainly enriched the San Fran/1967 scene, and his name, Moby Grape, managed to evoke all the mystique of acid-strewn 'Frisco.

Apparently, the bogus Grape fooled nobody. Fusion writer Tom Parmenter, recalling a concert featuring them alongside Black Swan and West Coast Natural Gas, describes Katz coming on to introduce the imitators. "Would you please welcome Moby Grape?" said Katz. "No, we would not," replied the audience after listening to "some of the loudest and ugliest progressive rock" ever heard. "We got a dollar back on our tickets," says Parmenter.

Lewis: "The strange thing is that despite it all, I really like Matthew. If he had a dream about doing something, he'd do it . . . he had the ability to transfer a wild dream into reality, but on the other hand, ideas went much further in his mind than in ours and there was a gap between us—a distance we just couldn't travel. So we were in different places, revolving around different centres, and we were scared of going his way in case we lost the music and the feeling we were trying for.

"Financially though, it was disastrous; even now the business side is a ridiculous tangle—I gave up trying to unravel it years ago . . . I just got beyond it, which wasn't altogether wise because I should have kept on top of it. Columbia still have a whole load of Grape money—publishing and record royalties—which they're holding back until the discrepancies have been resolved and they know who to pay it to. There's a court action in progress even now as a matter of fact."

The gang gathers in Squaw Valley

In April 1971, totally out of the blue, Lewis, who was still hanging around in LA wondering where he'd go next, got a phone call.

"It was strange; someone I didn't know from Adam called me up and told me he was working for David Robinson. He told me he'd been trying to locate me and said I should go to Squaw Valley as soon as I could because the rest of the boys were up there and wanted to see me . . . it was like the plot of a TV western! Anyway, I went up there and found the

place—and there was Mosley, back in action on the bass, singing his heart out in front of this little band he had at the time . . . and standing there watching him were Miller, Stevenson and, my God, Skippy was there too!

"It was one of those spine-chilling times when you feel so good that everything just flows with happiness—and, using this band's equipment, we got up there and played. We played better than we'd ever played . . . the music was just pouring over the chasm of that long frustrating break.

"As it happened, it was a short-lived reunion, but it was magic while it lasted, and it was Robinson who put us back together. He rented us a large house near where we used to live, brought a load of recording equipment over and we worked our tunes up all day, recording them at night. Some of the ideas we tried out didn't work too well, but on the whole we succeeded, and it was only a matter of days before we'd got the whole album in the can.

"I like some of it—same as I like some of every album we've ever done . . . it represented what we were doing at the time, I guess."

'20 Granite Creek' (Reprise K44152), released in September 1971, contained some excellent music from a six piece Moby Grape. Gordon Stevens, credited as playing electric viola, mandolin and dobro, was the new arrival.

"Skippy was shooting junk—it's no secret—and he needed someone around him, so we accepted Gordon. I hope Skippy's going to be alright; he sometimes goes into hospital to sort himself out a little, but I have no idea where he is now. At least he was the cleanest smack freak I ever knew . . . and he was taking it to a higher place too. After a while I gather that he packed it up and turned to drink, which was worse in many ways, and I'm not sure what's happened to him lately.

"Personally, I managed to keep off anything too hard; I smoke all the marijuana I can get hold of, but I've never shot smack. I did snort some once, and just once, at this chick's house in the company of some of her friends, but it seemed like I was watching the whole of their lives—and I couldn't muster the energy to say a single word. I found the whole experience much too heavy to take and I never did it again—never even touched the stuff after that.

"We were all involved in acid a great deal, however, but that was a totally different thing—there was nothing negative in taking that. I guess even now, about every six months or so, the situation arises where the time and company and place seem right and we do it. It's good once in a while—for me, anyway—though I wouldn't ever recommend anybody to treat LSD lightly."

The reunion was too good to last; too many dreams had burst in the five years since they started and their unity was never anything but shaky.

Once more they parted company and got into their own scenes.



New Wine, old bottles

In October last year, the latest chapter in the Moby Grape saga began; Peter Lewis and Bob Mosley got together again.

Following the collapse of the 'Granite Creek' Grape, Mosley had gone solo, fronting his own band and releasing an album (Warner Bros import MS 2068, March 1972), but all was not plain sailing and his efforts went largely unrewarded, despite the constant faith of his new manager, Michael O'Connor.

Lewis: "Mosley is a great singer and bass player, but he likes to keep his scene very tight, which is why he went into the marines. They could afford him the training and discipline to tighten up, because he was pretty loose at the time. He looks at the world very individualistically, and he just thought that the marines could provide the answer he was seeking.

"After nine months or so, he got into a fight with an officer and belted him in the mouth—so he was discharged. He was evidently cooking up some hamburgers in the officers' pool and this guy objected.

"But it's great to be working with Mosley again; he's in real good shape now and this new group looks poised to deliver the goods. We've written a whole bunch of new tunes between us, the playing is tight, the expectations are high, and it's fun again . . . that's probably the main thing—it's fun.

"The tentative name of the group we've put together is Peter Lewis, Bob Mosley and California, and the other three guys are relative newcomers to the scene. For that reason, it was fairly strenuous in terms of coming together—there was a lot of time between us—but we've been working hard and it feels really comfortable now. I think you'll be surprised when you hear us . . . it's a high energy band now, a real driver!"

The other members, at that time, were Danny Timms on keyboards, Tommy Spurlock on guitar, and a drummer known only as Scott.

Stevenson, meanwhile, was up in Seattle as far as Lewis knew. "He had a group based in Tacoma,

called the Grape, which almost signed with Columbia I think, but I don't know what he's doing now. As for Miller, he's playing with a trio up in Boulder Creek, and he's still the most fantastic guitar player I've ever heard in my life. He can take off and keep going for as long as he wants—he's into playing music and that's his trip . . . a really heavy cat, has it all figured out and his life set up around him just as he wants it . . . a really good scene."

The 1974 Grape yield

Within weeks, the line-up of the new group had undergone a shuffle, with the result that the personnel is now Peter Lewis on guitar and vocals, Bob Mosley on bass and vocals, their old mate Jerry Miller on lead guitar and John Caviotto on drums.

Their manager, Michael O'Connor, elucidates: "In late 1971, I found that my attorney was also handling the affairs of Bob Mosley, and he asked if I was interested in producing his solo album for Warners. I said sure, did the record, and subsequently became his manager.

"When Peter Lewis joined us last year I was delighted because not only had I been a great fan of the early Grape, I also went to school with Peter. He'd been running alone for a couple of years and I feel that everybody involved has had plenty of time to sort themselves out . . . in short, the time is right for them to join forces again.

"They're completely free of record contracts now and there are no business pressures to distract them, so any problems are minimal. The plan is to do some touring, get into good shape musically, and then record an album—possibly even in London, because I hope to bring them to England soon and I'd love to see their album originate from this side of the world."

As regards friend Katz: "There is litigation going on right now and I think the outcome will be that Matthew will retain his rights to the name Moby Grape and that the five original members of the group will get the royalties that Columbia have been withholding pending the settlement of these legal details.

"That obviously means that we can't call ourselves Moby Grape this time around but there again, I don't think Katz will try to use the name again. We can't use the name California either, because Terry Melcher, Bruce Johnson and Dean Torrance are signed to United Artists as that . . . so we haven't really settled the name yet. Any ideas?"

Reviews of their Troubadour gig on March 18th indicated that their performance was ragged and disappointing, but latest reports are far more encouraging and optimism reigns in the camp. It looks as if they're going to fly again. We're keeping our fingers crossed!

Mac

the fly-paper monkey mafia

DR HOOK AND THE MEDICINE SHOW

I must admit that a couple of months ago the thought of attempting an interview and article on Dr Hook and The Medicine Show was one of the last things on my mind. Their hugely successful single, 'Sylvia's Mother' hadn't made too much of an impression on me, and I suspect like a lot of other people, I initially made the mistake of not bothering to investigate their music any further, thereby being completely misled as to their true ability. In fact I think I'd go as far as to say that 'Sylvia's Mother' is one of the least distinguished songs they've ever done, and that its success posed a problem for the band that they are only just beginning to solve. So far they have made three albums, the first two of which contain their individual moments, but which pall more than slightly in comparison with the third, which is really excellent and well worth your time and money.

But I'll talk about the records a bit more later on. First of all though, an explanation for all of you who may be wondering "how come this stupid fool's wasting valuable space on a crazy bunch of drunken lascivious-looking Yanks, when such important tomes as Genesis Part 2 and Led Zeppelin Part 3 are lying around unpublished?" Well I'd like to be able to say that CBS Records organised, for my lighthearted and carefree amusement, a two-week, all expenses paid, debauched extravaganza of excessive drinking, much merriment and considerable physical abuse with the Dr Hook roadshow and their entourage. But of course as you all know, that sort of thing only happens to people from the MM, so I had to settle instead for a couple of tickets to the Dr Hook concert at the Rainbow a month or so back. My reaction at seeing them for the first time was one of unparalleled confusion, a condition I didn't really recover from until a couple of days later when I had the chance to talk to the two front-men of the band, Ray Sawyer (the one with the patch), and Dennis Lacorriere. Now up until then my experience at interviewing was somewhat limited

compared to that of Frame or Tobler's and just about every one I'd done had gone off without any hassles and been a pleasure to do. But when it came to Dr Hook . . . well I dreaded the worse, an idiotic, unintelligible, shambles for sure. You see in my copy of the last Dr Hook album 'Belly Up' I received a sort of promotional single consisting of Ray and Dennis interviewing themselves, if you can call it that, amidst what sounds to me like a bunch of stoned laughing hyenas. "Bloody hell," I thought, "I'll be sitting there like a prize dummy while these two effervescent buffoons take the piss out of me for a couple of hours". But, to my eternal relief and considerable enjoyment it was not to be. In fact it was one of the most intelligent and stimulating interviews I've ever done. Not only were both Ray and Dennis possessed by a refreshingly witty sense of humour, but they showed a deep concern and almost serious attitude to their music and stage act, a stance that belies their public image of wasted, degenerate bums who just happened to make good. So this article appears because in the space of one all too short evening, I was convinced of the merit and consideration that Dr Hook deserve, and because their music is somewhat unique . . . often very funny, surprisingly melancholy for a lot of the time, but nearly always extremely enjoyable. Another band you gotta check out!

Right, now some facts and info. Dr Hook And The Medicine Show comprise George Cummings on steel and lead guitar, John Walter on drums, Bill Francis on keyboards, Rik Elswit—rhythm guitar, Jance Garfat on bass, and the aforementioned Ray Sawyer (vocals) and Dennis Lacorriere (vocals & guitar). As far as their origins and history go, Dennis tells his side of the story: "Ray, George and Bill originally had a band down south playing whatever they could to stay alive. And then they broke up and George came up to New York and Ray went to Los Angeles, and Bill stayed in Chicago where they

broke up. I met George in New Jersey and then Ray came out there, and then Bill came, so they got it all back together again only with me in it this time. They said to me: 'Can you play bass?' And I said 'sure'. I couldn't, but I lied just so that I could have a gig and I started with them the next night. And we must have played together close to a year before we even had the name Doctor Hook. One night we walked into this club we were playing, and the guy told us that the drunks wanted to know who we were and he had to put a poster outside. And that's what they did, they put a poster outside, and they gave George one hour to think of a name, and he came up with the name Doctor Hook. I guess from Captain Hook—Peter Pan . . . but we found out recently that Captain Hook doesn't even wear a patch, so we even screwed that one up. Yeah, that was good old George's idea. He has the original poster. Sometime we'll have to dig that out and drag it around with us. It's funny, I don't know how all those guys from down south wound up starting a band with me in New Jersey, but that's what happened. And then John our drummer now is from Florida, and our bass player Jance is from Northern California. Our other guitar player Rik is from Southern California, and Ray is from Alabama. Bill is from Alabama and George comes from Mississippi. It's like we all got stuck to a big piece of fly-paper."

It must be admitted that Dennis said all that in the space of about thirty seconds as if it was the standard answer to all questions about the band's history. So with the help of Ray, we'll elaborate further. Back as far as his memory wishes to take him . . . "I was very into country music, very into Hank Williams, and that's exactly what inspired me. I got an old guitar and started banging around on it just like any kid would do. But I knew at the age of 11 or 12 years old what I wanted to do. There was no doubt about it. I started playing in bands in the same way that anybody who is

FOUR TASTY ALBUMS



Fire Arthur Brown
Fire Brigade The Move
All Day Watcher Golden Earring
Purple Haze Jimi Hendrix
Let Us In Speedy Keen
Join Together The Who

Substitute The Who
Keep Your Head Down Speedy Keen
Change In Louise Joe Cocker
Let's See Action The Who
She Wandered Through The Garden
Fence Procol Harum
All Along The Watchtower
Jimi Hendrix

Gypsy Eyes Jimi Hendrix
Whiskey Man The Who
Flowers In The Rain The Move
She's So Good To Me Joe Cocker
Won't Get Fooled Again
The Who
Something In The Air
Thunderclap Newman

Pinball Wizard The Who
Conquistador Procol Harum
1000R Below You Golden Earring
Don't You Know He's Coming
Speedy Keen
Giving It All Away Roger Daltrey
Voodoo Chile Jimi Hendrix



I'm A Boy The Who
Old Fashioned Girl Speedy Keen
I Can Hear The Grass Grow
The Move
Homburg Procol Harum
Remember Jimi Hendrix
Relay The Who

Wild Country Thunderclap Newman
Jangleme Golden Earring
Hey Joe Jimi Hendrix
Made In Japan Rigor Mortis
Pardon Me Sir Joe Cocker
I Can See For Miles The Who

Love Power Sandpebbles
I'm In Love Again
Debonaires
You've Got A Friend
Labelle
No Face, No Name, No Number
Marsha Hunt
I Wanna Testify The Parliaments
Shades Of Difference Labelle

Time & Love Labelle
My World Is Empty Without You
Marsha Hunt
Don't Be Sore At Me
The Parliaments
If This Is Love The Precisions
Too Many Days Labelle
Let Hurt Put You In The Loser's
Seat The Parliaments

ON SALE NOW!





Left to right: John Walter/Bill Francis/Rik Elswit/Ray Sawyer/Jance Garfat/Dennis LaCorriere/George Cummings

trying to play an instrument tries to play in a band. So I did that until I became old enough to go into clubs and then got a job in the clubs. About that time Bill came on the scene and he played piano on and off at the same place as me until around 1967 when I had the car-smash which messed me up really bad on my right side." Ray's unfortunate accident occurred up by the Columbia River near Portland where he'd taken refuge from the toil of working in Chicago soul clubs, and got himself a job as a lumberjack. According to an article in 'Rolling Stone' he was also pretty well mixed up due to excessive use of wine and speed and his extensive stay in hospital, if not exactly morale-boosting or inspiring, did manage to clean him up. "When I recovered from the accident I went back to Chicago, which although I come from Alabama, was my retreat. Whenever things started happening to me in Mobile or things didn't go right, I would split to Chicago and vice versa. Anyway, I went back to Chicago and I was playing in this club and it was pulling me in like \$425 a week to sing with a band that couldn't play . . . absolutely couldn't play, they were no good. And so I did that for about two weeks, and then I went up to the club owner who's a friend of mine and I said, 'Bobby, I can't do this'. And he said, 'but Ray, how do you think I can pay you this much?' So I said, 'Is that it? Is that the way it goes?' He said, 'Yeah,' so I said 'I quit. I don't want that.' So I went back to Mobile and that's when I ran into Bill for the second time and also ran into George. I knew George before but I'd never worked with him. And they're the first people I saw when I walked into a club. I said, 'Let's get a group together, this is bullshit up here. Let's try and do something ourselves.' And so that's what happened. That group formed and we played around the south for two or three years. We had quite a few names, the most well-known of which was The Chocolate Papers. When that finally broke up, George went to New Jersey, I went to California, and Bill stayed in Chicago with the intention of getting it all back together. After a while I called George and he said he was working,

ZIGZAG 42 PAGE 18

and I wasn't, so I said 'I'm coming up with ya!'

So I went to New Jersey and we happened to go to Dennis' home town, Union City, and there was Dennis hanging out on the streets. He was known in the bars—he played guitar at the time, he didn't play bass. So we said 'Can you play bass?' And he said 'Sure!' So he joined us."

It wasn't long before Bill came up from Chicago to join them and they started digging around about the time that the band had its first break. They'd made the obligatory demo-tape and by chance Ronn Haffkine heard it, liked it, and proceeded to take the band under his protective wing. It so happened that Ron was a long-time friend of 'humorist-extraordinaire' and Playboy cartoonist Shel Silverstein who at the time was involved in writing the music for a film called 'Who Is Harry Kellerman And Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me'. Apparently Shel wanted Ron to produce the score, and Ron thought it would be a great idea for Dr Hook to play the music. And eventually that's exactly what happened. The film incidentally was a near-total disaster despite the presence of Dustin Hoffman, so the band didn't receive any immediate recognition. It is perfectly clear however, that Ronn Haffkine was, and is, a very important, or rather a vital part of everything the band do. That's certainly Ray's opinion: "Very key man. Because he took the whole bunch of us, and he was there from the very beginning in the bars, and he took it and he told each one of us what to do and what not to do, just like a movie director would. We needed discipline but we weren't stupid. We were doing the same things onstage as we're doing now, but we might go to an extreme, and he would say 'No, stop it there'. After a while he turned us loose but he's a very key figure in this whole Dr Hook thing. As a matter of fact I would go so far as to say that Ronnie is THE key to the whole thing because without Ronnie we wouldn't have met Shel, without Ronnie we wouldn't have done the movie, and without the movie we wouldn't have got on Columbia." Indeed the film soundtrack resulted in them signing with Columbia during eighteen

With Gamer Ted Armstrong on vocals

months of rehearsals at Haffkine's home—a place called The Mystic in Connecticut. They signed the contract in mid-1971 and approximately nine months later released 'Sylvia's Mother' in this country, a sickly, melodramatic song, and one of those rare singles that became a transatlantic hit. But what about the other important guy in the set-up, the man who wrote 'Sylvia's Mother' and the majority of Dr Hook's recorded material so far—Shel Silverstein. "Shel is very important of course, like he used to send us tapes in the very beginning, but without Ronnie we would never have been able to interpret all of Shel's tunes. Or not even probably half of them, maybe not even a third of them. Because Ronnie would say, 'Listen to this man'. And with Shel singing on the album that's one thing, but you hear Shel singing with his guitar . . . one of his songs, you have to really use your imagination. Ronnie taught me personally over a period of years, like two years, how to listen to it. But he didn't say 'Sit down and listen to it this way'. I learned from the way Ronnie interpreted Shel's songs. I would see Ronnie going crazy over one of Shel's songs, and I'd say, 'What's that?' And Ronnie would say 'Can't you see that?' And I'd say 'No,' and he'd say 'You missed it'. Right now he could send us a demo with just him and his voice with whatever's going on in the background, wherever he decided to make the tape . . . on the beach, in an airplane, or with chicks at a party or whatever, and I can hear this tape, and I know now whether it's good for the band, I can tell immediately after hearing it once. We used to listen to his tapes about forty-five times and I'd say, 'Well I can't hear it. I can't hear it Ronnie'. And Ronnie would say, 'Listen man, listen to what he said'. But he says it so strangely. Like people say he ain't singing, but now after a period of two years or so, I say that the mother-fucker can sing. I say that he's saying a whole lot more than people can grasp. We were writing songs all the time even before we met Ronnie, even before we met Shel. We were writing songs but we didn't know how good they were. Then when we met Ronnie and heard some of Shel's songs, we knew how good

Lord Snooty and his pals - tap dancing



In the groove with Harold Wilson - violin

Franklin McCormack on harmonica

ZIGZAG 42 PAGE 19

they were, they were a load of p.s. Shel is a brilliant writer. Anything he wants to tackle... he can do it."—Ray.

So 'Sylvia's Mother' was a big success and you've almost certainly heard it as many times as I have, so I think we'll leave it at that. Their first album, 'Dr Hook' (CBS 64754) was released in May 1972 and as far as I can remember, received scant attention despite the inclusion of 'Sylvia's Mother'. There are only about two or three tracks that I feel really stand out, the rest being a curious, unexceptional mixture of earthy southern rock, and slow, maudlin ballads. The pick of the album is I think 'Kiss It Away', a song which Shel wrote especially for Dennis. 'Shel was in the Bahamas and he sent it to Dennis in a private jet, a little cassette with Shel singing 'Kiss It Away'." I don't want to be too unfair, but it's not the most inspiring of albums although it's worth listening to for its highlights. 'Hey, Lady Godiva' and 'Makin' It Natural' (also the b-side of 'Sylvia's Mother') are good fun, but only for a couple of plays, and in fact, the tracks that have the most durability are the two earthy 'swamp-rock' (if there is such a thing) songs, 'Marie Laveaux' and 'Four Years Older Than Me'. Still as debut albums go it's very satisfactory.

In September 1972 a second single was released, 'Carry Me, Carrie' b/w 'I Call That True Love', and as far as I can remember bombed quite miserably. The flip-side was a track from the first album, and 'Carry Me, Carrie' was taken from the second album 'Sloppy Seconds' (CBS 65132) released five months later in February '73. This LP contains very much the same mixture of styles as the first one, but here the songs are a lot stronger and the arrangements more suitable. As with the first album everything was written by Shel Silverstein, and perhaps his two most notorious songs are included, 'Freaker's Ball' (Shel's own album goes under the name of 'Freakin' At The Freaker's Ball'), and 'The Cover Of Rolling Stone' (more about that in a minute). By this time the band had recruited Rik Elswit on rhythm guitar and Jance Garfat on bass leaving Dennis more freedom to loon about and concentrate on singing. I must say that the added instrumentation makes a surprising hell of a difference especially on songs like 'If I'd Only Come And Gone', 'Get My Rocks Off', 'Queen Of The Silver Dollar' and 'Turn On The World', all of which have a fullness of sound unmatched by anything on the first album. 'Freaker's Ball' is a track you must definitely listen to, and if it doesn't make you laugh you ought to crawl back into the hole from whence you came... a very funny and fiendishly clever song. The other tracks I've mentioned all make for worthwhile and enjoyable listening one way or another, but one of the album's two peaks is definitely 'The Cover Of Rolling Stone', a song which sparked off a remarkable amount of controversy when it was released as a single one month before the album. Ray explains the problems... "We felt the need to have another

hit single, but you know that's what you work for. But for us it was more important not to have another hit single, but to have the people understand that we were not only 'Sylvia's Mother'. We were something else too—that was more important to us—that's why we released 'Rolling Stone'. We didn't expect it to sell and we certainly didn't expect to get our picture on the cover of 'Rolling Stone'."

But they did appear on the cover of 'Stone' and the single did sell despite being banned by the BBC in this country and by two of the biggest radio stations in the States in New York and Chicago, although for different reasons. Over there the problem was simply one of advertising (I did however hear it on Charlie Gillett's excellent Radio London programme 'Honky Tonk' where the offending words 'Rolling Stone' were replaced by 'Radio Times'!!... amazing), whereas in the States they got heavy about the reference to cocaine. Nevertheless the single sold well enough to keep their name on the tip of everyone's tongue for awhile although they waited until September '73 before they released the next single 'Roland The Roadie And Gertrude The Groupie', another humorous and very cleverly written Shel Silverstein song also to be found on the band's third and best album, 'Belly Up' (CBS 65560) (November '73). Practically every song on this LP is really great and for once Messrs Sawyer and Lacorriere have contributed. One of their songs, 'Come On In' is as infectiously happy-go-lucky as anything you'll have heard for some time, while 'Monterey Jack', one of Shel's compositions, runs a close second. I never thought the band could sound convincing when dealing with straight romantic material, but 'The Wonderful Soup Stone' is positively heart-rending... a marvellous song, beautifully handled. Other tracks that spring to mind are the Mexican-flavoured 'Acapulco Goldie', 'Penicillin Penny', which wins the ZigZag clap song of the year award, and 'Life Ain't Easy', their current single at the time of writing. The whole album though is definitely worth going without food for a couple of days for, so's you can save up the bread and lash out on it. There should be another single released soon called 'Cops And Robbers' but as I haven't heard it yet I can't comment except to say that it will probably feature their new drummer, John Walter who replaced Jay David after the third album.

One thing's for sure, Dr Hook And The Medicine Show will always be seeking to improve themselves. Ray: "Yeah. If it didn't improve, I'd go back to my pea farm. It's got to improve in certain ways. There are certain levels of music that you go through. It goes back to when you start in night-clubs, that's a level. You start at two dollars a night, six dollars a night... that's a level, you've started. And then you work your way up through the night-clubs, that's without going to the world or the whole public—work yourself up to like \$400—450, 500, 600 a week. Like Johnny Winter was getting \$600

in Atlanta when he broke through, like nationwide. And I worked my way up singing for \$450 a week and I'd find myself loving it, and then going to work with a blues band for \$60 a week. Because it wasn't the money. So that's what I say, there's a level that starts when you start in music, and you go as high as you can go and there's another level. And I've labelled these people. To me they're \$500 a week people. And someone asks me 'Well what about so-and-so who plays with a band?' And I say, 'Yeah, he's good but he won't leave, he's a \$500 a week man'. He's got \$500 a week, maybe got a family, two little kids, buying a house. He's going to stay there. He's secure. He's afraid to turn loose in case he'll miss. But in my whole life I didn't say this. Like I gave up everything, my mother, my father, my wife, my son, every f-king thing. F-k it. I said this is not it. This can't be it. If they paid me \$2000 a week to stay here and do this I still couldn't do it. So you leave and just go out for whatever happens, and you go for broke. You play rock, you know what rock is. It's a card game. You go so far and then you shoot the moon, you gamble everything. You gamble the whole business if you feel like it. But then you ask if we've got any better, and that's like with the different levels, yeah, we've gotten better because we came from this level, from the night-clubs to here, as far as you can go in the night-clubs, and then to here, professional, OK. Alright, now we did professional and it stays here until something happens. And what happened was that we changed drummers. That simple... we changed drummers and it went to another level and now it's there. And it's even gone to another level since we got John, and it's just a small one, a little thing above, but yeah, it's advancing. If it wasn't, like I said, I'd go home. You would too."

Well, there's not an awful lot to be said after that. If you've seen the band 'live' then you'll know how important a part humour figures in their act, and you probably won't be too surprised to learn that they rehearse a great deal, although Ray says that "all the weird shit that happens on stage is of course spontaneous!"

They'll hopefully be coming over for a full tour later this year in which case all ZigZaggers from John O'Groats to Lands End will get the chance to see them.

After the interview was finished we lurched out of the very suave Chinese restaurant in which it all took place, and after Ray had convinced a shocked and horrified Chinaman, who had been bugging him all evening, that his patch was indeed there for a purpose and not just a gimmick, we bade farewell and I headed out of the murky depths of Soho with Ray's last words ringing in my ears... "I wanna see the article when it's done man, get it all down right, y'hear". Well here it is Ray old buddy, now let's see your face over here again soon.

Andy

AFTER NATURALLY & REALLY COMES OKIE J. J. CALE'S THIRD ALBUM



CHARISMA ALSO MEANS GOOD READING

Just out

SELECTED POEMS Irving Layton
"Here are the poems of my friend and teacher Irving Layton. We met in Montreal back when there weren't any prizes for poetry. I didn't mind him being so good because we were a generation apart. I was working in a clothing factory at the time. I taught him how to dress. He taught me how to live forever." Leonard Cohen 80p

Old favourites

NAKED IN GARDEN HILLS Harry Crews
A super-crazy tale of modern America. Funny, horrific, and a great read by an author you ought to watch. 75p

KILLERS, ANGELS, REFUGEES

Peter Hammill
A unique collection of lyrics, poems and short stories by the most talented 'rock' writer around. 80p

THE MOCKING HORSE

Alan Hull
This best-selling collection of poems by Lindisfarne's founding member is still a big hit. 75p

NO ONE WAVED GOOD-BYE

ed. Robert Somma
Joplin, Hendrix, Jones, Epstein: the casualty report on rock and roll that everyone ought to read. 70p

SMOKESTACK EL ROPO'S BEDSIDE READER

Tales, tips and trips—roll up and buy one! 70p

THE LONGEST COCKTAIL PARTY

Richard DiLello
"Fascinating reading" *Music Week*
"An absorbing book of gossip about Apple" *The Observer*

"Not many satisfactory or even entertaining books have been written about pop music. But this is one of them... An immensely readable book... I couldn't put it down." *Melody Maker* £1.90

Available from all good bookstores, or in case of difficulty, post free from:
CHARISMA BOOKS (D), 70 Old Compton Street, London W1.

BOZ SCAGGS 'SLOW DANCER.'



The snazzy Mr. Scaggs did the Slow Dance in a bow tie.
And San Francisco shook.
Symphonic soul turning rock and roll at the fringes.
Melody live, come alive when Scaggs is Boz.
It's really a very important album.

Including the fabulous single cut, 'You Make It So Hard',
'SLOW DANCER' is the new album from BOZ SCAGGS.
On CBS 65953



the music people

THE TURBULENT HISTORY OF FREE 1968-1973

FREE #1 The original group, formed in May 1968, comprised **PAUL RODGERS** on vocals. He was 18 and had come down to London from Middlesbrough with his group THE ROADRUNNERS (also including Mick Moody, later in Juice Lucy, and Bruce Thomas, later in Oliver) a year earlier. The Roadrunners became THE WILD FLOWERS and when they broke up, he started BRUWEL SUBAR, a blues band trying to break into the club circuit. **PAUL KOSOFF**, lead guitarist, had worked as a musical instrument salesman before joining BLACK CAT BONES, which also included drummer **SIMON KIRKE**, who had moved to London from Shrewsbury on leaving school. On seeing Rodgers singing with Brown Sugar at the Fiddle Pickle in Finsbury Park, Kosoff and Kirke decided to join him in a group venture. Free was born. The bass player, **ANDY FRASER**, had just been fired by John Mayall in Wildcat Bluesbreakers had played for just two months, and was recommended by Mike Vernon (who had used Black Cat Bones to back up Champion Jack Dupree on the Blue Horizon album 'When you feel the feeling you was feeling'). Their first gig was at the Nags Head in Barking and was attended by Alexis Korner who named the band and encouraged them in their stuffing days, taking them along to his gigs and pointing

them in the right direction. Island Records, then still relatively small, signed them in Summer 1969 after they'd gathered a hardcore following through club gigs (particularly in the North East, at Middle Earth and the Marquee), and sessions for John Peel's Top Gear, and their first album, **TONS OF SOBS** (ILPS 9089), produced by good old Guy Stevens, came out in November 1969. Typical of most 'blues-boom' recordings, it lacked originality and character, but for a first album wasn't at all bad. The next 6 months or so were spent developing their stage act and playing at many clubs and colleges as possible - often 7 nights a week. In Summer 1969 they toured the States as support group to Blind Faith, before starting on their second album, **FREE** (ILPS 9104), produced by Free and Chris Blackwell, and released in October 1969. A vast improvement over the previous effort, this comprised all original material and made the charts - No 22. This success, consolidated by their very solid club reputation, indicated that stardom was only over the horizon - and it was their third single, which did the trick. Two previous releases 'Broad Daylight'/'The Worm' and 'I'll be Creeping'/'Sugar for My Morrison' had failed to make any impres-

sion, but 'All Right Now' (backed with 'Mouthful of grass'), released in May 1970, reached No 1 in double quick time. The resultant sold-out gigs inspired our wonderful sensation-seeking journalists to proclaim them 'the new Beatles' (the new Rolling Stones) and for a few weeks riots and hysteria greeted their appearances. Their third album, **FIRE AND WATER** (ILPS 9120), bounded up the charts, containing as it did a longer version of the hit single, which was subsequently voted Best Single of 1970. The album once more contained all original material and was produced by the group unaided. June 1970. Appearances on Top of the Pops were followed by spots on Disco 2 and various radio shows, but their next single 'The Stealer'/'Lying in the Sunshine' oddly sold few. A second, moderately successful, tour of America was completed, and they went into the studios to cut their fourth album, **HIGHWAY** (ILPS 9136), released in January 1971. Produced by Free and Andy Johns, 'considered by many to be Free's finest work', this album preceded another hit single - 'My Brother Jake'/'Only my soul', which reached No 12 and was voted Third Best single of 1971. Alleged friction between Rodgers and Fraser, and a growing disatis-

faction felt by Kosoff, were suppressed long enough for the group to embark on a tour of the Far East and Australia - but on Sunday 9th May 1971, Free split up, thereby precipitating a spate of mourning. Rodgers and Kosoff went to Japan, Kirke to Los Angeles, and Fraser came directly home - but within weeks they'd begun work on various solo projects. 'Coincidental to the split, a fifth album, **FREE LIVE** (ILPS 9160), was released in June 1971, containing tracks recorded at Sunderland Locarno, Fulmore North, and Fairfield Hall Croydon, plus one studio track, 'Get where I belong'. The official explanation for the break-up was offered by Island's press office. It is an amicable split, the members feel they have gone as far as they could within the framework of the group. They felt limited in Free and now intend to pursue their own individual ideas. The group attributed it to 'increased pressures - but it goes a lot deeper than we can put into words'. 'Free are eternal - their music will live forever' wrote a typically tearful Free freak. Sadness reigned.

Three splinter groups emerged: **PEACE** was formed by Paul Rodgers immediately on his return to England. The line-up was Paul Rodgers (lead guitar & vocals), Mick Underwood (previously with The Outlaws, & later Quatermass, on drums), and Stewart MacDonald (from Killing Floor, on bass). Starting out with a few club gigs in September 1971, they went on to play support group on Mott the Hoople's 14 city tour (October and November). Within weeks, Peace had disbanded - with rumours of Free re-grouping gaining momentum daily - and none of the tracks they cut at Island Studios were released. Rodgers began to see more of the old gang.

KOSSOFF, KIRKE, TETSU & RABBIT was basically a studio group. Paul Kosoff (lead guitar) and Simon Kirke (drums and vocals) were joined by John 'Rabbit' Burdick on keyboards and Japanese bassist Tetsu Yamouchi. They met Tetsu on a tour of the Far East, and Rabbit had come to Europe with Johnny Nash's group, Sons of the Jungle. Together they produced one album, **KOSSOFF, KIRKE, TETSU & RABBIT** (ILPS 9188). Kosoff, having contributed some fine moments to the album, then proceeded to extol himself with 'drugs in order to escape the loneliness that came from isolation', but the prospect of Free re-forming became increasingly more plausible.

Meanwhile, Andy Fraser put together **TOBY**, a trio which began rehearsal in August 1971. Fraser played bass and piano as well as handling vocals, and deliberately plumped for inexperienced sidemen: guitarist Adrian Fisher, previously a tea-boy with the Stigmata Organisation (so they say), had never been in a group before, and drummer Stan Speake was formerly a removal van driver. Said Fraser: 'towards the end of Free, we felt more like business partners than brothers'. Rather than try out his new ideas before English audiences, Fraser took Toby to the Continent for their first (and only) gigs, but the group frayed out quickly and an album remains unreleased.

Free (Free #3) fulfils the contracted gigs. Simon Kirke: 'No matter what anybody says, we got back together last January for the right reasons - but we couldn't hold it together. We weren't able to sort out Koss's head - we all tried, but we weren't the right people for the job.' 'We almost went on the road with Stevie Winwood; Paul and I have been playing at his house a lot, but he didn't want to do any gigs till next year - and we were ready and eager to start work.'

FREE #2 Jubilation greeted the announcement that Free were indeed planning to get back together - if only for a limited period. The original idea was to regroup for one British tour, a tour of Japan and a possible live album - after which Kosoff would form a band with Jim Capaldi, Paul Rodgers would record a solo album in Muscle Shoals, and Andy Fraser would fly out to Nigeria. It wasn't to be... the British tour (February 1972) was only the start. After a warm-up gig at the Newcastle City Hall on September 1971, during their

rehearsals, Kosoff tripped over some wires, injured his head and knocked himself out. Rushed to hospital for X-rays, he was found to be suffering from concussion and ordered to rest. Dates were cancelled and Free's future again looked hazy, but he recovered sufficiently to complete the second half of the tour. In December, Island released 'Wishing Well'/'Let me show you', a very successful single, which preceded their next (seventh) album, **HEARTBREAKER** (ILPS 9217), released in January 1973.

Again produced by Free, the album featured Rodgers/Kirke/Tetsu and Rabbit, with Kosoff appearing on only 5 of the 8 tracks, and Snuffy Walden (a friend of Rabbit's) played lead on one. In January, news leaked out that Paul Kosoff had actually left the group some weeks earlier - a situation which necessitated a quick rearrangement of their gig schedule. Their American tour was put back, and a subsequent British tour was cancelled entirely. Kosoff, meanwhile, had departed

two years without a work permit. The following month, the pop press screamed out the news that Paul Rodgers was to join Deep Purple. Mercifully, he had better taste; he phoned me a couple of weeks ago and invited me to replace Ian Gillan. I said I'd think about it, but I've since decided that I'm more interested in continuing with Free. 'We are at present re-grouping Free, based around Simon Kirke and myself, and were writing new material for an album. We're unable to name them at the moment, but we're trying out a new bass player and will definitely be back in business in the near future.'

FREE #3 hastily convened to play Tokyo and Osaka baseball stadiums (a combined capacity of 50,000) at the end of July 1972. Comprised: **PAUL RODGERS** on guitar and vocals, **SIMON KIRKE** on drums, **TETSU** on bass and **RABBIT** on keyboards and vocals. In September, a 20 date tour of Britain (briefly interrupted by some in Italy) was undertaken and saw the return of **PAUL KOSOFF** - making Free a quartet for the first time. Tragically struck at the Newcastle City Hall on September 1971, during their

rehearsals, Kosoff tripped over some wires, injured his head and knocked himself out. Rushed to hospital for X-rays, he was found to be suffering from concussion and ordered to rest. Dates were cancelled and Free's future again looked hazy, but he recovered sufficiently to complete the second half of the tour. In December, Island released 'Wishing Well'/'Let me show you', a very successful single, which preceded their next (seventh) album, **HEARTBREAKER** (ILPS 9217), released in January 1973.

Again produced by Free, the album featured Rodgers/Kirke/Tetsu and Rabbit, with Kosoff appearing on only 5 of the 8 tracks, and Snuffy Walden (a friend of Rabbit's) played lead on one. In January, news leaked out that Paul Kosoff had actually left the group some weeks earlier - a situation which necessitated a quick rearrangement of their gig schedule. Their American tour was put back, and a subsequent British tour was cancelled entirely. Kosoff, meanwhile, had departed

for a Jamaican holiday and he was expected to start work on a solo album (before possibly rejoining Free in due course). Wendell Richardson, the guitarist from Osibisa, was co-opted for the duration of the American tour only. This tour, with Traffic and John Martyn, was again plagued with bad luck, with Paul Rodgers spraining his ankle at Pittsburgh - causing the cancellation of 2 dates. 'More cracks in their armour' said the MM 'could bring about an almost total collapse.'

THE END OF THE LINE The extension of the Jan/Feb 1973 American tour meant the cancellation of the British tour planned for February. This caused much resentment within the ranks of Free fans who felt they were being ignored in favour of the lure of the dollar, and a press release indicating the possibility of some summer gigs and a full-scale autumn tour was whipped out to placate them. Meanwhile, a single from 'Heartbreaker', 'Travellin in Style'/'Easy on my soul' was released to enthusiastic reviews but failed to make any impression on the charts. In April 1973, John Burdick (Rabbit), still a member of Free, released his solo album **BROKEN ARROWS** (ILPS 9236), and while still speaking of Free as a going concern, it is evident that personal conflicts are preventing further activity. Rumours that Tetsu was leaving, were confirmed in June, when he was named as replacement for Ronnie Lane, who had just left the Faces. (In the ensuing Musicians Union furore, it was learned that he'd been gigging in England for

two years without a work permit.) The following month, the pop press screamed out the news that Paul Rodgers was to join Deep Purple. Mercifully, he had better taste; he phoned me a couple of weeks ago and invited me to replace Ian Gillan. I said I'd think about it, but I've since decided that I'm more interested in continuing with Free. 'We are at present re-grouping Free, based around Simon Kirke and myself, and were writing new material for an album. We're unable to name them at the moment, but we're trying out a new bass player and will definitely be back in business in the near future.'

The re-released 'All right now' leapt into the charts in July but chart activity failed the re-activate Free. Rabbit declared he was no longer in the group. Without a whisper from the press, Free passed into history. Their tombstone, **THE FREE STORY** (ISL 4), a double album originally set for release in October but held back until March 1974. R.I.P.

Line-up: **PAUL RODGERS** - vocals, **BOZ** - bass, **MICK RALPHS** (now are you doing mate? I haven't seen you for ages!) - guitar, and **SIMON KIRKE** - drums. 'Best of luck.'

And what now? What are the original members up to? Well, after a year out of the public eye, **PAUL KOSOFF** released a solo album, **BACK STREET ORANGE** (ILPS 9264, released December 1973). Despite the all super-star cost, it was a rather disappointing self-indulgent album, though Free fans picked up on 'Milton Gold' which featured the members of the original Free. According to Island, Kosoff is now in excellent health and has either just formed a band, or is about to form a band, or is just thinking about it.

ANDY FRASER formed Sharks with Marty Simon (ex Mylon LeFevre's Holy Smoke) on drums, Steve 'Snips' Parsons (ex Nothingeverhappens) on vocals, and Chris Spedding (ex Battered Ornaments, Jack Bruce, Nucleus, session man) on guitar, in November 1972. Touted as the Great White Hope of 1973, Sharks looked set for the big time, but a month after their first album, **FIRST WATER** (ILPS 9233, released April 1973), Fraser suddenly quit. He is currently involved in writing and recording with Frankie Miller.

In August 1973 one began to hear rumours that Mick Ralphs was on the point of leaving Mott the Hoople. They were true; he had joined Rodgers and Kirke in a new group venture - and in November they had recruited bassplayer Boz, formerly with King Crimson. Within weeks **BAD COMPANY**, as they called themselves, had recorded an album on Ronnie Lane's 16 track mobile. Managed by Peter Grant, it looks like a dynamic combination - a winner all the way. After a few try-out gigs on the

continent (4 in Frankfurt, 2 in Switzerland) earlier this year, they started their first British tour in March, releasing a single, 'Can't get enough', simultaneously. Line-up: **PAUL RODGERS** - vocals, **BOZ** - bass, **MICK RALPHS** (now are you doing mate? I haven't seen you for ages!) - guitar, and **SIMON KIRKE** - drums. 'Best of luck.'

This nutshell history was researched by Jim Wilson and drawn by Pete Frame May 74

After their first taste of

LYNYRD SKYNYRD

a lot of people want a second helping

Here it is



"That rumbling you hear down below the Mason-Dixon line is Lynyrd Skynyrd, the world's next super group"
—CASH BOX

LYNYRD SKYNYRD

"Look out, glitter kids—a real rock and roll band just showed up"
—RECORD WORLD

Second Helping

(MCF 2547)

Produced by Al Kooper for Sounds of the South Productions

Their new single **Don't Ask Me No Questions** (MCA 136)

MCA RECORDS
Marketed by EMI Records

The FRANK JACOBSEN STORY

Incorporating Tales Of
The Lovin' Spoonful, Norman Greenbaum,
Tim Hardin, Sopwith Camel.

Over the past decade, Erik Jacobsen has been instrumental in bringing some of the greatest ever rock music to the world; unforgettable singles like "Do You Believe In Magic?" and "Spirit In The Sky", and classic albums by the Spoonful, the Sopwith Camel and Norman Greenbaum.

During a zooming visit to Sausalito last November, I tracked him down (with that noble, cowboy-hatted dignitary, Ed Ward, whose Bayside/hillside residence was my home for a few memory-laden days, as my guide) and got him to piece together his career for our benefit.

Erik, a great bloke if ever there was one, seems to have developed into a perfectionist producer, and if he can't produce the best, on his terms precisely, then he just doesn't want to know. Admirable. Consequently, he only visits the publishing office he maintains in San Francisco a half-day a week... every Monday morning. The rest of the time he spends fishing the Pacific waters or simply gazing through the haze at the world lapping gently past the open door of his houseboat.

"I was a player to begin with," he says. "In the folk music days of the early sixties, I was playing 5 string banjo, bluegrass style, in a trio called The Knoblick Upper 10,000, and my heroes were Earl Scruggs, Ralph and Carter Stanley, Don Reno, Eddie Adcock, and the Country Gentlemen—people in the bluegrass field, mainly.

"The school I was going to, I guess, was responsible for kindness and generating my interest in folk because it was very folk orientated. For instance, in the fifties they held one of the first ever folk music festivals, and this became an annual event... so they were really in the vanguard of the whole folk movement which blossomed out a few years later. Anyway, they had Pete Seeger up there and after hearing him I just had to get a banjo.

"Spurred on by that banjo plunking away on the early Kingston Trio albums, I joined a local group called The Plum Creek Boys, and when I graduated school, I took them to New York City to see if we could make it in the big-time.

"It was my intention to look up Al Grossman, he'd come from Chicago, same as me, and he was a legend there because he'd quit the club he used to own, the Gate of Horn, and was now a big wheel in New York folk circles... everybody said I should go and see him, because if he liked us, then we were in with a chance.

"Well, Al Grossman signed us up and became our manager, said that we were going to be great, and we began to tour around the country.

On my left Sir Kenneth Clark—bass sax (it's a great honour sir)

By this time, we'd renamed ourselves the Knoblick Upper Ten Thousand, and were playing a kind of country/pop/bluegrass music—a rare old combination, but quite successful for the kind of club work we were doing, and the other guys in the group were Duane Storey and Peter Childs, who went on to become a very respected accompanist and solo performer.

"These days, 1962 and 1963, were the 'hoot-enanny days'—if you know anything about them! Strange days, I'm telling you, but changes were in the air; we were becoming a little concerned about the stuff we were playing, we began to smoke a little dope out on the road and meet other groups who felt the same about things, you know? The folk boom, which was initially great and charged with enthusiasm, was flagging and collapsing, and my own feelings came to a head at a club called The Cellar Door in old Georgetown, Washington, D.C.... it was just before Christmas 1963, I remember.

"We'd finished playing our set and were stoking up on hamburgers in this nearby hamburger joint when I heard this record on the jukebox... 'I Want To Hold Your Hand' by the Beatles. I'd never heard anything like it before! It hit me so hard that I just sat in that place and played it over and over again... and if any record changed my life, that one certainly did.

"We had enjoyed moderate success in the folk field—had a club following, went down well at colleges, and had made two albums on Mercury, but within hours of hearing 'I Want To Hold Your Hand', I had resolved to hang up my banjo, to stop playing all those 8th notes, and get into rock music somehow or other.

"Duane and I had been trying to write our own stuff for a while, but looking back, it was pretty embarrassing—terrible imitation old-time folk songs—but I was anxious to pursue the possibilities of combining folk and rock. I'd been arranging folk songs with the traditional acoustic instruments but, until then, it hadn't occurred to me to use bass and drums. Hearing the Beatles not only put loads of ideas in my head, it made me start thinking about electric folk music... it suddenly seemed so simple! Certain that my new role in music should be as a producer/arranger/discoverer/middleman and maybe publisher, I quit the group and began to look around.

"With the Knoblick Upper 10,000, it had been a question of into the studio and out again as quickly as possible; a couple of takes, maybe, on a 3-track machine, and the job was done... but I was considering the potential of spending a little more time over the cutting of a record.

"All I needed now was a singer, and I was asking all around if anybody knew of one, and two guys from Boston (who were a group calling themselves the Two Guys from Boston, I think), told me about this guy who was singing blues songs and playing electric guitar in the clubs up there. They said he was good but not too popular because he played electric, which was neither 'cool' nor 'ethnic'. They said I should go and hear him anyway.

"Now, since quitting the group, I'd been working on all sorts of different ideas—none of which I'd been able to get on record—and, with the tail end of the dance-craze singles boom still a viable proposition, I'd become obsessed with something along those lines. I'd worked out a thing called 'The Kashmir Rumble', which used sitars long before George Harrison or the Byrds, but the one I had in mind for this guy from Boston was 'The Surp', which used this incredible trombone sound effect that a friend of mine had come up with... all very calculated and all very commercial!

"So I called the guy up and invited him to come down to New York to do some recording... I told him I had a few ideas that he could possibly help out on, and we agreed to meet up at this place called The Dugout on Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village.

"He turned up, as arranged, on this really windy rainy day, with a whisky bottle in his back pocket, and the first thing he wanted to know was if I knew somewhere we could go to relax, and where we could get what we needed to get comfortable. I, in my naivety, knew very little about drugs at that time, so I didn't know what he was getting at, but anyway we went back to my apartment on Prince Street, where he sang me a few of his songs.

"Well, after a few bars, I'd forgotten all about 'The Surp'... obviously this guy was incredible—his voice was just so pure, and his songs wiped me out. His name, it turned out, was Tim Hardin, and never in all the time I knew him did I hear him sing an out-of-tune note—it just seemed a physical impossibility for him... Jesus, what an unbelievably talented guy. I couldn't believe how good he was.

"At this time, my finances were very shaky, but with the help of Felix Pappalardi, we recorded about 18 tracks over the course of two weeks and I then took the tape around to see if I could interest any of the companies. Columbia Records liked it but felt it wasn't good enough for a master, and they wanted to bring in their own producer to handle the recording. This didn't please me at all because, though I was

pretty inexperienced in the studio, I thought I could make a good job of the production. Nevertheless, I was also acting as Tim's manager and publisher and, having very little money, we agreed to a deal—whereupon this Columbia producer took him into the studio and cut some very stiff executive-type tracks.

"They were never released, and years later Verve bought the masters from Columbia and some came out as part of 'Time Hardin 1' (Verve Forecast 3004, September 1966)—tracks like 'Green Rocky Road', 'How Long' and the more blues-oriented songs.

"I produced the rest of that first album, which had those beautiful songs like 'Misty Roses', 'Hang On To A Dream' and 'Reason To Believe', and I worked out most of the arrangements for his second album, 'Tim Hardin 2' (Verve Forecast 3022, July 1967). I did 'Black Sheep Boy', 'Lady Came From Baltimore' and 'If I Were A Carpenter', which the guys I was involved in on the publishing level put up to Bobby Darin. He had a big hit with it—and the hand drums, that bass figure and the 12 string were all taken exactly from our original arrangement.

"Well, there were a lot of comings and goings and disappearances and things like that, a lot of sessions that didn't work out, and Tim and I parted company around the time of that second album, which was finally produced by Charlie Koppelman and Don Rubin, who I'll tell you more about in a minute.

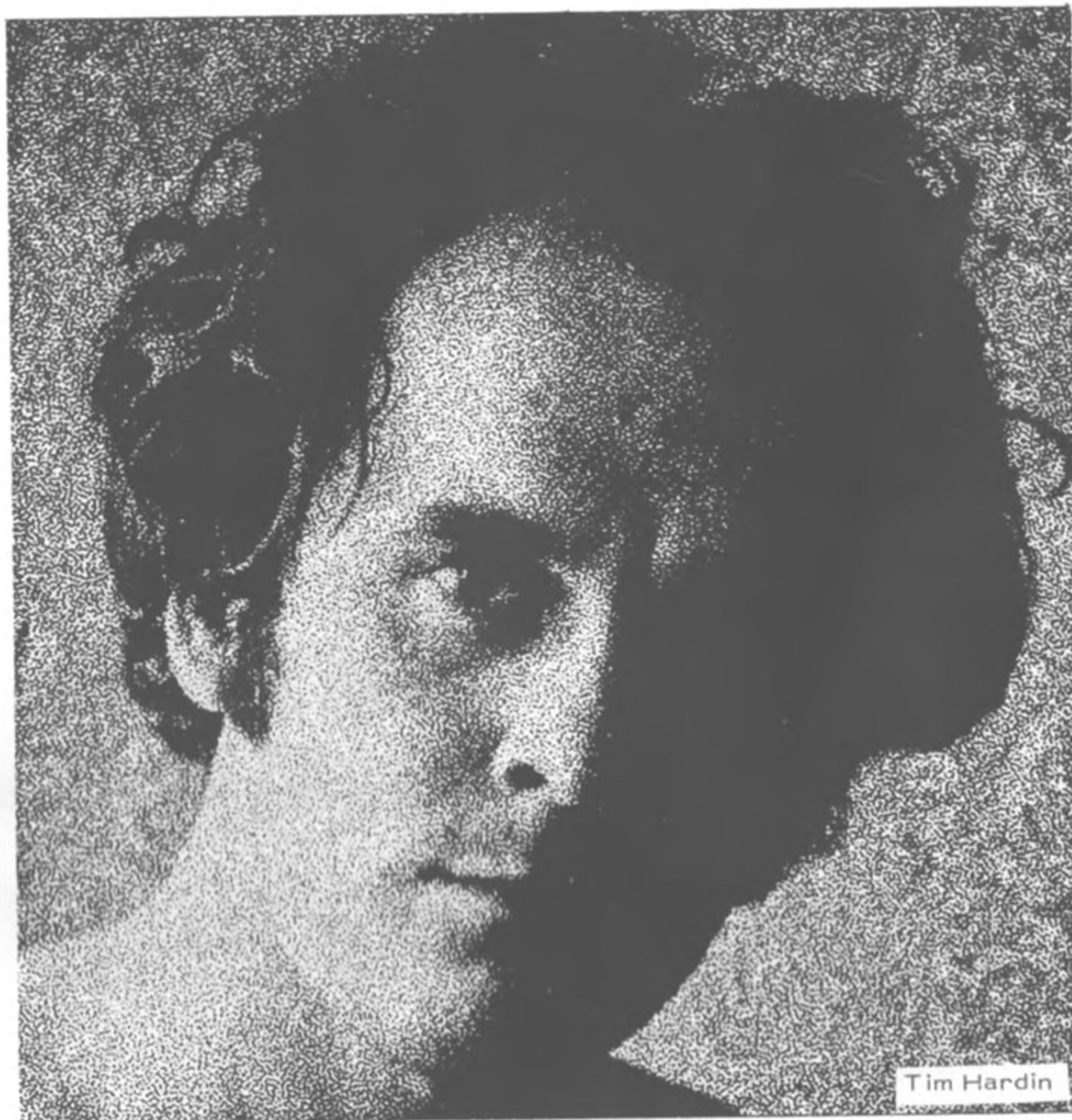
"So, though I was involved with Tim Hardin for three years, the only positive results I can show you are on that first album. Mind you, what I've told you is only a brief nutshell account... it would fill a book if we went into details. Maybe next time.

"In the meantime, not long after getting together with Tim, I'd met John Sebastian, who'd been in the Even Dozen Jug Band and was now primarily an accompanist and session player [see ZigZag 23 for full details]. We were talking one day and I told him I was interested in songs that could become hits—and he told me about this song his cousin had written, whereupon he proceeded to sing and play this surfing sort of number called 'Rooty Toot'. 'Hey, you've got a great voice,' I told him, 'why don't you sing on some records?' 'Who, me?' he said, 'You've got to be kidding—I can't sing!' You see, he was a harmonica player, a back-up musician, and he hadn't really thought about singing, but I convinced him that we should team up right away, and I got him to start writing songs too... 'Warm Baby' was one of the first he did, I remember.

"So, Sebastian and I would sit around with the specific intention of making hits together; we'd work out a song on paper, make sure we knew exactly what we wanted, and we'd hire the cheapest studio we could to cut a demo. He'd multi-track the guitars and sing, and I'd play drums maybe, and I'd try and produce, with the limited means at our disposal, a tape which would be good enough to impress an established recording artist.

"It soon became apparent that the best vehicle for the songs and the ideas we had buzzing around our heads would be a group—and it was decided that John would develop his guitar playing and singing and we'd try and find suitable guys to play the other instruments. Well, ever since 'A Hard Day's Night' had hit the Village, everybody wanted to be in a group, so all we had to do was find the right people.

"First of all Zal Yanovsky arrived. We'd known him since the folk days when he used to be guitarist for Denny Doherty's group The Halifax 3, but he was now in the Mugwumps [a group which lays claim to being Greenwich Village's first rock group, and which included Cass Elliott, James Hendricks and Denny Doherty] and that's how I became involved with Bob Cavallo. He was managing the Mugwumps and for some time had been trying to talk Sebastian into joining—hoping I wasn't



going to get in the way of his plans. Meanwhile, I was trying to get Zally into our group, and was hoping that Cavallo wouldn't hang us up. Well, with the other Mugwumps wanting to get into other scenes anyway, we came to terms and struck a mutually satisfactory deal.

"So Cavallo became manager of the Lovin' Spoonful, which was to be the name of this new group, and we had John Sebastian on guitar and vocals, and Zal Yanovsky on lead guitar.

"Next to join was Steve Boone on bass; he was just right for the group—he could play his instrument alright, dabbled on piano too, and had this shaggy hair and restless-youth appearance, which was still pretty rare at this time [the latter half of 1964]. Anyway, we took one look at him and knew he was the guy we needed—so all that left was a drummer.

"It so happened that another of my concurrent projects, because I had my finger in a lot of pies at this stage of my career—hoping that at least one would be successful, was producing, together with Herb Cohen, New York's first Beatle imitators—a group called The Sell Outs! Most other Long Island groups were still stuck on 'Green Onions' and that sort of stuff, but these guys were into doing rank cops of Beatle tunes—and drumming with them was a guy called Joe Butler. Well, the Sell Outs floundered after one of them was drafted and I got Joe to audition for the Spoonful.

"I remember when they tried him out, they played 'Johnny B. Goode' and about a quarter of the way through, he broke a stick—but he was so enthusiastic to join that he carried on, beating the shit out of his crash cymbal with his bare hand, which was getting increasingly cut up by the rivets or whatever. He kept going till the end of the song, by which time his hand was pouring blood all over the kit, but they said he could join... I guess he must have impressed them.

"We scraped together the minimum essentials of equipment and they began rehearsals in the basement of the Albert Hotel, which has got to be the worst rehearsal hall you could ever imagine. It was just incredible! Cockroaches everywhere,

rivulets flowing across the floor into big pools, slime all over the place, mushrooms and fungi growing in the corners, plaster and old flaking paint falling off the ceiling, and over on the far side, this giant furnace, throbbing and thundering away incessantly. It was just awful, but they practised there day in and day out for weeks and weeks, while we tried to get them some gigs and a recording contract.

"Nobody wanted to know about a record deal but they got a residency at a Village club called The Night Owl—and they packed that place, wall to wall, for most of Spring 1965. Still none of the record companies were interested—and the money was running out fast, because they were gigging for little more than all the sandwiches they could eat between sets.

"I was totally bankrupt, despite my various ventures which included a publishing company (Faithful Virtue) with Tim Hardin and John Sebastian signed to it, and was even evicted from my apartment... I had to move in with Bob Cavallo, who was now my partner—50/50 straight down the middle. But he was broke too! He'd started up a club called The Shadows, in Washington DC, which became the poshest folk club in the city—even the Kennedys used to patronise the place—but he had sold it and ploughed all his money into his management ventures... and there was none left.

"So it was desperation point, touch and go whether we'd get a record deal before lack of money forced us to abandon the whole thing. I was toting around this single that we'd cut with my last 790 dollars—two of John's tunes, 'Do You Believe In Magic' and 'On The Road Again'—but wherever I went and played it, the answer was the same; Warners, Capitol, Columbia, Elektra, one by one they all passed it up.

"Meanwhile, the Spoonful was just wiping everybody out at The Night Owl—there was a real buzz going around about how great they were, and one night Jac Holzman, who'd heard about this hot group, dropped by and on the strength of what he saw and the potential he envisaged, he offered us a deal involving ten

pōs'itīve (-z-), a. & n.
Explicitly laid down, definite,
admitting no question.

vibrā'tions, n.
Rapid motion to and fro
especially of the parts of an
elastic solid whose equilibrium
has been disturbed.

The new album from Ten Years After
Positive Vibrations

• Produced by Alvin Lee for Space Productions

CHR 1060
Available Now



On Chrysalis Records

Especially flown in for us, a session gorilla on Vox Humana

Steve, John, Joe and Zal

The Lovin' Spoonful

thousand dollars. Well, that wasn't much in terms of 'big money', but it sounded great to us at the time, and it would prevent us from going under, so we told Jac we'd do it.

"So, we'd entered a verbal deal with Holzman and were waiting for him to prepare the necessary documentation when someone suggested that we go and see these guys called Koppelman & Rubin Associates—so we felt we had nothing to lose by going to play them our master. 'It's a smash,' they shouted, '... this is the new group; we want to be in on it, we'll start a publishing company, we'll start a production company, we know everybody, we used to be in the Brill Building with Don Kirschner, ...' They just snowed us with their enthusiasm, but they appeared to be really genuine about the tune—and they had a winning way about them, whereas Jac Holzman was much more methodical and businesslike, talking in terms of insuring the lives of the group members and things like that. Anyway, Don [Rubin] and Charlie [Koppelman] were right on our trip [and were subsequently a party to several of my efforts], talking about making hits.

"No sooner had we put our names to the contract than everybody wanted in; the big companies were beginning to have second thoughts and even Phil Spector called me personally on the phone, expressing great interest. But we were happy and optimistic; Koppelman and Rubin bought themselves in as partners on the publishing and production and the record company they selected would be presented with the finished masters ready to release."

Occupying a similar little room in the same building, 1560 Broadway, were Artie Ripp, Phil Steinberg and Hy Mizrahi—working under the corporate name of Kama Sutra Records, and rather than have another crack at all the big wheels, Don and Charlie simply strolled down the corridor to their office, Lovin' Spoonful tape in hand. The deal was sealed that very afternoon.

Kama Sutra then sold the whole package to MGM Records; the label was to be manufactured and distributed for a royalty. So plenty of people got a spoonful of pie during that particular summer in the city: Koppelman-Rubin Associates Inc were receiving 9% from Kama Sutra who were in turn receiving 11% from MGM.

The ball was rolling at last and, as it happened, neither Koppelman-Rubin nor the Kama Sutra/Buddah Group ever found another single act to equal the earning power of the Spoonful.

As a consolation prize for messing him about, the Spoonful subsequently gave Jac Holzman the four tracks which formed the cornerstone of the Elektra 'What's Shakin'' album (EKS 74002, September 1966), though they weren't giving much away. [Neither was Tobler giving much away when he gave me his 'spare' copy of that album—it was warped like a seashell!]

Among the first recordings they made as a group, the songs and performances were all pretty unremarkable but on the other hand were indicative of the kind of material they were playing in their earliest live performances at the Night Owl: experimental efforts at original songs filled out with a sort of mugwump third generation R&B—Chuck Berry and the Coasters inspired the Stones and Beatles who in turn inspired the Spoonful to play songs that had almost become standards in English ballrooms and clubs by then.

Of the four, 'Good Time Music' is the only one which stands up today—solely on the basis that it nutshells Sebastian's reasons for forming the Spoonful and outlines the policy he intends to pursue.

Until the Beatles revolutionised it, Sebastian

ZIGZAG 42 PAGE 28



explains in the lyric, pop radio was not only unrewarding, it was offensive and moronic, which is why folkies felt so complacent and intellectually superior ... but then "those kids came over from the Mersey River and made us stand back to back—the good time music is back on the radio". He goes on to list the elements which constitute the kind of music he wants to play and hear; the kind of music which subsequently sparkles through a succession of peerless singles spanning the two years the original group stayed together.

The first of these, released in July 1965, had (as predicted by Don and Charlie) become an instant success, in America if not here—and it wasn't long before Sebastian's bespectacled smile was beaming from the sleeve of their first album.

"To give him credit, the guy who instigated



the wire-rimmed glasses idea was Fritz Richmond, who played wash tub bass with Jim Kweskin's Jug Band (and is now an excellent recording studio engineer) ... he was the first guy to wear them. Then, to give myself credit, I realised how groovy they looked and got myself a pair—because at that time the second-

hand shops were practically giving them away because nobody wanted them. Well, John subsequently got a pair, wore them for that first album sleeve photo, and started a national trend. But Fritz also suggested they adopt the name Lovin' Spoonful—so as far as image and concept go, his ideas contributed a great deal."

Though Sebastian grasped the opportunity to try out his songwriting wings, the songs on the album, 'Do You Believe In Magic?' (December 1965), mainly reflected the contemporary Village scene and of all their albums this is the only one which could justifiably be called folk-rock. Two tracks, 'Fishing Blues' (incorrectly attributed to Sebastian's authorship on the label) and 'Blues In The Bottle', were adapted from songs on the debut album of the Holy Modal Rounders, a legendary and very influential pair of New York folk nutters; another, 'My Gal', was taken from the Kweskin Jug Band's first album, 'Wild About My Lovin'', 'Sporting Life' and 'On The Road Again' were stark adaptations of folk-blues standards; and 'Other Side Of This Life' was a Fred Neil epic.

Of the remaining tracks, one was a bluesy instrumental featuring Sebastian's harp blowing skills, and another, 'You Baby', was a Top 40 hit for the Turtles at the time the album was being recorded.

The three Sebastian originals, however, were the cream on the cake. 'Do You Believe In Magic', the original million selling single, is undoubtedly one of the classic rock songs of the sixties, capturing as it does all the joy and raison d'être of rock'n'roll—and Zal's guitar, beginning in mellow tones under the second verse, moves into a basic solo which somehow manages to catch fire in a final ripple that just curls your toes up.

'Did You Ever Have To Make Up Your Mind' and 'Younger Girl' were the first indications of Sebastian's admirable Peelian obsession for young virgins, a theme which subsequently reared its pretty head in several equally fine songs. The latter is a particularly delicate piece of writing and provided an American hit for

Nice to see Incredible Shrinking Man on euphonium

another bunch of Kama Sutra proteges, the Critters, whose first album (on Kapp) is a Tobler/Frame fave rave classic.

As you might expect from a debut album rushed out to capitalise on a top ten single over eight years ago, it's rudimentary and raw; the drumming is clod hopping and bonky at times, the bass sticks to unadventurous patterns and some of the material withers in the light of subsequent works. Nevertheless, these petty criticisms don't prevent it from being a definite turning point in rock history. Just listen to some of those arrangements, for instance, which feature in the first use of two finger picked electric guitars and set a new standard for twin lead interplay.

For reasons known only to themselves, Pye, who initially put out the Kama Sutra catalogue in Britain, lacked the foresight to release the album in stereo but Polydor have just re-released it as half of a Spoonful double—so charge out and buy yourself a slice of rock history, folks.

Meanwhile, a few weeks earlier, the Spoonful, unknown outside Greenwich Village, decided to spend some of their record-deal money on a playing visit to the West Coast.

"Our first trip out of town was here, to San Francisco—a few months after the release of 'Do You Believe In Magic' ... and though we were aware of the Byrds' 'Mr Tambourine Man', we had no idea how many similar musical trips to our own were happening on the Coast. Folk rock really seemed to have taken a hold, particularly in LA where the commercial aspects were really being pushed forward. Up here, it seemed, the Charlatans were the first of a long line of bands to explore the same musical area ... everywhere we went in San Francisco, people were talking about the Charlatans.

"The Spoonful gigs on that visit, however, were pretty humble; they played this club on Broadway in North Beach, the Purple Onion I think it was, sharing the bill with a stripper. The sign actually said 'Boom Boom La Verne' with 'The Lovin' Spoonful' in smaller letters underneath.

"All the same, San Francisco was great because a surprising number of friendly people had heard of us and came to the gigs. In New York, if we went out to, say, Long Island for a gig, we took our lives in our hands because people had a savage hatred for long hair and stuff ... the suburbs were just hotbeds of animosity and hostility. But we had a really good time in San Francisco if only because the people were so friendly.

"One of the people who came to see us was Luria, from the Family Dog organisation which had just started up. 'You look like you stepped out of the Charlatans,' she said. That really threw me, because I prided myself on my image at that time; I had adopted this old-time look, with waistcoats and watch-chains and stuff, and I imagined I was pretty unique—so imagine my surprise when Luria showed me a photo of the Charlatans, who were all dressed like it! It blew my mind, I gotta tell you! Then she played me this cassette of their Virginia City Red Dog Saloon gigs a couple of weeks earlier.

"It was one mass of yelling and cheering and distortion and background, and sounded really exciting—but when you got down to bare musical facts, there wasn't too much happening. Nevertheless, my curiosity was aroused, I went to see them at the Matrix, and subsequently recorded an album with them ... an album which was doomed to remain unreleased."

Pete

(For the second month running) I must apologise for portions of the above article having previously appeared in Melody Maker. Once more I plead that (apart from the fact that I'm too much of a lazy bugger to re-write them) their inclusion here is essential in view of ZigZag's role as an encyclopaedia. Next month: Erik Jacobsen talks about The Charlatans and The Sopwith Camel (including an interview with singer Peter Kraemer).

Drop out with Peter Scott on duck call

"IT'S NO USE MOPING ABOUT IT, YOU SILLY OLD SOD - YOU SHOULD HAVE SENT OFF EARLIER"



Yes folks... Get your back issues now~ while our limited stocks last. Each issue is only 20p including post and packing. Send your name, address, requirements and money to:~

ZIGZAG BACK ISSUES, YEOMAN COTTAGE
NORTH MARSTON, BUCKINGHAM MK18 3PH

1-20	SOLD OUT COMPLETELY	31	Don McLean, Michael Murphy, Family/yes, Mother's Family Tree, Jac Holzman, Jonathan Kelly, Byrds part 5
21	Marc Bolan, Jo Manna/Danny Kootch/Tree, Al Kooper pt 1, Amazing Blondel, Buffy Sainte-Marie, the Incredible String Band	32	Pink Floyd, Steve Ellis, The Story of Spirit, Clifford T. Ward, John Cale, Roy Buchanan, Byrds part 6
22	Jack Bruce, Family Tree, Mott The Hoople, The Allman Brothers, Alice Cooper, Link Wray, Bonny Light Horsemen, Terry Riley	33	Mckendree Spring, Robert Plant, Bob Scaggs, Clarence White, Steve Miller, Bob Dylan, Douglas Quintet, Family Tree
23	John Sebastian, Colin Blunstone, Rory Gallagher, Big Brother & the Holding Co., Fairport Convention & Stonedog Trees	34	Family, Lou Reed, Captain Beefheart, Asleep at the Wheel, the Billards, (one of Connors Thin Issues)
24	SOLD OUT COMPLETELY	35	Grateful Dead part 1, Gram Parsons, Commander Cody (a his Loopy Numbers), Don Nix, Free Genesis record
25	Elton John, Lou Reed, Flamin' Groovies, Frank Zappa, Mothers, Family Tree, Love Tree, Pink Floyd's earliest days	36	Van Morrison, Stan Tracey, Kevin Coyne, Grateful Dead part 2, Burton Berlin on Herb Robinson & the Billards
26	Hawkwind, Joe Cocker, Dave Van Ronk, Greenwich Village, Brewers Proof, Dan Hicks, Charlatans, San Francisco Tree	37	Charlie Watts, Mighty Baby, Grateful Dead, part 3, Nils Lofgren, Country Joe McDonald
27	Jimmy Page, Bridge of Sighs, Procul, Traffic, Stephen Stills, Bucks Fizz, The Kinks, Story of the Byrds part 1	38	Quicksilver Messenger Service, Richard Evans, Ben Stinson, Loggins & Messina, John Stewart, Captain Beefheart
28	Led Zeppelin, The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Kim Fowley, Stealers Wheel, Kevin Ayers, Soft Machine, Family Tree, Byrds part 2	39	Michael Nesmith Interview, Steve Miller, Zigzag Poll, Ralph McTell, Evan Parker (another slim tome from old companion sf)
29	Genesis, The Everly Bros, The Eagles, Burnt By The Sun, Silverhead, Johnny Speight, Bee Heart, Byrds part 3	40	Dave Mason, Michael Nesmith post-monster albums, Peter Hammond, Macan Georgia and the Calypso Label
30	Procul, Harum, Neil Sedaka, Elton John, Rockfield, Ry Cooper, Byrds part 4, Pin-up of the Playboys of the Month: Pete Frame!	41	Quicksilver, John Martyn, David Blue, Velvets, Free, Moby Grape, Michael Pennelly, Story of the Byrds part 7

ZIGZAG 42 PAGE 29

THE FIRST CUT IS THE FURTHEST FROM THE MIDDLE



Hey, do you know that before I started this piece, I was feeling really pissed off. I won't trouble you with the reason, but Nicky wasn't getting any change out of my mood, so she went to bed, leaving me to the tender mercies of two dogs and four cats, most of whom have been uncharacteristically keeping themselves to themselves tonight for a change. The exception is Tiny Dancer, a pony-sized dog who has taken to farting out of context, then hurriedly leaving the room (and its unfortunate occupants), apparently in search of some rancid bone which she has just remembered she left in the loo. The fumes from her stomach are the only clouds in my sky, because I've just finished listening to an album I'm proud to have been given an advance copy of, a budget double titled 'Hard-Up Heroes', put together by Roy Carr and Charles Shaar Murray of NME out of pure enthusiasm, and gratefully accepted by Decca. Basically, it's a bunch of mid-sixties tracks by people who either did or didn't become superstars, and who either are or aren't in the music business now. For me, the music, although frequently good, usually important historically, and rarely irrelevant, comes second to the nostalgia—next week, I attain the terrifying age of thirty-one, and from the time I left school in 1961 until about 1966, I was often to be seen (and normally ignored) in some of the less salubrious clubs and pubs around London. Many of the songs on 'Hard-Up Heroes' are things I bought first time round, and bring many anecdotes to mind. I hope you won't mind me recounting a few brief memoirs...

Side One starts with 'Some Other Guy' by The Big Three, a Liverpool group. Coming from London, my groups were the Stones and the Manfreds, and I have to confess that I really didn't much like the Beatles, just out of pure prejudice, until 'Beatles For Sale', I mean, 'Love Me Do' was great, and Pete and I couldn't quite remember the name of the group when we heard it one lunch hour behind the Pru'. No one seems to have explained why The Big Three never made an album—if they were that good, why not, one asks? Another thing—one of the writers of this track is Richie Barrett, and he made the correct version of it. Now, he's the manager of the Three Degrees. And the producer, Noel Walker—he was involved with a record by Brian Parrish, and by mistake I went to a press reception for it, also attended by P.J. Proby, Pete Drummond, John Christian Dee and and Janie Jones among others. We all made a cosy little film, singing with Parrish on the chorus. Noel's still around these days, producing Blackfoot Sue, who I feel obliged to say are candidates for a similar concept album in about six years.

Next is Steve Marriott singing Jess Conrad singing Tommy Roe singing Buddy Holly, the result being some dreadful hiccupping a la Paul Anka's 'I Love You Baby'. This is an interest track, not an enjoyment piece, and the most relevant thing I can think of to say is that Nicky thought Jess Conrad was pretty neat when he was in those Coke adverts about ten years ago, and now I believe he's the bloke who lives in the paint tin, whose voice seems to me not to match his face. Kenny Rowe, now of Capability Brown, once said that he was in the Moments at the same time as Marriott, and the rest of the group fired young Steve after a gig somewhere on the South Coast.

Alexis Korner's was the very first R&B band I ever saw. It was at the Flamingo, half empty as I recall, and maybe Ronnie Jones and Graham Bond were in the Korner band. I can't recall the name of the lady I took with me, although a faint memory of her being quite large, but with matching tits, occurs. I know that we were both rather impressed by the whole thing, and sweated large amounts—ah, Jo was her name, ginger hair, lived in Highgate. I doubt whether many of those who saw the Korner band in those palmy days stayed with them for long, because the horn influence even then was fairly prevalent in the band, and it didn't really stand a chance in comparison to the Stones. Also, it's my impression that they weren't very good, although it

would only be fair to say that my idea of hades is having to listen to an Alexis Korner guitar solo. The track here could be heard in at least six different locations in London on every single night from 1963 until 1966 or so, and I have now got to the stage where it hurts to even type the title. One last thought on this subject—how about Pye re-releasing that EP of Cyril Davies which includes 'Country Line Special'? It was the 'Guitar Boogie Shuffle' of the harmonica in 1963, and I'm sure there must be others like me who seem to have lost their original copy.

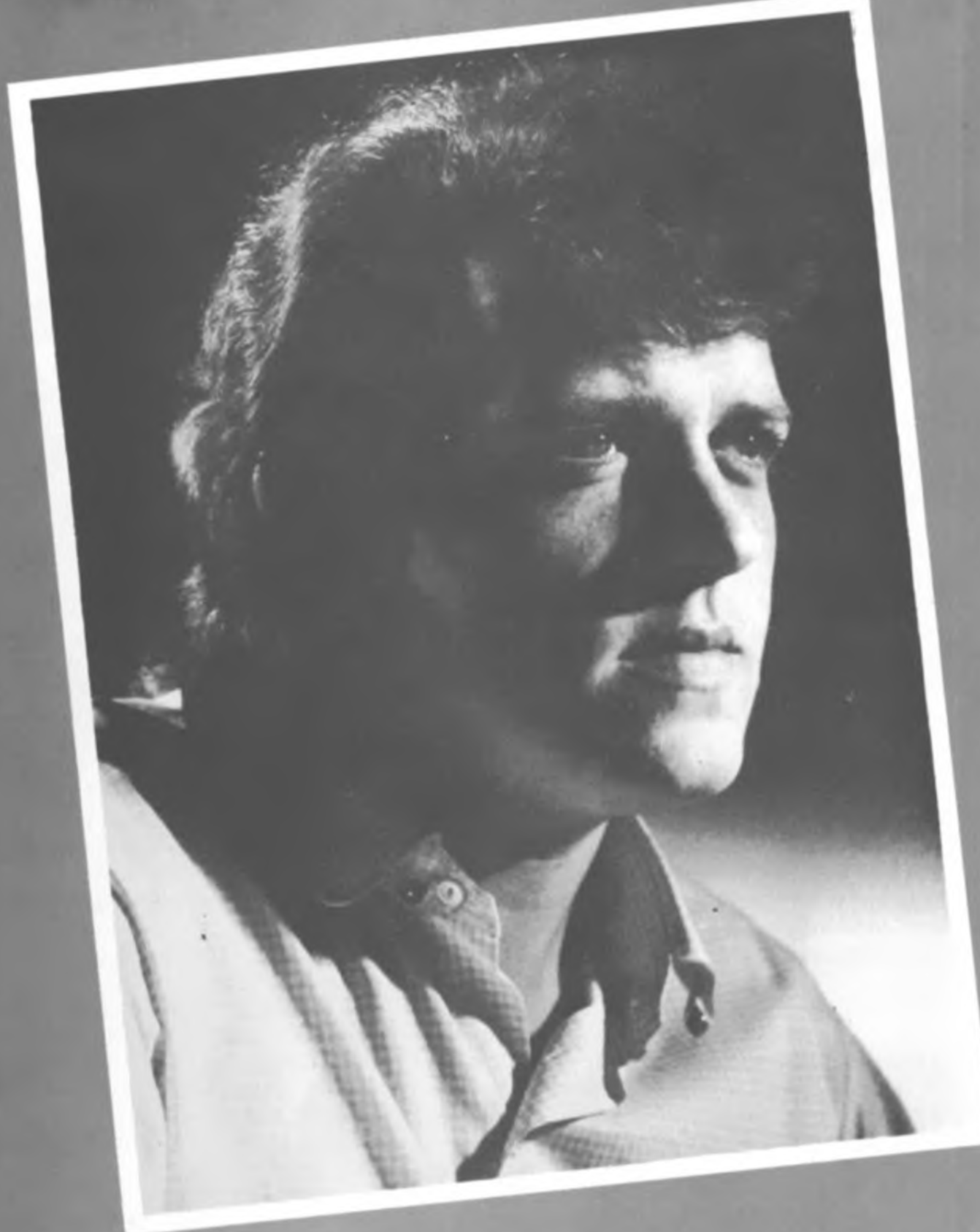
Now Dave Berry was bloody good, and he probably still is. I wonder if there has ever been another instance of two unrelated people with the same surname having a record of the same song in the charts in the same week. It happened in the week of 9/11/63 according to 'Rock File', the song being 'Memphis Tennessee'. On the record we're talking about, the song is 'My Baby Left Me', and it's good, with some amusingly primitive stereo, and a solo from Jimmy Page, which really is excellent. Nobody ever seems to mention, when speaking of Page, his collaborations with Britain's first beat poet, a guy called Royston Ellis. When the Mermaid Theatre was first open, in 1960 or 61, they had a National Poetry Festival there, with a lot of really great stuff, like readings of Ezra Pound's pieces, and Neville Coghill, the bloke who produced the Penguin Chaucer crib, reading out some of the Tales in Chaucerian English. Bernard Miles was there, and was really nice to us lads up for the day in London, and John Wain, of 'Hurry On Down' fame, was also there. The token hippie, although that's not the way I saw it at the time, was Royston Ellis, reciting his 'Living To Gyp' poems, with Page on a tall bar stool, doing nice little fills as I recall. Wonder whatever happened to Royston Ellis, and whether you can get any of his books these days? He was my hero then.

'Everything's Al Right' by the Mojos was my favourite record for a couple of weeks in early 1964, and I continued to prefer it to its main rival, the Animals' 'Baby Let Me Take You Home', until either Xmas or New Year's Eve of that year when the Animals played their song on a late edition of 'Ready Steady Go', still the best TV rock'n'roll programme there ever was anywhere. However, I didn't like the Mojos' follow-up 'Why Not Tonight?' very much, and I certainly preferred Lonnie Donegan's version of 'Seven Daffodils', which was another of the Mojos' records. I think it wouldn't be unfair to dub the Mojos the epitome of a one hit wonder, but this is the track that I'll always enjoy, albeit in a small way.

I could never understand what all the fuss about Graham Bond was, again due to my bias towards guitars and away from horns. Thus, the sight of Graham Bond doing Roland Kirk type things didn't get to me, although a mate of mine called Tony Preston, who saw the Bond band on the second Chuck Berry tour, was positively orgasmic on the subject. One nice single I've got is Duffy Power, backed by Bond and Co, doing 'I Saw Her Standing There'. Anyway, 'Long Tall Shorty', which we have here, is far better by Tommy Tucker, and I wonder whatever happened to him? I recall some dude in Strickland's, Golders Green Road, wanting to buy 'Hi Heel Sneakers', and being very put out because it didn't have a removable centre, and neither did his 45rpm only record player. Another first for Pye, although I suppose they must have made other arrangements to cater for the juke box trade.

Finally on side one is a track by a bunch called The Warriors, which included Jon Anderson of Yes and Ian Wallace on drums. I've never heard it before, and will probably lift off the arm in future, although I have to admit that it sounds no less pleasant than Anderson's latter day work, which I never play either.

Side two begins with 'Tobacco Road' by the great Nashville Teens. The sleeve note would have you believe that the group had difficulty following this, their first record, but certainly their



next single, another John D. Loudermilk thing, called 'Google Eye', was also top ten in 1964. The B side of 'Tobacco Road' was the first time I ever heard 'I Like It Like That', and I feel the group must have been really on the ball to have heard Chris Kenner's original at such an early date. I first saw them as the opening act on Chuck Berry's first English tour, and I was confused for a long time by one of their best numbers, the title of which I didn't discover until I acquired their excellent, and presumably rare EP. The song was 'How Deep Is The Ocean?', would you believe? John Hawken, the piano player with the Teens, is one day going to be a star. It may not be with the Strawbs, his current group, but one day, he'll be huge, mark my words. The only other thing of amusement I can think of about the Teens is that I could never take seriously, in 1964, anyone who shortened their name to Art. It seemed OK for Americans, but not for Art Sharp, one of the Teens' vocalists.

'Da Doo Ron Ron' by the Andrew Loog Oldham Orchestra has Jagger singing on it, and it's fine. I used to go and see the Stones at least twice, sometimes four times a week, and they were just amazing, and to my mind considerably superior to what they manage today. Some of the great songs they played, but apparently have never recorded, would make a very good record—things like 'The Jaguar And The Thunderbird', 'Cops And Robbers', 'I'm A Hog For You', 'Pretty Thing', 'Diddley Daddy', and loads more. Also, there were several helper type people who were always around, one of whom was Hamish Grimes, whom I saw a couple of years ago when he designed sleeves for Polydor. There was another bloke called Rowan, and I don't know what happened to him, but anyway the Stones were the best, and don't let anyone ever tell you different.

Zoot Money—I think I saw his London debut, singing with Paul Jones at the old Marquee. As I recall, the Blues Brothers (later Manfred Mann) played the Marquee on Mondays, then did, in some order, Portsmouth, Southampton and Bournemouth on Tues/Wed/Thur, before coming back to either some pub in Blackheath or the Ealing Club at the weekend. Zoot used to be in a band in Bournemouth with Tony Blackburn, and attached himself to the Manfreds, so I believe. Actually, I think he could have been enormous in rather more than the Geno Washington way he managed (I also saw Geno Washington sing with the Ramjam Band before he was their headliner—the band was backing Charlie and Inez Foxx at the Flamingo one Sunday afternoon, and in the Ramjam set, they only let Geno sing about three songs, one of which was 'Stand By Me') but all the hilarity on stage seemed to detract from the music. Zoot did an ace version of 'Barefootin'', and the track on this album's good, 'The Uncle Willie', although I suppose that 'Big Time Operator' is his best known, and best, song. I also read this week that the Big Roll Band are to reform for a tour, which you should all endeavour to attend. Zoot was, and is, very funny and one of the great British originals whom everyone should know about.

The Mighty Avengers and 'So Much In Love' evoked zero response in me, and I can't find very much more to say about Joe Cocker and 'I'll cry Instead', although the latter is predictably somewhat pleasanter than the former.

Penultimate track on side two is by the Rocking Vickers, and features the most brilliantly unmusical guitar solo I have ever heard. The bloke who perpetrated such an outrage should be poisoned, then hung, then drowned. The track is the definitively bad version of 'I Go Ape', and the only think I can retrieve from it is the fact that Neil Sedaka has not been correctly re-released by RCA. I believe that there is no available LP with any of 'I Go Ape', 'The Diary' or 'No Vacancy', all of which, but especially the last, are killer tracks. How about it, RCA? ZigZag'll do it for you if you like.

End of the first record is the Poets with 'Now We're Thru', which I've never liked. It was my impression that one or more members of the

ZIGZAG 42 PAGE 32

Poets graduated, if that's the right word, to the altogether more popular Marmalade, but I don't seem to recognise the names. Personally, I'd have put on, instead of this heap of junk, 'I Don't Want To Go On Without You' by the Moody Blues, one of the best covers of a Drifters' song anywhere, by anyone, and certainly the best thing that the MBs ever did. On to side three.

Which starts with Rod Stewart and 'Good Morning Little Schoolgirl'. This version sounds very much like Berry's 'Our Little Rendezvous', but the latter is a better song for my money, and is another that the Stones should revive, and should therefore be added to the list previously mentioned. Now Rod is said to have been in Jimmy Powell and the Five Dimensions, and I think I saw him with that band at Golders Green Rectory, when Powell's voice was giving out, and there was certainly a guy who played harp and didn't do much of anything else. Now why isn't Jimmy Powell on this record? I've got a couple of really ace singles by him, particularly the Earls' 'Remember Then', which is brilliant in either version, his or theirs.

Zombies next, and one of the few errors in the notes which I can detect. The name of the group's guitar player was Paul Atkinson, not Pete, and of course he works, as I do, at CBS. The track chosen here is 'Tell Her No', and that's one of the few silly goofs made in the preparation of this album, because it's a track which is on both the Zombies' albums currently available ('World of the Zombies' and 'Time of the Zombies'), whereas such a track as 'Remember You', sung in the fine Otto Preminger film 'Bunny Lake Is Missing' which was recently televised, would be a far better thing for this album, as well as being preferable to my taste, and maybe to yours.

The Birds were a group who I never went to see. The only contact I ever had was at a party in Palace Gardens, I think it was, just off Bayswater Road, at the flat of one Martin Preston, who has a friend called Tony who lies about his age, feeling that thirty-one is rather too old to claim. More to the point, Martin once went out with a chick who worked for a large entertainment company, from which lady he caught crabs. When he left his basement room, I took it over, but he forgot to take the crabs away too. This has been a public service announcement because getting rid of the little fellows hurts like hell. The Birds track is unexceptional.

The Small Faces and 'Watcha Gonna Do About It' is a classic. It is also a shameless rip-off of 'Everybody Needs Somebody To Love', in my opinion Solomon Burke's greatest track, and one of the finest soul tracks of all time, being right there in the Otis Redding/Freddie Scott category. I wish 'Ogden's Nut Gone Flake' were available, because I've never heard it and I'd like to, although I have got 'The Autumn Stone' which is fine.

'Have You Heard' is a great track taken from the Mayall/Clapton Bluesbreakers album. On it, Clapton demonstrates that he is the finest guitar player that England has ever produced, and that the world would be a finer place if he were to play as often, both live and on record, as his friend Pete Townshend. I saw the Mayall band with Clapton, and Eric was out of sight—eyes closed, leaning back against his speaker cabinet at Klook's Kleek, doing a Mike Bloomfield impersonation, but with much better music (and I also think that Mike Bloomfield's a fine guitar player). There are only two English musicians that I would go out of my way to interview now, having spoken in the past to such ZigZag heroes as Elton John and Pete Townshend, and the two lucky men are Mick Jagger and Eric Clapton. If either of you read this...

The end of side three is marked with 'Do I Still Figure In Your Life', the title as I know it, although the label and sleeve say something a little different. Sung by Honeybus, a group which appeared to revolve around Pete Dello, who sang it and wrote it, as well as the group's other biggie 'I Can't Let Maggie Go', which has sold more bread than records, and it sold a lot of records. I think that Honeybus were a good

group, and if you happen to own a stereo version of 'Maggie', just check it out, because it has a quite beautiful mix. On 'Do I Still Figure', the strings are arranged in a manner which appeals to me a lot. In fact, they are very similar to the strings on 'Here Comes The Night' on the new Van Morrison live double, and that is just amazing. After Honebus, Dello made a solo album on the Nepentha label (whatever happened? etc) and a couple of years ago, Honeybus reformed and were going to be on Warner Bros. but nothing seemed to happen.

The final side begins with a track by David Bowie. That's a phenomenon I don't understand, so I'll refrain from passing any comment other than the thing that always occurs to me, that being that he sounds like Anthony Newley, who sang 'Pop Goes The Weasel'.

Of particular interest to Van Morrison completists will be 'The Story of Them', a very rare record indeed, although not one which grabbed me with any force when I heard it here for the first time. The sleeve note claims that the track was cut by the original Them, but I don't believe that Jackie McAuley, who is quoted as being on the session, was in Them until near the end of Van's time with the band. A minor gripe, and more interesting would be to know the whereabouts of Jackie, who made one track which appeared on Trader Horne's album, which is still a fave of mine after four years or more. The track's called 'Sheena', and it's great.

Last but not one of the 'Hard-Up Heroes' is Cat Stevens, who is anything but short of a bob or two, I would imagine. Although most people, probably justifiably, prefer Cat's recent Island material, I've always liked the Decca stuff much more, and in fact 'The World Of Cat Stevens' is one of the best budget albums I've got. 'The First Cut Is The Deepest', as indicated in the sleeve note, was a big success for P.P. Arnold, and I reckon that a new generation should be allowed to make it a hit, provided, of course, that something is possible with the famous Immediate label, of 'went bust owing ZigZag money' fame. A lovely song, and a joy to hear in either version.

Last of all is Timebox and 'Beggin'', which is a well made cover of a Four Seasons A side. That in itself is no problem, but it's just a little daunting to think what Patto might have become if 'Beggin'' had been a hit. I remember seeing Timebox, again at Klook's, and their big upfront number was a thing whose chorus went something like 'Here's baked jam roll in your eye,' which caused a lot of amusement to a bloke called Bernie Beck and to me, and also some confusion to us both as to the song's relevance. Very odd.

Well, it was nice thinking back, and it's to be hoped that some of you have similar memories evoked when you hear this record, as you surely ought. Most ZigZaggers are very definitely archivists, and I'd say that this album, in conjunction with several of the World of Hits, World of Them type of record, is Decca's contribution to the 'Nuggets' way of life. You can recognise the album by the sleeve drawings of nine of the stars looking a wee bit similar to each other in their yellow jackets, and with one exception, playing their Fenders. Well done, Charles and Roy—now, get to work on Volume Two.

John Tobler



Time in Wild Man of Borneo on bongas

MAGMA

**THEIR
SECOND VISITATION
ON A & M**

KÖHNTARKÖSZ

**A & M
RECORDS**

AMLH 64397

TALKING WITH

JOHN

WEIDER

CHLOE

STORMBRINGER PRODS.

While Pete and I were doing our best to break the world record for interviews performed per day in Los Angeles, we also managed to take in a couple of other things every now and then. One Sunday, in particular, Pete went off somewhere, perhaps to partake in the dubious pleasures exhibited in yard high letters at one establishment—"WRESTLE WITH A LIVE NUDE WOMAN". Still, when he came back to our bijou bungalow, he bore no marks of forearm smashes, or even less painful holds, so perhaps he went to see "Deep Throat", which we both attended at a later date, Pete afterwards expostulating that he didn't want anyone to know we'd seen it. They'd never let him join the Young Conservatives, or something... Anyway, I went to the office of our greatest benefactor on the trip (a prize shared with the unstoppable Mike O'Mahony), Francis X. Feighan, to be present at the public unveiling of a new and excellent album by Michael Fennelly, about whom I hope you've read by now. Among the others at this do were John Weider and his lady Carol, with whom I chatted for a while, and thinking of Connor's marathon and directionless piece on Family in issue 34, I felt I should make the effort to fit John into our ridiculously tight schedule, which I did towards the end of our three weeks.

Early Days

"One of the first bands I played in was the Moments, with Stevie Marriott, Jimmy Winston and Kenny Rowe, and just before that I was doing a lot of session work with various people like Brenda Lee, and all the people of that time. Plus I did a thing for the Stones once, on 'Not Fade Away', playing one of the two rhythm guitars.

"Also, a lot of the time I was doing residences in nightclubs. I did a thing at the Tottenham Royal for about six months, then I did a year's residency at the Van Gogh bar in Piccadilly with a trio, playing old standards and sort of schmaltzy jazz. I did a couple of stints like that, which

ZIGZAG 42 PAGE 34

at that time were paying really good money. I was playing guitar then, and a little bit of bass—it was called the Eddie Ricardo Trio, and he was the accordion player, I was the guitarist, and there was a drummer. We actually made a couple of records under that name, for Parlophone or something.

"I played with Johnny Kidd and the Pirates too. I can't really remember which year it was, but we did records of 'The Birds and the Bees', the Jewel Akens song, 'Gotta Travel On', and the new revised version of 'Shakin' All Over'. The band at that time was Frank Farley and Jerry Spencer—I replaced Mick Green, who then went on to work with Englebert Humperdinck. I think he's still working with him now, and all he does is like six months in Las Vegas, then has a six month holiday, then another six months in Vegas. I wasn't in the band right up until Johnny died, because we did a six month residency at Blackpool, and I left after that because it sort of did me in. It was Johnny Kidd and the Pirates, Heinz and the Saints, Screaming Lord Sutch, the Tornados—Jim Cregan was playing with them at that time. He was up there doing 'Telstar', and I was with Johnny Kidd, although I didn't know him at all then."

A quick round-up of the points covered in traditional ZigZag manner, starting with Jimmy Winston, who was one of the original members of the Small Faces. I believe that they parted company because Jimmy was so much taller than the rest of the group, but I'm sure that his next band was called Winston's Fumbs. Kenny Rowe is now part of the excellent Capability Brown, who are well worth seeing if they're in your area. I've never seen anything by the Eddie Ricardo Trio, and I'm not looking too hard. As far as Johnny Kidd goes, I have a useful album on Starline, scintillatingly titled 'Shakin' All Over' (SRS 5100), which contains none of the tracks John mentions, although in most untypical style, the year of each is noted; as they span from 1959 to 1964, it's possible that he's on there somewhere.

The Animals

"The bass player in the group, Danny McCulloch, used to play with Screaming Lord Sutch, and he was the drummer with the Nashville Teens. When Danny went for the audition, they still didn't have a guitarist, so Danny, who lived at the other end of the street from me, 'phoned me, and I went down to where they were rehearsing at the Scotch of St James. We ran over something like 'Ginhouse Blues' and 'C.C. Rider', and that was it.

"We realised we needed another guy to make it a five piece band, and I knew Vic Briggs. Vic came down in a suit and bow tie because he was very straight then, still playing with Brian Auger. After a week of being with us, he really changed, got into a kaftan and grew a beard... anyway, he came down and did exactly the same thing, played a couple of numbers, and got the gig." That made the line-up Eric Burdon on vocals, John Weider on guitar, Vic Briggs on guitar, Danny McCulloch on bass and Barry Jenkins on drums. In that form the Animals toured the States several times during the first year, and then, presumably realising it would be cheaper to live there, did just that. By this time, Burdon had signed the group to MGM, after a fairly short period on Decca in England. I'm not very clear quite how the records came out in America, but according to Lillian Roxon, there were several more albums there than here. What John did remember was that the final Decca record was 'Help Me Girl', which was produced by Frank Zappa, and some of the Mothers of Invention formed the backing group to this and a whole album done with Zappa and Tom Wilson, which I believe to be called 'Animalism', which is very confusing, but hopefully correct.

The old Animals (Chas Chandler, Hilton Valentine and Dave Rowberry were the final line-up, together with Burdon and Jenkins) folded up in about 1966.

"Eric got to the point where he couldn't progress anymore. He was writing songs that weren't really blues songs, so he wanted to get

Count Basie Orchestra on triangle (thankyou)

a psychedelic band together. His whole thing was to play at places like the Fillmore, and Barry was into the same trip that Eric was, so he stayed. We couldn't have played the Fillmore with the sort of music that Eric was playing before, and the group became known in America as a psychedelic band, an acid rock band. We were a big name, and we used to play with people like the Grateful Dead, Quicksilver and Chicago at that time."

The 'new' Animals started off with some really good records as far as I was concerned—'San Francisco Nights', 'Good Times' and 'Sky Pilot' were all really good ones, I reckon, and John recalls that they had about five top ten singles. In the dim past, I can just about remember the advertising for 'Sky Pilot' which boasted that this record was the very first stereo single, although I really don't know whether that's true.

"MGM did a good distribution on the band. The group got a lot of exposure, mainly because we were not only a psychedelic band, but also a teeny bopper band at the same time. On the one hand, we'd play the Fillmore, and on the other we'd go and do a county fair in Kentucky to about fifteen thousand fourteen year olds, and both lots would get off because the records were hits. Over here, a lot of it is based on hits—the only groups that make it are people that have been in the charts."

The Animals, of which John Weider was a part, recorded four main albums, not counting the various compilations which seemingly have never stopped coming out. As John says, "Actually, there's now about six albums out called 'Best Of The Animals' with all the same songs on." The four are, in order of appearance, 'Winds Of Change', 'The Twain Shall Meet', 'Every One Of Us' and a double album, 'Love Is'. Personally, the only ones of those I've heard are the ones I possess, which are the first and last, and I find them at best patchy. 'Winds Of Change' contains two good singles, 'Good Times' and particularly 'San Francisco Nights', plus a lot of rather odd songs which smack to

Great to hear The Rawlinsons on trombone



me of a band attempting to be 'psychedelic' and 'far out' without really knowing how such a euphoric state is achieved. After all, it's really not just a case of breaking the world acid dropping record, or wearing shapeless clothing—it seems to me that you have to believe in what you're doing, and much more important, be able to put your beliefs over in your songs. I certainly wouldn't knock the later Animals for their beliefs, but I think they frequently failed rather miserably to be anything but weird in many of their internally written and recorded songs. A quick example is a diabolical piece of rubbish on the 'Winds Of Change' album called 'The Black Plague', which would only be of interest to necrophiliacs or Burdon's immediate family. Superjunk. However, there's a big plus in all of this, which is that the outside material recorded by this group is often exceedingly nice—for example, 'Paint It Black', from the same album, is really pretty good, with some nice violin bits from John Weider, and on the 'Love Is' record, there are some really excellent tracks. However, more of that later, because the Animals went through a number of personnel changes, which John describes below.

"Vic and Danny were the first ones to leave. Danny thought he could be a star in his own right, and Vic felt he could be a top class producer. Danny did do a solo album, but he wasn't terribly successful, so he went back to England, got tired of music, and just went back to straight life. When they left the band, we all knew Zoot (Money), so we immediately thought of bringing him into the band, and he brought with him Andy Somers, who was the guitar player in Zoot's previous band, Dantalian's Chariot, and they both fitted in really well. That was when we did the 'Love Is' album, and we also did a lot of work, but Eric sort of lost his direction after a while, and that's when the band split up, at the end of '69.

"It's a bit difficult to say the reasons for the break up. With the early band, anything we did automatically sounded like the Animals because of Eric's voice. Some people really praised Eric,

and some really put him down, but he had a unique voice, which you would recognise whenever you heard it. The same thing is true today of Bowie, who is instantly recognisable. But when Zoot joined the band, he was writing a lot, and a lot of his things were getting used, and the group seemed to lose the Animal's identity. Zoot was doing vocals, and he'd sing a couple of songs on his own, with Eric just sort of freaking out, lying between your legs and so on, and the band wasn't pulling quite as well. Also, Eric was having a lot of problems with asthma, so that was the last album we did together."

I'm actually quite pleased to have 'discovered' the 'Love Is' album, because there are some rather good things on it, unlike the 'Winds Of Change' thing, which eventually became little short of interminable. There are nine tracks over the four sides of 'Love Is', which will indicate the sort of thing that Burdon and his men intended, and I can play at least five of them without a single wince. Particularly good are 'To Love Somebody', one of the best songs the Bee Gees ever wrote, 'River Deep Mountain High', which has some good lyric changes and fine instrumental breaks, 'Gemini', which might have appeared on a future volume of 'Nuggets', if there were one (unfortunately, there won't be) and 'As The Years Go Passing By' which demonstrates good guitar interplay between Weider and Briggs. A lot of the rest is irrelevant as far as I'm concerned, but it could have made a very good single album. Even so, I think it's probably worth thirty bob if you should see it around cheaply, which you probably will. Now back to John, and the eventual destination of the other members of the Animals.

"I think Eric is now cured of asthma, and the story of his records with War and his career after that is well known. Zoot stayed in the States, and did a solo album, and Vic did a lot of producing. Andy's been living here in LA until a couple of weeks ago. He's just gone back. He's been studying classical music for the last four years, and he's really a fine classical guitar player.

ZIGZAG 42 PAGE 35

but now he's going to get back into a band in England. Barry stayed on here, doing sessions."

Well, I don't have too much to add to that. I haven't heard anything much about Vic Briggs, Danny McCulloch, Andy Somers or Barry Jenkins over and above what John said. Zoot Money is a subject of sufficient interest to fill about half a dozen ZigZags and maybe we'll do that one day. The last thing he did was with Steve Ellis' group Ellis, who unfortunately split up recently, but I'm sure he'll be re-emerging somewhere soon. After all, he's kept doing so ever since I first saw him supporting Manfred Mann at the Marquee in 1963, and if Shane Fenton can do it . . .

"The funny thing was that we did a gig in England. I think it was when we played the Savile Theatre with Hendrix, and Family had come down that night to see the band play. And two years later, there I was playing with Family. I played violin on a couple of numbers on that show, and Ric Grech was the only other guy at that time who played violin in a band. I remember Charlie Whitney telling me afterwards that they'd immediately thought of me as a replacement if Ric ever left Family. Which I think is strange—they seeing me from an audience, and it actually happening two years later.

Family

"But after the Animals, I stayed on here, and played with a group called Stonehenge in a little

club for three or four months. They eventually became part of Crabby Appleton. I was making about seventy or eighty quid a week with them, just working in this very popular club in LA, which at the time was OK, because it was something for me to do while I decided what I wanted to do next.

"I was staying with some friends in Laurel Canyon, and Peter Grant 'phoned me and said 'You've got a plane ticket coming tomorrow morning, and you're going to be in Detroit by tomorrow night.' So I said, 'Well, Pete, I know you always put a good gig on, but who am I going to play with?' He wouldn't tell me, and I thought that was strange, but I'd never even heard of Family, because I'd been living in the States, and they'd never meant anything here. So I got to Detroit, and Tony Gourvish met me at the Airport and told me that the group was Family. Of course, I said I didn't know the group, and then I got to the hotel and met all the guys, and the next night I was on the stage playing 'Weaver's Answer' and 'Observations' and all that! That first gig in Detroit was with Blue Cheer, who were so loud it was horrible, and Ric and I were on stage playing both together so that I could learn the parts. That went on for five days until we got to New York, and then Ric went off to join Blind Faith, and I stayed with Family."

At the time John joined Family, it consisted of Roger Chapman, Rob Townsend and Charlie

Whitney who remained with the band until their final break up at the end of last year, plus Jim King. However, Weider and King didn't make an album together before the saxophone player left. "Jim had been playing with Charlie and Roger for a long time, but he was going through a few head scenes at the time. Inside, he was a very sort of delicate person, and he got very frightened of life, to the extent where he went through a whole mental scene, and Roger and Charlie couldn't take it in the band. Jim needed hospital treatment for about a year, to get himself together. So in the end, it came to a vote as to whether Jim should stay in. I was all for keeping him, because I always thought he was a great guy to work with, but the others all wanted him to go, so he went. I knew that it wouldn't work if Jim stayed in the band, but he was one of the nicest guys I ever worked with, and I didn't want to part from that. Then, of course, Poli (Palmer) came in, because I knew Jim Cregan, and he recommended Poli."

While our subject was with Family, they released three albums, 'A Song For Me', 'Anyway' and a compilation called 'Old Songs, New Songs', and the band was at one of its most popular peaks. So why did John leave such a successful combination?

"Mainly because I got tired of playing the bass. I was playing a lot of guitar on the albums, and I really sub-consciously wanted to get back to playing guitar, so I ended up forming a group

FAMILY

with Jim, getting into that two guitar thing, which was what I'd been wanting to do for a long time."

This group was Stud, which also contained Charlie McCracken and John Wilson, who had just left Taste, Rory Gallagher's band, and Jim Cregan, who had previously been in Blossom Toes with Poli Palmer, and was later yet another of the many bass players in Family.

"When Taste split up, John and Charlie stayed with Eddie Kennedy, who was managing Taste at that time, and Rory went off by himself. Jim had already had the idea for Stud, and in fact, had cut an album before I joined. I was living in a house in Berkely Road in Fulham—Poli was living in the basement, I was living on the first floor, and Jim was upstairs! So after I left Family, I started going up to see Jim, we started jamming together, and decided to make Stud a four piece, after which we worked a lot."

Stud

In fact, it's not quite as simple as all that, because the original Stud, in its trio form, made an album for Decca before John joined. I haven't heard it, so I'll refrain from comment. *

"We made two other albums before we split up, although they weren't released in England. We heard they sold quite well, but I can't go into all that because the royalties were sent somewhere and we never actually received them. We were going for about a year and a half as Stud, and we did a couple of European tours, and we were building quite a following. We had several big concerts coming up, and we were just starting to get a lot of recognition when we broke up. The reason? Management, really. There were too many management hassles, so we couldn't keep it together. Originally, we were going to be signed to Warner Brothers, but somehow it got loused up. They wanted the band, but they apparently didn't want our manager to be involved with it."

This is surely not the place for a fierce diatribe on the subjects of management and its effect on the success and failure of likely looking groups, but I will say that I heard one of the Stud albums which didn't get released here, and it's a shame that it didn't get a hearing just because of the business side of things.

"Charlie (McCracken) is now with Spencer Davis, and Jim (Cregan) will be working with Linda Lewis, although of course in the meantime he was with Family. I think John Wilson's playing with Chris Jagger—he went for an audition, and I think he got it."

End of a band.

Sessions

"Throughout all the bands I've been in, I've done sessions. I did a couple of albums with Home, and I did some stuff with Tim Hardin on an album called 'Painted Head', and I was on John Entwistle's album 'Whistle Rhymes' with Peter Frampton. Loads of other people. I was doing a lot of stuff with the guys from Mark Almond,



John Palmer
Rob Townsend
Roger Chapman
John Weider
John Whitney

and Tommy Eyre from Riff Raff—we had like a monopoly, because Carlin Music had got a lot of people, so every time a session came up there was always a regular few people who did it: me, on guitars usually, Roger Sutton on bass, Tommy Eyre on piano, Rod Coombes, who's now with the Strawbs, on drums, and Jean Roussel playing organ. We must have done about thirty albums in the course of about six months. Some more . . . Roger Morris, the RoRo album, Clive Westlake's album, loads of them. Of course, I was getting paid well. I was still working with the band and making a good salary, and doing say thirty sessions a week."

Recently

"I spent the latter half of 1972 here in LA, living with my wife. Then I was gone for about the first eight months of '73 during which time I did the Moody Blues tour of the States with the Nicky James band. He's a solo singer, signed to Fresh-old, so he put a band together for this tour, but we also did some gigs in England before it started. I don't know whether the band will stay together—I wasn't too happy, so I left, because it wasn't a permanent thing for me, it was just for the tour. The rest of the band was Brother Fataar on bass (brother of an ex-Beach Boy), Chico Greenwood on drums, Barry Martin on sax, and Alan Feldman on keyboards. Me on guitars and Nicky singing—that was it, Nicky's very good himself."

New Things

After a number of rather short paras, for which I must apologise, because I simply can't comment on the music, just because I haven't heard it, some more meat.

"I've just turned down a gig with Free. I was rehearsing for about four or five days with them, but in the end I had to say that I didn't want to play bass, which was what they wanted me for. The same thing happened as had happened with Family, and funnily enough, Peter Grant again put the gig my way. It's Paul Rodgers and Simon Kirke and the guy from Mott the Hoople, Mick Ralphs. So I said that I couldn't do it, and put them on to a couple of guys that just wanted to play bass. I knew what would have happened—it would have been like Family, with me chicken-ing out after a couple of years because I got frustrated as a musician. So I had to nip it in the bud, which was like a turning point for me. I thought 'Well, now I've got to do something on my own rather than sink back into a band and play bass again'. Sure, I'd have dug it for the fame and fortune it would have brought, but now I want some satisfaction from playing."

Well, you clever people have surely guessed that it was Bad Company that John nearly joined, or rather refused to join. I'm sure you all know that Boz is now the bass player with the group, and it would only be fair to say that a friend of mine, notable for his immaculate good taste and mediocre Welsh Nationalism, Malcolm Williams, thought they were quite

sensational when he saw them at Guildford Civic the other week. Good luck to Bad Company.

"My real ambition is to put together another band like Stud. There's not a band around that was as good as that. Also, I like to have an outlet for songs that I write, and for playing on different kinds of things. In fact, there are people who want to play with me, and that I want to play with, but at the moment, I'm doing some writing, just getting my side of it together. I'm looking for another guy who writes, sings and plays guitar, and can play something else as well, and get his side of it together, so that when it eventually does happen, there'll be no shortage of material. The only thing I've had recorded by someone other than the band I was in was 'Normans', which was done by a French group, but there's some songs now that I've got which are suitable for other people, and that's what I'm working on currently."

Funnily enough, a little bird just told me that John was back in England, and enquiries elicited his telephone number, so now, hot from the wires, here's the lowdown on what's happening. John arrived back here around the beginning of March, in response to a letter from Keith West, leader of the legendary Tomorrow and also the writer of the famous 'Teenage Opera', which would maybe do all right if it were re-serviced today. Apparently, John and Keith have known each other since the days of Tomorrow, and had musical interests in common; in fact, John confirms that he was thinking of Keith when he mentioned that 'other guy' that he talked about in November.

The sound of the group, to give you an idea, was described by John as "a cross between the Eagles and Manassas", which certainly appeals to me. The group will consist of John on guitar, vocals and violin, Keith on guitar and vocals ("he's singing almost as high as Joni Mitchell these days"), Bruce Thomas on bass, who split from the Quivers only days ago, and Chico Greenwood on drums, who had obviously left the Nicky James band now. Early material, apart from that by John and Keith, will include some things that the late, great Flying Burrito Brothers used, which makes it all look more and more appealing. Tentatively, the band will be called West and Weider, so look out for them in your town soon. A very nice thing to look forward to, I'm sure you'll agree, if you've ever heard either of the W's before.

Keith West has recently put out three singles on Deram, so John told me, titled 'Riding For A Fall', 'Having Someone' and 'Days About To Rain', but none of them were hits, to the extent that they didn't really get a hearing. John has done, would you believe, some sessions since he got back, but now the road ahead looks clear. And that's a nice way to end this piece.

John Tobler

ERIC BURDON & THE ANIMALS

DISCOGRAPHY

Singles

England:

3.64	Baby Let Me Take You Home/Gonna Send	Columbia	DB 7247
6.64	House of the Rising Sun/Talkin' 'bout You		DB 7301
8.64	I'm Crying/Take It Easy		DB 7354
1.65	Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood/Club-a-gogo		DB 7445
4.65	Bring It On Home/For Miss Caulker		DB 7539
7.65	We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place/I Can't Believe It		DB 7639
10.65	It's My Life/I'm Going To Change The World		DB 7741
2.66	Inside Looking Out/Outcast	Decca	F 12332
5.66	Don't Bring Me Down/Cheating		F 12407
10.66	Help Me Girl/See See Rider		F 12502
5.67	When I Was Young/Girl Named Sandoz	MGM	1340
9.67	Good Times/Ain't That So		1344
10.67	San Franciscan Nights/Greatfully Dead		1359
1.68	Sky Pilot Pt.1/Sky Pilot Pt.2		1373
5.68	Anything/Monterey		1412
1.69	Ring Of Fire/I'm An Animal		1461
5.69	River Deep, Mountain High/Help Me Girl		1481
.70	House Of The Rising Sun/Talkin' 'bout You	Columbia	DB 7301
3.71	San Franciscan Nights/Good Times	MGM	2006 028

U.S.A.:

5.64	Gonna Send You Back To Walker/Baby Let Me	MGM	13242
8.64	House Of The Rising Sun/Talkin' 'bout You		13264
9.64	I'm Crying/Take It Easy		13274
11.64	Boom Boom/Blue Feeling		13298
1.65	Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood/Club-a-gogo		13311
4.65	Bring It On Home To Me/For Miss Caulker		13339
8.65	We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place/I Can't Believe It		13382
10.65	It's My Life/		13414
2.66	Inside Looking Out/		13468
5.66	Don't Bring Me Down/		13514
9.66	See See Rider/		13582
11.66	Help Me Girl/		13636
4.67	When I Was Young/		13721
7.67	San Franciscan Nights/Good Times		13769
12.67	Monterey/Ain't That So		13868
4.68	Anything/It's All Meat		13917
5.68	Sky Pilot Pt.1/Sky Pilot Pt.2		13939
11.68	White Houses/River Deep, Mountain High		14013

Netherlands:

10.65	I Believe To My Soul/Worried Life Blues	Columbia	CH 3093
5.67	When I Was Young/Girl Named Sandoz	MGM	61151
8.67	San Franciscan Nights/Good Times		61159
1.68	Monterey/Ain't That So		61168
3.68	Sky Pilot Pt.1/Sky Pilot Pt.2		61179
6.68	Anything/It's All Meat		61188
8.68	The Girl Can't Help It/Around And Around		61194
1.69	River Deep, Mountain High/White Houses		61208
1.69	Ring Of Fire/I'm An Animal		61210
.69	House Of The Rising Sun/Talkin' 'bout	Columbia	5c 006 90872
7.72	House Of The Rising Sun/Bring It On Home To Me		93502

L.P.'s

England:

10.64	The Animals	Columbia	33SX 1669
5.65	Animal Tracks		1708
4.66	Most Of The Animals		6035
6.66	Animalisms	Decca	LK 4797
10.67	Winds Of Change	MGM	CS 8052
6.68	Twain Shall Meet		8074
4.69	Love Is		8105
11.69	The Animals (rerelease)	Regal Starline	RS 5006
4.71	Love Is (2)	MGM	2619 002
4.71	Winds Of Change (rerelease)		2354 001
3.73	Most Of The Animals (rerelease)	Music for Pleasure	MFP 5218

U.S.A.:

10.64	The Animals	MGM	E/SE 4264
.65	Get Yourself A College Girl		4273
3.65	The Animals On Tour		4281
9.65	Animal Tracks		4305
.65	British Gogo		4306
2.66	The Best Of The Animals		4324
9.66	Animalization		4384
11.66	Animalism		4414
3.67	Eric Is Here		4433
6.67	The Best of Eric Burdon & The Animals Vol.2		4454
10.67	Winds Of Change		4484
5.68	Twain Shall Meet		4537
7.68	Everyone Of Us		4553
12.68	Love Is (2)		4591
2.69	Greatest Hits		4602
5.72	Love Is (2) (rerelease)		V6-5083
.73	In The Beginning	Wand	690
8.73	Best Of The Animals (2)	ABKCO	

Netherlands:

.65	Animal Tracks	Columbia	33SX 1708
11.65	Tracking The Hits		GHX 10004
.66	Best Of The Animals Vol.1 (= The Animals, see England)		GHX 10027
.66	Best Of The Animals Vol.2 (rereleased Animal tracks)		GHX
9.66	Animalisms	Decca	XLB 646007
11.66	Wild Animals		XLB 646028
.67	Winds Of Change	MGM	665 084
.68	Animalisms (rerelease)	Decca	XBY 846007
.68	Wild Animals (rerelease)		XBY 846028
6.68	Twain Shall Meet	MGM	665 091
.69	Hits Of The Animals	Columbia	SGHX 10048
.69	Everyone Of Us	MGM	665 102
.69	Love Is (2)		665 109/110
.70	House Of The Rising Sun	Emidisc	048 50731
5.71	Starportrait (2)	MGM	2619 001
.71	Pophistory Vol.6 (2)		2625 011
.71	Madman (2)		2674 004
.72	River Deep, Mountain High (2) (rerelease Love Is)		2642 001
6.72	History Of British Pop Vol.4		052 93331
7.72	Rock Generation Vol.1, 2 & 3	BYG	529.701/2/3
6.73	The Early Animals with Eric Burdon	Pickwick	spe 3330
8.73	In The Beginning	Metronome	200 106

Back from his recent operation Dan Druff - harp

And representing the flower people Quasimodo on bells

Several years of daydreaming became reality in April when we managed to get John Stewart over to play at our Roundhouse Fifth Anniversary Event, and it looks as though his magnificent performance there will act as a springboard to wider acclaim in Britain.

In the most euphoric atmosphere, and in front of the best and most enthusiastic audience I've ever known at the Roundhouse, John, backed superbly by Arnie 'Debauchee' Moore on bass and Pete 'the Brighton Flyer' Thomas on drums, ripped out the most amazing set I've ever witnessed.

We plan to present a detailed 'History of John Stewart' very soon, but in the meantime we thought you'd be interested in this interview conducted by Peter O'Brien, who edits the excellent Omaha Rainbow. John talks about his contemporaries, his influences, about California, touring, writing, and his visit to England, but the interview begins with a discussion about his latest album, 'THE PHOENIX CONCERTS', a live double album produced by the one and only Nik Venet. At present only available as an import, the deliriously happy RCA Records plan to rush it out here as quickly as possible. Pete

ZZ: How did you get back with Nik Venet? Did you get in touch with him, or what?

JS: The idea was just sort of in the wind. I started thinking about Nik; I'd say "where is Nik Venet, these days?" and people would say he was in Europe, or gone off someplace - and I'd say "well, I'd sure like to see him again". Then, when Pete Frame tracked him down and interviewed him, then interviewed me and printed that piece about 'California Bloodlines' (in Zigzag 38), I thought to myself "I've got to find Nik and see what he's doing". . . . and then he came into town one day and we met up; something happened with fate and time, and we got together.

ZZ: Can we talk about the people who play on the album with you?

JS: Sure. Dan Dugmore played steel guitar; he's a young pedal steel player from California - he hasn't been heard very much yet, but he will be. . . . he's a real comer - also plays electric guitar - incredibly well. Arnie Moore, who

came to England with me, of course, played bass, and my brother Michael played rhythm guitar. John Douglas, who is my road drummer and piano player, played keyboard. Loren Newkirk, who's been with me a long time, played keyboard too. Jim Gordon played drums. Mike Settle, who was one of the Cumberland Three (John's turn of the Sixties folk group), sang background. . .

ZZ: Had he ever sung with you since the Cumberland Three?

JS: No.

ZZ: It must have been real deja-vu to have him there. . .

JS: Yeah, it really was - sitting there at rehearsal, looking over at Mike 12 or 13 years later was really strange. And Buffy (Ford) sang background too, plus a fellow named Denny Brooks, who was in a group called The Back Porch Majority - he's a really fine songwriter and singer. That was about it, I think.

ZZ: A lot of people - you're not used to working with that many, are you?

JS: No, I sure wasn't; it was quite an adjustment to make - I usually go out with just bass and drums.

ZZ: Did you do much rehearsal?

JS: We rehearsed for a week. . . well, for four days actually - which wasn't enough. . . we should've had more.

ZZ: I suppose there were other commitments, were there?

JS: It was very close; I'd been out on the road and just got in from Denver - got in that day and began rehearsals a few hours later. . . then for 4 days, after which we flew to Phoenix and did the concert. There wasn't a lot of time to spare.

ZZ: You recorded two concerts, right?

JS: Yeah, we had two gigs arranged, and we recorded both - but we got nothing the first night. . . everything went wrong.

ZZ: A bit worrying. . .

JS: It sure was. Nik Venet and I looked at each other when we heard the tapes of the first night and said "if we don't get it tonight, we can both join the plumbers' union" - you know? We were a little anxious! Anyway, just

for protection, we went in that afternoon and recorded some stuff without the audience being there. But it was alright on the Saturday evening; out of some 24 tunes we managed to get 20 which were usable - and about eighteen of those are on the album. So in the end, everything worked out ok and we were quite pleased.

ZZ: "Quite pleased" is an understatement, I would imagine.

JS: Yes. . . we were delighted, in fact.

ZZ: The concerts were only at the end of March and yet you had finished pressings when you came over just a month later - Nik must've worked his balls off to mix and edit the tapes so quickly!

JS: It was a gruelling month - one of the most exhausting months I've had in years; on the road, rushing back to LA to rehearse, doing the concerts, then flying back to start work on the mixing. After mixing for hours, we discovered that the studio we were using was no good - we got it home and it sounded dreadful. . . so we had to go in and mix the whole thing again. We ended up doing it all in one night! It was touch and go there for a while, you know; it got to the point where I told Nik that it was an irrecoverable piece of shit and just couldn't come out - but we persevered and the tunes on it started to come to life. In the end, we completed the final mix in one eighteen hour session.

ZZ: You telling Nik it can't come out must've really spurred him on.

JS: Well, not really - he was confident all along because he had a perspective on it; he kept insisting "John, it'll be alright. . . it's there; believe me - everything we need is on those tapes". The thing is that making a live album is so different than a studio one - you lose all the advantages that a studio affords you, obviously; you don't have that clarity of sound, you don't have twenty takes to get it if it's not right. . . so you have to approach a live recording from a different angle. Does it feel good, is it alive, is it moving? You have to disregard anxieties like "am I out of tune there? is my phrasing correct? are we together on that line? I'd like to do that bit again".

Doing twenty songs in one take, one right after the other, you can't think



TALKING WITH THE MAN FROM CALIFORNIA: JOHN STEWART

ALL FOR FOOLS ON THE MIDNIGHT BUS PRODUCTIONS

like that. When we got the tapes home, I was really worried that a lot of the songs didn't hold up - like the choir wasn't right on 'Shoot All The Brave Horses'.... I thought to myself "this is just dreadful - what a dreadful album this will be".

Then I had a good listen to Paul Simon's live album. I have a great respect for Paul Simon; I think he's one of the most exacting people that ever recorded - and yet I discovered all the mistakes on his album that I'd heard on mine. So then I listened to a couple of other live albums and came to the conclusion that mine was alright after all! That's how a live album is supposed to be... to show the human side of it rather than the clinical side, to present rawness rather than perfection.

So, going back and listening to the album again, I thought "yes, it is raw, it is real, it has that element to it; it's cinema-veritee as opposed to studio produced movies - it's almost a documentary rather than a feature film". So once that paranoia was over, the album was on its way.

ZZ: Arnie told me that Jim Gordon was the only session musician brought in by Nik - is that right?

JS: Yes. I wanted Russ Kunkel, who's worked with me often enough to know my songs - but he was on tour with Steve Stills. I called him in New York and he said "John, I'd love to do it, but I don't know if I can", so I explained that it was a rush job and that I needed to know right then, and he said "I realize the situation - you better go ahead and ask Jim Gordon". Jim was fine, but Russell really knows my tunes; he's recorded a lot of them, played on the road with me. Jim was on 'Signals Through The Glass' (John's first post Kingston Trio album, with Buffy Ford) and played on the single of 'Wheatfield Lady' (never released here), but that was it.... he didn't know the material, and it's asking a lot of a man to go and record 24 songs all at once - a really tremendous concentration task.

ZZ: It's a compliment to him that as many as 20 were usable.

JS: Absolutely - it shows the genius of Jim Gordon.

ZZ: Did you discuss with Nik all the people you wanted with you?

JS: Oh yeah, we went over everyone. My road band knew the tunes, and I wanted them along - Dan Dugmore, positively, and Arnie without a doubt - and Loren Newkirk had played very well in the past, on concerts and things. John Douglas, who plays drums on the road, is a piano player too - and we decided to take a chance with him. We had never used him on keyboards, but he worked out quite well - in fact, he played some of the outstanding piano parts on the album.... on 'Runaway Fool Of Love' and 'Cops', particularly.

ZZ: How did you come to have Mike Settle there?

JS: Well, Mike was in town, and I knew he had an incredible tenor voice... and I wanted to keep the thing together with friends, rather than have some guy in there that I didn't know. So Mike was an easy choice, and so was Denny - I knew that he did some of my songs in his show, knew how well he sang, and had known him for many years.

ZZ: Was there anyone apart from Russ ZIGZAG 42 PAGE 40

Kunkel that you would have liked?

JS: I was going to try and get Henry Diltz along to sing some background vocals - but luckily he was in Australia with David Cassidy! I say "luckily" because Henry would have just gone berserk on that; there was so much to rehearse and so little time, and Henry is a complete clown.... we wouldn't have got anything done if he'd been there, fooling around like he does.

ZZ: Was that your ideal back-up band? I mean, if you could have anyone, who would you choose?

JS: I'd have Dan Dugmore, Arnie, Russ Kunkel, and I'd like a really dynamite keyboard player. I mean, John is good and Loren is with a band now. I'd also like to have someone like Peter Jameson along to play acoustic guitar - to do a few really tasty acoustic things together. That would be the band.... and I'd like some singers too....

ZZ: You'd end up like Mad Dogs And Englishmen...

JS: Yeah, but it'd be great fun - to get all that music happening on stage.

ZZ: Obviously these are all people you respect - which artists do admire and respect?

JS: James Taylor - I think he's an artist as opposed to just a plunker. Paul Simon is fantastic. Bob Dylan is the king of songwriters. I like Carole King - though I didn't care too much for her last album. I like the earlier Joni Mitchell songs.... I thought she was brilliant. I like Elvis when he's hot - like on that Live from Las Vegas album. I like some of Jim Croce's stuff a whole lot. Linda Ronstadt is fantastic - she has a lot of heart when she sings, and heart is desperately missing in pop music today. Jesse Winchester is just incredible, and a guy called Tom Waits has an album on Asylum called 'Closing Time', which is fantastic. I'm also a big fan of John Denver; I think John has got one of the best pop voices around, he's a really fine guitar player, a beautiful melodic writer, and he has a great childlike quality that he's managed to retain - an innocence in his work that is unbelievable to me... I don't know how he can still write from that perspective. A lot of people are down on John Denver in America - they say he's too sweet, kissy, sentimental.

ZZ: What about groups?

JS: I love the Rolling Stones - they've got to be the best rock band ever. The Beatles, of course.... that goes without saying - they were THE group.

ZZ: Did you ever see them live?

JS: Twice. I saw them in New York, but couldn't hear them at all. Then I saw them in San Francisco, at the baseball park. I was up in the bleachers towards the side, and the speakers were very loud - so loud that they obliterated all the screaming. They were astounding - incredibly loud and incredibly precise.... I was just flabbergasted at how really good they were. They did none of their "artsy" songs - stuck to stuff like 'Dizzy Miss Lizzie', 'Baby's in Black' and 'Good Golly Miss Molly', though McCartney did 'Yesterday' I seem to remember. They were just fantastic! What a group! They were the writers and.... they were the Sixties. That group changed the world; changed the musical tastes of the world and changed the culture of the world.

ZZ: What about American groups?

JS: I do like The Eagles. They're incredibly good musicians and fine singers. 'Take It Easy' is one of my favourite songs of the past couple of years - even if its story line is a little too reminiscent of 'July You're A Woman' for my sensibilities.... but I think that they are great.

ZZ: Talking of 'Take It Easy', I love Jackson Browne.

JS: Right. Jackson writes some fine songs; 'Rock me on the water' and 'These Days', I really like.

ZZ: I've just thought - what about that John Phillips album (Frame's favourite), 'The Wolf King of LA'?

JS: Oh well, John! I'm glad you mention him. Yes, that's one of my favourite albums of all time. It wears so well.... so well done - and yet it did nothing at all in America. There again, so many good things get lost over there. I thought that album was just inspired, so brilliant. He's so bright and so good; it's incredible to me that it didn't sell. It wears for years. I can play that album all the time and not get tired of it.... I often put it away if I feel myself getting worn with it, but I always bring it out and play it again.

ZZ: I loved the Mamas & Papas; when I first heard 'California Dreaming', I couldn't believe my ears.

JS: Well, let me tell you a story about that. During my Trio days, I'd known John really well when he was in a folk group called The Journeymen. We'd written some songs together out in California - like 'Chilly Winds' and 'Oh, Miss Mary' - and at one time I was going to leave the Trio and sing in a new group with John Phillips and Scott McKenzie.... a great singer, Scott McKenzie. I'd told the Trio I was leaving but then I got a call from John saying "look - we'd better not do it after all; Scott's locked himself in his hotel room in New York and hasn't come out for 4 days.... I think we'd better forget it". So I did a little toedance and went back to the Kingston Trio.

But John and I remained friends, although I didn't see him for about a year and a half; he'd been in the Virgin Islands with Denny Doherty and Michelle, but I saw him again when they came back to California.

Frank Werber (their manager) and the Kingston Trio had this office in San Francisco, and I was sitting in there one day - writing songs or something - when who should walk in but the very same John Phillips. He told me about his new group and said "I'd like you to hear us and maybe produce us". So I said "by all means, John.... let's hear what you've got there". So he played me 'California Dreaming' right there in the office, with the group, and I could not believe what I was hearing! I just fell off my chair! Well, I rushed into Frank Werber's room and said "you have gold sitting in your office... John Phillips". Do you know what he said? "I don't want him in the building. Get him out of here". I pleaded, but he was firm.... no. So I had to tell John that Frank wasn't interested.

John went to LA and got with Lou Adler; the rest, as they say, is history.

ZZ: Amazing! Do you ever see John now - because that was the one thing that disappointed Pete on his visit to California.... that he couldn't track down John Phillips.

We welcome Val Doonican as himself (halloo there!)

JS: You can't see John these days.... It's just impossible. I haven't seen him in years - he's such a recluse now, but I did hear that he was making another album somewhere - and he was producing his wife and someone else.... so I do hope there'll be another John Phillips album soon.

ZZ: At the risk of destroying a lot of illusions, I'd like to talk about what it's like being a singer in your position, always out on the road.

JS: There is no middle class in music; either you're a star, or else you're scuffling. I'm in something of a unique position because in Phoenix, Arizona, I am a star! The treatment there is first class, but that's an exception.

When I go out on the road, it's to do a tour put together by my manager. I load my amps and guitars into my '62 Ford Pickup, go to the airplane and we fly off to someplace like Billings Montana, where we (Arnie, John the drummer, and I) load all the equipment into a station wagon. We drive sixty miles, unload the gear and set it up ourselves; discover the sound system in the place is a piece of shit; we go and check into a Holiday Inn just in time to have a shower before getting back to do the gig; then we take down the equipment again, load it into the station wagon and drive back to the motel; we get a bite to eat and then go to bed; next day we get up and drive somewhere else - or board another plane.... and that's it. It's incredibly boring.... you live 24 hours a day for that one, or maybe two, hours on stage. All the rest is just agony.

ZZ: So why do you do it?

JS: What else would I do?

ZZ: You tell me.

JS: It's better than working!

ZZ: That's a good answer.

JS: There's another answer, of course. The reason I keep doing it is because of the incredible high you get when you do what you do and it goes over well. As I've said before on stage, I know guys who will fly across the country to get laid, so we go out and.... life is getting high. That's all there is to life - getting high. I don't mean getting stoned.... I mean enjoying it, getting off, getting that exhilaration. That's why people race cars, or play sports, or have a hobby.... it's something that gets them off. That's all there is. Without that, there's nothing happening here - nothing happens here on this planet, nothing happens at all. Shakespeare knew that! Everything here is bullshit; it's all bullshit, it's all meaningless. So it's only meaningful if it gets you high. If someone walks into a room which contains Paul Simon and Paul McCartney and Joni Mitchell and Marlon Brando - he'd freak out, seeing all those people in the same room.... but if you took in a guy from Red China, he would have no idea who they were - he couldn't care less! So what does that make Paul McCartney? Nothing. He's only as good as how high you get. There is nothing of significance here - it's only if you make it significant. So, to be able to give people that feeling, and to get it back, is an incredible experience. It's something that you can't get by working in an office, I don't think.

ZZ: How much do you need to be on the road as a source of material for your songwriting?

JS: Not at all. I always go out with an open eye and try to take everything in, but I can't write on the road - it's just too much hard work. Sitting in a Holiday Inn room isn't the most perfect environment for writing - my mental processes just won't work. The reason I go on the road is to pay the bills. If I had my choice, I'd just do a few key concerts and spend the rest of the time writing.... but I don't have the choice. I'm going to spend most of the Summer writing though - hopefully - because I want my next album to be my best yet.... and so far, I have only about three songs that I consider worthy enough - so I've got a lot of writing to do. I have to make time to do that.

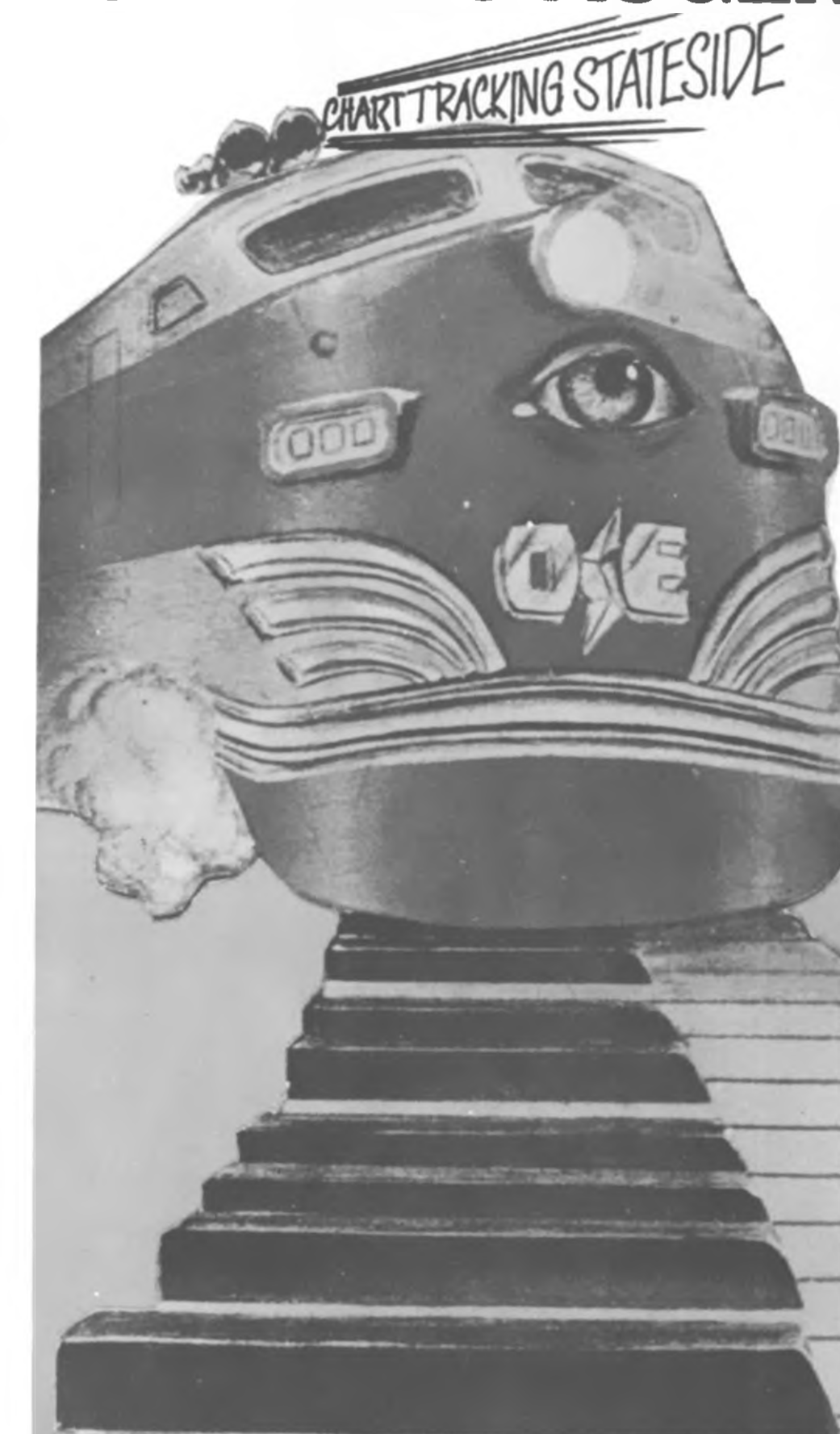
ZZ: Your songs are America to me - and I think that if I went over there I'd see a reality....

JS: I don't think you would.

ZZ: If I went to places you sang about I think I would.

JS: If you went to Bolinas you might - but I, like John Denver, tend to write about how I would like things to be, and how they once were in America - rather than how they are now. 'Kansas Rain' (on 'Sunstorm' and also on 'Phoenix Concerts') is representative of how things are now, and there are parts of America where 'July, you're a woman' (on 'California Bloodlines' and 'The Phoenix Concerts') is a reality - places like the San Joaquin Valley.... the pickup trucks, the way the people live - I really love that part of Very appealing Max Jaffa (mmm dat's nice Max)

1st CLASS AUGER



Brian Auger's
Oblivion
Express
New Album



Going the only way...

STRAIGHT AHEAD



the music people

80058



America. It's the cities I can't tolerate.

ZZ: Could you describe what California means to you?

JS: Home! It's home and it's sunshine . . . it's so many things. It's the beach; it's green hills; it's the San Joaquin Valley; it's Los Angeles with it's tacky flamboyant jive and its fast pace; it's Mill Valley with its green trees and relaxed people; it's San Francisco; it's the Golden Gate Bridge; it's where I grew up; Hollywood Park Racetrack; Pomona County Fairground where E.A. Stuart drove his horse; it's skiing at Lake Tahoe; it's Monterey and driving down Highway One on this incredibly curved road; it's great gnarled trees hanging out over the Ocean; it's Bolinas - a little art community that was once a fishing village, and where the farmland rolls right down to the sea. It's more than that. . . . it's hope; it was the hope of America. America was always moving to California; California was eureka! It was gold; it was the land of opportunity; it was where things happened. Things still do happen in California - it's a trendsetter. California is a magnet for people who make things happen. To me, California is America. It has a feel all to itself - same as Kansas has a feel all to itself. It's a very magical name. . . . a magical sounding name. California! It has a goldness to it. . . a ring to it . . . a bell-like tone.

ZZ: Totally magical to people like me, I tell you!

JS: It is - it's magical!

ZZ: You obviously love the country so much.

JS: Yeah. . . I really do. Good people, you know?

ZZ: And you speak up for the good side of America.

JS: Well, someone has to. It's the part of America that people don't

ZIGZAG 42 PAGE 42

choose to look at. Americans have a terrible tendency to think that the government is America. . . but they are America - the people. That's the whole point of 'Mother Country' - that the people are America. People are people, no matter where you go. The Jekyll and the Hyde. Even with their faults and their laziness, they're an incredibly hardy, courageous, durable people, Americans. If America survives what it's going through now, which I don't know if it will, it will be because of its hardiness, its incredible heart. Much like the English people in the Second World War - there is incredible heart in America, and a great deal of compassion.

There's a great deal of ignorance as well. . . a great deal of naïveté - America's a child that doesn't know what it wants and doesn't know what it has. Songs are a way of preserving, a way of showing. That's what art is. To show people the obvious, because people don't see the obvious.

But America is full of colourful people, colourful characters and towns. Cheyenne. Great names. Great history. America has an incredibly great, bloody history; not so much "great" in the sense of "good", but "great" in its sensational epic aspects. It's great in its heroes, even though its heroes were rascals, terrible people who took the land from the Indians and all that.

But there are still some really great heroes; Robert E Lee, Buffalo Bill Cody, and people like that. . . so magical that the whole world is aware of them. The whole world is aware of the American cowboy; the American cowboy is the universal character in the world today. . . everyone can identify with that real man; the loner with his horse on the plains. Every body can identify with that sort of thing - you see it in England, you see it in Japan. . . there's just a magic to the cowboy and the American West.

ZZ: Coming on to the trip to England

JS: Do you know that this visit was only confirmed 4 days before we left? It was a real mad dash to get my passport in order, get packed and ready.

ZZ: Were you excited by the prospect of playing here?

JS: Oh yeah - I'll say I was. . . I was extremely excited. Since Pete Frame came out to see me in Mill Valley last November, and yourself producing 'Omaha Rainbow' (named after one of John's songs), and learning that there were actually people over here in England that had heard of me and knew what I did. . . I was really excited about coming over.

ZZ: How did you feel after the gig at the Roundhouse?

JS: Just knocked out - so completely exhilarated. . . it was a great shock to get that sort of reaction - I was so happy.

ZZ: What struck you most about England?

JS: The way that it's managed to keep its tradition, I think. America, with all its growing pains, has really lost all its tradition. . . but I love England, just love being here.

ZZ: One last question - are the songs on 'The Phoenix Concerts' your personal favourites?

JS: Yes, they are - even though there are one or two others I'd like to have included; 'Let the big horse run' just didn't make it, 'Wind dies down' and 'Lady and the Outlaw' didn't come off very well either, but other than that, I think we got what we wanted.

ZZ: That's it, John. Thanks very much. . . hope it wasn't too bad as interviews go.

JS: No, it was a fun interview to do - we talked about things I never get to talk about.

Peter O'Brien

What a team Zebra Kit and Horace Batchelor on percussion



I can guess what you're thinking . . . "just what the world needs-another editor of ZigZag". Well, due to the unaccountable faith that some people have in me, here I am, ready and willing to get the old mag back on the rails and take it forward in the traditional Frame manner. If I can maintain the standard set by Pete and John in the last issue then I'll be well pleased, although it shouldn't be too difficult as only a complete fool could possibly mess up the sort of stuff we've got lined up. . . Chris Darrow, Rick Nelson, Sons Of Champlin, Tim Buckley, Jackie Lomax, Tim Hardin, Roy Harper, Loudon Wainwright. . . the list is endless.

My first week here was one of total confusion. On the first day we had our 5th Anniversary party at Dingwalls where West & Weider, Chilli Willi And The Red Hot Peppers, and Brinsley Schwarz all played a storm, and where old Tobler was seen to consume large amounts of alcohol and then hurl even larger lumps of birthday cake in all directions. A good evening. Then, the following Sunday was, of course, the day of the legendary Roundhouse gig with Michael Nesmith and Red Rhodes, John Stewart, Help Yourself, Chilli Willi, Aj Webber, and Starry Eyed And Laughing. As those of you lucky enough to be there will testify, it was one of the truly great concerts, both in terms of the atmosphere created by everybody present, and the impeccable music produced. John Stewart in particular must have been a revelation to so many people (including myself), and the way that the Willis' drummer Pete Thomas fitted in with Stewart and bassist Arnie Moore was nothing short of magical. Keep your eyes on this Thomas feller, he's gonna be a star someday! Yes, that Sunday evening will live long in my memory, and a very big thank you is due to everybody who played, and to the organisers - Tony Stratton Smith, Paul Conroy, Pete Frame, John Tobler, and Jim McGuire, all of whom worked bloody hard to get the whole thing off the ground. It was just a shame that ALL of you couldn't be there. However, we're going to include a load of photos from the concert in future ZigZags, and there is a possibility, albeit a fairly faint one, that we may stage another similar event later in the year. Let's have your suggestions as to who we might try and bring over, although keep them as realistic as possible. . . . I mean OK, so we might be able to persuade Moby Grape or Arthur Lee, but not as one reader has already suggested, the Beatles, or the original Quicksilver and Velvet Underground. No chance.

Right, enough of this idle chit-chat and down to business, i.e. records. Not a Tobler-size list of recommendations by any means, so this month you might be able to afford to get your hair cut (!!!). After you've investigated this lot of course. . . TRIBUTE TO THE AMERICAN DUCK - Dillards, RHINOS, WINOS & LUNATICS - Man, I WANT TO SEE THE BRIGHT LIGHTS TONIGHT - Richard & Linda Thompson DON'T GIVE UP YOUR DAY JOB - Country Gazette, THE SUN STORY, ROCKIN' UP A STORM - Jerry Lee Lewis, SOMETHIN'S HAPPENIN' - Peter Frampton, CHIP TAYLOR'S LAST CHANCE, KAMIKAZE - Duke Leonard, THE OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS, BLAME IT ON THE NIGHT - Kevin Coyne, STREETWALKERS - Chapman - Whitney, BOOK OF FOOL - Eugene Wallace (the indispensable Martin Hall, who transcribes all our interviews

for us has written two and co-written one of the songs on this album. . . have a listen!), ON THE BORDER - Eagles, SLOW DANCER - Boz Scaggs, CALL OF THE WILD - Ted Nugent & The Amboy Dukes (re-formed, and as uncouth as ever. . . good stuff), SEFRONIA - Tim Buckley, and APOSTROPHE - Frank Zappa.

Those are all the really good ones I can think of at the moment, although I daresay I've missed a couple out which probably haven't come my way yet. . . one of the problems of working here at Old Compton St. Y'know Pete was dead right about this part of town. Second only to the usual Sunday night Roundhouse audience, Soho has the most startling and pathetic exhibition of creeps, cranks, crooks and crazies ever assembled in the concrete jungle to carry out their dubious, nefarious activities. They should all be sent to a psychiatric health resort for a year while Soho is burnt to the ground and turned into a farm. It might not be quite the same as Yeoman Cottage but. . . ah, wishful thinking again (more likely just a lousy excuse to use up more space, as my imagination goes way off the boil).

I'm under pressure from one quarter of the office to find out what happened to Pete Townshend part 2, and to get it printed as soon as possible. Same goes for Hawkwind part 2, Genesis part 2, and Led Zeppelin part 3, and the Byrds' history will definitely continue with a chapter maybe every two months or so. As far as articles in the future are concerned, we thought it would be a good idea to tackle a few subjects about which very little is known and even less written about. The point is, we need your help to suggest some names and to be able to come up with all the relevant info so that we can collate it and present it all in a comprehensive article. I'm sure that all ZigZaggers are a mine of obscure, interesting facts about people who ought to be known. Have a good think about it and let us know.

Fanzine dept: Hot Wacks 2, the most professional-looking of all the fanzines, is available now from Bert Muirhead, 104 Spring Gardens, Edinburgh EH8 8EY at 20p. This issue features lengthy tracts on Cream, and the J. Geils Band, plus a selection of stuff on Moby Grape, Beefheart, and Earth Opera by a guy who appears to be Scotland's answer to Sandy Pearlman (of the old Crawdaddy). Ludicrously complex, but fun nonetheless. Also, just in case you wondered, my old magazine, Fat Angel, will carry on and will now be edited by Clive Anderson although I shall continue to take a close interest in it. Incidentally, all these mags plus an extremely good selection of rock books can be found at Compendium Books in Camden High Street.

One of the more pleasant occurrences of the last few weeks has been meeting the famous Ian Mann, legendary ZigZag writer who looks a lot to me like Abraham Lincoln, although I'm not sure he'd approve. I was up at Pete's place one Saturday, and we watched the Cup Final (which Pete found all too much and passed out for most of the second half), listened to some records (one of which was by a guy called Chris Smither - and it contained a beautiful version of the Dead's 'Friend Of The Devil'), and started to plan out the mag. Mid-way through the afternoon, Ian arrived to do some typing and after we'd eaten at what I imagine is one of Aylesbury's best restaurants, he headed in a different direction from us, and that's the last I saw of

him. He did promise to write us an article though. John has recently acquired a number of large cardboard photos of the Byrds, and as they're far too big and clumsy to send through the post, we're giving them away to anybody who wants one and can come in the office and collect it. Don't delay. . . no Byrds freak should be without one.

A request. . . Lynne is the lady in our office who handles all the subscriptions, and it would make her job a lot easier if, when renewing your subscription or making enquiries, you state your full name and address, and subscription number. You'd be amazed at how much time it saves.

Mike Nesmith is a guy whose work all of you are aware of by now, but while over here to play our Roundhouse concert, Mike spent a week in the studios producing Chilli Willi And The Red Hot Peppers (with Red Rhodes on pedal steel), and then another week or so in a beautiful old country house deep in the heart of Sussex with Bert Jansch who has recently been signed to Charisma Records. They've laid down a number of tracks with Mike producing and playing along on most numbers, plus of course the ever-present Red Rhodes as well. I went down there one weekend and in between being filmed by an enormous and very professional-looking camera crew, I got the chance to see them put down a couple of very pleasant songs. I must admit that I didn't see how an old folkie from Scotland and a country-rock artist from Texas could ever work together successfully, but that's what appears to have happened, and the final results ought to be well worth looking out for.

Now, some unfortunate news. I'll try and say this as tactfully as possible although I hope none of you will feel too strongly about it. During the next month we are going to have to accurately determine our financial situation, and at the moment it seems more than likely that we'll have to stick the price of the mag up to 20p. A shame really I know, but it seems like we could buy a top-class centre-forward every month with what we spend on printing, and I'm determined that ZigZag should not fall below certain standards of quality and presentation, so 5p more seems like the only answer. Do you think that's too much to ask? Let us know.

Well, I think I've reached the point now where every part of my body except my typing fingers have gone to sleep and I can't think of anything more to say except a sincere thank you to all those people, and John Eichler, who have made me so welcome in my first month here. There definitely are more nice people than unpleasant ones in the music business at the moment (says he naively, but with the famous words of 'Frame's last stand' ringing in his ears).

Every time I sit and think "Is this all really true, will ZigZag remain THE rock magazine, will I meet the next deadline, will the Byrds history ever be finished, will O.D. McGuire score all the ads we need, will I end up throwing myself out of the nearest window???" when all these problems plague my troubled mind, I start trembling at the knees, and have to pause frequently to mop the perspiration from my furrowed brow. But, stone me, there's nothing more I'd rather be doing than working for ZigZag, and in all honesty I've got to own up and say that the last month has been an absolute gas. See you in July. Andy

ZIGZAG 42 PAGE 43

A great performer and a wonderful favourite to all us here, J. Arthur Rank on gong

BIG NEWS FROM



FRANK ZAPPA'S APOSTROPHE
TIM BUCKLEY'S SEFRONIA
AND KATHY DALTON'S AMAZING
THAT'S JUST THREE ALBUMS FROM OUR
UK LAUNCH.
YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM US.