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July 1974

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PRINTED BY THE CHESHAM PRESS OF GERMAIN
STREET CHESHAM BUCKS, AND DISTRIBUTED BY
NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY OF BARNARDS INN HIGH
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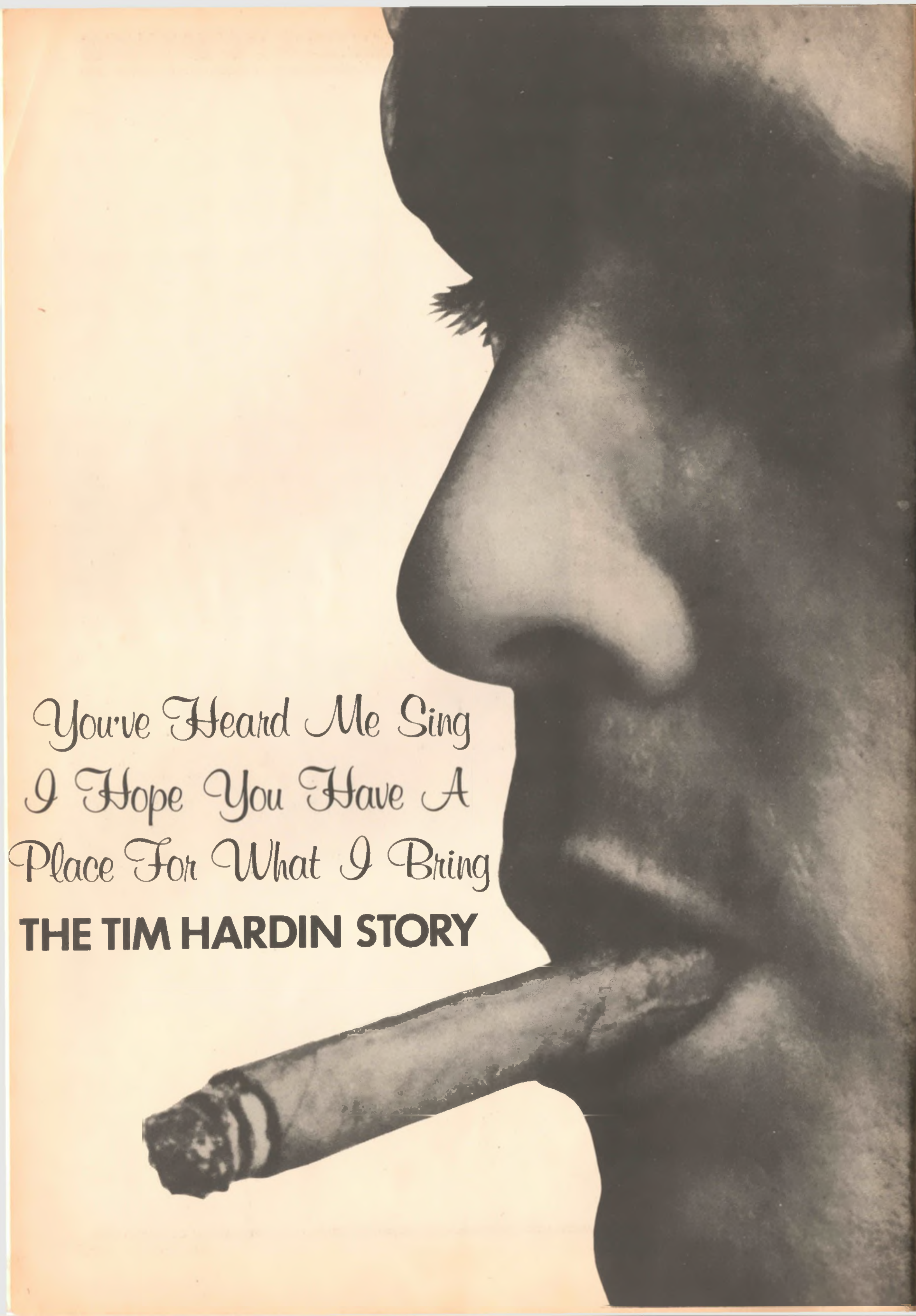
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You've Heard Me Sing
I Hope You Have A
Place For What I Bring

THE TIM HARDIN STORY

Tim Hardin's latest album was reviewed in *Disc*—the general gist of the remarks went something like this—"Tim Hardin is a clapped out ex-junkie who wrote a few songs, that everyone knows about, 50 years ago, and in a feeble attempt to rediscover his success, he has produced this album which is complete crud." Apart from the errors of fact, and the demonstrably jejune judgements, what really struck me was the monstrously arrogant tone of dismissal. Tim Hardin is so *very* much more than copy fodder for the intellectually bereft.

The quality and the ambition that have infused every piece of music he has touched, make an effort to understand the circumstances in which it was made, mandatory, and not in the tones of dismissal, but in reverence.

TIM HARDIN left the Marines Corps in 1961, after seeing action in Vietnam, long before the US presence, in support of the Diem regime, was acknowledged. He had volunteered—"in the marines, it's only volunteers"—been shipped out in 1958, and had discovered heroin. He told *Rolling Stone* (issue 91), "Listen, troopships got the biggest holds in the world, right? Because they're barracks. Well, raped of beds, shower stalls and everything else, they could be sent straight to Marseilles with a skeleton crew of 38 cats. I was the only cat hip enough to steal 40 pounds for myself. I took it straight down the gangplank in Hong Kong, switched it to heroin and spent the rest of my Marine Corps days cool. Then I got back to the States and got a big surprise . . ."

After leaving the marines, he went straight to Greenwich Village, which was, predating California by about three years, the cauldron of musical activity in America (see ZZs 20, 23, 26 and 42). That activity has been loosely described as the folk revival boom, but the participants embraced a multitude of styles, and more importantly, wrote songs themselves. In Tim Hardin's case the music in which he steeped himself was the blues.

He taught at Harvard at this time and in amplifying that episode, he emphasised the importance of the blues. "I was only there for a semester, which is a third of a year. I was in the musicology department, not the music department, and that meant I was dealing with the history of music. Now since I was an adept guitar player, and I was self taught—a folkie, with a folkie style—I was supposed to teach people how to play the way I play. To me that seemed really dumb, so I taught about how Pythagoras figured out tonality, using a string as the substance of the universe, and how you got tones by halving the distance, and thirds and fourths—so you get the twelve interval scale. And then you get the chord pattern 1-4-5, which is the blues chord pattern, which almost everything is based on."

After getting the Massachusetts students sorted out on that issue, it was back to Greenwich Village, and more of the same. A record of his work survives from that period, or rather I think it's a record of that period—he can't remember exactly. It's a curious album, released in the States only, in 1967, called 'This is Tim Hardin'. So working on the basis that the Columbia tapes (more about them later) *were* done in 1963, and assuming that musicians' styles don't change overnight, this record was probably done in 1962.

It contains ten tracks, five of which were standards of the era ('Stagger Lee', 'House Of The Rising Sun'), four were by Hardin, and one by his contemporary, Fred Neil, 'Blues On The Ceilin'. The latter is a magnificent effort, in view of his age (22?), and gives a clear indication of the way in which he had started to explore the use of the voice. The accompaniments are very spare, occasionally using just another guitar. He sings 'Blues On The Ceilin' at a very slow pace indeed, embellishing the tune with a mournful vibrato, pulling the phrases back into his throat, where they just seem to drift to a

close—a technique perfectly suited to the song's emotional substance.

His own songs ('Darville Dame' is the only well known one) all start off in that characteristic freewheeling way—on the road, riding a flatcar, down and out—which most of his contemporaries, Dylan included, seemed to regard as obligatory; but with Hardin's songs, they switch, rather uneasily, to reflections on the pain and despair of love, betrayal by lovers—in short the realm of human happiness and suffering that he was later to make so uniquely his own.

Another aspect of his approach is revealed by the version of that song which appears on his latest album, 'Tim Hardin 9'. This time it is taken at a much faster tempo, in straightforward 4/4 time, and is credited to himself. "Well that's just a mistake, it should say, 'Fred Neil, arr. Tim Hardin'. I added some additional words and there is a bit in there from another song." He's never thought of songs existing outside of their being sung, so he frequently moulds a song into a virtually new number, which explains why the current versions of his old classics are so different, and also the use he makes of one bit of music in several different songs. 'Reason To Believe', for example is very similar to 'Red Balloon'. For him, it's not so much a repeat, but a fresh song. The album was a competent effort, but sounding as dated as it does, by no means a landmark. It does, however—seen in context—point to his potential—potential that was to be realised in his next recordings.

Erik Jacobsen told the story of how he had got Tim signed with Columbia. Tim remembers it too (how could he ever forget?). "I had made a record that was very similar to the earlier record to demonstrate how good or bad I was. And they liked it, so I signed with them. They introduced me or rather assigned me a producer. Now I knew what the term producer meant in the movies—they guy who arranged for the bread, but in the record industry he's the same guy as the director in the movies. Anyway I figured that I must need someone to put up the bread. I thought it was funny that Columbia had to hire someone to put up the bread—he was getting a salary to put up bread?—that all seems a little silly of me doesn't it?" ZZ: You were that green? TH: Oh yeah. I came into the studio and the producer was there, and I said to him, "It's really nice that you came along, you must be really interested," and then he starts telling me what to do, and gave me some sheet music—tunes that he thinks I should sing. Wheeeew! I fired three musicians that night, not because they weren't any good, but because I was so confused—real confusion—I just didn't know what was happening.

Some of the tracks from the demo tapes appeared on 'Tim Hardin 1', since Verve had bought them from Columbia, when they took over his contract, but the bulk surfaced later on 'Tim Hardin 4', after he had left Verve to go back to Columbia. The stuff produced by the staff producer has never surfaced. To say Tim feels angry about '4' is the understatement of the century. "It was a joke. They were demos, and that was how they had been recorded. Listen to the songs—'Airmobile' was just a Chuck Berry type of thing. 'Whiskey, Whiskey' I just made up as I was playing. 'How Long' was not by me at all, it was by the guy who worked for Holly.

"We were just playing about, that's why there's the break in the recording of 'Ain't Gonna Do Without'. The sleeve notes are bullshit. That band was the steadiest I ever had. It was John Sebastian on rhythm guitar and harp—probably he only played guitar at the gigs we did at the Night Owl. I think he formed his band after he left me—Felix Pappalardi was on bass, and I showed him how to play bass, Sticks Eglon on drums, and Bill Chuff on piano. I cried when I found out about '1'. I ran up the stairs, and I got the first copy and it was really thin and papery. There were strings on

there that I didn't even know about, playing an R'n'B bass pattern. The producer said, 'John Lennon said that would be a really good idea,' to try and placate me—not that I don't think John Lennon is a really nice guy. 'Ain't Gonna Do Without' made me cry. It was a studio joke. It's a joke on 'High Heel Sneakers'. They were in clear breach of the contract by issuing '4' and I could have sued them but '3' had started to sell more of '1' and '2', and they were trying to pull the same game, but in the end I just ended the contract and moved to Columbia."

'Tim Hardin 1', although flawed by the presence of the demo tracks, did, however contain the first instalment of his most beautiful early songs—'Reason To Believe', 'Misty Roses', 'Hang On To A Dream', which will, in centuries to come, still be sung and marvelled at, such is their eternal quality. He has an almost mystical view of how he writes songs. He told Al Clark in January 1972, "I just happened to land in a place where all these songs were. I'm a singer and the songs were making me sing them. But in order to be sung, they had to be written. And it happened that his hand was moved and his throat was primed. There are other people who write great songs, but they're obviously thinking songwriters whereas I'm very intuitive and simply believe in the timeless message of compassion and happiness and love and revering the time we have. The only reason I've managed to do what I've done is just through giving it a degree of reverence that makes me do it to the exclusion of almost anything else."

It was on this record that the vocal power first appeared, the faultless delivery and the peerless sensitivity. I asked him how he thought it had developed. "I'm really just a blues singer. '1' is really just blues singing. I mean they're a bit restrained, but Ray doesn't go 'Weeooooo' when he's singing 'Georgia' or 'Ruby'. Aretha is an example of a stylist who rarely changes—no matter what she sings, she goes 'Weeooooo'—like vocal calisthenics.

ZZ: That word—stylist—is one you frequently use, so can you tell me what you mean by it? TH: A stylist is someone who has their own way of singing that is so valid that they can sing any kind of song, and if they're a good enough stylist they can redefine the song, sing it in the definitive way. Lefty Frezell was a stylist. George Jones is just a little bit not as good as Lefty, because he can't sing in as many genres. Actually Lefty didn't have too many styles, he didn't even want to talk to Yankee musicians, so his managers had a very easy time keeping him down there in Nashville.

'Tim Hardin 2' is *the* definitive Tim Hardin album, certainly in terms of the songs—"If I Were A Carpenter", 'Red Balloon', 'Blacksheep Boy' are just the first three and they get better, if that were possible. He has always had criticisms of the production, calling it heavy—but I think it's phenomenal. The back cover contains a poem, 'A Question Of Birth', which was later to form part of the epic album, 'Suite For Susan Moore And Damion'. It deals with dawning fatherhood, and the assumption of parental responsibility, but more of that in Part II. There is also a stanza in 'The Lady Came From Baltimore' that mentions Susan Moore, and I asked if it was a true story.

TH: Yes, sort of. I didn't know what I was writing until I'd finished it. I write sort of automatic.

As he was talking, he picked up the cover. 'Her maiden name was Susan Morse, but it was just poetic licence to change it. I actually took that photo with a delaying thing on the camera. That was where we lived after the house at 1339 Mill Drive. That is a coke bottle,'—said as though he was singing a song,—"That is a rose, that's Damion, and that's Susan. She was so beautiful, man. Not that I want to get next to her right away" beauty, but real beauty. She was on a show on television, that had the highest rating and it was on during the day. It was called 'The Young

Marrieds', and she was the star. This is the truth man, rooms as big as this one, full of bags of mail, two high, every week. Some of the letters were terrible. A girl who was five three, weighed 220, terrible complexion, greasy hair, and she'd ask, 'How can I look like you?' That's a caricature of sadness.

ZZ: Was 'Carpenter' for her?

TH: I can't think about things like that, I just write. Because I wrote it, it might reflect something personal, but it really comes from a very universal place. It really shouldn't be thought of as me being self indulgent.

Another song is his immortal 'Tribute To Hank Williams' which begins, 'Goodbye Hank Williams, my friend / I didn't know you / But I've been the places you've been.'

TH: He was in a car when he died, he had just ODed on morphine. His chauffeur found out he was dead, when he reached back to jiggle him awake, to tell him he better get straight as they were coming into town. Actually, I think they stopped in the town before, and wired ahead... The health and happiness hour... that was the name of his show on the radio... The health and happiness hour...

ZZ: What was his appeal to you?

TH: His absolute lack of pretension. He wrote in a very cliched way, but in a lot of country tunes you'll hear incredibly cliched things, but they are sung without any pretension at all—they're just honest. Like your cheating heart will tell on you—it isn't, in fact, a cliché, but the minute you hear it, it becomes implanted in your mind and *is* a cliché, meaning much used.

'Tim Hardin 1' and 'Tim Hardin 2' are being released in August in the Polydor twosome series—and, although 'The Best Of Tim Hardin' is still available, they'll be among the century's best buys.

'2' was released in 1967, and later that year Tim took ill with severe respiratory problems and had to go to Colorado to recuperate, returning early in 1968 and making his first public appearance other than in clubs; it was at New York Town Hall and was released as 'Tim Hardin 3'. By this time his stylistic approach, based as it was on changing the songs in the process of singing them, was reinforced by his use of jazz musicians. [Tobler can find out who Evan Parker is by reading ZZ39.]

TH: It was a friend of Peter Yarrow and he set me up with a gig at the Scene Club in New York, and I wanted to get that kind of band together. My manager of the time, Steve Paul, who now manages Edgar Winter gave me the money to hire one, so I started looking round. I heard Don MacDonald play, and Jeremy Steig introduced me to Warren Bernhardt. Because I chose those guys, they all had an essential thing that was very similar, which was pulse, counting by ones instead of groups of four so that each bar was a beat which gives you freedom. So that album had pulse. They all rather blew their minds over one another. But it was impossible to get them together for keeps. It takes money and because of management problems, we couldn't do it. Anyway, after that gig at the Scene, I got sick and had to go to the coast. They stuck together for a year and a half; they were *the* back-up band. You didn't go out and get all the pieces, you just hired them. Then they went with Jeremy for a bit, because he had that kind of get up and go business and music at the same time thing. They were called Jeremy and the Cators—Grossman managed them. But then they split up. I was in Colorado at the time, planning on raising horses—I thought that I'd get some money for the hits that I'd had ['If I Were A Carpenter' had scored in 1966], but that fell through, so I called Mike Mainieri, who in my opinion is in the Gary Burton class. We did it, and I reduced it to 2 track—we made no additions.

All the tracks on the album had appeared on either '1' or '2', with the exception of 'Lenny's Tune' a lament on the death of Lenny Bruce. TH: I'd just got back from the Newport Festival



the summer that Lenny died, and just wrote it; it came out on Capitol under the title 'Why Did Lenny Bruce Die'.

ZZ: It seems a very bitter song.

TH: Well I guess I was off and on bitter about it, but I shouldn't have been, because I knew that he was going to die—that was part of his job—the last thing on his itinerary, which was aimed at freeing the arts of that element of censorship, and he did accomplish that.

It was his intention to bring that band to England in 1968 for a tour with Family, but the musicians union wouldn't grant permits, he was desperately ill with pleurisy, and, after tearfully dismissing the backing musicians after three

songs, he continued the set, but it was a disaster and the rest of the tour was cancelled. He described it as 'one of the most terrible experiences of my life'.

It was after this episode that he returned to the States and undertook a sleep cure to get off heroin. It succeeded, and he went on to make three albums for CBS, the first two of which were excellent, came over to live in England, and began the lengthy process of trying to get some money from the publishing of his hits—which will be the first royalties he has ever received. But that's all in Part II.

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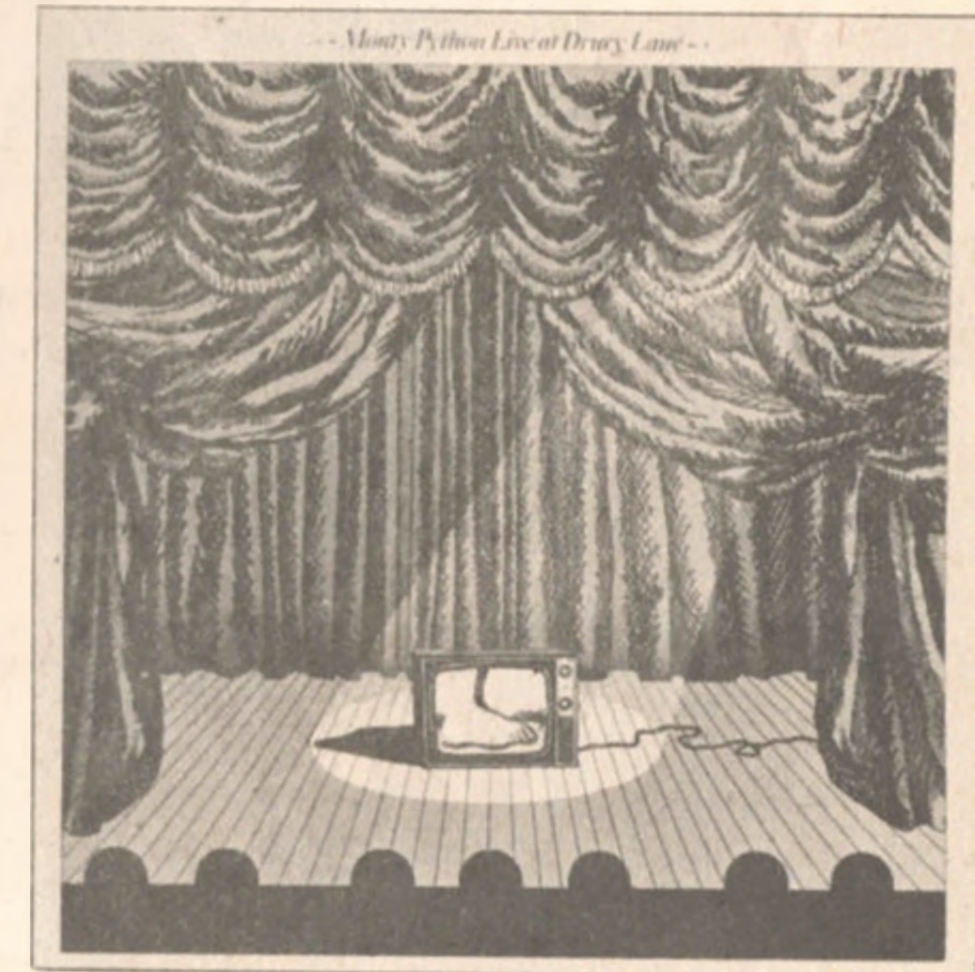
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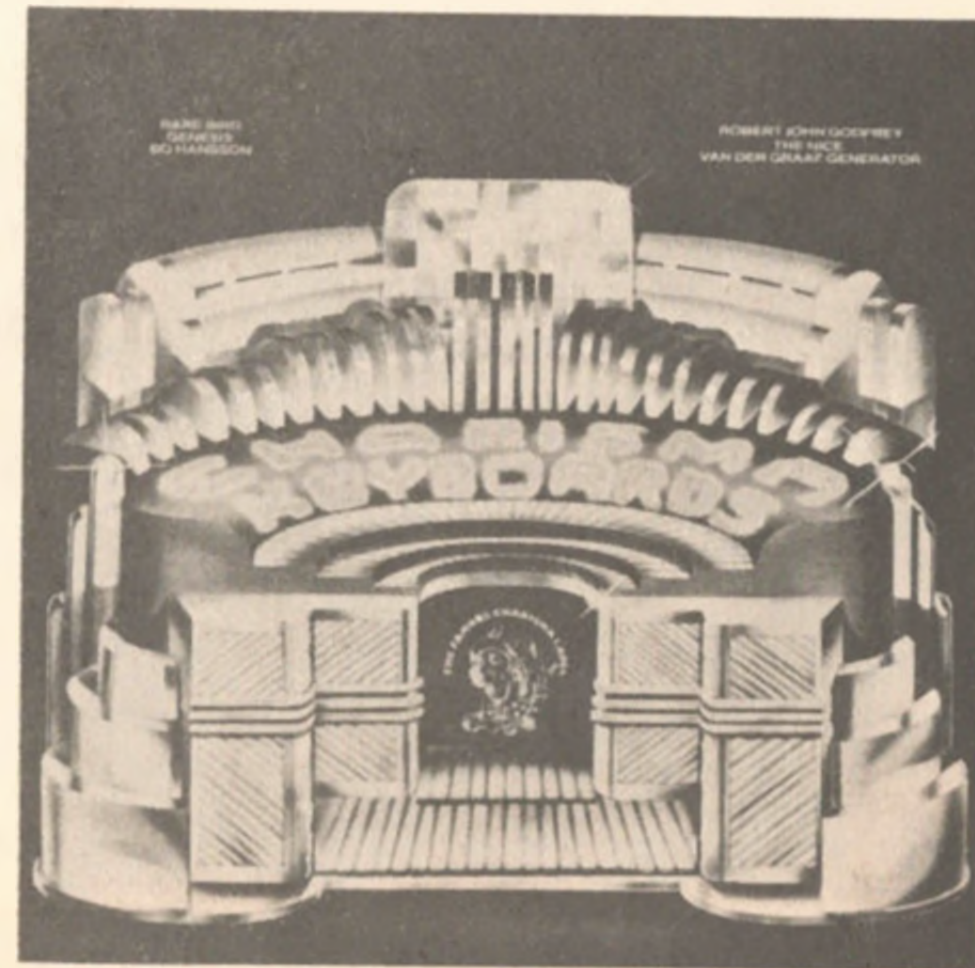
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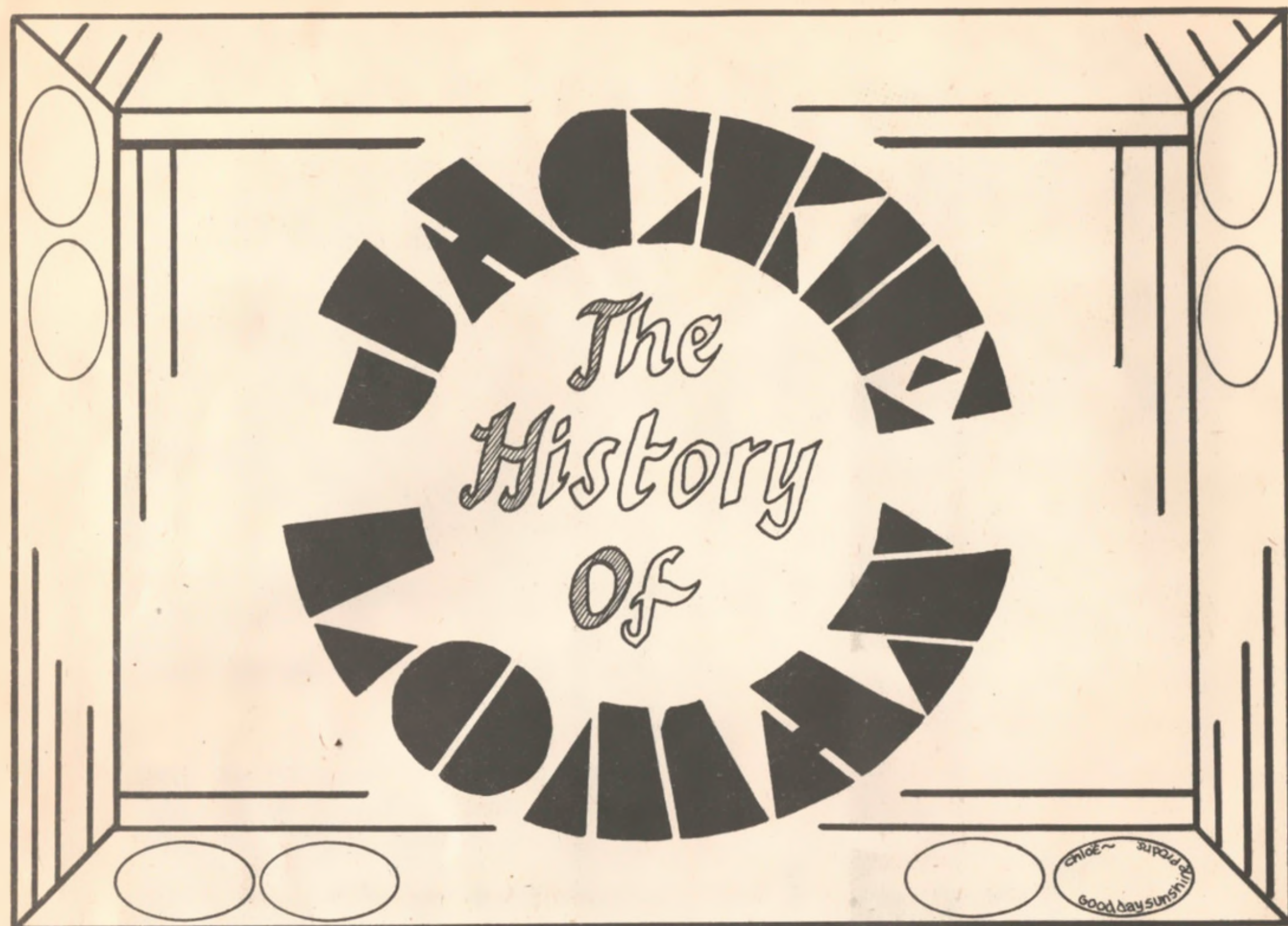
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Without any doubt, one of the sad, inexplicable stories of English rock music is the failure of Jackie Lomax to receive the degree of success and fortune that his talents so richly merit. Considering some of the fabulous records he has made over the years, the people he's been associated with, and the countless efforts that have been made to "break" him, the fact that he decided to move to America in search of the elusive jack-pot is both a sobering indictment of the state of the English rock business, and, more optimistically, a positive reflection of Americans and their attitude to quality singers.

The entire Lomax saga to date is fairly complicated in as much that he's played with over half a dozen bands altogether in his career, and it's also riddled with the sort of business and management hassles that have quite effectively plagued his progress from the word go. But quite remarkably, the much maligned weekly pop press have always been right behind Jackie, enthusing vociferously over his albums, making a fuss whenever a new band or project is announced, and this makes his relative obscurity doubly mysterious. However we won't dwell on this subject too heavily as hopefully his luck will change for the better in the not-too-distant future.

Recently Jackie spent some time over here, largely to promote his last album with Badger, 'White Lady', and his visit afforded me the opportunity of asking him about his history in some detail (although I must be perfectly honest and say that my interview was lacking on some of the more interesting and colourful aspects of his career, subjects that were adequately elaborated upon, courtesy of the Frame archives).

Anyway, a good few hours' research and preparation behind me, tape machine and notes in hand, I wandered up to Tobler's Empire (CBS Records) and was greeted by a lean, very healthy-looking and jovial Jackie Lomax who spoke in an accent that understandably sounded

like a cross between Scouse and a down-home Woodstock drawl. As the more carefree and extrovert employees of CBS were prancing around wearing Womble hats and celebrating somebody's imminent departure or Tobler's fiftieth birthday or something, we retired to a small office and set about the more serious task of chronicling one of the most important and interesting chapters in English rock history.

DEE AND THE DYNAMITES

The very mention of this pre-Liverpool scene band brought a grimace to Jackie's face.

"There's a reference to them on one of my albums—'HOME IS IN MY HEAD', because the drummer who played in Dee & The Dynamites, Bugs Pemberton, was with me in New York doing that album, and we did this really slow ballad with just me on guitar and him on drums with brushes ('You Within Me'). He was talking to me as the tape was rolling and he said, 'Okay, welcome to New Brighton Pier where we have featured here tonight Dee & The Dynamites!' And I went 'Oh no horrors!' It was a reminder of that whole scene . . . a long, long time ago. It was when the whole Liverpool thing was just beginning to get together, and Dee & The Dynamites were like one of those copy groups who did everybody else's numbers—we had a Cliff Richard singer—that kind of thing. The guys weren't bad players though . . . they would play from records, and do solos and arrangements and that kind of stuff." But out of this initial part-time venture evolved a splinter group destined for a limited amount of success and a fair degree of notoriety due both to their brand of music which was a particularly violent form of hard rock for the times [1962], and their image-ridden name which was

THE UNDERTAKERS

"At first I stayed with the original Dee & The Dynamites and then I joined The Undertakers later, which lasted for almost five years. We

had a reputation for our stage act that was a little bit of a misconception because everybody thought we ran around jumping out of coffins and wearing top-hats and all of that, which was not strictly true. I hated top-hats for a start. You cannot play in top-hats—it's like a vice on your head. But we did used to wear the long coats. We designed them like the old western-type undertaker coat and we didn't mind wearing them at all. You know, I don't like references to anything black anyway, and as for coffins—you stick a coffin on the stage and you're into the Lord Sutch syndrome—a body pulling out plastic entrails and stuff . . . we were never into that and I certainly never was. We used to do TV shows, and when we turned up at the studios there used to be four coffins on the set which led people to believe that we were into that. And really we were a hard-rock group, and perhaps maybe *the* hard-rock group that came out of Liverpool. You had all those people like Billy J. Kramer, the Merseybeats, and Gerry & The Pacemakers—they were supposed to be big groups but they were doing these really sloppy ballads half the time, whereas the Undertakers were going boom, boom, boom, on the stage. We made four singles that never really did anything, but we never did have an album out. We recorded enough material for an album but Pye wouldn't get it together to release one, and we ended up getting a deal together in the States which we thought looked good but which was disastrous—a really bad time. In those days if you had long hair you were very definitely a freak. People stopped on the street in New York and went 'What's that?' We'd just come over from England with teddy-boy hairstyles, but long, and it just didn't work, it was no good."

To fill you in on the details, the Undertakers were a five-piece band consisting of Jackie Lomax, Bugs Pemberton, Chris Huston, George Nugent, and a character called Brian Jones. They indeed made four singles for Pye which were:

But I held my breath and I kicked my feet



GENE PARSONS
—KINDLING—



CHIP TAYLOR
—LAST CHANCE—



GRAM PARSONS
—GRIEVOUS ANGEL—



THE TALBOT BROS.
—THE TALBOT BROS.—



FROM WB WARNER BROS.

'Mashed Potatoes'/'Everybody Loves A Lover' (15543) (Aug 63)
'Money'/'What About Us' (7N 15562) (Nov 63)
'Just A Little Bit'/'Stupidity' (7N 15607) (Feb 64)
'If You Don't Come Back'/'Think' (Aug 64)

The fourth single was made after they'd changed their name to the Takers on account of the aforementioned image they were becoming stuck with and the resultant lack of chart success that the first three singles experienced.

"We were doing a lot of Americanised stuff even then. We used to do stuff by The Impressions, Marvin Gaye—black material mainly. We had a sax player in the group and I thought we were doing pretty well. We had a good time anyway. Of our singles, 'Mashed Potatoes' we pinched off Joey Dee & The Starlites' cause we were playing with them in Germany, and 'If You Don't Come Back' was a Drifters' number. The others I don't really remember too much about."

Like a lot of Liverpool bands we went over to Germany . . . five times, maybe more. You see the Beatles were the first to go over there and break it, and the Germans loved them. But when they got together with Epstein and got into the recording scene—they were going to release their first single 'Love Me Do'—Epstein told them 'Don't go to Germany any more, you're wasting your time over there. Stay in England and promote this single.' So the manager of the Star Club in Hamburg came over here to look for new bands of a similar type to the Beatles, and I remember this very clearly, he said, 'Who's a heavy rock band?' And everybody said 'the Undertakers', 'cause we used to stamp holes in stages—that kind of heavy rock. So he came to see us and he was knocked out. He said, 'Come over for nine weeks,' which was a long time, but the money was good. Compared to what my old man was earning at the mill in Liverpool it was really good money. We went over there, spent it all, and came back broke, but it was really good experience."

Thereafter followed the disastrous American venture which Jackie has mentioned and it was there that the Undertakers broke up no better off financially than when they'd started. Present-day retrospective criticism of the Undertakers varies quite amusingly on both sides of the Atlantic. Greg Shaw, in the 'British Invasion' edition of his excellent American fanzine 'Who Put The Bomb' is particularly venomous towards them: "The vaunted Undertakers are still another example of the worst in Liverpool rock. Just because Jackie Lomax (who was lucky ever to have made a decent record) was in them, is hardly reason enough for the canonization that has taken place. They made a number of singles; loose, vaguely beat-like copies of Coasters, Barrett Strong, and other American R&B hits. Barely worth listening to when Liverpool also offered such groups as the Chants, who may've been black but had a good feel for pop and a Phil Spector sort of sound." Strong words indeed. On the other hand, the old 'Strange Days' magazine (remember that?) quotes Bill Harry, former editor of 'Merseybeat' as saying that they were "three years ahead of their time," an admittedly ambiguous remark, but nonetheless the same article proclaims them "a reasonably good band" with Lomax himself stating that they used to do 'Shout' years before Lulu . . . "We had a 20 minute arrangement of it". Chris May and Tim Phillips in their fascinating but annoyingly incomplete book 'British Beat' express bewilderment at the Undertakers' failure to have a chart record despite the fact that they "boasted not only a funky sax player (a comparative rarity in groups of this period), but a really exceptional singer in Jackie Lomax". Well, so much for the Undertakers. If you're lucky enough to come across any of their singles be sure to snap them up because although they may not be amazingly good (and I can't give you my worthless opinion of them as I don't have them and can't really remember too much about them) they're definitely ace collectors' items.

So, stranded in the States with no money, Lomax hung around for a while and eventually

in a band called The Mersey Lads.

"I wish you wouldn't remind me of that. The Mersey Lads were a bunch of guys who were off a ship. They were working on Merchant Navy ships and they'd stayed there. But they had Liverpool accents so they got this band together doing the hits, that kind of stuff, just doing the local bars around their area. And I met them one day just by chance, and they needed a bass player, which I was at the time, so I just started playing gigs with them on bass. That was all it was. Later on I got back together with Bugs and we formed the Lomax Alliance, but the Mersey Lads was just a side-line for me because I was f**king broke. That was like thirty bucks a night . . . reasonable money."

His next stop was a group called The Lost Souls with Bugs Pemberton again, and for the first time he played guitar as opposed to bass. "We joined the Lost Souls and kind of took over. They were a copy of the Beatles—that was what they were known for, harmonies, guitar solos, everything, perfect off the record. And us, we were from Liverpool and we had some other ideas to go further than that." This lasted for a few months in and around the New York area until one night he met Cilla Black of all people at a party, and she told him that Brian Epstein was very interested in managing him. Jackie phoned Epstein, who actually had plans for Lomax as a solo singer, and told him that he felt happier as part of a group, to which Epstein apparently voiced no disagreement and so a new band, the Lomax Alliance was formed with two American members of the Lost Souls, one of whom was Tom Caccetta (bass), although I'm not sure who the other guy was, Bugs Pemberton (drums), and of course Jackie (guitar & vocals).

THE LOMAX ALLIANCE

"We returned to England with Epstein who said he was going to be our manager, which sounded really promising to us. But sadly and regrettably it wasn't too long before he died, and we were left with NEMS which was being run by Robert Stigwood, and he had a new group then called the Bee Gees who he was really hot for—they sounded like the Beatles at first, funnily enough. Anyway, we sort of got lost in the shuffle there. We had one single that came out, 'See The People'/'Try As You May' (CBS 2729) (April 67), and we'd done a whole album that never got released."

The Lomax Alliance basically then fell apart, and after being asked by Stigwood, he went ahead and made a solo single. "By this time I was just getting into writing, so I wanted to write my own material and sing. But I ended up doing a song by a guy from New York called Jake Holmes. He had a song called 'Genuine Imitation Life' which was a great song, and we did it with an orchestra—the whole bit. In fact the Bee Gees' arranger arranged it and I did a Bee Gees' song on the B side. And it was done on the understanding that Stigwood would do that one record—if it went he would continue and if it didn't go, he didn't want to know—simple as that. I said 'OK,' we did it, and it didn't go, so I was at a loose end." Full details of the ill-fated single are 'Genuine Imitation Life'/'One Minute Woman' (CBS 2554) (Oct 67). There was talk, following that, of getting a group together with Chris Curtis [ex-drummer with the Searchers, but that never came to anything]."

APPLE

This next phase in Jackie's career is possibly his most successful artistically, but it was almost certainly the most frustrating as well.

"When I split from Stigwood, Apple was just beginning to be a rumour and I eventually ended up being signed as a writer to Apple Publishing before the record company had even started, and everything just went from there. I got to see George Harrison and we both agreed that we'd like to work with each other. Then he went off to India for two months and I had to wait around making demos of the songs I was writing. When he came back we did the first single 'Sour Milk Sea'/'The Eagle Laughs At You' (Aug 68), and

then we did the whole first album after that. Unfortunately that single was among Apple's initial batch of four releases which also included 'Hey Jude' and Mary Hopkin's 'Those Were The Days'. Well naturally you cannot refuse 'Hey Jude' . . . that was an enormous success for Apple, and Mary Hopkin was an obvious hit. So if people on the radio got four records they would obviously take these two to play. You run into problems here because if you play more than two records by one label, you've got every other label complaining. So they kind of lost me in the shuffle there again. A couple of months later when Mary Hopkin and 'Hey Jude' died down they kept saying 'Is there any more material from Apple?' And there wasn't except for mine. So they said 'What's this? Jackie Lomax? Oh, Apple. Produced by George Harrison, oh!' And they started going through the list of credits and ended up playing it. It started to come up all over the place, San Francisco especially, and it started to sell, like months later after its release."

'Sour Milk Sea' (written by Harrison) still didn't sell as well as it should have done though because it's a classic single—a really dynamic rock song with Lomax in great voice backed by a host of unmistakable superstars. Dig it out, listen for yourself, and see if you can spot who's who.

Next came the equally good first album, 'IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT' (May 69) which by all accounts is very difficult to come across now. But practically everyone involved with ZigZag reckons that it's worth its weight in gold, so if it's absent from your collection, add it to your shopping list of second-hand records. Of the musicians that appeared on it, Eric Clapton, George Harrison, Nicky Hopkins, Ringo Starr, Paul McCartney, and Klaus Voorman warrant no further comment. John Barham on keyboards has been involved with numerous and varied projects . . . he produced Quintessence's first two albums and one by a band called Kala, he made an album of Indian music with Ashish Khan called 'Jugalbandi' for Elektra in 1972, played harmonica and vibes on John Lennon's 'Imagine', and to top it all is George Harrison's full-time arranger having worked on 'All Things Must Pass' and 'Living In The Material World'. Drummer Tony Newman has been associated with Jeff Beck and Sounds Incorporated among others, Bishop (Joel) O'Brien was James Taylor's drummer who was also at Apple at the same time as Lomax, and Hal Blaine is reputedly the top session drummer in LA, (seven of the tracks were recorded in LA with Hal, Joe Osborne on bass, and Larry Knechtel). Pete Clark on drums was in Jackie's house-band at Apple about which very little is known, except that it included Tim Hinkley on keyboards and that they played a total of six gigs including the Country Club and the Speakeasy. As for the lesser known personnel, double bass player Spike Heatley is now to be found on a kids' TV programme on BBC2 called 'Playaway' (that piece of obscurantism was naturally enough provided by John Tobler), and Alan Branscombe, Alan Pariser, and Mal Evans, I know next to nothing about. One other name that does stand out however is Bernie Krause, a pioneer of the moog synthesiser and according to Jackie 'heavily into scientology'.

After the album came two more singles, 'New Day'/'Fall Inside Your Eyes' (Apple 11) (June 69), and 'How The Web Was Woven'/'Thumbing A Ride' (Apple 23) (March 70).

"There was a fight going on over those singles. Well maybe fight is the wrong word but I did this single separately. I said to them, 'Look I really believe this is a single'—the one I picked—'New Day'. And they said, 'Well it's okay but it doesn't really make it.' But I'd worked on it a lot and I insisted. It was the first time I'd got into production and arrangement and I teamed up with John Barham who did all the brass parts. It was my band from Apple playing on it and I was really pleased with it. I thought it was a good single."

'How The Web Was Woven' followed, and is

And I moved my arms around

Who done it 1967-1974



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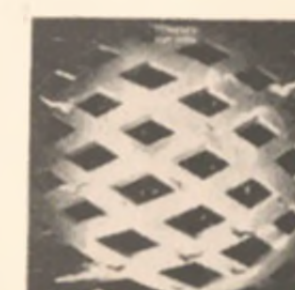
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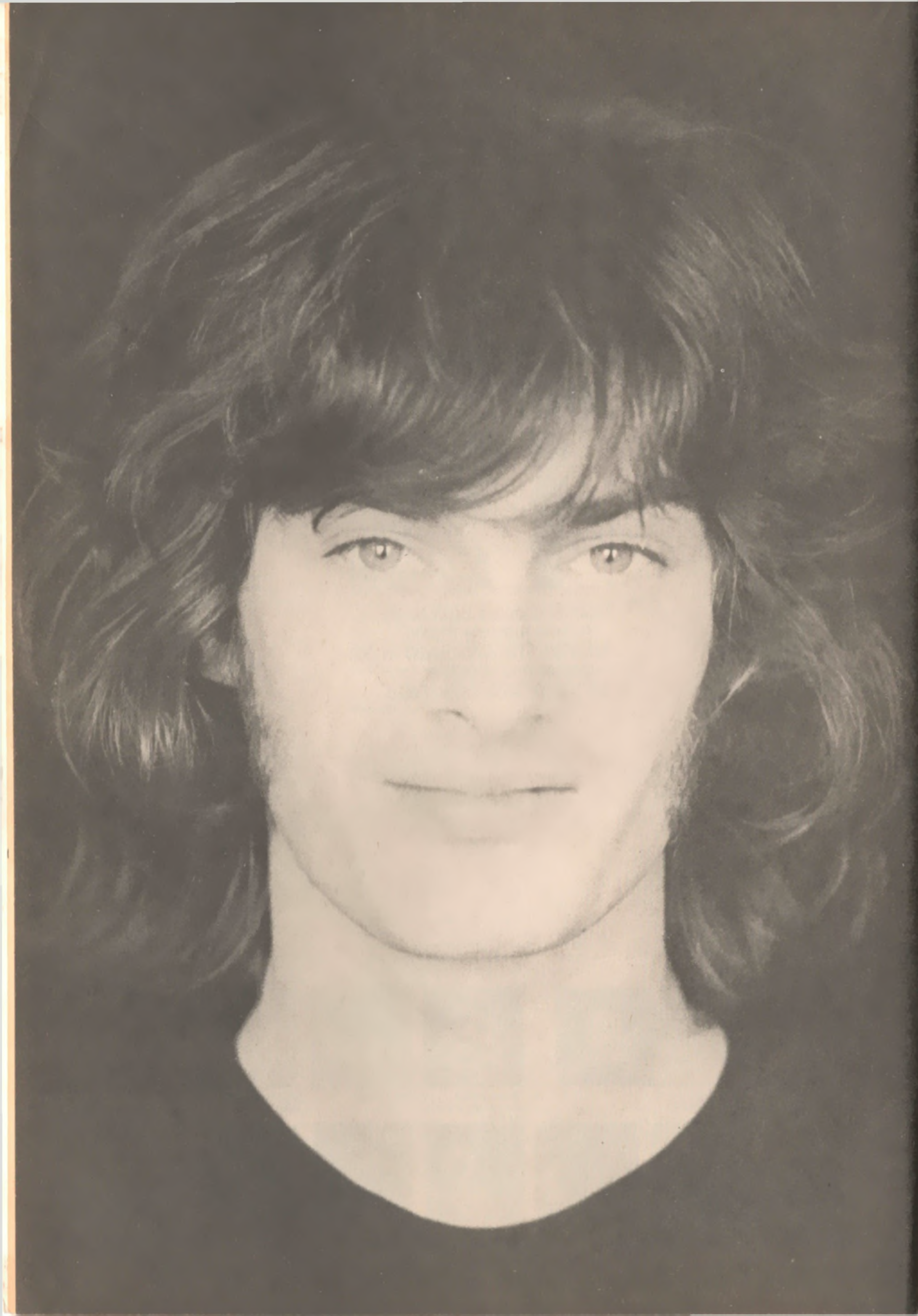


WHO CAME FIRST
Peter Townshend



QUADROPHONIA
(double)





the single that Jackie is least happy about although the presence of Leon Russell on the record was obviously a big plus factor for him. "Leon really frightened me. He played everything—drums, guitar, organ, piano—he just went through the whole spectrum. I couldn't believe it, it sounded as though he'd known the song for years and it was the first time he'd heard it. But I can't honestly say that I like that song. I was pretty well talked into it. Clive Westlake wrote it in conjunction with Mickie Most's brother."

As it happened, that was the last thing Jackie ever made for Apple and not so long after, he left them in slightly unpleasant circumstances. It had much to do with the state of Apple at the time and if you're not aware of all the upheavals that occurred, you can read about them in 'The Longest Cocktail Party' published by our genial colleagues at Charisma Books. As far as his own situation was concerned though, Jackie is a little more specific.

"Apple was beginning to get a little bit paranoid. I think part of it was that the Beatles themselves didn't really know how much they had to spend to get a record company together, and they suddenly saw the balance sheet and went 'aaargh!'. So they decided to call in Allen Klein to sort it out for them. However he didn't really bring an air of optimism to the company—I'm being kind now, you understand, and I felt really weird then because I tried to get to talk to him to ask him what he wanted me to do, whether he wanted me to make more records or just disappear, and I couldn't get through to him at all. All I could get were secretaries on the phone. I tried three times to get to see him but to no avail, so in the end I just said, 'Look, f**k you, I'm off!'"

HEAVY JELLY

Now everything has been comparatively straightforward up until now, but the story of Jackie's next band, the infamous Heavy Jelly is dauntingly complicated and full of intrigue.

Basically it all started out as a hoax. Around about October 1968 John Leaver had a review printed in Time Out of a record that didn't exist by a group with the highly dubious name of Heavy Jelly that didn't exist, accompanied by a fake photo of John Moreshead, then guitarist with Aynsley Dunbar, plus a mate of his and two loonies from Chelsea Antiques Market!! The idea was a complete joke to see if all the groovers could be enticed to converge like lemmings to the record shops in search of this trendy new album. And amazingly enough it worked. Interest was such that two separate organisations soon became very interested in turning it into a commercial proposition. One was John Curd's Head Records, and the other was Island Records. John Moreshead was persuaded to actually make a single with the bassist from Aynsley Dunbar's band, Alex Dmochowski, Carlo Little, and a guy called Rocky, which was called 'Time Out'/'Chew'n In' and was released on Head Records HDS 4001 (May 1969).

Simultaneous to this, Island released a sampler album called 'Nice Enough To Eat' which featured a rather infectious track called 'I Keep Singing That Same Old Song' by a group they called Heavy Jelly but who in fact turn out to be Skip Bifferty. Anyway, being the astute businessman that he is, John Curd quickly registered the name Heavy Jelly, and as the Time Out single had sold well, and John and Alex were getting steadily browned off in Dunbar's band, they decided to take the whole thing seriously and form a group. They managed to recruit both Chris Wood and Jim Capaldi and then set about making an LP but without a vocalist, so in fact all they had were a set of backing tracks. Jesse Roden, now with the fabulous Butts Band, became interested at one stage but chose to get Bronco together instead, and then Jackie Lomax was suggested. He heard the tapes, liked them and decided to join. By now, he had quite a lot of songs he wanted to perform so they voted to scrap the original album and start again... this was around July 1969. However, before they got

This summer I swam in the ocean



started Chris Wood went off to join Dr John for a spell, and Jim Capaldi, sure that Traffic were on the verge of re-forming left also. Studio time had already been booked so they got some unknown drummer in who stayed for about five minutes before packing up and going to New Zealand. Then Spooky Tooth's drummer Mike Kellie offered to play on a couple of tracks but didn't want to join because Spooky Tooth were still going, and in October 69 the old Animals' drummer Barry Jenkins was brought in. That line-up: John Moreshead (guitar), Alex Dmochowski (bass), Jackie Lomax (guitar/vocals), and Barry Jenkins (drums), was the first permanent Heavy Jelly to record and actually get out on the road... something they didn't do until January 1970 as John and Alex were still partly tied up with Aynsley Dunbar until November. That particular band nevertheless didn't stay together too long as Alex was offered a chance to join John Mayall which he took, replacing Steve Thompson who was suffering from a septic finger. Alex's replacement was ex-Brian Auger and Blue Whale bassist Roger Sutton who was apparently good but not simple enough, so he soon went too. Then Barry Jenkins left, complaining that "it's not my music, man". Drummer Bruce Rowlands was approached to fill Barry's spot but he wasn't keen on joining because his previous outfit, the Grease Band, were re-forming but he agreed to help them out for three months. Meanwhile, John Mayall's old bassist Steve Thompson joined. When his stint was up, Bruce Rowlands finally went off to join Terry Reid and was replaced by Davey Lutton (ex-Eire Apparent) who (and I'm sure this is getting unbearably monotonous) eventually buggered off to join a group called Brown Bread which in time became the Grease Band.

So at that point they were without a drummer but still gigging. They did spend time auditioning new drummers, including Bobby Woodman (Bodast) and John Woods (Junco Partners), but inevitably and almost mercifully, Heavy Jelly ground to a quivering halt and ceased to exist. The final blow appears to be Jackie's departure after being told by John Simon that he was to be offered a deal with Warner Brothers in the States.

"Heavy Jelly played around a lot and we got a good response because the band with John, Bruce, Steve and myself really started to gell for the first time. But we were all looking for some-

thing else to do, and that was really the point. I got offered the Warner Brothers gig and I took it, and everybody else got offered something, and they took it!" In between leaving Heavy Jelly and going to the States though, Jackie spent two weeks with Balls, another sadly ill-fated band, which featured Trevor Burton, Denny Laine, and Alan White.

WOODSTOCK

Jackie's immediate plans on reaching the States were first, to settle down in his new home in Woodstock, and second, build up a new band with the help of some old mates. He got together again with Tom Caccetta and Bugs Pemberton from the Lomax Alliance, and they added a guitarist from LA named Israel Zacuto. And that in fact was the band that made 'HOME IS IN MY HEAD' (Warners, K46091—May 71), the first of two Jackie Lomax albums on Warners.

"Originally, Bugs and the other guys came over to Woodstock to do sessions, but what with Bugs being an old mate, we were bound to get together and have a piss-up, and we all seemed to like each other. So we got together and played a little bit, discussed some of the songs that I had ready to make an album with, and with Warner's backing, we went ahead with it... we cut the album at A&R Studios in New York!"

The album sleeve credits, for some devious reason, include two pseudonyms. There is a rhythm guitarist called Rickie Redstreak, who is in fact Jackie, and a lead and slide guitarist called Frank Furter, who is in fact a guy named Bryn Haworth, who replaced Tom Caccetta in the band quite early on, although Caccetta is credited with all the bass work on the album.

Would you be surprised if I told you that this band, like all the others, didn't last long together? I thought not. Well it's true anyway... Bugs Pemberton formed his own band called Christopher Cloud with Kim King (ex Lothar & The Hand People) and Patrick O'Connor, and they're now called Aim with an album out on Blue Thumb. Israel and Bryn both contributed partly to Jackie's next album 'THREE', but they had plans for their own band with Bruce Rowlands and Chris Stewart.

'Three' was actually the album that John Simon was supposed to make with Jackie when he first phoned him and told him to go over to Woodstock, so they finally did it using a group of session men and guests who have remained largely anonymous in this country, due to the fact that there was no information at all on the British sleeve. Lomax says that, "There should have been an insert, as in the American edition, that explains everything," but I think I'm right in saying that the main body of personnel consisted of Bernard Purdie (drums), Billy Rich (bass) and John Hall (lead guitar). However, The Band also make an appearance on a beautiful track called 'Hellfire, Night-Crier'.

Incidentally, both Warners' albums are very fine indeed, although they didn't sell and accordingly placed Lomax on very shaky terms with the company.

JL: "After 'THREE', Warner Brothers were like a little uptight about what to do with me because the album was released, got good reviews again, and got played on the West Coast and East Coast, but points in between was something different. Where do you get played in somewhere like Boise, Idaho? They kept me hanging around for a couple of months to decide whether they were going to keep me on or let me go. Then a couple of months later they said, 'Well, I don't think we can do anything so we'll let you go!' So I started looking around for a new deal. But I wasn't looking that seriously because I really didn't care at that point. You get into those times, where you say 'F**k it all man, I'm still a songwriter, still a singer, and I want to do what I want to do, so f**k the companies.' So I stayed at home a lot and recorded on a 4-track that I had there. I recorded this new bunch of songs that I was doing and I played all the instruments myself just to see what I could do. And it was really interesting for me... it helped a lot. Song structure and singing harmonies with myself—all this kind of

stuff. I was working with a drum machine. I really dug that period—it lasted about six months. I spoke to a few people but I wasn't really keen on doing anything. And then some people offered me things to do. They would ring up in the middle of the night and say something like, 'I've got the most fantastic deal for you man with A&M!' And you say, 'Great man, let me know what's happening!' So he says 'I'll call you back tomorrow.' And you never hear from him again. Those kind of weird things happen to you. The only think that seemed really concrete in the end was to go to LA and see what was happening out there for me. When I got to LA I found out there were a lot of delays going on. I was going to do an album with Thomas Jefferson Kaye because I wanted to work with Dr John. We just met him when we did this new album for CBS in New Orleans. He was recording with Allen Toussaint. And I wanted to do this album with Dr John and maybe the Meters, which I thought would have made a fabulous basic thing to work from. And Tommy Kaye said he could pull that together but it wouldn't come together for a while, which was the reason I came to England to explore Badger. So we're almost up to date there. I came last August.

BADGER

Badger's history prior to Jackie joining them is as follows. The band was originally started some time after Tony Kaye left Yes in July 1971, and had met Roy Dyke (ex-Birds, Creation, Remo Four, Ashton, Gardner & Dyke, and Pilot). Their first band was called Angel Dust which later became the original Badger in mid-1972, consisting of Dave Foster (Bass/vocals), Brian Parrish (guitar/vocals), Dyke on drums, and Kaye on keyboards. This line-up made a live album at the Rainbow, 'One Live Badger' (March 1973), but due to record company and management difficulties the band folded. Kaye and Dyke subsequently decided to carry on through and they rang Jackie in the States and suggested he come over and see what was happening.

Jackie: "I didn't really know anybody from the original Badger too well. I knew Roy the drummer from Germany years ago—we'd hung out and had a laugh together a couple of times. And I vaguely knew David Foster from the original band, only from another group called Sleepy I think, who I knew from a long time ago. They

did a radio show when I was at Apple. I didn't know Tony Kaye at all and I didn't know Yes either. Anyway, the whole thing sounded interesting and Roy was intriguing to me because I always thought he was a great drummer, which he still is. He's probably one of the top ten of this country. So I came over, and the first time I went down to play at a rehearsal, Kim Gardner came down too... he was a friend of Roy's. So we had another bass player which kind of left David on the side-line... he was playing bass with the original Badger, so he started playing guitar. But he hadn't been playing long enough to master it properly and he was still a little awkward. Then there was all this talk about blowing him out which is eventually what happened, so it became almost an entirely new band all of a sudden. We tried a whole bunch of guitarists because we wanted a guitarist that sang, and we eventually settled on Paul Pilnick (ex-Stealer's Wheel)."

This new line-up went to New Orleans to make an album with Allen Toussaint, 'White Lady' (Epic EPC 80009) which was released last month. Everything on the album was written by Jackie Lomax, and additional musicians include Jeff Beck who plays a lead guitar solo on the title track, and Bryn Haworth who plays slide guitar on a track called 'Listen To Me'. (Bryn, incidentally, is now signed to Island and should have an album out soon.)

Now, the only similarity between this Badger album and the first one, is quite simply the name, full stop. 'White Lady' is, to all intents and purposes, a Jackie Lomax album, although at this stage I can't honestly say that I like it as much as his earlier albums. God knows I've listened to it enough times, but it still hasn't got through to me yet. Maybe it's the presence of horns or the curious anonymity of some of the songs, I don't know... but don't let me dissuade you from making the effort to have a listen.

And that, believe it or not, brings us just about up to date, except to say that Badger have now split into two bands—White Lady, lead by Jackie Lomax and Kim Gardner, and a new Badger, with Tony Kaye and Roy Dyke.

Whatever Lomax decides to get up to next, time alone will tell, but I must admit that it would be nice to see him have a hit record and pull in some of the rewards that have been due to him for a long time.

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And I swam in a swimming pool



BADGER. Left to right: Jackie Lomax, Kim Gardner, Roy Dyke, Tony Kaye, Paul Pilnick.

STOP ALL THAT JAZZ

LEON RUSSELL'S NEW ALBUM ON A&M RECORDS.

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BARRY RICHARDSON is a great Byrds fan, in fact a great West Coast fan in general. He is also the brains behind Bees Make Honey. I suppose 'pub rock' must have been the most overworked phrase of 1973. I can give you my views on the subject quite simply. If you saw that dire 'Whistle Test' symposium on pub rock, which was adequately dealt with in ZZ37, then you will probably remember an excellent clip of Bees Make Honey performing Fleecie Moore's classic composition 'Caldonia' at the Nag's Head, High Wycombe. That to me was what 'pub rock' was all about. Just good music, well played and with no showmanship.

Recently Capitol Radio's Sarah Ward held a far superior discussion on the same subject with Myles Palmer, Stuart Joseph, our own Pete Frame and Ian Drury of the Kilburns. They asked Ian if he minded being labelled as pub rock. He said "no". I posed the same question to Barry.

BR: There are two clear sides to it. I dislike the label because the implication is that all the people who are part of it are in some way stylistically similar and I like to think that we are nothing like some of the bands that carry the title. As far as the pubs themselves go I think they are marvellous places to work in. One of the things I regret about getting work on the road is that you lose the chance of doing these residences. What we have decided to do with our new line-up is to deliberately turn our backs on the usual roadwork and spend a month in London doing the places we used to work. I can think of no better way of pulling the band back into shape.

ZZ: So you think the press overdid the whole thing?

BR: Oh yes and they also very quickly lost their musical perspectives. When we first started in the pubs we were very clear about what we were up against. At the time it was impossible for anyone to begin to work from the ground upwards. The bottom-rung work had disappeared; the only situation was large stages, a large amount of volume and a lot of show. What we wanted to get back to was a natural, honest kind of situation. What really amazed me about the press was that within a matter of months they were devoting a large amount of space to groups who were engaging in just those sort of things that we thought we were against from the start. Groups that clearly existed on no other basis than their image.

ZZ: But you wouldn't say that you suffered from this experience?

BR: I don't think that we suffered in any way. Because we were one of the first of the bands into the Tally Ho or the Kensington and so got attention before the other bands. We were out on the road by the time that the main bulk of the pub rock thing broke. So when the crowds came rushing in

EVERYBODY KNOWS BIRDS & BEES GO TOGETHER BUT WHEN THE BYRDS FLY 8 MILES HIGH THE BEES MAKE HONEY



THE PRESENT DAY BEES

Left to right: Kevin McAlea, piano; Ed Dean, guitar; Barry Richardson, tenor sax; Willy Finlayson, guitar; Rod Demick, bass; Fran Byrne, drums.

Soit my words, critique my eyes

In a self-destructive pool

first time I had played electric bass. As a result of the year I did with them I got a gig with a really excellent girl singer called Jan Holly in a band called Jan and the Southerners. This was quite a long stretch I had playing country music and working American bases. This is where my love for country music really developed, very late really in my career.

ZZ: Were you just playing country music, because the bands in American bases these days play top twenty stuff?

BR: There always seemed to be a clear distinction on the bases, if it was a black night they would hire a soul band. If it was a white night, or a redneck night they used to hire a country band. It was very clearcut, there was no way a black guy would come and see us on the nights we played.

We went off visiting relatives in California that summer, and there I saw some quite fantastic bands. It was a couple of years after the Springfield thing. The bands were playing country based music, kind of aggressive at the back with lots of harmonies; sort of Crazy Horse-ish. I never found out what any of the bands were called, but there were clubs all over the place. This turned me on to doing country type songs with a more modern style. So when we came back we started doing Neil Young songs with the Southerners, which speedily resulted in the band being out of work. The band at the time was myself, Mick Molloy who had just come over from Dublin, a really great pedal steel player from Newbury called Gerry Hogan—he works for IBM so he can't play professionally, a drummer, and Jan Holly.

(I've just found a Jan Holly album on the Avenue label for 50p and it's well worth looking out for. Apparently she's now working in the States with Sherry Jackson.)

ZZ: Who was your drummer?

BR: A guy called Alan Taylor who now works for a tobacco firm, good drummer. Anyway we ran out of work because we were turning off the hardline country fans, who I have nothing but scorn for. I would say we were the most musical country band playing in England at the time, in fact I haven't heard a better one since. The country crowd is very set in its old ways, it really just wants to see a repetition of the old things—people like Johnny Cash, Jim Reeves and Hank Locklin. When the band folded, Jan went off to America where I believe she is to this day. I'd love to make contact with her again. We managed to lure Deke over from Dublin to join the band, which no longer had a name, and we managed to get some gigs at the Tally Ho where I had played as a jazzier.

TALES OF THE TALLY HO AND THE BEGINNING OF THE BEES

By now we are in 71/72. An American band, Eggs Over Easy, were playing the Tally Ho, an indication that the pub was veering away from pure jazz to

wards rock music. Barry's as yet unnamed band were playing sort of country rock—neither of us can think of a precise definition of what the band was doing. The composition of the band was Barry on bass, Ruan O'Lochlainn, with whom Barry had played Sidney Bechet type music back in Dublin, playing piano, some guitar and some sax, Mick Molloy from the Alpine Seven and Jan and the Southerners playing lead, Deke O'Brien again from the Alpine Seven on rhythm, and a young Californian drummer called Bob Ceemanberg.

ZZ: Where did you meet Bob?

BR: He answered an advertisement in the Melody Maker.

ZZ: On your album you had a drummer called Bob Cee, is this the same guy?

BR: We were always a bit worried about his immigration situation, so we called him Bob Cee.

ZZ: Did you ever see Eggs Over Easy?

BR: One night when we went to see the Brinsleys at the Country Club and were really impressed with what they were doing, we saw Eggs Over Easy playing opposite them. We really dug them, they were very loose. At the end of their set they said they were playing the Tally Ho at which my ears pricked up because I used to play there as a jazzier. So we went down and saw them and of course it was the obvious place for me to try and get some work. But we didn't open the Tally Ho, it was definitely the Eggs who opened it. They were so eclectic; they were able to play loose enough music to appeal to the old jazz crowd, whilst still drawing in a younger rock crowd. A quite remarkable band, I'm sure they would have been huge but they split up, at least that's what I heard.

Our band got its first gig at Wormwood Scrubs prison, but we began to do a residency at the Tally Ho. Moving into the Kensington was the next step. The Brinsleys is run by the husband (Matt) of the woman who ran the Tally Ho (Lillian). I had worked for them both as a jazzier. Shortly afterwards the Brinsleys, who were having a hard time of it on the road, came into the Tally Ho. I mean we were doing pretty well, but the fact that an established band came in made the Tally Ho an important gig in London.

ZZ: Were you writing your own songs by now?

BR: Funny you should mention that: it all came in a rush. We hadn't done any of my songs in the Southerners. I know that by the time we had started this band, which as yet wasn't called anything, I had written ten or twelve songs, it must have happened in between that and California. Deke had some songs as well.

ZZ: So how did you arrive at your name?

BR: Well, it's going back to what I had said before, what we really stood against. We wanted to find something that didn't sound heavy or flash, y'know a sort of science fiction/scientific one-word name. We wanted to sound kind of normal, familiar,

friendly, easy listening and melodic. We had tremendous trouble, we went through all sorts of horrendous names like Wallthumper and Ian (Whitcomb) wanted to call us Hoofheaters because he said when the BBC producers said it quickly it would embarrass the whole country. Jackie (Ru's wife) came up with the name and we all liked it. Up till then we didn't need a name, the gig wasn't advertised but people kept coming up and asking us what we were called and it got a bit embarrassing, so we became Bees Make Honey.

ZZ: You were getting the gigs yourself?

BR: Oh yeah... as opposed to...

ZZ: ... As opposed to a manager or agency...

BR: Oh crikey, we have only had a manager for a very short while. You see even by '72 we had very little work on the road. As you know Dave Robinson was the manager of the Brinsleys and it was about mid-'72 that he expressed an interest in managing us as well. We were worried that the Brinsleys might object but they are amazing guys, they were really cool about it. Our first long distance jobs were about '72, when we backed Frankie Miller on a short tour.

ZZ: How did that come about?

BR: Frankie was down hanging around London and he was just one of a thousand guys who had met Dave Robinson. He had played in a lot of Scottish soul bands with people like Maggie Bell and Jimmy Dewar (from Robin Trower's band). Frankie made his album at Rockfield backed by the Brinsleys, probably the finest thing Dave ever produced. Just after we did the tour with Frankie, the whole pub rock thing began to break.

ZZ:

THE FIRST ALBUM AND ENSUING SUBJECTS

If you saw ZZ39 you will probably remember the ZigZag poll and a category called 'Running Order'. To my mind the Bees' album 'Music Every Night' is second only to Van Morrison's 'Moondance' in this respect. Side one is opened by 'Caldonia' and this is followed by four of the Bees' own compositions, a slow country number with a rock backing, 'Music Every Night', 'Knee Trembler'—a great rock'n'roll track, a country rock song 'Kentucky Chicken Fry', and the pace slows down for the final track on the side, a country and western number written by Deke called 'Boosterstown'. Side one is somewhere between good and very good, but side two is a pure gem. It's opened by three minutes thirty-two seconds of superb country funk in Barry's song 'Chinese's Dead' and if that doesn't get you up and dancing then nothing will. Before you have the chance to sit down again on comes that great old rocker 'Bloodshot Eyes'. Now after those two what you really need is a rest so the next track 'Blood Brother' offers a welcome chance to collapse into a heap or better still fix yourself a drink while you listen to a beautifully melodic song. Then comes the climax of the whole album: two great rock'n'roll tracks in close succes-

to see what all this noise was all about we weren't there. Not surprisingly people who had followed us into these places got a good deal of attention. Some of it was deserved, but I think a lot of it wasn't.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BARRY RICHARDSON

BR: This is going to take a long time. I have been hopping between styles for a long time. This is my musical career—I mean I spent years listening before I ever picked up anything. I played string bass in the school trad band; I went across to Dublin University vowing not to let music get in the way of my studies—that resolution lasted about six months. I joined Ruan O'Lochlainn's dixie band in Dublin on bass. I started to play clarinet and then I went on a pilgrimage to New Orleans to see George Lewis. I came back and found that there was one band in town with three clarinet players. So I took up trombone and got a job in a strange Irish phenomenon called a showband which always used to carry brass. [If you want to know a bit more about showbands see Connor's interview with Irish songwriter, Jonathan Kelly ZZ31.] It was my first ever contact with playing electric music. It was because I was playing in a band with an electric rhythm section that a friend of mine at college, Ian Whitcomb, decided to get together a blues band. This was about '63/4 so the very first blues band we got together was Ian and me and the rhythm section of the Crickets Showband. Subsequently the Crickets went off to the Star Club in Hamburg where they topped the bill over Chuck Berry. The Star Club is sort of revered, but I think this shows what sort of standards they applied in music, that they thought the Crickets with all their flash rubbish were worth billing over Chuck Berry. Anyway we carried on with this venture using the rhythm section from the next showband we were in, The Alpine Seven, and that included Mick Molloy and Deke O'Brien who were both in at the start of the Bees.

That was Bluesville, a good kind of raucous, Muddy Waters blues band playing around Dublin at a time when there was no other music of that kind at all. Just after I left, the band was involved with Dave Robinson who was running the only beat club in Dublin. Anyway I left Dublin in '64 and came back here. My only contacts were through New Orleans jazz, so I started playing string bass again. The thing about playing bass is that move between styles and the other thing is that there is a great shortage of bass players. I have had the chance of playing with musicians who are so superior to me it's just not true, but you learn so much by doing so, I mean, I played with Phil Seaman, Brian Lemon, the Dave Shepherd Quintet where I was really out of my depth as a total musician but I was able to play adequate enough bass to get by. I was playing in places like the Tally Ho. After about a year or two over here I got a gig with a resident Irish showband at a ballroom in Batham, this was the

sion—the Bees' own 'Highway Song' followed by 'My Rockin' Days' which you remember the Crickets had out as a single a couple of years ago (no, not the Irish showband—the Yanks, y'know Buddy Holly's old band). A superb side! Before you all nip down to your local dealer and beg him to play side two to you I just want to warn you that you won't get the full effect that way. Have you ever tried dancing in one of those booths? What you will have to do is buy the album and then hold a party. I guarantee everybody will get up and dance (if they don't then you'll know that the fruit punch is too strong).

However back to the fax and info. The band at the time of the recording was still Barry, Ru, Deke, Mick and Bob Cee, but Bob split during the recording of the album to join a show called 'Mother Earth' which was playing the Roundhouse and nowadays he plays in Superramp. So most of the drumming on the record was done by Jedd Kelly who is now in HarleyQuinne. However the current Bees drummer Fran Byrne also makes a brief appearance on the album. The other people featured are Cuff Billett on trumpet and Gerry Hogan, who you know about, on pedal steel, guitar and dobro. Most of the album was recorded at Rockfield, it was produced by Dave Robinson and later sold to EMI who if I remember rightly released it last December.

ZZ: Is Rockfield as good as people say?

BR: Yes. The atmosphere in which you work is the main thing about it. Also the prices are reasonable. You feel freer because it is set in the country away from the town and the staff are so skilled in what they do, and at the same time are very nice people. There are a number of engineers around London who think that they are the stars. We were really worried about anybody getting between us and our music whether it was the producer, the engineer or even the doorman of the goddamned place. You must remember that this was very early in our rock music career and we really didn't understand these things. It was very fashionable to be in a very fashionable studio at the time with as many dolbys and Christ-knows-what-elses as possible just in the same way as it was fashionable to have a heavily creative producer. We were terribly scared that we would lose control of our music. We were always very clear that we wanted to record our own album. This is a thing that has disappeared in the short time that we have been working, but in the beginning there was quite a heavy thing going where the producer was almost the most creative artist and this just wasn't right for the Bees. But nowadays good musical producers like Glyn Johns, Gus Dudgeon and Ted Templeman in America have become much more the normal thing. So we used Dave Robinson and he liked Rockfield. Anyway Rockfield was certainly the best place for us.

ZZ: You recorded the album before you had a record deal.

BR: Yeah for those very reasons. So when the companies started showing interest we just played them



THE ORIGINAL BEES MAKE HONEY

Left to right: Mick Molloy, lead guitar; Ruan O'Lochlainn, piano, alto sax, guitar; Bob Cee drums; Deke O'Brien, rhythm guitar; Barry Richardson, bass.

And you know what's not all

the album and as you know we signed with EMI. They recognised that the tapes were a very good reflection of where the band stood at the time and thought the first album should sound as the band stood at the time.

ZZ: When did you get your own music publishing company, Honey Music?

BR: Oh we formed that about the time of the album. Very simple—why give anybody else the money?

ZZ: Okay, where was 'Music Every Night' written about?

BR: It alluded to the Tally Ho days, but it is also about those dirty roadside places you find in the States. Those Californian bands I was talking about earlier were mostly playing in pretty sleazy places. Marin County is full of the places. I mean one of the bands I admire the most are Clover and they just refuse to leave the county. Everybody jams with them, like the Dead play with them and the steel player was on Van Morrison's 'Tupelo Honey' (John McFee), but they prefer to play these roadhouses.

ZZ: Did EMI impose the censorship of the lyrics of 'Knee Trembler' in the lines

*He wouldn't take no stick
from no two bit little (bleep!)*

No sir.

BR: Yeah, EMI were worried that the BBC wouldn't live with it so we put the bleep in. But there was no reason for us to put the bleep on the album obviously. But we were very short of time and it had to be cut in a hurry so the bleep ended up on the album as well.

ZZ: Also there is the line on there 'Charlie's on the radio, twelve to one'.

BR: Yeah, good old Charlie, we had met him by this time. I think Charlie was a bit surprised to see a band playing the sort of clubs he'd seen in the States but had rather disappeared over here.

(For non-Londoners, the reference is to Charlie Gillett's Sunday lunchtime programme, 'Honky Tonk' on BBC Radio London. Charlie had been publicising the band's Tally Ho gigs on his radio programme and I wondered if the line was just a way of saying thanks to Charlie.)

BR: No, it's not just a way of saying thanks. Charlie's show had helped me a lot. I find that the test of a good book, or a good record, or a good show is the degree to which it provokes thought on your own behalf. I find that even today, and this is like two years later, that I can listen to Charlie's show and when it's over my head is buzzing with ideas. Not just lifts of something but because he reminds you of things that you knew in the past but had forgotten about. Charlie's show has been a great source of strength to me.

ZZ: I remember Radio London claiming that they discovered you.

BR: The people who discovered us in the first place were Ray Telford (Sounds) and Charlie and then John Collis of Time Out. All credit to them too,

they're still the ones who are taking the trouble to go out and see bands.

Before we finish with these plugs for the opposition, I just want to add that Barry also said some nice things about ZigZag and Let It Rock, and was rather annoyed with the NME. Right, back to the album.

ZZ: All but three of the songs on the album were your own compositions...

BR: I'm not too sure now, we just go by the titles. Why, what were you going to ask?

ZZ: Were they songs that you wanted to record or did you feel you had to do them as they had gone down so well live?

BR: Yeah, you must remember that we had been playing these songs for a hell of a long time on stage and while we weren't governed totally by that, we felt that it would have been absolutely crazy to have ignored the fact that so many people liked 'Bloodshot Eyes', 'Caldonia' and 'Bloodshot Eyes' were songs that I had lifted from my near jazz past.

They're both jump songs. 'Rockin' Days' was a song that Nicky from the Brinsleys heard on the radio and thought would suit our style, and that has always worked very well.

'I'D DEFEND PLAYING OTHER PEOPLE'S SONGS ANY DAY OF THE WEEK'

All of which leads me into an interesting aspect of the Bees' work... the number of other people's songs that they do actually cover on stage. I suppose we have all been to see bands who have been really impressive musically but have been let down by their material and here I'm not just talking about up and coming bands. There are so many good songs about that deserve to be sung a great deal more often than they are at present. There is a tremendous wastage of good material while at the same time a lot of perfectly competent musicians are wasting their talents by playing mediocre material of their own composition.

BR: I've always enjoyed and thought it was important to do other people's songs providing you are not doing obvious stuff. I think for me to find an obscure song that people might enjoy and to do it well is just as important and interesting as me thinking up an idea of my own and performing it. For example 'Red Hot' which we do now is an old Billy Lee Riley song. I think it is a good rock'n'roll song, but I don't think that there is another band in the world playing it today. I don't feel embarrassed about doing a Billy Lee Riley song, that's a Bees Make Honey song as far as I'm concerned. Another point about doing other people's excellent material, let me give you an example... Van Morrison's 'Brown Eyed Girl', is that you are always playing it alongside your own songs and if I see that say 'Knee Trembler' is going down as well with our audiences as 'Brown Eyed Girl' it tells me something about my own writing. I'm getting some sort of measure of the level I'm trying to write to. Another thing is that as a writer

you have got to be careful all the time not to get stuck in reliable roots and we had a stretch recently when we were deliberately doing songs from all over the place. We did Four Tops stuff just because I wanted to learn the skill of singing against the chorus, gospel style really. Sort of thing we have never done. That kind of gospel idea had never even entered my head at all so I learnt a great deal by doing that. Then we did 'Tequila Sunrise' with a bit harmony spread which made the band sing up to a standard which it had never done before. We learnt by all these things, and I'd defend playing other people's songs any day of the week.

ZZ: How do you choose which songs you do?

BR: A kind of stunning, magical, musical insight! Oh, you mean how does the band choose them. Well the truth is I largely suggest them and hope to have the others accept them. Largely but not always, I mean Rod chose 'Brown Eyed Girl'. [Rod is Rod Demmick but don't worry I'm just coming on to the current line-up of the band.]

HIRER, FIRER, BUT NICE GUY

During this next section Barry comes over as a McGuinn type figure, sacking his friends and original members of the band so that he can pursue the musical policy that he wants. What doesn't come across in the interview is how amicable and necessary these splits have been. As Barry says at some time or another, he expects to be playing with all the old Bees again and also that 'if this line-up doesn't prove to be the best so far then I stand accused before the world'.

All that remains is to show you how the Bees changed from being

Ruan O'Lochlainn	— piano, guitar & sax
Barry Richardson	— bass & vocals
Mick Molloy	— lead & vocals
Deke O'Brien	— rhythm & vocals
and Bob Cee	— drums

to:—

Barry Richardson	— saxophone
Kevin McAllee	— piano & saxophone
Rod Demmick	— bass & vocals
Ed Dean	— lead
Willie Finderson	— rhythm & vocals
Fran Byrne	— drums

and where Malcolm Morely fits into it all.

BR: We had a few changes when the first album came out, in fact it was just when we were called to sign the contract. Ruan was the first one who was unsure what he wanted to do. You must remember that Ru had been a band leader in his own right previously and is a very talented musician and was himself beginning to write songs at that time. He also had a lot of personal problems at the time so when it came to putting his name to staying with us for any length of time he chose not to. He decided he wanted to get a band of his own together and

get on with his own material, which is what he is doing.

ZZ: I remember Deke at the time saying it was through ill health that Ru left.

BR: (chuckles) Ru wasn't well, he was drinking a tremendous amount and in the middle of it all he caught pneumonia. All of the time we were due to sign the record deal Ru was in hospital in Wales. Christ, we were supposed to be out getting behind that album and we didn't know whether Ru was with us in spirit or health. He had a lot of money worries and a lot of wife worries. But it wasn't just that, I want to emphasise that Ru had musical ideas of his own.

ZZ: So what is his new band called?

BR: I don't know too much about them. I know they have done a lot of studio work. He seems to be more interested in getting it together as a studio based band. We were very lucky in that just as we had this huge spate of roadwork Malcolm Morely was able to join us for six to nine months. Help Yourself had just split up so Malcolm became free.

Fran Byrne from Ireland has now joined us on drums. So Fran and Malcolm were now in the band and that line-up lasted us to about last Christmas. That was when Malcolm was offered the job with Man which obviously he couldn't refuse. So we had a major rethink at the time. The influence of Fran and Malcolm applying much higher musical standards was beginning to change the band considerably and this resulted in some pretty major shifts in January and are also related to the changes we have had recently. The first thing is that I was trying to carry far too much on stage, I was trying to play bass, sing most of the songs, call the set and sort of generally enthuse the rest of the band at the same time. The result was that my bass playing was suffering and this was unsettling Fran, so there was a quite simple decision to be taken—either we lost an excellent drummer like Fran or I resign as bass player. So I resigned as bass player. Because I'd always had tunes knocking around in my head I kidded myself that I could blow them through a saxophone. As I had played clarinet before I knew I could handle the embouchure so it was just a matter of getting the fingers moving. So we came into January with a new bass player and that was Rod Demmick. So now we had a drummer and a bass player applying higher musical standards within the band.

ZZ: Could you tell us a little bit about Fran and Rod?

BR: Rod is an excellent bass player and an excellent songwriter. He comes from Belfast, and he's an exact contemporary of Van Morrison. I don't know whether he actually played with Van but he certainly knows him personally. Rod came over to England pretty early and he played in the North of England. He managed to get busted in Fleetwood, Lancashire which is where I was born and that is a pretty dram-

Jatic achievement when you consider what a dump it is. He must have been the only head north of Manchester! I gather he then played with Screaming Lord Sutch and did a lot of German work with soul bands. Then he formed an acoustic duo called Dermick and Armstrong and they recorded three very nice albums for A&M. Armstrong is Herbie Armstrong, that was his mate from Belfast. Herbie's in Spain now rearing horses. Fran the drummer was playing in Ireland while I was there. He started very young and I actually played a gig opposite Fran before I had met any of the others. He was in a band then called the Rolling Tones. That kind of horror could only be perpetuated in Ireland, the only ones who actually topped that were a band from Dundalk called the Beat Alls. Anyway, after a while Fran joined a showband called Sands. They were the hottest band in the country at the time. The point I'm trying to make is that Fran has been a star and earned a great deal of money. He has been through the whole bit, including being fired if you take off your jacket on stage, and having laid that ghost he now just wants to play in a really good band. Because Fran has been so determined about that he has really helped me get my head a bit straighter about things as well.

ZZ: I felt that this was the best line-up the band had had.
BR: Yeah, we took that line-up out on the road in England, Ireland and Holland and it was good. I believe the band was playing to a better musical standard than ever before, no matter who had been in the band previously. I mean previous musicians were excellent but we had never been so meticulous about the standard we were playing to as a band. But there was still something in the area of looseness missing. The best way I can describe this is by referring to other bands... I mean Van Morrison's Caledonia Soul Express contains a large number of jazz musicians and they will respond to anything at a moment's notice, whether it be some thread that one of the players had alluded to or something that Van himself wants to do which he will kind of indicate with a quick stab of his arm or something. [A far more likely story than that which the weeklies have been putting about that Van's outfit are over rehearsed and that there is no room for improvisation. Just watch Van's arms in future, you guys.]

This kind of flexibility I had always regarded as normal. But this kind of freedom is not really common amongst rock bands. Anyway we were missing this looseness and this was the reason for the most recent changes.

ZZ: So that's why Deke and Mick left. What are they doing now?

BR: Yeah, that's why they left. I think Deke is in Dublin still, Mick is getting together with Gerry Hogan—that would be really great if the two of them got together again. That kind of discipline is what Mick is really superb at. He and Gerry always used to



enjoy the work of Great Speckled Bird so maybe they will come out sounding like them.
ZZ: And they have just been replaced by Kevin McAltee, Willie Finderson and Ed Dean. Tell me about those guys.

BR: Yeah, Ed and Kevin were playing in a recent reformed version of Skid Row over in Ireland but the thing collapsed for financial reasons. Kevin is from Belfast and Ed is from Dublin. Kevin played us a couple of songs before we left Ireland that sounded really great and I believe Ed has some songs though I have not heard them yet. Willie Finderson comes from somewhere north of Glasgow and spent some time in Scottish soul bands but came down with Writing On The Wall just about the time of Middle Earth. The whole band came down to London and were absolutely amazed by the whole thing and although the band were soul-based they had a brief honeymoon with psychedelia. I met the guys from Writing On The Wall and they were very nice and I have a strong suspicion that they were a very good little band.

ZZ: A very strange band, their musical style used to change even mid-number.

BR: Really? Yeah, I can believe it. Anyway the band had to split up after their gear was stolen or lost. You know, Willie has also written some really beautiful songs.

'I GUESS I'D SAY IT WASN'T QUITE PARADISE'

Okay, so that's the current line-up of the Bees. Get out and see them as soon as you can, they should be back on the road by the time you read this. Picture the scene: your girl right next to you, a pint close by and the Bees up on stage as they say on the TV holiday advert "I'd guess I'd say it's not quite paradise but it's near enough". Remember if you decide to come and see them up the Nag's Head then mine is a brown and cider. I can think of no more fitting conclusion to this article than these words of Barry's:

"There is no way the Bees can make it on an image basis. Bees Make Honey either impress you with their music or they give up. There are relatively few bands in England like that. There are some, Fairport Convention, the Brinsleys... who are known to be good players. Well that is the kind of band we want to be really. I don't mean we want to play like the Brinsleys, we just want to be known as a playing band."

□FRASER MASSEY

BARRY RICHARDSON, who apart from being a great guy, provided us with all the pictures. Many thanks mate.

KEVIN AYERS JOHN CALE ENO NICO AND THE SOPORIFICS

Rainbow

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JUNE 1, 1974



"THE PROPRIETOR STANDS OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND HUMS - WHILE THE GYPSY ROCK 'N' ROLL SINGER SITS AND STRUMS - FOR RHINOS WINOS LUNATICS PLAYBOYS & BUMS"

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THE BYSTANDERS

Going in various forms between 1965 and 1968. Legendary Marbury Tuffid surfing band! Known and respected for their sea Beach Boys/A Seagay covers.

Left to become the resident vocalist at some esteemed Top Rank establishment and later sang with the Townsman Resident Band (whoever they might be).

Some famous Man Quater:
"Dope is the most important thing really - so we just roll around"
"the truth is that Man is Barry Marbury (their non-dog). Full stop. And the other people are just in transit in some kind of weird psychedelic condition"
(Ray Williams was on the 2 Psy album, but failed to get credited!)

"People go through different things at different times... but the name Man has lasted a long time"
"we've always been on the bread line, but it looks a lot better now!"
"we may not be the best band in the world, but we sure smoke the most dope"
"you become some sort of ageless Peter Pan when you get into rock'n'roll"

MAN #1 November 1968 - Aug 69 Decided to effect radical changes and reformed their music style in favour of "space out" rock. Became highly successful in Germany, although they failed to get off the ground in Britain. Cut two "incredibly hampered" albums on Pye.

MAN #2 Aug 1969 - October 1970 Still unable to slide into self supporting UK gigs, they do 4 week German tours which enable them to withstand the following 3 barren months at home...but they're getting good!

MAN #3 October 1970 - Jan 1972 Signed with Liberty (later United Artists) and released two further albums: 'MAN' and 'DO YOU LIKE IT HERE NOW (ARE YOU SETTLING IN)?'

MAN #4 January 1972 - April 1972 Contributed to 'GREASY TRUCKERS PARTY' and released limited edition budget album 'LIVE AT THE PADGET ROOMS'

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MAN #4 GREASY TRUCKERS PARTY UDX 203.4/April 1972
MAN #5 LIVE AT THE PADGET ROOMS, PENARTH USP100/Sept 1972
MAN #6 BE GOOD TO YOURSELF AT LEAST ONCE A DAY Nov 1972
CHRISTMAS AT THE PATTI UDX 205.6/May 1973
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MAN #6 BE GOOD TO YOURSELF AT LEAST ONCE A DAY Nov 1972
CHRISTMAS AT THE PATTI UDX 205.6/May 1973
MAN #7 BACK INTO THE FUTURE UAD 60053.4/September 1973
RHINOS WINOS & LUNATICS UAG 29631/May 1974

I don't think there is a single person mentioned on this chart who isn't a fucking ace bloke (except for George Ace and Maurice, who are fucking ace birds). Dedicated to Dave Loring, the Prince of Peace Love and Understanding (an ace twat).

THE DREAM

1967-1968 "Flower-power" Welsh style! Climaxed their act by squirting crazy foam over each other! (See ZZ 26)

Plum Crazy 1968 More of that rampant Welsh lunacy. Reformed for Man's 1972 Xmas Party and contributed two tracks to the album.

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SAM APPLE PIE

Late sixties. A Wallingstone based group of republicans formerly known as Hobbes Blues Band

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KIPPINGTON LODGE

1965 - Sept 1969 Timbridge wells based pop group which made 5 almost successful singles on Parlophone (see below)

Brinsley Schwarz #1 Oct 1969 - Oct 1970 Changed their name, signed with Famepushers Management and cut two albums for UA. (See Ziggag 17)

Brinsley Schwarz #2 Oct 1970 to present The Brinsleys have become just about the most respected rock band in Britain - now as they need is a hit album - we're keeping our fingers crossed for ya!

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THE SLENDID HUMANS

Formed in December 1973 and after several false starts are now a "fully fledged unit"

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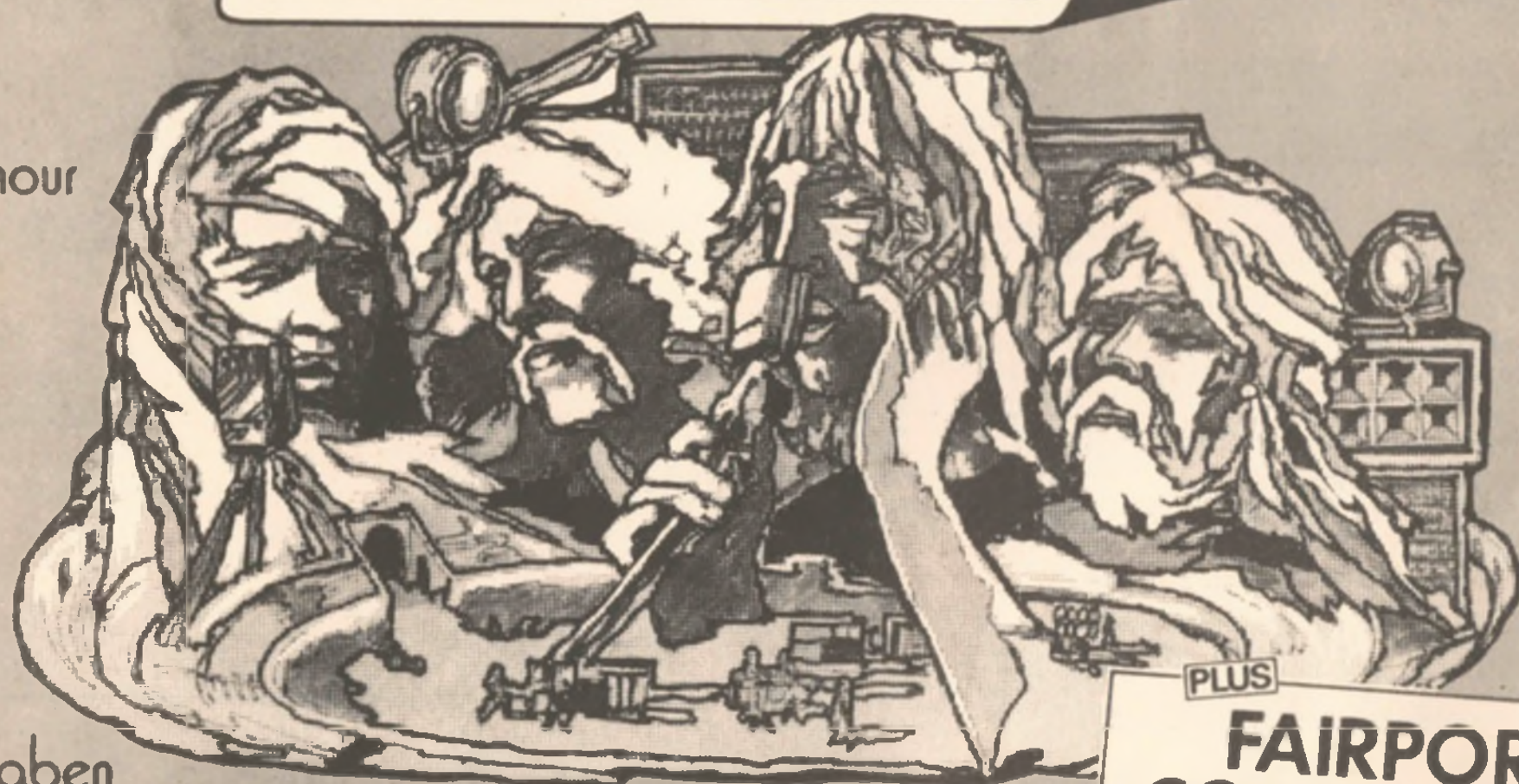
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Pink Floyd

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starring
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Roger Waters
Richard Wright
Nick Mason
Directed by
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DEANSGATE ABC 2
MANCHESTER Studio 4
LEEDS ABC 3
HARROGATE ABC 2
EDGWARE ABC 2
MUSWELL HILL ABC
ROMFORD ABC 2

SUNDAY JULY 21ST
ISLINGTON Screen on the Green
MILE END ABC 1
UPTON PARK ABC
WIMBLEDON ABC

THURSDAY JULY 25TH
LUTON ABC 2

SUNDAY JULY 28TH
CAMBRIDGE Victoria 2

SIGNED ARTHUR LEE

Chloe for Bizarro-eyed And Coughing Art Studios

ARTHUR'S nothing like you'd expect him to be. No trace of the leather jacketed refugee from 'Blackboard Jungle' high school punker who lurks under that peculiar edifice on those early album sleeves (it was Bela Lugosi's fireplace, incidentally), no dope-spattered muttering—he's COOL. He sprawls on his seat and talks in a rich Memphis drawl punctuated with great hooting belly laughs (hereafter described as HAHAHAR!). No, he doesn't care where we start: "Anywhere you like man, we're gonna end up at the same place anyway HAHAHAR!"

OK, grist for the myth-mill then: "I started playing professionally about '63. The group was Arthur Lee and the LAG's. We had a single on Capitol. I wasn't singing then, I didn't sing until the Loveband. The record didn't do anything. I was young and very inexperienced and I was testing the record company. I figured if I gave them my worst stuff and they ripped me off I wouldn't get hurt. But it didn't work, so after that I started giving my best, and I've been doing that ever since. The next group was the Grass Roots which became Love when the other Grass Roots came along. We didn't have any copyright on the name, so I changed it to Love."

Now once we get to Love there aren't too many questions that John Tobler hasn't asked already so I only bothered with the ones I couldn't remember having seen in print before, like the origin of the two non-Love compositions on that first album:

"'Hey Joe' was Bryan Maclean's idea, 'My Little Red Book' I put in because I'd seen the movie 'What's New Pussycat?' and liked the way Paul Jones did it. I just added a bit of hard rock and that was that."

Those two songs comprise the only non-Love material ever recorded. Having heard much about that first band's version of 'Smokestack Lightning' caused me to wonder aloud as to the reason for its absence on record:

"I dunno... HAHAHAR!... it was just that once I got into the studio, it was my chance to see if my music would work, so I guess that's why we never did 'Smokestack Lightning'."

LOVE

But would he now, having proved his own abilities time and again, consider doing other people's material?

"Sure, as a matter of fact the album I'm gonna do with the present band will feature both new songs and older things from those early albums, just flipping back the pages... I'll sing anything if I like it enough. I like Al Green's work very much, for example..."

Would this mean a move back into black music, I wondered.

"I was black from the start HAHAHAR!"

And the old Australian crowd

The reviewer hastily began to qualify his question, at the same moment prepared to ward off blows... but no need, Arthur was glad I'd said 'black'...

"HAHAHAR! did you ever notice on those Elektra covers how they used to do everybody the same colour?"

I agreed that he had looked somewhat pale then...

"HAHAHAR!... it cracked me up man... they used to bring me the photos and say, 'Look, isn't that a great album cover?' And I'd look at them and, you know, it looked like me, but..."

LOVE

Now it was time to tackle the monster, 'Forever Changes', a record whose adulatory adjective rating must be on a par, if not above that of 'Sgt Pepper' and 'Blonde on Blonde'. Being young and very poor at the time it had been the first Love album to enter my collection. One thing that had really struck me was the 'We're all normal and we want our freedom' at the end of 'The Red Telephone', that a pop group could be so literate as to quote from 'Marat-Sade' was amazing in those days.

"'Marat-Sade', I saw the play and really like it. I saw it about six times, so I used that line. I was into all that thing, Fellini... Godard, you know, all those guys."

Then there was Arthur's vocal similarity to Johnny Mathis on most of the album...

"I did that on purpose... right when I started I decided I wanted to be a ventriloquist-type person, so when I'm told I sound a lot like Hendrix on one song I'm glad, because that way there are no limitations. I really like mixing things like that, I'd love to hear Johnny Mathis do 'Foxy Lady' HAHAHAR! (I can do it very well), or Howlin' Wolf do 'Turn Turn Turn' Byrds-style HARHARHAR!"

LOVE

Which (it seemed right at the time), prompted an enquiry into whether Mr Lee had any heroes...

"Not now. As a teenager I used to listen to everything, but Booker T and Tony Williams were probably the nearest thing I had to heroes."

And with lyrics?

"Dylan, Hendrix... Dylan was the breaking point. I remember seeing the Byrds, and they were doing Dylan and I thought 'That's me,' and I thought I could do it as well, if not better so that's when I switched from r'n'b to writing catchy lyrics and hot licks..."

What about Hendrix, whose influence was obvious on 'Vindicator' and lingers, according to reports, in his current live gigs. Was he a hero?

"He was a friend, that's how I like to think of him. He was also the greatest guitarist I ever saw in my life. But you gotta remember I was into all that freaky underground thing before he came along—I remember when he came out, with the hair and the clothes and everything. It made a great impression, but I'd been doing those things for a long time, wearing forty pounds of beads, two coats, three shirts, and wearing two pairs of shoes on one foot and glasses with one lens one colour and one the other HAHAHAR!"

At this point I mentioned my surprise at his lack of ego, the desire to become god-like that normally comes with one's first hint of success.

"Ego? I lost that somewhere... HAHAHAR!... I'm glad I did."

LOVE

The dramatic change in style post-'Forever Changes' proved to be the result of something quite simple...

"After that I started writing with the guitar rather than piano and the songs came out much funkier, and I've written like that ever since."

I mentioned the feeling that what people in England really wanted from Arthur Lee was another 'Forever Changes'... would he use horns and strings again?

"I never realised that album would create that much of a disturbance—I've done six more since that one. But I'm quite capable of doing again what I've done before... at the moment horns and strings don't seem to pop into my head like they once did. But sure, I'll do it again... I'm only a young man HAHAHAR! It just seems far more important to other people that I do that than it does to me. Like someone saying: 'Hey man, you just invented the Hula Hoop, stick with it and you'll make a million dollars'... but that's not my bag. I did that, and you liked it—great. Now I'm doing this, check this out. 'But I don't like that, I think you should do this'—and I say to that: 'Look, if you like that, do it yourself!... HAHAHAR!'"

For the people that do want horns and strings, there's the theme song for a movie called 'Thomasine and Bushrod' which Arthur wrote and performed and on which he's backed by an orchestra. The film's a western Bonnie and Clyde story, and the song should make it obligatory viewing for all Love freaks if it ever comes to England.

Making a small detour around the bands since the original Love, which boasted no great talents (with the possible exception of Jay Donellan who formed his own band 'Morning', who made two albums), brings us almost up to date. The current Love have been together about a year and a half, cut an unreleased album



A terrible old press photo of Love in the days of 'Forever Changes'. As there weren't any good pictures of Arthur around this is the best we could come up with. Ho-hum.

for a label called Buffalo Records which promptly folded and are, according to Arthur, "ready, willing and able" to go into a studio as soon as possible. The line-up is: Robert Roselle (bass), Joe Blocker (drums), and John Sterling and Melvin Whittington (guitars).

Arthur's eagerness to go on the road makes a big change from the attitude of the early band who apparently would only play in and around LA.

"That's been my trouble all along. I was never in that much of a hurry. People would say: 'you gotta get up there and eat shit man and pretty soon they'll start feeding you breadcrumbs, then a little cauliflower...' and that wasn't me HAH-HA! I remember a Fillmore gig I did with the first band. We were billed above the Staple Singers and they got a standing ovation. I remember thinking, 'What the f**k am I gonna do now? These people stood up once this evening, they're not gonna do it again for us.' But we went on and we played our asses off, and we got a standing ovation too."

But the English concerts have been really good so far, so I'm gonna keep at it. I'm past twenty-five now so I figured it was time I did some hard work. I haven't had a hard life so far HAH-HA!

... But I figure if Chuck Berry can do it with no band, then I can do it with a little band-aid HAH-HA!"

The interview over, I turned off my cassette and changed back into a fan. I gave Arthur my battered 'Forever Changes' to autograph (bet you'd've done the same). He signed it: 'From Da Da Arthur Lee'.

"What's the 'Da Da'?" I asked, puzzled.

"You know... Dah Daah!" he said singing a fanfare. "HAH-HA!"

I left with the strangest feeling that Arthur Lee can do anything or be anybody he wants. Tell you what, I'm really looking forward to his next album, whether it's the old Love, the new Love, the Band-Aids or whatever.

GIOVANNI DADOMO

The JACOBSEN STORY

Part 2: Being the Tale of the Maiden Flight of the Sopwith Camel.

JACOBSEN MEETS THE CAMEL

During the summer of 1966, Erik Jacobsen, now a successful and respected producer (see last issue), received a demo tape from an old friend of his called Bobby Collins. "It was totally out of the blue; he had evidently become connected with this group out on the West Coast, and he came to me because he'd heard the Spoonful stuff that I'd done and thought I might be interested... so I gave it a listen, and one tune in particular, a song called 'Hello Hello', just knocked me out. If that couldn't become a huge hit, I'd eat my watch and chain!"

"I really wanted to record these guys, who called themselves the Sopwith Camel... they were, I understood, a new group based in San Francisco. So Bobby set up a meeting, and I flew out from New York."

"I'd arranged to meet them at their house, which was up in Corte Madera... a little house built on stilts over the swamp—you had to negotiate this hazardous boardwalk to reach it."

He looks across at Peter Kraemer, singer with the Camel. "That was a ridiculous place to live, wasn't it?"

"It was pretty unusual, I've got to admit," replies Kraemer, "... there were lots of these houses, but ours was about a quarter of a mile out across the mud."

"Yes," says Jacobsen, "... and the only way to get there was along a precarious one-board walk-way over the marshes—long springy boards which were almost into the water at high tide. Anyway, I met these guys half way along the boardwalk!"

Kraemer: "We envisaged a big-time record producer from New York as being a little wizened guy on a Madison Avenue trip; we knew nothing at all about the music business and had no idea that Erik was like he was. We'd played a gig at a fancy girls' school the night before, and we'd hired all these top hats and white gloves, and canes and spats, tails and all that stuff—so we wore them... you must've been pretty impressed, right?"

Erik: "I sure was—to see this procession of dressed-up lunatics zigzagging along the walkway to meet me."

THE CAMEL GOES EAST

Erik continues: "With much trouble and fooling around, we cut 'Hello Hello'. Much trouble! In fairness to them, they were jerked out of their home environment before they realised what was happening; they'd only just formed, and here they were with their daydreams becoming hard reality in terms of what was expected of them."

This summer I swam in a public place

They had to write, arrange and get up enough tunes for an album... and it was just too much—it all happened too fast."

Kraemer agrees: "We had to go East and stay at the Albert Hotel—right in the middle of New York's winter... and we just got totally demoralised. You see, everyone agreed that it would be a good idea to follow the Spoonful, follow the same path—so it was a case of staying at the Albert, playing the Night Owl and recording at Bell Studios. Also, Bob Cavallo, who was the Spoonful's manager and became ours too, thought we should base ourselves in New York so we could tour as support to the Spoonful and make enough money to keep going."

"The thinking behind this was reasonable enough, but we were earning good money here (in the San Francisco area); we were getting plenty of gigs at both the Avalon and Fillmore, and our reputation was spreading to the extent that we got all sorts of gigs in the city and in Marin. Nevertheless, we went to New York... to the Albert."

The Albert Hotel seems to have played its part in the birth pangs of many groups, notably the Spoonful, Dylan, Zappa, The Mamas & Papas, and Paul Butterfield, as a result of which it has achieved some kind of undeniable charisma. According to Ed Ward, my guide and adviser: "It was the rock'n'roll hotel in New York—all the groups used to stay there. In fact, one group, Baby Huey and the Babysitters were in the lobby so much of the time that there was a strong rumour going round that they'd been sewn into the upholstery."

Peter Kraemer: "They were certainly there when we were... riding the elevator with Baby Huey was a real experience; he was huge and wore yellow silk pyjamas most of the time. We were pretty naive and young and didn't know that much about the ways of the New York rock world—so we used to get real scared when he fixed us with his stare, leaned right over and said, 'You guys got any stuff?'"

"I was born and raised in Virginia City, Nevada [see the Charlatans story in ZigZag 26], which was a little community of writers and painters who had escaped, and I had been dreaming about going to New York City one day... but having got there, I had a lot of trouble reconciling my dreams and fantasies with the reality of the place."

"The first night we were there, Terry MacNeil and I put out a fire. The fire alarm went off and we saw a fire down the airshaft—two floors down and over the other side. So I unwound the fire

hose, rushed down the fire escape and aimed it at the flames in my best Hollywood movie style... then Terry turned on the water and we found that the hose had burst in four different places! So I ran back up, found the burst nearest the water supply, bent the hose back and simulated a nozzle. Then I smashed the window by swinging the real nozzle, and put the fire out."

"Simultaneously, the door was being smashed down with axes and the New York City Fire Department burst into the room to meet the uncontrollable spray from my hose... it was like a scene from some idiotic silent movie. So that was our introduction to New York!"

"The next night, our room filled mysteriously with smoke—so we changed rooms—but after a week or so, we became acclimatised and began to expect the machinations of the city... fires every night, shootings every other night, heroin dealers rushing around either in pursuit or being pursued—it was madness."

"Writing new material under those conditions was not particularly easy, but the pressure was on us because we only had six usable, original tunes."

Eric: "Needless to say, we missed the correlation of the hit single and the availability of an album. Everything that could possibly go wrong, went wrong... Willie [Siewers] quit and then rejoined, then Peter was ill, and then, with 'Hello Hello' at number 32 with a bullet, Terry MacNeil decided to leave—can you imagine that? So, with the world waiting for an album, it all began to fizzle out."

THE BIRTH OF THE CAMEL

Kraemer: "We'd formed around the same time as Big Brother and The Holding Company [pre-Janis]... in fact, we got together in the same room. It started out with me and Terry, who I'd met in a hangout called the Big Little Bookstore on Polk Street in San Francisco, writing songs together—and then we began to rehearse and arrange them with a drummer called Fritz Kasten [later in the Joy of Cooking] and Rodney Albin, who is Peter's brother. We tried that for two weeks but made little progress—it became a little too weird for the other two, Rodney only wanted to sing bluegrass type harmonies and Fritz only played lounge jazz... and we wanted 'the big beat'."

"So the Camel was evolving at a time when there was very little rock in the city. In 1964, I shared a house on Page and Mason with a madman named Terry Pease and a thespian called John McIntyre [later manager of the

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Love - Love Revisited
Rascals - Island of Real

Grateful Dead]; I lived at one end of the attic and a girl called Laurie had the other end . . . and I should guess there were less than a dozen longhairs in the whole of San Francisco.

"Then, one day, Chet Helms came to town; he'd just got out of El Paso jail, where he'd been held on suspicion of being involved in the assassination of President Kennedy! The only basis for his arrest had been the length of his hair . . . it's true! The cops suspected complicity with the shooting of Kennedy because anyone in Texas with long hair was automatically a Communist infiltrator or whatever!

"So he showed up with even longer hair than George Hunter [later leader of the Charlatans], a copy of Ovid's 'Metamorphosis' under his arm, and a very intense expression on his face . . . and he moved in with Laurie and eventually married her.

"That was a weird house—a hive of ideas and creative thoughts, but always some strange scene going down to disrupt their development. Like there was this huge fearsome black man who evidently put Terry Pease under a spell. This cat had always seemingly just arrived from New York and was rumoured to ply people with acid and get them under his power, astrologically! Well, for about two weeks, Pease just sat on this big thick plank kitchen table—stark naked—while people came and went, cooked their meals and fed him bits and pieces to keep him going! Then he moved off the table and used to be seen lurking in dark corners, looking frightened, but he straightened out and became a tabla player!

"Anyway, that house was a sort of nucleus in the developing San Francisco psychedelic scene and there was always some kind of 'furtive' activity going on. Like, after I left San Francisco State College, I went down and lived in Mexico for a while, where I was 'pioneered' into the realms of dope . . . and then when I returned to the city, I found that a lot of guys that I knew from college had moved into the same area . . . there were about 100 people living in a 10 block area, all of whom knew each other . . . and then there were about 400 people who knew each other—the scene was really blossoming out by the end of 1965.

"The first rock dances were in the basement of 1090 Page, which was organised by Chet—all the longhairs used to go there—but then Bill Graham put on some benefits (for the Mime Troupe) at the Warehouse down in the Mission, and that was a sort of turning point, I suppose. It was an amazing experience for me, because I walked into the first of those dances, and I knew just about every single person in the place—and there were three or four hundred people! There was such a spirit at those gigs . . . I can't tell you!

"Mind you, the San Francisco thing happened soon afterwards and eventually most of that core of 400 people moved out . . . I can walk around now and not know a soul."

Erik: "But those were the days, weren't they? I remember coming to a gig that the Spoonful did out here with the Charlatans, and I couldn't believe it—because I was invited to smoke pot . . . out there in the open, on the dance floor! My God, back in New York, paranoia struck deep, and I mean it! It was a case of locked doors, towels stuffed into the crack underneath it, incense sticks to hide the smell . . . oh boy, those clandestine little gatherings!"

Peter: "The friendliness was incredible, and it was really fun to get loaded . . . I don't know, but it seems like ever since Nixon got in, it hasn't been nearly as much fun to get stoned—you can't help noticing that."

THE CAMEL FLIES

"Terry had been a graphics student at the San Francisco Art Institute. He'd learned to play piano and classical guitar somewhere along the way and had been working in groups since he was sixteen. Peter was originally from the ghost town of Virginia City, Nevada (well, not quite a ghost town—Peter's father was a mining engineer, and there were 350 or so people living in the area), and his parents had an active interest in the

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SOPWITH CAMEL. L to R standing: Terry MacNeil (lead guitar/vocal), William Sievers (gtr), Martin Beard (bass), sitting: Norman Mayell (drums), Peter Kraemer (vocals). First album THE SOPWITH CAMEL (Kama Sutra KLP 5 808) (Sept 67).

Arts, he recalls. 'My mother owned an art gallery, and was an artist herself. Virginia City in the early Forties was an artists' community like Taos, New Mexico is now, only smaller. Salvador Dali once chased a bird through our house. We lived in a 15-room brewery; I was raised around bars, poker tables and wooden stoves.'

"Peter came to San Francisco many times during his youth. 'In some ways, Virginia City is a suburb of San Francisco. A lot of the money in that city came originally from Virginia City mining.' He finally emigrated to San Francisco 'to go to a good school'.

"After several false starts, Terry and Peter found guitarist William Sievers and drummer Norman Mayell. 'Willy had a good guitar and a big amp,' recalls Terry, 'and Norman had the Big Beat.'

"Norman had been playing in high school bands in the Midwest, 'when white middle America was into Elvis, the Everly Brothers and Bill Doggett.' His grandfather was a highly-reputed farmer who was often called to lecture on innovations like crop rotation. Norman's grandfather, he notes with some pride, holds two other honours: He grew the Holstein cow currently stuffed and exhibited at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry, and he was the inventor of a particularly ingenious device for clearing animal 'wastes' from dairy barns."

[This is all good solid interesting grist, isn't it?]

"After two years in Hawaii, Norman returned to Chicago. There at a club called Big John's, he met blues singer Big Joe Williams and his young white guitarist, Mike Bloomfield. 'I told them I'd like to play. Mike told me, 'All you need is a set of drums.' We went into electric music. Charlie Musselwhite wandered in, and we found a guy named Silver Sid who used to play bass with Roy Rogers. We called ourselves the Band and knocked 'em dead.'

"The Band (no relation to the Woodstock Band) broke up and Norman returned to Hawaii. Then back to the States, where he discovered San Francisco, communes, Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters. He worked and played, until Peter and Terry heard that there was, in San Francisco, 'a real drummer with a Big Beat'.

"Martin, who adds British charisma to the group, was born in London. His father is a professional musician, currently bassist with the San Francisco Symphony. The family emigrated to San Francisco in 1956. After attending Galileo High School Martin worked as an insurance management trainee for six months. 'They gave me a choice. I could resign or I could be fired and collect two weeks' pay. I took the money.'

"Martin was playing music all through high school and had few doubts about wishing to make music a full-time occupation. He met Norman Mayell—long before the Camel—as the result of a classified advertisement.

"I wanted to form a band, and decided to place an ad in the paper. My father called it

in for me. Well, you've got to know that in England, they say "full stop" instead of "period". The guy at the paper took it down as he was told. So the ad came out, "Bass player. Full stop. Needs work. Full stop." Norman found that intriguing.'

"The band was together and it was time to choose a name. Peter just happened to have one available. 'A while earlier, I had been living at Chet Helms' house. He had a band that he was trying to launch, and we all came up with names for it. My idea was the Sopwith Camel. Everybody laughed at me; they thought that it was trite and dumb. Their band was finally named Big Brother and the Holding Company. Ours became the Sopwith Camel.'"

GOODBYE FRISCO, HELLO NEW YORK

"We were the second San Francisco band to be signed to a record label [in between the Airplane and the Dead], and this caused some resentment from groups who had been 'paying their dues' . . . it was a known fact that we were not hardened musicians; we had not played all the bars down on the Peninsula, we didn't do a very convincing job on Chicago blues or do extended versions of 'In The Midnight Hour'—though we did do 'Born In Chicago' and 'Bright Lights Big City', which as far as I can recall were the only non-originals in our set apart from Fred Neil's 'Other Side Of This Life'.

"On the other hand, we had regular gigs at both the Fillmore and the Avalon and we were really a San Francisco band in every sense—by summer 1966 we were pretty popular too.

"And we were serious about doing plenty of rehearsing . . . Well, maybe not that serious. We used to go up in this attic, take acid and play all day. I remember there was this gig we did at the Fillmore (July 1966) with Allen Ginsberg . . . the best gig we ever did, as it turned out. Anyway, Ginsberg dropped by each day for about four days before the gig—to see if we'd be suitable to back him up on a mantra or something . . . so he'd get down with his bells and we were up against the walls on acid, playing all this weird stuff. So Ginsberg would go 'jing jing jung' on his bells, sing 'Hare, Hare' a few times, and then look around with a strained expression, rather concerned about what was happening!

"But that was the kind of scene from which we were snatched when we were whisked off to New York that September, to be groomed as a fully professional group."

RIDING THE HIT

As we've seen, their first single, 'Hello Hello', was an instant smash—necessitating promotional gigging: "We used to go to gigs thinking how very hip and tasteful it was that we were from San Francisco," says Kraemer, "but our manager thought it was very unhip and very provincial—so he got the roadie (who looked after us) to tell the promoters that we were from New York."

And a reservoir to boot

"Oh come on," says Jacobsen, "is that fair? I've heard all the stories and accusations, all the ridiculous explanations of how you were sabotaged, how your career was cut short, but I've never heard that one before! Don't forget that Bob Cavallo was at least twenty thousand dollars in the hole on your account . . . not to mention all the energy he expended on your behalf."

Kraemer: "I've already explained that we were psychedelic basket people, so Pete can mark all this up to the paranoid ramblings of a deranged mind . . . but Bob thought we were a bunch of creeps. He thought we were psychedelic weirdo freak-out kids who couldn't keep it together . . . we weren't stereotype rock'n'roll tough guys—I didn't even have the right accent."

Jacobsen refuses to rise to Kraemer's jibes, which only provokes further taunting.

"Cavallo's image of what a band should be (and his idea was consonant with the way that most East Coast bands of the time were actually like) was that they were a bunch of guys who chose music as an alternative to jail. He thought that they should be tough guys who worked their way up, beginning with a residency at some roadhouse in New Jersey and making it by turning on all the toughest kids in town. We didn't fit into his frame of reference at all . . . he thought we were a bunch of weirdos—just couldn't handle people who spent a lot of time hallucinating on the walls and . . ."

"Jump to another subject," says Jacobsen. "The fact was that Cavallo had one band which was very active and successful—gigging and recording—and on the other hand he had the Sopwith Camel, who couldn't even record 'Hello Hello' until they'd been in the studios thirteen different times! You guys just didn't have your shit together at the time, which is why you couldn't make it."

Recording their album, and the follow-up single in particular, was hampered by Peter succumbing to the fiendish New York winter.

"Artie Ripp, from Kama Sutra, who were putting out our records, came into the studio the day that I had a temperature of 102. We were finishing up 'Postcard From Jamaica' [the only tune we managed to write at the Albert], and I was having to use three microphones stands; two to support me as I sang in the general direction of the third. I had bronchitis, actually. Anyway, Artie Ripp, who came in to see how his boys were doing, thought I should go to the Luxor Uptown Men's Club sauna baths to get myself back into shape.

"So at two in the morning, we left Bell Studios and Artie Ripp just leapt out in front of some limousine, flagged it down and gave the guy 20 bucks to take us to this sauna bath!

"So he took us, me and Norman Mayell, down to this basement where all these great fat pale-skinned human whales were standing around wrapped in towels. He showed me into a Russian dry heat room—about 175 degrees or something—while he and Norman squirted each other with high pressure hoses . . . it was total insanity.

"It made me worse rather than better. We stayed the night there (because the upper floors were a hotel), in this room with three little beds, and I remember waking up around dawn the next morning, about 6.30, and I was in a complete delirium for four or five hours . . . it was like having jungle malaria."

Erik: "The fact was that whilst he was at least able to stagger into the studio before his visit to the sauna, he was then laid up in bed for a month—unable to get up! We had to postpone all the sessions."

Peter: "Erik and Phil Ochs used to come by every so often, and cheer me up with talk about violent revolution, but apart from that, I was pretty low."

"But, as you've heard, Willie quit, then Terry quit, and it wasn't long before the band just fell to pieces . . . we managed to scrape up an album [Kama Sutra—re-released in September 1973], but that was it . . . until the next time."

We'll watch the second flight of the Sopwith Camel next time.

□PETE

At the latter I was informal



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CHATTING WITH PETE TOWNSHEND

PART TWO

(CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?)

Chloe—I saw ya Art Studios

I bet you'd given up all hope of seeing the second part of this little epic, eh? How many of you even remember the first part I wonder? Well, just to refresh your memories, in issue 24 (now completely sold out) there appeared a miniscule fraction of an enormous interview with Pete Townshend conducted by Connor and John. After receiving numerous requests to find out what happened to the rest of it, and seeing the Who give a performance at Charlton that some say was slightly below standard, but which I found unbelievably good, I decided to obtain the interview and see if we could use the rest of it. When I'd finished reading it through, I quite frankly found it difficult to believe that it hadn't been printed before, so here's another instalment (they'll probably be another two after this), and although it's dated, it nevertheless remains absorbing and is still, in my opinion, relevant. It also effectively illustrates Townshend as a refreshingly articulate and intelligent person, as well as a true rock giant.

ZZ: Is there a new 'real' album, or are you going to leave that for a bit?

T: Well at the moment when we made 'Who's Next'—one of the things about that—it's a long story—it isn't my idea of a new Who album, and to a staunch Who fan it's not their idea of a new Who album and so I suppose The Who and a lot of other people are waiting for the next Who album which should really be some event in and around the Who which is a logical next step from

Tommy, which 'Who's Next' wasn't. 'Who's Next' wasn't a logical step in anyone's language. 'Who's Next' was a stepping stone, if you like, as Roger says it's like The Who treading water. It was a big step for us as it was our first major break away from Kit Lambert as a producer and it was a big step in sound 'cause Glyn Johns has got a characteristic knack of getting really excellent sounds in the studio and so he made The Who sound a little bit more polished and professional but as an album I was really quite disappointed in it. I quite liked bits of it, like 'Everyone Else'. A week after it was out and in the charts I forgot about it and now the public's forgetting about it and I think it's a good thing.

ZZ: A lot of the songs have musical images. 'Pick Up My Guitar And Play', 'Getting In Tune'. Was this accidental?

T: Well that really stemmed from the project we were involved in at the Lifehouse. The whole thing was based on a combination of fiction—a script that I wrote—called The Lifehouse which was a story—and a projection within that fiction of a possible reality. In other words it was a fiction which was fantasy, parts of which I very much hoped would come true. And the fiction was about a theatre and about a group and about music and about experiments and about concerts and about the day a concert emerges that is so incredible that the whole audience disappears. I started off writing a series of songs about music, about the power of music and the mysticism of music. 'Getting In Tune' is a straight pinch from Imrat Khan's discourse of mysticism of sound where he just says music is one way of individuals getting in tune with one another and I just picked up on that. And there's a couple of others which I don't suppose you've heard. One's called 'Pure And Easy'. You hear the beginning of it at the end of 'Song Is Over'.

*There once was a note pure and easy
Playing so free like a breath rippling by.*
It's about this note that pervades everything.

ZZ: Is this the same song as 'The Note'?

T: Yeah, it's a song about reflecting creation

musically, i.e. there being one infinite consciousness—everything in infinity being the one note and lots of other consciousnesses being us and vaguer consciousnesses being gas and grass and space. I just wrote a lyric about all this—talking about it as music. That is really one of my favourite songs, it really should have been on 'Who's Next' if nothing else was a culmination of the frustration of The Who trying to go somewhere. We didn't get anywhere near where we were going but there are a lot of parts of where we were going on the album. 'Baba O'Riley', 'Won't Get Fooled Again', 'Getting In Tune'. There were a few things in there that had nothing to do with it at all—'Behind Blue Eyes', 'Going Mobile', which were really throwaways. There's a few things in there that are really worthwhile. We could have put together a really tight concept album I think. Roger thought so too at the time but Glyn Johns was very adamant that from his point of view as an observer he couldn't see any concept. And I think maybe he could have been wrong. I don't really know. I think that as a producer he perhaps stands a little too much away from the ethereal concepts that a group gets involved in because it's active, it's working and it's exciting and tends to just listen to what comes out of the speakers and take it at its face value without realising, of course, that a whole lot of people who are interested in The Who are very deeply into everything that we're doing, all of the time.

ZZ: So? he's taking a Steve Miller producer type attitude.

T: I think he's very much a musical producer. He's very much a musician and he's not creative in the way that, say, I am. The way I create things is that I blind myself and I go behind for a year, come up with something at the end and then I explain it to people in the following year, despite the fact that I didn't know what I was doing or how I came about it. Glyn's much more considered. He would say "What have you got now?" I'd say, "Well nothing, but I never do at this time of the day," and he'd say, "Well

At the former I wore my suit

unless you've got anything now I think the best thing to do would be to put the album together this way." Of course half way through 'Tommy'—if he'd asked me the same question, I'd have had to say nothing, 'cause we had nothing—a lot of disconnected songs about a deaf, dumb and blind boy.

ZZ: Does this lead you to think that perhaps you shouldn't have split from Kit Lambert as producer?

T: We didn't split with him. Our relationship drifted. It was very much one of those situations where—I think it was 'Tommy' that destroyed the relationship. It was so exhausting. It was incredibly long and drawn out. It took about two years of active involvement. Kit's real contribution will never, ever, ever be known because of course it wasn't production at all, it was far deeper. The word producer is, I think, an absurdly misused word anyway. Kit was much more involved in the overall concept of the thing—much more than people imagine. Not all that much in fact with the overall sound. Although he did produce it and mix it and he did make us work at it—still the main thing was that he thought of the idea of Rock Opera.

ZZ: What, with 'A Quick One'?

T: Yeah and I just did it. He thought of it.

ZZ: Did he suggest 'Live at Leeds'?

T: No, that was pretty much a group idea.

ZZ: You said once that you'd been asked to do a live album.

T: Slip of the tongue I think—maybe I was talking about fans. I mean a lot of kids have asked us to do a live album. They'd often say: "I can't understand it because your live sound is so far removed from your recorded sound—how about a live album?" And of course we'd been trying from the year dot and none of the stuff was any good.

ZZ: What about 'Ready Steady Who'?

T: That wasn't live.

ZZ: Well what's those whooshing noises when you play 'Disguises'?

T: That's just a special cymbal effect dreamed up by Kit. No, that's how we sounded in the studio. We made records to sound tinny—recorded tinny to sound tinny. It's no good recording things to sound hi-fi if they're gonna sound tinny. It was just a real clanky sound. I think Shel Talmy first invented it. But that early clanky Who sound was very much suited to the Dansette record player with the tin speaker and two watt amplifier.

ZZ: You said you went blind for a year and came up with something. Was Thunderclap Newman a product of that?

T: That was really a chain of events. It wasn't any part of my creative process. Let's just say that I'm very organised when it comes to recording. I mean I've got a studio here that I work in and write in. I built myself and run myself and service it myself and I do that because I enjoy it—it's like a hobby but which is an extension of my work—much more fruitful a hobby than playing golf. I get all the exercise I need playing on the stage thanks. Look—it's part of what I'm normally involved in and I think Thunderclap Newman were more a part of that than my own creative processes. In other words they were of their own making. A lot of them would say, if asked now, that we were a figment of Pete Townshend's imagination—but they weren't. It's not true. Independently all three of them came to me, or I got involved with them with a view to helping them and then suddenly I realised—or rather, again, it was Kit Lambert who said to me, "You haven't got time for all of them, why not try them together." I thought, "Impossible, three more unlikely people you couldn't get," but they got in a room together, they played together on some film music for a friend of mine and they were really great and I played them back the

Wore my swimming suit



tapes and they said "Yeah, seems to work," and they liked it and they were all enthusiastic about it, as a concept, as it were. We recorded, we made 'Somethin' In The Air', it worked out great, it got to number 1 and from then on it was a downhill slide.

ZZ: No! No! The album was fantastic.

T: Well I think so.

ZZ: I saw them at a gig, and they were terrible. Surely the ingredient was yourself?

T: No, no. The ingredient was that I gave them a process to work in, which wasn't the formal process that musicians are usually asked to work in. I mean I'd bloody well like to work in a process that didn't consist of just going on stage and jumping about all over the f**king stage and turning full up, but that's the only way to play live these days. If you play any other way it fails. It fails when Neil Young goes on the stage and strums his f**kin' acoustic guitar for 2½ hours. It fails when a group like Floyd try anything fancy. It really fails because what has gone down before prescribes a new limitation which is the limitation within which you have to work. You're defined by it. And it's a bloody good thing—obviously because if you didn't have limitations you wouldn't know how to judge one group against another. But at the same time, the recorded medium offers another kind of limitation. It offers a limitation that you start the tape knowing, and although you get several stabs, what you get, what you do is proven, you know what I mean, it's on the tape. There's no escape from the fact that what you've done is still there. So what I mean is that Thunderclap Newman did the f**king playing. All I did was play engineers. They played. I came up with the arrangements. Jimmy played every solo on that album straight off. Some of them are fantastic, spontaneous chipped solos, considered solos.

ZZ: So was Andy's piano playing and weird clarinets, yet at the live gigs you couldn't hear them and this is where the loss came.

T: Yeah, I said always, right from the beginning, that they should never play live. But... Jimmy desperately wanted to play live. You can imagine, he's a good guitarist and he was brought up in the tradition of loud, young, arm-swinging guitarists and he was into Clapton and Hendrix and The Who—groups of that ilk, guitar groups, and he wanted to play and so I suggested that he got his own group and that Andy got his own group, but Speedy, for a start, should never, ever, ever have got on the stage because he's not constitutionally built for it, he's incredibly nervous. Well, Speedy and I have like parted company for about [pause] a year. And at the end of that year I hope Speedy's going to have enough songs

to do a solo album. Because I think Speedy's a genius, I really do. Andy's finished his album—it was finished today.

ZZ: Did you produce that?

T: No, a friend of mine called Dick Seaman did it. I wouldn't have had time, it's taken Dick Seaman 18 months. I've edited it and done some mixing and stuff like that... sort of 'creative production'.

ZZ: You say you didn't do much to make Thunderclap Newman gell, but Speedy told us that you used to come out yelling "F**kinggetit-together!"

T: That's not me. Glyn does that to The Who, mate. It's not making a creative contribution. I mean Speedy very much needs me to tell him that he's written a song. He doesn't know until I've told him. That doesn't mean that I've written it. I mean, he will stand in front of me and I'll say "Well, what have you got?" and he'll say, "Well, nothing." So I say, "We can't record then, can we. You must have something—what's on that bit of paper there?" "Oh, that's just a few lines I wrote down the other day." "Well, has it got a tune?" I ask... "Yeah—a bit of a tune, but it's not very good." "Well, play us that," and it's a great song like 'Something In The Air'. He wouldn't play me 'Something In The Air' because it was originally called 'Revolution' so Speedy wouldn't play me 'Revolution' which was a number 1 hit. We just changed the title to 'Something In The Air' and it was alright. That's the sort of phobia he has. Like, a lot of the songs he won't play me because I don't take drugs any more and he does and he thinks I'm gonna get all upset if it's a song about drugs. That's the sort of guy he is. There was an incredible amount of misunderstanding because I suppose they did look like a manipulated group, or a dreamed up group. But a lot came out of the top of their heads. Stuff like 'Hollywood Dream'.

ZZ: Who picked 'Open The Door Homer'?

T: I think I chose that, it wasn't one of the more successful songs on the album but... it was a song that Speedy and I have always mutually liked and we had the basement tapes before they were released as an album—came from a publisher or something. No, Arthur Brown had 'em, that's right, so they were at Track. There was a good quality version there and we listened to them and liked them. It was the only unreleased one of the basement tapes, so we figured we'd put it out as a single. So it was recorded as a single. It was recorded at I.B.C. but everything else was recorded in my studio up here. Some of it was actually done on stereo recorders, not on 8-track. We got the 8-track half way through the

session. 'Accidents', which is the best track on there, was done on two Revox. The other ones—'When I Think' and 'I Don't Know' were done on Revox and 'Old Cornmill' and 'Hollywood 1'. The ones that were done on Revokes have a sound—I don't know what it was—they have a sort of silky sound. I can't explain it. The ones that were done on the 8-track had that typical rock hardness, but 'Accidents', for example, has got an incredible spacious hi-fi stereo feel about it. I dunno what it is. As an album I feel that my biggest mistake was the way I put the tracks together. I don't think I really did it correctly. I was far too into it—the group-like putting two versions of 'Hollywood' on was daft. I should have made a choice. A few other things like that. It could have been shorter. It's about 22 minutes a side and it could have been shorter and tighter.

ZZ: Well, as it turned out it's the only thing to remember Thunderclap Newman by except the singles and it's nice to have as much as you can. They obviously had something different. They were a novelty band but still musical.
T: Yeah... I'm glad you listen to it. I mean a lot of people haven't. The album's sold very badly. Alright in the States.

ZZ: Andy said he wanted to get something acoustic. He obviously wanted to get something quieter so people could hear him play. What's on the new album?

T: No, he's done one track with a friend that's acoustic, but Andy's real talent lies with himself, not with organising, not with playing with other musicians. He wants a band, I suppose, because the human being is a social animal and likes to work in that way. But really, again, and it points right back to the fact that Thunderclap Newman had brilliant potential as far as recording—it's that Andy has always done what I have done, since, before I even knew what tape recording was, he was into it. Multi-tracking—bird songs and locomotive recordings, you know, special effects, echoes. I've got a stack of tapes upstairs that he did as early as 1960—which are all done just on piano, or his version of 'Rock Around The Clock' with Andy Newman's saxophone sixteen times. I think the album he's just done is good because he's done it all himself. There's a couple of things that he's done with other musicians.

ZZ: Does Andy resent the 'freak' image at all?
T: No he doesn't but I do. I mean on his behalf and so does his producer at the moment, Dick. Dick was at school with Andy and was the first guy to play me the first Thunderclap record which I've actually got here, which is absolutely amazing. If you hang on I'll play it for you.

ZZ: We'll bootleg it.

T: It's the right quality for bootlegging. He played me this acetate of tapes. Thunderclap Newman with Richard Cardboard on drums. This was when I was at art school.

ZZ: Who is Richard Cardboard?

T: Co-producer of Stormy Petrel. Well, that's him, Richard Seaman. That record was the beginning of Andy's image as a freak. We all played the tape and it built up an incredible mystique. Is he a jazz musician? Is he dead? Who is this guy? And then suddenly there he was on the Wall, Thunderclap Newman. The people who hadn't heard of him thought he was, like, a jazz sax player come to play in lunch hours at college.

ZZ: Well, a lot of my friends think he's a freak—but in the best sense of the word, a real individualist.

T: Yeah. He's certainly eccentric, but above that, the word 'freak' means different and he is different to other people—he's a darn sight more talented than most people and he's a musical genius. That's what I think and I'm right about a lot of other people and I think I'm right about Andy. I think he's a genius. I think he's better than a lot of other minority geniuses, like John Fahey, for example, who I like, people of that

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ilk. Andy's new record is like a work of art and that's the end of it. It stands up against 'The Ring' or anything Debussy did. I mean it really is incredibly heavy stuff—fantastic stuff. It's the perfect bridge between the rock educated ear, the trad-jazz educated ear, which is really what I am—I mean I was brought up on a mixture of trad-jazz and the Shadows and the classics. He has an incredibly spontaneous way of putting things down and I suppose he is a freak, but I'm worried that if we get a contract for this record, that the record company will decide "It's another R.R.S.—Hey, some of this sounds humorous—let's just dress him up in a top hat and put an ad in the paper." This is why I don't think Andy should go with Track, because Track have got a bit of a reputation for tasteless ads in the paper and they might be tempted to do that—because this album really does what should have been done, *eventually*, by the group, Thunderclap Newman. It brings Andy out as a musician, 'cause we never really got the time to do that on the first album. I suppose the only section where he got full rein was in that little bit in 'Accidents' where I just surprised him by saying "Why don't you do that bit on your own and multitrack it."

ZZ: You put out a single of 'Tommy' and you withdrew it after about a fortnight and put out an E.P. What was that about?

T: Well that was all company policy. We've always been a group that's said that the singles market and the album market are distinctly separate. I still hold that—in America and England I think it's true. So it's not so much a class thing—lower classes buy singles or that kids buy singles and students buy albums. It's much more that if you're into buying singles and the process of buying singles it's the neatness of the brain. The brain stacks singles on piles and people relate bits of music to bits of their life. You know, they say, "This single here, say—'Surf's Up'—was when I was going out with Tony and it was a lovely sunny day." Not only nostalgia is involved in that. A lot of my albums I can't really listen to now because they are so strongly related to periods of my life, and I can't take the music at face value, even though at the time nothing in particular was happening. Album buyers get into an album buying rut. They collect albums like people collect stamps or coins or banknotes or whatever. They develop into two distinctly different markets for some reason. People who buy the 'Tommy' album would never dream of buying a Who single at all. They would sit back and hope that one day—unless they were avid Who fans—they would hope that one day a Who single would come out. In fact until a Who single came out, was played in the charts, on the radio, they may not have heard of The Who, despite the fact that we might have had an album high in an album chart. In the States they might not listen to FM radio and over here they may not buy the trade papers. And if you don't buy the trade papers you don't know what the latest albums are.

ZZ: Well what about the single that was brought out and pulled back?

T: What single was that?

ZZ: Well the EP had 'Overture', 'See Me, Feel Me', 'Christmas', and something else, but there was a single that was just 'Overture' and 'See Me, Feel Me'.

T: I'm not quite sure what happened there. I think 'Overture' was put out—I think I'm right here, but 'Overture' was covered in the States by Assembled Multitude, it got to number 2 or something fantastic and so we released our version, right, because naturally we wanted our version—if they were gonna buy someone else's version, they might buy ours as well, 'cause I'd make a fortune out of it as writer, so why shouldn't the rest of the guys have a bash too. So we put out 'Overture' backed with something else in the States and so we thought if it's coming out in the States English people were gonna sort of say "What about us?" so we put it out

over here. I think the group and Kit and Chris got together and said "Tommy's been out, done its thing—it was incredibly highly priced in this country—how about releasing everything from Tommy on singles—everything. So that if somebody wanted to buy 'Tommy' as a serial, as it were, they could do it." So we started off with the Overture and we put out another two EPs which contained four tracks—some of which never even reached the shops because there was no record company interested at all, and Track is actually marketed through Polydor and we're dependent on their distribution a lot. It was a nice idea but the public didn't really want to buy 'Tommy' on singles. I suppose they wanted all the trimmings. As far as I can remember, that's what happened. Also Track pioneered the whole concept of really cheap singles. They took no profit whatsoever. They gave away their whole share and forced the distributor to go without a share. On 'Voodoo Chile', for example, a number 1, nobody made any money at all.

ZZ: What about Backtracks or Track tones?
There was 6 to start with. Then there was gonna be another 25. We've got 8 of them. Then there was talk of putting out Electric Ladyland at 25/- and presumably 'Tommy' as well. What happened to that idea?

T: I dunno. Backtrack sells very well Whenever you go to Track offices there's always a lot lying about which is a good sign—that there's turnover.

ZZ: Would you like to see 'Tommy' out now?

T: Maybe, but it's important if you're gonna have 'Tommy' that you have the artwork. The artwork is intrinsic to it in a lot of ways. And the Back-track stuff has got cheap covers—that's where it saves a lot of money in fact. On 'Electric Ladyland' I could do without the cover quite easily—it's bloody horrible. A lot of Dave King porno rubbish.

ZZ: And what it didn't have was the names of the people playing on it which would have helped.

T: Yeah. That's another incredible thing. Dave King is a genius, I think, but he's got a bit of an obsession with pornography. 'Who's Next' nearly came out with the most revolting pornographic cover you've ever seen. In the end it turned out to be mildly pornographic, but slightly boring at the same time. Dave King was commissioned to do a cover and he came up with one cover with a huge fat lady with her legs apart and where the woman's organ was supposed to be would be a head of The Who, grinning out from underneath the pubics. Anyway I don't really know that much about Track or Track policy or Track history. If you really wanna know that, the guy to talk to is Kit Lambert, but then on the other hand that would be a 50 page article full of history that really nobody is interested in. Track was good not because of the small details but because of the intentions really. It's unfortunate that Kit and Chris weren't able to concentrate only on Track but really had The Who at their most difficult stage which was before 'Tommy', during 'Tommy' and at the time two years after 'Tommy' which proved to be just like a huge hump in The Who's career, which was just where we needed management most crucially and it caused everybody to go through incredible traumatic experiences and Track just got lost along the way because of it. Yet maybe I'm talking out of the top of my head—maybe it's other things. Kit would probably scream with laughter and say that it was him getting screwed by Polydor—aw f**k, I dunno. I think that if Track continues they'll probably continue just for The Who, in which case why should we go with anyone else. Track gave us 75% more than we were ever getting on our original deal with Decca.

ZZ: What about with Reaction, then?

T: That was a stepping off point. That was really Robert Stigwood putting his foot on the legal connection between Track and Shel Talmy.

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Because Shel Talmy had to be got rid of—and the only guy that was really powerful enough, that was connected with The Who in any way whatsoever at the time and who wouldn't suffer by it was Robert Stigwood. So we were temporarily on his label.

ZZ: It seemed to be a pretty potent label because it had Hendrix, the Cream, the Bee Gees. Started off with a bang and then just sort of disappeared.

T: Well there again I don't know that much about it. 'Substitute' was a bloody amazing session—Keith can't even remember it. That was the first Who-produced session. Kit didn't slide naturally into the seat of producing The Who—he kind of arrived in the position of producing The Who because we desperately needed a producer. It was obviously logical that I should produce The Who—even then. So it was logical that when it came to 'Substitute' and we got out of Shel Talmy's clutches we should enjoy ourselves and go into the studio and work, so we went in and there was a blonde guy . . . Chris . . . the first Olympic Studios in Baker Street. We went in and we played through the thing and we went up and heard the playbacks and they sounded alright, mixed it, and Robert Stigwood came in and listened to the vocals and said "Sounds alright," didn't really know much of what was going on at the time. Keith doesn't remember the session, Roger was gonna leave the group. It was just an amazing time in The Who's career. We were more or less about to break up. Nobody really cared about the group. It was just a political thing. Kit and I used to go for walks in Hyde Park and talk about combining what was gonna be left of The Who with Paddy, Klaus and Gibson. Things like this—strange things. Anyway that's as much as I know about Reaction. I know I've borrowed a few quid off Robert Stigwood at various points—tapped him for a few knicker. I also wrote a song for his artist who was called Oscar, who later reappeared in Hair, called 'Join My Gang', which was a f**king good song—[sings]:
*You can join my gang
Even though you're a girl*
which he did. Unfortunately Robert Stigwood owns the publishing, so I haven't even got a demo of it to listen to—but I really like it.

ZZ: That's an interesting topic—the songs of The Who that have been covered. For example, The Untamed's version of 'It's Not True'—another very good song. Any that we mightn't know about?

T: Yeah, maybe. There's one called 'Lazy Fat People' by that comedy group . . . The Barron Knights [sings]:

*Lazy and fat they are, they are
And because they are all the same
They laugh and complain
The young are so ugly.*

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That song was about Allen Klein. Allen Klein tried to get hold of The Who as being the first of his purge on rock. I mean he shat all over the Beatles and the Stones. F**k knows how we managed to get out of it. But we took along our solicitor, who is still our solicitor today . . . an austere, conservative, almost Edward Heath character called Edward Oldman, who just took two looks at Allen Klein and said, "We're leaving," so we ate his caviar, had a look at the Statue of Liberty from his yacht, shat in his toilet and went back to England. In fact he paid my first-class fare to the States four ways. I went over there to talk to him, came back to England to do a gig—which I missed at Sheffield University, which got us a bad reputation for missing gigs, and then flew back again. That was also when Andrew Oldham was trying to take over our management.

[Unknown question]

T: . . . It was just after Substitute. See, about the time of Substitute we were still having a lot of problems breaking with Shel.

ZZ: Yeah, you had 'A Legal Matter' out on both labels . . . no, 'Circles'.

T: Yeah we did two versions of 'Circles', which were both identical because they were both copies of my demo. Shel put in a high court injunction saying there was a copyright in recording, in other words if you're a record producer and you produce a song with a group and you make a creative contribution then you own that sound—there's a copyright in that sound, that arrangement. I suppose it's so that you can't steal the 'John Barry' sound as it were, or copy 'Apache' exactly, while it's in the Top Ten. Well, he took it to the high court judge and he said things like, "And then on bar 36 I suggested to the lead guitarist that he play a diminuendo, forget the adagio and play 36 bars modulating to the key of E flat," which was all total bullshit—he used to fall asleep at the desk. Glyn Johns used to do everything. Eventually we ended up in court and Quintin Hogg—he was the attorney for Shel—and we dreamed up an even more preposterous thing. "Shel Talmy certainly did *not* tell us at the 36th bar to play a diminuendo. He told us to do this and we suggested blah, blah, blah." All in incredible, grand, grandiose, musical terms and then we produced the demo which was copyrighted with Essex Music a good year before it was recorded. And it was identical to the record. As far as the judge could tell obviously. I mean, he'd listen to 'Help', 'The Last Time' and 'Respect' and think they were all the same song. I mean probably to him they sounded identical. That was a real triumph, and a very funny day too.

ZZ: But you didn't win it, did you?

T: We won that particular thing, so they weren't able to stop our particular release of 'Circles', but Shel Talmy ended up getting a piece of our recording.

ZZ: Didn't he put out a song called 'Watt's For A Pig', with The Who Orchestra?

T: We had to because the single was out by the time we won it. Obviously we had to take it off the back because . . .

ZZ: It was only a 'B' side after all.

T: Yeah. Last time I saw Shel he was gloating at our success, 'cause he gets quite a large chunk of our recording royalties—even today.

ZZ: Good lord! . . . He can't see, can he?

T: I don't really know about him. I've seen veiled hints about The Who in interviews he's done, like "Snotty, East End kids would come up to me and ask me to record 'em' and I'd make 'em stars and a week later they'd start getting too big for their boots." And it was obviously directed at groups like us because we're the only group ever to have argued with him. The Kinks have never argued with him as far as I know and until quite recently they still used him. I mean, he never said a word to me. On 'I Can't Explain' he brought in the Beverley Sisters to do the backing vocals, and Jimmy Page to play lead guitar. I said to him "F**k that, I'm the lead guitarist in this group." It was incredible, it was a typical Love Affair scene—we were the 1965 Love Affair. We were The Who—a few chart successes and then we were gonna be out—we were on, like about half a percent. Because he was The Kinks' record producer we thought he was alright. But he underestimated Kit's venomous intelligence.

ZZ: Did you ever use any of these other musicians? Daddy Rolling Stone doesn't sound like your guitar.

T: It was.

ZZ: That's an old Muddy Waters' song, isn't it?

T: Probably. Derek Martin. We picked it up from where he was on the Island label. The only song we ever used other musicians on—apart from Nicky Hopkins—was 'Bald-headed Woman' which was on the same session as 'Can't Explain'. Jimmy Page played lead guitar, 'cause he had a fuzz box which went 'urgggg' . . . and three guys on backing vocals on 'Can't Explain' who turned out to be the Ivy League—I was joking about them being the Beverley Sisters.

ZZ: What about these demos? Has it ever occurred to you that you could do one of these, bring it out as The Who and nobody would be any the wiser?

T: Well, that's never occurred to me. That's some thing I'd never wanna do. If I put out a record I'd wanna take the credit. It's occurred to me to put out a solo album and it's also occurred to me to put out an album of demos, because I would find it very interesting and I think a lot of people would. Not because the demos are similar to the finished product but really because of a consistency all along. The group's relationship to me and my relationship within the group, as it were, has always been the same—all the way along. I've always been separate as a writer but very much part of the group as a musician and guitarist. And it's been something that I've never been able to fathom and the group's never been able to work out 'cause it's never really gone wrong up to now and it looks like it's gonna continue. So really—there's not any need to prove it because it's painfully obvious. It works and all putting out an album of demos would do would be to say—"Look, this is amazing because this is the songs that I wrote, the group did and this is the way I suggested the group do them and the group did them in the way I suggested, because the way I suggested it was tailor-made in the first place." It's not that interesting. Far more interesting to me is John's solo album, which is interesting because of the fact, I suppose that there should have been John Entwistle singles. 'Boris The Spider' should have been a single, and maybe even 'Heaven And Hell'.

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Interviewing an American musician is a unique experience. The inevitable myth precedes actuality. Three Steely Dan albums and eighteen months of impressions formed within the confines of one's own stereo system and no opportunity to see the band play live. Simple manipulation of the media guarantees 'cult band' status, and still, who really knows if they can actually produce the goods together? After all, average producers can work miracles with the tape machine as testified time after time by the endless stream of North American rock bands who visit Britain with a string of credible albums, only to blow it on stage. Alternatively, we can fall victim to the hype, as London audiences frequently do, in which case everyone pretends they really dug it. In recent months Lou Reed and the Doobie Brothers are just two of the guilty who clumsily blew their myth wide open, and were lucky to escape with any vestiges of credibility while almost every British rock band of quality gigs quietly around America. You can't always blame the acoustics or the sound engineer; one can no longer be content with the excuse that "they had a bad night". Good musicians can make good records in a studio, but can they really call themselves a band if they regularly fail live? The economics of the situation are obvious, touring is expensive, arduous and tedious. It's much more fun to make an album, and sit around at home becoming a 'legendary personality' without having to undergo the traumas of putting a real band on the road. Every one's doing it: session men of the Keltner/Radley/Russell variety become stars in their own right. The rock world has at present a higher level of musicianship per album released than at any time since its birth. It also has fewer entertainers and real performers than ever before in its short history.

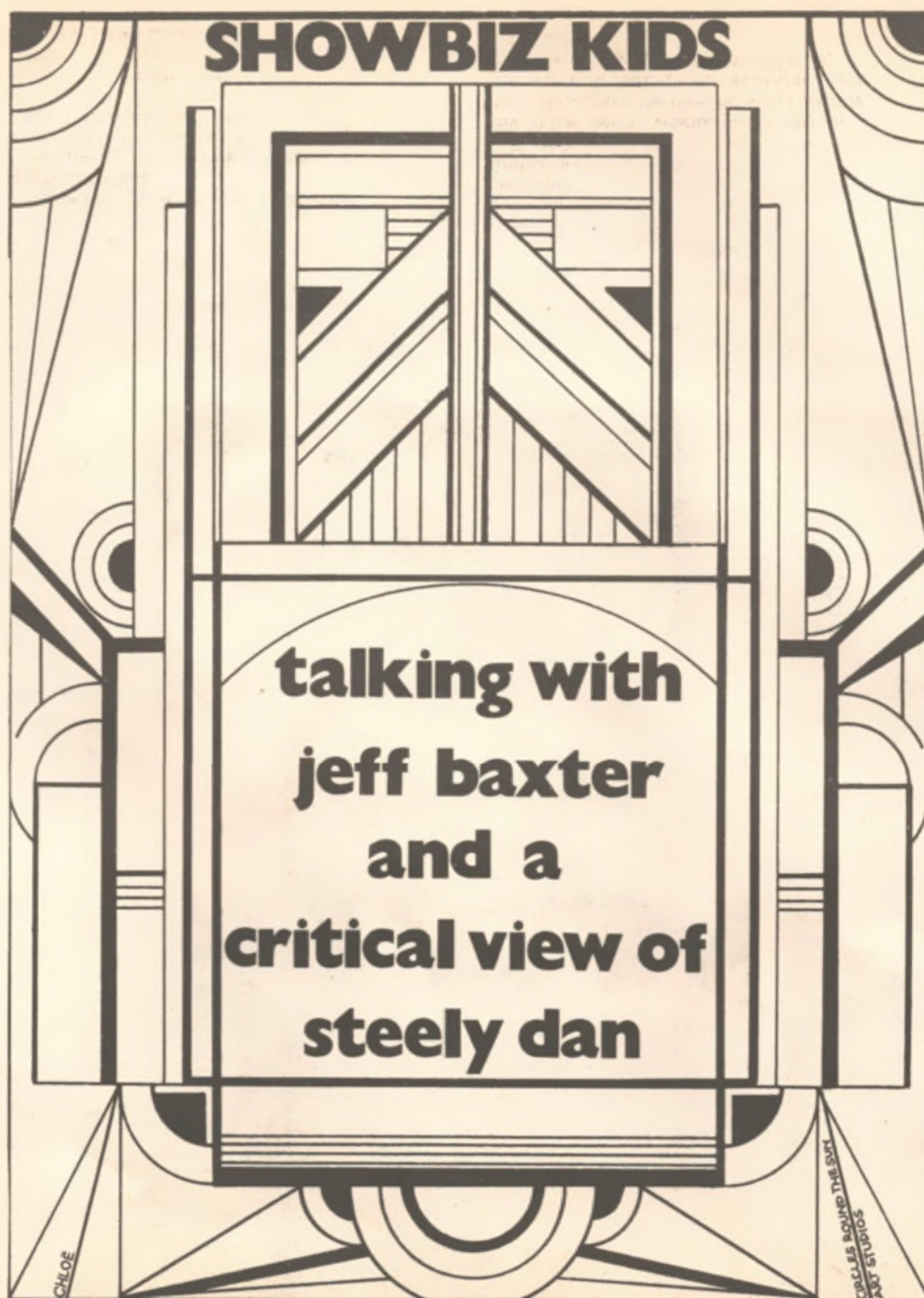
Within this context, Steely Dan's recent visit provided an interesting test case. After their critically acclaimed opener at Manchester and before their London appearances ZigZag went along to interview Jeff Baxter, guitarist and steel player with the outfit.

REPAIR MAN TO ROCK STAR

This short interview, naturally enough, took place in a dreadful hotel; a Victor Value super-market staffed entirely by Mafiosa, Polaroids, heavy conversation and muzak. Baxter is the only man in the place who looked like a rock musician. We retired to the restaurant and started the interview.

(Information note: Strangely enough Gary Katz, Donald Fagen and Walter Becker are staying in a different hotel, a domestic detail that aroused suspicions regarding the band's structure that were later confirmed.)

Baxter once when you weren't looking



"Let's see, the very first band I was ever in was called Larry and the Escorts, we were a surf band." Baxter lived and was brought up in Mexico City, explaining the heavy Edmundo Ross influence on the band. "Other local bands included The Tarantulas, and The Rubber Band plus one other precariously named affair... I can't even give you the names they're so disgusting!"

A school band called One Last Desperate Suck who apparently lasted as long as they could ward off parental pressures to have them banned from playing at their kiddies' parties. "We were a little too outrageous to fit in with the local clientele."

While still at school Baxter was involved in an exchange to Uppingham School near Leicester before he moved to the USA, fairly permanently. After school Baxter worked mainly in equipment shops. An obsession that still survives and will be explained later.

FROM PSYCHEDELIA TO SESSIONS

"One day a guy came into the shop and asked me if I knew any good guitar players. So I said 'Yes—me'. He offered me better money than I was used to, so I joined the band. They were called Ultimate Spinach. I played on their second album and gigged with them for a while." Baxter laughs and looks a little embarrassed, "It's something I'd rather not talk about."

Ultimate Spinach were one of those post-'67 cash-in bands who thought acid was good for their technique. Frankly they were horrendous. A couple of albums appeared on MGM or CBS and a track crept on to one of those 'Rock Machine Turns You On To Peace, Beads, Hyde Park, anything but Music' samplers CBS put out in those halcyon days when rock music was still dangerous. A very successful marketing ploy as it happened, and in all probability the day that the business gained control of that area. Baxter played on 'Behold And See', it was very pretentious.

"There was no comparison between Ultimate Spinach and say Moby Grape. Moby Grape were probably one of the finest rock bands ever to emerge from the United States."

Following the disastrous Spinach episode Baxter floated gracefully into session work.

"I moved up to Boston (from New York) and worked with a lot of people, mainly in the folk field, Eric Ericson and Paul McNeil. Then I started to commute to New York. The first project I worked on there was Carly Simon's first album."

"Later on I worked with Buzzy Lindhart on his second album 'Buzzy', for Kama Sutra. I could talk about Buzzy all day. It was a great band, we actually gigged for quite a while, about eight months in all. Luther Rix played drums

I did a cowboyball

(top NY session man now with Bette Midler) and Danny Trifan played bass (now with Larry Coryell) and I played guitar and steel. After that I moved to LA and found myself playing on a lot of country'n' western sessions, working with Charlie Rodrigues."

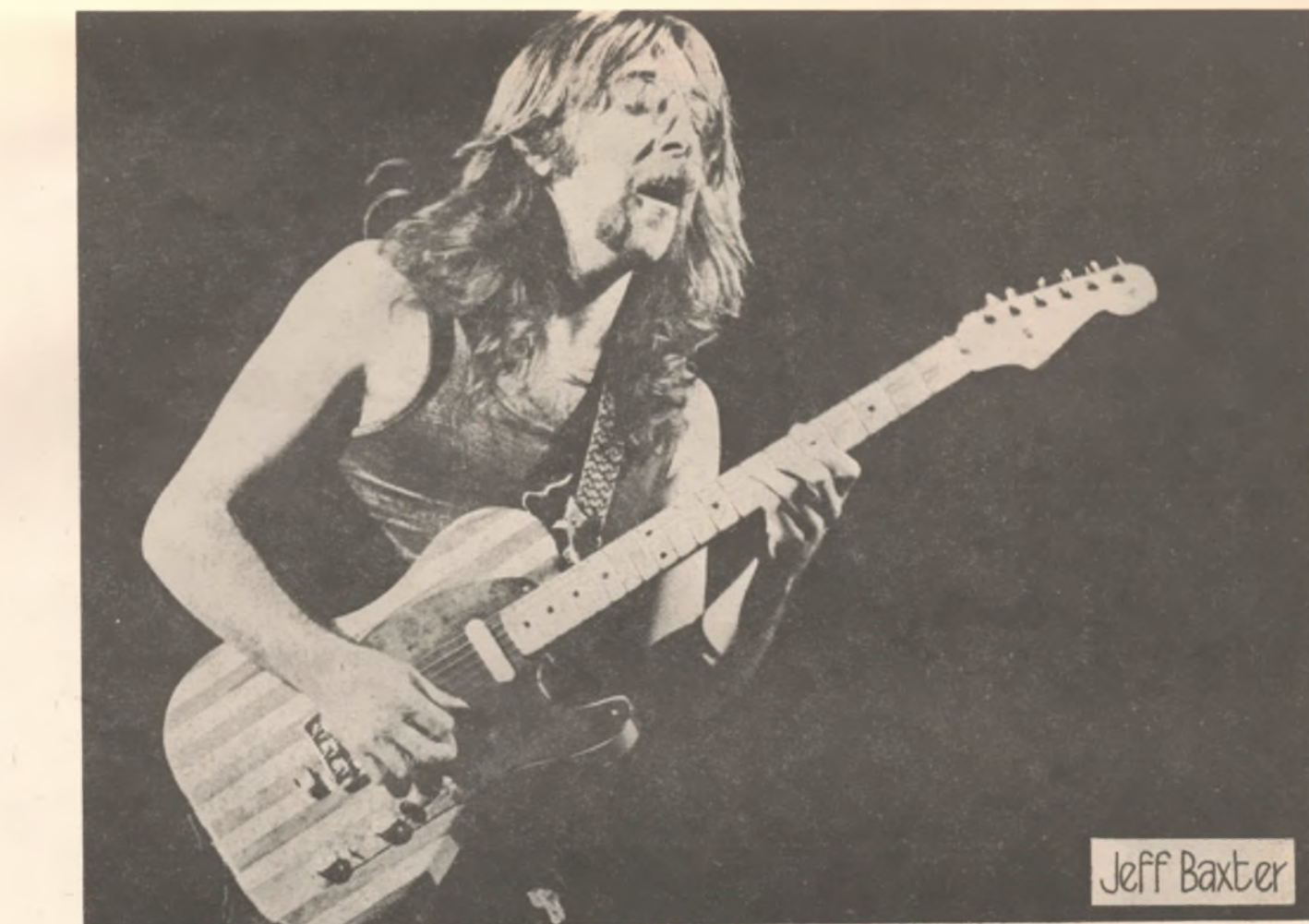
Baxter keeps himself very busy with sessions and still he can't kick the repair man habit. Together with Red Rhodes he runs an equipment hot rodding establishment called Rhodes Royals. Jeff cooks lead guitar for the likes of Stills and Zappa, while Red beefs up amps. They customise, modify, repair and re-build anything you care to give them.

"As soon as this tour's over, I'll be back in the shop taking other people's guitars to bits. It's a question, for me, of keeping my chops up. The more work I do, the more people I play with, the better my technique becomes. For example I had three months off some time back so I went on the road with Linda Ronstadt's band for a while. I'd still like to take guitar lessons!"

STEELY DAN ARE INTRODUCED

Baxter outlined the band's formation at this point. "Dan (Fagen) and Walter (Becker) had been writing tunes for a long time, bringing them to record companies and so forth. They'd get laughed at. Told their stuff was garbage, crap... take a walk—you know? They were really good friends with an ABC-Dunhill producer, Gary Katz, so they became house writers for a while. I knew Gary from the Boston days because he had produced a band with Jim Hodder (Steely Dan's permanent drummer) and myself. Gary and I were talking and we decided that when the time was right we would form a band with Donald Walker, a really good musical band. Later when I was gigging with Buzzy I got a call from Gary. He said the time was right. So I went back to LA and the band was formed, as we recorded 'Can't Buy A Thrill'. We added people to the line-up on the road to make things more interesting. Three were brought in for this tour who are becoming pretty permanent members. The original band comprises Donald Fagen (piano, moog and vocals), Walter Becker (bass and vocals) (Fagen and Becker write all the material) plus Denny Dias and myself on guitars of various types, and Jim Hodder on drums augmented by Jeff Boccato (drums), Mike Donald (electric piano/vocals) and Royce Jones (percussion and vocals)."

At this point it is worth considering whether the house producer has collected his favourite writers and musicians in a studio to fulfil a personal dream and create good rock music's answer to the Monkees or whether the association came about because of natural desires among the band's members. It is probable that Gary



Katz virtually put the band together, but that is not to anyone's discredit. Baxter displayed a natural enthusiasm for his band-mate's musical abilities so Katz's introductory function should not be greeted with the cynicism generally applicable to these situations.

TELECASTER NARROWLY TRIUMPHS OVER LES PAUL

We returned to Baxter's major interest and hobby, the technical aspect of the electric guitar. Time was passing, rehearsal and sound checks cut the discussions short far too early, so we drew to a hasty conclusion.

Before we appraise the band's live efforts a quick word from Baxter on his equipment.

"I use a Fender Showman amp through a Fender cabinet housing four 12" Altec speakers. Occasionally I use a Gibson 'Les Paul' but my favourite guitar is the Fender Telecaster I built myself. I took it apart and put it together again the way I wanted it."

The final minutes were used up assessing the merits of various species of guitar and Baxter's other hobby, beer. "Funnily enough, Guild are probably the best made electric guitars with Gretsch and Rickenbacker among the worst."

Baxter's enthusiasm for guitars is inexhaustible. It has been his vicarious attachment to bands throughout the times he wasn't actually with a band himself. He appears to know each component of every instrument ever built, intimately.

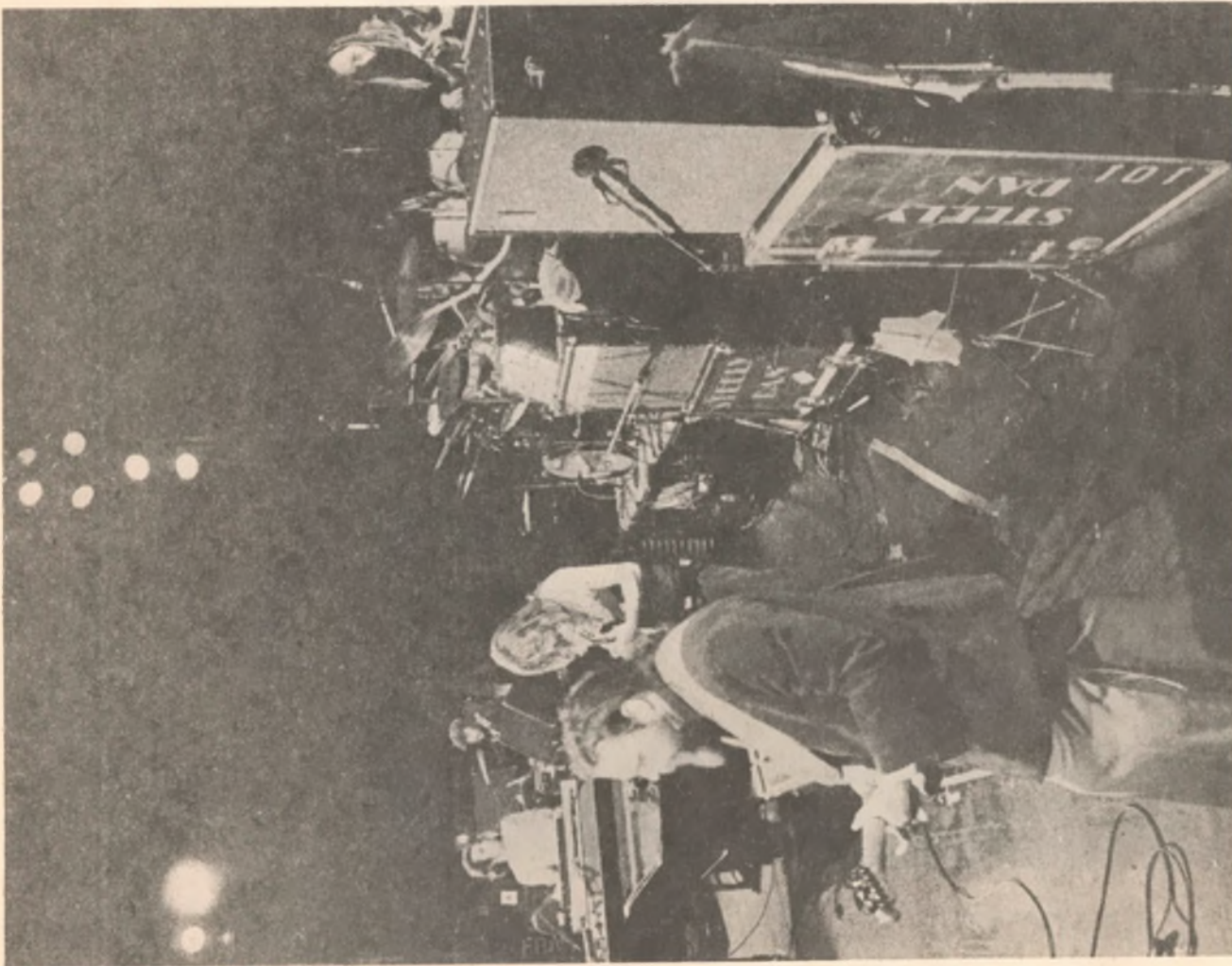
"Even when I was in New York doing sessions I worked with Dan Armstrong. We had a shop together."

Beer consumption at Red's Hollywood shop was reported as high and Baxter will remember this visit always if only for the discovery of Newcastle Brown.

REELIN' IN THE DECIBELS

We now reach the raison d'être for this whole exercise, Steely Dan's ability to transfer their recorded achievements onto the stage. The self-generated excitement the music business whips up over these occasions verges on the hysterical. Traditionally blasé writers and record company faces are actually excited. Steely Dan with three excellent and correct albums behind them, have

a great deal to do to live up to the massed expectation in the audience. A last minute sound check, betrayed the concern not to disappoint. Straight into 'Bochisave' and it's too late. The two drummers start a large proportion of the numbers and tend to dictate the pace. A fatal error as each successive song created a breathless anxiety in the audience. Barker turned to the back of the stage. "F...ing hairy!" he exclaimed, at the same time gesturing to the eager percussionists to slow down a little. Unfortunately they could not heed his advice. The sound was not good and everyone on stage knew it and became more concerned and nervous as the set developed. Fury replaced accuracy and the ability to recreate the warmth and depth of the albums was lost. The band's highs tended to be expressed in decibels rather than emotion. There was little relief from a volume level that would have filled a football ground, let alone the relatively tiny Rainbow Theatre. Individual contributions that often bordered on the remarkable would not come together, and give the band a total conviction. They lacked 'feel' though they were extremely tight and well rehearsed. Large quantities of electricity defeated any attempts to introduce a sense of dynamics to the presentation. Levels remained too high to allow anybody to relax for an instant. On record each instrument and voice is given enough elbow room and the arrangements are paced in such a way as to bring the compositions forward. Their material is their strength, but live instrumental pyrotechnics defeated the songs. A lot of craft and graft went into those albums and the band did reproduce it on stage, in a fashion, but not so as the audience could become part of it. They did not look like a band that were used to playing live. Worse musicians can produce far more interesting concert situations because of their mutual playing experience. Steely Dan displayed all the faults of experienced musicians playing in what is really an embryonic band in terms of performance. The startling level of output made it impossible to assimilate the quality and complexity of music the band are capable of producing. Dreadful theatrics from Fagen, who insisted on conducting the band from behind his piano with a phoney grandeur, did nothing to enhance the content of the show. At the end of each number he would walk to the front of the stage, and like Count Dracula assembling his demons, bring the band to order with a succession of arm flailing and assorted menacing gestures. Pure show-biz and very embarrassing. Barker unfortunately had a bad night. No amount of head waving and stamping could rescue those missed notes. Donald and Dias, kept very still while Becker hid behind his speaker cabinets. Floyce Jones gave very schmalzky deliveries of everything he came forward to sing. Complete with glitter denims



Steely Dan

This summer I went swimming

and 'Shalt' hat he squirmed through a series of Las Vegas (Lost Wages) mannerisms that had nothing to do with a rock'n'roll band. Presentation generally was unconvincing and left one pondering on the band's discomfort in front of a crowd. The house producer has put together, on paper, a brilliant band and despite all the minuses their class was indisputable. 'Can't Buy A Thrill', 'Countdown To Ecstasy' and 'Pretzel Logic' all rate among the best rock numbers released in the recent past.

Few bands will ever aspire to the high level upon which Steely Dan combine composition and musicianship. One doesn't know how important concerts are to them. Maybe they prefer to work in the studio and have been coerced into touring? Whatever the reasons for their failure to communicate the purpose of their music live, one should not ignore what they have achieved in the studio. Fagen and Becker have written songs that combine musical depth and commerciality of a hitherto unthinkable high standard. It would be refreshing to see their American singles success repeated in our own limp Top Thirty. 'Do It Again' and 'Reeling In The Years' would certainly be preferable to the standard Radio 1 output of spangled nonsense that assaults us all over breakfast.

POSTSCRIPT

Steely Dan have been heralded the band of 1974, an accolade they physically won't be able to collect if they maintain their present frenetic pace. Multiple illnesses within the band abruptly ended the first British tour. Donald Fagen was the major casualty being severely affected on re-entry to the Earth's atmosphere following the Manchester gig. This unfortunately resulted in Fagen having to lurch into some awkward theatrical gesticulations to stay on his feet. One imagines the band jacking themselves up with vitamin pills and antibiotics before they hit the stage. Anything stronger than light ale and they would have exploded half way through the first number. Stunned punters filing out of The Rainbow Theatre were overheard complaining of symptoms that could only be ascribed to jet lag. A future consideration for a band caught on their wrong foot by sudden success is maybe to think twice about thrashing round the countryside from hall to hall. A band formed in the studio has a unique problem. The situation is so different from the traditional path of 'paying your dues' round the pubs and clubs. There is no easy answer to Steely Dan's problem; they can only allow their performances to benefit from experience and eventually catch up with their recorded excellence.

CHRIS BRIGGS

JIMMY WEBB

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"Up Up And Away" Fifth Dimension

"Didn't We" Barbra Streisand

"MacArthur Park" Richard Harris

"Galveston", Wichita Lineman",

"By The Time I Get To Phoenix"

Glen Campbell

NOW AN INCREDIBLE PERFORMER

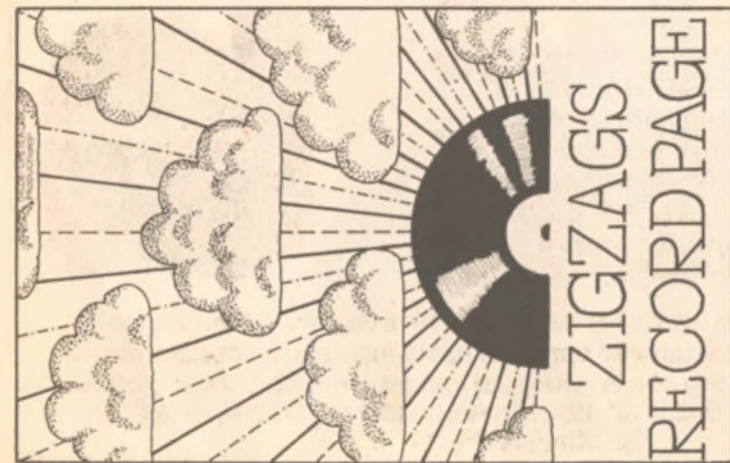
LAND'S END

SYL 9014



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Frankie Miller—Highlife (Chrysalis CHR 1052)
Excellent album from a very fine singer whose style might ultimately be compared to Joe Cocker's although here he sounds rather more subdued. The album was recorded in Atlanta, Georgia, and was arranged and produced by Allen Toussaint who also wrote eight of the eleven songs. Very impressive.

Frank Zappa—Apostrophe (DiscReet K59201)
Ian Matthews—Some Days You Eat The Bear And Some Days The Bear Eats You (Elektra K42160)
White Lady & Badger—White Lady (Epic EPC 800009)
Kevin Ayers—The Confessions Of Dr Dream (Island ILPS 9263). If you haven't got any of this guy's records you should be ashamed of yourself. On the other hand if you have, you'll know that this one, in particular the whole of the second side, is amongst his best work to date. If you saw him 'live' recently you'll also want
Kevin Ayers, John Cale, Nico, Eno—June 1, 1974 (Island ILPS 9291)
Bad Company—Bad Company (Island ILPS 9263)
Uriah Heep—Wondeworld (Island ILPS 9280)
Sparks—Kimono My House (Island ILPS 9272)
Lovin' Spoonful—More Golden Spoonful (Kama Sutra 2683 042). The second of the Spoonful reissues, this double album comprises the classic first LP 'Do You Believe In Magic' which was discussed in the last issue, and the fourth album 'Everything Playing', totally indispensable.
The Who—A Quick One/The Who Sell Out (Track 2683 038). Again, this is a valuable re-issue, which you should definitely pick up on if you missed out the first time round.

Area Code 615—Area Code 615/Trip In The Country (Polydor 2683 040)
Lynyrd Skynyrd—Second Helping (MCA MCF 2547)
Budgie—In For The Kill (MCA MCF 2546)
Bill Haley—Golden Hits (MCA MCF 2555)
Focus—Hamburger Concerto (Polydor 3170 164)
David Bowie—Diamond Dogs (RCA APLI 0576)
Bill Wyman—Monkey Grip (Rolling Stones Records K59102)
Gryphon—Midnight Mushrooms (Transatlantic TRA 282)
10 CC—Sheet Music (UKAL 1007)
Kathy Dalton—Amazing (DiscReet K59202)
Tim Buckley—Sefronia (DiscReet K49201). A lengthy article on Buckley will appear next month, but in the meantime you should investigate this latest album and marvel at the man's voice, the impeccable back-up musicians, and the sheer class of it all. Furthermore, he's coming over here to play very soon. Wahoo!
Caravan—In Concert With The New Symphonia (Decca SML 1110)
Rare Bird—Born Again (Polydor 2383 274)
Mahavishnu Orchestra—Apocalypse (CBS 69076)
Miles Davis—Big Fun (CBS 88024)
Elton John—Caribou (DJM DJLPH 439)
Loggins & Messina—On Stage (CBS 88014)
Blue Oyster Cult—Secret Treaties (CBS 80103)

ALBUMS
Rita Coolidge—Fall Into Spring (A&M AMLH 63627)
Rick Wakeman—Journey To The Centre Of The Earth (A&M AMLH 63621)
J.J. Cale—Okie (A&M AMLS 68261)
Billy Cobham—Crosswinds (Atlantic K50037)

For reasons that I hope are obvious, it has never been ZigZag policy to include record reviews, and I don't intend to change that. The relevance and validity of most so-called reviews seems highly suspect to me, and the last thing we want to do is set ourselves up as judges and force our own tastes and preferences down your throats.
But what I do think would be both helpful and interesting is a monthly list of releases with a few comments after the ones that are of particular interest to ZigZaggers... just an extension of what always used to appear in the 'Wanderings' if you like. So that's what we've done, and as you can see, the ZigZag record donkey has had a very busy month humph-ing great loads of goodies from such benign establishments as CBS, Warner Bros, Island, United Artists, and A&M. Sincere thanks are due to all the people at these and other companies who have been very cooperative and shown a lot of interest, and hopefully you'll find the list useful and informative.

Poco—Seven (Epic 80082). I must agree with Pete when he says that Poco's albums get better and better. I thought that the loss of Richie Furay would be near-disastrous, but happily it's not so. 'Seven' is typical Poco—excellent.
Bobby Bland—His California Album (Probe SPB 1088)
Bob Seger—Seven (Reprise K44262)
Chip Taylor—Chip Taylor's Last Chance (Warner Bros)

The Willis manager Jake persuaded me to investigate this one, and when I heard it I couldn't, and still can't, believe how good it is. Just two of the outstanding features of this album are Taylor's beautiful rich voice and the guitar work of John Platania, but everything about it is so tasteful and assured. Not to be missed.
Ry Cooder—Paradise And Lunch (Reprise K44260)
Martin Mull—Normal (Reprise K57502)
Chris Darrow—Under My Own Disguise (United Artists UAS 28634). Chris is one of the good guys of rock music, and when old Frame gets his finger out we'll print his story in all its splendour. Until then this, his second solo album, is waiting in the shops for you.
James Taylor—Walking Man (Warner Bros K56042)
Henry Cow—Unrest (Virgin V 2011)
The Talbot Bros—The Talbot Bros (Warner Bros K56039)

Arlo Guthrie—Arlo Guthrie (Warner Bros)
Robert Hunter—Tales Of The Great Run Runners (Round RX 101). Words just about fail me on this one because it's probably the best album I've heard for a very long time. Robert Hunter (lyricist for the Grateful Dead as if you didn't know), is an amazing talent who has up until now been subservient to the Dead's cause, but here he is now right up front and the whole thing's a revelation. The cover is designed naturally enough by Rick Griffin and it's perfect.
Gong—Camembert Electrique (Virgin VC502)
Kris Kristofferson—Spooky Ladies Sideshow (Monument 69074)
Andy Mackay—In Search Of Eddie Riff (Island ILPS 9278)
Stray—Move It (Transatlantic TRA 281)
Magma—Kohntarkosz (A&M AMLS 68260)
Jesse Colin Young—Light Shine (Warner Bros K 56037)
Sandy Denny—Like An Old Fashioned Waltz (Island ILPS 9258)
Stomu Yamash'ta's East Wind—One By One (Island ILPS 9289)
Jonathon Kelly's Outside—Waiting On You (RCA LPLI 5022)
Edgar Winter Group—Shock Treatment (Epic EPC 65640)
Marc Bolan—The Beginning Of Doves (Track 2410 201)
Bob Dylan—Before The Flood (Island IDBD 1)
Butts Band—Butts Band (Blue Thumb ILPS 9260)
Savoy Brown—Boogie Brothers (Decca)
Bonzo Dog Band—History Of The Bonzos (United Artists UAD 60071)

Neil Young—On The Beach (Reprise). Now this isn't going to be out for a few weeks yet but thanks to Dave Walters at Warners I've got a white label copy which although not the final mix, firmly re-establishes my faith in Neil Young. Surprisingly there is little material here that Young performed on his last tour and that includes 'Tonight's The Night', but instead we have one old song 'See The Sky About To Rain', and at least two others, 'Walk On' and 'Ambulance Blues' that rank with almost anything he's done before. The back-up musicians I believe are Nils Lofgren, Billy Talbot, and Ralph Molina, and although all his albums seem to take a bloody long time appearing, this one will be worth the wait.

Jerry Garcia—Garcia (Round RX 102)
Grateful Dead—Live From The Mars Hotel (Grateful Dead Records). I'd say something about this but I haven't even heard it yet, so you're spared a lengthy boring discourse on why the Dead remain one of the important rock bands. My impatient hands eagerly await its arrival.
Raymond Froggatt Band—Rogues and Thieves (K44257)
Foghat—Foghat (K45503)
Malo—Ascension (K56033)
Gram Parsons—Grievous Angel (K54018)
Blue—Life In The Navy (RSO 2394 133)
Barclay James Harvest—Everyone Is Everybody Else (Polydor 2383 286)
Jefferson Airplane—Early Flight (RCA APLI 0437)
Kinks—Preservation Act II (RCA)
□ ANDY

SINGLES

How many of you out there ever buy singles I wonder. Apart from the usual bargains that are to be found in a lot of second-hand shops, most singles are ephemera expensive, and quite frankly not worth bothering about. However, there are those that escape the attention of the radio and the weekly pop press and which are worth making the effort to seek out, hence our selective list below. Some of them appear on albums and exist simply to promote the album rather than make any dent in the charts, but if you haven't got £2.50 or whatever to spend then maybe they'll be of some use to you.
It's about 90 degrees in the sedately luxurious ZigZag office. The sun beats mercilessly down onto my desk, the phones have thankfully stopped ringing, half of the staff are out on the roof roasting themselves, and our man Anthony, who has so gallantly volunteered to wade through all the singles released during the last month, is picking out the best of them and is throwing them on the turntable one by one booming loud loud rock music across the wastes of Soho.
Northwest 8—19th Nervous Breakdown (EMI). The old Stones' number re-vamped in country/Nitty Gritty style and infinitely more appealing than

those 'bubblerock' versions that Messrs King & Co churn out. Why does old Jonathon do it I ask myself? Money of course, but this record, like Ry Cooder's amusing treatment of 'It's All Over Now' on his 'Paradise And Lunch' album are genuine sympathetic attempts to re-style old standards.

Todd Rundgren—A Dream Goes On Forever (Bears-ville). It's about time this whiz-kid had a hit. This particular delight is one of the choice tracks from his remarkable double album 'Todd', and although it's not as good as the memorable 'I Saw The Light' (which curiously, nay criminally never made the charts), it's thankfully just starting to get played on our wonderful radio network.

Kevin Ayers—The Up Song (Island). This is not on his new album—a good enough reason alone to get it—and it seems that the endless days he spends lying around in the sun have come out on record 'cause there's a really good summery feel about it. If it receives the attention it deserves (and it hasn't so far and probably won't) it could be one of this year's summer records. As an afterthought, wouldn't it be nice to have all those obscure Kevin Ayers' singles like 'Singing A Song In The Morning', 'Butterfly Dance', and 'Stars' on one album?

Ozark Mountain Daredevils—If You Wanna Get To Heaven (A&M). The Ozarks are a band that I'd love to see 'live', such is the quality of their debut album from which this single is taken. 'If You Wanna Get To Heaven' is receiving the customary cold shoulder which again is a great shame because it's pretty good. The sound quality is very similar to that on the first Eagles' album due no doubt to the fact that Glyn Johns produced both records. Check it out.

And now the best of the rest:

Ducks Deluxe—Fireball (RCA)
Montrose—Bad Motor Scooter (Warners)
Captain Beefheart—Upon The My-O-My (Virgin)
Boz Scaggs—You Make It So Hard (CBS)
Blue—Lonesome (RSO)
Van Morrison—Brown Eyed Girl (Decca)
Kevin Coyne—I Believe In Love (Virgin)
Ronnie Lane—The Poacher (GM)
Tim Moore—When You Close Your Eyes (Mooncrest)
Barclay James Harvest—Poor Boy Blues (Polydor)
Doobie Brothers—Pursuit On 53rd St (Warners)
Arnold Corns—Hang On To Yourself (Mooncrest)
Steely Dan—Rikki Don't Lose That Number (Probe)
Al Stewart—Swallow Wind (CBS)
Young Rascals—Groovin' (Atlantic). Best re-release for ages... fabulous record.

□ ANTHONY OLIVER/ANDY CHILDS
Compiled with the help of Virgin Records

TWENTY CHOICE IMPORTS ALL AVAILABLE FROM VIRGIN RECORDS

Curtis Mayfield—Sweet Exorcists
Mountain—Twin Peaks
Velvet Underground—Live '69
John Stewart—Phoenix Tapes
Wet Willie—Keep A Smiling
Cowboy—Boyer & Talton
Leo Kottke—Ice Water
Ben Sidran—Don't Let Go
Weather Report—Mysterious Traveller
Flying Burrito Brothers—Honky Tonk Heaven
Sopwith Camel—The Miraculous Hump Returns From The Moon
Orleans—Let There Be Music
Ray Manzarek—The Golden Scarab
Sir Douglas—Texas Tornado
Santana & Alice Coltrane—Illuminations
Barefoot Jerry—Watching T.V.
Sneaky Pete—Cold Steel
Kinks—Great Lost Kinks Album
Gene Clark—Road Master
John Stewart—California Bloodlines

But I held my breath and kicked my feet

BACK

1-20 SOLD OUT COMPLETELY

21 Marc Bolan, Jo Mama/Panthy Kootch Tree
22 Al Kooper Pt. 1, Amazing Blondel, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Kerin Cayne
23 Jack Bruce Family Tree, Mott The Hoople, The Allman Brothers, Alice Cooper, Link Wray Band/Van Tree, Terry Riley
24 John Sebastian, Colin Blunstone, Rory Gallagher, Big Brother & The Holding Co., Railroad Convention & Stonedground Trees

21-20 SOLD OUT COMPLETELY

25 Elton John, Lou Reed, Flamin' Groovies, Frank Zappa/Mothers Family Tree, Love Tree, Pink Floyd, Earliest Days
26 Hawkwind, Joe Cocker, Dave Van Ronk, Greenwich Village, Brewster Bros, Dan Hicks, Charlatans, San Francisco Tree
27 Jimmy Page, Bridget St. John, Proby, Trojan Tree, Stephen Stills, Ducks Deluxe, The Kinks, Story Of The Byrds Pt. 1
28 Led Zeppelin, The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, King Kulev, Stealers Wheel, Kevin Ayers, Soft Machine Family Tree, Birds Pt. 2
29 Genesis, The Everly Bros, The Eagles, Burrito Family Tree, Silverhead, Johnny Spaight, Beefheart, Birds Pt. 3
30 Proby, Horton, Neil Sadaka, Elton John, Rockfield, Ry Cooder, Birds Pt. 4, Pin-Up Of Mainwate Of The Month: Pete Frame!!

31 Don McLean, Michael Murphy, Family/Ges monster Family Tree, Joe Holzman, Jonathan Kelly, Story Of The Byrds Pt. 5
32 Pink Floyd, Steve Ellis, The Story Of Spirit, Clifford T. Ward, John Cale, Roy Buchanan, Birds Pt. 6
33 McTendree Spring, Robert Plant, Boz Scaggs, Clarence White, Steve Miller/Boz, Sir Douglas Quintet Family Tree
34 Family, Lou Reed, Captain Beefheart, Asleep At The Wheel, The Atlantic
35 Grateful Dead Pt. 1, Gyam Raksony, Camm Andor, Carlyle H. Coby, Nutters, Don Nix, Free Concert Record

36 Van Morrison, Stan Tracey, Kerin Cayne, Grateful Dead Pt. 2, Byron Berline, On Herb Pedersen and the Diskards
37 Charlie Watts, Mighty Baby, Grateful Dead Pt. 3, Nils Lofgren, Country Joe McDonald
38 Quicksilver Messenger Service, Richard Greene Tree, Ben Sidran, Loggins & Messina, John Stewart, Captain Beefheart

39 Michael Nermuth Interview, Steve Miller, Zigzag Roll, Ralph McTell, Evan Parker (one of many thin issues)
40 Dave Mason, Michael Nermuth Pt. 1 - Montez album, Peter Hammond, Mason Georgia and the Cornicorn Label
41 Quicksilver, John Martyn, David Blue, Velvets, Free, Moby Grape, Michael Fennelly, Story Of The Byrds Pt. 7
42 Nick Drake, Albert Hammond, Moby Grape, Dr. Hook, Free, Gary, Lyni, Spoonful, Hard Up Heroes, John Weider, John Stewart

Yes folks, get your back issues now while our limited stocks last. These fine encyclopaedic tomes are rapidly increasing in value, don't miss out! Each issue is only 20p. Inc. post & packing. Send your name, address & requirements to: ZIGZAG BACK ISSUES, YEOMAN COTTAGE, NORTH MARSTON, BUCKINGHAM, MK18 3PH.

Don't forget the money!!

ZIGZAG

Butterflies have wings of gold, moths have wings of flame, Zigzag has no wings at all, but it gets there just the same. Yes, folks, the world's most unpredictable rock monthly limps on unperturbed by all the sinister comings and goings in merry olde Soho, and as you can see we've decided to try and keep up with the times and produce a 'new-look' Zigzag. We've commissioned a proper artist to design the cover, we've got different quality paper inside (softer on the bum), and, just to dampen your excitement, the price has gone up! I'm afraid it just had to happen sooner or later, but in the future you should be getting at least 52 pages of action-packed grist for your 20p. Actually, most, if not all, of the credit for our changes must go to Jim McGuire, who, besides making sure we stay alive by regularly scoring our requisite number of ads, is taking a greater interest in the production side of matters ensuring that we don't get buried under all the tit mags in the newsagents. Incidentally, if by some remote chance your local newsagent doesn't stock Zigzag, give him a polite and friendly bollocking and then write to us and give us his name and address and we'll see about unloading some on him.

As I've inaugurated a separate records page in this issue, I won't mention any albums here, but there are a number of rock books that are worth checking out if you can find the time. First of all there is the much acclaimed 'Rock Dreams' by Guy Peellaert and Nik Cohn, which should need no explanation or recommendation just make sure you've got a copy. Further on in the series of Rolling Stone books, there's 'The Rolling Stone Interviews Vol 2' which includes two of the best interviews I've ever read anywhere - with Roger McGuinn and Keith Richards, and 'The Rolling Stone Rock 'n' Roll Reader' a selection of articles on most of the major bands of the late sixties and early seventies. You'd be well advised to boycott the current Stone for three issues and then you could afford to buy this book which I must imagine is infinitely more interesting and important to Zigzaggers. Likewise is Bud Scoppa's book

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on the Byrds, which although I haven't read it all properly yet, does seem to be a good introduction to the Byrds history. For a very much more detailed account you must, of course, stay tuned to Zigzag, where chapter eight of the never-ending Byrds story may soon appear. Regular readers will know of Pete's enthusiasm in the past over Mott The Hoople and blow me down if Frame (and Zigzag) don't get a mention right at the beginning of Ian Hunter's book 'Diary Of A Rock 'n' Roll Star' (Panther). I've never been a die-hard Mott fan myself, but I found this book very enjoyable and quite revealing in some ways. The last of the books that I've managed to peruse over the last month is 'British Beat' by Chris May and Tim Phillips (Socion). A very low-key modest looking book, it nevertheless manages to say something about almost every British beat group of the mid 60s, and, apart from a few omissions in the discographies, it's a valuable reference book with some really amazing old pictures, all nicely put together. Hours of fascinating reading guaranteed.

For some reason, the last month has been very busy as far as gigs are concerned. Most of the concerts I've been to have been really enjoyable, but I must confess to being disappointed by more than one fading star. Arthur Lee and his band were quite diabolical at Dingwalls. A more noisy bunch of evil looking mothers I've yet to see, and when they crashed into 'Alone Again Or' and all those old classics with the finesse and subtlety of a herd of pissed Buffalo, I just stared in disbelief, put my hands over my ears, and walked back to the bar. Steely Dan were very slick and professional at the Rainbow, but my sentiments are echoed exactly in Chris Briggs' piece on them elsewhere in this issue. Man, Traffic and the fabulous Butts Band were excellent when I saw them, but poor old Tim Hardin didn't come across too well amidst the clinking glasses and trendy posers at Biba's. Surprise of the month was Black Oak Arkansas, whose stage image is such that you'd think they were a degenerate bunch of thugs, but don't believe it they're the quietest, friendliest and most well-behaved guys you could ever meet - quite a revelation. I wish I could say something about the mammoth

gig at Charlton Athletic, but due to the astonishing pig-headed inefficiency of the security people there, I never got anywhere near the press enclosure and so had to view almost everything from what seemed about two miles away. From what I saw and heard, Lou Reed was dreadful and Humble Pie and Maggie Bell didn't sound much better either. In fact the whole day would have been a wash-out but for Bad Company who sounded very promising, and the Who, needless to say, who were superb.

Bummer of the month - John Tobler hasn't written anything for this issue, which is very naughty of him, but never fear, a lengthy account of the career of Rick Nelson is under way, isn't it John?

Now an apology. Many of you who have written to me either regarding Zigzag or Fat Angel, may not have received a reply yet. My humble apologies to all of you and if you can hang on for a few more weeks, I'll be wading through all the mail and getting replies off to you. Thanks for being so patient.

An important note from our back issues out-post in North Marston ... issues 30 and 31 are temporarily out of stock so please don't send away for these numbers until we can tell you otherwise.

Kaleidoscope fans pin your ears back John Tobler has acquired three copies of 'Incredible Kaleidoscope' the band's third album, and we're going to auction them to the highest bidder. Send your offers (nothing less than £5) to us and you could be the proud owner of this rock classic.

Lastly, you'll have probably noticed by now that every month we're printing song lyrics at the bottom of each page. This issue it's 'The Swimming Song' by Loudon Wainwright 111, and what we'd like is for you to send in your suggestions as to what songs we could use in the future. Pick a good'un, write all the lyrics out, and send them to me. If we print your particular entry you may win a sparkling new album you never know your luck. Anyway, that's all for this month; take care and be careful what you listen to.

Andy

And I moved my arms around





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Kevin Coyne

DISC - 18 May 1974

KEVIN COYNE "Blame It On The Night"
(Virgin V2012)

I totally missed out on the first Kevin Coyne album on Virgin, "Manjory Razorblade", and from the intro on the first track (*River Of Sin*) realised what I had been missing. Mr. Coyne has a rough and plaintive voice and is admirably backed by fine sax, keyboards and superb slide guitar (by Gordon Smith).

Sign Of The Times follows the good work. So does *I Believe In Love* (this latest single) etc., until ya get to the end of side two when - lo and behold - the album is finished. The point of this drawn out take is that I was sad when it ended.

Kevin Coyne has a lovely voice (strange choice of words, I admit!), the self-penned songs are strong and he's found himself a great band to push him along. **** H.K.

MELODY MAKER - 15 June 1974
KEVIN COYNE "Blame It On The Night"
(Virgin V2012)

If you've ever had the pleasure of seeing Kevin Coyne perform, you'll know that all of his idiosyncracies make complete sense in a concert setting. Snippets of beat poetry, unaccompanied barroom ballads, humorous snatches of songs delivered in a variety of accents. And Coyne's personality is engaging enough to ensure that it all works. Numbers like "River of Sin", "I believe in Love" and "Poor Swine" with great Gordon Smith slide guitar, are evidence that Coyne is easily excels as the best rock/blues shouter, his voice raw and expressive, his words profound yet admirably direct. Good word must be said for the no-frills production by Link Wray mentor Steve Verdica, and the sparse, spirited back-ups of Coyne's regular comrades Gordon Smith (guitars), Rick Dodd (tenor), Terry Slade (drums) and mighty Chidi Charles taking a drum credit here and there. Make no mistake, *this* is a fine album, streets ahead of most other singer-songwriter products. The reservation is simply that, acknowledging Kevin's incredible potential, it's frustrating that he's yet to do himself justice in the studio. Someday, without doubt, he'll shake the world. **** S.L.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS - 15 June 1974

KEVIN COYNE "Blame It On The Night" (Virgin V2012).

This is the fourth time I've reviewed this goddam record.

fourth time I've reviewed this goddam record. The first three attempts were successfully discarded on completion as I realised I was being unfair to Mr. Coyne. Less unfair each time, it's true, but since he is a man who so obviously lays his integrity on the table, then the least any potential critic can do is to respond in kind. Nevertheless, it is a stunning album still, but I now believe that in time everything will fall into place. Coyne's work is not readily approachable, and at the beginning it was only the beautiful, lyrical single "I Believe In Love" that stood out.

Coyne can be melodic, tuneful and accessible when he pleases, it's just that often he chooses not to. Hence, one's enthusiasm is stirred first for the tracks that utilise more instrumentation and really open the throttle right out, such as the opening "River Of Sin", which begins with some nefarious cackles of laughter and is swept along, in full flood, as it were, by some cutting, slide guitar from Gordon Smith, with some very committed bashing from housedrummer Chidi Charles. It makes you wish he had been given full-time employment. Likewise, "Take A Train" has abundant energy and some fine interplay at the close between the drums and the sax. Coyne's voice, which he must have picked up from a scrappyard, puts on a display of manic vitality, and so the side ends very powerfully. In between there's "I Believe In Love", a song of pure magic that includes an insidious organ, some complementary back-up voices and the most buoyantly euphoric lyrics I've heard in ages. "I was so lonely all the time. Now I've found words that rhyme! No cliches I'm running wild I'm a poet - I can sing, better than you thought. The black dog has left my door". (What will the Meltzers make of that? Yestushenko? Led Zeppelin?) Then on side two "Poor Swine" rocks along enthusiastically and "Choose" is very pleasant on the ear. All Coyne's songs exude a real sense of atmosphere, and have imaginative arrangements designed to capture the feel of the song - never too obviously. I'm glad to say, and in this context the haunting qualities of "Witch", deserve particular mention. When the basic guitar sound is embellished, it's done really tastefully, such as the strong on the title track and the recorders on "Sign Of The Times". Every track, indeed, is thoughtfully produced. I've just played the whole thing again. Yes friends, this is a great album; but give it time - you know it don't come easy. Bob Woffinden



Blame it on The Night



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