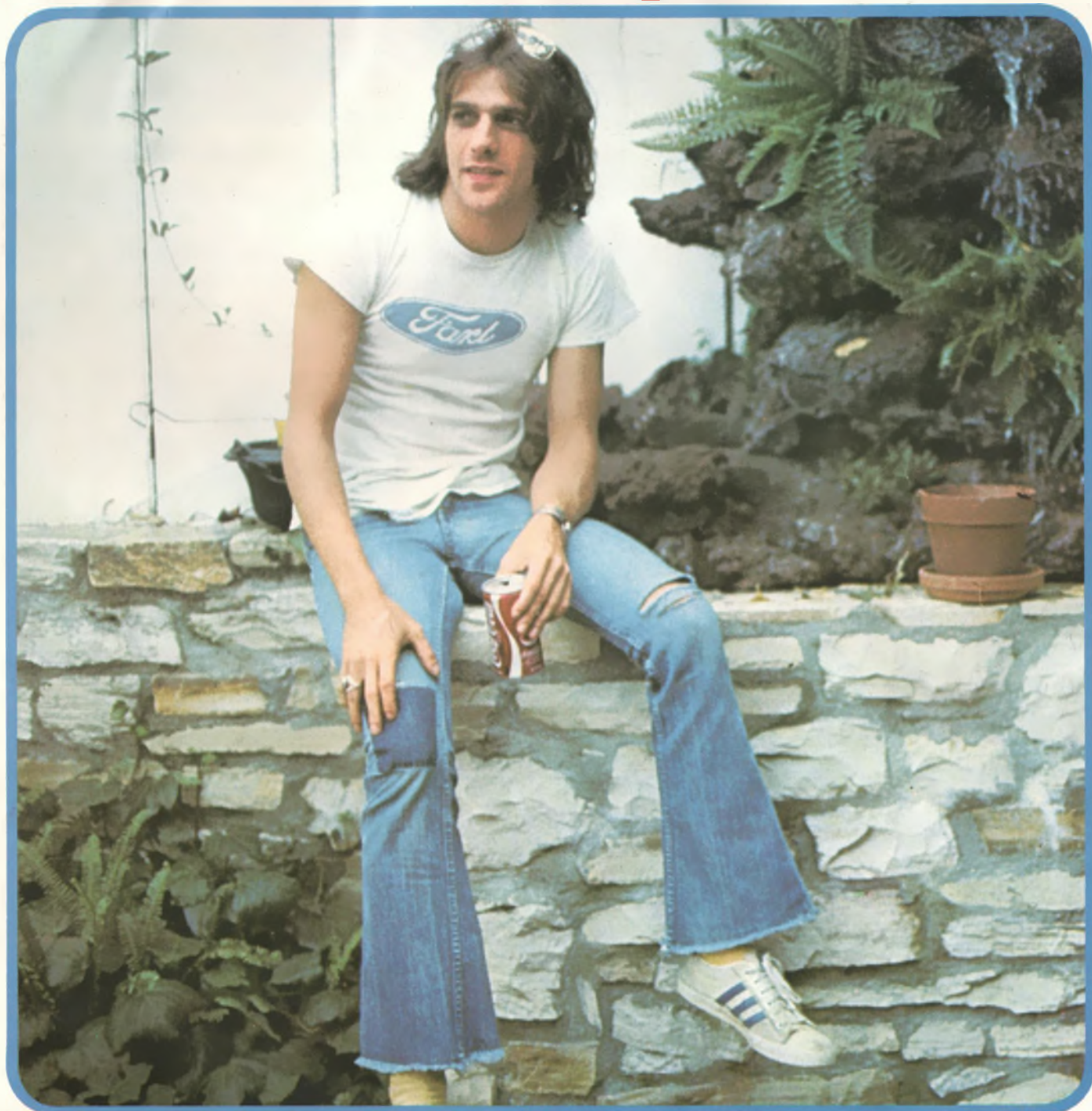


# zigzag 67

25 PENCE

DEC. 1976

**The Rock Magazine**



GLENN FREY OF THE EAGLES

## Eagles

**Kursaal Flyers**

**Fleetwood Mac, Andrew Gold**

# Joan

In 1976 Joan Armatrading achieved the success which has long been overdue, as it was back in 1972 that she released her debut album "Whatever's for us". It was acclaimed as one of the albums of that year — but was not the enormous hit that it deserved to be. Now that album is available again. Its 14 imaginative and evocative songs make up an LP that was undoubtedly ahead of it's time — one that nobody who has just discovered Joan's exciting talent can afford to be without.



## Tracks:

MY FAMILY  
CITY GIRL  
SPEND A LITTLE TIME  
WHATEVER'S FOR US, FOR US  
CHILD STAR  
VISIONARY MOUNTAINS  
IT COULD HAVE BEEN BETTER  
HEAD OF THE TABLE  
MISTER REMEMBER ME  
GAVE IT A TRY  
ALICE  
CONVERSATION  
MEAN OLD MAN  
ALL THE KING'S GARDENS

## Personnel:

GERRY CONWAY/HENRY SPINETTI Drums  
RAY COOPER Percussion  
LARRY STEELE Bass Guitar  
DAVY JOHNSTONE Guitar  
JOAN ARMATRADING Guitar/Vocals



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**DECCA**

# Joe

It has long been accepted that Joe Cocker is at his best when he's in front of an audience — when the adrenalin-rush that he thrives upon is pushing him up there as one of the great concert performers. Now some of that excitement and energy has been captured on a new live album "Live in L.A."

Including such classic tracks as "High time we went", "Hitchcock Railway" and a amazing version of "Love the one you're with" and backed by the likes of Chris Stainton, Neil Hubbard, Bobby Keyes and Jim Price, "Live in L.A.", is a record that contains essence of the real Joe Cocker — Cockerpower strikes again!



## Tracks:

DEAR LANDLORD  
EARLY IN THE MORNING  
DIDN'T YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT TO CRY SOMETIME?  
ST. JAMES INFIRMARY  
HITCHCOCK RAILWAY  
MIDNIGHT RIDER  
WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU?  
HIGH TIME WE WENT  
LOVE THE ONE YOU'RE WITH

## Personnel:

CHRIS STAINTON Keyboards  
ALAN SPENNER Bass Guitar  
NEIL HUBBARD Guitar  
JIM KARSTEIN Drums  
FELIX FALCON Percussion  
JIM HORN Saxes and Flute  
BOBBY KEYES Tenor Sax  
JIM PRICE Trumpet  
VIOLA WILLS Backing Vocals  
VIRGINIA AYERS  
BEVERLY GARDNER



**ZIGZAG 67**

**December 1976**

**YEOMAN COTTAGE  
NORTH MARSTON  
BUCKINGHAM MK18 3PH**

**editorial board  
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JOHN TOBLER  
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**The Famous  
MAC GARRY  
PAUL KENDALL  
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**advertising  
JOHN TOBLER  
Brookwood  
(048 67) 5840**

**photographers  
CHALKIE DAVIES  
TOM CHEYENNE**

**layout  
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**cover illustration  
BARRY SCHULTZ**

**subscriptions  
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## CONTENTS

Before I begin to burbling on about this month's super groovy issue, may I take this opportunity to wish everybody out there the merriest of merry Christmases from all of us at Zigzag; to all readers whose continued interest has kept the old rag afloat, to all our friends in the biz, and to all the stars who've glittered for us during this most wondrous of years. To our detractors...may your turkey bite you back.

Considering it was given up for dead at the end of 1975, it's been an excellent year for Zigzag, which has somehow managed to nurse itself back to an unprecedentedly healthy condition. So — our help to everybody who's helped us over the year...from the perky postwoman to the editor of Melody Maker. And now...on to the contents.

Our man across the water, Constant Meijers, has friends in high places; he had his hands on a tape of the new EAGLES album as soon as it had been mixed — and he also managed the impossible: a phone interview with all five of the normally non-communicative Eagles. Within hours, a transcript of their conversation was dispatched to Bucks County by a representative of the Quicksilver Messenger Service of Amsterdam — just so that all you lucky people out there could be the first to read all about it. No expense spared!

Doesn't it warm your heart to see the Kursaal Flyers bulleting up the charts? And only a few months after those gloomy old prophets of doom in the weeklies were shaking their heads and remarking how the Kursaals had got as far as they'd ever get, were washed up, and might as well jack it in. A pox on them all — joyless old farts! My advice to new groups: sign with any old label first, then make CBS your second label — because their A&R man, Dangerous Dan Loggins, has a magic wand down his trouser leg. He waves it about, and write-offs become hit acts! Witness Mott The Hoople (All The Young Dudes!) SB&Q (Arms Of Mary) and now the Kursaals. Look after that golden rod, Danny boy.

Anyway, the history of the KURSAAL FLYERS is recounted by the redoubtable Paul Kendall, who spent a couple of days whirling through the West Country in their works outing coach, before high-tailing it back to the metropolis to interview ANDREW GOLD — part time accompanist, part time rising star — undeterred by Tobler, Omaha and myself shouting loudly from the next table.

It seems as if Andy Childs has finally kicked the habit (snoozing around the clock): you'll find an article on ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL within, and (believe it or not) he's already submitted his stuff for next month! That bottle of Rejuvenation Elixir that Alan Freeman gave him certainly works a lot better than the jar of Baldomatic hair restorer that Cyril Jordan sold me.

In JOHN WALTERS' column we learn the sad story of Bugsie, the unknown pianist tipped as a contender for Rick Wakeman's crown; how he was denied fame, fortune and the luxurious trappings of superstardom by a cruel train of events which culminated in his being shot by the Sweeney.

Conspicuous in their absence this month are the terrible Tobler and the notorious Needs, victims of a newly-introduced quality-not-quantity policy. Tobler has been consumed with other projects — notably the Insight series on Radio One...and I have to say that his spectaculars on Poco, Linda Ronstadt, Boz Scaggs and Jackson Browne have been among the very best programmes ever transmitted by the Beeb, who I believe have now decided to drop the series in favour of further doses of loony tunes. — It was a predictable move: the series was far too intelligent and interesting for Radio One...but it's a bloody shame, all the same.

Needs is currently on the Continent with the Flamin Groovies — reporting on their tour for Sounds, who now publish some of his outpourings...a move I can only applaud. Needs' effusive over-the-top style is a godsend after all those moaning hyper-critical hacks who love themselves more than the music. I disagree with a lot of his opinions, but Needsy certainly writes from the heart — and that's what matters. (I was rather intrigued to read a recent review of his where he wrote about "a bladder emptying guitar riff"...what on earth does he mean by that? I was standing in front of him at that particular gig — I only hope he didn't empty his bladder over my back!)

What else have we got? Oh yes — Mac finally scraped together the second half of his thing on WARREN ZEVON (the informative sheet he refers to is quite interesting — he got me to write it out for him), and he starts a new series of Happenings Ten Years Time Ago, which is fascinating in the light of subsequent events. One problem...is this destined to become another series which falls by the wayside after a couple of months?

Finally, we have a FLEETWOOD MAC family tree for those of you with magnifying glasses.

And that's it. What a great year it's been...loads of great records and great gigs; the best year of the decade. 1977 will be even better.

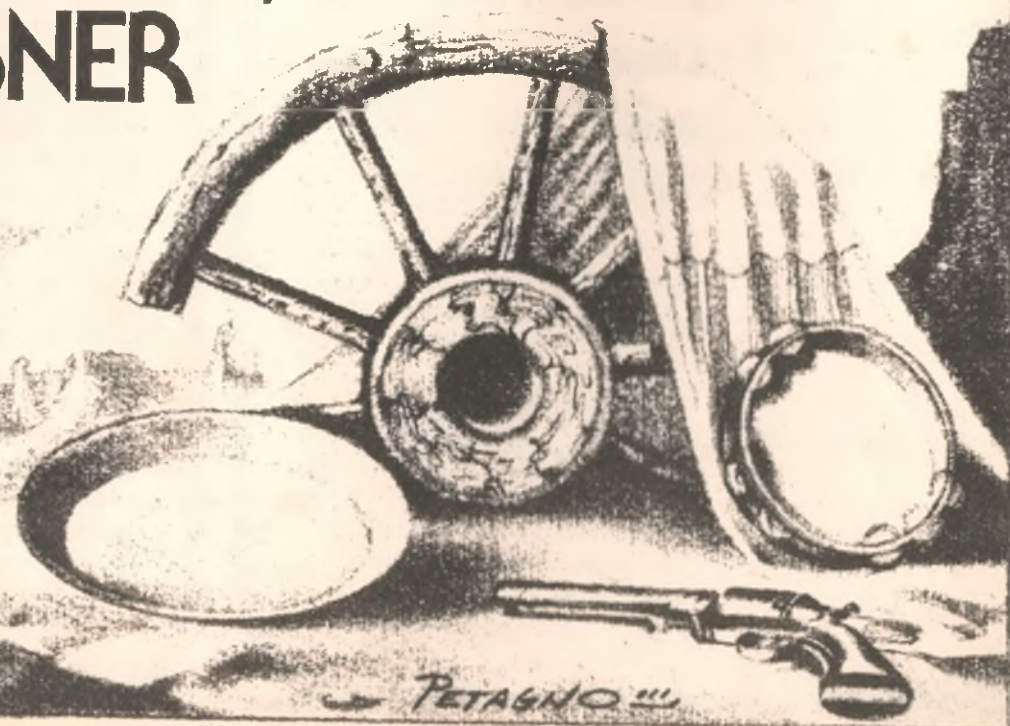
See you then.

Pete.

# EAGLES



## UP TO DATE WITH DON HENLEY, JOE WALSH, DON FELDER, GLENN FREY AND RANDY MEISNER



A rare sight: Frey, Walsh and Leadon as Eagles together!

Our good friend Constant Meijers, who runs the Dutch music paper Muziekrant Oor, maintains such close contact with the Eagles that he managed to lay his hands on a tape of their new album almost as soon as it had been mixed.

Not only that, but he arranged for them to call him up to discuss the album for the benefit of Zigzag readers!

Thursday, the 18th of November, 00.30 hours, the telephone rings.

Glenn Frey. Hello, Constant? Hey pardner, this is Glenn, how are you?

ZZ: I'm fine, thanks, how are you?

GF: Oh, I'm burned. We are in Minneapolis, Minnesota. We got a night off tonight, so we're going to a hockey game.

ZZ: I have to tell you guys that your album knocked me out.

GF: Oh great. I'm glad you like it. We didn't get done with it that long ago, about a week and a half, two weeks. We were out on the road for a couple of days, then back to the studio, back and forth, back and forth. Pretty crazy schedule – but it turned out real good. We're really pleased with it – but then we usually are right when we finish an album.

ZZ: I don't know for sure yet, but I have a suspicion it's your best ever.

GF: I'm hoping that's the way it will turn out, there are certainly a lot of potential singles on there. We were pretty happy to find our recording technique and our songwriting all come together so well at the same time. This album is kinda like . . . I hate to compare it with 'Desperado', but in some ways it's almost the modern day version of that same story. But listen, I don't wanna hog the phone 'cause, believe it or not, everybody is here to talk with you. So maybe I can pass the phone round and the other guys can talk too.

ZZ: Okay, I have a couple of questions for the others . . . can you tell me about the songs on this album, Glen?

GF: Oohh . . . that's complicated. I mean, everyone was intensely involved in the writing side . . . including J.D. Souther, who helped us write two of the songs on the album 'There's a new kid in town' and 'Victim of Love'. The first

side starts with 'Hotel California', then 'New kid in town', 'Life in the fast lane' and 'Wasted time'. The second side is 'Victim of love', 'Pretty maids all in a row', 'Try and love again' and 'The last resort', which is the one that everybody is raving about . . . Henley really outdid himself on that one, he wrote most of the words.

ZZ: How has the group changed since the arrival of Joe Walsh?

GF: Well, it's as good as we thought it would be; the guitar playing is much more to my liking now . . . and the musical platforms we are working off on this album are also more to my liking, incidentally. On stage, songs like 'Lying eyes', and that sort of country-rock-ballad-soft-rock-material, which comes very easy to us didn't change at all when Joe came into the band; he has a fluent enough style to fit into that kind of music. What really does get me off, as far as his arrival is concerned, is our ability to do 'Hotel California', and 'Life in the fast lane'. Those are a challenge and real exciting to play.

ZZ: It seems as if there is more rock'n'roll in the music now, a more gutsy approach – but there also seems to be more consistency in this album, certainly more than was discernible on 'One of These Nights'.

GF: I think you may be right there, I have the feeling that we'll surprise a lot of people with this record and that the critics on the East Coast all spoke too soon! 'Hotel California' puts our whole existence into perspective. Anyway, I'll hand you over to Joe.

Joe Walsh. Hi man, what are you doing?

ZZ: I'm holding the phone to my ear! Listen . . . when we last spoke in September '75, were you already aware that you were going to join the Eagles?

JW: It wasn't really definite enough to announce or brag about. I was sort of waiting to see what happened – but there was talk about it.

ZZ: How do like being part of an established group?

JW: Oh, I like it a lot; it's great . . . a whole lot of weight off my shoulders! It was a little frantic, you know, getting the album done; we were just a tiny bit behind schedule on it, so we

had to rush around to finish it off. We are just finishing up a real busy year!

ZZ: During that same interview you expressed the feeling that you were afraid the Eagles were in danger of becoming a little bit lazy during 1976.

JW: I wish they would get lazy! I amend my statement!

ZZ: Did you contribute a lot to the production of the new album? It sound as if you did.

JW: Well, I just plugged in as a part of the group. There are little places where I'm shining through, and places where I was playing keyboards and stuff.

ZZ: Who plays the organ?

JW: That's me. I had freedom to come up with some arrangements, which I did, and sometimes I was told what to play-which was fine. It worked out very well as far as I'm concerned.

ZZ: As far as the production goes . . . well, the Eagles never achieved this kind of feel before, but you have. So I get the impression that you had a hand in the production.

JW: Might be, might be. I was able to contribute ideas as a result of working with Fogelberg, but I'm not responsible for all of the album by any means. I just feel as if I made my presence felt, in a positive way.

ZZ: Which songs did you write?

JW: I wrote 'Pretty maids all in a row'.

ZZ: Are you still involved with solo projects?

JW: Yeah, they are going ahead too. I'm just in the process of signing up with Asylum Records, so as soon as that's done I might get started. Probably next year.

ZZ: But no plans to reform Barnstorm in the near future?

JW: Maybe, based around an album sometime next year. It depends if the Eagles get lazy or not.

ZZ: At what stage of the lifespan of a group are the Eagles currently standing? I remember you holding some interesting theories on the lifespans of groups.

JW: Oh, that's a hard one to answer. I think it is still positive, I'm certain there is another album or two in everybody, though it's getting

kinda hard for Don and Glenn to keep writing whole albums of consistently neat stuff. It gets harder and harder to top it, just to prove to yourself that you're going somewhere artistically . . . but everybody in the group is writing now, a whole lot of ideas are always floating around and that's really a good sign. Randy and Don Felder are really starting to write; they're bringing their ideas in, which all adds to the continuing strength of the group.

ZZ: Did you contribute any synthesizer playing to the album?

JW: Yeah, there are a few little things in there, but you wouldn't really be able to say 'Oh, there's a synthesizer part'. It's more like just colouring certain passages . . . a little noise here and there, to make it sound a little more interesting.

ZZ: Are you happy with the way things are going?

JW: Yeah, pretty much . . . but I tell you, I really think we need to get out and relax in the country for a while. Things are happening pretty fast and you really need to put it together and keep it together. We put in a really hard year, starting with a tour of Australia, Japan and New Zealand last January; it's been a really good year, but I think we are all looking forward to a little bit of time off.

ZZ: Can anybody tell me what Bernie Leadon is doing right now?

JW: I really don't know. I think it was Bernie's wish to go and lose himself for a while — so nobody would know what he was doing — so I guess that he's happy. I didn't really know him that well, although I respect him as a musician; I got an insight into how good he really was, when I had to learn all his licks . . . and he's good! Well, I hope to see you soon, hang on for Henley.

Don Henley: Hallo, Constant.

ZZ: Hallo Don, how are you?

DH: We've got a great connection here!

ZZ: Too true — I never had such a clear line to the States. Must be because of Carter; he's

already started changing a couple of things. Did you go and vote?

DH: No. I wanted to, but we were on tour and I couldn't. I told my mother to vote, though. I don't think that things are gonna change that much, but I think that Carter is a little better than Ford.

ZZ: Let's hope so. I've already told Glenn how much I like the new album, but I'd like to compliment you on 'The last resort'.

DH: Thank you. We're pretty proud of that track.

ZZ: I remember when we talked a year ago, that you were praising Jackson Browne for his ability to write involved lyrics; now it seems you've succeeded in doing the same.

DH: Well, because of our stature and our power and our money or whatever, we got involved in some political things this year; we got involved with Jerry Brown, the governor of California, who was running for president, and we also got involved with the nuclear initiative to try to stop the building of nuclear power plants. I've always been an environmentalist, I've always thought of myself as one and I have always cared about the planet, but this year we really went out and did something. We did benefits and tried to do some good work — tried to use our power in a good way. So, in some ways, we all grew up a lot and don't just write silly little love songs now because there's more than that happening, you know. In the end of 'Last Resort', the song actually goes to church: it says that man will ultimately destroy heaven if left to his own devices, because he has destroyed every heaven on earth. Yeah, I'm proud of it. I'm also proud of it, because it took sixteen, seventeen hours to mix . . . Drove them crazy.

ZZ: Did it take Glenn and you a great deal of time and effort to get all the material together?

DH: Yes, it was very difficult. We've been working on it for a year. We started recording around the end of March, but Randy's song 'Try and love again' was the first one that came up,

and that surfaced a year ago last month. It was hard, and it gets harder: Your previous effort becomes your new yardstick, and you have to go one better, you know. This album is not the next predictable step; it's very different. I like the 'Hotel California' track too; I like the song — I'm very proud of that one. It's very cynical, but that's alright. It's our bicentennial year, you know, the country is 200 years old, so we figured since we are the Eagles and the Eagles is our national symbol, that we were obliged to make some kind of a little bicentennial statement using California as a microcosm of the whole United States, or the whole world, if you will, and to try to wake people up and say 'We've been okay so far, for 200 years, but we're gonna have to change if we're gonna continue to be around'. So I'm really pleased with the album. It was hard though. We were going out on tour and recording at the same time. In fact, we had to finish the album during the start of our tour; we played three concerts in three different cities, and then had to get a lear jet and fly back to Miami and record all night until six o'clock the next morning. Then we had to fly back to the next town and play another concert . . . that's the way we finished it. We weren't even at the studio for the last two mixes, Szymczyk had to mix the last two tracks and bring them out to us, on the road, so we could hear them.

ZZ: Did you all contribute specific things to the production? The whole sound is very straight, open and honest.

DH: We all contributed to the production, maybe even more so than Szymczyk. We tried to keep the sounds true and I think that this album is the best since 'Desperado', probably . . . from an artistic standpoint, anyway. This is a concept album, there's no way to hide it, but it's not set in the old West, the cowboy thing, you know. It's more urban this time.

ZZ: How is the group's solidarity now Joe has joined? Leadon used to be a leading character more or less, and Joe has a strong character as well.



DH: It's better than it ever has been, everybody is much happier. There's no struggle, no power struggle, no fighting and none of the problems that used to exist. Everybody is much happier and healthier, and we're a lot tighter on stage. The band is much better: everything fits and there's more precision.

ZZ: I have the feeling that you're opening up a whole new market with this album.

DH: I think so too, yeah. I think it'll show people that we can play rock and roll as good as Bad Company or anybody else: 'Drive in the fast lane' is our R&B song, 'Victim of love' is the rock'n'roll song.

ZZ: You sing both those, don't you?

DH: Yeah. I sang about five songs on this album, but since I stopped smoking, it's become difficult for people to pick out who's singing what. I takes a long time in fact, it's amazing . . . I guess my voice must have altered somewhat.

ZZ: It took me some time, even though I know that the raspy voice is yours and the more fluent voice Frey's . . . the Stills and Young of the seventies.

DH: (laughing) Okay, alright . . .

ZZ: What does the sleeve look like?

DH: There's a picture of the Beverly Hills Hotel on the front, which is really THE hotel in California; very elegant and very decadent at the same time. It's a romantic place and you can see all kinds of people there — You see a lot of tourist types, a lot of very glamorous movie star people, and a lot of phoney people. A lot of real people too. A lot of people have parties there, so that's what the front of the album cover is. It's shot from a crane about 100 to 150 feet up in the air, at sunset. There are black silhouettes of palm trees and the sky is a kind of rusty, smoky colour. We superimposed a neon sign that says 'Hotel California', because we couldn't use the name Beverly Hills Hotel: we'd probably have been sued.

ZZ: Hollywood seems to have been mentioned in several songs over the last year.

DH: That's even happening in the movie business too, L.A. and Hollywood. Every few years they exploit L.A. and Hollywood, you know. New people coming in, new songwriters and directors discover what it's all about so they move here and make an album, or a film about it. We just had Warren Zevon's album about L.A. and now there's a new movie out called 'Welcome to L.A.', which should be a pretty interesting movie. It's by a young man named Rudolph, who is an understudy of Robert Altman. Anyway, back to the sleeve: the inside is a big wide angled photograph of the inside lobby of an old hotel in Hollywood. Once upon a time, it used to be very elegant, but now it's a home for old people, some pimps and young

starting actors. It used to be very grand and very Spanish and it's still a little that way, except that they've put up formica, phoney plastic wood on the walls, a coke machine in the lobby, a green shag carpet on the hardwood floors, and even plastic chandeliers.

That represented to us what has happened to California and to the country in general, so we got a lot of our friends and we hired a bunch of people to come in and stand there. We got a conglomeration; tried to get one of every kind of person. We got surfers, we got weightlifters, hookers, pimps, rich girls and all kinds of people to stand around in the picture . . . It's a very surrealistic photo. Then the back of the cover is the same lobby, except it's empty. The poor little Mexican janitor is all alone packing it up at five o'clock in the morning. People have come and gone and left their trash and their cigarette butts, and the Spanish people are left to clean up. The party is over. It's a symbolic sleeve, and it's not very pretty. The front is kinda pretty, but we made it a little bit tasteless on purpose.

ZZ: Have you got a special message for the readers?

DH: Ehh. . . well let's see . . . Yeah, the same thing the album conveys, which is true: to try and care about your environment and who your leaders are. In America we have gone through a big period of anti-patriotism. It was considered not chic, it was considered corny to vote, or to care who was president. Everybody said 'Oh well, it doesn't make any difference any way'. So tell young people not to get so caught up in their own little lives, because we all have to live here together; to try to read and find out what's going on and try to care about their country, their environment and the planet, and to care about who you let govern your life. Right — that's it . . . I'll hand you over to Randy.

Randy Meisner: Hi, how are you? I've been sitting here listening and it sounds like everybody pretty much covered everything. So, I hope to see you in April. Here's Don.

Don Felder: Hallo Constant.

ZZ: Hi, Don how are you? You're playing some pretty mean guitar on this new album!

DH: Aha, you think so? That's good to hear; I'm having a great time playing with Walsh. We're having fun! It's easier for two people to share lead guitar than to have one person having to carry the burden all the time. It really is fun to be able to swap parts, back one guy up, then the other guy switch off, then play together for a few bars . . . there are so many permutations.

ZZ: I remember Neil Young once saying that the Eagles were the Buffalo Springfield of the seventies. He seems to have been right after all!

DH: Is that right? Well, there's one song on the album that we joke about being our Buffalo

Chi-Lites track; half the Chi-Lites half Buffalo Springfield. It's a track of Randy's, 'Try and love again'.

ZZ: Did you have a hand in any of the songs?

DF: Yeah, I wrote the track for 'Hotel California', the music for that; I wrote the track for 'Victim of love' and arranged that, and wrote about a quarter of the lyrics for that one too.

ZZ: There was a rumour that Walsh was leaving the band.

DF: Well, everybody at one point or another, in whatever situation, says to himself when it gets real hard and when he gets real tired 'What the hell am I doing?'. One day Randy feels like leaving, the next day I feel like leaving; everybody passes the ball around. Sure everybody has thought about it and everybody has in one way or another, considered it. But so much for the rumour; Joe's here and he's happy!

ZZ: Did Joe's arrival work as some kind of a bloodtransfusion?

DF: To a certain extent. At first the prospect of having to go through a personnel change was a little bit unnerving but Joe and I got together and jammed a bit before the final decision. We did a couple of shows together and even made that live-album 'Can't Argue with A Sick Mind', with him — sort of like a test to see how and if at all we could work together. Getting to know each other. At that point we just had such a good time that there was really no question about him being able to, musically or personally or in terms of enthusiasm, join this band. Everybody really felt positive when he joined. It took him a little bit of time to fill in various areas of his musical vocabulary that he wasn't quite as well versed in as in others, and it took him a little while to get the hang of singing certain parts that he'd never previously done. He was a bit uncertain about it at first, but everybody felt real confident. When the first little sparks of new enthusiasm, and the first couple of jams that everybody got gassed-out about, started happening, it was like when a new band gets together! In some ways, even now, it seems as if we're still a new band, 'cause anytime you take on new personnel, it takes years for the new guy to lock in. But it's really come a long, long way since Joe joined. If I were to sit down and try to think of another person — musically and personally and tastefully and creative wise — to fill the spot that Walsh has filled, I don't think I could come up with an alternative: he's really done so many amazing things. Anyway . . . we have to go now, so take it easy over there, and we all look forward to coming back to Europe real soon.

Constant Meijers

Titled 'Hotel California', the new Eagles album is scheduled for British release on 10th December.

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## A ZIGZAG CHRISTMAS FAIRYTALE



## THE STORY OF THOSE KURSAAL FLYERS AND THEIR QUEST FOR FAME AND FORTUNE

### CHAPTER 1

Once upon a time - three years ago to be precise - in funfair-filled Southend, glistening jewel of the Essex Riviera, there lived a motley collection of young men... well, maybe not young, but undeniably men.

Life in that wonderland of amusement arcades and works outings was not intolerable: all the lads had good steady jobs, and in their spare time they played in various local musical combos, earning a few groats and generally having a laugh, (see ye historic Southend Family Tree in ZZ56)...but something was lacking, something was still needed to satiate their spirits! craving for fulfilment.

Vic Collins was a guitarist and pedal-steel player who had sampled life as a professional musician in the late 1960s with a group called Cardboard Orchestra, who made a couple of singles for CBS (a vinyl shipping company in distant London town). Now he was playing with a country band called Thomahawk, but he was getting bored with their limited brand of music, so when his old friend Paul Shuttleworth - a vocalist of some local renown - came round to his domicile and suggested they should get a group together as an occasional diversion, he jumped at the chance.

Richie Bull didn't actually hail from Southend. He came from Braintree, some thirty miles to the north, and he was a man of considerable experience in the treacherous quicksands of the music business. As a mere stripling of a school-boy he had played banjo with the Clay

County Travellers, who were regular favourites on steam radio programmes such as Nightride and Country Meets Folk.

After a cursory attempt at leading a normal life in an advertising agency, Richie formed a group called Natchez Trace with Nick Strutt and a couple of other gentlemen, and between 1969 and '71 they did a lot of touring round, and recorded three albums.

The first was done for a small independent label called Lucky...which wasn't and went bankrupt, leaving only two of the tracks to see the light of day on a double sampler album. Reduced to a trio when their American guitarist Steve Miller (another one) went home, they did two more albums for Phillips - 'From Natchez To Nashville' (6414 106) and 'Last Time Together' - the latter so-called because Natchez Trace had split by the time it was released on the prestigious Avenue label, to whom Phillips had flogged the tapes.

Having spent the next few months as a resident sessionman at Decca Studios (along with Steve Simpson, who went on to Meal Ticket), playing on countless country albums, and even making a solo album 'The World Of Country Music Vol. 4' (SPA 330), Richie reunited with Nick Strutt in Mr. Fox, who were a major attraction on the folk circuit at the time. He then went on to play with a friend called Brian Golbey - who now sings under the Cajun Moon - before returning to session work in the London sweatshops.

During this second period in the studios Richie contributed to such milestones in recording history as 'Pacific Strings Play

The Hits Of The Carpenters' and 'String Quartets Play Elton John', as well as more meritorious projects such as Bob Pegg and Nick Strutt's 'The Shipbuilder'. "The best thing about doing all those dodgy albums", Richie would say in later years, when his chums took to mocking him, "was the quality of the guys you worked with. People like Clem Cattini and Jud Proctor were just so good on their instruments. It was great, because the discipline that doing an album in a single day instils in you is invaluable".

Richie was also dissatisfied, however. Fed up with the stultifying round of boring sessions, and harbouring fond memories of life on the road with Natchez Trace and American bluegrass star Mac Wiseman, he too jumped at the chance when Vic, whom he had met some months previously, suggested the idea of forming a group.

Together with two chappies from Thomahawk and a bassist called Dave Hatfield, Paul, Vic and Richie made up the Bread and Cheese Hillbillies, who did the odd gig in the autumn of '73. Very soon, though, the two Thomahawks were replaced by Will Birch and Graeme Douglas, who had been in various aggregations with the others, and the legend of the Kursaal Flyers was born. (The name, according to Southend mythology, came from a mock train that used to cruise the town advertising the Kursaal Funfair).

Although our sexy sextet were still otherwise employed - Richie and Vic with their musical activities, the rest in diverse jobs - they practised hard, working up a set of country and pop favourites, such as 'I'm A Believer', 'Route 66' and

Graeme Douglas — photo by Adrian Boot



'Twenty Flight Rock', until in February '74 they secured a weekly residency at a friendly local tavern called the Blue Boar. This kept both them and the ever-swelling throng of customers happy for a while, but there was still something more, and the Kursaals Flyers began to hanker after a look at the wicked world outside Southend.

## CHAPTER 2

Will Birch was a bright-eyed, bushy-tailed fellow, impetuous and optimistic like all adventurous boys of his age, and he was well choked off with his office job and anxious to become a full-time musician after the manner of the heroes whose records he would listen to on his wind-up gramophone. So when a little bird landed on his shoulder one day while he was slaving over a hot quill pen and told him about a group with a record contract and regular work that needed a drummer, he swallowed hard and took a chance.

With his possessions in a knotted handkerchief, the intrepid young Will left his old life behind him and made his way down to the distant depths of Cornwall, where he met up with Charlie and the Wide Boys. These were wild men, prone to debauched living, squatting in out-of-season holiday flatlets, and terrorising the population with untaxed motor vehicles. Despite the fact that they had a deal with Anchor Records and were actually a very fine group (as their album on Music For Pleasure MFP 50293 proves), Will was horrified by their barbaric ways, and slipped away one night to hurry back to Southend, where his friends greeted his return with tearful relief.

"The Wide Boys had a very laid-back lifestyle", said the contrite Will. "They were unambitious. I rehearsed with them for four days and it was completely loose, and I sussed I wasn't good enough, but I did a couple of gigs with them, and at the end of the week — because they hadn't said they wanted me, and I wasn't completely enamoured with them from the professional point of view — I said goodbye. They were great, though, they should have made it... they were just lazy!"

Back with the Kursaals again, Will's traumatic experiences in Cornwall triggered off a flood of songwriting, starting with 'Brakeman', some of which began to be included in the group's ever-improving performances. By the summer they felt ready to try their luck on the gold-paved streets of London, and through the kind offices of an influential local physician, Dr. Feelgood, they got a brace of bookings



Richie Bull — photo by Tommy Cheyenne

at the Kensington, a hostelry where the good Doctor was wont to take refreshment when in town.

Unbeknown to them, as they clattered along the sun-baked, rutted road to Southend after their first London appearance, the Kursaals had been spotted by one Pete Thomas, a member of a gang of footpads and itinerants known to the forces of law and order as Chilli Willi and the Red Hot Peppers. Pete hastened back through the sewers to report to the gang's leader, the infamous Jake Riviera, and the following Sunday Riviera slunk into the Kensington to watch proceedings from under a table.

So impressed was Jake that he promptly hastened round to Castle Charisma in Soho Square, where his friend Paul Conroy worked long hours in the converted dungeons as a booking agent. A diligent anomaly in the languorous atmosphere of the Castle, where the majority of the staff spent their time marinating themselves and daydreaming about the halcyon days of Van Der Graaf Generator, Conroy immediately got the group to play at Dingwall's — a nefarious dive in the backstreets of old Camden Town. He too liked what he saw and heard, so as the green leaves of summer turned to the golden brown of autumn, he found the Kursaals an increasing amount of work, both in the taverns of London and in the provinces.

"He was getting us so many gigs — 5 or 6 nights per week — that it was getting silly", Paul used to say, when his wife asked him why he was always so tired. "We'd do London gigs through the week — we couldn't go outside the Home Counties because we had to get home as we were almost all doing day jobs. Then at weekends we'd dash off to Liverpool or somewhere, drive back on Saturday night, and sleep it off on Sunday".

For Richie and Vic, however, the demand for the Kursaals' services brought problems as well as satisfaction. "It was quite hard", Richie reminisced. "When we started getting regular gigs I had to axe all the other things I was doing, and producers and fixers have only got to call you a couple of times and find you're not there, and you don't get a call again. I was surviving on a skeletal Kursaals income until we went fully pro".

"Huh!", countered Vic. "After I left Thomahawk in September '74 I had a sustenance of about £8 a week, which didn't even cover the payments on my pedal steel. I was borrowing from my mother for a long time".

"Luxury!" shouted Stewart Cook, who had given up a notable lecturing career at Southend College for Young Gentlefolk to become the group's personal manager. "I

was living on Conroy's cigar butts and sleeping in Graeme's guitar case. You pampered poofers don't know when you've got it cushy!"

## CHAPTER 3

The more the Kursaals travelled the land in search of fame and fortune, the more their following grew, attracted by the freshness of their music and the multifaceted wit of Paul's presentation. Their notoriety was spread further afield too by the 'Melody Maker', a broadsheet which claimed some popularity in those days. The MM's periwigged scribe had witnessed some of the group's performances and recommended them in the strongest possible terms, provoking a rush of young bucks and music business elders curious to see this latest sensation.

Among the latter were the Ugly Sisters, Framia and Tobla. Framia was escorted to a Kursaals concert by the chivalrous Conroy, and when Tobla heard about it she was determined not to be left out, and went to see them at the 100 Club, accompanied by the handsome King Jonathan and his court chamberlain Clive Selwood. The King was enchanted by the entertainment offered, and determined to have the group signed to UK, his record company.

With the group's commitments becoming so consistent they were forced to give up their residency at the Blue Boar, and as Christmas approached they decided to become full-time musicians. At this point, Dave the bassist felt he would rather concentrate on his business interests and parted from the group, leaving Richie to move over onto bass. By the New Year, as the Kursaals reputation grew and they introduced more and more original songs into their set, interest from various record companies began to increase. In a short time, however, the King had summoned them to his royal presence, and in February '75 they signed with UK.

"We're not afraid to align ourselves with the pop people!", said Will, when friends expressed surprise at the choice of company, "because we really want to be a singles group as well as an album group. Jonathan has a reputation for making hits, and from that point of view it was good. He also offered us a good contract, a good advance, and also offered to dedicate himself to us, so all round it was very attractive".

In March they nipped down to Kent to make their first album with the help of a man called Hugh Murphy, who had produced the likes of Gary Shearston and John Betjeman. Everyone was looking

Vic Collins — photo by Terry Lott



forward to it immensely, but when 'Chocs Away! (UK 2330 101) was released in June, after the Flyers had returned from a jaunt round the continent with a bunch of colonials called the Flying Burrito Brothers, it seemed a little disappointing. The songs that the audiences had thrilled to — the poignancy of 'Speedway', the humour of 'Kung Fu', the raunch of 'Cross Country' — were all there, but they didn't sound quite the same. The excitement and confidence of the Kursaals' live sound was lacking... urgency had been replaced by hesitancy.

"A lot of it is down to the way we played the songs", quoth Paul, nobly defending Hugh against suggestions that he should be submerged to the neck in concrete and played a tape-loop of 'Tarkus'. "It's still down to Hugh as the producer for not getting a better performance out of us, but it was a very limited budget job. We were actually in the studio for a week, and we were very naive about it... we wanted to buy a PA and stuff, so we cut down on the studio time. Maybe it would have been a good idea to spend the whole advance on studio time, but we were very into being a road band".

In fact the Kursaals didn't get much time to reflect on what might have been, because as soon as the album came out they were back in the studio in the rural tranquillity of Chipping Norton, recording their second album. "It was really like a double album!", explained Will. "They both came from songs we'd built up before signing".

This time around the boys were more or less producing themselves, with some assistance from engineer Barry Hammond and the King himself.

"We were well aware of the mistakes that we'd made on the first one!", said Paul, "and I think we were confident that we could do the second one much better, which I think we managed. But we were working very hard during that period, and we had to put the stuff together in our spare time. The songs on the first album had a long time to develop on stage, and the sad thing on the second album was that the songs got a lot better after they were recorded".

Graeme was less tolerant, however: "The first two albums were kindergarten level. It was like 'Come on lads, let's make a record!... OK, what do we do?' — we just went in the studio and played it. I think we virtually ended Hugh Murphy's career".

'The Great Artist' (UK 2330 106) didn't actually get released until February '76, although it had been completed the prev-

ious August, and by that time the Kursaals' career had advanced in leaps and bounds.

## CHAPTER 4

From Stoke to Stockholm, and from Aberdeen to Amsterdam, they were now a headlining concert attraction, receiving ecstatic reviews wherever they went. Also, thank to judicious management, they were able to pension off the donkeys that had once carried their equipment up and down the highways and byways of olde England, and afford wagons and even roadies.

They were now filmstars, moreover. During their autumn tour of Britain they had been accompanied by a BBC crew filming for an hour long 'Second House' documentary.

"The guy who produced it, Mark Kidel, had decided to do a programme on the life of a regular working rock band", Will told a group of starry-eyed young female admirers in the dressing room one night. "He'd narrowed it down to four bands — the Feelgoods, Ace, Kokomo and us. For one reason and another we got the gig — I don't think the Feelgoods wanted to do it — and they came on the road with us for several weeks filming and recording, although they only used three days worth. Apart from one or two embarrassing moments, I thought it was very good. I think to anyone in the business or who is a fan of groups it was probably compulsive viewing, though to the general public it maybe wasn't very interesting. But then it was a documentary, and it was meant to inform rather than entertain".

For all their live popularity and critical acclaim, however, the Flyers still weren't shipping enormous quantities of records, and when 'The Great Artist' — despite the inclusion of great songs like 'Cruisin For Love' and 'Ugly Guys' — didn't do appreciably better than 'Chocs Away!', a little consternation began to arise.

Looking around for assistance in their quest for the elusive hit record, the Flyers were sitting in Conroy's candlelit office one day, when someone happened to rub against his phone, and to their amazement... summoned up a genie. "My name is Mike Batt", boomed the spectre, "What is it you desire of me?" "Cor!", said the group, picking themselves up off the floor, "Do you think you could produce us?" "Certainly!", cried jolly Mike, after hearing their records. "Anything I can do for a load of obese rodents I can do for fine upstanding gentlemen like you".

Unfortunately Genie Batt's first effort — a reworking of 'Cruisin! For Love' — did

Paul Shuttleworth — photo by Tommy Cheyenne



not make any great inroads into the charts either. Undeterred, though, the Kursaals set off on another Grand Tour of Europe, and when they returned to Southend in April, they ensconced themselves in a disused hotel, and spent three months preparing their third album, realising that it had to be a cracker. At the same time the group's association with UK was terminated. "Off with their options", the King had told his councillors... and that was that.

"We were slightly dissatisfied in that we didn't feel we were getting the support that we needed", Paul told enquiring newshounds. "This isn't any reflection on UK as a company, but we wanted Jonathan's support, and he was too busy on his own things. We'd be trying to sort things out, and he'd be off in Hawaii writing a book, or something. Nothing was said, but I also felt he was a little upset that we'd gone to Mike Batt. Because Jonathan was involved with the second album, and we re-recorded a song off that album with Mike Batt... I don't think he was very happy about that".

During July and August the Flyers were recording for about three weeks with Mike, and during that time they signed a new contract with CBS. "The reason we'd signed to a small company was so we wouldn't be competing with fifty other acts for their attention", Paul testified before the CBS Un-commercial Activities Committee. "In retrospect, though, a small record company is looked after by a large company, so you're working for a large company anyway, but you're twice removed. Your own record company hasn't really got enough power to support you in the way a record company should support acts. We're glad to be in with one of the biggest companies, and it seems to be working".

In the studio, the Kursaals' gradual evolution away from their country and bluegrass origins to a more overt pop sound was accentuated by Mike's strong production... to the surprise of many, but to the satisfaction of the band.

"We went to Mike and said 'Everybody who's worked with us before has tried to capture that raw, live thing. But we don't want to be raw, we want to be produced'. We demoed all the songs very carefully and said to him 'How about strings on this, how about brass on this' — we gave him an outline of the sort of things we would like to see happen. He hasn't been fighting with us — we've been egging him on to do these things. If there's any criticism, we've got to accept it, because we pushed him into it... we told him to go over the top".



Only Graeme was less than delighted with the end-product: "I think the idea, basically, was that we wanted to be produced. I've got no disagreement with that... we just differ on the results. We need a producer, because producing by committee is not the way to do things; but it's frustrating, because when you write a tune, you know how you want it to be, and when you're in the studio you're going to push for it to go that way. When someone else comes in a tries to put their interpretation on it, there's going to be friction. Mike, like me, is far more musical than lyrical, so he wanted to contribute a lot to the musical side of it... and he did. "We're both very intractable, neither of us like to give way... we're both convin-

ced we're absolutely right. The fact that he's a far more powerful entity than me means that I've tried very hard to see things his way, and I'll probably have to do so again, but I'd like to be treated a little more as an intelligent person, rather than someone who can have wool pulled over their eyes every time he wants to make a point.

"I'm not an amazing fan of British studios, British producers or British music. I think we lag behind both in ideas and in the execution of ideas, and naturally you want to go where things are that are closest to your way of thinking. I think that as far as this album is a progression from 'Great Artist', so the next one should be the same sort of quantum

jump. I'd like to work with Allen Toussaint, because I think he not only writes great songs, plays amazing piano, and does great horn arrangements, but he also has the basic feel for rock'n'roll".

## CHAPTER 5

Even Graeme agreed, however, that 'Golden Mile' (CBS 81622) was far and away the Kursaals' best album thus far, from every point of view. He also thought it was good that, after he and Will had written 90% of the material for the first two albums (one of the exceptions 'Speedway' was written by Will and Dave Murdoch, the Kursaals' ex-lighting man and now a journalist in Exeter, when they were in Cow Pie together), the other members were starting to do more composing.

"I think it's good that the writing has become more diversified. It also gets round the situation where a couple of guys get fat cheques from the Performing Rights Society while the rest of the band just exist on their weekly wage".

"I've been learning from the Maestro", Paul admitted, causing Will to blush humbly. "I'd been trying to write, and 'Palais de Dance' on the second album gave me an enormous amount of confidence. From there I gradually got a few things together, and when we started working on the new stuff creativity was electric in the air, and I fed from that quite a lot. The writing combinations aren't planned, but if Graeme's working on Will's stuff - which they've been doing for years - I can't go to him with lyrics, so obviously I work with Vic, because he's got time to come round to my place and try things out".

The boys were also pleased that they were getting away from the 'Parody' image that they'd been saddled with.

"We're getting a vibe that we're a good time boozers band", complained Will. "There is a lot of humour in our lyrics, and in Paul's delivery and image, and we are a fun band. The only thing that frightens me, though, is that we're being taken a bit lightly, and I'm really keen for us to be taken more seriously".

"On 'Great Artist' the songs tended to be rather parody things", Paul confessed, "but I think we're developing into a more uniform style. We do want to retain the nuances of all these different things within that - it's only since '65 that music has gone the way of people specialising in particular styles, and I think it's a bit unhealthy. Part of our belief is that what we are doing is right and will get us there. I think that once people can accept it we'll be OK".

To coincide with 'Golden Mile' the Kursaals set off on their most comprehensive British tour yet, taking with them ten tons of equipment, arcade backdrops and bar-room props, an ambitious presentation, and Paul with a new haircut that made him look like a crossbreed between Flash Harry and the Roadrunner. It was an expensive gamble, as Will acknowledged:

"A hit record is essential to survive. Two or three years ago people used to sneer at it, but it's true. People think you're making a fortune, but they don't realise you're just scraping by. We don't exactly starve, but we're not coining it, and we do need a hit just to keep the show rolling... to keep it going and to expand, because we do want to do the biggest show we can. We really are on the line a bit now we're not making money on the tour, but spending it on the show".

But happily the Kursaals' fairy godfather was watching over them. While they travelled round the country in their gaudily painted coach, entertaining the populace, their single 'Little Does She Know' started leaping up the charts until, by the time the tour ended amid the frosts of November, it was a HIT.

"Huzzah!" cried the group, their dreams realised. "Huzzah!" cried their record company, their faith justified. "Huzzah!" cried their legions of supporters, "Long Live the Kursaals!"

Paul Kendall



And there it goes... the original Kursaal Flyer

The Spluttering Diatribist strikes again! This month, Walters weaves his path from the Beatles to Elton, taking in assorted women along the way. For reasons best known to himself, he has chosen to call the piece

# WITH THE BEATLES!

## NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!

### THE WOMEN, THE WINE, THE INFIGHTING!

### WHO WAS REALLY THE WALRUS?

Yes - my times with the mop-tops - suppressed for so many years, but at last truth will out. Particularly now, when most participants are dead, or might as well be.

The first Beatle I ever met was Ringo. It was at the 1965 Christmas party given by the then drinking place of the stars, the Scotch Club. I was sitting between Zoot Money and the then Julie Driscoll when he arrived, having been driven back from a date on what must have been the chaps' last British tour. Unfortunately I can't remember what he said, but I did notice where he put out his cigarette - a Chesterfield if I remember correctly - and during the general banter, I moved the ash-tray slowly towards me until I was able to palm and pocket the nub, and later present my sister with a small box containing Ringo's Cigarette End.

About six months later our relationship blossomed to the extent that I was sharing a bill with the boys. It was at the Beatles' last British appearance, on the NME Poll-winners concert at the Empire Pool, and viewed in retrospect it must have been the all-time money couldn't buy it! concert. In fact money didn't buy it, and as far as I can remember we got something like £30 between us and the prestige. Everybody was there. The Small Faces, the Who, the Yardbirds, even Roy Orbison. If you don't believe me you can look inside the cover of the Rolling Stones' 'Rolled Gold' album, and there is the programme, with other Stones mementoes, and with the aid of a magnifying glass you can see my name, just above the Stones and Cliff Richard, under the Alan Price Set.

As befitted our status we were on pretty early, and I was tempted to shove off home afterwards for a kip, as we had driven down overnight from Carlisle to make the gig, and of course the strange thing was that the Beatles weren't seen as quite the godlike figures that they are today. I mean they weren't seen as musicians! musicians like, say, the Graham Bond Organisation were, but everyone was knocked out by their success and also enjoyed the records. Rather like a musical Bay City Rollers.

Another point was that almost nobody ever actually heard them, because as with any self-respecting group of the time, as soon as they walked in the stage door girls began to scream, run up and down the aisles, and hurl themselves from balconies. I watched the set and while the lads were receiving their awards, nipped backstage to watch them come off. They left at a sprint, hurled their trophies to waiting menials, dived into a limo and rocketed through the gates, scattering shrieking girls to all points of the compass, off to Shea Stadium and opulent exile. I walked up to Wembley Park tube and got the Metropolitan down to Baker Street, unmolested by anyone except the ticket collector. It was at that point that I realised that my future lay on the other side of the business.

Once in radio my association with Lennon and McCartney ripened to one of embarrassing intimacy. I had this idea for Top Gear in which some of our more experimentally inclined regulars might do whatever they wanted, over some free backing music. Robert Wyatt, Ron Geesin and Mike Ratledge OK'd it, and Lennon and Yoko said they'd come as well. Him playing Jew's harp with Peel, and her



The author

Bugsie the chimp

singing.

Getting free-form backing music isn't very easy. A free jazz pianist tends to develop his own style, and even if you just plunk up and down the keyboard yourself you've got some idea of the general sound and rhythms that will emerge. Eventually I came up with what I thought was a good idea - hire a chimpanzee. According to the agency, chimpanzees are happier playing piano duets, like Rawicz and Landaur or Pete Johnson and Albert Ammons, and subsequently Rosie and Bugsie were driven down from Coventry to the BBC's Maida Vale studios. I don't know whether you've ever shaken hands with a chimp but it's a bit weird - very hard and cold like shaking hands with a mummy. (My mummy's got soft, warm hands - Ed.) Still, I couldn't complain as I've worked with artists I'd like to shake firmly by the throat, and they were real pros when the tape rolled, sitting side by side at the keyboard and, well, just playing.

Before we could get them in to do their bit, John and Yoko rushed off to the States and have yet to return although they sent Peel a card saying that they had not forgotten the chimps. I still have the tapes of course, but a sad footnote is that last year I read that Bugsie and Rosie had escaped into a schoolyard and had



Bugsie the chimp

The author

been shot dead by the police. Jimi, Janis, Bugsie... inexorably the rock machine takes its toll. If Lennon's still keen upon his return to these shores, then I'm perfectly willing to step into George Martin's shoes... after all 'Ex-Beatle Records With Dead Chimp' surely merits a sentence in The Raver.

I nearly got to work with McCartney as well. He was launching Wings at the time as I was producing Viv Stanshall's Radio Flashes, and the McCartney office called to say that he'd like to talk to Viv about some ideas for a TV show, and to me about something for radio. Immediately Linda was whizzed off to hospital with something womanly, and everything was cancelled. I sometimes wonder if the Beatles' women are deliberately trying to keep them from me.

At John Reid's birthday party Paul took my chair while I was at the bar (the wife being too stunned at being addressed by an ex-Beatle to refuse him), and Keith Moon reintroduced me to Ringo at the Who's Christmas booze-up. He smiled and turned away. I wonder if the cigarette end incident still rankles after all these years.

Apart from that the lads have made very little effort to get in touch with me, but when Denny Laine issued a maxi single of Buddy Holly songs and it was rumoured that McCartney would be in attendance at the launching, I felt that in the light of our long-standing past intimacy, he wouldn't object if I went along wearing my Zigzag reporter hat - an ill fitting bottle-green affair that keeps falling over my ears.

The event took place in one of those in-clubs where, for the deeds to your house and the hand of your eldest daughter in marriage, they will give you a drink. After a couple of hours, stars had proved to be a bit thin on the ground. So much so that ace star-spotter Paul Gambaccini could contain himself no longer, and had rushed out into the night to comb London's burger bars for more important people. I was standing near the door when, suddenly P.McC. walked in. Just like that. He looked straight at me and said 'Evening all', and I said 'Ha Hah!... Perhaps I should clarify the interview:

P.McC.: Evening all.

ZZ: Ha hah.

Well, there you go. Will they get back together again? There, I'm afraid, you'll have to read between the lines.

I felt I'd better return the compliment by putting my face in at one of the Wings gigs at Wembley. Jolly good little show - flashes, dry ice, lasers, all the usual stuff, but how refreshing to see someone able to start with a hit, carry on with hits, close with a hit, and come back to do a hit as an encore. Should I have reassured Paul as to my presence in Block H, Southside? Perhaps a firm wink while tapping my nose with my index finger. Better not. The last time I did that I found that I had inadvertently bought a grandfather clock with no works, two hundred yards of barbed wire, and a book explaining the intricacies of rock'n'roll, written by Tony Jasper. Still, the barbed wire might come in useful for something.

But what of Linda? Ear witnesses told me that on the first night the keyboards were faded right down, and she sang terribly out of tune. I can't say that that

happened when I saw her, but now can I say that I have a lot of faith in the lady. She now certainly seems accepted as part of the band, and occasionally punches the air with all the confidence of someone conducting a gramophone. Even so, we all really know that it's a bit like Rembrandt insisting that his missus did all the noses. Still, if you were a chick rapidly approaching middle age, and Fred Astaire insisted that you dance with him, you'd do it, right? It's just that if the McCartney's ever knock it on the head, I can't see her getting a lot of gigs, that's all?

Mind you, how many women do make any impact in rock? At the risk of sending every Ms into a buzz I must say that as far as rock's concerned - or jazz, or any of the quality syncopated music scene is concerned, I must side with comedian Mort Sahl and say that "A woman's place is in the stove".

There have been some perfectly competent and professional women performers, but not too many greats. Indeed some succeed in the business because they are female. Dr. Johnson said about women preachers that, like a dog walking on its hind legs, one did not expect to see them do it well but one was surprised to see it done at all; and I do feel that some rock girls get by because they photograph better than some blokes who sing and play better.

I was thinking this at the Melody Maker awards lunch where I was accompanying Peel who, amazingly enough, was collecting his ninth consecutive Top DJ award. Latterly, most category winners tend to come into the Yes/ELP/Genesis school, who are undeniably internationally successful, but there are dozens of world class talents of British origin who either come further down the list or don't even feature. Looking down the top girls and past winners there weren't too many who meant anything in the big picture. Sandy Denny and Maggie Bell certainly have talent, but I'm not sure what either of them is doing today. Ironically, the girl who won in 1969 now means most - Christine Perfect. A jolly nice girl, but I never thought I'd live to see an album called 'The Legendary Christine Perfect'.

Somebody in 'The Boys In The Band' says that it's not just homosexuals who don't like women, hardly anyone likes them, so you see it's not just me. If women in rock were as good as men, I'd say so. It's just that the identical set of circumstances that gave us the Beatles, gave us Cilla.

Actually, to own up, the best British album this year, for me, is by a woman - Joan Armatrading - and she wasn't even in the Melody Maker readers' Top Ten. I bet you can't even think of ten British chanteuses, never mind leaving out the best one, but they did. Joan appeared on Top Gear before she had an album out and has done so regularly since. I still can't see why it's only now that people are staring to say she's good. What I don't like about most girls in the business is that they just go out and sing a song. Joan has that sound of surprise in both her singing and writing that puts her into world class.

Don't get me wrong, I don't hold anything against women - I'd like to, but they either run off or call the guard - it's just that while I don't want to detract from the good ones - who are very, very good - they're a bit sparse. I hate all that Hampsteady closing your eyes and listening to Edith Piaf or Marlene Dietrich, or somebody equally awful, and pronouncing their work as containing the essential mystery of Woman, or some such cobbler's.

Now that does seem patronising. Women's libbers should want the girls' work to be judged regardless of sex. But, as I said, that still doesn't leave too many Bessie Smiths, Billie Holidays or Arethas. I spoke to a leading Zigzagger on the topic, and while I saw Joni Mitchell as the really outstanding chick on our scene, he mentioned Linda Ronstadt. I can't see it myself. She seems a good example of what I was talking about. A photogenic

chick who comes out and sings a song. Still, at press time I have yet to see the lady. This is largely because Zigzag schedules are so far ahead, in order that the copy can be carved on granite and hauled overland by oxen, that I shall have to offer my humble opinion next time.

Even so, I have seen a lot of females in recent weeks. I even went to see the seminal radical folk gal, Peggy Seeger, with Ewan McColl of course, at Wallington Public Hall (unlicensed). It was all jolly nice, but a few songs about wee tailors who indulge in fruitless pursuits like sailing to the east and sailing to the west go a long way. She came on looking tremendously well groomed and wide eyed, like an Avon lady on Valium, and had a tendency to fix you with a stare which implied she knew not only that you were thinking of voting liberal, but that you were going to bugger off in the interval to see 'Match Of The Day' anyway. Of course a lot of British girls have come out of the folk circuit - Sandy Denny, Maddy Prior, and more recently Barbara Dickson.

I saw Barbara opening the show on the Flying Burritos tour, and at the moment she does seem to sum up the dilemma of the girl in rock. She's got a good folk based voice, has got a tidy band (Pete Zorn's a good all-round musician), and has a decent repertoire including some originals. But as she's been in the John, Paul, etc. show in the West End, had a hit single and done Top of the Pops, guested on the Two Ronnies, and now she's here with the Burritos, I feel that there's some doubt in both her and the audience's minds as to quite what she is - except a nice girl singing songs.

Another nice girl singing songs was Kiki Dee, whose act I caught at the Queen Hyde Park do. Of course she's got a lot more experience and confidence, but she's still really a good-looking vessel waiting to be filled with the right material.

(After some difficulty in finding a suitable vantage point in the Park, incidentally, I retired to the backstage beer tent and found that someone had thoughtfully provided close circuit television of the events on stage. I can really recommend it, so next time you eighty thousand people turn up, leave the Park for the journalists and hangers-on, and retire to the tent. You'll get a better view and I'm sure no one will mind.)

My idea of a decent female act was to be found when I pushed my way to the front of the Roundhouse to catch the Runaways. Over the years I've seen Fanny, Birtha, Goldie & the Gingerbreads, She Trinity and even Ivy Benson, but I guess I'm still just a sucker for a sweaty gal astride a drum kit...perhaps I'd better rephrase that. Anyway, I really enjoyed it - stayed till the death, despite the bar being open. Who could resist an act that closes with a teenage girl covered in simulated blood? Mind you, the same minx was strutting about the stage in her underwear by the third number. If she'd been a daughter of mine she'd have gone straight up to bed with no supper. Not 'arf!

The punk crowd turned out for the Runaways of course, and naturally also turned out for Patti Smith. After my description of Patti's first appearance, Peel made the effort to get to Hammer-smith himself. We turned up ten minutes before the advertised start, as we wanted to see the Stranglers, and swaggered into the foyer eating chips. That seemed about the most punkish thing to do at the time. The punks, of course, out-punked us by not recognising the straight world's values and starting an hour late...thus making Peel miss P. Smith, and leaving us all milling about the foyer.

A youth came up and introduced himself and his girlfriend to Peel. He then turned to me and said that he assumed I must be the 'other' John, and he bet I didn't often get recognised. I couldn't deny this, and he turned to his girlfriend and said "This is John". "John who?" she replied. She apologised for her lack of showbiz suss, but said she'd only come to see the lesbians anyway. She must have been sadly disappointed, as I could

see almost no ladies in double-breasted tweeds, puffing pipes and quaffing light and bitters.

We sat in our seats and waited. Roadies ambled about the stage, scratching their heads and looking at leads. After a bit, Alan Freeman's producer, Tony Wilson, suggested that these might be the Stranglers who were rejecting the grey man's values with a non-performance. I could dig that, but I'm afraid it was not to be, as the real Stranglers then appeared and began to tune. The bass player, who had a real good looking leather jacket/James Dean/punk-on-the-corner look, began to plonk about, rarin' to go.

He was told to shut up very loudly by the guitarist, who got sort of in tune and announced with disarming honesty that they would try to play some of their numbers. The first one to be attempted was called, I think, 'Grip!'. He then started one of those fast Status Quo type 'chigedy-chigedy' licks, and although his foot tapping and singing kept up, his guitar got slower and slower. The rest of the band seemed to be playing but were largely inaudible.

The audience, as at most punk gigs I've seen, were largely apathetic except for a few cat-calls and loud requests for the bass to be turned up. This was done, and the bass player didn't sound too bad. As the evening progressed, more abuse produced more improvement in the sound, and it suddenly dawned on me that I was privileged to witness a real breakthrough: Audience Participation Dub. The voice of the people is heard, and the mix changes. Far more socially challenging than expecting the audience to queue up to buy a ticket to hear a song about anarchy. One man kept shouting "Tits!" very loudly, but I didn't stay long enough to find out whether this was abuse or a request.

Of course it's easy to knock the punks, but I must say that I did feel that I could more easily listen to the Stranglers trying to do right by the music badly, rather than listen to an hour of Yes doing entirely the wrong thing with great polish and expertise. I said this to Peel, who thought exactly the same thing but hadn't had time to say it, and said he would use it in his column. Luckily no-one reads it. He has since heard some recorded work of the Stranglers and it's not bad, so perhaps it's worth catching them on their own territory. To return loosely to the ladies: Patti Smith same, band better, general effect nonetheless awful.

To try desperately to maintain some continuity, gals Kiki Dee and Lynsey de Paul were both at the launching party for Elton John's 'Blue Moves' album, and in a quiet way it seemed to me to be the saddest event of the month. Unlike many stars, E. J. always speaks to all guests and makes sure that everyone is well fed and as contented as can be expected. The theme, of course, was Blue. Paul Gambaccini had prepared a tape of blue music, the waiters were in blue, and the drinks were meant to be blue, but were in fact green. The album was said to be largely low level, depressed, laugh-clown-laugh sort of songs, and unfortunately it was eventually played too quietly to be heard when everybody had had too many green drinks.

The sad sight was Elton, in one of those suits that seem to have been designed by or for Coco the Clown, wandering resignedly about while his outpourings battled with the usual media luses and loudmouths, including me. Sort of: plink plonk Oh I'm so low plink plink CAN WE HAVE MORE GREEN DRINKS HERE LUIGI plonk plonk Is it worth carrying on? plankety plonk SO THIS IRISH POOF HAH HAH plinkety plonk What a life... PASS THE CHICKEN LEGS plonk.

After all he had paid for it.

Little known facts about John Peel number two: He did indeed become a marksman while in the army, but only by persuading a friend who was assigned to the butts to substitute a successful target for his own.

John Walters

I always used to think that Will Shakespeare had Framey's swelling girth in mind when he wrote "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them"; I've now decided that he was thinking of Andrew Gold. I really believe that it would have taken a conscientious effort on the man's part not to play an illustrious role in the wonderful world of show business.

Although Andrew made his debut appearance in beautiful downtown Burbank ("My parents happened to be travelling through when my mother felt a strange sensation"), he grew up as a pretty typical child of Hollywood. Father Ernest was an eminent composer of film scores - notably the soundtrack to 'Exodus' - and Mum, who worked under the name of Marni Nixon, did a lot of classical singing, and also did the singing in musical films where the actresses involved weren't up to it. Her big moment was singing Natalie Wood's parts in 'West Side Story'.

"My parents weren't really heavily into Hollywood socialising, but I was still raised in that sort of environment - I would go and see my father while he was doing some dubbing for a picture, so I was aware of that world. I loved movie music - I loved movies, in fact. That was my second choice of career. If I couldn't make a career in music I was going to be an actor - not in the theatre or in plays...just some gigantic movie star".

The young Andrew's musical diet was basically the classics and film music, not surprisingly, and piano lessons when he was seven or eight. But the evening of February 6th 1964 was to be a turning point in his outlook.

"In the early 60s I had this little crystal radio set which I would hook onto something metal in my bedroom, and I would listen to the pop programmes under my pillow at night when I was supposed to be asleep. At that point though, I was only listening to it on the periphery of my experience.

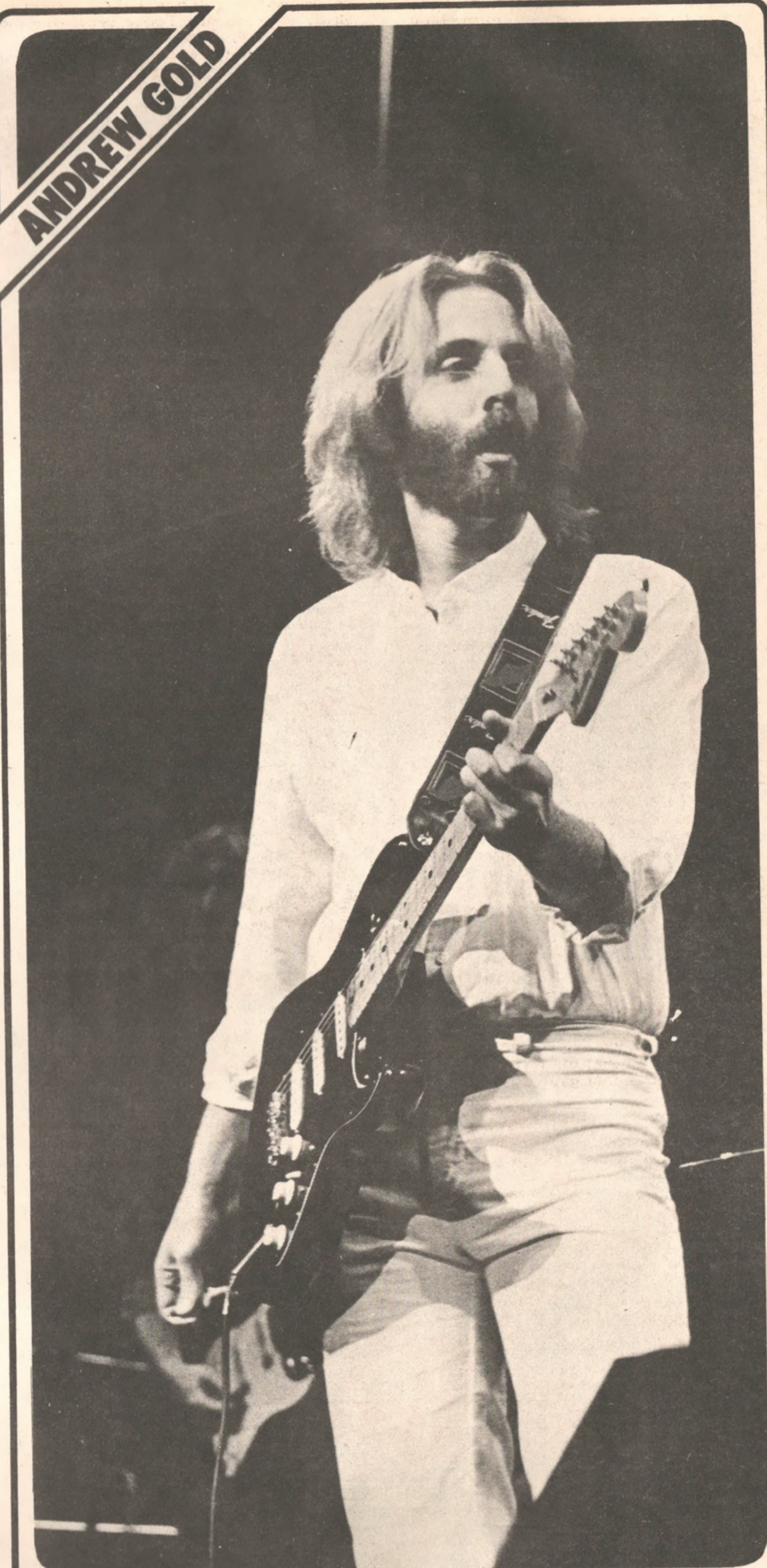
"Then I saw the Beatles on the Ed Sullivan Show. In fact I'd already heard of them, because my father had a friend in London who was writing and telling us about what was going on. But when I saw them they really turned me on, musically and everything. I thought they were great, and suddenly I said to myself 'What have I been missing?', and started listening to everything.

"The day after the Beatles were on the Ed Sullivan Show, all the girls in school were going 'Did you see them last night? Could you believe it?' Everybody was just going crazy. Then as the Byrds came out of California they brought more of a folk/country thing".

Apart from his brief flirtation with the piano, Andrew hadn't really played any instruments until this sudden awakening when he was thirteen, but he made up for lost time by taking up piano, guitar and drums almost simultaneously, and being blessed with a fine natural ear for music made rapid progress.

"My first drum-kit was a horrible little thing, which my parents hated, because I'd be smashing away while they were trying to work. On the whole, though, they actually kind of admired my tinkering around with instruments.

"I would form these little bands at



# MAINTAINING THE GOLD STANDARD

school with friends of mine to play high school dances and parties. They were basically led by two people, myself and Peter Bernstein, who's father is Elmer Bernstein. We also had Wendy Waldman, whose father was also a TV and film composer, interestingly enough.

"We had one band called the Wails, and another one called the Herd - we didn't know of Woody Herman at that point - the Doberman... horrible names. We were a pretty good group though. We were exactly like the Byrds - same instruments, same songs. We played better than they did, in fact. The first concert I ever saw was a Byrds concert at Hollywood High School, and they were great, but afterwards they disintegrated on stage rather a lot".

In the middle sixties America was being swept from coast to coast by the British Beat Boom, spearheaded by the Beatles and Herman's Hermits, and like most of his contemporaries our Master Gold was caught up in the tide. So he was obviously well chuffed when in 1967 he got the chance to come to school for a year in this blessed plot.

In fact he did very little schoolwork, but played quite a lot of music, and with a friend called Charlie Villiers managed to secure a contract with Polydor. This association bore fruit in the form of a single called 'Of All The Little Girls', one of Andrew's compositions, but when that plummeted instantly to the very darkest recesses of obscurity, Polydor dropped the pair without further ado.

"I went back to California somewhat in disgrace. I did my final year in school, and as soon as I got out in 1969 I joined a group called Bryndle, which was Wendy Waldman, Peter Bernstein, Kenny Edwards from the Stone Poneys, Carla Bonoff who was Kenny's old lady, and a drummer called Dennis Wood. We had four pretty good voices, and we got a record deal with A&M. We did a record that took six months to make and two minutes to reject, produced by Chuck Plotkin, who was a lawyer friend of Wendy's who on the night of his bar exams decided not to do it and became a record producer instead".

When Bryndle broke up in late 1971, Wendy set off on a solo career that has proved to be creditable from the songwriting point of view, although none of her albums have been especially successful. Andrew meanwhile spent a few months as assistant engineer at A&M's studios, anxious to learn the ins-and-outs of the record biz, but the high point of that period was "sweeping up Joni Mitchell's guitar strings during the 'Blue' sessions". Eventually he got back together with old chums Kenny and Peter, and with drummer Gene Garfin they formed the Rangers.

"That band lasted about eighteen months, and we had a lot of fun just travelling around. We played a lot of dances round the area where we didn't do any of our original material. Charlie Plotkin had part ownership in Clover Studios in Hollywood, and we just recorded tons of stuff there when the studio was free, but nothing ever came of it so we got discouraged and split up in the summer of 1973".

At this point Peter Bernstein left to play with, and eventually produce, Wendy Waldman, while Andrew and then Kenny joined Linda Ronstadt's

Chalkie



band.

"I'd met Linda a few times through Kenny, and she'd seen me perform with the Rangers on occasion, and work in the studio a little bit. She called me up when I was out of a job and said she was doing a gig at the Roxy and needed a guitar/piano player. We played for about nine months, and then started doing the 'Heart Like A Wheel' album".

That album, of course, was the one that broke Linda as a huge star in the States. Her manager Peter Asher had planted his bum in the producer's chair; Andrew played a major role in the arranging of the songs; the direction of the music veered away slightly from Linda's previous country-rock style to a more pop influenced sound - and it all added up to what I think is the most satisfying of all the Ronstadt albums... a feeling which Andrew shares. Since then Linda has continued to tread the same path, consolidating her position with 'Prisoner In Disguise' and 'Hasten Down The Wind', with Andrew still playing an important part in her scheme of things while simultaneously developing his own career.

Chuck Plotkin had become A&R guy at Asylum in Los Angeles, so he signed me to the label, and I started recording my album in Spring '75 around the time of 'Prisoner In Disguise'.

"I'd been writing a lot during the Rangers, but then I'd stopped a little when I joined Linda - although 'Endless Flight' was written on the second day of our first tour, after a horrible plane trip which scared me beyond belief; and 'I'm A Gambler' was written when we came to London in '74 to do the strings for 'Heart Like A Wheel'. I spent a lot of time at Crockford's gambling club, because I like gambling, and I started to win tons of money, I had amazing luck. So that night I sat down and wrote the song, and the next day I proceeded to lose all the money".

For the uninitiated, 'Andrew Gold' (K53020) which was released here in January, is one of the year's most delightful albums. A genuine solo in that Andrew wrote all the songs himself and played and sang nearly all the parts, it brings together his mid-sixties pop influences and the silky smooth production and arrangements of 70s Los Angeles rock music into an enchanting whole.

"A lot of the tunes on that album I'd already done as demos over the years, so the arrangements were already set, and the easiest way was for me to do most of the instrumental parts.

"The new album, on the other hand, is newer songs, and I didn't have a strict idea of the arrangements. There are a few tracks that are basically me, but most of them are a sort

of group effort. There are a lot more people on my new album - mainly the people in Linda's band, but Russ Kunkel's on a few things, and so is Leland Sklar".

One mark of the quality of the Andrew Gold album is that several of the songs have received the distinction of being covered. Judy Collins has recorded 'Love Hurts', as have the James Gang (aargh!!); Playboy playgirl Barbi Benton did an older song called 'Something New' for her album; Cliff Richard cut 'That's Why I Love You'; and Leo Sayer has made 'Endless Flight' the title track of his new album. Unfortunately these renditions are all pretty duff apart from the Sayer cut, apparently, but as Andrew says: "I'd rather they did a good version of the song, but I'd rather they do any version than none".

Andrew's second album, called 'What's Wrong With This Picture', should be out here by now, although it's not due for release in the States until January. Apart from using more musicians, it differs from the first album in that Peter Asher is producing instead of Chuck Plotkin, and as well as his own tunes Andrew also does Buddy Holly's 'Learning The Game', 'Doo Wah Diddy Diddy', and 'Stay', which was a big hit for Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs in 1960 and again for the Hollies in 1963.

"For me, the new album is much better. It's newer songs, which I prefer; better songs; and my singing is better. I'm not saying that there is anything wrong with the first album, but the new one just appeals to me more personally. The only song I wasn't keen on doing was 'Doo Wah Diddy Diddy', which Peter suggested. But we worked on it for about an hour and a half, and I loved it... it turned out so well. I was totally wrong.

"The first album was more 60s influenced, but this one is more what I'm about in 1976. The songs on 'Andrew Gold' came from over a period of years, and this one reflects much more where I stand now... though obviously it's similar in a lot of ways".

With Andrew's solo career gathering momentum (aided by his opening spots on Linda's tours), as well as his involvement with Ms. Ronstadt, he naturally doesn't have too much spare time; and whereas he used to be a regular face on the LA session scene, playing on albums by Maria Muldaur, Art Garfunkel, Carly Simon and the McGarrigles among others, he now has to limit himself strictly:

"When I'm working for Linda or myself, I don't like to do anything else because it distracts me. If you play music every day, and half of it you don't like, it just dulls your appreciation of what you'd like to do".

If eventually, as he hopes, Andrew becomes "rich and famous" in his own right, he will even be forced to leave Linda's band.

"There was one review of me in a show that said 'Andrew Gold is very talented... blah, blah... if he ever decided to go out on his own he should do something'. Well what do they think I'm doing now? I'm doing my albums as if I wasn't part of Linda's band, and Linda knows that at some point I'll leave her band, because if something of mine becomes successful I'll have to follow that. I enjoy playing with Linda, though, and I'll keep doing it as long as I can".

Paul Kendall

**ROBERT PALMER**  
'SOME PEOPLE CAN DO WHAT THEY LIKE'  
ALBUM ILPS 9420  
CASSETTE ZC1 9420

**THE JESS RODEN BAND**  
'PLAY IT DIRTY'  
ALBUM ILPS 9442  
CASSETTE ZC1 9442

**EDDIE & THE HOT RODS**  
'TEENAGE DEPRESSION'  
ALBUM ILPS 9457  
CASSETTE ZC1 9457  
CARTRIDGE Y81 9457

**FREE**  
'FREE N' EASY'  
ALBUM ILPS 9453  
CASSETTE ZC1 9453

**BRYAN FERRY**  
'LET'S STICK TOGETHER'  
ALBUM ILPS 9367  
CASSETTE ZC1 9367  
CARTRIDGE Y81 9367

**J. J. CALE**  
'TROUBADOUR'  
ALBUM ISA 5011  
CASSETTE ZCSA 5011

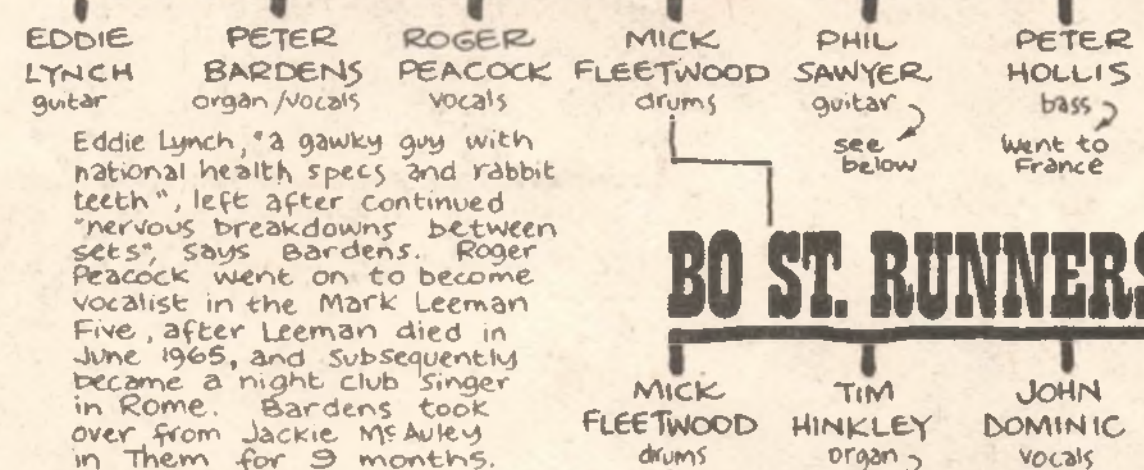
**ISLAND**

# LET WOOD MAC ALWAYS EVER WANTED TO KNOW

## THE CHEYNE

JULY 1963  
until  
APRIL 1965

"Britain's most exciting  
Rhythm & Blues group"  
said their publicity?



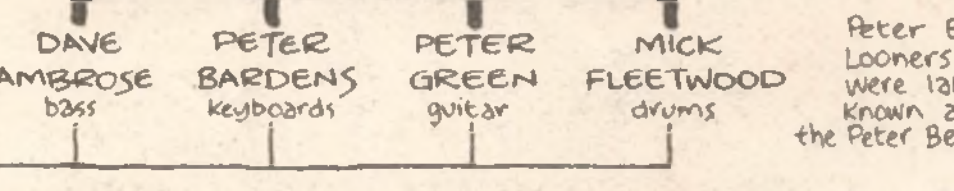
## BO ST. RUNNERS

APRIL 1965  
until  
FEBRUARY 1966

Fleetwood: "When I got them, the Bo St. Runners were on their way out really - they were just picking up gigs on the strength of their TV success.... it wasn't a musical plus for me really."

## PETER B'S LOONERS

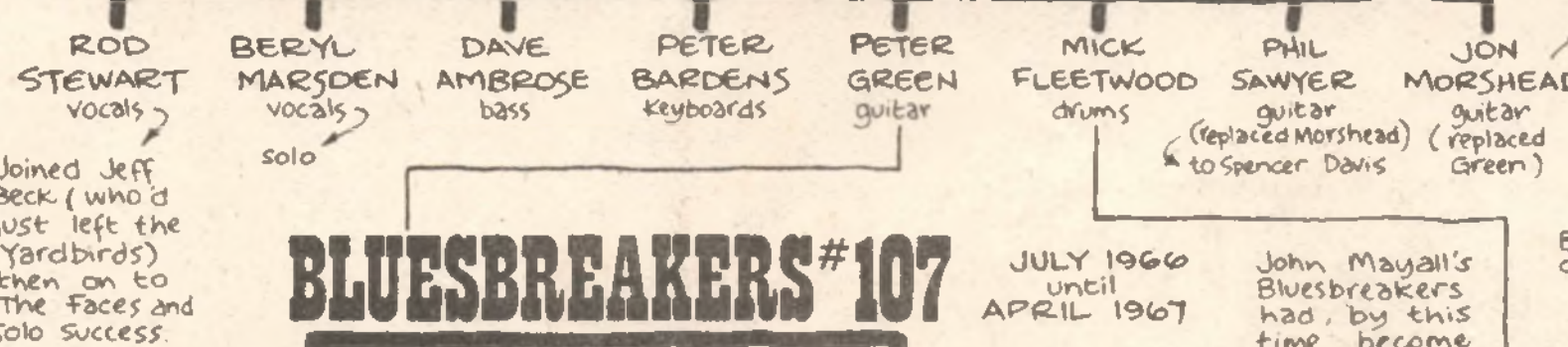
FEBRUARY 1966  
until  
MAY 1966



## SHOTGUN EXPRESS

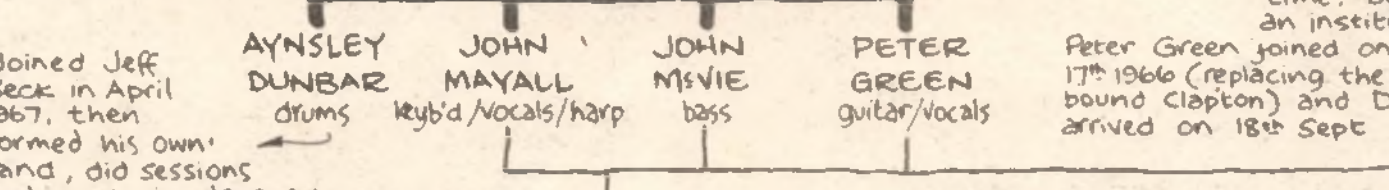
MAY 1966  
until  
FEBRUARY 1967

An interesting R&B/white soul extension of Rod's previous band Steampacket



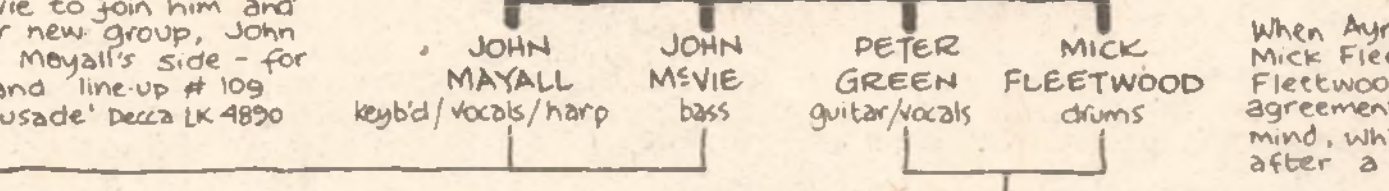
## BLUESBREAKERS#107

JULY 1966  
until  
APRIL 1967



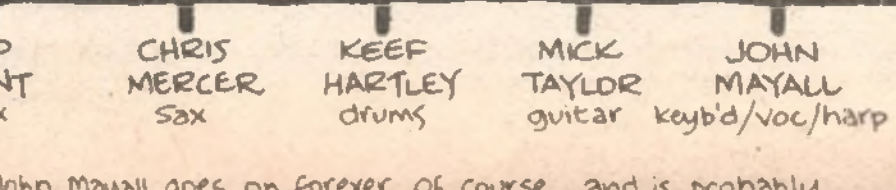
## BLUESBREAKERS#108

APRIL 1967  
until  
MAY 1967



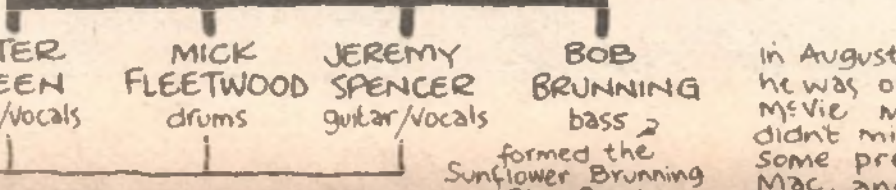
## BLUESBREAKERS#109

JUNE 1967  
until  
SEPTEMBER 1967



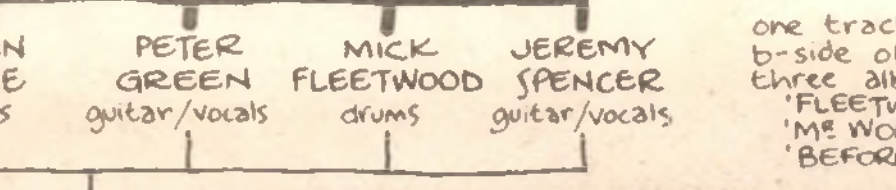
## FLEETWOOD MAC#1

JULY 1967  
until  
SEPTEMBER 1967



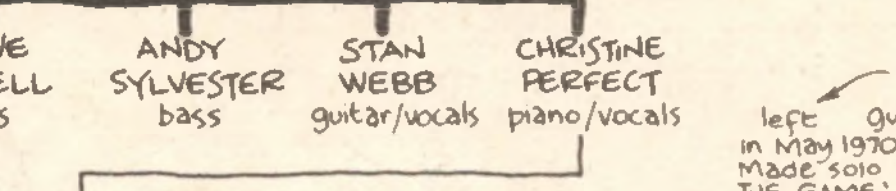
## FLEETWOOD MAC#2

SEPTEMBER 1967  
until  
AUGUST 1968



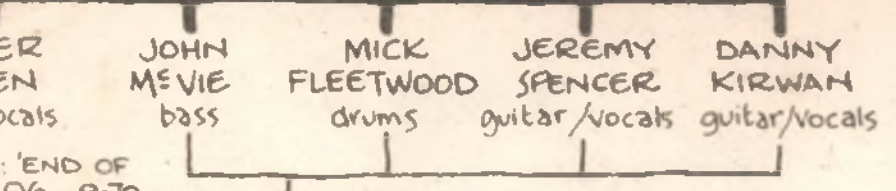
## CHICKEN SHACK

APRIL 1967  
until  
AUGUST 1969



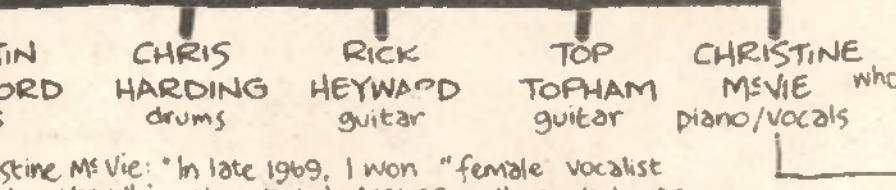
## FLEETWOOD MAC#3

AUGUST 1968  
until  
MAY 1970



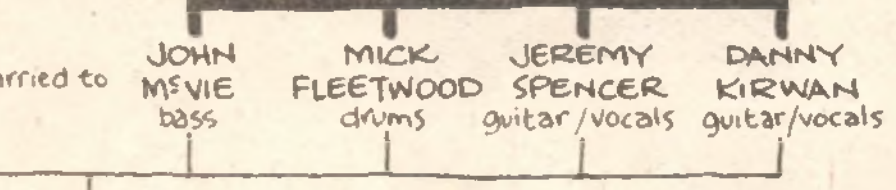
## CHRISTINE PERFECT

NOVEMBER 1969  
until  
APRIL 1970



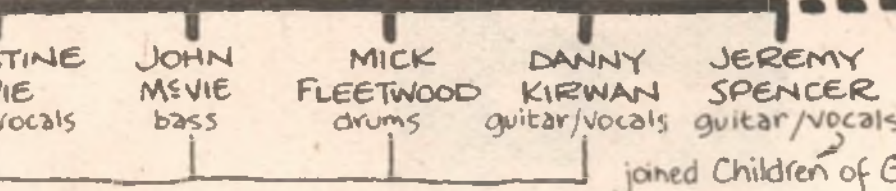
## FLEETWOOD MAC#4

MAY 1970  
until  
AUGUST 1970



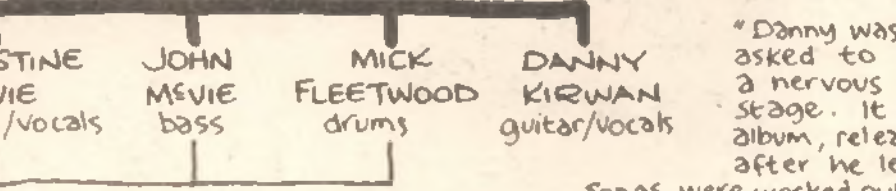
## FLEETWOOD MAC#5

AUGUST 1970  
until  
FEBRUARY 1971



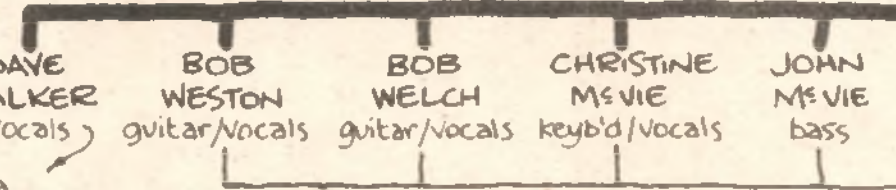
## FLEETWOOD MAC#6

APRIL 1971  
until  
AUGUST 1972



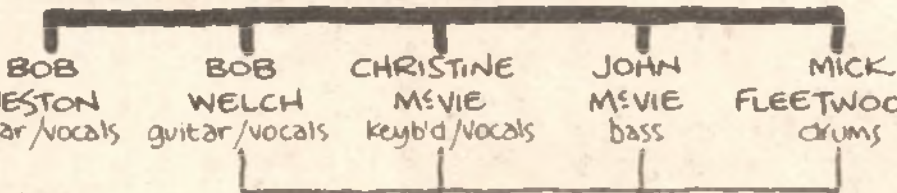
## FLEETWOOD MAC#7

SEPTEMBER 1972  
until  
JUNE 1973



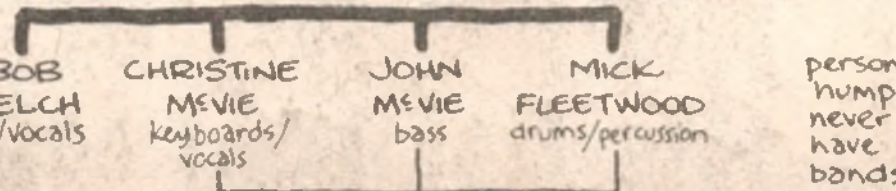
## FLEETWOOD MAC#8

JUNE 1973  
until  
JANUARY 1974



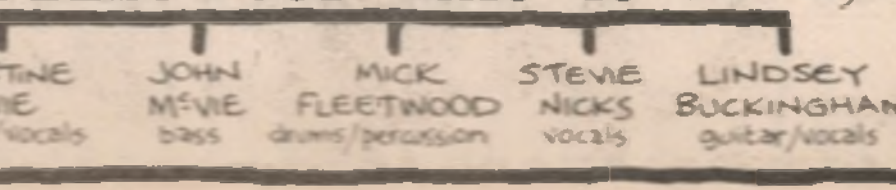
## FLEETWOOD MAC#9

JANUARY 1974  
until  
DECEMBER 1974



## FLEETWOOD MAC#10

JANUARY 1975  
until  
THE PRESENT



John Mivie: "I was sitting on the plane down from San Francisco to LA, where we had some gigs at the Whisky A Go Go. I was looking out of the window, and then he suddenly turned round to me and said 'What do I have to be here if I don't want to be here?' Well, everyone in the band had felt like that at one time or another, so I didn't give it a second thought... but that was the last time I spoke to him for two years. Out of the blue, he came to see us backstage, as a concert somewhere; he wasn't quite so radically minded, and he seemed to be very happy... didn't appear to have any regrets about leaving. I think he's down in Buenos Aires now - still playing and singing with 'The Children'."

For full details of the various Mayall/Mivie line-ups, see Zigzag 17, which also has a fairly exhaustive discography. For July 1966 on-see below.

Peter Bardens: "Peter B's Looners just weren't diverse or remunerative enough to remain a viable proposition - so we restructured the group with Rod Stewart (ex-Steampacket) and Beryl Marsden, and became Shotgun Express, which was reasonably successful for a few months. Peter B was always at the hairdressers, Rod was always in bed, and the administration got to be too great a problem. It didn't matter where we were playing, we never left for a gig before 10 o'clock. I do remember one time, good group though Mick Fleetwood. We played all over the place, particularly in the Northern clubs, and we always used to go down well because it was a good show... even though it never took off nationally. We had a couple of pretty good singles too - but neither of them sold. 'I got a fever, I got a fever' was a single, 'I got a fever' was a single. 'Fanny, neither could I' / Indian thing. Columbia DB 8178 2-67. After the group folded, Bardens went off and did all sorts of weird things, but has now found his feet in Camel (Good on yer, matey)."

Bluesbreakers #108 found Mivie, Green and Fleetwood playing together - and getting on socially as well as musically. The line-up lasted only one month, however, during which time they did one recording session, two sides of a single, plus 3 instrumental tracks to use up the studio time. 'Double Trouble' / 'It Hurts Me Too' Decca F 12621 'Curly' / 'Rubber Duck' (instrumental) Decca F 12588 The unreleased instrumental track, was called... 'Fleetwood Mac'!

The birth of Fleetwood Mac. Mick Fleetwood gives us the low-down: "A few weeks after I'd been elected from the Bluesbreakers, Peter Green gave in his notice... he'd had enough. His initial plans didn't involve forming a new band, but his agency persuaded him, and he came round to see me... and between us, we got Fleetwood Mac together. At that time, we had no money, so we did everything ourselves - got the van and equipment sorted out - and Peter did all the negotiation with Blue Horizon Records. In fact, it was Mike Marston of Blue Horizon who suggested Jeremy Spencer: he was playing in a blues band called The Levi Set - so Peter went up to Birmingham, saw him in action, and asked him to join wherever we started wearing in to prepare for our debut at Windsor."

The Windsor Blues Festival of 1967 was a fantastic event! Flower power at full tilt, and a multitude of amazing bands. Cream, Mayall, the Blues and Mac, the best left Beck Group, Chicken Shack, the Benny Lane String Band... oh for a time machine!

Enter Christine Perfect (Always close to my heart, because she was the first pop star I ever interviewed - back in summer '66, when I was a cub reporter for a Boston paper called 'Vibrations'). I knew Stan Webb and Andy Sylvester when I was at art college in Birmingham - and they got me in to play bass in their band Shades of Blue... it was a terrible band; we used to play at the local liberal clubs and a Sunday school, and away with 3 pounds each. I left art college with a diploma in sculpture, which was virtually worthless in the cold commercial world - so I came to London and went to a window dresser... spent the next 12 months crawling around windows, and looking at the legs of people shuffling down Regent Street. Then I met Andy again, and he told me about a new band he and Stan were setting up, called Chicken Shack. I signed up to be a pianist - so I joined as pianist and alternate vocalist (usually when Stan needed to catch his breath). I moved down to London because I thought I'd have a lot more fun down there; I certainly had no aspirations as a musician at that time - in fact I'd forgotten all about it... but all of a sudden I found myself listening to the radio, and I heard records, trying to pick up what I could of his piano player's (Sonny Thompson) style. Then we went off and did 5 sets a night at the Star Club in Hamburg for a month, before moving to the Bristol Club at the Windsor Festival in August 1967... which is where I first ran into the Fleetwood Mac."

I eventually left Chicken Shack just about the time of their split. I'd rather go blind and Paul Raymond replaced me, after which they went on for several years."

Christine appeared on two Chicken Shack albums: 'Forky Ken' Blue Horizon 7-63203 'O.K. Ken' Blue Horizon 7-63209

"I married John while I was in Chicken Shack, and because we were both zooming around the country in different groups, never seeing each other, I decided to leave in favour of becoming a housewife."

John Mivie: "In Spring 1970, Peter Green, who'd been drinking about 1000 bottles of wine a week, said 'enough is enough'. It was in Munich - right in the middle of a European tour - but he worked out all the contracted gigs, and left six weeks later. He just didn't want to be a guitar star anymore. He was a real, honest, down-to-earth guy with a degree of acid loss, seemed to put him off the rock scene. At the time he left, he was getting into free form playing, spacing out - and in fact his solo album was probably a reflection of the state of his mind that summer. When Jeremy Spencer left, the following February, he flew out to enable us to complete the tour, but the whole scene was just a jam he wouldn't play any of the songs in our current set."

Mick Fleetwood: "I don't think Peter is happy now; he finds it difficult to be around people. He couldn't give a shit about anything, and I don't think he respects himself anymore - which is a real shame, because he used to be such a super-positive, highly intelligent guy... he knew exactly what he wanted to do, and had the ability to do it. It's as if he thought himself into a corner, and never got out of it."

The mysterious disappearance of Jeremy Spencer: John Mivie: "I was sitting on the plane down from San Francisco to LA, where we had some gigs at the Whisky A Go Go. I was looking out of the window, and then he suddenly turned round to me and said 'What do I have to be here if I don't want to be here?' Well, everyone in the band had felt like that at one time or another, so I didn't give it a second thought... but that was the last time I spoke to him for two years. Out of the blue, he came to see us backstage, as a concert somewhere; he wasn't quite so radically minded, and he seemed to be very happy... didn't appear to have any regrets about leaving. I think he's down in Buenos Aires now - still playing and singing with 'The Children'."

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Lindsey Buckingham: "It was pure accident... my sister happened to live in the same Nottingham mill as Peter Bardens, who came across and said 'hello' after he'd heard me bashing away in the garage. My father had bought me this drum kit, but I'd never played in a band; in fact, I was only 15... I'd left school and was working at Liberty's, but I packed it in after about 3 weeks when Peter asked me to join his new R&B group."

"Then I fell under the spell of folk music in the mid-sixties, and I used to spend all my spare time working out chords and writing songs. I had a guitar... which didn't altogether help me when I came to join my first rock band: I was a good folk picker, but I couldn't master a manly rock style. So I bought a Fender Telecaster, which was called Fritz."

The line-up of Fritz was: Steve Nicks - vocals, Lindsey Buckingham - bass/vocals, Xavier Pacheco - organ/vocals, Brian Kane - guitar, Bob Geary - drums. While they didn't blow out of the music moshroom which developed the area at that time (1967), they "gagged around the Bay Area a great deal" had a real good time, and gained a lot of experience.

"Our manager, David Forrest, tried to get us a record deal, but we just couldn't relate to Los Angeles, and Los Angeles couldn't relate to us, as far as cutting albums went. So in the long run, Fritz went nowhere fast, and the group broke up in 1971."

Nicks and I became romantically involved, and we decided to strike out as a duo - calling ourselves Buckdharma. Mick Fleetwood was in the long run, Fritz went nowhere fast, and the group broke up in 1971."

"Eventually we moved down to LA, and through friends came to know Olsen. We got a deal with a small label called Anthem, which was run by Ted Feigan and Lee LaSelle, who had previously been involved with White Trash. They had a production deal with some major distributor (United Artists, I think), and the original idea was for us to go to London and do an album at Trident Studios, but when Ted and Lee had a disagreement and split up - which meant the end of the Anthem label, which had only put out one album (by the Dillards, as I recall)."

"So we sat around and wrote a few more songs until Lee cut himself a deal with Polygram. We cut an album: 'Buckingham Nicks' - Polygram 5058-Nov 1973... but the record stunk out, and we were back to square one."

At that point, I turned my hand to session work - did some studio work and, among other things, I went out on the road with the Everly Brothers. I was with them for a while, and after the Everly Brothers had split up, and Don was doing a short club tour with a back-up band that Warren Zevon had got together for him. That's the last I heard of him, because I'd always been a big Billy Taylor - and I'd always been a big Billy Taylor - and I'd always been a big Billy Taylor."

"Well, our musical activities weren't bringing in abundant amounts of money so, rather than get involved in scenes we couldn't relate to, we took jobs... Steve worked at a hotel in his place called Clementines in Beverly Hills, and I worked for an agency - getting on the phone and soliciting advertising. It wasn't the most spectacular of lifestyles, but that, along with the odd session, got us by - and we managed to eat for a couple of years, following the failure of the album."

"During this time, despite the hardships, we had complete faith in what we were trying to do. We had these managers who were trying to get us to do Top 40 stuff; they said they could get us all the gigs we could handle, if only we'd be prepared to play that kind of music. But Steve and I knew that if we did, we'd lose whatever musical direction we had, and we didn't want to prostitute ourselves. So we resisted, and they never got no gigs... nobody wanted to hear Buckingham Nicks doing their own songs."

"Well... almost nobody - because we were a little pocket of isolated Buckingham Nicks mania! Of the few gigs we'd done, two were in Birmingham, and one was in London. We were looking for Mountain, and the second was opening for Poco... and for some reason, we really caught fire in that town. Some DJs and promoters took an interest in the album, and it was a huge success there - so we went down a storm! If nowhere else in the world, Buckingham Nicks were stars in Birmingham Alabama."

"It so happened that our last gig at Buckingham Nicks was at Birmingham just after we'd joined Fleetwood Mac. As a result of our 2 previous gigs, we were booked as the headline act, and the line-up was: Lindsey Buckingham - guitar/vocals, Bob Geary - drums, Gary Hodges - drums also, Tom Monaghan - bass also."

So we topped the bill to an audience of 7,000 and Buckingham Nicks went out on a much higher note than anyone had expected."

"Meanwhile, we had been asked to join Fleetwood Mac. Mick Fleetwood had happened to bump into a guy called Thom's Christian - in a supermarket somewhere, I think - and they'd got to discussing recording studios - because Fleetwood Mac were looking for a new studio to record their next album. This guy suggested that Mick checked out Sound City in Van Nuys."

So Mick went there and the engineer, Keith Olsen, to demonstrate the capabilities of the studio, played a tape of a track from the Buckingham Nicks album, which had been recorded there. As it happened, Steve and I were in the next studio working on some demos, and as we went out for some coffee, I heard 'Frozen Love' leaking out from somewhere. So I went to see what was happening, and there was Mick Fleetwood standing there, stamping his foot to the rhythm."

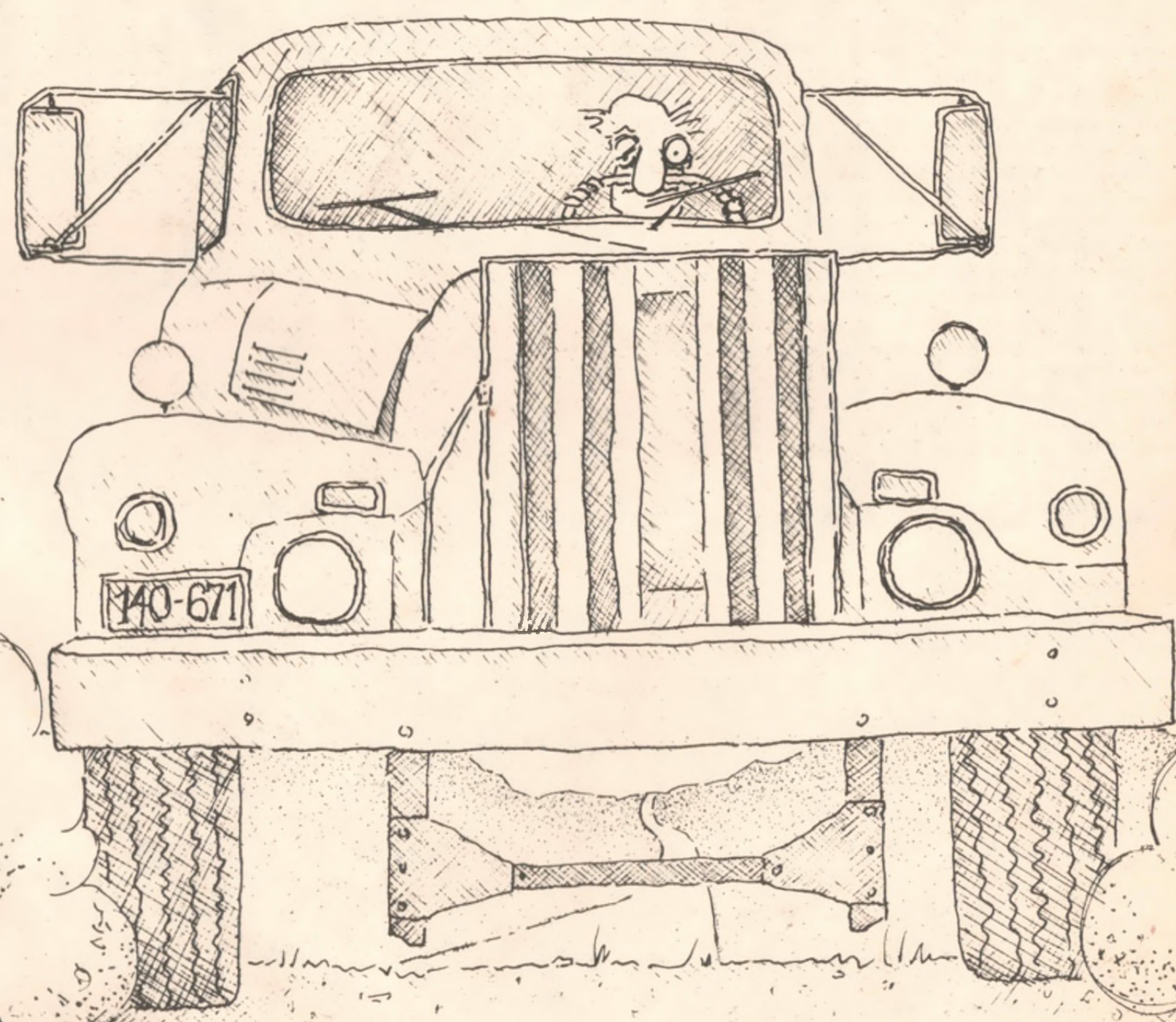
About a week later, Bob Mivie announced that he was leaving - so Mick phoned Keith and asked him if he thought we'd be interested in becoming members of Fleetwood Mac at the time, we were having a new years party at our house, wondering if 1975 would be a better year for us - and Keith wanted to see some demos. I got some new demos. Fleetwood Mac were going to join them. We could have knocked them down with a feather!"

"I do love a happy ending, don't you?"

If, in a flight of fancy, you've ever ventured over to this particular neck of the woods you won't be at all surprised to learn that the younger section of the generally senile population of Harrow aren't widely renowned for their hysterical interest and devotion to Western Swing music, or even country & western for that matter... sub-moronic diluted funk seems to be the predominant musical vogue around here, that and very heavy metal. So it was with considerable surprise and delight that one day I glided effortlessly and unaided into the local watering-hole (the same place, as legend goes, outside of which I'm to be found in a drunken stupor between opening hours) to discover the atmosphere bristling alive with the exhilarating sound of 'Bump Bounce Boogie' by Asleep At The Wheel careering out of the juke-box.

People weren't exactly bouncing around the room with wild enthusiasm but the record did provoke enough interest to ensure that it was played regularly for weeks, until some wretched nurd replaced it with 'Disco Stomp Part 643' or some such piss. Of course it would be hard to imagine that anyone in the pub, except for Rick behind the bar, had any idea who Asleep At The Wheel were, nor could they have conceived of the varied styles of music they blend together so meticulously. 'Bump Bounce Boogie' for example is in essence a Western Swing tune and yet it has the instrumentation of a big jazz band and the added embellishments of some thoroughly contemporary country guitar picking. The production is brash and lively and overall it's an irresistible record, although as a single it didn't make the wide-ranging impact it deserved to. It seems that my own neighbourhood isn't the only place in this country where such music is dismissed rather lightly. Today's record buyers, who appear to all intents and purposes to be consumers rather than music lovers, don't seem to find Asleep At The Wheel an instantly commercial proposition. The uninitiated could well interpret their music as being dated, 'non progressive', corny, and even samey. To be honest I have to admit that they didn't knock me out when I first heard them. They seemed lost in another era to me, but I did like two or three tracks on their first album enough to persevere with it. I played the album several more times and then one day, when I was juiced to the gills and steaming drunk, it all clicked. It began when I found myself subconsciously tapping my feet, then I started humming along (singing the words to all the choruses), until finally I was absolutely transfixed by the dexterity and imagination of the instrumental solos. Stunning. Such were my stentorian exclamations of delight that a friend rushed in to find out what was the matter, and now he owns that first album too.

# ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL



Western Swing, for that is what the Wheel specialise in, gets you like that. Its effect is at first insidious and then it all of a sudden grabs hold of your senses and makes you wonder why you never got to discover it before. Of course it takes somebody to introduce you to it initially, and in my case it was Ed Ward's article in this very magazine, issue 34 to be precise, where he traced the early history and expounded the qualities of Asleep At The Wheel with such obvious sincerity and enthusiasm, that I had to investigate. I'm writing this piece, a follow-up article if you like, in the hope that those of you still yet to appreciate this marvellous music, will be similarly moved.

Capitol Records, in a characteristic flash of wit and vision, fixed up a telephone interview for me with the Wheel's 6'10" lead guitarist and vocalist Ray Benson (who, by the way, began our chat by saying that he has several issues of Zigzag and enjoyed reading them a lot). Obviously I knew straight away that here was a man of impeccable taste and sound judgement who understood about the good things in life. His sterling work with Asleep At The Wheel and his encyclopaedic knowledge of all forms of music confirm this.

To encapsulate their early history and bring everything up to date seems to be the best way to tackle things, so... the band came together on Ray's 1500 acre farm near Paw Paw, West Virginia. He recruited high school chum Reuben Gosfield to play pedal and lap steel, but as their first rehearsal room was a freezing cold packing shed, Reuben switched to drums "to keep warm". Also, one morning shortly after he'd taken up the steel guitar, he woke up "feeling a little different". From that day forward he's been known by the name of Lucky Oceans! Conversely, drummer Leroy Preston joined the band and he soon switched from playing drums to rhythm guitar. That first line-up was completed by a bass player named Hal and pianist Ed Freeman, and they played their first gigs at the Sportsmen's Club in Paw Paw.

An appearance on the Medicine Ball Caravan and dates with Poco in Washington D.C. followed and then the bass player and pianist left. On an invitation from Ray, a guy named Fitzhugh and two girl singers truned up to join the band, but only one of the girls, Chris O'Connell, stayed. Still without a bass player and pianist and very much at starvation level, they decided to head for the west coast after consistent persuasion from Commander Cody's manager Joe Kerr. As chance would have it they picked up bassist Gene Dobkin on the way and they arrived in California hopeful but unsure of their prospects. Despite considerable help from Cody's crew, they found it hard going to say the least. A regular gig backing black country singer Stoney Edwards at least enabled them to eat, although they weren't getting a regular wage, and it didn't do much for their morale either. If you can call a Tuesday night residency

at the Longbranch playing in front of 30 people a lucky break, well then Asleep At The Wheel's first serious assault against penniless obscurity can be said to have started there. Before long they'd built up a sizeable following which included young and old alike, fellow musicians and local freaks. One day in January of 1972 a pianist from Berkeley named Floyd Domino dropped by and ended up joining the band, and with Lucky Oceans switching back to pedal steel and Leroy back on the drum kit, after a period of hesitancy they signed to United Artists records for whom they made their first album 'COMIN' RIGHT AT YA' (UAS 29454) which was released in March 1973. Now I think that all of the Asleep At The Wheel albums are good, some parts better than others, and as I intimated earlier, a few of their songs just wipe me out completely. But for sheer consistency and faultless choice of material I reckon that overall this first album takes a lot of beating. It's heavier on Western Swing than subsequent albums, although it showcases in no uncertain terms the quality of Chris O'Connell as a straight country singer. Two fiddle players, legendary Nashville session man Buddy Spicher and ex-Bob Wills compatriot Johnny Gimble, also add their talents, and the crystal clear sympathetic production is by Tommy Allsup. Incidentally, while I was working at UA I tried to order this record up several times without any luck, so unfortunately it appears that it has now been deleted. Don't pass it by if you see it in the second hand racks though.

After the first album... major changes. A new record company, a new line-up and a new home. For a start they were dropped by UA and moved to Epic; also bassist Gene Dobkin left and was replaced by Tony Garnier, and prior to that they acquired a fiddle player in the form of Richard Casanova. Their change of home came in February 1974 when they forsook the California sunshine for Austin, Texas, the place that was most receptive to their style of music. Their second album 'ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL' (Epic KE 33097) was released here in September 1974, and straight away we notice that there is a change in producer as well.

Ray: "Epic didn't think Tommy Allsup could produce a hit album for us, and that's what they wanted. So they brought in Norro Wilson". There is also a multitude of extra musicians used on this and the two subsequent LPs... strange really when you consider that there's never been less than seven members in the band. Ray: "The people we've used are really good people and good musicians, and we like to use them, but the next album we're going to do on our own".

Despite the inclusion of the classic 'Choo Choo Ch'Boogie' and several other items of outstanding quality, that second album, needless to say, wasn't the hit that Epic expected, and so they promptly dropped them. More personnel changes.

Daniel Levin replaced Richard Casanova on fiddle, and tenor sax player Ed Vizard joined, as did drummer Scott Hennige, which gave Leroy the chance to revert back to singing and guitar. Capitol Records, in their inestimable wisdom, signed them up, and their third album 'TEXAS GOLD' (Capitol E-ST 11441) came out in August 1975 spawning two country hits, 'The Letter That Johnny Walker Read' and the already mentioned 'Bump Bounce Boogie', plus the usual mixture of standards and originals. Tommy Allsup was back in the producer's chair, and if 'Texas Gold' represented no great improvement or progression, it was still solid, attractive, honest-to-godness stuff; nothing really spectacular, just very very accomplished.

By now, with the re-birth of Western Swing music on a wide scale virtually complete, Asleep At The Wheel had become a touring band much in demand. Ray: "It's really strange that Western Swing pretty well died the day Elvis Presley had his first hit record... It's the form of music that is nearer rock'n'roll than any other and yet it was the first to go. But it really became popular again almost everywhere... there seems to be a lot of interest all over the States and Canada, etc. We've just finished a tour of Canada in fact and we tour all over America".

Texas isn't the only place that swings it seems, but that whole Austin scene, now moderately famous after countless magazine and newspaper articles, appears to be the hub of the Country and Western Swing revival in America. I mentioned to Ray that I'd just read Jan Reid's absorbing book 'The Improbable Rise Of Redneck Rock', and I asked him if it was an accurate representation of what was going on down there.

"Well that guy's an asshole anyway and the book is way off the mark. He hardly mentions the most important people around here, and Michael Murphey for instance (whom Reid deals with extensively) doesn't even live here any more! I can honestly say that that book does not paint a representative picture of what's happening in Texas. Forget it". Well although we're in no position to know first hand what the music scene in Austin is like, both Tobler and I are agreed that 'The Improbable Rise Of Redneck Rock' is a good read, Jan Reid's individual character descriptions of Jerry Jeff Walker, Willie Nelson, Kinky Friedman, and Rusty Wier in particular are fascinating, and the only things I can criticise it for are its lack of index, its price - £6.50 (from Compendium Books) - and the fact that Reid's basic lack of love for the music he's describing shows through too often... it is some times too obviously written by someone who is essentially a writer with an interest in music. As to what is actually happening in Austin, Ray gives us a brief insight.

"There are now about 35-40 clubs in Austin and literally hundreds of bands, several of which are Western Swing bands.

Some of the best are the Reynolds Sisters, Alvin Crow, and the Miser y Brothers. And it's not all just country music either, there are several blues clubs and people like Fats Domino, Bobby Bland and Jimmy Witherspoon play here regularly. The place is just teeming with good music".

Much to the distaste of the local musicians, it has been suggested on several occasions, in Reid's book and elsewhere, that Austin could turn out to be the next 'Nashville', i.e. America's country music recording, administrative, hype, and shady deal centre.

Ray: "I don't think that will happen. There's just a very healthy scene here at the moment and there aren't even any recording studios as yet, although one is being built. I wish we could spend more time here instead of on the road".

Well if their latest album does the business it should, I doubt if there's much hope of that. 'WHEELIN' AND DEALIN'' (Capitol E-ST 11546) released in October this year is, I reckon, their best album since the first one, and already the single lifted from it - Bobby Troup's classic 'Route 66' is receiving quite extensive airplay both here and in the States. Forget any Rolling Stones or Dr. Feelgood versions of this song that you might be familiar with, this is 'Route 66' Western Swing style, and if there's any justice at all it will be a huge hit. There are in fact a very high percentage of ace tracks on this album, 'Miles and Miles of Texas', 'Shout Wa Hey!', 'Cajun Stripper' (the Wheel's first dabble with cajun music courtesy of Dough Kershaw), and 'They Raided The Joint' being but four excellent examples. The choice of material is pretty much totally directed towards country standards and other peoples' songs with only 'If I Can't Love You' and 'Shout Wa Hey' bearing a group member's credit. It seems that Ray himself is responsible for the discovery of much of this material.

Ray: "Well I have quite a large selection



of 78s and a few LPs as well and there are just so many really great old country tunes we'd like to do. As far as my interest in jazz is concerned, I'm really helped by European imports of American jazz records. . . . I'd be lost without them. People also send us tapes so we have a lot of material to choose from".

Before the recording of 'WHEELIN' AND DEALIN'' there had, not altogether surprisingly, been more personnel changes. Ed Vizard had left to join Alvin Crow's band, and the addition of Link Davis Jr. (his father used to play with the Big Bopper among others) on fiddle and saxes and Bill Mabry on fiddle boosted their numbers to eleven and their quota of fiddle players to three.

Ray: "Our line-up keeps changing and probably always will keep changing. We have a pretty high mortality rate (laughs) and also the scene around here is very flexible and interchangeable. In fact there have already been changes since the last album". Groan. "Chris York has replaced Scott Hennige on drums, and Pat Ryan (horns) has already replaced Link Davis".

Despite my inarguable and Irrevocable verdict that 'Wheelin' and Dealin'' is a thoroughly excellent album, there are some

cloth-eared dodos who dare to disagree, like the guy from 'Rolling Stone' for instance. He apparently didn't like the album much, saying in effect that it wasn't nearly as good as they are live. Ray had some words to say on the subject.

"I don't think you can compare records with live performances. They're two totally different things with different criteria for judgement. Sure, we might be more exciting onstage than we are on record, but that's probably because of the visual thing. . . . you can see us. His (the reviewer) was a nit-picking argument, and if he wants to nit-pick he mentioned that when he saw us we played 'One O'Clock Jump'. Well we never play that".

Still, I mentioned that it might be a nice idea if they recorded a live album.

Ray: "We all want to do a live album. We want that to be our next project, but the trouble is that we can't record all that material from the first two albums for contractual reasons. So I think it will have to wait for a while".

At the moment Asleep At The Wheel are more than busy to be worried about the distant future. They are currently doing TV shows all over the States and the gig sheet looks characteristically healthy. As far as paying a visit over here goes, Ray reckons that they'll be over as soon as they can afford it, providing that they can be sure there'll be enough people interested. So folks, you know what to do. Grab one of their albums, preferably the new one, and immerse yourselves in the joys of Texas country music. Then turn your friends and friends' friends on to it, and before you know it there may be enough of us to fill the Victoria Palace for a couple of nights.

Asleep At The Wheel may not be great innovators (even that's arguable), and they're certainly not as trendy as some of the lame dogs one reads about every week, but their music is spot-on and it's a pleasure for me just to know that they exist.

Andy Childs

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# THE ZIGZAG BACK-PAGER

Dateline: 17th December 1966

Their manager, Simon Napier Bell, confirmed this week that the Yardbirds have officially dispensed with the services of Jeff Beck, the brilliant young guitarist who has shaped their sound since Eric Clapton left to join John Mayall's Bluesbreakers in March last year.

Though press reports are confused and conflicting, it appears that the split is the culmination of several weeks of simmering hostility within the group. The official explanation attributes Beck's departure to "persistent illness", while Beck himself insists that he quit after a heated discussion with singer Keith Relf.

"I can't think why I didn't do it sooner" declared the unrepentant Beck. "You see, I was never really fully accepted into the group and when things got a little rough, as they did on the last American tour, most of the moans were directed at me. You wouldn't believe the stupid bickering that went on between some of us. . . . Jimmy Page excepted, of course".

Since Beck's long-time friend Jimmy Page replaced bass player Paul Samwell Smith this July, the Yardbirds' schedule has been exceptionally hectic - a situation which was not alleviated when Beck had to pull out of a string of stateside dates during the first week of September. Beck's absence necessitated some fast role-switching; Page took over lead guitar, whilst rhythm guitarist Chris Dreya changed to bass, and the tour was completed as a four piece while Beck, according to a press bulletin, lay in a San Francisco hospital recuperating after having tonsils operation.

By September 14th, Beck was back in England with the group, where they spent several days filming for 'Blow Up', a new film to star David Hemmings and Vanessa Redgrave, and recording their current single 'Happenings Ten Years Time Ago' - presently high on the American singles chart.

On 19th October, following the 12 date



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Jeff Beck. "I can't think why I didn't do it sooner"

Rolling Stones package tour of Britain, on which they participated, the Yardbirds returned to America to tour with Dick Clark Caravan of Stars but Beck again dropped out - this time after only two dates. Beck, "mentally exhausted by the changes in temperature and long hours of travelling", remained in California while the group played on.

## single of the month

'For What It's Worth' BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD (Atco). Despite their quality, the first two single releases from the exceptionally talented Buffalo Springfield failed to fire the imagination of either radio station programmers or record buyers.

Their third single, released this week, should mark a change in their fortunes. 'For What It's Worth', a folk-rock anthem of protest by guitarist Steve Stills, not

only has the musically infectious ring of a hummable top tenner, it also speaks for young people all over America. Whilst specifically pinpointing the brutality and stupidity recently displayed by Los Angeles police during the Sunset Strip 'riots', it will no doubt be translated to a wider canvas and be seen as a broader statement on the nature of hip resistance.

"Everybody look what's going down", sings the steel-eyed Stills - and it might



be worthwhile to look behind his words and see exactly what did go down; examine the train of events which precipitated this historic recording.

The so called 'riots' were the result of an economic battle with, and over, teenagers, who had been drawn to the Strip by a musical development. The dull old Sunset Strip of the late 50s and early 60s - characterised by old and expensive restaurants, in steep decline along with the golden era of Hollywood - had suddenly become rejuvenated by a deep fix of rock music.

Following pioneer work by the Beach Boys, Los Angeles had, by 1965, become a centre for all kinds of rock and, inspired by the Byrds and their success at Ciro's, many of the night clubs along the Strip kicked out the tawdry cocktail set in favour of rock groups... so that by the middle of this year, the evening streets thronged with teenagers and longhairs. The notorious sprawl of Los Angeles, which left the city diffused and lifeless at night, suddenly discovered a heart - a Main Street, where the young could spend their time... and they came in such numbers that they almost brought traffic to a halt.

Restauranters and other straight proprietors, seeing their business dwindling even more dismally, sought a legal serum for this epidemic and found one: the establishment invoked an old curfew law requiring all people under 18 to be off the streets by 10pm.

County Ordinance 3611.1: "No person under the age of 18 years shall loiter about any public street, avenue, alley, park or other place, between 10pm and sunrise unless accompanied by a parent, legal guardian or spouse over 21 years old". This effectively gave the law a carte blanche to arrest and batter teenagers at will, since the legal definition of "loitering" is "to idle, to loaf, to stand idly by or to walk, drive or ride about aimlessly and without purpose" - a definition that may well make the entire solar system illegal.

For the past three months, the heat (as the police are called locally) have responded with increasing zeal to community pressure to crack down on the 'juvies' and clear them from the area, and reports of brutality, originally confined to underground papers like the LA Free Press, began to make regular front page news in the dailies, often accompanied by photographs of club-swinging police implementing the curfew - their faces usually contorted with psychopathic sadism. To any rational spectator it was a clear case of paranoia: the Establishment versus the Hippie Menace. "The cops are reacting with the sort of mindless hysteria which characterised the old 'coon hunts' in the South... they seem to have lost all reason" said a representative of the American Civil Liberties Union, who had been drafted in to observe the situation after reports had begun to arouse public feelings. Just before Halloween, two high school

students mimeographed a hundred leaflets announcing a 'demonstration' for the evening of Saturday November 12th, in front of a coffee house called Pandora's Box... "to protest Police Mistreatment of Youth" and to express their anger at being driven from the scene.

"What a field day for the heat - a thousand and people in the street!", sings Stills in 'For What It's Worth', but in fact the meeting attracted well over a thousand students, dropouts, serious long hairs, runaways, sympathizers, passers-by and merely curious rubbernecks... who stood together in an impressive expression of passive resistance - despite the attempts of TV and mediamen to incite some spectacular and newsworthy acts of disorder which might add some spice to their reports.

Flower Power, however, was no match for the Los Angeles police, who suddenly decided to attack the crowd with billy-clubs, driving them westward along the Strip, towards the Sheriff's deputies, waiting across the West Hollywood county line which bisects Sunset. Many young people were hurt, many arrested.

The November 12th demonstration was the precursor of three successive weeks of terror on the Strip, during which Pandora's Box and another popular coffee house, the Fifth Estate, were shut down and condemned by the authorities for the flimsiest of reasons, and teenagers were hassled and beaten almost haphazardly. The situation was raging out of control.

During the past week, the worsening conditions have provoked Jim Dickson, the manager of the Byrds, to establish CAFF - Community Action for Facts and Freedom - to make it clear that the youngsters on the Strip are not hoodlums but fellow citizens whose rights are in jeopardy. "Things will get worse unless California develops a system of authority that does more than demand obedience... it must command respect", said Dickson on CBS news last night - a broadcast which also reported Governor Ronald Reagan's plan to "clean up the Berkeley campus and get rid of all the trouble-makers".

Stephen Stills' lyric says it all: "Paranoia strikes deep; Into your life it will creep. It starts when you're always afraid; Step out of line - The man come and take you away".



## NEW STARS ON THE HORIZON

December 12th  
Broadside Magazine's Philadelphia correspondents, Chuck Klein and Rachel Rubin, report on an exciting new act - appearing in the city for the first time:

Chuck and Joni Mitchell were at the Second Fret for a week, and it was wonderful to see them. These two are definitely going to be very big some day, and it's only a question of time, for the quality is already there. Contrary to what a lot of people think, they are not a duo; they work separately. Chuck's bag runs towards a cabaret kind of affair - songs based on Brecht poems, some folk material, some original songs. He has a smooth voice and fine control.

Joni is into more of a folk thing. She does all her own songs, and does them remarkably well. Her voice is sweet, her entire performance relaxed and easy. Many of her songs are quite good, some are excellent, such as "Urge For Goin'" and "Circle Game." They drew surprisingly large crowds for a first appearance here, so I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot more of them.

## BITS & PIECES

Eric Kaz, considered by many to be the finest songwriter in New York, has formed a folk rock group with Marc Silber and Happy & Artie Traum. They're called the Children of Paradise... Sam Charters, noted blues authority, has joined Vanguard Records as A&R manager. He will be responsible for broadening the label's horizons and signing new acts. His first assignment is investigating some of the new wave rock groups based in San Francisco... The new Greenbriar Boys album 'Better Late Than Never', released this week, features 'Different Drum' written by Mike Nesmith. Nesmith's own group, the Monkees, are currently at number one in the American charts with 'I'm A Believer'... New releases to look out for: 'Sunshine Superman' by Donovan, 'You Keep Me Hanging On' by the Supremes, 'Nashville Cats' by the Lovin' Spoonful, 'Rubber Band' by David Bowie, and new albums from Simon and Garfunkel ('Parsley Sage Rosemary and Thyme') and the Blues Project, featuring Al Kooper and Steve Katz ('Projections')... the Rolling Stones were voted top R&B band in NME's poll... American promoter Sid Bernstein flew into London this week to offer the Beatles a million dollars to play two performances at the Shea Stadium in New York.

## the veer city rider



by Peter Stampfel & Antonia

RED ALERT! Good records being buried under the crudwave on the radio! Seek 'em out! For instance, the Critters have quietly slipped in a new entry called "Bad Misunderstanding" which is a perfect little gem of a record, and you hardly hear it anywhere. "Talk Talk" by the Music Machine, is yet to be heard in our area. Then there's the new Yardbirds "Happenings 10 Years Time Ago," the record that answers the burning question - is Jeff Beck really the Eggplant that ate Chicago? As a substitute for all this jelly, we are offered Ronnie Dove and Nancy Sinatra and the Outsiders. FAUGH.

There are a number of groups working out of California who haven't cracked here yet. Two of the prime ones are the Buffalo Springfield and the Seeds. We have had the Springfield's "Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing" on order at our record store for months. I just bought the Seeds' first album A Web Of Sound on the Crescendo label. It's very hard-rock, something like the first "Them" album but even better. Skillful use of strange sounds and organ. This is where hard rock groups mess up the most. You need taste to use feedback or organ effectively. The Seeds have taste. Easily one of the best groups in the country.

TULI KUPFERBERG IS A POET! And E.S.P. records is releasing his "Morning, Morning" as a single record. Smart move. Record #4508.

The Youngbloods have cut their single record; "Grizzly Bear" on one side, "Tears" on the other. Watch for this one.

## SIR BILLY BUTLIN

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and

A Happy New Year



The Zigzag Backpacer was researched and put together by Kris Needs, Mac Garry and Tom Baker.



## BEHIND THE SCENES WITH WARREN AND JACKSON (AND WADDY TOO)

Session Guitarist of the Year, Waddy Wachtel, in London with Linda Ronstadt's band, sprawled across his hotel bed.

"I'll tell you how I first ran into Warren Zevon. I was holed up in Hollywood, trying to break in on the studio-musician scene when this cat I was trying to get work from, called me up one day and said 'hey listen, the Everly Brothers are going to Europe for a tour, and they need a guitar player'. Instinctively, and with my usual abundant modesty, I said 'Well, I must be the perfect guitar player for that act'.

"So he told me to turn up at their rehearsal room and he'd fix it with their management that I would get a reasonable chance to audition. I arrived and there was this really straight looking guy, so I said 'I assume you're from the Everly's management' - but he told me he was the bass player in the band, which took me back a little because he looked so straight! Then the drummer came in, with hair down to here, and I breathed a sigh of relief - at least I'd be able to get high with one of the band if I got the job... but it turned out he was a Jesus freak! A beautiful guy, but straight as a surf board! And it turned out that the straight-looking bass player smoked as much grass as he could get his hands on!

"Anyway, I was somewhat loath to unpack my guitar until someone from the management arrived to give me the nod... and then in walked this really super-smart dude: seer-sucker suit, neat blue shirt, a jaunty little hat, blond hair and glasses... and I thought 'Oh no, this

guy will throw me out straight away' - because I had a huge bushy beard and long hair; and you could hardly see any face at all, and I was dressed in just undershirt and jeans.

"I approached this guy, dressed to the hilt, and asked if he was the manager. 'No', he says, '... my name's Warren - I play piano! That was Warren Zevon, and he ran the group. He told me to unpack my guitar, but you could tell he was regarding me with the utmost suspicion because the guy I was replacing had been real good... I'm sure your readers will be familiar with him - Robert Warford.

"Well, I got ready to play, but Warren says 'don't play - just listen'. I protested that I was already familiar with the Everly's songs, but he just fixed me with a look of hostility and said 'listen!'. So I listened whilst they played 'Bowling Green' and then I played along. Fine. Then they ran through 'Walk Right Back', and then I played along, and that was fine too - except that I'd noticed that Warren had made a mistake on the intro: he must have subconsciously changed the chords around... and I couldn't resist pointing out his mistake!

"He was aghast... 'WHAT?' I showed him the right chords, and grudgingly he had to admit he was wrong. So we instantly had this resentment towards each other... I mean, we liked each other right away, but there was this tension of jealousy going too... me regarding him as an overdressed prig, and him looking upon me as something that just crawled off the page of a Furry Freak Brothers comic!"

"Anyway, we played all their repertoire, and I got the gig - because I'd been an Everly's fan ever since I could remember, and I knew all the songs back to front. At the end, Warren says "OK, what can I tell you? You've got the gig. I'll take you along to meet Donald and Phil if you'll just toddle along and get your hair cut."

"I looked at him... 'bullshit, I will! I'm not cutting my hair!'

"He relented and said I could still be in the band, but was really appalled at my arrogance and the fact that he couldn't catch me out on the songs... so he suddenly said 'alright, smart guy - you know everything... what's this?'... and he played a snatch of classical music. Now, as it happens, I'm not particularly well versed in classical music - but one of the few pieces I do know was the one Warren was playing... and I immediately identified it with great authority: 'It's Beethoven's 4th in G Major'. That finished him right off: his hands flew into the air involuntarily, and his hat fell off as his eyes rolled heavenward".

As you can see, we're backtracking over territory covered in the first part of this article (in Zigzag 65), but it was back during his days with the Everlys, in the early seventies, that Zevon began to work on material which would eventually comprise his excellent album, 'WARREN ZEVEON' (Asylum K53039), released May 1976).

Warren! "Some of the songs on the album, Waddy and I had been playing together for so

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long that the studio arrangement just fell into place around our basic ideas. Some songs, for example those I'd written on the fiddle, had to be re-arranged to accommodate a band — but things like 'Carmelita' and 'Frank and Jesse James' had been worked out years before."

"You see, my first album, 'Wanted Dead or Alive', had been so half-baked that I determined not to go into the studio or even consider another solo album until I was ready — that is, until I had a distinct and definite idea of exactly what I wanted . . . and it wasn't until the end of 1975 that Jackson Browne and I concluded that the time was right."

In 1972, following the irrevocable break up of the Everlys, Warren played in their separate road bands — as previously detailed — and it was during this period that he met David Geffen, who signed him as a songwriter. "He gave me a year's publishing contract, paying me a salary against a body of songs I'd written since leaving Bones Howe the previous year."

This income, coupled with session work and solo club gigs up and down the California coast, kept him going until he decided to return to Los Angeles, get married, and move to Spain . . . "because neither my wife nor I had ever been there and we were attracted by the romance and the mystery — not to mention the economic considerations".

"We weren't really sure when we were coming back, but Jackson and I were corresponding — sending letters and cassettes of songs back and forth — and an enthusiasm developed to the point where I felt my songs had a kind of cyclical order and were coherent enough for an album."

"From a writing point of view, Spain had a very beneficial effect on me: stranded out there, thousands of miles from Hollywood, without the security of any regular income, I found I had much more impetus to create. During all my previous periods as a salaried songwriter, the knowledge that I would find a cheque in the mail every month had been very detrimental — and that's certainly why those years weren't as fruitful as they might have been . . . I mean, can you imagine it sitting around, on wages, trying to come up with a song which would be suitable for The Fifth Dimension to record? So, whereas my publishing contracts had induced a degree of mental idleness, the year in Spain really charged up my batteries, and I was rarin' to go into battle again."

A timely call from Phil Everly took him north to London where session work on Phil's 'Mystic Line' album financed the flights home — and he arrived in Los Angeles to find an Asylum recording contract, solicited primarily through Jackson's influence, awaiting his signature.

Warren: "I first met Jackson in 1968. Elektra Records had this maverick A & R guy called Frazier Mohawk (formerly Barry Friedman — a name which should chill the marrow of any self-respecting Zigzag reader), who was interested in getting unrecorded singer-songwriters together; he had this big house in Los Angeles, and that's where I met Jackson. We've been good friends ever since."

At this point Jackson signed with Elektra and was whisked to a remote backroads recording studio called Paxton Lodge — which, opined Mr. Mohawk, would immediately become a fount of flowing albums — all imbued with genius and all guaranteed to enhance Elektra's reputation and purse.

However, it was not destined to become a venture that Jac Holzman would be happy to recall. The Paxton Lodge project, despite throwing up some remarkably strange but interesting albums by such as Spider John Koerner and the Holy Modal Rounders, was largely a disastrous and expensive failure — and abortive attempts to capture Jackson Browne's much-publicised genius were doomed to remain under lock and key forever.

Meanwhile, Warren had gone off in various other directions — though their paths frequently



touched socially . . . to the extent that Jackson was incorporating the odd Zevon song into his stage act.

Came the early days of 1976, they went into the studio to start work on what is certainly my favourite album of the year . . . though teething troubles arrested their initial optimism.

Waddy: "Ever since the days of the Everlys, Warren and I have spent many hours together — singing, trying to write, playing, or just screaming in each other's faces . . . and a lot of the songs on the album were written either on the road, or else at his or my house — and there was an unspoken agreement that if ever he came to record them, I would go along and play on them."

Warren: "Waddy has known my songs from the day they were conceived, and since I first met him he has risen to a point where he's the most prominent guitarist in LA: you'll find him on the latest albums by Carole King, James Taylor, Linda Ronstadt, J.D. Souther, Rod Stewart, Jackson Browne . . . he's right up there now."

"Well, for the first session, Jackson got Waddy along, as well as a couple of very well known session men . . . but there just wasn't anything happening; there was no sign of any magic in the air — even though the guys in question are triple scale studio stars."

Warren didn't feel inclined to put a name to them, but Waddy did: "It was Leland Sklar on bass and Jim Gordon on drums! Jackson had asked me along to play, and I felt it was hardly my position to make suggestions to him: he was the producer and as such, it was up to him to call the tune — but after hearing them laying down the rhythm track of 'Frank and Jesse James', I really had to stick in my oar . . . I

mentioned to Jackson that I thought the drummer ought to put a little more effort and dramatic quality into the song. Well, to cut a long story short, Jackson got in Bob Glaub on bass and Larry Zack on drums, and everything went pretty smoothly after that . . . the sessions had much more of a family feel to them."

"I think Jackson's production is superb, but — and I'm sure he wouldn't mind me saying this — to begin with, he was a little unsure of what he wanted. He had a headful of ideas, but he had a little trouble crystallising his actual requirements and getting the performance he wanted, from the players. Now Jackson is a great guy, and no matter what he's doing, he comes across as a great guy, but it's really important for a producer to lay it on the line to the players . . . you have to know exactly what you want to hear. I think it was the first outside production he'd ever attempted, but once he'd got past that early stumbling block, arty tension in the air dissolved, and he did a really great job on the album."

Critical reaction was fascinating. Sounds thought the release was significant enough to justify a full page article, and Barbara Charone's from-the-heart review was delightfully perceptive and thought-out.

At the other end of the spectrum, the Melody Maker (in their amusingly titled 'Insight' section) dismissed Zevon as "a songwriter of strictly minimal talent" . . . and to drive the point home, their writer Steve Lake — no doubt impelled by some meta physical impulse based on the fact that his creative output usually ends up in the waste paper bin within 3 days of being published — sent us a postcard declaring that "Warren Zevon is really small shit". Well, who is right? One of the mice on the treadmill which grinds out the dearly beloved MM each week, or Warren Zevon — relaxing in the Bahamas on Linda Ronstadt royalties, after his song 'Hasten Down the Wind' has been nominated for the 1976 Songwriters Guild Award?

OK, I feel we've reached the point where I should begin to describe the album, and explain its fascination. I have all the information at my fingertips, and have Warren's comments on the background to each song . . . but you know what? I'm going to cop out.

In the space allowed, I'd either be limited to a cursory jotting on each track, or an adequate investigation of a couple — so I'll tell you this much (and these are, of course, my own humble opinions):

the songs are superb  
the arrangements are superb  
the singing is superb  
the playing is superb  
the production is superb  
the mix is superb  
the number is K53039

I'm assuming that everybody reading this article will know me well enough to realise that (a) I'm a self-opinionated twerp who's always recommending duff-albums or (b) they usually share my opinions. So, to group (a): get stuffed, and to group (b) (most of whom will no doubt possess the album already): if you're interested in a full explanation/description of the songs on the album, just send me a stamped addressed envelope and I'll whisk off a specially prepared broadsheet, wherein you can read about: Brian Donlevy as the pencil-thin moustached railroad villain who directed Jesse James (Tyronne Power) on a road to crime . . . Goelle (Frenchie) Naylor, the French Inhaler, and that final kiss . . . the exhilaration of life astride the San Andreas fault . . . the werewolf with the chinese menu in his hand, walking down the streets of Soho in the rain . . . and much, much more. All part of the Zigzag service.

And Warren says he'll see you at the Jackson Browne concerts.

Mac Garry

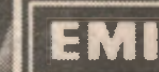


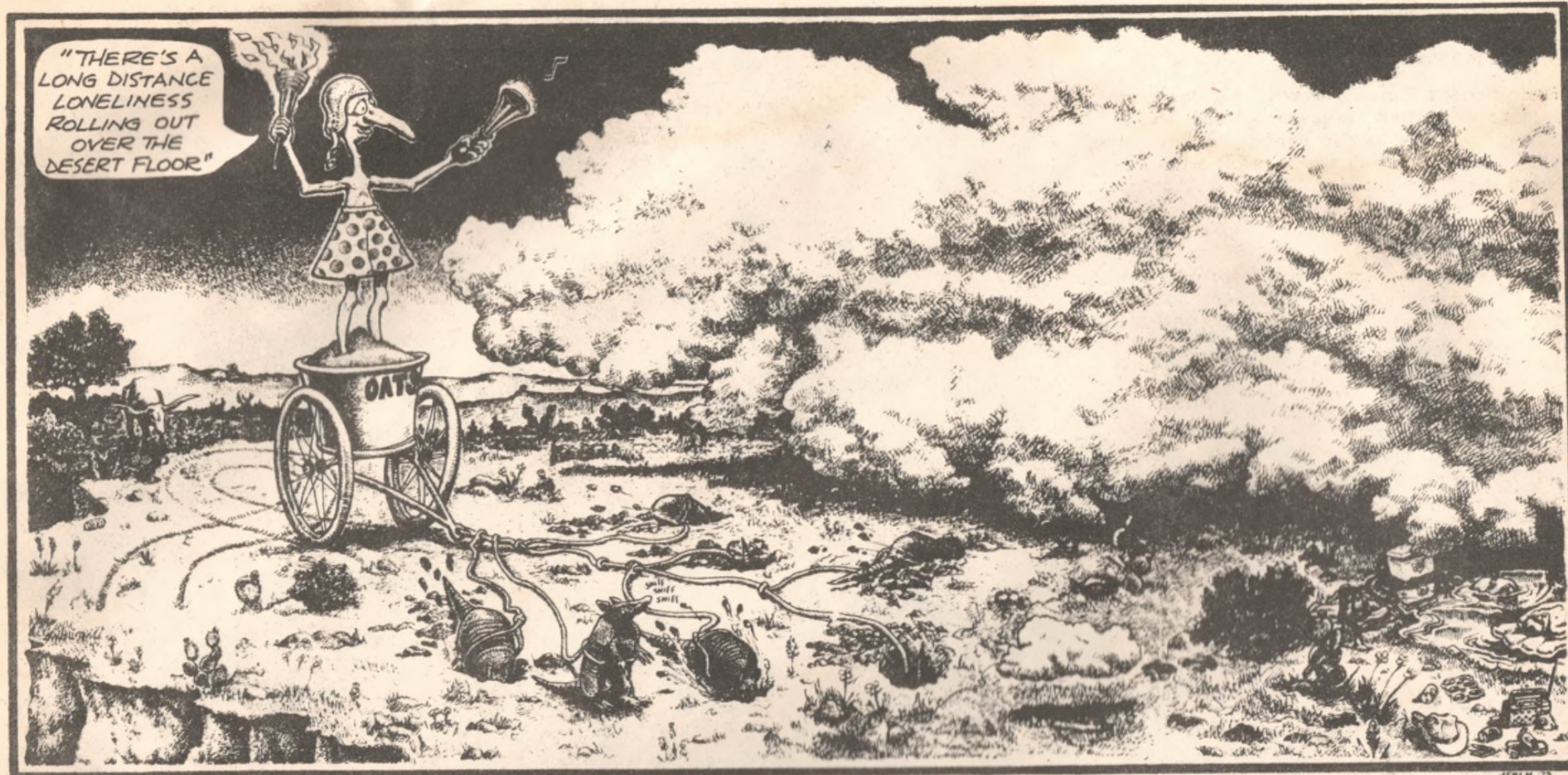
**Dunn and Rubini are two names that you probably won't have heard before. Unless of course you have been listening to the radio recently and heard their single — DIGGIN' IT.**

**The reaction to the single has been superb, and there is now a debut album on the new label Prodigal, also called DIGGIN' IT.**

**Dunn and Rubini — names for the future.**

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# R • E • V • I • E • W • S

**'Blue Moves'**  
**ELTON JOHN**  
Rocket RSP 1

In a review of one of Elton's earlier albums I wrote something to the effect that those who already liked Elton would inevitably enjoy that album, and that those who didn't like Elton ought to start liking him. This excited a certain amount of comment from such personalities as Alistair Clark, well known Virgin press officer, who suggested that such instructions were far too simplistic to be taken seriously. I begged to differ at the time, and that goes at least double now, because 'Blue Moves' is absolutely essential listening.

As you are doubtless aware, this is Elton's first album for Rocket. It needed to be good, not least because his contract filler for DJM, 'Here And There', was frankly lame in comparison to previous almost unimpeachable work. Of course, the timing of the album's release was important - had Rocket still been plodding away with their early signings like Longdancer and Mike Silver, a heap of flak of the nature of 'Elton had to make the album in three days to keep Rocket's nose cone above water' would have resulted, and a ready made critical excuse for a total numbering job on the LP would have elicited ill-judged and thoughtless reviews. Thankfully, Kiki Dee is finally doing very well, and at least a couple of Rocket's signings in America, in Sedaka and Cliff Richard, are demonstrating that it isn't a one man company. So that only leaves one item external to the album which might influence reviewers and/or potential purchasers, and that's the over-publicised 'Rolling Stone' interview concerning Elton's sexual habits. I wonder how many of you Zigzagers reading this are of something other than totally normal sexual behaviour? And I don't just mean homo, bi or les - there's probably a few rubber fetishists, bondage freaks and so on, who are probably quite content to let their deviations (if that's what they are) remain closeted. It's not difficult to keep your private life secret if you're a comparative nobody, because no one will ever ask you about it except purely out of interest. Who cares if Mac Garry of no permanent address is actually into bestiality? He's not, I hasten to add, but his name would mean absolutely zilch to 99.9% of the British population at least, whereas someone so relentlessly in the public eye as Elton (and not necessarily because he's a publicity seeker at this point, but because he's highly successful), when faced with a 'fearless' interviewer, can either lie (a

depressingly frequent occurrence in the music business) or say exactly what he does believe, think, feel. The latter course, I'm sure you'll agree, is much more honourable... And consider this - the endless dilemma of a premier division rock star relates to how they should spend their leisure time, an amount of time which increases hugely once they move into the tax exile class, and are virtually forbidden by accountants to work, because to do so would make them poorer. Certain very well known people spend their time blowing their brains out and weakening their bodies with increasingly more debilitating and addictive substances, until they either dry out (Clapton) or deteriorate finally (Janis, and if street talk is correct, Brian Jones and Hendrix). There's little doubt in my mind that to be a bisexual rock star is infinitely better than being a late ex-junkie. I'm not exactly trying to justify what Elton said, but rather trying to indicate in an embarrassingly heavy handed manner that he's honest and alive, which criteria are the only ones, other than musical, which should be applied in critical terms.

'Blue Moves' is a double album lasting nearly one and a half hours. As always, it's immaculately and tastefully packaged, with just about every bit of information you might need or want in the way of lyrics and credits. It takes a vinyl crazy like Elton to know what people want to see on the sleeves of albums they buy, and this is a prime example of what should be done with every record. An album is, after all, the result of several months of loving care on the part of a number of people, and such activity should be noted. If it isn't the work of someone who really cares about it, then it shouldn't be released at all.

In fact, this is the album for which 1976 will be remembered. Forget Frampton, Stevie Wonder and all the rest - they're by no means bad records, but they just don't live next to this one. At this point, after only a few plays, I wouldn't like to predict which tracks will finally rank among my all-time faves, but I'm positive that more than one will. Maybe 'Chameleon' or 'Shoulder Holster' or 'Bite Your Lip', which seemed to have the most instant appeal, but others will undoubtedly reach their status before long.

It's not my intention to review the records track by track, but rather to overview them, because I know that even the one or two I don't really like will become much more acceptable in time. Anyway, there are eighteen tracks, averaging, as the mathematical among you will have perceived, between four and five minutes a time.

Three of them are instrumentals, but only one of the three, 'Out Of The Blue', is longer than a minute and a half, and it's the right one to be that length, a sort of warming-up jam by great musicians which anyone would pay to see. Other than those three, the remaining fifteen tracks are lyrically almost completely down in tone, like a series of bad dreams. That doesn't imply that the record is dirgelike throughout - far from it, it's just that death and downfall are the main ingredients of these songs. Perhaps the fact that Bernie Taupin reputedly is no longer living with his 'Tiny Dancer' Maxine, has something to do with it. Also, a first on this album is the fact that several other band members have had a hand in writing some of the songs, especially Davey Johnstone, Caleb Quaye and James Newton-Howard. Maybe that also accounts for the essential tastefulness of the backings and overall production - nobody tries too hard to shine or push themselves in front, because they know they'll be at the front automatically if it's appropriate. The spirit running through the whole crew seems to be dedicated to the construction of a very high class record, and nothing is allowed to stand in the way of that aim. On several tracks, there are no drums - how many drummers do you know in rock groups who would be prepared for elimination on other than a novelty song? Anyway, it's the best record I've heard this year, including Guy Clark and Warren Zevon (although they're not far behind), and that makes my final gambit much easier to say.

I'm pissed off with Zigzag being early on the case with superstars, and then being forgotten. If you look through our earlier issues, you'll see a lot of pioneering work, bringing a considerable number of well known names to the public notice for the first time. Having supported them in their hour (or year) of need, why won't the bastards support us when they can afford it, by insisting that their record companies advertise in the magazine? If someone encouraged you to aspire to better things, would you ignore them when you achieved them? I hope not, and that's my final fling for the year. When you read your back issues, and think how smart we were to spot potential not long after A&R men, just remember that we weren't smart at all to publicise a bunch of ungrateful turds who didn't deserve it. One of the very few exceptions, who is hereby granted the unique honour of official Zigzag ace cat of the century is Elton John. Thanks Elton.

John Tobler

**'The Pretender'**  
**JACKSON BROWNE**  
Asylum K53048

In his recent Zigzag interview, Jackson Browne said that the material for this, his first album in two years, had evolved "backwards" in that the music had preceded the lyrics. So, despite the fact that his lyrical talent is what commonly attracts most attention, perhaps it would be proper to start by looking at 'The Pretender' from a musical point of view.

'Late For The Sky' was very much a group album, performed as an entity by the same five men, so there was a consistency to the sound which at times bordered on sameness. Apart from the two shorter rock'n'roll tracks, the music on that album seemed to be subordinate to the lyrics, moving to the fore only with David Lindley's raw and searing solos on violin and guitar.

'The Pretender' sees a return to the pattern of 'For Everyman', with a wide range of people contributing to the album, and consequently a greater stylistic variation over its eight tunes. As always, Jackson - by his own admission a limited musician - uses some chord progressions and melodies that sound familiar from earlier songs, but the different combinations of musicians playing the tunes make the similarities less obvious than they might have been.

Interestingly, Jackson himself plays on only one track, and David Lindley, who played such a strong role on the last two albums, appears on only three. Whether Jackson's delegation of his own instrumental parts has any significance or not, the resultant concentration on his vocals has helped produce a further increase in the maturity of his singing. As for Lindley, I thought at first that he wouldn't be missed with all the other fine sidemen on the album, but I'm not so sure now. The instrumental highlight, for me, is his slide work on 'The Fuse', and the denser ensemble sound that tends to be the order of the day elsewhere on the record doesn't equal it in terms of tugging at the old heartstrings.

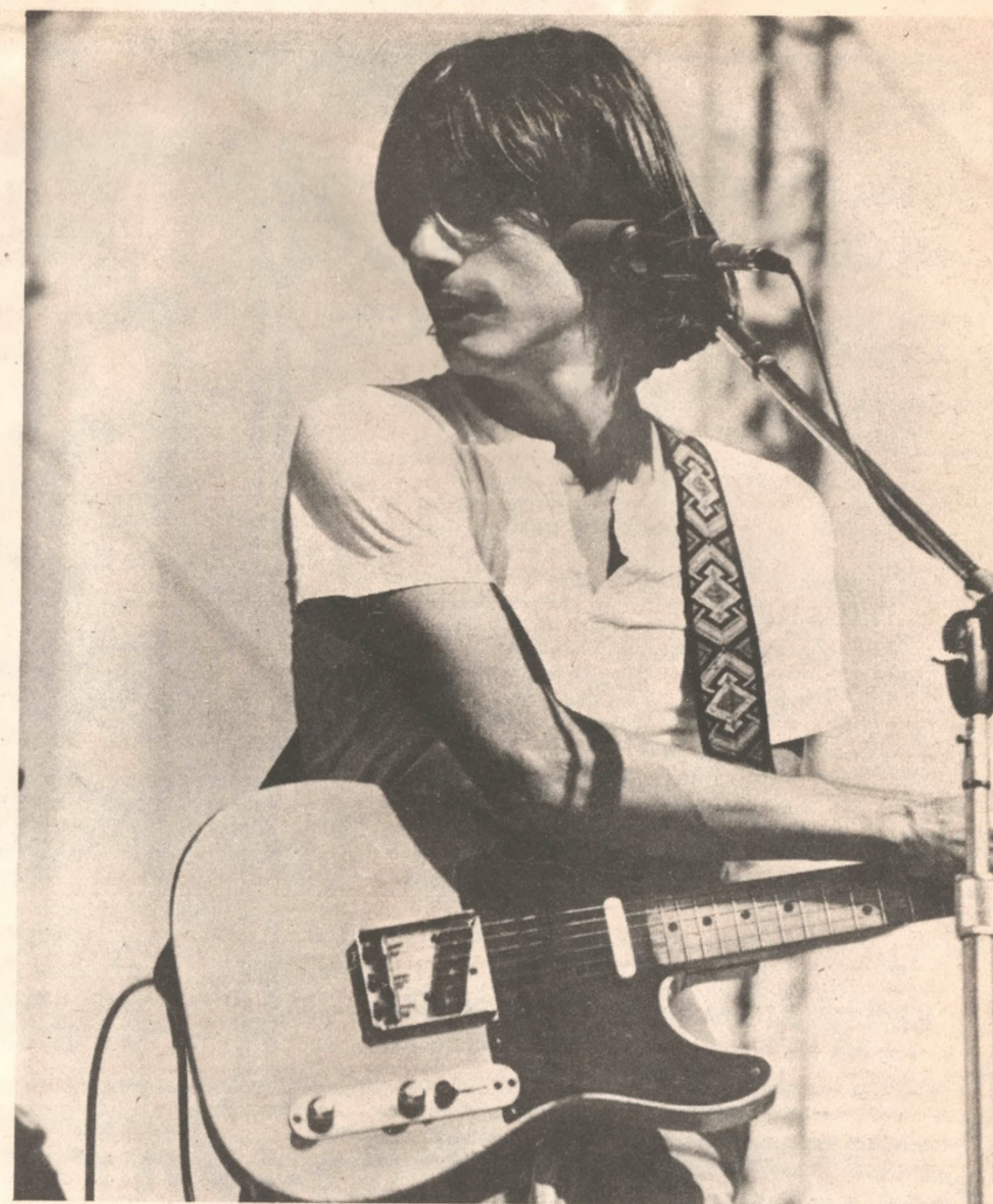
The only musical surprises are 'Linda Paloma', where Jackson uses ethnic musicians and instruments, and 'Daddy's Tune', which breaks halfway from a typical Browne rolling bass and piano tune into raunchy horn riffing. Unfortunately, these numbers also seem to me to be the only duff spots in the arranging. Most of 'Linda Paloma' is pleasant enough, with the harp player rippling around Jackson's vocal, but on the concluding lines the musicians join in on harmonies, sounding like a trio of ageing Lotharios crooning beneath a balcony in a 'Road' film. It's horrible, and comes close to destroying the delicate mood of the song. On 'Daddy's Tune' the schizophrenic arrangement doesn't really appear justified by the content of the song, and sounds like a deliberate injection of up-tempo 'optimism' into what is predominantly a low-key album. Still - own up time - I never did like parping brass much anyway.

'Sleep's Dark And Silent Gate', on the other hand, is magnificent, with David Campbell's sombre string arrangement perfectly complementing the wistful desolation of the song. 'Your Bright Baby Blues' also stands out, in the more traditional JB mould, and Lowell George's slide solo sounds remarkably Lindleyesque.

And so on to the lyrics, which should be given careful scrutiny, since 'Late For The Sky' established Jackson as one of the very few people in the rock spectrum worthy of being called a poet.

It's very tempting with an album as personal and as introspective as this to pull out the psychiatrist's couch, and attempt to diagnose the artist's state of mind. The great danger with that approach, however, is that these songs were probably written over a two year period, maybe even more, and no sensitive person maintains the same outlook or mood for that length of time.

The only consistent feeling that comes from 'Late For The Sky' and 'The Pret-



ender' is of a man deeply concerned with matters metaphysical, constantly questioning, but never finding any answers. "Though I keep a watch on the distance, it's no closer than it was yesterday", he sang in 'Farther On'.

The advance - if it can be so termed - between the two records seems to lie in the fact that whereas on 'Late For The Sky' Jackson still had "faith in the distance", 'The Pretender' suggests that he has reached the end of the line. Like a man trapped at the bottom of a deep well, who has lost hope of climbing to the hint of sunlight far above him, his eyes grow weak in the surrounding gloom, until he is unable to perceive what little light there is.

Resignation is a keynote. Remembering that on 'Late For The Sky' Jackson had begun to make much use of code symbols, in a similar way to Yeats... most notably the Road as a symbol of the earthly life, and the Sky for the spiritual life... and that those symbols were invariably used in connection with onward travel, consider the reference to "the empty sky" in 'The Fuse', or the opening stanza of 'Your Bright Baby Blues':

"I'm sitting by the highway, down by that highway side,  
Everybody's going somewhere, riding just as fast as they can ride,  
I guess they've got a lot to do, before they can rest assured their lives are justified,  
Pray to God for me, babe, he can let me slide".

Reaction to what amounts to an existentialist acknowledgement of the complete futility of life comes basically in two ways. 'Daddy's Tune', 'The Fuse' and 'Here Come Those Tears Again' hint at Sartre's advocacy of facing life through self-assertion and inner strength on a day to day basis ("You are what you choose to

be" and "Nothing survives but the way we live our lives"); while 'Sleep's Dark And Silent Gate' and 'The Pretender' plunge into the depths of depression... the former remorseful, and the latter very bitter. 'Only Child' holds out hope of fulfilment through love, but the title track even writes off that spark of optimism.

"I don't mean to be cruel, babe, but you're looking confused", Jackson sings in 'Bright Baby Blues'. In fact, he could just as easily be talking about himself.

'The Pretender' is undoubtedly a fascinating record, capable of bearing repeated listening and still revealing fresh nuances, but I'm worried that with the exception of 'Sleep's Dark And Silent Gate' and 'The Fuse', it really doesn't move me in the way the first three albums.

I think part of the reason for this lies in the arrangements, which although fundamentally unimpeachable, don't sound terribly inspired for much of the time. Most of them start with the vocals underpinned by simple piano or guitar along with the rhythm section before developing a fuller sound, and for me a lot of the emotional charge goes out of the songs as the instrumentation builds up. Some of the lyrics, too, seem less compact than is usual with Jackson. 'Here Come Those Tears Again', particularly, is pretty vapid by his normal standards, and 'Only Child' - like Dylan's 'Forever Young' - sounds like the fruits of a sentimental rather than artistic impulse.

I suppose what it boils down to is whether it's reasonable to expect a genuinely creative artist like Jackson Browne to maintain a peak year in and year out. Personally, I think 'The Pretender' represents a slight lull in his career... but I'm sure looking forward to those concerts.

Paul Kendall

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| NORMAN GREENBAUM — DR. WEST'S MEDICINE SHOW AND         |                | 1           |          |
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| GREE KINN (BESERKLEY)                                   | 4-00           | 1           |          |
| CASEY KELLEY                                            | 1-00           | 1           |          |
| KEITH & DONNA (ROUND)                                   | 1-90           | 1           |          |
| LAST POETS — AT LAST                                    | 2-00           | 1           |          |
| MODERN LOVERS — 2nd                                     | 4-00           | 1           |          |
| NUGGETS (DBL)                                           | 5-70           | 1           |          |
| NEW YORK DOLLS — TOO MUCH TOO SOON                      | 2-30           | 1           |          |
| ONE (GRUNT)                                             | 1-80           | 1           |          |
| ROLLING STONES — GOT LIVE                               | 4-00           | 1           |          |
| TOD RUNDGREN — RUNT                                     | 2-45           | 1           |          |
| ELLIOTT RANDALL — RANDALL'S ISLAND                      | 1-80           | 1           |          |
| STOOGES — 1st                                           | 3-80           | 1           |          |
| JOHN STEWART — LONESOME PICKER                          | 1-80           | 1           |          |
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# ZIGZAG

FOR WOMEN WHO SUFFER

Here we have a typical Zigzag ploy: print something very stupid in large letters. That hooks the reader into investigating the small print — whereupon he discovers that he's been duped into reading a boring old trailer for next month's star-studded, action-packed, spectacular, dynamic, action-packed issue. And do you know what? We've been using that same set of worn-out clichés for almost eight years now! Anyway, having read this far, I dare say you'll go right on to the bitter end — so here it is: depending on the extent of Christmas festivities, the vagaries of the weather, the whims of the staff, and assorted circumstances beyond our control, the next issue may contain interviews with BOZ SCAGGS • SANTANA • LINDA RONSTADT • GRAHAM PARKER • RICK GRIFFIN • PATTI SMITH • JACKSON BROWNE • ELLIOTT MURPHEY • MIKE WILHELM • IAN MATTHEWS.... not to mention all your regular favourites, plus other stuff that we haven't even thought about yet. Keep your eyes open.....it's just a month away! Meanwhile, we trust that you'll have a wonderful Christmas and hope that 1977 will be the biggest year yet! O.K. I've run out of things to say — so I'll just waffle away for a few lines blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah....there — that should do it.

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# ZIGZAG FAB FIFTY FOR NOVEMBER

| LAST MONTH | THIS MONTH | ALBUM TRACK (or single*)        | ARTISTE             | NUMBER                   | Months on the Chart |
|------------|------------|---------------------------------|---------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 8          | 1          | Memory Motel                    | ROLLING STONES      | Rolling Stones COC 59106 | 7                   |
| 6          | 2          | Shake Some Action               | FLAMIN' GROOVIES    | Sire 9103 251            | 7                   |
| 4          | 3          | Can I Make It Last              | BOZ SCAGGS          | CBS 64248                | 18                  |
| 5          | 4          | Desperados Under The Eaves      | WARREN ZEVON        | Asylum K53039            | 6                   |
| 7          | 5          | Rhiannon                        | FLEETWOOD MAC       | Reprise K54043           | 6                   |
| -          | 6          | The Fuse                        | JACKSON BROWNE      | Asylum K53048            | 1                   |
| 1          | 7          | So It Goes                      | NICK LOWE           | Stiff BUY 1*             | 4                   |
| 16         | 8          | Little Does She Know            | KURSAAL FLYERS      | CBS 81622                | 2                   |
| -          | 9          | Louisa On A Horse               | JOHN OTWAY          | Track 2094 133*          | 1                   |
| 21         | 10         | Special Love Song               | DELBERT MCCLINTON   | ABC ABCD 959             | 2                   |
| 29         | 11         | Rebecca                         | FLO & EDDIE         | Columbia PC 33554        | 12                  |
| 12         | 12         | Only Sixteen                    | DR. HOOK            | Capitol E-ST 11397       | 12                  |
| 13         | 13         | Theme From An Imaginary Western | JACK BRUCE          | RSO 2659 024             | 38                  |
| 20         | 14         | You Never Wanted Me Babe        | FAIRPORT CONVENTION | Nondescript              | 2                   |
| 3          | 15         | Roxette                         | DR. FEELGOOD        | United Artists UAS 29990 | 3                   |
| -          | 16         | Tangled Up In Blue              | BOB DYLAN           | CBS 69097                | 18                  |
| -          | 17         | Rosarita                        | TOM JANS            | Columbia PC 34292        | 1                   |
| 10         | 18         | Topanga                         | JOHN PHILLIPS       | Dunhill DS 50077         | 79                  |
| 17         | 19         | Cypress Avenue                  | VAN MORRISON        | Warner Bros K46024       | 92                  |
| 14         | 20         | These Days                      | JACKSON BROWNE      | Asylum SYL 9013          | 35                  |
| -          | 21         | Spoon River                     | STEVE GOODMAN       | Asylum K53025            | 1                   |
| 2          | 22         | Clang Of The Yankee Reaper      | VAN DYKE PARKS      | Warner Bros K56161       | 9                   |
| -          | 23         | Hotel Chambermaid               | GRAHAM PARKER       | Vertigo 6360 137         | 1                   |
| -          | 24         | Down To Zero                    | JOAN ARMATRADING    | A&M AMLH 64588           | 1                   |
| 26         | 25         | Past Present & Future           | SHANGRI LAS         | Phillips 6336 215        | 130                 |
| -          | 26         | Me And My Uncle                 | MIKE WILHELM        | Zigzag UA ZZ1            | 10                  |
| -          | 27         | Let Him Go, Mama                | JOHN HARTFORD       | Flying Fish SNTF 700     | 1                   |
| -          | 28         | Sail Away                       | RANDY NEWMAN        | Reprise K44185           | 19                  |
| 22         | 29         | I'm Losing You                  | DWIGHT TWILLEY      | Shelter ISA 5102         | 5                   |
| 19         | 30         | L.A. Freeway                    | GUY CLARK           | RCA APL1 1303            | 8                   |

Bubbling Under:

Here Comes The Night  
Mama Open Up  
Farther Along  
Daddy's Little Girl  
On The Run  
Janie

THEM  
FLO & EDDIE  
SPIRIT  
RAY SAWYER  
EDDIE & THE HOT RODS  
PARIS

Deram DPA 3001/2  
CBS 81509  
Mercury SRM-1-1094  
Capitol CL 15901\*  
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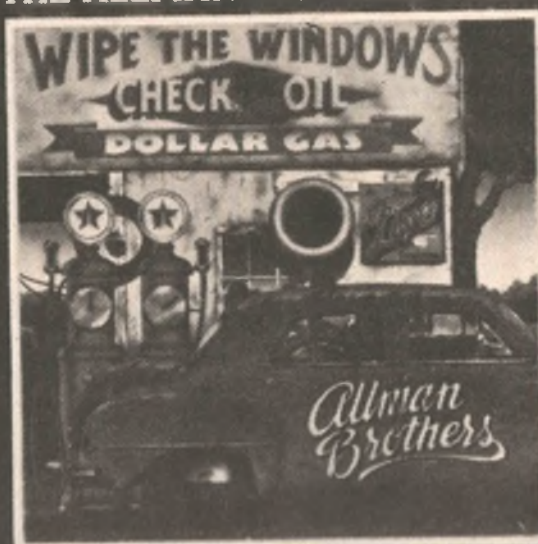


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Dateline: Sunday November 21st.

What a strange year it's been. At the start we were chopping wood like bastards all day long, just so we could get that log fire burning hot every night. Snow was on the ground, and the authorities had chosen to disconnect the electricity supply to Yeoman Cottage - something to do with the non-payment of a red bill. We sat there writing by candlelight each evening - wondering if we could revive the dying heart of Zigzag.

Less than 12 months later, not only is the electricity back on, but Zigzag is healthier than it's been in the whole of its 7½ year history.

By and large, it was a good year. In fact I'd go so far as to say it was a great year...one of the best ever as far as I'm concerned - and I have selflessly given up large areas of my column to allow my colleagues to select their highlights... starting off with that young whippersnapper

## KRIS NEEDS

Unfortunately a lot of the people I like haven't made albums yet. But 1976 was a better year for good albums than '75 anyway. (And an even better one for singles). High energy is making a welcome return. Death to boring wimp music!

## Best Albums:

'Station To Station'...David Bowie  
'Stupidity'...Dr. Feelgood  
'Shake Some Action'...Flamin' Groovies  
'Rastaman Vibration'...Bob Marley  
'Ramones'...Ramones  
'Black & Blue'...Rolling Stones  
'Blackheart Man'...Bunny Wailer

## Best Singles (not counting LP tracks)

'Keys To Your Heart'...101ers  
'If She Cries'...Poppies  
'X-Offender'...Blondie  
'Little Johnny Jewel'...Television  
'Freshly'...Dillinger  
'Black Star Liner'...Fred Locks  
'M.P.L.A.'...Tapen Zukie  
'Work All Day'...Barry Biggs

## Best Live Gigs

Clash at I.C.A./Flamin' Groovies at Roundhouse/Sex Pistols at Dunstable/Patti Smith at Hammersmith/Rolling Stones at Knebworth (I was up front)/Runaways at Roundhouse/Eddie Waring on It's A Knockout.

## Worst Live Gigs

10cc at Knebworth/Led Zeppelin film (it's like being at one)/The Damned at Leighton Buzzard/Eric Clapton at Hemel Hempstead (I don't see people I don't want to!)

## Tip For The Top In 1977 (Only hopes!)

The Clash Sex Pistols  
Subway Sect Stranglers

## Tip For The Tip!

The Eagles

## Wimp Of The Year!

Peter Frampton  
Allan Jones

Thank you Kris, and now we move smartly along to

## PAUL KENDALL

Dear me...I'm almost ashamed to show my list of preferences and prejudices after seeing Needsy's New Wave onslaught. In the year of the Punk and the Rasta I'm afraid I've been left on the bylines a bit, regretting that the inordinate amount of often indiscriminate publicity given to those movements has devalued their good aspects in many people's eyes. I reckon it's been a vintage year for people who've stuck by the 'old farts' though.

## Amazing Albums:

'Joan Armatrading'  
'Agents Of Fortune'...Blue Oyster Cult  
'Old No. 1'...Guy Clark  
'Kate & Anna McGarrigle'  
'Son Of Spirit'...Spirit  
'The Royal Scam'...Steely Dan  
'Blackheart Man'...Bunny Wailer  
'Warren Zevon'

## Live Lunacy:

'Live Bullet'...Bob Seger  
'Live At The Marquee'...Eddie & Hot Rods

## Super Singles:

'So It Goes'...Nick Lowe

# OVER THE GARDEN WALL

'If Not You'...Dr. Hook  
'Take The Money And Run'...Steve Miller

## Killer Konzerts:

Janis Ian at New Vic/Ted Nugent at Hammersmith/Poco at Oxford/Feelgoods at Hammersmith/Eddie & Hot Rods at Leighton Buzzard.

## Ghastly Gigs:

Crosby & Nash at Hammersmith/Flying Burritos at Hammersmith/AC-DC at Reading...plus others too depressingly numerous to mention.

## Bound For Glory:

Clover John Otway  
Eddie & The Hot Rods Paris

The Graham Nash Memorial 'Take Some Time And Learn How To Play' Trophy:  
The Damned

## The Andy Childs 'Busy Doing Nothing' Atrophy:

Roger McGuinn

## Yesterday Men:

The Doobie Brothers  
Stephen Stills

## The Next Big Thing:

Plank-rock. No instruments...no guitar, no bass, no drums, no moog, nothing... in the dumper those instruments. Total audience participation is what we're talking about...the group and the punters come to the gig with planks of wood (preferably soft-wood, though it probably doesn't make much difference), and spend the evening striking each other with them. Milcelm McFleecem, manager of the Wooden Topps, generally acknowledged by the Evening News to be the vanguard of the movement, says "Plank-rock represents a backlash against the elitist musical establishment by the kid on the street who's too poor to buy any equipment".

Thanks Paul, and now guess who's staggered out of bed long enough to scribble out his list...none other than

## ANDY CHILDS

## Ten Favourite Albums Of 1976

'Kate & Anna McGarrigle'  
'Kingfish'  
'Heat Treatment' GRAHAM PARKER  
'Fly Like An Eagle' STEVE MILLER  
'Faithful' TODD RUNDGREN  
'The Pretender' JACKSON BROWNE  
'Chicken Skin Music' RY COODER  
'One For The Road' RONNIE LANE  
'Farther Along' SPIRIT  
'Seed Of Memory' TERRY REID

## Best Three Gigs Of 1976

Neil Young...Hammersmith Odeon Mar. 29  
Neil Young...Hammersmith Odeon Mar. 30  
Neil Young...Hammersmith Odeon Mar. 31

## Favourite Writers Of The Year

Richard Boston Richard Brautigan

## Dynamos Of The Year

Rick Cleaves (of Tite Farm House fame)  
Jake Riviera Me

## Insult Of The Year

The embarrassingly lame and thankfully short-lived TV programme 'So It Goes', and the puke-inducing presenter, whatever his name was.

## Best New Band Of The Year

Plummet Airlines

## Tips For The Top

Nick Lowe Graham Parker & the Rumour  
Eddie & the Hot Rods Glenn Phillips

## Highlights Of The Year

Shaking hands with Neil Young  
My all-too-brief visit to Mojacar  
The release of WILHELM on Zigzag label.  
Hearing Glenn Phillips  
Falling off my chair at Ronnie Scotts

Most worthwhile and admirable venture  
Stiff Records

## Bores Of The Year

Punk rock (Whatever it is) Clive James

## Singles Of The Year

I hardly ever listen to the radio so I don't really get to hear many singles. But of the ones I managed to acquire, I suppose I played 'Long May You Run' by the Stills Young Band more than any other. Actually two of my favourite 7" platters were in fact EPs - the superb Flamin' Groovies EP with 'Slow Death' on it that UA have just put out (definitely the best stuff that the Groovies ever made) and a bootleg Velvet Underground EP recorded at around the time of their third album and containing 'Foggy Notion', 'Inside Of Your Heart', 'I'm Sticking With You' and 'Ferryboat Bill'. The material on both of these EPs is at least 4 or 5 years old, but it beats all this 'punk rock' nonsense into a cocked hat.

## Comebacks Of The Year

Brian Wilson Fleetwood Mac  
Zigzag George Best

## Bummers Of The Year

The departure of the lady from the North Lands... "she came dancing across the water"...  
Cancellation of the Dead/Santana gig.  
Not being able to interview Neil Young.  
The collapse of Streetlife. (Monty Smith and Bill Henderson are two ace writers - and ace geezers).

## Drinks Of The Year

White Shield Worthington Rye Cooder

## Pub Of The Year

The Cock & Rabbit (in a village called the Lee, only a few miles north of Amersham).

And now for the longest list I've ever seen, over to

## JOHN TOBLER

'Desire'...Bob Dylan  
'Fly Like An Eagle'...Steve Miller  
'How Dare You'...10cc  
'Elite Hotel'...Emmylou Harris  
'Kate & Anna McGarrigle'  
All 4 Jesse Winchester  
'Country Tracks'...The Dillards  
'Old No. 1'...Guy Clark  
Both Graham Parkers  
'Greatest Hits'...Abba  
'Rose Of Cimarron'...Poco  
'The Roy Wood Story'  
'Stupidity'...Dr. Feelgood  
'Black Rose'...J.D. Souther  
Complete Phil Spector re-issue series  
'A Little Bit More'...Dr. Hook  
Two Robert Palmers  
'The Pretender'...Jackson Browne  
'Carol Grimes'  
'Warren Zevon'  
'Bellamy Brothers'  
'Live Bullet'...Bob Seger  
'Legalise It'...Peter Tosh  
'Farther Along'...Spirit  
'American Flyer'  
'No Reason To Cry'...Eric Clapton  
'It's A Good Night For Singing'...J. J. W.  
'Born To Be With You'...Dion  
'Hasten Down The Wind'...Linda Ronstadt  
'Mark Twang'...John Hartford  
'Genuine Cowhide'...Delbert McClinton  
'Blue Moves'...Elton John  
'Mike Finnegan'  
'The Golden Age Of Sam Cooke'  
'Downtown Tonight'...Racing Cars

And now, from the ridiculous to the sublime

## MAC GARRY

## Favourite Albums

'Warren Zevon'  
'Old No. 1' GUY CLARK  
'Kate & Anna McGarrigle'  
'Howlin' Wind' GRAHAM PARKER  
'Silk Degrees' BOZ SCAGGS  
'Wilhelm' MIKE WILHELM  
'Fleetwood Mac' (only heard it this year)  
'Shake Some Action' FLAMIN GROOVIES  
'Sincerely' DWIGHT TWILLEY BAND

'Dark Blonde' TOM JANS  
'The Pretender' JACKSON BROWNE  
Favourite Track Of The Year  
'Memory Motel'... The Rolling Stones

Good Sport Of The Year  
Allan Jones

Favourite Live Gigs  
Flamin' Groovies at Friars  
Orthon at Aylesbury Rock Explosion  
John Otway at the Roundhouse

It's better to wanted for murder than not  
wanted at all! Award  
The Damned

Worst Hypes Of The Year  
Doctors Of Madness AC/DC

Biggest Mystery Of The Year  
Whatever happened to Stallion - winners  
of this years MM Annual Rock Contest?  
I thought this award guaranteed instant  
stardom.

Ebenezer Scrooge 'Joyless Old Humbug'  
Award  
Steve Lake

The Instant Mash 'Chip on the shoulder'  
Award  
Steve Lake

The Steve Lake Prize for Self Righteous  
Stupidity  
Chris Salewicz

Breaking Big In 1977  
Kursaal Flyers  
The whole of Aylesbury

Breaking Small in 1977  
Album Tracking  
National RockStar

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refusal. Late stuff will be held over until  
the next issue. Send your ad, written at  
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latest HARTFORD LP 'Nobody Knows  
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Also available on Rounder 'The David  
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MIKE'S COUNTRY MUSIC ROOM (ZZ),  
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NOSTALGIA 4 with Jack Bruce, Head  
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Ellison + many others. Now available  
from 65 Coleman St., Brighton for 25p.

Back on the building site by this time next  
year  
Punk rock Me (As long as it's not on  
the same site!)

Now to the results of the percussionists  
poll... and who would have believed that  
there are so many percussionists in the  
world? Over 185 nominated! Over there  
you see the top 80 - with Little Feat's  
Richie Hayward out in front. Three  
cheers for Little Feat... and that's just  
where they should be - out in front.

The bed companion poll is the most  
popular we've ever held! Had I realised  
my readers were such a rude, perverted  
and imaginative bunch of deviants, I'd  
have introduced this sleeping-partner  
poll months ago. Oh what titillating fun  
I've had going through the entries. No  
clues, but a certain young lady is so far  
ahead that if she acceded to all your  
requests she'd be dead within a year.  
It would be an interesting experiment to  
say the least. Full results next month...  
meanwhile, this month's poll:

THE BEST FILM YOU EVER SAW.  
Please list your favourite ten, in order  
of preference and whizz them off to the  
usual address - viz: c/o Yeoman Cottage,  
North Marston, Buckingham MK18 3PH.  
And that's it for another month. In fact  
that's it for another year - so mind how  
you go, and don't get too blotto over the  
festive season. (It doesn't do you a lot  
of good). Hope 1977 favours you all, and  
don't forget to take life with a pinch of  
salt. It's the only way. Happy Christmas.

Rear Admiral Mac Garry  
And so saying, he split to foreign parts.

WANTED: Mike Nesmith live material.  
John Rogan, Dept. of English, The Univer-  
sity, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE1 7RU

WANTED: First two Pete Atkin albums on  
Phillips 6308 070 and 6309 011. Also  
British copies of all Gerry and the Pace-  
makers albums. Also copies of Zigzag  
numbers 1, 3, 4, 7, 41 and 56. Contact:  
Joseph Schloegl, Adam-Berg-Strasse 96,  
8000 Munich 83, W. Germany.

IMPETUS 3: David Bedford, Kokomo, Mike  
Gibbs, Eno, Salsal, Ondeko-za, Elton  
Dean, Keith Tippett pt2, Krzysztof Pend-  
erecki, John Stevens pt2, 68 pages!!  
35p inc. p&p from 68 Hillfield Avenue,  
Hornsey, London N8 7DN.

AUCTION: Rock and Country magazines.  
SAE to A.E. Radburn, 145 Divinity Rd,  
Oxford.

Copies of British Music Papers, espec-  
ially NME, between 1960 and 1966 requir-  
ed. Will pay up to 5p a copy. Martin  
Blunden, 10 Wyvern Rd., Purley CR2 2NP

OMAHA RAINBOW Number 11: 35p (inc.  
p&p) from Pete O'Brien, 10 Lesley Court,  
Harcourt Rd., Wallington, Surrey.  
Includes: Al Garth (who's just left Pocol!),  
Terry Cagle of the Cate Bros, the Burr-  
itos - Skip and Gib, Steve Goodman and  
Spoon River Mike Smith. Also available:  
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NUGGETS 4: Bill Payne, Steve Stills,  
Paul Simon, David Allen, Medicine Head,  
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inc. p&p.

Number 5 Bumper 36 page Xmas issue  
early December - Lou Reed, Lenny Kaye,  
Graham Parker, Cate Bros, Dr. Feelgood,  
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## FAVOURITE DRUMMERS

ZIGZAG READERS POLL - NOVEMBER

- 1 RICHIE HAYWARD \*\*\*\*
- 2 LEVON HELM
- 3 CHARLIE WATTS
- 4 KEITH MOON
- 5 DAVE MATTACKS
- 6 RUSS KUNKEL
- 7 TERRY WILLIAMS
- 8 RINGO STARR
- 9 JIM GORDON
- 10 JOHN DENSMORE
- 11 GINGER BAKER
- 12 JOHN BARBATA
- 13 MICHAEL CLARKE
- 14 JOHN BONHAM
- 15 ROBERT WYATT
- 16 BILL KREUTZMANN
- 17 PHIL COLLINS
- 18 DON HENLEY
- 19 JOE VITALE
- 20 ARTIE TRIPP III
- 21 CARL PALMER
- 22 MITCH MITCHELL
- 23 B.J. WILSON
- 24 RALPH MOLINA
- 25 GENE PARSONS
- 26 JOHN WARE
- 27 GUY EVANS
- 28 JOHN FRENCH
- 29 DALLAS TAYLOR
- 30 BILL BRUFORD
- 31 ANDY WARD
- 32 CLIVE BUNKER
- 33 THE BIG FIGURE
- 34 NICK MASON
- 35 SPENCER DRYDEN
- 36 ALAN WHITE
- 37 MICKY HART
- 38 AYNLEY DUNBAR
- 39 ED CASSIDY
- 40 PAUL THOMPSON
- 41 WILL BIRCH
- 42 AL JACKSON
- 43 PETE THOMAS
- 44 GEORGE GRANTHAM
- 45 ED GREENE
- 46 JOHN GUERIN
- 47 DAVID WRIGHT
- 48 RON TUTT
- 49 DAVID ROBINSON
- 50 STIX HOOPER
- 51 BILLY RANKIN
- 52 MICK FLEETWOOD
- 53 EARL PALMER
- 54 KENNY BUTTREY
- 55 ROGER HAWKINS
- 56 STEPHEN GADD
- 57 CHRIS CUTLER
- 58 ROB TOWNSEND
- 59 STEVE UPTON
- 60 MO TUCKER
- 61 JON HISEMAN
- 62 PHIL SEAMAN
- 63 JEFF PORCARO
- 64 JIM CAPALDI
- 65 MIKE SHRIEVE
- 66 PIP PYLE
- 67 BERNARD PURDIE
- 68 DANNY MIHM
- 69 TOMMY RAMONE
- 70 SIMON KIRKE
- 71 JIMMY COPLEY
- 72 BOB HENRIT
- 73 SANDY WEST
- 74 GARY MALLABER
- 75 ALBERT BOUCHARD
- 76 STEPHEN GOULDING
- 77 BILLY COHAM
- 78 COZY POWELL
- 79 JIM KELTNER
- 80 CARMINE APPICE

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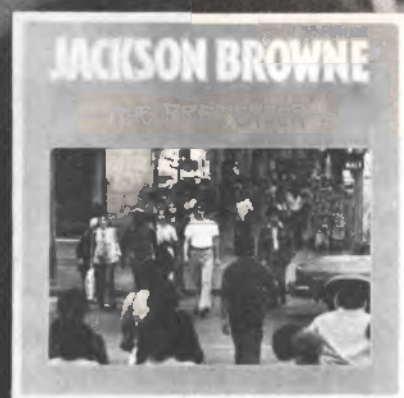


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**JACKSON BROWNE**

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**Also available:**

"For Everyman"  
K43003

"Late for the Sky"  
K43007

"Jackson Browne"  
K53022



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