

zigzag '70

Mar. 1977

30p. \$1.50

IGGY POP

The stooge
steals the stage



RY COODER

On chicken skin
Tex Mex Music

NILS LOFGREN

The Rocking Athlete

JACKSON BROWNE

Talks about The Pretender

Guy Clark & Steve Young on the subject of life

Urban influences and contemporary music especially have had their effect on these two singer-songwriters, who express through their music a lyrical and melodic content that places them on a par with the great writers of today.



Guy Clark/Texas Cookin' PL 1097

From the same group of singer-songwriters that bred such names as Emmylou Harris, Waylon Jennings and Rodney Crowell, comes Guy Clark '... singer-songwriter par excellence' (Sounds). You'll find the aforementioned guesting on Guy's latest album 'Texas Cookin' on which Guy transcends the qualities that made the critically acclaimed 'Old No. 1' so popular '... establishing him as the most versatile and authoritative writer to have emerged from the contemporary country movement'. (Melody Maker)



Steve Young/Renegade Picker PL 11799

Like Guy Clark, Steve Young originates from the same school of contemporary music that has proven so successful in the past year. On 'Renegade Picker', his latest album, he proves himself a force to be reckoned with '... refreshingly free from the melodrama we have come to expect from Nashville'. (Sounds) '... an individual and versatile performer' (Melody Maker)

Guy Clark/Steve Young-Breaking the border line

RCA



ZIGZAG 70

March 1977

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Grateful thanks also to Andrew & Maurine at Word Of Mouth Archives, and Martin Hall's Acme Tape Transcription Services
ZIGZAG IS PUBLISHED BY PRESTAGATE LTD OF KENNET STREET, READING AND DISTRIBUTED BY SPOTLIGHT PUBLICATIONS LTD.

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Who is
this unsavoury fellow?



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THE FELLOW'S NAME, BY THE WAY, IS KINKY FRIEDMAN

ZZ: 'Late For The Sky' came out quite quickly after 'For Everyman', (Sep. '74), and it's notable for its lack of older songs... was that because you had exhausted you supply?

JB: Well, yes and no... I'd run out of songs that I'd written that I wanted to do. It just happened that the body of songs on 'Late For The Sky' were new, but some of the material on 'The Pretender' dates back to songs I was working on before the first album. 'The Fuse', for example, was cut during the 'For Everyman' sessions as well, but it wasn't finished... It was obvious a lot more was going to come out of it. Half of 'The Fuse' as you hear it now was in there... though none of my favourite parts, I might add.

ZZ: What made you decide to record it with a set five man band, instead of with a whole bunch of session men as on the other albums?

JB: It just kind of happened that way... for a while before that, those guys had been my road band anyway - David Lindley, Larry Zack and Doug Haywood, and then we added Jai Winding later. It was interesting to do it that way. Perhaps it was premature, but I enjoyed doing it that way and intend to do it that way again at some point.

ZZ: Was it a quicker way of doing things?

JB: Well, we rehearsed for a while before we went in and cut it, and then it took about six weeks. The basic tracks took about a week and a half, and then there were the harmonies and overdubs, and we began mixing it exactly three weeks after we started it... but even that was too long. My engineer Al Schmitt had to go and work on a Dave Mason record because his time was up - I'd said it would only take a month.

I like that album a lot, but there are some things about it that I don't think are very good. The whole conception is a little bit limited instrumentally, and also some of the recording techniques... we had a really good engineer on that record, but it wasn't his studio, not the studio he would have chosen. Looking back on 'Late For The Sky', it may have been a little premature... it might have been a little premature to arrange a whole album around five musicians. I'd always wanted to do that, and I still want to do that - I suppose I'd rather actually be in a group sometimes. You know, just make music with a few people.

ZZ: I remember Lowell George mentioning that you and he were considering an alliance at one time...

JB: I thought about that... but he's already in a real good band. What happened is that Little Feat had broken up for a while, and when you're just sitting around having a good time and playing, you might think about that sort of thing. I'm really glad they got back together for the 'Feats Don't Fail Me Now' album. I really admire Lowell for jumping in there and saying "OK, we'll go up to Maryland and play on weekends and record during the week". That's what I miss, not being in a band... that kind of spirit.

ZZ: Can you really envisage a situation where you'd be working as an equal fourth of fifth rather than being the employer, then?

JB: Maybe not as an equal fifth, that would be a bit much - I can't think of a band with that set-up. Me and one or two others, though - yeah, I could see that happening. I'd really like it to happen, as a matter of fact.

ZZ: Don't you think you'd find it a bit difficult, after being used to having complete control?

JB: I'm sure I would come to realise that it was a little harder than I had imagined on some levels - less satisfying than when I had complete control - but on the other hand it appears to me that it would be a lot more fun, a lot more kinetic. There'd be more sparks flying. On my own, I tend to just moulder around and take my time. Actually, when I'm not making albums, I

spend more time going round playing with friends than I do writing songs at home, or getting my career together.

ZZ: Yeah, but that's not quite the same as relinquishing the idea of an album as some kind of personal statement...

JB: You could have my personal song next to someone else's personal song. I've just lost my appetite for doing that kind of thing. I'm glad I did it, but I remember looking at 'The Pretender' when it was finished, and going "Whew... alright"... I was glad it was out of the way.

It reminds me of a story Lowell told me about John Lee Hooker. One of the young guitar players in his band gave him some acid, and the two of them sat there for twelve hours and fixated on the rug, and didn't say a word. Finally he looked up at this young guy and said "Whew. Good, now that's over, let's go get some whisky". That's how I felt about 'The Pretender'. You know... "Let's go play some disco".

ZZ: Really??? Did you feel that way about the other albums?

JB: I must say that I did feel like that... having gotten something out of the way, having got it out of my head.

ZZ: Does it concern you, then, that particularly since 'Late For The Sky', people seem to regard you as some really heavy prophet of doom... almost as the tear ducts of a generation, if you know what I mean?

JB: I just write songs the way I feel them. I would be more concerned that I was down, rather than that my song was down. The song is how I feel, that's all. I don't think "I'll have to write something more cheerful, people might not like this". In fact they might not, but that wouldn't concern me so much as if I thought that it was really down and there was nothing redeeming about that... nothing worthwhile about having been that way. I think I'd be concerned that I might not be living right, or something.

ZZ: Well, lyrically there seems to have been a progression through the albums that's increasingly melancholy and cynical, and parts of the new album seem, to me, to have reached the ultimate stage of that. Would you say that's a fair reflection of your state of mind, or is it more that particular moods inspire you to write more than others?

JB: I would agree with you in saying that it seems to have progressed that way. I think it's the way I've been, certainly. I wouldn't say it's the way that I am. I sense that you're really asking me if I find it easier to write sad songs, but we'll have to see what happens, because that thing has reached a certain peak, and I would hope that it's going to change now.

ZZ: Does presenting a black, pessimistic outlook ever bother you, then?

JB: Mmmmm...

ZZ: Actually, what made me say that was that on 'Late For The Sky' especially, there seems to be a kind of chronological flow to the songs...

JB: You didn't feel that about 'The Pretender'?

ZZ: No... 'Late For The Sky' seems to me to be much more of a unified piece.

JB: I had the opposite opinion while I was doing it, but I can't see it all that well... you might be right.

ZZ: What I was going to say is that the first side of 'Late For The Sky' seems a more low-key affair, while the second side, especially 'The Road And The Sky' and 'Walkin' Slow' act as a kind of counterbalance.

JB: A lot of people didn't even think those songs belonged on the album. They didn't think it was a progression at all... they thought they were just sort of tossed in there. They didn't see it as a chronology.

ZZ: Musically those songs are obviously more up-tempo and light-hearted, but lyrically as well they seem to be a kind of

counterbalance to the themes on the first side...

JB: They weren't meant to be a counterbalance, they were meant to be chronological. They were subjects that kind of replied. Well... I suppose you could call it a counterbalance, but it wasn't planned out so it would be one thing and then the other. They were simply planned to be in an order so they'd go someplace, and on the new album they went to a different place - I didn't try to do the same things this time. But I don't think I ever thought of counter-balancing the melancholy. It might relieve it a little bit, but there was never supposed to be a sad side and a happy side.

ZZ: I didn't exactly mean to suggest that...

JB: I think that on 'The Pretender' things reach a certain point, and the title track is meant to be a release. But I don't think I've ever tried to balance out any of that melancholy by doing anything frisky. The songs are either one way or another, and just put on where they belong. You look back at the album, and that's the way it was.

ZZ: But on the 'Late For The Sky' album, there seems to be a lyrical progression towards much greater resilience. The theme of uncertainty, for example, gets a far more 'devil-may-care' treatment in 'The Road And The Sky' than in the title track; and whereas the title track and 'Fountain Of Sorrow' see loneliness in terms of emptiness and hollowness, 'Walkin' Slow' shows it resulting in a strange kind of joyful release...

JB: Well, that song's not really about loneliness, but it probably is a reaction to the other songs. You can only be lonely so long, you can only feel unhappy for a while. There aren't any of those songs on 'The Pretender', and the next album will be easier, happier... it will be quite different. I really feel like I've closed a whole era of my life. I feel that way after 'Late For The Sky' too, but apparently my life didn't bear that out. I don't feel like talking about these things any more or writing about these particular things.

ZZ: You feel like it's a phase of your life that's all wrapped up?

JB: Those are things that I'm just not very concerned with anymore.

ZZ: "The years that I spent lost in the mystery"...

JB: Yeah... that album, by the way, was meant to be turned over, you know. That song is supposed to follow 'The Pretender'.

ZZ: Actually, one thing that struck me about the songwriting on the new album is that you don't seem to be writing about specific situations as much...

JB: You just haven't seen it, and I'm glad. They are about the most specific things, but I hope that they don't have to be. I hope that they're general enough for other people to get with them, but they are about specifics.

ZZ: Is that specific regarding a particular concept or mental flashpoint, or a physical occurrence.

JB: They're about people. 'The Fuse' isn't... that's the only one.

(A pregnant silence follows... the interviewer hoping that Jackson will be drawn into saying more about the motivations behind his writing, and Jackson quite prepared to stonewall.)

ZZ: OK... going back to something more trivial... is it true that you spent some time living in a derelict shop after the release of 'Late For The Sky'?

JB: Oh Jesus! I just came back from Europe and needed some place to stay. I had all my stuff in storage, and I soundproofed this storefront as a rehearsal room, just for somewhere to play till late. You can't do that in a hotel, and I was still looking for somewhere to live. I had my tape machines and my toys set up down there.

JACKSON BROWNE



PART THREE

'LATE FOR THE SKY'
AND
'THE PRETENDER'

I had a grand piano, a bass amp, Richie Hayward's spare drum kit... Lindley started that shit. He talked about me being holed up in some derelict storefront and not coming out for weeks on end. It's true there were no windows and you'd come out looking pretty strange if you spent much time down there, but that was basically an exaggeration.

ZZ: There was another long gap of about two years before 'The Pretender'... are you not a terribly prolific songwriter, or are you just in no great hurry to get into the studio?

JB: You could say all those things. I'm not very prolific, and I'm not much of a hurrier. I've got other things to do, you know. I don't mean to sound flippant about it, but I have other things to do. During '75 I spent a lot of time with my family travelling to France and Italy and Morocco, and then I went to Hawaii - I just wanted to spend time with them.

I probably do spend more time on individual songs than other people I know, but there are other things too, especially now. I want to spend more time with my son - I always wanted to before my wife died too, but then of course it was a little easier because he had two parents and now he's got one. So there are more important things than a career - I only do it as much as I would like to.

ZZ: But how do you feel when you compare yourself with someone like, say, Elton John, whose output is enormous?

JB: I don't think it's important, although some critics seem to seize upon it as a defect. I mean, they give chickens hormones to make them lay more eggs - they keep the lights on 24 hours a day, give them methedrine and stuff to make them lay faster - and this has been tried with songwriters. You keep the lights on 24 hours a day and give them a lot of cocaine... but I don't think the quality of the eggs is quite the same.

I couldn't really get into wishing I had more time to write songs, because I already spend more than enough time, but I think that before I had a career I had more time to write. I've worked all year - touring, working on Warren's record and my own record.

ZZ: The Warren Zevon album is the first time you've produced another artist. Have you ever had the desire to work like that with anybody else?

JB: I wanted to produce Jack Tempchin's album, but they both fell at the same time, so it was a case of one or the other, and I went for Warren. I think Glenn Frey wanted to produce Jack's too, but he wound up not having the time. Then Jack got a group together called The Funky Kings, and they made an album for Arista (Note: import only). They are the greatest guys... they all walk around together, the three of them, real grubby, kind of scruffy guys. They all have half a beard, sloppy clothes, and they skulk around like penguins or something. They really are the Funky Kings... really good. I understand they're having trouble with the stores, because their album gets filed along with "funky" groups like Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes, and so people can't find them when they're browsing in the rock bins!

ZZ: Is there anybody else you'd like to work with?

JB: No, I haven't really seen anybody else. I'll continue to produce Warren, because he's really fun to work with, and he's a fine writer... I feel I can work with his material OK.

ZZ: Do you think you learnt anything from doing his album?

JB: Sure. It was the first time I ever acted as a producer - because you can't really regard doing your own records as producing - and I realised there is a lot

a producer can do. I never realised what went into producing until I tried it, and it made me want to get one for my record.

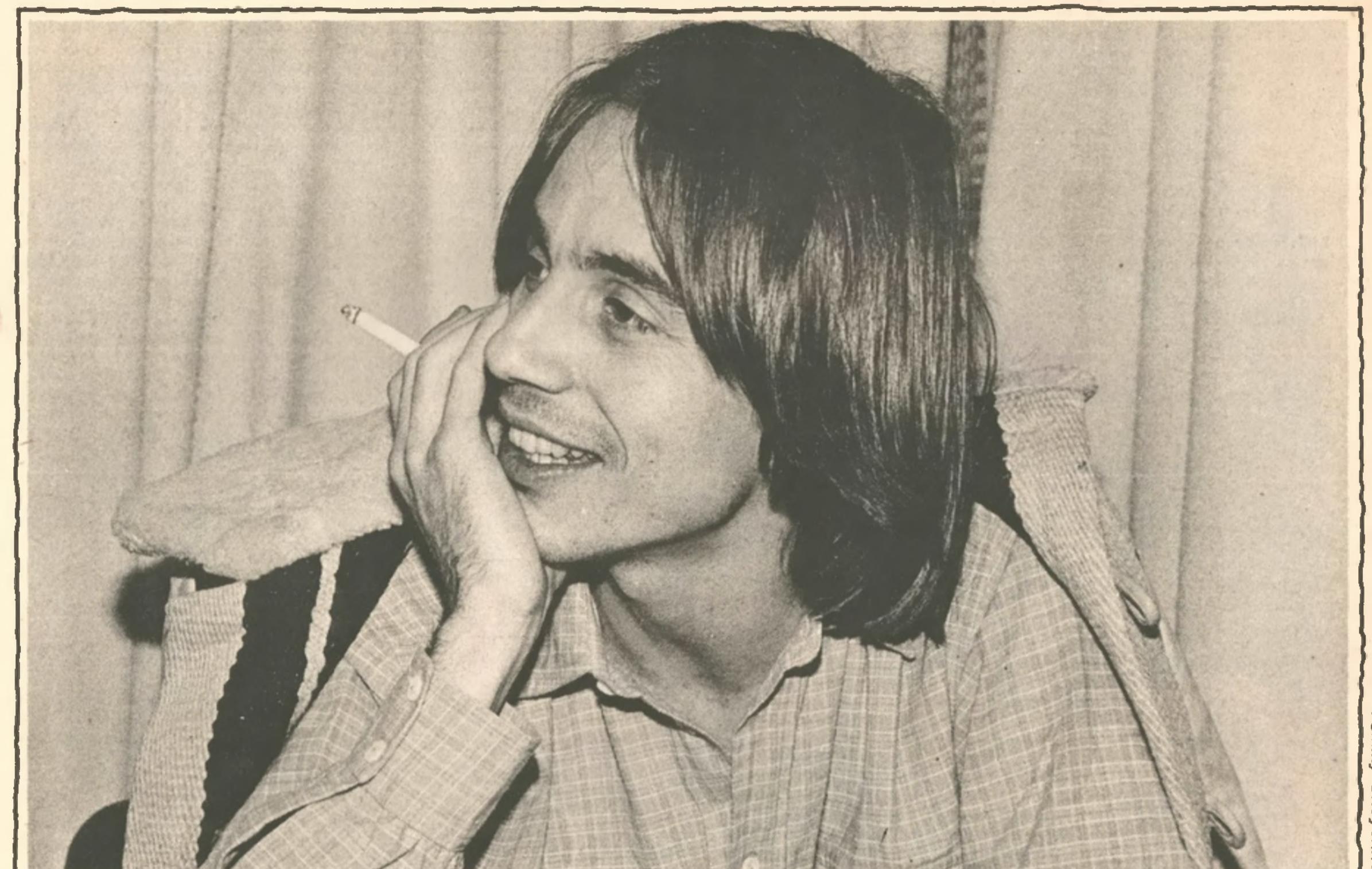
When I was in the studio with Warren I was behind the glass all the time, as you might expect, until one night there were a couple of songs that I decided I'd like to play on. So there we were out in the studio, and suddenly my entire grasp of what we were doing totally dissolved. I found myself asking the engineer... it was so familiar, it was like the situation I'd always had when I was recording my albums. Then I thought what I should really be doing was asking someone whose opinion I trust, rather than an engineer whose tastes may be different. You ask a technician and he's only going to be able to tell you about the sound... he's not going to be able to say whether you should come in another night and switch drummers... that this isn't making it for whatever reason, but this is. I found myself suddenly aware that I needed a person with that kind of overview.

ZZ: How did you come to pick on Jon Landau?

JB: I met him several years ago. I've often seen him at concerts and things, and talked to him, and enjoyed his writing and agreed with some of it... and we became good friends. He was a producer before he was a writer, in fact, but he was ill for several years, so he had to stop producing records. He had always written too, but he just confined himself to that because of this stomach thing, because you can take it easy on writing... you don't have to be up all night in the studio or rush around. He had a really serious operation, which was a success, and allowed him to get back into hamburgers and nightlife.

ZZ: Had you heard any of his previous productions - MC5, or Livingston Taylor, or Springsteen, for example?

JB: Sure, but what I liked was that he was about the only person I found who could



stand to hear me talk about my records and would just listen, then would agree or disagree. We had a dialogue that went two ways - we discussed the way my previous records had been made, and got down to some really specific detail.

ZZ: It surprises me that more rock critics don't step over the fence and produce albums.

JB: It doesn't surprise me. Anyway, I wasn't approaching him as a journalist... I was approaching him as a producer.

ZZ: Having got in a producer who you trust, why did you then hardly play on the album?

JB: You see, I sang on 'The Pretender', so I was never in the studio while the tracks were being cut - I was singing in the booth. In fact the reason I don't play on the record is that I sing better when I don't play, and I play better when I don't sing... that was just something we discovered right away.

What I do now is get a piano player who I really like and show him how the song was written, what kind of voicings, etc. If you get a real piano player to do some of these things, he takes what you've written and puts himself into it, and usually it becomes much more fully realised than if I were playing it, because I'm not an accomplished piano player. Also, having written the song and been used to playing it a certain way, I'm less likely to be able to respond when someone else comes up with something... I'll be the less flexible player on the day.

One thing I like about the new album is that I came up with whole parts and sections after having cut the song. We'd come up with counterparts which we never would have written in there if I'd been playing by myself.

ZZ: But don't you think that there's a danger, with that kind of spontaneity, of not being able to evaluate things with the benefit of hindsight?

JB: Well, in my case I did, because I could always go back and cut things again. The only real danger, in my case, is that once you've played a song a few times, you become attached to things that happened in one session that might not happen in another - kind of happy little accidents. It's

musicians on 'Linda Paloma'?

JB: They were a bunch of guys I kept hearing about from Lowell George and Van Dyke Parks. I met Van Dyke at the Paradox through Billy James in about 1966. There have been years and years in a row when I haven't seen him, but I was writing 'Linda Paloma' and playing it for him, and he told me to throw out the choruses, which I did... and he was so right about that, that I called him back and asked him if he'd introduce me to these guys at La Fonda... these mariachi musicians in this restaurant. I loved the way 'Carmelita' had come out on Warren's record, but I couldn't envisage my song coming out as well with bass and drums. I didn't want to do that on my record as well, so we got the authentic guys in, and we did it about four or five different times... although, on the whole, I'm opposed to having too much of that Mexican/Latin effect in my own music.

ZZ: 'Here Come Those Tears Again' is unusual in that it's the first time you've shared a composition on one of your own albums since 'Take It Easy'. Nancy Farnsworth your mother in law?

JB: Yes, I was sitting at the piano one day, and she plonked this bunch of lyrics down in front of me and said "Here, write this". So I did. She's written stuff before, in fact she had some hits, but it was before my time... in the 50s. She wanted it to be a country song, and Henley thought it should be too, so we sat down one time and sang it that way.

ZZ: Finally, how did you choose the guys who are in your backing band at the moment, because apart from David Lindley, none of them played on the album, which is a bit unusual...

JB: Well, they were just people that were around. I found them by just calling round and finding out who was free. Lindley joined us on the first day of the American tour at the soundcheck - with no equipment. He'd just got back from Europe with Crosby and Nash. It's a great testimony to his fortitude that he isn't burnt to a crisp.

Pete, Paul & John

ZIGZAG FAB FIFTY FOR MARCH

LAST THIS MONTH

MONTH	ALBUM TRACK (Or single*)
- 1	Hurricane
2	The Fuse
- 3	Marquee Moon
6	Night Moves
1	Down To Zero
4	Louisa On A Horse
9	Pancho and Lefty
14	American Girl
15	Henrietta
10	The Return Of The Grievous Angel
3	Special Love Song
17	Only Sixteen
13	Topanga
11	Mama Open Up
- 15	Go Your Own Way
8	Memory Motel
- 17	Drive All Night
16	Cypress Avenue
12	Rosarita
- 20	Mattress On The Roof
18	I'm Losing You
- 22	Past Addresses
- 23	Oh Oh I Love Her So
5	Do Ya
- 25	John McLaughlin
7	Talk To Me Of Mendocino
- 27	Rio
30	Rebecca
- 29	Pigs
26	Desperados Under The Eaves

Bubbling Under:

Grip
My Girl's Pussy
They Shoot Horses Don't They
Here Comes The Flood
Stranded In Iowa
Bayou Eyes

ARTISTE

NEIL YOUNG
JACKSON BROWNE
TELEVISION
BOB SEGER
JOAN ARMATRADING
JOHN OTWAY/WILD WILLY
EMMYLOU HARRIS
TOM PETTY & HEARTBREAKERS
DOUG SAHM
GRAM PARSONS
DELBERT McCLINTON
DR. HOOK
JOHN PHILLIPS
FLO & EDDIE
FLEETWOOD MAC
ROLLING STONES
ELLIOTT MURPHY
VAN MORRISON
TOM JANS
FUNKY KINGS
DWIGHT TWILLEY BAND
GENE CLARK
RAMONES
THE MOVE
JOHN HARTFORD
KATE & ANNA McGARRIGLE
MICHAEL NESMITH
FLO & EDDIE
PINK FLOYD
WARREN ZEVON

NUMBER

Reprise White Label	1
Asylum K53048	4
Elektra 7E 1098	1
Capitol EA-ST 11557	2
A&M AMLH 64588	4
Track 2094 133*	4
Warner Bros. K56334	2
Shelter SRL 52006	2
Texas Re-cord 108*	3
Reprise K54018	34
ABC ABCD 959	5
Capitol E-ST 11397	15
Dunhill DS 50077	82
CBS 81509	3
Warner Bros. K56344	1
Rolling Stones COC 59106	10
Epic White Label	1
Warner Bros. K46024	94
Columbia PC 34292	4
Arista AL 4078	1
Shelter ISA 5102	6
RSO RS-1-3011	1
Sire SA 7528	1
Harvest SHSP 4035	3
Flying Fish 028	1
Warner Bros. K56218	3
Island WIP 6373*	1
Columbia PC 33554	15
Harvest SHVL 815	1
Asylum K53039	9

United Artists UP36211*
Warner Bros. K56347
Chrysalis CHR 1099
Charisma CDS 4006
Bronze ILPS 9460
Epic PE 34276



Pete Gabriel

Expect the Unexpected
on the first Peter Gabriel album



There's a breathless hush in the close tonight, 69 to split and the last man in.

WALTERS GOES TO MIDEM ~ AND IS GLAD TO GET HOME AGAIN

Congratulations! You have won first prize in the Lottery of Life. You were born British!

It was Peter Ustinov who discovered that opening in a book of advice to young men, written by Major General Somebody-or-other; and after spending a week at the Midem Festival, the international music biz get-together held annually in Cannes, I can only agree with the good officer.

I've never been very keen on abroad at the best of times - funny food, smelly cigarettes, different sorts of toilets and a lot of foreigners gabbling away nineteen to the dozen - but there's always been something particularly unwelcoming about France. Most nations (the Scots and the Australians are good examples) are pretty horrific when viewed en masse, but one finds that the individuals one meets are quite nice chaps. If the French offer the hand of international brotherhood, however, one may be sure that they'll send you a bill for it.

In fact that's what the Festival's about. Not music - bills. If anyone started to play music there, you may be sure that someone would come out and tell them to turn it down as they were trying to negotiate a large advance for the publishing rights to the work. It is, after all, a trade fair, and it doesn't matter whether you've gone there to represent the Floyd or Jimmy Shand, the aim is to arrive with the product and to leave having exchanged it for fistfuls of yen.

Being France, the main topic of conversation among the record company representatives when, of an evening, they sat round (or lay under) the tables at the Martinez, was also - inevitably - of a financial nature: "So anyway, we sent down to room service for a coffee, and they charged us about three quid and never gave us any sugar. Anyway, it turned out sugar was extra... a pound a lump. A pound a lump!"

"Well, we went for a meal... I had a hamburger, some funny tasting soup, and some cheese that smelt a bit off, and they charged me three hundred francs. Well, that's... quite a lot in real money!"

"Look, you know Dave, who used to be a Ripoff Records? Well, he's International Co-ordinator at Flybynight Music now. Anyway, he was in this club, and he'd had a few dozen beers and suddenly he felt a bit queasy, goes to the bog to throw up, and they say it's ten francs to puke. Ten francs to puke! So Dave says sod it, he'll hang on till he gets back to London".

"Quite right!"

I did, in fact, meet a man who'd been charged ten pounds for an orange juice; and I know of one, admittedly fairly large, dinner party who assembled at a place in the hills (don't ask me which hills, I'm not a geographer... it's just that everybody rushes out to little farmhouses in the hills for posh meals), and had a very pleasant meal followed by a bill in excess of a thousand pounds.

The French do seem to have a rare ferocity when presenting a bill, equal to their determination to push to the front of a queue or their belligerence in elbowing you off the pavement... a belligerence which, I must say, melts away with alarming rapidity in time of war.

Everyday there seemed to be crowds of youthful frogs milling about outside, trampling on your feet in their efforts to get at a lame-clad gigolo who might have qualified as a wine waiter over here, but seemed to be a star over there. I was very lucky one day, however, to meet Stephane Grappelli who, now that Georges Carpentier has gone to the great neutral corner in the sky, must be one of the few Frenchmen worth meeting. One of the only men to make a pre-rock contribution to the popular music scene which was both good and still basically European.

Inside the Festival, the Frogs take a bit of a backseat, as most of their star acts - usually called things like Jean-Claude Bidet (Mr. Saxophone) or the Blue Boogie Hep Cats - don't mean much beyond the Maginot line. The main business seemed to be between people who see each other over here spending the week seeing each other over there.

I have to admit that I was there on holiday, accompanying the wife, who does useful deeds for Robert Stigwood, and consequently I spent quite a lot of time hanging round the RSO stand. This wasn't too distressing as they had a constant video show which included a complete showing of 'Tommy', and as I'm the only person in the world apart from Ken Russell and the general public who quite liked it, I was quite willing to surrender the deeds to my house and the hand of my eldest daughter in marriage in exchange for a beer, and watch repeated showings of the epic.

There seemed to be a queue of people at the stand wanting deals for homespun Disco Aardvarks and Disco Koalas in the wake of 'Disco Duck'. Nik Cohn had told me that he'd met a bloke at a New York party who'd pointed out how wonderful showbiz was, and when questioned admitted to being the duck in 'Disco Duck'. Apparently he'd worked on a supermarket checkout, but since being discovered was in demand... well, wherever duck

voices are in demand.

The rest of the time I was free to wander round the rows of little alcoves, each containing representatives of some company or other. There were two bonuses: one was Sydney Thompson Music, staffed by olde tymer Sidney Thompson himself; and another was the Melody Maker hut with - could it be? - yes...MM editor Ray Coleman himself, peering out apprehensively. I slipped him a lettuce, and he gave me a free MM. It was like finding Webster selling Webster's Dictionary.

"Was there no music?" I hear someone shriek. Precious little, I was invited to what the French proclaimed to be the first performance of the new Floyd album. Having already been to the first play at Battersea Power Station, and having unveiled it to the public on the Peel show, I thought I'd better shut up...particularly as there was a free lunch afterwards.

The privileged couple of hundred assembled at the Sporting Club, which fortunately had windows on all sides and a pleasant view of the bay for those with wandering concentrations. At the end there was an announcement to the effect that we were the first people in the universe to have heard the album (I was glad I refrained from singing along with it) and that in years to come, when the album had made millions of francs, we could say (dramatic pause) "I was there!"

This got the Frogs very excited and they were obviously scenting a revival of La Gloire, kissing each other on both cheeks and pinning medals on themselves. The younger elements quickly formed themselves into conflicting groups, and there were cries of "To the barricades!" The older and wiser heads were just debating whether to push on to Moscow, when someone announced that *dejeuner* was served, and that we would all receive a free album in a limited pink vinyl edition. The restoration of the Empire was immediately forgotten in the rush, and if I hadn't hurled myself around in a menacing fashion, several of the foreign devils might have got there before me.

We ate mashed pommes de terre, what they insist on calling rosbif, and whatever the French is for vol-au-vents. I'm not sure that French food isn't overrated. I felt rather queasy throughout the whole trip. I passed Judge Dread on the stairs, hailed the good justice and enquired after his health. "I've had the shits", he cried, "You want to avoid the food... they ain't none too clean over here". How nice to see that the judiciary haven't lost the common touch.

The only major group I saw there was Manhattan Transfer (or ManTran as I'm afraid it's now fashionable to call them). I'd seen them a couple of times before, but surprisingly the French did not announce them as a new group that they'd just discovered. I expect they're a bit too showbiz for you, dear reader, and I know their repertoire doesn't include enough songs about distant skylines and palominos for the average Zigzagger, but I enjoy them as sophisticated cabaret.

It seems to me to be a very welcome step to have something for audiences between Deep Purple and Shirley Bassey. I've never subscribed to the theory that up to the age of thirty it was all pogo dancing down the Roxy, and at the flick of a time-switch it's all SingalongaMax. It helps to have an acquaintance with the Mills Brothers, Lambert, Hendrix & Ross, Doo-Wop, Be-Bop and so on, but one can enjoy their 'Four Brothers' without worrying about which of the Herman Herds recorded it. A jolly entertaining evening.

A less entertaining evening came when I got to sample the local stuff at a sort of Gala on the Saturday night at the Casino. It was one of those mainly-evening-dress-fully-lit-buffet-jumpabout affairs with two stages to ensure that the music never stopped. This was irrelevant as the music was all the same anyway. I wonder if you know a tune called 'Mambo Jambo'. It's a sort of all-purpose Latin American dance band mambo. Well, each alternate group seemed to play 'Mambo Jambo' all night... everything was sort of disco with plenty of congas and marracas. The French idea of something more significant came halfway through when they introduced a trad band! It was the current generation of Les Haricots Rouges, a lesser known bunch of tradders who toured here about ten years ago, and when the dancers crowded round the stage to cheer as the rhythm section made two bar breaks for the trumpeter to make muted neighing noises, the image of a 1960 Rag Ball starring the Clyde Valley Stompers was complete.

I had a look in a local record shop to see if the Gauls might be grooving behind closed doors. The main display featured an album advertised as "without parallel". I sincerely hope that this is so. It was 'Johnny Hallyday Sings Hamlet'.

Your ear to the music biz's keyhole did come up with one fascinating snippet of information. Would I let you down? Who cast light on the origins of 'Tommy' last month? I was drinking (what else?) with Tony Bramwell, who spent years playing Bert to John, Paul etc., and we were talking about albums that had passed through our hands that now seemed to have some rarity value re. the pink Pink Floyd album.

I pointed out that my Beatles White Album was number 0000357, and wondered who had 0000001 etc., as I had visions of Lennon and McCartney rolling round the floor at Apple, each refusing to let go. Apparently the Moptops had personal copies, and then 0000001 and the next hundred and ninety nine set off in a taxi, accompanied by the aforé-mentioned Bramwell, to be distributed round the eagerly waiting BBC. The cab stopped at the Beeb, Bramwell paid him off and stepped confidently inside like the chappie who took the good news from Aix to Ghent or wherever, only to discover that he'd left the albums in the cab, and that it and they had gone. They didn't come back and he was too embarrassed to pursue them, so they disappeared into the highways and byways. Keep an eye on your local second hand record shop.

I said earlier that Midem was about bills, and there I did hear a startling story. I told it to an incredulous Eno, who came round banging at the door just when I was planning a decent English welcome-home meal for myself (takeaway Prawn Madras and Carlsberg were what I had in mind). He, inevitably, insisted that I join him for darts at the Jolly Minstrels (or the Jollies, as Stomu Yamasita insists on calling it), the rock business pub, to recount my adventures. (See above photo.) I'm not too keen on the place myself as it's difficult to get a drink in peace, what with Bowie shouting the odds about not getting his Guinness in a straight glass, or Mike Oldfield wanting to show us his sports car with the horn that plays 'Colonel Bogie'. Anyway, Eno was talking about various 'new music' projects he was financing, and I was able to tell him a tale which, if he'd been a different chap, would have curled his hair... and this next bit's true.

An acquaintance of Peel's lent him a tape of his own completely unknown band and we were asked for criticism. (You've got to be a bit cagey about people you know, as when Bryan Ferry, who knew various acquaintances of mine, brought us the tape of what turned out to be Roxy Music. It wasn't too bad, but Peel went down to the Hobbit's Garden in Wimbleton where they were supporting Genesis, to check them out. Can't be too careful.)

This time we felt that the band was rather interesting by unknown amateur standards, and implied that they shouldn't give up their day jobs, but should send us another tape in about six months. I was pretty amazed, therefore, to see the chappie in France and to have him tell me that they were "doing deals" re. their future. The fellow that mattered at the record company subsequently admitted to me that they had signed this band, which has not yet had a gig in the London area, for a sum in excess of a hundred thousand pounds. The laddie in question later called Peel and said that the sum was a quarter of a million!

There seems to be nothing now between the tax haven and starvation. Record companies are desperate to catch the next big thing. At the time of writing, groups who are amiably entertaining, like the Plummetts or the Fabulous Poodles, but who show no sign of being the next Stones, have no recording contracts, while the Clash are said to have been offered a hundred grand. Clash may turn out to be jolly good, but the point is that record companies won't gamble on anything with a potential below a sell-out at the Empire Pool.

I blame the intellectuals myself. Rockers have been encouraged to see themselves as artists. My sister went to New York and saw Roy Eldridge, who will at least go down as the trumpet stylist who bridged the gap between Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie, playing requests in a bar... whereas Jethro Tull can rarely afford the privilege of playing in England, fortunately. Groups used to play and take a percentage of the door or the record royalties to survive. It was a job, but now it's the colour supplement or bust.

I see a room in Hampstead on a Sunday afternoon... plates of shirzak (the national dish of Albania) have been laid aside... Joan Bakewell and Melvyn Bragg are hard at it in the corner... when Derek Jewell announces that if we'll be quiet for a couple of hours, he'll play us the latest albums by Tomita, Jacques Loussier and Neil Ardley. A girl puts down her Campari, closes her eyes and says quietly "Bliss!"

Speaking of the dead hand of the intellectual, I have only seen the first of Tony Palmer's TV history of the good music, but it was enough. Visually very nice - interesting people, interesting places - but the commentary gave the game away.

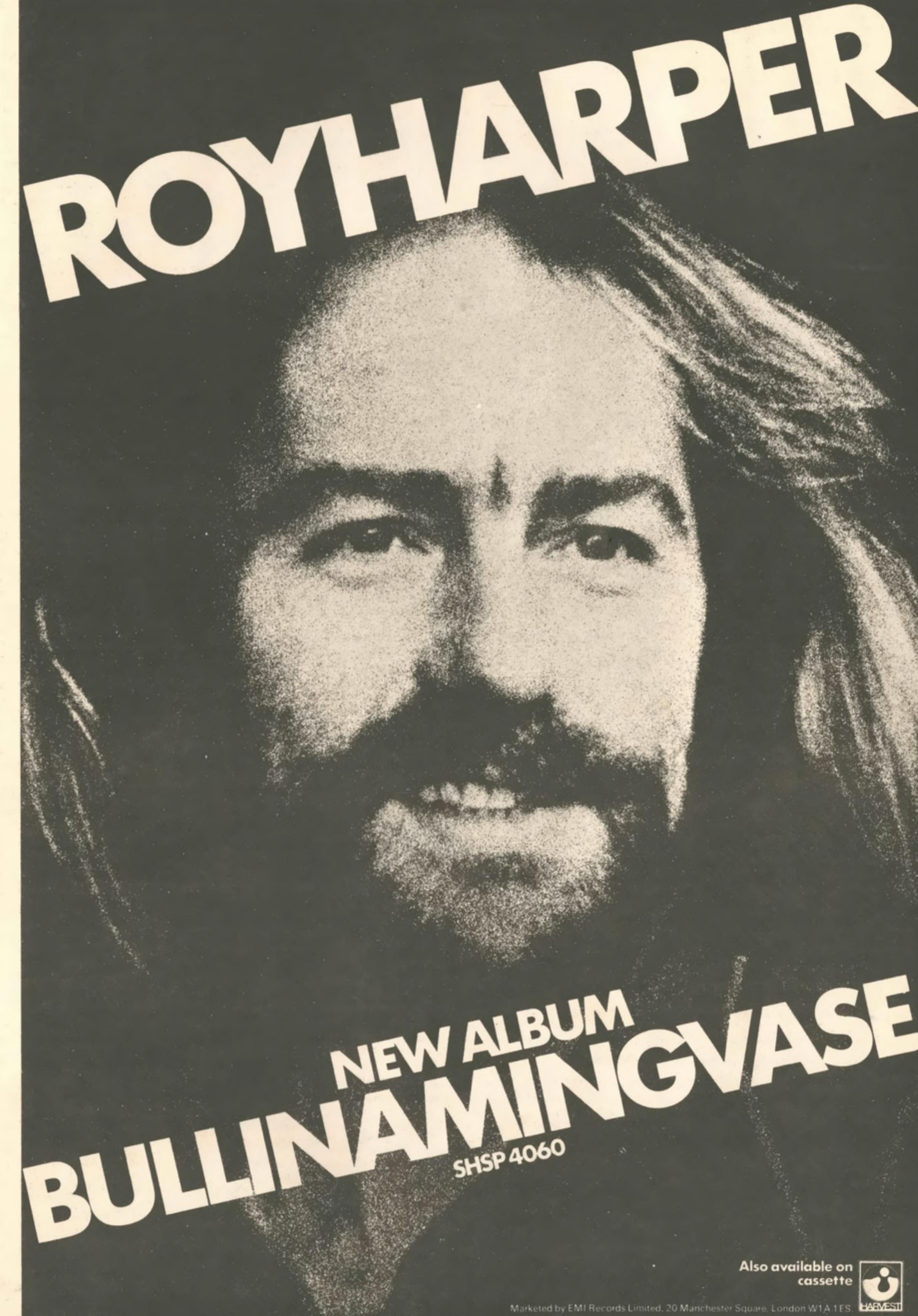
I think I noted at least the gist of what was said. The King of Rock'n'Roll is apparently Jerry Lee Lewis, but we were told that Elvis, Chuck Berry and our very own Cliff Richard would also get a mention. After referring to Billie Holiday, a latter day blues singer was promised. Knowing the intellectual media mafia, I had every fear that George Melly might be trundled out yet again, but in fact it was... Dusty Springfield. They will be looking at country music as it is today... a list of names followed which included Jimmy Rodgers, Leon Russell and Roy Rogers. The influence of Music Hall and Variety on popular music will be discussed... pretty thoroughly, I expect, as the names included Liberace and Mrs. Shuffleywick.

Great non-sequiturs of our time abounded: "Jazz is somehow always thought to have originated in New Orleans... this is not true... this is Dr. John". No dry documentary this - astounding revelations! T. Palmer has discovered that Beale St. is not the home of the Blues. Well, well, well. Not only that, but the father of the Blues was not W.C. Handy! Good grief - the room's spinning round... "I say, are you alright, old man?..." "Little yellow pills in the top pocket - you don't happen to have a brandy about you, do you?" I was reminded of Mark Twain's claim to have solved the mystery of who wrote Shakespeare's plays. It was not Shakespeare, but another man of the same name.

Who is the colour supplement crowd's idea of a pop superstar? Alright, don't all shout at once - yes, it is indeed Judy Garland. But other less obvious stars were also listed: Clapton, Elton and Sylvie Vartan. For those who've led very sheltered lives, S. Vartan, housewife superstar, is the wife of the French bloke who's just recorded Hamlet, which is where I staggered in.

A recent interview implied that Tony Palmer, who has so kindly offered to explain it all to us, became interested in our music when he heard 'Sgt. Pepper'. My continuing revelations reveal that the man Peel was active in showbiz weeks before that.

Little known facts about John Peel Number 5: Although Peel made his first singing appearance doing 'Fuzzy Wuzzy Was A Bear' with Frankie Howerd, his second and final appearance was as Mole in a prep school production of 'Toad Of Toad Hall'. His rendering of 'A Pistol For Badger, A Pistol For Rat' moved many of the audience to tears.



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Friday 25th February: Andy Childs talks with Nils Lofgren during a flying visit to London to hype his new album... which is where we begin.

ZZ: Perhaps we can start by talking about the new album, 'I Came To Dance'. Are there any appreciable differences between this and the first two?

NL: Yeah, I think there are. Part of my last album was produced by David Briggs, and that was straight ahead... no frills or anything. The rest was produced by Al Kooper, who really did a lot to it... 24 tracks and everything, y'know? This new one is just a bit more sophisticated - it sort of combines the two. The bass and drums - Wornell Jones and Andy Newmark - did an incredible job; it's really rhythmic, but there is sweetening... not a lot, but there are touches of almost everything as opposed to overdoing everything on half and underdoing the other half. It's like a combination of the two, I guess.

ZZ: What about your songwriting. Has that progressed in any area at all?

NL: Yeah, it has. Actually, without my knowing it, this is the first album I've written without it being a real painful thing... I mean like a pain in the arse. I can write music immediately, spontaneously, but lyrics are hard to do, and I think for the first time there's a lot of different subject matter I've gotten into that I wasn't into before, and it's a real refreshing change to me. There are only so many things that people write about, and you can only write about them for so long before you start repeating yourself. So I'm really glad that I've reached the point where I'm writing about other things now.

ZZ: Where do you draw most of your inspiration from now? A lot of your stuff, especially with Grin, was basically romantic boy/girl stuff, and I suppose you've dried up all the possibilities there.

NL: Right. Basically I first got into rock 'n' roll through the Beatles, and so as far as inspiration goes, them and the Rolling Stones were important - the Beatles mainly as songwriters - and I think being pretty young as well, that's what set me off in the boy/girl direction. And just getting a little older and maturer... you're right, you do use it up. If you talked about the same things, it would be pretty easy to write a lot of songs, but I don't think I could write any better ones than I have about that topic, so I'm onto some different subject matter now.

ZZ: If we could go back in time - without necessarily going over all that old history which you've discussed so many times before - there are a few obscure things that I'm interested in that maybe you could comment on. Could you talk about some of those very early bands you were in, like The Waifs, The Grass and The Crystal Mesh?

NL: Those were real old ones. That was when I was 15 and I started playing guitar. I formed a lot of local groups with no intention of really making a career out of it... it was just fun. We were all at school in Washington D.C., and at weekends we'd play the small clubs or fraternity parties... we'd make \$10 each or something. The only memorable thing for me about those bands was the material that we did, which was incredible. Of course we did all everybody else's stuff, but it was the Stones, the Who, the Beatles, the Kinks... if you'd seen our set list you'd have been really impressed! I really homed in on English rock. It hit



Chalkie Davies

NILS LOFGREN ROCK'N'ROLL GYMNAST

America really big, but in the Waifs, for instance, which was about the first band I was ever in, something told me and a buddy we should write, even though the songs weren't very good. So we made a few weak attempts at doing our own material, thinking that that was where it was at, and we tried to style ourselves after English rock. At the age of 15, 16 and 17 you start really growing up, and I went through a lot of changes until I realised that you've got to be yourself. I loved to play the Kinks' songs and the Beatles' songs, but I realised as well that I should develop my own style.

ZZ: Were you alone at the time, being into English rock?

NL: No, not really. Basically there were two camps of kids: one was into the Beatles and the Rolling Stones and were starting to wear long hair; and the others were greasers... black leather jackets and their hair greased back, and they listened to soul music. There was a period in school where a whole load of them would show up, just jump out of a car in a parking lot and beat up some kid with long hair.

To be honest, I was a classical musician, really into classical music, and some of my friends turned me on to the Beatles. They tried to get me to listen to the Beach Boys and Buddy Holly and a lot of those older things which now I appreciate, but at the time - as a classical musician - I didn't understand. I just analysed it and said "Musically there is nothing there". But the Beatles used a lot of different chords and their melodies were beautiful, and immediately I got tired of classical music. It was a whole new world to me.

ZZ: Has your classical training helped you in what you're doing now?

NL: I think without it I would be a good guitar player, but certainly I wouldn't be making the records I am... for sure. I started when I was five years old, so all my sense of melody and theme comes from my classical training. I'm not into classical music any more. I appreciate it now, but I'm genuinely into rock'n'roll. I used to go in for competitions and I have a couple of chording trophies, and I think that's responsible for 90% of what I am.

ZZ: All those bands I mentioned... were they all when you were at school?

NL: Yeah, they were all when I was at junior high and high school. Actually, I went through a million of them when I was between 15 and 17, and then Grin got together and I started making records.

ZZ: Before that, though, there was Paul Dowell and The Dolphin?

NL: Paul Dowell and The Dolphin, yeah. We were on Sire Records and we made a couple of records, which I thought were terrible myself... but it was a transition. It was still when I was thinking about doing it professionally. We went to New York, got an audition, and so on. We went through a lot of bad managers... signed a contract, and then realised they guy was terrible... that sort of thing. My parents, whom I'm real close with, have always encouraged me. My father and I would go to these terrible meetings and they would threaten us... it was a really bad period. But from Grin on, things started looking up.

ZZ: Can we talk about the scene in Washington D.C. a little? I've got a few singles here which I think have some connection with what you were doing.

(Interviewer produces three singles: 'Streakin' USA' - Skunko & Sois/The Nighttime Of My Life - The Reekers; 'Stone Down Day/Open Up The Door To Your Heart' - John Guernsey Group; 'All The King's Horses' - John Guernsey Group /'The King Of Slang' - Claude Jones. All on the Sweet Breeze record label.)

NL: I can't believe it! John Guernsey is one of my best friends. 'Streakin' USA'! I can't believe that you have this! That is incredible! I was talking to him just

the other day. The lead singer on this record, 'The Nighttime Of My Lifetime', is a guy named Joe Triplett, and he's in a band called The Rosslyn Mountain Boys along with Bob Berberich, and they have an album that's just come out. It's been released locally and... God, if I'd had any idea at all that you'd be remotely interested I'd have brought you a copy. It's been released in Washington on Adelphi Records, and it's excellent.

ZZ: They were an off-shoot from the group Claude Jones weren't they?

NL: Yeah, that's right. Are you familiar with Claude Jones?

ZZ: I only know a little bit about them.

NL: That's really amazing! I used to go and see Claude Jones all the time. There are some tunes which I'm sure you haven't heard that I would even think of covering... tunes which they wrote that are classic but which people might never hear.

ZZ: Both Bob Gordon and Bob Berberich from Grin are on 'Streakin' USA' aren't they?

NL: Yeah, right. It's funny... I remember when John Guernsey had the idea for 'Streakin' he was really excited. He had the idea a couple of months before Ray Stevens, but it was such a big thing that it was something that everyone was going to think about. Then Ray Stevens had the name and everything, went to Nashville, cut his record and it was a big hit. But this one here, for me, is a much better record.

ZZ: Claude Jones was never actually a member of the band, was he?

NL: He was like... not even their manager really... he was like the head of the household, keeping things together. He ran the technical end of it, and stuff like that. It's so trivial it's not really even worth mentioning, but Claude is now a member of the Communist Party, and there are some funny stories that go with that.

ZZ: I believe also that Claude Jones had a farm in Virginia, and when they moved out, Grin moved in.

NL: That's correct. The whole band lived in this 200 year old place in Washington, Virginia, and Joe Triplett, who was also the lead singer in Claude Jones, asked Bob Berberich if he wanted to move in because Claude Jones was breaking up and everybody was moving out. Also my parents were moving and I needed a place to stay, so my brother Tom, Bob and myself moved onto the farm. I lived there for two or three years out in the country.

ZZ: How did Grin actually start up?

NL: Well, after the Waifs, the Grass and all those other local groups, I ran away from home. Actually, I didn't run away from home... I ran away from school.

I love my family and it was really a traumatic experience, but everything at school was so straight. There were dress codes and I was getting in trouble for having hair as long as yours and missing classes. (NB: Although Childs has one of the fuller heads of hair among the Zigzag staff, it's stylish punk length trim could in no way be thought outrageous.) It got to the point where I was 17, and all of a sudden I realised that I was going to be a rock'n'roll musician for the rest of my life. The thought of approaching my parents about quitting school was just too much, so I just ran away and went to New York City. I only spent a week or two in Greenwich Village, but living on the streets I learnt more in a week than I'd learnt in my whole life. I was very young and naive, and I saw a lot, but I'm glad I did it.

Then I came back home, and I wouldn't go back to school, of course. My father was great about it, and just said "Well, you've got to do something". So I called Bob Berberich, actually. We originally got another bass player in Grin named George Daly, who grew up with all those people we've mentioned, and who was fired from the group before we started

recording. So basically, as soon as I came back from running away, we started Grin. About a year or two later we got the chance to record.

ZZ: Of course, then there is all that stuff about you introducing yourself to Neil Young, which I don't think we need to cover again. Let's jump ahead to when Grin broke up and you started jamming with The Dubonettes.

NL: Yeah, they were called The Dubonettes, but then they changed their name to Charlie & The Pep Boys. I produced their album (A&M AMLH 64563). It was just a fluke really, but they had a few really great original songs. In fact they had broken up... they were all off in school and had no intention of ever re-ordering; and I called them up and said "Listen, I have some time off, would you like to make a record?" So we got them together and made a pretty good one, I think.

ZZ: You used to play at The Apple Pie in Washington D.C. Is that the same place that's mentioned on the sleeve of your first solo album?

NL: Yeah. Have you heard of the Cellar Door?

ZZ: Is that the place Neil Young sings about in 'The Needle And The Damage Done'?

NL: Oh yeah... that's where I met Neil. Anyway, in Washington D.C. there's a folk club - The Cellar Door - and The Apple Pie is right across the street. At one time that was the only club in town... it was a really funky bar. The owners were like alcoholics, but they were nice people... loose. And bands like The Dubonettes used to play there all the time. It didn't cost anything to get in, and it was a place to go and jam. Basically, it was the only place in Washington where musicians could get together.

ZZ: Were there any personnel changes between The Dubonettes and Charlie & The Pep Boys?

NL: They were the same with the exception of the drummer. They did get a new drummer. Interestingly enough, the drummer on the album wasn't in the band. I flew in with my manager to get them to sign the papers and that whole trip, so we were having a little celebration. It was raining outside and they were drunk, and they started climbing on top of cars and running along the roofs in the parking lot. Well, the drummer went off the top of a car, fell all the way to the ground, shattered his wrist, and consequently couldn't play on his first record! So I had to hire Mike Zack who played drums on my bootleg album and was on the road with me for a while. We had to go in the studio the next day as well!

ZZ: Did Bob Berberich join the Dubonettes for a while?

NL: Yeah. After Grin broke up and before he joined the Rosslyn Mountain Boys he was just gigging around, I think, and because he's a really good drummer and The Dubonettes needed a drummer badly, he joined them for a while.

ZZ: What is Bob Gordon doing now?

NL: I think he still plays at home, but he's either running a bar or a restaurant. He's a country-type guy... lives out in the sticks. He digs his privacy and he's not really into show business at all.

ZZ: You went for such a long time in Grin virtually unacclaimed, and then all of a sudden early last year, everybody knew about you and started to say how great you were... "a bright young talent" and all that. Now in my humble opinion Grin were deserving of just as much praise. Do you agree with that, and if so, do you feel bitter about it? It seems a bit weird to me, to say the least.

NL: Well, I'm really grateful to the people here in England, because this is the first place that really caught on to what I was doing. From a technical point of view I'm

until Boz left, openly dissatisfied with the band's direction and discipline. He retired to his house and carried on writing.

Friendship with neighbour Jann Wenner, founder and editor of Rolling Stone magazine, developed into a partnership when Wenner took Boz to Muscle Shoals, Alabama, to record an album for Atlantic Records. 'Boz Scaggs' was the title and 'Loan Me A Dime', with its scorching Duane Allman guitar solo, was the track which became a classic. Boz returned home from the south and set about forming a band. By January 1970 the first Boz Scaggs Band was off and running.

That line-up was featured on the first three albums under the watchful eye of producer Glyn Johns - 'Moments', 'Boz Scaggs and Band' and 'My Time'. Boz had meanwhile signed with CBS Records and the title of the last album was to be prophetic and true. It was about to be 'The Time' for Boz Scaggs.

A new band and new producer (Johnny Bristol) made 'Slow Dancer' one of 1974's best albums and pointed out the direction Boz Scaggs was taking. Always with black roots, his music now had a black producer and the result was magical.

Early in 1976, with Joe Wissert behind the control desk, Boz made and released 'Silk Degrees'. Impeccable, hand-picked musicians, immaculate songs galore, it was a dead-cert stone smash from the start. It went gold within weeks of release and passed the platinum mark (for sales in excess of one million) with the ease of a vinyl Arkle. A single from the album, 'Lowdown', raced up the US charts to give Boz the rare double of an album and a single at No. 1 in the same week. Word spread to Britain, 'Lowdown' was released, and Boz Scaggs was suddenly a British chart entrant.

The follow-on from that success, CBS released another track from 'Silk Degrees' - 'What Can I Say?'. 'Airplay' was immediate and phenomenal and it's become an even bigger hit than its predecessor. Boz Scaggs is - at long last - becoming as big here as he is in the States.

But as I said earlier, what can you say about Boz Scaggs that isn't going to sound like just another hard-sell line? Perhaps it's this.

If you've already heard 'Lowdown' and 'What Can I Say?' and thought they were great, wouldn't it be reasonable to go for the complete package - the album that these songs were taken from, 'Silk Degrees'? After all, a single is only a single. And there are songs on this one that need an album to do them full justice. Songs that form an integral part of the mood, colouring and musical ambience that you might not otherwise get a chance of hearing.

Can I help it if I personally think that 'Silk Degrees' is an album that deserves pride of place in any self-respecting record collection?

Boz Scaggs 'SILK DEGREES' on CBS records and tapes.

CBS 81193



THE LOWDOWN ON BOZ SCAGGS

What can you say about Boz Scaggs that isn't going to sound like just another hard sell admiral's line?

Legendary Texas-born, San Francisco guitarist. Consummate musician with a pedigree second-to-none and a reputation based on consistent excellence. A musician's musician, guitarist's guitarist, lyricist's lyricist. One of the biggest selling album artists in America in 1976 - the year that included Frampton, McCartney and Wonder albums, not to mention Aerosmith and Boston. And now a British hit single maker thanks to 'Lowdown' and his current smash 'What Can I Say?'.

Boz actually first hit Britain in 1964 when, as a member of a Texan r-and-b band called The Wigs, he tried to sell the blues to a country which gave the world John Mayall, Alexis Korner, The Yardbirds, Graham Bond et al. When The Wigs realised the goof they'd made, they returned to Texas, leaving a folksinging Boz to trek round Europe. He finished up in Sweden, became a local star and recorded an album for Polydor called 'Boz'.

Early in 1967 Boz headed, along with a million others, for San Francisco. There he joined an old Dallas schoolfriend and the man who first taught him guitar - Steve Miller. For the next eighteen months they worked together, cutting two of the best Steve Miller Band albums ever - 'Children Of The Future' and 'Sailor' -





Nils Lofgren and his band (L. to R.): Patrick Henderson, Andy Newmark, Nils Lofgren, Wornell Jones.

unimpressed with my contribution to Grin because I wasn't a very good singer at the time. But realistically, there was an innocence and something real about Grin that I was sorry to lose. It was very painful when I had to say "Hey, no matter what, we can't get a break. Financially we're at zero. Nobody wants to help us. We're going in debt every week just to stay together!" So I resent that part of the business, but there again I don't think about it that much, because I'm real grateful for whatever success that comes.

ZZ: Your manager must have worked miracles to keep Grin going for so long, then.

NL: He's worked miracles since I first met him. I mean, it was a miracle to me when he got the deal to make the first album, but to go on and record four albums.

ZZ: You have a strong interest in athletics by all accounts.

NL: Yeah, always have been, always will. If I was big enough I'd be playing professional football. I was a gymnast when I was young. Rock'n'roll lends itself so much to destroying yourself physically, and you know I can't even sing well unless I'm in decent shape. Compared to what I'd like to be, I'm still out of shape, but I'd like to spend more time at it. I've got a mini-trampoline that I'm going to bring on the road and I'm going to do some flips onstage. I'm totally into physical fitness, and eventually I hope to buy a whole gym full of equipment. People in rock'n'roll seem to take things to extremes. On the one hand you've got the Keith Richard syndrome, and then at the other end you have Stevie Wonder, who is all peace, love, beauty and health...no drugs, no nothing.

To each his own, I suppose, but I've got this whole concept of what I do, which is really not apparent yet, and I call it "athletic rock". If and when the time comes when I'm so successful that I can take my own elaborate stage on the road, it's going to be a circus...an extremely physical show. Right now I can't get into gimmickry because you need a lot of

money. 'Athletic Rock' may be the title of my next album after the live one, and I'm going to incorporate athletics with music. To me music is a very physical thing.

ZZ: Talking about being physically fit, why does Neil Young always seem to out of it? He can't possibly be as wrecked as he appears or he wouldn't be able to perform as well as he does.

NL: Well, he's a real slow character, but up here he's brilliant. Physically he is real thin...not weak, but fragile. He's had problems with his back and he seems almost like a lackadaisical old man, but that's just how he appears. In reality, of course, you're right - he's very tuned in. Like all of us, he likes to tip a few drinks and have a smoke of this or that, but he never gets so out of it that he can't stay on top of whatever he's doing.

ZZ: The whole ambience of the tour was very much concerned with Danny Whitten's death, wasn't it?

NL: Well, Danny was going to be the fourth member of Grin at one time, and we were all very close to him. It was a tragic thing when he died, and it really shook up Neil 'cause it happened near his place. Going back to what we were saying before, Neil's always been very conscious of his health. He hardly ever drank anything...he would smoke, but he would never drink. And then he started getting into tequila, not heavily, but he got into it and started to get real loose. He likes to surround himself with real people, which is why he plays with Crazy Horse. They may not be the best musicians in the world, but they have soul and there's a communication there that you can't buy.

ZZ: To me, the whole 'Tonight's The Night' tour was an experiment. Originally he just had these new songs, and we just worked them up with no intention of making a record. Neil wanted to go to this little club in Topanga Canyon and play there. It was a nightclub act, and it went over so well that Neil - being crazy as he is - said "Even if the people don't get it, I think it's something they never get to see - that side of an artist. Well...I'm ready". And he really pulled no punches.

There are some harsh sounds on the record...when we cut it, we cut all the background vocals live, there were no overdubs. It was like if you're going to start patching up things, patch it all up, or else give it to them like it is. And he knew out front that there would be a lot of people who would be horrified, and when we came over here I could even sense it.

Andy Childs

PAT TRAVERS



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QUESTIONS

1. Iggy's real name is:
 Ignatius Pope David Jones
 James Page Igor Stravinsky
 James Osterberg James Priddy
2. His first band was called:
 Stormtroopers The Iguanas
 The Prime Movers Bald Nazis
 Jimmy and The Motherfuckers
3. The first person he co-opted for the Stooges was:
 Steve Mackay Wayne Kramer
 Zeke Zettner Wayne Newton
 Ron Ashton Duane Eddy
4. Had he been unable to fulfil his ambition to become "the best singer in the world", Iggy suggested he might have become:
 a male prostitute a jockey
 a professional golfer a train driver
 a life guard
5. Iggy grew up in:
 a tenement block borstal
 a caravan park orphanage
 Plum Street, Detroit
6. How old is Iggy?
 Teenage 30
 26 34
 29 28
 Old enough to know better
7. Iggy was born exactly:
 58 years after the birth of Hitler
 2700 years after the foundation of Rome by Romulus
 22 years before the publication of the first Zigzag
 282 years after the Great Plague of London
8. The Stooges first gig was:
 October 1967 February 1968
 January 1967 None of the above
 November 1966
9. Which of the following drugs shaped Iggy's future:
 hashish heroin
 tobacco LSD
 alcohol grass
10. Which of the following stories about Iggy are true?
 The first Stooges album was recorded in two days
 All the songs on the first album were written in two days
 He was busted and jailed for indecent exposure in Romeo, Michigan
 He worked as a waiter during the early days of the Stooges
11. Which of the following remarks is attributable to Iggy?
 I don't hardly fuck any more - except out of habit
 Frankly, a lot of people aren't far out enough to understand my lyrics
 I know a person better by looking into his eyes for a minute than if I spent a day talking to him
 I'm not a punk anymore... I'm a damned man!
 I could wipe the floor with the Eagles, Poco, Jackson Browne and any of that L.A. shit.
12. What was Iggy's course of action when racial strife gripped Detroit in the late sixties?
 He participated in the looting
 He went home to his mother
 He gave a benefit concert for the Weathermen and Black Panthers
 He dropped acid and redecorated his burnt-out squat
 He sought protection from the Plum Street motorcycle gang

13. The first time he met Tony de Fries (his subsequent manager), Iggy:
 was not impressed
 farted loudly and puked up
 ate six breakfasts
 embarrassed David Bowie by exposing himself
 demanded money for drugs
 behaved with propriety
14. When Iggy quit Detroit for London in 1972, what did he miss most?
 Funky Spades
 Bob Seger
 Regular oats
 Bathing in Lake Michigan
 Visiting John Sinclair in prison
15. Why did guitarist James Williamson leave the Stooges in Summer 1973?
 He called Bowie "a boring faggot"
 Unrequited love for Diana Hesprie
 de Fries fired him
 He thought he was Napoleon
 He was homesick
16. What is Iggy's opinion of ex-manager Tony de Fries? Does he think he's:
 a wanker a crook
 a great man an incompetent buffoon
 a lustful bugger, steeped in vice
17. Iggy almost died on stage at the Whisky A Go Go in L.A. From what?
 A heart condition induced by excessive masturbation since terminal syphilis
 drowning in his vomit
 physical exhaustion
 he drank 2 quarts of Tequila
18. When 'Raw Power' was released, Iggy had to borrow the money to buy a copy. Who forked out?
 Larry Day Mark P
 Sable Starr Marc Bolan
 Kim Fowley Ian Hunter
19. Which of the following bands refused to appear on the same bill as the Stooges?
 Eagles Humble Pie
 Ramones T. Rex
 Groundhogs Jethro Tull
20. Iggy pop sells sickness, rampant paranoia and mindless drivel.... the worst kind of psycho drama.... as graceful as a maimed octopus, a lean and slimy caveman who had fallen into a bottle of peroxide. Who wrote that?
 Mary Whitehouse
 Michael Watts
 Linda Solomon
 Clifford Davis
 The Evening News
21. Ex-Stooge Ron Ashton recently formed a band in L.A. Who were they?
 Bloodsqueezers
 Sons of Hitler
 The New Order
 Forces Sweethearts
 Los Angeles Fog Ends
22. Which of these singles was said to be about Iggy?
 All the Dudes - Mott the Hoople
 Jean Genie - David Bowie
 I'm Bad - Kim Fowley
 (2) Iggy Stardust - David Bowie
 Through the Eyes of Love - Frost
 One Take over the Line - Brewer & Shipley

23. Who said this: "Iggy Pop is the real thing; if he doesn't break big (and I mean BIG) in the new year (1974), I'll lock myself away and listen to James Taylor albums 'till solid for 14 days?"
 John Tobler in Zigzag
 Derek Jewell in the Sunday Times
 Clive Davis at CES Conference
 Arthur Askey on New Faces
 Nick Kent in NME



Could this be the answer to Question No 45?

24. Why did Kris Needs miss Iggy's sole British gig (before the current tour) at Kings Cross Cinema?
 He was washing his hair
 He was answering Mott the Hoople fan club mail
 He was with David Bowie
 He was fornicating down at the Arts Workshop
 He was writing a thesis on Tom Rapp and Pearls Before Swine
25. Which was the first British publication to have a full length feature on the Stooges?
 The Evening News NME
 Zigzag MM
 Jewish Chronicle Disc

26. Which of the following groups does Iggy admire?
 K.C. & The Sunshine Band
 Abba Eagles
 Da Doo Ron Ron
 Papa Doo Ron Doo Ron
 Mamas and Papas

27. In 1967, Iggy took part in a film with a famous (sort of) person. Who?
 Jim Morrison Alice Cooper
 Patti Smith Nico
 Jimi Hendrix Brian Jones

28. When the Stooges first visited San Francisco in 1967, what souvenirs did Iggy take home?
 Plastic statuette of Jerry Garcia
 A replica of the Golden Gate Bridge
 Crabs Lice
 Lobster 2 kinds of VO

29. Which of the following singles did Iggy play on?
 Singing the Blues - Tommy Steele
 Kick Out the Jams - MC5
 I'm a Hog for You Baby - Wayne County
 Leader of the Pack - Shanglars
 Vehicle - Ides of March

30. Critics have said that Iggy is bent on death. Is he?
 Yes No Maybe

31. Which of the following succulent delicacies does Iggy enjoy?
 Raw meat Brown rice
 Seaweed Pussy
 Raw fish Dirty hot dogs
 Foodstuffs containing poison

32. Who discovered Iggy and the Stooges for Elektra Records, and therefore must forever bear the responsibility of introducing him to the world?
 Lou Reed Jimi Hendrix
 Danny Fields Greg Shaw
 Seymour Stein John Sinclair

33. Is Iggy bi-sexual?
 Yes No

34. Who was Iggy's major inspiration and idol - for whom he would gladly have died?
 Bill Haley Jimi Hendrix
 Sonny Bono Brian Jones
 Jim Morrison John Lennon

35. When was the Stooges first album released?
 August 1969 July 1973
 August 1970 March 1977

36. Was it ever Iggy's intention to write a song for Judge Sill?
 Yes No

37. Who was the first "auxiliary Stooge" to be added to the original quartet?
 Steve Mackay Scott Thirston
 Bill Cheatham James
 Jimmy Silver Williamson
38. When did the Stooges pack up and call it a day (for the first time)?
 January 1971 January 1972
 August 1971 August 1972
 They never packed up at all

39. After John Cole produced the first Stooges album, which of the following was considered for the second?
 Jim Peterkin John Maleda
 Eddie Kramer Don Galucci

40. One critic wrote a 10 thousand word (i.e. considerably longer than the Keith Richard story in the last issue) review of 'Fun House'. Was it?
 Jon Landau Mick Farren
 Nick Kent Lester Bangs
 Tony Palmer Derek Jewell

41. In August 1970, bassist Dave Alexander went missing. Who found him?
 Desolation Row Seal Tuba
 Alex Chilton The guy from Uriah Heep
 Zeke Zettner

42. Which of these remarks appeared in reviews of Iggy concerts?
 Two hundred years ago, people would have been locked up for acting like that. Now, he's a star.
 He tosses himself off the stage, runs into the middle of the audience, grabs a burning candle-vase and lifts it high above his head. For a moment, it looks as if he'll put it back down - dear God, make him put it back down! - but, no... instead he lowers it over his chest and very slowly spills all its melted wax over his naked chest.
 Half the audience walked out after 5 minutes.

43. After manically picking his nose, he plucked an imaginary hair from his ass and flicked it towards the front row. Is his nauseating contortion can only appeal to really deep-down sick minds?

44. Why is an intelligent publication like Zigzag wasting two pages on a washed-up, zero-talent, musically inept twerp like Iggy Pop?
 Alan Jones says he's jolly good
 He was a pioneer, and as such deserves recognition
 RCA Records bribed us
 We needed a charismatic front cover to attract browsers in WH Smiths
 He's about to emerge as a world class superstar.

45. Why did RCA refuse to allow any photographers to snap Iggy's set at Friars?
 They wanted their own photographer to have a monopoly
 Iggy has grown old and ugly
 David Bowie thinks he is more than a mortal

46. Has this quiz become too stupid to continue?
 Yes No



THE IGGY POP TRIVIA QUIZ

The above comic strip is a rare example of DEATH CITY COMICS by Steve Mackay, Iggy's first comic strip for the New Order.

Score one point for each correct answer.

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Since the first half of this interview was written, there's been an opportunity to see Ry and the Chicken Skin Band in action, which was a totally worthwhile experience. I'm sure that those of you who are interested have already read the reviews, seen the concerts and so on, but for me the high points were Ry's quite blistering solo on 'Dark End Of The Street', and the three vocalists' astounding handclaps. If any of you missed the gigs, I'm really sorry, but it seems there's a strong chance of Ry returning to this country by the end of the year, in which case you are strongly recommended to be there.

At the end of the last part of this interview, we left Ry talking about the set paintings which formed the sleeve of 'Into The Purple Valley'. Just before he talks about 'Boomer's Story', a copy of the insert has come into my grasp, and as there seems to be some interest in who played on that album, here's a digest of the information which should have been included with the album.

Personnel: Jim Dickinson - piano, bass; Jim Keltner - drums; Milt Holland - percussion; Tommy McClure - bass; Roger Hawkins - drums; Gene Finney - harmonicas; Charles Lawing - clarinet; Randy Newman - piano ('Rally Round The Flag'); Sleepy John Estes - vocal, guitar ('President Kennedy'), recorded in Collierville, Tennessee; George Bohannon - horns, Voices - Dan Penn, Jim Dickinson. Engineers - Lee Hershberg, John Fry, Richard Rosebrough, Jerry Lee Masters. Produced by Jim Dickinson and Lenny Waronker. Recorded at Amigo Studios, Burbank; Ardent Recording, Memphis; Muscle Shoals Sound, Alabama; and Collierville, Tennessee.

Also included are the words to seven of the songs, plus photographs of all the musicians listed above, with the exception of Charles Lawing. I hope that was useful to some of you - now, on with the interview.

ZZ: The 'Boomer's Story' sleeve was very stark after the 'Purple Valley' effort. Was it just an idea that occurred to you at the time?

RC: Yes. That insert unfortunately got lost in the shuffle, and made everybody think it was a bootleg. Too bad - it almost ruined me.

ZZ: 'Maria Elena' was an interesting choice of song, because isn't it from a different era than most of your material?

RC: Well, it was written in the '30s, and it's been recorded over and over again. Goes way, way back, but the era isn't the point of it. It's just such a pretty song, and my learning of it was from a Bunk Johnson record. Bunk was a New Orleans trumpet player who recorded it in the '40s, where I first heard it, and I've always liked it.

ZZ: Something like 'Rally Round The Flag' you did so differently to the way one is used to hearing it. Do you always try to get to the original meaning of these songs?

RC: I don't know what that would be, but it seemed to me that the song has a certain sadness about it that doesn't come through in a march. It's a lousy march, the kind you hear at school, but it has a melody, and the lyrics get lost in march time. But I really don't know - it's just that that's how the song occurred to me, that's how I hear it. That's all you can do - I'm not going to sit down with a bunch of tubas and march the damned thing.

ZZ: Without wishing to categorise too much, the fourth album ('Paradise and Lunch') appears to be closer to gospel music - the use of the Golden Gate Quartet type people must have obviously led to that conclusion. But is that just another example of your wanting to record a form of music you like?

RC: Yes, because I work on things, and at a certain point, I end up making a record of what I'm working on. So at a certain point I had worked up enough of a relationship with these singers to where we could actually go in a studio and attempt to capture some of that sound in a very minor way. I mean, we're not doing gospel music, and we're not really approaching any of the achievements of those quartets and quintets, but it's still a useful thing and it sounds good. That kind of singing has a lot of applications, and it's fun besides.

ZZ: It's also interesting to note that 'The Tattler' is apparently one of the very few songs you've written - although presumably you've written many more, but never recorded them?

RC: Well, I've never written any songs at all, and I actually didn't write 'The Tattler'. What I did was I took this old song by Washington Phillips and re-wrote it, so you could say I didn't write it, but I co-wrote it in a funny way... being as he's dead, long dead. My thought was to take the song from its form and restructure it entirely, and make it into a church song, an R&B song... a real ballad, though. So I did that, put a lot of work in the melody and the chords of it - not improving it necessarily, but just changing it - so I put my name to it, because I figured I'd done enough work to where I could at least assume some of the credit for it, because he has no heirs or estate, the guy's just gone. But it's a good song now. I mean, the way it is, it has possibilities, and it's way different from the original form, really.

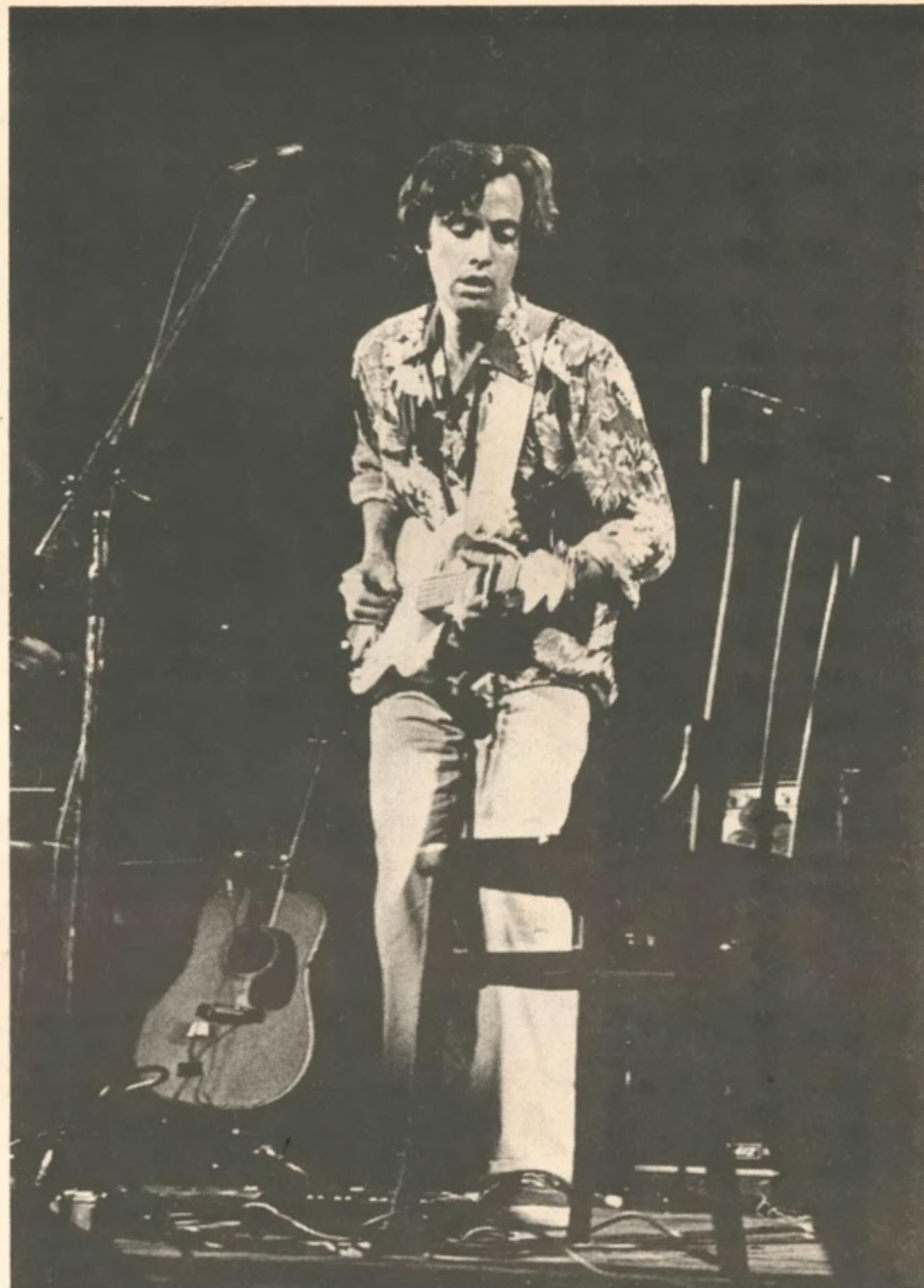
ZZ: Its possibilities have already been explored by Miss Ronstadt.

RC: Yeah right, which is nice. I figured that somebody would cut that song. I didn't know who, but I think it's nice that she did. I certainly appreciate it - I'll make some money.

ZZ: Did you offer it to her?

RC: No, no. It never occurred to me to offer it to anybody. I figured that if somebody heard it and liked it, they might get interested, and so evidently she did.

ZZ: Why don't you write?



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DEATH VALLEY

INTO THE PURPLE VALLEY
OF ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE
WITH
RY COODER

RC: I'm not a writer, truthfully.

ZZ: You mean you've tried?

RC: No, I'm not a writer. I don't sit down and write. I would like to be, but I just don't. It doesn't seem to happen that way.

ZZ: I suppose it would be difficult to accuse you of plagiarism on these records, because most of the songs that you play and sing are very rarely heard anywhere else.

RC: Plagiarism? In what sense?

ZZ: In that you're using other people's songs, and that you're like an Andy Williams type figure.

RC: Music exists to be played and sung. A song doesn't die when the creator finishes with it, for heaven's sake. I mean, that's what it's all there for, I guess... like a giant big library, and everybody can partake of it. That's what's so nice about music - it doesn't belong to anybody, really.

ZZ: I presume you must have a very large record collection...

RC: No, but I keep my ears open. I have a small large record collection, but basically what I do is keep my ears open for things. It's like a search, you know, things to do and listen to and whatnot...

ZZ: Is that what you spend most of your time doing?

RC: Yes, takes a lot of time, lot of time.

ZZ: Where do you look? Obviously there's the radio...

RC: No, not anymore. Radio's declined, so I look anywhere. It's where you find it, you know... in books, on records, people, car radio - you never know. Might be a movie soundtrack that gives you an idea. I just have to be alert to possible sources.

ZZ: Have you been to the Library of Congress to check there?

RC: No, that's a scary proposition... that's big. I know about it, I know there are things I could find if I could take the time, but I would have to have something in mind, because it's just so huge.

ZZ: Was there any reason for doing somewhat more modern type songs on this 'Paradise and Lunch' album?

RC: Those songs were just the ones which came up. They're not really so modern now, but let me see it for a minute since you put it that way. 'Jesus On The Mainline' is an ancient fundamentalist hymn... it goes back, it's in everybody's baptist tradition. 'Do Wah Diddy' is '20s; 'Tattler' is '20s; 'No Man's A Fool' is '20s; 'Tamp 'Em Up Solid' is railroad song that goes way back, but it's less apparent that there's a time frame for these. I'm glad of that, because I get so sick and tired of people saying 'He does old tunes', and this and that and the other thing. But it is less apparent that these songs are old, and 'The Tattler' is a good example of why that is. If it had been done in its original first form, it would sound old, but it doesn't sound old because you've succeeded in changing the idiom just a little bit, and nobody thinks that it's old... to the extent that somebody makes a re-release, which says something about that, I like to think.

ZZ: Was that its original title?

RC: Yes, and it meant something in its original form. It meant sort of - well, I can't figure out why he called it that, but it seems to make more sense. It was more - well, I don't know what it is. Why he called it that I'll never know... I never figured it out. It may even be a mistake. Maybe the guys who recorded him didn't know what to call it, so they called it that. It's hard to tell.

ZZ: There seems to be a long gap between the fourth album and this new one. Was that due to a search for material?

RC: There's a two year period between the two, so during those two years I was mainly trying to work out this idea I had for the Tex-Mex thing, and that took quite a long time, because I had to go into it quite a bit, learn something about the music - how to play it, how to utilise it - find somebody to play with, get with them and start on a project. It took a while, longer than I thought, and I couldn't rush it or it wouldn't have come out right. As it is, it came out pretty well, and it's a step in the right direction, I guess. Tex-Mex is good music, but it's the kind of thing you don't just sit down and start playing.

ZZ: It's funny, because Buddy Holly's music was dubbed Tex-Mex when it first came out in England...

RC: It was? How weird! That's totally inaccurate and wrong. Except that he's from Texas, but the Mex part doesn't fit...

ZZ: Could you explain about slack-key guitar?

RC: Slack-key? That's Hawaiian. People have this way of approaching the guitar, and what they do is tune it - and they say "slack" - but what that means is they tune it to open chords low. John Hurt, he used to say it was Spanish, called it Spanish tuning for some reason, and other people have words for it, but the Hawaiians call it slack-key.

ZZ: But it isn't in any way slack?

RC: It may be lower than concert pitch, for instance, but it comes down from pitch in order to make it tune with those chords.

ZZ: Some body once said that you feel that bottleneck playing has been there all the time, and perhaps as a result of your championing it, it's become more used than it was in the '50s, and so on. Do you feel that the same is about to happen with slack-key?

RC: Nothing's going to happen because of me, and bottleneck certainly didn't, but slack-key is for a fact, as far as I can see, one of the last frontiers... little known areas of guitar playing that hasn't become in some way fully integrated into everybody's repertoire of styles - like bottleneck, or fingerpicking, or flatpicking, and so on. But slack-key really is another way... the sound, the whole effect of it is an approach to the guitar. It's very subtle, so it's a little harder to put your finger on what it is exactly, but a lot of people are aware of it now in the States, in a funny way, and it is beginning to spread. All the guitar freaks come up to me and ask me about it, but like I say, it's hard to pinpoint. It's rich music, it's really very good, and the Hawaiians are really good guitar players - among the best I've heard. They stand to become an influence on some aspect of guitar music, which is so widespread and so thorough nowadays... it's just another one of those things, and maybe one of the last things.

ZZ: The only thing I would have considered Hawaiian music before was something like Santo and Johnny doing 'Sleepwalk'...

RC: No, that's wrong. But you know, Hawaiian music is despised because what people have heard of it is the worst. They've heard the junk, the tourist music, and until you've heard what Hawaiian people like... the kind of music they play for their own enjoyment and what they've maintained as their own tradition and their own selves is more like the real thing. Of course, tourism has seized upon it as a ready marketing device, but good Hawaiian music is really good. It's very sentimental music, but it's not corny by anyone's standards, I don't think. Those guys are really good guitar players, that's all there is to it. I'm not talking about those fellows in white pants with ukuleles, I'm not talking about their straw hats and all that junk... I'm just saying what the people know and what they play.

ZZ: Why did you decide to have Gabby Pahinui singing on 'Yellow Roses'?

RC: Because he's about the best singer I've ever heard. He sings with me just in harmony, really. He was there and I said "Sing with me". I didn't decide... it just happened. Everything just happens. You go into the studio, you sit down, and you say "What'll we do?". You get to where it's time to sing, and they say "Sing". I said "Let's sing this together", and he said "OK"; and you get up and do it, and hope that it sounds good... which it does to me, I like it. That guy - he's known as the best singer probably ever in Hawaii. He's it over there. The people know him as a kind of big chief, a cultural leader. He's like revered over there. These two things I do with him - they in no way truly reflect what he is and what he does, but what can you do? You have two days, you go in, you just try something.

ZZ: Did you go there to do it?

RC: Yeah, I went there, because he won't leave. I've recorded with him for his own records.

ZZ: I gather that at one stage you were taking his records round to shops...

RC: What Warner Brothers saw fit to do was to distribute his records that I played on, as a kind of package deal. He's made lots of records over a forty year period, but this one which we did together with him and his sons and his friends and me is quite beautiful, really. Warners are going to distribute it, and it's nice. It's called 'The Gabby Pahinui Hawaiian Band', a very beautiful record.

ZZ: Did you in fact take it round to record shops and tell them they should be stocking it?

RC: Oh yes. Wherever there was a place that was maybe specialising in folk music, or anything other than Top 40, I would take it. I even took it to some of the Top 40 record stores. It didn't hurt, because anybody that hears it likes it. All I have to do is get past that bad-taste-Hawaiian stuff. If you don't worry about that, and just listen to it, you can't help but like it.

ZZ: There's a parallel between that and Van Dyke's Esso Trinidad Steel Band record...

RC: Right. You see, if there's an opportunity to present this stuff to the rest of the world, it should be taken - obviously people stand in need of hearing anything that's good.

ZZ: Turning to the Tex-Mex tracks that you play with Flaco Jimenez, it's interesting to note that they're oldies. Is the thing about that music that it's about doing other people's songs, that there's very little original material?

RC: OK. Tex-Mex is Texas and Mexican, an abbreviation for that which applies to people who live on the border. You've got Texas, you've got Mexico, the Rio Grande goes in between, and that's a cultural region. Northern Mexicans are called Norteno - people of that area who've always lived there, before Texas was a state, and before there was a border and all that. They are sort of a regionally distinct people. Then it became Texas, so half of them live on the Texas side, and half on the Mexican side.

About 1850 or so, the German people started moving down into Texas where land was available for homesteading, and left certain regions of Bavaria and Germany to come down there... the same terrain. They could carry on as they always did, and they also brought these accordions with them - button accordions - and played polkas, waltzes and so on. Then the people who lived there at the time, being these Norteno people, and being very musical and all, took it up. Got on to the accordion, the same way as the Hawaiians got the guitar and adapted to it, and adapted the polkas and dances, and incorporated it into their own melodic sort of structure that they have - their sense of music,



and the way they play music.

One of the reasons was that the accordion they played, this button accordion, is constructed to be diatonic, meaning that it doesn't have sharps and flats like the piano accordion - every thing's in thirds on the keyboard, and their music is all in thirds.

Mexican music is strictly in thirds, the basic harmony unit. So the sound of it, and the sound of what they do, goes together in a funny way, and they developed this sound of their own. Their own polkas derived from Germany, but then developed on their own lines, so what you end up with by the 1920s or so is they're doing traditional music as a kind of ballad style of telling stories. Long, narrative ballads, telling about some guy who got in a fight with the sheriff and ran off into the bush somewhere, and the rangers chased and he finally got away, and then they caught him - you saw it going on and on and on. Or somebody made a run with cocaine over the border, and got caught and was sent to Leavenworth. These are narratives, topical narratives, and by the 20s or so, the accordion had become the most popular instrument in their ensemble groups. You have accordion and guitar, or maybe accordion and two guitars, but it became a very popular instrument in all forms, in terms of accompanying vocalists, as instrumentalists or whatever.

Then they began to record it down there, and some of the labels with their race records policy also went down there, and found they could record it and sell it to the people who lived down there. Same as blues, of course. Then, by the '30s, it progresses, and it parallels to R&B in quite a few ways. After the war it became a very popular thing, was played on the radio, and the recording of it was quite widespread. All over South Texas, Arizona, California - wherever there's crops, they go and pick them and come back. Naturally it's a vital form. It serves the community, it's dance music, people are writing songs. It's exactly the same as anything else - the bands, the singers, the accordionists, they all function in this thing. They're all writing tunes, and especially because it's topical music, the tune writing comes from everywhere.

I saw one situation: this guy broke out of prison, and it was a big event down there. By the next week, many records were already appearing with songs telling about this episode... so you see, the writing is the key to it, really. It's ongoing. They also naturally incorporate certain Mexican pop songs into their form. A lot of writing, a lot of activity in general. Now what I did with it, all I was trying to do was just use it, do it, experience it, and do something with it, because it's so nice. But I'm not going to do their music, because they're doing it already.

I don't sing much in Spanish, not on records anyway, so I'm going to try to find some songs that will facilitate this kind of instrumentation, like 'He'll Have To Go' done this way, bolero

beat. It's the saxophone and the accordion, sort of taking the sound and the arrangement - you might hear quite a few records that sound like 'He'll Have To Go'. They might be new or old, but it's a typical kind of way of playing that song, with the little breaks that the accordion and sax do. They intersperse with the lines and all that, so 'He'll Have To Go' has a suitable melody. Now 'Stand By Me' isn't suitable at all, but it still fits. It was harder to do, not so obvious. 'Goodnight Irene' was perfect - just one run through and those guys could already play that immediately, because it would naturally fit their whole musical sensibility, in that it's sad, it's waltz time and it's a strong melody... because Leadbelly was a good writer coming from pretty much the same state of mind, rural sort of music for the people. It's not sophisticated music, but it's very strong, very intense, and the trick for somebody like myself is to figure out what to do with it.

Since I made this record, we've gone on together, the band and me, and done quite a few things that we'd never have tried then, but we've gotten better at. Some blues things, some rock things - I call it rock, you know, some sort of up-tempo things. It's merely just a bunch of musicians who happen to play a certain way, and the accordion, played this way, is a particular thing that's very flexible. It's not limited, you don't have to play boleros all the time, you do other things and whatever you want. It's just at this point when I made the record, this was as far as I'd got in the development of the thing, and so the songs are the ones which seemed to be the most likely choices. We tried some other things, but they didn't sound so good, because the ones we used are simple tunes, and they adapted rather well.

ZZ: Are you going to pursue this for the next LP?

RC: Yes. What I'm going to do is put out a live album. I've been recording some of the shows, and I hope to do it soon. Real soon.

ZZ: Let's finish with a couple more rumours. First, is it true that you were asked to join the Rolling Thunder Revue, and refused?

RC: Never heard of it. (???) Next!

ZZ: Were you asked to join Ace, the English band who had a hit with 'How Long'?

RC: No, I've never heard of Ace.

John Tobler

P.S. It is rumoured that if you write to WEA at 69 New Oxford Street, WC1, they may send you the insert to Chicken Skin Music, which will make a good deal of the above rather more comprehensive. Don't Delay!

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JOURNEY

Aynsley Dunbar steps off the stage of Bournemouth's Winter Gardens and pulls a wry face. "That wasn't much of a soundcheck", he quips, referring to the 25 minute set which he and his mates in Journey have just completed as their contribution to the first house.

In the rapidly increasing number of cities in the States where Journey have reached headline status they are used to playing closer to two hours, so even the 40 minutes which is their normal ration as the support act on Santana's British tour leaves them with a distressing sense of coitus interruptus.

It's not an ideal situation for their audiences either. Journey have been added to the tour at the eleventh hour with no heralding trumpets, so the punters react cautiously, if appreciatively, whereas they would probably be more enthusiastic had they been informed that Journey consist of Gregg Rolie and Neal Schon, both ex-members of Santana, Ross Valory, who was with Steve Miller, and the aforementioned Mr. Dunbar, who has played with a variety of people in a position to afford the best. (Or 38th best, if you believe Zigzag polist!)

Someone suggests that Carlos is being a bit unsporting in giving his one-time amigos such a short time to strut their stuff, and Neal Schon replies with boyish candour that "They're paranoid because they've seen what we've done to them in San Francisco!"

Still... despite the restrictions and frustrations, Journey's second set at Bournemouth manages to be pretty impressive, as they stoke up a veritable furnace of fire and intensity while having the good taste to play the most distinctive numbers from their first two albums. Back in the dressing room they chat enthusiastically and I freeloading their beer to the accompaniment of Santana filtering through from the stage.

As my main mission in Bournemouth is to research the Santana family tree, it seems reasonable to start by asking Gregg and Neal about their involvement with that aggregation, but it soon becomes apparent that they would rather forget about it. An understandable sentiment, but a slightly ironic one when - by their own admission

- the years since their departure in mid '72 would have been considerably tougher without those nice royalty cheques that pop up periodically to remind them of their past.

"It was time to leave, that's all", says Gregg, refusing to be lured into imparting any extravagant tales of drugs and divinity in the final days of the Old Santana Band. "We didn't particularly like the direction of the music, and basically the whole band was just breaking up. It was a bad thing to hang around at that time".

The pair left after the recording of 'Caravanserai', of which Gregg reckons: "There was a lot of that music that I didn't feel the band was ready for. We should have waited a couple of years. I felt we should have stayed more with what we were doing and expanded gradually in different ways".

Feeling more than a little blown away after nearly five years on the road, Gregg retreated away from the music business to Seattle, where he spent a year trying to run a restaurant business with his father. The mention of this causes him to slap his forehead and groan miserably: "Oh, I don't want you to ask me about that, because that's bad news... that's a bad business".

Neal Schon, meanwhile, went back to the diverse musical activities in the Bay Area which brought him to Santana's notice in the first place. He also helped Mike Carabello record his solo album 'Attitudes', which wound up never being released, and did some home recording with Gregg Errico, Sly Stone's old drummer. This latter link-up expanded into a group when they were joined by Pete Sears in his pre-Starship days, and Walter Herbert (who had previously been Santana's production manager) took over their management.

One of Walter Herbert's sidelines in those days was the organisation of the annual New Year's Day Crater Festival in Hawaii, so he put the trio on at the 1973 event, but soon afterwards they broke up.

"We did the Crater the year after Carlos did his thing with Buddy Miles", Neal recalls, "And we had some good material, but we just didn't have a singer. We didn't

get anywhere and we got bored with it after a while, so eventually I just broke away from Gregg Errico to try and start completely afresh. I was talking with Herbie, and he was suggesting people that I should get together with".

Initially those people were Prairie Prince, in his spare time from drumming with The Tubes, a guitarist called George Tickner, who had been with a Frisco band called Frumious Bandersnatch, and Ross Valory, who had been in an earlier incarnation of the same group.

"When I was with Frumious Bandersnatch we did a lot of gigs with Steve Miller, who took notice of the group, and when we eventually broke up it was around the time that the members of his original group were leaving, so he decided to hire most of Frumious Bandersnatch - me, Jack King and Bobby Winkelman".

Winkelman joined first, in fact, and played bass on the 'Number 5' album, but moved over to rhythm guitar when Ross and Jack toured. He then left in '71, and the band as a trio made the partly-live 'Rock Love', an album generally reckoned to be Miller's nadir - a state of affairs which Ross blames largely on the primitive equipment used for the live stuff. Miller, especially around that time, had a reputation of being a tough man to work for, so how did Ross find him?

"I'd say he was difficult to work with because of the personal problems he was having at that time, and the fact that his career was kind of at a low point, and he was trying to pick up the pieces of the old band and put together a new image. It was one of those situations where you're working for someone and adjusting yourself to their music and style, and after a while it gets to be rather limiting... at which point I decided I didn't want to work for someone else. I wanted to be in a group, so I went and did session work round the Bay Area until I got together with Neal and George".

Soon after this quartet had begun jamming together they decided that the sound needed filling out more, so Gregg Rolie was summoned from Seattle to proffer his keyboard talents.

"When I left Santana I was so upset with what was going on and how things were

being decided that I had no regrets about leaving... I just wanted out. But it did hit me later on, when I discovered that playing is what I do best. I was thinking about it all the time... I was fighting my own instincts".

The early rehearsals went sensationally well, by all accounts, but progress was severely hampered by the fact that Prairie Prince wasn't prepared to leave the Tubes, so they couldn't gig properly. Some thirty drummers were auditioned over a period of months, but despite the fact that the auditionees included Eric Gravatt (Weather Report's ex-batteur, whom Neal remembers doing a passable imitation of an octopus under the influence of amyl nitrate) and Sammy Piazza from Hot Tuna, none of these hopefuls were deemed suitable. Things looked grim, until Gregg remembered Aynsley Dunbar.

"Herbie and I had been to the Fillmore West when Aynsley was at the height of his career with Frank Zappa, and found him to be in great form - very tight, very dynamic, very impressive - so that kind of stuck in our memory. We finally came to the conclusion that he could replace Prairie, so we spent six months trying to get hold of him. We eventually found him in England playing with David Bowie, and he came down and decided he liked it, and just moved into the area".

If you're thinking that Dunbar must have been just a bit loopy to throw in what must have been a very lucrative session career to join a project that was still very much in the blueprint stage... well, so did I. Explain yourself, Mr. D., quoth I.

"Well, I was looking out for a band that I could get into for a long time... something a little bit out of the ordinary that I could get involved with. It's a little bit boring playing everybody else's music... you drain yourself of ideas that you could be putting into your own band".

Aynsley joined in February '74, but by the time contracts had been sorted out and their first album released, it was March '75. Because of Gregg's signatures while he was with Santana, they were virtually

forced to go with Columbia, and consequently the album (CBS 80724) was produced by Roy Halee, whose most recent experience had been with MOR artists like Blood, Sweat & Tears and Simon & Garfunkel. Journey were not overjoyed with the outcome of the alliance.

"It was somebody else's idea, and we really wish they hadn't had it. Originally he was doing the Yardbirds and the Lovin' Spoonful, but we were the first rock'n'roll band he'd done in a long time. The record is completely not loud enough, although the mix was good... it had all the dynamics, but at too low a level. There's a lot of colour on that album, and we just wish it could have come out better. We had also done too much live work before recording it, and with waiting around trying to build the band up - rehearsing just to keep the band and the idea together - we'd played the music so many times that we were pretty sick of it by the time we went to record".

During the lengthy hiatus, however, Journey acquired a formidable reputation in their home town, so that when the first album was released it became one of the fastest-selling debut albums ever in the Frisco area. Actually, although the production does leave a little to be desired, songs like 'Kohoutek' and 'Of A Lifetime' are among their strongest songs, and it's by no means a poor album.

"After the album came out we tried to tour as best we could", Gregg continues, "which was really difficult, because at the time there was this big full in the industry - nobody was hiring, nobody was buying, nobody was doing anything. So to feed ourselves we went anywhere, and basically did all the work ourselves. We worked really hard, and it's got to pay off".

Unfortunately, the strenuous schedules undertaken by the band had an adverse effect on George Tickner, who was by far the least experienced campaigner of the five.

"George found that performing and going on the road was tedious. His forte was in

songwriting, and he'd only been in groups that worked in the local area. He didn't like going on the road, and as far as performing went he found it a bit nerve-wracking. But a lot of the sound on that first album is George Tickner. He's got a way of writing the simplest of chord changes and making it sound unique... he is very viable in that respect".

So George left the band and took up studying to be a surgeon, but he's still involved on a compositional level, and had a hand in two songs on the 'Look Into The Future' album (CBS 69203) from March '76, and one on 'Next!', which came out last month. Both albums, by the way, are very much in the pattern established by their debut album, although better produced. The band's thick, rolling sound and their love of heavy phasing in the production make the songs sound very samey at first, but repeated listening has its rewards as the underlying subtleties are revealed. It's not a sound that appeals to everybody, but I like it, and so do a lot of other people.

Between recording the albums Journey have gigged endlessly across the great American continent, to reach the stage where they are headlining in most of the country's major markets, but even that doesn't satisfy their insatiable lust for music making.

"We rehearse three or four hours a day for five days a week when we're not on the road", Gregg explains. "Because we do that we start writing as we play, and because we're starting to think more alike now things are getting easier, and the music is getting much stronger. I like to be able to play what I want to play, as well as being taught by the other individuals in the group - which is really what a band is about. When you have four people on stage who can throw off as much electricity as we do, then you're saying something, you're doing something. We really like playing, we don't treat it as a business. If we didn't play, I don't know what the hell I'd do".

Paul Kendall

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SAFETY FIRST



UP TO DATE WITH JOHN MARTYN

Only six weeks or so gone, and already it looks as if 1977 is going to be a cracker of a year for rock music! In the month of January alone we had superb albums from Spirit and David Bowie plus the exceptional music of Ry Cooder and his band at the Hammersmith Odeon, and February promises long-awaited albums from Neil Young and Roy Harper, with the latter about to return to the road with his new band Chips.

But for me personally, one of the most satisfying events so far this year has been the re-emergence, after a well-deserved rest, of John Martyn. I have never disguised my respect and love of Martyn's music in the past, and nothing has happened since I wrote that lengthy article on him in Zigzag 41 to make me change my mind. In fact, the two albums he's released in the intervening period, 'Sunday's Child' and the live album recorded at Leeds University, have if anything fortified my belief in the man's vision and ability.

'Sunday's Child' (reviewed in ZZ50) is simply one of the best British albums to be made in the 1970s... it just seems to get better all the time, and with the absence of any new material from him in the last two years I've played it incessantly and without the slightest fears that I'd ever grow tired of it. It was released way back in February 1975 and indeed he spent most of that year promoting - playing an enormous number of gigs along the length and breadth of the country until in the end he flaked out, physically and mentally exhausted to the extent that he spent most of 1976 recuperating, away from the public eye.

So when the Island press office rang up the other week and said that John was around and would I like to speak to him, my immediate reply was "Yeah, sure... I'd love to"; but when the time came for us to sit down and switch the tape recorder on, I realised that there was in fact very little for us to actually talk about. Since the last time I spoke to him, which was at the Avignon Festival in France in 1975, his musical activities had been somewhat limited, and it was obviously pointless to go back over ground already covered. There are, however, one or two points to be made about the man and his music which will conceivably throw some light on the possible content of his forthcoming album and the structure of his next tour which is tentatively scheduled for the autumn. (By the time you read this he will have just completed a 14 date British tour... hope you had the good sense to go and see him). Undeterred, therefore, I began our mini-interview by asking him what he'd been doing (if anything) during the last year.

"I went on holiday to Jamaica, played a few sessions over there, came back, played a couple of gigs over here - the July Wakes Festival and an open-air gig in Regent's Park. I took it easy a lot of the time, though... all that gigging in 1975 really did me in. I feel wonderful now though - in top form. I've just about got a new album ready, I start recording it in March and some of the material on it is a bit more angry now. I'm a bit pissed off by a couple of things that have been going on, and I've stuck a few nasty-edged things in there. But I mean, it's about time I did that anyway, I think. I was getting a bit cheesed off with the 'Prince Charming' image, for want of a better phrase. It was becoming a little bit fay at the edges - people were beginning to think I was a little bit too nice, and it was confusing".

Before this new album hits the market, though, Island are

releasing (or have already released) a compilation album entitled 'So Far So Good', which besides hopefully bringing most of his best work together on one piece of vinyl, also commemorates the completion of his first decade as a professional musician.

John Martyn has more often than not been at odds with the music business during that time, justifiably suspicious of those who are not directly involved in making music, and contemptuous of other people's talents. I asked him if, after his rest, his attitude towards such matters had changed or mellowed at all.

"Not in the least. My attitude has just strengthened, that's all". No elaboration needed, I think... it's quite obvious that if there was a way to reach a large number of people with his music without depending on the 'business', he'd be the first to extol it. In fact he's already made an attempt to avoid the machinery of his record company when in 1975 he took it upon himself (and his wife Beverley) to distribute by mail order his 'Live At Leeds' album. Island didn't handle the album at all, and it was under-promoted to say the least, but nevertheless it proved to be an unqualified success, and an astounding 10,000 copies were pressed and sold.

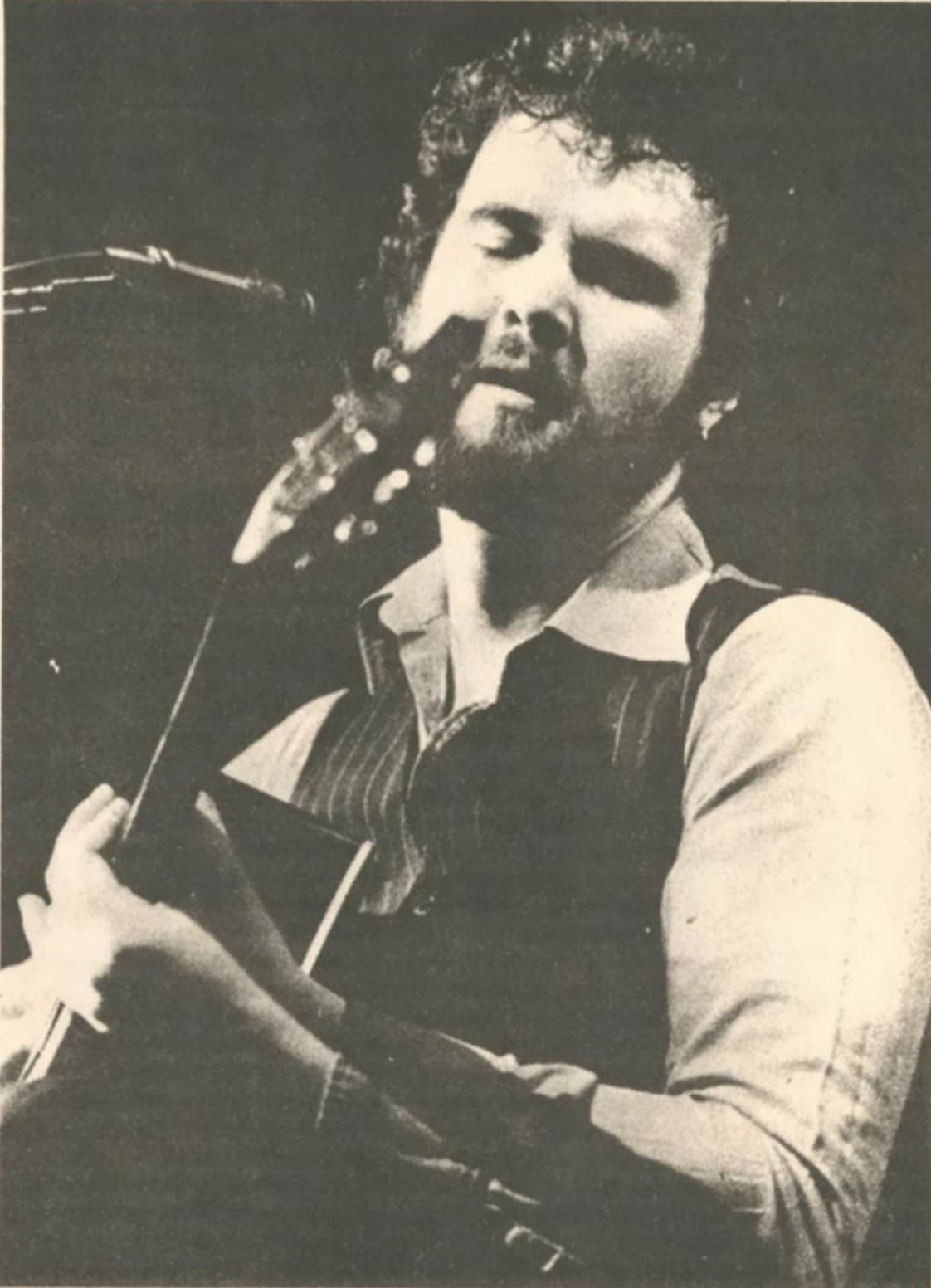
"It was great. Terribly hard work, though... I would never do it again. The only way to do it would be to hire people to take care of everything; it was just too difficult for me and Bev. It didn't help matters either when there was a three week delay between the time EMI said they'd deliver the albums and the time they actually arrived. I was on tour when it came out, so Bev had to handle most of the work on her own".

Incidentally, in case you suspect otherwise, 'Live At Leeds' is an excellent album... a very honest and straightforward representation (colourful language included) of a typical John Martyn concert at a time when he was accompanied by the excellent Danny Thompson on bass and John Stevens on drums. Somewhat surprisingly, though, he has reverted back on this tour to being completely solo. John Stevens has, of course, got his own band together now, but why no Danny Thompson?

"Danny's got a lot of other commitments and he's working in other areas. Also I'm playing a lot more electric guitar now. I've really enjoyed it so far... it's really felt good to be in control. What I want to do on the autumn tour is to have a couple of percussionists and two bass players, and do an acoustic set with Danny and then an electric set with Danny and the other musicians".

And that, to cut a short story even shorter, is just about that. I'm not going to end this piece by predicting that this will be the year when John Martyn really makes it and becomes a huge success... Blimey! I'm sure that's the last thing he'd want. I do, however, believe that his reputation as an artist and a musical pioneer will increase with every new project he undertakes. His concerts will remain a delightful experience that you'll want to repeat again and again, and his albums will continue to blaze out gloriously on a path and in a class of their own. Like he says: "There's still nobody who can do what I do. I'm still unique", and here's one aficionado who totally agrees. I look forward to his activities this year with great relish.

Andy Childs



So Far...

I sincerely believe
that there isn't a singer-songwriter
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JOHN HAMBLETT NME 24.2.77



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ISLAND



R • E • V • I • E • W • S

'Animals'

PINK FLOYD
Harvest SHVL 815

Welcome to *Animal Farm* '77. Putting aside the introverted grousing of 'Wish You Were Here', Roger Waters has been taking a hard look at this allegorical reflection of the human condition, and finds it to be even more disturbing than when George Orwell was down on the farm 30 years ago.

From the cover photo depicting a large Pig flying over Battersea Power Station and the surrounding concrete jungle while the remaining patches of blue sky are threatened by looming storm clouds, to the contents of the record, where we discover that of all animal life only the Pigs, the Dogs and the Sheep have survived, the mood is suffused with a sense of futility and pessimism.

Each of the three animal/human classes comes under the microscope individually on the three lengthy tracks that comprise 'Animals'.

The Pigs are still in control, dictating policies and ethics, but their ranks have swelled to encompass not only the unacceptable faces of capitalism and the self-appointed arbiters of public taste, but also a groundswell of grassroots opinion to support them in their maintenance of the status quo.

The Sheep are also in more or less the same state: docile, apathetic, abused and manipulated, they only occasionally realise their dormant aggressive potential, and when they do, it's only to be duped once again by the Pigs and return to passivity.

The class that has changed most since Orwell's book, and which obviously interests Waters the most is the Dogs. Basically the entrants in the rat-race, the Dogs prey on both the Sheep and each other, driven partly by competitive instinct, and partly by a paranoid fear of being preyed on themselves. The inevitable result of such a lifestyle is that even those who survive/win end up on a slow slide into cynicism and spiritual aridity.

Waters seems to intimate, however, that this latter state is almost unavoidable for most people. The fact that in 'Dogs' he breaks away from the usual second person mode into the first person for one verse suggests that he personally relates to the Dog mentality more than any other.

So is there any glimmer of hope among all the hypocrisy, vindictiveness and stupidity? Well, yes... of a sort. At

either end of the triad is a brief snatch of a gentle acoustic lovesong, carrying a delicate and very effective reminder of the power of strong relationships as a mutual comfort, "a shelter from pigs on the wing". It's more or less the same conclusion that Jackson Browne draws in 'Only Child', but as timeless as it is simple.

The observations and categorisations of 'Animals' don't exactly constitute any blinding insight, but Waters makes his point with great lucidity and cogency, and - when allied to the most potent, imaginative music that Pink Floyd have ever committed to vinyl - considerable emotive impact.

Since the departure of Syd Barrett, Pink Floyd's music has basically been about textures. At root, it's quite simple music, founded on uncomplicated, slowly shifting chord patterns, with changes of pace or time signature rare and usually understated. Where the dynamic and melodic variety comes in is in the careful layering of sounds - particularly keyboard and guitar overdubs, of course - to create climaxes, to intensify or deflate, and to establish moods.

The potential danger in the method is that a shortage of inspiration and direction in the overdub stage emphasises the fundamental simplicity of the music, which then tends towards the ponderous and overblown.

Happily there is no such problem with 'Animals'. There's not a redundant note or a slack moment to be found in it. From the long, otherworldly 'drowning' sequence of 'Dogs', through the aggressive, fragmented instrumental break in 'Pigs', to the downright weird mutation of the 23rd Psalm in 'Sheep', the whole album is immaculately controlled and to the point.

Dave Gilmour, especially, is a new man, complementing and expanding the lyrical themes at every turn.

In 'Dogs', for example, he takes four main solos. Between the second and third verses he plays short, sharp, brittle and wah-wah-tinged, contributing to the gradual rise in intensity as the cowardly, aggressive side of Dog mentality is exposed; the lyrical angle then becomes more pitying, however, and after the words "Just another sad old man/All alone and dying of cancer", Gilmore steps forward again with stately, drawn-out lines, as the sound slips away until only an acoustic guitar remains. On the build-up towards the next, less sympathetic stanza he plays with a much harder edge, angular

and bitter, but returns with a longer reworking of his second theme as a full before the storming finale.

Nothing he plays is breathtakingly technical, but the tonal, melodic and emotional rightness of his work throughout the album is truly impressive.

'Dogs' is, in fact, the mellowest of the three pieces, being largely melancholic/reflective in mood, reinforcing the impression that Waters is saddened rather than angered by the canine element.

'Pigs', however, is a completely different matter. Based on a brusque, stabbing guitar riff, Waters' vocals are delivered and treated for maximum sardonic effect, and the instrumental middle section - complete with much piggy grunting, and the spitting and moaning of Gilmore's voice-box set against an incongruously placid keyboard figure - positively reeks of disgust and contempt.

'Sheep', too, is surprisingly venomous. The introductory nature noises and pastoral electric piano are misleading, and they are gradually swamped by a monolithic bass pulse that rumbles and roars inexorably through the remainder of the piece. Gilmore tosses out chords that explode in all directions like so many handgrenades, Nick Mason's drums thunder and rage as if possessed, and the whole things builds up to an immense climax before gradually fading away once again to the twittering of birds and the reassurance of the concluding segment of 'Pigs On The Wing'.

I suppose, in the end, that reassurance is one of the most appealing things that 'Animals' has to offer. Not only in its final discovery of a cause for optimism amongst all the confusion and misery, but as proof that, having at one stage seemed dispirited and disinterested, Pink Floyd can still make music of such magnitude. I only wish a whole bunch of other artists in a similarly 'established' position were able to follow their example.

Paul Kendall

'Sleepwalker'
THE KINKS
Arista SPARTY 1002

Before playing the Kinks' new album (their 23rd, but the first on Arista), I decided to read the publicity sheet which accompanied it.

Arista are bristling with pride: "The moment that many have been waiting for is finally here. THE KINKS have return-

ned!"

"This is an album that grabs you with the music and lyrical urgency that has always made the music of Raymond Douglas Davies and Co. so vital and so totally unique! Urgency? Vital? These are not words I would normally associate with the work of Ray Davies. Sounds interesting.

Unhindered by any notion of pessimism or doubt, the tract continues: "It is the album which will undoubtedly reestablish THE KINKS in the forefront of rock'n'roll innovation! Can it be? Has Ray done it? Has he managed to pull it off?

Anticipatory excitement is now coursing through my body so fast that I can barely keep my quivering hands still enough to read on. "Ray Davies has always been one of the most masterful composers in rock, and the amazing melodic and lyrical versatility of this album vividly demonstrates that he is at the peak of his ability".

There can be no doubt. Ray must have done it. Ray must indeed have returned. A tear wells in the corner of my right eye as I pause to let my mind bathe in the happiness of this moment. No more pussyfooting: Ray is back!

"The band is playing tighter and more confidently than ever. From the opening moments of 'Sleepwalker', a good old-fashioned straight-out rocker, it is immediately clear that THE KINKS are thoroughly enjoying playing rock'n'roll again. Mick Avory kicks the song off with a solid back beat, and Dave Davies leaps right in with truly explosive Stratocaster power chords. Ray delivers a thoroughly convincing vocal, and the whole tune embodies all that's great about THE KINKS. This is immediate hit material".

Unashamed tears of joy are now cascading down my cheeks. Ray has done it! Ray is back! He's back and he's thoroughly convincing. We knew he'd do it. We knew he'd be back.

"The lyrical centrepiece of the album is 'Brother'. It is a superb song in which Davies deals with the familiar theme of man's alienation from society and from his fellow man". There can be no doubt at all: Ray has done it! He has observed man's alienation from society and has transposed his observations into song! In his sublime humility, Ray is going to indicate our shortcomings. Oh Ray, we knew you'd do it! We knew you'd be back!

"The song shows that Ray's personal attitude has changed over the years. His outlook is far more optimistic and self-confident! Ray has matured over the years... a new, confident Ray. This is going to be the album of the year, if not the century!

"Still another tremendous cut is 'Sleepless Night', which is an exciting and marvelously performed song which features a superb lead vocal by Dave Davies. True KINK Kultists will revel in the incredible assurance and power which Dave brings to the anguished lyrics. Musically, it is one of THE KINKS' most incredibly dynamic performances".

RAY HAS DONE IT!! I can no longer sit here... I must fling open the windows and share this ecstasy with the world... RAY IS BACK!!!

How can the writer bear to type out more? Is he not exhausted with sheer rapture at embodying all this excitement? Can he bear to go on? He can, he can! "This is, above all, THE KINKS' most thoroughly consistent album in years... if not of all time! It is full of wonderful songs, 'Sleepwalker' makes it brilliantly clear that THE KINKS have never ever been better. And that says it all!".

You're fucking right mate! That says it all! For the satisfaction of having The Kinks (sorry, THE KINKS) on his label, Clive Davis forks out enough money to feed India for six years & the big re-launch album goes out with a piece of shit like that! The record industry has gone absolutely berserk.

Someone once suggested to me that record companies were staffed by twats who couldn't find employment elsewhere - and I'm beginning to think he was right. Does anyone believe all this mindless junk? Can anybody take a sheet of codswallop

like this seriously?

I would dearly love to say something positive and optimistic about The Kinks, but the omnipotent Ray Davies (who will be 33 this summer) sounds utterly bewildered and out of touch... it's just all very sad.

The Americans will no doubt force this anonymous and anachronistic artifact up the charts, because they're gullible and moronic enough to buy any old bullshit if it's sold to them hard enough, but in England it won't mean a light. In creative terms the Kinks are washed up and over the hill. They had a good run for their money, but it's over. If you want to hear them when they were great, get one of those cheap Pye 'Golden Hour' jobs. Ray is not back.

Mac Garry

'Seven Bridges Road' (Blue Canyon/Sonet)
'Renegade Picker' (RCA)
STEVE YOUNG

A deep voiced (although not exclusively) 'outlaw' troubadour, much in the mould of the people who I most often find myself playing for pleasure these days. He's supported in both cases by a team of Nashville cats who sound, just for a change, as if they're genuinely enjoying the music they're so magnificently providing. Young's songs are strongly in the tradition of the wandering, guitar-toting dark stranger, generally somewhat mournful, but with an insinuating quality similar, but slightly tougher, to that of Don Williams. Undoubtedly the songs (and the singer) are from the same area as Waylon and Willie, Guy Clark (I had to mention him eventually!) and Merle Haggard, the last of whom contributes a song to each album.

The Blue Canyon LP is a repackaging of a 1972 Warners LP, although why and how such a thing happened, I don't yet know; while 'Renegade Picker' is the latest of what I reckon is five albums released over the years.

The older album reflects Young's often romantic writing. 'Long Way To Hollywood' is about leaving the sticks behind to find fame, while 'Many Rivers' is a dream of escape from the problems of life. Just about all the others are equally rewarding, notably the title track, which will be familiar to Ian Matthews fans (and thanks for all your letters and parcel bombs); 'Come Sit By Me', reminiscent to me of John Stewart, and which was written by a Stewart connection in Fred Carter; 'Ragtime Blue Guitar', a simple but effective song which is about what the title suggests; and perhaps best of all, 'Montgomery In The Rain', an amazing story about returning as an outsider to the town just before it suffers from redevelopment. It's one of the finest songs I've heard in a while. 'Seven Bridges Road' is an excellent album of its genre.

The RCA album is also well worth your interest, although I'm not quite so wild about the production (without quite knowing why). Here there are rather more songs from sources other than Young, and because they are so excellent, one or two of Steve's own suffer a little in comparison. 'Home Sweet Home (Revisited)' written by Rodney Crowell, is in some ways parallel to 'Montgomery' from the earlier album, but still different; and 'Broken Hearted People' by Guy Clark, and also on his own 'Texas Cookin' album, provides an interesting contrast to the original version, as Young has more of a 'voice' in the conventional understanding of the word.

Willie Nelson's 'It's Not Supposed To Be That Way' also shines, not least because of the rather fine duet between Tracy Nelson and Steve, while Buddy Emmons plays some immaculate steel guitar, just like he always does. The best two of Young's songs here are 'Lonesome On'ry and Mean' - which is actually also on the 'Seven Bridges' album, but is done here in a rather more appealing manner, apparently owing its arrangement to the version by Waylon Jennings - and the title track, which is dedicated to that well-known Prestley disturber, Jerry Lee Lewis.

You can resist all this Stiff stuff? Anyway, back to The Damned, who are Jake's "joke" group. Anybody with a brain bigger than a moorhen's egg knows they can't sing or play, but there are enough cretins about to make this a viable release, financially. And the songs, mostly written by self-confessed "gutter snipe and snotgobbler" Brian James, are

Congratulations are due to both Sonet and RCA for making records like this available, because there's no doubt that an incredible majority of record buyers will never have heard of Steve Young. The same, of course was true of Guy Clark, who is rumoured to be touring here in the fairly near future, but if he can come through, so can Steve Young. Which reminds me to say that I'm basically in disagreement with an earlier review in this broadsheet of the second Guy Clark album, which vies with his first one for the attentions of my worn stylus.

John Tobler

'Damned Damned Damned'
THE DAMNED
Stiff Records

This record is as vile as the beds of vomit that The Damned sleep in. I've read all about these filthy pigs in the Daily Mail and the Evening News, so I know!

I actually saw The Damned, at Leighton Buzzard back in September or October last year, and frankly they were fucking dreadful. To be fair, it was only about their fifth gig, and a particularly red blooded bunch of motorbike outlaws (popularly known as "greebos" locally, I believe), intimidated them off the stage after only 35 minutes - just to prove that these punks they'd been reading about were no more than wimps in wolves' clothing. Everybody thought the whole business was very funny.

I am a very good friend of Jake Riviera, manager of The Damned and President of Stiff Records. He has had the pleasure of knowing me for some years now, and has no doubt benefited enormously as a result. In fact, it was around the start of our close association that he began to develop his masterplan to infiltrate and overthrow Decca Records. So far, the scheme is going according to schedule and I understand that several directors, having got wind of this, have succumbed to mental breakdowns - a suggestion which is substantiated by the load of putrescent puss they've been releasing lately.

He's a very likeable guy - everybody loves Jake because he's had the gumption to convert his pie-in-the-sky ideas into reality - and that (combined with the fact that he is not averse to buying people off and indulging in a spot of payola) is why everything he releases gets rave reviews all over the press and radio. A few months back, he had to borrow £35 quid off Lee and Wilko to start Stiff, and now Island have just given him three quarters of a million pounds! Cash. In his hand! They wanted to give him a million, but Jake is a reasonable chap.

He has all sorts of other arrant rubbish up his sleeve. A Sean Tyla album, for instance. Can you imagine that? Someone told me a story the other day: Ducks Deluxe had just come off stage at some college or other, and the promoter, without mincing his words, told them they were undoubtedly the worst band he had ever seen in his entire life. Instinctively, Tyla punched him on the nose and laid him out! I wish I could have seen that.

Jake's also got a bloke called Elvis Costello, who used to be a cook or a computer programmer - I can't remember which. I heard the demos and they're great!

I was once present when Jake was calculating how many Roogalator EPs he'd have to stow away until they became collectors' items, in order to make ends meet on that particular waxing. In any case, all 1976 Stiff releases are now deleted and are gaining in value daily. Invest now if you can find them. He's also doing a sampler album, with sleeve notes too, I think.

Who can resist all this Stiff stuff? Anyway, back to The Damned, who are Jake's "joke" group. Anybody with a brain bigger than a moorhen's egg knows they can't sing or play, but there are enough cretins about to make this a viable release, financially. And the songs, mostly written by self-confessed "gutter snipe and snotgobbler" Brian James, are



all to a formula, recorded at 15 inches per second, and then speeded up to 20 ips before the vocals are added. (A Nick Lowe secret trick that I feel impelled to reveal - sorry Nick!)

One of the most interesting things about The Damned is the fellow Rat Scabies, the punk movement's most egotistical breast-beater, and walking proof that whoever coined the phrase about "empty vessels" certainly had a point. (His name, incidentally, was much admired by George Melly on his recent visit to Aylesbury:

"What a splendid name... Rat Scabies!" he said, intoning the words with an almost dew-eyed reverence, according to the Roxette's Chris France, who was interviewing him).

Scabies has a curiously pointed nose - rather like a pen-nib, I always thought. It is the most characteristic nose in rock 'n' roll since Steve Stills (who has just one big wide nostril)... and noses are important. The Who based their success almost entirely on the size of Townshend's shank. (Unlike Robert Plant, who appears to have based his on the size of his shank.) Alan Freeman has a weird nose too... whenever he came on Juke Box Jury, my dad used to reckon someone must have whopped him in the face with the soft side of a cricket bat.

Rat's no doubt a great asset when the Airfix is passed around before the gig, but it must be a devil of a dripper on a cold day.

I know absolutely nothing about the bass player or guitarist, but I do know that the singer (if you can call one who sounds like a ruptured seagull on acid a singer), Dave Vanian, had a mad crush on Magenta de Vine when she was working in a shoe shop in Hemel Hempstead, where Vanian lives. And that's the gospel truth. He bought her a silver scorpion zodiac charm, which even now snuggles between her breasts on a chain, but she never acceded to his desire to give her one. In fact, she never even went out with him - and

who can blame her? If I were a chick, I wouldn't want to be seen hanging around with a gink who looks like a cross between Grandpa Munster and Hugh Lloyd. (Miss de Vine says that in actual fact he's quite a nice chap when you scrape away all the bullshit... he's quiet, reserved and polite - and he doesn't push in front of punters queuing outside the Roxy like Johnny "Just one of the lads" Rotten and his cronies.)

Speaking of decency and clean living, the back of the sleeve has a picture of Eddie & the Hot Rods ("It was a genuine mistake", says a spokesman) doing rabbit impersonations. They were pissing about at a photo session - little realising that the photographer directing them to these absurd poses was Jake's chick! (He calls her Erica Echenberg in the credits, but her real name is Ruth Berg... oh yes, you get all the inside info in Zigzag). Eddie & the Hot Rods were the first of the "New Wave" () to get signed up and get an album out, but they're noted for being nice lads. They would only vomit into a toilet - and then only if it were absolutely necessary.

This is a great album. A milestone in rock history. (Jake wanted some quotes for his advertising campaign). It would be preposterous to treat The Damned as musicians - I've heard ice cream vans with a better sense of melody - but you will be highly impressed with the music on this record. Especially if you happen to be a juvenile delinquent with a safety pin through your nipple and the brainpower of a haddock.

Mac Garry

'Two Sides To Every Story'
GENE CLARK
RSO RS-1-3011

Now it's been over two years since Gene Clark has had the opportunity to release an album, so when the pretty young Californian lass at RSO pointed out an empty

cardboard box to me which, she assured me, had contained all the review copies she had had of Gene's new album, I did not feel inclined to budge until the problem at hand had been resolved. Fortunately she was prepared to pledge her honour on my behalf to some invisible male third party, and she shortly returned to her office grasping the last copy of the album in the building, which was gratefully received by yours truly. I thanked her, exchanged smiles and telephone numbers, and stole away into the Los Angeles night.

Well, 'Two Sides To Every Story' is unlikely to disappoint those of you who have eagerly awaited its release, but at the same time it does not contain many real surprises, as did 'No Other' for instance. Although Gene has again chosen Thomas Jefferson Kaye to produce him, in no way can this album be viewed as an extension of ideas explored on 'No Other'. Judging from the music on this album, Gene's Asylum venture was perhaps just a temporary musical excursion for him, and only he could really confirm the motives behind it. With both Doug Dillard and Byron Berline making appearances here and there on the album, you might well expect Gene to have returned to the golden age of Dillard & Clark, and to a certain extent you wouldn't be far wrong.

Both the album's opener, Gene's 'Home Run King', and the traditional 'In The Pines' could have easily been outtakes from either D&C album, as could have 'Lonely Saturday', another of Gene's new songs, but one which could easily pass for a country standard if its authorship were unknown. For some reason Gene has included an old Dillard & Clark song, 'Kansas City Southern', in this set, and although still remains basically a good song, the updated raunchy approach has to my mind somewhat unnecessarily complicated a classic railroad tune. The remaining cut on the first side is James Tally's 'Give My Love To Marie', a woesome tale of a miner who, after 25 years underground, has become the victim

of a cruel lung disease, and who has no chance of surviving the illness. The song enables Gene to exercise that beautiful soaring voice of his for the first time on the album, and this coupled with Mike Utley's delicate piano and Al Perkins' unobtrusive pedal steel makes the track one of the standout cuts on the first side.

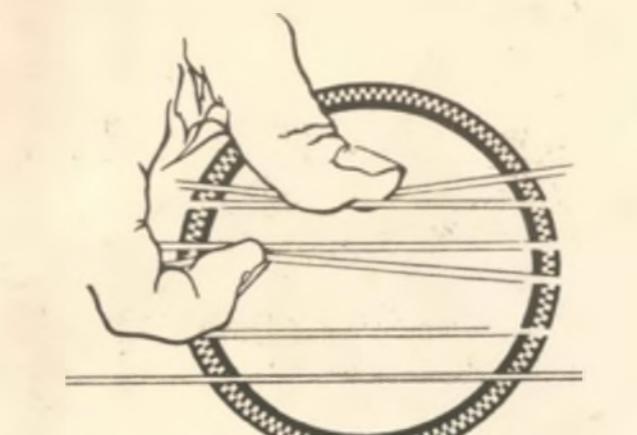
With the exception of the rocking 'Marylou', the second side has, overall, a mellower feel than the first. On Gene's lilting 'Sister Moon', Emmylou Harris lends effective vocal support, and David Campbell's string arrangements aid perfectly to build up the song without overpowering it, which can so easily be done. 'Hear The Wind', which at one stage I believe was called 'Put Your Head On My Shoulder', makes use of both Perkins' and Utley's talents to the full. The aforementioned 'Marylou', written by Sam Ling and Obie Jessie (who my reference tomes inform me was in the Flairs), has lyrics which strangely differ from those printed on the inner sleeve, but that doesn't detract from the fact that the song works pretty well with Jerry McGee being let loose on guitar midway through the song.

Of the two remaining songs on the album, 'Silent Crusade', a fairly stark song which compares life with a ship's voyage ("I am told my life is a clipper/The sea of time has tossed about"), and 'Past Addresses', it is the latter which must rank among Gene's best. Credit must go to Kaye here who again has used the strings to their best advantage. The careful beginning rises slowly and culminates with Gene bursting forth on the chorus: "I can only make guesses/On some of my past addresses". Great stuff indeed.

'Two Sides To Every Story' is an album that continues to improve after repeated plays, and the quality of the musicianship within its grooves is of a high order indeed. Perhaps with Kaye, Gene has found a producer who understands his work possibly a little more than most, and it certainly seems to be a partnership which works well here. Gene Clark seems to be a dedicated anti-star, but one can't really criticise him for that. At least he is still being given the chance to record, and for that we should be thankful. This new album goes to prove yet again that Gene has one of the best voices in rock, as well as being a songwriter of exceptional merit, and full marks to RSO for recognising the fact. Nine out of ten and two team points.

Barry Ballard

Pat Willies, the Rat Scabies like chappie in the armadillo-drawn grain bucket, whose optimistic torch has headed our review column these past few months, is to be put out to pasture as a result of the new regime. He leaves with our grateful thanks for his sterling service to Zigzag - and thanks also to Jim Franklin of Austin Texas, who created him.



PONALKA

"Now banjos ring and fiddles play;
A candle burns to light my way!"

As a regular and avid reader (as well as contributor) since the beginning, I feel one of the areas where Zigzag has been slovenly of late is *Passing On News About Lesser Known Albums* - which is why I've taken it upon myself to start a sporadic little corner column called Ponalka. (I was going to call it *Ephemera* or *Esoterica*, but Ponalka has a more ethnic, not to mention mysterious, ring to it, don't you think?)

This first column is going to take an inadequate peep at Bluegrass and Old Timey music - so if your mind is closed to fiddles, dobros, mandolins and music of the soil, turn over now.

It's all very well to rave about obscure albums, but there's nothing more frustrating than reading eulogies on records that are about as rare and unobtainable as a pecker in a convent - so let me begin by saying you can get ALL the albums mentioned below from Mikes Country Music Room, which is housed at 18 Hilton Avenue, Aberdeen, Scotland, and don't be intimidated by the fact that Aberdeen is at the other end of the earth. This cat offers a mail service which is as speedy as the GPO allows - and he knows his onions, so send to him in confidence.

Of course, album prices are quite ridiculous these days, and it's often an embarrassment to recommend albums. I mean, old Tobler would have you taking out bank loans to buy albums: "You can't consider yourself a loyal Zigagger unless you buy these 60 essential albums that I was given immediately". Searching the rim of poverty myself, and seeming to be the proud recipient of precious few free review albums, I have to pick and choose carefully - but I couldn't resist sending off my bread for the John Hartford, Holy Modal Rounders and Michael Hurley albums mentioned in Mike's current lists.

John Hartford's latest is 'Nobody Knows What You Do' on Flying Fish 028, and like its predecessor 'Mark Twang', is the work of one of the great eccentricities of our time - mixing humour with bluegrass and melody in his customary weirdo way. Nobody's ever done a decent interview with Hartford, because he doesn't suffer nosy fools gladly - but you can get the picture by

grabbing as many of his albums as you can.

The Rounders and Hurley are both on Rounder Records - not to be confused with The Dead's label, Round without the -er. Rounder have an album catalogue comprising over a hundred titles - ranging from relatively famous names (Vassar Clements, Tut Taylor, etc.) to people I've never heard of... Almeda Riddle and Estil Ball, for instance.

Hurley and The Rounders have all contributed to Zigzag and are all loonies. The Rounders album, their sixth, is about two years old (Rounder 3004) and the Hurley one (3010) is a bit newer.



Have you ever heard of labels like Old Homestead, Philo, Wango, Grassound, Pine Mountain, Ridgerunner, Rebel and Davis Unlimited? It's another world, I'm telling you.

You can get all those classic chunks of history by the New Lost City Ramblers, and albums featuring guest appearances by Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris - not to mention a Chicago area folkie sampler on the Mountain Railroad label which contains Steve Goodman's first effort at 'City Of New Orleans'.

And sleeves featuring paintings by Eric von Schmidt! This shop is a goldmine!

Of course, this is merely an introductory whetter. I'm only too aware of the futility of talking about a few hundred albums in a few hundred words. The deal is: get sniffing for yourself.

I know what I like, and I like what I know. I don't walk around with blinkers on my eyes, but I certainly have blinkers on my ears - life's too short to waste time listening to dross. If you're increasingly turned off by the monstrous drek coming out of 64 track studios, produced by Lou Reizner and his ilk, then drop a note to Aberdeen. If you send the guy 25p, he'll send you his latest newsletter stuffed with 16 pages of lists and info on albums by the Louvin Brothers, the Seldom Scene, Buddy Emmons, Blind Alfred Reed, the Dillards, Vernon Dalhart, Norman Blake, Dave Ferguson, Alan Munde and thousands of others. And that's just the start!

Mac Garry
(After the style of John Tobler)

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.

The bare-faced cheek! The unmitigated gall! My column was cut, not partially but **TOTALLY**, last month - purely for reasons of financial gain! Has it come to this? Is this the old rag I knew and loved?

To my loyal readers who wrote letters of protest at this dastardly piece of knife work, my ardent thanks... and rest assured, if it happens again, I am off. Packing my bags.

In fact it's not likely to, because changes are about to be wrought. Revolution's in the air! This issue is the last to be put together by Frame, who, after 14 months at the helm, is about to sneak off for "an extended holiday". In an old people's home, no doubt.

In case you're interested, the course of editorship has run thus: issues 1-29 were Frame, 30-40 were Connor McKnight, 41 was Frame (a magnanimous guest appearance), 42-57 were Andy Childs, and 58-70 were Frame again. The brand new incumbent of the editorial chair is Paul Kendall... and it is to be hoped that in view of the honour and dignity of this position, he will no longer be contributing to that spaghetti-brained journal the National Rock Star - surely the very worst music publication since the invention of newsprint.

What? I don't believe it! Really? Hold on - I've just heard that the National Rock Star has folded. Well, I am surprised! I'm surprised that it lasted more than three issues. What a stroke of luck for Kendall: he lands himself a cushy editorship just before his main source of income is severed. Well, we'll all miss NRS... it was always good for a chuckle. Never mind, there's still the good old Melody Maker (which is enjoying a jibe-free issue this month).

Kendall plans to change the character of Zigzag. He says that it has an image of "old hippies sitting round the fire"! Cheeky squirt! I suppose that means we'll soon be seeing Rat Scabies on the cover, surrounded by half-naked chicks with Nazi armbands. Little does he realise the strain of the editorship: Andy Childs ended up in the loop-house (you can read all about it in the new Fat Angel), whereas Connor McKnight went the other way (into suits/ties/golfclubs). Have you seen McKnight lately? He used to spend most of his time hanging around in that amusement arcade in Old Compton Street, looking like Columbo... now he looks neater than a newscaster. As for Childs, he's been trying to interest local councillors in a project to reconvene the Acid Tests in Wealdstone Town Hall. The effect is shattering!

The extent of Frame's mental damage remains unclear at the moment, but he's certainly lost his perspective, if not his marbles. These days, if you ask him something or otherwise distract him, he looks up with a pained sigh, puts the cap on his fountain pen, and assumes his "I suppose I'd better spare the old fucker a minute or two" look. He reckons he's going to finish his book and get the old quill moving for Zigzag again. That's after he's had his rest... he's hardly seen daylight for 13 months, the poor old sod.

So we're all looking forward to seeing the effect it's going to have on Kendall. The end of an era and the start of another? I doubt it personally. If they try to change the old rag too much, it'll die for sure.

If you want my personal opinion - and you're going to get it, even if you don't - a kick in the arse is all that's needed. The last two issues have been well naff... but there again, when you've been making love to the same woman for a long period of time, your inspiration and energy begin to wilt, even if your dick doesn't. Zigzag just needs someone new to make love to it... or rather to give it a good fucking - that's what it needs. At the moment it seems to be as bored and bewildered as old Ray Davies!

One of the things Kendall's considering is introducing a letters page - so if you've got anything to say, drop him a line at 31 Manor Road, Aylesbury, Bucks. If you've got any ideas or suggestions regarding

future editorial policy, he'll be glad to hear them too.

Owing to last month's skulduggery, we're well behind with poll results. I was tempted to include both the films and the Bob Dylan songs this time, but if I did that we'd have nothing for the next issue - so there you see the results of your favourite films of all time. Hardly ever venturing into a cinema these days, I am not in the best position to comment on these choices, but I suspect Monty Smith (who's back writing again - this time for NME - hooray!) would have something to say.

Actually, I'm running out of ideas for polls - any brainwaves out there? In fact, so stumped am I that I've decided to conduct a survey instead this month... on drugs. Most of the slimier daily papers thrust drugs to the fore every so often,

FAVOURITE FILMS

ZIGZAG READERS POLL • DECEMBER 1976

- 1 ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
- 2 SPACE ODYSSEY - 2001
- 3 CLOCKWORK ORANGE
- 4 EASY RIDER
- 5 A NIGHT AT THE OPERA
- 6 BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID
- 7 CITIZEN KANE
- 8 BLAZING SADDLES
- 9 EAST OF EDEN
- 10 A DAY AT THE RACES
- 11 LITTLE BIG MAN
- 12 IF
- 13 THE STING
- 14 CABARET
- 15 REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE
- 16 TAXI DRIVER
- 17 CASABLANCA
- 18 WOMEN IN LOVE
- 19 KING KONG (original version)
- 20 PSYCHO
- 21 PAT GARRETT & BILLY THE KID
- 22 TOWERING INFERNO
- 23 THE GODFATHER
- 24 ON THE WATERFRONT
- 25 THE THIRD MAN
- 26 DUCK SOUP
- 27 SOLARIS
- 28 YELLOW SUBMARINE
- 29 CHINA TOWN
- 30 DONT LOOK BACK
- 31 FIVE EASY PIECES
- 32 THE SEVEN SAMURAI
- 33 AMERICAN GRAFFITI
- 34 THE LAST DETAIL
- 35 ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN
- 36 SOME LIKE IT HOT
- 37 THE GRADUATE
- 38 SUMMER HOLIDAY
- 39 THE WILD BUNCH
- 40 RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER
- 41 THE PRODUCERS
- 42 HARD DAY'S NIGHT
- 43 PERFORMANCE
- 44 YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN
- 45 WOODSTOCK
- 46 THE LAST PICTURE SHOW
- 47 NORTH BY NORTHWEST
- 48 STAGECOACH
- 49 MIDNIGHT COWBOY
- 50 DONT LOOK NOW

and the statistics, not to mention the facts, are usually ludicrously biased or grossly misrepresentative. Research on the effects seem to be even more idiotic. They force-feed a mouse a piece of hash which would be the equivalent of a human smoking Hawkwind's entire supply for six months, and then observe with satisfaction that the little bastard spends the rest of the day lying on its back with its legs in the air.

At the same time they conveniently turn their backs on known killers like tobacco. No, that's not true: the Minister of State for Health, Roland Moyle, ever mindful of the taxation income on fags, doesn't exactly turn his back, but he does pounce around the issue like a surgeon giving aspirin to a bloke who's just had his leg blown off. The other week for instance, cigarette manufacturers (already told they mustn't claim smoking to be "a sign or proof of manliness") were given a directive to make advertising even less glamourous. I ask you - is that any answer? Is that going to stop Otway smoking 80 a day, or Tobler smoking 40 a day, or Needsy smoking 25 a day, or Kendall smoking other people's whenever he can scrounge them?

Anyway, I'd like to hear, in as much detail as possible, your drug experiences - whether it be dope, tobacco, alcohol, etc. Let's have your views based on personal or direct experience... and please be as specific as possible about effects, periods of use, yearnings to sample other exotics, dependence, expenditure, and so on. Obviously you can leave your names and addresses off if you prefer.

We're all brushing up our knowledge of rock music by reading the extracts from Tony Palmer's book in the Observer Colour Supplement. The other week I found out all about Bob Dylan, and I've just finished reading all about CSNY and Mike Oldfield. What a stimulating writer this chap Palmer is!

Reminds me of an incident I was privileged to witness in St. Albans some six or seven years ago. Palmer was making a guest appearance to discuss his films, a couple of which had just been screened. Up jumped Jeff Cloves (Where are you now?) and exclaimed that in his considerable experience of rock films, he had never seen anything quite as awful as Palmer's celluloid epic about Colosseum. "What do you expect me to do?" asked Palmer. "Give up!" suggested Cloves. "I will!" said Palmer and promptly left the stage.

He didn't give up... he went on tour with Leonard Cohen and shot enough film to tie a bow around the world.

Which reminds me... I am preparing an examination of the skills and shortcomings of journalists who write about rock music in the daily and weekly national papers. If any of you good folks out there have any comments, I'd be very interested to hear them. Send them along with your drug survey! letters, if you'd be so kind.

Best advert on TV at the moment? The Williams furniture shops ad on Midlands ATV. They have this bloke in a green superman outfit, and he looks like he's got a fire hose curled up in his pants. It's an absolute cracker! You've got to see it to believe it!

OK. That's it, you'll be glad to hear. Please write regarding the above... my life is interminably dull without the sparkle of at least a sack of letters a day.

Some of us are dreamers, and some of us are fools. Love to you all.

The Famous Mac



Michael Nesmith

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ISLAND

Album ILPS 9486 Cassette ZC19486



THE FOLLOWING BACK ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE AT THE BARGAIN PRICE OF ONLY THIRTY PENCE EACH!!! (AND THAT INCLUDES THE COST OF POST AND PACKING)

27 JIMMY PAGE • DUCKS DELUXE
BRIDGET ST JOHN • KINK'S
PROCOL HARUM/TRAFFIC FAMILY
TREE • TROWER • STILLS • B.J.H

28 LED ZEPPELIN • THE NITTY
GRITTY DIRT BAND • KIM
FOWLEY • KEVIN AYERS • LOVE
SOFT MACHINE FAMILY TREE • JP
DONLEAVY • THE BYRDS Chapter 2

29 GENESIS • THE EAGLES •
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART • THE
EVERLY BROS • THE BYRDS pt.3

30 to 36 INCLUSIVE ARE
COMPLETELY GONE
SO PLEASE DON'T SEND FOR 'EM

37 CHARLIE WATTS • MIGHTY
BABY • THE GRATEFUL DEAD
NILS LOFGREN • COUNTRY JOE

38 QUICKSILVER MESSENGER
SERVICE • RICHARD GREENE
FAMILY TREE • LOGGINS & MESSINA
JOHN STEWART • CAPT BEEFHEART

39 MICHAEL NESMITH • STEVE
MILLER • RALPH MELLO
EVAN PARKER • LITTLE ELSE

40 to 43 ARE ALL GONE TOO
I'M SORRY TO SAY

44 TIM BUCKLEY • TANGERINE
DREAM • PETE TOWNSHEND
CAPT BEEFHEART • BLUE OYSTER
CULT • 10cc • CLAPTON FAM TREE

45 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN • RUSS
BALLARD • NEW RIDERS
THE GRATEFUL DEAD • POCO
BERT JANSCH • OTHER STUFF TOO

46 PHIL LESH • RICK NELSON
RON WOOD • AMERICAN
NEWSLETTER • LEONARD COHEN
KEVIN AYERS • POCO • MORE

47 KEITH RICHARD • GRACIE
SLICK • ROY HARPER
REDWING • CHILLI WILLI AND
THE RED HOT PEPPERS • PLUS

48 JESSE WINCHESTER • BUTTS
BAND • JOHN SEBASTIAN
TIM BUCKLEY • ARTHUR LEE
NEIL YOUNG • CURT BOETCHER

49 GENE CLARK • BIFF ROSE
RAY DAVIES THE KINK
HOME • JESS RODEN • NICK
DRAKE • MORE CURT BOETCHER

50 LINDISFARNE • ARTHUR
LEE • SNEEKY PETE
LITTLE FEAT • LINDA RONSTADT
NICO • MORE ON NEIL YOUNG

51 DR FEELGOOD • NORMAN
GREENBAUM • IAN HUNTER
FAMILY TREE • GENTLE GIANT
HENRY COW • WISHBONE ASH

52 LOU REED • COUNTRY ROCK
JOHN CIPOLLINA • STRAWBS
CARAVAN • FLYING BURRITO
BROTHERS • MORE WISHBONE ASH!

DON'T MISS OUT ON THESE WONDERFUL BARGAINS! SEND
OFF TODAY AND IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS, NEIGHBOURS
AND RELATIVES WITH YOUR WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF
ZIGZAGS! THEY'RE WONDERFUL! WHAT MORE CAN I
SAY....EXCEPT "DO IT TODAY". SEND YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS, YOUR REQUIREMENTS, AND THE APPROPRIATE
AMOUNT OF BREAD (CHEQUE OR POSTAL ORDER MADE OUT
TO 'ZIGZAG') TO ZIGZAG BACK ISSUES DEPT, 10
KENNET STREET, READING, BERKS. YOU WON'T BE SORRY!

SMALL ADS

Advertise here for only 7p a word!!!!!! (Exclamation marks free - so use as many as you like!) All ads must be pre-paid by PO/cheque. Box numbers 50p extra. Advertisers must supply their name and address. Zigzag reserves the right of refusal. Late stuff will be held over until the next issue. Send your ad, written at least semi-legibly, to Zigzag, Prestagate Ltd., 10 Kennet St, Reading, Berks.

53 GENESIS • THE OLD MAGIC
BAND • PURE PRAIRIE LEA-
GUE • JESSE COLIN YOUNG • THE
STRAWBS • MORE COUNTRY ROCK

54 SPEEDY KEEN • COUNTRY
JOE MCDONALD • BILLY JOEL
ANDY FRASER • STEVE STILLS
CLANCY • SIMON STOKES HIMSELF

55 TIM BUCKLEY • JACK BRUCE
FAMILY TREE • GERRY
RAFFERTY • JOE WALSH • LARRY
KNECHTEL • MOONRIDER • STOKES

56 EMMYLOU HARRIS • BE BOP
DELUXE • MOODY BLUES (?)
LEO KOTKE • THE SOUTHEND ROCK
SCENE • PETE WINGFIELD TOO

57 SUTHERLAND BROS • QUIVER
THE WHO • DR FEELGOOD
VAN DER GIRAFFE GENERATOR
LOUDON WAINWRIGHT • GROOVIES

58 COMMANDER COODY FAMILY
TREE • BARRY MELTON
BOB DYLAN • BLUE OYSTER CULT
KALEIDOSCOPE • NICK KENT

59 GRAM PARSONS • 10cc
KALEIDOSCOPE • COUNTRY
JOE McDONALD • NICK KENT
JAMES BURTON • AND MORE

60 PROCOL HARUM • SONS OF
CHAMPION • EDDIE & THE
HOT RODS • J.J. CALE • KALEI-
DOSCOPE • NILS LOFGREN • MORE

61 DR FEELGOOD • PROCOL
HARUM • BONNIE RAITT
OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS
DILLARDS • BOONE AND JOCKO

62 CLOVER • PROCOL HARUM
TOM WAITS • JANIS JOP-
LIN • DR FEELGOOD • JETHRO TULL
BONNIE RAITT • ACTION PACT

63 IAN HUNTER • JETHRO
TULL • BONNIE RAITT
LITTLE FEAT • THE FLAMIN'
GROOVIES • MORE CLOVER

64 LITTLE FEAT • McGARRAGE
SISTERS • BAND CALLED 'O'
JACKSON BROWNE • THE FLAMIN'
GROOVIES • MATTHEWS • BURRITOS

65 THE BEACH BOYS • TED
NUGENT • JOEL SCOTT
HILL • LINDA RONSTADT • THE
RAMONES • WARREN ZEVON

66 JEFFERSON STARSHIP FAM
ILY TREE & INTERVIEW • BE
BOP DELUXE • JESSE WINCHESTER
TED NUGENT • THE STRANGERS

67 EAGLES • KURSAM FLYERS
JOHN WALTERS • ANDREW
GOLD • ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL
FLEETWOOD MAC • BACK-DAGER

68 JACKSON BROWNE • IAN
MATTHEWS • SANTANA
GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
JOHN WALTERS • JANUARY 1967

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MALLARD
In A Different Climate



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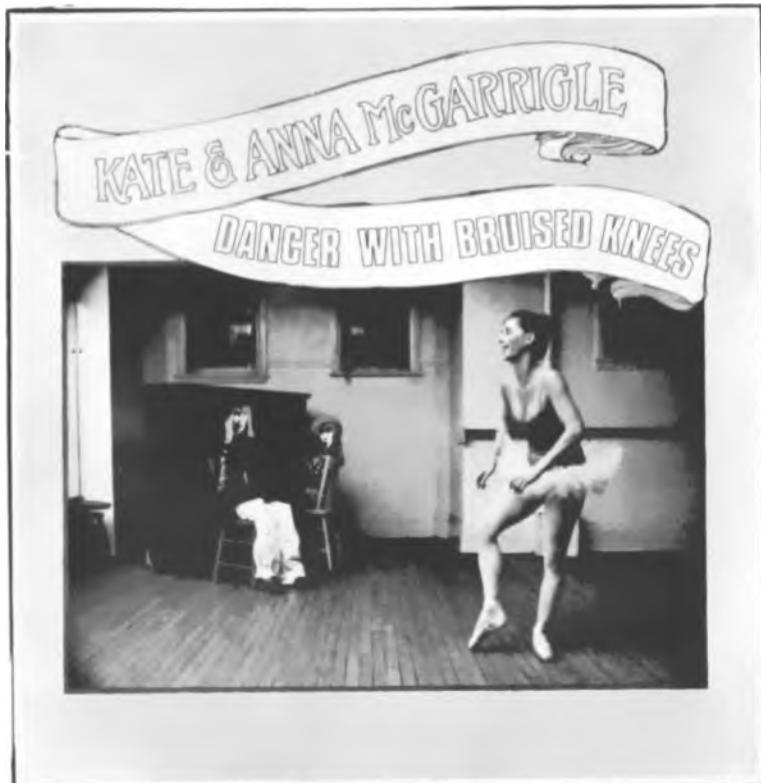
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what do you do for an encore?

An encore.

Kate & Anna McGARRIGLE



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McGARRIGLE SISTERS
NEW ALBUM**

"Dancer with Bruised Knees" K58356

