

CIRQUE DU SOLEIL

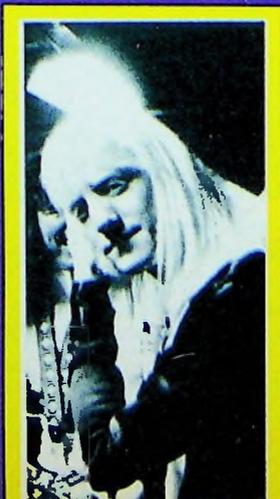
ALLMANS WITHOUT DUANE

**HUMBLE PIE:
INSIDE STEVE
MARRIOTT'S
HEAD**

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NEIL
YOUNG
POSTER**



**America:
How Success
Threw Them
Off Balance**



Edgar Winter: The story of why he dropped White Trash.

**The Aftermath
Of A Tragedy:**

NEW YORK — Less than three weeks after Duane Allman's death the band he left behind was tottering precariously on the brink of collapse. In the darkness of an empty rehearsal loft they plunged into one tune after another . . . all without success. As amps buzzed and the PA squealed, Barry Oakley finally muttered, "I don't know why Duane ever wanted to play with a bunch of fools like us." But the "bunch of fools" was in for some surprises. . . . page 4

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CIRCUS

REPORTS FROM BACKSTAGE

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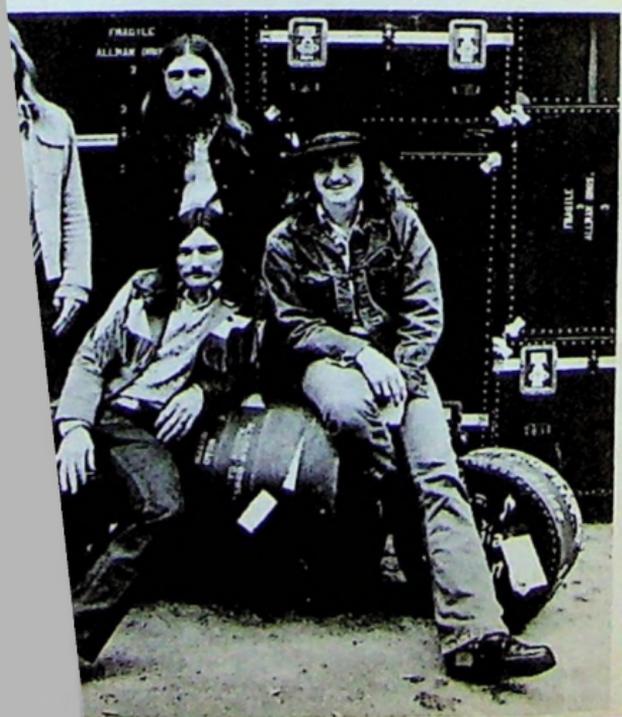
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The Allman Brothers Band:

Did They Grieve?

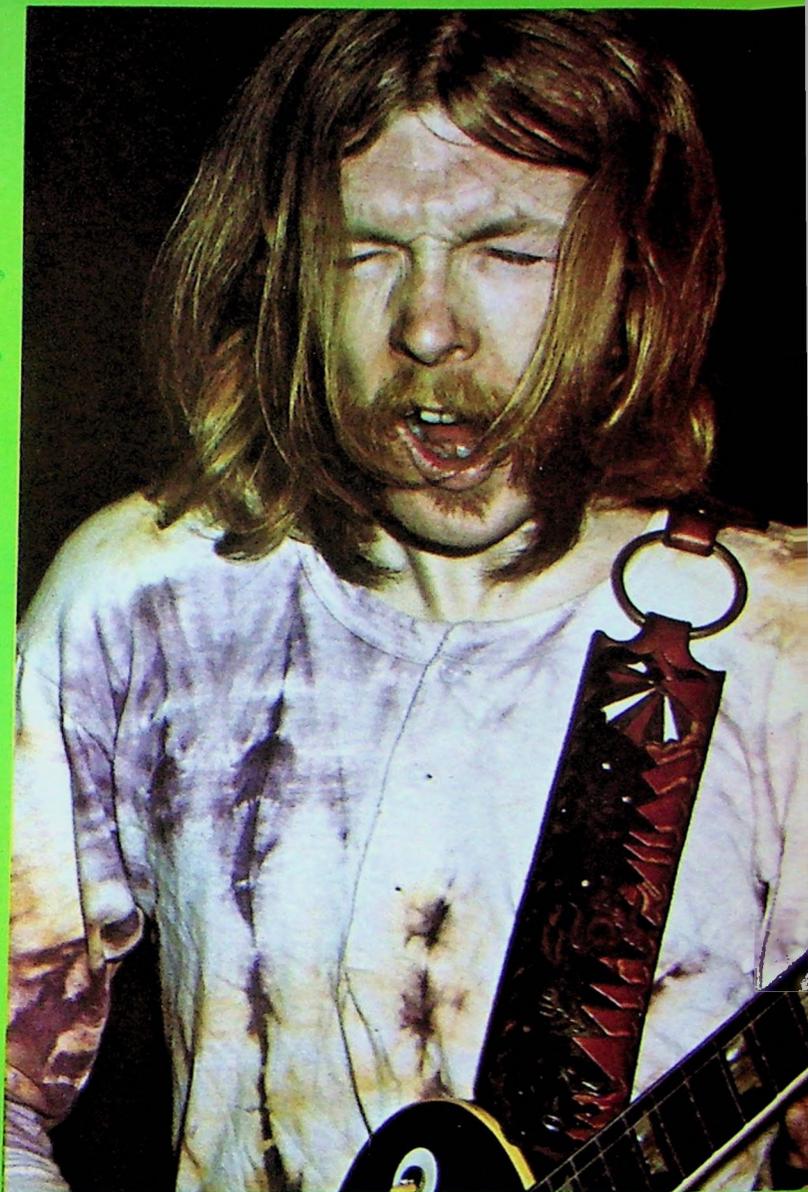
by Tony Glover
Photos: KLN



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When Duane died, the Allmans resumed their concerts, then issued a new LP. Some accused them of exploiting Duane's death. But behind their swift recovery lay strikingly different reason.

In a clinically antiseptic hotel room, his old lady arranges x 10's of Duane around the mirror.



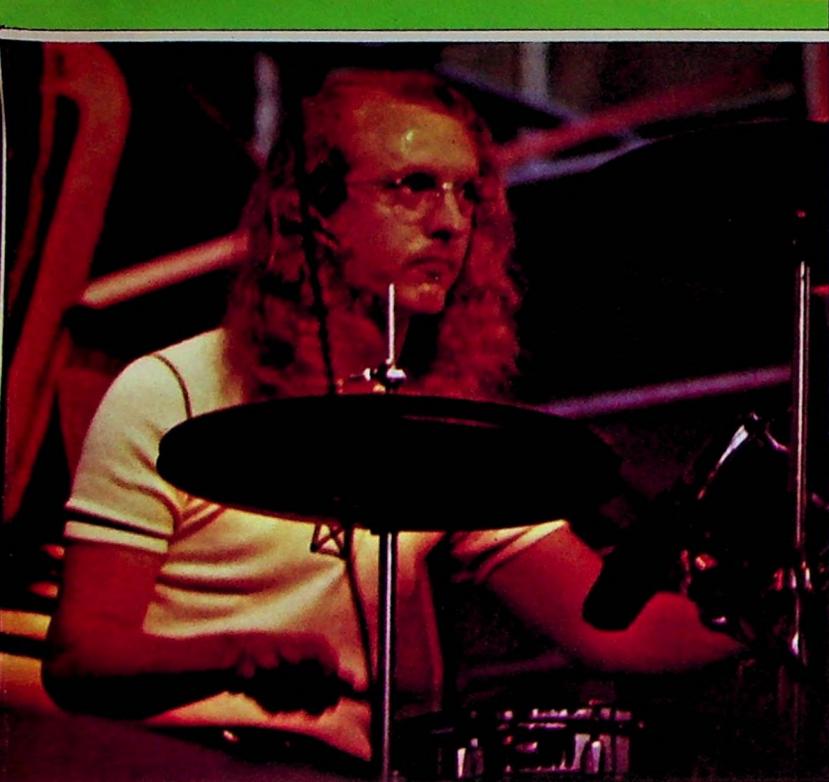
It's just about the nastiest night yet of a New York winter. The Allman Brothers are hold-rehearsals in a rented lower Village loft, just prior to their house shows at Carnegie—their first major gig since Duane's death.

New York subways are always late, but the station where you're told to get off is like one of your nightmares, as produced

by Orson Welles. Unending, haunted platforms almost totally empty of life—with all the gate exits chained shut . . . as if this part of the city has been closed due to some secret disaster. Finally you find your way out to even emptier streets, where a knife-edged wind whips the rain like silver scythes, and start looking. But the streets are twisted on themselves, they begin and end without provocation or

reason—and nobody has heard of the street, much less the rehearsal studio.

Desolate practice: Finally, twenty bone-chilling, drenched minutes later you arrive at the block, full of warehouses and seemingly empty of existence—but through the wind and rain you can hear drums and electric guitar slashes, so you know you're close. At a doorway where Dracula would feel safe lurking you



find the hidden buzzer, ring and wait. Eventually the door opens slowly and you step into an old frame elevator and rise to the second floor loft. Except for the paintings and posters (all about musicians) it could be any loft, dim, drab and cold. Through a large plywood panel door (with a knotted rope serving as doorknob) comes the throbbing sound of the Allman Brothers. You walk into a dark burlap lined room and find a seat on an empty drum case. The band is drawn into a circle. Dicky Betts (guitar) and Berry Oakley (bass) have their backs to the room, facing drummers Butch Trucks and Jai Johanny Johanson—off to the left. Greg Allman is a blonde lanky wraith over the organ. Roadies and ladies are scattered around the edges of the room, watching and listening as the band runs down numbers.

Bucking the loss: After a sloppy turnaround chorus, Greg holds down a totally out-of-tune chord, and as all turn to look he drawls, "Okay, that's enough." Berry sighs, puts down his bass and takes a long pull at his beer can. "It's this room, man," he says. "You just can't hear nothing"—and it's true, the sound seems swallowed. "Let's try Statesboro," Greg says, readjusting his amplifier volume. Dicky Betts

plugs in his open-tuned guitar, picks up a steel sleeve and swirls off a few sliding chords—his own style and sound but just close enough to remind everybody present that Duane ain't there no more. As they run through the number it's as if a shadow is in the room, a presence felt but carefully stepped around. While you listen it's hard not to make comparisons—there's a definite hole where Duane used to be (Dicky is a fine slide guitarist, but Duane was a master—and every master leaves a hole when he moves on)—but there is a fullness in a different direction—if you heard the five-man band without previous memories you wouldn't be at all disappointed, they can still cook and burn with all the flat out *soul* that they've become known for.

Bunch of fools: After the number is over Berry leans in and he and Dicky talk quietly for a few minutes. Greg gets up, stretches, and goes over to his woman—it's break time. Berry offers you a beer and says, "I don't know man, we just ain't gettin' it together tonight—hell, it took the driver two hours to find this place—and after all that, nobody can hear each other anyway. We been drinking beer to see if that would help—but so far it hasn't." He shakes his head. "I



don't really think we're gonna get much done tonight, we're probably gonna split in an hour or so. We played a gig Monday at this college on Long Island. Man, that sure was fun—and the people seemed to dig it a whole lot too—if we can play like that at Carnegie, there ain't any problems. This is just one of them nothin'-happenin' nights. . . ."

Break over, the band makes a few attempts at "Midnight Rider," the almost acoustic number on the second album (*Idlewild South*, Capricorn), but amps buzz, the PA squeals and it falls apart—everybody stops in disgust. "I don't know why Duane ever wanted to play with a bunch of fools like us," Berry mutters as they start over again. The number over, people drift off into the smoking room next door, Dicky hunches over his guitar, one of the roadies picks up Berry's bass, and a long bluesy jam is on with drummers Jaimo and Butch trading riffs and Dicky playing long loping and twining guitar lines—it's the most flowing music of the night. . . .

Aftermath: Later, back at the hotel it's a subdued scene with everybody off to their own pursuits and rooms—but the usual party-time, Southern-madness atmosphere surrounding an Allman Brothers tour is missing. In one clinically anti-

Photos: Jeff Mayer, FOA

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ic room, Dixie, Duane's lady,
nges 8x10's of Duane onstage
nd the mirror and trades sto-
with Dicky's woman. The color
ound low, spills shades of
tchy light endlessly into the
n. Outside the rain has stopped,
the wind still sweeps the
ts, demon-driven and biting.

ul-up: The next day, most of
streets are empty, but at 5:30
the band shows up at Car-
for a sound check, already
le are beginning to gather for
first of two shows. Sound is a
y business, especially at Car-
e Hall. Since the Fillmore
d it's been more and more the
e of rock concerts—and the
d has ranged from great to
ious. The man sits at his mix-
nsole, like an electronic chef,
ing dials and reading levels
Wet Willie, the opening act,
through a few numbers. The
camps out in a too-small
ing room, and trades laconic
rks with friends, women,
ers-on and total strangers who
somehow infiltrated. Every-
y's still full from the
-cooked dinner at a friend's
e, but soon the waiting time
to be mild annoyance, and
it becomes apparent that they
have time for a full sound re-
sal before the first show.
le head back to the hotel.
st show'll have to be the
d-check," Berry says. "Hell,
e okay, Wet Willie sounds fine

e new sound: By the time of
econd show at 11:30 PM the
s around Carnegie are the
mob scene of pretzel vendors,
eg LP hawkers and "spare
e, spare ticket, spare any-
?" hustlers. Inside the air is
ant and mellowly exuberant.
hallowed and carpeted halls
all of freaks in full regalia,
han a few jackets bulge with
concealed wine bottles, and
the lights go down, half the
lights up. Wet Willie gets a
nt reception, but it's clearly
llman's crowd—and more
a few leap to their feet when
lmans stride onstage.

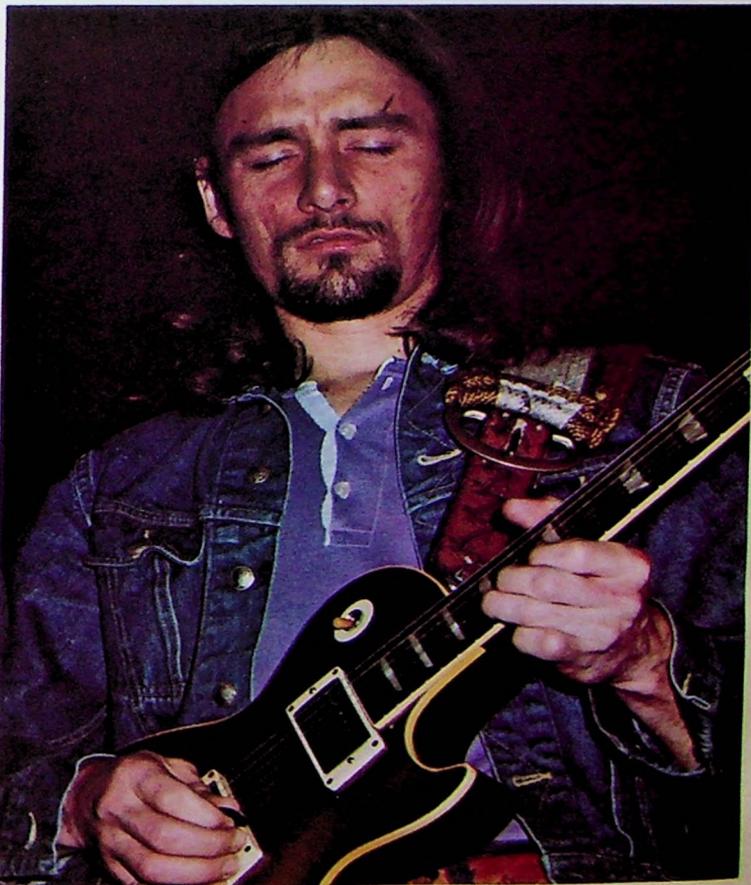
y start off with the usual
esboro Blues"—and despite
t that the fans in the hall are
g Duane, they're soon caught
he rocking fire that the All-
spin so well. The band is
together and full—and though
not to hear the dialogue be-
Duane and Dicky's guitars,
on realize that a whole new
ation is going on—between

Dicky and Berry. The aisles fill
with dancing clapping heads, and
Berry pops his bass into realms
he's never been before. Dicky
doesn't play Duane's parts, he's got
his own licks—but Duane's spirit is
there (and Dicky's wearing Duane's
shirt, so Duane *did* finally get to
Carnegie Hall after all). You soon
realize that the band *will* continue
to rock on, and though Duane's
passing was a loss, there's still a
hell of a lot of fine music in them.

An encore is demanded by a
stompin, rockin crowd, and the
band obliges, sweat shining, and all
but drained. When the audience
leaves, it's gotten off and is happy.
The Allmans pack up and pile into
cars for hotels, parties, and the long

night of coming down from the rush
of playing your ass off.

Days of decision: The next after-
noon at the hotel, people are slowly
struggling awake, to get ready for
another upstate gig that night. A
long low-key rap with Dicky
evolves, and you finally get around
to talking about Duane. You ask if
after the accident there was ever a
question of just quitting. Dicky
sighs and says slowly, "Well, when
we first . . . everybody at first . . .
when Duane got killed, the first
thing was just 'it's all over,' you
know? It just *shocked* us—I mean
after that Berry wrecked his car,
Greg wrecked his car—nobody
knew what they was gonna do. Ac-
tually, we had planned to take off

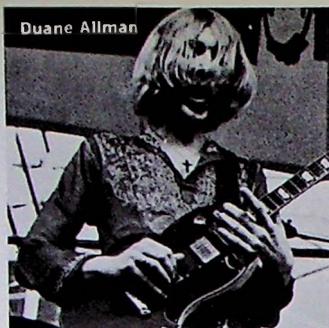


Dicky Betts: When he talks about the accident, you suddenly realize why they didn't just stop and lay low for a while.

more time then we did—until the accident. After the accident we were all at a loss as to what to do, just sittin' around." A shadow crosses his eyes and they narrow. "It wasn't a vacation anymore, you know? So we cut it short to get back out on the road. It was pretty hard just to sit around the house after what happened. . . ."

Suddenly you realize why they just didn't all stop and lay low for awhile—musicians play to ease and surmount the pain. Music is not just something they earn bread with—it's a way of life—and playing was the thing that Duane loved best—the most fitting memorial he could have (and the best thing the group could do for their heads) was to play the music he loved at a place that still is counted as some kind of summit—Carnegie Hall. "I was excited about Carnegie," Dicky said. "I was overwhelmed."

No replacements: At present the five-man group plans to continue as it is. If anyone is added it will probably be another keyboard player—there has never been any question of replacing Duane. "At first, we thought we would go into every tune and completely redo it,"



Dicky said. "But we found that there was so much of the tunes that were *us*—even though Duane was gone. Now we're just playing the tunes and letting the tune settle and change itself, without changing it. But they are changing . . . We're all really happy with the music—we're all really positive about what's gonna happen with the group."

The new double album on Capricorn, *Eat a Peach*, is dedicated "to a Brother" and is a combination memorial/on-going move. Duane is on three of the four sides; some tunes are cut live at the Fillmore,

others done last fall in studio sessions.

"Mountain Jam" is a thirty-five-minute-plus instrumental that floats stomps and spaces you—it takes up two full sides. The studio sessions are highlighted by "Blue Sky," a love ballad by Dicky Betts that combines the usual Allman sound with a lyrical, almost country feeling, and "Little Martha," an acoustic guitar duet written by Duane. The fourth side has three numbers cut by the "new" band last January; they definitely retain the drive and power of the old group, but add a new kind of smooth feeling/flow as well. (For example, dig the spacey instrumental "Les Brers In A Minor.")

So life and music go on. Stunned at first, the group has gone on rock-in'—to counter attack fate the best way they know—by getting out and playing their souls. Duane will be missed, but his memory in music lives—on the albums and in the minds of everybody that ever struggled or soared with him.

Duane is gone—but the Allman Brothers are still cooking strong. And long may they boogey. •

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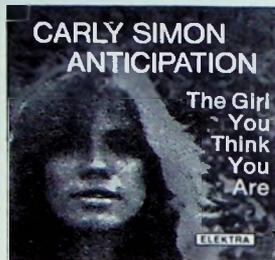
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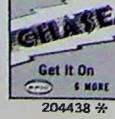
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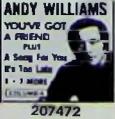
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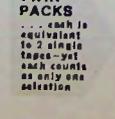
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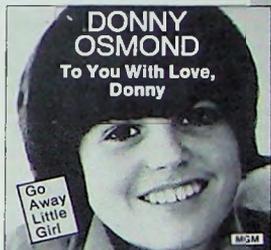
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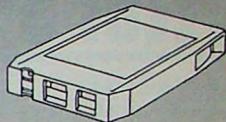


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ALLMAN MISTAKE

I read an article in your February issue of CIRCUS titled "The Allman's Endure." I quote, "Duane was ushered out with a bang. Observers say he was buried with a bottleneck on his finger, a pick in his hand, a joint in his mouth."

I wasn't there, but my son—Duane's uncle—and his wife were. They saw Duane in the casket. They both say it was *not* true, so I, as Duane's grandmother, wish a retraction of that false statement. Before printing a statement like that you should be sure it's true.

Duane and Gregg Allman's
Grandmother
Mrs. Myrtle Allman
Nashville, Tennessee

Editor's note: We apologize, Mrs. Allman. Our information came from a usually reliable source, and was checked further with sources in Macon, Georgia, who had been at the funeral. But apparently even the most thorough check-ups don't always reveal the truth. Again, our apologies.

IN DEFENSE OF ZAPPA

Just who does this Paul Ringe think he is? If he's going to review movies for your magazine, it seems to me he should do it fairly. I'm referring to his review of Frank Zappa's "200 Motels," which appeared in the Feb. 1972 issue.

As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Zappa has always excelled in the field of Rock Music. His uniqueness of style of creativity has sent chills of splendor up and down my spine. And if his movie is anything like his music, it's got to be great.

No, I haven't seen it yet. The town newspaper printed a bad review of it and now all the theatres are chicken and afraid of losing money. They don't seem to realize that a lot of people *want* to see it.

I missed "Uncle Meat" and "Burnt Weeny Sandwich." Frank, I really did.

Frank Zappa is a genius. It's just that too many others are too stupid and ignorant to realize it.

Michael Stimler
Akron, Ohio

SAVING SALMON

I, being a member of R. R. Fuggies Smoked Salmon Band, am writing this letter in response to a letter written by Zimmy the accordionist which was published in your February issue of CIRCUS.

It is true that Zimmy tried out for our band, and was exceptionally good on the accodian, but it was in bad taste for him to refer to us as having "poor taste."

That, of course, is untrue.

Please print this letter so as to inform your readers that although our band does not wish to experiment in "Polka Rock," we still are a leading trend-setter, having indulged in other areas of rock including cod rock, tuna rock, and (of course) smoked salmon rock.

Help save our image!

Thank you.
R. R. Fuggie

Leader of
R. R. Fuggies Smoked Salmon
Band
New York, New York

SNURD FAN

Last weekend my friend and I went to see the Cannone Rock Festival held on the Cannone farm in Lakewood, New Jersey. Although there were many professional bands (including Lester Smeigens

BLACK OAK
ARKANSAS:
"THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT
OF GOOD
MUSIC
TO BE

GOTTEN OUT OF THOSE HILLS"
THE BOYS IN THIS BAND COME FROM THE OZARKS. THEY LEFT HOME
TO MAKE A LIVING MAKING MUSIC. THEY'RE
ALSO MAKING AN IMPRESSION. AND THE
REASONS FOR THAT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS AFTER
LISTENING TO THEIR NEW ALBUM
"KEEP THE FAITH"
IT'S AVAILABLE ON ATCO RECORDS AND AMPEX DISTRIBUTED
TAPES.



and friends, Funky Wally and the Weirdos, and Lectric Lenny and the Lightning Bolts) they couldn't compare with a group called The Snurd Band. These guys, although amateurs, made monkeys out of the other bands. They were out-a-site! Their lead guitarist carried a copy of CIRCUS so I am sure he would see this if it was printed, and since this is the only way I can contact The Snurd Band (and let them know how much I enjoyed them) it would be greatly appreciated if you would run this in your next issue.

Thank you,

A Snurd Band Lover
Lakewood, New Jersey

P.S. You've got a very heavy magazine.

CARLY SIMON IN THE LEAD

Carly Simon is going to be the greatest soft-rock artist ever. If Carole King doesn't watch it and go back to "Tapestry Style" Carly will surpass her.

I caught Carly on the David Frost Show and you could tell, she had the audience spaced.

Ann Tan's article on Carly was really great. Ann let Carly shine as a real person.

Don't get me wrong, I dig both Carole King and Carly Simon, but Carole if you don't start reversing your style you may find yourself dethroned.

(No hard feelings Carole—I still buy your albums.)

Keep Truckin'
Leslie Layton
Lavale, Maryland

SABBATH RIP-OFF

I was reading a letter in the February issue of CIRCUS from a dude warning concert goers about getting ripped-off by Black Sabbath. Well, nothing could have been further from the truth. Last summer, Black Sabbath was to do a concert at the Overton Parke Shell in Memphis, Tenn. It rained that night and the rumor was out that the P.A. was sitting back in Dallas from a previous concert so there was no show. Well, after a hassle with exchanging tickets (don't know why) the concert was rescheduled for a month later. Well, onstage they were doing fairly nice except for Osbourne who was feeding the audience half-baked excuses of how he had a "sore throat." Sounds familiar doesn't it. So, after 35 minutes of that crap, Osbourne, Ward and Butler cut out and left Tony Iommi to do solo guitar. It sounded rather nice for about 10 minutes and then his volume dropped to about nothing. So he screws around with his

amp for a few minutes and with one graceful move leaps into the air and kicks the crap out of one of his cabinets which sent it tumbling down. Then he yanked out his cord and exited not to be seen again, or any of the rest of them as far as that goes. "Ain't that the shits?"

Buzzy Fenner
Jonesboro, Arkansas

IAN ANDERSON'S HALO

"By way of firm reply" to a letter written by Jim Lee in your February issue concerning Ian Anderson. I would like to offer a few of my thoughts on the subject. First, Jim, you're right about one thing: Ian Anderson is a genius, and a fantastic musician-songwriter-poet. However, he's not, as you suggest, a new messiah for everyone to blindly follow nor is he a conscious ideologue with the eternal solution. He's a positive force in this increasingly negative world, one of a few (Dylan, Donovan, George Harrison, Moody Blues, etc.) who are still providing a hopeful alternative with their music. Sure he's laughing, but not just at all the spaced-out crazies, he's laughing at everybody. Why are we so uptight, he seems to ask, so hung up that we can twist something like those stage antics he does into some kind of a sexual or symbolic psychological act? He's laughing inside.

Ian Anderson is definitely not easy to understand, but, after all, nothing is easy. I've heard many theories about him, but none of them were very definite. Somebody even went so far once as to say they thought Ian Anderson was a twentieth century Charles Dickens of the rock music medium, basing their conclusion on Anderson's "having a go" at social and religious hypocrisy, his social concern the public. He used to be known for his odd resemblance to Fagin in *Oliver Twist* though, and this might have had something to do with it. After all, this keeps him from being labeled and categorized, anyway, so why worry about it? His music is a powerful expression, there's no mistake about that. He knows what's going on. "Once it seemed there would always be a time for everything." There's not any more. Stay cool. He knows.

"We need Ian Anderson and he needs us" is what you said at last, Jim Lee, and you're right. But he's not the kind you have to wind up on Sunday.

Jethro Tull forever.
Bill St. Clair
Parkersburg, West Virginia



PLAYS OVATION



PLAYS OVATION



PLAYS OVATION



THE

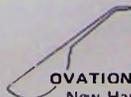


Pete Townshend
John Entwistle

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record reviews

Ed Kelleher



Neil Young: Back to the country life.

Neil Young—Harvest (Reprise)

Harvest is a fitting title for Neil Young's fourth album. It conjures up an image of the country; and in these ten songs Neil is quite definitely seeking to re-define his goals and search out a place in the simple life. "Think I'll pack it in and buy a pick-up," he remarks almost casually on the very first cut, revealing the return-to-the-roots thread which winds through the record. *Harvest* is every bit as thoughtfully conceived and brilliantly executed as *After The Gold Rush*, and that is no minor accomplishment. Whether Neil is picking and gliding in the relaxed company of a Nashville group called the Stray Gators, or dropping his voice in over the swirling and cascading strains provided by the London Symphony Orchestra, he is always perfectly in control. To single out individual cuts on this magnificent album would be to do a disservice to the others. All are beautiful. All take you into their folds and hold you there until you let go. Hope Neil finds the niche he's been looking for, but hope he comes out every year or two to give us albums like *Harvest*.

Dave Mason—Headkeeper (Blue Thumb)

Dave Mason is on the way back. Having plummeted to rock bottom as Mama Cass' professional better-half, he has returned to the world of the living. *Headkeeper*, while lack-

Dave Mason: A little too hesitant.



ing the impact of *Alone Together*—the superb Mason solo album of last year—is nonetheless bathed in enough of the old Mason glow to be worthy of attention. Side one is comprised, for the most part, of new songs, with the exception of "To Be Free," a painful reminder of the tandem record. The title tune is particularly strong; and "A Heartache, A Shadow, A Lifetime," enhanced by a playful piano courtesy of Mark Jorday, is yet another high point. Side two was excerpted from live performances at the Troubadour, and gives the impression that Mason is feeling his way back carefully—perhaps too carefully. While a place for "Pearly Queen" might be argued on the grounds that it hasn't been heard in some time, what can be said for "Feelin' Alright?" That's an obvious case of a performer falling back on tried and tested material which has already reached the point of saturation. Dave Mason is on the way back, but he's not there yet.

Jim Capaldi—Oh How We Danced (Island)

Few group members who take it upon themselves to record a solo album are as qualified to do so as Jim Capaldi. As drummer and occasional vocalist with Traffic, and perhaps more importantly as the co-author (with Stevie Winwood) of



Jim Capaldi: A solo cruise with Traffic at the oars.

some of that ensemble's most unforgettable songs, he has pretty fair credentials. Capaldi recorded half of his own LP at Muscle Shoals and the rest in London; but wherever he was, he took care to surround himself with at least one of his musical mates. Winwood, Dave Mason, Rick Grech, Rebop Kwaku Baah, Chris Wood—they're all here, and well accounted for. On one song, "Open Your Heart," Capaldi even turns the vocals over to Winwood entirely. And why not? This is Jim's album and he can damn well do as he pleases because the whole thing sticks together wonderfully. A good word to describe the record would be pleasing. Over the course of eight songs, Capaldi and companions jump about from instrument to instrument, but never lose sight of the eventual audience. "Don't Be A Hero" is a touching plea on the subject of hard drugs, but it avoids the preachy paternalism which mars so many similar pieces. "Eve," the opener on side one, is as infectious a refrain as anything Capaldi has penned before. In "Bit Thirst," a tune written in collaboration with Dave Mason, there are enough Procol-Harum-type images to send Keith Reid scurrying in search of his thesaurus. Many of the other tracks are simply appeals for love and kindness and affirmations of life—all delivered with positiveness and unswerving grace. Capaldi saves the best for absolutely last. The album closes with Al Jolson's "Anniversary Song." Yeah, it really does. And that must've made Jim's mum happy!

(continued on page 43)

Harvest Neil Young



Exclusively on Reprise Records and Ampex-distributed Reprise Tapes/ Direction by The Geffen Roberts Company

don't overlook these disks

by Steve Ditlea

Reviewing the tastiest records from the bottom of the stack

Spirit—Twelve Dreams Of Doctor Sardonius (Epic)

If you believe in the magic of rock and roll but agree that the dream is over, then it's time to start looking back as well as forward. Mellow ballads, blues, C&W and old king R&R are back on top of Pop, and most of the experiments in style and lyrical content have ended with a heavy sigh of exhaustion. So the time has come to reach back and listen to those old albums that were fine in their own right but never really made it because they had none of the flashy inventiveness of their contemporaries.

The news that Spirit has reformed and is touring again after over a year's absence brought to mind their neglected masterpiece, *Dr. Sardonius*. Two years after its release, this album remains one of those rare records that friends always pull out of their collections when they want to turn you on to some super sounds. On first listening, it sounds like nothing special. Take a dash of Sly and an accent of Hendrix, add some Beatles phrasing and a Stones parody, throw in some Zappa for inspiration and even some Moody Blues harmonies, and you have your first taste of *Dr. Sardonius*. Then listen to it again and you become aware of the ever-changing patterns of music, the carefully executed lyrics and some of the best production ever. Yes, this is one of the finest examples of that dying breed, the production album. It's all there: guitars panning from side to side, weird electric distortion, unexpected instruments coming in at odd times; yet it's all done with such taste that you can't help but want more. *Dr. Sardonius* has so many layers that you'll listen to it over and over, always finding things that you had missed before. Definitely one of the classic albums of

the classic period of Rock, *Dr. Sardonius* deserves to be rediscovered by everyone with a good pair of headphones and a good head to go with it.

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen—Lost In The Ozone (Paramount)

"One drink of wine, two drinks of gin and I'm lost in the Ozone again." That may not be your idea of a good time, but hearing about it from one of the more rollicking stoned-Country-and-Rock groups around should be. Long an underground favorite thanks to bootleg records passed around by early converts in Michigan and California, the Commander has finally surfaced with one of the best albums of last year. This is good-timey music with the rare benefit of great timing, taut arrangements and knock-out musicianship.

Commander Cody on two-fisted piano, West Virginia Creeper with his light-footed steel guitar, Andy Stein's fleet fiddle and Bill Kirchen's lacy lead guitar team up with the steady playing of the group's other members to make for some mighty fine down-home sounds. They demonstrate their virtuoso talent on a wide variety of appropriate standards and a half-dozen original songs written by the Commander and lead singer Billy C. Farlow. One song, the ultimate dope blues, *Seeds and Stems (Again)*, is worth the price of the whole album. Everything else is gravy. All right, what's your excuse now? Why haven't you joined the Commander's growing legions yet?

Captain Beefheart—The Spotlight Kid (Reprise)

Another officer in the army of rock steps to the front lines with this, his umpteenth release. Finally Beefheart delivers on the promise of all of the adventurous but poorly executed musical ideas on his previous albums. The master of Dada Rock meets Country Blues and neither will ever be the same again. His strange-as-ever lyrics and disjointed melodies go far in stretching the horizons of the blues. This kind of music gives the Cap-

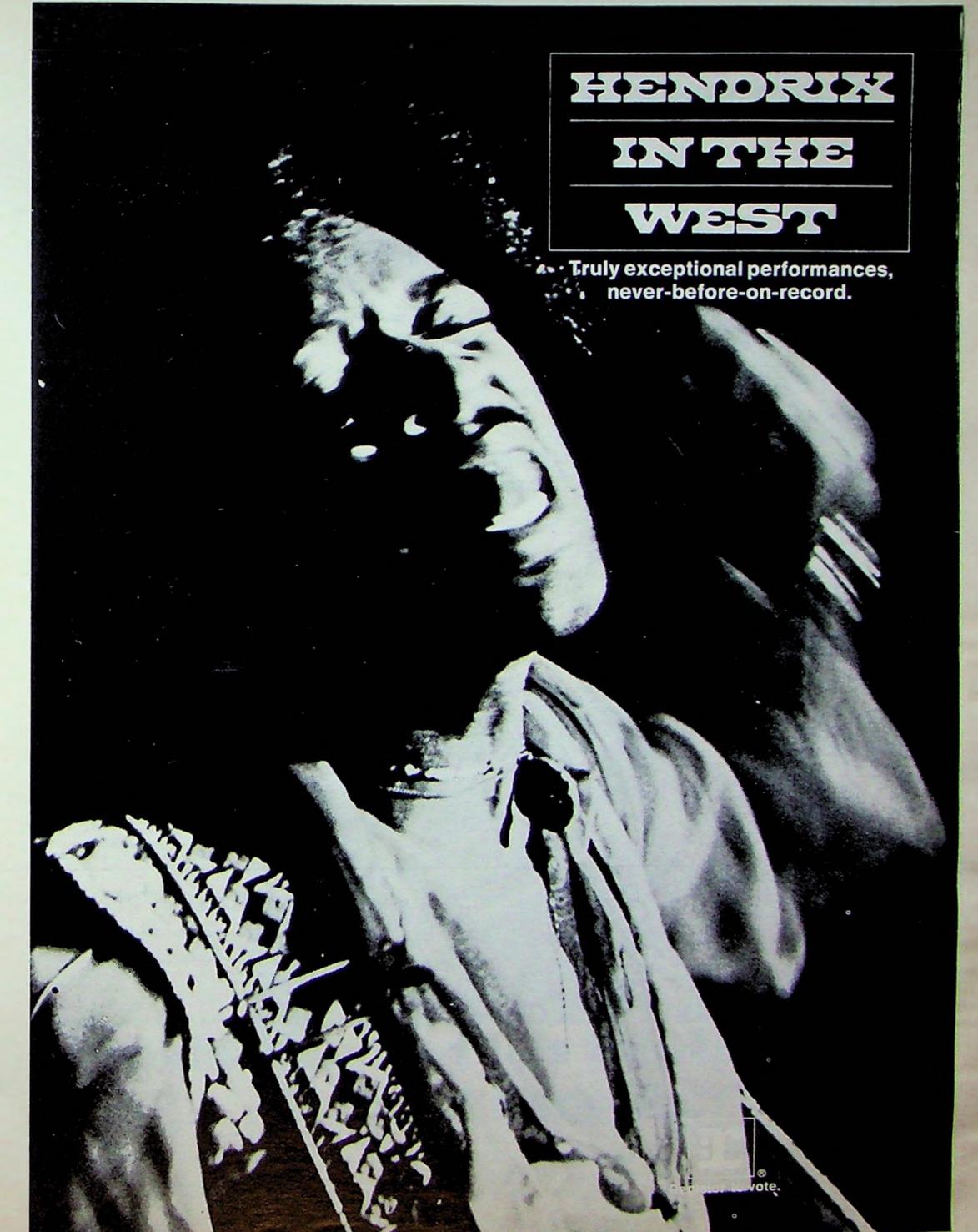
tain's gritty voice and imaginative phrasing the home he has been looking for. Though he's still a bit hard to take at times, Beefheart should finally be able to attract the attention and even popularity which has eluded him for so long.

Billy Joel—Cold Spring Harbor (Family)

What a relief to find a singer-songwriter who knows how to sing as well as write! And when it comes to playing, Billy Joel's piano swells with the sounds and dynamics of an entire orchestra. His lyrics display a deceptive simplicity. Never pompous or pretentious, he manages to get his message across with grace and ease. The outstanding song on this premiere album, "You Can Make Me Free," is so underplayed that you would hardly know Joel wrote it to plead for release from a mental hospital. Though his songs are somewhat uneven in quality, he makes them interesting by applying his wide-ranging voice and always-appropriate arrangements. Keep your ears open for Billy Joel, you're going to hear a lot more good things from him.

Shanti (Atlantic)

How do you describe what has got to be one of the most organic meldings of Eastern music and Rock and Roll ever recorded? Shanti's backbone consists of Ashish Khan on sarod and Zakir Husain on tabla, but its sound is fleshed out by the standard rock instrumentation of lead guitar, bass and drums. The seven cuts on the album thoroughly explore the musical possibilities of this combination: on the one extreme lies the title track's traditional trading off of licks between the sarod and lead guitar; on the other is the unbelievable hard-rock sound with Oriental overtones on a cut titled "We Want To Be Free." Occasionally some pious Eastern platitudes in the lyrics do get in the way, but most of the time these explorations of the music of two cultures are electrifying—with none of the cloying self-consciousness of Ravi Shankar and George Harrison's more celebrated efforts in the same vein.



HENDRIX

IN THE

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national scenes

Concert indicates location not available at press time. Check your local newspaper for exact time and location.

NEW YORK

APRIL 16
Concert — THREE DOG NIGHT (Syracuse)
APRIL 22
War Memorial Auditorium — CARPENTERS (Syracuse)

APRIL 23
Concert — ALICE COOPER (Rochester)
APRIL 27
Elmira College — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Brockport)

APRIL 27
Concert — EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER (NYC)

APRIL 28
Colgate University — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Hamilton)

APRIL 28
Concert — JONATHAN EDWARDS (Syracuse)

APRIL 28
Concert — THREE DOG NIGHT (Buffalo)

APRIL 29
State University of New York — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Brockport)

APRIL 29
Concert — WAR (Utica)

MAY 6
St. Lawrence University — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Canton)

MAY 12
Concert — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Buffalo)

MAY 13
ALLMAN BROTHERS (Rochester)

MAY 13
Nassau Coliseum — JETHRO TULL (Hempstead)

MAY 14
Broome Technical College — THE ASSOCIATION (Binghamton)

MAY 22
Carnegie Hall — CHICAGO (NYC)

MAY 25
My Father's Place — JAMES COTTEN BLUES BAND (Rodyn)

CALIFORNIA

APRIL 15
Concert — DEEP PURPLE (Anaheim)

APRIL 15
Civic Auditorium — HUMBLE PIE (Santa Monica)

APRIL 21
Arena — HUMBLE PIE (Long Beach)

APRIL 21
Winterland — HUMBLE PIE (San Francisco)

APRIL 21
Cerritos College — RICHIE HAVENS (Norwalk)

APRIL 23
Boarding House — MIMI FARINA and TOM JONES (San Francisco)

APRIL 28
Fairgrounds — TEN YEARS AFTER (San Jose)

APRIL 29
University of the Pacific — TEN YEARS AFTER (Stockton)

MAY 5
Community Theater — ROBERTA FLACK (Berkeley)

MAY 6
UCLA — ROBERTA FLACK (Los Angeles)

MAY 26
Concert — GUESS WHO (Anaheim)

ALABAMA

APRIL 21
Alabama University — JETHRO TULL (Tuscaloosa)

APRIL 25
Auburn University — FACES (Auburn)
APRIL 25
Concert — FLEETWOOD MAC (Auburn)

ARIZONA

APRIL 18
Concert — HUMBLE PIE (Phoenix)
APRIL 26
Coliseum — TEN YEARS AFTER (Phoenix)

ARKANSAS

APRIL 18
Arkansas Tech College — THE ASSOCIATION (Russellville)

CONNECTICUT

APRIL 21
Concert — ALEX TAYLOR (New Haven)

APRIL 21
Concert — ALLMAN BROTHERS (New Haven)

APRIL 22
University of Hartford — SEATRAN (Hartford)

APRIL 28
Concert — ALICE COOPER (New Haven)

MAY 13
Bushnell Auditorium — ROBERTA FLACK (Hartford)

FLORIDA

APRIL 15
Concert — JOHN BALDRY (St. Petersburg)

APRIL 15
Crossway Inn — BROTHER LOVE (Miami)

APRIL 15
Concert — FLEETWOOD MAC (St. Petersburg)

APRIL 15
Concert — SAVOY BROWN (St. Petersburg)

APRIL 21
Marine Stadium — TEN YEARS AFTER (Miami)

APRIL 28
Auditorium — JETHRO TULL (West Palm Beach)

APRIL 28
Concert — FLEETWOOD MAC (Miami)

APRIL 28
Concert — FACES (Miami)

APRIL 29
Concert — FACES (Miami)

APRIL 29
Concert — FLEETWOOD MAC (Jacksonville)

APRIL 30
Marine Stadium — JETHRO TULL (Miami)

APRIL 30
Concert — FACES (Tampa)

APRIL 30
Concert — FLEETWOOD MAC (Tampa)

MAY 6
Sportatorium — GUESS WHO

MAY 24
Concert — ALICE COOPER (Jacksonville)

MAY 25
Concert — ALICE COOPER (Pensacola)

MAY 26
Concert — ALICE COOPER (Tampa)

MAY 27
Pirate's World — ALICE COOPER (Dania)

MAY 28
Concert — ALICE COOPER (West Palm Beach)

GEORGIA
APRIL 22
Coliseum — JAMES GANG (Atlanta)

APRIL 22
Georgia Tech. University — TEN YEARS AFTER (Atlanta)

APRIL 26
Concert — FACES (Macon)
APRIL 26
Concert — FLEETWOOD MAC (Macon)
APRIL 27
Municipal Auditorium — JETHRO TULL (Atlanta)

HAWAII

APRIL 23
Civic Auditorium — HUMBLE PIE (Honolulu)

ILLINOIS

APRIL 19
Arie Crown Theater — EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER

APRIL 22
Concert — WAR (Champaign)

APRIL 28
Illinois State University — JAMES GANG (Charleston)

APRIL 29
Concert — JOHN BALDRY (Oak Lawn)

APRIL 29
Concert — SAVOY BROWN (Oak Lawn)

MAY 4
Southern Illinois University Arena — JETHRO TULL (Carbondale)

MAY 6
Packing House — BOBBY BLUE (Chicago)

MAY 7
Auditorium Theater — JETHRO TULL (Chicago)

MAY 18
Auditorium Theater — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Chicago)

MAY 19
Alice's Revisited — BOBBY BLUE BAND (Chicago)

INDIANA

MAY 2
State Fair Convention — JETHRO TULL (Indianapolis)

KANSAS

APRIL 16
Concert — BOBBY BLUE BAND (Wichita)

APRIL 21
Concert — GUESS WHO (Wichita)

APRIL 27
College of Emporia — SEATRAN (Emporia)

KENTUCKY

APRIL 17
Kent State Convention Center — JETHRO TULL (Frankfort)

APRIL 18
Western Kentucky University — CARPENTERS (Bowling Green)

APRIL 21
Convention Center — EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER (Louisville)

APRIL 24
Concert — FLEETWOOD MAC (Louisville)

APRIL 25
Concert — FACES (Louisville)

LOUISIANA

APRIL 24
Concert — THE ASSOCIATION (Peachville)

MAY 1
Municipal Auditorium — JETHRO TULL (New Orleans)

MAINE

APRIL 15
University of Maine — JONATHAN EDWARDS (Orono)

APRIL 15
Concert — THREE DOG NIGHT (Bangor)

APRIL 22
City Hall Auditorium — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Portland)

APRIL 23
University of Maine — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Orono)

Reviews of the new Humble Pie album from some of the world's toughest critics:

Leslie Meigs, Student, Tucson, Arizona:

"If I'd been a little braver I would've gotten up to dance . . . It's really a dancy album . . . I really liked it, it has a great beat . . . anything that sounds a little soul'y is very dancy, I really think so . . . you can dance to any of their music . . ."



Steve Escallier, Engineer, Trainee,
La Habra, California:

"I think that it has in it everything that I like about music . . . it has drive and a backbeat . . . I like to listen to a lot of different kinds of music, but the kind that gets me the most is the kind you can jam your feet to, or bounce up and down in your seat, or even stand up and move around, dance, or whatever you want to do . . . it makes me feel good!"



Camylle Chretien, Secretary,
Los Angeles, California:

"You get preconceived thoughts about a group because of a name but I think their music is completely different from their name, they have a funky beat which is good and you can get into the music . . . you can do what you want to do . . . you just don't have to sit back and listen . . . you can get up, dance, move around, and still enjoy it . . . and another thing is that each instrument is pronounced, you can hear each instrument . . . and his voice is really good too, I really like his voice!"

Bill Finchum, Shipping Clerk,
Des Moines, Iowa:

"I like it . . . it's hard to explain . . . I like the sound . . . I like the beat!"



Raina Taylor, Personnel Director,
Chicago, Illinois:

"Because of where I come from it's a feeling first and then a sound and Humble Pie's got it . . . I feel it and that's all I'm about is what I feel and if I can feel it I know it's right . . . soul is soul and it comes in all colors and it is definitely soulful!"

Jacqueline Balogh, Executive Secretary,
Cleveland, Ohio:

"I've loved Steve (Marriott) ever since he was a little teeny Small Face and his voice has always been a real total ultimate sound to me . . . you can feel the beat so terribly strong and it just gets inside you!"



Smokin'! Humble Pie's Fourth Album. On A&M Records.

MARYLAND

APRIL 23
Civic Arena — CHICAGO (Baltimore)

MAY 14
Towson College — GUESS WHO (Baltimore)

MASSACHUSETTS

APRIL 20
Smith College — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Northampton)

APRIL 21
Springfield College — THE ASSOCIATION (Springfield)

APRIL 28
Concert — WAR (Boston)

MAY 12
Gardens — JETHRO TULL (Boston)

MICHIGAN

APRIL 15
Concert — BLOODROCK (Grand Rapids)

APRIL 16
Concert — BLOODROCK (Flint)

APRIL 16
Cobo Hall — EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER (Cobo Hall)

APRIL 18
Concert — EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER (Saginaw)

APRIL 21
Concert — BOBBY BLUE BAND (Detroit)

APRIL 25
Concert — BOBBY BLUE BAND (Flint)

MAY 5
Concert — WAR (Lansing)

MAY 8
Cobo Hall — JETHRO TULL (Cobo Hall)

MAY 19
Ford Theater — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Detroit)

MINNESOTA

APRIL 19
Sports Arena — TEN YEARS AFTER (Minneapolis)

MISSISSIPPI

MAY 13
Concert — GUESS WHO (Jackson)

MISSOURI

APRIL 15
Concert — BOBBY BLUE BAND (Kansas City)

APRIL 15
Kiel Auditorium — GUESS WHO (St. Louis)

MAY 5
Concert — BOBBY BLUE BAND (St. Louis)

MAY 5
Kiel Auditorium — JETHRO TULL (St. Louis)

NEW JERSEY

APRIL 15
Concert — CHUCK BERRY (Asbury Park)

APRIL 21
Ocean County College — SEATRAN (Toms River)

MAY 5
Concert — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Passaic)

NORTH CAROLINA

APRIL 15
Concert — ALICE COOPER (Raleigh)

APRIL 15
Duke University — SEATRAN (Durham)

APRIL 24
Concert — CHICAGO (Greensboro)

APRIL 26
Dorton Arena — CHICAGO (Raleigh)

APRIL 29
Coliseum — CHICAGO (Charlotte)

NEBRASKA

APRIL 29
Concert — GUESS WHO (Lincoln)

NORTH DAKOTA

APRIL 18
North Dakota State University — GUESS WHO (Fargo)

OHIO

APRIL 15
Miami University — CARPENTERS (Oxford)

APRIL 16
Music Hall — CARPENTERS (Cincinnati)

APRIL 18
Admiral King High School — JETHRO TULL (Loraine)

APRIL 22
Ohio University — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Athens)

APRIL 27
Concert — GUESS WHO (Columbia)

MAY 7
Music Hall — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Cincinnati)

MAY 9
Gardens — JETHRO TULL (Cincinnati)

MAY 13
Concert — BOBBY BLUE BAND (Dayton)

MAY 19
Concert — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Cleveland)

MAY 20
Concert — DENNIS COFFEY (Springfield)

MAY 20
Allen Theater — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Cleveland)

MAY 21
Memorial Hall — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Dayton)

OKLAHOMA

APRIL 21
Concert — THREE DOG NIGHT (Oklahoma City)

PENNSYLVANIA

APRIL 15
Concert — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Philadelphia)

APRIL 15
Concert — EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER (Philadelphia)

APRIL 16
Concert — JOHN BALDRY (Pittsburgh)

APRIL 16
Concert — FLEETWOOD MAC (Pittsburgh)

APRIL 16
Concert — SAVOY BROWN (Pittsburgh)

APRIL 20
Penn State University — JONATHAN EDWARDS (Erie)

APRIL 21
Spectrum — CHICAGO (Pittsburgh)

APRIL 21
Academy of Music — CARPENTERS (Philadelphia)

APRIL 21
Concert — SAVOY BROWN (Philadelphia)

APRIL 21
Farm Show Arena — GUESS WHO (Harrisburg)

APRIL 21
Concert — WAR (Philadelphia)

MAY 7
Park Arena — JETHRO TULL (Hershey)

MAY 11
Spectrum — JETHRO TULL (Philadelphia)

MAY 14
Academy of Music — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS (Philadelphia)

SOUTH CAROLINA

APRIL 19
Cumberland Auditorium — JETHRO TULL (Fayetteville)

APRIL 22
Clemson University — FACES (Clemson)

APRIL 22
Clemson University — FLEETWOOD MAC (Clemson)

APRIL 27
Coliseum — CHICAGO (Columbia)

SOUTH DAKOTA

APRIL 27
National School of Business — THE ASSOCIATION (Rapid City)

TENNESSEE

APRIL 21
Concert — FLEETWOOD MAC (Memphis)

APRIL 22

Concert — FACES (Memphis)

APRIL 30
Coliseum — CHICAGO (Knoxville)

APRIL 30
Concert — THREE DOG NIGHT (Nashville)

MAY 6
University of Tennessee — JETHRO TULL (Knoxville)

TEXAS

APRIL 22
Concert — EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER (Dallas)

APRIL 23
Concert — EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER (Houston)

APRIL 25
Memorial Coliseum — TEN YEARS AFTER (Dallas)

MAY 5
Concert — ALICE COOPER (San Antonio)

MAY 6
Concert — ALICE COOPER (Houston)

MAY 7
Concert — ALICE COOPER (San Antonio)

MAY 10
Concert — GUESS WHO (Austin)

MAY 11
Concert — GUESS WHO (El Paso)

MAY 12
Concert — GUESS WHO (San Antonio)

MAY 13
Concert — JOHN DENVER (Houston)

MAY 26
Concert — BOBBY BLUE BAND

UTAH

APRIL 20
Concert — HUMBLE PIE (Salt Lake City)

APRIL 28
University of Utah — RICHIE HAVENS (Salt Lake City)

VERMONT

APRIL 21
University of Vermont — BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS

VIRGINIA

APRIL 22
University of Richmond — BLACK OAK ARKANSAS (Richmond)

APRIL 22
The Scope — JETHRO TULL (Norfolk)

APRIL 23
Civic Center — JETHRO TULL (Salem)

APRIL 25
Coliseum — CHICAGO (Richmond)

APRIL 26
Virginia Polytechnic Institute — JETHRO TULL (Blacksburg)

APRIL 28
Scope Plaza — CHICAGO (Norfolk)

MAY 21
Concert — ALLMAN BROTHERS (Richmond)

WASHINGTON

APRIL 17
Trojan House — BROTHER LOVE (Seattle)

MAY 1
Trojan House — BROTHER LOVE (Seattle)

WEST VIRGINIA

APRIL 25
University of West Virginia — JETHRO TULL (Morgantown)

WISCONSIN

MAY 3
Dave County Coliseum — JETHRO TULL (Madison)

CANADA

APRIL 17
Arena — TEN YEARS AFTER (Winnipeg)

APRIL 28
Forum — EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER

APRIL 29
City Coliseum — EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER (Quebec City)

APRIL 30
National Arts Center — THE ASSOCIATION (Atlanta)

Edgar Winter Kills White Trash

by Leah Laiman



The group is dead, but the story of why they disbanded remains murky. Only Rick Derringer is willing to talk.

Giving birth to a new album is never easy. The atmosphere is tense; the labor long. In the best of circumstances everyone is a little nervous about just what the results will be. And when a group is hit with major changes before the birth pangs have ended, the possibilities of a disaster are increased a hundred times.

Trash's last days: Edgar Winter's White Trash was going through more than just "major changes" during the birth of its new album *Roadwork* (on Epic)—it was dismembered and dying, dispatched by the very man who had created it . . . Edgar Winter. Even as the group's producer—sometime singer, and sometime guitarist Rick Derringer—worked in a studio to polish the LP's last tracks, repairing vocals that had been sung off-key, readjusting the balance of the instruments, and doing what Derringer calls "little repair things that most people don't like to tell about," Edgar Winter was disposing of the group that had recorded the album's central body.

Personals

Died: Edgar Winter's White Trash. A rock group. Of natural causes.

Divorced: Rick Derringer, guitarist, and White Trash, after a short union during which he toured with them and produced their albums.

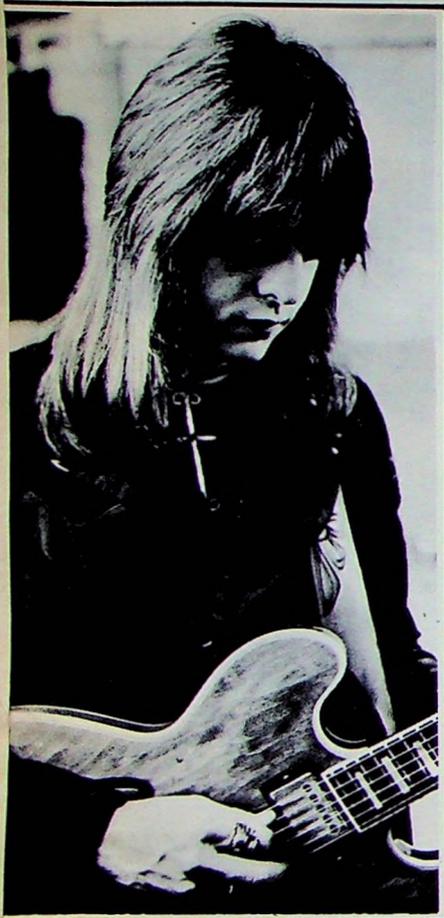
Engaged: Edgar Winter and a new group. Planning to make it definite in the very near future.

Born: (Posthumously) To Edgar Winter's White Trash. Twins. A double album, named *Roadwork*.

By the time the record emerged, the band that had made it was gone. Jerry la Croix, who shared the lead vocal spot with Edgar, was on the West Coast forming a new musical unit pretty much on the lines of the one he had just left behind. Rick Derringer was planning to write "a whole bunch of songs," create a "couple of hit singles and then make an album." And Edgar Winter, the center of the storm that had subsided, was rehearsing with a new group.

The story of why White Trash died remains murky. Steve Paul, the group's manager, says Edgar would like to give the dust a chance to settle before he tells his tale of what went down. Jon Smith, Mike McLellan, and Bobby Ramirez seem to have taken off for parts unknown. Only Rick Derringer is willing to discuss the affair; and his willingness stems from his love of the album he helped bring into this world.

Final legacy: Rick Derringer is not afraid that the death throes of White Trash have left a scar on the group's final offspring, *Roadworks*. He feels the members of Trash delivered a strong, healthy LP that will remain a welcome legacy to those who are sorry the group passed away. He is convinced that *Roadwork* is alive. It is Edgar making music with his voice the way he makes music with all his instruments—insanely, charismatically. It is Trash, screaming and bouncing across the stage and pulling the throng up there with them. It is the requiem of a group



Rick Derringer: Derringer denies that the death throes of White Trash have left a scar on the group's final album, *Roadwork*.

Photos: Chuck Puffin

that electrified their audiences because there was never any question in the mass-mind that the band was playing with and for its devotees, not in spite of them.

At home, in a sunny living room with bare brick walls and dark wood paneling, Rick Derringer is very different from the hyper-active image he and the band projected onstage. As a matter of fact, he seems supremely relaxed.

"We decided to do a live album because everybody was putting out live albums," he says, speaking slowly and quietly. "We felt that since they were currently hip, we would show everybody what a live album *should* sound like." Well, whether it was intentional or not, it is fitting that the group's last al-

bum should be recorded onstage. Because in the final analysis, Edgar Winter's White Trash were stage performers before they were anything else.

Fear of the mike: Unlike the first White Trash album, *Roadwork* was the product of a group that could get five thousand reluctant watchers to their feet and dancing. The first album had been technically good; it got some rave reviews. But, according to Rick, back then it was a bunch of good musicians who had just gotten back together after years of separation, playing some fine arrangements by the two lead singers, Edgar Winter and Jerry la Croix. Over the years that bunch of musicians turned into a real unit. The result was an aura of spontaneity, energy and real, honest enthusiasm, that enveloped the stage and in the best of times, seeped into the auditorium as well. Capturing that intangible energy in the air and turning it into a live album was not just a matter of putting a mike onstage, as producer Derringer will be the first to admit. "It puts an unusual amount of pressure on musicians playing for an audience and recording at the same time. The minute the mikes are there, regardless of the fact that the people are there too, they consider it a recording session, and they're not giving a live performance anymore."

An unexpected boost: Originally, Trash had planned to record the album at the Apollo Theatre in New York, and the *Whiskey A Go Go* in Los Angeles. But, as it turned out, there is only one song from the Apollo and four songs from the *Whiskey* on the record. The rest came from the Academy of Music in New York. Rick explains, "We'd already recorded two other live concerts, so everybody just figured, screw it, they just didn't care. So they went out there and played like they play live. And that was the album!"

However it took more than just the freedom of a "what-the-hell" attitude to make the Academy concerts click; it took Johnny. That's right, Edgar's brother, Johnny Winter. Johnny was (and probably is) still in a hospital in New Orleans. But he came to New York on a three-day pass while his brother's band was recording at the Academy and surprised everyone by sitting in. Both nights he came out for the encore; and both nights the place went crazy. It was good

for the album, and you can't help feeling that it was good for Johnny too.

As far as Rick Derringer is concerned, the album was good for everybody. "It's a solid album. I'm proud of it."

Edgar Winter's reaction to the completed album was, "It's not as bad as I thought it would be." His associates say that's the way Edgar gives compliments. He is a perfectionist, and when he sticks his neck out to say something even vaguely positive, that means he feels it's good.

Why the breakup: If it was good, why did Edgar break up the band? Partly because it was too big—the politics involved in coordinating eight strong-willed people can sap a lot of creative energy. Partly because some of them were into a heavier drug trip than he thought was necessary, and partly because he didn't want to have to work and deal with people who could possibly be a bad influence on him. But mostly because, as good as they were, he felt that they were limiting him. They were interested in playing only one kind of music. When you are a lover of ice cream, it's hard to accept being restricted



Jerry la Croix: On the West Coast Jerry is gathering a group that will follow the pattern White Trash left behind.

to vanilla. Edgar is a consummate musician. It is not surprising that he wants to taste more of what the music world has to offer.

Edgar doesn't like to talk about his new band, because they haven't yet finished tying the intricate knots that bind a group together, and he doesn't consider it set yet. He would like the details of the new unit to remain a secret, but his aides grudgingly concede that it's small—so far just two guitars, a bass and him—and young. They are in the midst of rehearsals and getting into "loud, kid's rock 'n' roll type music." Except, of course, there is a difference. Edgar plays synthesizer and organ and piano and sax and sings. And one of the guitarists sounds like Jeff Beck, while the other is following in the musical footsteps of Jimi Hendrix. *Vive la difference!*

Rick actually quit White Trash quite a while ago, but stayed on just to do the album. He says, "I left the band for the same reason that Edgar finally broke it up. I thought it was going to be more fun than it was. I liked it, it just wasn't exactly what I wanted to do."

Fairy tale future: Derringer has a crystal clear idea of what he *does* want to do, and it illuminates his conversation as obviously as a light bulb flashing over the head of a cartoon character. He is building his plans on the foundation of an honest love of life, reinforced by the genuine, if naive, conviction that all things come to those who conscientiously decide to be happy. Perhaps he arrived at this Pollyanna philosophy by default. "I've been in a lot of groups and played with a lot of people and it seems that almost everybody in all those groups ends up in the hospital. So I've come to the realization that this record business doesn't mean anything. Rock'n roll stars don't mean much. The only thing that means anything is that people make themselves happy and learn how to live instead of how to die." Preaching what he is practicing, he lets the words of his song "Still Alive And Well" speak for him:

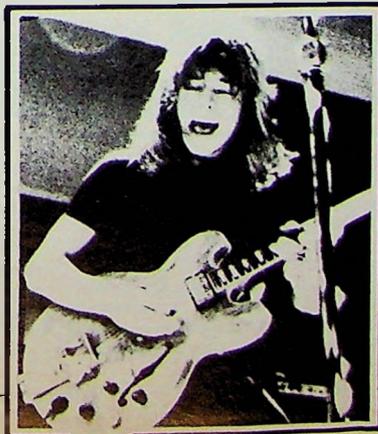
Did you ever take a look
To see who's left around?
Everyone I thought was cool
Is six feet underground.
Doncha know they tried to get
me lotsa times.
And now they're reachin' out for
you,
But I got out and I'm here to say,
That, baby, you can get out, too.



Edgar Winter's White Trash: Says Rick Derringer, "I left White Trash for the same reason Edgar finally broke it up. I thought it was going to be more fun than it was."

Yes, sitting in his brand-new, luxury, duplex apartment, there can be no doubt that Rick Derringer is still alive and living very well indeed. He and his pretty, blond lady named Liz are settling in like Hansel and Gretel in the gingerbread house. Only in this real-life fairy tale there are no cages to escape, no witches to fight. The way Rick tells it, the climb to the top has been the classic American dream—seventeen-year-old boy from Indiana comes to big city and makes good.

Hang on Sloopy: "It was almost accidental. I started playing guitar to win friends and popularity," he



says in his best Dale Carnegie voice. "I'd play at the high school dances with different groups, tour a little, and everybody would say, 'Oh Rick, I knew you had it in you,' and it would be real nice. Then, suddenly, a few years later, I was playing with The McCoys in Dayton, Ohio, and some guy came up to us and asked us if we wanted to go to New York and record 'Hang on Sloopy' the next day. I said 'sure, it sounds like a good idea, 'cause my Dad's on vacation tomorrow and he can drive us.' It was all set up, we just came in and recorded it. The producers heard it and all started jumping in the air yelling, 'Number one.' We just said, 'Yeah, it sounds good,' and went back to Indiana. We watched it go to number one, thinking, yeah, we're good, we got a number one record. And we just naturally considered it to be that easy."

But it was just as easy to slide back to the bottom as it had been to get to the top. The McCoys lost their popularity and were thinking of changing their name and getting a lead singer, when they heard that their next-door neighbor in Woodstock was looking for a new band, and would have to cancel some engagements until he found one. The neighbor happened to be Johnny Winter, and they offered to back him up until he found what he was looking for. From there, Rick went on to brother Edgar, and now, at last, he's on his own, with the freedom to do what he wants.

Bad words for the critics: For a superstar guitarist, Rick Derringer has a relatively unusual philosophy about music. Only occasionally in concert or on a record will he allow himself to unleash his considerable skill. Only occasionally, when he loosens the ever-present control, is it apparent just how materially talented he is. Rick doesn't care. "When a musician makes the decision to be a performer," he says, leaning forward for emphasis, "There are certain things that go along with that decision. That's what being a performer means—you're going to be playing for them, not yourself. You then get your fulfillment from their reaction, not necessarily from how many notes you play, or how good the jazz was that the other musicians could pick up on. The audience doesn't really understand that specialized stuff. When Louis Armstrong was very young he said that he would never again play for critics and oth-



Edgar Winter: Edgar has started all over again, this time with one guitarist who "sounds like Jeff Beck," another who "follows in the musical footsteps of Jimi Hendrix," and a bassist whose sound is still a secret.

er musicians. I've personally made the same decision."

Nonetheless, playing for your audience can be limiting, and Rick agrees that *Roadwork* is even simpler than the first White Trash album. With the demanding audience in front of them, the musicians would never allow themselves to let go even as much as they might in a

studio. But there are no regrets, no apologies. "This group has purposely gone that way. They were instituted with that idea, and all the time the group was together they were continually trying to improve on that relationship with the audience, not on the complexity of their arrangements. They were concerned with whether or not they

were communicating with the people they wanted to communicate with." But the medium doesn't always convey the message. It remains to be seen whether *Roadwork* will emerge as the ultimate communication, or just another simplistic variation on a familiar theme.

Singles and the sunrise: Rick leans back, sinking a little into the big chair. His hair is neatly styled and flows softly to his shoulders. Dark geen boots peek out beneath freshly pressed jeans. He looks much younger than his twenty-four years, kind of sweet and gentle. Watching him, listening to him talk in a soft midwestern drawl that belies his well-scrubbed british mod look, it's hard to imagine what he calls "the screamin' rock 'n rollin' Derringer." But seeing him on-stage, hearing him on the album, you know it's all there, and you can't help wondering where it all came from.

"I grew up in the Midwest, with country and singles and Top-Forty music. I didn't know anything about jazz. In a way I'm thankful, because most of the other musicians I knew feel they have to sell out to make a single. But you can't do that. Single music is positive, it's a mirror of idyllic life—seeing the sun come out, cruising around on a Saturday afternoon. As soon as you start saying you have to 'sell out' to make a single, it becomes just the opposite—contrived and negative.

"People like some simple stuff sometimes, but it isn't bad just because people like it. My favorite kind of radio is Top Forty, but I don't know many other musicians who feel that way. Maybe that's why they're musicians and I feel like I'm a person."

When Rick attacks you with his positive thinking, it's easy to envision a symphonic world where people make music for people and everybody digs what he's doing. Emerging from Rick's apartment building into the cold, grey streets of New York, it's hard not to get the feeling that destiny is controlled by more than good vibes. But if making a commitment to happiness in your own life can help you generate happiness in others, then *Roadwork* ought to make it to the top. Looking at it in the light of a Rick-Derringer-good-will-glow, Edgar Winter's White Trash didn't die after all. It just divided like an amoeba into lots of little cells. •

We're not the only ones talking about Electro Harmonix.



Vol. IV No. 14 THE ROCK CULTURE NEWSPAPER N.Y.C. 35¢

Amazing Little Boxes

by Peter Stampfel

A few months ago I saw an ad in *Crawdaddy!* for the Electro Harmonix Corporation, a New York firm which makes amazing little boxes and a fine portable amplifier. Our band, the Rounders, has been standing in great need of these exact things and since the advertising copy looked so interesting, we decided to check them out.

They did have indeed just the thing for us—the Big Muff. The Big Muff is the finest fuzz-sustain-distortion box I have as yet been a witness to. It has three dials instead of the customary two and the extra one isn't just window dressing. You can adjust the Big Muff to play whole chords. An ordinary fuzz can only do a single note; play more than one note and you get garbage noise. The Big Muff delivers sweet dirty notes with that clear light clarity. A musical boon! Jimi Hendrix used one. Who can blame

him? No blame. It costs more than the average fuzz. It is more than an average fuzz. They also make an average fuzz which gives the sort of distorted sounds tube amps from the 40's and 50's gave.

These folks also make an excellent portable amplifier which should be on the market about now. It's going to be called the Hendrix or Clapton (we suggested Beck) Freedom Amplifier (amplified freedom! Right on!) and it's small, light, powerful, and plays for a couple hundred hours on a battery pack which is repackable. It sounds great and is really loud; it kicks a whole bunch of ass. Besides which, it is so well engineered that it's a natural for recording. It doesn't have the hum an ordinary amp has. Boon in the studio. To top it all off, it's reasonably priced.



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• Enclosed is a total check for \$ _____ •

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Fairport Convention And "The Man They Could Not Hang"



“Miss Keyse was found lying on her dining room floor with her throat horribly cut. The murderer had obviously attempted to burn the body.” David Swarbrick’s story of what could be the year’s most unusual LP.

by Richard Adler

It is the morning of Monday, February 23, 1885. In a shed behind Exeter Prison, England, a chaplain opens his bible and nervously begins to read aloud. The hangman leads a tall, clean-shaven young man to a trapdoor set into

the floorboards, straps his ankles together, places a black bag over his head, slips the noose around his neck, and steps to the side. John Lee stands alone, his throat dry, his teeth clenched, waiting for his death. A bell clangs, the bolt is

pulled, the trap door falls two inches and . . .

. . . and stops. John Lee's heart beats frantically, but he is alive, standing on his toes, the rope still loose around his neck.

Fifteen minutes later, they try to

hang him again.

Bizarre headline: Fairport Convention, the peculiarly unstable group that spearheaded Britain's electric-folk revival, has just unleashed what could be one of the strangest albums of 1972—the musical tale of John Babbacombe Lee. Dave Swarbrick, Fairport Convention's short, elf-like fiddler, had been browsing in a cluttered antique shop when he spotted a bundle of newspapers whose yellowing pages sported a bizarre headline: "John Lee of Babbacombe: THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG." Swarbrick bought the bundle and took it home, determined to use it as the basis for a new song. But as he became more absorbed in the distressing details of John Lee's life, what had begun as a single song soon grew to three, then six, and finally nine.

The result was a milestone in Fairport Convention's tumultuous career—*John Babbacombe Lee* (on A&M Records), an album of hypnotic melodies and brooding themes; the last LP the group was to record with its only remaining original member, Simon Nicol.

Ever since 1966, Fairport Convention has pioneered the electric exploration of folk music in England. That was the year in which Simon Nicol, Richard Thompson, Ashley Hutchings, Judy Dyble, and the late Martin Lamble got together in Simon's house, adopted the title of the Ethnic Shuffle Orchestra, and began to wed folk music's soft sounds and social themes with rock's crisp rhythms.

Disastrous itch: Since then, the organization has garnered the kind of historical-respect reserved for the Byrds in America, but it has also been plagued by a nearly disastrous itch for change. Fairport has shuffled members as regularly as James Bond trades in mistresses, leaving in its wake many a distinguished alumnus. Ian Matthews entered the group, then dropped out to form Matthews' Southern Comfort; Ashley Hutchings left to organize Steeleye Span; Judy Dyble was replaced by Sandy Denny, who split to go solo and eventually captured the title of England's Best Female Vocalist; drummer Martin Lamble was killed when Fairport's van crashed; and the story goes on and on. Dave Swarbrick finally fell in with the group two and a half years ago and injected the jig-like rhythms of his violin into the total sound.

Swarbrick flew to New York long ago to round out arrangements

for his wedding to American Shawn Becker, and spent several hours outlining the story of *John Babbacombe Lee* to photographer Richard Adler. Adler reports:

"I picked Swarb up at the airport, and we spent the weekend together. Two hours before he took off for England again, we set up the tape recorder in my girl friend's bedroom—a converted dinette done up completely in white except for the red rug on the floor. The four of us—Swarb, his fiancée, my girl friend and I—were sitting together on the bed. Swarb, who's an energetic little guy, 5'3", with a mustache and an ear ring, rested up against the white wicker headboard until I started to ask him questions. Then he got excited and leaned forward to illustrate his points with his hands, while his intense facial expressions drove home the seriousness of what he had to say."

What inspired the *John Babbacombe Lee* album?

I was knocking around junk shops and came across a bunch of

Dave Mattacks, drums: Three times they put John Lee on the gallows, and three times the trap door refused to open.



old newspapers collected together and placed in a folder that had been autographed by this cat John Lee. The file turned out to be his life's story, so I bought them, took them home and read them up.

What's the story about?

"Babbacombe" Lee is a story

about a bloke who was convicted of murder. They put him on the gallows but they couldn't hang him. They tried three times and failed. English law prohibits attempting to hang a man more than three times, so they gave him 22 years in prison instead.

The album goes into the chapters of his life which I felt were the highlights. John Lee was in the Navy for 18 months and was discharged with pneumonia, which seemed to him at that time to be the worst thing that could ever happen to him. He couldn't have known what fate had in store for him later.

What actually happened to him?

They put him on the gallows three times and it failed to work. Actually, since the album's come out in England, I've had a talk with a guy whose relative was one of the carpenters who built the gallows for John Lee. It was sort of a working man's organization that this bloke belonged to, and they were very much on the side of John Lee. They thought he'd been framed.

The story I get is that they rigged the gallows so that it wouldn't open. They did it by putting a plank of wood on the platform that was warped. It was warped at the exact spot where the priest would stand (the place where the priest stood was regulated by law at this time and was marked off by a painted white square): so that when the priest's weight rested on the plank of wood, it would unwarped, straighten out, come against the flange of the trap door, and stop it from opening. So every time they put the priest on the gallows with John Lee, it wouldn't work. When they took John Lee off to test the gallows, obviously the priest wasn't going to be standing in the same spot. Then they would try it with a man holding onto the rope; and, of course, it would work. It only wouldn't work when the priest was standing on that spot. But that story ain't the gospel.

Could you go through the record and Lee's story track by track?

Yeah. It opens with the death sentence being read, which leads into a cut called "Little Did I Think." This is a song in which John Lee states that he never thought he would be set free. (I wrote that one, it was one of the first.) The song is based on broad-street ballads. When they were hanging people in public, they used to have professional song writers who would follow the cart, get the story from the condemned man, and then write a song about it as if the song came from the mouth of

the condemned person. It actually gives the story in his words right up to the point where he'd say "the rope was around my neck and it hurt." So the first song is based on the broadstreet ballad. It has the same format as the ballad and the

Navy.

"When I Was 16" was written by Peggy and Simon. In the middle of that composition there's another song, which gives Lee's parents' point of view. The parents say that the sea is fickle and land isn't, with

an interlude in his life. Being a sailor was his ambition in life, and it was the only thing he really enjoyed doing. Apart from that, everything was heavy.

After the "Sailors Alphabet" there's a long track. Then comes a song called "John Lee" which is the first intimation you get on the record that everything is not quite right. See, up until that point everything has been hunky-dory and the music has been a bit pretty. But "John Lee" is a heavy song which bangs straight in. When it ends, there's a reading of a newspaper item which states that a woman has been found murdered. She's Miss Keyse, the original person that John Lee went to work for when he was fifteen. You see, he goes back to work for her after he's discharged from the Navy. (Lee had been forced to leave the service after a bout with pneumonia. When he was discharged, he tried his hand at various trades, but was unhappy with all of them, and was overjoyed when Miss Keyse asked him to come back to her household. "The Glen," as a servant.)

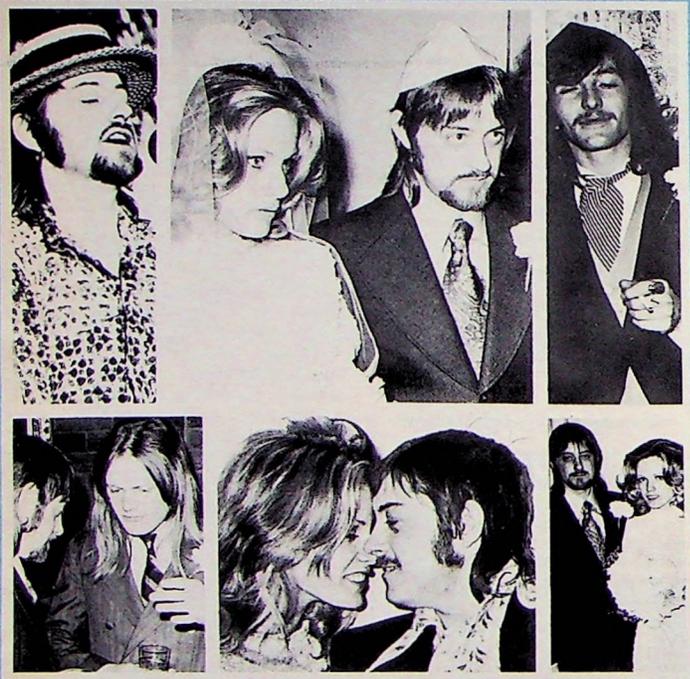
The newspaper article states that Miss Keyse was found lying on her dining room floor with her throat horribly cut and that the murderer has obviously attempted to burn her body. It doesn't say anyone has been charged or anything.

The next song dates the incident and shows it through the eyes of a middle-aged couple living in a fashionable area where there aren't any problems such as the ones John Lee faces. They're discussing the incident over the breakfast table. It's the usual case of people reacting callously to someone they don't know. The husband is reading the article out loud to his wife and neither of them are really interested. To them it's just conversation, and the song ends up with her saying, "So put that paper down before your breakfast goes quite rotten."

A short time prior to the murder, Miss Keyse, knowing John Lee was anxious to find a better position in life (he had intentions of marrying) suggested that he go into the army and told John she would get her friends to promote him. She was always quite fond of Lee and very kind to him, so John regarded Miss Keyse as his best friend.

After discovering her murder, John said, "I have lost my best friend," which she actually was. But he was immediately arrested on suspicion of her murder.

The next piece is "The Trial



same kind of stanzas. The instrumentation is very simple. We used mandolin, guitar, bass and drums and it's written in fifths.

Then there comes a song called "When I Was 16," which is a flashback and shows that John Lee is fed up with being working class. It's like him saying, "What is expected of me? I don't want to be a servant. I want to see the world." But everything's against him: his background and his station in life. What's he supposed to do: What his parents think. What everyone thinks.

Is this the old case of running away to sea to escape a depressing life?

If you like, yeah, except that he's got his parents' permission to get away.

The song also deals with him working for the woman who was murdered, Miss Keyse, as sort of a downstairs boy. Then he convinces his parents to let him join the

words like "John my son don't join the Navy. There's no good in it I know, plant your seeds on solid ground and watch your harvest grow."

After "When I Was 16," we do an instrumental which is sort of nameless, with a couple of hornpipes; but they won't mean much over here in America because they actually are signatures used on the radio for naval shows. They're a little camp, but they don't really get it in England either.

The last verse of "When I Was 16" leads you right into the Navy. His father gives him permission to join and signs the papers, then John Lee goes down to get the papers signed by the Admiral. The instrumental and the "Sailors Alphabet" was designed as a light spot because being in the Navy was really the only light spot in his life. The "Sailors Alphabet" was sort of an interlude. If you want to get clever about it, you can say it symbolized

Song" and that again is given from John Lee's point of view; it's in the first person. In this song, I find the words most horrifying because there is such a typically English attitude toward the court. John Lee's attitude is I'M RIGHT but I must be wrong if they are trying me because they're better than me. One line in the song is "The judge sits high and mighty, and he asks me who I am," which is pretty bizarre because the judge knows who he is. Then the song continues, "The robes he wears impress me, but he looks a kindly man," which is really quite horrible because he ain't kindly at all—but it's the image of justice.

We come out of that into the condemned song. This is probably the best song on the record for me. It's ultra simple because it's a subject that most people can relate to in some way or another. Not many of us have been accused of a serious crime or been in the Navy, but all of us are waiting to die. What I tried to do was describe everyday events inside John Lee's cell—like just a bird sitting on the window sill. If I say I'm sitting here waiting to die and watching a bird on a sill, everybody can then picture what it is like. What people have missed in this track is that it's a parody of a Victorian song. Instrumentally it's flowery—you know Victorians were the only ones who could sing about the most terrible subjects so flippantly and sentimentally. They tell you the worst aspects of sad and terrible things and sort of enlarge them into something glorious, very sentimental, hand over the heart and all that.

After the condemned song it's getting really heavy; you're getting very near the time it's gonna happen. You're also dealing with a magical incident . . . which is a dream John Lee had the night before they are supposed to execute him. When he gets up in the morning, he tells the story of his dream to his guards. He tells them he has dreamt he was on the gallows and he hears the bolt being drawn (to open the trap door below him), but the scaffold wouldn't work. He sees this happening three times in his dream; and each time they try to hang him, they fail in their attempt.

It is now eight o'clock in the morning and the door of John Lee's cell is opened. The Governor, the executioner and the priest enter. After all is made ready (a belt was placed around John Lee's waist and the executioner strapped Lee's

arms to it, then strapped his wrists together near the buckle), the procession starts on its way to the gallows.

This path leads through a part of the prison John Lee has never seen before, . . . but he recognizes it anyway. He tries to remember where he's seen it and suddenly realizes it is the same place that appeared in the dream. He is then led into the garden, and this too is the same as in his dream. He's going over the same path, the same ground. John Lee thinks, "Good Heavens, this part of the dream has come true. Supposing that the other part comes true as well. Supposing I am not executed at all."

The album comes straight out of the "Dream Song" and right into a factual account of what happened when they attempted to hang John Lee—a very understated factual song.

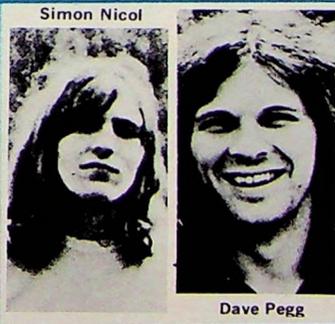
Public opinion at that time held that John Lee's mother was a witch and that there was a coven held on the moors the night before the scheduled execution to try and save him.

Was public opinion on his side?

I think that the working man's opinion was very much on his side. He was sort of a hero.

Do you feel that John Lee really committed the murder?

Well, I don't think so, and he says no.



Was it a frame-up?

This is where it gets into some sort of social commentary. John Lee worked from 1840 to 1860 in England, which at that time was almost feudal. John Lee was as working class as you can get, and Miss Keyse was as aristocratic as you can get. All the courts and the government were all aristocrats. So naturally they weren't going to give John Lee a fair trial.

Would you say this album was musically different from your other albums?

Well, yes and no; a lot of people think so, but I don't.

What I wanted to do was to have eight or nine incidents that were related and led up to the attempted hanging, so that every incident told its own story and at the same time didn't have to be related to the next one, although they were all parts of John Lee's life.

It wasn't designed as an opera. I didn't sit down and say, "This is where it's going to start and this is where it's going to finish." In fact, the LP finishes at the point where they're hanging him three times, but John Lee doesn't finish there. He did 22 years in prison, but the album doesn't go into that.

You know, all I was thinking of at that point was being hanged three times and getting away with it. It's incredible. How could it have happened to him? What was he thinking?

One of the tracks sounds like a group of men singing in an English pub. What track was that?

It's the "Sailors' Alphabet." What we tried to do with this song was to make it as rough and as much like an 1860 Navy song as we could. We wanted it to sound as if it was really being sung by the sailors, and you didn't get professional singers on board Her Majesty's war ships.

The song actually comes from the 1860's. It's the only composition that's not by Fairport Convention.

I can tell that you were trying to get that old English folk sound.

Well, it's deliberately under-arranged. The group is involved in the folk scene; and that's just naturally the way you do it if you are doing a traditional song. In fact, we never actually arranged it, we just played it.

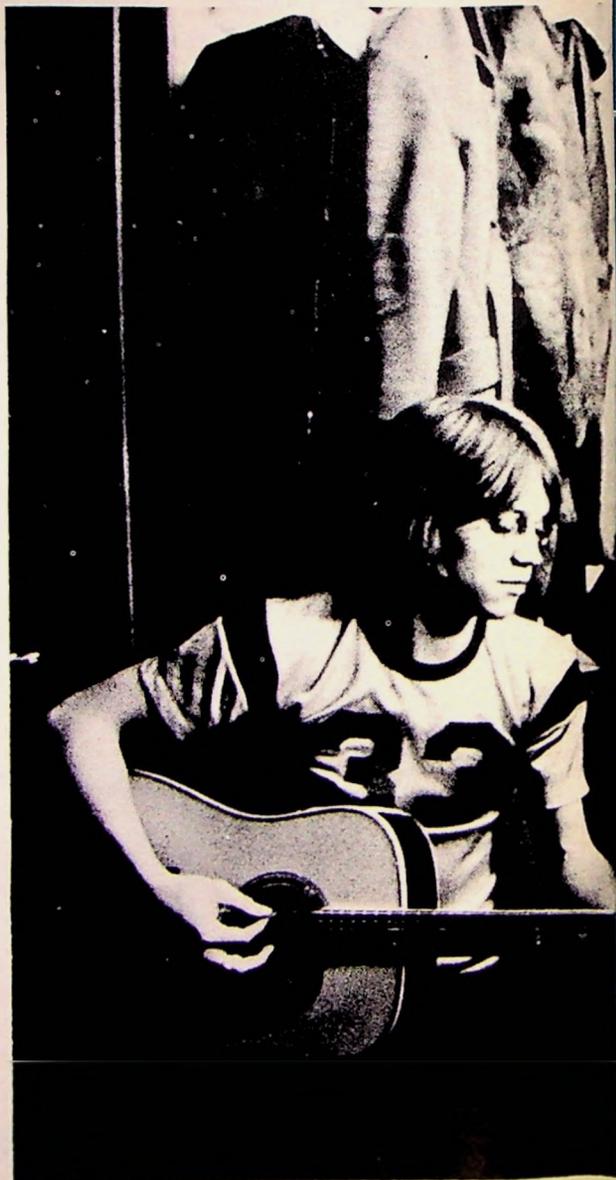
One of the criticisms of this record in England is that it doesn't finish dramatically and on a high-light. You see, John Lee doesn't finish there. He went on to serve 22 years in prison (which, Lee said, were the most harrowing years of his life).

Other critics have said that the words in this album overshadow the music, and if this is so, then I am pleased. . . . I feel that the words and the music have equal importance, but what the critics say is really garbage. I don't think that anyone is going to really understand "Babbacombe" Lee for another five years.

On The Road With America

“They’ll make your little
heart of gold rush,”
said one Boston paper.
Seethes Dewey Bunnell,
“That skullduggery
has got to stop.”

By Janis Schacht



America: "A Horse With No Name's" uncanny resemblance to a Neil Young song put them on top, but now they're afraid it could be their downfall.



Photos: Chuck Pullin

*I've been through the desert on a
horse with no name
It felt good to be out of the rain
In the desert you can remember
your name
Cause there ain't no one for to
give you no pain . . .*

"Horse With No Name"

Hotel headaches: Dewey Bunnell (19 years old), Gerry Beckley (18 years old) and Dan Peek (20 years old) are America, they've got this album out called *America* (Warner Bros.), and they have this smash hit single "Horse With No Name." They are in a New York hotel room for the first time in their lives. Dewey is sitting propped up against one of the twin bed's headboards; Gerry is sitting in a chair with his feet up on the bed; Dan is sitting back on the other bed . . . when he has something to say he leans into the conversation. The television is on, John and Yoko are on the Mike Douglas Show, the sound is off, Jeff Dexter—the group's manager—is sitting, much like a choir master at the head of the room. They have been sitting in this particular room for a week already, and are beginning to wonder if anyone lives in New York that is not a reporter. "We're so used to telling people what our mother's maiden name is" Dan moans, Gerry adds almost wistfully that he wishes they could just go and hang out somewhere with normal people. You know, just to lay around and get high and listen to music. Dan and Dewey want to go to the top of the Empire State building at night, but the weather hasn't been good enough to make the view much better than out their window and across Broadway.

Neil Young—pedestal or pitfall? "THEY'LL MAKE YOU'RE LITTLE HEART OF GOLD RUSH", said one Boston paper. "That one really kills me, that was actually a big half-page ad!" Dewey Bunnell seethes as he repeats the story. Gerry adds: "looking back on that, what is it? I mean seriously, that skulduggery has got to stop."

As a protective device against insanity, they do a little routine that seems to be a running joke. It first occurs when the conversation turns to the remarkable success of "Horse With No Name." "That's unreal," whistles Dewey Bunnell. "Grand Funk Railroad, here we come!" When told they sound more like Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young than Don, Mark and Mei, they launch into a quick vaudevillian patter: "We recorded the album (*America*) six years ago, we knew

They're painfully young and innocent, "lovely little babies", was what Marc Bolan of T. Rex would call them only days later. Yet these kids who would be worrying about the draft or whether or not they would be getting into college in the fall if they were living here, are instead worrying about being on syndicated CBS news, whether 'those girls' will be back

down at the club again, and why people keep accusing them of being a front for Neil Young's latest undercover activities.

*On the first day of the journey
I was looking at all the life
There were plants and birds
And rocks and things
There was sand and hills and
rain . . .*

Neil back in the old days." Dan announces in mock seriousness. "He's getting thirty percent," Dewey adds. And Jeff Dexter calls out from across the room. "He does our ads on the radio. He's the voice talking in the ads. . . ." Dewey continues, "Yeah, he does the one, they're young, they're American, they're beautiful. . . ." And Gerry adds wryly, "They're Young," Jeff picks it up, "They're American." Dewey throws in, "and they're beautiful and American and they're Young." Dan quips, "and they're national and they're Young and Stills and Crosby. . . ." Jeff throws out a perfect imitation of an AM DJ, "WWDJ . . . and Young." Gerry calls out, "They're Still Crosbying the nation . . . and Young." At first you laugh a little and then realize that the members of the America entourage are not really laughing, they look scared and upset by it all.

Homesick for the States: So, these steadily working American kids that are really an English band are here with their English manager and their English roadie. It's been five years since the last time they have been on American soil—they've been living with their families in England. "We're really mellowed in over there, we love it," Dan smiles. Like the others Dan is dressed in blue jeans, looking very much the young American. Later onstage he tells the audience: "You know it's really nice to be back, we haven't been back to the States in years. People like to come over to England and paint a bad picture of the way the States are, and New York is one of their favorite subjects. We've been here a week and we really like it, I love it in fact . . . I haven't felt any of those bad things. Somebody told me that a woman gets raped every fifteen minutes over here and she's getting tired of it. And I'm getting tired of that joke." he adds softly.

*"After two days in the desert sun,
my skin began to turn red . . ."*

"Horse With No Name"

One foot in the teenybop trap: At any rate, America are on their first American tour, right? And they're booked into the Bitter End on Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village to second the bill for a comedian. The audiences are coming to see *them*; and when they complete their all too brief half-hour set, the crowds are calling for more, and more and more. But they can't have it, because the next house is already sold out and there's a schedule to be met. Back at the City Squire Motor Inn the room is filled with three very normal young men.

They've gone the whole route . . . everyone from the *New York Times* to *16* magazine has wanted to hear what they have to say. At 16, Gerry Beckley fell in love with a picture of Susan Dey of the Partridge Family. When he gets to California, he's going to be going out with her. The 8x10 glossy sits by his bed, right next to a 'money machine' that makes plain pieces of paper turn into ten dollar bills before your very eyes.

Gerry is the best-looking of the three: fawn-colored hair meticulously cut, dimples when he smiles, tall and slender in blue jeans and a blue jean jacket. Onstage sitting there with his guitar and a harmonica brace around his neck he conjures up old images of early Dylan. Dewey is the one with what he calls "his own personal vocal affliction"—a voice that uncannily apes Neil Young's. He's the oldest looking and quite striking . . . long straight hair falls around his face, he has a beard, at nineteen he is the wide-eyed one who is being constantly surprised by the speed of their success. Dewey is getting a large percentage of the attention. Dan is the most self-sufficient, the oldest. He doesn't mix as easily . . . his favorite word is "tasty," he uses it as a noun, a verb and an adjective, meaning anything good.

Power behind the throne: Jeff Dexter, their manager, is an interview in himself. A major force on the British music scene, he's a tiny Englishman with shoulder-length blonde hair and a blue enamel fish carring hanging from one pierced ear. He has seen all his plans and ideas for America succeed, and at the moment he is a little in awe of the monster he has created. He watches silently from the side with a loving smile on his face. It's quite evident that these three American youths are the major concern of his life. He ponders over whether or not success will spoil them; he wonders if they will eventually realize the power that is in their hands. Dexter's plan of attack for the group started close to two years ago; and all his efforts started to click around September of 1971. In England he had them appearing on "every good bill, everyone you noticed." At their press party, Keith Moon and Viv (Bonzo Dog Band) turned up. Dewey fondly remembers, "Keith Moon came to our press reception in London dressed like some 1940's gangster with band-aids all over his face, Viv Stanshall was wearing some kind of clown suit with hoops in it, there was no place for him to sit."

So, there they all are, running in

and out of the hotel room, going down to the restaurant to eat dinner (though Dewey is too nervous to eat). This is the first time they will do an American TV spot. Everyone gets into the limousine. The roadie takes a station wagon and rides alongside. The cars cruise down Broadway to Greenwich Village, past that Broadway billboard where the Grand Funk poster used to hang. They all stare out the window at the movie billboard that's replaced Don, Mark and Mel and at the lights high above the New York streets. It's so much like Piccadilly. The radio plays Jonathan Edwards then an advertisement for T. Rex's *Electric Warrior*. They all move their heads to the music, listening to the ad. Jeff jumps up and down enthusiastically. And as Mark Bolan's voice triggers a crescendo of screams, they applaud warmly for their friend, making a mental note to stop at Bolan's concert that weekend.

The dressing room: Arriving on Bleecker Street outside the Bitter End, America and Company step out of the limo. It is an hour before the club opens and even now there are people on line outside. "Hey, Harry Chapin is going to play here," Dewey notices. Boys their own age watch longingly as they unload their equipment from the station wagon and file in the stage door. Moving into the barren dressing room, they remember how many others they've been in, both in the States and in England (this is their fifth week away from home). They are still seeking a little normalcy, instead of the inevitable bar-hopping that goes on between sets. They've been playing with the Everly Brothers out of town, but that was weeks ago, before the success of "Horse With No Name." Now it is all very different.

After three days in the desert sun

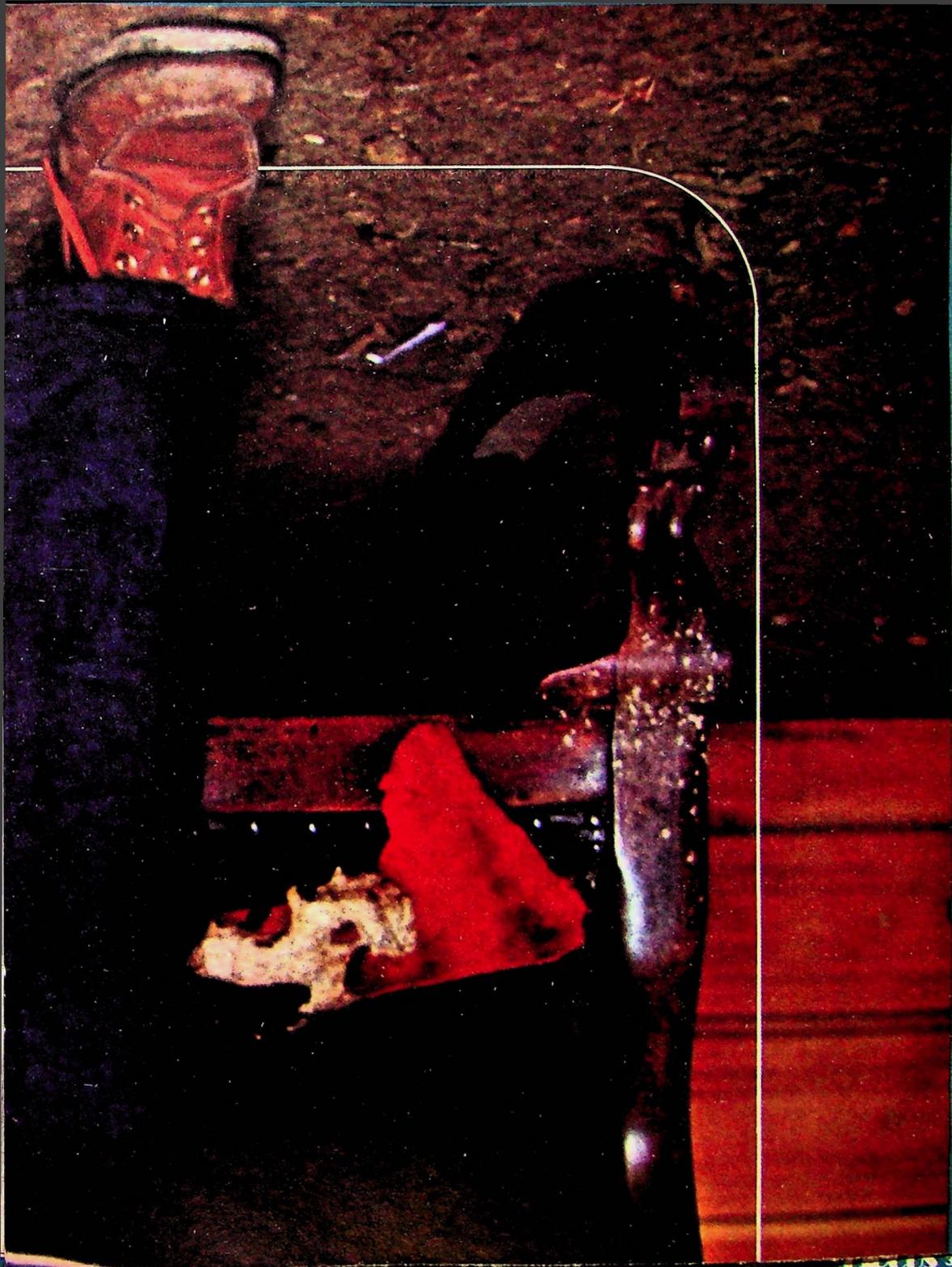
I was looking at a river bed

*And the story it told of a river
that flowed*

Made me sad to think it was dead

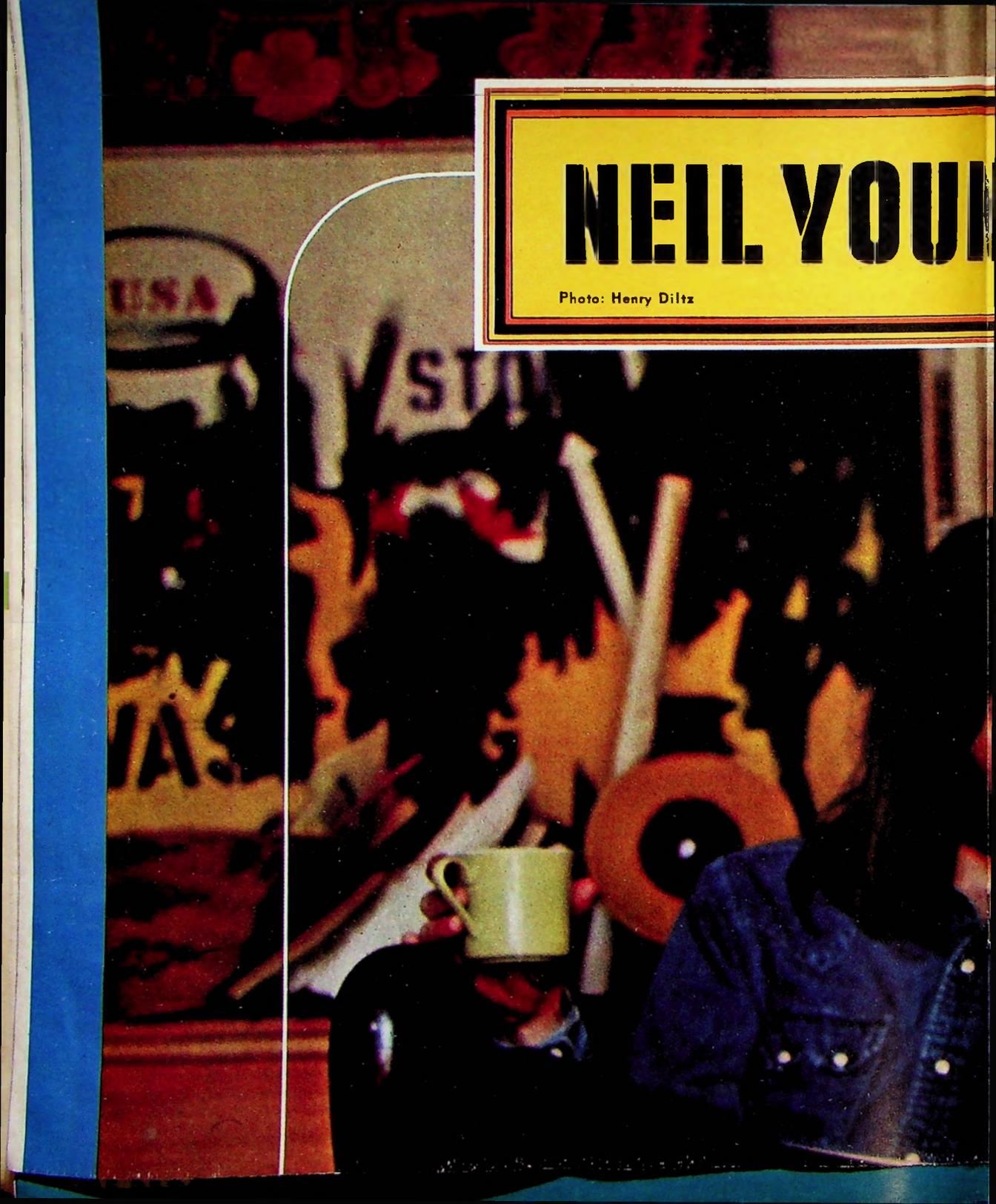
"Horse With No Name"

Questions for TV: The television cameras are being set up out in front of the stage. Dewey, Dan and Gerry all look slightly unnerved, they've gone quiet now, deep in their own private thoughts . . . doubts . . . fears? Gerry goes out to watch the technicians set up, then they're all called out, sandwiched on to a bench near the stage, they are asked the "same old questions": "You're Americans living in England. Has it affected you musically?" "Who do you listen to (they answer The Allman Brothers and Wild Man Fisher)." "How is it you play acoustic guitars in this age

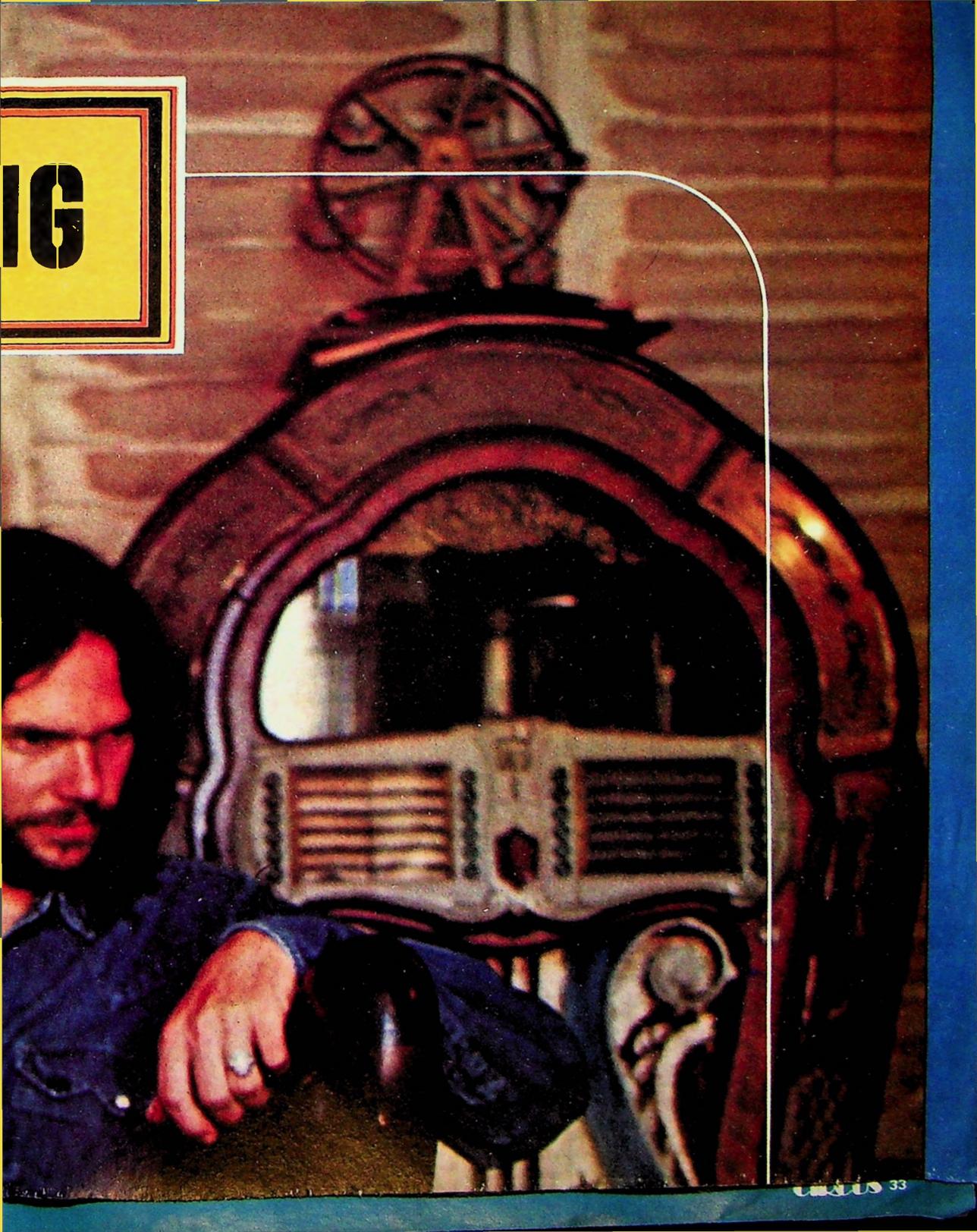


NEIL YOUNG

Photo: Henry Diltz



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of electrics" ("because the girl next door didn't have an electric one," Gerry answers, but the TV people don't use it). And finally, "Can you draw any comparison between yourselves and C.S.N.&Y.?" Then they're asked to turn and face each other, so that these shots can be cut in afterwards. Gerry makes a funny face and is reprimanded by the stern camera man (who probably doesn't like to work with kids or animals, let alone rock bands).

The audience files in and the cameras start to roll again, they are recording the first two songs, "Riverside" and "Sandman." Behind them a huge water bug crawls up the wall. Bitter End staffers stand in the back watching the bug crawl past the knowing camera's eye, wondering if it will show up on TV. When the lights finally dim and the camera has been taken away, Dewey looks into the crowd and asks if they had looked scared. They admit that not only were they scared, they were terrified. But they are professionals and it didn't really show. It is strange, however, that now that the finger-pointing critics have started to dissect the group, Dewey noticeably stillens when it's his turn to sing lead, especially during "Sandman" and "Horse With No Name."

Ode to Wild Man Fisher: The set continues, Gerry sings "I Need You" ("a slow song, one to cry into your milk shakes to," Dewey explains) then Dewey sings "Three Roses" coupled with "Coming Into Los Angeles," which suits them beautifully. Halfway through the song his guitar string breaks so he starts banging out the beat on the back of his guitar. Jeff Dexter leaves his vantage point at the back of the room and rushes forward to change the string and re-tune the guitar. He sits on the floor onstage while America continues to play. By the time they've finished, Jeff is ready with the guitar and Dan has broken one of his strings . . . he chooses to play an electric bass guitar instead of wasting more time.

Watching them onstage, it's difficult not to think back to the hotel room where hours earlier they had discussed their hero Wild Man Fisher and lounged carelessly around the room. Jeff explained: "Wild Man Fisher is just fantastic, he writes the most amazing songs," then he asks the boys "How 'bout a chorus of one of his songs?" Gerry, Dan and Jeff start in a kind of calliope-style round:

"Merry go, merry go, merry-go-round"

Dewey takes the lead in a kind of counter-point:

Dewey Bunnell: Dewey has been pushed into calling his eerily Neil Youngish voice "his own personal vocal affliction."





Gerry Beckley: A day on the road with America gives the uneasy impression that their success has left them astonished, slap-happy, and more than a little bit worried.

"Let's do the taster" and someone whispers into the tape recorder: "do you realize you've been deposited in a psycho ward?" Gerry is saying "Shall we talk about anything important?" and Dewey is calling out "Hey, I have an idea, let's cover 'The Taster,' should we?" Jeff smiles indulgently: "Sure, you could do it on the next album, just as a little tail piece." Then they sing a dirty little sing-a-long (in celebration of the decision):

Would you like to get f - - - ed in the ear

*If you like I'll piss in your beer
You could be better off than you are*

You could be straddling a fence . . .

Dan looks over and explains: "We've been under a strain lately."

Got to be free: But back onstage. America are starting to sing their hit single, sitting there on three stools, Dan in the middle, Gerry on the left, Dewey on the right slightly facing each other. Dewey bows his head and starts to sing in the voice that may eventually be his downfall. On the album *America* he closes the record with a little song on acoustic guitar that is much closer to the crux of the problem than any other song he's written. It's a cynical composition,

much along the line of Young's "Don't Let It Bring You Down," called "Pidgeon Song"—a tune about destruction:

I had me a pidgeon by the name of Fred

*But I done shot him in the head
Had me a railroad down on the ridge*

*But I done blowed up the bridge
Had me a dog, he was my best friend*

*But to him I done put an end
Had me a farm sitting pretty on the hill*

But if you look you'll see it ain't there still

*I don't know why I done it
Honest it ain't like me*

But I ain't sad I done it

Cause a baby boy has got to be free

Some people say that America hasn't lived long enough or hard enough to weather the pain and the long years of experience that have made Neil Young a giant in his field. Marc Bolan says that "they're playing the Crosby, Stills game and it would be tragic if it were very short-lived . . . they're a group—there's not one of them that stands out."

Then there's the age factor, Marc says: "You can't judge people on their age, either you have it or you

don't. They're very derivative, which is a gas. Only time will tell though. I think they'll be cool. . . ."

Can they last? Will age hurt them? Backstage after their set, every heavy promoter in the business is waiting for them, and for a word with Jeff Dexter. "Everyone of them has offered me a deal," Dexter admits. Earlier the band had laughed saying that they were going to go and live with Howard Hughes in the Bahamas. Dewey said that Hughes had bought the rights to "America," then suddenly realized the pun and asked that it be printed just so. "He drops in at every gig," Jeff said. "He supplies us with acid," Dan added.

On their last album, which is going to be recorded when the group gets back to England, there are no plans for any drastic changes. "We do have new production ideas," Dewey says. "Like longer tracks, instead of ten or twelve separate tracks, maybe six with some longer or linked together, but pretty much the same sound." Dan continues enthusiastically.

After nine days I let the horse run free

*Cause the desert had turned to sea
There were plants and birds and rocks and things*

*There were sand and hills and rain
The ocean is a desert with its life underground*

*And a perfect disguise above
Under the cities lies a heart made of ground*

But the humans won't give no love.

"Horse With No Name"

How will you take them? As an underground group? As a band "playing the Crosby, Stills game?" as a teenybopper band ("it's a shame it's got to be teenybopper, because they push the age thing which should be cool, but it's not really. A year ago we were teenybopper. In a year we've turned into full-grown, mature, red-blooded American persons," Gerry says). Or do you see them as a rip-off of Neil Young?

The best way to think of them is as an entity unto themselves. That is, as Warner Brothers' recording artists America. As Jeff Dexter would say: "They walk, they talk, they're live and they dance" . . . and they're young?

I've been through the desert on a horse with no name

*It felt good to be out of the rain
In the desert you can remember your name*

Cause there ain't no one for to give you no pain.

"I never wrote until recently because I was totally intimidated. Surrounded by the best writers in the world, what could I possibly have to say that they couldn't say better?"

Joan Baez: A Struggle Erupts In Song

by Jacoba Atlas

To Bob Dylan, Joan Baez was "The Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands." To Kris Kristofferson she was just "The Lady." And to those who watched her struggles in the political arena, she has been "America's Joan of Arc." Yet to those who judged her purely in terms of her music, Joan Baez has been a secondary figure—a singer of silken flawlessness, but nonetheless merely an interpreter of songs which others had written.

Eleven years ago Baez broke into the music scene with folk songs like "Silver Dagger"—music borrowed from generations long gone. And as recently as last year, when she won her first gold record with Robbie

Robertson's "The Night They Drove The Old Dixie Down," she was still breaking new ground with borrowed work. But that is changing, and changing rapidly. For Joan Baez, the lady with the angelic voice and the bold politics, is earning her right to another title as well—songwriter.

Breaking barriers: Nine of the songs on Joan's 1971 *Blessed Are* album (from Vanguard) were Baez originals. That was nearly half of the tracks on the LP. And her newest album, *Billy Rose*, (on A&M) features more self-penned material than any previous recording.

"I never wrote until very

recently," Joan once told *Circus*, "because I was totally intimidated. I was surrounded by the best writers in the world; what could I possibly have to say that they couldn't say better? But I'm a great fixer-upper. I like changing a word here, a phrase there. The songwriters don't like that at all. Paul Simon asked me to print the words to his song 'Dangling Conversations' because I changed 'is the theater really dead?' to 'is God really dead?'"

But in 1968 the drama unfolding in her own life began to provide her with material no one else could write about.

Joan had already flung her full

weight against the war in Viet Nam and declared herself a pacifist. With her sisters, she had posed for a poster which read, "girls say yes to men who say no." Then she said yes to David Harris, who had said no to the draft. A few months after their wedding David was hauled off to serve a three-year jail sentence for draft evasion. Sometime later their son, Gabriel, was born.

Voice of sorrows: Soon after that, Joan wrote "Song For David," which clearly reflected the first months of isolation from her new husband. "In my heart I will wait by the stony gate And the little one in my arms will sleep."

But waiting did not prove easy. When fifteen months of loneliness had passed, Joan wrote a song begging for relief from her unhappiness:

*Fifteen months of time my
man's been gone
The second winter now is coming
on
And our fate could all be worse
But sometimes I still must
curse my own*

*So time give me a break of a
week or more
My head is reeling and my
back is sore
And the baby cries for me
And I think I'll walk by the sea
alone.*

"Fifteen Months"

Soon columnists had linked her with Kris Kristofferson and predicted the doom of her marriage. And by 1971, she was writing of illicit romance. "When time is stolen it flies, it flies, it flies. Lovers leave in disguise, disguise, disguise. . . ." Later the same year, Baez and her husband David separated.

Mastery of the art: Joan's initial autobiographical ballads seem to have broken down the barrier of her inhibitions, clearing a path for lyrics of a less personal nature. By last year she had written songs of all kinds. "Gabriel and Me" was a fantasy about "The grey quiet horse" who races the sun and carries the golden key. "Lincoln Freed Me Today (The Slave)" was a piece of quiet social commentary. "Three Horses" was an allegory about the white stallion of the past, the red mare of the present, and the black stallion of the future. And "The Last, Lonely, and Wretched" was a compassionate lament.

Then came another almost brutal step forward. With her new LP Joan broke away from the soft-spoken statements of her earlier lyrics and threw a sudden

crackling anger into her words. Her "Song Of Bangladesh," for example, was an outcry so gruesome it made George Harrison's "Bangle Desh" and Bob Dylan's "George Jackson" seem toothless by comparison. Her images of the Pakistani massacre were so strong they nearly truned the stomach.

Did you read about the army officer's plan

The donors' blood it was given willingly

And from the bodies every drop of blood was drained

No time to comprehend

And there was little pain.

There could be longer be any doubt that Joan Baez had graduated from a merely beautiful voice to a full-fledged creator.

Long haul: The transition from singer to writer has taken over a decade of fame and struggle. Joan Baez first came to national attention in 1959 when she joined folk singer Bob Gibson on stage at the Newport Folk Festival. With her "voice like chimes" and her "gypsy hymns" Joan caught the folk revival firmly in her young hands and thrust it into the national limelight. Standing barefooted, clothed in loosely fitting homemade dresses, her long hair hanging free, she personified an image that would come to stand for all folk singers. Adults, unaware that within the next decade their children would ape such attire, vainly sought to link the satin-voiced singer with the defunct Beat generation. With her songs and her politics Joan became the leader of a transitional period between the beat culture of one generation and the eventual Woodstock nation of another.

Through it all ran the music. First the folk music, gleaned from the mouths of citizens, taken from the pages of books. Not particularly daring in terms of scope, Joan nevertheless managed to turn a nation's attention to the simplicity of the guitar and the single voice.

We Shall Overcome: And through it all ran the politics. At Berkeley in 1964, Joan Baez was a familiar figure, leading the students in "We Shall Overcome" before joining in a march to Sproul Hall for what became the first United States Student Strike. She was eminently accessible then (as she still is now), talking with anyone, becoming lost in a sea of like faces and guitars. Her voice might have stood out from the others, but her politics were one with the crowd's—the crowd of people who marched on

Washington in '63 and who spent their summer registering voters in Mississippi in '64.

In another sense, although she sang with all our voices, she also sang alone. Never indulging in the public glamour of Peter, Paul and Mary, never hiding behind the obscurity of Bob Dylan, Joanie alone stood front and center taking the blows. And blows there were! She was denied the right to sing in Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C., where a generation before Marion Anderson had been denied that same "privilege" because she was a Negro. For the Daughters of the American Revolution, Joanie was worse than Black—she was a pinko commie infiltrator out to take over the homeland. A run-in with cartoonist Al Capp over her similarity to a cartoon character called Joanie Phonie led to a law suit. More than once Joanie went to jail. She put her feelings into an autobiography, and questioned her non-violent beliefs at a school her earnings support in Carmel, California.

The War and the music: By 1967, Joan threw her full force into the struggle against the Viet Nam war. The next year, she married pacifist David Harris, then lost him to the prisons of "the free and the brave."

But her musically oriented friends have often proven as strong a pull as political commitment. With apolitical persons like Kris Kristofferson pulling at her psyche, more than one columnist foresaw disaster for her marriage and therefore disaster for her commitment to the peace movement.

Personal silence: Late last year the Harris's moved out on one another. Said Joan, "We are happier living apart. We have no plans to divorce. We both share our son. As David said, 'living together was getting in the way of our relationship.'"

Because of Joan's visible and verbal nature, much of her personal life has been public property. From Bob Dylan to David Harris, from John Lennon to Kris Kristofferson. But somehow, despite the connections, she has remained more of an enigma than say Joni Mitchell, more of a recluse than Judy Collins. Despite the fact that you can see Joanie almost anywhere, despite the fact that she'll talk to almost anyone; she remains someone apart. Perhaps it's simply that her militant politics demand—and get—a certain underground purity.

Dylan's queen: There was a time when Joan Baez was the major at-

traction and she'd carefully ask a shy young man to join her onstage. Slowly with a harmonica strapped to his shoulders Bob Dylan would walk into the spotlight. At Berkeley in '64, the rumor that Bob Dylan would any moment suddenly appear flitted through the campus like wildfire. For where Joan was, Bob was. They were a couple. King and Queen to a generation of well-heeled children who sought to align themselves with political and moral justice. They were from the middle class as well, but they walked dusty roads, donned overalls, wrote songs and sang songs. Political activists signed voters to "Blowin' in the Wind" and turned the University of California upside-down to "The Times They Are A Changin'."

Part of Dylan's youth belonged to Baez; part of Dylan's music belongs to her as well. "She's got everything she needs—she's an artist, she don't look back" ("Love Minus Zero—No Limit). "With your Spanish manners and your mother's tongue" (Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands). They parted company somewhere along the line, after *Don't Look Back* was filmed. Joanie continued to record his music and in '69 brought out a double record set of Bob Dylan songs. Critically it wasn't well received; she brought nothing to his music, the reviewers wrote. Or what she brought to his music, they didn't

Some feared that her interest in the Nashville music scene and her friendship with men like Kris Kristofferson would lure her away from the peace movement, but the songs on *Billy Rose* proved them wrong.

understand. Last year she wrote a song for him, asking him to come back to the fold. Last year Dylan wrote a song about George Jackson.

Country sound: Her involvement with country music and Nashville has become ever more apparent with each album. Joan's first encounter with Nashville came while she was recording her album of Dylan material. The local musicians were astonished by the singer. Says one studio musician, "We didn't know what to expect. We'd all heard about her politics and all. We expected her to be loud and rude and ugly but she was just the opposite." Since then, she has recorded all her albums in Nashville and has aligned herself with many Nashville writers, including Kris Kristofferson, Mickey Newbury and John Prine. (She can be heard singing back on both Prine's and Kristofferson's albums; she's billed as "The Lady.")

Her latest album, *Billy Rose* was totally recorded in Nashville. "I go there because the studios are excellent, and because there's nothing to distract you in Nashville. You just go to the sessions, go home and sleep. It's quiet and peaceful and you can get the work done."

Keeping her independence: The new album was released on A&M Records; her first for that company after leaving Vanguard. Joan has set up a company of her own as well, and has produced an album by Geoffrey Shurtleff.

It's not surprising that Joan has freed herself from her old label and established a recording organization of her own; for she has always been vigorously independent. When she's asked about women's liberation, for example, she laughs: "I don't understand some of the women, possibly because I've never gone through that submissive period. Whenever I wanted to say something, I simply grabbed a microphone and started talking. I never wanted to be a housewife or the little woman, and so it's difficult for me to understand some women wanting that and going after it and then finding out that there's more to life than cleaning the stove. But I believe in human liberation, and I think most of what's coming out of that particular movement is positive."

The rewards of time: Now her estrangement from Harris brings into question her future work with non-violence and the peace movement, at least it brings it into question for those who don't remember the years she spent without David

fighting for civil liberties, or who haven't listened carefully to the anti-war passions she pours forth on *Billy Rose*.

But time has brought changes in Joan's militancy. For instance, she is much looser about living now, much less uptight about disagreements. She is able to laugh at questions that once set her flying. Unfortunately what the general press and therefore the public often misses is her extreme good humor. A practical joker, she is also often times devastatingly witty and a fine mimic. She is also willing and able to laugh at herself.

The years have also brought changes to Joan's appearance. More beautiful than any photograph has ever captured, she has a certain radiance that comes from inside. A cliché to be sure, but part of the truth when describing Joan.

Unwelcome star: A millionaire many times over were it not for her insistence on giving away the profits, Joan Baez is at best a contradiction in terms. Faithful to causes, yet unwilling to lay down her joy, she plays out a role as court juggler to the alternate culture. But even there she is not totally successful. Pacifism is not a welcome stance on the Star-Ship; and even the Woodstock nation doesn't buy the sanctity of life—be it George Jackson's or President Nixon's. No longer into changing people's heads, Joan says she is now involved in making people think.

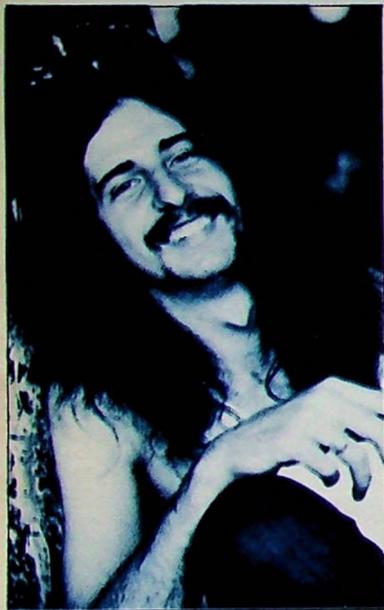
"I'm afraid of blind following, no matter who the leader is. One of the things that I didn't like about the non-violent workshops that came out of the South during the middle Sixties was that people were being programmed for certain situations. They were taught how to respond. I realize that kind of training was necessary for the circumstances: having immediate responses to a given situation probably saved lives.

"But today, I think something else is needed. It's a reevaluation of lives."

Undoubtedly, Joan has reevaluated her own life. She has changed her role from lover to wife, then back again, and from singer of another's vision to writer of her own views. What changes will she undergo from here? No one—even Joan—can know. But one thing is certain: her admirers will not be forced to comb the music press for evidence of her shifting thoughts—they will find the news in her songs.



Jimmy Spheeris: Climb The Magic Mountain!



Jimmy Spheeris: "Left home at sixteen, went to Haight-Ashbury, boogied my brains out," and reached the peak of fantasy.

"People are timeless and that's the truth. The body, this hunk of meat that I carry around with me, has been around for 22 years, but I have been around forever and will be around forever, just like you will be. So, we may as well have a good time."

Sitting cross-legged in the middle of a pitch-black room in the "wilds" of New York's East Village, Jimmie Spheeris is whispering, laughing softly and speaking very wisely. A Columbia recording artist, his first album is *Isle of View*.

He lives in New York, California, and lots of places in between. He sees the music business from the tinsel-free side, free from the distortion of hype. Jimmie Spheeris is completely free from any distortions; smiling he says: "I'm a really happy person, because I stay here. So many people are constantly worrying themselves about what has happened and what will happen instead of what is happening. . . ."

The music is crystal clear. It's heavily dependent on melody and comes from Jimmie's velvety voice, piano and guitar, plus the flute, bass guitar, acoustic guitar and occasionally the vocal chords of his

closest friend, Lee Calvin (a veritable one man band). Both Jimmie and Lee have magical, lovely voices which harmonize beautifully. "When Lee and I communicate musically," Jimmie explains, "there is no space between us at all, it's a complete communication and I don't care if he's not Eric Clapton or Hubert Laws on the flute, he's Lee on the flute and he understands what I'm doing and enhances it . . ."

The Magic Empire: Ask Mr. Spheeris about his past and he'll spin you a tale so strange it almost sounds untrue: "I was born in Greece, I didn't stay there very long, moved to the southern United States with my parents and two sisters. My father bought a carnival called the Magic Empire and took this carnival all over the South and Midwest. At one point, in Alabama, he was murdered; it was some civil rights trip. He had a spade working for him, running the Tilt-a-Whirl or something, and these people in the town got very upset. This was in the early fifties in Phoenix City, Alabama, which is a really terrible place. These people came to tell him that it wasn't cool to have this person working there, so he got into an argument with them and they shot and killed him and got off 'cause he was a wrestler. They said he was going to attack them and that a wrestler's hands are a legal weapon. I moved with my mother to Arkansas after that, stayed there for awhile. She bought a house and sold the carnival, then moved to California, lived in Southern California. I split, left home when I was sixteen, went to San Francisco, to Haight-Ashbury, boogied my brains out, got real strung out on drugs and stuff, moved to Los Angeles, then back to San Francisco . . ."

I cannot go anymore to the marshes

Where the gatekeeper smiles at the poisons he's made

For my heart belongs to the one on the mountain

Where the doves build their nests in the sun-ripened glade

"I Am The Mercury"

Out of the abyss: "Did you hear my song 'Mercury?' Jimmie asks. "It talks about the marshes down here (indicates floor) and it talks about the mountains up there. Today someone kept asking me what it means, but it's right there. Good and evil. Down here in the abyss,

unfortunately, the viewpoint that most people take is evil; but me—I'm not in my body. Right now, at this moment, I'm on the ceiling and I stay there: it's a lot easier to communicate . . ."

After candle-glow and a dimming fire when Lee sang (at Jimmie's insistence) and Jimmie harmonized swaying to the music's flow, he explained his inner peace: "I love people, that's really the only thing that is great in this whole universe and the secret of greatness, any kind of greatness is just to continue to love . . . I could never desire revenge for anybody, no matter what he does to me."

The six-foot-four musician gently lopes when he walks, he's got an inner grace. Onstage, he's soft-spoken, understated and highly personal. He tells the audience of mismatched gigs ("I opened one concert on the road with Sha-Na-Na, three thousand kids were there all greased and ready to kick ass . . . I told them to shut up") and complex inspirations.

Love in the feathers: Jimmie's masterpiece is a song called "The Nest." Sitting at the piano he tells us: "I'm going to sing you a song about a man from Mars, his parents were from Earth. They went to Mars on an expedition and got killed while they were there. His name was Michael Valentine Smith. . . . On Mars there's this religion that they have, and in this religion there are nine circles. The first of these circles is called The Nest, and the nest is a room padded with feathers. You take off your clothes to get into the nest; and once you're in you share water with someone; and once you share water you have their total trust and complete love; and then you make love and that's just the first circle. . . ."

Come to me now, dove on your shoulder

White flame of love burns on your breath

I am ready for flight

My wings are so ripe

Come wake me

Take me from the nest. . . .

"The Nest"

Jimmie Spheeris has emerged from the nest drunk with the power of love and of a full-blown talent. He writes about marshes and mountains, faraway planets and earth-love. He writes about himself and he writes about those he's never met . . . he writes about you. •

by Janis Schacht

Harry Chapin has a line for a song which he thinks he may never use—it runs something like this: "I must confess, I'm glad I'm blessed I'm a 29-year-old instant success." A tall, well-built, craggy-faced man with a short beard starting immediately beneath his chin, Harry's talents as a singer-songwriter have so strongly impressed the rulers of the music business that two powerful record companies battled it out for the right to issue his LP's, and his first album (*Heads and Tales*, on Elektra) has already received more FM airplay than some established superstars are getting. But success has not been as instant as Harry's unused song line would have you think.

Melancholy brewed in failure: In fact, Harry Chapin's lyrics often bear traces of the failures that dogged him as he plodded through a brief career on the Stock Exchange, a stint at the Air Force Academy, a year of architecture at Cornell and finally a heavy involvement with cinema. Harry spent six years working his way up in the film industry, and eventually won an Academy Award nomination for writing and producing *The Legendary Champions*—a boxing documentary. Nonetheless, in the fall of 1970 he found himself out of work and hassling for a hack driver's license. The dejection of those gloomy days comes through with painful clarity in his single, "Taxi"—the story of a man who meets the girl friend he once shared his dreams with. She'd wanted to be an actress; he'd aimed at being a pilot. Now she's a wealthy man's wife, absent-mindedly flagging down a cab; and he's the cab driver.

Harry never did actually become a cabby. "The day I was due to drive," he recalls, "I got offers for three films. But during the months before, my head went through changes. I thought of myself as a total failure, and I had this strong vision of meeting a girl I had been heavily involved with, whom I'd

Harry Chapin Wins The Right To Fail

just heard had sold out by marrying a rich man. She was from a rich family, but she had a dream of going out and making it on her own, being an actress. And I imagined meeting her in my cab, and both of us realizing how much we had sold out."

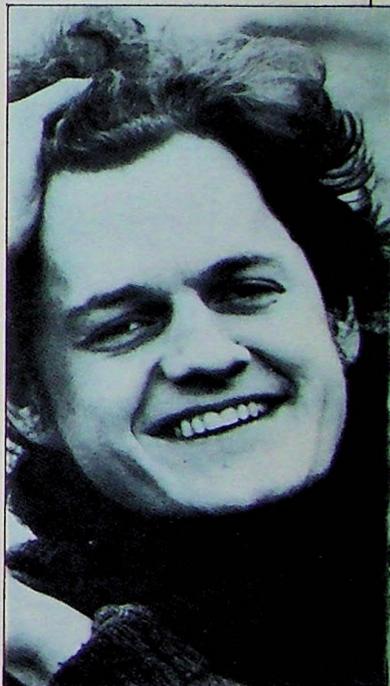
Musical battering ram: How did Harry finally get a chance to make it as a musician? While he was still in films, his brothers, Tom and Steve, were recording for Epic Records as The Chapins; and Harry spent his spare time penning songs for their act. Occasionally he'd write something that didn't fit his brothers' image, and the songs that didn't fit piled up. The crucial turning point came about a year ago when work in the film industry disappeared. Harry decided to gamble his future on his stack of unused music. He put an ad in *The Village Voice* for backup musicians, found Ron Palmer (electric guitar, harmony vocals), Tim Scott (cello), and John Wallace (high harmony vocals), and rehearsed them into a tight band.

Meanwhile, his brothers were getting restless. Hungry for exposure, they rented a club, paid for it themselves, and spent six weeks showing the world what they could do. Harry became the second act on their bill. The strategy of renting a showcase of their own worked . . . for Harry. The small audiences began to come back for more, and some of the listeners—notably the presidents of Columbia and Elektra Records, returned with offers of money. What began as a low-keyed competition for Harry's work ended in a small-scale battle, a battle Elektra won.

The right to loneliness: "I've never been so happily busy in my life," Harry declares with a big grin, obviously pleased with the demands he's had to cope with since he broke into the record world. But despite

his promising start, Harry's music continues to be heavy-hearted. "I used to write a tremendous number of happy songs," he explains. "It wasn't that I was feeling any happier then, but I was scared of failure. Well, having failed at many things, I'm not so scared of failure. I'm not so afraid of loneliness. I'm just lucky I can articulate my experience into songs." Harry Chapin may write lyrics that are sad, but it is, he hopes, the sadness of a jazz funeral—it ends with a reaffirmation of life.

by Anne Tan •



Harry Chapin: After six years as a film maker Chapin was out on the street—a twenty-eight-year-old failure.

Carol Hall's Musical Band - Aids

Carol Hall isn't worried about being a superstar. "I would say that I've made it big," she smiles. "if a skating rink played my songs. That would make me happy." Texas-born Carol is a delightful mixture of music, magic, and poetry. Her voice is unique and her songs are special. Her new Elektra LP *Beads And Feathers* is one of

the musical highlights of 1972 and could very well place Carol in the female-singer-star category soon. Carol, however, in her typical down-to-earth manner passes over the idea of success as lightly as possible. "I don't think about it really. I know too many crazies who have it. That probably sounds phoney, but I mean it."

Home on the range: Carol's matter-of-fact attitude seems quite amazing, but it might be the result of a childhood spent with a family of ranchers she describes as being "bone hard and rugged" and looking like "cowboys in the movies." Her first contact with music occurred when she was quite young. "My mother was a musician," she recalls. "She played violin in the local symphony. She couldn't afford a baby-sitter, so whenever she

played I wound up sitting in the middle of the French horn section. That's called being genuinely INTO music."

Home was "very repressive personally, emotionally and politically;" and as young Carol's love for music grew, so did her urge to leave. When she finally strayed from Texas to New York "essentially to get away," Carol found herself and her novel ideas about song writing unwanted.

"It was painful at times," she sighs. "Eight years ago when I

with it," she beams. "I love it."

Wounds and melody: The album captures Carol at her simplistic best. Her songs, compared at times to artists' sketches, are sensitive, melodic and completely devoid of any political or social editorializing. *Beads And Feathers* is just Carol and her music, which is really Carol and her memories.

"I write about my friends and me," she says. "Sometimes I call my songs musical band-aids because they cover the wounds one way or another."

that I'd love it. Then sent me the tapes and I cried all the way through it. Sooo, I called them up and yelled, and now the finished product is what we originally had at the end of four days."

Although *Beads And Feathers* should quickly establish Carol as a talented and extremely dynamic performer, she refuses that label. "I'm a songwriter," she explains. "and after this era is over with every songwriter singing their songs, I'll still be a songwriter."

"I've always written. I found a diary the other day that I wrote when I was ten. It was a novel. It bears a marked resemblance to *Little Women* and *Heidi*, but then again, I was ten. It says on the back of it that 'I am quite decided what I will be when I grow up. I will be a writer.' That was always in my mind one way or another. I just want to write songs, that's all I want to do."

Strategy for immortality: Carol's sincere and warm style, and her personal involvement with both her music and her audience have won her raves in scores of coffee houses and clubs, most notably New York's Bitter End. Yet, Carol insists that the audience is not the foremost thing on her mind.

"I think much more about my future as a writer. I've gone back to studying piano. Four hours a day is spent on keyboard alone. Harmonies. Theory. Things I've had before but forgotten. Bach; Chopin. Improvisation. Jazz. Things that I've never known before. The reason I'm doing this is so that no one will ever find the same baseline on my third album as they found on this one."

"I'd like people to think about me when they think about writers, not just women writers. And I want to keep writing. I don't want anyone to say 'Whatever happened to Carol Hall.'" Almost wistfully she adds, "... And I'd like to play the piano really well before I die."

Carol Hall is a somewhat amazing person... tremendously gifted, tremendously real. Listening to her relaxed, breezy music is like hearing an old friend. Yet, the girl who once sat hypnotized by the French horn section has now been thrust into a new realm of music, very unreal and perhaps, totally uncaring. Is she worried about her future in the Music Business? "I worry about being a sane person," she states. "I worry about being a good person, corny as that sounds. Touching people. I think touching people is what it's all about."

Carol Hall is beautiful. •

by Ed Naha



"I write about my friends and me. Sometimes I call my songs musical band-aids because they cover the wounds one way or another."

wanted to write for the theater, which has always been my first love, people would hear my songs and say, 'Hmmm. Well, it's not quite show music and it's not quite folk. Yet it's not pop either. What is it?' I'm only happy that now people tell me that there's money in being unique. We'll see if that's true."

After a rather contrived start in the music world with a debut album, *If I Be Your Lady*, Carol has finally come through with a true self-portrait in *Beads And Feathers* (on Elektra). "I'm delighted

Carol speaks freely about her new LP. "We made a perfect album, in my terms, in four days. It was just what I wanted. We came back from Muscle Shoals happy, and three days later the producer called up and said, 'We're going to put voices on 'Uncle Malcom' (a song tracing the poignant funeral of a distant relative). You know, 'ooh-wah, ooh-wah shoo-bop' stuff. And he was adding a saxophone to 'Carnival Man.' I said 'Don't do it.' He said, 'I'll call you from Muscle Shoals.' So he went and they laid it down. They called me and told me

Should A Young Girl Marry Her Moog? (The True Confessions of Annette Peacock)

Look out, sanity; here comes Annette Peacock! Not since the days when Captain Beefheart first tried on his trout mask has the record buying public been exposed to such bizarre sounds as those found on Annette's *I'm The One* LP. This new RCA release is essentially the touching story of a young girl and her moog synthesizer. What, you may ask, is so special about synthesized music? Well folks, Annette does not just USE moog in her music, she SINGS through one.

Annette's style lies somewhere between funky soul and the soundtrack of *Forbidden Planet*. There are no labels in existence that really fit. "I'll let critics try to categorize my music," smiles Annette. "Let's just say it's the music of Annette Peacock at a certain time."

Transistorized passion: *I'm The One*, which Annette describes as being "an album about love," is a phantasmagoric collection of almost totally unearthly sounds. The powerful effect a synthesized voice has on a listener is alarmingly hypnotic at times, yet Ms. Peacock refers to her unique brainchild almost casually. "Well, the synthesizer is a new and exciting instrument that's happening now. The way I've used it is original and different, but only time will tell if it's popular."

About her enigmatic brand of music, Annette explains, "I think it's mainly influenced by two styles of music: avant garde music . . . mostly jazz, and rhythm and blues. You know, people like James Brown and Otis. The thing I like about those two musics is the common feeling, the passion, the intensity there. That's what really turns me on to music . . . the emotions."

"Combining moog with Rhythm and Blues just seemed like a natural thing. When you stand up and sing, you have to decide if you're REALLY going to sing or what. It was just a matter of my fantasizing about what kind of a singer I was going to be. I wanted to be able to sing as strongly as I feel. The synthesizer allows this. I use it as an instrument. It's just a unique way of performing."

Token freak: Annette, whose idea of success is "making the kind of music you like," started plugging into synthesized sound some four years ago but found it hard to bring

her music to the public. "People were always interested in the idea of synthesized songs," she explains, "because it was a very strange thing. It was nice to have in a company catalogue. Record companies weren't interested in committing themselves to it, believing in it totally. That's where the problems arose. I've usually been considered the house artist. The token freak."

Since everything about Annette's electronic soul music is new, she may have some difficulty in attracting a following. But Ms. Peacock is ready for the challenge. "I don't know if it's the music that really reaches the people or that touches an audience. I think that it's more the performer that makes things happen. You know, something that the audience can identify with in the individual. I hope that when people hear what I have to say, they think, 'Yeah, that sounds right! That's something I've been through.' I think that's what really counts. A common feeling between performer and audience. I hope the music doesn't put people off, because it's not THE most important factor."

Off the anatomy: She may be extremely pleased with her debut album, but Annette is already making plans for future recordings and the changes they will bring to her music. "This will be the last time I sing about love," she states. "I mean the personal love song. What I'm really interested in now is religious music. I think that people are becoming concerned with things other than their genitals. To be able to think about your spirit, the universe and things larger than yourself; it's important for an artist to be able to deal on that level. Especially with the world the way it is now."

"By 'religion' I don't mean organized religion like Christianity and Zen. I'm talking about something bigger, universal. Something that's inside us all."

Along with pondering future recordings, Annette is mulling over the prospect of bringing live Peacock music to the concert stage. "I'm not really worried about it," reveals Ms. Peacock. "There's no sound on the new album that I can't duplicate live with about ten musicians. I guess I'll perform live either when I've built up a strong desire to do so, or when the au-

dience has built up a strong desire to have me."

Judging from the fantastically inventive talent present on *I'm The One*, that shouldn't be too far in the future.

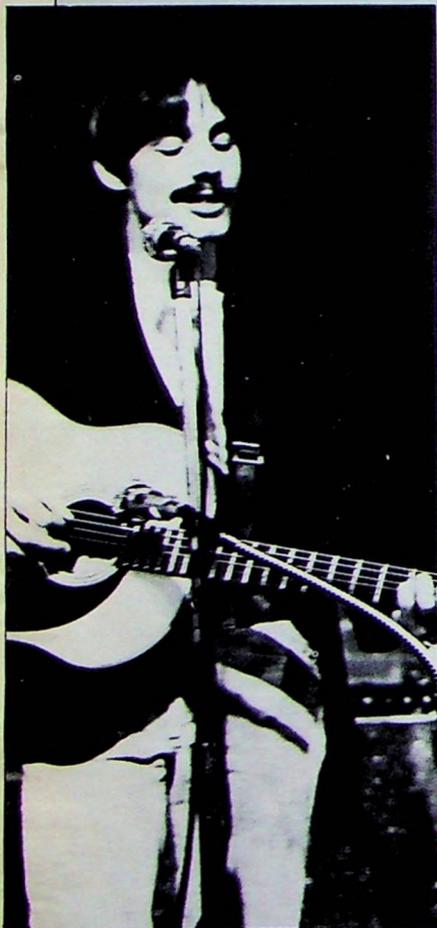
by Ed Na ha



Annette Peacock: Says the girl who wedded her larynx to a synthesizer, "This will be the last time I sing about love. I think that people are becoming concerned with things other than their anatomy."

Jackson Browne: The Legend That Came Out To Play

If I seem to be afraid
To live the life that I have made
in song
Well it's just cause I've been los-
sin' so long
I've quit my schemin', I don't do
all that dreamin'
These days
Don't confront me with my fail-
ures
I've not forgotten them. . .
"These Days" (Jackson Browne)



Jackson Browne: Browne's talent has gained him a legendary stature among the inner circles of the music world. But if he's going to win the public, this must be his year of decision.

by Janis Schacht

Ask any California music freak who Jackson Browne is and the odds are ten to one that the reaction will be, "Jackson Browne? He's a legend."

Now, with Jackson's first album *Saturate Before Using* (Asylum), millions will at last see what the nucleus of the music business has been aware of for years: songwriters may come and go but the lyrical genius of Jackson Browne will flow on forever.

Tiny and delicate like a nineteenth century daguerreotype, he stands before you, moustached, wearing a tattered jacket and (sometimes) steel-rimmed glasses. His cheekbones are hollowed after a starvation trip to avoid the draft. "I've never quite come back to myself," he admits.

Invisible playmates: Onstage, he stands alone, his guitar dwarfing his minimal personage. Jackson is a performer with a tremendous flair for the comic pause, he even makes stage patter seem oddly spontaneous. Making excuses for his musical dexterity (which is really far above average), he says: "I can't play *this* piano, they usually give me a player piano." And when he makes mistakes mid-song, which he occasionally does, he flubs with so much charm that it's actually endearing. He plays upbeat numbers alone and pauses for the 'break,' calling for his imaginary back-up group to "take it," then explains, "I always like to feature the band on this number."

Backstage he sits on the floor playing his guitar, straining for the notes he usually can't hit. Playing old rock and roll he pays his respects to The Everly Brothers, Roy Orbison and Buddy Holly, his musical mentors.

But a questioning singing voice, a comic charm and delicate good looks are not enough to make a man a legend in his own time. If you ask Jackson how it happened, he probably won't tell you: "Busting ass to get famous doesn't count," he says. Nowhere near the overnight success you might think him, Jackson's songs were being recorded as long ago as 1967 and perhaps even before then.

In that year, two of Jackson's compositions appeared on (of all things) the first Nitty Gritty Dirt Band album, *Ricochet* (Liberty). "It's Been Raining In Long Beach" was given true "Dirt Band" ragtime razzamatuzz. The other tune, a pretty ballad called "Shadow Dream Song," has since been re-recorded by Steve Noonan and Tom Rush (on his *Circle Game* album). Onstage Jackson tells us that in 1967 he drove cross-country

and found himself on the Lower East Side in New York, where he found work as a back-up guitarist. He played for Nico at The Dom, which eventually became the Electric Circus, and which now stands (like its neighbor the Fillmore East), a waste of broken memories. Nico in turn recorded three of Jackson's songs, including "These Days," on her first LP *Chelsea Girl* (Verve).

Contributions from Crosby and Nash: Eventually, Browne migrated back to Orange County, California where his name became linked with Steve Noonan and Tim Buckley. All three were signed to Elektra; and though Noonan and Buckley released their albums, nothing ever became of Jackson Browne. Though one music paper dubbed them "The Orange County 3," only Buckley made a name for himself. The sole landmark extant from that particular stage of Jackson's career is Noonan's album, which contained many of his compositions.

The truest interpretations of Jackson's material, however, come from Tom Rush. On his first album for Columbia, *Tom Rush*, he recorded "These Days" and "Colors Of The Sun," both of which Jackson includes in his own sets. But you never catch the full impact of Jackson's songs until you hear Browne sing them himself; for delivery is the key to understanding his music. "If I don't believe what I'm saying when I'm performing," he explains, "nobody will remember what I've said."

Now a member of the Geffen Organization (C.S.N.&Y., Mitchell, etc.) he seems slated to become a superstar. David Crosby sings harmony on his album and Nash adds his three cents worth in the form of high harmony on the re-recording of "Doctor My Eyes" for the single. With Linda Ronstadt having recorded "Rock Me On The Water," a tour with Joni Mitchell just completed, and Jackson himself admitting that he's finally learned to sing, this year shows all the signs of bringing a rush of growth to Jackson's career.

After all, even before he'd ever put a note to plastic, Lillian Roxon had included him in her *Rock Encyclopedia*, saying, "Some things take a long time to happen . . . when he does happen, when he's good and ready, the wait will have been worth it." The wait is over, the decision is yours.

(continued from page 14)

The Guess Who—Rockin' (RCA)

No one can accuse the Guess Who of not trying. Since their debut album arrived in the spring of '69, they have turned out a half dozen LP's and even survived the departure of Randy Bachman. They're a prolific lot, a resolute bunch of lads, a likable crew. Certainly they have a loyal following of singles buyers—almost all of their 45's make it to the top ten. But somehow, try as they might, they can't seem to come up with an album of sustained high quality. They've come really close, especially in their early efforts; but lately they seem to be just going through the motions. This is not to say that the motions can't be diverting and even entertaining in a tomfool sort of way, but how much of that can a person take? Back in 1960 when Johnny Preston unfolded the deathless saga of "Running Bear," the air was oddly right for just that much overblown silliness. When Guess Who try the same trick in 1972, it lies there like a block of bread pudding. "Get Your Ribbons On" comes close to being the best tune on the record, but it falls just a notch short of "Heartbroken Bopper" for this distinction. And there lies the irony. Guess Who seems fated to doing great singles and mediocre albums.

Blood, Sweat & Tears Greatest Hits (Columbia)

There are three basic schools of thought on Blood, Sweat & Tears. "They were never any good and still aren't." "They used to be good but they pissed it away." And "they're getting better all the time." Obviously if you agree with the first school, you will greet the release of the nine-man band's inevitable greatest hits package with indifference. If the second statement sounds right to you, then you'll probably be disappointed to learn that only two songs from the "Child Is Father To The Man" LP are included here. If you subscribe to the third view, all we can say is: here are the super smash golden greats, eat 'em up. For the record, it must be conceded that the majority of the songs on this LP really were big sellers. With the exception of "I Love You More Than You'll Ever Know" and "I Can't Quit iHer," which happen to be the two Al Kooper numbers. Interesting, eh? Will the next BS&T greatest hits package feature only two Clayton-Thomas offerings and a bunch of Doyle instant classics? Only time and the tide of public acceptance will tell.

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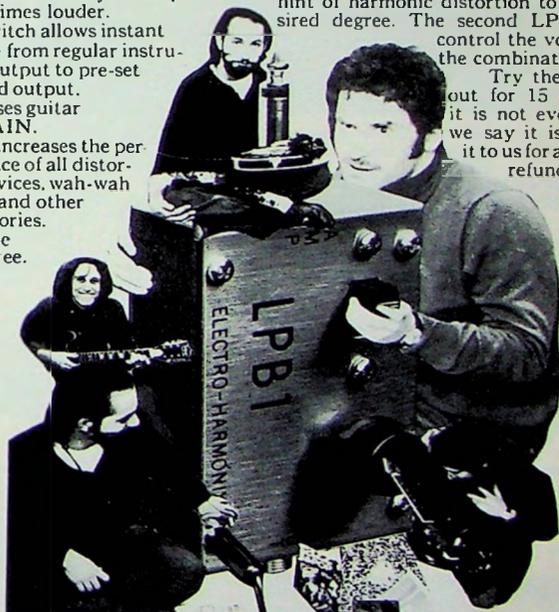
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hot wax predictions

Since music tastes and preferences vary, CIRCUS asks FM Programmers to predict what five records will be most likely to top the lists when we appear on the newsstand. Here are our predictions.

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The Allman Brothers: Some suspected they were exploiting Duane's death.



Edgar Winter: The story of why he dropped White Trash remains murky. Only Rick Derringer is willing to talk.



Steve Marriott reveals the ploys that put Humble Pie over the top in America.

WPLJ-FM

New York

1. America
2. Burgers — Hot Tuna
3. Border Lord — Kris Kristofferson
4. Eat A Peach — Allman Brothers
5. Peter — Pete Yarrow

KMET-FM

Los Angeles

1. Recall the Beginning — Steve Miller
2. Burgers — Hot Tuna
3. Thick As A Brick — Jethro Tull
4. Conception Land — Conception Corp.
5. ULULU — Jesse Davis

WMMR-FM

Philadelphia

1. Eat A Peach — Allman Brothers
2. Burgers — Hot Tuna
3. Feedback — Spirit
4. Something/Anything — Todd Rundgren
5. Don Quixote — Gordon Lightfoot

WKTK-FM

Baltimore

1. Saturate Before Using — Jackson Brown
2. Eat A Peach — Allman Brothers
3. Something/Anything — Todd Rundgren
4. Hellbound Train — Savoy Brown
5. Rockin' — Guess Who

WBEN-FM

Cincinnati

1. Jo Jo Gunne
2. Something/Anything — Todd Rundgren
3. Together — Jesse Colin Young
4. Burgers — Hot Tuna
5. Eat A Peach — Allman Brothers

CHUM-FM

Toronto

1. Something/Anything — Todd Rundgren
2. Burgers — Hot Tuna
3. Recall From the Beginning — Steve Miller
4. 1969 — Julie Driscoll
5. Tim Rose

WZMF-FM

New Orleans

1. Hellbound Train — Savoy Brown
2. Road Work — Edgar Winter
3. Burgers — Hot Tuna
4. Silver Pistol — Brinsley Swartz
5. Straight Shooter — James Gang

WMAL-FM

Washington, D. C.

1. Straight Shooter — James Gang
2. Burgers — Hot Tuna
3. Eat A Peach — Allman Brothers
4. Rockin' — Guess Who
5. Space and First Takes — Lee Michaels

KADI-FM

St. Louis

1. Dinnertime — Alex Taylor
2. Burgers — Hot Tuna
3. Eat A Peach — Allman Brothers
4. Brave Belt 2
5. Pure Prairie League

WHVY-FM

Springfield, Mass.

1. Feedback — Spirit
2. Straight Shooter — James Gang
3. ULULU — Jesse Davis
4. Silver Pistol — Brinsley Swartz
5. Eat A Peach — Allman Brothers

HOT WAX ON CAMPUS

WAYN

Wayne State University

Detroit

1. Tapestry — Don McLean
2. Face to Face With — Undisputed Truth
3. Mr. Funky — Roy Young
4. L. A. Midnight — B. B. King
5. America

WBCR

Brooklyn College

New York

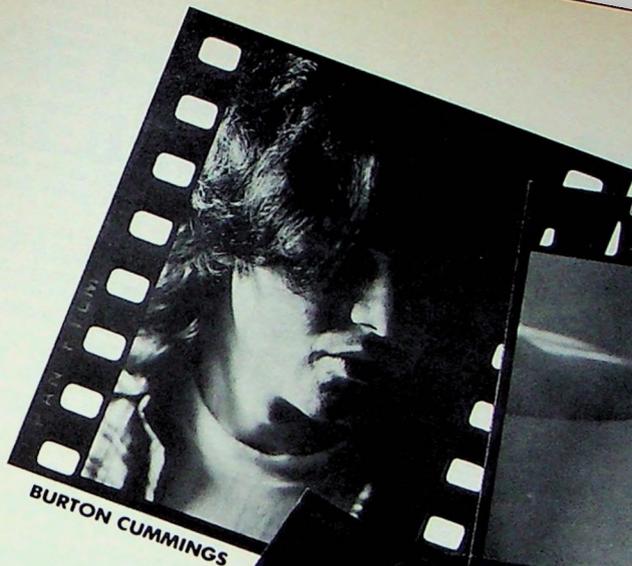
1. Burgers — Hot Tuna
2. State Farm — Jeffrey Shurtleff
3. Elementary — Doc Watson
4. Bang
5. Oh How We Danced — Jim Capaldi

WMUH-FM

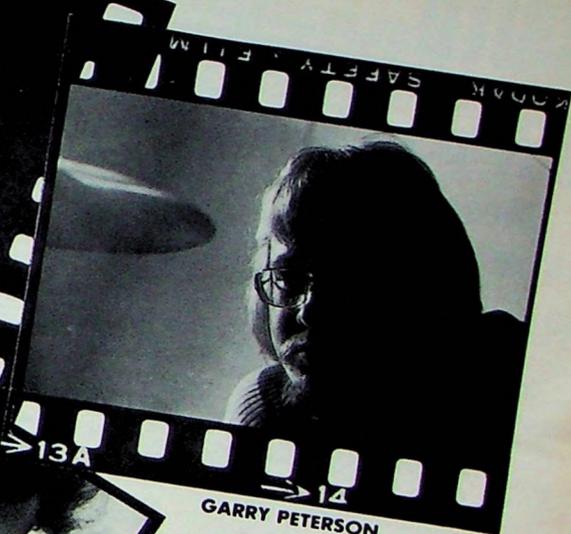
Muhlenberg College

Allentown

1. Oh How We Danced — Jim Capaldi
2. Science Fiction — Ornette Coleman
3. Dear Friends — Firesign
4. Danny Holien — Tumbleweed
5. Burgers — Hot Tuna



BURTON CUMMINGS



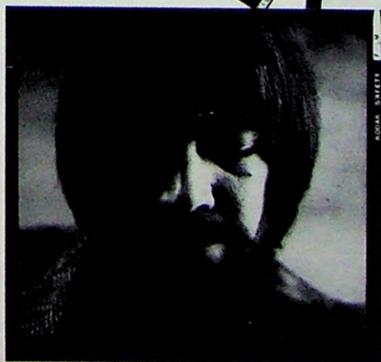
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The New Album by The Guess Who

A Nimbus 9 Production Produced by Jack Richardson



RCA Records and Tapes

Body Ecology: Blessed Be The Bathtubs!

Remember those good old days when your mother used to toss you into the tub whether you liked it or not, and force you to soak your way to cleanliness? She did it to separate you from a sizeable layer of dirt, right? But little did she realize that her tub of steamy water might also be good *medicine*. That's right, medicine—medicine that could be used to drive away pain, tension and fatigue.

The water cure: Over a century ago, Father Sebastian Kneipp began curing his Bavarian parishioners of their ills with his "water cure." Kneipp believed that all diseases were caused by impaired circulation or by the presence of poisons in the blood. His treatment consisted in part of warm herbal baths, warm or cold (depending on the illness) applications, and cold baths.

Hydrotherapy, the treatment of disease by water, had been practiced by the ancient Greeks and Romans; and as Father Kneipp's fame spread, the cure was revived and became popular again throughout Europe and America.

Today, medical authorities are skeptical about the "water cure," but they are aware of the fact that water of various temperatures does produce physiological effects. Cold water does constrict blood vessels near the body's surface, forcing blood to the internal organs. Hot water constricts blood vessels near the body's surface, forcing blood to the internal organs. Hot water opens blood vessels and forces blood from the interior of the body back to the surface, soothing the nerves which supply the surface skin and relaxing the nerves which effect the internal organs.

Using a bath thermometer (available in some drug stores and most medical supply stores) you can adjust your bath-water temperature to achieve all the benefits of this simple therapy. You may not cure diabetes, but you can gain temporary relief from pain, nervousness, exhaustion, and insomnia.

Bathtub prescriptions: Here are a few temperature "recipes" and their benefits:

Warm water . . . 85-95 degrees Fahrenheit . . . On a hot summer day 90 degrees is the best temperature for cooling the body. Cold water will cool you, but the results are not as long-lasting as this slightly warm bath.

Hot water . . . 95 to 105 degrees Fahrenheit . . . This will soothe internal nerves and organs. Relieve fatigue. And because of the rush of blood to the brain, will wake you up, not put you to sleep as many people think. Because of the effect on the nerves, pain is also relieved.

Varying the temperature of the water has its special effects too: Starting with warm (85 to 95) and gradually increasing the temperature to very hot (105-110) will relax the sorest muscles. Tension and pain will gradually fade away as the water becomes warmer.

Alternating cold (45-65) and hot (95-105) water will relieve congestion of the internal organs, but unless you have two tubs in your bathroom this is best done in a shower. Try it next time you have a headache, menstrual cramps, or your stomach is feeling poorly. Remember to always finish the alternation with cold water.

A tub of mayonnaise: Baths can also be used for applying medications to the skin. However, because you need such a large amount of medicinal substance to prepare a medicated bath, medicate your tub only when you need the desired effects the most.

For irritated or inflamed skin an emollient bath is the best treatment. Use any one of these ingredients in a bathtub of warm to hot water: one cup of glycerine; one pound of oatmeal; or one pound of starch (mix in cold water, then add enough boiling water to get a gluey consistency before you add the starch to the tub).

To relieve itching, add two pounds of bran to the bathwater.

For dry skin, rub the entire body with any nut or seed oil or mayonnaise and soak for at least twenty minutes in a hot (95-105) bath. Whatever residue is left on the skin after soaking, leave there and gently rub into the skin as you dry.

Herbal baths have various benefits, depending of course on the

herbs you use. Camomile and mint are excellent muscle relaxants. Lavender is soothing to the nerves. A mixture of nettle and marigold is stimulating. Herbs may be steeped in boiling water until a strong infusion is made which can then be poured into the bathwater; or they can be placed in a small muslin or cheesecloth bag and held under the faucet as the hot water pours into the tub.

So, baths are for more than just getting the dirt out; but if you should decide to get clean in the process, it's best to use either a Turkish bath brush or a loofah, a kind of natural sponge with a smooth side and a rough, more abrasive side. These not only stimulate circulation, but also remove the dry, scaly skin cells from the surface of the body.

A Shot Of Oxygen

Oxygen boost: Breathing is more than just letting the air fill your lungs and allowing the carbon dioxide to flow out. Breathing deeply and correctly can increase the function of your heart and lungs and benefit your total fitness. The more oxygen your lungs draw in, the more oxygen they supply to every cell, tissue, and organ of your body.

If you're going to breathe properly your chest must be flexible, so it can allow enough room for the lungs to expand. Your chest muscles must be free from constricting tension.

One of the common symptoms of nervousness and anxiety is tightness in the chest and shallow breathing, and the tighter the chest becomes the harder it is to breathe properly—a cycle of tension, physical and mental, has begun.

Anti-up-tight: The following exercise (borrowed from Yoga) will help you achieve chest flexibility and relaxation: lie back on the floor with your hands resting at your sides palms up, and your legs a few inches apart with feet relaxed. Inhale slowly, let the air fill your lungs as you count to ten, and force your diaphragm downward as far as you can.

Hold your breath to a count of fifteen.

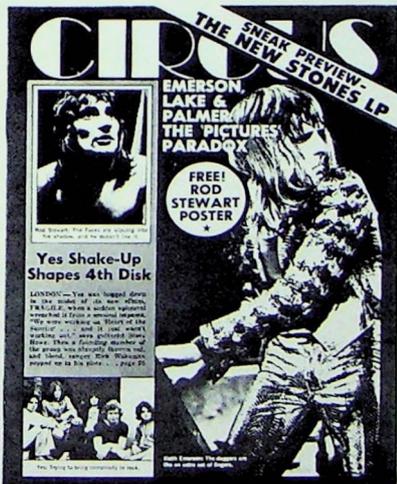
Then slowly exhale to a count of ten. This time force your diaphragm up as far as it will rise by drawing in your stomach.

Whenever you feel edgy or nervous, take an "oxygen break." You can do it sitting in chair if it's not practical to lie down. The rush of added oxygen to the brain will wake you up and calm you down. •

BETTER THAN A RESERVED SEAT AT JAGGER'S BREAKFAST TABLE

... **Peter Townshend** lounged in a swanky restaurant and rapped to us about how synthesizers and movie cameras could put the adrenaline back in rock.

... **Ringo** settled himself by a swimming pool in Spain to tell us about the days when Paul was hounding him with a lawsuit.



... **Alvin Lee** fiddled with his clogs in a record company office and asked us to point out that "I'm Going Home" is not where Ten Years After is at.

... **Dr. John The Night Tripper** sat down to a telephone in L.A. and told us how he got **Mick Jagger** and **Eric Clapton** to play on his latest album.

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The Rise Of The Super-Sidemen: Bobby Whitlock



The machinery that used to turn out superstars is now disgorging a new product—the super-sidemen. Witness the case of Clapton/Harrison crony Bobby Whitlock.

by Arthur Robenstone

"... The finest players in the world sat in to make Bobby's debut album one of the strongest initial rock and roll albums of the decade."

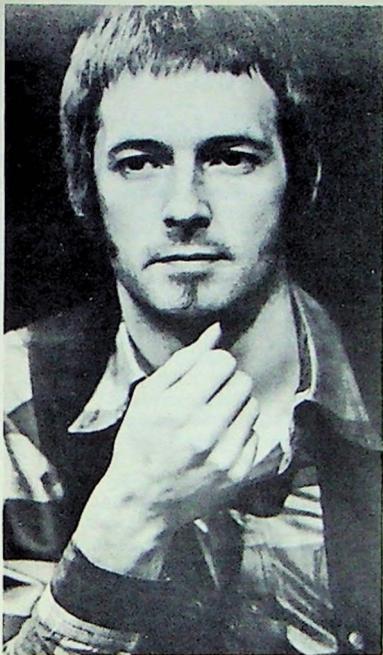
ABC, Dunhill Press Release

You cannot see them, but as you hear the manager talking in the other room, you imagine: bald, with sideburns, fat, in a blue tailor-

ed suit, his face glistening with perspiration and pock marks. The accent and the cigar smoke is New York, although this is Los Angeles. Production costs for the first album were apparently too high for the management's purposes; he emphasizes to the performer that all is being done for *his* interests, and suggests that it would be far wiser to exhibit a bit of fiscal restraint in

future pursuits. "For your own good," his voice bellows.

"Oh, I'm only learning," shrugs Bobby Whitlock, 23, formerly of Bonnie and Delaney and Derek and the Dominoes, and according to his press release, "a veteran musician . . . and one of the most respected writers and performers in the world of rock and roll." Memphis-born, on the road for the past five years, a



Eric Clapton: Whitlock was "just sitting quietly in the corner playing the piano" when all hell broke loose.

resident of England, he wears the colors of Southern California, where he is getting his first band together since he went on tour with Bonnie and Delaney. His well-tanned face shows he's taken advantage of the California winter sun. "I'm just learning," he says again. "You know, this was the first time I went into a studio with my own material, and so I'm finding out a few new things."

The super-backup syndrome: When Bobby Whitlock was playing with Bonnie and Delaney, Eric Clapton and George Harrison, he was outside the center. As a sideman, he was like a minor character in a play: he filled a necessary hole, but there was always that star performer out front. It was not Bobby Whitlock's *All Things Must Pass*, or Bobby and the Dominoes.

As has happened with a number of those who have played in the background of major name stars, Bobby has recorded his own solo album . . . with a little help from his "friends." Bobby's story is actually symptomatic of an ironic turnabout in the flow of musical fame. The rock and roll machine which was producing super stars a few years ago is now disgorging a bumper crop of super-backup men: musicians like Nicky Hopkins (who gets

most of the credit for the Stones' *Jamming With Edward*) and Dave Bromberg (who was backed on his first solo album by George Harrison).

Whitlock, a prize product of the new trend, smiles slightly, sits back and waits to be asked what he's asked about a lot these days. . . . like Delaney and Bonnie . . .

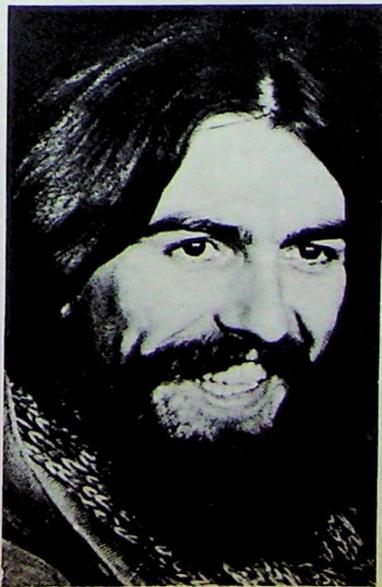
"I had a band in Memphis, and one night Delaney came to listen to us play. He asked me if I wanted to go to California with his band, and I left with them the next day." He stayed with the group for three years, playing on all five albums. "It was like a family. It provided me with a real rock and roll education."

... or Eric Clapton . . .
"I was the last to leave Bonnie and Delaney. We met Eric when we were touring Europe. He asked me to join Derek and the Dominoes when he was forming it." Bobby learned to play the organ about six years ago, but it was in Derek and the Dominoes that he developed into a pianist. He also sang on the album (*Layla*, Atlantic) and lent a hand in writing about half of the songs.

... or George Harrison . . .
"When the Dominoes were in England, George was doing *All Things Must Pass*, and asked us to play on it. It was really an experience working with him."

Clapton to the rear: When the Do-

George Harrison: Back in the days of *All Things Must Pass*, Whitlock was backing Harrison. Now Harrison's backing Whitlock.



minoes split. Whitlock holed up in his English home with his girl friend Paula, concentrated his energies on sculpting material for an album of his own, then telephoned the Stones' producer, Jimmy Miller, and went into the studio with his former superstar comrades and an awesome assortment of friends (Jim Keltner, Bobby Keyes, Bobby Womack, Chris Wood, Klaus Voorman, Jim Price, 22 string musicians, and the kitchen sink) to record his first solo release—*Bobby Whitlock* on ABC Paramount. Clapton played lead on most of the tunes, and Harrison came by to play on a couple more. "I wrote all of the songs and produced it myself," says Whitlock. "I didn't think anyone else knew what I wanted. It just made it more me."

The songs on the album cover most of Whitlock's musical tastes—and life. "Dreams of a Hobo" was the first song he ever wrote, when he was fourteen. "I started playing the guitar a long time back. I really started my musical career singing in my father's choir back in Tennessee." The elder Whitlock was a fundamentalist. "Hellfire-and-Damnation" preacher back in Memphis, where Bobby was born. Whitlock's country church roots are still evident in his singing, writing and playing. "My songs," says he, "are country songs, and rock and roll, and pretty things, you know. I just like music. I don't listen much to other people; I just like to play a lot. I want the songs I write to tell stories; I don't like any jive in the music I play."

Crackup of the Dominoes: "I've paid a lot of dues," he continues. "I'm still paying dues." Since the Dominoes split up ("things were getting tense, and one day Jim Gordon sort of ignited a spark and things blew up. I was just sitting quietly in the corner, playing the piano"), Whitlock has been playing around with different musicians, looking for the right combination. "I went through 60 guitarists before finding Rick Vito." He also found bassist Keith Ellis and drummer Shelly Silverman. "I think it's a Jim Dandy of a group. This band is ready to rock."

After the rehearsals in L.A., Whitlock was looking forward to a big tour. "I'm really happy with this band. Right now, we're just rarin' to go anywhere they send us."

Bobby still has strong feelings towards his roots. "When I was back in Memphis recently, I sang in my father's church." And there's a good chance that he'll be singing in a lot more homes in the near future. •

our back pages

by Walli Elmlark

The Battle Behind Cocker's Tour

Joe Cocker. Sneaking around like a spy.



The biggest storm of controversy and excitement to hit the East Coast rock community in years began with the announcement in several British papers that Joe Cocker had busted out of hiding and flown to Connecticut in order to cut an album and plan a sudden 20-city tour. A&M Records was flooded with calls to confirm the Cocker story, and squads of reporters were sent to comb the Connecticut hills and flush Joe from his secret residence. Within a week the word came out that Cocker was moving from one rented house to another in an attempt to elude his pursuers. With him was Chris Stainton's new band—destined to back Cocker on the anticipated recording sessions.

Joe's moves quickly gave birth to a behind-the-scenes struggle of gargantuan proportions. Cocker had previously refused to tour the States until his manager, Dee Anthony, released him from a contract which did not expire until 1974. But Dee wouldn't let Joe loose. When the news appeared that Cocker would soon go on the road, a call to Dee Anthony's office proved surprising—he knew nothing about it. Premier Talent, Joe's booking agency, also knew nothing.

Meanwhile, trade papers announced that Cocker was being managed by Nigel Thomas, who

handled the Grease Band and an English group called Juicy Lucy; but legally, Joe was still welded firmly to Dee Anthony—any connection he might have with Thomas was strictly a breach of contract. As the story unfolded, the popular belief was that Thomas had told Joe not to worry about the contract with Dee, that everything had been "taken care of."

Further investigation disclosed that Nigel had Joe, Chris Stainton, ex-Grease Band guitarists Alan Spenner and Neil Hubbard, Juicy Lucy guitarist Glenn "Fernando" Campbell, and British West Indies drummer Conrad Isadore holed up in Westport, Connecticut—first at the home of Andrew Loog Oldham, one-time manager of the Rolling Stones, and later in three rented houses. When rumors began to flow that there would be several concerts at Madison Square Garden, the battle between Joe's managers began in earnest. Dee Anthony swiftly slapped injunctions on Madison Square Garden and even on the unfortunate newspapers and radio stations which had accepted ads for the concert. According to inside sources, two young men disguised as journalists then appeared at Cocker's Westport hideout and asked for an interview. Cocker naively let the gentlemen in, only to discover that they had come to hand him an envelope with a legal injunction against his live appearance onstage. With that, the Cocker concert stopped dead in its tracks.

The mystery of the year, next to Irving's book on Howard Hughes, was how Nigel Thomas thought he could sneak Joe into an American tour without being blocked by Dee Anthony. A week after the injunctions were served, Thomas and Cocker were finally forced to settle the stalemate by offering Anthony roughly \$300,000 to tear up the old management contract and let the show go on the road.

Dee and Joe reportedly parted that evening "with a big hug," and the next morning tickets went on sale for the current Cocker tour. But the previous weeks of strife had witnessed enough intrigue to leave what may be lasting scars.

Humble Pie: A Black Oak Roadblock

Humble Pie had a nasty, or at least bothersome problem involving a title change on their latest album. Following their fall U.S. tour, the group returned to London and recorded their first platter of total, good old rock 'n roll. They called the LP *Hot and Nasty* . . . at least for a few days. Then they learned of an American group called Black Oak Arkansas that had a single of the same name. The album title had to be changed, and now appears in your local record shop as *Smokin'*.

Watch for a new album by Leon Russell sometime around June on the Shelter label. Rod Stewart is also due for a "solo" release about the same time. Speaking of Rod, the Faces have been trying to incorporate a four-ring circus and four straight, short-haired musicians into their act. The circus contributions will hopefully include acrobats, clowns, aerialists, and something to do with a hippopotamus. The Big Top troupers will open the show, then the tuxedoed musicians will play a trumpeted fanfare, and finally . . . THE FACES. (So far only the high wire act seems to have come through.)

Humble Pie: Everybody wants to be "Hot and Nasty."



(additional information by Patrick Wm. Salvo, FOA)

Strange Fruits From Spirit's Split

The new Spirit consists of a witch, a lawyer and two brothers. An assortment definitely out of the ordinary. But what, you may ask, happened to the *old Spirit*? The original group was formed in 1967 and consisted of five members: John Locke, Jay Ferguson, Mark Andes, Randy California and Ed Cassidy. The band made four albums, then things started to fall apart, literally. Randy fell off a horse and badly injured his head. Not long after, Jay and Mark fell out, then joined up with Matthew Andes (Mark's brother) and with Curley Smith to form Jo Jo Gunne.

About the same time a bass player named Al Healey decided to take a trip to California. Through a friend he met Spirit's Ed Cassidy and John Locke—the only two members of the group who still remained. After their first jam, the trio knew they had something going. So the new Spirit, containing only three members, stepped out of the shadows and started to appear

in concert.

"I was really scared," says blond, English-looking Al Healey. "I felt like I was trying to fill the shoes of three guys. Keyboard, drums and bass is a pretty weird combination to begin with, and when we walked onstage the only two guys the audience recognized were Cass and John, and the only other one was me. But it was really a great thing to go through, 'cause by the end of the concert we always won them over."

Last November John Healey, Al's younger brother, left home in Texas to visit his newly successful sibling.

"We all started to fool around on our instruments," smiles kid-brother John, "and it was like magic! I went back home to Texas that weekend, played my last gig with the band I was in at the time, packed my bags and moved to California."

One week later the group that now makes up Spirit was recording



Spirit: A witch, a lawyer, and Jo Jo Gunne.

their first album on Epic Records.

"The fantastic thing," says Al, "is that I was discouraged about hearing nothing new musically, but after learning and playing off each other, we've been able to blend John Locke's and Cass's jazz background into our rock orientation and create something new. It's great!"

The Keith Emerson solo album on Mercury Records does not contain former Colosseum drummer Jon Hiseman and King Crimson's Robert Fripp as rumored. Robert Fripp himself disclosed the fact that while Emerson's album is indeed a reality, Fripp is not on it. "I would never work with Keith," stated Robert. As for Jon Hiseman, "We're friends. We phone each other up from time to time and moan at each other."

Fripp has produced an album entitled *Septober Engery* for the elephantine group known as Centipede. Centipede consists of 50 musicians hand-chosen by the band's founder, Keith Tippett, and woven together for this undertaking. "So far there are no plans for a United States release," says Fripp.

As to the fate of King Crimson, it may still be up in the air. Discussion had been going on of breaking up at the close of the last American tour. "We had been pretty certain of the break up," says Ian Wallace (drums). "Personality conflicts, you know. But we're playing better than ever before, so who knows? I've had offers to join the Bonzo Dog Band and Bell and Ark; but, I prefer to continue to play with Mel (Collins-sax and flute) and Boz."

Fripp Gives Emerson Cold Shoulder

Bob Fripp: "I would never work with Keith!"



Photos: Jeff Mayer, FOA

Dylan Leaves The Shadows



Bob Dylan: Polishing a new album.

It looks as if Bob Dylan is coming out of hiding for good. He's reported to have recorded lead vocals for an LP of Allen Ginsburg's poetry that John Lennon is producing. And according to writer Vicki Wickham, he's been working on a new album of his own at New York's Record Plant. What's more, he's said to have dropped into the offices of *The Village Voice*—Greenwich Village's influential newspaper—and asked that the paper turn its attention to Anthony Scadutto's Dylan biography . . . to denounce it.



T. Rex: A Blitz, A Blast, A Bombshell



T. Rex hit Los Angeles, almost literally. With a pre-arrival hype that overflowed with claims that "the group has caused more riots in England than any band since the

heyday of the Beatles and the Stones." Marc Bolan and company came to conquer America. There can be little doubt but that they succeeded. There wasn't any riot at the Palladium, where the group played, but the excitement was high; and Mick Jagger, who is rapidly becoming toast master for L.A., showed up. T. Rex concurrently had two singles high on the local charts, to say nothing of their national hit.

But despite the look of the group and the sudden "overnight" success, Marc Bolan remains unusually down to earth, with a personality that remains human despite his far-out clothes and slender-waisted English-Pop-Star appearance. He makes no bones about the fact that when the group was Tyrannosaurus Rex, they were underground heroes—loved by a select few, lauded by the critics, etc.—a situation, Marc definitely wanted to change: so he turned to rock and roll and is making millions. At least he's honest about it, and the

music's good.

The documentary film made during the last four closing nights of the Fillmore will be out late this spring. Made by Medion, the film is every bit as much a chronicle of the character of Bill Graham as it is a monument to the musical experience of those four last days. As such it's an excellent film. It would be a shame if the residual resentment against rock and roll movies demolished this picture's chances for success.

Included in performance are Cold Blood, Lamb, It's A Beautiful Day, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Hot Tuna, The Jefferson Airplane, The Grateful Dead and Santana. The most outstanding number in the almost two-hour movie is the Grateful Dead's performance of "Johnny B. Goode." The excitement generated by the song and by Jerry Garcia's incredible guitar playing leaps out from the screen like an insane exaggeration of what movies should be.

Harrison's Friends Hit The Screen

The film version of the Concert for Bangla Desh will definitely be released in May. The movie was shot in 16mm and is being transferred to 70 mm (like 2001); this is probably the first time 16mm has been blown up to such a degree. The sound is being specially transferred so as not to lose any of the perfect balance. At this writing a distributor for the United States has not yet been secured, but in Europe the film will be released by 20th Century Fox with a hefty part of the profits going to the Bangla Desh Refugee Relief Fund.

The film is scheduled to be released in America this summer; and Allen Klein's office is confident that the motion picture will re-generate interest in the album, thus giving the extra impetus needed to overcome fading album sales.

Joan Baez's single, "The Song of Bangladesh," will have all profits going directly to the United Nations Relief Fund for Refugees. The Doors have also donated the profits from one of their songs to the Refugee Fund.

Country Joe: No Peace In The Movement



Country Joe McDonald: "I will not put much energy into being famous."

Country Joe McDonald has left Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland's FTA (Free The Army) Show and refused to go to Asia with the rest of the group, after touring various military bases throughout the country. As Joe explains it, the tour was taking too much time away from his family, and the rest of the troupe had an almost religious fervor about their political views, tolerating no variations from the "group line."

Joe McDonald did have the utmost praise for the army people he met on his leg of the tour. "They're the best audience I've ever played to." Joe has released six albums on his own since leaving the Fish, and says frankly, "I will not put as much energy into being famous on my own as I did when I was with the group. If it happens, fine, but there are more important things than that." Two things of such importance are his wife Robin and their four-year-old daughter.

This Spring, Joe will teach a class in writing music at an experimental public high school in San Francisco called Opportunity High.

A Jigger Of Jagger, A Bite Of Berry

The Rolling Stones have been living in Los Angeles for the last few months, and every once in a while you realize just how much excitement the mere presence of this group can generate. With every opening of a new show, phone calls go back and forth that Mick and company will show up in force; more often than not no Rolling Stone ever materializes, but the rumors still persist.

At the Black Oak Arkansas concert with Chuck Berry, not only did the Stones show up, but Keith Richards joined Berry on stage while Jagger danced gleefully behind the large amps. Richards was not the only one playing along with Berry—Ian Stewart, Carl Radle and Jim Gordon also climbed up on the stage. The three extra musicians played about five songs before Berry asked them to depart; and Richards, tipping his hat, led the others off stage. After that, Berry ran through 45 minutes more of music, followed by a rousing standing ovation.

It was a minor miracle that Black Oak Arkansas could come onstage and manage to hold their own after Berry's spectacular set.

The Rolling Stones And Chuck Berry: Rock's first sons jam with the daddy.



Photos: Jeff Mayer, FOA



Neil Young has made a movie called *Journey Through the Past*, described by his friend and manager David Geffen as "a semi documentary." The film features Young and some of his friends, including Crosby, Nash, and Carrie Snodgrass. Right now Young is still cutting the film; and Geffen says, "Unless Neil is happy with the results, we won't release the picture. There isn't going to be any attempt to release it just because it's Neil's and people would pay to see it. If it's truly good and warrants it, we'll take it to the Festivals and get the largest release possible." If it is released, it will belong to Warner Bros..

A power failure cut off an oldies night at the Whiskey A Go Go on the Sunset Strip. United Artists records was sponsoring the return to the Fifties with a bill that featured The Ventures, Del Shannon, Freddy Cannon, Bobby Bee, The Fleetwoods, and Jan and Dean. To make matters more critical, the entire evening was slated to be filmed as well. But when the power went out and generators could not be found to replace the electricity, voices from the audience rose to sing their own "old songs." A few people could be heard calling for the Persuasions (they sing a *capella*) or the Beach Boys, who would have at least been able to stand in for the faltering amplifiers. But, alas, neither group was anywhere within hearing distance.

Leon Russell is in the studios cutting Freddy King's next album. Leon's next tour will begin somewhere around June.

The McCartney's, Linda and Paul are in Los Angeles cutting their next album.

Lou Adler who produced The Mamas and the Papas, Carole King, Merry Clayton and David T. Walker (among others) is now working with a group called The Robinson Family. They're black, and someone described them as being Harlem's answer to the Partridge Family.

Melanie made an unprecedented appearance at West Point, the United States Military Academy. Despite the fact that Melanie is an avowed pacifist and the Academy trains military officers, the cadets seemed determined to hear her on their home territory—they invited her to come, and responded warmly to her performance.

Neil Young's Thirty Five Millimeter Blues



Neil Young: Keeping his movie to himself

Mountain Cracks, Bruce Picks Up The Pieces

Mountain is no more, at least as a touring band. But don't despair, something possibly even better is in the works—an ensemble that some say will slam the slumbering sound of rock back into action. It's a new band composed of former Mountain guitarist Leslie West, ex-Mountain drummer Corky Laing, and ex-Cream bassist Jack Bruce. The new group got started when Felix Pappalardi tired of touring and insisted on spending time at his Nantucket farm and on getting back behind the controls to produce other groups. The thought of cooling their heels at home didn't sit well with West and Laing, whose restless streaks are deep and hungry for travel. In Leslie's words, "We couldn't stay off the road, we have a lot of energy to work off."

So Corky and Leslie boarded a plane for England to scrape up a new touring partner. The first prospective traveling companion the ex-Mountaineers telephoned when they got to London was Jack Bruce, who ambled into Island Studios with them for a jam. After eleven minutes trying their skills on the Stones' "Play With Fire," the trio was hit with the eerie conviction that they were fated to play togeth-

er. Jack was so enthusiastic that he disbanded the group he'd been touring with, gave Corky Laing his custom built sports car as a birthday present, and wrote his first batch of songs for the new organisation.

Meanwhile Felix Pappalardi arrived in England, stepped off the plane, purchased a music paper, and was disturbed to read that his drummer and guitarist had abandoned him. But all was not as evil as it seemed. Mountain is still bound by its contracts to record several more LP's, and West and Laing were still willing to live up to their commitments. So Mountain will continue to crackle in the studio. But when it comes to the road, there is a new unit—tentatively titled West, Bruce and Laing. First appearances were slated for last month (March) in Louisiana.

The new band's premier LP, on the other hand, is another problem. A lot of old contracts are going to have to be cleared away before the paths are legally opened for a West, Bruce and Laing release. But the first tracks are already in the can. Andrew Johns, brother of Glyn Johns (producer of the Stones and the Who) caught the trio's historic first jam on tape.



Jack Bruce: New group with Leslie West.



Iggy Popp: He'll try not to bloody himself up.

Iggy Is Back !

Iggy is back! Yes, Iggy Popp, master of shattered microphones, torn flesh (hiw own), and peanut-butter-and-glitter-smears stage shows. He's shed the Stooges, slipped out of the hammer lock of some nasty habits ("He's clean," manager Don Hunter has reportedly said, kicked the ultra-violent stage routine that used to send him bleeding to the hospital, and shown up in London to set up a residence and start all over again. Does this mean that Iggy's going to give up the self-mutilation that once rocketed him from anonymity in Michigan to international prominence? Well, not exactly. He'll still be "wild," says his manager, but he'll try not to hurt himself.

Melanie: What, Me Popular ?

Melanie has been thrown for a loop by her public's love for some of her recent and most popular singles. "Brand New Key," for example, just never struck her as the raw material for a hit. "I really don't understand it," she told reporter Phil Symes. "like I didn't understand the success of 'What Have They Done To My Song.' It's weird, those two songs only took about two minutes to write—they were no effort at all—just like doodles." Doodles from the proper hands can apparently pack a wallop.



Melanie: "I don't understand it."

George Harrison continues to frustrate the guts out of his fans by holding off on an LP of his own. Meanwhile he's collaborated on several songs with black gospel belter Billy Preston. "I'd like to put them on my next album," says Billy.

Marc Bolan and T. Rex took off for the French countryside to lay down tracks for their next album, which is probably destined to hit the U.S. record stores next month (May). The boys set their amps up in the sedate and splendid studios of Chateau D'Herouville, a large mansion nestled in the center of a lush and lovely Gallic farm.

Bell and Arc, heralded in *Circus* several months ago as the "home of a potent shouter" (Graham Bell), have split. Graham Bell, the shouter in question, is off to carve his own niche as a solo artist.

Satan's Rays Slap Black Sabbath



Black Sabbath: Bullets on the third song.

Black Sabbath's dark image has definitely cost them more trouble than it's worth. Ozzie Osbourne recently admitted that on one of the group's American tours, the band was warned that they would be shot down when they got to their third song of the evening (in witchcraft circles, three is a powerful and potentially evil number). When the third song arrived, the lights in the theater suddenly blacked out and Ozzie found himself "paralyzed with fear." Reporter Chris Charlesworth, who spent four days touring with Sabbath recently, reports that the incident has left a scar of fear which the "Dark Princes of Rock" will probably never shake.

England can't afford to pay the price of transporting the Jefferson Airplane across the ocean anymore. Promoters of the Canterbury Festival tried to lure the Airplane to British shores, but Gracie and the gang announced that they need 25 technicians and roadies to engineer their lighting and sound, \$30,000 to transport the 25-man tribe, and another \$20,000 to pay for the performances themselves. The Canterbury promoters decided to look for a less expensive act.

Britishers are saying good-bye to bootlegs. First Geoffrey Collins, who had dubbed himself "the Bootleg King," dropped out of the illicit record business. Then Virgin Records, London's biggest above-the-counter bootleg distributor, decided to go legit and establish a legal label with artists of its own. Now that the giants of the bootleg business have packed their bags and gone off to greener fields, British buyers are going to be forced to put up with records from the established labels.

Jefferson Airplane: A Case Of Inflation



Jefferson Airplane: Too much money for transporting the tribe.

The Taming Of Savoy Brown

After thirty-six breakups in five years, the world's most unstable rock band finally learns the secret of sticking together.



Photos: Jeff Mayer, FOA

by Patrick (Willie Boy) Salvo, Feathers of an Angel and Howard Bloom

Eleven months ago at this time, Savoy Brown, the five-year-old blues ensemble, could easily have earned the title of "England's Most Unstable Rock Band." In less than 59 months, they had run through 36 members, had never made two American tours in a row with the same personnel, and had never completed two albums with the same set of credits. Only manager Harry Simmonds and his brother, lead guitarist Kim, had weathered the group's staggering string of splits and re-formations. Now all that has changed, and the Simmonds brothers hope it has changed for good. "I think we've set a

record," says Kim with a touch of disbelief. "The same group has actually made two albums consecutively." What's more, the group has actually held together long enough to go through three American tours without falling apart.

What has suddenly gone right with Savoy Brown? Why have they gotten a grip on stability after it's eluded their grasp for five straight years? The solution lies in a force Kim Simmonds admits he "hadn't thought counted" until now. It's what he's dubbed "the sociable thing." "If musically you agree," he confided during a for-

ty-five-minute telephone call from Britain to the States, "but socially you disagree, something's got to crack."

A can of cocoa: Last year at this time, "the sociable thing" was desperately missing, and Savoy Brown was cracking with a vengeance. On the monumental Faces Grease Band tour, only Kim and organist Paul Raymond (who were just getting acquainted) stuck together when the show was over. The rest of the crew barely spoke to each other. The closest thing to a social rapport came when Andy Pyle and Ron Berg, the former Savoy rhythm team, hot-footed it to the



returned to their hotel that night, and shared in the purchase—a can of instant cocoa.

was the band's last member, Pete Scott, an ex-publisher and foundry laborer, who tried desperately to fit into the Savoy lineup, but was totally ignored by the rest of the group. The others insisted it was "uncool" to associate with him because he was "green, unhip and from the sticks." The bloke was reduced to eating his meals with the only companion he could find—a rather boring journalist who happened to be covering the tour.

Kim Simmonds' lesson: And even Kim Simmonds, usually one of the most sociable guitarists in show business, was acting a bit cool to his fellow Savoy members. He went so far as to boycott the tour's nightly victory celebrations, where the Faces could be counted on to perform their world acclaimed "hotel room demolition act." To make matters worse, at one point Kim rented a room on the outskirts of town while the rest of the band sweated it out at a common Holiday Inn.

Kim Simmonds has learned a lesson since then. He used to feel that music was enough to cement a band together, and friendship was an unnecessary frill. How does he rate friendship these days? "It's essential! I remember B.B. King said one thing: 'when you get down to your musicians, you look for 50% musician and 50% man. And you hope eventually he'll turn into maybe 75% musician.' It's amazing how much the sociable thing comes into the band and into your music. If you're happy off stage, it shows onstage.

"In the old days of Savoy Brown, if somebody really dug blues, or somebody really dug somebody else's guitar playing or organ playing they normally got together. But if a guy was in the band three or four months and you started to find out that he was a bad bloke, you couldn't go on with it anymore.

"This band's been together almost a year now, and everybody is getting on well socially. Now Savoy Brown is not just five musicians. It's five guys who eat together, drink together and virtually sleep together."

Horror comic: For a band that says it's together and happy, Savoy Brown has produced a very grim-looking album. The title track, "Hellbound Train," conjures up visions of lecherous demons, goblins, and devils with music that's a cross between the Stone's

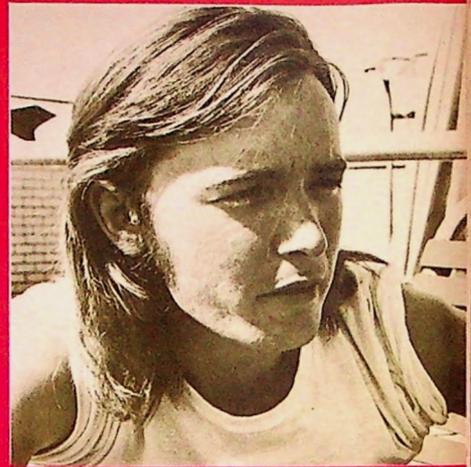
version of "Mona" and The Serpent Power's sixteen-minute classic, "The Endless Tunnel." But in case you fail to get the macabre message from the music, it's sketched out in dripping technicolor on the LP's sleeve and in a bleeding-black-and-white horror comic on the inside cover. The liner art reveals a lost soul trapped in a runaway locomotive. As the train speeds on, a ghoulish creature attacks the steam engine, shatters the window with its fist, and then mysteriously disappears. The lost soul is horror-struck, but the train continues to barrel forward through a swamp inhabited by hideously leering grotesques, until at last it slows beside a bizarrely grinning devil who raises her clenched hands in grisly triumph. Very weird for an LP.

What's been giving Kim these ghastly nightmares? "The original idea for the title track of *Hellbound Train* (on London Records) actually came from a science-fiction story written by Robert Bloch. He was the same guy who wrote *Psycho*. I was writing a song when the story went through my head. I don't know about how anyone else writes songs, but I'm just playing away, messing about, and they start falling out of my head."

Military discipline: "Hellbound Train" is by no means the only song on this album to have fallen mysteriously out of Kim's head. "I'll Make Everything Alright" came from his elusive vision of "a super person. The kind who you meet and something strange happens when you look into their eyes." The inspiration for "Lost And Lonely Child" was even hazier: "I'm sure I was thinking of somebody at the time. Something definitely happened to me to make me write it. I think it was some chick or something."

But why has Savoy broken with touring tradition and avoided playing these new songs on their present American campaign? The reason is a radical change in Savoy's onstage life-style. "Believe it or not, we're still into doing *Street Corner Talking* (Savoy Brown's previous album) onstage," says Kim, "but we'll work the new tunes in very slowly, one at a time. You see, everything is planned out. It's not like the old days . . . when I was playing in the Nag's Head (a famous English pub specializing in blues and booze) with my mates. See, then you were just laying down anything you heard, from Bill Doggett Numbers to Willie Dixon. Anything you dug, you just played on the spot. And you went home to your place every

Kim Simmonds, lead guitar: At one point Kim rented a room on the outskirts of town while the rest of the band sweated it out at a common Holiday Inn.



night, went to sleep, and it was great. Nowadays, it's got to the stage where my life and the band's life is planned right up till the end of summer."

No compromises: A tone of nostalgia crept into Kim's voice as he contrasted the rigid strategies that rule Savoy today with the loose approach that used to govern the band. It sounded almost as if music had stopped being a pleasure and become a job. "Well, essentially it is," mused Simmonds. "Like I said before, we have very little control of our lives. I mean, you've got to do these bookings. You just can't turn around and say, 'ah, screw it.' I mean you've got to play!"

And play they have. Since their onset, Kim Simmonds and Savoy Brown have toured a dozen or more times on the Continent and England, recorded eight LP's, gone through 38 different members, and are presently in the middle of their tenth American excursion. The taskmaster that's imposed this maniacal pace on the band is actually the public—and though its demands have been rigorous, it has allowed Simmonds to stick with the music he likes best. Kim laughed as he realized how little he's had to compromise his musical style over the years: "I didn't ever play 'heavy' or 'underground' stuff. It wasn't ever that kind of music. But Rhythm & Blues attracted me. You see, I have a strong blues background, and all the elements of blues are in rock 'n roll. I liked Lightnin' Hopkins, James Brown and Freddie King, and I still do. In fact, that's the one thing I'm proud



Dave Walker, vocals: Thrusting his arm into the air and displaying a clenched fist, Walker led a chant that literally shook Carnegie Hall.

of—over the years we've never had to compromise musically."

Too much freedom spoils the broth: "I'll tell you what we've done though. We've made the music more palatable. I mean when we started playing we did all sorts of things you wouldn't believe. But we realized you have to trim down the act. You have to give up certain freedoms. You can't let the singer suggest a song onstage, go into a huddle for five minutes figuring out the changes, and do it. Or listen to a record one night and two nights later, after only one rehearsal, say let's do it. If we like a number now, it takes at least a week or two to rehearse it till we're satisfied. We have to put the tune into a kind of form. It's a fine line you have to find, and for that, communication with the audience is essential. With the music we play, we feed off the audience . . . we have to go half-way to them."

But doesn't molding a performance to fit the whims of an audience destroy a musician's individual creativity? "You mean like selling out to the public?" Kim asked. "No, we haven't come close to that. Not in the least."

Up against the management: As Kim speaks, a vigorous tone of confidence seems to underscore his words—a feeling born of five years experience commanding a band of his own. But his new companions are less confident, especially Dave Walker, the group's vocalist, who must take the audience's enthusiasm or indifference on the chin. Less than three months after

he joined the group, Walker was brought to America for the first time and required to confront the insistent audiences and hostile management of one of North America's most difficult venues, Carnegie Hall. Walker handled himself admirably. Strutting and kicking his way across the stage, he built a thick foundation of excitement that drew the more volatile members of the audience into the aisles and up to the front of the stage. Then he shucked his shirt and boots, and between tough attacks on his vocal chores stepped to the stagelights, bent forward, and shook the outstretched hands of the swelling crowd. By the time he'd launched into an encore, the entire audience was on its feet boogying shirtlessly in the boxes, dancing on the plush red seats, churning in the aisles; and choking the space between the front row and the footlights.

The clenched fist: The management, fearing damage to the theater, turned up the houselights and cut the power to the P.A. system. And Walker, whose one hand still enthusiastically grasped the hands that reached up toward him, suddenly found himself shouting frantic lyrics into a dead mike. With an expression mid-way between anguish and anger, Walker cupped his hands around his mouth in an improvised megaphone and shouted at the top of his lungs for the crowd to chant "power." His voice was drowned by the Hall's vastness, and no one—not even the long-haired chicks in the second row—could hear him. But somehow his message came across. Thrusting his arm into the air and displaying a clenched fist, Walker led a chant that literally shook the theater. For minute after minute the chant grew louder, and the rumble of stamping feet grew more threatening until finally, thirteen minutes later, it happened. The circuits switched on, and Walker's voice thundered over the P.A. . . . "We did it."

See the world: "This album is completely different for Dave," Kim remarked, "and he's done one hell of a job on it. He's improved no end, and it's all down to confidence. Obviously, it was a bit strange for him coming into this band at first. It took him a few months to get on top of things, and I think the next album, he should be even that much better. **CAUSE HE COULD STILL PUT MORE INTO THINGS, and he knows that.**"

If nothing else, Walker's certainly getting his chance. It's not yet been a year, and he's already toured the States with Savoy a total of

three times! "If you're English and you want to see America, don't join the Royal Navy, join up with Savoy Brown," Walker cracks. "Seriously, I've found out pretty fast what was expected of me with Savoy Brown, especially in the States."

Like Simmonds, Walker has noticed that things are planned for the group with the exactitude of a military strategy, but the precision reaches its high point in America. "The organization over in the States is far superior to anything in Europe. And with all they have going for you, you work better, you play better. Everything's totally planned for you to do your very best, an' if you don't, you've only got yourself to blame."

British obstacles: Kim suddenly perked up and added his disgruntled two cents worth: "Unfortunately, the scene in England isn't anywhere near America. I think we have a lot of good bands in Britain and plenty of good musicians. But the whole set up is not conducive to a healthy scene. The press is so bad it's just pathetic. If you haven't got a hit record, then they're not going to write a stitch about you. And generally the impression is that the promoters are doing you a favor by booking you." Kim seemed to get more perturbed as he went on. "Even the audiences are different. In America the people seem to need the music. And it means more to them. They show their feelings. In England, it's all a bit of a game."

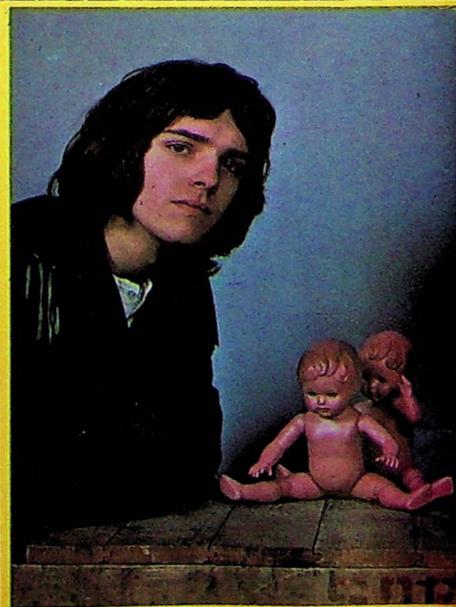
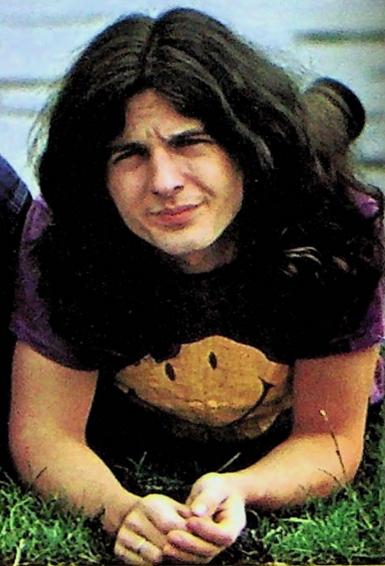
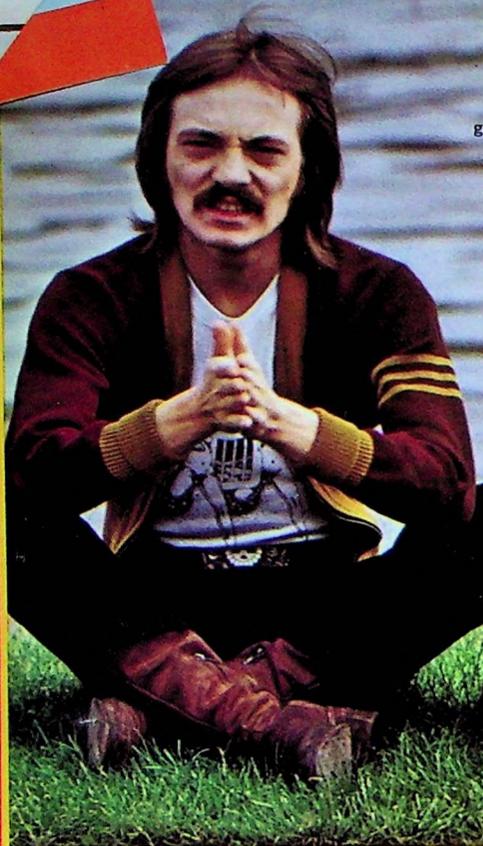
"The music in America has been formed as a counter culture. It isn't really taken that seriously in Britain. But then we don't have the hassles here that you have. I mean most of the people in the States aren't leading the kind of lives that they want to lead. In England, it's a far more secure life. The social system is different."

"Before I got into the business, I felt that music might be a way of changing the social structure. And I still do, but not so strongly. Many people are just living a sham of a life. At times I start feeling like a part of a great machine. Like I said before, what I do is essentially still a job."

When Harry Simmonds, Kim's older brother and everpresent manager, finally broke in to keep the phone bill from shooting past \$200.00, he did his best to show that all was not as dire as Kim had made it seem. "After all," Harry pointed out, "getting paid for playing a guitar and tramping all over the world isn't such a bad job now, is it?"

Music
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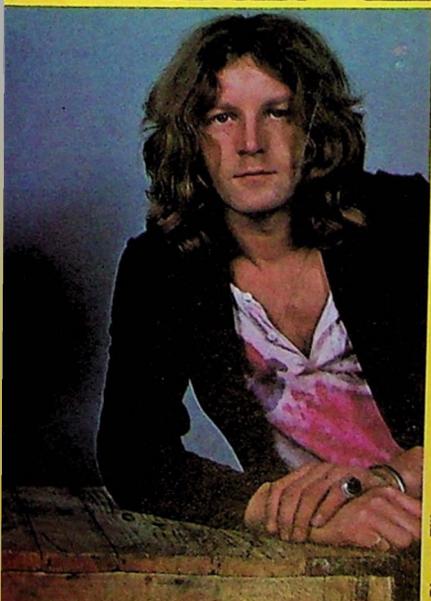
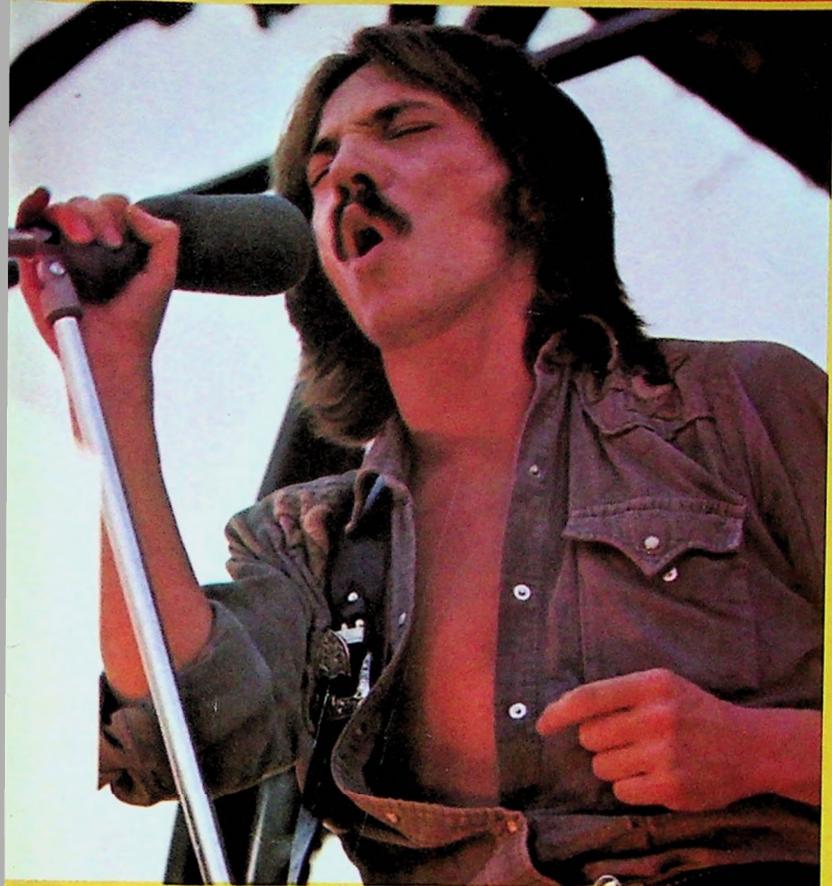
Clemson: "All the gigs that we've done since Clem joined the band have been incredible," says Marriott.



Inside Steve Marriott's Head

Humble Pie's
pint-sized leader
explains
the ploys
that put them
over the top
in America.

by Roy Carr



Photos: Zilli

"Sod it," was Steve Marriott's initial outburst of unrestrained eloquence. I'm not gonna be modest . . . why the hell should I?" twanged the pint-sized cockney sparrow, with his tensed body hunched as he shadow-boxed around the dimly lit guitar and bottle-strewn dressing room.

Jabbing his imaginary opponent with a quick one-two the puckish spartan affirmed: "Right now Humble Pie is one of the hottest commodities in the States."

Ever since their formation three years ago Humble Pie have given every indication they possess both the qualities and the potential to attain music greatness. "Rockin' The Fillmore" came very close to establishing this belief, but this, the band's impending new release, unquestionably fulfills all the earlier promises.

Without compromise *Smoking* (on A&M Records) places this hard-working, third generation rock band on the heels of the Who and

on a par with the Stones and Faces as the definitive purveyors of rock 'n' soul music.

"We wrote, recorded, produced, mixed and edited this one," said Marriott.

"It's the best album we've made.

"The sound is exactly how we wanted it to be.

"If there's any mistakes, then it's all down to us. We're the only ones to blame."

Marriott paused, mid-sentence and skillfully parried before bombarding his make-believe adversary with a succession of body blows. Then he continued: "I've been modest all me life, and that's been the bleedin' trouble." He emphasized the last word with a well aimed right-hook to the imagined jaw.

Nervous tension: Like a hungry fly-weight pugilist dragged off the streets Marriott—bandaged and gloved—goes through this nightly ritual of limbering up as if he were minutes away from taking a crack at the world title.

ay well be an air of frivolous informality of these s, but behind the brainte nervous tension one in from the glint in his that he is particularly preoccupied with that evening's gig at Bristol University.

Picking up his guitar, Marriott appears to be well satisfied by the exchange of improvised licks he trades with bassist Greg Ridley, for he turns and, with a nod of approval, gives a loud whoop.

Clem Clemson decides to add a third part.

Marriott closes his eyes tightly and soaks up the sounds, totally oblivious to the spectators.

A roadie ambles in, opens a

He may appear to be a sinewy fly-weight fellow Piemen, but once onstage — primed and plugged in—Marriott proves beyond any doubt that he is an aggressive heavy-weight. A natural born boogie man. Marriott never lets the pace slacken. He is a showman supreme. A would-be giant killer. His only objective, once in front of the footlights, is to get both the audience and himself well and truly off.

Up from the Moose halls: For the next 90-minutes Humble Pie will rock hard and heavy. Sweating and grafting in front of their amplifiers as if their whole life depended upon this solitary performance.

"That's the way we all feel,"

then we're bitterly disappointed with each other.

Speaking about their modus operandi when recording, Marriott says: "We get most of the backing tracks down in a couple of takes. As a band we don't have to contrive in any way, because we get a feeling almost immediately.

"Mainly it's all down to Jerry and Greg—they're so good together. All Clem and I have to do is jam on top.

"We also try to make each gig better than the last one. And at the same time, keep it as fresh as possible."

Steve Stills joins the boys: Marriott's attitude has attracted converts like Stephen Stills and Free's Paul Rodgers to Humble Pie's sound. Both Stills and Rodgers dropped into the studio while *Smoking* was being recorded, and both had an impact on the album's sound.

As the guitars established the mood for side one's kick-off, "Hot and Nasty," Marriott wailed out a throat tearing vocal line joined on chorus by the unmistakable sound of Stills' voice.

And Marriott has this to say about the LP's second cut: "The Fixer" reminds me of Free, just like Free reminds me of the early days of the Small Faces.

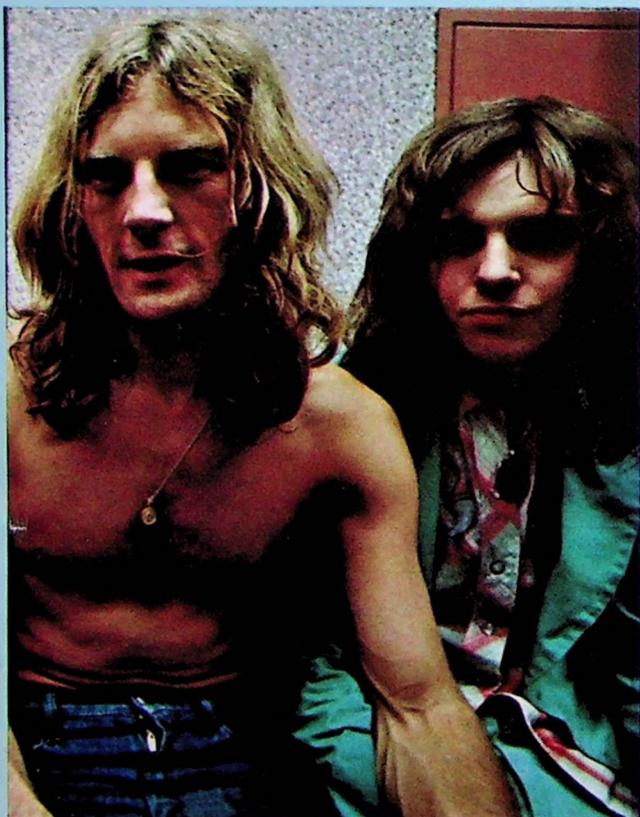
"Free came along and took the basic thing a step further by adding a thickness of sound and a much more heavy approach. Now Humble Pie has taken the concept another step further."

With Jerry Shirley laying down a forceful back-beat on drums and cowbells, "The Fixer" benefitted from some strident bass patterns a la Greg Ridley and more split-lead guitar interplay from Marriott and Clem Clemson.

"As a matter of interest," says Marriott, "Paul Rodgers was at the session and really got off on this number. That's nice, 'cause I really dig him."

Humble Pie are proud, as opposed to arrogant, in that they have attained their present status entirely through their own endeavors. Three arduous years of road work across the American continent—three years of opening shows in what Marriott terms "Moose Halls"—three years of being constantly in debt.

From experience Marriott concedes that America can be "the Golden Egg," but he stipulates that as long as a band has something to offer and is prepared to work, work, work, without giving in, the chances are that it will eventually



Greg Ridley's heavy bass stands out as the bottom of the band's music.

bottle of beer, and in between stuffing his mouth full of bread mumbles that the gig shouldn't be affected by the power cuts. Drummer Jerry Shirley is pleased by this information and celebrates by passing the beer around.

Marriott informed me, having both temporarily exorcised his spirit and stimulated his senses during that brief jam.

"It's because we've set a certain standard in our heads, and if we don't keep to that or surpass it,

make it.

How to play and win: "That's the whole point . . . in the States we've worked our balls off to make it. We finally did it. But believe me, that's the only way a band can expect to do it.

"I've seen a lot of English bands go to the States and get very disheartened on their first couple of tours.

"The only advice I can offer these bands is that they've got to be prepared to keep at it, no matter how hard it may seem.

"You can't expect to do it first time round . . . get a set of bad reviews and pack it in as a bad job. The first time we went to the States we got terrible reviews, and if we had given in then, we wouldn't be where we are now.

"The basic trouble is that too many bands have a loser attitude, when they should be coming on like winners."

Not one to slag his fellow musicians—he thrives on close competition—Marriott gave an example: "When we worked with T-Rex in the States they had to support us at a few gigs and this proved to be a big downer for them, because they were used to screaming kids and wild audiences.

"They had the unenviable task of opening the show, so after a week or two they packed up and went home.

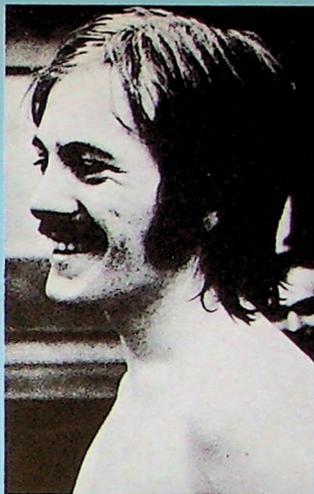
One-two punch: "Now, I don't blame them for their actions. But you just can't go to the States and expect to headline. You can if you've got hit records going for you, but again you're in the difficult position of having to go over and back up those hit records. And if you're not good enough, then you can be sure that the American audiences will really let you know.

"To my mind the only way of doing it properly is through your live performances. That's where it really counts. Then use your records to back up the following you accumulated on your live gigs. This is what we did with our *Fillmore* album.

"You've got to remember, this band spent the first eighteen months doing nothing but 20 minute warm-up spots and working at a financial loss trying to get our first hit album. Then, following that, we hit the break-even level.

"It wasn't until the tour before last that we showed a profit, but the thing is we can now fill a 19,000 seater hall. The result is that our next American tour will be worth 250,000 dollars."

When will Pie grow up? The paradox is that Humble Pie is now into



Jerry Shirley:
a forceful
back beat
on drums.

the same conditions it experienced in its formative years by touring the British college circuits.

He detailed the position. "This band has been in existence for three years, but there are those people who still look upon it as being a new band.

"I mean I was only with the Small Faces for four years, but it seemed like an eternity, and I'm about to approach that length of time with Humble Pie."

Marriott, the contender to the coveted title currently being shared by Messrs. Bolan and Stewart, feels that the time is rapidly approaching when the British public will dismiss any past-associations.

"You see, I feel this year is going to be a very good year for Humble Pie in England. I can sense it from the reaction we're getting from the audiences, it's the same kinda feeling we felt in the early days when we toured the States.

"The thing that makes a band take off in England is the university front, and that's why we're doing this particular tour. None of us are inclined to play all those city halls . . . we want to reach the people by doing the university run gigs.

Bumpy road at home: "This is our homecoming," he said with an air of patriotism. "We'll be lucky if we break even on this tour, but that doesn't bother us 'cause we make our money elsewhere. We're not interested in twisting the promoter's arms over here . . . anyway why should we?"

"We're a band that depends on an audience, not the kind of venue that we appear at. If we walk out and just get a ripple of applause I

feel completely disheartened but thankfully that hasn't happened to us for at least two years.

"In America, as soon as we walk onstage the roof goes up and straight away you're in there rockin' . . . you know things are all right and that gives you confidence.

"All the gigs that we've done since Clem joined the band in England have been incredible. I mean it's reminiscent of when we first took off in the States, where the vibe was so positive in that they had come to dig us and not judge us.

"Maybe it's because I've been in this business for eight years that I can look back at it in clear retrospect, but the thing to remember is that once you've made it you can't afford to lean back and take things easy. You've got to work much harder.

Time to come home: "What makes a band is the energy and the excitement it projects. Now, if Humble Pie stopped energizing and suddenly picked up acoustic guitars again, we'd have nothing to offer."

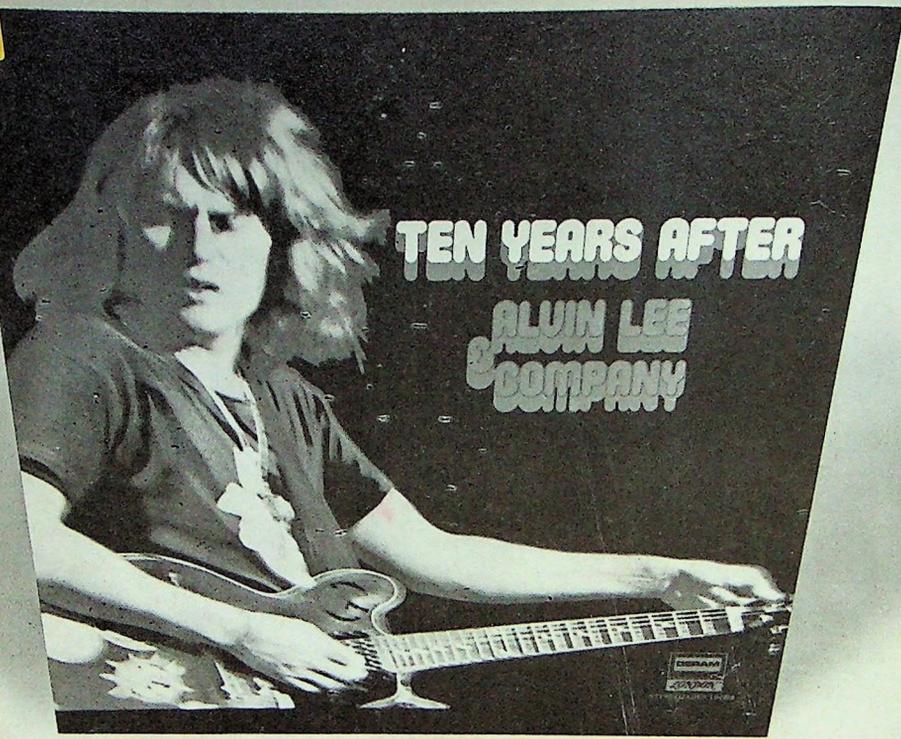
Suddenly an anonymous voice bellowed, "Ere, Yer On."

Three well earned encores later Humble Pie proved that theirs is no idle threat, for they seem set to repeat their American success in the country of their origin.

Covered in sweat and still smiling, Marriott flopped in a chair and concluded, "There's nothing quite as nice as being cheered and being called back for more in your own country.

"We've done what we wanted to do in America.

"Now we want to come home." •



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