

# HOUND DAWG

## MAGAZINE

*"I'M A HOUND DAWG!"*

NO. 18 AUGUST 2013



### AN INTERVIEW WITH

# PETE BEST

THE ORIGINAL BEATLE DRUMMER  
TALKS FAB FOUR, LIVERPOOL  
AND POST BEATLES

SPOTLIGHT ON HAWKWIND AND MORE...



**HOUND DAWG ISSUE 18**

**AUGUST 2013**

**WISDOM TWINS BOOKS**

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It returns! That's right. After a long holiday in Skegness Hound Dawg returns tanned, shiny and looking for lurve. The 87 year old mutt brought back with him a whole barrel full of thrills, features, and titbits. Drum roll please....

We have an article on swashbuckling by Samuel Shiro, a spotlight on a classic film called Deep End, a review of Stag Night of the Dead, some made up news from Stephen Smith... oh that's not it! There is more you lucky sons of salmon cakes.

I had the pleasure of interviewing Pete Best, the man who originally drummed for The Beatles. He told me of the Liverpool beat scene, his departure from the fab four and what he's been doing ever since.

Classic Rock Society and DPRP writer James R Turner interviewed me about my new album under the folk rock project name DODSON AND FOGG. I have been doing this for nearly a year now and it's going really well, hence the lack of much in the Hound Dawg world.

Plus Tim Blake of Hawkwind has his say in my piece on the legendary space rockers Hawkwind. Enjoy it my fine feathered friends.



**A WORD OR TWO WITH**  
**PETE BEST**

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To most people, Pete Best is just the man who got sacked from the biggest band in music history, but this article sheds a different light on his tale. Born Randolph Peter Best, most pop and rock fans of a certain age at least will know him as the original Beatles' drummer, before the band replaced him with, of course, Ringo Starr. Best was there with them in the early days, a popular addition to the fab four's live act to say the least. Best played many a sweaty night with The Beatles at the world famous Cavern and even accompanied them on their somewhat legendary stay in Hamburg, playing the grottiest venues such as The Kaiserkeller, hanging with hookers and dodgy characters.

But prior to all this, Best had already played the clubs extensively in Liverpool. Prior to being approached by Paul McCartney, Best had been playing in his own group, The Black Jacks. So what was the Liverpool music scene really like back in the early 1960s?

"Booming!" Best told me. "It exploded. Liverpool was the centre of the universe for a period of time in the sixties. Liverpool has always

had a very healthy music scene. It has produced great groups, but the Liverpool scene of today cannot be compared to what was happening back in the day. Live music was king!"

McCartney knew of Best and his group, and Best had something of a reputation in Liverpool as a steady drummer and pin up for the girls, who dubbed him "mean, moody and magnificent." By the early 1960s he was a local celebrity, and had even met an embryonic version of The Beatles back in 1959.

"I met them at my mother's club, the Casbah Coffee club in 1959. John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ken Brown opened the Casbah on the 29<sup>th</sup> of August, 1959. They were the Quarrymen then..."

After The Black Jacks split up, McCartney managed to tempt Best with a trip to Hamburg, where The Beatles were due to stay for a while after securing some gigs. Rather than go to teacher training college, he decided to head out with the lads. But did he make the right decision? Hamburg wasn't much like Liverpool. It was a

place where you *really* had to watch your back, where bands played merciless sets throughout the night and slept and ate like beggars.

What was a typical day like in Hamburg with The Beatles?

“Wake up, feel exhausted, wash and go and eat. Replace drum sticks and guitar strings. Go to club, perform for 8 hours. Drink. Go to bed. Wake up, feel exhausted, wash and go and eat. Kinda like that.”

Which of the other band members did Pete Best relate to most easily?

“John. We shared our inner thoughts,” says Best.

The boys played the Indra club firstly, under a contract with club owner Bruno Koschmider and slept in grotty rooms in the Bambi Kino cinema. Best recalled the place as “depressing.” Thankfully, the club closed down and the band moved on to play at The Kaiserkeller, before moving on to the more respected Top Ten Club, where they were in a position to earn a little more money. Returning late one night to get their belongings from the cinema, McCartney set fire to a used condom upon leaving, causing minor damage to Bruno’s property. He had them reported for attempted arson, and Best and McCartney even spent a few hours in a prison, before the lot of them were deported back to England. It was Best and his mum that made the calls to get the band’s equipment back.

Back in Liverpool the band continued to play gigs. In April of 1961 they secured a record deal to back up singer Tony Sheridan on the ‘My Bonnie’ single, which charted in Germany but did very little for The Beatles’ career.

The break came when record store owner and business man Brian Epstein began managing the group. Turned down for a record deal in a Decca audition, producer George Martin was impressed with the band and they were signed to



Parlophone. It was Martin however who thought the band should use a session player for the album instead of Best, who people claim was very much a heavier drummer.

George Martin later expressed regret at what he sees may have been the first step to Best being ejected from the band: "I decided that the drums, which are really the backbone of a good rock group, didn't give the boys enough support. They needed a good solid beat, and I said to Brian, 'Look, it doesn't matter what you do with the boys, but on record, nobody need know. I'm gonna use a hot drummer.' Brian said, 'Okay, fine.' I felt guilty because I felt maybe I was the catalyst that had changed Best’s life."

Soon after, The Beatles came to the decision to have him fired, asking Epstein to do their dirty work for them. He was called into the office and sacked. Neil Aspinall, friend to the band who had been asked to roadie for them by Pete, was stunned by the decision to get rid of Best. Asking Lennon why they had done this, he got the harsh reply “It’s got nothing to do with you, you’re only the driver.”

How did Pete feel after such a heavy blow, being sacked from the band so heartlessly and for apparently no real reason?

“I was very upset when I was dismissed from The Beatles,” Pete told me. “A real reason has never been given, but you have to brush yourself down and pick yourself up. With the support of my family, that is exactly what I did. Life goes on

and so did I. There's still a few laughs and drinks that need to be shared with The Beatles."

Even though Best was very popular with the early Beatle fans, Lennon in particular was very harsh on him in retrospect, even once claiming "we were always going to dump him when we found a decent drummer." Some claim the other three were jealous of the female attention Best got. McCartney's father once called Best selfish for apparently hogging all the female attention at one gig in Manchester. Plus, when the crowd cheered loudest when he walked on stage, it may just have peeved the other three off. Even so, Lennon dismissed the jealousy rumours out right and was never anything but derogatory about Best.

For some time, Best took a break from music, after a brief attempt at pop stardom with his own band, and started a family. One of his first jobs was behind counter at Woolworth's, before going on to loading delivery vans and working eventually as a civil servant at Garston Jobcentre in Liverpool. His marriage to Kathy has lasted 50 years

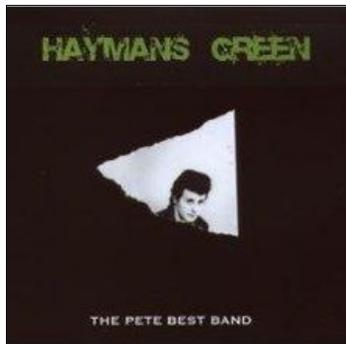
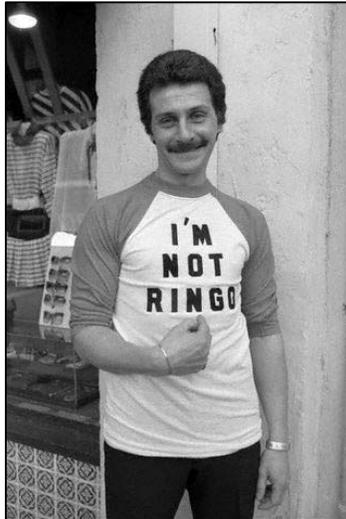
"I went and got a job for the government, became an area manager, retired early and returned to music which I love," says Pete. "In 1988 I returned to show business with the Pete Best Band. I am very happy to say five albums later with tours all over the world I still am enjoying my music, my family and friends."

In 2008, Best released the album 'Hayman's Green', which is widely regarded as his finest work to date.

"I am very proud of Hayman's Green," Pete told me. "The background for it? The group said 'Hey Pete, let's do an autobiographical album about

your life' and I said 'Sure, why not?' We began writing and recording and 'Hayman's Green' was the result."

There was a time, quite understandably, when Pete didn't even want to discuss his time with



The Beatles. Even as early as 1968 when Hunter Davies was writing his seminal authorized Beatles biography, he refused to speak about his time with group. In truth, he had been hurt by the way the band had made him out in the press to be an unsocialable and awkward man, and their insistence on telling the world he had never really been a Beatle. Best once said, "There was not a single friendly word from any one of them."

By the 1990s, Best had come to terms with his ties to The Beatles and was open for the odd interview. Admitting he did indeed own The Beatles' albums revealed Best was not quite as bitter as some people may have been in his situation. In time, he would work as a technical advisor on a Beatles documentary film, and even

be included on the landmark Anthology series in the mid 1990s, an 8 part documentary that coincided with 3 double CD releases of rarities and demos, which earned Best considerable royalties. Finally, Best's contributions could be heard by millions and he was accepted as an important part of the Beatles story.

And what is Best's view on his Beatle years and his part in their world domination?

"Everything has formative years. The way it begins, what shapes it. That was my time with The Beatles. It was fabulous. I live for the day and tomorrow, and I respect the past...."

**VISIT PETE'S WEBSITE FOR TOUR DATES AND INFO: [www.petebest.com/](http://www.petebest.com/)**

# STAG NIGHT OF THE DEAD

Directed by Neil Jones

**LOW BUDGET ZOMBIE ACTION  
WITH A TWIST**



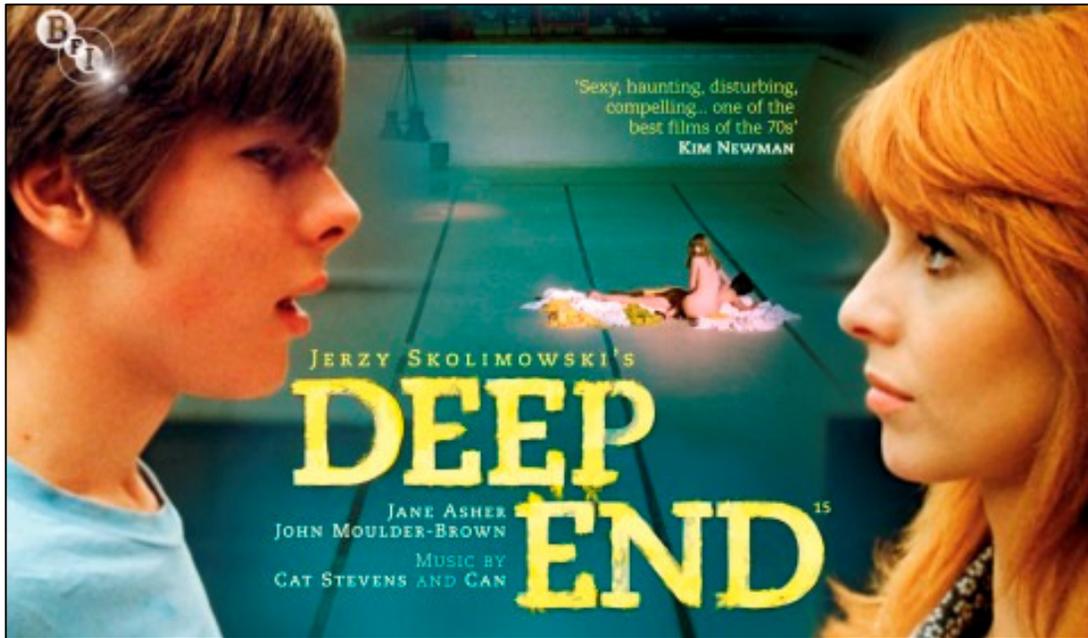
Whenever a British zombie film comes out now, never mind a British zombie *comedy* film, it will always be compared to the genre's zenith, *Shaun of the Dead*, which was, in short, a near perfect mix of classic British comedy and horror thrills. It paid homage to Romero, shot TV's Simon Pegg into stardom and gave the British film industry a bit of pride boost. But *Stag Night of the Dead* was, from about 15 minutes on, a bit of a disappointment to me as a viewer. While the DVD cover is admittedly brilliant and the press stills on the back of the groom and his friends as zombie wedding guests promises a polished, sharp and witty parody of the zombie flick, the contents on the disc itself were wholly disappointing, at least in comparison to what the film could have been. I don't want to be shitty here, as I know how much work goes into creating something and I'm sure a film is even harder work, but I just think there was potential for something different and much better. This could have lived up to the cover and been very clever and funny, maybe involving a bunch of typical boozey arseholes on a "laddish" night out while the zombie outbreak begins. What does happen though is nowhere near as satisfying. The boys, accompanied by stripper Candy (Sophie Lovell Anderson) and the unlucky groom (Sebastian Street) visit a kind of paintballing game called "Zomball" where they are armed with laser guns and encouraged to shoot the zombies for survival. Now this premise grows on you rather than instantly grabbing the attention. The presence of a sinister American and his diminutive sidekick Mr Big

adds colour and the film itself comes to life later on, once we believe the zombies are even a slight threat that is. One problem is that the zombies just aren't scary enough for the first part of the film and only become seriously sinister later on. There were some good things about this film for sure, and the cast are certainly one of them. I found Joe Rainbow played his part of deluded "love machine" Ronny very well and TC was by far the best character here, a tourettes syndrome sufferer played with hilarity by James G Fain. Sebastian Street and Sophie Lovell Anderson were good as the unlikely pair who sort of drift into romance during the final reel and there was great continuing gag about the groom's deposit being fucked on his ripped suit. You did actually start to care for some of the characters too. What lets the film down is its graininess, the fact you really have to focus sometimes just to make out what's going on. And the sound is often almost inaudible, but then again it did only have a budget of 150, 000 so I think everyone did a good job really. Still, zombie fans will enjoy it.

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## OVERLOOKED CLASSIC...



# DEEP END

### **JERZY SKOLIMOWSKI'S TWISTED AND BRILLIANT TALE OF FRUSTRATED YOUTH AND MISPLACED LUST...**

The joy of Film Four, or one of them at least, is catching a late night gem, something you might otherwise never have found out about. Deep End was playing on the channel in March and while it started off resembling a bawdy Robin Askwith sex romp, it soon transformed into a very dark, provocative and ultimately tragic story. It follows John Moulder Brown as Mike, a 15 year old lad starting work at a public swimming pool, where he falls for his co – worker Susan, played with stoniness by Jane Asher. As his love grows into an obsession, the boy learns much about Susan, for one that she is cheating on her fiancé with Mike's

old PE teacher, who himself is a somewhat pervy and unsavoury individual. The story becomes increasingly more bizarre and brilliant as the young Mike follows Susan all over town, becoming more tangled in her mystique and in the end moving things into a devastating climax.

Deep End was directed by the famed Polish film maker Jerzy Skolimowski, and although it had been well received critically upon release it was long since thought deleted, before being tangled in a battle over film rights, until four years ago when it was re-released, revised and revisited, celebrated as a minor classic by the press and movie goers.

Although the director uses colour brilliantly, and his whole take on the film is at times breath taking and imaginative, it is ultimately a film driven by top notch, overlooked performances. Jane Asher in particular is brilliant. She remembers the original script as “a bit of a mess. Jerzy’s English was not great at the time,” she said. “I remember sitting up late every night rewriting my dialogue. But Susan was terrific to play. She’s at that stage where she’s completely aware of her sexual power and uses it ruthlessly.” Asher embodies the “older woman” to a teenager, combining allure with frustrating arrogance. Asher toys with the young

lad and toys with viewer too. On the other end of the spectrum is the innocence of Mike, played perfectly by Moulder Brown, then only 16 years old. "Jerzy thought I wasn't innocent enough," he recalled. "But the producer persuaded him to give me a screen test." Moulder Brown perfectly embodies how we all feel at 15, so desperate to be an adult but limited by our immaturity. The dynamics between the two characters, Asher's cruel behaviour and Brown's misguided



shenanigans are what take the film so explosive.

The cast had the chance to do some improvising and Asher claims that the dialogue was written somewhat confusingly in the script, so much of it had to be elaborated when filming commenced. This is definitely clear when viewing the film and the cast really do fit neatly into their roles. One memorable scene, which was for me the low point of the film, involved Diana Dors grasping on to the young Mike and fantasising about George Bet while bringing herself to a climax. "Tackle" Dribble! Score!" she yells as she... "ahem".. you know...

While the film begins as a relatively light hearted tale of unrequited love, it ends in a bloody,

shocking fashion, but I won't give it away just in case any readers wish to watch the film. While the surprise ending brings the film to a perfect close, it initially proved to have a negative effect on audiences at the time, in particular at the San Francisco Film Festival. "I was supposed to do a Q and A afterwards," said Jerzy. "In the last five minutes the whole room fell silent. When it finished there were no applause. They said to me 'Let's forget the Q and A and go for dinner.' During the meal, some audience members came over and said 'Look you had a fantastic film, 90 minutes of enjoyment and humour. Why did you ruin it with the last five minutes?' I told them 'I made the film for those last five minutes.'" The director's words make sense. The ending is perhaps the perfect way to sum up the dangers of taking advantage of someone's emotions and stringing them along, in this case though it is in the most extreme way.

When you watch films from roughly the same era that supposedly sum up the outsider youth of the sixties, such as the praised *Blow Up*, it is hard to see why *Deep End* was buried so deep for so long. It perfectly captures the frustration of teen disillusionment, of wanting to be a part of the grown up society but never fitting into it. And not only that, it embodies the sourness of the start of the 1970s, where the flower power ideal of the sixties had died out. The "Swinging London" in *Deep End* is a seedy, run down city full of strippers and oily grobbags ushering men in macs into peep shows... oh and Burt Kwork selling hotdogs.

In another ten years or so it will be ranked as one of the great British films of the era (even though it was an English-German production), a real step back into a time forever gone without looking the least bit dated. It is certainly a coming of age film, but a coming of age film with an edge, definitely no shallow *American Pie*, but a psychological tale of obsession with much more to offer than most modern films of its type.

Surreal, poetic, funny and arresting, *Deep End* is must-see movie. Get it on DVD, or maybe catch it on Film Four the next time it's on.

## Do Swashbuckling Clichés Have a Place in the Modern World of Fiction?

By Samuel Shiro

The pirate walking the plank, the drunken tavern brawls after drinking too many rums (or too few), and finding buried treasure on a deserted island, these are just some of the many clichés which we have all seen at some point in our lives. Whilst the frequency of these clichés outside of fantasy does differ significantly, we do see at least one or more clichés in the world of pirate fiction. There's no denying that they have captured the hearts and minds of small children and Somali adults all around the world (Somali pirates are we!), but where do they fit in the modern world?

It's clear that the number of stories involving piracy have declined significantly in the last decade or so, and this does indicate that the magic has faded and fizzled out somewhat, but perhaps we are looking at it in the completely wrong way?

If we look at all the swashbuckling clichés then we can see that they worked because of the context in which they were created in, which was a time when swords were genuinely used to slay one's enemies; Robison Crusoe is perhaps the most prominent example of this. This degree of realism worked to relate to the readership somewhat. But if it was done now then it would seem like complete and utter fantasy. And the problem with this is that realism tends to trump fantasy these days.

Captain Blood, written by Rafael Sabanti in 1922, was one example of a reasonably modern pirate novel. It embraced most of the same clichés from the pirate era, including a mixing of pirate romance at the same time. This made it immensely popular and led to a film in 1935 with Errol Flynn, which also gained a great deal of popularity. Of course, it did have the advantage of living in an age where fantasy trumped realism. But what about the here and now? Does piracy and its clichés have a place in the modern world of fiction?

The answer is that it certainly should because just look at the success of the Pirates of the Caribbean series of films. Yes, they should have probably ended it when Orlando Bloom and his pirate mistress left the scene, but we can't have everything. It does utilise a number of clichés like the classic romance, the buried treasure (from the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> films), and the legend of Davy Jones and the Kraken. So surely this is comprehensive



evidence that the pirate cliché can still appeal to a modern audience?

The only problem with this is that this was a film and not a book. There's a big difference between what you see in a film and what you read in a book. If the Pirates of the Caribbean had been a book series instead of a film series then would they have had the same popularity? The answer is that there's a very low chance that it would because it wouldn't have involved people like Johnny Depp and Orlando Bloom. Arguably, this means that the series most likely wouldn't have received the same publicity.

But since realism is the order of the day when it comes to both films and a large part of the fiction market these days, why can't the clichés and the modern world work with each other? Clichés are still popular in all fiction genres, especially romance, so they can be worked and used, so why not use what we already have? And what do we already have, you ask? Well we have piracy still continuing today. If we have modern piracy then why can't some form of modern pirate story be completed with it? Yes, we all know that space pirates didn't have the dramatic impact that everyone thought they would have, but a modern day story using pirates could have a significant impact on society.

There are so many angles you can attack the subject matter from. You can either go for the traditional story where piracy is glorified and all is well on the seven seas, like in Captain Blood. Alternatively, you can take a more serious look at it by having the story highlight the fact that many of the people who do partake in piracy are forced into it due to their impoverished situation.

And so many of these clichés can still be used because you can have hidden treasure, pirate romances, and a drunken bar fight. Although, I think we can all admit that having someone walk the plank might be a little much when it comes down to it.

## *The Made Up News on Webday the Thorf Of Frigbender 20000012*

### **Crab Madness? (Stephen Smith)**

Cult murder Charles Manshine recently admitted to enjoying making origami Crabs during an interview with the Crayon Times Editor Paulton Crossfire. "There is nothing better in the world of prison than to create something out of paper, some people make paper knives, guns, bulletproof vests, whereas I like to make crabs. There is something majestic about the crab, it signifies walking a different path to everyone else and it's also hard and cool as fuck." When asked about Champ Wanters, the famous dirt bike murderer and his origami woodlice, Charles became very animated. "Don't talk to me about that moron, he's such a stupid prick, he's got it into his head that the woodlouse is a mythical creature that a thousand years ago was the size of a cloud, but due to an argument with God's favourite beard de-creaser about the lack of a good burger joint he shrunk them to the size of a young wasp to prove a point that he takes no shit from anyone. I did tell Champ that if a thousand years ago this happened then there would have been some document of this somewhere other than in his mind. I mean, come on, I'm sure someone in time would have thought to write down somewhere that a massive city sized woodlouse had just gone into their bathroom, or walked along their window ledge or trod on a dog. The milky twat." It was after this Charles was asked about his own view of crabs and why he loves them to the extent that he sleeps in a bucket in the yard, as his cell is so crammed full of paper crabs that if you open his cell door you would be the victim of a crabalanche. "You see, crabs are the real mysterious beings on the planet, they are the real rulers of the world, the beast of the seas and beaches, and they are magical to boot. I don't like lobsters, they can just fuck off though, and they are not bigger and better, no matter what anyone says. I believe that paying homage to a crab via the medium of folded

paper to massive excess will bring about the rise of Ned, the ten thousand foot high Crab lord who currently sits folded inside the small intestine of the Earths bowel bag. It has been foretold by me a week last year on the first Thursday of last Wednesday that whoever creates the most effigies will get to control Ned, to do with him as you will and it is then I will escape this place and take over the world. Well, I don't want to be greedy, so I'll start with using Ned to trample a few places first to see how it goes, I'm thinking of Rhyll first, then all of Scotland and then a short hop over to New Zealand as Ned can fly, he has his licence and it was all gained properly too. After that it will be time for tea and biscuits, maybe a jam ponce or two then back to the destruction of the world. Stop for bed, have breakfast, survey my new world and then maybe dig a tunnel to the moon." It was here that Charles started to drool a custard substance out of his right ear into a cup and then drink it, as disgusting as it was I had to try some and soon enough I felt myself starting to believe his ridiculous plans. I felt that I was now immortal and that my lungs had turned into the world's biggest incubator where I was nurturing premature cat babies in dog costumes. My legs now had no bones and my brain could not stop farting muesli bullets out of every face hole. The effects lasted for one minute, but in that time I could easily see the influence that oozed out of that man's brain, he was dangerous but his head fluid was actually really tasty, so I asked for a bit more, this time he shook his head up to get a froth on. "I'm not crazy or dangerous, I simply like my hobbies and I encourage everyone to actively pursue their hobbies too. If that's the one legacy I leave, apart from all that murdering nonsense and world domination, I will be very happy in the knowledge that more people are doing stuff they like."

So, what do you think? Misunderstood genius, hobby activist or just one complete and utter madface? Let us know your thoughts via email to [bob-pard@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:bob-pard@hotmail.co.uk)



# HAWKWIND

ROCK'S TRUE MAVERICKS FOR NEARLY 45 YEARS, HAWKWIND HAVE SURVIVED ON THE FRINGES OF THE SCENE AND BATTLED IT OUT. TO THIS DAY THEY ENORMOUSLY POPULAR AND HAVE ALWAYS STUCK TO THEIR GUNS. THEIRS IS A STORY OF HARD DRUGS, MADNESS, CHAOS AND EVEN MORE HARD DRUGS. TIM BLAKE, CURRENT HAWKWIND MEMBER, HAS HIS SAY. WORDS: CHRIS WADE

When you read about a rock n' roll band you expect chaos. This is nothing unusual. But when you read about a band that emerged at the back end of the decadent 1960s, saw out the druggy 70s, briefly became a chart act and went on into the new millennium against all odds as strong as ever, you get a little bit more than the usual sex, drugs and rock and roll tale. The man who has been steering spaceship Hawkwind since 1969 is guitarist and vocalist Dave Brock, and the reason the band has lasted so long is undoubtedly down to him. He has seen the band through its highs and lows. In the sheen pop scene of the 1980s, they were something of a joke to music snobs who saw their drop out space hippy image as comical. But Brock and co. have had the last laugh. Only a couple of years ago, they were honoured by Mojo Magazine with their prestigious Maverick award. Hawkwind have definitely come a long way and seemingly entered our hearts... in a twisted way of course. Along the way they've had many a character taking a seat on the Mother Ship. They had eccentrics on the slightly mad side with poet/lyricist Robert Calvert, glamour girl pin ups with their 70s era dancer Miss Stacia, rock legends in the form of a pre Motorhead Lemmy Kilmister on bass, a hit single in the form of rock classic Silver Machine, drug freak outs, mental breakdowns and so on... and this is just the 70s. Theirs is a troubled and exciting story, told with some extraordinary and innovative music.

Hawkwind were formed in 1969 by Dave Brock and Mick Slattery. Brock had already made his name as a busker, even appearing with Don Partridge (probably the most famous of all pro buskers) on stage at the Royal Albert Hall in the late 60s. But by then Brock had already been experimenting with LSD and was drawn to the counter culture. He thought it would be a rather spiffing idea to replicate the glory of an acid trip into sound. He formed the band with this in mind and slowly built up a clan of misfits who each contributed to the mass freak out sound he so wished for. Brock had already experienced something similar with an earlier group.

*Dave Brock:* "Famous Cure was a band I had in 1967. We toured Holland in a psychedelic circus



so we were travelling around in caravans. But all that fell apart and I went back to England and then formed Hawkwind. It was initially called Group X because we didn't have a title. We then called it Hawkwind Zoo and then our manager said, 'drop the Zoo bit' and so we were called Hawkwind. That's how that came about."

Brock had recruited some interesting people for his new band. One was Nik Turner, a sax and flute player. Another was friend Dik Mik, who took on electronics. Terry Ollis, the band's original drummer, answered an advert in a music paper and got the job. Notoriously, their first gig was at All Saint's Church in Notting Hill, London. The management company Clearwater Productions, who also took care of Trees, Skin Alley and High Tide, were holding a gig there and Hawkwind, then still called Group X, turned up on the door and asked for a chance to play. Doug Smith, head of Clearwater obliged and was suitably impressed by the band's primitive, heavy set. John Peel, who



happened to be there, suggested Doug keep an eye on them.

A future full time current Hawkwind member, Tim Blake, was there at the gig and has in fact been in and out of the band's orbit for years. He recalled the early days for me.

*Tim Blake:* I was Sound Man for the general mass of Groups working through Clearwater Productions, in particular Simon House's band High Tide. When setting up my P.A. for a gig at All Saints Hall, Notting Hill, 3 guys came and asked if there was any way I could get their group "on the bill." As I knew we had no support that evening, I just said "why not?" and they came and jammed in the support slot - Thus Hawkwind was born!"

And the name?

*Nik Turner:* "It was due to my prodigious farting and spitting! And also after the Michael Moorcock character Hawkmoon. At the time we didn't have a name so we called ourselves Group X. We were like the Sex Pistols really. We made a load of noise. Of course we needed a proper name the inspiration for which seems to have been my bodily functions."

Although the musical approach was simple (everyone hitting things as hard as they could and getting far out sounds from their instruments), Brock knew that they couldn't just have instrumental pieces, and so took to writing some songs. Although early numbers included Hurry on Sundown, one of his busking tracks which was released as the band's first single on Liberty in 1970, Brock was inspired by more complex and other worldly subject matter.

*Dave Brock:* "We used to read quite a lot of science fiction books and watch old sci-fi films; they're great for getting ideas of futuristic cities. You could make some really good stories up through that - space travel, sex with androids, stuff like that. We've done stage shows based on those sorts of things. People like a bit of escapism. We'd all love to go into space really, wouldn't we? I doubt we'll ever see it happening."

Doug Smith managed to get the band a contract with United Artists in 1970, so the band buckled up and got together to record their debut album. The self titled Hawkwind is a brilliant album, opening with the more traditional sounding Hurry on Sundown acoustic number and filled with an extended jam, usually called Sunshine Special in their live set but here cut into segments with different titles, including Be Yourself. The album was by no means a chart success, but Hawkwind

caught the attention of the underground scene. Fairly quickly they gained as reputation as the people's band, playing countless benefit gigs and free festivals. Famously they played the Isle of Wight Festival in 1970; not on the stage, but for free on the outskirts of the fence. Very often Hawkwind would choose the free gig over the paid gigs. As Nick Kent once noted "I had never met a band as disinterested in money as Hawkwind!"

Tim Blake, soon to be joining Gong, was still part of the Hawkwind scene.

*Tim Blake:* "I was an eternal hanger-on in those days, before leaving for France and my career with Gong in early 71 (I think). Jammed a lot, got interested with electronics and Dave tells me he absolutely wanted me to be a guitarist in the band. I've had very close and very satisfying relationships with many Hawkwind members over the years, not always about music."

Some people have noted of the parallels between Hawkwind and Gong. As a member of both groups, does Blake see the slightest hint that Hawkwind were everything Daevid Allen of Gong wanted his own group to be?

*Tim Blake:* "Can't even compare Gong or Hawkwind either as individuals, or musically! I did browse through Daevid's autobiography. Looks really very much a load of self-obsessed masturbation, as far as I can see, but yes, I noticed, like you, that he had seemed to develop a complex about me and Hawkwind. I read it more like he was criticising me for making Gong too Hawkwindish! Rubbish of course! But that's not new! As I said, personally I find little to link the two bands. Well, there's a similarity between the two bands, in the way they both have maintained a faithful audience core."

And in the early 70s, Hawkwind were forming this core audience with a colourful band of characters. After experiencing a nightmarish LSD trip at the Isle of Wight gig, the late guitarist Huw Lloyd Langton left the band, but more interesting figures soon entered the limitless and experimental Hawkwind circle. Robert Calvert, a

writer and poet with some mental health problems joined, as did cult writer Michael Moorcock, who wrote some spacey lyrics for the group.



What we know as the iconic line up was soon to emerge. After their breakthrough top 20 album *In Search of Space*, even more new creative life was injected into the band. Lemmy Kilmister was a former Hendrix roadie who joined the band as bass player in 1972, despite never picking up a bass before in his life. (Lemmy recalls Nik Turner, at his first gig with the band at a squat, suggesting "make some noises in E!") Another imposing visual figure joined in 1973, alongside the light show by Liquid Len, for the notorious and legendary *Space Ritual* tour. Miss Stacia was a 6 foot 2 tall woman with huge breasts, who would take to the stage topless, blow bubbles and throw herself around in all sorts of directions to the music.... As you do.

This version of the band is forever to be cemented into rock legend, with their Number 3 hit and now rock classic *Silver Machine*. With an accompanying video of the band storming the stage, it made the band stars, or as Nik Turner puts it "flavour of the month." Lemmy performed the vocals to the song, and to his delight, made the cover of the music papers... on his own!

*Dave Brock:* "It was very hectic. We were playing nearly every night. I found an old diary of mine a few years ago and I thought 'how did you manage to do all this?' We went from one place to another constantly. All the money we got we invested into our Light Show!"

A recording of a typical *Space Ritual* show was released in 1973 and stand today as one of the best live albums of all time.

*Nik Turner:* "It's a bit bass heavy, I think; it was Lemmy being really loud!"



Unfortunately this version of the band was over by 1973. Dik Mik, the band's electronics man, left, as did Robert Calvert, going on to concentrate on solo projects. In 75 while touring America, Lemmy was mugged for his camera and when he woke up, the band had left him. By then Lemmy was a rabid drug user and Nik Turner expressed the difficulties of relating to a man who would be asleep for a week and then awake for a whole week out of his head on speed. Now long after, they sacked him due to such unpredictable and volatile behaviour. "Cosmic," Lemmy sarcastically noted. "Nice guys eh?"

*Dave Brock:* "Well, we'd be on tour and Lemmy was into taking speed back then and unfortunately, if you're up for a few days you usually fall asleep for a long time afterwards. So Lemmy was always being late, we'd be leaving the hotel for the next gig and there's no Lemmy downstairs. 'Now where is he? What, still upstairs, in bed, asleep? We're going to miss our flight'. When we were in the States, touring in the 70s, travelling from one city to another by aeroplane, playing in large places... we were living the high life, actually, and Lemmy's habit used to piss everybody off. It becomes mountains out of molehills quite often. When we crossed the Canadian border, Lemmy

was asleep and they decided to search him. Our manager had said 'make sure you don't have anything on you' and of course he got pulled at the border. We had this gig in Toronto we had to do the next day and it didn't look like Lemmy was going to be allowed into Canada. We had to get Paul Rudolph who used to play in a band called Pink Fairies to fly out and replace Lemmy. So at the time Nik Turner called this band meeting and said, 'Look, I've had enough of Lemmy always being late'. It was like 'majority ruled the day', really. And that was the way it was unfortunately. But look where he is now, he's sort of made it. He's even got his own film now, it's called *Lemmy, The Movie* and I believe it's on release at this instant. I'm in it too. But I ain't got the faintest clue what I'm doing in it [laughs]. I've not seen it yet."

While it seemed the band were on the brink of true breakthrough success, and the prospects of cracking the US definitely within reach, the band crumbled again. Nik Turner, who had apparently been playing over everyone else's solos with his sax, was dismissed from the band. He went on to record flute music in the pyramids and did make a return to the band in 1982, where he upstaged the other members even more and was once again sacked.

But the band strode on into the punk era with their pride intact. While many veteran rockers and prog rock superstars were sneered at or even ruined by the emergence of the 3 chord splattered world of punk rock, Hawkwind were seen as the link between the hippy drug era and modern "new wave" scene. It's widely reported that Johnny Rotten was a big fan of the band. True, their songs were hardly complex twiddle fests and often had little more than 3 chords, sometimes chant-like vocals and a driving, relentless, thumping beat. Unsurprisingly, the band's late 70s material fits right in with the whole punk sound. With Calvert back on board since 1976, the band saw a complete aural make over with their classic *Quark, Strangeness and Charm* album. But unfortunately this success did not last. Calvert left the band again in 1979. One new member was keys man Tim Blake. Without a record deal, much

commercial success or marketable stability, the band was somehow still packing the crowds in.

*Tim Blake:* “I joined the 10th anniversary Hawkwind, we had no record company, no products to sell, but were packing out the Town Hall circuit. So, it was a very privileged position!”

Blake dipped in and out of the Hawkwind line up throughout the 80s and the bleak wilderness that was the 90s, to become a permanent member in 2007. How does Tim view the band now, its popularity and place in the music business?

*Tim Blake:* “Today's Hawkwind run very differently. One thing is sure; even if the Hawkwind organisation often rub the business's back the wrong way, there is a huge respect for Dave and all he's done, just for surviving 44 years. Well, like so many others, I have my ups and downs with Dave, but unlike many, the two of us have managed to protect our friendship from the "downs". We seem to have a mutual appreciation of each other musically too, and finally, I suppose that's what counts. I always like time spent with Dave outside of the band and outside of his house.”

And what of the current Hawkwind audience?

*Tim Blake:* “Well the last concert was at Jodrell Bank, really nice, and we're getting ready for Shepherd's Bush Empire - with a couple of other O2 gigs before. Yes, the fans are as dedicated as ever, and often it feels like a real family out there.”

But strains still exist between band members, in particular Turner and Brock. The latter for instance wouldn't contribute to a BBC documentary on the band due to the former's involvement. So why all the bad blood?

*Dave Brock:* “We actually did some tours of America - things were going very well and Nik decided he could jump on the bandwagon and formed an American band and called it Hawkwind. Promoters didn't know who was who, so our manager took him to court over it all. Thing is, this probably happens all the time. People come in and out of the band and maybe they work with

us for a few years and then they go off and might be driving a lorry or something odd, be a van driver for 15 years and then think, ‘Fucking hell, I don't want to do this, I'll form a band and call it Hawkwind’ [laughs].”

*Nik Turner:* “I had a band called x-Hawkwind because we were all ex-members of Hawkwind, but he claimed I was trying to pass myself off as his Hawkwind, because unbeknown to me and the other people who owned the name and who were on the first album and who signed the album deal both jointly and severally as Hawkwind, Dave had trademarked the name and then sued me for using it. It was all rather sad and shabby”.

So how have Hawkwind lasted and why has their music remained in the minds and hearts of music fans after all this time? Well, there is one theory. Hawkwind were never virtuosos of their chosen instruments (Turner aside), their songs were never too complex and clever for their own good, but they were and still are “real”. They are true to what they do, play what comes naturally, stick to their guns and refuse to follow trends. In modern music, it's all about the image, the pop videos, the clean sheen of production, the PR and the bullshit side of it all. Hawkwind knew they weren't pretty, they knew they weren't Yes, but they did what they did and still do it to this day. Maybe there is something to be said for never selling your soul and sticking it out.



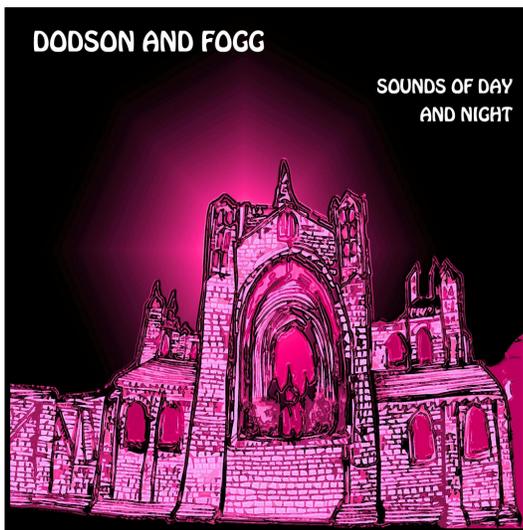
Visit the Hawkwind site: [www.hawkwind.com/](http://www.hawkwind.com/)

# DODSON AND FOGG

## SOUNDS OF DAY

## & NIGHT

WITH A NEW ALBUM OUT, CHRIS WADE'S DODSON AND FOGG PROJECT IS MOVING SWIFTLY ON. JAMES R TURNER, WRITER FOR CLASSIC ROCK SOCIETY, DID A Q AND A WITH CHRIS ALL ABOUT IT



**The Sounds of Day and Night is the 3rd Dodson & Fogg release (your 4th including the Moonlight Banquet) how do you feel your songwriting and style has progressed on this album?**

I don't know really, because songwriting is just something that comes to you. Sometimes it can be really difficult to get a decent song together, struggling with the chords and the lyrics, while other times a song can just fly out at you and slap you in face (and call you a stupid sod) and it can be done and recorded in an afternoon. I think the style on this new album is broader but I think the songwriting style is the same really, just putting the ideas into slightly more complex and larger surroundings.

**What's influenced you on this record and what themes were you looking to explore?**



## DODSON AND FOGG

I firstly came up with this idea about an album that focused on the night; all the weird, dark, romantic things, not pervy stuff I promise... all these things that occurred, then I got a bit bored by it and just wanted to do people songs. So I thought day and night, because there was so much character to the songs and all these different sounds and ideas that weren't on the first two albums. I just realized I was doing more stuff here, more keyboards, picking up some more bits and bobs on the flute and Indian sounds, more drums. So it was like broadening the music, and night and day is pretty much opening ideas lyrically for a songwriter too, so it is a freer album. Actually, the website Progarchy just picked this up in a review. They said it sounded more free and psychedelic, so I guess that's what has happened. Not to sound like a pretentious prig, which I always seems to look like when I read interviews back in print unfortunately, I imagined this was like a book of short stories, a film or shorts perhaps, where the camera might float around, go into a bedroom window for a love song, then float

off to the railways tracks for the night train whizzing through. I imagined it like that; in fact I thought it would be a great idea to make a film to go with it. Currently, Spielberg and Scorsese are having a deadly duel using hot dogs to battle for the position of director. I hope Marty wins, he's a good lad!

### **Talk us through the album, track by track.**

#### **Sounds of Day and Night**

I came up with the bass line for this initially and recorded it first before all the other pieces. I wanted a floating dreamy sound to open the album up and present us with an idea of what the next 50 minutes is going to be like. It's only 2 and half minutes or so of music but it's one of my favourites.

#### **Hear it in the Morning Still**

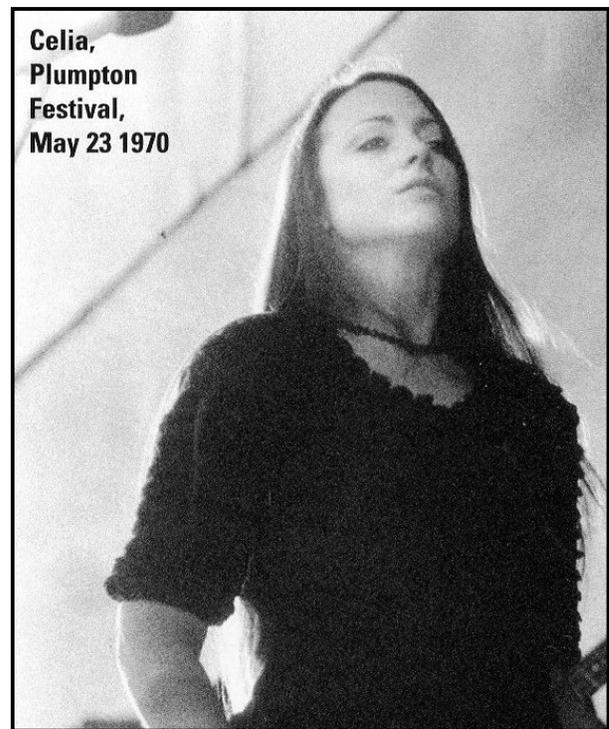
This was about somebody having strange nightmares and being bizarrely entertained and comforted by the fears and the horror. I sometimes have dreams where they were so horrid, but when they end I am disappointed because I wanted to know what happened. Maybe I'm just a cretin though, but I like the perversity of it. Colin Jones does some nice trumpet on this too. In fact, this is the only other part done by someone else on the whole album.

#### **It's All Right**

This was a really quick one that just came out. I was really happy with all the acoustic guitars on it, overlapping each other. Whereas the track before was of a lonely guy haunted by his own sleep, this one was a guy observing another guy's love for a woman and perhaps being a little jealous of what they have. It sounds like a straight love song, but maybe when you think about it, the narrator or whatever, is looking at this perfect scenario from the outside.

#### **Lost in Words**

You can hear a howling wind at the start of this one. It's like we float off from the bloke in the last song to a writer who is totally engrossed in writing. We can hear the old fashioned type writer, and then this really frantic piece of music starts with multi layered acoustics and a bit of keyboard too, before the vocal comes in near the end. When I was writing books sometimes, I used to get stuck in so much that I wouldn't eat or I'd need the toilet for ages and not get up and go. It was like about the obsession of creating things. This is what I was trying to capture, someone addicted to his writing... then it floats off again.



#### **Lying in the Sun**

Here we have another person, this time standing in the rain, maybe waiting for a bus in the night after work or the pub, getting soaking wet and longing for a sunny day. He's piss wet through, the poor blighter.

#### **Life is All Around Me**

This was inspired by the death of a tyrant, but I won't say who. It was about the people keeping their dignity and not being disrespectful, while still

being angry with the person in question and perhaps proud of their collective spirit in light of the event. I wanted it jangly and happy to reflect the conflicting emotions. Oooh, I impressed myself then!



### **Lonely Little Bird**

I remember doing this and piecing together the odd little acoustic passages and thinking of someone being followed by this little bird, only the bird isn't really a bird. It's someone they believe is watching over for them, looking out for them. Superstitious perhaps... When I listen again it reminds me of the Incredible String Band, the kind of free form flow of it, only it's about ten times too short to be an ISB track!

### **Night Train**

This was inspired by WH Auden's Night Mail poem, in particular the documentary from the 1930s also called Night Mail, when the narrator kind of raps out the poem with all these great images of trains whizzing across the screen. It's a classic bit of British history and I wanted this to become apparent in the music. I got this driving beat with this really weird almost sci fi keyboard line, then the chorus and the guitars whaling in the background. I liked the idea

of people sleeping while the train whizzes past delivering the mail.

### **Free in the Night**

This is made up of two separate instrumental passages. The first one is calmer and quieter; it made me think of sleeping animals in the night, out in the wild. And then the psychedelic bit comes in and the whole thing becomes a little more sinister. I imagined what goes on in the forest when none of us can see, what the animals get up to, Maybe I should stop sniffing yoghurt before I go to bed on a night.

### **Feel it in the Air Around Yourself**

The lyrics came first for this, because I remember thinking that basically you are in charge of your own life really, and you may think you're in charge of the path your life might take. Of course it isn't always the case, sometimes circumstances ruin plans, but it's like a hopeful lyric, but every time the narrator feels confident and happy, this sinister organ chord seems to come in and then of course the last minute or so is a frantic guitar solo, and it sounds quite dark, as if paranoia and reality has charged in and ruined everything. Basically anything can be around the corner, no matter how well you think things are going. God I ain't half waffling on here!!!

### **How Can You Be True?**

This was another simplish love song, but here the guy is just feeling lucky with his life. Every Dodson and Fogg album seems to have at least one mushy number now. An album of moods, a bit like Mulligan and O Hare from Vic and Bob. "My rooooooose has left me!"

### **Morning Love**

I came up with the chorus melody while making a cup of tea. Then I rushed off and wrote it and recorded it really fast. It's about the perfect morning of a new day. It has a very 60s vibe to it.

### **Clocking Off**

This was another old fashioned one. My girlfriend Linzi came up with the idea of the factory noises at the start, like in all those kitchen sink 60s films, especially Up the Junction, where the sirens go and the day is through. The people are all tied by the working day, but when the day is over, they go home. "We all got a place we call home, we all got our own piece of Rome." It's like we go home and we are the king of our own domain but at work we are another face in the crowd, there on the factory floor. Bloody hell, this is like therapy this!

### **Sounds of Day and Night (Part 2)**

I knew I wanted this to close the album because it's kind of weird and dreamy. Linzi got me this flute so I started giving it some welly, and then I got the Indian sounds on it and it just kind of kept going on, this odd piece of music. I could have played it for 25 minutes but that would have bored everybody's titties off. I think it closes the album nicely.

### **Dodson & Fogg are well known for te special guests on the albums, who's on this album & how do their contributions influence the songs?**

Funnily enough it's just me most of the time here, apart from Colin Jones playing trumpet on Hear it in the Morning Still. I was going to get Celia on board but she was busy with other things and I really was impatient and wanted to get it out there. I am definitely going to have her on the next one though, I love her voice. On this album I sing, do acoustic guitars, electric guitars, bass, percussion, drums, keyboards and the old flutey. I really enjoyed it. I might take up the trumpet next and go nick Colin's trumpet and lock him in his shed (if he has one).

### **Do you write for someone specific and then get them on board, or do you know whose contributing and tweak your songs accordingly?**

I've never written with anyone in mind. I don't think I could. It wouldn't be like writing a proper song, it would be weird and contrived. Most people just write what appears on the day, sometimes you get lucky and a really good one comes out.

### **Where do you get your inspiration from?**

It can be from a thought I've had, something on the news, something someone has said, or sometimes it comes from a single chord, a little melody or even a rhythmic idea. It can come from all sorts of areas actually.

### **The artwork ties in with the music to create a complete package, do you give Linzi a brief or does she work based on the music?**

No, if I gave her a brief she'd probably tell me to sod off haha. This piece was already done and I loved it. In fact it's the banner picture for her new exhibition in Otley at the Togs Gallery, all throughout July.

### **I hear you're going to be releasing albums on vinyl, tell us about that...**

Yes indeedly sir. There's an American company interested in releasing the albums on record, starting with the first later in the year. It looks like it's going to definitely happen too, which is great. I have always wanted a vinyl of my own music!

### **Where next for Dodson and Fogg?**

Possibly Halifax, I wanna see the refurbishments to the Piece Hall. After that, rest and snacks, then a fourth album.

***Sounds of Day and Night is out now on Wisdom Twins Records.***

## REVIEWS



### **FM: Black Noise**

### **FM: Direct to Disc**

### **Esoteric Records ECLEC2376/ECLEC2377**

The Canadian Space prog rockers first two albums get the full works, remastered and repackaged, with Black Noise, astonishingly getting its first official release in Europe.

Formed by legendary Canadian experimental musicians Nash the Slash (later to work with people like Gary Numan, as well as having a successful solo career) and Cameron Hawkins, in 1976, both musicians keen on pushing the boundaries as far they could go, they quickly joined up with eclectic drummer Martin Dellar, and the progressive power trio were ready to go.

Their debut album, released in 1977 is electronically powered, and a sonic attack of the sort that you get from three skilled musicians, who know how the other works, can produce.

A concept album based around Star Trek, no less, the 8 space rock tracks here mix up exotic space instrumentals, with the wonderfully named Slaughter in Robot Village being as good as its name suggests!

Coming from a similar mind set as early Hawkwind, tracks like One O'Clock tomorrow, show Nash's violin off to good effect, whilst the crowning glory of this exciting and out there debut, is the epic space prog rock of the title track Black Noise, where it's powered along by Martin Dellar's interstellar drumming, Cameron Hawkins' sonic soundscapes, Nash's wonderful violin playing, and the taut lyrical performance from Hawkins which rounds off an accomplished and mature debut.

So, following on from what was a strong debut they do what all great bands do, they lose a member!

Inevitably Nash the Slash left after Black Noise to expand his solo work, and so the duo of Hawkins and Dellar turned to multi talented multi instrumentalist Ben Mink, whose violin sound created continuity on Direct to Disc, the group's second release.

Comprising two distinct tracks (side 1 Headroom & Side 2 Border Crossing) the band took the unusual approach of recording live in the studio, with the resulting tracks transcribed direct to disc, however they were constricted by the fact they only had 16 minutes per side of vinyl, and there could be no overdubs, so everything had to be played live in a Toronto studio, a technique from the early days of recording, which had somewhat fallen out of fashion.

FM however were more than enthusiastic and up for the challenge, and armed with new material, Cameron Hawkins' 5 part Headroom, and Martin Dellar's Border Crossing pushed their sound even further than their debut, especially impressive when you consider the time constraints.

Hawkins' Headroom, is a multi part, multi faceted mini electronic symphony which ebbs and flows as the musical themes introduced during Reflections One, get expanded on and built upon, sound by sound, instrument by instrument until we reach the satisfyingly climax of Scarberia, throughout you get the elements of the space outs from the first album, but more tightly reined in and under control, as the keyboards, the violins, the drums all vie for solo's as the music reaches peaks and troughs until the final crescendo, Headroom is very much a progressive symphony in 5 parts, with classical motifs and ideas rendered through a power prog trio.

Border Crossing shows Dellar's jazz background off in fine form, being almost a counterpoint to the tight structure and form of Headroom, as a more free flowing piece, picking up the best parts of free form jazz, of rock solo's and of soaring classical solo's as well, almost an anti symphony if you like, as the band go even further out there than before.

This is a stunning set, and again taking the term progressive music to its logical conclusion, being both a progression of the band's debut, and taking music into new areas, particularly impressive when you consider they are only a 3 piece, and they had a new member, Ben Mink, who segues into the group seamlessly and sounds like he's always been there.

If you are into out there space rock, these albums are for you, superb.

*James R Turner*



### **3<sup>rd</sup>egree: The Long Division**

[www.3rddegreeonline.com](http://www.3rddegreeonline.com) 3<sup>RD</sup>004

Written and recorded in the shadow of the global financial meltdown, LA based American prog 5 piece 3rddegree really push the boat out, both musically and lyrically, turning their attentions to the American state, and this an alternative State of the Union address, which finds all is not greener on the other side of the pond. The title referring to the long division between the classes in American society.

After 20 years of performing and writing together, Robert James Pashman (bass,keys, backing vocals) Eric Pseja (guitars,backing vocals) George Dobbs (lead vocals, keyboards) Aaron Noble (drums, percussion) and Patrick Kliesch (guitars,backing vocals) put their experience to good use.

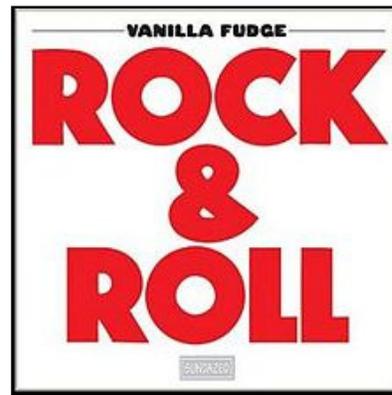
Their stall is set out on the barnstorming opening of 'You're Fooling Yourself with the refrain of 'You and your gun toting, flag waving, corporate sell outs' you can tell they aren't too happy about the current neo-con politicos in America, and this anger, this tide of looking for something better, and the fact that it's the man in the street who always gets the worst part of the deal, permeates this highly politicised album.

With a taut and fluid sound, capturing the best of American prog, with sublime 4 part harmonies that could have fitted onto any yes album, their lyrics, for such an overtly progressive sound are grounded firmly in reality here, where the only fairy tales are the ones told by the politicians in the frankly amazing Incoherent Ramblings, or in the spotlight of the trivia of everyday life being broadcast constantly in Televised.

Dobbs lyrics and vocals carry the bite and the anger of the words, whilst the bands superb musical coherence, make this a defining political statement, with every song a protest song.

A fantastic album, with some amazing musical moments that are out there, with its heart and soul firmly rooted right here and right now.

*James R Turner*



### **Vanilla Fudge: Rock & Roll**

**Esoteric Recordings ECLEC2391**

Highly influential American heavy rock band Vanilla Fudge, had created a mighty rock sound from their formation in 1966, which had influenced bands like Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin (who supported Vanilla Fudge on Zep's first visit to the states) yet by 1969's Rock and Roll, the band had effectively ended, with this their 5<sup>th</sup> album being recorded under trying conditions.

With members Mark Stein (vocals/keyboards) Vinnie Martell (guitar/vocals) Tim Bogert (bass/vocals) and Carmine Appice (drums/vocals) falling into two distinct camps of Stein & Martell and Bogert & Appice (who later formed Cactus) the album was recorded with producer Adrian Barber who had worked with Cream and was Atlantic Records choice for them.

With the situation so fraught (like the parallel situation of The Beatles trying to record Abbey Road at the same time across the water) its amazing they were able to produce anything coherent at all, and yet Rock and Roll is something of a minor masterpiece, their trademark sound not diminished by the horde of imitators following them, with their innovative and masterful interpretations of other peoples songs, no more apparent than on the wonderfully soulful and Hammond organ drenched Windmills of Your Mind, whilst the band drape guitar riffs and solo's throughout, whilst the gospel tinged originals Lord in the Country and Church Bells of St Martins, take their sound and push it in new directions, whilst their spirited interpretations of the Goffin/King classic I can't make it alone and the wonderful cover of Rudy Clarks If You Gotta Make a Fool of Somebody are worth the price of admission alone.

With additional cuts of the single edits and the bonus All in Your Mind, rather than being the sound of a band collapsing around themselves, this is one last hurrah from one of the great innovators of American heavy rock.

*James R Turner*

# **HOUND DAWG MAGAZINE**

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