

Bickershaw Festival

5 May - 7 May 1972



10p
Official
Programme



Captain Beefheart — The Spotlight Kid



Linda Lewis — Say No More



Family — Fearless



Dr John  Donovan  Captain Beyond • Capricorn •

Bickershaw Festival

The Grateful Dead

Hermes

You are part of the Grateful Dead, and so is that guy beside you straining to get a look at your programme 'cos he couldn't afford to buy one. Spare it because you need each other so much in the Dead need each other and need your participation. That's the ideal situation, everybody should be in the band! The main point is they're here now but if you'd like to know where they came from and where they are then a few selected quotes can help out. Over to you Jerry:

'My first guitar was an electric guitar, and my first love on the guitar was Chuck Berry... my next change in music was when the folk music thing started happening and I got caught up into that... I spent about three years playing blue grass banjo... and then... we got a jug band going and I took up the guitar again and from the jug band, it was right to rock 'n' roll... Phil, our bass player started off playing classical violin and then he played trumpet... he has absolute pitch... he'd have these monster pieces of score paper and he'd be working away in pen, the notes are coming out of his head, out on to the paper. Things for like 12 orchestras and whatever!... We had this other bass player, and I talked to Phil and he said he'd like to take it up so I showed him a few things, two weeks later we played our first job... Pippin... his father was a rhythm and blues deejay... and he's always heard the blues since he was a tiny kid... when I met him he was about 14 or 15... at that time I was sort of a beatnik guitar player... he could just make up millions and millions of verses that were all just fantastic and he's really the master at the shady comment in blues... Bill was always the fastest, most heaviest rock and roll drummer in Palo Alto... he worked in the same music store that I did, I was teaching guitar and he was teaching drums and we got together quite a bit... Bob Weir who plays rhythm, did the whole folk blues coffee house thing...'

'Those five have been the heart of the Grateful Dead's music from the early days but there's always been the inevitable man who met Garcia shortly after they both left the army. Bob Hunter is someone known in the Dead's lyricist and some would say he's a poet. Keith Godchaux, the piano player, joined before their three month tour of the States last year bringing Donna along

with him. She's backed up Elvis and Joe Tex on record and currently wanders in and out of their vocals as the spirit dictates.

'They grew in the glory of legal and pure acid when the West Coast was rubbing out signs and dividing lines and walking on the high waters of altruism and love. They played the Trips Festival, The Acid Tests, The Golden Gate Park Be-In and became actively involved in most of the things that were going down, taking them up and away. In '68 they helped run the Carousel with The Airplane and some friends until the pressures of fuzz and finance forced a shutdown. Later Bill Graham moved in and renamed it The Fillmore West. The Dead have been through busts, debts, beatific bummers and have come out tracking while others along the way have slipped back into old habits, been co-opted or just plain lost faith. Intangible and mysterious lines consorted to once again limit the boundaries, to divert that free consciousness back into seats with numbers watched over by a hierarchy of men with greedy wallets and uniforms, who never really felt what was happening. What's that sound? Paranoia strikes deep... sung The Buffalo Springfield, and bombs, bad vibes and smoke screens have filled the air, But the Dead, sometimes distant, sometimes near, are still there with a good trip lying from their speakers, showing that the typical daydream can be its own creator and can channel its energy in positive directions.

'Setting up the evening before their two night stint at London's Wembley-Booth someone called up to the stage... Jerry, would you be happy if this barrier was nearer the stage? To which that famed trouge picker replied, 'We don't need no barrier man. Nobody's gonna attack us!'

'At the sound checks they eased through 'Hully Gully', 'You Win Again' and finally I thought I was getting a sneak preview of the following night's concert. No way. The three and a half hour set on Friday took you through so many delightful changes you had no idea where it would come from next. My head dropped off altogether when they slipped Mary Robbins' 'El Paso' somewhere into 'The Other One'. Wait 'til they do 'Not Fade

Away', someone confided to a friend on Saturday as the Dead inched their way in little rushes through the disparate house lights and the formality of a slightly straitjacketed environment. Well that friend could still be waiting 'cos they never faded away but took you to see and hear other sights beyond the dark star. They're musicians. They often work within frameworks and call upon references but the number of directions they can take are infinite... There's no one guiding us at this point and we're just left to our own devices'...

'They're travelling around Europe in a bus with their wives and families and at each stop there you're paying the fare for a two way ticket to turn on.

'We like to play with dancers. We like to see it and really nothing improves your time like having somebody dance. Just pulls the whole thing together. And it's also a nice little feedback thing'.

The eyes of Texas are upon you. Let there be songs to fill the air 'cos coke cans and bullets hurt.

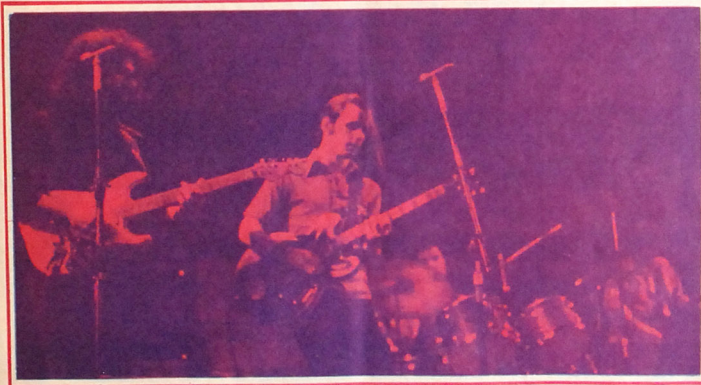
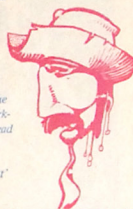
Personnel:

Jerry Garcia	lead guitar/pedal steel vocals
Bob Weir	rhythm guitar vocals
Keith Godchaux	piano
Bill Kreutzmann	drums
Ron 'Pippin' McKernan	organ harmonica vocals
Phil Lesh	bass guitar vocals
Donna Godchaux	vocals
Bob Hunter	Poet

Discography:

- 1) San Francisco's Grateful Dead 2) Anthem To The Sun 3) Aoxomoxoa 4) Live Dead (double) 5) Workinman's Dead 6) American Beauty 7) Grateful Dead (double)

And don't forget their 'hit' single 'Saturday Night' plus Garcia's solo album, plus Bob Weir's and Pippin's forthcoming solo albums.



Joseph Stevens



The Kinks

Mark Williams

Ray Davies in a fit of self-indulgence referred to the Kinks as '... the finest band in the world'.

Maybe he's right. If not the finest they are surely the most consistent and durable group around, having remained true to the brothers Davies' code of introverted musical patriotism for nigh on eight years with never a wink or a nod in the direction of flower power, de blues or any of the other handwagons that our musical heroes have jumped aboard at one stage or another.

For a pop group this is remarkable and for a group whose pop music is indisputably rock music—a term

only recently fashionable amongst the cultural intelligentsia—it's downright remarkable.

But like the Who—together with Procol Harum the only other British band who come near them in terms of musical consistency—the Kinks can and do still play their early hits like 'All Day And All Of The Night' and 'You Really Got Me' and bring sweat to the brows of the uninitiated. Yet recently more attention has been paid to the Kinks and primarily Ray Davies as socially observant music makers, and the basic simplicity of their work has been much ignored. A shame—why do the British, in particular, need an excuse to enjoy their music on a gut level?

'Course albums like 'Arthur' and 'The Village Green Preservation Society', and singles like 'Waterloo Sunset' are certainly genuinely felt, if somewhat wry sentiments of respect for the peculiarities of life in dear old Blighty. But the Davies brothers' music is surely to be dug in the way that it's delivered—with gusto.

Not that the Kinks' musical ethos hasn't embraced some pretty extreme musical developments in its time. Brother Ray's sexually noxious, oriental flavoured 'See My Friend' was a minor hit (ie it didn't quite reach the number one slot) in '65—a good two years before groups were donning kaftans and singing about anything else save holding hands at the hop. (I think if Ray Davies held anybody's hand at a dance they might find something rather nasty in it afterwards—a dead frog, perhaps).

'See My Friends' was delivered in that same arrogantly nasal, Gibson-Flying-V-slung-contemptuously-over-the-shoulder style that's always been with the Kinks. The original group, with the man the press releases never mention, Pete Quaife on bass, has changed little since those hedonistic days in the mid-sixties. Dave Davies still plays a mean guitar and looks out from behind mischievous eyes. His contribution to the band's music isn't as dominant as his elder brother's but it's just as individual. (Remember his three solo singles, including the raspy 'Death Of A Clown'?)

Mick Avory still sits leonically behind his skins and kicks shit out of them with a look of benign innocence writ large all over his face. Bassist John Dalton has been with the band once, before he officially joined up in '69—for six months when P Quaife was indisposed in 1966. Lurking in the background is the fifth but apparently unofficial member of the group—pianist John Gosling.

Together the Kinks are not just a back-up crew for Ray Davies, although his outrageous camping about is perhaps not fully appreciated in the UK where Workers' Playtime still represents all that's best in popular musical humour. The Kinks are in fact one of a very small pack of ace bands who manage to tread the tightrope between rock and schlock with tongue in cheek style. Like Ray says, maybe they are the finest.

Leaders of the pack of Muswell Hillbillies.

Who said only the Airplane is missing?
Here they are disguised as a piece
of paper

Tear it out ever so gently and
fold along the centre dotted line...
and if you're mind's a blank
ask all those people next to you
how it's done.

When it lands it can say,

HELLO!

Hope you're enjoying this festival
if you're visiting London we hope
Time Out magazine will help you to
continue enjoying yourself.

It costs 10p and lists all the week's
music, cinema, theatre, poetry,
exhibitions etc plus news, reviews
and features.

Gets you there on time.

P.S. If anyone finds this I love you.





Dr. John the Night Tripper

Myles Palmer

Dr John is a refreshingly original writer-performer from the black swamp region of Louisiana. His real name is Mac Rebennack and he won modest fame first as a studio musician in the early sixties, when he recorded with many of his jazz and R&B idols. Then the white gospel team of Delaney and Bonnie recorded one of his songs on their 'Accept No Substitute' album.

The song was called 'When The Battle Is Over', but for the Doctor the battle hadn't even started. Mac's debut album 'Gris-Gris' panicked his record company because they didn't know what category to put it in. File under popular? File under updated voodoo church music? File under jazz-flavoured Cajun R&B? File into the swamp and never be seen again?

His music is feverishly danceable, yet it's developed with a unique sense of structure and texture. Side One of Remedies is 22 minutes of the catchiest, boogie rhythm-and-voodoo that you'll ever hear. If you're going back to the roots, you can't get much nearer than New Orleans, the cradle of jazz. Real Mardis Gras festivities.

On 'The Sun Moon and Herbs' there is more atmosphere and more solo space: the songs are stretched out to five or six minutes. It ranks with Traffic's 'Low Spark' as Britain's most-ignored album of 1971. It's another world, another language. Fascinated by the sensual tribal rhythms, you tiptoe through the jungle, nearer and nearer the secret rendezvous, a timeless exotic scene of countless carnivals.

A witchdoctor in Eskimo boots, fur robes and giant head-dress shuffles around in the centre of a surreal medicine show. His face is streaked with paint. Voo-woo, voo-woo-woom, lithe voodoo princesses sway with the beat, their silver plumes sparkling in the moonlight. It's that ole dope magic has you in its spell. It won't do you no harm, you just gotta handle it right.

The Doctor's arrangements are really somethin' else. Girls back-up choruses and soft-reeded saxophones and rambling percussion effects are threaded around the guitars vocals and keyboards which carry the top lines. If you've never heard it before it might sound strange, a dervish dance on the periphery of meaning. But the more you listen, the more sense it makes.

Ann Ivel recalls doing Mac's PR when he came over for the Bath Festival. She found the recent Beeheart visit somewhat similar. 'The stranger people are supposed to be, the easier they are to work with.'

Before Bath, Annie was in America and someone said the Stones wanted to record with Dr John. 'But there was some kind of work permit hold-up, so Taj Mahal did it. Then when he eventually came over here I remembered Mick Jagger wanted to work with him. So I phoned Mick. Four days later there were fifty people in Trident Studios. We could only get it from 2 - 10 am. I had to get the press out of bed at 4 am. It was literally that spontaneous.'

These legendary sessions featured Eric Clapton on slide guitar, with Dominoes Carl Radle, Jim Gordon and Bobby Whitlock; Bobby Keys, Chris Mercer and Graham Bond on saxes. Ray Draper played tuba, and Mick Jagger and four girls sang the harmonies.

'He's not able to bully his people,' says Annie, 'he relies on their integrity and good faith.' She recalls particularly one extravaganza by the seaside. 'It was a hotel-manoor house with two medieval courtyards, standing in a 100 acres of its own ground. A joint press reception with two other groups. A camera team from 'Late Night Line-Up' was hovering around. There was Canned Heat being noisy and gregarious, and Frank Zappa completely in command of the situation. Dr John is such a lovely little person. He came down the stairs, I think he was a time phased by so many people. So we sat him down at the piano, and people came and talked to him as he played. Everything was fine. Then he lurched down to the beach in all his garb. It was like King Canute'.

Malcolm Rebennack leader
 Ronald Burrosse keyboards and vocals
 James Calhoun bass
 Richard Washington percussion
 Ken Klimak guitar
 Robbie Montgomery vocals
 Jesse Smith vocals
 Fred Staehle drums

