

ROUGH TRADE FROM VENUS

PROLOGUE - A TRUE STORY

through the usual hassles which come with being young in the United States of America. There was the whole drag scene about going to school and then after that there was the prospect of being drafted and then after that...But Mark wasn't just another basically all-American boy; for a start he lived on Quartz Hill, a hill of solid quartz rock (a metamorphic rock of sedimentary origin, found most abundantly in the oldest geological strata - Encyclopedia Britannica) which is kinda weird and exclusive, you gotta admit. And then, what with all the visions of violence and bloodletting summoned up from the fear of being drafted, Mark had really freaked out and vanished into a mental hospital. It was around this time that he got to listen to an album, "Safe As Milk" by Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band. Nothing had made that much sense to Mark before - sure he'd doodled around with a few things - dropped acid a couple of times, smoked a little 'pot' y'know - he even had a bass guitar laying around the house which he couldn't be both-

ered to get into - but this album really got to him. Mark, like most other 17 year-old boys, was going He played it almost every morning and every night for almost two years until one fine day he went to see Capt. Beefheart playing live in Los Angeles. It was at that point that it all clicked together somehow. Mark's eyes connected with the mad Captain's right up there on stage 'just like snails' and a mystical alliance was formed. Beefheart befriended Mark as well as Mark's 19 year-old acid-freak buddy and gave them a job in his new combo. The band, -Jeff St.Claire, perhaps better known as Antennae Jimmy Semens, John French - the mysterious Drumbo and the Mascara Snake - went into the desert for eight months to practice a number of songs the Capt. had worked out on a piano in 8 hours. They got hold of an old acquaintance of Beefheart's, a businessmar. and leader of a '50s pachuco rock band, who had pretensions to being Stravinsky or Varese or something but who was also well-known for his nifty work behind the switches at the recording studio and, lo and behold, a double album was conceived containing inarguably some of the weirdest music ever to be found on black plastic - "Trout Mask Replica".



Plummer Knebworth

BOZOED ON THE BUS -A RAP WITH THE CAP

Well, friends, that was three years ago, and there we all were on a coach travelling from Kensington to Brighton for a Capt. Beefheart concert. Some old friends had been lost along the way - Antennae Jimmy is living with his mother in a trailer situated somewhere in the desert, the Mascara Snake is painting and Drumbo is still moving in mysterious ways, coming and going - but new friends have been added. Mark, now re-named Rockette Morton, dapper, in multi-coloured eggshell designed shirt, purple trousers and an immaculate slouch-hat was sitting beside the belly dancer reading 'The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich . His hair was neatly cut, while his moustache was waxed out to accomodate two spreading antennae on his upper lip. Just like Salvador Dali. No, not at all. That moustache shows a catfish influence. Rockette Morton doesn't even like Salvador Dali. This was stated in no uncertain terms by the plumpish man who looked rather like a cross between Orson Welles and a pixie and who was easily the centre of attraction on the bus: Don Van Vliet, alias the Captain, painter, writer, absurdist and Dada to the Delta blues tradition. Van later on. Vliet always states things in no uncertain terms, he is absolutely convinced of his own rightness. But this is understandable, for, in his own words, he is when approached for a rap), Van Vliet is more than an artist and a genius. Everyone on the bus knew that. Even those who hadn't before, after direct confrontation with the charismatic Mr. Van Vliet, were at least temporary believers. And of course everyone in the band - Zoot Horn Rollo, seven feet tall and now with short hair, looking like an All-

American boy from Saturn, Ed Marimba with the green moustache, Winged Eel Fingerling who looked like he had stepped out of a particularly harrowing extract from the Bible - all matted hair and beard, and intensity, and Orejon, a fat jovial greasy trucker with a voice like a hyena - they all held Beefheart in a kind of awe. Meanwhile Beefheart waxed ecstatic about his band: "Y'know, I'm totally happy with the band I've got. I tell you I'm proud to be playing with them. Rockette Morton. Have you seen him play bass? He's a killer. He claws the strings - uses all his fingers. Just wait till you hear him play you won't believe it. And Zoot Horn Rollo - personally I believe that he is becoming the greatest guitar player alive. There is no end to his contribution as an innovator. His lines, man - his whole approach. There's no way you can turn that kind of flow off." Beefheart treats the musicians in his band as equals in all respects. He stresses that he is not the leader - "The only leader there is runs down the back of your leg" - and that the band themselves are starting to write their own music. Winged Eel Fingerling, Ed Marimba and Orejon were all musicians in Frank Zappa's band. Not any more though. But that's a sore point and all will be revealed

While the members of the Magic Band tend to keep very much to themselves (though perfectly sociable gregarious. We talked for God knows how long touching on numerous topics. Don's old friend Ornette Coleman was constantly brought up in the conversation - "I was with him just before I came here. He's top-notch, y'know, there's none better. But he's not a jazz musician, man, he's a painter. Most peo-



ple are afraid to play with Ornette - a lot of people are afraid to go into the area of genius. They don't think they can take it 'cos they keep believing they have to measure things out. You can't measure genius. Measurements are just humourous to a genius. That's why someone like Cecil Taylor is not a genius. Taylor just keeps measuring up that piano - what's the point in that? Now Robert Johnson and Son House are the real geniuses. They're the primitive painters.

structured around the idea of the primitive. To him use I was playing but I felt sure they were out creating is the most natural function, all forms are there." the same ultimately, in the force of their expression. "Talking about different art-forms is like counting rain drops. There are rivers and streams and oceans, but it's all the same substance. Not that art comes from one source - that's too pointed, it comes in segments. If you squeeze it, the juice heart good naturedly, carrying straight on into a iust comes out."

The names of John Coltrane and Charlie Parker are na. brought up in the conversation. Beefheart dismisses them thus -

"Listen, the fish is in complete control of the scale. When man tries to play scales like a fish has, forget it. The fish, the armadillo - they've got it all down. Ed Marimba is doing an album call-iers (though he stresses that he and the band are ed 'Armadillo Xylophone' - he's not going to even an armadillo and then there's the music. No-one plays ahead of the armadillo."

Had he heard the album 'Songs of the Humpbacked Whale ??

"I don't use Scales when I play the horn, and I used to play that instrument feeling that certain things were communicating with me. Most people look up in the sky after that kind of experience but I don't, I look in the ocean. I just got hold of that record and now I've heard it, I know who it is. I mean, the largest living land mammal is the absent mind, but those whales are out there. Didn't you hear any whales or dolphins in my solo (a spontaneous piece called "Spitball Scalped A . .by" played at Beefheart's whole concept of the artist/genius is the Albert Hall gig)? I couldn't hear myself beca-

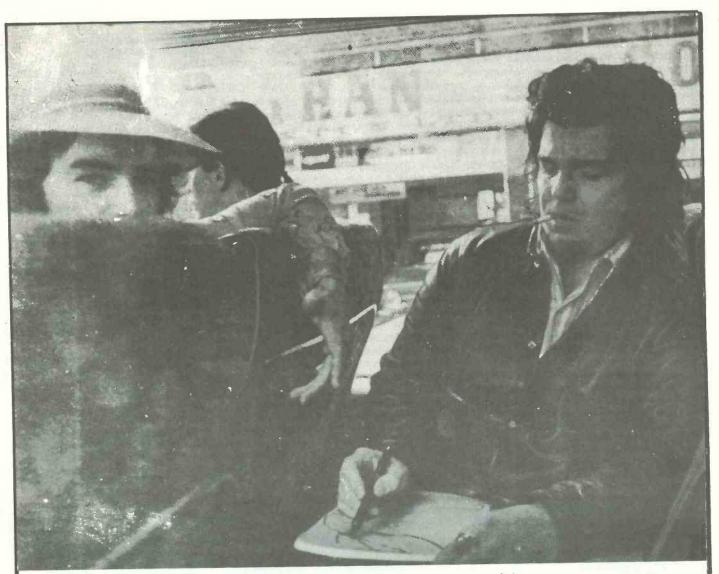
> He, his wife and the whole band live in Eureka, which is 69 miles from the Oregon border. "The whales are right outside our window cleaning their bornades and singing."

The conversation carries on with everyone present too much investment in one thing, like Jesus on the totally subservient to the eloquence of the Captain. cross. I see a cross-walk out here, which is a joke Someone attempts to take him on in a word game but to me. Take an orange, right - if you pull it apart fails miserably. "Let's not play marbles" says Beefwild rap about the bisexual capabilities of the hye-

"The hyena - man, that creature is one of the most highly-evolved on this planet. It can change its sex at will. Did you know that? A male hyena can have babies. Isn't that amazing?" Beefheart is very involved in the idea of breaking down basic sexual barrall men with healthy sexual appetites playing music try and play the scales. First there's the cover of for women). However when the name of Alice Cooper is mentioned in this context, he retorts:

"Sure, what Cooper and his band are doing sounds good, but they're exploiting the concept. Throwing little chickens into the audience - I think that's





despicable. If I saw Cooper again, I'd spank his arse. That band - they go into the woods with their that the link between artist and record company has guns and kill animals. They're all sick." One of the projects Beefheart has tentatively planned once he gets hold of some money ("The Spotlight Kid" is doing good business in the States, having broken thr-day and spends up to ten hours at a stretch working ough the Top 100) is to help curb the killing of rare out tunes on the piano: "I could release twenty albanimals in Africa. He, and his ideas - like his view ums a month, easily." on politics (he has none) and pollution (a sincere "I think it should be stopped right now" was all he could manage on that subject) - becomes vague. Ano- "one of the greatest poets ever - a true original", ther project he hopes to finance is the construction and Jimi Hendrix were rated as geniuses; the Rolling of "a female building" in London, which goes undergr- Stones didn't fare so well, Mick Jagger was dismissound. "You won't have to have an air-raid to go into ed contemptuously but Beefheart had some kind words it, and it won't be scary. Maybe all the other buil- to say for Brian Jones whom he had once met. "He dings will fall in a hole where they belong. Then they can see all the mountains and oceans without all was doing. You know I've got the feeling that he the male-blood in their head and the red-faced erec- wrote "The Last Time" and "Satisfaction". I know tion. Tut! Tut! People won't be afraid of the oppo- these songs are credited to other people but..." site sex."

amicable one. He has total artistic control.

on another label - you can be assured of that. Nobody this day I can't understand what happened. I persotells me what to do."

His next album - "Brown Star" - though yet to be recorded, is completely worked out in Beefheart's head. It was written during an eight-hour car journey between Boston and Yale. Amongst the numbers to be featured are "Big Eyed Beans From Venus" (which says you don't have to go back into the past. All the past in the world doesn't go to make up a man of the present) and "Happy Blue Pumpkin" written by Jan a few things to say about peace."

Van Vliet, Don's wife and constant campaign. Now been strengthened and become comparatively stable, Beefheart intends to release far more material. He writes an average forty to eighty pages of words a

The talk turned to rock music and the market he was now establishing himself in. Chuck Berry was a fine man - he seemed very interested in what I

The Beatles are attacked vehemently except for His current relationship with Warner Reprise is an McCartney who also met Beefheart - "he was always the creative one in the band". Lennon is not one of "If they don't let me do what I want, then I'll be Van Vliet's favourites: "I'll tell you one thing, to nally sent a telegramme to John Lennon when he was doing his campaign for peace and told him that Capt. Beefheart and his Magic Band had some definite ideas for gaining peace without violence or blood-letting. And I didn't get an answer. Now I don't know what happened, but usually telegrammes get through, right? But how could he ignore someone like me on a topic as important as that. And believe me, I have

Lennon also thinks of himself as a genius (if there is such a thing) "So Lennon is an artist now?" says Beefheart, laughing to himself. "I'll tell you one thing I didn't like - the Beatles saying that they were going to turn people on. I've never heard anything so ridiculous in all my life. No man or woman can turn another person on, the minute you hit air you're on. Like I said in "Flash Gordon's Ape", 'jump in the air/try to go back and there wasn't none'. The idea of trying to turn someone on, that is the biggest concession stand I've ever heard."

Maybe they meant well, someone suggests. You mean mint well. Mint as in money in which case its true.

"There has to be a change", he continues, flying off on a tangent. "How can things just stop? Like a cowboy stabbing his spurs into the prairie to stop the ball rolling; or putting a bird on a leash. Why not fly a kite so you won't have to fly a bird?"

The Captain didn't have much time for Bob Dylan either: "Bob Dylan? Oh, you mean Robert Zimmerman. He's no genius. Quote me any of his songs and I'd pick out the origins of all his imagery. He steals stuff from real geniuses like Robert Johnson."

Beefheart wouldn't accept the proposition that maybe Dylan used the essence of the work of the old masters in order to create original statements himself.

Beefheart believes that basic communication is one of the greatest if not the greatest art form. "Talking is more of an art form than music, in fact its probably the best one. Music is just like a worm crawling over a razorblade - no, a word crawling over a razorblade. That's it! What do you do as a writer. I guess you do what you can within the restrictions: the human mind, ear and eye. The next time that an artist tells you that a writer doesn't make it just tell him that he should be doing soup cans like Warhol. I'm a writer myself, I've got two books coming out: one of them's called "Old Fart At Play" - that's a novel - and the other one's a book of poetry called "Singing Ink". Listen, I want to get the tape of what we are saying here now. I want didn't know that." to sit back and listen to the music we've been making."

Beefheart is planning on using some of the tapes of interviews he's made in this country for inclusion on "Brown Star".

THE KID GETS HEAVY

Finally the conversation turned to dealing with his old buddy from El Monte, Frank Zappa. It was at this point that one got a taste of what it must be like to be one of those who has crossed the Cap in any way:

"Zappa is the most disgusting character I have ever encountered. Ever! Y'know he claimed to have discovered me. This sham, this bum who is under the impression that he is an artist claimed that he discovered me! I mean people say I discovered Zoot Horn Rollo which is crap; he found me and I found him. I didn't discover him or anything like that. He was on when I met him. It was just that he thought he was off. But Zappa! - and the thing is he didn't have to be what he is, he just chose to be a shit. He's got a real burden - nose-to-the-grindstone, red-faced erection. He should know better than that being around musicians like Ed Marimba. He claimed that he produced "Trout Mask"; he was asleep at the switches, man. He's like a switchman with Parkinson's disease. Look what he did with Wild Man Fischer. He tried to exploit a man who was not a freak; the word freak just doesn't exist as far as I'm concerned. I haven't seen any freaks - I've seen people who they say are deformed. I don't know what deformed is because I like art and form - thats beautiful. Do you know what Wild Man Fischer is doing now? Zappa drained him - he prostituted that mans integrity. Herbie Cohen, Zappa's associate and manager, reminds me of a red marble in a can of lard and Zappa reminds me of a cataract. The only reason I performed on "Willy the Pimp" was because I wanted to straighten Zappa out. I thought that if he came in contact with a real artist he might see the light but he was too far gone by then. Listen man, you'd be degrading yourself as a writer by even mentioning his name in your article. Ask the boys in the band who used to work with him. Listen, Orejon started the Mothers, not Zappa. Did you know that? Even I

Orejon, alias Roy Estrada, the bassist who stuck with the Mothers from "Freak Out" to the "Uncle Meat" period, nodded his head. He started a band along with Ray Collins and Jimmy Carl Black called The Soul Kings until Zappa came along and took them



over. Estrada, a killer bass player, whose falsetto renderings of such classics as "Do You Wanna Dance" and "In The Midnight Hour" could be heard at the back of the bus, is very bitter about the way Zappa treated him. Since he left the Mothers he's played with Little Feat (an excellent country-rock band which also features Lowell George, another exmother) and worked as a session man. He's just recently joined the Magic Band, allowing Rockette Morton to play guitar when the mood takes him. His old friend Ed Marimba (alias Art Tripp) was also a Mother.

Artie looks kinda weird on stage nowadays with his green moustache and his hair fixed in three ringlets with a pince-nez round his neck. He spent six years at university and carried on that tradition with the formal/classical chamber music Zappa fooled around with in the later days of the original Mothers. Tripp despises "all that formal crap" as he calls it and is totally committed to Beefheart's music. Ian Underwood (Zappa's ace keyboard player) was in the Magic Band for a couple of weeks but he just couldn't make it. "He said the music gave him a headache", Tripp says contemptuously. He explained the reason that so many ex-Mothers are now playing with Beefheart like this: "Well, all that stuff with Zappa was just hard work. This band is like total liberation - work doesn't come into it at all. We've been released."

Winged Eel Fingerling is perhaps the most interesting of the old Mothers. His real name is Elliot Ingber and he played guitar on the "Freak Out" album (he's the straight-looking one on the cover with the crew-cut and roll-neck sweater). After his dalliance with Zappa he formed The Fraternity of Man whose main claim to fame lies in the inclusion of their "Don't Bogart That Joint" on the 'Easy Rider' soundtrack, which Elliot wrote. He eventually joined Beefheart after "Lick My Decals Off" had been released but soon split owing to his hatred of being on the road. Now, he too is totally committed to Beefheart: "As long as there is a Magic Band, that's the place I want to be." He is the only one of the band who has anything good to say about Zappa - "I like and respect Frank very much - he's a fine guitarist but he seems very distant from everything going on around him." After politely answering questions, he mutters "jiggers" and goes off to sit by himself again.

Elliot Ingber (aka Winged Eel Fingerling of The Magic Band), went a little weird in the studio. It's said that Ingber started talking to his amplifiers during the recordings of a track called "Rumble". After 85 takes it was concluded that ol' Elliot was definately out to lunch.

Nevertheless, George cites Ingber as an important influence on his own musical education, and claims that he's possibly one of the finest white blues guitarists he's ever heard. He recalls a jam session in 1967, after Monterey, at Peter Tork's house. There was Stephen Stills, Buddy Miles, Tork, and Lowell, Jimi Hendrix and Ingber. When Ingber started to play, Hendrix was stunned into total admiration.

SUN DAWN DANCE SUN SHOWERS DANCED LIKE CYE DARKER GREEN SHADOWS LIGHT ON GRREN LEAVES PLAYED BAMBOO GOLDEN LIGHT ORGAN PIPES WOODEN N'OLDEN DOWN FINICKEY HALLS SHADOWS LEAPED LIKE LIZARDS SCALING FLOWER EYES TRAILING RANDOM VINES TALES THAT CURL-EE-CUED BEANS THAT HUNG GREEN LIGHT BERRIES BUTTERFLY'S GRASP UPSIDE DOWN IN PAIN LOVELY IN THEIR RAPTURE GOLDEN DUST GOLDEN WINGED EELS SLITHER APART BLEEDING LIFE'S LIGHT ON TO THE GROUND N' QUIVER DOWN GOLDEN LIGHT CORNY LITTLE YELLOW HORNS BLEW PETALS STEM RIDDLES BEES RIDE FAT HONEY LEGGED DRIPS CENTERS PULP SPLINTERS HER FLOWERED EYE OH' LEGEND ON UH' ROCK SHE SCRIBBLES UH' DEW DROP POPS UP IN THE "SUN DAWN DANCE"

> BOOGLARISING THE JOINT



After a seemingly endless journey - the first coach had broken down halfway between London and Brighton - we finally arrive at the Dome, a sort of mini-Albert Hall filled to capacity, as all the Beefheart gigs have been. In the dressing-room the band get changed while Zoot Horn Rollo gets his spider-like fingers around the fretboard of his guitar, crafting almost impossible chords from the instrument in preparation for the show. Beefheart disappears into the john, eventually emerging in his stage clothes - an incredible red silk suit over a black shirt with a gold necklace in place of a tie. All this is topped-off with a black cloak emblazoned with some weird embroidered design and he looks every inch a rock and roll star just like Little Richard. "Better man. Richard was too little." The stage looks fine.

It must be after the first three bars of "When It Blows My Stacks" that you realise something truly astounding is going to be laid on you. The Captain told me that the band never do free gigs because "we need money to buy good food in order to

play good music". All I can say is that Beefheart and company are no vegetarians, they're cannibals. Their music comes right out and eats up the audience. The guitars slip and slide with a vengeance, slicing up the music into magnificent splinters while Beefheart howls like some croned shaman going werewolf. The Band never seem quite human - more like spirits suckled from birth by one of those strange treacherous figures that appear in Dr. Johns more inspired ramblings or which found a place in Bo Diddley's creepy "Who Do You Love" saga. Make no mistake, Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band ain't just another black magic hype for the kids to lap up; they're the real voodoo, the acorn gospel in the grand old tradition of the Delta music vision of the Twilight Zone. The demons that drove Robert Johnson to his grave at the tender age of 21 are working in harness with Beefheart, transforming his music into some weird bastard offspring of the music of the spheres.

The numbers the band do come from "Trout Mask", "Decals" and "Spotlight Kid" exclusively and the live sound that they get now makes most of the studio efforts look sick by comparison. The Magic Band at full strength on such numbers as "Click Clack", "Boogalarize You" and "My Human Gets Me Blues" are quite unique; Beefheart sums it all up -"their playing is so together that they look as if they're untogether, if you know what I mean". Their music is both jagged and flowing and when, for an encore, the Captain produced his alto-sax and proceeded to assault the PA with his highly 'unconventional' style of playing it was all literally a bit too much for some of the kids in the audience - although I would imagine that the whales coasting off Brighton beach appreciated the communication from a fellow spirit.

AFTER IT BLEW ITS STACKS

The scene backstage after the show is hectic. Bad vibes are present in the form of some acidheads who keep annoying Beefheart with their inane jive. Beefheart is vehemently opposed to drugs of all kinds - hard drugs he considers poison and psychedelics as "just an extension of Disneyland" - and has actually spoken out on stage against them, but the fact remains that his music appeals to a young, drug-orientated audience. While he recognises the fact that the majority of his audience are young (16 year olds in the States make up the bulk of Beefheart's afficionados) he steadfastly refuses to believe that they're heavily into drugs:

"I'm appreciated by those young people who have realised how pointless the drug experience is."

It is also sad that most Beefheart addicts have never heard of Albert Ayler or Son House or even Don's old friend, Ornette Coleman, for them his appeal is that of a charismatic crazyman spouting inspired gibberish. There is a good deal of humour and insanity in his work, which he recognises, but he is most concerned that the ideas which he puts across and the music that the band produce should ultimately be taken seriously as great art.

He contends that within the bizarre structure of his art there lie some incredibly advanced ideas. Whether or not the great rock and roll population of Planet Earth ever pick up on them remains to be seen but Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band ain't worrying: Like Don says:



"IN CONCERT"

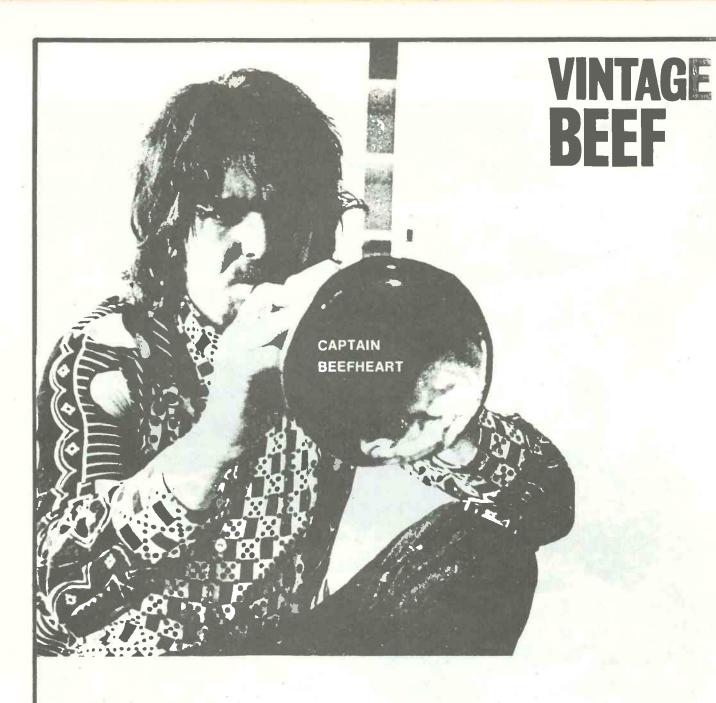
First, the enormously tall, thin figure of Zoot Horn Rollo strides out, plugs in stage-right, and kicks straight off with a jumping, jittering slide-guitar figure. Soon he's joined by Rockette Morton who sets up on the far left with a double-necked lead/bass affair and forthwith hurls himself into the crazy dancing which he keeps up for the duration of the set without ever missing a note or running out of breath.

Soon the rest of the stage is filling up: Alex St. Clair, short-haired and fresh from gigging with a Los Angeles lounge band, calmly fits a capo on his guitar-neck and takes up a safe position to the left and rear of the wildly capering Morton, while a monocled and manically-smiling Ed Marimba assumes his seat behind the transparent drumkit and commences to lash unorthodox patterns on his tom-toms and hammer an illfated hi-hat. Roy Estrada falls in behind Zoot Horn and takes over the bass-line from Morton who, by now hopping dementedly on one foot, switches to second lead without even looking round.

And, finally, the portly, authoritative figure of Don Van Vliet strolls onstage to roars of welcome from a transfixed audience and, after a brief self-introductory blast of harp, proceeds to let us have it from all seven octaves.

The stars are matter
We are matter
But it doesn't matter.





Pilgrim from the 25th century Sheltered in glass beside you

MIDDLE EARTH, 43 King Street, Covent Garden, had its largest crowd ever to see Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band on Saturday, January 20. "I gave a lot of energy" was how Beefheart saw it.

There had been various rumours on Friday and Saturday concerning the arrival of Beefheart and whether or

not he would make the gig. Here's what happened: Beefheart and the Magic Band arrived a day earlier than planned, before work permits had been arranged and without any money. When asked by customs who they were Beefheart replied that they were pilgrims from the 25th century and when questioned about a camera around his neck informed them that it was a member of the group. Immigration officials put them into a detention area where the band took photos, decorated the walls with peace signs and listened to Beefheart play his pan pipes. Then the officials flew the band back to Germany. By the next day their papers had been pro-cessed and the band was allowed into England.

★ ★ BEEFHEART'S MAGIC

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BAND consists of the usual pop-group formula of rhythm, lead, bass, drums. Their first number at Middle Earth was original if not the latest sound in West Coast acid-rock, their version of "My Home is in the Delta". After this the pace built up and stayed up. With both guitarists using bottlenecks and a pounding Mitchell-type drummer, the heaviness of the sound provided a solid rhythmical springboard for Beefheart's amazing voice, which sounds like a young Howling Wolf with a ring modulator in his throat and blends in with the backing like a sixth instrument.

Numbers like "E-lectricity" and Robert Johnson's "Terraplane Blues" were enthusiastically received, but some of their use of straight feed-back and various other basic elec-

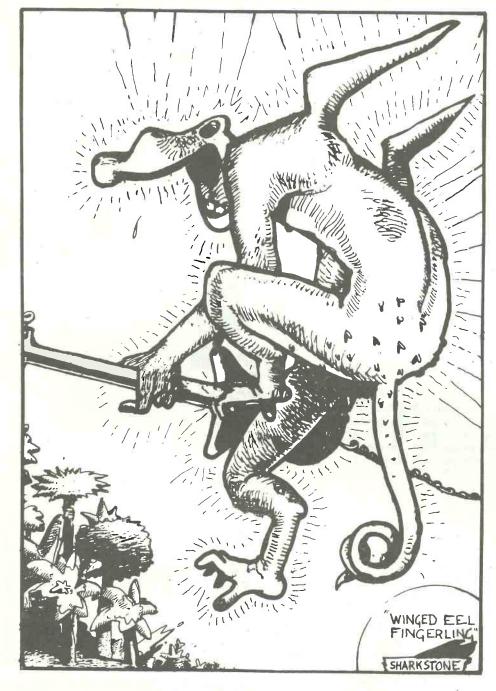
tronic noises, like amplified flour-sifter, didn't go down so well among Middle Earth's young groovers, but made an interesting addition to the straight rock numbers, giving a John Cage feel to some of the instrumentals.

Beefheart's other London appearance at the Speakeasy was, in comparison a bad scene; his only comment, 'Man, the bad vibrations in that place!'

4 4

The group have now flown to France for the Midem Pop Festival. Their album "Safe as Milk" is due for release in Britain soon but Pye Records have not yet given a release date. Also for some incomprehensible reason Pye are only going to release a mone version.





big beans

CAPTAIN Beefheart, looking formidably rough after a recent stint as a lumberjack and member of the last Mothers tour, rumbled on stage an hour later.

Beefheart cultists in the front strained to see who were the pick-up Magic Band players for the occasion. There from the Captain's early days were guitarist Winged Eel Fingerling (Elliot Ingber) and percussionist Indian Ink (Jimmy Carl Black). Guitarist Ella Guru (Greg Davidson) and multiple instrumentalist Drumbo completed the line-up.

Wild-eyed and leaner than when last seen here, Beefheart launched into "Moonlight On Vermont", bellowing menacingly as mouths of the uninitiated gaped and hands went over ears in a wave in front of the exploding speakers.

In the middle of "Abba Zabba" a hoo-hah developed when a dazed-looking fellow lurched at the barrier to be, clouted on the head by a security man People pointed angrily at the action, but Beefheart appeared oblivious to the upset. In fact he seemed remote from the whole scene throughout, eyeing the front of the crowd with unreadable detachment.

An acapella "Orange Claw Hammer" roused stupified onlookers, and the atmosphere took on a more energetic feel with "Alice in Blunderland", which featured a metallic, screeching mesh of guitar work from Winged Eel.

A driving "Gimme Dat Harp Boy" finally brought a heavy sprinkling of dancers to their feet as Beefheart blew a ferocious harmonica and a character in the crowd wearing a hood mask of bald rubber head, grey side hair and a wizened, old face hopped and bobbed insanely

sanely.

By "I'm Gonna Booglarize You, Baby" Beefheart was in his own world of vibrating weirdness, his chalky face growing flushed. One minute he hunched over the mike, hand wriggling convulsively, the next he rocked back and forth between guitarists like a crazy medicine man on runners.

He recited a poem to accompanying howls, shrieks and animal impersonations from the band. "The music was thudlike", he intoned.

Ba-boom, thud, came the drum retort.

The concluding sax solo was a gas, if a bit quavery and out of tune with the youthful downer crowd.

While waiting for him to come back for an encore (maybe everyone always gets an encore at these deals because people can't bear the thought of the next long wait between sets) two front-line fanatics named Steven and Chris explained that they'd come all the way from Wrexham, North Wales just to see Beefheart.

Steven, who was wearing an "I Like the Shadows" button, expressed surprise that Beefheart had, with one exception, stuck to his very early material, playing nothing from the last two albums. Chris, who managed to keep awake long enough to see Beefheart at 4 am at a previous outdoor fun-fest, was gleefully beyond caring.

The encore was "Big Eyed Beans From Venus" to a jungle beat of killingly loud proportions

The most puzzling aspect of Captain Beefheart is how he can convey such electric tension and let his ravaged voice out at constant full power while maintaining his cool, but he bayed his way through the number still looking extremely self-contained in the centre of the luracy, hurried off and left immediately.

When I was in Boston, the writers were afraid to come and see me - thought I was a mad freak you see. So I got on the phone and called them. C'mon, let's talk. I said what the hell is this? I came to town - I didn't know where to go, and the musicians, they wouldn't come round because they're all so fucking jealous; why, I don't know, but they are.

This man I met the other night, Ian Anderson. He is a nice man, really nice - but he's not like a musician, you know what I mean? There are musicians who fight each other on stage and all that sort of thing. Other than Ian Anderson and Ornette Coleman, who're the nicest people I've met in the business,

there's only a few.

• DO YOU MEET ANY OTHER MUSICIANS?

Yeah, I do, but all I meet are these people who compete...and competition destroys art. I've been competed with by a lot of people and I haven't fought back, so I haven't been known until recently. I'm not a fighter, I'm a painter, I mean I'm not gonna get into a prize fight just because of earning a living - that's crazy. All those people saying "Well, I'm sure glad Jimi Hendrix passed away because I'm the best now". Jesse James - American cowboy movie. I mean that's what all that shit is - I won't put up with it in my group, but they don't do it anyway so I don't have to put up with it.

 IS THAT WHY YOU HAVEN'T BEEN GIGGING MUCH UNTIL RECENTLY?

That's the biggest reason, because I'm not willing to go out and get into a battle of the bands - I'm not afraid of the competition mind you, because I don't believe in it so I couldn't possibly be afraid of it - out it does disgust me that people are going back to the '20s with .38s and wide-pointed shoulders, like the tanks and things - I see a war emulation in the youth, and I've always seen it in the older people. But on the stage, in music, and photography and painting and writing - everything. Instead of being here right now, they're going back in their minds and they bump into people. And that is war.

How can America, for instance...for 24 years they didn't even acknowledge millions of people in China, then all of a sudden, boom, they acknowledge them. Where the hell is that at? You see what I mean - competition breeds cataracts on their eyes. With these competitive schools, children are enrolled in these schools to receive cataracts - where is that at? That's just insanity, that's like somebody sticking their hand over your lens. You go to school for a camera and they stick their hand over your lens, and it says their name on it, and they'll spread their fingers a little bit for you to see through the camera, but you know they spread their fingers or you wouldn't be able to see to shoot it.

Now I'm with a company that doesn't tell me what I'm going to play, and nobody's ever told me that they were going to turn me on, not the Beatles or nobody. That disgusted me. When I heard "I would like to turn you on" - man I've never been off, the minute I hit air I was on, as well as every other human being on this planet. I don't like stuff like that - I thought that was corny. But that's what record companies told me, they said "we'll turn you on to this", and I said you will not turn me on. I am on. Can't you see me? Don't you know that you're in a white light. Why did you turn yours down? When the record companies turn up to my light, that's it. But I still played as much as money would allow but I'm realistic about it. Now I'm here of my own volition. It's better, it feels better. If I walked in here with a thousand people from Sourbuck records or something...do you think anybody would really listen? It would be just one of those fish



TH' INTERVIEW



fries that they call a musical thing.

• YOU'VE SUFFERED QUITE A LOT FROM THE MUSIC BUSINESS...

Not at all, not at all. No way man - do you really think that they could make me suffer? Are you kidding? I'm playing, they're working. I don't

 BUT FOR INSTANCE, WHAT HAPPENED TO "STRICTLY PERSONAL" AFTER YOU RECORDED IT...THE MUSIC SUFFERED.

Well, I told Krasnow, I said I hope you had fun, but I think you should start playing yourself so that you don't have to do that to mine. It didn't make me that mad at Krasnow, because he just wanted to play. He wanted me to make it - he didn't do it vindictively or maliciously, he just wanted me to make it - and he thought that my music was so heavy that if he put that phasing on it, that fizz, that people would think it was jizz or something. Jizz with the fizz? He didn't mean it, he wasn't mean when he did it, he wanted to help me. He says he's sorry now, but I said "man don't be sorry, hell I've got years to go, I can make a million albums, what the hell is one little record, all that significance on one little record." That's crazy, to put all that significance on that plastic disc is why people don't know there are flying saucers all over.

BECAUSE THEY CONCENTRATE TOO MUCH ON LITTLE

Right, that's right. You got it. What do you think about this...I'm doing an album now. I wrote it on the way from Yale to Boston, and this album is called "Brown Star", and I have on this album a song called "Big Eyed Beans From Venus" and I think you will like that over here. .like "Hullo old beans".

But there's people around man, that have big eyes and are from Venus, as opposed to being from what they try to make out as Paradise. This is a paradise, what are they talking about? Not once have they ever convinced me that this wasn't it - I don't have to go nowhere to know that this is it. And I'm And what could be better than what we're doing for not going to fall off it to find out that this was it later. I can dig this life, why should I be re-

A fellow asked me a while ago whether I believed in reincarnation, and I said I think it's a milk product of America - Carnation milk, have you ever heard of it?

Or pulled out of the ground like a screaming root boutonnaire, you know, a carnation has been used as a thing that you stick on a man's lapel. I love it in the ground, I don't wanna pull it out of the ground like that flower power bullshit. But for a better - what is it - evolution, we'd have been maybe plucked out of the ground, so you kind of think about pulling a flower. The Maharishi with all those flowers backed off and stuck around him - you know what I mean? Where's that at man? But I know that the man definitely has a lot of good ideas, no doubt about it.

 CAN I ASK YOU ABOUT THE FIRST ALBUM, "SAFE AS MILK"? THE ENGLISH COVER DIDN'T HAVE THE PERSONNEL - WHO THE MUSICIANS WERE. RY COODER WAS ON IT WASN'T HE?

Ry Cooder was on it - although he was on it less than another fellow. There was a fellow called Alex eer, who I'm sure is going to be able to get the St.Clair Snouffer who had six fingers - he didn't, but he did, and he was the backbone of that album. He was the guitarist. And the bass player was named Gerald Handley - he was English. The drummer was Drumbo - he played on every album man, and then he left after this album (The Spotlight Kid), why I don't know. He's not playing music now - I don't know why he'd want to leave my group, or his group because it's not my group, it's all of our group.



DOES DRUMBO HAVE OTHER NAMES?

He's John French. Now Ed Marimba instead of marimba he's on drums. There was one other guy on that other album - there was a fellow that did theramin I can't remember his name. He played the theramin on 'Electricity' as well as 'Autumn's Child'. He's the same fellow that did 'Spellbound' in the Thirties. And there was one other guy named Russ Titleman, who was Ry Cooder's brother-in-law: he was a producer at Warners or Reprise, and he played guitar on 'Autumn's Child' and 'Where There's Wom-

 WHEN WERE THE TRACKS THAT CAME OUT ON "MIRROR MAN" RECORDED? WERE THEY ABOUT THE SAME TIME AS "STRICTLY PERSONAL"?

A little before. They blew the sequence, didn't they?

• YEAH, BECAUSE THEY SOUND A BIT LIKE "STRICTLY PERSONAL" THAT HASN'T BEEN MESSED ABOUT WITH.

Look, you gotta hear that album ("Strictly Personal"). Some day I'll re-mix it, because man they are so heavy. They didn't k ow at the time what they heard, they still don't. Now I have an enginclarity and not leave the feelings off. Because very few people realise feelings - they realise the overtones of what I'm striving for, and they go for somewhere near off of the centre. I'm going for overtones, they're going for somewhere near off of the centre - some of them try a bull's-eye, but that's a little bit stiff. I want the edges, that is what I'm doing, that's the way I do my music is for the edges. They didn't know that, and I didn't



know how to work that damn thing - I do now, but realistically it takes a long time. You see I have father or a mother - I had a mother and a father, not been in the business that long, I've probably and my mother has her navel and I have mine. only been or a stage 110 times in my whole career that's nothing. I can't hardly even get a pilot's freence if I were an airplane pilot.

• DO YOU FIND IT DIFFICULT TO WORK IN RECORDING STUDIOS, OR DID YOU?

I find it difficult to play.... YEAH, SORRY, WRONG WORD.

Oh, no, not the wrong word. They want to work, and I want to play, and I have to convince them that there's a way to work and play, so when I get un there it becomes a doctor or an analyst and his patient, and they lose their patience. They don't have patience to begin with. Now I've found one who does, I'll be able to do it, which is really lucky because you find them very seldom in a life time. Now The Beatles, they were very lucky to have had who they had - you know that, they were very very lucky.

• I HEARD YOU WEREN'T HAPPY WITH THE ZAPPA-PROD-UCED "TROUT MASK".

Well, he's a worker, and I'm a player. I don't believe in working, and he makes a task of what he does - small, you know, thoughts. Like you said about details, he's missing The Detail.

well, you know, it's a chemical thing man. He's the kind of person that's interested in presenting himself to be some kind of genius, and there's nothing I can do about it. And I think nothing of it - I want to be a human being, not a genius. If I used my mind for school work and things like that, I'd be walking along with my head way ahead of my heart, so the thing is that I just got my self together to be a human being. I don't wanna be walking around with spyglasses - that's crazy. Like Einstein, what did he do? He blew it. Look what he did, he discovered that terrible thing and gave it to more terrible people - if he really was a genius do you think he would have given that thing away like that? Pencil-necked geek - the

MARIJUANA!...you know what I mean. But I don't, I mean they should legalise marijuana, if there's that many people using it they should legalise it and stop that ridiculous sentencing. But hard drugs - that's another story. Anyone who's ridiculous to take that poison ...

● WHERE WOULD YOU PUT L.S.D. IN THAT?

I would say that it's awfully overrated aspirin (breaks into gales of laughter), and very similar to the old people's Disneyland.

• WERE YOU PLEASED WITH THE WAY "TROUT MASK" CAME

Because I don't think that they had their distribution together, so that kept it away from all those people. And I thought that that was a very, very important message of energy - to people everywhere, I don't care about their age or their hairdo's or whether they've paid their dues, or realise there's no use in it, that was an important message.

We worked for three years on telepathy and things like that together, my group - Rockette Morton and Zoot Horn Rollo and myself especially - we learned to get that feeling of telepathy like that, and it was treated as some kind of freak show by Zappa and Cohen, all that Straight/Bizarre... Bizarre, what the fuck, man? People who chop down Christmas trees and shave poodle tails and probably have very short Christmas's or something, and they spend their lives lumber jacking ... I don't need a

Zappa thinks he's a father or something, some people think they're a father. What do you do to somebody like that? "I have to go back to work"... hell, go back to work, you'd have to go back into some weird way of thinking to even want to work why not play through your job, whistle while you work? They even wrote that, why didn't they get that? "Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream." Hell, there's not enough like them there's no reason to flex your muscles continuously, blood doesn't need to be in a man's head all the time to prove that he's a penis or something. Women don't want to see a man that's trying to be an erect phallus...there's no way, there's no softness, you see, that's why all these wars.

There are all erect male buildings - now why are there no holes in the ground for the women? You know what I'm saying, there's no recipient buildings, there's no underground buildings - and I dont mean (slyly) 'underground, maaaan'. That's obviously our structure, socially, and everything is al-

right as long as everybody was honest. The Constitution - that's heavy man, those cats • BUT YOU WERE FRIENDS AT ONE TIME, WERE YOU NOT? are heavy, but who really believed it? Only the people who really had imagination, which can imagine themselves as being a nice person as opposed to a bad person. But what about that though - don't you think there should be female buildings? If I get the money I'm going to make a female building. I'm going to do that, and I'll have you at the ground-breaking. How about that? A nice fucking building, not one that blocks the sun out or that pokes a hole in the sky - then we can see the mountains and the streams, see the full circle, rather than having to go up in an airplane to see, to measure what it looks like.

But this is a rather skyhook thing the children are doing now as well - it's gonna get together if I smoke a weed. Are you kidding? That's worse. I beatniks used to say that, you remember that? They mean are they going to enjoy it as much as the old had it together, they smoked marijuana, not (slyly) people enjoy their liquor? Changing around their

water intake, dressing water with odd gems that sparkle in the altitude - that's insane. No, not insane, very disconnected. Varying degrees of disconnection is what I believe to be insanity. I think everybody is very disconnected with their environment. Maybe they don't like the house they built, but how are you going to change it - the world has to be changed so why not change it intel- they're gonna reach 25 - Zoot Horn Rollo, for insligently? Why tear it apart and hide it away like the cowboys did with the Indian blood letting scene. Man, what is that? And English people like to see a damn cowboy picture, I know they do. But I don't think that this cult thing with this joint added to the human anatomy is going to do it, do you? Did you hear "There Ain't No Santa Claus On The Evening Stage" on this album?

RIGHT, AND "BLABBER & SMOKE".

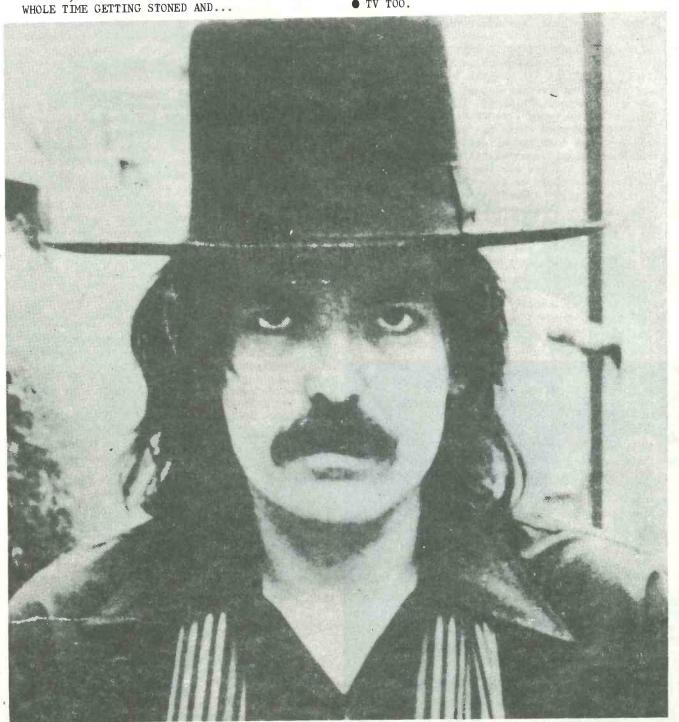
Yeah, but I don't mean that I'm ashamed of the fact that I ever had a joint ...

OH SURE, IT'S JUST PEOPLE WHO SIT AROUND THE

Yeah, I think with all the peaks showing as it is in this society, we know so much, from what's happened in the past, that we shouldn't go back to the twenties and have a war and sleep. Another lullaby - that's all we need is another lullaby. All that is is one change of life that we went through, but they see no future, they don't think tance, told me he wouldn't live past 22. He was real surprised to find out that he's 23 now, but the way he'd been to school he had to count to a hundred and then forget it, make a zero.

I didn't want him to do a numbers game on me. I told him the truth, I said I didn't know whether he would or not, but I don't think that's any excuse to admit that you're not alive, when you're standing there breathing on my face like that. I think there's a lot of silly attitudes out here, I'll tell you, brought up by these silly movies and ... a lot of things.

• TV TOO.



Colour TV - I dug black and white much better, then you can use your colours. Colour TV is so inadequate, it's way behind colour photography, wouldn't you say? Well they should bring TV up to colour photography, and then it would be different. But even so, what do they put on it? A bunch of "look at my holster darlin"... I mean what the hell is that shit? And there's absolutely no lovemaking, that's silly.

• DO YOU THINK ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC FULFILLS THAT FUNCTION FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE?

Well of course I know it, and you know I know it made in cases like this, there should be art put on does, and you know it does too. Lullabye? AND YOU TRY TO CHANGE THAT ATTITUDE

Don't you think I have? But hey, listen, I have no right to change anything, I'm just playing, I'm not a doctor, I'm not a nurse for the kids like a lot of women are for the men. When I'm playing, women come to see me, not nurses. I have real women in my audiences, you'll see. You watch - you wanna watch out. But these other women, they've got to learn something, the nuns. None me nun, I want some.

• WAS IT RIGHT THAT THE MAGIC BAND THAT DID "TROUT ago. MASK", PEOPLE LIKE ZOOT HORN, WERE NOT SCHOOLED MUSICIANS, THEY HADN'T LEARNED TO PLAY?

Never played before. If he had picked it up and done a...you know, BB King. I mean where the hell is that? - everyone like BB King or Chuck Berry: They neglected their own art and went over to emulate things that had already been done, and could be successfully done right there, any time. BB King could do it, now why the hell didn't they realise that they could do it - the people that copied those people? I don't think that's right, for either party. That's why I tried to do something that was my own, and the thing is that invariably they'll tell me "you sound a lot like Howlin' Wolf" and I'll say that's impossible, the age difference ... I wouldn't do that, I have honour for other artists. That's too easy, it's too easy for a writer to say "You sound like Howlin' Wolf". I want a writer to well, be realistic, it's not that easy to write about me, and the thing is that it wouldn't be too easy for me to write about you, but those alternatives and concessions shouldn't be





top of it.

If you're writing about an artist, you gotta get into paint too. I've tried to tell writers at all my interviews, man you write something you wanted to say. It's not fair for you to write about me and not have your say. I'm a realist, I'm not an abstract. Truly a realist, and they thought I was abstract - do you see what I mean? Now rock and roll, that's far out, it's far out for someone to do something that happened twenty or fifteen years

I have a book coming out, it's going to be real funny. You ask them what they think about the Captain having sex, because they always thought of me as a eunuch - a far out lunar eunuch, due to my brief association with Zappa. I mean I'm a sexy, healthy male, and I'm not in captivity so naturally I haven't regressed in my organs - I've got blood running everywhere, I wonder what they'll think now that I have a group of men, who play men's music, to women. Other men can enjoy it too, but it is definitely to women because I'm playing to a receiver, I'm not playing to the phone company, or an operator

• I THINK WE HAVE TO STOP NOW BECAUSE THERE'S SOME ONE ELSE WAITING, BUT CAN I JUST ASK YOU ONE MORE THING ABOUT "TROUT MASK REPLICA"? WHEN YOU WERE PUTTING THE VOCAL TRACK ON, YOU DIDN'T WEAR HEADPHONES, IS THAT RIGHT? Well of course not, why should I? BUT HOW DID YOU GET IT DOWN?

You know how I did it, it's like I said, when you're a child with butterflies as big as your eyes. Nothing religious or anything like that...just a plumber who dug to take the fitting off his pipes, so the water runs. It's no big thing.

• BUT NOT MANY PEOPLE COULD DO IT.

Sure they could. I can see them doing it man, because I do it and I can see you doing it since I was in there. It's just the idea of trying to see yourself doing it that stops you from doing it all the time. You get out of it what it is. But that sounds Zen, and I'm not talking about Zen, I'm talking about Z'right now.



Illustration by John Mottershead

SIDE 1

FROWNLAND

My smile is stuck I cannot go back t' yer Frownland The sky 'n the sun 'n the moon 'n all my eye can see I cannot go back t' yer land of gloom Where black jagged shadows Remind me of the comin' of yer doom I want my own land Take my hand 'n come with me It's not too late for you It's not too late for me To find my homeland Where uh man can stand by another m n Without 'n ego flyin' 'n no one dyin' by an earthly hand Let the devils burn 'n the beggars learn 'n the little girls that live in those Old worlds Take my kind hand My smile is stuck I cannot go back to yer Frownland I cannot go back to yer Frownland

THE DUST BLOWS FORWARD 'N THE DUST BLOWS BACK

There's ole Gray with 'er dovewinged hat There's ole Green with her sewing machine Where's the bobbin at? Tote'n old grain in uh printed sack The dust blows forward 'n the dust blows back And the wind blows black thru the sky And the smokestack blows up in suns eye What am I gonna die? Uh white flake riverboat just flew by Bubbles popped big 'n uh lipstick Kleenex hug on uh pointed forked twig Reminds me of the bobby girls Never was my hobby girls Piano full uh worms and uh pole fishin' Cork bobbin' like uh hot red bulb 'n uh bluejay squeaks His beak open an inch above uh creek Gone fishin' for uh week Well I put down my brush 'n I took of my pants 'n felt free The breeze blowin' up me 'n up the canyon Far as I could see It's night now 'n the moon looks like uh dandelion It's black now 'n the blackbirds feedin' on rice 'n his red wings look like diamends 'n lice I could hear the mice toes scamperin' Gophers rumblin' in pile crater rock hole One red bean stuck in the bottom of uh tin bowl Hot coffee from uh krimpt up can Me 'n my girl named Bimbo Limbo Spam

ELLA GURU

Here she comes walkin! Lookin' like uh zoo Hello Moon Hello Moon Hi Ella high Ella Guru She knows all the colours that nature do High Ella high Ella Guru High yella high red high blue she blew High Ella high Ella Guru She do what she mean She do what she do Got sumptin' fo' me sumptin' fo' you She sho's sumptin' She's young too Ella Guru Ella Guru Ella Guru Ella Guru Ha ha right right Just dig it

That's right "The Mascara Snake"
Fast 'n bulbous
Tight also
Ella Guru Ella Guru
Ella Guru Ella Guru
High Ella high Ella Guru
Ella Guru

DACHAU BLUES

Dachau blues those poor jews Dachau blues those poor jews Down in Dachau blues down in Dachau blues Still cryin' 'bout the burnin' back in world war two's One mad man one six million lose Down in Dachau blues down in Dachau blues Dachau blues Dachau blues those porr jews The world can't forget that misery 'n the young ones now beggin' the old ones please t' stop bein' madmen 'Fore they have t' tell their children 'bout the burnin' back in world war three's War One was balls 'n powder 'n blood 'n snow War Two rained death 'n showers 'n skeletons Danced 'n screamin' 'n dyin' in the ovens Cough 'n smoke 'n dyin' by the dozens Down in Dachau blues Down in Dachau blues Three little children with doves on their shoulders Their eyes rolled back in ecstacy cryin' Please old man stop this misery They're countin' out the devil With two fingers on their hands Beggin' the lord don't let the third one land On World War Three On World War Three

MOONLIGHT ON VERMONT

Moonlight on Vermont affected everybody Even Mrs. Wooten well as little Nitty Even lifebuoy floatin' With his lil' pistol showin' With his lil' pistol Totin' Well that goes t' show you what uh moon can do No more bridge from Tuesday t' Friday Everybody's gone high society Hope lost his head 'n got off on alligators Somebody's leavin' peanuts on the curbins For uh white elephant escaped from zoo with love Goes t' show what uh moon can do Moonlight on Vermont Well it did it for Lifebuoy And it did it to you 'n it did it t'zoo And it can do it for me And it can do it for you Moonlight on Vermont Gimme dat ole time religion Gimme dat ole time religion Don't gimme no affliction Dat ole time religion is good enough f' me An' it's good enough for you Well come out t' show dem Come out t' show them Gimme dat ole time religion Gimme dat ole time religion Gimme dat ole time religion It's good enough for me Without yer new affliction Don't need yer new restrictions Gimme dat ole time religion It's good enough for me Moonlight on Vermont

I've Licked A Few Sidewalks Myself

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART, alias Don Van Vliet, arrived in a bemused, almost feverish mood. He had been up all night, he said, writing songs and poetry and drawing. So a quick night's work there, I reckoned; he said he'd been to an Indian restaurant where, for the first time in years, he had been persuaded to eat meat. The resulting intoxication had obliged him to atone with an owl-eyed night spooked by the muse.

Even while the cab jolted him from Bayswater to Soho, he had scrawled a vignette of London's life in the strects, sympathetically choking in the diesel fumes (see pic.)

The Captain, as he adamantly remains to all but the most cynical observers, was back in London for another British tour; he certainly believes in his own credibility. Some thought that he blew it a long time ago, and even his pals were shaken by the two awful records he did with di Martino.

But he keeps doing it. His whitenoise bash at Knebworth Park still puzzled, even if he played to the front rows. Who are Beefheart's people: for everybody knows of him, yet few buy his records? Perhaps the people who suss in him more than just another hero.

But my heart sank when he waded in the water with the whale: the Colombian-based Project Jonah is OK hy me - so long as somebody else is doing it. People can suss that sort of kick as an image hang-on; depending on who "save the whale" comes from. I guess if you live in Trinidad, Northern California, and you can see em blow out of your front window then you get attached to them (when it blows its stacks"). Anyhow, Trinidad California sounds some guru place to be, forests and mountains. (Where you from boy, Trinidad. Derision. Trinidad where? Trinidad California. Hey')

The thing about the Captain is he lives the part. He's out there, a genuine, creative freak who still has the good grace to be publicly bonkers. An authentic nature freak: lives in the mountains, writes crazy words and songs that fit together, in the end, like a natural code to which only a few learn the key, painter, healthfood faddist, pantheist — talks to the trees and the spiders in vibrations. Do they answer? "Yeah, you can get a really

good communication thing going with them." Do you believe it? Does it matter so long as the Captain believes it, which he evidently does?

Drawback has always been that people expect him to be a Saint as well. Get known as a Mr. Natural and a lot of people try to vamp on you. Bill Harkleroad and the Mallard people, the former Magic Band' Dreadful and tedious musichiz histories, not worth recounting. After Van Gogh, the discovery is Shakespeare (time for the Beefheart aphorisms: does he invent them in advance, or do they spontaneously spring to mind?): "He was out licking the sidewalk to feel the texture of the souls... I've licked a few sidewalks myself."

Only when business comes in again does Beefheart's psychic self-sufficiency as an artist become confused with the bruising business of spy v. spy. He said Bill Harkleroad could never even play a guitar till given a start on 'Trout Mask Replica', composed by Beefheart in eight-and-a-half hours on a piano (first time ever) and faithfully charted by John "Drumbo" French. Said he gave Bill a guitar

without an amp or strings, just to jig

around, "feel the rhythms of the sky and the earth."

Finally proclaims himself artist, hence: "Pshaw! I'm an artist. To make music like that (the music of natural rhythms) you have to be humble. You have to let it all come to you . . . that's why artists fuck better. They know how to hold off. Isn't that the truth?"

Martin Hayman



PENA

Pena Her little head clinkin! Like uh barrel of red velvet balls Full past noise Treats filled her eyes Turning them yellow like enamel co. ted tacks Soft like butter hard not t' pour Out enjoying the sun while sitting on Uh turned on waffle iron Smoke billowing up from between her legs Made me vomit beautifully 'n crush uh ch udelier Fall on my stomach 'n view her From uh thousand happened facets Liquid red salt ran over crystals I later band-aided the area Sighed Oh well it was worth it Pena pleased but sore from sitting Chose t' stub 'er toe 'n view the white pulps horribly large In their red pockets "I'm tired of playing baby" she explained 'n out of uh blue felt box let escape One yellow butterfly the same size Its droppings were tiny green phospherous worms That moved in tuck 'n rolls that clacked 'n whispered in their confinement Three little burnt scotch taped windows Several yards away Mouths open t' tongues that vibrated 'u lost saliva Pena exclaimed, "That's the raspberries."

WHEN BIG JOAN SETS UP

Hoy hoy When Big Joan comes out Her arms are too small Her head like uh ball She tied off her horse 'n galloped off into the moonbeams She pulled up her blouse 'n compared her navel to the moon I dig my life for a while When Big Joan sets up Her hands are too small She's too fat t' go out in the daylight So she rolls around all night I'm just sorts thread With uh drooped body I'll set up with uh Big Joan I'm too fat t' go out in the daylight I'll stay up all night I won't droop if you Won't talk about your Hands bein' too small You know something's happenin' Or you wouldn't of come out like yuh did She ain't built for goin' naked So she can't wear any new clothes Or go t' the beach They laugh at her body Cause her hands are too small When Big Joan sits up her hands are too small She's outa reach Uh turquoise scarf 'n uh sleeve Rolled up over uh Merc Montclair I'll sit up with yuh Big Joan I'm too fat t' go out in the daytime I'll stay up all night If yuh promise not t' talk About yer hands bein' too small Hoy hoy is she uh boy?





SIDE 4

Uh thick cloud caught uh piper cubs tail The match struck blue on uh railroad rail The old puff horse was just pullin' thru 'n uh man wore a peg-leg forever I'm on the bum where the hoboes run The air breaks with filthy chatter Oh I don't care there's no place there I don't think it matters My skin's blazing thru 'n my clothes in tatters 'n the railroad looks Like uh "Y" up the hill of ladders One shoe fell on the gravel One stick poked down Grey of age fell down on uh pair offears An eagle shined thru my hole watch pocket Uh gingam girl uh baby girl Passed me by in tears Uh jack rabbit raised his folded ears Uh beautiful sagebrush jack rabbit 'n an oriole sang like an orange His breast full uh worms 'n his tail clawed the evenin' like uh hammer His wings took t' air like uh bomber 'n my rain can caught me uh cup uh water When I got into town Odd jobs mam ah' yer horse I'll fodder I'm the round house man. I once was yer father Uh little up the road uh wooden Candy stripe barber pole 'n above it read uh sign "painless parker" Licorice twisted around under uh fly 'n uh youngster cocked 'er eye God before me if I'm not crazy Is my daughter Come little one with yer little ole dimpled fingers Gimme one an'll buy yuh uh cherry phosphate Take you down t' the foamin' brine 'n water 'n show you the wooden tits On the Goddess with the pole out full sail That tempted away yer peg-legged father I was shanghied by uh high hat beaver mustache man 'n his pirate friend I woke up in vomit 'n beer in a banana bin 'n uh soft lass with brown skin Bore me seven babies with snappin! black eyes 'n beautiful ebony skin 'n here it is I'm with you my daughter Thirty years away can make a seamans eyes Uh round house man's eyes flow out of water WILD LIFE

Wild life along with my wife I'm goin' up on the mountain fo the rest uh m' life 'fore they take m' life 'fore they take m' wild life 'fore they take m' wife They got m' mother's father 'n run down all my kin Folks I know I'm next Wild life along with m' wife I'm goin' up on the mountain fo' the rest uh m' life It don't get me high 'for they take m' wild life 'fore they take m' wife wife 'fore they take m' wife Wild life wild life wild life Wild life wild life wild life I'm goin' up on the mountain along with m' wife Find me uh'cave 'n talk them beers In t' takin' me in Wild life along with m' wife

It's uh man's best friend Wild life along with m' wife I'm goin' up on the mountain fo' the rest uh m' fif-'fore they take m' life 'fore they take m' wild life 'fore they take m' wife 'fore they take m' wife Wild life wild life Wild life wild life I'm goin' up on uh mountain Find me uh cave 'n talk the beare In tuh' takin' me in Wild life is ah mans best friend Wild life Wild life

THE BLIMP

Master master This is recorded thru uh flies ear 'n you have t' have uh flies eye t' see it It's the thing that's gonna make Captain Beefheart And his magic band fat Frank it's the big hit It's the blimp Frank It's the blimp

When I see you floating down the gutter I'll give you uh bottle uh wine Put me on the white hook Back in the fat rack Shad rack ee shack The sumptin' hoop the sumptin' hoop The blimp the blimp The drazy hoops the drazy hoops They're camp they're camp Tits tits the blimp the blimp The mother ship the mother ship The brothers hid under their hood From the blimp the blimp Children stop yer nursin' unless yer renderin' fui The mother ship the mother ship The mother ship's the one The blimp the blimp The tapes uh trip it's uh trailin' tail It's traipse'n along behind the blimp the blimp The nose has uh crimp The nose is limp the blimp It blows the air the snoot isn't fair Look up in the sky there's a dirigible there The drazy hoops whir You can see them just as they were All the people stir 'n the girls knees trembles 'n run 'n wave their hands 'n run their hands over the blimp the blimp

VETERANS DAY POPPY

I cry but I can't buy Your Veteran's Day poppy It can only make me cry It can never grow another Son like the one who warmed me my days After rain and warmed my breath My life's blood Screamin' empty she crys It don't get me high It can only make me cry Your Veteran's Day poppy

Lappa stole my ideas, says the Captain

by CAROLINE BOUCHER

"I am not," says the (ap, tain vehemently, "a freak," and then he dives off into his particular picture language to tell you why.

"All that image was created for me by Frank Zappa," he spits the name out. "He used me, and he was trying to keep the artist he was trying to keep the artist in me back. He stole my ideas from me in the desert. Hot Rats' was my title so was 'Lumpy Gravy.' He used me for publicity purposes for himself; all this bit purposes for himself; all this bit about being friends since we were young, I only met the guy about 25 times in the whole time I've been alive. I would never have said anything, but I don't like to have my heart deluded." have my heart deluded.

have my heart deluded."
He grumbles on about never getting a penny royalty from "Trout Mask Replica," another grudge he lays on Zappa's doorstep. "He lays on Jappa's doorstep with a haleful stare remarkyou with a baleful stare remark-

ably like Zappa's. The Captain is wearing brown suede trousers, black leather coat, shartering Al Capone silk tie against a black shirt. His shoes against a black shirt. against a black shirt. His shoes are red suede and black patent with tassles, and cost 75 dollars because the Captain likes to treat his feet well. His hair is slicked back

For a man who hasn't done very many appearances, and whose albums don't sell phenomenally well, the Captain is a hero to his followers who are recommended. followers who are staunch to the death. He is a living legend, built about with stories and anecdotes,

about with stories and anecdotes, some of them undoubtedly put about by Frank Zappa, some by friends and first-hand observers. "I am a genius," he says. "I was born with my eyes open—I didn't WANT to be born—I can temember deep down in my head remember deep down in my head that I fought against my mother bringing me into the world. But I have a very high IQ, you know that? But I NEVER read books, and I never went to lessons at

and I never well to lessons as school—I couldn't take that.
"School makes you focus so sharp that if somebody came up and threw something your eyes would shatter."

The Captain is very into eye-

consciousness today. It is tied up with his perturbation of the music business, and how it is taken much too seriously. He is happy that people actually get up and dance at his concerts now.

"Otherwise I am embarrassed the way music is now, the same way with sex—almost anything that's

available is soon scalped. I think most of the people are so eye conscious. I expect at Rock-n-Roll concerts to walk up to somebody's ear and see an eye looking out at me."

Eye-consciousness—i.e. the inability to look further than first ability to look further than first — destroyed Marilyn Munroe, continues Beefheart. "She was thought of as a cow that should go out and graze by the whole world. Now WHERE is that at? If she'd have been flat-chested, then it would have been a different story. People never got over eye-

consciousness with her."

When Captain Beefheart was five years old he was a very good sculptor and rich ladies were patsculptor and rich lautes treating him on the head and treating ting him on the head and treating ting him or child prodigy. "Ugh," him as a child prodigy. "Ugh," says the Captain, "and WHERE was THAT. I got out, right out akhough at the time I thought my folks were mean pulling me

He still does some sculpting

He still does some scuipting and lots of painting.
"I did 30 paintings in three days before I came over here. It's just like combing your hair really, you can't get interested in it otherwise

at my spectacular compositions. Most people only do one thing in their lives, they don't get past the first change. Look at Rock-n-Roll, it never got past the bang bang bang beat stage.

Captain Beefheart has always

been pretty hard up mainly because he's pursued his own particular brand of music for the ticular brand of music for the past seven years regardless of whether or not anybody else liked it. He's done the odd tour, and is particularly in demand nowadays, but there have been periods in his career when he's spent a long time closeted in his house with the magic band around him and only the occasional local gig and only the occasional local gig to do. Well, it doesn't cost much to do. Well, it doesn't cost much to live, he says, and he does like good shoes and Rolls-Royces. There's no point driving one of those awful aluminium cars.

Two years ago the Captain married, and takes his wife round with him wherever he goes. "I

with him wherever he goes. can't leave a woman at home watching the steam come out of watching the steam come out of the pot, oh no. My wife's really good, and she's good at painting. On the whole women don't like me you know; they sense the woman in me. I have that inner core, that intuitive inner knowledge that women have. If I didn't have such big bones I'd be one of THOSE you know," he rolls his eyes.

his eyes.

The current line-up of the Magic Band is: Winged Eel Fingerling on guitar; Ode-jon on bass; Rockette Morton and Zoot Horn Rollo on Morton and Zoot Horn Rollo on the Captain three years and Rockette used to play bass); and Ed Marimba on drums.

"The band is very complicated now and we're into a lot of tele-

now and we're into a lot of telepathic things, but it's harder to put that out, it just furthers this freak element I'm trying to escape.

And the great thing about it is And the great thing about it is that nobody has to tell anybody to go—they all want to go like crazy which is unusual. Their energy is so nice, after that honesty I don't know what will follow, they scare me occasionally, if I'm not honest I feel kind of out of

There have been a fair number place. of comings and going in the Magic Band. Winged Eel has left and joined several times over the past few years; and at one point the Captain's cousin, Masked Snake, was in the band, and he found the Captain's house Eureka.

"One guitarist I had made bird noises. He walked into the bush at full moon and ate bread. I thought that was rather artistic. Sometimes you couldn't understand the bird noises too well but otherwise he was pretty normal. otherwise he was pretty normal-

haired human anyway."

One reason the Captain wants to shake off the freak tag is that he wants to do some things with Ornette Coleman, the jazz trumpeter ("he's a great painter with

that hom").
"Now I'm free of that tag I'd like to go on tour with him. The like to go on tour with him. The first thing I said to him was 'do you like lullabys' and he said 'no I don't they're dangerous. And that was it. Lullabys are dangerous you know."

analyse my lyrics; I don't often write very heavy things. 'Space Mage Couple' on the 'Lick My Decals' album meant something.

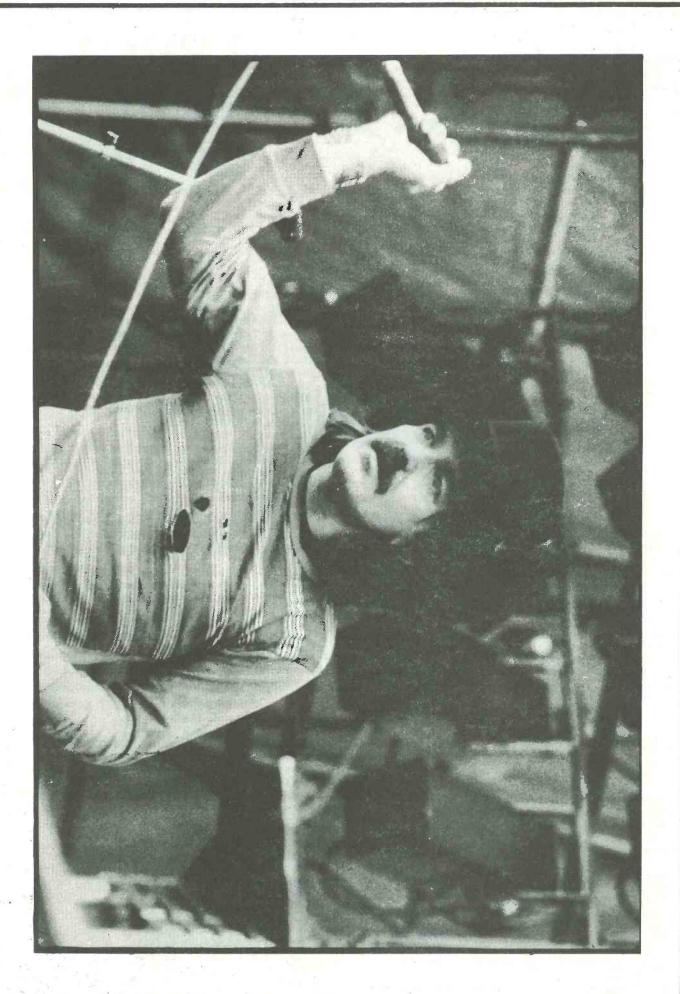
Decals' album meant something. Decals' album meant something. So did the title of my album safe As Milk'—I was talking about the dangers of DDT in a mother's milk then, but every-body thought I was on about LSD—the freak thing, you know.

"And I wrote a good song called 'It's Not Worth Getting Into The Bullshit To See What Into The Bull Ate.' When music becomes something to have over somebody else—a superiority thing—then it becomes nothing. You have to be very careful of You have to be very careful of

But all the time I have to ex plain myself to people—I actually have people trying to get me to explain why I have a right to be explain why I have a right to be

explain why I have a right to be on this planet. Hundreds of people a day."

The Captain sighs. Recently he struck up a friendship with Ian Anderson, of Jethro Tull, because he found he was intelligent and could talk to him. That all came about because Jethro's hass and could talk to him. That all came about because Jethro's bass player, Jeffrey Hammond Hammond, took the Captain's Trout Mask hat from Kinney's offices. An office boy gaye it to him, which enraged the Captain who had left it there for safe keeping. But since meeting Jeffrey he has But since meeting Jeffrey he has forgiven him, and spent one night last week lecturing Ian on the perils of the music business.
"There is only the slightest movement of the fingers that makes the V-sign different from the Nazi salute. Always watch that," the Captain nods wisely.



SIDE 4 cont...

OLD FART AT PLAY

Pappy with the khaki sweatband
Bowed goat potbellied barnyard
The old fart was smart
The old fart was smart
The old gold cloth madonna
Dancin' t' the fiddle n' saw
He ran down behind the knoll
'n slipped on his wooden fishhead
The mouth worked 'n snapped all the bees

Back t' the bungalow
Momma was flatten'n lard
With her red enamel rollin' pen
When the fishhead broke the window
Rubber eye erect 'n precisely detailed
Airholes from which breath should come
is now closely fit
With the chatter of the old fart inside

An assortment of observations took place Mommas licked 'er lips like uh cat Pecked the ground like uh rooster Pivoted like uh duck Her stockings down caught dust 'n doughballs She cracked 'er mouth glazedcaught one eyelash Rubbed for hands on her gorgeous gingam Her hand grasped sticky metal intricate latchwork Open t' the room uh smell cold mixed with bologua Rubber bands crumpled wax paper bonnets Fat goose legs 'n special jellies Ignited by the warmth of the room The old fart smelled this thru his important breather holes Cleverly he dialed from within from the outside we observed That the nose of the wooden mask Where the holes had just been uh moment ago Was now smooth amazingly blended camoflaged in With the very intricate rainbow trout replica

The old fart inside was now breathing freely
From his perfume bottle atomizer air bulb
invention
His excited eyes from within the dark interior
glazed
Watered in appreciation of his thoughtful preparation
SHE'S TOO MUCH FOR MY MIRROR

She's too much for my mirror
She almost m ke me lose it
The way she abused it make me never wanna use it
Well mend yer heart 'n mind yer soul

Ole Chicago she's a woman thata Make uh young man uh bum She howls like the wind Make m' heart grow cold Make me long for that little red fum!

She makes things fly 'n she makes things roll
She got me way over here 'n I'm hungry 'n cold
I remember m' mother told me I oughta be choosey
That was way back when I thought she was m' friend
Now I find out she's uh floosey

I remember the butterflies 'n the sweet smell uh' corn 'n the bubblin' fish in that lil' pond Oooh! Lousey! How I long for you she's too much for my mirror That little floosey oh how I fear her

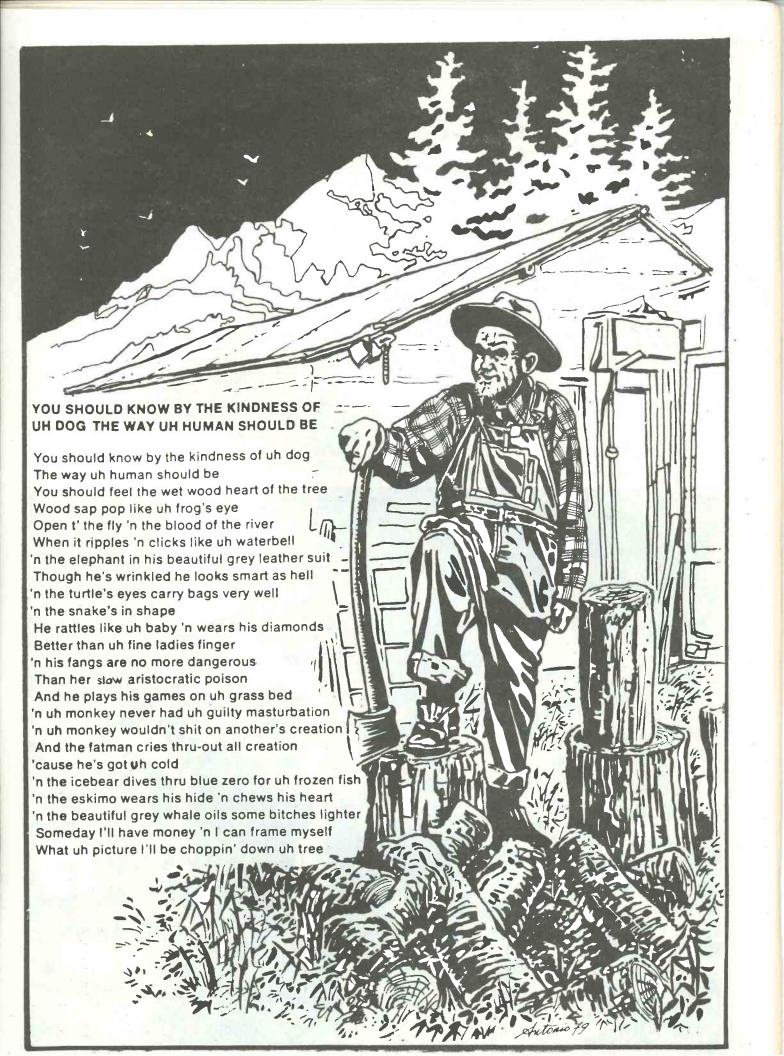
TROUT MASK REPLICA

STEAL SOFTLY THRU SNOW

The black paper between a mirror breaks my heart The moon frayed thru dark velvet lightly apart Steal softly thru sunshine Steal softly thru snow The wild goose flies from winter Breaks my heart that I can't go Energy flies thru a field 'n the sun softly melts a nothing wheel Steal softly thru sunshine Steal softly thru snow The black paper between a mirror breaks my heart that I canIt go The swan their feathers don't grow They're spun They live two hundred years of love They're one Breaks my heart to see them cross the sun Grain grows rainbows up straw hill Breaks my beart to see the highways cross the hills Man's lived a million years 'n still he kills The black paper between a mirror Breaks my heart that I can't go Steal softly thru sunshine Steal softly thru snow.

HOBO CHANG BA

Strawwood claw rattlin' m' jaw I can't call it usin' It's just sometin' soothin' Feather times uh feather Mornin' time t' thaw hobo chang ba Hobo chang ba Standin' still is losin' Feather times uh feather Mornin' time t' thaw Strawwood claw rattlin' m' jaw Hobo da ang ba Hobo chang ba Hobo chang ba'0 Hobo chang ba'0 Stand t' gain m' ground Lay t' rest the law The ocean is m' mother 'n the freight train is m' paw Hobo chang ba hobo chang ba'0 The rails I ride 'r rustin' The new sunrise m' trustin' The rails I ride 'r rustin The new sunrise m' trustin' Strawwood claw rattlin' m' jaw Hobo chang ba ooh Hobo chang ba Hobo



A Legend Comes So Life

A MAN with a bass guitar, white suit and hat to match, suddenly lopes from the match, suddenly lopes from the darkness and onto the stage; plucks aggressively at his instrument and prowls around the speakers like Groucho Marx meets the cast of West Side Story. Finally, he stops and telfs us he's going to smoke a cigar—twice. This is Rockette Morton. Morton.
There shambles into the spot-

Infere snambles into the spot-light a catatonic figure that looks as if it stopped by while sleepwalking. He plays some-thing like a washboard. He scrapes this thing once. This is Ed Marimba. He plays drums.

drums.

The man emerging in the lustrous pinky orange suit with the furry black and white cape, looking like a tubby Billy Butlin, is The Cap, short for The Captain. Captain Beefheart, alias Don Van Vilet.

He walks front stage, lifts the microphone, cups it in his hands with his harp, and blows and sings "Click Clack." For the next five minutes a train

choogles and clatters around the oid hall, its wheels powered by The Magic Band, its whistle shrilling from the fingertips of Zoot Horn Rollo's guitar. This is the beginning of a performance to savour—Captain Beefheart plays the Albert Hall.

Beefheart live is legend made flesh. Some legends are best

Albert Hall.

Beefheart live is legend made Resh. Some legends are best kept under wraps for fear the mysterioso quality should look threadbare under the spotlights. This isn't one of those.

Van Vliet is truly a monumental figure in contemporary music. For once the talent equates the image. At the Albert on Monday night one could only marvel at his magnificent voice with its four-anda-half octave range, that progresses from a subterranean growl, through a stentorian bellow to a falsetto hiccup—a voice of such amaxing power that the Albert's difficult acoustics were mastered and cowed in frightening fashion. His music is a sort of blues exotica. The bassist is R and B, but he

has restructured the form, Imposing discordant, fragmented rhythms that are linked to wild, enigmatic imagery. The music is as truly surreal in its spellbinding fascination as looking at one of those vaguely sinister Dada objects, like the cup made of fur. Irritating almost in the way it rubs against the nerve-ends, but as if it contains all the secrets of the universe if you only knew the key.

contains all the secrets of the universe if you only knew the key.

With the Captain everything is strange. "A psychiatrist," he said at one point, "is someone who wants to die in your other life." It's one of his Beefheartian pieces of epigrammatic wisdom. There's a pause after each song introduction, then The Magic Band spills out its rhythms on cue. They've all been totally immobile whilst no' playing, now they jerk around the stage like metallic puppets, motivated by some unforseen power.

Zoot Horn, a tall, thin figure, bobs and weaves on his heels; Marimba's arms, which seem to

be unnaturally long for a human being, splay outwards and Roy Estrada, the old and Roy Estrada, the old
Mothers bassist, shifts rhythmically from one foot to the
other. Rockette grouches over
his bass. Winged Eel Fingerling, the second guitarist, looks
almost natural, just shuffling
around. But none of it seems
cuite lifelike.

around. But none of it seems quite lifelike. Beefheart, although not a guitarist himself, is said to have taught his band how to play each note of his music. They mesh with such absolute precision that it's frightening. And yet after a time one hopes they would play just one straight lick to break that formulaic perfection. Of course,

straight lick to break that for-mulaic perfection. Of course, they never do.

When they finally left the stage and the audience yelled for more, the Captain came back and did just that. He whistled the theme of "More."

C. Marie J

happy with it."

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He added that it is hard to nan cars from just half of the city centre, and if Church Street became a pedestrian

screet. II c are autumn of all inquiry could delay comple. year.

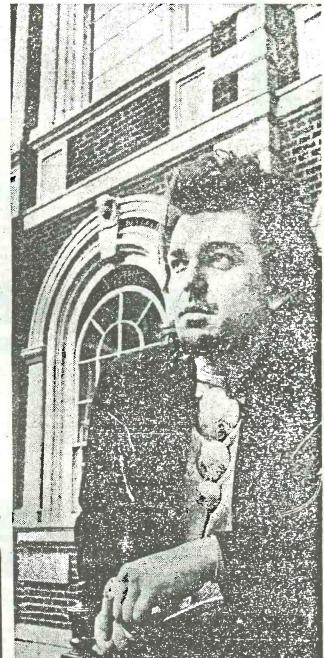
Church Street would be landscaped to allow shoppers unrestricted move11 a.: to Fr

and grey

Captain Beefheart, A merican rocksinger, who scored a great success with the Magic Band at Liverpool Stadium on Easter Monday, opened an exhibition of his paintings at the Bluecoat Gallery yesterday.

ne exhibition of 15 canvases is for two The exhibition weeks even though Beefheart has gone to Newcastle for the last show of his British tour,

He says he did thirty paintings in a day. "I was just exercising my arm, like an ass swish-ing its tail." Even so, the paintings are often com-pelling and stark with their shades of black and grey.



Worl star's

Beefheart compels

in black

A CC told ye died v being Co Walte many Warr: a sl called meas W Coun mitte repor into Rixto borin unsat

by To

WIRRA would estuary a com ment i

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I trunk that * everybody cut out all cleveries; there would be no anxiety ** Beetheart



"A" is for AMBITION

Compiled

av Fing

> I wish the diput a thinestone charm only mack, and lead the up and down the street

and for AUTO too

"It have Hidson at home of Hudson Home 50 I dig that car I never drivy it. I have an ivy display growing in it back home. It's like a barbecie: brass type of color a futuristic 58 harbecie color. I have a laded red 65 Volvo with a big buinn in the back bulbous, that my wife wrecked before we got married. It looks like it's smiling to itself."



"B" is for BEEFHEART, of course:

"I'm not a poet I'm a situation comic" and for BREATHER APPARATUS: that is, his soprano sax, tenor sax and



"C" is for CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

"Don't give yourself capital punishment, there's no money in it." for CLOSE CONTROL:

"When I say close control I mean that we, love each other" (referring to the Magic Band)

and for his CREDO

"I don't believe in straight lines either, in any lines, I believe in circles. I have to believe that way or I'd fall apart."



'D" is for DIAMONDS

"I've seen some of the most beautiful diamonds on a woman's face after she's perspired and danced."

as well as for DOPE:

(1) Ever used? "Well of course. I'm an artist. When I didn't realize that I didn't need to be an artist I indulged in a few things just to satisfy myself, you see, which was a selfish thing. But I will go on record, as they say. I'm sure there is a record, I'lf go on record as saying I don't think it helped me. Matter of fact, I used it for a while as an excuse to hide behind to not emulate what I really wanted to do."

(2) Did it do harm? "No because I think the mind is something that's more vast than that. Do you mean, do I think I'm an acid casualty or something like they talk about, I think not Because Zoot Horn Rollo, in the group, I mean I have his permission to talk freely about this, had lysergic acid two hundred and fifty times before he met me. And he was curled up in a ball, like a clam, And any time anybody'd say anything artistic to him or anything, he would I think he was afraid. You see man, when you're a clam, you throw a piece of sand in the clam, you get a pearl, you throw a piece of sand in a man, you get an ulcer. He had ulcers finally . . after two years living and. in the same house. . finally he was able to start emulating himself again. So he's tine now, you heard him play. He doesn't sound like a casualty I think he's an example, if you will and there needn't be except that people tend to think of things by the way things have gone ... if anybody would like to think of him as an example of somebody who had that amount of hallucinogenics. I think that he's doing inal well. But I don't look at him to be anything abnormal or un normal. I just look at him as another human being,"

(3) Can drugs benefit anyone as a short cut to mind expansion? "I think not, 'cause the mind's already there."



"E" is for EGALITARIANISM:

"You notice that I use... if you want to call it that ... you notice that my musicians are on an equal basis with me."

"Everybody drinks from the same pond."

"Everybody's colored or else you wouldn't be able to see them " and E.S.P.

"I think that everybody who has a circle has E.S.P. and I think they have it anyway whether they like it or not."

"I think almost everybody has it but I think the telephone, and televisions and things like that have made people lose their ability to use the imagination. As I said before I don't believe in insurity I believe in varying degrees of disconnection, and I don't believe the telephone company is the kind of network I'would try to emulate for my mind."



"F" is for FILLMORE:

"I don't feel I need any help, you follow me?"

"I don't wish to be told that I needed any help to make it, you see, because I've already made it ... we all made it the minute we got out of our mothers." and for FILM:

Leer: How do you relate to film? Beefheart: Very Kodak

On being a film maker: "I see it as a role that I want to roll and if it rolls and it doesn't stop, it pleases me."

"I've already made a movie and I'm making another one. I'm making a movie right now, on this tour."

"I think every film is a promotional film. Really, don't you? I don't think people do films not to promote themselves."

On making a movie with Zappa: "Never!" "That was a rumor that Frank Zappa used to connect Captain Beetheart to Frank Zappa and then when he got me connected to him on that label he got scared and welshed the deal "I see also ZAPPA!



"G" stands for GOD'S GOLF BALL (Beefheart's new record company):

"It bounces higher "in the Washington Monument."

"We're having a group called the Fwenty-Fifth Century Quaker that's going to record on it. We have a group called Rattlesnakes and Eggs, from the desert ... a seven piece group. We'll also have a film on it."

as well as for GOLD:

"I like beads better than money



"H" is for his HAT:

"I wear this hat on stage on my head because when I'm on stage like that and I wear this hat I can gather all that music on the brim, like this, and it keeps coming around and around. Mainly because I'm more of a person that like acoustic things and I get more of an acoustic sound. See, I don't get quite so ... I don't get quite as much of an electric sound when it hits here and goes around."

"This is a Mad Hatter's hat I mean, one that was made with mercury."

"I didn't make it, but it was given to me by a Mad Hatter that had been cured."

as well as for HGPE:

"I just figure if I'm breathing in and out I'm doing all I can and if I'm doing all I can do "."



"I" is for IDENTITY:

Referring to the Magic Band: "They're not interested, you see, in having their surnames because of the fact that it's attached to all of those myths their folks tried to keep them in ... which is one of the things I think we have to do is get away from that Family Tree, You know? Then we can be friends with our folks rather than having a feeling that they're a burden," and INSANITY:

"I don't believy in insanity, I believe in varying degrees of disconnection."



"J" is for JEFFERSON AIRPLANE:

"I never met them ... but I'm not too fond of their calling card. I don't care for their music. It's ... uh ... too lullaby like "

"I see other things, you see?"



"K" is for KITE: - see PANACEA.



"L" is for the LEGENDARY

"It's just that nobody came over to see me before. My name's in the phone book and and the been waiting for Frank Zappa to come over and see me."
"It' is also for LICK MY DECALS OFF, BABY:

"A far out fine record!"
King Leer



"M" is for MAKING IT (see also FILLMORE):

"I'm not interested in ruling or being the rules."

"I'm trying to move art into their neighborhood, let's put it that way " and for MAN:

"I think that man has the most highly developed intelligence. I think men get so intelligent that they're stupid."

"Man can spread mayonnaise."

"I think that man shouldn't give up his ability to reason, 'cause once he gives up his ability to reason he's an animal that's missing part of his brain."

"I think that man is a child that can't accept his natural functions." and MELLOW:

"I don't think that mellow can be put in categories."

'The word mellow has been designated to mean yellow, my music entails more colors than yellow."

"If I really want to do an anachronism I always use a sea-foam green."

for MISUNDERSTANDING:

"If you know the history of Captain Beefheart, you know it's been one of tremendous misunderstanding."

Gibbs. Grant Beefheart's personal manager

"You Should Know By the Kindness of Uh Dog the Way Uh Human Should

Beefheart and MUSICAL STRUCTURE:

"Musical structure is really a laugh, only it's a very bitter laugh. Bitter pleasantly, like an olive, but maybe like a martini."

"I plan, on a tape. I don't ever edit."

"I don't work it out, it just comes



"N" is for NATURE:

"The more you disconnect yourself from nature the more insane you are."

"The bee takes the honey, then he sets the flower free. Man takes the honey and gets stuck in it ... either that or he refines the rice to such a degree that it looks clean."

"There's more than one chord and it's made up of a lot of drops of water, Then it turns into beads, then the heads explode and make rhinestone chains." and NEW YORK:

"I haven't had any trouble. Nobody's brushed off my shoulders or anything with whisk brooms since I've been here."



"O" is for ORNETTE COLEMAN: The greatest



"P" is for his PANACEA:

"I have an explanation: if everybody would get a balloon in one hand and a kite in the other. Blow up the balloon and go fly a kite. I think that would ease their worries.

Leer: Do you really think so?

Beefheart: No because after they did it and they let the air out of the balloon and breathed a little bit and felt the kite and the wind blowing it they'd just . . . they'd probably think, Well Edison ... what was his name, Edison? . . . Well, Edison did this so it's already done. for PHYSIQUE:

"I'm pretty padded myself." and POLITICS:

On the revolution: "I think it's old hat . . . I don't think there's one, that's why I don't think there's a revolution, because I don't think there's one, see what I mean?"

"I've got to buy shoes, a man's got to



"Q" is for QUANTUM:

"I guess I don't believe in three

and for QUARREL:

"I've had records used against me and I have had my art used against me by foolish people.

'For example?"

"Well, they're their own examples."



"R" stands for RADICALS:

"They remind me of a rabbit's foot on a key chain.

for the REVOLUTIONARY CINEMA:

"Oh, that's wonderful. You mean before their cameras weren't turning?"

"That's cute." and READING:

"I don't read

not to mention ROLLING STONE:

'The one that gathered the moss?"



"S" is for SAFE AS MILK:

"Anything that sounds this good live years later is a triumph.

King Leer STRICTLY PERSONAL, and SELF:

"A lot of people say I'm just moving my fingers which is an accurate description of what I'm really doing."

"I'm just not as serious as the rest of these people." also SWINE:

"Beautiful sight to behold. They're very smart, they really have E.S.P.." and the SWITCHMAN-SELF:

"I'm not interested in stopping any light. A lot of people play switchman, I did a composition called, "Switchman with Parkinson's Disease," it'll be on the next album which I think you'll enjoy."



"T" for TEST-RESULTS:

"I tell you what I'm gonna do to clear this all up. I'm gonna offer myself to CAR AND DRIVER and let them run a test on me, you know, and I'll run out with a unicycle , with a small baby wheel on the back of my fanny, and I'll run down the street and I'll let them go through all of their Goodyears

and TROUT MASK REPLICA:

"I conceived Trout Mask Replica in eight and one half hours, and we didn't have much more than that to record it in. The group did the tracks in four hours and I put the voice on in four and one half."

for TIME: "There's two balls ... there's two balls up there and they have absolutely nothing to do with my coming or going. I'm talking about the sun and the moon . . . Put them together and you've got the daytime, put them apart and you've got the nighttime, but it's still the same, ask an eskimo."

and TRAINING: There are people who are trained and are willing to forget it and not do an animal act such as Clyde Beatty."



"U" is for UNGANOS:

"Should it be called the Periscope instead of Ungano's?"

"I don't have a thing for small clubs, nor do I have a thing for big clubs. I don't care that much about wee-wee.



"V" is for VALUES:

"You see, I've seen man's heart in a large filing cabinet. You know, like building. I've seen the smile of a Buick Riviera, I've seen the hand on the wheel of plastic rather than the wheel of life. And all of that's fine provided they don't overdo it. They seem to want to graduate, they keep graduating, you see? They graduate in the areas that seem to be so solitary instead of the kind areas. Like dolphins graduating across the horizon, into the sun, Man graduates his school of thought with no sand and no air and water in it. He mixes... 1 think that more children should play with mud-pies. That's out now, you see? They play with plastic shovels, with gloves, the latest ray-gun and space ensemble. And toy tanks and things like that, war toys. Things that take life rather than give it. Carving is out an it's hard to find a hand carved thing, and even if you can find it it's so totally expensive that it's easier to go get a plastic copy of it."

and VAN VLIET, Beefheart's previous incarnation:

"Van Vliet was a tremendous painter who could never finish anything,



W" for WARNER BROTHERS

"I think if you have a marriage and the children are getting hurt by it you should separate, but I'm enjoying this marriage right now. I don't have any plans for leaving." WEAPONS:

The gun is an orgasm that stops the cycle: The penis is an orgasm that, if the circumstances are right, continues the cycle. I prefer that to violence. I prefer, hot the gun, I prefer things that complete the cycle." the WHEEL:

"I use the wheel I deal with the wheel."

as well as the WORLD:

Well, the world is a record and , , , the music that's out now in the ...you see, the world is a world



is for BEEFHEART'S T.V. COMMERCIAL, RATED 'X':

'Metromedia refuses to air Captain Beefheart T.V. Commercial - charges album title 'obscene' "

Warner Records oress release



"Y" is for YELLOW - see MELLOW



"Z" is for ZOOT HORN ROLLO - see DOPE

"Z" is also for ZAPPA:

"I can't understand, it seems that all Frank Zappa wanted to do was make anal noises which is one way of saying that everything you eat comes back, you see? . . . He likes to work and I like to play, so we had to separate. The thing that I'm saying is that he seems to have been caught up in the fact that he didn't have musical training, seemed to worry him, that he hadn't had this musical training."

"I don't know why he wanted to keep my group . . . our group, in check behind him. I don't understand that, a person says they want to create and do new things and then they hold back the group that I'm in, which obviously couldn't be held back. But only in the business, contracturally, to try to hamper our movement."

and also for ZEN: Q: Are you into zen?

Beefheart: I don't think anybody is Q: Would you like to be? Beefheart. No, I prefer an overcoat.

reprinted from Changes

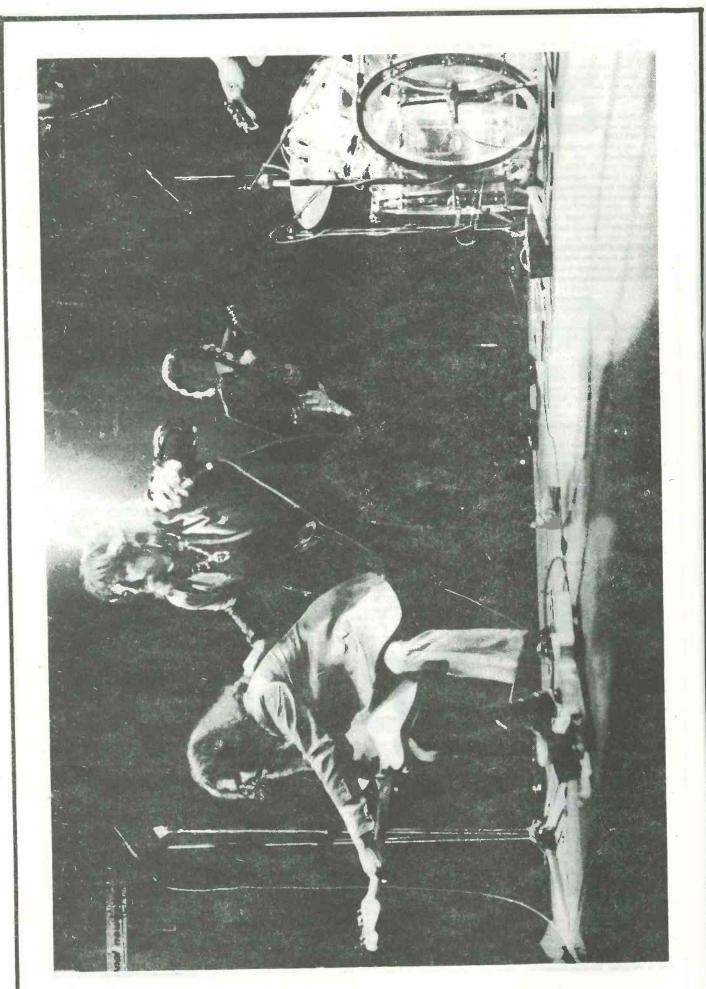
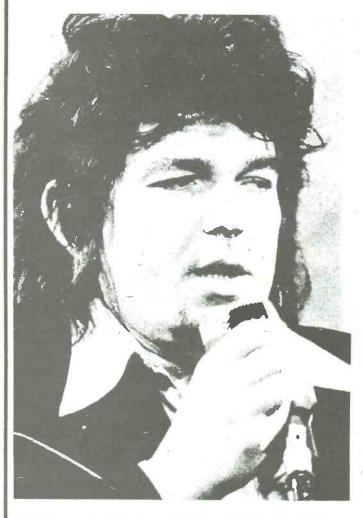


Photo: Michael Putland 1974

ANTENNAE JIMMY SEMENS: "Dali's Car"



Captain Beefheart often appears to attract more attention by his "weirdness" than any other way. His reputation as an iconoclast of genius also rests on comparatively few tracks and the "live legend". (It's still hard to believe that "Mirror Man" was made in 1965.)

Chiefly in a host of good but lesser albums and the crassness of his current output, there remain two great records — "Trout Mask Replica" and "Lick My Decals Off Baby".

What is chiefly striking here is the degree of re-training the musicians went through to achieve the cohesion that the Captain could hear. One can understand his bitterness and disillusionment, whatever the truth of the circumstances, when the Magic Band left him after so long — so much effort must have appeared wasted.

And the musicians themselves were pretty stunning. Just as, now, it seems only too clear how important the original Mothers were to Frank Zappa, so we can see the extraordinary qualities of the real' Magic Band. It is particularly interesting to think of Art Tripp/Ed Marimba making the transition from rigorous classical training to the intense accuracy involved in Zappa's work, and then to the very different undisciplines of Beefheart's material.

With the guitar, what's important is not any special technical point about the instrument, but the music itself, its form and its demands.

The sound on the recordings

in question is a distinctive, thin, slightly distorted tone that seldom varies to any great extent. The style is a unique mixture of strange harmonies and lurching rhythms interspersed with snatches of melody. What Beefheart has always been good at is deploying two guitars, creating a constant contrapuntal tension between them. On "Troutmask" this is demonstrated at its most developed.

"Dali's Car" is a very clear instance. This is a brief, formal, organised piece, completely outside the terms of what two guitars in rock usually means. It's discordant, angular, weirdly constructed and totally wonderful. In fact, the track is fairly comprehensible in conventional musical terms. Often this is much less true — on "Frownland", for example, or the unison passages on numbers like "Doctor Dark" which seem to be plucked out of thin air.

It is always alarming to hear people playing completely together and yet not in any recognisable rhythmic pattern. This is not free music; it is completely controlled all the time, which is one of the reasons it's so remarkable — forces that usually emerge in improvisation are harnessed and made constant, repeatable.

This has the strong and important effect of blurring the edges of reality, breaking down the distinction between normal and abnormal, possible and impossible

Analysis by FRED FRITH of HENRY COW

CONNOR McKNIGHT OF "ZIGZAG" TALKS WITH "MALLARD" -

Round about the Wiltshire border my mind wandered, in its usual aim less fashion, away from assessing whether the Stonehouse affair, the Common Market referendum, Princess Anne's forthcoming pregnancy, or her brother's forthcoming marriage deserved the nomination as Bore of the Year, onto the thorny problem of Don Van Vliet-how do you try and understand a man who's incredibly generous and yet capable of acts of spite that would make even Ian Paisley demur; a man who gave the world some of the greatest lyrics ever penned and yet has been responsible for driving two of the best L.A. musicians-Roy Estrada and Artie Tripp -out of the business; a man of awesome intelligence and yet a man who could describe Angela Davis as a "picccaninny on a pogo stick"; a man who would deplore the evils of the music business machine in most scathing terms, and yet a man who had no hesitation in training some very heavy artillery in my direction to stop me reporting that statement. Finally, after thrashing vainly towards understanding this ambivalence, what are we to make of a serious musician who can produce works of genius (yes-genius) like Trout Mask Replica, and yet a musician who

can let some worn out hack fart like Del Simmons take 10 minutes to parade every clarinet cliche ever invented on a foul gimmicky rendition of 'Sweet Georgia Brown'.

The mention of Beefheart cast a momentary pall over the gathering, but I thought it might be a propitious time to see if any of the people present could help me solve the Beefheartian paradoxes that had been rolling around in my head earlier in the evening. The response was immediate, like a Greek chorus. Artie: That thieving arsehole.

Mark: The old fart.

Bill: Oh f**k man, I can't figure him out.

He's certainly a great musician—really great—but he treated us pretty badly. I'm just glad

we are finally away from him and able to

work on our own.

The responses were amplified in subsequent conversation. Artie was definite. "Man, I've worked for two of the worst people in the business—Zappa and that f**kin' Vliet. The only reason I even thought of coming over here was because these guys' music is really fine, and the only reason I actually came over was because they gave me some money in advance. I've been f**ked so often and for so long by so many people that I

have to be like that about it."

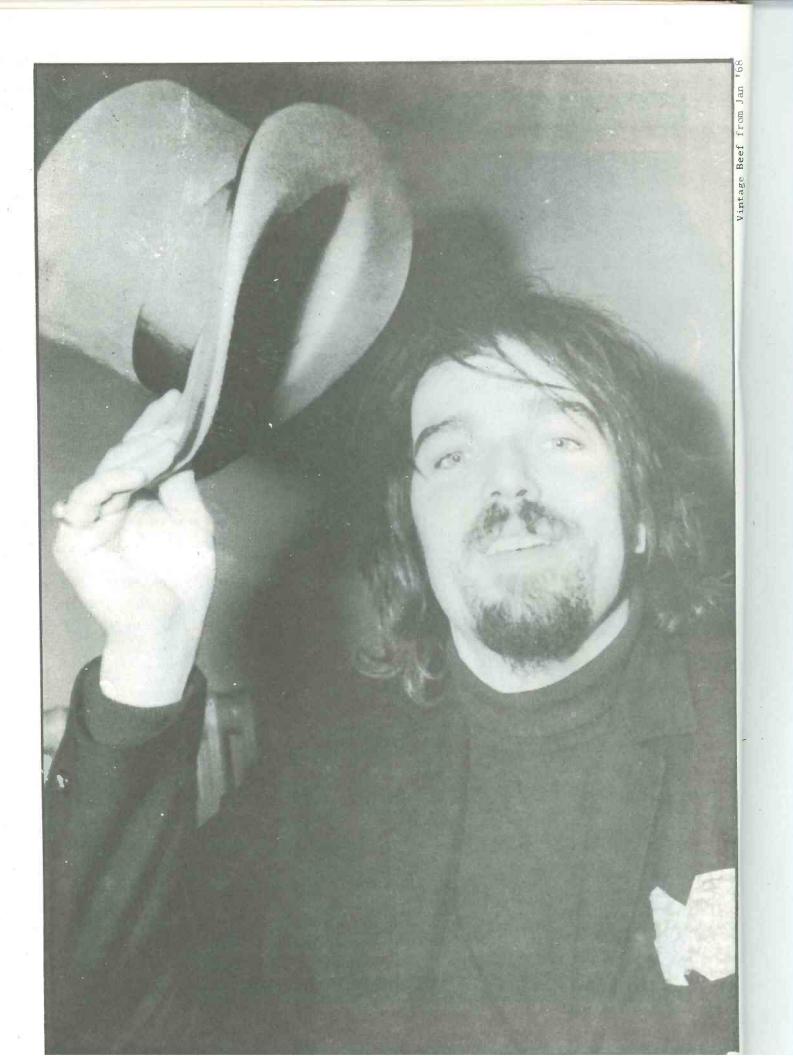
Mark's sentiments were similar, although, being the easy-going amiable fellow that he is, they weren't expressed in nearly as venomous terms.

Beefheart is a genius; the word is properly used to denote the sort of person who can write lines like—

Rather than I wanna hold your hand I wanna swallow you whole 'n I wanna lick you everywhere it's pink 'n everywhere you think

Whole kit, kaboodle 'n the kitchen sink and it's no surprise that he has damaged people. Thank Christ the damage hasn't proved irreparable.

Like Don says:
The stars are matter
We are matter
But it doesn't matter.





AT THE TROUBADOUR

Captain Beefheart Integrity Intact

Captain Beefheart, continuing to rebound from his brief, unsuccessful commercial "sellout" of a few years ago, returned to the Troubadour over the weekend with his integrity intact and his awesomely unconventional music at full strength. This being a time when pop music rewards the safe and sane, the sad corollary to the individuality and power of the Beefheart presentation is that he doesn't have a record contract.

A full house of aficionados was on hand Sunday to voice its hearty approval of Beefheart's new group, which executes the jagged rhythms and searing textures with all the energy and discipline of the old Magic Band. Its sound is perhaps a bit more consonant, but has lost none of the incredible tension as it jerks the blues into an eerie, Caligarilike dimension where Beefheart is an outer-space Howlin' Wolf with free-jazz predilections.

The Captain's voice ranges from buzzsaw to dental drill, punctuated with little yelps and distinguished by its unwavering energy and obsessive power. His bizarre, inventive, pun-riddled lyrics ("China Pig," "Pachuco Cadaver"

and "A Carrot Is as Close as a Rabbit Gets to a Diamond" are among the titles) were somewhat obscured in the mix. but his soprano sax work, sounding like a wild desert wind screaming through brain tunnels, compensated for the loss of the verbal element.

It's too much to expect this original, visionary talent to make Top 10, but he should at least be able to release an album. Meantime, we'll just hope for occasional performances like this and pray that he never gets normal again.

The second-billed Sanford-Townsend Band exemplifies rock's safe side. The highly talented group plays well-devised but easygoing jazz-pop that at its best recalls Steely Dan but which, overall, lacks urgency and imagination.

—RICHARD CROMELIN



ENTERTAINMENT

Beefheart and Magic still together

By VAUGHN PALMER

No band more deserves the title Magic . . . few captains were so aptly dubbed Beefheart. The chance to see both together, so together, may not come again.

Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band, legends in their own time warp, are at the Old Roller Rink in North Vancouver this week.

Back in the days when California weirdness was a marketable quality, Beefheart always scored near the top on the Richter open-ended scale of strangeness.

Moreover the vagabond way Beefheart shifted musicians, record companies, performing venues and careers ensured he was more talked and written about than actually listened to.

Since his last appearance in Vancouver even his critical acclaim is weakened amid fears that he'd sold out, done what he swore he'd never do, gone commercial

Lay that aside. This is the time to really get to know Beefheart and his incredible band. For the good news is that not only is the Captain alive, well and still crazy after all these years, he is more together than ever with a band as fine as a fan could want.

Beyond the usual musical strengths, the man is finally sufficiently content with himself and his career that he is

capable of performing, interacting with the audience, and acknowledging his achievements.

For example, he is now playing Captain Beefheart's greatest hits, a thrill beyond thrills for fans who never expected to hear the classics of more than 10 years of recording.

Included in the two sets on Wednesday were Moonlight on Vermont and China Pig, both from Trout Mask Replica and from the same landmark album the band performed the Blimp, a looney-voiced number that the Captain does not even take part in. The vocal was delivered by group manager Harry Duncan, who was wearing a rubber mask over his face at the time.

There were some numbers from a proposed new album, Bat Chain Puller, and Beefheart sang the notorious Electricity, a song previously distinguished by the fact that the Captain wrecked a microphone with his singing while recording it for his first album, Safe as Wilk.

The captain, you see, has a voice that would strip paint at 100 yards. All others are second best in the power department when Beefheart cranks up his reputed 4 octaves of voice, all of which ranges roughly between 'tuba' and 'creaky oak door'. Not raspy like Joe Cocker or raunchy like Rod Stewart, just one of the finest white blues voices around.

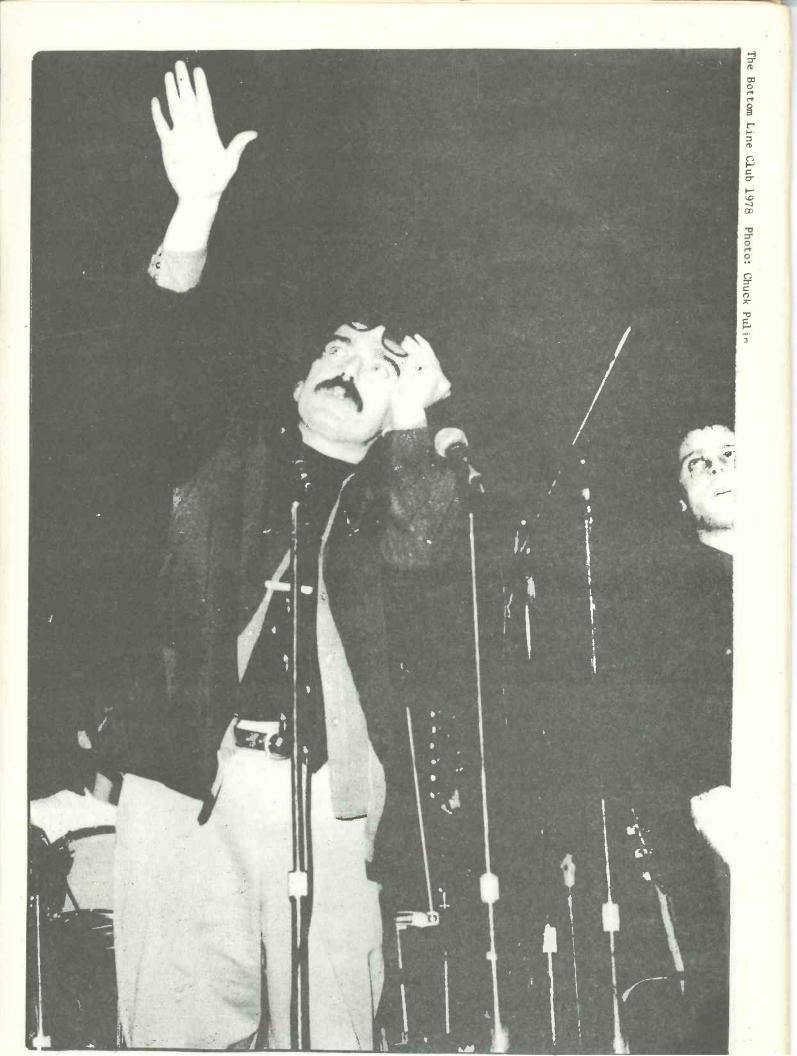
Weird does not mean his band are buffoons either. By legend they are painstakingly trained by Beefheart himself to play his odd omni-rhythmic music. The latest Magic Band includes John French, more affectionately known as Drumbo, one of the few drummers ever to master the unique Beefheart beat.

Sizzling through much of the music is the slide guitar of Denny Walley, followed by the stacatto of second guitarist Jeff Morras Teaper, the keyboard and bass work of Eric Kitabu Feldman, occasional harmonica by Duncan and Beefheart, and the good captain's Saxophone.

Refreshingly, Beefheart has mellowed to the the audience, though Wednesday night's crowd was generally friendly in any case. In the past Beefheart was known to storm off stage at whim when someone said something he didn't like, now he can handle the give and take with a certain brazen charm

Said one tipsy and slightly perplexed member of the audience: "Play something sensible."

Said the Captain, who's real name is Don Van Vliet: "You've had too much to think."



Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller) (Virgin)

OF ALL the shoddy practices perpetrated in the name of rock and roll, none heats the treatment of Don Van Vliet.

In the world of rock music. Captain Beefheart stands alone, a talent so unique that, as Lester Bangs remarked in NME, he might as well be in a parallel universe. Yet because of a series of tawdry contractual disputes. Beefheart has been banished from record in this country for six years now. It's despicable.

The story of 'Shiny Beast' is one of the most complex in rockbiz legal history, but the vague outline goes something

When last heard of, Captain Beefheart was effectively a solo artist. The Magic band that between '69 and '79 created possibly the greatest quartet of albums in rock -'Trout Mask Replica', 'Lick My Decals Off Baby', 'The Spotlight Kid' and 'Clear Spot' - had disbanded after suddenly losing its way on the would-be commercial venture Unconditionally Guaranteed'. Coot Horn Rollo (Bill Harkleroad), Rockette Morton ark Boston) and Ed Marimba (Art Tripp III) quit to torm Mallard and engage in a verbal battle with their old

employer. They called him a "thieving arsehole", he called them "a bunch of quacks", and both parties made extravagant claims about their own input into the Magic Band's masterpieces.

Meanwhile Beefheart, under the influence of his manager/producer Andy DiMartino, hit the nadir of his career with 'Bluejeans And Moonbeams' (1974), an album which sounds like it was played by a bunch of sessionmen who'd never head of 'Trout Mask Replica' (which it was).

Predictably, the Captain soon fell out with DiMartino. but the damage was done. His career and self-confidence looked to be in shreds.

Down on his luck, his old friend and enemy Frank Zappa very generously (he really made that clear) took Beefheart under his wing and out on the road with the Mothers. The outcome was a live LP, 'Bongo Fury', which despite Beefheart singing lead on half of it was little more than another production-line Zappa product. Litigation between Zappa's company (Reprise) and Beefheart's (Virgin) meant it never saw the light of day here anyway.

By now jointly managed by Zappa and his manager Herb Cohen, Beefheart set out to record a proper Magic Band

album, financed by Cohen and Zappa. He met up with a marine biology student named Jeff Tepper, they put a band together, and with Zappa producing came up with 'Bat Chain Puller', a marked return to form.

That was in 1976. But before a release date could be set, Cohen and Zappa aplit up and Beefheart was caught in the crossfire. Eventually, after two years of legal wrangling, he

gave up on 'Bat Chain Puller' and went into the studios to record a modified version the product we see before us now, 'Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller)'

Even then the problems weren't over. 'Shiny Beast' slipped out in America courtesy of Warners in 1978. but yet more legal problems delayed its release here until this week. As for the future. the way looks clear. Virgin has Van Vliet under worldwide contract, he's due here to tour with substantially the same Magic Band that cut this album, and both he and Mr Branson are keen to see him recording. How wonderful,

Listening to 'Shiny Beast'. one thing is instantly obvious: Beefheart's silence these past five years hasn't been for lack of inspiration. Indeed, it only makes his artistic capitulation to Andy DiMartino on

'Unconditionally Guaranteed' and 'Bluejeans and Moonbeams' and Zappa on 'Bongo Fury' all the more mysterious. It was always hard to understand how this 'non-musician' could convey his revolutionary concepts to his musicians, and those mediocre pop albums seemed to prove Van Vliet was in fact less in control than his writing credits led one to believe. Maybe he really was as dependent on the Mallard guys as they claimed.

Skny Beast' says think again. For the first time since 'The Spotlight Kid' the Captain takes the production credit (shared with one Pete Johnson) and to all intents and purposes the result is the fifth record in the series which began with 'Trout Mask

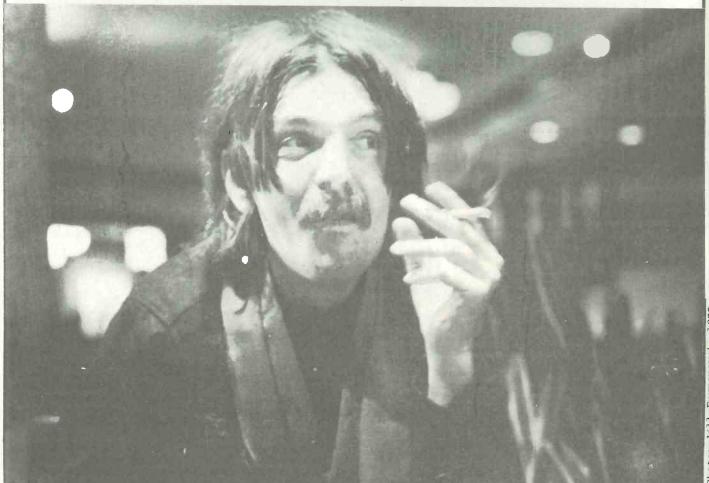
Replica'

The players appear to be 'real' musicians (he always claimed to prefer the untutored), but their understanding of Beefheart's muse is stunning. They are a Magic Band.

'Shiny Beast' may not be-'The Spotlight Kid', but Captain Beefheart still is.

Phil McNeill

Extract from the NME, February 80





In your heart, you know he's a maniac

By James Kelton

Limber-minded Captain Beefheart (alias Don Van Vliet) and his ever-ready Magic Band opened a rare three-night club engagement at Keystone Korner last night with an hour of distended playfulness that verged on the bizarre one moment, on the berserk the next.

The good Captain made his first appearance shortly before 10 p.m. as he strolled through the audience on the way to the men's room. That won him his first applause.

The band—two guitars, keyboards and drums—joined Beefheart onstage a few minutes later and the Captain announced straightaway:

"I'm for real."

The first number led briskly into the classic "Low Yo-Yo." then a song that referred to "way down yonder below the ground." and another proclaiming "her hands were too small, face like a ball."

"I know we still haven't played anything," the Captain admitted at that point.

A harp player soon joined in for a kind of train song that disdained all traditional references to the passing of the locomotive age. The Captain, accompanied only by a single guitar, recited a chant-like ballad that sounded like bluesman John Lee Hooker but contrarily professed:

"I don't wanna kill my China pig."

The keyboard player and one of the guitarists engaged in a deviously compact duet. The Captain played his horn, which was either a soprano saxophone or a bass clarinet, and spoke a poetic tale of a seaman returning from "on the bum, where the hoboes run" and ended the set with a number tangentially copped from the Howlin' Wolf blues style.

The two encores culminated in "Big-Eyed Beans

Captain
Beefheart,
the free-form
master of
half-jazz
appears at
Keystone
Korner
through



S.F. EXAMINER—Page 7

from Venus," another lyric that looms large in the Beefheart galaxy of hits.

Of course, the Captain has never had a hit in the accepted sense. But he is an underground phenomenom on the strength of such recordings as "Trout Mask Replica," which displayed his sphere-spanning ideas and guttural vocals at great length.

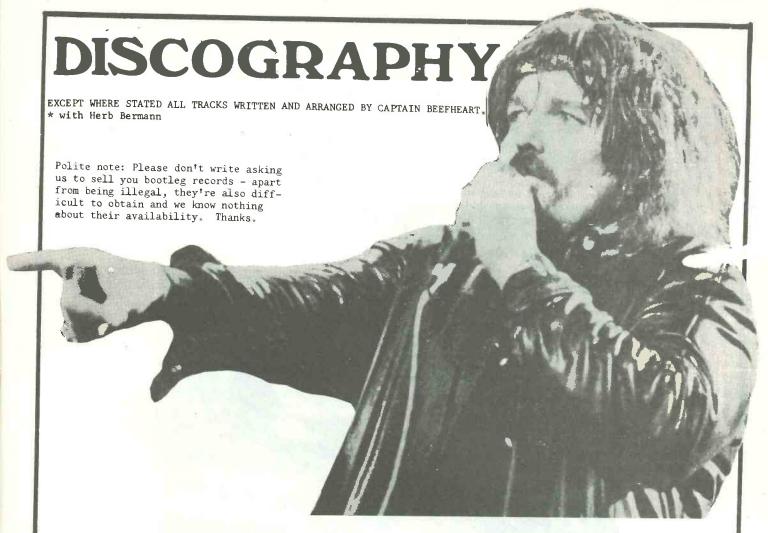
Captain Reefheart is in all ways iconoclastic. Last night he worked and also fanned himself with cue cards. He left the stage several times while the band played. He seldom registered any emotion. "I'm so nervous," he squeaked before the first number.

At his best, the Captain is an imaginative and totally irreverent satirist. His top-drawer lyrics bulge with outraged delight.

His poetic delivery of the seaman's yarn took to task every cliche, every character and every unshielded crutch of the lonesome traveling school of legendbending and was funny as well.

At his most obscure, Beefheart can spout almost totally unintelligible words to the accompaniment of a chaotic rhythm section that comes on like a soul band on acid. His own playing is post-John Coltrane confused.

But it all blends into an amused (and amusing) blob of stubbornness that is essentially optimistic. Otherwise, why is it funny?



A&M SINGLES

Produced by David A. Gates

DIDDY WAH DIDDY (A. Christensen)/ WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING

MOONCHILD/ FRYING PAN

ALBUMS

SAFE AS MILK

Produced by Bob Krasnow and Richard Perry. Buddah.

SURE 'NUFF 'N YES I DO (*, Arr. Ry Cooder) ZIG ZAG WANDERER *

CALL ON ME DROPOUT BOOGIE *

I'M GLAD ELECTRICITY * Side Two

YELLOW BRICK ROAD * ABBA ZABBA

PLASTIC FACTORY (* + Handley) WHERE THERE'S WOMAN *

GROWN SO UGLY (Williams, arr. Cooder)

AUTUMN'S CHILD *

STRICTLY PERSONAL

Produced by Bob Krasnow Recorded April 25-May 2,1968.

Side One

AH FEEL LIKE ACID SAFE AS MILK TRUST US SON OF MIRROR MAN-MERE MAN

MOUNLIGHT ON VERMONT

Side Two

ON TOMORROW BEATLE BONES 'N SMOKIN STONES GIMME DAT HARP BOY KANDY KORN

Personnel on above albums and singles - Capt. Beefheart Vocals & mouthharp, Alex St. Claire Guitar, John French(Drumbo) Drums, Jeff Cotton(Jimmy Semens) Guitar, Jerry Handley Bass, Also on "Safe as Milk" - Ry Cooder Guitar, Russ Titleman Guitar, and Herb Bermann.

TROUT MASK REPLICA

Produced by Frank Zappa Recorded 1969. Straight.

Side One

Side Two FROWNLAND THE DUST BLOWS FORWARD 'N THE DUST BLOWS BACK DACHIN BLUES USUD ALLE HAIR PIE: BAKE ONE

PACHUCO CADAVER BILL'S CORPSE SWEET SWEET BULBS NEON MEATE DREAM OF A OCTAFISH CHINA PIG MY HUMAN CETS ME BLUES DALI'S CAR

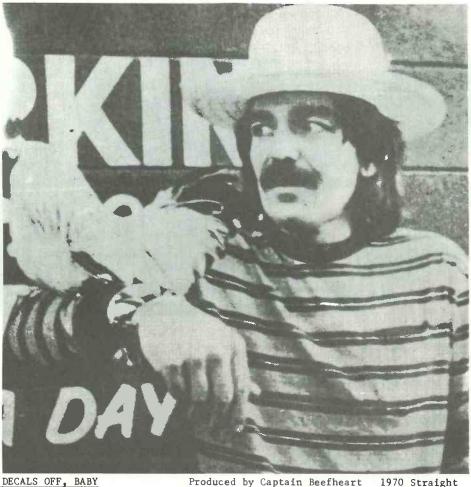
Side Three

HAIR PIE: BAKE TWO PENA WELL WHEN BIG JOAN SETS UP FALLIN' DITCH SUGAR 'N SPIKES ANT MAN BEE

Side Four

ORANGE CLAW HAMMER WILD LIFE SHE'S TOO MUCH FOR MY MIRROR HOBO CHANG BA THE BLIMP STEAL SOFTLY THROUGH SNOW OLD FART AT PLAY VETERAN'S DAY POPPY

Personnel: Capt. Beefheart Vocals, bass clarinet, tenor & soprano sax., John French Drums, Bill Harkleroad (Zoot Horn Rollo) Glass finger guitar, flute, Mark Boston (Rockette Morton) Bass and narration, Jeff Cotton (Antennae Jimmy Semens) Steel appendage guitar, The Mascara Snake Bass clarinet & vocal, Doug Moon Guitar on "China Pig".



LICK MY DECALS OFF, BABY

Side One

LICK MY DECALS OFF, BABY DOCTOR DARK I LOVE YOU, BIG DUMMY PEON BELLERIN' PLAIN WOE-IS-UH-ME-BOP JAPAN IN A DISHPAN

Side Two

I WANNA FIND A WOMAN THAT'LL HOLD MY

PETRIFIED FOREST ONE RED ROSE THAT I MEAN THE BUGGY BOOGIE-WOOGIE THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE BLUES (or SPACEAGE COUPLE /THE BIG DIG) THE CLOUDS ARE FULL OF WINE(NOT WHISKEY OR RYE).

FLASH GORDON'S APE

MIRROR MAN

Produced by Bob Krasnow Reco ded '68, rel.'70 Buddah.

Side One

TAROTPLANE KANDYKORN

25th.CENTURY QUAKER MIRROR MAN

Personnel same as "Strictly Personal".

THE SPOTLIGHT KID

Produced by Beefheart & Phil Schier '72 Warner/Reprise

Side One

I'M GONNA BOOGLARISE WOU BABY WHITE JAM BLABBER 'N SMOKE WHEN IT BLOWS ITS STACKS ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND

Side Two

THE SPOTLIGHT KID CLICK CLACK THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS ON THE /EVENIN' STAGE.



Personnel: Beefheart Vocals, harmonica, jingle bells, Zoot Horn Rollo Glass finger and steel appendage guitars, Art Tripp(Ed Marimba) Marimba, piano, harpsichord, Rockette Morton Bass, Elliot Ingber(Winged Eel Fingerling) Guitar, John French, Art Tripp, Ted Cactus, Rhys Clark on Drums.

CLEAR SPOT

Produced by Ted Templeman 1972 Warner/Reprise.

Side One

LOW YO YO STUFF
NOWADAYS A WOMAN'S GOTTA HIT A MAN
TOO MUCH TIME (Rel. as a single)
CIRCUMSTANCES
MY HEAD IS ONLY MY HOUSE UNLESS IT RAINS
SUN ZOOM SPARK

Side Two

CLEAR SPOT

CRAZY LITTLE THING

LONG NECK BOTTLES

HER EYES ARE A BLUE MILLION MILES

BIG EYED BEANS FROM VENUS

GOLDEN BIRDLES

Personell: Beefheart Vocals & harmonica, Zoot Horn Steel appendage, glass finger & solo guitar, mandolin, Rockette Morton Rhythm guitar & bass on "Golden Birdies", Art Tripp Drums, Roy Estrada(Orejon) Bass, Milt Holland Additional percussion, Russ Titleman Guitar on "Too Much Time", The Blackberries Background vocals, Jerry Jumonville arranged the horns on "Too Much Time", Ted Templeman and Beefheart arranged horns on "Long Neck Bottles" and "Nowadays a Woman's gotta hit a man".



UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Produced by Andy Di Martino 1974 Virgin.

Side One

UPON THE MY-OH-MY(Rel.as a single) SUGAR BOWL NEW ELECTRIC RIDE MAGIC BE HAPPY LOVE SONG Side Two

FULL MOON, HOT SUN
I GOT LOVE ON MY MIND
THIS IS THE DAY
LAZY MUSIC
PEACHES

ALL SONGS COMPOSED BY DON & JAN VAN VLIET & ANDY DI MARTINO, ALL SONGS ARRANGED BY DON VAN VLIET AND ANDY DI MARTINO.

Personnel: Beefheart Vocals & harmonica, Zoot Horn Guitar and glass finger guitar, Rockette Morton Bass, Art Tripp Drums and percussion, Alex St.Claire Guitar, Del Simmons Tenor sax and flute, Andy Di Martino Acoustic guitar.

BLUEJEANS AND MOONBEAMS

Produced by Andy Di Martino 1974 Virgin.

Side One

PARTY OF SPECIAL THINGS TO DO SAME OLD BLUES (J.J.Cale)
OBSERVATORY CREST (Beefheart/Ingber)
POMPADOUR SWAMP

ROCK 'N ROLL'S EVII NO heart, Ira J

Beefbons)

OBSERVATORY CREST (Beefheart/Ingber)

POMPADOUR SWAMP

TWIST AH LUCK(Arr

CAPTAIN'S HOLIDAY(Feldman, Richmond, Blackwell BLUEJEANS AND MOOIL ARR

i bons)

Personnel: Beefheart Vocals & harmonica, Dean Smith Guitar and bottleneck guitar, Ira Ingber Bass, Bob West Bass on "Observatory Crest", Michael Smotherman Keyboards and backing vocals, Mark Gibbons Keyboards, Gene Pello Drums, Jimmy Caravan Keyboard and star machine, Ty Grimes

BONGO FURY A Zappa/Beefheart Album

Produced by Frank Zappa 1975 Discreet.

Side One

DEBRA KADABRA* CAROLINA HARD-CORE ECSTACY* SAM WITH THE SHOWING SCALP FLAT TOP* POOFTER'S FROTH WYOMING PLAINS AHEAD* 200 YEARS OLD

Side Two

CUCAMONGA ADVANCE ROMANCE* MAN WITH THE WOMAN HEAD*

*Recorded live at Armadillo World Headquarters, Austin, Texas, May 20&21 1975.
All tracks written and arranged by Frank Zappa except "Sam With the Showing Scalp Flat Top" and 'Man With the Woman Head", both Beefheart compositions.

Personnel: Zappa Vocals & lead guitar, Beefheart Vocals, harp, George Duke Keyboards & vocals, Napoleon Murphy Brock Sax & v cals, Bruce Fowler Trombone, Tom Fowler Trombone, Denny Wally Slide guitar & vocals, Terry Bozio Drums, Chester Thompson Drums on "Cucamonga"&"200yrs Old".

San Francisco Chronicle Mon., Dec. 6, 1976

Beefheart's New Band

Wild, Free-Wheeling Rock

In rock music, few artists emain as uncompromising and paldly experimental as Captain Beefheart, who debuted a new band and a load of new material to sold out houses over the weekend at Keystone Korner, the North Beach

Although the niterie normally books the best in avant-garde jazz, the Captain Beefheart engagement made good sense, especially once one heard the performance—a wild, free-wheeling affair that approached progressive jazz for its sheer freedom from conventions, if nothing else.

Backed by a four-piece group, Beefheart kept the band turning out a steady stream of repeated figures, set to relatively exotic time signatures, while he growled out his lyrics-many apparently improvised on the spot.

Furthermore, Beefheart pulled out a soprano sax for several lengthy solos. Placing the bell of the horn directly on the microphone, Beefheart blew a cacophonoas array of screeches, honks, belches, grunts and toots from the horn -without ever displaying the slightest discipline or technical command of the instrument.

"I know we still haven't played anything," the Captain told one heckler, "and I hope we don't." His anarchistic approach to rock can be

admired for its thoughtful; deliberate construction, but it was difficult to salvage more than a handful of rewarding moments from a draining 60-minute performance.

Beefheart's deep voice resembled nothing so much at times as bluesmen like Howlin' Wolf or John Lee Hooker-an image he en-

hanced by singing "China Pig," a Beefheart-style delta blues, seated on a stool while guitarist Denny Walley provided accompaniment on bottleneck guitar.

A childhood chum of Frank Zappa, Beefheart first appeared on the scene more than eight years ago with an album, "Trout Mask Repli-ca," recorded with a band of musicians who had never played instruments before and produced by Zappa. He has since recorded several LPs, including one last year as a vocalist with Zappa's Mothers of Invention.

His new band demonstrated extensive instrumental prowess performing the organized but often dischordant compositions, and Beefheart clearly benefited from the instrumental drive, which gave his non-musical genius a solid musical grounding.

A MESSAGE FROM RECOMMENDED RECORDS:

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Wandsworth Road, London, SW8, and we'll send you our free catalogue and bumph.

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SHINY BEAST (BAT CHAIN PULLER)

Side One

THE FLOPPY BOOT STOMP TROPICAL HOT DOG NIGHT ICE ROSE HARRY IRENE YOU KNOW YOU'RE A MAN BAT CHAIN PULLER Produced by Van Vliet and Pete Johnson 1978

Side Two

WHEN I SEE MUMMY I FEEL LIKE A MUMMY OWED T'ALEX CANDLE MAMBO LOVE LIES SUCTION PRINTS APES-MA

ALL WORDS & MUSIC WRITTEN BY VAN VLIET EXCEPT "OWED T'ALEX" LYRICS WRITTEN BY VAN VLIET AND HERB BERMANN, ALL SONGS ARRANGED BY VAN VLIET.

Personnel: Beefheart vocals, harmonica, soprano sax. Jeff Moris Tepper slide guitar and guitar. Bruce Lambourne Fowler trombone, air bass. Eric Drew Feldman grand piano synthesizer, bass. Richard Redus slide guitar, bottleneck guitar, accordion, guitar and fretless bass. Robert Arthur Williams drums, percussion. Art Tripp lll marimba, additional percussion.

DOC AT THE RADAR STATION

Produced by Don Van Vliet 1980 Virgin

Side Two

Side One

HOT HEAD
ASHTRAY HEART
A CARROT IS AS CLOSE AS A
RABBIT GETS TO A DIAMOND
RUN PAINT RUN RUN
SUE EGYPT
BRICKBATS

DIRTY BLUE GENE
BEST BATCH YET
TELEPHONE
FLAVOR BUD LIVING
SHERIFF OF HONG KONG
MAKING LOVE TO A VAMPIRE

ALL WORDS AND MUSIC WRITTEN AND ARRANGED BY DON VAN VLIET
Personnel: Beefheart Vocals, gongs, harmonica, soprano sax, bass clarinet. Jeff
Moris Tepper Slide guitar, guitar. Eric Drew Feldman Synthesizer, bass, mellotron,
grand piano, electric piano. Robert Arthur Williams Drums. Bruce Lambourne Fowler
Trombone. John French (Drumbo) Slide guitar, guitar, marimba. Also bass & drums
on "Sheriff of Hong Kong" and drums on "Ashtray Heart". Gary Lucas Guitar on
"Flavor Bud Living", French horn.

New Releases

Side Two

ICE CREAM FOR CROW

Virgin Produced by Don Van Vliet 1982

Side One

ICE CREAM FOR CROW
THE HOST THE GHOST THE
MOST HOLY-O
SEMI-MULTICOLOURED CAUCASIAN
HEY GARLAND, I DIG YER TWEED
COAT
EVENING BELL

THE PAST SURE IS TENSE
INK MATHEMATICS
THE WITCH DOCTOR LIFE
"81" POOP HATCH
THE THOUSANDTH & TENTH DAY OF THE

HUMAN TOTEM POLE SKELETON MAKES GOOD

CARDBOARD CUTOUT SUNDOWN

Personnel: Don Van Vliet Vocals, harmonica, soprano sax, chinese gongs, prop horn.

Jeff Moris Tepper Steel guitar, slide guitar, acoustic guitar. Gary Lucas Guitar, slide guitar, glass-finger guitar. Richard Midnight Hatsize Snyder Bass guitar, marimba, viola. Cliff R. Martinez Drums, washboard, metal drums Eric Drew Feldman Rhodes piano and synthesised bass on "1,000th Day". Produced and Arranged by Van Vliet Engineered by Phil Brown.

LIGHT REFLECTED OFF THE OCEANDS OF THE MOON

12-inch 45rpm E.P. Virgin 1982

Side One

Side Two

ICE CREAM FOR CROW
TROPICAL HOT DOG NIGHT

RUN PAINT RUN RUN
LIGHT REFLECTED OFF THE OCEANDS
OFF THE MOON

Produced by Van Vliet except Run Paint Run Run by Van Vliet and Pete Johnson.

BOOTLEGS

LIVE AT LEEDS UNIVERSITY

Double album recorded Wed. 2nd May 1973 (v. rare)

Side One

TOAST
MIRROR MAN
LOW YO YO STUFF
CRAZY LITTLE THING

Side Two

SUGAR 'N SPIKES BOOGLARISE YOU BABY ELECTRICITY PEON



Side Three

KING BEE CLICK CLACK ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND ABBA ZABBA Side Four

NOWADAYS A WOMAN'S GOTTA HIT A MAN BIG EYED BEANS FROM VENUS GOLDEN BIRDIES

Personnel: Beefheart Harp & vocals. Zoot Horn Rollo Guitar. Alex St. Claire Guitar. Roy Estrada Bass. Rockette Morton Bass. Art Tripp lll Drums. A Little Wigan Production.

LIVE AT THE ROXY (WHAT'S ALL THIS BOOGA-BOOGA MUSIC?) Los Angeles July 16th 1975.

Side One

MOONLIGHT ON VERMONT ABBA ZABBA SIFTER SOLO ORANGE CLAW HAMMER INSTRUMENTAL WHEN IT BLOWS ITS STACKS MY HUMAN GETS ME BLUES ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND Side Two

JIMMY BILL'S IN TOWN
BEATLE BONES 'N SMOKIN' STONES
ELLA GURU
ELECTRICITY
BIG EYED BEANS FROM VENUS

Personell: Don Van Vliet, Winged Eel Fingerling, Drumbo, Jimmy Carl Black, Ella Guru Davidson, Bruce Fowler. Excellent stereo, and pressed on coloured vinyl.

ZAPPA/BEEFHEART Wizardo Records (Metal Man Has Hornet's Wings)

Side One

METAL MAN HAS HORNET'S WINGS Recorded in '63 or '64 by The Soots, which featured Beefheart on lead vocals and Frank Zappa on guitar.

ORIGINAL BLACK NAPKINS Recorded live in L.A. at The Shrine Auditorium

1974, Zappa on lead guitar.
INSTRUMENTAL

Zappa early 1964.

THE STORY OF ELECTRICITY

Beefheart narrates.

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED
Recorded live by Capt.Beefheart and The Magic
Band 1974

GONE BEHIND THE SUN MUNDO HOLLYWOOD

The above are two of the earliest known Mothers recordings, live from Hollywood. LIGHTNING ROD MAN

Strange studio recording credited to Mrs.

MY GUITAR WANTS TO KILL YOUR MAMA Zappa studio flip-side.

Side Two

ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK Very early test tapes of the original Mothers, 1964. SANDWICH SONG Same as above. HOW COULD I BE SUCH A FOOL The track left out of the Freak Out album 1965. BOOGIE FOR BERKLEY Rare Mothers track from 1968, features a ten-piece band. NEON MEAT DREAM OF AN OCTAFISH Studio out-take from Trout Mask album 1969. KING KONG The very first version featuring a ten-piece band, recorded by The Mothers in London for C.M.P. 1968

Recording: Excellent stereo. Highly recommended. Pressed on coloured vinyl.

OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST

MALLARD - A Magic Band Album produced by Bill Harkleroad and Robin Black Virgin 1975.

Side One: Back On The Pavement/She's Long & She's Lean/Road To Morocco/One Day Once/Yellow/
Desperados Waiting For A Train Side Two: A Piece Of Me/Reign Of Pain/South Of The Valley/
Winged Tuskadero/Peon (Don Van Vliet) Personnel: Bill Harkleroad, Mark Boston, Art Tripp,
Sam Galpin, John Bundrick, Barry Morgan.

TWO ORIGINALS OF CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

Re-packaging of "Lick My Decals Off, Baby" and "The Spotlight Kid" as a double album.

HOT RATS - A Frank Zappa album, written & arranged by him in 1969, Reprise. It features "Willie The Pimp", with vocals by Beefheart.

"Upon The My-Oh-My" recorded live at The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, June 8 1974.

Personnel: Beefheart Vocals, Dean Smith Lead Guitar, Ty Grimes Drums, Paul Uhrig Bass guitar, Michael Smotherman Keyboard, Fuzzy Fuscaldo Rhythm guitar. Produced by Andy Di Martino.

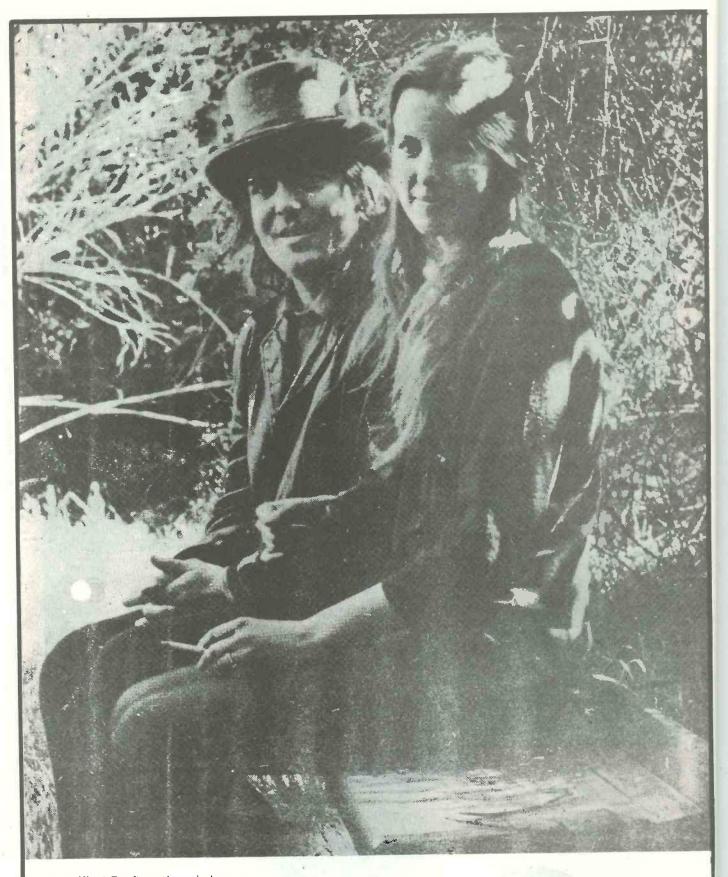
ZAPPED - A sampler from Zappa's 'Bizarre' label containing "Willie The Pimp", "Old Fart At Play" and "The Blimp", as well as Alice Cooper, The GTO's, Lord Buckley etc.

MU - A Jeff Cotton album recorded in 1971 and released UK 1974. United Artists.

ONE SIZE FITS ALL - A Zappa album on Discreet; The Cap plays harmonica on one track, "San Ber'dino".

And of course the Ry Cooder albums, Elliot Ingber on 'The Fraternity Of Man' albums, Roy Estrada on bass on Little Feat albums, and Art Tripp on the Mothers records, all original Magic Band members.





Some final Beefneartian wisdom:
(i) I don't like Walt Disney; he gave the wolf capital punishment. It's disgusting to make cartoons out of animals.....it

cheapens them in people's eyes.

(ii) Andy Warhol's just trying to soup

things up a bit.

(iii) The very same ass that carried mankind across the deserts of time is the ass that gave mankind the Brialus hamburger.

Connor McKnight



ABOVE: An early pic of Mr. and Mrs. Beefheart seated in their garden, somewhere in the fringes of Southern California.

Photo nicked from an old edition of Rolling Stone.

Captain Beefheart which by Tim Souster

The Listener 28 June 1973

Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band have for years produced the heaviest and most relentless beat in rock music, but such is Beefheart's command of rhythmic archetypes that every grinding riff retains its intensity to the bitter end. Beefheart makes no bones about his music staying close to the ground. He has always played dirty and won. But one should not mistake the elemental quality of his style for crudity. The rackety rhythmic counterpoint of a typical Beefheart number distorts or rather dislocates the musical model on which it preys (Afro-rock, Bo Diddley, Soul) with such subtlety that, while the archetype is always strongly in evidence, each piece is unmistakable Beefheart.

Clear Spot (Reprise K54007, £2.45) reinforces my conviction that Beefheart is the most original creator in rock music today. The music of Clear Spot seems at once tougher and mellower than that of his two previous albums. Perhaps because the Magic Band are now such complete masters of Beefheart's musical intentions, he is able to rely on simpler, stronger gestures in his songs. His emotional range has also increased. Two songs about loneliness, 'Too Much Time' and 'My head is my only house unless it rains', are done with a poignancy—realised by means of a new kind of vocal delivery—quite lacking in all his previous records, which have been consistently black, mocking, ghoulish and cynical. Ghoulishness is represented fully on Clear Spot too, and, as has often been the case in the past, gives rise to some of the most hair-raising music. My favourite track is 'Big-Eyed Beans from Venus' ('don't let anything come between us'). At one point here, Beefheart exhorts his leadguitarist: 'Mr Zoot Horn Rollo, hit that long lunar note and let it float.' The single fed-back bass note and open-fifth chord above it swell at the captain's command and, for a minute, even Beefheart's drums are still. The music duly lifts off

ONE MAN SENTENCE

Inside the tub-ette on the small duplex tile shadow of my hand made a movie wolf head the dangling cigarette made a long fire tipped tube resembling a smoking fang which curled from his mouth to my mouth then slowly into the peeled back tiny mouths of the flaky enamel ceiling above my shaggy head a test of endurance metered by what with things changing this fast I drown the soggy creature through his wet butt out of the bath tubette trembling as it was a small room with a very large open window he bounced and disappeared off the sill into morning aching and yawning like a neglected tooth that took root in both night and day. -Don Van Vliet

think people have had too much to think and ought to flex their magic muscles. It takes awhile to get oriented to what I do, but people seem to be able to hear it if they give it a chance. I'd never just want to do what everybody else did. I'd be contributing to the sameness of everything."

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND THE MAGIC BAND

Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller)

His first album in four years

Produced by Captain Beefheart & Pete Johnson for Shiny Beast Productions
On Warner Bros. records & tapes



VINTAGE REF

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART is one of the seminal figures in the American West Coast Pop-Naisance. When in London a few weeks ago Beefheart volunteered a few choice comments to IT. After you read what he says listen to his songs on the fantastic L.P. SAFE AS MILK, soon to be released by Pye.

WATER

BEEFHEART: You know what I can do? I can stay under water for four and a half minutes.

TRAVEL

BEEFHEART: Everybody's turning on to fucking backwards now. These people at this passport bureau — are absolutely backwards. They're the ones that are wrong; they're the ones that are out of reality—don't you think so? You

get a passport to walk through a country, man; if you were walking you have to stop at all these places and after you do that it sort of gives you a negative thing.

NAMING OF NAMES

IT: Where d'you get the name trom, how d'you come

BEEFHEART: I was out in the desert five years ago and I was sitting in a car and we were all stoned. Frank Zappa and I and a bunch of other guys were there. Frank doesn't turn on at all ... but anyway, I was just sitting there and I started laughing and I had thought of this name and I laid it on everybody in the car and Frank says "AH!" like you know that's great, we'll make a movie. So he said we'll make a movie. So he said we'll make a movie and we'll call it—Captain Beefheart Meets the Grunt People. So we started work and we studied the script for a year and we wrote a thing and something happened and the movie fell through. It doesn't agree with the things I think now—changed so much in that length of time. It's a good movie though tear on the dotted line, paste up rockets it was really going to be far out.

DRUGS

BEEFHEART: You know, a thing I've become aware of since I've been here—one good thing, they gave junk addicts—here possibilities—no violence happening in any of them like in New York... and now they're taking it away, abolishing it, that's really far out.

EDUCATION

BEEFHEART: University is a joke, college is a gigantic waste of time—you know what I mean? I think it's detrimental, I think you have to shake it off later before you can even do anything — as far as I'm concerned, I had three years at college and I know, I had to get rid of it — start talking the right way.

1967 I.T.

