

STOCK



ALVIN LEE



JOHN SEBASTIAN

Sebastian: Finger On the Pulse Of His Time

As a member of The Loving Spoonful, John Sebastian proved himself a top performer, singer and song-writer. Yet it is one thing to be in a group and another to go on stage and face the audience alone.

At Woodstock, Sebastian demonstrated his powers for the challenge. As he sees it, "leaving The Spoonful was a very spontaneous thing. There were a hundred little reasons, but primarily—and not only for me but for all of

Ten Years After: Logical Progression, No Forced Changes

Ten Years After is a rarity—a blues-rock quartet who have made their way to recognition without sacrificing, en route, either integrity or the power of their highly individual music.

At Woodstock, they arrived unheralded. Simply an English group playing what Alvin Lee, vocalist-lead guitarist, terms "blues-based rock with jazz tendencies." But their impact was instantaneous. The drums of fame began beating at once throughout the rock generation to celebrate the advent of a new combo with a genuinely unique sound.

The group, whose other members are Leo Lyons on bass, Ric Lee on drums and Chick Churchill on organ, have since produced a new album, "Sssh," and are attracting immense crowds on a nationwide tour.

Super-sounds or not, Ten Years After defy classification as rock musicians in the usual sense. They play essentially white blues, a dynamic new-style pop music that has grown out of black blues, soul music and jazz. They are trying to develop a style that is a logical progression without any forced changes.

"We don't think the objective of white blues is to imitate black musicians," says Lee. "When we do a bluesish song, it's more in style than in feeling. The feeling is relevant only to us."

WHAT THEY SAID...

Woodstock was beads and colors and flowers and sunshine and beautiful people.

—John Sebastian

This was the "Gone With The Wind" of our generation.

—Alvin Lee

I'm glad it rained. It was a great storm, it really was.

—Joe Cocker

The peace at Woodstock was just

Cocker: Volume For Itself Just Won't Do

Joe Cocker has written few of the songs he sings. But how he sings them has put him on the expressway to eminence as the rock-blues star of his generation.

He is also different from his peers in another way—he doesn't believe in volume for volume's sake. "I used to have a huge bank of amplifiers and speakers," he says, "but I got rid of them. I only use small amplifiers now."

Those small ones, plus Cocker, were enough to stand the Woodstock Festival on its head. Or its feet.

His art as a singer has gone around the world, but inside he has never gotten away from England, though he made a strenuous, and successful, effort to get away from a home town 200 miles north of London. There he worked as a gas-fitter by day and sang in pubs at night. He interwove prodigious native energy with a blues style frankly taken from blind Ray Charles, whom he idolizes. The going was slow, and torturous. He reached where he wanted to go. In the past year, two of his songs ("With a Little Help from My Friends" and "Delta Lady") have climbed to the Top-20 chart in Britain, and stayed.

All of that pleased him, of course, but not because of the money. Loot, Cocker believes, "is just another complication... having to think about what you are going to do with it."



The Meaning:

WOODSTOCK

by Ellen Sand
Freelance contributor, *Saturday*
Vogue, Los Angeles *Fre*

With the odds stacked mightily against a turbulent current of hope crackling through out of here comes down to a genuine longing, a yearning, painful, fierce persistence. And it's a new world coming and somehow to do with going back to where we once lived in rock and roll.

Everyone I know feels it. Myths are jure joy and let it be, values come to things, there is new music and life at it yes. It culminates periodically in success energy generated by ever increasing numbers together, reciprocating their music. Woodstock is the biggest most beautiful one yet.

At Woodstock where it all came together, the sky, breathing clean air we sustained rain that threatened to stop it while change was a part of it. The challenge was met was several hundred acres of mother earth star spangled, full blasting rock and roll proscenium, but the star of Woodstock was you who tried to come, you who wished you it and were flashed with the magnificence.

What emerged was a glimpse of the liberation burst full blown from the heights, depths of its most gruesome fears. It lived.

But to many here among us it was destined, a great leap in the continuum—ingredients had been growing geometrically prior to Woodstock approached, even this one turned out to be the chosen moment. Examining the coordinates is missing the sheer gumption, it happened at Woodstock.

Urgency, ecstasy, idealism, terror. The bomb inside this generation. Music and time. Woodstock was an equal and opposite logical, social and political pressure cooking a tantrum, youth has a rock festival.

It became a three day live-in where shared. Authority was missing in action young people suddenly realized they wanted. A choice was made; genuine prevailed. It worked. Joyously, profoundly another en masse for the duration of a could ever be the same. It became a miracle dream, a metaphor for a movement, a we feel. It was an eruption of energy so powerful that come what may, it stands as together we can be. Everyone.

