

A Gamut of Sight & Sounds

NEW YORK — Fleetwood Mac, British blues quintet featuring guitarist Peter Green, programmed the hip and happy heads at Fillmore East Friday (6) with a good, clean trip of gutless city blues and no-nonsense rock work, until Country Joe and the Fish turned the rock grotto into a recess yard with their fruity rock freakery on Vietnam, naughty verbs and "chicks." Kusama's Self-Obliteration, a non-record act, boasted an erotic revue of cavorting nudes, who painted

each other in day-glow, whooped it up and obliterated themselves accordingly.

The only major rock group operating with three lead guitarists — Peter Green, Jeremy Spencer and the newly added Danny Kirwen—Fleetwood Mac perked up their electric urban blues with bright tidy rides, short and sweet, and enhanced by almost no repetition in structure, rhythm and beat and by passing the vocal chores from mouth to mouth, mike to mike. Even Kirwen, the newcomer, dispelled any doubts that he was a lame-duck lead by chipping in with a solo and some slick guitar sprints, besides grinding out his living as a sturdy rhythm machine. Mick Fleetwood, a spidery figure crumpled over his drums, whacked out the beat with the dexterity of his eight-legged look-alike, while bass John McVie snapped at the low notes for the English blues group.

Galloping Style

Fleetwood Mac, who records for the Blue Horizon label in England and Epic in America, galloped through "Stop Messin' Round," "Something Inside of Me" and "Albatross," their latest single disk — all featured in their new Epic album, "English Rose," Green, prime mover of the crack blues group, performed on "Albatross," a ho-hum instrumental, miscast in the group's repertoire, ringing like the lazy Hawaiian twianging of Santo and Johnny in "Sleepwalk." Redeeming himself with "Can't Do My Homework Anymore," a pubescent, high school rocker that set Fillmore patrons posting in their seats, Green

howled Elvis-like, picking and bawling ecstatically. The "Madison Blues" also starred as the group blended their tight, disciplined blues with the ticklish turmoil of rousing rock 'n' roll. Not as heavy as Canned Heat, who wield the blues like an ax, Fleetwood Mac can continue its two-month American tour assured that its brand of blues are like a good snack—filling, a little fattening, but not heavy enough to distract from the main meal—which, in this case, was Country Joe and the Fish (Vanguard group).

Country Joe McDonald and his Fish, rock's bad boys and the bullseye for the slings and arrows of an outraged Establishment — still possess their group identity as a private pocket of resistance against the "sell-out." Despite the lessening impact of their shock tactics the Fish now create cackles of nostalgia with their "I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die" rag. And regardless of their funky social satire, cracker barrel cynicism and spell-alongs limited to four-letter words — the Fish can groove a love ballad with the tender, soothing lyricism of few groups. Led by Country Joe, who sounds like he's singing through a megaphone, the Fish turned sensitive, treating the audience to "Crystal Blues," "It's So Nice to Have Your Love" and "Here I Go Again," precious gems of folk-rockery that softened the evening like a balm. Barry Melton, on lead guitar, was conspicuous in his search for attention, while Dave Cohen, Mark Ryan and Chicken Hirsch on drums took care of business.

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