

**THE  
RADIO  
ONE**

# Story of Pop

THE FIRST  
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF  
POP IN 26 WEEKLY PARTS



**THE ROLLING STONES:** Outlaws all their lives

**ARETHA FRANKLIN:** The first Lady of Soul

**TRAFFIC:** Beginings of Musical Freedom

**PLUS:** Beatlemania, British R&B, Punk Rock and more

PART 12

**25p**

EVERY THURSDAY

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Rhythm & Blues, as we pointed out in the previous issue, was as influential in the rise and sometime global dominance of British music as the sweeping success of the Beatles. The irony was that, once British groups had taken R&B, modified it, made it popular in their own country, they then re-exported it to its country of origin.

In clubs around Britain, but primarily in London and its suburbs, young musicians were breaking their musical teeth on a form, that was as far removed from their own backgrounds as can be imagined. The Who, Manfred Mann, the Animals and many others played R&B, but not one of the groups which started with standards like 'Smokestack Lightning' was to achieve the prominence, the adult derision, the press furore and the world-wide controversy of the Rolling Stones. From the group's earliest days in sedate Richmond, a pleasant middle-class suburb in London, they provoked antipathy from one generation and adoration from its children. Together with the Beatles, the Stones were to be the most successful group that the British Isles produced.

We also look at the way that R&B initially influenced this new wave of groups although most, as success and acceptance overtook them, were to drop that musical form in preference for more commercial pop and their own compositions. With this national and then global popularity came a seemingly new and to some alarming phenomenon – hysteria. It is this strange 'madness' that gripped Europe, Asia and America alike that we investigate.

We also analyse the considerable writing talents of Jagger and Richard – a team that has produced some seminal rock songs – as well as take a look at an important, and often neglected, influence on the story of pop – the role that technology in amplification, electrification and, more recently, the creation of entirely new electronic instruments has played. In addition we profile two important artists; Aretha Franklin, the First Lady of soul and Traffic which was perhaps the first group to which the term 'supergroup' could be applied. This week together with the accompanying radio documentary, we seek to show that once the initial impetus of the Beatles had been achieved, there was an explosion of talent ready to be detonated that would radically and fundamentally alter the course of the music.

*\*Although the radio programme and this publication have been linked for readers in the UK, we have taken care to ensure that readers abroad will find this publication complete in itself.*

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Gered Mankowitz

PROFILE: 1967-73

# TRAFFIC

Elvis had made it with a revolution in style, as in their different ways had the Beatles and the Stones and most of the other pop waves. Cream had formed because they believed they could create a new brand of music, but in terms of initially getting to the people, they made it on the crest of a Super-group ticket – the music came later.

But Traffic – they were one of the first bands outside the elite specialist fields to make it mainly on their music. They established themselves swiftly with a hit single, 'Paper Sun', which fused the soulful qualities of Steve Winwood's voice – familiar from the Spencer Davis Group – with sitar, phased sounds, a thick, generally low-key instrumental track, and what someone rather unkindly tagged the 'Toyland school of songwriting'; but then they got down to their first album.

They closeted themselves away in the Berkshire countryside to evolve their music, indulged neither wittingly nor unwittingly in PR stunts, and generally displayed a flagrant disregard for The Rules. So did a lot of people, it's true, but the point is that Traffic succeeded both in their aims and in business terms. They were something of a curiosity, and in the early days it prompted one interviewer to conclude his explanation of their methods: 'Of course, Steve Winwood has always been a bit of a pop thinker'.

This was 1967, year of the Beatles' 'Sgt. Pepper', the year when Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker and Jack Bruce started making real waves as Cream, when people started becoming aware of something called 'West Coast Music', when the seeds were sown for an awesome amount of pretentiousness and con-tricks under the vague label of 'progressive music', but also the year of some very fine bands.

Traffic were among the sowers of those

seeds, but they also profited from a new mood that allowed rock musicians to produce far more of the music that they felt was right, and for that music to be sold in the normal way to large numbers of people. The rules were much less rigid – instead of bastardising and plundering forms like jazz and folk and blues to make them palatable for mass consumption, people were able to incorporate those forms more naturally into their music, or even play them straight, without fear of being lumped into a minority interest box.

Of course, things weren't as beautiful and hassle-free as everyone liked to believe in those days, and the mainstream of pop music soon shed skins and moved from smart suits and fat cigars to carefully-faded, neatly-pressed denims and rather more exotic varieties of smoking mixture. Highly revolutionary. But that overly self-confident splurge of Good Vibes and musical freedom has left its mark. Though the majority of popular music may still be



London Features International

of the production-line, appeal-to-the-lowest-common-denominator variety, it is now far more possible and common for music that's produced with other than money in mind to survive and succeed than it was before 1967.

Steve Winwood had been an actual pop star: as the front-man – and in truth the only really outstanding man – in the Spencer Davis Group. He'd been paraded around the world as a kind of boy-wonder guitar, keyboard and singing hero. In 1966, the band had a monster smash with the single 'Keep On Running', and when later that year Eric Clapton left the John Mayall Band to form Cream, he reportedly asked Steve to join him. Steve, however, felt he was better off where he was for the time being, but, by the first few months of the next year, he'd got tired of the continual slogging around with a successful band, and quit. He teamed up with three old mates from Birmingham: Chris Wood, sax and flute player; Jim Capaldi, drummer, singer and songwriter; and Dave Mason, guitarist, singer and songwriter. Mason and Capaldi had been together in a band called Deep Feeling, Chris Wood was in Locomotive.

It may or may not be true that Traffic depended for its existence on Steve Winwood's reputation, but it quickly became clear that he was well-matched in the band by Mason, Wood and Capaldi – all of them musicians and ideas-men of some weight. Dave Mason hopped in and out of the band like a trampolinist with athlete's foot – thanks to what are politely termed 'differences in musical policy' in Press statements – but his presence was constant. The line-up continued until the end of 1968, and produced three albums – 'Mr. Fantasy', 'Traffic', and 'Last Exit'

(their first farewell album) – which contained more than their fair share of classic songs and performances.

Those first three albums show a formidable weight of original, brilliantly conceived music which was executed with rare inspiration. They contain what is probably the most popular and fondly remembered Traffic music – key songs like 'Dear Mr. Fantasy', 'Heaven Is In Your Mind', 'Berkshire Poppies', 'No Face No Name No Number', 'Coloured Rain', 'Pearly Queen', 'You Can All Join In', 'Feelin' Alright', 'Means To An End', and the classic 'Forty Thousand Headmen'. Just the titles bring those memories flooding back, but the strange thing is that listening to old Traffic records many years later brings more than nostalgia – they could be released today and still create the same timeless, imagination-feeding inspiration in the listener. Like many of their contemporaries, Traffic were concerned with things of fantasy, of imagination, spanning everything from head-floating meditational music to country hoe-down. Unlike their contemporaries, Traffic made it seem real, brought it alive, and gave it a lasting quality.

### Blind Faith

But those well-tryed differences in musical policy finally resulted in the band splitting up. It re-emerged as Mason, Capaldi, Wood, and Frog – a sort of Winwood-less Traffic with Mick Weaver on organ and vocals. Sadly that didn't get off the ground.

Meanwhile, Steve had teamed up with Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker in Blind Faith – the original plan for Cream, but with Family's Rick Grech on bass. They

were hailed as a Supergroup, and though they did produce an excellent album, 'Blind Faith', which contained perhaps *the* rock hymn of all time: 'Presence Of The Lord'. But the mighty cogs and wheels of the music business, and the vast dollar potential of the band, broke their spirit. Steve said later that the whole thing was so packaged and impersonal they just couldn't bear it. Blind Faith lasted less than a year.

Meanwhile, as Mason, Capaldi, Wood and Frog crumbled, Mason left Britain to spend a lot of time in America – playing with (among others) Delaney and Bonnie, Cass Elliot, Hendrix (tapes have never been released), the Rolling Stones (he was on a couple of tracks of 'Beggar's Banquet'), and one gig with Derek and the Dominos – Clapton's post-Blind Faith band. But that came later – what he did do was make a beautiful album called 'Alone Together', which featured some of the sweetest, but still tough-edged, rock songs and guitar-playing you're likely to hear. This was followed by 'Headkeeper', a side of live tracks with his band, and a side of studio cuts that were never finished – nice songs, but there's not one guitar solo.

Chris Wood also headed for America and toured with Dr. John, for whom his lady was singing at the time, and did some sessions. Jim Capaldi played on 'Alone Together' and also did sessions. But Traffic more-or-less came back together at the beginning of 1970 – though under another name, Ginger Baker's Airforce. In that large and unwieldy unit were Winwood and Wood – alongside two people who were to become members of Traffic later – Rick Grech and percussionist Reebop Kwaku-Baah. There were many, many others. Steve Winwood was contracted



Steve Winwood – founder of the group.

SKR

to do some solo stuff, and it just happened that Capaldi and Wood were around for the sessions – hey presto – Traffic proper again. Some consider that the three-piece Traffic was the best ever, and though one can have doubts, their 'John Barleycorn Must Die' album stands as testimony – the product of concentrated energy and intuitive understanding that reached intense and powerfully affecting heights.

### Special Closeness

Every track on that album exudes that special closeness of feeling and, like the best of their early music, the tracks represent a quality that has lasted. 'Glad Freedom Rider' is still a highpoint of their live set, and songs like 'Empty Pages', 'Stranger To Himself', 'Every Mother's Son', and the beautiful interpretation of the traditional title track, could easily have been recorded last week.

After about half a year, enter Rick Grech. No albums were released in the seven-odd months the band stayed in that form, but in May 1971, they added Jim Gordon on drums and Reebop on percussion, and moved Jim Capaldi up front to sing and play keyboards and percussion. Steve apparently felt the rhythm section needed more weight. Mason returned briefly for a series of British gigs which was captured on their live 'Welcome To The Canteen' album, but he'd left by the time the line-up did their excellent 'Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys' album. That one began the real strength of Traffic – the shining qualities of their earlier close-knit feeling and outstanding musicianship transposed into a full, funky rock & roll band. There are plenty of fine singers, songwriters and musicians around, and there is a glut of

sound, funky bands, but Traffic at their best combined those two things – and that combination comes as close to being unique as anything in rock. The process continued when, at the beginning of 1972, they changed the rhythm section to bring in David Hood and Roger Hawkins – backbone of *the* Muscle Shoals session rhythm section; and later, for live work, in came keyboard-player Barry Beckett. The album from that line-up was 'Shoot Out At Fantasy Factory', released at the end of 1972.

'Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys' is many people's favourite album of Traffic songs – with Winwood writing the music and Capaldi excelling himself in his lyrics, they really are almost an un-surpassable team. 'The man in the suit has just bought a new car with the profit he made from my dreams' . . . that line from the title track cuts through all the dross that's been written about musicians working in big business, and barbs right to the heart of the matter.

But on the 'Fantasy Factory' album they took the performance one leap further – basic Traffic with as funky a rhythm section as any in the business. It may not be possible to feel the songs on that album as deeply, but the best of both worlds was just around the corner: in mid-October 1973, a live album came out with the 'Fantasy Factory' line-up playing Traffic music through the ages – what more could they do?

The way Traffic is at the moment, it's a very loose arrangement. Jim Capaldi has released his solo album 'Oh How We Danced', and plans another. Chris Wood has expressed a desire to do one. Steve

Winwood is going solo on record as well, and has formed his own publishing and production company, Fantasy Songs. The first project from that was 'Aiye Keta' by Third World (Remi Kibaka, 'Lofty', and Steve), which was recorded in the small studio at Steve's house.

Any doubts that Traffic may not stay together, however, were allayed by Steve's reassurances that Traffic would continue in the way it has for the past six years – the personnel of the band might change, but the core wouldn't, and nor will the essential spirit of what is Traffic music. They will tour, they will record, and they will also move in their separate ways. The pauses between their activities in the public eye might well become longer, but really they'll only be pauses. Steve admits they're a touch lazy, but the slowness of pace has a reason too – and it's the reason that was basic to Traffic's formation. They refuse to be hustled into doing things too fast, or for any reason except that Traffic feel the time and place is right.

That's a hard thing to achieve in the glamorous world of pop, and it is true that, in Britain, Traffic are not among the giant sellers – though their sales are bigger than many people would imagine. Their influence on and inspiration to rock music since 1967 is beyond question. Still, as you know, Steve Winwood always was a bit of a pop thinker.

**NEXT WEEK IN PROFILE:** Lovin' Spoonful, America's very own Beatles.

# The British R&B Boom

In 1962 Rhythm & Blues was a true brand of underground music. There was a cult of people who were praising the talents of such artists as Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Sonny Boy Williamson and Howlin' Wolf. To the majority of people, however, these names meant very little. There wasn't anywhere to go to and see them, and their records weren't exactly selling at the same furious rate as Susan Maughan's, Adam Faith's or Cliff Richard's.

It wasn't even as if any of the top artists of the day were dropping these names around during press interviews, for doubtless they were no more familiar with them than were the majority of the general record buying public.

At this particular time, besides the usual pop music on offer, there was a rising boom in trad jazz. Unlike the trad that one associated with New Orleans during the 1920's, this was being played by Englishmen, who decided to form bands in a traditional jazz style. Mostly they played plain and simple pop music but in a trad style. These people, namely Kenny Ball, Acker Bilk and Chris Barber, were, to a certain extent, re-activating a dying club scene, and, by the time 'Stranger On The Shore' and 'Midnight In Moscow' were riding high in the hit parade, they had created an enormous demand to see these trad bands in specialist jazz clubs.

## Early Origins

Like everything else connected with British rhythm & blues, its origins are shrouded in the mists of controversy, but they can probably be traced back to 1958, when Chris Barber invited an American blues singer Muddy Waters over from Chicago to tour with the Chris Barber Big Band. Waters' amplified guitar offended some blues purists, but it awakened interest in many more.

Later, there were sessions at London's Roundhouse which experimented with folk-blues – the guiding light before the

Rex Features



From left to right: Alexis Korner, Chris Farlowe, (above) Zoot Money, the late Cyril Davies.

late Cyril Davies and Alexis Korner. Korner was involved in further Barber R&B ventures in 1961, but this was merely part of the Barber band show.

If one had to fix an exact point in time, when the rhythm & blues movement really got under way, it would probably be on March 17th, 1962 – the day that the newly formed Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated opened its first R&B club in Ealing, West London. The band played a mixture of songs, but by and large they were compositions from Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson and Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee.

The audience didn't quite know what to make of this 'new' music and all-in-all it wasn't too well received. There were, however, in the audience that evening about half a dozen people, who were in or about to form groups, and to these few, Alexis' music was to play an important part in the direction they were to follow – also to the music scene in general over the next five years.

But what was R&B? When the late, but great, Cyril Davies was asked this question he replied;

"Well I admit it's a close thing in many cases, but I think material is all important. It's hard to get down to defining it unless you feel the music very much. If it comes over with any feeling, it

comes over well, whether it's loud or not. If it comes straight out of the pot then it's good."

## Jazz Clubs Saved

Although Alexis Korner was blowing a fine set of rhythm & blues at his own club, other R&B enthusiasts were asking where one could hear other types of R&B? There were no rhythm & blues clubs as such and wasn't it time something was done? At this time, by a strange quirk of fate, many of the traditional jazz clubs were not packing in as many people as they would have liked, and profits were at such a low ebb, that the club owners were contemplating whether or not to close their clubs and call it a day, before they lost any more money. The rhythm & blues boom could not have started at a better time for them. Here was their saviour. By replacing trad jazz with rhythm & blues, and more to the point, British rhythm & blues, they could be sure of raising their profits.

The beginning of 1963 produced the fuse, that, before too many months had passed, was to be lit and explode into one of the most exciting club scenes that certainly London, if not Britain, had ever seen. At the beginning of 1963, there were really only two groups that were playing R&B that were worth noting, Alexis



Valerie Wilmer

Korner's Blues Incorporated and Cyril Davies' All Stars. Both these leaders had bred many musicians and vocalists who then left these bands and concentrated on building groups of their own. An ex-drummer of Alexis' was Charlie Watts, who was now playing with an R&B band in Richmond, who possessed a most peculiar name – the Rolling Stones. They were building up a large following in clubs like the Station Hotel, Eel Pie Island and the Crawdaddy Club. The band's vocalist, a young man by the name of Jagger, had also served an apprenticeship with Alexis' band.

Another musician, who in January, 1963, left Alexis to form his own group, was a portly organist called Graham Bond. He collected four other musicians from various sources and formed what was to be known as the Graham Bond Organisation. The other musicians were Dick Heckstall Smith (tenor sax), John McLoughlin (guitar), Jack Bruce (bass guitar) and Ginger Baker (drums). Many years later, the latter two were to join forces with another R&B addict called Eric Clapton. The outcome – Cream!

Slowly, but very surely, the 'trad' clubs became overrun with R&B groups and, more important to their finances, R&B audiences. It appeared that everyone was getting interested in playing or listening to

this brand of music that two years earlier had been almost non-existent. The harmonica industry went beserk. This was all well and good but every new cult has its bad side and the rhythm & blues cult was no exception. Alexis Korner explained;

"With every new trend there is a certain amount of danger. There is bound to be a limited number of good groups and a great many bad groups. The point is this – the ones who were first in, can't be responsible for the second class outfits that come into the field."

But with this sudden rise in rhythm & blues, there was a backlash from the R&B purist and more so from the trad jazz players, whose places were being taken in the clubs by wailing harmonicas and 30 watt amplifiers. Bandleader Mickie Ashman was to say at that time;

"The real danger facing trad jazz is R&B. Right now jazz fans are coming back into the clubs as a protest march away from pop-trad rubbish. My fear is the get-rich-quick promoters, who put on trad to cash in on the boom, will mingle R&B with jazz thus driving the jazz fans right out again. That wouldn't be so bad if R&B was being served up with any authenticity, but it's just a load of rubbish. R&B is nothing but rock & roll without movements. If R&B is moving in, I'm moving out."

### The R&B Cult

Mickie Ashman wasn't alone in his feelings. Music papers were all asking how long is this R&B cult going to last? The comment about R&B being rubbish wasn't shared by Ronnie Scott, who introduced an R&B session at his club, which now brought the tally up to three clubs in central London – the Marquee and the Flamingo being the other two. Clubs were springing up or being converted all over London and the suburbs, obviously to cater for the amount of new groups appearing on the scene. The problem now was that many of these new groups weren't earning enough money to survive.

There was, however, no way of stopping the ever-increasing boom in groups – not only R&B groups but also general pop groups, the front runners being the Beatles. The British R&B scene was being divided into two divisions: the first was the five piece guitars and organ and drums outfit; and the second, a similar outfit but including a brass rhythm section. A fair division of labour would be split as such; the Marquee would put on the first division while the Flamingo, just along the road, would put on the second. The latter club also introduced all-night sessions and the leading light of these sessions was a young Lancastrian called Clive Powell – alias Georgie Fame. Putting around him a tenor and baritone sax, guitar, bass, congas, drums and trumpet, he called his back-up musicians the Blue Flames. Here was an outfit that achieved the status of religion amongst its predominantly black audience. At 11.30 p.m. every Friday and Saturday, a long queue stretched down Wardour Street waiting to

get into the shrine where they would hear the hottest R&B in town.

Owners of the Flamingo were the Gunnell brothers, Rik and John, and another group from their stable that was bringing in audiences by the streetful was Zoot Money and the Big Roll Band. Based on the lines of Georgie Fame, Money, who came from Bournemouth, was as much a comedian as he was a musician. The highlight of his act was when he came to play a Robert Parker song, 'Barefootin'.

### Tomfoolery

On this number whilst his band would be playing an extremely lengthy middle passage, Money would be making the audience take off their shoes and socks and pass them around the club. They were so engrossed with his performance that they would do as he asked – the consequence being that nobody could find the shoes and socks that they started out with. But all this tomfoolery didn't detract in the slightest from his music – his James Brown medley was an exciting piece of music.

Another regular at the Flamingo at this time was a young cockney named Chris Farlowe. He played with a group of musicians calling themselves the Thunderbirds and he was moving from the ethnic rhythm & blues to black soul and Tamla music – a move which in fact was followed by both Fame and Money. Farlowe has a gritty soulful voice and it was best exposed when he was singing such songs as Sam and Dave's 'Hold On I'm Coming' and 'You Don't Know Like I Know'.

But as the Beatles led the field in the pop circles, so Georgie Fame did so in the R&B field, and his following was getting bigger and bigger. Everywhere Fame played, the 'sold out' and 'house full' signs appeared. One evening a young producer by the name of Ian Samwell (he was responsible for writing Cliff Richard's first record, 'Move It') casually went to take a look at the group causing this minor sensation at the Flamingo.

"I slipped into the club one night to see Fame and his band for myself. I was absolutely knocked out. I loved Georgie's style, his numbers and I thought that the group swung like mad. I had heard of him some time ago but I didn't think that he was making such a tremendous sound."

Ian thought that the only way to record Georgie properly was to record him 'live' on his home ground. Thus, he captured a whole evening on tape, edited it and then sold it to E.M.I.

By mid-1963, the R&B boom had become a major force in the pop music field and John Martin, who at that time was a chief R&B booker said;

"The whole thing has accelerated in the last month or so. It's spreading very quickly and I don't think it's due to the pop-beat thing. The venues that are taking R&B are jazz clubs and not ballrooms. The really big R&B draws are Cyril Davies, Alexis Korner, Georgie Fame, Graham Bond and the Rolling Stones."



Top: John Mayall plays solo. Centre: The Spencer Davis group. Bottom: The Yardbirds.

Having mentioned the 'brass section' type of band, there is the other type, the guitar/organ, bass, drums line-up. Leading this field were the Rolling Stones. Their harsh, vibrant form of R&B shook the foundations of any club that they happened to be playing at. There was also Manfred Mann, a group who drew from modern jazz as much as anything else, and who possessed some very talented jazz players within their framework. Another five-piece group attracting vast audiences were the Yardbirds. The group's popularity grew so much that, one evening at Richmond's Eel Pie Island, the Yardbirds broke the Rolling Stones' 18 month old attendance record. An outstanding feature of the Yardbirds was their lead guitarist, Eric 'Slowhand' Clapton. An incredibly talented musician, Clapton thrived on pure rhythm & blues and when the Yardbirds decided to lean a little towards the pop field, Clapton wanted out. A blow of this nature would have shattered many lesser groups but the Yardbirds found a replacement equally competent in Jeff Beck.

On the 7th January, 1964, one of the founders of this new brand of English music, Cyril Davies, died at Harrow General Hospital, and a young blues singer known as Long John Baldry took over to front the All Stars. He changed their name to the Hoochie Coochie Men and recruited a teenager with an amazing flair for singing the blues. The youngster's name? Rod Stewart. Their repertoire consisted of music by Muddy Waters and Jimmy Rushing and passed through the spectrum to Ray Charles.

Not a week went by in 1964 without a 'new' R&B group being signed to either a record company or an agency. Among the newcomers to the Malcolm Nixon Agency were the Groundhogs, the Animals and the Downliner Sect. Rik Gunnell's stable was expanding too, and he recruited the services of Ronnie Jones and the Nightimers, Geno Washington and the Ram Jam Band, and Herbie Goins, who used the same backing group as Ronnie Jones. All of Gunnell's acts, of course, appeared at the Flamingo, but on Friday 13th March, 1964, the famous Marquee club opened at its new premises in Wardour Street, about half a mile from the Flamingo. The main aim of the new Marquee was to promote relatively unknown bands to recording status. They did this all right! Groups that subsequently went on to have chart and international success from this medium sized rock parlour were Manfred Mann, the Moody Blues, the Yardbirds, the Stones and, a year later, the Who.

So R&B was spreading its wings. It wasn't only filling clubs, it was also appearing on television and radio, providing hit records and revolutionising the sales of albums.

In 1965, when things had settled down a great deal and groups began to realise which direction they intended to pursue, the big club pullers were Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames, Zoot Money, Chris Farlowe, Geno Washington, John Mayall and the Steam Packet. The Steam Packet

was a revolutionary idea, whereby John Baldry, Rod Stewart and Julie Driscoll (whom nobody had heard of) fronted a band which included Brian Auger and Elton John. They produced a dynamic stage act in which, each of the three vocalists took the spotlight in rotation.

Any of these acts could be seen every night, all over Britain. Geno Washington and his Ram Jam Band were becoming the 'Mods' cult figures. When the band introduced Geno, the venue went mad. Standing on each other's backs, sometimes three high, they would clap, dance and chant 'GENO' in time with whichever song he happened to be performing. A sight which we sadly don't witness any more.

## Jazz Leanings

Georgie Fame, who by this time had had a no. 1 hit single with 'Yea Yea', was becoming such a polished artist that it surely was only a matter of time before he was going to be a star in his own right. Unfortunately, his jazz leanings seemed likely to separate him from the R&B club audience. This happened when the Harry South Big Band backed Georgie's smokey voice on an album called 'Two Sides Of Fame' and when later in the year Georgie appeared at the Royal Albert Hall singing in front of the Count Basie Big Band. On both efforts it showed us what a very talented artist he really was. Zoot, on the other hand, was killing audiences everywhere that he was booked to play. The Big Roll Band played funky rhythm & blues while Zoot clowned about, brought the audience into his act and gave everyone present an evening to remember.

The groups who had earlier made claims to playing R&B were by 1964/5 having big hits in the singles chart. One such group, Spencer Davis, from Birmingham, had more than one no. 1 hit and sadly it seemed that once a group had achieved a chart-topper it took them from the R&B circuit. In consequence we lost many promising and brilliant groups, whose roots were deeply planted into R&B.

And so it became a paradox. Either a group wanted national stardom, and the way this was achieved was via a hit single, or they wanted to stay on the rhythm & blues circuit and not reap any of its rich rewards that were being given to their fellow groups. It seemed that you couldn't do both.

Zoot, Georgie, Geno and John Mayall were four groups who stayed on the ever diminishing circuit. Right up until 1967, they were pleasing audiences the length and breadth of the country with their own brand of rhythm & blues, a British brand of rhythm & blues that has flavoured the work of countless rock bands the world over.

**NEXT WEEK IN ROCK:**  
Soft Rock the Shangri-Las  
the ultimate in all-girl groups.





# ARETHA

## The First Lady of Soul

If a truly 'underground' music exists in America today, it's the sound of black gospel: fiercely exciting, unashamedly emotional, unknown to the white pop-buying community, and ignored by the media, even music trade papers, sometimes inspiring soul music, sometimes drawing inspiration from it. Gospel throws up its own stars, who, like their secular counterparts, run their professional life as a business, with highly commercial results.

Since they tend to last longer than soul artists, they often show little desire to 'cross over' and sing 'baby' or 'my darling' instead of 'Him' and 'my Lord', either for moral reasons, or simply because they like the life they live which may or may not exhibit the snow-white purity of the songs they sing.

Few established gospel names may choose to cross over, but it's a rare soul singer that didn't cut his or her musical teeth in childhood at the neighbourhood house of worship. 'Aretha's never LEFT

the church!' shouts her father on a recent live album; well, maybe not, musically – but when the 18-year-old Aretha Franklin signed to Columbia Records in 1960, as a secular act, she was embarking on a rocky road that would overshadow any heights aspired to by gospel people, reaching the top of the mountain in June '68, when a whitened, unrecognisable likeness of her made the cover of *'Time'* magazine. Now, aged 30, she's still a world star – even if, as will be seen, she has her share of troubles.

### Recorded Sermons

Aretha's father has made more records than his daughter; around 80 albums, in fact, of sermons he has preached as pastor of Detroit's New Bethel Baptist Church, which boasts 4,500 members, and, according to the *'Time'* piece, 'two uniformed nurses . . . to aid overwrought parishoners'. Outside home ground, the Rev. C. L. Franklin can ask up to 4,000 dollars per public appearance – his reputation enhanced by the LPs; in 1967 he was even convicted for federal tax offences, copping a 25,000 dollar fine – to him about a year's earnings. He's now

56. At 14, Aretha, who'd grown up on Detroit's East Side with her unusually patriarchal family – father, brother Cecil, and sisters Erma and Carolyn, both professional singers today (mother had gone off when Aretha was six, and died shortly after) – in the 'nice' part of the ghetto, she went on the road with her father's gospel show, singing solo and having to cope with the eternal rigours of touring – constant bus travel (the Rev., he went by plane!), precious little sleep, and boredom – submitting for relief, like the others, to alcohol – and other temptations.

She had been introduced to John Hammond of Columbia through one 'Mule' Holly, bassist for jazz piano man Teddy Wilson. Her long sojourn at Columbia, from 1960 to 1965, saw Aretha as a stylist on the fringes of jazz and R&B; correspondingly, she played the 'upper chitlin' circuit' of black supper clubs. On record, her gospel phrasing frequently clashed with the nature of the material (she even had a minor hit with 'Rock-a-bye your baby with a Dixie me-lo-dy!!'), and was served with generally lack-lustre accompaniment – though some sides gave promise of what was to come – 'Runnin'

out of fools', 'Take a look', and 'Lee Cross' for instance.

By 1966, her talents had come to the notice of Jerry Wexler, enlightened Vice-Pres. of Atlantic Records, who astutely realised that *it* was in her, and it *had* to come out! So, on expiration of contract, he signed her to Atlantic, and set out to let the lady do what she'd always wanted to do – sit at the piano and wail. The first single – 'I never loved a man (the way I love you)', a ponderous ballad of great beauty, economically arranged and recorded in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, with a cataclysmic climax that stands as a classic moment in soul history, proved, to Wexler's delight and amazement, to be an R&B *and* pop smash, and the dam was open. Aretha had been let loose.

### Blockbusting Revival

For the next few years, everything in the garden – publically, at least – was lovely. Hit followed hit, every one a timeless winner 'Baby I Love You', 'Since You've Been Gone', 'Chain Of Fools', 'Natural Woman', 'Do Right Woman – Do Right Man', 'I Say A Little Prayer' – and a number of fine albums – 'Never Loved A Man . . . ' (arguably her best), 'Lady Soul', 'Aretha Arrives', and so on. Even Britain, for whom a pure soul single in the pop chart was a rarity, lapped up Aretha's blockbusting revival of Otis Redding's 'Respect'.

All was underpinned by Aretha's own sanctified, hard-driving piano, her whooping vocals supported by the traditional girlie group (often including sister Carolyn), and inspired by superlative backings by New York and the South's finest session men. Without surrendering her fiercely black identity, Aretha had somehow come to be internationally adored, right across the board.

Then came 1969, and an indeterminate rot began to set in. The high standard of originals on record dropped in favour of an apparently deliberate policy of 'covering' other artists' recent hits (the LP: 'This Girl's In Love With You' only contained 3 new songs). The big band that toured with Aretha was lumbering and pedestrian and Aretha acquired something of a reputation within the business for non-cooperation and unpredictability. Her record sales, while maintaining her at the top of the tree, dropped noticeably. The 'Soul '69' album, more jazzy than her singles, was indifferently received, and the fans who'd loved the no-holds-barred funk of 'Respect', felt alienated by her habit of starting shows with 'There's no business like show business'. Slowly, she had slipped from her position as leader.

Next year, however, there began a slow process of regeneration – erratic to this day. When Aretha appeared at a benefit for black revolutionary Angela Davis, the old conflicts seemed to be resolved – the Queen was gettin' back *down*. To underline the change, out came the 'Spirit In The Dark' LP (titled 'Don't Play That Song' in Britain) way back up to par, reverting to



Aretha Franklin during a show-stopping performance.





Valerie Wilfmer

The old style, with plenty of piano, and a hip, rocking choice of material. It was recorded in Miami, and included no less than five originals by Aretha herself, together with some blues from the likes of B. B. King and Jimmy Reed, Goffin-King's 'Oh No Not My Baby', and other goodies. Aretha's 'Spirit In The Dark' being remarkable for its stone gospel sound. Ditching the old 16-piece band, Aretha started to use a small group of peerless session players for her infrequent gigs, often the same ones as had actually been on the record – directed by the redoubtable King Curtis, whose tenor sax had graced so many of her hits, and others', right from the '50s. And Aretha herself looked better for the change – a good five years younger, nearer her actual age.

In the months that followed, Aretha put out a few excellent sides – a brilliant revival of Ben E. King's 'Spanish Harlem', made great through Dr. John's organ work and Atlantic staffer Arif Mardin's delicate, precise arrangement; 'Rock Steady', a

chunk of funk penned by Aretha; and a surprisingly effective version of Motown's 'You're All I Need To Get By'. An album called 'Young, Gifted, and Black', issued in 1972, was merely drawn from the stockpile of unused session tracks from 1970-'71, Aretha had in fact stayed away from the studio for some time. But the next one was a milestone.

Worried by Aretha's failure to appeal to the hard-rock market, Wexler had managed to arrange a gig for her at San Francisco's famed rock haven – the Fillmore. A solid success, it garnered more sympathetic press than she'd had in years. The LP recorded live at the show, plainly reveals Aretha's joy in performing at her best in front of a new, ecstatic audience, with a faultless band, and the benefit of an unscheduled appearance by none other than Ray Charles. The evening proved such a gas, Atlantic even put out an album of the band's warm-up set!

### Choral Backing

Those rooting for Aretha hoped this was the turning point, the harbinger of a new, glorious period in her career. Their hopes were at first fulfilled beyond all expectations, then as quickly dashed to the ground. The master-stroke was to have her go back to her roots. In January 1972, she sang in an L.A. church, with her father in attendance, and accompanied by gospel star James Cleveland, her regular back-up band, a massive choir, and much hullabaloo – out of which came the double-album 'Amazing Grace', described by John Hammond as her 'most shining hour that certainly vies with that first Atlantic set as her best record to date'. Perhaps a trifle long for her pop public, it captured her voice in full bloom, with audience and choir clearly sharing her joy at 'coming home'. It's a record of catharsis; a moving testament to Aretha, cleansing her soul of years of trauma, just letting it all – as they say – hang out.

Unfortunately, the album was such authentic gospel in feel, long tracks and all, that Atlantic were unable to pull a successful single from it. 'Amazing Grace' climbed rapidly in the chart, and plunged rapidly down again.

With the tragic death of King Curtis, Aretha's direction once more became blurred. She worked in the studio with veteran jazz/film arranger/composer Quincy Jones. The resultant album 'Hey Now Hey (the other side of the sky)' was as confused as its title – uncomfortable and over-arranged, with a repellent sleeve design that alone must have put off a few thousand potential buyers. The strongest track, 'Angel' achieved some success as a single however. At the time of writing (late 1973), she is readying a new LP under the baton of Eumir Deodato, of 'Zarathustra' fame. Furthermore, her Atlantic contract is supposedly up for renewal – so changes may well be in the air.

Aretha has always been a mysteriously private figure, the only clues to her dis-

comfort to be found in her music. Not, I think, out of deliberate management policy – management itself has caused not a little of the problems – but because the facts, if one is to even half believe rumours, are unsavoury. Stories abound of her differences with first husband/manager Ted White, by all accounts a street hustler of sorts before he met the much younger Aretha – on one occasion in 1967, he reportedly openly fought with her in an Atlanta hotel lobby – and of her tendency to turn to drink to relieve her pressures. There, for all to see, were the changes in her appearance – Aretha consistently looked older than her years, suffered from a persistent weight problem, and hid her unease by donning over-brash, bizarre stage garb. So great was public concern that the new, slim Aretha recently held a press conference, chiefly to read out a note from her doctor proclaiming her to be in the best of health.

In '68 Cecil Franklin, now her manager – she has remarried – remarked 'for the last few years Aretha is simply not herself . . . you see flashes of her, but then she's back in her shell'.

Aretha's style is spine-tingling at best, irritating at worst; sometimes samey, but never affected. Her influence on contemporary female singers is undeniable. But in truth, any one of a number of gospel soloists could be in her place; if you love her voice, try listening to others such as Dorothy Norwood, Shirley Caesar, or Dorothy Love Coates – each of them, artistically, is fully Aretha's equal.

### Legendary Figure

Perhaps the major strain involved in being at the top of the tree in any field, is that almost certain knowledge, that there are others equally, if not more, talented than yourself, who have merely not had the breaks. Even if that isn't true, then what artist can be absolutely sure of their talent. Aretha has leaned heavily on others for support and guidance; King Curtis provided the necessary direction and help – Quincy Jones, for all his obvious talent, did not.

Aretha Franklin has sold more records than any other female artist in history; she still sells out halls; she can still make millions happy; and she's still young. Let's hope we haven't yet seen her at her peak. How mortifying it is to realise that for virtually every legendary figure in every field of the arts, success hides a troubled soul. For Aretha, her sadness is joyful, but the joy she evokes has a bitter tang. In Smokey's immortal phrase, her smile is just a frown – turned upside down.

**NEXT WEEK IN BLACK MUSIC:** Sam Cooke referred to by many 'rockologists' as 'Mr. Soul' whose sudden death shocked his thousands of friends and fans.



THE SUPERSTARS

# THE ROLLING STONES



So you wanna be a rock & roll star? Well, if you want to do it properly then the people you'll most likely choose as your models will be the (one and only) Rolling Stones. As the Stones themselves say in 'Live With Me' on their 'Let It Bleed' album:

'They got ear-phone heads,  
They got dirty necks,  
They're so twentieth century'

A grinding, tingling, and sometimes chilling R&B band, the Stones encourage aggravation, and their teasing attitudes and ambisexuality have gone a long way to concreting the generation gap into unbending slabs. The Stones were purposefully rough and rude, as they smashed out raw R&B and scowled up the establishment's nose. They challenged society's rules, laws, standards and values as they postured and pranced to the worried cries of 'decadence' and 'debauchery'.

We all need someone we can bleed on, and the Stones laid themselves out for the parents to do just that. They psyched the

daddies of teenage daughters out of their closed-in minds. They shit-stirred the square world as they threw the Pill right back into the mothers' laps with their 'Mother's Little Helper' ditty – it wasn't just pill-popping teenager ravers bent on staying awake the weekend through, it was the housewives and tailored executives too. The Stones were deliberate and bloody-minded as they axed away at the social niceties, and started the fight for the young to live as they pleased, with a smirk on their faces. The Stones' scowl became as tantalising as the Beatles' grin.

## Black Man's Sound

The Stones began as they really were: tough, defiant cynics beating out a harsh, cruel music without frilly trimmings or any sop to female romanticism. Their lead singer was Mick Jagger, whose surly, petulant lips made a black man's sound. The rest of the line-up was Brian Jones (guitar), Bill Wyman (bass), Keith Richard (guitar), and Charlie Watts on drums. They started in the middle-class West London suburb of Richmond, playing Sunday R&B nights at the local pubs and clubs. Soon

the Stones found a manager in Andrew Loog Oldham, a 19-year-old ex-Brian Epstein office boy. They outraged and they flaunted, and Oldham encouraged them. He set them up to score with the resentful teenagers – and they succeeded. Oldham had no money and neither did they, so he encouraged them to dress just how they were – this at a time when all pop groups were wearing neat and tidy stage uniforms. (The Kinks, for example, wore hunting-pink jackets and frilly lace shirts.) Oldham allowed their hatred of conformity to have full sway, and pretty soon the rich elite were prepared to overlook the unkempt hair and the grubby jeans. But, it was still a world of ties and suits, and the Stones were constantly in the news for being ordered out of bars and restaurants for not being properly dressed. Throughout it all though, they retained a certain sour honesty and refused to compromise. They were educated pretend-morons masquerading as oafs, and they committed themselves to pleasure and the present.

They admired the post-war urban blues of Muddy Waters, Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry, because the pre-war blues had just been for other negroes. But now these



Gered Mankowitz, SKR, Conway Picture Library, Syndication International

blues were being shouted out into the big, white world – grind, roll, rock and ride all night long. And the suburban Stones heard the message and zeroed in.

From the beginning their records had a roughness to them, which was partly because at the outset Oldham could not afford expensive studios. This part of their musical history is best summed up in their second record to make the charts, 'Not Fade Away', which had been a previous success for the late Buddy Holly. The Stones' version was recorded at Regent Sound in London, the epitome, at the time, of the rawness of small studio sound.

'Not Fade Away' contained everything that the Stones represented musically at that moment, in early 1964. It was a period when pill taking among young people was on the increase, and 'Not Fade Away' sounds like the ultimate song to speed to – a rhythmic clap on the beat, Jagger's voice recorded almost in the background, and the driving guitar riffs of Brian Jones and Keith Richards reflected by the grating harmonica. It was also a significant record in the Stones' history for more than these musical reasons. It was their first record to enter the American

charts, albeit rising to no. 44 at its height, but it meant that at last America too was getting to know about the Stones.

The Beatles helped them, and mentioned them wherever they could. They were musical and at the time social opposites, but the Beatles were fascinated by them, and as a result the Stones made their first visit to America that same year in June. When they got back they were mobbed at London airport.

### Gambling On Hits

As happened with the Beatles, they were at the stage where they had to pay for their sudden success. In those days promoters bought 'futures' in groups and booked them at low fees months ahead while they were unknown, gambling on the fact that they would have a hit before they were due to appear. It's well known that the Beatles had to honour many gigs for £50 to £100 a night under this system even when they had a no. 1, and so did the Stones. It just happened that one of the gigs they had agreed to play was at Magdalen College, Oxford, for £100. This gig fell during their American tour

so, contrary to the hard, careless press image they had collected, the Stones agreed to fly in and out of Britain to honour the one date.

'Not Fade Away' reached no. 3 in the British charts besides breaking the group in America, but it wasn't until June of 1964 that they got their first no. 1 with 'It's All Over Now'. Despite their newfound success however, the Stones didn't alter their image or life-style to suit the wider audience.

That same year, 1964, it seemed that Stones concerts always ended in riots – more particularly on the Continent. For example, a performance at the Hague in Holland was stopped after only 10 minutes, when teenagers threw bottles and chairs towards the stage. Jagger pouted and teased his audiences while the rest of the group remained stonily apart from it all. When they appeared at the famed Olympia Theatre in Paris, the management reported that £1,400 of damage was done and 150 young people were arrested. At home in Britain things were no more peaceful. In Blackpool, when Keith Richard aimed a kick at a young person who ran on stage, there was a riot which ended with £2,000

# BACK TRACK



Gered Mankowitz

**MICK JAGGER:** Born 26th July, 1943. Father was senior lecturer in physical education. Attended Maypole County Primary School, London School of Economics. Worked as a sort of physical education counsellor, games and sports instructor on a U.S. service base at 18. His first stage work was with Alexis Korner.



Gered Mankowitz

**BILL WYMAN:** Born 24th October, 1941. Father was a bricklayer. Attended Oakfield Junior School in Penge and Beckenham Grammar School. He worked as a bookmaker's clerk in London before joining the Air Force, then did engineering with a firm in Streatham.

1962: Brian, Keith, Mick and Ian Stewart get together for the general purpose of playing at Bricklayers Arms. On 26th December, the Rolling Stones (as yet unnamed) have a disastrous booking in the Piccadilly Club.

Early in 1963 they deputise for Alexis Korner at the Marquee Club. Following this they have semi regular gigs at the Marquee, Eel Pie Island, Ealing Club. They record at I.B.C. Studios. In February the Rolling Stones begin an eight month residency at the Crawdaddy, Station Road, Richmond, Georgio Gomelski calls Peter Jones of Record Mirror, who tells Andrew Oldham about the Rolling Stones.

1963: April. Andrew Oldham and Eric Easton see Stones at Richmond. Signed management deal next day. May. First Official recording session at Olympic Studios. Oldham produced. June. 'Come On'. September. Start of first English tour with Everly Brothers and Bo Diddley. November. 'I Wanna Be Your Man' released.

1964: January. The Rolling Stones start



Eric Hayes

**BRIAN JONES:** Born 28th February, 1942. Mother was a piano teacher. Attended Dean Close Public School, Cheltenham Grammar School. Among other things he worked as an assistant in the electrical department of Whiteley's department store. His first stage work was playing alto in Cheltenham with a group called 'The Ramrods'.



Rex Features

**MICK TAYLOR:** Born 17th January, 1948. Father was an aircraft worker. Attended Onslow Secondary Modern, Hatfield. Worked as a commercial artist engraver for a few months. Played with John Mayall before joining the Stones.

tour, topping the bill for the first time, with the Ronettes. February. 'Not Fade Away'. April. LP 'The Rolling Stones'. June. 'It's All Over Now'. November. 'Little Red Rooster'.

1965: January. Release of LP 'The Rolling Stones No 2'. August. 'Satisfaction'. Andrew Oldham and Allen Klein to co-manage the Rolling Stones, new contract signed with Decca for five years. October. LP 'Out Of Our Heads'. 'Get Off Of My Cloud'.

1966: February. '19th Nervous Breakdown'. April. LP 'Aftermath'. May. 'Paint It Black'. September. 'Have You Seen Your Mother Baby'. November. LP 'Big Hits (High Tide and Green Grass)'.

1967: January. 'Let's Spend The Night Together'/'Ruby Tuesday'. August. 'We Love You'/'Dandelion'. December. LP 'Their Satanic Majesties'.

1968: May. Release of 'Jumpin' Jack Flash'. December. Rolling Stones *Rock 'n' Roll Circus* filmed at Wembley studios for TV. LP 'Beggars' Banquet'.

1969: June. Brian Jones leaves the Rolling Stones. Mick Taylor to replace



Gered Mankowitz

**KEITH RICHARDS:** Born 18th December, 1943. Father was electrical engineer. Attended Westhill Infants' School, Wentworth County Primary School, Dartford Technical School, Sidcup Art School. Was a postman for four days during 1961 Christmas season. His first stage appearance was with a country & western band while in art school.



Gered Mankowitz

**CHARLIE WATTS:** Born 2nd June, 1941. Father was a lorry driver for British rail. Attended Tylers Croft Secondary Modern, Harrow Art School. He was working a club called the Troubadour with a group called Blues By Five when he met Alexis Korner. Played with him before joining the Stones.

him. July. Brian Jones dies at his home near Hartfield (Cotchford Farm). Free concert by the Rolling Stones in Hyde Park. 'Honky Tonk Women'/'You Can't Always Get What You Want'. September. LP 'Through The Past Darkly'.

1970: January. LP 'Let It Bleed'. July. Break with Klein. LP 'Get Yer Ya Yas Out!'. November. 'Memo To Turner' - Mick Jagger solo, from *Performance*.

1971: April. Release of 'Brown Sugar'/'Bitch'/'Let It Rock' - a maxi single, the first release on Rolling Stones Records label. LP 'Sticky Fingers'. May. Mick Jagger marries Bianca Perez Morena de Macias in St. Tropez. August. Decca Records release 'Gimme Shelter' LP which is a collection of oldies mainly taken from live concerts.

1972: April. 'Tumblin' Dice'/'Sweet Black Angel'. May. LP 'Exile On Main Street'. June. Decca release a maxi single - 'Street Fighting Man'/'Surprise Surprise'/'Everybody Needs Somebody To Love'.

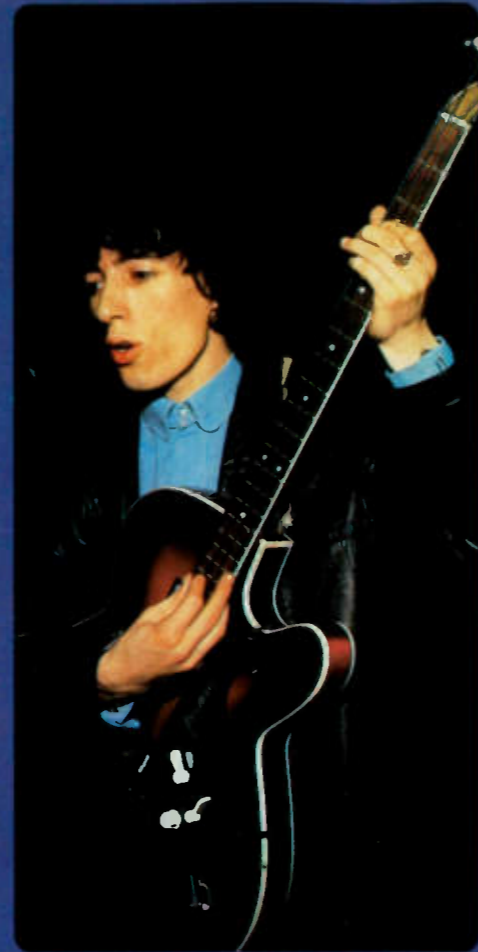
1973: August. 'Angie'/'Silver Train'. LP 'Goat's Head Soup'.



Syndication International



Roger Morton



Syndication International



Roger Morton



Roger Morton



Roger Morton

might get a bit fed up with just us . . . you need to add something to it."

On May 12th, 1971 Mick Jagger married Bianca Perez Morena de Macias in the Town Hall at St. Tropez in the South of France. The Stones had by this time moved to France because of increasing intricacies in their tax situation — only to suffer culture shock in a spate of particular police dynamism.

### Playboy Party

The Stones' tour of America in 1972 was a staggering success. It quickly took on circus proportions, with people sleeping on the pavements all night for tickets, and when they came to play in Los Angeles the whole area around the stadium was cordoned off. They had in fact been lionised by American society, and the one-time rebels became social baubles. They had Truman Capote reporting their tour, and Princess Lee Radziwill in the wings during their shows saying that she was one of their greatest fans. Hugh Hefner even hosted a party for them at the Playboy mansion in Chicago. Jagger says about this situation: "It was the same in 1965 when there were people like Baby Jane Holzer around. It doesn't affect us or our music. If they want to come along they come along, some of them are nice and some of them aren't."

Yet just at the moment when there was a thought that the Stones might soften

their musical approach, they put a track called 'Star, Star' on their 'Goat's Head Soup' album of autumn 1973. Based on the rock-word 'starfucker' it was immediately banned from airplay in most places in the world.

The '73 Stones Show at the Empire Pool in London completely dazzled and delighted the 10,500 dedicated fans who attended it. There are two inter-twining parts to a Stones Show these days — the music and the lighting. Their lighting spectaculars are unsurpassed by any previous visual stage show to date. The lighting doesn't go from dark to light; it goes from very light to incredibly light. The stage is always saturated with light. Their low lighting is like everyone else's high lighting; and when they turn it on full it becomes almost unbearable. This feat is the work of one of Chip Monck's proteges Brian Croft, and is essentially still a Chip Monck show. His trademark of rich light abounds in plentiful evidence.

He has eight enormous follow spots at the back of the stage (they strongly resemble navy search lights). Above their heads, supported by a hydraulic ram on each side, there are what appear to be rows of lights; but they are in fact a bunch of Q 1's, thickly clustered together like grapes — six deep, in tight bunches. And finally, along the front of the stage, are two brilliant columns of light.

Because of the loss of light entailed in the long throw required at Wembley, the

most incredible high-flying mirrors were rigged up, at the cost of £1,200. The mirrors shortened this long throw and enabled the intensity of the light to be utilised and were something Brian Croft had dreamed up and perfected for their last American tour.

The next thing the Stones had going for them was, the perfect timing of the lighting technicians — they were like musicians themselves, they were so beautifully harmonised. There was an operator for each of the eight follow spots, and they all had to operate together — and they never missed a beat. All the time, there was smoke swirling from two clear perspex columns that rose from the sides of the stage, a steady trickle of carbon dioxide until the end, when it belched out all over the audience.

### Explosive Signal

For yet further effect, there was smoke rising from the paraffin generator at the front of the stage, and when Richard gave Jagger a cool-nodded signal, and Mick stepped on a little button, there were even explosive smoke flares shooting around.

Their ending was more than superb. Mick sprinkled flower petals around and poured water over himself, and did likewise to his happily receptive audience. Then he crouched on the stage and tore the audience apart with 'Sympathy For

The Devil', all the time slamming his belt on the floor as the whole of the stage flooded with blood-red light. Amazing. And Jagger whanged his belt again and again, until it seemed unbelievable that the audience could cope with this load of rich red colour, or their senses with this rich rock music.

Jagger and Richard are the two extroverts of the band, with Jagger high-assing it for them all. A wild untamed beauty is a term usually reserved for the women of this world — but it describes Jagger well. He's a nipple flashing, lip-pouting, bum-pushing, juices-flowing he-star. He's a tongue-lapping, lean streak of power, a '70s tearaway — and in stoned splendour he gets his people off. In the guise of a bacchus-like Pan with all-embracing moist red lips, he turns on to his audience. He pulls the blokes and the chicks right down into his performance. He licks and slips them right into his mood. He's a mean master of compromise; a funk-eyed and flash jack-knifing body of rock. He moves and he grinds, and drives them in tight where he's at.

Who could fail to get off on Jagger? Though few can fail to get off on Jagger, a lot of people have been positively heartless in their attacks on Keith Richard. He always seemed to lose out, first to beautiful Brian Jones, and always to sensual Mick Jagger. Nobody seemed ready to concede any glory and favours to the boney-faced crim with the gypsy

diffidence and raggle-taggle hair who smacked of drugs and sinister magical doings, and wore a bone earring as visual proof of his corrupted soul. This was someone they didn't want to recognise, let alone get off on. The public seemed prepared to persecute Richard to the extent that they almost seemed to will their own perverse death-wish fantasies on him.

### Definitive Wild Ones

They made hay with his wasted features, and seemed determined to label him an incoherent zombie; while, in fact, his stoned drawl rarely lapses into incoherence. As he was quoted in an interview with Nick Kent of *NME*: "Right now, I'm sticking pretty much to playing rhythm onstage. It depends on the number usually, but since Brian died I've had to pay more attention to rhythm guitar anyway. I move more now, simply because, back when we were playing old halls, I had to stand next to Charlie's drums in order to catch the beat, the sound was always so bad.

I like numbers to be organised — my thing is organisation, I suppose — kicking the number off, pacing it and ending it." Despite this musical penchant for organisation, Richard and his girlfriend Anita Pallenberg remain as the definitive 'Wild Ones', in a way that Mick and Bianca Jagger could never be.

So where can the Stones go after that? Jagger feels that they are free to work on their own as long as it does not affect the recording schedules of the group as a whole. "I've already worked in the studios with several of my friends and I'd like to work on stage with them as well but I don't because then immediately everyone would say I was going solo, which I'm not." Just as long as the group carries on recording and performing, the Stones will no doubt remain, what for a decade they have been, 'the world's greatest rock band'.



**NEXT WEEK IN SUPERSTARS — The Beach Boys: From surf to sounds.**



POP CULTURE: 1960s

## BEATLEMANIA

Pandemonium at airports, stage-doors and hotels is nothing new to pop. Since the days of Valentino, whose funeral route was lined by thousands of sobbing women, hysteria and emotional excesses have gone hand in hand with stardom. The kind of devotion and acclaim that used to be lavished on European dictators is now commonplace every time some of today's superstars make a move. To airport authorities who have to cope with mobs of teenyboppers greeting the arrival of an Osmond or a Cassidy, the whole thing must seem rather small-time. Ten years before, these same people were at the centre of Beatlemania, and nothing before or since has ever come close to equalling that particular emotional epidemic.

To catalogue Beatlemania exactly for anyone who wasn't there would be impossible. Even the memory is pale in comparison with reality, and if it happened again now it would still amaze everyone all

over again. Spend a day looking through newspaper files, watch a week of news film, read a dozen of the thousands of books they inspired, and you won't begin to know the half of what it was like. Travel back in time and live in the midst of it and it's a trip into bedlam. Not just a few screaming girls, but the whole world seemingly gone mad. The cause of it all was four lads from Liverpool — John, Paul, George and Ringo.

No one has yet managed to define the phenomenon. Psychologists have pored over it with long words, historians have picked at it, critics have analysed it endlessly. Probably not since Shakespeare has so much intellect been invested in explaining something so simple. The Beatles were four guys in a pop group who made happy music and gave everyone a good time for a few years. Far more will be read into their lyrics and their success than was ever there to start with, and if the world continues that long, schoolkids a 100 or so years from now will probably read about major events that have influenced the course of history: the Black Death in the Middle Ages, Beatlemania in the mid-'60s.

In the beginning the Beatles, or rather the Quarrymen, were just another group who hoped to make a few records and

some money. They showed little talent and no particular sparkle. Clubs didn't rush to book them. Decca and Pye turned them down. They toured with Helen Shapiro, and she was the star. Then, as with even the greatest talent, luck stepped in. Someone was due to make it big, but what might have been a huge and hasty success for someone else, turned into something more because it happened to those particular four people.

It all started with them being so ordinary. Theatre and cinema were at last turning to reality. The 'working-class hero' of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* was ready to move into music. Being working-class, being like the majority who bought records only more so, was a start. It was almost as though the Beatles were being rich and successful on behalf of everyone else. There's an American novel, *Dando Shaft*, in which the hero advertises for a million people to each give him a dollar: he is the people's millionaire who lives out the fantasies of luxury for them all. It was as if the Beatles had come up on the horses for every man, woman and child; and instead of retiring to a no-publicity bungalow by the sea, they let everyone share the win. They stayed nice, normal, modest and funny.

To see film of their early days with neat haircuts and uniform clothes and listen to their first hum-along songs is to know that now they wouldn't rate a second glance. They hadn't the glitter of Presley or the glamour of Monroe. They were

of damage and a grand piano wrecked in the orchestra pit. In Belfast such was the effect of their performance on the audience that several teenagers were carried out in straitjackets by ambulancemen. Watching them in the mid-'70s, all this is hard to imagine; their audiences have grown older with the group and, having miraculously obtained a ticket to a Stones concert, they are almost content to sit back and watch the pyrotechnics on stage.

### Challenging The Beatles

In 1964 they recorded four consecutive no. 1s. After 'It's All Over Now' came 'Little Red Rooster', 'The Last Time' and then, one of the all-time classics of rock, 'Satisfaction'. Again the opening statement from Jagger 'I can't get no satisfaction...' expressed the view of a generation. After 'Satisfaction' came another no. 1 in 1965: 'Get Off Of My Cloud'. There was no doubt the Stones were now quite capable of challenging the immense success of the Beatles. It perhaps seems slightly ironic that the Beatles, who had been the foremost originators in British rock, have individually moved ever nearer to the musical freeness of the Stones, than the Stones have ever moved towards the Beatles' highly commercial sound of the early '60s.

As much as they were successful in the charts, the Stones showed no signs of being embraced, or indeed willing to be embraced, by the British Establishment, as were the Beatles. Not for them the MBE, awarded to each one of the Beatles for their musical services to the country. Not for the Stones an appearance at the *Royal Command Performance*, the annual charity show held in London before royalty. The Stones' appeal was to that part of the youth culture who were eventually to form the so-called Alternative Society — which is why, to this day, the group are still embraced by the underground press despite their change in private lifestyle.

In fact their superbly rhythmic drummer, Charlie Watts, was the first Stone to do what is now expected of the successful rock star and buy himself a country mansion. Poignantly, his was a 16th Century house in Sussex, which had belonged to Lord Shawcross, the one-time Attorney General in the British Labour Government. Perhaps it was appropriate that for once the Left wing should sell out to the Stones.

Despite this elegant background the group continued to make headlines by defying authority. In July, 1965, there was the infamous case of Wyman, Jagger and Jones urinating in the forecourt of a petrol station. What may now seem a small detail is in fact an integral part of the Stones' social history, for which they were severely censured and fined. It was around this time that the group's personal life became for the world public perhaps even more fascinating than their music. Even middle-aged people, who had not seen or even heard their records, knew about them because of their challenging life-style

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It was in 1965 too that the group caused a sensation on American TV by being allowed to do three numbers on the *Ed Sullivan Show* to the delight of their fans, and the despair of Middle American parents who wrote in to complain in their thousands. This tour was their turning point in America, where they outsold even the Beach Boys. By mid-'66 they were suing 14 New York hotels for refusing to house them. Things had changed: their records continued to be successful, but it was to be two years — until 1968 — before they had another no. 1 in Britain. This slight dip in their musical acceptance was accompanied by the release in 1966 of their album 'Their Satanic Majesties Request', which in the long-run may turn out to be one of their most underrated albums. It was in fact to be two years before they released another album, 'Beggars Banquet', which was much more readily received — having as it did titles like 'Sympathy For The Devil' and 'Street Fighting Man'. This then really was the period of change in the Stones' career. There had been internal arguments within the group because Brian Jones felt that Mick Jagger and Keith Richard were monopolising the writing, when he felt some more of his own work should be used.

### Brian Jones Dead

In June 1969 the difference reached an impasse, and Jones announced he was leaving the group. He was replaced by Mick Taylor who had been with the John Mayall band, as had many good musicians in Britain including Eric Clapton. But Brian Jones had been much more than just a good guitarist in the group: he was essentially one of the Rolling Stones, and it was his look, and impassive girl-like face, more than anything that contributed to their overall image. Anyhow, before the Stones fans had time to really argue about the decision, Jones died face down in the swimming pool of his house in the Sussex countryside — once lived in by A. A. Milne,

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The date was July 3rd, 1969, two days before the Stones were due to give a massive free concert in London's Hyde Park. They decided to turn the concert into a memorial for Jones, Jagger reading a dedication to him from the poet Shelley, and thousands of white butterflies being released above the heads of the 200,000-strong crowd. It was a stunning and memorable event and was, by the way, responsible for launching two other groups now well known: King Crimson and Family.

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### Performance

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It now seemed that the Stones would probably never take to the road again, but a phone conversation between Jagger and Pete Townshend of the Who — who had never really given up going on the road in Britain — started off the great Stones comeback tour of the spring of 1971. It opened in Newcastle, showing that the group were still not very confident to be appearing again; whereas when it came to the 1973 tour they opened before 10,500 people at the Empire Pool, Wembley.

This tour marked the first public inclusion of session musicians on stage, augmenting the Stones' sound compared with their last performance in London as a group at the Saville Theatre in December, 1969. Now Nicky Hopkins, on piano, Jim Price, trumpet, and Bobby Keyes, saxophone, filled out the group's sound just as they were doing on their albums, and somehow retained the Stones' original raunch while at the same time adding further layers to it. As Jagger said in 1973: 'It was all right in the old days when we only appeared on stage for half an hour at a time, but I think nowadays when we're on stage for an hour and a half people



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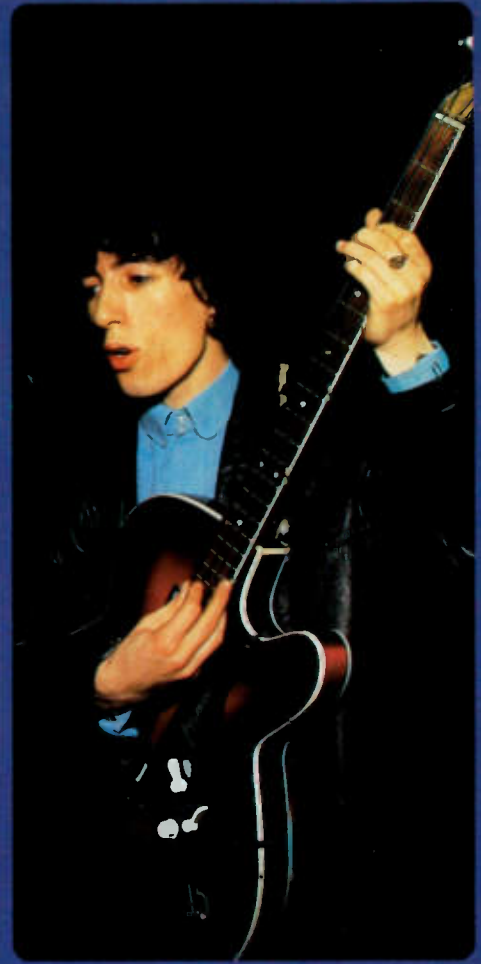
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Roger Moxton



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might get a bit fed up with just us . . . you need to add something to it."

On May 12th, 1971 Mick Jagger married Bianca Perez Morena de Macias in the Town Hall at St. Tropez in the South of France. The Stones had by this time moved to France because of increasing intricacies in their tax situation — only to suffer culture shock in a spate of particular police dynamism.

### Playboy Party

The Stones' tour of America in 1972 was a staggering success. It quickly took on circus proportions, with people sleeping on the pavements all night for tickets, and when they came to play in Los Angeles the whole area around the stadium was cordoned off. They had in fact been lionised by American society, and the one-time rebels became social baubles. They had Truman Capote reporting their tour, and Princess Lee Radziwill in the wings during their shows saying that she was one of their greatest fans. Hugh Hefner even hosted a party for them at the Playboy mansion in Chicago. Jagger says about this situation: "It was the same in 1965 when there were people like Baby Jane Holzer around. It doesn't affect us or our music. If they want to come along they come along, some of them are nice and some of them aren't."

Yet just at the moment when there was a thought that the Stones might soften

their musical approach, they put a track called 'Star, Star' on their 'Goat's Head Soup' album of autumn 1973. Based on the rock-word 'starfucker' it was immediately banned from airplay in most places in the world.

The '73 Stones Show at the Empire Pool in London completely dazzled and delighted the 10,500 dedicated fans who attended it. There are two inter-twining parts to a Stones Show these days — the music and the lighting. Their lighting spectaculars are unsurpassed by any previous visual stage show to date. The lighting doesn't go from dark to light; it goes from very light to incredibly light. The stage is always saturated with light. Their low lighting is like everyone else's high lighting; and when they turn it on full it becomes almost unbearable. This feat is the work of one of Chip Monck's proteges Brian Croft, and is essentially still a Chip Monck show. His trademark of rich light abounds in plentiful evidence.

He has eight enormous follow spots at the back of the stage (they strongly resemble navy search lights). Above their heads, supported by a hydraulic ram on each side, there are what appear to be rows of lights; but they are in fact a bunch of Q 1's, thickly clustered together like grapes — six deep, in tight bunches. And finally, along the front of the stage, are two brilliant columns of light.

Because of the loss of light entailed in the long throw required at Wembley, the

most incredible high-flying mirrors were rigged up, at the cost of £1,200. The mirrors shortened this long throw and enabled the intensity of the light to be utilised and were something Brian Croft had dreamed up and perfected for their last American tour.

The next thing the Stones had going for them was, the perfect timing of the lighting technicians — they were like musicians themselves, they were so beautifully harmonised. There was an operator for each of the eight follow spots, and they all had to operate together — and they never missed a beat. All the time, there was smoke swirling from two clear perspex columns that rose from the sides of the stage, a steady trickle of carbon dioxide until the end, when it belched out all over the audience.

### Explosive Signal

For yet further effect, there was smoke rising from the paraffin generator at the front of the stage, and when Richard gave Jagger a cool-nodded signal, and Mick stepped on a little button, there were even explosive smoke flares shooting around.

Their ending was more than superb. Mick sprinkled flower petals around and poured water over himself, and did likewise to his happily receptive audience. Then he crouched on the stage and tore the audience apart with 'Sympathy For



Roger Morton



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The Devil', all the time slamming his belt on the floor as the whole of the stage flooded with blood-red light. Amazing. And Jagger whanged his belt again and again, until it seemed unbelievable that the audience could cope with this load of rich red colour, or their senses with this rich rock music.

Jagger and Richard are the two extroverts of the band, with Jagger high-assing it for them all. A wild untamed beauty is a term usually reserved for the women of this world – but it describes Jagger well. He's a nipple flashing, lip-pouting, bum-pushing, juices-flowing he-star. He's a tongue-lapping, lean streak of power, a '70s tearaway – and in stoned splendour he gets his people off. In the guise of a bacchus-like Pan with all-embracing moist red lips, he turns on to his audience. He pulls the blokes and the chicks right down into his performance. He licks and slips them right into his mood. He's a mean master of compromise; a funk-eyed and flash jack-knifing body of rock. He moves and he grinds, and drives them in tight where he's at.

Who could fail to get off on Jagger? Though few can fail to get off on Jagger, a lot of people have been positively heartless in their attacks on Keith Richard. He always seemed to lose out, first to beautiful Brian Jones, and always to sensual Mick Jagger. Nobody seemed ready to concede any glory and favours to the boney-faced crim with the gypsy

diffidence and raggle-taggle hair who smacked of drugs and sinister magical doings, and wore a bone earring as visual proof of his corrupted soul. This was someone they didn't want to recognise, let alone get off on. The public seemed prepared to persecute Richard to the extent that they almost seemed to will their own perverse death-wish fantasies on him.

### Definitive Wild Ones

They made hay with his wasted features, and seemed determined to label him an incoherent zombie; while, in fact, his stoned drawl rarely lapses into incoherence. As he was quoted in an interview with Nick Kent of *NME*:

"Right now, I'm sticking pretty much to playing rhythm onstage. It depends on the number usually, but since Brian died I've had to pay more attention to rhythm guitar anyway. I move more now, simply because, back when we were playing old halls, I had to stand next to Charlie's drums in order to catch the beat, the sound was always so bad.

I like numbers to be organised – my thing is organisation, I suppose – kicking the number off, pacing it and ending it." Despite this musical penchant for organisation, Richard and his girlfriend Anita Pallenberg remain as the definitive 'Wild Ones', in a way that Mick and Bianca Jagger could never be.

So where can the Stones go after that? Jagger feels that they are free to work on their own as long as it does not affect the recording schedules of the group as a whole. "I've already worked in the studios with several of my friends and I'd like to work on stage with them as well but I don't because then immediately everyone would say I was going solo, which I'm not." Just as long as the group carries on recording and performing, the Stones will no doubt remain, what for a decade they have been, 'the world's greatest rock band'.



**NEXT WEEK IN SUPERSTARS** – The Beach Boys: From surf to sounds.



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These pictures show the effects that the Beatles had on their fans, wherever they went.

Central Press Photos

Mirrorpic

Syndication International

buses not cars, semi- not detached, sink not bath, but they truly belonged to their fans.

One other great point in their favour was that they were not just four people, but four 'personalities'. John was the thinker, Paul the romantic, George the mystic and Ringo the clown, and they were all lovable. Something for everyone in fact. No one but an ardent Osmond fan could tell you the names of all the brothers, but John, George, Paul and Ringo were on the lips of grannies, toddlers, Kings and kids the world over. Whether they approved or disapproved of the mass stupidity, either way no one could help knowing all about the cause of it, and mostly the response was a world-wide thumbs-up of approval.

### Compared To Hitler

Girls went to their concerts, wept uncontrollably, covered their ears and screamed through the music. Beside them men and boys shouted with an energy normally reserved only for football matches. Sunday papers wrote in-depth features. In Britain the *Daily Telegraph* compared them to Hitler, 'filling empty heads with hysteria' and *The Daily Worker* said they were the voice of '300,000 people on the Dole'. Elvis, Cassius Clay and Prince Philip all commented generously on them. Politicians fell over themselves to mention them in their speeches, and Harold Wilson even sought popular favour by arranging, in June 1965, that they should be awarded

the MBE for services to the country's economy.

Imagine this happening to Slade or the Sweet. Imagine Marc Bolan being knighted, and you might have some idea how far Beatlemania went. In the States kids carried banners saying 'Ringo For President'. In Britain, the Beatles could probably have formed a government.

The Beatles were everywhere. Their records decorated the most elegant coffee tables, as well as the grottiest apartments. They were in everything - books, magazines, posters, fashions. There were Beatle suits, cut in the style of their favourite stage outfits - jackets with soft mandarin collars. Beatle wigs sold like hot cakes, and covered every kind of male head from military short-back-and-sides to the middle-aged bald. Factories started insisting on hair-nets for male workers who grew their hair into the shaggy pudding-basin cut the Fab Four favoured. Above all, the Beatles were in the money. Everything they touched turned to gold. Anything they endorsed sold. The pillow-cases they used in a hotel in Kansas City were cut into 160,000 1" squares, and sold for a dollar each.

Of course, America went overboard for the Beatles in its own special way. After years of home-grown musical fads this was something fresh and original. The Beatles, with their adenoidal Liverpool accents, sounded different, and they acted differently too. They weren't the controlled 'image' most American performers presented. In the best British tradition

they were disciplined but eccentric and on their first American trip, in February 1964, they gave one of the most irreverent press conferences since Groucho Marx. When asked: 'What about the movement in Detroit to stamp out Beatles?' The lads replied: 'We have a campaign to stamp out Detroit'.

### British Meant Best

Meanwhile, surrounding Kennedy Airport were 10,000 teenagers who had already taken them to their hearts, chanting 'We love you Beatles, Oh yes we do'. It was the start of a British invasion, a time when British meant the best. Soon British groups, British actors, British models and designers, were making it mostly on the strength of the right accent and the right birthplace. Today the Beatles; tomorrow Quant, Twiggy, the Stones and Michael Caine.

Both in the States and Britain the whole point of the group seemed somehow lost amidst the acclaim. Basically the Beatles started out to make music as well as money; and although their records sold astronomically and they performed widely on stage and TV, the real cult was based on personality, not music. The first singles, 'Love Me Do' in October 1962, and 'Please Please Me' in January 1963, set the style of the early Beatles. The tunes were catchy and melodic, and the lyrics banal; but either way their records were insufficient to account for Beatlemania. It wasn't until 'Rubber Soul' and the

'Revolver' album, that their music became wistful and witty and original; and this was because their success gave them the freedom to be more experimental and less directly commercial. Musically, the 'Beatle Years' left a fine heritage of humable standards. Lennon and McCartney were the new Cole Porter: 'Girl', 'Michelle' and 'And I Love Her' became classics that still sound good treated any way. Probably the lasting effect of Beatlemania on music today is not the records they left but the standard they bequeathed. Record stars had once been made on how they looked and how they sounded and the quality of their writers, and few could read or write music or play an instrument. The Beatles changed that, and now there are few chart-toppers who don't write and play as well as sing. Thousands of teenage boys went out to buy guitars and drum kits in the mid-'60s, and in the '70s they have become the nucleus of a pop world where talent and skill far outmatch opportunity.

mania faded as the four of them all in their different ways, withdrew from the spotlight and went about their own interests.

Probably the best explanation of the lengthy public fascination with the Beatles is that they were never static. It's natural to want what you can't have, and the Beatles steered a fine course between belonging to their public and to themselves. They gave plenty, but always retained a touch of unpredictability that no one could restrain. No one ever owned them, and just to prove it they always broke a few minor rules. And when one day it was over, towards the end of 1967, no one was any nearer to explaining what had caused the enormous excesses of enthusiasm. The Beatles went on being popular, but the days when the stage would be buried under pounds of jelly babies, when the hospital where Ringo had his tonsils out had to issue *hourly* bulletins on his condition, the days of mass passion . . . were over.

George Martin, who produced their records, said of the Beatles: "They like everything to be like instant coffee. They want instant recording, instant films, instant everything." It was this that made them right for the fans bred in an instant culture, looking for an instant hero (or four). Martin also said: "They are very like children in many ways. They love anything magical" . . . which comes back to their very similarity to the millions for whom they became an obsession. We all take a childlike delight in impossible fantasy, and John, Paul, Ringo and George took the world on a magical mystery tour such as it is unlikely to ever see again.

**NEXT WEEK IN POP CULTURE:** Fashion in the swinging '60s.

### Public Microscope

The people's millionaires though, finally grew tired of the people and turned their backs on them — and that was the beginning of the end. They started out simple and lovable, but they ended up outrageous. Knowing their every word and act was under the public microscope, the words and acts grew wilder as they searched for new experiences. John said the Beatles were more popular than Christ. Paul said he'd taken LSD. They got hooked on mysticism with the Maharishi. They did as they pleased because whatever they did the world still loved them, and gradually it pleased them to use their wealth for the most elusive luxury of all, privacy. Gradually Beatle-

Scenes from both *Help*, right, and *Hard Day's Night*, below.



Camera Press

Kobal Collection

POP: 1960-65

# Punk Rock

The story of  
the garage bands



Left: Sam The Sham and the Pharaohs.  
Above: Cryan Shames.

Who knows what fit of pubescent madness named a band The 13th Floor Elevators – a prototype dandruff rock outfit from Austin, Texas. Mouse And The Traps from off the same street corner? The Barbarians from puritanical New England? L.A.-based Sky Saxon & The Seeds? The Electric Prunes keeping everyone regular in Seattle? Count Five – all the way from San Jose and those zit-encrusted High School heroes from Rock's Twilight Zone of Immortality, ?(Question Mark) & the Mysterians drivelling in Flint, Michigan?

One thing is certain. By the time the '60s were three years old, the American music machine was in a state of chaos. Necessity was no longer the mother of invention, but plagiarism the only quick salvation for survival. After 60 years of being top-dog in the international entertainment industry, America's monopoly had, overnight, been drastically devalued on the world index by a rather shy businessman named Brian Epstein and his changelings, who traded under the most unlikely title of the Beatles.

This was to be an intense period of great

change and extreme uncertainty. Perhaps even more drastic than the initial youth culture revolution that had erupted just under 10 years earlier. One thing is certain, it had a much more far-reaching and lasting effect.

Although these first three years of musical Americana produced some fine moments – the Spector sound, the Beach Boys and the independent Bird and Dimension catalogues – an aura of decaying musical deprivation pervaded. The late '50s 'Payola' scandals had virtually eradicated the rebellious sexual raunch of rhythm & blues (race records); Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper were dead, whilst Carl Perkins, Freddie Cannon and Gene Vincent were temporarily out of action.

And it didn't stop there. Elvis had sold out to Uncle Sam, Little Richard had got religion, Jerry Lee Lewis' marriage to a minor had left his career shattered, Fats Domino had been put out to graze in Las Vegas and Chuck Berry was doing time inside. 1960 had heralded in the 'Season Of The Wimps'.

From that moment – 7th February, 1964 to be exact – when the Beatles cavorted across the tarmac of John F. Kennedy Airport, to what must surely remain as the most carefully instigated PR welcome in living memory, rock was rejuvenated and American youth willingly

capitulated to these mop-top redcoats. American groups and finger-poppin' poseurs didn't stand a chance. Even when the first assault of Union Jack waving 'pretenders' led by Dave Clark, Herman, Gerry, Freddie, Billy J, and the Searchers landed, what was left of the almighty American scene couldn't in any way re-group itself effectively.

By the time the States had woken up to the fact Britain ruled America's air-waves, hearts, and National Bank, a second wave of invaders, namely the Who, Kinks, Manfreds, Animals, Them and, of course, the Rolling Stones, were systematically inflicting severe brain damage with all manner of innovative rampaging feedback and gorilla guitars.

The paradox to all these high-falutin' happenings was that – without exception – Britain's rock bands were selling America something that was nothing more original than a drastically streamlined re-hash of its own pop sub-culture. Only the accent had been changed to protect the innocent, but it sufficed to build up the Bank of England's dollar reserves.

The facts are these. By the time America's post-war boom babes were old enough to truck on down to their local record store with a greenback clenched tightly in their fist, virtually an entire generation – blatantly manipulated by the industry's obese mobile cigars – had been

Polydor

'protected' from the now discarded 'unholy wedlock' of black music/white electricity, in preference to WASP Muscle Beach Party movies and virginity, or at worst, short-haired Brylcreemed pizza wimpoids from Philly, all decked out in Italian silk suits and carrying photos of Bobby Darin with his foot on Frank Sinatra's neck.

It had been left to the working-class youth of Britain to cop all those definitive hot licks of rare imported singles, and experiment with them at 30-bob-a-night with all the beer/coke they could drink in Hamburg's Bier Kellers, Mecca Ballrooms, Merseyside beat pubs, and weekday-nights at the Marquee club.

To a whole new generation of music fans, the British vanguard were entirely responsible for corroborating the 20th Century myth, that almost any acne-riddled punkoid could become a big-time rock & roll star and make a ton of bread at the same time. You only had to see the Beatles to realise that it was a lotta fun at the same time. Thus, the nuclear age American Dream was to form a band and get laid with regularity and expertise. All this one could do for one down payment and a few dollars each month.

### High School Hop

Unlike the extensive British (and European) proving ground of clubs, pubs, ballrooms and theatres, the only immediate outlet for aspiring Beatle-burlesque bands was the perennial High School Hop. An institution where the 'entertainers' were required to appeal to both inmates and warders alike. The only alternative for those bands who insisted upon payment for their services were horrendous teenage night-clubs. Dimly-lit establishments where 'burgers & near-beer' was consumed, and fumbled propositions made. If such furtive bodily contact wasn't rewarded with a slap across the face, then one could be sure of scoring on the back seat of your old man's brand-new convertible out back in the parking lot. One will never know just how many true romances were consummated to the strains of 'Twist And Shout'.

By now, the sickening thud of surf boards being beached and the body-shaking sobs of 'American Bandstand' one-hit has-beens had been totally obliterated by the nasal sound of Mersey-beat, as a rather diluted interpretation was being rehearsed in the family garage. With sheer dedication, young White America lovingly plagiarised those exquisite fab British riffs, which the new Titans had themselves ripped-off when only but an esoteric few were really interested.

As it transpired, many of these bands never got beyond playing to an audience of old furniture, garden tools, bald tyres and thoroughly irate neighbours. Those who had staying power and a modicum of talent - to use the word loosely - not only graduated from the garage and the High School Hop, but actually got around to signing a recording contract which practically none of them understood. It wasn't until after this transitional period



Geret Mankowitz

Above: the Electric Prunes. Top right: the Vagrants. Right: the Barbarians. Far right: the Remains.

in contemporary American music had come to its logical conclusion, that those parties actively involved realised that they had contributed, in some small measure, to the bedrock of what turned out to be an entirely new direction.

But even in the early '60s, it was still something of a big thing getting onto seven inches of black wax, and those punk garage bands that were fortunate enough to grab a piece of the action were too over-awed to expect much more. Like those artists who had passed that way before, few were aware of the power of the industry, the double-dealing, the big rip-off, or the small fortunes that could be channelled into every pocket except that of the rightful owner. To be able to buy a new set of Carnaby Street-styled clothes and then make a downpayment on a car was the 'pot of gold at the end of the transatlantic rainbow.'

### Too Dumb or Too Stoned

Few bands had long term plans or ambitions that stretched beyond next week's wages. To be blunt, they were either too dumb or too stoned to know or care. And because of this, most of them didn't survive more than a couple of records.

Those that earned success did so on a strictly regional level, to the extent that they were usually too busy engaged in shutting down the local competition in

those weekly 'Battle of the Bands' shindigs. Only in very rare instances did an acne-ravaged punk band secure national exposure, with a nifty little riff they'd ripped-off a Stones or Yardbirds album. The prime reason for the failure of most bands to make it from coast-to-coast was mainly due to the fact that their records were inferior to the avalanche of British produce, and too primitive for most radio programme directors. If that wasn't enough to send them back to the local car-wash, bands had also to contend with an entire generation that was now totally sold on anything stamped 'Made in England'.

But even if you never got to hear a lot of these overnight sensations, just the mere mention of their names captivates the imagination: the Chocolate Watchband... Magic Mushrooms... Beau Brummels... the Leaves... the Knickerbockers... Magicians... Deno & his Dumplins... Blue Magoos... the Music Machine... Thorndike's Pickel Dish... Shadows of Knight... the Hombres... the Strange-likes... Swingin' Medallions... the Mojo Men... Red Crayola with the Family Ugly... Underbeats... Ronnie & the Pamona Casuals... Cannibal & the Headhunters... the Nazz... the Remains... the Castaways... the Strawberry Alarm Clock... the Standells... Kenny & The Kasuals... the Gants... the Premiers... the Uniques... the Enchantments... the Sonics... the Nighcrawlers... 50-





Atlantic Records



Tour Direction

foot Hose . . . plus, of course, those truly great skuz rock bands, the Electric Prunes, the Kingsmen, and the outrageous Sam the Sham & the Pharaohs.

Without exception, 'punkarama' was characterised by superneato Fender and Standell amps through which 12 months of rudimental guitar lessons were shredded somewhat out of tune; index finger, staccato Vox continental organs on full treble – just like the one Mike Smith featured in the Dave Clark Five – attempted to fill out the feeble sound; basic Ringo-rhythm drumming held the beat together; while way out front a snot-nosed arrogant whined an artless, if somewhat menacing, parody of such quintessential stars as Mick Jagger and Van Morrison. Nevertheless, the overall effect was good wholesome trashy fun.

### Nirvana or Nadir

Just re-live these moments, and you can almost imagine a bunch of silver-sleeved, stoned kids putting down three precious minutes of either rock & roll Nirvana or Nadir. Production (if it was evident) was minimal and invariably distorted. For the most part, three short minutes amounts to most punk bands' total contribution to rock's archives. One has to remember, it was still the season of the single. Except to a perceptive few, the art of making albums was non-existent, with the result that these garishly-sleeved punkoid albums

that were dumped on to the market to cash-in on a solitary – or, if the group was really lucky – two hit singles, were pretty rushed and uninspired monstrosities. Apart from the title song, the remaining 11 cuts were usually just padding – popular crowd-baiting goodies, which even the most dire outfit could churn out in a couple of sessions.

Therefore, it's not uncommon to find various permutations of such golden-gassers as: 'G-L-O-R-I-A', 'Woolly Bully', 'Louie Louie', 'Hang On Sloopy', 'You Really Got Me', 'Roll Over Beethoven', 'Land Of 1000 Dances', 'Hey Joe', '96 Tears' and 'Good Golly, Miss Molly', recurring like untreated acne. With the dropping of acid and the distribution of flowers, the majority of these dreck-rockers went to the wall in very much the same way as all those blonde surf bands.

The amazing thing about the punk phenomenon is that save for Sam the Sham and Question Mark and his wrap-around shades, punkoids were uniformly faceless. No one would ever recognise Sky Saxon, Mouse, or any of the Shadows of Knight, even if they had a bottle of Clearasil pushed under their nose. None of them went on to make up the new wave that was conceived in Height-Ashbury: the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Moby Grape, Big Brother & the Holding Company, the Charlatans, or even such L.A. luminaries as the Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, Spirit, or the Mamas & Papas.

Strange as it may seem, what makes such outfits as the Seeds, Mysterians, Count Five, Shadows of Knight, and 13th Floor Elevators so wondrous, is the fact that they really never had anything positive going for them. They were just a part, but an integral one, of contemporary rock's adolescence. It was only by sheer good fortune that they managed to gather all their talent and inspiration into just one song, and they subsequently disappeared as quickly as they had come.

Forgotten but by no means gone. Their efforts can easily make for rare moments of delight in checking-out local bargain bins. With this in mind there follows a selected guide to your local bargain bin. Though all punk rock records have long since been deleted, Elektra Records have put out a double-album: 'Nuggets – Original Artyfacts From The First Psychedelic Era: 1965/1968', compiled by Lenny Kaye and containing very informative sleeve notes. Among the 27 tracks are such classics as: the Standells' 'Dirty Water'; the Knickerbockers' 'Lies'; Mouse's 'A Public Execution'; the Seeds' 'Pushin' Too Hard'; the Barbarians' 'Mouly'; the 13th Floor Elevator's 'You're Gonna Miss Me' and Count Five's 'Psychotic Reaction'. Also included are the Electric Prunes, Strangeloves, Leaves, Nazz, Castaways, Remains and Premiers.

### Punk Gold

(Deletions to be found in bargain bins) Count Five: 'Psychotic Reaction'/'They're Gonna Get You' (Pye); ? (Question Mark) & the Mysterians: '96 Tears'/'Midnight Hour' (Cameo Parkway); ? (Question Mark) & the Mysterians: 'I Need Somebody'/'8 Teen' (Cameo Parkway); Shadows of Knight: 'Gloria'/'Dark Side' (Atlantic); Shadows of Knight: 'Oh Yeah'/'Light Bulb Blues' (Atlantic); Shadows of Knight: 'Bad Little Woman'/'Gospel Zone' (Atlantic); the Electric Prunes: 'Get Me To The World On Time'/'Are You Lovin' Me More' (Reprise); The Seeds: 'Pushin' Too Hard'/'Try To Understand' (Vocalion); Mouse & the Traps: 'Sometimes You Just Can't Win'/'Cryin' Inside' (President); Mouse & the Traps: 'L.Q.V.E. Love'/'Beg, Borrow & Steal' (President); the Kingsmen's: 'Louie Louie'/'Little Latin Lupe Lu' (Pye); Sam the Sham's: 'Woolly Bully'/'Lil' Red Riding Hood' (MGM); Strangeloves: 'Cara-Lin'/'(Roll On) Mississippi' (Immediate); Strangeloves: 'I Want Candy'/'It's About My Baby' (Stateside).

And if you're looking for the best in British punk, you may well find it among: the Wheels: 'Gloria' (Columbia); Belfast Gypsies: 'Gloria's Dream' (Island); Rockin' Vickers: 'I Go Ape' (Decca); the Troggs: 'Wild Thing' (Fontana).

**NEXT WEEK IN POP:**  
Surfin' – how a sport became a way of life.

# Talking 'bout my generation

## (I CAN'T GET NO) SATISFACTION

by

Mick Jagger and Keith Richard

*I Can't Get No Satisfaction  
I Can't Get No Satisfaction  
And I try  
And I try  
And I try  
And I try  
I can't get no,  
I can't get no,*

*When I'm drivin' in my car  
And that man comes on the radio  
And he's tellin' me more and more  
About some useless information  
Supposed to fire my imagination  
I can't get no,  
Oh, no no no,  
'hey, hey, hey,  
That's what I say.*

*I Can't Get No Satisfaction  
I Can't Get No Satisfaction . . .*

*When I'm watchin' my TV  
And that man comes to tell me  
How white my shirt can be  
Well, he can't be a man  
'Cause he doesn't smoke the same cigar-  
ettes as me  
I can't get no,  
Oh, no no no,  
Hey, hey, hey,  
That's what I say*



*I Can't Get No Satisfaction  
I can't get no girl re-action  
And I try and I try and I try and I try  
I can't get no,  
I can't get no,*

*When I'm ridin' round the world  
And I'm doin' this  
And I'm signin' that  
And I'm tryin' to make some girl  
Who tells me "Baby, better come back late,  
next week  
'Cause you see I'm on a losin' streak"  
I can't get no,  
Oh, no no no,  
Hey, hey, hey,  
That's what I say.*

*I can't get no,  
I can't get no  
I can't get no satisfaction  
No satisfaction, no satisfaction,  
No satisfaction*

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If, as is frequently alleged, the Rolling Stones are the world's greatest rock band, such accolade can be due in no small part to the consistently high standard of material they write and record. For it was Richard and Jagger who produced the first *classic* rock number to emerge from Britain in the '60s. '(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction' towered over other songs both in its driving insistence in the beat and in the sentiments it expressed; it is a definitive rock song. Like 'Jumpin' Jack Flash', it is the perfect vehicle for Mick Jagger, allowing him enormous scope in which to perform both physically and vocally. The melody is totally compulsive, magnetising an audience to its feet. But the words are perhaps most interesting of all. 'Satisfaction' is what the generation is seeking: sexual, material and spiritual satisfaction. What they're offered is synthetic; presented through the media as 'useless information' via the radio that's 'supposed to fire my imagination' and fails. But it is the TV advertiser who comes in for the biggest knock; he attempts to shame the viewer because his shirt isn't gleaming as it would be if he used a particular detergent. But Jagger sees through him; the presenter can't be a REALLY virile man because he smokes the wrong brand! True masculine potency is only achieved by the puffing of another make of

cigarette! The comment is beautifully incisive, debunking in very few lines the whole basis of commercial exploitation – the kids of the '60s were far too hip to be taken in by such shabby pretence.

As the Jagger/Richard team developed, their work became more ambitious and Jagger cast himself in a more demonic role. On stage, he became Mephistopheles, the cynical, scoffing, fiendish figure who had power over his audience; he adopted the role that adults had given him – Evil Incarnate. Consequently there came 'Sympathy For The Devil'; a black, saturnine number in which Lucifer – The King Of Darkness – is protagonist, dancing attendance at the world's disasters. It's a particularly literate song, full of imagery and incident; certainly 'Politesse' is a word not frequently used in rock lyrics but it contributes precisely to the darkening, brooding threat of the peace. Unfortunately, Jagger met his alter ego at Altamont when his devilment summoned up menace and, ultimately, murder. There can be no sympathy for such a Devil and this is surely what Jagger intends. The song is ironic; the Devil is not the hero – although many interpret the meaning to make him so – but the villain and a careful reading of the lyrics makes this clear.

## SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL

by  
Mick Jagger and Keith Richard

*Please allow me to introduce myself  
I'm a man of wealth and taste  
I've been around for many long, long year  
I've stolen many a man's soul and faith  
I was around when Jesus Christ had His  
moments of doubt and pain  
I made dam sure that Pilate washed his  
hands and sealed his fate  
Pleased to meet you, hope you guess  
my name  
But what's puzzling you, is the nature of  
my game*

*I stuck around St. Petersburg  
When I saw it was time for a change  
I killed the Tzar and his ministers  
Anastasia screamed in vain  
I rode a tank, held a Gen'ral's rank  
When the blitzkrieg raged and the bodies  
stank  
Pleased to meet you, hope you guess  
my name  
But what's puzzling you, is the nature of  
my game*

*I watched with glee while your kings  
and queens  
Fought for 10 decades for the gods they  
made  
I shouted out, 'Who killed the Kennedys?'  
When after all it was you and me*

*So let me please introduce myself  
I am a man of wealth and taste  
And I lay traps for troubadors  
Who get killed before they reach Bombay  
Pleased to meet you, hope you guess  
my name  
But what's puzzling you, is the nature of  
my game*

*Just as every cop is criminal  
And all the sinners, saints  
As heads is tails, just call me Lucifer  
'Cause I'm in need of some restraint  
So if you meet him, have some curtesy  
Have some sympathy and some taste  
Use all your well-learned Politesse  
Or I'll lay your soul to waste  
Pleased to meet you, hope you guess  
my name  
But what's puzzling you, is the nature of  
my game*

**NEXT WEEK:** The lyrics to 'Good Vibrations' and 'I Get Around'.



Syndication International

Gered Mankowitz

See Jagger and Richard on stage and you've obviously got two very different personalities: Keith enigmatic, illusive; Mick flamboyant, full of energy. It's in their faces: Keith stony, rock-like; Mick fluid, elastic. And in their songs it's more or less the same story. Trying to sort out who's written what of course is like trying to separate out individual roles for Marks and Spencer. They sink their personalities into their songs, and there they fuse.

In 'Street Fighting Man' for instance the exuberance of 'the time is right for fighting in the street, oh boy' is followed by the laconic question, 'but what can a poor boy do/Except sing for a rock & roll band'. The radical protest movement has adopted 'Street Fighting Man' as an anthem, and yet theirs is hardly the cause the words underwrite: 'where I live the game to play is compromise solution' – much more in keeping with the western world's sleepy political climate. That isn't to say that Jagger wrote the aggressive lines and Richard the ironic ones: the point is that the song combines apparently contradictory elements into a characteristically equivocal whole.

The trouble with writing about lyrics is that they tend to get treated as poetry, as words on the page, words in your eye. They're not, they're words in your ear, words you only hear with their music, words you hear sung, performed. 'Street Fighting Man' again provides a useful example. Charlie Watts gives out its basic, compulsive rhythm (the same he's been using since 'Route 66'), which is emphasised by both rhythm guitar and bass magnifying the impact of the on-beat. Altogether they provide a fantastic thrust forward, and it's against all this that Jagger has to sing – in fact has to fight to sing. It's a simple opposition, but it's exactly right. And notice how Jagger emphasises his words. The accent falls relentlessly: 'Ev'rywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet'. The revolution's on the march, charging its way through the music.

In a sense 'Street Fighting Man' isn't news. The Stones have always made it clear, and in their songs too, that they're sickened by contemporary society – but sufficiently cynical to learn how to manipulate it to their own ends. Any sociologist could have a field-day with the economic implications of say '19th Nervous Breakdown':

*'Your mother who neglected you owes a million dollars tax;  
Your father's still perfecting ways of making sealing wax.  
You'd better stop, look around:  
Here it comes, here it comes, here it comes,  
here it comes,  
Here comes your nineteenth nervous breakdown ...'*

### 'Mother's Little Helper'

But there's a deal more art to it than just pointing at them and us. Like many other Stones songs ('Cool, Calm, Collected' for instance) the situation is that of a poor little rich girl who's mocked more than sympathised with. The antithesis is not so much between young and old, as between attitudes – 'Cool, calm, collected' she may be, but that's because 'she's well protected'; and the music emphasises the ambiguous adverb. 'Mother's Little Helper' seems to attack the pill-protected suburban housewife, but in that Jagger was himself arrested for possessing just such 'little helpers', it's self-mocking as well.

Two things need to be stressed about the Stones' songs, and both have to do with the way they're performed. When 'Exile On Main Street' appeared Tony Palmer in *The Guardian* for one said he couldn't make out the words – a comment that sounds like every puzzled parent's response from 1963 on. But Palmer and others don't seem to realise that the words are only part of the song, and that at times they may not be the most important part. In their *Rolling Stone* interview, Jon Cott and Sue Cox asked Jagger why he mumbled his lyrics sometimes:

*"That's when the bad lines come up. I mean I don't think the lyrics are that important. I remember when I was very*

young, this is very serious, I read an article by Fats Domino which has really influenced me. He said 'you should never sing the lyrics out very clearly'."

*You can really hear 'I got my thrill on Blueberry Hill'.*

Exactly, but that's the only thing you can hear just like you hear 'I can't get no satisfaction'. 'It's true what he said though. I used to have great fun deciphering lyrics... If a person is that hung up on lyrics he can go and buy the sheet music because it's all there, all wrong of course but..."

What Jagger's saying is that words generally aren't the be-all and end-all of a song, but that certain key lines (like 'I can't get no satisfaction') set the mood for a whole song.

The Stones have never blanketed their social frustration in the woolly clichés of romantic love. Jagger is as far as you can get from the sentimental crooner of the '50s (or the '60s or the '70s), weaving moon/June rhymes into a self-protective narcotic cocoon. Jagger performs his songs, and like any actor he does so by projecting some lines at the expense of others. Some songs give more scope for theatre than others – 'Midnight Rambler' is the most obviously acted, Mick thrashing the stage with his studded leather belt. But that's not to emphasise his acting at the expense of his abilities as a mimic. From the first he's practised a Southern drawl to put over his fantasy America: but it seems to have begun long before he started recording. David Dalton reports that Mick's mum remembers how

at the age of 11 he could 'take off' the crooners of the hit tunes of the day, adding, a little unnecessarily, that he could have been a great impersonator if he had wanted. His dad remembers Mick's first role was Tarzan. 'Dalton makes the point that mimicry like Jagger's is endemic to Music Hall, and that's what lies behind not just the Stones' act but Jagger's particular way with words: it's theatrical – Keith Richards said in his *Rolling Stone* interview with Robert Greenfield that 'Mick had always dug visual artists himself. He always loved Diddley and Chuck Berry and Little Richard for the thing they laid on people on stage. He really dug James Brown the first time he saw him' – but more particularly it's a ventriloquist's act. Jagger's impersonations of soul singers are uncanny – Otis Redding, Solomon Burke, Marvin Gaye and, most perfect of all, Don Covain in 'Mercy, Mercy'. And never forget the 'Dixon of Dock Green' ending to 'Something Happened To Me Yesterday', which finishes 'Between The Buttons'.

The words of any Stones song need to be performed, realised, just like their music. On the page, just like so many crotchets and quavers strung along a stave, they may seem dull or over-complicated, or just plain neutral. Perhaps one of the best songs on 'Aftermath', 'It's Not Easy', looks completely inert on paper. This is the chorus:

*'It's a hard (it's not easy)  
Yes it's hard (it's not easy)  
It's a very hard thing  
It's not easy  
It's not easy living on your own'*

The trouble here is that you can't write down the words on paper the way you actually hear them sung. Jagger doesn't sing words in brackets – there aren't any words in brackets. What happens is that Jagger begins the chorus 'It's a hard...'; and Brian Jones comes in on top with 'It's not easy...'; answered by Jagger 'Yes it's hard...'; then Jones again 'It's not easy'. Jagger finally completes his sentence, 'It's a very hard thing', and both finish together. And of course from the page you'd not guess the particular inflection to 'hard': 'difficult', yes, but 'hard-on' too, and that's why 'it's not easy living on your own' – 'All of the things that she used to do/If they're done now well they're done by you...'

In the *Rolling Stone* interview Cott and Cox complimented Jagger and Richard: '... you and Keith are great writers and your lyrics like 'Get Off My Cloud', which are really good...'

'Oh they're not, they're crap.'

'Union Jacks and Windscreens'... It's a nice poem.'

'It's nothing. Thank's but I don't think they are great at all'.

Well, the modesty's nice to have, and there's few people would bother to make out that Jagger and Richard are the greatest songwriters since Shakespeare or Schubert or whoever the Beatles are meant to rival, but they do know what writing lyrics is all about. They have always managed to combine style and truth in a wry sort of pop journalism, which has given their songs an air of honesty rare in the ephemeral and rose-tinted world of pop music.

Gered Mankowitz

Syndication International



Syndication International

**NEXT WEEK IN THE MUSIC:** Burt Bacharach and Hal David.

# Bare Wires

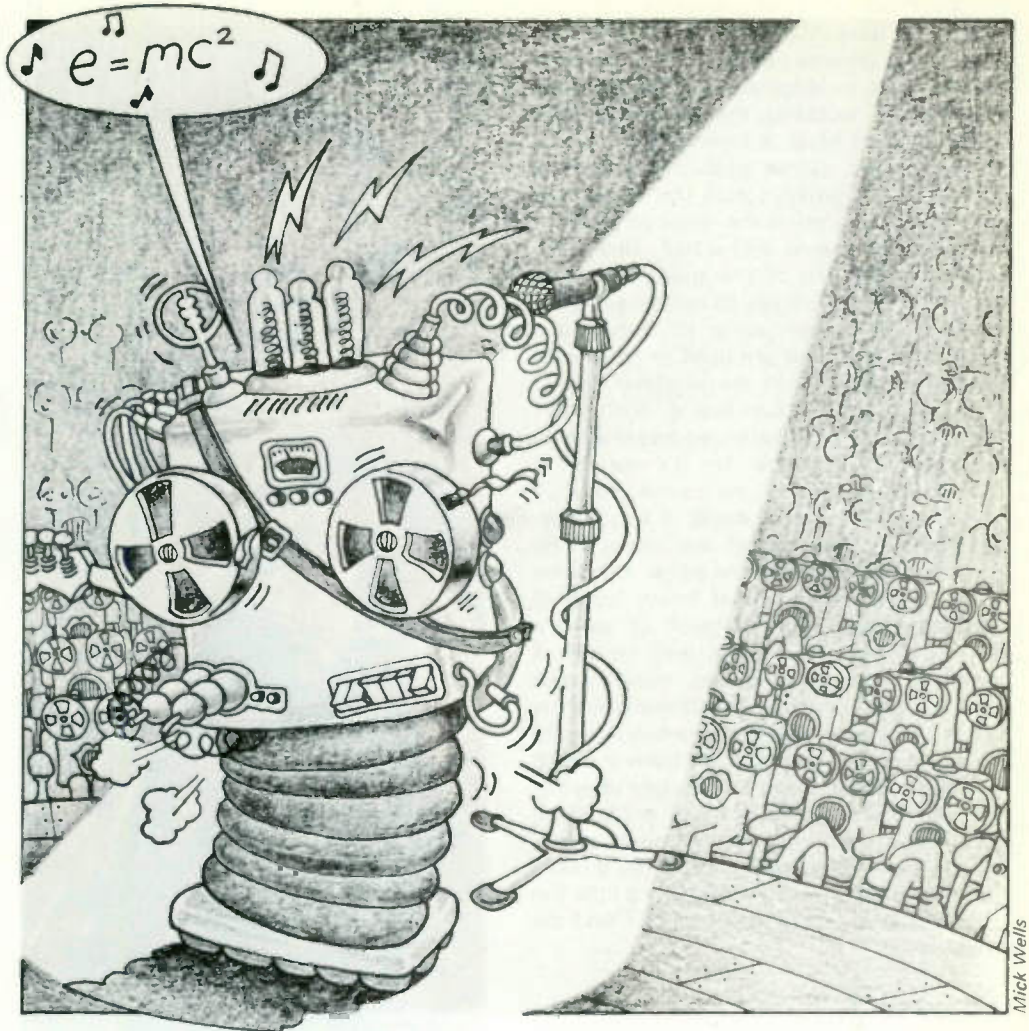
Sound has three dimensions: volume, pitch, and tone . . . add rhythm and you have music. The role of technology in music is simple – it defines what is possible, and thereby influences what is probable. In much the same way as effective contraceptives made possible a new morality for a generation; the same industrial technology made possible a new kind of music – in which that generation could celebrate its new-found freedom.

Of course necessity is the mother of invention, and the pressure to develop new musical instruments comes as much from the musicians themselves as from outside technological developments. Yet the arrival of amplification did not affect all musicians equally. Those with the quietest acoustic instruments stood to gain the most, and were therefore the first to take up the new-fangled devices and play them.

The invention of the microphone did little to change things. A loud trumpet still cut through better than a guitar or double bass, and only the vocalists, who had often resorted to megaphones to make themselves heard, really felt the change. Even today, with megawatt public address systems, acoustic guitars and pianos are still difficult to mike up effectively. The real breakthrough was only to come with the invention of the electric guitar.

The pick-up on an electric guitar is not a microphone, it is a coil surrounding a magnet, which produces a tiny electric current when the metal string vibrates above it. Being more direct and controllable, it allowed the guitar to become the dominant front-line instrument it is today.

The Big Band of the pre-war and post-war years didn't produce any really big-name guitarists, since for years they had merely been strumming chords in the background. But even a clumsily executed solo on the new electric guitar drew



applause from the audience . . . and sneers from the other musicians, who recognised the technical incompetence of the average Big Band guitarist with his new toy. The electric guitar thus became associated with a lack of musical competence, an impression that still lingers today – with the notion that 'real' musicians play violins, pianos or saxophones. So it was left to the 'popular' musicians to develop the instrument.

## Screaming Fans

First in the field were the blues and country & western musicians. The guitar being the common instrument of both fields, it was only natural that when they came together to form rock & roll, the basic rock instrument should be the electric guitar.

The British beat boom of the '60s started with groups playing 15 or 30-watt amplifiers in small smokey clubs. The favourite amps in the early '60s were the much-loved Vox AC 30 and, if you had enough money, the Fender Bandmaster. Even in 1964, the Rolling Stones were using 30 and 50-watt amplifiers for concerts in huge, airy halls. Naturally enough, given several thousand screaming fans, no one heard too much of Keith Richard or Bill Wyman. So the groups went looking for bigger amps, but by this time, the Stones had toured for two years without being able to hear themselves. (When they

did, in front of a quiet university audience in the States, Mick Jagger said: "Then we suddenly realised we'd become bloody awful.")

The Who, were the first group to break through the scream barrier, with Pete Townshend and the rest of them driving bigger and bigger amps to destruction. Since those early days Pete Townshend has been recognised as very much *the* equipment king in Britain, with many bands following the Who's lead in super-loud amplification. Unlike the Stones and the Beatles, who were 'screamed' into the studio where they could actually hear each other, the Who, with their mighty amps, kept on touring. So the next time you come away from a rock concert with your ears whistling from a megawatt overload, you could very well blame the likes of Townshend.

The modern electric guitarist has several tricks and effects up his sleeve: fuzz, wah-wah, delayed echo, equalisation, Doppler effect units . . . but first of all, his guitar itself. Different guitars have widely different tones; Gibsons being much bassier than the clearer but thinner-sounding Fenders, for example. Each pick-up on a guitar will also give a different sound according to its position: the one near the bridge giving the most treble, and the one nearest the neck the most bass. The guitar also has tone and volume controls, although these are limited since they can only *cut* the existing

treble or bass – it takes an amplifier to *boost* any chosen frequency. The guitarist is also able to lengthen the time the note sustains by wobbling the string back and forth with his hand, a technique known as finger vibrato. Some guitars also have a tremolo arm, which varies the tension on the strings and sends the notes up or down as much as a tone and a half. This is the lever sticking out of the guitar that Jimi Hendrix used to waggle so enthusiastically.

After the guitar come all the various boxes of tricks that are used to mess with the sound going into the amplifier. Everyone knows what a fuzz-box is, don't they? Of course, it's an unbalanced amplifier with no negative feedback. No it's not, it's a 60 db compressor . . . no it's not, it's a . . . Well, there are many kinds of fuzz boxes. Put simply, they distort the signal going into the amplifier from the guitar. But since most guitar amps run at heavy levels of distortion anyway, the result of using a cheap distortion unit can well be just a sheet of white noise. In fact, 'noise' comes in two main varieties: pink noise is like the sound of water babbling in a brook; white noise is the sound you get from a cheap transistor radio if you turn it right up when the Plutonium Fly or whoever are freaking out. Pure white noise has no pitch, so if a group's singer seems out of tune, it could be that the guitars have got just a little too much fuzz on them and he can't find the right notes.

### Favourite Toy

Next come wah-wah pedals. These are not as simple as they seem, but in a nutshell they cut and boost the treble range as the pedal is rocked up and down. The idea originally was to imitate the sound of a muted trumpet, but Jimi Hendrix had other ideas . . . listen particularly to 'Up From The Skies' on 'Axis: Bold As Love', and 'Still Raining Still Dreaming' on Electric Ladyland.

Another of Jimi's favourite toys was the American-made Univibe ('Hey Babe' from 'Rainbow Bridge'). This box, along with the Schaller Doppler Effect and the Italian Fluid Box, (Mick Abrahams has one) reproduce electronically the effect of the spinning speaker known as a Leslie Unit, first used on organs. The Doppler effect, as everyone in this scientific age should know, is simply that, a sound coming towards you will appear higher in pitch than the same sound going away from you. (Listen to a police car going past with siren blaring.) In a Leslie unit the speaker is spinning too fast for the rise and fall in pitch to be heard as such, but the variation in volume as the speaker beams round is clearly audible, and acts as a mechanical vibrato.

A slightly different wobbly sound can also be produced by the vibrato unit on the amplifier, which just varies the volume and gives control over the speed and depth of the wobble. To illustrate the difference, Bo Diddley used a very heavy amplifier vibrato on a lot of his early records such as 'Hey Bo Diddley'; and the Stones used it on 'Mona' on their first album.



Hendrix – ultimate in sounds extraordinary

Reverberation Units, sometimes known as Hammond Plates, add lots of little echoes that you get from a very large hall. They work by bouncing the sound electronically between two plates on springs. For a distinct, repeated echo, a tape recorder with several play-back heads is used. These echo units have been around since the '50s, but they are currently the rage among heavy guitarists, who use the delayed echo available to produce the effect of several guitars playing at once. This delayed echo is probably the most effective toy on the market when it comes to confusing an audience as to the true talent of the man on stage. Elvin Bishop, on John Lee Hooker's 'Never Get Out Of This Blues Alive' album, and Jimmy Page, on Led Zepellin's first and second albums, however, really show what good use the gadget can be put to. The last piece of equipment coming between guitarist and amplifier is likely to be the booster pre-amp. This makes up for the loss of signal down very long guitar leads, but is also used to over-drive the amp and thus produce more distortion.

Amps usually have Bass, Middle, Treble and Presence (very high treble) tone

controls, but the most advanced form of tone controls are known as equalisation units. These break the sound down into individual control over each octave throughout the audible range, and thereby give the musician close to absolute control over the tone produced. These units can be added to domestic stereo amplifiers and will make Jimi Hendrix sound as bad as any star-struck guitar-stranger-next-door if you really want. Heavy (loud) guitarists nowadays tend to go in for feedback. They simply produce so much sound from the amp that it vibrates the string, which in turn sends more signal to the amp, which sends more signal to the string and so on. If enough volume is used, the note produced will feedback one or two octaves higher, and an example of this effect taken to its limit appears on Hendrix's version of the combined American and British national anthems at Woodstock.

### Electric Pianos

The modern electric guitar itself hasn't changed much since the immediate post-war days. The Fender Telecaster was designed in 1947 and the Gibson Stratocaster soon after; but while Gibsons and Fenders are still among the most popular makes, Japanese instruments have come to dominate the bargain basements. The situation is much the same for keyboard instruments as well. Electric pianos have recently undergone a small revolution in design, and some new models have dispensed with strings and hammers and pick-ups – the sound being entirely generated by transistorised circuits. Hammond Organs, with their tone wheel generators and valve amplifiers giving them a distinctive sound, remain almost unchanged and unchallenged favourites. The real revolution for the keyboard rock musician has been the development of the synthesizer by Bob Moog and others. Put as simply as possible, the notes in a synthesizer are generated by one oscillator for each of the 11 different notes, and all further tones, pitches and effects are achieved electronically. Theoretically a perfect synthesizer will be able to reproduce the exact sound of any instrument, and open up a whole new world of tonal possibilities for the musician to explore.

Anyone who is, or recently has been in a heavy rock band, must have caught himself wondering whether the several miles of wire and assorted tons of amplifiers, speakers and odd boxes are really all absolutely necessary. More to the point, he may have wondered whether the equipment was viewing all these people in the same light. Maybe some day a large metallic box will trundle itself on to a stage and become a superstar, but by then the audience will probably consist of mobile computers anyway.

**NEXT WEEK IN POP INFLUENCES: DJs on both sides of the Atlantic.**

# POP FILE

... the Who's Who of Pop. Week by week the A-Z of who did what and when.

**JET HARRIS**, born in Kingsbury, North London, on July 6, 1939, played in the Vipers, Tony Crombie's Rockets, and backed the Most Brothers, before joining Cliff Richard's backing group the Drifters in 1958, soon to become the shadows (Jet came up with the name). In 1962, Jet, bass player with the group, left the band and had a hit that year with 'Theme From The Man With The Golden Arm'. The following year he had three hits with ex-Shadows drummer, Tony Meehan: 'Diamonds', 'Scarlet O'Hara' and 'Applejack', all distinguished by Harris' dirty and raunchy six-string bass sounds. But he couldn't keep it together, had a nervous breakdown and disappeared from the scene. Later, he played a couple of gigs as bassist in an early version of the Jeff Beck Group.



Redfern

**RICHIE HAVENS** was born in Brooklyn in 1941. He started playing guitar when he was 22 and lived in Greenwich Village, developing his individual style of tuning to open E, and running his thumb down across the fingerboard, while his right hand flashes across the strings in an urgent strumming sound. Through appearances at Woodstock and the Isle of Wight Festivals, Richie suddenly found himself with a big audience, who appreciated his combination of acoustic excitement, simple songs and lively stage presentation. His albums include: 'Mixed Bag', 'Richard P Havens 1983', 'Something Else Again' and 'Alarm Clock'.



Redfern

**SCREAMIN JAY HAWKINS** was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1929. After leaving school he became a professional boxer, turning to music when he retired from the sport in 1953. Spotted by Fats Domino, he appeared on Alan Freed rock shows and made a number of records before his best-known 'I Put A Spell On You'. Other records give a better idea of where he was at: 'Baptise Me In Wine' and 'Feast Of The Mau Mau'. Hawkins was out to shock and entertain, screaming and wailing on stage as he emerged in flames from a coffin, carrying a skull called Henry... inspiration for many since including Screaming Lord Sutch, Arthur Brown and Alice Cooper.

**RONNIE HAWKINS** formed his first group the Hawks in 1952, in 1958 made his first record; Bo Diddley. In 1959, he signed with Roulette, where his debut single was 'Forty Days'. One of the musicians on this session was Levon Helm (now of the Band). The disc was a major hit in Canada, where Hawkins continued to work throughout the '60s, and where the rest of what is now the Band, worked as the Hawks.

**HAWKWIND** are: Nick Turner (flute, saxophone, vocals); Dave Brock (guitar, vocals); Dikmik (audio generator); Del Dettmar (oscillators); Lemmy (bass, vocals); Simon (drums); and Stacia

(dancer). After playing for a couple of years round the British circuit, including a lot of free and benefit gigs, Hawkwind made the Top 20 with their single 'Silver Machine'. Their albums are barely coherent celebrations of acid/space flight/time travelling/Marvel comics/UFO culture. Their live shows are loud, raucous assaults, that make full use of electronically generated sounds, pre-recorded tapes, light shows, and of course Stacia - their amply-endowed stripper. Like 'em or not, they're doin' a grand job - and they're the only ones really doing it these days.



United Artists

**ISAAC HAYES** is currently well known as a result of his 'Theme From Shaft' - the highly successful Black movie. He was a session musician with the Mar-keys, when Stax President, Jim Stuart, put him on the regular Stax session list. Together with David Porter, he wrote 'Baby' and 'Let Me Be Good To You' for Carla Tomas, and 'I Take What I Want', 'Soulman', 'Hold On I'm Coming' and 'Soul Sister, Brown Sugar' for Sam and Dave. His first Gold disc was the album 'Hot Buttered Soul', followed by three platinum albums (two million sales), 'Isaac Hayes Movement', 'To Be Continued...' and 'Shaft'. In August 1973 he released 'Isaac Hayes Live At The Sahara Tahoe'.

**LEE HAZLEWOOD**, a DJ in Phoenix, Arizona, wrote and produced Sandford Clark's 'The Fool' - which sold a million. But Hazlewood's real triumph was Duane Eddy's series of hits that started with 'Rebel Rouser' in 1958. By putting Duane's bassy sound to the fore and combining it with wild sax, a persistent beat and 'rebel yells', Hazlewood showed himself to be one of the most inventive and technically excellent producers of the '50s. This experience stood him in good stead when he recorded Nancy Sinatra singing his song 'These Boots Are Made For Walking' (with Duane Eddy on guitar). He also enjoyed success himself duetting with Nancy on 'Jackson' and 'Did You Ever'. Hazlewood was credited as co-author, with Duane Eddy, of most of the latter's hit singles, including 'Yep', 'Rebel Rouser' and 'Some Kinda Earthquake'.



Rex Features

**CLARENCE 'FROGMAN' HENRY** was a black New Orleans singer, who enjoyed two fine hits with '(I Don't Know Why I Love You) But I Do' and 'You Always Hurt The One You Love' in 1961, produced by New Orleans Allen Toussaint for Argo, a subsidiary of Chess. Earlier Clarence had some success in 1956 with 'Ain't Got No Home' for Chess.

**THE HERD** — Peter Frampton (guitar, vocals, bass, piano), Andy Bown (guitar, organ, bass), Andrew Steele (drums) and Gary Taylor (bass) — reached no. 6 in Britain in 1967 with 'From The Underworld'. The blossoming of flower power at that time brought the group two more hits in 1968 with 'Paradise Lost' and 'I Don't Want Our Loving To Die'. Despite good musicianship, notably from Frampton, the group failed after that — although Frampton re-emerged a little later as a portion of Humble Pie, and now has his own group Frampton's Camel.

**HERMAN'S HERMITS**, headed by Herman (Peter Noone), came from Manchester and rode in on the Merseymania wave of the mid-'60s. From 1964 to 1969 they had no less than 15 Top 20 hits, all produced by Mickie Most, including 'I'm Into Something Good' (no. 1, 1964), 'Silhouettes' (no. 3, 1965), 'Wonderful World' (no. 7, 1965), 'A Must To Avoid' (no. 6, 1966), 'No Milk Today' (no. 7, 1966), 'Sunshine Girl' (no. 8, 1968) and 'My Sentimental Friend' (no. 2, 1969). Herman and his group presented light and bright songs to a young teenage audience, and were even bigger in the States than in Europe. Since the split-up of the group, Herman has become Peter Noone, solo singer.



SKR

**HOLLAND/DOZIER/HOLLAND** was the songwriting production credit on scores of Tamla-Motown hits between 1965–69. Working mostly for the Four Tops, the Supremes, and Marvin Gaye, among the hits written by Eddie Holland, Lamont Dozier and Bryan Holland were: 'Can I Get A Witness?', 'Baby Don't You Do It', 'How Sweet It Is To Be Loved By You', 'You're A Wonderful One', 'You Keep Me Hangin' On', 'Standing In The Shadow Of Love', 'Baby I Need Your Loving', 'Where Did Our Love Go?', 'Baby Love' and 'Heat Wave'. Their departure from Motown in 1969, to form their own Invictus label, coincided with the decline of Motown and the loss of that distinctive, super-professional sound.

**BILLIE HOLLIDAY** was *the* lady of the blues of the 1940's. She died in 1959 at the age of 44, and the story of her personal struggle and sufferings led Janis Joplin to identify herself closely with her. Her life-story was released in 1973 as a film, *Lady Sings The Blues*, starring Diana Ross as Billie Holliday.

**THE HOLLIES**, whose original line-up was Graham Nash (rhythm guitar and vocals), Allan Clarke (lead vocals), Eric Haydock (bass), Bobby Elliot (drums) and Tony Hicks (lead guitar and vocals), was a Manchester group that rose to fame in 1963 and stayed around the

charts until the end of the decade. Among their 19 hits, characterised by fine harmony vocals and a medium beat, were 'Searchin'' and 'Stay' (1963), 'Just One Look' and 'Here I Go Again' (1964), 'I'm Alive' (1965), 'I Cant Let Go', 'Bus Stop' and 'Stop Stop Stop' (1966), 'Carrie Anne' and 'King Midas In Reverse' (1967), 'Jennifer Eccles' (1968) and 'He Ain't Heavy He's My Brother' (1969). When Graham Nash decided to step out of the teenage limelight (about the time the group decided to do an album of Dylan songs), the group lost a vital part of its sound and never fully recovered. At their best the Hollies made some of the most memorable commercial sounds of the '60s, and Nash of course went on to greater solo things in the CSNY format.



Redferns

**JOHN LEE HOOKER** was born in Clarksdale, Mississippi, in 1917, and became, with his distinctive, heavily-rhythmic boogie style, the most celebrated Chicago bluesmen of the '50s. He recorded under a number of pseudonyms during the '50s, and made some memorable records including 'Boogie Chillen', 'Dimples', 'Sugar Mamma', and 'I'm Mad Again'. Hooker's '50s recordings for Chess and Vee Jay became one of the major influences on the white R&B revival, and he was among those 'rediscovered' blues artists to tour Europe in the wake of the Stones et al in the '60s.

**MARY HOPKIN**, who comes from Wales, was launched on Apple in 1968 as a Paul McCartney discovery. She reached no. 1 that year with 'Those Were The Days', and no. 2 in 1969 with 'Goodbye'. Now married to her record producer Tony Visconti, Mary continues to be a big name in the middle-of-the-road commercial area of pop.



Pictorial Press

**POP FILE**



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CUT HERE

## In the next issue



### PROFILE

**Lovin' Spoonful:** Likened at the time to a carton of ping-pong balls on their way to a great party somewhere. The Lovin' Spoonful bounced into the US pop scene in the summer of '65 and were immediately labelled 'America's very own Beatles'.

### ROCK

**Soft Rock:** The Shangri-Las and the Four Seasons, who were two of the few groups to make a dent in the British music invasion of the mid-'60s, and they did it with a slick, schmaltzy, but well-produced, sound.

### POP

**Surf's Up:** A Californian saga of life among the young surfin' set of the early '60s. The youth of the West Coast who were united by their affluence, the sunshine and love of the casual life and it was this love of life that produced a whole new style of music.

### POP INFLUENCES

**Disc Jockeys:** Radio played a major role in the popularisation and development of pop/rock music through its D.Js. It is these people we look at, whose influence helped to change and improve the sounds.

### THE SUPERSTARS

**The Beach Boys:** Are one of the enigmas of rock who rose to fame on a wave of enthusiasm for surfing and drag-racing—yet managed to outlive both crazes.

### POP CULTURE

**Dedicated Followers Of Fashion:** In the '60s fashion became a uniform to the young generation, but to the non-involved public it was either outrageous, dangerous or mildly funny. Nevertheless it was during this period that Carnaby Street began to represent the fashion centre of swinging London.

### THE MUSIC

**Bacharach and David:** A musical partnership that gave middle-class America its own pop music and helped to bring a new style to music that became known as 'easy listening'.

### BLACK MUSIC

**Sam Cooke:** 'Mr. Soul' who entered the musical arena through the doors of the church and moved thousands with his sad songs. Gave his followers one last sad moment, when his life was taken by a bullet in a motel room.

**Plus: Pop File and more Lyrics**

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**VOL. 2:** Witches Promise – Jethro Tull, Feelin' Groovy – Harpers Bizarre, Summer In The City – Lovin' Spoonful, Catch The Wind – Donovan, Bad Bad Old Days – The Foundations, Massachusetts – The Bee Gees, Sunshine Of Your Love – Cream, Stay With Me – Faces, The Israelites – Desmond Dekker, Harlem Shuffle – Bob and Earl, Hey Joe – Jimi Hendrix, Going Home – Ten Years After, Double Barrel – Dave and Ansell Collins, Get It On – T. Rex, With A Little Help From My Friends – Joe Cocker, I Can See Clearly Now – Johnny Nash, Everyday People – Sly And The Family Stone, You Made Me So Very Happy – Blood, Sweat and Tears, Silence Is Golden – Tremeloes, The Knife – Genesis.

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