

THE
RADIO
ONE

Story of Pop

THE FIRST
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF
POP IN 26 WEEKLY PARTS



BUDDY HOLLY: '50s Star '70s Legend
REGGAE: Soul of Jamaica
JANIS JOPLIN: Big hearted Mama of Rock
PLUS: Weeny stars, Rock Heroes & more

PART 25

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The two decades of rock's short history were distinctly individual. The '50s had been the time of birth and a certain amount of consolidation. Rock had been, quite simply, rock & roll, with the great innovators like Presley and Berry, whose brief but hectic dominance had stamped a new force on the young. The initial thrust had been dissipated into pop, which was the mainstream of the music until the early years of the following decade, when the Beatles had emerged to shake it out of its apathy. The '60s, if anything, were even more exciting, with changes almost every week. Next the '70s, the opening year of which saw the music fragmented and with no dominant trend holding sway. Instead there seemed to be a number of directions, highlighted in this chapter, which rock might take.

Many musicians were returning to their roots, looking back to folk, to blues, to country, for a new simplicity as an antidote to the sophistication that had crept in. A new black form had emerged from the West Indies, stormed Britain as Reggae and then went to a wider public through men like Paul Simon. Pop itself was looking back to the best of the late '50s as many of the teenybop stars recycled old hits and new pop writers found that catchy tunes, singalong choruses and a commercial ear still paid high dividends. Indeed, the early months of the decade were a time to look back over the history to people like Buddy Holly and take the best they'd had to offer. Perhaps it was an age of sterility, but it could also be interpreted as a time for assessment, examination; a breathing space before a new popular onslaught.

The effects of the '70s will be chronicled in the *Story Of Pop* Special Volume that starts soon. Fourteen parts show you how, for instance, the individual Beatles developed since the break-up; look at the best new talents in detail; describe the workings of the recording industry in a new age; look at the technological developments in home listening and many other facets of the subject. The *Story Of Pop* Special Volume appearing weekly, will be an invaluable addition to your bookshelf.

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PROFILE: 1960-'70

Janis Joplin: Queen of the Blues

She was a real little earth-mama. A child-woman who sang black country blues gone electric. Her husky voice rasped out the notes and people said she was the greatest white female blues singer ever, and they always qualified it like that – 'white and female'.

Maybe, if she had lasted a few years more, Janis could have made it all the way to becoming *the* 'greatest blues singer'. Still, she *was* a legend in her own time. She zapped in at the end of the twin-set, pearls and brogues era – when girl singers were either wholesome and happy, or chirpily sexy – and showed that being a girl didn't automatically put you into one of those moulds . . . in fact, she showed you could be a girl *and* have soul.

Janis Joplin was an anachronism in her small hometown of Port Arthur in Texas. She was a beatnik weirdo who didn't fit into the routine of small-town life at all. Born there on January 19th, 1943, by the time she was 14, the locals – with their middle-class values and middle-income habits – had decided she was some kind of revolutionary. At high school she dressed differently and cared about different things, and as a result had few friends that she could relate to. At this stage though, neither she nor her family – younger brother Michael and younger sister Laura – had any great musical leanings, but, according to her father, she read, she painted and she thought.

By all accounts her teenage years were typical of the '50s – boring, stifling and endless. So, although it's difficult to believe, as a teenager Janis was quiet, introspective, lonely . . . and waiting.

Janis had pure animal grace as she moved. Insert: Janis and Tina Turner at a New York concert in November '69.



Joe Stevens

L. Van Houten

Texas isn't the place for outrageous people, and as Janis said, "they laughed me out of class, out of town and out of the state".

She also had to bear with the musical mish-mash of the '50s – the untainted petting of the high school jingles, those shallow old tunes that came floating out of every transistor in town, with no meaning, no guts, no bottom. She was 17 before she discovered the blues, in the form of Leadbelly and Bessie Smith, and for the next few years Bessie Smith was her idol. She played her music endlessly, and naturally she sang her songs . . . in an incredible blues moan that was light years away from anything that was happening musically in Texas at that time. Years later, when Janis spoke of Bessie Smith, she said, "she showed me the air and taught me how to fill it. She's the reason I started singing really". (Janis' feelings for this blues queen were so strong that she even organised a headstone for her grave.)

Free Beer And Hillbillies

When Janis finished high school, she began singing whenever she got the opportunity. Locally, she began to gain a reputation as a blues singer, mostly singing in a little bar outside of Austin, Texas. It was a Saturday night place, with bring-your-own guitars, free beer and real live hillbillies. Still, she hadn't yet escaped the conformity of her upbringing, and so enrolled at a college to study to be a teacher – giving up the coffee-bar circuit where she had been singing.

College life, however, was no more appetising than that of high school, and so when Chet Helms, an old friend of hers, appeared on the scene, she decided to drop out of college and head for San Francisco with him. She was only 18, and California was a whole new world. She stayed around there for five years, singing in the bars and folk clubs, playing auto-harp, and becoming a high-flying speed freak who didn't have too much going for her. But she was learning to be free, and no longer felt a monster in a world of goody-goods.

Then, in the mid-'60s, the 'underground' started to really happen strongly in California. The beards and hair flowed unshaped and untamed. The clothes were long, wild and spacey. They were improvised, colourful and precious. They were timeless in their non-adherence to a fashion format. The young lived in a charming mix-up of squalor and beauty – brown rice and black beans, chenille curtains, embroidered cushions, Spanish pots and Tibetan prints, broken toilets and bead curtains, blocked-up refrigerators, flax matting and scrubbed wooden tables. Wax-eyed friends flowed in and out, sipped camomile tea, and carried enamelled snuff boxes that belied the sagging ceilings above them. And in all this, Janis sowed her oats without a break, and in a spight of burnt-out tiredness, decided to return home and give the straight life one more chance.

674



She sang the blues in her rawest, most sensuous fashion, letting her tearaway voice out at full-throttle. This satin-shine, this tender tart, made them get up and move.

This was 1965, and it was the year that San Francisco finally came together, musically. Underground clubs started up, including the now legendary Fillmore Auditorium. The psychedelic rockers and the acid rockers came in the shape of Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, Captain Beefheart, the Doors, Moby Grape, Country Joe and the Fish, the Fugs and Velvet Underground. They were mostly community bands, friends who just happened to come together and play for fun. They were communal and tolerant, and they were rebelling against materialistic and bigoted repression – it was love versus violence.

The mid-'60s were a time of acid art, light shows – vibrating, merging splodges of colour that blended silkily and serenely, glowing milkily-pearlescent and translucent across the walls. And their music reflected this in intense details. Janis' Texan friend Chet Helms, who was organising the first hippie dances at the Avalon Ballroom (where Big Brother and the Holding Company eventually established themselves) became their manager. At the time, though, they needed another singer, and Chet persuaded them that Janis was the right one.

He drove to Texas to see her, and Janis

threw in college for the final time. Janis and Big Brother – Sam Andrew and Jim Gurley on guitars, Peter Albin on bass and Dave Getz on drums – regularly worked the Avalon and other small gigs around the Bay. Janis learned to fuse her blues with the strength of Big Brother's powerful amplifiers. She discovered that the only way to cope with an electric rock band was to explode. She sang wild and free. She screamed into that high-energy rock music, and the hippies couldn't get enough of her. Big Brother were fast moving into the top group ratings, along with the Grateful Dead and Jefferson Airplane. Janis was living with Country Joe at the time, and when their relationship ended he wrote a song about her, called 'Janis' in his album 'Fixin' To Die'.

She was singing wilder and louder than ever and her voice hid her youth. It was gravelly and gutsy, and it hollered, screeched and seduced everyone with its raw caresses. It didn't take long before Big Brother got an offer to record, from a small Chicago outfit called Mainstream. It was a disastrous liaison, and the album 'Big Brother And The Holding Company' wasn't released until after the Monterey Pop Festival, when the record company were absolutely certain that they would

make a killing with it. Big Brother tried to prevent its release, as they had improved immensely in the interval, but the album nevertheless sold fantastically (this was still at a time when Janis was *in* the band, rather than *being* the band).

Monterey Pop

Big Brother continued to gig and rehearse three or four times a week, and Janis was by now ripping into the blues with a blown-out, earthy passion. The Monterey Pop Festival of June '67 was the big break for Janis and Big Brother, and after months of practising in the Haight, they were ready for it, and so were 50,000 love-freaks. It was their first real festival, and they turned on to the magic brew of love, flowers and music. From Otis Redding to Ravi Shankar the music was amazing, but no one had any expectations of Big Brother, who were relatively unknown outside San Francisco. They had to follow on from the Who and Hendrix . . . and they made it.

Janis' rendering of 'Big Mama' and 'Ball And Chain' broke the place apart, and they couldn't get enough of her. It all came out front – her tough, hooker voice tore at their insides. She was a mean blues singer with sex flowing out to the audience in a hot, full rush. It was crude and rough and tremendously important. Janis was the big discovery of the festival and the rock critics couldn't write enough about her. Her pure animal grace as she moved and stomped – letting her tearaway voice out at full-throttle – whipped her audience again and again into a frenzy of applause.

Big Brother had arrived, and Janis had made the transition from a street-singer to a rock star. By January '68, they had signed with Albert Grossman – then managing Bob Dylan – and were ready to start touring. By the end of August, their tours had included the Fillmore East and the Newport Folk Festival, and Janis had become a true, husky-voiced earth-mama yelling her aching hurt. She said, 'she'd rather not sing than sing quiet', and she flooded her fans with her deep anguish. Her whisky-soaked, Southern Comfort voice could touch on a tender quietness too, but it was her wailing and whoring moaning that plugged the audience into her.

Janis controlled the entire audience with her body. She tore right into them, with her breasts and hair and beads flying, her clothes the ultimate in extravagance:

*'Are your clothes matching your soul?
Your soul goes through changes, you're
always feeling all things at once. So why
not wear all things at once – its groovy,
its real.'*

Her spaced-out clothes amazed and delighted every male in the audience. She dripped feathers and bangles as her impassioned voice blasted the lids off their minds. Her satin and silk slipped tight over her heaving breasts as she groaned into the cold steel microphone.

In her no-faking, tender-tart clothes, she whipped herself into a lather of frenzied

singing and boogying. It was a huge and raw performance, and gradually the band fell further and further behind her. However, when 'Cheap Thrills' came out in September '68, it earned a Gold Record almost immediately. The band had a full rock sound and Janis came across as a powerful, confident singer. Some of the best tracks were 'Summertime', 'Piece Of My Heart' and 'Turtle Blues', written by Janis herself:

*'I once had a daddy,
He said he'd give me everything in sight.
So I said, honey, I want the sunshine,
yeah,
An' take the stars out of the night.'*

Soon after the success of 'Cheap Thrills', Janis and Big Brother split up. Their final concert together was appropriately enough with Chet Helms' Family Dogg. Janis antagonised a lot of her fans with the split, but there were too many tensions for the band to be able to hold together any longer.

She had difficulty choosing a new band, telling a good sax from a faker. She was doing a mammoth task, virtually carrying the whole band by herself. She wanted a thicker sound – a soul sound – and the final line-up was Sam Andrew (from Big Brother), lead guitar; Bill King, organ; Marcus Doubleday, trumpet; Terry Clements on alto sax (both formerly of the Electric Flag and Buddy Miles Express); Brad Campbell, bass; and Ron Markowitz, drums. She toured with them until December '69, and although they never bombed out completely, they were never much more than a back-up band, and somehow never quite captured the magic of Big Brother. They had recorded an album called 'Kozmic Blues', which was released in November '69 and received very mixed reviews, although it was generally agreed that 'Work Me Lord', 'Try' and 'One Good Man', had all the tough, appealing essence of Janis in them. But for all that, her voice had not heightened its magic, and critics began to ask her if her voice was going. With her usual below-the-belt bounce, she replied: "People like their blues singers dying; they don't like them rocking – I'm rocking, at least I think I am."

She was right, she was first and foremost a blues singer, and there is a tradition attached to that tag, one of 'hardship, tragedy and early death'. Janis' answer to that was: "Just have a good time. I juice up real good and that's what I have. Man, I'd rather have 10 years of superhypermost, than live to be 70 by sitting in some goddam chair watching TV. Right now is where you are, how can you wait?"

Full-Tilt Boogie Band

In mid-April, 1970, Janis re-appeared with Big Brother and the Holding Company (plus Nick Gravenites) at the Fillmore West. They played all their old numbers and everyone loved them. But everything really came together for Janis in May, when she formed her Full-Tilt Boogie Band. The five-piece band included

John Till, lead guitar; Brad Campbell, bass; Richard Bell, piano; Ken Pearson, organ and Clark Pierson, drummer.

The group was on the same wavelength as Janis, and the effect was five really good musicians making a tight sound and playing as if they'd been together for years. Their first official gig was on June 12th 1970, at Freedom Hall in Louisville, and it was wilder and more magical than anything that had ever happened for Janis before. She sang the blues in her rawest, most jean-creaming fashion, and everyone rocked in their seats as her high energy poured over them in endless waves. Her voice blew the walls apart and this tender tart made them get up and move. She was a sensuous satin-shine, who would sing until she dropped.

By September, they had almost finished recording their album, with Paul Rothchild as producer. It included two tracks written by Janis, 'Mercedes Benz' and 'Move Over', Kris Kristofferson's memorable 'Me And Bobby McGee', and one that said everything there was to say about Janis, 'Get It While You Can'. They were mostly slower numbers than before, and when the album was posthumously released as 'Pearl', it played like a tribute to a great lady who had been buried alive in the blues.

Dual Deaths

She died on October 3rd, 1970, after accidentally injecting an overdose of heroin into her arm. Another death had been added to the toll of artists who had been at Monterey – Otis Redding, Brian Jones, Al Wilson, Hendrix and then Janis. Hendrix had died only three weeks before, and the similarity in both their lives and deaths was uncanny. They were both 27, and had both made it big at Monterey. They both poured out solid sexuality on the stage, and were both preparing new songs with new bands to reinstate themselves as rock stars. Lastly, they both neutralised their lives with narcotics.

It seemed as though no one ever realised how lonely and insecure Janis was, or how much she depended on drugs. Yet she gave them a clue when she said, "I'm going to write a song about making love to 25,000 people in a concert and then going back to my room alone." Her world was up on stage, and that was a reality that could only extend to a couple of hours a day. It was her high, her Nirvana, her pinnacle of pleasure. How then could the rest of the day match up? The surreal world of plastic planes, shiny-tiled motels, coffin-sized concrete dressing-rooms and pre-packaged food was too hard to take. It was inevitable that Southern Comfort would not always be enough. As Deborah Landau in her book *Janis Joplin – Her Life And Times* said:

'What more lonely way to die, than alone in a motel room in Los Angeles, feeling great and being that careless, blowing the whole thing, all alone, quietly before she was ready.'



Feature-Pix

Reggae Soul of Jamaica

By the summer of 1969, those white, working-class kids in 'bovver boots' and Army parkas whose hedgehog haircuts had attracted the label of 'skinheads' had completely invaded the seclusion and introversion of the West Indian reggae music scene in Britain.

By the time the skinheads had departed in 1970 after only two years, this temporary white London youth culture had completely transformed the relevance of reggae music – which they had used proudly as their anthem during that time – to the music world as a whole. From being the only real underground music around by 1968, reggae music by 1970 had gained permanent national importance in Britain; because now it was being played in the white clubs, it was making the pop charts, and it was being featured regularly on the radio and on TV programmes like *Top Of The Pops*. And the effects of this new popularity were being felt.

Up to 1968, the Jamaican sound systems in Britain were confined mainly to 'house parties', pubs and clubs, which had only allowed space for ethnic entertainment after much hard bargaining and false-promise persuasion on the part of the eager DJs. After the skinheads appeared in the latter part of 1968, the places which the sound systems had really wanted all along – the large Public Bath halls, the Town Halls, and London's downtown clubs like the Flamingo and the Twenties, suddenly became available and accessible. The sound systems could now get around, they could spread the music far and wide, and the white kids loved it. Amazingly, there was hardly any resentment or hostility after the two groups had grown used to each other.

Previously, reggae artists had been scorned artistically by fellow musicians, and their music had been dismissed as primitive and repetitive by countless pop music critics who together had the effect of making many reggae musicians switch to either pop, pop-reggae, or soul music, or packing it in altogether.

Only a few critics had ever found anything in the music to which they could relate freely and honestly, and in fact the whole ethnic reggae culture had either been ignored or put down by the entertainment media and aggravated or intimidated by others, including 'the law'.

But whereas all this had been the case up to 1970, by 1973 the same media – press, TV and screen – had found some way of praising that same culture.

West Indian singer, Jimmy Cliff

By the mid-'70s, in fact, Jamaican music is showing every sign of becoming an international music. It would not have reached this stage so soon but for the boom it enjoyed when the skinheads adopted it as their own music. And the skinhead trend would still have happened had the two major British reggae labels, Island Records and B&C Music (Trojan Records), never been in existence, because it started and ended with the sound systems who got their records straight from the studios back home in the West Indies. Nevertheless, without the countless records that have been released by Trojan Records, which stand as proof of the many great sounds to have come out of Jamaica, then surely the world would not be nearly so aware of reggae music today.

When, in 1961, Jamaican music first became available on discs in British record shops, the label was called Blue Beat, and the company was known as Melodisc Records. Jamaicans knew the music as ska, but everyone else called it Blue Beat, since by then they had got used to ska sounds appearing on that label. So in Britain, ska became widely known as Blue Beat, even when it appeared on another label such as Island.

Island Blue Beat

The white Jamaican head of Island Records, Chris Blackwell, arrived in Britain in 1962, bringing with him the exceptional Jamaican vocalist Jackie Edwards. Together with David Betteridge, an Englishman with experience in record distribution, the three set up in business as Island Records. 'Tell Me Darling', one of Edwards' best-ever tunes was made in Britain in the same year, but the singer was more intent on composing for other people.

Island's first real success in ska came with Millicent Smith in 1963. Her record, 'My Boy Lollipop', made both the British and US pop charts and became the first Jamaican record to have such success, and a tour followed for Millie with Blackwell as her manager. Other very good tunes like 'Miss Jamaica' by Jimmy Cliff in 1962, and 'Soon You'll Be Gone' by the Blues Busters were released on Island.

Like any other music, ska tunes varied in style and composition. In the beginning the ska tunes were really rhythmic ballads with an R&B flavour – like Owen Gray's 'Darling Patricia', Kentrick Patrick's 'Golden Love', or Jackie Opel's 'Cry Me A River'. When Prince Buster started making tunes for himself to play on his own sound system back home, he re-defined ska with tunes like 'Wash Wash', 'Hard Man Fi Dead' and 'Lion Of Judah'.

One of the other really different ska styles was produced by Byron Lee and the Dragonaires. They played soft, middle-class folk ska like 'Island In The Sun' or 'Yellow Bird', and were given the title of 'top band' in the West Indies by the people who had the 'say' . . . but not the 'feel'. They were sent to the 1964 New York World's Fair, and not surprisingly were a relative let-down. But 'Jamaica Ska', a much more earthy ska number in the hard-riff style, continued the band's popularity in the West Indies. At this time, in fact, they were the only band who could afford to tour the Caribbean Islands, but they had learned from the best of the ska merchants – The Skatallites.

The Skatallites' music was always very vibrant, and they were noted for the intensity and excitement which was always evident in their music. They were the first Jamaican 'supergroup', and most of their numbers were instrumentals which lent themselves to a new type of dancer, 'the shuffler'. The records they produced were many – 'Man In The Street', 'Silver Dollar', 'Dr. Decker', 'Eastern Standard Time' – and few if any went unpraised.

The only groups that ever seriously rivalled the Skatallites were Justin Hines and the Dominoes, who made memorable tunes which were big Jamaican hits such as 'Carry Go Bring Come', 'Rub Up Push Up' and 'Penny Reel O'; and the Vikings, a very fine instrumental ska band who played on many of the Maytals' earliest tunes, and backed other vocal groups like the Wailers.

By 1964, when a white, 'underground' scene was starting to flourish in Britain, Island started to divert their attention to rock music. At this time an Asian-Jamaican exile, Lee Gopthal, established B&C Records, which grew rapidly as he quickly gained control of several retail outlets for his records and built up a successful chain of shops which became known as Musicland or Music City. Gopthal and his four partners in B&C undertook distribution by themselves – it was the least expensive way – and if it was hard work, it was also very rewarding. These shops and stalls were concentrated in the heavy West Indian areas of London like Shepherds Bush, Brixton, or Stoke Newington . . . and the discs sold like hot cakes. On Friday and Saturday afternoons especially, the black crowds displayed their colourful ways and boastful exuberance freely, encouraged by the loud music from the market shops and stalls.

It was big business. Young, enthusiastic Jamaicans soon realised that since these shops could supply the music from back home so readily, they too could start up a little sound system and maybe become as popular as their Jamaican counterparts. Almost overnight, sound systems sprang up in London, and after a little while the DJs found ways of getting the records direct from back home without the assistance of the ethnic shops. Yes, it was big business, good business. Where in 1963 there had been only three sound systems of any real repute on hire to parties, pubs



Brian Cooke

A cold November in London, '73, made the Wailers return to Jamaica.

and discos in London – Count Suckle, D. Nunes, and Jim Dandy – by 1967 there were at least three with a 'name' in every area where West Indians resided.

The Jamaican music scene – the reggae culture – was blooming, but it had to wait until the latter part of 1968 before it could begin to blossom. There was a kind of false start in 1967, the year for 'Rock Steady'.

Alton Ellis' disc 'Rock Steady' in 1966 was one of the very first in that style. Whereas the brass riffs had dominated the ska rhythm, in 'Rock Steady' brass only appeared in instrumentals, the tempo of the record slowed down, and the bass line became the most important feature of the rhythm. The song was about a new dance: 'You better get ready to do rock steady/You've got to do this new dance, hope you are ready', and so the dance became popular, but by the way Alton sang, so coolly, no one even realised that they were giving birth on the dance floors to a new music – one so effortless and natural that it obviously contrasted with the energetic fuss associated with the ska dances which were dying out.

Alton Ellis was at his best during the 'Rock Steady' period and others by him, 'Only Sixteen', 'I'm Just A Guy', 'Girl I've Got A Date' and 'I'm Still In Love', were all big Jamaican hits. Yet as far as Jamaica was concerned, Delroy Wilson with 'Dancing Mood' and 'I'm Not A King' emerged as *the* male vocalist of the 'Rock Steady' era, a fact which owed as much to his youth – he was around 18 – as to his style or singing ability.

The 'Rock Steady' supergroup, the Soul Vendors, whose records were widely acclaimed at this time, visited the Ram Jam club in Brixton, London, in 1967. The ovations they received were equal to those that had greeted the Skatallites and even Otis Redding himself. Two of their most loved sounds, 'Ba Ba Boom' and 'The Whip', were instrumentals of already well-known songs, and 'Ram Jam', another instrumental, written by Jackie Mittoo, was even named after the popular club.

These were all very good sounds, and above all they proved that 'Rock Steady' and its musicians were as versatile if not more so than ska. When at times on instrumental numbers, ska and 'Rock Steady' appeared to be similar, it was nevertheless always easy to identify the latter from the absence of brass riffs, the more melodic, almost latin-flavoured sax solos, and the tuneful, bouncy bass lines. Perhaps another significant difference from ska was that later on, by 1968, the lyrics were not as easily distinguishable in 'Rock Steady' records as they had been in ska numbers.

Rudy Records

In 1967, the 'rude boy' cult appeared. The first rudy record, titled 'Rude Boy' by the Wailers, had not been particularly outstanding when it came out in 1966, and was forgotten until '67 when many rudy records suddenly appeared and the cult really caught on in London. These records described the rude boys of Kingston, Jamaica – small-time crooks who never feared or cared, were tougher than tough and 'strong like lion'. Their greatest enemies (Babylon) were the police and, as Prince Buster pointed out in 'Judge Dread', those handing out judicial punishment. 'Judge Dread' itself has since become one of Buster's best known records in Britain.

Other lesser known songs dealing with the same subject and helping to create the London rude boy cult, can now be named. 'Everybody Rude Now' by Keith McCarthy, which so obviously encouraged rude boys, became their anthem. 'Tougher Than Tough' by Derrick Morgan and the Aces, 'Rudy A Message To You' by Dandy Livingstone, and 'Run Boy Run' by Dudley Sibley were other fine records.

In essence then, 1967 – the year of 'Rock Steady' and the rude boys – was a false start for reggae. Perhaps the rude boy and skinhead trends had definite links, even if the only obvious factor that they shared was their social significance. Musically, though, the rude boy records

were quite different from skinhead records, and lyrically there were no similarities. Also there was a definite – if short – time lag between the end of the 'Rock Steady' era and the beginning of skinhead music.

When those white English kids who went to the same clubs as West Indians to hear soul music, began to hear ska and 'Rock Steady', they liked the sounds but they were not fully aware of the sound systems that were also flourishing. By the time these sound systems started playing at public houses and travelling to outer London areas to spread their name and increase the popularity of Jamaican music, more whites were in the audience and the sounds had become harder, heavier, and more amplified.

So, by the latter half of 1968 when 'Neville the Musical Enchanter' could claim to be the boss system, he was playing almost anywhere around London regardless of travelling distance, and his supporters grew in numbers and they were the most keen and awesome. Most areas he played were predominantly white, and not surprisingly many whites came along to hear the sounds. The Ska Bar was a very dimly-lit stone-walled basement bar without much ventilation, or much space for the crowds of keen fans it attracted. When it opened at the beginning of 1968, it seemed that Neville's most ardent black supporters numbered not more than 20, but as his popularity grew so quickly, more and more blacks were attracted to the Ska Bar.

Neville's black followers soon grew in confidence, and became more extrovert even on this foreign 'white' soil. The black life-style soon became apparent. It included smoking spliff or weed and drinking 'barley wine', dancing in a totally ethnic manner – a sensuous, sexual movement which became more obvious when dancing with a chick. It included wearing trousers too short, sometimes with boots – either for fighting or for making the effect of boots against trousers which was more striking and it included hair cut very short, so short that the skull was evident and a comb was not needed. This haircut was known as a 'skiffle'.

The white kids were exposed to these styles to the fullest now – not for the first time because West Indians vaunt their ethnic styles wherever they are even at school, and especially when a sound system plays at a school dance – and soon enough they began to copy, even to mimmick the ethnic lingo. The most obvious of the styles, the skiffle and the boots and short trousers, were also the easiest to copy. Since they liked the music they heard on the systems, the white kids soon began to identify with the whole scene, and they soon adopted the life-styles out of which the 'skinhead' was born. The skinheads had been listening to reggae since mid-'68, but had remained unnoticed as such until 1969 when Desmond Dekker's 'Israelites' and Symarip's 'Skinhead Moon Stomp' appeared.

1968 had seen the emergence of Pama Records onto the reggae scene. Owned

jointly by three Jamaican brothers (Palmer), the company has since become the second largest to B&C of all those based solely on Jamaican music.

Like ska and 'Rock Steady', reggae was at first as distinct and diversified as its predecessors. In the instrumental bag, Lester Sterling with tunes like 'Spooky', 'Reggae On Broadway' and '1000 Tons Of Megaton' on the Pama label, reigned supreme. His tunes were less ethnic than those of the Dynamites or the Upsetters, whose records were distributed by Trojan, but they were more enduring and more expressive musically.

If the individual styles of '70s reggae music are not so unique, if they are too similar, at least back in '68 Pama – with crude, ethnic reggae numbers from the likes of Laurel Aitken with 'Madame Streggae', 'Suffering Still', 'Woppi King', and 'Blues Dance' among others – offered a much more carefree, enjoyable type of reggae for the fans, both black and white.

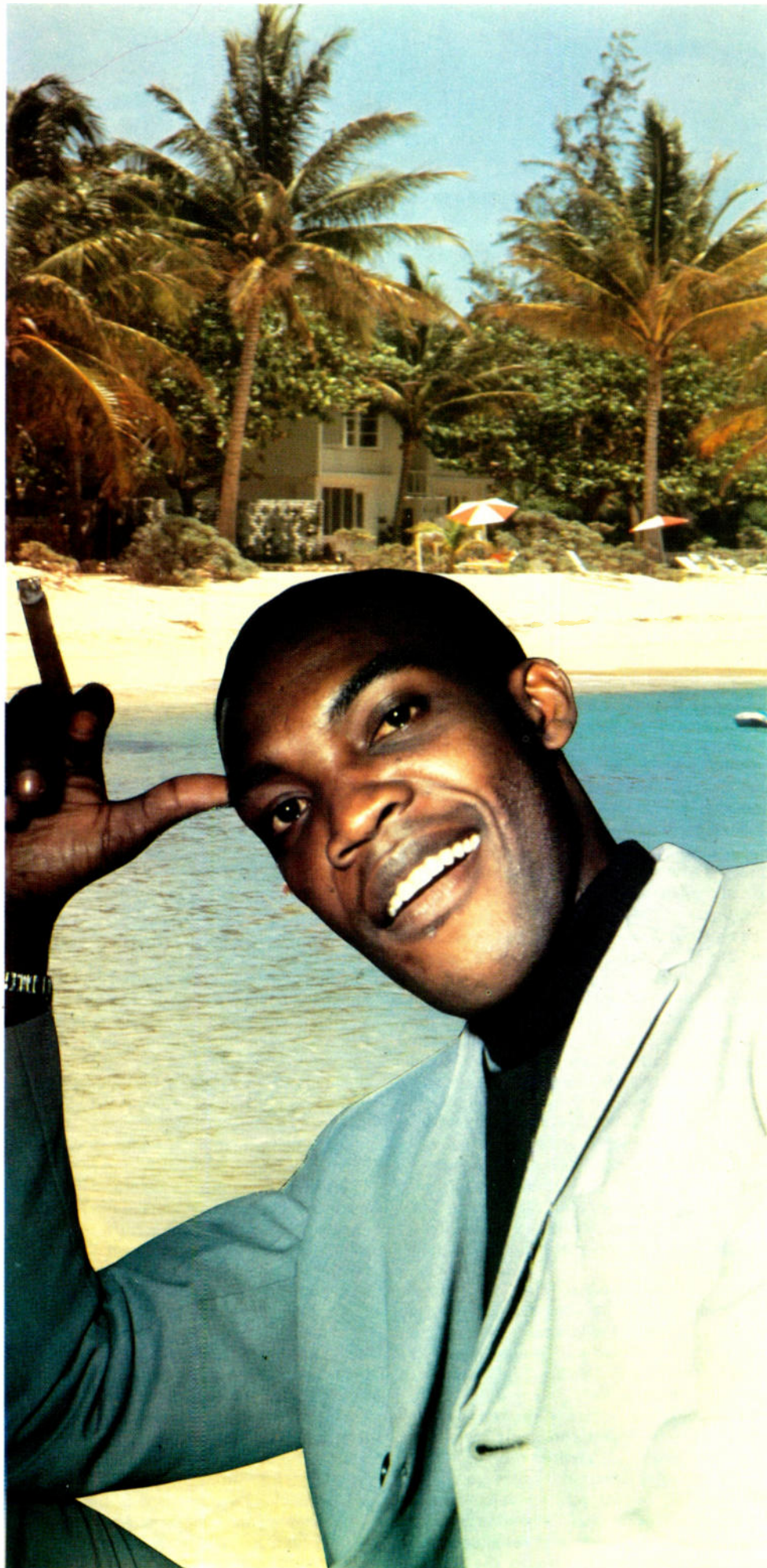
When, by 1969, reggae musicians began to divert their attention to the white fans, who after all were responsible for the increased sales of their records, the whole thing exploded. Reggae became skinhead music.

Reggae Boom

So, for nearly two years the skinhead trend prevailed. The skinheads altered the musical direction because the heavy, ethnic records which the West Indians wanted were no longer to be heard so often. In their place came a more commercial sound because artists like Desmond Dekker, Derrick Morgan, and Dandy Livingstone realised that they could make the charts with 'skinhead' music, and they did. At no time previously had there been so many Jamaican records in the pop charts, and it followed that reggae music – to the delight of Beat & Commercial Records who continued to score heavily – enjoyed a deserved boom, Desmond Dekker even reaching no. 1 in the British charts of April, 1969, with 'The Israelites'. The musicians too prospered from the boom. Besides the financial rewards, and the influence which it had on the form, style, and progression of their music, the boom also had less obvious effects. Among them was the fact that prior to the skinhead boom, individual records had been more important to the fans than particular artists. However, this situation has gradually changed, guided by a definite policy on the part of most record companies to create a 'name' for the artist. It's a pity that only the more commercial artists have since been given such treatment, because many fans feel that reggae is at its best when musicians ignore their commercial inclinations.

It is, however, impossible to turn back the clock, and the '70s have seen reggae spread from the loud, smoky clubs of London and Kingston right into the mainstream of contemporary music.

Right: Desmond Dekker.



SKR

NEXT WEEK IN BLACK MUSIC: From Slaves To Superstars.

Extremely Teeny Weeny Boppers

Rock & roll was made for teenagers. True, there were different categories of teenagers – there were the inevitable ‘squares’ who couldn’t tell Danny and the Juniors from Kentucky Fried Chicken, just as, conversely, there were the hip young ravers who wouldn’t venture out on a Saturday night until after the end of the *Gus Goodwin Show* on Radio Luxembourg.

To be specific, then: rock & roll was made for the real gone teenagers, the kids who couldn’t get the tune of ‘Wake Up Little Susie’ off their brains even during their school exams.

These flipped young guys and gals might well have influenced their younger brothers and sisters, and the young ones might well have aspired to emulate the coolest features of their elders at some time in the future. But, for the under-13s, rock & roll was still part of the future. It just wasn’t *their* scene, and didn’t stand a chance against the latest comic book or war film.

Music, it is true, occasionally made inroads, but it was music made especially for the ‘little kids’, and notably separate from the maelstrom of the teenage scene. Juniors liked junior records, they liked them introduced by the friendly, grown-up voices of Saturday morning radio, and they liked them to be about things they could identify with. ‘How Much Is That Doggie In The Window?’, ‘I Scream For Ice Cream’, ‘Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer’ and ‘Davy Crockett’ were all-time favourites throughout the ‘50s – the animal records were the pop equivalent of the pet school hamster that had to be fed every morning, and the others were catchy enough and adaptable enough to go right through the school.

These, really, were the only ‘pop’ songs that made it with the kids – the other all-time favourites were such unforgettable ditties as ‘Sparky And The Magic Piano’ and ‘Nellie The Elephant’. Rock & roll was very much part of the future, and was often criticised by the young kids in much the same language as their parents’ . . . tuneless, boring, etc.

The Beatles, though, were very different. Their appeal was so astonishingly wide that many of their side-effects went completely unnoticed, and one of these side-effects was to bring into the rock &

roll audience a much younger age group. The Beatles were heroes of the universities, they were heroes of the teenagers, they were very often liked by Mums and Dads, but they were also idolised by much younger kids.

The central appeal to this group was probably in the way they looked, and in the way they shook their heads in unison when they did the falsetto ‘ooohs’ at the end of so many of their lines. They were lovable, and Paul McCartney especially was cuddly in much the same way as the school hamster was cuddly.

Their songs – especially ‘She Loves You’ and ‘I Want To Hold Your Hand’ were the first songs by a rock group to catch on with the kids, and this in itself was a sort of revolution. Much of the consequent Mersey Sound craze succeeded solely on the strength of the very young audience, mainly because the ‘zaniness’ of some of the groups’ performances were seen and loved by the young kids as sheer looning around. Freddie and the Dreamers were, perhaps, the best example of this – though Gerry and the Pacemakers and the Dave Clark Five both included elements of pantomime in their acts.

Yo-Yos And Hula-Hoops

Once the influence of rock & roll had spread outside its original age boundaries, anything was possible. Those in charge of the major record companies, and those out for an increase in the turnover of their business, wouldn’t think twice about exploiting this new market. There was, after the success of the Beatles, a whole new generation to be thought of, with kids of *all* ages ready to soak in the next craze. There had been crazes before – Yo-Yos in the early ‘50s, Hula-Hoops in the late ‘50s, and Davy Crockett hats somewhere in the middle – but after the Beatles it was for the first time theoretically possible to combine pop music with these crazes.

The Monkees filled that gap. As is generally known, they were dreamed up by a couple of guys who’d been studying the market from every angle. Interestingly enough, the market they had examined was the American market which, before the Beatles, had been a completely different animal from its British counterpart. But, by 1967, there was little to choose between the two respective sub-teenage audiences. The Monkees latched on to every feature that had endeared the Beatles to the young kids – they were

crazy, they were silly, they were irreverent, one of them was cuddly and lovable (Davy Jones – every group successful with little kids had to have a Paul McCartney), and they had an insatiable zest for life. They lived as fast as the 10-year-old lived, they were involved in crazes as much as the neighbourhood Yo-Yo champion, and they sang catchy songs.

While rock was immersing itself in the sub-teen audience, the old traditions of pop music for the kids were not passed over entirely. Scaffold’s ‘Lily The Pink’ of Christmas 1968, Rolf Harris’ ‘Two Little Boys’ of Christmas 1969, and Benny Hill’s ‘Ernie’ of Christmas 1970 are good examples of the continuing importance of the old traditions. Their position though, was different – they were part of a very different cultural context from earlier hits like ‘Christmas Alphabet’ and ‘Little White Bull’. Following the success of the Monkees and the Beatles, the latter-day accessories of rock & roll – the clothes, the hair-styles, and the magazines – became important for the young listener.

They became part of the revolution of the consumer society, they became assimilated into the affluent society. The tentacles of pop stretched deeper, absorbing the sub-teens of the ‘60s as easily as the teenagers of a decade before. Gradually, an important change took place in Britain, a change that had already occurred in the States a few years earlier. The traditional kiddies’ songs – like ‘Lily The Pink’ and ‘Davy Crockett’ became the preserves of the real tinies, not just the sub-teens; and the sub-teen girls took on the role of the old Cliff Richard and Adam Faith audiences. This is the audience that revels in what might be called the *scrapbook mentality*, the desire to collect more and more pictures of certain stars, and to indulge in the old game of ‘swops’. This first manifested itself in the pop music world with the Beatles and the Monkees, but it became fanatical in the early ‘70s with David Cassidy and the Osmonds.

These American stars changed the whole dimension of the sub-teen pop fan just as surely as the Beatles had done in 1964. The Beatles made the first inroads, the Monkees capitalised on it, but David Cassidy and Donny Osmond established it beyond question. The twin factors of the Osmonds making no. 1 in the pop charts on the one hand and being the almost exclusive concern of girls under the age of 13 on the other, means, quite clearly, that the sub-teen audience is now one of



An ardent David Bowie fan whose face has been made-up to resemble her idol.
Insert: Teenyboppers clutching their survival packs.

the most important in pop music industry.

Why do the kids love these stars so much? Why David Cassidy, why Donny Osmond? The answer, in brief, is that they are good looking and that they are un-touchable. Sex never rears its ugly head, and if any of these young girls ever did get to meet David or Donny, they'd probably be completely tongue-tied. Once, when David Cassidy was the guest on a live TV show, three young fans met their idol. They didn't know which way to look, they were so embarrassed. Years before that, when a similar confrontation was arranged on TV between Bobby Vee and his adoring fans, the reaction was exactly the same: embarrassed giggles, no real conversation, looking the other way as much as possible.

Clearly, then, this is the answer. Cassidy and Osmond fans are the '70s' equivalents of the Johnny Ray fans of the '50s, the Cliff Richard/Adam Faith/Bobby Vee fans of the '60s. That they are much younger is an indication of the social/cultural changes of that period.

Demi-God

But it's not just the girls who have been affected — it's the boys as well. The glitter culture, with its demi-god in Gary Glitter himself, has taken over the world of the '70s sub-teens. Gary Glitter's appeal is very different from the Osmonds' — he's no romantic idol, not even for the girls who think he's 'groovy' — but his appeal is nevertheless to the same age group. Clues can be found in his songs, especially 'Do You Wanna Be In My Gang?' and 'I Love, You Love, Me', which have become almost playground chants — the first tribal utterings of the eight-year-olds. The only previous success on these lines was 'Yellow Submarine', but that was very much a one-off effort; Gary Glitter makes every record for this market.

And then there's the way he looks and the way he performs. There's something there that really catches the imagination. Gary Glitter is a star, and they like stars. He's a fantasy, and they like fantasies. He's a mystery too (how old is Gary Glitter? Who is Gary Glitter? What'll he be wearing on TV tonight?), and they like mysteries. So the kids of the '70s charge around the playgrounds singing 'Do you wanna be in my gang, my gang, my gang?' The appeal is almost mystical, a mysterious magnetism put over by the man in the hairy-chested glitter costume to the kids that make up his following. Gary's the nasty villain they love to love, because, deep down, they know he's completely harmless . . . I love, you love, me.

It's been a big change. Even the three-year-olds are affected, and the success of Little Jimmy Osmond's 'Long-Haired Lover From Liverpool' suggests that pop might well extend its appeal to the kids who can't even *talk* yet. There are few things stranger to behold than babies barely able to walk prancing around to Little Jimmy, and being cruelly disappointed when the record is no longer featured on their weekly TV pop show.

Production-line Pop

In the aftermath of flower power and psychedelia of the mid-'60s, the music industry suddenly remembered the kiddies, the younger teenagers who had been more or less forgotten in the whole 'pop grows up' euphoria following 'Sgt. Pepper'.

The only real gesture to this market through 1967 had been the Monkees, a group 'manufactured' in the TV and recording studios. As their popularity waned however, 'production line' pop became the immediate and obvious answer... bubblegum music had arrived.

The phrase 'bubblegum' was initially coined to describe the product of Kassenetz-Katz, the New York 'music factory' that scored heavily in 1968 with the 1910 Fruitgum Company's 'Simon Says' and 'Yummy Yummy Yummy' by the Ohio Express. Both were archetypal bubblegum, right down to the soda-pop titles – but it was the 'manufactured' quality of this kind of 'instant pop' that has since then really set the standard for a whole section of the pop music industry.

Formula Hits

In Britain, some of the songwriting qualities of bubblegum were already firmly established in the charts. Since 1966 the team of Howard and Blakley had been churning out hits for Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich. They were not a studio-created group, but one that had done the rounds on the live circuit before coming up with a hit song formula; and formula it was – the first hits of '66 were full of physical innuendoes ('Hold Tight', 'Bend It') which Dee exploited on stage and TV, then from late '67 a more exotic subject matter tended to dominate the songs – 'Zabadak', 'Legend Of Xanadu', 'Wreck Of The Antoinette' – all the songs conforming to a fairly limited pattern that proved (for a time) to be enormously successful.

The other British group that hit on real formula success were the Tremeloes. Veterans of the group scene from the early '60s – when they backed Brian Poole during his short-lived career – in '67 they made the charts with a Cat Stevens song 'Here Comes My Baby', and went through to '71 with songs like 'Silence Is Golden' and 'Suddenly You Love Me' hitting the UK (and world) best-sellers again and again. With the Tremeloes the visual image was again heavily pushed: cabaret/trendy with hair *just* long enough, casual (but respectable) clothes and Archie Andrews grins.

Their songs were equally harmless – but 'catchy' – indeed memorable in the irritating sense, and totally commercial.

It was a simple step from this formula songwriting to the total pop formula of '68 bubblegum. The first notable British effort in this direction was with the Love Affair early in the same year. The group caused a minor sensation in the press by announcing that they didn't actually play on their first record, 'Everlasting Love' – but true to the whole bubblegum ethos the kids didn't care. The sound was right, the group *looked* right, and the record was no. 1 within a month of its release. An interesting point was that initially where the American tendency was for real 'candy store' names and song titles, in Britain it was much more lovey-dovey – Love Affair, Cupid's Inspiration, Vanity Fair – all were in the '68 charts. The suggestion was that whereas the British market was still a teenage/adolescent one, in the States bubblegum was aimed at a market that included sub-teenagers, eight to twelve-year-olds buying (and creating a demand for) their own types of record.

The ultimate in bubblegum hit the charts in October '69, and stayed at no. 1 for eight weeks: 'Sugar Sugar' by the non-existent Archies was the all-time production job, using session musicians and the Archies strip-cartoon characters to promote the record. The whole thing was engineered by Don Kirschner, who a couple of years before had been the brains behind the Monkees. Earlier that year there had also been 'Quick Joey Small' from Kassenetz-Katz, and 'Gimme Gimme Some Lovin'' from Crazy Elephant, but it wasn't until the '70s that British bubblegum music really developed.

Often it was a case of established songwriters coming up with a successful piece of formula writing, and then following it through with material in a similar vein. Tony McCauley, who'd had a hit in '68 with the Foundations' 'Build Me Up Buttercup', wrote 'That Same Old Feeling', a hit for Picketty Witch, and then followed it with several similar-sounding songs modelled on the groups' sound and the general feel of the first record.

The team of Roger Cook and Roger Greenaway also became skilful at studio-formula writing for Blue Mink, a musicianly outfit of session players (including Cook himself). Although aimed at a more adult market, they still found time to make at least one lucrative excursion into the bubble market with Edison Lighthouses's 'Love Grows (Where My Rosemary Goes)'. Since those days, though, the men who have dominated bubblegum in Britain have tended to specialise in the field: writers

and producers have geared their whole output to this portion of the pop market, and in so doing have become the biggest influences in the area of teeny-pop record output.

Ever since his 1965 hit 'Everyone's Gone To The Moon', Jonathan King has enjoyed a certain notoriety in British pop that stems more from his comments in the music press than anything he has actually had a hand in. Soon after 'Moon' he had his first hit as a producer, 'It's Good News Week' – a fairly inept number by Hedgehoppers Anonymous that reached no. 5 in the charts – but his career in production really began to develop significantly during the '70s, the notoriety giving way to a degree of respect from the commercial end of the record business.

One of King's major talents seems to be for recognizing the commercial potential of a song – often one that has already been a hit, or a US hit that never made it in Britain – and exploiting it to the full in contrived studio productions, usually under some assumed name. The Four Tops' 'It's The Same Old Song' was recorded by King in 1970 as the Weathermen, and this was followed in '71 by the Archies' 'Sugar Sugar' (under the name Saccharin!!), the old standard 'Lazy Bones' (done as Jonathan King), and the Gentry's 'Keep On Dancing', a big US hit, by the Bay City Rollers – who actually existed as a group.

As well as these 'processed' cover versions and re-hashes, King also used his own compositions, with mixed success. 'Johnny Reggae' (by the Piglets) and 'Leap Up And Down' (by St. Cecilia) both achieved reasonable sales in '71; whereas 'Hooked On A Feeling' (under his own name) and the Angelettes' 'Don't Let Him Touch You' failed to make any headway in the charts.

King's Bandwagon

Through all this, Jonathan King has never been afraid to jump on a passing bandwagon. Most of the numbers cited above related to some current style or sentiment, from classic bubblegum ('Sugar') and mock-reggae (the Piglets), Women's Lib ('Leap Up And Down'), to revived interest in the Shangri-Las (the Angelettes), and '40s nostalgia ('Lazy Bones'). Another nostalgia piece worth noting is 'The Sun Has Got His Hat On', a '30s-style ditty King produced, the performance credited to Nemo.

And all this was in the best traditions of bubblegum – regardless of the diverse material – in as much as it was totally manufactured, answerable to no criteria save hit-potential, and aimed primarily at the teeny market.

King was working independently through 1970 and '71, the material under his own name being released through Decca, the rest on various labels. Then, from 1972, all Jonathan King products went out on his own label, UK. In fact the first King item to appear on the UK label was in the summer of '71, 'Seaside Shuffle' by Terry Dactyl and the Dinosaurs, a good-time

holiday number presumably hoping for the same kind of success as Mungo Jerry's 'In The Summertime', of a year before. This has been followed on UK by the same mixture as before: out-and-out banality (particularly 'Loop de Love' by Shag), and the re-working of old corn like the Rockettes' 'Shortnin' Bread'. The end of 1973 saw a 'contemporary' version of the Stones' 'Satisfaction' – at the height of the Bowie/Ferry '60s classics' fashion – this time by yet another King pseudonym, Bubble Rock.

Major Writing Team

If Jonathan King has been the major – and certainly most prolific – producer in British bubblegum, the major songwriters have been the team of Nicky Chinn and Mike Chapman. Nicky Chinn was in partnership with producer Phil Wainman when he met up with Chapman, and they started writing together around 1970–'71. They came up with 'Funny Funny', a number that seemed perfect for a production-type record using session musicians and some front-line vocals. For the vocals Wainman hit on a group he'd come across a couple of years before – the Sweet – and the result was pure bubblegum.

About three months after its release the record eventually entered the charts, and became the first of a whole string of Wainman-produced Chapman/Chinn hits for the Sweet: 'Co Co', 'Alexander Graham Bell', 'Poppa Joe' and 'Little Willy'. Not until 'Wig Wam Bam' though, at the end of 1972, did the Sweet actually play the instruments on their hit records. By this time – their sixth consecutive hit – a

formula was well and truly established, as indeed were Chapman and Chinn.

1973 saw a more sophisticated approach to the Sweet's records, both in the writing and production. 'Blockbuster' was as direct in its appeal as the earlier hits, but the dynamics were harder, and production tricks like the police sirens at the beginning really added to the overall atmosphere – and it worked in every way, including getting to no. 1. 'Hellraiser' and 'Ballroom Blitz' both followed this new approach of a harder-hitting, less gooey Sweet – but it was still real plastic, bubble music to the last chord.

Following the success of the Sweet, Chinn and Chapman. Plenty of groups and producers became interested in using their material. One of these groups, Mud, notched up three hits with their first three records: during 1973 they had 'Crazy', 'Hypnosis' and 'Dynamite' in the charts – again conforming to a well-proved best-selling formula.

Chinn and Chapman's other great songwriting success of 1973 was with Suzi Quatro. Mickie Most, who in his time has produced, among others, the Animals and Herman's Hermits, persuaded Detroit-born Quatro to come to Britain in 1971. Not until early in '73 with her first Chapman/Chinn hit 'Can The Can', did she manage to make any impression, and this was quickly followed up the charts by '48 Crash' and 'Daytona Demon'. Her aggressive, black-leather image, and ultra-basic singing approach (with ultra-basic songs, it's worth noting) seemed to be aimed at the adolescent boys among the teenies.

With Suzi Quatro, as with the Sweet and Mud, Chapman and Chinn have shown

that given the right songs (and the right production) an otherwise ordinary singer or group can have repeated chart success – at least for a limited period. As in the case of the Sweet, even a well-tryed formula has to be modified after a while if the success is to continue for any length of time.

Genuine Heroes

Of course the teenyboppers, as they have come to be known, have not been buying only this computerised pop. Since the dearth of live idols around 1968 that resulted in the first bubblegum records, there have emerged a number of genuine (as opposed to 'manufactured') teeny heroes: Cassidy, the Osmonds, T. Rex, Slade. For all the hype and ballyhoo, what they do still tends to be real and not a *total* production job, although the role of outside songwriters and producers is still crucial.

But alongside the new idols of the '70s, the bubblegum products have still held their own. A group that had a good run with some real bubble music was Middle of the Road. As their name implies, they were a cabaret-pop outfit, but with 'Chirpy Chirpy Cheep Cheep' and subsequent hits like 'Tweedle-dum' they scored heavily for a few months on the teen and sub-teen markets.

But studio one-offs have by no means been the sole speciality of Jonathan King. Elton John's DJM company (Dick James Music) came up with an instant instrumental hit, 'Groovin' With Mr. Bloe' (credited to Mr. Bloe) – a novelty harmonica number played by a session

Below left: Nicky Chinn and right, Mike Chapman hit songwriters for the Sweet. Right: Roger Cook, who started his singing career with Roger Greenaway as a duo called David and Johnathan.



band, the Zack Lawrence Orchestra. The craziest bubblegum story of 1972 must, however, be the case of Lieutenant Pidgeon, who's inane 'Mouldy Old Dough' had British viewers transfixed week after week on the *Top of the Pops* TV show. The crux about Lt. Pidgeon was that they were *also* (quote) 'a heavy progressive band' called Stavely Makepiece who had made a couple of flop singles.

Call And Response Vocals

The greatest bubblegum phenomenon of the 70s has undoubtedly been Gary Glitter. Although Glitter, under his previous pseudonym of Paul Raven, had been around for some years both as a singer and in production, it wasn't until 'Rock And Roll Parts 1 and 2' that a hit formula put him on the map. Glitter wrote the song with producer Mike Leander in 1972, and it was some months before the record took off, becoming a disco favourite *before* its entry into the charts. The sound was simple but distinctive – a pastiche of '50s rock & roll sax riffs, 'Sandy Nelson' drumming, and a call-and-response vocal virtually buried in echo . . . all this accompanied by Glitter's exaggerated TV routine that turned the whole thing into a marvelous send-up of the 'rock revival' fashion. But send-up or not, it worked,



and 'Rock And Roll' became a world hit.

Leander and Glitter followed up with similar material – 'Didn't Know I Loved You', 'Do You Wanna Touch Me?' and 'Leader Of The Gang' – and became even more outrageous in terms of presentation. Lines of sax players in silver motorbike helmets, Gary doing his first number from astride a glistening chopper bike, and dancing girls and Hollywood sets for the live gigs, carved for Gary a legendary place in the annals of bubblegum.

As if in due reward for all this effort, the end of 1973 saw the biggest hit of all. 'I Love You Love Me Love' got to no. 1 in the charts quicker than any record since the height of Beatlemania . . . and still with the same manufactured sound as 'Rock And Roll' five records before.

Obviously the style will have to change at some stage or the Glitter hits will dry up eventually, and in the bubblegum stakes, five in a row with the same formula is pretty good going. But what the success of Gary Glitter *does* prove is that there is always a market for effective 'product' music, a market, though basically a teeny 'bubblegum' one, often far wider than the word 'bubblegum' suggests.

Left: Johnathan King, entrepreneur of the record world. Below: Ace group of production-line pop. Love Affair.





A collection of heroes. From L. to R.: Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Pete Townshend, Jimi Hendrix and in front, the Beatles.
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S.I., Top pic: L. Van Houten

Chris Walter

Twilight of the Idols:

The continuing story of heroes in rock

longer function just as a branch of the entertainment industry. It had to be real. And so the heroes were no longer free to do a show, wave from the balcony, and disappear into their Bel Air mansions. Rock's heroes were now *responsible* to the audience, they *had* to be real as well.

But it's not so easy to be real when thousands are hanging on your every word and you're so rich you don't know how much money you've got. The rock hero is here caught in the first insoluble contradiction. To actually be himself he has to cut himself off from his audience. He can no longer pretend that his life is like theirs. Bowie said that 'freedom on stage (i.e. being yourself) is an illusion you purchase with real freedom'. Be yourself and the audience will expose you and/or consume you — be someone else and you're just another idol.

This leads into a second, related contradiction, that the culture created by rock is using heroes to spread the message that there are no heroes. Dylan has found it impossible to escape this dilemma. Interviewed in 1971 by Jan Wenner of the pop paper *Rolling Stone*, he was again and again asked 'how does it feel to be such an influence, to be a leader in the generation's thinking process?'. How could the man who sang 'don't follow leaders, watch the parking meters', answer that? He didn't.

But that the question is very real to him is obvious. On stage at London's Albert Hall in 1966, taunted by cries of 'Judas' and 'you sold out for dollars', because he'd gone electric, he replied by singing 'Like A Rolling Stone' straight AT his audience, reserving a special venom for the line 'you shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you'. It is one of the most moving pieces of rock ever recorded. This little figure swaying drunkenly on stage, the voice a mixture of contempt and sadness — contempt for those who imagined that he could get their kicks for them, be an idol for them, when all his music had tried to show that *that* was the root of most of what was wrong; and sadness because it seemed as if that was the way it would always be. He didn't want to be a hero in order to be used as an idol. That wasn't the point at all.

David Bowie, particularly on 'Ziggy Stardust', seems to have gone further than anyone in working out the implications of these contradictions. That album starts with the 'five years left' context, proceeds to split Bowie in two — himself and Ziggy — and ends with the chilling rock & roll suicide, a direct consequence of the necessary schizophrenia of being a rock & roll hero. Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and many others, bear mute testimony to those pressures. Give us the goods, say the audience, preserve the myth and release us again. Either that or your martyrdom.

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The music still sustains in some way the aspirations that grew from Dylan's and other heroes' insights. It acts as a constant reminder of where we all are. As long as the heroes are struggling, we know that we should still be struggling. Dylan's withdrawal, Clapton's withdrawal, each martyrdom, each new reminder — they all form points of despair along a trail of hope. As Dylan said, 'don't be a hero — everybody's a hero — be different'. The music runs parallel with our lives and with it the rock heroes light up our lives. That is why they are heroes.

Some people in any medium stand out above the common pack, and pop music in the time before Dylan and the Beatles had its natural share. But were they heroes?

Heroes really have to be something special through their own efforts. If they just look a bit better or have the right breaks or sing a little more melodically, it doesn't qualify them. In that case they tend to be idols rather than heroes.

The essence of an idol is his or her remoteness, and the differences between them are a matter of style. It doesn't matter *who they are inside*, what matters is the suitability of the image. If it's right, then this image can well be used to make money, and at the same time, to provide satisfaction for an audience. These two aspects, in other words, are kept apart.

The satisfaction will vary with the image, who and what it's aimed at. The Donny Osmond syndrome, of the '70s, which is not too different from the Cliff Richard syndrome of the early '60s, perhaps provides some sort of anchor for adolescence — for all those anxieties that arise when puberty and sexual liberation don't occur at the same time. A picture, or a hundred pictures, of Donny on the bedroom wall provides some sort of *safe* outlet. He's clean, smart, and he has romantic eyes. And he's out of reach.

Token Rebellion

The contemporary glitter idols also have a long tradition, even if they haven't always worn glitter. Billy Fury, for example, was certainly no more the kind of boy Mum would like to see on the doorstep than Gary Glitter. But even glitter idols are safe, because all they really offer is a token rebellion in terms of style. They still remain far out of reach, even though you can buy the same clothes, wear the same expression, and speak in the same everchanging private language. Rather in the manner of a midwife, they wean their audience away from Mum and Dad's world without shaking Mum and Dad's values.

It was the Beatles that set the cat among the pigeons, because they crossed that line. They were billed as just another image, they received the same hysterical reaction, but they refused to play the part. When

asked questions, they didn't consult the script prepared by their publicist, they said what they thought. They were real people and they let others know it. But an idol isn't supposed to answer back. And an idol isn't supposed to contradict established values quite as explicitly as the Beatles.

Not that they were wholly responsible of course, for many other things were building up to the 'youth revolution' of the mid-'60s — birth bulges, more education, wars, the global village, etc. The sweaty stench of concert halls after a Beatles' performance, seems in retrospect to have been more than the usual adolescent outlet. The Fab Four seem to have presaged some of the nervous build-up in society that spread wider than adolescence and found expression at football matches, on Mod-Rocker sprees, and in countless other places. The run-of-the-mill idol may have been just a catalyst for the preservation of the family and the social balance; but the woken idol was both a result of, and an actor in, the upsetting of that balance.

If pop has always produced idols, the growth of rock around 1965, which both included and went way beyond pop, produced a number of real heroes. Dylan was the one who set the pace. More than anyone else he brought to the mass audience not only a break with previous styles, but a comprehensive world-view that cut right across the accepted content of the main culture. It didn't matter what Dylan looked like or what his favourite colour was — what really mattered, was what he was experiencing and thinking. In doing this publicly he made himself accessible; his thoughts became matters of social concern.

Two or three hours in a concert hall letting it all out — screaming at young Donny, or the cathartic release of touching Gary Glitter — that was what idols were all about. Release. Dylan produced the completely opposite effect. In his music, the impossibility of anyone achieving any satisfaction within the current limitations of the culture was the essential point. Nights at rock concerts were fine, but there'd always be 'Visions of Johanna' to haunt you, and 'Desolation Row' was always out of the window if not right there in the room. You had to live with Dylan's vision, you couldn't use it the way you'd use petrol to run a car, or Donny to run adolescence.



Chris Walter

Of course Dylan did not invent the conditions around which he wove his songs. Nor were many of his ideas that original. But at that particular time, around '64-'68, Dylan was the channel through which that condition, with all its awesome influence on the way people were living, was brought home to many of those people. Dylan made the connections between in here and out there. As he once said, he didn't write the songs, they were already there and he just took them down with a pencil. He was a hero because he took them down so well, because he opened so many doors in the taking down, and because he made the calamity memorable. And there was always the feeling that he was suffering for us... a pre-requisite of heroism.

In crossing the lines from pop into rock, from idol into hero, Dylan bound rock inextricably with social change. Rock took on a position as a unifying force for a sub-culture, providing a common language and shared beliefs that were opposed to the dominant culture. And so rock could no

Twilight of the Idols:

The continuing story of heroes in rock

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A collection of heroes. From L. to R.: Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Pete Townshend, Jimi Hendrix and in front, the Beatles.



Chris Walter

longer function just as a branch of the entertainment industry. It had to be real. And so the heroes were no longer free to do a show, wave from the balcony, and disappear into their Bel Air mansions. Rock's heroes were now *responsible* to the audience, they *had* to be real as well.

But it's not so easy to be real when thousands are hanging on your every word and you're so rich you don't know how much money you've got. The rock hero is here caught in the first insoluble contradiction. To actually be himself he has to cut himself off from his audience. He can no longer pretend that his life is like theirs. Bowie said that 'freedom on stage (i.e. being yourself) is an illusion you purchase with real freedom'. Be yourself and the audience will expose you and/or consume you – be someone else and you're just another idol.

This leads into a second, related contradiction, that the culture created by rock is using heroes to spread the message that there are no heroes. Dylan has found it impossible to escape this dilemma. Interviewed in 1971 by Jan Wenner of the pop paper *Rolling Stone*, he was again and again asked 'how does it feel to be such an influence, to be a leader in the generation's thinking process?'. How could the man who sang 'don't follow leaders, watch the parking meters', answer that? He didn't.

But that the question is very real to him is obvious. On stage at London's Albert Hall in 1966, taunted by cries of 'Judas' and 'you sold out for dollars', because he'd gone electric, he replied by singing 'Like A Rolling Stone' straight *AT* his audience, reserving a special venom for the line 'you shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you'. It is one of the most moving pieces of rock ever recorded. This little figure swaying drunkenly on stage, the voice a mixture of contempt and sadness – contempt for those who imagined that he could get their kicks for them, be an idol for them, when all his music had tried to show that *that* was the root of most of what was wrong; and sadness because it seemed as if that was the way it would always be. He didn't want to be a hero in order to be used as an idol. That wasn't the point at all.

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Communal Living

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Talking 'bout my generation

ME AND BOBBY McGEE . . .

Kris Kristofferson & Fred Foster

*Busted flat in Baton Rouge;
Headin' for the trains,
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans,
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before
it rained;
Took us all the way to New Orleans,
I took my harpoon out of my dirty red
bandana
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang
the blues;
With them windshield wipers slappin' time
and Bobby clappin' hands
We fin'ly sang up every song that driver
knew;*

*Freedom's just another word for nothin'
left to lose,
And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free;
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby
sang the blues;
And, buddy, that was good enough for me;
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.*

*From the coalmines of Kentucky
To the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul;
Standin' right beside me, Lord,
Through everything I done,
And every night she kept me from the cold;
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let
her slip away
Looking for the home I hope she'll find;
And I'd trade all of my tomorrows for a
single yesterday,
Holdin' Bobby's body next to mine;*

*Freedom's just another word for nothin'
left to lose.
And nothin' is all she's left for me;
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby
sang the blues;
And, buddy, that was good enough for me;
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C. By kind permission of Keith Prowse Music



LEAVING ON A JET PLANE . . .

John Denver

*All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go,
I'm standing here outside your door,
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye.
But the dawn is breakin', it's early morn,
The taxi's waitin', he's blowin' his horn,
Already I'm so lonesome I could die.*

*So kiss me and smile for me,
Tell me that you'll wait for me,
Hold me like you'll never let me go.
Cause I'm leavin' on a jet plane,
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh babe I hate to go . . .*

*There's so many times I've let you down;
So many times I've played around,
I tell you now they don't mean a thing.*

*Ev'ry place I go I'll think of you,
Ev'ry song I sing I'll sing for you
When I come back I'll bring your wedding
ring.*

So kiss me and smile for me . . . etc.

*Now the time has come to leave you,
One more time let me kiss you,
Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way.
Dream about the days to come,
When I won't have to leave alone,
About the times when I won't have
to say . . .*

So kiss me and smile for me . . . etc.

C. 1967 By kind permission of Harmony Music Limited

A romanticized ideal of freedom, spurred initially by 'Easy Rider', reminiscent of the work of Woodie Guthrie and the writing of Jack Kerouac and deeply rooted in America's western and country traditions, took hold of the young at the end of the '60s. The new young writers, particularly those from areas where country music was fundamental to their upbringing, wrote songs in praise of the travelling life. The new country music had more bite and greater reality than the Nashville-based, highly stylized work of the established artists and consequently appealed more directly to the young.

Kris Kristofferson's 'Me And Bobby McGee' is about travelling and about a girl. It's about traversing a continent on trucks and trains, about places, about making music and about lost love. The ingredients are hardly new but the way they are handled shows more sophistication and the words have a wryness and understanding that was previously lacking. The great call among the young is for freedom but Kristofferson has a somewhat jaundiced realization of what this might be: 'Freedom's just

another word for nothin' left to lose/And nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free'. The whole thing's an illusion and if you've REALLY been on the road you'll know that's true.

John Denver's travelling is of another sort. The travelling demanded of the modern troubador who gets from gig to gig by jet. It is reminiscent of Paul Simon's 'Homeward Bound' in which the emptiness of hotel rooms and casual relationships is contrasted with the fulfilment of being home with the one you love. Denver's song is softer than Simon's with none of the bitterness that marks 'Homeward Bound' but it says essentially the same thing. Quite soon the young to whom these songs were addressed and who had made a cult out of 'Easy Rider' realized the truth of the underlying statements. Fonda's bike ride ending in tragedy, Kristofferson's regrets, Denver's sorrow at parting came to the same thing . . . freedom didn't lie in vast spaces, in putting huge distances behind your heels. Freedom couldn't be bought with a Greyhound ticket or a thumbed ride . . . it lay elsewhere and to think otherwise was to dream futilely.

Buddy Holly:

'50s Star... '70s Legend

Everything that rock & roll offered, Buddy Holly grabbed. Rock & roll said you could play guitar and sing about yourself, write your own songs, experiment and make mistakes, be a star and get the girls. Just what the kid from Lubbock, Texas needed.

Buddy got off to a fast start. He and a friend called Bob Montgomery sang country and western songs on their own 30-minute radio show – every Sunday afternoon, while they were still at school. This was 1953–'55, the years when rock & roll was beginning to confuse the boundaries between country and R&B, and between 'specialist' music and pop. Tapes made by Buddy and Bob (issued later as an LP to cash in on Buddy's success), show Buddy's early awareness of what was happening. Basically the duo sang pure country harmonies, the style that the Everly Brothers made popular throughout the world a few years later. But on a couple of songs, 'You And I Are Through' and 'Baby It's Love', they used drums to kick the beat along and 'Buddy let his voice play tricks with the vowels . . . it was coming.

Calling All Drums

Without rock & roll, such idiocyncrasies would have been frowned upon by the men in charge of record companies. Country music was recorded for an adult audience who thought of drums only in the context of rhythm & blues. Drums weren't used on the early Elvis records for Sun. Elvis might have been singing blues songs, but instrumentally the records were conservative, obliging bass player Bill Black to hit his instrument as hard as he could to make up for the absence of a drummer. But those records proved a point – there were white people in the South who

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would buy records which had a 'black' beat. Swallowing its pride and reaching for the money, Nashville eventually conceded. Drummers came in off the streets and took their places in the studios.

Early in 1956, around the time Elvis signed to RCA Victor, Buddy Holly made his first commercial recordings. Buddy and Bob had opened the bill as the local act on a rock & roll package tour which played in their hometown of Lubbock, Texas, and had impressed someone connected with Decca's Nashville office. Buddy was then invited to Nashville.

By this time Buddy had his own back-up group, the Three Tunes, including Sonny Curtis on guitar and Jerry Allison on drums. But Decca substituted a session drummer for the first Nashville recordings, where the main intention seemed to be to recreate the sound of Elvis' Sun records. Sonny Curtis executed an almost perfect 'Scotty Moore' guitar break on 'Love Me', but the most remarkable feature of the songs was Buddy's singing: his breathless, urgent, and mysterious tone on 'Midnight Shift' must have had a profound influence on Bob Dylan at the time he recorded 'John Wesley Harding'.



At the second Nashville session in July, 1956, Jerry Allison was allowed to play drums, and many rock & roll fans consider that 'Rock Around With Ollie Vee' from this session, was Buddy's purest and best 'rocker'. There's a frantic rush here which was cooled down and controlled later: in contrast, the first version of 'That'll Be The Day' from this session was wooden, weighed down by a heavy bass and



L.H. pic., from top to bottom: Jerry Allison, Buddy Holly and Joe B. Mauldin. Bottom pic: Buddy on guitar, Jerry on drums and Joe on double bass.



unconvincing mannerisms from Buddy.

A third and last Nashville session produced nothing of note, and Decca lost interest in Buddy. He and the Three Tunes continued to play gigs around north Texas, and Buddy made practice tapes of songs he had heard on the radio, or bought records of, or had written himself. Then two singers from a nearby college had simultaneous national hits, Buddy Knox

with 'Party Doll' and Jimmy Bowen with 'I'm Stickin' With You'. Using the same back-up group, the Rhythm Orchids, Knox and Bowen had recorded their hits at a studio just across the Texas border in Clovis, New Mexico, which Buddy Holly and the Three Tunes had already used to make demos of their songs. "When we heard that 'Party Doll' had been recorded in Clovis," Jerry Allison recalls, "we went

to Norman Petty who owned the studio and told him that if Buddy Knox could cut a hit there, so could we. So we recorded four songs, as demonstration records, 'That'll Be The Day', 'I'm Looking For Someone To Love', and two others."

The demos were sent to New York, where they were passed around several publishing and record companies until Bob Thiele of Coral Records heard them. Although they had only been intended as demos, Thiele issued them as they were, 'That'll Be The Day', backed with 'I'm Looking For Someone To Love'.

And so, in the typically accidental way that pop music makes its history, a new music was born, a new star was fledged. The record came out under the name of the Crickets, as if it were a vocal group record. But although there were some background vocal noises, the focus was on the instruments and the words that Buddy sang. Jagged electric guitar opened it up, and then those cynical lines, mocking the girl who had tried the bluff of threatening to leave her boy. Underneath, Jerry Allison's bump-and-shuffle drums shook the floor of every café that owned a juke-box.

If there was one record which could claim to have inspired the 'beat' music of the '60s, this was it. There was a do-it-yourself feel about 'That'll Be The Day', a home-made non-professionalism that gave every fumbling guitarist the hope that he might get lucky too.

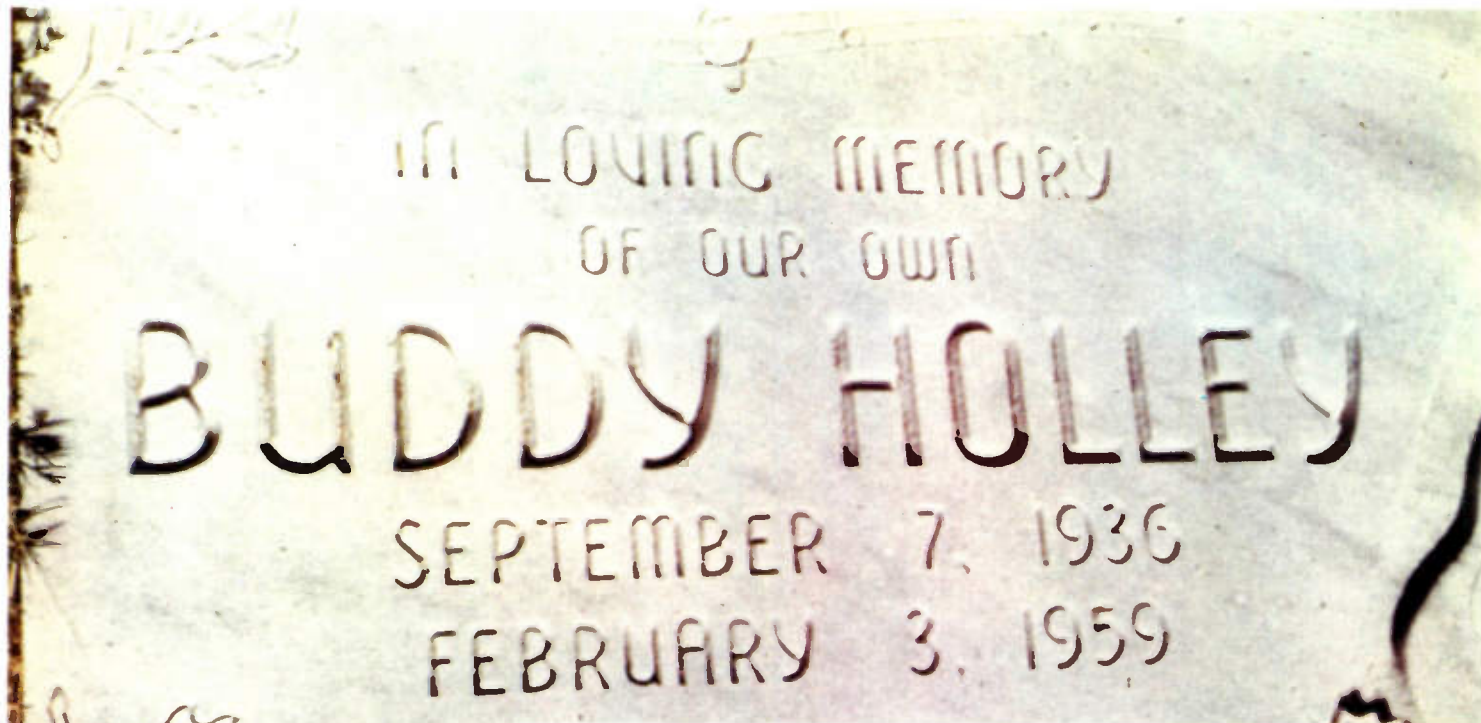
But the immediate reaction of his advisors was almost the opposite. Norman Petty, the engineer of 'That'll Be The Day', took on the job of directing Buddy's talents.

And as manager, producer, session leader, and sometime keyboards man, Petty's influence on most of Buddy's subsequent recordings was considerable.

Norman Petty's own musical preference seems to have been for cocktail music, and his chief preoccupation was to file the rough edges off Buddy Holly's sound. This didn't conflict with everything that Buddy himself wanted, but it did lead to more stereotyped arrangements, an increasingly clean sound, and some silly background vocal harmonies. Consequently, none of Buddy Holly's later records had quite the raw attack of 'That'll Be The Day', while the ones that hold up best over time tend to be his slower songs, where his own intentions

were more amenable to Petty's notions of good taste. According to other musicians who were present at most of the recording sessions, Petty rarely made contributions to the actual compositions of the songs to justify the presence of his name on the composer credits. "That was just a business thing," said a spokesman.

But Petty made one piece of astute business that did benefit Buddy. When he



Above: The grave of Buddy Holly in Lubbock, Texas. Right: Buddy Holly in a sad and pensive mood, gazing out to sea.

was negotiating with Bob Thiele to release the recording of 'That'll Be The Day', Petty also made a separate contract to record Buddy Holly as a solo artist. Holly would be on the Coral label, and the Crickets on Brunswick, although the same people would be involved in making both series of records. While the Crickets' records were rock & roll, Holly's solo records were softer, what the trade used to call 'ballads with a beat'.

The first solo Holly record, 'Words Of Love', sank without trace, although it inspired a respectful and faithful version from the Beatles years later; but the second, 'Peggy Sue', was as remarkable as 'That'll Be The Day' had been. Without any irony or defense, Buddy droned a childishly simple verse over a hypnotic guitar rhythm; it worked because he sang it so adventurously, playing around with the melody and vowels until the whole thing became just sound. Anybody else who tried to sing it was obliged to follow Buddy's vocal lines, or risk losing the song's effectiveness — an important quality of Buddy's style which explains the continuing demand for his records.

The success of 'That'll Be The Day' and 'Peggy Sue' immediately created a demand for personal appearances by Buddy Holly (and the Crickets) around the world, and they made tours of the States.



Australia and Britain. On stage, Buddy confirmed and extended the impressions created on record, as one report stated:

'At the Globe, Stockton, the stage seemed huge and empty with just a drummer (Jerry Allison) behind his kit, and the bass player (Joe Mauldin) standing next to his stand-up bass. And when Buddy walked on, his face cracked by a huge grin under his glasses, it was impossible not to identify with him and feel nervous on his behalf: could this kid, who looked like he had just changed out of his school uniform, meet the audience's expectations? One blast on his guitar and those of us in the front row were ready to move to the back. How could one guitar be so loud? "I think the secret of Buddy's style," Jerry Allison ruminated later, "was

that we didn't have a rhythm guitar, so Buddy had to play a style which was lead and rhythm at the same time, he had to play a melody on chords."

Relaxed And Impressive

There were two LPs out by this time, one just called 'Buddy Holly' with an almost unrecognizable picture of him without his glasses, and 'The Chirping Crickets'. On stage, Buddy would run through most of the songs, which mostly sounded just like the records, but sometimes were even better because Norman Petty wasn't around to make them smooth. The audiences marvelled at how Jerry Allison could play so strongly while looking so relaxed, and remembered

forever the engaging character of Buddy himself; he never said very much between songs, but was impressive because those words he sang were his, he'd written them, and that was a novelty for any touring act in 1958.

It wasn't just the fact that he wrote his own material, it was also the content that was important. 'Only love grows cold, and old', he sang in 'Think It Over'. That was strong stuff for a love song, and so was his casual dismissal of tragedy in 'I'm Looking For Someone To Love', where his girl was run over by a street car. Buddy shrugged his shoulders and went off looking for someone else to take her place.

On the other hand, he could be sentimental without being sloppy, especially on his solo record, 'Heartbeat' and 'Well . . . All Right'. In these days of easy listening charts and golden oldies compilations, that sort of stuff would do well today, but it barely got played when it was issued at the turn of 1958-'59. Neither did the Crickets' 'It's So Easy', and it must have seemed that Buddy was about to sink into obscurity when he was killed in a plane crash during a tour early in 1959.

Buddy's death brought attention to his



most recent record, 'It Doesn't Matter Anymore' – its title suddenly took on prophetic meaning, and the arrangement signalled a new direction that Buddy had just taken – a direction attributed by many to a recent marriage and its 'softening' effect on his approach. In place of the Crickets and Norman Petty's production was a full-blown string arrangement by Dick Jacobs, and instead of writing his own song, Buddy was here doing one by Paul Anka. Evidently sensing that the music business no longer had much sympathy for the do-it-yourself approach, Buddy had moved into the mainstream of pre-planned pop music. And whereas his previous records had defied immediate imitators, this one pop production inspired innumerable derivatives, notably from Bobby Vee in the States and from Marty Wilde and Adam Faith in Britain. Suddenly everybody was singing 'bay-beh', backed by pizzicato strings.

Buddy Holly's premature death allowed endless speculation about what he might have done if he had lived, and also generated a necrophilic interest in every sound he had already committed to tape. He even made a bizarre return to the British charts when the cycle turned to bring spontaneous-sounding records back to favour at the expense of arranged pop music. Back in late '56 and early '57, Buddy used to do versions of current hits that he liked, some of which were issued at the time, but others of which didn't have proper rhythm tracks on them, just Buddy's voice and guitar. After he died, Norman Petty collected these tapes, and demos of songs that Buddy had written, and dubbed rhythm tracks onto them, supplying the finished product to Coral and Brunswick (branches of American Decca) as LP material. Two of these tracks, 'Bo Diddley' and 'Brown-Eyed Handsome Man', became hit singles in Britain in 1963.

Genius Of Pop

Years later, Buddy Holly's records still hold their magic, both for the people who heard them in their time, and for young listeners who have come to him for the first time and immediately recognize a man whose fascination with sound is more fashionable now than ever before. His guitar technique was rudimentary, and his vocal range wasn't particularly big, but he created an instantly recognizable sound through a strange tone, accent and pronunciation, so that whatever words he sang, they belonged to that sound and the character behind it. But if this description makes his singing sound artificial and contrived, that wasn't the effect: he seemed to do it instinctively.

Buddy Holly exploited the freedom that rock & roll brought to pop music. In making room for himself, he created spaces which other people are still exploring. If he was never quite a superstar in his own lifetime, he was a genius of pop music, which other so-called superstars can never hope to be.



BACK TRACK

Born Buddy Holley in Lubbock, Texas, on September 7th, 1936. He had a musical background and started to play acoustic guitar at the age of nine.

1950-52: Performed at local clubs and high schools with Bob Montgomery.

1955: Played a show on the same bill as Bill Haley and the Comets.

1956: First recording sessions in Nashville on January 26th.

1957: 'That'll Be The Day' released under the name of the Crickets, makes UK no. 1. 'Peggy Sue' and 'Oh Boy' singles released.

1958: Toured successfully in Australia and Britain. 'Maybe Baby', 'Rave On', 'Think It Over' and 'Early In The Morning' singles released. Married Maria Elena Santiago.

1959: Buddy dies in an air crash on February 3rd, at Clear Lake, Iowa, along with J. P. (The Big Bopper) Richardson and Ritchie Valens. His single 'It Doesn't Matter Anymore' makes UK no. 1. 'Peggy Sue Got Married' single released.

1961-63: Other posthumous singles were 'Baby I Don't Care', 'Reminiscing', 'Brown-Eyed Handsome Man', 'Bo Diddley' and 'Wishing'.

The three albums available which contain most of Buddy's most popular material are 'Buddy Holly's Greatest Hits' (Coral), 'Buddy Holly's Greatest Hits, Volume Two' (Coral) and 'Remember Buddy Holly' (Coral). For the sake of completeness, the following list gives an impression of what other albums are available to the enthusiast: 'Wishing' (MCA): Buddy and Bob material recorded around 1955.

'That'll Be The Day' (Coral): Nashville sessions. 'Listen To Me' (MCA): Buddy's first album. 'The Chirping Crickets' (Coral). 'Rave On' (MCA). 'True Love Ways' (MCA). 'He's The One' (MCA). 'Brown-Eyed Handsome Man' (MCA). 'Giant' (MCA).

POP: '30s-'70s

Weenystars Past & Present

In 1934, Shirley Temple was presented with a special Oscar for bringing 'more happiness to millions of children and millions of grown-ups than any child of her years in the history of the world'. She was then six years old.

By that age, however, she had established herself in the cinema, through her dancing, singing and acting talents, as the no. 1 weenystar of her time.

Weenystars – that collection of sub-teen and early teenage virtuosos who enjoy giant commercial success – didn't begin with Michael Jackson or Little Jimmy Osmond entering the charts. It was with the advent of the cinema – and particularly with the development of sound – that the mass audiences of the States and of Europe could turn a child barely old enough to walk, into an unprecedented success.

Shirley Temple was undoubtedly the reason why mothers from all over the States flocked to Hollywood with their children, desperately hoping that their son or daughter could emulate the fame of this precocious little girl from Los Angeles.

A Male Rival

Shirley is, without a shadow of doubt, the movies' most celebrated child star, and by 1935, the year after she had been awarded her Oscar, she had not only appeared in 11 films but had also had two colossal hit records – 'On The Good Ship Lollipop' from the film *Bright Eyes*, and 'Animal Crackers In My Soup' from *Curly Top*. Logically, a male counterpart to Shirley was created – Bobby Breen. Bobby, who was born in 1927, failed, however, to rise to the same heights of stardom as his female rival and after a brief flirtation with success, he had faded out of the public eye almost entirely by 1940.

Jane Withers was to have more success. At the age of four she had her own radio show in Atlanta, Georgia, where she was billed as 'Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop'. Her freckle-faced tomboy manner made her the antithesis of Shirley and in her first major film, *Bright Eyes*, she was cast opposite the Oscar-winning six-year-old, in the role of bully. Her film career was to continue until 1961.

The weenystar, whether he be an Osmond in the '70s or Mickey Rooney who made his film debut in 1926, appeals to two distinct age groups. First, he will bring out the maternal or paternal instincts in his parent's generation – they will see in the infant star their own child – and secondly he will give the children of his

own age group someone to identify with. If a ten-year-old in the audience at a cinema or pop concert, sees that the person up there on the screen or on the stage is the same age as he is, then he can imagine himself performing before those audiences. The emotional appeal is almost always devoid of sexuality and despite what Donny Osmond would claim, it is in reality 'puppy love'.

The cinema, and, in particular, the cinema of the 1930s – the Golden Age of Hollywood – produced more child stars than have so far emerged from pop music. Judy Garland, Shirley MacLaine and Deanna Durbin, all made their mark as infant prodigies. Judy, whose great talent eventually destroyed her highly-strung personality, was the only star in the history of MGM studios who had not been asked to take a screen test when she was awarded her contract at the age of 13 in 1935. Perhaps her best remembered song is 'Over The Rainbow' from the film *The Wizard Of Oz*.

Bridging the gap between the weenystars of the '30s cinema and the first weenystars of the rock & roll age, were two American weenystars of the 1940s who later became adult rock & rollers – Tommy Sands and Frankie Avalon. Sands and Avalon hit the American charts with, respectively, 'Teenage Crush' and 'Why', and both exemplified the clean, white all-American rock & rollers, who were a reaction against the blatant sexuality and neo-'race' records of Elvis Presley. In the late '40s, however, both had experienced previous success, Sands as a child singer and guitarist and Avalon as a trumpet prodigy at the age of nine.

*'I'm so young and you're so old.
This my darling I've been told.'*

These lines were a plea from the heart of a 14-year-old boy from Ottawa, Canada, called Paul Anka, which he included in a song he wrote and recorded in 1957 called 'Diana'. 'Diana' went on to sell over 9,000,000 copies throughout the world, and, along with 'Lonely Boy' and 'I Love You Baby' among other hits, Anka had chalked up 30,000,000 sales by 1961.

As Nik Cohn described him, in his history of pop *WopBopaLooBopLopBamBoom*, 'He was number one cute teenager'. He was also the first true genuine weenystar talent of pop music. There had been other child stars – Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers had had hits with 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love', 'I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent', and 'Baby Baby' in 1956-'57 – but Anka was the first early teen star with songwriting flair, charisma and business sense.



Insert: Weenystar from the past Paul Anka. Right: Weeny from the present Jimmy Osmond.

As a fitting balance to sex equality, the next true weenystar was a girl – Brenda Lee from Atlanta in Georgia, just like Jane Withers some 30 years before. Brenda was 11 years old when her string of hits began, and she was the cause of feverish activity in the music press and the gossip columns of the newspapers, who attempted to use the fact that she was only just five feet tall, yet had so powerful a voice, in order to claim that she was in reality a 40-year-old midget!

From 1959 to late 1963, Brenda was rarely out of the charts on either side of the Atlantic. Her hits included 'Sweet Nothings', 'Let's Jump The Broomstick', 'All Alone Am I' and 'As Usual'. In the '70s she made the transition into cabaret, but kept on singing those early hits.

Around the time that she stopped having hits, Tamla Motown released 'Fingertips' by Stevie Wonder – or Little Stevie Wonder as he was then known. Little Stevie Wonder was a blind, black 12-year-old who played feverish pulsating organ and



sang with a fervour at that time previously unheard of from anyone so young.

Wonder is one of the greatest Tamla Motown artists ever. He was not the most consistent hit-maker on the label, but as he matured, so did his sound. In 1966 he was flowing with the times with the funky soul number, 'Uptight'. By 1969 he was creating the beautifully mellow 'My Cherie Amour'. And by 1973 he was setting himself, and the whole of pop music, totally new standards with albums like 'Talking Book' – on which he played virtually all the instruments himself.

Stevie Wonder, almost alone among pop music weenystars, has proved his ability to stay the pace and emerge after 10 years as a very genuine talent.

It would appear, though, that his label already has an heir-apparent to his throne if he should by any chance falter. Michael Jackson of the Jackson Five is now 15 and edging out of the age-group in which he could be classified as a weenystar. But when the Jacksons first started making records he was only 10. Since then and despite an age difference of nearly nine years between himself and Jackie Jackson, the oldest member of the group, Michael

has established himself as the true mainstay of the Jackson Five. 'Rockin' Robin', 'Ben' and 'Got To Be There' – his solo singles – have all been much greater successes than his brothers' solo efforts. So, perhaps in another seven or eight years, his musical accomplishments will be seen as having been as great as the once 'Little' Stevie Wonder's.

It is doubtful whether the same will be said of Little Jimmy Osmond. The sight of this 10-year-old member of the Osmonds strutting across the stage warbling 'Longhaired Lover From Liverpool' doesn't exactly create an expectation of future artistic greatness, although like his elder brothers, Little Jimmy seems assured of a future in show business.

British weenystars have been few and far between, and those that have had hit records have nearly all turned out to be one-hit-wonders. In 1958, Laurie London reached no.12 in the UK, with a particularly sickly semi-spiritual, 'He's Got The Whole World In His Hands', and 1973 saw Neil Reid high in the charts with the equally nauseating 'Mother Of Mine'. There was also an attempt in 1973 to create British weenystars along the lines of the

Osmonds, the two most notable failures being Darren Burns and Ricky Wilde, son of early '60s British pop star Marty Wilde.

It is possible that the rules over private schooling have made it more difficult for weenystars to be launched in Britain, although there have been three artists who just scrape into the category of weeny, as their careers all started around the age of 14.

Helen Shapiro was the first. Her deep throaty voice first came into the charts in April, 1961, with 'Don't Treat Me Like A Child' which reached no.4. Like Brenda Lee some two years previously, Helen was suspected of being much older than her stated age because of the apparent maturity of her voice, although this theory was dispensed with after the music papers had been provided with school photographs.

Helen had five hits, including two no.1s, 'You Don't Know' and 'Walking Back To Happiness', before she faded away into the cabaret circuit of the North of England.

In 1964, along with her group the Luvvers – Lulu, a red-haired fireball from Glasgow – charged to no.7 with 'Shout', the old Isley Brothers song. After departing from her group shortly afterwards, Lulu was to have another eight hits up to 1969. Unlike Helen Shapiro, however, Lulu went on to have her own TV series and, after the break-up of her marriage to Maurice Gibb of the Bee Gees, would appear to be recording in earnest once more, with notables like David Bowie.

The last of these three British weenystars is generally regarded as one of the finest musicians to have emerged over the last 10 years – Stevie Winwood.

Winwood, who was just 15 when he joined the Spencer Davis Group, was a superb white soul singer, as well as being a master of both guitar and organ, and always appeared the driving force within the group which had five hits, one of which was the classic 'Gimme Some Loving', before Winwood left to form Traffic in 1967.

Outstanding Fantasy

Traffic's first album, 'Mr. Fantasy', remains an outstanding work in British pop music, and the group, in a greatly changed form, is still in existence.

The problem for all weenystars has been a simple one – they get older. And although many of the child stars of the early days of Hollywood have survived in various forms of show business to the present time, only a mere handful – Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney being perhaps the most obvious examples – showed that they had more to them than mere cuteness.

The pop music weenystars have followed a similar pattern. There have been the occasional tragedies – Frankie Lyman died of a drugs overdose – but unless they have felt inclined to leave the music business, the majority of the late '50s and early '60s weenystars can now be found working in cabaret or on TV variety shows.

Stevie Wonder and Stevie Winwood have gone on to artistic greatness, and as for Little Jimmy Osmond and Michael Jackson – only time will tell.

Rock's Second Division

Getting to the top in pop isn't always a question of merit. It is more often the result of the right mixture of a number of factors, of which musical quality is just one. A singer or group has to be well promoted, has to come up with the right song at the right time, and more often than not, has to have the right lucky break.

For every one who makes it, a dozen or more don't. Some don't deserve to, because their music is stale or derivative, but there are many musicians making good, enterprising music for appreciative audiences who never quite seem to have the spotlight turned on them for more than a few moments. They are nevertheless the backbone of the music scene, often proving more durable than the shooting stars of the Top 10.

Family Life

One group that typified all these qualities on the British scene was Family, who split up in October, 1973, after a seven-year career. They first received attention in 1968 when they moved from their home town of Leicester to become part of the London underground rock scene.

Family had several things to offer: an unusual instrumental line-up, including electric violin played by Rick Grech, and sax and flute from Jim King; some original songs written by Roger Chapman and guitarist Charlie Whitney, and also Chapman's own extraordinary stage act.

Described by one critic as 'demented ultra-violence', the act usually involved Chapman picking up the microphone stand and hurling it off the stage during a break in his impassioned singing.

The first Family album, 'Music In A Doll's House', in November 1968, was one of the most memorable records in a remarkable year for pop music. The group seemed to have caught the mood and imagination of a whole sub-culture of youth in Britain, especially among students, whose flats rang out with songs like 'Weavers Answer' or 'Observations From A Hill' in the summers of '68 and '69.

Family were at the point where it seemed they might go on to fuller fame and fortune by capturing a wider audience and becoming pacemakers of 'progressive' rock. That they didn't, was due mainly to the group's determination to explore every musical impulse that occurred to them, rather than simply repeating a formula, however successful it may have been. It seems that Family also explored other kinds of impulse as well.

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Genesis

A more recent band, who, like Family in 1969, worked hard to develop an enthusiastic following around the colleges and clubs, was (and is) Genesis. Led by singer Peter Gabriel and keyboard man Tony Banks, they have created a very theatrical stage act that involves the use of elaborate props, for example when performing material from their most successful album 'Foxtrot', Gabriel wears a large fox head. Again like their predecessors, Genesis are poised to make that leap from cult group to something larger. If they don't make it, the reasons are likely to be the same – the originality of their approach to music.

The most durable of the bands that came up alongside Family in the 'underground' years of 1967-'73 has been Fairport Convention. Their story illustrates another way in which a group out of the limelight can have a significant effect on the direction of pop. It is generally accepted that the dozen or so musicians who have passed through the group in its six-year history, have successfully transplanted folk-rock from America and developed it into an entirely new brand of British pop.

The group started off as a sort of British Jefferson Airplane, with male and female vocalists (Judy Dyble and Ian Matthews) and featuring one of the most inventive of British guitarists, Richard Thompson. Dyble was soon replaced by a folk singer called Sandy Denny, and with her fronting the band, they entered their most creative period. They had a knack of picking on little-known American folk rock material, including previously unrecorded Bob Dylan songs and others by the then unknown Joni Mitchell. The two albums released in 1969, 'What We Did On Our Holidays' and 'Unhalfbricking' were classics of their kind. It was around this time, too, that Fairport had their solitary solo hit with a rousing, infectious song called 'Si Tu Dois Partir', a French translation of Bob Dylan's 'If You Gotta Go, Go Now', which itself had been a hit for Manfred Mann a few years earlier.

Time For A Change

At this point, another process began which was to become a regular feature of the folk rock scene: the splitting-off of Fairport Convention members to form their own group or to make their mark as solo performers. The first to leave was the flawless voiced Ian Matthews, who always seemed to have a touch of wistful sadness about him, no matter how happy the song. Ian decided to follow up his interest in

country music by forming a group featuring the pedal steel guitar of Gordon Huntley, and Matthews Southern Comfort immediately had a no. 1 hit with Joni Mitchell's 'Woodstock'. The group made several albums without any great commercial success, then Matthews left to pursue a solo career, which was briefly interrupted when he formed a group with guitarist Andy Roberts, called Plainsong. Currently he is living and working in California, with ex-Monkee Mike Nesmith, another country music enthusiast.

Sandy Quits

The next Fairport member to go her own way was Sandy Denny. She had been writing a lot of songs, two of which have become group favourites – 'Fotheringay' and 'Who Knows Where The Time Goes'. The Fairport Convention recording of the latter is one of the highspots of the band's career with Thompson's guitar weaving quietly in and out behind Sandy's soft vocals. She left the group at the end of 1969 to form Fotheringay with a number of other folk rock musicians, and this band, which lasted a year, became the first in a long line of folk rock groups created in the wake of the Fairports.

The most successful of the others have been Pentangle, Steeleye Span and the Strawbs. Pentangle was an acoustic 'supergroup', formed around two of the most feted guitarists on the folk scene, Bert Jansch and John Renbourn. Alongside them was singer Jacqui McShee and a rhythm section of two jazzmen, Terry Cox (drums) and Danny Thompson (bass). At their best, the group produced a restrained mixture of blues, folk and jazz, and they quickly built up a following around the college circuit of Britain and the States. They finally broke up in 1972, and each member has picked up his or her solo career.

If Pentangle were acoustic and restrained, Steeleye Span have taken up and developed the loud, brash side of folk rock with their amplified versions of traditional songs, jigs and reels. The group was started by a very successful folk duo, Tim Hart and Maddy Prior, who wanted to get across to an audience outside the folk clubs. Over the last couple of years they have done just that, to the extent that many of the younger section of their audiences are most probably hearing folk songs for the first time, as Peter Knight's electric violin and Maddy Prior's voice soar above the regulation pop group backing.

Above: Family and below, Steeleye Span.



Both pics Redfern's



JKA

Britain's folk-rock group, Lindisfarne, from Newcastle, having a beery knees-up. Their best known record was 'Fog On The Tyne'.

Unlike the early Fairport Convention and Pentangle, Steeleye stick fairly closely to traditional material, re-shaping it for performances with amplified instruments. In this they are following closely in the footsteps of the Fairports themselves in the three years since the departure of Sandy Denny. During that time, the mainstay of the band has been fiddler Dave Swarbrick, another graduate of the English traditional folk scene who formerly played with the Ian Campbell Folk Group. Under Swarbrick's leadership, Fairport Convention undertook their most ambitious album, 'Babbacombe Lee', a suite of songs telling the true story of a 19th century murder and an innocent man condemned to die for it.

Mainstream Rock

The Strawbs became only the second folk-based group to have a hit single with 'Lay Down', which was followed by the even more successful 'Part Of The Union'. However, both songs were written as the band was changing from the more traditional approach of leader Dave Cousins' earlier songs, towards a more mainstream rock style. Cousins is like Swarbrick in that he has tried to write his own songs on the themes found in the folk-song heritage. One writer described his work as having a 'peculiarly British cathedral feel'. 'Part Of The Union' itself was written by Richard Hudson and John Ford, who have since left Cousins to form their own group. So the folk rock tradition of making two groups out of one continues.

All the folk-style groups described so far in this article came together in London or the south of England, but there has always been a thriving folk music scene in the north-east of England and in Scotland. In the late '60s, as the influence of Fairport Convention spread, a number of groups began to emerge from those areas, playing varying forms of folk rock.

The first to make it big were Lindisfarne,

a band formed from the merger of a Newcastle rock group and a popular local folk club singer called Alan Hull. Like the very early Fairports, Lindisfarne were a mixture of British and American in terms of the influences on their music and song-writing. To begin with, they wrote many songs about living in Newcastle and about such things as being on the dole and taking bus rides when there's nothing else to do. The famous 'Fog On The Tyne' is probably the best known of them, and in 1971-'72 it got rapturous receptions from audiences at festivals and concert-halls, who were busily swigging their beer and joining in the choruses with enough gusto to make even the most die-hard traditional folk singer green with envy.

The group's third album, 'Dingly Dell' proved to be less successful than their earlier work, and in 1973, true to the folk tradition, there was a split in the group. Hull and harmonica player Ray Jackson kept the name Lindisfarne and got in a few mates from other Newcastle groups, while the rest of the band formed a new group called Jack The Lad. So far, neither has managed to recapture their original success.

Hit-Making Group

Gerry Rafferty is another Newcastle ex-folkie who began with a group called the Humblebums, whose softish sound – rather like a Geordie Simon & Garfunkel – proved to be the forerunner of his current hit-making group, Stealers Wheel. Probably even more than Alan Hull, Rafferty and Joe Egan, his fellow-pivot in the group, are the true inheritors of that early Fairport approach. The singing on their big single 'Stuck In The Middle With You' is everything a Dylan fan could want, with its echoes of the voice on songs like 'Positively 4th Street'.

But like so many of the groups in the same style of music, Stealers Wheel lost

that early impetus for a while because of personnel changes, although they now seem to be settled again. This constant chopping and changing of members and hence of sound and approach, is the main reason why none of the folk rock groups has yet managed to establish itself as a truly major musical force. However, despite the fact that the genre as a whole seems destined to remain in the second division of British pop, it remains one of the most exciting and creative areas of music.

Blue-Eyed Soul Band

Scotland's contribution to the second division over the last few years has been far from insignificant. As songwriters, Gallagher and Lyle were the mainstay of that fine group, McGuinness Flint, who in some ways were the nearest pop has come to the carefree attitude and gaiety of skiffle. And Stone The Crows seemed set fair to become a leading live blue-eyed soul band before the tragic death of guitarist Les Harvey precipitated the group's demise. Nevertheless, lead singer Maggie Bell has gone on to what promises to be an important solo career under the guidance of Aretha Franklin's producer, Jerry Wexler of Atlantic Records.

What we have called the 'second division' musicians, along with their American counterparts, the country rock bands like Poco, Brewer and Shipley and the Eagles, are the unsung heroes of pop. What marks them off from the superstars is not musical quality, but often simply an unwillingness to go in for the publicity and image-building that seems an essential part of the star-making process. In live shows every week, from Aberdeen to Albuquerque, they keep alive some of the basic values of pop which all too often the glitter brigade seem to have forgotten in their haste to follow changes in search of fame.

POP FILE

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

URIAH HEEP were formed by guitarist Mick Box, keyboard player Ken Hensley and singer David Byron in 1970. The band used a variety of bassists and drummers before recruiting Gary Thain (bass) and ex-National Head Band drummer Lee Kerslake in 1972. Known for their loud and heavy music, the group were successful on the Continent long before they were taken seriously in Britain, where the music press scorned them as an over-loud hype. But by the time of their fourth album,



'Demons And Wizards' (1972) they had established themselves in Britain and the US, and with their albums 'Uriah Heep Live' (1972) and 'Sweet Freedom' (1973), they have become a major rock act.

RITCHIE VALENS was born in California on May 13th, 1941 (real name Richard Velenzuela). In 1958 he signed for Del Fi Records, Hollywood, and his first record 'Come On Let's Go' (a UK hit for Tommy Steele) was a US hit. His second release, the classic 'Donna And La Bamba' was a million seller and he looked set to become one of the biggest rock singers. However, he was killed in the same plane crash as Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper on February 3rd, 1959, after playing a concert at Clear Lake, Iowa.

VANILLA FUDGE were a New York group that specialised in their original arrangements of other people's songs. In 1967 they had a big hit with a slowed-down funk-up version of the Supremes 'You Keep Me Hanging On', notable for its big-scale (and tasteless) production. They went on to do the same to 'Eleanor Rigby', 'Ticket To Ride' and 'Bang Bang'. But the combination of melodramatics and psychedelic guitar soon wore thin and the group disbanded in 1970. Drummer Carmine Appice and bassist Tim Bogart joined forces with Jeff Beck, while guitarist Vince Martell and pianist Mark Stein disappeared from the music scene.

FRANKIE VAUGHAN was a Liverpool crooner who had some 20 UK hits from 1955 to 1967, singing big production songs spread thick with smiling sincerity or doing what the middle-aged thought was rock. His best known hits are 'Green Door', 'Kewpie Doll', and 'Tower Of Strength'.

BOBBY VEE rose to popularity in 1961 at the time when rock had slowed down and degenerated into sloppy production rock-ballads. Basing his style closely on Buddy Holly's he had hits with 'Rubber Ball', 'More Than I Can Say', 'Take Good Care Of My Baby', 'Run To Him', 'A Forever Kind Of Love' and 'The Night Has A Thousand Eyes' among others. With the rise of the Beatles, Bobby Vee and his like went to the wall.

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND began in New York in 1966 and initially made their name as part of Andy Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable. While everyone else was into peace, love and flowers, the Velvets explored the world of heroin addicts, sado-masochists, homosexuals and other elements of the forgotten, despairing, sub-stratum of New York. Their first album with model singer Nico (1967), and their subsequent two, 'White Light/White Heat' and 'The Velvet Underground' are their



best known recordings, while their later recordings have been disappointing due to personnel changes. The original line-up was Lou Reed (guitar and vocals), Sterling Morrison (guitar), John Cale (bass, viola) and Maureen Tucker (drums).

THE VENTURES were Don Wilson, Bog Bogle, Nokie Edwards and Howie Johnson. They recorded the rock instrumental 'Walk Don't Run', which became a huge hit in 1960 and followed it up with 'Perfidia'. Although they are still recording, their clean and bright instrumental style didn't capture the public for long.

KLAUS VOORMAN is a German bass player who became friendly with the Beatles in their early 1960s Hamburg days. He designed the cover for their album 'Revolver' and played on some Beatle and many post-Beatle sessions for all four of them. He played with George Harrison at the 1971 Bangla Desh Concert.

THE WALKER BROTHERS started out in Hollywood in 1965. The three of them - Scott Engel, John Maus and Gary Leeds - had a series of hits with big-production moody ballads including 'Make It Easy On Yourself', 'My Ship Is Coming In' and 'The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore'. The girls screamed and the Walkers toured the world, but Scott, the main heart-throb figure, didn't like the screaming and didn't get on with John, so the group split. As a solo performer, Scott Walker had some success in 1968-'69 with 'Joanna' and 'Lights Of Cincinatti'.



JUNIOR WALKER, born Autrey de Walt and raised in Arkansas, began playing sax at high school. After forming his group The All Stars he made the US charts in 1965 with 'Shotgun', followed it with others including 'Road Runner', 'Come See About Me' and 'What Does It Take', and has released a steady stream of albums for Tamla Motown.

I. Dickson

Both pics SKR

T-BONE WALKER was born in Texas in 1913 and began recording in the early '30s playing jazz-influenced blues-guitar and piano. He was one of the first to use an electric guitar in the late '30s and almost certainly the first blues player to use the instrument. Since the American Folk Blues tours of Europe in the early '60s he has played many times in Britain.

WAR traces its roots back to a California school band formed by bass and keyboard player B. B. Dickerson, drummer Harold Brown, woodwind player and pianist Charles Miller, and bassist and trumpet player Howard Scott. The band split up but they got together again in 1968 as the Nite Shift and were seen at a party in LA in 1969 by Eric Burdon, harmonica player Lee Oskar and producer Jerry Goldstein. Burdon was looking for a new group and teamed up with what became known as War, while Oskar joined the group. After two albums, 'Eric Burdon Declares War' and 'Black Man's Burdon' and a US hit 'Spill The Wine', Burdon and the band went their separate ways and War have gone on to establish themselves as a highly-successful rock-soul outfit, with their albums 'All Day Music', 'The World Is A Ghetto' and 'Deliver The Word'. Other members of the group are Papa Dee Allen (percussion) and Leroy Jordan (keyboard and drums).

DIONNE WARWICK was born in New Jersey in December 1941 and after going to music school was given the song 'Don't Make Me Over' by Burt Bacharach and Hal David in 1962.



The song was a US hit which Dionne followed with many others including 'Anyone Who Had A Heart', 'Walk On By', 'Message To Michael', 'You'll Never Get To Heaven' and 'Do You Know The Way To San Jose'. Most of her work has been with Bacharach and David, but her 1973 Warner Brothers album was with Brian Holland and Lamont Dozier.

MUDDY WATERS (real named McKinley Morganfield) was born in Rolling Fork Mississippi on April 4th, 1915. He was raised by his grandparents and was singing with his own band at the age of 15, and later took up guitar. In 1941, Muddy recorded for the Qmax Brothers' Library of Congress recordings and two years later headed north to Chicago. After the war he began playing electric guitar and recorded for Columbia before signing with Chess, for whom he recorded many many blues sides through the '50s and '60s. He recorded many songs that have since become standard blues group numbers including 'I've Got My Mojo Working', 'I've Got My Brand On You', 'I'll Put A Tiger In Your Tank' (his own compositions) and 'Hoochie Coochie Man' and 'I Just Want To Make Love To You' (by Willie Dixon). His visits to Britain in the early '60s proved a formative influence on Alexis Korner, the Rolling Stones and all the others involved in the British blues boom. In 1969 he recorded 'Fathers And Sons' with Mike Bloomfield, Paul Butterfield and Donald 'Duck' Dunne and in 1972 recorded a London Sessions album with Rory Gallagher, Stevie Winwood and Mitch Mitchell among others. Among the musicians who have played in the Muddy Waters Band are Jimmy Rogers (guitar), Willie Dixon (bass), Little



Walker (harp), James Cotton (harp), Junior Wells (harp), Freddie Bellow (drums), and Otis Spann (piano).

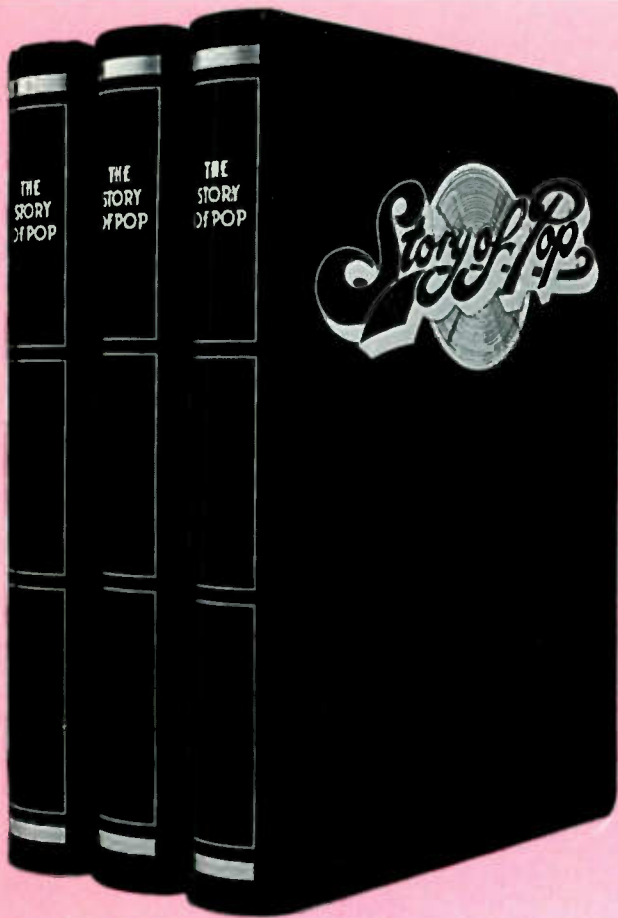
MARY WELLS made it big in 1963 with 'My Guy' and followed it with 'The One Who Really Loves You' and 'You Beat Me To The Punch', but unlike many other Motown artists quickly faded from the scene. She toured Britain with the Beatles and later recorded an album of Beatles material 'Love Songs To The Beatles'. She left Motown in 1968.

JERRY WEXLER joined Atlantic Records in 1953 as a record producer. He worked with Ray Charles, the Drifters and Ruth Brown before signing and producing Aretha Franklin.

TONY JOE WHITE was taken to be a black singer when he began recording in 1968, but the public soon discovered he was a Louisiana white with a powerful soulful voice, singing what became known as 'swamp music'. He had a big hit in 1969 with 'Polk Salad Annie'/'Groupie Girl' and continued to make black-sounding records until he left Monument for Warner Brothers in 1971, when he softened his sound considerably. His latest release is 'Homemade Ice Cream' (1973).



POP FILE



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From Slaves To Superstars: As post-colonial black peoples flex their muscles, a lot of things happen. James Brown urged, 'say it out loud. I'm black and I'm proud'.

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Fragmentation: Rock was no longer a weapon with which to fight the establishment. It had become a vast leisure industry. It had become entertainment with a capital E and many other things besides.

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Power To The People: Have the pop-heroes and superstars active roles to play in society, or can they only passively reflect what's happening, is it time to start thinking where we are at?

MUSIC

Is It Art?: While the top-drawer critics were busily proving how close the Beatles were to Mahler or Schubert, they missed the point that the group was really far nearer to the Everly Brothers and the Miracles.

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Elton John: He seems to have bridged the gap between pop and rock, between fun and dedication, between being a clown and being an artist.

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