

Who Put The Bomp

VOLUME 3 NO. 1

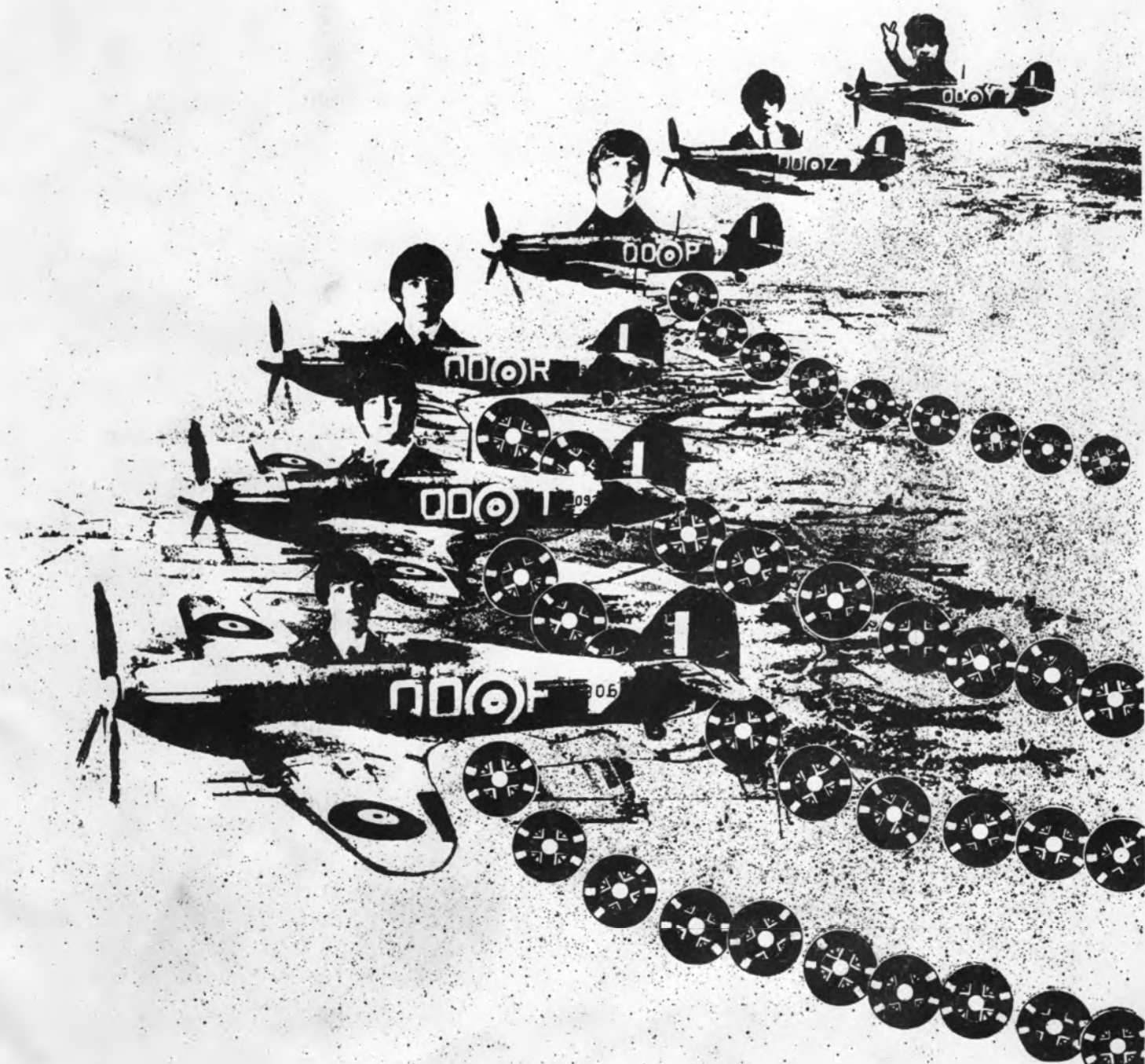
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"Not a Fanzine"

Fall, 1973

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PUBLISHER: GREG SHAW

EDITORS: GREG SHAW
KEN BARNES

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR:
MARTY CERF

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Suzy Shaw

PRODUCTION ASST: Suzy Shaw
Terry Barnes

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*Note: Although Herman's Hermits were of course a Manchester group, spatial logistics forced their inclusion in the London section. Apologies to all concerned.

*Note:

What happened in England in the early '60s amounted to nothing less than the first re-birth of rock & roll. I have a rather elaborate notion of the meaning of rock & roll, involving complicated interrelationships of music with the teenage urge to rebellion and anarchy (among other things) and the ways that urge can be expressed and sometimes channelled through periodic outbreaks of fully developed youth culture.

But without boring you with that, I think it can be agreed that something died in 1958 and came back, in somewhat different form but with the same basic spirit, and flourished for awhile in 1963-7. Most of us would probably even agree that it died again after that and is only recently showing signs of a third incarnation. It is with the Second Rock & Roll Era, and its beginnings in England, that WPTB will hereafter be chiefly concerned.

It has been noted (see WPTB #8) that England was largely bypassed by the extreme rebelliousness of American rock & roll in the '50s. English kids, cowed by the weight of tradition and parental authority, were satisfied with the pale readymade rock stars they were offered, singers like Tommy

Steele, Cliff Richard, Marty Wilde, Adam Faith, Billy Fury and so on that, wild as they may have started out, were quickly stripped of any qualities that appeared threatening to the adult status quo by the promise of big money on the "legitimate" cabaret circuit, where they all ended up.

Of course the American rockers had their following in England, and the Teddy Boys from all reports were every bit as murderous as their New York JD counterparts, but when the music died in the late '50s their culture faded away. Meanwhile in the rough seaport town of Liverpool the conditions were right for a teenage rebellion, and a lot of kids found themselves starting musical groups.

Skiffle music, with its easy washboard and gutbucket

instrumentation, accounted for hundreds of teen groups around Liverpool as far back as 1955, and a good number of them, including the Beatles (then the Quarrymen) started playing rock when the skiffle fad died and American rock records started turning up around 1958. By 1959 instrumental music ala the Shadows was the big thing, but most groups did vocals as well, and as Bobby Rydell songs are not exactly suitable for rowdy dance halls, the classic rockers of Little Richard et al. lived on in these surroundings, at least in Liverpool and other provincial areas.

And so, following the thread of rock & roll, which has gotten pretty thin at times but never really disappeared except in terms of mass popularity, we take up our story in Liverpool....



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LIVERPOOL

Liverpool rock as such dates back at least to 1959, when such groups as the Beatles, Rory Storm & the Hurricanes, Cass & the Cassanovas, Gerry Wilkie & the Seniors, the Swinninn Blue Jeans and Gerry & the Facemakers had become the most popular local groups (with the Beatles, incidentally, brinning on the rear). There were a number of clubs around town, such as the Casbah (owned by Pete Best's mother), but things didn't really get underway until the Cavern, located in central Liverpool, switched over from jazz to rock and began attracting a regular and loyal clientele, sometime around 1960 or '61.

There were never enough jobs around Liverpool to support all the groups, and in 1959 many of the groups started accepting dates in Hamburg, a sort of sister city to Liverpool, across the English Channel. Hamburg was another dirty, violent city where hard core rock & roll was required to ease the frustrations of teenage life. Playing in Hamburg kept the early Liverpool groups raunchy while their counterparts in London and other parts were going progressively softer. (It was also in Hamburg, incidentally, that the Beatles got the idea for their famous haircuts.) Hamburg itself eventually developed a sizeable Liverpool-influenced rock scene.

By 1962 things were really happening. The Beatles were by now a local sensation, there were many other groups around including the Merseybeats, the Four Jays, the Undertakers, the Dennisons, Lee Curtis & the Allstars, the Remo Four, Gus Travis & the Midnighters, Billy J. Kramer, and the Big Three and more. There was a local pop newspaper, *Merseybeat*, that supported the Liverpool sound and gave the musical community a sense of solidarity. It was a scene very similar, in some ways, to that in San Francisco in 1966, before the rest of the world found out what was going on.

Around this time the nature of the music started changing, as well. The songs of Little Richard, Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly and the Coasters continued to be a mainstay of most groups' repertoires, but many of the musicians were also taking note of the renaissance of R&B that was going on in America, with the Phil Spector girl groups, and the revitalized R&B of New Orleans. This material was added to the classics of



the mid-fifties and somehow, when the Liverpool groups became proficient enough to write their own songs, they came out a curious blend of the two influences, mixed with a youthful, buoyant enthusiasm and an utterly confident way of bashing out songs that was different enough from the common fare to sound new, fresh, and very exciting. Thus was the Merseybeat born.

New standard songs emerged. Benny Spellman's "Fortune Teller" and Aaron Neville's "A Certain Girl", from New Orleans. Dionne Warwick's "This Empty Place", Johnny Kidd's "Shakin' All Over", Loiber & Stoller's "Some Other Guy", Plenty of songs from the Isley Bros.

("Respectable," "Twist and Shout,") and the Coasters ("Searchin'," "Ain't That Just Like Me," "Poison Ivy," "Girls Girls Girls," "What About Us," etc.). Girl group songs by the score. And, perhaps the definitive Mersey anthem, "Hippie Hippy Shake," from an obscure 1959 DeFi record by Chan Romero.

At this point we must deal with a point raised by Ian Maunier in his excellent Merseybeat retrospective in *Cream 17*. I take the liberty of quoting liberally from that article, because Ian

expresses and illustrates his point so effectively:

"We now come to a very obvious but pertinent question--if most of the groups used other people's songs, was there really a Liverpool sound at all? The answer is yes, there was a Liverpool sound, loud and raucous, but there was not a Liverpool style. This is a very important distinction. Style in pop music is that nebulous quality which enables an artist to inject his personality into any piece of music, thereby rendering that piece of music in a different way from previous interpretation... It was just this sense of style that 99 percent of the Mersey groups lacked.

"Unfortunately, the groups compounded the mistake of performing unoriginal material by the very nature of the material they chose to perform. Of all the many forms of American music they could have chosen to adopt, rhythm and blues and its cousin, soul music, are the most personal of all. They are dependant on their impact on the personal interpretation of the singer and also on the ability of the backing musicians. The essence of this music is improvisation, and an accomplished singer employs many little 'extras'. He or she may bend notes, stretch one note over several bars, whoop or holler as the spirit moves moves him and insert all sorts of vocal interjections ranging from Wilson Pickett's expressive grunt to the Cadets' 'Great nooga mooga! Lemme outa here!' or their classic "Stranded in the Jungle." These are the things which make such music, showing the singer to be involved in it. And this is where the copies fell down."

Ian goes on to detail the failings of the early Hollies, Searchers, Facemakers, and Billy J. Kramer. Of "Just One Look," he says "The effect that the Hollies had on this song is reminiscent of the effect the hordes of Attila had on the civilized world. They rampaged through in their usual brash, unsubtle way, with twanging guitars replacing the piano work."

His argument is valid. Although one could debate his dismissal of the Searchers' "Needles and Pins," in general the Liverpool R&B cover versions were every bit as "dire" as he describes them. And yet, and yet... I like a lot of the records, and there must be some other explanation than bad taste. I

LIVERPOOL

think there is. Many of the Liverpool groups, like Rory Storm, the Del Renas, even the Undertakers and the much-touted Dennisons, leave me cold. In these groups I can't avoid the deficiency of lame English musicians trying to copy soulful R&B records, and failing flat. These groups were loud and raucous, yes, but those two factors alone are not my definition of "The Liverpool Sound."

There is a definite Liverpool sound that I hear in the better Mersey groups, such as the Searchers, Swinging Blue



That's Brian Epstein himself, directly above, already looking bored moments after signing the hopeful Paddy, Klaus & Gibson, who (much to their lasting dismay) never generated the kind of hysterical response the girls at right are giving their Liverpoolian stablemates, the Beatles.



Jeans, Ian & the Zodiacs, Faron's Flaminos, and so on. I don't hear it so much in the Hollies, whose early cover versions of American R&B classics are admittedly lacking in grace. But the point is, there was more to Merseybeat than loud hackings of R&B songs.

It's very wrong to assume that they were only trying to copy the American records. They obviously liked the songs and the music, but I think they realized, in most cases, that they couldn't duplicate it. What the better groups did was adapt the songs to their own style--and there was, I believe, a Liverpool Style.

Let's face it, this process of adapting a more pure R&B source to some local style has been the basis of all white rock & roll. There's no such thing as purism in white rock, it can all be traced back to something origin-

inally stolen. So what? To deny what we are only brings about the abandonment of we are only brings about follies like the abandonment of surf music and folk-rock for "underground blues". The answer is not, as Mauder suggests, that the British groups should have sought out purely British sources for their music. That only produces groups like Fairport Convention, which are hardly rock & roll, or on the other hand records like "Green Leaves" by the Country Gentlemen, which are pure Merseybeat regardless of the subject matter. The answer, as I think people are beginning to realize, is to own up to the fact that we're white, blues and R&B have nothing to do with our culture, and while we must adapt that music in order to do anything interesting in a genre (rock & roll) so clearly descended from it, white rock & roll is only valid when it tries not to imitate its R&B sources but to express itself in styles that appeal to white teenagers. And that, I submit, is what the Mersey groups did and why they were so successful.

The Liverpool groups at their best had a style that only a deaf man could miss. That style was defined by close vocal harmonies, pounding drums, and above all a crashing, ringing torrent of chords from the rhythm guitar highlighted with cymbal taps from the

drummer. Rhythm guitar was clearly the central instrument in Merseybeat. Nobody has ever pointed this out before to my knowledge, but if you sit down and listen to a lot of Mersey and Mersey-influenced records of this period, it's hard to refute. Any early Beatles hit will illustrate the point. "All My Loving" for instance. My favorite example is "The Name Game" by Dean Ford & the Gaylords (a group from Glasgow who later became Marmalade). No attempt is made to duplicate the jaunty humor of Shirley Ellis' original--all is subjugated to that clanging beat.

This is in the grand tradition of white rock & roll--exaggerating the most superficially exciting element of a given style (as with blues and guitar solos, to cite one instance where it really got out of hand) to create music with no real depth but a very large immediate thrill, if done right.

This blend of harmonies and hard rhythm produced a distinctive style that can only be called Merseybeat. The rhythmic aspects were picked up by the early London R&B groups as well as all the beat groups around England. The very fact that it was called "Beat Music" indicates that the importance of the rhythm section was realized. Another interesting fact for students of rock history is that the term "Big Beat" came back into usage around this time. The Big Beat, as glorified by Fats Domino in his song of the same title, was originally used in the mid-fifties to describe the full, pounding sound of bands like Little Richard's. It referred to something different in the sixties, but the fact that it came back at all may indicate some awareness at the time that the Second Era of rock & roll was underway.

The music was designed and streamlined to create excitement in young white teens, and it had the desired effect as we're all aware. And yet, there was an odd sidelight to the worldwide success of the Liverpool sound, as pointed out by Ian Mauder. For some reason, the most popular Merseyside groups never seemed to make it on the national or international scene. Rory Storm, who was nearly always more popular in Liverpool than the Beatles, never even had a record out in the U.S. Huge local favorites like the Big Three, Kingsize Taylor & the Dominoes, the Dennisons and the Echoes are hardly remembered today, even though many of them are still around.

Once the Mersey boom was underway, it seems, being from Liverpool was no longer enough to guarantee national popularity. One needed an image with mass appeal, neither tied to nor entirely removed from one's provincial origin. And this is why, I think, the greatest successes from Liverpool were those in Brian Epstein's stable. Epstein was the manager of one of Liverpool's largest record stores when he discovered the Beatles (who were already local heroes). It was his record biz contacts that enabled him to secure EMI contracts for the Beatles and later his other acts. Before that it was unheard of for a non-London group to be signed, and though the companies came in force afterward to sign up just about every group in sight, it doesn't seem they really knew what to do with them. Epstein, a born entrepreneur, knew exactly what to do, and nearly all his acts (which included, besides the Beatles, Gerry & the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer, Cilla Black, The Fourmost, Cliff Bennett, Sounds Incorporated, and Tommy Quickly) were big successes.

Many contend that when Brian Epstein died, the Beatles began going down the drain. It was certainly the end for his other groups, who were all in decline anyway, and for the Liverpool scene, which had been left behind and forgotten, all the more so when Underground rock hit England in 1967. Nowadays the Cavern is closed and condemned to be torn down, and the whole district a slum. But people still make pilgrimages from all over the world to pay tribute to the source of nearly all sixties rock. R.I.P., Liverpool.

----Greg Shaw

THE BEATLES

There's not much left to say about the Beatles. It's all been thoroughly documented, and there's no point in our rehashing it here. There are angles they haven't been analyzed from, however, and while I don't know if I'll uncover one or not, it is pertinent to this issue to mention a few things.

They were to the Second Rock & Roll Era what Elvis was to the First, and for about the same reason. People sometimes wonder why Elvis became the galvanizing symbol of it all when Memphis held other and (some say) greater singers from Carl Perkins to Charlie Feathers. We all know, of course. It was sex appeal, combined with a sense of style and flash, and an image that was precisely what the times demanded. Elvis became a symbol of defiance because he looked and acted the part, and a love idol for the same reason. And, not forgetting the prerequisite, his music was great.

The Beatles' music was great too, unquestionably better by 1963 than that of any other Liverpool group. With songs like "She Loves You" and others of that period, they had an unflagging energy and ceaseless enthusiasm that no one save Dave Clark could approach. These qualities were part of the tone of teen consciousness in the early mid-sixties, along with a nascent irreverence and sense of cultural adventure that the Beatles also exhibited from the start. They were models in that regard, and with their haircuts, intellectual leanings, flippancy, and never-ending imagination, they helped guide youth culture in the direction the sixties had in store for it. It was that, perhaps more than their marvelous music and fine songs, that made the Beatles what they were.

There would have been an English rock renaissance in 1963-4 without the Beatles. But whether it would have ever been noticed in the States, against all precedent, is debatable. And whether there would have folk-rock and punk-rock to the extent they happened in the U.S. in 1965-6 as a result, is a question worth pondering indeed. Whether sixties pop would have exploded on any large scale at all without the Beatles can never be known, nor do we know if such a musical focal point is essential to a pop explosion, or if so to what extent. It's only happened twice, and each time someone was there. That fact has led to a widespread subconscious assumption that "a new Beatles" is inevitable. I am not entirely convinced. As signs of a new pop heyday increase daily, there is no sign of such an apocalyptic group or artist. I suspect that in looking for them so diligently, we take away any impact with which they might have sprung on us. For that and other reasons, I have my doubts. But in any case, there'll never again be anything quite like the Beatles.

--Graig Shaw

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Vol. 38, No. 27, March 15, 1964

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW



WITH THE BEATLES

WE'RE THE LONELIEST BOYS IN THE WORLD

Say George, Paul, Ringo & John

RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT: BIG AL PAVLOW, ENGINEER: GLORIA, RE-CHANNELLED FOR MONO: THE MAD PECK

SEARCHERS

"While many of the other 'Liverpool Sound' groups are showing off mainly hair styles," read the snide liner notes from the Needles and Pins album, "The Searchers are showing 'themselves' off as the most musical, most exciting of the new wave of sound from England." However churlish these comments may have appeared to the more hirsute British groups, there is a murky spark of perception buried within--the Searchers, along with the Hollies and Zombies, were among the few "clean-cut" British groups (a description necessarily encompassing a rather wide variety of well-barbered

Britons, from the cuddly Peter Noone to the sinister thuggishness of Freddy Garrity's supporting Dreamers) to develop a distinctive alternative to the heavily rhythm-and-blues based sound of the shaggier Stones/Kinks/Animals axis--the Beatles being somewhere in the middle.

The Searchers had a smoothly-blended yet non-syrupy harmonic style, delicate and airy, with Everly Brothers roots but in a way anticipatory of the Byrds as well; and coupled with that a marvelous jangling rhythm guitar sound (also not unreminiscent of the Byrds) which was the keynote of all their best records. Their singles were uniformly infectious, and their albums featured some fine originals ("If I Could Find Someone," "Too Many Miles") and very tasteful covers of American hits ("I Count The Tears," "Sea of Heartbreak"), along with some rather unimpressive renditions.



The Searchers

SEARCHERS

They also had an attractive habit of covering American girl group records, being perhaps the foremost exponents of this phenomenon (also perpetrated by the Hollies, Manfred Mann, and the Beatles). In addition to four consecutive 1964 hit singles, they performed charming classic classics by the Chiffons, Crystals, Butterflies, Ronettes, Ribbons, Lavern Baker, Brenda Lee, Betty Everett, and Jackie De Shannon on various LP's. As Bill Small puts it, "The Searchers never really rocked--there's an all-pervading repression in listening to their work which causes me to find them...contained, never really letting go. This isn't to say that they weren't rock & roll, for their most assuredly were, but you'll never hear a Searchers tune with the deliberate and brutal forcefulness found in, say, 'I Ain't Got You' by the Vardbirds or 'Wilk Cow Blues' from the Kinks".

The Searchers came together in Liverpool around '61, first backing local singer Johnny Sandon and then stepping out on their own (when he joined the Remo Four) with a lineup consisting of Tony Jackson, bass and lead vocalist (replaced in early '65 by Frank Allen) from Cliff Bennett's Rebel Rousers; Michael Pender and John McNally, guitars and Chris Curtis, drums (departed around '69 for a solo career and other enterprises). They served their apprenticeship on the familiar Liverpool/Hamburg Star Club circuit, until July '63 when their first single, a pleasing cover of the Drifters' "Sweets For My Sweet", smashed its way to #1 on the British charts. It was followed in close succession by an EP titled "Ain't Gonna Kiss Ya" which reached #13 and another single, "Sugar And Spice", which strangely enough happened to borrow quite generously from "Sweets For My Sweet," very strong similarities--which didn't deter it from reaching #3. Their third single, "Needles And Pins," a stirring rendition of Jackie De Shannon's minor hit, propelled them back to #1, dislodging "I Want To Hold Your Hand" in the process and impressing the newly-Anglophilic exerts at Kapp Records. They signed the group, and "Needles" duly hit the U.S. Top 15. The flip side, the Coasters' "Ain't That Just Like Me" (also the first Hollies release) achieved chart numbers as well.

This auspicious American debut caused Mercury to pick up some early Star Club recordings, including "Sweets For

My Sweet," "Shakin' All Over," and a pair of pleasant Buddy Holly tunes, spread across one-and-a-half LP's, *Hear Hear* and *The Searchers Meet The Rattles*; and Liberty managed to score a hit with "Sugar And Spice." Kapp quickly countered this off-the-label success with an album and the official follow-up single hit, the Ortons' "Don't Throw Your Love Awar," yet another British #1 and Top 20 here.

A second album appeared, and then another great single, Barbara Lewis' "Someday We're Gonna Love Again," which features perhaps their best intro ever, as well as some superb harmony. It was depressingly less successful, however, missing the British top 10 and topping out at #34 in the U.S. In hopes of duplicating the "Needles And Pins" success story, then, the Searchers next released another past Jackie DeShannon hit, "When You Walk In The Room," with its Byrd-like guitar line. It hit #5 but again failed to crack the American Top 30.

Fortunately, however, even before "When You Walk" departed the charts, Kapp rush-released a cut originally appearing on the "Ain't Gonna Kiss Ya" EP (and later an Australian hit), "Love Potion Number Nine." This slick version of the old Clovers hit was fairly pedestrian compared to their earlier hits, but the tune's humor combined with the group's smooth professionalism caught the public fancy and gave the group their biggest American hit ever, reaching #3.

Then things became a bit confused. Capitalizing on the big hit, Kapp rushed out the group's current (January '65) British smash, Malvine Reynolds' postnuclear lament, "What Have They Done To The Rain" (one of the first real folk-rock hits in the Searchers' rendition).

It started off well, but as soon as it began to show signs of flagging, the company released a Lavern Baker tune, "Bumble Bee," which in turn showed initial promise of becoming a sizable hit. But it was stalled in its climb by the inextinguishable near-simultaneous release (a few weeks later) of their newest Continental hit, the folk-styled "Goodbye My Lover." Such a situation of Searchers saturation was bound to have a stagnating effect on the group's fortunes, and none of the three singles achieved smash status, hitting #29, #21, and #52 respectively.

"Bumble Bee" turned out to be the last real Searchers hit in this country. After "Goodbye My Lover" failed, a hypnotic ditty called "He's Got No Love" struggled to #79 and expired (though hitting #10 in England); and the relatively unimpressive "Don't You Know Who" failed to cross into the Top 100. The following release, P.F. Sloan's identity-crisis folk-rocker "Take Me For What I'm Worth" almost regained some lost ground, but peaked at #74.

If their era had ended, however, the Searchers themselves persevered, continuing to release singles at irregular intervals. May '66 brought a minor British hit with the Stones' "Take It Or Leave It", and that autumn a version of the Hollies' "Have You Ever Loved Somebody" struggled to the edges of both the

British and American charts. Then there was a pleasant bit of fluff called *Popcorn Double Feature*. In '67, a cover of the Five Americans' "Western Union," a year-delayed release of Brenda Lee's "Sweet Nothings" from Star Club days, a tune called "Umbrella Man," and then silence.

But in the fall of '71 an entry appeared in the Top 100 called "Desdemona," at about the #94 level, by the Searchers on RCA. It was the same group, only one personnel change in the six years since Tony Jackson had left (Chris Curtis' departure). Sadly, the song was a non-distinctive modern British pop ditty, vaguely likeable but unexciting and not really reminiscent of their former records. In early '72 they released another single "Love Is Everywhere"/"And A Button," both distinct improvements and very nice folk-flavored numbers. Another single, "Sing Singer Sing," made Bangkok's top 20 in September '72, and there is a new album out in England. At any rate, the Searchers play on, and there are even rumors of a British Invasion Revival package featuring the group to tour some time in '73.



The Searchers have historically been relegated to the ranks of the innumerable Beatle coattail-hangers, groups who capitalized on the period's rabid Anglomania to register a few hits and then fade quickly away. But the Searchers deserve a more impressive and durable niche; they had a distinctive sound, top notch harmony, and those immediately-identifiable ringing guitar introductions; and they created in their time a lengthy string of truly memorable singles. Their achievements were considerable, and they should not be overlooked.

--Ken Barnes, with help from Bill Small



SWINGING BLUE JEANS

The Swinging Blue Jeans hit in March 1964 with "Hippy Hippy Shake," one of the all-time great oneshot rave records. It was a great record, but their followup, "Good Golly Miss Molly" only made #43 and that was about all America ever heard of the Swinging Blue Jeans.

They were one of the first Liverpool beat groups, formed in 1960 and soon abandoning trad for straight rock in a Little Richard vein. Of all the early Mersey groups whose records I've heard, only they along with Faron's Flamings and precious few others came close to the fullness and raving energy of the Beatles. Their sound was the essence of what we've defined Merseybeat to be.

"Hippy Hippy Shake" is a fantastic song in any version, but theirs is hard to beat. "Good Golly" was another good example of how the Mersey beat could transform a seemingly overworked song into a discotheque treasure. After two releases, the Swinging Blue Jeans looked like real contenders in the English Invasion sweepstakes.

An album was released, an album I expected to hate after years of being told how lousy it was. But when I found it a year or so ago, I loved it right away. True, there are a few duds like "Angie," "Think of Me," and a poor cover of "Save the Last Dance For Me," but they are outnumbered by the two hits, a nice original called "It's Too Late Now," and three fantastic rockers in a row on side two: "Shaking Feeling," a wild upbeat original, a Merseyfied "Shake Rattle & Roll," and a good version of "Shakin' All Over." That's four "shakes" in a row if you count "Hippy Hippy Shake," and if they had gone on in this vein as the Kinks did with "K" titles, producing a whole array of "shake" records and culminating perhaps in a "Great Shakes" commercial, what a legacy we might have!

But somewhere things went wrong for the Swinging Blue Jeans. Their third single, Clint Ballard's "You're No Good" was slower, though still hard-edge. It was better than anything by Gerry & the Pacemakers, but it only barely scraped the American charts, although hitting #5 in England.

Perhaps it was a management problem - I can't help but feeling that under Brian Epstein they would have done a lot better. Certainly it wasn't their music at fault. Their next release, "Tutti Frutti" was a failure, along with all their subsequent releases, of which there were thankfully many. Another Clint Ballard song called "It Isn't There" sounds like a hit, but wasn't. As time went by, their music got more polished and subtle, more commercial (as witness a fine 1966 release, "What Can I Do Today"). On "Rumors, Gossip, Words Untrue" and its flip "Now the Summer's



Swinging Blue Jeans

Gone" they sounded like an odd blend of Merseybeat and the Beach Boys, Brian Wilson harmonies and all, and on the following release "Tremblin'" (their last hit in the U.S.) they sound unnervingly like the Hollies, possibly because of singer Terry Sylvester who had recently joined from the Escorts was about to leave them for the aforementioned Hollies.

The Swinging Blue Jeans had two more singles that I know of, followed by one as Ray Ennis & the Blue Jeans in mid '68 and one final release in early 1969, as the Blue Jeans, called "Hey Mrs Housewife." What Ray Ennis or any of the rest of them are doing now is anybody's guess, but of one thing there's no doubt: in the annals of rock history, the Swinging Blue Jeans have been given shamefully short shrift, and with their records now netting so hard to find, there's little chance of a bargain-bin revival like that the Troncos have lately received. Too bad.

--Gree Shan

BILLY J. KRAMER

One of my most vivid memories of the British Invasion is the sight of Billy J. Kramer on the Ed Sullivan Show. As usual the studio audience was packed with screaming teenyboppers, noisily emoting adulation and worship at oddly-timed intervals, apparently on command. Through it all, a shy, rather good-looking young Briton faintly smiled and kept on singing, seemingly oblivious to the furor surrounding him.

It was 1964 and the British "Beat" groups dominated the scene. "Group" seemed to be the key word. Even when a British act of that first wave was billed as a dominant performer with a back-up ensemble, such as Gerry & the Pacemakers, the group aspect had to be somehow displayed. As much of the group aspect was stressed, however, you never did hear or see much about the Dakotas, did you? Sure, you heard them play on the records, but they didn't really matter. If Kramer had lasted much longer, it is virtually certain that he would have been drowned in strings, even further obscuring (or doing away with altogether) the Dakotas. They are not, incidentally, identified on any of the three U.S. albums, nor in any story I've seen on Billy J.

Kramer, coming out of Liverpool, did have a tie with another somewhat better-known group--the Beatles, who supplied Kramer with a few songs (including his first three British hits, "Do You Want to Know a Secret" in May '63, "Bad to Me" and "I'll Keep You Satisfied", all monstrous smashes) and with whom he shared manager Brian Epstein and producer George Martin. But, as with Cilla Black, the Beatle magic didn't rub off on Kramer in the U.S., and he disappeared from the charts after only a short successful spell.

One possible reason for his rather quick demise was his de-emphasis of not only the "group" image, but of the "beat" itself. Even on medium or uptempo songs, he often used a ballad singer's approach. He never could completely disguise his balladic phrasing and sense of timing. Listen to the medium-tempo "From a Window": rather romantic, isn't it? He could growl as on "When You Walk in the Room", but it was a polite, harmless, "acceptable" sort of growl.

This ballad approach extends to his choice of oldies. Every British group was offering us permutations of favorites by such artists as Berry, Perkins, and Penniman. Apparently George Martin thought it wise to have Kramer join the trend, and the first LP contains "Great Balls of Fire" and "Da Doo Ron Ron" (!) However, the second album brought us such "rock & roll classics" as "The Twelfth of Never" and "Anything That's Part of You." The third album contains "Twilight Time" and "Under the Boardwalk," not exactly rave-up material.

I have never heard the album *Little Children* (July '64), but I would assume it introduced the sound developed through the other two, with the exceptions noted above. It included "Do You Want to Know a Secret," which introduced Kramer to the American public some months before the full-scale Beatle break-out, and also featured the two-sided biggie which at the time appeared to permanently establish Billy J. in the US: "Little Children"/"Bad to Me." His fourth American release, "I'll Keep You Satisfied," is also on the first LP.

This last song pops up again as the co-title song of Kramer's second album, *I'll Keep You Satisfied/From a Window* (October '64), a title which provoked more than a few unprintable jokes. The record starts out rocking pretty hard with versions of "Satisfied," the oft-recorded "I Call Your Name," which has a weird piano break before the fairly strong guitar solo; and of all things, a pretty poor upbeat version of Stephen Foster's "Beautiful Dreamer." "Twelfth of Never" is weak but listenable; "Sugar Babe" is the wildest thing I've heard him do (even of on the second verse he almost lapses into his ballad style) and side 1 ends with a short (1:10) Lennon-McCartney calypso tune, "I'll Be On My Way", the best cut on the side.

Side 2 is highlighted by Lennon-McCartney's typical "From a Window", great phrasing of good lyrics supported by a strong melody. Also recorded by Chad & Jeremy as a single, it seems to

be heading for "Standard" status, but it is rarely heard now. Other tracks include a strongly melodic "Second To None", a weak Presley imitation on "Anything That's Part Of You", a dimmick-ridden "Yes" and "Still Sisters", a forerunner of the third album in that Kramer's voice is lower but is marred by inappropriate and unpleasant vocal tricks. The album ends with (surprise!) an instrumental by the Dakotas. Much in the style of the Shadows, "The Cruel Sea" is actually the best cut on the album, and one of the best surf instrumentals by any group from any country. Originally titled "The Cruel Sea" but changed for the American market in hopes of cashing in on the surf-instrumental boom, the record was a big hit in Britain in late '63 and was released as a single in the U.S., but was unsuccessful.

Trains And Boats And Planes (December '65, over a year later) is a much better album. Kramer's voice is lower and considerably stronger, and although some of the songs are quite trivial, the performance is strong enough to compensate. The title track introduced strings for the first and (on LP at least) last time; and is a good song, as Bacharach-David songs go, which undoubtedly indicated the direction in which Kramer was headed. "Mad Mad World" is typical of this record, a medium-tempo ballad with romantic phrasing over a moderately hard rock background. "When You Walk In The Room" is the hardest cut on the LP and comes off well. "Don't Do It No More" sounds like a typical 1964 Beatles song, except that there are no Beatles songs on the album. You could've fooled me--even a tentative "ooh". The last two tracks, "Tennessee Waltz" and "Irresistible You" are recorded "live" with horrendous feminine screams; if anything noteworthy happens on these tracks, it's totally obscured by the noise. Yet I can picture Kramer standing there singing, unmoved by it all.

As his singing improved, the records took on a more professional sound. The comparatively sophisticated *Trains and Boats And Planes* introduced Kramer's new sound, one which never caught on in the U.S. As long as he sang lightweight teenage rock fare, he could fake group status and maintain his popularity. As he branched out into more acceptable adult music, his American fans deserted him. Apparently he retained enough stature in England to keep his own TV show for a few years; as well as releasing several subsequent singles, at least one of which ("Town of Tuxley Toy Maker", written for him by the Bee Gees in '67) was quite pleasant. The last I heard (not too recently) Kramer was working the night club/cabaret circuit in England and South Africa. No screaming girls there.

Billy J. Kramer wasn't the best singer in the world, but he was steadily growing. In his year-and-a-half of American popularity, he churned out some excellent singles and three uneven albums. Perhaps the reason the screaming girls didn't faze him was that he was just using them as a training



ground for a future career as a night club star (a la Tom Jones). The recorded evidence makes this a plausible hypothesis. Regardless, in 1964 there was just no room for a male British solo singer, even if he did promise to keep us satisfied from a window.

--Tom Bingham

GERRY & the PACEMAKERS

Gerry and the Pacemakers never made a good album, were fairly dreadful as a band per se, and are usually mentioned in the same breath as blatant commercializers of the English Invasion (Herman's Hermits, Freddie & the Dreamers). This last slander, if you ask me, is unfair.

Prejudices upfront, I kinda like Gerry and the Pacemakers. Most of their singles were model examples of the Mersey Sound and, all things considered, were quite good. They started around the turn of the decade, and scored a #1 in April 1963 with "How Do You Do It", following with another chart-topper, "I Like It"--both innocuous and likable Mersey Sound utermost tunes. Switching to the balladic, they made #1 for the third consecutive outing with Carousel's "You'll Never Walk Alone"; then back to the beat with "I'm The One", a mere #2. They launched their American popularity with a Ray Charles ballad hit in summer 1964, "Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying", and scored quickly with "How Do You Do It" and "I Like It" hitting the American top 20. Next came a very good version of Bobby Darin's old hit, "I'll Be There." And then....

"Ferry Across The Mersey", written by Gerry Marsden, was their first attempt at using their own material for an A side, and it was a nice ballad. It was also an enormous hit (top 10 in both England and the States), so the Pacemakers made a movie by the same name. As the average 1965 rock movie went (terrible ones by the Dave Clark Five and Freddie and the Dreamers), *Ferry Across The Mersey* was a respectable piece of entertainment. As the movie's plot unfolded, Gerry and the Pacemakers were competing in an important Battle Of The Bands, their life-or-death shot at fame, stardom and success. The movie ended with the Pacemakers-as-heroes tearing through their new single, "It's Gonna Be Alright", which was a great all-out lightweight rocker written by Gerry himself. Back in 1965 I thought it was a pretty exciting record, and it's still good. Anyway, you get the picture: The boys playing their great new record, which becomes another smash hit....



The Dakotas

It didn't make it. "It's Gonna Be Alright" barely nudged inside the top 30 in America, and that was the end of Gerry and The Pacemakers. Never again did they have a big hit in the U.S. In England, the order of their single releases was different, with "It's Gonna Be Alright" issued six months before the U.S. version, and proving their biggest failure to date. "Ferris Across The Mersey", out a month before American release, got back up to #7, but "I'll Be There" (released four months after the U.S. single) did poorly, and their last British chart record was "Walk Hand In Hand", #29 in December '65.

In the U.S., three straight ballads did the group in, "You'll Never Walk Alone", "Give All Your Love To Me", and "Walk Hand In Hand" doing successively poorer until the last named failed to make the charts entirely. An upbeat triviality called "La La La" edged onto the top 100 in early '66, and a final fluke pop ditty, "Girl On A Swing", made the U.S. top 30 in October '66. Shortly afterward, the group broke up; Gerry made some solo records and went through the usual hasbeen cabaret routine, and that was it for a group that at one point was battling for second place with the DCS behind the Beatles for American popularity sweepstakes.

By the way, I don't remember if the Pacemakers won or lost the Battle Of The Bands. I think they lost, even with their mum cheering in the audience.

--Mike Saunders

LIVERPOOL LEFT OVERS

In 1962 it was estimated that there were over 300 working groups in Liverpool. By 1964 it was probably closer to 1,000. There would be no point in trying to list them all; I've chosen to investigate only those who recorded, and of those only a fraction were any good anyway. Bill Harry (former editor of *Mersey Beat*) estimates (in his fine article on *Liverpool*, 10 years after, in *Let It Rock*, 11/72) that no more than 200 records were made by local groups, including those made in Germany, many of which were never released elsewhere.

In general, the best Liverpool groups were those grabbed by the big companies in the early days of the explosion. The leftovers were picked up by various minor labels, and although most of them came out in the States, such records are exceedingly hard to find nowadays. The exceptions are two "various artists" albums, recorded on location by Ember and Oriole respectively, the latter cut down to one LP for American release from a 2-LP English series. The Ember album captured Earl Preston's Realms, the Michael Allen Group, and the Richmond Group, recorded live at the Cavern with leading local DJ Bob Wooler as MC. The whole thing is pretty mediocre. It came out here on Capitol 2544, titled *Where*



Here they are, those wacky lads themselves, Gerry & the Pacemakers. As usual, Gerry is holding his guitar in a characteristically ridiculous position.

It All Began. A much better live Cavern recording, also MC'd by Wooler, came out only in England. At the Cavern (Decca LK 4597) included the Big Three, the Marauders, the Fortunes, Beryl Marsden, the Dennisons, Heinz, Dave Berry & the Cruisers, Lee Curtis & the Allstars, and Bern Elliott & the Fenmen.

The best Liverpool sampler of all, and one that can still be found through diligent searching, is *The Exciting New Liverpool Sound* (Columbia CL 2172), condensed from the British Oriole *This Is The Mersey Beat* albums. It opens with a 3-minute spoken introduction to the Mersey scene, then leads into "Let's Stomp" by Faron's Flamingoes, one of the wildest unsung Liverpool rockers. Sonny Webb & the Cascades, who described their music as "rockabilly," contribute three good songs in "You've Got Everything," "Border of the Blues" and the George Jones classic "Who Shot Sam." The Del Renas are represented by "Sigh, Cry, Almost Die" and "When Will I Be Loved." A resemblance to the Everly Brothers is not surprising. Mark Peters & the Silhouettes have a nice rocker called "Someday," and the album is rounded out by Earl Preston & the T.T.'s, sounding better than the Realms on Little Richard's "All Around the World," and Rory Storm & the Hurricanes butchering "I Can Tell." Storm couldn't sing at all, if this song is any indication, which leaves their longtime local popularity open to some speculation.

Also included on that album were two songs by Ian & the Zodiacs, who fortunately for us managed to get out an album (which, oddly enough, was issued only in the U.S. and Germany). A harmony-conscious group very close in sound to the Searchers, they formed rather late (1963) and got their start at the Star Club. They combined an interest in the Everly Bros. and Bacharach/David with a solid rhythm section and fine guitar playing to produce many excellent recordings. The album

(Philips PHS 600-176, one of the few true stereo recordings of its time) is a classic, and one of my favorites. It includes an arrangement of "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" that the Yardbirds shamelessly stole a year later, a fine "Rockin' Robin," a good rocker called "Jump Back," a nice version of "Hard Day's Night," an okay "Baby, I Need Your Lovin'" and their two almost-hit ballads "This Empty Place" and "The Crying Game" (also a hit for Dave Berry). There's also a solid beat number called "Clarabella" and an unbelievably good, pop hit-sounding Jagger-Richard song (also recorded by the Mighty Avengers) that is on a par with the best of the Searchers: "So Much In Love With You." An uncanny resemblance, really. Not only that; Ian & the Zodiacs also had singles that weren't on the album, like Jerry Lee Lewis' "Livin' Lovin' Wreck" (Philips 40244).

Another fine Mersey group was the Escorts, who had local hits before the Beatles. Their "Dizzy Miss Lizzy" is not the best version, but it rocks. They only had a few releases before Terry Sylvester left in early '66 to join the Swinging Blue Jeans, and later the Hollies (where he now resides), and they never had an album, but at least two singles came out here on Fontana and they're worth looking for. Also of note are the Cryin' Shames (not to be confused with the Cryan Shames, an American group from Chicago who had "Sugar and Spice" on the Destination label around the same time, 1966). Although they only made two singles, they are remembered still for the richly-textured, early Moodies sound of "Please Stay" (an old Drifters song), surely one of Joe Meek's alltime production achievements. The flip is a real surprise, too: a punk-rock song based on one of Dylan's tunes from *Highway 61*.



Left, the Merseybeats.
Below them, Ian & the Zodiacs.
Beneath them, the Big Three.
At bottom right, the Cryin' Shames.



• The Birds — English variety — are after a new sound away from the usual group formula. "We call it the Birds' extension to soul music," says rhythm guitarist Tony Munroe. He's writing a lot of their material with lead guitarist Ron Wood. Line-up is (left to right) Tony Munroe, Kim Gardner, bass guitar, Pete McDaniels, drums, Ron Wood, Ally McLeod, lead vocalist.



Of the biggest Mersey groups, not only did few succeed outside Liverpool, but few were any good in my judgement. The much-touted Big Three cut a local anthem in "Cavern Stomp" and had a minor hit on Decca with "Some Other Guy," but their records sound to me stiff and lifeless, and very badly sung. The group went through many personnel changes over the years and included at times many famous local musicians. Of the original group (who have just released a terrible reunion album on English Polydor), Adrian Barber went on to produce Vanilla Fudge, and Johnny Gustafson to join the Merseybeats.

The Merseybeats are another group that leaves me cold. They were together from at least '63 to '68, made one album that wasn't released in the U.S., and a lot of singles. Another one of those groups that was constantly changing personnel, they never made a single outstanding record. However, they did have the first English versions of "Mr. Moonlight" and "Fortune Teller," so give 'em credit for that.

The Fourmost did poor versions of Beatles and Coasters songs, and their records today have value far out of proportion to their intrinsic worth, because they were an Epstein group and recorded a couple of Lennon-McCartney songs that nobody else did. The venerated Undertakers are still another example of the worst in Liverpool rock. Just because Jackie Lomax (who was lucky ever to have made a decent record) was in them, is hardly reason enough for the canonization that has taken place. They made three singles; loose, vaguely beat-like copies of Coasters, Barrett Strong and other American R&B hits. Barely worth listening to, when Liverpool also offered such groups as the Chants, who may've been black but had a good feel for pop and a Phil Spector sort of sound as evidenced on "She's Mine," along with a genuine knack for R&B.

The Mojoes made one great record ("Everything's Alright") and scored hits with versions of "Seven Daffodils" and "They Say." The Mojoes could be wild and raving as on "Everything's Alright" or as syrupy as they wanted, and most of their records were in fact ballads. But all were worth listening to in some way. Another important group was the Koobas. One of the first Cavern groups, they included none other than Tony Stratton-Smith. Although they were around for many years and had a minor hit with "The First Cut is the Deepest" (a Cat Stevens song also done by P.P. Arnold and, recently, Keith Hampshire) in '68, and an earlier one in '65 with "Take Me For a Little While" (which got them on a Beatles tour), they didn't have an album until '69, by which time they were far past their prime.

Many other Liverpool groups made records, of course, but none that had any lasting effect or that are likely to be found this side of the Mersey. In the end it was the freshness and enthusiasm of the Liverpool groups, as expressed through the superior music of the few really successful groups, that comprised that city's contribution to rock & roll.

--Grea Shaw

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MANCHESTER and THE PROVINCES

After the success of the Liverpool sound, record companies began casting about for other Northern cities for whom a sound might be exploited—much in the way the American record industry tried to manufacture a "Boss-town Sound" in 1968. Most of the groups they found happened to be in areas surrounding London, but a few of the larger outlying cities produced small scenes of some note.

Newcastle gave us the Gamblers, the Quiet Five, Shorty & Them, and a few others. Birmingham was known as the home of the Moody Blues, the Rockin' Berries, Denny Laine & the Diplomats, the Uglys, Mike Sheridan & the Nightriders (who evolved into the Move), the Spencer Davis Group, the Cheetahs, the Redcaps, and a host of lesser groups who were collected on an album called *Brum Beat* (Decca LK 4598-E).

It was Manchester, however, that was picked to follow in Liverpool's path to glory. One of the nearest urban centers to the 'Pool, it also happened to be the home of some of the very finest British groups extant outside the latter city and London. In addition to the Hollies, Wayne Fontana & the Mindbenders, and Freddie & the Dreamers, there were many excellent, lesser-known groups.

The Country Gentlemen, led by Peter Cowap, made a classic upbeat version of the folk tune "Greensleeves" in 1963 that was a fairly large hit. Cowap later replaced Peter Noone in Herman's Hermits. The Toggery Five weren't great, but they did a fine, tense version of "Bye Bye Burd," probably lifted from the Moodies' repertoire, and a raunchy Them-style ballad called "I'm Gonna Jump."



If Mike Rabin & the Demons were from Manchester (nobody I've asked seems to know) their "Head Over Heels" can be added to the list of outstanding obscurities. The Four Just Men (sometimes known as Just Four Men) were a good, Liverpool-sounding group with one first-rate record titled "Things Will Never Be the Same" and several other singles. All the songs mentioned above, with the exception of "Greensleeves," are available on an out-of-

print album "by" Freddie & the Dreamers (Tower 5003-A). Another Manchester group, the Hellions, had only one U.S. release, a single on Kapp called "Shades of Blue," written by Dave Mason and Jim Capaldi in 1965.

Manchester had no distinct sound that I can discern—the records I've heard are very Mersey-oriented, with solid rock backings and good arrangements. Perhaps not a "scene" in the sense of London or Liverpool, Manchester nonetheless produced some of the era's best recordings.

HOLLIES

There was a good appreciation article on the Hollies about a year ago in *Fusion*, which nevertheless, I feel, was slighting to their rockroll efforts during the English invasion. I hope I can amend what I feel are some injustices to their earlier efforts to succeed or fail basically on their merits as interpreters. Though in some instances unremarkable, a great number of their reworkings were, in fact, quite successful—and on occasion literally fantastic, the most outstanding example being their unbelievable cover version of Eric Slicks' "I Can't Let Go" (Imperial 6615B), which was a rather mediocre record in its original form. The following then, is basically a straight album-by-album evaluation of the early Hollies:

The Hollies' first American album *Here I Go Again* is mostly made up of rock and roll oldies, which are only partially successful. I like "Sloop," because it's rocking and really speeds up from the original by Maurice Williams; "Do You Love Me" is good because it's so innately done. "Rockin' Robin" is a great performance, helped a lot by terrific Elliott drumming. "You Better Move On" and "Talkin' Bout You" are OK; "Lucy" and "Memphis" are not good. The most successful cuts on the album, not surprisingly, are the tunes veering more to commercial, pop rock and roll: "Here I Go Again" and "Just One Look" are rocking and excellent. The latter is particularly interesting, because they take Doris Troy's great huskily-sung quasi-R&B hit, speed it up, and turn it into flashy Hollies rockroll. The one Hollies original, "Keep Out Of That Friend Of Mine," is also in the same melodic pop vein, and it's obvious how much better this type of material fits the Hollies' voices. Ahh Ahh...The closing cut of the album, Conway Twitty's "It's Only Make Believe," reminds one of the old fast-dance ballads by teen bands of junior high school dances. *Here I Go Again* certainly is a weird album, though not too awfully successful.

A great deal of time separated the Hollies' *Here I Go Again* LP and their second American album (took them a long time to get another hit over here), but the development of style, in the interim, is a knockout. The album, of course, is *Heav! Heav! Heav!*—and it's one of the best of the English invasion. The pop rock rockroll style hinted at on their first album is in full bloom here, and it works beautifully. "I'm Alive" "Put Yours" "I'm In My Place," "Look Through And "Window," "When I Come Home To You," "So Lonely," "I've Been "Hoping," and "Too Many People" are all in this style, and range from moderately good to great. This vein is catchy, though, and a little bit shiny if used too much what makes the album work so well are the songs used to round up the LP. Just think, a great rockin' version of the Impressions' "You Must Believe Me" from the Hollies! And then a terrific runthrough of "Landin' "Miss Clara" a passable "Down The Line," and that's it for the raunchy stuff on this album. Then there's



"Very Last Day," sort of folk-rock, but it makes it. Lastly is a beautiful "That's My Desire," perfect for the Hollies harmony---"Sherry I love you sp-wah-wah." **HEAR!** **HEAR!** Is limited, a bit weird in places, and so really in its recording that some people might not even listen to it properly; but it's the best early Hollies album, capturing the whole lightweight rock-n-roll aspect of their style quite well.

Beat Group, the next album, has a great Hollies hit in "I Can't Let Go," but the album is mostly crap: aside from a couple good cuts on the first side, the whole album is pretty much a bomb. **Bus Stop**, though, is definitely a good album, even though quite scrambled from being thrown together from all the Hollies' English albums. The rock and roll cuts from their first English LP are surprisingly good: "Whatcha Gonna Do 'Bout It," "Candy Man," and "Little Lover." Then they do a good job on "Sweet Little Sixteen," and "Mickey's Monkey" is amazing, coming from the Hollies. Like their best interpretations, it's a distinctly different version from the original, mainly in being tighter and a lot more rocking. The very best cut on **Bus Stop** are the later, more polished and melodic songs, which include "Baby That's All," "Don't Run And Hide," "Guilty As Sin," and "Bus Stop," a great onwardly-rocking hit. Like the title cut, the whole album rocks where it counts, and it adds up pretty well.

After **Bus Stop**, the Hollies started writing all their own material on **Stop Stop Stop**, an absolutely terrible album (partly due to their banjo fixation through the LP---remember the banjo on "Stop! Stop! Stop!") At any rate, the Hollies continued on into their second phase, quite downhill for a while (reaching a nadir of sorts with their horrendous **King Midas In Reverse** LP; sitars, ArtRock and all), but they somehow survived, lived on (markedly tightening up their vocals by replacing Graham Nash with Terry Sylvester), and blessed us in 1970 with **We Ain't Heavy**, a superb album.

The Hollies were an erratic band on records, somewhat incohesive and somewhat not. Aside from their great vocals, their instrumental star was Bobby Elliott, one of the most underrated rock drummers of the English invasion. Drum fans take note, as a great deal of his great rocking drumming is only heard on their early rock albums on Imperial. Elliott did quite a job in holding the Hollies' instrumental sound together on records; the guitars generally lacked punch, and the bass was usually insubstantial, but the drums were a solid rock. Most of all, of course, the Hollies' group singing was their start and end---when they finally got it polished, apparently sometime in 1965, it was just tremendous. To this day, they're one of the best-singing groups in rock history.

The Hollies had a tough time breaking through in America, and I remember when "I'm Alive" and "Look Through Any Window" were underground hits. In 1965---the sort of singles that hid in Billboard's #100 to #130 "Bubbling Under" chart positions, and which you might hear once or twice on your radio. Nevertheless, "Look Through Any Window" eventually surfaced into a hit and nudged inside the Top 50; the Hollies subsequently appeared on **Hallelujah** to play it, and it certainly was one of the exciting singles of its time. After another small hit with "I Can't Let Go," the Hollies finally had a smash with "Bus Stop" and thereafter a string of hit singles in America. Unfortunately, "Bus Stop" is breakthrough came near the end of the Hollies' first period, and it was their last real rock and roll effort. After that, their hard rock softened and their style changed. Nevertheless, had the Hollies had the chance to have untapped hit singles in America in 1964-65, I bet they would have done quite well at it.

--Mike Saunders

APPENDIX TO HOLLIES ARTICLE

Some Background: Allan Clarke and Graham Nash sung together around Manchester as the Two Teens or Ricky & Dane as early as 1959. Eventually they got a group together with Don Rathbone on drums, and bassist Eric Haydock, called the Deltas. Shortly afterward they were able to lure local guitar hotshot Tony Hicks into the group and renamed themselves the Hollies, after the Christmas decoration. (Not Buddy Holly, as commonly believed). Rathbone left around the time of their first release in mid-1963, and was replaced by Bobby Elliott from Shane Fenton & His Fon-Tones. Haydock left in '66 in some bitterness, was supposed at one time to replace Pate Quaise in the Kinks, formed his own group which enjoyed no success, and vanished; he was replaced by Bernie Calvert from the Dolphins.

The Hollies' first single was a version of the Coasters' "Ain't That Just Like Me" (later a minor hit for the Searchers); to my ears it sounds shoddy, although undeniably enthusiastic. It missed the Top 30, but the next release, another Coasters song, "Searchin'," hit #15 in the fall of '63 despite sounding even lower. "Stay" made the Top 10 in January '64 and inaugurated a spectacular two-year top-ten streak (including obscure singles like "Dee-Dee Through," which appeared later on the **Bus Stop** LP, and the superb "Yes I Will," released only as a single here but later recorded by the Monkees under the title "I'll Be True To You"). The streak ended in late '65 when their controversial version of "If I Needed Someone" (George Harrison was immensely displeased with the group's performance and said so in print on the other hand, pop papers like the **Music Echo** contended that the song was dismal and the Hollies had salvaged it as best as they could. On the whole, I think George was in the right---it's a curiously lifeless version; in any case Allan Clarke later admitted the group had made a mistake in recording it) barely made the Top 20. "I Can't Let Go" then proceeded to hit #1 and the Hollies hit streak continued in Britain, with only one minor washout ("King Midas In Reverse" hit only #19) until early '72 when "The Baby" struggled to the edge of the Top 20 and expired; their biggest U.S. hit, "Long Cool Woman" then failed to clear the British Top 40, and the future there looks dubious.

The Hollies also recorded an entire album which was never released in the U.S. In **The Hollies Style** (later re-issued as a budget LP under the title **Vintage Hollies**). Appearing between the first album and **Heavens**, it includes a spirited and garbled version of "Too Much Monkey Business," a faithful rendition of Berry Ewart's "It's In Her Kiss," a melody of "Nitty Gritty" and "Something's Got A Hold On Me," plus seven original L. Ramsford compositions, the best of which "Time For Love," although they're all pleasant. A nice album.

While I agree with Mike on the whole about the brilliance of the Hollies' early material, I think he slights their more polished mid-to-late period work most grievously. The **Stop Stop Stop** album seems quite pleasant to me, full of fine Hollies-style pop material like the hit "Pay You Back With Interest."

"Suspicious Look In Your Eyes," and "Peculiar Situation." And the next two albums, especially in their uncut British forms, represent a kind of pinnacle of eclectic British full-production '67 pop-rock (following in the wake of the Beatles, mainly), and would be extremely enjoyable for anyone save the most violently antipathetic towards E.B.F.P. '67 pop rock.

Evolution was the more conventional of the two, with any number of archetypal Hollies pop numbers ("You Need Love," "When Your Lights Turned On," "Have You Ever Loved Somebody"---previously a Hollies-written hit for the Searchers), and some fine examples of more and more brilliant material, both lyrically ("Rain On The Window," "Games We Play") and musically (the brilliantly hard-rocking "Then The Heartaches Begin" and "Lullaby To Tim," which introduced the transonic vocal effect later utilized by Tommy James on "Crimson & Clover").

Butterfly (King Midas/Deaf Eloise in the States) is a more wide-ranging, featuring various electronic effects on "Tidy It," "Elevated Observations" and "Postcard" (British mix); Indian sounds on "Makerey" and a hyperflamboyant orchestral arrangement on the pretty "Butterfly." It all works pretty well (if you discount some clumsy '67 style lyrics and a pair of trivially annoying numbers "Away Away Away" and "Wish You A Wish," especially when combined with some great straight-pop rock numbers like "Step Inside," "Deaf Eloise," the lovely "Pegasus" and the bio-production Spector/Walker Bros. type creation, "Would You Believe").

Several nice singles followed these two LP's. "King Midas In Reverse," "Jennifer Eccles," the U.S. only "Do The Best You Can," and "Listen To Me." Just before the last-named was released, Graham Nash left the group and was replaced by ex-Escort and Swinging Blue Jean Terry Sylvester. Their next album was the **Hollies Sing Dylan** project, which is highly enjoyable if you're not a Dylan purist (if there are any of those left). The group's first post-Nash single, the under-par "Sunny Suzanne," featured a delightful Clarke flip, "Not That Way At All" the next single. "He Ain't Heavy He's My Brother" restored the Hollies to American prominence. The subsequent album called **Hollies Sing**

Hollies in Britain, had two songs chopped off in America (including one "Soldier," a twangy antiwar song, which has never been released here); it's a solid album, a return to a more conventional pop orientation but with continuing first-rate material for the most part (highlights: "Why Didn't You Believe," "Don't Give Up Finally," "Goodbye Tomorrow," and "Marigold"/"Africa Swinging"), which was eliminated from the U.S. LP but re-issued on the next one).

Subsequent singles including two of their best, the lovely ballad "I Can't Tell The Bottom From The Top" (April '70) and it's engaging flip, "Had Pity-Reason Blyth"; and the rocking "Hey Billy" (May '71). In between there were the slightly substandard "Goolie Alley Bad" and, in the U.S. only, "Survival of The Fittest", a track off their **Confessions of The Mind** LP (Moving Finger in the U.S.). This album was probably their worst yet, with some third-rate original material (two of the most mediocre were left off the American LP and "Marigold" was added, thereby raising the quality level, for once). Still "Survival," "Man Without A Head," the sentimental, almost cloying "Too Young To Be Married," and "Frightened Lady" were excellent, and it's a perfectly enjoyable LP.

Distant Light, was even weaker overall, with a sharp reduction of harmonies, but was redeemed by two strong American singles, the rocking "Long Cool Woman" and "Long Dark Road," as well as "Little Thing Like Love" and "To Do With Love." Shortly after the album's release, lead vocalist Allan Clarke departed to go solo (later recording a generally disappointing LP), and Mikael Rickfors, from the Swedish group Bambo, replaced him. With a big beefy voice, Rickfors changed the vocal blend of the group to an extent, demonstrated on the single "The Baby," which is still quite nice, as is the more conventional-sounding flip "Gawwus," "Love Cool Woman" was pulled from **Distant Light** to become an American super-smash, the LP was released in this country, and a receptive audience was assured for the latest album, **Romany**, which except for a couple of dimly meandering balladic Rickfors showcases is quite good, mixing rockers (especially "Won't We Feel Good") and more melodic material (the title track) very tastefully indeed. "Magic Woman Touch" is doing fairly well as a single as this is written, and the Hollies seem prepared with fine records for years to come.

--Ken Barnes

WAYNE FONTANA & the MINDBENDERS

Chances are, all you remember of Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders is "Game of Love," if that. Through a clouded-up and murky memory, one might conjecture, "Yeah, a typical one-shot group..." But wrong! In 1963, Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders released two singles and an album here in the U.S. that reveal them to be one of the most fascinating of any of the long-forgotten English rock groups.

First, a bit of necessary background. Running near the straining lineup, it reads: Glyn Goffrey Ellis, lead singer; Eric Stewart, lead guitar; Bob Lang, bass, and Ric Rothwell, drums. Ellis and his group the Jets were auditioning for Fontana records at Manchester in May 1963. Two of his group members



MINDBENDERS

didn't show up, so he had to call on two other musicians auditioning with other bands to help him—Eric Stewart and Eric Rothwell (Bob Lang was an original Jew). Miraculously, this motley pick-up group passed the audition and won a recording contract (after Ellis' name had been changed to Wayne Fontana, after the label, presumably). Just a step away from fame and fortune.

Their first release was Fats Domino's "Hello Josephine." In late '63, followed by a competent pop-rocker called "Stop Look and Listen," flanked by a rocking version of Bo Diddley's "Road Runner." Their first British chart hit was a lackluster rendition of "Major Tom's" "Um Um Um Um Um." In late '64/early '65: "Come On Love" became one of the most instantaneous #1 hits of the year. It was well worth the distinction, too, being a fine stupid-rock classic of sorts. Their follow-up single, "It's Just A Little Bit Too Late," was even better; it started out with a nice guitar riff over a neo-twist beat, picked up from there and rocked like mad, and was really an infectious record. Even the B-side was good.

On their *Game Of Love* album, Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders gave evidence of what their singles had hinted at: that they were an absolutely terrific singing group. The album opens with "Game Of Love," with its Coasters-basso licks by Bob Lang and some unearthly falsetto singing on the "C'mon baby, the time is right!" bridges. Fontana and the Mindbenders quickly proceed to astonish by doing great things to Little Eva's "Keep Your Hands Off My Baby" from 1962. Then they're into "Too Many Tears," another great moulty oldie, with some guy singing what sounds like at least two octaves above Fontana. In unison with the melody line. On these three songs and a couple of the other knockouts on the LP, "You Don't Know Me" and Ellie Greenwich's "She's Got the Power," Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders are actually closer to the girl group rock of the early 60's than anything else, and they're great at it. Of their 50's rock numbers—"Cops and Robbers," "Girl Can't Help It," "Rit It," "I'm Gonna Be A Wheel Someday," and "Jaguar and Thunderbird"—four of the five are passable; and the one failure, "Girl Can't Help It," is so spirited that it's enjoyable. Perhaps the best cut on the LP, "A Certain Girl" is a rocking lightweight version of the early 60's hit. Right after it, the album ends beautifully with a super-moulty slow ballad, even complete with tinkling piano, "One More Time."

The whole style of the *Game Of Love* album is quite unique for its time, because it's distinctly different from either the Mersey Sound or the heavies on the other side of the board (Stones, the Who, Yardbirds, Them). The sound itself is really lightweight and breezy, but it still doesn't ruin the LP, though the primary sound is its results: the drums are the most prominent instrument, and the bass is hardly even audible half the time. Eric Stewart, the lead guitarist, is adequate though not very raunchy; the drumming, on the other hand, is really good. The virtues of this group and the reasons why I like them could be condensed very easily: Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders really know how to rock, and their singing is great.

Wayne Fontana split from the group in early '66, a move which came to no good. Fontana as a solo artist became a wretched pop crooner, and the Mindbenders stayed together as a mediocre rock band, producing a crummy hit and a crummy album, subsequent cover versions of "Tie Letter" and the like. Eric Stewart later went on to Hotlegs and Odd as well. Unfortunately, Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders released but a fragment of their English output here in the States, and their second album has been out of print for several years. I'd like to hear it, because I can imagine what they did with "He's A Rebel" and "Some Other Guy," judging from the *Game Of Love* LP and the Mindbenders' respectable version of "One Fine Day" on their *Shady Kind Of Love* album. Anyway, Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders were a fine group, and their records are ripe for rediscovery.

--Mike Saunders

FREDDIE & the DREAMERS

If ever there was a blatantly manufactured British group, it seemed as if Freddie & The Dreamers were that band. Obviously, some British media-oriented smooth operators had unearthed this spindly Freddie Garrity character, rounded up four over-aged prulsers from the probation rolls for a back-up band (a single glance at any of their album covers will confirm the higher truth of this supposition), created

the "Freddie" dance, given the group some suitable simplistic musical material, and splashed them across the ever-incredulous U.S. of A. Of course—but it wasn't the case.

Freddie & The Dreamers, to the contrary, actually had a long and rather impressive career behind them in Britain; and in fact were one of the earliest successful top British groups—the first non-Beatles band to score a certified top-5 smash after the Beatles broke. (With a typically inept-but-charming cover of James Ray's "If You Gotta Make A Fool Of Somebody," which reached #2 in the summer of 1963). The group had formed in Manchester around the end of 1962 when Freddie decided to forsake his promising vocation as a milkman. He joined up with Derek Quinn, lead guitar and shades; Roy Crewson, rhythm; Pete Birrell, bass; and Bernie Dwyer on drums. They played around locally did a gig at Hamburg's Top Ten Club, and cut a record for Columbia (U.K.), the aforementioned "If You Gotta Make A Fool Of Somebody."

"I'm Telling You," a bouncy number co-written by Freddie, also went to #2. In September '63, "You Were Made For Me," slightly more musical and less musical, hit #4 as the year ended; "Overt You," with its modified "Walk Don't Run" intro, was #11 in April '64 and "I Love You Baby" reached #17 that summer. "I Understand," a change-of-pace ballad chestnut, remained a bit of lost ground by climbing to #6 at the tail end of 1964, which brings us up to the group's sudden (and inexplicably belated, considering they'd had British hits for over a year and a half) American conquest.

Dancing was still a crucial facet of pop music, and had indeed received a boost from the heavily televised fad of Go-Go dancing. So Freddie & The Dreamers' success was keyed to the "Freddie," a dance which basically defied formalization, and possessed the inestimable advantage of being instantly masterable by any reasonably energetic creature. The origin of the Freddie is in doubt; the dance's namesake claimed that

"while entertaining at local spots in England, the 'gyrations' were part of the act." But whatever its origin, Freddie's American introduction of the dance caused something of a sensation. Mercury Records had the rights to the most recent single, "I Understand," but its slushy qualities doomed it to second-class hit status behind Tower's release of the 19-month-old "I'm Telling You Now," which was perfectly suited to the "rhythmic structure" of the Freddie, and hit #1.

To follow up their #1 record, Tower put out a quickie album featuring the single, another pleasant track called "What Have I Done To You," and ten selections by other assorted British nonentities. Tower also revived "You Were Made For Me," which eventually hit #21 here, and released another LP with four selections each from Freddie, Tom Jones, and Johnny Rivers. Meanwhile, Mercury had beaten Tower to the punch by a couple weeks by rushing out a new single tailor-made for the dance craze, called "Bo The Freddie." Although an obviously exploitative gimmick record, the single was quite catchy and remains attractive today, featuring gospelized back-up vocals four years ahead of Joe Cocker (sounding good for once, too—the back-up, not Cocker), fairly tasteful horns, and a rather strong lead guitar break interspersed with absolutely hideous cackling from Freddie, to boot. "A Little You," a very pleasant, almost-rocking tune, was the follow-up in both Britain and the U.S., and hit #19 over there and a disappointment



ing was inducted to "Do The Freddie's #18) here; and that was about it as far as his singles went.

Four legitimate albums were released in the States by Mercury (plus one soundtrack LP), and they're really not bad, if you take it with a lot of salt (or a lot's wife). For instance, noted critic Mark Walker's contention that the group's version of "Johnny B. Goode" is "unquestionably the most inept version ever put on vinyl" is a base canard and a hilarious insult to Grateful Dead fans. Besides this stellar performance, Freddie and his sonnerbullistic cohorts render two Buddy Holly songs, "Kisses Sweeter Than Me," all on one side of the first Mercury LP (Freddie & The Dreamers).

Do The Freddie is a more accomplished LP: the first side is mostly notable for the very polished title track and the pleasant British single "Over the Hill." The second side, however, is virtually all wildly infectious British pop fare, highlighted by "A Little You," "A Love Like You," and "Don't Do That To Me," which also appeared on the soundtrack LP to the movie *Seaside Swingers*.

This film was just one of the many multi-media projects Freddie & The Dreamers were involved in. One report in early '66 had them slated for a fall ABC-TV situation comedy/musical, with the network angling

for Tarry-Thomas to play Freddie's old man. But the courtship of Freddie's father fizzled out, and ABC apparently decided to let NBC blaze the trail with the Monkees. The *Seaside Swingers* flick did come out, however, with British popstars John Leyton and Mike Sarne; and a four-of-five Dreamers track on the soundtrack LP "What's Cooking." Following on the heels of "Like A Rolling Stone," it's a b-movie spectacular with a complex story line (involving Freddie's plight as an overworked master chef, described repeatedly as the "king of cheese soufflé") and several intriguing shifts of musical direction (a mini-opera of you will). There are two surrealistic sequences surrounding the agonizing preparation of a culinary piece-de-resistance and during the (main) course of the song, the Dreamers are given a rare chance to show off their own vocal abilities, which they do in agreeably imbecilic fashion.

Freddie & The Dreamers' later career also included another movie, called "Cuckoo Palat," which was later released in England. Freddie revealed in an exclusive Rona Barrett interview that the movie was based on the style of the Three Stooges (an early Manchester group who were also strong musical influences for British pop idol Ken Dodd); and Dreamer Derek Quinn added, more succinctly, "Being idiots, we decided to center the plot around five boy scouts, a master scout, and a cook. Since we all look marvelous in shorts, we play the boys." Tragically for American cinema buffs, the Boy Scouts of America threatened to raise all theaters which showed the films, and the field distributors cancelled it.

Their fourth Mercury album, *Frantic Freddie*, is fairly strong as the group's albums went. Highlights are a chugging Anglicized version of "Shave Shave" carbon copies of "Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dee" and Roy Orbison's "Crying" (falling of perfection only because of the thin, "gargly" nature of Freddie's voice and the group's lame back up vocals); and a provocative track entitled "Think This Up, I'll Make You Sleep" featuring Freddie as your friendly neighborhood sponger-market.

Fun Lovin' Freddie, their final U.S. album, is a general disappointment: its saving graces are the "Merseybeat" "I Think Of You," a creditable remake of "I'll Never Dance Again," the pleasant pop ditty "Wine Me A Letter," and "Don't Tell Me That," a nice beat number with an unidentified pianist (Nicky Hopkins? Ian Stewart? Freddie "Fingers" Lee?) revving in the background. On the other hand, selections like the incredible version of "You Shall Not Steal" which sounds much more like "I Can't Stop Loving You" than Dick & DeeDee, bring the album down drastically. For completists only.

The group had several subsequent British releases after their American commercial demise. "You Shall Not Steal" somehow hit #52 on the rather dubious *Musica Echo* top 100 of October '65, and later singles included "Playboy," "Turn Around," and a version of "Hello Hello." In addition, they were involved in an LP called *Sing Along Party* and then the no-doubt classic Freddie & The Dreamers In Disneyland: they concluded their LP career with a late '67 package called *King Freddie & His Dreaming Knights*, featuring versions of "3rd Street Bridge Song," and "Juanita Berman." Several singles were released through the late '60's and early 70's, and the group played the coastal resort circuit (and, of course, the local spots), Freddie engaged in a bit of pantomime, and they have managed to straggle along. Currently they are one of the groups slated for the British Invasion tour package this year, along with Billy J. Kramer, The Searchers, and (rumor has it) the re-formed Three Stooges. Don't miss it.

---Kex Barnes

LONDON and the REST

DAVE CLARK FIVE

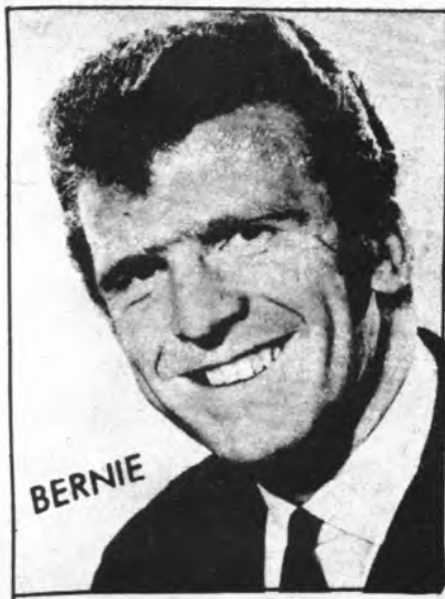
The Dave Clark Five were one of the biggest singles groups of the English Invasion, and one of the best. It's important to understand them within this context: save for *Weekend In London*, their albums were as lousy as one might expect. But "Glad All Over," the first record to break the Beatles' stranglehold on the English charts, was a classic pop single, a masterpiece explosion of pure rock'n'roll--and besides, they had lots of other fine singles, enough to fill up two knockout *Greatest Hits* albums.

The DCS had a distinct musical identity up through mid-1965, contrary to disparaging criticisms of them. First, they had an easily identifiable vocal sound, usually characterized by two-part vocals from Clark and organist Mike Smith; secondly, their records utilized some classic studio rock'n'roll production. Most notable of all was the great studio job done on the drums (cymbals included): they always seemed to be super-echoed, clean, and forceful. The production work done on their rarer singles perfectly matched the style of the group: crude, simplistic, and driving. With a vein like this, it's perfect to blend the instrumental backup into a wall of sound emphasizing the rhythm track: "Anybody You Want Is" is a great example of this. They didn't call it the Big Beat for nothing!

Singer-songwriter-drummer-producer-manager. That's hot stuff--real credentials of multi-talent. Leon Russell or the Grateful Starship or Stevie Nicks by any chance? Nope. Dave Clark. When the record books of rock history are sealed for the ages, down under the column for Who Did The Most All At The Same Time, it may still read just that: Dave Clark. This alone would make the DCS a rather unique group, to say the least--and then there was the matter of that saxophone. The Dave Clark Five was the only English Invasion group with a sax, records going to Danny Payton. However, if you'll go back to "Locomotion" by Little Eva from 1962, on the part where she sings "Jump up! Jump back!" there's a sax raunching away over the three-chord changes. It's almost tempting to conjecture that the DCS got their whole sound from this song, because it sounds almost exactly like their later style. The DCS were probably the only English Invasion group that would have even laughed at a sax; they didn't know that sax was unhip in 1964 to most rock groups, they were completely beyond that sort of thing of hipness or unhappiness. They just set out to do what they wanted to do, true artists, never straying an inch to the left or right. Dave Clark wanted to get rich. He did.

I suspect criticisms of the DCS result largely from their being so pop-oriented, both in style and format, rather than one of the hard rock greats like the Stones, the Who, Yardbirds, Them et al. It's true, the differentiation is absolutely correct: I myself hear in the DCS some influences that few other English groups appeared to have--early 60's pop rock 'n' roll like Dion and Neil Sedaka; and the Crystals, Ronettes, Chiffons, and other girl groups. Who else would've done a fitting version of Bobb B. Sox's "Zip-A-Dee-Do-Dee"? Of course Clark's group did their share of the obligatory 50's rock classics and R&B oar: but on their singles, the whole attitude of the former 60's pop rock 'n' roll style seemed to predominate, from ballads to rockers.

"Glad All Over," "Bits And Pieces," "Do You Love Me" (their first British hit, beaten handily on the charts by Brian Poole & the Tremeloes' version), "Can't You See That She's Mine," "Because," "Everybody Knows," "Anybody You Want Is," "Come Home," "Reelin' & Rockin'," "I Like It Like That," "Catch Us If You Can." These were some of the Dave Clark Five's hits from their golden period of popularity; and if you stop to figure it out, it comes out to almost twelve hits in one year's time--which is a hit a month! The whole point is, almost all were good singles, the whole pile of





D.C. 5, conld.

them. After mid-1965 and "Catch Us If You Can," the DCS became randomly imitative and went downhill from there, trying out one trend and then another. Even at that, though, they occasionally came out with a good single, like "I've Got To Have A Reason" or "Nineteen Days." On one occasion, they came up with a great one in "Tax Too Hard."

They remained commercially successful long after most of their compatriots had fallen by the wayside: "Over And Over" was #1 here in late '65 and "You Got What It Takes" hit #7 in April '67, well after their supposed peak. They even made the British top 5 in late '67, after a lengthy absence (as soon as the DCS hit in the U.S., they quite cold-bloodedly aimed their efforts at the American dollar almost exclusively, and as a result suffered a drastic drop in British popularity) with a ballad, their second hit under the title "Everybody Knows." A couple of spirited rock 'n' roll medleys (one basically a cover of Cat Mother's "Good Old Rock 'N' Roll") cashed in on the late '60's "rock revival" trend; and, although the Dave Clark Five as such broke up around late '69, an incarnation called Dave Clark & Friends (one being lead singer Mike Smith) continues to record, with some sprightly commercial singles (covers of Layng Martino's "Put It In," Aron Connor's "Paradise") and an enjoyable '72 LP, with versions of such contemporary blockbusters as "Sins," "Southern Man," and "Daggin' The Line."

The Dave Clark Five weren't as important as the Beatles or Stones or Kinks-level groups; they were just as good in a different way, firstly and lastly as a consistent singles group. I think people have underrated the Dave Clark Five quite a bit—they were excellent producers of good, healthy, enjoyable schlock, consistently squeezed onto a 45 rpm record. For that, three cheers, a 95 at the least, and a reprise of the SHIMPADA THUMPADA CRASH drum intro to "Bits and Pieces."

---Mike Saunders



Ed Sullivan, champion of British music.

ZOMBIES



The Zombies are absolutely baffling. It's extremely difficult to pin down their style, what they were doing, and what they would have done had they had the chance—the Zombies were one of the most tragic casualties of the British Invasion. With their talent, their peak might have been reached, on a guess, after three or four albums and a string of smash hits; then they could have settled down to the decay and decomposition common to most successful rock bands. But the Zombies were only able to put out one early album, *The Zombies*; imagine how sad it would have been had the Beatles and Kinks been derailed respectively after *Introducing The Beatles* and *You Really Got Me*...

Historically, the Zombies were originally comprised of Rod Argent, (keyboards) Hugh Grundy (drums), and Paul Atkinson (guitar) when the three were still in Public School in St. Albans, Herts. The band soon nurtured its schoolboy beginnings and, with the addition of Colin Blunstone (vocals) and Chris White (bass), became a full combo. At graduation in June, 1964, the band had all but decided to call it quits, as the members were going their separate ways and life as a zombie seemed to hold no future. But both Chris and Rod were writing songs by this time, and at Chris' suggestion they entered a contest sponsored by London's *Evening News* called "The Hearts Beat Competition." The prize of the contest was the presentation of original material with first prize being the recording of a demo and subsequent aid in introducing the winner to various record companies.

Approaching the contest in all seriousness, Chris and Rod each wrote a couple songs for the event and, after exhaustive group rehearsals, took the Zombies into the running. Rod's song-writing bid was none other than "She's Not There," and the group was immediately signed by UK Decca and went into the studios in July. Rod's idea for a first single was one of his favorite compositions, Gershwin's "Summertime"; but, as could have been expected, Decca found the song lacking in commercial potential and persuaded the Zombies to record their own material, with "She's Not There" the initial release.

The single was an enormous success both in the U.S. and Europe (though strangely reaching only #13 in England, their only chart hit there). The follow-up, "Tell Her No," became very big in the U.S. once again, and tapes for an LP were sent over in time for Christmas release, while at home the group preferred to hold off for a time before releasing their first English album (hence the difference in tracks between the two LP's—five cuts on the English version do not appear on the American).

Following "Tell Her No" they continued to issue singles of an exploratory nature, not in the general mold of acceptance. "She's Coming Home," their third single, was a minor hit, but subsequent releases fizzled. Basically their downfall was their fourth release, "I Want You Back Again," a 6/4 soft jazz piece which was good but not commercial in any way whatsoever (the attractive flip side, "Remember When I Loved Her," received a bit of airplay, but also failed to gain hit status). Every one of their following singles was superb—"Whenever You're Ready," "Just Out Of Reach," from the film "Bunny Lake Is Missing," along with its flip, "Remember You" and "Nothing's Changed"), "Is This The Dream," "Indication"—but only the very last was any kind of a hit (regionally, at least).

Things went from bad to worse and in the fall of 1967 the Zombies decided to pack it up and go their separate ways. However, Chris White had another brain-storm—a farewell LP. CBS in England went along and the Zombies took three months to write and record *Odessey And Oracle*, one of rockdom's most beautiful efforts. Songs like "A Rose For Emily," "Hush Up On A Dream," "Butcher's Tale," and "Friends Of Mine" show off a variety of styles and combine to create an aural mood of surrealistic imagery and mystical beauty.

Three singles were released from the LP, "Coke Of Cell 44," "This Will Be Our Year," "Butcher's Tale," and "Friends Of Mine," to immediate oblivion, before the fourth single, "Time Of The Season," took off via the secondary radio markets and ended up selling two million. By this time, however, the Zombies were no more. Rod and Chris came over to help promote the single and the LP, which had been repackaged, and broke the news to U.S. Columbia. A follow-up single, "Imagine The Swan," was done half-heartedly by a throw-together group headed by Rod and Chris, but it failed to make the charts. Date (a Columbia subsidiary) dredged up a couple of tunes from late '65 and tried another single, "If It Don't Work Out," which did no better. Meanwhile the group was victimized by a band of Midwestern imposters who toured the country as the Zombies, even playing the Whisky A Go Go until Rodney Bingenheimer blew the whistle on them with the confirmation of the *Moviefone* (Go Magazine).

London Records, however, did release a quickie cash-in compilation called *Early Days* (with one of the most unattractive covers on record), which is actually much more consistent listening than their earlier Decca/Parrot releases, combining a number of singles with equally appealing flip sides like "I Want Her," "Don't Go Away," "You Make Me Feel Good," the quintessential bittersweet adolescent love affair ditty "Leave Me Be," "I Love You," (later a big hit for San Jose's People in an inferior version) and others.

After the break-up, Rod Argent formed his namesake band, for whom Chris White works in a non-performing capacity; they've released three albums of which one (the first) is an unalloyed delight and the others are generally held to be quite inferior. Colin Blunstone had some British success reworking "She's Not There" under the name Neil MacArthur in early '69, but two follow-up singles failed to repeat. In late 1971 after a spell in the insurance business, he recorded a solo album, *One Year*, with the assistance of Argent and White, very lush and pop-oriented, it received much favorable critical attention, and a single, "Say You Don't Mind" (by Danny Jones) did fairly well on the British charts; the album was commercially unsuccessful in the U.S., however. A new album, *Timefree*, is out (January '73), in the same vein, with another British hit, "I Don't Believe in Miracles," included.

As stated above, it's difficult to evaluate the Zombies in relation to their British Invasion compatriots. They may not have become as important as the Kinks, Beatles, or Stones had they continued successful, but they could easily have taken a place alongside such excellent second-niche bands as the Hollies. That a band with two superb songwriters (Argent and White), impressive and unique group singing, and a great drummer like Hugh Grundy could have been shunted by the wayside is tragic. In the final analysis, it looks as if no one ever did the Zombies the justice they deserved—except in retrospect.

---Mike Saunders
Barry Margolis
Ken Barnes
Bill Small

KINKS

They came from Muswell Hill, London, ranging in age from 17 to 20, and after two false starts they took off on a career whose longevity has been equaled only by the Stones and Hollies. The Kinks are well known for the Victorian fantasies of Ray Davies, commencing around the time of "Dedicated Follower of Fashion," late 1965. Nobody talks much about their earlier stuff anymore, and nobody has ever considered it in the context of its time.

Their first two releases, "Long Tall Sally" and "You Still Want Me," (1963) were in a very Liverpoolian, Searchers-like style that they claim was forced on them by the record company. Following their failure, the Kinks went ahead with their own style of music, based on Chuck Berry but totally distinct from the droves of Berry-influenced groups inhabiting London in those days. With the addition of Jimmy Page on second guitar (though not lead, as widely believed), the Kinks developed a sound that drew on the Mersey groups' emphasis of rhythm but exaggerated to the point that it became a trademark. They shared this exaggerated guitar sound with another early London mod group, the Who, with whom they coincidentally enough also shared their producer, Shel Talmy.

At the start, the Kinks were one of the most raw, crude, energetic groups around. Their first album (which contained, on the British pressing "I Took My Baby Home," which had been the flip side of "Long Tall Sally") included such ravers as "Beautiful Delilah," "So Mystifying," "Long Tall Shorty," "Cadillac," "I'm A Lover Not a Fighter," "Too Much Monkey Business," and "Got Love If You Want It." In addition to this strong dose of Berry and Diddley, there were a couple of ballads (including the much-covered Searchers-like "Just Can't Go To Sleep"), "Bald-Headed Woman" and "I've Been Driving on Bald Mountain" (which the Who combined to make the B-side of "I Can't Explain") and, of course "You Really Got Me."



This, along with "Come On Now," "All Day and All of the Night," "Nikl Cow Blues," "Till the End of the Day," "It's Alright," "Who'll Be the Next in Line" and especially "Louie Louie," which they put on two albums, would be evidence enough to build a case that the Kinks were England's first punk-rock group. One could conjecture endlessly as to what was going through their minds on their first American tour when they appeared in Seattle with the Sonics, whose own version of "Louie Louie" was the ultimate in raunch, and whose original "He's Waiting" sounded like eight Jimmy Pops jamming on "You Really Got Me."

But it's not fair to compare English groups with American. In 1964, the Kinks were the ruling masters of British kineticism. Their songs bristled with energy and drive, except their ballads of course which were either adequate versions of Larry Lester blues things or really effective melodic originals like "Something Better Beginning," "Tired of Waiting For You," or "It's Too Late."

Face to Face was the first album on which their artiness began to emerge, and although it was a transition that stretched over at least three albums and preceded an amazingly high-energy live album, it marked the end of the early Kinks.

Perhaps the most important thing about the early Kinks is the fact that they were the first group to write original rock & roll songs equal in power to the fifties material they started with. The Stones and Yardbirds didn't reach this stage until '65, and as for the Beatles--it's debatable. Their best songs were

more pop than rock & roll, and by 1964 they were no longer trying to be raunchy. Compare the Kinks to a group like the Hollies, who tried to equal the impact of their favorite fifties songs and (despite what Mike Saunders thinks) generally fell short, and it's plain the Kinks had no peer in this regard. What an irony that the Kinks are at once one of the most raunchy and also one of the most successfully effete groups England has ever produced.

--Greg Shaw

NASHVILLE TEENS

On the Nashville Teens' first album, the editor of Cash Box pontificated to the effect that it was "a set that lends credence to the fact that the boys will not fall by the wayside of the 'one-shot' artists." The group promptly went on never to make another album, or another hit on the scale of "Tobacco Road"; however, they have managed to stay together in one form or another for ten years, the last seven firmly encamped by the "wayside," and are still making occasional records--good ones, too. The group got together in Weybridge, Surrey, around 1962; but things didn't start happening for them till early '64, when they got a new drummer, Barry Jenkins (from a group called Don Adams & The Original Rock 'N' Roll Trio, also featuring Albert Lee of Heads Hands & Feet and session fame); a new manager, Don Arden (now in charge of the Move/ELO/Blizzard conglomerate); and a new gig backing Jerry Lee Lewis on an English and Continental tour (in the process appearing on a live German album which is Lewis' best live recording ever).

Shortly afterward, they acquired a new producer, Mickie Most; and recorded a song by one of on-lead vocalist Arthur Sharp's favorite composers, John D. Loudermilk's "Tobacco Road" (previously cut by Billy Lee Riley). The song, with its ferocious beat and pulsing piano pyrotechnics, was a British invasion classic and quickly achieved top 10 status on both sides of the Atlantic. The teens made a fast dash to the States, playing on one of Murray K's Brooklyn Fox extravaganzas, and also cut an LP. It was a solid period album, with energetic piano-dominated workouts on R&B staples like "Honey," "Parchment Farm," "I Like It Like That," plus their follow-up single, "Google Eye" (also written by Loudermilk). This record, the saos of a legendary trout (heraldic subject matter), was hampered by a low-keyed, unexciting first half, and bombed badly in the States (although reaching British top 20). The next single, a wild stomper called "Find My Way Back Home," also failed; and a last-ditch effort, a fairly anemic cover of Marianne Faithfull's "This Little Bird" (composed by one J.D. Loudermilk), produced by Andrew Loog Oldham (perhaps trying to steal the sales thunder from his former protégée's version), barely struggled to the edge of the British top 30.

The Nashville Teens continued to release singles from 1965 through 1972, the most successful of which was a nice, late '60s pop-rocker called "I Know How It Feels To Be Loved." In 1968 they recorded a version of "All Along the Watchtower," and a year later covered Don Fargher's "Indian Reservation" (yet another Loudermilk song). 1972 brought an excellent comeback attempt with a Roy Wood-produced rendition of "Ella James" which some prefer to the Move's performance (the flip, "Textbook Woman," was also a fine hard rocker); it went by virtually unnoticed, however. Many of the original group members had departed long ago--Jenkins joined the Animals in '66, pianist John Hawken went to Keith Reid's Renaissance, and onetime Teen Dick Horner is now part of Uncle Dog; but the Nashville Teens continue to slop onward, playing occasional British dates and still waiting for that elusive second shot--which unless the time is right for a revival of Loudermilk's 1961 chert-buster, "The Language of Love," looks more unlikely all the time.

--Ken Barnes

IAN WHITCOMB

When Ian Whitcomb had his smash, "You Turn Me On," in the spring of 1965, he was seemingly indistinguishable from the other exponents of the English Invasion. However, his roots were different than most of the period rockers, stemming from the good-time joviality of music hall. He was the fun, the total irreverence of pop music as promulgated by the records of the past. He was able to get away with having a hit record by panting away in a ridiculous falsetto; and on joyous releasing records under other names and biding a trend setter.

While Ian was attending school in Dublin, guitarist Barry Richardson (now with Bees Make Honey) asked Ian to join his newly formed R&B band, which he did, bringing along the name Bluesville Mfg. At that time, Bluesville Mfg. and then were in the vanguard of what-over Irish rock scene there was in those days.

They recorded some songs in a basement, and Ian brought them to notorious northwest producer Jerry Dennon ("Louie Louie") in the summer of '64; "Soho" and "Bony Moronie" and "Fizz" were released. The next record, "This Sporting Life," only made #100, but it was the record that got Ian onto Shindig and essentially launched his career. "This Sporting Life" was an old skiffle tune I rearranged specifically to make a hit," says Ian. "The rhythm guitar had an ascending-descending note pattern that purposely resembled... 'Houso Of The Rising Sun.' It was one of the first rock records that used both piano and organ. The organ was a bit weak, so we dubbed a stronger one on in America... played by the guy who was either in the Railers of Sonics. Somebody told me that Tom Wilson... decided to use both organ and piano on 'Like A Rolling Stone' after hearing 'This Sporting Life.'"



IAN WHITCOMB

Then the band cut "You Turn Me On" during the recording of their album. "Jerry Penon came over to supervise the sessions. 'You Turn Me On' was a number we used to do live. I used to sing the song really low, granted it really. We were almost finished recording the first album and the band went into the mix. I didn't want to record it, but Jerry let the tapes roll. After the instrumental, I knocked an ash tray onto the floor, and I thought 'they won't use this'. So I just hopped it up and did the high voice. The vocal was inspired by the Supremes' 'Where Did Our Love Go.'"

"Denon thought it was terrible, but George Shearlock (the man the Stones sang about in 'Under Assistant West Coast Promo Man') heard it through the walls at Tower and labeled it a smash."

Although the record was a joke, it was in fact the first ooby-rock hit. Ian found out later that one gay club had his photos all over the wall, and that William Burroughs used to play the record for inspiration.



What immediately followed the hit was an endless number of singles all attempting to be the follow-up smash that never came. Two more hit LP's and a dozen hits, "What Did Robinson Crusoe Do With Friday On Saturday Night," were released, foreshadowing the current music hall popularity of the Kinks, et al. The last product of Ian's phase one involvement, as he refers to it, was the Ian Whitcomb Tash Trip LP recorded in 1967.

"To take advantage of the fat, Cooper concept LP, I did that album. The LP was a bit depressing, it was all linked together by this trash trip. The Tower executives didn't like it, so then I suggested we use some of the tracks and make a rock revival LP, which was happening in England. They agreed, and I rented a 1959 Cadillac and dressed up in leather and knives; but the president of Tower said that the costume was too scary and not recognizable the humor behind the ideas. This was in 1968, before Sha Na Na. They eventually put out the LP (Sack Me Some Rock) with a straight photo, simply to fulfill contractual obligations."

Whitcomb then took a three-year absence from recording. He wrote a book about the history of pop music. After *The Ball*, produced a Mae West LP, and entered into phase two of his recording career in 1972 with the release of *Under The Ragtime Moon*, a mercilessly witty and entertaining stage act, and another rock LP in the planning stage.

—Harold Bronson

P.J. PROBY

At his peak, P.J. Proby was a phenomenon rivaling the very biggest British bands in popularity. His career was as checkered as anyone in recent memory, replete with constant controversies over pants-splitting, suggestive stage movements, theatre and TV bans,

Shindig! walkouts, record company disagreements, onstage four-letter-word outbursts, constant financial disaster, and a myriad of comebacks. Many of his problems were doubtless of his own making, but he was also ahead of his time in terms of all-out showmanship and ran into countless hassles which in our more "advanced" and tolerant era would seem rather absurd. In any case his talent was virtually boundless; he could rock frantically, or belt out the best ballads better than almost any straight pop singer (although, as Nik Cohn points out, he engaged in such subtle mockery with exaggerated vocal inflections and other techniques, making even his slushiest material fascinating listening).

Proby's real name was James Marcus Smith; he hailed from Texas, but came to Hollywood in the late 50's as an aspiring actor (he also reportedly cut some songs for Elvis). He changed his name to Jet Powers, shuffled around, made some records for a number of the worst of British labels, reputedly quite good, and was slated to appear opposite Muhammad Ali in a Jack Good-produced rock *Othello* later. Catch *My Soul* with Jerry Lee Lewis. This fell through, but Good invited him to England to appear in a Beatles TV spectacular; he was personally introduced by the Fab Four (who continued to be Proby fans up to one point wrote a single, "That Mama A Lot" especially for him) and caused a sensation. His like "Hold Me," "Together," "Somebody," and "Mama" stormed up the charts, but the controversies started right after, and he faded from the scene for a lengthy period, re-emerging in early '67 with the cryptic-dance "Nicki Rockin'." He never had another hit, but is still around playing cabaret, and probably breaking for dead at that.

—Ken Barnes

When Nik Cohn's book came out, it made me curious to figure out just what he was in P.J. Proby: the only album of Proby's I had at that time was *Enigma* (a 1962 album with his hit "Nicki Rockin'"), which was pure shit—moderate soul imitations, bad arrangements, buried vocal tracks.

After finally unearthing Proby's first album, *Somebody* (Liberty 3406), last summer, it all became very obvious. Proby had the vocal ability to emulate any style under the sun—Lloyd Price, Gene Pitney (really strong Pitney influence in places on the album), James Brown, or just straight pop garbage—and the flair to make it all quite charismatic. I'd imagine which does or doesn't have anything to do with Proby's initial career as an American R&B artist named Jet Powers—who knows—there really is an English release album of Jet Powers recordings, which must prove for the 14th time the fanaticism of hard-core oldies fans in England.

Somebody is a very good album, in spite of starting off deceptively with the three weakest cuts on the whole LP. On about seven cuts, including Proby's first two singles "Hold Me" and "Together," the backing includes some slapping on harp, one of the wildest drummers I've ever heard on record, and a guitarist who has to be no one else but Jimmy Page. The guitar solos on four of the songs—"Stagger Lee," "Ting Went The Strings Of My Heart," and the two



singles—sound so exactly like an early (late 1964) formative version of Page's style on his Kinks session work that it'd be a surprise were it not him. These tracks really rock, especially the singles and "Rockin' Pecunia," which is the best cover of the Huey Smith classic I've ever heard. Other notable points include the Drifters-like "The Masquerade Is Over," a couple Lloyd Price tunes, and a tremendous version of "Gloria Pt. 1" that includes several tongue-in-cheek spoken verses about Proby's girlfriend and her "fine, fine, superb" career and I hold here three letters in my hand, ad nauseam, great Unreleased Love tonques all down the line. The whole second side of the LP is unfortunately awful; for that, Proby's first two great singles, and the mystery, multi-player, it's an album well worth having.

Proby's second album, *P.J. Proby* (Liberty 3421), was pure tripe. The rocking back-up group is gone, a different producer is present, and it's all watered down ballads and muzak. Some of it is so bad it's reminiscent of Dion's first solo album, *Alone With Dion*, where Dion was coming on like Frank Sinatra (until he went back to being a hood next time around, with "Runaround Sue"). Proby's third album, released only in England, *Really Went All the Way*—it was completely straight pop, called *P.J. Proby In Town*. More like *Don't Town*—strictly Cope shift. Not even passable as a comedy movie!

After *Enigma*, his fourth album, Proby has had a couple more English albums which I haven't heard, so I don't know what they're like. His first one is the only one that fits into the English Invasion era anyway, and like I said even not counting its possibly connecting Proby to the Yardbirds' family tree, it's quite good.

—Mike Saunders

PETER & GORDON

Peter Asher and Gordon Waller had little in common musically with the prime movers of the British Invasion except for nationality and hits. Anemia was endemic enough in 1964 so that any number of unlikely solo acts and duos (Tommy Quickly, Kathy Kirby, Chad & Jeremy, Ron & Neil), as long as they were British, were foisted on the American public—some successful, some not. Peter & Gordon were in the successful category, and received a potent extra boost from Peter's sister Jane's relationship with Paul McCartney. Paul and John wrote Peter & Gordon's first three singles, they hit big, and moreover were actually quite pleasant—and they got the boys off to a flying start.

The duo began singing together in school, under the less mellifluous appellation of Gordon & Peter; they passed an EMI audition, and released "World Without Love" in April '64, going to #1 in Britain and repeating the feat here, demolishing a cover by Bobby Rydell in the process. "Nobody I Know," a better record, did quite well in both countries, but was the last British hit for a year; they proceeded to concentrate on America, touring frequently (and sometimes, difficult to believe as it is, having concerts cancelled because of frantic outbreaks of uncontrollable audience screaming). "I Don't Want To See You Again" was another Tina Turner composition; and then they astutely picked up a fine Del Shannon song, "I Go To Pieces," and had a big hit with it.

In April '65 they released a big beefy balladic "treatment" of Buddy Holly's "True Love Ways," a change of pace from the pure pop they had engaged in; and it worked, even hitting top 5 in Britain. They accorded a similar treatment to "To Know You Is To Love You" (as they retitled the Specter opus) and scored a dual-market hit again; and followed up in Britain with Barbara Lewis' "Baby I'm Yours" for top 20 honors. This song wasn't released in the States; instead a comb called "Don't Pick Me," reaching #83, jeopardized their position.

Then, as the story went, they received a composition by one A. Smith, called "Woman." The song, a fairly pleasant pop ditty, started to hit, and then it somehow came out that "Smith" was actually Paul McCartney, who wanted to see if one of his songs could become a hit without his imprimatur on it. He never found out, as the word got around quite early, but P & G had themselves another hit. Two failures followed (though one of the flop sides "Stranger And A Black Dove," was a nice folksy tune); but then they recorded, around the same time "Winchester Cathedral" was hitting, a cute vaudevillian number called "Lady Godiva." It was their second biggest hit, and was followed by the feintly satirical "Knight In Rusty Armor" and "Sunday For Tea," which was their last real hit in April 1967 (though they recorded together for more than a year afterward).

Peter & Gordon's rock 'n' roll content was, to say the least, minimal; they themselves describe their music as a "strange cocktail of sound," declaring that they were rhythm 'n' blues addicts but "Middle of the road pop buffs" as well. Many of their singles were highly agreeable radio fodder, especially "Nobody I Know" and "I Go To Pieces"; but their albums (countless, including Peter & Gordon *Play and Sing The Hits Of Nashville Tennessee*, an early tip of the hat to C&W) were pretty undistinguished—the *Lady Godiva* album, in fact, consisting of near-total mush. Basically they were survivor types, with a sharp ear for commerciality, and they were able to sustain a relatively long-term chart reign by staying on top of the trends.

They broke up around late '68, Gordon making a few solo discs and Peter joining Apple Records, where he of course joined forces with an American talkshower.

—Ken Barnes

WALKER BROS.

During their brief reign (mid-'65 to late '66), the Walker Brothers were immensely popular in Britain, subject to screaming, hysterical, clothes-ripping attacks from hordes of frantic fanatic fans, and virtually ranking with the Beatles and Stones at the very pinnacle of mass idolization. All in all, they were probably the most astonishing British showbiz phenomenon since P.J. Proby—interesting, because like Proby they emigrated from America, at the behest of Jack Good, to become British stars (actually eclipsing Proby in the process).

Scott Engel and John Mous (who also went under the name John Stewart) had recorded individually (especially Scott, on Orbit, Challenge, etc.) and together, as the Callon Bros., with an LP later picked up by Tower consisting of 40% surf-schlock instrumentals and a couple of upbeat ballads which sound like they were over-dubbed subsequently to arrive at a sound similar to their Smash hits. They ran into Gary Leeds (literally, in an auto accident, who had been drummer for none other than Jet Powers [later P.J. Proby], and formed a trio, becoming regulars on the Hollywood A-Go-Go TV series, sounding like early pre-Spector Righteous Bros., but having little impact otherwise. (They did appear in an obscure Edd Byrnes flick called "Beach Ball," looking as if they'd peroxidized their hair).

But once over in England, with their American good looks and British collars, and brooding, mysterious images, they were a near-instant success. Their first single, a version of Eugene Church's "Pretty Girls Everywhere" which sounded very much like "Little Latin Lupe Lu," went nowhere; but after the Kinks got into one of their frequent onstage punch-ups, the Walker Bros. were asked to finish out the tour and audience hysteria was evoked almost instantaneously. "Love Her," previously an obscure Every Brothers single, done up in tremendously dramatic neo-Spectorian style, became a middling chart hit; and paved the way for their mammoth recreation of Jerry Butler's "Make It Easy On Yourself," a #1 record.

If you can imagine a fusion of blue-eyed soul singing, powerful melodramatic rock, and some of the better elements of Spector sound, this was the Walker Brothers at their best. Their first English album, *Take It Easy With the Walker Brothers*, is certainly one of the most successful records ever in its unique style. Not merely content to feature the incredibly big and soulful voice of Scott Engel alone with John's equally great singing, this album showcases their voices with great material and backing arrangements by Ivor Raymonde that probably equal anything Phil Spector ever did, in terms of taste and sheer rightness.

Fully seven of the twelve cuts on the album are the Walker Brothers' trademark, ballads of one kind or another—some are immense, exploding mammoths of sound, while others are relatively quiet. "There Goes My Baby," one of the former, is an incredible interpretation of the old Drifters' hit: tympani exploding, crashing drums, and the whole lot, while the Walkers' voices soar above it all. On the other hand, their version of "Love Meuz Zero" is probably one of the best Dylan covers I've ever heard. And so on—the best thing to do is just to listen to the album—with great material like "Here Comes The Night" and "Lonely Winds" by the legendary Pomes/Shuman team, a fine Randy Newman song, "I Don't Want To Hear It Any More," and a good version of "Dancing In The Streets," and so on through the album content, this is a monster record. I think it really arches everything the Righteous Brothers attempted under Spector's guidance, and that's quite a lot; it's certainly in many ways the classic Righteous Brothers album that that duo were never able to make themselves.

Two more gargantuan hits followed, a fine ballad, "My Ship Is Coming In," and what was probably their finest single, a soaring arrangement of "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore" which completely demolishes Frankie Valli's fine original performance. "Make It Easy On Yourself" along with these two singles were hits in the States as well, and two American albums were released, interesting pastiches of singles and some of the British album tracks. The second album, *The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore*, was actually better than the corresponding British package, *Portrait*, highlighted by the title track, its fine flip "After The Lights Go Out" (written by John) and both sides of another solid, though less successful, single, "Baby You Don't Have To Tell Me" and "Young Men Cryed" (written by Scott). These were excellent performances in the archetypal Walker tradition, but disturbingly mushy selections also made their presence known, a dire forbidding.

Despite their tardy American success, the Walkers remained faithful to their British following by staying in England; but internal dissension began to crop up, and after "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine," their commercial success began to wane as well, with singles like "Stay With Me Baby" and "Walking In The Rain" failing to equal earlier chart achievements. Finally,



Scott, who had become increasingly moody (as per his accepted image), to the point of a (rumored) suicide attempt, broke up the group to go solo (as did the other two). Gary Leeds's subsequent career was rather unspiced by success, despite a nice version of "You Don't Love Me" (actually recorded while the group was still together) and considerable Japanese acclaim.

John had several solo singles, of mostly meager success both esthetic and commercial; he went on to marry Kerry Young, of "1000 Stars" fame, but Scott did quite well, with several big hits—it was straight MOR/pop stuff, however ("Lights Of Cincinnati," etc.) with a disarming mixture of melodramatic Jacques Brel things.

As a group, however, the Walker Brothers produced the best big ballads emanating from England; as well as being a phenomenon impossible to ignore, they were also responsible for a great deal of enduringly excellent music which deserves widespread rediscovery.

—Ken Barnes
Mike Saunders

HERMAN'S HERMITS

Herman's Hermits were an integral part of the British Invasion of America, when their first record was released in October of 1964, the Beatles had already had nine records in the American top 10, the Dave Clark Five had produced four top ten singles, and the Animals had made a deal with their number one smash, "House Of The Rising Sun," when the biggest wave of British invaders subsided, the time had come for an intermediate new wave, and for America to accept another "beat group." In this case Herman's Hermits.

Why were Herman's Hermits so readily accepted by America's record buyers? Part of the reason is probably due to their predecessors, The Beatles. The Beatles' last three releases ("And I Love Her," "I'll Cry Instead," and "Slow Down") had not been overwhelmingly received, as had their earlier records (none of the three made top ten), and the surge in popularity of the British beat had died a little, the next uprising to nearly equal the first. Even the Hermits' first single, "I'm Into Something Good," an easy-going Goffin-King composition, was not a huge success, but the group had established themselves this side of the Atlantic, and their next release, "Can't You Hear My Heartbeat," soared to number two. Concurrently, the Beatles scored their biggest two-sided hit to date, "I Feel Fine"/"She's A Woman." Radios blared out the ballads of the bands, as the Beatles won one night and the Hermits the next.

The Hermits' popularity was probably due as much to their image as their music. Herman (Peter Noone), the classic "little boy" image, was accepted as such, just as McCartney had previously been tagged. The Hermits were all young, and as their records became hits, they continued to live at home with their respective parents. This was certainly not a rebellious attitude, as their current competition, the new hit-making Rolling Stones, built so much of their images on. The Hermits were more of a goodtime group, with their easy-rocking beat songs and British music hall songs, and their early showbiz attitude should not be left out, either. Gentleness was counterpointed with "Innocent" (wasn't that clever?), and many teenyboppers who had

already pledged their hearts to one of the earlier British groups chose the Hermits as their next. The Hermits weren't as musically talented as the Beatles, but who cared? They had cute records and a cute act and were British, and that was enough to sell them.

The Hermits were originally The Heartbeats before Noone joined them. They played at various youth functions and were quite popular, but Noone's addition to the group was the clincher. Reputedly, Herman got his nickname from a cartoon character, Sherman of The Bullwinkle Show and Mr. Peabody And, because of his similarity to the character (again, the little boy image). No one is really sure just why Sherman became Herman, but it's not really that important (only the stuff that teeny magazines are made of). So the Hermits' songs were christened Herman and His Hermits, later shortened to Herman's Hermits.

Continuing the Hermits' story, their next records were to be their biggest. "Suzanne" and "Wonderful World" reached top five and "Mrs. Brown" and "I'm Henry VIII, I Am" both reached number one. "Listen People" got up to number three, Ray Davies' "Dandelion" which was never a hit for the Kinks, went to number five, and "There's A Kind Of Hush," their last big hit and now a gold standard, reached number four. Those singles were the key to the success of the Hermits; without these hits, the group would have gone nowhere.

None of the Hermits' albums sold extremely well (except *The Beat Of Herman's Hermits*). They weren't writing any of their own material until the *Hush* album in 1967 (one original song). The next album, *Blaze*, contained three songs written by the group, but the album story ends there. No more Hermits albums were ever released. The Hermits recorded (on) 11 albums: 2 were parts of soundtracks shared with other groups, 1 was the soundtrack to their "big" movie, *Mold On* (not as big as WM would have liked, however), 3 were greatest hits compendiums, and there were 5 others. The earlier albums relied solely on the hit singles for support, but the later albums had looser structure. Parts of *On Tour* are almost sickening, but the *Hush* album was well done, diversified and performed well. The last album, *Blaze*, was weaker if only in the selection of material. Graham Gouldman, who had written hit songs for them as well as other English groups ("Bus Stop" for The Hollies, The Yardbirds' "For You Love," and The Hermits' "No Milk Today" and "Listen People") continued to write songs for the Hermits, and Geoff Stephens, co-composer of "There's A Kind Of Hush," was still contributing to the group, but something had happened to change the success of the Hermits. The fading of the British aristocracy in American music was due to the steady usurper in American talent which culminated in the acid-underground explosion in 1968; the last year, 1967, was the last in which the Hermits were really popular. With Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead around, where could Herman and Co. fit in? This demise of the group's popularity was not a one-of-a-kind thing, either. It also cost The Dave Clark Five their large following as well as the popularity of many other mid-sixties groups. The Beatles' music and style-setting out them through this period as though it didn't exist, but not so for the Hermits. Their music had not changed substantially over America had grown tired of the Merseybeat, not to be revived until 1971 with the advent of Badfinger.

The group did stay together and keep recording through 1969, though, outdistancing many other groups in longevity if it's anything else. Their last single, "Best You Like I Do," was never released in America, and despite the availability of material for a final album, it was never released. Some of the group's best songs came out during this period, though none were hits. "Smashin' Cars" was their last stab at a British beat hit, and their next single, a splendid rendition of the often-revived "Here Comes The Star," backed by a Fortunate Son composition, "It's Alright Now," was a drastic change. "The Star" was a ballad, laden with strings and a lush arrangement. And if that seemed out of place for the Hermits, "It's Alright Now," a real rocker, finally had people asking, "who is that?" And so the Hermits had broken away from their earlier image, but it was too late. *Billboard* predicted "The Star" to reach the top 60, but it never made the charts. Their last American single was another beautiful Stephens-Reed song (better they wrote "There's A Kind Of Hush"), called "My Sentimental Friend." Herman's voice fit the song perfectly, but no sales action. The flip was another ballad, "My Lady," which featured a piano part unlike any ever used by the Hermits before. "Best You Like I Do" was the group's last single, never released here, and apparently the Hermits thought they could score with this offbeat rocker, more in their earlier style, but it was only a medium hit in England and America never had the chance.

When the group finally broke up, Noone signed with Bell and recorded a David Bowie song, "Oh, You Pretty Thing," which made the charts in England but missed here. The rest of the group went their separate ways. The Hermits' reign lasted from 1964-67, and they remained together throughout 1970, quite an impressive record for a British beat group.

But in spite of their shortcomings and later lack of success, these guys put out a lot of good music. They were no Beatles and no comparison should even be made (although it might appear I have tried to do this in places), but they will always be remembered. Put simply, they were a darn good British group.

—Mike Thom

MISCELLANEOUS

MERSEY BEAT

Many of the best and most popular English beat groups never had much impact in the U.S. It's astonishing how some acts, who were gigantic in England and the world over through the fifties and into the mid-sixties, are still unknown here. Not only Cliff Richard and the Shadows (the obvious example) but stars like Billy Fury, Cliff Bennett, and Adam Faith, former idols of the late '50s, made some great beat records (such as Faith's classic, "It's Alright") but still couldn't seem to crack the American market.

But when it comes to why some '60s beat groups made it and others didn't, it's no less mystifying. How could we have bought records by the Hullabalooes, who weren't very good and probably weren't even English, when groups like the following were heard either not at all or to a much lesser extent than they deserved?

BRIAN POOLE & THE TREMELOES:

Formed in 1959, they went professional in 1961 after an appearance on the "Saturday Club" show, and by late 1962 they had been signed by Decca. They were from London, but their first hits were in Canada, as was their first album. They hit #4 on the British charts in July '63 with "Twist and Shout," a month or so before the Beatles, followed in two months by a #1 record, "Da You Love Me," a month ahead of the DC5. They had two more Top Five hits and were on the charts constantly through 1965. In 1966 Brian Poole split off to pursue an abortive solo career, and the Tremeloes went on to become a top vocal harmony group in the Hollies vein. Three albums by Brian Poole & the Tremeloes, and most of their singles, were released in the States, but none ever made the charts. They weren't a great group, but they weren't bad either. Their albums contain good renditions of "Alley Oop," "Da Doo Ron Ron," "South Street," "Rag Doll" and "I Want Candy."

THE POETS:

Like Dean Ford & the Gaylords, the Poets were from Glasgow, and when the former group became Marmalade they took along two Poets, Hughie Nicholson and Dougie Henderson. From 1964 through 1967, the Poets had at least seven releases, on Decca and Immediate, only one of which came out in America ("Now We're Thru" on DynoVoice 201). The Poets were considered quite "advanced" for their time, and their records have a cultured, "arty" sort of sound, reminiscent in some ways of the Zombies, with minor chords and unusual progressions. "Now We're Thru" was a British hit, and is a thoroughly captivating record.

BERN ELLIOTT & THE FENMEN:

From Kent, they had two British hits, "Money" which reached #16 in late 1963, and "New Orleans" which got to #28. Their sound was a pretty good adaptation of R&B to the

beat style, especially on "New Orleans."

Their career was cut short in 1964, however, when the Fenmen split off to make solo records which included "Rag Doll" and "California Dreamin'." Bern got another group, the Klan, and continued, but as a big-production ballad singer, producing nothing of interest. In 1966 John Povey of the Fenmen joined the Pretty Things, and they subsequently disbanded.

LULU & THE LUVERS:

There were many female groups and singers active in England during the beat era, besides Dusty Springfield and Petula Clark of course. Beryl Marsden wasn't bad. Bobbie Miller made four good records, produced by Bill Wyman, covers of early '60s hits like "Tell Him" and "What a Guy." Twinkle made the charts with a death song called "Terry." Goldie & the Gingerbreads played their own instruments and made a few good records. (Goldie is of course now better known as Genya Ravan.) The Liverbirds were perhaps the first female group to appear on stage playing their own instruments, but unfortunately their records weren't very good. The Breakaways and the Carefrees made some good records and, though it's not generally known, the Caravelles ("You Don't Have to Be a Baby to Cry") were from England as well. But of them all, the group that made the most exciting records and exhibited the best feeling for beat music (as opposed to the more traditional girl-group sound) was none other than Lulu and the Luvers.



They recorded around a dozen songs together before Lulu took off on her successful solo career. They got together in Glasgow, and their first release, "Shout," had a rough, raunchy sound that no London girl singer could have matched. It's a great record, with strong bass and organ. The flip, while not as good a song, displays the early Lulu at her raunchiest, her voice becoming almost a hoarse rasp in an attempt to catch the R&B sound that was so big

in 1964.

Their second release was "Here Comes the Night," preceding Them's version by several weeks. It's a much different treatment, very produced and bluesy, almost a New York sound. Fine record. The B-side was "I'll Come Running," another Berns song, and another R&B workout with some very hard guitar work. Neither producer Berns nor arranger Mike Leander's names appear on subsequent releases, and the guitar-keyboard dominated combo (whoever they were—I wouldn't be surprised if it was Them) is replaced by a big band and big pop arrangements. And that was the end of the brief but excellent first phase of Lulu's career. The Luvers made one unsuccessful solo single before disappearing.

The best and the worst of early Lulu is available on two different English LPs, but aside from three singles and a reissue of "Shout" nothing was issued in America, with the exception of one fine early track, "Just One Look," on a very odd album called England's Greatest Hitmakers (London LL 3430). A sampler album compiled in England to raise funds for the Lord's Taverners (a group of cricket enthusiasts) it consisted of then-unreleased songs by a number of top artists, some of which turned out to be rare outtakes, such as the slower and completely different version of Them's "Little Girl" or "Nothing's Changed" by the Zombies, in its only U.S. appearance. Also on the album were the Applejacks, Dave Berry, Bern Elliott, Unit Four Plus Two, and the Rolling Stones, among others.

THE APPLEJACKS:

Playing together as schoolmates as early as 1960, they were still in school when their first record came out in January 1964. The headmaster reportedly asked them to make a choice between promoting it and doing their studies; they chose the former, and for the next year or so the Applejacks were one of the biggest groups in England.

They had a full, charming Liverpudlian sound, somewhat lacking in distinction, but somewhere in the vicinity of Peter & Gordon, Gerry & the Pacemakers and the like, in the sense that their songs were rather pop-oriented. Actually their instrumental sound was one of the best going, with Megan Davis (a girl) providing a very solid bass sound and Phil Cash wielding a hard guitar. Their best record is probably "Everybody Fall Down," an absolute killer. It was one of their three American releases, the flip of "Like Dreamers Do," a Lennon-McCartney song that the Beatles never cut. Oddly enough, the Applejacks are best known in America for having recorded "I Go to Sleep," a Ray Davies song that the Kinks never put to wax.

Fortunately for us, they managed to get an album out in England during their year of fame, and it's full of good stuff. "As a Matter of Fact" is an excellent Mersey tune, as are "Three Little Words" and "See if She Cares," and the album also includes great versions of "Hello Josephine," "Kansas City" and the absolute best ever rendition of "Ain't That Just Like Me." Altogether, one of the most listenable albums of 1964.

The Applejacks were at the top through 1964 but were nearly forgotten by late 1965 when their last release on Decca (that I know of) came out. There was a CBS single in

early '67 but I know nothing about it except that it was their last. Why they faded so fast is a real mystery, and one can only wonder how often they have regretted not heeding their headmaster's advice to stay in school.

CLIFF BENNETT & THE REBEL ROUSERS:

Cliff and the boys had their first release in 1961, and within a year one agency had stated that they were "London's #1 beat group" but it wasn't until Brian Epstein took over their management that they began to make any



impact. Cliff became a teen idol of sorts after "One Way Love" hit #12 in October 1964. Although the next few releases bombed out, they hit the Top Ten for the first time with a tune from *Revolver*, "Got to Get You Into My Life." It was, however, their last hit. In 1970 Bennett disbanded the Rebel Rousers and formed Toe Fat, a progressive group which made two LPs. Toe Fat had little success and Bennett has since changed back to the Rebel Rousers and then, as of 10/72, back to Toe Fat with a single on Chapter One.

During their recording days, Cliff & the Rebel Rousers did everything from fake rockabilly to fake Motown soul, with a lot of pop inbetween. Although they weren't especially good at any of these styles, they were better than some. The group included Dave Wendell, Bobby Thompson, Maurice Groves, Sid Phillips, Mick Burt, and Roy Young. Also, at various times in their early days, Frank Allen of the Searchers and Nicky Hopkins of session fame.

DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS:

Dave Berry, a hulking 6'6" lad from Sheffield, was one of the original British popularizers of R&B. A confessed admirer of American blues from Arthur Crudup to Arthur Alexander, he was the first English singer to record both the former's "My Baby Left Me" and the latter's "You Better Move On." His first record was Chuck Berry's "Memphis," and it reached #15 in October 1963. When "My Baby Left Me" hit #26 a few months later, Berry was welcomed into the coterie of R&B cultists, and even appeared on an early Decca R&B anthology album along with Zoot Money, Alexis Korner, Graham Bond and John Mayall. It took a pop ballad, however, to get Dave into the Top Ten, where he ended up next with "The Crying Game," a pretty but very contrived number.

Ordinarily I'd consider this a turn for the worse, but in Berry's case it was an improvement. He may have had impeccable taste as a fan, but as a singer he had little feel for R&B

and butchered most of the songs he did. He had a full, cultured voice that was more at home with pop ballads, and the ones he did (such as "Little Things," his subsequent and only other hit) were quite nice. Through four albums and a post-Outlaws (his second backing group) career that's still going, he's never stopped cutting the R&B classics, and maybe because of that never attained the stature as a pop singer that he otherwise deserved. Dave Berry the rocker is at best an amusing example of what the early British purists were willing to accept



in the name of R&B.

Incidentally, his first album credits "Little Jimmy Page" for guitar and harmonica.

NEIL CHRISTIAN & THE CRUSADERS:

The story has it that he stepped in one day when the lead singer of a group of schoolmates called the Crusaders was ill, and went down so well they asked him to stay on as star vocalist. Doesn't matter, he was a lousy singer. However, this is another one of those groups of which Jimmy Page was a supposed member. When, we don't know. Christian recorded four sides for EMI in '63-64, including a heavy Mersey rendition of Joe Turner's "Honey Hush," went over to Miki Dallon's Strike label where they scored a #20 hit in early '66 with "That's Nice," after which Neil left the group and recorded as a solo on Strike, then Pye. One rumor recently had it that Neil Christian was the true identity of Gary Glitter, but since Neil announced in June of '73 that he was back again, that rumor has been laid to rest. The only other thing we know for sure is that Ritchie Blackmore (now guitarist with Deep Purple) was a regular member of the Crusaders.

THE MONTANAS:

The Montanas are a versatile, but imageless and remarkably unsuccessful group that has been around steadily since 1965. They were originally on Pye in England, with their record released here first on Warners and then Independence. "That's When Happiness Began" on WB is a highly recommended, frantic upbeat song (written by the Addrissi Bros.), while their other early material, with one exception, ranges from horn-laden pop to fairly good bubblegum. That exception is "Difference of Opinion," release on Independence in '67. It's a classic psychedelic/punk freakout song, with great lyrics and real fuzzbox delivery. It was the flip of a slushy ballad, "You've Got to Be Loved" that even got to #39 on the U.S.

charts! In 1970 they left Pye for MCA, recorded one mediocre single, then moved on to MAM where they are currently signed, with 3 releases out. Although they had at least 15 singles, there was never an album, and for such a pretty good pop group their obscurity is certainly undeserved.

UNIT FOUR PLUS TWO:

Similarly, Unit Four + Two had a freak hit (#28 in the U.S.) with "Concrete and Clay," which was distinguished by a Spanish style lead



acoustic guitar over the standard electric beat rhythm. Not a bad record, it was followed by a stylistically similar version of Jimmy Rodgers' "Woman From Liberia" and an almost-hit with "You've Never Been in Love Like This Before." Their first and only album had other folk-oriented stuff like "Cotton Fields" and "La Bamba" but the best things on it are Mersey-styled songs like "Couldn't Keep it to Myself" (which has an odd blend of Mersey and hootenanny styles) and "Boy From New York City." In essence though, they were an amplified early sixties folk group—as proved by the English version of the album, which also included hoot standards like "500 Miles," "Swing Down Chariot" and "Wild is the Wind."

THE FOUR PENNIES:

The English Four Pennies (as distinguished from the great Chiffons-like girl group on Rust or the R&B group on Brunswick or any other group of the same name) came together in Sheffield in 1964. Their names were Lionel Walmsley, David Fryer, Alan Buck and Michael Wilshem. First release was a bomb, although the flip side, "Miss Bad Daddy," is a fine raver and possibly the best record of their career. But it was their second single, "Juliet" that went to #1 and became their biggest hit in April '64. "I Found Out the Hard Way" got to #15 four months later, followed in November by "Black Girl" which went equally high. Their only subsequent chart record was "Until It's Time for You to Go" in late '65, although for some reason they had three albums and four EPs out in addition to their eight singles.

They weren't a particularly great group; they had a raw sound, and a fondness for girl group records, but their singer was dreadful. Their versions of "Da Doo Ron Ron" and "Claudette" are passable, but "Pony Time" falls flat and most of their ballads sound like

Gerry & the Pacemakers at their worst. "Juliet" is the best and most syrupy example of this—yet another instance of that hopeless mixed marriage between raunchy R&B and mushy pop that so many English groups of this era felt compelled to try. Nothing was heard from the Four Pennies after 1965, although Fryer recently turned up as the producer of Skin Alley and Stackridge.

THE HONEYCOMBS:

The Honeycombs, yeah, the ones with the girl drummer. Honey Lantree, together with brother John, Martin Murray, Allan Ward and Dennis D'Ell. The real star, though, was producer Joe Meek, whose taste for a rough, superficially exciting sound had led to the Tornadoes' 1962 smash "Telstar" and paid off through the years in commercial success while bringing equal disrepute from those who liked their music less contrived.

Meek had more contrived groups than the Honeycombs (the Riot Squad, for instance), but it was the gimmick of a heavy, foot-stomping beat that made "Have I the Right" a worldwide #1 hit in the autumn of 1964. The beat is so heavy, in fact, that whenever I hear it I can't help thinking what a perfect song it would be for Slade to record. A great record. Like most of the songs on their first album, it was written by Meek's sidekick Howard Blaikley. And most of them sounded just like it, only not as good. The only real standouts are two Meek songs, "Nice While It Lasted" and "She's Too Way Out."

Of their subsequent releases, "I Can't Stop" almost scraped the Top Fifty in America, though oddly enough it wasn't a hit at all in England, where they were in the Top 30 with "That's the Way" and a cover of the Kinks' "Something Better Beginning." They eventually came out with a second album in England, containing fewer Blaikley songs. It's a much better album all around, with some fine rockers including Bobby Darin's "Odee Train," and a strange song called "Emptiness" credited to one "R. Davies." Doesn't sound like a Kinks song, but who knows?

The Honeycombs recorded through the end of 1966 and then were heard from no more. Undoubtedly the death of Meek brought their career to an end, because when you get right down to it, aside from the presence of Honey and despite the value of some of their music, all they really had was the gimmick of Meek's production sound.

THE IVY LEAGUE:

Like the Rockin' Berries, the Ivy League had a fondness for big productions and falsetto harmonies of the Four Freshmen/Seasons variety. Unlike them, they did only that kind of material, included one of England's top songwriting teams, and made quite a few records that are amazingly rare today.

At the beginning, there was Carter-Lewis & the Southerners, consisting of John Carter and Ken Lewis, who came from Birmingham and moved south to London. Their first release in May '61 was "Back on the Scene," followed by "Here's Hopin'." They moved from Piccadilly to Ember and then Oriole, breaking up in late '64 after one fair-sized hit (#21). The Southerners had included Viv Prince (of later Pretty



Things and Jeff Beck fame), and the ubiquitous Jimmy Page. Carter and Lewis were by now well known as songwriters, having penned "Will I What?" for Mike Sarne, "That's What I Want" for the Marauders, "Is It True" for Brenda Lee, and others for Jet Harris, P.J. Proby, the Fourmost and the Nashville Teens.

After getting rid of the Southerners, they picked up Perry Ford and renamed themselves the Ivy League. Ford was an experienced musician, having played behind Bert Weedon at one time and written Adam Faith's big hit "Someone Else's Baby" in 1960. The group took their name from their uniforms (striped jackets & dark grey trousers), similar to that worn by college students in the U.S. They made the Top Five twice, in Feb. '65 with "Funny How Love Can Be," and again in July with "Tassin' & Turnin'" (not the Bobby Lewis number), two Tokens-like harmony ballads, both originals. Tony Burrows (ex-Kestrels, future-Flowerpot Men, Edison Lighthouse, White Plains, Brotherhood of Man) replaced John Carter in late '65, and Neil Landon was added at that time.

Their fourth and last hit was "Our Love Is Slipping Away," which reached #21 in November '65. They had a couple of releases in '66 and even one in the summer of '67, but by then the group had somehow evolved into the Flowerpot Men. A group by that name was active around Liverpool in '65, but according to a Deram press release they were formed by Carter and Lewis out of studio musicians, to record their composition "Let's Go to San Francisco" (a large flower-power hit) in 1967. Tony Burrows and Neil Landon had been asked to contribute backing vocals, and later joined the group, which lasted into 1969, when Carter & Lewis became Stamford Bridge on the Penny Farthing label, and then in May '71 another change had them as Scorecrow on Bell Records. Carter also had a recent solo release on the Spark Label, while Ken Lewis was last seen as the producer of "Little Bit of Soul" (a Carter-Lewis song written for the Music Explosion during a time C&L were writing songs for the Kasenetz-Katz bubblegum team) by a new group called Iron Cross, also on Spark. Perry Ford is currently in Los Angeles, trying to make it as a singer-songwriter.

THE ROCKIN' BERRIES:

Despite the fact they named themselves after Chuck Berry, the Rockin' Berries seldom rocked and bore little resemblance to their

namesake in any other way. Although their first record was called "Wah Wah Waa" and their second "Rockin' Berry Stomp," that was on Decca in 1963, and a year later when they resurfaced on Pye and began having hits, it was with records modeled on those of their other American idols: the Tokens, Four Seasons, Roy Orbison, and the other masters of highly-produced vocal display.

Their biggest hit was "He's in Town," which made #5 in England in late '64, although it bombed in America. It was a cover of the Tokens song, which was the more popular version here. Of their other four English chart records, "You're My Girl" was another Tokens song, "Poor Man's Son" was copped from the Reflections, and "What In the World's Come Over You" and "The Water is Over My Head" sound like copies of obscure New York demos from the same office. The latter is their best record, a really nice sound. In general, they improved on the songs they covered, even the Ivy League's "Funny How Love Can Be," although the arrangements are pretty close.

The Rockin' Berries were known for their humorous stage antics and impersonations, so it was natural for them to move into cabaret, where they are still active today. It's unlikely however that they still perform some of the exceedingly strange (especially for a group like them) songs found on their two 1965 vintage albums. We can explain songs like the Coast-ers' "Brother Bill," Johnny Otis' "Crazy Country Hop" and a wild rocker called "All of Me" as vestiges of their early days. But has anyone noticed a song called "Shades of Blue" on their first album (English only), written by the team of Mason & Capaldi and also recorded by the Hellions? Progressive rock fans will certainly want to pick up on that one. And the topper has to be their version of "Ain't That Lavin' You Baby," a deranged takeoff on the Newbeats of all people.

Their second album is rather odd, too. It featured "Poor Man's Son" and a fine version of "My Little Red Book," plus a surprising treatment of "Iko Iko," but already cabaret was creeping in and several of the numbers are Scaffold-like comedy routines, notably "The Laughing Policeman" and "I Know an Old Lady."

They were a group that could have done many things well had they wanted, especially falsetto ballads that, truth be told, I would have liked to see them record a lot more of before succumbing to cabaret. The bane of English rock strikes again!

BRITISH R&B

"Keith Richard is the mainspring of rhythm & blues" --*Fab Magazine*, 1964

As the Liverpool groups dominated English rock in 1963, their success made record companies more open to rock groups in general, and by 1964 enough groups from around London had been signed up to make that city the next center of activity and provide the extra push needed to carry the fading Merseybeat explosion through another two years. To us in America, all the English group records sounded pretty similar (certainly the distinction between, say, Manchester and Birmingham groups was lost on us), but the difference between the Liverpool and London scenes is very important and worth investigating.

Although London produced its share of Mersey-sound groups (Dave Clark Five, Migil Five, Brian Poole & the Tremeloes), the city's real contribution grew out of the R&B revival started in the mid '50s by Chris Barber, Alexis Korner, Cyril Davies and their crowd. The growth of British R&B can be traced to March 1962, when Davies and Korner opened the Ealing Rhythm and Blues Club, because of pressure from trad jazz fans and blues purists when amplified blues was introduced in sets by Korner's popular group Blues Incorporated, at the jazz clubs where they'd been playing.

Their following grew, especially among the younger fans, and by summer the group (which then included Jack Bruce, Ginger Baker and Dick Heckstall-Smith, and on occasion Mick Jagger, Paul Jones and Brian Jones) was given a residency at the top jazz club, Chris Barber's Marquee Club. A lot of young musicians began hanging around, and forming groups of their own. And as this happened, the fairly traditional arrangements of 1962 gave way in 1963 to a more commercial Mersey-influenced style.

The groups around then were few. The Stones got together during the summer of '62, with Charlie Watts and Mick Jagger from Korner's group, and Brian Jones from a group called the Roosters (which had also included Eric Clapton, Paul Jones and Tom McGuinness). With Dick Taylor, original Stones guitarist and reputedly the style-setter of the era, these people and the groups they came from were the source of London R&B.

Other groups active at the time included Brian Knight's Blues-By-Six (who according to one story topped the bill at the Stones' first Marquee appearance), Graham Bond's Organisation, and Georgie Fame's Blue Flames, who held down a residence at the Flamingo Club, about which more later.

From strict Chicago blues, the Stones took the whole scene to a new level by introducing Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, Marvin Gaye, etc. into their repertoire. The Liver-



At the Marquee Club in 1964. We see above, from left to right: Dick Heckstall-Smith, Alexis Korner, and the late Cyril Davies.

pool groups used this same material of course, but usually Merseyfied it beyond recognition; the Stones were fanatically true to the original spirit of the music. Despite this, their controversial reputation in those days was due as much to their lack of musical "purism" as anything else, but the reaction of the older purists didn't matter as much as that of the younger fans who were inspired by them. By the end of 1963 they had been joined by such groups as the Cheynes, Alex Harvey's Soul Band, Ray Anton & the Peppermint Men, the Zephyrs, and others less famous. With the exception of Harvey, they were all strongly Stones-influenced.

As the formative year of English R&B, 1963 produced a lot of good music. All the above groups made great records, far superior to most of what went down in '64. They took the heavy Mersey rhythm (rhythm guitar was still the dominant instrument in English rock) and applied it to some of the same R&B/rock & roll standards that had been done by the Liverpool groups, but with a difference. In contrast, they seemed more fascinated by the music itself than the mere fact that they were playing it. There was no artificial excitement, it all rose directly from the music. The early Stones-influenced groups seemed to prefer fast songs, and usually speeded them up even more, but somehow they always sounded tighter and more in control. There was great tension in records of this period, and Keith Richard's early staccato guitar style was widely and effectively imitated.

The best records of the year, for me, were "Respectable" by the Cheynes (easily the best version I've heard), "You Can't Judge a Book" by Ray Anton & the Peppermint Men, and "Country Line Special" by Cyril Davies' Allstars. Davies had broken off from Korner's

band in early '63 and started his own group, including Long John Baldry, another Korner expatriate. Blues Incorporated lost a lot of members that year, as they left to form groups of their own, and Korner himself eventually went solo. "Country Line Special" is the definitive 1963 English R&B jam, with a stunning guitar break by someone who had Keith Richard's style down cold, and featuring Nicky Hopkins on piano, in what is said to have been his first recording.

1964 was the year it all broke loose. While the best Liverpool records came out that year, they were by groups like the Searchers, Merseybeats, Cilla Black, and the Beatles, who were known internationally, on tour constantly, and not really part of any localized scene. That doesn't make their records any less great, but it does indicate that the seeds of creativity and experimentation had drifted elsewhere—to London.

The London R&B scene had its full flowering in 1964. The Stones, having already outgrown the Marquee, passed on their Crawdaddy Club residency to the Yardbirds. The Spencer Davis Group, Gary Farr & the T-Bones, Manfred Mann, the Bo Street Runners, and the Authentics (all excellent groups) also began playing the Marquee, Flamingo and Crawdaddy clubs, with other clubs such as the 100 Club, the Studio 51 Club, Eel Pie Island, and Klook's Kleek joining in. All these clubs were located within a fairly close distance of one another, and it made for a real jumping scene.

The 100 Club boasted the Pretty Things, Dick Taylor's new group and pioneers of the crude, exaggeratedly raw sound that was much copied in later years, particularly by American "punk rock" groups. The Artwoods (including Jon Lord and Keef Hartley), Graham Bond's Organisation, the Fairies (great group in-

BRITISH R&B, cont.

cluding Steve Howe, now of Yes, and Twink), the Tridents (with Jeff Beck) and the Soul Agents also played there.

Also on the scene were Eric Clapton's Powerhouse (briefly) featuring Jack Bruce, Stevie Winwood, Paul Jones, Ben Palmer and Pete York, and, one of the most popular groups, Long John Baldry's Hoochie Coochie Men. Baldry had left Korner's band along with Davies to start the Allstars, and after Davies' untimely death in early '64, the name was changed to Long John Baldry's Allstars with the addition of Rod Stewart, and then to the Hoochie Coochie Men (and later to Steampacket).

The Marquee, Crawdaddy, Ealing, Studio 51 and 100 Clubs pretty much specialized in the guitar-heavy, raunchy Chuck Berry groups typified by the Stones and Pretty Things. Some of them were good, many of them terrible, and others like the Downliner Downliners Sect, so exaggerated that their records, while admittedly bad, are fascinating. They were like the American punk bands of a year or two later—all form and no subtlety.

But the best punk R&B came from the Stones, Yardbirds, Pretty Things, Cheynes, T-Bones, and the groups that evolved from this scene in '65 and '66—the Who, Creation, Troggs, Eyes, etc. These groups were as close to the wildness of classic American rock & roll as anybody from England has ever come.

At the same time all this was going on, another R&B scene was taking place in London, including John Mayall and his frequent venue Klook's Kleeek, but centered around the Flamingo Club. The Flamingo was one of the first clubs to go R&B, in mid '62, but unlike the Marquee it catered to a predominantly black audience, both West Indian and GI's. The original house band was the Blue Flames, featuring Georgie Fame. Formerly Billy Fury's backing group, they became very popular with a brand of R&B based on Ray Charles, Bobby Bland, James Brown, etc. In other words, big band jazzy R&B with horns. Groups who worked in this style included Chris Farlowe & the Thunderbirds, Zoot Money's Big Roll Band, the Graham Bond Organisation, Tony Knight's Chessmen, John Lee's Groundhogs (later the Groundhogs), Brian Auger & the Trinity, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, the Gass, Hogsnot Rupert's Good Good Band, and on occasion, the Animals and the Moody Blues.

There seems to have been a sort of friendly rivalry between adherents of the two schools, with the guitar bands being looked down upon somewhat by the admittedly more sophisticated jazz-oriented fans. The recorded evidence probably doesn't capture either style at its best, but it's easy to imagine that Farlowe, Fame, Bond, etc. were just as great in their way as the Stones and the other Marquee groups whose sound we know so well. They too played a lot of loud, fast, rough songs, but with saxophones and all the sound must have been much fuller. See Richard Williams' letter in this issue for further ampli-

fication on the subject.

A large faction of the Flamingo crowd was composed of West Indians, who were just beginning to emerge as a coherent social force in England. Their music was soul, and so they gravitated to hear Fame, Money, etc. There were also Jamaican singers and groups, such as Jimmy James & the Vagabonds, and later Jimmy Cliff, but the most popular act of all with the Jamaicans was Geno Washington, an expatriated American who had a minor hit here with "Geno's a Coward" and doesn't seem too well regarded among the white R&B enthusiasts.

By 1965 R&B was about at its end as the dominant style around London. The Mods who had grown up on R&B were beginning to create their own music, American trends like folk-rock were being felt, and also the leading groups had once again graduated to international stature. Good R&B continued to come out, as did Merseybeat records for that matter, but the focus of creativity was clearly shifting again.

Many of the R&B people retreated into purism, and British Blues (as documented in the Immediate/RCA "Anthology of British Blues" series and many other recent packages) was born; a very self-conscious style divorced from pop. And yet, ironically, although many of these blues musicians were forced off the scene by pop music, it was their blues purism that resulted in 1968's outbreak of boogie bands such as Savoy Brown and Ten Years After, which following the reign of Underground Rock managed to forestall the return of pop music by another five years.

--Greg Shaw

(For further information on the early R&B club scene, check out John Pidgeon's excellent article in the 2/73 issue of Let It Rock. John, we understand, is preparing a book on the subject of English R&B.)

PRETTY THINGS

The Pretty Things were basically a fringe group, in terms of mass popularity, record hits, lasting success, etc. But their image and sound were removed from the mainstream as well, and their exalted reputation among British Invasion devotees is an example of a group which was treasured for its extremes. No one else looked quite as scruffy or disreputable as the Things ("as all their fans call them"—first LP), no one else courted onstage so manically ("...baroo about the stage like some maimed gorilla"—Nik Cohn describing lead singer Phil May)—even their name was outrageous.

More importantly, though, no one else carried the standard R&B/blues/rock & roll repertoire of the times to such extremes. The Rolling Stones, most significantly, and many other groups to a lesser extent were instrumental in rendering the purist approach to the music obsolete and steering the trend to a rawer, harder, faster, more exciting British sound; but the Pretty Things were even wilder. Their slow blues were a chaotic jumble of shrieking harp and frantic clusters of guitar notes, while the upbeat material was raved away up, coarse, sloppy and primitive, with May lurching and slobbering and squealing the vocals, on the crudest, most unpolished level imaginable. Naturally, it was exciting as hell, and on their best records ("Midnight to Six Men," "Roadrun," "Come See Me") the Pretties approached the loftiest punk-rock pinnacles.



The group got together in London in '63, with the crucial band members being Phil May and lead guitarist Dick Taylor, formerly Rolling Stones bassist and apparently a seminal figure in the London R&B boom, a trendsetter in music, fashion, and pop affairs in general. Their first record was a Bo Diddley-based tune called "Roadrun"; it wasn't a hit but it was one of their all-time best, a relentless rocker with a great "Foxhole Teller"-type intro. Next came "Don't Bring Me Down" and "Money I Need," archetypal Pretty Things rockers, with trademarked sherrilna May vocals; both of these were substantial hits and an album followed.

The LP was a fine showcase of the Pretty Things' musical range—slow blues, uptempo blues, and lively R&B/rock & roll tunes. Not a particularly wide range, but one the group had mastered, in that they employed the same raving sledgehammer approach to each style (so that "Unknown Blues," for example, is so cluttered as to constitute a hilarious parody of the ultra-slow blues stonies which were later to develop in Britain). Best tracks, beside "Money I Need," were probably the three Bo Diddley numbers, "Pretty Thing," "Road Runner" (a driving version which doubtless influenced the Gants, etc.), and the more obscure "Mama Keep Your Big Mouth Shut." Also worthy of comment were Berry's "Oh Baby Doll" and "13 Cheater St." (actually Slim Harpo's "Got Love If You Want It" in very thin disguise).

The American version of the album dropped "Oh Baby Doll" and "Mama Keep..." plus two lesser numbers, replacing them with the strong singles "Roadrun" and "Don't Bring Me Down," plus two flip sides, one a boring slow blues, the other a fine original rocker, "I Can Never Say," which is almost melodic. Neither the LP nor any of the group's singles were ever hits in America, and a significant portion of their early work was, unfortunately, never released here.

Their next single was the old Betty Harris hit "Cay to Me," also covered by the Stones, but the Things' version was very odd, strangely uptempo and with a pronounced beat, none of which really seemed to fit—and the disc was only a minor hit. A British EP featuring a fine beat group performance of Harpo's "Rainin' in My Heart" as lead track also contained an unusually melodic and attractive cut called "Sittin' All Alone."

Then in late '65 the group's second album, *Get the Picture*, was released (in England only). It opened with a jolt, a burst of pure Sonny Bono-style folk rock guitar, leading into a fine song called "You Don't Believe Me" which was markedly different from anything previously attempted, and successful at that. The entire first side was quite entrancing, with the rough, punk-like "Get the Picture," "Rainin' in My Heart," and the rather scary "Can't Stand the Pain," with its tormented tremolo guitar lines standing out. Also notable were "We'll Play House," for sounding extremely similar to "13 Cheater St.," and "Buzz the Jerk" for its demonstration of the Pretty Things approach to funky soul numbers—crashing through them just like anything else they did. Side two has some pretty pedestrian material, notably a confused and unsuccessful electric folk experiment, "London Town"; but "Gonna Find Me a Substitue" is enjoyable in its resemblance to "Walking the Dog," and "I Want Your Love" is a great commercial rocker, with the immortal exclamation, "Saints preserve me, I just gotta love ya!"

Following the album came their two finest singles, "Midnight to Six Men" with its terrific opening punk riffs (it was subsequently covered by a few American bands, in fact) and "Come See Me," a raw sonic assault vaguely based on a "What's the Gonna Do About It" chord progression which was designed to plaster any listener against the wall in the first

few seconds. The first-named record was a minor chart item, the second missed entirely, and any commercial stature, however slight, that the Pretty Things had achieved was now dissipated. The next single was a fairly lackluster cover of the Kinks' "House in the Country," followed by "Prologue," a rather enjoyable beat number marred by clumsy horns.

Their third album, *Emotions*, in early '67, was a radical change, featuring such alien ingredients as acoustic guitar, strings, harmonies, reggae-like scales and (worst of all), incredibly inebriated and intrusive horn arrangements on about half the tracks, sometimes so obnoxious as to prestage latter-day cacophonies by Chicago or BSB. A few of the tracks were pleasantly melodic or at least slightly reminiscent of the old snarling style ("One Long Silence"), and a cut called "Tapping" was a rather amusing example of the British psychedelic blues; but as a whole the LP is eminently forgettable, even disastrous.

Dick Taylor left the group shortly afterward (as did drummer Viv Prince, apparently quite a character in his own right; John Aler (Twink), formerly of the Fairies, joined up from Tomorrow, and the group entered a new phase which is more the province of fanatic art-rock camp followers and much less interesting to my way of thinking. This phase would include their pre-Tenmu quasi-poo-opera *S.F. Sorrow*, some of which is marginally enjoyable; their dreadful follow-up LP in the same vein, *Parachute* (both issued by Rare Earth in the States); an odd '70 single, "October 16"/"Cold Stone" (the latter a tolerable heavy rocker); and the group's '72 vintage LP, *Face to Face*, which seems so generally slow-paced as to be little better than an instant nod-out. Phil May is the only original thing left by now, but they still play frequent British gigs, and even reportedly include a sprinkling of 1964-5 numbers. That's just fine, for it will be for those downtrodden early ravers that the Pretty Things will most and longest be cherished.

---Ken Barnes

DOWNLINERS SECT

To many people in England, the Downliners Sect were a joke, at best a gross caricature of all that was bad about British R&B. And maybe they were. But anybody who's disliked that much is certainly worthy of investigation. In actual fact, as I'll explain elsewhere, the Downliners may well have been one of the first and few genuine English punk-rock bands, although falling in any line at all calls for liberal stretching of the definitions.

But anyway, I must admit I like some of their stuff. Their music was an exaggerated version of the early Pretty Things sound--R&B classics transformed into coarse, raving attacks, all subtly crushed under those relentless rhythm chords and tasteless vocals. Their idols were Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley, and they are best remembered for ditties like "Sect Appeal" and "Be a Sect Maniac" which took Bo's already simple beat to new plateaus of simplicity. Abysmal records, admittedly, although Lester Bangs has been known to foam at the mouth on hearing them.

But the Downliners didn't restrict themselves to that. In fact, they jumped on every band they could find. Their second album, *The Country Sect*, anticipated country-rock by several years, although their next, *The Rock Sect's In!* was equally late in acknowledging the arrival of rock & roll. A ratty late album too, with shifty versions of "Hang On Sloopy," "Fortune Teller" and (!) "May the Bird of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose." Rather good version of Fats Domino's "Don't Lie to Me," although they perpetuated Chuck Berry's theft of the song by giving him credit. But that's okay; the fact that they learned all they knew about R&B from two or three Marble Arch release albums and the Rolling Stones is half the charm of these English R&B groups. That country album, incidentally, is quite strange. It goes from "Molokaton Mountain" to strictly Nashville country to hootenanny stuff to actual country-rock.

But all nicks aside (and not forgetting their classic "Rock Songs" EP), the Downliners Sect actually had a few excellent songs, mostly on their first album. Besides the steamroller treatments of Chuck Berry and Jimmy Reed, the album includes one of the all-time great stops-out raves, "Bloodhound," and an equally wild number called "One Wily Child," on which they were joined by Nicky Hopkins, playing superb piano. Good lyrics too, like "you belong in a cage, who turned you loose on me?"

No, the Downliners weren't all bad. Two of their singles are also worth searching for. "Glendora"/"I'll Find Out" is a wild raving rocker, and "The Cost of Living" is a less crude, professionally arranged pop-rock single with some nice piano, and as it was the

last thing they recorded it shows there might have been promise for the Downliners Sect after all. --But, all told, I think I'd still rather hear them any time than John Baldry, Dave Berry, or some of the other people the blues purists favored. Tasteless to the end, I guess.

---Glen Shaw

YARDBIRDS

The Yardbirds always get plenty of lip service. They're the ones even those snobs who never listened to rock before Sgt. Pepper always admit were "ahead of their time." Of course, they're usually referring to the Jeff Beck Yardbirds, of "Shapes of Things" and "Happenings Ten Years Time Ago" fame, and while those 1966 records are unquestionably fantastic, the 1963-5 Yardbirds are of more pertinence to our story.

They started in '63 as the Metropolitan Blues Quartet, consisting of Keith Relf, Chris Dreja, Paul Samwell-Smith, Jim McCarty and Tony Toplan. After losing Toplan and replacing him with a clean-cut looking youngster named Eric Clapton, they changed their name to the Yardbirds (after something they



The Downliners Sect, with their idol Jimmy Reed

read on an old blues album, natch) and soon became so popular among London's early R&B fans that, when the Stones moved out of their Crawdaddy Club residency, the Yardbirds were ready to take it over.

Their first recordings stem from a date they were fortunate enough to have gotten, as Sonny Boy Williamson's backup band. An album came out three years later, and it tells us little about the Yardbirds except that they were a competent blues band; they didn't once try to steal the spotlight from Sonny Boy. Their real debut came in 1964 with an album, *Five Live Yardbirds* (English only) that clearly demonstrated one thing: whatever the Yardbirds were doing, they were doing it better than anybody.

With songs like "Smokeslack Lightening," "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," "Too Much Monkey Business" and "Respectable," they were fully in the thick of the London R&B style described earlier. Instrumentally they had no equal except the Stones, and in fact they had a much fuller sound than the Stones' early records. Vocally, Keith Relf wasn't in the same league as Jagger--his voice was more of a Pretty Things/Downliners Sect rasp--but for the kind of music they were playing, it only added to the effect.

If rhythm guitar did indeed play the central role we have ascribed to it in pre-1965 English rock, then no that score alone the Yardbirds may have been in contention with the Kinks for the most representative raving-up group of that era. And taking into account their imaginative yet shrewd-minded dedication to their sound, the Yardbirds may well emerge the victors. For they were, above all, a guitar band. The lineup was bass, drums and two guitars, with Relf playing a bit of harmonica. No Nicky Hopkins sessions for them. And with Clapton in the group, it was like having two rhythm guitars plus lead. Nobody else except Jimmy Page understood the dynamics of power rhythm chording like Clapton, and Page at that time wasn't a regular member of any group. He also wasn't, in those days, as accomplished a guitarist as Clapton. He could match him in power, but Clapton had a subtlety, a way of inventing riffs off the top of his head to fill each little nook and cranny of a song with soft precision. His records with the Yardbirds are showpieces of English R&B guitar technique.

Although their early repertoire included many blues and R&B classics, there was never any pretense of trying to "popularize the blues" or any of that foolishness that even the Stones were prone to.



whether they realized it or not, the Yardbirds were doing something far more important in searching for the new energy levels that could be reached by adapting blues material to the English R&B form.

Their first American album, *Fox Your Love*, is the best example of this. Songs like "I Wish You Would," "I'm Not Talking," "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl," "A Certain Girl" and "My Girl Sloopy" were stripped of whatever bluesy, relaxed humor they had in the original versions, and streamlined into powerhouse, mind-destruction assaults that have lost none of their power after eight years. Perhaps my favorite Yardbirds song is a Relf original that sounds like an adapted R&B number but isn't--"I Ain't Done Wrong." The dynamics in this song are just incredible; listening to it never fails to be a sense-numbing, spine-trembling experience. It was Eric Clapton's amazing speed and rhythmic sense that made the early Yardbirds as great as they were.

Clapton, though, had no idea how important what he was doing was. He was feeling "the itch to go off and copy Freddy King records, and when the rest of the group wanted to become more pop-oriented, he walked out. Perhaps in spite, there is no mention of him on any American Yardbirds album (except the reissues). Jeff Beck is given all the credit on the first album, where he only played on a few of the less interesting songs like "My Girl Sloopy." It's easy to tell who is who, because in contrast to Clapton, Beck had a very fluid lead style and no feeling for rhythmic dynamics at all.

On the second American album, *Rave Up*, Clapton hoppers throughout side two (taken from the English live album), and if Beck is indeed responsible for the guitar work on side one (there is still some controversy that he did a fine job of imitating Clapton's style on "You're a Better Man Than I," "Heart Full of Soul" and "The Train Kept A-Rollin'"). On close inspection, though, the depth and fullness are noticeably lacking. The Yardbirds remained a great R&B-based rock group for another couple of years, but who knows, if Eric Clapton had stayed on, what wonders might have resulted? At the very least, the entire course of heavy metal music would have been changed, and Mike Saunders might have been a happier man today.

---Glen Shaw



MANFRED MANN

Manfred Mann, debuting in America in the summer of 1964, were the first British group other than the Beatles to score a national number one hit, with "Do Wah Diddy," a minor hit for the Exciters a few months previously. It was a very straight pop song, and their follow-up, "Sha La La" (a Shirelles number) did almost as well in the same vein. But hits were scarce for them subsequently in this country; it wasn't until 1968 that they had another smash hit, Dylan's "Mighty Quinn." In England they had an almost unbroken string of hits from Feb. '64 to May '69, when the pop version of the group broke up. But after a two year absence from pop, Manfred Mann is back again with his Earth Band recording Randy Newman songs and obscure Dylan tunes again, and might come back to glory in the foreseeable future.

Manfred Mann, raised in South Africa and trained in Vienna and at Julliard's, came to England in May of 1963, teaming up with drummer Mike Hugg to play some jazz and a little blues out of Portsmouth. They were joined shortly by multi-talented Mike Vickers on sax, flute and guitar; these three took on the name of the Mann-Hugg Blues Brothers. During the summer they added a singer, Paul Jones, from a group called the Roosters (which had also included Eric Clapton). Jones could sing "the blues" as well as any other Britisher of the time, and could also belt out pop material with his own distinctive style. The group began to play a lot more R&B, became popular around the R&B club circuit, and got themselves a recording contract with John Burgeon at EMI.

Pop singles were the only way a group could make it at the time, so the group was given a new image, a new name (simply Manfred Mann), and bassist Tom McGuinness was added, also from the Roosters. The group's first single, released in the fall of 1963 ("Rock-A-Mop") failed, not "pop" enough; but early in 1964, they released an embarrassingly stupid song, "5-4-3-2-1," done in a fast R&B style, which got them to No. 3 in Britain. (It was later released on Prestige and went nowhere). After writing their first three singles (the third, "Bubble Bubble" reached #10) they finally struck the #1 spot in both Britain and the U.S. with the John Barry/Elton Greenelch composition, "Do Wah Diddy."

Their first album showed how proficient and diversified they were, more representative of a showcase than their singles; and it remains one of the better R&B/pop albums to come out of England in 1964. Instrumentally, they took the best from all the forms of music in which they had roots (jazz, blues, R&B, pop) and displayed a high degree of musicianship. One song in particular, "Mighty Quinn" is a great rocking blues number with a flute/vibes break which prefigures anything Jimi Hendrix ever did by four years.

After "Sha La La" (#12 in the U.S.), Manfred Mann began to fade in America. Early in 1965 they released a strong ballad called "Come Tomorrow" and, though it clicked in England as did nearly everything afterward, it was only a mild hit here and it was followed by a string of solid flops.

In England, much of their material was released on EPs. The *One In The Middle* even reached the Top Ten, and contained the first in a series of Bob Dylan songs they were to record—an edited, dramatic version of "With God On Our Side." A few months later, in Oct. '65, they issued another Dylan song as a single. "If You Forget Me, Go Now" was one of Dylan's more humorous efforts, and Manfred did it great justice, as Dylan would later comment in a TV interview, when he named Manfred Mann among his "three favorite artists." It failed in America, however, as did their version of "My Little Red Book," later a hit for Love.

During the fall end of 1965 the group began a long series of personnel shuffles. Mick Vickers, basically a jazz musician, got fed up with all the problems that accompany big pop groups, and left to pursue his own interests (which included working with an orchestra: a few obscure singles have been released under the name of the Mike Vickers Orchestra). Tom McGuinness switched to guitar and bassist Jack Bruce was hired, having just left the Graham Bond Organisation. Bruce joined merely for the job and took no real interest in the group; he left shortly afterwards to join John "Bird" McVie's Bluesbreakers temporarily. He returned to Manfred Mann early in 1966, however, and although with him trumpeter Henry Lowther and flautist/saxophonist Lynn Dobson.

In May 1966 this new lineup released "Pretty Flamingo," a nice pop ballad that gave them their first record in the American charts for a year and a half. By the time that record made it in America, Paul Jones had left to become a solo singer (enjoying enormous success subsequently) and star in an experimental pop movie, "Privilege." With Jones' departure the group lost the most significant feature of their "sound" and initially they fell back on their jazz roots and released an LP called *Instrumental Asylum*,



four popular songs done in a straight jazz style. As soon as that EP was released Bruce, Lowther and Dobson all left, Bruce of course to help form Cream. Lowther has made a solo album and both he and Dobson still play around extensively.

Still looking for a new direction, the group recorded another jazz EP, *Instrumental Assassination*. Klaus Voormann had been added on bass following the demise of Paddy, Klaus & Gibson. The jazz version of Manfred Mann didn't last, but the two EPs were significant as they served to satisfy Mann and Hugg's basic desire to play in this style. Singer/songwriter Mike D'Abo, ex-leader of the Band of Angels, was added to the group in July of '66, and the group aimed towards playing straight pop again.

Their next release was a new Dylan song, "Just Like a Woman." Though a typically well-performed version, it couldn't match the sales of Dylan's own rendition and was only a minor hit in the U.S. D'Abo's vocals did fit quite well with the group's new pop sound (check the mildly Spectroscopic flip side, "I Want to Be Rich.") Their first LP with the new group, *As Is*, still exposed a heavy jazz influence, but featured no signs of the rocking R&B-type numbers which had departed with Jones. Everything was well executed but much of the material was very weak.

The next single, from the fall of 1966, "Semi-Detached Suburban Mr. James" (written by Geoff Stephens of New Vaudeville Band repute) was a solid pop number, though again unsuccessful in the U.S. Early in 1967 they had two more hits in England, "Ma Ma Said the Clown" (covered with some success by the Yardbirds) and "Sweet Pea," an instrumental version of the Tommy Roe hit.

After "Ma Ma Said the Clown" the group found they couldn't even get a hit in England; "Sweet Pea" was an insignificant success and Randy Newman's "So Long Ditt" flopped miserably. Combined with internal disagreements, the pressure nearly caused them to break up, but they decided to give a new Dylan song (which he'd sent them) a chance. In the early months of 1968 "The Mighty Quinn" became a worldwide smash and gave the band the incentive to carry on for another year; though things began to disintegrate slowly with each member's outside interests becoming more important. Manfred and Mike Hugg recorded a critically-acclaimed soundtrack for the movie "Up the Junction" to limited commercial success, but their last album (*The Mighty Quinny* in the U.K./U.S. respectively) suffered the same old problem of lack of good material.

Manfred Mann had three more big British hits afterward, "My Kame Is Jack" (from the movie "You Are That You Eat"), the catchy "Fox On The Run" and "Ragamuffin Man," but again they fell back into obscurity. By late 1968 it was clear that the present group wouldn't last much longer. They announced that it would no longer tour, owing to the fact that they just didn't sound good on stage, but they said they would still record singles. Manfred and Hugg formed a group called Emission ("No Nemo" spelled backwards) and toured on a limited basis playing the type of music they had wanted to play ever since 1965—jazz. In May '69 the last Manfred Mann single, "Ragamuffin Man" was backed by an Emission number called "A '81 Side" (actually "Travelling Lady" on the first Chapter Three LP).

In June 1969 it was officially announced that the Manfred Mann group had broken up, which was no surprise. D'Abo went out on his own, Tom McGuinness eventually formed McGuinness Flint, and Klaus Voormann played with the Plastic Ono Band and John Lennon, among other activities. Mann and Hugg's experimental Emission became Manfred Mann Chapter Three, with the goal of fulfilling their original musical desires. Chapter Three was to create a unique fusion of pop and

jazz. In the two years they existed, two albums were recorded, and the group toured Britain extensively and the U.S. once. The first LP, the only one released here, sold only a handful of copies and the second didn't do any better in Britain. Reviews of the albums ranged from "interesting" to "garbage." It is indeed very difficult music to know if you like or dislike; at times it sounds like very beautiful jazz and at times like popular music might possibly sound forty years from now. In person the group played in a very relaxed manner, Manfred playing the conductor. However, small crowds (especially in England) and poor reviews led Mann to conclude that this music of his

wasn't what the public wanted, and Chapter Three faded away in early '71. Mike Hugg is now a solo artist, with an album released in late '72, although he and Mann still collaborate to write commercial jingles, a longstanding and successful side enterprise.

In June 1971 Manfred Mann unveiled a new group to the pop world, stating that he wanted to get back into action; Chapter Three was not accomplishing its musical and commercial goals, so he had decided to go a tight pop group together again to play live more often. The new group, called Manfred Mann's Earth Band ('71 was, after all, the Year of Ecology), consists of Mike Rogers on guitar and lead vocals (from Procession and Bulldog), Chris Sledge on drums (from a group called the Squires) and bassist Colin Paterson.

The new group's first single, Dylan's "Please Mrs. Henry" (almost released by Manfred Mann two and a half years after "Mighty Quinn") failed to hit, although it was an excellent record, but "Living Without You" a fine performance of Randy Newman's tune, was a critically acclaimed middling U.S. hit. A second album was released, to mixed reactions, and a third, continuing (with only one really outstanding track, "Pretty Good") their long-standing tradition of uneven albums (they never made one that was solidly listenable), and doubtless they will carry on in this fashion for a long time to come.

—Doug Korman

ANIMALS

The Animals began in the early sixties as the Alan Price Combo, an instrumental trio playing the jazz clubs of their home town, the grimy industrial city of Newcastle-On-Tyne. In the North of England near the Scottish border. Further from London, and perhaps even more isolated from the mainstream of English pop culture than the Beatles' Liverpool, Newcastle was, as a seaport, nevertheless touched by varied foreign influences, including (as Eric Burdon's later legend would have it) American jazz and R&B records brought home by merchant seamen. The ex-skiffle group member Alan Price heard and was excited by these records, and translated his intense interest in the music of Ray Charles, Jimmy Smith, Thelous Monk and other American keyboard stars into his own mastery of the organ and piano.

Soon the Alan Price Combo became a quartet, and eventually assumed its definitive form with the addition of a fifth member, the flashy vocalist Eric Burdon. Short, chunky, dark-eyed and dark-haired, Burdon provided a symbolic physical contrast to Price's archetypically Anglo-Saxon blue eyes and fair hair, just as his performing style gave a new balance to the group's sound. Burdon had grown up with the same musical influences as Price, but tended to express his interest in them in a ferocious obsession with the entire American Negro experience. Burdon genuinely wanted to become black, or at least American, and this



desire gave his vocals an earthy urgency which furnished a healthy counterpoint to Price's instrumental virtuosity. The group was filled out by Hilton Valentine, a modest bloke who played tight rhythm guitar and occasional blues leads; Bryan "Chas" Chandler, a natty perfectionist busy developing an adventurous boss style later popularized by John Entwistle; and drummer John Steel, like Price a jazz connoisseur.

The Newcastle kids loved their Alan Price Combo with a passion that only a provincial teen community can feel for its own rock band, its own link to the Big Scene "out there," and began to call their heroes "the animals" in sarcastic tribute to their unmatched, sometimes shabby clothing, and to the drive of their music. The appellation stuck, and the Alan Price Combo officially became the Animals. Nik Cohn, himself a Newcastle teen once, described the Animals' sets at the Downbeat Club in Rock From the Beginning: "The Animals sounded good then. Musically, they were quite limited, but they came across angry, they hit so hard."

The Animals hit hard enough during 1963 to move on, first to Newcastle's higher-status Club A-Go-Go, then on a national tour with Chuck Berry, and eventually to London's newly-flowering rhythm and blues scene. In London the Animals attracted the attention of record producer Mickie Most, and thereby gained a contract with EMI's Columbia label.

Among the American records which had filtered into Newcastle and influenced the Animals was one different from their usual rhythm and blues favorites, Bob Dylan's first album, probably spotted by the ever-astute Chas Chandler. Despite their acoustic renderings, many of the songs on the album had the same blues rhythm which inspired the Animals' music, and the band was quick to pick up on the most exciting numbers. "Baby Let Me Take You Home" (a got-to-make-it-polite-for-England transcription of Dylan's "Baby Let Me Take You Home") became the Animals' first record, and was a national hit in England in early 1964. The safer lyrics didn't really matter, as the Animals' uninhibited electric instrumentation and Burdon's lecherous vocal brought out the inherent sensuality Dylan had only suggested.

The Beatles had meanwhile opened America to all the English bands, so the Animals systematically recorded the next cut on the Dylan album, "The House of the Rising Sun," as their next single, and had their first American hit with it in the summer of 1964. Again the Animals gave the old blues electric flash it deserved, with plenty of melodramatic Price organ to wow the States, creating the masterpiece which would come to be their signature. As Charlie Gillett has noted, the Animals had unconsciously created the "folk-rock" genre with their Dylan adaptations, a whole year before their American counterparts (and a whole year before Dylan would pick up an electric guitar himself), but they did not follow these records in the same style, preferring to investigate other anthologies. The Nashville Teens (with John D. Loudermilk's "Tobacco Road") and the early Moody Blues were other English bands directly influenced by the Animals' style and success, but none of them made it quite as big.

The only English rhythm and blues band able to rival the Animals' popularity in these early days was of course the Rolling Stones. The Stones shared the Animals' excitement for Chuck Berry, Mo Diddley, and other American R&B greats, but had developed their sound within the artier, more intellectualized blues scene in London, in the Alexis Korner/John Mayall circles. Blessed with an unusually strong (if slightly pretentious) promoter/producer, Andrew Loock Oldham, the Stones worked on developing an image, a beatnik/angry young intellectual/sharp clothes/darkly sinister album covers (sage tailor-made for the alienated hordes in the U.S.). The Animals' bumbling manager, Mike Jeffreys, was no match for Oldham, and the Animals weren't much concerned with images anyway—they maintained a naive, earnest confidence that their music could speak for itself. Unfortunately, Oldham's market manipulation obscured the musical difference between the two groups, and the Animals' superior rhythms lost out to Mick Jagger's pouty lips, which still provide plenty of copy even today.

The loyal Animals fan, in either Newcastle or Cleveland, Ohio, hated the Rolling Stones with righteous indignation for their greater popularity, and gave the appropriate yell of solidarity whenever Burdon or Price sheered "Roll-Lin Stoneyzzz!" in concert or on record. Nevertheless, beneath their hypoface, the Rolling Stones did possess one definite advantage over the Animals—that of being more prolific songwriters, a difference that counted more and more as time went on. The Animals were beautiful arrangers and adapters, as with the Dylan songs, plus much of John Lee Hooker's and Fats Domino's respective catalogs, but wrote only a few of their own songs, "I'm Crying" being the only one to make any kind of hit. The Stones' first album was similar to the Animals' in song sources, but each successive album included more Jagger-Richard compositions, a creative edge the Animals' raw drive couldn't quite compensate for.

The Animals' first two American albums, *The Animals* and *The Animals On Tour*, contain nearly all the best studio work from their classic period, including the singles discussed above, plus Ray Charles' "The Right Time" and "Talkin' Bout You," Jimmy Reed's "Bright Lights, Big City," Maceo Merriweather's "Worked Life Blues," and many other gems. Most of these



cuts were recorded in 1964, when the eager, young Animals had gotten to bring their favorite live numbers into the studio for the first time, and their pleasure is evident in the performances recorded. Mickie Most's production was subtle and non-obtrusive, but firm enough to help the Animals shape and define their power.

The Animals' third American album, *Animal Tracks*, continued the style of the first two, but with a drop in quality. Most of the production emphasis was placed on the destined-for-America singles, "Bring It On Home to Me" and "We Gotta Get Out of This Place," good records as always, but more commercially oriented, less Animals-derived than the previous singles. With five original compositions (including Burdon's sardonic history of rock & roll, "The Story of Bo Diddley"), *Animal Tracks* was the most ambitious Animals album yet, but Mickie Most had evidently lost interest in the group, and didn't bother to re-record technical flubs like Burdon's confusion of his own lyrics on "Fox Miss Cautious" before getting the record pressed.

After *Animal Tracks*, in the late summer of '65, Alan Price left the Animals, ostensibly on doctor's orders to recuperate from the nervous exhaustion of touring, but also to get back to England to form a new group to recapture the jazz spirit of the original Alan Price Combo, a concept which had become increasingly neglected in the Animals' attempts to conquer the Top 40. Dave Rowberry replaced Price on organ and piano, while Burdon became the de facto leader of the group. Ironically perhaps, the Animals' next two singles, "It's My Life" and "Inside Looking Out" were complete flops on the American charts, where the Animals were by now aiming most of their efforts. "Inside Looking Out" was one of the most amazing songs ever recorded by the Animals, an admittedly Yardbirds-influenced feedback and guitar-flash raveup which nevertheless cut the Yardbirds at their own game with more authoritative vocals and bass lines.

MGM tried to atone for the Animals' popular failings with the premature (early '66) release of *The Best of the Animals*, but extravagant packaging didn't conceal the fact that the new album was really nothing new.

In the spring of 1966, after nearly a year of trying, the Animals made it back to the hit charts with "Don't Bring Me Down," a tasty hard rocker custom made for the Animals by Carole King and Gerry Goffin, and guaranteed success by Hilton Valentine's fuzztone licks. In the meantime, the Animals had undergone further changes, as the next album *Animalization* indicated. Price's old jazz buddy John Steel had now left the group, to be replaced on drums by Barry Jenkins (late of the Nashville Teens), while Mickie Most's production had given way to that of MGM's Tom Wilson. Eric Burdon was happy to have a sympathetic producer who was not only American, but also black; this change was entirely appropriate, as the Animals had become virtually an American band in style and recording base.

Animalization was the most diverse of the original Animals' albums, ranging from the traditional numbers like Hooker's "Maudie" to the soul strutting of Joe Tex's "One Monkey Don't Stop No Show" to the folksy "Run House Blues" to the Paul Revere punkiness of the originals "Cheating" and "She'll Return It." All the cuts on *Animalization* were good, but their many styles showed how desperate the Animals had become to grasp the super-popularity which was always floating just ahead of them. Eric Burdon was on the run, as Alan Price had resurfaced in England (with "The Alan Price Set"), and had a hit on Decca with a jazz organ/vocal rendition of "I Put a Spell On You." Price's record didn't do very well when it was released on Parrot in the U.S., but Burdon felt threatened enough to include a rather similar (if angrier) version of the song on *Animalization*.

The summer of 1966 marked the beginnings of the American blues hysteria, with the popular "underground" enthusiasm for the Blues Project, Paul Butterfield, etc., and the Animals realized that a lot of lesser groups were cashing in with the same blues they had

already been playing for years. Accordingly, their next (and also their last) single found the sarcastic Burdon creating a powerful blues mood with Me Rainey's ancient "See See Rider," plecting the blues revivalists just so he could then spit in their faces by quoting Mitch Ryder ("Jimmy Take a Ride, now, ha! ha!") and showing them how close punk rock and their beloved blues really were. Even more interesting was the label of the record, which proclaimed that it was by "Eric Burdon and the Animals"—Eric was now following in the superstar footsteps of Frankie Valli and Diana Ross.

Eric Burdon asserted his ego more fully in the fall of 1966, announcing that the Animals were breaking up so that he could form a new band, one composed less of individualists pulling in different directions, and more of members amenable to his ideas, especially his new psychedelic interests. Only Barry Jenkins fell into the latter category of cooperative Animals, so he got to stay on as drummer.

After the original Animals had already broken up, their final album *Animalism* appeared just in time for the 1966 Christmas season. It was a heavy blues/rock album in the same style as "See See Rider," with many excellent cuts, including "Goin' Down Slow" (Hilton Valentine's ultimate guitar freakout), Sam Cooke's "Shake," B.B. King's "Rock Me Baby" and others, but without singles promotion. *Animalism* became a quick candidate for the bargain bins.

The most recent Animals album release is also their earliest recording, the *In the Beginning* set on Wand, which was recorded live in Newcastle's own Club A-Go-Go in December, 1963. The cover art is hopelessly irrelevant, the liner notes plagiarize Nik Cohn, the sound is terrible, but God does this album hit hard! It's the classic 1964 R&B Animals, but without the lyric and volume inhibitions they sometimes had to maintain on their studio sets. Songs like Berry's "Let It Rock" and "Bo Diddley" demonstrate the awesome power of the 1963 Animals, punk-cocky that they would certainly make it during the New Year, aroused by the frenzy of the intensely partisan Newcastle audience.



Don't fail to pick up this album the next time it makes an appearance in your local bargain bin.

So the Animals, the real ones, are no more, and haven't been since 1966 (although their influence later turned up in American bands like the Shadows of Knight and [snatch] Frigid Pink). The thing is, all the original Animals are still around: Eric Burdon, of course, is now the actual L.A. resident he has always been in his heart, and since he's been singing the blues with Jimmy Witherspoon he must be in heaven; Alan Price is busy being the Randy Newman of England; Chas Chandler is producing Slade, the third-generation equivalent of the Animals; Hilton Valentine has settled down with a family (but comes out occasionally to help Burdon with composing and producing); and John Steel, for all we know, is probably drinking Newcastle Brown in a pub back home. Why doesn't Eric Burdon use his heavy-handed charisma to do a Traffic and get the Animals back together? The power might be reborn, and the result would certainly be interesting. If not an instantaneous end to the debate over who's the heaviest band of all, think of it, Eric—your picture finally on the cover of *Rolling Stone*!

--Richard Riegel

THEM

Them came out of Northern Ireland in late '64, after a couple of years of playing blues and R&B--reputedly (according to Van Morrison, later) the toughest music any Irish incarnation ever laid down, eclipsing subsequent recorded output. That's as may be (unless some dedicated Belfast "ape fiend secured evidence back then), but Them was in any case the only Irish band to become infected with the archetypal Anglo R&B fervor (with the possible exception of Ian Whitcomb's Bluesville and discounting entirely such footnoters as the Creatures and the Fontaines). And, of course, they not only became involved in the music, they embraced with a searing Celtic synthesis of it that rivaled the very top class of British R&B interpreters--Stones, Yardbirds, Animals, and the rest.

The band itself was perhaps the most anonymous of the British Invasion frontliners, owing to incessant personnel changes (see cover of the British World of Them LP; almost two full aggregations had fallen by the wayside by the time of the first album's recording); extensive employment of session men (notably on Them Again, featuring Jimmy Page); and the dominance of Van Morrison. Much of Them's instrumental work was superb, often brilliant (three disparate examples: the frantic energy surge on "Mystic Eyes," "Baby Blue" (a haunting, delicate arrangement, and the un-
speakably brilliant bass riff and attenuated guitar slashing of "One Two Three Eyes"). But it's Morrison's abrasive, impassioned singing which was the



musical instrument. As far as R&B went (and Them took to blues as far as it could go), Van could handle a wide variety of styles with consummate grace and versatility. From the James Brown-styled treatment of "I Like It Like That" to the majestic, slow, bluesy "I'm Gonna Press On Black," or the straight nasal smoldering of "Tutu On Your Lovelight" and the upbeat "Route 66" (initially the mark of the Stones!), Morrison was in full command of the myriad substyles of the genre.

With that field the limit of his recorded capabilities, Morrison would rank very near the top as a British Invasion vocal interpreter. But as it happened, they were by no means restricted to R&B and the blues, engaging in an extensive array of original folk ballads, flirtations with jazz, hard rock, and a full complement of put-and-out commercial pop-rock. Morrison's own wide-ranging proclivities were responsible for the melodic ballads ("Lonely Sad Eyes," "You Just Can't Win") and the jazz ("Don't You Know," "Bring 'Em On In"), but the pop-rock stemmed directly from the musical influence of the group's producers, Tommy Scott and especially the American Bert Berns.

Berns, over in England to scout the new wave, hooked up with Them around the time he made the first of a series of "king rock" records with Lucie & the Luvvers (including "Here Comes the Night"). The group had already released an unsuccessful single, "Don't Start Crying Now" (a crude, melody-less raver taken as a speedy Little Richard pastiche), but Berns supervised a supercharged rock-and-roll treatment of the blues standard "Baby Please Don't Go" which became a Top Five British smash and the theme song for Ready Steady Go. It failed in America, and the flip side, the classic proto-punk rocker "Gloria" bombed nationally as well but was a quasi-eternal #1 in California, where it became the all-time garage band staple (later graduating to that status nationally when the Shadows of Knight had their Top 10 hit with it).

Berns' follow-up choice, "Here Comes the Night," was more in his usual vein, with an infectious Latin lilt and a deft lyrical evocation of adolescent confusion/envy--a natural hit which left no doubt as to the stamp of the producer's identity onto the group's sound (very different indeed from their rawer R&B tracks). Berns produced only four other Them records, one an unsuccessful follow-up to "Night," a slower blues-based tune called "Half as Much" and three tracks off the English *Angry Young Them* LP, all of them fairly typical Berns in terms of style and a little brand of plagiarism--"I Gave My Love a Diamond" is taken from an old folk chestnut (flip of Jess Parker's "Davy Crockett" in fact); "My Little Baby" sounds like a cross of "Here Comes the Night" and "Love Is Strange"; and "Go On Home Baby" quotes both lyrically and melodically from "Sloop John B."

Tommy Scott did most of the production chores in general, wielding a less pervasive influence, but also steering the group toward more commercial endeavors ("Could You Have You," a Bernish Morrison original which could have been a single) and incidentally writing two of their best straight rockers, "Call My Name" (later released as a single in a less polished, considerably different version; the flip, "Bring 'Em On In" also varies markedly from the LP performance) and "I Can Only Give You Everything," a prototypically rick-heavy rocker later covered by the Troggs.

Commercially they were not long in the spotlight. "Here Comes the Night" was their biggest international hit, but after "Half as Much" fizzled, only the brilliant "Mystic Eyes" of their subsequent singles was strong enough to buck the downhill slide. Others, like "One More Time," "Call My Name" and Simon and Garfunkel's "Richard Cory," went nowhere. But the group still retained a potent mystique above and beyond their dubious commerciality, attested to by the ensuing events following Morrison's departure from the band in fall '66. One the one hand, Kim Fowley assembled a group he tagged "The Belfast Gypsies" (including Jackie McAuley, a quondam Them member and later in Trader Horne). They issued two singles on Lone in the States and a European album (including such homage-laden tracks as "Baby Blue" and "Gloria's Dream"). While a strong sense of Fowleyesque parody is present ("People Let's Plead Out," "Secret Police," and again "Gloria's Dream," based entirely on the classic "Gloria" riff), whoever was singing was a brilliant Morrison imitator, and the records are quite good. And, on the other hand, Alan Henderson (another quondam Them member) retained the group name and assembled various lackluster combinations of musicians to endure through four post-Morrison albums (two on Tower, two on Happy Tiger) of almost completely unvarying mediocrity. None of this affected Morrison very strongly, of course, as he went on to a stormy but artistically and commercially successful solo career.

For me, as implied earlier, what is amazing about Them was their incredible versatility. In the straight R&B field, they were often tougher than the Stones, with a sharper cutting edge to the music and vocals. But their occasional jazz forays were both unusual (for the time) and accomplished; their Bernish pop-rock was as catchy as any music around at the time; and the lovely "Lonely Sad Eyes" and Morrison's unmatched interpretation of "Baby Blue" demonstrated yet another brilliant, sensitive facet of their music. All this besides at least four of the classic British rock monuments--"Gloria" of course, "Baby Please Don't Go," "I Can Only Give You Everything," and the tempestuous "Mystic Eyes," which anticipated the Yardbirds' "I'm a Man" instrumental revolution and topped it, for my money. At their best, no matter what the genre, they were virtually unbeatable, and their relatively scanty recorded legacy stands with the best of the '65-'66 period.

---Ken Barnes

MOODY BLUES

The early Moody Blues came and went in 1965, just like that. In both the U.S. and Britain. Coming out of Birmingham with a lineup of Denny Laine, guitar and vocals (from Denny Laine & the Diplomats); Mike Pinder, piano; Ray Thomas, flute; Graeme Edge, drums; and Clint Karwick, bass, they scored a huge hit in the spring with "Go Now," a cover of Bessie Banks' early '64 original. So you see the Moodies on *Shades* once, heard their fine hit a few handfuls of times, and then probably never heard from them again. What happened was that their second American single, "From the Bottom of My Heart," was an excellent original piece of really esoteric R&B. Hardly commercial stuff, and it went nowhere.

The *Go Now* album (otherwise known as *Moody Blues 4*) or *The Magnificent Moodies* in England, with four different tracks) is reasonably good. Along with the two aforementioned songs, "Let Me Go" is excellent, and "Bye Bye Bird" is a classically apocalyptic Sonny

Boy Williamson-meets-Jerry Lee Lewis stammering raver that would shock current second-generation "Moody Blues" fans right out of their skulls. Stylistically, the Moody Blues were probably closer to straight R&B than any other popular British group; James Brown was an obvious influence ("I'll Go Crazy" and, on the English LP, "I Don't Mind"). "Go Now" itself was in part responsible for the return of the piano to a prominent position in beat group recordings, and the Moodies featured it heavily throughout the LP.

Their next British single was a melodic version of the Drifters' "I Don't Want to Go On Without You," somewhat similar to the Searchers' version, and it was a minor hit (this record, along with "Go Now" and its flip side, "Love You Honey," and the group's first British single, "Steal Your Heart Away," were made into an EP subsequently). "From the Bottom of My Heart," featuring unearthly keening moans from the amazing Denny Laine voice, and perhaps their greatest achievement, did poorly in both the U.S. and Britain, and the subsequent British release, "Ev'ry Day" followed suit, although it too was an excellent pop/R&B combination, as was the flip, "You Don't."

The Moodies had a small American hit with "Stop" (from the British LP) in early '66. "This Is My House," a fairly undistinguished record, also got played a bit in America later on, followed by another obscure single called "Life's Not Life."

In 1967, Laine and Karwick were replaced by bassist John Lodge, who had been in the group at an earlier, pre-recording stage, and guitarist/vocalist Justin Haythe. Hayward had recorded on his own previously ("London Is Behind Me" on Pye in December '65) and his smoother voice propelled the group toward a different sound, first exemplified on a single called "Fly Me High," a combination of their later-day sound with a steady Motown beat; and ultimately on their big early '68 comeback hit, "Nights in White Satin." From then on, the group's story is quite well documented in any number of *Circus* articles and books, repeating being besides which, their earlier recordings were much more interesting and powerful in terms of historical impact and enduring achievement.

Laine went on to a variety of basically unsuccessful endeavors (solo career, Electric String Band, classical guitar study, Ginger Baker's Airforce, Balls with Trevor Burton from the Move and Alan White, later of Yes), and is currently a background member of McCartney's Wings--an eclipse in which his present activities, like those of the present-day Moody Blues, are hardly worth reporting.

---Mike Saunders & Ken Barnes

R&B LEFTOVERS

THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP:

Though seldom thought of as anything more than the group Stevie Winwood came from, the Spencer Davis Group were in fact one of the better English R&B bands. They came from Birmingham, and had a lineup and sound somewhat like that of the Animals, with organ, harmonica, and a choice of material ranging from John Lee Hooker to the Ikettes. That was in early 1965, and there is an English Fontana album which captures that phase quite well. Their music had a solid punch, highlighted by Winwood's strong, throaty vocals. Their version of "Searchin'" cuts that of any Liverpool group, "Every Little Bit Hurts" is quite effective, "I Can't Stand It" and "Midnight Train" are great. They avoided the pitfalls encountered by most of the groups who tried to do soulful material, by having a singer with a real feeling for soul music and the blues. Although it wasn't until 1966 that they really took off, with "Somebody Help Me" "Keep On Running" and "Gimme Some Loving," they were from the start an excellent group that could've served as an example for all the others, from Kingsize Taylor to Rory Storm, who never realized that certain types of material were simply beyond their ability.



THE PARAMOURTS:

The Paramourts represented a very similar case, although with them the point is even better taken since they were active so much earlier. Their second record came out in early '64, following a poor version of "Poison Ivy," a double oldie of "Little Bitty Pretty One" and "A Certain Girl." "Pretty One" is a great upbeat adaptation, while the other deck is a pretty straight copy of Aaron Neville's original. The Paramourts' virtues were evident from the start: powerful keyboard and vocals, fine drumming, and a real sense of group cohesion. The roots of Procol Harum can clearly be heard in these early recordings, especially on the Brooker-Trower originals like "It Won't Be Long." Along with "Poison Ivy," the Paramourts recorded some rather odd songs in their two year reign, including P.F. Sloan's "Lollipop Train" (as "You Never Had It So Good") and, for their only U.S. release, a song called "The Girls With Black Boots." Their records today are highly sought-after because of the fact that they became Procol Harum, but they are quite worth getting for their musical value alone.

GARY FARR & THE T-BONES:

No, they didn't record "No Matter What Shape." I remembered the T-Bones for years after they appeared on Shindig's "Richmond Jazz Festival" special, and have since acquired a tape which proves that their one number was one of the hardest rockers of that show. However, of the three records they made in 1965-66, I've heard one ("Give All She's Got") and it's pretty lame.

The group included Keith Emerson and Lee Jackson. Gary's father was world-famed boxer Tommy Farr and his brother was Ricky Farr, the Isle of Wight festival promoter. They were managed by Giorgio Gomelski, owner of the Crawdaddy Club. In late '65 they broke apart, with the T-Bones backing P.P. Arnold awhile, and Farr pursuing a solo career that took him from Columbia to Sadelion to Marmalade back to CBS. He had a solo LP in '71, but never a real hit.

While the singles are pretty scarce, the T-Bones can also be heard on Vol. 8 of Gomelski's "Rock Generation" import series.

---Greg Shaw

THE MODS

When the London R&B scene diverged into blues purism on the one hand and rock & roll stardom on the other, the city was left with a fantastic, swinging club scene that was far from ended, and a vast number of groups who had been influenced by the excitement of the R&B groups but a generation removed from their roots. They were not staunch blues fans for the most part, but rather part of 1965's blossoming Mod scene and its more pop-oriented contemporary trends, and they were interested more in the superficial glamor and excitement attached to being in a band than in popularizing Muddy Waters.

Influenced heavily by the Liverpool sound, the Mod groups and especially the post-Mod pop groups of 1966 were the last vestige of the Mersey-beat revolution. While groups of this type have never left the scene, as witness groups

like the Sweet in 1973, the arrival of Underground Rock in 1967 relegated pop to a ghetto of non-respect from which it is only just now emerging.

SHEL TALMY and POP ART ROCK

"Pop Art Rock" was a phrase I always liked. It seemed to capture the spirit of the post-R&B London scene in '65 and early '66, or at least the way I think of the scene as having been. The phrase seems to have been popularized by Pete Townshend, who in early interviews spoke often of his recent days at art school and his fascination with Gustav Metzger, an artist of the auto-destructive school. The press took it up and used it to describe the music of the who and any other group that shared certain qualities with them. It was often used derisively, as if the writers considered the idiom limited and rather uninteresting.

This was to be expected, since most of the pop writers then were carryovers from the British pop scene of the '50's. As noted in MPTB #8, British rock in the '50s was recorded, engineered and often played by session men in their 30s and 40s. Consequently the records were very clean sounding, almost sterile, lacking in real teenage depth and gut energy. So naturally critics with this as a standard looked down on "pop art rock," which they took to be anything loud, with distortion, feedback, or lyrics that commented on youth culture (even obliquely, as with Daltry's pill induced stuttering in "My Generation").

It was, for awhile, a real genre—just as real as the short-lived Mod culture of which it was an outgrowth.* The first Mod group was the who, but they were soon joined by a host of imitators. Because it was a limited idiom, limited by the lifestyle of its audience, and because the who had caught that style so well in their music, the other groups were content to shamelessly lift riffs and themes from who songs to form the basis of their own material. And yet, much of it was excellent.

If you can get over the self-consciousness of it all, there is some fascinating social commentary in songs like "March of the Mods" and "Return of the Mods" by the Executives, or "I'm Rowed Out" "The Immediate Pleasure" and "My Degeneration" by the Eyes, the last a who-parody. "Look At These Faces," said their first EP, "faces" being the Mod term for personages. There they stood, wearing striped shirts which featured a tin eye in the center with a picture of the respective face inside it. Great! Another outstanding post-art record is "Smashed! Blocked!," produced for John's Children by the ubiquitous Simon Napier-Bell, an amazing pre-psychedelic representation of the pill-blocked Mod mind.



* For a good in-depth discussion of the Mod phenomenon, see Gary Herman's book *The Who*.

But for my money, the best pop art group of them all, next to the Who and the Small Faces, was the Creation. The Creation included Kenny Pickett, Eddie Phillips, Jack Jones, and ex-Birds Ron Wood and Kim Gardner. They had Townshend's sound down so well that the opening of "Biff Bang Pow" is virtually indistinguishable from that of "My Generation," but they weren't just copyists. Every one of their sides that I've heard has been able to stand on its own—good hook, throbbing beat, beautifully poised dynamic tension, and always interesting experimental guitar sounds. They were the first, for instance, to use a violin-bow on a guitar, an effect that didn't go unnoticed by Jimmy Page.

Their songs themselves were also pop art on another level, one never reached by the Who. The Creation wrote songs about the Mod culture symbols, which may have been an easy copout in 1965 but from our distant remove their songs are priceless. "Painter Man" concerns the travails of a frustrated, mildly talented art school student who desperately wishes to be happening. "Can I Join Your Band" might almost be a sequel. "Biff Bang Pow" takes off on the Batman craze, and "Nightmare" and "The Girls Are Naked" also make statements about current events. Many of the Creation's other records were in the same mold, and equally good. Perhaps one reason they were able to achieve the Who's visceral impact where others failed was the fact that they were produced by Shel Talmy.

Of all the English rock & roll producers, I think Talmy was the best. He was not a slick producer like George Martin; he understood the need for sloppiness and a rough edge, and knew how to translate those qualities into excitement on record. Compare Joe Meek, whose records also sounded rough but only impress one as being poorly recorded. Miki Dallon, who produced good records in this period by the Sorrows and the Boys Blue as well as himself, came close to the sound, but lacked the immediacy of Talmy's records. Larry Page's records such as the Claque and later the Troops, had the same rawness, but in his hands always came out sounding too controlled, too deliberate. Good, but like bubblegum music, in a different way. I can't take Mickie Most seriously, and no other English producer was even in the running.

Shel Talmy's history is not very well known. He grew up in Los Angeles, and went to England in 1963 with a letter of introduction from Nik Venet stating that he had produced all manner of records, including the Beach Boys. Of course he hadn't, but he did have some engineering experience, so after he talked his way into a position at Decca he knew what to do. His first big assignment was the Beach Boys, who started out as a country group but grew, with Talmy, into one of England's top pop groups. Talmy had a name then, and groups like the Kinks and the Who came to him when they needed a producer. The sound he achieved with them, with its dally modulated frenzy, was the best thing happening next to the Beatles and the Stones, and arguably equal.

Most of the big producers in those days became almost popstars in their own right, and sought to capitalize on the fact. Meek, George Martin, Oldham, Page, Mike Leander and others named orchestras after themselves and released instrumental versions of their groups' hits. Larry Page started his own label Page One in '66, following the lead of two other producers who had opened record companies in '65—Andrew Oldham and Shel Talmy.

Oldham's Immediate Records was a big success, Page One fairly successful, but for some reason Shel Talmy's Planet Records went nowhere, despite constant hype in the gossip and review columns of all the pop weeklies. I haven't heard all his releases—only those that were issued in the U.S., actually—but the ones I have heard were in the same sort of consciously pop-art style as the Creation, who were also on Planet and gave the label its largest hit.

Both "Painter Man" and "Making Time" by the Creation made the charts, as did "It's Not True," a rather lame version of the Who song by the Untamed. The Creation records came toward the end of the label's run, and it may have been the success of "Making Time" that prompted Talmy to seek U.S. distribution. He signed an agreement with Jay-Gee, who at that time were distributing a plethora of minor labels. Not too

surprisingly, none of the records went anywhere. But this, even the Who had a rough time hitting the American American charts before 1967.

Of his first 15 records, why Talmy chose to issue only "It's Not True" and John Law's Groundhogs in the States I can't imagine. The National Pinion Pole did pretty well in England. And what about the Orions? First British recording? Probably the fact that Planet was falling by the time U.S. distribution got underway had something to do with it. While a brilliant producer, Talmy was new to the business end, and ran into problems with distribution as well as those arising from the fact that he was signing far too many acts.

At any rate, Planet folded in early '67 and Talmy continued to produce the Creation on Polydor. For some reason they were very popular in Germany and had one or two albums issued there and nowhere else, plus singles. For the last five years Talmy has been out of the production spotlight, (except for Pentangle, a far cry from earlier efforts) meanwhile keeping busy with films and book publishing. He has returned recently with an album by Seanor & Koss for Savane

Grace) on Warner Bros. and String Driven Thing on Charisma. Shel Talmy may still be around, but although he talks of getting the Creation back together for Pickett and Phillips, anyway, I'm sure he'd be the first to agree that pop-art rock was irretrievably tied to the era of British pop that died in 1967 with the advent of psychedelia. *Sic transit gloria.*

—Greg Shaw

PLANET DISCOGRAPHY

- England
101 DAVE HELLING--Christie/Bells
102 TONY LORD--World's Champion/It Makes Me Sad
103 THE UNTAMED--It's Not True/Gimme Gimme Some Shade
104 JOHN LEE'S GROUNDHOGS--I'll Never Fall In Love Again/Over You Baby
105 THE TREKKAS--Please Go/I Put A Spell On You
106 DANI SHERIDAN--Guess I'm Dumb/Songs Of Love
107 STEVIE HOLLY--Strange World/Little Man
108 THE TRIBE--The Gamma Goochie/I'm Leaving
109 LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN--How Can You Tell/How Do They Know
110 PERPETUAL LANGLEY--We Wanna Stay Home/So Sad
111 NATIONAL PINION POLE--Make Your Mark Little Man/I Was The One You Came In With



- 112 EUGENE FERRIS--There Was A Smile In Your Eyes/Soft Moonlight
113 LINDSAY MUIR'S UNTAMED--Daddy Long Legs/Trust Yourself A Little Bit
114 JOHN LEE HOOKER--Mai Lee/Don't Be Messing With My Bread
115 PERPETUAL LANGLEY--Surrender/Two By Two
116 CREATION--Making Time/Try And Stop Me
117 ORLONS--Spinnin' Top/Anyone Who Had A Heart
118 THE THOUGHTS--All Night Stand/Memory Of Your Love
119 CREATION--Painter Man/Biff Bang Pow
120 A WILD UNCERTAINTY--Man With Money/Broken Truth
121 GNOMES OF ZURICH--Please Mr. Sun/I'm Coming Down With The Blues
122 THE CORDUOYS--Tick Tock/Too Much Of A Woman

U.S.

- 104 JOHN LEE'S GROUNDHOGS--I'll Never Fall In Love Again/Over You Baby
116 CREATION--Making Time/Try And Stop Me
117 UNTAMED--It's Not True/Gimme Gimme Some Shade
118 THOUGHTS--All Night Stand/Memory Of Your Love
119 CREATION--Painter Man/Biff Bang Pow
120 A WILD UNCERTAINTY--Man With Money/Broken Truth

SORROWS, DON FARDON & MIKI DALLON

"Miki Dallon is the logical successor to Elvis!"
—Steve Sholes

One of the most remarkable sounds of 1965 was a record called "Take A Heart" by the Sorrows. Dominated by a loud, rough bass pulse, it featured a melody that sounded like a guitar solo and a savage guitar part right out of the early Yardbirds. A sensational record, and it was followed by the equally sensational "Let The Live Live" and "You Got What I Want," which sounded like a super-session between the Yardbirds, Small Faces and Standells. There were a bunch of other singles, none in the same class, and an album, before the lead singer broke away to begin a solo career.

The Sorrows were Pip Whitner (lead guitar), Philip Packham (bass), Bruce Finley (drums), Mez Price (rhythm) and Don Maughn (vocals). All their good songs, including another called "She's Got The Action," were written by a young man named Miki Dallon, soon to become one of England's best producers. On their album, the Sorrows also recorded the Strangeloves' "Cata-Lin" and an odd put-out of the Dylan/Donovan folkies titled "Don't Sing No Sad Songs For Me." Of all their output, only the "Take A Heart" single was released in the States.



In 1967 Maughn left the Sorrows, calling himself Don Fardon and recording under Dallon. He eventually became the first artist on Dallon's record label, Yours Blood, formed in 1969. Fardon scored an immediate hit on the Continent with a cover of the Box Tops' "The Letter," and even dented the American charts with a remake of "Take A Heart." Then, of course, there was his international hit "Indian Reservation." It was Dallon who had the idea of applying a hard beat to this John D. Loudermilk song, and the sound was strangely reminiscent of the throbbing "Take A Heart" beat. Fardon had an album here on GNP Crescendo with "Indian Reservation" and various Dallon songs and cover versions of hits.

This was followed by an album on Decca with a few cover bubblegum songs and a remake of "Let The Live Live." They can't seem to keep away from those early Sorrows hits, although the originals can't be touched. Dallon himself cut "Take A Heart" backed with "You Got What I Want" with a group called the Boys Blue (released here on ABC) and even had a brief recording career himself, producing at least two singles, one a great cover titled "I'll Give You Love" (issued here on RCA). Fardon and Dallon are still together, and Yours Blood Records is a thriving concern, although it's been some time since Fardon's last hit. How about a remake of "You Got What I Want"?

—Greg Shaw

SMALL FACES

"How did the Small Faces get their name?" queried publicist Tony Brainsby on the back of the group's first album. He proceeded to answer his own question with consummate innuendo: "Just one look at them is

sufficient to see that they do indeed have small faces." Nice try, Tony, but—the "Small" portion does derive from the group's stature (no one over 5'4"), while "Face" was a Mod term denoting a personage of importance (viz. the High Numbers' "I'm The Face"). The Small Faces inherited much of the fanatic Mod adulation enjoyed by the High Numbers, representing as they did in appearance and spirit the quintessential Mod band; and they scored a smash hit a scant few months after their formation in London, around mid-65. The group originally comprised drummer Kenny Jones, Ronnie "Plank" Lane on bass, organist Jimmy Winston, and on vocals and guitar, Stevie Marriot, a former teenage actor who had also previously recorded with a group called the Frantics.

The Small Faces' first single, "What's Gonna Do About It" (written and produced by ex-Shadow Ian Samwell), broke into the top 20 in the fall of '65. It was an exciting if derivative record, incorporating barely-controlled whoa-like feedback leads over a chord structure lifted from the Stones' version of "Everybody Needs Somebody to Love" (a riff later utilized by such ravers as the Pretty Things' "Come See Me" and the Montanas' "That's Where Happiness Began"). The flip was a passionate rendition of Timi Yuro's "What's A Matter Baby" which provided a showcase for Marriot's tender-lunged, soul-styled vocals, one of the group's major strengths.

The follow-up single, a moody, powerful tune called "I've Got Mine," was a relative stiff, but the third record, "Sha La La Lee," was the group's real breakthrough. An irresistibly bouncy ditty, it hit the top 5 and paved the way for their first album, entitled simply *Small Faces*. Just before the LP's release, Jimmy Winston had been replaced by Ian McLagan, although Winston did play on the album (he subsequently cut a version of "Society's Mine," a track from the LP). The album itself is a wild, raw assemblage of Anglified R&B—the Small Faces incorporated their strong R&B influences more prominently than most of their contemporaries, as evidenced chiefly by



Marriot's soul-baiting style and nasal-derived vocal interjections. "Whatcha Gonna Do About It" and "Sha La La La Lee" highlight the set, along with several energetic originals and a couple songs written by Kenny Lynch (co-writer of "Sha La La Lee" and a former 1963-4 solo star in his own right). Included among the originals was a number called "You Need Loving" which, as is well known, was nicked by Led Zepplin in near-entirety for their "Whole Lotta Love," down to the very vocal intonations.

Once established, the Small Faces continued to churn out hits—the infectious "New Girl," "All Or Nothing," and "My Mind's Eye," (a more muted, experimental effort) all scaled chart heights. "All Or Nothing," an explosive number, was perhaps the best of the three (with a hypnotic flip called "Understand-Lag" to boot), although "My Mind's Eye" (choral innovations were quite intriguing, especially on the more polished LP version (its flip, "I Can't Dance With You," is one of the group's most obscure tracks, but unfortunately also one of their least distinguished)). The group's first recording of 1967, however, a tune called "I Can't Make It," was a failure, missing the top 20; and understandably so, as it was a rather featureless if pleasantly rousing rocker, much inferior to their previous six singles. The B-side, "Just Passing," was an amusing lounge-sung sound effect novelty lasting all of 66 seconds, very quirky indeed (and co-written by someone named O'Sullivan—but it couldn't be...).

In mid-'67 the group switched labels from Decca to Immediate. Decca retailed by dredging up a track called "Patterins," a substandard though enjoyable "Gorkie" variation, for an unsuccessful single; and by releasing another album, *From The Beginning*. This LP is a combination of five singles (up to "My Mind's Eye" but omitting "I've Got Mine"), two tracks which later appeared on the group's first Immediate LP ("Tell Me How You Ever Get Sex" and the powerful "My Way Of Giving," later a hit for Chris Farlowe and re-recorded by Rod Stewart); and seven other cuts, consisting of two enthralling originals ("That Man" and "Yesterday Today And Tomorrow"), one feedbacked instrumental, and four covers of American material.

These last are perhaps the most interesting, including as they do the best ever rock 'n' roll rendition of Marvin Gaye's "Baby Don't Do It" (eclipsing the Who's and the Band's versions, and even the Mailers'), a lurching performance of Del Shannon's "Runaway" with a strange neo-operatic prelude, and churning versions of the Miracles' "You Really Got A Hold On Me" and Don Covay's "Come Back and Take This Hurt Off Me." All in all, the album stands as one of the premier British rock R&B classics of the era.

It was followed in short order by the first Immediate releases, "Here Come The Kids," a paean to the joys of speed and a smash hit; and "Itchycoo Park," a quaintly-titled flower-era ditty which was also hugely enjoyable, re-introduced the phasing effect first heard on Toni Fisher's "The Big Hurt," and was even bigger than "Nice."

An album followed

shortly, called *Small Faces* (again), with the two fine tracks from *From The Beginning* and an inconspicuous group of new originals, ranging from dire cute stuff ("Happy Boys Happy," "Eddie's Dreaming") to playfully attractive material ("Feeling Lonely," and the wistful "Show Me The Way"). As a whole, the album suffered from a dearth of the raw rocking spirit which infused their first two LP's, although the new polished sound was enjoyable in its way.

Meanwhile, something entirely unexpected had transpired—"Itchycoo Park" had become a hit in the



United States. None of the group's previous British chartbusters (released variously on Press, RCA, and Immediate/UA, if at all) had made the least impact on the American record-buyer, but "Itchycoo" had caught on among the secondary radio markets and slowly built to a sizable (#16) hit. An American album was thus called for, and Immediate (now affiliated with CBS) proceeded to take "Here Comes The Kids," "Itchycoo Park," and the new British single, "Tin Soldier," along with their flip sides, plus six tracks from the English album; and whether from blind luck or design, compiled a package which holds up better than its British counterpart. This surprising circumstance is partly owing to the strength of the single sides, of course, particularly "Tin Soldier," which is perhaps the group's premier rave-up rocker (its flip side, "I Feel Much Better," is another attractive rock tune which also features a children's chorus à la Keith West's "Except From A Teenage Opera" and Traffic's "Hole In My Shoe"—the Small Faces were right on top of every trend, as soon as it surfaced). But also the tracks selected from the British LP were among the strongest ("Show Me The Way," "My Way Of Giving"), with none of that album's annoying piffle.

"Tin Soldier," despite (or because of) its brilliance, was a meagre hit in both Britain and the U.S. The next single, "Lazy Sunday," was entirely different stylistically, a happy-go-lucky rollicking tune complete with exaggerated accents and an overall vaudeville-folksy spirit. A large-sized hit in England, it went nowhere in the U.S. Meanwhile, the group was readying their next album, which when it appeared bogged observers everywhere. The package was circular

in shape, with a tobacco-tin cover (entitled *Small Faces' Nut Gone Nuts!*), with a vast array of colorful illustrations inside the complicated folds of the jacket, and a rather unusual group of songs as well. Side one was a relatively straight set of six songs, including "Lazy Sunday," and chiefly notable for a pair of power-packed rockers, "Song Of A Baker" and "Accidental the latter featuring a decent Dean Martin imitation at the beginning). The other side, however, was a conceptually-linked six-pack tied together by a disconcertingly incomprehensible narration by British comedian Stanley Unwin, all purporting to tell the tale of a fellow named "Hoppliness Stan," of his travels and travails in search of the missing half of the moon, in the company of a voluble super-fly and an old hen. The whole assemblage is enchanting, and the music itself is fine as well, especially "Mad John" (later an obscure American single).

After Ogden's (a #1 album in England and an American chart-maker as well, even without a hit single), the group became frustrated. Tired of slogging around Britain eternally, even with their newly-added traveling horn section, and seemingly unable to make an American trip, the Small Faces finally packed it in around the latter part of 1968. They had released one more single that summer, a bizarre good-time number called "The Universal" (with an equally bizarre flip, "Donkey Rides A Penny A Glass"), a middling British hit and American failure; and immediately posthumously released a single of "Accidental" and "When Sam Thank You Man," a heavy rocker more in the style of Humble Pie, the group

formed by Marriot and ex-Hard Idol Peter Frampton upon the Small Faces' dissolution. And that was almost the Small Faces' dissolution. And that was almost all for the Small Faces, until their early 1970 resurrection with Rod Stewart and Ron Wood and subsequent smashing success, all of which is well-known.

Immediate released a double LP memorial called *The Autumn Stone*, a tremendous record including most all their singles (with the exception of "I've Got Mine" and "Patterins"), semi-obscure flip sides ("Just Passing" and "When Sam"), three live tracks ("Rollin' Over" from Ogden's, a ponderous but powerful version of "I'll Make A Carpenter," and a slightly overblown soul extravaganza with Brenda Holloway's "Every Little Bit Hurts," on which, along with "Rollin' Over," the listener is finally able to hear the group's vaunted traveling horn section), and five hitherto-unreleased studio tracks. Two of these, "Colliobusher" and "Wide Eyed Girl On The Wall," are sketchy instrumentals possibly intended for later vocal tracking, but the other three are excellent—"Red Balloon" is another rocked-up Tim Hardin tune, "Call It Something Nice" is a pretty harpsichord-styled number (although incorporating certain "Mad John" riffs in toto), and "The Autumn Stone," with its brooding flute accompaniment, shows off a different, and impressive, side of the group. The album plays brilliantly, and hopefully much of the material from it might be released someday here (as Ogden's has been by Abkco, who own the Immediate material). Meanwhile, MGM here somehow managed to acquire the Small Faces' Decca output, and have released two LP's (*Early Faces* in mid-'72 and *History of Small Faces* in February '73) in an embarrassing

SMALL FACES, contd.

ly haphazard and shoddy fashion (History repeats five out of a dozen ten cuts from *Early Faces*, with so much more languishing in the vaults). Still these LP's mark the first American appearances of such songs as "Runaway," "Shake," and "Sonny She's a Mine," as well as the first LP appearances of "I've Got Mine" and "Understanding." There's also a song on *Early Faces* labelled as "What's A Matter Baby" which is nothing of the sort, instead being a song presumably titled "Little Pictures" which might be the Small Faces (although it never appeared anywhere else before), or might even be a September '65 vintage tune by that title done by Adam, Mike & Tim, or might be something else entirely (any aid in clearing up this mystery would be appreciated). It is nice to have "Sha La La Lee," "What's a Matter Do About It," "Key Ring," and "My Mind's Eye" back in American circulation (although "All On N-Thing" is inexplicably absent), along with the aforementioned tracks, but it's still advisable to skip the VGM packages and their repressed stereo and seek out the original British Decca albums.

--Ken Savary

THE WHO

MEMORIES OF MY YOUTH

By Mike Saunders

I was born on May 1, 1952. Very little of my life happened during the first twelve years, but after that events really began to pile up. One was the first record I ever bought: "Heart Of Stone" by the Rolling Stones. The first album I ever bought, *The Rolling Stones*. Next---buying an album was quite a special occasion on an allowance of \$1.50 a week. Most of all, I remember the Who. They made the biggest impression of anyone on me; more than any other group, they focused the whole incredible excitement of discovering something as thrilling as English invasion rock, fantastically exciting music played by nifty looking rock stars. So while I had missed the Beatles' invasion by a gleam and a factor, I was lucky enough to catch the whole feeling of the second time around with the Who---when you played "I Can't Explain," it was like whoa, bam, boom! "The Real Gone And A-Zed," Pete Townshend called it. The last party of the year.

I had rather schizophrenic taste in those days---not bad, just irrational. While on one hand I instinctively loved tons of great rock records, I also would refuse to listen to anything that had horns in it. When you're a kid, you're influenced a lot by superficiality and pure style, you know; I disliked the Beatles because I thought they were a boogie group. The Stones were the ones I identified with, scruffy and rebellious. But after the Stones cut "As Tears Go By," I dismissed them as well. Good god, strings and horns and brass! They were betraying rock and roll, obviously, to my eyes---so from then on the Who, as well as remaining my heroes, commanded all of my devotion.

Part of the early who legend includes their three 1965 appearances on *Shindig*. On the first one (in March, I think) they played their debut single, "I Can't Explain," which was rarely enough to shock you into the next room from sheer excitement. It sounded a bit less revelatory on my record player in the safety of my room, but nonetheless pretty heady stuff for my 12-year old ears. I can't even explain what rock seemed like to me at my age and situation, as I had been exposed to absolutely nothing resembling youth or peer-culture in my whole life---when I bought my first rock and roll records, I hid them from my parents & took them downstairs and played them loud when no one was home. I was naive and innocent, I guess, perfect fodder for the addictive mania of rock'n'roll.

The Who's second *Shindig* appearance consisted of playing "Paddy Rolling Stone," a wild James Brown number on the English B-side of "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere." That was the crusher, their third and final appearance: the beginning of the who live, at a time called something like "The Richmond Jazz Festival"---great balls of fire! Appearing alongside the Animals, the Yardbirds, and Manfred Mann, the Who made the former three all seem positively like what the Animals routinely miming through "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place," Manfred Mann being censured out all through their "I've Gotta Go, Go Now," bleeds and pons bursting all over the place, and the Yardbirds doing an absolutely tremendous long version of "My Girl (Slumpy)" first the who gave a long rendition of "Shout," and then they literally smashed their way through "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere." Toward the end, and it was quite long, Townshend took off his Rickenbacker, took a few swings at his amp, and then heaved his guitar over the equipment in the first act of rock auto-destruction ever to appear on TV---I swear my eyes were bulging---immediately followed by nothing less than a manic Keith Moon drum solo, in an age when most rock drummers were limited to simple fills and Ringo-ish thunk-a-thud-



Above, the Who in London, 1965. Note their fashion-conscious attire. At right, trade ad for their second single as it appeared in *Billboard*.

thud paradiddles, or whatever you call 'em. He knocked his drums over too, in case you're wondering. You can bet your surfboards it was an eventful day for me when my order for "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" came in at the record store.

I still remember hearing "My Generation" for the first time. It was in December 1965, and I was at my grandmother's house for the evening, whiling away the time listening to the radio. Then all of a sudden this incredible noise came blasting out over the radio. Great God, was this the Apocalypse? A new record---by my heroes, the Who!---and it was also stone great. Though it only rose to #74 nationally, "My Generation" hit the Top 10 in Little Rock, an event that was enough to send me into incessant raving to friends and standers-by about my idols. I'd grab a KAY Top-40 survey, point to the #10 slot and shriek deliriously, "LOOK, LOOK, IT'S RIGHT THERE!! IN THE TOP TEN!!!" When *The Who Sing My Generation* was released in early 1966, I spent the whole next year trying to emulate Keith Moon's drumming on my \$180 Japanese drumset. never did, you understand, but it was fun; though I might not have been able to reproduce them, I'm sure I had Mr. Moon's every lick and inflection memorized into my mind a thousand times. The album itself was inspirational---actually it was like one big single. Play one side, flip it over, and so on into the night.

I also remember our 12 year-old neighbor and I riding up to the shopping center on our bikes, proudly wearing our hand-drawn Keith Moon bullseye 1-shirts. Our junior high classmates thought we were out of our skulls. But, all the same, I even made myself one with a blue circle and two red arrows, just like I had seen Roger Daltrey wearing in a picture of the Who in *Rolling Stone* magazine.

True to form, the who's followup to "My Generation" didn't come out for months and months: "Substitute." That was during late spring, so I spent whole evenings calling up KAT and requesting it during their new releases show. Eventually it got onto the show's top five for the week, and hence, onto the playlist, and hence, stocked in a couple of the local record stores, all apparently due to my unflagging fanaticism. Even if it never made the charts and nobody bought it! There never was a followup to "Substitute," as Decca released various *My Generation* tracks here and in England; not until "I'm A Boy" did the who come out with a new single. Inbetween, I played *The Who Sing My Generation* eternally and wondered what was coming off.

A common belief is that the who's failure to crack America in 1965 and 1966 was the fault of lack of publicity by uncaring record companies. Well, it's hard to say. But anyway, here's something that ought to be of interest: there're full-page ads in *Billboard* for the who's first four singles: Look them up at the library sometime, if they happen to keep a *Billboard* file (which sadly, is rare); the "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" ad is especially fascinating, because the who looks definitely short-haired and scruffy Shepherds' Bush-madish, which is to say, dated by 1973 standards. Do looks make the band? Obviously, no.

- "I Can't Explain" ad, 2/13/65, p.11; (4/3/65) #93
- "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" ad, 6/5/65, p.7;
- "My Generation" ad, 11/20/65; p.18; (12/12/65) #74
- "Substitute" ad, 4/2/66, p.19;--

THE WHO

THE WHO

ANYWAY ANYHOW ANYWHERE

DECCA

Now Available at all DECCA Branches

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

Marianne Faithfull sat no trends, aroused no mass hysteria, and had no extensive string of hits (never even a top 20 record). But she merits attention because she did achieve American success as a female solo singer (unlike more popular-in-Britain vocalists like Sandie Shaw or Cilla Black), she made a quantity of very nice records, and she was a teenage heart-throb of astonishing proportions (figuratively speaking) for me and countless other youthful Anglophiles. Marianne had the archetypically perfect British-dollie features, and one could stare for hours at the pictures on her first album. She symbolized a facet of unattainable/exotic glamor, and remains a cherished memory for, doubtless, thousands.

In order to retain some degree of objectivity and factuality, this treatise will concern itself primarily with Marianne Faithfull's musical legacy; and thus the juicy scandalous material (such as Marianne reportedly blaming Kim Fowley for Gene Pitney's baby (for which the public blamed Mick), or the legendary Candy Jar incident) will be held to a minimum.

Marianne's career began when she met an art dealer named John Dunbar at a dance, and was invited by him to a party at which Andrew Oldham, the noted Rolling Stones impresario, was also in attendance. Oldham, according to the story, took one look at Marianne and decided she'd make a perfect recording artist. As Marianne put it, "Andrew Oldham came up and asked me if I would like to make a record, and I said 'Yes, well why not?'." She was 17 at the time, with scant musical experience, but Oldham took her into the studio in Fall '64, gave her a "Rolling Stones track which had been lying in the can, and the result was a worldwide hit, "As Tears Go By," sung in a wistful and tremulous style by Marianne. The flip, "Greenpeace," was something of a compromise between the standard folk versions of the song and the rocked-up arrangement of the Couriers/Gentlemen; but along with her pop ascension it was decided that Marianne should also storm the folk market, so a British-only single of "Blowin' In the Wind"/"House of the Rising Sun" was released, to meager success ("Blowin'" was a fairly lush folk-rock production, with strings and full choral backing, while "House" was a different version than the one on the Come My Way LP, with much more pop production).

A lovely Jackie DeShannon composition, "Come and Stay With Me" came next and was also a solid seller. When time came for an album, Marianne released *Doc* simultaneously (#4588 & 89 in the catalog), a folk-styled LP called *Come My Way*, issued in Britain only, and a pop-oriented work, *Marianne Faithfull*. The folk album, produced and arranged by Jon Mark, is comprised of fairly typical Beez-type material and delivery, chiefly notable for the pretty traditional number, "Once I Had a Sweetheart," Mark's title track (a different version from the one surfacing later on the American *Go Away From My World* LP), and "Down in the Sallow Garden." There are also a couple of amusing spoken pieces, an inferior version of "House of the Rising Sun," and "Spanish Is a Loving Tongue," later recorded by Dylan.

The British version of the pop album has 14 tracks, including "Downtown," "Can't You Hear My Heartbeat," and "They Never Will Leave You," all eliminated on the American edition, which does however include her third single, John D. Loudermilk's "This Little Bird." This record, a big hit in both Britain and the U.S., was the source of some controversy. In the former country, as Andrew Oldham, who had severed his professional connections with Marianne for the time being, had cut a version of the song with the Nashville Teens and released it in competition with the Faithfull version. The Teens' record lost out, however, and Marianne stoutly added something to the effect that the controversy was all the more ironic because her father had employed the Nashville Teens at his farm at one time. Small world.

At any rate, the Marianne Faithfull album was an exceedingly pleasant pop record, replete with fine material. Besides the three excellent singles, there was "What Have I Done Wrong," Lennon's "I'm a Loser," a rather unadorned version of "What Have They Done to the Rain," and a melancholically pretty song, "In My Time of Need," composed by the unlikely team of Jackie DeShannon and Jimmy Page (they also wrote a song for Barbara Lewis, and possibly others).

Marianne was now a full-fledged pop star, and began appearing on TV, pop shows as well as panel shows (on which she proved to be quite outspoken and somewhat controversial), and even made a tour with the Hollies, Freddie & the Dreamers, and the Four Pennies. She had also found time to marry John Dunbar (a entrepreneur in his own right, who later opened a book store in partnership with the unlikely combination of Peter Asher and Miles, of subsequent international Times fame) and had a child as well.

Her next single was "Summer Nights" in August '65. It was geared admirably to the time of the season and became another big hit (the flip, "The Sea Is a Song," was also quite nice, although not quite as arresting as the haunting "House of the Rising Sun" on the flip of "This Little Bird"). The follow-up was a massively orchestral/choral version of "Yesterday," however, and it flopped, and was not released in the U.S. Instead a rather lovely slow track called "Go Away From My World" got the nod, and also fizzled. Both records shared the same flip side, "Oh Look Around You," a very nice song; and "Go Away From My World" was the title tune for a British EP which contained one unreleased-in-America song, "The Host of What is Least."

Finally another album appeared, *North Country Maid* in England and *Go Away From My World* here. The British version again differed drastically, with four unreleased tracks, "Green Are Your Eyes," "Cockleshells," "Sunny Goodbye," and "She Moved Thru the Fair," while the American edition picked up "Hazy Ann" and had a variant version of "Come My Way" from the first British folk LP, along with the last three singles. Best tracks, aside from the latter, were the Scottish traditional number "Wild Mountain Tune" (sic), "Sally Face and Easy" (later performed brilliantly by a group called Trees), and another traditional folk tune, "Scarborough Fair."

"Summer Nights" marked the end of Marianne's commercial success. In 1966 she released two singles, the pretty "Tomorrow's Calling" and Bob Lind's rather monotonous "Counting" (Lind being the British rose at the time, cf. Keith Relf's "Mr. Zero," etc.). The latter single featured an unreleased-in-America flip called "I'd Like to Deal Your Number"—in the States it was issued with "Tomorrow's Calling" on the flip.



Marianne Faithfull models her most prized possession: a genuine blue suede tie.

None of these releases accomplished anything, but American London went ahead and released an LP called *Faithfull Forever*. In the spring, this album was more adult-pop-oriented than any of her previous LPs, with such dynamic numbers as the "Love Theme From Umbrella of Cherbourg," "I Have a Love," an atrocious tune called "Some Other Spring," and "Tomorrow's Calling" (a British flip, "That's Right Baby" dragging the quality down). "Counting" and "Tomorrow's Calling" were included, as well as versions of "Monday Monday" and Donovan's "Hampstead Incident" (here called "In the Night Time," and released well in advance of Donovan's version).

Marianne's last album was the British *Love/Anthemist* featuring a neat picture of the singer wearing a dandy blue tie, and appearing in the summer of '66. There were seven new cuts on the LP, along with the singles "Yesterday," "This Little Bird," and "Counting," and four tracks from *Faithfull Forever*. Two of the new tracks were Donovan songs, both again in advance of his own versions, plus two Tim Hardin songs, a syrupy tune called "Our Love Has Gone," and another fine DeShannon number, "You Can't Go Where the Roses Go."

There followed a three year layoff from recording, with one exception, a period which was filled with several early singles (notably *Good Ol' Boy* on Motocycle) and primarily by her vaunted Olsson with Mick Jagger and his attendant escapades (drug busts, miscarriages, etc.). The one recorded exception was a reunion with Oldham to cut the fabulous Ronettes number, "Is This What I Get For Loving You Baby." Oldham gave it the true Spector-acolyte treatment, including, of all things, a Dixieland instrumental break, and it was a great record, but it failed commercially in both the U.S. and Britain. It was also the only new track on the early-'69 *Marianne Faithfull's Greatest Hits* album (released chiefly, as far as can be surmised, to cash in on the success of Simon & Garfunkel's reworking of "Scarborough Fair," featured prominently on the album).

In May 1969, a Mick Jagger-produced single with an obscure, fairly pleasant Goffin-King song called "Something Better" as the top side, was released. It went nowhere, but the flip side garnered a bit of FM play at the time—it was a Jagger-Richard tune called "Sister Mary Jane" with a doom-laden melody and arrangement and one of the most deathly-slow vocals ever recorded. Marianne's performance fit the morbid subject matter perfectly. It's since become hideously rare, and remains Marianne Faithfull's last recorded work. There was talk of an album around '69, but it never materialized, and later reports regarding Marianne had her collapsing on movie sets. In hospitals for drug withdrawal, and in general were a gloomy lot. Nothing has been heard recently that would contradict this tone—it's a sad monument to the story of a brilliant teenage heart-throb.

—KEN BATES

DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH

Among mid-sixties London cognoscenti, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich were widely loathed and anathematically regarded as approximating Monkee-level. But actually the case may have been similar to the American image problem of Paul Revere & The Raiders: like that stellar aggregation, Dave Dee & Co. appealed to a vast young audience, were extremely colorful stage artists, and indulged in a lot of comedy routines and general coming about onstage (like Dozy's featured leap into Dave Dee's arms, or the time Dave Dee's bullwhip almost sliced Tich's ear off). And, again like the Raiders, they came up with a lengthy string of ultracommercial pop records, and most of them sound pretty good in these fallow days.

First known as Dave Dee & The Bostons, their later name evolved out of some rather obscure nickname, and the tongue-twisting moniker served to emphasize their identity on one-jays and other influential pop programs, at least in Britain. They were managed and manipulated by the well-known team of Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley (Howard Blaikley on composer credits), who had started out with the honeycombs but reached their pinnacle of success with DOGBAT (later they worked with groups like Fleming Youth and even wrote Elvis' 1972 "I've Lost You" hit). Howard Blaikley wrote all their singles (A-sides) and many of their album tracks, and despite an over-reliance on gimmicks, managed to come up with some memorable hard rock hits.

The group's first single was a pleasant beat ballad called "All I Want," a minor British hit in July '65. "You Make It Move" introduced a prominent fuzz-tone foundation, as well as a great deal of borrowing from the McCoys' "Hang On Sloopy," and did somewhat better. Then "Hold Tight," capitalizing on the same fuzz-based sound, with a slidehammer beat derived from theouters' "Let's Go," a vicious punk-rock-like guitar break, and indecipherable lyrics, smashed hip into the British top 10 and achieved a bit of regional success in the U.S., notably in Northern California. "Hold Tight" was a classic mid-50's British single, and served to establish the group once and for all. "Hideaway" was the next big hit, in the identical vein; and they released a British album full of engaging and melodic hard-edged pop rockers—a consistently fine record except for an absolutely horrendous spoken introduction by famed British DJ Kenny Everett.

Their next single was a very gimmicky Zorba-influenced number called "Bend It," nominally a dance tune but in the original British version one of the more lyrically salacious songs of the era (very much in keeping with the "aggressive, slightly sexy sound that has become our trademark," as Dozy put it). "Bend It" was a massive smash continentally, but ran into widespread censorship problems in the U.S., so the band (or their managers) wrote an apologetic letter to "the nation's deejays," and dubbed in new lyrics, which stressed the word "dance" repeatedly (although a loud chuckle remained intact, just for a laugh).

None of this helped them get an American hit, however; but in England they remained at the top of the pops. "Save Me" continued their gimmicky trend, with a lot of Latin percussion (still a pleasant record); but a second British album, *If Music Be The Food Of Love, Prepare For Indigestion*, was once again a very nice pop-rock package, with straightforwardly enjoyable tunes (though the group's affectionate tribute to British lavatories, "Load Of England," was a bit out of the ordinary). "Touch Me Touch Me" marked a return to their primal fuzz sound, very nice; and for some reason it promoted Fontaine in the States to issue an LP called *Davy Dee Dozy Beaky Mick & Tich's Greatest Hits* (a slight misnomer in that they hadn't had any), an excellent introduction to the group, featuring British hits and four reasonably good flip sides and whatnot.

"Touch Me" was just about their last good single, however; "Ode" reverted to the "Bend It" sound with a heavy gypsy flavor (the Continental flip, "Me A Reave" on the other hand, was an excellent, exuberant (verapudgic) rocker) and "Zabada" was the worst yet, a virtually indescribable record full of cascading percussion riffs and nonsensical lyrics. Astonishingly, the record (on Imperial now) made the American top 60; and the follow-up, "Legend of Xanadu," with its melodramatic maximum bullfight music and whiffricks (hence the onstage incident noted above) bubbled under more healthily than their previous remnant outings. So, Imperial bombastically released an album, *Time To Take Off* (roughly corresponding to their 14 No One Sang album in Britain), which was unfortunately an atrocious muddle of various incompetent and unpalatable styles, from vaudeville to Latin to fullblown MOR ballads (like their American follow-up single, "Break Out"—a terrible record) and even a title track by Albert Hammond.

By this time (mid-'68), the group had passed its peak commercially; they had a few more hits ("Last Night In Scho," "Check On The Automobile"), but

DAVE DEE, cont.



eventually broke up. Dave Dee went solo, with about half a dozen records to his credit (one of which, "Annabella," was covered by Hamilton, Joe, Frank & Reynolds, and it's easy to see why); the rest of the group continued as DBM&T, scoring a British hit with "Mr. President" and releasing a few other records, including the unusual social commentary "Tonight Today" (U.S. Capitol), with its creaking vocal undercurrent and odd, round-like structure.

While not crucial British Invasion figures, Dave Dee & Co. made good pop records most of the time, and hardly deserve the parish status accorded them by their literary compatriots. With their colorful inside and good-natured excesses of showmanship, they almost appeared a parody of the wild, flashy Mod bands of '64-'65; and, in general, they seemed to be in it for the laughs, and the spirit was contagious. Incidentally, for the record, the nickname vs. the real-name breakdown went Dave Dee, David Harman, Dozy=Trevor Davies, Beaky=John Dymond, Mick=Michael Wilson, and Tich was Ian Amy--just in case you'd thought I'd forgotten.

--Ken Barnes

TROGGS

It may seem redundant to speak of the Troggs, when two issues back Lester Bangs spewed forth a good 25,000 words on the subject. However...as great an article as it was, it didn't begin to cover the Troggs' music or their place in a purely English context. We can't do that completely here, but there are a few things worth mentioning.

They came late in the English Invasion--1965, "the transitional year." The Underground was beginning to stir, Cream was already together, Hendrix was around, but English pop was dominated by groups who had evolved directly out of Merseybeat and owed much of their sound to it. Groups like Dave Dee, the Small Faces, the Move, the Who, Jonathan King's various productions, and the Troggs (not counting, of course, the Beatles, Stones, Kinks, etc. who were still around, but were evolving by then in their own directions, no longer part of any particular local style or scene).

The groups of this period had, in general, a less spontaneous sound than their predecessors--in many cases it was a calculatedly manufactured style, the roots of what pop was to become after its impending schism with the Underground faction, and what it remains today despite the recent reunion. In discussing this type of pop, whether it be the Partridge Family or the Electric Light Orchestra, the criteria are different from what's usually applied to rock. The mere fact that a record is "manufactured" should not be held against it--we should only consider how well constructed it is, for that's where its virtues are to be found.

The Troggs were in at the ground floor of bubble-rock, and like their early American counterparts such as the Ohio Express, they had strong roots in punk-rock which gave their music a vitality later bubblepop groups couldn't match. They were managed and manipulated by Larry Paea, who had been around while producing various P59 and pop groups, and it was the early success of the Troggs that enabled Paea to start his own label, Paea Stu, later one of England's most prolific singles labels.

The Troggs built their sound on heavy beat, loud bass, constant fuzztone, raunchy vocals, and suggestive lyrics. They never lost this orientation (their 1972 release, "Feels Like a Woman" is, if anything, their most punkish yet), and while they could sound like the Archies, they were just as likely to sound like the Standells on the next cut. Their early recordings included Chuck Berry songs like "Jaguar and the Thunderbird" and "Little Queenie," Bo Diddley's "Horse" and, to prove they knew what they were about, "Louie Louie." They did the original versions of "Amenity That You Must Me" (a hit for Evie Sands) and "Buck Ram" (Socopy Tooth). They had some bones, yes, but on the whole the Troggs were far better and more creative than they are generally given credit for, even by the "punk-rock" brigade.

They also had an inordinate amount of material that never came out in the U.S. An entire album's worth of softer songs, *Cellophane*, remains unissued except for one song, "Love is All Around." It includes two classics, "All of the Time" and a standout rocker called "Seventeen." Most of the songs on *Troggs Dynamite* are similarly foreign to American ears. Then, besides two volumes of greatest hits, there was another English album which collected most of the late singles that, while they did come out in America, are and were almost impossible to find. Great ballads like "You Can Cry if You Want To," the rancid "The Raven," the insistent "Love," and, possibly their best, "Surprise Surprise," featuring a real Marquee-Club-like raveup at the end, with Nicky Hopkins on piano.

Of the singles that didn't come out here, "Maybe the Madman" from 1968 is the most sought-after. It captures a rare psychedelic moment for the Troggs, a real product of its time and yet a bit of a spoof as well, like Episode Six's "Mr. Universe." A weird record, too. Equally weird is a song that, as far as I know, is available only on a German album titled *Kip Hops*, which may be similar to the almost unknown British album *Mixed Bag*.

The song is "Purple Shades," and bizarre is the only word for it. It's their "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds." The lyrics include lines like "bamboo butterflies, twice their normal size, floating around in my mind." The musical backing is straight Troggs, unlike "Maybe the Madman's" freakiness, but somehow that only adds to the weirdness.

This album also includes "Marbles and Some Gum," never out in the U.S., and one other mystifying cut, it's called "Off the Record," and like the Beach Boys' "Our Favorite Recording Sessions" it's an in-studio talk, joke and insult session. I don't know where you can get this album, so eat your hearts out Troggs fans.



Even that isn't the end of Troggs ephemera. I have listings for an album called *Mixed Bag*, a solo album by Chris Britton, and solo singles by Ronnie Bond and Reg Presley--none of which anybody seems to have seen. This is the kind of group collectors love, but the Troggs are also a group every rock fan should be supporting. They're still around, had a hit last year in South Africa with "Everything's Funny" (the ballad their record company insisted on pushing as the A-side of "Feels Like a Woman") and according to interviews, they're determined that their fuzztone raunch style will live again. Personally, I think their time will come very soon. They were just six years ahead of it, that's all. As the liner notes of *Cellophane* pointed out, in 1967:

"The Troggs are really pop in perspective. There have been too many cynics who have regarded them as a bit of a joke. Through the past few months of psychedelia and electro they have been quietly providing uninhibited rock and roll with gentle ballads. No message--no instructions on how to live a happier, fuller life--just the simple suggestion that it might be a good idea to have fun, dance and enjoy yourselves. And that is why the Troggs, having Trogged--Troggle on!"

I couldn't have put it better myself.

--Greg Shaw

ODDS & ENDS

JONATHAN KING:

Because of his unique and brilliant vision of rock as contrived, trendy pop-schlock, Jonathan King became the first master of British bubblegum. His music was all over the place in 1966, and though he wasn't taken very seriously during the Underground years, his records always sold and now, in the last year or so, his vision has had its final vindication in the fact that his new label, U.K., is the fifth largest label in England in terms of sales. He is the Mike Curb, Terry Knight, and Kim Fowley of England, all rolled into one.

He didn't have much to do with Merseybeat, except for his ascendancy during the final heyday of the Mersey offshoots and his dedication to pop, but that's good enough. His first group was the Bumblebees, which almost certainly was not the group of the same name that later became the Cryin' Shames. He wrote a song called "Everyone's Gone to the Moon," which Tony Hall at Decca advised him to record. He did, and it became a worldwide hit in late '65, cashing in on the transplanted folk-rock protest trend. English protest music was characteristically more contrived than its American counterpart, and King took his to extremes, with orchestras and pure pop arrangements. Thus his style was established from the start.

"Round Round" was perhaps his best effort in the genre, followed by "It's Good News Week," which he recorded himself and also made into a hit for Hedgehoppers Anonymous, five ex-RAF men who became King's first proteges and had a handful of singles under his tutelage before disbanding in early '67. "Good News Week" sounds rather vapid today as protest songs go, but in its time it was banned in most of the U.S., mainly because of the verse that went "It's good news week, lots of blood in Asia now; they've butchered off the sacred cow, they've got a lot to eat." That was in the same year that "Ballad of the Green Berets" was the #1 song in America.

With the success of this record, King rather lost interest in his own singing, although he continued to make records straight through, in addition to his many productions. His stuff has always been topical, as these titles reveal: "Let It All Hang Out," "Colloquial Sex," "I Don't Want to Be Gay".... and in 1966 Jonathan King was also one of England's most controversial figures due to his BBC radio show, and particularly his weekly column in *Disc*, where he replaced Andrew Oldham as the resident opinionated egotist. He took a lot of unpopular stands, and always received plenty of hate mail. But he was one of the leading "faces" of the period, and was one of the most influential forces in English pop during 1966, just as he is today.

PINKERTON'S "ASSORT" COLOURS:

Probably influenced somewhat by Jonathan King's style of pop, but more a late-blooming product of Liverpool pop, was

Pinkerton's "Assort." Colours. The group consisted of Samuel Pinkerton Kempe, David Halland, Tony Newman, Barrie Bernard and Tom Long. They were discovered by pirate radio chief Reg Calvert, who also managed the Fortunes, in a Rugby dance hall. They wore different colored suits on stage, had short styled mod haircuts, and featured the sound of a harpsichord. They made six good, light pop singles, from early '66 to late '68 (they dropped the "Assort." in '67) but had only one hit, "Mirror Mirror," which reached #9 in the English charts.

THE RIOT SQUAD:

The Riot Squad was another group that came and went during this transitional era. They recorded eight singles between early '65 and late '66, and were basically a studio group manipulated by Larry Page and/or Joe Meek, who were Jonathan King's bubblepop rivals although they never matched him in imagination. The group's regular members included Bob Evans, Terry Clifford, "Nero," "Butch" Davis, Dell Roll and Rodger Crisp, although at various times the group also included Jon Lord, Mitch Mitchell, and Graham Bonney (who had a minor hit in '66 with "Supergirl"). Only two of their records came out here, and the one I have, "Gonna Make You Mine" on Roulette, is a Graham Bond style, R&Bluesy thing, quite nice actually.

CHRIS ANDREWS:

Chris Andrews was another common name in England throughout 1966. He began by fronting The Ravers, as Chris Ravell (with one single in '63), and went on as a songwriter to cleft for the Four Seasons, Eddie Rambeau, and many others. He was picked up by Adam Faith and wrote all his material during 1964, including the hit "It's Alright." In 1965 he wrote hits for Sandie Shaw, including "Girl Don't Come" and "Long Live Love." His first solo record was "Yesterday Man" and it got to #3 in England, and to #94 in America. He followed it with a #13 hit, "To Whom It May Concern," then faded from sight after a few more singles. His records were fine pop ballads, with a fairly strong basis in Mersey R&B.

THE BEATSTALKERS:

A Scottish group, the Beatstalkers contributed some of this era's better singles. Their sound was pop R&B, featuring organ. "Everybody's Talkin' About My Baby" was their first release in October '65, and one of their best. My favorite is "Left Right Left," with its heavy pounding beat and Stevie Winwood vocal sound. The group included Eddie Campbell, Ronnie Smith, Joe Gaffney, and "Tudge" Williamson, and was produced by Denny Cordell.

EPISODE SIX:

This is one of my favorite groups of this period. They featured an all-star lineup including Ian Gillian and Roger Glover (Deep Purple), Graham and Shiela Carter-Dimmock,



At upper left, Episode Six; upper right, Pinkerton's "Assort." Colours; above the Beatstalkers.



Harvey Shield, Tony Bareham, and Mick Underwood (Herd, ex-Outlaws). Only half of their eight releases came out here, and all those are so different that this has to be England's most eclectic group. They placed great emphasis on production and song structure, and seemed to recognize the value of a good tight single.

Their second release was a fine ballad called "I Hear Trumpets Blow," originally done by the Tokens. Next came "Here There and Everywhere," the Beatles song, backed by "Mighty Morris Ten," a hot rod number patterned after the Handells and to my knowledge the only record of its type recorded in England. Quite good, too. This was late '66. Then came "Love-Hate Revenge," a powerful folk-rocker that came out here on Elektra, and it's well worth searching out. Their next release was "Morning Dew," a nice folk-rock ballad issued here on the Compass label. Their only other American release was "Mr. Universe," (on Chapter One, in late '68) which is either the most pretentious record of all time or a remarkably acute parody of the then-popular "meaning of the universe" records. Its mock-serious chorus includes the query, "am I just a bubble in your beer, Mr. Universe?" There was a second, English-only release on Chapter One, titled "Mozart Versus the Rest." I can only imagine what it must sound like!

--Greg Shaw

NON-ENGLISH BEAT GROUPS

The beat sound was, of course, not confined to the British Isles. Some of the best records in the style (such as "She's the One" by the Chartbusters, "Roses Are Red" by the You Know Who Group, "It's Cold Outside" by the Choir, and hundreds more) were made by American groups. Those, however, will have to wait for future issues. But many other countries boasted English-inspired rock groups as well. Australia had a great many, although with the exception of one they were never heard of in our hemisphere. That exception, however, was one of the finest groups of its era: The Easybeats.

EASYBEATS

Although native Britons, the Easybeats were originally based in Australia, and by the end of 1965 were the reigning local group, provoking dramatic outbursts of "Easyfever" wherever they played. In early '66, the group ("Little Stevie" Wright, lead vocals; George Young, rhythm guitar--and brother of Grapefruit's George Alexander, though how there came to be two Georges in one family is still a mystery; Harry Vanda, lead guitar and songwriter, with George; Snowy Fleet, drums; and Dick Diamonde, bass) travelled to London, arranged a worldwide recording deal with United Artists, and hooked up with famed producer Shel Talmy.

In March '66 they had a massive Australian hit with a mildly funky, slightly Beatle-like original called "Make You Feel Alright (Women)"; it was released in the States with a delightful picture cover graphically illustrating the Easyfever phenomenon, and a flip, "In My Book," an affecting early '60s type ballad, which was never released on a subsequent album. It was not successful outside their home base, but another single, "Come and See Her," and an "Easyfever" EP stayed in the Australian top 10 for weeks on end.

Ultimately they were all eclipsed by the next single, "Friday On My Mind," which shortly thereafter took off in Britain as well, and finally became a large-sized American

hit. With good reason, too--the song was completely irresistible, with a distinctive pulsing beat stemming from the unusual rhythm guitar, and infectious Morse code harmonies--and it was a classic teenage weekend song in the Eddie Cochran tradition, to boot.

An album followed in early '67, and it was a superb pop-rock showcase--the group seemed somewhat similar to the Who in vocal inflections, bass lines, and teenage lyrical themes, but the music was basically very distinctive, complex, intriguing material, with unexpected instrumental breaks, fine harmonies, and vast overall exuberance. Some of the best cuts were "Do You Have a Soul," with its dizzying changes, "Saturday Night," "You Me We Love" (potentially a great Reg Presley vehicle), the title cut (of course), and a version of "River Deep Mountain High" which suffered production-wise but was probably the best beat group rendition ever (vanquishing Deep Purple, the Animals, the Badd Boys, etc.). With only one poor track ("See Line Woman"), the LP was a triumph then and sounds perhaps even better today.

The Easybeats' next single, "Heaven and Hell," suffered from a tardy release date (August '67, some 9 months after "Friday" was first issued), a taboo-violating title, and possibly a touch of overcomplexity; but despite its widespread commercial failure, it was one of the finest singles of its time. Admirably produced by Glyn Johns, it featured electrifying guitar figures, great dynamics, and a stunning middle section with absolutely celestial harmonies. Their next single, "Falling Off the Edge of the World," was

almost as good, an emotion-fraught massive production pop number about marital infidelity. In both its relative lack of rock & roll foundations and its more adult subject matter, the record marked a significant directional change away from teenage concerns; but the song itself was so well-executed that it ranks with the very best records the Easybeats made--it was another chart absentee, however.

"The Music Goes Round My Head," in early '68, was even less commercial and rock-oriented, an odd melodic structure featuring frequent and disconcerting clarinet fills--strangely compelling but hardly a galvanizing hit. Then their worst single to date, a melodramatic pop showstopper ballad called "Hello How Are You," became a surprise top 10 hit in Britain, and another album followed (released in the U.S. in late '68). The last three singles were included, plus nine other cuts of dramatically varying quality. Versions of "Can't Take My Eyes Off You" and "Hit the Road Jack" detracted considerably, but pleasant originals like "Land of Make Believe" and "Fancy Seeing You Here" compensated nicely.

And the LP opened in ferocious fashion with the group's next American single, "Gonna Have a Good Time," a British punk classic about a fabulous dance featuring everyone's favorite *femmes fatales* (sic), Bony Maronie, Long Tall Sally, and Short Fat Fanny. It would have been cheering to learn of their presence on the radio in early '69, but the single unfortunately failed to hit once again, and the Easybeats subsequently departed UA.

In November '69 they reappeared with a new vocalist, a chap known as Russell; a new label, Rare Earth; and a single called "St. Louis." An energetic straightforward rocker, it managed to crash the American charts (for the first time since "Friday"), but Rare Earth did not issue a follow-up album (although it was listed briefly in some catalogs). One did appear in England, called *Friends*, (on Polydor) and it was rather disappointing. The main problem was the lack of Vanda-Young songs (previously prolific, they were represented by only two of 11 songs). Russell contributed a couple of fairly catchy cuts, but more often was responsible for overblown pop drive or mediocre funk numbers, also singing the former in one of those typically beefy Rare Earth-label/group voices. Periodic horn intrusions didn't help either, and the album remains deservedly obscure.

One more single from the LP was issued in the U.S. in June '70, an unimpressive track called "Who Are My Friends," but the Easybeats as such were through, and broke up shortly afterward. Vanda and Young, always the key members, did continue, however, surfacing on British Derram under the name Haffy's Whiskey Sour with a fine single, "Shot in the Head"/"Bye Bye Bluebird." The latter was an excellent rocker with a riff similar to "Natural Man" (see below), while "Shot" was a solid blues-rocker later covered by Savoy Brown (the Vanda-Young team was covered often--in '67 they penned Los Bravos' comeback hit "Bring a Little Lovin'", "Come In You'll Get Pneumonia" was covered by Gary Walker's group Rain, among others, and "Gonna Have a Good Time" was recorded many times--the Clinger Sisters, Jamie Lyons (of the Music Explosion), the British group Black Claw, to name but a few).

EASYBEATS

MAKE YOU FEEL ALRIGHT (WOMEN)

IN MY BOOK





Finally in late '72, under the name Marcus Hook Roll Band, Vanda and Young unleashed a monumental blockbuster of a single called "Natural Man." Lyrically a fascinating socio-cultural survey of the early '70s from a confused teenage viewpoint, it was overflowing with terrific musical hooks and riffs, building to a tension-filled frenzied climax. The flip, an energetic dance number called "Boogalooing Is For Wooing," was excellent as well, and all in all the single easily ranked as one of the most criminally overlooked commercial failures of 1972, a year replete with such injustices. Another, inferior single ("Louisiana Lady") followed, and then a squib in *Billboard* reported that Vanda and Young were returning to Australia in a local production capacity. It was a depressing end to a seven-year hit-and-miss (chiefly the latter) affair with pop stardom, but during its course the Easybeats in their various incarnations did make some of the finest high-spirited rock & roll around, and should be suitably commemorated.

---KEN BARNES

Rockin' Around the World

Probably the largest beat cult outside England and America existed in Germany. Before Liverpool groups started playing there, German rock consisted at its best of close imitations of American rockers like Elvis, Gene Vincent, etc. Rock & roll is essentially a product of American culture, and while Britishers can get close to it via shared language and some cultural similarities, no non-English speaking country prior to around 1969 managed to produce any rock that wasn't totally derivative.

But the Germans were, of course, turned on by all the excitement taking place across the Channel, and soon there were German beat groups making the trek to Liverpool, where for some reason they were as popular as the Liverpool groups were in Hamburg. There's no telling how many such groups there were, as only a few left any recorded heritage, but the evidence left by those few speaks well for Germany's contribution to the Big Beat.

One such group was the Rats, who I'm told included Mick Ronson (currently David Bowie's guitarist). Of their three releases I know of, most were blues songs like "Spoonful," "Parch-



man Farm" and "Everyday I Have the Blues." I have "Spoonful" on an American single, and can attest to its excellence. The sound is solid Mersey, especially the flip which is a typically Liverpool upbeat ballad.

Of all the German groups, only one had any impact in England or America. That was the Rattles. Perhaps it was the mystique of coming from the Star Club, where the Beatles first began to take off, but whatever the cause the Rattles became very popular in Liverpool.

They had shared a lot of bills back in Hamburg with the Searchers, whose first recordings were done there, and eventually an album of the two groups was issued, on which the Rattles material generally outshone that of the Searchers.

One of the oddest inequities of the English Invasion is the fact that, although they had to my knowledge no singles released here, there was in addition to that Searchers album, an entire LP of The Rattles' Greatest Hits which wasn't, I believe, even released in England! Anyway, we should count our blessings, because it's one of the era's best albums. The Rattles were better than most of the Liverpool groups. They sounded completely relaxed and natural with the material, had a fine sense of rave, a fantastic beat, sounded at times like the DC5 and early Manfred Mann, and could always be counted on to do enough Chuck Berry and Buddy Holly songs to keep things rocking. They recorded "Hippy Hippy Shake," "Sha La La La La," "Roll Over Beethoven," "Bye Bye Johnny," "Shame Shame Shame," "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" and a great song called "Las Vegas." Their choice of songs was generally pretty sound as far as their style was concerned, and somewhat more imaginative than many of the groups who never seemed to run out of Coasters and Isley Bros. material.

What many don't realize is that the Rattles never broke up. They released a wild scorcher called "The Witch" in 1969, sounding somewhat like Deep Purple, were back in '71 with a similar number "Devil's On the Loose," and have a new one, "Devil's Son," just out. Undoubtedly they've been recording continuously in Germany through the years, and there must be dozens of records unknown to us. Any reader having knowledge of same is urged to get in touch--this is one group whose greatness has survived the years, even if they are virtually forgotten.

There's one other group that needs to be mentioned in the context of German beat mu-



sic, and that's the Lords. I don't think any of their records came out in England or America, but they had such a good feeling for the music that they deserve some recognition. The Lords specialized in cover versions of English minor hits, and they picked some strange ones. For instance, they took the Country Gentlemen's arrangement of "Greensleeves," and also did versions of "Shakin' All Over," "Que Sera Sera" and "Seven Daffodils," based on English records that had never made the top 20.

Unfortunately I don't have either of the two albums released by the Lords during their beat phase, but if the three singles I have are any indication, they must have been great. They weren't especially creative, but they had the tone and every nuance of Liverpool rock down to a science. Their English, however, left a lot to be desired: "quivers down ze backbone, I got sie shivers in ze kneebone, vell ze krammers zit da schpinebone..." Great fun, tho.

Like the Rattles, the Lords are still active. I have three albums by them released in recent years. One, *Ulleogamaxbe*, was made during their psychedelic phase. Where originally they looked a bit like the Pretty Things, by 1969 they were wearing robes and exuding flowers. On *Shakin' All Over '70* (which incidentally leads one to wonder whether they were aware of Johnny Kidd's exceedingly obscure "Shakin' All Over '65") however, they were into a nice late-sixties English pop sound, and nowadays they're probably into either heavy metal or space rock. If anyone knows more about them, I'd appreciate hearing.

Oh, I almost forgot Drafi. Drafi was and is a German pop singer on the order of Engelbert Humperdinck, and I wouldn't mention him except for the fact that he made some excellent beat-style records in '65 and '66. "Come On Let's Go" (not the Ritchie Valens song) combines German and English lyrics with a great beat and some frantic raw singing. It was his first record, as "Drafi Deutscher & His Magics." The flip, "Shake Hands" is pretty wild too. It was one of three singles he had out here on London. But his first real hit was the ballad "Amanda," without the group, and that set the direction he was to follow. And disqualified him, alas, for a longer article in these pages.

Scandinavia was the source of a few good beat groups. Sweden had been known in the early '60s as the home of the Spotnicks, an instrumental group who put out around 20 albums before they were done. In 1965 an English

group called the Renegades migrated to Finland and announced that they were going to become the Beatles of that country. And it worked! "Cadillac" became a huge hit, there and in England, and was covered everywhere; in Denmark by Sir Henry & the Butlers, and in Sweden by a group called the Hep Stars.

The Hep Stars had no originality, but they had an amazing affinity for beat music, a taste for oldies, and a compelling sound featuring heavy rhythm guitar and lead organ. They left behind as their testament one incredible live album, containing versions of "Cadillac," "What'd I Say," "So Mystifying," "Only You," "Wear My Ring Around Your Neck," "Surfin' Bird," "Tallahassee Lassie," "If You Need Me," "Farmer John," "Bald Headed Woman" and "Whole Lotta Shakin'." The album has powerful kinetic force, one of the all-time great live albums. Unfortunately their studio versions of the same songs are as lacking in excitement as the album was replete with it, and are on the whole a disappointment. A cover of Mike Berry's "Buddy Holly Tribute" is about the best of the lot. They stayed together until about 1972, changing with the times, going through Psychedelic and ending up with Neil Young imitations. Too bad.

As for the rest of Europe, well, France must've had a small scene, but all I know of is Johnny Hallyday, who did cover versions of English hits just as he's covered everything else through the years. Italy must have had something too, since the Stones and Yardbirds recorded material in Italian specifically for that market, and the Beatles had a live album mistakenly issued there by EMI. There were probably local groups doing Mersey stuff in South Africa too, but I have no source for information except that Mickie Most had a successful recording career there before moving to England, the Troggs have always been popular there, and rock always seems to be in demand. Merseybeat was a worldwide phenomenon, and wherever there were recording facilities and a leisure class, kids were undoubtedly copying the music on record.

One of the larger such scenes, and one I do have some knowledge of, existed in Mexico. When I was living in San Francisco, I once found a store in the Mexican district that had a whole bin full of different albums with Mexican versions of English songs by the Stones, Yardbirds, Zombies, Kinks, etc. The groups looked pretty sharp, and I would've loved to buy 'em all, but not at \$6.98 a shot. I did however pick up one used album that was probably somewhat representative.

Meet the Fabulous Thunderbirds isn't strictly Mexican. The Thunderbirds were American Indians from the Pueblo village of Isleta, near the Mexican border, and the album was on an Albuquerque label called Red Feather. But it's close enough. The songs include "Route 66," "Chains," "Twist & Shout," "Hat Pastormi," "Let's Dance," "Glad All Over," "Roll Over Beethoven" and "Reelin' & Rockin'" (not the C. Berry song). Then there was Berry's "Everybody Rock" and the obscure Carl Dobkins oldie "If You Don't Want My Lovin'" as well as a Rod Bernard song! Performances vary from excellent to poor, but what's interesting is the way beat music infiltrated into the most remote cultures and excited teenage imaginations across the board--and also, of course, the way in which

local influences changed the music. On this record, amusingly enough, the Thunderbirds picked up Mick Jagger's garbled enunciation of the place names in "Route 66," and garbled them further till they came out gibberish, despite the fact that the cities named, such as Flagstaff, Kingman and Barstow, were in the group's own vicinity. Talk about rock & roll's power to override conditioning!

NOVELTIES

One gauge of the impact of the Beatles and the English Invasion is the number of records that were made by Americans, about them. Fans of novelty records know that there are three distinct sub-genres that make up the majority of such records, within the field of rock: flying saucer records, Elvis records, and Beatle records. And there were more Beatle novelties than the other two categories put together.

I know of nearly 60, and I don't claim to know about them all. Most of them involved some play on the idea of hair, or bugs, and most were centered on Ringo. Some were by girl groups, and were on the order of "I Want a Beatle For Christmas." Some of the better Beatle novelties were "I'm Better Than the Beatles" by Brad Berwick & the Bugs, "My Boyfriend Got a Beatle Haircut" by Donna Lynn, "The Beatle Flying Saucer" by Ed Solomon, "Frankenstein Meets the Beatles" by Jeckyl & Hyde, "The Beatles' Barber" by Scott Douglas, "Letter From Elaine" by Casey Kasem, and "The Guy With the Long Liverpool Hair" by the Outsiders, a punk-rocker in which a guy tries to explain to his girl that he hadn't been seen out with another chick, it was only a pal from work with the new Beatle haircut...

A lot of famous people made Beatle novelty records. Cher did "I Love You Ringo," as Bonnie Jo Mason, produced by Phil Spector. Allen Sherman recorded "I Hate the Beatles." Johnny & the Hurricanes did "Saga of the Beatles," an unbelievably bad vocal. British pop columnist Penny Valentine had "I Want to Kiss Ringo Goodbye." Ella Fitzgerald did "Beatle Boot." Gene Cornish & the Unbeetables (the Rascals) did a whole album, featuring "I Wanna Be a Beatle." Sonny Curtis cut "A Beatle I Want to Be."

My favorite novelty is Buchanan & Greenfield's "The Invasion," because it catches perfectly the whole initial sense of American record biz paranoia that greeted the Beatles' blitz of the charts, and the thinly-veiled contempt for their hair and music, that I detect in most of the non-girl Beatle novelties. It's also a very hot, exciting record; perhaps the best Buchanan ever made.

Then there were the albums. The bootlegs, the phony Ed Rudy interview albums with the Beatles, Stones, DC5. One strange one called Beatles Blast in Stadium that consists of interviews with screaming girls at a Beatles concert. There was an album of Beatle songs by the Chipmunks, and a comedy album on Swan called It's a Beatle World!!

Especially interesting were the ones designed to fool parents into thinking they were buy-

ing their torts Beatle albums. An LP of Beatle songs by the Haircuts. The Hit Sounds From England by the Liverpools. The Beatle Beat, by the Buggs. Beatlemania by the Bearcuts, and Beat-A-Mania, by artists unnamed, both "recorded in England," the latter "live," and full of Beatle songs. These are especially frustrating, because they all contain a few original songs that are quite good, and one wonders what English group, perhaps an obscure favorite, provided the tracks. Many like to believe that the Buggs were the Hollies, because their album included "Just One Look." One of my favorite frauds is an album by B. Brack & the Sultans, on Crown. All the songs have "Beetle" in the title, except "The Saints" and "My Bonnie," evidently included to fool those hip enough to recognize the titles of the Beatles' rare Atco single. The other songs are all surf instrumentals.



One I'm particularly fond of is Monster Melodies by Frankie Stein & His Ghouls, which I bought because of my interest in monster music, then discovered to my astonishment that it consisted of crude jazzy sax solos overdubbed onto Beatle and Kinks instrumental tracks!

Counting album tracks and singles I have yet to discover, there were likely over a hundred novelty songs about the Beatles, although I know of only a handful that were released in England. But when that many people are talking about something on record, you can be sure some pretty big phenomenon is underway. As if we needed to be told! These novelty records, by the way, are nowadays among the rarest of '60s recordings. If you've got any, hang onto 'em.



The SCENE



There was more to the English Invasion than just the music, y'know. I mean, that's the whole point of all this. Rock & roll can be an integral part of teenage culture, or it can lose touch and move into the background. Most of the time it alternates between the extreme limits of each condition. As we emerge from the second great rock recession, and observe the first such transition since the awakening of rock fandom's critical process, a lot of things become clear.

There are more reasons why we can refer to the years 1955-59 and 1963-67 as definite "rock & roll eras" aside from the fact that the percentage of good music took a sharp rise at their start and an equally abrupt decline at their close. In sheer quantity, there was probably more good rock out in 1971 than in '63 or '58, but it didn't matter because it all added up to a bunch of disconnected flukes and one of the worst years rock's ever had.

The crucial difference is one of context. An album like *Teenage Head* by the Flamin' Groovies was buried in 1970 because of the sheer weight of garbage it had to push its way out from under to even be heard. Today, the same album would be hailed as a masterpiece. Two years ago, rock & roll had no context. Even the best stuff lost a lot of sparkle because the battle seemed so hopeless. The situation in 1962 is quite analogous, and as rock begins taking on context once again in 1973, it's useful to look back on what happened the last time.

The first rock & roll era was important, not so much for its music, nor for the ephemera of youth culture that surrounded it (leather jackets, pony tails, hotrods, record hops, slang, etc.), but rather for the special magic that resulted from the interworking of the two, in other words the sense it gave kids of belonging to a real youth culture, with symbols and standards and all, that was theirs and theirs alone. That's why there's such a growing "oldies" movement. I went into this at some length for an article in *Crawdaddy* a couple of years ago, and what I said then still goes.

It's the cultural feedback that pushes rock & roll to its real heights, and what makes the Merseybeat years so important is the youth/

rock culture that thrived then. One of the first signs of a revival in youth culture is a special interest in fashion. English pop fashion had its roots in the '50s, with Mary Quant and the beginnings of Carnaby Street. In 1961 the Beatles hooked up with some German intellectuals who introduced the haircuts and collarless jackets that sparked rock fashion in Britain.

With new trends in fashion and music going on, there inevitably arises a creature known as the Dedicated Follower of Fashion. These types are shallow, superficial and phony. They exist to be clothes-horses and bearers of the latest music gossip. And yet, as the Kinks seem to have recognized, they are necessary to the whole process. They are the pollinators of style, and together they make up a Scene.

The Scene is the essential setting for everything that takes place in pop culture. It consists of a few central figures, culture heroes, surrounded by parasites and would-be scene-makers, themselves surrounded by the masses of teenagers, anxious to get as close to the source as they can, which is limited on the mass scale to records and pop magazines.

The pop journals are a good reflector of pop culture. They point up the fact that it's not always the musicians who are the central figures in a pop scene. There are always certain gadflies who exhibit such a sense of style that their doings become news as much as those of the rock stars. Girlfriends of the stars and their sisters become similarly enshrined. Then there are the musicians themselves, and the producers, the disc jockeys, etc. Not all of them, just the ones with a flair for style and social exhibitionism.

England's pop papers of the period are full of pictures and stories on these types, all of them, and they helped create an image of glamorous excitement that was known throughout England and the world as Swinging London. The clubs, the parties, the fashions, the Shrimptons and the Ashers, the Cathy McGowan and the Jimmy Savilles, the Andrew Oldhams and the Jonathan Kings, the Micks and

*Incidentally, this whole aspect of the relationship between rock and culture is discussed brilliantly, in great detail, in George Melly's remarkable book, *Revolt Into Style* (Anchor).

the Brians and all the rest—these were the personalities at the center of it all, they gave the scene its flavor, and the excitement of their lifestyles provided the inspiration for repressed teenagers everywhere.

Maybe it was in large part a phony, drummed-up excitement, but it always had the strength and exuberance of the music to fall back on, and the music itself was pushed to new extremes by the energy of the scene, and the need to be competitive within it. This scene, this social context in which the music existed, was bolstered and propagated by all the media—films, press, radio, TV, graphics, fashion, and so on. Melly's book gives the definitive run-down on all this. Right now we just want to examine a few aspects of some of these media.

PRINT: The established music weeklies were quick to pick up on Merseybeat, but the publications that sprang up after that are of special interest. *Mersey Beat* chronicled the early Liverpool scene, and helped focus local solidarity. (Brian Epstein was a columnist before he ever met the Beatles!) Later, it became *Music Echo*, which prior to merging with *Disc* in early '66 had an entire page of Liverpool news and trivia each issue, and was on the whole the most pop-oriented of all the papers. Andrew Oldham was a staff columnist, and his successor was Jonathan King.

Really, though, the best publications were those issued by the fan clubs. *Beatles Monthly*, *Stones Monthly*, and all the various newsletters dedicated to the Yardbirds, Who, Kinks, Zombies, and the obscure groups too, had a lot to do with spreading pop mania. They supplied their members with cards, buttons, special records, autographed photos, and all kinds of gossip, which kept the ephemera spreading at a fantastic rate. It's interesting to note that in the past year or so we have seen the beginnings of some new, dedicated and hyperactive fan clubs, for groups like the Move, the Kinks, David Bowie, and... the Beatles!

In America, *Hit Parade* provided intelligent commentary on the music together with plenty of photos and mania-inducing gossip—3 separate, info-packed gossip columns and a special section of news from England. In those days, HP was the perfect rock publication. They wrote about blues and jazz, were aware

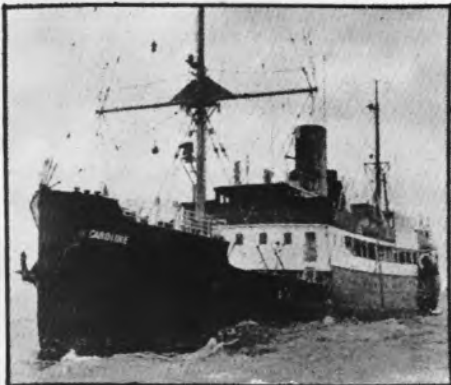
of esoterica, and had peerless editorial perspective and even some thoughtful writing, yet they also played up the excitement of it all, which the "underground" rock press helped kill off the music by not doing.

Anyway, *Hit Parade* was soon joined by countless other publications that played up the excitement to an even greater extent, leaving out the intelligence altogether. Papers with names like *Record Beat*, *National Blast Weekly*, *Vox Teen Beat*, *World Countdown*, *Teenset*, *Hullabaloo*, *Weekly Beat*, and *Wild Wild Groups* appeared. *National Record News* headlined, "BEATLEMANIA SWEEPS U.S." *Blast* devoted its cover in Nov. '65 to banner headlines reading: "MICK LEAVING STONES!"

The real proliferation of these papers occurred on the local level, with radio stations putting out or sponsoring tabloids full of news and pix and contests and letter columns and excitement. The KFWB/KEWB *Hitliners* and the KRLA/KYA *Beats* were the best on the west coast, but others are valuable for their reportage of local bands, who were of course all trying to look and sound English.

Few of these publications lasted more than a few issues, but as with the groups it was a great time to cash in, and there was room for all of it.

RADIO: Because of the BBC's policy of playing only a portion of each record, some alternative was needed if the kids were to hear the new beat sounds. The pirate stations came along to meet that need. For a report on that, we turn to Terry Wagborne in England.....



PIRATE RADIO IN THE U.K.

In the mid-sixties, British radio broadcasting was revolutionised by the advent of off-shore commercial radio, or the pop pirates as the establishment referred to them, and as they are now best known. It all began during the Easter of 1964...the end came just over four years later. The pirates' absence has always been conspicuous. The manner of their demise, a broadside of government legislation, still rankles, for it was their very existence which underlined the immense need for a commercial radio setup in Britain.

When the vessel M.V. *Caroline* began broadcasting on 199 metres medium wave, the BBC's vast listening audience, tempted by the sheer novelty of non-stop pop music, tuned in in their thousands. In a matter of days *Caroline*, anchored off Felixstow on the coast of



Three of the original Radio Caroline disc jockeys: Chris Moore, Carl Conway, and Simon Dee

southern England, became a household name. Its first disc jockeys, Simon Dee, Chris Moore, Carl Conway and Tom Lodge, were as well known as many of the BBC's long-serving stalwarts.

Looking back, it's hardly surprising that *Caroline* gobbled up so much of the BBC's listening audience in so short a time. The Beeb's amount of 'needle time' was woefully limited, and it wasn't possible to advertise with them. *Caroline's* very existence meant exciting possibilities for businesses both large and small, especially for teen and pop oriented products. At first only small traders from the south paid for plugs, but a few months later, *Radio Atlanta* began test transmissions employing budget line 45s.

Its top DJ was Australian Tony Withers, who later changed his surname to Windsor. *Atlanta*, however, didn't last very long. *Caroline's* boss, Ronan O'Rahilly, moved fast—a white paper entitled "News Release—Commercial Radio Merger" was issued. Its text read: "The Directors of Project Atlanta and Planet Productions Limited today issued a joint statement announcing a merger between *Radio Atlanta* and *Radio Caroline*. The companies are responsible for the advertising and selling of time on the two off-shore commercial radio stations. Mr. Allan Crawford, Managing Director of Project Atlanta, and Mr. Ronan O'Rahilly, Managing Director of Planet Productions, will become joint managing directors of the new operation."

The ship *Caroline*, it was announced, would sail to the Isle of Man to a position five miles from Ramsey, continuing to broadcast en route and remaining on 199 metres. The ship *Atlanta* would continue broadcasting from its position, to the Greater London area and southeast England under the national call sign, *Radio Caroline*. In their joint statement, Crawford and O'Rahilly said:

"The decision to merge was taken in view of the enormous interest from the public and advertisers in other parts of England outside the original broadcasting area. This network will cover the most populous areas of Great Britain. All departments will merge from one office. The *Caroline Club* and other land-based operations will continue and be extended to cover the new broadcasting area."

This was really telling it to the people. *Caroline Club* figures swelled, 199 car stickers were handed out by the wadful, and big but big advertising came *Caroline's* way—the giant Nabisco Foods Ltd, Pepsi, Bulova Watches and many others, all poured money into the kitty, thus ensuring that *Caroline* was no 9-day wonder. This meant a throbbing headache for the BBC, they had no readymade answer, and the arrival of *Radio London*, a slick, highly professional, mid-Atlantic styled enterprise, drove more nails into the BBC's coffin. And it didn't end there. Pop singer Screaming Lord Sutch, a zany genius for creating his own publicity, launched *Radio Sutch* off the Kent coast, or rather he commandeered an old sea fort. Later he sold it to his manager at the time, Reg Calvert, who renamed it *Radio City*. There was more than one battered old sea fort—suddenly radio's 309 and King existed. And finally, along came *Radio's Britain and England*!!

The pop pirates' influence in the record business cannot be overlooked. They played more or less what they wanted to and when. Mass airplay by *Caroline* took Dianne Warwick's "Walk On By" into the charts; the Righteous Bros. recording of "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" lay around unnoticed as Cilla Black's cover version shot towards the top of the charts. But *Caroline* switched to the American recording, mass plugging for it resulted in a #1 hit two weeks later. Later on, many of the pirates brought different styles of music into the average British household.

Later on, many of the pirates brought different styles of music into the average British household. Mike Raven on *Radio 309* converted many listeners to the blues. Johnny Walker on *Caroline* boosted soul music in Britain. On the same station West Indian Blue Beat and later, its variations Ska and Rock Steady won generous airtime. The Beatles and the Rolling Stones were high on the pirates' list of most played artists. *Radio City* in particular spotlighted these two groups.

Radio London made up its own chart. It changed rapidly, many new releases by unknown artists were featured. *London*, like *Caroline*, also helped bring Jim Reeves to the fore as a hit parade name, and like the other pirates they spun records by deceased artists, something the BBC seemed loathe to do.

Eddie Cochran for instance was rarely heard on their popular music waveband, the Light Programme, after his death, and other dead stars weren't featured at all.

One record company, Major Minor (now defunct) bought air time to familiarise record fans with such names as the Coloured Raisins, the Equals, David McWilliams, Sugar & Dandy and the Dubliners. But other companies and some artists had a cooler attitude toward the pirates. Disc sales were falling drastically at the time of the pirates' peak in popularity. Whether this fact was taken into consideration when the government drew up its legislation, I don't know, but there was great pressure from various quarters for government action. The additional fact that the establishment wasn't receiving any revenue from the pirates was another thorn in the flesh.

And so, at the height of its popularity, commercial radio was duly torpedoed. All except Caroline threw in the towel without a fight—from a financial point of view, a good policy as it was an offence to work for and advertise with the pirates. Caroline North & South battled on for several months before both ships were towed to Holland for, as one spokesman said, "refitting." Neither has ever broadcast since.

Later that year, 1967, the BBC launched Radio 1, staffed by many pirate DJs! However, Caroline and London aren't forgotten, probably because 70% of Radio 1's needle time is woefully misused.

Commercial radio is scheduled to return sometime in 1973, some 60 land-based stations are planned. Now legalized, perhaps the story will after all have a happy ending. Whether or not Ronan O'Rahilly and the other much maligned pioneers will find a slot in the new setup remains to be seen. Their reward for revitalising radio broadcasting was, in the end, meagre. Britain's "Swinging Sixties" owed much to these men. It was an era in which the younger generation's needs were, as entertainment was concerned, fully met. The pop pirates can rightfully claim much of the credit for this. Ironical then that they should be outlawed and killed off, but indeed the lot of a pioneer is not always a happy one.

---TERRY WAGHORNE



TELEVISION: England has always had plenty of rock on TV, thanks chiefly to Jack Good. Throughout the sixties there were usually at least three or four weekly rock shows. The content of most of these was roughly equivalent to that of Bandstand and its imitators, admittedly, but in Jack Good's productions at least there was usually a greater sensitivity to the actual tastes of the audience, and some truly exciting stuff was often worked in. But America didn't have its taste of high-energy pop TV until Good came over, on a hunch, to see what was happening, and ended up producing the greatest rock show of all time--Shindig.

ROCK & ROLL TV IN AMERICA

Here is, 1973, and rock history is repeating itself once again. The networks of NBC and ABC have once more started showing rock TV shows for our consumption and exploitation. Though In Concert and Midnight Special have only been on for a few months, it's pretty obvious that, although both shows suck, In Concert is a lot better than Midnight Special. ABC has always had a slight edge in taste when it came to presentation of rock groups. In Concert has no MC and showcases just a few bands in its hour and a half time period. Sure, there are gobs of commercials, but that's what TV's all about to begin with, and commercials have been the most interesting things on the video for the last few years anyway. Nothing beat the thrill I got when I saw the newest For Brunettes Only commercial. After our dazzling brunette comes out of the phone booth a new woman, she sells some deodorant on top of it. Really too much.

Midnight Special, on the other hand, is just plain awful. It's bad enough that Mac Davis is allowed to breathe. Would you want him to host your rock show? There's plenty of performers on Midnight Special, but nobody gets to do more than two songs, and they better be hits. The audience is small and sits around the stage area (real informal like, y'see) and nods out 'cause there's nothing to get excited about. At least In Concert changes locales and has a somewhat derelict band of freaks in the audience to look at.

These new shows bring to mind the real golden age of TV as far as rock & roll is concerned: the mid '60s, when both nationally televised and local shows ran amuck on the tube without the slightest inclination towards meaning or purpose. It was paradise for those of us who were teens then. We'd have our radios tuned to our favorite station all day and night, maybe buy a few singles or maybe even an album. There weren't many concerts to go to, and so your main audio/visual contact with the stars was the box, and you certainly weren't let down too often. There was no way to miss the groups, since they all did the TV circuit, from the king, Ed Sullivan, to Shindig, Hullabaloo, Hollywood Palace and generally any variety show that wanted to stay high in the rating wars. Local disc jockey heroes usually had a rock dance show of some sort, like Lloyd Thaxton and Sam Riddle in the West and Jerry Blavat and Clay Cole in the East.

Shindig and Hullabaloo, appearing at prime time, were by far the most popular. Shindig was the brainchild of British entrepreneur Jack Good (who had pioneered rock TV in



Jack Good, father of rock & roll TV

England in the '50s). He pulled some teeth with the ABC brass and sold them on the idea of a live rock & roll show to be filmed before a live audience. Jimmy O'Neill, the pompadoured west coast DJ, was selected to be the host, and he was neat and wholesome and adequately charming. O'Neill was capable of doing many things, especially asking teenagers their name and age almost as well as Dick Clark.

Who can forget the Stridex Medicated Pad commercials on Shindig? Here's this sink in the middle of a studio, with a mirror and a towel. "Okay Eddie, go wash your face with plenty of soap and water." While Eddie scrubs his zit-covered face, O'Neill tells us of the immeasurable qualities embodied in the Stridex pad. "Is your face really clean?" "I think so." "Okay Eddie, rub the pad across your face." Voila, dirt. Living proof that Stridex medicated pads clean dirt and grime from your face better than soap and water. Did'ja ever notice that the dirt always seemed to come from O'Neill's fingertips when he grabbed the pad back from Eddie?

Shindig had a bunch of regulars that were on almost every show, and you could pick your fave from all walks of popdom. Bobby Sherman rivalled O'Neill for DA honors, and, better than that, Sal Mineo discovered him and got him on the show. Glen Campbell was the resident folk singer, with a long pony tail hanging down his back. His farts was the protest song and I remember hearing his single of "Universal Soldier" once on the radio. Glen was into his twelve string then, and never even did any fancy picking, intent as he was on making it as a folkie. Donna Loren, what a fox! Dark haired little devil she was, with a great low voice that didn't fit her looks. More people knew her from her Dr. Pepper commercials than from Shindig, but more still will remember her from her beach movies with Annette the F. and Frankie the A. Donna once told Elvis where to get off and got kicked off a movie she was to co-star with him in. Real class.

Sonny and Cher were on so much that they could be considered regulars. Recalls Cher: "Sonny and I used to go by the Shindig studio and literally beg Jack Good to listen to us. We would leave our record ("Baby Don't Go") write letters--signing fans' names--and make hundreds of phone calls requesting Sonny & Cher, but to no avail. One day we got into his office, and when Jack walked in we jump-

ROCK & ROLL TV IN AMERICA, contd.

ed up and started singing and dancing. All Jack did was look at me, then at Sonny, and say, "Cher is very pretty." He finally let them go on, for twelve seconds. But the sheepskin vests and Cher's bellbottoms brought them back many more times. Each time they'd finish a tune, Sonny would rest his head on Cher's shoulder. True love!

The Righteous Brothers and the Blossoms were the best of the regular cast. Bill Medley and Bobby Hatfield worked super hard on *Shindig*, and it finally paid off when Uncle Phil grabbed them and made them stars. The great thing was that ever teen who watched *Shindig* could feel that he or she was a part of their success story. Ah, America, land of opportunity. The Blossoms were led by the great Darlene Love, with her overlapping front teeth. Strange how they were always



Jimmy O'Neill

dressed so out of synch with everyone else. They seemed like a bit of nostalgia even then. But Darlene and the girls found in *Shindig* a new life, making it to an Elvis tour and tons of session backup vocal work with the best of 'em.

And the Shindiggers! They hardly did anything on the show, but what a band! James Burton was the original guitarist, but he left to do more session work after awhile, so Don Preston replaced him. Joey Cooper on rhythm guitar, a nonfat Delaney Bramlett on bass and lead vocals, Chuck Blackwell on drums and Glen Hardin on organ. I remember never hearing anything they did cause the girls were screaming so much, and if you didn't recognize a song within the first four bars, that was it, cause that's all you could hear before hysteria set in.

The Shindigger dance troupe was pretty nondescript. They never knew what they were

supposed to be doing, and they usually collected in the back of the stage and made believe they did, which only made it look worse. Carol Shelyne, the blonde with the big round lensless glasses, was the only one worth remembering, if only because how many of us knew someone with round lensless glasses?

The Stones were on a few times, doing mainly tunes from their first three albums. They'd start with "Around and Around," just to shake everybody loose. Then a slow one like "Off the Hook" or "Pain in My Heart." Back to a rocker like "It's All Over Now" or "The Last Time." Keith never played the same solo twice on the speaking part of "Time Is On My Side," and Mick would always walk into a different edge of the stage.

The Who usually did "I Can't Explain." Sometimes they'd score with "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere," complete with drum solo, and once they even did "Daddy Rolling Stone." Those were the days when Keith Moon wore his bulls-eye T-shirt and he played with his sticks dangling from bent wrists. Ray Davies even let Dave sing "I'm a Lover, Not a Fighter," probably so he wouldn't feel bad about not being able to take much of any kind of solo, cause he didn't know how yet. Eric Burdon's pimples never seemed to get suppressed, no matter how much makeup they smeared on, and it was hard to believe that the Beau Brummels weren't from England.

Shindig's format was haphazard, but in a strange way, very innocent and delightful. They just sort of stuck people on, with no real continuity or reason. Kind of like the way you put on records. On a given night anyone could be on, from the Stones to Patty Duke to Donovan. Sets were minimal, just some props against a blank backdrop. Neil Sedaka would climb a set of stairs for "Stairway to Heaven," the dancers would be lollipops for Millie Small, etc. When the big names were on, the stage would be bare, and the camera was just like our virgin eyes, scanning the stage, focusing on each member of the band for a few seconds. Complete frenzy. Ray Davies wobbling a forefinger at us. A Mick Jagger handclap or maraca. Keith Richard's big ears. Dave Clark's pasted-on smile. A Mike Love squint.

The bands really played it up for the camera, and they also seemed to control the whole environment. When the Stones brought Howlin' Wolf with them to sing "Little Red Rooster," O'Neill tried to do a voice over introduction

of the Stones, and Mick grabbed the mike and told Jimmy to shut his trap. At least someone was aware that cultural education was in process each time the cameras rolled.

Hullabaloo was guided by pipe smoking exec Gary Smith of NBC, and its main goal was cashing in on the action *Shindig* was getting. It took over the 7:30 Monday night slot in mid season, hoping to outdo *Shindig* on every level. The early time slot (*Shindig* was on Wednesdays at 8:30) was utilized pretty well. A more family oriented show, *Hullabaloo* stank of commercial flash. There were different guest hosts each week. Noel Harrison, George Hamilton, Brenda Lee, Michael London. It got worse as each week progressed, but we needed it and bled it, so we sat there staring anyway.

Hullabaloo was sponsored by Yardley cosmetics, and a Yardley commercial could save any dying show. You got a scene in London with fluffy dogs and extraordinary blondes that fluttered their false eyelashes and had seven feet of legs. Any young punk that didn't run to the john afterwards to get his rocks off just didn't know how to live.

Hullabaloo had regular features, like Brian Epstein's taped spots and the unforgettable "Hullabaloo Discotheque." The Discotheque looked like it was conceived by Russ Meyer. There were flashing neon lights, the stage was high off the ground, and there were go go girls in plastic cube booths on all sides. Whenever Lada Edmunds Jr. was one of the go go girls, you could bet that your old man would be at your side drooling. The red headed "avant garde" dancer could shake her tits underneath those *Hullabaloo* sweatshirts better than anybody else on the scene in '65 and '66. Sometimes they'd give her a solo spot, or she'd join Joey Heatherton, a frequent guest, for some pulsating number.

Brian Epstein's spots were boring cause he was, but at least the Beatles were on once, doing "Day Tripper" on a fake train and "We Can Work it Out" with John on organ and George on acoustic. They lip synched, something *Hullabaloo* was notorious for making their guests do, and I remember John sneering and missing a finger move on purpose. (They played live on *Shindig*, doing "Kansas City,"



"I'm a Loser" and "Boys.") Brian brought a lot of women on, though, and that was nice, especially when it was Marianne Faithfull, Dusty Springfield or Sandie Shaw, who was rumored to go barefoot a lot while performing.

Hullabaloo did give us our first glimpses of the Hollies, Wayne Fontana & the Mindbenders, the Lovin' Spoonful and the Rascals. The Rascals were in an alley, dressed in knickers, hiding behind garbage cans. Creative art department, huh? The Hollies did "Look Through Any Window" when they were on, and they did an instant replay of Tony Hicks' guitar break when the song ended. The Byrds were introduced on Hullabaloo, and they sang "Mr. Tambourine Man." Were they a sight! Crosby was wearing his cape to hide his spreading middle, causing him to sweat like hell under the hot lights. McGuinn had his grannies cocked at perfect camera angle, and Gene Clark had not one, but two tambourines. And Herman's Hermits and Billy J. Kramer were always good for a laugh.

The competition was hot and heavy between the two shows and Jack Good came up with the idea of two half hour Shindigs, just like Peyton Place. Tuesday and Thursday were the new days, and though it seemed like a good move, it backfired. Shindig began slipping and ABC got worried. Hullabaloo had its set spots, so they didn't have to worry that much about programming, especially after the Hullabaloo's got started and were on every other week. But Shindig's disjointed format didn't make it in a half hour spot. It started and it was over. No longer could the Animals or the Beach Boys do five or six tunes. Things got cramped, and even though Sonny & Cher and the Righteous Brothers had hits on the radio, the ratings started to slip.

ABC made up its mind in the middle of the season, and by June '66, Shindig was dead. Instead of grabbing the whole audience, Hullabaloo started slipping too and it got axed also. Just how all this happened is pretty much a mystery to everyone. An important thing to remember is that punk rock was in full swing by '66, and whereas the high school prom had once been unable to provide good entertainment a short two years before, now every city had their own dynamite band. The British bands had played themselves out to a large extent, and if you lived in Minneapolis, the Trashmen were all you needed for a good time. Bands practiced in pop's basement and garage. No time to watch those farts on the tube anymore; everybody was a star now.



That's Jack Good up above, surrounded by a bevy of bouncy Shindig dancers.

Local rock shows that were syndicated did a little better since they could be aired at relatively calm times like Saturday afternoons or early Sunday night. If you were into the Strangeloves, Sam Riddle had them on at least twice a month. Lloyd Thaxton was good for a big band or two now and then. Even Soupy Sales in New York had rock acts on his Saturday show. It might have been the only place that Jerry Lee Lewis got work for a year or two. The Shangri-Las, the Shirelles and the Detergents were on a few times, and, of course, Tony and the Tigers, featuring Tony and Hunt Sales.

The true punk haven was Upbeat, filmed in a garage in Cleveland. A real hotbed of activity, Cleveland brought together a lot of the midwestern bands. Upbeat had 'em all. Cheesy Don Webster was the host, Bonnie Bell's Lotion was the sponsor. Jeff Kutash was the fag that led and performed with the Upbeat dancers, and the GTO's were the house band. ? & the Mysterians, the McCoy's, the Shadows of Knight, Bob Seger, the Blues Magoos. I saw all of them on Upbeat. And, oh yeah, what's his name--Terry Knight & the Pack--they were the house favorites, especially when Terry got on his knees to sing "I Who Have

Nothing." Blue Cheer and Steppenwolf appeared regularly, but by that time people were going to concerts so it all didn't matter anymore.

I guess it was that feeling of being right up front that made Shindig and Hullabaloo so appealing. More fun than a record, less hassles and less expensive than a live show.



The Shindogs (left) included James Burton, Don Preston, Delaney Bramlett and other renowned musicians, but were no less important to Shindig than Jack Good and those wild young female dancers (above).

It was a more than comfortable middle ground to be in, and you really felt that the bands were playing for you and you alone. I have tons of memories and tapes that will never leave me, thank God. So pick up a pen and write ABC today! If they can rerun McHale's Navy and The Untouchables forever, they can show old Shindig shows too. Oh, well. Back to my crusty, moldy Flips for more sweet release....

---BILLY ALTMAN

SUMMARY

Fittingly enough, as I pen these closing words, Richard Nader's "English Invasion Revival" show is being screened on "Midnight Special". Having spent nearly two years researching and putting together this issue, seeing this show naturally gives rise to many thoughts. When we began work on this issue, there was no hint of anything resembling a "sixties revival". Now it is evidently upon us.

The fifties revival (which, incidentally, is still going strong and getting bigger all the time) taught us one important lesson: that "oldies" can be broken down fairly readily into those which nowadays sound dated, and those that don't, and also that there are two types of oldies fans—those who can differentiate and (in the vast majority) those who can't. From the way 50's rock was aesthetically butchered by the latter group of nostalgists (remember Sha Na Na?), those who really care about the music for its own sake should have been alerted to the necessity of preventing the music of the sixties from suffering a similar fate when its turn inevitably came up.

Regardless of what they say, the Richard Naders of the world will always choose to milk nostalgia over supporting music, because that's where the money lies. That's why he booked a tour with Herman's Hermits, Billy J. Kramer and Wayne Fontana instead of the Dave Clark Five, the Troggs, the Zombies, the Nashville Teens or the Swinging Blue Jeans. Maybe the fact that the tour bombed can be taken as some indication that audiences are a little wiser and more critical when it comes to the music of the sixties. Certainly we've seen a reluctance to segregate the best 60's rock as "oldies" in the cavalier fashion that 50's music was long ago written off. Hip FM stations don't feel the need to program weekly shows hosted by people with names like "Doctor Oldies" to play Dylan, Hendrix, Byrds, Stones, Beatles, etc. That stuff is treated with as much respect as the very latest Captain Beyond release, with the implicit recognition that good music simply doesn't age.

Getting back to the English Invasion and this magazine, what we've tried to do is lay out the basic foundations for an educated understanding of the roots and beginnings of sixties rock—or rather, the Second Rock & Roll Era, as we've defined it. I think the only way to halt the advancement of oldies consciousness is to decide for ourselves what constitutes an "oldie" as opposed to music that means something and deserves to be taken seriously. It isn't enough that the Beatles have acceptance—you can hear 'em on the oldies stations now too, for that matter. If the work of the early Beatles and Stones is acknowledged, why not that of the Searchers, Troggs, Pretty Things, Walker Bros., etc.? If one of Ian & the Zodiacs had gone on to join Crosby, Stills & Young, then we'd be hearing their stuff on the radio too. But it should be the *music* that's considered on its own terms, and that's what we'd like to see happen.

Accordingly, this special double issue of *Who Put The Bomb* has been rather heavily analytical, as we've attempted to chart the development of a sound and style that had a direct influence on just about everything that subsequently took place in rock & roll. The groups have been examined and evaluated on the basis of what they contributed to the music of their era and to the lasting body of rock culture, and whenever possible, patterns of influence and development have been pointed out. We don't pretend that this has been a comprehensive survey. Some groups, such as the Stones, were left out because there wasn't much new to be said about them. Others, like Cilla Black or Chad & Jeremy, because musically they were too peripheral to the subject matter, even though they were among the biggest in sales and will probably be in some future Nader package. And others, among them Chris Farlowe and Sandie Shaw, because there just wasn't room or need for a full treatment.

But I believe we have made a good start toward understanding what the English Invasion was all about. There are many important ramifications that we haven't even touched on, of course. One of the most significant aspects of Merseybeat, as the keynote of the Second R&R Era, is the manner in which its guitar and vocal sound crept into all varieties of music during its era, and also the way the British approach to song structure was taken up by everybody to give the era a sort of

diverse homogeneity of sound. Beyond even the Beatle imitators, another entire subject that we'll be tackling in future issues, it's amazing how you can date records by the likes of Brenda Lee, the Four Seasons, the Everly Bros., Bobby Vee, Gene Pitney and many others, by their obvious Mersey influence. So much music of the mid-sixties is worthy of more respect than it's gotten, and we'll get to it all eventually, but for now at least we've pinned down the source.

The Liverpool groups were, of course, not the real source of sixties rock. Two big styles came before and played an even more basic role: surf music, which (with Merseybeat as a later catalyst) spawned the whole West Coast sound, and (more important yet) the girl group/Brill Bldg. style, which was one of the prime influences on the early British groups. We'll be getting to those subjects in future issues as well, along with a region-by-region tracing of the 1964-7 "punk rock" boom in America, folk rock, some early psychedelia, and all the other little unclassifiable trivia that made up the Second Rock & Roll Era.

Let's return to that term a little bit, because I think it's a vital part of the new approach to rock history we're trying to build. I'm very much opposed to the idea of classifying music according to its date of release; I favor a stylistic aesthetic that compares a record with others of its type. What kind of sense can you make of a year in which some of the best records have been made by Dave Edmunds, the Raspberries, and Slade? The only sane way to discuss Edmunds and the Raspberries is in terms of, respectively, Phil Spector and the Beatles, while bands like Slade, the Sweet, Mott The Hoople, and ELO clearly belong in the 70's and the newly-emerging Third Era.

Taking into account such throwbacks as the Raspberries, and the others that are bound to follow (and incidentally the fact that these bands are working with styles created in the sixties should have no bearing on their commerciality in today's market), there was such a clear-cut hiatus of rock & roll/pop music between 1967 and 1972 that we should have no trouble accepting the sixties (1961-7) as a discrete musical epoch (we could do the same for 1967-72, with its psychedelia, boogie-blues and singer-songwriters, but it would be too depressing even to contemplate).

Anyway, there's sure to be plenty of discussion on this issue in the lettercol next time, so let's hold it for now. The

point is that with this definition in mind, and the English invasion as a reference point, *Who Put The Bomb* will be dedicated to investigating the Second Era of Rock & Roll, for the foreseeable future. This doesn't preclude the possibility of articles on artists of the 50's or 70's, however, because the lines of influence stretch tightly in both directions and we mustn't forget the larger picture.

LAST WORDS

It took us much longer than should have been necessary to get this issue together, and while we have plenty of great excuses, I still feel an apology is due all our patient subscribers. Things should go more smoothly from here out, now that we're settled in Los Angeles, established in our new format, and blessed with a sorely needed helping hand. With this issue, former contributing editor Ken Barnes joins our staff as co-editor, so in the future *WPTB* should be better written, better researched, and more frequent. In addition to his fine contributions in this issue, Ken has done more than his share of the tedious research that went into

the project, undoubtedly avoiding still more months of delay.

One project in particular on which Ken's help has been indispensable is discographical research. You may have noticed the singular lack of discographies in this issue; when I started out to compile listings of every record issued by every English rock/pop artist during the years 1962-7, I didn't quite realize how extensive it would turn out to be. The listings are now as complete as we can get them, including hundreds of groups, and packed with astonishing information. It's more an encyclopedia of English rock than a mere set of discographies, as there are also facts about each artist, personnel of groups, where they came from and where they went, what the records sounded like, and a brief rundown of each act's career. Plus, of course, all releases are listed with both U.S. and U.K. numbers, as well as appearances on V.A. albums, dates, and other odd facts. The whole thing will be published in the near future as a separate book, with the addition of lotsa photos, original art work, and some other goodies. It's an item no serious student of rock & roll will want to miss. *Bomp* subscribers will receive the book in lieu of one of their issues (unless they request otherwise);

all others can get it for \$1.00, and I'm taking advance orders now. And by the way, this project does not conflict with Alan Betrock's *Book Of U.K. Discographies*, which we highly recommend, since the latter volume covers mostly late sixties groups and there is very little overlap. For a copy, send \$3 to Alan at Box 253, Elmhurst-A NY 11373.

Starting next issue, *Who Put The Bomb* will include a couple of new features. We're adding an "addenda" column, in which we'll print all the corrections and omissions you readers are sure to catch. Please don't tell us about groups we "missed" until you see the discographies, but there are bound to be hundreds of loose ends arising from that, and we'll appreciate your help in tying them up. Plus, bowing to popular demand, we're beginning a swap column where readers can buy, sell and trade records, tapes, ephemera, whatever. The cost for ads will be 25c per word.

And that's it for next issue. Hope you enjoyed it, sorry again for the delay. From here on out things will really be happening, so make sure your subscriptions are up to date. *And don't forget to keep on shakin'!!*

--Greg Shaw



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Dear Greg,

WPIB's numbers 7, 8, and 9 just arrived many thanks. No. 9 is very impressive, but I have a few quibbles.

1. Music hall in England was a native form of pop music and was not an outgrowth of Vaudeville. It related to traditional, rural folk music as urban blues related to country blues if you can buy that. When people began gathering in cities in the early 19th century (industrial revolution etc.) they sought their leisure in beer houses, gin palaces/bars; singers and songs got louder, cruder and began to mix with politics, speeches, comics etc. It was an entertainment created by common people out of their own experience. In the hey day of music hall (the 1890's) the scene was quite like black culture in America of local pubs and halls. In the big cities, huge halls with endless bills, good and bad (live the Apollo). It was then that people realized that there was a mass market which could be tapped by professionals. The 1900's saw the development of film and the music publishing business, pushing out ballads and clever lyrics, starting performers, package tours (including from America, Buffalo Bill, vaudeville, and the first introduction into England of 'conni acts', minstrels, dances.)

The essence of music hall was the message rather than the medium, and the message was moral class solidarity, humor, political comment, warmth -- has survived, just about. The best rock account is the Stones' ambiguous "Salt of the Earth". By the 1920s the mass medium pop music as such was shown, itself heavily Americanized -- we did get the jazz and blues influences and like you had a huge impact on the 1960's. I read someone's memories of being a seaman in Salford (Lancashire) in the 1920s -- he used to dress there, hang around street corners in a gang, up to dance halls, and learn all the newest American dances -- sounds familiar. The roots of the 1960's jazz revival were the kids who grew up in the 1920s and found fellow jazz purists in the army during the war. England wasn't as dead as you suggest -- that's the best account of the scene during this period is in Francis Newton's *The Jazz Scene* (a Penguin in England).

2. I think the reason why recorded rock (except the Shadows) was so successful was because of the structure of the music industry hadn't changed since its creation in the 1920's -- no local markets, no independent record companies, producers/studios, no way to handle teenagers -- it was dominated by music publishers (the mechanisms of record sales). The 1960's were a significant for English rock to this day -- we were as good as rock -- roll as anyone but performers couldn't get off the ground because of the Morris Paragours and Larry Parnes who were hung round their necks -- this affected the songs they had to sing then in, etc. etc. good Charlie. The success of the City by Charlie Chittely confirms this effect of the English music business, so do the other good descriptions of the 1950's -- George Melly's *Dancing Up* (an English Penguin) was in a record band at the time and Eddie Langford, Tim Page (the book's author) was the publisher -- an implicit account by one of its stalwarts of why the industry was threatened by rock 'n' roll.

3. Music hall, yes -- but you never went to the pubs and halls where most of the native (unrecorded) rockers played. I was too young but I heard about the blood and the rancor -- the music can't have been all soft (it's the someone remembered these days first-hand). Lack of commitment and conviction? Well, it took time to become an ingrained rocker and, fuck it, those groups hadn't been doing nothing between hearing Bill Haley and exploding into the Mersey Sound. You should get something written on the German Club scene and how it kept the lads going until they were tough enough to ignore English showbiz. That's the big thing they did -- beaters, sleazy corners and the mates, pirates -- and the details of that story (not just a musical one) have still to be written. (Meanwhile showbiz is lighting back. England's too bloody small. Robert Selwood etc. are too bloody powerful.)

3. Jet Harris was about the first bad boy of English pop (Terry Dene was the very first.) When he got done for doing I fell in love with Billie Davis as she promised, through her tears "I will stand by him forever." She didn't. She did make a great record -- "Tell Him" -- a cover of the American hit by the Everly Brothers (who also did the original "Don't Be Diddy Diddy"). She had been the voice for Mike Smith (on "Wild") and "Come Outside" or both) who went on to have a breakthrough. She's still about and I read somewhere that she's going to get married to the college circuit -- she's a good singer but her material is usually lousy. There's another (brief) story for you -- England's female rock history.

4. The Troops made "Lost Girl" a million times over CBS before "Wild Thing." Nobody bought it so CBS turned "Wild Thing" down. Larry Page was the Kings' first manager and also handled the Riot Squad (Mitch Mitchell on drums I think.) He found "Wild Thing" in a pile of demos (made by Chip Taylor himself according to Reg Presley) together with "Mid You Ever Have to Make Up Your Mind." which the Troops also prepared -- imagine if they'd released that instead! As it was they were beaten to release by the Hedgehoppers Anonymous, who had had a hit with Jonathan King's "Good Times Week" and followed up with a close harmony version of "Wild Thing".

SIMON CRITH
London

...Received Bones couple day ago and can't hardly wait to write to you with grateful thanks and admiration for both issues. After all the rubbish and self-indulgent one-upmanship of Cream and Crawl (do you see U.K., Cream and Crawl) they are a joy -- read 'em both from cover to cover with almost total enjoyment. The weakest stuff, to my taste, comes from the professionals amongst your contributors -- like at least one of your correspondents I find Lester Bangs a bit much -- it's a transcendental thing but I find it difficult to follow what he's on about. But that's a petty gripe -- they really are magnificent -- graphics and all. What I really like is the stuff like the Wanda Jackson piece -- really loving full writing. I've never heard Wanda

to my knowledge, but that bloke has convinced me that she's the greatest white she-rocker ever without me listening to a note.

One or two bits of trivia in relation to 8 and 9 which may interest you. I got money now playing in Grims Roadshow -- an amalgam of poets and musicians comprising Scaffold, Neil Innes (of Bonzos), Adrian Henri and Brian Patten (poets) and bass and drummer.

Allen Caddy was co-producer (with Steve Rowland) of an LP called *THE SMOTHERED* (1966) of two London street musicians -- or buskers -- Don Partridge and Pat Keane. Don Partridge went on to have a couple of hit singles and just recently I saw a film with Don Courtney called *Olley* (about 1969) which Partridge did music for.

Adam Faith, now very successful TV actor in *Cockney Sprocket* series called "Budge" -- no singing, he's grown his hair long and the bouliquet are selling Budgie posters and Budgie jackets -- it's an amazing comeback and he really is good in the part -- he ray well and up as the most successful survivor from that era.

Just after *Trem* and *Poole* split I met Poole at a party -- very sad. *Trem*'s first single had just made number one but Poole insisted it was a flop in the pen and they couldn't make it without him. In fact he's done nothing but is still working the clubs.

Terry Dene was singer from *Steel* -- closest English singer to Elvis -- they even made the movie, *The Terry Dene Story* -- very erratic, nefarious, drank, broken marriage to English girl singer (Edna Savage). Rather like Jet Harris. Now does evangelist work. "How the Lord rescued me from the evils of show business."

Rumors of Jet Harris giggling around again. Hope it's true.

Some people first English film about rock to get it right. Even if only in some respects. I good scenes of rock bands getting together and soundly kicking the asses of the actors who played leader of group, now making records himself and just brought out LP, "Eagles" sounded OK in film to me but records were poor. I regard it as an important pop film tho, for all its faults.

I think most kids interested in rock in late fifties here were so interested that they really dug out information and although they wouldn't have chance of seeing performers at often as their American counterparts they probably knew as much about music. It's probably safe to say that early English rock performers consistently knew a great deal about their influences and sources.

Anyway, Greg, rest assured that rock lives in U.K. -- radio is a joy at the moment with everybody, yes everybody, playing old rock and refusing falling like rain.

JEFF CLOYDS

I enjoy reading good or bad articles on Buddy Holly -- I personally think that Grell Marcus is not a fan of Buddy Holly & the Crickets. Even if it was not the same Crickets who made the LP

ROCKING 50's R&R as the musicians who accompanied Buddy Holly on his last trip, who included Marion Jennings, Earl Slick and Tommy Allsup. (By the way it was W. Jennings who gave his seat at the last minute to the Big Bopper -- so at least a Crickets was big enough to be invited.)

JEAN-PIERRE CHAPADOU

I never thought of rock & roll's popularity attracting so many young musicians before, but it makes a lot of sense. The majority of both classical and jazz musicians were introduced to their instruments because their parents forced them to take lessons. But rock players picked up guitars and drums because they wanted to, not because they were under pressure to do so. There was no parental compulsion or discouragement, if anything. And of course, early rock did not require vast amounts of technique (Eric Clapton is not to say that certain musicians did not possess this technique) so a player could pick up a few licks and a few girls without years of patient study and boring chord lessons and the like. But lack of formal study had its benefits: there were no standards that had to be met in that you did not have to play in one certain "legitimate" way as classical musicians are forced to do (though less so now), so depending on amount of training and what sounded good to the player, he was able to develop his own style quite easily, even unconsciously. There was also no pressure to stick to tried-and-true constructions, so deviants were not frowned upon, unless they were a little too blatant. Does that make any sense?

As for the record people who should be written about, how about Major Bill Smith, Bob Crow (with and without Frank Faye), Joe Coughl, Jim Mansour, Rene Hall, Nik Venet, Sam Charters, Shel Talmy, Jesse Stone, Sil Hazlewood, Mark Carlsson, Herman Petty, Carl Davis, Mutch Davis, Archie Bleyer, Dave Appell, Bernie Love, Dave Burgess, Jerry Blaine, George Easton, Boston, and the "Rock, Warz Abner, Harvey Fuqua, well the list is endless -- writers, producers, arrangers, studio engineers, maybe even a few engineers.

I haven't heard much English '50's rock, but judging from the little I have heard, it is pretty good. Too much I didn't really understand what it was all about, so they let their regular pop musicians and arrangers run the scene. This past week I saw a 1958 movie called *The 6-5 Special*, which besides some well-known people like Pat Clark, Gene Danes, Johnny Denner, and Russ Hamilton, mixed up such blatantly pop artists as Desmond Lane and John Regan, and a few with supposed rockers like the John Barry Seven and the King Brothers, and showed just how little difference there was in approach between British pop and rocknroll -- except for instrumentation up front and rhythmic factors, both musics were played as equal forms of popular entertainment, most like some of the highly commercialized teenage pop that American producers tried to pass off as rocknroll (and succeeded) in the late '50's. Stuff like Anka, Avalon, Fabian, etc. Teenage pop, not rock. There were two acts (and that's the right number) of "Rock 'n' Roll" (the artists) that were quite enjoyable to a rocker. Jim Dale (I think that's his name) did a very good version of "Rock 'n' Roll" (the Rolling Stones) -- I was only by the overly-pop arrangement. And there was a trombone playing (!) Haley type version of "Rock 'n' Roll" (the Rolling Stones) -- I was only by the overly-pop arrangement. And there was a trombone playing (!) Haley type version of "Rock 'n' Roll" (the Rolling Stones) -- I was only by the overly-pop arrangement.

One thing I was very surprised to learn (and there was no evidence of this in the film, so it may have been a later development, or a highly localized phenomenon) that England had their own do-woppers. Screamin' Steve told me such groups as the Escorts, the Primitives, Swallow, and the Bonniks have quite a following, but I've never heard anything about any of them. What do you know about this?

I remember seeing Wanda Jackson at the Apollo in the early fair many years ago with Red Foley. I remember her doing "Let's Have a Party" and I'm sure it was before 1955. I became a fan of hers about 1959, maybe even '58 (I know it was September). This was at the age when we still didn't have the girls, but all the little rockers fell madly in love with her. Does that fit in with your answer to Dave Ortolova?

"Right Or Wrong" was the perfect record of the day. Notice that the melody tends to sound silly when sung choppyly. Then listen to Wanda. If she did nothing else, the vocal on "Right Or Wrong" would ensure her of her place in C&W history. She always was best on slow stuff. When someone like Gene Francis sang a ballad, she sounded as if she were wallowing in passionate tears. Wanda's twinge had that touch of

remorse, but she was always in complete control of her emotions. And that's great singing. I sort of lost track of time a couple years after that, though "Tears Will Be the Chaser for Your Wine" was a decent enough record, too much of her recent style, over-arranged. You know what I think of "modern" country music. The big production jobs prevent her from getting close to the singer in the song. Maybe I should listen to recent Wanda again, blotting out the arrangement if possible.

Hound Dog George Lorenz, died on Memorial Day. I don't know how history will treat him, and already his national status as a rocknroll radio pioneer is not high, but there is no question that he influenced a lot of people in this area, myself no less than any other, and he was one of the very first to play race music on a fully-licensed station anywhere, so I'm sure at least a few people will regard him fondly. Someone once said that he invented the oldie-but-goodie concept on WMB, but I know he was doing older stuff on WMB before he fell even before his R&B days. Are there any other challengers for the Oldie-Inventor crown anywhere?

TOM BINGHAM

...Years ago, in '64 and then '65, I traveled around 10,000 miles by bus with the Rolling Stones when they toured. I'm not too shy but I'm a nervous type, and for a nervous type I had a grand time. I wrote a seven-page story about my first trip in '64 to the Chicago Tribune and they printed it in their Sunday Magazine section. I missed a concert missed buses; met the Stones; got backstage a number of times; got interviewed over the radio in Los Angeles; and I had a great night when I was dead tired (I wish I could hear it now, I bet it was funny); saw shows in Chicago, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, San Bernardino, Sacramento, Long Beach, Dallas, Ft. Worth, and a few other places; stayed at the same hotel as the Stones for several days, and on the new floor, with Andrew Oldham and Terry Knight across the hall from my room and the Stones down at the end of the hall; had an article in *Rolling Stone* magazine the second time I traveled to see them. So, a little shy maybe even nervous, but I do have a sense of adventure.

But Kim Fowley, I like him. I don't like the Stones and I'd rather know him than have ever met them.

I once went to a Ku Klux Klan rally. It was an open rally. At night, in a camp outside, had someone drop me off and I told him to pick me up at a certain time, so I was all by myself. When I was 18 or so, all because I wanted to take pictures. But I didn't have a good camera so I only got a few and they weren't good, well, one was, but the negative got lost, so to say. One Klansman with a handgun and a shotgun kept telling me to move back every time I tried to get closer to the speaker so I could get pictures. Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones and he wanted a Klansman robe, so when I got back from Detroit, I sat the names of some local magazines and carefully proceeded to call them and ask if they knew where I could get one. Of course no one even admitted that they knew what I was talking about, but I tried. I even wrote the Imperial Wizard.

Yet, to go up to Kim and tell him I went to hear his records, I just can't. Maybe eventually, but for now, no. Kim Fowley, maybe when I do to pieces trying to hear his records, gather up pictures and articles, maybe when I've put me in a home, someone will tell Kim and he will send a card.

JEFF FOLLOWART

(Kim or any of his other fans can write to Jeff c/o WPIB. -- What was Terry Knight doing there with Oldham? This whole Knights-Slith-Rolling-Stones legend needs to be cleared up.)

...Like Lester Bangs says, the party hasn't been around for a while. I sold my amp and bass a couple ago for a lot of reason, but the main one was that it wasn't fun anymore. I mean here I was, bored by the music I was playing at about the same time I began to acquire some proficiency on the instrument. It's always been more of a rush to play for the dance, rather than dance, but the same thing happens on both sides of the lights -- eventually things aren't as exciting as they used to be. You can try all you like, you can play rock 'n' roll all night long, and maybe one or two kids in the audience like it, if you're lucky. Lots of people requesting Led Zep songs, lots of people too stoned to move, and we've all heard it before anyway. The boredom creeps in, it's low in our generation, and the auditory reaction has set in.

Maybe literacy and writing about rock did it in. If McWhann is right, and if the Party is a tribal affair, literacy should do the same thing to that tribal culture that it did to all the others: kill. Or at least hypnotize. The end result of this is a change in values, in orientation, to the more easily acquired characteristics of the civilization that is post-industrial man (that's us) were supposedly evolving beyond. Thus, articles as beautiful as Bang's require the loss of the tribal thing. While I can dig it, what happens to the resurgence, can Lester and Greil and you refrain from commenting on it, nourishing it with publicity and hype, and ultimately killing it with literacy? If you can, what about the up-and-coming kids who are cursed with the literacy style? Will they have the wisdom to keep from fucking up the thing they love? It's a lousy situation, all the way around.

GREG BURTON

I Yeah, I think you're right, but the rock press ain't gonna go away just because it would be a good idea. Anyway, rock 'n' roll has proved resilient enough to get around it. It's coming back again, minus the spontaneity, but having made a virtue of the self-conscious contrivance necessary by the critical process. So what's to complain about...[d.]

....One of the things that really makes the BOMP a pleasure is the thematic concept of each issue. And if there is a BOMP roll about this sort of thing, I'd vote that you should sort of "roll with it" and if you get me it's worth of good stuff that you'd like to put out, put it out. Anyway, the flexibility (like latitude for the frogs place) is a big part of the fun of fanzines and BOMP's quality is always so high that I don't think most readers will mind the temporary sidetracks.

The complaints about Lester Bangs' frogs article were all my reason for liking it. So thank for running the article down. I couldn't have appeared anywhere but in a fanzine (unless Mel Lyman had played bass for the frogs and Bangs had concluded with positive proof that Reg Presley was a Mark.)

MIRE GULFIN

....The Journal of Popular Music and Society plans to do a symposium on rock reviewing. All reviewers are welcome to write a piece (gratis -- we have no money) on their craft and how they feel about the numbers of records they get, how they choose what to review, etc. We especially want Rolling Stone, Cream, Blues, Phonograph Magazine, and BOMP people. Papers should be sent to R. Serge Denonoff, Popular Music and Society, State University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403.

R. SERGE DENONOFF

....I agree with you that among the BOMP's readers can be found the answers to almost all questions relating to rock 'n' roll, so there is no need for an oldie answer man, as David Sharp suggested. As an alternate, I put forth the following: allow any of the readers to characterize themselves as experts in a given field, list their names and addresses in the regular column, and allow readers to send in their questions with a stamped reply envelope. For a response somewhat quicker than it would appear in BOMP, due to your regular irregular publishing schedule I for one, would be happy to volunteer to answer queries concerning 50's and 60's vocal groups. Although I would be the first to admit that my knowledge doesn't equal that of the regular contributors to RECORD EXCHANGE, BHM BHM BHM, BIG TOWN REVIEW, etc. I think I might do well with the average BOMP reader's requests since you don't have a specialized audience.

I've already written to Russ Pomeroy (see suggestion above) to inform him of the identity of "top-a-oom" recorded excerpted on Buchanan and Goodman's "On Trial," but I thought other readers would like the answer as well. They saw the question. The song is "I Promise to Remember" by Frankie Lynn & the Teenagers on See GG-1018. The flip, by the way, is "Who Can Ever Love Again" begins "Um-a-num-a-num-a-num-a-num." Now about a feature on guitar rock? ("Mope-ize" Mope", "Ala-hen-Sy", etc.)

JIM McHABOE

(Believe it or not, we've got lots in the work -- don't we, Kate?)

....Hanna near what Lester Bangs wrote me? ...It ain't even rock and roll at this point, it's just a spirit, a feeling that can't quite be described (maybe total carelessness). Like I was glad when you said in two that it's also about TV, sports and everything. I think TV is at least as important as rock 'n' roll, and 50's boogie, and most of all so's playing laid, so what's all this rock 'n' roll dialectical bullshit running off at the mouth all over the place? A moribund institution that ain't even been around long enough to be a fuckin' institution, that's what.

I think that was great. He really grasped the concept of what I think rock and roll is all about. It reminded me of one of my favorite rock and roll lines. From "Do You Believe in Magic" -- "It's like trying to tell a stranger about rock and roll." An scholarly dissertation on rock is hypocritical of its subject. Rock and roll is gritty because it's bad. I actually buy albums because they're mediocre. And when somebody asks me what type of music I like I always say "loud, obnoxious rock and roll." Rock and roll goes beyond good or bad. After all, what is good rock, the Stooges or Chicago? Rock even includes music. As Lester said, it's a spirit, and I can feel that rock and roll spirit whenever I watch TV (or basketball), I get drunk, or eat greasy hamburgers with lots of fried onions. Try to explain that to a stranger.

ADONY STERNOFF

....Can anyone explain the album THE ORIGINAL GREATEST HITS Greatest Records GRC 1964-1964? This album contains 12 Beatles' songs. All of them sound exactly like the 4, and Capitol's recordings to my ears except "Love Me Do" which has an obviously different vocal. The Beatles aren't pictured or named anywhere on the cover. I can't believe this wasn't recorded by the Beatles. If another band did it they should go on tour.

MIKE WELDON

....I was very interested in Mike Williams' stuff on Fane and Money, mostly because it was about a record to which I was very heavily committed (as a listener). Perhaps I might add a few points which could be helpful to you and your readers.

Fane and Money represented something which might be called the Flamingo Era, because the Flamingo Club in Wardour Street, London was where the whole thing happened. It started, I guess, around 1963, and was rooted in the West Indian immigrant population of London. Blue beat (now metamorphosed into Reggae) had already started, and the West Indians became a strong influence on certain young British musicians who were into R&B. This wasn't the R&B of the Terentinos and the Stones -- it was a more sophisticated kind of music, descended from the jazz-stained approach of Ray Charles, Fats Domino and, later, Bobby Bland. And the crucial point was the use of horns and Hammond organ. I remember that we didn't even have a name for the kind of music it was, but I like to think of it as a kind of early jazz rock, for reasons I'll go into later.

Fane's Blue Flames were always just about the best band; everybody loved his stoned, silky voice and the way he sang King Pleasure's "Moody's Mood for Love" and "Barbaric Mood." Gorge and always very fond of Pleasure and Rose Allison -- probably his two biggest influences. He also had a knack of digging up obscure R&B songs: "Pink Champagne," "Honkeyin' Around," etc. His regular musicians in the early days included Eddie Thornton (a West Indian) on trumpet, Mick Tate on tenor, Johnny Marshall on tenor and baritone, Boots Slade on bass, and Rexce on drums. All six musicians were concerned with swinging in the jazz sense than with rock 'n' roll.

Thornton stayed with him throughout most of the Blue Flames' life. But others who were important were Peter Cox (tenor, alto), Glenn Hughes (baritone -- a terrific musician who was in a trio with John McLaughlin and Eric Lauro, but died a few years ago when his apartment caught fire), the great Cliff Burton (ex-Mochoe Coachie) on bass (also dead -- he got the best bass-guitar sound I ever heard, by selecting a piece of sponge under the strings of his Epiphone, behind the bridge I think) and Bill Edden (ex-jazzier) on drums. (Edden was replaced by Mitch Mitchell who'd jammed with the band a few times). Mitch was a real cool cat, but I remember thinking what fantastic chops he had even then, although he wasn't as relaxed as Edden and Rexce. Another important cat was Speedy Acquare, a black

compo player of some virtuosity who was in and out of the band at various times (later also an occasional member of Air Force with Ginger Baker.)

None of George's albums match what the band was like live. I saw them many times, and they used to lift the roof off -- the kids even applauded the solos. Like a jazz audience. It's difficult to describe the sound they made, except to say that it was fat and satisfying, with a solid base (Fane playing simple chords on the Hammond) and simple but neatly-voiced horn charts. The rhythm section always roared.

There was another band that I liked nearly as well: Herbie Goins and the Nightmeters. Herbie was an ex-... tall and skinny, who sang quite like Bobby Bland. In fact, the highlight of his act was usually the Bland song, "Turn On Your Lovelight," or "66-22-36." His band was outrageous. Nick, Eve and Speedy Acquare were there, as was organist Nick Carr, but the highlight was a genius from Bonadols called Harold Beckett, who played trumpet and flugelhorn. Beckett played with Mingus in the early Sixties, when Mingus came to Britain to make the movie All Night Long, and now, finally, he's accepted as one of the two or three best trumpeters in Britain. Harry didn't enjoy the Nightmeters too much, but he used to get them featured on good treatments of "The Sideswiper" and "Comin' Home Baby" which they played before Herbie came on. Kids who'd never consciously listened to a note of jazz in their lives used to clap Harry's fine solos in a very honest way.

Look, Money never turned me on so much -- perhaps because he spent too much time droppin' his trousers and not enough singing. But "Back Door Man," off his first album, is a minor classic, and his guitar, Andy Somers, was an unsung original with a lithe, flowing style (Zoot's band turned into Dancalioni's chariot in 1967, a deference to the power of flowers, but broke up in America. I believe Somers is now teaching guitar in California.)

One thing Williams didn't mention was that Zoot's album went on to greater things: Paul Williams to Lucy Lucy, Johnny Almond to Rayell and Mark Almond, and Colin Allan to Stone the Crows. If you call those greater things, I don't. Let's see, who else... Ronnie Jones (another ex-...) and the Blue Jays were pretty good, although Jones' voice edged on lunacy: Chris Farlowe & the Thunderbirds were a gas (Dave Greenfield -- ex-Cultussem -- on organ, and Albert Lee -- now Head Hands and Feet -- on excellent guitar) but the only record which represents a flower at its best was a two-part single of "Stormy Monday Blues," which he put out under the name of Little Joe Cook. I was among the kids who thought that L. J. C. must be some great, undiscovered black bluesman! The original label of this was Sue, but it later came out on a cheap E.M.I. label, on an album of early Farlowe material. (By the way: Herbie Goins had an album on Columbia called 100. I think HEAT was the name.) The Graham Bond Organisation, but they were rougher and raunchier, not quite part of the same musical scene.

Anyway, like I said, this music probably couldn't have happened without the West Indian influence. The immigrants provided originality, really original dope scene, by opening small illegal clubs called "shebeens" in private houses, where all the sundry could smoke the best Jamaican dope and buy canned Long Life beer at suitably inflated prices. For a time, they provided the biggest audience for this music -- and you can hear them in the "Rhythm and Blues at the Flamingo" audience. Then it was taken over by the white kids, who elevated Gino Washington and the Ram Jam Band to the top position in the club scene (these were all, it goes without saying, Slide bands -- small smoking clubs with low, sweaty ceilings). Washington, another American, was rubbish, actually, and his band wasn't much better. They took the best elements of Fane's music, added a patina of Reddiesque hysteria, and bored the pants off everyone who was into listening to this music. But they broke just about every box office record in the whole country. I guess the whole scene didn't last long -- 66 to 68, but it was great while it happened, and I've never seen happier audiences, with a more genuine involvement.

Fane, Goins, Money, Jones, Farlowe, and their musicians were the reason why BSGT came as no surprise to some people, who thought that the aforementioned bands had a whole lot more guts and drive, and were fun too. (Oh, I also forgot to say that the Herbie Goins band was the only one everybody I've mentioned.)

That's the difference between the Stones/Terentinos/Parque R&B bands and the Fane/Money/Flamingo R&B bands: the former were loosely musicians but enjoyed themselves and pulled the chicks, while the latter were great blowers who were

sometimes doing it for the bread between jazz gigs and had minimal sex appeal. Naturally, it was the former who lasted longest and were more influential.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

Dear Sweet Jane and Lonesome Cowboy Bill,
I found a reason to write you: I've been seen free! It's early Sunday morning -- I'm beginning to see the light (but who loves the sun?) (I do) while listening to some rock and roll music on the stereo and waiting for the man, femme fatale, head held high, long blonde hair streaming, pale blue eyes gleaming is trying to lay some kind of love on me but I haven't got the time -- time now.

Candy says Jesus knows what goes on and that we should cool it down even though it's the new age. Well here she comes now and there she goes again.

Meanwhile, I'm taking the train around the bend to meet European Son who is bringing us a gift of heroin plus some bread for Lady Godiva's operation. (Speaking of her, I heard her call my name last night) When I went to her room she told me she thought she heard the black angels death song. I told her not to worry because Billy, Sally, Waldo, Marsha, Sheila et al will run, run, run, like white light white heat down fifth

excitement & creating something fresh to go and do for. And I betcha their name starts with a "The."

WARREN CANN
1150 E. 29th St.
Vancouver 10 B.C.
Canada

....Python Lee Jackson, the band backing Rod the Mad on "In a Broken Dream" may well be the same bunch who left Sydney, Australia in 1965 or 1966 after dominating the R&B scene there for a good two years. They were called Python Lee Jackson and they went to London without their singer, a blind cripple named Jeff St. John, who had an untouchable "outsider" image, dancing without the use of legs on a stool in front of the band. His voice, not unlike Steve Winwood's, was fantastic. Range and the band could out any crowd up with, as I recall, nothing bigger than 30 watt equipment.

Python Lee Jackson were badly missed in Sydney until the burgeoning R&B scene they spawned produced a replacement, Phil Jones and the Unknown Blues who dominated the scene for the same period as PLJ. This band also split and its lead singer learned piano and ended up with London devotional rockers. Quintessence after changing his name to Shiva, I understand he has now left the band, taking one other member with him.



The Velvet Underground, ca. 1966

Avenue to keep her company after the operation. Candy said "I'll be your mirror if you like." Lady Godiva said that she'd feel so much better when I was greater things with. Then she could put on her boots of shiny leather and be Venus in furs once again. She'd sleep for a million years and then a sweet nothin' would be better than enjoying all tomorrow parties.

Well, that's the story of my life up to now, let's hear from you.

Love,
SISTER RAY

P.S. They never did solve that after-hours mystery which I was sent up for.

In the mid and early 60's these bands didn't play large gigs or clubs or anything like that. They were "underground" gigs at private parties, that would charge admission to pay for the band, or student balls. I first saw R&A at a "demolition" party in an old building in downtown Sydney where they were lucky to escape with their gear unscathed as the buildings' wreckable-by-hand appendages were torn assunder in a beery bery of student action. The bands recorded little, if at all. When they did it necessitated a dilution of their sound to produce what the flyfifth old men ran the radio stations and were regarded as a "hit", which they invariably weren't.

The other memorable figure from that period in Sydney was Gilly Thorpe who has led a band of changing personnel, the Aztecs, since 1963 or 64. Vince Melouney was lead guitarist before he went to the Bee Gees. Thorpe is currently king in Australia if you ignore Daddy Cool. He is definitely worth a listen, as I think he always had difficulty getting his sound down. It would mean a visit to Australia because he has refused to leave even though he has lived in England from Robert Stigwood, himself an Australian.

There were a lot of bands that period with world-wide potential, one of the Loved Ones, received an offer of management from Chas. Chandler who had come to Australia looking for bands in 1966 or 67. The band couldn't get a release from its existing management and Chandler flew out to see them up close. The band had a few singles and one or two albums out.

In Sydney the Starving Wild Dogs and Dr. Kandy's Third Eye were also memorable. The Dogs' bass player Terry Wilkins joined up with a country rock group, The Flying Circle, who always had considerable commercial success in Australia, came to Canada two years ago and after putting a northern ice-hard

more FEDBACK

edge to their sound (more rock, less country, sort of early Crazy Horse evolved) are currently recording.

DAVE METCALF

...I thought the pieces on George Fane, Zoot Money, Graham Bond, etc., a little out of place in your "pre-invasion" English issue, since they were all post-Hersey beat -- roughly contemporary with the Yardbirds, etc. Some stuff on Jack Cooper's T.V. show: Adam Faith (the biggest solo name of the time, after Cliff -- he was the soft-sounding one -- Brit's Buddy Holly); Billy Fury; the John Barry Seven (did you know that Barry led an incredible instrumental rock group for half a decade before becoming a composer of movie scores); Lonnie Donegan, etc. would have gone down well. If you ever have another English archives issue, I'll do the lot for you, or sort out some people who can. (Sorry -- on checking, I've just realized that you did mention Adam Faith, but he was much, much bigger than you indicate.) There were, when I think back on it, an incredible number of people who managed consistent success for long periods -- 2 to 3 years in some cases -- before being drowned under the Hersey wave. How do names like Ella Ford, Shane Fenton & the Fontaines, Vince Taylor (U.K. expatriate who became a rock star in France) (Craig Douglas (he was more like Pat Boone than was Adam Faith), Tommy Steele and Tony Newley (poprockers both, long before their Broadway days), Bert Weedon and the Brook Brothers grab you? They all made at least a couple of good discs. The four Beatles, whom you do mention, were also placed a bit early. Although musically they appear pretty 1964-ish, their first major hit was "Juliet" in the spring of 1964, at the height of Merseybeat.

BARRY LAZELL

Dear Greg...
Something I think would interest you -- In the South there is a music cult built around it and 60's R&B music ("Beach Music" (no relationship in the least to surfing music). Its popularity ranges from Virginia to Florida and centers in the Myrtle Beach-Ocean Drive, South Carolina area. Atlantic released an album, 1964, titled BEACH BEAT, including "One Night Juke" (a song which was the Kings of My Heart), "Thank You John" (Willie Mae) and "Drinkin' Wine". These are some of the most popular songs. 60 Minute Music is based on the jukebox at Ocean Drive Pavilion for over 20 years, first as a 78 and then reissued as a 45. "Shag" dance contests are popular in this area. This is a faddish cult based on recent white imitators. I've remembered this type of music being extremely popular since it was first issued. I believe this is peculiar to our part of the country.

NELSON LEHMUND
416 W. Park St.
Corry, N.C.
27511

(There was also Atlantic 891, BEACH BEAT VOL. 2 -- Ed.)

...I don't agree at all with your lumping together Kinks, Trogs, Beatles, Stones, etc. with "Fifties rock 'n' roll". What makes one kind of music different from another is not just the style but mood and the mood of the times was very different from the mood of the Fifties.

I feel I'm qualified to discuss this as I'm 32 years old and have lived through Fifties rock 'n' roll, late Fifties pop, group stuff (Beatles, Stones, etc.), Soul, Tamla, Folk Rock, Heavy/Acid rock, etc. I don't just like Fifties rock 'n' roll but can honestly appreciate any kind of popular music except post-1968 heavy rock.

I remember with pleasure the impact of the Beatles in Liverpool and the national, in 1960 (approx.) I was in a dm club in Liverpool when a small leather-jacketed figure in dark glasses approached me and introduced himself as Stuart Sutcliffe. (I've wanted to the same school.) I asked what he did for a living and he

replied: "I'm playing in a group. We've just come back from Hamburg." "What's the name of the group?" I asked. "The Beatles," he replied.

I had to stifle a laugh. At that time I thought it was spelled "Beatles." They'll never get anywhere with a name like that, I thought. Not long afterwards I heard he died of a brain hemorrhage. What's often forgotten about these Mersey groups (5 others) is that in the beginning they all played rock 'n' roll and were good rock 'n' roll too. Better, in my opinion, than any of the "revival" groups of today, the British ones anyway.

NEIL FOSTER
VINTAGE ROCK 'N' ROLL
APPRECIATION SOCIETY
16 Coniston Ave.
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England

...How about a second rockabilly issue sometime? There's a lot of people left to do one on. Buddy Knox, Carl Perkins, Charlie Gracie, and my all time favorite Ronnie Hawkins to name a couple. Anyway JS was outstanding. I sat down and read it cover to cover all at once, and I've never done that with any rock magazine.

BOB WESTFALL

...Allow me to answer a couple of minor questions raised by readers last issue. (A) "Coming of the Roadies" (Rusty Pomeroy) is by Judy Collins and is one her Fifth album (also on the Eleuthera sampler GARDEN OF DELIGHTS). (B) "Stagger Lee" (David Holcomb Sharp) is one version closer to the one he describes is by Julius Lester and is one of his two Vanguard albums. (C) "Mama's Right." The definitive black "Stagger Lee." Lester is a black writer of note (a Guardian column and several books including LOOK OUT WHITNEY).

JOHN SIMMONS

But was it played on the radio? I think the version David heard is more likely to be something from the Fifties. Like Archibald's "Stack-O-Lee," out of print on Imperial's HITVILLE VOL. 2 album.)

...I really enjoyed issue No. 8 and can hardly wait for No. 9. The articles on the Trogs and Zoot Money were terrific. I've heard Peter Green's THE END OF THE GAME might be glad to know that Zoot played piano on it. Let the record be that he was as good as the stuff he put out several years ago.

Mike Willmore indicated in his biography of George Fane that he had no idea why Fane's first album released in the U.S. was titled SHORTY. It was called this because Shorty was the name of a group of studio musicians who played with Fane on that particular LP. It was made up of Colin Green (guitar) and Brian Dozers (bass) who both played with Fane as members of the Blue Flames when they backed Billy Fury. Shorty also included Alan Shidmore (drums) toured the U.S. with Jeff Beck before joining George. I hope this will clear that up.

BERNARD MATTS

...Do you have any ideas where I could get copies of the Trogs 455 "I'm Lovin' It" and "I'm Lovin' It" and I know the seeds have had two 45s in the last year on MGM. Do you know what they are and if the group is still recording?

ARCHIE PATTERSON
2326 E. Thomas, Apt. 1
Fresno, CA 93701

[Maybe some reader can supply the Trogs discs you want. The seeds are no longer recording; the two MGM records were "Bad Part of Town" (which he up) "Baby" and "Old Me" (1969). I don't know where you can get them. -- Ed.]

TOMMY CANNELLAS

...In a never-ending effort to [link rock'n'roll] with revolutionary consciousness, no matter how contrived the connection, I'd like to point out an historical addition to Greil Marcus' piece on the Crickets, the Death of Buddy Holly, and landroams in 1957. One of the national -- or was it regional -- SDS meetings in the mid-sixties was held in a town in northwest Iowa. I forgot the year -- it was sometime after Johnny Stormanto got offed by Lane Turner's daughter and before Ed Sanders wounded Charlie Manson -- anyway, it was before any pretense of merging culture and politics came about, and the SDS meetings in those days were a drag for the most part. A few people got tired of the sessions, they went by parliamentary procedure or something back then, and decided to go out cruising the town.

It was a nice place to do some acid, and suddenly a roadie sign to the town where the Valens/Bopper/Holly crash took place appeared. So the roadie off in that direction immediately, and upon reaching said destination the occupants consumed LSD. Indeed, there were very few events in recent social history which can match the spectre of a bunch of acid-infused SDS folk singing fifty-five rock'n'roll at the site of the Crash. Put that in your waterbed and roll around (J. P. Richardson was the Big Bopper's real name; what was the pilot's real name?).

Seeking of class consciousness songs (and who isn't these days), the singers of the two finest examples of this are both releasing albums soon, and it will be interesting to see how the Lumpy Hippie class reacts. I'm speaking, of course, of Billy Joe "Down in the Boondocks" Royal and Dickie Lee, who did "Patches." Billy Joe is the supporting act under Fast Domino at the Flamingo in Las Vegas, and recently a "hot" in your waterbed and the guy who models hip wigs in the LA Free Press ads. Incidentally, it's too bad one-hit wonders like Lee and Lee have to be identified by their hits as part of their name. Of course, Bill has a three-part name and a four-word title. Maybe it could be broken down to Billy "Down in" Joe "The Boondocks" Royal. When country singer Tom T. Hall was introduced in Nashville last week in a white back, the emcee said "And Now, Let's hear it for Tom T. tell-e-blow-in-it Hall" and the funny thing is that he had a hit by that name, although he often does follow those words.

Billy Joe "Down-in-the-Boondocks" Royal

Why stop at flash-in-the-pot artists? Why not identify consistent pingers with songs too? Bob "Suburban Homeless Blues" Dylan, John, Paul "Magical Mystery Tour" George and Ringo, Elvis "Low Me Tender" Presley, Carole "Tonight" the Night King, Harry "Banana Boat" Belafonte, Michael "You Sent For Me Sir" Anthony, Perry "Don't call me chief" White, John F. "ask-not-what-your-country-can-do-for-you-ask-what-you-can-do-for-your-country" Kennedy, and on and on.

TOM HILLER

...Do you know of anyone who has a tape of the Ray Buchanan HIT TV broadcast, preferably on reel? You should have a special column in your magazine for tape collectors like myself who collect rock TV shows, Shindigs, etc.

JOE CANNELLAS
805 E. Main
Belleville, Ill.
62221

(For now, the letterbox will have to do. I'm looking for the two live flamingo groovies broadcasts from San Francisco, myself. I've been collecting information towards starting some kind of tape

collectors' society, which I'd gladly turn over to some qualified person with enough time to do it. I have a lot of tapes myself which will be offered for trade or sale soon. In the meantime check out Alan Betrock's rock ephemera adine (37-05 89th St., Jackson Hts. NY 11321) -- Ed.)

SO TOM HENRICK:
Well, I don't know you guys. I was around in the British music scene at the time you mentioned. I didn't buy any English records pre-Cliff Richard because all material was "Housewives' Choice" stuff, of course. There was Tommy Steele, covering "Taboo" by Leslie and doing quite well, and there was this singer Larry Parnes with his stable of rockers tearing the South in the top four of the charts -- i.e. Marty Wilde, Billy Fury, Adam Faith, etc. even he could whoop and holler on stage! Victor Ego and the limited style was Willie Harris who on one occasion died his hair green -- Harris was nothing to do with Larry Parnes, he got his trip together at a Spho Mistry (as they say) called "the two 2's" where Tommy Steele got his big break. I seem to remember some talk show on English TV got all these guys together and they did this fantastic rap on the good old days of rock 'n' roll with some stories about how Vince (Leger, I think) did this leap into the orchestra pit as part of his act and broke his arm and scrambled back up and kept on chorusing. Of course, you've got your line of musical difference between the north of England and the South for a peculiar reason for the South is the only source of material came from those records released by American labels as sales items to the public. There was a concentration of seaports and merchant seamen. These guys got housewives' choice records and they picked up the black records and they brought 'em back and they played them for their friends and all their friends -- like in Liverpool for instance where the records were being to go to the kids off the streets and into Youth Clubs -- well, they were getting bands together and playing live (instead of just listening to the records with bicycle chains and they liked the records and they played them on stage and they played them in Germany and a few runners on the PLEASE PLEASE ME album were versions of tunes that were not available to the English public except on special request and you never got to hear them except on Radio Luxembourg from 7 to 9 p.m. on Sundays and in the South pretty bad reception was the rule. Of course, I was lucky as the manager of one of our local record stores was Arthur Stribb of the Nashville Tens who was picking up on the trends as fast as they came down -- and for the record I would like to say that at the time the Nashville Tens were operating they were a far finer band than the Beatles -- but maybe I'm prejudiced. Billy Fury had some hits with original material ("Collie" on Decca and a 45 "I'm My Own Boy" and it's still great) but he was from Liverpool and there was this mucky muck prejudice going down in the radio world (such as it was) about playing records by unknown artists and there were few locks. In those days who were prepared to take a risk. There is still a lock in England called Jack Jackson who has never played a record by the Beatles because he doesn't like them and it doesn't seem to have hurt his ratings one bit, with the housewives. David Jacobs ran a show on Saturdays on BBC TV called Juke Box Jury and was doing his darndest to give people a break but he could only program a few at a time. I wonder if Kim Fowler remembers a show called "G.S. Special" which was originally sci-fi artists and then nibbled at rock and got cancelled. There was an even earlier show with Kent Walton called "Cool for Cats" which consisted of taped records and people dancing in rather contrived sets. He had some American product happening but the show was on really late at night -- it might even have been the last show of the evening and not too many kids could sit up past 9:00 at night in those days. I had by no means considered into letting me watch it and heard Paul Anka for the first time (and didn't like it, may I add) but someone named me a record called "When" by the Kall Twins on BBC radio and that was it -- I went searching for all the obscure American records I could find, but it was really tough. I was working in a record store one time and ordered 7 copies of "I'm Into Something Good" by Earl Kitchy of the Crickets and got fired because he wanted Herman's Hermits version and that's the way it was. And by the way, Cliff Richard could sing great rock 'n' roll. If you liked "I'm Into" getting hold of a version of "I'll Be Me" -- dynamic. Also, try getting hold of Tommy Steele singing "Maltinette Lassie" last. It has more energy than Freddy Cannon's version.

DRINKING WAS ACCEPTED LONG HAIR

I just took a look at Boyd Hinman's thing on Davies, Balogh and Alexis. Now, the more I think about it there was a hell of a lot happening at home. This trend was kind of exclusive to the South. Rolling Stones used to be a local band playing club-circuit called the Ricky-Tic Club which was owned by Rick Gunnell. Rick is now in LA doing some stuff with Robert Stigwood. God bless him. He brought music to the kids in the South-East (and good music -- we had all the black Southern American greats: the Yardbirds, the Stones, John Mayall, Cyril, Chris Farlowe and the Thunderbirds. John Lee Hooker, Howlin' Wolf, Lightnin' Hopkins) the guests on Keith Richards being on "Country Line Special" is probably accurate tho' I have no way of proving it -- I know that Cyril gave all the Stones opportunities to get up and play with him whenever both parties were inclined and definitely helped them get their shit together by turning them on to whatever records he managed to get his hands on that no one else could get. This is also true of Alexis Korner, of course, but many acknowledgements have been made to Alexis since his time. These guys were a tight clique, just like the Beatles had their clique up North and were getting it all together. But the South was blues-oriented for pure and no sales resulted but we did have a good time on Friday nights. Funny you should mention Zoot Money. Zoot is in LA and was last seen in the company of Eric Burdon. What he's up to now is anyone's guess but I'm sure it's musical and I'm sure it's cool. I was at the last gig they ever played as the Big Roll Band at Manor House in the Seven Sisters Road and it was as good an occasion as you could wish with the booze and tears flowing. Present was one Johnny Almond and we all knew how he came along. Mind you he was only seventeen when he was blowing horn for Zoot, that was that was pretty pretty pretty fine he had going, old Zoot. Also, Colin Green was his drummer -- not a lead player. Brian Ogdens bass was can be heard on the first Sham Phillips album, by the way. Sounds to me like Boyd Reburn got his information on the Shadows/Drifters from a little doorback called "Me and My Shadow" purportedly written by Cliff Richard so English Ghost Writer Speak With Forked Tongue -- and misreporting trivia would have been a good critique for the book, by the way.

There is a fine single by George Fane called "Do He He" and another called "Do the Doo" by George used to play a club called the Roaring Twenties on Carnaby Street that was almost exclusively American and those guys got a shit out of Fane and did their best at trying to keep him exclusive because of his "black sound" -- we were in love. He was pretty crazy and used to wear a blue-bat hat and had colored cone players which was unusual for the early sixties.

Zoot Money formed a band called Dantellans (chariot from the guy in the Bible who had the chariot with all the brass on it that dazzled his enemies) and they made a record called "Madman" and played a few gigs. The music memorable of which was the ones they played in Cornwall during a slump in the season and took stonks light a long (just about the first band to ever use them) which was most hysterical and could be the subject of an article in itself.

I've gotta stop; if there are any more specific things I can help -- I just realized that I'm a potential mine of information!

SALLY STEVENS

(Thanks Sally; I'll be anxious to hear your remarks on this issue; Ed)

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Ed Hunter, Mike Simmons, Steve Janison, Richard Reed, R. Serge Danoff, Bob Truitt, Bill Schur, John Banda, Mike Ward, Terry Hughes, Pete Tomlinson, Gary Baker, John Tiggles, Scott Fisher, Larry Blamca, Ray Barnes, Paul Secor, Robert Pruter, Steve Cochran, Greg Matheson, Fred Masotti, Kim Fowley, Russ Pomeroy, Phil Fox, Rick Brandon, Eddie Flowers, Barry Hargrove, John F. Maher, Jim Roup, Michael Polli.

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