

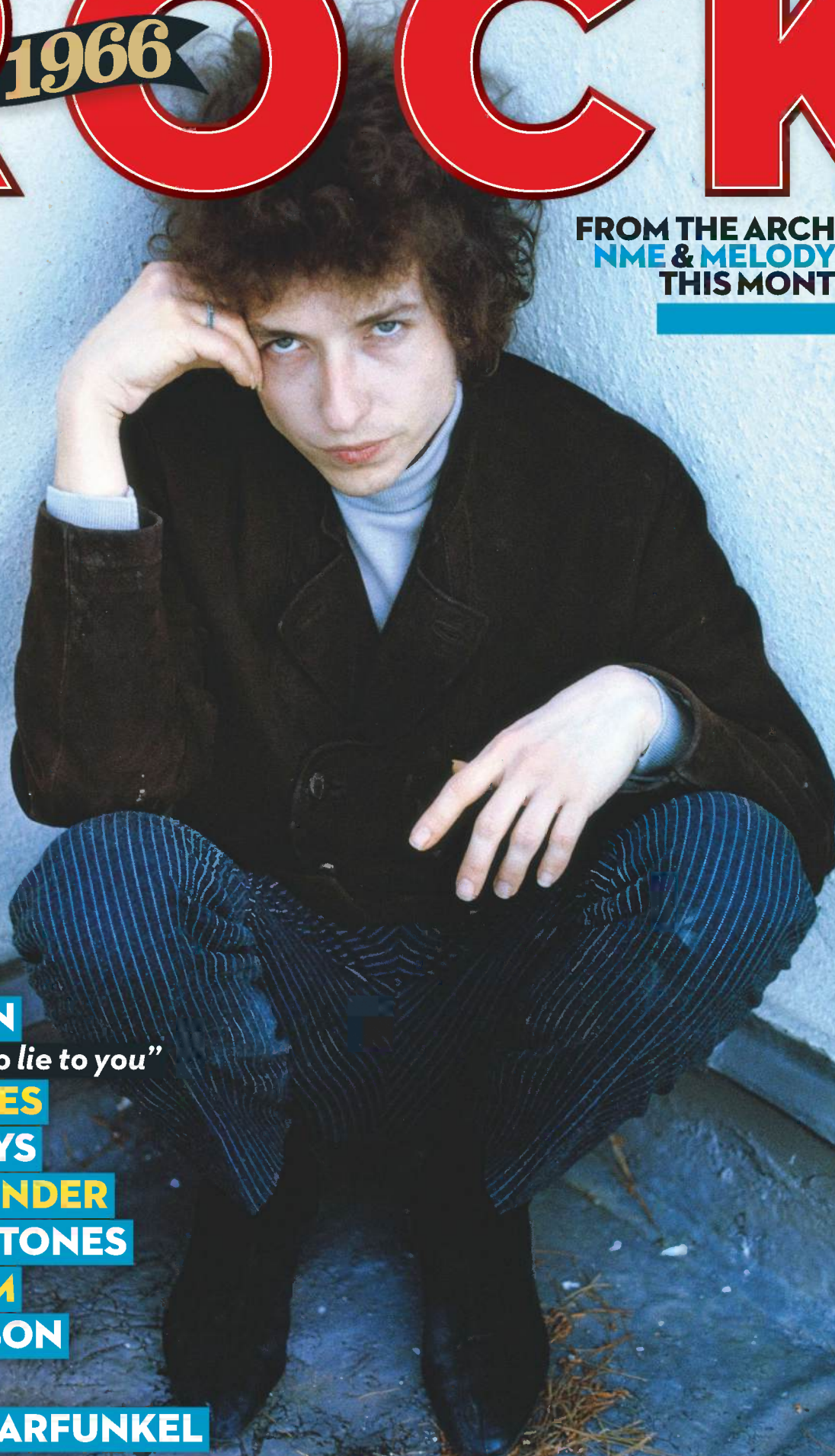
THE HISTORY OF

ROCK

1966

NEW!
A NEW MONTHLY TRIP THROUGH MUSIC'S GOLDEN YEARS

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF
NME & MELODY MAKER
THIS MONTH: 1966!



STARRING...

BOB DYLAN

"I don't want to lie to you"

THE BEATLES

BEACH BOYS

STEVIE WONDER

ROLLING STONES

THE CREAM

ROY ORBISON

THE WHO

SIMON & GARFUNKEL

PLUS! RAVI SHANKAR | NANCY SINATRA | THE KINKS | THE TROGGS

1966

MONTH BY MONTH



Welcome to 1966

THIS YEAR, THE pop scene feels more than ever like a land of opportunity. It is, as one writer in these pages puts it, “wide open”. A year that begins with “beat” groups attempting to extend their range quickly becomes a laboratory of musical ideas: new instruments and influences, even “electronic music”. By its end, the musical experimentation is attempting to alter consciousness and a new word (“psychedelic”) has entered the vocabulary to describe what is happening.

An audio-visual signifier for these developments is the sitar, an Indian instrument that quickly becomes a yardstick of musical curiosity. It can only be imported at considerable expense from specialist shops or transported by well-travelled friends. Jimmy Page claims to have had one of the first in England. David Crosby from The Byrds thinks he had one even before George Harrison.

By 1966, Harrison is growing in stature within The Beatles, but is already a major figure among his peers. His interest in new sounds has given rise to his sitar part on “Norwegian Wood”, one of the key compositions of 1965. Now, with the arrival of Ravi Shankar in the country, he assumes a new role: as an agent of cultural exchange and sonic curiosity.

Even in a group as tightly knit as The Beatles, the environment of 1966 is one where the individual is given room and his interests accommodated. The writing of 1966 reflects this: the trench friendships formed between group and reporter in previous years have developed into more nuanced relationships, and a group need no longer be represented by the writer as a democracy.

This is the world of *The History Of Rock*, a new monthly magazine and ongoing project that reaps the benefits of this access for the reader decades later, one year at a time. In the pages of this second edition, dedicated to 1966, you will find verbatim articles from frontline staffers, compiled into long and illuminating reads. Missed our 1965 volume? You can find out how to rectify that on page 144.

This year, Ringo is interviewed less, and Bill Wyman is not required to file a letter from America. However, Mick Jagger is questioned in depth, and Brian Jones readily opens up an intriguing private world. The more contrarian Pete Townshend often absents himself from proceedings completely.

What will surprise the modern reader most is the access to, and the sheer volume of, material supplied by artists who are giants of popular culture. Now, wealth, fear and lifestyle would conspire to keep reporters at a rather greater length from the lives of musicians. At this stage, however, representatives from *New Musical Express* and *Melody Maker* are where it matters. Backstage with The Beach Boys. Returning to Hamburg with The Beatles. Close by while Dusty Springfield troubleshoots a problem with a monkey in an orange crate.

Join them there. You’ll be gassed.

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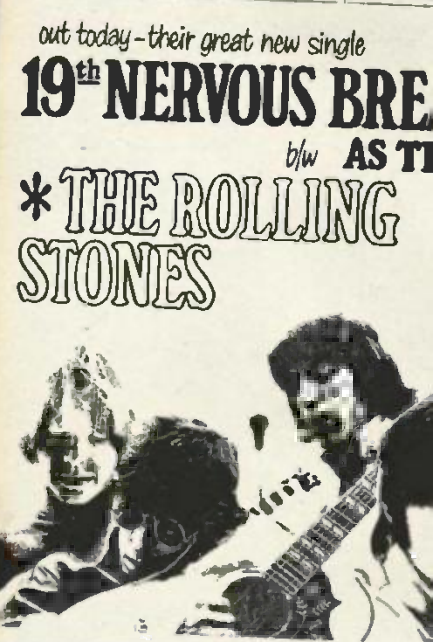
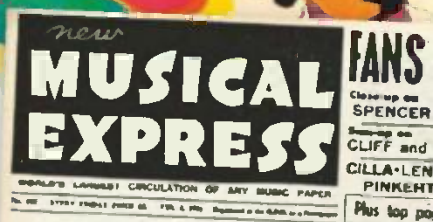
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THE HISTORY OF ROCK

Time Inc. (UK) Ltd, 8th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London SE1 0SU | **EDITOR** John Mulvey, whose favourite song from 1966 is *Good Vibrations* by *The Beach Boys* **DEPUTY EDITOR** John Robinson *Doctor Robert* by *The Beatles* **ART EDITOR** Lora Findlay *God Only Knows* by *The Beach Boys* **PRODUCTION EDITOR** Mike Johnson *Ha! Ha! Said The Clown* by *Manfred Mann* **ART DIRECTOR** Marc Jones *Rain* by *The Beatles* **DESIGNER** Johann Chan *You Don't Have To Say You Love Me* by *Dusty Springfield* **PICTURE EDITOR** Kimberly Kriete *On A Rainy Afternoon* by *Bob Dylan & The Band* **COVER PHOTO** ©Art Kane Archive/RAP Publishing all rights reserved **THANKS TO** Emily Christie, Izzy Lambert-Styles **MARKETING** Charlotte Treadaway **SUBSCRIPTIONS** Sonja Zeven **PUBLISHING DIRECTOR** Ed Beale **MANAGING DIRECTOR** Paul Williams **COVERS PRINTED BY** Polestar Wheatons **TEXT PRINTED BY** Polestar Chantry | WWW.UNCUT.CO.UK





1966

JANUARY – MARCH

FEATURING STEVIE WONDER, THE KINKS, SMALL FACES & MORE

“The majority just don’t know what life is”

MM FEBRUARY 26 Shirts. Tibet. Early in 1966, MM meets “Dave” Bowie, a man hoping to make “musical life more interesting”...

WITHOUT DOUBT DAVID Bowie has talent. And also without doubt it will be exploited. For, Mr Bowie, a 19-year-old Bromley boy not only writes and arranges his own numbers, but he is also helping Tony Hatch to write a musical score, and the numbers for a TV show. As if that wasn't enough, David also designs shirts and suits for John Stephen, of the famed Carnaby Street clan.

“Also I want to go to Tibet. It’s a fascinating place, y’know. I’d like to take a holiday and have a look inside the monasteries. The Tibetan monks, Lamas, bury themselves inside the mountains for weeks and only eat every three days. They’re ridiculous – and it’s said they live for centuries.”

It should be stated that David is a well-read student of astrology and a believer of reincarnation... “As far as I’m concerned the whole idea of western life – that’s the life we live now – is wrong. These are hard convictions to put into songs though. At the moment I write nearly all of my songs round London. No, I should say the people who live in London – and the lack of real life they have. The majority just don’t know what life is.”

Every number in Dave’s stage act is an

original that he has written. As he says, the theme is usually London kids and their lives. However, it leads to trouble. “Several of the younger teenagers’ programmes wouldn’t play ‘Can’t Help Thinking About Me’, because it is about leaving home. The number relates to several incidents in every teenager’s life – and leaving home is something which always comes up. Tony Hatch and I rather wanted to do another number I had written. It goes down very well in the stage act, and lots of fans said I should have released it – but Tony and I thought the words were a bit strong.

“In what way? Well, it tells the story of life as some teenagers saw it – but we didn’t think the lyrics were quite up many people’s street. I do it on stage though, and we’re probably keeping it for an EP or maybe an LP. Hope, hope! It’s called ‘Now You’ve Met The London Boys’ and mentions pills, and generally belittles the London nightlife scene. “I’ve lived in London and been brought up here, and I find it’s a great subject to write songs about. And remember with all original

“The whole idea of western life – that’s the life we live now – is wrong. These are hard convictions to put into songs though”

numbers the audiences are hearing numbers they’ve never heard before – so this makes for a varied stage act,” said David. “It’s risky, because the kids aren’t familiar with the tunes, but I’m sure it makes their musical life more interesting.” He could be right.

"Oh, I'm on my own/I've got
a long way to go": David
Bowie performs "Can't
Help Thinking About Me"
on the TV show *Ready,
Steady, Go!*, March 4, 1966



1966

JANUARY - MARCH



January 22, 1966: George Harrison and actress and model Pattie Boyd tie the knot in Epsom, Surrey

“Children? There’s still time for a bit of fun”

NME JANUARY 28 George Harrison weds Pattie Boyd. “How did we keep it a secret? We didn’t tell anyone...”

“**PITY PAUL,**” SAID George Harrison, with a wry grin, “cos now he’s the only Beatle left, you lot with hound him all over the place. He won’t get a moment’s peace.”

By “you lot” George meant the world’s press – dozens of photographers and journalists, who sardined into a small room at the weekend to hear about The Wedding Of The Year.”

For the record, George finally tied the knot just after the *NME* went to press last week (thanks). He and Pattie were married in a quiet ceremony at Epsom in Surrey. Most of Pattie’s relatives were there, and George’s mum and dad had had four days’ notice to travel down from Liverpool. Pattie wore a short, red fox-fur coat given to her by George as a wedding present. George settled for a dark, Victorian-style suit and one of those gent’s fur coats, reminiscent of old gangster gear, seen on the telly sometimes.

At the press conference a girl reporter breathed up to him and fluttered her eyelashes as she said: “How on earth did you manage to keep it a secret?”

“Simple” said George. “We didn’t tell anyone.”

It was a truthful enough answer – and clue to the way so many Beatle secrets have been kept in the past. The security surrounding the famous four has got to a *Man From Uncle* pitch. I struggled through a horde of Fleet Street types, lost a couple of coat buttons and had my feet trampled on before I managed to have a few words with George and Pattie. George was taking it all quite calmly, answering the same questions time after time without the slightest sign of boredom. “Did The Hollies go to the wedding?” I asked. He looked blank for a moment. Then he laughed and said, “Hah! That thing about me knocking ‘If I Needed Someone’. You shouldn’t have done it, Alan. All the other papers took it up; it just got out of hand.”

He wasn’t annoyed but quickly moved on to other topics. Who wants to talk about songwriting when you’ve just got married? “We’re not going to take a honeymoon till all this fuss has calmed down,” he told me. “I reckon we’ll wait a while... till everybody least expects it! We’ve had some great wedding presents, you know. Things for the house and that. Paul gave us

a fantastic Chinaman’s head that you hang on the wall. It’s great! We also had a smashin’ antique table from Brian Epstein.

“John and Ringo knew we were going to get married, but there wasn’t a question of them calling off their holiday. As I say, we wanted it to be as quiet as possible. They sent nice telegrams.

“When did we decide to get married? I think it was just before Christmas. We were in the car and Pattie was driving and I said, ‘How about getting married, then?’ and she said, ‘Yes, OK,’ without taking her eyes off the road. What a driver!”

Incidentally, if you’re a girl fan and you hate Pattie... It’s really a pity you can’t meet her in person. She’s twice as attractive in real life as in pictures and she has a quiet charm that makes you realise why George looked again when he met her on the set of *A Hard Day’s Night*, in which she had a big part.

She was wearing a trouser suit at the press conference (“I know they’re out, but I like them”) and someone asked George who would be “wearing the trousers” in their marriage. Quick as a flash he retorted, “I know Pattie’s wearing the trousers now, but I’d like to assure you, I’ll never be wearing a skirt!”

There were comments about him “breaking a million girls’ hearts” by getting married, but he replied modestly: “Oh, I don’t think so – 20, perhaps, if that! Anyway, I think most girls are intelligent and they wouldn’t hate me just for getting married. I think it’s a thing mainly blown up by the press. Paul getting married, I don’t know. That’s his business. If he wants to, good luck to him, and I know I wish him the very best. It just depends on him... and the girl he asks. Actually, I feel sorry for him. He’ll be hounded to death now as other three are married. I can’t really give my own verdict on married life yet, except that it’s great. You’ll have to come back next week if you want another answer, give me a bit of time! Children, oh they can wait for about two years. There’s still time for having a laugh and a bit of fun, just us two. And ‘We Can Work It Out!’”

I’m sure they can and will. And I’d like to extend to them both the good wishes and congratulations of the *NME* and myself, lots of luck! *Alan Smith*

“Pattie’s wearing the trousers now, but I assure you, I’ll never be wearing a skirt”

GETTY (3)

“I don’t think the kids will want to know...”

NME MARCH 18 The Who’s complex single releases explained

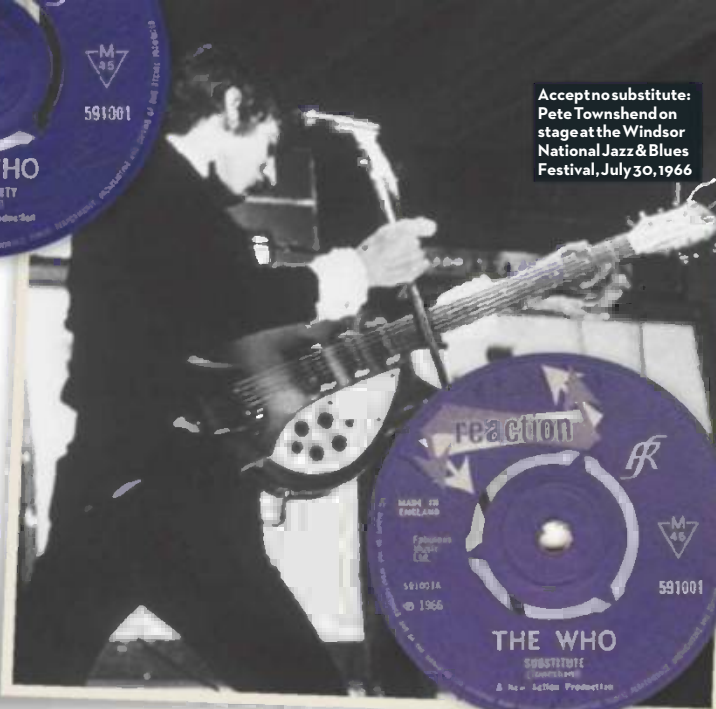
FOLLOW THIS CLOSELY - this is the saga of the group that is running around in “Circles”, who else but The Who? Currently with two singles on sale, each with the same flipside, “Instant Party” (formerly titled “Circles”), The Who officially admit to only one new disc, “Substitute” - their present *NME* Chart entry at No 15 - and issued by their new recording company, Polydor. The other disc - issued by Decca and involving recording manager Shel Talmy in a legal dispute with the group - now they have left him, is ironically titled “A Legal Matter, Baby”.

Stir into this little mix-up the fact that the group informed me that after the first few thousand records of “Substitute” have cleared the counters this week, it will be replaced by a shortened edition made available originally for the American market, and you will understand why I journeyed down to Brixton on Friday last to find out Who’s Who and what’s what.

Behind a mountainous barrier of amplifiers in the White Hart public house, where two years ago they played for £12 nightly, I found three-quarters of the group rehearsing.

There was Keith Moon of the perpetually surprised expression, Roger Daltrey of the blank stare and John Entwistle, their bass player and auxiliary French horn, of whom it has been said - Who? Pete Townshend was characteristically absent.

Going right against the grain of their image, all three boys stopped rehearsing “Barbara Ann” and obligingly walked over and joined me at a small table. “As far as we are concerned, ‘Substitute’ is our new disc and we shall not be plugging the single taken from an LP already issued. I don’t think the kids will want to know,” said Roger. “We’re not really worried about what Decca issues now. They have a few old tapes of James Brown numbers we’ve done which they might issue, but we will ignore them. Then, of course, there’s John’s



Accept no substitute: Pete Townshend on stage at the Windsor National Jazz & Blues Festival, July 30, 1966

version of “These Boots Are Made For Walkin’ - I don’t think they’ll issue that either.”

John sang a few choruses in a soprano voice at this point to confirm everyone’s opinion. “We left Decca because we wanted to get a hit in America,” said Keith. “All our previous singles have been issued there and meant nothing. With Polydor’s new deal with Atlantic in the US, we may do something over there now.”

Why had they decided to dispense with the services of Shel Talmy and produce their own discs? “He kept confusing us,” said John. “He’d come up to me in the studio and say: ‘Keith, would you mind keeping the drums down a bit?’”

The question of “Instant Party” arose and just how wise it was to have two discs out with the same flipside. It was at once beautifully confused. “Ah well, its Polydor, y’see,” said Keith. “They put all the discs out with the wrong labels on ‘em. The title should have read ‘Circles.’” The matter is cleared up now.

I changed the subject by asking Keith if rumours of his impending marriage were right. “Insanity,” was his comment. I remarked upon the vast size and number of amplifiers The

Who had surrounded themselves with in the little ballroom adjoining the pub. “That’s about half of our equipment,” said Keith. “We’ve got 48 13-inch speakers, which is about 600 watts’ worth of power, and with my drums it makes about £3,000 worth of equipment on stage every night. That’s why we have three road managers to get the stuff erected. In some clubs we

have to turn the speakers sideways to get them all on stage.” Finally I asked John what he thought of Bob Lind’s new record. “Boracio Lint? Who’s he?” he enquired.

A brief glance at the position of The Who’s disc and that of “Boracio Lint”’s this week may well prove to the advancement of Mr Entwistle’s education.

“We left Decca ‘cos we wanted a hit in America”

Stones scheme

MM FEB 5 Mick and co go incognito in New York hotels

NEW YORK, TUESDAY - The Rolling Stones have joined The Beatles as the most unwanted guests at hotels in the United States (cables Ren Grevatt). The Stones, who fly into New York on February 11 to do *The Ed Sullivan Show* en route to Australia, will be bunked into different hotels. The interesting point is that neither of the hotel managers involved knows who their British guests will actually be, as they are all registered under assumed names. What happens when they find out is anybody’s guess. Meanwhile, back in Britain, The Rolling Stones get ready for promotion of their new disc, “19th Nervous Breakdown”. One TV date already fixed is BBC TV’s *Top Of The Pops*, tonight (Thursday).



February 13, 1966: the Stones rehearsing *The Ed Sullivan Show* in New York

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➤ Donovan and his manager Ashley Kozak this week took the remarkable step of issuing a statement criticising Pye Records for releasing his latest single. The single, due out tomorrow, is “Josie”, which was recorded about a year ago. Donovan and Kozak said they wished to dissociate themselves from the release and said it was being issued “without our prior knowledge or consent”. They feel the disc is “not an accurate representation of Donovan’s talents today”. **MM FEB 19**



➤ The Musicians’ Union who are out to ban pop stars miming on television, is waiting for the television companies to stop miming on their programmes of their own accord. MU General Secretary Mr Hardie Ratcliffe told the *MM* on Monday: “Our relations with the BBC and the independent companies are such that the question of pressure to stop miming does not arrive.” **MM MARCH 19**


➤ Mike Millward, founder member of The Fourmost, died in a Cheshire hospital last week. He had been ill for some time and left the group recently because of ill-health. Mike had been seriously ill for some time and had been in considerable pain at many appearances over past months. **MM MARCH 19**

1966

JANUARY - MARCH



The Spencer Davis Group in '66: (l-r) Spencer Davis, Peter York, Steve Winwood, Muff Winwood



“It’s a dicey business...”

Their hit “Keep On Running” means THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP have high hopes for 1966. NME is summoned to join Davis himself at home. MELODY MAKER meets their 17-year-old multi-instrumentalist Steve Winwood – and watches the band record a follow-up.

— MELODY MAKER JANUARY 8 —

POP BEAT HAS taken a torturous course since the days of early British rock, when most groups tended to sound like an electrified infants’ percussion band and musical talent was regarded as a distinct setback. But today beat-music standards have risen to a point where an artist of the calibre of Steve Winwood is in the Top 10. While Steve’s talents aren’t exactly stretched by the vocal and guitar demands of “Keep On Running”, Spencer Davis Group fans have been made well aware of Steve’s ability during a year of extensive club bashing and theatre touring, the group’s sweat-stained groundwork for their first hit.

Young Steve – he’s 17 – quietly slipped into a soul scene, previously sewn up by his elders, Uncle Baldry, Pa Burdon, Old Man Farlowe, Big Daddy Lennon and all. And Stevie’s fellow artists were among the first to rave about him. Steve’s voice alone comes as a big shock to the first-time listener – not just because it can be described as “authentic”, which usually means the singer is not entirely clueless, but because it is »

MICHAEL LOCHS/GETTY IMAGES

utterly devoid of pretension and is delivered at the same time with compelling authority.

Next comes Stevie's piano playing, which I find more interesting than his guitar, although Steve scat singing along with the guitar line is something else! Which instrument came first in his career, and what was his first musical love – jazz or blues? When did Steve start developing his multi-skills?

Said Steve: "I come from a musical family on both my mother and father's side, but I was never forced into playing by my parents. I first started playing when I was six; picking out tunes on the family piano, and my first job was with my father's band when I was about nine.

"It's a funny thing – my first instrument was piano, then I got hold of a cheap old guitar and started to learn that. When I joined my brother Muff's mainstream jazz band I went back to piano and packed up the guitar. But when I joined the group with Spence I started on guitar again!"

When did he start singing? "Well, when the group started we were looking around for a coloured singer but we couldn't get one. I started singing because we couldn't get anybody else." Did he consciously strive for a coloured sound? "Yes and the thing was I didn't have to train my voice because I had started listening to coloured musicians at an early age before my voice broke, and started singing during the period when it was breaking, when I was 13. My first musical interests were in skiffle, then trad, then mainstream and modern jazz. When the trad thing finished I discovered Ray Charles. Now I listen to everything. I think all musicians should listen to all forms of music."

Will Steve develop his jazz piano playing? "I'd like to, but now we've got a hit record we have to be careful. There are only a few clubs where we can get away with one or two jazz numbers now. I still practise a lot on piano. I'm developing my style on guitar, too. I know it sounds like a cliché but I want to be an all-rounder. I've never been a purist and I've never hated pop or anything like that. I just want to play my own music. My old man always told me it's a dicey business, and I know that. But there has never been any opposition to me becoming a musician – only from school. Frankly, I can't do anything else!"

What are Steve's personal ambitions? "The thing I don't want us to do is go like The Yardbirds playing in ballrooms, and I'd hate to end up in pantomime like The Rockin' Berries. I just want to go on playing reasonably good music."

Steve hopes to record a solo album with big-band backing – what's happening on that scene? "It's been put back a bit as we are rushing material for the next single. It would be an experimental thing – 'Stevie Winwood Sings The Soul Hits of '65' – and I wouldn't mind just doing it as a demo. It wouldn't be all big-band backing; some of the tracks would feature me on piano and guitar."

Does Steve ever feel surprised at his own achievements? "Yes I do really. It was a big surprise to me about the voice. I never expected I'd become known as a singer. Lead guitar, too. I had always considered piano to be my main instrument, but now I think I enjoy playing them both as much. I've tinkered about with drums as well. When Pete [the group's drummer] was having lessons I used to go along with him and sit and listen."

Have Steve, Muff, Spence and Pete changed at all during their successful year together? "I can honestly say we haven't. I think we've been a bit spoilt. At every job we get better appreciation. I suppose one day we're going to be disappointed." *Chris Welch*

— NME FEBRUARY 4 —

SPENCER DAVID NELSON (his father was a paratrooper!) Davis soared in my estimation last Friday when he sent The Rolling Stones' chauffeur-driven Austin Princess to collect me at the *NME* offices for an interview with him at his home in Potters Bar! The chauffeur transpired to be none other than Thomas "I Gotta Group" Keylock ("I'll play you The Habits' new disc later"), who owns a car-hire firm and only turns out for R&B-sters like the Stones and Spencer. During the trip I asked my other travelling companion, charming Bess Coleman, just what kind of character she thought Spencer was.

"He has had a university education and speaks Spanish, French and German fluently," she said. "So I'd say he was deep, very deep." It therefore



January 17, 1966: The Spencer Davis Group squeeze into the Shakespeare Hotel in Woolwich, south-east London

came as no great surprise to arrive outside Spencer's semi-detached to find that he was becoming deeper by apparently having a moat dug around his property. "It's the drains," observed Spencer drily, indicating the four-foot trench in his grass verge. "I came home from a gig last night, jumped out of the van and straight into the hole. Then I galloped all through the house with clay all over my boots. Pauline nearly killed me."

Spencer's softly spoken wife Pauline didn't strike me as having the "killer" instinct when I found her struggling to keep the boiler alight in the kitchen. Looking a little like Nana Mouskouri with her long hair and secretarial specs, she spoke to me of the strain of moving house. I typed her as the kind of gentle person who avoids treading on ants. "Come and see the loft," invited Spencer enthusiastically, "the loft knocked me out."

Being ignorant of the ways of kitchen boilers, we left Thomas to ignite things and climbed up to the loft – what Spencer intends to be his stereo room. Already floored and wallpapered, the loft is a very useful extra room, but with no chairs installed we retired to the front room, where Spencer began an autobiography for me.

"As an infant of two or three I can remember the last period of the World War," said Spencer. "I can remember my home town, Swansea, under attack, with green and white flares lighting the sky. My father was in the Services and we were always on the move. My first school was in a little place called Doe Lea in Derbyshire. We were living with some people on a farm and I used to go to school in a horse-drawn cart."

Spencer's aptitude for languages was shown in infancy when he had learnt to read by the age of three. "I could understand *The Dandy* and *Beano* by the time I was five," said Spence proudly. "From those literary heights I moved to *Captain Marvel* and *Superman* comics. Strangely enough, I've begun reading them again just lately. It's a kind of light relief from the James Bond sophistication which is creeping into all kinds of writing."

Spencer's first musical interests came about on his return to school in Swansea, where he joined the school choir. "There I quickly got proof that all Welsh boys are not born with melodious voices," said Spence. "We sang 'All Through The Night' and 'Drink To Me Only' and I'd swear three-quarters of them were tone deaf!"

About this time the radio show *Educating Archie* was making an impact, with Spence especially interested in the harmonica playing of Ronald Chesney. "I got a mouth organ and learnt to play 'Any Umbrellas To Mend' – badly," Spencer revealed. But his first real musical instrument came about through Dutch Uncle Herman, whose mandolin playing fascinated young Spencer, who immediately requested a guitar and got a piano accordion, from his parents: "It was supposed to be a Christmas present," recalled Spence. "In fact, I talked them into letting me have it one month early, so I could learn three carols and go staggering around Swansea with the squeezebox, almost as big as I was. Thus I completed my first professional engagement for 35 bob!"

By the age of 11, Spencer was showing great promise with his Latin, French and Welsh in school. "My declensions and conjugations were

superb," said Spence. "I had a kind of photographic mind." At 16, Spencer left school with seven GCE O-levels to his credit and began work in a Post Office Savings Bank. He was allowed to continue his language studies one day a week.

"These were the years of Chris Barber's Jazz Band for me," said Spencer. "It was also the year that I met Pauline at the Bexley Heath Fair – on the dodgems. I bought my first guitar. A diabolical thing with a butterfly drawn on the front. I learned three chords and listened to Lonnie Donegan. To this I owe my present success," he added, sarcastically.

Spencer formed a skiffle group called The Saints and they were "moved on" from such celebrated venues as Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross Station and Marble Arch. "I suffered a setback here when the guy who was teaching me guitar tried to run off with Pauline," recalled Spence. "Fortunately I could run faster in that direction than he could."

Bored with his job in the Civil Service, Spencer wrote to his old school in Swansea and was accepted back to study languages. He passed A-levels in German and Spanish, but failed the French because of a bad migraine attack. Birmingham University accepted him on an honours course.

"During the holidays I busked around Europe with my guitar," Spencer went on. "I'd taken £5 with me and when I got to Paris I erected a small placard saying 'Please help a poor student on his trip around the world'. It sounded better than 'just to Berlin'. I became known as the musician from the Left Bank and did well enough on the south coast of France from the Americans who stay in luxury hotels."

It was with the university jazz band that Spencer really became interested in rhythm-and-blues. He played a guitar spot during the interval, and as he was chairman of the committee, booked himself with biased regularity. "My best friend was Don Campbell, our clarinetist. He taught me a lot about mainstream jazz. He was tragically killed last year in a road accident, I miss him."

It was also with the band that Spencer first heard the Muff-Woody Quartet, who at that time had 12-year-old Stevie Winwood playing piano. "When they played a gig in pubs they used to have to hide Stevie as he was still wearing short trousers," smiled Spencer. "Anyway, a few months after hearing them first I got a regular gig at a pub in Birmingham. I didn't fancy it solo, so the boys joined me."

When my interview ended, the boiler was alight and smoke was bellowing from every aperture in the house! I made my exit hurriedly. Picture if you will my waving languidly from the back seat of my chauffeur-driven saloon. "To the *Top Of The Pops*, BBC TV centre, Thomas," I commented imperiously. The Amos Burke of the mounted press, that's me! *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 19 —

HOW ARE HIT records made? In The Spencer Davis Group they place a lot of reliance on milk – and a great song. Casually the SDGs went to work in the early hours last Thursday to produce what promises to be an even bigger hit than "Keep On Running". It's another great Jackie Edwards song called "Somebody Help Me", with lyrics tailor-made for Steve Winwood. It was committed to tape with moderately excited confidence that communicated even to the hardened studio engineer used to dealing with everything from symphony orchestras to jazz trios. The group – minus drummer Peter York – met initially for a picture session on

Oxford Street in the middle of the rush hour. Then Muff Winwood and Spencer drove to Spence's new home at Potters Bar in the Rolling Stones limousine, currently on loan to the group, while Steve went in search of his mate Pete Townshend of The Who.

At the spacious semi-detached, still in the throes of decoration, Spence's wife, Pauline, brewed food while Spence and Muff watched Jimmy Smith on *Jazz 625*. But as midnight neared it was time to trek back to town, and during the drive in Spence's Triumph Vitesse, Muff reminisced about the old days in Birmingham. "Remember when we backed Jimmy Witherspoon? It was about two years ago, and we were getting £40 a night, which was a lot of money. But Jimmy Witherspoon only got about seven quid? He told us he liked the group and was really knocked out. It was a great session and Steve played piano all night. I remember when The Moody Blues used to play on the same session as us. Did you know Steve taught Denny Laine how to play harmonica?"

Arriving at Marble Arch, Muff and Spence stocked up with cartons of milk at a nearby cafe, then went into the studio where Steve was already sitting at a grand piano, in a white pullover, playing a slow Shirley Scott blues. Muff and Spence were about to dump milk and hamburgers all over the grand when there came a faint moan from a technician, who stumbled ashen faced towards us and with a muttered "Please" hastily draped a cover over the top.

Steve grinned reprovingly as he played some soulful chords. "This piano costs £2,000 – more than an organ. Get me a hamburger, Muff."

But it was time for work. They had to add the vocal to the backing track already recorded the previous week. Steve produced a tatty piece of paper with the words scribbled in red ink. "I got the pen from a copper," he revealed.

Steve was to take the lead vocal and Muff and Spence were backing on the chorus. "Hey, I've got two lines," exclaimed Muff, pleasantly surprised. "How on earth can we read this?" demanded Spence, trying to decipher the handwriting. But Steve took charge, explaining the parts, and the three were soon singing, unaccompanied, sounding like Potter's Bar's answer to The Walker Brothers.

The engineer, an explosive chap, prone to pulling all the plugs out with furious oaths and

throwing tape around, indicated through the glass panel that he was ready to run the backing track. On went the studio red warning light, and the boys gathered round the microphone, leaping energetically up and down to the beat. Jackie's lyrics on scraps of paper were placed imposingly on a music stand. "Well, it's got to look good," said Steve.

"Somebody Help Me" has a much lighter, swingier sound than "Running" and the fuzzbox is replaced by vibes played in unison with guitar. Near the coda, bongos are added to Peter York's drumming. The lyric about "a little boy of 17" are designed by Jackie for Steve.

After only a few takes the number was complete and everybody was knocked out.

"Whaddya mean a No 1?" said Steve with amusement. Next the engineer spent several minutes trying to edit out a "clang" on the B-side, "When I Get Home", a great Winwood composition that could easily be an A-side. Several offending bass-drum beats had been surgically removed after much sweat by the engineer, when Muff came into control, listened and complained: "What's happened to that great bit in the middle?" The engineer gave Muff a penetrating look and said, "You want it? You can have it," and threw a length of tape over his head.

"Hey, let's go for a drink," said Steve in a sudden flash of inspiration. "Oh man, I don't want a late night," complained Muff. But Spence, ace mediator, promised Steve a drink and Muff that it would be a short session. Off to a beat nightclub, they were greeted by The Animals, Viv Prince and PJ Proby. Steve was soon up on stage, jamming on guitar with Brian Auger, Long John Baldry and The VIPs, while Eric Burdon bellowed for "Lucille".

For the SDGs, music is music, and to them digging the great lead singer with The VIPs is as important as cutting their own vitally important single which has their careers pinned on the label. *Chris Welch* •

"I learned three chords and listened to Lonnie Donegan"



Melody Maker

7 8. 1966

9d weekly

'DAY TRIPPER' STILL TOP, BUT...

SPENCER

CHASES BEATLES



THE SMALL FACES
are torn. On
record, they deliver
pop genius. Live,
they play “sort of
freeform numbers”.
How can they
reconcile the two?
Says Steve Marriott:
“I’m more of a
sound man...”

“We
don’t
have
to work
at it”

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 12 —

THE WORD IS out – the Small Faces are “selling out”. “They’ve gone commercial,” cry distraught girls as they listen to singer Steve Marriott wailing “Sha-La-La-La-Lee”. Yet if you have seen the boys recently it is quite obvious they have not “sold out”. On the contrary, they have “sussed” the scene out.

“We’ve sussed it all out,” Stevie said. “We’ve gotta make some bread. The whole point in recording a commercial record is to try and get our name really established. If we can score two or three big hits, then we’ll start making the kind of records we want to.”

Steve was worried that he’d created the wrong impression: “It’s not that I don’t dig the group. I’m thoroughly involved – and pleased – with what we do onstage, but on record we have to conform. They’re two different scenes.”

“I know that some people don’t like our discs after seeing the stage act,” said bass guitarist Plonk Lane, “others like the records but think that the stage act is too loud and that.”

“We want to get the full force of our stage numbers on record,” explained Steve. “Mind you, it’ll be further out than our present stuff. I’ve written a lot of things, and a certain Mr Townshend, of a group whose name I won’t mention, is bringing some demo records round in a few weeks,” laughed Steve.

The Faces’ newest member, Ian “Mac” McLagan, cornered the conversation: “Well I mean, if you get saxes into the group it’s death, death, death! I wanted to get an electric piano to sit on my organ but the only really suitable model was out of production. For the record we double-tracked this old upright that was sitting in the studio – it’s a very electric piano sound, actually. We dig the Booker T sounds, but we fill out some of those bad brass solos with our own weird sounds.”

“Sometimes we get hung up on a sound for hours,” muttered Plonk. “Actually, it’s a very bad scene that we have to watch carefully. We might hit on a riff that really jumps. We like the sound and stick to it. Then as it goes on we play subtle variations round the main riff. I can understand >



April 1966: the Small Faces recreate a late-night “mystery session” in the basement of their rented house at 22 Westmoreland Terrace, Pimlico, London



● MARRIOTT

Faces feel left out of it

TWO weeks ago the four Small Faces chalked up their first ever number one and completely justified their early promise. But just how many people realise the Small Faces are one of Britain's leading groups? Certainly their production manager-cum-chaperone, Bill Corbett, who used to do the

that some people get bored 'cos they don't dig the changes. I get hooked on a part like this and end up playing for myself."

"It's the worst thing," said Mac, "you've got to play for the audience and not yourself. It's something that the Small Faces have trouble with, especially as we do sort of freeform numbers with completely improvised middle sections."

"When Mac first joined us," said Marriott, "we were so knocked out with the way he played organ that we just stood about onstage and watched him go. Now we've got it under control and use him as a carpet."

Said Mac: "What he means is that I'm a bass sound underneath the guitar, bass, and drums, keeping a steady rhythm and a melody so that the vocal, bass and guitar, can loon about on top."

"At present we only do this freeform stuff on stage and sometimes on our B-sides of records," said Steve, "I know 'Sha-La-La-La-Lee' is a long haul from it, but one day we hope to be doing right weird, far-out stuff."

— NME FEBRUARY 25 —

STEVE MARRIOTT SAID, "Me muvver and farver kept on at me to get a decent job." Steve is that cheerful little bundle of energy of the chart-climbing Small Faces group. He went on: "But playing in a group was all I wanted to do. So I played it shrewd. I got a job at Lyons Corner House, washing up – an' a few weeks later I dropped a crate with about 3,000 dishes in it!"

He roared with laughter and waved his arms about, describing the incident. "Don't think I did it deliberately, mind! It was an accident. But it was one of those dead-end jobs you get out of in a hurry anyway – and when they gave me the boot I was the happiest bloke alive! I tell you, a couple of weeks an' I was playing with a group again. Great. And me mum and dad couldn't say much. I did try an ordinary job, didn't I?"

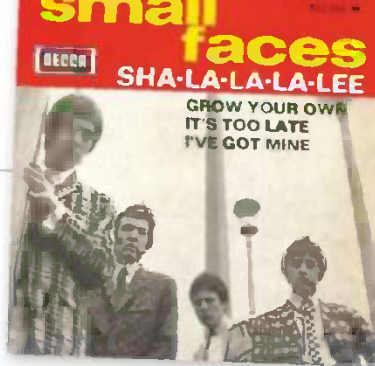
Like The Who, Steve and the rest of the Faces really live their music. But that's where the resemblance to The Who ends. There's no hard-bitten moodiness or "image" where the Small Faces are concerned. When they're talking about their work their eyes light up with the joy of it, and they jump up and down and move around as they tell you how knocked out they are by a new sound they've achieved, or by the way their hit "Sha-La-La-La-Lee" is going down in the ballrooms they visit.

All the Small Faces are of a uniform tininess. "It just happened that way," grins Steve. "We're just mates who happened to hit it off. Somebody didn't say, 'Right, let's get a crowd of little bokes together and form a big group!'"

Looking over (and after) them with fatherly efficiency is big Bill Corbett, a road manager who trained the hard way. He used to be a chauffeur with The Beatles. Bill looks down over his horn-rimmed glasses on to them like a headmaster about to hand out 200 lines. "You can't do that!" he'll say, or "Now then, you can't say that."

"Yes, Bill," the Small Faces chorus back obediently, and then they look out of the corners of their eyes and grin at each other. As Bill drives, the Small Faces may actually get to a venue safe and sound, but there's no guarantee they'll get out that way. They've been experiencing some extra-wild fan scenes since first hitting the charts with "Whatcha Gonna Do About It" in September last.

Says new group organist Ian McLagan: "We played at a northern venue recently. Bill had phoned the manager earlier in the day to tell him to put crash barriers round the stage. We knew they'd be needed, because we'd only just escaped with our



"We just want to work as mates together as long as possible"

so much in being a team, it's not true. And we don't have to work at it, either. We're a sort of natural unit. We know what each other is thinking.

"Anyway, we live for the moment. And we just want to work as mates together for as long as possible. We're just ordinary bokes. If things don't work out in the future? Well... it's back to washing up in Joe Lyons!" Steve concluded. *Alan Smith*

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 26 —

FOR MANY GROUPS, the day doesn't end after a gig. They may fall into one of the country's in-clubs, slope off with their girlfriend or arrange a quick booze-up. For the Small Faces, it's invariably home to their house in London's Pimlico.

And down in the basement the mystery sounds, as the group call them, take place. Ian "Mac" McLagan moves his Hammond organ into the corner, Ronnie "Plonk" Lane plugs his old guitar into an amp, and Steve Marriott sits at a beat-up piano. Someone grabs a tambourine, and someone else a pair of bongos – and the "sounds" are under way.

"We're still playing roughly the same old stuff but we relive it," explained Steve Marriott. "It's the Booker T kick really. He plays 12-bar numbers, but they are fantastically hip sounds. In Booker T And The MGs, their guitarist Steve Cropper is the guv'nor."

What is the point or aim of these moonlight sessions? "After a gig, or on a night off, we like to get a few cool mates along and have these workouts. You can play mostly what you want, what you feel, and for however long you want. Sometimes we do get a bit weird and far-out, and sometimes we do slow Ray Charles-type blues – in fact we often get quite a few ideas and original numbers from our mystery sessions.

"It's the right time to experiment," said Steve, who was playing an old slide pick-up guitar which he had bought for £10. "I got this thing today. It's a gas for playing Muddy Waters/Elmore James-type bottleneck guitar – although not really my scene. I'm more of a sound man."

Mac began to explain to what lengths the group would go to with their "mystery sounds." "Even if we went further out than The Who, we'd still be different from them soundwise. The Who are completely wrapped up in sound, whereas we're more conscious of our stage act, and the kind of show we put over. We worry about which numbers to put in, and which to leave out, and have ends arranged for each number. The Who might improvise a wild middle part, and then just peter the number out. I attach great importance to the end of a number," said Mac seriously, "because the audience remember and notice the end."



Does Mac believe the groups' neglect of melody and preoccupation with weird sound will lead them into deep waters?

"Not really," said Mac, "because, for instance, our record 'Sha-La-La-Lee' is a very 'la-dee-da' number and then we do numbers like 'Please, Please', and 'You've Really Got A Hold On Me', which are exactly the same length and played the same way every night. I'd be the first to agree that melody still counts, but I must say that each of our numbers has a precise and different purpose."

— MELODY MAKER MARCH 26 —

TWO WEEKS AGO, the four Small Faces chalked up their first ever No 1 and completely justified their early promise. But just how many people realise the Small Faces are one of Britain's leading groups? Certainly their production manager-cum-chaperone, Bill Corbett, who used to do the same job under The Beatles. Bill says that the Small Faces have "arrived" quicker than The Beatles – he also says that they'll become one of the country's biggest groups, and, he adds gruffly: "They ain't woken up to it yet."

With organist "Mac" McLagan an important man in their recent rise to stardom, the Faces have only been together two months. Before "Mac" joined the group, they had only been in existence for four months. Altogether that is six months in which they've scored two hit records and been hotly tipped for the very, very top.

In the last month, the Faces have gathered great momentum and have smashed ballroom and club attendance records sky high – but still they haven't really got the acclaim they deserve. Even when they hit number one they got a cool reception: "Naturally we're knocked out," said Steve Marriott "but some people don't say a thing."

Nevertheless, the Faces are in good spirits and working hard on their LP and next single. Steve says that they have trouble selecting singles: "It's very difficult because the numbers that we write aren't commercial enough. They are alright for the LP, but not for singles. We have to sift through other writers' stuff. 'Sha-La-La-Lee' was just right. The beginning and the end is real Small Faces stuff, while the middle part is probably what sold it."

What policy are the group adopting when they choose LP material?

"Mainly we want to incorporate all the little musical things our fans dig. It's going to be more like our stage act than a collection of very commercial tracks," said Plonk Lane, the group's bass guitarist.

"Yeah, we promise our fans, and all the people who dig our music, that it'll still be raving kind of stuff," said Steve.

"The trouble is we don't get a lot of time," muttered Plonk, "you get a number half written and then your nut goes, and it's not finished." Mac started: "We get a nice idea for the number to begin with but then suddenly we have to finish them in time for a recording session, and the endings are rushed. It takes a long time to get a number to sound how we want it." •



"The most vile thing I've ever heard..."

MM MARCH 5 Steve Marriott reviews the singles



Dave Clark Five Try Too Hard (COLUMBIA)

It swings. Nice drummer. It's got a lot of drive. I don't know who it is. I mean, it's got to be British by the sound. The voice is rather like John Lennon every now and again – but I know it's not The Beatles! Is it The Clayton Squares or someone? There's no individuality about the sound to associate it with anybody in particular, although the song and arrangement are good. Is it The Mojos? Oh, I give up. Dave Clark! You're joking – it's the best thing they've ever done. I dig that – it'll be a big hit.

The Who Substitute (REACTION)

Oh, great. It's just too much. They sound like Billy Fury (*falls on floor laughing*). It's good. It's great. I think they'll get a No 1 with this. That'll please Pete – and Keith's mum! I can honestly say it's not as good as "My Generation", but it's definitely a No 1. Dig that "Rescue Me" sound. Pete's writing more and more commercial stuff – this actually conjures up a visual picture of them. Hayley Mills will like it.

The McCoys Up And Down (IMMEDIATE)

I love this number – if it is "Love Hurts". Oh, it's not. Everyone's got onto this on-beat-four-in-the-bar sound. People took it from The Four Tops using on-beat drums and off-beat

bass guitar. I don't know who this is. A nice record but I'm not over-exuberant about it. Probably a hit if it's well-plugged. The McCoys! It's the worst record they've made, I'm afraid.

The Bachelors Sound Of Silence (DECCA)

Sounds like a load of monks walking about. I know, The Yardbirds' "Still I'm Sad" revisited. Oh, it's not The Bachelors, is it? Let's hear the next one then! (Steve gets up and hurls it off the record player) I like Gracie Fields as well!

Freddie & The Dreamers If You've Got A Minute, Baby (COLUMBIA)

Is it Gerry? Oh, Freddie & The Dreamers. Ugh – I don't... I can't... Ugh! I can't listen to their records. I think of trousers falling down. I like Freddie as a person but I don't dig his records. Very polished, but I don't like it. Can I take it off?

Del Shannon I Can't Believe My Ears (STATESIDE)

I don't like that organ sound. Oh, what a bad scene. I can't remember his name. Oh, y'know – (*sings falsetto*) "I'm a-walkin' in the raaaaain." No, this is too dated – the kids won't want this. I can't remember his name.

The Tornados Pop Art Goes Mozart (COLUMBIA)

That's nice harpsichord – I think. It's not the Andrew Oldham Orchestra, is it? The massed bands of the Tasmanian Air Force – featuring Sooty on vibes! It's The Tornados! Ah, then it is the massed bands of the Tasmanian Air Force! I wish Joe Meek would sell his echo chamber. It's dated – good for knees-ups. What a bad scene (*speeds record up to 73rpm*). That's what they call pop art goes off its head.

Anita Harris Something Must Be Done (PYE)

What a crazy sound, man. I like this. If it's someone who's had a hit before then it might go. Good record. The best I've heard for a long while. Who is it? The band's on a good scene. Anita Harris. Oh, the best of luck to her then – hope it's a hit.

Tim Thomas Walking (POLYDOR)

Yeah, nice (*long, long pause*). I don't like it. A bit jazzy, but it all sounds like a put-on. A good try. May I reject it?

The Golliwogs Brown-Eyed Girl (VOCALION)

Sounds like Them or The Animals. It's not the Sons Of Fred, is it? They should have built the organ sound up more. A little monotonous, but I dig monotony. I don't know if other people do though. It went into double time beautifully there. If the singer got off the Eric Burden kick he'd do better. He should phrase differently.

Bob Lind Elusive Butterfly (FONTANA)

I heard this on my way here. It's something about a butterfly. It gets squashed! Not my sort of stuff – my mum might like it. Or my dad. No, no, my mum won't like it – but my dad will. I don't know this fella, but I think he wrote it as well. I don't like it.

The Newbeats Shake Hands (HICKORY)

It's a jumping record. Is it The Four Seasons? Oh, I know it's the "Bread And Butter" lot. The Newbeats. I can't hear a word they're saying. I hated "Bread And Butter" – the most vile thing I've ever heard. This is better, but it's still horrible!

1965

JANUARY - MARCH



Sgt Barry Sadler: hymning the "fearless men who jump and die" with Jim Reeves warble and a rat-a-tat beat

U.S. WAR SONG
THE best-selling book about the Vietnam war "The Green Berets" inspired Staff Sergeant **BARRY SADLER** to write and record this number, which topped the American charts, and is now available here on RCA.
 It's set to a martial, rat-a-tat-tat beat, with organ, brass and humming group entering towards the final build-up.
 Cover version by the Lancasters on Epc attempts to make more of a pop song of it. The same label offers an instrumental by the Alan Moorhouse Orchestra, with solo harmonica taking the lead, plus background humming.
 Tips: Barry sounds like Jim Reeves as he warbles "I'm A Lucky One", so titled because he's going home from the front-line. The Lancasters play a Shadows-type instrumental "My Little Rose". And Alan offers a new treatment of the traditional "London Bridge".

"We don't need stuff like that in the Pop 50..."

MM APRIL 2 John Lennon, Mick Jagger, Pete Townshend and many other pop stars air their views on "The Ballad Of The Green Berets" by Staff Sgt Barry Sadler

THE ARGUMENTS LAST year over Barry McGuire's record "Eve Of Destruction" were nothing compared with the emotions that have been roused over Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler's "The Ballad Of The Green Berets". The record reached No 1 in America and entered the Pop 50 last week. Mutterings against the record were brought to a head when DJ Brian Matthew described it as "sick and nauseating" on *Juke Box Jury* - and was rebuked by chairman David Jacobs, who defended the disc. This week *Melody Maker* canvassed the opinions of other recording stars. This is what they had to say about the record.

GEORGE HARRISON: It's terrible. I'm sorry for the people who bought it and put it No 1 in America.

PAUL McCARTNEY: Crap! It's a dreadful record.

RINGO STARR: I couldn't care what happens to it!

JOHN LENNON: It's propoganda. We don't need stuff like that in the Pop 50.

PETE TOWNSHEND: It's enlistment advertising and I hate any kind of army recruitment which doesn't actually come out

with it and say "Join the army". Everyone must know what the army is like by now and they must know what Vietnam is all about. It just goes to show how bloody long the thing has been going on - they're even making records about it.

CLIFF RICHARD: I heard it once or twice and I've got nothing to say for or against it. It's one of those songs that will probably be a hit, with all of the publicity it's getting. Personally, I don't think it's sickening at all!

DAVE DAVIES: I have never once heard the record. But from what I've heard about it it is pretty awful.

PAUL JONES: You couldn't print what I really think about it. The main point is that the American State Department is clearly annoyed because they cannot get people to volunteer to fight in Vietnam. This may or may not be due to cowardice. I prefer that the American citizenry are saying: "Go and fight your own bloody war." I think it's the sickest record - and I have this awful suspicion the same people are buying it who bought Barry McGuire's record. It's strange - it proves people prefer heroes to pacifists.

ALAN PRICE: The way I feel about the record is the way I feel about being called up - I wouldn't want to, but I'd go. It leaves me

neither hot nor cold - it just has no value for me. I suppose it must have some sentiment about it that makes it sell.

PLONKLANE (Small Faces): I don't like it. I suppose it's alright for some, but I can't understand why the kids are buying it. Whenever we hear it on the radio going to

a job or something, we scream and grovel about in the back of the car.

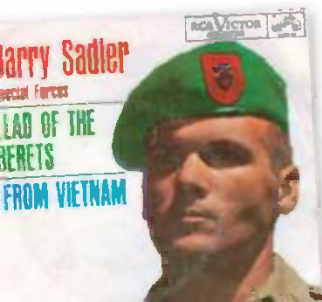
MICK JAGGER: A terribly sick song and I hope it wouldn't sell in England. It sold over two million in American - which shows what a warmongering nation

they are. The last verse of the song is so bad - you won't believe it when you hear it - all about hoping his son gets killed. It's awful, terrible, and shows how much taste American record buyers have. That'll stop us from being No 1 in America!

CHAS CHANDLER: It's crap, and typical of what is going on in America. They are getting so nationalistic-minded and everybody's behind their red-blooded boys fighting in Vietnam. I don't think it will be a hit in England; we've got too much sense. Somebody in America said to me quite seriously that if the war keeps going, Barry Sadler will get really big and they'll be able to run comic strips on him.

"The last verse is so bad - all about hoping his son gets killed"

GETTY



The Hollies



I can't let go
Running through the

SINGLES
REVIEW

FEBRUARY 16

“British! To the core!”

MM FEBRUARY 19 Paul McCartney reviews the singles

SINGLES

Hollies *I Can't Let Go* (PARLOPHONE)

It's The Hollies (during long falsetto note). That's great. A very commercial sound. I love the high trumpet note, if it was a trumpet, especially. Very well arranged.

Gene Pitney *Backstage* (STATESIDE)

Gene Pitney! Again it's commercial. But I don't like it particularly. I like to hear him singing a different type of song - this is his single type.

New Faces *Like A Man* (PYE)

It's a girl - she's white. British, five feet, five inches tall and has blonde hair. But I don't know what her name is. I can't tell with this one, and personally, I don't really like it.

Adam Faith *To Make A Big Man Cry* (PARLOPHONE)

(During intro) British! It's Adam Faith. It may be one of those records that grows on you after

a bit, but it doesn't seem very distinguished at the moment.

Paddy, Klaus & Gibson *No Good Without You Baby* (PYE)

It's great - bound to be a hit. I've got my publicity man leaning over my shoulder and he's their publicity man, too. But it is a great song and I think they have done it well. Hit!

The Action *I'll Keep Holding On* (PARLOPHONE)

The Action: I like this record but I think I like the original version a bit better. I saw The Action rehearsing



at the Marquee and they are a good group. This is a medium hit.

The Four Pennies *Trouble Is My Middle Name* (PHILIPS)

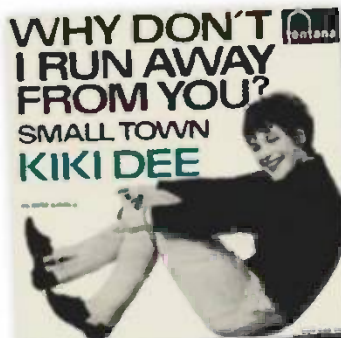
British. Is it Pinkerton's Various Bassett's Assortment? The tune sounds so like "Mirror, Mirror On The Wall". Wait a minute, it's The Four Pennies. Again, I can't really tell about this one. It may be a hit, but it doesn't sound like it on first hearing. However, I hope it is, lads!

Billy J Kramer *We're Doing Fine* (PARLOPHONE)

It's Billy J's new one, I heard it last night. It's all down to whoever has got the following - Dee Dee Warwick or Billy J. I think Dee Dee's is a bit better but Billy's male and will have the birds on his side.

Martha & The Vandellas *My Baby Loves Me* (TAMLA MOTOWN)

Who is this? Is it Martha? I don't think it's as good as the rest of her records. The backing is so ordinary. Still, it's better than a lot of the records out at the moment.



Kiki Dee *Why Don't I Run Away From You?* (FONTANA)

British! To the core! She sounds as though she has a great voice but the song isn't good enough to make a big impression. Chart-wise, flipside - dig, daddy! That is one of the records that Martha's is better than.

The Graham Bond Organisation *St James Infirmary* (COLUMBIA)

Normally Graham Bond sounds American, but the speed of this makes him sound a lot more English. The trouble is I have never liked the song anyway. I like his moustache.

Statler Brothers *Flowers On The Wall* (CBS)

I don't like it at all, but I think a few people probably will. It sounds a bit like "All My Loving On The Wall", which sounds like a million others. The only good thing is it's different. But so is Eamonn Andrews.

Junior Walker All Stars *Cleo's Mood* (TAMLA MOTOWN)

It's Junior Walker. The best thing about them is there is no singing on this. He has had a great thing on his last couple of records but this sounds like somebody trying to cash in on them. It's just about the most stupid way of cashing in because it's got nothing that the other records have. Down with cashing-in, I say!



BLIND DATE

PAUL McCARTNEY

S: "I Can't Let Go" (Parlophone). The Hollies. (During long falsetto note) that's great. A very commercial sound. I love the high trumpet note, if it was a trumpet, especially. Very well arranged.

Gene Pitney: "Backstage" (Stateside). Gene Pitney! Again it's commercial. But I don't like it particularly. I like to hear him singing a different type of song - this is his single type.

● Is it Martha? I don't think it's as good as the rest of her records. The backing is so ordinary ●



1966

JANUARY - MARCH



Stevie Wonder in 1966: regarded as the baby of the Tamla Motown family

“Let’s face it. You can tell a Tamla record a mile off!”

STEVIE WONDER, now 15 (and not so little), arrives in London to promote “Uptight”. Later in the year, NME interviews UK record executive Peter Prince to learn more about the rhythms of working life at Tamla Motown’s Detroit hit factory.

— NME FEBRUARY 18 —

STEVIE WONDER IS one of the friendliest and most cheerful American pop singers to arrive in London for many months. Apart from topping the US chart when he was barely 13 with “Fingertips”, he has gained a reputation as a top-class drummer, harmonica player and pianist. And this week the first British entry, “Uptight” – which he wrote himself – jumps to No 13 in the NME Chart!

Stevie succeeds at everything he turns his hand to – and yet for all 15 years he has been totally blind. He arrived in Britain two weeks ago for ballroom and TV dates and was preparing to return to America when I met him in his London hotel. “This is the third time I’ve been to England,” he said, sipping a coke, “but I think I’ve had a better time, audience-wise, this trip than on the earlier ones. But I suppose the record ‘Uptight’ has helped a lot.”

Whenever Stevie goes on tour he has three constant travelling companions – Clarence Paul (musical director), Bo Hamilton (drummer) and Ted Bull (tutor). Although he spends a lot of time away from school, Stevie studies wherever he »

CA/REDFERNS/GETTY

goes. "Most of the day is devoted to his lessons," said tutor Ted. "He's an excellent pupil and learns very quickly. His favourite subjects are mathematics and science."

"Although I love my music, I realise that there are other things in life and that a good all-round education is very important," he said. "When on tour I have to write essays about the places I visit. In the essay I'll be writing when I get back I'll certainly include my meeting with Paul McCartney. I met him in the Scotch Of St James Club. He's a really swinging guy, the only Beatle I've met."

He has decided that composing and arranging will play a very important part in his life. I asked Stevie about the song he has written for Georgie Fame. "News travels fast in this city! I wrote a song without a title for Georgie but I don't know whether it will be issued here or not. I'm sure Georgie will make a great job of it. He is one of the most talented artists in Britain. Wonder what he'll call it?" Stevie mused.

One person who knows Stevie well is his attractive publicist, Nancy Lewis, who was born in Detroit (where Stevie comes from) but now works in London. Nancy first saw Stevie play in America three years ago. "He's now 6ft 1in," she told me, "but when I first saw him he was known as Little Stevie Wonder - and not surprisingly. He was in the middle of a massive stage - a tiny, thin creature barely 5ft, surrounded by a crowd of tall musicians. But as soon as he started singing people forgot about his height. Even when he was only 18 he had an enormous voice."

"His life seems to revolve round music. He carries his harmonica everywhere with him and if he goes into a room with a piano, he'll be led to it and sit there playing away for hours. At the Tamla Motown studios he is regarded as the baby of the family, with Berry Gordy as father. Everyone sits in on each other's sessions and there's always a great turnout when Stevie records."

"The amazing thing is his cheerfulness. I've never seen him depressed. Quite often when I've gone into his dressing room, he's said to me, "You're looking lovely today, Nancy."

Another of Stevie's hobbies at the moment is typing. "He's an excellent Braille typist and now he's building up speed as a touch typist," said Nancy. "At present he's attending the Michigan School For The Blind, where he's regarded as an idol by all the other kids. A lot of his spare time is devoted to helping other blind children."

Just as I was leaving his room Stevie wandered over to his record-player but couldn't find the record he was getting out. "By gosh, my eyesight's getting bad," he cracked, grinning widely. *Norrie Drummond*

— MELODY MAKER JANUARY 29 —

"STEVIE'S GOT A Monster," scream the adverts in American papers. They are referring, of course, to his hit record, "Uptight (Everything's Alright)", which looks like being Stevie's biggest Stateside hit yet. At the height of hit-disc fervour in America, 15-year-old Stephen D Judkins flees to Britain for two weeks of touring and televising. He will naturally be pushing "Uptight" and he naturally hopes it will prove to be as big a hit in England.

"Well, I don't know if it will go," laughed Stevie, as he sipped his orange juice. "Of course I hope it will. I think that the English kids like this sort of beat a lot. Actually the idea came from The Rolling Stones. They started this thing on 'Satisfaction'." He demonstrated on a bulbous chromatic harmonica.

The harmonica is in fact Stevie's main instrument, but he doesn't feature it at all on "Uptight". Was there any specific reason? No, no, I talked this over with my musical director, Clarence Paul, and we

"We figured that 'Uptight' didn't need a harp. Vocal is much stronger on such a number"



figured that 'Uptight' didn't need a harp. Vocal is much stronger on such a number."

What does Stevie think of the criticism that all Tamla

Motown records sound the same? "Well, I realise that there is quite a bit of similarity between Tamla Motown records, but the guys at Motown realise this and they are beginning to change it. The sound may be the same but, let's face it, you can tell a Tamla record a mile off. Motown had a distinctive sound," said Stevie, "and it is a sound that just about everybody has tried to copy but not been able to. I think that the distinctive sound is something to do with the acoustics in the studios at Detroit."

Which way does Stevie think the music scene is going to develop? "I couldn't say," he answered, "but I still think that beat rather than beauty will be featured. Mind you, it's quite possible that pretty songs will come back this year."

"At the moment everything in the US is 'A Go-Go'. It's the new word. It means anything that involves some sort of action, or movement. If someone thinks a record is good they might say, 'It's a go-go record', y'know."

What are Stevie's main musical tastes? "Well, I dig Ray Charles. He's my idol. I also like Neil Sedaka - gee, just about anything. There's a lot of jazz stuff I like as well. Stan Getz - he's the man. I like some of the avant-garde jazz but I can't dig this feedback stuff!"

He blew one very long feedback-like note on his harmonica, smiled at the ring of reporters and said, "Man, do you dig that?" *Nick Jones*

— NME DECEMBER 3 —

A HEARSE OFTEN PASSES the many front doors of the Tamla Motown headquarters in Grand Central Boulevard, Detroit. But there's no sound of the death march as the sleek black car moves sombrely along the road. Instead (if it weren't for the soundproofing) you'd probably get a happy earful of The Four Tops, Jimmy Ruffin, The Supremes or The Temptations, slamming out another hit from the depths of Tamla's basement studio!

Life is full of contrasts like this at Tamla, as I found when I visited Detroit recently as promotion manager of EMI's licensed repertoire division, which includes Tamla. The hearse, for example, belongs to the undertaking business next door to Tamla's headquarters.

PICTORIAL PRESS LTD / ALAMY

Stevie really is a wonder!

STEVIE WONDER is one of the friendliest and most cheerful American pop singers to arrive in London for many months. Apart from topping the U.S. chart when he was barely 13 with "Fingertips," he has gained a reputation as a top-class drummer.

in the Scotch of St. James Club. He's a really swinging guy, the only Beatle

Hitsville... U.S.A.



Music talk: Wonder with Peter Noone, lead singer of Herman's Hermits, outside the offices of Motown Records in Detroit, Michigan, 1966

Supremes, Florence was lead singer and not Diana. Tamla was doing a bit of experimenting with sound (as usual!) and they decided to make the switch. I don't think the girls minded, because they're pretty sensible and they know their career is being well handled.

I find Florence is probably the quietest of the trio, while Diana is the one with all the nervous energy and all the go. Mary has a nice humour. I saw the girls do a stage show in Detroit and it was funny to hear the way they jokingly talk about each other in the act. They refer to each other as "Flo the quiet one, Mary the sexy one and Diana the skinny one". But as each girl is described, she breathes, "You wanna bet...?"

People ask me if any of the Tamla groups are bad-tempered off-stage. The absolutely honest answer is no. They are so co-operative and professional they're a shining example to many other stars. The Supremes are no exception to this, but they do have one very human weakness: they love fish and chips! When I was in Detroit they were bemoaning the fact that they couldn't get fish and chips in America as in London – the way they liked them, wrapped in newspaper.

There's nothing flashy or over-sophisticated about The Supremes. In fact they're very much early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise girls. I found that one of the big exceptions they make to this rule is at "Motown Monday", which has just started up at the Roostertail Club in Detroit. This fantastic event never fails to pack 'em in to squeezing point. The Supremes were featured the night I was there, doing a very long act and accompanied by a terrific 16-piece band. It was a tremendous show.

One recording session I went to was for backing tracks for a Four Tops LP and I saw the famous songwriting team of Holland-Dozier-Holland. They are three coloured musicians in their late twenties.

They radiate so much enthusiasm it's incredible!

Berry Gordy wasn't at the session. In fact, I gather it's a long time now since Berry did any actual record production himself. He's become very much an administration man and leaves the work of turning out hits to others.

Actually, it is a little difficult to feel at ease with Berry, because when you're talking to him he seems to have so many things on his mind! All the time his eyes are darting to papers on his desk, and I got the impression he was itching to be back at work. I suppose it's understandable: this is the very energy that's helped to build Tamla up to its present importance. The label had five hits in the US Top 50 while I was in Detroit, so you can understand how jubilant everybody was.

The family atmosphere really does exist. They're a close-knit group at Tamla, enjoying their music but thinking about it as well. They take a tremendous amount of trouble with arrangements; things like basslines are worked on with great care.

They absolutely pack the studio with musicians for a session. In fact, they tend to book more musicians than they need just to be on the safe side! One guy will be hanging around waiting for something to do and then they bring him in to play the tambourine!

Another talented Tamla artist I met was Chris Clark, a white girl who originally came from the West Coast and who looks a lot like Dusty Springfield. Then there were The Four Tops – wonderful group. I first met them in Britain on their first visit and Obi (Renaldo) and I went down to Ronnie Scott's club so he could listen to some jazz.

I remember it was tough to get them any TV dates in this country on that occasion. People didn't know them too well and many didn't want to know. This time, I think there were more offers than they could handle!

Levi is the one who's always happy, jumping around and so on, whereas Lawrence is

virtually the MD of the group. He looks after the music parts and that kind of thing. Abdul is a pleasant person, too. I think he was once engaged to Mary of The Supremes. I was unlucky in that "What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted" singer Jimmy Ruffin was out of town while I was in Detroit, but I did meet his brother David (one of the Temptations). He was naturally very proud of Jimmy's success.

Peter Prince interviewed by Alan Smith •

As Tamla flourished, it bought up more and more detached houses on the boulevard, for use as offices and other departments. Two floors of one house were knocked through to make a studio – and a chain of underground tunnels was built to connect the buildings. That's why I talk about "the many front doors of Tamla".

Hearing about Berry Gordy's street full of houses might shatter your imaginary impression of a vast, 10-storey talent factory. But believe me; they sum up the label's success story more than you'd think.

Everybody there actually likes working in the jammed-up closeness of offices converted from bedrooms and dining rooms. It makes things seem friendly and it helps create that famous Tamla "family atmosphere" folk talk about. Not long ago there were plans to uproot the whole set-up and move into a modern building. Nobody had much enthusiasm for the idea and eventually it was scrapped.

Probably the most surprising thing of all at Tamla (for me) was seeing the studio. After hearing the fantastic record sounds produced there, I expected to set eyes on a half-acre room packed with loads of equipment. What greeted me was an average-looking studio in a basement, with the ceiling taken away to give more space. An organ and a grand piano were kept permanently at the far end of the room. I'm not knocking the place – far from it. Seeing the actual studio made me realise just how much the Tamla sound owes to people... the artists and the engineers who often seem to be working there right round the clock. I've never seen so many people getting so much fun out of working.

In fact, the whole of Detroit seems to be permanently on the go. It's a tough industrial town, packed with people. Many of them – almost all car workers – flood across the Hudson River every day from Canada, on the other bank. But it's not the car workers who are giving Detroit its big name these days: it's the ever-growing list of Tamla characters, from The Supremes to the Tops, Temptations, Miracles, Junior Walker, Jimmy Ruffin, Martha & The Vandellas and Marvin Gaye.

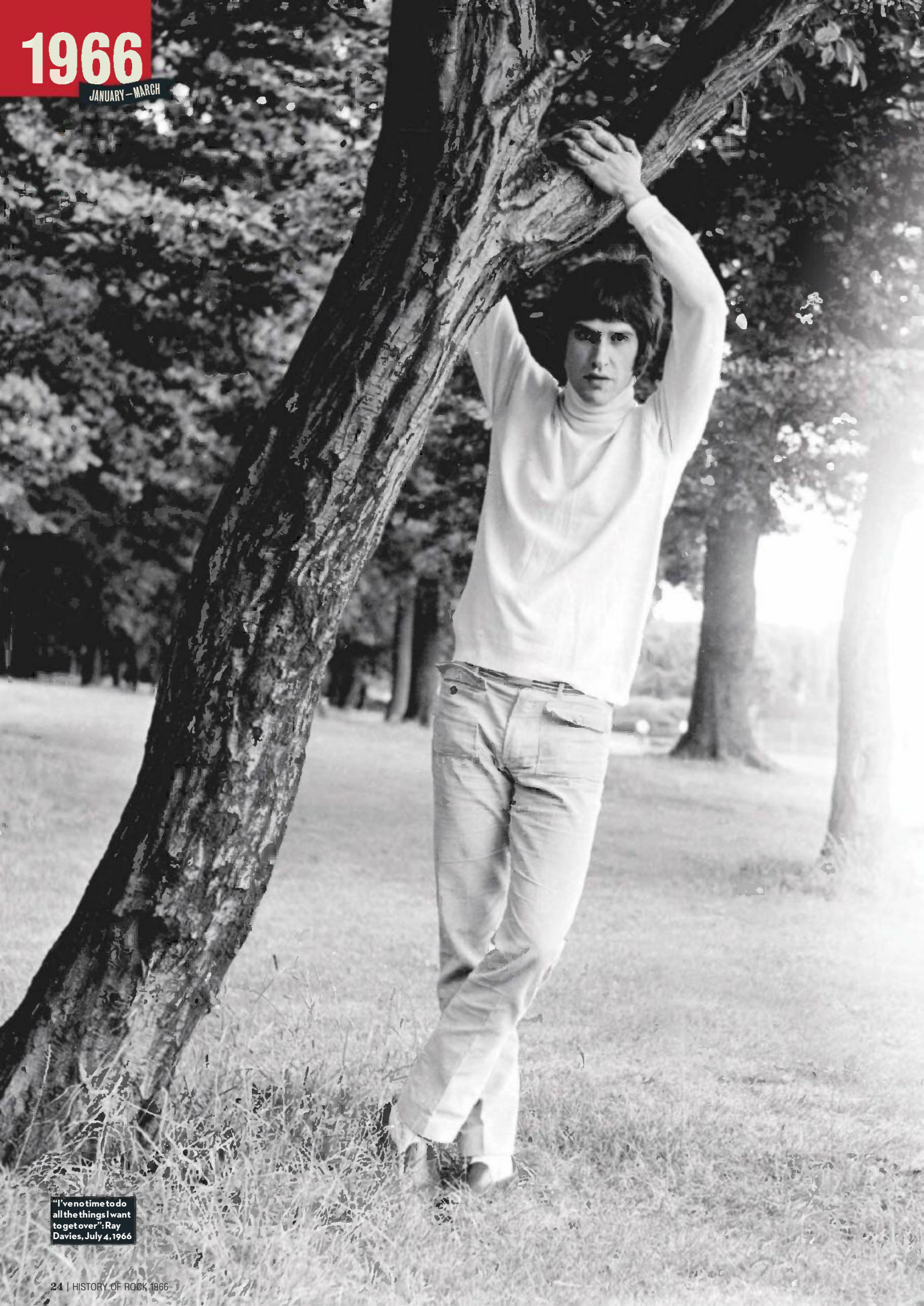
I've met The Supremes both in Britain and in Detroit, and honestly they never change. They are marvellous girls with a great sense of humour and a really sharp interest in fashion. When I met them just a while ago, they were spending two days in Detroit after a hectic tour of Japan. I remember when I first met The

"I like some of the avant-garde jazz, but I can't dig this feedback stuff"



1966

JANUARY - MARCH



"I've no time to do all the things I want to get over": Ray Davies, July 4, 1966

“I hope England doesn’t change...”

New songs such as “Dedicated Follower Of Fashion” and “Sunny Afternoon” have earned The Kinks comparisons to George Formby. All of which fuels the unique vision of RAY DAVIES. “We’re going to do less ballrooms and clubs,” he says, “and do summer seasons and cabaret”

— NME MARCH 18 —

IN A LARGE white house in East Finchley with an orange door (which he says is “red”), in a room with orange walls and an orange carpet, sits an ex-student of Croydon Art School playing a Spanish guitar. This is Ray Davies, the softly spoken leader of The Kinks, now recognised as being one of the Big Four in pop music, who are trying to produce something new in composition and sound. The other three are Pete Townshend of The Who, Yardbirds’ Paul Samwell-Smith and that well-known composer “Lennon-McCartney”.

Ray’s compositions have been recorded by artists like Peggy Lee, Cher, The Honeycombs and Dave Berry, and two have been specially commissioned by Presley. He’s also written all the Kinks hits and had a few words to say about “Dedicated Follower Of Fashion” – the group’s latest hit, which has earned them plaudits like “The George Formby Quartet” and “Herman’s Hermits Mk II”. “I feel complimented when people say it sounds like Formby,” smiled Ray. “He earned a lot of bread! This number has proved we can do something completely different from our previous singles – it means nothing to me now. It’s just a tune on the radio – I’ve almost forgotten it. There’s nothing complicated about it. It’s a very simple song. In fact, we deliberately ‘underdid’ it.

“The way we recorded it at first was too elaborate. If you work too hard on a number you lose something. I got Shel Talmy to come back from America, where he was busy suing The Who, and we did it again, simplifying the arrangement. I worked out the rhythm on a guitar while travelling in a car and the words seemed to fall in naturally to the chords. I think it’s important that words should fall in almost by themselves. I’ve been told that’s the way The Beatles work.”

Ray is particularly pleased over the success of the new number, as his only other excursions into the realms of different sounds with The Kinks have proved less successful.

“Mind you, ‘See My Friend’ was a good prestige record,” he said. “It influenced a lot of people in groups. I play it at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm now because it sounds better like that – great sound. People like Pete »

Townshend were impressed by that disc, and that pleases me."

When I saw Ray he had just returned from a few days in Switzerland. "Pete's underpants are the big thing in Europe now," he told me. "He wears the nylon variety that I sing about in 'Dedicated...'"

At this juncture Ray's attractive wife Rasa came into the room carrying their nine-month-old baby Louise, whom she deposited with Daddy. "You write about this and I'll sue," said Ray, balancing baby precariously on his knee. He then transferred his offspring to me and I spent considerable time trying to teach her to say "Beatles", much to Daddy's displeasure.

Ray crossed to his record player and put on "Little Man In A Little Box", which he composed for friend and compeer of *A Whole Scene Going Barry* "Boom" Fantoni. "I played it to Dick Rowe at Decca and he got hysterical and rushed off to see the Queen," grinned Ray. "It's with solicitors or something." Could it be something to do with Ray having incorporated the National Anthem on the disc?

While we sipped our coffee, Ray launched into another lecture on his musical theories, which he illustrated by leaping to the piano or playing his guitar. "There's a strong French-Spanish influence coming into the pop material," said Ray. "Noel Harrison may well have started it off with a number called 'Young Girl Of Sixteen', which was an enormous hit in the States a year ago. It was as good a number as 'Michelle' but made no impact here. It had these Spanish-French sounds..."

"Listen to this," he sprang to the upright piano. "What does that remind you of?" he demanded. "I'll play it on guitar," he said, and finally changed the tempo until it came out sounding just like 'Girl'. "The basis is in those few chords," said Ray. "My greatest trouble is that I'm a composer with no time. All my work is done while we are travelling. It's tough. I've no time to do all the things I want to get over." *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER APRIL 16 —

RAY DAVIES, OF The Kinks, is probably one of the most consistently misunderstood people in the pop world. This is partly due to his complex, introvert character which makes him, as he admits, a bad mixer. It is also due to his quite remarkable honesty – both about the business and himself. It's an honesty which precludes self-deception just as it does false modesty – Ray is aware of both his own faults and his own talents.

We met for a drink in Acker Bilk's Soho drinking club, the Capricorn, this week. Over his pint of bitter Ray admitted: "If I was in any other business things would be just the same for me. I'd have the same friends and the same enemies. If I was a butcher, they'd write about me in the *Meat Trades Journal* as the most antisocial butcher. But this is a funny business. I'm not a great mixer and somehow an image has been built up around it. The strange thing is that it has helped me – and that strikes me as funny.

"I sort of drifted into the business because I wanted to earn a living. I wanted to play guitar but I was never interested in being a singer. My first interest was classical music, and while I've been ill I've been listening a lot to Bach. Apart from the Bach, the only things I listened to were Glenn Miller, Frank Sinatra and classical guitar music – it sort of cleaned my mind out and started fresh ideas."

It is one of many paradoxes about Ray that, despite his reputation as a rebel, he is passionately pro-English – an unusual patriotism which shows in two of his interests outside music: football and the music hall. "I hope England doesn't change," he told me. "I'm writing a song now called 'You Ain't What You Used To Be', which expresses what I feel. I hope we don't get swallowed up by America and Europe. I'm really proud of being British."

He nodded towards the bar where Acker was sending his audience hysterical with an unbelievably bawdy joke. "Acker and people like that are great – and you wouldn't find him anywhere but in Britain. All this is why I bought an old house, built during the Battle Of Trafalgar, rather than a new, modern one.

I don't care if a bloke votes Labour or Conservative, as long as he appreciates what we've got here. We have so much that is great, compared with other countries, and people just don't realise it. I want to keep writing very English songs."

Despite his recent enforced rest, which was largely due to overwork, Ray is now busier than ever writing songs for other artists as well as The Kinks. "I did six yesterday," he told me. "But I'll only finish three of them. I reject a lot of my stuff. Actually, one of the bad things about me is that if I criticise myself, I change the songs about so much I end up doing them in three different styles."

Does outside criticism bother Ray? "Yes," he admitted. Maybe I'm too sensitive but I tend to take what people say much too seriously. I figure that if they say things against me they must have a reason – they must mean it.

"Influences? I don't admit to myself that I have influences, but I suppose I must have. You can't listen without being influenced. Perhaps Bob Davenport influenced me – I saw him a couple of times at art school. And then I'm a great admirer of Noel Coward."

Does Ray have any set procedure when writing songs? "The chords come first," he says. "The lyrics grow from fitting words to sounds. I usually compose at the piano – because I'm not a good piano player. If you are reasonably good on an instrument and use it to compose on then you tend to try to get too complex – and that doesn't work in pop music."

It seems to me that part of the wider acceptance of popular music is due to a movement towards more adult lyrics and away from the endless trite burlblings of American teenage love. The increased interest in folk is partly responsible – and so are the lyrics of writers like Ray. He agrees: "In my first-ever article in the *MMI* said I didn't use love in my songs. Since then, all those where I have used it haven't been particularly successful. I'm just not interested in the moon-and-June rhyming bit." *Bob Daubarn*

— NME JULY 8 —

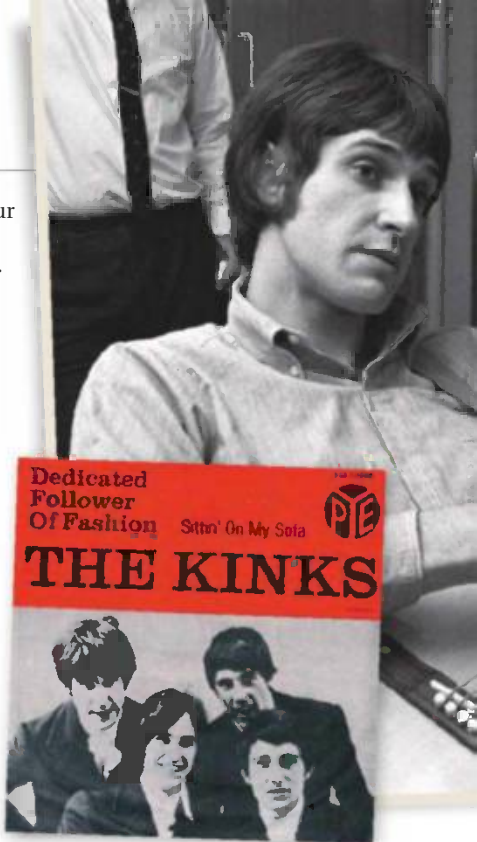
RAY DAVIES LIFTED the plastic lid covering his salad and viewed the mayonnaise disgustedly. "Oh, no – I hate ketchup!" he sighed and probed about disdainfully among the lettuce with his fork trying to find an untainted piece. The King Kink was taking the news of the group's third No 1 with his usual equanimity.

"Yes – it's nice," he agreed. "We're not making inferior records like 'Set Me Free' any more and 'Sunny Afternoon' is the best of the last three discs. It surprised me it was so good really – Shel (Talmy) did a great job mixing it."

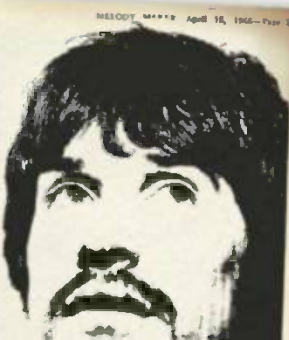
"Pye Records are funny people," he declared, reflectively sipping his lemon tea. "I walked in there last week and someone said, 'Hard luck about your disc, isn't it – I mean The Beatles keeping you off the top spot.' I mean, what's it all about? I understood we were outselling Sinatra at the time and I knew we must have a chance. But they seemed to have given up. A lot of top people seemed to be upset that we had made 'Sunny Afternoon' at all – do you know I'm still waiting for my Gold Disc from Pye for 'You Really Got Me.'"

We were all seated in the top floor London offices of The Kinks'

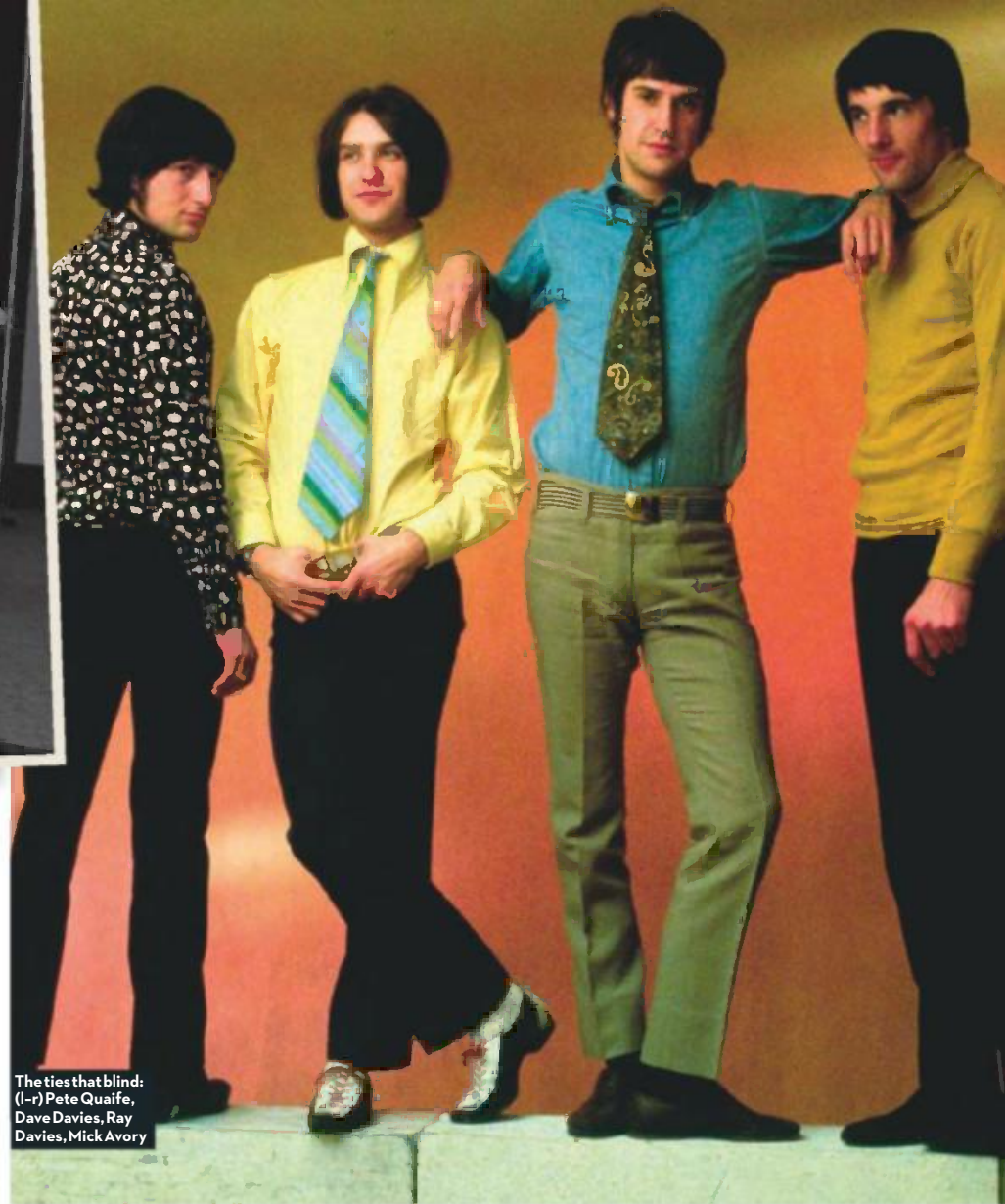
management – Messrs Collins and Wace – decorated with photographs and EP and LP sleeves depicting The Kinks. "I mean Pye must have something against us," smiled Ray, indicating the LP sleeves. "Look at those pictures – especially that one." He indicated the second album showing The Kinks waving at a pretty model from a fire escape.



RAY — THE PATRIOT KINK



June 8, 1966: in a dressing room at the BBC TV Centre before performing "Sunny Afternoon" on the Barry Fantoni-hosted show *A Whole Scene Going*



The ties that blind: (l-r) Pete Quaife, Dave Davies, Ray Davies, Mick Avory

Ray is at present designing the next LP sleeve himself and showed me a couple of rough sketches he had made in the office. "I'm going to have this kind of theatrical mask with the head lifted up and butterflies fluttering out from the inside. Huge butterflies all over the cover and just the word 'Kinks' on the front."

What does Barry Fantoni think of the design, I asked Ray? Barry was the compere of *A Whole Scene Going* and also an artist.

"Why does everyone ask me about Barry?" said Ray, smiling and shaking his head. "I haven't seen him for some time. He's got this funny bird who makes handbags and they have these weird conversations together. Barry says, 'Now you go on making handbags if you want to, dear.' You know how he talks, and she cries and says, 'No, I can't go on - I can't go on making handbags.' It's very funny!"

The Kinks were involved in a certain amount of criticism last week when playing Jimmy Savile's club in Manchester and they refused to sing either 'Sunny Afternoon' or 'Dedicated Follower Of Fashion'. "We just haven't been playing these numbers on our personal appearances because it doesn't fit in with the act," said Ray. "We play 'Well Respected Man' at the beginning and build up as we go along - but to include the other two numbers would bring the pace down."

Having laid hold of a piece of apple pie and meticulously excavated the fruit from the offending pastry, Ray added that things were going to have to change. An entirely new act is being built up to include these new-style hits and The Kinks are broadening their appeal. "We are going to do less ballrooms and clubs and do cabaret and summer season," said Ray. "Not Blackpool, though," he hastened. "I couldn't play a season in Blackpool. That would really break me up - really!"

"We will do pantomime though - I mean," he smiled and shook his head, "they're so right for panto - really. Can't you see the other three all dressed up in their costumes. Swords will get stuck in scabbards, they'll forget lines and trip over. They'd be marvellous."

Ray has never been overwhelmingly anxious to visit the US since his last trip when he became so depressed that he locked himself in his hotel room and refused to come out until his wife Rasa was flown out to join him. "Financially, don't you think it would be enormously beneficial for you to tour the US?" I asked.

"Financially it would be beneficial for us to play every night, but we don't," returned Ray. "The last tour we did in America was terrible. We

"We're not making any more inferior records like 'Set Me Free'"

played some dreadful places. If we go again I would want 100 per cent better organisation and facilities. I couldn't bear a kind of Dick Clark tour - really. There are two ways of promoting in the US. One is to do a monster tour of the whole country and the other is to do three or more major TV shows which are networked - that's the way I want to do it."

In addition to these plans Ray is also working on a revue which he has written and is now rewriting. "Satire is a very strong word," said Ray. "I wouldn't say that it was satirical but there will be sketches about people in London which will be related to the songs - Barry Fantoni may be the subject of one."

After this, the conversation suddenly became monopolised by Ray's description of his banana shot. Ray has returned to the football field and seemed greatly encouraged by his debut in a Finchley park last Tuesday when he hammered home a 30-yarder. "It swirled into the corner of the net," demonstrated Ray, swinging a leg. "Rather like Didi," he grinned, naming a past Brazilian footballer, famous for this particular shot.

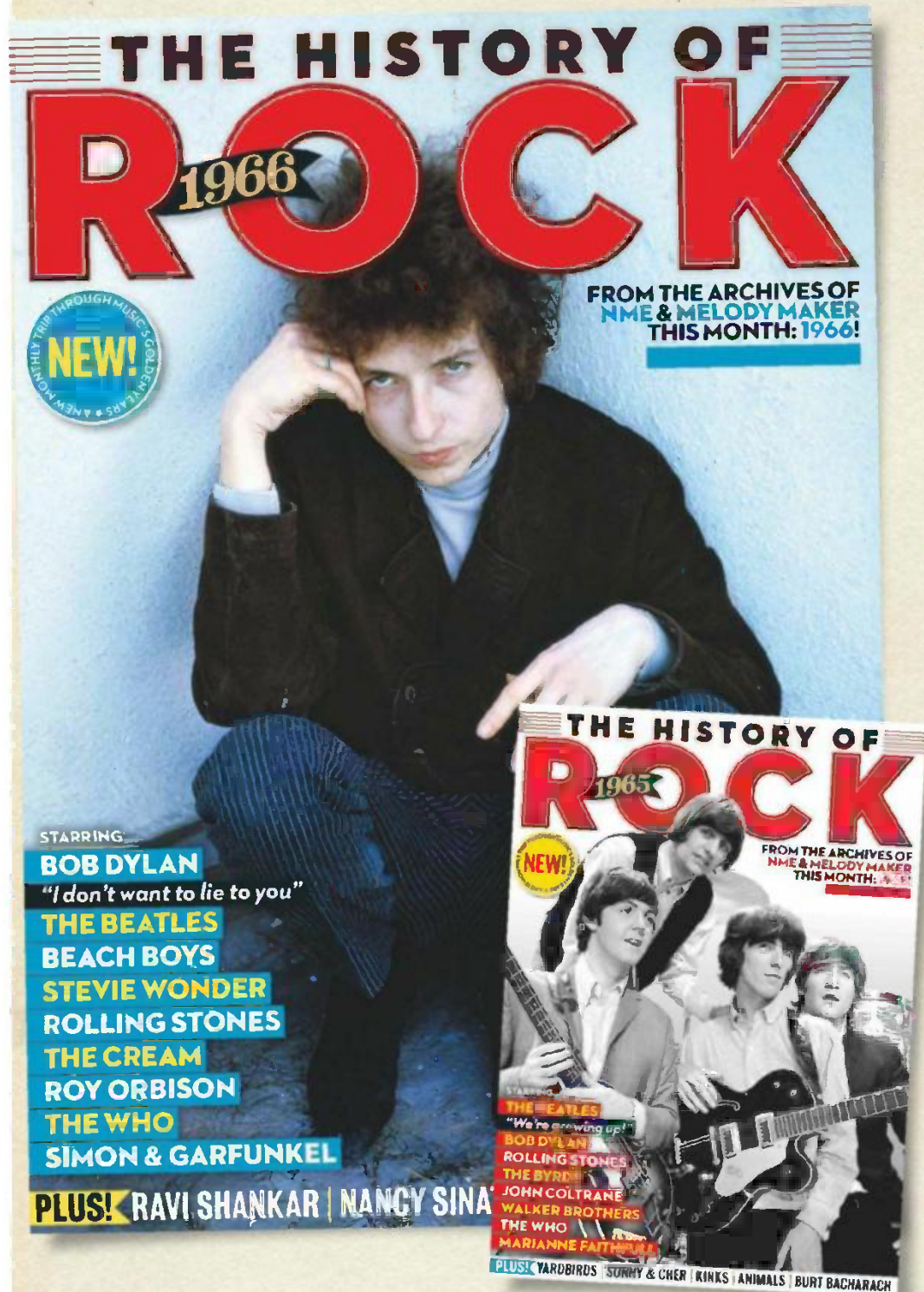
Dave Davies was down with a bad bout of tonsillitis and Ray explained he had to go early for their date in Worthing, just to put in an appearance with the other two. We walked down to the office below, where we found The Kinks' co-manager Robert Wace pacing about his office, taking the measurements for a new carpet. "Why don't you measure your foot," observed Ray with a detached interest. "I am not a Ray Davies fan today," returned Robert haughtily and continued his pacing.

The other half of the management, Grenville Collins, pointed out a few of the blotches and stains on the carpet. "That was Robert in 1963," he indicated a black smear. Ray raised an eyebrow and murmured something about having got an idea for a new song as he strode on down the stairs. Now what rhymes with carpet? *Keith Altham* •

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Readers' letters

MM FEB 19 The Maker opens up its Mailbag page and invites the stars to write in...



THE INHERITORS

I think it's time that young people started taking more interest in what is happening in Great Britain. They don't seem to care or realise that in 10 years' time they will be running the country – and having to put up with some of the country's difficulties. The older people who are running the country now aren't making much of a job of it, but I don't see why the teenagers shouldn't start kicking up a stink. The papers are always filled with stuff about strikes, wars, starving people and bad conditions and I wouldn't like to think that in 10 years' time it's going to be partly my fault.

BILLY FURY, London, W1

BOB ONLY KNOWS

Sorry, reader D Sutherland, but you've got hold of the wrong end of the Dylan self-protest stick. If you'd care to read carefully what I wrote a few weeks ago you'd see that I slammed the people who claimed that Dylan's lack of success with recent records was because Dylan the ethnic was protesting against Dylan the pop folk idol. I don't think Dylan is at all worried about being successful. And I don't agree that Paul Simon's brand of talk is "watered down". Listen to his "He Was My Brother" and you'll see what I mean.

BRUCE WOODLEY, THE SEEKERS, Melbourne, Australia

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR

I'd just like to take a dig at the people who assume that pop singers are underworked and overpaid. Since our disc hit the Top 10 we actually had one week with only 12 hours' sleep. But at least we enjoy our work. Please don't send us any more mirrors. We're sick of the sight of ourselves.

SAMUEL "PINKY" KEMP, PINKERTON'S ASSORTED COLOURS, Rugby, Warwickshire

ON THE MONEY

What a splendid Blind Date by Zoot Money, packed with bright, intelligent, witty and sparkling comment. Reading it, I flashed from one emotion to another – happy one moment, sad the next, sultry one moment and thirsty the next. It was certainly the best article I have read in the

Melody Maker. Intelligent articles like that are enough to renew my faith in the world of music. Keep it up, MM.

ZOOT MONEY, London, W1

PRIVET ENTERTAINMENT

We want to be sexy! We didn't like the "clean living" image which we had through "Good News Week". We get a terrific reaction from ballroom audiences if we rave about the stage. Since we've changed our line-up there are only three of the five "Good News Week" boys with us – and we are going to try and sell the sex image a little bit more, because whatever people say, we think it basically comes down to that.

HEDGEHOPPERS ANONYMOUS, Manchester



BASS INSTINCTS

Why do I get fan mail from bass guitarists and not girls? To all the bass guitarists who've asked me to go round and show them how to play the bass solo on "My Generation" I'd like to say – I'm not coming. Anyway, it's easy when you know how.

JOHN ENTWISTLE, Ready, Steady, Go!, Wembley

A BRUSH WITH THE WALKERS

The Walker Brothers have great voices and make good records. But our high opinion of them must be brought down. It happened when we were asked to leave a communal dressing room while Scott Walker combed his hair. After tours with many big American stars, both here and in America, we always found them good guys. So this was a bring down.

RICK ROTHWELL, ERIC STEWART, BOBLANG, of THE MINDBENDERS, Manchester

TAKING THE MICK

Mick Jagger called our record "When My Shrimp Boat Comes

Home" recently. It's really ridiculous, but I don't mind. Why should he post all this, it's just not worthwhile. You hear everybody knocking each other. It's getting out of hand. Remember when everybody was trying to find out who wore wigs? It's so uncool. Let's sing a truce.

GARY LEEDS, London, W1



WONDERFUL

I'd like to say thanks to all you people in Britain that made my visit such a gas. It was really a ball and I wish it could have lasted longer. Special thanks to everyone who bought "Uptight"; it's fantastic to have a record in your chart for the first time.

They've got me working hard in America now, but I hope to make it back to England very soon. Have a swinging time for me until I come back.

STEVIE WONDER, Detroit, Michigan

KEEP IT CLASSY

Why do people still think the whole scene is still geared to groups? Promoters take advantage of the fact they can get a local group for £10 instead of paying more and providing their audience with a better class of entertainment. True – keep more groups in employment, but they have killed the business by pushing trash. We will always need groups, but I don't think they will survive unless they have individuality and something more to offer fans beside an overall sound.

CRISPIAN ST PETERS, London SW3

HOPPING MOD

Why won't *Ready, Steady, Go!* put on Jimmy James & The Vagabonds! It is ridiculous that any Joe Bloggs from America should get on the programme with no difficulty, simply because he's an "in-crowd" singer. Why not the Vagabonds?

They are one of the biggest grooves in clubs and theatres, and have an electric act which is very popular with all the mods. RSG is supposed to cater for the mod type, so surely the Vagabonds should be given some RSG exposure.

ROGER DALTRY, London, NW1



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THE BEATLES
GREEN BERTS

Not just at top of the Charts

THE FIRST
* **3**

NME TOP THIRTY
THE TOP 30 SINGLES IN BRITAIN
—AND STILL THE FAVOURITE!
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2 I SHOULD HAVE SAID SO
3 I'M A BELIEVER
4 I'M A MAN
5 I'M A BELIEVER
6 I'M A BELIEVER
7 I'M A BELIEVER
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PHILIPS GROUP RECORDS

1966

APRIL — JUNE

FEATURING BOB DYLAN,
DUSTY SPRINGFIELD,
THE BEATLES & MORE



CHRIS MORPHET/REDFERNS/GETTY

May 13, 1966, Wimbledon Palais, south London: a previous Who no-show, this time by Roger Daltrey, leaving Pete Townshend, Keith Moon and John Entwistle to go on stage and play without him

“If it happens again, I’m leaving”

MM MAY 28 Newbury Ricky-Tick club, Friday, May 20: when Keith Moon is late for a Who show, he is left with a black eye and stitches

PETE TOWNSHEND AND Keith Moon, stars of The Who, were involved in an incident on stage last week from which Keith received a badly bruised eye and three stitches in his leg. It happened at Newbury’s Ricky-Tick Club, last Friday towards the end of The Who’s performance.

Eye witness accounts as to what really happened are conflicting. Says Philip Hayward, promoter for the Ricky-Tick club: “Keith Moon and John Entwistle didn’t get to the club until 10.10pm

and, because the audience were getting a bit restless, Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey took the stage without them, and did a number with the supporting band.

“Anyway, Keith and John arrived after visiting *Ready, Steady, Go!* and went straight on stage. They had completed about 35 minutes of their 40-minute spot and were putting on a good show and playing very well. Halfway through ‘My Generation’ in the energetic part, Keith’s drums fell forward. Pete was leaping about hitting his guitar in the amplifier when Keith bobbed forward to retrieve the drums and received a blow on the side of his head.”

Keith Moon was nursing his leg at home on Monday when he told *MM*: “I don’t really know what happened. It was very instantaneous. Anyway, my eye is all black and blue, and I’ve had three stitches in my leg.”

Was it true Keith had threatened to leave the group after the incident?

“Well, y’know—who needs it? If it happens again I’m leaving!” said Keith.

Pete Townshend, playing at the Blackburn Locarno on Monday night, said: “We were

due on stage. Keith had gone out with somebody else. They must have been out for over two hours and in the end we had to start playing without them. Finally Keith turned up. At the end of our show we got mad in ‘...Generation’ and it annoyed me in the middle of the number when a cymbal from his drums fell and hit my

leg. I wasn’t hurt; I was just annoyed and upset. Then I swung out with my guitar, not really meaning to hit Keith. I lost my grip of the instrument and it just caught him on the head. At the weekend, I went to Keith’s home in Wembley to apologise but he wouldn’t answer the door. It’s over and done with now and there’s no suggestion that we might break up because of what happened.”

“I swung out with my guitar, not really meaning to hit Keith. I lost my grip and it caught him on the head”

1966

APRIL - JUNE

“Everybody asks me about Bob Dylan”

MM APRIL 30 Paul Simon talks LSD, Africa and more in MM’s “Think-In”

British Folk Clubs My favourite! I’d rather work in a British folk club than an American club. There the atmosphere is more like a nightclub with waiters and tables. At British clubs, the audiences are very attentive and very open-minded. There is beautiful idealism and none of that New York cynicism. New York is a cynical town. They don’t believe much. Dylan once said... Forget it, I don’t want to talk about Dylan.

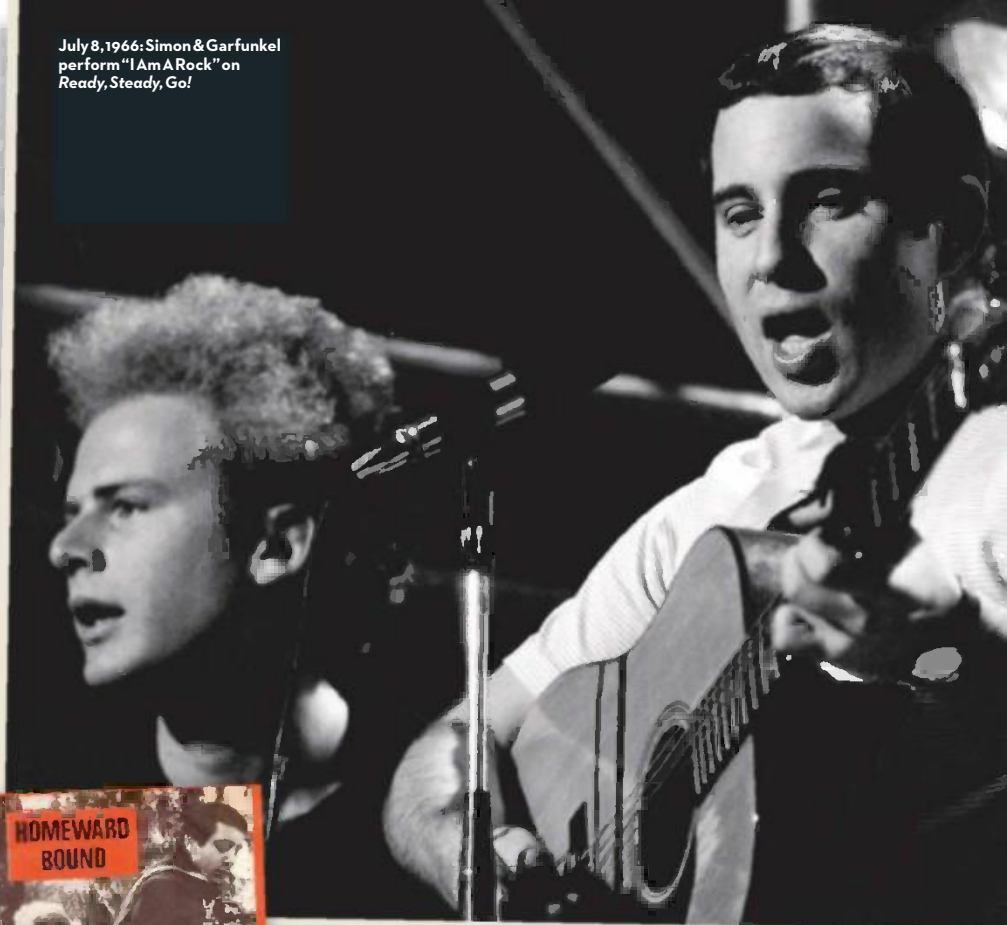
Bachelors I must admit that I’m not very familiar with The Bachelors’ work. I heard their record of “Sound Of Silence” and I thought it was quite good and entertained a lot of people. I preferred our own version.

Rock’n’Roll When it’s good, it’s very good, and when it’s bad, it’s lousy. Some of the best are The Rolling Stones. I never could stand the Stones until I heard “Satisfaction”. When it’s bad it’s Gary Lewis & The Playboys.

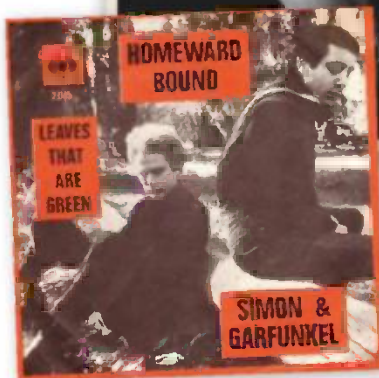
Their music doesn’t mean a damn thing. It’s puerile. I like The Yardbirds and The Hollies.

Bob Dylan Everybody asks me about Bob Dylan. Unfortunately, I’m always being compared to Bob Dylan, but I don’t think we are talking about the same things. Our philosophies are different. He is always dumping people more than I do. It’s really easy to put somebody down. It’s tougher to love than to hate. The biggest thing Dylan has got going for him is his mystique. We’ve met on a few occasions and he’s difficult to communicate with. Artie likes him. More than I do.

Garfunkel Artie. Shy and withdrawn. He seems strange to most people. I’ve known him since we were kids. He’s very bright and sensitive and believes strongly in what he’s doing. We



July 8, 1966: Simon & Garfunkel perform “I Am A Rock” on *Ready, Steady, Go!*



I don’t believe in them any longer.

Soldiers Emotionally, I’m tremendously against soldiers. Intellectually, I realise they are part of the game of international politics. I wish we didn’t have them, particularly in America now with Vietnam. I don’t know what the solution will be. They tell the American people we are there because of a moral commitment, but we are there to defend the Vietnamese people against Communism. The people just want to live in peace and it doesn’t matter to them who it is that comes along and burns their villages.

Barry Sadler Oh God! His record is the American “Deutschland Uber Alles”. Can you imagine writing a song saying you hope your son will be a soldier and will kill people? That song has sold about two-and-a-half million, and has been the biggest hit in America for years. But I don’t know anybody who knows the song after the first verse because everybody turns it off. Artie thinks the government is behind it, but I don’t think the government are buying the records.

Ewan MacColl I’ve never met Ewan MacColl. I should like to meet him. I suppose. He’s very dedicated. I think where he goes wrong is when he makes value judgements against music. He seems to be against all contemporary writers. “Sound Of Silence” is a commentary on life today. I don’t know

agree on most subjects, but we disagree on some of my songs. He wants to do them and I don’t because

if he’s criticised me. He might have. He’s certainly written some beautiful songs. There are good and bad contemporary songwriters and good and bad folk singers. Ewan MacColl is one of the good ones.

LSD I had a whole conversation about it in an interview with an old guy recently and we spoke for about ten minutes before I realised he was talking about pounds, shillings and pence. I thought I was in the middle of a Chekhov play. LSD has tremendous potentiality. There is a definition that genius is the ability to see relationships – all kinds of relationships – that other people don’t see. Scientists have expounded a theory that a chemical reaction makes for genius. LSD

is a mind stimulant, and if they could control it, they could create a world full of geniuses! They could cure all mental disorders. But if it is not used properly it can cause lasting damage. It’s very much a subject of conversation in the United States. I know a lot of people on LSD. I don’t think there is too much

wrong with pot either. It’s a helluva lot less harmful than booze.

Rich Men Money should be the road to freedom. Kennedy was a rich man but it didn’t affect him. It’s neither good nor bad to be rich. I don’t think about it. It doesn’t play too big a part in my life.

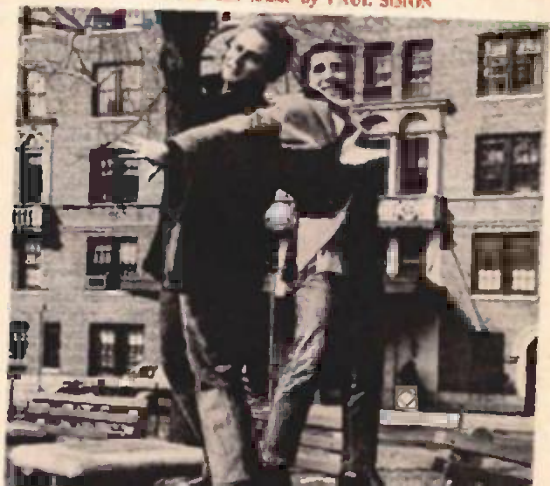
Greenwich Village There’s a lot of mythology about Greenwich Village. There are a lot of creative people and a lot of phonies. It’s the Bohemian myth. Everybody comes from a town like Duluth to make the scene, and the place is filled with people from Duluth! We worked a lot in Greenwich Village. Most of the folk places have gone over to folk rock now The Lovin’ Spoonful, Mamas & Papas,

“Kennedy was a rich man but but it didn’t affect him. It’s neither good nor bad to be rich”

Ivan Keeman/Getty Images

I AM A ROCK

Words and Music by PAUL SIMON





“We’re murdering The Temperance Seven!”

MM **APRIL 16** Introducing...
the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band

“**W** E’RE NOT DOING A Temperance Seven – we’re murdering The Temperance Seven!” insisted a defiant member of Britain’s most incredible new rhythm ensemble – the wonderful Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band this week. Fans of this nine-piece art student orchestra, dedicated to recreating what they call “Cornology”, know from their own exposure to the sounds of Bonzo that they bear little of no resemblance to the old Temps. But newcomers hearing their first release, “My Brother Makes The Noises For The Talkies”, and watching them miming on TV can mistakenly identify them with the Seven’s approach to period dance music. Says Bonzo pianist Neil Innes: “We’re not copying them and it’s quite obvious to us, although it has been a problem. When we went to our agency at first, they said, ‘What about The Temperance Seven?’ and we said, ‘What about them?’ If anything, we are murdering The Temperance Seven.”

The only serious facet of the Bonzos is their skill and hard work in producing one of the funniest sights and sounds on the scene. They hope to become professional on leaving art school in July and are already packing out huge London pubs five nights a week. Their material is culled from old 78s and song sheets dating from 1900 to 1930, and they try to avoid being involved in one particular period.

Their music is torturous, out-of-tune 1920 British jazz that jumps and generates a neurotic frenzy, played on tubular bells, banjos, tubas, saxophones – and spoons.

Singer, aesthetic Vivian Stanshall, is a master of mime and mimicry, while Legs Larry Smith contributes delightful dancing and tuba work. They perform urbanely while their fellow bandmen detonate maroons and high explosives, beat each other with rubber bludgeons and occasionally don gorilla suits.

Drummer Samuel Spoons, chained to his kit of ancient drums, frequently breaks free to perform the fastest spoons solos ever witnessed in the Home Counties. Manfred Paul Jones is one of his greatest admirers.

And greatest of all, their hilarious and ingenious “spectaculars” featuring smoke bombs, explosions, masks, shrieks, groans and complicated machinery entrance and delight thousands of Bonzo lovers. “Publicans never complain about the noise,” says Neil. “Only if the customers aren’t drinking enough.” *Chris Welch*



The Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band in 1966: (l-r) Sydney “Big Sid” Nicholls, Roger Ruskin Spear, “Legs” Larry Smith, Leon Williams, Vivian Stanshall, Sam Spoons, Rodney “Rhino” Slater, Neil Innes, Vernon Dudley Bohay-Nowell

► Bob Dylan arrives in Britain for his second British tour on Monday (May 2) – and is bringing his American backing group with him. The group – just called The Group – will play all Dylan’s British dates with him. They will accompany the singer for half of each concert and he will do the other half alone. Dylan flies in to Britain after two concerts in Scandinavia – in Stockholm tomorrow (Friday) and Copenhagen on Sunday (May 1). He will then spend a few days in London before opening his tour at the Dublin Adelphi on May 5.



The rest of the tour is: Belfast ABC (6), Bristol Colston Hall (10), Cardiff Capitol (11), Birmingham Odeon (12), Liverpool Odeon (14), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15), Sheffield Gaumont (16), Manchester Free Trade Hall (17), Glasgow Odeon (19), Edinburgh ABC (20), Newcastle Odeon (21), Royal Albert Hall (26 and 27).
MM **APRIL 30**

► John Lee Hooker arrived unexpectedly in Britain last Friday. Hooker’s British tour has been an off-on trip for some months now, due to John’s illness. He plays London’s Tiles club tonight (Thursday); the Co-op Hall Nuneaton and the Benn Memorial Hall Rugby (May 6) and the Burlesque Club, Leicester (7).
MM **MAY 7**

Jim McGuinn and Dylan and us all came out of folk into folk rock. I don’t think its commercialisation. It’s just another way of saying what you want to say. I don’t see it happening here because the tradition of folk music is much more alive in English folk clubs.

Africa I think the regime in South Africa is an anachronism, and the situation in Rhodesia causes a lot of emotion but not a lot of thinking. I think Ian Smith was sincere and I don’t think he had any choice but to do what he did. But I certainly think the African in Rhodesia should have a voice in government, and if the Rhodesian situation develops into a situation like South Africa it will be a tragedy. People in America don’t know much about it, and if you asked a man in the street what he thought he’d probably say: “What’s Rhodesia?”

Anger Not very often, except at myself. Most of my experience of anger is with people who are angry at us.

Cassius Clay A fine showman. Can’t say I go along with his affiliations with the Black Muslims. I don’t buy racial supremacy. Black supremacy or white supremacy. But I can understand blacks being so frustrated with their position as to join a group that would be violently ant-white. They had a very eloquent representative in Malcolm X and it was a pity he got killed.

The Draft I’m exempt from the draft. I would have a difficult time with my conscience as to whether I would serve or not. I wouldn’t know what to do.

Mick Jagger They tell me Mick Jagger is one of the most dynamic performers around. I’d like to see The Rolling Stones without thousands of screaming kids around. I think of Jagger as the representative of the English beat movement. He’s the prototype English beat singer. From “Satisfaction” on, I’ve listened to everything they’ve made. I was smashed when I heard “Satisfaction”.

“I don’t get over things very easily...”

Shoes, shopping and a Chelsea apartment are nice, but they can’t fully turn **DUSTY SPRINGFIELD**’s head. Throughout the year, **NME** builds a cordial relationship with the singer, gently uncovering a person of deep feelings and musical conviction. “I don’t know what to do,” she says. “I’ve got to go to Wigan...”

— **NME APRIL 22** —

IT’S NOT EVERY DAY you can expect to find Dusty Springfield elegantly clutching a monkey in the middle of the studio floor at *Ready, Steady, Go!*. No sir! That kind of monkey-business happens very rarely indeed. But this – believe me! – was the scene which greeted me when I strolled into *RSG* rehearsals at Wembley last Friday, before I knew that four days later she would top the *NME* Chart for the first time as a solo artist with “You Don’t Have To Say You Love Me”. Monkeys must bring luck! There was also a very un-hip and un-*RSG*-type orange box on the floor, and Dusty was mournfully holding on to Jacko (or whatever his name) while people dashed around muttering about the RSPCA.

“Poor little devil,” Dusty was wailing. “Heaven knows where he’s come from or why. He’s just been delivered in this orange box... no name, no anything. I suppose it’s a birthday present – I’m 26 tomorrow. But I don’t know what I’m going to do about him. I’ve got to go to Wigan.”

Wigan waits for no monkey, so she was having to do some very swift enquiries about who could give the little fellow a home for the night. Meanwhile he appeared to be frightened and hungry (viz, one nibbled trouser suit), so Dusty took him away from the bright studio lights up to her dressing room. Here she fed him with apples, and he showed his appreciation by doing something highly unexpected indeed. Seems some monkeys have no respect for stars – top of the chart or not!

He went wild when Dusty gently tried to put him back in the orange box. “Obviously he regards it as a prison,” she said. “He’s such a sad little thing. He must be terrified.” Eventually he was left with a friend and Dusty and I adjourned for a cup of excellent tea at the *Ready, Steady, Go!* canteen, where she still seemed preoccupied with her monkey gift.

“I do appreciate it,” she told me, “but it is a little cruel just sending him along like that. I couldn’t hope to look after him myself, what with being on tour so much. Mind you, I really love pets. I used to have a cat named Boots, ages ago, but he died. And I’ve got a dog now, »



Dusty Springfield performing on *Ready, Steady, Go!*, Wembley Studios, London, 1966

named Mo. I don't see much of Mo because he's looked after by my manager's sister. He's a lovely little thing but he's got something wrong with him that makes his bones brittle and he's always breaking them."

She looked very sad and I gallantly switched the subject to the first topic that came into my head – how long had she been singing professionally?!

She tugged absently at the lapel of her corn-coloured trouser suit ("Darling" one of the production assistants had said earlier, "the suit's sweet and all that but you can't wear it to sing a ballad") and told me:

"Well, I certainly haven't been singing for 10 years. One of the daily papers printed that, and it's just not true. I have been singing a while though, and I guess my brother Tom helped me get into the business. I was with a group called The Lana Sisters (now The Chantelles), and then came The Springfields. One of the first appearances I made was at a talent contest in Ealing. Tom played the piano, and I sang numbers like 'I Love A Piano' and 'When That Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves For Alabama!'" (laughs).

Suddenly an announcement came over the tannoy, asking would Miss Dusty Springfield go to the reception desk. She downed her cup of tea.

"I'll bet it's that monkey again," she grinned. And I'll bet it was...

MONKEY STOP PRESS: An RSG technician ("I've always wanted a monkey") is now looking after it, and there's a whole waiting list of other pet-lovers who have offered to give it a home if needs be. So no letters to Dusty, please! *Alan Smith*

— NME JUNE 3 —

YOU DON'T EXPECT to find Dusty Springfield gorgeously singing "Good Lovin'" in an empty drill hall in the middle of Chelsea Barracks... and with not one of the lads of Her Majesty's Armed Forces anywhere in sight. But that's the way I found our "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" star when we met this week!

The dishy Dusty was dressed like a Paris model from the front page of *Vogue*, leaning over an upright piano and singing in a clear, ringing voice that bounced around the almost deserted dressing room. A few feet away stood a blackboard with the chalked legend: "Details Of Enemy, Know What You Are Doing."

Heaven knows where all the usual soldiers were at a time like this – out on manoeuvres, I suppose – but I'll guarantee you that the delectable, lonesome-looking Dusty was a sight they would have rather seen! "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" be blowed. They would have gone mad!

What, I asked her, is a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?

Chirped Dusty: "What a question, folks! Actually, I'm rehearsing for my first TV series for the BBC. It goes out shortly, but don't expect to see me doing anything different like playing the xylophone on a trampoline. All I do is sing... and, oh, play the guitar a bit. I've be having guests like Dudley Moore and so on, but I won't be joining in their acts very much. I don't believe in cramping people's style. This series will be my whole world for the next few weeks. Lumped together it comes to three hours of programme, and you wouldn't believe how much rehearsal and preparation goes into that. Funny thing, I've been to this barracks three times now, and I still haven't seen a soldier! It's like a ghost town!"

She pulled up a canvas-backed chair and sat down, and as we prepared to chat for a few minutes I thought I'd throw in a way-out query just for luck. What interviewers' questions, I asked, bore you the most?

You could tell it was a topic dear to her heart. "Mainly," said Dusty, "the one about 'Do you leave your makeup on for a week?' Some people seem to think I leave the whole lot on, just caked there. I don't, but I do sometimes leave my eye makeup on. That's because it's such an effort to take off! Another boring question is 'How did you start?' So much has been said and written about The Springfields, I'm amazed at how dense some people can be."

Dusty hasn't got a follow-up to "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" yet. But it will be recorded any day now, and the choice is between two ballads. They're not Italian like the current hit ("a pity," she says, "because I adore Italian songs. They have such emotion. I think the original Italian version of my record was far superior.")



April 15, 1966: Dusty backstage at Ready, Steady, Go! with her gift from an unknown well-wisher – "I suppose it's a birthday present. I'm 26 tomorrow"

She says Italian songs always seem to conjure up memories for her because she is a very emotional person and she can worry and make a tremendous issue out of all sorts of things. Dusty is so emotional that a broken relationship can affect her very deeply for a long time. "There are

two occasions in my life when I have suffered from a broken romance," she told me almost shyly. "In other cases it's just sort of fizzled away, but twice it has been as if my whole world has broken up. I don't get over things like that very easily. It takes a long time. I'd like to tell you more, but it's very personal and not the kind of thing you could put in print."

In the past few weeks most of her spare time has been taken up with buying a house.

Says Dusty: "It's a magnificent place in Chelsea (even though it needs doing up a bit) and I'm thinking of it in terms of an investment as well as a home. It's got a lovely roof terrace and three bedrooms, a dining room, an L-shaped living room, a breakfast-room-cum-anything-else-at-all room, a large kitchen, a patio and a yard. Actually, I haven't quite completed the purchase yet, because I'm having the place surveyed just to make sure everything is all right structurally." She crossed her fingers for luck.

There are two Dustys. The sensible, practical one who thinks about things like that, and the other one (as she admits) who needs to be controlled when she runs amok on expensive shopping sprees.

She told me: "I literally need to take someone along with me when I go shopping for clothes. If I do, I buy a couple of nice dresses at almost £10 – and I'll like them. If I go out on my own I go mad and see so many beautiful things, imported clothes and so on, and I spend far too much. I have a 'magazine' taste in clothes – I see an elegant picture in a magazine and I have to go out and buy. Mod gear? No, not if you mean really offbeat stuff. I think you can be with it without going crazy, and I know my tastes change just as fashions change – I'm buying shoes now of the kind I wouldn't have been seen dead in a year ago. And there's another thing: shoes. I went out this morning and bought four pairs for £50. Fifty pounds! Don't tell me its extravagance 'cos I know. I should have had someone with me to stop me."

We got up to leave and I asked Dusty if I could drop her somewhere in the West End. She said yes and the cab stopped at one of London's most exclusive stores, Dickins & Jones. I just didn't have time to go in and "control" her. But I hope she didn't spend too much! *Alan Smith*

— NME JULY 15 —

TOY BOATS FLOATING on a pond... innocent laughter in the summer sunshine – these are the kind of childhood memories Dusty Springfield sings about in her hauntingly beautiful chart hit "Goin' Back". But Dusty has her own vivid recollections of times when she wore a gymslip and played happily in the park, dreaming that one day she might be a famous star.

"I remember the low drone of planes after a bombing raid," she told me this week. "I remember the end of the war, dressed up in a white baby

siren suit for the victory celebrations. I remember a long table in the road, piled high with cakes for the party... happy faces again... the sight of my first banana, when the supplies of fruit started again!

"I remember how I liked peppermints and mint humbugs, and I was fat, with little pebble glasses because I was short-sighted. Even today my sight is bad. I remember how I liked ice-lollies... how I got sick on the swings... my first holiday in Bognor... being a little baby, playing with boat in the bath. Once I fell off a table on to a stone floor and hit my head, and another time I fell from my pram and hit myself on the pavement. Perhaps that explains a lot of things!

"When I was about 10, I was pure St Trinian's. I remember I always tried to keep up with people older than myself, and I would jump about, looking very, very fat in a big gymslip. I went to a convent school in High Wycombe, and another school in Ealing. I didn't think schooldays were the happiest days of my life and I still don't. There were a lot of hard times, and I know that when you look back you always try to get affectionate about the past and remember the happiness. It's only natural."

"I didn't like lessons but I didn't have the courage to cheat. Not that it's a courageous thing, anyway. I liked history and geography and French and English grammar. I struggled through to GCE, but I got a hate on about English because

the book they gave me to read was *Mansfield Park*, which I didn't like.

I think I was too wrapped up in Budd Shulberg.

"Up to the age of seven or eight I think I was a nice child. I wasn't fat, I was quite pretty, and I often used to wear pretty frocks. Then I had measles, and after that everything seemed to change. I got fat and horrible. I used to love the pictures. I was brought up on the pictures. I remember the first one I saw was called... *The Body Snatchers*. I don't know how my mother ever allowed me to see it. I was brought up on 20th Century Fox musicals. June Haver was my idol, and I always dreamed of being like her and dancing and singing my way through a wonderful world of music and Technicolor.

"I dreamed so much of being in showbusiness. I entered a talent contest at the Little Theatre in Ealing, and I won the heat, but decided not to go to the finals because I was also chosen for the school choir. I remember - oh, so much - my first big, romantic crush, when I was very, very young and the last of the German prisoners of war were in the district. One had lovely cropped hair and that blond Nordic look. I was mad about him, but he didn't seem interested; it was the pebble glasses, I suppose."

She had been sitting talking under the hair dryer at an exclusive West End salon, and suddenly it was time for further styling treatment from the quietly discreet assistant close by. Somehow it was hard to visualise a fat schoolgirl in a gymslip, with pebble glasses. *Alan Smith*

— NME AUGUST 19 —

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD HAS been called difficult, delightful and intense; goony, moody and marvellous. All of which is true. I have seen her sitting by candlelight in a Thames-side restaurant, silent with nostalgia as some heart-throbbing Latin heaped it on heavy with the Italian version of "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me". I have seen her elegant and serious at rehearsal sessions, and covering her shyness at a TV show with goon humour and funny faces.

But I speak only as a bystander. One of those who really knows Dusty is Johnny Franz, the amiable, quiet-spoken ex-pianist who has been her recording manager from the day she walked into his office with The Springfields. "The three of them sat right here," he recalls, "right in front of my desk, and sang 'Dear John'. It was a new sound, a fresh sound.

I signed them up on the spot." He remembers that although he was sorry, he didn't think it was the end for Dusty when the hit-making Springfields later decided to split and go their own ways.

"I knew she had terrific potential," he told me, "and decided right away to make a lot of titles with her and release an LP. One of the first solo songs we did was 'Wishin' And Hopin'", which was a terrific hit for her in the States. Even then she knew the kind of numbers she wanted to record. She had always been an avid disc collector. She really knew what was going on.

"In fact, Dusty is such a record lover, you could give her one great new American disc and it would probably mean more to her than if you gave her a Rolls-Royce. Throughout my career I have been lucky to be associated in one way or another with some great artists... Anne Shelton, Vera Lynn, Frankie Vaughan, Ronnie Carroll, Shirley Bassey, and a lot of others, too.

"They all have that special something. And Dusty is no exception. I will say this. If Dusty had just made an absolutely sensational record, and she felt that by trying again she could get it just on per cent better... then try again she would. She is such a perfectionist that sometimes she has been misunderstood by people who don't know her well. I have heard it said that she can be difficult, but what can you expect when she loves her music so much? So many artists get upset if they feel that the people around them are not getting things right.

"One of Dusty's greatest loves is the rhythm section - and she will often go over and make suggestions which, in the early days, some musicians resented. They knew it, and they weren't going to be told by a newcomer!

Now? Now they don't take exception. They know that when she makes a suggestion, it's always a good one. She has an instinctive feel for her music."

When we spoke at Johnny's office (early in the day) he had been at a Dusty recording session which had gone on till ten to five in the morning. We're both night birds," he smiled. "Dusty prefers to record at night and we take it from there. We just go on till we're happy with the result." He swivelled round to the record-player and let the tingling sound of "Goin' Back" soak through the room once again.

"We also spend a lot of time putting the backing voices on, with Dusty and Madeline Bell and Lesley Duncan. They get a tremendous sound. Dusty sessions are quite hard work. She is pretty serious in the studio, and it's a good thing. Incidentally, we're always pretty much in agreement about the material she records... whether I've found the song myself, or it's something she has brought in. To tell you the truth, I've a sneaking preference for Dusty singing a ballad, something like 'Who Can I Turn To'. On these she is magnificent - and there is no doubt that she is definitely emotionally affected when she sings a song like 'You Don't Have To Say You Love Me'."

"At the same time, she has a fantastic love of rhythm and blues; and even if I sound biased, I think that in her field she does it better than anyone else in this country."

But things don't always go smoothly and professionally at the sessions, Johnny told me. There was the time a red-faced member of the studio staff dropped a whole armful of dishes just as Dusty was reaching a top note; and the time they were putting the finishing touches to 'Goin' Back'. Dusty and everyone else concerned went into the studios at 7pm, but at 1am they'd achieved nothing and they all went home.

Thunder and lightning had been rumbling and flashing across the night sky... and with every bolt, the sound crackled through the recording equipment.

Now - who says Dusty Springfield's records aren't electrifying and magnetic?! *Alan Smith* •

"Dusty had always been an avid disc collector"



DUSTY ALWAYS KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED

says JOHNNY FRANZ
her recording manager

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD has been
delightful and intense; goony
marvellous. All of which is true.

1966

APRIL - JUNE



May 3, 1966: Bob Dylan at the Mayfair Hotel in London

“You haven’t really heard American music before...”

BOB DYLAN’s electric music shocked American audiences in 1965. Now, MM and NME chart its arrival in the UK in 1966: preparing the ground, interviewing this perplexing young man and his intimates, then reporting the aftermath. “I’m not going to play any more concerts in England,” Dylan declares, before an unexpected turn of events shrouds him still further in mystery.

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 19 —

BOB DYLAN REMAINS a fascinating subject of conversation for four good reasons. Because he has talent and originality; because, in spite of brushes with the press and all the rest of it, he possesses a great deal of personal charm; because he develops and changes course often enough to keep people guessing; and because he’s been lucky. I can think of other reasons, but they are not so good. Like all members of the pop aristocracy, Dylan inevitably finds himself being elevated into a kind of legend before the time is ripe. Probably this is a damaging process, and there have been plenty of signs that the wonder boy of folk has fought to guard against corruption by flattery, publicity and hysterical adulation.

Still, the process goes on and it becomes harder, year by year, to sift facts from myths and even remember how it was that Bob Dylan stole on to the scene a few short years ago. American writer Robert Shelton, folk music critic of *The New York Times* since 1958, is well pleased to jog the memory on this. He was, so to speak, in at the birth and seems to have written the first column about Dylan, in September 1961. In London last week, Shelton told me he was still most interested in talking about Dylan and was at present writing a book about him. »

TONY GALE/PICTORIAL PRESS

"I'd met Dylan in the spring or summer of 1961, after he sang in a hootenanny at Folk City in Greenwich Village. I told him whenever he was working somewhere regularly to call me as I'd like to do a feature story on him. He got a job at Folk City later in the year, and I went back there and did the interview with him. He was really a kid then, 18 or 19, but I felt that here was an incredible musician and personality. I remember saying that he looked a cross between a cherubic choirboy and a beatnik, and that he was going to go straight up. There were several of us who were tremendously impressed with him. I wasn't the only one.

"He had the magic star quality even then. You couldn't take your eyes off him when he was on stage. He was often a little untidy musically, but the setting was very informal and relaxed, and the hints of professionalism were already there. In those days he was doing some traditional songs like 'House Of The Rising Sun', also a few Woody Guthrie things. He was very much under the influence of two singers, Jack Elliott and Dave Van Ronk. It was a direct personal influence. His own stuff then was principally humorous song and commentary, the commentaries being outrageously funny. He was very funny then. He was doing 'Talking New York Blues', which satirised his reception by the club owners in New York, and 'Talking Bear Mountain Picnic Massacre Blues'. 'Bear Mountain...' was based on some sort of riot on an excursion boat, and he took the cutting from a newspaper and converted it into a very funny song. I saw a great deal of him during this whole first year. We used to knock around listening to music together, and that period was interesting because Dylan was listening to every bit of music he could hear. He walked around with his ears hanging out, eager to follow whatever was going on in folk music. He'd come over to my house and play piano and listen to records."

Had Dylan made any records at this stage?

"No, he hadn't. I had tried to get several record companies to record him but they were either uninterested or unavailable. But as a result of my write-up, I believe, John Hammond recorded him. His first Columbia album caused a stir, but only a small one. Columbia was slow to recognise Dylan's talent, though Hammond and a publicist named Billy James recognised it, and for a while Bob was known as Hammond's Folly. Although Dylan wasn't recognised by the record companies, there was a whole circle of Greenwich Village folk people who realised from the start that he was something special. They were very paternal (and maternal) to him and he appreciated it.

"He was a good friend who would give as much as he got, but he was still not easy to get close to. Always there was a feeling of slight detachment, as if he were watching the scene with bemusement. He likes to laugh and joke around a lot, and play games on people, and as I say, his own songs were often humorous. In the next year, 1962, he got closer to the Civil Rights movement, to the young African-American leaders. Early that year, not yet 20, he started to write and sing those tenacious, poetic blasts like 'Hollis Brown' and 'A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall'.

"He was influenced by the whole *Broadside* magazine scene, which included Pete Seeger, and this was probably his period of greatest political involvement, although he was writing love songs all along the way. The outstanding songs all had some social commentary."

How much, in Shelton's opinion, was Dylan's acceptance and rejection by the folk establishment dependant on political considerations?

"In this period I'm speaking of, those who generally put politics first and art second thought Dylan was a young god. After he took a more personalised approach to creativity, the political determinists suddenly discovered flaws in his art. In this respect, Ewan McColl's comments in the *MM* last September about Dylan were patent nonsense.

"I have enormous respect for McColl as a singer, writer and philosopher of the folk revival, but he is so thoroughly out of touch with Dylan's generation that it was ill-advised of him to pontificate from his lofty and distant eminence. The Dylan generation is making its own rules in belief, political commitment and literary and musical style. If the folk elders insist on setting up stultifying rules for folk composition, they will discover that it is they, not the Dylan generation, that are alienated. Dylan should be allowed to experiment and not be asked to comply with a political-economic catechism. He is too big an artist for that."

Max Jones

— MELODY MAKER MAY 14 —

CHATTING UP BOB Dylan is not the simplest job in the world. It used to be easier, but as he gets older he seems to grow more and more fed up with questions. One of the difficulties is getting him alone. When you've failed in that, the next hindrance is his reluctance to impart information. It's not that he won't answer. But his replies, sometimes oblique and often designed to send up, carry vagueness to the borders of evasion.

This is understandable with the personal stuff: Are you married? Will you be meeting The Beatles? ("I don't know") or: Do you have a marriage certificate? ("Why are you so interested in what I've got?"). But it's harder to see the reason for equivocation on the subject of what instruments he'll be playing on the tour.

Having read that he was booed at a US concert last year when he emerged with an electric guitar for the second half, and greeted by mass shouts of "We want the real Dylan", I wanted to know if he'd be using an amplified guitar over here.

"I'm not sure if I will or not," was the best I could get.

At times the answers are amusing, more often confusing. Asked if the label "folk rock", sometimes applied to his current music-making, meant anything to him, he queried back at me: "Folk rot?"

When we'd established the term, he shook his head. "No, well, they say a lot of things about me. I'm a folk singer, no more and no less."

As I had just been reading an American interview which said Dylan disowns all the folk songs he wrote and the protest songs that made him famous, this last was on the confusing side. I pressed on.

"I read that you no longer sing protest songs. Why is that?"

"Who said that?" he mumbled, then warming to the theme (for him): "All my songs are protest songs. All I do is protest. You name it, I'll protest about it."

"Are you still making up as many songs as you used to do?"

"Yes, I'm making up as many words as I used to. I'm only interested in writing songs. I don't want to make singles any more."

"Is this a microphone?": a somewhat disobliging Dylan meets the press



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Who did Dylan think was the best folksinger in the world, someone wished to know.

"Oh, Peter Lorre."

Why did he write songs with titles that bore no relation to the lyrics, such as 'Rainy Day Women Nos 12 & 35'?

"Oh, it's related to the song all right. But it's hard to explain it unless you've been in North Mexico for six straight months."

Will he do TV shows for the BBC again this year?

"Yes, I'll do anything. But I don't know if I'll do them or not.



I just get the word from other people to turn up somewhere and I'm there."

To raise the level of the conversation a bit, I injected the names of Bukka White, Son House and Big Joe Williams. Did Dylan still listen to such blues singers?

"I know Big Joe, of course. But I never listened to these men on records too much. Lately I've been listening to Bartok and Vivaldi and that sort of thing. So I wouldn't know what was happening."

Right up until opening day, there was absolute mystery about the number and identity of Bob Dylan's accompanists. So I asked him how many there were in his group.

"Oh, 14, 15," he said indefinitely.

"What? All here?"

"Yes, they're all here."

"What about Mike Bloomfield?"

"Who?"

"Mike Bloomfield. He played guitar on your last album."

"Michael Bloomfield... No, I used him in the studio but he's not here with me. Who is? Oh, George, Harry, Fred, Jason."

Before we parted, another journalist was questioned by Dylan. He mentioned his paper. Dylan looked blank. "It's the leading musical paper in the country," said the reporter firmly.

"The only paper I know is the *Melody Maker*," was Dylan's reply. One way and another, he makes it clear he's not out to win friends and influence newspapermen. *Max Jones*

— NME MAY 13 —

HAIR BRISTLING ABOUT like a Fijian suffering from a severe electrical shock, wearing a blue suede jacket and white striped trousers, Bob Dylan meandered into a suite of the Mayfair Hotel last week followed by a squad of cameramen and sound engineers, the latter to record the "press reception". A large gentleman, with a grey top hat and movie camera permanently

"All I do
is protest.
You name it,
I'll protest
about it"

affixed to his shoulder, lurched about the room like Quasimodo, alternately scratching his ear and his nose, with the occasional break to "whirr" the machine in the face of perplexed reporters.

A lady in grey denims waved what appeared to be two huge grey frankfurters about, but they proved to be microphones attached to tape recorders. We were apparently being taped for posterity. For some 15 minutes, photographers exposed innumerable rolls of film at Dylan looking bored slumped on a window sill. Finally he removed his dark glasses as a bonus to the cameramen, but somehow managed to look exactly the same.

Ken Pitt, surely the year's most optimistic publicist, announced that Mr Dylan would now answer questions. "Is this a microphone?" enquired Mr Dylan about a large cylindrical object on the desk under his nose. Having ascertained that it was indeed a microphone, Dylan signified he was ready to begin by giving a slight grunt and shifting his chair a bit.

"Which musicians have you brought with you?"

After this question had been asked again, then rephrased several times, Bob replied, "You want names?"

The reporter said this might be helpful.

"Gus, Frank, Mitch..." mumbled Dylan.

For posterity's sake I framed a question which might be construed as "being aware" as Quasimodo aimed his mechanical hump at me. Why is it that the titles of his recent singles, like "Rainy Day Women Nos 12 and 35" apparently bore no connections to the lyric?

"It has every significance," returned Dylan. "Have you been down in North Mexico?"

Not recently.

"Well, I can't explain it to you then."

It would appear that the states of Washington, Baltimore and Houston have worked out the explanation, for they have banned "Rainy Day Women" as being an alleged approval of LSD and marijuana drugs. A dubious honour that Dylan shares with The Byrds' "Eight Miles High", also banned in those states last week. I tried to get him »

1966

APRIL - JUNE



FREE TRADE HALL - MANCHESTER

Tito Bernas presents

BOB DYLAN

TUESDAY, MAY 17th, 1966

at 7.30 p.m.

STALLS - - 20/-

G 36

"Judas!" Dylan outrages the folk purists by bringing on The Hawks and "going electric" for the second half of his set at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, May 17, 1966

to talk about Paul Simon, whom he phoned recently in the US, and about Bob Lind. "Never heard of them," obliged Mr Dylan. With that I declared my innings closed and watched

with interest as the others got batted about.

"Bob, your hair has got me worried," said one lady reporter. "How do you get it like that?"

"I comb it like that."

Someone tried shock treatment: "Are you married?"

"I don't want to lie to you. It would be misleading if I told you 'yes,'" Dylan declared and in the same breath: "I brought my wife over here on the last visit and no-one took any notice of her."

A suggestion was made that he was secretly married to Joan Baez.

"Joan Baez was an accident," returned Mr Dylan.

Dylan's good friend, folk singer Dana Gillespie, was mentioned. Dylan brightened visibly - he practically tore his face in half in his effort to smile. "Is Dana here?" he asked. "Bring her out. I got some baskets for her".

Regretfully Dana was not there and the conversation reverted to monotone inanities again. We discovered in quick succession that Dylan cannot see too well on Tuesdays... his tonsils don't fit him... he considered Peter Lorre the world's greatest folk singer... all his songs protest about something... he has just written a book in one week about spiders... and he didn't know who the gentleman in the top hat was.

"I thought he was with you," he returned, deadpan. The lady with the giant frankfurter-mic torpedoed it forward so as not to miss a syllable of this sparkling repartee. As the reporters filed out of the suite I took one of Dylan's undercover agents to one side (I knew he was a Dylan man as he had dark glasses on) and enquired why a man with Dylan's obvious intelligence bothered to arrange this farce of a meeting.

"Man," he extolled, "Dylan just wanted us to come along and record a press reception so we could hear how ridiculous and infantile all reporters are."

I stumbled brokenly back to my Plasticine, the sandpit, my chalk slate at the NME! But you've got to admit there's only one Bob Dylan - thank goodness! *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER MAY 28 —

"WELL, IT'S KIND of like eating a pumpkin pie," said Robbie Robertson, the man whose group had been backing Bob Dylan on his controversial British tour. "It's sweet - but it gets very sticky sometimes."

The 22-year-old guitarist did not regard facing hostile audiences such as those Dylan encountered at Dublin and Birmingham as one of the sticky patches in his work with the folk poet.

He explained: "At every concert, out of all the younger people present, there are bound to be some who insist on saying something. In Dublin they were holding up 'Stop The War' signs, for example."

Who are the boys in Robbie's group? Richard Manuel plays piano, Garth Hudson plays organ, Rick Danko (bass), Micky Jones (drums), all except Richard (from Stratford), and Micky (from Los Angeles), coming from New York.

"There is no name for the group," admitted Robbie. "We have been playing together for a long time, working with different people, just for fun, mostly in the South. Bob asked me to play a couple of jobs with him. I did. Just for the sake of science fiction, then the other guys joined him. Our drummer retired and we got Micky Jones. Micky is a very famous drummer in the States. He has played with a lot of people, including Trini Lopez and Johnny Rivers and a lot of blues groups."

Robbie Robertson disagreed with the suggestion of a "hip-swinging Dylan trying to look and sound like Mick Jagger".

"It's the furthest thing from his mind," exploded Robbie. "He doesn't even come into contact with any of that kind of stuff. He's not interested in screaming people or that kind of thing. He just wants to play his music."

But had his music become "watered down" rhythm and blues'?

Said Robbie: "It's not rhythm and blues and I certainly wouldn't call it folk-rock. It's street music. Everybody in the organisation comes from the street. It's not folk music either. I listened to Bob Dylan's stuff before I knew him and thought, 'Well, that's folk music.' Then I realised that he's only made a couple of songs that are folk music. The rest are just stories."

"I can't class Bob Dylan as a folk musician or a protest singer. And most of the people who know anything about it don't. Folk-rock is just what some people prefer to call it. We didn't call it that at all."

REX FEATURES

Has Robbie's group recorded with Dylan? "Well, we've got a new record just about to come out," he revealed. "There's a whole bunch of people on it. There are a lot of different kinds of sounds and I play on just about all of them. But there are a lot of young musicians who are good at that kind of thing and were brought in. It's a double album lasting about 90 minutes. I'm the only member of the group on 'Rainy Day Women'. There is a Salvation Army band on it. And none of the guys belong to the Salvation Army—except me." *Bob Dawbarn*

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 4 —

IN AN AMAZING speech from the stage of London's Albert Hall, Bob Dylan denied suggestions that some of his songs are "drug songs", attempted to explain his changing music and indicated he wouldn't appear in Britain again. This all came out at his concert there last Friday. After Dylan had been singing for some minutes accompanying himself on guitar and harmonica, he stopped and began talking to the huge hushed audience.

"I'm not going to play any more concerts in England," he announced. "So I'd just like to say this next song is what your English musical papers would call a 'drug song'. I never have and never will write a 'drug song'. I don't know how to. It's not a 'drug song' it's just vulgar."

Dylan carried on with his songs like "Desolation Row" and "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue". Then he was joined by the group for his electric-sound songs. Explained Dylan: "I like all my old songs. It's just that things change all the time. Everybody knows that. I never said they were 'rubbish' (he pronounced the word in a northern accent). That's not in my vocabulary. I wouldn't use the word rubbish if it was lying on the stage and I could pick it up.

"This music you are going to hear... if anyone has any suggestions on how it could be played better, or how the words could be improved... We've been playing this music since we were 10 years old. Folk music was just an interruption and was very useful. If you don't like it, that's fine. This is not English music you are listening to. You haven't really heard American music before. I want now to say what you're hearing is just songs. You're not hearing anything else but words and sounds. You can take it or leave it. If there is something you disagree with, that's great. I'm sick of people asking: 'What does it mean?' It means nothing."

Here Dylan was interrupted by shouts, including "Woody Guthrie would have



turned in his grave" and "Rubbish". But the majority of the audience wanted to hear Dylan out and shouted down the hecklers.

— NME JUNE 17 —

WHAT WAS BOB Dylan's reaction to criticism of his recent British tour? How did he feel about the unfavourable publicity he had received? Why had he used an electric guitar? These were a few questions I asked his close friend in England, Dana Gillespie. Singer Dana, who is 17, first met Dylan during his British tour last year and is one of the select few whom Dylan admires and respects.

"He was very surprised at the reaction of the English audiences," she told me. "He thought England was far ahead of any other country in pop music and he just couldn't understand why he was booed and catcalled. The thing about Bobby is that he always wanted to be a rock'n'roll singer like Elvis Presley. When he achieved fame as a folk singer he thought he might be able to change and become accepted as a rock singer too. When the audience booed and jeered his rock numbers in London, he just rocked more to annoy them."

Dylan also told Dana that he had married when he was 17. "He told me that his wife was a half Red Indian girl," continued Dana, "but he said the marriage had only lasted two years."

Why had he been so difficult with the many reporters who wanted to interview him?

"Bobby is only interested in the international, glossy magazines like *Time*, *Paris Match* and the like. He's really very concerned about publicity, but then he only reads the glossies. He's very choosy about his friends as well. He likes Paul McCartney, John Lennon, Keith Moon and

Marianne Faithfull and her husband. But he has very few close friends. Paul Simon told me recently that when Bobby went back to see some of his old friends in Greenwich Village last year, they were very offhand. They were jealous of his success. Now he only has one or two real friends who go round to his place."

Dana went on to tell me what a witty conversationalist Dylan is and how they used to spend all day just sitting talking. "He doesn't like Bob Lind, you know," she added. "We were listening to 'Elusive Butterfly' one day and he was curled up laughing at the lyric."

How then did he feel about the criticism of his own lyric on "Rainy Day Women", which has been in the NME Chart six weeks now? "He

claimed that 'Rainy Day Women' was one of the cleanest songs he had ever written. It was just that many people didn't understand it and read their own meaning into the words."

The next step in the career of the enigmatic Mr Dylan seems to be towards film directing. He admires the work of the young American director Andy Warhol, who has made a six-hour-long film of people sleeping. But Dylan finds this idea a bit dull.

He also likes the work of Italian directors like Fellini and Antonioni, and wants to use the same technique as they do. No doubt if Bob Dylan ever does get around to making a film we'll all have to read our own meaning into that, too! *Norrie Drummond*

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 13 —

NEW YORK, TUESDAY — Bob Dylan is reported to have broken several neck vertebrae and suffered concussion as a result of his motorcycle accident last week.

The accident occurred near the home of his manager, Al Grossman, at Woodstock, New York. Dylan was riding the machine to a garage for repairs when the rear wheel locked and threw the motorcycle out of control. He was tossed over the handlebars.

A concert at Yale University is among the singer's dates to be cancelled. His doctors say he must recuperate for at least two months. A concert at New York's Philharmonic Hall in November is still on, at present. There is a veil of secrecy over where Dylan is in hospital. In fact, news of the accident itself took three days to leak out to the press. *Ren Grevatt* •

"Folk music was just an interruption and was very useful"



On the Triumph 1100 that he crashed on July 29, 1966 near Woodstock, New York



1966

APRIL - JUNE



GAD ARCHIVE/REDFERNS/GETTY

Nancy Sinatra:
"Without music
life would be
frightening"

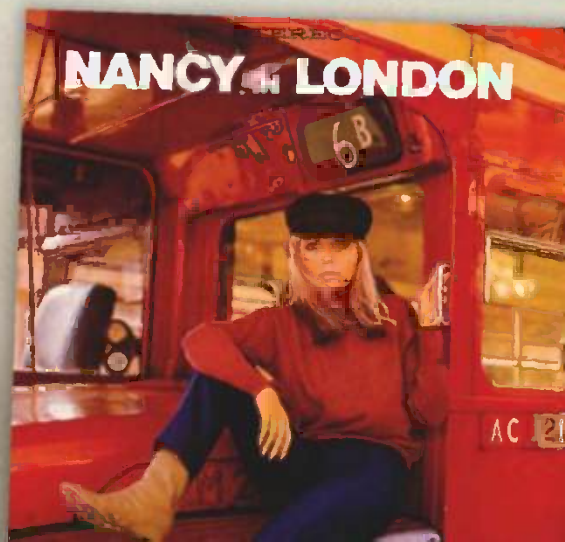
“You don’t kick success in the face.”

When **NANCY SINATRA** lands in London, she brings a famous family name — and also her straight-talking producer Lee Hazlewood. Does Frank advise her, too? “No,” says Nancy. “He stays out of it.”

— MELODY MAKER APRIL 30 —

NANCY SINATRA, NEWLY famous daughter of a famous father, descended on Britain last week in the biggest blaze of publicity since the third of The Beatles got hitched. And with her she brought a whole entourage. Her mother, Mrs. Nancy Sinatra, first wife of Frank Sinatra; businessman and actor Brad Dexter; and her hit songwriter Lee Hazlewood, the man who wrote “These Boots Are Made For Walkin’” and her follow-up disc, “How Does That Grab You, Darlin’?”

A few hours after arriving here to tape an appearance on Rediffusion’s *Hippodrome* show and record an album at Pye Records’ Marble Arch studios, Nancy was besieged by the massed forces of the British press at a record company reception. “Thank you all for being here,” she said through eyes close to tears — from flashbulbs as well as emotion — “I’m excited at being in London for the first time. It’s so famous for being swinging,” she went on as she stood precariously atop a table to speak to the massed gathering through a microphone. Nancy has, of course, been accused of gaining success because of her father’s name, but in London she denied this. “It’s not all that much of an advantage,” she said. “People expect a lot of you when you’ve got a famous name, and they can be cruel when they find you’re not that much better than all the rest.” Since the break-up of her marriage to Tommy Sands, Nancy has been completely independent, earning her own living through films and »



records and even has her own home in Beverly Hills. "It's great to be independent although I'm only just starting out in business."

With her on the trip is Lee Hazlewood, who as well as writing for Nancy is a well-established West Coast songwriter, who has written for many artists and wrote almost all the hits for Duane Eddy a few years ago. "Really I'm a record producer at heart," he said. "The idea for 'Boots...', which was really written for a boy, came from an old jazz record of the '20s I had and which had a similar bass descension to the one on the record. I can't remember the title and in fact the record was taken away by someone after I wrote 'Boots...'"

"A lot of people have said that the descension is a series of good notes followed by bad, but this isn't true. The bass part - it can only be played on a non-fretted instrument like the bass - uses quarter tones, and this has been used for a long time in jazz. To say that they are wrong notes is just showing that the people don't know what they're talking about."

There has been some criticism about "...Darlin'" sounding so much like "Boots...". Whose decision was this? "Mine," replied Lee. "After all, 'Boots...' was a four million seller all over the world. You don't kick success like that in the face. That's why we kept the same sound. The third record, however, will be a beauty thing, completely different to the first two and with a one-word title."

Nancy has been concentrating on films more than records. Was this her first love? "Well, the records are only made really to help along the film career," said Lee. "She's completed several films recently - including one which is highly controversial - politically, socially and every way. We're really keeping our fingers crossed about that one."

Lee said the American scene was still very much dominated by Britain. "But we are getting back in the picture. Now the Stones are the biggest thing back home - bigger than The Beatles. You've still got a grip, but you're losing it. After all, you sent us some marvellous groups like the Stones and The Beatles - but you also sent us some rubbish as well."

— MELODY MAKER MAY 7 —

A CHINESE CONJUROR AND the Dagenham Girl Pipers were all that stood between me and Nancy Sinatra last week. Nancy, sweet and swinging, was involved in a curious pantomime devised by Rediffusion TV called *Hippodrome*, committed to video twice weekly at Wembley for a new series to be seen later in the year. During the run-through, Nancy was torn. Every time an opportune moment for a chat came up, either the Dagenham Girl Pipers or the Chinese conjuror commenced operations, rendering all conversation impossible. At one point, when Nancy became involved with Paul & Barry Ryan, I seriously considered interviewing the conjuror instead, but beyond asking "How's tricks?" we didn't seem to have much in common. But as the dust raised by pipers, acrobats, clowns and conjurors settled, Nancy, her arranger Billy Strange and "Boots..." composer Lee Hazlewood, escaped for a Coke break with

MM questions.

Nancy, stunning in a pink sweater and tights, poured a Coke and relaxed in a chair with an American magazine. "We had

"Marines even sent me boots with Vietnam soil clinging to them"

some good news today - 'How Does That Grab You, Darlin?' has gone high in their chart in six weeks," she smiled.

How long have Lee and Nancy worked together? "Not quite a year. I was looking for a song for a long time, and I had nearly given up, then Lee came up with 'Boots...'. I've had hits before, of course. I had one that was very big all over the world, 'Like I Do'. Kathy Kirby covered it here. It was a hit for me everywhere else!" A frown crossed Nancy's beautiful face, causing me to funnel Coke in the wrong channel.

"I was at a cocktail party last night and some cynical people started saying, 'How silly to do a follow-up of'...Darlin'. I should have said how much it was selling. If people like the song, what does it matter?"

How much control does Nancy have over choice of material? "I take my orders from Lee. Once in a while I like to do something on my own for an album. If I could find the time I would like to do one album of all sad songs, and another of 'in numbers'."

Why has there been such an increase of girl pop singers in America recently? "It's a matter of timing. There do seem to be more girl singers in England than America at the moment. Most of the people who buy records are girls and people tend to believe men more than they do women."

What are her musical tastes? "Lots of different things. I studied classical music since I was 12. Most of us take music for granted, but it's a big part of everyone's lives. Remove music from life and see what happens."

"Even astronauts have music playing into their spaceships. Without music life would be frightening. You know I really like The Beatles, because they have so much music. They are talented, clever songwriters. I certainly admire them. I did 'Day Tripper' on an album; we changed a couple of lines around so they would suit me. I hope they don't mind."

In which direction does Nancy want to expand her career? "I've done practically everything but I don't want to do nightclubs. There is too much competition and I'm not in a position to compete with girl club singers. It's all a matter of experience. I can't go into a small club and learn the ropes as I have the name of Sinatra, and the name itself suggests bigger things. I don't think I could stand the life. I travelled on the road with my ex-husband, Tom Sands, and it's even tough for a man. He couldn't stand it."

"It's not fair to appear before people who pay the kind of money they have to in nightclubs, and do one or two hit records. They need a great show. Artists like Buddy Greco all come out of nightclubs before they have hits, and had all the experience to start with."

Does Frank Sinatra advise Nancy on her career? "No, he doesn't. He stays out of it. My parents think it's best."

Nancy has a tremendous adoration for her father: "*In The Wee Small Hours* is my favourite album, and of his films I like *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Ryan's Express*, and going back to *The Man With The Golden Arm* - he was so marvellous in that. He went to a clinic and studied these poor people who are addicted to narcotics, and it was frightening."

"I think his own favourite film is *The Manchurian Candidate*. He was more excited over that than I've ever seen him. I hope to see my father when he comes here for filming, and we plan to go to Vietnam together. We'll be entertaining the troops. We couldn't do much else, I'm afraid. God willing, I hope it will be all over before then. We've made a lot of friends with marines over there. They even sent me three pairs of combat boots with Vietnam soil still clinging to them. It was horrible. I wrote asking them to tell me their story, but I haven't had a reply yet."

Before "Boots...", with what sort of material was Nancy trying to gain record success? "I was recording sweet-little-girl kind of songs, which are great for sweet little girls. I think I'm sweet but I've been married for five years and everybody knows I'm not a virgin."

"Little girls aren't 'in' at the moment. But anybody who says 'Boots' is sadomasochistic [as has been suggested in America] is out of their mind. Success for the song came because the timing was right for me. Perfect because more girls wear boots now than boys."

"I've been in music since I can remember - music, acting and dancing. At high school, in Los Angeles, we put on shows. We did



NANCY IN FOLLOW-UP MYSTERY

'Darlin' not in Pop 50

NANCY SINATRA'S new single 'How Does That Grab You, Darlin?' is no mistake when a straight copy of a hit record is left in the

Nancy Sinatra

How Does That Grab You, Darlin'?

I Move Around



all our own writing and skits. The TV station in Los Angeles used to put on amateur shows and I made my first TV appearance when I was 13. It was in a trio called The Tritones.”

At this Billy Strange and Lee Hazlewood both collapsed with laughter. “What did you do? ‘Good Ship Lollipop’?” asked Billy.

“We were doing all the popular things,” pouted Nancy. “We were pretty good, and used to go to all the other schools to entertain. We had a girl bongo player. Another girl!”

“They took their orchestra with them everywhere,” grinned Billy.

“I play piano a bit,” continued Nancy, ignoring the interruptions. “But I’ve neglected my practice. I’m working so hard, I don’t have time. But I studied classics for 11 years. I think learning piano is one of the greatest ways of learning about music in general. I had one lesson a couple of weeks ago and I was surprised how it all came rushing back. I studied singing for six months and my teacher put my exercises on tape. Every once in a while when I get ambitious, I listen to them. A musical education is very important. I think it’s important for every child to have training of all kinds. If he has talent, it will come out. When I was in New York I also studied modern jazz ballet.”

Talking about exercise seemed to be affecting Lee Hazlewood, crouching on the floor with a cigarette. “It’s that crick in my back again,” he groaned, and Nancy obligingly began a slow massage. “Wow, that’s better,” he breathed.

I made a brief check, and was disappointed to find I wasn’t aching anywhere.

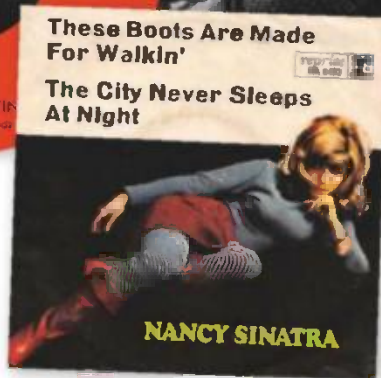
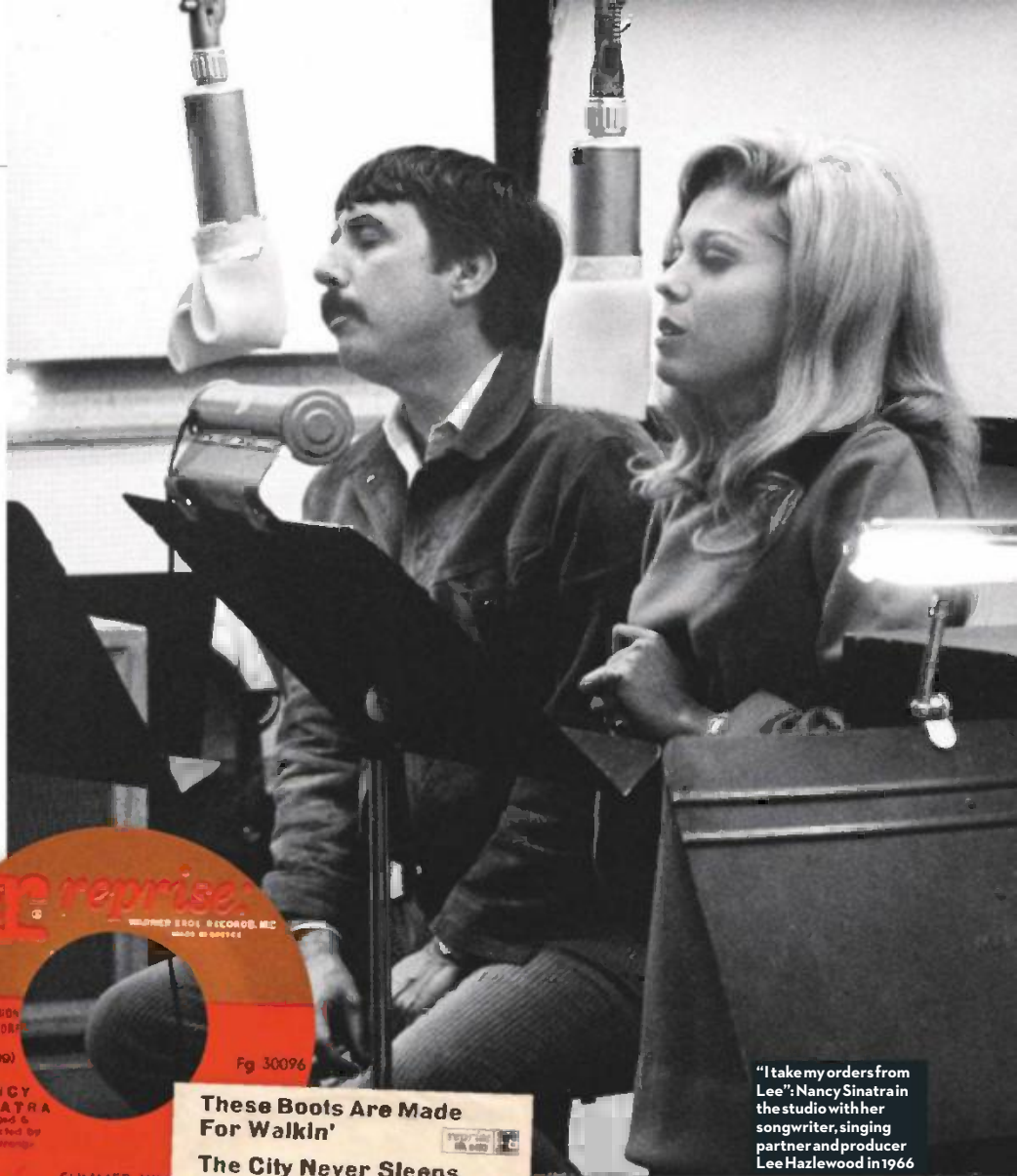
Finally I asked, “Are there too many Sinatras in the entertainment field? Is there danger of a Sinatra dynasty?”

“Not to us. But if we put Dean Martin’s group and Daddy’s group in one room, we’d have a great repertory company. We could go out on the road! But we couldn’t all fit in one car.” *Chris Welch*

— NME MAY 6 —

NANCY SINATRA SKIPPED happily out of London on Sunday – but not before her tall, dark and handsome boyfriend Ron Joy had revealed to me the secrets of their romance. For Ron is the “mystery boy” Nancy referred to, but refused to name, during their British stay. He is well known to The Beatles – and myself – as the photographer who accompanied them on their first American tour, and renewed the acquaintance during their stay in California last summer. Over lunch in London last week Ron told me: “Nancy and I first met about five years ago when I was dating her friend Claudia Martin (Dean Martin’s daughter), but we took only a passing interest in each other.

“Then about six weeks ago we met again when I went to the Hollywood Palace show to take some pictures of her. I arrived expecting to be one of dozens of photographers there, but the place was almost deserted and Nancy and I just sat talking for a couple of hours. That’s how it all started. Then one day she asked me to pick her up from her home for a dinner date. I arrived dead on time and she was coming out of the door with her father, Frank Sinatra. Boy was I nervous! But he was great, made me feel at ease. He picked up my Christian name from the off and addressed himself to me most of the way through dinner. And there was no fatherly advice about how to handle his daughter!”



“I take my orders from Lee”: Nancy Sinatra in the studio with her songwriter, singing partner and producer Lee Hazlewood in 1966

While we were lunching in the dimly lit restaurant, Ron should have been tanning himself on a friend’s yacht off Acapulco: “I had a vacation all fixed with a friend and up to two days before I came to London I was going with him. But you know how it is... I just didn’t want to be so far apart from her for so long. I’ve been offered the highly lucrative job of still photographer on *The Naked Runner*, the

film Frank’s going to make here in London this autumn. But I’m turning it down. I don’t want to be away from Nancy for that length of time!”

Does the prospect of becoming Frank Sinatra’s son-in-law bother him? “You’re jumping the gun; I’m talking about a very close friendship, not marriage,” he said, offering one of his rare and faint smiles. “But if you mean is it a handicap having Frank Sinatra as my girlfriend’s father, on top of her being an international recording star, then the answer is ‘yes’. We rarely get any time alone together. Nancy’s mother is with us on this trip, but it wouldn’t make any difference if she wasn’t – there are a

dozen other people around Nancy almost constantly. Anyway, Nancy Sr is the greatest – she makes us laugh the whole time. In fact, both mother and daughter share a great sense of humour.”

Last Saturday night I went with Ron and Nancy to a small informal London party given in their honour and took them afterwards to Dolly’s, the London discotheque. Between dances Nancy sat on Ron’s knee, her head resting on his shoulder, a dreamy smile on her face.

As John Lennon said when I told him Ron was in town and who he was with: “He’s done well for himself, ‘asn’t he?” *Chris Hutchins* •

“We rarely get any time alone. Nancy’s mother is with us on this trip”

1965

JANUARY - MARCH

The Stones
in Glasgow,
Sept 30, 1966



“Their finest value for money ever”

NME APRIL 8 The Rolling Stones' most favoured reporter reviews their fourth long-player track by track

THOSE MASTERMINDS BEHIND the electric machines - The Rolling Stones - have produced the finest value for money ever on their LP *Aftermath* (Decca), issued Friday (15th), under the guidance of chief machine-minder Andrew Oldham.

In addition to one track of fantastic R&B improvisation, “Going Home”, which continues for 11 minutes, 35 seconds, there are at least three tracks among the 14 which would have made excellent singles. “Lady Jane”, “Under My Thumb” and “Mother’s Little Helper” - this last track you can see performed on BBC’s *Top Of The Pops* next Thursday (11th). Here is my track-by-track review:

MOTHER’S LITTLE HELPER is all about a pop-pill, has a solid bass pattern and an intriguing lyric along the lines of “*What a drag it is getting old...*” The catchy rhythm is finally

capped by and exuberant shout of “*Oi!*” on the fade-out.

STUPID GIRL features road manager Ian Stewart on organ, with fast drum patterns from Charlie Watts, and an intricate guitar break in the middle by Keith Richards. Thumping, pulsating beat.

LADY JANE, which is my particular favourite, has a slow, almost minuet bass and features Brian Jones on dulcimer and Jack Nitzsche on harpsichord. The lyric interpretation is an exercise on how to be restrained but sinister.

UNDER MY THUMB is another very commercial track which has Brian Jones on maracas and Keith Richards dubbing over an extra bass with fuzzbox.

A hypnotic tempo sustains throughout.

DONCHA BOTHER ME - a big sound with shrieking guitar chords and a heavy bass-drum pattern taken at a very fast pace.

GOING HOME is the 11-plus-minute track which Andrew Oldham describes as “an accident - it just happened”. This was originally intended to last only three minutes, but the improvising proved so incredible they’ve included it all. It’s high-voltage hysteria, uninhibited, with every conceivable instrument thrown in. Rhythmic variations and lulls build to a tremendous climax, ending in an almost contradictory clunk from Keith’s guitar. Mick is on harmonica.

FLIGHT 505 begins with a boogie-woogie figure from Ian Stewart on piano, who drives off with a few “Satisfaction” chords into a mind-shattering wall of sound. Staccato drumming by Charlie and Mick’s vocal fights for life in the middle.

HIGH AND DRY has a C&W influence with crisp percussion, an acoustic guitar and what sounds like a washboard.

OUT OF TIME features Jack Nitzsche on piano, Ian on organ, with Mick and Keith double-tracking a great vocal. A hypnotic beat with the usual powerhouse Stones backing.

IT’S NOT EASY. Short, up-tempo product with Keith replying to Mick’s vocal refrain.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT is the only out-of-place track on the album, for

although an interesting arrangement, it sounds like what I believe was intended to be a demo for The Searchers, who have adopted it as their next single.

THINK, which was a hit for Chris Farlowe, an exciting, uptempo treatment with Brian Jones using the fuzzbox for his guitar.

I AM WAITING has a soft intro with tinkling guitar effect which breaks up in the middle into a terrifying hypnotic beat.

WHAT TO DO is virtually a tribute to The Beach Boys in sound. The Stones take it smoothly and it provides a little light relief from the rest of the power-packed content.

Keith Altham

“At least three of the tracks would have made excellent singles”



MR. ZERO

Knowing

Keith Relf

— SINGLES —
REVIEW
— APRIL/MAY —

SINGLES

(CBS)

A compulsive fast-moving rhythm underlines the Byrds vocal, complete with all the familiar characteristics – strident guitar, crashing cymbals, and a double-time shuffle.

A lengthy instrumental intro precedes the vocal. But although the basic idea of the lyric is original, and the titles intriguing, there's virtually no melody. And I thought the backing was far too complex. I rate it the group's most disappointing to date.

FLIP: A jaunty, invigorating bounce beat, and a more orthodox treatment. Great stuff for dancing. (NME, APRIL 29)

Bob Dylan Rainy Day Women Nos 12 & 35/Pledging My Time (CBS)

This is a knockout! It's the best thing Dylan's done for months – if only because it's so different. Bob sounds as though he's had one over the eight as he chuckles his way through the lyric, which suggests that "everybody must get stoned". The backing is deliciously corny, with a sort of martial oompah-oompah beat, tailgate trombone and salvationist tambourine – plus sundry yells of encouragement throughout. Obviously had a ball making it!

FLIP: The more orthodox Dylan, with wailing harmonica, bluesy beat and plaintive text. (NME, MAY 6)

THE ROLLING STONES**Paint It, Black** (DECCA)

Pow! What a stormer! Opens quietly, then suddenly erupts into a thumping, crashing beat that

almost makes the disc vibrate off the turntable. Highlight of the routine is the use of the sitar, and Mick and Keith have written the number with a strong eastern slant. The lyric is plaintive, and Mick handles it accordingly, but in contrast the rhythm is intense and the sound is shattering. And the fascinating oriental flavours will haunt you. Great!

FLIP: Altogether more bluesy. Mick pours his heart out as the backing steadily builds, with added organ. (NME, MAY 13)

Gene Latter
Mother's Little Helper

"Mother's Little Helper" is the pop-pill epic from the Stones' *Aftermath* long-player, and I applaud the version by Decca's Gene Latter. Love his fruity, rather coarse voice, which is offset to his advantage by fuzz guitar. From the same album comes "Lady Jane",

waxed by Columbia's Tony Merrick and Piccadilly's David Garrick, composed with harpsichord effect. The former sings in gimmick-free style; and the latter in deliberately affected tones. (NME, MAY 13)

Keith Relf Mr Zero/Knowing

(COLUMBIA)

Full marks to Yardbird Keith Relf on his solo debut. This Bob Lind number isn't at all easy to sing, largely because there's little melody you can get your teeth into, but Keith copes admirably – and his diction is perfect.

FLIP: A mid-tempo beat, a tingling effect and strings support Keith in this well-conceived self-penned item. (NME, MAY 13)



“Frank flipped over it...”

MM JUNE 4 In the wake of daughter Nancy's success, Frank Sinatra hits No 1 with "Strangers In The Night". Producer Jimmy Bowen explains how it happened

FRANK SINATRA'S "STRANGERS In The Night" is No 1 this week in the *Melody Maker* Pop 50 – a feat the veteran singer has never accomplished since the charts began over 10 years ago. The song has stirred up another controversy around pop land's controversial singer. Some artists love it; others hate it – that was the result of last week's *MM* survey.

Who is responsible for Frank's amazing comeback in the single field? The answer is Reprise's 28-year-old record producer Jimmy Bowen, husband of Keely Smith, and hit-maker for her, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis and many others. This week Bowen called the *MM* from California with the inside story of Sinatra's zooming single:

"Last December, Hal Fein, head of Roosevelt Music, who are Bert Kaempfert's American publishers, visited my home and told me that Bert was scoring a picture for Universal in Hollywood called *A Man Could Get Killed*. So, I said, 'I want to hear the theme.' And two weeks later I heard the melody; there was no lyric written yet.

"I flipped over it and called Hal: 'I want this for Sinatra.' He said OK, and about a month later they sent me the lyric. I loved it and called him again and said: 'I want this for Frank, that's it.' I showed it to Frank and he flipped over it as well, so we got together with Ernie Freeman, our arranger, and we cut the song on April 11.

Frank loved it the first time he heard it. I don't know if he thought it would be this big, but when he and I went over the arrangement we discussed the kind of thing that could make it big. We did it more commercial than the Bert Kaempfert version. We accented the fourth beat. Bert did it with a definite two-four feel.

Frank's record has a kind of syncopated feeling but it actually isn't that, it's just a heavy accent on the fourth. It's the way I felt the song. It makes a flow; if you use a two-four beat, it chops the song up. If you notice the way we did the strings, there's a continuous musical background throughout the song. The melody never stops. It's either the cellos, the violas, or the violins."

"We used 12 violas, four violas and four cellos. We used some at all times behind Frank. It gives a nice kind of floating effect. We also used four French horns, four guitars, bass, drums, piano and two percussion. It was a big session, but when I cut Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, my wife Keely Smith and Sammy Davis I usually use a big sound. This is the biggest single Frank has had in the States since back in the Capitol days. It's at No 10 here – with a bullet. We plan to have an album out in two weeks called *Stranger In The Night*.

Frank did Tony Hatch's 'Call Me' and 'Downtown' for it.

"People ask me if Frank Sinatra's future singles will be in the same sort of vein as 'Strangers In The Night'. The answer is: not particularly. With Frank Sinatra you play it by ear. But when I first heard this melody, just by itself, back in December, I was busted. When Frank heard it was so high in the *MM* chart he was thrilled. Between Nancy and Frank it's like an Italian takeover of England!"

Frank Sinatra and daughter Nancy: "It's like an Italian takeover of England"



“Some geezer was playing sitar in his pyjamas”

In two in-depth interviews, MICK JAGGER reveals himself to have a particularly strong sense of his band and their peers. He holds forth on “Paint It, Black”, the “very limited” Beatles, The Beach Boys (“sort of stupid”) and Bob Dylan. “He invited me round,” he says. “I didn’t go...”

— MELODY MAKER MAY 28 & JUNE 4—

MICK JAGGER ROARED up for his Interview In Depth in a Mini (“From Brian Epstein’s garage”) fitted with a radio and wooden steering wheel. His new Aston Martin is in dock for adjustment. He bounded up the stairs like an actor from *Salad Days* in an off-white jacket with stripes, light-blue shirt, white trousers, white shoes and dark glasses. Nursing a glass containing a mixture of Bell’s and Coke, he tackled subjects with relish, candour and humour.

When you and Keith Richard write songs, do you tear any up?

Oh yeah, I reckon we’ve written about 200 between us. We don’t write that many songs for other people. Usually they are supposed to be for us and we haven’t done them. We record everything we do. We leave the tape on and Keith and I go “daaa-eee-daaa-daaad”. We just sing daft words and sometimes the daft words come out as the song.

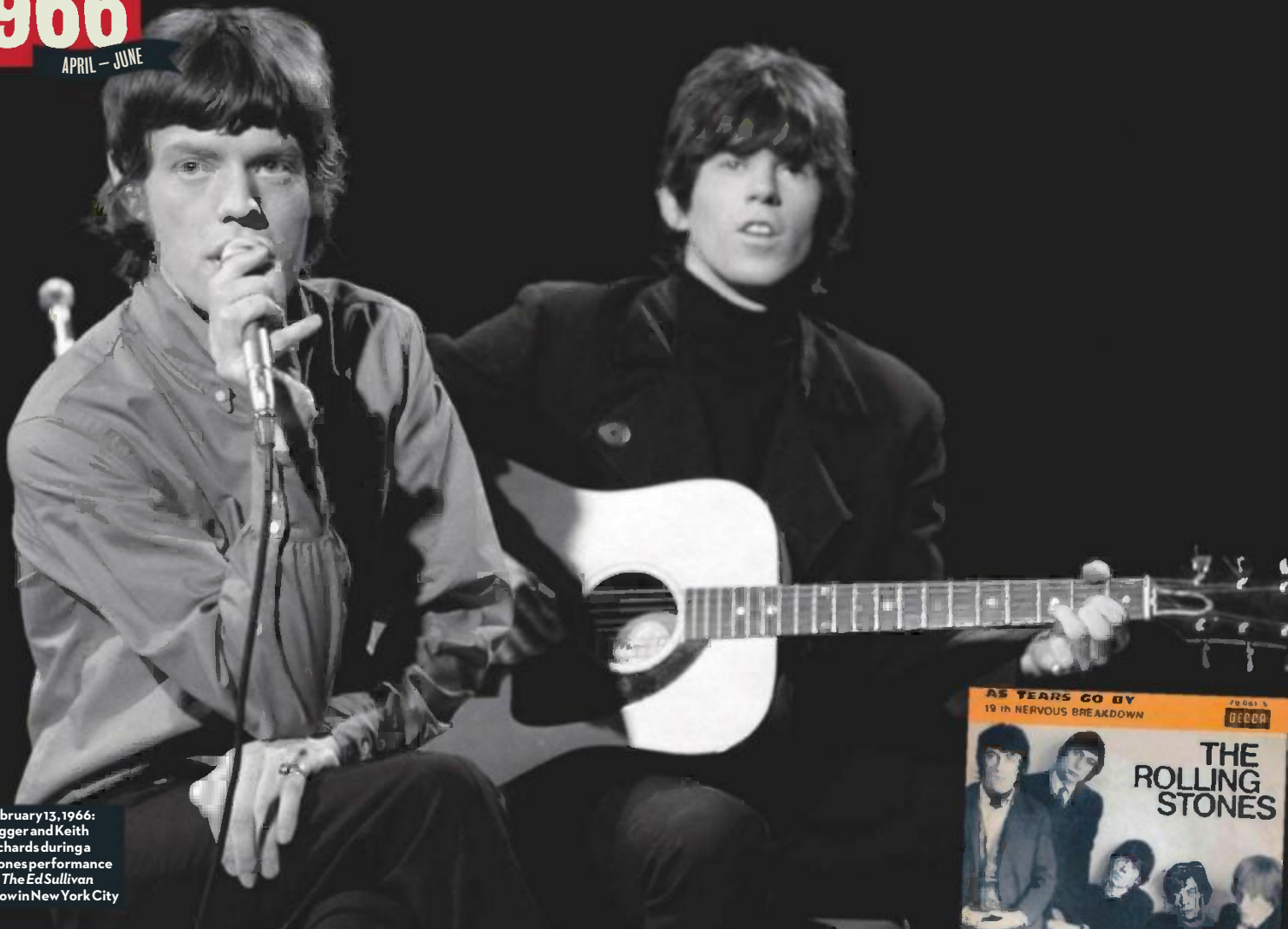
In “Paint It, Black”, are all the different sounds you use on it just striving after effect? Did you think it all out?

Of course not. Sometimes we think up things like “Lady Jane”. That was calculated before we even went into the studio. But “Paint It, Black” was just going to be a beat group number. »

REDFERNS/GETTY



October 7, 1966: Mick Jagger and the Stones perform "Lady Jane" on *Ready, Steady, Go!*



February 13, 1966:
Jagger and Keith
Richards during a
Stones performance
on *The Ed Sullivan
Show* in New York City

Was it a send-up? Yeah. If you'd been at the session, it was just one big joke. We got Bill on piano and Bill plays in this funny style. He goes, "*Bi-jing, bi-jing, bi-jing*," and all that sort of stuff, and we all went running about going, "*Bi-jing, bi-jing, bi-jing*" and that's how it all started. It was just one big joke. It was in Los Angeles. And we just stuck the sitar in because some geezer came in. He was in a jazz group and playing sitar in his pyjamas. And we said, "Oh, that'll sound good because it's got this thing that goes g-doing, doing, doing, etc."

People are taking longer now to make singles? Yeah, if they can. I couldn't take as long as The Beatles, I don't think. Because I'd lose all sense of excitement.

Have you heard any tracks on The Beatles' new LP? Yeah, I've heard most of them. They are very good. They've taken a long time over them and a lot of care and trouble. They've used lots of sounds and some instruments they used on *Rubber Soul*. And they have used more normal things like strings and other instruments.

Is the future of the Stones in round-the-world tours? No. I don't really like doing world tours. I'd rather tour here than anywhere else. But we haven't been international all that long and we've just finished touring everywhere for the first time. We've done all these little places because kids write in and they buy lots of our records. We feel we should play there once. So many kids write from South Africa and they're so disappointed we don't go there.

Would you go to South Africa? Yeah. I don't see anything wrong in going to South Africa. Is it better to play to one white audience and one coloured audience or is it better not to play to either of them? Who loses out? Do the coloured people gain anything from not seeing us if they want to?

Would you go if they said you could play only to whites? Oh no. But they wouldn't say that. They just say the audiences are segregated. In America it's very different. You can turn around and say, "We won't play to segregated audiences," and all that, which is mainly done for publicity. But if they want to segregate them, they'll segregate them no matter what you do. They just won't let coloured in. They wouldn't let them in when we played Birmingham, Alabama. There was nothing we could do. We've got a clause in our contract, but how could we prove it until after the show? It's not like playing in Kilburn! In Kilburn it would be the Irish and the coloureds.

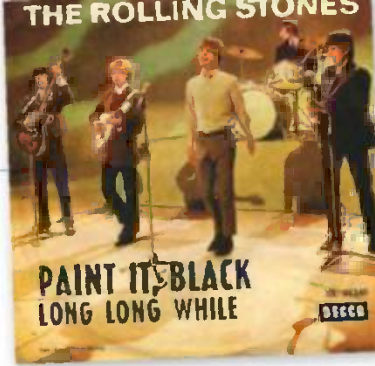
You still don't dig America all that much? I hate it. I like certain things in America. I like Los Angeles because it's warm and it makes a change from England. It's just an easy life for a couple of weeks. Materially America is fantastic. It's just the people who are so bloody awful. It's a great country if there weren't any people there. Vietnam has changed America. It has divided it and made people think. There's a lot of opposition - much more than you think, because all the opposition is laughed at in American magazines. It's made to look ridiculous. But there is real opposition.

Before, Americans used to accept everything - my country right or wrong. But now a lot of young people are saying my country should be right, not wrong.

Have you been asked questions on this subject in America? Yeah. I said just what I've said now. If you're not American, you see, you're not being unpatriotic. If The Beach Boys said it they would be called unpatriotic.

Can we talk about your forthcoming film? No, I'm not supposed to talk about it - and I can't say much about it anyway because it's all sort of daft. But we will be acting in it.

"America is a
great country
if there
weren't any
people there"



How about author Dave Wallis' alleged remarks when he heard the Stones were to film his story?

I don't really know what he said. Anyway, it was supposed to be his wife. It might have been blown up. He's treating it like a great work of literature. It's just a good story. We're changing it anyway. He doesn't own it. We own it.

Bob Dylan – have you heard he's supposed to be copying Mick Jagger?

I keep reading this. I've never seen Dylan. Well, I've seen him, but I've never met him. I've never talked. Everyone else has, but I haven't. He asked me round the other night, but I didn't go.

Do you like his current single, "Rainy Day Women Nos 12 & 35"?

Yes, it's a laugh.

Do his lyrics mean anything? "Let's go and get stoned"

means something.

How about "Paint It, Black"?

It means paint it black. "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" means I can't get no satisfaction. The rest of the song is just expanding on that.

Do you care if people can't hear your words?

No, not really. It's the sound we're after. Though people do know the words of most of them. People have been saying they haven't been able to hear the words on records ever since rock'n'roll started.

What do you think of Sinatra back in the Top 10?

Stranger things have happened. I haven't heard his record. Once in a while these things come along. Like Ken Dodd.

On single records, do you think the Stones are as easily identifiable as they always were?

Yeah, I do. I'm not being big-headed or anything, it's just that I happen to be the singer and I think people recognise my voice straight away. If they do, they are not going to think, "Oh yeah, that's The Rolling Stones. But it doesn't sound like them." Otherwise they wouldn't have recognised the Stones.

What are your thoughts on The Beach Boys?

I hate The Beach Boys – The Beach Boys, but I like Brian Wilson. He's very nice and very different to them. They are all sort of stupid, like some of the groups were when they started off and acted daft all the time, yelling about and all that. Taking the p--- out of everybody. Like a lot of rigger types who come to invade a pub.

I've just got the Beach Boys album, *Pet Sounds*. It's good. I don't like the songs much. I think they are great records. I think Brian Wilson is a great record producer. But I think he could vary the actual sound of the voices. The sound – not the harmonies – grates on me a bit.

If you saw The Beach Boys play live you wouldn't believe it. The drummer can't seem to keep time to save his life. I like what Brian Wilson does. It's all very Hollywood. It's all soft. He writes lyrics that are unbelievable – they are so naive. Things I wouldn't dream of writing. "*Disneyland, sure worth taking a trip to. Oh yeah*". It's the big Youth Of America bit and all that.

People wouldn't write lyrics like that in London?

No, because people haven't got "pride" in their country and they don't think of their country as being romantic. Americans are brought up to believe their country is romantic. It's all "*East Coast girls are hip, they really dig*" and all that. And "*Northern girls, the way they kiss*". I mean, it's so naive it's incredible.

What was the aim of the Stones in the days you played the clubs in Richmond and other places?

To kick trad out of the jazz clubs. I'd nothing against trad, but the National Jazz Federation tried to s--- on us so many times, we felt like the underdogs fighting a huge international gang. But we beat them. We saw ourselves as an R&B group, but it didn't matter what they called us. We didn't think trad had any

“If you're big enough, you can have a hit record every five years or so”

appeal to young people. I think we were right. But it took us ages to prove it and people tried to put us down so much that we hated all of them. In the end, trad was out and all the clubs were full of rock'n'roll groups and we thought it was alright.

How do you see yourself in 10 years?

Oh Gawd! I hope I'll be an actor and I could still be making occasional records. Frank Sinatra is still making the same kind of records he made 15 years ago. You might say Frank Sinatra is technically a million times better than me, but it doesn't really mean anything as far as selling records is concerned. No matter what style you are, if you're big enough you can have a hit record every five years or so.

Do you care if a Rolling Stones single doesn't come in at No 1?

No. No 5 – that's alright. As long as the record sells about four or five hundred thousand. EMI claims

incredible sales for The Beatles' records.

What must a record sell to make No 1?

A hundred and fifty thousand. That's what Manfred Mann sold up to about three weeks ago. The Walker Brothers were tops for four or five weeks and they only sold about a quarter of a million. Our biggest record was "It's All Over Now" – it was No 1 only in the *MM* and it sold about 800,000.

Do you think The Rolling Stones will be going in 10 years?

It's very unlikely. But we've been going four years now and that was very unlikely. People say things like, "Well, the film will come out next March and then we'll do a quick tour," and they write things on little bits of paper and sign contracts! It's very weird.

Do you agree that the next Beatles film is very important and they could be in a bit of a quandary?

I think The Beatles are very limited. Every group is limited, but I think they are *very* limited because I can't see, for instance, Ringo with a gun in his hand and being nasty in a movie and going to kill somebody. It just wouldn't happen. But »



“The church kept people in fear of going to hell”

MELODY MAKER February 12 Mick Jagger takes the Pop Think-In hot seat, giving his twopenn'orth on everything from religion to beer and Bob Dylan

Politics Interested in them. I read about them and you can't believe a lot of all you read. Both parties merge into each other at the centre and both have their extremes. The fringes have power, especially when the government has a small majority, and they can worry the main body.

Chuck Berry Quote from the *MM!* [Chuck Shows What Mick's All About - January 29]. Ha ha. I don't think I sound anything like Chuck Berry really, but everybody has been very much influenced by him, not just the singing but the whole sound.

Charlie Watts (*Absolute silence*) **Herman** A nice lad. PF Sloan has done quite a nice song for him. It's all right to hear early in the morning in the bath. It's difficult to measure how big he is in America compared with us. We get different audiences from him, funnier audiences. Some are those I imagine would go to Bob Dylan concerts. It's funny when we get a stadium full of people trying to be very intellectual, listening to us as a social phenomenon. University audiences trying to be long-haired. It's like when we first started in England. I quite enjoy both audiences, the kids and the intellectuals. When they are all mixed up you get some very funny scenes - people saying, "Ssh, we're trying to listen." It's very similar to the people who come to hear Spencer Davis. But the listeners always move on to someone else when a group gets popular.

A lot of it is because of snobbery - they are no longer the "in" thing, and a lot due simply to success. The group are no longer playing to 400 people, but 4,000, and there aren't 4,000

listeners. There are not many people in England who go out to listen to shows.

Modern Jazz I don't like modern jazz. Charlie plays me some things and I like Charlie Mingus and Jimmy Smith. I just like sounds. I'm not a big critic, and if I don't like a sound I can't go far into it. A lot of Jimmy Smith is rock'n'rolly and some of the things Booker T & The MGs do are similar. But when you play Ornette Coleman, that's really different and I don't like it.

Big Bill Broonzy Not my favourite blues singer. Some of what he does I like, although there are lots of others I prefer. I'd rather listen to Robert Johnson, and I think he's even earlier. When I was about 13 the first blues record I ever heard was by Broonzy, when I was listening to peculiar rock'n'roll records by The Coasters, Fats Domino, Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley. Lots of them have become hits today by groups. Then I started buying Muddy Waters records and I found him entertaining. Which all sounds a lot of rubbish. In the jazz periodicals and the *MM*, they used to review a Broonzy record and say it was marvellous. But when they came to Muddy Waters they'd say: "It's not the real thing." But he was doing a *different* thing. They would never take him on his own merits. They had to talk about someone else. Like today's record reviewers. People are always saying a record's copied from so-and-so and they usually get the wrong influence anyway! A good friend of mine is always doing this.

She says, "He sounds like Bob Dylan, Wilson Pickett and Mick Jagger." It fills up a couple of columns. Still, I don't blame her, because I can never think of anything to say about any of them.

Music Publishers When they do a play on TV about pop it always presents a music



“Dylan's good, but he's too fashionable to stay as popular as he is”

publisher as some mogul behind a desk controlling everything. It used to be like that, but not any more. In the days of sheet music if they worked very hard they could make a song a hit for six months. Speaking as a music publisher, there's a lot to learn at the beginning, because you can get canned out of a fortune.

Eel Pie Island Oh, that's a great place. Is it still there? We've had a ball there. Fantastic. Last time we were there was about two years ago. Do you know in May this year it will have been three years since we made "Come On"? It doesn't feel like three years. Long hair, short hair, people are still writing the same things about us. Why do we spend so much time in America? Eight weeks we spent in America last year! And one week in Germany. "Why do you stay away?" But I've been here the whole time!

Television Pop Shows Seem to be getting worse and worse, and are reaching an abysmal low, in my opinion. Only great one was *Ready, Steady, Go!* in its heyday. It was good TV and good pop. But they are all resting on their laurels. Perhaps it's just the performers I don't like, but I would have thought kids would be very receptive to new ideas

in pop TV. Innately they are more receptive than old people who would go round the bend if they took *Coronation Street* off...

A Whole Scene Going Only seen it once. I don't know what to say about it without being rude. It's only one step up from *Five O'Clock Club*. What time does it go out? 6.30 *Club*, then, and Barry Fantoni is so bad.

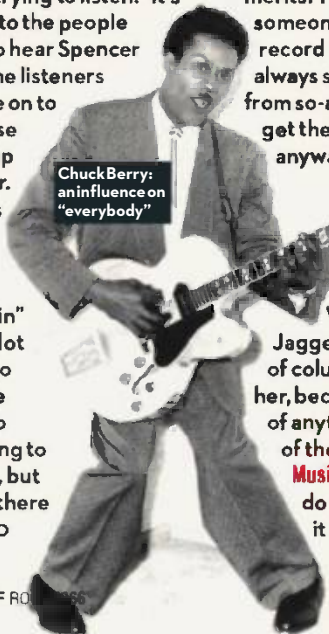
Old Time Music Hall Charlie's got quite a lot of that stuff. He's a cockney, he would do. I'm not mad about it. Who thought that one up - Jack Hutton?

Food Oh, I love food. I hate bad food and food in America. I like interesting food and in America you only get one sort - steaks, which get a bit boring night after night. Steak is all they think about. It's a virility thing - all down to sex. "Have a Man-Sized Hunk Of T-Bone Only A MAN Can Eat!" I prefer steak-and-kidney pudding.

Children A necessity. I was going to say - never mind. I like them, but I'm not a childomaniac. Some I can't stand. I hate precocious children and all American children seem to be precocious. They all want to say long words they don't understand. Gee, what a groovy scene!

Ballrooms Never went into one until we played them. I'd hate going to one, I don't like the atmosphere. I prefer little clubs. I don't like these glittering Ernies' Paradises. Glittering, flashing, revolving lights hanging from the ceiling. Horrible guys in evening dress announcing: "And now from Grimsdyke, the fantastic Falcons!" It's a horrible ritual you read about. All wearing suits from their local Jewish tailor and all getting done up outside.

Chuck Berry: an influence on "everybody"





Jagger and Brian Jones: "He's the blond guy on the right and a very good friend"

Religion How controversial. I talk about it a lot because people are always bringing it up. When I went down to Charlie's we had a huge argument. None of us are religious, but we are always arguing about it. I don't think many kids are religious. Lots are brought up in school to be conscious of it, and they are half-afraid to say they are not religious because they are afraid of blaspheming. Especially girls. It influences them much more.

I could go on and on. Catholic countries are generally much more dominated by the church, which I think is usually a bad thing. In the past the church was comparatively rich and the people very poor, and they just did what the church told them. The decline of the church began when the Bible was translated into people's own languages. And as all readers of the *Melody Maker* will know, the Bible was previously written in Latin. The church kept the people in fear of going to hell and they used their power to keep them in awe. They used spectacle, and dressing up, and rites, and a show of pomp that was completely against the single, original teachings of Christ. It reached a peak in the Middle Ages and the church would inflict awful punishments on people who started asking questions. But when communications improved, more people questioned the church's interpretations of Christianity. Here endeth the second lesson.

Old Age I'm dreading it. There are only very few old people who are happy. When their

minds stop thinking about the present and the future and stay wrapped up in the past, they are awfully dull. I mean, I don't want old dears saying, "How old do you think I am? Forty-eight? No, I'm 78 and I watch all the pop shows and I've got all your records!" Then I think it's time to grow up.

Beer I don't like English beer at all. Never have done. We used to drink it in clubs to quench our thirst but people getting drunk on six pints of beer and being sick are so awful. I can't drink six pints of anything. Ask Zoot Money.

Bob Dylan Good, but too fashionable to stay as popular as he is. His latest record no-one likes, which is awful, and suddenly the pop columnists in the national papers who know all start saying: "You might as well forget Bob Dylan as far as we are concerned here at the *Daily Plog*." I always remember Bob Dawbarn's review of "Like A Rolling Stone". I don't know why he had such a go.

Brian Jones He's the blond guy on the right and a very good friend.

Clean-Up-TV Campaign Absolutely ridiculous. More interesting things come on TV and all they want to do is kill them. But a lot of the things that get said are unnecessary. It's very easy to be outspoken. They should just say: "OK, you can't come back on the programme again."

Stags Oh, I'm thinking of making a movie about them - a Stag Film. And I'm writing a song about naturalism. Andrew's in Paris right now looking for good Stags.

I don't think you'd think it was peculiar if you saw Brian do it. The Beatles have got to do comedy. Their last one was just a rotten story. If you get a good script story you're alright. It's very difficult to keep going on comedy.

Do you get choked when people ask you about politics? Not really, but it's very difficult to say what you think. If I said, like Paul Jones or someone, I'm CND and all that, it's very easy and that's what your view is. But most people aren't like that.

Did you vote? No, I didn't last time. Nobody came round and asked me, so I thought f--- them all. Anyway, I knew Quentin Hogg would get in.

Do you consciously try to keep up with or lead fashion? I just buy things I like.

They try to link you with fashion in glossies - pictures with Françoise Hardy, etc? Yeah, I think it's a bit of a drag. I suppose in the end it doesn't do any harm. I just try to buy things that no-one else has got. I think I have to. Everyone tries to wear daft things. I just wear daft things.

Do you like being seen in daft things? I just find it amusing. I suppose I must like being seen in them, because I don't wear them for my own benefit.

Do you go about in the streets a lot? Yeah, Lennon and I went down to Portobello Road for four hours recently. We just wandered about and bought things.

Do you get annoyed at people who ask for your autograph and say, "It's not for me"? I get used to it. "It's not for me, it's for my son in hospital with a hole in his head." Or: "Do it for Johnny, he's a cripple and his sister, she's got leukaemia." If my kids had leukaemia I wouldn't go and tell everybody. It's amazing how many people's children are cripples. I sound hard saying that, but I'm not. I'd sign my autograph anyway. I can't do a special one!

People are very funny. When some of them say it's not for them it really is. One old dear of about 50 came up to me in the street the other day and started kissing me. She said, "Come in for a drink," and I said, "No, I must rush." Another one came up and said, "I like all your records. Do you know how old I am?" I said, "No. Forty?" She said, "No, I'm 74." She looks about 60 - she's pretty good, but... She's done it four times.

On lyrics, do you find that people try to read things into songs like "Satisfaction"? Yes. "*Girlie action*" was really "*Girl reaction*". The dirtiest line in "Satisfaction" they don't understand, see? It's about "*You'll better come back next week cause you see I'm on a losing streak*". But they don't get that. It's just life. That's really what happens to girls. Why shouldn't people write about it?

What records do you buy? I never buy the so-called quality singers like Tony Bennett. He's awful. He's so corny. Actually, I am going to buy a Tony Bennett LP because he does a fantastic thing on it. You couldn't possibly go any farther. In-between every track he says, "Thank you very much. I'd like to do a song now that's been good to me over the years, one that's been written by some wonderful people," then he does whatever it is, "I Left Me Tart In San Francisco" or something, and then he says, "I'd like to introduce my arranger..." He's just got everything, the whole bit. You couldn't do better. I've bought some jazz LPs, I must admit. Ornette Coleman. I thought I might get some ideas for songs.

Did you like it? I haven't heard it yet! I like Jimmy Smith. Not his single - a horrible attempt at commercialism. Ramsey Lewis' "In Crowd" was good. But "Hard Day's Night" just didn't work - I think because there's no tune. *Jack Hutton* •



JAGGER

on the week
the Stones
reach the top,

1966

APRIL - JUNE



“Everybody is digging everything now”

— MELODY MAKER MAY 28 —

COMPETITION IS NOW so fierce in pop music that groups all over the universe are constantly striving to do something original. The result – pop gets further and further out. Just listen to a Bill Haley record and you can hear how much pop music has progressed. In the days of “Rock Around The Clock”, who would have envisaged records like “Paint It, Black”?

The scene is wide open. Look at the current Pop 50. Already this year we have had absolutely everything from Ken Dodd to Bob Dylan, from The Seekers to The Who; from Otis Redding to Peter Sellers. No longer is the chart governed by trends – by R&B, C&W or even “folk-rock” – it is just reflecting the fast-moving and constantly changing music scene of the 1960s. Where did the fad for using weird sounds and instrumentation start?

Who knows? It could have been any one of the revolutionary records that have been brought out in the past two years: The Beach Boys, the Phil Spector sound, The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, or maybe The Yardbirds’ Gregorian chant, “Still I’m Sad”. The Moody Blues hit an original sound with “Go Now”, as did The Who with feedback and The Dave Clark Five with that heavy stomping sound. In the past six months the use of oriental stringed instruments has been mostly favoured by trendsetting groups.

The sitar is the name to drop nowadays, but it is rapidly becoming old hat. However, it certainly sparked off something – and most people agree that we are going to hear much further-out sounds on pop records in the near »

George Harrison really started something with “Norwegian Wood”. Now musicians like Jimmy Page and The Byrds are hungry for new sounds, the further out the better. With sitars and “Brum raga” on the rise, RAVI SHANKAR himself pays a visit. “If the interest justified it,” he says, “I would start a school here.”

DAVID REDFERN/GETTY

Ravi Shankar in 1966: “I am frightened that people who don’t really understand the sitar will cash in on the sudden interest in it here”

future. Steve Marriott, of the Small Faces, says, "This search for new sounds is not going to end for a long while. Groups today are taking 'sound' itself as a form of music – not just the tune. I find more and more artists worrying about their sound. As far as records are concerned – they'll get further and further out all this year and the next. Such is the reaction."

"As far as I'm concerned, it has only just started," comments Fenman John Povey. "It'll go on a long while before people run out of sounds. We are getting a Japanese koto and also working on electronic music." John thinks electronic music will play a large part in the music of the future.

Plonk Lane, bassist with the Small Faces, can't see these "far out" sounds ever ending: "Everybody is digging everything now. Not just any one thing but all kinds of sounds. Whenever we hear something we dig, we put it into a number whenever we can."

The Merseys report they are interested in the sounds originating from China – "They are far more adaptable to pop music," says Tony Crane.

Steve Marriott heard that one of George Harrison's guitar solos on the next Beatles LP is an ordinary solo with the tape on backwards. Barry Fantoni, however, isn't particularly knocked out with today's progressive sounds: "I think it is perfectly legitimate when The Beatles, for example, use sitar on 'Norwegian Wood', because they used it as a western instrument. But the Stones' single sounds like an attempt at a Greek folk song. The record doesn't gain anything by using all that stuff. I think I'll use the Dagenham Girl Pipers on my next record – not playing – just marching. They have an ethnic marching sound."

One group that has a very Indian-influenced sound is The Move, an exciting new group from Birmingham. They recently shocked the Marquee patrons when they played a 10-minute "Brum-raga" while sitting cross-legged on the stage. Meanwhile, new chart comers The Stormsville Shakers are experimenting with a saxophone and fuzzbox and a well-known "in crowd" group are toying with the idea of using pre-recorded tapes on stage.

On the latest Beach Boys LP, *Pet Sounds*, the Brian Wilson solo track, "Caroline, No", fades out with a dog barking and the noise of a train thundering up the tracks. Small Face Steve Marriott was most impressed by the sound of an enthusiastic fan blowing a football whistle on Herbie Mann's *Standing Ovation At Newport* album. "The sheer urgency of that one geezer in the middle of the crowd, blowing a whistle, completely did me in. I thought it fitted in so fantastically – there must even be a place for this sort of thing in pop music," says Steve.

So, from sitars to football whistle, the face of pop music changes again.



Almost everybody agrees that as long as far-out sounds regain some slight musical content the field is wide open. And what next? The six-string telephone? *Nick Jones*

THE BYRDS, SAYS a recent memo from Columbia Records, are now flying with the latest "in" sound in pop music, a form identified as "raga-rock". It's what The Byrds collectively, and somewhat loosely, describe as "an abstraction" of John Coltrane's tenor sax, Bach's organ music and a taste of the sitar sound made popular by the renowned Indian high priest of classical pop, Ravi Shankar.

"I have dug Shankar for a long time," Byrd Dave Crosby said, as the group took a few minutes out of its taxing New York merry-go-round schedule. "I mean Shankar's sitar sound has always intrigued me. I played some of his records for George Harrison and it turned him on. He bought one which the Beatles used on 'Norwegian Wood'. We used it on our new record 'Eight Miles High', which really means 42,000 feet up in a jet. We like speed, man, and those jets give it to you."

"The sitar has a beautiful sound," interjected leader Jim McGuinn. "But I think that's not the real long-term thing. It's not that adaptable. There's going to be a new instrument that will come out of all this. Maybe a smaller electrified guitar. But the thing now is an electric 12-string. That's got so many sounds, and people just don't seem to know about it. You can do anything on it – Bach organs, harpsichord, jet planes, whining turbine engines, air-raid sirens, kittens, a baby crying, anything..."

In addition to electric 12-strings, The Byrds like speed, folk singers, The Beatles, Dylan, Donovan (and his sidekick, Shawn Phillips, with whom they used to make the Greenwich Village scene), their own houses, people who progress and Buffy Sainte-Marie. They don't dig politics and protesting. "I mean we are just not a political group," Crosby noted. "You won't find us in the peace marches. Rather than protesting, which is essentially a negativity of a reaction, we're more likely to say, 'Hey, love somebody,' and like that. That's what we're looking for in the way we act, the way we play our music and the way we grow as people. Protest is not a useful tool for us. We prefer the positive, like saying 'UFOs [unidentified flying objects better known as flying saucers] are real.'"

As for the music of the day, The Byrds have pronounced ideas. The Beatles, Crosby feels, "are the best rock'n'roll singing group in the world – unquestioned, unchallenged, unapproached. The Stones are awfully good too. Why? Because they keep on growing. They never look for a secure place and stay there. They do new things all the time. That's what

we're trying to do. 'Eight Miles High' is a lot different than 'Turn, Turn, Turn', or 'Mr Tambourine Man'. The first time you try to play it safe with a record you cease to be creative."

"You've got to try new things all the time and you make sure you control your own production," said McGuinn. "And you also get the right engineer. A good engineer is priceless."

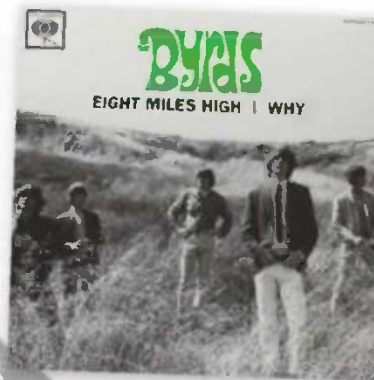
"He finds those controls," said Crosby.

"Like an instrument, with the same involvement as us riding our guitars. He's playing that board. He flies it, like by the seat of his pants. The Stones come all the way to Hollywood to record just because of the engineer there."

As for The Byrds' more immediate future, beyond listening to their folk singing records, and making a good bit of bread on personal appearances and their own records, they are thinking seriously about films.

"I'd like to make an experimental film using electronic colours," said

Byrds Jim McGuinn and (right) David Crosby: their raga-rock is "an abstraction" of Coltrane's tenor sax, Bach and sitar sounds



Jim McGuinn. "But that's my own personal project. We're hoping to all act in a picture which we may even start work on this summer. We've got the script we like already. We're ready to go the straight acting route, with no stand-up guitar playing and singing scenes at all. That would all be in the background track. Now it all hinges on a certain director, who shall remain nameless. This is the guy we want and it's still being talked over and like negotiated. When that's settled, we'll be practically ready to go."

— MELODY MAKER MAY 7 —

SINCE GEORGE HARRISON introduced the sitar on "Norwegian Wood" on The Beatles' *Rubber Soul* album, there has been an intense interest in this Indian instrument. Several English pop stars and session men have bought them and Rolling Stone Brian Jones plays one on the group's new LP. Yardbird Jeff Beck cleverly imitated the "Indian sound" in his solo on "Shape Of Things", and it is said that a sitar accompanied Donovan on his never-released "Sunshine Superman".

Session guitarist Jimmy Page has had a sitar specially made and imported into England and he has met and talked to the master, Ravi Shankar. "I think I was about the first to get one in this country," said Jimmy. "It cost me £65 to get it. In India they sell at about £20, but by the time they've been imported the price goes up."

Indiacraft, a branch of shops specialising in Indian goods, verified this: "Sitar are entirely handmade and therefore an enormous quantity of them aren't produced. Secondly, they are very fragile and don't travel very well. We had two consignments that were completely smashed when we opened them."

Who is buying these instruments, and how much do they cost? "We carry sitars from £35 to £100. You can get more expensive ones which are very elaborate, but we don't usually sell them. We have noticed a great upsurge in demand for sitars. Various pop groups have been inquiring about them, and as far as I recollect, George Harrison has bought two, and The Rolling Stones and Donovan have bought them."

Page has heard rumours that a firm is trying to get them imported. "But I don't know if it will materialise," he added. "I managed to get mine privately through a friend of a friend and so on. His wife was coming to meet him from India, and she bought a sitar with her. I was terribly excited when it arrived – it was in a coffin-like tea chest."

Jimmy then explained the mechanics of the sitar: "There are anything up to 20 sympathetic strings built into the neck, over which are the metal frets. These are tied on with rope and are movable to suit whichever scale you're playing in. Over the frets are six main strings which are plucked. The sympathetic strings vibrate when the main strings are played, giving an answering drone. It's rather like switching to feedback to sustain a note on the guitar, except that it's in tune. In fact, the mechanics of the sitar, once you understand them, are very basic and functional. They make the guitar seem spastic."

There is a lot of interest in the sitar as far as pop music is concerned. What role does Page think it will eventually play? "It's certainly going to be exploited to the fullest extent. The trouble is, they are difficult to tune and obtain – apart from the fact that you can't get tuition in Britain, I think at the moment it's a status thing. A lot of people say they've got sitars and they sit together and have sessions, but as yet nobody has produced any evidence. Probably everybody will end up playing them like guitars – that's all they want. Sometimes the sitar will be used well, other times it won't. It depends if they use them with taste. Like Harrison's thing. He could have got the same sound out of a banjo – but he showed more taste using a sitar. As long as artists don't use sitars for the sake of it – when guitars would be just as suitable – then the instrument won't be abused."

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 11 —

"THE AFFINITY BETWEEN jazz and Indian music is very superficial, and it is only the improvisational aspect which might be similar." These are the words of India's master musician, Ravi Shankar, who arrived in London last week to find himself a fashionable figure in both the jazz and pop spheres. Shankar was

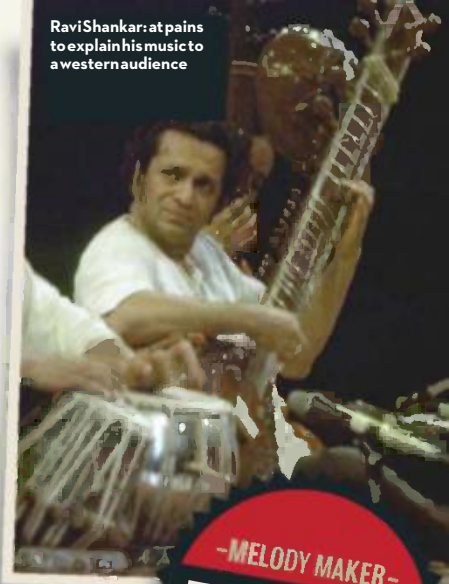
"Unequaled command"

Sitar virtuoso Ravi Shankar brings his subtle sound to London

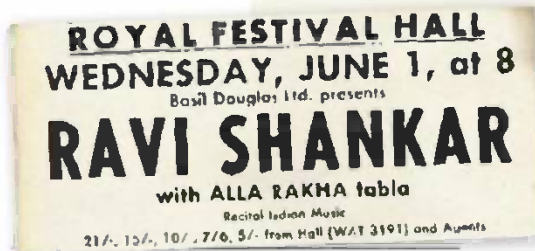
THE ROYAL FESTIVAL Hall may have had its share of dedicated followers of fashion at Ravi Shankar's concert on Wednesday, but the reception accorded the Indian virtuoso was rapturous.

Shankar went to pains to explain his music to the audience, including a piece of handclapping to illustrate Alla Rakha's breathtaking taha solo with a 17-beat pattern.

Incredible is the only description for Shankar. His awesome command of the sitar and his music are perhaps unequalled, and certainly the emotional response he can evoke in a largely non-Indian audience for a music which is devilishly subtle and sophisticated is something to marvel at. *Bob Houston*



Ravi Shankar: at pains to explain his music to a western audience



"Jazz has only borrowed a flavour of Indian music"

obviously flattered by the sudden interest in his music (Beatle George Harrison left a recording session to hear his Royal Festival Hall concert) but was philosophical about it all.

He had heard The Beatles' "Norwegian Wood" record where Harrison used the sitar. But, he maintained: "It is good if it is going to encourage a serious interest in the music, but if it is going to be like so many things, just a passing fancy, then it is not going to be much good." He repeated these feelings from the stage of the Festival Hall.

Shankar's association with jazz musicians goes back to the '50s when he recorded an album using saxist Bud Shank on America's West Coast. It wasn't a conscious "Indo-jazz" meeting.

Shankar simply wanted a flautist for the music he had written for a film. But once in the studios, he wrote some lines to utilise Shank's jazz abilities.

He is astutely knowledgeable on jazz. Musicians of the calibre of John Coltrane have taken lessons from him. But he is sceptical of combining jazz with his own music. "Ours is a very disciplined music," he explained, "really a classical tradition. It is also a philosophy and a way of expressing many emotions – not in a superficial way, but from inside us. I love jazz and know many of the good musicians from the old era, like Duke Ellington, Count Basie, to Dizzy Gillespie – who is a very good friend of mine – and John Coltrane and John Handy. Some of the younger musicians want to learn about Indian music, but the trouble is they haven't the time. They just want to take something superficial from it. If they could spend two or three years, perhaps... But, of course, it isn't possible economically, I understand that. So, from what we hear, jazz has only borrowed a flavour, I like it, but truthfully we think it very childish."

Shankar feels that jazz shouldn't have to gorge on other musical traditions. "I think the jazz groups are becoming very sophisticated and are losing some valuable element. They are getting close to the avant-garde plane. I listen to avant-garde musicians who are my friends, jazz as well as concert musicians, and though I appreciate mentally what they are doing, physically the music often gives me a pain. It is unfortunate."

For so dedicated a musician, the upsurge of interest in the sitar creates a teaching problem. "I am frightened that people who don't really understand the sitar will cash in on the sudden interest in it here. If the interest justified it, I would start a school here, as my very advanced students would be able to teach." *Bob Houston* •

“The next LP is going to be very different...”

Whether it's called *Magic Circles* or *Revolver*, **THE BEATLES** are under new influences and working hard on their next LP. Paul immerses himself in Stockhausen and *The Tibetan Book Of The Dead*. Meanwhile, the band return to Hamburg, and an emotional reunion with Astrid Kirchherr.

— NME MARCH 11 —

JOHN LENNON AND I tried something unusual last week – we went to lunch. Unusual for him because he never lunches out and unusual for me because I normally eat before 3.30pm! But then journalists have to get up earlier than Beatles do.

John arrived (on time) to test the new experience and we moved away in style in the luxury of his Rolls-Royce Phantom V, surveying Mayfair from behind darkened windows that allow you to see out but no-one to see in. It's something like travelling in an ambulance, but ambulances are rarely fitted with a TV and fridge! The phone in the back of the car hummed: “Can't be for me,” said John, “no-one's got the number.”

We arrived at the restaurant in Regent Street and John sent the car away, asking the driver to return in 90 minutes. Only when it had gone did we discover that the restaurant, where our table was booked for 3.15, closes at 3... “Ere, it's John Lennon,” said a woman to her friend, but before her friend had turned round we were in the back of a taxi. The driver said he knew a nice little caff in Soho and that sounded better than sandwiches and tea at NEMS (the Epstein Emporium), so off we went. The place was empty and the food smelt good, though sherry in the soup was the closest we could get to alcohol at that time of day, »

June 22, 1966: John Lennon the day after the final recording session for Revolver



THE

LENNON

INTERVIEW

with Chris Hutchins

SETTING THE SCENE

JOHN LENNON and I tried something unusual last week — we went to lunch. Unusual for him because he

much to the regret of our waiter. John asked for a paper serviette as he'd forgotten a handkerchief and removed his PVC mac ("Bought it in Tahiti for 15 bob") and the Lennon interview began...

You have often said that you don't want to be playing in a pop group when you reach 30; you are now in your 26th year. The only firm date in The Beatles' 1966 diary seems to be the NME Poll-Winners Concert on May 1. Is this therefore the start of the retirement process?

No, we're going to Germany, America and Japan this year. It's an accident that we're not working now; we should have had two weeks holiday after Christmas and then started on the next film, but it isn't ready and won't be for months. We want to work and we've got plenty to do writing songs, taping things and so on. Paul and I ought to get down to writing some songs for the new LP next week. I hope he and Jane aren't going away or God knows when we'll be ready to record. George thought we'd written them and they were all ready – that's why he came dashing back from his honeymoon – and we hadn't got a thing ready. We'll have to get started, there's been too much messing around. But I feel we've only just finished *Rubber Soul* and I keep looking for the reviews, then I realise we did it months ago. We're obviously not going to work harder than we want to now, but you get a bit fed up of doing nothing.

Now that you've got all the money you need and plenty of time on your hands, don't you ever get the urge to do something different? I've had one or two things up my sleeve, I was going to make recordings of some of my poetry. But I'm not high-powered. I just sort of stand there and let things happen to me. I should have finished a new book – it's supposed to be out this month but I've only done one page! I thought why should I break me back getting books out like records?

Do you ever worry that the money you have won't be enough to last your lifetime? Yes! I get fits of worrying about that. I get visions of being one of those fools who do it all in by the time they're 30. Then I imagine writing a series for the *People* saying I was going to "spend, spend, spend..." I thought about this a while back and decided I'd been a bit extravagant and bought too many cars, so I put the Ferrari and the Mini up for sale. Then one of the accountants said I was alright, so I got the cars back. It's the old story of never knowing how much money we've got. I've tried to find out, but with income tax to be deducted and the money coming in from all over the place, the sums get too complicated for me; I can't even do my times table. Every now and again the accountant clears some money of tax and puts it into my account saying, "That's there and it's all yours, but don't spend it all at once!" The thing I've learned is that if I'm spending £10,000 I say to myself, "You've had to earn £30,000 before tax to get that."

What sort of people are your guests at home in Weybridge? We entertain very few. Proby was there one night, Martin another – I think those are the only two we've specifically said "Come to dinner" to and made preparations. Normally I like people to drop round on the off chance. It cuts out all that formal entertaining business. We've just had Ivan and Jean down for a weekend – they're old friends from Liverpool – and Pete Short, the fellow who runs my supermarket, came round on Saturday.

Is the house at Weybridge a permanent home?

No it's not. I'm dying to move into town but I'm waiting to see how Paul gets on when he goes into his townhouse. If he gets by all right then I'll sell the place at Weybridge. Probably to some American who'll pay a fortune for it! I was thinking the other night, though, that it might not be easy to find a buyer. How do you sell somebody a pink, green and purple house? We've had purple velvet put up on the dining room walls – it sets off the old scrubbed table we eat on. Then there's the "funny" room upstairs. I painted that all colours, changing from one to another as I emptied each can of paint. How do you show somebody that when they come to look the place over? And there's the plants in the bath... I suppose I could have a flat in town, but I don't want to spend another £20,000 just to have



"Paul and I are very keen on this electronic music"

would have been better than the background music we had for the last film. All those silly bands. Never again! *Chris Hutchins*

— NME JUNE 24 —

IHAVE INTERVIEWED PAUL McCartney travelling in a car at speed. Battling up a crowded flight of stairs. In a smoky billiards room. On the telephone. At a recording session. Climbing up a ladder. Walking along Tottenham Court Road. In a taxi. Trapped in a room with fans breaking the door down. Even on a roof.

Bizarre situations some of them may have been, but the one that beats them all took place at BBC TV's *Top Of The Pops* the other day. Paul, perched on the edge of a bath, answered my questions. I sat on a lavatory! An odd place for an interview, perhaps, but at that time the room in question happened to be just about the only quiet place in the entire TV Centre.

Girls were here, there and everywhere: mooning up and down the corridors, standing in the entrance hall, and being forced away from The Beatles' dressing room next door. Cups of tea were brought in and Paul rested his in the wash basin.

"Fans," he said simply, almost thinking aloud. "Funny, really. Some of them have a go at me, and John and George and Ringo. They say we don't make enough personal appearances. If only they'd realise. I mean, they think we've just been loafing about the past few months. Don't they realise we've been working on our next album since April? It's a long time.

"I suppose there's some won't like it, but if we tried to please everyone we'd never get started. As it is, we try to be as varied as possible... On the next LP there's a track with Ringo doin' a children's song, and another with electronic sounds."

He started to finger his lip, almost without thinking, and I asked him about reports that he'd broken a tooth. "You're right," he admitted candidly. "I did it not long ago when I came off a moped. Now I've had it capped... look." I looked but I couldn't see anything. A perfect mend. Only a small scar remains on his lip as a souvenir.

"It was quite a serious accident at the time. It probably sounds daft, having a serious accident on a motorised bicycle, but I came off hard and I got knocked about a bit. My head and lip were cut and I broke the tooth. I was only doing about 30 at the time, but it was dark and I hit a stone and went flyin' through the air. It was my fault all right. It was a nice night and I was looking at the moon!"

He sipped his tea and reached for a cigarette. "What about all this 'Didn't Paul McCartney look ill on TV', then?" he went on, referring to Mama Cass' remarks in *NME's America Calling* last week. "I haven't been ill. Apart from the accident, I'm dead fit. I know what it was, though. When we filmed those TV clips for 'Paperback Writer' I'd only just bashed my tooth, an' we'd been working a bit hard on the LP an' I hadn't had much sleep. That was it.

"We haven't had much time for anything but the LP. I mean, 14 songs – all got to be written and recorded till you're satisfied with them. It's hard work, man.

"I've done a bit of reading, though – Frank Harris' *My Life And Loves*. I don't believe half of



it! He can't 'arfboast. I also read Jean Cocteau's *Opium*. Frightening. No. What am I saying? It's not frightening at all.

"Films? Yeah, I saw *Cul-De-Sac*, with Donald Pleasence. Not bad, not bad. But it's a bit drawn out towards the end. I also saw the play *Juno And the Paycock*. Great!

"No, I don't think any of us will write a play or a musical, not for a long time. People are always asking us that, but the thing is that we put all our imagination and ideas into our songs. Honestly, they take so much concentration.

"Paperback Writer'? Well, this came about because I love the word 'paperback'."

He seemed to savour the word and rolled it around his tongue. "Anyway, when we did the song, we wrote the words down like we were writing a letter." He waved his arm as if writing across a sheet of paper. "We sort of started off 'Dear Sir Or Madam', then carried on from there. If you look at the words I think you'll see what I mean, the way they flow like a letter. But that's it really, there's no story behind it and it wasn't inspired by any real-life characters."

Paul and the rest of The Beatles shrugged off questions about them not making No 1 first time with 'Paperback Writer' with a sort of "That's showbusiness" air. They regard it as just one of those things... and as they're up there at No 1 this week, perhaps they're right. Paul shows more interest when you ask him about his homes. There are three now: one in St John's Wood, London, for which he is reputed to have paid £40,000; one in Liverpool; and the newest acquisition—a farm in Scotland. "Aye the noo," he beamed, affecting a credible Scots accent. "It's just a wee small place, up there at the tip of Scotland, and aye plarrn tae make the occasional trip therre for a wee spell of solitude."

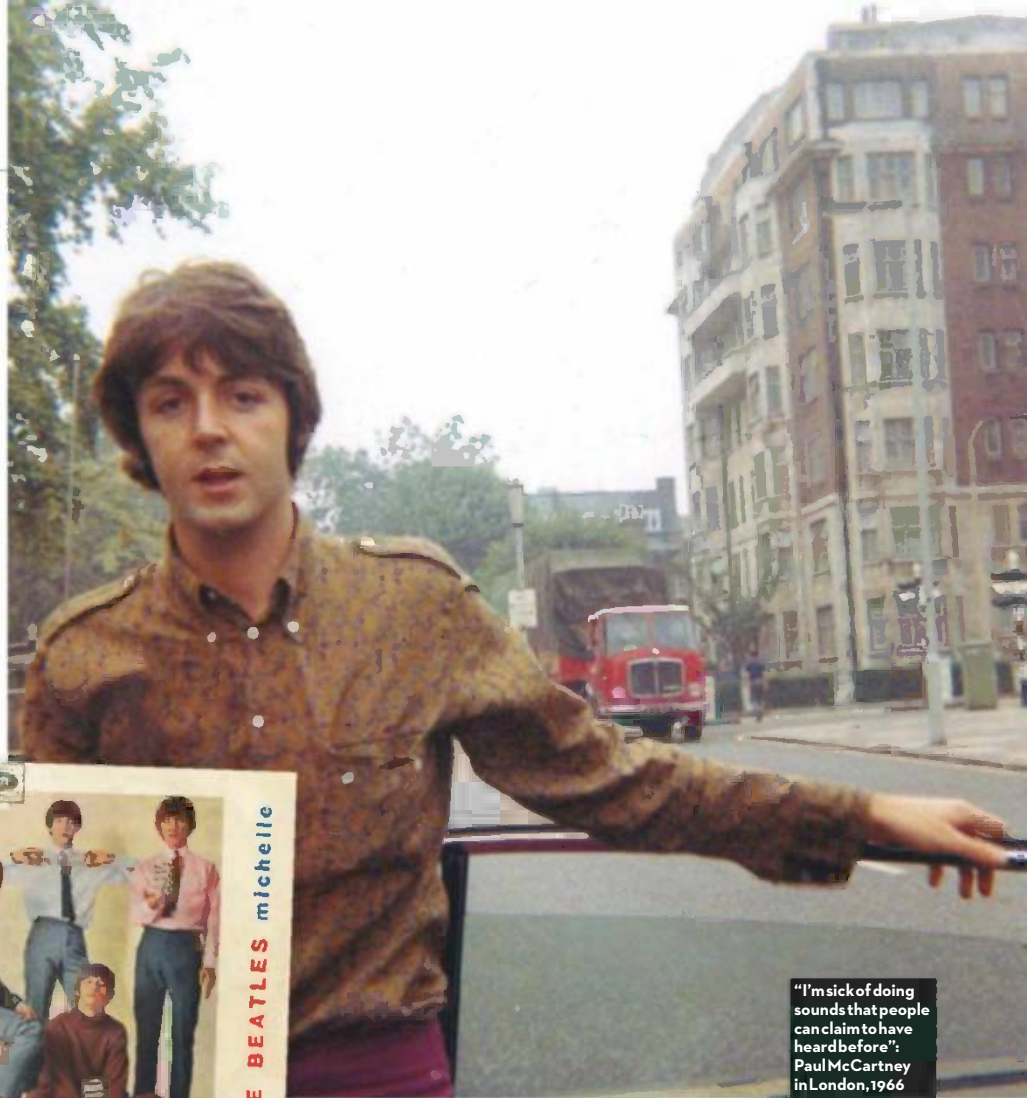
Suddenly he dropped the Scots bit and got back to normal. "It's not bad, though—200 acres and a farmhouse as well. I can't tell you how much it was, but it was well worth the money as far as I'm concerned. As far as the St John's Wood house goes, I've furnished it in traditional style because I don't go for this modern stuff that always looks as if it needs something doing to it. I like it to be comfortable. And those mod leather chairs... ugh. They're too cold." He looked suitably pained.

"Do I know anything about property? Not really. Well, I suppose I do, come to think of it. I'm just being vague. But don't think I'm a big property tycoon. I only buy places I like. I haven't got anything abroad."

I asked him about the mystery instrument mentioned in my *NME* feature last week, bought for £110 by recording manager George Martin and used by him on one track of the forthcoming album. George had amiably refused to name it until The Beatles had given the all-clear.

Paul laughed. "Why the mystery? It's only a clavichord and it makes a nice sound. There's no real weird stuff on this LP. Anyway, I've stopped regarding things as way-out any more."

I reminded him of an occasion when I'd told him that "Twist And Shout" was well worth releasing as a single, and he'd answered that it was too "way-out." He agreed. "You're right. We thought it was, at the time. Anyway, these days I've stopped thinking that anything is weird or different. There'll always be people about like that Andy Warhol in the



"I'm sick of doing sounds that people can claim to have heard before": Paul McCartney in London, 1966

"I suppose we'll get down to a musical one day"

States, the bloke who makes great long films of people just sleeping. Nothin' weird any more. We sit down and write, or go into the recording studios, and we just see what comes up."

He took another sip of tea. "D'you know the longest session we ever did in the studios? It was for the *Rubber Soul* album, an' it went on from five in the evening till half-past-six the next day. Yeah, it was tough, OK, but we had to do it. We do a lot of longer sessions now than we used to, because I suppose we're far more interested in our sound."

I asked him about The Beatles' film situation.

"Still the same," said Paul, flatly. "There's nothing yet, but we don't mind waiting. One thing is definite, in the next film we want to do all the music ourselves. It hasn't been what we've wanted before, with us writing songs and others doing the score. I suppose we'll also get down to a musical one day, but you can bet it won't be like any other musical. We don't want to do any of that kind of stuff Lionel Bart was doin' 50 years ago."

He fingered a red carnation in his lapel (all the Beatles had them; gifts of a girl at a London Airport terminal, where they'd been for cholera injections in time for their Far East tour).

"I'm learning all the time. You do, if you keep your eyes open. I find life is an education. I go to plays and I am interested in the arts, but it's only because I keep my eyes open and I see what's going on around me. Anyone can learn... if they look. I mean, nowadays I'm interested in the electronic music of people like Berio and Stockhausen, who's great. It opens your eyes and ears.

"On the LP, we've got this track with electronic effects I worked out myself, with words from *The Tibetan Book Of The Dead*. We did it because I, for one, am sick of doing sounds that people can claim to have heard before. Anyway, we played it to the Stones and The Who, and they visibly sat up and were interested.

"We also played it to Cilla... who just laughed!" He himself grinned at the memory.

Before our bathroom interview, Paul, John, George and Ringo had taken part in a small press conference in another odd location: a spartan-looking changing »

'PAPERBACK' GAME ABOUT

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1966

APRIL – JUNE



room of the kind we used to have at school. There were no seats and the few invited journalists had to mingle with the famous four as best they could. I saw that no-one seemed to be speaking to Ringo, who stood on his own in a corner, so I struggled over and almost strangled myself on a coat rack in the process.

It was the same old Ringo: pleasant, but a little staccato with the conversation. "Yeah, life's great," he confirmed. "Bin workin' hard though. Not much time to rest. When I'm free? Well, I get up about two-ish most days, and I usually go clubbing till three in the mornin'. I like that. If it's a nice day I go over and have a swim in John's pool. I'd get one meself, but it's not worth it when John's is just up the road.

"Me buildin' business? Not bad, not bad. We've sold quite a few flats and my firm's been doin' a bit of work round at George's and John's places."

"So you've been making a bit of money out of George and John?" I ventured brightly. "Yeah," said Ringo mournfully.

I bade farewell as Ringo shouted drily to an amiable-looking Mr Epstein nearby, "Alan Smith's gonna do a fantastic, exclusive article all about me." I hastened over to John and George in another corner.

"...It's like any job," George was saying. "You work hard so you can sit back when you want to. That's what we've done. We've got ourselves into this position so we can relax a bit. No, we're not rushing into a film. We'll wait 10 years if we have to. Why rush?"

"No, we're not thinking of writing a script ourselves. It's not our job. Yeah, there's someone special I'd like to meet when we go to Germany next week – Adolf Hitler!

"Yeah, there is a good reason why we don't do too many appearances in Britain. We've got to live here as well as work. If we don't appear too often, it makes it easier for us to live out of the public eye. No, we..." The door opened and the rest of it was hidden by the noise of the hubbub outside. There's no doubt about it: it's still a hectic life, being a Beatle. *Alan Smith*

— NME JULY 1 —

THE LETTER WRITTEN by John Lennon summed it all up: it was sent by him some years ago to the late Beatle, Stuart Sutcliffe, and was one of a collection handed back to him in

Hamburg on Sunday. In the letter, John wrote: "I've got one ciggy to last till Thursday."

That's the sort of memory The Beatles have of Hamburg – miserable poverty. On Sunday, however, they returned in triumph. They swept into the city at the head of an eight-car motorcade escorted by a dozen motorcycle policemen. To most of Hamburg, the world-beating Beatles had arrived. But to a handful in the Grosse Freiheit – a tiny street of sordid clubs (above one of which they once lived) – John, Paul, George and Ringo were back. And the friends they made then one by one filtered through the militant-like German security to renew acquaintances.

There was Bettina, the buxom blonde who worked in the Star Club bar and who had a crush on John. "She used to call out for her favourite numbers," John later recalled, adding, "She got me drinks when we had no money. And pills – print that!" Friends like Cory, the attractive girl Paul once courted. Her parents own a restaurant in the Grosse Freiheit – the street that houses the Star Club – and that was often a source of food for the hungry Beatles.

And Bert Kaempfert – the man who recorded The Beatles in their Hamburg days. He called backstage on Sunday to see them and pay his respects like the others. And Astrid Kirchherr, the girl who was engaged to Stuart Sutcliffe. She arrived with her fiancé Gibson Kempe and the little bundle of letters from John to Stu, "the best present I've had in years", he said as he thumbed through them, showing the occasional one to those around him. Many were in picture form – Lennon drawings that would probably fetch a fortune if they were auctioned today.

So The Beatles were in Hamburg. But apart from the friends there was little to remind the four of earlier days spent there. They sang to a crowd of more than 7,000 in the huge Ernst Merck Hall – a concrete palace they had never even seen before. There was no return to the Star Club where their music first took its shape.

"We'd like to go," John admitted sadly, "but there'd be millions of people there and it would be no fun. We'd probably get crushed to death."

They stayed at the magnificent Schloss Hotel in Tremsbüttel – more than 30 miles from Hamburg, deep in the country. Dozens of green-uniformed policemen patrolled the grounds, searching out fans who had journeyed from the city and surrounding towns in the hope of

June 26, 1966: The Beatles at the Ernst Merck Hall in Hamburg, where backstage they received a poignant visit from photographer Astrid Kirchherr (inset, with "Fifth Beatle" Stuart Sutcliffe)

sneaking a glimpse of their idols. There was no return to the little flat over a strip club where they once lived. Although its owner had cleared out the tenant six weeks previously so that The Beatles could go back for a party, the rooms stayed empty.

"Security," the Beatles-minders explained. "We couldn't possibly let them go there."

A pity, for The Beatles will never again see that former home. Within a month the building is to be demolished. They rode in a limousine heading the procession of vehicles which carried the entourage. The whole fleet of gleaming Mercedes cruised uninterrupted in and out of the city as the escort of white-coated outriders

sealed off side roads and ordered traffic to pull off the road until The Beatles had passed.

Their concerts were promoted by a German magazine which never rated them a mention in their Star Club days. But rumour has it that the journal paid the group so much for the concerts in Munich, Essen and Hamburg that even with capacity audiences it lost money on the "Blitztournee", as it triumphantly named the three-day tour. Doubtless Axel Springer, the German press baron who counts the magazine amongst his collection, would willingly have paid twice the price. To buy The Beatles for three days is no small feat and worth a fortune in prestige.

I was especially interested to

report The Beatles' return to Hamburg—for it was in that city that I first met them in the autumn of 1962. I was there for a week to report Little Richard's appearance at the Star Club and The Beatles were on the same bill. There were friendly arguments between John Lennon and Little Richard which always ended with Lennon exclaiming "Shuddup, grandfather" at the older man. But one night I heard Richard remark to the club owner Manfred Weissleder, "Those Beatles are so good—watch them, Manfred, they could be the biggest thing in the whole world."

Manfred attached no more importance to Little Richard's words than I did, but we both recalled them well enough when I visited the Star Club last Saturday night. Manfred also remembered a business argument with Brian Epstein shortly before they began that last season at the Star Club. The Beatles manager was demanding £250 a week for his group—half as much again as they had received before.

Manfred had said it was too much. "Nonsense," retorted Epstein. "These boys will soon be bigger than Elvis Presley."

Weissleder didn't believe the argument—but he paid the money. The tall, blond German had a flood of stories to retell about The Beatles. His earliest memory of them went back to some two years before even he first employed them: "One night I saw them going into a club opposite mine. They looked so strange I turned to a friend and said, 'They must be visitors from another planet.'" Manfred laughed at the memory of the night he says John went on the Star Club stage naked—apart from the guitar. Though John later told me he had on a pair of shorts ("And a toilet seat around me 'ead"). And Weissleder recalled the day he lent them a car to drive to the seaside. "That night I had to interrupt them on stage to ask Paul—

the only one who could drive—where the car was. He said, 'Oh, the engine is broken, so we left it there.' A practically new £2,000 car and they had dumped it by the seaside!"

Manfred showed me a copy of his *Star Club News*. On the cover was a picture of Gene Vincent signing an autograph for John Lennon. "They were great fans of all rock'n'rollers," he reflected. We talked into the early hours of Sunday morning—at a time when the luxury express train specially hired for the Beatles entourage was bearing its precious party the 300 miles from Essen to Hamburg itself. They arrived at breakfast time and went straight to bed at the hotel in Tremsbüttel.

By lunchtime the crowds had gathered outside—not surprising since their magazine host had announced full details of The Beatles' "hideaway" in a previous issue. I joined John, Paul, and Ringo (George was a late riser) in their suite in the midst of a discussion about the title of their next LP.

"We've had all sorts of ideas during this trip—*Magic Circles*, *Beatles On Safari* and *Revolver*—that's the one John likes the best," Paul told me. Minutes later they made an appearance on the hotel balcony, to the delight of the crowd outside. As they walked downstairs to the waiting cars I heard John comment, "How about Bettina being on the station at seven o'clock this morning? Thought she was going to ask for a number!"

The motorcade took a devious route through country roads. There were no incidents, but the German police had taken no chances—outside the hall another squad of motorcycles and a number of vehicles that looked like armoured cars stood by. The Beatles, however, made a quick and easy entrance to their backstage dressing room and were safely locked away before a gang of youths attempted in vain to storm the door, aiming tear-gas bombs at the police, who retaliated with high-powered water hoses, drenching the would-be Beatles assailants.

Then came the first show. More than 10 minutes after Peter & Gordon's act had finished, the chanting, impatient audience gave The Beatles a wild reception. The group played well, but John's voice was showing that it doesn't pay to keep out of practice for seven months—for after the Munich and Essen concerts he could barely croak a note. It was particularly noticeable in "Paperback Writer". Even weeks of recording sessions had failed to strengthen his voice sufficiently for concerts. This was the second warning they got about keeping in practice—in Munich I understand they had to rehearse in their hotel room for fear of forgetting their hits on stage!

Between concerts they suffered another insane press conference, answering questions like, "John, how about Ringo?" (to which Lennon replied, "I think you're soft"). One irked woman reporter asked, "Beatles, why are you such horrid snobbies?" (to which George replied that they weren't and that it was all in her mind). Then Paul made a little speech about how they believed in answering questions directly even if it made them unpopular. And he got a round of applause.

Then they retired to the dressing room, where the small collection of friends was waiting. Before the second show, I asked John about a local story that The Beatles had been "arrested" by the police on a previous visit for attempting to set fire to a club where they were appearing. He said, "That one's got a bit twisted. We set fire to this, well this, little thing on stage and the club owner—who wanted to get us banned because we had told him we weren't going to play there any more but were moving to the Star Club—called the police."

Paul nodded in agreement. Then Ringo announced, "Come on chaps, let's go and do another rock'n'roll show," in his best send-up voice.

After the show they were whisked straight back to Tremsbüttel, where invitation after invitation for them to attend a variety of parties—including one specially staged by a count at his castle in the forest—were declined. But the saddest message of all was wired on The Beatles' behalf to Manfred Weissleder at the Star Club. It said, "Sorry we can't make it tonight". And in his office overlooking the Grosse Freiheit, Manfred shook his head and said, "It's a pity, they never missed a night before..." *Chris Hutchins* •

"Bettina got me drinks and pills when we had no money—print that!"



“On stage I am never frightened”

Not yet 30, ROY ORBISON is a highly paid singer and (lately) film star, reunited with his muse – his wife Claudette. Amid this optimism, Roy’s tour with The Walker Brothers foreshadows trouble, while later in the year tragedy strikes.

— MELODY MAKER MARCH 26 —

“**E**NGLAND IS MY second home,” said world pop giant Roy Orbison on his arrival home here this week. Roy starts his latest British tour tomorrow (Friday), and is one of America’s most frequent and popular visitors. Before he plunged into the grind of touring, Roy talked about his happy round-the-world success and his philosophical attitude to the pop life.

“The things I look forward to most coming to England are meeting old friends and those good audiences, and I’m looking forward to working with The Walker Brothers. I enjoyed their ‘My Ship Is Coming In’. But actually I very seldom listen to the radio in the States. When I get home at weekends, I write music and play my guitar. That satisfies my musical drives. If I listen to music, I like strings and light music. I haven’t had much time to go into classical music.”

Roy’s latest record is called “Twinkle Toes”, his own composition: “It’s about a dancing girl. I did a TV show with some dancing girls and each time I do the Palladium show they have dancers. The song is just an observation. In it, the girl is dancing and pretending to be happy and gay, but I think she’s lonely and covering up.”

Does Roy agree loneliness is a recurring theme in his songs? “It is, but there is happiness too. In ‘Running Scared’ I got the girl, and in ‘Only The Lonely’ I got the girl too! There is always a mixture of loneliness and happiness.” As an emotional singer, does Roy think white people can sing with soul? “I think white people can sing with soul – I do very definitely. I sing mostly the same songs on each show, and they have to be sung with feeling to be enjoyable each time. If you’re not doing it with soul, the audience could tell it was a repeat of the record and not a performance. There have been many comments that my performances come over better on personal appearances than on recordings. On a recording you can hit a high note and lose a lot of it on the final record. But at a live performance you get all the good parts – and the bad!”

Roy talked quietly with conviction and without a trace of conceit. “On stage I am never frightened and past shows have always been pleasant, so I just assume future ones will be. On my last tour there was a fire in the stalls and the place filled with smoke. It was impossible to breathe, let alone sing. But I carried on. The point is, it wasn’t gallantry or anything, but I could concentrate on my performance and forget the smoke. My musical ambition is to expand what I’m doing and stay successful.” »



Roy Orbison,
photographed
on April 28, 1966

“It’s not just for money either. It’s a simple fact that writing and singing, and giving other people enjoyment, is fantastic. That’s not meant to sound hokey – in other words a put-on. Money is not nearly as important as knowing people can come and hear me and forget about their car payments for a while. To be successful you need purity in performance and recording. If you’re singing to impress people – that’s no good, and if you’re singing to make money – that’s no good. It’s very true that successful people, who are admired, do it for the love. If I had to go to prison or was shipwrecked, and I had no guitar, I would go on singing.”

— NME APRIL 1 —

THE WALKERS BROTHERS, Roy Orbison and Lulu – all the stars of a currently touring package – have been hit by an illness and injury jinx which has struck with a motorcycle accident, flu, concussion and laryngitis! The Walker Brothers were unable to appear in Wigan on Wednesday after John Maus was injured by fans who mobbed the trio as they entered a hotel in Chester late on Tuesday night. John had concussion and an ambulance brought a doctor who treated a head injury and then ordered him to bed. Scott Engel was also seen by the doctor in Chester and advised to rest because of a severe attack of flu.

Roy Orbison’s wife Claudette – alarmed by exaggerated reports of his injury in a motorcycle accident – flew to Britain on Tuesday. She arrived, unexpected, at his London hotel just after he had left for concerts in Chester, and travelled there to see him. Orbison will probably have to walk with crutches for the rest of his British stay, following his fall from a motorcycle during a scramble course ride on Sunday. He fractured his foot, which has been encased in plaster, and is having to sing seated on a stool.

— NME APRIL 5 —

“I JUST WANTED TO come over and say how much I enjoy your singing... and could I have your autograph for my daughter?” It was one of a dozen such interruptions for Roy Orbison as he dined in a London restaurant in the small hours of Sunday morning. After much singing and much travelling, he was tired and hungry, but he smiled obligingly at the woman and moved his food to one side yet again to sign her scrap of paper.

It’s one of the things you notice most about Roy Orbison – his cool, calm, collected patience. Nothing angers or upsets or even annoys him, and it is almost certainly this quietly confident manner which enables him to follow on stage the excitement of The Walker Brothers. You feel he could do it equally well with the Stones or even The Beatles.

He is not typical of pop singers. You don’t hear him talk of playing the London Palladium as being the zenith of his ambition; rather he says, “I might come in and do a Palladium TV and one or two spectaculars to put some sterling into a British bank.” He seems to project no sex appeal on stage, yet when he growls in one of his songs the first 20 rows in the circle scream in abandon.

I asked him if Claudette had been the inspiration of all his compositions: “Not just Claudette but everything I have ever written was sparked off by an incident in my life. Some of the songs date back to when I was at school – that’s probably the period when you seem to have most emotional upsets in your life.

“But I guess she inspired most of them. Little incidents like when we were courting, had a row and broke up. I said I wouldn’t speak to her again, then when I came out of the barber’s one day I saw her across the street and wanted very much to go over and speak to her. That inspired ‘Cryin’.”

Orbison seems indestructible. His next birthday will be his 30th, though with Elvis Presley a year ahead of him you might consider his youth is assured for all time. Every British tour he makes is more successful than the previous one and every night he brings the house down.

“East Ham was yours,” observers on the tour, who seem to think there is a star battle at stake, will pat him on the back at the end of the night and say. And so he collects towns where he has “gone biggest” in the manner of a party winning the general election. But how long can it go on? Does he

Orbison on a scrambler bike at Hawkstone Park, Shropshire – moments before breaking his foot, March 1966



see his days as a pop singer numbered? “No, I don’t think age comes into it for me. There are other things in life I want to do – I want to have my own empire and some other people chasing about the world earning for me. But that’s still in the future. Claudette and I haven’t sat down and discussed what’s going to happen when I reach 30 because we don’t think it’s going to change anything.”

He stresses the joint planning he does with his wife Claudette. They are such an ideal couple that the pop world breathed a sigh of relief when they were reconciled not so long ago. This followed a short time apart during which Roy Orbison’s personal agony seemed to reach a peak in his songwriting. The Orbison’s Nashville home looks over a lake and is a possession of which they are particularly proud.

“I have a full-sized swimming pool in the lounge. That’s one of the ideas I came up with when I designed the place,” explains Roy. “I wanted the house to have everything so that if we wanted we could stay up there for weeks and have everything we wanted without even going outside.”

One of the built-in mod cons is a super-powered beam cooker which will cook a frozen steak in less than 60 seconds. “If people drop in on us we can prepare a meal in minutes – no need to go out at all.”

It is this apparent aversion to travel which threatens to limit Roy’s singing career far more than any pop singer age limit. Yet he frequently flies to Britain and then travels thousands more miles appearing in a different town each night when, he admits, he could earn “twice the money” singing much closer to home.

He answers it this way: “I love Britain, sincerely I do. And I especially love London – this city is like a second home to me. Also, my

records have sold here consistently for a very long time now and I feel I owe something to those people who buy them; it’s a relationship I’m happy to keep up.” And another adult autograph hunter hovered over his shoulder – as if to show him the sentiments are mutual.

— NME JUNE 10 —

THE DEATH THIS week of his wife Claudette ends an era of inspiration for Roy Orbison – for it was always with her in mind that he wrote and sang his emotion-filled songs. On Monday, 26-year-old Claudette died two hours after her motorcycle was in collision with a lorry as the couple rode on separate machines from Nashville to their home in nearby Hendersonville, Tennessee.

It was Claudette who persuaded Roy to persevere with his songwriting and singing after their marriage, when abandoning his ambitions would have allowed him to take an ordinary job and lift them out of the poverty they had to endure for a time.

They cared deeply for each other and when it was revealed last year that they were separated Roy told me he was heartbroken. It was obvious that they would soon be together again and last summer they were, in fact, reunited.



With his wife Claudette, who died on June 6, 1966 when her motorbike collided with a truck in Gallatin, Tennessee

Claudette flew to London during Roy's recent British tour with The Walker Brothers after she heard news of his foot injury riding a motorcycle at Hawkstone Park, near Birmingham. She remained for the rest of the tour and watched his every performance from the back of the theatre. She died exactly four weeks after their return to America.

Roy, Claudette and I have been good friends for almost three years. On the last day of their British tour, as Roy journeyed to Coventry, I was driving her back to their London hotel after the New Musical Express Poll-Winners Concert when she expressed anxiety about Roy overworking. She said she looked forward to their having a few weeks holiday at home in Hendersonville and riding round the local countryside on their motorcycles. Only last Friday I received a cable from Roy in which he said he had been working more than was good for him.

It is horribly ironic that on one of the first days of the holiday Claudette had been planning for so long, tragedy should have overtaken them. The funeral was in Hendersonville on Wednesday. There are three sons, Michael, Roy Duane and Wesley. *Chris Hutchins*

— NME AUGUST 26 —

AFTER THE RECENT tragedy of his wife's death, anyone could have forgiven Roy Orbison for withdrawing into his shell and refusing to work – at any rate, for the time being. But the big O isn't made like that. He believes that the best way to overcome his heartbreak is through sheer hard work, and by not running away from reality. "It's been hell," Roy confesses. "And it's something I shall never quite be able to put out of my mind. But I figure that the sensible thing is to face up to it, instead of going to pieces. So I'm trying to absorb myself completely in my work, and I find that helps tremendously.

"Several friends have suggested that I should move away from my home in Hendersonville because it might hold too many memories for me. But no, I'm going to stick it out. My parents have come over from Houston and moved in with me – they're going to run the house and help raise my three boys."

This attitude which Roy has adopted was reported to me by Mal Thompson, of the British branch of Acuff-Rose, who has just spent a few days with the singer in his home territory. Mal says that Roy looks extremely well; though he has lost a little more weight – something he can ill afford to do.

"I went along to one of Roy's recording sessions at the RCA-Victor studios in Nashville," Mal told me. "Roy was cutting three of nine numbers – all of which he wrote with his usual partner, Bill Dees – to be featured in his film *The Fastest Guitar Alive*.

"They're all slightly different from what we usually expect from Roy. They have a Western flavour, and a strong atmosphere of the wide open spaces.

And I found this type of material particularly well suited to Roy's voice."

The Jordanaires backed Roy at the session, for which the musical director was Bob Moore and the session pianist was Floyd Cramer. Two of the songs Roy cut that evening were ballads – "Whirlwind" and "River". The other was the film's title song, described by Mal as being "a very catchy uptempo piece, with an earthy gut-bucket quality and 12-string guitar".

Whether or not any of these titles will be issued as singles remains to be seen. They could well be kept for a film soundtrack LP. For, as Mal revealed, Roy and Bill wrote more songs than were necessary for the picture – so, quite probably, this extra material will be used separately for singles.

After the session, Roy and Mal climbed into the former's Stingray and drove out to Bill Dees's home, where they enjoyed a steak barbeque and reminisced about old times. Roy said how much he was looking forward to starting the actual shooting of the film. He's moving temporarily to Hollywood at the beginning of next month.

Through Mal, Roy sent his best wishes to all his British friends and fans – as well as his deep appreciation of all the many letters of condolence which he has received from this country.

In view of the brave face which Roy is putting on through his adversity, I personally find it's rather a pity that his latest chart entry, "Too Soon To Know", should have been showered with brickbats by many critics. This all stems from *Juke Box Jury*

a fortnight ago, when it was branded by David Jacobs and Anthony Booth as being in bad taste and subsequently others have taken up the outcry. The allegation is that the lyric has too strong a bearing on Roy's personal loss, and therefore the disc should not have been issued at that time.

Frankly, I'm at a loss to understand what all the fuss is about. I would accept that you could make out a valid case against, say, the Napoleon XIV disc. But I fail to see that the "bad taste" stigma applies to Roy's new record. And for these reasons: the song was not one of Roy's compositions. It was written by Don Gibson. Thus it cannot possibly have any association with the tragedy. In any case, it was recorded three months prior to Claudette's death. Although the lyric opens by saying that the singer's heart is broken, and that it's too soon to know if he can forget her, it goes on to make it clear that the subject is a shattered love affair. In this respect, it is typical of many of Roy's discs, such as "It's Over".

The argument has also been put forward that the record company is primarily to blame for "cashing in on events" by issuing the disc at this time. However, this is completely unfair, because Roy himself gives clearance to all releases, so the onus was solely upon his own shoulders.

In fact, over in America, though it isn't proving so successful as in this country, he recently undertook a string of radio and TV dates to promote the disc. Which shows that Roy has absolutely no qualms about it. And, after all, why should he? He is a singer who specialises in sad songs about broken romances and this simply follows his usual pattern. There is no reference to, or implication of, death on the lyric – it is merely a plaintive love song. I must confess that, when I reviewed the record two weeks ago, I did not give a thought to a possible "hidden meaning". I simply described it as Roy at his best, and tipped it for a hit. The question of it being controversial would not have entered my head, but for *Juke Box Jury*.

Of course, we had a similar outburst soon after Jim Reeves' death, when his record company issued such discs as "I Won't Forget You" and "With God On My Side". Whether or not you regard them as being in bad taste depends entirely on the connotation you place upon them. If you deliberately set out to look for double meanings – reading between the lines, as it were – you can find them in practically every song. For instance, many of today's pop songs could be highly suggestive, if you purposely set out to interpret them that way.

As they say, it's all in the mind. And for the life of me, I can't see why either

Roy or his record company should be criticised for pursuing a professional practice with which he has been associated with for many years. Incidentally, Mal Thompson assures me that there is no sign of any such controversy in the States, where the disc is simply regarded as a typical Orbison release. Says Mal, "Roy would be horrified, even stunned, by the suggestion that he was professionally benefiting from this personal tragedy. He's just not that kind of guy." *Derek Johnson* •





1966

JULY – SEPTEMBER

FEATURING: IKE & TINA
TURNER, THE TROGGS,
SCOTT WALKER & MORE

“The avant garde appeals to a minority”

MM JULY 23 Why won't Albert Ayler be playing live in Britain?
MELODY MAKER asks the question

THE ALBERT AYLER and John Coltrane quintets and Stan Getz quartet with singer Astrud Gilberto are all visiting this country in November to record programmes for BBC TV. But only the Getz-Gilberto combination will make concert appearances (November 24). Followers of the “new thing” on the jazz front are understandably incensed by this discrimination. Some regard it as plain reactionary prejudice on the part of those responsible for planning and putting on jazz concerts in Britain.

A reader in last week's *MM* asked: “Surely there must be enough people around to make one concert a success, even if they only want to walk out from front-row seats like at the Jimmy Giuffrè concerts?” He was one of several feeling “very disappointed” that there were to be no Ayler or Coltrane concerts. Are there in fact many like these? And if so, why are they not being catered for? The simplest way to find out was to go to “those responsible”, which in nine out of 10 cases means the Harold Davison Agency of Regent Street, London. There, Jack Higgins – organiser of the concerts and club tours undertaken by American jazzmen for

the agency – agreed that a few people were warm under the collar because Ayler and Coltrane were doing TV only.

“I was tackled the other night by a bloke who wanted to know why I wasn't presenting a concert with Ayler and Coltrane. I said, ‘Well, why don't you put them on if you're so keen? Have you got any money? If you have, and you're prepared to put it up, I'll organise the concert for you.’”

But the Davison organisation is in the concert business. Why doesn't it take the risk?

“We lost money on Ornette Coleman and other people did too – that concert tour was a financial failure”

“Because this is a business, not a philanthropic organisation. It is our considered opinion that such a venture would lose money.” OK, so what about Ornette Coleman? He toured here just recently, and people went to see him. “Yes, but not enough. We lost money on Ornette Coleman, and

other people lost money too. Let me put it this way: that concert tour was a financial failure – not a great one, a small one, but then everyone in business wants to make money.

“The trouble is, so far as I can see, that the avant-garde thing appeals to a very small minority. It's in the minds of a few thousand jazz fans, a very few thousand at that, and they don't make up a concert.” *Max Jones*

Albert Ayler: visiting the UK in November 1966, but only to record TV shows



The Creation? Blasphemy!

MM JULY 16 The "Making Time" band fight religious controversy

THE CREATION, WHO rose to 36 in the Pop 50 this week with "Making Time", have run into trouble over their name. A number of people, including Lord Hill of Luton, head of the Independent Television Authority, have claimed that the name is blasphemous.

In a letter to the group's manager, Tony Stratton-Smith, Lord Hill said, "I'm inclined to think that, although the name in itself is not necessarily blasphemous, it has a very real religious connection for a great number of people. I suspect its use would upset and offend a great number of people."

Stratton-Smith told the *MM*, "I chose the name and I don't think it is irreligious. Unlike most pop managers, I have written a religious biography, *The Rebel Nun*, which received favourable reviews from a number of bishops."

He wrote to a number of religious leaders asking their opinion on the group's name.

Monseigneur David Norris, private secretary to Cardinal Heeman, wrote: "I can't think that to call a group of musicians The Creation could be thought of as blasphemous. Nowadays the word has many meanings."

Others who supported this view included the Rev John Andrews, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Canon Collins, MP Norman St John Stevas and the Rev John Lang, Assistant

Head of Religious Broadcasting at the BBC.

Added Stratton-Smith: "We hope that Lord Hill's view will not affect our future with ITV.

At the end of the month we have pencilled bookings for ATV's *Action*, Rediffusion's *Five O'Clock Club* and *Ready, Steady, Go!*"

September 2, 1966: The Creation perform their hit single "Making Time" on TV show *Ready, Steady, Go!*



R&B singer Chris Farlowe, who has been cutting discs since 1961 but "relying a bit too much on my own preferences"

"A hit record is the jam on the bread"

MM JULY 16 Former carpenter Chris Farlowe finally gatecrashes the UK Top 10 with the Mick Jagger-produced "Out Of Time"

CHRIS FARLOWE'S BLUES-BASED voice has finally made it on record after innumerable singles over the past five years. Chris's reaction - relief and pleasure. "It's an answer at last to all the people who've told me to go back to being a carpenter over the years," said Chris. As "Out Of Time" does one of those four-minute miles into the Top 10, Chris paused this week for reflection on his eight years as a singer and five years as a recording artist - all without a major hit.

"In the early days, I was recording the wrong sort of material. I've been cutting discs since 1961, but I was relying a bit too much on my own preferences, I think. When someone brought a commercial No 1 to me, I wouldn't consider it. That's partly the reason why I've never made it before.

"Even when I first heard 'Out Of Time', I was doubtful about it. It wasn't until I went along to the studio and heard the way Mick Jagger had arranged the number that it knocked me out. But even after I'd recorded it I wasn't convinced it would be such a mover, even though I thought it was commercial enough to sell."

Chris and The Thunderbirds have built up quite a reputation with the in-crowd over the past three years. The Thunderbirds are a four-piece who manage to sound like a 14-piece on stage, which is essential for reproducing the record sound. For Chris used 10 violas, five cellos, six brass and a rhythm section on the session for "Out Of Time".

"I record with a big orchestra as a matter of policy," said Chris. "But I find that The

Thunderbirds can give me enough power to do the number on stage. I've always wanted to sing with a big band behind me. I can see the day in the future when I might be able to augment The Thunderbirds into a bigger unit."

Did this mean then that dropping The Thunderbirds for recording purposes didn't mean he was aiming for a solo career? "Not at all. I can't see myself as a solo singer. I respect The Thunderbirds as musicians, I'm happy singing with them. It's groovy when we work together. Why would I want to get rid of them?"

He also made the point that as a solo singer he'd have to go on with some of the pony backing groups that crucify arrangements up and down the country. "I couldn't stand that. I just couldn't go on with some of the rubbish that's around,"

he said. But five years is a long time to stay out in the cold in the pop music business. Why didn't Farlowe catch on in the early days of the beat renaissance? "Four years ago, before we started at the Flamingo, where we made our reputation, the sort of music we were playing was too far advanced for the kids. They thought we were playing modern jazz. That's the main reason.

"I was so knocked out about the record moving so quickly, though, because moneywise a hit record is still the most important thing in pop business.

"Before this hit, after paying all the expenses, I was making just about the same as I could as a carpenter. A hit record is the jam on the bread. I've realised that since the record hit the charts."

"The music we were playing was too far advanced for the kids"

“There comes a time when you have to stop fiddling about...”

MM JULY 16 John and George explain the process of writing their new 14-track LP, *Revolver*

TAKE APART THAT phenomenal song factory called The Beatles and what do you find? A precision organisation with songs of all kinds constantly on the stocks? A closely planned lyrics-music arrangement responsible for their fantastic output of hits? No. More often than not the songs are roughed out in the head of one of the songwriting Beatles, scribbled on anything from a sheet of toilet paper to the back of a Peter Stuyvesant packet, or just laboriously put together on a battered battery portable tape recorder. For The Beatles' approach to songwriting is faintly haphazard. Which could perhaps be one of the secrets of its spontaneous success. The *MM* asked The Beatles recently just how they approached the problem of producing 14 new songs for a new album.

“The first thing that happened with the new album,” said John Lennon, “was that Paul and I decided we'd have to get together. We'd been seeing each other socially, but we decided we'd have to get down to some serious work. Getting together is the first step – and it's not always the easiest.

“Then when we've got together at my place or Paul's house, we start thinking about the songs. One of us usually thinks of a musical phrase or part of a tune in our heads – like Paul did with ‘Paperback Writer’. He thought that out in the car on the way to my house.”

The Beatles approached the problem of their new album – titled *Revolver* – by writing and recording the songs over a period of 11 or 12 weeks. John and Paul kicked ideas, musical bits and words around until they had the basis of a song, then they took it into the studio to work on it with George and Ringo. The 14 tracks on the new LP were created in this way, and in fact the last track was written only a short time before it was recorded in the studios. It is without doubt the fertile creativity of John and Paul that's responsible for most of the mass of musical expression that's flowed from The Beatles. George contributed some numbers in the past, but it's only comparatively recently that he's expanded his songwriting talents into anything approaching a regular flow. Now it seems, with three tracks on the new album bearing his name, he's also emerging as a songwriting force within The Beatles' coterie. But not without a lot of painstaking effort on his part.

“I've been writing songs all the time,” George told *MM*. “But when you're competing against John and Paul you have

to be very good to even get into the same league. How do I write a song now? I turn on a tape recorder and play or sing phrases into it for perhaps an hour. Then I play it all back and may get three or four useful phrases from it.

“When I just had one tape recorder, I'd finish a song and put it onto the tape recorder. Then I'd often throw it away because I thought it sounded awful. Since I've bought all the taping and mixing equipment, I can add things and do a lot more. So what seemed on one machine to be a waste of time sounds possible when mixed and re-recorded and perhaps dubbed.”

What about the lyrics? “This is the hardest part for me. I write them slowly, a word or a phrase at a time, changing them about until I get what I want – or as near to it as I can. When the thing is finished I'm usually happy with some parts of it and unhappy with others. So then I show it to John and Paul, whose opinion I respect. They usually like the

part I don't like, but think the other part is all wrong.”

But all three Beatles agree that there comes a stage when you have to stop changing things about and settle for the song as it stands. John Lennon said: “There comes a time when you've got to stop fiddling about with the song. If you didn't, you'd never get a record out at all. Later you think of things you could have done with it, but unless you call a halt you'd spend a whole year doing just one track. John also said that to ignore commerciality was fatal. “I write things that I like. But you have to consider the commercial aspect. It's no good writing stuff that no-one wants to listen to.”

Well, that's one thing the Beatles won't have to worry about for a long time yet.

“One of us usually thinks up a musical phrase or part of a tune in our heads”



will be featured with the group at Ashton-Under-Lyne today (Thursday). The group's hit “Over Under Sideways Down” moved up to No 8 in the Pop 50 this week. **MM JUNE 26**

➤ Marianne Faithfull flew to New York last Friday for business talks with her American agent Allen Klein. She was due to return to Britain over the weekend, but stayed on for further talks. The talks are expected to lead to an American tour later in the year. Tomorrow (Friday), Marianne stars in a gala in Venice and then goes on for TV dates in Italy. She then takes a holiday but returns for a week at the Ceilidh Cinema, Edinburgh from August 20, during the Edinburgh Festival. **MM AUG 6**



John Lennon and emerging songwriter George Harrison backstage at Top Of The Pops, June 16, 1966

In the Beatles



TALK about that phenomenal song factory that's called the Beatles and what do you find?

A precision organisation with songs of all kinds constantly on the stocks? A closely planned lyrics-music arrangement responsible for their fantastic output of hits? No. More often than not

song writing factory

“I’m
glad
I was
right...”

NME gets in the Rolls with ANDREW OLDHAM (“I’m flying to New York and chartering a plane to Hollywood”) to hear about successes old and new. The Rolling Stones. Twice As Much. And Nico? “She’s working for a group called the Underground Movement...”

— NME AUGUST 5 —

ROLLING STONES MANAGER Andrew Loog Oldham is on the move, and as usual with his ubiquitous personality (“The Beach Boys’ new single is not dedicated to me”), in several directions at once – mostly “up”! Last Thursday I found an agitated Andrew bouncing about among the packing cases of his outer office in Baker Street, which together with his record company, Immediate, were in transit to their more spacious premises in Oxford Street.

A successful move which is emphasised by the fact that the label has just been two weeks at No 1 in the NME Chart, courtesy of “Out Of Time” and Chris Farlowe. “That man is so humble,” said Andrew. “It’s refreshing to find someone who retains an air of humility after being helped.”

The Loog was, in fact, in mid-flight while I was talking to him and had to leave for New York in 15 minutes, so I was invited to continue our talk in the Rolls on the way to the airport. “I’m late, of course,” said Andrew, heaping together a pile of legal documents appertaining to the action he is taking against Radio Caroline and *Queen* magazine for including Mick Jagger in an advertisement about the pirate station. »

CAMERAPRESS



Likeable almost in spite of himself: manager, producer, publicist and publisher Andrew Loog Oldham at the age of 22

1966

APRIL - JUNE



ALOfmeetswith harmony-singing Immediate signings Twice As Much (David Skinner, left, and Andrew Rose), whom he foresees having "the same kind of mass appeal as Cliff Richard"

Andrew's next move was to back into one of the tea chests in the office and rip his going-away suit.

"They shouldn't leave these packing cases about," snarled Andrew and made his personal bid for World Cup glory by putting the offending box out of the office.

His pretty telephonist whitened under the accompanying oaths but stood firm until Andrew's partner Tony Calder and chauffeur Eddy arrived to take him away. In the Rolls, Andrew became more businesslike.

"I'm going to New York and then chartering a private plane to Hollywood. Allen Klein and I are negotiating an outlet for Immediate

Records in the US and we also have to discuss plans for The Rolling Stones' film. Most of the shooting will be done on location - I hope in Britain but it depends on the weather. You won't get me out if it's raining. There is no question of a screen test. The film we shot in Ireland was their screen test - that showed how they shaped up in front of camera and it has been selected as an entry for the Mannheim Film Festival in Germany in a few weeks' time."

Is there any chance that any of the Stones' girls will appear in the film? "None," laughed Andrew. "I've been through all that." He added, "I'm making another film for them called *The Beverley Sisters Story* featuring Chrissie Shrimpton, Linda Keith and Anita."

The Stones go into the recording studio this Sunday to cut about 20 numbers. Is there any possibility that the next single will be anything but

a Keith Richards-Mick Jagger composition? "We have tracks like 'My Girl' and 'I've Been Loving You Too Long' already in the can, but what point is there in releasing these when Mick and Keith write more suitable material for the group?

"There are just no composers who can write for the Stones now in their style. Even good

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

OLDHAM: TALENTED, INSULTING, OUTRAGEOUS

76 | HISTORY OF ROCK 1965

Keith and Anita! The Stones go into the recording

That's how NME's

Ontrack as the Jagger/Richards compositions really start to flow



“Very nicely,” agreed Mr Calder. Whatever happened to Nico, another female discovery in Andrew’s agency? “Ah, yes, I’m glad I was right about Nico,” said Andrew. “She’s working for a group called the Underground Movement for about £11,000 for eight days in clubs like Hollywood’s Trip.” Having pressed a button to talk to Eddy to inform him to take the torn suit to Lord John for an invisible repair, Andrew took up a copy of *NME*.

“I think the cover with Billy Fury on is divine,” he said, “and I love the bit about Mike Leander’s backing. Billy was a raver before anyone knew what the word meant. The adverts for Jonathan King’s disc are very clever,” he commented. “I like his new ethnic ‘Everyone’s Gone To The Moon’... [‘Just Like A Woman’]. Jonathan and I get on very well together – I think it must be because we both went to public school or something. I’m not going to see him now. Scott Walker must now be the Joan Crawford of the pop world,” declared Andrew, noting their new chart position. “He’s got this drama bit going so well for him that he must get a film contract.

“All these reports from the US about the Stones only playing to 11,000 in New York are ridiculous – anyone would think that was bad. The date was a weekend booking with temperatures in the 90s. It was equivalent to playing in Piccadilly Circus on a bank holiday, and 11,000 for that isn’t bad.”

Andrew Oldham is egotistical, talented, insulting, outrageous and likeable almost in spite of himself. He manages the world’s number-two group, owns his own record company, produces discs, writes songs, sleeve notes and poetry and publishes The Beach Boys’ music in Britain.

In the hip vocabulary of pop music, they say he is “happening”. Perhaps Mama Cass stressed what is the most overlooked and often unconsidered feature in Oldham’s success when she incredulously repeated to me over and over again during a recent interview. “And he’s only 20 – can you imagine what he’ll be doing at 30?” *Keith Altham* •

GETTY, REX, GETTY

“There are no composers who can write for the Stones in their style”

composers like Mitch Murray can’t seem to hit our style – he came up with one the other day about ‘chuff chuff’ or something.”

We stopped at Andrew’s Fulham residence for him to pick up an un-ripped suit and case. He is moving shortly to the more salubrious area of Highgate and into a mansion built by Oliver Cromwell’s brother. There are a number of interesting features in his present home. In the living room, on a high shelf, are a bevy of stuffed hummingbirds encased in a glass dome. On the floor, a chair curved in the shape of a peacock, and a leather baby rhinoceros in the hearth.

The walls are brown, the sofa yellow and the settee orange. On the walls hang a white china theatrical mask, a rude painting and a wooden shield, emblazoned with the word

“Top”. “That,” said Andrew, indicating a large empty bird cage in the kitchen “was Conway Twitty!” Conway was a yellow canary gifted to Andrew by Marianne Faithfull which had since flown the coop. The ginger tomcat next door remains under close suspicion.

It was arranged that I should hear the next Twice As Much single while writing and so from the player blasted “Step Out Of Line” – their own composition, released on August 9. Harpsichords, guitars and bells: all produced by Mr Oldham to big ballad effect. Back in the cavernous interior of the Rolls-Royce, Andrew talked of the potential of his new recording duo. Does he see them as a potential two-man Rolling Stones? “I would say they had the same kind of mass appeal as Cliff Richard,” said Andrew.

“Worldwide,” contributed Tony Calder.

“Universal simplicity,” triumphed Andrew.

What of his other interests? Were the recording plans for The Who going ahead?

“These are still being negotiated,” said Andrew.

“There are a lot of egos involved and it depends on something else, if you see what I mean.”

Is Marianne still a prospective interest for management?

“Marianne is nothing to do with me now,” said Andrew. “I have decided not to take over as her manager because I need full control and there are too many people still with vested interest and her talents are not diversified enough anyway... I think I put that very nicely.”



“I’m glad I was right about Nico”: The Velvet Underground (with actress Mary Woronov holding a bullwhip) perform in New York, December 4, 1966



1966

JULY-SEPTEMBER

ALBUMS
REVIEW
JULY

“They have broken the bounds of what we used to call pop...”

MM JULY 30 The Maker reviews a “brilliant” new Beatles LP

PAUL WAS RIGHT – they’ll never be able to copy this one! And the reasons are not the electronic effects, George’s stunning use of the sitar, or Paul’s penchant for the classics. It’s because The Beatles’ individual personalities are now showing through loud and clear. Only a handful of the 14 tracks are really Beatle tracks. Most are Paul tracks, John tracks, George tracks, or in the case of “Yellow Submarine”, Ringo’s tracks.

There are still more ideas buzzing around in The Beatles’ heads than in most of the pop world put together. A lot of them have been poured into *Revolver*, and the result is, like *Rubber Soul*, a veritable goldmine of ideas which the lesser fry will frantically scramble over. John, Paul, George and Ringo are obviously enjoying the heady freedom of being able to translate their every whim onto record. But the freedom is not abused, and George’s fascination for Indian music, Paul’s liking for classical effects, and the discriminate use of electronics are put to good use. The tracks are:

TAXMAN: Electronic opening, but develops into strong backbeat with heartfelt lyrics about the taxman. Composer George takes the lead.

ELEANOR RIGBY: McCartney among the classics. Paul sings against firm, rhythmic string backing. Charming song which is one of the best of the album.

I’M ONLY SLEEPING: Mid-tempo with intriguing harmonies led by John. Clever yawning effects to highlight “I’m only sleeping” lines.

LOVE YOU TO: George goes the whole Indian hog. Virtually straight Indian sound, complete with tabla drummer and tremendous sitar part by George. Fascinating mixture of minor melody with Indian accompaniment. One of the most striking tracks.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE: Gentle, languid sound with Paul’s voice leading on quite a beautiful melody.

YELLOW SUBMARINE: Ringo’s song for the kiddies, with catchy join-in-the-chorus singalong. Dubbed-in noises underline “and our friends are all aboard” and “the band begins to play”. Completely disarming.

SHE SAID SHE SAID:

Great Lennon vocal, and once again the eastern influence creeps in the opening chord and odd bits of chord-bending in the backing.

GOOD DAY SUNSHINE:

The Beatles’ answer to “Sunny Afternoon”? Paul in good-time mood over pub piano (himself or George Martin?). Ends a bit sharpish though.

AND YOUR BIRD CAN SING:

Beaty mid-tempo with another fine Lennon lead. More like the usual Beatles.

FOR NO ONE: Signs of Dylan emerge in Paul’s voice here. Solo vocal over piano accompaniment and a horn solo too, playing counterpoint with the melody.

DR ROBERT: Mysterious lyrics partly obscured by obtrusive but firmly swinging backing. Lennon

leads again, singing a message no doubt loaded with significance. What significance though?

I WANT TO TELL YOU: Another George composition which includes a touch of the bitalities with a piano figure which resolves into tune for nicely spread harmonies.

GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE: The Beatles plus jazzmen track. Urgent Paul vocal supported by riffing trumpets. Nice bluesy break when Paul shouts title and a pounding finish with trumpets reaching for the high ones.

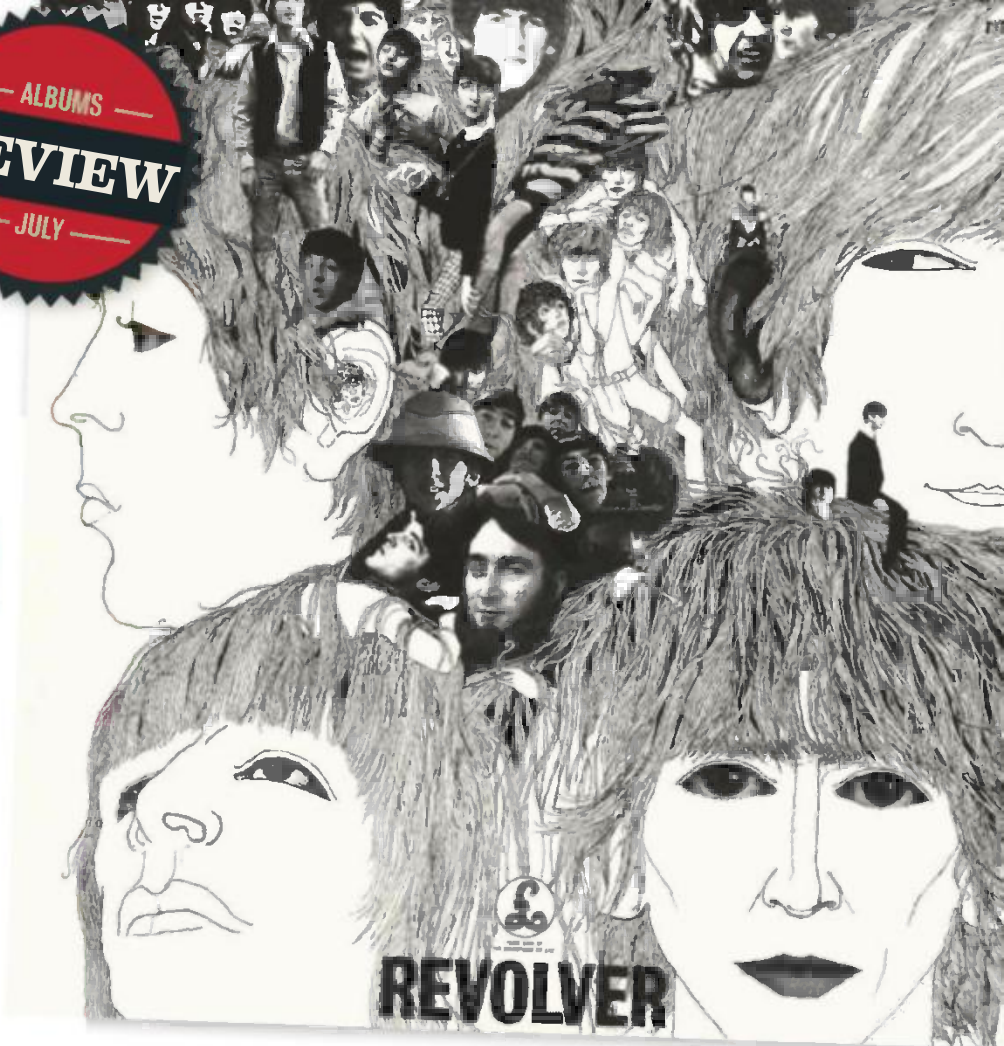
TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS: Another Indian opening, dubbed-in electronics and

a superb rhythmic figure. Lennon’s voice sounds as if it’s coming from Abbey Road, and although the end product is impressive, there’s a danger that what might have been the outstanding song of the set is smothered.

Rubber Soul showed that The Beatles were bursting the bounds of the three-guitar-drums

instrumentation, a formula which for the purposes of accompaniment and projection of their songs was almost spent. *Revolver* is confirmation of this.

They’ll never be able to copy this. Neither will The Beatles be able to reproduce a tenth of this material on a live performance. But who cares? Let John, Paul, George and Ringo worry about that when the time comes. Meanwhile, this is a brilliant album which underlines once and for all that The Beatles have definitely broken the bounds of what we used to call pop.



The Beach Boys:
"not so much a vocal
group these days",
according to Manfred
Mann's Mike D'Abo

"For me it's not the same Beach Boys..."

MM JULY 30 A work of genius or just plain boring? The stars give their verdict on *Pet Sounds*

Eric Clapton *The Cream*

All of us, Ginger, Jack and I are absolutely and completely knocked out with *Pet Sounds*. I consider it to be one of the greatest pop LPs to ever be released. It encompasses everything that's ever knocked me out, and rolled it all into one. We're all gassed by it. Brian Wilson is without doubt a pop genius.

Keith Moon *The Who*

I think *Pet Sounds* illustrates the way one man's mind works – that of Brian Wilson. There's nothing revolutionary in the album, I don't think. Perhaps the only revolution is in the group itself – the way they've changed with the album. They are not so much a vocal group these days. Vocals, as such, have almost disappeared with this album.

Michael D'Abo *Manfred Mann*

Basically I admire the ingenuity of the LP, but it's not as revolutionary as people say. They've done a lot of unusual things, but there are one or two weak tracks. Not quite the rave people have made it out to be. It's a sort of Brian Wilson experimental combo. For me it's not the same Beach Boys. They had more appeal as a group as they were before.

Tony Rivers *The Castaways*

I think it's a revolution in record production. We've been playing Beach Boys songs for years, but *Pet Sounds* is a complete change of

style. Bruce Johnston, the sixth Beach Boy, played it to us first and we couldn't work it out. Not until we took the record home and lived with it for a while did we begin to understand it. It's revolutionary in that Brian Wilson thinks out the song and then does the arranging, recording and even the singing if the others aren't available.

Scott Walker

I don't think it's revolutionary. I don't even like it as much as the other Beach Boys albums.

Andrew Oldham *Rolling Stones manager and publisher of Beach Boys compositions in Britain:*

I think that *Pet Sounds* is the most progressive album of the year in as much as Rimsky Korsakov's *Scheherazade* was. It is the pop equivalent of that. A complete exercise in pop technique. Personally, I consider it to be

a fantastic album. The lyrics are tremendous. The way Wilson has suited them to the songs is outstanding. I see pop music as a form of escapism, and *Pet Sounds* is a great example of escapism.

Barry Fantoni

I think *Pet Sounds* is probably one of the best produced albums out, but it suffers because of it. I managed to listen to one side of it, and I had just about a bellyful. At times it was beautiful but the words were hazy, which may have been unintentional – or it may have been the idea. It was rather a lazy record. Sometimes boring – not because of the way it was done, but the

singing monotony. I've got *Beach Boys Today!*, which is rougher and more exciting. Actually *Pet Sounds* reminded me of the classical composers – who I prefer – and shouldn't really compare, but it has similarity to Palestrina, and also what happened to Mozart and the painter Turner in mid-career. Their techniques became immaculate and their production fantastic and you thought, "Who the hell managed to produce this?" That's how I feel about The Beach Boys. I preferred them

when they were young and more loose and rough, as did Turner and Mozart when they got older and loosened up. I agree it's probably revolutionary, but I'm not sure

it is necessarily good. I'm not being anti-progressive – but I'm not convinced they're always good.

"I consider it to be one of the greatest pop LPs ever. We're all gassed by it"

Eric Clapton

Spencer Davis

It's fantastic. I've just bought it and finished playing it. "God Only Knows" is the most fantastic track on the album. Brian Wilson is a great record producer. I haven't spent my time listening to The Beach Boys before, but I am a convert now and I just want to listen to this LP again and again. Thirteen of the tracks are originals – which can't be bad.



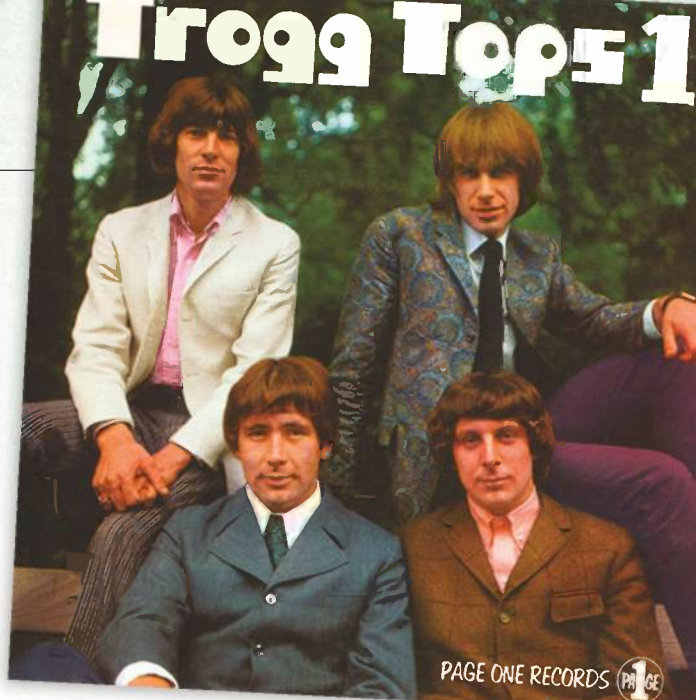
1966

JULY - SEPTEMBER



The Troggs in '66:
(l-r) Ronnie Bond,
Chris Britton,
Pete Staples,
Reg Presley

GETTY



“Unbelievable!”

THE TROGGS have No 1s in the UK and America. NME joins them promoting their wares and in the studio to record the follow-up. “It’s a bit saucy, isn’t it,” says Reg Presley. “But I don’t think there’s any question of it being banned...”

— NME AUGUST 12 —

LAST WEEK THE Troggs were in the enviable position of being No 1 in England with “With A Girl Like You” and No 1 in America with “Wild Thing”! Their success is all the more remarkable if you consider the competition they have had to beat off for the top. “Wild Thing” fought a neck-and-neck battle in the *NME* Chart with The Rolling Stones’ “Paint It, Black” and they only just lost out to the world’s No 2 group. In America they have opposed the Stones’ highly commercial “Mother’s Little Helper” and this time the honours have gone to The Troggs!

“With A Girl Like You” was released at the same time as The Walker Brothers’ much-heralded follow-up to their No 1 “The Sun Ain’t Gonna Shine Anymore” – chart positions speak for themselves as to what happened in that battle. This week the group have had to withstand the mighty challenge of The Beatles. The Troggs have had what a lot of people consider to be “instant success”, but it’s well worth remembering that they have had to overcome stiff competition on the way.

I found the four slightly frayed fringes that are at present The Troggs down at *Ready, Steady, Go!* last Friday, still reeling from travels up and down the country. They have just completed an Irish tour, a string of dates up North, TV, radio and personal appearances in endless succession and had flown down from Manchester for the show that morning. After the show they had to fly back again.

“We’re dead! But dead happy!” cried bass player Pete Staples when I met him in the studio. “We’ve been working so hard that there has been no time to stop and think of what we have achieved. Every now and again it hits you that we’ve made the top, but to me it seems like a dream – like it was happening to someone else.”

RSG last week seemed to revolve around the Troggs, like a Disney fantasy. There was Chris Farlowe in his capacity as amateur photographer extraordinaire – clicking his newly acquired camera at anything that moved, »



hopping about like a locust on a live wire as he did so. Kim Fowley was rehearsing "They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha-Haaa!" (the composer must have known about him) rolling over and over on the floor in his Superman T-shirt which exposed his abdomen for general inspection. There was also a litesome young dancer wearing a mini T-shirt emblazoned with "Jesus Saves" (John Lennon protects us)!

We made for the canteen. "We made our first plane flight last week," said Pete. "Reg was frightened to death and Ronnie was gripping the rail on the airport bus so hard that the whites of his knuckles showed. But we got to Ireland OK! We played one date in Belfast which was unbelievable. Reg was struggling with about three birds who looked as if they were trying to push the hand-mic up his nose! Then some Irish navy came on and picked up Chris under his armpits while he was playing, and threw him off stage into the audience! Meanwhile another guy looned on and tried to shake hands with Ronnie. About three bouncers got hold of him and propelled him off stage through the air like a human torpedo. The crowd parted as he came down and he hit the floor with an almighty whack. He's in hospital now."

As a bachelor guy, Pete had a few warm words to say about the cordiality of Northern girls. "It's true what they say about girls up North being more friendly," said Pete. "They seem to have a natural, more relaxed manner. That's why I go for girls like Cilla Black. She's so natural. That's someone I'd really like to meet."

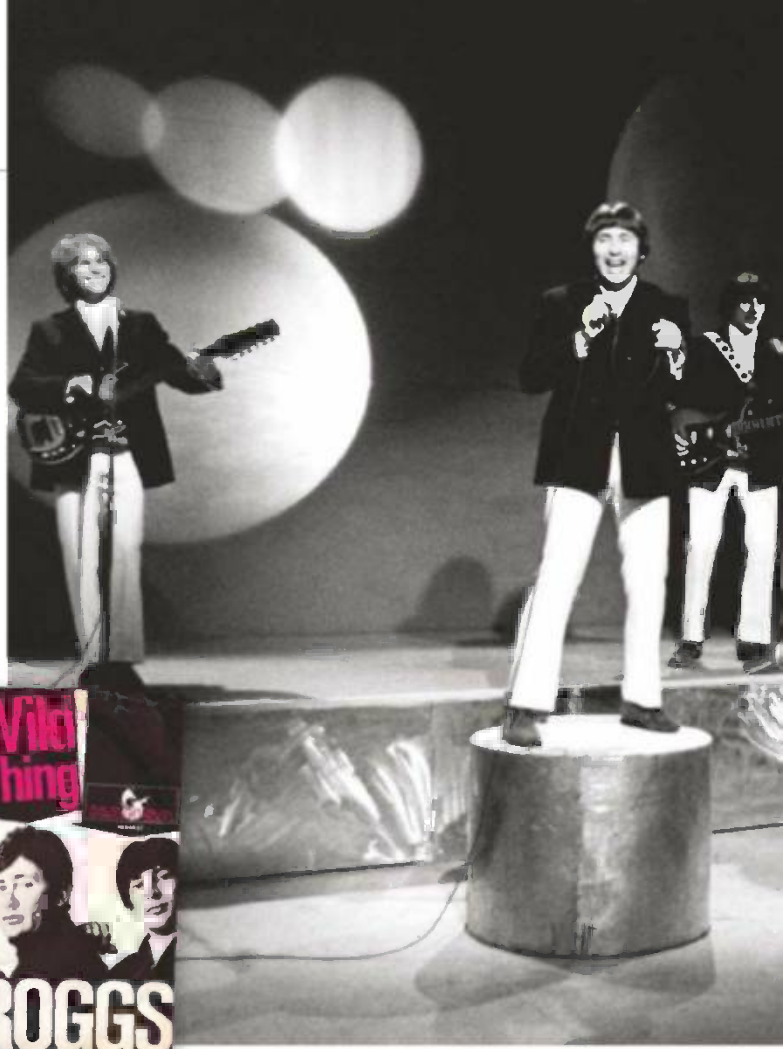
Pete is the most underestimated Trogg in the group. Apart from being a good vocalist himself, his heavy, uncompromising bass patterns are a distinguishing feature of The Troggs' sound. "The bass I use is about four years old," he admits. "I bought it for £98 and only finished paying for it about a month ago. The other boys have been on at me to change it now, but let's face it: it gets the sound we want. I'll get a six-string when I can grow another two fingers!"

At this point we were joined by Reg and manager Larry Page. I asked Reg if he had the next single in mind and he revealed to me the first two lines of a new opus he has penned about a girl in low-slung hipsters. It should get them banned with no trouble at all!

"Bit near the knuckle, isn't it," said Reg, grinning like a schoolboy who has just been presented with *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as the end-of-term prize. Drummer Ronnie Bond pulled up a chair and regaled us with a story of how he rang Larry Page at home from Oldham at 1am in the morning. Apparently it was an exercise in brevity because Ronnie had only got three thruppenny bits and the call was STD. Larry stumbled to the phone in the darkness of his hall - he has just bought a new house and could not locate the light switch. A breathless Ronnie gabbled: "Larry, don't say anything. I've only got threepenny..." and the pips went. The phone rang again and Ronnie got as far as "Quick, write this number down" and the pips went again.

"Get the picture?" asked Larry. "It's 1am in the morning, in a pitch-dark hall and there's a maniac on the line asking me to write a number down. Finally, of course, we got the charges reversed but there was a hysterical scene for a moment with me screaming, 'Who is it?' And Ronnie shouting, 'Don't say a word.'"

The call, incidentally, was in order to get permission for the group to appear at a charity carnival in Oldham. Permission was granted. It's more noticeable with this group than any other that they have complete confidence in their manager and never make a move without consulting the office. When you consider that Larry has produced their last two singles and their hit LP *From Nowhere* The Troggs (No 6 this week in the *NME* LP Chart), it would appear faith well founded. Their manager was not over-enthusiastic about his group's performance on *Top Of The Pops* that Thursday and they were genuinely brought down.



"They haven't realised yet that millions of people are watching them when they get in front of the camera," said Larry. "You can't ever forget it, and even if you are tired, you daren't look it."

Prior to *RSG* there was general pep talk all round and before going out Larry picked hold of Reg by his jacket lapels and said pleasantly, "Right, you basket - now go out there and if you don't give a good performance I'll murder you."

Reg looked up at his burly manager, fixed him with a beautiful smile, said simply, "Noise to 'ave you back, Larree!" and ambled off happily to give his best. *Keith Altham*

— NME SEPTEMBER 9 —

THOSE ASTONISHING TROGGS have done it again! At the little Olympic Studios, concealed in a small mews off Baker Street, during an incredible session, Larry Page and his happy band of Andoverians produced a single which can't be anything but a red-hot certainty for the *NME* Top 10 - and a potential No 1. This new piece of "Trogglodynamite" is titled "I Can't Control Myself" and composed by that master of the jungle-jangle - Trogg Reg Presley. The single opens with a nerve-shattering cry of "Oh no!" from Reg and explodes into a great thumping beat, accompanied by thundering percussion. He winds up sounding like Stevie Winwood! "Troggmaker" Larry Page (manager, record producer, agent and composer of prolific flip-sides) could not have wished for a more sensational missile with which to launch his newly formed label, Page One Records, which issues the disc on September 30, but how does he feel about a clash with The Walker Brothers or The Rolling Stones single? "I've stopped worrying," Larry declares. "Now I let them worry about us!"

"Every now and again it hits you that we've made the top"

Reg Presley is proud of his latest opus but is reserved over its chart-topping potential. "I've worked so hard on it over the last few weeks that I'm too close to see it properly," he told me.

THE ASTONISHING TROGGS DO IT AGAIN!

By KEITH ALTHAM

THE ASTONISHING Troggs have done it again! At the little Olympic Studios, concealed in a small mews off Baker Street, during an incredible session, Larry Page and his happy band of Andoverians produced a single which can't be anything but a red-hot certainty for the *NME* Top 10 - and a potential No 1.

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THE TROGGS... you've finished your solo work... In a small mews... They had been intended to do... when the news in the... "The Troggs... The Troggs... A... work to the... in the...

GETTY



instrument cases, screens and assorted musical stands. Chris was reading a fan letter with a cigarette drooping from his lips. Ronnie sat in splendid isolation some yards away with huge earphones clamped over his head, making him look like a grounded pilot. Pete was plonkin' discontentedly at a double bass and Keith sawed enthusiastically at a guitar with a bow, producing a sound like Mrs Miller in terrible pain. Road manager Hal Carter, who had been pulling faces at Reg from the control room, was removed from the window by a few well-chosen Page words, and then, switching through to the studio, Larry spoke: "Right, Pete, when you've finished your solo we'll begin again."

In a small coffee bar after the session, Reg told me that they had completed the single in just under two hours. They had fully intended to devote the whole six hours to the one record but things had gone so well that another track, "You Can't Beat It", was also made. The group had just returned from their first trip abroad and were full of tales about Germany. Reg was particularly impressed by the German TV producer who had come out to meet their plane at the airport. "The plane was three hours late and he was still there to meet us," said Reg. "Now that's something we really appreciated."

Reg apparently covered himself in glory by miming most of his wants ("the only word in German I know is *gracias!*") and his mime of a chicken in a Hamburg restaurant should win an Oscar. "Breast or leg, matey?" asked the waiter, who had been five years in the British merchant navy.

Ronnie was full of a story about a little old lady who kept beating him to a jukebox in a German club. "Every time I went up and shoved a Deutschmark in the box she'd elbow her way past me and shoved down the tab – so instead of The Beatles I got 'Lilli Marlene!'"

We got back to the studios just in time to see Keith Grant

ejecting two tramps from the garage at the side of the studio. One Steptoe-like individual was pushing a pram piled high with chairs, rugs and even a settee and mumbling protestingly: "I'm going back to Russia – that's what I'm doing."

The Troggs stopped and had a long discussion with him over the appalling political situation – nice boys! A postscript to this episode is that later in the evening Larry received a call from Reg saying that several items of clothing had been stolen from their van in Piccadilly. Larry preferred the theory that it might have been the man on the run – Harry Roberts. Everyone had a good laugh about this until they looked at the papers the following morning and saw that Roberts had been seen in the vicinity of

Piccadilly that same night. The police have investigated the matter.

Keith Altham

— MELODY MAKER OCTOBER 15 —

THE TROGGS SINGLE "I Can't Control Myself" – currently No 8 in the *MM* Pop 50 – has been totally banned in Australia. A spokesman for the group told the *MM* on Monday: "The ban has been imposed by the Broadcasting Control Board in Australia and applies to both sales and all the radio stations there. The official reason for the ban is Reg Presley's lyrics. Reg is upset that they should take the lyrics the wrong way. We are particularly disappointed because the record was in most of the charts before the ban." The group signed for a three-week tour of Australia and New Zealand and the Far East last Friday.

The tour, which will take the group to Australia for two weeks, will take place in February.

If no official reason for the ban can be obtained from Australia through Australia House in London, manager Larry Page, at present in America, will fly on to Sydney to try and get the ban lifted. There will probably not be another Troggs single this year but the group are hoping to release a new album at Christmas. Reg Presley is spending time on the present tour with The Walker Brothers writing material for the LP. •

"We spent three days at an old house just outside Andover to rehearse the number before coming into the studio. It sounded promising then – but it sounds better now. I got the basis for the lyric about three weeks ago: Larry and I worked it up from there. It's a bit saucy – but I don't think there's any question of it being banned!"

The Troggs in session are almost as unbelievable as The Troggs out of session. Larry Page conducts the whole show in a friendly, informal atmosphere with just the right amount of discipline. During a take, with Reg thrashing a tambourine against his thigh, they suddenly came to a full stop.

"What's wrong, Reg," asked Larry via the intercom in the control box. "I'm in terrible pain here," moaned Reg. "I've been bouncing this tambourine on my thigh every night for the past week and it's a mass of bruises."

"Well, find an unbruised bit," advised Larry and sang a few conciliatory bars of "They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha-Haaa", under his breath.

Perhaps the most incredible aspect of "Troggophony" is that the sound is produced by only three instruments – guitar, bass and drums – and comes out sounding like a multiple of 100 massed beat bands. At one point during the take on the single, Larry and Keith were forcing so much energy through a compressor connected to Ronnie Bond's drum that it went up in smoke and electricians had to be called to replace it.

"People tend to overlook there are only three instruments in the group," Chris Britton told me. "That's one reason why our music is so uncomplicated, of course. You can't do a lot of technical variations with just the three of us." Meanwhile, in the studio we were being treated to another dialogue between sound engineer Keith Grant and Reg.

Keith: What are you doing with the tambourine?

Reg: I'm doing me Phil Spector, aren't I?

Keith: Well, don't do it so near the mic; it kills it.

Reg: (slapping the tambourine on his shin) Right, I'll kill it down here.

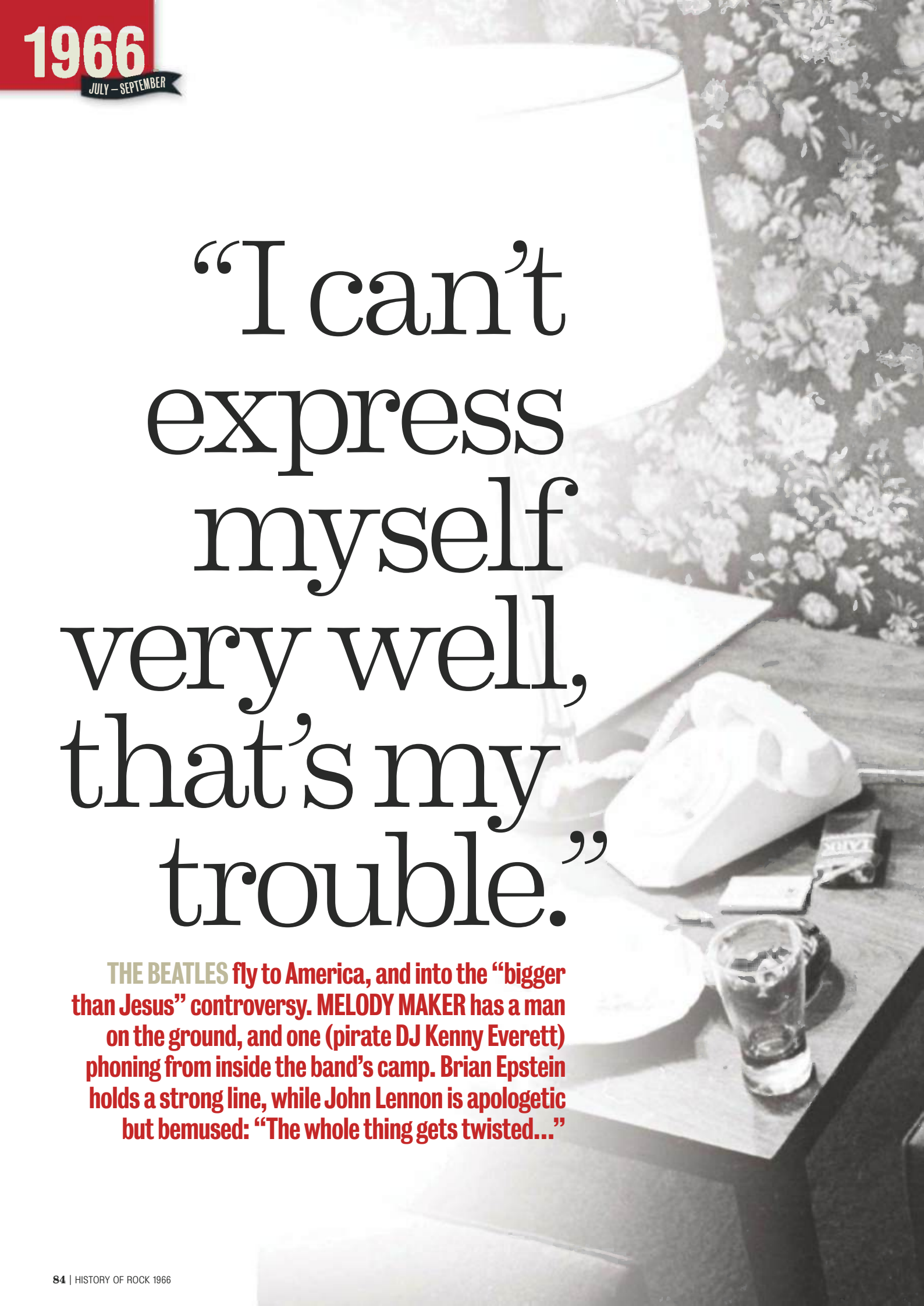
There was a few minutes break between numbers and I looked down from the viewing window into the vast recording studio below, piled high with

"People tend to overlook that there are only three instruments"



1966

JULY - SEPTEMBER

A black and white photograph of a desk with a rotary phone, a glass, and a lamp. The desk is cluttered with various items, including a rotary phone, a glass, a pen, and a small box. A lamp with a white shade is positioned on the left side of the desk. The background features a floral patterned wall.

“I can’t
express
myself
very well,
that’s my
trouble.”

THE BEATLES fly to America, and into the “bigger than Jesus” controversy. **MELODY MAKER** has a man on the ground, and one (pirate DJ Kenny Everett) phoning from inside the band’s camp. Brian Epstein holds a strong line, while John Lennon is apologetic but bemused: “The whole thing gets twisted...”



"I'm sorry I said it for the mess it's made": John Lennon a few days after making an apology at a press conference in Chicago on August 11, 1966

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 13 —

THE BEATLES FLY off to America today (Thursday) – to face the fantastic outcry over John Lennon's alleged remarks about Christianity. Earlier fears that American reactions were so heated that part of the tour, at least, might have to be cancelled were dispelled at the 11th hour. No dates in the American South will be cancelled, despite the anti-Beatles feeling being whipped up by the Ku Klux Klan and a number of radio stations. A NEMS Enterprises spokesman said that The Beatles would be making no statement about the controversy.

Manager Brian Epstein, who was sufficiently alarmed at the sensation to fly out to the States 10 days early, is staying in America to wait for The Beatles. His statements to the press seem to have calmed many people, but there is still a lot of anti-Beatle feeling. The man who started it all, DJ Tommy Charles and colleagues Jim Cooper and Doug Layton of Station WAQY, in Birmingham, Alabama – the heart of America's "Bible Belt" – said at the weekend that they are to hire a giant tree-grinding machine to pulverise Beatles records to dust. They propose to present the pulped records to the group when they arrive in Memphis for their date there.

The Beatles' new British single, "Eleanor Rigby" and "Yellow Submarine", rush-released on Friday, leaped to No 4 in the Pop 50 this week. It is the second Beatles single in three months and was released to prevent copies of the songs from making the charts. The new *Revolver* album, from which the tracks are taken, was also released on Friday and tops the *MM*'s LP chart this week. On going to press, The Beatles' Shea Stadium concert – planned as a repeat of last year's sell-out sensation – is only half booked. Almost 30,000 of the tickets were still unsold at the weekend.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY: There's no "Ban The Beatles" movement in the United States. Or, put another way, The Beatles refuse to be banned there. In a hastily summoned press conference, Beatles manager Brian Epstein explained late on Friday that John Lennon's quotes regarding Christianity and the fact that The Beatles are currently "bigger than Jesus" were taken "out of context" by the American teen fan magazine *Date Book*.

In a statement on behalf of himself and Lennon which he said Lennon had OK'd by telephone on Friday afternoon, Epstein asserted that Lennon was "very concerned" about the American public's misunderstanding of remarks made "three months ago" to reporter Maureen Cleave, who was writing a series of articles for the *London Evening Standard*.

The quotes attributed to Lennon, said Epstein, referred to his "astonishment at the fact that in the last 50 years the Church Of England had declined so much in England". John Lennon, Epstein continued, "is deeply concerned about the publication of his remarks out of context in America and regrets any offence to people with certain religious beliefs". Most of the criticism, Epstein went on, "came from the southern American Bible Belt" where Methodist and Baptist churches predominate in influence. Radio stations in two cities – Birmingham, Alabama and Memphis, Tennessee – were credited with having started the so-called anti-Beatle movement. At the latest count, on Friday, a total of 22 radio stations, in a nation where there are about 4,000 operating stations, were known to have thrown in their lot with the anti-Beatle forces.

One facet of the developments which escaped the attention of most of the press was the fact that when The Beatles had planned a secret visit to Memphis earlier this year to record there, a radio station got wind of the plan and exposed it to the public. So frantic was the furor created by the news reports that Epstein cancelled the visit and took a dim view of the station's action as well. Some observers believe this was one way Memphis radio took to obtain revenge against the Beatles establishment. In his statement to the press, Epstein said that, in his wide-ranging telephone calls to Beatles' concert promoters, none seemed anxious to cancel the dates. He added: "If any promoter wants to cancel, I would not stand in his way." He added that the Memphis concert promoters experienced a bigger surge of ticket sales yesterday, after news of the quotes broke, than on any other day since the tickets first went on sale. The initial date on the tour in Chicago on Friday is already sold out. *Ren Grevatt*

— NME AUGUST 19 —

REFERRING TO HIS religious statement, John Lennon is reported in the *Washington Post* as saying: "I can't express myself very well. That's my trouble. I was just saying in my illiterate way what I had gleaned from a book I have been reading – *The Passover Plot* by Hugh J Schonfield.

"The main thing is I did the article with a quite close friend (Maureen Cleave), who has been with us since we began. I was talking to her in my own home and we know each other so well that I was being even less expressive knowing that she would put it right. But when it was taken out of my house and into her business, something happened to it. Actually, though, if I'm going to blame anyone, it's myself for not thinking what people a million miles away were going to say about it."

Making clear he was apologising for the mistaken impression he gave, and not for holding controversial opinions, he continued: "I'm more of a Christian now than ever I was. I don't go along with organised religion and the way it has come about. I believe in God, but not as an old man in the sky. I believe that what Jesus and Mohammed and Buddha and all the rest said was right. It's just that the translations have gone wrong. Jesus says one thing and then all the clubs formed telling their versions and the whole thing gets twisted. It's like a game of having six people in a line and I whisper something to the guy next to me. By the time it gets to the end of the line it's altogether something else".

"The main thing is, I did the article with a quite close friend"

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 20 —

THERE'S CERTAINLY NO lack of excitement on tour with The Beatles. And perhaps the most exciting part to date came at Cleveland, Ohio, where 2,000 fans burst through the barriers and charged straight for the stage. The Beatles were playing before 25,000 fans in the giant stadium, which is rather like the Shea Stadium. The stage was right in the middle with grass all round for about 400 yards and about halfway through the concert they went into "Day Tripper". That did it. The Beatles had to make a dash for a trailer behind the stage as 2,000 fans broke through and headed towards them.

The boys got to the bus and were locked in while a local radio station told the fans to go back and stop acting silly or The Beatles would go back to their hotel and finish the concert there and then. The fans went back and it was quiet until the end when The Beatles' car was on the way out. Hundreds of them broke out again and dashed for the car. The policemen and detectives threw themselves on the car – it looked just like the Kennedy assassination all over again.

Actually, I lost £5 because I bet Paul McCartney that after the rush for the stage the kids wouldn't do it again during the show. Incidentally – one nice touch. All the police on duty at the stadium were volunteers, so they must have been Beatle fans. When we arrived in America we flew into Boston, which is supposed to be quiet and sedate, a classy place. But there were just as many shouting and screaming fans at the airport as there is anywhere else.

Another place that sticks in the memory is Chicago. It's just got to be the largest city in the world. When you fly in, it seems to stretch from horizon to horizon. There were capacity crowds at the shows there, but no incidents. *Kenny Everett*

WASHINGTON, DC, TUESDAY. The group on stage before The Beatles was Cyrkle – Brian Epstein's American group that had the big hit with "Red Rubber Ball". Somebody must have given all the kids rubber balls as a publicity stunt





August 23, 1966: The Beatles leave the Warwick Hotel on W 54th Street, New York and head to Shea Stadium; (below) manager Brian Epstein tries to defuse the controversy at NYC's Americana Hotel on August 6

–but they saved them for The Beatles. When the boys came on stage they were showered with all these small red rubber balls – the sort that are supposed to bounce as high as a house – as well as jelly babies.

John Lennon's much-publicised remarks haven't caused any incidents so far. When we got to Chicago there was a press conference with everybody from the radio stations and newspapers there. John is very sad about the whole thing and he explained what he meant and everybody seemed satisfied. He is certainly not anti-religion or anything like that. One effect of it all is that we have seen posters and placards saying: "We Love John Lennon And God!"

Another unexpected thing – people outside the shows selling badges with "I Love Paul", "I Love Ringo", "I Love George" and "I Love John" say the "I Love John" ones are outselling the others 10 to one. Another surprising incident happened after the Detroit shows. As soon as we got away from the stadium we pulled up at a little cafe. The Beatles just stood about on the side of the road eating hamburgers while everybody walked past without recognising them. I couldn't help wondering what would happen if they had suddenly realised The Beatles were just standing right there.

I feel sorry for The Beatles in some ways. They are trapped in their hotels and can't go out. We get into the hotel usually around 3am and from then until the concert at 5pm the next afternoon they have to stay indoors. Every hotel has been completely surrounded by fans with radio sets, banners and all that jazz. They just scream all day. Even if The Beatles wanted to, they would not be allowed out by the security men. They just have to sit around inside all the time.

"Tell Lyndon we'll be late for tea." That was John Lennon's laconic comment made as the whole Beatles party were kept hanging around waiting for a plane in Washington at Cleveland airport yesterday. There was little to do but sit and wait.

On the planes from date to date everything is informal. The Beatles don't like flying but they have to, so they do it with good grace. The flight from Cleveland to Washington was spent relaxing and eating. I was

having lunch when Paul wandered by. I waved a greeting with a knife and he sat down beside me. The Washington concert took place in another huge stadium before about 30,000 fans and it seemed almost as many policemen. The Beatles were separated from the crescent of fans by a large expanse of field patrolled by vigilant police. So the expected riots never happened.

Only one make fan made it through the police cordon. He was dressed in a suit and had long hair and the cops mistook him for a member of a supporting group. As far as we can see the much publicised "Ban The Beatles movement" has fizzled out. There have been no incidents close to The Beatles, although the Ku Klux Klan apparently held a demonstration in another state. It seems that the kids are saying: "So, John Lennon said it, so what?" As far as I can see, The Beatles still have as many American fans as before – if not more. *Kenny Everett*

WASHINGTON, TUESDAY: The Beatles' entourage arrived at the luxurious Shoreham Hotel late on Monday following an uproarious riot-torn night in Cleveland which some observers compared to the recent racial riots in the city's east side. Performing for an audience of 25,000 in the giant 30,000-seat stadium on the shores of Lake Erie, the group barely got into its third number when fans rushed the stage. More than 1,000 fans pushed and shoved their way toward the five-foot-high stage and the concert was halted, with The Beatles racing to a nearby trailer for protection.

Following a 33-minute delay, the concert was continued, with the closing number drowned out in the bedlam of another rush on stage. In the ensuing excitement the chauffeur of one of the Cadillac limousines awaiting the group smashed the side of the car against a wall. It was a frantic scene highlighted by general confusion and security forces that were woefully inadequate. Finally the group managed to get out of the stadium area and back to their hotels, where they spent much of the rest of the night playing Bob Dylan's brand-new two-LP album, *Blonde On Blonde*.

Earlier in Chicago the group played to two sell-out houses at the giant international amphitheatre indoor stadium. The Windy City visit produced the first of an abbreviated series of press conferences during which John Lennon apologised for the connotation put on his recent remarks about religion. But he stuck to his basic opinion on the alleged decline of Christianity in Britain today.



“Somebody had to tell the Americans the world was round...”

MM Aug 20 Ronnie Lane, a selection of other stars and readers give their verdict on the John Lennon “Jesus” controversy

Jonathan, of David & Jonathan: “I think it was a stupid lapse on John Lennon’s part. If anyone else said it, though, it would never have been given the publicity it has. And as for South Africa banning The Beatles’ records, that’s the biggest hypocritical nonsense I’ve ever heard.”

Alan Price: “Lennon’s got every right to say what he likes. But it’s only because he’s a Beatle that it’s been picked up the way it has. If I’d said it, no-one would have taken a blind bit of notice. I think they’re making a mountain out of a molehill. They should ask Cliff Richard what he thinks!”

Athol Guy of The Seekers: “In America they are always rather hell-bent on sensationalism and at last they have got their hands on something they can throw up at The Beatles. People have been waiting for the chance. Considering the length of time they have been the world’s top attraction, The Beatles have carried the weight on their shoulders very well. If it were sincerely religious people who had been offended it would be fair enough, but the way this has been handled I can’t see how it can be. The whole thing has got way out of proportion.”

Donovan: “John Lennon is a beautiful character and I think this whole thing has been blown up out of all proportion. My own view? That’s a matter between myself and my conscience.”

Reg King: “Everyone is entitled to say what they like. I don’t really

think it will affect The Beatles’ popularity, but when he says the disciples were a bit thick, I disagree. By following Jesus they were constantly scorned by the rest of the people and they had firm and intelligent minds.”

Pete Quaife, of The Kinks: “The drag is it looks as though what he said is true. This is typically hysterical let’s-cash-in, make-a-lot-of-money, show-them-we-are-the-best American attitude. What I’d like to know is what the other Beatles think about it all.”

“I’m buying a John Lennon T-shirt... If he opens a church, I’ll be first in”

Jimmy James: “I’m a Catholic by religion and I don’t stand by what John says. But to be fair, he is entitled to his opinion and I think – I certainly hope – that this won’t affect the group’s popularity. But when he says that Jesus Christ’s followers were thick, that strikes me as funny because Beatles’ followers – the name today is fans – can also be somewhat on the dim side.”

Barry Fantoni: “In the absence of Jesus Christ it’s impossible to know what to say. Put it this way, if The

Beatles were at the London Palladium the same night as Jesus was topping the bill at the Talk Of The Town, we would soon know who was more popular. I think Jesus would prove to be by far the biggest box-office draw.”

Graham Nash of The Hollies: “I, personally, don’t believe The Beatles are too upset by the whole thing. I have the impression they are trying to cool things down for themselves – they want to be more independent and live a more comfortable life. Not that I think they started this row on purpose. Anyway, the way it has all been handled is hysterical and ridiculous.”

Dave Berry: “Lennon probably said all that for a laugh and didn’t expect it to be taken so seriously. Anyway, people ought to look at the facts because what he said is probably true. As far as people in the Bible Belt of the southern states of America are concerned – and they seem to be making the most fuss – that is the biggest laugh of all. They are nothing but bloody hypocrites.”

Carl Wayne of The Move: “The reason for the uproar is that what John says is possibly true. However, his remarks have created an impossible situation. It’s all too exaggerated now to be looked at objectively. But I don’t think it will affect The Beatles’ popularity.”

Plonk Lane of The Small Faces: “Somebody had to tell the Americans the world was round – and they wouldn’t believe that.”

Zoot Money: “I’m buying a John Lennon T-shirt. He’s my hero. If he opens a church, I’ll be first in.”

...And what you think...

SURELY JOHN LENNON was not boasting, but condemning a society in which he can rival its religious saviour. This ban is negative, with no efforts to convert the Beatle fans, and is led not by the clergy but by DJs and politicians whose interests are not only popular but commercial. **PAUL ST CLAIRE-JOHNSON**, Birmingham

JUDGING BY THE kindergarten-type song “Yellow Submarine”, and John Lennon’s remarks, I would suggest that Mr Brian Epstein should send The Beatles to Sunday school and let them grow up from there. **DAVID BROWN**, London

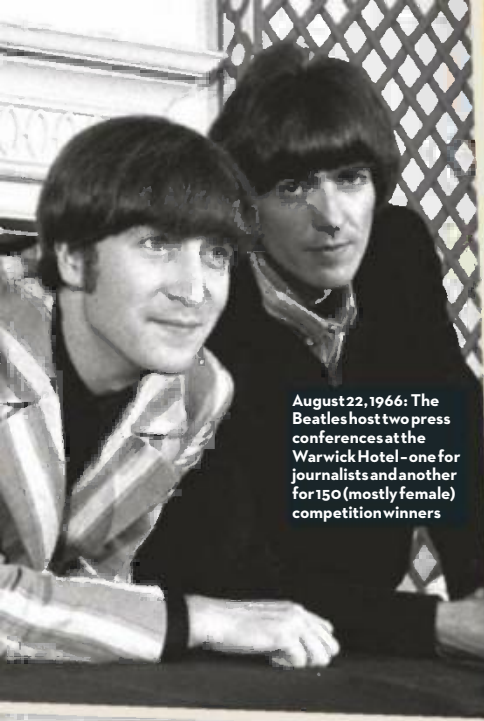
A RADIO STATION in Alabama “deplores” John Lennon’s frank, if childish, remarks as “an outright sacrilegious affront to Almighty God!” Surely this is a pretty apt comment on the history of Alabama itself? Just how popular would Jesus be if he were alive in Alabama today? **LENNIE FELIX**, London

SO AMERICA’S DJs have become God’s disciples – or have they suddenly realised how superior British pop music is to their home-bred variety? Whatever the ulterior motives for the Anti-Beatle Crusade, one can only deplore the curtailment of free speech in a so-called democratic nation. **TT COLLINS**, Eastbourne

THE HYPOCRISY OF an organisation like the Ku Klux Klan setting itself up as judge of what is, or what is not, blasphemous is not even funny. It becomes contemptible beyond words. **B YOUNG**, Lancing, Sussex



Reg King: pace Lennon, the disciples weren't thick



August 22, 1966: The Beatles host two press conferences at the Warwick Hotel—one for journalists and another for 150 (mostly female) competition winners



The Saturday-night concert at the Olympia Stadium Detroit was described as “almost a full house”, with “inadequate security measures”, although no serious incidents occurred there. It’s understood that some members of the party—not including The Beatles themselves—visited Berry Gordy, president of Tamla Motown Records, while in Detroit. Airport security has been generally good to date, and crowds awaiting The Beatles’ plane arrivals have been smaller than on previous tours. Saleswise, however, there seems no decline at all in The Beatles’ power. Their newest Capitol single appears to be another two-sided smash. “Yellow Submarine”, is already in the Top 20 in its first week of release, while the flip, “Eleanor Rigby”, is close behind.

Stations are now reported to be flipping to the “...Rigby” side, which may be the bigger hit of the two. About 97 per cent of the nation’s pop-music stations are playing the current disc, putting the lie to the stories of mass anti-Beatle movement. The radio station that started the campaign in Birmingham, Alabama is said to be one of the weakest outlets in its market.

Meanwhile, within the group itself George Harrison has become a more intensive fan of Indian music than ever. Admittedly a fan of Ravi Shankar and his sitar, Harrison is pursuing his study of the music and is carrying with him a tiny transistorised tape recorder which he’s using to tape as much off-beat material as he can find. One member of the party from the GAC agency has already arranged to get Harrison a collection of Indian music albums, including one LP featuring violinist Yehudi Menuhin. Concert dates this week include Philadelphia, Toronto, Boston, Memphis and St Louis. The group arrives in New York next Monday and appears at Shea Stadium on Tuesday night. After this, they fly to the West Coast. *Ren Grevatt*

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 27 —

ONCE AGAIN THE Beatles and their fans have hit the world headlines on their tour of America. On Monday, two girl fans threatened to jump from the 21st storey of the Hotel Americana in New York unless they were allowed to see The Beatles.

They were on a ledge for half an hour with their legs dangling over the edge but they said they wouldn’t jump if the police would send a message to Paul McCartney. One policeman went down on his knees, begging them to come down. Finally they started crying and crawled back to safety.

Said Paul later: “I don’t understand it—it’s so silly.” Apart from the jumping threats, the tour has been a lot quieter this year. And it’s not because The Beatles have become less popular. I believe the fans are aware of the more intricate parts of Beatle music and are listening more.

The boys are still doing big rockers like “Rock And Roll Music”, but there’s not so much screaming and more listening. Despite reports of this tour not being the success that previous Beatle tours were, Brian Epstein tells me gate receipts so far have been bigger than the last tour. We’ve been fighting the weather a lot, however; for instance, at a concert at

“America has more bigots who twist everything you say”

to figure out life but don’t let this sound mocking—he is very serious.

John is his usual sarcastic self. Everyone thinks it’s Liverpool humour, so he gets away with it. But it’s not really sarcasm, it’s cynicism. While Paul is very chatty and matey. I can recommend a Beatle tour for one thing—losing weight; for the whole party, Beatles included, haven’t had a decent meal since we started. We had a steak in Chicago 20 or 30 years ago and since then we have been living on cocktail sausages, Coke, and Seven-Up. But we’re all going to make up for it here in New York, with the biggest nosh-up you’ve ever seen. But first... lovely bed. *Kenny Everett*

TWO HISTORIC FIRSTS featured this week with The Beatles in America. For the first time in their collective careers a concert was cancelled because of rain and also for the very first time The Beatles held a press conference for teenaged fans. Following a press session, The Beatles entertained 150 teenagers, most of them girls. Press officer Tony Barrow, shouting commands like an army sergeant, finally quieted the shrieking teens, most of whom arrived at the Hotel Warwick in a state of shock, and the questioning commenced.

For 30 minutes the questions and The Beatles’ crazy answers flew through the smoke-filled air. During the questioning Paul McCartney announced that “I will probably marry Jane Asher this year”. He also stated, answering another question, that “I like miniskirts and they will probably go higher”.

During the earlier session John Lennon, backed by a chorus of agreement from the others, stated firmly that “the war in Vietnam is wrong all the way and you know it—but that’s all we’ll say in America about it. We could give our opinions in England—but not here.” He added that “America, being larger than Britain, has more bigots who tend to twist everything you say.”

The group slipped into New York at 3.30 Monday morning after one of the busiest 24 hours in their busy history—24 hours in which they visited three different cities. A Saturday-evening concert in Cincinnati had to be cancelled after a two-hour delay because drenching thunderstorms soaked all the equipment. One of the attendants who tried to hook up all the amplifying equipment was bounced about 10 feet across the stage from an electric shock. Though the Phil crowd was on the slim side (about 12,000), the fans were as ingenious as ever. Three girls had Brian Epstein stationery specially printed and typed up a phoney letter from Epstein supposedly authorising American fanclub member Lynn Hargreaves and/or her three top assistants to have a personal meeting with the group, backstage in their dressing room.

Press chief Barrow spotted it as a phoney but The Beatles were so impressed with the inventiveness of the fraud they had the girls brought in anyway. Meanwhile the Shea Stadium concert in New York seems to be a profit-making venture for promoter Sid Bernstein. Bernstein told me he’d passed the break-even point of 44,000 seats sold today. *Ren Grevatt* •

“It’s not friendship. It’s a mutual need”

SCOTT WALKER is a man of contradictions. He insists on the integrity of his band, but rarely sees them. He’s a man about town, but dreams of escape. And while on top of the world, he’s coping with “a personal problem”, on the brink of tragedy. “The other guys are trying to help me.”

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 25 —

TAKE A SUCCESSFUL pop story and you can take a bet that within a very short space of time a dedicated band of knockers will be in there, attempting to tear the story apart. It happened to The Beatles, until knockers realised it was like swiping the Rock Of Gibraltar with a cricket stump. Within days of the Spencer Davis Group chart success, they were saying Steve Winwood was leaving the group. Rumour-mongers can’t wait for Paul Jones to leave the Manfred Mann group. But the biggest current preoccupation behind the scenes of showbiz is to drive a wedge in the solidarity of The Walker Brothers.

Not a week goes by without somebody having digs at the wildly successful American trio who have hit the top with “My Ship Is Coming In” and “The Sun Ain’t Gonna Shine Anymore” and look set for even greater things with “(Baby) You Don’t Have To Tell Me”, their next single out on July 8.

“Scott doesn’t need Gary or John,” is the harsh clamour from rival artists. “Why doesn’t Scott go solo?” demand cynical newsmen. So far the Walkers have suffered in silence, but this week Scott Walker, owner of the voice that launches a thousand screams, decided to break his vow “not to get involved with all that”. »

GETTY



Scott Walker:
"I'm going to
make recordings
like paintings"

Scott crouched on a bed at his latest London flat, hid behind dark glasses and quietly and calmly rebuked those who want him to plan his future for him. "It's a thing that bothers me," he explained, "this vicious outbreak against the other two guys in the group. I can't say too much about how Gary feels, but John is a very talented guy and a very good singer. Although I appreciate what people say about me needing to go solo, it's unfair to slam the other guys and it's been very upsetting. The point is people think I am trying to hog the whole thing, but I'm not. The others can have the whole bloody thing!" said Scott, suddenly getting heated. It's all so stupid and getting out of hand, so I'd try and rectify it."

How did Scott think anti-Walker feeling got in their way?

"It's kinda sad and I don't really want to attach my name into all this because I don't want to lower myself. John is hurt by it, but he will be doing more solo recordings on the next album like Ray Charles' 'Just A Thrill', which evens things out.

"Yes, I really hope to balance things out even though there is friction between us. Gary does belong and he's happy to make things right for him and carry on recording his rock'n'roll records. Say, Gary keeps turning it on that we'll never split up, doesn't he? I think he's having hallucinations; I never see the cat!

"I really need the others," said Scott, answering the inevitable question steadily. "We started out together and could never have made it without each other. That's very easy to check. Just go to the fan club and find out from them how our fans are spread out. You could see then how it would hurt us if we split up. It's not friendship – its mutual need."

Scott has often said he is lonely and friendless. Is this still true?

"I go down to the 'in-clubs' and watch the pedestrians, where they all look to see who's coming in and say: 'Look at his new hair style.' But I don't mind as long as they leave me alone. Actually, I have acquired a lot of friends recently. Jonathan King I find a very interesting character, and I can't stand most of the other artists in the business. I'm a very difficult person to live with because I can change my mood so much. People say I am being rude, which I probably am, but Jonathan King is quite a gas. I like to take him to the 'in clubs' and he completely changes his personality. With me he is very quiet, then when we go in a club he goes into a big routine – 'Hi there', 'Hello there!' – and starts being rude. But he doesn't have to do that, because he's got so much more than these other morons."

Scott decided to relax by playing at deafening volume a track from The Walker Brothers' next album, a beautiful song called "All Alone In My Room". When Scott is alone in his room he spends his time listening to tracks from a vast collection of jazz LPs. It's Scott's sanctuary, away from the screaming fans and sniping critics.

"At my last place things got really bad," said Scott. "Kids were waiting outside all the time, crying in the street. I really thought they were going to burn themselves like Buddhist monks." *Chris Welch*

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 20 —

SCOTT WALKER WAS taken to hospital on Monday night after being found unconscious in a gas-filled room at his Marble Arch, London apartment. On Tuesday morning, Scott, 21-year-old lead singer with The Walker Brothers – was stated by publicist Brian Sommerville to be: "Perfectly all right in mind and body."

Scott was found by the group's road manager, Bobby Hamilton, who saw him lying unconscious on the floor. Scott was still unconscious when he arrived at St Mary's Hospital, Paddington but recovered after treatment. Said Sommerville: "He is perfectly OK now except for a headache and he doesn't remember about last night."

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 3 —

HERE IS a message to thousands of fans. Don't worry – Scott Walker is happy, busy and looking forward to an exciting future. Following Scott's near-tragic incident, resulting in hospitalisation, friends, fans and admirers were seriously concerned with the future and happiness of the 22-year-old American who had

achieved double status as the most screamed at pop star, and one of the finest singers in British popular music. An image has grown up around Scott of being a permanently depressed introvert, prone to self-doubt, and minus the life-giving safety valve of a sense of humour. True, Scott can be nervous and worries a lot, but as he says: "When I read about myself, sometimes I feel like Greta Garbo!"

When I met Scott at London's Scotch Of St James club for a quiet drink and a chat this week, he was cheerful, often very funny, and filled with more enthusiasm for his career than 90 per cent of artists who spend their time groaning, griping and grumbling. Scott arrived around 10.30pm wearing blue jeans, a dark schoolboy blazer and dark glasses. He settled in the only quiet corner of the discotheque with a Scotch and Coke, and we talked for two hours.

Outsiders often feel Scott's trouble is he lacks a sense of humour. How true was this?

"It's a strange thing. Things that make some people laugh, I don't laugh at all. I go to a movie and everybody is howling away and I just sit there. I laugh if I'm sitting talking to a friend and playing a Stan Tracey album. We'll hear some funny little thing on *Alice In Jazzland* and I'll be rolling on the floor. I laugh at silly things. I laugh at the whole situation and I laugh at myself, but it's only funny to me."

What was Scott's present frame of mind? "I'd like to clear a lot of things up. I'm sure a lot of people think strange things about me. When I read about myself I feel like Greta Garbo! But it's not a question of that – I just mind my own business. I'm interested in music and I just don't want to be bothered with anything else. I've learnt to get over a lot of things, and I try not to let them get on top of me. I've been seeing the right doctor, and taking tranquilisers. I get very excited about things and they are trying to calm me down. The other guys are trying to help me. John is very helpful – especially on stage doing things I worry about, like showing the band what to do. That's all being taken off my back."

What caused the incident that led to you being taken to hospital unconscious?

"That was it – a lot of pressures and a personal problem. I think it woke a lot of people up, including myself. I'm still under a lot of tension, but I'm feeling a big relief. And somebody got me a car so I can get about more. I went to a park the other day and it was great. If anything happens I had the car nearby and I could jump into it. I've had to move my flat again. Don't even mention where it is. You should have seen it at the flat after the incident. It was horrible. I didn't get a wink of sleep for a week, and people were pounding on the door all the time.

"Straight after the incident the fans were great. They sent loads of letters, gifts and flowers. I had a few letters from some nuts saying 'how dare you', but most of them were marvellous and sympathetic. I have a lot more respect for my fans than I did before. Some letters said: 'We love The Walker Brothers, but if there is that much pressure – you should give it up.' But the pressure wasn't the only reason. Nobody has the right reasons and I'm not telling anyone the right reasons."

Suddenly a huge smile lit up Scott's face, "I don't remember a thing, baby – one didn't get any brochure. Did you hear about the brochure? There's a big joke going around about a letter being put through my letter box with 'Use electricity – its cleaner' on the cover. Actually, I didn't get one, but leave it in – it's funny. One of The Hollies offered Gary a shilling for the meter. But it was amazing the way people were really concerned for me. Even when I walked into Ronnie Scott's Club on Saturday night people were saying: 'How are you?' I didn't realise it hit people like that. It's weird. After staying on at the old flat for a week I moved into the new place, and as it's not the usual hovel I'm used to, I feel out of place."

The conversation then steered away from the past and on to music – and the future. Did Scott meet Frank Sinatra on his recent trip to London? "I didn't see him but I'd love to – I think everybody would. I hate what he's doing now, like 'Strangers In The Night'. It's a shame when a great artist degrades himself

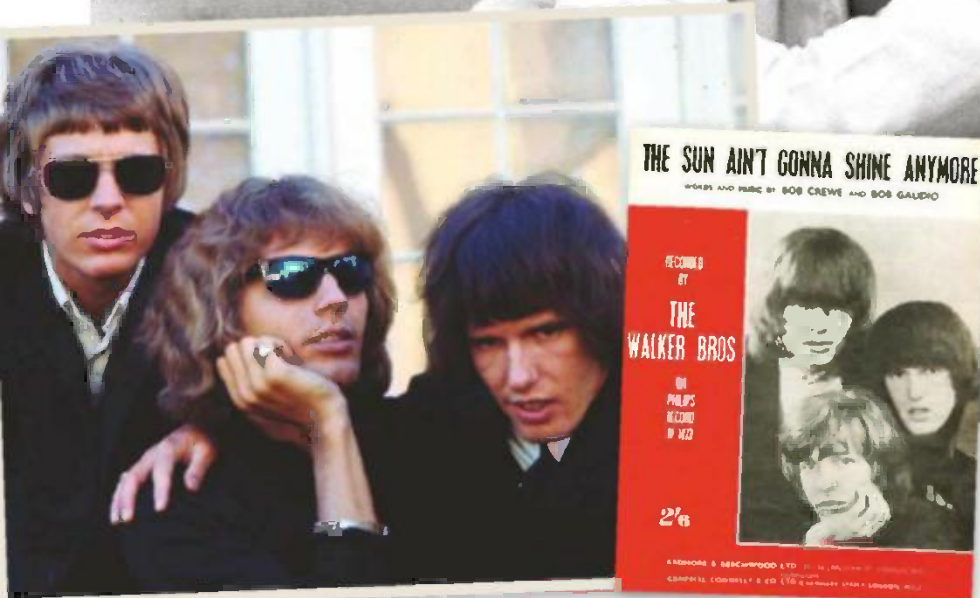
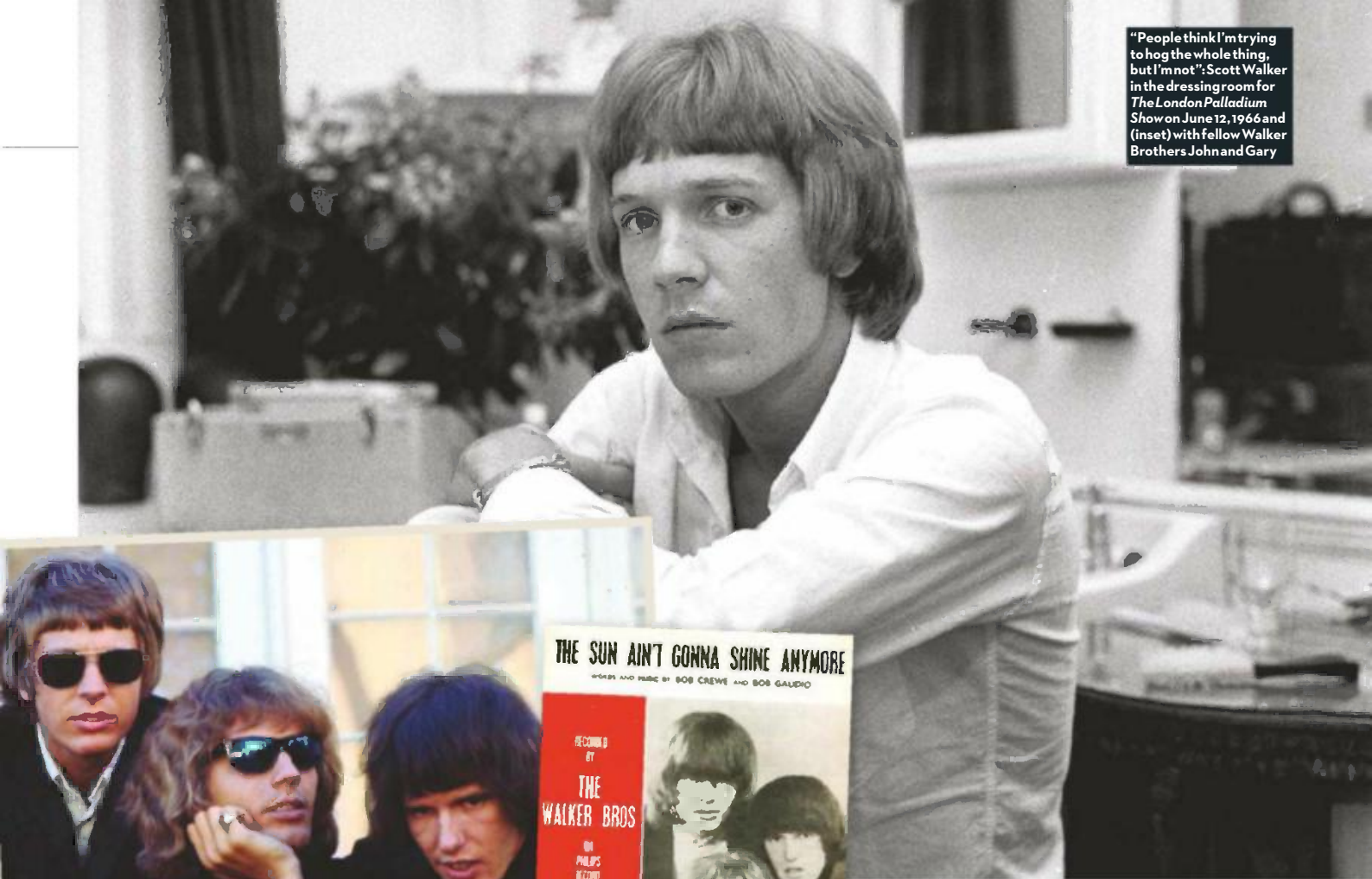
"You should have seen it at the flat after the incident. It was horrible"

Scott in hospital

SCOTT WALKER was taken to hospital on Monday night after being found unconscious in a gas filled room at his Marble Arch, London, apartment.

On Tuesday morning Scott, 21-year-old lead singer with the Walker Brothers – was stated by publicist Brian Sommerville to be: "Perfectly all right

"People think I'm trying to hog the whole thing, but I'm not": Scott Walker in the dressing room for *The London Palladium Show* on June 12, 1966 and (inset) with fellow Walker Brothers John and Gary



surrealist arrangements, Gil Evans-type things. For instance, we are doing a recording at an Odeon theatre using an enormous pipe organ! I'm working with Reg Guest and Johnny Franz. Reg is obviously brilliant, and one of the most underrated arrangers in the country. If only I could write music like that – he knows exactly

like that, but he did *The Moonlight Sinatra*, which was a marvellous album – did you hear that? But things like 'Downtown' – if it's meant to be kidding it's not very funny. It's sorta sordid."

What were Scott's tastes in vocalists?

"I'm wild about Astrud Gilberto, but I hate Barbara Streisand screaming and shouting and doing a typical Walker Brothers scene. People watch her wave her arms and think everything's really worked out. But Astrud Gilberto is the epitome of subtlety and warmth. Blossom Dearie sent me a very nice letter. She wants me to come across and sing with her. She's such a send-up! I was going to do a boat trip at one time. It was a Caribbean cruise-type scene with Ronnie Scott and Stan Tracey. I would love to have gone, but I couldn't do it anyway. It would have been a vacation and doing a bit of singing as well. The whole thing would have been a jazz holiday. But probably the only reason they called me was because they couldn't get Mark Murphy. I remember him from the States, and I love him because I can appreciate his mind. I know what he's thinking when he's singing and phrasing."

Scott demonstrated by singing a few bars from "On Green Dolphin Street" à la Murphy – in strange contrast to the din of Tamla Motown piped from speakers above our ears.

"I pride myself on standards," said Scott, stretching his legs and refusing a cigarette. I know the whole book and lots of numbers nobody knows like 'Old Folks'. There are so many beautiful standards to draw from. I go to Johnny Franz's house and he plays piano for me while I sing. He's a marvellous musician – we do a duo! Yeah, I know millions of standards. It's a lot of fun. We do my favourite song, 'Once Upon A Summertime', and get very stoned and complement each other."

We talked about the Walkers' latest album *Portrait*, which includes some of the finest songs Scott has recorded, including his tender treatment of "Old Folks".

"I wish the things we are doing now could have been included on the LP," said Scott. "However, we have to do things in a certain span of time and as time goes on our ideas get better and better, or worse and worse depending on your point of view. And the things we are doing now are the most different you could imagine. I'm writing surrealist songs and using

what I'm thinking. It's the fault of so many arrangers today who profess to hate what they are doing in pop. But he believes in what he's doing."

Would Scott ever record solely with a jazz backing group?

"John and I are thinking of doing EPs soon, and we might be able to do something in that order. The things you'll hear in the future will shock you. There are a lot of trade secrets involved."

Scott ordered another round of drinks, and winced slightly at some of the discotheque records gradually growing in volume. I suggested perhaps the group's backings were rather over-orchestrated. Will they try to swing a bit more in the future?

"Swinging in a jazz sense or rock'n'roll sense? We swing in a subtle way. We'll get around to it – in a jazz sense. I think we'll have to be more orientated in what we are going to be, and what we are going to do first. At the moment we are excited about the new things. You know, *Portrait* is old fashioned in comparison with what we're doing now. I can't listen to it. I don't listen to myself singing anyway. I thought John's tracks were excellent, and it's given John a lot more confidence and shows people he doesn't need any crutches. His voice has a very light, ethereal quality."

When Scott first came to England, did he have preconceived ideas which way his musical policy would develop?

"I always had these ideas in my mind and now I've got some money I can do these things. I'm going to make recordings like paintings. If you notice on our big production-type records, there isn't one individual instrument coming through. We try to make the whole thing, voices and instruments, an entity, and make each record sound like a performance. When you're doing a painting, you don't concentrate on one eye; you bring in the whole face. We'll have lyrics that will be as strange as the arrangements – very Dylan Thomas and Kafka. The songs may be autobiographies – lyrics about my apartment, because I never get out of my room, and about scandals and rumour-mongers.

"I've been commissioned to write songs for a film called *Deadlier Than The Male* with Johnny Franz, and I'm having trouble coming back to those types of 'Moon June' lyrics. I never could write throwaway lyrics, and now I'm really having trouble. But I want to get the third album finished before I start getting that depressed feeling again." *Chris Welch* •

1966

JULY - SEPTEMBER

“Everybody do the paranoia!”

— NME SEPTEMBER 9 —

SHOULD STEVE MARRIOTT ever chance to meet royalty, it would be safe to assume that within five minutes he would be calling them “luv” and “mate” – for this Pimlico-based Small Face with the turnip-shaped topknot has more chirp than a cockney sparrow.

Confidence is something that radiates from every inch of Steve’s five-foot frame, whether he is bouncing about on stage or opening a conversation with a perfect stranger. And he tempers his “cockiness” with a genuine interest in people. Down in the *Ready, Steady, Go!* canteen recently, he approached a lady cashier who does not take kindly to sauce from long-haired pop stars. On this particular afternoon a burst blood vessel in one eye gave her a particularly ferocious aspect which deterred most casual conversationalists.

Steve peered sympathetically into the fiery orb and exclaimed in tones loud enough for the whole canteen to hear, “What ‘ave you done to your eye, luv?”

For one moment I thought he was going to be boiled along with his egg, but the lady melted under his genuine concern and, while the queue piled up behind, gave him the full medical history, which was received by Steve in a most understanding manner. “Such a nice friendly lad,” the lady breezed at me, “he has a good word for everyone.”

That seems to be the general opinion, for it took me several minutes to prise him away from Sonny & Cher, who have formed a mutual admiration society with the Small Faces, and a further few minutes to remove him from the attentions of the makeup girl, who banteringly enquired if she might have a lock of his hair. “Ah shaddup,” retorted Steve with an embarrassed grin, and the slanging match between the two continued affably for some time before I managed to remove him.

Our hero’s early education was somewhat curtailed when he burnt down Sandringham Secondary Modern School at the tender age of 13, for which he was expelled.

“We used to smoke in the woodwork class [he now gets through 60 cigarettes a day] and shove the butts down a knot-hole in the floor,” grinned Steve. “Well, I kicked mine down and it must have caught a gas »

While fans camp outside the door of the SMALL FACES’ Pimlico pad, NME profiles Steve, Plonk, Mac and Kenny, and discovers tales of arson, scrumping, showjumping and permanent colds. Later in the year, MELODY MAKER spends a night in the studio with the increasingly ambitious young band.

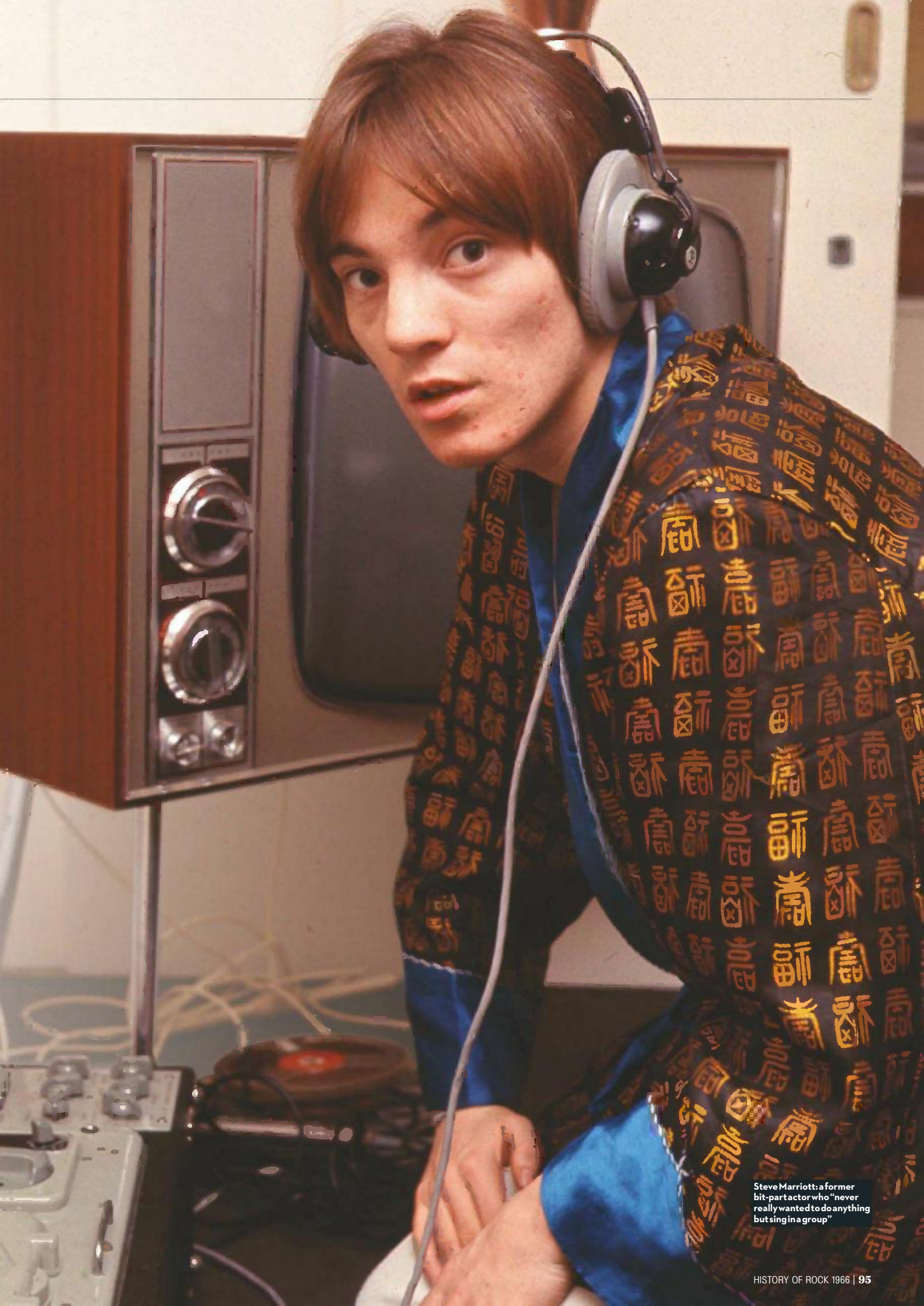
PICTORIAL PRESS/ALAMY

Steve Marriott: Everyone’s ‘luv’ and ‘mate’

SHOULD Steve Marriott ever chance to meet royalty it would be safe to assume that within five minutes he would be calling them “luv” and “mate”—for this Pimlico-based Small Face with the turnip-shaped top knot has more chirp than a cockney sparrow.

ment,” said Steve. “You don’t meet many as straight as him in this business.”

“When I was fifteen my idol was Long John Baldry,” admitted Steve. “I used to style myself on his kind of singing, and when I did a few dates at the...”



Steve Marriott: a former bit-part actor who "never really wanted to do anything but sing in a group"

main, because a two-foot flame shot up it. I was quite a celebrity in the local papers. They called the incident ‘Little Chicago’ and I was heralded as a kind of teenage Al Capone.”

The only interest Steve showed at school was in drama (“I played Touchstone in *As You Like It* – I really dug Shakespeare”). He continued his scholastic career at the Italia Conti School Of Acting, which he paid for from the amounts he earned as a child actor. As a youngster, Steve ran away with increasing regularity, but generally only made the cemetery wall at the back of his house before returning. However, at 15 he made the long haul to Finsbury Park, where he set up home in a “mud ‘ut”.

“When I say it was a ‘mud ‘ut’, I mean it was a dump,” said Steve. “I hardly ever had any money to pay the rent and when the landlord came round I used to stir my dog up a bit and make him growl fiercely.”

All this was prior his success as an actor, for Steve soon found parts coming his way on TV series like *Dixon Of Dock Green* and landed feature roles in two pop films, *Live It Up* and *Be My Guest*, in addition to the stage role of the Artful Dodger in *Oliver*.

“It was acting which gave me the confidence in myself in front of the cameras which is so useful to me now” said Steve. “But I never really wanted to do anything but sing in a group, so I formed one called the Moonlighters and, later, another called Steve Marriott And The Moments.”

Among the early influences on his career, Steve remembers Andrew Oldham’s partner, Tony Calder, whom he met at Ilford Palais when he went twisting, and later Tony became his agent. Steve recorded a few songs for Andrew which were never released and a Sonny Boy Williamson number for Troggs manager Larry Page.

“Larry gave me a lot of encouragement,” said Steve. “You don’t meet many as straight as him in this business. When I was 15 my idol was Long John Baldry,” admitted Steve. “I used to style myself on his kind of singing and when I did a few dates at the London Flamingo Club people used to come and laugh at the little guy trying to sing like Big John. That used to bring me down – once I gave up singing for a couple of months because of it.

“It’s funny how things change. When ‘Sha-La-La-La-Lee’ went to No 1 here [it reached No 3], I went down to the Scotch Of St James one night and Baldry was there. He yelled out, ‘Look – here’s Steve Marriott the soul singer – sha-la-la-la-lee!’ Later he apologised – but it hurt.”

Steve never went in for steady jobs in his early days, although he counts himself lucky to have taken the one in a London music shop where he met “Plonk” Lane, the Faces’ other frontman.

“Once, Plonk and I tried dishwashing in Joe Lyons, but we went off our heads there after 24 hours.”

It was with Plonk that Steve formed the nucleus of the group which has become the Small Faces today. “We used to go to this girl Annabelle’s flat in London for ‘a loon-up’.” Said Steve. “It was she who suggested we call ourselves the Small Faces. To begin with the name was an embarrassment! I mean, Small Faces – it’s a joke, isn’t it?”

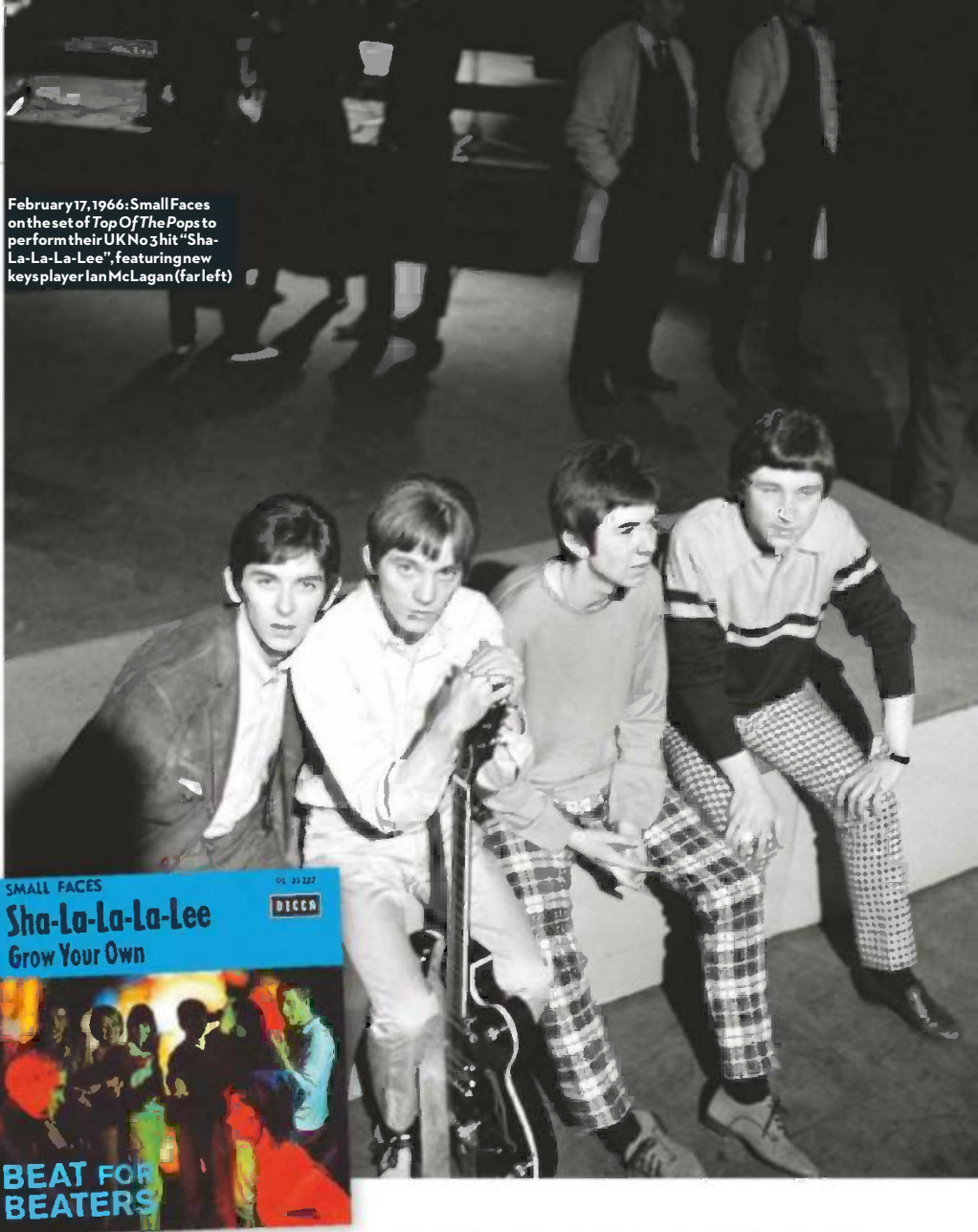
After Plonk had given him some instruction on the guitar, an agent who knew Steve from his acting days phoned to find out what he was doing.

“I told him I was playing guitar and he laughed for about half an hour. Then he asked what the group’s name was and I told him – he laughed for another half hour. He got us a one-night stand in Leicester Square Cavern Club, which was our first booking. After the first night the manager offered us a five weeks’ residency and we laughed for half an hour!”

A few weeks later, Steve’s mother phoned him to inform him that agent Don Arden had been on the phone to her trying to contact the group.

“I was knocked out,” recalls Steve. “We all were – a big name showing an interest in a new group. We phoned in and got an audition for the

February 17, 1966: Small Faces on the set of *Top Of The Pops* to perform their UK No 3 hit “Sha-La-La-La-Lee”, featuring new keysplayer Ian McLagan (far left)



Saturday. On the Friday night, we were involved in a brawl; I got a bottle in my face and Plonk got an iron bar across his nut. We turned up for the audition with stitches all over our boat races. We must have looked terrible, but Don liked what he heard and we’ve been with him ever since – that was the beginning for us.” Keith Altham

— NME SEPTEMBER 16 —

RONNIE PLONKLANE, bass guitarist and grand old man of the Small Faces at the age of 20, is the group’s “mystery man”. “Mystery” is Plonk’s most overworked word to describe anything or anybody who is futuristic, exciting or exotic.

Plonk has one face for his interviewers and another for his friends. He finds conversation concerning abstract ideas difficult, but struggles determinedly to express his feelings. Amongst the crosses he has to bear are being born on April Fools’ Day and being constantly reminded that he is small. He combats these with a rare sense of the ridiculous and that commendable ability to be able to laugh at himself.

He is at present going through a disturbing emotional period when he feels that his whole character is altering through a new outlook on life. Steve Marriott describes him as having “more talent in his little finger than I have in my whole body”.

Plonk-Face is reserved over this compliment. “Steve says a lot of things like that,” he told me modestly. “Sure I’ve a few musical ‘mysteries’ that I’m working on, but nothing revolutionary.”

Plonk was born in Plaistow, although he was brought up in the Notting Hill Gate area. As a four-year-old he made his professional debut outside the bus terminus, playing a baby pink ukulele and singing cowboy songs to the men of London Transport for pennies. As the leader of a three-strong gang he cased the local orchard wearing blue jeans and sloppy-joes bulging with Pippins and was regularly pursued by the irate property owner. Plonk’s simple philosophy of life was, “If someone had more than



he needed, I figured he ought to spread it about a bit."

Unfortunately, this philanthropic attitude was not shared by Plonk's new form master when he arrived at secondary school. He turned out to be the man who owned the orchard. "I was not very happy at school," Plonk added reflectively. "I got into a lot of fights and got picked on a lot because I was small. I didn't like lessons much and was not interested in sport. When we had games I did the odd jobs like oiling the tennis posts."

During the vacations, Plonk went to work at the Battersea Fun Fair with another friend who rejoiced in the unhappy nickname of "Rodders The Nutter". Plonk took over the "Roll-A-Penny" stall and on leaving school joined the staff full-time.

"My last task at the end of the season was removing the bulbs from the Big Dipper's girders - I nearly fell off the top of that a few times. The trouble with that job was that the season used to finish in September. Y'know, a fair when it's closed is the saddest sight in the world."

From working at the fairground, Plonk proceeded to a gent's outfitters, where old gentlemen tottered in and requested sock-suspenders. "I didn't dig that," said Plonk.

What Plonk was digging at that time was a group he had just formed called The Outcasts who, influenced by early Shadows, were cleaning up quite nicely at a pub in Stepney called The British Prince. "We were not very good," recalled Plonk, "but you just played 'em 'Shaking All Over' and you were well away. We were earning about £20 a week."

About that time, Plonk's career as a shop assistant was curtailed after a disagreement with the third salesman which he resolved by the simple expedient of hitting his adversary over the head with a window pole. "He was the third sales and I was the fourth," said Plonk by way of explanation of his dismissal.

Plonk's next position was delivering false teeth for a dentist on a scooter - which would have been fine had he been able to drive the scooter. "I kept falling off all over London," said Plonk. "So, after 48 hours, I gave it up."

Nothing daunted, Plonk became a pipe fitter's mate for a firm which installed central heating.

"Have you ever been under floor?" enquired Plonk.

"Never," I replied.

"You've no idea," said Plonk, "You'd find anything under those floorboards - I had to get right underneath. Dead cats, spiders, the lot. The spiders were the worst - I've only just got over them."

Plonk's first musical job was working for Selmers, as an amplifier assembler. "Later I got promoted to amp tester," said Plonk. "That was when I got interested in the bass guitar - I'd been playing lead guitar up till then. Strange thing, but I tried to get them to let me have some gear cheap when we were first starting and they didn't want to know. Now they're trying to give it to us for free."

A chance meeting in a musical shop brought about the collision of Steve Marriott and Plonk and, on returning to the shop a few weeks later, he

invited Steve to sit in on piano with the group. Steve arrived at The British Prince that night complete with harmonica and as a finale treated the audience to a raving Jerry

"We turned up for the audition with stitches all over our boat races"

Lee Lewis number which wound up with him smashing the piano.

The publican not only refused to allow Steve to play with the group any more but also banned Steve from the pub, but the group were so impressed with Steve that they all left.

Early days were not happy days for the Small Faces, and Plonk felt that a lot of people in the business resented the new group.

"Let's put it this way - nobody did us any favours," said Plonk. "We remember the few who did, like Johnnie Hamp, but people like David Jacobs made some unnecessary remarks about us."

I put the pad away on which I had been taking notes and a new Plonk emerged - swishing his glass of lager about in the tall glass, he expressed a wish to talk about telepathy, astral travelling and general philosophy.

"In the last six months I've completely changed my attitude to life," he said. "I suddenly realised that I had achieved my ambition of playing in a big group and life must hold something more. I mean we're not just

this," he indicated his skin. "There are other things I'm finding out about - they're as old as time. It's just that I'm beginning to see them more clearly." *Keith Altham*

— NME SEPTEMBER 23 —

"MAC-FACE (IAN McLAGAN) says how he was born in "Hobbs-Low-On-Mud" on May 12, 1946, of an Irish mother and a Scottish father, and he and his cold joined the noted Small Faces on November 1 last year, when organist Jimmy Winston left.

Since joining the Small Faces, Ian and his cold have become quite inseparable, and at the group's residence in Pimlico he told me why. "I'm just getting nice and healthy and we play a ballroom in a hot, sticky atmosphere and then change in a draughty dressing room," he said nasally. "I've got permanent flu!"

However, Mac bears his sickly condition with fortitude, for the day before he joined the group from the Boz People he was seriously considering giving up playing altogether. "My wage packet got smaller and smaller each week and I was sick of careering up and down the country humping my gear about," said Mac. "We broke down on the road back from Scotland that night and I promised myself that was the last straw - then I got a call from Don Arden.

"When I met the other Faces it was like looking at a mirror of myself - I couldn't believe it. We all looked alike - Plonk and Steve might have been my brothers. It was about the first time that I've ever counted myself lucky to be small, because apart from needing a new organist, I fitted the group image of being little."

Early skiffle was Mac's first musical influence, and at school in Isleworth he played rhythm guitar in a group called The Blue Men, who specialised in such traditional arias as "Wabash Cannonball" and "Nobody Loves Like An Irish Man" - new words and music by Lonnie Donegan, of course! "Funnily enough, our publicist Tony Brainsby and I were in the same class," said Mac. "We were always flogging things - anything from Dinky Toys to desks."

There followed a brief sojourn in art school, where Mac studied commercial design, but this burst out of aesthetic application was curtailed when he bought an electric piano with his school grant. Mac took piano lessons, under duress at first, with a lady teacher who lived near London Airport. His more discordant scales were drowned by the whine of jets overhead.

Apparently, Mac decided that his interests in Ray Charles and Chuck Berry conflicted with those of his teacher, and he began taking lessons in billiards and snooker when he should have been at the piano. "After that I began picking up things off records by Chuck Berry," said Mac. "You can relate quite a lot of his guitar playing to organ work."

So from infant interpretations of "London Bridge" and "The Vicar Of Bray" at the piano, Mac progressed



MYSTERY MAN 'PLONK' LANE
RONNIE PLONK LANE, has guitar and grand old man of the Small Faces at the age of 30, is the crew's "Mystery Man."
Plonk has been the...
Banned



to playing 'rock'n'groove' with a local group called The Muleskinners.

"Hung up" are Mac's two most used words to describe anything that someone is obsessed or absorbed by, and he says that "music has always been my hang-up. Before I joined the Faces I was just drifting through life. I couldn't become too involved with my work because there was always the problem of bread and carrying the gear – all kinds of encumbrances that are now handled for me. I was always rowing – perhaps you'd better say 'excitable arguments' – with the groups I was with, but now I'm really happy."

For "laughs", Mac likes listening to the more sardonic wits of comedians like Woody Allen and mentions *What's New Pussycat* as his kind of film. He prefers to work on a Hammond organ – "the best" – and now enjoys the work of Booker T and Alan Price.

Apart from his cold, the only other irritation in his life is the bullyboys who try to throw their weight around in the dancehalls when the Faces are playing.

"I get the types who lean on the Hammond and just stare at you in the face. One type last week did nothing but sort of mockingly polish the top with his handkerchief – it was all I could do to keep my hands off him. Finally I got off after the set and I was so mad I smashed my hand through a door – I had to hit something – and couldn't play for two days."

Mac admires Steve's methods of dealing with the toughs. "He just out 'fronts' them," says Mac, "You know – bluffs his way out – or should I say he calls their bluff?"

We finished up when Tony Brainsby returned to the room, and a selection of schoolboy recollections hit the air all about when Tony was in Drake House and Mac in Rodney House.

"Own up," declared Mac, "Rodney was the best for sport and I was cross-country champion."

As the dispute rent the air, from upstairs could be heard Steve Marriott practising on his newly acquired Chinese banjo and Plonk doing some extraordinary things with an amplifier. While I sympathise with the Faces facing eviction from their Pimlico pad, I do have a certain amount of sympathy for the residents.

"Anyway, moving into separate apartments will allow our individual talents to come out," says Ian. "Unfortunately we can't seem to find the right area." *Keith Altham*

— NME SEPTEMBER 30 —

KENNY JONES IS the lost Face. Like a great many group drummers, he has been placed in the background and prefers to remain there.

"When the interviews begin I just sit down and keep quiet," admitted Kenny. "It has its advantages. For example, it's always the other three who have to answer the same old questions. Anyway, I'm a born listener. I prefer to sit back and think about conversations."

At school, in Stepney where he was born, Kenny had few interests. Metal and woodwork, yes, but few others. An endless conveyor belt of coffee tables, ashtrays and foot stools rolled back into the Jones house, but Kenny showed less enthusiasm for academic subjects.

"I'd park my bike at a friend's house, go to school to register my mark, then play truant," admitted Kenny. "I used to pedal up to the West End and stare in the shop windows at all the drumkits."

For pocket money Kenny used to wash down cars, and after the day's work he and a few friends would go back to his house and play skiffle music on an assortment of washboards and tea chests. Kenny was lead biscuit tin! His early influence was Tony Meehan of The Shadows.

Another of Kenny's spare-time occupations was the Army Cadets. He enlisted in the "Green Jackets", who specialised in the use of the rifle,



The Small Faces pose with a Ford Mustang, though Kenny Jones (right) says he's planning to buy a second-hand Triumph TR4

and did manoeuvres at Southend. He became Corporal Jones and remembers being chased by a poisonous snake.

"Some of the fellas chased me all round the camp with an adder on a stick," said Kenny. "Finally we put it in the Lieutenant's bath." The following morning a greatly grieved subaltern had all the "snake charmers" on parade. He was not amused.

Kenny's service career came to an end when he met fellow Small Face Plonk Lane in a Stepney pub. Kenny had joined in a group playing at the pub "just for laughs", and Plonk's brother Stanley, who was working

behind the bar, told him that his kid brother was looking for a drummer.

"I joined The Outcasts," said Kenny. "In one week we earned £40. I took all my mates out and blew the lot."

In the early days Kenny's greatest wish was to have his own drumkit, but his father, a more practical man, wanted his son's advancements in other fields.

"I needed £10 for the kit, so I had to borrow it off my mum in secret," Kenny recalls. "That was just for the deposit. What I hadn't reckoned on was that Dad had to sign the hire-purchase papers." Fortunately, Dad was also a generous man!

On his first meeting with Plonk it struck Kenny that there was something familiar about him. "Then I remembered. I first met him on the wrong end of the rifle," Kenny told me. "Plonk had also been in the Army Cadets, in another unit." Now Kenny spends most of his leisure time in Epping Forest with Pedro Jones.

"I bought him for £240 a month ago. He's the most beautiful showjumper. We're all keen riding enthusiasts in the group and I keep my horse down in the Epping Forest stables. Now all I've got to do is

"When I met the Faces it was like looking at a mirror of myself"





Kenny keeps quiet



KENNY JONES

Kenny's service career came to an end when he met fellow-Small Face Plonk Lane in a Sneyd pub. Kenny had joined in a group playing at the pub "just for laughs," and Plonk's brother Stanley, who was working behind the bar, told him that his kid brother was looking for a drummer. "I joined the Oysterate," said Kenny. "In one week we earned \$10. I took all my mates out and blew the lot."

In the early days Kenny's greatest wish was to have his own drum kit but his father, a more practical man, wanted his son's advancement in other fields.

"I needed \$10 for the kit so I had to borrow it off my Mum in secret," Kenny recalls. "That was just for the deposit. What I hadn't reckoned on was that Dad had to sign the hire purchase papers."

Fortunately Dad was also a generous man!

On his first meeting with Plonk Lane struck Kenny that there was something familiar about him.

grooving along with the record, listening hard and digging.

Downstairs, faint shuffling, step treading and the occasional "eeeeek" came floating under the front door. "They must be soaking wet by now, they've been out there for hours," thought Stevie of the handful of fans clustered at the front porch.

"They'll all have the neighbours out soon," said Mac, visualising angry next-doors chasing the bedraggled girls down the street.

The Small Faces' recording session wasn't booked until 11pm. "The girls have usually gone by about nine o'clock," continued Mac. "That means it's a free passage to the awaiting mini-cab," he laughed. Talk of the sessions prompted the boys to tumble slowly downstairs. Via the kitchen for bread and jam first.

The dining table stood majestically in the middle of chaos. Tape recorders, miles of tape all over the place, guitars, speakers and the old piano in the corner. On to a tape recorder whirled a rough backing track – just drums, bass, piano and guitar – of the Faces' newest composition.

"We based it on a dream Mick had. He saw this geezer, a nice bloke actually, walking about with this green aura round him," explained Steve. "By the time we've added all the sounds it'll be a gas. We're not sure yet if Ron – oh, that's Plonk – or me is going to do the lead vocal."

"It's a gas," breathed dreamer Mick. The boys concentrated on "Green Circles", adding little bits. Ideas were flowing freely and Steve was dancing excitedly by the time he'd thought of all the sounds that could be incorporated.

Eleven pm – right on the dot. Clutching brandy – Napoleon, of course – guitar cases and other oddments of mystery and imagination, four small, happy faces bounded into the recording studio.

"I love this place," sighed Steve, rushing up to the control room, saying hello to John the engineer, getting some drumming from Kenny to balance up, switching the lights off and generally grooving about. "We've forgotten the tape for John," cried Plonk. Disaster. How could they describe to John what kind of sound they wanted on "Green Circles".

Marriott went into action. "A nice big jangle on Mac's piano; rock'n'roll bass sound; and a deep, dry crisp drum sound."

When the bass drum "boom" was satisfactory and Plonk's bass speaker crackle was eliminated, the first backing track was laid down.

Recording was underway. "Strictly No Entry When The Red Light Is On." "Circles of greeeen", hummed Steve over engineer John's shoulder. Kenny's drums exploded from the battery of huge speakers in the control room. Plonk sang out the melodically eerie bassline.

No more "Everybody do the paranoia". No more neighbours. No more "Sha-La-La-La-Lee". No more "My Mind's Eye". The past is blocked out completely for the moment. There's only one way – forward. Each record is that bit better. Every record becomes that bit more fascinating.

"Our outlook is one of happiness and well-being," said Stevie, "and this must come through with your music. We are living and we want our music to too. Superficially, a number like 'Green Circles' sounds sinister, but we want people to listen. If they listen, and they can think, they'll get a kick out of it."

Lunacy broke through again. "Orlright, was it?" beamed Plonk. "Can't I take the bottom off this piano," laughed Mac. Kenny sat quietly in the corner and watched. The boys listened to the playback. Discussed it. More ideas. Adding, subtracting, louder, softer, harder, longer. Brandy.

Back into the studio, shouting, joking, falling about. Red light. Another layer of bass guitar from Plonk, 12-string guitar from Steve. More jangle from Mac – now with a stripped-down piano. The sound began to grow as different sounds went on. Another track. Another idea. "Green Circles" was getting better.

Stevie was back in the studio falling about with a load of enormous chimes. In with the bells. In with the conga drums. More depth and a bit further forward.

Three am. The backing track is "mixed". A mass of machines, and a mass of electricity. They tried the vocals. First Plonk, then Steve doing the lead. "The old voicebox begins to crack at this time," said Mac. "No, it's not right."

"I'm tired," volunteered the engineer. "Right" answered Steve. Too tired. "Home!" came the cry.

Snoring road manager is awoken. Red light off. And the green circles grew and they all lived happily ever after. *Nick Jones* •

learn how to ride as well as he jumps! I keep landing on me neck. Very painful!"

"Why do you call him Pedro?" I asked.

"He's of Welsh extraction," explained Kenny.

It needs time to work that one out – about 10 years!

Cars are the other big interest in Kenny's life, and he plans to buy a TR4, second-hand. There is another interest and she also lives in Epping Forest, but Kenny will give no further details.

Friends in showbusiness are few, but Kenny gets on well with Stevie Winwood and Keith Moon, of The Who. "I like the kind of work they are doing," Kenny went on. "Keith Moon – now there's a drummer who doesn't believe in my policy of taking a back seat! I love their new record – 'I'm A Boy'. Great!"

Things Kenny dislikes are cruelty to animals, miserable people and doing interviews. On Friday, September 6, Kenny was 18, and when he arrived back at his hotel room there was a present on his bed from the other Small Faces. He was anxious to terminate our interview and go and try it out – down in the Forest.

"The greatest saddle you've ever seen!" he enthused. When last seen he was galloping into the distance shouting "Hi-ho, Don Arden!" *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER DECEMBER 17 —

"EVERYBODY DO THE paranoia!" hissed Steve Marriott as he sloped across the room of the Small Faces' Pimlico pad. Resembling an unlikely gang of underwater karate experts, mimicking the great Wilson, Keppel & Betty, the remaining Faces followed about the room in slow motion.

The squeamish may find the Small Faces' latest warcry a little cruel – Napoleon XIV didn't stay unbanned – but then the Faces live in a compact, happy, airtight little world of life, thought, ideas and music.


Steve, Mac, Plonk and mate Mick – a kind of hidden Small Face you never hear about – lounged about in front of the TV. Drummer-boy Kenny was out underneath his Mini. Someone stealthily moved to the record player and put on a sound. After about a third of a bar, the Faces were all

1966

JULY - SEPTEMBER



"It's just another job":
Ike & Tina Turner and
the Kings Of Rhythm
at London's Tiles club
on their 1966 UK tour



“He keeps
me hard
at work”

**A miss in the US, IKE & TINA TURNER's
“River Deep Mountain High” becomes a
monster hit in Britain. Guests of The Rolling
Stones, they bring their show to London:
“The atmosphere will be tremendous...”**

— **MELODY MAKER JULY 9** —

ST LOUIS IS known for its breweries, its hot weather, and the St Louis Cardinals baseball team, the Mississippi River, Chuck Berry and Ike Turner. Ike is one of the biggest jazz and R&B exponents ever to come out of the so-called “Mound” city. He is still very big there. “And when I first met Ike, when I was barely 17,” Tina Turner related this week from a hotel room in Colorado, “Ike was very large. I was young and I wanted to sing. He had his band playing at a club in St Louis, and he would play organ at the intermissions. I finally got to meet him and told him I wanted to sing and he let me try while he played the organ for me. That kind of settled it right then and there and I went to work for Ike and his Kings of Rhythm as the girl singer. They called me Little Ann in those days.”

In very short order, Ike Turner married his newest employee, and now, four children, five labels, a dozen or so hits and something like nine-and-a-half >

CHRIS WALTER

years later, the Turners are still turning out records, making fans happy on their three months they take off to be with their boys and enjoy their home in the View Park section of Los Angeles.

"When I was almost 19, Ike recorded me doing a song called 'A Fool In Love,'" Tina continued. "He sent it around to lots of record companies and nobody wanted it. Finally, a disc jockey in St Louis, Dave Dixon, told me about a new record company, Sue Records, that were starting up in New York. The man's name there was Juggy Murray and Ike sent him a master. He put it out right away and it was a hit. My very first record was a hit, and I was thrilled.

There were quite a few other hits on the Sue label, things like "Poor Fool", "It's Gonna Work Out Fine", "I Idolize You" and a great album called *The Soul Of Ike & Tina Turner*, which still sells today. But when singles sales began to lag, the couple (Tina does most all the singing while Ike leads the band) moved on to Warner Brothers, to Modern Records and six months ago to Phil Spector's Philles label.

"Phil is very interesting to work with," Tina continued. "He works you hard and there's no such thing as a finished arrangement. He changes that every two minutes. He wrote our first song for his label, "River Deep...", and he's a very good writer.

Before we signed with Phil, we did an album for Ray Charles' own Tangerine label. It's called *Anything You Can Do Without*, and it's out of sight really. There's a single out on that too, and the song, well, it sounds a little like Ray Charles 'What'd I Say'. The song does, and maybe I do too, I don't know.

"I've always been around male singers, and I like Ray's records, especially his old ones. And Sam Cooke was just about too much. You couldn't top that man's voice and his performance."

The Turners today are a business. They have a whole show including their own nine-piece band, the famed three-girl group, the Ikettes, and a young boy singer, Prince Albert. "There's another group that calls themselves the Ikettes when they're in England," said Tina, "but ours are the originals. Ike records them and will probably cut some Prince sides soon.

"Ike would love to have a business with record artists, cutting them and booking them. And that's going to come. But right now we have one ambition only and that's to get back on the hit trail in America. We haven't had a hit here for three years. Hits help your bookings and everything. Not that we have anything to complain about. We've been busy with dates all the time. And the crowds love us.

In fact, they all tell us we should do great in England.

"We've had calls to come over there for more than two years, but we've always wanted to take our whole show, and we've never been able to work out the details. I hope it happens soon, because we would give them a terrific show."

The final decision on touring abroad actually rests right in Ike's lap, since in addition to his other jobs as music director, arranger, songwriter and now singer ("He'll be singing on a lot more records," says Tina) he operates his own small booking agency representing his own artists.

"We have a housekeeper at home to take care of our boys, twins Ike Jr and Craig who are eight; Michael, seven; and Ronnie, six, when we're not home," Tina continued. "And Ike has two secretaries, Ann Kane and Rhonda Graham, who handle the agency. Rhonda, who is white, goes on our northern dates with us, and Ann goes south on our dates there."

Ike, who is originally from the Deep South of Mississippi, is now in his third home city of Los Angeles, where he likes the life best. "He likes to write and work with his tape machine when we're home," Tina noted. "And he keeps me hard at work

SMASH! the Rolling Stones/Ike & Tina Turner tour (that's Tina above) has been hailed as the wildest tour ever to hit Britain. Alan Walsh is with it



rehearsing a lot of the time. But sometimes I get a chance to skate and bowl, and once in a while the whole family will forget work and go out on a bike.

"It's a good life and we love our home." *Ren Grevatt*

— MELODY MAKER OCTOBER 1 —

CARRYING A VALET, two secretaries, the Ikettes—their three girl backing singers—two male singers Jimmy Thomas and Prince Albert, plus the Kings Of Rhythm Band and, of course, a few road managers—the Ike & Tina Turner Revue swept into London's fair city last week. All 19 of them.

But, you can be assured, this isn't going to be the James Brown Show all over again. The husband-and-wife team with their wailing show and their own brand of blues will be out generating a different kind of excitement which will centre round Tina Turner.

Exposing an exquisite row of teeth and shimmering in a green dress, Tina studied her calf-length boots and said, "We're going to be doing roughly the same show in England as we do in the US. Am I nervous about touring Britain? Well no, it's just another job. I feel I want to work here because it's a new country, and nobody has seen us live yet," she added, shaking her long hair.

Was Tina nervous about the Albert Hall concert they had to play that evening alongside The Rolling Stones?

"No. I don't get too nervous nowadays. I think this hall is big, so we're a little worried about the sound—but the atmosphere will be tremendous, I think."

The man of the family, Ike Turner, strode into the hotel lounge with a guitar. He stroked his natty little beard, creased his vividly striped trousers down into his seat and started to play "River Deep—Mountain High". "I've got to work out some various parts to this to do on *Ready*,

"We have one ambition – to get back on the hit trail in America"





In LA's Gold Star Studios in 1966 with Phil Spector (left), described as "interesting to work with" by Tina Turner and "unpredictable" by Ike

Steady, Go!" smiled Ike, and immediately Tina sparked into action, throwing her head back and yelling out the words of "River Deep..."

Even with just Ike on guitar, the two of them were already blowing up a storm, and Tina's fantastic personality glowed like a luminous clock.

It was, in fact, Tina Turner who first turned ace producer Phil Spector on to the idea of recording the Turner team. "We went out to do a movie show that Phil was producing called *TNT*," said Ike, "and he was so impressed by Tina's work on stage he just came up to me and said he'd like to produce a record by us. He said he'd make us a Number 1. So that was it. We got together and did a recording.

"You see, we weren't with a company at the time, so it was quite straightforward to sign to Spector's company, Philles Records," added Ike. "We were interested in getting a big hit record," Tina explained. "We had a bit of difficulty with our numbers on the national charts. We felt somebody with Spector's experience would be able to do something for us, but unfortunately things went wrong in the States, although 'River Deep...' was a big hit in England."

"The trouble is," continued Ike, "in the States now they play a disc because of the money that's been handed out. It doesn't matter any more what the record sounds like. It hurt Phil's ego when 'River Deep...' didn't go. He has quite a few difficulties in the States nowadays. People think he's a nut, and that he's strange. They don't understand him and therefore think twice about promoting his records. Spector is a very unpredictable character and this worries a lot of guys. One minute he's producing a record and the next minute he wants to stand for president or something. I must admit we're having a bit of trouble with him," said Ike, "because just when we were supposed to be doing our follow-up he disappeared. We signed to him for two years, so he should be making our records for two years. But he's vanished - I heard he was making films in Mexico or something. So anyway, we've got Bob Crewe - the guy who did the Four Seasons records - and we've cut some nice tracks."

Tina started wriggling in her chair trying to find the right key to the chords Ike was hitting. Suddenly they stomped into a great R&B version of "Two For Tango" cleverly punctuated with "yeah yeahs".

"That's the new single," beamed Ike. "Course, the record sounds better." He shrieked with laughter and bashed the guitar madly. Judging by the impromptu session and the appeal of the Turners there can be little doubt that they have another very big hit. And after their tour in this country it's a certainty that the British public will be seizing the new Turner track - even if their own America snubs it! *Nick Jones* •

GETTY



Dynamite!

NME SEPT 30 Ike & Tina and The Yardbirds warm up the Albert Hall before the Stones set the stage alight

IT WAS THE pop world's social event of the year - the opening night last Friday at London's Royal Albert Hall of The Rolling Stones' tour, 1966. John Entwistle and Keith Moon, of The Who, Jonathan King and ex-Yardbird Paul Samwell-Smith were among the names in the audience.

As soon as the group appeared on stage, hundreds of screaming teenagers surged to the front, elbowed their way past the security men and climbed on to the platform. Keith Richard was knocked to the ground, Mick was almost strangled, while Brian Jones and Bill Wyman took to their heels, followed closely by dozens of determined fans! Charlie Watts sat quietly behind his drums watching the scene.

Manager Andrew Oldham rushed on stage, followed by the group's agent Tito Burns and their publicist Les Perrin, to help the bouncers. Even Troggs manager Larry Page and DJ Chris Denning, who were sitting near me in the front row at the back of the stage, ran forward to help.

"Tina Turner appeared in a fluffy, figure-hugging dress"

The group disappeared and it was announced that unless everyone returned to their seats the show would be cancelled. The stage was cleared, fans drifted back to their seats and the Stones reappeared. Mick - dressed in orange shirt, white bell-bottomed trousers and black, sequinned, Chinese-style jacket - ran forward and started with "Paint It, Black".

Then came "Under My Thumb" and "Get Off Of My Cloud". Charlie then walked to the front of the stage, announced "Lady Jane" and returned to his drum kit. For "Lady Jane", Brian, looking elegant in grey trousers, purple velvet jacket, red silk shirt and white cravat, sat down to play an instrument resembling an electric zither. "Not Fade Away", "The Last Time", "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow" before they closed with "Satisfaction".

For the most part The Yardbirds' act which preceded the Stones' was an outrageous cacophony which completely drowned Keith Relf's voice. The only numbers I could distinguish were "Shape Of Things" and "Over Under Sideways Down" and even these sounded like records they'd forgotten to put a voice on. [...]

However, the Ike & Tina Turner act which took up almost the entire first half couldn't have been better. The Ike Turner Band - eight musicians with Ike on guitar - opens their spot. The band's singer appeared and blasted off with "I Can't Turn You Loose", then came "Hold On I'm Coming" before the Ikettes - three dolly-looking coloured girls - danced onstage. Tina Turner then appeared, dressed in a fluffy, royal blue, figure-hugging dress. She opened with "Shake" backed by the Ikettes, then Ike joined her at the mic for "It's Gonna Work Out Fine". Their hit "River Deep - Mountain High" naturally won great applause. *Norrie Drummond*



musical xpress

JOHN WALKER SLAMS SCOTT!

IT'S LOVE

EXTRA! EXTRA!

The Monkees IS "HEAR"!

America's most exciting new group internationally heard with a hit sound

FAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE TAKE A GIANT STEP

EA VECTOR

1966

OCTOBER – DECEMBER

FEATURING: THE CREAM, DONOVAN, THE BEACH BOYS, THE WHO & MORE



“Stories abound...”

NME NOVEMBER 25 Inside The Cromwellian, pop’s newest hangout.
Entry 7s 6d to members. Steak and chips, 12s 6d

HAVE YOU EVER wondered what showbusiness personalities do when their night’s work is over? How do they escape from the pointing fingers, stares and autograph hunters? In London anyway, the answer is they go to the Cromwellian club. The “Crom” first opened its oak-beamed doors two years ago and the pop world swept in. The club is a three-storey Georgian house in Cromwell Road. The discotheque is downstairs, Harry’s famous bar is on the ground floor and the gambling rooms are upstairs.

The “Crom” – apart from being a club – is also a meeting place, a place for business discussions and to some people a way of life. When pop stars return to London the chances are it’s the first place they head for to meet friends and catch up on the latest gossip. Regulars at the Cromwellian are Eric Burdon, Zoot Money, Chris Farlowe, Alan Price, Bill Wyman, Chris Curtis, Twinkle, The Yardbirds, Jonathan King, Spencer Davis and The Merseys.

The club, however, is not confined to pop people; Margot Fonteyn and the Royal Ballet Company have been, and so have visiting American film stars such as Clint Walker and Lee Marvin. And the Cromwellian is as well known by American acts as it is by British. Recent visitors have included The Four Tops, Sonny & Cher, The Lovin’ Spoonful and Otis Redding.

Any new group looking for a management or recording contract – providing they could obtain membership – would have a field day

talking to agents, promoters and recording managers at the club. Among the names in this field who go there are Brian Epstein (Beatles), Robert Stigwood (Who’s agent), Rik Gunnell (Georgie Fame’s manager), Kit Lambert (Who’s manager) and Simon Napier-Bell (Yardbirds manager).

Now supposing this imaginary group was given a contract by one of these astute gentlemen, they could then go on to talk to TV producers such as Johnnie Stewart, Johnnie Hamp, etc, who have also visited. They could then chat up the many disc jockeys who go, before bending the ears of pop journalists such as NME editor Andy Gray.

Stories about the “Crom” abound. There was the evening the “Bend Competition” was

held. One young lady dancing in a dress made of plastic triangles chained together apparently bent too much and the plastic tiles came apart in the middle of the dance floor. There was the night Omar Sharif lost £400 on the tables and the other occasion when Lee Marvin, after being down £200, left the club up by £2,000. The club is managed by Bob Anthony, who is a wrestler but also one of the friendliest club managers ever.

Membership of the club is three guineas for six months or five for a year. Admissions depend on the night of the week and on whether a name act is playing or not, but it’s generally 12s 6d for guests and 7s 6d for members – dearer, of course, on Saturdays. Drinks work out about 3s for beer and 4s 6d for spirits. Meals are reasonable and the pop people’s favourite – steak and chips – is 12s 6d. *Norrie Drummond*

When pop stars return to London the chances are it’s the first place they head for



Friday on their minds: young folk at in-crowd haunt the Cromwellian in west London, 1966

“You think you’re going daft”

MM OCT 22 Investigating the rise of the word “psychedelic” with help from Graham Nash, the hip Hollie

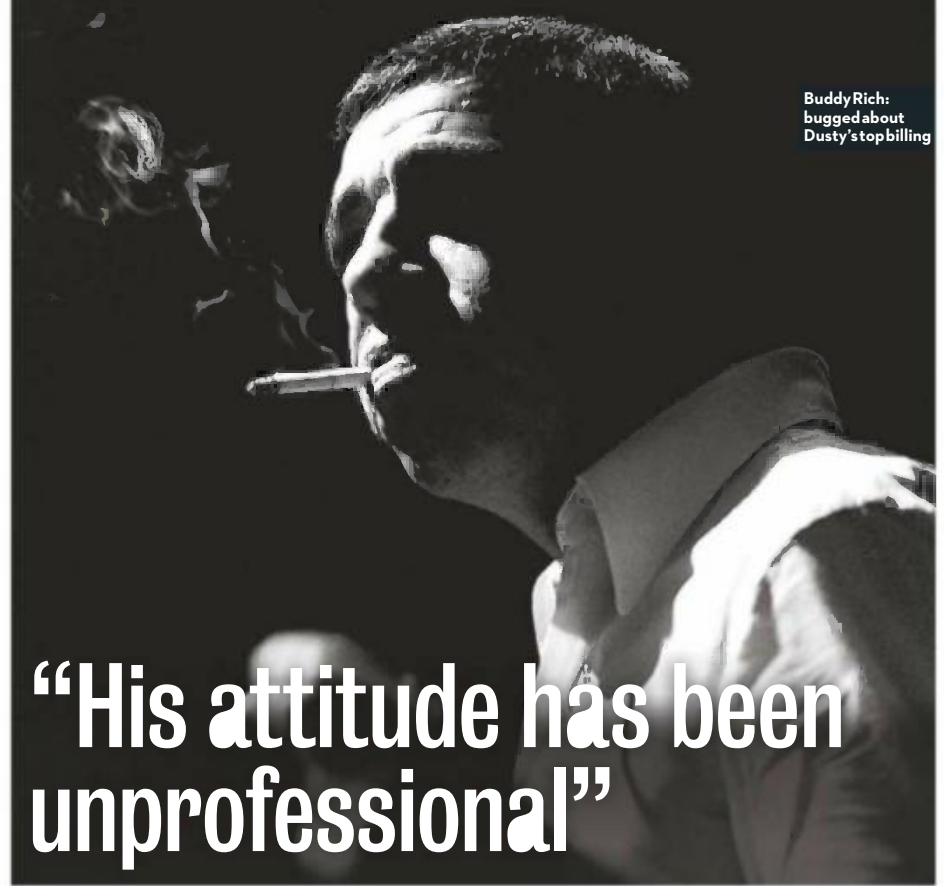
PSYCHEDELIC. I KNOW it’s hard, but make a note of that word because it’s going to be scattered round the in-clubs like punches at an Irish wedding. It already rivals “mom” as a household word in New York and Los Angeles and it even appears in the publicity for The Yardbirds’ new single “Happenings Ten Years Time Ago” – without much apparent justification.

“It’s trying to create an LSD session without the use of drugs,” says Graham Nash of The Hollies, who attended psychedelic pop sessions in the States recently. “It’s a question of trying to expand the consciousness to its limits. The theory is that you only use 20 per cent of your brain, but under LSD you use 80 per cent. The aim is to achieve the same thing by using combinations of sound and lighting. It’s wild. You think you’re going daft. I saw this group in Greenwich Village, Lothar & The Hand People.

Lothar is a mechanical device which produces odd, whining notes. Four projectors with different-coloured lights are concentrated on the stage flicking on and off at the same time. The effect can be pretty wild.”



Graham Nash: psych to see



Buddy Rich: bugged about Dusty’s top billing

“His attitude has been unprofessional”

MM NOV 9 Dusty Springfield runs foul of the most irascible man in jazz

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD THIS week slammed back at star American drummer Buddy Rich, who kept her waiting two-and-a-half hours at her debut at New York’s Basin Street East while he introduced celebrities in the audience.

“Mr Rich is a little difficult to get on with – and that’s the British understatement of 1966,” Dusty told the *MM* from her New York hotel. “The first thing was rehearsal. We should have had one on the Wednesday before we opened but Mr Rich didn’t want to know. So one was fixed for the day of the show. I had 16 numbers to run through but he took up an hour of rehearsal time putting up a special drum rostrum for himself. So when I went on on the opening night I hadn’t even heard half the orchestrations at all. Still, I got through them and we all managed to finish together somehow. But there was all this incredible performance before I went on. I think Rich was bugged because I had top billing. But that was the way the club wanted it. I think he felt, ‘That will teach her to try and follow me.’”

“I suggested that I go on before him for the second night. His managers agreed, but that didn’t please him either because he said his musicians would be tired after playing for me. His whole attitude has been so unprofessional. He was telling the trumpet section not to play high notes for me and standing in front of the stage shouting during my act.

“I just couldn’t believe that anyone who had been in the business that long could do such a thing. He doesn’t want any members of his band to back me, but he shouldn’t have signed

the contract in the first place if he felt like that. The band themselves are marvellous and we are having a wonderful time on stage. There is a great rapport and they couldn’t be nicer to me.

“I’ve never had trouble with a fellow artist before, especially one with such a big name. He’s a great drummer – I wouldn’t deny that. I’m still topping the bill, although I’d rather be on before him because I never know what he is going to pull or what he will tell the audience about me – his introduction is very patronising to say the least. He is supposed to be doing a 35-minute act but he is doing an hour now. Still, the audiences are liking me and the papers have been wonderful. Most of them came back to give me a second review because of the mess on opening night.

“So many people have called in to see me and there were more flowers than I’ve ever seen on opening night – from unexpected people, too, like The Lovin’ Spoonful and Dave Clark. Burt Bacharach was in and was so nice. And Dionne Warwick and Dee Dee, Esther Philips, Benny Goodman, Tony Bennett and The Swingle Singers – they were wonderful. The New Vaudeville Band were in last night, too. They looked very tired but it was

lovely to see them. The best thing of all is that my voice is holding out. I do a 40-minute act twice nightly and three times on Friday and Saturday.

“I’m studying with a teacher, Martin Lawrence, and he is just wonderful. I go to his studio each night and he warms my voice up. He is showing me everything I’m doing wrong – it will take a long time to put it right but I’m already feeling I can do better. He teaches a lot of the top people and I’m sure he can do it for me.”

“He was telling the trumpet section not to play high notes for me”



1	(1)	I'M A BOY	The Who, Reaction
2	(2)	DISTANT DRUMS	Jim Reeves, RCA
3	(7)	WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL	New Vaudeville Band, Philips
4	(3)	BEND IT	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, Fontana
5	(4)	HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER, BABY, STANDING IN THE SHADOW?	Rolling Stones, Decca
6	(10)	QUANTANAMERA	Sandpipers, Pye
7	(8)	ALL I SEE IS YOU	Dusty Springfield, Philips
8	(18)	I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF	Troggs, Page One
9	(6)	LITTLE MAN	Sonny and Cher, Atlantic
10	(5)	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE	Supremes, Tamla Motown
11	(13)	SUNNY	Georgie Farnie, Columbia
12	(11)	TOO SOON TO KNOW	Roy Orbison, London
13	(9)	WALK WITH ME	Seekers, Columbia
14	(14)	ANOTHER TEAR FALLS	Walker Brothers, Philips
15	(19)	I DON'T CARE	Los Bravos, Decca
16	(12)	SUNNY	Bobby Hebb, Philips
17	(22)	LADY GODIVA	Peter and Gordon, Columbia
18	(—)	REACH OUT I'LL BE THERE	Four Tops, Tamla Motown
19	(16)	YELLOW SUBMARINE/ELEANOR RIGBY	Beatles, Parlophone
20	(50)	NO MILK TODAY	Herman's Hermits, Columbia
21	(26)	I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN	Four Seasons, Philips
22	(—)	STOP STOP STOP	Hollies, Parlophone
23	(28)	DEAR MRS APPLEBEE	David Garrick, Piccadilly
24	(33)	BORN A WOMAN	Sandy Posey, MGM
25	(15)	ALL OR NOTHING	Small Faces, Decca
26	(17)	WORKING IN THE COAL MINE	Lee Dorsey, Stateside
27	(20)	GOD ONLY KNOWS	Beach Boys, Capitol
28	(32)	SOMEWHERE MY LOVE	Mike Sammes Singers, HMV
29	(23)	WHEN I COME HOME	Spencer Davis, Fontana
30	(48)	BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP	Temptations, Tamla Motown
31	(21)	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	Cliff Bennett, Parlophone
32	(—)	TIME DRAGS BY	Cliff Richard, Columbia
33	(34)	THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU	Chris Montez, Pye
34	(—)	ALL THAT I AM	Elvis Presley, RCA
35	(24)	LOVERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	David and Jonathan, Columbia
36	(31)	IN THE ARMS OF LOVE	Andy Williams, CBS
37	(—)	HIGH TIME	Paul Jones, HMV
38	(30)	SOMEWHERE MY LOVE	Manuel, Columbia
39	(43)	LAND OF 1,000 DANCES	Wilson Pickett, Atlantic
40	(35)	SUMMER WIND	Frank Sinatra, Reprise
41	(45)	QUE SERA SERA	Ceno Washington, Piccadilly
42	(25)	ASHES TO ASHES	Mindbenders, Fontana
43	(36)	MORE THAN LOVE	Ken Dodd, Columbia
44	(37)	I CAN'T TURN YOU LOOSE	Otis Redding, Atlantic
45	(27)	SUNNY	Cher, Liberty
46	(—)	I LOVE MY DOC	Cat Stevens, Deram
47	(44)	HOW SWEET IT IS	Junior Walker, Tamla Motown
48	(41)	THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY HA-HAA!	Napoleon XIV, Warner Bros.
49	(39)	MAMA	Dave Berry, Decca
50	(29)	RUN	Sandie Shaw, Pye



Dylan: thought to have written more than 50 new songs

“Upstate recuperating”

MM NOV 26 Several months since his accident... Where is Bob Dylan?

FEW OF BOB Dylan's old cronies have been in direct touch with him since his motorcycle accident last summer. Most requests for information get such replies as, “I don't know, man. As far as I know he's upstate recuperating.” Some offered the opinion that Dylan is cultivating a reclusive image on purpose for reasons best known to himself. As one said: “It's maybe a little like trying to effect a martyr image without going through the pain of actually being one.”

Another theory advanced is that since Dylan plans to switch record affiliations, he wants to stay away from the scene hopeful of building up an even greater demand for his first disc project on a new label. On the other hand Dylan could just be “hung up”, as he is known to have been on other occasions. One source who has not been in direct contact but who is in a position to know indicated that Dylan's cycle smash may have caused a much more serious injury than at first had been diagnosed. A long recuperation became necessary when it was learned that Dylan actually fractured several vertebrae in his neck. These are still extremely weak, it was said. This source added that during his confinement in a house which is on the vast piece of property in Woodstock, NY owned by his manager Al Grossman, Dylan has written close to 50 new songs. He is also said to be in an advanced stage of work on his book and is also believed to be preparing a TV special.

It is said that callers at the house where Dylan is holed up are greeted by Dylan's wife, who says he can't be seen. There are, however, some who are admitted to the house and who do get through to him on the telephone. With respect to his new record deal, it's understood that talks were held with Capitol but these were broken off. Prime contenders are known to be MGM and RCA Victor, with the betting leaning in the MGM direction. *Ren Grevatt*

OCTOBER-DECEMBER
1965

➤ The three-minute film which The Kinks have made for TV promotion in connection with their new single “Dead End Street” is likely to prove controversial. It features Mick Avory as a boy scout and the other three as undertakers, and was shot on location in London's Camden Town on Monday. The film has been submitted to the BBC for possible inclusion in next Thursday's *Top Of The Pops*. **NME NOVEMBER 26**



➤ Scott Engel was entering a monastery yesterday (Thursday) on the Isle Of Wight to spend 10 days in retreat. “The retreat has no deep religious significance,” Engel told the *NME* on Wednesday. “I am going simply to find time to think and sort out my life.” **NME DECEMBER 3**

➤ Yardbirds manager Simon Napier-Bell confirmed on Wednesday that lead guitarist Jeff Beck is to leave the group due to persistent ill health. The future of group member Jimmy Page remains in doubt. Beck is due to be replaced by an organist when The Yardbirds return to Britain from America on Monday, when they will begin recording once more under the direction of ex-Yardbird Paul Samwell-Smith for a new LP and single. **NME DECEMBER 3**

GETTY (4)

C 23 314



No Milk Today

MY RESERVATION'S BEEN CONFIRMED



1966

OCTOBER—DECEMBER

“It looked like Attila The Hun had ridden through...”

Late in the year, **THE WHO** are observed recording their second LP and laying waste to Windsor and Denmark. Encountered earlier: Roger Daltrey’s commitment, the lesser spotted John Entwistle and Keith Moon’s infamous “cheese sandwich” humour.

— MELODY MAKER APRIL 16 —

TO MOST, JOHN Entwistle is a dark, solid-looking gentleman who stands firm and quiet to the right of two swirling blurs known as Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey. He always seems quite annoyed by the thundering of Keith Moon’s drums in his left ear and the general onstage commotion when The Who are in action. John Entwistle is certainly the silent one of The Who. It’s not a dubbing he likes: “After all, I do more looning about in the nightclubs than any of the others,” said John. “I know I never talk on interviews and that, but I find that I chat for hours to clubby people – or fans. I usually bend their ears off!”

Does John resent the other members of The Who speaking up on behalf of him all the time? “On most of our interviews I don’t say anything simply because Pete does all the nattering. Invariably we are asked ‘What is pop art?’ or ‘Why do you smash guitars?’ and I’m just not interested – I leave all that to Pete. The only other »

GETTY



The Who live in 1966:
"If a show's not going well, Pete will try to carry it off by a sudden urgent display of thundering and armswinging"



questions are usually like, 'What is your next record?' or something. How are WE supposed to say anything? Peter

writes and makes the demo discs for our new records, so obviously he answers that one.

"I'm more concerned with our sound on stage and in what I'm playing. I think they call me the silent one because on the surface it seems I am. I don't move about much on stage because I think the group would fly off if they didn't have one solid person to keep it all together. Basically The Who are individualists and soloists, so without a backbone the sound would be four people each doing solos."

Many people have said that The Who have done just about everything with feedback and sounds, and that there is nothing left to do. Where does John think the group is going? "We're definitely going forward all the time. Now we use more vocal harmonies and things, as in The Everly Brothers' 'Man With The Money', and the Dion numbers we do. The group's conflict over choosing material and musical policy has almost died down now," said John over his lemon tea. "We agree on our stage numbers almost immediately. In fact, our minds are working in such harmony we often all come up with the same suggestions for a new number to learn."

The Who's internal friction is a much publicised fact—what part does John play in this? "I like to feel that I get on with all of the group—they are easy guys to get on with. I must say that a lot of this 'hate each other' bit is very played up. I get on with each of them separately—but the other three are inclined to clash. I understand Pete—what he's about to do. No-one understands him really well. A moody person. One day you'll say something and he'll jump down your throat and the next he's extremely amiable. He's quick tempered and believes in saying what he thinks, whoever he's with. I respect him for his imagination in composing and, sometimes, playing. Every now and again he'll play something that'll knock me out."

"Without a backbone, our sound would be four people doing solos"

Technically he's stumped—but he swings in his own way. Rather than get a good, quick flash phrase in sometimes, he'll just hit the drum that will sound loudest at the time. Roger Daltrey is an easy person to understand—but often he's misleading and he's not thinking what you think he is. Roger worries quite a bit.

"If the whole group is in a good mood then that always cheers Roger up as well. On stage he's ungainly and always drops things or trips over. A very impulsive person," said John. "If you give him three days to do something he'll keep changing his mind until the very last minute—so that although he's had three days to think it over, it always ends up as last-minute impulse again."

"There's one thing that worries me about Roger," smiled John, "he has a fascinating way of looking into cameras, so that he always looks as if he's miles away and going into the future!"

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 10 —

ROGER DALTREY GROWLED thoughtfully: "Yes, I'm very happy with the musical direction that we're heading in. Now we're really making a record, working on it, planning it and polishing it."

A pointer that there are some subtle and not so subtle changes coming up for The Who! So last week the *MM* went down to a recording studio in the heart of the West End to find out precisely what was happening in The Who. The much publicised “rows,” “hatred” and “moody” scenes certainly weren’t rearing their ugly heads and the boys just loped about from the studio floor to control box totally involved in the record they were making. The processes involved included numerous playbacks, attentive listenings, tracking, editing, re-recording, and most of all, hard work. The Who took the whole thing in their stride.

Said drummer Keith Moon: “What do you think of that one? Everything’s sounding much better, isn’t it?” Guitarist Townshend lolloped into the control room, looned about, then discussed his solo, and the ending, with record producer and co-manager Kit Lambert, who sat concentrating behind all the knobs and switches. “This is the third number we’ve done for the next LP,” said Kit. “Only started yesterday. Have you heard ‘Heatwave’? It’s an oldie to remind our fans of the early Marquee Club days.”

Tapes were spun and “Heatwave” churned out of the five huge speakers in the box. And a pleasing mass of harmonies and undercurrents it turned out to be. It’s this sort of treatment that will be marking a major breakthrough in The Who’s musical world.

There will be little chance for their critics to say, “What a ghastly noise,” or “That feedback just covers up the fact that he can’t play guitar.” Townshend is rapidly going to prove that he is one of the most advanced, intelligent, progressive writers and musicians in this country.

Pete Townshend, the tall, lean mind behind most of The Who’s musical madness, has been absorbing “sounds” for a long while. They range from Dylan, Debussy, Dolphy and Diddley. The deciding factor is that at last he’s got beyond absorption. Not only does he dig the music, he completely understands it all as well. This has meant progress for The Who in leaps and bounds, resulting in much more harmonious and constructive musical fusion. Almost more important than all this is, the undercurrent of originality that still lines each of their records. Very few people play drums like Keith Moon, bass like John Entwistle, sing like Daltrey, or play guitar like Townshend.

“Basically there are four soloists in this group,” said Townshend, “on our own we’d all fly off at tangents, but now we’ve rehearsed carefully, we are singing in harmony and unison, and there is kind of orderly disorder.”

Kit Lambert played back the Who powerhouse version of “Man With Money”, an Everly Brothers number which dramatically deals with breaking into a store and robbing the man with all the money. It’s just right for the new Who. Nicely arranged harmonies mingle with Moon’s astronomical drumming, Entwistle’s weaving bass and Townshend’s guitar snaking out, occasionally like lightning. With the climactic middle break, Townshend and Moon begin to build up some intricate beats, playing over the basic backing track they’ve already recorded. Pete never has to waste valuable bars with screeching feedback while he looks for the particular “noise” he wants. Just turns it on, bending, striking, cutting, fluttering, scraping, shuddering, bombing, then off again!

“Pete uses these sounds sensibly now,” explained Kit Lambert. “He is more aware of their position in the number and plays them in sympathy of the lyric, rhythm and melody.”

The result is good. “Roger didn’t particularly like the finished tape, but if one goes to perfectionist lengths you’d still be in the studio this time next year.” There isn’t any doubt, though, that The Who know just what they’re doing, so look out! *Nick Jones*



“We’ve rehearsed carefully and are singing in unison now”

written two called ‘Cobweb Strange’ and ‘I Need You (Like A Hole In The Head)’.” Sandie Shaw’s manager Eve Taylor will no doubt be fascinated by the latter as it happens to be her favourite phrase. Keith anticipated some difficulties in reproducing the tracks on stage but suggested the problem could be easily resolved by John playing French horn and bass at the same time while he attached strings to his own arm which would play the zither! “Or failing that we could go on stage and mime to backing tracks while we smashed things,” he said enthusiastically.

In spite of the fact that according to Keith the new Who have “swallowed the old ‘pop-art-Carnaby-gear-we-all-hate-one-another’ image”, they are still having a “smashing” time on stage, and quite rightly in my opinion, he believes their lack of success in America is because not enough people have seen this visual presentation. It must be seen to be believed. “I don’t know why we do it,” admitted Keith. “We enjoy it—the fans enjoy it. I suppose it’s just animal instinct.”

The group’s last major disaster area was at the Windsor Jazz Festival, where they wound up amongst smoke bombs, fireworks and crumbling amplifiers. “When we finished, the road managers came on in little white coats and shovelled the equipment into buckets,” said Keith. “The audience had smashed up all their seats and the whole place looked like Attila The Hun had ridden through it.”

To remedy their “heard but not seen” situation in the States, The Who are making a number of short films for the TV circuits, to be shown on major shows, where they are in full action. We tackled the delicate situation of hostilities from both the press and the adult world in general which, like the early Stones, The Who seem to provoke deliberately. Only a few weeks earlier I had made the mistake of offering my hand to Pete Townshend in the *Ready, Steady, Go!* canteen and he had reciprocated by throwing a piece of sandwich in my face, explaining he had done so because I seemed the most unimportant character at the table. This kind of attitude did not exactly cement good relations, I felt—why did he do it?

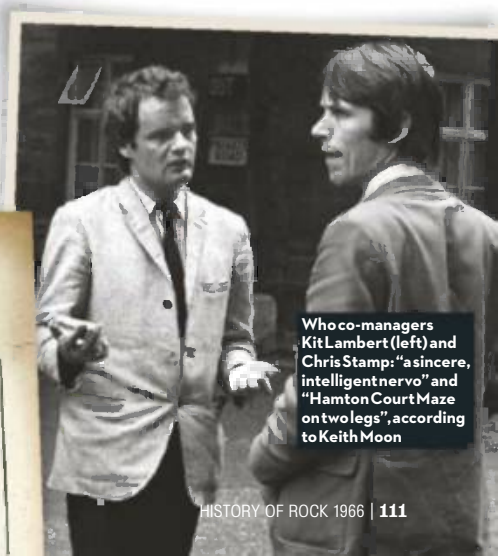
“Perhaps he thought you were hungry,” suggested Keith. “They barge into a dressing room backstage or while we are eating and demand an interview—NOW. Naturally we’re rude right back. This ‘angry at the adult world’ bit is not all of us. It’s not me and it’s not John. It’s only half Roger, but it is Pete.”

I ventured to suggest that perhaps if they pandered to a more adult mind occasionally it might help them professionally. Surely »

— NME OCTOBER 7 —

IN AN ITALIAN restaurant off London’s Soho last Thursday, which boasts on the menu, “hilarious waiter and *spaghetti alle vongole* on Sunday”, there was baby octopus to eat and the entertaining conversation of The Who’s frenetic percussionist Keith Moon to be had. “Our next album has the kind of progressive material which should enable us to break into America within the next six months,” said Keith. “At present our records only seem to sell in places where there are race riots. We’re very big in Trapper Falls, mind you! This LP, which is being issued next month, is much more of a group effort and includes a few surprises. I play zither on one track and John plays ‘double tracked tuba’, French horn, bass and nose flute on another.”

“John has written two numbers titled ‘Boris The Spider’ and ‘Whiskey Man’ and I have



Who co-managers Kit Lambert (left) and Chris Stamp: “a sincere, intelligent nervo” and “Hamton Court Maze on two legs”, according to Keith Moon

new
MUSICAL EXPRESS

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playing the “nasties” is likely to leave the field open for groups like The Troggs, who seem to represent the “nicies”.

“Maybe,” smiled Keith. “But it wouldn’t be us, would it? The Troggs are four genuinely nice lads who deserve to go a long way and clean up family entertainment for one and all. Amen. Now you can see why everyone hates me.”

It has already been suggested that one of the most fascinating things about The Who are their imaginative manager Kit Lambert and his partner Chris Stamp. Having asked for a character reference for these two, I got a brilliant impersonation of Kit Lambert smoking his perennial cigarette in typically flamboyant manner and monologues on the art of management in Lambert’s cultured manner and Chris Stamp’s “cockney” tones.

“Kit is a sincere, intelligent nervo,” said Keith. “He’d never produce another group like us because he’d never go through what we’ve put him through again. We could never have achieved what we have with anyone else—no-one else could have held us, and he possesses one important quality we all seem to lack—diplomacy.”

Of Chris Stamp, Keith obliged with a more terse character reading: “He’s Hampton Court Maze on two legs,” he said. We talked of The Who’s new ideas in presentation, which are colourfully described by their manager as the group’s “Theatre Of The Absurd”, and Keith posed an original idea of his own. “I suppose we could paint Roger red and have him pulsate—then we could all just dance round him.”

Mr Moon’s sense of humour is probably his greatest asset. He insisted that we give a plug to Frankie Howerd, whom he greatly admires, and Max Wall, who has just finished compering “our extensive two-day tour of Britain”. Keith’s particular hero is Vincent Price, whom he goes to see in all the horror movies for a laugh. We covered one other subject in record time, which was the Stones’ opening night at the Royal Albert Hall, and I asked Keith, who had been present, what he thought of the show.

“A managerial triumph,” he expostulated, and sat back greatly pleased with his review. As we got up to leave I discovered that I had lost my cloakroom ticket for my raincoat. A charming waitress asked me to describe the coat. “It’s the one with cheese sandwich stains on the collar,” obliged Keith, grinning hugely, and strolled nonchalantly out to his waiting white-and-maroon Bentley. Which only goes to prove WHO laughs last. *Keith Altham*

— NME OCTOBER 28 —

COPENHAGEN. KEITH MOON is brooding over a beer about something that might never happen (but the fact that it could is enough to worry Keith); the switchblade mind of Pete Townshend is operating at its best and anyone who dares venture an inane remark is promptly smitten by his razor-sharp tongue.

This is the lull between storms. By the time you read this The Who will be home and Scandinavia will be recovering from an invasion that pays the Vikings back; an invasion from the zaniest—but certainly one of the most popular—British groups ever to disturb these placid people.

Let me give you some idea of what has happened in the 36 hours since we arrived: a jeweller has closed his shop and gone home to his wife; an American is thinking he tried to jump off the sixth-floor balcony of his hotel... and The Who have also (incidentally) given a public performance—during which a new hall was somewhat damaged!

Just now we are sitting in the attic homes of some foreign students who are switched on as only that set can be. One just asked John Entwistle what he would like, and faced with the reply “A Coke”, exclaimed, “Say man, that’s cool, real cool,” obviously convinced that John had made some suggestion for a new kind of drug.



October 14, 1966:
Townshend and
Moon on stage at the
Queen’s Hall in Leeds

“Kit Lambert possesses one quality we all lack—diplomacy”

Messrs Moon, Daltrey, Entwistle, complete with co-manager Kit Lambert and myself (but excluding Townshend, who missed the plane), had arrived the previous day at the start of the group’s fourth Scandinavian tour. Our first stop was at a jeweller’s, where Keith had decided to buy a watch. “It is for my mother,” he explained to the unsuspecting jeweller. Fifty minutes and as many watches later, he said he thought it would be better if he gave his mother the money and let her buy her own. It was about the same time that the jeweller—looking several years older—decided he would be better off at home and closed the shop!

Back at the hotel we got ready to go out and see the town. My collar and tie did not suit the Who image, they thought, so I was persuaded to put on one of Keith’s famous gold silk shirts with bolero sleeves. Somebody had to stand in for Townshend, I was told! Townshend, however, was not far behind and after three unsuccessful attempts—during which he joined the crew in their cabin to offer some words of comfort and advice (!)—his aircraft landed at Copenhagen Airport and he was soon in our midst.

And so in a bar in the centre of the city, I had my first opportunity to take a look at one of the most revolutionary of our groups. It was quite an experience. They must surely be one of the most mixed bunch of personalities who have ever managed to stay together. Undoubtedly Roger Daltrey is the most basic and is therefore able to see the others’ problems in the clearest light. “Pete’s got a bit of a chip because Mooney and I used to get all the birds whereas he, as the writer, was the most creative and probably thought he should have had most of the attention,” Roger explained.

“Mooney’s got this persecution complex,” Townshend declared. “If he sees two of us talking and can’t hear what we’re saying, he assumes we are plotting to get rid of him! It’s nonsense, of course.” While Moon imparts: “I have ambitions outside the group. Of course I have and it’s true I’ve listened to offers. But I’m not tempted to quit now like I was when we were having our internal troubles. I’d be mad to, wouldn’t I?” It seems more of a question than a statement.

Miraculously, however, they do work together and it is a team which could stand no replacements. As Daltrey put it: "I think if any one of us was to leave it would be the end of the group. Dunno what I'd do then – I suppose I'd build up another. I started this one six years ago and I reckon I could do it again."

They strive for perfection and are determined to succeed in America at all costs.

They are currently completing their second LP ("We look upon it as our first") and it will probably prove as big a breakthrough as "I'm A Boy", which made The Who sound musical. I said I hoped their efforts directed at America would pay off. They deserve to. Much of their considerable earnings are ploughed back into improving their status and few groups have as hard-working a manager as Kit Lambert. The following evening I watched them work at the new and large hall in the Copenhagen suburbs. Backstage, as they prepared for the performance, Lambert told them to listen to the compere: "Your cue is 'The Who,'" he announced. Pete said he felt on form and thought he would go on solo. "You three might as well go home," he gagged. Keith looked hurt but said nothing. Then they were on stage and well over 2,000 Danish fans screamed and yelled as they went through numbers like "Heat Wave", "Barbara Ann" and "Substitute".

At this point Pete spotted a few empty chairs in the centre of the auditorium and suggested people from the back came forward to fill them. Chaos followed as more than 1,000 fought for those few seats. Order was never restored and no-one sat down again! It was like The Beatles all over again as the stage filled with burly protectors ejecting fans left, right and centre. The four took no notice but stormed through "Legal Matter" and "I'm A Boy". Finally they reached "My Generation" and Townshend tried hard to smash his new guitar through an amplifier.

Hysteria prevailed even after they had returned to the dressing room. Back at the hotel they sipped the champagne Keith had bought on the plane. The shattering events of an hour before were forgotten. After all, it happens every night for The Who. A tipsy, middle-aged American knocked on the door of the room ("I love the English") and was shown out on the balcony, from which the manager later rescued him. The Who had managed to convince both that the man was trying to jump over when their timely call to the manager was made.

The intruder returned to his room grateful that his life had been saved! In an adjoining room an attractive young blonde psychiatrist (for real) was telling Roger Daltrey she would dearly love to psychoanalyse him or something. Life for The Who was plodding on as ever... *Keith Altham*

— NME DECEMBER 24 —

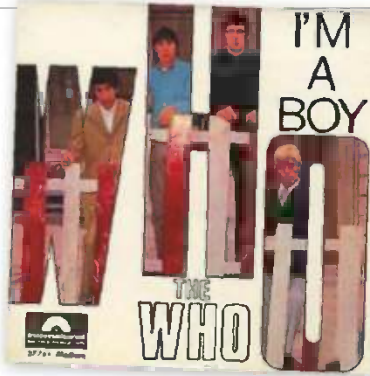
WHO'S FOR A merry Christmas, then – if we are to judge by their seasonal bounce up into the *NME* Top 20 this week with "Happy Jack", the newest composition from the bizarre pen of Pete Townshend. Looking slightly the worse for wear due to having been full of festive spirit the previous night at London's new in-club, the Bag O' Nails, John Entwistle was not optimistic about their prospects of a No 1 hit when I located the group at Ryemuse recording studios last Friday.

"No chance with The Seekers' new single," expostulated John. "We're always beaten to the top by the dead or the half-dead. Good old Jim Reeves did it on us last time, and before that it was the singing pimple, Ken Dodd!"

Mr Entwistle was not, apparently, convinced that this is the season of goodwill toward all men! "I've got a list of people to insult written down on me sock," obliged the bug-eyed Keith Moon, rolling up his trouser-leg to select a likely candidate. He was forestalled by being recalled to the studio to tape "Please Don't Touch" for tonight's *Ready, Steady, Go!* Christmas edition.

We were treated to some stereo-ed cockney from Keith in the control room, as he counted the group to start with "One, two, free." What Pete had described as "The Who's new sound"

"We're always beaten to the top by the dead or the half-dead"



was, in fact, their version of a very old rock sound, echoed about the room. They were to have recorded "Rock Around The Clock" for the show, but a change of plan was evident.

Manager Kit Lambert got *RSG* producer Francis Hitchens on the phone after explaining to a secretary that he just wanted a word with Francis for the "teeniest-weeniest" minute, which was sufficient time to persuade Francis he ought to have "Please Don't Touch" and not "Rock Around The Clock". Which was just as well, seeing they had just recorded it! The boys trooped back into the control room, and Pete proved informative over the origins of "Happy Jack, who lived in sand on the Isle Of Man".

"My father used to play saxophone in a band for the season on the Isle Of Man when I was a kid," said Pete. "There was no character called 'Happy Jack', but I played on the beach a lot, and it's just my memories of some of the weirdos who live out on the sand."

At this point someone announced that there was a policeman in the reception complaining about someone's car being an obstruction, so Pete strolled out and was not seen again. Which left me with that well-known pantomime team of Moon and Entwistle. What were they doing over Christmas? "I shall buy a copy of 'Mary's Boy Child', stay home and pick nuts out of me cavities," mourned John.

"I shall watch Walt Disney and buy a new copy of

"The Hallelujah Chorus," breezed Mr Moon.

"My copy's a bit scratched," nodded John.

Did the two jolly artists consider Christmas too commercial now?

"I agree with whatever Paul Jones said," announced John.

"I suppose I shall have to go out carol singing again," moaned Keith.

Were they angry that this was the last Christmas *RSG*?

"No, it was getting a drag, and anyway Cathy McGowan can always do toothpaste adverts," said John, consolingly.

"Vicky Wickham can go into mass production," added Keith.

"Francis Hitchens can join the Beach Boys," capped John.

What changes would the New Year bring for The Who? And were they concerned over the possibility The Beatles might break up? "Not as long as there are people like us – with imagination, drive and vigour – to carry on," John replied.

"We're planning some shock publicity pictures of the group," confided Keith, "to combat those neat pix of The Beatles, and the Stones photos in drag. We've got a big close-up of Pete having his fingernail bent backwards, and one of a one-eared Roger standing next to a self-portrait of Van Gogh."

There was a short departure from the script when Kit Lambert announced that he wanted all the boys to draw portraits of each other for a *Top Of The Pops* film to be directed by Michael Lyndsay-Hogg. "Isn't he an American?" said Keith, suspiciously... "And who am I drawing?"

"Roger," said Kit. "Thanks," said Keith, but looked far from festive about it.

"Who am I doing?" asked John. There followed a rather puzzling story from Keith – for no apparent reason – about how he and John sat eating a Chinese meal in a Cologne restaurant recently while co-manager Chris Stamp and Pete got beaten up. "Every time they fell down to the floor they could see us ignoring it all and eating our meal a table away," said Keith delightedly. Why were they attacked?

"I think it was because we're just such good-looking boys and they were jealous," said Keith innocently.

Finally John observed: "You know, some people have said that they prefer the flipside of the new single. Oh, sorry, that just slipped out!" It transpired that John wrote the flipside, "I've Been Away", which is "a waltz inspired by Victor Silvester", he says. As I left, Keith attempted to glue a sandwich to my overcoat with a tube of super-glue. But omitted to take the top off the tube: **Moon is a must for the Christmas party this year.** *Keith Altham* ●



“We’ve built an intellectual following...”

For **BRIAN JONES**, 1966 is about change: exotic instruments, different kinds of people. For The Rolling Stones it means interesting sounds and work in unfamiliar media, like electronic music and film. “Do I sound excited? I should,” he tells MM. “For I am excited.”

— NME MARCH 25 —

BRIAN JONES RETURNED last week from his Australian-American exploits with innumerable albums by Ravi Shankar (an Indian sitarist) and wearing his full-length kangaroo coat. He explained his late arrival, some four days after the other Stones, as being due to the fact that clubs in New York open 24 hours a day and he had been in one for days with an insane Welsh harpist called “Hari Hari” waiting for it to close!

On arrival at his Earls Court mews house, Brian found he had misplaced his keys somewhere between Sydney and New York and opened the happy home by the simple expedient of putting his fist through the first floor window! When I called some two hours later, I found the front room had been officially declared “a major disaster area”, largely due to the “Welcome Home Brian Jones Committee”. This comprised Spencer Davis, seated beneath a standard lamp (switched on, of course) wearing Brian’s newly acquired rose-tinted spectacles and Stevie Winwood in green Stetson, listening to an LP by The Freedom Highways Singers, *Recorded Live in Chicago’s Nazareth Church*, beating time on an Indian drum. Also present were “Dave”, the Spencer’s road manager, making himself quietly ill on a mixture of brandy and beer, and Tom Keylock, the Stones-Davis “all-purpose chauffeur” drinking bitter from a pudding bowl. »

GETTY



"It opens up new fields for a group in harmonics": Brian Jones playing a sitar during a rendition of "Paint It, Black" on *Ready, Steady, Go!*, October 7, 1966

“Man, this is the kind of welcome home I like,” said Brian, surveying the festivities with delight. “Let me show you one of the things I brought back from the States,” he added. A wooden zither-like instrument was produced which proved to be a dulcitar, an instrument you may be hearing more of as Brian revealed that it had been included on several of the tracks they recorded in L.A. Brian has lacerated his fingers playing the strings with his fingers, although my dictionary states the instrument should be played with hammers!

“America is a great scene for us at present,” said Brian. “We’ve never been so powerful there. I think we’ve reached a peak in Britain but things are still opening up for us in the States. We overtook The Beatles’ ‘Nowhere Man’ in the charts with ‘19th Nervous Breakdown’, and although I’ve no delusions about being bigger than The Beatles—‘Nowhere Man’ isn’t really a single—it’s something of an achievement.”

The possibility of The Rolling Stones becoming a bigger attraction than The Beatles in America is intriguing and I asked Brian how he saw the shape of things to come.

“You must understand The Beatles are a phenomenon,” smiled Brian. “We’ve probably overtaken their record in the charts because we’re doing more personal exposure out there at present. You can’t be as big as The Beatles until you’ve done something like Shea Stadium—and I doubt whether even they could do that so successfully again. There’s one interesting development in the US which does not exist for us here any more. That is, we’ve built up a type of intellectual following among the ‘hippies’. The Greenwich Village crowd all dig us—there was a terrible scene out there just before I left. The police were stopping and searching everyone on sight—looking for drugs, I suppose, but it was frightening—worse than a police state.”

With The Rolling Stones and The Beatles all but dominating the US pop business, I asked Brian how it was possible to reconcile this British attitude when a disc like “The Ballad Of The Green Berets” had just made the top in America. “I can’t believe that Stones and Beatles fans buy that kind of rubbish,” said Brian. “That type of thing must be commissioned by the US government. It’s not played in

“Police were searching everyone on sight. It was frightening”

magazine. Brian said it was very good and should make No 1.

Spence picked up few of the Ravi Shankar albums which were scattered about the floor. “In the south of India they play sitars,” said Spence, informatively. “But in the north they play veenas.”

Brian produced a monstrous great red mahogany sitar from the corner of the room, stood it on one end and appeared to be going to climb it. He was, in fact, tuning the instrument. “I met this fantastic Welsh harp player in New York,” he said, apparently reminded of the incident by the Indian version. “He’s about 60, completely bald and marvellously insane.” Just to prove that “Hari Hari” was not a figment of his imagination he got out an American LP and played a selection of harp improvisations by the Welshman teamed with modern jazz man Vic Feldman. “It’s going to be the big thing this year,” affirmed Brian. “The

South Wales style is coming in—as opposed to the North Wales style, that is.”

Spence affirmed the supposition and helped himself to another lager. Brian obligingly offered to show us some Australian money. “It’s got kangaroos and boomerangs all over it.” But we were to be denied this. The glazier arrived to replace the window and the man from the restaurant also appeared with three beef curries and three veal escalopes. The rest of the afternoon was spent exchanging comments with the glazier regarding the relative merits of Earls Court and the track on a Bob Dylan LP where he breaks into hysterical laughter and has to begin again. Two lagers and a veal escalope later, I took my leave, bidding Mr Jones a good day at the door of the house.

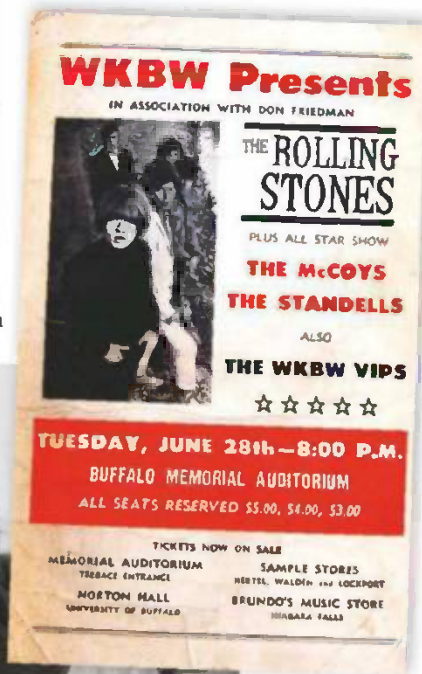
“Yes,” agreed Brian, blinking bemusedly at the slate-grey sky. “Tell me,” he asked curiously, “what day is it?” *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER OCTOBER 8 —

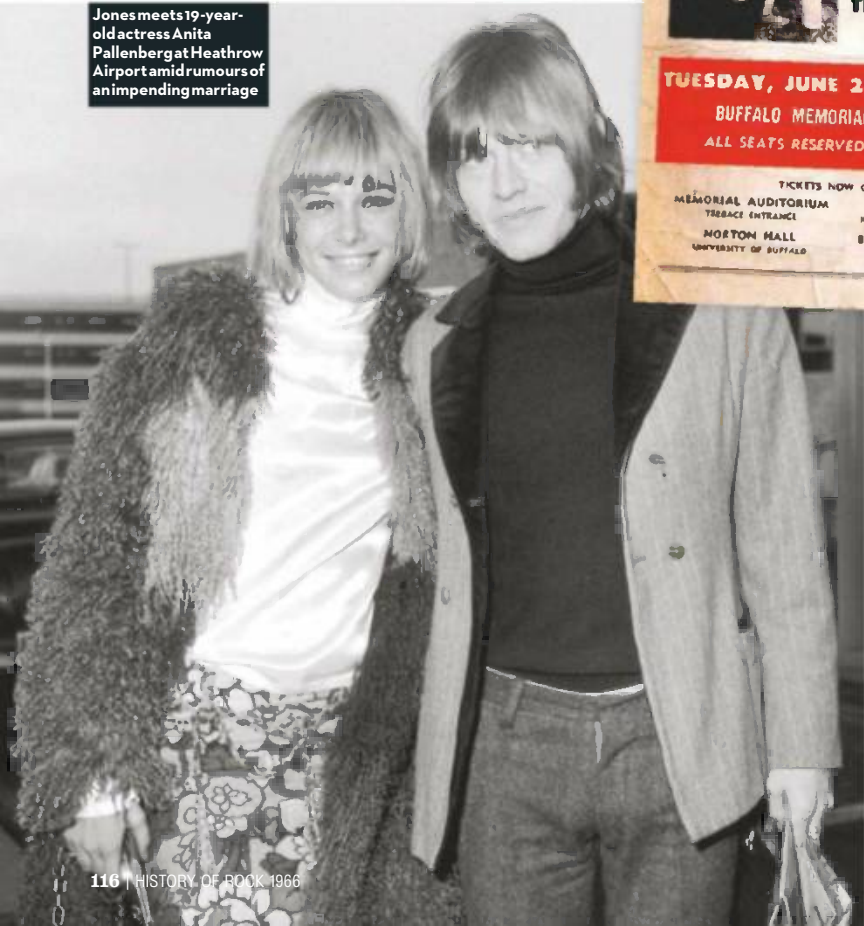
“WE SEEM TO have been talking about making a film for years—amongst

ourselves it has been a topic of much discussion for a long time. And of course we have known that negotiations have been in an advanced stage. But now that it has been finalised we are more excited than ever! Obviously it is a big step forward in the group’s career—perhaps the biggest yet—and of course the attendant publicity is great. But now we have to prove ourselves—and this is the challenge! And don’t accuse me of being big-headed when I say that we have every confidence in our ability and I don’t think it will prove difficult to direct us.

“I don’t think that an attempt will be made to project The Rolling Stones as the fans know us. I feel that this could be fatal. But we all have our individual abilities, and if they work on those abilities I am sure that the Stones’ image will come through. For let’s face it, the group is a welding of four five individual characters. We are really looking forward to the film. We have watched the development of the script through its



Jones meets 19-year-old actress Anita Pallenberg at Heathrow Airport amid rumours of an impending marriage



“Toast? It’s about what you put on it...”

MELODY MAKER April 23 Brian Jones occupies the week’s Pop Think-In slot. Up for discussion: birth control, Barbra Streisand and bread

Cheltenham A place of many memories. But it’s a drag.

Andrew Oldham Fantastic creative guy - I admire him for that. I don’t like the new LP cover he did, but I don’t think it was really his fault.

Guitar My bread and butter.

Mini-Mokes Ostentatious. I bought one once for a giggle, but I felt daft driving it around, so I got rid of it to someone else. I believe George Harrison bought it off this other guy. But he’s got rid of it too.

Paul Jones We used to have ideas for forming a band a long time ago when I was in Cheltenham and he was at Oxford. We actually made some blues tapes and sent them to Alexis Korner. But I don’t think he ever got them.

Marriage I’m not ready for it yet. It’s such a permanent thing. It’s an anachronism really - or it will soon become one.

Aeroplanes I like them. I want to learn to fly myself. I’ve had a couple of flying lessons and so has Mick. We joke about it at times, because we do such a lot of it.

Money I hate reading about John and Paul’s £150,000 and all their money. It makes me jealous. Useful.

Alcohol I got quite a reputation a couple of years ago for being the youngest alcoholic in London. But now I drink very little.

Milk I love it. It’s my favourite drink.

Albert Ayler Albert who? Never heard of him.

Otis Redding Great - I love him. He’s one of my favourites along with Wilson Pickett.

Charlie Watts A very good friend. I admire Charlie a lot. He’s managed to remain serene and calm through all the chaos of the last couple of years.

Hollywood It’s just like a big, horrible movie set. It really is.

Toast A bit boring, isn’t it? It all depends on what you put on it.

Sleep I love it. My favourite form of relaxation. In fact, it’s my only form of relaxation. I sometimes go for days without sleeping and then spend days in bed catching up. I sleep very irregularly.

Batman And Robin Oh, I love comics, anyway. Great. Superman’s my favourite - and Atom Man.

Sitar I love the instrument - it gives a new range if you use an instrument like that. It has completely different principles from the guitar and opens up new fields for a group in harmonics and everything.

Birth control I’m all for it. I’m all for legalised abortion as well.

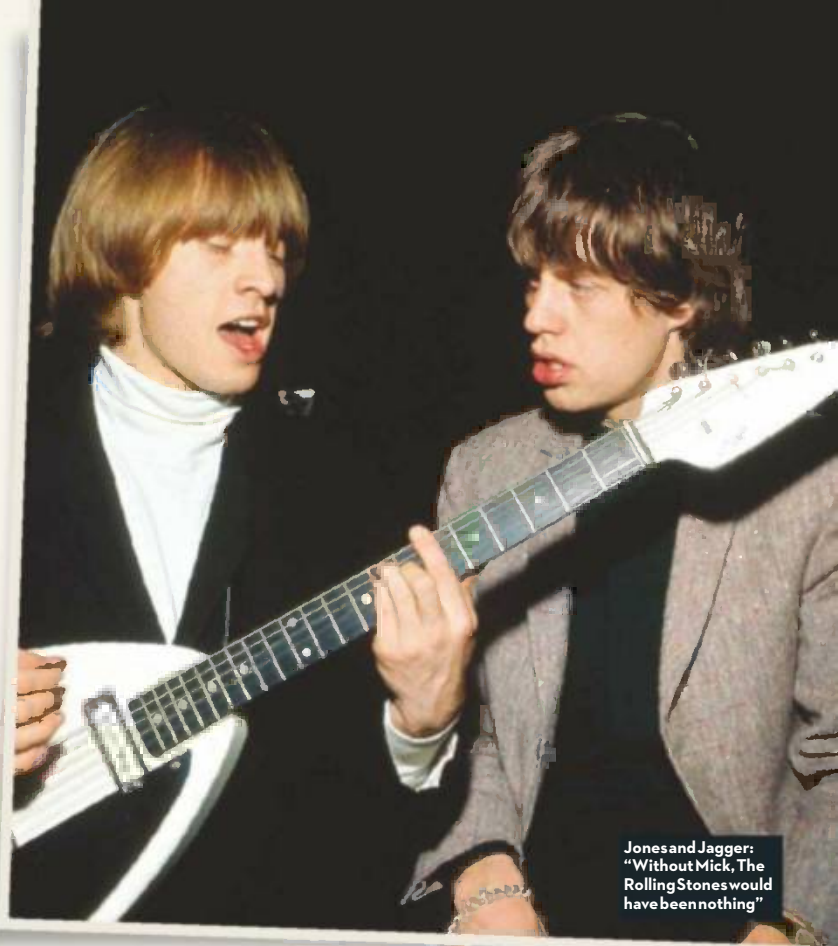
Barbara Streisand It’s the Jewish showbusiness tradition. I don’t like that big showbiz scene. She’s very talented, so I hear. All I know about her is that “Second Hand Rose” thing - and that was crap. She’s supposed to be a very good entertainer. But then, so is Sammy Davis Jr. And I don’t like him.

Alan Price I’ve always liked his singing - even before he left The Animals. I heard some tapes of his a long time ago, when he was still with the group and they were very good. He’s a great guy. I always felt sorry for him when he packed it in with The Animals.

“Marriage is an anachronism really - or it will soon become one”



Barbra Streisand: “supposed to be a very good entertainer”



Jones and Jagger: “Without Mick, The Rolling Stones would have been nothing”

So I’m pleased he’s got this hit. It’s a great record.

Mick Jagger He’s the best pop performer Britain’s ever had. A great inspiration to the Stones. He made the group, really. Without Mick, The Rolling Stones would have been nothing. He’s inspired us as a group.

Violence There’s all sorts of violence - sexual violence, violence on TV, you read about it everywhere. It’s part of human nature. It all depends what you mean by violence, I suppose.

Gerald Scarfe Very sick. I love his stuff in the *Daily Mail*. I’m surprised really that they print his cartoons. He’s taking cartooning right back to the original lampoon. I like him very much.

David Bailey I haven’t seen him since he got married. A nice guy but he’s not my favourite photographer.

Shrimps I like fresh shrimps. I hate potted shrimps. I don’t like shrimp cocktails with all that mayonnaise. I suppose as this question follows David Bailey, I should think about the two sisters?
Fans Can’t do without them. I like the ones who write and buy our records. I hate the ones who come round to where I live and make a nuisance of themselves banging on the doors. I don’t mind fans coming round if they behave themselves. American fans are very pushing. They take the attitude: “We made you, now you belong to us.”

Pop newspapers Some are all right. One of them started a sort of pop “Confidential” some time ago. The pop papers should write about music, not be fan magazines. The *MM*’s all right because it gives plenty of information.

Richmond Where it all started. I went back there not long ago with Keith and a bloke tried to pick a fight with me outside. That wasn’t much of a welcome back.

Burt Bacharach I agree with what Alan Price said in his Think-In. Bacharach is a composing doll - but a very good composing doll.

National newspapers I read them ever day, but the national newspaper reporters I’ve met have been in rather unfortunate circumstances. I hate the lot, the bastards.

LSD Money, I love it.

GETTY (3)



BRIAN
Think-in
PAGE 9



CILLA
on songs
PAGE 11

KEITH



Jones playing an electric dulcimer, as heard on "Lady Jane", at Forest Hills Stadium, New York, July 2, 1966

various stages and although we have not yet seen the completed screen play we feel sure it is going to be good. If it isn't—it will not be for the want of effort or enthusiasm on our part. We want to make the film—we like the idea behind it—and we shall work like mad to get it right!!

"I personally was never a great film-goer, but since we began to talk about making a film ourselves I've been much more interested. Now I find myself concentrating on the various styles of direction. Not that I have any ambitions to be a director myself, just that I want to study how they co-ordinate the whole thing—story, actors, lighting, cameras, etc. It's fascinating. I have even started running films at home. In my new flat I have a huge studio (it is almost a hall), and I am now making a point of seeing several films each week when possible.

"Not that any of us have much time at the moment for anything except our present tour, which, believe me, we are all enjoying—it's great. We are really digging the English scene again, and if anything it seems wilder than our last tour a year ago. The fans seem as young as ever, and we can only come to the conclusion that the older fans are now filling the circle seats—leaving their younger sisters to scream away in the stalls.

"It is almost like breaking new ground again, for I'm sure that many of the kids are seeing us for the first time in the flesh. Yes—it's great to be back home again, and know that we are still wanted. And of course we shall be going back to California to make more records. Our current single and the forthcoming LP were made there and we hope to use the same studios and facilities again, but we still don't know any details of the six-week US tour that is being discussed.

"America is such a big country that theoretically we could probably go there for six months, for there is so much territory to cover, but this wouldn't be the right thing to do in view of our plans for the future. We don't want to make just one film and leave it at that—we want to move ahead all the time and movies are the obvious development. That is where my ambitions lie and I'm sure that we can make it.

"Do I sound very excited? I should—for I am excited. It is a marvellous prospect, and the reception on

"We want to move ahead, and movies are the obvious development"

our present tour is giving us no end of encouragement.

"My damaged hand is mending well. It has worried me a lot, but I am now able to leave the bandages off although I am still a bit limited in my little finger. But it is coming along nicely, and I can hardly wait for November when we start shooting the film." *Brian Jones*

— NME OCTOBER 14 —

IN FLANAGAN'S BAR off Kensington High Street, Keith Richards, Brian Jones and I were being watched—by two bartenders in Edwardian dress and grey top hats, and by a variety of stuffed animals heads—lion, bear and moose—that gazed glassy-eyed down upon us from the surrounding walls. Plaques beneath these trophies fatuously credited their deaths to "Harold Wilson, Barbara Castle and Adolf Hitler". Among this antique setting the Stones sat on high stools, and as representatives of our modern age, expounded upon the "new generation", asserting: "The revolution is at hand!"

"A new generation came to see us on tour with Ike & Tina Turner," proclaimed Brian Jones. "Youngsters, who had never seen us before, from the age of about 12, were turning up at the concerts. It was like it was three years ago when the excitement was all new."

Keith Richards was equally enthusiastic. "The tour has been an enormous success because it's brought the young people back again," he declared. "In the 'All Over Now' era, we were getting adults filling up half the theatre and it was getting all 'draggy' and quiet. We were in danger of becoming respectable! But now the new wave has arrived, rushing the stage just like old times."

Brian Jones took the statement a stage further and expressed the opinion that the new generation would be responsible for a cultural breakthrough in the arts, theatre, films and music. "Censorship is still with us in a number of ugly forms," Brian declared. "But the days when men like comedian Lenny Bruce and artist Jim Dine are persecuted is coming to an end. Young people are measuring opinion with new yard-





sticks and it must mean greater individual freedom of expression. Pop music will have its part to play in all this. When certain American folk artists with important messages to tell are no longer suppressed, maybe we will arrive nearer the truth. The lyrics of 'Satisfaction' were subjected to a form of critical censorship in America. This must go. Lennon's recent piece of free speech was the subject of the same bigoted thinking. But the new generation will do away with all this - I hope."

From this piece of mental abstraction, which left one barman gazing at him in a kind of stupefied wonderment, we passed on to more specific references to their recent British tour.

"Baldry is unbelievable," grinned Keith, referring to comper "Long John". "He comes on stages, camps it all up and says things like, "It would help immensely if you would all shriek and cavort about," and the crowd loved it. He came on at one concert dressed as a Dalek!

Terrific!" Also receiving rave reviews from the two Stones was one of the Ike & Tina Turner band, known as "Little Albert", as well as Ike himself, who impressed them vastly as a guitarist.

Another subject touched on was the new film *Only Lovers Left Alive*, for which the Stones are undergoing some kind of preliminary dramatic coaching, involving acting techniques, in London this week. They believe that the girls featured in the film will be "unknowns" so that girl fans can identify themselves with them. An established star would bring a preconceived image to any role, they felt. The motorbike sequences, which are so much a part of the story, presented some other problems. "The difficulty with motorbikes in Britain is that the rockers here have given them an evil image," said Keith. "They've made them like factory booters - you could say that the rockers have killed the motorbike for Britain."

Open-top cars may be substituted for them. Brian Jones has had transport problems of his own. His Rolls-Royce was garaged with the Metropolitan Police, who towed it away after finding it double-parked. "I forgot all about it," admitted Brian. "I'm thinking of buying a tiny 1934 Austin Seven at present. It's in its original condition and absolutely immaculate. The windows have all gone yellow with age, but it has its original paintwork." *Keith Altham*

— NME OCTOBER 21 —

A ROLLING STONE IN his own environment is a revelation. Brian's new home incorporates his liking for the dramatic with his taste for the antique. Outside it appears to be just another apartment flat, but inside the vast, dimly lit rooms with their oak panelling and wooden ceilings give the place a cathedral-like quality. "As soon as I saw it I knew I could relax here," said Brian.

The lounge is a cavernous room that boasts a minstrel gallery in beautiful heavy oak, and mantelpiece to match, and with antique chairs scattered about. Mr Jones strode to the large windows and indicated the underground station. "And it's very 'andy for the toobs," he said sardonically. He has not been on a "toob" train for three years.

If it were not for several paradoxical additions - a 23-inch TV set in ultra-modern style, a cinema projector and a monster tape recorder, with assorted amplifiers littering the floor - the room might have been

transported straight from Windsor Castle! Over the minstrel gallery a number of beautiful Moroccan tapestries are draped, divided, somewhat ingloriously, by a coloured advert for the Seven Up drink. A huge stage prop sunflower is wound around the banisters and the toilet has been supplied with a copy of *Psychology Of Insanity*.

Altogether a fascinating abode, in which you could have 30 or 40 people in one room and not feel cramped. It's so expansive that some of the other rooms, as yet unfurnished, are in the next building! Brian was fascinated by a TV science programme, depicting a gigantic model of the human brain. The lecturer pointed to various areas and mentioned "the punishment centre" and "the pleasure pedal". Brian was so delighted to find he apparently had both these acquisitions!

Brian played me some of the experiments in sound he has been conducting in the privacy of his new home, but impressed on me that they

were purely personal attempts and that the mixing and dubbing were far from perfect. He seemed enthusiastic, but embarrassed about his efforts. "This is Keith and I on two guitars and percussion, put on later with that Berber drum." He indicated a tom-tom drum in a corner of the room. One tape was astoundingly effective, with a weird, psalm-like chant going on in the background, which gave a sensational effect, like an electrified Black Mass. Some further electronic experiment sounded like The Who after a few drinks!

Brian is a great admirer of The Who's work and says: "I saw them on RSG a few weeks back. They were unbelievably good. Townshend is incredible. Really, The Beatles, The Who and ourselves are the only British groups to evolve something completely original in visual and musical production from our own compositions."

Keith entered the proceedings at this juncture, coming into the room in an immaculately styled blue overcoat. Conversation turned to the film shows that he and Brian had been giving in the apartment recently. "We had *All Quiet On The Western Front*; it was great," said Keith. There's one sequence which lasts for about 15 minutes, when the machine guns are just mowing down French troops one after another. Now we are trying to get *I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang*, which starred Paul Muni. That's another good oldie."

A copy of a pop annual with a picture of the group as they looked about four years ago was produced, and one particular shot of Charlie Watts brought this comment from Brian: "Charlie is probably the most detached and well-adjusted person on this whole pop scene."

A picture of The Hollies brought forth this comment from Keith: "Graham Nash is a person I'd like to meet now. I understand he's completely changed. I'm surprised he hasn't gone completely out of his head after four years of appearing at Nelson Imperial and touring Britain. I would be - with just two visits abroad."

The remark was made without any malice or sarcasm. I add this because it seems necessary to qualify certain marks from the Stones, which can be so misinterpreted. An extremely pleasant evening was wound up by playing Bob Dylan LPs and drinking a few glasses of wine. There was a brief excursion to a car showroom to view the ancient Austin which Brian was considering buying. We stood and admired it

in the drizzling rain for some minutes before Brian concluded: "I probably won't buy it."

On phoning my home from the Jones residence I discovered that my dinner had spoiled and returned to the assembly with the news that "the potatoes had gone to mash". Before seeing me off to the "toob", the philanthropic Mr Jones pressed into my hand a large tin of potato salad from his larder. Hardly a heart of Stone! *Keith Altham* •

Come into Brian Jones' new hideaway!

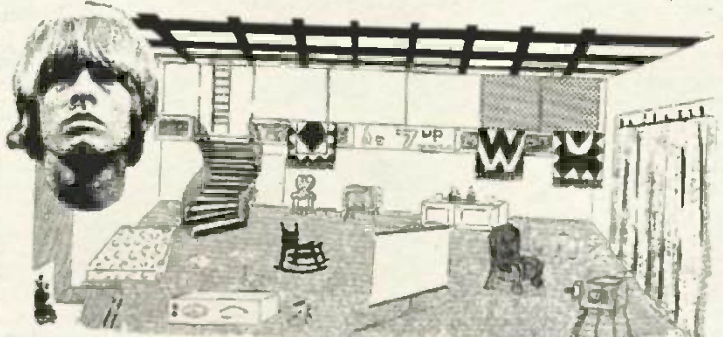
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by Keith Altham



BRIAN JONES has a large, well-beamed room in which to relax in. This is an artist's impression of it, taken from the text of Keith Altham's article. Behind the partition on the balcony (top right) is Brian's bed.

1966

OCTOBER—DECEMBER

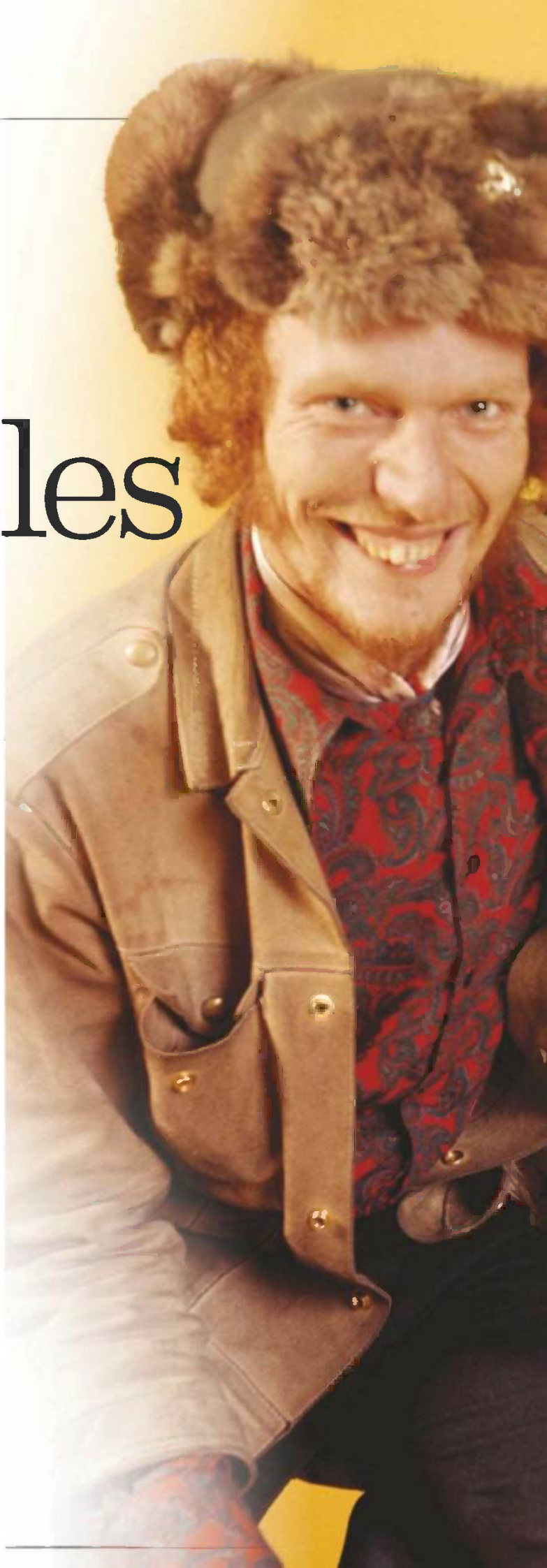
“We’re old bottles in new wine!”

A mixture of dada, jubilant improvisation and heavy blues gives rise to...THE CREAM. MM joins Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker in rehearsal. “Jazz is out,” claims Clapton. “Sweet and sour rock’n’roll is in.”

— MELODY MAKER JULY 30 —

A THUNDER OF BLUES in a church hall complete with Brownies and caretakers was the bizarre setting for the first tentative creations of The Cream—Britain’s most exciting new group, featuring star instrumentalists Jack Bruce, Ginger Baker and Eric Clapton. The group are feverishly rehearsing for their debut this weekend at the sixth National Jazz And Blues Festival at Windsor. Fans all over the country are excitedly looking forward to their first chance to hear the fiery three, who built up tremendous reputations when they were sidemen with other groups. Eric, with The Yardbirds and John Mayall, Ginger with Graham Bond, and Jack with Bond and Manfred Mann. With the eyes of thousands of fans and rival groups upon them, and the burning of boats behind them, how does The Cream feel now? »

GETTY



The Cream In 1966:
(l-r) Ginger Baker, Eric
Clapton and Jack Bruce



“Nervous, very nervous,” said Clapton, sideboards bristling, guitar slung at the hip. For rehearsal the trio were using the minimum of equipment, but still managed to produce enough sound to deafen Brownies and caretakers and rock the church hall to its foundations. “I’m only using snare and bass drums,” said Ginger. “But with a full kit I’ll have seven drums, including two bass drums. We’ve only got about a sixth of the gear here,” added Eric, “so you can imagine what it’s going to sound like with full amplification and Ginger’s tom-toms as well.”

The boys stood around in a sea of cigarette ends and prepared to run through a few numbers. Ginger, sporting a villainous-looking beard, crouched over his drums, stool in its lowest possible position and right-hand top cymbal sloping like a one-in-two hill. Jack, wearing brown lace-up boots and a harmonica harness, gripped his bass guitar for Eric to count them in. Eric, wearing white bell-bottomed trousers, paused to shout a few coarse cries at some girl fans hanging about outside – not Brownies – then counted in the first explosion.

Eric and Jack sang in harmony, Ginger rocked, and Jack blew unison harmonica with Eric’s guitar riff. It was a frightening sound. They only played a few choruses of each number, with breaks to work out bass drum and bass guitar patterns, sort out tempos and guitar and drum breaks. Ginger, wielding a pair of enormous sticks – “Phil Seaman calls ‘em Irish navvy poles” – suggested doing their “comedy number”. This proved to be a jugband tune called “Take Your Finger Off It” with very traditional chords. At the end, Eric looked at Jack and grinned: “You mucked up the end.” “Yes, I did, didn’t I,” said Jack coolly. It was rather like a confrontation between Rommel and Montgomery with the mutual respect of two generals.

Deciding on a tea break, the trio drove off in their hired van, Jack at the wheel, managing to block the main-road traffic in both directions while attempting a U-turn. In a nearby café we talked about the group’s musical policy. Enthusiasm was high. Everyone wanted to talk at once. “It’s Blues Ancient And Modern,” said Eric.

“We call it Sweet And Sour Rock ‘n’ Roll,” said Jack.

“Yes, that’s a good headline,” said Eric. “What we want to do is anything that people haven’t done before. Pete Townshend is enthusiastic and he may write a number for us.

“At the moment we’re trying to get a repertoire up for all the gigs we’ve got to do,” said Ginger. “We’re digging back as far as we can, even 1927.”

“And we’ve got a lot of originals we want to do,” said Jack. “Some are very strange. And there’s numbers like ‘Long Haired Unsquare Dude Called Jack’, which Paul used to sing with Manfred.”

Will there be any jazz feel to the music? “I’d say jazz was definitely out,” said Eric, “and sweet ‘n’ sour rock ‘n’ roll is in. Actually, promoters are predicting that Sinatra will be the highest draw in ‘67, ever since his sensational appearance at Ealing blues club.”

How ready are they for the public? “We’re half ready,” said Jack. “We’ve only been rehearsing for three days, and we could have 50 numbers if we wanted, but we want to choose them carefully.” Said Eric: “Most people have formed the impression of us as three solo musicians clashing with each other. We want to cancel that idea and be a group that plays together.”

What sort of presentation will the group have? “We want a turkey on stage while we’re playing,” said Eric. I made a choking noise through a mouthful of tea that meant: “Would you repeat that?” “Yeah, we just want a turkey on stage while we’re playing. We all like turkeys and it’s nice to have them around. Another dada thing – I was going to have this hat made of a brim with a cage on top and a live frog inside. It would be very nice to have stuffed bears on stage. We’d ignore them – not acknowledge their presence at all.” *Chris Welch*

— MELODY MAKER OCTOBER 15 —

ERIC CLAPTON – GUITARIST extraordinaire – came to the door in his ballooning white bell-bottom trousers and a striking purple-looking shirt, with one of his vast collection of military jackets hanging on his shoulders.

“Hello man,” came the genial greeting and we clambered upstairs, to discuss the life of Clapton – a life that has changed completely. Gone are

his burning desires to leave England and make a fresh start in the green and pleasant land of bluesmen – America. Clapton is once again a group man – more so than he probably ever was with The Yardbirds, or John Mayall’s Bluesbreakers.

His brain has been reactivated by the coming of The Cream, and alongside Ginger Baker and the shy, retiring Jack Bruce, Eric is once again at full working power and as enthusiastic as ever.

“I was a loner when I said that America was the only place I would get anywhere,” reflected Eric. “I was out on my own at that time. Now I’m in a band I really dig, and I don’t want to go to America other than just see the place and find out what’s happening. I am only concerned with The Cream at the moment,” he added.

Has this change of “scenery” affected Clapton’s style at all? “Certainly. My whole musical outlook has changed. I listen to the same sounds and records but with a different ear. I’m trying to listen from a listener’s point of view, whereas before I’d always put myself in the guitarist’s place. I think its overall effect that you must listen to. I’m no longer trying to play anything but like a white man. The time is overdue when people should play like they are and what colour they are. I don’t believe I’ve ever played so well in my life. More is expected of me in The Cream – I have to play rhythm guitar as well as lead. People have been saying I’m like Pete Townshend, but he doesn’t play much lead. I know that a lot of biased listeners say that all we are playing is pop numbers. In actual fact, closer listening reveals that none of us are playing anything that vaguely resembles pop – although it might sound deceptively like that.”

Eric certainly didn’t want to talk too much about himself, or his playing. Uppermost in his mind was The Cream!

“I don’t think our record ‘Wrapping Paper’ is too weird, you know,” smiled Eric. “I mean, nobody ever said Ken Dodd or The Bachelors were weird! I might shock a few people by saying I dig Ken Dodd or The Bachelors, but I do. Not for what they seem to stand for, but for their value in context with the rest of the scene. ‘Wrapping Paper’ is an excuse, whatever people say, for a 12-bar blues. That’s all it is. It’s a good tune, and very commercial, with the sort of feel that represents us! We do exploit this kind of feeling – but retain the beaty feel as well. Although we might play a number very loud, and it might appear violent, in fact the tune and lyrics are very sweet.”

How does Eric think audiences are ultimately going to accept The Cream? “I don’t believe we’ll ever get over to them. People will always listen with biased ears; look through unbelieving eyes, and with preconceived ideas, remembering what we used to be, and so on. The only way to combat this is to present them with as many facets of your music as is possible. Some people might have come to see Ginger, or hear Jack’s singing, or look at the clothes you wear, anything. Therefore we’ve got to please them all. Do everybody in!”

This must have meant quite a transition for Clapton. “Sure, I’ve changed. Jack Bruce has had a tremendous influence on my playing – and my personality. It’s a lot easier to play in a blues band than in

a group where you’ve got to play purely on your own individual ideas. You have got to put over a completely new kind of music – this needs a different image. Jack, Ginger and I have absorbed a lot of music, and now we’re trying to produce our own music – which naturally incorporates many things you’ve heard, and many ideas you’ve had. It’s hard. It’s also original. It’s also satisfying, and a lot more worthwhile.”

Which is the sort of statement that sums up Clapton. Through The Cream he is farming out new ideas, getting the acceptance he deserves, and of course, adding another bright coal onto the burning pop scene. The kind of coal that is going to make the scene a lot better, and still

brighter. *Chris Welch*

— NME OCTOBER 28 —

“THE FIRST IS last and last is first but the first, the second and the last are The Cream,” so reads the perplexing handout on a new group which comprises three musicians – Eric Clapton, guitar (ex-Yardbird, ex-John Mayall

“I’m no longer trying to play anything but like a white man”



Bluesbreaker), Jack Bruce (ex-John Mayall, ex-Manfred Mann) and Ginger Baker (ex-Graham Bond Organisation). They enter the *NME* Chart this week with their first disc "Wrapping Paper" having only been formed three months.

All are reputable musicians on the group scene and Clapton's walkout on The Yardbirds is still regarded as something of an example of a man sacrificing fame for musical principles. How does he regard his new-found fame as a pop person? "There's no compromise," he assured me. "We're playing exactly what we want – it just happened that what we wanted happened to be very commercial in this case. Of course, if I get any more popular I should have plastic surgery and get myself a Dr Kildare face, but by that time they'll probably have Scott Engel rabbit masks for everyone anyway."

The musical policy of the group is described as being a fusion of all three of their musical styles blended to create something original and often improvised. "I'm a blues guitarist," obliged Clapton "and Jack is a jazz man and Ginger is rooted in rock 'n' roll. I say that of him because he is at the bar and cannot hear it!" Jack Bruce, who wrote the music for their hit "Wrapping Paper" with a friend, Pete Brown, who is a recognised beat poet, hotly disputed this label of a jazz musician.

"I got my influences from playing with Alexis Korner and Cyril Davis in the early days," he said. "I don't like labels. The object of this group is to exploit ourselves musically," declared Bruce. "There are a lot of developments to come out of all of us and we think it's going to be successful." Ginger Baker was unanimously appointed "group leader" in his absence due to the fact he was buying – and returned to give his views on Cream. "We do a few Howling Wolf numbers on stage and some of our own material. We're old bottles in new wine!"

In the few sane moments I discovered that the group have already completed the first LP, which is a compilation of their stage numbers like "Rolling And Tumbling" and "Dreaming". An EP has also been cut, which includes "Spoonful", another Howling Wolf number.

The group has predominantly male following – although Messrs Baker, Clapton and Bruce are working on that one – and this is largely due to their reputation as musicians. This, of course, has nothing to do with any visual appeal they may have. After one particularly riotous performance, they were rumoured to have a similar stage approach to The Who.

"That's not true," said Clapton. "What happened was that at one performance we did at Leeds University I placed a huge firework on the stage and informed the audience that it was a bomb which would blow up the drummer and band if lit. And if anyone wanted to light it they could – and someone did. But it just happened that way – it was no act. Sometimes I feel a little sorry for The Who – whom we admire, incidentally – they are now expected to do this 'destructive' bit in every performance."

He also declared he had a unique plan for when their scene cooled. "I'm going to bring in The Harry South Band to augment the group and have Carmen Dragon directing it."

Baker also saw into the future for Cream: "I said all along that if England won the World Cup we'd be all right, and they did and we will be."

On that strangely prophetic note they climbed into a white saloon car and sped off. I must remember to ask Ginger Baker where he got that Davy Crockett hat with the brass skull badge except that I'm frightened to death he'll tell me he was at the Alamo! *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER NOVEMBER 5 —

WELL, THEY FINALLY made it. The much publicised, talked-about, raved-about and listened to group – The Cream – are in the chart. They've overcome all obstacles – including a big hold-up in the manufacture of the actual disc, "Wrapping Paper". Despite its late arrival in the shops though, the Cream had whipped up enough enthusiasm among their followers to ensure a good sale. All that had to be done now was to overcome a lot of prejudice!

Well, look at the facts. Eric Clapton – he used to be a Yardbird, and then a Bluesbreaker – a blues purist through and through. Then there's



"What we wanted just happened to be very commercial": The Cream perform *Ready, Steady, Go!*, November 4, 1966

drummer Ginger Baker – early days with The Alexis Korner Band, lots of jazzers, and Graham Bond's Organisation. Another A1 bluesman. Finally bass man, Jack Bruce – again a developing blues embryo with Korner, John Mayall, Graham Bond and many more.

Cream them well and you have one of the best blues bands in Britain, that's for sure. One snap – Clapton, Baker and Bruce weren't happy just to be the best blues band in the land. They wanted extensive popularity and attentive audiences that went beyond satisfying a minority group of blues fans. They had absorbed music that soared beyond the standard blues realms and it was this they needed to play.

"I must admit that we wanted to shock people," said Bruce thoughtfully, "there was a feeling of that." Jack was referring to "Wrapping Paper". "We knew what everybody expected us to release. Then we started doing weirder, newer things and the shouting starts – 'The Cream have sold out', 'They've gone commercial', 'They're not playing blues' – and all the rest. If only people weren't so prejudiced. Why can't they accept something for what it is? Not for what it was, or used to be like, or what they want it to be like! Naturally we're pleased at the success of the record! Let's face it – it's damn easy for Eric Clapton to play blues. I can't tell you what I think of Clapton – he's probably the greatest blues guitarist in the world. It flows out of him.

"So it's easy for him to play blues – but far more difficult to go out and find his own music. Find yourself! Your own personality. The Cream's own music! This is what we're out to do... And I think we're succeeding," smiled Bruce mischievously. "The trouble with most groups is they grab at things like horns, saxes, strings, relying on the outside for musical content. We want to work inwards, towards ourselves, playing music that has come out of us – like Indian music, which works inwards all the time."

There was no stopping this Bruce in mid-stream! "You know what I mean. If you have a large group with five or six people, the best you can do is get one thing going – one neat interpretation of a number – whereas with us nothing is the same. The best you can do is to perfect what somebody else has written. Therefore improvisation is very necessary, vital and popular.

"Do a hundred takes of a number in the studio and the best one will be exactly the same as the worst – only it'll be the ultimate version of the same number."

As is obvious from what Jack has said, his role in The Cream is fulfilling all his musical ambitions. Playing bass, harp and singing calls for "independence". Three different instruments, different lines, coming from one person – a quality Jack has always admired in Indian drummers: "They have independence of each finger."

He's writing imaginative and complex numbers: "I like to build up word pictures – because then it's up to an individual's imagination as to how he interprets a song. Also I use sentimentality – I think it's a good thing and I believe in it. Personally I think I can go no further than The Cream – and I've worked with a lot of musicians." *Nick Jones* •

“They think I fell out of the sky!”

By the end of 1966, **DONOVAN** is a changed man. A summer encounter with the star finds him effusive about kindred spirits in America, but his massive pop success there has birthed bigger plans...

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 4 —

REMBER DONOVAN? HE was the curly-haired lad who used to have records released and they went straight into the Pop 50. He went to America three months ago—since when news of him has been scarce.

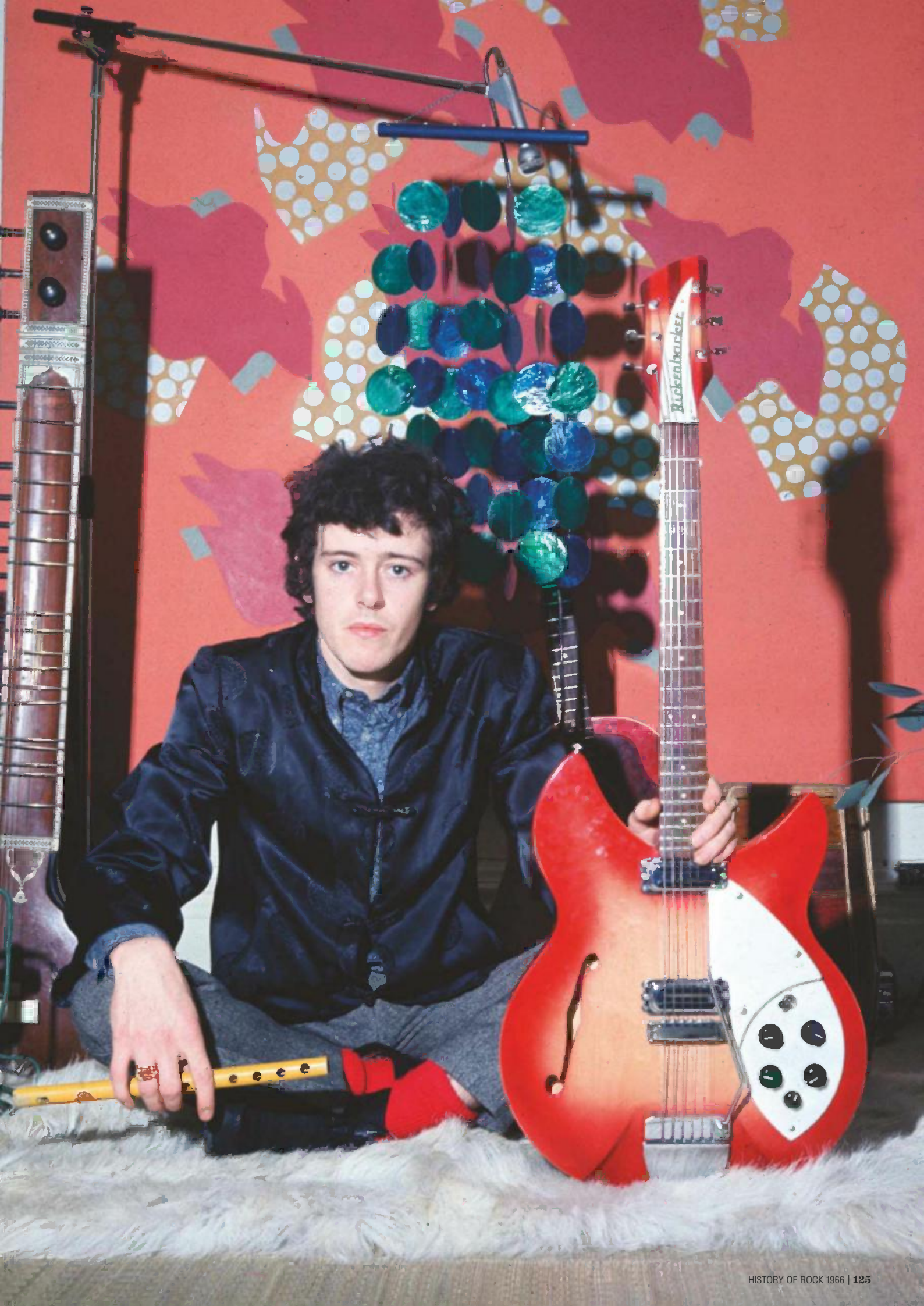
Now he's back, tanned, brimming with added confidence, full of new plans—and wearing spectacles that have apparently been made out of red bicycle reflectors. This week he dropped in for a cup of *MM* tea, along with his manager Ashley Kozak. Was it, we wondered, possible that he had been off the British scene too long? “I’m not worried by it,” said Don. “I look on it as a stop in all the dramas of contractual battles. It’s the end of one scene and the beginning of another. I’m coming back a bit cleaner and freer to write what I want to write.”

The high-spots of his American trip included a sell-out concert at Carnegie Hall with just Donovan accompanied by Shawn Phillips on sitar; 7,880 to hear him at Cornell University and 10 days at the Trip in Los Angeles. “All the young hippies were there,” recalled Don. “I played sitar and was backed by a bongo player. We got a beautiful sound. That was before I picked up a group. I made a great scene with the artists and there were a lot of people at the first night at the Trip—Anthony Newley, Sonny & Cher, The Mamas & The Papas, Peter, Paul & Mary, Barry McGuire, PF Sloan, Bob Dylan came down.

“The Mamas & Papas are doing songs of mine. I’m writing differently now and putting a few sounds down—it sort of stems from that “Sunny Goodge Street” I did. The writing is getting more classical and mature. Like Dylan used a lot of characterisation in his songs. I borrowed John Lennon’s hat and started writing pop songs. The music came out such that I used the group. I started on sitar about six months ago, but I may finish with it now. At that time I had the only one around; now I seem to have turned on half of America. The Byrds have got one. But half the »

GETTY

“I got into the sitar—others just use it as part of a group”: Donovan in 1966



groups use it without even going into Indian music. I got into the sitar—they just use it as part of a group.”

Don recorded enough for one-and-a-half LPs in the States. “I used Shawn Phillips on sitar,” he told me. “On drums was Fast Eddie, from Chicago, who is now with the Mamas & Papas. There was Candy John on tabla drum; Cyrus Faryare on bajuki, a Greek instrument. He was with the Modern Folk Quintet. Peter Pilafian (electric violin) has recorded with Ravi Shankar. Lenny Matlin played organ, celeste and harpsichord. Don Brown was on electric guitar and we also used Peter Goetsch, percussion. I played electric and acoustic guitars.

“We have new record deals here and in America, but I can’t give details yet. Apart from normal LPs and singles I’m also going to do children’s fairy tales, writing the music and words. Then I’ll maybe buy a little theatre to try to blow a few minds around with the sort of stuff I’d put on. The book I was writing turned into a screenplay and we’ve had offers for it. I’d like somebody like Hal Roach to direct it—as opposed to Walt Disney. Of course I haven’t yet shown anybody here what I’ve been doing in the States and I might want to do that. But the important thing is to get the material out—I should have a record out in the next few weeks.”

Who most impressed Donovan in the States?

“Everything is getting much tighter there—all the artists are getting together. It’s beautiful! The Mamas & Papas impressed me especially. They’ve started off with a complete scene. The Lovin’ Spoonful are very good. Then there is a group in Greenwich Village which could be very big—The Chambers Brothers. A very good, gospel-soul thing. The Fugs are fantastic too, but their act is kinda odd. They come from the Village, which has always produced freaks. I hear Bob Dylan has been given a hard time here. His ‘Rainy Day Women...’ will become a college song in the States. It’s like the national anthem out there. Music is changing fast. It’s taken a long time, but beautiful things always take a long time and there are a lot of beautiful things happening right now.

“Another thing about the States. They didn’t send me Gonks and things like that. They sent me bits of crystal, pieces of velvet and fresh flowers!”

Donovan’s act was billed in the US as The Now Music. Is “now” a bit too late for a new record? “I think I’ve still got a place in people’s heads,” he says. *Bob Dawbarn*

— NME DECEMBER 17 —

A TOUSLED MOP OF hair appeared at my office door, with the unmistakable Donovan features grinning hugely beneath. “I’ve come to do some frank talking,” he chuckled—a reference to the announcement in our last issue that this week’s edition would feature “Frank Talk” by Donovan! He settled into my deep visitors’ armchair (which always seems to provide them with much more comfort than my own upright leather one), and surveyed the skyline view from my window for approximately six minutes.

“Mind you, I’ve got nothing controversial or frank to say,” he announced, awakening from his reverie. “I’m not a rebel any more. All that ban-the-bomb stuff is behind me. These days, I don’t want to protest or put anybody down. I just want to please.”

Don declared that he was very happy to be back on the scene, and was delighted with the success of his current release—even though it had been recorded a year ago and had taken all this time to be issued in Britain. “I’ve had just as much behind-the-scenes trouble as The Who,” he mused. “Probably more! It was very frustrating at the time, but I had a funny feeling that it would all work out OK. There wasn’t any point in worrying about it—after all, I expect I shall have many more troubles in this life of mine. So during this quiet spell, I just kept writing and writing—and now I’m well ahead, I like to think that I’ve progressed considerably since

I wrote ‘Sunshine Superman’—and now I’ve come back a little more mature. I now understand the procedure of controlling one’s material so as to be entertaining—and you’ve got to control your releases in order to be effective. My head used to be buzzing with ideas—it was all very confusing. But now I can envisage a slow and steady progression, a sort of logical development of ideas. You see, my audience are growing up with me, and it’s very exciting to be involved in the process of carrying the fans along with me.”

Don explained that his development used to be handicapped by his ideas having to pass through three people, making it extremely difficult for his original conceptions to be accurately transferred to disc.

“But now it’s down to just one man—Mickie Most,” he added. “And we’re so attuned to each other that we know exactly where we’re going. I think you will realise the results of my progress when you hear the *Sunshine Superman* LP. It’s being released early in the New Year and consists of five or six different types of music fused together. There’s Nina Simone jazz, folk songs, children’s fairy tales with classical accompaniment and R&B.”

I asked Don about his next single release in this country, “Mellow Yellow”, which is already a smash hit in the States. “Well, I think I would describe it as vaudeville, but with a new sound added,” he replied. I then broached the subject of Don’s one-man concert at London’s Royal Albert Hall on January 15, and found this to be something about which he was extremely enthusiastic. In fact he went on and on about it!

“This is the first idea completely conceived by myself,” he explained. And I shall be including all the changes which you’ll hear on the LP. Part of the concert will be solo, and then I shall be bringing in a small jazz combo, violins and classical cellos. A friend of mine—John Cameron, who plays organ, harpsichord and piano—has been writing some very good arrangements for me. I give him the ideas and he scores them—because I can’t write the dots,

you see. Anyway, he will be musical director for the concert. I’m hoping to introduce something completely new, by way of drawings to illustrate how I see the meanings of the songs. And there’ll also be a girl dancer to give expression to the fairy tales. I might even use colour slides on back-screen projection. I suppose some critics will describe it as psychedelic. But it isn’t—I mean, I’m not using any electrical phenomena, and it isn’t meant to shock. It’s just pop music with a pleasing atmosphere and a bit of taste, and a bit of respect for the kids. Because if you respect them, they respond more to your work.”

“I expect I shall incorporate all these ideas into my American tour early next year. They always look for

something different from me over there. It’s something to do with the image I’ve got in the States. They don’t know where I’ve come from—they think I fell out of the sky!”

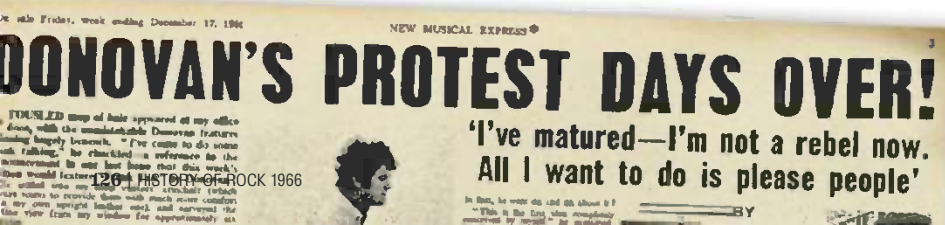
With so many advanced ideas now emanating from this one-time folk singer, I wondered how he regarded the pop scene as a whole. Did he feel, like so many critics, that pop has reached the point of stagnation?

“No, I wouldn’t say it was stagnating,” he assured me. “British pop has influenced the whole world, and in the process it has matured. And this applies specially to the writers. Some of them have reached really great heights. Of course, others have been forgotten—but they’re the ones who weren’t any good anyway!”

“You know, I always think of pop songs as being like books. The trend in pop today is the equivalent of the trend in literature in my dad’s time. Songs today take the place of the renegade novelists of two generations ago—simply because no-one has time to read books any more. Today we have Lennon and McCartney writing a novel called ‘Eleanor Rigby’ that takes only two-and-a-half minutes to digest. And we enjoy romantic stories and adventure yarns from the pens of Ray Davies, John Sebastian and Bob Dylan. That’s what it’s all about! Of course, some of today’s

gimmick pop is farcical and low-class. But we also have a very good cream of ideas, writers and thinkers. If the psychedelic trend doesn’t kill it, these writers are going to live with the present generation until they’re 30 or 40—and write accordingly. And if they’re clever, they’ll

“It’s down to Mickie Most... we know exactly where we’re going”



then start writing for their kids. I am part of this scene – and to me, it’s a thrilling and challenging prospect.”

Changing the subject rather abruptly, I referred to reports I had read to the effect that Donovan was planning to settle down on a Greek island. He told me that these had been wildly exaggerated.

“It’s just that I wanted to get away for a while – to find a place where the 20th century had never existed,” he said. “But what I was looking for wasn’t there. The shadow of tourism had already crept in. You see, I have no love for cities. They’re interesting – but to me they’re just a lot of people huddled together in fear of being alone. Now, me – I enjoy being alone. I like the sea and the country – and, as you’ll have noticed, it’s always the natural things like this that I express in my songs.

“It’s the path of all writers to follow the sun. But they always come back!”

At which point, Donovan slipped on the mangy fur coat he had borrowed from Gypsy Dave, took one last lingering look at the skyline that evidently intrigued him so much – and emerged into the dank December chill, in the somewhat forlorn hope of following the sun through London’s grey streets. *Derek Johnson*

— MELODY MAKER DECEMBER 24 —

POET OR POSEUR? A mod saint or a cynic who has stumbled on the way to sell a million records? And the most likely person to know the answer is Ashley Kozak, his manager for the past year and one of the small circle of Donovan’s intimates. To try and discover the real Donovan, the *MM* quizzed Ashley and found him to be more of a disciple than a boss. “In the course of the past year I have found that he is not only intelligent and extremely creative but a genius, and it doesn’t stop with songs,” says Kozak. “He is a perfectionist in everything he does. He is extremely sensitive, very kind-hearted and I’ve never ever heard him knock anybody. But the big thing to me is that he has a mind that can actually look into the future. He says things I think are a joke at the time, but they turn out to be true.

“The greatest influence on Don has been Gypsy Dave. Dave is very basic, and whereas Don can be dogmatic, Gypsy sees everything in a broader way. Their association is really a beautiful one and very unusual. I’ve never found two men so strongly connected – and there is certainly nothing homosexual in it, as some people in this business are bound to think.”

Donovan has come in for a fair amount of criticism. How does he react to it? “I’m very sensitive to it, but he can shut it off so that it doesn’t hinder what he wants to do. He knows he can’t please everybody and he thinks criticism can be helpful as long as it is sensible and comes from somebody who really knows. He isn’t a person who believes everything he does is right and he knows he is still immature. He is extremely well read. He reads things like fairy stories, Chinese philosophy, things about



Superman or spacemen – even Hemingway. He still reads a lot of poetry, although not so much as he used to.”

What does Donovan do with his money? “He likes clothes. He buys paintings. And he is buying things for his new flat – he is very house-proud. He will shortly be moving into a cottage he has found. He was never concerned about money, but I’ve made him concerned about it. He wants to buy property round the world so that he can go to live in many different places when he feels like it.

“Friends? He sees quite a lot of George Harrison, but there aren’t many people really close to him. He’s a very quiet person and is content if he has somewhere quiet to read, paint or listen to sounds. He’d rather stay at home than go out. And he loves children. He really wants to make films for children.”

What are Donovan’s politics? “He’s very outspoken, but he has absolutely no interest in politics. He was in CND at one time but he now feels it is better if he doesn’t make that sort of protest. If he can establish himself, as we think he will in 1967, he will be in a better position to help to change things than by just being a protester. We feel we can appeal to children, and that’s more likely to do good than protesting to the whole world.”

What makes Donovan angry? “I’ve never seen him lose his temper. He can be obstinate but I’ve never seen him really angry. After all the troubles we have had over the past year I have often got very angry, but none of it

seemed to bother him. Mind you, Don can be very influenced by people – but he is changing. And he realises that when one is successful people say things they don’t really mean and that there is a lot of jealousy in this business.”

How does Donovan set about composing? Does he discipline himself to write every day? “He doesn’t discipline himself to write at all. But he plays guitar continuously; he even takes it with him to the toilet. Or he will be walking somewhere and see a situation which appeals to him and will write about it. Now he is turning to new things. The next year will be his big turning point. And I think he can take over from where The Beatles have left off.” •

“I think Don can take over from where The Beatles have left off”

1966

OCTOBER—DECEMBER

"He's writing and creating all the time now". Brian Wilson in the studio recording *Pet Sounds*





“We have
a more
conscious, arty
production
now”

BRIAN WILSON, focused on “thinking records”, remains in LA. But at the end of the year, The Beach Boys come to the UK to bring good vibrations to an English winter. Uppermost in their minds is their new album *Smile*. “If you spend time in the studio,” says Carl Wilson, “the result has to be special...”

— MELODY MAKER MARCH 19 —

IF YOU THINK “Barbara Ann” is indicative of the real Beach Boys scene today, you can forget it. It’s not. “It wasn’t even a produced record,” Brian Wilson, Beach Boys leader told me on the phone from his elaborate Beverly Hills home. “We were just goofing around for a party-type album and that was just an old rock’n’roll hit. Somebody in Boston started playing the track on the album and this just started it all off, so they had to put out a single. I don’t know how to explain it. That kind of rock’n’roll is just timeless, I guess. But that’s not The Beach Boys. It’s not where we’re at at all. Personally, I think the group has evolved another 800 per cent in the last year. We have a more conscious, arty production now that’s more polished. It’s all been like an explosion for us. »

GETTY

1966

OCTOBER—DECEMBER



Here today: The Beach Boys pose for the press outside EMI House, Manchester Square, London on November 7, 1966, the day after a concert at the Finsbury Astoria

“For myself, I don’t go out on the tours at all now. I just work on production. I’ve spent five months working on this new album and I think this album and the batch of new singles I’ve been working on, well, it’s like I’m right in the golden era of what it’s all about. It’s all just coming out like breathing now. I give a lot of credit, a lot of it, for everybody’s success, to The Beatles. They’ve had a tremendous, universal influence. That *Rubber Soul* album was a great new contribution. It helped them reach a new plateau. The Byrds, well, they represent a certain projected attitude. They’ve got a place too, no doubt about that. I still give Phil Spector credit for being the single most influential producer. He’s

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timeless. He makes a milestone whenever he goes into a studio.

“The folk thing has been important. I think it has opened up a whole new intellectual bag for the kids. They’re making ‘thinking’ records now. That’s what it is. Everybody is saying something. We got into a romantic rut. It was all boy-girl, crying records with everybody kind of screwed up. Suddenly Dylan comes along with a cold, intellectual, philosophical thing. He’s a protester and his message pertains to society in general.

“I predict all this protesting will become highly personal and pertaining to a person’s own hang-ups and his ego. The lyrics will be more introspective. There’ll always be love records, of course. There’s no stronger single theme. But you’ll find plenty of thinking records too. Sure, all this has helped The Beach Boys evolve. We listen to what’s happening and it affects what we do too. The trends have influenced my work, but so has my own scene. I’ve got this terrific house in the hills with a tremendous view. It’s stimulating and it’s helped me mature. I may even get married.

“I remember when I used to think marriage was a hang-up to the image. That’s no more. The Beatles have brought so many things to the industry, like Lennon’s being married right along. His being married was so perfect, so beautiful, because it enabled so many artists to be married and still be considered an artist. Marriage has no bearing on a girl fan’s adoration for an artist anymore. Two of our guys, Mike Love and Al Jardine, are already married. They live down on the ocean at Manhattan Beach (California). They both have houses there. My brothers, Carl and Dennis, also have their own houses here in the hills above Hollywood.

“I’ve been working on this especially, since I’m here at home while Bruce Johnson takes my place with the boys. A lot of new things are already recorded, including our next single, ‘Sloop John B’, so we’re turning our attention to the movies. I think we’ve done great on the personal appearance trail and the boys have done terrifically overseas, especially just recently in Japan and Hong Kong, and we think now the obvious next step is pictures.”

Ren Grevatt



As above: (l-r) Bruce Johnson, Al Jardine, Dennis Wilson, Carl Wilson, Mike Love

— MM NOVEMBER 12 —

ARE THE FIVE touring Beach Boys merely puppets of sound genius Brian Wilson? The question is prompted by the vast blast of publicity which has proclaimed Wilson as the complete architect of The Beach Boys' recorded sound. Are they just the instruments which BW uses to paint his pop pictures in sound – like the marvellous moods of "Good Vibrations" and the precedent-setting *Pet Sounds* album? The five touring Beach Boys (minus BW, who stayed at home in California to dream up more surrealistic sounds) arrived in Britain from Stockholm on Sunday afternoon.

"No, we are not just Brian's puppets," said BW's brother Carl, who plays lead guitar and is the occasional lead singer for the group. "Brian plays the major creative role in the productions of our music, but everyone in the group contributes something to the finished product. It's not like an orchestra translating the wishes of the conductor. We all have a part to play in the production of the records. Brian works out the basic arrangement before we ever go into the studio. We run through it a few times and there are often suggestions made about changes or improvements. Everybody contributes ideas, although I agree that Brian contributes the major part."

Carl didn't think that Brian would ever rejoin the group as an active touring singer. "I can't see that ever happening now," he said. "He's writing and creating all the time now. You only have to look at him sometimes to see that he's got something going inside him."

Did Carl think that the time spent by The Beach Boys – and The Beatles – on retakes, new arrangements, sheer hard work, was setting a trend in the pop record world? "It's not a trend. If you spend that amount of time in a studio, the end product has to be something special. We work hard to produce an end product of a high standard. It takes us a long time. If other people can do it in a short time, that's fine. But a lot of people aren't prepared to go into a studio and work. And it shows. You can tell from their albums which artists are really working on their records."

Carl felt strongly that criticisms of the group for not producing a "studio sound" on stage were unjustified. "It's idiotic to get hung up not being able to reproduce the sound. We know we can't and I think it's wrong for people to expect us to."

How do the group's voices stand up to a long tour such as the one they are on at the moment? "Pretty well. Although you have to watch it a bit. Travelling is the worst thing. For example, we come off stage pretty hot and if we have to travel straight off somewhere, there's danger of catching colds, particularly if the weather's very cold. But the voices get plenty of exercise on stage and we rest them at other times. So it works out all right."

The Beach Boys have progressed tremendously over the past few years. What of their future – how did Carl see them progressing over the next two or three years? "We have to broaden ourselves musically. How? Well, we have a few ideas about increasing our musical scope. But they are still tentative and we can't say too much about them at the moment." Looks as though The Beach Boys' vibrations are going to be very good for quite



"No, we're not just Brian's puppets... We all have a part to play"

— NME NOVEMBER 11 —

MY FIRST MISTAKE was trying to escape from London Airport on Sunday morning, through approximately a thousand fans, with drummer Dennis Wilson, whom I later discovered has been voted the Beach Boy most likely to get torn apart. We broke out of a side entrance from the customs hall with PR Roger Easterby leading the charge, the man with the scream-appeal, Dennis Wilson, a length behind and myself bringing up the rear.

A scream like several hundred Apache squaws in search of a scalp broke the air and a woman bearing a passing resemblance to Johnny Weismuller engaged Dennis and attempted a stop-over hold on his left leg, while a smaller mortal clung barnacle-like to his right leg. This hampered his movements somewhat but it was not for nothing he was champion youth wrestler of California and with a supreme effort we made

the inside of the Austin Princess limousine.

Our successful arrival in the car was somewhat marred by the fact that Dennis discovered he still had the young lady in charge of his right leg. We attempted to eject her through the car door – through which another 500 fans tried to squeeze – and an obliging policeman entered into the spirit of the thing by trying to push her back. As the car moved forward we discovered her reluctance to leave us had something to do with the door being jammed on her leg. After a further few yards it prised loose, or broke off, I'm not sure which, and our chauffeur decided it was time to "surf off" and leave the others to fend for themselves.

"Don't you just love people?" said Dennis. "I love people," he smiled coolly and waved from the windows to our self-appointed vanguard of scooters, motorbikes and cars with written placards bearing the words "This car is fitted with 'Good Vibrations'".

"The kids are wonderful," eulogised Dennis – he meant it. "Look at this guy on his motorbike – I have a BSA at home but I piled up on a mountain road with Doris Day's son Terry Melcher just before coming over here. Cut my hands up." He showed me the scars on the palms of his hands.

Dennis is the Beach Boy who believes in living dangerously. He gives his manager a minor heart attack every time he steps out on the drag strip, dressed in spaceman-like tunic, to drive his "Cobra" hurtling down the course at speeds over 200mph. "I beat the world record for the quarter mile," said Dennis nonchalantly. "You just don't think about the danger. I figure if something happens at that speed – what are you going to know about it?"

He hurls the word "beautiful" about like someone invented it for him – uses the word "love" in a spiritual sense – talks about men's clothes being "pretty" and declared sincerely that the fans' welcome gave him "a nice feeling inside".

We arrived in the Hilton Hotel suite – Dennis walked out on the balcony overlooking Hyde Park and the Serpentine and the greater portion of London's smoke stacks and declared it was "pretty".

Being well attuned to personal vibrations, he sensed the hunger pangs in the air and by the time that brother Carl arrived the steaks were on the table. Carl is a very palpable person – his broad, stocky figure gives him obvious physical presence and his voice is quiet and subdued. Just subdued enough to let you know there is a mind whirling about under those benign features.

All the Wilsons – particularly, I would think, Brian, whose presence you can feel through the other two – have a deeply religious conviction underlining their work and lives. "We believe in God as a kind of universal consciousness," said Carl. "God is love – God is you – God is me – God is everything right here in this room. It's a spiritual concept which inspires a great deal of our music. Surfing and surf music was very much a reflection of that particular period in our lives. We are trying to be just as honest in our present compositions; they are a reflection – in musical terms – of our thoughts and ideas now."

One of the highlights of their completed European tour for the Wilsons was a visit to a 600-year-old church in Vienna where they attended Mass and sat entranced throughout the service. At the concert that night, at Finsbury Park Astoria, we entered the stage door with Cathy McGowan and ran into Bruce Johnston wandering about backstage wrapped in overcoat »

some time to come.
Alan Walsh



's fans can relax—

1966

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and scarflike it was his last day on Earth. Bruce was plainly nervous.

"I'm worried about my throat," he explained. "My voice is almost clapped out. I've done so much singing on this tour and I've got a sore throat. We're very conscious of the fact that people are expecting a lot from us and I couldn't bear to be the one who let them down."

Bruce is an immediately likeable person — "the Beach Boys ambassador in tennis shoes", who, to the horror of his publicist, has a tendency to drop the quotable clanger like "We're faceless wonders but it doesn't matter" — all of which only makes him more likeable.

The group's dressing room was an interesting spectacle of controlled chaos, with those admitted all talking at once, including promoter Arthur Howes in his Humphrey Bogart leather hat, Pete Whitehead completing his film for *Top Of The Pops*, Lulu being complimented on her singing by Mike Love, and Dick Duryea going quietly out of his mind with a stopwatch on a cord around his neck.

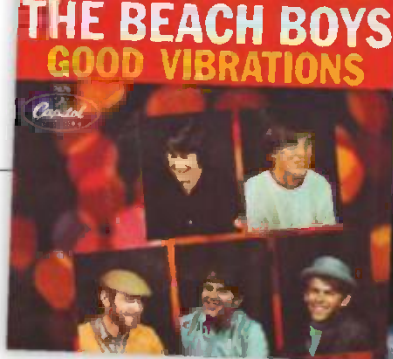
Mike Love is the Beach Boy with the hat and the beard. In addition to this he has acquired a monstrous pipe in Denmark — "my facade" — in which he smoked something which everyone agreed smells remarkably like Christmas pudding. He is most definitely not a Beach Boy, and as the oldest member, entitled to be considered a Beach Man. He smiles when he means it, laughs most often with his eyes and has a flair for saying the funny thing at the right time.

Monday morning found the group facing a Beatle-sized battery of cameras outside EMI House in Manchester Square. At the press reception they were amiable, loveable, neutral and predictable. Mike Love answered questions like "Is this your first visit?" without so much of a flinch. Al Jardine smiled reflectively on being asked his hobbies and Dennis Wilson said he liked The Beatles. Dennis Wilson also said he was not hysterically happy at finding himself imprisoned in a room containing about 500 people designed to accommodate 100 comfortably, and our British air conditioning was not "wunnerful."

Finding a semi-deserted corridor outside, Mike Love took the opportunity to talk with their music publishers, Andrew Oldham and Tony Calder (Immediate). They talked of their new LP, *Smile*, which is being released later this year, and of which it was said by Dennis: "In my opinion it makes *Pet Sounds* stink — that's how good it is." I got a sneak preview of one of the tracks the previous night when Dennis played me a piano version of one track, "Child Is Father Of The Man", a cowboy song, and then gave me the throwaway line of the year — "And this is a prayer I'm working on for it!"

Back at the Hilton we sat around talking about things the Wilsons like, and for those who like lists here's one: Tim Hardin, Graham Nash of The Hollies, Ferrari racing cars, Noel Harrison, making paper aeroplanes, fire engines, wrapping, Indian stamping, Bobby Darin, karate, positive thinking, the *Revolver* LP, the Atlantic Ocean at night and green hills which you see from trains and can never run up.

Carl was beginning to get claustrophobic from being confined too long, so we took out an expedition to Carnaby Street to buy clothes. Carl entrenched himself in a boutique where he bought three trouser suits and a ring for his wife, while Dennis and I went off to see tailor Duggie Millings. Back to the hotel, where a supply of LPs was provided, hot



chocolate, coke and milk were ordered — and the night was talked away. The Beach Boys are a success because they sing well, play well, live well and have a musical genius hiding in Beverly Hills writing for them — Brian Wilson! *Keith Altham*

— NME NOVEMBER 11 —

AT FINSBURY PARK Astoria last Sunday The Beach Boys were able to convince both the capacity audience and such personages as Brian Epstein, The Shadows and Spencer Davis that they are not purely figments of Brian Wilson's brilliant imagination. The first house comprised of a few "screamers", mainly in favour of Dennis Wilson, but a mostly attentive audience who actually silenced the shouters among themselves in order to hear the intricate harmonies of numbers like "Graduation Day".

The group opened with "Help Me Rhonda" and an attentive audience gave them deserved encouragement through "I Get Around", "Barbara Ann", "So Good To Me", "Sloop John B", "Wouldn't It Be Nice", "God Only Knows" and "Good Vibrations". David & Jonathan wore out their welcome by performing at least a dozen numbers for which they are vocally well equipped but lack any kind of stage presence.

Lulu proved conclusively to me that she should be allowed to close the first half by virtue of the fact she is so beautifully professional. Five numbers from her were not enough — "Blowing In The Wind", "Wonderful Feeling" and "Love A Little Love" — which Spencer Davis, who joined me to see the second half, was still raving about half an hour after the show — were her best numbers!

BEACH BOYS SENSATION



Full story and picture report of British tour

• JIM REEVES • BOBBY DARIN

TOP POP NEWS

KEN DODD
NEW SMASH HIT!

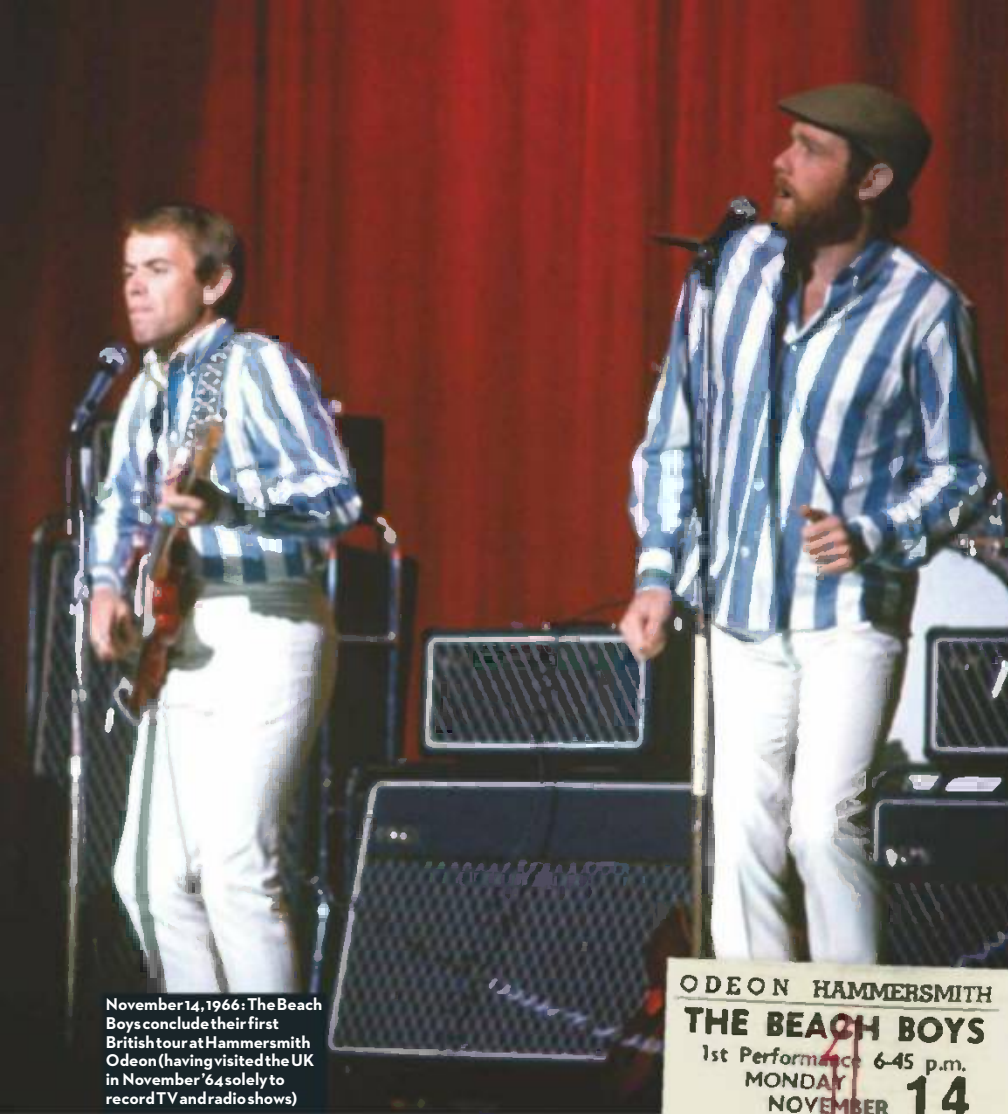
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Feuding
Spencer
Davis

MUSIC PAPER



November 14, 1966: The Beach Boys conclude their first British tour at Hammersmith Odeon (having visited the UK in November '64 solely to record TV and radio shows)

The man they call “The Major” (Dave Glyde) in Sounds Inc is an object lesson in working for the audience. Sounds are still the best big band of their kind in Britain. Also on the show were The Golden Brass and compere Jerry Stevens! *Keith Altham*

— NME NOVEMBER 18 —

AMONG THOSE GETTING in each other’s way in The Beach Boys’ dressing room at Hammersmith Odeon on Monday night were publicist Derek Taylor (minus moustache), promoter Arthur Howes (minus moustache), PR Roger Easterby (minus glasses), Lulu (minus Luvvers), Andrew Oldham (plus Tony Calder), tour manager Dick Duryea (minus his mind), sundry journalists, and Gordon Walker (plus charabanc party)!

Bearded Mike Love was laying prone across the middle of the floor with his right leg propped up against the dressing-room table and his eyes tightly closed, repeating softly to himself, “I am co-operating, I am co-operating!”

Peter Whitehead, making his second film for BBC One’s *Top Of The Pops* (Thursday, Nov 17), collapsed into a chair and aimed his cine-camera at Mike, saying soothingly, “Now, I don’t want anything posed – just try to imagine I’m not here.”

Mike opened one eye – “That’s going to be pretty difficult,” he said. “Y’see, you’re sitting all over my ?!?!*! stage clothes!”

Dennis Wilson was zipping up his mustard-coloured suede boots in an attempt to get out but was in a typically warm, friendly mood. “I just love people,” he said (he says it quite often). “We’re delighted to be No 1 in the *NME*. I don’t understand why everyone keeps on about ‘Good Vibrations’ being complicated, though. I don’t call it complicated – I call it fun. We just want people to have a good time – we’re recording music to make people happy. People seem to have got hung up on this fusion of classical and pop music. Really our ideas are very simple. I remember Brian once

“People have got hung up on this fusion of classical and pop music”

the astute Mr Jardine. Bruce Johnston was engaged in conversation with a woman journalist who wanted him to say how much he liked English girls and their fashion. “Sure I love English girls – they look real nice, but I’ve got a Swedish girl with me.” Which rather wrapped up that angle.

I learned from Mike that the next Beach Boys film being sent from the States for showing on British TV is all about a fire engine. The boys are shown in the station, asleep in the beds. A bell rings and Brian Wilson slides up the fire pole.

The following shots show The Beach Boys tearing along the street to jump on the already rolling engine and the result, I am informed, is a riot. Someone yelled, “Beach Boys on stage,” and that well-known thermo-nuclear pile – Dick Duryea – went “live” and did a quick “head ‘em up – move ‘em out”. The Beach Boys filed out with Peter Whitehead wedged in the middle with his whirring machine to face their last audience on this tour. Before departing for a final, now almost traditional end-of-tour party at the London China Garden, Mike informed me they hoped to be back in the spring. As people and artists, they will be most welcome. *Keith Altham* •

listening to Beethoven’s Symphony No 4 and looking up afterwards he said, “You know, I’ve just realised I’m a musical midget... You must excuse me now, I have a Rolls-Royce to catch.”

The Rolls belonged to Andrew, of course, and ever since spotting it outside the press reception at EMI Manchester Square last week Dennis has been attempting to buy one. Mike Love had struggled into a vertical position, found that small chimney, which he is disposed to call a pipe, and with a full head of steam was attempting to look in six directions at once for photographs. He spoke to me about their experiences on the European half of the tour and the more recent trip to the North of England.

“Germany was fantastic,” recalled Mike. “They really believe in security precautions out there. When we arrived at the airport there were about 300 police to meet us – we just walked into the lobby, threw up our hands and surrendered! The people were real nice.”

There are few things guaranteed to move Dennis Wilson in a physical sense, but one of them is Dick Duryea – a kind of human reactor on two legs, and when he goes “live”, look out. Dick with a hustle on sounds like his famous actor father – Dan Duryea – heading up a wagon train in a hurry. “Wow – when Dick gets bugged he really frightens me,” Dennis told me once. “He really blows up.”

Mike found it difficult to account for his movements in the North but seemed to remember Manchester. “I walked about the town in the pouring rain in my moccasins,” said Mike. “Herman and Freddy came with us, and Lulu, and we toured a few clubs.”

Dennis returned at this point complaining bitterly, “That nasty Andrew Oldham locked me in his car and forced me to drink whisky”, but he was smiling when he said it.

He sat quietly in a corner listening to the hubbub of conversation, and every now and then would scream “SHUT UP!” at the top of his voice, because it was what everyone else wanted to do and hadn’t got the nerve, and it made him feel better.

Derek Taylor says that “Dennis is going through a thing rather like George Harrison did”, which is interesting if not crystal clear.

Al Jardine came bustling into the room looking for sandwiches and paused to survey his blond thatch in the mirror. He extracted a strand of hair and surveyed it despondently. I volunteered the consoling premise that all intelligent men eventually went bald. “I’d rather be stupid, have hair and earn money,” replied

1966

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SINGLES
REVIEW
DECEMBER

Eric Burdon on The Beatles' "We Can Work It Out": "There isn't as much rock'n'roll, which I prefer"

"I think I prefer the other side"

MM DECEMBER 31 *Blind Date* revisited – the year's big hits, reviewed by stars including Eric Burdon

SINGLES

The Beatles *We Can Work It Out*

ERIC BURDON said: Is this the B-side? I've heard the other side vaguely. On first hearing, I think I prefer the other side, which has a lot of good guitar work by George Harrison. He does a fantastic solo.

The lyrics of this side are good but there isn't as much rock'n'roll, which I prefer. (FROM DEC 4, 1965)

Nancy Sinatra *These Boots Are Made For Walkin'*

STEVE WINWOOD said: It's the record player; it sounds like a skiffle group. Good God! This

has got to be a hit. I suppose it's American – oh dear, it's terrible, it's bad. I'll remember that one. Hear that double-bass run? Yeah, skiffle's coming back. This is unbelievable, leave it on. Either she's bad or it's the band. I'm sure they are all trying their best to make it bad. Who's it by? Yeah?

Must be Sinatra on bass. (JAN 15, 1966)

Dusty Springfield *You Don't Have To Say You Love Me*

DAVE DEE said: Fabulous intro. It's Dusty. All the way for me, a big hit. I've got shivers up and down my spine. I've only seen her in person on stage once and she knocked me out. I don't automatically like everything she does on record, but this is great. She really feels it. Funny, I saw her in a cafe on the M1 yesterday. It's good enough for me. I like it. I like it. (MARCH 26)

Manfred Mann *Pretty Flamingo*

KEITH RELF said: It's Paul Jones singing in a high key

– much higher than I expect of him. I like this very much. It's great. Certainly not as dramatic as I had expected after a six-month absence from the recording scene. Not exactly crashing back with a big bang, are they? Gentle numbers are coming back, you know. This will definitely be a bit hit. Very pretty number that grows on you. (APRIL 9)

Frank Sinatra *Strangers In The Night*

ALAN PRICE said: Is this Mantovani? Frank Sinatra. It may do something on the strength of his daughter's publicity. It'll make *The Light Programme's* late-night shows – things like that. They'll call it a quality record on *Juke Box Jury*, say, "Why don't good records get into the chart any more?" Well, that's obvious, isn't it? (MAY 14)

Georgie Fame *Get Away*

THE RYAN TWINS said: Paul: Georgie Fame. I don't feel he could reproduce that sound live on stage. A very big hit, this. Definitely. A big hit. Barry: No, I disagree; I don't think it's a hit at all. Paul: Good sound, definitely a hit. Barry: I like the way they have recorded the trumpet. I must admit it's a very good sound and good arrangement. Paul: Georgie has got a very big following and they're just waiting for the right record to come along. (JUNE 18)



The Beatles *Paperback Writer*

REG PRESLEY said: I haven't heard this yet. It's just as good as The Beatles always are. I had to listen to "Help!" a couple of times before I liked it, but this definitely hits you. Great, and it'll be No 1, if it's any good to them! They always try something different, and the title will make people want to find out what it's all about, although I couldn't hear all the words. (JUNE 11)

GETTY

MORE SINGLE REVIEWS

JIM HENDRIX

"Hey Joe"/"Stone Free" (Polydor). Here's a young man who could make profound impression in the future. This is a raw uninhibited treatment of traditional number. It's in the sidious r-and-b pattern, with thundering drums, some spine-tingling guitar work and a hypnotic slow beat. It's guttural, earthy, convincing and authentic. FLIP: Much the same remarks apply to this side, except that it's faster-paced and more fancy-free. This is a one for the connoisseurs.

DAVID BOWIE

"Rubber Band"/"The London Boys" (Dennu).

Difficult to describe this, for it has an odd semi-nonsense lyric, set to a stomping beat accentuated by tuba. There's also a blaring solo trumpet and strange tempo changes.

And David, who wrote it himself, sounds mighty like Tony Newley.

A gimmick disc, I suppose – but praiseworthy for its novelty.

FLIP: Sung in wistful sob-in-the-throat style, but with a broad Cockney accent, this really digs beneath the surface of the so-called in-crowd. Very perceptive!

THE MISUNDERSTOOD

"I Can Take You To The Sun" / "Who Do You Love" (Fontana).

I suppose you'd call this psychedelic, with all its strange sounds, oscillations and reverberations. But it's extremely well done of its kind.

Season's Greetings
from the
EASYBEATS
THANKS TO ALL OUR

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

You Don't Have To Say You Love Me
In The Middle Of The Night
Little By Little
Who Can I Turn To

Chris Farlowe Out Of Time

THE RYAN TWINS said:
Barry: Like this. Who is it?
Paul: It drives. It sounds like an old, mature record, made about 50 years ago. I mean that as a compliment, it's a nice sound.
Barry: I'm sure I've heard this song lots of times. I like it very much.
Paul: It's Chris Farlowe and that's Jagger singing in the back.
Barry: Of course. It's from the *Aftermath* LP. Should be a big one. I hope it is for Chris.
Paul: I think this will definitely be a very big hit. (JUNE 18)

The Troggs With A Girl Like You

DAVID GARRICK said: This is a pleasant record but it doesn't knock me out. It could grow on me if I played it enough times. It's nice, that's all. Who the hell is it? I haven't a clue. The Troggs? Oh, no. (JULY 9)

The Beatles Yellow Submarine

CHRIS FARLOWE said: It's so cute. It sounds like the Goons and *Tales Of Old Dartmoor*. "There's Dartmoor Prison on the port bow, sir!" It'll be a smash. What? Knocked out by that. (AUGUST 6)

The Who I'm A Boy

PLONK LANE said: I missed the beginning, can you put it on again. It's The Who, isn't it? I recognised the backing, but it didn't sound like them vocally, although it does if you've heard the LP. Yeah! I like this. It's great. Must be Pete's. Can I hear it again? I don't think it's quite as commercial as some of their others. I can't hear what it's all about, but I don't want to say that, because I can't stand people who moan: "I can't hear the words!" This needs something catchy, but there's some great sounds there. The voices are very low, though. (SEPT 3)

ALBUMS

The Who A Quick One (REACTION)

The major track on this LP, "A Quick One While He's Away", takes up about a quarter of the entire playing time, in which The Who seem to be improvising and doing what comes into their heads, including a "Smile For An Old Engine Driver" (with plenty of steam sound effects), then a jogging cowboy song, "We'll Soon Be Home". The LP produces plenty of noise and novelty. In "Run Run Run" we get an eastern sound; and in "Boris The Spider" the speed of recording is slowed and quickened to make it different. (Please don't adjust your player, it's OK!) All songs are group written.

Other titles: "Whiskey Man", "Cobwebs" and "Strange", "Heat Wave", "I Need You", "Don't Look Away", "See My Way", "So Sad About Us". (NME, DEC 10)

The Rolling Stones Big Hits (High Tide And Green Grass) (DECCA)

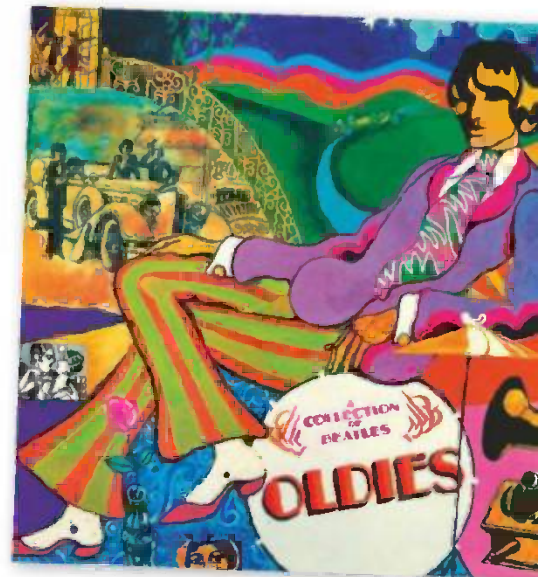
At last! Here is that long-awaited compendium of Stones hits which will delight every fan and replace all those worn-out, scratchy singles. The curiously subtitled album contains all the huge ones plus a few songs that were hits for other artists, like "Lady Jane" and "As Tears Go By". It comes as a shock to realise just how many great songs Mick and Keith have written, how many hits the group have had, and how they have progressed. It's particularly nostalgic to hear once again their first record, "Come On", which caused such a sensation way back in the early days of the R&B boom. Today it sounds ridiculously young. Then there is the hypnotic "Not Fade Away", meaningful "Little Red Rooster", shouting "Satisfaction", thundering "Paint It, Black", right up to today's weirdies like "19th Nervous Breakdown", "Get Off Of My Cloud" and "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby...". The whole album is presented with pages of colour portraits of each Stone and must become one of the year's biggest sellers. (MM, NOV 12)

The Beatles Collection Of Beatles Oldies But Goldies (PARLOPHONE)
All the tunes here were written by John Lennon and Paul

McCartney, with the exception of "Bad Boy", which was unissued until now in England and is by Larry Williams.

George Martin, the A&R man who agreed to wax The Beatles when they were unknown in 1962 and who up to that time had most of his Parlophone successes with comedians, has placed the tunes in a clever order, mixing recordings of 1963, 1964, 1965 and 1966 with considerable skill into two memorable sides which come out like this:

Titles - Side One: "She Loves You", "From Me To You", "We Can Work It Out", "Help", "Michelle", "Yesterday", "I Feel Fine", "Yellow Submarine". Side Two: "Can't Buy Me Love", "Bad Boy", "Day Tripper", "A Hard Day's Night",



"Ticket To Ride", "Paperback Writer", "Eleanor Rigby", "I Want To Hold Your Hand".

Dave Clark Five The Dave Clark Five's Greatest Hits (COLUMBIA)

When you listen to these 14 tracks, which sold over 14 million discs (mostly in America, where the group has been more popular than in Britain for some time), you wonder why it hasn't had more following in this country. Of the tracks, 10 are written inside the group, Dave sharing composing credits with Mike Smith, Denis Payton and Lenny Davidson. The recordings cover nine years - 1958, 1961, 1962, 1964, 1965 and 1966.

Titles: "Glad All Over", "Do You Love Me", "Bits And Pieces", "Because", "Catch Us If You Can", "Can't You See That She's Mine", "Come Home", "I Like It Like That", "Over And Over", "Reelin' And Rockin'", "Satisfied With You", "At The Scene", "Try Too Hard", "Nineteen Days".




Chris Farlowe

YELLOW SUBMARINE
(Lennon-McCartney)
THE BEATLES
MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

1966

OCTOBER—DECEMBER

June 8, 1966: Ray Davies in a dressing room at BBC TV Centre before appearing on *A Whole Scene Going*



“In a way
I feel
I’ve left the
business...”

After a year of magnificent singles, **RAY DAVIES** would like to do a Brian Wilson and stop performing live – were it not for fraternal considerations. “I might leave the group,” he says, “but I want Dave to be emotionally secure first.” Meanwhile, Mick Avory weighs up a trad jazz gig for Christmas.

— NME DECEMBER 3 —

CONSIDER, IF YOU will, the disturbing fact that Ray Davies wants to be Walt Disney; Dave Davies is turning into a saxophonist; Pete Quaife is worried about *Alice In Wonderland*... and then there is Mick Avory. You will appreciate The Kinks have problems.

At a recording session at Pye Records on Friday, I found Ray, in an elegant blue pinstripe suit, coaxing some Bach-like tones from a harpsichord and singing his latest opus – “Village Green”. It concerned an English country village which becomes infested by tourists and is never the same again.

Ray is both “bored” and “worried” by the legal wrangles surrounding The Kinks, who have been conspicuous by their absence on personal appearances during the past three months. Ray was definitely unhappy about the present difficulties which “pop-dom’s »

REDPENS/GETTY

trouble-shooter" Allen Klein is attempting to sort out, and a severe cold had not improved his spirits.

"I'm not really cut out for this business," he said, blowing his nose into a pink tissue, "really I shouldn't be in it. I hate this business. I won a grant from Middlesex schools to study dramatic art when I left school and then Greville Collins and Robert Wace (two dastardly public schoolboy manager-villains—boo! hiss!) came into a London pub one night and turned me into a pop star.

"I was told after I had written 'All Day And All Of The Night' I would never have to work again!" He smiled characteristically, as though in terrible pain!

Ray would like to concern himself with The Kinks in the same detached manner that Brian Wilson does with the Beach Boys, but believes his group has a visual thing which necessitates his public appearances. Two venues for The Kinks in the North are being set for their first appearance in Britain in over three months.

"In a way I feel I've left the business in the last two months," said Ray. "I've done nothing. Our trouble, at the moment, is doing something new. Once you've had a No 1 record you can only repeat yourself. You go on *Top Of The Pops* and stand there and sing the song. We wanted a challenge—something different—which is why we did the film."

The film, portraying the group as undertakers, is being considered by *Top Of The Pops*—if it is not accepted it may well mean the group considering other TV promotion.

"I don't think it is sick," said Dave, taking time out from blowing down the business end of his newly acquired soprano sax, "it's too funny to be sick. We're tired of doing the same old thing—we thought this would be different."

"I'm worried about Dave," Ray told me later, having ordered a cup of tea in a cafe over the way. "Really, I worry about Dave. I might leave the group, but I want Dave to be financially and emotionally secure first. He's just beginning to find his feet."

Concern was also expressed over the current state of pop composing.

"Everyone is asking what's wrong with The Beatles?" said Ray. "It's quite simple—they're going through a bad phase for musical ideas. That's the reason that McCartney went away recently—to clear his mind and get some peace and quiet. I've got to do it myself—I must get a holiday away from everyone. I hate everyone in this business," he smiled painfully.

In an attempt to introduce some levity into the conversation, I asked how his tea was. "Great for coffee," said Ray. "I ordered tea and they've given me coffee." He looked deeply hurt but consoled himself with the thought that he would drink it and refuse to pay.

"I hope people haven't got the idea that the Stones are slipping though," said Ray. "They still generate more excitement onstage than any other group in this country."

Psychedelic drugs concern Ray. "I remember something someone told me about the difference between drugs and alcohol. Drink is a bring down—there's only one way to go afterwards and that's up; drugs take you up and let you down!"

Finally we got to Walt Disney. "I watch Disney twice a week on the box," said Ray. "I love Pluto and the others. I still cry when I see *Dumbo* because I cried when I first saw it as a kid. Films interest me very much as

a medium and I'd like to work in them in a creative sense. It would be great to be like Walt—imagine the boardroom meetings they must have. 'Now the way I see it is this, fellas. We got this mouse, we call him Mickey and he goes down this hole after some cheese...' I can't wait for the Disney Special at Christmas."

Peter Quaife—the Prodigal Kink—I spoke to separately, feeling that during his six months absence he would have plenty to say. Pete picked me up in his "little green pleasure machine"—a souped-up Mini—and we drove to the recording studios from Leicester Square.

"Now let me see, which way is the studio?" asked Pete, looking about him at the grim grey buildings. "It's been a long time!"

Pete had only just recovered from some head and hand injuries which have kept him out of the group and has only recently returned from a stay in Copenhagen.

"I came back through Germany," said Pete. "I managed to drive three miles inside the Iron Curtain without realising it until the customs people stopped me."

How does it feel to be a Kink again? "Peculiar," said Pete. "I've been away all this time and suddenly people are again asking me what toothpaste I use and what my hobbies are. I'm getting rude letters from the police over all the car fines that I've not given attention to while abroad and I'm beginning to read English newspapers again."

"It's like being back in Fairyland—did you read about that dodgy version of *Alice In Wonderland* at Christmas? Imagine that Alice is being attacked across the tea table by the Mad Hatter—what a thing to give the kiddies."

Pete had already been recording the previous evening with the group and reported that his hand had stood up well under the playing, although the arm ached a little.

"I'm using special little sponges to strengthen my grip and toughen up the fingers. We've got a new system now for recording purposes," said Pete. "We used to go into the studio and spend hours rehearsing a number and working

out ideas. Now we go in and make a demo of the basic tune and take a copy home each to work on—then we come back a few days later, pool all our ideas and record the tracks. Saves a lot of time and money."

Have it on good authority that Pete is one of the few people Ray is not worrying about. *Keith Altham*

— NME DECEMBER 31 —

WHAT ARE THE Kinks doing? "Nothing much" in Kink Mick Avory's case (an occupational hazard with this group at present) just prior to Christmas at this home in West Molesey. Welcomed at the door, I was introduced to two young nephews as "the man from Father Christmas" by Mick and promptly informed that it had better be a case of Batman suits all round or Uncle Mick's mate would get the full treatment—POW-WHAM-and BLAM!

Mrs Avory disengaged herself from the paper chains and came to the rescue by putting the twins in one room and us in another, where the works of Mick Avory—artist—were revealed on a small easel in one corner. Mick is currently working in oils on a scene from the Moulin Rouge area in Paris, which he is copying from a small print. The result

was very creditable and Mick is proud of the fact that his works are hung in such salubrious galleries as the one next door!

The relaxed life of the aesthete is synonymous with the usual traits one associates with a top pop group, and so we took the case of what their co-manager Grenville Collins described as "the



"I must get a holiday away. I hate everyone in this business"

KINKS HAVE PROBLEMS

By **Keith Altham**

Top Of The Pops—if it is not accepted it may well mean the group considering other TV promotion.

"I don't think it is sick," said Dave, taking time out from blowing down the business end of his newly acquired soprano sax, "it's too funny to be sick. We're tired of doing the same old thing—we thought this would be different."

Ray is worried about Dave. "I'm worried about Dave," Ray told me later, having ordered a cup of tea in a cafe over the way. "Really, I worry about Dave. I might leave the group, but I want Dave to be financially and emotionally secure first. He's just beginning to find his feet."

Concern was also expressed over the current state of pop composing. "Everyone is asking what's wrong with The Beatles?" said Ray. "It's quite simple—they're going through a bad phase for musical ideas. That's the reason that McCartney went away recently—to clear his mind and get some peace and quiet. I've got to do it myself—I must get a holiday away from everyone. I hate everyone in this business," he smiled painfully.

In an attempt to introduce some levity into the conversation, I asked how his tea was. "Great for coffee," said Ray. "I ordered tea and they've given me coffee." He looked deeply hurt but consoled himself with the thought that he would drink it and refuse to pay.

"I hope people haven't got the idea that the Stones are slipping though," said Ray. "They still generate more excitement onstage than any other group in this country."

Psychedelic drugs concern Ray. "I remember something someone told me about the difference between drugs and alcohol. Drink is a bring down—there's only one way to go afterwards and that's up; drugs take you up and let you down!"

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most famous non-working group in the world!"

"I suppose I'd like to work a bit from the playing point of view," said Mick in a bored tone – it's his normal voice. "But I certainly don't want to go back to playing one-nighters at opposite ends of the country, which is what we are trying to avoid."

In the last four months The Kinks have made approximately one personal appearance in Britain, a couple abroad, appeared on one TV show and made a film for *Top Of The Pops* which was rejected. Recently they all went to *Ready, Steady, Go!* for the Christmas edition.

"What did you do on the show?" I asked. "Nothing," grinned Mick. "We walked out – so did the Small Faces. They wanted us to stand around and mime to about one-and-a-half minutes of 'Sunny Afternoon' – there was no point!"

With all this spare time on their hands, I wondered how they kept from being bored.

"We've not exactly been idle," said Mick. "We were rehearsing in the Scout hut at the back of my house a few days ago – a new stage act. We've worked in a couple of new Bob Dylan numbers – 'Absolutely Sweet Marie' and '...You Go Your Way...'. Then we played Bridlington Spa last week and drew a crowd of over 1,000. Really, the only problem is to keep in practice – I'm thinking of sitting in with a local trad band over Christmas to keep my hand in."

For those of you like me who were wondering what happened to that "auxiliary" Kink John Dalton – Mick has the answer.

"He's humping coal about," said Mick. "Got his own lorry and earning a lot of money. I think he's getting married in February."

That's showbiz! But what can we expect from The Kinks in the New Year? Will Ray Davies' revue that he has written materialise? Will Dave Davies play a saxophone solo on the next single? Will Pete Quaife, too? Will the group play any more dates in Britain?

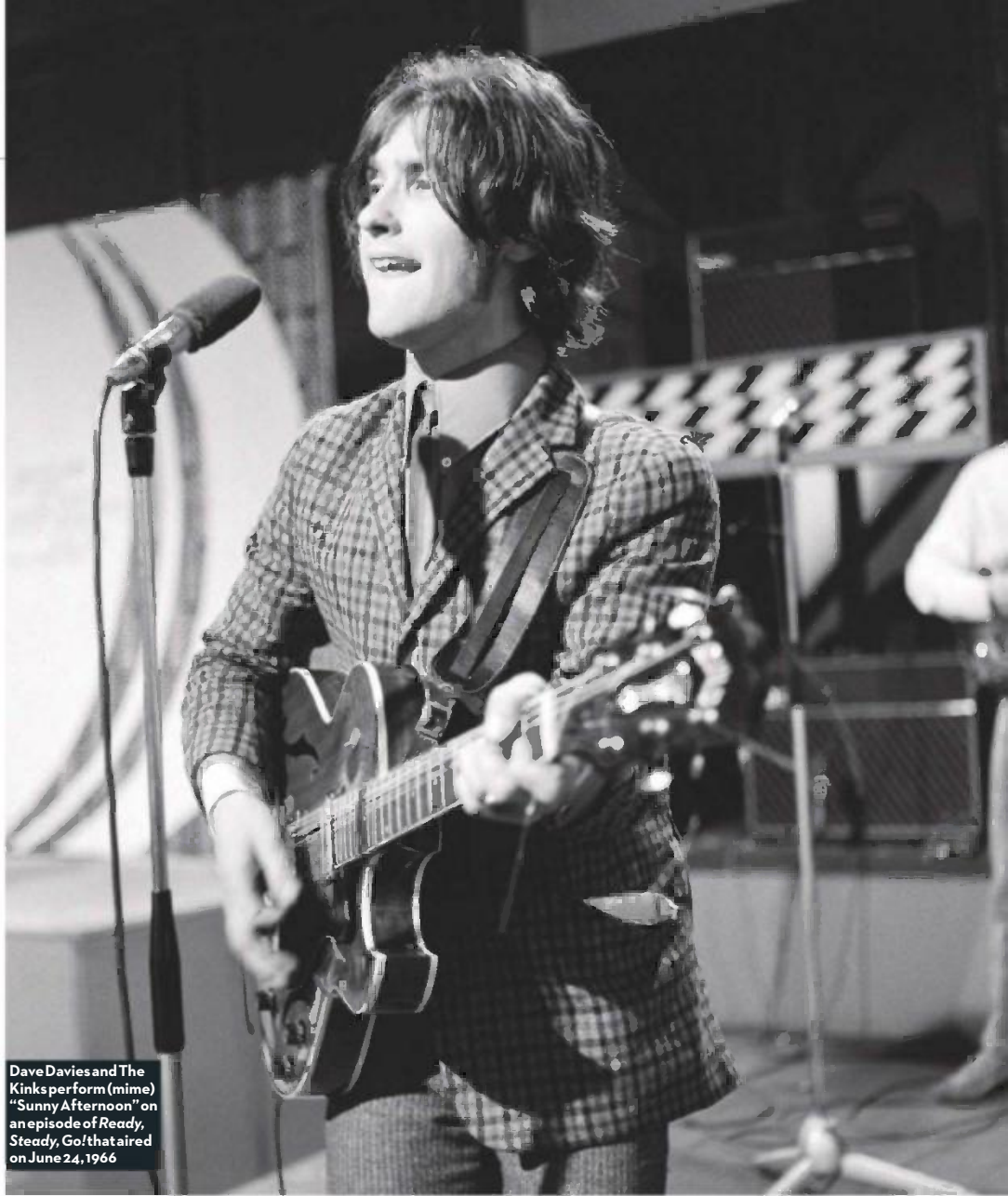
"I've bought a new pair of shoes," volunteered Mick, in answer to my searching questions. "Oh, and we've all been inspired by the World Cup win and are going into full training. Our star player is road manager Stan Whitley – he's pretty to watch. You must print that!"

Is it possible that The Kinks may make their first feature film next year?

"Well, Ray had an idea which is still being considered by an American film company," said Mick. "It was a kind of a day in the life of the group – with a difference. There were all these fantasy sequences when we got into trouble, for example – I would turn into Bill Sykes, Pete would turn into Superman and Dave would turn into Dick Turpin."

Fortunately the tea arrived at this stage, very kindly brought to us courtesy of Mrs Avory, closely followed by the terrible two, who wanted to see that "Christmas-man!"

During the interim period I ascertained that Mick had fallen foul of the dreaded Pete Quaife car trap – the tell-tale black marks were on the knees of his trousers, as they are on my suit. When I asked Pete why he hadn't warned me the back of his car seats had just been painted, he said: "You



Dave Davies and The Kinks perform (mime) "Sunny Afternoon" on an episode of *Ready, Steady, Go!* that aired on June 24, 1966

"They wanted us to mime on *Ready, Steady, Go!*, so we walked out"

people will dismiss him and treat him as a piece of background, but I cannot help feeling that more thought should be given to exposing the multi-talents of The Kinks. Shortly we are to be treated to 26 half-hour programmes every Saturday from an American group called The Monkees who have – as yet – done nothing to justify this huge opportunity in Britain. It would be nice if the powers at the BBC

were to recognise the popularity and diverse talents of some of our established British groups like The Kinks, who have proved themselves already both in Britain and the US and provide them with a similar opportunity.

"Ray thinks more than most of us," said Mick. "He should produce an interesting half-hour slot for TV which would appeal to a wide audience, and besides that – I've just bought a new pair of shoes!"

Keith Altham •



1966

OCTOBER—DECEMBER

“We’ve never been frightened to develop”

Tired of the screaming, **THE BEATLES** retreat to the studio. George Martin reveals the secrets of “Yellow Submarine”. Lennon rails against showbiz and McCartney explains why they’ve stopped touring. “Our stage act hasn’t improved one bit...”

— NME AUGUST 19 —

SANDBAGS, RAGS SLURPING about in buckets of water, and Beatles blowing bubbles through straws – these were some of the hilarious sights and sounds at EM’s St John’s Wood studios the day Ringo and co recorded their top-of-the-charts “Yellow Submarine”! As recording manager George Martin told me this week: “It must have been one of the most unusual Beatles sessions ever... more like the things I’ve done with The Goons and Peter Sellers. The boys loved every minute of it.

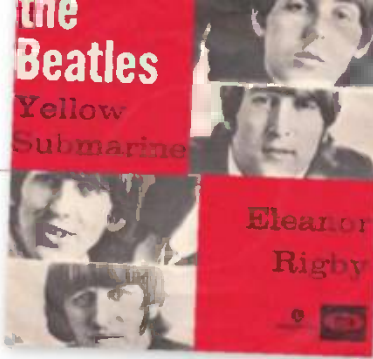
“The sandbags? Well, we needed all kinds of sound effects, and these were bumped about while John blew bubbles and George made swirling sounds with the water. I think it worked out very well indeed. Then, of course, there was the brass band. This wasn’t a sound effect on tape – the band was right there in the studio, not to mention a massed chorus made up of anybody who happened to be around at the time. »

ROGER VOLLET COLLECTION/GETTY



The Beatles in August 1966: "Every record is something different, something original!"





"This means you don't just hear Ringo and the other Beatles singing on 'Yellow Submarine'. You hear Patti Harrison, studio staff, sound engineers, faithful road managers Mal and Neil; and even me!"

"I was keen that the track be released in some way apart from the album, but you have to realise that The Beatles aren't usually very happy about issuing material twice in this way. They feel that they might be cheating the public. And, of course, there is also the question that it might affect the sales. However, we got to thinking about it, and we realised that the fans aren't really being cheated at all. Most albums have only 12 tracks; The Beatles always do 14! So even with 'Yellow Submarine' and 'Eleanor Rigby' released as a single, everyone is still getting value for money."

Incidentally, John isn't speaking through a bottle when he repeats Ringo's words in "...Submarine". This idea didn't work out, so Mal evolved an ingenious method by which the words were spoken through John's guitar amplifier.

Another interesting point about the "...Submarine" session is that the basic music track was recorded without George Martin's supervision. He had a touch of flu for several days and The Beatles decided to go ahead and record themselves. But George stepped in for those crazy finishing touches that make "...Submarine" one of the most unusual discs of the year.

About "Eleanor Rigby", George says: "This was done very much on the lines of 'Yesterday'. Paul came round to my flat one day. He played the piano and I played the piano, and I took a note of his music. There is also an octet on the record, made up of four violins, two violas and two cellos."

George once again made it clear that there are no secret, unissued Beatles tapes in case of emergency. Everything The Beatles have recorded has been released. "It has to be this way," he emphasised. "The demand is so strong, it is difficult even keeping up with it."

Right now he is busy completing yet another of his famous albums of orchestral versions of Beatles tunes. This will be released in America within a few weeks, but not in Britain until about Christmas. The title may be *Girls And Things*. This, he explains, is because most of the tracks are on the lines of "Anna", "Eleanor Rigby", "Girl" and "Michelle". "Girl" (which George describes as "possibly John Lennon's greatest composition") has been given a *Zorba The Greek* flavour, complete with a bouzouki brought back after a recent honeymoon.

"Woman" has been done with a more sophisticated *bayone* rhythm; and "Eleanor Rigby" has the same tempo as Paul's version, except that the sound is bigger.

I asked George if the success of "Yellow Submarine" might mean a flow of comedy

discs from The Beatles in the future. "I don't think so," he replied. "The Beatles don't think in terms of trends or even singles. Every record is something different, something original."

"If a comedy idea comes up again, then I'm sure they'll try it—because they've always had plenty of humour anyway. But I don't know. Anything can happen with The Beatles!" *Alan Smith*

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 3 —

WHAT HAPPENS IF, some day, somebody turns off the floodlights and the mystique of idolatry that now bathes The Beatles? Would these vastly talented writers ever turn their pens to the legitimate musical stage?

"Most of legitimate theatre is just a load of rubbish as far as we're concerned," said John Lennon this week. "We would never want to be like Rodgers & Hammerstein or anyone who preceded us. If we did anything, it would be a musical of today, not the '20s like the *Hello, Dolly!* thing."

Paul McCartney took exception to the term legitimate musical: "That puts it all in a slot, like *Funny Girl* and a lot of others. We'd never be able to write that way because we wouldn't feel that kind of show. I don't mind that type and I quite like seeing them, but we'd have to put far more into it. Lionel Bart once told us that the easiest way to do a show is to write 12 songs and give them to a great producer like Joan Littlewood and have her build the whole show around the songs."

"I don't think we could work that way. It would be harder for us because we would have to put much more into it. I don't like the term 'legitimate'. I guess if we ever do a show, we'll have to call it an illegitimate show."

"I never lie awake thinking of what I'll be writing next year or about showbusiness for that matter," came back John. "Because I probably won't be in it at some point. Showbusiness we never really ever see. That

business is a little bunch of red-nosed people who live together and call themselves showbusiness. We know some people in that club but we don't belong to it."

I asked Lennon about pop music and people in America. "I'm no soothsayer on music and where it's going," Lennon went on. "I just hope it continues to get better, that it progresses and doesn't step back. I think, for instance, that Brian Wilson is great, he's doing some very good things. We like The Beach Boys, The Byrds, The Mamas & Papas, a lot of them. They make sounds we like. You know? And we listen to everything we can."

"With Americans, well, I don't like to generalise, but I think we showed some people here that not all Englishmen are like John Bull or a happy-go-lucky cockney. Well, once I thought Americans were all loudmouths with big ties and lots of cameras. Well, they're not. I hope I get to see more of America, because it's the kind of place that might blow up some day, by itself, or with the help of some other country."

But The Beatles aren't worried about "blowing up" or about their ultimate downfall, as one reporter expressed it.

"There'll be no downfall for us," said McCartney.

"We're not worried. We don't dread it. When we get sick of all the hocus-pocus and the press and the screaming, we'll just take a fat holiday on our fat wallets." *Ren Grevatt*

"Most of legitimate theatre is just a load of rubbish"



"Now we take as much time as we want on a track": Ringo and George arrive at Abbey Road Studios, November 24, 1966



— NME DECEMBER 31 —

ONE REASON WE don't want to tour any more is that when we're on stage nobody can hear us or listen to us," Paul McCartney told me. He was referring to the screamers who drown out all hope of hearing The Beatles in person.

"And another reason is that our stage act hasn't improved one bit since we started touring four years ago. The days when three

guitarists and a drummer can stand up on stage must be over. Stage performance as an art is going out anyway. I think The Rolling Stones had a shock when they didn't do a bomb on their last tour. I think Mick was worried.

"Many of our tracks nowadays have big backings. We couldn't produce the sound on stage without an orchestra. And if we were to do ourselves justice onstage now, we'd have to have at least three months to produce a brand-new act. And it would probably be very unlike what you'd expect from The Beatles," went on Paul.

This was Paul's answer to my query about their future touring. Of their forthcoming recordings he said: "We feel that only through recording do people listen to us, so that is our most important form of communication. We have never thought of ourselves as one sound... Merseybeat wasn't our invention. We have always changed our style as we went along and we've never been frightened to develop and change.

"I think this has been the reason for our continued success. We could have stopped thinking up new things and brought out 'The Son Of Please Please Me' or 'The Son Of Love Me Do', but that was not on. We work on one song and record it and then get tired of it. So we think up something very different. The strength of any act is doing something that you wouldn't associate with them.

"For instance, I feel that The Supremes are too alike with most of their discs. If they did something good and you said, 'Who's that?' and were told 'The Supremes' and you hadn't identified it with them, you'd be pleasantly surprised. That would add strength to their appeal. So we keep on doing tracks which can be any style at all. We're not limited that way, or with time any more. We take as much time as we want on a track, until we get it to our satisfaction. Before, we had a set time in the recording studio, and that was that. If it wasn't exactly as we wanted, that was too bad.

"Now we take time because we haven't any pressing engagements like tours to limit us. All we want is to make one track better than the last. We make all A-sides and never go into the studio thinking, 'This will be our next single.' We just make tracks, then listen to them and decide from what we have what will be a single, what will go on an LP."

Paul went on to give me an insight into their formula for writing hits.

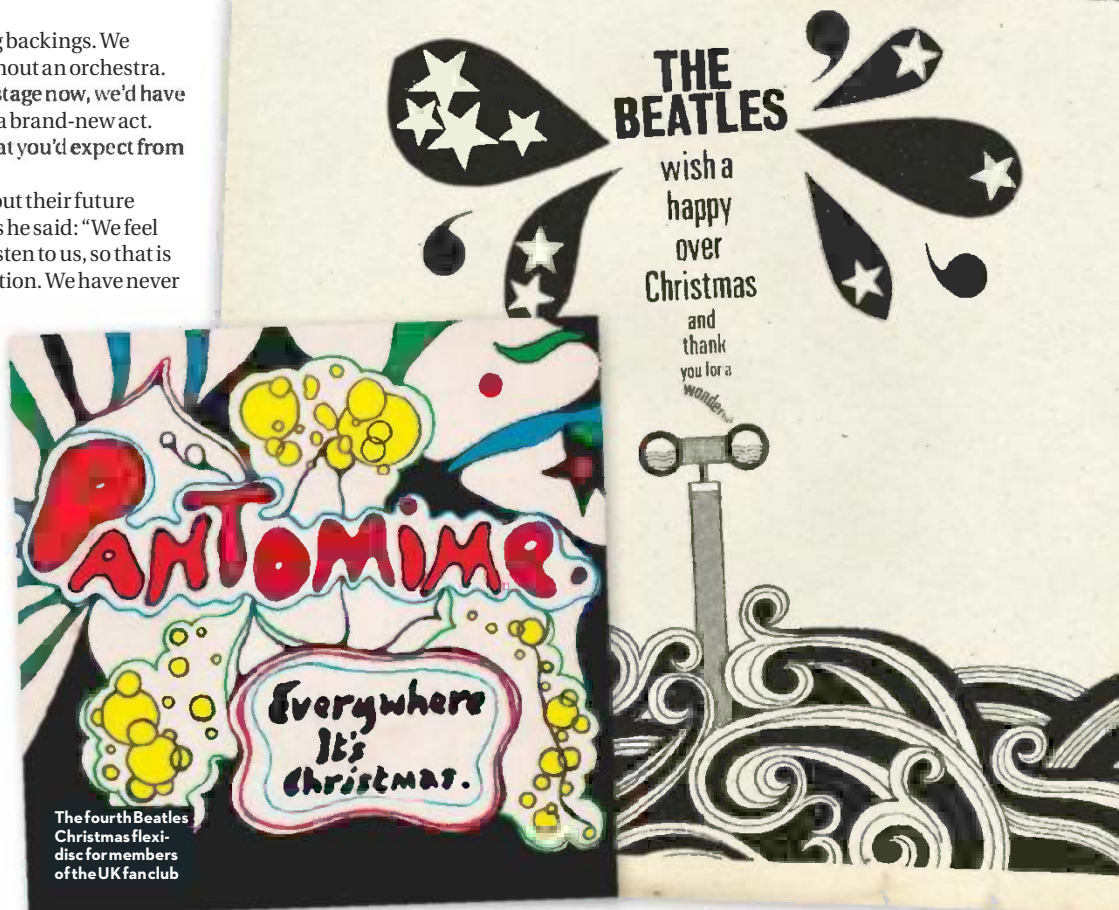
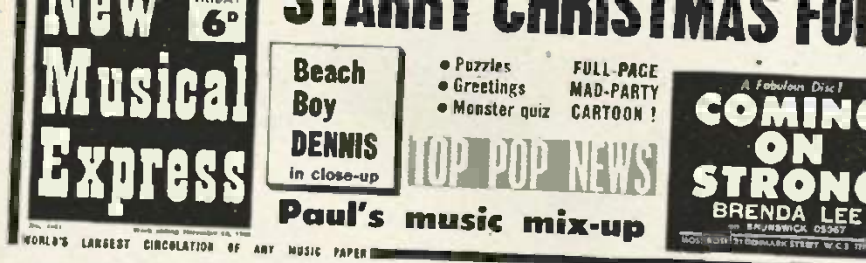
"The words are written down, but the music is never, because we can't write music. We play it to each other and soon pick it up, and fool around with it a bit. George suggests something extra, then John adds a new idea and so on until we have the music the way we want it. Then we record. Then we forget about it and get on with the next track."

On the subject of jealousy within the group, Paul was most emphatic. "There isn't any. Jealousy doesn't exist. When John wanted to do a film on his own, we were all happy for him. Now that he's done it, he has passed on to us information about all sorts of things he has learned. I wrote film music and found out other things, which I've passed on.

"This rumour we were splitting up was rubbish, too. One would think it is the first time any of us had done anything on his own. John wrote books on his own all along, and we all have sidelines we get on with as individuals. Besides, we're all great friends and we don't want to split up. There's never been any talk or sign of it... except in the minds of others."

Paul also let off steam about those who think they have gone "big time".

"In ourselves we don't feel big time at all. It's only when people keep telling us we are big time that we even think of it. But what angers me is when some journalists say I've said something I haven't and describe me as talking in my



'natural zany beat style'. I don't talk in any 'zany beat style'... it's the writer thinking that I should. They give us images and those images are usually very inaccurate."

But Paul admitted that they had changed over the years. "We had to. If you've got the money you don't buy a £3 camera if you would rather have a £50 one. Our whole outlook on life is changing because our circumstances have changed our surroundings. But this hasn't done anything to disunite The Beatles. We are going to keep on making better tracks and become better entertainers - as The Beatles."

Ringo Starr confirmed, a few hours after I spoke to Paul, that The Beatles are very much united and in no way thinking of splitting. "This idea of jealousy is in other people's brains. We didn't mind John doing a film on his own. We were glad he wanted to. And when the time comes, if it does, that I will get a role on my own, the others will say, 'Good luck.' That's how we are. We all work for each other's success."

I asked Ringo if he was going to do a film. "Nothing definite at the moment. We get scripts sent in every day, but most of them are so bad. We all get offers of parts, but until something is very good, we're not interested. Same with the film we'll do together. Until the script is to all our likings we won't do it."

As far as live performances are concerned, Ringo's feelings were: "We can't do the same act, with a couple of numbers and a couple of jokes. And on tours we're not playing properly but nobody hears, anyway. We'd have to rehearse something new."

Ringo also made the first reference to the fact that The Beach Boys had come out on top in the World Vocal Group section of the *NME* Poll.

"Good luck to them," he said. "I think the Poll was fine. We haven't been doing much and it was run just at a time when The Beach Boys had something good out. We're all four fans of The Beach Boys... maybe we voted for them," he concluded. *Andy Gray* •

"We feel that only through recording do people listen to us"

THE HISTORY OF **ROCK**

1965

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1966

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THE BEATLES BECAME MORE
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