

THE HISTORY OF

ROCK

1967

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

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF
NME & MELODY MAKER
THIS MONTH: 1967!

STARRING...

JIMI HENDRIX

*"I don't like to stay
in one place"*

THE PINK FLOYD

THE BEATLES

BEACH BOYS

TRAFFIC

DUKE ELLINGTON

ROLLING STONES

CREAM

BEE GEES

THE MONKEES

PLUS! RADIO 1 | FLOWER POWER | THE MOVE | MONTEREY | THE WHO

FROM THE MAKERS OF **UNCUT**

THE HISTORY OF **ROCK** 1967

Every month, we revisit long-lost *NME* and *Melody Maker* interviews and piece together *The History Of Rock*. This month: 1967 — the complete guide to the year music turned psychedelic! “Are you experienced? Have you ever been experienced?”



Relive the year...

HENDRIX SET FIRE TO MONTEREY

THE BEATLES INTRODUCED SGT PEPPER

**THE PINK FLOYD TOOK LONDON
ON AN ALL-NIGHT TRIP**

...and **THE MONKEES**, **ROLLING STONES**, **BEE GEES**, **CREAM**, **TRAFFIC**, **ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK**, **THE DUBLINERS** and many more shared everything with *NME* and *Melody Maker*

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1967

MONTH BY MONTH



Welcome to 1967

IN THE POPULAR imagination, 1967 is a year defined by its summer – a summer not announced by warmer weather, so much as by The Beatles’ release of *Sergeant Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band* in June, and continuing through singles like their own “All You Need Is Love”, “Itchycoo Park” by the Small Faces and Traffic’s “Hole In My Shoe”. It is also a more symbolic season, in which the tentative drug dalliance, conceptual thought and musical explorations seeded in the previous year all burst into vibrant colour. Or, in the case of The Jimi Hendrix Experience, into flames.

Bands are leaving the cities. They are growing (and shaving) moustaches. Fans are following them in greater numbers not to scream, but to mingle with them as something like equals, to listen and watch the lightshow. An American city, San Francisco, becomes the spiritual home of this development – and quickly, of its kitsch. The “genuine” people, as Graham Nash observes, have already gone elsewhere.

The Beatles make influential music in 1967, but it may be The Rolling Stones (for whom this is not considered a vintage year) who are the avatars of the culture. In January, Brian Jones tells the world that something called “the Age Of Aquarius” is coming. It is the sentencing in July of Mick Jagger and Keith Richards that threatens to bring the summer’s idyll to an end. The band’s return with “We Love You” offers a new and ironic note of defiance for late summer. Come the winter, Jagger will be telling reporters that *Satanic Majesties* is “just another album”, as the year’s costumes are removed and put away.

The staffers of *NME* and *Melody Maker* were there with all these musicians, increasingly for longer periods. Transatlantic travel is fractionally more common, and when the opportunity arises, American groups are visited in their own surroundings. Making music has come to reflect an entire lifestyle, and travel of one kind or another is broadening the mind.

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 third edition, dedicated to 1967, you will find verbatim articles from frontline staffers, compiled into long and illuminating reads. Missed an issue? You can find out how to rectify that on page 144.

What will surprise the modern reader most is the access to, and the sheer volume of, material supplied by the artists who are now the giants of popular culture. Now, a combination of 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. At Monterey with Brian Jones, or looning at UFO. Talking *Coronation Street* with The Monkees. They are with Traffic, awaiting a delivery of poached eggs.

Join them there. You’ll flip on it.

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ROCK

Time Inc. (UK) Ltd, 8th Floor, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark St, London SE1 0SU | **EDITOR** John Mulvey, whose favourite song from 1967 is *You Set The Scene by Love* **DEPUTY EDITOR** John Robinson *I Can See For Miles by The Who* **ART EDITOR** Lora Findlay *Alone Again Or by Love* **PRODUCTION EDITOR** Mike Johnson *Happy Together by The Turtles* **ART DIRECTOR** Marc Jones *2,000 Light Years From Home by The Rolling Stones* **DESIGNER** Michael Chapman *Interstellar Overdrive by The Pink Floyd* **PICTURE EDITOR** Kimberly Kriete *My Back Pages by The Byrds* **COVER PHOTO** Tony Gale/Pictorial Press/Alamy **THANKS TO** Helen Spivak, Johann Chan, Gary Payne, Becky Redman, Sharon O’Connell, Michael Bonner **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





1967

JANUARY - MARCH

FEATURING THE MOVE,
THE WHO, PINK FLOYD,
JIMI HENDRIX & MORE



“Being young is a condition of the mind”

NME FEBRUARY 18 Late January, Knole Park, Sevenoaks. The Beatles film promos for “Strawberry Fields Forever” and “Penny Lane”. NME gets the lowdown from their director, Peter Goldmann.

“THE BEATLES HAVE made pop music into *music*,” said Peter Goldmann, the quietly spoken Swede who has been directing

The Beatles for the past week in and around London and down in the countryside of Sevenoaks. “Paul and I spoke a great deal about this generation, and we are both convinced that what began essentially as a music form for young people is now for everyone. Being young is a condition of the mind; and young fashions and young music are now for everyone who can think young. When British TV realises just how wide are the appeals and horizons of groups like The Beatles, they may treat pop with the respect it now deserves.”

Peter is a living example of how to think and be young. He was dressed like an advert for Carnaby Street in a green velvet frock coat with

a yellow polka dot flap-over tie and a snappy black cap. He is 31, and looks as if he were in his early twenties. His enthusiasm for English beat music is reflected in his imaginative Continental TV presentations of groups like The Hollies, Small Faces and The Troggs. It was through an early presentation of Manfred Mann in Sweden that Peter came to know Klaus Voorman, their bass player, who brought Peter’s work to the attention of Brian Epstein.

“I received a cable from Mr Epstein and got a plane over the same day,” said Peter. “Originally, my enthusiasm for presenting English groups on TV in Sweden was fired by Dick Lester’s fine film of The Beatles in *A Hard Day’s Night*. I thought that was fantastic and wanted to try to present this music in an original and interesting manner on TV.

Peter is now concerned that people might be expecting too much from him, and »



January 30, 1967: Swedish director Peter Goldmann oversees The Beatles' set-dressing efforts for the "Strawberry Fields..." film

"I arranged this weird tree-piano in a field, and all the wires we had tied to branches of a tree broke in a gust of wind"

Peter Goldman



The Beatles

mentioned that he has shot in colour both "Strawberry Fields..." and "Penny Lane" films shown on the BBC's *Top Of The Pops* this week, although we will see them only in black and white. He is concerned that some of the clever lighting effects will not come off in two-tone, but he was very happy about having worked with The Beatles.

"My first meeting with the group was at Ringo's house," said Peter. "He was very kind, and took me for a walk in his garden with his wife, Maureen, and their little white poodle dog, Tiger. I got my boots all muddy, and Ringo insisted on giving me another pair to replace them – that is really typical of him.

"Nearly everything went wrong during the filming, but The Beatles were very patient. The horses we got for the 'Penny Lane' clip proved to be spirited, and when The Beatles got off them they just bolted. It took us a couple of hours to recapture them from the far side of the park.

"Then when I arranged this weird tree-piano in a field, all the wires we had tied to branches of a tree broke in a gust of wind, and we had to begin again! It was for the 'Strawberry Fields...' clip. I was amazed to find that there was a ban in Britain which prevented The Beatles from miming to their disc – I cannot think that this serves any useful purpose.

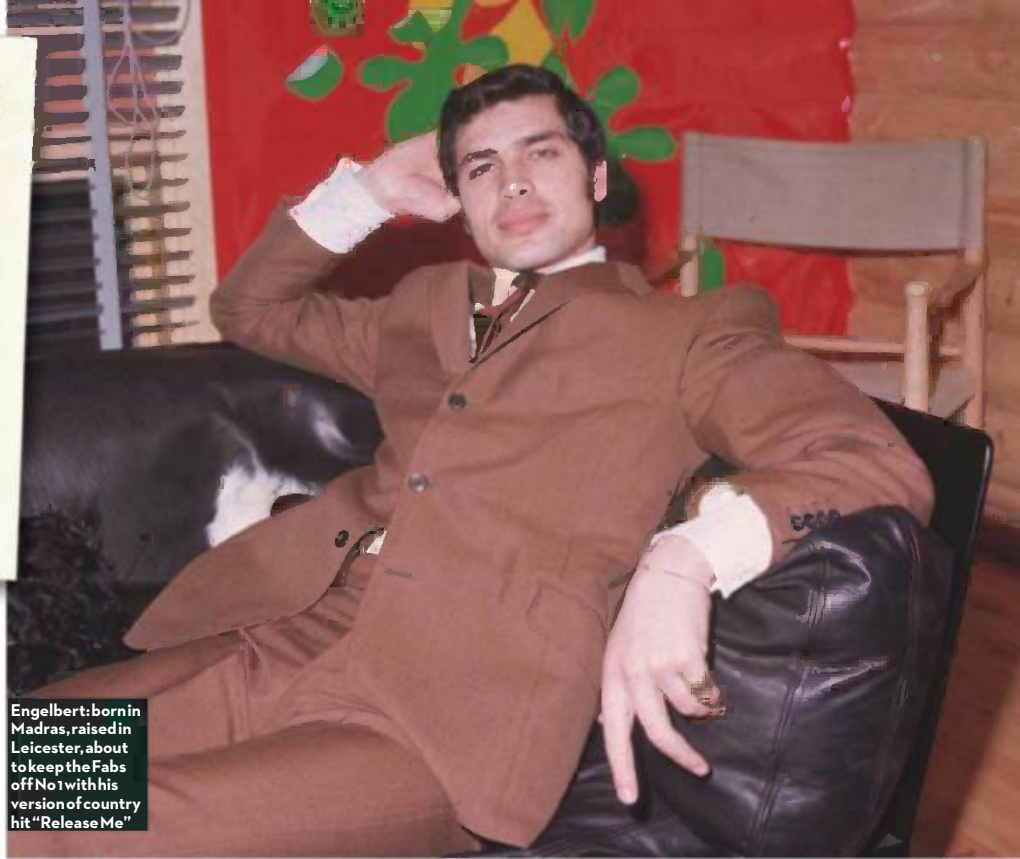
"So I had to find settings and ideas which were sympathetic to their songs without turning them into comic actors. Ringo, I found, was very well informed on camera and photographic techniques, and Paul was a most entertaining conversationalist, but the group had all informed me that I was the director, and so I must direct."

In spite of fogs, bad light and other typically British weather conditions, Peter enjoyed his few days filming with the boys, and has an even higher regard for The Beatles as people now, in addition to his admiration for them as artists. "They are fantastically gifted people – I heard their new LP, and that is going to surprise quite a few people. Very different from what people would expect, and very good."

Peter had a few words to say about the presentation of The Rolling Stones on the *London Palladium* TV show, which he saw while he was here.

"That was terrible," said Peter. "That is no way to treat artists – and the Stones are artists. I think it was a very fair reflection of the childish distaste that some misguided adults have for long hair and anything that is new. I felt very sorry for the Stones. If they had, perhaps, been allowed to present things themselves, it would never have happened." *Keith Altham*

GETTY



Engelbert: born in Madras, raised in Leicester, about to keep the Fabs off No 1 with his version of country hit "Release Me"

"It's a luckier name..."

NME MARCH 4 Introducing... the former Gerry Dorsey, Mr Engelbert Humperdinck.

THIS WEEK LET us all raise our glasses and drink to the health of Engelbert Humperdinck, who tops the *NME* Chart with "Release Me". I am, for one, delighted that he's made it big at last. Not only because of his sheer talent and perseverance, but because he made it against almost impossible odds.

Engelbert – or Gerry Dorsey as he was then – began his recording career in 1958 when Decca issued his first disc, "Mr Music Man". The record flopped and Gerry and Decca parted company, but he continued making a reasonable living as a singer.

During the next three years he slowly built up a reasonable reputation through TV appearances on shows such as *Oh Boy*. People started recognising him in the street and he was always being asked for his autograph. He had made several more records for different companies and work was pretty steady – in fact, the future seemed very promising indeed. But then, in 1961, Gerry was taken suddenly ill and spent the next 12 months in hospital. When he had finally fully recovered, he found that everything had changed. No-one knew him or particularly wanted to. During his absence other names had appeared to take over where he had left off. Gerry Dorsey had been forgotten.

For the next year or so he tried to pick up the old threads. "I wanted to continue singing," he told me this week. "But I could find very little work. So many times I thought to myself,

'What's the point?' I felt like giving up the whole business so often, but I never did. I always had the feeling that before my illness I had achieved a slight amount of success and I at least wanted to regain that."

He started recording again but still he had no success and meanwhile other singers were racing past him up the chart. "I can't say I wasn't upset getting nowhere while other people were making it," he admitted.

Then early last year came the change from Dorsey to Humperdinck, and he rejoined Decca. "At first I didn't like the name but now I've grown quite used to it. Humperdinck certainly seems to be a luckier name."

His first big break as Engelbert Humperdinck came when he appeared at the International Song Contest in Knokke-Le-Zoute last July. "That really opened

up the European market for me," he said. "I started getting TV offers from all over Germany, Holland and Belgium."

Today he is one of the biggest stars in the Netherlands. He had just returned from Belgium when I met him and was enthusing over the audiences there: "Everywhere we played was absolutely packed to capacity – and the boys are wilder than the girls."

Engelbert Humperdinck has succeeded in what he set out to do – to get to No. 1. "I don't care if I never get another hit record. I've achieved my ambition and now I'm happy."

Personally, I think it's just the beginning for Engelbert. *Norrie Drummond*

"I can't say I wasn't upset getting nowhere while other people were making it"

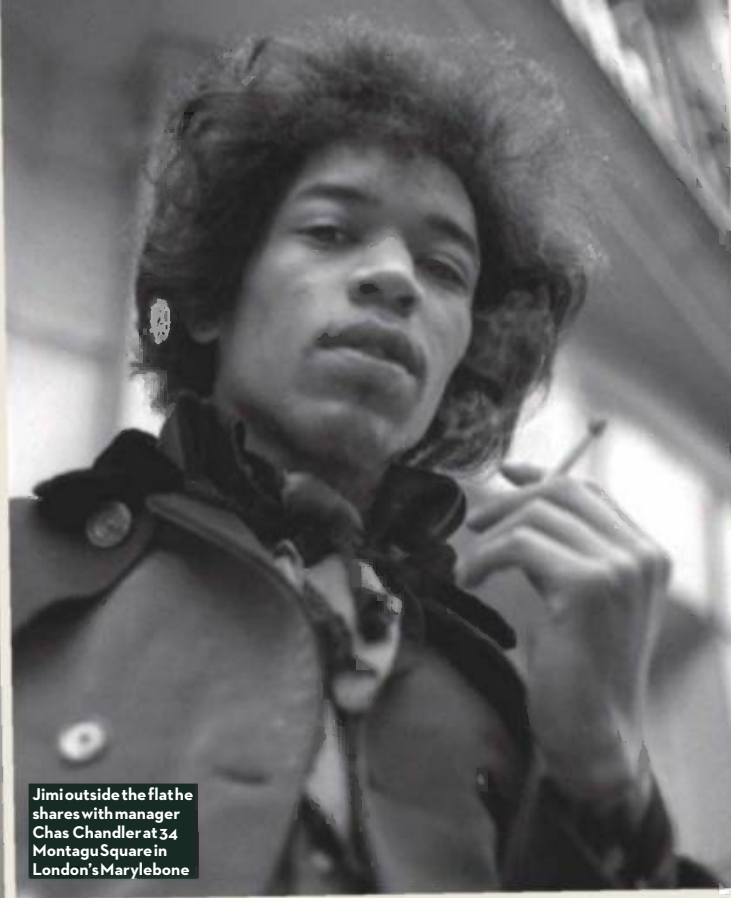
“I turned in my white suit”

NME JANUARY 14 NME meets a hot new American guitarist. “Playing other people’s music was hurting me...”

THE MAN FOR whom the words “Wild One” were invented has hit us! Jimi Hendrix, 22, from Seattle, Washington, USA, courtesy of ex-Animal Chas Chandler – debuts in the *NME* Chart at No 24 with his self-arranged “Hey Joe” (Polydor). Hendrix is a one-man guitar explosion with a stage act which leaves those who think pop has gone pretty with their mouths hanging open. What this man does to a guitar could get him arrested for assault. This is the story of his life in his own words:

“Bored to death at 16, I joined the army – airborne. A little less than a year of screaming ‘AHHHHH!’ and ‘I’m falling’ all the time, so I squeezed my way out by breaking my ankle and hurting my back; then I tried being serious with my first love – music. One of The Isley Brothers heard me playing in a club and said he had a job open. Sleeping between them hall tenements was hell – rats running across your chest, cockroaches, stealing your last candy bar, so I figured, ‘Yeah, I’ll gig.’ But I got tired of playing in the key of ‘F’ all the time and turned in my white mohair silk suit and patent leather shoes.

“A tour came through town with BB King, Sam Cooke, Chuck Jackson, Solomon Burkes, Jackie Wilson and Hank Ballard. I learned an awful lot when I got a job guitar-picking, behind all those names every night. In Atlanta I auditioned with Little Richard, copped the gig and worked with him all over the US – finally landing in Los Angeles and playing more gigs with Ike and Tina Turner. I quit Little Richard because of a money misunderstanding and to rest. But who can rest in New York?



Jimi outside the flat he shares with manager Chas Chandler at 34 Montagu Square in London’s Marylebone

“I got a job with another band. I had all these ideas and sounds in my brain, and playing this ‘other people’s music’ all the time was hurting me. I jumped from the frying pan into the fire when I joined up with Joey Dee & The Starlighters – mind you, this is an out-of-sight group... but?!?!?”

“After sucking on a peppermint-twist salary I had to quit and began playing with a jukebox band, and finally quit that, too, with nothing but a ‘wish’ sandwich (two pieces of bread – wishing I had some meat between). Finally I formed up with three other guys under the name of The Blue Flames [no connection]. I was living off sympathy until my English friend appeared from nowhere and persuaded Chas Chandler of The Animals to come down to where I was gigging and give me an ear. We came here to England, picked out two of the best musicians – Noel Redding from The Loving Kind for bass and Mitch Mitchell, an ex-Blue Flame, on drums – formed The Jimi Hendrix Experience. Now I’m going to make certain I don’t fluff it all up!” *Keith Altham*

➤ Aggressive counter-drugs action is to be taken by the police in co-operation with Interpol, and particular attention is being paid to pop artists and “pop parties”. Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull were both searched at the home of fellow Rolling Stone Keith Richards at West Wittering, Sussex last week. Fifteen police searched eight people with a search warrant issued under the Dangerous Drugs Act. Substances were taken from the house and examined at Scotland Yard. Mr Les Perrin, publicist, told the *MM* on Monday that no prosecutions had been made.

Meanwhile the police are to use new measures to stamp out the importation and use of drugs. More raids are expected to take place and drugs recovered in recent raids include purple hearts, LSD and Indian Hemp. **MM FEBRUARY 25**

➤ The Beatles have now approved Owen Holder’s basic script for their third film, and are awaiting the final screenplay before setting a shooting date. The picture will feature the group in comedy character roles, with little or no singing – but there will be a full Lennon-McCartney incidental score. **NME JANUARY 21**

➤ The Pink Floyd, whose first single “Arnold Layne” hit the Pop 50 at No 33 this week, have now completed five tracks of their first album. Beatle Paul McCartney has already dropped into several of the sessions and reports say the album is a “knockout”. On Monday The Pink Floyd finished filming a short promotional clip for the single. **MM MARCH 25**

Ein Film ohne Netz – kaltblütig mit Gefühl
Volker Schlöndorffs
MORD UND TOTSCHLAG



Anita Pallenberg
Hans P. Hallwachs
Werner Enke
Manfred Fischbeck
Musik: Brian Jones (von den Rolling Stones)
Ein Farbfilm
der Rob Houwer-Produktion
Constantin-Film

Anita shoots, Brian scores

NME MARCH 18 Brian Jones’ movie music could win Cannes honour.

THE MOVIE FOR which Rolling Stone Brian Jones has written and produced the music – as exclusively reported in the *NME* two weeks ago – has been selected as Germany’s entry for the Cannes Film Festival from April 24 to May 11. The picture stars Brian’s girlfriend, Anita Pallenberg.

Titled *Mord Und Totschlag*, it will be screened in this country (with English subtitles) by Universal Pictures as *A Degree Of Murder*. The film was shot in Munich, to which Jones paid three visits to see the film in preparation – although all the soundtrack recordings took place in London.

Groups of various sizes, up to and including a 10-piece unit, were used in the score. Brian himself plays sitar, organ, autoharp, harmonica and dulcimer on the soundtrack. He entered the West London Hospital for a check-up last weekend, but discharged himself after three days and flew off to North Africa for a rest. Mick Jagger is already holidaying in Tangier.

“We are soon to begin the Age Of Aquarius”

As the year begins, THE ROLLING STONES remain pop’s bad boys. Brian Jones, however, is unconcerned by the brickbats of Max Bygraves and the press, and is keeping his mind open to higher things. “There is,” says Jones, “a young revolution in thought and manner about to take place.”

— NME FEBRUARY 4 —

LET US CONSIDER that unique phenomenon – The Rolling Stones’ public image! When the Stones began rolling approximately three years ago they founded their personal approach upon a direct appeal to young peoples’ impatience with authority and the basic premise that no-one likes to be told what to do – especially a teenager. The Stones became “the defiant ones” – representatives of the eternal struggle between youth and the aged; champions of the “it’s my life and I’ll do what I like with it” school.

The parents spotted the declaration of war upon their authority and rejected the Stones; the Stones promptly rejected the parents. Today there exists a huge social barrier between the older generation and the Stones – a barrier which some critics argue must be broken if the group are to “appeal to a wider market” and make the transition, like The Beatles, into films.

Since their early days the group has progressed immeasurably both musically and lyrically – take a good listen to “Ruby Tuesday” and Jagger, with the exception of that recent abortive TV presentation on *The London Palladium Show*, is without equal on stage as an agitator and interpreter of musical excitement.

Any improvement in the group as entertainers has been largely overshadowed by the regular bursts of shock, publicity and personal life exposés in a national press apparently as dedicated to a policy of “with The Rolling

Stones only bad news is good news” as the group themselves are to their uncompromising attitudes and opinions.

I took up the subject with Brian Jones in a bar off Kensington High Street last Monday, where he supped a pint of Guinness and flicked fag ash into his untouched oxtail soup at regular intervals. “Why should we have to compromise with our image?” posed Brian. “You don’t simply give up all you have ever believed in because you’ve reached a certain age. Our generation is growing up with us and they believe in the same things we do – when our fans get older I hope they won’t require a show like the *Palladium*.”

“The recent pictures of me taken in Nazi uniform were a put-down. Really, I mean with all that long hair in a Nazi uniform, couldn’t people see that it was a satirical thing? How can anyone be offended when I’m on their side? I’m not a Nazi sympathiser. I noticed that the week after the pictures of me taken in that uniform appeared there were photographs of Peter O’Toole in the same newspaper wearing a German uniform for a film he is making. But no-one put him down for wearing that!

“The photographs taken of my flat in a terrible mess recently were another misrepresentation. An Italian film company was filming in the room and we pushed everything into one corner to make room for the camera crew. We were not even aware of the photographs that were being taken were for publishing in a paper here. You’ve seen my flat – I don’t live in that kind of mess normally. I’ve complained to the Press Council about the whole episode.”

At this point enter Mr Keith Richards in his maroon leather jacket, University Of Hawaii T-shirt and orange

“Our followers are questioning some of the basic immoralities that are tolerated in present-day society”: Brian Jones in Hyde Park, London, January 1967



neckerchief, full of apologies for being late as he had forgotten it was his chauffeur's day off. How does he see the possibility of coming to terms with the older generation, as The Beatles appear to have done?

"You can't suddenly become accepted overnight by cutting your hair, putting on a suit and saying, 'Look, aren't I nice?' - it's not us, it's not honest, and why should we?" asked Keith.

"We haven't got the same PR set-up as The Beatles," added Brian. "Anyway, I think you must realise that certain fans of The Beatles share a great many of our ideas and opinions."

We moved on to just who exactly are the Stones fans now; Brian obliged by describing one who had "passed on".

"Margaret Stokes was a Stones fan three years ago but she 'copped out'," he said. "Now she's probably married with a kid and another on the way. She and her husband go to the same pubs as her parents and they are both bored with life. If she goes to see a pop group at all she'll go and see Dave Dozy and Speakeasy!

"Sometimes we get the old characters like the one we met in a country club over the weekend. He came up to us and said he was a fan and that he'd been in the business 40 years and prophesied that we'd be alright 'as long as you keep yer 'armonies'.

"Our real followers have moved on with us - some of those we like most are the hippies in New York, but nearly all of them think like us and are questioning some of the basic immoralities which are tolerated in

present-day society - the war in Vietnam, persecution of homosexuals, illegality of abortion, drug taking. All these things are immoral. We are making our own statement - others are making more intellectual ones. Our friends are questioning the wisdom of an almost blind acceptance of religion compared with total disregard for reports related to things like unidentified flying objects, which seem more real to me.

"Conversely, I don't underestimate the power or influence of those, unlike me, who do believe in God. We believe there can be no evolution without revolution. I realise there are other inequalities - the ratio between affluence and reward for work done is all wrong. I know I earn too much, but I'm still young and there's something spiteful inside me which makes me want to hold on to what I've got. I believe we are moving toward a new age in ideas and events. Astrologically, we are at the end of the age called the Pisces age - at the beginning of which people like Christ were born.

"We are soon to begin the Age of Aquarius, in which events as important as those at the beginning of Pisces are like to occur. There is a young revolution in thought and manner about to take place."

Returning the conversation to any kind of level related to pop music proved difficult and a chance remark of mine as to Gene Pitney's marriage brought the retort from Brian: "You've been trying to reduce the conversation to that level all afternoon!"

"You can't be accepted overnight by putting on a suit. It's not us"

"Jazzmen think you're crap"

MM FEB 4 Charlie Watts' Think-In slot reveals him to be more interesting than supposed. "I've just got a boring face."

BUTTONS Andrew told me to do the drawings for the LP and he told me the title was between the buttons. I thought he meant the title was *Between The Buttons*, so it stayed. It was my fault because I misunderstood him.

BIG SID CATLETT I've got many of his records. When you listen to him it's like going back to school. He's fantastic. He swings like mad and he's got a fantastic technique. Listen to some of the things he did with Charlie Parker and Louis Armstrong. I wouldn't say Big Sid Catlett was my greatest influence.

TERRY CLARKE Oh, the drummer. I've met him. He's very good. I saw him at Shelly's Manne-Hole. He saw me, but I don't get up and say hello, especially to jazzmen, because they can be funny sometimes. They think you are crap but some come across and say hello. Terry Clarke is a funny player. He sounds bigger than he is. I had a record of John Handy at Monterey and on "Spanish Lady" he sounds tremendous. He sounds like Elvin Jones but he's a slight, white guy. He isn't a monster like Ginger Baker. The guitar player with that group is a nice guy. He's a teacher. Clemons told me he'd known him 14 years and yet he never says a word to him in interviews.

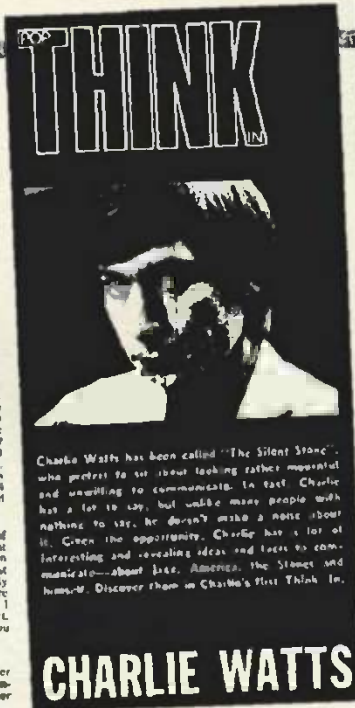
MODERN ART It takes up a lot of my thought, but not in the sense that I go up to galleries and gawp. Modern art is like modern jazz - it's just people you like. Obviously anybody who lives in 1967 should be aware of art. What you mean is Picasso, I suppose, and that's not

modern art. Really I can't talk on the subject. You should ask my wife.

THE LONDON PALLADIUM SHOW I never watch the show. I'm more convinced than ever that nobody ever does any good on that show other than one man, and that's Sammy Davis Jr, and he can perform on a pavement. It just isn't my show to start with, so to go and perform on it... well. Personally, I didn't want to do it, and I'm not sure why we did. I suppose it was a challenge. It's always done more harm than good to anybody I've ever seen on it. It was incredible. I've never played in front of an audience like that. They would have clapped at anything. They didn't know what we were doing or what they were even looking at. We could have been Yehudi Menuhin or Rudolph Nureyev. Rudolph Nureyev would have done a better job than Yehudi Menuhin because he's better looking. We thought we had made it clear before we went we wouldn't go on the turntable. The point was we had the effrontery to say we wouldn't, so the producer got upset. Why should he get upset? After all, what are you arguing about? Just going round on a bit of cardboard for 10 seconds. Yet it's been going on for days in the papers.

FANS Where would we be without them? I'm very fortunate in that I exist in the group without many of the hassles of being a pop star. I get it when the five of us are together, but I've never really liked adoration for myself. Whenever I get it, it's for being part of the group, not for me. I hope the others take it more seriously than I do!

RED GUARDS You should really have Lennon here, with a quip off the cuff. Of course they worry me. I'm against any form of organised thought. I'm against organised entertainment like the *London Palladium*. I'm against organised force like the army, and I'm against



I'M NOT REALLY BORED. I'VE JUST GOT AN INCREDIBLY BORING FACE

FANS: Where would we be without them? I'm very fortunate in that I exist in the group without many of the hassles of being a pop star. I get it when the five of us are together, but I've never really liked adoration for myself. Whenever I get it, it's for being part of the group, not for me. I hope the others take it more seriously than I do!

BUTTONS Andrew told me to do the drawings for the LP and he told me the title was between the buttons. I thought he meant the title was *Between The Buttons*, so it stayed. It was my fault because I misunderstood him.

BIG SID CATLETT I've got many of his records. When you listen to him it's like going back to school. He's fantastic. He swings like mad and he's got a fantastic technique. Listen to some of the things he did with Charlie Parker and Louis Armstrong. I wouldn't say Big Sid Catlett was my greatest influence.

TERRY CLARKE Oh, the drummer. I've met him. He's very good. I saw him at Shelly's Manne-Hole. He saw me, but I don't get up and say hello, especially to jazzmen, because they can be funny sometimes. They think you are crap but some come across and say hello. Terry Clarke is a funny player. He sounds bigger than he is. I had a record of John Handy at Monterey and on "Spanish Lady" he sounds tremendous. He sounds like Elvin Jones but he's a slight, white guy. He isn't a monster like Ginger Baker. The guitar player with that group is a nice guy. He's a teacher. Clemons told me he'd known him 14 years and yet he never says a word to him in interviews.

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CHARLIE WATTS

However, we did manage to ascertain what they thought of Max Bygraves' action on the *Palladium* last week when he produced a can of aerosol and sprayed the stage on mentioning The Rolling Stones by name. "Brilliant," said Keith sarcastically. "I mean, all that and 'Tulips From Amsterdam' too! Did he do it without wearing a wig," retorted Brian. "I mean, that's a bit avant garde for Max Bygraves – putting down the Stones without wearing a wig!"

We stepped over Max Bygraves and conversationally circumnavigated the death of President Kennedy – something else that Mr Jones has very definite opinions about – and cares about almost obsessively. A neat swerve in discussion bought us to what, if anything or anyone, is following The Rolling Stones.

"I'd like to see The Move," said Brian. "They are really an extension of our idea of smashing conventions. Those kind of smash-ups they have – destroying TV sets, cars etc – are all part of dissatisfaction with convention. Pete Townshend's tendency to smash guitars is a physical



Jan 22, 1967: the Stones' first appearance on The London Palladium Show, when they refused to join other acts on the roundabout at the end

reproduction of what is going on in his mind – I wish he'd write a book!"

A somewhat disturbing interview was rounded off by Brian insisting that the muzak version of Ravel's *Bolero* was turned up over our heads – "It builds to a great climax" – and we finally left the restaurant, Mr Jones in his Rolls, Mr Richards in his girlfriend's dirty red sports car and me by cab. Nothing, it seems, is going to change The Rolling Stones – except, perhaps, old age! *Keith Altham* •

MIRROREX

organised religion like the Church. I don't see how you can organise 10 million minds to believe one thing. How many Nazis believed? Only until the end of the war, then suddenly it was – Nazis? Nazis? So how much do they really believe in the Red Guards? I've read a lot about it. Mick is good on politics. Mick and John Bird are fantastic talking about politics, but it doesn't really interest me. Ask me about Sid Catlett, but not political history.

CONFUSION Like I was on the Red Guards. No – as I was on the Red Guards. Like is a horrible word.

SUBURBIA I live on the edge of a town called Lewes. It's a very old town – the county seat of Sussex, and it's being overrun. I don't like the houses in suburbia. I wouldn't live in one for free. Suburbia is a state of mind, but no-one is really suburban. Everyone has a different mind. I know people who have to go on the train to work every morning, but they are as mad as the next bloke. How amazing this is when people make out suburbia to be the ideal way of life and it isn't – is it? I'm glad I don't live in suburbia. The sad thing is, most of the people living there were taken out of an open life in London and put into a house on a building site. When their parents were young the front door was always open and kids from four streets down were always in. There's never any of that in suburbia.

MICK JAGGER Very intelligent, except he never stops talking when you talk intellectually to him. I don't know if he's intelligent, so much as bright. He's very bright, but I know more intellectual people. He's great, really. He's very soft, much softer than he looks. He's not what people imagine – flash and ever-happy. He's not. Mick is one of those people you ask: "Are you happy?" and he says, "Yes." But you never really know. He never stops going. If he writes a great number, he goes on to something else. The group has meant

everything to him. He's done so much. Now he's got time to think, and things are getting more interesting. Our recording sessions are much better. This new one is the best we have ever done. You know, I think my wife Shirley was the first woman ever to answer Mick intelligently. It was quite a funny incident. Mick has very strong ideas about politics and philosophy, and he's never taken much notice of girls' opinions before. It was quite funny to see him when Shirley answered back. It was one of his ideas smashed. I think he's likely to be a politician. The drag is, when a reporter asks Mick a question they expect a quip, so a lot of the things he says never come out.

SECURITY It's very dangerous. Very nice, but very dangerous. I feel pretty secure at the moment, but it doesn't half make you lazy.

POP People have taken popular music today and nearly made it into an art form. That's really what The Beatles have done. When I say pop, I think of groups, apart from a very few people like Cat Stevens, Donovan and Dylan. I don't know about The Monkees. I like their records, but I've got one thing against them. They are mass-produced. They were chosen, and everything is produced for them. Everything The Beatles did was their own. But at the moment "I'm A Believer" is a good pop record. Good for them.

AMERICA America is great, really. I don't know how they keep it all together when they've got about 50 different races. You tend to think of Los Angeles and New York, but there are 3,000 miles in-between filled with totally different people, and they run America. They're fantastic people, but America is a bit like a bloody great

suburbia. They are told what they like. Funny enough, with this big British thing, the kids seem to have gone completely mad. Anti-this and anti-that. It's a phoney existence.

ANDREW OLDHAM Andrew – I like personally very much, because he's always been nice to me. I don't see him a lot really. He's done a lot for popular music. Put that down.

INSULTS Bloody insults – blimey, haven't you read the paper? It's been a good week for insults. Insults come from a complete lack of understanding. We must be the most insulted group ever! Still, people don't shout "Git yer hair cut!" any more. It didn't hurt really, but when people say it often enough, it's like

brainwashing. You begin to think you should have your hair cut, only you don't because you know your ears will stick out!

GINGER BAKER I haven't seen him for ages. The first time I saw him was at the Troubadour, a folk club, and I was playing in a quartet. He came in glaring at me. He was

so good I just cut out. He really is good. I haven't seen him play for ages, but he was the nearest thing I have seen to a completely American player. Americans put it down the way they think it should sound, and so does Ginger. Ginger sounded to me more like Elvin Jones than Elvin does. Those Graham Bond LPs he did were so badly recorded and they were doing some ridiculous stuff. I spoke to Dick Heckstall-Smith recently and he tells me Jon Hiseman is incredible, but I've never seen him.


BOREDOM I give the impression of being bored, but I'm not really. I've just got an incredibly boring face.

1967

JANUARY - MARCH



December 31, 1966: on a bill with The Pink Floyd and The Who for a Giant Freak-Out All-Night Rave at North London's Roundhouse, The Move and members of the audience smash up a Cadillac (pair of strippers not pictured)



Move frontman Carl Wayne disposes with Rhodesian PM Ian Smith in effigy

“Our life’s ambition is to start a riot. People love violence.”

Axes! Strippers! Hitler! Where psychedelia meets auto-destructive art, you’ll find **THE MOVE**. In Roy Wood they have a compositional genius, and in Carl Wayne, a showman with a plan for how to stand out. “You make the trousers tighter, for a start.”

— MELODY MAKER JANUARY 14 —

HOW PSYCHEDELIC IS your pop? This is the demanding question posed to many groups today, struggling for acceptance. It's no longer any good to say, "Well, mate, we can play Wilson Pickett, James Brown and all that gear," to anybody contemplating booking a band. One has to explain whether one is likely to set fire to the auditorium, or batter the audience's senses with flame, light and fiendish noises.

Once it is proved these capabilities are available, and in vast quantities, the road to success is open. For example, one of the leading lights of the freak-out brigade, The Pink Floyd, were completely unheard of only a few weeks ago, but have already netted a residency at London's Marquee Club, while remaining semi-pro.

The Move have been building up their reputation in a maelstrom of violent "happenings" for some months and have just broken into the *MM* Pop Chart with "Night Of Fear", their first single.

But how seriously do these groups take their work? From our inquiries, a new pattern emerges – "Schizophrenic Psychedelic Pop". The Floyd are serious, while The Move... well, now read on. This is where our story begins.

Originally an R&B blues-type group, The Pink Floyd first got involved with experimentation in light and sound when they provided the music for the Hornsey College Of Art Light-Sound workshop. This started an interest in the relationship between light and sound and they continued small experiments but never had the money to do anything beyond flashing a few footlights. Said drummer Nick Mason: "We were very disorganised then until our managers materialised and we started looking for a guy to do the lights full time. The lighting man literally has to be one of the group. When we were in our early stages, we didn't play a lot of our electronic "interstellar" music and the slides were still rather amateurish. However this has developed now and our "take-off" into the mainly improvised electronic scenes are much longer – and, of course, in my opinion, the slides have developed to something out of all proportion. They're just fantastic."

The Pink Floyd – Nick on drums; Syd Barrett on lead guitar and vocals; Roger Waters, bass guitar; and Rick Wright, the organist – have been quickly labelled as a psychedelic group. Their opinions were fairly definite. "You have to be careful when you start on this psychedelic thing," said Nick warily. "We don't call ourselves a psychedelic group or say that we play psychedelic pop music. It's just that people associate us with this and we get employed all the time at the various freak-outs and happenings in London. Let's face it, there isn't really a definition for the word 'psychedelic'. It's something that has all taken place around us – not within us."

Bassist Roger chipped in: "I think the reason is that we've been employed by so many of these freak-out merchants. I sometimes think that it's only because we have lots of equipment and lighting, and it saves the promoters from having to hire lighting for the group. A freak-out, anyway, should be relaxed, informal and spontaneous. The best freak-out you'll ever get is at a party with about a hundred people. A freak-out shouldn't be savage mobs of geezers throwing bottles."

Outrageous, troublemaking and riotous – you can call The Move all of these things and more. But you can't call them phoney. An incredible and



Leading lights of "the freak-out brigade": The Move with their violent "happenings" and The Pink Floyd (Syd Barrett, inset), who favour "interstellar" audio-visual experiments



"I've chopped up about 15 stages so far. We enjoy being outrageous"

refreshing honesty pervades this hard-hitting bunch of extroverts who have upset as many managers and promoters as they have fans. "Psychedelic music is a load of ****," said their singer Carl Wayne, with cheery glee this week. "And we get quite nasty to anybody who calls us psychedelic!"

Smoke bombs, H-bombs, sitars, banjars, riots and rebellions have all played a part in making The Move the most talked about group in months. They have chopped up stages, wrecked cars and assaulted television sets. They have been warned, barred and suppressed. Among the guests who have witnessed their performances have been sections of the Metropolitan police force and London fire brigade, who watched fascinated and made copious notes as smoke and fire billowed around them.

But there is no nonsense from the group about reading any deep, "mystical significance" into their activities on stage.

Far from indulging in "mind expansion", they are simply making an art form of gimmickry. But as Carl explains, while they are busy making violent visual impact on the nation, they back up their combustion and mayhem with a great deal of worthwhile music. Carl was sleeping off a recording session when I woke him at his Birmingham home.

"The session was great," he revealed. "We were doing our next A-side written by our lead guitarist Roy Wood. It's called "I Can Hear The Grass Grow". Our photographer thought up the title. He just thinks up titles and Roy goes out, writes, and comes back with great songs. We're happy about the chart position of our current single, "Night Of Fear", but we're not enthusiastic about the number. It's served its purpose, I suppose. I'm instructed to say it's all about LSD, but to tell you the truth, I haven't a bloody clue what it's all about!"

"We're much more enthusiastic about the next one. It's complete lunacy – a kind of Russian instrumental with Beatle harmonies. Roy is writing some great stuff."

How long has it taken The Move to work out their incredible stage act? "We've been working on it from the word go. It's a year this month since

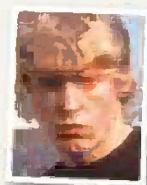
Introducing The Move...

MM FEBRUARY 4 Thumbnail sketches of a tough nut, a money lover, a teenage actor, "a blimper" and a born businessman



CARL WAYNE is the singer and telly chopper extraordinaire with The Move. The axe-wielding Carl is a born

leader and although the group are a closely knit lot, Carl usually ends up a spokesman. He's a tough nut, not to be messed about with. Carl is also the original pessimist. He's always saying, "If the next record gets into the chart - if!" He realises the fans are more intelligent than many parents credit, and his sense of responsibility results in an immaculate dresser who won't go out of the door until he's washed, shaved and dressed to the hilt. Wayne is a valuable cornerstone to The Move and his determination to get on come through in his performance. He's got his life sorted out, he's got a direction, and he knows exactly where he's heading. Carl has a lot of ideas on vocal harmonies - a valuable asset to a lineup containing four singers. An astute, shrewd person who's been around a long while and had to deal with a lot of "third-division businessmen in pop". Wayne will become The Move's idol along the lines of Proby, the singer he admires most.



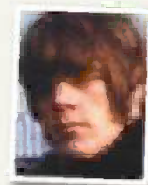
CHRIS KEFFORD Bass guitarist "Ace" Kefford's hang-up is money. He wants a lot. If you try to short-change him for a cuppa, you're in serious trouble!

Ace is quite an aggressive young man, but once he trusts you and likes you - you're a friend for life. Chris is very conscious of his dress and appearance, and always insists in interviews that his hair isn't dyed. Nothing is worse to Ace than to be skint. If he is, you can soon tell by the look on his face. Basically, money drives him on and his determination to be rich has made him a very hard-working bass guitarist, who knows that to make money he's got to be better than all the others in his field. Anything Ace considers as a musical challenge is soon dealt with. He goes home, broods over it and then completely susses it out and gets it under control. He has no illusions, and like Carl, has suffered from the "third division" promoters and managers. Now he's in London where the promoters and managers are first division, so they're handled with just a little less scepticism.



TREVOR BURTON The youngest Mover at 18, Trev hails from a very hard part of Birmingham - and if such a thing exists as "white soul" then Trev's got quite a lot of it. He went to drama school and has been acting since he was 12, doing television and theatre work. At 15, Trevor was already earning £50 a week and went through a ridiculous "full-scale looning scene" at this early age. Now he's levelled off.

Trevor, however, is still learning and watching, but he knows how to handle a situation and invariably makes the right move. He has a certain elegance and he's a natural dancer - which probably stems from the drama school. Trev's very cool and plays unobtrusive rhythm guitar. He has an excellent technique and is very sympathetic to Roy's lead guitar. He always knows what Roy is going to play and he gets right in there behind him, adding the very necessary dynamics to The Move's music.



ROY WOOD isn't just a pasty face. He's the creative mind in The Move - the musician and songwriter responsible for "Night Of Fear" and "I Can Hear The Grass Grow", which is being tipped for the Number 1 spot when it's released. Roy is an introvert. Roy's mind is always

different instruments that all work, and really make original sounds. He started songwriting at 15, but got sent up so much by his schoolmates, he decided it was a bit of a dream. His enthusiasm was knocked out of him. After three months with The Move, he started again and now writes at least one number a week, knowing he has to keep up a consistent output. Many of the songs he writes he tears up unless they're better than the last song he wrote. Wood is quiet and cool. He's never been known to shout at anybody, even when his car was smashed up by a friend; he stepped out of it and said, "That was pretty uncool."



BEV BEVAN Bev is not as introvert, as Roy. Basically, he's easily pleased and satisfied and will probably end up

with a chain of record shops. Bev is a businessman. He broke his wrists when he was about 13 playing with a dance band, which has resulted in one of the strangest techniques you're ever likely to see.

Because of this accident, Bev holds his drumsticks sort of comically through his fist. Usually after an hour playing, his hands start to split and bleed as he keeps cutting them against the cymbals and drums. Bev is probably one of the best and steadiest drummers to have come out of the Midlands for a long time. He's played almost everything and reads music. He is well over six feet and has enormous shoulders.

If anyone has a go at him he usually swallows it - because he knows that if he started fighting he'd probably kill the opposition. Bev is a quiet, genial man - almost a St Bernard type. *Nick Jones*

Trev knows what Roy is going to play and gets right in behind him

somewhere else, thinking all the time. You could put him in a gig wagon and drive all the way to Austria and Roy would sit happily in the back, thinking. If he could behave his own way he'd grow his hair down to his nose, with two eye-holes, and watch the world through it all. Roy's a blimper.

Everything he sees is registering in his mind; he takes it all in - blimp, blimp, blimp. Roy continually experiments with instruments and sounds. He has about five

we started, and as we've gone on, we've adapted and changed things. We have concentrated on the visual approach. Good music is great by people who can really play - groups like Artwoods, Zombies, and Alan Bown Set. They are tremendous groups, but good as they are, we feel they don't have any image at all. For example, the kids go for the image groups like The Kinks and Troggs."

Who has the most ideas in the group? "Well, it's a conglomeration of ideas and our manager Tony Secunda is a great influence on us. He's been in the business a long time and is very experienced. We like to do things that are an outrage. We don't want to toe the line. If you do something outrageous then you capture the public's imagination. We like to be first. We started out wearing gangster clothes, and then everyone was wearing them. Then we went on to sitars, which I admit was when Ravi Shankar was the mode. We changed as soon as everybody else was doing the same thing.

"A lot of groups say to us, 'Oh, you smash up TV sets - what silly boys.' But so what? It creates an impression. Everywhere we go people say, 'Oh, are you going to smash up a TV set tonight?'"

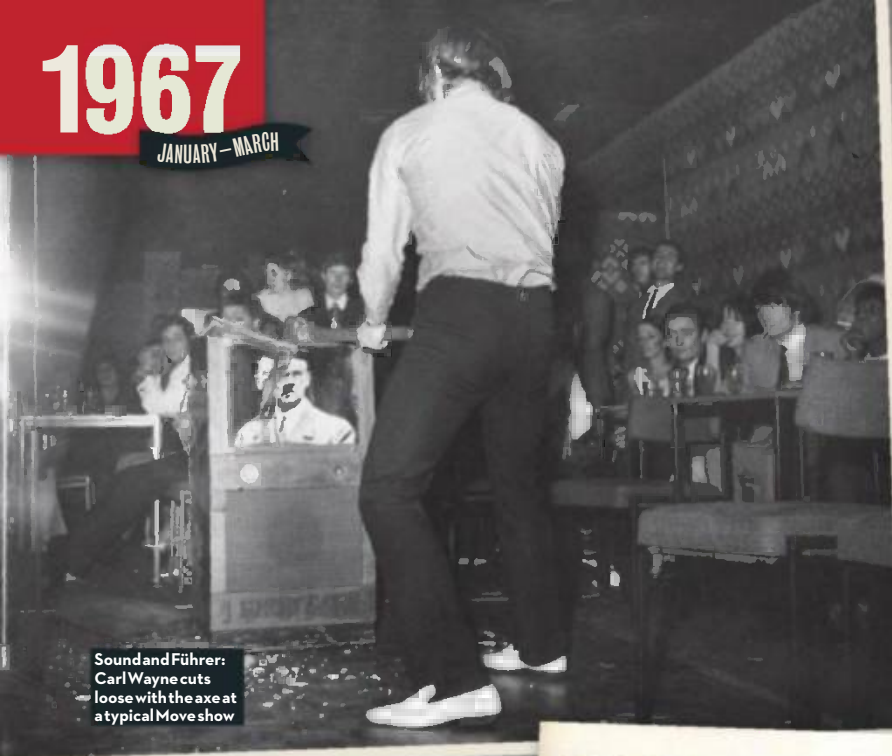
When it comes to the climax of The Move's show - who does the final, existential act of telly-bashing? "I'm the chief executioner," admitted Carl

with quiet pride. "I've chopped up about 15 stages so far. We enjoy being outrageous and causing trouble. The thing we'd most like to do is cause a riot. But we keep changing. We're going to drop lead guitar and have two bass guitars. We'll have three of us in front singing a Tamla Motown style, while Roy will be on his own playing about 12 different instruments. Actually, we're going to be known as an electrical band. We're quite nasty if anybody calls us psychedelic. It should be very entertaining."

Who gets the biggest kick out of auto-destruction - the audience or the group? "The audience. At one place we played, when we smashed up a TV set and a bit of the stage, the audience joined in, and at the Roundhouse when we wrecked a car, there was almost a bloody riot. Freak-outs are a bit of a joke, aren't they? I enjoy it all, but the other groups who have to play them have a hard time."

Who are The Move's favourite groups? "In a way we are compared with The Who. We admire them and they are one of the most advanced writing groups in the country."

The Move and The Pink Floyd are two of today's groups. You may find their attitudes frightening or refreshing - fun or phoney. But by thunder - it's rhythmical! *Chris Welch and Nick Jones* »



Sound and Führer: Carl Wayne cuts loose with the axe at a typical Move show

— NME JANUARY 21 —

THE MOVE'S CARL Wayne leaned forward in the hard-backed chair, lashing his leather overcoat with its black-thonged belt. You don't meet violence like that every day in an *NME* interview and – I have to confess! – I twitched. "It's our life ambition," he said slowly and menacingly, "to start a riot. People love violence. They WANT violence. In our act we wreck cars and stick an axe through TV sets. The kids go wild. Within minutes they're right in there with us....WRECKING, SMASHING, breaking things up.

"The other day we did a show at Chalk Farm and we hired two strippers to strip off while we played. Darlin' birds they were... lovely. There they were – the two of 'em stripping right down to the G-strings – and none of the kids was taking a blind bit of notice. Everybody was too busy wrecking up the car. It was crazy; wild. The manager comes backstage and he says, 'What are we gonna do, what are we gonna do? They're tearing the place up out there!'"

No offence, I ventured timidly, as Carl again lashed out with the leather thong to emphasise his point, but whatever happened to music?

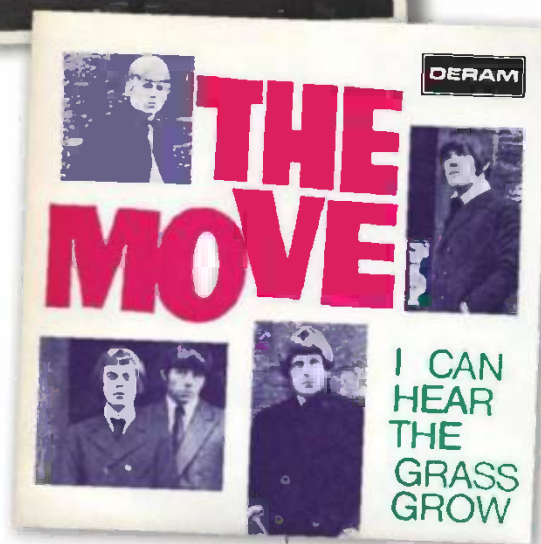
"Yeah, well," said he, his face creased into an amiable grin, "you know how it is.

"You see, these days you've got to be so visual. You've got to have a visual act, and the looks of the group mean so much. I'm not saying you've got to be handsome – you've just got to have the right gear, and present yourself the right way. That's why we're big on all this '30s gear, the double-breasted jackets and all that. I think we started this '30s trend. There are a lot of people around trying to copy us, but they get it all wrong. You see, it's all a matter of the tailoring. Girls don't want to see blokes in those dirty great wide baggy pants. They want sex appeal. So what you do is, you take the '30s influence and you adapt it to today's style. You make the trousers tighter, for a start.

"Another thing about being visual, when we axe up the TV set we're kind of hitting out at antisocial things. TV is antisocial, that's why we attack it. We also attack other evil things like Ian Smith and apartheid. The car? Well, that's a social evil, isn't it? Don't call us psychedelic. The Move has been tagged psychedelic, but we're not and hate it. A lot of groups are calling themselves that, but when the word dies, they'll die. We're not psychedelic," he said grittily; "we're showmen."

Sitting in the room was bass guitarist Chris Kefford, of the pale face and the ice-blond hair. "Night Of Fear" isn't really us," volunteered Chris. "That one was just a breakthrough in the charts.

"Wait till you hear our next single, 'I Can Hear The Grass Grow'. That's us. A fantastic title, isn't it? Our lead guitarist Roy Wood wrote it. We've got



a photographer, Bobby Davidson, and he says to Roy, 'Here's a crazy title. Bet ya can't write a song to fit it.'"

"There's complete lunacy in the lyrics, but it's a hard, driving sound with a lot of micro lines and magnetic things. It didn't take us long to record, because we try to go into the studio when a number hits us, and we've got the inspiration. It's no good waiting: if we don't record it straight away, the feeling's lost."

Much as the groovy-hippy-happening crowd may have taken to *The Move*, there's nothing ultra-cool about the group itself. Members Carl, Chris, Trevor Burton, Bev Bevan and Roy come from Birmingham, and they tell me their greatest pleasure is "to get back home". According to Carl: "You can keep your in-crowd and your hangers-on. We can't stand phoneys at any price."

In spite of their onstage violence, they're pleasant, amiable guys with a touchingly genuine feeling of excitement about the chart success of "Night Of Fear". As we talked, every once in a while Carl or Chris would throw in a request like: "Please thank all your *NME* readers for buying our record – really. We're knocked out. We keep wanting to jump in the air, it's all so fantastic. And could you thank The Easybeats for saying what a great group they think we are. No-one has ever said anything so fantastic about us before. Just you tell The Easybeats, we think they're the greatest too." *Alan Smith*

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 4 —

THE MOVE'S SOMEWHAT unorthodox entry into the pop world, with the aid of sensationalism through "auto-destruction", laid them open for a large dose of leg-pulling, disrespect and plain sarcasm.

"Is it music?" inquired the headlines barely visible through smokescreens, splintered television sets and mangled effigies of Adolf Hitler. Well, the good old British record buying public seemed to think so, and "Night Of Fear"

shot into the Top 10. But, as is so often the case, it will take more than a hit record before *The Move* get the recognition they deserve.

Last week another blow was struck. This time it was Top Rank who flatly refused to allow *The Move* in their ballrooms for the Walker Brothers tour. "Not unless they cool their act down," came the ultimatum. "No," replied *The Move*, "if we can't be allowed to chop up our own props, then we won't do the tour."

Now why do *The Move* go looking for trouble? Is this explosive gimmickry just a smokescreen to cover up musical deficiency? Are they going to be one-hit wonders? Is there a total lack of ideas? Do they have no personality?

I don't think so. Look at the facts and you'll find five Birmingham lads with a wealth of talent, a lot of shrewdness, foresight, and all the "vital ingredients" that will eventually make them top dogs.

As their manager Tony Secunda so rightly says: "The Move's explosion onto the scene was very necessary. This is a group who are progressing very rapidly. They have a lot of talent and the only way we could make people realise they weren't an insipid group was to explode. Now people will come to see *The Move* and will listen to their music. Musically, *The Move* will survive; musically, they are going forward; musically, they are one of the things of the future. It's the music that counts."

Secunda parallels all this to the Cassiss Clay incident, when he couldn't get a fight with Sonny Liston. Clay went round to Liston's house and ripped up the front lawn, then he said: "Come out here, you big bear, I'm going to whip you." It's the only way Clay could get anybody to take notice.

Therefore, the only way *The Move* could get people to sit up and take notice was to make sure everybody heard about them – and the goggle-box chopping did the trick.

"It's just a limited idea," says Secunda. "When it's been exhausted, we'll drop it. You don't seriously think we're going to spend the rest of our lives chopping up TV sets, do you?"

Already they have their next single in the can. They have plans to introduce more lighting and more movement. They're also changing the frontline around. Plans for a hard-hitting, well-rehearsed stage act are in motion. The emphasis is on maximum impact and The Move plan to perfect this blueprint until it carries as much excitement and force as their activities with the axe.

It should also be pointed out that, in fact, the smashing and crashing is only about 15 per cent of their act. All that goes before is music.

Move music is the lasting product, it's hard-hitting and it's got guts. The group themselves are a professional and inventive bunch of individuals, all with their sights on success. *Nick Jones*

— NME FEBRUARY 11 —

OUTSIDE THE THICK, soundproof doors a red light glows behind the word "RECORDING", punched out of a metal plate. I push the heavy door to and walk into the tiny control room. Inside it is very hot, the floor is littered with torn-up pieces of tape, old newspapers, empty coke bottles and members of The Move listening to playbacks of a recently cut track.

The control room is a mass of complex equipment. Along one wall is a massive mixing machine with about 400 switches, knobs, controls and dozens of snakey leads. In the middle are exposed tape spools that give the machine the appearance of a computer. In front of the main control panel, looking like a Mexican bandit from *The Magnificent Seven* in faded jeans, black boots, maroon silk shirt, fur jerkin and with the ensemble completed by a villainous drooping 'tache sits independent producer Denny Cordell.

Denny devotes all his concentration to the playback, occasionally muttering comments to sound engineer Gerald Chevin on his left. Before Denny and Gerald is a console with dials, sliding "faders", counters and 60 switches set into it. Move manager Tony Secunda and lead singer Carl Wayne explain the functions of this bewildering equipment to me.

The studio is split into three parts. First the control room and then, behind thick walls, the actual studio area itself. This is a large, impersonal room which looks like an empty school hall. Strewn around are chairs, music stands, amps, screens, mics, a couple of pianos and an organ. Right in the centre, sitting on a high stool, with headphones clamped to his ears

through which he can hear the original track, is bass-man Chris "Ace" Kefford. Chris is dubbing or superimposing a "slide fuzz-bass riff", which means that he strikes a chord and runs his fingers all the way down the fingerboard of his guitar.

Chris does it once, does it twice and yet a third time. He has to concentrate hard to get it just right. He takes a short break and rubs his eyes – he's been recording several hours already. He tries it again. Denny Cordell stops him to tell Chris what he really wants. "Yeah, fine. But bring it right down – *gaaawoonggg*. Just slide, no hangover."

I can't understand the jargon but it seems to register with Chris because the next take satisfies even Denny the perfectionist. Carl Wayne explains that on each tape there are four tracks. "On the first track we record

rhythm guitar, bass and drums. That's the kind of base from which we work. On another track we record the lead guitar and on the third we put the vocal. This leaves us one track to fit extras.

"If we want to put more on after that we reduce those four tracks to one and then use the remaining three. Simple. Get it?"

I nodded dumbly, more from being polite than from accuracy! Now it's Carl's turn to do some work. He steps into a glass-sided booth that partitions off a corner of the studio. Inside, he too clips a pair of 'phones on to his head and stands in front of a huge mic. We in the control room can't hear a thing and as a result Carl looks like a hairy goldfish mouthing silently on the other side of the glass.

Carl makes the take first time and all the boys assemble to hear the playback. Everybody chips in comments and suggestions.

"Don't you think we could play that one twice to the bar?"

"I like that take."

"Yeah, I think it's quite good."

"I still feel it could be more original." This last from Tony Secunda, ever striving for the unorthodox.

"Not bad, fellers, but let's try it just one more time. And let's have some quiet, huh? Some cats are trying to work." Denny's word is final. All this hard work is too much for me. The heat is stifling, and the ciggie smoke so dense, I can hardly see across the room. As Carl and I leave to get a drink, Denny is saying, "Take two. Ready, Chris? Right, we're running you now."

Carl breathes a sigh of relief to be in the air again and comments with typical Birmingham understatement, "When you've been in there for 10 hours or more, things can become a trifle strained!" *Jeremy Pascall* •

"Don't call us
psychedelic –
we're not and
hate it. We're
showmen"



The Move, January 1967:
(l-r) Roy Wood, Trevor
Burton, Chris Kefford, Bev
Bevan, producer Denny
Cordell, Carl Wayne and
engineer Gerald Chevin

1967

JANUARY – MARCH

“You know how up and coming”

In 1967, a regal but humble **DUKE ELLINGTON** visits London. **MELODY MAKER** meets Ellington: a witty sophisticate, and a sacred composer for whom money is no object. Through friends like Jimmy Jones, a picture emerges of a loyal friend and a complex, tireless musician.

— **MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 18** —

DUKE ELLINGTON IS a musician who composes tirelessly in his own way and in his own time – which means according to the circumstances he finds himself in, and often late into the night. From my observations, stretching over 19 years with large intervals between visits, of course, I should say he works most happily at a piano in his hotel suite with one or more occasional talking partners. In my experience, the most prolonged spells have taken place in the early-morning hours, but intimates say the hour doesn't matter

“Duke writes all the time,” Mercer Ellington [his son, a jazz trumpeter and composer] told me, “and he is particularly productive right now on this tour. He's working on a new suite at this moment and he's just called for Herbie Jones, so I know he's finished another part of it.”

Herbie Jones, trumpet and flugelhorn player with the band for some three-and-a-half years and Ellington's copyist, says that Duke works well under pressure. “Most of this new suite has been written during the present European tour. One or two things may have been composed before we left the States, but nothing had even been rehearsed and the things you've heard were all first performed on the tour.”

I said it must be difficult to compose, arrange and prepare a large-scale work on the road between concerts which might be a thousand kilometres apart. “If you think that, you don't know Duke,” said Herbie. “It's no problem to him. It doesn't matter where he is or what time it is; there's no special time and it does not matter what conversation there is going on. When he feels like writing he just gets on with it. You'd be surprised where and when; even between performances, in the dressing room with no piano. Sometimes there's no manuscript paper, but that doesn't stop him.”

I called Ellington during his “free” day and found him, at 4pm, be-towelled but busy, presiding amiably over a couple of room-loads of assorted reporters, photographers, BBC personnel and friends. True to form, he had been composing during breaks between visits. The BBC was asking Ellington about a projected TV talk with André Previn (it didn't materialise): “André is wonderful, one of my favourite musicians,” Duke said cordially. “Of course he's different from me with »



it is with the musician...”



“They say it’s impossible to make the symphony swing, and we do it”: Duke Ellington conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra, February 19, 1967

his classical background. I'm a primitive artist." Seizing at a gap in the multi-stranded conversation, I said I understood Duke was working on something new.

"You know how it is with the up-and-coming musician," he replied in his blandest manner. "Always trying something new. We like to have our dreams; we like climbing mountains."

Later I discovered that the suite is called *Hear The Freakish Lights*, a title reduced on the manuscript to "FL", and will consist of seven pieces - in all probability. "The suite will be premiered in Paris," Ellington told me. "We played there with Ella earlier in the tour, and now we go back and play it alone on March 10. It will be our last European date."

Some of the... *Freakish Lights* suite, which must add up to a work of more than 20 minutes' duration, is being performed at the band's British concerts. "Chromatic Love Affair", featuring Harry Carney's baritone sax, is the first part. Then comes "Rue Bleu", with Lawrence Brown's trombone, followed by "Swamp Goo" (Russell Procope and others), one for Paul Gonsalves which may be called "Girdle Hurdle", something new for Johnny Hodges and "something going in for Jimmy Hamilton".

The title of this last will probably be "Kixx". And Duke was last week finishing the seventh item, tentatively titled "Eggo".

Asking for information about the band's programmes is always asking ahead of time, even if you leave the query until the day of the event, for Duke is a born improviser and last-minute improver. On Sunday (19) his band shares an Albert Hall concert with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. And though the programme is approximately set, I would not take a bet on the running order.

Ellington is enthusiastic about these encounters with symphony orchestras. "They say it's impossible to make the symphony swing, and we do it. That's our major objective," he said. "It's interesting, you know. I like changes of pace, and I still do these collaborations for my own personal joy more than anything else."

Does Ellington enjoy these fusions as much as performances by his band on its own?

"I enjoy either one and I don't think you can compare them. It's like you can enjoy a Paul Gonsalves uptempo solo and a Cootie [Williams] soul thing, but not in the same way. And I wouldn't challenge the opinion of a person who says he prefers one to the other.

"Then, too, we have our church concert in Cambridge. These sacred concerts are another of my preoccupations. I'm bringing Esther Marrow over from the States for that. I think it would be a nice thing to do. Adding Esther to the concert will give it something special."

Already, Ellington has Tony Watkins waiting in the wings to fill the male singing role in "In The Beginning God" and other pieces. Is it not an expensive luxury to fly over another singer for one performance? "Yes, but in my sacred concerts I don't have a budget. Cost considerations don't really exist at all. A friend of mine who had a church with about 30 members wanted to put on our concert. I told him to go ahead and rent a large hall and I went the whole bit.

"This is my attitude to them. I mean, some people go to church and put money in the basket. I don't happen to do that. These concerts are my act of worship. We shall use the choir belonging to the University Church," Ellington said. I asked him what about the Cliff Adams choir which worked with him at Coventry Cathedral last February.

"Yes, what about them? I thought they were excellent." He spoke warmly. "I'd like to use both groups. Why can't we use both of them? There's still time."

He went out of the room to get somebody started on tracking down Cliff Adams. *Max Jones*

— MELODY MAKER MARCH 4 —

WHEN ELLA FITZGERALD finished her short tour here with Duke Ellington's band, she and her trio stayed on a few days to holiday in London. Jimmy Jones, her Memphis-born pianist and musical director, didn't miss the chance to tighten up a few arrangements with the trio. The restaurant manager produced a piano for him between lunch and dinner, and when I walked in to Fleming's Hotel one afternoon I heard the desirable sounds of jazz emerging from the eatery. It stopped as I got to the door.



March 10, 1967: Ellington playing "Sophisticated Lady" at the Théâtre Des Champs-Élysées, Paris

Jones, sipping coffee between numbers, was explaining a point to bassist Bob Cranshaw and drummer Sam Woodyard. "When Bob and I break it up there, you hold the beat. Remember this lady was trained by Chick Webb; she feels two and four."

"Is that bad?" Woodyard said. "I was trained by him too, though I don't think he knew it. One of the great band drummers... what about that bit where Ella goes into a dance?"

After the rehearsal, I asked Jimmy how the job with Ella came about. "Well, Duke Ellington is the reason, really. I'd had a coronary more than a year ago, and Duke asked me to do some work for him on an Ella LP. What happened was that I was writing a lot of TV shows. I tried to cover it all and it caught up with me. You know how the New York freelance business is... it smothered me. One midday I just went down, leaving my pencil and paper on the table. The next I knew I was on a wheelchair going to New York Hospital. Jerome Richardson took me in. I was in bed five or six weeks, then had to take it easy for a month. I had to pass on my writing work to Oliver Nelson, Billy Byers and one or two more.

"Anyway, Duke called me. He was out on the West Coast and invited me down there to work on the Ella date. He said, "You know how I write, and since Stray [jazz composer and pianist Billy Strayhorn] is sick I'd like you to come here and relax and write as you feel. He told me it wasn't like New York, where the living is hard and fast, and he was right. He rented me a suite and let me get on with arranging the Ellington and Strayhorn things for 'Ella At Duke's Place'. It was complete ease; the exact opposite of the New York race.

"So that was a very pleasant episode altogether. We all put our heads together and really I was a writer, player and general collaborator on that album. It's quite an education to be around this guy, and an honour, really, to be able to handle that sort of material. After the date, Norman Granz said as I was on the album, why didn't I play the tour with Ella. So I did. That was last year's tour, and I've stayed on this far. I've enjoyed it, and I believe it's done me some good. I needed to get around and see what was going on. And I think it's sparked my name up a little, because people easily forget what you look like and you have to come out every now and then and make public appearances. This has helped to keep me abreast of what is happening all over the world."

I first met Jimmy late in '54, when he was touring Europe with Sarah Vaughan. I said he'd been lucky with the singers he'd accompanied. Jimmy agreed he couldn't complain. "Both these singers were as good as I could have had. I couldn't have asked for more in the way of technique and style. In the matter of personal choice, I'll still take these two over any others. By the time you add Billie Holiday, you have the Big Three. Some

CORBIS





“Hot and cool”

The Maker laps up a Duke and Ella show in London

THE OLD FIRM, Duke Ellington’s Orchestra and Ella Fitzgerald, were cooking nicely at London’s Hammersmith Odeon last Sunday. The band solo spots were all worthwhile in the first half, with Harry Carney slurping away beautifully on “Chromatic Love Affair”. It’s still fascinating to listen to the non-stop note and watch him breathing at the same time. Gonsalves wriggled his way through “Beirut” with suitable facial contortions and shoulder movements worthy of Mr Clay. What a contrast to the beautifully rounded sound-shapes he pours out.

Cat Anderson was rock-like on “Salome”, with high notes fighting to get away from him. And Cootie Williams growled and grinned groovily through “The Shepherd”.

The band had one of its tighter nights, with Ellington masterly at the piano. And Hodges, Lawrence Brown and Jimmy Hamilton reeled off their licks hot and cool.

Ella, about to forge out with her own trio on a series of dates, decided to have a ball in the second half. She laughed, larked about and sang like a dream despite a rough edge to her voice. Among her best efforts were “Don’t Be That Way”, “Let’s Do It”, “Sunny Side Of The Street”, “The Man I Love” and “Mack The Knife”.

Sam Woodyard played way above average in Ella’s trio and her nonsense duet with him on drum sounds was marvellous. Pianist Jimmy Jones is the supreme accompanist. In all, as you may have guessed, quite a night! *Jack Hutton*

good singers have come up since, but none of the same stature.” While we were on personal choice, I asked what Jimmy’s tastes were in music today. “Well,” he said. “I’ll have to generalise, and do it in blocks. Right! Duke Ellington, and the whole Ellington family in fact. That’s standard, and so are Hawkins, Carter and the greats of that era. Then my favourite pianist is Hank Jones.

“After that, John Gillespie, of course, and Bird. I heard them on 52nd Street before they became popular and fell in love with them then, and some of the ideas rubbed off, of course. Dizzy goes on and on, like Duke Ellington. He’ll always be there. So they are the big guns. JJ Johnson is a big gun, too.

“Now, on the horizon, I like Kenny Barron, with Dizzy, and Herbie Hancock and Cedar Walton. Hank, I’ve said, is beautiful and so is Phineas Newborn. Did you know Phineas played sax and trumpet and several more horns? I heard him sit in with Basie’s band, you know, sit in first with the sax section, then the trumpets. What I think about jazz, though, is that the lines of history overlap really, one style being akin to another and the older things constantly reappearing in new forms. Like the stride piano that’s actually coming back today. You know the old ragtime pianist and composer Eubie Blake? Well, he and I are pretty close friends. Now this guy talks about musicians who were active in 1885, and he likes Phineas Newborn too. There’s a legend.” *Max Jones*

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 10 —

IT HAD COME. Despite the doctor’s reassurances, despite the wishful thinking of Duke Ellington and Billy’s innumerable friends, we all knew it. Probably Billy himself knew it. Death came to Strayhorn at 4.30 in the morning on May 31, in a New York hospital, after a valiant battle against cancer. “What can I say?” said the voice of a drained, weary Duke Ellington over the telephone from Reno. “What can anyone say or do? Strays is at peace now.”

The contribution to American music of the witty, smiling little man we called Swee’ Pea can never be measured. In fact, he did not want it measured. It was characteristic of him that through his 28 years with the Ellington band he never cared two cents about the apportionment of credit. Who wrote this tune or arranged that chart? Duke or Strays or both? The answer was always an insouciant evasion. History will never know exactly what was the measure of his gifts beyond the generally accepted fact that Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn, individually or collectively, have brought more music of genius to the jazz of the last 30 years than any other artist or team of artists.

There were many ironies to Billy’s career. One is he never wanted to be an arranger. When he went to see Duke, late in 1938 at a Pittsburgh theatre, he thought of himself as a lyric writer.

One song he played to illustrate his talents was “Lush Life”, a work of incredible melodic, harmonic qualities, a song with lyrical sophistication in the Noel Coward manner, written by a black man whose mother’s grandmother’s grandmother had been General Robert E Lee’s cook in the Civil War period; whose father’s grandparents also had been slaves; and who himself, from the age of 14 until he was 22, financed his own education by working as a soda-jerk and odd-job boy in a Pittsburgh drug store.

A second irony was that “Lush Life” was the one great Strayhorn tune Ellington never recorded.

Billy had studied harmony at school, piano privately. On graduating from high school he played Grieg’s *A Minor Concerto* with the school orchestra. Then jazz began to intrigue him, chiefly through the work of such local youngsters as Erroll Garner.

Three months after the first meeting with Duke, Billy went to New York, in February of 1939. Another of his songs, “Something To Live For”, impressed the maestro, who himself arranged it for the band and recorded it. Billy was drawn swiftly into the band’s musical and social orbit; he and Mercer Ellington were soon fast friends.

Then Duke and others suggested Billy try his hand at making a small-band arrangement for a Johnny Hodges date. After a series of combo sessions, upon Duke’s return from Europe a couple of months later, he graduated to writing for the full band.

“We like to have our dreams. We like climbing mountains”

Somehow he learned the deep secret of Ellington’s magic with voicings, developed others of his own, and found with Duke a musical and personal affinity. By 1941 he was in his first golden days, with “Take The A Train”, the Ravel-inspired “Chelsea Bridge” and countless others.

From the mid-1940s he collaborated with Duke on the band’s longer concert works, *The Perfume Suite*, *Such Sweet Thunder* and *A Drum Is A Woman*.

A few years ago he made a rare series of personal appearances, touring Europe as featured pianist with the band; now and then he committed to records his airy, glittering, adroit piano style. In 1963 he supervised the “Second Ellington band” that played Duke’s revue *My People* in Chicago.

He worked casually, for pleasure and never with material profit in mind.

His idea of living was being around good friends, at a bar or a concert or in someone’s house beside a record player or surrounded by a pile of good books. He was an intellectual without snobbery, a hedonist without self-indulgence, a friend without enemies.

Then, in the summer of 1965, a persistent sore throat sent him to Dr Arthur Logan, Duke’s perennial friend and doctor through the decades. From then until the end it was a fight against time.

He was well enough for a while to go to Europe, where he was reunited with his old friend, pianist Aaron Bridgers, in Paris, a couple of months ago, though down to 75 pounds (five-and-a-half stone), he was able

to go to Palm Springs, California, to spend a while with Lena Horne at the Hayton home.

For 25 years Lena and Billy had been closer than most brothers and sisters, mutual admirers who shared a love for the best things in life.

Billy Strayhorn is gone, but “Day Dream” and “Passion Flower” and “Johnny Come Lately” and “Raincheck” and a hundred others live on as monuments to the most underrated genius in the history of jazz.

Duke gave him all the credit that was due him, but Duke was a giant in whose shadow Strays was inevitable obscured. The public hardly knew him: he scarcely ever won any polls. He leaves mourning friends and admirers all over the world, men and women who during his travels with the band were beguiled by his wit, amazed by his talent, and constantly stimulated by his company. *Leonard Feather* •

1967

JANUARY - MARCH



"Very likely showmanship kept The Who in business": Pete Townshend and bandmates in London, 1967



“We had to be more pleasant to people”

A fractionally less argumentative **WHO** meets the press at the start of 1967. Their influence is being felt on the likes of The Move, and a TV series is planned. It's left to Pete Townshend to wage war on “the drips” and explain the band's new single, “Pictures Of Lily”. Future plans? “I'm working on an opera,” he says...

— NME FEBRUARY 4 —

AFTER TWICE FAILING to turn up for appointments, Keith Moon eventually arrives for our third arranged meeting an hour late. I was waiting for him with the group's panicking publicist Nancy Lewis in a small coffee bar not far from Piccadilly. He apologised, ordered coffees and settled down at our table. "I didn't realise it was so late," he said, "and the traffic on the way here was dreadful. I bet you we've got a parking ticket by the time we get back."

Although neither Keith nor John Entwistle drive, they have just taken possession of a new Bentley. They have their own chauffeur, a young man called Wiggy, who looks a cross between John Lennon and Mao Tse-tung. "We got the Bentley at a reduced price," explained Keith. "You see, John and I have been recording a group called The Brood and their manager runs a car salesroom."

John and Keith are toying with the idea of forming a production company. "We've been thinking about calling it Moonwhistle Productions. But at the moment we're deciding which company will issue The Brood's record. It may come out on Reaction or possibly its subsidiary, Repulsion," he gaged.

I mentioned to Keith that in the past few months I had noticed a distinct change in the personalities of the group. The tensions and frayed tempers had disappeared. John was now talking, Pete and Roger had mellowed. I asked what had brought about the sudden change.

"The group works more as a unit now than we did six months ago. To progress we felt we had to change our outlook. We had to be less outspoken and be more pleasant to people.

"For the first year we said a lot of things we didn't mean merely to create impact. Mind you, the fights and arguments we had were all genuine enough, but some of the statements we made in interviews were deliberately controversial. Now, of course, I think we've developed as individual personalities. We don't need to be as outrageous as we were before, and I think that now we are far more natural. We now speak our minds without worrying so much about image."

I asked Keith about the group's proposed TV series and whether it would be similar to The Monkees' show or not. "I like their TV series myself," admitted Keith, "but I don't really think our series

will be anything like it. We're completely different personalities. We'll probably end up in a five-minute spot after the Epilogue on BBC2, co-starring with Ollie Beak and Noddy."

As The Who were one of the first groups to smash up their guitars and equipment on stage, how did Keith feel about The Move, who have apparently taken the smashing-up bit a stage further? "They're not bad as a group. I don't really know much about them except that the bass player moves like John Entwistle.

"I know a far better act, though. Two motor mechanic friends of Roger Daltrey called George The Weld and Jaimo The Rub. George goes about welding cars, doors, people, anything he can lay his hands on, and Jaimo then polishes them up! In their act they're going to put cars and effigies of Hitler together again."

Building things up instead of smashing things up—maybe that's what The Who are going to do in future, too.

I can't help wondering just what The Who are all about. Their concert at London's Saville Theatre on Sunday was a mixed-up ragbag of their hit songs, new group compositions, flashing lights and winking toy robots wandering around the stage. Oh, it was all pleasant and inoffensive enough—perhaps too inoffensive—and the sound was good, but all their former excitement seemed to have disappeared. Admittedly, smoke bombs and fire crackers could not be used because of the fire risks, and the law regarding the use of stage props on Sundays must be taken into consideration, but The Who and their managers have always been able to think of something in the past. The numbers they played—including "Happy Jack", "Barbara Ann", "Boris The Spider" and half a dozen more—were good, but not what one might call overwhelming.

No smashed drumkits, not one broken guitar, merely a feeble thrust at one of Pete Townshend's amplifiers. There was some good and original lighting using square and rectangular spots. But what was the purpose of intentionally bringing down the curtains half-way through the act? As far as I could see, the only thing it succeeded in doing was to drive about 50 people from the theatre.

But then perhaps the whole act was a "happening"—a "freak-out". It could easily have been that I was simply disappointed with The Who after seeing The Jimi Hendrix Experience, which closed the first half of the show. Despite the fact that only one mic was working and a meeting of the Electrical Trades Union seemed to be taking place on stage at the same time, they brought the first spark of life from a hitherto unresponsive audience.

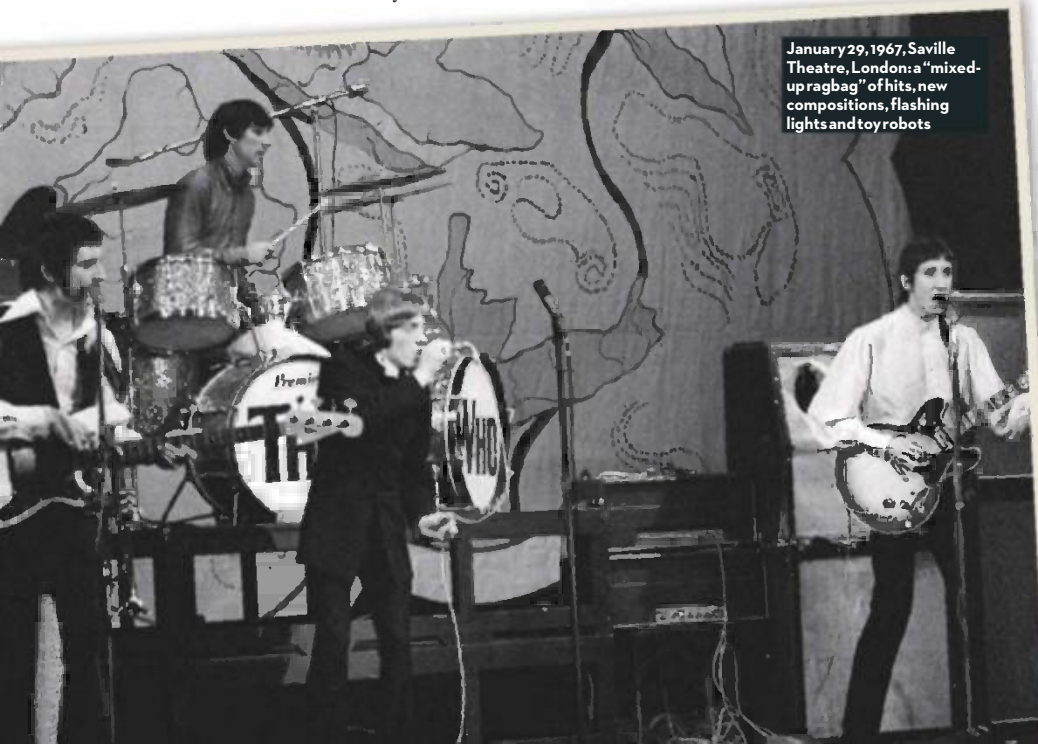
Hendrix doesn't only play his guitar; he caresses it, abuses it, mothers it and talks to it. He has a love-hate relationship with it. He is often happy with it, occasionally annoyed by it, but always the master of it. He played "Wild Thing" the way The Troggs never could and "Like A Rolling Stone" the way Dylan never would. He plays his guitar with his teeth, his feet, his amplifier, his elbow, occasionally his hands, and sometimes it plays on its own. Jimi Hendrix also sings—very well! *Norrie Drummond*



March 2, 1967, Marquee Club, London: filming for Germany's Beat Club alongside Jimi Hendrix

"We said a lot of things we didn't mean merely to create impact"

REX (2)



January 29, 1967, Saville Theatre, London: a "mixed-up ragbag" of hits, new compositions, flashing lights and toy robots

— NME APRIL 15 —

THAT WELL-KNOWN DEMOLITION SQUAD—The Who—recently returned from nine "smashing" days on a Murray The K "endurance test" at the New York RKO Radio Theatre (other non-combatants

Townshend backstage in early April '67 as The Who's year-long tour moves on to Germany



included Wilson Pickett, Mitch Ryder and The Cream) where they contrived to destroy everything on stage to the tunes of “My Generation” and “I Can’t Explain”. Now that some of the dust and debris have settled, I talked to bombardier Pete Townshend last Thursday, who issued a full report on the damage and exclusively revealed to the *NME* news of their next missile, “Pictures Of Lily”, to be launched next Friday (21st).

“We worked hard on ‘propaganda’ for the first three days and I had two stock quotes which everyone wrote down,” said Pete. “They were ‘we want to leave a wound’ and ‘we won’t let our music stand in the way of our visual act’. At the press reception, I walked around in an electric jacket with flashing lightbulbs, which proved to be something of an anticlimax because a girl appeared on TV recently with a dress on the same principle. Reporters kept asking me where I had got my copy from and I said, ‘It’s psychedelic and it cost £200 and it’s supposed to blow yer mind!’

“We were to have done an Ed Sullivan TV show, but the newsreaders were out on strike and as artists we were expected to support their action – so no show. Once in the theatre for the Murray The K show you are virtually trapped for the day and the show goes on continuously with artists appearing one after the other on a conveyor belt system.

“Originally we were supposed to do four numbers, but we complained and said it was impossible to put the act over with only four numbers, so they cut it to two! Someone had to cut their act because the show was running over, so we volunteered.

“Murray The K’s wife was on the programme. She appeared about 10 times in a fashion spot with teenybopper girl models – ‘Jackie The K and her fabulous fashion show’.

“The most presentable of the models was a girl called ‘Joy Bang’, who took a liking to Keith which I think was mutual until she said, ‘You must meet my husband Paul Bang!’ We really worked the destruction bit to a fine art in our spot. I developed a great thing where I hit myself on the head with my guitar, which had absolutely no visual impact but made me see stars and I thought, ‘That’s nice.’ At one time I noticed Keith throwing his big bass drum at me with the spike protruding and Roger hurling the stand-mic at me from another direction.

“I made myself very thin and the mic shattered to pieces in front of me while the spike from the drum ripped my shirt down the back. The stagehand got tired of sweeping up the equipment and went on strike. Most of the things we broke had to be repaired by us afterwards

for the next house – I discovered Fender guitars are very strong and cheap out in the US!

“We shared a dressing room with a group called the ‘Hardly Moving Players’, who did satirical sketches and were nice people. Below us The Cream and the Blues Magoos played whining guitars all afternoon until we retaliated for about three hours by going through the entire Shadows repertoire. Occasionally we went outside to be torn apart and sign autographs, which wasn’t so bad because the kids give it back to you by storming the stage during the act. The only club I liked was one called The Scene, where a man called Tiny Tim plays ukulele and sings ‘He’s Got The Whole World In His Hands’ and when anyone applauds he whoops like a Red Indian. I’m trying to get him signed up with our recording company!”

A few words on the new single.

“I submitted three songs and ‘Pictures Of Lily’ was the most obvious hit. It’s all about a boy who can’t sleep at night, so his dad gives him some dirty pictures to look at. Then he falls in love with the girl in the pictures, which is too bad because she is dead.” Follow that! *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER APRIL 29 —

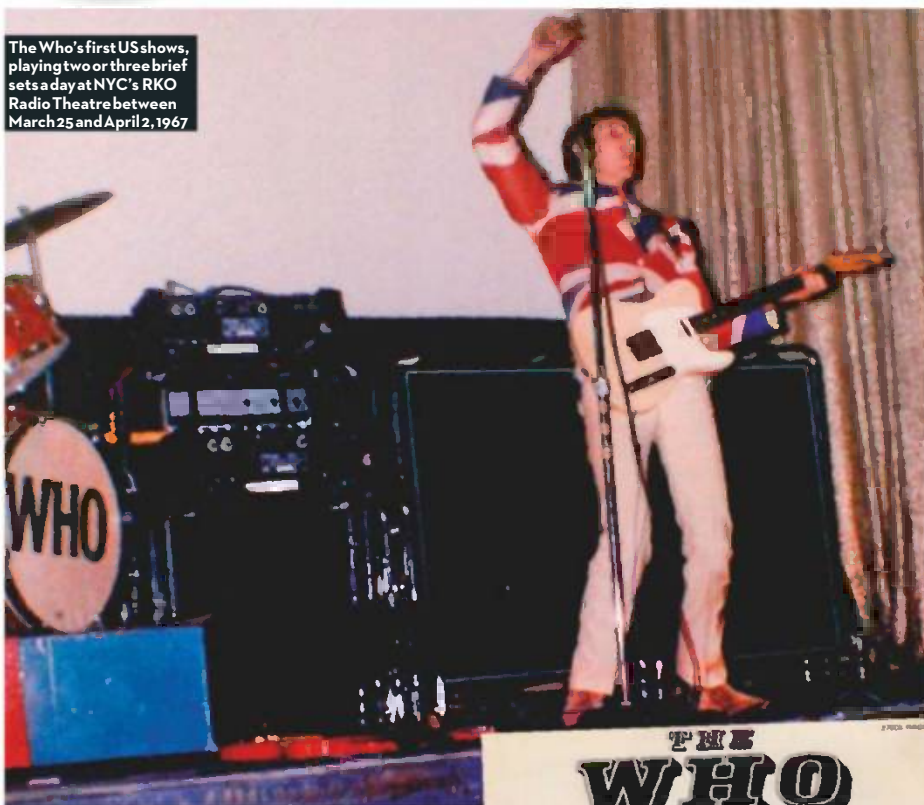
THERE SEEMS TO be three distinct phases in the life of a pop group. Each is important, and mainly they are controlled by you – the public, the consumer, the audience, the fan. Stage one is the initial impact of the new group. For big impact you need originality and the kind of power that attracts people’s attention, puts you head and shoulders above the other groups.

Stage two is success. A group’s first ever hit record. The strain of stardom, hard work, travelling, touring, television, recording. They need proper management; suddenly the group is floating in a cloud of idolisation, high finance, and complete involvement in the group. It takes a lot of guts to stay at the top.

Stage three must be acceptance. If the group hasn’t withered away on the hard, dry trail, if their progression has been complete and pure, then acceptance is on the way. They are given freedom, individuality, and as a pop group they attain one of the highest honours – they move into a class of their own.

Melodramatic? Yes, but it’s the truth. Look at The Beatles, The Rolling Stones. After their original impact came the first really big hit record, “Please Please Me” and “Not Fade Away” respectively. And at this point the hard grind to the very top begins. ■

The Who's first US shows, playing two or three brief sets a day at NYC's RKO Radio Theatre between March 25 and April 2, 1967



The group must develop. Their sound must be instantly recognisable and the best of its kind. The idea must be exciting, new, typical, stylish, professional, and each member of the group must contribute freely, unselfishly, and recognise his part, his invaluable part, within the existence of his group.

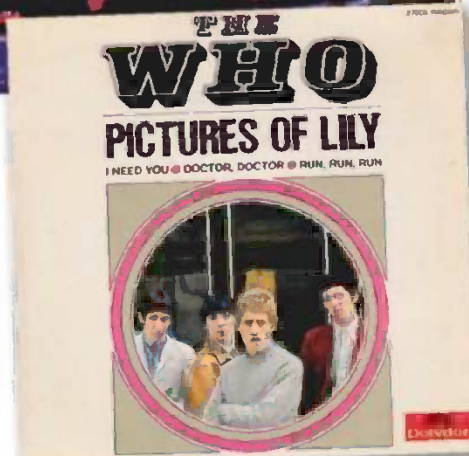
With the release last Friday of a new single by The Who, "Pictures Of Lily", their position in the structure of the pop music industry takes another upward leap. Now's the time to realise that The Who are gradually becoming one of Britain's great pop products. They have just completed their first ever tour in America, and drawing on their wealth of experience on the British pop scene over the past three years, they subsequently "went down a bomb" in the States – and look certain to become another big British export to the States – along with The Beatles, Stones and Herman's Hermits.

Last week the *MM* cornered The Who's main spokesman, the indestructible Pete Townshend, fresh from the group's inspiring and well executed US trip and guitar-hurling German visit. Townshend's shrewd, well-balanced and flowing comments are indicative of The Who's all-round perception, unity, freedom and subsequently, their move into a class of their own.

How does Pete feel about The Who here and now in 1967?

"Well, I must say I've been pleased with the reviews of 'Pictures Of Lily' and I think everybody has been most kind saying that we're beginning to move into a class of our own. I can't say I've particularly felt this in Britain and I can only look at the facts to draw conclusions from. I'm very interested in the fact that The Who are now one of the highest-paid groups in England, except for The Rolling Stones when they occasionally play, and I think this is good. Also every member of the group is beginning to come into his own, we're having no internal setbacks, and we've started to break into the American scene.

"The American tour was like it was in London when we first started to get really big. It's like starting again all over. We did three days of interviews and promotion before we played and I think I was doing about 20 or 30 interviews per day – and each one had to be a little bit



"We like each other. We've learnt how to get on with each other"

"If Keith cuts his hand now, I worry and so does Roger and so does John, because we are all part of one group and it affects us. And this way we are able to enjoy and get immense pleasure out of what we do and the way we do it."

What about The Who's next LP?

"Well we learnt so much about each other on the last album, the next one is going to be an absolute knockout to make. Every one of us is writing, and there should be some stuff. We are enjoying ourselves despite one or two lunatic scenes in Germany, but even then we have got enough unity as a group now – to discuss the problems, make resolutions, and get everything sorted out.

"I'm working on an opera at the moment and we're all flying about in our own directions and meeting at the top. John Entwistle is writing some very good unexpected stuff and it gives us another direction and another dimension." Nick Jones •

different. On top of that our press agent kept introducing another journalist and whispering, 'Now Pete, this one is very important', so that each interview was even more important than the last. Apart from that there were about three guys who just sat in our rooms all day, listening to every word we said – so we had to keep all our interview material varied so they didn't think we were morons or something.

"The sound wasn't that good in America and we had to lean heavily on the visual impact of our act. But then as you know, we never let our sound get in the way of our visual act. Of course you have to be very careful in the States, because they pick you up on the smallest things. Like the John Lennon-Christian faith bit. I mean, if you'd splashed those quotes all over the *MM*'s front page you'd get letters, sure, but the whole English community wouldn't go up in arms – but in America...! But America is important and I think we handled it professionally and convincingly.

"I mean, when we phoned up a radio station interview and said, 'It's great to be back on your station,' we really meant it because we've been trying to get back on US radio for ages – and we've been trying to play and be in America for ages – so we meant it."

Reverting to The Who's British situation, what changes have seriously affected them as one of the country's top groups?

"The most important and significant thing that has affected us is that basically we all like and can see something in each other. We are all part of The Who now. We've learnt how to get on with each other, we've forgotten immature feelings – like 'Who's getting all the limelight?' and silly things like that.

"We are all influenced and we openly admit it. I was influenced by 'Satisfaction' and by 'The Last Time' probably more than some of The Beatles records – but I'm free to admit it. I'm part of the pop flow. And there will always be new groups to replace the old groups – I don't know where they'll come from, but they will come. I've given up pointing the finger at other groups because they have been influenced by The Who, because I know I was influenced, and that everyone is, and that we are all part of one big thing.

"We came up with ideas, fresh ideas like the pop-art clothes. But I mean we couldn't exploit pop-art clothes, we couldn't start marketing Union Jack jackets. Someone else did, somebody else made money out of our ideas, but it doesn't matter. We might inspire some people, just like others inspire us; it's just a matter of being able to give and take and dig it.

“Nothing about life scares me...”

MM JANUARY 14 Pete Townshend submits to one of the *Maker's* scattershot “Think-Ins”.

CHRISTMAS CARDS I hate them. I don't mind mine, but I hate anybody else's. I've thought for ages that Christmas decorations have still to be exploited. They could be really fantastic - with colours and things. Nobody has done anything very far out yet, have they? I was thinking of putting Christmas lights in that rubber plant over there. That's it. A Christmas rubber plant!

“GOOD VIBRATIONS” The first time I heard it was on the radio in Sweden. My reaction was: “Oh, it's cleverly made bits of tape all stuck together.” Mind you, it's quite a good way of putting together a record today. I don't think many people realise that a lot of thought goes into this kind of record. It's not just a clever bit of knob-turning and editing - it can be extremely creative also. Contrary to what I've said in the newspapers, I think “Good Vibrations” just about remains a pop record. I have very definite views as to what is pop and what is sound experiment which I can't go into now, but I think they should be kept separate. This is basically how I'm working at the moment. As ideas come to mind, we record them and then piece the whole thing together later.

AUTO-DESTRUCTION People probably think that auto-destruction has got very little to do with pop, but in a way The Who have been auto-destructive. We have used ideas that have literally destroyed ourselves - especially in the economic sense. We've got to the stage when we end the night by destroying everything - which is expensive. I think in pop, though, it's good because it has big impact, and personally we find it a great laugh. I've often felt like writing to those little drips, those little people who are nowhere, who think they can tell me what I ought to do. I don't mean other musicians, but the drips. They should come up here and I should teach them a thing or two about any kind of music. I smash guitars because I like them. I usually smash a guitar when it's at its best.

THE MOVE Oh dear. I've never actually seen them. I've liked what I've heard about them and what



they do. I think they've got the sort of following that we used to have in old Marquee Club days. And that's the kind of fans that they deserve - the best. Faithful. Of course they use a lot of this auto-destruction in pop. No, it's not sadistic. What I do isn't sadistic. It's aggression. I think aggression has a place in society today - whereas sadism and masochism hasn't.

PSYCHEDELIC POP I haven't really heard it. I understand psychedelic pop as something that people are supposed to listen to or look at, and therefore benefit from when they're on a trip. I don't think that any of the psychedelic groups are actually doing anything like this. Or is it supposed to be something that simulates being on a trip? If so, however many lights, electronics or anything, it's something that just can't be done. Basically - what is most important is, is it entertaining? If it is, good luck to 'em.

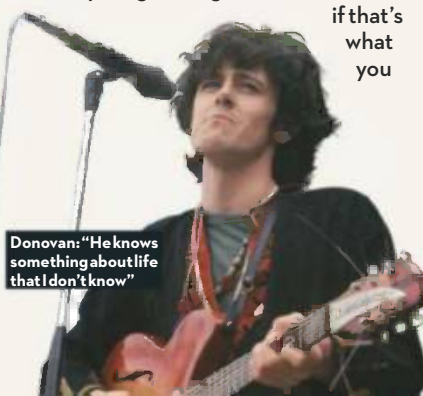
THE BEATLES The only Beatle I've ever suspected of having anything in common with was Paul McCartney. I think Keith finds a parallel with John Lennon, for

some reason. Mine is basically with Paul McCartney. I like all the things he says, and all the songs he writes. I'm a bit disappointed they're not still making records. If they are, then I wish they'd hurry up. They are basically my main source of inspiration - and everyone else's for that matter. I think “Eleanor Rigby” was a very important musical move forward. It certainly inspired me to write and listen to things in that vein. People have criticised The Beatles for spending a long time on their albums, which I think is a ridiculous thing to say. Our first album was rushed and it was bad. On our second we spent a lot of time and it's good. Why don't people realise that the more time you spend, the better the album's going to be?

OLD AGE I haven't got anything to say. I quite like old people. At the moment I'm thinking about being young. Old age doesn't scare me,

if that's what you

Donovan: “He knows something about life that I don't know”



mean. Nothing about life scares me. Marriage, having kids, it doesn't worry me.

THE CREAM There are two groups at the moment which I like very much - The Cream and The Jimi Hendrix Experience. In a way, they're a bit alike in that they both have fantastic guitarists and drummers. They're also alike in that they both have tremendous records out at the moment, and they are both laying down some great stuff - what more can anyone want?

FRUSTRATION Don't suffer too much. Musically, sexually, or socially. I suppose I've got a normal amount of frustration. It comes out when I drink.

SHOWMANSHIP Great believer in it. Fantastically important. I think that very likely showmanship kept The Who in business. I think it held us together when we were going through a dodgy stage. I don't think we're professional. I'm not saying we behave professionally, but I say that we're showmen. When The Who needed something, they got it - showmanship.

DONOVAN Ah! I said some nasty things about Donovan which I'd like to retract - I don't usually do that, you know - but I met him the other day and he was the same as ever. He's always been, basically, a nice guy. I think he knows something about life that I don't know - but I'm hoping to catch up!

CLOTHES At the moment I'm going for very colourful clothes. I used to dress soberly but I've found that colour has become more important in my life than it ever was before. I hope I don't have to explain myself. I doubt if Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich wear colourful clothes for the same reason.

CHARLIE PARKER Fantastic. One example of what a load of crap it is saying that drugs dim the mind. OK, they killed him in the end, but look at the fantastic things he did while he was alive. OK, he was fantastic before, but I think drugs brought out in him something, that little extra in him, that has made him go down in history.

SECURITY I need it, unfortunately. I need it to work and I need it to be happy. I'm like most people, I work to be secure. I never am, so I have to go on working.

1967

JANUARY - MARCH



“Donging about all over the place... All tinkling and weird”

NME JANUARY 14 The Rolling Stones, reviewed - in part, by Mick Jagger.



“HOLY BEACH BOYS, Splatman - The Rolling Stones have done it again!” - that at least is my opinion having listened to Between The Buttons - the latest Rolling Stones album which is smack in the middle of “Wonderland” - a kind of beat fantasia! Andrew Oldham has produced an album richer than ever before in terms of variation of pace, sound and excitement - the Stones send the mind reeling and limbs wheeling. There are imitations of Dylan on “She Smiled Sweetly” (what a single for Percy Sledge!) and “Who’s Been Sleeping Here” - a good-humoured glancing blow to that “Well Respected” sound of The Kinks on “Something Happened To Me Yesterday” - and re-echoing down the

corridors of time comes the early Bo Diddley excitement of “Please Go Home”, punctuated with “radiophonic” modern madness from Jones and Richards.

SIDE ONE “BACKSTREET GIRL” is probably the most thoughtful ever compositions from Jagger and Richards. The lyrics are sad, reflective and sung to a nostalgic Parisian accordion, acoustic guitar and tambourine backing which remind one of a rainy day somewhere, anywhere in France. **Mick Jagger:** “I wrote this in some weird place which I can’t remember. It’s got the feeling of a French cafe about it - I just thought about this chick - it was easy to write. Nice ballad.”

“YESTERDAY’S PAPERS” Opens with a very simple drum and bass effect which is accelerated up to a medium tempo and augmented by chime-bells, a vocal chorus and plenty of bass-pedal effect from the drums. Another song which everyone has written, but never in such an original manner. **Mick Jagger:** “I saw this as completely different when I wrote it - it was going to be very straight but it’s ended up

on a boogie-woogie piano, crisp drumming from Charlie Watts and Mick’s vocal fighting for life in a barrage of effects. Shades of The Who in places. **Mick Jagger:** “We recorded this six months ago.”

“CONNECTION” Drums like they are inside the head. Powerful bass rhythms punctuated by guitar runs - for the dance. **Mick Jagger:** “That’s me beating the bass drums with my hands. Stu on the piano and organ pedals.”

“That high-pitched whine on ‘Please Go Home’ is Charlie’s wife screaming”

“SHE SMILED SWEETLY” This is the voice that Jagger uses to get off the record and into the air. Kind of a sinister “All Things Bright And Beautiful” with Dylan influences. An ethereal quality lent by a church organ, but a single for someone. **Mick Jagger:** “This is very religious really - it was ‘He’ smiled sweetly but someone changed it. A quasi-religious, uptempo mid-shuffler. That’s Jack Nitzsche on piano.”

donging about all over the place. All tinkling and weird. Charlie said he wanted to think up a weird drum rhythm for it and brought about two dozen different drums into the studio for it, then he asked me if I thought he was getting contrived. This has been covered by someone else - the way I originally saw it.”

“MY OBSESSION” Earthquake sounds with a stretched bass effect which sounds like a Tube train on the loose. Thrashing about in the background are Ian Stewart

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS... CHARLIE WATTS writes and draws for the STONES' LATEST ALBUM, reviewed track-by-track by Keith Altham with special comments by... MICK JAGGER

“COOL CALM AND COLLECTED” A kind of Chaplinesque Charleston sung in a “whoopie” style by Jagger. Has almost everything, including a honky-tonk piano and brilliant kazoo break from Keith! The wind-up sounds like someone switched the speed to 78rpm. **Mick Jagger:** “I did this like an English ragtime singer - the speeded-up portion was entirely spontaneous. It was recorded in the US.”

“Cardboard and tinsel..”

Their TV show has made them huge stars. At the start of the year, three MONKEES land in Britain: Davy Jones, Mike Nesmith and “Hollywood phoney” Micky Dolenz. Are they for real? Does it matter? “I’m laughing,” says Davy Jones. “All the way to the bank...”

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 11 —

AT LAST THE British press had trapped a Monkee. And they all wanted to know the same thing: do The Monkees play on their records and in the TV series? The answer is that they didn’t but they do now – according to drummer and lead singer Micky Dolenz, who had arrived at London Airport an hour earlier. “We don’t play on ‘Last Train To Clarksville’ or ‘I’m A Believer,’” he agreed. “We played on the two tracks produced by Mike Nesmith on the first album and two on the second. Now we play on everything, including the TV show.”

He said that as the shows were not put out in the order in which they were filmed, it was impossible to say how far through the series the switch came. “We just didn’t have the time to play on the records or on TV,” continued Micky. “We were in the studio 12 hours a day doing the show and then rehearsing four hours a night for our public performances. And they wouldn’t let us do it anyway – I’m not saying who they were. We were a performing group a year ago, but they said we weren’t ready for it because we didn’t have the time to rehearse. Fairly recently we got fed up with the stories going round that we couldn’t play and now we play on everything – and we do it better than the records.”

“Of course, we do all the singing. Anyway, what’s all the fuss about? Nobody criticises Sonny & Cher for not playing all those instruments on their records, or Sinatra for not playing all those 21 strings or The Beatles for not playing cellos and trumpets. Recently we played the Cow Palace in San Francisco and 17,000 kids saw us. Yet still a reporter said he thought we were miming with records. Until recently we weren’t content with the way things were going, but there wasn’t much we could do about it. We were trying to make it in three bags at the same time – TV, records and stage

performances. In future we won’t be filming every minute of the day and will have more time to spend on recording.”

“Until the show came along I was primarily an actor. I wasn’t involved in the musical end of the business, although I’d played guitar with groups in bowling alleys, lounges, places like that. I also play piano as well as drums. Peter Tork plays seven instruments and he went to the music conservatory. Mike is pretty good too and a prolific songwriter.”

How does Micky react to the other criticism of The Monkees – that they have copied The Beatles?

“I revere The Beatles,” said Micky. “They are Number 1 and they always will be. But we don’t fashion ourselves after them. The show doesn’t remind me of *A Hard Day’s Night*, as some people say. It’s not the same kind of humour at all. There are more associations with the Marx Brothers or the Bowery Boys. We play ourselves in the show. We get an outline script which just puts us in a situation and we just take it from there. Acting, to me, means portraying myself. Like James Cagney – no matter what role he was playing, it was just Cagney playing a priest, a crook or a pilot. Character acting is something different altogether. Peter is the only one of us who plays a bit out of character – he is the Huntz Hall who gets things wrong.

“I did a TV series before, *Circus Boy*. I played Corky with my hair dyed – I’m a Hollywood phoney from way back. I also played Kitch in *Peyton Place*. Until this show happened I just considered myself a TV actor.”

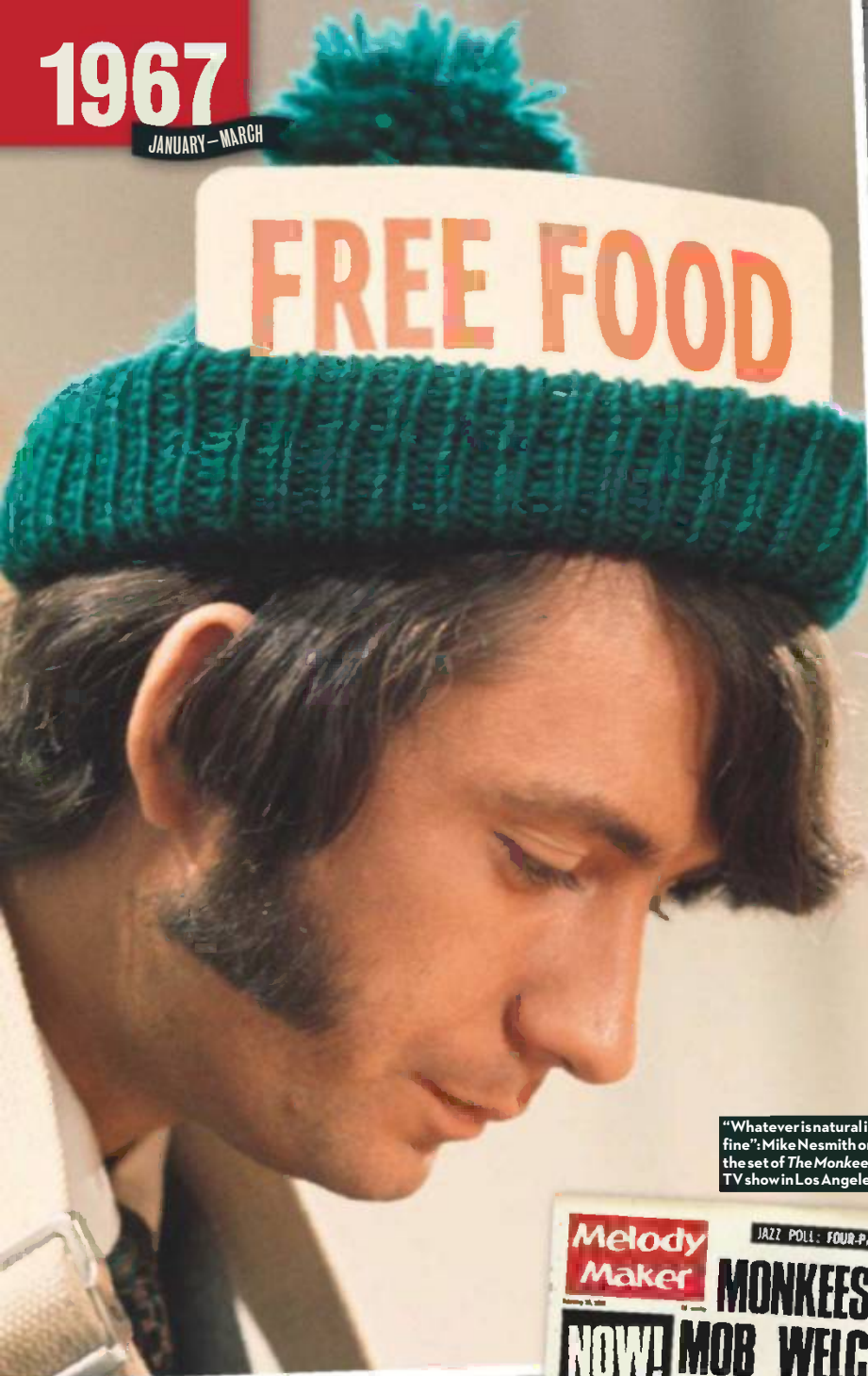
Are The Monkees now in the big money? “I don’t honestly know,” said Micky. “We haven’t had the money for the records yet and we promote our own concerts, so we haven’t had those percentages back. I tell you one thing – I’m not rich on the TV shows.”

Did he have any special plans while in London? “Yeah, I must hear Spencer Davis. Is he playing in town this week?”

Bob Dawbarn

The Monkees in Los Angeles in 1967: (l-r) Peter Tork, Mike Nesmith, Davy Jones and Micky Dolenz





"Whatever is natural is fine": Mike Nesmith on the set of *The Monkees* TV show in Los Angeles

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 18 —

"Sex and pain and freedom"

...and that's just his cars. The strange world of Mike Nesmith's Think-In

MONKEE MIKE NESMITH answered his Think-In questions perched on a table in the London office of Screen Gems while what seemed like the whole of Fleet Street queued outside the door. Where Micky Dolenz and Davy Jones joke their way through interviews, Mike is of a more serious nature and considered each question carefully—refusing to answer most of those involving other artists.

TEXAS That's a nice place. It's big and its home—kind of, anyway. My parents are still living there in Dallas.

FOLK MUSIC That was kind of the root of it all. I like bluegrass but I don't care for the English folk music—ballads and madrigals and all that stuff. Bob Dylan now, that's not really folk music. That's a whole new thing again.

BEACH BOYS Astounding! And astute. I think Brian Wilson has to be a technical wizard. I'm really impressed by their records and their whole thing. But they over-extend themselves because they can't do it live. Though I don't see why they shouldn't. They shouldn't be afraid to take all the pieces they use in the studio on stage with them—40 musicians and the rest. Their product is so incredible and they are all such good musicians.

SONGWRITING If a song takes me more than 25 minutes to write, I usually scrap it. It means it's not ready to come. Some people seem amazed that you can write a song in 20 minutes; they forget you may have spent six or seven years of life moving towards that song. I can't read music, so I compose on the guitar.

— MELODY MAKER FEBRUARY 25 —

YOU COULDN'T MISS the fact that Davy Jones had a magnificent tan—he was naked to the waist and half-heartedly rubbing at his newly washed hair.

It was eight weeks since his last visit, which hardly created nationwide interest. But in those eight weeks he and his fellow Monkees had become household names as TV stars and hit-record makers. This time Davy had got the full treatment—screaming fans at the airport, police clearing more from outside his hotel, journalists queuing for interviews. How did it all happen?

"We were just a TV show and there was a demand for a record. The first one, 'Last Train To Clarksville', sold a couple of million," said Davy. "So they brought out an album and that sold five million. And now our new album has knocked the old one from Number 1 in America."

How does Davy view the future?

"Mike and Peter will eventually go on their own as singles," he said, after signing autographs for two chambermaids. "Peter is the Donovan type of folk singer, while Mike likes the Motown sound. Micky is the



funny man and he's bound to be a comedian. Myself, I'll stay with acting."

Davy, as the whole world must know by now, comes from Manchester and was apprenticed as a jockey before going to America with the *Oliver!* show. What music did he listen to in the old days?

"I couldn't afford records in the old days—I had 15s a week spending money as an apprentice jockey," recalled Davy. "But I used to dig Cliff Richard & The Shadows. Don't forget, I've been away four years and The Beatles came out since then—they are the ones I really like. That's a great new record. 'Penny Lane' is the best side—I've been singing it for the last three weeks."

Do any problems arrive from the four Monkees having to work together day after day? "We all have separate dressing rooms," explained Davy. "We work our scenes together, but we relax and eat in our separate rooms. I have always been used to working on my own as an actor. It's so different being a member of a group; your work has to be so tight; you have to be so careful not to throw in anything that will spoil the group as a whole."

"In San Francisco recently, we played to 18,000 teenagers, with 50 policemen trying to hold them back. Things got a bit tough and Mike was hit in the face with a hairspray. Peter was hit in the eye with a banana and

HOT RODS My first love, I guess, as far as recreation is concerned. I have spent a lot of time and money on cars. I've never been much of a sportsman in the athletic sense, that's why I like to build something that goes faster than somebody else's. There's a whole syndrome involved in cars—sex and pain and freedom. You have freedom when you have your own personalised form of transport. You feel you can just get in it and go anywhere.

HOLLYWOOD Cardboard and tinsel. It's young, free and fast—a great place to live and I couldn't live any place else now. It's certainly the best climate for creative thinking that I have come across. You are constantly stimulated by a million-and-one things. And everybody is involved—you can talk shop with the guy selling flowers as well as you can with the head of MGM.

ELVIS PRESLEY He is a master and kind and was the first white boy to ever do it. Chuck Berry started it all, really. But, like I said, I don't want to talk about other artists—I don't think it's right for me to do so.

PETER TORK That's an unfair question. I just don't talk about other guys in the group.

NIGHTCLUBS I'm not much for nightclubs. It's a nowhere scene sitting and screaming at somebody for hours—you don't get much good conversation that way. I prefer to go somewhere for conversation unless I go along to a club by myself to dig something special that is happening.

AMBITION Mine is just to continue as I am. Whatever comes, whatever is natural, is fine—whatever seems right to me at the time. I never have been one for planning something. It's more fun to work your way out of situations than to work your way into them.

LONDON I'm knocked over by it. I'm afraid of saying something ugly, but I can't get next to London and the way people go. I've been impressed with the city, but sad that it seems to be held in its own history. London's past seems to be its own biggest stumbling block. It has the essence of greatness about it but it seems to look backwards all the time.

You can't get close to the people. There is this constant fear of doing something wrong, doing something different from everybody else. Things are so steeped in tradition here. And I wish the men didn't treat all women as though they were completely feeble and unintelligent.

couldn't see for the rest of the show. When something like that happens you feel you want to walk off, but you can't because you have something to live up to."

Dave laughs at suggestions that The Monkees must already be very rich young men.

"We get a flat salary for the TV show—no matter how much money it makes. Then we get 30 per cent of the stage shows between us after all expenses have been taken out. It's a complicated story how I got into this show. After *Oliver!* I was signed to Columbia Pictures, who own Colpix Records. I made a couple of records as a singer and they didn't get a lot of plays. They weren't good records anyway—they were garbage, and I just hope nobody over here gets hold of them.

"I didn't really want to become a singer, although I did a bit in the show. When *The Monkees* came up and we made the pilot film I decided that if the pilot didn't work out I'd pick up my fork again and go back to shovelling horse manure in England.

I'd had enough of America at that time. I'd been there four years, working every night. I was tired and homesick. In fact I did come back here for four months and then they phoned to say, 'Come back, kid, the show's sold.'

"Now we are set for another year of TV and at least

The whole "Ladies First" syndrome is strange. Women in America have such incredible heads on their shoulders. London makes a whole philosophical statement by its attitude to women.

FAME I don't really know what it means, even yet. I suppose it's the ability to go to some place you could never go before and get into places you never could before. I keep thinking back to when they wouldn't let me in. Maybe it's a reward for doing a job well.

MARX BROTHERS Our fathers. We are direct copies of them, if we are direct copies of anybody. I can sit and watch their films and never get tired or bored. We have made their comedy—which is timeless—become immediate and urgent. They were popular 25 to 30 years ago and this is now, so rather than employ the same humour we employ the same

techniques with the humour of today. Our jokes are about television, airlines, things they didn't have to joke about, but the techniques are the same. Whenever somebody says, in a disparaging way, that we are copying the Marx Brothers, I feel flattered and honoured.

FLYING I'm a pilot and I love to fly. I want my own aeroplane but I don't know which to get. Three dimensional travel is something else—you sit in a seat and you can make it go any way you want. It's a whole new way of doing things. It's that sense of freedom again. And that's a very important thing in life.

"The Marx Brothers are our fathers. We're direct copies of them"



another year of personal appearances in America. We are also supposed to be making a movie in March, but I can't see that happening. We have also been set to play at the World's Fair in Toronto on April 1. It's quite an honour, because they don't usually have rock'n'roll groups in that neck of the woods."

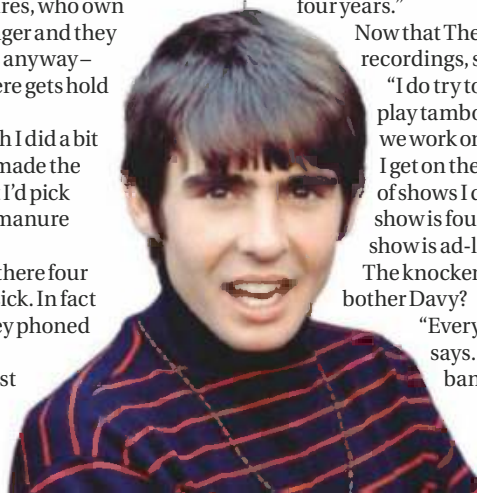
Davy was the third Monkee to arrive in Britain over the past fortnight. What about the fourth? "Peter Tork is in New York—back in Greenwich Village where he started," explained Davy. "He was a folk singer for four years."

Now that The Monkees are doing all the playing on their recordings, show and TV series, what does Davy play?

"I do try to play bass guitar," he told me. "But all I really do is play tambourine, pull funny faces and sing a little. The way we work on the TV show is unusual. I never read a script until I get on the set. After sticking to the script on the first couple of shows I decided it wasn't me, and the whole idea of the show is four guys playing themselves. Now 85 per cent of the show is ad-lib. We throw whole scenes out of the script."

The knockers have already started on The Monkees. Does it bother Davy?

"Everybody knocks success, no matter what it is," he says. "Personally, I'm going to laugh all the way to the bank." **Bob Daubarn**



1967

JANUARY—MARCH

“It all comes out of our heads”

Underground London is in spring bloom as **THE PINK FLOYD**, already a riotous live act, make their first chart stirrings. As the year goes on, the pressure is starting to show on the band. “You can’t give them big successes,” says their manager, “and expect them not to get confused...”



The Pink Floyd at London's UFO Club, early '67: (l-r) Roger Waters, Syd Barrett, Nick Mason, Rick Wright



— MELODY MAKER APRIL 1 —

B EING ASKED TO interview the Pink Floyd is an ordeal I would have wished only on my worst enemies. I was shaking like a leaf an hour before our first midday appointment. The thought of having to talk to a psychedelic group brought me out in sugarcube-shaped goose pimples. What language do these musical Martians speak? Would their hallucinatory gaze turn me into an orange? What would be the horrible consequences of freaking out with a bunch of transvestites in Cambridge Circus? Preconceptions flooded my already busting mind. This was going to be 16 hours of terrifying, heart-halting experiences.

Nervously, I tiptoed to the door of lead guitarist Syd Barrett's house just off busy Cambridge Circus in the middle of London's vice-ridden West End. The front door was painted an ominous purple. Why wasn't I being paid danger money? Was this one trip on which all expenses weren't going to be paid? Oh, to be golf correspondent on *International Times* and forget these blasted astronomic, hippy rebels.

Syd Barrett tumbled out of his bed and donned his socks. I peeked around the small attic room looking for women's clothing that The Pink Floyd say Arnold Layne tries on in front of the mirror. Instead his girlfriend materialised at the door and brought in a cup of coffee.

Well, so far there was little evidence of the terrible Arnold Layne being in the vicinity—The Pink Floyd were covering up well. I'll shoot Barrett a few quick questions while he's still half asleep.

Syd, why did you write such a dirty, filthy, smutty, immoral and degrading song as "Arnold Layne"?

Syd blinked blankly: "Well, I just wrote it. I thought 'Arnold Layne' was a nice name, and it fitted very well into the music I had already composed."

"But isn't it true," said I, "that Radio London, quite rightly, banned the record because they thought it was 'smutty'?"

Instead of reeling into the wardrobe and revealing a cupboard full of feminine clobber, Syd began to explain: "I was at Cambridge at the time I started to write the song. I pinched the line about 'moonshine washing line' from Rog our bass guitarist—because he has an enormous washing line in the back garden of his house. Then I thought, 'Arnold must have a hobby,' and it went on from there. Arnold Layne just happens to dig dressing up in women's clothing. A lot of people do—so let's face up to reality.

"About the only other lyric anybody could object to is the bit about 'it takes two to know', and there's nothing 'smutty' about that! But then if

THIS IS IT!

Columbia

ARNOLD LAYNE
THE PINK FLOYD

DB 8156

....THE
NEXT
PROJECTED
SOUND OF '67

more people like them dislike us, more people like the underground lot are going to dig us, so we hope they'll cancel each other out.

Organist Rick Wright walked in and said: "I think the record was

banned not because of the lyrics, because there's nothing there you can really object to—but because they're against us as a group and against what we stand for."

"It's only a businesslike commercial insult anyway," thought Syd, "it doesn't affect us personally."

Roger the bassist and Nick Mason the drummer joined the happy throng. Maybe they were the evil people, I thought. "Let's face it," said Roger seriously, "the pirate stations play records that are much more 'smutty' than 'Arnold Layne' will ever be. In fact it's only Radio London that have banned the record. The BBC and everybody else plays it. I think it's just different policies—not anything against us."

That sounds like sense. Syd got up and moved stealthily to the tape recorder. Ah-ha, they're going to try subliminal brainwashing! They're going to lock me in a revolving echo chamber full of laughing gas and pipe Stockhausen through the portholes while Suzy Creamcheese writhes on the transparent roof in a Matey bubble bath, being watched intensely by the inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the direction of the Marquis de Sade.

Syd put on one of the new Pink Floyd album tracks instead. And,

gadzooks, it's foot-tapping stuff. Quite interesting pop music, actually. "Avant garde", I think it's called. Warming to the Floyd's tapes of numbers like "Interstella" and "Flamin'", I began to think that maybe I was wrong—maybe beneath the hustle and bustle of the in-crowders and newspaper reports, here was a group not quite as weird as everyone makes out.

"Let's go for a drink," they said. A drink? Surely hippies don't drink? But sure enough there we were in the pub downing good old-fashioned brown beer. And another, and another. And then it was off to EMI Studios for the group's recording session. Quite a normal affair. No kaleidoscopic lighting, no happenings or freaking—just a lot of hard work.

Where does the group think they fit in the pop music structure? "We would like to think that we're part of the creative half in that we write our own material and don't just record other people's numbers, or copy American demo discs," said Nick Mason. "Our album shows parts of The Pink Floyd that haven't been heard yet."

"There's parts we haven't even heard yet," chipped in Roger.

"I thought,
'Arnold must
have a hobby,'
and it went on
from there"

"No kaleidoscopic lighting, no freaking, just a lot of hard work": the Floyd in EMI Studios, 1967



“There’s such freedom artistically...”

DISC & MUSIC ECHO APRIL 8 Introducing the “aggressive”, “mediocre” members of The Pink Floyd.

THE PINK FLOYD burst onto the London club scene in a kaleidoscope of colours some months ago. Literally, because colour, shapes and light gave impact to the staggering, tumultuous waves of sound which made up their act. Pop – or pop in Britain, at least – was never like this before. Pre-Pink Floyd groups were content to go on stage and grind out a succession of old hits or bad copies of American records.

The Floyd have denounced this visually boring performance. “Our lighting man is the fifth member of the group,” they say – and engulf the audience in a symphony of weird shapes and violent colours which confound the senses as much as their driving, 30-minute-long songs. But are they just a brief bubble on the pop scene, or have they the ability to last? Offstage and collectively they could be just another group; individually they’re obviously intelligent.

Well, what are they like? For a start, there’s lead guitarist...



SYD BARRETT

Born 21 years ago in Cambridge, Syd is the best looking of a rather ordinary bunch. His interest in music began at seven with piano lessons and ended abruptly after two weeks.

Afterwards it was art school in Cambridge, closely followed by art school in London. He became a part of The Pink Floyd because he lived next door to bass player Roger Waters.

The Pink Floyd have a definite place in pop society despite the apparent swing to the squares, he says. “Teenagers in Britain are great. Possibly, they are not buying the bulk of records, but they come to life as audiences. Just because Humperdinck, closely followed by the Ken Dodds, is doing so well is not indicative of apathy on the part of teenagers.”

Syd himself is the most colour-conscious of the colourful Pinks. He dresses in clothes like black corduroy jackets, wine-red pants and white shoes. “Freedom is what I’m after,” he comments. “That’s why I like working in this group. There’s such freedom artistically.”



RICK WRIGHT

plays organ. He is also 21, rather quiet, very easy-going and exceedingly absent-minded,

which explains why he locked the group’s car and left the keys inside. He went for education to Haberdashers and talks like it, too. “Then I went to Regent Street Polytechnic to study architecture and gave up in boredom after a year. So I started going abroad, to places like Greece. Then came

home to earn a bit of money in jobs like interior designing and private decorating. But I was very unhappy and turned to studying music. I gave that up two months ago, but only because The Pink Floyd had become a full-time occupation.” He still hopes some day to complete his musical studies “and write a symphony or something”. Pink Floyd-ing it, however, is quite enough compensation for his future plans. “We’re playing something completely different from what has gone before. Like jazz musicians, we improvise all the time, vocally and instrumentally.”

A bit of a drifter, with his scarf stuffed untidily into his shirt, but pretty content at present with being a part of The Pink Floyd.



ROGER WATERS,

22 and the bass player, says, “I lie and am rather aggressive,” and attempts

to act the part by shooting down questioners if he can.

Why don’t the Pink Floyd try to expand as personalities? “We give the public what they can see for themselves – we don’t want to manufacture an image. We don’t want to be involved in some publicity build-up.”

Not even a dress image? “We dress as we feel at the time.”

How did the concept of the stage act come about? “There is no concept about it. Our music just comes from the fingers – there’s no preconceived arrangement. Perhaps there was an idea dreamed up inasmuch as we use images as well as sound, but otherwise it’s all improvisation.”

Roger, for the record, was born at Great Bookham in Surrey but

moved to Cambridge when he was still a baby. After Cambridge schooling, he studied architecture at the Regent Street Polytechnic before drifting into the group. Was there any musical background in his family?

“Well, my mother’s stone deaf, my father’s dead and my grandmother bought her first pop record last week. It was a disc called ‘Arnold Layne.’”



NICK MASON,

the 22-year-old drummer from Birmingham, describes himself as “a very mediocre,

ordinary youth” and thinks his arrival in The Pink Floyd was possibly remotely connected to his grandfather once penning a “fine, regal march” entitled “Grand State March”.

Being the grandson of such a composer, Nick says sadly: “I take life easy but I am bit paranoic. I feel everyone has a down on me. I want to be successful and loved in everything I turn my hand to.”

He may succeed. He is, for one thing, the easiest to talk to. Joining the group came largely because he hated working in an office. “I had studied architecture for three years at the Polytechnic and then spent a year working in an office. It’s only just lately, in fact, that The Pink Floyd have been doing much work. In the past we played about one date a fortnight and spent the rest of the time sitting in pubs and saying how nice it would be to be famous. Only when we got a manager who started organising us did we get beyond just dreaming.”

He hopes, naturally, things will get bigger and better for the group.

“It’s bringing into flower many of the fruits that have remained dormant for so long,” added Nick.

“It all comes straight out of our heads,” says Syd, “and it’s not too far out to understand. If we play well on stage I think most people will understand that what we play isn’t just a noise. Most audiences respond to a good set.”

And despite those terrifying premonitions and the misinterpreted facts, and the blown-up rumours, interviewing this so-called “psychedelic” group was an enjoyable experience. They were very normal people. *Nick Jones*

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 5 —

AS THOUSANDS IN ballrooms and assorted hell-holes across the country are deafened and blinded nightly by The Pink Floyd, the well-known psychedelic group, thousands might be forgiven for thinking, “What the ‘ell’s it all about?” Are The Pink Floyd being quite honest when they make coy and attractive records like “See Emily Play”, then proceed to make the night hideous with

a thunderous, incomprehensible, screaming sonic torture that five American doctors agree could permanently damage the senses?

The Floyd do not wish to appear dishonest, but they are worried. They appreciate the contrast between their records and live performances, agree the latter might not be all that they should be, and are taking steps to rectify the situation. Roger Waters, bass player, with rather aesthetic good looks, and a taste for frequent pints of bitter, grappled frankly with Floyd problems this week.

“We’re being frustrated at the moment by the fact that to stay alive we have to play lots and lots of places and venues that are not really suitable. This can’t last, obviously, and we’re hoping to create our own venues.”

Roger accepted a government-approved cigarette and warmed to his theme. “We all like our music. That’s the only driving force behind us. All the trappings of becoming vaguely successful, like being able to buy bigger amplifiers – none of that stuff is really important. We’ve got a name of sorts now among the public, so everybody comes to have a look at us, and we get full houses. But the atmosphere in these places is very stale. There is no feeling of occasion. There is no nastiness about it, but we don’t get rebooked on the club or ballroom circuit. What I’m trying to say is ✦

May 12, 1967: the promo film for "Arnold Layne" is used as a back projection for the Floyd's *Games For May* show at the Queen Elizabeth Hall in London

that the sort of thing we are trying to do doesn't fit into the sort of environment we are playing in. The supporting bands play 'Midnight Hour' and the records are all soul, then we come on.

"I've got nothing against the people who come, and I'm not putting down our audiences. But they have to compare everybody. So-and-so's group is better than everybody else. It's like marking exercise books. Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich get a gold star in the margin, or 'Tick – Very Good'. On the club scene we rate about two out of 10 and 'Must try harder'. We've had problems with our equipment and we can't get the PA to work because we play extremely loudly. It's a pity, because Syd (singer Syd Barrett) writes great lyrics and nobody ever hears them.

"Maybe it's our fault because we are trying too hard. After all, the human voice can't compete with Fender Telecasters and double drum kits. We're a very young group, not in age, but in experience. We're trying to solve problems that haven't existed before. Perhaps we should stop trying to do our singles onstage. Even The Beatles, when they worked live, sounded like their records. But the sound of records we make today are impossible to reproduce onstage, so there is no point in trying."

Isn't this being dishonest? "This is the point. We don't think so. We still do 'Arnold Layne' and struggle through 'Emily...' occasionally. We don't think it's dishonest because we can't play live what we play on records. It's a perfectly OK scene. Can you imagine somebody trying to play 'A Day In The Life'? Yet that's one of the greatest tracks ever made. A lot of stuff on our LP is completely impossible to do live. We've got the recording side together and not the playing side. So what we've got to do now is get together a stage act that has nothing to do with our records, things like 'Interstellar Overdrive', which is beautiful, and instrumentals that are much easier to play."

Are the group depressed when they fail to communicate with an audience? "It's sometimes depressing and becomes a drag. There are various things you can do. You can close your mind to the fact you're not happening with the audience and play for yourself. When the music clicks, even if it's only with ten or 12 people, it's such a gas. We're trying to play music of which it can be said that it has freedom of feeling. That sounds very corny, but it is very true."

What is the future of the Floyd? "We can't go on doing clubs and ballrooms. We want a brand-new environment, and we've hit on the

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 12 —

GIVING POP JOURNALISTS a hard time is the blood sport of groups. It's one of the occupational hazards of the job, as anyone who's ever been on the receiving end of The Beatles' rapier remarks will tell you. Last week, it was The Pink Floyd's turn, which was surprising, for their latest record, "Apples And Oranges", isn't exactly setting the chart alight. Still, I managed to penetrate their initial unreceptive attitude and asked how they felt about the record bombing after "Arnold Layne" and "See Emily Play" had been so well received.

"Couldn't care less," was Syd Barrett's answer. For the Floyd don't really regard themselves as primarily a record group. Barrett is an advocate of musical anarchy. He believes that all the group can do is make a record which please them. If it's not commercial – too bad. "All we can do is make records which we like. If the kids don't, then they won't buy it."

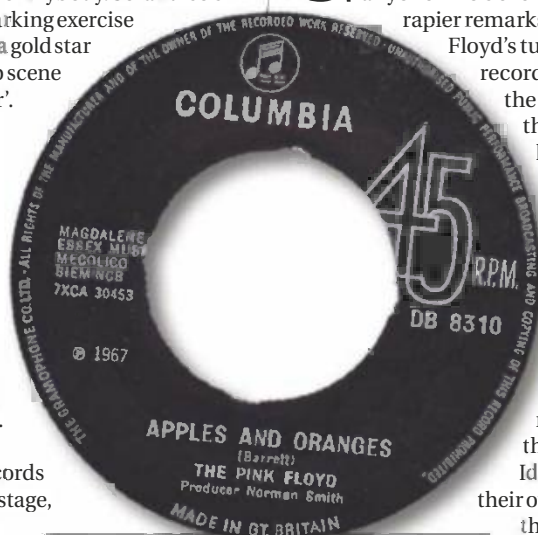
Ideally, believes Barrett, groups should record their own music, press their own records, distribute them and sell them. He feels that the application of commercial considerations is harmful to the music. He'd like to cut out the record company and the wholesalers and retailers. "All middle men are bad," he said.

Co-manager Peter Jenner said that, anyway, the groups have far more idea of what the kids want than the record companies. Barrett said that the reason the kids dig The Beatles and Mick Jagger is not so much because of their music, but because they always do what they want to do and to hell with everyone else.

"That's why the kids dig them – because they do what they want. The kids know this."

I met Barrett and guitarist Roger Waters with managers Jenner and Andrew King at the

Central Office Of Information in Lambeth. They had been viewing a colour film insert of the group for a magazine programme on Britain networked across America and Canada. The number they filmed was "Jug Band Blues", written by Barrett, which manager Jenner said he had wanted to release as their single instead of "Apples And Oranges". He said he was pressing for it to be their next single in the New Year. It is almost a poetic recitation by Barrett, with avant-garde sound effects by the group. The central passage is almost freeform pop, with six members of the Salvation Army on the recording session told to "play what you like".



"A lot of stuff on our LP is completely impossible to do live"



"It's a funny joke. The Pink Floyd like jokes..."

MELODY MAKER JULY 22
 Syd Barrett is the week's
 Blind Date singles reviewer.

ART What's That Sound (For What It's Worth) (ISLAND)
 Good, I don't recognise it and I've no idea who it is, but it drives along. Liked the instrumental sound. A medium hit. I suspect it to be American. I dug.

GENE LATTER A Little Piece Of Leather (CBS)
 It's a great song. That's nice. It's on the soul scene and I think people will go on digging the soul scene. I hope the people who listen to us will listen to this as well. The new wave of music is all-embracing. It gets across and makes everybody feel good. I don't think this will do well in the chart but it'll be OK for the clubs. I nearly guessed who it was - Gene Letter?

ALEX HARVEY The Sunday Song (DECCA)
 Nice sounds - yeah. Wow. Lots of drums, but it avoids being cluttered. The people in the background seem to be raving a bit more than the people in the front. English? One of those young groups like John's Children? It moved me a little bit, but I don't think it will be a hit. Very snappy.

TOM JONES I'll Never Fall In Love Again (DECCA)
 I detect a Welsh influence in the strings. I feel it's one of those numbers you should play at slow speed, or backwards, or upside down. It's Sandy MacPherson. Everyone knows who it is. It won't be a hit because it's too emotional. It'll sell a lot, but I won't buy one.

BLUES MAGOOS One By One (FONTANA)
 It's got a message, but it didn't really seem to branch out anywhere. It's nice, and I dig it, but it won't do anything. No idea who it was. You're going to tell me it's The Byrds. I really dig The Byrds, Mothers Of Invention and Fugs. We have drawn quite

a bit from those groups. I don't see any reason for this record being a big flop or a big hit. It was a nice record.

OLIVER NELSON Drowning In My Own Despair (POLYDOR)
 Crazy - yeah. If pressed to think about it, I would suggest it was The Four Tops. So, it's not The Four Tops. If you want to make a hit, it's best to make your own sounds. The label is a pretty colour.

DAVID BOWIE Love You Till Tuesday (DERAM)
 Yeah, it's a joke number. Jokes are good. Everybody likes jokes. The Pink Floyd like jokes. It's very casual. If you play it a second time it might be even more of



a joke. Jokes are good. The Pink Floyd like jokes. I think that was a funny joke. I think people will like the bit about it being Monday, when in fact it was Tuesday. Very chirpy, but I don't think my toes were tapping at all.

BARRY FANTONI Nothing Today (COLUMBIA)
 Very negative. The middle jazzy bit was nice. Apart from the saxophone bit, it was morbid. I don't know what it was all about. It seemed to be about somebody kissing somebody's feet. I don't want to hear it again. Maybe it should be played at 78.

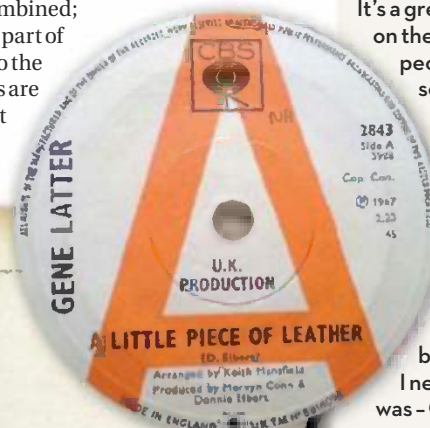
VINCE HILL When The World Is Ready (COLUMBIA)
 Fade it out. Vince Hill. I didn't understand the lyrics at all. It's very well produced and very well sung. It may be a hit, but I shouldn't think so, because the lyrics are so unconvincing.

After the filming, we retired to a nearby coffee bar where Jenner said: "The group has been through a very confusing stage over the past few months and I think this has been reflected in their work. You can't take four people of this mental level - they used to be architects and artists, and even an educational cyberneticist - give them big success and not expect them to get confused.

"But they are coming through a sort of de-confusing period right now. They are not just a record group. They really pull people in to see them and their album has been terrifically received in this country and America. I think they've got a lot of tremendous things ahead of them. They are really just starting."

The Floyd's entry into the pop arena was as a psychedelic group. They came in on the surge of lights and psychedelia, which is dwindling rapidly today. Were they still using lights or had they made any decision to abandon them? "Not at all," said Roger Waters. "With us, lights were not, and are not, a gimmick. We believe that a light show enhances the music. Groups who adopted lights as a gimmick are now being forced to drop them, but there's no reason why we should. In this country, groups were forced to provide their own light shows, whereas in the States it was the clubs who provided the lights."

"Really," said Barrett, "we have only just started to scrape the surface of effects and ideas of lights and music combined; we think that the music and the lights are part of the same scene, one enhances and adds to the other. But we feel that in the future groups are going to have to offer much more than just a pop show. They'll have to offer a well-presented theatre show." Alan Walsh •



BLIND DATE

SYD BARRETT

OF THE PINK FLOYD



ART: "What's That Sound (For What It's Worth)" (Island).
 Good. I don't recognise it and I've no idea who it is, but it drives along. Liked the instrumental sound. A medium hit. I suspect it to be American. I dug.

JIM REEVES: "Trying To Forget" (RCA Victor).
 Very way out record. I think I tapped my foot to that one. I don't know who it was. Well, let me think - who's dead? It must be Jim Reeves. I don't think it will be a hit. It doesn't matter if an artist is dead or alive about records being released. But if you're trendy

GENE LATTER: "A Little Piece Of Leather" (CBS).

The New billie know wer ege at Club Cen an wer Ne weel the their retu a w final Ne apar and color drix in U secc quite John SH

1967

JANUARY - MARCH



The Jimi Hendrix Experience recording for German TV at the Marquee on London's Wardour Street, March 2, 1967

“It’s free feeling and imagination...”

JIMI HENDRIX touches down in London, and immediately blows minds. Soon there are hit singles, outrageous tours and an extraordinary debut album. “It’s the way we feel,” he says. “No number is the same twice...”

— MELODY MAKER JANUARY 21 —

ALTHOUGH THINGS ARE happening all around Jimi Hendrix – he doesn’t choose to see them. It’s all down to being cool. No pre-hatch counting of chickens. Don’t believe it until you see it. It’s just a drag to be called “in” or a “fave rave”. Even “an emergent star whose success could reach momentous proportions in no time at all”. He won’t believe he’s happened – until he’s happened. He’s just going to make it happen – very, very quickly.

He possesses the aura of a man who has seen and been through a lot of life. His own started in Seattle, Washington, in 1945, and took off from there. Tenements, rats and cockroaches, poverty, colour prejudice, hitching around the South, the occasional gig. Eventually he joined a blues tour but was soon penniless again.

A trip to the West Coast, back to New York, another group, and then his own group. Finally came Greenwich Village – the resting place for a weary voyager. In the Village the fairytale began. Jimi was spotted by Chas Chandler and Mike Jeffrey: “Come to England”, said they. How was Hendrix persuaded? “I didn’t have no roots in the States that would hang me up. It don’t matter which bit of the world I’m in as long as I’m living and putting things down.”

Seeing The Jimi Hendrix Experience is just that – an experience. Jimi caresses his solid guitar with great respect. He rolls his head, looks to the sky, and smiles to himself and darts in and out of the quivering sound. On stage Hendrix takes over. It’s flying music. Love and freedom. Body, soul, funk, feeling, feedback and freak. The Hendrix sound is what England hasn’t yet evolved – but desperately needs. It’s a weaving, twitching kaleidoscope of tremor and vibration, dischords and progressions that give Hendrix the kind of colour few artists have ever achieved.

He has a sad, almost Dylanish air and sings of “*going down to Mexico way where, I know, man can be free*”, and he looks as if he really does »

REX



Redhouse: Jimi Hendrix, drummer Mitch Mitchell and bassist Noel Redding at one of the flats the star shares with manager Chas Chandler in 1967

Coupled with the gyrations, the emotion, the power and the beauty, it's the kind of music that will make you sweat.

"It's the way we feel. We're trying to create our own music, personal sound and our own personal being. Our music is improvisation. No number is the same twice. While we were working on 'Hey Joe' as a number, that was in October, so we put it down on record."

The Experience are a mixed bunch – on paper, theoretically, they would never mix. In fact the combination sets into a natural gel. On drums is 19-year old Mitch Mitchell, a sensuous thunder machine sounding like Keith Moon and Elvin Jones. Full of confidence and technique plus an understanding of dynamics, which is vital.

Noel Redding, a 21-year-old ex-art student plays the solid bassline behind Jimi's cutting, yet lyrical, guitar work.

Jimi is a bluesman, Mitch a jazzman, and Noel a rock 'n' roller. They are three pretty extraordinary guys led by one of the best guitarists this country has ever seen.

Hendrix knows his own limitations. A quiet, wise man who won't acknowledge that deceptive glitter of forthcoming success until he's seen it through his own eyes. You'll be hearing and seeing a lot more of The Jimi Hendrix Experience. It's a big sound, a big scene that you mustn't run away from – go and find out for yourself. *Nick Jones*

— NME APRIL 15 —

“OUT OF THIS WORLD” is a much misapplied phrase, but when it's applied to that extraordinary guitarist Jimi Hendrix it's appropriate. Looking as incredible as anything conceived by science-fiction writer Isaac Asimov, whose work he endlessly devours, Jimi is composing some numbers of equally unearthly inspiration.

There is one titled "Remember" about a manic depressive, described as "raw nerves on record", another called "Teddy Bears Live Forever" and a third concerning a visitor from another planet who decides that the human race is an unworthy animal to rule the earth and so destroys it, turning the world over to the chickens!

Hendrix is managed by Chas Chandler, the ex-Animal, who has developed a kind of split personality to cope with the new image. One moment will find him the good-natured ex-pop star wearing his Lord Kitchener uniform with gold braid, and the next immaculately attired in black suit and tie as Mr Chandler, businessman – complaining resignedly about having to buy a £2,000 mixing tape-machine instead of the Lincoln Continental his heart desires. Both Chas and his protégé share a newly acquired apartment off Edgware Road, where, together with newly acquired publicist Chris Williams, I found myself last Friday surveying a room dominated by a psychedelic painting (bought by Chas, while under the "affluence of inkahol" in New York). It depicted a bleeding eye letting droplets fall on a naked woman. There was a brass scuttle from which projected a number of empty wine bottles – relics of some bygone happening, a book about vampires, the inevitable blind eye of the TV set and an award for The Animals' best group record, "House Of The Rising Sun", on the mantelpiece, together with a model cannon.

The rest of the Chandler war-souvenirs collection is yet to be installed, and the floor was covered with LPs and singles from Solomon Burke to The Beatles. I was played tracks for the new LP by Jimi, and after one prolonged electrical neurosis, there was a mind-shattering instrumental from the three musicians who comprise the Experience.

As the last decibel faded into infinity, Chris produced an exercise in self-control by observing: "They play so well together, don't they?"

Hendrix, together with drummer Mitch Mitchell, who looks like a young Peter Cook, and bass player Noel Redding, are something new in musical and visual dimensions.

Jimi is a musical perfectionist who does not expect everyone to understand, and believes even those who come only to stand and gawp, may eventually catch on.

On a tour which boasts contradictions in musical terms like Engelbert and Jimi, he has come to terms with himself.

"Most will come to see the Walkers," said Jimi. "Those who come to hear Engelbert sing 'Release Me' may not dig me, but that's not tragic. We'll play for ourselves – we've done it before, where the audience stands about with their mouths open and you wait 10 minutes before they clap."

Originally "Purple Haze", his current *NME* Chart entry, was written about a dream Jimi had that he was able to walk about under the sea. Had the lyric been changed to make it more commercial? And was he as satisfied as with the original version? "Well..." said Jimi, and there was a significant pause, "I'm constantly fighting with myself over this kind of thing – but I'd never release any record I didn't like. You've got to gentle people along for a while until they are clued in on the scene. I worry about my music – you worry about anything that you've built your whole life around. It's good to be able to cut loose occasionally – we were in Holland doing a TV show last week, and the equipment was the best ever. They said play as loud as you like, and we were really grooving when this little fairy comes running in and yells, 'Stop! Stop! Stop!' – the ceiling in the studio below is falling down." And it was, too – plaster and all," added Jimi with enthusiasm.

"I'm getting so worried that my hair is falling out in patches," he sighed, tugging at a tuft in a hedge of hair which looks as if it could withstand a clip from a combine harvester.

Jimi has noted that since he adopted his bush-look that a number of other stars have been following suit – Gary Leeds is the latest bristling addition on the tour. "I thought it was a groovy style," grinned Jimi. "Now everyone is running around with these damn curls. Most of 'em are perms – but there's nothing wrong with perms – I used to get my hair straightened back on the block."

There has been a hold-up in Jimi's first LP because of the switch to the Track label, and tapes have been damaged in the transferring of studios. "We're calling it *Are You Experienced*," affirmed Jimi. I smiled and noted. "There's nothing wrong with that!" emphasised Jimi. Full of new ideas, Jimi came up with another on recording techniques.

"Sometimes when I'm playing, I make noises in my throat – almost subconsciously," said Jimi. "Jazz men like Erroll Garner do it a lot as they improvise. I'm going to get a little radio mic, hang it around my neck and record them – maybe I'll incorporate some throat sound on a disc." »

"You've got to gentle people along until they're clued in"

“I don’t like to stay in one place for a long time. The girls, you know...”

MM JAN 28 Hendrix ponders Melody Maker’s “Think-In”.

Freak-out Well, whatever the word means to you, add a few musical notes to that. Each to his own. I think for a new freak-out people should get really high and dig a Mrs Miller single on 33rpm. Then they can talk about that for about two weeks until they’re bored - then you look for something else. Musically, freak-out is almost like playing wrong notes. It’s playing the opposite notes to what you think the notes should be. If you hit it right with the right amount of feedback it can come up very nice. It’s like playing wrong notes seriously, dig? It’s a lotta fun.

Teeth Dracula! Not saying that I am, though. I’ve never broken any playing but I was thinking one time, for a freak-out of course, of putting bits of paper in my mouth before the show and then spitting it out like all my teeth were dropping out.

Mexico I can’t say too much about it really. I guess I think about open-air jails ‘cos, man, they have them there.

Bob Dylan Oh, yeah! I think he’s too much. Really out of sight. We do “Like A Rolling Stone” on stage - Dylan’s got a lot of feel. They talk about him like a dog - they gotta do that - but it’s because they don’t really understand his words, man. If people really want to dig him they should go out and buy a book - find out what he’s saying. A publisher’s book with the words in it. I have one or two singles of Dylan that were withdrawn from the shops just a few days after release. They’re too much. Man,

there’s one about this 15-year old chick. Too much!

The Monkees Oh God, I hate them! Dishwater. I really hate somebody like that to make it so big. You can’t knock anybody for making it, but people like The Monkees!

Ambition I want to be Marilyn Monroe’s understudy. And I mean understudy. In about 30 years’ time, maybe.

English food Oh God - man, see English food... It’s difficult to explain, mashed potatoes - that’s all I can remember, mashed potatoes. And I ain’t gonna say anything good about that!

In-clubs Ouch! That word. Must it always be that word? Anything that is “in” has just got to be terrible, man. The only ones I’ve seen are the ones I’ve played in. They’re usually pretty crummy premises - but I guess I should go down there for pleasure and see them like that.

Touring I don’t like to stay in one place for a long time. The girls, you know. As long as I’m

“If people really want to dig Dylan they should buy a book - find out what he’s saying”

comfortable when I’m travelling, I guess I could do it all the time.

The Cream That’s the first group I saw and sat in with when I got to England. No, just a minute. I played with them about a week after I got here. I think the one I like best is Eric Clapton. I don’t know too much about the other guys. What was the group I played with when I first got here? Oh



yeah, The VIPs. Can we get something in about them? They’re good - really out-of-sight. The singer has soul - no I mustn’t use that word - he has a good feeling for what he sings, rather. But I have a feeling that we’re on a different scene than The Cream - in sound as a whole. I think possibly Eric and I think along the same lines, but it’s hard to get it across to the other 50 million people who might be listening. I’m not sure if Eric is playing exactly what he wants to - but I know that if I just played my own scene all night I’d probably bore everybody to death.

California I think that’s the best place in the world. It’s getting a bit hung up on Sunset Strip at the moment, but the weather’s nice. And there’s lots of funny people. I like the cars - man, beautiful cars. Not too many Volkswagens, which is good. Oh yeah, I nearly forgot. The girls - they even come down to the gigs. I can’t think of much else to say. That’s where I’d like to die, man. I don’t think the English police uniform would go down too big over there.

Chicks I think, naturally, of the farm! Real chicks, hens and roosters, and eggs - though I don’t like them too much. I think I know what you’re getting at, though! Farmland, horses, you know, little furry three-toed birds! Member of the bird family, you know, old chap!

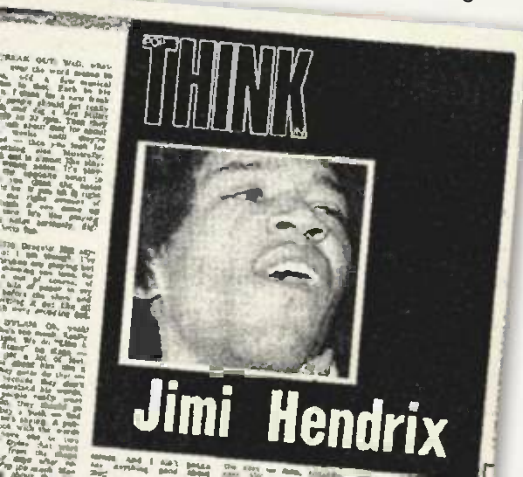
Love Right, I won’t make this a silly answer. Something I guess a mother rat has for her babies. Oh! Don’t rats eat their babies? Well, I guess that’s all love too, man.

Jazz I like to listen to it. But to play it - I don’t think that way. I like

Roland Kirk - he’s the only cat I dig in jazz. If I’m out of my mind and I go to somebody else’s place and hear somebody else’s records then I’d listen to jazz. I’d never put on a jazz disc. I consider jazz to be a lot of horns and one of those top-speed basslines. I like music, period. I just dig music, but I don’t happen to know much about jazz. I know that most of those cats are playing nothing but blues, though - I know that much!

Vietnam After China take over the whole world, then the whole world will know why America’s trying so hard in Vietnam.

English pop scene After a while it looks as though it’s starting but it never quite gets right off the ground. I think if it wasn’t for the backbone groups, like Spencer Davis, the scene would really drop down. I think they’re doing a very good job. They are about as soulful as I think any English group should get. You see, The Beatles, man, they were where it was all at. When they dropped out altogether, things changed because they were the group who really kept the scene going. They were holding it up. As soon as The Beatles begin to relax their grip a little the bottom starts falling out again. The only ones holding it up at the moment and coming through in a flurry are the solid performers like Tom Jones, Dusty Springfield, Spencer Davis and all the bands like The Troggs and that scene who aren’t so solid. Reg Presley writes songs and all that and they have a lot of hits - but a group like them will never really get any respect. The Who, they’re solid - but I’d have to listen to more of your singles to go any further on that.



TONY GALE/PICTORIAL PRESS/ALAMY

Among Jimi's favourite singles at present is the flip side of the new Jeff Beck record, a number called 'Bolero'. "Beautiful guitar," commented Jimi.

We talked of Mitch's new green suede boots – and how Mitch thinks high heels are coming back. "Y'know what I'd really like to do in the act?" said Mitch, his eyes alight with the gleam of inspiration.

"I'd like to pour paraffin all over my drums while the guy from Premier is sitting in the audience. Then, at the end of the act, I'd set fire to 'em and up they go in flames – just to see his face." That was the night Jimi's guitar accidentally caught fire on stage, and "the fireman rushes in from the pouring rain – very strange!" *Keith Altham*

— NME MAY 13 —

THE REAL JIMI HENDRIX is now beginning to emerge from behind that skilfully placed publicity screen of early days when success was too fragile to toss in the air and see what came down. His retorts are more spontaneous and there is a "jagged edge" to some which indicates a not unreasonable impatience with those misguided people who think he is more of a freak attraction than a gifted musician.

He is in fact an extraordinarily talented guitarist with a strikingly ugly appearance trying quite sincerely to produce songs and sounds which are reflective of today – his music, "NOW" music. The sub-plot to this question-time was kindly provided by drummer Mitch Mitchell on a phone aside, who was having the most fascinating conversation with the Metropolitan Water Board in connection with his stopcock!

Now that you have completed your first major tour with The Walker Brothers, are you happy with the results?

Sure, the tour was good experience, but our billing position was all wrong. I was setting the stage on fire for everyone else, following those pretty people like The Quotations and The Californians. I think we deserved to close the first half – that Engel-flumpleuff hadn't any stage presence. He never got anything going. Stopped it all stone dead.

It was a good tour though – one guy jumped about 20 feet from a box in the theatre at Luton on to the stage just to shake hands with us. We'd step outside the stage door where the teenyboppers were and think, "Oh, they won't bother about us," and get torn apart! We were good in something called Leicester, too.

Why did you decide to change your stage numbers?

Because I realised you can't fight the whole world at once, but we only brought in numbers that have some life of their own. We did Dylan's "Like A Rolling Stone" and "Wild Thing" – you can get inside the composer's mind on those things – but we're not going in for any of this "Midnight Hour" kick; no "gotta, gotta, gotta", because we don't have ta, have ta, have ta.

Are you concerned that a second single, "The Wind Cries Mary", has now entered the chart, while "Purple Haze" is still selling so well?

We never thought "Purple Haze" would be this big. Maybe we should have waited for it to cool down before releasing "...Mary".

(Mitch Mitchell, experienced guitarist, is explaining very carefully to the authorities about his flooded flat on another phone in the office: "The top came off the tap and there's a jet of boiling water about six feet high hitting the ceiling and the water's so deep that we can't open the door because of the pressure and the caretaker doesn't know where the stopcock is. What was that? Oh dear! Yes, I'll hang on.")

Are you at all concerned that your unusual appearance will make you someone to look at rather than someone to listen to?

Before I go on stage my road manager says to me: "Jimi, you scruffy-looking git, you're not going on looking like that tonight are you?" And I say, "As soon as I've put out this cigarette – I'm fully dressed." This is how I like it. I feel comfortable like this.

(Meanwhile back at the stopcock... "Hello, yes. Yes, I called the fire brigade, but that was two-and-a-half hours ago and nothing happened!")



Met any nice folk lately?

Donovan. First, when I saw pictures of this sweet little guy with the lacquered nails and all I thought "damnee", but when I met him he turned out to be really groovy. It shatters me anyone could be that nice. He's really beautiful.

Have you seen any other groups copying the Experience?

I haven't, but everywhere I go they tell me about one group who got up like us and the fella tried to play the guitar with his teeth and his teeth fell out all over the stage. That's what you get for not brushing your teeth, I tell 'em. You can't be too careful.

(Mitch, now slightly hysterical: "But don't you think someone should do something. I mean you can't go in the bathroom or you get scalded to death. I wouldn't mind but this is the second time this has happened in a week. Are you still there?")

Can you tell us something about the new album?

First off, I don't want people to get the idea it's a collection of freak-out material. I've written songs for teenyboppers like "Can You See Me"

and blues things. "Manic Depression" is so ugly you can feel it and "May This Be Love" is a kind of "get your mind together" track.

It's a collection of free feeling and imagination. Imagination is very important; there's one lyric line – "Let's hold hands and watch the sunrise at the bottom of the sea" – that's just pure imagination.

Have you encountered any deliberate hostility from the press towards you?

There are still a few who have been obviously sent to get me. They come back to the dressing room with a kind of "let's strip him naked and hang him from a tall tree" attitude. They don't bother me too much – there'll always be someone who wants to nail you down. Most of 'em go away stoned like the guy in Glasgow.

(Mitch in desperation on the phone: "I know it sounds funny but it's not. If you don't do something quick I'm going to have no flat – again. The caretaker? He's still looking for the stopcock!")

Do you think you can repeat your success in America?

The States are still very conservative; maybe the West Coast would be easier to break than New York – you can play louder on the West Coast. I like things the Mamas & Papas are doing.

"I'm not so sure that we'll be accepted as readily in the States"



"A vicious smash-up"

Hendrix, Procol Harum and Denny Laine play London's Saville Theatre on Sunday, June 4, 1967.

THREE ENTIRELY NEW forms of British pop music were brought together on Sunday evening for one of the most exciting shows to be staged at London's Saville Theatre. Three first-rate acts – all of them attempting something new, all of them original and very interesting. The Jimi Hendrix Experience – raucous, earthy and brilliant; the Procol Harum – Britain's most talked-about group at the moment; and the first major appearance of Denny Laine with his Electric String Band.

Both performances, not surprisingly, were completely sold out.

Hendrix – despite amplifier trouble – was as dynamic as ever. If anything his act was better than usual. He worked harder to compensate for the hang-ups, closing with a vicious and extraordinary smash-up.

His opening number – a potted version of "Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" – amused Paul McCartney, who was sitting in Brian Epstein's box. He continued with "Hey Joe", "Foxy Lady", "Purple Haze" and a string of other numbers before an explosive finale.

Denny Laine, former member of The Moody Blues, is going to be enormous – and I don't make predictions like that very often. With his electric string band, he romped casually through his extremely entertaining act. With four students from the Royal Academy Of Music on strings, Viv Prince on drums and Binky McKenzie on bass, Denny has come up with a winning formula.

The Procol Harum? A good, very good sound. The haunting piano coming through in every number, and the very distinctive voice of Gary Brooker. Musically they are excellent, but their act lacked any visual appeal. But since they've been together such a short time, this can easily be forgiven. The Chiffons, on their first British tour, were polished and good but seemed dated.

Norrie Drummond

"Despite amplifier trouble, Hendrix was as dynamic as ever"

Have you thought of augmenting the group?

No, but on the album Noel plays a £2 guitar that he bought off Alan Freeman, which is held together with bits of sticky tape and makes a great sound.

Noel and Mitch will go great in the US – they'll love them so much they won't have to wash their own socks.

Have you changed since your stay in Britain?

I've got older and I say more of the things that I want to say.

(As for Mitch Mitchell – he was last seen disappearing in the general direction of Gerrard Street waving a plunger and shouting, "A plumber, a plumber, my kingdom for a plumber!")

Keith Altham

— NME JUNE 10 —

JAMES MAURICE HENDRIX, daydreamer, drifter and guitarist extraordinaire, peered round the door of his London flat and, recognising me, released the bolt and

invited me inside. He pulled on a shirt and a pair of trousers, woke up his manager Chas Chandler and put a copy of *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* on the record-player.

The flat, which Jimi Hendrix shares with his manager, is tastefully furnished with long couches, leather armchairs, a teak coffee table, original paintings and the latest hi-fi equipment. Jimi wasn't really in the best of spirits when I met him. The previous evening his concert at London's Saville Theatre had been plagued with amplifier problems and it was still worrying him.

"Man, it really brings me down when these amps don't work," he said, lighting his first cigarette of the day, "and they were new ones, too."

Manager Chandler entered the room bearing cups of coffee. "Despite the troubles it was still a great show," enthused Chas, "but you should have seen them in Sweden."

Jimi and his group had just returned from a tour of Sweden and Germany and Chas informed me that at one date in Sweden the group had almost doubled the previous record set by The Beach Boys. "We'll definitely be going back there when we come back from America in July," he said.

I asked Jimi how he felt about returning to his native America after a highly successful year in Britain. "I don't really think we'll achieve as much success there as we have done here." He said. "We have been told that we'll do well but I'm not sure that we will be accepted as readily there. In America people are much more narrow-minded than they are in Britain. If they do like us – great! If not – too bad! In the States the disc-jockeys stopped playing 'Hey Joe' because people complained about the lyrics."

Before he arrived in Britain, Jimi travelled all over the United States. "I was a drifter. Sometimes I worked, sometimes I didn't." He feels that he could – if he was forced to – return to that type of life. "We play the type of music we want to play. At the moment the public likes it – but their tastes change. Then I would like to produce someone else's records. But whatever happens just happens. Who knows?"

Many people have the impression that Jimi Hendrix is moody and introvert, but he is not. Certainly compared to many other pop artists he is quiet, but once he starts talking about something which interests him – mainly music, obviously – he rambles on at great length.

"I know that people think I'm moody," he admitted, "but that's only because I'm thinking of music most of the time. If I suddenly clam up it's because I've just hit on an idea."

I asked what his main ambition in life is. "Oh," he sighed thoughtfully, "that changes a hundred times a day. I really just want to continue playing and recording what gives me pleasure. What we play is straight from us. I don't ever want to have to bow to commercialism."

Norrie Drummond •

Jimi and omnipresent right-hand Stratocaster (although the solo on "Purple Haze" is said to have been played on a Telecaster borrowed from Noel Redding)

BAD SHOWS BRING JIMI DOWN ... but he needs worried about S

JAMES MAURICE HENDRIX, daydreamer, drifter and guitarist extraordinaire peered round the door of his London flat and, recognising me, released the bolt and invited me inside. He pulled on a shirt and a pair of trousers, woke up his manager Chas Chandler and put a copy of *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* on the record-player.



... but he needs worried about S

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Readers' letters

NME MARCH 18 They're on TV screens every week as Monkeemania grips Britain

MONKEE CONTROVERSY: WILL THEY LAST?

That's the question about The Monkees posed by Derek Johnson in NME two weeks ago. Since then your replies have avalanched into our offices. The result? The Monkees, according to 90 per cent of our readers, are here to stay! But 10 per cent were vitriolic in their condemnation of the "upstart four".

We think The Monkees will have as much success as The Beatles. They are definitely the best group out. Even if they are copying The Beatles, you must admit they are much better, and we think they will be as popular this time next year as they are now.
FREDA KELLY, Penge

It makes me angry when I read about pop group members saying that The Monkees can't last because they are manufactured, synthetic or contrived. I think they are jealous of The Monkees' success.
KEITH ANDERSON, Stockport

Whenever a new group appears on the pop scene everyone comes out against them. I cannot see that it matters if The Monkees copy The Beatles, or even if they don't play on their own records - they produce a fantastic sound which the public likes and this is all that counts.
MARK BLACKBURN, Tunbridge Wells

The Monkees hit Britain when there was a lull on the pop scene - when something new was needed to liven up a repetitious series of unoriginal records. Most of the chart-toppers had something in common, but "Last Train To Clarksville" and "I'm A Believer" had something so fantastically different that they sent young Britain into an exhilarating whirl of enjoyable madness.
SUSANDOWLING, Morayshire

Since The Beatles, people have been waiting for something big to happen in the pop scene, and now that it has finally come no-one is quite willing to believe it... everyone is saying that they are just a flash in the pan and can't last.

I remember exactly the same things being said when The Beatles started and, before them, Elvis. So if The Monkees "don't happen" in the same way that Elvis "didn't", they are good for another 11 years.

FIONA HAMMOND, Liverpool

The Beatles are dying out now and it is about time we saw a few new faces and new sounds in the pop



world. The Monkees ARE new faces, are very good-looking and sing very nicely.

The Beatles have kept going for years despite the fact that some people doubted their staying power - I think The Monkees will be the same.

SUE MARSHALL, Sheffield

It would be silly to dismiss The Monkees as just another pop group. Clearly they are not. However, it would be just as silly to elevate them to the title of world's top group.

Undoubtedly they have injected much interest into the present stagnant pop scene; interest which has been reflected in increased record sales. They have not, on the other hand, changed the hit parade as The Beatles did in 1962 and so therefore The Monkees' impact cannot be considered as great.

PATRICK RILEY

I'm sick of reading about them, of seeing their less-than-glorious faces, of hearing their records until my innards are ready to become outwards. It's a bore.

BRENDA WHITE, San Francisco

How can anyone compare the overrated Monkees with The Beatles, who got to the top on their own merit and originality? The Monkees have merely been pushed into the pop world by

a tremendous amount of unwarranted publicity.

They don't play their own instruments: their music is mid-Beatle style and their series is straight out of a Beatle film. Until they appear live in Britain and prove themselves musically, I just hope that many thousands of young Monkees fans in Britain will soon regain their senses.
MICHAEL SMITH, Sheffield

What's all the fuss about? The Monkees are surely a natural progression within the pop business. It was inevitable that someone should manufacture a group, and The Monkees are better than anyone could have hoped for.

Whether they last or not is surely a matter of their consistency. The fans aren't fools and they will not accept trivia or rubbish. The Monkees will have to continue to please the public; the minute they don't the public will disown them, and that's the way it should be.

To try to prophesy pop trends is fatuous and fruitless - time alone will tell if The Monkees will last.
CAROL CHARLTON, Devizes

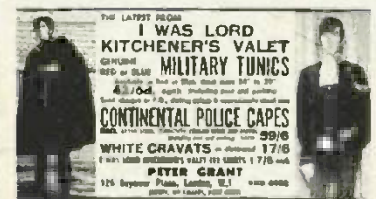
FINALLY, NME'S JEREMY PASCALL SUMS UP...

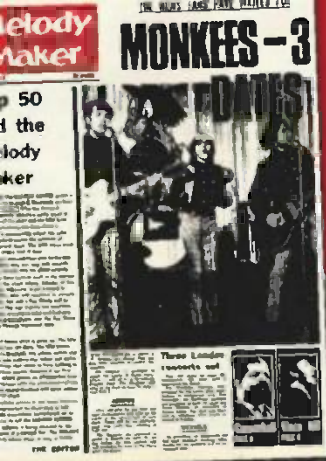
The point arising, surely, from all these letters is that The Monkees DO give enjoyment to many thousands of young people who buy their records - and as long as they continue to do this they will remain popular.

The decision for The Monkees' future lies not with their managers and producers, however clever they might be, but with you the fans. As long as Peter, Micky, Mike and Davy continue to please, as the majority of your letters have shown they do, they will be popular.

Fans are not stupid, nor are they fools. If a product is not good they will not buy it. The decision is yours. Does it matter if The Monkees were "manufactured" as long as they play good, catchy music? Of course not.

You have told us you like The Monkees, you have bought the records, you watch the programmes every week - that's good enough to convince anybody. The Monkees will last as long as they please you.





1967

APRIL - JUNE

FEATURING THE CREAM, SMALL FACES, BEACH BOYS, TRAFFIC & MORE



“I want to sing to everyone... And the readies are handy too”

MELODY MAKER APRIL 15 Much to their surprise, **THE DUBLINERS** storm the UK charts.

BEGORRAH! AFTER PSYCHEDELIC freak-outs and the big ballads, another craze is looming on the pop horizon – the Irish sound is with us. In the shape of The Dubliners. Five hairy, huge and hilarious Paddies from the fair city. With “Seven Drunken Nights” – an ode to the delights of the hard stuff – they burst into the *MM*’s Pop 30 last week.

The Dubliners are indeed from Dublin and all have the natural attributes of the republic – sharp, bawdy wit; a predilection for a glass or two or three and a disarming candour about their music and their lives. The faces behind the five wildest beards seen in London this year belong to Ronnie Drew, an ebullient natural spokesman spewing out thousands of curse-intermingled words a minute; Luke Kelly, aged 26; Barney McKenna, who is 27; 32-year-old Ciaran Bourke and John Sheahan, who is 27 and a half – “the half’s important”, he says.



“An Irishman could sing like an American, but when an Irishman sang like an Irishman, people thought he was joking”

They were formed four years ago and have become one of the most successful groups on the Irish club and folk circuits both in Ireland and in England. “We break up regularly about once a week, but we’re always back again for the gigs,” said Ronnie. They are first-class imbibers – with the exception of John Sheahan, who gets high on lemonade – and when asked if they like a pint, they reply: “No. More like four or five.” They are all married, and are domiciled in Dublin, but welcome the chance to bring their kind of magic to the notice of a wider public.

They found their hit in Ireland. “It was written by a bloke called Joe Heaney, he’s from Connemara – it’s in the west of Ireland, you know – and he didn’t mind what we did with it.”

What they did was record it – and it’s become the first hit for a new label, Major Minor Records. “It’s not insulting the Irish – about 90 per cent of them drink anyway,” said Barney.

Did they want to expand into cabaret and concerts in this country? “I want to sing to everyone. And the readies are very handy, too, you know.”

Why haven’t Irish artists made it in England before now? “Well, the Irish are either too proud or have a failure complex. Basically, the Irishman has an inferiority complex about his music. We think that people didn’t accept Irish singers either until recently.

“A German could get up and sing – or an Irishman could sing like an American, but when an Irishman sang like an Irishman, they thought he was joking. Really, I’m amazed that the general public have bought the record. I never expected them to.”

The Dubliners are five funny, friendly extroverts. They don’t claim complete harmony – “Sometimes we fight every day, but we’re always together when we’ve finished” – yet they seem on first meeting to have those qualities of difference that gels them together as a unit. •

1967

APRIL - JUNE

“An attendant rushed on stage with a fire extinguisher”

MM APRIL 8 “Suggestive” Jimi Hendrix catches fire, on tour with The Walker Brothers.

GUITAR STAR **JIMI** Hendrix, who jumped into the *MM* Pop 30 this week at 15 with “Purple Haze”, was warned to “clean up” his act on tour with The Walker Brothers this week. The tour opened at the Finsbury Park Astoria London last Friday and his manager told the *MM* on Monday: “After Jimi’s performance on Saturday and Sunday night I was told that he had got to change his act. The tour organisers said he was too suggestive. I think this is a joke myself, and there’s not a chance of his changing his act.”

Said Jimi: “All I want to do is play my guitar and sing. I play the way I play and I can’t understand the situation at all.”

At the opening night, Jimi sustained a burned hand when his guitar accidentally burst into flames at the climax of his act. Writes *MM*’s Chris Welch, who was reviewing the show: “Hendrix was lying on stage playing guitar with his teeth when it suddenly burst into flames. Jimi leaped backwards and ran offstage followed by his group. The guitar was left dangerously near the closed curtains and compere Nick Jones ran up and tried to pick it up – burning his hand in the attempt. An attendant rushed on stage with a fire extinguisher and put out the flames, which were leaping 10 feet in the air.”



April 29, 1967, Alexandra Palace, North London: Britain gets its first taste of a “Human-Be-In”

“Fascinating... because people are fascinating”

MM MAY 6 What was the truth of the 14-Hour Technicolour Dream?

“IN FACT, THE whole thing was rather like the last struggle of a doomed tribe trying to save itself from extinction,” Ronald Maxwell of the *Sunday Mirror* tells us. In fact he couldn’t be further from the truth.

The Technicolour Dream, high on top of Alexandra Park in the enormous and impressive Palace, apparently had two purposes. Firstly to make money for *International Times*, the recently busted underground paper. Secondly, it was the first serious attempt at a Human-Be-In in England, and therefore an attempt to bring forth some of the ideals of the underground movement. Therefore bringing it above ground.

Personally, I think they were successful in this purely because despite the haphazard organisation and the shortage of groups, one could detect a kind of spirit among the thronging, romping audience.

Could this be explained by the fact that most people were not at the Dream to hear the music but purely because this was the first all-night rave in aid of freedom? Didn’t the majority of the audience go up there – and it seemed well over 7,000 people attended – because they were being presented with not just an ordinary dance-rave, but also the chance of being part of something? I’m prepared to believe a lot of the audience don’t understand the motives of this *IT* benefit but if they like the look of the underground movement

surfacing, then they will support it.

Most of the artists scheduled to appear didn’t make it. Hardly surprising, and fortunately the audience didn’t get hostile about it. They were quite happy looning about, looking at other’s clothes, eating, drinking, sleeping, dancing and just freaking about – quite at leisure to do whatever they damn well wanted. There was a constant supply of films, slides, joss sticks, sounds, chants or freakers doing acrobatics on the scaffolding.

Music was provided by various people, ranging from The Soft Machine to The Pink Floyd, an exciting new group Tomorrow, Alex Harvey and various others. Dick Gregory did his bit, but there was noise, and Alexandra Palace isn’t the best place for acoustics, most of the sound echoing up into the huge dome and away.

Apart from that my memory fails me for any super-psychedelic, mind-blowing recollections. It was just a nice happening. It was fascinating because people are fascinating, and it takes

a long while to get through 7,000 of them and I found the Dream a most absorbing experience.

It wasn’t the last struggle “of a doomed tribe trying to save itself from extinction”, it was the beginning of a healthy young attitude towards total freedom for the individual. I hope there are more Technicolour Dreams, with a lot more big happening groups, and more audience participation. The more humans there are, the better the Human-Be-In will be, because it relied on you, yourself. *Nick Jones*

“There was a constant supply of joss sticks, chants or freakers doing acrobatics”

Hendrix: ‘clean act’



GUITAR star Jimi Hendrix who jumped into the *MM* Pop 30 this week at 15 with “Purple Haze” was warned to “clean up” his act on his tour with the Walker Brothers this week.

The tour opened at Finsbury Park Astoria, London, last Friday and his manager Chas Chandler told the *MM* on Monday: “After Jimi’s performance on Saturday and Sunday night I was told that he had got to change his act. The tour organisers said he was too suggestive. I think this

DAILY MAIL/REX SHUTTERSTOCK

“Another dimension”

MM JUNE 3 The Procol Harum’s “A Whiter Shade Of Pale” is storming the charts.

IT WAS THE kind of sound that everyone was interested in and eaten up by. The kind of sound which, Pete Townshend says, “comes right down and sits next to you”. The kind of sound that you have to listen to – and now it has crashed into the chart. And now The Procol Harum are on their way.

Success has come very quickly, but The Procol Harum are no flash in the pan. “A Whiter Shade Of Pale” may be their first record, but it could be the birth of an extensive existence for the five London lads. Last week Decca announced that “Whiter Shade Of Pale” was their fastest-ever selling record for a new group. This is some feat, because not even The Monkees or Rolling Stones sold that quickly with their first records.

Their producer Denny Cordell used Radio London to judge what audience reaction the record would warrant. Said Denny: “I gave the record to Radio London so that we could hear it on the air. I was a little concerned about certain aspects of the sound and I wanted to see the reaction. It was so positive, we decided to release the record as quickly as possible.”

Within days the record was selling all over Britain and The Procol Harum smashed into the chart – all this, and still no TV appearance. Says Keith Reid, a Dylanesque young man known as the “creative director” or “sixth” member of the group and co-composer of “A Whiter Shade Of Pale”: “We didn’t think it was going to be as quick as all this – but we thought it would be a hit in the long run. Obviously the object of making a record like this is to have a hit, and we totally believed in it the whole time. From the very start, right through all the rehearsing, we had no worries. We believed it would be a success. We hope everything will continue to blossom or sprout or whatever!”

Keith’s faith in the record and all the work that he put into it has now been justified. The Procol Harum, a five-piece using both organ and piano, are on their way. Spearheaded by moustachioed Gary Brooker, who plays piano and sings, the rest of the Harum includes Matthew Fisher on organ, Roy Royer on lead guitar, Dave Knights on bass and Bobby Harrison on drums. It was “sixth member” Keith Reid who had the idea for the song at a “gathering”.

“Some guy looked at a chick and said, ‘You’ve gone a whiter shade of pale.’ The phrase stuck in my mind; it was such a beautiful thing for someone to say. I wish I’d said it,” laughed Keith while Gary put down his coffee and struggled with a nose inhaler.

“So then I wrote this song and used it up. I just worked it in in that way. The whole song doesn’t relate to the particular ‘you’ve gone a whiter shade of pale’ incident. I wrote down more ideas later. They tend to come out in an abstract way rather than a literal way, though. If you read meaning into things it loses its abstract sense. I think an artist’s conception of what he creates has nothing to do with what anyone else gets out of it.”

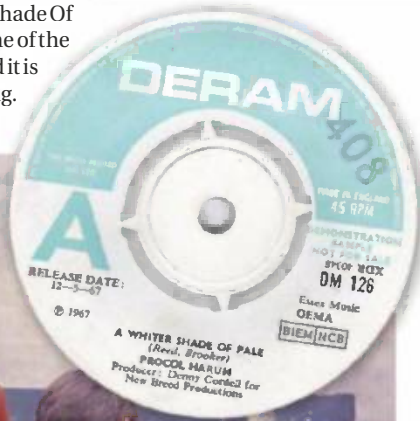
Meanwhile Gary was still breathing deeply and wrestling with his nose inhaler. “Would you like a few words of wisdom from me?” he twinkled. “I think it’s just the beginning. Just the cherry on top of the cake. You’ve got to get right into the sponge. We have a lot of playing, writing and maturing generally to do. And I’m sure we’ll progress.”

Organist Matthew and Keith nodded in agreement. “There are drawbacks to getting such a sudden hit, because people expect you to live up to so many things. But we’ve got time.”

Gary and Keith have a lot of songs written so far, Gary usually supplying the music and Keith the lyrics, and vice versa. “At the moment we’re spending most of our time in the studios, recording and finding out about our sound and how we should treat different numbers,” said Matthew. “Sometimes Gary works something out with just piano and then when we add the whole group it becomes another dimension. So there’s a lot of experimentation going on.”

At the moment the Harum are working on a new single while “Whiter Shade Of Pale” continues to climb high up the chart. In the weeks to come, indeed in the months to come, we’re going to hear more of this refreshing new sound. As the group lives, they will develop and learn and undoubtedly make a valuable contribution to today’s scene. “A Whiter Shade Of Pale” is already one of the great records. And it is only the beginning.

Nick Jones



The Procol Harum in '67: (l-r) Dave Knights, Roy Royer, Gary Brooker, Matthew Fisher and Bobby Harrison

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➤ The Cream are definitely leaving England on May 8 for the States, to complete the recording of their new album in the Atlantic Studios, New York. The group will spend 10 days in America and the sessions will be supervised by the studios’ engineer. On May 19 The Cream fly direct from the States to Germany, where they play before 85,000 people in the huge Berlin Stadium on May 20. They fly back and top the bill at London’s Marquee Club on May 23. Their new single “Strange Brew” is still scheduled for release on the Reaction label on May 26.

MM MAY 6

➤ Bass guitarist John McVie is not now leaving John Mayall’s Bluesbreakers, but guitarist Peter Green is leaving, as reported in the *MM* last week. John told *MM*: “Peter is leaving, but it seems to have got around that the group is folding. This is not true. We have had promoters and fans thinking the group are splitting up. I’d like to put an end to these rumours now.”

MM JUNE 10

➤ American “psychedelic leader” Andy Warhol will visit England with his group The Velvet Underground for a week from July 31. Several major concerts are being lined up for him, including an all-night event at London’s Alexandra Palace. Recent *NME* chart entrants John’s Children go to the US on an exchange basis for Warhol for a week from September 4.

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The Small Faces in 1967:
(l-r) Ian McLagan, Steve
Marriott, Ronnie Lane
and Kenney Jones

“The sky seemed to clear”

Cilla's complaining about the noise, but things are looking up for the SMALL FACES as they record on Andrew Oldham's Immediate label. Steve Marriott entertains in a riverside pad, while Plonk debates enlightenment with his father. “It's difficult to convince a docker to learn yoga,” advises Mr Lane.

— MELODY MAKER APRIL 29 —

POP STARS AND the establishment seem to be ever at loggerheads. Cliff Richard and Elvis Presley used to be accused of corrupting teenage morals. Quite how was never adequately explained. Presumably by wagging their knees in public places.

More recently came the heaven-sent opportunity of reviving the old marijuana scandal that involved dance-band musicians before the war. The *MM* was giving graphic accounts of “muggles”, “reefer”, “the weed” and other quaint old expressions back in 1938. Now one or two pop artists have sampled the qualities of change in 1967, worldwide police networks have been alerted to stamp out this evil. As a result, all pop stars have fallen under suspicion, and even Steve Marriott of the Small Faces was searched by constables of the law recently.

The illogicality of the drug scare, plus their last single flop and the current pop scene, were among subjects discussed with noisy Steve at his latest flat this week.

If you are ever awakened at 5am by a noise not unlike several elephants dancing the Watusi overhead backed by Steve Cropper and The Mar-Keys, don't worry. The uproar means Master Steve has moved into the flat upstairs. We tracked him to his new Baker Street flat, which revealed stereo equipment stacked along the hall, relaying a full orchestra getting its teeth into a spirited bossa nova.

In the lounge a huddle of silent reporters and photographers sipped tea uneasily. What's this – a press conference?

“I don't know, man.”

Steve led me into his bedroom, leaving the press conference to their own pursuits. »

"I've got to move out of the flat this week," cursed Steve, grabbing a cigarette. "It'll be third time this year. Cilla Black lives underneath and you'd think she would understand, but she has been complaining the most. I'm sorry I make so much noise, but I'm only having fun and they all complain. What a drag. Isn't there anyone who digs a few sounds?"

"I've just bought a stereo, and it's all in the hall because it's not worth fitting up here. The guy who owns the place came to see me and said, 'No noise after midnight.' And I'm paying £40 a week! It's a joke."

Steve jiggled around to some Steve Cropper and The Mar-Keys and got to grips with some of the pressing subjects of the day - like what happened to the Small Faces' last single, "I Can't Make It"? It didn't exactly smash.

"The point is, at that time we had no manager, and no-one to hustle for us to get plugs. All the plugs were on London and the BBC banned it, so not many knew it was out! It was chaos, chaos, chaos."

Was the title too sexy for mass consumption, I inquired. "You've got to have a disgusting mind to think like that," admonished Steve sternly. "I can't make it" can mean anything. If you want to be filthy, what about 'All Or Nothing'?"

Not wishing to be filthy, we changed the subject to cleaner things like the current pop scene, and The Walker Brothers, who are always good for a spot of controversy.

"Scott has got a beautiful voice," thought Steve. "I think he wants to do a lot of things, but he's moody. He needs a kick up the Khyber. He is so talented yet he always seems depressed about something. If only he could see how all the chicks are rooting for him. He should take his finger out. Oh-oh! I can see that will probably be the headline! Scott Walker Needs A Kick Up The Khyber - says Steve Marriott!"

Steve paused to explode for a while, jumping around and turning up the volume on Steve Cropper. Did Steve feel the establishment were still chasing him?

"Wot - Old Bill?" demanded Steve in mid-bounce. "Course they are. Like, they busted my

place recently. Still, all they found was cactus food! Chrissie [Chrissie Shrimpton]'s name should never have been involved in all that. They bust me just because I'm a name. As far as I'm concerned, there should be a distinction between hash and pot and hard drugs. If you read any dictionary, they are not even classified as drugs. Pills are a bad scene and so are hard drugs.

"The only thing against hash and pop is that people can say they are a stepping stone to hard drugs, but that's only because the public are under the impression it's all the same thing. Why don't the newspapers wake up and give people the facts? I wonder what the Government would do if somebody invented spirits today? If they invented whisky today, they would ban it. I know a lot of people who smoke, and they are all beautiful people. Old Bill should leave it alone. What do they think they are going to do - stop it?"

"I had a talk with a policeman and he said the only thing they were afraid of was Britain going like America, where all the big crimes are committed by junkies." Chris Welch

— NME AUGUST 26 —



"We go into more random things and start to freak out a bit"

IT HAS BEEN an Immediate success story for the Small Faces this year - at Number 15 in the NME Chart with "Itchycoo Park" - and according to Steve Marriott, the restoration work on one of Britain's brightest groups has been largely due to Andrew Oldham and Tony Calder, who head the young and enterprising record label for which the group now work.

"There was a time when I thought it was all up," said Steve, munching a vegetarian salad ("No meat, it brings up the spots on me boat race [cockney rhyming slang for face].")

"We came back from a trip to Belgium to find 'My Mind's Eye' had been released. That was when we realised how much say we had in our own discs - like none! That record was like *!***!!, repeat *!***!!.

"All our discs were being misunderstood - 'I Can't Make It' was labelled obscene! 'All Or Nothing' was more indecent than that - I mean, I own up to that one. That was a groove. It even got me going.

"We split from our manager, our agent and our record company. I mean, they make me laugh in some big companies. All those 40- or 50-year-old executives sitting around big tables deciding what is a good pop disc and what is not. What do they know about pop singles at their age?"

"Anyway, we had no manager, no agent, no record company - and I thought, 'Here, we're going down the pan. Limbo-land, we're on the way.' Then along came Andrew Oldham and the whole sky seemed to clear up. I mean, with the Immediate label we have some sense of direction and freedom. Working with Andrew, you go in and play him something, and he doesn't say, 'Yes, well, it's alright, but what's it all about?' He says, 'Yeah!' And then maybe, 'But what about this, or this...?'"

"It's a young company run by young people. I can go up to the offices in New Oxford Street and just sit and smoke and drink tea - chatting the afternoon away. You go to the big companies, and you're met by a great monster commissioner, who orders, 'This way,' and stomps off with you like he's bringing in the milk. Andrew digs the people he works with, and the people he works with dig him - that's how it should be everywhere."

One of the less Immediate things about Steve is his company - I spent two weeks trying to locate him for an interview! The first time his camper van broke down in Sussex, and the second time his road manager did not wake him. On neither occasion was I greatly put out, as I was up in Immediate, where the tea and conversation are plentiful, and quite often you get a sneak preview of a good new single - like The Mamas And Papas' new one called... trust me, Andrew, trust me! I'm sworn to secrecy; all I can say is it's great. Meanwhile, back with Steve and his press relations.

"I don't turn up for some interviews, because I don't like the interviewers," Steve admitted. "Not you, man - I mean, there are a few reporters I dig - you and Norris (take a bow and one step forward into the

MUSICAL EXPRESS

On sale Friday, week ending August 26, 1967

the antic ALAN out... LITTLE-BOY ELVIS!

SMALL FACES G. to R., standing: IAN McLAGAN, RONNIE "FLOONK" LANE, KENNY JONES and front: STEVE MARRIOTT.

Youth has saved Faces

says KEITH ALTHAM

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Cover shot from *There Are But Four Small Faces*, the US version of their second album with a different tracklist

Nice People's ranks, *NME* colleague Drummond!), and a couple of other guys, but too many of them are just gossipmongers.

"One guy came to see me recently and said, 'Why do you think it is you're not progressing so well?' What a great kick-off to an interview! Too many are down to the who's-going-out-with-who bit. I don't dig all that. I'm sorry I missed you before, but they were genuine reasons. My road manager forgot to wake me. And I just don't get up unless he does. Anyway, I'm sitting here now, and I should be on a plane to Glasgow like five minutes ago. That prove anything?"

In September the Small Faces go off to America. Steve is hoping to make that well-deserved and long-awaited breakthrough in the States.

"We've got a new label in the States – Columbia," said Steve, "That's a good label to be on out there, and we're very hopeful. That's where Andrew comes in again. You know what happened to us in America previously, don't you? They released 'All Or Nothing', 'Sha-La-La-Lee' and 'Whatcha Gonna Do About It', and decided we were an R&B group. So we got restricted airplay on the coloured radio stations! I mean, R&B – own up! We're more a Walt Disney sound!"

And so we passed on to the critics who think "Itchycoo Park" is a psychedelic disc. "Oh yes!" grinned Steve. "Well, we're up for a good old banning from the BBC again. Until we get into their Top 20; then it's alright. What the devil is psychedelic anyway? I read somewhere that there are psychedelic socks. What's that? A sock that takes acid? It's the way it looks at you."

And so we talked on of the difficulty of distinguishing groovy people – "long hair, beads and flowers doesn't mean a thing now". Of Shelley, Byron, Keats and more especially Coleridge. Of "people who use drugs and people who let drugs use them". And of science fiction – Jules Verne and more especially HG Wells. "Wells had a fantastic ability to foretell things – do you remember *The Time Machine*, in which the Time Traveller

goes to the year 2000 and finds two races of people left on the planet. There are the mole-like people – the drones and labourers who work under the earth – but on the surface there are a gentle, childlike race which he describes as wearing flowers about their necks, and singing and reading poetry! That's perception for you!"

Then Steve rushed off for the plane, which had gone 10 minutes ago!

Keith Altham

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 2 —

THE HUSTLE OF the Great West Road gradually dies behind you as the river grows nearer. The architecture takes on that kind of quaint look – as though each house ought to have a mossy high-water mark around its belly. Slowly you drift into the natural silence, wishing you had wings on your feet instead of the noisy nails that gouge holes in the atmosphere. Giant willows bow gracefully to the river bank, glinting in the sunshine. The timeless peace is deafening, sad, beautiful. Two oars stood sentry to Steve Marriott's front door. This haven is a far cry from the hectic, sensationalised world of the pop idol, you may ask. Maybe not.

The household had stirred recently: "We've got the alarm system on the gas cooker fixed up so that it turns on the sounds at a prearranged time in the morning," laughed Steve, "It's too much – we get woken up to sounds of our own choice at 100 watts." As everybody was smiling so well so early it seems the musical alarm is good fodder for the camels in the proverbial courtyard. "But really, man," explained Steve, "I've felt so much better since I've been living here. We go boating on the river, and we've got a garden and a dog and a pregnant cat. We all went through some pretty strange scenes at our old flats and places, but now everything is really nice and I've been really happy for the last few months." ■

GETTY

The dog ran around in circles and chased its tail and Steve danced around in circles and explained that the Small Faces had been using electronic tapes on stage recently, but the group were still apprehensive about their own actions and the audience reaction.

"It's all back to this thing about going over your fans' heads. And I believe it's something a group can do easily. Man, often we're playing things that I'd never have understood when I was 13—so how can you expect the kids to? They've come to see us entertain them. We've got to put a show on for them—not ourselves. We opened up with 'Paperback Writer' the other day and then we got stuck on this riff while we listened to the electronic tape sounds. It was too much. We all got hung up listening to the tape and just backing it—but I doubt if it got through to the kids.

"Naturally we'd like to do more of these kind of sounds—because they're sounds we really dig. Man, the jet sound on 'Itchycoo Park' is too much—we nearly blew up *Top Of The Pops*' speakers when we recorded it last week. But the thing is, it takes time before you get into those kind of more complex sounds. We want to lead up to those kind of things, because that's how we learnt to dig them.

"But we're getting down to quite a few changes in the stage act now," admitted Steve, "and we're trying to calm the kids down a bit, too. We usually give them some smooth kind of floating sounds at first and tell them to cool down and stop all that screaming and noise. It's nice when they get quiet, because then they work up to climax slowly instead of just blowing their minds and throats out straight away. We give them sounds that they know, like our hits which is what they want to hear, and gradually we're building all the time.

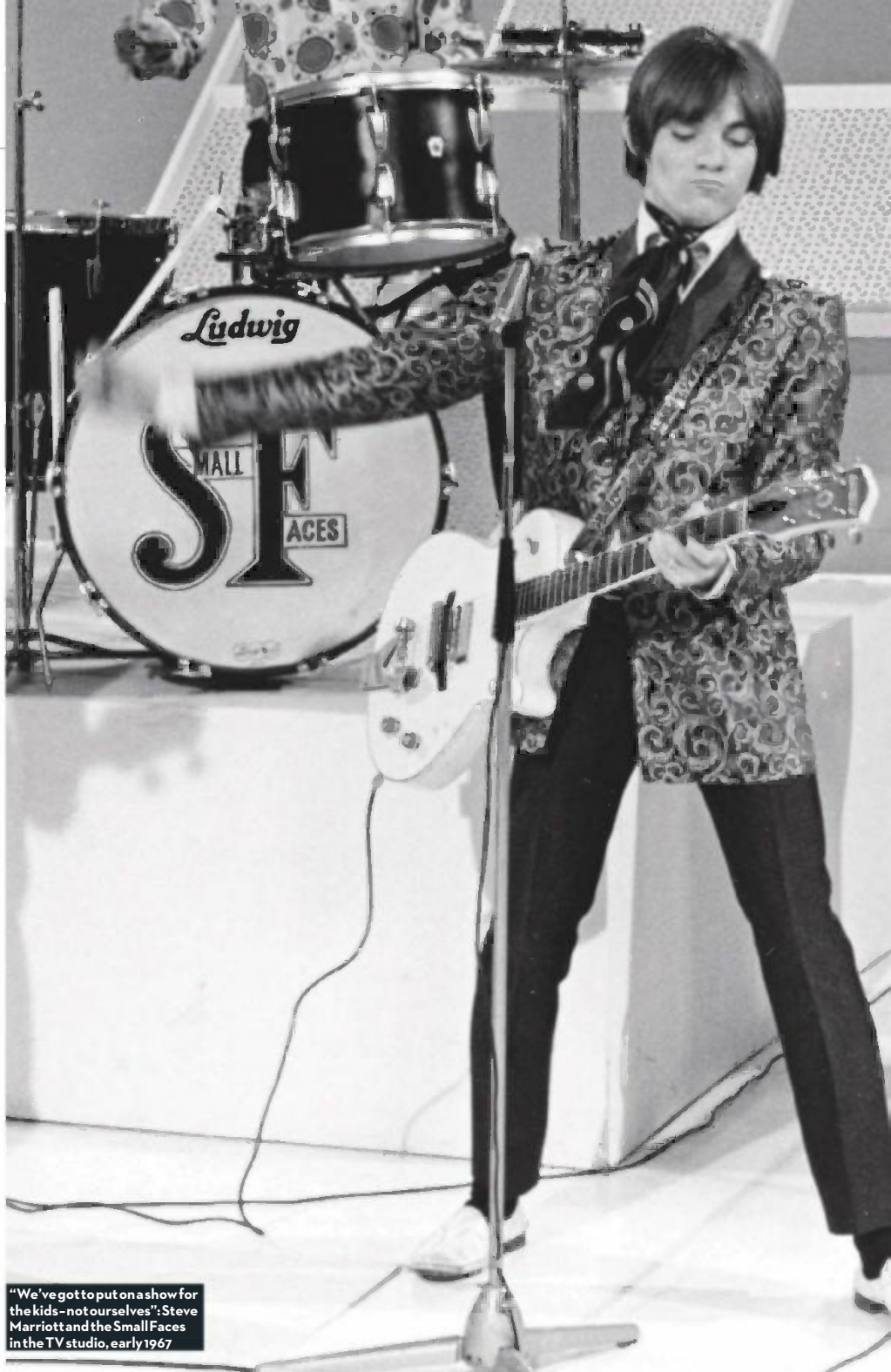
"Then we go into more free, random things and start to freak a bit and take things out a little. Then like, the last number is the 'everybody dig and let go' one. But you've got to do things like that. We played in Glasgow recently and opened up with 'Paperback Writer' and they didn't know what was going on. Might have punched our heads in!"

Steve put on some supersonic electronic music, which immediately got Seamus the dog very hung up trying to see the sound, looking hard round the speakers for the soundwaves. Steve had to start getting ready for a gig in Hull. Everybody glided about the house and the peaceful air of Marriott's latest environment ruled supreme. It's not a secluded atmosphere but a congenial and happy one, with friends and faces dropping in and out from the banks of the river.

It's the kind of atmosphere that means a lot to Steve Marriott, and far from getting away from it all ("it all" being the spotlighted public side of a pop star's life), Steve is in fact storing up all of these beautiful vibrations of a happy life to put into his life's creative groove—the Small Faces. As they sing in "Itchycoo Park" and as they are going to sing in many sounds to come, "It's All Too Beautiful."

— NME OCTOBER 14 —

THE SMALL FACES—most often through no fault of their own—find great difficulty in getting from place to place, ie interviews, photographic sessions and gigs. And so it was last week that I went to them—or rather to Ronnie "Plonk" Lane's pad just off Earls Court. What with a lively discussion between him and his father on The Beatles' new philosophy of life—Ronnie is one of "yerractical" meditators—a sneak preview of the new Beach Boys' *Smiley Smile* LP and his lovely girlfriend "Susie" to look at, it proved a very pleasant



"We've got to put on a show for the kids—not ourselves": Steve Marriott and the Small Faces in the TV studio, early 1967

rainy afternoon. Having relieved me of my raincoat, Ronnie settled into his armchair and talked of the Faces' travelling problems. "Last week we arrived at Norwich to find the promoter had us down to play the day before," said Ronnie, "all the publicity was for the day before, so only a few kids turned up—then we missed a gig at Streatham completely. That was because we were returning from a Paris TV show and Stevie's French taxi driver missed the airport!

"At least the driver missed the turnoff on the motorway, and because it was a motorway they had to go right to the end to turn round, by which time the plane had gone. Anyway, by that time we'd realised we were at the wrong airport and went for the right one. Poor Steve arrived at London around midnight with no money, stranded. We'll have to make it up to them and play the gig another time."

Seeing the Small Faces on stage is becoming something of a rarity these days, and I asked Ronnie if this was a deliberate policy to play fewer ballrooms and clubs. This week they are off promoting in Europe and next month there are only two bookings for live performances.

"Let's face it, ballrooms and clubs are a bit of a drag now," said Ronnie. "We've done two-and-a-half years hard of those kind of dates. Anyone who wanted to see us must have had the chance by now. When I was a kid

I never liked who you saw on TV all the time – I went to see the inner-circle groups like Nero & The Gladiators, The Piltown Men and I used to stand with me mouth agape while Jimmy Page played guitar for The Crusaders.

“We have to get out and about to find new ideas for our songs. Steve and I took a cabin cruiser down the Thames recently – the Maid Maureen – two ideas for songs came out of that. We got as far as Reading, hit every mudbank between there and Thames Ditton.

“We’ve got a tour in Australia being negotiated for a couple of months’ time and a loon-up in the Philippines before that. You’ve got to get out and do things or you find a brick wall when you’re looking for new songs. ‘Itchycoo Park’ was written on our last European tour.”

Talking ceased for a while and listening began as Ronnie’s vegetarian lunch was brought in by Susie, and he set about his cauliflower and cheese sauce while the new Beach Boys’ album, *Smiley Smile*, was playing. This album is going to stand some Beach Boy fans right on their heads, because much of the material and interpretation is straight out of The Mothers Of Invention land.

It might well have been titled “Music To Get Stoned By” or “How High Brian Wilson?”. Let me add, hastily, that it is brilliantly played – has a deliberate ambiguity so that you can enjoy it even if you miss the point, and is another masterful piece of production. A great deal is satirical, and “Vegetables”, in which the listeners are invited to write letters naming their favourite vegetable after which they’ll feel better, is one of the most outstanding tracks. Other titles include the “dreamy” “She’s Going Bald” – Frank Zappa for Pope; “Getting Hungry” – the Mike Love/Brian Wilson opus issued as a single here; “Wind Chimes” – which sounds like what it says; “With Me Tonight” and an extraordinary instrumental.

Ronnie summed it all up quite succinctly between mouthfuls of cauliflower. “A lot of people won’t be

able to see the wood for the trees. It sounds as though Wilson recorded the whole thing at home. I understand he has a recording studio built into his house – that’s the way to do it, man. The Beach Boys were getting too intricate and intellectual – there’s some nice, simple things here, it’s nice!”

Following a brainful of Beach Boys I got a mindful of Ken Nordine and his *Colors* album, available here on Philips. A spoken narrative of the verbal associations of colours, eg “*Olive is overused, Lavender is an old, old, old old woman, Burgundy moves slowly*” against musical settings, it is a great deal more clever than I can make it sound in cold print. “It’s Steve’s LP,” said Ronnie. “Great, isn’t it?”

It was about this time that it all began to happen, for as Ronnie was lighting a cigarette (he likes to roll his own) his dad arrived. Mr “Plonk” Lane proved to be a stocky, bespectacled, grey-haired man with a Volkswagen. He is a very pleasant, down-to-earth person who has obviously worked very hard as a lorry driver but in no way resents his son’s success, and there is a good warm relationship between them. The discussion began in reference to The Beatles’ recent TV appearances and their attitudes toward yoga and meditation. Dad took the part of a very typical parent and Ronnie was careful not to express himself too forcefully and offend his father, but very clearly it illustrated the old and the new attitudes. This discussion, if not verbatim, is a fair reflection of the conversation.

“I don’t think Lennon and Harrison should have done those programmes,” (*The Frost Programme*) said Mr Lane. “The average man in the street doesn’t have the time for all this deep thinking. A lorry driver comes home, watches a bit of TV, and then goes to the local for a drink and game of cards with the lads. He doesn’t want to sit there meditating on the state of the world. His immediate concerns are his family, his wage packet and his car.”

“And you know, as well as I do, that all these material things won’t bring him happiness,” said Plonk. “Not the car, not the TV, nor the money. This idea isn’t deep at all. All the

Maharishi and The Beatles suggest is that people would live better, more effective lives if they sat down for a few minutes each day and thought about things. Young people are desperately unhappy doing jobs they don’t like and now they are asking, why should we? I was unhappy in the factory where I worked. During your lifetime you went through two world wars and there wasn’t much time to think about things, but now there is and the chance to do something about it.

“But you’re an exception,” countered Mr Lane. “You’ve worked hard and you have talent. Most kids don’t even want to entertain themselves today or anyone else.”

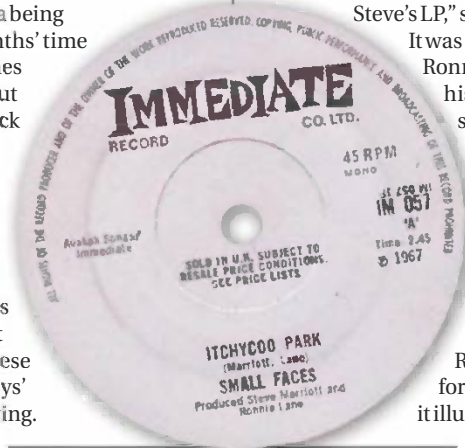
“You only think that because I’m your son,” said Ronnie. “The milkman could have done what I’ve done if he had wanted to know and made the effort. Ultimately what will happen is that the teachings of people like Maharishi will be adopted into the normal education.”

“But you can’t impress abstract and collective ideas upon individuals” said Mr Lane. “It’s very difficult to convince a docker that he should be learning yoga when he’s fighting for a wage increase to keep his wife and children.”

“All this is relative to the individual,” said Ronnie. “It would help them put things in perspective. It is happening. It will happen. The acorn is there in the ground, and from acorns you get oaks.”

And that ended the debate of Lane versus Lane, as I regretfully had to leave. I returned five minutes later to get my raincoat (Ronnie gets more raincoats that way).

“Don’t put that in the copy,” grinned Ronnie. Incidentally, Ronnie, that red biro you write all your songs with and which you lent me – I still have (I get more bios that way). *Keith Altham* ●



“With the Immediate label we have some freedom and direction”



“I should exploit Dave more...”

Power abhors a vacuum, even in THE KINKS. “Waterloo Sunset” notwithstanding, Ray Davies likes the idea of an offstage role in the band – and by the late summer, brother Dave is proving himself a major talent too. How will Ray respond? With another hit, of course...

— NME MAY 20 —

RAY DAVIES IS the tragic-comic composer. The Kink who smiles painfully through the absurdities of life, from the sardonic verses of “Well Respected Man”, the drollery of “Sunny Afternoon”, the derisive social comment in “Dead End Street”, to the sweet cynicism of “Waterloo Sunset”, his latest chart-splintering success. Last week Ray joined me in Jack Straw’s Castle, on the top of Hampstead Hill, and there supped a half of bitter ale while the jukebox ground out Bud Flanagan’s composition “Strolling”.

“That’s a good number,” smiled Ray, wryly. “Anything written in the key of ‘F’ is a good number!”

We passed on to the inspiration behind “Waterloo Sunset” and from just where “Terry” and “Julie” in the lyric had materialised in his mind.

“Originally I was going to call it ‘Liverpool Sunset’,” said Ray, “But The Beatles came up with ‘Penny Lane’ and so that was the end of that. It happens quite a lot with my numbers. I work on a theme only to find as it nears completion someone else has come up with exactly the same melodic or lyrical idea.

“I suppose ‘Waterloo’ has stuck in my mind because I used to walk over Waterloo Bridge several nights a week on the way to art school when I was young. Rasa and I drove up there recently and just sat in the car for an hour or so, watching. I’ve had the actual melody line in my mind for two or three years. If you look at the song as a kind of film I suppose ‘Terry’ would be Terence Stamp and ‘Julie’ would be Julie Christie. I’ve never really

thought about the lyrics being sarcastic, but I suppose they are – it’s just the way I feel.”

Ray has repeatedly inferred that eventually he would like to take a more administrative position with the Kinks – similar to that occupied by Brian Wilson with The Beach Boys – and admits that he is happier and more relaxed when not making personal appearances with the group. He had just returned from Manchester, where he appeared on Simon Dee’s TV show.

“I was standing there – just standing there singing and thinking what a drag it all is,” Ray confessed. “And I am sure the kids think it’s a drag just to watch someone standing there singing. It’s got so stale and boring.”

To prevent himself getting too stale, Ray is working on an LP with a London theme, on which he sings a few songs and has composed all the music.

“I’d like to do something with mellotron,” says Ray. “I was invited to Graham Nash’s place the other week and I played his. It’s very interesting. I’d like to do something on the stage in a controlling capacity and eventually make films, but again in more of a behind-the-camera position.”

We are, of course, worried about Dave! Ray’s younger brother has grown big bushy sideboards like privet hedges and taken to wearing a Noddy hat about the London clubs. One attempt was made recently to set fire to his sideboards with a gas lighter, but the whiskers withstood the flame.

“He got very annoyed with me last week when I said he was playing too loud,” recalled Ray. “He picked up ashtrays and things in the dressing room and threw them at me. Then he knocked me over and tried to kick »

The Kinks in 1967:
(l-r) Mick Avory,
Pete Quaife, Dave
and Ray Davies



me. He missed and kicked this iron table and went hopping out of the room holding his foot!"

Frank Sinatra came on the jukebox and Ray recalled that he enjoyed Frank Sinatra a year ago when he had 'flu. "He sounds like how I felt," smiled Ray.

We watched some people playing darts, which Ray does not like, and the conversation swung over to football, which he does like. Brother Dave has been playing too, and is apparently an awesome sight with his hair tied up behind in a bun. "We played against a Newport side for a showbusiness XI the other evening," said Ray. "It was a last-minute thing for charity - unfortunately this other side thought it was the Cup Final and I got kicked up in the air for my pains. Someone told me a very funny story about Jim Baxter, who scored the winning goal for Scotland against England a few seasons ago. He beat three men and drove the ball past Banks, then threw his arms up in the air and proclaimed, 'Tha's the greetest gule y'ule ayer see.' I like that."

I also discovered that Ray would like Dave to write the next single and feels that his brother's work is now very much improved. "I feel I should exploit him more," said Ray. At this point we decided to take a constitutional and walked down the hill to another pub, the Bull And Bush, where Seeker Keith Potger appeared out of the confines of the saloon, pint in one hand, and shook hands all round. "When are you going to write us a number?" he asked pleasantly to Ray.

"I wrote you one," smiled Ray.

"I know," said Keith apologetically. "But Judith thought it was too masculine. You know what it's like with a girl in the group!"

Ray said he didn't, but we all got very sympathetic about having a girl in the group and suddenly there was a large disturbance at the bar; a Scotsman was disputing the measure of beer being poured out to him.

The landlord, a most prepossessing figure in white blazer, old school tie and with large moustache, was pouring the beer from one glass into the other with the dexterity of a conjuror and booming: "See, it's up to the mark - now don't be silly!"

"That's the kind of number I might write about in my songs," said Ray. "Perhaps that's why I get sarcastic." And he smiled painfully. *Keith Altham*

— NME AUGUST 12 —

WITH THE SOLO success of "Death Of A Clown", times are a-changing for Dave Davies. He is both delighted and nervous over the success of "...Clown" and looks toward his continued progress as a separate Kink with an almost embarrassed air. There is no doubt that he finds the attention refreshing. But hovering in the shadows is the giant-like form of brother Ray, and Dave has now taken the first positive steps to prove he is not just "the younger brother" but a separate talent within the group.

Down at *Top Of The Pops* last Thursday, Dave swept royally around the studios in a cavalier's uniform - "once more unto the theatrical outfitters" - looking like the living subject of that famous oil painting, *When Did You Last See Your Father?* He was expecting brother Ray - "But you know Ray, he'll probably arrive tomorrow and wonder why I'm late."

We discussed the new Dave Davies as opposed to the younger Kink of "You Really Got Me" days. "I used to think everyone was my friend," said Dave. "Now I realise that there are only a few. I'm trying to learn to accept things and not get angry. I hate to lose - I'm a terrible loser. Just recently I was staying on a friend's farm in Cornwall and one evening I was having a drink in this little country pub. The landlord asked me to leave as I would embarrass the locals when they came in - that has not happened to me for a long time. I was so flabbergasted I left. I got halfway down the road and wished I had kicked his teeth in."



"You get more satisfaction out of agreeing with some of these people, though - there was one old man in a pub I went into who kept going on about Jagger and how pleased he was that they had been on trial. Then he says to me, 'I can't see what they see in him - he's so ugly.' You should have seen this old guy: he had protruding teeth and bifocals!"

Learning to stand on his own two feet is proving a surprising but perplexing problem for Dave.

"...Clown' has really surprised me," he admitted later

in the canteen. "I never expected it to get this high in the charts.

A lot of older people seem to think it is some kind of novelty record - rather like 'Cigarettes, Whiskey And Wild, Wild Women' - remember that? I'm quite pleased about that if it means we are getting a wider market. There are two ways you can take the song - one is obvious and the other is a very personal thing to me. The lion tamer, for example, could be the bully at school... I'd rather not talk about it!"

Apart from the two compositions on his new single, which he wrote and are included on The Kinks' next LP - *Something Else By The Kinks* - Dave also has another new song, "Funny Face". "It's a very weird song about a guy who falls in love with a girl who is a lunatic," smiled Dave. "It's a floating kind of song - I was very pleased with the organ break we worked out for it."

Dave finds that concentrating on a lyric these days is very difficult for him. "I find my mind wandering even when I'm supposed to be doing something specific," said Dave. "Last week I was just lying on my bed staring at the moon and I must have just lain there watching it for hours. That's going to make me sound like an imbecile but I enjoy just letting my mind float away."

Before anyone reads into that remark that Dave has joined the beautiful people, perhaps I should mention that his version of a "beautiful person" is someone who plays football. "Pete Murray plays," said Dave, referring to last week's *Top Of The Pops* DJ. "He has an interest in Arsenal. Nice guy. One of the few really genuine DJs on the scene."

Dave finds the concept of flower children in London rather contradictory. "How can you have a flower scene in Acton?" he reasons. "This is the area of Brylcreem and a Number 233 bus."

Instead of looking down at the flowers, Dave has thoughts about gazing up at the stars. "Pete Quaife is trying to turn me on to this astrology bit," said Dave. "There seems to be a connection between the crystal gazing, stars, religion and the Zodiac. The supernatural has always fascinated me since I used to read Dennis Wheatley books." *Keith Altham*

— NME NOVEMBER 4 —

THERE IS SOMETHING of the smoking volcano about Ray Davies. Six foot of suppressed nervous energy, as taut as a bowstring, but always quietly spoken, quietly smiling and quietly watching! It is what some people call "an artistic temperament" that seldom works along logical lines and often distinguishes the talented from the mundane.

Ray is something of a musical cartoonist on contemporary English society and, like all good writers, he draws from personal experience and people he knows for his material. Many of his songs are regarded as pretty pictures by the critics, like The Kinks' current hit "Autumn Almanac", but there is a derisive message for the "box"-watchers, the complacent and the conventional.

"I suppose I tend to be rather cruel to my friends," admitted Ray over lunch in a London restaurant, "but I'm really getting at myself as well. I seldom exaggerate the characters - like 'David Watts' on our new LP - I deliberately underplay them and that is why the lyric tends to sound sarcastic. People are seldom offended by what I do or write about them. Either they fail to recognise themselves or they have enough intelligence to laugh at it."

I have never seen Ray Davies lose his temper, but like many other restrained people, there is the impression that if he did let loose his real feelings, the top of his head might blow off. He looks behind the smiling faces and his anger is as real as his humour.

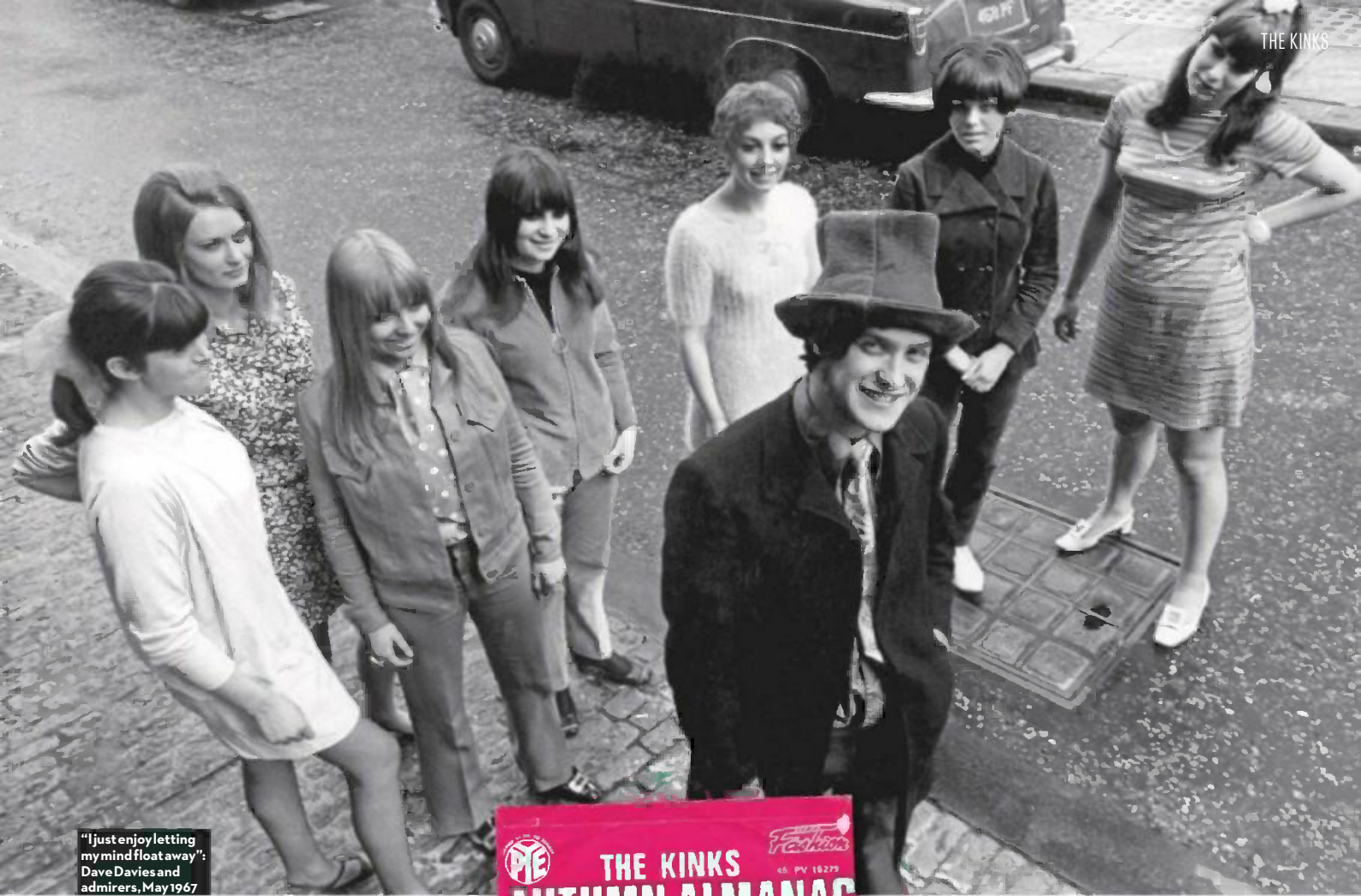
"Last week we played a university up north," recounted Ray, "and because these faculties seldom organise things well, we were required to change in the library, which served as a dressing room. One of the students kindly smuggled me in

Kink Dave embarrassed by 'Clown' hit

WITH the solo success of "Death Of A Clown" times are a changing for Dave Davies. He is both delighted and nervous over the success of "Clown" and looks toward his continued progress as a separate Kink with an almost embarrassed air.

There is no doubt that he finds the attention refreshing.





"I just enjoy letting my mind float away": Dave Davies and admirers, May 1967



"I tend to be rather cruel to my friends, but I'm getting at myself, too"

a drink. The Almoner arrived in the room and spotted the drink. He made a terrible scene and began chastising the students. I said, 'Look, man, it's only one drink, that's all,' and he said, 'I don't talk to your kind of rubbish!'"

Then Dave said, "You..." and I had to clap my hand over his mouth. It's amazing that people like that are still around, though."

Ray is an ex-art student and he looks at the world with the eyes of an artist. His speciality was sketching people before he began sketching them with music and the observations are individual.

"Art school was a good thing for me," he said. "I had a master who said, 'If you don't feel like sketching—go home and do something else. I'm not going to teach you to be a carbon copy of me. You must learn to be yourself.' He knew that the eye of the amateur produces more originality and expression than the product of technique."

"I'm going off meat," he continued distractedly, forking his scampi. "Look at the people in this restaurant. You can always tell the people who eat rare meat all their lives. As they get older they begin to look like pigs—fleshy jowls, large-ringed eyes like in the Hogarth painting, and little piggy eyes."

I was pleased that I had ordered fresh salmon. Ray is always looking behind the smiling faces.

"Look at the portrait of the *Mona Lisa*," he said, "and ask yourself why she is smiling like that. Maybe she has a gap in her teeth like mine. Her whole life is altered by that one deviation. Picasso works like this—exaggerating one defect to illustrate the whole."

The bizarre or the unusual slant are a Ray Davies speciality, and he recounted to me how "Autumn Almanac"'s tune came about. "It was originally a song called 'My Street,'" he said, "but I played the tape backwards, 'Ym Teerst', and it came out the tune for 'Autumn Almanac'."

Backward tapes are not a new idea for producing an interesting tune, and it would be interesting to know how many Beatles numbers have

been produced this way. Ray is very much in sympathy with current musical trends and often finds his ideas have been duplicated.

"I wrote 'There Is A Mountain', which Donovan has written," said Ray, "but my tune was called 'Jonahus Mountain' and I wrote it for Dave. I've had to scrap it now because it would have sounded like a crib from Donovan."

The fresh fruit salad arrived on the table and Ray reviewed the large bowl of whipped cream. "Wouldn't it be great to have a false hand to stick in there?" he said grinning.

"Waterloo Sunset" might be described as a "love song", but Ray seldom seems to concern himself with this conventional formula of boy and girl.

"I missed my favourite film on TV the other night," he said. "*The Ballad For A Russian Soldier*. There is this marvellous bit where the soldier is returning home on leave to his wife. He discovers his wife has gone off with another man. He planned to give her two precious bars of soap, but instead he gives them to his father. The look on his father's face, who does not know he is being thought of second, is incredible.

That's the kind of 'love' that interests me.

"Love is much more complicated than just two people. 'Autumn Almanac' is a love song. It's possessive—Yes, yes, yes, yes, it's MY Autumn Almanac!" he stressed.

Ray has recently been reading the works of Hans Christian Andersen. He felt they were too abrupt and the wicked witches got their heads cut off too quickly! We rode from the restaurant by taxi to his manager's office after our meal and he talked of how he planned to buy a Bentley, but decided against it as he cannot drive.

He talked of how he had written a film synopsis for The Kinks, "of three different ways of getting something", and how sorry he was for the BBC DJs who might get the sack. Suddenly he saw someone he recognised in another taxi go past. "Great," he cried, "it's our masseur, Harry The Horse." And he waved his hands together like two pale butterflies.

Keith Altham •

“We need more love in the world...”

Six months in the making, SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEART'S CLUB BAND is here, and an extraordinary summer can begin. Lennon greets the press in a sporran. Post-“All You Need Is Love”, Paul reveals his thoughts on moustaches and sharing royalties with The Rolling Stones.

— NME MAY 27 —

JOHNN LENNON WALKED into the room first. Then came George Harrison and Paul McCartney, followed closely by Ringo Starr and road managers Neil Aspinall and Mal Evans. The Beatles had arrived at a small dinner party in Brian Epstein's Belgravia home, to talk to journalists and disc jockeys for the first time in many months.

For almost a year they have been virtually incommunicado. No interviews, no public appearances, no “live” TV dates. We knew they were making an LP and that they intended to start work on another film, but that was all, apart from the occasional snatched photograph of a not particularly happy-looking Beatle. We saw the new John Lennon look when he was filming *How I Won The War*. We saw the change in George Harrison when he returned from India and we learned that Ringo and Paul had grown moustaches. Their last single, “Penny Lane”/“Strawberry Fields Forever”, failed to make No 1 and the rumours and speculation started. Only last week one newspaper described them rather incongruously as “contemplative, secretive and exclusive”.

Well, The Beatles are contemplative. So what? And secretive? Only when it's required of them. As for exclusive, surely they've always been that. But The Beatles most certainly have not become four mystical introverts, as some people would have us imagine. Despite their flamboyant clothes which made even Jimmy Savile look startled, The Beatles are still the same sane, straightforward people they were four years ago. Their opinions and beliefs are the same, only now they understand why they believe in them.

“I've had a lot of time to think,” said John, peering at me through his wire-rimmed specs, “and only now am I beginning to realise many of the things I should have known years ago. I'm getting to understand my own feelings. Don't forget that under this frilly shirt is a hundred-year-old man who's seen and done so much — but at the same time knowing so little.”

John regards The Beatles' new LP, *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Heart Club Band*, as one of the most important steps in the group's career. “It had to be just right. »



“A splendid time is guaranteed for all!”: The Beatles present Sgt Pepper to the press with bubbly and a buffet dinner in Brian Epstein's townhouse at 24 Chapel Street, London, May 19



We tried, and I think succeeded, in achieving what we set out to do. If we hadn't then it wouldn't be out now."

Apart from his green frilly shirt, John was wearing maroon trousers and round his waist was a sporran. Why the sporran, I enquired. "A relative in Edinburgh gave it to Cynthia as a present and as there are no pockets in these trousers it comes in handy for holding my cigarettes and front-door keys."

I joined George sitting quietly on a settee nibbling on a stick of celery. He was wearing dark trousers and a maroon velvet jacket. On the lapel was a badge from the New York Workshop Of Non Violence. Their emblem is a yellow submarine with what looked like daffodils sprouting from it. "Naturally I'm opposed to all forms of war," said George seriously. "The idea of man killing man is terrible."

I asked him about his visit to India and what it had taught him. "Firstly, I think too many people here have the wrong idea about India. Everyone immediately associates India with poverty, suffering and starvation, but there's much, much more than that. There's the spirit of the people, the beauty and goodness. The people there have a tremendous spiritual strength which I don't think is found elsewhere. That's what I've been trying to learn about."

George has taken the time to find out about many religions. Not merely just to dabble in them but really to learn and know. He believes that religion is a day-to-day experience. "You find it all around. You live it. Religion is here and now. Not something that just comes on Sundays."

What had he been doing for the past year, I asked. Didn't he ever get bored? "Oh, I've never been bored, there's so much to find out about," he said enthusiastically. "We've been writing and recording and so on."

The LP *Sgt Pepper* took them almost six months to make and it has received mixed reviews from the critics. Having achieved worldwide fame by singing pleasant, hummable numbers, don't they feel they may be too far ahead of the record-buyers? George thinks not: "People are very, very aware of what's going on around them nowadays. They think for themselves and I don't think we can ever be accused of underestimating the intelligence of our fans."

John agrees with him. "The people who have bought our records in the past must realise that we couldn't go on making the same type forever. We must change, and I believe those people know this."

Of all four Beatles, Ringo, I think, is the one who has changed the least. Perhaps a little more talkative, more forthcoming. The one whose personality isn't quite as obvious as the others and still the most reticent. He is very contented and what's best by the others is alright by him. What had inspired the sleeve cover of the album—a montage

of familiar faces crowding round The Beatles?

"We just thought we'd like to put together a lot of people we like and admire," said Ringo.

Included in the picture are Diana Dors, Oscar Wilde, Karl Marx, Shirley Temple, Max Miller, Lawrence Of Arabia, Bob Dylan and Stuart Sutcliffe, the former member of The Beatles who died in Hamburg. I drifted over to where the now clean-shaven and much thinner Paul was sitting sipping a glass of champagne.

He greeted me in his usual charming manner and enquired after my health.

"You know," he said, "we've really been looking forward to this evening. We wanted to meet a few people, because so many distorted stories were being printed. We have never thought about splitting up. We want to go on recording together. The Beatles live!" he said, raising his glass in the air.

At this stage I should mention that although all four Beatles are extremely charming and courteous, they are still the masters of subtle evasion. No-one, in my experience, has perfected to such an art how to give a feasible answer to a pointed question without saying yes or no.

They're not sure whether they'll be making any personal appearances in the future, although they'd like to; plans for their next film are scanty and they're working on a new single which they're not sure about. As I said, secretive when they need to be and still very, very exclusive. *Norrie Drummond*

— MELODY MAKER MAY 27 —

THE BEATLES, INNOVATORS as always, last week bestowed a new experience on the pop scene—the LISTEN-IN. They commandeered Brian Epstein's luxurious townhouse in Chapel Street, London SW1, played their new LP, *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, at full volume and shouted pleasantly at their guests for several hours.

Downstairs, a long genuine antique table groaned, as they say, under huge dishes of cold meats and vegetables served by white-jacketed waiters. To drink there was a choice of gazpacho, a cold soup, or champers. The champers won handsomely.

The "boys", as they are affectionately known by their management, were in fine fettle. Lennon won the sartorial stakes with a green, flower-patterned shirt, red cord trousers, yellow socks and what looked like cord shoes. His ensemble was completed by a sporran. With his bushy sideboards and National Health specs, he resembled an animated Victorian watchmaker. Paul McCartney, sans moustache, wore a loosely tied scarf over a shirt, a striped double-breasted jacket and looked like someone out of a Scott Fitzgerald novel.

They both spoke volubly about many things, such as the BBC ban on "A Day In The Life", one of the LP tracks. Said Paul: "John woke me up one morning and read the *Daily Mail*. The news stories gave him the idea for the song. The man goes upstairs on a bus for a smoke. Everybody does that kind of thing. But what does the BBC say? Smoking? SMOKING? S-M-O-K-I-N-G?"

"Well, BBC, he was actually smoking Park Drive! Even people at the BBC do these things. So face it, BBC! You can read a double meaning into anything if you want to. But we don't care if they ban our songs. It might help the LP. They'll play the other tracks. It's exciting to see how many different things can be taken from it."

Both Paul and John laughed off the suggestion that *Sgt Pepper* might be their last LP as a group. "Rubbish," said Lennon, but he went on to confirm that their touring days were over. "No more tours, no more mop-tops. We could never hear ourselves playing properly. Anyway, what more could we do after playing to 56,000 people. What next? More fame? More money? We were travelling all over the world and couldn't move outside our hotel."

Now they feel they still give themselves, via albums, to their public, but they don't have to pay so much. Says Paul: "I even went on a bus from Liverpool to Chester the other day





"We were never musicians": (l-r) "someone out of a Scott Fitzgerald novel", Ringo, "an animated Victorian watchmaker" and George

without much trouble. There was just a moustache involved. And nearly every morning I take my dog for a walk in Regent's Park."

The musical ideas of Lennon and McCartney seem to be expanding all the time. These ideas encompass a whole spectrum of sounds—mechanical, orchestral, electronic, animal, vegetable and mineral.

They are becoming less and less concerned with their own playing. "I don't practise," says John. "I only played guitar to accompany myself singing. You could study all your life and become the best bassoonist in Israel. So what? I like producing records. I want to do it all. I want a machine that produces all sounds. Studying music was like learning French. If there was a new method of learning music—yeah. But the present method is archaic."

"We were never musicians," agreed Paul. "In Hamburg, we got a lot of practice. But reading music for us is unnecessary."

Paul conducted the band heard on the banned track "A Day In The Life" and he felt initially embarrassed facing that sea of sessioners. "So I decided to treat them like human beings and not professional musicians. I tried to give myself to them. We chatted and drank champagne."

John dislikes what he calls "factory musicians". "Classical players are best on records. They can play from there to there..." He placed his open palms two inches apart, "...and Ronnie Scott or somebody else."

Lennon's views are equally trenchant about jazz styles. He doesn't dig Dixieland and mainstream. "It's dying, man—like The Black & White Minstrels. I like John Coltrane but I don't get to the clubs much because it's embarrassing. The so-called experts laugh at you—'There's a Beatle in the audience, folks.' It's probably my blame, but that's what I feel."

However, he promised the *MM* he would go to hear Charles Lloyd's quartet when they play in London on June 17. And to prove it Lennon borrowed a pen and wrote CHARLES LLOYD in big letters on the back of his sporran. *Jack Hutton*

— NME JULY 22 —

SOME BEATLES FANS have been furious with "All You Need Is Love", calling it trash and rubbish. Yet it has done what "Penny Lane"/"Strawberry Fields Forever" didn't do—got The Beatles to the No 1 spot in the *NME* Charts. And on the first entry, too. The simpler tune has caught the imagination of the wider public. One wag in the office said that if The Beatles brought out any more tunes like "All You Need Is Love", the younger readers would be writing in accusing The Beatles of copying The Monkees!

But what is the official description for the latest Beatles hit? Paul McCartney discussed it with me and put it this way: "It goes back a little in style to our earlier days, I suppose. Yes, perhaps it does, but it's really next time around on the spiral. I'd sum it up as taking a look back with a new feeling. And talking of feeling, I'm feeling very good about being No 1. It's always good to be No 1 in your charts," he said magnanimously.

The Beatles are not resting on their laurels, however; Paul told me he and John are composing new numbers for a TV spectacular, and these numbers might make up a new album or some singles. "All You Need Is Love" was composed solely for the *Our World* TV show, which went out late in June via three satellites to 400,000,000 viewers round the globe.

"We wrote it in two weeks. We had been told we'd be seen recording it by the whole world at the same time. So we had one message for the world—'LOVE'. We need more love in the world. It's a period in history that needs love. We hoped in a small way to get people thinking about love, and not hate."

I told Paul that Graham Nash, of The Hollies, had raised the point, lightly, over dinner some nights before that he and Gary Leeds were on the record, singing in the background, and would they get royalties? Paul said drily: "I shouldn't think so! Mick and Keith were on it, too. Maybe we'll help the Stones with some royalties if they need it."

That got us talking about the Stones' case and appeal. Paul's comment was: "It's a terrible pity that people still think that by spanking children you can stop them doing things. The best way to stop kids smoking at school is to let them smoke. I remember that we all wanted to try it and not be left out, so we went behind an outbuilding for a puff. When no-one seemed to care we soon gave it up of our own account. Trouble today is an ignorance of what it's all about. Everyone's frightened of things they know nothing about."

Paul added that he never planned ahead much these days. The TV spectacular was just in the "thinking-about" stage. No dates were set or anything like that.

"We like to take our time and make certain what we write is good," he said. He talked in a quiet, relaxed voice. Paul admitted he likes living in town, near Lord's cricket ground and the EMI recording studios. He said John, George and Ringo were all about these days and happy in their houses outside London, in the stockbroker belt of Weybridge, Surrey.

Paul enjoyed his stay at his farm in Scotland, situated in the rather inaccessible peninsula of Kintyre, well off the beaten track. He had Jane Asher as his house guest earlier this year. Has he any plans of returning there for a spell?

"No, I might go. But like I told you, I never make plans in advance any more. I just might up and go. That's how things happen these days."

I asked him why he and John had suddenly become clean shaven after growing moustaches (I had criticised their hairy images in the *NME* "Summer Special", now on sale, quoting teenage girls as saying that the facial-fuzz image of The Beatles put them off them). Paul replied: "I just felt like it and I suppose John did, too. No special reason, really."

And would George and Ringo follow suit? Paul sounded annoyed at this question. "That's up to

George and Ringo, isn't it? That's thur affur," he said, going into a broader Liverpoolian accent with his annoyance.

Yes, it's a very independent group these days, with each Beatle living his own life and making his own rules. The only planned thing about them is rehearsal and recording times. Otherwise it is a case of George Harrison, MBE, independent gentleman; Ringo Starr, MBE, independent gentleman; John Lennon, MBE, independent gentleman; and Paul McCartney, MBE, independent gentleman.

And good luck to them. If they continue to produce for us super LPs like *Sergeant Pepper* and give the world messages of LOVE, and so do something to unite the universe instead of tear it apart like politicians seem to do, they can go on their sweet, independent, No 1 way.

Finally, Paul calmed down and said: "Andy, tell your readers how pleased we are to be No 1 and say a big thank you from us." I said I'd be delighted to do that and thanked Paul, who is still very much the "public relations" Beatle. *Andy Gray* •

"We hoped to get people thinking about love, and not hate"

1967

APRIL - JUNE



The Cream in October 1967:
(l-r) Ginger Baker, Eric
Clapton and Jack Bruce

“It’s just a fact that we’re heavy musicians”

A spring trip to America proves revelatory to THE CREAM. Not only do they record an album, *Disraeli Gears* – they awake to the possibility of social and musical revolutions. By the end of the year they have changed completely. “We’re getting further out,” they say. “Jazzers were amazed that a pop group were doing such things...”

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 3 —

“**L**OVE THY NEIGHBOUR,” said a voice around 1,967 years ago, and since that day the earth has been daily drenched in blood and a fog of hate has smothered the planet. Today the arts of war and the philosophy of hate have been refined and intensified by modern technology and mass communications. But in America, where the forces of conformity holds strongest, a genuine cultural revolution is taking place. It is, naturally enough, taking place among the young, and naturally, musicians, as traditional enemies of conformity, are heavily involved and pop musicians particularly are involved.

Through disenchantment with the established social order, a growing number of people are actually rejecting the American Dream. It could be said they are “waking up”. A philosophy of love is being expounded among the young of New York and San Francisco, and even in London. The external trappings are apparent in colourful clothes, adventurous pop music, and the use of mild drugs and LSD. Underneath is a desire for greater awareness, more social contact, more human sets of values.

It is already upsetting middle-class America and causing a tiny crack in the superstructure. A Texas cop presented with the spectacle of a happy poet might feel induced to address him a “lousy long-haired pinko, Commie, Limey degenerate”. The poet would be compelled to give him a flower. But how strong, how genuine is the Love Philosophy? Is it simply a reaction against America’s war in Vietnam? Is it another empty cult like pole-squatting or yo-yos? Are the exponents looking for Shangri-La or a propaganda justification for degeneracy?

Cream guitarist Eric Clapton recently visited Greenwich Village during his group’s appearances in New York and talked this week about his impressions of the new philosophy in action. “There is definitely a philosophy of love spreading, and it’s developing among a wide age group, from 15 to 50. It’s not so much a reaction against the war as a completely whole new way of life,” says Eric.

“It’s confined to the ghettos of San Francisco and New York because the middle class in America is still so big. It’s still too big to conquer and it’s literally not safe to go out of the confines of the ghettos like Greenwich Village. If you are dressed strangely with long hair, reaction against you can be quite frightening.”

“The middle-class American is such a slob – you wouldn’t believe it. Life is so comfortable for them, with the car and TV, they don’t want to worry and they don’t even want to think. It’s all very sick. The Love Philosophy is a fad in many ways,” continues Eric. “It involves a new way of dressing and thousands of people are simply drawn to that, but I don’t see much harm in this as long as the people don’t prostitute it. Is love being born out of hate in America?

There’s not so much hate, more apathy. A lot of people seem to get to the point where they are in a dream. They get up, go to work, watch TV and go to bed. What the young people are doing is kick everybody in the stomach and shout, ‘Look at us – we’re having a gas time with people!’

“They are having a gas time with people and not objects. I went to the Be-In in Central Park and there were 20,000 people just having a good time. There were no stages or admission fees. It was a reaction against materialism. I don’t know how it was organised. It seemed to spread by word of mouth. There is a magazine called

Realist, like our *International Times*, and spokesmen are evolving. The main trouble is dealing with hooligans. At the Be-In there were cops on horses riding round to make sure there was no trouble. After a while the kids started offering the police popcorn, and the popcorn was doused in acid.

In a couple of hours most of the cops were off their horses walking around in the crowd with their hats off and holding flowers in their hand. By sunset they were lying on the grass listening to the drums.”

Was “acid” that vital to the philosophy?

“They are still using it happily, but no-one seemed worried about it. Nobody I saw was flipped out with acid, and people I got to like didn’t even use it. Of course the ideals involved aren’t new – they couldn’t be. The human mind hasn’t done much since Plato and Socrates in a way that could be called constructive.”

How did Eric compare the American scene with what was happening in other countries? »



"The Provo thing in Holland seems more like the English anarchists. The American Love Agents are more interested in starting a new way of life. It's already happening here with the Technicolour Dream at Ally Pally, but it never works when you have to pay admission fees. They should drop leaflets over London and say all meet in Hyde Park and see what happens. Personally, I don't think anything would happen. I'm sure a lot of people would be disappointed, because people are used to having things laid on for them.

"England is only influenced by America and we are several steps behind in the mind-conditioning process. There are still 10,000 reactionaries here for every one in America. Every bricklayer and labourer is far more individual here. There is still scope for individuality in England." *Chris Welch*

— MELODY MAKER OCTOBER 28 —

THE CREAM ARE home after one of the most successful American tours undertaken by a British group this year, with a stack of broken box-office records and invitations to return to every venue they played. Was it the musicianship of *MMP* Poll-winning Instrumentalist Of The Year Eric Clapton (gtr), Jack Bruce (bass gtr) and Ginger Baker (drs), which so impressed the Americans?

"Maybe they were surprised to find out we could play our instruments," agreed Ginger this week. "On live performances we certainly got a big underground following going over there. Everywhere we played we broke the records."

Among the high spots, Ginger detailed The Cream's shows at the Fillmore Auditorium, San Francisco; Whisky A Go Go Club, Los Angeles; the Café Au Go Go and Village Theatre, New York; and the Grande Ballroom, Detroit. "We drew a record 4,500 to the Village Theatre," said Ginger. "In fact, the only place that wasn't outstanding was in Boston, where we played the opening of a brand-new club."

Ginger particularly enjoyed San Francisco. "There are a lot of people doing a lot of things there," he said. "In fact, I haven't recovered from San Francisco yet, we really had a ball. We were all given gold watches by the promoter there—every promoter should do that."

I asked if the group had heard anything that had particularly impressed them. "The night before we opened we saw the Count Basie Band at the Fillmore," recalled Ginger. "Sonny Payne was on drums and the band was sounding great. We also saw Charles Lloyd and thought he was very good. He went down great—in San Francisco the audiences are fantastically hip. There are some very good groups out there—The Electric Flag and the Bloomfield Band are very good indeed. But it's a different scene. They all rehearse all day and work in the evenings. They

get a very rehearsed sound, whereas we are getting further out in playing things differently every night. We even did the same number twice some nights and the versions were so different we got away with it."

While in New York, the group did a recording session. "I'm not sure whether we got a single out of it or not," reports Ginger. "We did them in the Atlantic studios, just the three of us, although we may add brass to one of them."

I asked if their album was finished. "We finished it in May," said Ginger, sounding heated. "Any hang-up since then is nothing to do with us. We recorded it in four days in New York and ever since then there seems to have been hang-ups about everything except the actual music."

The Cream may go back for further recording in the States in December and they have a gig in Chicago on December 20. A further tour is being lined up for January. "Everybody we worked for wanted us back—and for lots of money," said Ginger. "They'd never taken so much on the doors in their lives."

Immediate plans? Ginger said he had to see his doctor. I asked why? "I'm dying," he said. I left him to drop dead in peace. *Bob Dawbarn*



"People think a No 1 record represents the best music available"

— MELODY MAKER NOVEMBER 18 —

LIKE THE ARMS race, the chart race is a monster nobody can stop. But a few brave spirits are shouting, "Stop the turntable—I want to get off." Scott Walker has said he is not interested in recording pop singles any more, and prefers to concentrate on albums.

Now Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker of The Cream have announced they don't want to record any more singles. They are trying to opt out of the system where only a hit can ensure publicity, performances and money. Is the pop single losing importance or are the "We want out" cries of Scott and The Cream merely straws on the wind? Eric explained the reasoning behind The Cream's decision by long-distance telephone from Copenhagen this week.

"It's not definite that we won't ever release a single again. The main reason for not wanting to do them is we are very anti—the whole commercial market. The whole nature of the single-making process has caused us a lot of grief in the studios. I'm a great believer in the theory that singles will become obsolete and LPs will take their place. They will be extended LPs at 16rpm lasting two to three hours. Singles are an anachronism.

"To get any good music in a space of two or three minutes requires working to a formula and that part of the pop scene really leaves me cold. I hate all that rushing around trying to get a hit. On the other hand, if we went into the studio to do something for an LP that came out short and compact, we could still release it as a single. But really, singles are horribly out of date and as long as the pop scene is geared to them a lot of people will be making bread who shouldn't be making bread!"

But will The Cream lose a lot of money and the opportunities for promotions on TV and in the press that the issue of a single affords? "You don't make a lot of money on singles unless you have No 1 after No 1. You can lose a lot of money on production. And the promotion you get on singles is part of the system I would like to break down.

"I can't criticise the *Melody Maker* because they are the fairest of all the papers, but even so, when a group gets in the chart you immediately get the bass guitarist in Blind Date! You are allocated publicity according to the acceptance of your latest single. The whole music scene in Britain is ruled by the chart and people are brainwashed into thinking that the No 1 record represents the best music available. It's horribly immature and it's got to go."

But wasn't there likelihood of The Cream management objecting to such policies? "Our management have come to realise that unless we are allowed to do what we want to, we can kick up a bigger stink about it than them!"

How does Eric feel about their latest album, *Disraeli Gears*—and what on earth does the title mean? "It's a good record, a great LP, but it was recorded last May and it's not really indicative of what we are doing now. When I hear it I feel like I'm listening to another group.

"It's an LP of songs and there is no extended improvisation anywhere. That's why we are rushing to do our next album, which we will record in America, and hope to have out at Christmas. The title comes from a pun our road manager made when we were talking about racing cycles. Do

LOVE AND MISTER CLAPTON

At the Be-In there were cops on horses riding round to make sure there was no trouble. After a while the kids started offering the police pop corn, and the pop corn was



I feel 'fro: "the furthest-out group musically", according to Jack Bruce, in late 1967

you know anything about racing bikes? Well, they have gears called Derailleur gears, and our road manager was trying to pretend he knew all about them, but he called them 'Disraeli gears'. I thought it sounded great and we put it on the album."

If enough groups and artists decided to boycott recording pop singles, it could throw the whole pop scene out of gear.

— MELODY MAKER DECEMBER 30 —

THEY ARE THE Cream, Baker, Bruce and Clapton – and there are not many desperados who would hitch up their breeches and roll down the dusty main street to meet The Cream in battle at high noon. There's something just formidable about The Cream, maybe it's the multi-talented Baker, Bruce and Clapton, brimming with musical confidence and religiously sallying their audiences night after night with a bedazzling hurricane of technique, drama, emotion and zooming spirit. Maybe it's that hairy satanic aura, the cool hard gaze of Eric Clapton from beneath that underworld of hair, the deep colourful mystery of their flowing robes. Maybe it's the creamy texture of both the group and their music.

Admittedly, though, one's fondest memories of The Cream are their stunning live performances. That giant bank of amplification, red indicators shining, making an impressive science-fiction-like rocket power; Ginger Baker up on his drum rostrum, a flashing angry hobgoblin weaving percussive spells, and stamping his heeled boots until you could hear the earth shake.

Suddenly the gentle voice of Jack Bruce, head cocked to one side, might float through the churning clouds and all the lights would go purple and the scene would change again – but how can the experience of a live group on stage ever be put onto record? The Cream certainly have been criticised by quite a few members of the public – fans, at that – on the tricky relationship between live experiences and recorded ones.

The first album was *Fresh Cream*, which they made fairly soon after their formation and was justifiably an "early works" album. However its blues content kept the fans at ease. The new Cream album, *Disraeli Gears*, caused quite a shock wave of comments from, firstly, the blues fans who were dissatisfied with the lack of obvious blues numbers, and secondly, at the other end of the scale, with some of the highly imaginative hippies whose insatiable appetites demanded "further out" material.

Frequent glimpses of this "kingdom of freakdom" could be sensed in a Cream live performance, with its colours and its atmosphere, and even a straight blues could become way, way out in the right surroundings. Like most creative groups, The Cream had a problem – a schizophrenic audience, not unlike the occasional Stones fans still shrieking for "Not

Fade Away". So who were The Cream to please? The hangover of hard-blues appreciators who have followed Eric Clapton through The Yardbirds, and still have "Telephone Blues" ringing in their ears? The hippies sifting through the pop scene searching for new heroes and villains? The new Cream fans attracted by the image and the gloss and the hit with "I Feel Free"? Or, maybe, themselves?

Last week the magnificent three left for Atlantic Studios in New York to commence work on their third LP. They had planned a fruitful 12-day recording slot, only to discover that Aretha Franklin had managed to book some sessions.

They say "we don't mind", but The Cream are back to squeezing their new album into seven sessions. "In fact, we've got too many numbers already written," said Eric before leaving last week, "and we've recorded three already, but I don't know if they'll be alright for the album. I should think between the three of us we've got about three new LPs!"

How do the group feel about the gap between live performances and their albums? "Well, you know, when we're recording things aren't much different from a live show. We don't use a lot of effects or things like that. It's just The Cream making an LP as opposed to The Cream on stage."

Into which field does Eric see the new album's material fitting? "Well, I think whereas the last LP was a collection of songs, the stuff we're writing now is really more a series of jumping-off points rather than just songs. Personally, I've written a lot of things that have a lot of different sections and I'd like to play these sections all together in one song, but be able to improvise freely on each section. I'm certain a lot of the numbers will be much longer on this new album," smiled Eric. "I mean you've got to have that room to move about a bit – which is what you do on stage anyway – so why not on record. I suppose we could do a double LP!"

Although they're a very solid group, The Cream haven't yet exploded on to the pop scene with obviously spectacular ideas, gimmicks or musical illusions. Do they want to or do they need to resort to "the hard sell"?

"We do a lot of new things," answered Jack Bruce. "In fact, that's our scene, getting into new things. That's where we are and that's what we're doing getting closer to each other, finding ourselves and gradually getting into the right material. I think in a lot of ways we do things that are completely new – it's just that they're not inclined to be things as spectacular as the Stones' 3D sleeve or something that is bound to attract a lot of attention."

Eric added: "Also we spend more time on stage than almost any other group. Most of the people who bring out really splendid albums have much more time than we do in the recording studios. I mean our last album was completely spontaneous and as it happened at the time – it wasn't produced at all – it was just us without a lot of fine production."

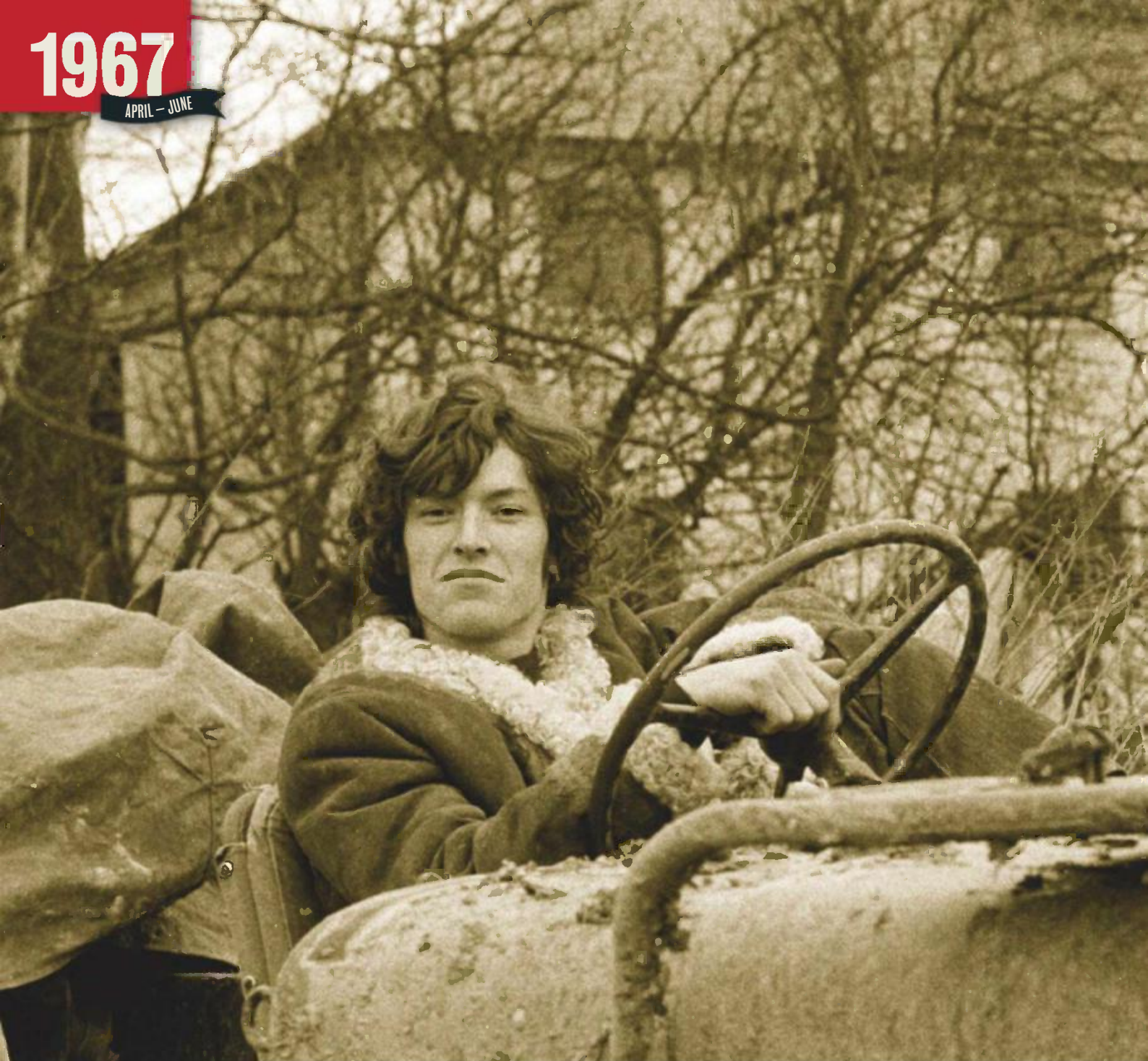
"It's just a fact that we're heavy musicians," said Jack. "It's not something that's just happened. We've always been that way and it's just that people are beginning to notice. For me a new thing isn't noticeable to most people, unless they happen to be very interested in music. For me a new thing is to find an interval, or find a combination of chords or something that hasn't been used before. Those are the new things The Cream do. But they're not things to frighten people into following us and probably a lot of people don't hear a lot of the things."

"Yeah," continued Eric, "you know that 'We're Going Wrong' was in fact made in two different keys but we mixed them in such a way that it's not very noticeable – you're supposed to dig the overall effect and atmosphere of the number, not the fact that it's in two keys. I mean it wouldn't work if you did notice it. The last time we were in the States a lot of people in New York – you know, jazzers and people like that – were amazed that a pop group were doing such things and that we could get away with them. But I know what the fans mean and we try to please everybody. A lot of times when we're on stage there is a terrific temptation to go further out but then you hold back because some people aren't going to understand."

"Mind you," concluded Jack, "I still think that The Cream are the furthest-out group musically." So there! *Nick Jones* ●

1967

APRIL - JUNE



“We get tripped out with the countryside”



The 19-year-old Steve Winwood, getting it together with his new band in Aston Tirrold, Berkshire in 1967

Berkshire, England. In a rat-plagued cottage with patient neighbours, Steve Winwood is fleeing “terrible vibrations” with mates from Birmingham: TRAFFIC. Their music is rural pop open to everything. “We try,” they say, “to get as much colour into our lives as possible.”

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 10 —

STEVIE WINWOOD, COOL in a flowing red jacket and jingling with hip neck bells, sat surrounded by his new group Traffic and said: “I’m trying to lose my old identity and gain a new one. I don’t just want to be the guy who sang ‘Georgia’ and ‘Muddy Waters’. I don’t want to deny those things, but there is such a lot more I haven’t done.”

Many friends feared that Stevie, who celebrated his 19th birthday last month, had become a recluse since his split with the original Spencer Davis Group. But while escaping from his old London and Birmingham haunts, Stevie has been readjusting his attitudes to life and getting into the minds of his friends in the group that have recorded a strange and happy first single – “Paper Sun”.

Hidden away in an old Berkshire cottage miles away from human habitation, Stevie has been recovering from leading the life of a professional musician practically from the age of 12, by thinking, playing music and generally enjoying a hip holiday.

As a result of this isolationism, the Traffic, consisting of Steve, Dave Mason (guitar), Jim Capaldi (drums) and Chris Wood (flute) tend to talk in a fragmentary conversation that starts as a sentence at one end and continues round the group. »

1967

APRIL – JUNE



Traffic on *Top Of The Pops* in 1967: (l-r) Steve Winwood, Chris Wood, Jim Capaldi and Dave Mason

They have attained a unit of group thought which Stevie feels is vital to achieve proper unity of group playing. Beneath it all is Steve's desire to stop being the boy wonder fronting a band, and become accepted as a musician who is part of an entity.

This raises problems because to achieve commercial success it is vitally important to project an image and keep close contact with the pop business. Traffic attempted to explain their odd attitudes to the pop business, music and life.

Said Steve: "The group just happened, really. They are all people I knew from the Elbow Room, a club in Birmingham about two years ago. We played together quite a few times before the split. The group is now getting past the blowing stage, and we're getting into writing. We've still got problems, which is why we don't want to work anywhere until we are ready. When we play, after the third single, it's going to sound just as good as the records."

Said Jim: "We do miss playing for people and it can be most frustrating. But we are planning to get a little open-air stage to play for a few people outside the cottage."

"When we're ready we're going to play like a complete show," continued Steve. We want to get our ideas over, but it will also be visual, with plenty of dynamics. But it won't be like Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich. We want to like avoid ballrooms, but we don't want to avoid being seen by the people who go to ballrooms. We want to do gigs and concerts, and we already have a tour of Sweden lined up. We want to prove ourselves to the pop world – but in our own way. We want to make our mistakes in private. We'll have something for everybody to dig. Our music won't all be like 'Paper Sun'."

What were the biggest influences on the group's thinking? Were they listening to groups like The Doors, the Waterboys and Love?

Said Dave: "It's not so much sounds as environment – town and country and people. 'Paper Sun' is about a girl who goes to Guernsey looking for work and chasing the paper sun. It's a picture story, very light hearted, and nice to listen to. It's very sympathetic and definitely not a send-up."

"We're not using any recording tricks," said Steve. "There are no effects on the record that we can't reproduce on stage."

How do the group spend their time in splendid isolation?

"We sleep!" came the response. "We try to get as much colour into our lives as possible," came the second four-part harmony. "We see movements and roam through the temple of our minds. We get tripped out with the countryside. It's beautiful."

"They are starting to accept us in the local village," grinned Steve. "There is a girl who brings poached eggs out to us from the café and she brings out a couple of horses so we can go riding. But I fell off."

TONY GALE/PICTORIAL PRESS



"It's very scary there at nights," said Dave. "You've got to be very careful you don't just end up chasing dreams. The life has got its dangers. But as a new way of life, it's as important as the music. We planned the life beforehand, but it can be a volcano. We try to avoid the dangers of boredom and friction. If we get a problem like that we just try to find out what's causing it."

But despite any inherent dangers in leading the lives of hip hermits, Steve is happier than he has been for ages. "That last tour was a big drag for me. The vibrations were terrible. Because I wanted my friends to travel on tour with me, they called us 'Steve and his Gypsies'. Gypsies is a nice name, and anyway, we don't want to put anybody down."

— NME JULY 15 —

SO MUCH FOR the rumour that Traffic was really just Stevie Winwood and a Mellotron! Last Friday, in the offices of Paragon Publicity, those three elusive young men, Chris Wood, James Capaldi and David Mason, confronted the press for the first time.

I extricated guitarist Dave Mason from a room where there appeared to be more reporters than Traffic and sat in the reception area, where a disgruntled green parrot enlivened proceedings by scratching out bird seed all over us from his cage. Young people with contemporary faces and contemporary spectacles dashed about us publicising, and Dave seemed a little bewildered by it all. "The record really happened too fast for us," he smiled. "We were under pressure to get out a single before we were ready to appear in public, and that is why you have seen so little of us up to now."

All the Traffics have been preparing themselves musically in Stevie's little hideaway cottage in the depths of darkest Berkshire. There is no hot water, no telephone and no electricity except for a line from another house to feed their amplifiers. What they do have is privacy and the right atmosphere to concentrate and knit into a close musical unit.

"There's a whole lifetime ahead of us," said Dave. "We have plenty of patience and we are delighted to think that people would buy the disc without even having seen the group."

Dave tells me that the only other number that the group have cut is their next single – completed "last night" – and that is another group composition with a very tropical lyric. "We're striving to get an extra dimension to our music," said Dave, "so that you can almost see it. The Beatles are about the only group to have done it so far with songs like 'Strawberry Fields Forever'."

It seems unlikely that the group will play many clubs once they go "live" in September on their first tour because of the difficulties of including all their new sound equipment. The perfect sound is Stevie's quest and the perfect sound he will have. Stage presentation? "I don't think we'll be going in for any light shows or anything like that," said Dave. "The best light show I've ever seen was at four o'clock in the morning recently as the sun rose over my home town – Worcester."

We re-entered the room where Stevie and the others were finishing interviews. I spent some minutes talking to the colourful Jim Capaldi, whose friendly disposition is obviously going to be an asset to press men.

What drove them out of the cottage into the light of the press?

"Rats!" grinned Jim. The cottage begins to sound more like a fairground house of horrors every minute. "We're not particularly influenced by anyone," volunteered Jim. "We like the sound of some American West Coast groups, like The Association, but we are trying to make something up of our own."

"We're trying to achieve freedom of musical expression," said Stevie quietly from the carpet where he sat. "Love and freedom are probably our two most important influences."

This remark might be considered pretentious, but Stevie has great honesty of purpose and like Eric Burdon, who has turned from blues to a more

Hole In My Shoe Smiling Phases



personal expression of his being, there is complete sincerity in Stevie's new musical life. The Traffic are very much concerned in a new wave of thought and attitude. They are, in fact, an expression of a new set of attitudes and ideas for us contained in their music. "Rebels," someone remarked, "have a habit of becoming middle-aged portly Marlon Brandos."

"But a great many things that those people fought for have now been recognised and are generally accepted," said Stevie – and the point was well taken. Associations with the psychedelic scene are inevitable, but Jim has already spotted one of the pitfalls.

"We don't want to sell 'love' like some kind of detergent or make it a commercial gimmick. There was one DJ on a pirate station yesterday playing Beatles records and chiming in 'Love, love, love – love you all' every five seconds. I don't dig that."

There then followed a party political broadcast on behalf of the Traffic involving religion, politics, and flower-power. Chris Wood strove to contribute to this but remained the more subdued of the newer members during the interview. They were all a pleasant, happy band of young men full of optimism and musical promise.

There will be more, much more, heard from the Traffic this year.

Keith Altham

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 30 —

THE TRAFFIC'S SPLENDID isolation in the wilds of Berkshire has temporarily ended. Pressure of success has forced the group into town and now they share two flats in the midst of London's traffic. But the country life has been of immense value during the group's embryonic stages, said drummer Jim Capaldi last week. "It gave us a chance to really get together as musicians and as people," he said on a visit to the *MM* office.

"We had the quietness, the peace and the space to rehearse, write and really sort out the group without interference or hang-ups," he said. "In fact, when things quieten down a bit, we'll be going back again to do some more work."

Things don't look like quieting for some time yet as the group's hit single 'Hole In My Shoe' climbs ever higher in the *MM*'s Pop 30. They made their British debut last Sunday at London's Saville Theatre, and have already made a number of appearances in Sweden. "It was like another rehearsal – only this time with an audience. They were very receptive and we managed to work a few things out."

The Traffic made their bow in the pop world after acquiring an image of seclusion, secrecy and mystery, but this, claims Jim, grew up naturally. "We never planned to create this sort of image, but we had always intended to get away by ourselves when the group got together and it just sort of built up into a mystery thing quite naturally. We didn't create it but it was quite good publicity-wise."

The group want their scene and their music to happen naturally. They have deliberately made sure that the idea of Steve Winwood and a backing group was dispelled immediately. "Stevie is a sort of focal point, but the Traffic is a group thing. Stevie doesn't do all the vocals, and this rather surprised some of the fans in Sweden who were expecting Stevie and a backing group. But we want the group to happen as a group, naturally, and without any forcing."

Musically, they are full of ideas. The little-girl voice on their hit was the idea of lead guitarist Dave Mason. "The record was really very easy. We did it in six takes and we felt it falling into place from the word go. Dave felt – and we agreed – that the middle part of the lyric didn't lend itself to being sung, so Dave had the idea of the little-girl voice. She was the daughter of our manager and we felt it really fitted in with the sort of dream effect we were trying to achieve."

The Traffic's next single is called "Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush", the same title as their first film, and will be released at about the same time as the film, says Jim. They are also halfway through their first album. "We haven't decided on a title yet, but every track will be complete and completely different from the other. We've done about half the tracks

and we hope to finish the rest by next month. I expect the LP will be out about November."

The group has been very much a product of the recording studio so far, but they are looking forward to their British appearances. "We all like gigs as much as recording and we're really looking forward to doing some concerts."

"We have been working on an idea for a sort of console which we will take with us to gigs. We are hoping to have speakers set up all round the hall or theatre we are playing so that the music comes from all round the audience."

It looks as though it may be some time before the Berkshire Downs echo again to the roar of Traffic. Alan Walsh

— NME OCTOBER 7 —

REMEMBER THE TEENAGE idol – all liquid eyes, milk teeth, Cupid's bow and simply oozing with the wonder ingredient, sex appeal? Eyes right and you will

observe the new face of pop '67, Traffic's Dave Mason of the sleepy face and wide-awake mind who sings and wrote "Hole In My Shoe", now Number 2 in the *NME* Chart. Dave is not everybody's ideal of a 10 by eight glossy, but he is a new and interesting personality who puts his talent into his music. After meeting at the Traffic headquarters, just off Oxford Street, we departed for a curry with the group at a nearby restaurant and while eating and arguing with the "upper caste" Indian waiters Dave slowly began to come out of himself.

"Really, my music is an extension of myself," he said. "The same applies to the rest of Traffic. We just want to express and communicate ourselves musically. I want to do this in an original manner and if you are true to yourself it must be original. The kind of people I admire who have done this successfully are Dylan and The Beatles."

Dave is naturally a ponderous person and you can almost see the wheels in motion as he considers a question before answering. He has a passion for children's toys and spends many a happy hour pottering about a large London departmental store.

He was responsible for the slightly bizarre dolls' heads adorning the group's "amps" during their Saville concert, which he had painted red and green. He was disappointed all the reviewers failed to mention them. "I've got a toy mechanical robot and I'm buying two more of those dolls' heads to paint and mount on four Roman fluted pillars in my room. I'm after a radio-controlled model aeroplane now."

Well, that is Dave of the heavy eyelids, orange lace shirt and always something new hanging about his neck. His ambition is to buy a farm! The previous evening the group were recording at the Olympic studios in Barnes.

"The Small Faces – Ian, Plonk and Steve – turned up," volunteered Chris Wood. "They sat in on some drum tracks for us and we did some good things."

One particularly good thing was played to me later by record producer Jimmy Miller in their office – "Girl With No Face". It was by the group and extremely good and different from their previous things. Their friendly drummer, Jim Capaldi (with the dangerous smile), has written a Spanish-flavoured track called "Dealer" and that too should be on their next LP. Jim was particularly impressed with the Mothers Of Invention concert he had seen – "as good as Donovan", he said, "if not better!"

Back to the office where manager Chris Blackwell, sockless, T-shirted and blue-jeaned, sat downstairs in conference and assistant, Steve's brother Muff Winwood, sat upstairs by a green telephone.

Chris Wood introduced me to fan club secretary Sally Myers, who bestowed badges and membership forms upon me. Management assistant Penny Massot, looking for something to "turn me on" found a postcard picture of America's "first topless female band", which Chris Blackwell had been invited to "handle" – if that is the word.

They were with an accompanying letter, which said "Guaranteed to keep the audience's attention." When last seen Steve Winwood was inseparable from the postcard. Keith Altham •

TRAFFIC DAVE MASON — POP FACE OF 1967

It is difficult to see the most handsome young man with a...
He has a very distinctive style...
By KEITH ALTHAM



1967

APRIL - JUNE

“Smoke poured from the amplifiers... the auditorium rose to its feet”

NME cadges a ride with **JIMI HENDRIX** to the Monterey Festival, the first mass gathering of a new generation, en route encountering **RICHIE HAVENS**, **THE WHO** and “hot and cold running girls”. “I don’t think The Beatles are coming now,” says Brian Jones, “but this is a really great scene...”





Sunday, June 18, 1967: having been introduced by Eric Burdon of The Animals as "a group that will destroy you completely—in more ways than one", The Who don't disappoint at the climax of their Monterey set

GETTY

— NME JUNE 24 —

WEDROVE TO LONDON Airport in Animal manager Mike Jeffery's Rolls-Royce while he dictated a few last-minute instructions to assistant Tony Garland: "Ring Brian Jones and ask him if I can have my record player and LPs back." We picked up Jimi Hendrix and manager Chas Chandler at their flat and continued to the airport, where Jimi ransacked the book stalls for a science-fiction novel.

The strange thing about Jimi is that everyone looks at his incredible appearance with a mixture of surprise and amusement. Those who take the trouble to say "Hello" – like the elderly gentleman at the Passport Control – find him charming and conversational. Jimi makes friends quicker than most people make enemies. The air hostess on the TWA jet we took was apparently delighted with her unusual charge and spent some time sitting next to him and talking about beat groups. On the plane over, the main source of amusement were the various taped music channels played through earphones and every so often Jimi would throw up an assortment of fingers indicating a new delight on a particular channel.

He seemed to get a perverse enjoyment from Bing Crosby, Al Jolson and Jimmy Durante. But more genuine was his interest in the Bach tapes. Arriving at Kennedy Airport, we were met by a long, sleek black Cadillac and station WMCA on the car radio featured Spencer Davis extolling the merits of milkshakes.

Without pausing to check in at the Buckingham Hotel, Jimi shot down to the Colony record centre, just off Broadway, and bought half a dozen LPs, by people like The Doors and The Mothers Of Invention. He must have music in his room the whole time. In the evening we visited Jimi's old stomping ground, the Village, which looks rather like Soho with all the roofs off and the people spilling out into the open. Jimi pointed out the Café Wha? where he used to gig with people like Dylan.

We ate at a restaurant called the Tin Angel, met a couple of the Mothers, and moved on to the Au Go Go club, where we stumbled on what, as far as I'm concerned, was a phenomenon. The man concerned is a folk singer called Richie Havens. He sings with every nerve, emotion and feeling in his body until the sweat runs down his dark face and forms drops which glisten on the edge of his beard. He sings of love and war and hate. Occasionally he breaks into light conversation with the audience, of things that matter.

"I see they've stopped that war in the Middle East – I'd like to know what we have to do to stop the one in Vietnam." Someone in the audience suggested: "Send over 12 Israeli officers!" Some people believe that Richie may one day rival Dylan. "He's worth listening to hard," said Jimi, and I heartily endorse that.

Walking around on the outskirts of the village with Jimi dressed in multicoloured floral jacket, white trousers, emerald-green scarf and gold medallion embossed with the words "Champion Bird Watcher", we discovered he had obtained the honorary title of "the man most unlikely to get a taxi in New York". I'd like to say a word about New York taxi drivers, but I can't think of one rude enough.

Wednesday

Today brought Eric Burdon and a trip up the River Hudson in the evening with millionaire Deering Howe – a friend of Chas – in his yacht, The Egg And Us. Also aboard was the Young Rascals drummer, Dino Danelli. Somewhere among the festivities we lost Eric, who reappeared around 6am informing us he had been to "Hell's Kitchen" – one of the more notorious of New York's areas.

In spite of the lack of success of "When I Was Young" in England (it reached Number 15 in the US charts), Eric firmly believes it was his best record. "I've put the old blues scene right behind me," he told me.

Thursday

We left for San Francisco and our departure was marked by one of those spectacular last-minute appearances by manager Mike Jeffery, who appears dramatically everywhere at the last minute and disappears just

as dramatically. Jimi had a little sulk when he discovered I had left his *Mad* magazine in my room at the hotel, but he got over it. We stayed overnight in San Francisco and early next morning set out to find an "indestructible" guitar for Jimi.

"I need a Fender," explained Jimi. "It gets used pretty hard in the act and they are the only make which will stand up to it."

We failed to get the model Jimi wanted but somehow he later acquired a guitar in Monterey. It was the wrong colour but he remedied that by spraying it white and drawing swirling designs all over it with a felt pen. We arrived on Friday morning at the motel – flying out from San Francisco. Also staying here is Dylan's manager Al Grossman, who assures us that Bob is fully recovered from his accident and we can expect a new single soon. The motel has become a kind of festival circus in the last few days, with Animals on motorbikes – Vic Briggs has acquired a monstrous great car which he just leaves parked outside his room and never drives. Barry Jenkins keeps pointing his camera at anything that moves and Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell from the Experience plunge in and out of the pool with hot and cold running girls in tow.

Friday

After only one day of the first Monterey Pop Music Festival organised by musical giants Andrew Oldham, Lou Adler, John Phillips and assisted by that genteel PR Derek Taylor, it is quite obvious that they have an enormous success. Those not appearing on the show last night but

present in various guises were Micky Dolenz dressed as a Red Indian chief, Byrd Dave Crosby as a cowboy, Brian Jones in a mind-shattering gold lamé coat festooned with beads, crystal swastika and lace (he looks like a kind of unofficial King of the Festival) and Peter Tork, who came most emphatically as Peter Tork.

Jones – gliding ethereally about among the fir trees on the picturesque fairgrounds decorated with huge coloured balloons, lights, fruit stalls and booths selling all kinds of "beautiful" things – told me: "I don't think The Beatles will be coming now – I rang Brian Epstein last night and he says they are recording over the weekend. Just before we came over I played a tenor sax on one of the new tracks they have cut

and Paul sat in on one of our sessions. This is really a great scene here – all the kids are so nice. The people are so polite and just come up and talk to me and say they like the way I'm dressed."

In spite of Brian's prophecy, everyone is hoping The Beatles will arrive, most especially Micky Dolenz, who told me how much he loved the *Sgt Pepper* album. By 9pm on the opening night there were about 8,000 official spectators and 2,000 unofficial in the auditorium. Milling around the grounds and booths outside were approximately another 10,000, and those who could not even get into the grounds must have numbered 20,000. The whole atmosphere is one of gay carnival where everyone wears bright coloured scarves, gay hats or brilliant swirling patterns on their dresses.

John Philips officially announced the Festival open at 9.15 and The Association took the stage.

The PA equipment here sounds like an eight-track system and is about the best I've ever heard. The Association provided some slick patter and good harmonies with numbers like "Cherish", "Windy" and "Along Came Mary". The Paupers, who followed them, have a fantastic bass player and some interesting sounds – they shot to fame here while playing gigs with the Jefferson Airplane. The first of the English representatives was Beverley [Kutner, later Martyn] – a good friend of Donovan and Simon & Garfunkel. She sang prettily and was well received. Peter Tork made a surprise appearance to introduce Lou Rawls, a big blues artist here whom he knew from his old days playing in the Village. He was well appreciated by the rhythm-and-blues enthusiasts and had one couple grooving in the stage pit to something I'm told is a new dance – the Funky Broadway. Frankly, I did not expect to enjoy the new Eric Burdon with the new Animals – I was too fond of the old one – but it was a revelation! With a group called the Headlights doing unbelievable psychedelic lighting effects behind them, which pulsated to their music, they were rapturously received.

Out here on the West Coast, Burdon is regarded as the last of the British "big ones" from the big boom period – apart from The Beatles, that is. His

"I need a Fender – it gets used pretty hard in the act"



Jimi Hendrix at Monterey, before bringing his version of "Wild Thing" to a fiery conclusion

great strength is that he believes devotedly in his new progressive music, with just the sincerity which he once felt for the blues scene. His is a musically honest group, and as one member of the audience said to me: "He's getting to the truth, and that's what I'm here for."

Simon & Garfunkel poured beautiful sounds into the night like "For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her" and "Homeward Bound" – they deserve far greater recognition in Britain.

Saturday

The second act of "Music, Love and Flowers" was performed today and warm rain is falling intermittently upon these fairgrounds where blues and jazz bands are blowing electric feelings out upon the Californian air to the enthusiastic thousands. Most impressive of the bands playing this afternoon were Paul Butterfield, The Electric Flag led by breakaway "Butterfield" guitarist Mike Bloomfield on lead guitar, and Big Brother And The Holding Co.

The latter boasts a vocalist who sounds like a female Eric Burdon. This is no mean feat when you realise the girl moves and sounds like the old Eric Burdon but manages to retain her femininity. Quite a girl is Janis Joplin.

By evening the festival officials were looking a trifle worn and Derek Taylor (who but an Englishman could have handled the American press with such a mixture of literate charm and abuse?) had resorted to a sign in his office window reading "I cannot relate to your problem" and left for other parts.

The performance began well, with Booker T & The MGs presenting some inspired organ material. Then we got The Byrds. Pleasant are the sounds of "My Back Pages" and "Eight Miles High". The Jefferson Airplane explained convincingly with music why they are one of the most important West Coast groups to recently emerge. Soft and lovely sounds from vocalist Gracie Slick. Otis Redding topped the bill and deservedly so – he tore the stadium apart with a power-packed delivery of numbers like "I've Been Loving You Too Long", "Satisfaction" and "Try A Little Tenderness".

Sunday

The highlight of the Sunday afternoon performance was a "musicarathon" by sitarist Ravi Shankar. A three-hour session of patterns in sound in which at no time did the master's fingers leave his mind! No wonder astute guitarists like George Harrison are trying to fathom the musical depths of this incredible musician.

Tom Smothers of the Smothers Brothers compered the evening show in brilliant deadpan humour. The opening act were the Blues Project, who

US smash, but surprisingly an even bigger reception for "My Generation" sung with vocal dexterity by Mr D-d-d-daltrey.

Pete Townshend's mini pop opera was also featured and the finale was a "beautiful" explosion of amps, guitars and microphones. Keith Moon managed to kick another drum set to pieces – Pete destroyed his guitar by smashing it on the stage and John knocked a mic or two over as a concession. Smoke poured from the amplifiers and the whole auditorium rose to its feet in amazement – then the applause broke out. It won't take long for the word to go round about this episode and then everyone will know who's Who in the US.

Brian Jones came on stage to introduce The Jimi Hendrix Experience. Hendrix then proceeded to completely shatter everyone within "digging" distance. The area around the backstage areas filled up faster with musicians than for any other act. For a man yet to have a big record in the US, Jimi created a fantastic impression. His biggest successes were "Foxy Lady", "Like A Rolling Stone", "Purple Haze" and "Hey Joe", but the showstopper was "Wild Thing"

What an extraordinary job he makes of this number. There was a generated excitement right through every bar of this last number, and having extracted the last ounce of life from his instrument, Jimi did the human thing and had it exterminated.

This he managed à la Who by smashing the guitar and flinging it to the audience. It is fitting tribute to the Mamas & Papas that not only could they follow "that" but they could top it. In five years of watching top pop groups I have never been so impressed by four people. Papa John in his long velvet cloak bejewelled with stars looks like a genie or wizard – Mama Cass is the kindly fab fairy – Papa Denny a court jester and Mama Michelle the Princess.

It is impossible to do full justice to the sight of and sounds of this group in print – seeing and hearing is believing, and even then it is difficult to believe the beautiful harmonies on numbers like "The Joke's On You" and "Spanish Harlem". To really understand what they were singing about on "California Dreaming" you have to be here or have been here. "It is to this number," Mama Cass assured us, "that we attribute our enormous wealth." Cass referred to her "ex-amore" John Lennon, who liked the number she was about to sing, "I Call Your Name". Although one almost expected a leap on stage in a puff of smoke from the Devil-Beatle, we were disappointed.

No Beatles at Monterey but many beautiful songs from the Mamas & Papas, from "Monday Monday" to the last rousing choruses of "Dancing In The Street". The festival is now over – a good time was had by all.

Keith Altham •

MELODY MAKER POP 30

- 1 (1) **RELEASE ME** Engelbert Humperdinck, Decca
- 2 (3) **THIS IS MY SONG** Harry Secombe, Philips
- 3 (7) **SIMON SMITH AND HIS AMAZING DANCING BEAR** Alan Price, Decca
- 4 (20) **SOMETHING STUPID** Frank and Nancy Sinatra, Reprise
- 5 (2) **BELEWEISS** Vince Hill, Columbia
- 6 (9) **I WAS KAISER BILL'S BATMAN** Whistling Jack Smith, Doram
- 7 (10) **PUPPET ON A STRING** Sandie Shaw, Pye
- 8 (5) **THIS IS MY SONG** Petula Clark, Pye
- 9 (4) **PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER** Beatles, Parlophone
- 10 (15) **MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS** Val Doonican, Decca
- 11 (6) **GEORGY GIRL** Seekers, Columbia
- 12 (13) **I'LL TRY ANYTHING** Dusty Springfield, Philips
- 13 (8) **ON A CAROUSEL** Hollies, Parlophone
- 14 (11) **THERE'S A KIND OF HUSH** Herman's Hermits, Columbia
- 15 (18) **LOVE IS HERE AND NOW YOU'RE GONE** Supremes, Tamla Motown
- 16 (12) **DETROIT CITY** Tom Jones, Decca
- 17 (24) **IT'S ALL OVER** Cliff Richard, Columbia
- 18 (21) **TOUCH ME, TOUCH ME** Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, Fontana
- 19 (17) **SNOOPY VS THE RED BARON** Royal Guardsman, Stateside
- 20 (14) **GIVE IT TO ME** Troggs, Page One
- 21 (16) **HERE COMES MY BABY** Tremeloes, CBS
- 22 (19) **I'M A BELIEVER** Monkees, RCA
- 23 (22) **AL CAPONE** Prince Buster, Blue Beat
- 24 (27) **I CAN'T MAKE IT** Small Faces, Decca
- 25 (28) **KNOCK ON WOOD** Eddie Floyd, Atlantic
- 26 (→) **ARNOLD LAYNE** Pink Floyd, Columbia
- 27 (23) **PEEK-A-BOO** New Vaudeville Band, Fontana
- 28 (→) **YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES** Dave Clark Five, Columbia
- 29 (25) **MELLOW YELLOW** Donovan, Pye
- 30 (29) **IT TAKES TWO** Marvin Gaye and Kim Weston, Tamla Motown

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"The MM knows what's going on"

MM APRIL 1 The *Maker* takes on the chart fixers.

THIS WEEK THE *MM* prints a Pop 30 on page 2. Previously we have printed a Pop 50. Why the change? To put it bluntly, there's a nasty smell at the bottom of the chart and the *MM* feels it's time something was done about it. The chart is supposed to reflect the sales of single records across the counters of Britain's record shops. The *MM* takes great trouble to ensure it does.

But there are unscrupulous men in the pop business. Men who can reap rich rewards by getting records into the chart unfairly. These men have been at work in the bottom regions of the chart where, because of low single sales, it is easier to get a record in unfairly. The *MM* will continue to compile a Pop 50. But only a Pop 30 will be printed. In this way experts can scrutinise new entries, investigate sales and feel sure that when a record gets into the Pop 30 it is there through legitimate sales.

The *MM* knows what is going on. The *MM* knows how it's done. The *MM* knows the people involved. We advise artists and managers who believe that talent and ability are the things that count to have nothing to do with these people. Because if we find evidence which proves an attempt has been made to tamper with the authenticity of the chart, the record involved will never appear in the *MM* chart.

We also advise anyone in the music business who is approached by these men to tell their trade associations immediately or, in confidence, to tell the *Melody Maker*. A great industry is being smeared by the skulduggery of a corrupt few. The *Melody Maker* is taking steps to stop it NOW. *The Editor*



— SINGLES — REVIEW — MAY —

MM MAX 6 Hedir cap urth ge entle flow of life *The Beach Boys* cash in.

THE KINKS *Waterloo Sunset* (PYE)

The Kinks have taken a well-deserved, and obviously reflective, breather from the recording scene, but here they blossom again with that evergreen Kinks sound, noticeably matured, becoming more subtle and less aggressive. This is another colourful Ray Davies composition swaying along with all the hooks and hallmarks of a Top 10 disc.

JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE *The Wind Cries Mary* (TRACK)

Slowly, but oh so positively, the Hendrix Experience begin to find themselves and discover their best musical medium. This brand-new A-side is their finest sound to date, displaying Hendrix in his true flying colours - a lyrical poet combining the deepest feelings with an overpowering, all-enveloping atmosphere and presence. This is no hard-sell, ram-it-down-their-throats pop record for the masses - it's the gentle flow of life. If music plays an important part in your life - buy this record. Maximum points to all concerned.

THE BEACH BOYS *Then I Kissed Her* (CAPITOL)

Dear Mr Simon Dee, I believe, treated listeners to a few verses of this new Beach Boys release and then quickly cut in The Crystals' original recording. Basically The Beach Boys have done nothing to the Crystals version except give it the characteristic full-bodied harmonies and campus-clean sound, plus a bit of Brian Wilson backing churning away in the background. This single has been lifted from their *Summer Days* album, which most Beach Boys fans will have bought already. A big hit because a lot of people won't have the album, but surely The Beach Boys don't need the royalties, and we would rather be patient and sit back to wait for Brian Wilson's newest masterpiece. This is really an unnecessary release. The thought of hearing this record throughout the group's British visit is boring!

CHRIS FARLOWE *Yesterday's Papers* (IMMEDIATE)

Chris tries his hand at another Jagger-Richards composition after his last attempt with Marriott-Lane's "My Way Of Giving". This creeps along and must be one of Chris' strongest chart contenders since "Out Of Time". The production by Mick Jagger is very nice, building and creating interest, with that underlying Spector feel ever present. Catchy number and it deserves to hit the charts.





“A hundred different directions at once”

MELODY MAKER JUNE 3

The Maker salutes the “jolly approach” of *Sergeant Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

WHO ARE THE Beatles’ greatest influences? Some might consider them to be William Byrd, Richard Strauss and Ravi Shankar. We humbly guess at George Formby, Lonnie Donegan and an elderly lady school teacher image, locked deep in the Beatles’ collective memory. The Beatles have always loved telling a tale, sometimes sadly, sometimes with wry humour, often mixing depressing sentiment with chirpy bounce in the grand music-hall tradition.

And odd women constantly crop up in Beatle song themes. It was Eleanor Rigby on the classic *Revolver* album. This time it’s “Lovely Rita” on *Sergeant Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Rita is a female traffic warden, or “meter maid”, for whom Paul McCartney (bass) expresses the desire to take out for tea. Rita is obviously one of those iron-lipped, jack-booted femmes fatale who stalk unwary



motorists, and whose very iciness contains a sensual allure. The novelty of an ode to a lady traffic warden is typical of the whole jolly approach of *Sergeant Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

Whatever the influences at work on the Beatles band, the lads have brought forth yet another stage of entertainment and achievement so solid and inspired that it should keep the British pop industry ticking over securely for another six months at least. Already

several of the tracks on this 13-song album are being feverishly covered by other artists, from Bernard Cribbins to David & Jonathan.

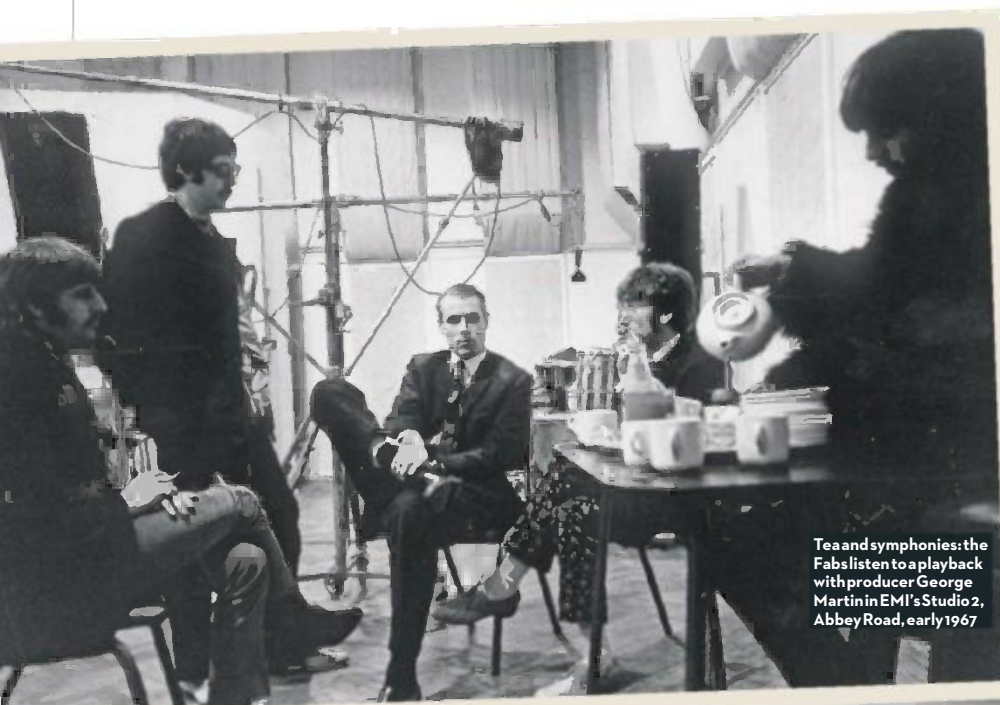
It’s all presented like one of those phoney “live” LPs with dubbed applause and laughter coming in at the oddest moments, but the

effect is used with subtlety and is not allowed to spoil the musical content. Some astute listeners have concluded that the faintly self-mocking undercurrent that runs throughout might indicate that this is The Beatles’ last album. We

“It should keep the British pop industry ticking over for another six months at least”

can only hope that phrases heard on the album like “we hope you enjoyed the show” are simply references to the work in hand.


From the title track, which has Paul blasting away some James Brown soul, through to the final “A Day In The Life”, which features John, Paul and a 44-piece orchestra, song after song prove The Beatles – creatively speaking – are bursting into a hundred different directions at once. Yet all the music retains the Beatle stamp of humour, sorrow, sympathy and cynicism. For example, Ringo sings a deadpan vocal on “With A Little Help From My Friends”. “Being For The Benefit Of Mr Kite” is a tale about a trampoline expert. George entertains with some hot sitar music, and Paul does his George Formby bit on “When I’m 64”. “Good Morning, Good Morning” by John is an observation on the ritual conversation gambits of those who have nothing to say. The Beatles’ new album is a remarkable and worthwhile contribution to music. Now let the boring controversies begin! *Chris Welch*



Tea and symphonies: the Fab listen to a playback with producer George Martin in EMI’s Studio 2, Abbey Road, early 1967

1967

APRIL - JUNE



“I’ve got tapes which would blow your mind”

A major new record is still in production. Carl Wilson is threatened with the draft. Their record company are releasing old tracks. Still, Bruce Johnston keeps **THE BEACH BOYS’** reputation aloft, charming Frank Sinatra and praising Brian Wilson’s work. “It’s a quiet record,” he says of *Smile*, “like everyone’s sliding around in socks.”

— NME MAY 27 —

NONE OF THE Beach Boys seemed very pleased about their new single when I visited their dressing room before a concert and their eventual departure to Europe. Bruce Johnston said: “It’s really ridiculous. The record is in no way representative of the kind of thing we are doing now – or were doing even a year ago. This is not the music that won us the *NME* award as the World’s Top Vocal Group. I’ve got some tapes at home of the new tracks to be on the *Smile* LP which would blow your mind. All the ideas are new and Brian is coming up with fantastic ideas all the time.”

Mike Love, who had replaced his pipe with a cigar stub, puffed luxuriously and hugged his pretty, petite wife Suzanne against his kneecap – leastways that’s approximately how high she seemed to stand next to him. Mike was not amused with the ‘Then I Kissed Her’ success either. “The record company did not even have the decency to put out one of Brian’s

own compositions,” he said. “The reason for the hold-up with a new single has simply been that we wanted to give our public the best and the best isn’t ready yet.”

Smiling, walking, talking Dennis simply shook his head when I mentioned the single and said “Wow!” – which he seemed to feel was sufficient comment from him. Then he asked my assistance to balance three Coke bottles one on top of the other. “Positive thinking,” he explained. “If you think you can do it, you can do it.” He did.

Carl sat silently and thoughtfully in one corner with his wife Annie, echoing the thoughts of the others. It was a shame that an old track had been issued as a single when brother Brian was working on some really important tapes in the studio back home.

Without wishing to sound presumptuous, I would say that Carl is one of the few pop stars I would unquestionably believe to be a conscientious objector on religious grounds. He has previously spoken to me of his religious feelings and his sincerity concerning “love of his fellow man and abhorrence of violence or killing” struck me as very genuine. »

Singer Mike Love (left) and guitarist Al Jardine attempt to tie up more loose ends while recording what's intended to be The Beach Boys' 12th LP, *Smile*



“Naturally I’m concerned about it,” said Carl softly. “But I believe people will listen to the truth. I sure hope so.” He shook his head sadly and looked very unhappy.

I took the conversation back to Bruce Johnston, who was full of his visit to Dolly’s club, where he had met Ringo and Maureen Starr the previous night. “Frankly, I was a little embarrassed to be receiving a world’s top vocal award from the *NME*,” said Bruce.

“I mean, to all of us there is only one number one and that’s The Beatles. I told Ringo about this and he said that was nonsense and wished us the best of luck in your poll again next year. I thought that was really nice.”

Dennis’ forecast: “Next year I bet anyone The Monkees win it.” But he found no takers.

Apart from the pseudo-single, The Beach Boys’ other big disappointment was the Musicians Union ruling which prevented them augmenting their act with the extra musicians they brought along from America. “That really burned me up,” said Mike. “All we were trying to do was give the British public the best possible value for money. I know this exchange thing operates, but when it means that the public must suffer I can’t see the sense of it.”

Dennis zoomed over to announce triumphantly that he had succeeded in positively thinking five Coke bottles one on top of the other and there was the sound of breaking glass in his wake, to prove that even that success was ephemeral.

When I left the room John Maus was talking quietly with Carl, as Carl’s beautiful wife Annie – no photograph could do her colouring justice – looked sadly on. The Beach Boys could do with some luck concerning the next single and concerning Carl with his fight against getting a “licence to kill”. The final irony of Carl’s plight seemed to be summed up by a fan letter with an enclosed “button” which bore the slogan – ‘Draft Beer – Not Boys.’ Hear, hear! *Keith Altham*

— NME JULY 8 —

NOT EVERYONE IS fortunate enough to be met on arrival at Los Angeles by a Beach Boy with Thunderbird and two pretty blondes – but this was my pleasant lot during a recent visit to the West Coast. Bruce was honorary chauffeur, guide and benefactor during my four day stay in LA and showed me Disneyland, the “in” scene in The Daisy club (members include Sinatra, Garland, Streisand and all those other stars you refer to by surname!) and Mike Love’s new home in Bel Air.

During the drive from the airport to my hotel he informed me of the latest Beach Boy plans. “There has been some talk of ‘Vegetables’ being our next single but as far as Brian is concerned it will still be ‘Heroes And Villains’. There are about six different tapes of this number about and now it is just a matter of selecting the right one.

“We are not working during the summer anywhere and I am taking the chance to go back to UCLA (University Of California, Los Angeles) to take some bass lessons – I’m the world’s worst bass player technically – and some extra tuition on piano. I am

personally returning to England for a short visit around September and I’m thinking of buying a flat in the Kensington area – are they expensive?”

Bruce is still genuinely disappointed that the group did not participate in the Monterey Pop Festival but puts the reason down to Carl’s involvement with the Draft Board and some differences of opinion over money matters.

On the second morning of my visit I was collected by Beach Man vocalist Mike Love, who arrived in his yellow, vintage MG convertible. Mike has something of a “Love” affair with antique or English possessions. He also owns a large white Jaguar.

We drove to his newly acquired home – he had only been in for two weeks – in Bel Air down a drive fronted by 80-foot-high palm trees and he showed me around.

The house is a huge level bungalow with a main lounge the width of an aircraft hangar! Antiques predominate, like the ancient jukebox with huge copper discs perforated with little holes which plays a tune after a penny has been placed in the machine. He also possesses a beautiful phonograph with a huge wooden bell inscribed across the front with the one word – “Edison”; this also functions.

The garden with the inevitable blue pool boasts a lemon and tangerine tree and is filled with flowers of all descriptions. This garden looks out onto a magnificent view of the Beverly Hills

and has a little country road running behind the back garden fence. “This place cost about three No 1 records!” Mike informed me.

It was at Mike’s house that I heard “Heroes And Villains”. His particular tape ran for about six minutes and the harmonies and melodies are as intricate and exciting as one would expect. The number sounds like a combination of “Good Vibrations”, “God Only Knows” and “I Just Wasn’t Made For These Times”.

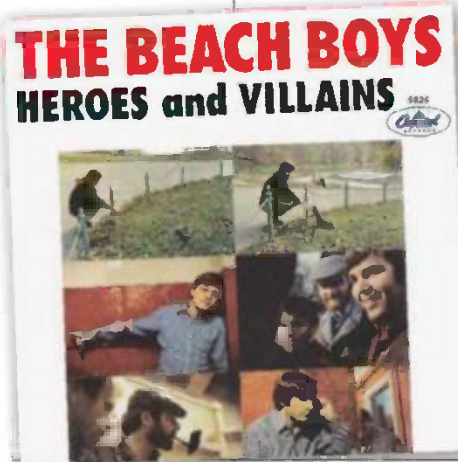
Where was the musical sorcerer who mixed this particular potion? “Brian is in Monterey,” said Mike. This was three days after the festival had finished. “He’s picking up the old programmes,” smiled Mike.

I got a full tour of the house with two vast bathrooms, “His” and “Hers” (being Mike’s wife Suzanne), and an introduction to baby Haley.

The following day embraced a trip to Disneyland, approximately an hour’s drive out of Hollywood, but the way Bruce drives, half an hour. Mr Johnston armed himself with a double portion of chocolate chip from the ice cream parlour and introduced me to the delights of The Jungle Cruise, The Small World and The Pirate Ride. The latter is Bruce’s particular favourite and contains huge underground caverns which you drift through on a little boat to witness working figures of pirates attacking towns, singing, drinking and fighting battles on the high seas. They walk, talk and scare the hell out of you.

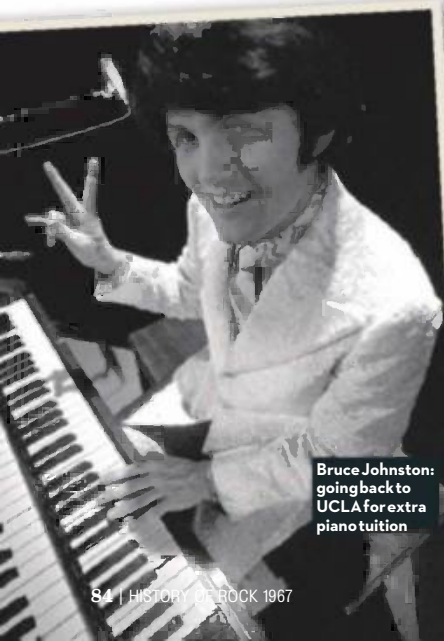
Our last outing was to the Luar, a vast restaurant which incorporates a miniature waterfall and stream which divided the restaurant in half. Mike Love was also dining there that night and Bruce became involved in a “drink fight” with a friend somewhere on the horizon. Offensive notes and exotic drinks passed between our tables until 13 rums arrived for us and we capitulated. Late that evening we fell into Daisy’s, a club for the Hollywood elite where Barbara Streisand and Bobby Darin were that evening – we also met our own Lulu over on her first visit and enjoying every minute.

“I was in here one evening while they were playing a Sinatra record about 2am, and I looked up and he was sitting over at a table on his own,” said Bruce. “When your favourite LP of all time is *Only The Lonely*, you don’t waste an opportunity to talk to a man like that. I went over and introduced



“We have an album prepared. To me it sounds finished”

GETTY



Bruce Johnston: going back to UCLA for extra piano tuition

The Beach Boys, "a group at the very top, but they're coming from underground too", according to Bruce Johnston (far left) - with (l-r) Al Jardine, Carl Wilson, Dennis Wilson and Mike Love



myself – he spent 15 minutes talking to me about The Beach Boys' records and I could not get a word in to ask about his."

I left LA as I came in – driven to the airport by Bruce. He told me of hopes he had to record a song of his own in the future – solo. "The only problem would be everyone would compare it with Brian's work, and with that kind of yardstick you have to be brilliant." *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 12 —

“GOOD VIBRATIONS” TOOK light years to complete – “Heroes and Villains” is The Beach Boys' new single and it took a long time too. But there's no need to sweat about it. Fans are getting their money's worth – as they have done from The Beach Boys for many moons now. Now the group is beginning to settle down – not in the rocking-chair sense – but in the hot humid, California-dreaming surroundings that America's West Coast offers its natives.

Brian Wilson is having a good time. Only “Brian doesn't relate to time; he keeps funny hours”, and the rest of the guys are keeping home with their family, except for bachelor Bruce Johnston, who “snooked” into Britain this week “to work”.

“You can't relax forever. I get bored just resting,” said Bruce. “I really dig to work, and man, we're not working again until October. That's why I've come over to England, because I can do some appearances on TV and radio interviews. Also I've got a group in America who want to come over here, so I'm doing some negotiation for them. I'm promoting, negotiating and vacationing.”

Unlike the last time when he came to England – accompanied by Kim Fowley – for a promotional trip, Bruce was feeling a little tired and was a little less forthcoming than usual. “There isn't much to report. We haven't done anything that you don't already know about over here. ‘Heroes And Villains’ is out here in a few weeks and we have an album prepared. Finished? Well, it sounds finished to me. I heard it a few times before I came over. It's a quiet record – like everyone's sliding around in socks. Definitely a listen-to-me record.”

The Beach Boys are criticised by some for the long gaps between releases. What does Bruce think about this? “Well, I don't think there will be any more gaps now. The gap between “Good Vibrations” and “Heroes And Villains” came because we were on a European tour, because we were involved in a lawsuit with our recording company in the States and because Brian decided to record ‘Heroes...’ again when we got back from the tour.

“He scrapped a finished version of the song and wrote it again. This version is completely different from the number he wrote first. We won't be doing so much work on the road in future and more in the studio. And now everything's a lot more peaceable.”

Talking of peace brought the conversation to Bruce's home in Los Angeles, where he's been surfing “to bring back the 1961 Beach Boys image”, he laughed. “No, surfing really is where everything started for me. It's more scary locked in an eight-foot wave – and that's not very big – than playing to 20,000 people. I guess it's because you're on your own with Mother Nature's big, big ocean right under your feet.

“But basically the conception of the Flower Power philosophy, which is healthy in California, is groovy. The trouble is, there are too many bandwagon jumpers and hustlers. But I'm glad Scott McKenzie has stayed in California and not been dragged over to England. It would have blown the whole thing out of proportion – it's better if it happens naturally. Music nowadays has made a lot of people think and try to straighten things out. There are a lot of kids who just don't think, but music sometimes helps them to sort things out. And you don't sort things out by shooting people.

“You can have hits and money and say peaceful things and love. I know all that sounds corny, but that's kind of what's happening. I really think there's been a change. I think that young people aren't so easily led, for one – they are questioning things. They are beginning to think about things that normally they wouldn't have thought about – usually because other people think about it for them.

“Brian Wilson? I think he's one of the contributors to the change, because he's reaching people and he's changing things. The Beach Boys are a group at the very top, but they're coming from underground, too.”

Nick Jones ●

1967

APRIL - JUNE



June 1967: hippies, students and the merely curious gather in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park to celebrate the start of summer

“There is a very laissez-faire attitude”

Open minds. Mixed media. Love, not violence. Some call it “Flower Power”, and in 1967 this new freedom of social/musical expression is chronicled in the music press. From its origins in San Francisco to its tenure in British underground clubs, MM explains its origins and, over the next six months, charts its trip. “If people want to lie on the floor, they can.”





Nite trippers: outside the UFO Club, held in the basement of 31 Tottenham Court Road, London, 1967

— MELODY MAKER MAY 27 —

AMERICA'S WEST COAST has always had a thriving popular music scene. Its influence has sometimes been more dominant than at others – but it's always there. The West Coast gave rise to The Kingston Trio, Glenn Yarborough, The Limelites and acts in that pop-folk vein. California has always been the home of the sun and surf – subsequently The Beach Boys. Climate undoubtedly has a bearing on the music scene – and the West Coast has a lot of sunshine. Recently the sunrays have been watching over the vast, and increasingly powerful, “hippy” scene. The younger generation seemed to have discovered a spiritual home in the West Coast.

There has always been an air of rebellion, revolution, freedom and fun there. Now there is fun to be had playing flower games, loving at Love-Ins, being in Be-Ins, freaking, happying, laughing (usually at the police) and in a kind of nonconformist way, conforming.

West Coast conformity exists. You can't really make the “hippy” scene without tuning in, turning on and dropping out somewhere along the line. Drugs, mainly LSD and marijuana, are an integral part of the scene. Apparently today's hippy must be expanded and experienced in the whys and wherefores of psychedelia, but it cannot be said that the products of this society are all “junkie”.

A *Billboard* headline of May 6 read: “San Francisco. A Cauldron Of Creative Activity. Can The Expanding Pop/Hippy Movement Turn The City Into A Major Music Centre?”

There has always been a link between drugs and music – pop music is no exception. It's not our job to moralise or anything else. We can only look and learn by what is going on in the West Coast – and the current scene is revolving around LSD and its derivatives. *Billboard* states that some 10,000 people will migrate to San Francisco alone to live among the hippies and their love philosophies, this sunny summer.

San Francisco, with its hippy community centred in the Haight-Ashbury area; with the psychedelic shops; with the Diggers, a loose organisation of hippies dedicated to providing free food, clothing, and anything else, for other hippies. With its weird, mystical, freak-out groups like The Grateful Dead, Love, Jefferson Airplane, and numerous others.

The West Coast – made out to be a kaleidoscope of flashing lights, freedom, sound, colour and love. A pop scene that has given rise to a new concept in pop posters – wild, art nouveau, optic nerve-knotting symbols. A pop scene which flows hand in hand with fashion. Gay, colourful, sexy clothes supposedly reflecting the gay, young, sexy and liberated people inside them. Cowboys, Mexican beads, Indian

headbands, hearts, flowers, shades of all shapes and colours, cloaks, badges; nice things to project the people's thoughts of beauty and love – that is the way the West Coast is moving.

Ballrooms like the Avalon and the Fillmore pack in an enormous cross-section of people, from rockers to freakers, dancing on sprung dance floors, bathed in rushing lights, flashing and darting around the ballroom. On stage it may be the Charles Lloyd Quartet, which Chet Helms of the Avalon Ballroom and Family Dog Productions calls “the first real psychedelic jazz group”.

The production company is called Family Dog because Chet regards his organisation as a family. Their interests go deeper than money. When Helms was in London last February he was stressing the importance of the light shows – for years a regular feature of all American happenings, but an idea only just catching on in Britain.

The Rolling Stones, The Beatles and The Who were the only three groups in Britain to carry lights with them. Few of our ballrooms are adequately equipped to present light shows anyway. This is a field that the Technicolour Dream organisation is looking into and hopes to

introduce into the British pop scene. Light and sound, audio-visual stimulation, is again a natural and enjoyable part of a “happening”.

But what of England? How will the West Coast scene affect us? Are we to see scores of drug-orientated groups raving incomprehensibly away on stage? Or will we get the scene together properly and only support the real talent that may arise from the psychedelic scene? It's time for the British teenager to start telling the British businessman what he wants; not weakly accept what is pushed down his throat like a TV advert.

It has always been left to people like The Beatles, The Who, the Stones, and now Jimi Hendrix, to liven up the British scene. Groups who are going to give us action. Groups who

happen and make us react and think positively. Pop music is an integral part of life for most of our teenagers. This is why it is up to the younger generation to start making themselves heard in the pop business – to start saying what they want instead of being preyed on.

It's time the British started to realise there is a lot of healthy fun and games to be had if they come out of their shells. We want big, fat Love-Ins, Free-Ins, Be-Ins, all well organised, preferably by young people (like the Monterey Pop Festival) who know where it's at. It's time for the audience to join in and become part of the scene. For too long British music fans have been short-changed by a bunch of small-time people who can't tell The Monkees from The Seekers.

Should such totally ignorant fuddy-duddies be allowed to control an essentially young culture? England has the resources, creativity and spirit to house a very free-thinking, doing, loving generation of people.

“The GLC just don't like people who wear bells and long hair”

Music is an important part of life and a deeply communicative art with a wealth of things to say. It's up to British youth to make sure it develops naturally, genuinely, and how they want it to. *Nick Jones*

— MELODY MAKER JUNE 17 —

CLUBS ARE ONE of the main bastions of the British pop industry. They support the whole unique group network and link a nation of fans. They cater for a vast range of tastes, from the psychedelic to the alcoholic, from hip London to swinging Birmingham and all points north, south, east and west.

In this, the first part of a four-week series investigating the various types of clubs and their groups and patrons, the newest and most bizarre clubs are described, at present confined to London. Fear of collective teenage activity has caused massive repression by the establishment in the past, and usually with just cause. Teddy boys, mods and rockers were all cults based on violence. They were in turn encouraged by the newspapers and films and at the same time violently condemned. But nobody had shown any alternative.

Today, in London, a new group of young people are emerging, who renounce violence, who prefer to create or participate than destroy or mock, and who want a collective society rather than a destructive gang; love rather than hate. Until these differences are noted, the new group will suffer the usual condemnation and we can expect a deluge of drivel from Sunday newspapers very shortly.

There will be "Hip Immoralists" or "Teenage Freaks" any day now, with demands to "stamp out this evil in our midst". Before this happens, let's coin our own much nicer phrase — "The Bell People". The Bell People of London, complete with jangling neck bells, already have their own headquarters, and UFO (it stands for "Unidentified Flying Object" or "Underground Freak-Out") is believed to be Britain's first psychedelic club. Other pockets of resistance include Happening 44, the Speakeasy and Electric Garden.

American Joe Boyd runs UFO in the temporary absence of co-founder John Hopkins. Says Joe: "We started the club in December and it's basically a home for groups who are doing experimental things in pop. The object of the club is to provide a place for experimental pop music and also for the mixing of medias, light shows and theatrical happenings. We also show New York avant-garde films. These can be shown and performed before a sympathetic audience. Among the groups that have played here are the Pink Floyd, Soft Machine, Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band, The Procol Harum, before they made the record; and now Arthur Brown is generating a lot of excitement.

Membership costs 15 shillings for a year and members pay 10 shillings an evening. They are allowed two guests at £1 each. It's a bit dear, but they get nine hours of music and several groups.

"The club has grown spectacularly and we've already had to close membership, so now we have got to find larger premises. The kids who go are not really the same as those who go to the Tiles or the Marquee. They are the London psychedelic crowd.

"The original group came from Notting Hill and Bayswater rather than Chelsea, and now, of course, we are getting a lot more observers rather than people who participate. There is a very laissez-faire attitude at the club. There is no attempt made to make people fit into a format, and this attracts the further-out kids of London. If they want to lie on the floor they can, or if they want to jump on the stage, they can — as long as they don't interfere with the group, of course. But the most important thing is not the people but the groups and experiments. We're planning to have a dance group, which will be very spectacular."

A member of the underground, Dave Howson, told me, "This is the underground club, and nobody else could organise a club like it because they are not on the scene. Before I was on the scene I opened a club called Freak Out Ethel and nobody came.

"The club is packed already but it won't spoil things if it gets any bigger. We're trying to get a place in central London which will hold 10,000 people where we will have cinemas and a theatre. It will be like the Technicolour Dream every week with 15 or 20 groups a night. But we are having the block put on us everywhere. Although the management at the Alexandra Palace admit we were the nicest people they ever had there, the Greater London Council won't let us use it again, or Olympia or the Royal Albert Hall. They just don't like people who wear bells and long hair.

"We are not fighting people. The whole essence is peaceful and the message is love. I wish they would understand and not get at us. It will

ARE YOU BEAUTIFUL?

ARE YOU A BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE?
TEST YOUR FLOWER POWER RATING
WITH THE MM'S HIPPIE QUIZ POSED
BY BEAUTIFUL BOB DAWBARN

- 1** You are booking the band for the Hunt Ball. Would you try for:
- (a) Sid Millward's Nitwits.
 - (b) Adge Cutler and the Wurzels.
 - (c) the Mothers Of Invention.
- 2** You want to give your girl friend a good time. Do you:
- (a) Take her to a Raul Shankar concert.
 - (b) Play the latest New Vaudeville single.
 - (c) Stay at home to watch the finals of Opportunity Knocks.
- 3** Do you buy your spectacles from:
- (a) an optician.
 - (b) an oculist.
 - (c) Fred Bogle's stall in Petticoat Lane.
- 4** At the weekly Love-in in the local church hall your bird fancies another man. Do you:
- (a) hand him a bunch of flowers.
 - (b) set fire to his sandals.
 - (c) strangle him with his beads.
- 5** Do you think the Flower People are:
- (a) Bill and Ben.
 - (b) the Hollies.
 - (c) ESP's Let's All Sing In Esperanto.
- 6** Does UFO mean:
- (a) Unidentified Flying Object.
 - (b) You Freak Out.
 - (c) Kindly leave the vicinity at once.
- 7** You find a Kaftan. Do you:
- (a) eat it.
 - (b) play it.
 - (c) give it to Graham Nash.
- 8** Does Free Hoppy mean:
- (a) You don't have to pay for the beer.
 - (b) Release one of Her Majesty's guests.
 - (c) Get your National Health wooden leg here.
- 9** A man with large boots and an Alcatraz dog arrives at your party. Do you:
- (a) Run like hell.
 - (b) Offer him a glass of fruit cup.
 - (c) Empty the ash tray.
- 10** Next Christmas you will buy your parents:
- (a) The Best Of The Bachelors.
 - (b) The Fred Scuttle Memorial Album.
- 11** Your ambition is to visit:
- (a) Siberia.
 - (b) H a c k n e y M a r c h e s.
 - (c) Haight Ashbury.
- 12** The Alexandra Palace Love In has been organised by:
- (a) the Young Conservatives.
 - (b) Gay Horn.
 - (c) the Harlem branch of the Ku Klux Klan.
- 13** The next Prime Minister should be:
- (a) Harold Wilson.
 - (b) Edward Heath.
 - (c) Siry Cream Cheese.
- 14** At the barber's do you ask for:
- (a) a shunt back and sub.
 - (b) a Jimi Hendrix cut.
 - (c) just trim it at waist.
- 15** Told to move on at Smokey's Corner in Hyde Park would you give the officer:
- (a) a bunch of flowers.
 - (b) a bunch of fives.
 - (c) an autographed photo of Sir Cyril Osborne.

HOW DO YOU RATE?

- ANSWERS: 1. (c). 2 (a). 3 (c). 4 (a). 5 (b). 6 (c). 7 (c). 8 (b). 9 (c). 10 (c). 11 (c). 12 (b). 13 (c). 14 (b). 15 (a). Your rating: 20-40: Keep reading Nick Jones in the MM. 0-20: Finish your pint of brown and mild and get back on your motor bike. 40-55: Your parents are glad you left home. 55-60: Paul McCartney is proud of you.

come, but it will take time. The establishment at least won't be able to cash in on the scene, because none of them know where it's at. It's not how much money and equipment you spend on a club, but the atmosphere.

"We're trying to get the pop business into the hands of the kids, away from those who have had it for so long. We're not starting an all-out war against agencies or anything like that, but we think we can give kids better places than the establishment can.

"We're not out to make money for ourselves. We're using it for bust funds, legal aid and to help *International Times*. *IT* always runs at a loss, but if it makes any money it will go to the National Council For Civil Liberties And Defence, an organisation for West Indians.

"We're also trying to set up hostels for people coming from all over England and abroad, and we're planning free buses from London to

Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow. Then we plan play areas for children and areas for free expression... we've got hundreds of ideas."

At the home of the underground last Friday, I found the premises situated quaintly enough at the Blarney Club, Tottenham Court Road, which immediately led me to suppose a large Irish contingent would be in fierce battle with the hippies, armed with Guinness, shillelaghs and show bands. But there wasn't a blue suit or Tony Curtis hairstyle in sight; instead happy young people waving sticks of burning incense, dancing Greek-like dances waving frond-like hands, with bells jingling, neck scarves fluttering and strange hats abounding.

There were pretty slides casting beams of light over the jolly throng, who stood or squatted in communion, digging the light show or listening to Love (the group) being relayed at sensible, non-discotheque volume. There were frequent announcements warning patrons to be cool and that the fuzz (police) might pay a call. In fact, two young uniformed constables did pop in and seemed wholly satisfied that all was well – and of course, all was well.

The Smoke didn't turn up as advertised, which caused some sad comments, but The Procol Harum, Britain's number-one group (yes, it's spreading) appeared and played two very enjoyable sets. A boy danced about playing some maracas, a fat girl wandered about spreading love and happiness by smiling cheerfully. Nobody swore, nobody sneered and nobody adopted threatening poses to bolster sagging egos, which we all remember is the general pattern of social behaviour by the vast bulk of Britain's youth in any number of conventional clubs and dance halls.

UFO is the major centre of the social revolution among Britain's youth. There is also the Happening 44 in Gerrard Street, Soho, run by two lighting experts who work at UFO. London's nicest discotheque, the Speakeasy, runs occasional light shows and features freak-out groups. Whilst floating through last week, with only a total of 10 hours' sleep and a few glasses of conventional alcohol, I dug The Soft Machine in action at the Speakeasy and noted considerable psychedelic effects, like the slides bursting into flames and the young musicians getting outside of their minds.

In contrast to The Soft Machine, who are loud, naive and entertaining, The Procol Harum are studious, sad and rewarding. Nobody can say the psychedelic groups are monotonous or unvaried. They represent a colourful, kaleidoscope scene at present rooted in London, but which may drastically alter the pattern of club presentation all over the country.

Chris Welch

— MELODY MAKER JULY 29 —

BRITAIN'S FLOWER PEOPLE had better get their orders in to Interflora. It looks as though there may be an invasion of real, genuine, 18-carat-gold hippies from San Francisco bringing beads for the natives.

The advance party arrives in London this week in the person of Danny Rifkin, co-manager of one of San Francisco's major underground groups, The Grateful Dead.

"I'm here just to look around," Danny told the *MM*. "We'd like to bring about 150 people from San Francisco, bands, light shows and everything, and do it for free in the parks and things. This is the way it's happening now – do your own thing rather than have some promoter do it. The bands in San Francisco now put on their own dances, and instead of taking the proceeds, they put all the money in a fund. We hope to raise enough to get over here and that people will house and feed us when we get over. We still work for money, but more and more we, and other bands, are playing in the parks for nothing. We haven't worked for money in San Francisco for four or five months – all the paying work is outside."

The Grateful Dead comprise Bob Weir (rhythm gtr), Jerry Garcia (lead gtr), Ron "Pigpen" McKernan (organ), Phil Lesh (bass gtr) and Bill Kreutzmann (drs), and their album, just released in Britain, has already done over 100,000 in the States.

The group, their two managers, equipment managers and fan-club organisers all live together in a house in San Francisco's hippy district. "We are leaving for New Mexico for a while," said Danny. "We will live on a mountain for a couple of months and straighten our heads out. Then we hope to come to England. In San Francisco the boys are kind of local heroes. The doors are always open and there is always a million people in



Next stop a London park to play for free?: The Grateful Dead at the Monterey Pop Festival, June 18, 1967

the house. You can't kick them out, but it's a tremendous strain. We feel it's just about time to split for a while and be with ourselves. Anyway, a change is nice. We went to New York about a month ago. It's much rougher there – a harsh place to live.

"San Francisco is a beautiful city – the climate is fine and the people are friendly. And the kids are getting together now – they are tired of all the old bull. They've found out you can be in the lower-income bracket and still have a good time. Being financially secure has nothing to do with being a good artist or having a good time.

"The hippies now have their own free housing, food, medical aid and legal services. A few months ago, The Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Quicksilver and Big Brother did a dance. We took 8,000 dollars and all the money went to the legal fund. So we now have a full-time lawyer if any of the kids run into trouble with the city officials. It's a real community thing and it could be the most beautiful scene in the world."

Parks apart, The Grateful Dead would also like to play more conventional dates in Britain – particularly in ballrooms. "For one thing, in ballrooms the sound is always better than clubs – in the States anyway," said Danny. "The PA systems in the clubs are usually horrible and then everybody is jammed in tight and probably juiced."

The Grateful Dead have been together for two years and three of them – Bob, Jerry and Pigpen – were together in a jug band before that. Their only single to date was, according to Danny, "a real bomb". But, he agrees, "a hit single would be great".

"When we play the album now we are not too happy with it, although it sold so well," he says. "It was recorded in four days. We did all the recording, the artwork and everything ourselves. Now we'd like to record in the open air. Playing outside, the sound is so different."

Whether or not you will see The Grateful Dead in your local park, you will have a chance to see them on BBC TV in September. "The BBC sent a camera crew to do a *Whicker's World* documentary on the hippies," explained Danny. "They were a real hip team. It should be a very good programme." Bob Dawbarn

— MELODY MAKER OCTOBER 28 —

LAST CHRISTMAS, ILLUMINATED by the gentle shining of Christmas trees all over London, came a UFO, an unidentified flying object, and it landed and it opened its door and lo, the air inside was good. UFO was a club. More than a club really, because it

was the first of its kind in Britain. UFO was the London youth movement, the underground, coming up for air.

Joe Boyd pilots UFO: "UFO had a very important function in that it was the kind of shrine or citadel for a lot of beautiful people, and that's probably the biggest shame in its closing really. But then again UFO was just a surface manifestation – like the clothes, the beads and the bells."

UFO may have closed, but its soul still lives with the beautiful people. Just what did UFO mean? Where did this mecca fit into the pop music world? And if UFO was needed, why, 10 calendar months later, has it closed down?

"We don't have any idea of what's going to happen next," smiled Boyd, "but I think when you reflect on what has happened over the last year or so, the changes the scene has gone through have been good. UFO was unique, when you realise that it was the only place where you could see groups who were doing new things – things that couldn't be presented at any other venues.

"The Pink Floyd originally began to work on their act at John Hopkins' Free School, and when Hoppy and I got UFO going in Tottenham Court Road we opened up with the Floyd, followed by The Soft Machine and then we had The Smoke booked in, as they were making it with "My Friend Jack". But they got stuck in Germany or something, so I rang up the agency and asked him to get another group as quickly as possible – and he sent down The In-Crowd.

"I was pretty nervous, you know, at the thought of some group called The In-Crowd – of all the names – playing UFO. But when they arrived at the club we were informed they'd changed their name to Tomorrow. And so they played – and so they blew everybody's minds! It was beautiful. Jimi Hendrix leapt up on stage and played bass and it was all very amazing – and we had them back every three weeks.

"Gradually the word started to spread and more and more of the hard pop core began to make it to UFO to see what was going on. The crowds got bigger.

"One very groovy night was that of the Stones court case, when Tomorrow were playing again. From 12 to about three o'clock, the club just emptied and went down to Piccadilly to demonstrate about the Stones' convictions. Eventually everybody went back to the club and at five o'clock in the morning it was absolutely jam-packed to the ceiling.

"When Tomorrow came on for their last set at this time the atmosphere was incredible. Incredible. Like nothing on Earth – there was just so much feeling coming from the audience. And then Twink of Tomorrow started going through the club with a portable microphone singing "Revolution now" – revolution now! It was really saying something.

"That night was the first night Tomorrow played 'Revolution'. After that, a friend put us on to Arthur Brown. Hoppy and I went down to this club in Mayfair, with Suzy Creamcheese. I think it was a motley crew if ever there was, and they didn't let us in!

"So our friend said he was very sorry and made copious arrangements and we trooped off down to Mayfair again the next night. This time we got in and there, downstairs, was Arthur Brown. We just flipped out and asked him to come to UFO.

"But even the UFO crowd took some getting used to Arthur! It wasn't until about the third week that Arthur really began to get through and got some ridiculously fantastic receptions back from the audience. The next milestone was two weeks in June when we had The Move and Pink Floyd booked, and had really huge crowds – unimaginable. And in that fortnight a lot of new people joined and we really began to get a higher ratio of people masquerading as flower people and began to lose a lot of our earlier supporters.

"A lot of people just stopped coming because they couldn't even get in – it was far too crowded. So we began to think about looking for a new venue, but we wanted to think it out carefully and planned to get a good place. In August the *News Of The World* came out with their "orgy" bit and the police started to put a lot of pressure on the Irish landlord of the premises UFO was using on Tottenham Court Road. So we were given four days' notice. I found out on the Tuesday that we were not going to be allowed to open on Friday.

"For a while Brian Epstein invited us to move to the champagne bar of the Saville Theatre, but some lawyers soon decided that the champagne bar of the Saville didn't really

suit a UFO. So we found ourselves at the Roundhouse. There were some really good nights there. But the Roundhouse has a high rent; the groups were getting more expensive, and we were forced to close down – for a while at least."

With this small stone the London underground made a gentle splash into the pop scene, and the ripples were felt all over the country. UFO was the forerunner of flower power. Flower power, originally, described a new mode of expression, and a freer set of experience-based values for youth of today. *Nick Jones*

— MELODY MAKER DECEMBER 2 —

FLOWER POWER IS dead in San Francisco – according to Graham Nash of The Hollies, who spoke to the *Melody Maker* in America this week. "It was killed by all the people who just weren't genuine," he said. "All the nice people have moved down to Mexico. All the real flower people have moved out of Haight-Ashbury."

According to Graham and Allan Clarke, The Hollies have "finally made it big" in America. After opening in Los Angeles, they have played Salt Lake City, Texas and Chicago, among the major cities, and on Monday flew to New York for 12 days. They will do three live shows plus a number of TV dates.

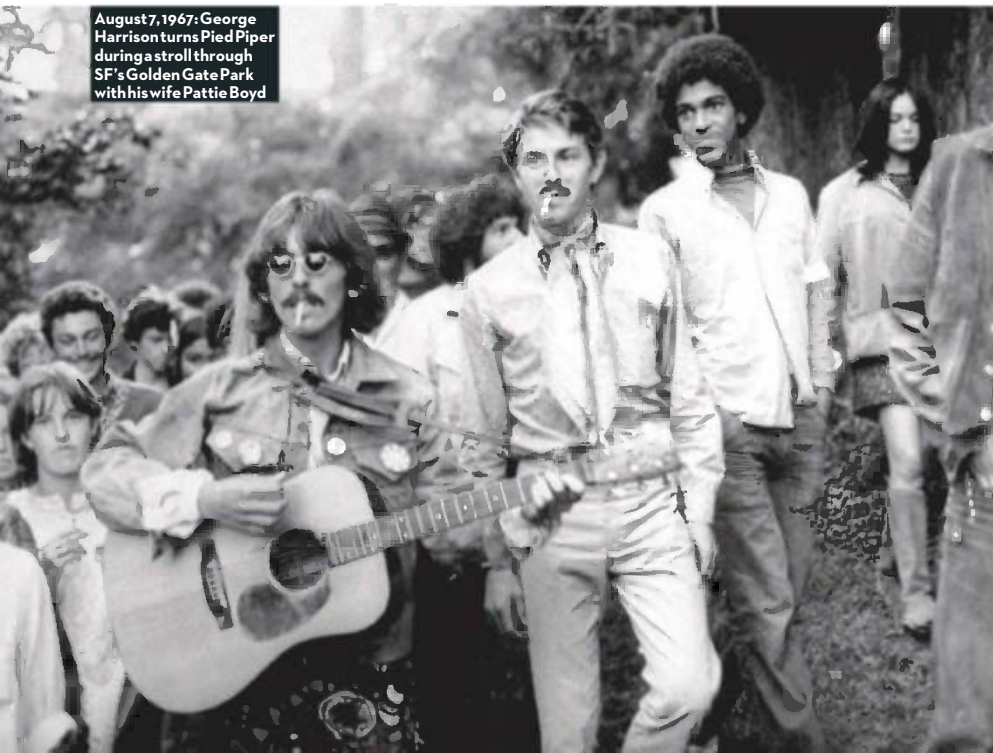
The Hollies had news of the Mamas & Papas. "I spent some time with Big Mama Cass," Graham told the *MM*. "She told me they are going back together to do one more album and then that's it. They won't be working together any more.

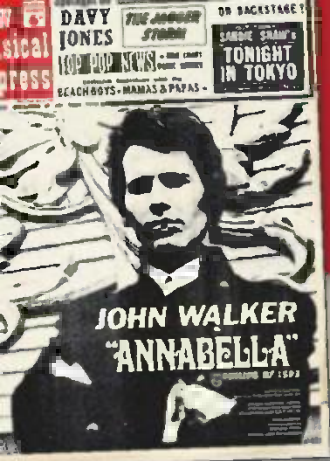
"I also spent some time with Donovan on the West Coast. He is doing tremendously well over here. He has really got across to America. We did a nice show in Texas with Simon & Garfunkel and spent some time with them."

Asked if America had inspired any Hollies compositions, Graham replied: "Very much so. We've got lots of ideas. I think we have the first four tracks for our next album and one or two things in our heads for the next single." Allan Clarke will be flying back on December 12 before the rest of the group, to move into his new house in Hampstead. •

"All the real flower people have moved out of Haight-Ashbury"

August 7, 1967: George Harrison turns Pied Piper during a stroll through SF's Golden Gate Park with his wife Pattie Boyd





1967

JULY - SEPTEMBER

FEATURING: RADIO ONE,
THE MONKEES, BRIAN
EPSTEIN & MORE





June 29, 1967: Mick Jagger is driven from court in Chichester to HMP Brixton

Are The Rolling Stones continuing as a group? “Of course”

A jail sentence for two band members cannot stop **THE ROLLING STONES**.

— **MELODY MAKER** JULY 8 —

MICK JAGGER HAS been sentenced to imprisonment for three months. He was charged with being in possession of four benzedrine-type tablets, acquired in Italy and recommended by the Italian manufacturers as a remedy for travel sickness. Mick Jagger has appealed against the conviction and sentence and has been granted bail until the hearing of the appeal. Because the case has aroused public interest to such a large degree, many national newspapers have passed comment. *The Melody Maker* has read them all and we find ourselves, a little surprisingly, handing not one flower, but a large bouquet to *The Times*. For last Saturday, *The Times* ran a leader on the Jagger case: objective, informed, and fair. Thankfully, it lacked hysteria. One of the most telling passages ran.... “If, after his visit to the Pope, the Archbishop of Canterbury had bought proprietary airsickness pills at Rome airport, and imported the unused tablets into Britain on his return, he would have risked committing precisely the same offence.” *The Melody Maker*, unmasked by *The Rolling Stones*, thanks *The Times*. *The Melody Maker* bows to *The Times*. *The Melody Maker* has a message for *The Times*: KEEP SWINGING! »

GETTY



Keith Moon and his wife, Kim Kerrigan, decry the prosecution of Stones guitarist Keith Richards

MICK JAGGER AND Keith Richards of The Rolling Stones were given prison sentences last week at West Sussex Quarter session, Chichester, Sussex. Jagger was sentenced to three months for illegally possessing four pep pills. He was also ordered to pay £100 costs. Richards was sentenced to one year for allowing his house, Redlands at West Wittering, to be used for smoking Indian hemp. He was ordered to pay £500 costs. Mick Jagger and Keith Richards were released from prison on Friday on bail totalling £14,000. They have appealed against the sentences. The date for the appeal hearing has not been set.

This week Leslie Perrin, publicity agent to The Rolling Stones, answered the following questions for the *Melody Maker*:

Why are the Stones not giving interviews?

Because we do not wish to do anything, say anything, which by reportage or interpretation by the reader may in any way prejudice the hearing of their appeal. We have no wish to turn this into a Roman holiday.

How does this line up with the fact they apparently gave an interview in the Feathers pub near Middle Temple last Friday? It was covered in Saturday's press. This was without our knowledge and frankly against our advice. We are most sorry that this was ever allowed to happen.

What is the position regarding the Stones and the demonstrations, the taking of advertisements, etc? This was covered in a statement issued last Friday after bail was granted and before Keith and Mick had been released from jail. It stated that The Rolling Stones could not, and did not, associate themselves with any demonstrations in whatever form. It added that the secretary of the fan club had been instructed not to participate in any such move and to discourage others from taking part.

Are The Rolling Stones continuing as a group? Of course. There has never been any doubt of this.

What are their future plans? No-one can say until the outcome of the appeals is known.

Can they carry on working? Yes. They can pursue their normal professional activities within the geographical limits imposed by the Appeal Court.

Have they a record ready for release? There is a long-player partly completed. The instrumental tracks have been put on. But it needs voice tracks. These will be added in the near future.



Scott McKenzie: "The new ideas have evolved over a few years"

"It is a state of mind"

NME AUGUST 5 "San Francisco" chart-topper Scott McKenzie debates the marketing of "flower power".

"I AM NOT A professional flower child," stressed Scott McKenzie over the transatlantic phone wire. "I'd rather carry a flower than a gun. But I do not like uniforms or the way certain people are packaging 'love' to be sold in the shops. I wish I had the courage to arrive in England with a conventional crew-cut, suit and tie, because the wrong emphasis is being placed on the explanation of what is happening out here on the West Coast. It is as Andrew Oldham has said - nothing to do with the way you look or dress. It is a state of mind!"

We were happily able to shatter another misconception held by a great many people - that Scott believes himself to be the Messianic figure among the "new generation" in San Francisco.

"The accent on peaceful thinking has been going on out here on the West Coast for a year. The new attitudes and ideas have arisen and been evolved over the past few years. I am pleased to have helped."

The good things coming out of the West Coast Scene are essentially a lack of hostility among men and a sense of brotherhood - not exactly a new concept, Scott agreed, but it is unusual to find it being practised rather than preached. "When John (Phillips, of Mamas & Papas) and I got together for 'San Francisco' we talked about things that we really believe in and it became a labour of love. Once we found the way, we knew the record would be big. It is the way people are thinking.

"I should hate to see these ideas become big business so that the truth is lost under the money to be made. Pop music has a tremendous opportunity to influence the way young people think, and if the message is really love and peace it can also be a great power for good."

Did Scott feel that maybe they could use a little flower power down in Detroit at present? "Taking the chance that I will be widely misunderstood, I would say that I know what the young white people are doing and I wondered what the young coloureds were doing. Now we know!"

During the Monterey Festival, Scott had occasion to watch The Jimi Hendrix Experience, who were last week removed from the Monkees tour for alleged vulgarity.

"I saw nothing wrong with Hendrix's stage act," said Scott. "It certainly never offended me. It was very exciting. Some people are finding difficulty distinguishing between deceit and truth. Lenny Bruce's act was the cleanest I had ever seen."

Scott is at present trying to fit in his life around the success of his phenomenal disc. Although he is hoping to visit England this year, the trip in September has been postponed. "At the moment my whole life is postponed," said Scott. "But I very much want to visit England and it will happen. At present we are trying to piece together more songs for another single and maybe an LP. I'm doing a lot of composing, but everything seems to fall short of the standards I set myself."

We attempted to fill in the lost years between Scott's being in The Journeymen, where he sang with Papa John, and becoming a solo artist. "Well, I did a lot of odd jobs and grooved around a bit," said Scott vaguely. "I did some acting for the Diners Theatre. I played a 50-year-old General in *John Loves Mary*, which was a hit on Broadway back in 1949. These shows were set in restaurant-theatres and they lowered the stage from the ceiling. I can just imagine the picture you are getting! Anyway, in the original production Ronald Reagan played the role I had!"

Which brought us nicely to the question - Reagan for President? "I think he believes he already is," Scott cracked, adding, "But God, I hope not!"

People who have only heard Scott sing on the "Frisco" disc are in for a shock, if he reverts to the style I have heard him use on earlier material. "That's my B-voice," laughed Scott, "'Frisco' is my A-voice. I don't want to slap any kind of label on the things I am going to do."

Which people influence Scott most in the composing field? "There are many, but I admire Dylan, Lennon and McCartney." *Keith Altham*



July 21, 1967: The Albert Ayler Quartet perform during a remarkable service for John Coltrane

A life supreme

MELODY MAKER AUGUST 5 New York. Musicians pay their respects to jazz saxophonist and composer John Coltrane, dead at 40.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY. Over a thousand friends, fans, relatives and jazzmen attended the funeral of John Coltrane at St Peter's Lutheran Church, Manhattan. Music for the service was played by Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler, who had composed special material for the funeral.

It began with the Ayler Quartet playing "Truth Is Marching In", and instead of a eulogy Coltrane's friend Calvin Massey read the long

religious poem *A Love Supreme*, which was written by Coltrane in 1965.

The coffin was flanged with flowers sent by Duke Ellington, Max Roach, Nina Simone, Stan Getz, The Horace Silver Quintet and many other musicians. The service ended with Ornette Coleman's Quartet playing "Holiday For A Graveyard". Coltrane was buried at Pinelawn Memorial Park, Farmingdale, Long Island. Among many friends at the church were Dizzy Gillespie, McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones, Jimmy Garrison, Archie Shepp, Charles Lloyd, Philly Joe Jones, Donald Byrd, Freddie Hubbard, Art Farmer, Sonny Stitt, James Moody, Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Don Cherry, Gerry Mulligan, Tony Williams, Clark Terry, Art Davis, John Handy, Booker Ervin and Kenny Burrell.

ABC Impulse plan to release Coltrane's last record in August. Only two days before his untimely death, Trane told ABC's Bob Thiele to title the album *Expressions* and name the four compositions "Expressions", "Offering", "To Be" and "Ogunde".

Coltrane had planned a European tour for October and his first trip to Africa to study the music.

"Too erotic"

MM JULY 29 Jimi Hendrix is let go from The Monkees' US tour.

JIMI HENDRIX AND the Experience have been asked to leave an American tour with The Monkees after protests from the Daughters Of The American Revolution that Hendrix is "too erotic".

A London spokesman for Hendrix said on Monday: "Hendrix has been barred from the tour and he quit last weekend. The Daughters Of The American Revolution decided his act

was too erotic for the seven- to 12-year-old audiences attracted by The Monkees".

The tour opened on July 7 and was due to go on with Jimi until August 20. Hendrix, who is American and formed the Experience in England, is now working with Mitch Mitchell (drums) and Noel Redding (bass) at the Cafe Au Go Go in Greenwich Village, and has several offers from other clubs. He returns on August 25.

His next single, entitled "The Burning Of The Midnight Lamp", written by Jimi and recorded in New York, will be released on August 18.


A British "happening" tour featuring Jimi and light shows and psychedelic groups is planned for later in the new year.



NEW YORK TIMES/REDDUX/REYVINE

1967

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“I won’t
explode,
will I?”

Too late! THE MONKEES return to England to play massive sold-out live shows. Keith Moon is there, and Brian Jones drops by with a dulcimer. “We’ve got Hendrix on our US tour,” they enthuse. “That should be interesting!”



— NME JULY 8 —

FRIDAY, JUNE 30: As honorary president of the “Unfair To Mike Nesmith Society” (“I Like Mike” badges are currently being minted), I was beckoned through the hordes of reporters and cameramen following The Monkees’ first British press reception at the London Royal Garden Hotel by the man voted “most likely to upset the press”.

“I don’t know why it is, but whenever they have a needle question it is always me they ask,” said Mike as we made our way up in the lift to the fifth floor, where a selection of hot and cold running security men, bodyguards, friends, road managers, sound engineers and various peoples made up The Monkees’ travelling circus. Here you will find managers Ward Sylvester – softly spoken, intelligent, tall, who smiles like Brian Epstein – and Bob Rafelson – good-humoured, deceptively relaxed, who speaks Nesmith’s kind of language and materialises when needed. Jim Edmundson is the American head of security, most cordial once you have proven why you were born – which is his job! There’s Alf, Mike’s personal chauffeur in England and vice-president of the “Unfair To Mike Nesmith Society”.

There’s David Pearl, Davy’s friend and a good man to have on your side of bad rows; Charlie, a sound engineer; Rick, a stage manager; Bob, a barber; and Marilyn Schlossberg, an American mini-skirted publicist with on-and-off volume!

In Mike’s room a brief post-mortem was being held on the press reception. “That wasn’t too bad at all,” said Micky. “Everyone kept a sense of humour, which was important.”

Peter loped into the room with a smile and announced that British TV had three channels and there was tennis on two of them. On being told Lulu was at the conference, Peter said: “I wish she had introduced herself – I saw her on the Johnny Carson late-night TV show in New York. She was very good.”

Then Tork then proceeded to play “Eleanor Rigby” on his guitar and eat from a bag of crisps which he insisted were “chips”. “Does anyone order fish and crisps?” he smiled happily. “I’m going to throw the entire English language into reverse.”

Mike was a little puzzled as to the reason for his being asked questions like: “Why are you so difficult?” “I seemed to have suffered more abuse at the hands of the English press than anyone,” he drawled (he drawls all the time). “Perhaps it’s because I have a high set of »

Torkshow: The Monkees meet the UK press with varying degrees of excitement at the Royal Garden Hotel, Kensington, London, June 30, 1967

standards for myself and I tend to react to anyone who falls short of my ideals. Anyway, how can you react favourably to a question like: “Why are you so rude?”

Enter gentle giant Bob Rafelson, who cheered all by informing them: “They’ve just pulled out half of our police guard because there’s been a shooting round the corner!”

Peter took a walk out onto his balcony across the hall to wave hello to the crowds gathered in Hyde Park. Mike declared: “I want to save myself so I can be attacked on the way to Wembley.” He further explained that he gets embarrassed when he steps out on the balcony and no-one screams. Mike revels in rolling around in his little old mud patch!

I offered to report his deplorable lack of fan mail. “Don’t do that,” he said. “I’ll just get a lot of letters saying, ‘Keith Altham says you don’t get any fan mail so I thought I’d write to you. Please say hello to Davy for me!’” We talked of comedian Bill Crosby, at present in the *ISpy* BBC series. The Monkees think he is one of the funniest men in the world.

“We went to see him in the Troubadour club in LA,” said Mike. “He overran the first house, so there were 300 people standing outside waiting to come in for the second. The manager said he would have to come off. Not Cosby. He invited the second house in with the first and had them standing on tables, chairs and sitting on the floor. It was the funniest performance I’ve ever seen.”

Of their Paris visit: “It was funny not being recognised. We filmed around the Eiffel Tower for one of the TV series and caused a three-hour traffic jam in the Champs Élysées. I got out of the car – lifted the bonnet and it came off in my hand. It was a bit of an anticlimax when we discovered our cameraman had run out of film while I had this *gendarme* jumping up and down with absolute fury.”

An official entered the room and announced it was time to leave for Wembley for the rehearsal and that we would have to go the back way because of the hundreds of fans.

Rehearsals were not without their difficulties and Peter’s public announcement that one amp was “picking sounds up right out of the air – which is why you can’t hear me singing a Top C” was regarded with amusement by the few isolated spectators.

Davy is getting in on the musical side of things now, but seemed reluctant to plug his bass in – “I won’t explode, will I?” – and there are plans afoot for him to take over on drums and allow Micky to come up front. Davy also showed me a flute he is carrying about with him, hoping to find time to learn it. About four o’clock, Mike suggested a visit to Radfords in Hammersmith to view his £3,750 mini, which he has had specially built. The car has everything from dark windows, stereo, sun roof, aeroplane-type seats and speeds of 110mph to a “no smoking sign”.

“I can’t stand someone smoking and it getting in my eyes,” said Mike. “I can stand the smoke getting in my sweater and making it smell. But what I can’t stand is someone smoking and just as he goes for the ashtray the end of the cigarette falls off all over the floor.”

We went out for a spin in the car and the rocket-like effects might best be described by Mike’s disjointed comments: “Holymatherogod, was that 7,000 revs?... This is the greatest moment of my life... She’d stay with an E-type up to 75 mph. Am I going to surprise a few people back home... It goes like a scalded cat... I’m going to surprise you – I drive like a little ol’ lady...”

Should you ever see a blacked-out Mini driven at around 70mph like a scalded cat – that particular little ol’ lady was Mike Nesmith, that was! This is Mike Nesmith’s seventh car and he also has contracted a six-seater Learjet aircraft. One of the limos he owns in Hollywood has a switchboard which can operate nearly every appliance and machine in his house from a distance of 20 miles; all the doors in Mike’s home open to the spoken word – “Love” – tuned to his voice alone. He also has a German shepherd dog called Frank.



SATURDAY, JULY 1: At the Royal Garden Hotel this morning the talk was mainly one of dissatisfaction with “first night hitches” and sympathy with the Stones’ sentence. “Well, I suppose we are all entitled to our convictions,” punned Peter Tork, but in his heart he saw little humour in the situation. The previous evening at the concert The Monkees wore black armbands in sympathy for the two Stones.

“When we showed Jagger’s picture last night during Davy’s ‘I Wanna Be Free’, the audience booed,” said Mike. “I can’t tell you how miserable that made me. I can only hope that they were booing authority and not the Stones.”

At this point Peter proudly produced a fan letter for Mike – a rare occurrence. Mike looked vastly impressed with his fan letter and read aloud: “Dear Mike, We saw The Monkees at the airport on Wednesday and my sister Linda touched Micky’s arm and then I saw you and threw up...”

“Hey,” said Peter, “let me see that! You’re not that bad looking. I don’t believe it.” The letter did not, of course, say this but it’s all part of the Tork-Nesmith off-stage variety act.

The telephone rang and Mike’s call to his friend Stephen in San Francisco was put through. It was 4am in San Francisco. “Stephen, listen carefully,” Mike rattled off. “You’ve got to be packed and ready to leave Ohio in two hours. My private jet will pick you up from there and fly you to New York, where you can pick up a Boeing 707, flight 237, for Paris. From Paris a helicopter will pick you up and take you to England. Now there’s a problem with you not having a passport ready, so we’re going to land you in a field just off St Albans. There’ll be two heavies waiting to pick you up in a jeep. Here’s Charlie.”

After passing the phone to Charlie, Mike watched for the reaction. “What did he say?” grinned Mike. “He said his legs have just dropped off,” smiled Charlie. The whole thing was a joke, but poor Stephen was really going for a moment.

Mike prepared to do battle for two Saturday concerts and sorted through his clothes, which he designs himself. For a reason that escapes me he told me that his newly bought Los Angeles house was previously called “Villa Antillo” and is now called “Arnold”!

I collected a backstage pass from him and we met at Wembley that evening, where he was shepherding three young fans from Derby about. They had just come down on the off chance of seeing The Monkees. Mike collected them outside the Pool, took them backstage and saw that they had a place to see the show!

Backstage, Davy was flitting around organising 40 friends and relatives he had bought down from Manchester by coach to see the show. “There is nothing quite like this,” he told me. “To be able to come back to your home country as a success and sing before your friends and family!”

Micky was busying himself in the drinks room, taking pictures and insulting Samantha – as only “good friends” can insult one another. His favourite phrases for her appeared to be “Get out of my life” and “You gungy bird”. The latter expression he has not the least idea the meaning of. It’s just another of his collected English slang pieces. In the dressing room, Mike and Davy were doing their Mr Tall and Mr Short routine. Davy was combing his hair and Mike kindly informed him he looked

“My voice is shot to pieces and if I lie down I’ll sleep for three days”



“It sent the mind reeling”

NME JULY 15 The Monkees' dizzy final show at Wembley Empire Pool, July 2, 1967.

“GIT YOUR MONKEE NUTS!” shouted a salesman as

I approached Wembley Empire Pool for the final Monkees concert on Sunday night.

“Luvverly, luvverly Monkee nuts!” He was doing a roaring trade selling bags of peanuts – though his business enterprise was outdone by another tout selling pin-ups of Davy Jones backed by Roy Orbison!

The atmosphere of excitement outside was tremendous – but inside, it seemed as if the tension and expectancy of the 10,000 crowd could burst the very walls. The heat was incredible.

By the time compere Pete Murray walked on stage my ears were already singing with the sound of the screams. In fact, with due respect to poor old Pete, I doubt if even he heard his introduction to the first act, Epifocal Phringe (formerly The Echoes). It says a lot for the Phringe that they managed to tame the audience for a while and win plenty of good reaction. The group has a gutsy, chunky sound that came over well on numbers like “Knock On Wood” and “Sweet Soul Music”.

Then came Lulu – whom I can only describe as absolutely terrific – and an interval in which Monkee-mania reached a pitch almost impossible to describe. The interval was almost over

when the whole building seemed to reverberate with screaming. A 20-yard queue outside the ladies' lavatory suddenly disappeared entirely as its members rushed back to their seats.

It was a false alarm. Keith Moon of The Who was in the audience, standing up and shouting. “We want The Who.” Most of the autograph books thrown towards him came dangerously near to clobbering Pete Murray.

Then it happened. The lights dropped and on to the stage bounced The Monkees, clad in wine-coloured suits with white sweaters. Mike and Micky were wearing black armbands in sympathy with the sentences on Keith Richards and Mick Jagger.

First number was “I’m A Believer”, with Davy looking surprisingly aggressive as he thrust his guitar towards the audience as he played. Shaggy-haired Micky thundered happily at the drums and Mr Nesmith (as usual) looked suitable weary of it all. The famous wool hat turned out to be a vivid blue. Davy took one of a large stock of tambourines he had by him during the next number, “Last Train To Clarksville”, shook it about a bit, threw it up in the air, missed it, watched it fall into the audience, and then took hold of another.

A photographer with cotton wool in his ears stopped taking pictures of a Monkee-fan mother and her Monkee-fan babe-in-arms, and snapped away at Davy

ecstatically. Micky was on the lead vocal; Peter Tork joined in. Really, it was more of a visual spectacle than anything else... the sounds from the audience all but drowned out those from the stage.

Trying to distinguish one number from another became near-impossible in most cases, and I have to confess that scenes like Mike Nesmith blowing peanuts out of his guitar gave me most of my enjoyment! During Davy’s solo number, “I Wanna Be Free”, we got that now-famous

“The whole building seemed to reverberate with the sound of screaming”

fun-shot of Mick Jagger projected on to the screen erected above the stage – although I noticed that for some strange reason, the fans reached an absolute paroxysm of delight when a picture of an old-fashioned seven-wing aeroplane flashed into view.

Other highlights were Davy on drums (and very capably); Micky’s marvellously funny impression of James Brown, which some of the younger fans seemed to take rather too seriously; Mike suddenly freaking out from beneath his gloomy exterior to



write about all over the place during “You Can’t Judge A Book By It’s Cover”; Davy in an immaculate black tuxedo and white open-neck shirt, singing a swinging “Gonna Build A Mountain”; Micky stripping down to a sweat-soaked yellow shirt and doing a compete somersault on the stage; a quick rendition of “Happy Birthday To You” for one of the production staff; and Davy and Micky thumping away alternately at a kettle drum during “Alternate Title”. Peter Tork didn’t seem to make too much impact at the performance I watched, although he did look highly proficient as he flicked through his banjo solo with great dexterity.

The Monkees’ closing number, “Stepping Stone”, was magnificent. I hesitate to use the word psychedelic, but the entire production and dizzy whirls of light seemed to crash at the senses and send the mind reeling. When it was finally, breathtakingly over, The Monkees ran off stage and we all stood for “God Save The Queen.” It didn’t seem the same somehow. *Alan Smith*

terrible. “I feel terrible,” said Davy, “I’ve been tired since last December – my voice is all shot to pieces and if I lie down I’ll sleep for three days.”

Davy had a few kind words to say about Lulu. “I introduced her to a few of my family and she signed autographs and things. Then I made an excuse for her and said, ‘Well, I’m afraid she has to go now because of the show.’ I thought maybe she would be feeling imposed upon. She said, ‘No, I don’t have to go.’ That’s my kind of person!”

After watching the show for the first time all I can say is that I have never seen four group members work so hard to entertain. Micky Dolenz’s routine is almost an endurance test. To pot with any other arguments – these boys entertain and that is their function. Davy’s main concern after this show, which they felt was a great deal better than the first night, was for his “double”. “I just hope they’re careful with him,” said Davy. “He’ll get killed.” The entire group left in a catering van.

SUNDAY, JULY 2: Once more unto the Royal Garden Hotel, where Brian Jones was now visiting with friends, having returned from Rome. The previous night he had sat around with The Monkees, playing a selection of guitars and dulcimers. In the Maze Room downstairs we breakfasted with Micky, who invited

Brian to the concert that night. The problem was finding somewhere where Brian could watch in privacy.

“We’ve got Hendrix on our American tour,” said Micky enthusiastically. “That should really be interesting! The bass player, Noel, he really knocks me out the way he looks. He was wearing some kind of white makeup in Monterey. He’s out of this world.”

Meanwhile back on the fifth floor Mike had discovered a letter from some girls who had booked into the hotel (£14 a day!) just in the hope of getting to see The Monkees. The letter he received from them also said they had to be out of the hotel by midday. “You know what time I got this?” said Mike. “02.15!” and he did not look too pleased about it.

Davy sent instructions down for a young lady in tears and hysterics in the park below his balcony to be bought up to see him. She was from Chiswick. She was frightened and she would accept only a Coke from Davy. Finally, he gave her two tickets for the afternoon concert and £3 to get to the show by taxi after getting all the group to sign photographs for her. All this was done quietly and without show or display. This was not the first occasion. I had seen this kind of thing in the three days The Monkees were here.

I am convinced these little acts of kindness were not for my benefit. The Monkees are very human! *Keith Altham* •

“They influenced me – and I influenced them...”

Days before his death, BRIAN EPSTEIN gives a remarkable interview. Topics include: drugs, marriage, sexuality, anti-Semitism, faith, suicide – and his critical role in The Beatles’ success.



— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 5 —

RECENTLY BRIAN EPSTEIN talked at length to *Melody Maker* writer Mike Hennessey. Because of the wide range of subjects outside music covered in these penetrating interviews, the *Melody Maker* may seem a curious vehicle for them. Yet while Brian Epstein, the manager of The Beatles, the most phenomenally successful artists in the history of popular entertainment, is well known throughout the world, far less is known about Brian Epstein the man. This remarkable series of interviews gives the very first in-depth portrait of the man behind The Beatles.

Your recent admission that you have taken LSD has been attacked by some people as irresponsible in that it may influence younger people to try the drug. What is your reaction to this? Let me tell you the background to this. Paul rang me one Saturday to tell me that he had admitted to the press that he had taken LSD. At that time I was very worried. I don't think I slept that night and I thought about it all the following day. Then I came up to London on the Monday knowing that

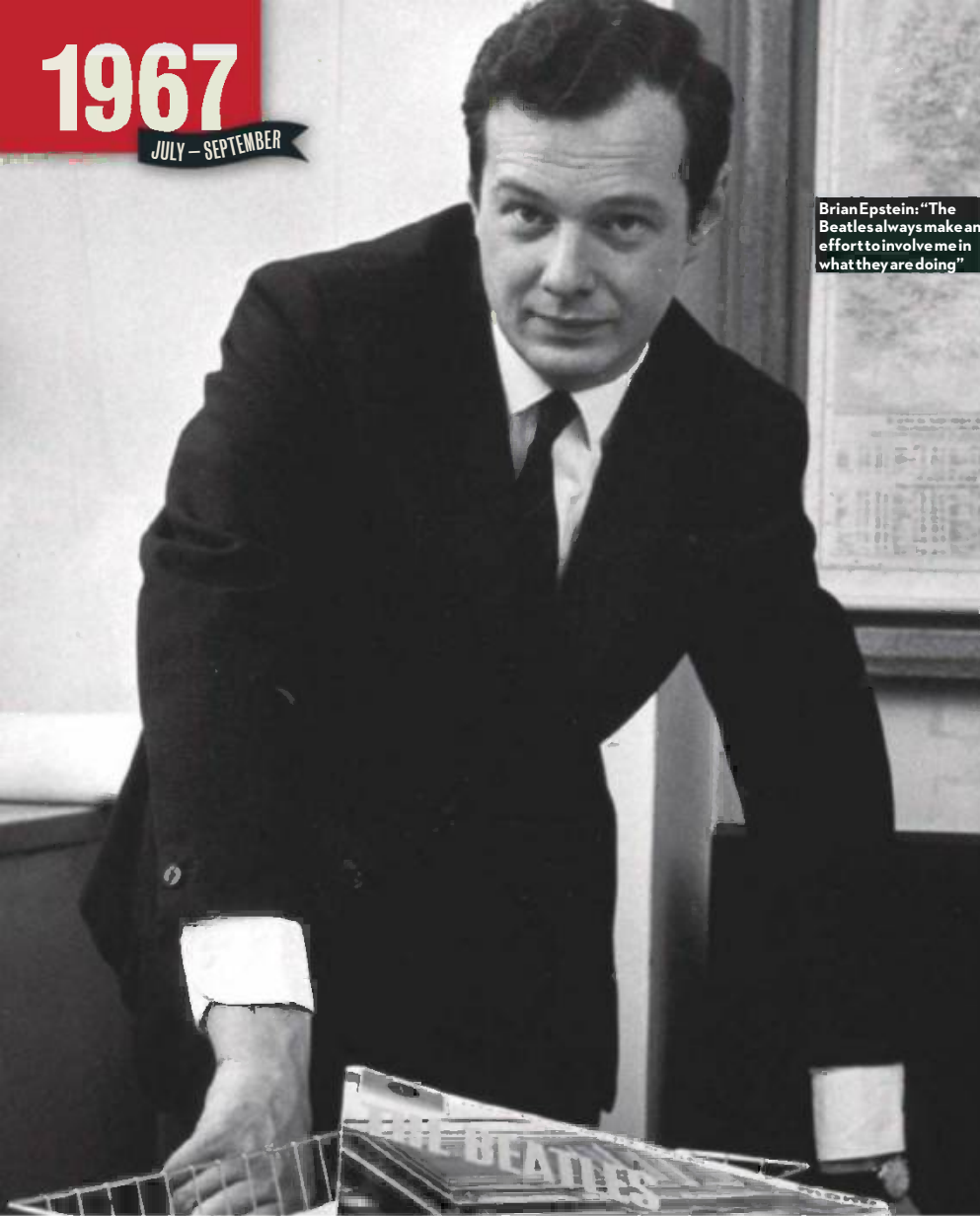
I was going to be asked to comment on Paul's admission. I finally decided to admit that I had taken LSD as well. There were several reasons for this. One was certainly to make things easier for Paul. People don't particularly enjoy being lone wolves; and I didn't feel like being dishonest and covering up, especially as I believe that an awful lot of good has come from hallucinatory drugs. People tend to think of the San Francisco hippies as dirty and unhappy, but in fact they are doing rather better things than the people who lead our nation. Coupled with my admission was a warning that neither Paul nor I advocated the general use of LSD by all and sundry. We issued a statement to this effect. So my intention was, to a certain extent, to warn as well as to own up. There is also another factor in this. We wanted to help the cause of The Rolling Stones. It is particularly unfortunate that they should have been scapegoats.

What made you take LSD in the first place? I'd heard a lot of good about it and I had sufficient understanding of it to know what I was doing. I had also read a lot about it.

Did you take it before The Beatles did? No. But we are a closely knit circle and we influenced each other. All five of us come from Liverpool and

Brian Epstein at Manchester's Granada TV Studios in 1964 with Paddy, Klaus & Gibson, a pop trio (featuring future Revolver sleeve designer Klaus Voorman) whom he added to his NEMS stable at Paul McCartney's suggestion





Brian Epstein: "The Beatles always make an effort to involve me in what they are doing"

drugs like heroin and cocaine, will try to turn their customers on to the more expensive and addictive hard drugs? The laws governing soft drugs principally create the danger. But the danger exists already with alcoholics who turn on to hard drugs. I think, however, that the danger is remote in the present context. None of the people I know who smoke pot are interested in harder drugs. They are certainly aware of the dangers involved.

Did you have no apprehension when you took LSD and smoked marijuana that you might become addicted? I did have some apprehension, but I took that risk. It was a calculated risk. But then I am in no way addicted to alcohol and seldom smoke cigarettes.

You know that LSD could have extremely damaging and sometimes fatal effects? It is true that LSD affects different people in different ways. Some people are supposed to have had bad experiences. There was a terrible programme on television the other night when a panel of so-called experts talked a lot of nonsense about the drug. People who have had a bad experience are really few and far between – certainly not as numerous as the people who have died from overdoses of alcohol. And in any case we don't know the details of these cases. They may have mixed alcohol with LSD. I certainly didn't feel I wanted to fly or jump off a ledge.

What did you feel? The feeling is too impressive and personal to convey in words. I know that I have sometimes had too much to drink and felt awful and unpleasant the day after. But I have never had a hangover from smoking pot or taking LSD. I think LSD helped me to know myself better, and I think it helped me to become less bad-tempered.

lived within a few hundred yards of each other. In fact, the circle is even wider because Neil, Mal, Alistair Taylor and Peter Brown are also from the same background.

How many times have you taken LSD? About five times in the last 14 months.

Will you take it again? I don't know.

Did you "turn on" in the first place because you felt the need for drugs? No, it was an experiment.

Have you ever smoked marijuana? Yes, from time to time. I really believe that pot, marijuana or hash – whatever you like to call it – is less harmful, without question, than, say, alcohol. I think there is a terrific misunderstanding about marijuana and its effects. So many people have said it must be bad that this verdict is accepted without question, and of course, there is the malicious association between drugs and pop music. I think society's whole attitude to soft drugs must eventually change. There is a parallel with homosexuality when that was a cardinal sin. Isn't it silly that we have had to wait all this time for the reforming legislation to go through?

Do you, then, support the provisions of the new bill which legalises homosexual acts between consenting adults in private? Of course! In fact, the majority of people do, I'm certain. You hear of very few prosecutions for homosexual offences these days.

To return to the question of soft drugs, do you not think there is a danger that the men who supply marijuana, who are also often pushers of hard

Is bad-temperedness one of your failings? Yes.

What are the others? Well, I reproach myself most often for being bad-tempered and for being mean from time to time. When I'm rude or mean to somebody it takes me days to get over it.

Which failings do you dislike most in other people? I dislike ignorance, pettiness and prejudice. On the other hand, egomaniacs don't put me off. I think I, myself, have overcome a very large ego, so I'm very forgiving and tolerant of egomaniacs. There are a lot of them about and some of them are very brilliant and clever. I think this is the one failing one must be tolerant of. I also dislike dictatorship, and I've never tried to dictate to my artists, although I'm aware that I command quite a bit of respect. The manager-artist relationship is one of mutual dependence, and one of the most perfect relationships there has ever been, in my experience, is that which exists between The Beatles and myself. If I'd been domineering or dictatorial they would never have accepted me and it would all have gone wrong. You have to allow for freedom. You can easily be cut down to

size in certain situations and you realise that humility is very important. When you waffle a great deal and it has no effect you realise that you have to modify your attitude.

Have The Beatles helped cut you down to size? Yes, they influenced me – and I think I influenced them. They are, after all, The Beatles. I also think that LSD has probably lessened my ego.

You once told me in an interview some years that ago that you were anxious to find some creative outlet. Do you still feel frustrated over

"I think LSD has probably lessened my ego"

this? Whatever may have happened in the intervening time, I have learned to live with the idea that I'm The Beatles' manager. I'm a creative person to a degree, but the biggest thing that has ever happened to me is The Beatles. I have overcome the feelings of frustration, but The Beatles always make an effort to involve me in what they are doing. And they do involve me. They wanted me to sit in on the TV thing, but I wanted to watch it come over on TV, so I wasn't there. And I'm still very nervous of cameras.

What is the thing you fear most in life? Loneliness. I hope I'll never be lonely. Although, actually, one inflicts loneliness on oneself to a certain extent. *Mike Hennessey*

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 12 —

You said in the first interview that the thing you feared most in life was loneliness. Have you ever thought about marriage? Yes. Very often. I'd like it to happen – if it could happen. Apart from the companionship it represents, I would welcome it because I get very put out having to run two homes on my own.

Do you think marriage is likely in the immediate future? No.

Is that because of your attitude or because of a lack of suitable candidates? I think because of me.

What do you look for in a woman? Simplicity, understanding and a love that appeals to me.

Have you met no women with these characteristics? Of course I have – I've been introduced to many whom I would have liked to get to know better, but it just hasn't happened.

Are you happy in the society of women? Sometimes.

But you are fairly convinced that the prospects of your marrying are remote? I think the wish is slightly idealistic and unlikely to be fulfilled. But it is one of the biggest disappointments to me, because I must be missing out somewhere not having a wife and children. I would love to have children.

Coming from a Jewish family, have you ever encountered any personal anti-Jewish prejudice? I've been very lucky. But I think a lot of anti-Jewish prejudice is occasioned not by people who are anti-Semitic but by those who are affected by it. In other words, Jewish people sometimes have a defensive attitude because they expect a hostile reception. Funnily enough, I was with a man the other evening who commented on the fact that I was staying at a hotel run by Jews. "But I'm a Jew," I told him. He was very embarrassed and said quickly, "Yes, but the owners of that hotel are not very nice Jews." Well, they may not have been very nice. I didn't meet them. But if they were not nice it was not because they were Jews. There are unpleasant Jews, Catholics, Protestants and so on.

I believe you were asked to help the Israeli cause in the recent Middle East crisis and refused. Why? I refused to help because I'm as sorry for a wounded Arab as I am for a wounded Israeli. People fundamentally are all the same and I can't discriminate between Israelis and Arabs.

Did your refusal to help upset your Jewish friends? I think Bernard Delfont and Cyril Shane, who were among many who particularly asked me to help, were somewhat surprised

at my negative reaction! But I can't help it. I feel that people should have no greater concern for the suffering of one race than they have for any other. I believe in and want to help, as far as I can, to understand mankind whatever colour, creed, religion or nationality. And I think this sort of philosophy, however broad and general it sounds, is the only basic one the leaders of the world can work from to attain world peace.

Is the Jewish faith important to you? Yes, naturally it figures necessarily in my thought. There are many beautiful and good things written in the scriptures and prayers, which I believe to be good and true. However, I find it difficult to accept religion of any kind in a ritualistic form. I find myself uneasy and unable to comprehend so much within the precincts of a Jewish house of worship. (Indeed the same would apply to any specific house of worship.) But because I'm of Jewish parentage I find myself respectful and tolerant. I love my family dearly.

Have you ever prayed? Yes, I prayed as a child. I loosely studied Judaism and other religions. At school I found myself interested in Roman Catholicism. I think that belief in life and God that ever prevails is better than ritualistic and religious praying.

Is there any justification for the frequent association of Jewishness with meanness? No, I don't think so. Everybody is a bit mean. I'm mean because although I know I've got enough money, I'll suddenly put the brakes on and think, "I can't carry on like this forever."

You have got a great deal out of life. What have you put into it? I have done what I can and will continue to do so. People who criticise me may have a point and may be sincere – but it doesn't really matter what they say. I know I have done my best. People get too wound up and serious. I've been rude to people in my life, too. But one discovers that it is quite unnecessary. During the very, very active period of Beatles management, I maintained as much calm and gave them as much of a boost to their morale as I could. I would agree that I was particularly lucky to have found them in the first place – but maybe it was destined to happen. That, to a certain extent, I believe.

“I suppose I'm left really, and I think I always have been”

Do you have strong political views? I am becoming more and more politically minded. I feel strongly about some issues, and the main problem, not only in Vietnam but throughout the world, is that politicians are not single-minded in their beliefs. So many politicians allow so many other pressures to bear on them, restricting truthful and honest thought.

Are you inclined towards the right or to the left in politics? I suppose I'm left really, and I think I always have been. ♣

HARRY BENSON/GETTY



With The Beatles – in Paris, 1965



25 June, 1967: preparing for the live satellite broadcast of "All You Need Is Love" at EMI's Studio 1, Abbey Road

What social reform would you most like to see? I would like to see more tolerance all round, more understanding and less ignorance by those who consider themselves the leaders of the country.

Do you think The Rolling Stones trial was an example of establishment intolerance and misunderstanding? I think it was an appalling mess which should have never reached the stage it did. On the other hand, maybe we will be grateful in the future that they were scapegoats. I really think the press interest in The Rolling Stones and drugs is in excess of the public interest.

You've had an immensely successful career, but has there ever been a period when you were filled with despair? There have been many instances throughout my successful, semi-successful and failure periods.

Would you care to talk about them? No, they are too personal.

Has any period of despair ever been acute enough for you to contemplate suicide? Yes. But I think I've got over that period now

Outside The Beatles and NEMS empire, what are your interests? I have a natural curiosity about everything. And at present I am very keen on Spanish things. Also I'm now very involved with my Sussex home, which I bought five months ago.

How much did it cost you? About £30,000. I moved in with just the hangings and the carpets and now I'm enjoying installing bits and pieces of furniture and pictures.

Where do you prefer to spend your off-duty time? Either in Sussex or New York. I'm greatly attracted to New York and feel great in that environment. It is a beautiful city. Fortunately, I'm also able to work from either place.

What do you think of the current Flower Power scene both here and in America? Flower Power is becoming a tiny bit of a drag. It's becoming

a cliché and a fashionable cult. I'm currently wondering whether the cult is not slightly akin to rock 'n' roll, Merseybeat, Swinging London and so on. Basically, there's a lot to be said for the general attitude, and if the move in this direction – which is toward love and things – could grow throughout the world, we might find this planet a better place to be living on. There is certainly nothing wrong with the attitudes expressed by the Flower Children. I think I've been a flower child all my life, but I hope the mood will progress and not become a commercial businessman's paradise, because then it defeats its purpose. There are some signs of this, but the attitude is so good, sincere and lovely that one cannot but help be happy to be in its midst. It's an international feeling, so I cannot differentiate. *Mike Hennessey*

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 19 —

I understand that your contract with The Beatles runs out towards the end of this year. Do you have the slightest doubt that they will re-sign with you? No, I don't. I don't think they mind how long I sign them for. A contract doesn't mean much unless you can work and be happy together. And I am certain that they would not agree to be managed by anyone else. Obviously I wouldn't (and couldn't) make them do anything they didn't want because of any legal rights I hold. Most of the time we think in the same direction anyway. And so we just groove along. In fact the principal value of a contract between us is really for the benefit of

the lawyers, accountants and all that scene, because those people always think these things should be "proved" on paper.

When did you first sign them up? In December 1961, after hearing them at the Cavern in November.

It is widely believed that you went to see them after receiving repeated requests for their records in the record departments you managed. Is this true? More or less. At the time I was getting very bored with what I was doing. I'd been selling records in my family's stores for about five years and had attained just about as

"I'd tried window-dressing, selling books, soldiering..."

much success in that sphere as possible. I'd tried window-dressing, selling furniture, soldiering, selling books in Charing Cross Road with varying degrees of success, and just about that time I was looking for something challenging and exciting.

You must frequently have been asked if you foresaw the tremendous success of The Beatles when you signed them. May I ask you yet again?

I never had any doubts that they wouldn't be huge. But I couldn't have seen the turn of events. I saw the potential of The Beatles without knowing how it would evolve. The timing was right as well.

If you had not met and signed The Beatles, do you think you would still have become a manager and impresario? I don't know. At 16 I wanted to be a dress designer, but it didn't happen. At 22 I wanted to be an actor, so I went to RADA, but I didn't like it. And then I started selling records and after that I met The Beatles.

How much do you think you have contributed to the success of The Beatles? Well, they are certainly not where they are today because of me, if that is what you are suggesting. But our good relationship has been a contributing factor. When people ask why The Beatles have been so tremendously successful they always expect one short answer. But there isn't one. There are hundreds of contributory factors.

Would The Beatles have been so successful if they had been managed by someone else? They may have been as successful, but I don't think they would have been as happy. I do know that I have always been straightforward and honest with them, and they appreciate this.

Do you take 25 per cent of their earnings? I certainly did at the beginning when I had more expense in promoting them. But now it works out roughly at a 20 per cent share for all five of us.

I imagine, however, that Paul and John, as composers, have the biggest incomes? Yes, I imagine that too.

There have been suggestions in the past that you used The Beatles to promote other artists. Is this true? In spite of everything that may have been said, this is absolutely untrue. I have never used them to promote other artists. I have always been perfectly single-minded about this and I must say, in fairness, that The Beatles have been easy to manage. If they had decided on someone else to manage them I am sure they would maintain the same faith and ideals. Faith and belief has existed mutually between us since the beginning.

Has the phenomenal success of The Beatles caused people to overrate your gifts as a pop Svengali? I think this used to happen more than it does now. I was simply showered with talent. But I am not looking for it any more. I have delegated all my responsibilities as agent and I think people have stopped overrating me.

People have referred to The Monkees as the biggest pop music sensation since The Beatles. How do you regard this claim? I think The Monkees have been a great boost to the music industry, but I don't think they can seriously compare with The Beatles.

Do you think a phenomenon like The Beatles could ever occur again? I think it unlikely in the same form or magnitude. When people refer to a group as being the new Beatles it doesn't worry me. It is the same as Bardot. She doesn't mind that there are 48 girls all being hailed as the new Bardot. But if another Beatles phenomenon does occur, I know that I'll be watching it rather than handling it. I've been through all the phases of management with The Beatles and that is sufficient for me. I'd like to go on with The Beatles and with Cilla, and I'd like to see Gerry happen. Naturally, I am also proud to be associated through NEMS Enterprises with other artists. Especially The Cream, The Bee Gees, The Who, Matt Monro, Donovan and so on. But I obviously could not deal with all NEMS' activities personally, so I've given these responsibilities to the people who I think are right for the job.

As well as successes, you've had your share of failures in artist management. How do you feel about them? I feel very sorry for the artists who didn't make it under my management.

Do you think in these cases that your judgement was at fault or was it the judgement of the public? I think mostly, in the past, I was at fault. Then there are other factors of young people growing up and not maturing and progressing as one would have liked.

Have The Beatles changed very much since you first met them? Yes, a lot.

A frequent criticism of The Beatles these days is that they have lost touch with the public who made them. What do you think of this? This is quite untrue. I don't think it is a good idea for them to talk in the press every minute. On the other hand, they have been quite open about a lot of things. Paul talked quite freely to the press recently. But there has to be somewhere that you can stop. There are 100,000 reporters who want to interview them. When we launched the *Sgt Pepper* LP we considered for a long time the best way to do it. Finally we decided to have a party at my pad. It was difficult to decide who to invite—we wanted people who were close to us and people who would spread the word. I suppose we had about 15 journalists there. It proved a good idea, because the story went round the world.

But will The Beatles be making any more concert appearances? Not in the usual form. But it is difficult to predict future developments. For instance, I couldn't have said 12 months ago that The Beatles were going to appear to the whole world to tell everybody "All You Need Is Love". As you know, The Beatles are working towards a TV programme for distribution throughout the world. They are also keen to develop ideas for a film. *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* has been a fantastic success. To date it has sold 521,043 copies in Britain, nearly two million in America and huge sales figures have been received from many other countries.

I think they would like to make a *Sgt Pepper* film. They have proved that they can do the sound part and now they feel they can tackle the visual part as well. They would like the film to come within our orbit and there are plenty of good people in NEMS who can help them with this. They want complete freedom to make it and create it in their own way.

Is it true that The Beatles are getting more and more outside help on their records and are less personally involved? No, they're not. Quite the reverse. They are more involved in the making of their records than they have ever been. I cannot emphasise the truth of that statement too much. Of course George Martin and others

play their part. But The Beatles are still the creators. They go to many of the mixing sessions and have maintained control over everything. As far as I am concerned, I believe in them more than ever. *Mike Hennessey*

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 2 —

BRIAN EPSTEIN IS dead and world showbusiness has lost its most spectacularly successful manager. The Epstein Interviews, as the series was called, were written by the *MM*'s Mike Hennessey. He knew Epstein over a long period. This week he commented:

It may seem lunatic to talk of failure in connection with a millionaire. Yet the impression I formed of Brian Epstein was of a man desperately wanting to be creative, to express himself artistically, but knowing in his heart he was destined for second-hand fame—the reflected glory of The Beatles, for whom his devotion and admiration were absolute. He wanted so much to be known as the fifth Beatle, but I'm sure he was only too aware that he could not match their wit, their creative genius, their inexhaustible inventiveness. "The Beatles," he said to me revealingly in our last interview, "always make an effort to involve me in what they're doing."

This significant remark is made more poignant by his further admission that his greatest fear was loneliness. Brian Epstein, a basically kind, sometimes petulant, always scrupulously honest man, had come to terms with the fact that The Beatles could have succeeded without him. And, although he had no inclination to put it to the test, he must also have wondered, "Could I succeed without them?" •

"The Beatles are certainly not where they are today because of me"

1967

JULY - SEPTEMBER



Keith Richards, Bill Wyman and Mick Jagger during the stop-start recording sessions for *Their Satanic Majesties Request* at Olympic Studios, South-West London

GETTY



“You don’t
‘drop out’
of work...”

MICK JAGGER is “not involved in the love and flowers scene”. Still, recent legal experiences have made him think deeply, resulting in new Stones single “We Love You” and songs for their next LP. “Think,” he says. “Try and size the world up...”

— NME AUGUST 12 —

THE NEW MUSICAL *Express* versus Michael Philip Jagger – Friday, August 4, 1967 in his manager’s chambers of high appeal – New Oxford Street, London – the right dishonourable Keith Altham presiding.

Firstly, the accused, having admitted his name (significant), appeared before this court with shoulder-length hair (most significant) and wearing a coat of many colours, patterned with psychedelic (highly significant) swirling designs. Jagger is accused of having performed “We Love You” in a public place and causing this and another song – “Dandelion”, which he wrote with Keith Richards – to be issued on the Decca label quite soon.

When asked why he had written “We Love You”, he replied: “It’s just a bit of fun. You’re not meant to think about it – it’s very funny, I think. I’m not involved in this ‘love and flowers’ scene, but it is something to bring

people together for the summer – something to latch on to. In winter we’ll probably latch on to snow!”

Can you explain to the court why a tape is played backwards at the end of this number and why the sound of warders’ footsteps and the clanging of a prison-cell door is used at the beginning of the disc? “The tape played backwards at the end of ‘We Love You’ is the last few bars of ‘Dandelion’, and we took the warders’ footsteps from an actual prison-sound-effects tape.”

Are you trying to make a mockery of the British legal system which might have imprisoned you had you not appealed to a higher court? The jury will note that the accused smiled insolently and refused to answer.

Is it not true to say that one of The Beatles, Paul McCartney, sings the high notes on “We Love You”? “Don’t ask me questions like that – you know we could not do things like that when we record for different labels. That’s Keith and I singing. Listen...” The accused sang a selection of excruciatingly painful high notes. ▶

Did The Beatles ever attend your recording sessions? “Yes, and so did John Bird and James Fox, and they’re not on the record either.”

Kindly explain to this court your association with “beautiful” people and name some. Then define the word “love” for us. “A lot of my friends are beautiful people – Paul McCartney and Marianne, to name but two. The word ‘love’ as we use it means an all-embracing emotion for the rest of humanity.

“What really concerns me is the violent action being taken by some people to deal with hippy meetings. I read somewhere that the police are to take stronger action dealing with them in the United States and that tear gas and guns will be brought in. I hope not, because these people they are dealing with are just not violent and that kind of action is not necessary.”

Do you approve of the action of dropping out of society and not working for a living? “You don’t ‘drop out’ of work – you drop out of things like the rates and unfair taxation. You ‘drop out’ of questionable standards accepted by the unthinking. Someone has to deliver the coal and the milk. I’ll deliver the milk for a day – it should be possible to found a society on the principle of helping others. People pay you back by helping you.

“I would like to see more freedom – there are too many restrictions upon personal liberty. Some of the groups in the US wanted to play for the kids in the park. The city ordinances would not allow them to play in the park. Ten thousand kids turned up in the San Francisco Park one day and the police could do nothing. That is what I would like to see happen here.”

Do you subscribe to the premise that ‘Beautiful People’ should not make money? “I don’t think it is any good having devoted your life to the pursuit of money, finding that you have gained no spiritual insight at all and all that you are left with is your money. Young people are trying to size the world up and get into perspective all those misconceptions they were taught at school. My advice is don’t be an engineer because your father was an engineer, don’t go to university because your father wants you to go to university, and don’t accept things at face value. Think. Try and size the world up.”

Do you intend to produce a disc for Marianne Faithfull? “Yes, I intend to produce a disc for Marianne, and some of the material we will record may be mine.”

Will we ever see The Rolling Stones perform live again? “If our film is not accepted by the BBC I don’t mind leaping around on *Top Of The Pops* to promote the record. Yes, we will perform ‘live’ again, but we are still completing our next LP. We’ve completed about half of the tracks and are still working on a number of others. I’m very happy at the moment and want others to be happy too. I think we can all look forward to much nicer things and people learning to get on with people.”

And so to sum up Michael Philip Jagger – you plead guilty to living your life in the manner you like, to saying what you like, thinking what you like and doing as you like. You have in the past been convicted of indiscretion, bad language, insulting behaviour, fighting and refusing to conform. You have been abused, criticised and misjudged. You are found guilty of belonging to the most heinous sect of all – the human race. Your sentence is commuted to existence! *Keith Altham*

— NME AUGUST 12 —

SPENT A VERY pleasant, restful Saturday afternoon with Bill Wyman at his house just outside West Wickham, where we looked for fossils in his back garden helped by Big Ears (a golden retriever) and searched for the catfish in his tank of tropical fish. Bill’s very big on the fossil scene at present – he had a pile of pebbles and shingle dumped in his back garden for a path and discovered that many of them were imprinted with fossilised sea life. “I took one to the museum but it was only 160 million years old,” said Bill disappointedly.

We spent some considerable time shooting at a target with his air rifle and examining his new Mercedes car. Almost reluctantly we turned to talking about the record.

“We Love You’... well, it’s funny,” said Bill, unconsciously echoing Mick’s words. “It’s last month’s message for this month! I had a good piece off one of the Goons LPs I wanted them to use for the sound of the prison gates at the beginning. We seldom all turn up together at the studio. The office just rings in and says we need you on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday



The Rolling Stones “We Love You” is not yet on sale but will be released in the next few days.

and I just motor on down. We generally begin recording around 11pm and go on to 5am in the morning. A great deal of the record is actually produced there in the studio – ‘We Love You’ was really a case of creating the music in the studio.

Although Mick and Keith had the basic idea for some time.”

We talked about the prospect of The Rolling Stones appearing again on stage and Bill was not exactly falling about with enthusiasm over the prospect. “It could happen – but it’s such a drag now. It’s alright leaping about the stage when you’re 20, but when you get to 25, 26 it gets a bit embarrassing. Mick feels that he is old enough to get into something new now. I know Charlie couldn’t care less, but if Mick and Keith suddenly decided on something I suppose we would do it.

“The other trouble is that the people we play to now are not really our audience. Our fans have got married and turned into a record-buying public rather than one which goes to stage shows. If they came now they would bring their husbands or something. We’d just get the curious and the kids brought by their mums and dads and it wouldn’t really be the fans to whom we owe so much. I know there have been talks about an American tour, but they’re all a bit vague. There was one possibility last year that we might do a tour with The Beatles – but that never came to anything.”

Bill is trying hard to break in on the Jagger-Richard composing monopoly and has submitted a song for the next LP which he sings and wrote. He played me the tape, and the song – which is a dream conception – has some extremely weird and interesting electronic effects.

“I was so embarrassed about putting my voice on tape that I waited until everyone had left the studio before doing it,” admitted Bill. “The idea for the song is about this guy who wakes up from a dream and finds himself in another dream. I’m very hopeful of it being on the next album.”

Bill has a room in his house completely devoted to his stereo equipment and sound-mixing machines. His particular interest is in a group called The End which he manages. “They’re making quite a name for themselves in Spain,” said Bill. “All the other groups go to watch them



July 30, 1967: Keith and Mick – both still on bail – and filmmaker Peter Whitehead in London filming a promo for “We Love You” loosely based on the trial of Oscar Wilde

and pinch their ideas. They are in the kind of bracket out there that Spencer Davis used to occupy here.”

Finally we took a look at Bill’s post for the week. He is getting some very weird mail indeed. Following the announcement that he is parting from his wife there was one postcard from a crystal gazer working off the end of a pier on the South Coast who congratulated him on winning his appeal (Bill was never convicted of anything!) and promised to bring his wife back for him. There was another gem from a gentleman who had a play for The Rolling Stones for which he only required the meagre sum of £5,000. Title of the play was *Black Trash* and it was all about a prostitute, but he affirmed that “There is a role for you too!” *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER AUGUST 26 —

“**STONES CASH IN** on psychedelic craze! Read all about it!” This was the dramatic headline that swam into Mick Jagger’s vision as he answered newspaper phone calls on a gloomy, wet afternoon last week. With the release of “We Love You” and “Dandelion”, The Rolling Stones are once more back at the pop grindstones, fingers on the pop pulse and rhythm at the ready, after their recent entanglement with British justice. And Mick was once again entangling with the British press.

“I just had the *Daily* _____ on the phone and they wanted to know if we were trying to cash in on the psychedelic craze with the new record. I mean – what’s it all about? I don’t know what they are talking about.”

Mick sounded faintly amused but not really surprised. As the subject for more public criticism and knocking, at the age of 23, than most people receive in private all their lives, Mick retains a remarkable balance and his sense of humour is still intact. But it was a more reticent Jagger who spoke of his future in pop. Some of the fire had gone out. One sensed that Mick doesn’t want to stand up and be shot down so often. “Be cool” is the phrase and Mick is

“It’s alright leaping about the stage at 20, but when you get to 25, 26...”

being cool. First Mick talked about their new double single, “We Love You” and “Dandelion”. “We did ‘Dandelion’ in November and the other one about three months ago. We put the jail noises on while we were waiting for the appeal. I really like it – it’s got a foreboding sound. The other side is really more tuneful.”

Are The Beatles on the record? “Oh! They can’t be on the same records as us as we have got different contracts. I don’t know how that got out. I’m sure you wouldn’t have thought it was The Beatles on the record unless someone had told you first. We do go to each other’s sessions, but this sort of thing makes it more difficult for us to do that.”

“I sing the lead and some harmonies. Brian played the Mellotron, Bill the bass and Charlie on drums. Brian was away when we did the voice tracks. The music is kind of freer and the kind of thing we are aiming at on the next album. We’ve been carrying on recording the album, but it has taken so long because of all this trouble we’ve had. Even while we were recording, it made us edgy, especially near the end.

We had just been getting into a nice recording groove when the court thing happened and messed us up. No, I wasn’t really scared about the verdict. It was just that it took up so much time, mentally and physically. I kept thinking all the time what I would have to do if Keith went to jail, or if I went to jail.”

How was Mick left feeling after his experiences? “I don’t feel bitter. I was relieved, but I soon got over the feeling of relief and now I’m trying to forget it. All my ideas have changed in the last few months.”

But Mick was over-anxious to elaborate on his changed ideas. What plans did the Stones have for appearances? “I’m trying to think of some nice place we can play. We’d really like to play outside. But it’s how to present it. We don’t want to do an Albert Hall thing again, but it would be nice to play somewhere we could do all our records with me jumping about and all of us playing and make it a proper show. Something like Monterey would be great, but you just can’t rely on the weather in Britain.”

Does Mick still want pop music to be his life? “It’s not my life! It’s a nice part of my life, but it’s nowhere near all my life. It’s just the part where I apply myself to pop. My life is nice. It’s very busy and I get up very early now. I get up at nine and when it comes to around two I start to feel it a bit. But I am leading a very ordered existence – too ordered. It’s all very enjoyable.” *Chris Welch*

— NME SEPTEMBER 16 —

THE TIMES THEY have a-changed, as Bob Dylan predicted – and with them, The Rolling Stones. There was a time when one approached a Mick Jagger-Keith Richard interview with fear and trepidation, as they lashed the backs of the establishment. Today they are older, perhaps wiser, and certainly kinder to the world around them.

Now, instead of the old “fab gear whack” routine and solicitous enquiries after Ken Dodd’s health, as I enter their recording studios I am met with smiles and an orange juice is pressed upon me by the ever-courteous Jones, while Keith remarks that he has not seen me in a long time.

“Please help yourself to a drink at any time,” smiles Mick, indicating the cardboard carton stacked with juices and cokes. Bill smiles a slightly sadder smile and only Charlie remains immortal, eyes wide open as he drums but seeing nothing, and talking still of Coltrane and Gillespie. He knows what’s “Watts!” Outside the studio are parked the Mercedes and the Rolls and the Aston Martin – the material results of five long, gone years’ hard work. “Stu” is still there – their big-hearted road manager, still leading with his chin (a formidable weapon), shirt ever agape revealing the hairy chest, and blue jeans displaying something new in psychedelic white patterns.

Brian moves softly about the studio in painted shoes, red-and-black striped trousers and huge brown sheepskin waistcoat which makes him appear like some bizarre troglodyte. Keith is clad in one of those unbelievable blue creations with many other colours that billow from his arms and fall in fringes almost to the floor. He sits tuning his guitar and appeals desperately to the ceiling, “Someone give me an E!”



May 19, 1967: Jagger and Glyn Johns, who claims to have taught the frontman "all his production techniques at his knee", in the control room at Olympic Studios

Jagger sits perched upon a high stool in the control room surveying the music makers with an indulgent air, his leg twisted about the lower struts of the seat and leaning forward so that his spine sticks out through the thin purple shirt. Marianne Faithfull sits cool and detached behind him, reading a copy of *A Treatise On White Magic*, from which she takes time out to talk a little with me.

"I love The Supremes' new record, 'Reflections', and Traffic's single," she enthuses. "Mick is producing some tracks for a new album for me – you heard one track as you came in, written by The Incredible String Band."

I expressed an interest in the small book in her shopping bag written by poet-philosopher Omar Khayyám and she gave it to me. The whole atmosphere in the studio was one of a friendly, unhurried meeting between five old friends who were not going to rush into anything that was not their best. There was hardly one discordant quote to ruffle the serenity, except when I deigned to mention The Monkees and The Beatles in the same breath and Keith's lip curled in the old familiar manner.

Mick explained a little of the new direction in which the Stones are moving, along with many other top groups. "It really began with The Beatles' *Revolver* album," said Mick. "It was the beginning of an appeal to the intellect. Once, you could tell how well a group was doing by the reaction to their sex appeal, but the days of the hysteria are fading and for that reason there will never be a new Stones or a new Beatles. We are moving after 'minds' and so are most of the new groups."

He played me one of their new compositions – "She Comes In Colours", which is augmented by strings – for inclusion on the next album and a 15-minute backing track where guitar, piano, tambourine, tom-toms, bass and drums are thrown together to provide what Brian calls, "India with a touch of *The Arabian Nights!*"



"The Beatles' *Revolver* was the beginning of an appeal to the intellect"

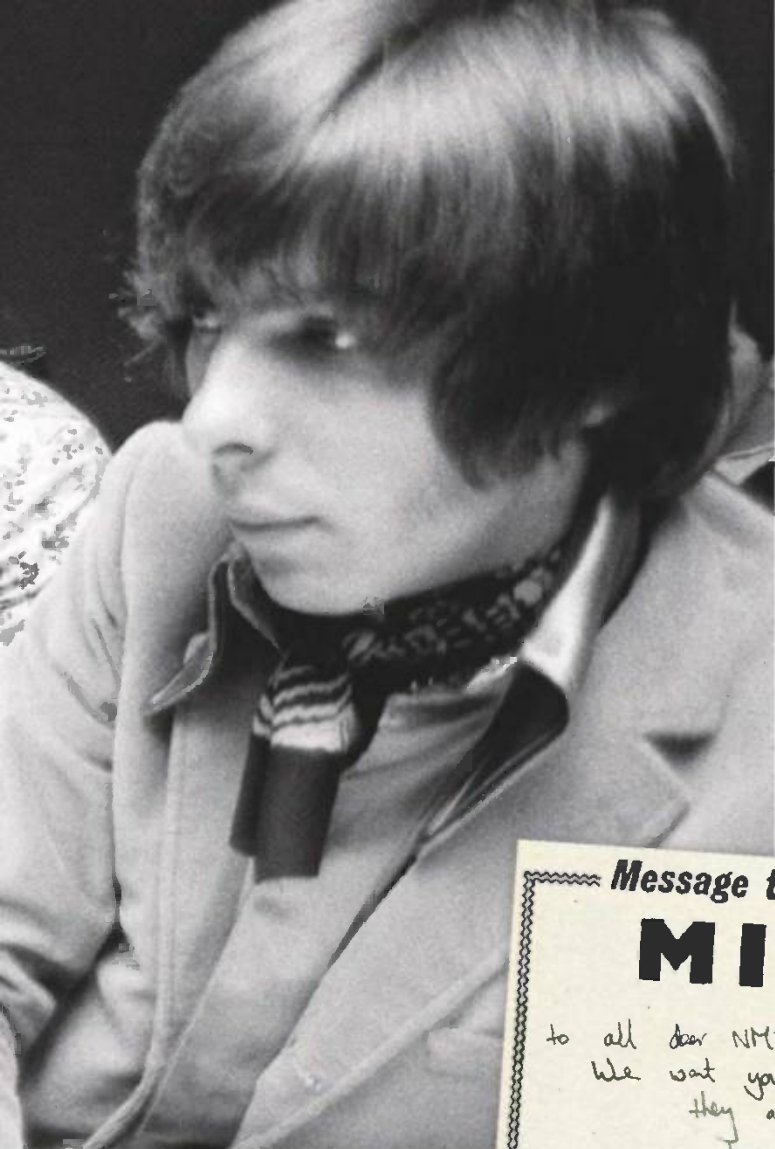
Brian was planning an excursion to Libya and indicated the glossy brochure he had bought on that country. "Look at these fantastic Roman remains," he enthused. "I'm going to find somewhere in the middle of the Sahara where there are no photographers."

As Brian left the control room, sound engineer Glyn Johns extolled the Stones' musicianship. "Brian's incredible," he said, "did you hear that harp on the last track? He played that – just picked it up in the studio. He came in last night and there was this little child's plastic ukulele lying around. It's almost impossible to get a tune out of those things, but he did. He seems to be able to play anything he picks up – from saxophone to dulcimer!"

A backing track was laid down and the Stones set about making music, with Brian isolated in one portion of the studio playing tom-toms. Jagger and Johns talked about "fixed and round sounds" and there was a brief hitch while some distortion was removed from Bill's bass guitar, namely Bill. He was apparently working too close to the bridge of his bass.

A Stones recording session nowadays begins about 7pm and rolls on until the early hours of the morning. "Stu" sends out for supper about midnight and quantities of pork chops and chicken are consumed along with pie and ice-cream. A great deal of their music is produced spontaneously in the studio as they improvise on a theme or idea that one or the other has created.

A strange assortment of people drift in and out of the studio, including policemen who lamely excuse their presence by, "I've never been in a recording studio before" or "Your door was open!" The Stones accept this in stoic silence and anyone who is not, as Jagger described it, "a terrific nuisance" is allowed to stay. At this session a well-known agent who they had not seen for nearly three years turned up in suit



and tie – looking as comfortable as a penguin in the Gobi amongst the present company.

He explained rather embarrassedly that there was this girl with him who wanted to “just see you – y’know?”

Jagger collapsed: “You don’t see us for over three years and then you turn up with the same old reasons – using us to impress your girl.” But he smiled and the girl was brought in and the Stones treated her kindly.

Just what is going to turn up on this next Stones LP is still somewhat confusing, but there are likely to be quite a few surprises. Marianne, for example, revealed that Mick has a book on nursery rhymes – “the ‘I was going to St Ives and met a man with seven wives’ variety” – and he was considering working some of them into the album. Brian Jones had a thing about some 1930s discs owned by his father on which there was an organist called Harry Foort. One particular title he mentioned was “Plum Blossom”.

In between times, Charlie talked to Mick of Mick’s meeting with Maharishi Yogi and wanted to know what Mick asked him. “Oh, about the Church and religion,” said Mick vaguely. Charlie was sceptical about the little portrait that Maharishi carried of his own guru. “It’s only something to help him remember he is carrying the thoughts on from another,” said Mick.

There was a heated discussion in the control room between Glyn Johns, who abhors bullfights although he has never been to one, and Brian Jones interceded on my behalf for the defence. “It is not a sport – that is an English misconception,” said Brian. “It is a spectacle in the same way a Greek tragedy is a spectacle – it is life as it is death and sad as it is happy.”

Glyn was not to be convinced that the spectacle of any animal in pain was a desirable one and Marianne finally made a profound remark about “nature at the mercy of mankind” and we all forgot the subject.

Keith had acquired a cap during the evening’s recording, with three badges resplendent on the peak. “The badge with the two white strokes stands for equal rights,” he explained. “The photograph in the other badge is of the Russian astronaut who was burned to death on re-entering the Earth’s atmosphere.”

The last badge depicted a latterday Hollywood blonde in surrealistic backgrounds – “And that,” said Keith, “is lovely Rita!”

Charlie entered the control room to conduct a bewildering conversation about a session musician with “perfect pitch” whom Glyn knew. Mick revealed that Glyn was shortly to be married. Glyn revealed that Mick had learnt all his production techniques at his knee. About 2am I made to go while everyone was still being so nice. Just as I left through the door the idea of asking Keith to insult someone, just once for old times’ sake, occurred, but I fear it would have been futile. This is the year of “the Nice” and saving Omar Khayyám’s memory – “The Rolling Stones having rolled – roll on!” *Keith Altham*

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 23 —

WHO PLAYED THE drums on The Rolling Stones’ latest single “We Love You / Dandelion”? “Buddy Rich,” says Charlie Watts, justifiably annoyed, this week. “That was a typical *Melody Maker* remark,” he added, referring to the *MM* pop singles review which queried the presence of Mr Watts on the record. The reason any doubt was raised was not because of the excellence of the rhythm accompaniment and the inference that Charlie could not thus be considered responsible – but because so many famous guests “sat in” on the session and the Stones themselves were in a state of flux and chaos when the various tracks were recorded.

Charlie was in the throes of house moving when he spoke to the *MM* this week.

“For the last three months I’ve been messing about with the house, and it’s been a complete waste of time,” said Charlie. “If I wanted to go and see anybody or do anything I couldn’t. The new house is only seven miles from the old one in Lewes and it’s got some land – not that I want to do any farming.”

How do the Stones feel at the moment about the record and all the scenes that have happened to them? “Our hearts are beating,” said Charlie do in his spare time, when the Stones aren’t working? “I’d like to do some writing – but I can’t find a pencil. Everything is in such a mess at the moment. I’d like to write more, and I read quite a bit.

I’m always doing something, but I don’t know what it is.”

Charlie sounded decidedly vague, then admitted he didn’t like interviews by telephone anyway, and that everybody’s remarks came out the wrong way to how they had been intended. Does Charlie feel at all cut off from the pop scene down in the country?

“I don’t feel cut off and I’ve seen quite a few of the new groups – Denny Laine and the String Band are the best I have ever seen. When I saw them at the Saville they were fantastic.

“Television pop is just terrible now,” thought Charlie. “*Top Of The Pops* is so bad. Awful. There is always that silence at the end of every record and feeling of anticlimax. I think *Ready, Steady, Go!* was fantastic, especially when it started and it was run by young people.”

How does Charlie react to flower power and all the other manifestations of modern pop?

“I think it’s great. I don’t really know a lot about it, but it seems to me the papers always miss the point about it. Although I’m not involved in it, I think the clothes look great. It’s a fashion and it’s been done before, but it’s still very exciting.

“Some people say it’s a drag, but most people get upset at young people. They get upset at Teddy boys and then mods. I expect the Teddy boys are getting upset at the flower people now.

“When flower power started it was probably fantastic. But now it has become a funny word, like rock’n’roll. There is even a shop in Lewes which has got ‘Herrings Are Flower Power’ written up in that white stuff on the window. I suppose they’ll have ‘Sprats Are LSD’ next.

“I should go and see some of the groups, but I’m a lazy sod. Groups are progressing and some of the light shows are fantastic. It’ll end up where you go to a club with 3D glasses and press buttons to see any group you want.” *Chris Welch* •

1967

JULY - SEPTEMBER



“The Beatles is a hobby, really”

A strange, half-hour trip to Haight-Ashbury leaves **GEORGE HARRISON** focused on what's important. **PAUL McCARTNEY**, meanwhile, wants to invent “new sounds, a new form of music”. “Right now,” he says, “I’m thinking things out.”



August 26, 1967: Beatles and partners at Bangor University to take part in the Maharishi's course on transcendental meditation. The following day, they will leave for London on learning of Brian Epstein's death

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 2 —

“**Y**OU MAY THINK this interview is of no importance to me,” said George Harrison across a table in NEMS Enterprises’ Mayfair offices. “But you’d be wrong. It’s very important. We have realised that it’s up to everyone – including The Beatles – to spread love and understanding and to communicate this in any way we can.”

George, radiant in flowered shirt and trousers, long flowing hair and bushy moustache, lit up a dismal wet London day by his clothes, his friendliness and the warmth of his replies. George spoke quietly but frankly about many subjects – from God to LSD – and the 90-minute conversation examined the whole existence of the most introspective Beatle.

You have just returned from Haight-Ashbury. What were your impressions of life there? Well, we were only in Haight-Ashbury for about 30 minutes, but I did see quite a bit. We parked our limousine a block away just to appear the same and walked along the street for about a hundred yards, half like a tourist and half like a hippy. We were trying to have a look in a few shops.

Who was with you? Pattie, her sister Jenny, a friend of Jenny’s, Derek Taylor, Neil Aspinall, our road manager, and Magic Alex, who’s a friend. We walked along and it was nice. At first they were just saying, “Hello” and “Can I shake your hand?”... things like that. Then more and more people

arrived and it got bigger and bigger. We walked into the park and it just became a bit of a joke. All these people were just following us along.

One of them tried to give you STP, I believe? They were trying to give me everything. This is a thing that I want to try and get over to people. Although we’ve been identified a lot with hippies, especially since all this thing about pot and LSD has come out, we don’t want to tell anyone else to have it because it’s something that’s up to the person himself. Although it was like a key that opened the door and showed a lot of things on the other side, it’s still up to people themselves what they do with it.

LSD isn’t a real answer. It doesn’t give you anything. It enables you to see a lot of possibilities that you may never have noticed before but it isn’t the answer. You don’t just take LSD and that’s it forever, you’re OK.

A hippy is supposed to be someone who becomes aware – you’re hip if you know what’s going on. But if you’re really hip you don’t get involved with LSD and things like that. You see the potential that it has and the good that can come from it, but you also see that you don’t really need it.

I needed it the first time I ever had it. Actually, I didn’t know that I’d had it. I’d never even heard of it then. This is something that just hasn’t been told. Everybody now knows that we’ve had it, but the circumstances were that somebody just shoved it in our coffee before we’d ever heard of the stuff. So we happened to have it quite unaware of the fact.

I don’t mind telling people I’ve had it. I’m not embarrassed. It makes no difference because I know that I didn’t actually go out and try to get some.

You’ve never deliberately set out to take LSD? No, not really. For me, it was a good thing but it showed me that LSD isn’t really the answer to everything. It can help you to go from A to B, but when you get to B, you see C. And you see that to get really high, you have to do it straight. There are special ways of getting high without drugs – with yoga, meditation and all those things. So this was the disappointing thing about LSD.

In this physical world we live in, there’s always duality – good and bad, black and white, yes and no. Whatever there is, there’s always the opposite. There’s always something equal and opposite to everything and this is why you can’t say LSD is good or it’s bad, because it’s good AND it’s bad. It’s both of them and it’s neither of them all together. People don’t consider that.

Haight-Ashbury was a bit of a shock, because although there were so many great people, really nice people who only wanted to be friends and didn’t want to impose anything or be anything, there was still the black bit, the opposite. There was the bit where people were so out of their minds trying to shove STP on me, and acid – every step I took there was somebody trying to give me something – but I didn’t want to know about that. I want to get high, and you can’t get high on LSD. You can take it and take it as many times as you like, but you get to a point that you can’t get any further unless you stop taking it.

Haight-Ashbury reminded me a bit of the Bowery. There were these people just sitting round the pavement begging, saying, “Give us some money for a blanket.” These are hypocrites. They are making fun of tourists and all that, and at the same time they are holding their hands out begging off them; that’s what I don’t like.

I don’t mind anybody dropping out of anything, but it’s the imposition on somebody else I don’t like. The moment you start dropping out and then begging off somebody else to help you, then it’s no good. I’ve just realised through a lot of things that it doesn’t matter what you are as long as you work. It doesn’t matter if you chop wood, as long as you chop and keep chopping. Then you get what’s coming to you. You don’t have to drop out. In fact, if you drop out, you put yourselves further away from the goal of life than if you keep working. »

Have you any defined idea of what your goal in life is?

We've all got the same goal whether we realise it or not. We're all striving for something which is called God. For a reunion, complete. Everybody has realised at some time or other that no matter how happy they are, there's still always unhappiness that comes with it.

Everyone is a potential Jesus Christ, really. We are all trying to get to where Jesus Christ got. And we're going to be on this world until we get there. We're all different people and we are all doing different things in life, but that doesn't matter because the whole point of life is to harmonise with everything, every aspect in creation. That means down to not killing the flies, eating the meat, killing people or chopping trees down.

Can we ever get it down to this level? You can only do it if you believe in it. Everybody is potentially divine. It's just a matter of self-realisation before it will all happen. The hippies are a good idea – love, flowers and that is great – but when you see the other half of it, it's like anything. I love all these people too, those who are honest and trying to find a bit of truth and to straighten out the untruths. I'm with them 100 per cent, but when I see the bad side of it, I'm not so happy.

To get anywhere near what you are talking about, do you believe you have to be a hippy or a flower person?

Anyone can do it. I doubt if anyone who is a hippy or flower person feels that he is. It's only you, the press, who call us that. They've always got to have some tag. If you like, I'm a hippy or a flower person. I know I'm not. I'm George Harrison, a person. Just like everybody else, but different at the same time. You get to a point where you realise that it doesn't matter what people think you are, it's what you think you are yourselves that matters. Or what you know you are. Anyone can make it; you don't have to put a flowery shirt on.

Could a bank clerk make it? Anyone can, but they've got to have the desire. The Beatles got all the material wealth that we needed, and that was enough to show us that this thing wasn't material. We are all in the physical world, yet what we are striving for isn't physical. We all get so hung up with material things like cars and televisions and houses, yet what they can give you is only there for a little bit and then it's gone.

Did you ever reach the point where you considered getting rid of the material wealth? Yes, but now that I've got the material thing in perspective, it's OK. The whole reason I've got material things is because they were given to me as a gift. So it's not really bad that I've got it, because I didn't ask for it. It was just mine. All I did was be me.

All we ever had to do was just be ourselves and it all happened. It was there, given to us. All this. But then, it was given to us to enable us to see that that wasn't it. There was more to it.

Where do these beliefs fit in with the musical side of The Beatles? I'm a musician. I don't know why. This is a thing that I've looked back on since my birth. Many people think life is predestined. I think it is vaguely, but it's still up to you which way your life's going to go. All I've ever done is keep being me and it's just all worked out. It just did it all... magic... it just did it. We never planned anything. So it's obvious – because I'm a musician now, that's what I was destined to be. It's my gig. *Alan Walsh*

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 9 —

George, can you tell where The Beatles are at musically today? What are you trying to do? Nothing. We're not trying to do anything. This is the big joke. It's all Cosmic Joke 43. Everyone gets our records and says, "Wonder how they thought of that?" or "Wonder what they're planning next?" or whatever they do say. But we don't plan anything. We don't do anything. All we do is just keep on being ourselves. It just comes out. It's The Beatles.

All any of us are trying to do now is get as much peace and love as possible. Love will never be played out, because you can't play out the

June 24: George arrives at EMIS Studios for a press call before the recording of "All You Need Is Love"

“Everybody is potentially divine. It's just a matter of self-realisation”

truth. Whatever I say can be taken a million different ways depending on how screwed up the reader is.

But The Beatles is just a hobby really... it's just doing it on its own. We don't even have to think about it. The songs write themselves. It just all works out. Everything that we're taking into our minds and trying to learn or find out – and I feel personally it's such a lot, there's so much to get in – and yet the output coming out the back end is still so much smaller than what you're putting in. Everything is relative to everything else. We know that now.

So we've got to a point where when people say,

“There's nothing else you can do”, we know that's only from where they are. They look up and think we can't do any more, but when you're up there you see you haven't started.

Take Ravi Shankar, who is so brilliant. With pop music, the more you listen to it, the more you get to know it, the more you pace through it and the less satisfaction it gives you, whereas Indian music and Ravi Shankar as a person... it's exactly the opposite, because the more you're able to understand the music, the more you see there is to appreciate. The more you get back out of it. You can have just one record of Indian music and play it for the rest of your life and you'd probably still never see all the subtleties in it. It's the same with Ravi Shankar. He feels as though he hasn't started and yet he's doing so much, teaching so many people, writing film music, everything.

Have you any idea what The Beatles will do next time you go into the recording studios? No idea. We won't know until we do it. We're naturally influenced by everything that's going on around us. If you weren't influenced, you wouldn't be able to do anything. That's all anything is, an influence from one person to another. We'll write songs and go into the studios and record them and we'll try and make them good. We'll make a better LP than *Sgt Pepper*. But I don't know what it's going to be.

If you had a child, do you know what you would try to do as a father? I haven't, and I can't really know what I'd do. But I know I wouldn't let it go to school. I'm not letting fascist teachers put things into the child's head. I'd get an Indian guru to teach him – and me, too.

I believe The Beatles are thinking about making a film in which you create the visual as well as the sound and music? Yes. We've got to the point now where we've found out that if you rely on other people, things never work out. This may sound conceited, but it's not. It's just what happens. The things that we've decided ourselves and that we've gone ahead and done ourselves have always worked out right – or at least satisfactorily – whereas the moment you get involved with other people, it goes wrong.

It's like a record company. You hand them the whole LP and the sleeve and everything there on a plate. All they've got to do is print it. Then all the crap starts – “You can't have that” and “You don't do this” – and we get so involved with trivial little things that it all starts deteriorating around us.

And it's the same with a film. The more involved we get with film people, the less of a Beatles film it's going to be. Take that *Our World* television show. We were trying to make it into a recording session and a good time and the BBC were trying to make it into a TV show. It's a constant struggle to get ourselves across through all these other people, all hassling.

In the end it'll be best if we write the music, write the visual and the script, film it, edit it, do everything ourselves. But then it's such a hell of a job that you have to get involved, and that means you couldn't do other things. But we'll have to get other people to do things because we can't give that much time to just a film, because it's only a film and there are more important things in life.

Do you think the film will come off in the near future? Yes. I think it'll probably all happen next year sometime. *Alan Walsh*

— NME SEPTEMBER 9 —

A MOST PEOPLE must have noticed, The Beatles have undergone a major change in the past year. The mop-tops have gone and been replaced by four highly individual creative personalities. The “yeah-yeahs” and the “ooohs” have given way to sitars and Mellotrons. The Beatle boots and round-collared jackets have been discarded and replaced by kaftans and beads. No longer is it news when they are seen at clubs or theatres. At last, the screams are fading away.

To find out more about the great Beatles transformation, I visited Paul McCartney at his St John's Wood home recently. I told my taxi driver the address. “Oh, you mean where that Beatle lives,” he said. No more than half a dozen fans were waiting patiently at the massive iron gates of his house.

The gates were opened by his housekeeper, Mrs Mills (“She still hasn't given me a tune yet,” says Paul), who led me into the lounge. Paul's huge Old English sheepdog Martha bounded forward, leapt up, put both front paws on my shoulders and started chewing my tie. His three cats – Jesus, Joseph and Mary – were crawling over each other underneath the television set.

Paul, dressed in a green floral-patterned shirt and green slacks, sat cross-legged in a large green velvet armchair. Mike McGear, Paul's brother, was just leaving with several kaftans over his arm.

A large *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts' Club Band* poster is pinned to one wall. His book collection includes many works on yoga and meditation.

At the moment all four Beatles are on holiday, although they have been recording. “When I used to tell you we didn't know what our plans were, it was simply that we hadn't been told what we were going to be doing. Now we simply just don't know.”

Mrs Mills reappeared, bearing cups of tea and a large cream sponge. “The only thing lined up for us is the TV show,” said Paul, stirring his tea. “But we're still trying to work out the format. We've also been recording the past few nights, and our next album will probably come from the TV show.”

Anything that The Beatles now indulge in they obviously do for love – not for money. “We can now sit back and pick and choose what we want to do. We're not going to turn out records or films just for the sake of it. We don't want to talk unless we've got something to

say. When you don't have to make a living, a job has a different meaning. Most people have to earn a wage to live. If you don't, you take a job to relieve the boredom – but you do something which gives you pleasure.

“We enjoy recording, but we want to go even further. I would like to come up with a completely new form of music, invent new sounds. I want to do something, but I don't know what. At the moment I'm thinking things out. There seems to be a pause in my life right now – a time for reassessment.”

I asked Paul if he ever regarded himself as being rather like a retired man of 65, who was now only pottering around, dabbling in his favourite hobby. To a certain extent he was inclined to agree.

“I don't regard myself as having retired, but what do most people do when they retire? As you say, they become wrapped up in a hobby. Either that or they find another job. I would like to do something else, but what that will be I don't know.”

Despite the fact that three of The Beatles are married and they are, all four of them, very different individuals, they still have that same bond of loyalty to each other that they have always had. They are still each others' best friends. If they are asked to do something as a group and any of them doesn't want to take part, then the scheme is dropped.

“If three of us wanted to make a film, for instance, and the fourth didn't think it was a good idea, we'd forget about it, because the fourth person would have a very good reason for not wanting to do it.”

In the past year Paul has become a much more introspective person. He is constantly striving to discover more about himself and about other people. What is depression? Why do people become bored? What is his ultimate goal? These are questions to which Paul has tried to find the answers in books of meditation and lectures by men who know more about it than he does. Maharishi Mahesh Yogi is playing a big part in developing the Beatle minds. He is the man who gave them strength when they heard of Brian Epstein's tragic death.

“I'm more tolerant now than I was, and I feel more at ease myself, but I'm now less certain about many things,” said Paul. “In some ways I envy George, because he now has a great faith. He seems to have found what

he's been searching for. When we went to India we were amazed. So many people living in terrible poverty – but everyone was so happy. They were always laughing and smiling, even though most of them were starving. For people in the Western world to understand why these people can be so happy is a very difficult thing.”

With John, George and Ringo, Paul will be flying to India again shortly to study transcendental meditation with the Maharishi. To a certain extent, Paul's music is his greatest emotional outlet. “Ravi Shankar discovered himself through his music, and I suppose in many ways we are, too.”

This is apparent in their latest albums, which feature many tracks based on personal experiences. But how far can one go with any new art form, be it music, films or theatre? Will the great general public accept it?

“We've never set out with the sole intention of trying to please people. It's been wonderful that so many have appreciated what we've done. We don't want to come to a point where we wave cheerily to anyone. We want to take them along with us.”

Paul McCartney certainly is more at ease now and much more tolerant and understanding. But he's still searching for something. Whether or not he'll find it, I just don't know. But he is determined to somehow.

Norrie Drummond •

“In some ways
I envy George,
because he
now has
great faith”



1967

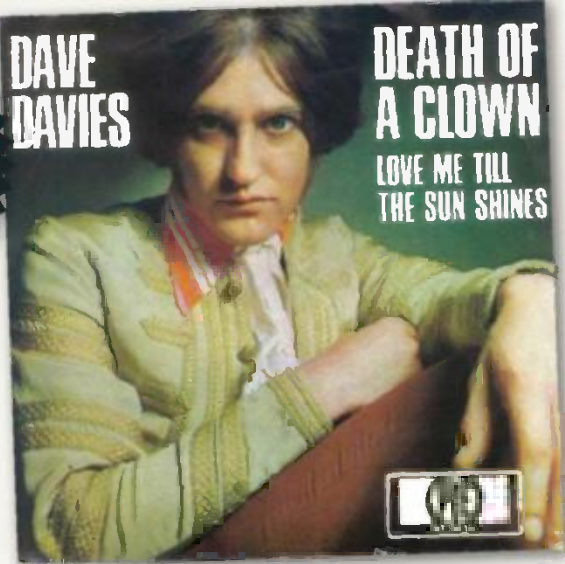
JULY - SEPTEMBER

— SINGLES —
REVIEW
— JULY/AUG —

DAVE DAVIES

DEATH OF A CLOWN

LOVE ME TILL THE SUN SHINES



“Another masterpiece...”

MM JULY/AUGUST The Beach Boys make the pick of the summer's singles as The Beatles go sing-song.

The BEATLES

All You Need Is Love

Baby, You're a Rich Man



NICK JONES ON NEW SINGLES

ANOTHER MOVE HIT

—AND THEY'RE GETTING BETTER

THE MOVE: "Flowers In The Rain" (REGAL ZONOPHONE) featuring the group's latest sound grows out of the clapping and pouring rain into an explosive, winning sound all the way. "Night Of Fear" and "I Can Hear The Grass Grow" (the former from the Roy Wood composition) must see the Move back into the top ten. The sound marks a general expansion all round the group, plus rousing horns and wavering reeds peeping through the Move's solid and impressive vocal screen—splintering later in the whining middle break. If this is a little powerful there's always "Lemon Tree" on the B-side. "Flowers In The Rain," which begins as with a double A-side hit, Mr. and Mrs. White, the opera people, is a great deal from a new artist. Produced by Wood this is a gay, happy, singing sound gradually building into an almost ecstatic and very lovely, full of love, and love, love, love. Wood's beautifully placed and fearsome Steve's gentle vocal and the whole thing sets up the greatest desire to see Mr. White and his good, good friends with a big big hit.

THE BEATLES

All You Need Is Love (PARLOPHONE)

A cool, calculated, contagious Beatles sing-song once again from the pen of John and Paul, recorded - and plugged - before four million viewers on the BBC's *Our World* satellite-linked programme. Obviously, the group have decided to make a fairly straightforward, very commercial song, and although it's a beautiful sound it's easier to absorb than the more complex "Strawberry Fields...". The message is "love", and I hope everyone in the whole wide world manages to get to the flip. "Baby You're A Rich Man" shows you the kind of wealth that will be yours if you get the message. A pleasing B-side that'll score a lot of plays when we've all got to know that A-side inside out. (MM, JULY 8)

DAVE DAVIES

Death Of A Clown (PYE)

The Kinks have always been a very popular group. Musically, Ray Davies has always provided them with a solid backbone, but now Ray steps down to give brother

Dave the lead-singing duties and ease some responsibility from his shoulders. Young Dave rasps out his blue, mournful vocal as the Kinky backing with a fat guitar rhythm and drunkenly echoing piano chugs along. The record certainly has distinction and atmosphere, and although it lacks musical creativity it has the unbeatable Kink commercial stamp running all through - and that's as good as any lion egg. (MM, JULY 8)

THE WHO

The Last Time/Under My Thumb (TRACK)

"As a gesture" The Who recorded and whipped out these rough but fiery recordings of two excellent Jagger/Richards compositions in just one morning, and congrats should go to The Who for their fine move. Good, powerful, hard-hitting steely sounds exploding forth just like the good old days. (MM, JULY 8)

THE BEACH BOYS

Heroes And Villains (CAPITOL)

The hot, clear sound of The Beach Boys, especially in these summer months, is always to be reckoned with. This complex but exciting new mindchild of Brian Wilson's is going to have a battle for that No 1 spot, though. Wilson mainly features the amazingly flexible voices of The Beach Boys - as instruments - the sighing and crying, growing and glowing in this intricate but propelling sound. Basically, Wilson has succeeded because I think a lot of people expected him to eventually overload his material with unnecessary sounds which

would turn your neck to stone after the first bar. However, "Heroes And Villains" has an honest, jazzy, bell-clear dimension and an enlightening, exhilarating feel to be explored when you have been conditioned to the interweaving vocals and numerous movements. Certainly another masterpiece of production from Wilson and another move in his flowery progression. (MM, AUGUST 12)

THE MOVE

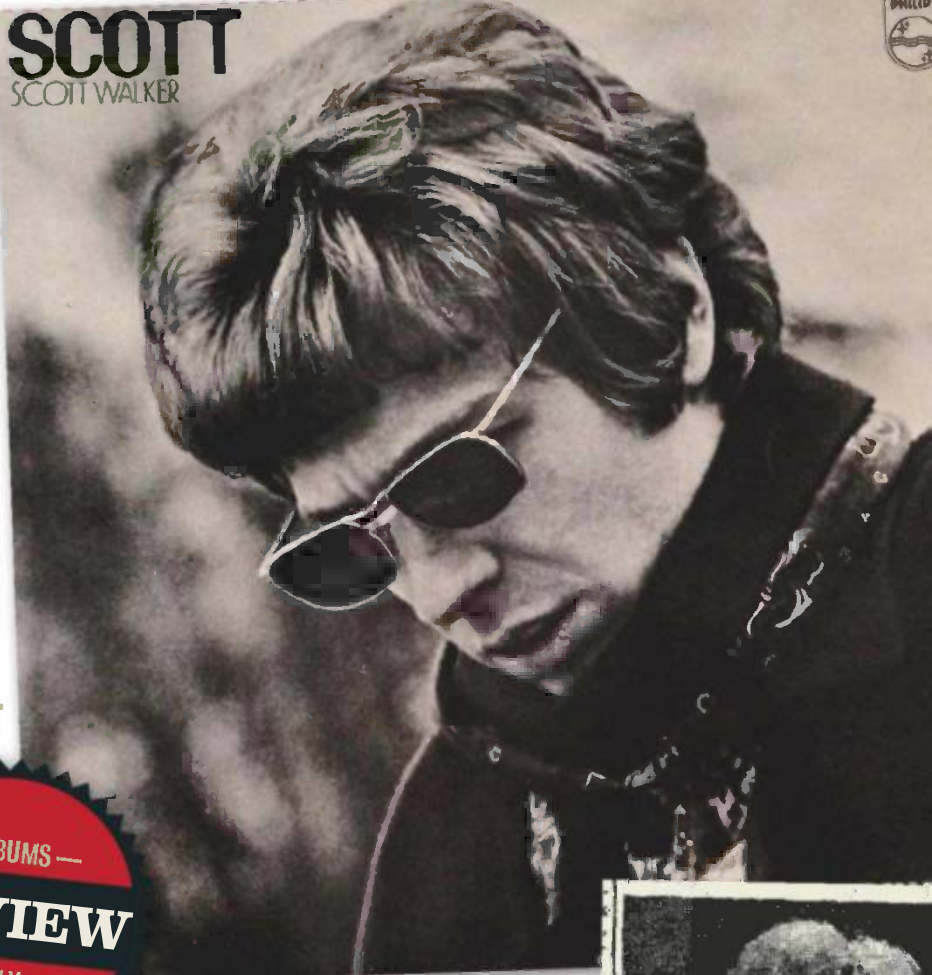
Flowers In The Rain (REGAL ZONOPHONE)

Getting better all the time, The Move's latest sound grows out of the clapping thunder and pouring rain into an explosive, winning sound all the way. After "Night Of Fear" and "I Can Hear The Grass Grow", it must see The Move hurtle back into the Top 10. The sound marks a general expansion all round the group, plus rousing horns and wavering reeds peeping through The Move's solid and impressive vocal screen - led by Carl Wayne and splintering into Wood's whining middle break. If this A-side is a little powerful there's always "Lemon Tree" on the flip - another beautiful Wood composition which has as many, if not more, good points as "Flowers In The Rain". Which leaves us with a double-A-sided hit hit hit. (MM, AUGUST 26)

the last time under my thumb



SCOTT
SCOTT WALKER



“This album is making people walk away crying...”

MELODY MAKER JULY 29 The Walker Brothers are no more. “Broke”, unhappy Scott Walker has already made a new LP. “It’s going to be very controversial,” he says.

AFAN RAISED a blunt instrument, then a few moments later stepped back to admire her handiwork. Every window in Scott Engel’s Mini was smashed. She had achieved her end, to communicate with her idol.

Scott is still the favourite of thousands of pop fans despite the demise of The Walker Brothers and his withdrawal from the pop scene. Brothers John and Gary have made records or become involved in the London hippy scene in the furtherance of solo careers. Scott has radiated silence. While he has escaped from the ramifications of pop he hated most, except for the stray stone thrower who slips through the security net, he has not been an idle idol. Next week on August 6, Scott opens in cabaret with the Ronnie Scott band at Stockton’s Fiesta Club. It will be a far cry from the last time the cultivated young American, often described as his own worst enemy, made a public appearance.

Then he was on a screaming pop show which became the last by the mighty trio that arrived in Britain from America and came to rival The Beatles and the Stones. This week he talks about his future plans and the pressure that made him want to quit. “I’m genuinely sorry the group broke up on such bad terms. John and I don’t speak, which is childish and stupid. I’m glad I got away from it. I wasn’t happy doing it, musically speaking. I’m not entirely happy now. I’m one of those people who are just never happy about anything.”

What has he been doing since the split? “An LP is complete and it’s going to be very controversial. It includes songs by me and André Previn and Sammy Cahn. I want to put over my own way of communicating aside from the psychedelic thing, because I don’t believe those people convey real emotions. This album is making people walk away crying.

“Then I’m going to do the cabaret with Ronnie Scott. I wanted to take a big 15-piece band in, but there isn’t enough room. It won’t be a debut or anything; it’s just a paid rehearsal. It’s really a warm-up period for me. I’m not going to set the world on fire. I’d hate to walk into the Royal Albert Hall or the Festival Hall without working out first.

“I’m writing songs and I want to get more experience of life to put into them. The only way for me to do that would be to go to Paris or Czechoslovakia or Moscow, but time

— ALBUMS —
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isn’t on my side now. I have a very small circle and the people I know aren’t in the business at all. I can only write about the people and things I know. I belong to the Institute Of Contemporary Arts now, and that helps a bit.

“I’m looking forward to performing with Ronnie, though. He called me up one day and said he would like to form a band for me, which I thought was nice. There are also plans for a TV show to be taped in August and shows in September with Paul Jones. At first I wanted to do a one-man show, but Paul is one of the most intelligent and polished people in the business and his situation is similar to mine, so the whole thing balanced out.”

How well off is Scott after two years in The Walker Brothers? “I’m broke, or I will be by the time I have finished paying for the musicians. I’ve got money for the band, and all the recordings are paid for by Philips, but I didn’t make a lot of money and now I can’t attend all the restaurants I used to. It went because I wanted the group to be as big as The Beatles and the Stones, which we did. But it required us to act as big stars, and big stars don’t work every night in Britain, and apart from a trip to Japan we didn’t work a lot abroad and percentages from recordings were low.

“We paid for all the sessions ourselves and I’d spend some phenomenal sums on gigantic orchestras for things like “Archangel”. People don’t realise the work involved. Then there were bills for suits that got torn every night we played, hotel bills, big drink bills and entertainment bills. We came out with no money.”

What happened at the time of the split? “I was very angry about the whole thing, but I’m not any more. It wasn’t my decision to split. I wanted out and John wanted out, but it rose to a head when I turned up late for a show on the last tour and no-one would speak to me. From that moment on, John and I just didn’t speak. It was accepted that after the tour it would be all over.” Chris Welch

“It rose to a head when I turned up late for a show and no-one would speak to me”



SCOTT: sadness

TRIUMPH FOR SCOTT

SCOTT WALKER: “Scott (Philips). An aura melancholy surrounds Scott’s first recorded work since the break-up of the Walker Brothers, a deliberate installation of sadness and a distillation of madness. The song sung by Scott are for the most part emotional ballads relieved by the Rabelaisian “Amsterdam” by Jacques Brel and they have an intensity which, as the sleeve notes point out, is found in different ways in the work of Bob Dylan, Ray Charles and Frank Sinatra. But whenever the hopelessness and resignation become too dominant Scott heightens his voice and loud sounds soar to the heavens for somebody, if not himself. The songs, which include Scott’s own “Montagu Terrace,” have titles like “M

“They are not staff men. They will have freedom...”

From the ranks of the pirates, the BBC staffs a new “pop” radio station. MELODY MAKER questions controller Robin Scott, and meets his new recruits. “I don’t claim to be a beautiful person,” says John Peel. “I’m too old and fat!”

— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 16 —

DESPITE THEIR FONDLY imagined roles as the paternal and beloved father figures of pop, most disc jockeys are regarded by pop fans as drags of the first water. But every now and then a DJ emerges who inspires respect and builds up a genuine popularity of the artists whose records are beamed across the planet.

In the jazz field, Willis Conover of the Voice Of America has for years been held in high esteem. Now pop has its own Willis Conover, 28-year-old ex-Radio London DJ John Peel. His late-night show *The Perfumed Garden* broke new ground in pop radio. He played only the best of new-wave groups – read poetry, held long conversations with his listeners and built up a fan mail of 3,000 letters a week.

John has an infectious and seemingly genuine enthusiasm for extolling the virtues of pop. Peel talked this week about his introduction to radio and the success of his air show.

“I was the last of the National Servicemen, and when that finished I went to America in 1960. I sold insurance in Texas where nobody could understand a word I said. Then I became a computer programmer, but I became a machine myself. I wanted to sell to people rather than machines, so I started playing Pop 40 stuff on a local station in California.

I had to screech and yell my head off. It was a drag really, but the money was fantastic. I was offered a job with KFRC in San Francisco for 1,500 dollars a month. But I didn’t take it because I wanted to come back home. I had got caught up in the fine old institution of unlimited credit. So I left all my belongings behind, including 800 LPs, and came back. I joined Radio London about five months ago. *The Perfumed Garden* developed because they figured nobody listened after midnight and I could play LP tracks. The programme director liked what I was trying to do and we started getting letters saying how good it was.

“All I did was read people’s letters and poetry and stories from *Winnie The Pooh*. I’d spend seven or eight minutes just reading. I was just trying to communicate with people. There is a tragic lack of communication. I tried to get listeners to wear *Perfumed Garden* badges, and several people have told me they have made more friends through them. The basic message of the show was to love your neighbour, which is what we need if ever we are to have a world worth living in. But I don’t claim to be a ‘beautiful person’. I’m too old and fat!”

John now hopes to carry on the good work in clubs, and has already been successful at events like the Woburn Festival Of Flower Children. And the BBC have expressed their belief in his particular brand of flower power, for John is among the ex-Radio London DJs taken on for their new Radio One pop service. ▶

September 4, 1967: the newly appointed BBC Radio One DJs pose outside Broadcasting House in London - (from left) Pete Drummond, Tony Blackburn, Dave Cash, Kenny Everett (kneeling), Duncan Johnson, Chris Denning, Ed Stewart, Mike Ahern, John Peel, Emperor Rosko



— MELODY MAKER SEPTEMBER 16 —

ALL THOSE BUTTONS with “Ring-a-247-ding”, talk about humorous jingles, wild rumours of French horn players in Pudsey practising Beatles tunes – all that makes me worry just a little about the BBC’s Radio One, which dons the cast-off pirate uniforms on September 30.

Sitting in the foyer of Broadcasting House, dominated by a large Latin inscription which apparently had something to do with God, did little to lull my suspicions. However a talk with Radio One’s boss, Robin Scott, did go some of, if not all, the way towards allaying my doubts. Scott – who allies enormous charm with an ability to convince you that he knows a great deal about broadcasting and the pop and jazz worlds – patiently answered the following questions:

You will be broadcasting for 21 hours a day. How are you going to get round the problem of only seven hours needle time?

“It works out at more than that with items like new releases, which we shall incorporate in *The Tony Blackburn Show*, for example. Of course I’d like 17 hours needle time a day, but at the moment that seems to be impossible. When we have to pre-record something, instead of just using the disc, it costs a lot of money for studio, producer and the rest. But all the daytime shows will include pre-recorded items. This means a certain amount of sessions but we shall also be using some bands and a lot of groups. Overall we shall be using more musicians than ever before.”

Will the DJs select the records for the shows?

“I expect them all to be totally involved in their shows. They are not staffmen, in the sense of American commercial stations, but we may move towards that in time. Being a national station makes it much more difficult. Personally, on this subject, I feel very exposed. But basically the people who will carry these shows are the producers and the DJs. The DJs will have quite a bit of freedom – no scripts or anything like that – but in the end it is the producer who carries the can and he must have the final say on what is played.”

Will Radio One be aimed at a particular age group?

“I shall be listening – and I’m no teenager. Some people grow older quicker than others, but obviously we think our audience will be chiefly at the younger end of the age spectrum. But obviously during the day the teenagers are at work or school, so this will be reflected in our programmes – and adapted during the school holidays.

“The average age in this country is about 28 – which, incidentally, is older than the average in France or Germany. And it is worth remembering that the average housewife was a teenager when The Beatles started and she has grown up with this type of music. And those a bit older grew up with Elvis Presley and rock ‘n’ roll. An original Elvis fan could now be 29 with two or three kids, and I don’t feel that most of them just throw that overboard. What I would really like to see would be a pop station, a rock station and a sweet music station, but even now we will be doing far more than anybody thought was possible with the resources available.”

Will the pop programmes include jazz and folk records?

“I hope the personalities and preferences of the DJs will show in this way. Real folk is still basically cult music and commercial folk already comes up fairly often in pop shows. As Constant Lambert once said of folk music: you play it once and all you can do is play it again – with different words. Jazz is to have two good segments each week – and at earlier times than in the past. I want these shows to range over the whole field – including people like Ornette Coleman and ultra-moderns.”

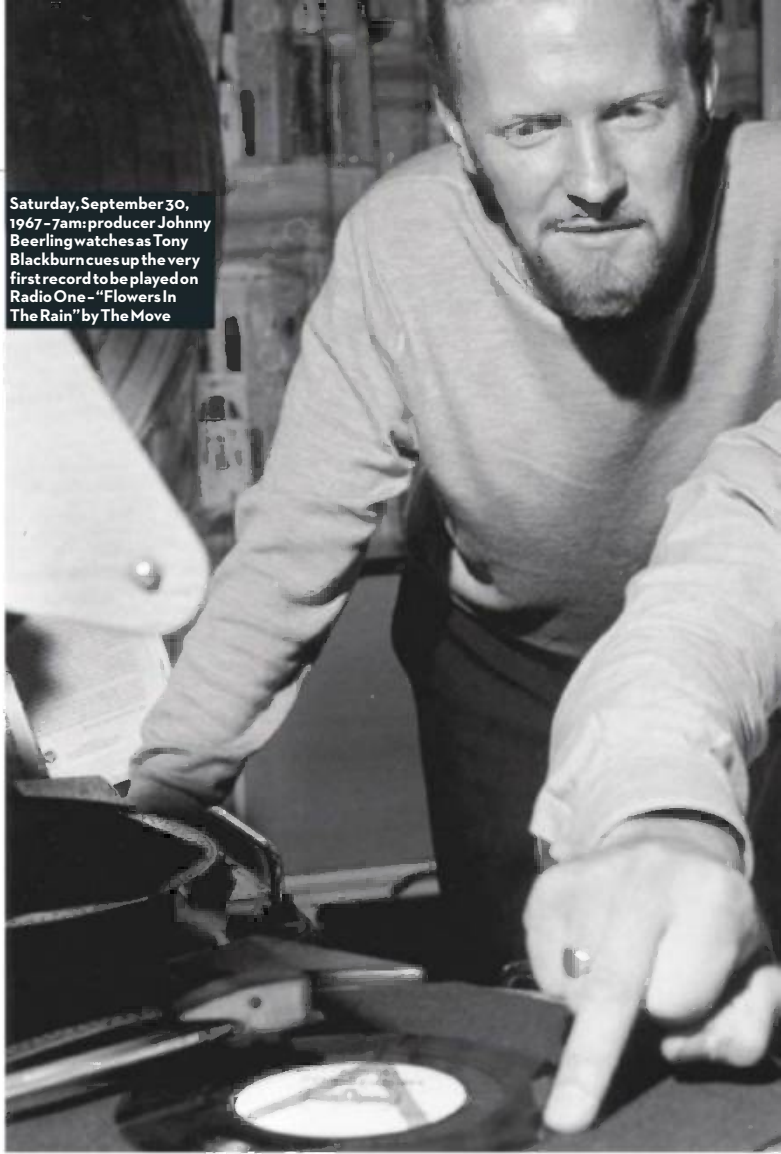
Don’t you think the use of jingles will make Radio One too much of a copy of the pirates?

“No, we have given a lot of thought to this – Kenny Everett has been working on them for us for some time. We shall be advertising other BBC shows and there will be quite a lot of funny stuff. I think people will like them – I hope so anyway.”

— MELODY MAKER OCTOBER 7 —

“THREE, TWO, ONE,” said Radio One Controller Robin Scott, “Radio Two, Radio One, go!” Auntie BBC adjusted her pirate’s eyepatch, hitched up her skirts to mini length and, for the first time, acknowledged the existence of an enormous listening public for contemporary pop. Tony Blackburn stopped looking as though he was in the electric chair, adjusted his headphones and said: “And good morning everyone. Welcome to Radio One, the exciting new sound.”

Saturday, September 30, 1967 – 7am: producer Johnny Beerling watches as Tony Blackburn cues up the very first record to be played on Radio One – “Flowers In The Rain” by The Move



It was 7am on Saturday, September 30, 1967 – the day the establishment finally admitted that the majority of the population of Britain are under 30 and that most of them would rather hear Procol Harum than Max Jaffa. On the door to the studio someone had pinned two newspaper headlines: “To The Antarctic With Scott” and “Are You Bored, Then Opt Out”. A sleepy knot of journalists watched as photographers popped their flashes through the glass separating Blackburn from the control room – which couldn’t have added to his feeling of relaxation. In case your grandchildren ask, you can tell them that The Move were the first artists on Radio One with “Flowers In The Rain” – not a bad image setter. Second were the Bee Gees, who were also the first live group later in *Saturday Club*.

Furrowed brows gradually relaxed as the Blackburn show got under way without any major goofs. Afterwards Tony agreed “none of the many things that could have gone wrong did go wrong”. The right jingle cassettes were all slotted in at the right time, both Radio One and Radio Two broke exactly right for the news headlines on the half-hour. The only moment of horror came when we realised the Radio One chart was to be called the Fun 30 – I wonder how many conferences it took to come up with that! Simon Dee looked in to wish Tony luck, and did so over the air. Keith Skues was rehearsing to himself in the corridor and there were even reports that there were fans gathering outside the BBC – I must admit I only saw three myself.

At 7.45am, over BBC coffee and biscuits, Robin Scott told us: “People have been ringing up to say, ‘We don’t want this music on the Light Programme.’ They’ve been told to tune their sets to Long Wave. But a lot of the dear old things have never tuned in their lives and have to be told how to do it.”

Scott admitted he was pleased with the launching but warned it would take about four weeks for the station to “settle down”. He added that “after five months of all this” he was ready for a holiday but didn’t dare take it for a week or two yet. Nobody will know the estimated listening figures for Radio One for another couple of weeks. But normally at around 8am, the Light Programme drew about six million – a figure that has been going up steadily over the past three years.

By 10am it is usually around eight million. How these will be split between Radio One and Radio Two is anybody’s guess. Reactions to



Radio One have so far been mixed – from the rapturous joy of some teenagers to the predictably frosty reception accorded by three middle-aged radio critics on BBC2's *Late Night Line-Up*. It seemed doubtful if any of these gentlemen had ever actually heard pirate radio and their objections could as easily have applied to the old Light Programme or the new Radio Two.

My own sampling of the station has so far been patchy, but after some 10 hours' sporadic listening it seems to me that Radio One is still somewhat schizophrenic. Many of the shows follow the pirate format, and Radio London in particular. Others – *The David Jacobs Show*, for example – hardly fit the new, frantic, swinging image.

This was demonstrated on the very first morning, with Blackburn followed by Leslie Crowther with *Junior Choice*.

I'm not saying that there shouldn't be a change of pace, but much of the evening listening seems to leave Radio Luxembourg without serious competition. On the credit side are the occasional minority shows – things like *Jazz Scene*, *Mike Raven's R&B Show* with its helping of esoteric blues and country-meets-folk. I hope that Robin Scott won't be pressured by comparatively small listening figures for these shows into moving them to late-night, minority spots. Most of the DJs I've heard so far have been highly professional, whether or not you like their usually infantile sense of humour.

The exception is Emperor Rosko, the Hollywood-born son of film producer Joe Pasternak who nets big ratings on French radio. His show is taped as he lives in Paris and I found it largely incomprehensible – hysteria for its own sake. Radio One, it seems to me, has meant a reversal of BBC policy,

with the DJ being built up to the point where he becomes more important than the music he plays.

But rumours of enormous sums being paid for their services are largely untrue, with £30 a show being about the average. I think that these will be changed as listening figures come in and public reaction is assessed. But in its first week, I for one offer cautious congratulations to Robin Scott and his team for giving us what so many people obviously want. *Bob Dawbarn*

— MELODY MAKER NOVEMBER 11 —

“A THEATRE MANAGER WAS once asked what he wanted his seats covered in during redecorations,” said singer-DJ-pianist Jimmy Young. He replied, “Backsides.”

I had asked Jimmy how he felt being the grand old man of Radio One. He told the story to illustrate his point that what counts in the music business are results. “It's no good having a racy, hippy show if nobody listens. I may be older than most of the Radio One DJs, but I think the figures for the show prove that we are providing what listeners want.”

What Jimmy and producer Doreen Davies are providing is music, interspersed with recipes, anecdotes and friendly, chummy chats to housewives at home on a telephone link. His mid-morning show started off with three-and-a-half million listeners. He rose this to five-and-a-half million and one day recently topped six million.

Jimmy is unmarried, lives in a three-bedroomed flat in Chiswick (“It's too small – full of records and has hot and cold running chambermaids”) and has the distinction of being the only DJ on 247 who has actually had a No 1 record.

Jimmy has been in the music business for 17 years, initially as a singer, latterly as a singer and DJ. Jimmy started in the business in 1950 and the following year he had a hit record with a song that is still associated with him – “Too Young”. A little later he hit the top with “Unchained Melody” and followed with another No 1: “The Man From Laramie”. His successful singing career still continues. A couple of years ago he had a hit with “Miss You” and is currently searching for a song for another single.

Singing or DJing – which does Jimmy prefer?

“I like whatever I am doing at a particular time. I enjoy singing when I'm singing and being a DJ when I'm doing radio shows. I think I gave up big ambitions a long time ago. Now I just take things as they come and I'm lucky that I've managed to keep going both singing and as a DJ.”

He does, however, still sing a couple of songs a day on the show. Jimmy doesn't feel that the exposure he gets on his Radio One show will have any effect on disc sales: “I think the public knows what it wants to buy. For example, I recorded a song called ‘Half A World Away’ which was played everywhere, got a lot of exposure, but just never sold at all.

“I also remember a few years ago, just after I had had a No 1 with ‘Unchained Melody’. Because of a row, I was forced to sing the B-side

of the follow-up on *The Jack Jackson Show*. That was the big TV show of the day and it broke my heart. But three weeks later, ‘Man From Laramie’ was No 1. It all proves that whatever the exposure, if the public don't like a thing they won't buy it.”

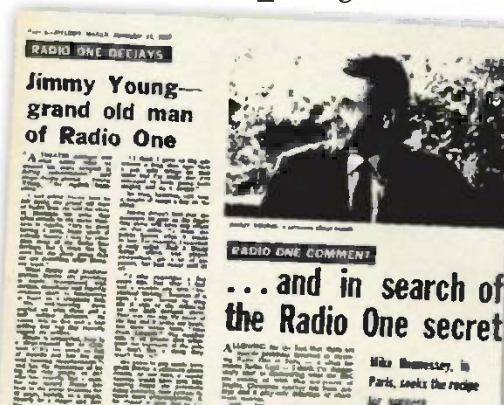
His years in pop music have given Jimmy a calmness about events. At one time, a record success would have sent him roaring round the provinces doing concerts. Now success is taken more philosophically. A hit record is nice, but as an extra to the work that gives Jimmy his bread and butter.

“I like to feel, however, that when I make a record it will sell. That may sound like a cliché, but a record which doesn't sell at all wastes everyone's time.”

Jimmy had also perfected the art of make-it-up-as-you-go-along instant radio. He seems to work better under pressure.

“We played a record recently that ended a minute earlier than we expected because of a mistake. We were all dancing about and were really caught on the hop. Ten years ago I'd have had kittens. When things like that happen now, I just laugh.” *Alan Walsh* •

“The producer carries the can and must have the final say on what is played”



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1967

OCTOBER - DECEMBER

FEATURING THE ROLLING STONES, THE BEATLES, THE BEE GEES & MORE

cord cent

“The king of soul”

NME DECEMBER 16 The December death of Otis Redding in a plane crash brings a shockingly abrupt end to a stellar career.

THE HEART OF soul music stopped this week. Headlines that spelled out “Otis Redding Dies In Air Crash” brought a numb, sudden shock to fans and stars alike. At 26, the tall, chunky man they affectionately called “Big Otis” was gone forever. The first picture that came to my mind when I heard the news was of Otis doing his famous “I’ll get there in the end” walk as the audience at Hammersmith Odeon went wild for the high spot of his act, the Stones’ “Satisfaction”.

They loved him. Otis was the King, the Master. It may have been the Stax roadshow, but it was more like the Otis Redding Show with the assistance of Arthur Conley, Eddie Floyd, etc.

When it was over, I went backstage and tried to interview him. It was tough because—as I wrote at the time—Otis seemed to have worked himself to such a pitch that he found it almost impossible to concentrate on my questions. During that same tour a tremendous film was made which should—must—be seen by anybody to whom the name Otis Redding held a certain kind of magic. By unhappy coincidence an imported LP, *The History Of Otis Redding* (Volt Records), was made available this month through Polydor. Included on it are some of the greatest Otis hits, from the fever-pitch “Satisfaction” to the smoky pathos of “My Girl”.

It will stand as a memorial to a powerhouse personality who helped to give soul music an almost permanent place in the British charts. Otis’ *NME* Chart hits began in 1965 with “My Girl”, which reached No 7, followed by “I Can’t Turn You Loose” and “Sad Song” in 1966 (which both reached No 21); then “Shake” in 1967 (up to No 24) and “Tramp” (with Carla Thomas), which got to No 16. Another Otis recording, “Satisfaction”, has been a long and steady seller.

No words of mine can match the tribute to Otis I got this week from Eddie Floyd, the usually cheerful guy who toured Britain with him recently. His voice overcome with emotion, Eddie told me: “The last time I spoke to Otis was in the States. I was joking with him about him training for his pilot’s licence. Now I will never forget that day—he wasn’t flying himself but he died in his own plane. I can say only this: I’ve lost my brother. We as soul brothers are as one. I don’t know if you understand that... he wasn’t the only one... there was Sam Cooke... I don’t know my own destiny either.”

Eddie was obviously overcome with emotion, but he asked me to remind everybody of the others who died when the light two-engined plane plummeted into Lake Monona. He knew them all. Killed with Otis were members of his backing group The Bar-Kays—Jimmie King, 18; Ron Caldwell, 19; Carl Cunningham, 18; and Phalin Jones, 18—plus pilot and Otis’ 17-year-old valet, Matthew Kelly. Otis leaves a widow, Zelma, and three children. Gene Washington said this week: “The man was real. Soul is an overworked word these days, but Otis Redding had a barrelful of it.”

Alan Smith

PICTORIAL PRESS/ALAMY





"Big Otis" outside a record shop on London's Charing Cross Road, October 1967

1967

OCTOBER-DECEMBER

“We have truly lost a soul brother”

MM DEC 16 The stars pay tribute to Otis Redding. Then we reprise two encounters with Redding during his triumphant, poll-winning 1967.

BROOK BENTON That’s quite a shock to me. We’ll miss a great singer. I’d never worked with him but I knew him well. I used to catch his shows and he used to catch mine. It’s terrible.

ERIC BURDON It’s pretty sad and very bad news. I knew him quite well and met him on his ranch in Georgia. It’s a drag. He was one of the most copied singers. He was this generation’s Ray Charles.

PETE TOWNSHEND Obviously it’s a great tragedy, and particularly for the whole Atlantic label. Otis Redding was a leader in the soul field and one of my great favourites. I saw him at Monterey and he just brought the house down, and I’m sure a lot of people are going to miss him, because I don’t think people like Wilson Pickett or Joe Tex will ever compare with Redding.

EDDIE FLOYD We have truly lost a soul brother, because in the Stax Record Company we are all brothers, and I just can’t believe this has happened. And The Bar-Kays too were all very young chaps with such a lot to say.

TOM JONES It’s a terrible shock; a terrible loss. I was a great fan of his. I’ve got four of his albums, all of which I bought in the States before they were released here. When he was last in London I went down to Tiles to see him work and he was fantastic. I met him later and we had a great conversation.

GENO WASHINGTON I never knew him in the States but we got quite friendly while he was here in Britain. I learned something you would never know about a man from his music. Otis had a heart as big as America.

CHRIS FARLOWE I’m really shocked and upset. I appeared with his band on *Ready, Steady, Go!* and got to know Otis well. He wanted to take me to America and record me there.

SIMON DUPREE He was the king of soul. It’s a great shame.

LONG JOHN BALDRY I’m deeply shocked. I had a great deal of respect for him as an artist, right from “These Arms Of Mine” about six years ago. He leaves a big gap which I hope can be filled by someone like Wilson Pickett or Little Richard possibly.



“We set out to bring this thing called soul”

NME APRIL 15 A backstage encounter with Otis.

BIG OTIS REDDING tugged a comb through his wiry hair, wiped a trickling bead of perspiration from his glistening face, and sat edgily on a table in his dressing room at Hammersmith Odeon. He had just rushed from the stage, and he was like a half-spent ball of nervous energy – vague, unable to collect his thoughts, trying to listen to several conversations at once. “I’m sorry,” he said apologetically. “I’m kinda, y’know...” Otis’ words trailed away, but I knew what he meant. I’d watched him perform, and I wouldn’t have been surprised if he’d taken straight to his bed for at least an hour’s rest! The artist most pop fans know only for silk-soft numbers like “My Girl” is, in fact, a scorching dynamo who raves around the stage like a man on fire. Audiences love it – there were over 3,000 fans to see him at the Stax package show, and they roared their appreciation over and over again.

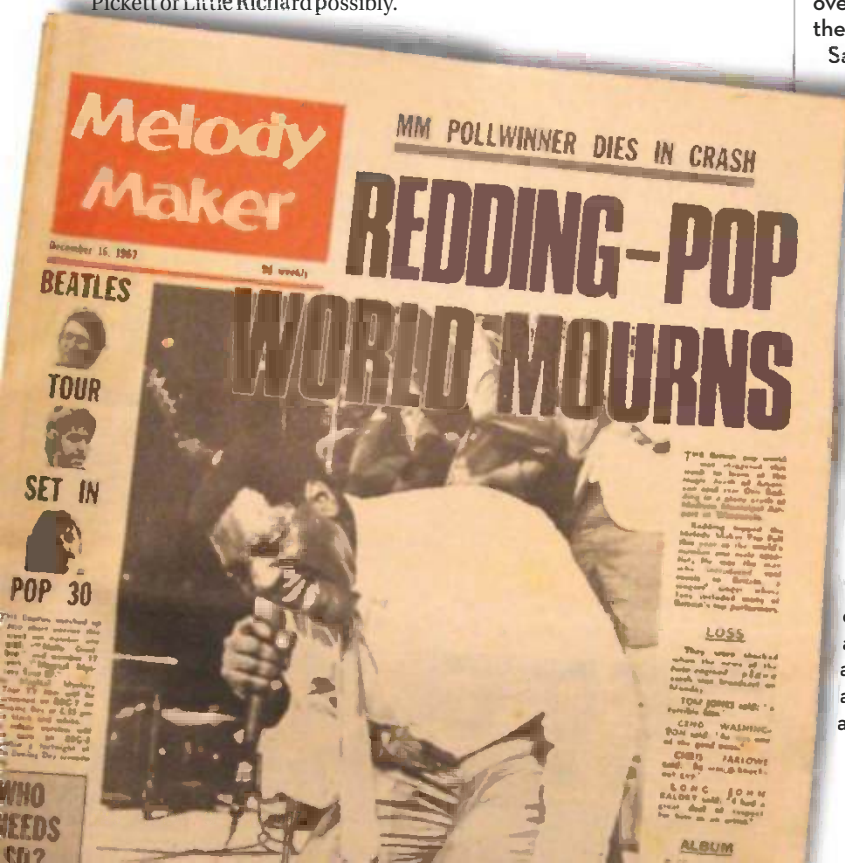
Said Otis, breathlessly: “Did you hear those people? I tell you, British audiences are beautiful – beautiful! We set out to bring them this thing we call soul, and I think we’ve won. They love it!”

“Even so, I won’t ever come to this country again with the same kind of package. A show like this takes too much attention away from me. I’ve been doing only 20 minutes. A short act like that doesn’t give me a chance to prove my worth. When I next come to Britain I want to give the people at least 45 minutes, so I can be the star of the show, and I can do all the numbers they want to hear.”

I asked him why he didn’t wax more numbers like “My Girl”, particularly as this kind of material seemed to have good chart potential here. Said Otis, emphatically: “In the US I would NEVER record a song like ‘My Girl’ for a single. It wouldn’t stand a chance. Sure, I might do something else like that when I get back to the States. But the first thing I’m gonna do is rest.”

Someone came into the dressing room, and said: “Lionel Bart’s out there wearing a cowboy hat,” followed by, “You ain’t got any money to come, Otis” (both comments which caused not the slightest reaction from him).

I was then in the middle of a question when Otis started to comb his hair furiously once more and walked quickly over to the other end of his long dressing room to talk to someone else. Vague, distracted and edgy – that had been my impression of Otis Redding. But with a voice like his (and I’ve just been listening to his fantastic Atlantic album *Pain In My Heart*, which backs up my opinion), I could forgive almost anything. Alan Smith





Otis Redding and Nina Simone chat in a room at the Regency Hyatt Hotel, Atlanta, Georgia, August 1967

“We don’t get it prepared”

MM SEPT 23 The secrets of Otis’ poll-winning success.

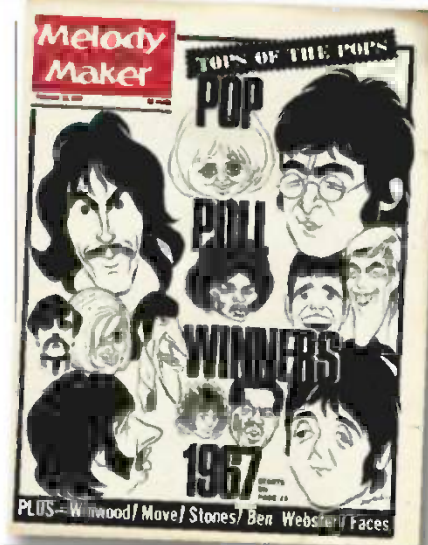
ELVIS PRESLEY BEATEN for the title of the World’s Top Male Singer – that is the biggest upset of the 1967 *Melody Maker* Readers’ Pop Poll. And the man who did it? Otis Redding, the gravel-voiced soul singer from Stax Records.

Born in Dawson, Georgia on September 9, 1941, Otis moved to Macon, Georgia while still a schoolboy. He was inspired by the success of another Macon resident, Little Richard, to try his luck in showbusiness and started singing in public at the age of 15. He won several local amateur contests and was noticed by a high school student named Phil Walden who was dabbling as a booker for a local band. The two joined forces, with Phil handling the business and Otis doing the singing.

Otis joined a group called Johnny Jenkins & The Pine-Troopers doing one-nighters, mainly at colleges and universities. On one occasion Johnny was scheduled to do a recording session in Memphis

and asked Otis to drive him to the studios. At the end of the session, Otis asked if there was time to cut a demo disc. He was told he had 40 minutes and cut two tracks, one of which was “These Arms Of Mine”. It sold 800,000 copies and started a long series of disc dates.

Otis launched with a long string of hit singles, including “Come To Me”,



“All the songwriting is done in the studio”

new ideas. That’s the way it’s done.”

Otis must get particular satisfaction from beating both Presley and Bob Dylan (third in the poll). Dylan is one of his particular favourites, perhaps surprisingly for a singer of his type. “He is the greatest,” says Otis. “I dig his work like mad.”

“Mr Pitiful”, “Chained And Bound”, “I’ve Been Loving You Too Long” and the Stones’ hit “Satisfaction”. At the same time his fame spread as a hit song composer and he found himself writing for dozens of other recording stars.

Otis is also a talented musician, playing guitar, bass, drums, piano and organ, and his business acumen is a byword among his fellow artists. He is a record producer, music publisher, real-estate tycoon and owner of a 300-acre ranch outside Macon.

How does he find time to write songs?

“I’ll tell you what happens,” he says. “All the songwriting is done in the studio. We don’t get it prepared beforehand. After a while, we quit and go home. Next day we are back, fresh and with a lot of



Murry Wilson: millionaire music publisher, practical joker and lifelong songwriter

A FEW YEARS AGO, an American machinery manufacturer and importer made a business trip to Mexico City with his wife, leaving his three teenage sons at home. They left plenty of food in the ice-box and a 90-dollar “emergency fund”. When they got back they found the larder was bare – and their sons had spent the 90 dollars on a set of drums, a string bass and some amplification equipment.

The boys, Brian, Dennis and Carl, wanted to form a rock’n’roll group. Their dad was mad at the time, but he’s very very pleased today. For the three boys’ surname was Wilson and the rock group was The Beach Boys, now a multi-million-dollar pop empire. Murry Wilson, father of the Beach Boy Wilsons, told me the story over lunch at London’s Hilton Hotel last week. Murry, a middle-aged practical joker, was in London with his wife Audree on a promotional trip for his first album under his own name: *The Many Moods Of Murry Wilson*, featuring a number of songs and melodies written by Murry and other songwriters, including Beach Boy Al Jardine.

Murry has been a songwriter all his life, with minor success. Now, thanks to his trio of talented sons, he is a dollar millionaire (he was the group’s manager and publishes their music) with an ambition to see his own music recorded.

“It’s not the money now,” he said. “It’s the pleasure of seeing my own music on an album and perhaps giving some young, lesser-known songwriters a chance.”

Murry and Audree are immensely proud of their sons, full of anecdotes about

their childhood and still, although all three are grown men with their own homes, concerned about them and about their existence in a business infested with “a lot of suspicious characters”. “They all live within about four minutes of each other and see each other several times a day,” said Murry. “We live about 35 miles away, but I can drive to them pretty quickly along the freeway.”

When The Beach Boys first started they made a record called “Surfin’”, written by Brian and Mike Love. “It was a smash all over the States, but three-and-a-half months later, The Beach Boys, as far as the music business was concerned, were through. The boys were crestfallen. They did not want to be a one-record group, but the Hollywood record companies didn’t want them. They asked me to manage them, and I went off to see the companies. I went into Capitol’s offices and fortunately a man there remembered my name from a song I had written eight years before. Capitol took the boys on. With Capitol, the group had a string of worldwide hits and were unique in that one side of their records had started a surfing music trend, while the other had sparked off a hot-rod music trend. Two trends on one record.”

In the early days of the group’s success, Murry had doubts about all three of his sons becoming involved deeply in the pop music business. “In the first place, there are a lot of crooks in the music business. Then musicians have had a reputation of being lazy. I didn’t want my sons getting lazy. They’d always been brought up to work hard and well. And it wanted a lot of money spent on their careers. I worked it out that it cost 7,600 dollars to

“Brian had a bad psychological effect on the group...”

MELODY MAKER NOVEMBER 18 Murry Wilson, father of Beach Boys Carl, Dennis and Brian, visits London to promote his debut album. “It’s not the money now,” says Murry, “but the pleasure...”

STEREO

The Many Moods Of Murry Wilson

The talented father of the famous Beach Boys presents instrumental interpretations of his and other original compositions.



–I think it'll take another five years for them to reach that stage. They own, as a group, two corporations and their net worth is between four and five million dollars.

“The three boys are extremely generous,” said Murry. In fact, it seems, Dennis can be a little too generous. “One year, where the other boys invested or saved their money, Dennis spent \$94,000. He spent \$25,000 on a home, but the rest just went. Dennis is like that, he picks up the tab wherever he goes. He was so upset when, at the end of that year, I had a long talk with him. He cried when he learned how much he had wasted. Now he has learned that particular lesson.

“Brian, on the other hand, never has any money in his pocket. I remember when Audree flew back to Los Angeles once. Dennis went to the airport to meet her and had to borrow 35 cents to get the car out of the parking lot.”

Murry’s fears that success would spoil his sons seem to have been dispelled. “They haven’t let money or success go to their heads, although I have had to speak to them firmly, even sternly, on occasion. They are human beings after all.”

Brian Wilson’s decision to quit appearing with the group to concentrate on writing and arranging was entirely his own. “Brian is deaf in one ear. When he was doing concerts, the amplifiers had to be turned up high to make the group heard over the screams. Brian was suffering from the noise. His ears used to click for three or four hours after every concert. It was his own decision to quit appearing with the group and put a substitute in his place. His

decision had a bad psychological effect on the group. They were crestfallen. Brian was the leader on stage and off but they decided to go on, and it was probably the best thing for them because they were leaning on him too much. Brian is happier the way things are now. He’s very shy, timid even. He’d be afraid to appear on stage now. I think he’d be panic-stricken if he had to join the group again.” *Alan Walsh*

“So many groups come on strong after success. I didn’t want my sons like that”

launch the group in the States. Not much compared with the million dollars I estimate was spent on The Beatles.

“After the group’s second hit I told them I would have to go back to my business, but they begged me not to. I said I would stay if they would obey me and they agreed.

“Really all I was doing was harnessing Brian’s talent and the talent of the group. And coaching them in humility. So many groups came on strong after success. I didn’t want my boys like that.”

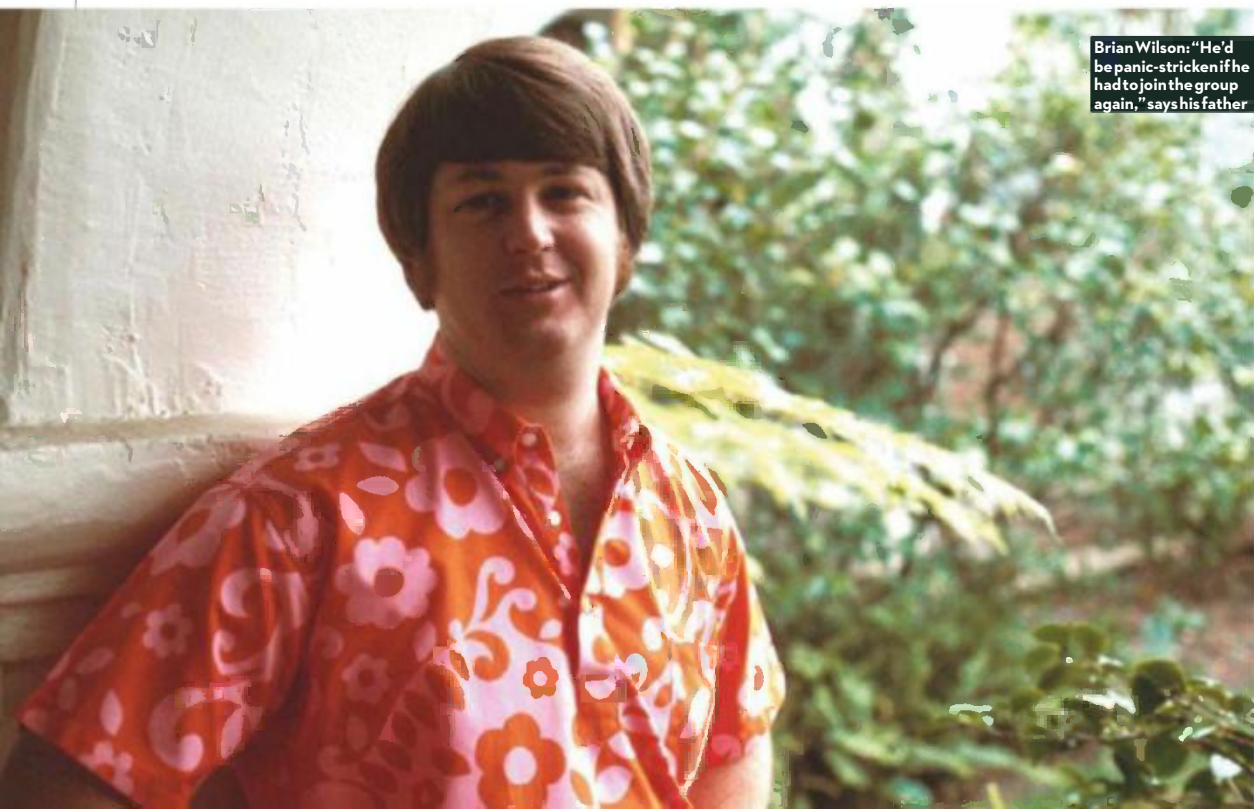
Murry stayed with the group—and watched his own machinery business fail. “I didn’t take anything from the boys in the first year. It seemed immoral to take from your own sons. In 1963 I got 10 per cent in royalties from their concerts.” Today Murry has more money than he has ever dreamed of. He said that Brian, his eldest son, is a millionaire. “He’s well on his way to his second million now. Dennis and Carl aren’t millionaires yet

Herman’s Hermits have now decided not to accept the invitation from the Shah Of Persia to perform at his coronation at the end of this month, as the date would clash with the group’s holiday. Following the Hermits’ 10-day visit to Brazil in mid-November, they will undertake an eight-day Mexican tour from November 30. **NME OCTOBER 14**

Byrds guitarist **Dave Crosby** has split with the group after being “asked to leave” by leader **Jim McGuinn**. He will be replaced by **Gene Clark**, who left the group to go solo. **MM OCTOBER 28**

Bee Gee Robin Gibb was put under sedation by his doctor on Monday after being severely shocked in the train crash at Hither Green, South-East London, on Monday. Robin was returning to London after spending the weekend at the home of his girlfriend **Molly Hullis**. Molly, aged 19, from Hastings, was also in the train and was pulled clear by Robin. A NEMS spokesman said on Monday: “Robin, after getting himself and Molly clear from the train, helped with the rescue of other people and sustained cuts and bruises. Molly had to have her shoulder X-rayed and both were put under sedation on Monday suffering from shock.” **MM NOVEMBER 11**

A Broadcasting ban on **The Mindbenders’** new disc “Schoolgirl” was denied by the BBC this week. The group claimed that the song, which deals with a schoolgirl becoming pregnant, had been banned, but a spokesman for the BBC said: “We never ban records. The question of plays is at the discretion of individual producers.” **MM NOVEMBER 11**



Brian Wilson: “He’d be panic-stricken if he had to join the group again,” says his father

GETTY

1967

OCTOBER—DECEMBER

“Ninety per cent of it is telepathy...”

They are Mancunian expats who magically write hits while walking down the street. But **THE BEE GEES'** Gibb brothers are also deep young men: religious, political, and spiritualist, receiving career advice at séances from a man called Noel. “Another time,” says Maurice, “we contacted a German baron...”

TONY GALE/PICTORIAL PRESS/ALAMY





Beads here now:
The Bee Gees in '67 -
(l-r) Robin and Barry
Gibb, Colin Petersen,
Maurice Gibb and
Vince Melouney

— NME NOVEMBER 25 —

LITTLE BARRY GIBB had butterflies dancing about in his stomach the day he stepped out on to the stage of Manchester Gaumont, pulling his six-year old twin brothers behind him and clutching tight to the guitar his dad had bought him for Christmas. The audience smiled and muttered appreciatively; the lights went down; the butterflies danced some more; and then Little BG and the twins plunged headlong into their interpretation of Paul Anka's "I Love You Baby" and Tommy Steele's "Wedding Bells".

When they finished, the audience clapped and roared and the manager told them they were great and gave them a prize of a shilling each. "It wasn't the money that spurred us on, then," says Barry today, "and it isn't now. We just wanted to be a success."

Over the years, Little BG has become big (6ft tall, 11st) Bee Gee with a deep conscience, a sense of humour, and a look in his eyes that asks to be respected as a man of intelligence.

His conscience strikes him most when he appears with the group and sees bouncers pick up girl fans and fling them around without regard for their feelings or femininity. He feels personally responsible. He says it makes him feel sick inside. For this reason, Barry revels in the story of Australian singer Normie Rowe, who once stopped in the middle of his act in order to fell a bouncer he'd seen whirling a girl around like a top before flinging her into the stalls.

Barry grinds his teeth and sits on the edge of his seat as he recounts the tale. "He got what was coming to him," he smiles with satisfaction. "Some of those heavies are so sadistic they frighten me to death."

As an act, three-fifths of The Bee Gees were born the day Barry first strummed his Christmas-present guitar and found tiny Maurice and Robin joining in with him.

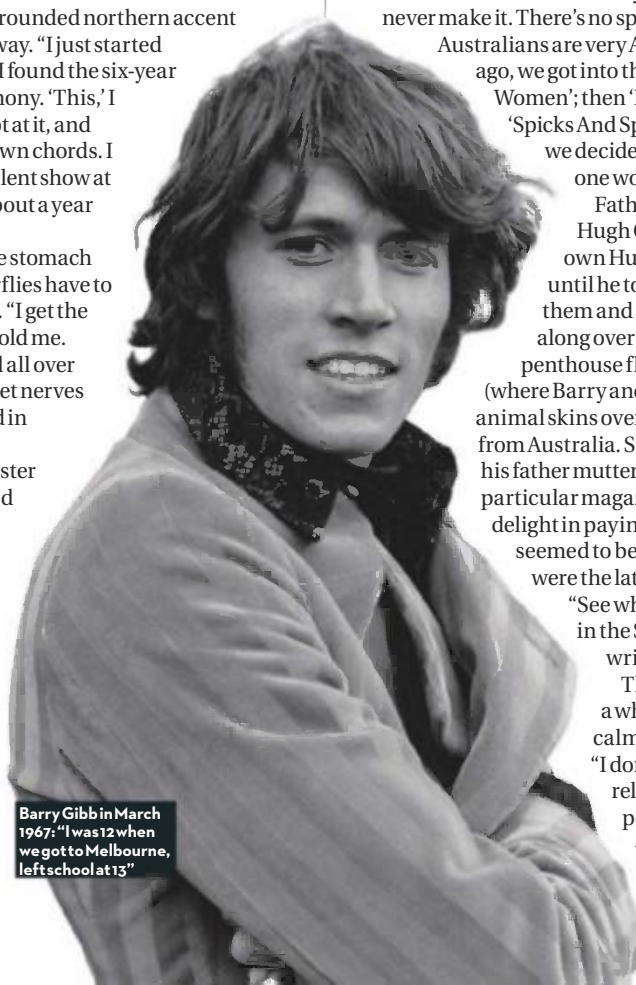
"It was amazing," he says in the warm, rounded northern accent that 10 years in Australia couldn't take away. "I just started singing and trying to play, and suddenly I found the six-year old twins with me doing three-part harmony. 'This,' I thought, 'could be something.' So we kept at it, and fiddled with the guitar until I found my own chords. I still play that way. After that we did the talent show at the Gaumont, then a few other things. About a year later, the fretboard warped!"

Barry still suffers from butterflies in the stomach before a show, except that now the butterflies have to flutter around in a fog of cigarette smoke. "I get the whole bit when I'm waiting to go on," he told me. "I smoke and I tremble and I walk around all over the place. Any artist tells you he doesn't get nerves is either lying or completely uninterested in his performance."

Barry led a fairly normal life in Manchester around the age of 10 or 11. The family lived in a nice semi-detached in Koppel Road, Chorlton-Cum-Hardy, and he went to Oswald Road School. He later remembers his mother being a great friend of Herman's mother — "Pete [Noone]'s mum was married in my mum's wedding dress" — and Herman being shy of girls and always telling them he had to go home to play his trumpet. That was in West Didsbury, where, maybe, dating girls and trumpet playing are as compatible as they could be. When Barry's father and mother told him the family was



"We went to Sydney and made the first of 15 flop singles in a row"



Barry Gibb in March 1967: "I was 12 when we got to Melbourne, left school at 13"

emigrating to Australia, he remembers he didn't really worry about leaving his friends and the neighbourhood he knew.

"I just accepted it," says Barry. "It was like a big adventure going halfway around the world. I was 12 when we got to Melbourne, I left school at 13, and after that I didn't have an education. I don't really know that much at all. All I can do is write and read. Mathematics and history? Forget it."

"Showbusiness has always been in my blood, but I did get an ordinary job once. It was in Brisbane, and I had to cart materials to a tailor in a case. The tailor would give me the money and I would have to take it back to the office. I got sacked because I went home one day and forgot to hand the money in. I really did forget, but they thought I'd nicked it. So they sacked me."

Most Bee Gee fans know the big break for the group was a children's-hour series on Brisbane's BTQ7 TV station, but then the kiddies' welfare department interfered in their activities and it eventually fizzled out. Barry recalls how they afterward did a year and a half at a place at Surfers' Paradise (he was about 14, the others 10 or 11) singing all kinds of material, from "My Old Man 'A Dustman" to "What'd I Say".

"Big artists would come to top the bill there," he says, "but we were so young and sweet we were killing their sets and doing great! We thought, 'If we can do this well — why not have a crack at Sydney?' We then went to Sydney and got a recording contract and made the first of 15 flop singles in a row."

Barry adds bitterly: "People would tap us on the head and say, 'Go play with your toys.' They thought we were just kids who would

never make it. There's no special love for the English, either. The Australians are very Americanised now. Eighteen months ago, we got into the Australian Top 10 with 'Wine And Women'; then 'I Was A Lover, A Leader Of Men'; then 'Spicks And Specks'. 'Spicks and Specks' was No 1 when we decided to leave Australia. But we went without one word of press."

Father of Barry, Robin and Maurice is Mr Hugh Gibb, who used to be a drummer with his own Hughie Gibb Orchestra on the Mecca circuit until he took his boys to Australia. He has managed them and (this they admit readily) pushed them along over the years. Mr Gibb was in the vast penthouse flat of Bee Gees agent Robert Stigwood (where Barry and I sat talking), and he negotiated the animal skins over the floor to bring us the latest magazines from Australia. Several minutes elapsed while Barry and his father muttered, understandably, at the way one particular magazine ignored The Bee Gees, or seemed to delight in paying them down. One Aussie columnist seemed to believe Normie Rowe and The Easybeats were the latest rave in Britain.

"See what I mean?" asked Barry. "We have hits in the States; we've been No 1 here; and we get write-ups like that. What can you do?"

This natural exasperation hits him once in a while. Usually, if he can, he likes to take life calmly. He describes himself as very religious. "I don't like church," he told me, "but I am very religious. I just happen to think it's a very personal thing. To go to church to learn — yes. But after that, I think too many people just go out of habit."

— NME DECEMBER 2 —



"You have to believe in what you sing": The Bee Gees on TV in September 1967

"It's the same," he volunteered suddenly, "with sex in films. I hate to see it. I'm not saying I turn away, but I simply don't believe a woman should show off her body as an excuse for having no talent."

Barry is genuine about his fiercely moral point of view, but don't think of him as a humourless fuddy-duddy. He loves comedy—especially the *Carry On* films—and he hates realism and death. "I adore biblical epics," he admitted, as he sat forward drumming his fingers on his knee. "They're fantastic."

He believes in life after death; that throughout life we are auditioning for something higher; that death is something he should not be afraid of; and that people who think there is nothing to follow have got a "heck of a cheek".

Barry is also convinced of the existence of unidentified flying objects; that in 10 years the blacks in this world will wage war on the whites; that war is futile, anyway, but that people have always fought and they always will; and that everyone needs some kind of purpose in life. He told me: "I want to live, and live to want."

He shows fear in his eyes when he talks about a séance he experienced in which the question was asked: "What is there after death?" He says, chillingly: "The glass shot off the table."

Barry the Bee Gee is more than a pop star—he's a thinking person who knows his own inadequacies, wants to improve, but knows that some of his faults are with him forever. He told me, with incredible honesty and candour, about a broken romance he has just experienced. And even though he would not name the girl, he told me of the emotions he was feeling and the way they worried him deeply.

"The reason we split up was, I suppose, 50-50 between us. It was a long and deep relationship, but I can't see it being patched up. The kind of person I am—obsessed with my career. It runs my whole life. I think I talk a bit too much, although I'm always careful what I say. I can't be nasty to anyone."

Barry is, finally, a man with an overwhelming dedication to making The Bee Gees a name to be reckoned with in the pop world. He believes that to do this one of the things they must always do is to act their records. "You have to believe in what you sing," says Barry. "This is why I believe black people to be the best singers in the world. They've been shunned for so long. Now they sing out their heartache."

Alan Smith

ONE OTHERWISE NONDESCRIPT morning, to the clatter of an alarm-clock bell, young Robin Gibb awoke, arose and... lo, the world was round. And lo, it rained every day. Now I know and you know (and Manchester readers know in particular) that it rains every day, and we all know (Flat Earth Society members, here close your eyes) that the world is round. But please be patient.

Anyway, as if all that wasn't mind-boggling enough, Robin had previously accomplished the amazing feat of making good his escape back to Massachusetts by the simple trick of taking a boat to England, where, astute listeners to phonographs and steam radio will remember, he did all the things he wanted to do.

Now all this would seem to make Robin a cert for a psychiatrist's couch, or at least prime contender for the title "Nut Of The Year"! However, he's a very happy and contented Bee Gee indeed. Still baffled? Then you haven't been reading your Bee Gee songbook. For the lazy and illiterate, Robin will explain:

"We always try to put ourselves into our records. We've never tried to write anything that wasn't us. What we are doing is sort of writing down people's thoughts; nobody has ever thought of writing down things exactly the way people think. "Massachusetts", in fact, is not talking about people going back to Massachusetts. It represents all the people who want to go back to somewhere or something. It is all about people who want to escape."

Does it represent Robin and The Bee Gees? "No, not now. It did. But we have already gone back to Massachusetts. When we were not recognised we were trying to escape—to recognition. That is something we have always wanted. We came to England searching for it and we found it.

"Now 'World', our new record, is the next step and is completely different from 'Massachusetts'. It's about somebody who knows everything about the world and the storyline is: 'Where will I be tomorrow?' It says: 'Now I've found that the world is round! And of course it rains every day'. He knows what it's all about and has learnt to live with it and accept it. That is completely us. We have found that the world is round and that it rains every day. We've found peace of mind and now we're very happy."

Eighteen-year-old Robin, older than his twin Maurice by one hour, indeed looked very happy when I met him amid the tiger-skin rugs and hunting trophies in Robert Stigwood's exotic Mayfair "den". Scattered round the room, the rest of The Bee Gees were coping with a queue of interviewers, who every now and again would rise, trot across the tigers and leopards, and change partners like a game of musical chairs.

Robin sank his slight frame into the soft settee, shook his shaggy brown hair, lit a king-size cigarette and prepared to answer my questions, jumping on to each one and expounding at length, punctuating each phrase and grinning profusely.

I touched on the subject of songwriting and that set him off. "We get ideas for songs everywhere and anywhere. It's a telepathy type of thing with us, sort of written in the mind."

Intrigued, I asked him to explain. "I suppose it's because we are so close as brothers. It's pretty scary at times and it's not just confined to music. Barry and I can be walking along a street together when we just start singing the same song in the same key at the same time. It can be frightening, but we never talk about it to each other in case we put a mental block on it. But we are very grateful for it; we wouldn't like it to go.

"It's incredible really. We get the same chords running through our minds. Barry will chance on a tune and my mind will go for the same

thing. All of a sudden he looks at me and we know we are on the same wavelength. It can happen anywhere. Ninety per cent of it is mental telepathy. 'Massachusetts' is an example. I had had this line in my head all day—'The lights all went out in Massachusetts'. Later that night »

"What we are doing is sort of writing down people's thoughts"

I mentioned it to Barry and he said, 'Yes, I know. I've already got the tune for it.' So we wrote the rest of the words together and Maurice did the arrangement."

It all sounded like something straight out of the columns of *Psychic News*, but before the sceptics take up their bludgeons, it is a known fact that very close relatives can at times think along the same lines. Nevertheless, it must go down as one of the strangest songwriting methods in pop history.

We turned to more down-to-earth facts about the Bee Gee who describes himself as very temperamental, very creative, a bit of a hypochondriac, slightly neurotic, inclined to be lazy in the mornings, with a dry, goonish sense of humour.

By an odd quirk of fate, Robin, like his brothers, was born in Douglas, Isle Of Man. The date: December 22, 1949. "Mum and Dad, who lived in Manchester, used to spend their holidays at Douglas, and it happened that each time they went they were expecting one of us."

Robin's schooling was spent at such romantic-sounding places as Oswald Road School, Chorlton-Cum-Hardy and Cavendish Road School, Manchester. "I went back there and looked in last week, just reminiscing. It's probably all changed now anyway. I used to love spelling, history, chemistry and astrology. I'm still keen on spelling and astrology. I was interested in the way people spelt things. You know how everybody spells in their own way." I didn't know, but anyway...

He continued: "I still read a lot about the planets and follow the space races closely. I used to hate maths and music. I was a complete and utter failure at that. We fell music, and there is no feeling when you have to learn. Maurice and I sang in the school choir at Christmas-carol concerts, and when it came to 'God Save The Queen' we'd sing together and throw the whole choir!"

Robin warmed to the story of The Bee Gees. "In November 1958 we were chasing Barry on a bike along Buckingham Road in Manchester, and we were talking about these kids who used to sing at the Gaumont Theatre at Saturday matinees. We used to watch them every week and we thought, 'Why can't we do something like that?' There were five of us, Maurice and Barry and myself, and Paul Frost and Kenny Orricks. There was a record out at the time called 'Wake Up Little Susie' by The Everly Brothers and we thought we'd mime to that. We called ourselves The Rattlesnakes.

"The Saturday morning came, just before Christmas, and we were going up the stairs of the Gaumont when Barry dropped the record! It smashed. We thought, 'Great Everlys! What are we going to do?' Barry had a guitar, which he had taken along to help the miming, and he suggested that we go out and really sing.

So out we went and sang 'Lollipop' by The Mudlarks, and it went down well. We ended up doing five more, including 'That'll Be The Day', 'Book Of Love' and 'Oh Boy' – and that was how The Bee Gees began."

Robin paused for breath, lit another king-sized cigarette, and continued: "Our next date was at the Whalley Range Odeon, when Maurice and I added banjos. Then we did the Palentine Theatre as Wee Johnnie Hayes & The Mulecats – Barry was Johnnie Hayes. We got £5 a week for our act. This was in 1958 and we went on doing matinee performances for about two years.

"Then we left Manchester and emigrated to Australia when I was 10. We thought up the name The Bee Gees on the boat and also started writing our own material. We lived in Brisbane, where I went to a secondary school, and after about a year started the group again.

"We played the Speedway Circus in Brisbane and met a racing driver, Bill Good, who introduced us to a DJ friend of his. We did some tapes for his show. He played them and used to get a tremendous number of orders for them, but they weren't released as records. Then we got onto television in Brisbane in 1960 with our own show, *Cottie's Happy Hour*, and we got very big in Brisbane. The three of us



Mane attraction: The Bee Gees pose in the trophy-straw penthouse of agent Robert Stigwood, London, December 1967

played Surfer's Paradise at the Beachcomber Hotel for six weeks, three shows a night. Then we went to Sydney, which was like going to London, and did the Sydney Stadium in 1962 with Chubby Checker. It was the biggest break we ever had.

"The first song we ever wrote was 'Let Me Love You'. Our first songwriting success was 'Starlight Of Love', which was recorded by Col Joye and got to No 1. We became an overnight success but our first hit didn't come until 1965, although the Bee Gees were always big TV-wise.

"Our first hit was 'Wine And Women', a group song, which got to No 10. We followed that with three complete flops. The first, 'I Was A Lover, A Leader Of Men', won an award for the best composition of the year, but it wasn't a hit. We then met Bill Shepherd, who came to England with us as musical director, and Ossie Burn, our producer. We were on the Spin label and used to record until seven in the morning. 'Monday's Rain', our first for him, was an absolute flop. Our next, 'Cherry Red' – again, an absolute flop.

"In August 1966 we went into the studio desperate to get a hit before we left for England. We made this song 'Spicks And Specks', but Spin didn't want to release it. They thought we were finished, a financial loss. However, it was released eventually and went to the top in four weeks. On January 3, 1967, when we left, it was a No 1 hit. It had been in our minds for the past years to come to England. 'Spicks And Specks' gave us the money."

Two welcome cups of tea appeared before us and I gave my hardworking pen a well-earned chance to cool off. Tea put away, Robin picked up the story.

"When we first came over here we went to see a man – who shall remain nameless to save him embarrassment – at the Grade Organisation. He practically threw us out of his office and said we were wasting our time: 'When The Seekers came in here I knew they were going to do something, but you are just another group...'" Pause for that short-sighted gent to kick himself.

"Then Robert Stigwood began to take an interest and was ringing our house every 20 minutes. When he finally got in touch, I was the

"Barry and I can just start singing the same song in the same key"

one who picked up the phone. We went to see him and he wanted to do business. He took us over and since February we have never looked back. We would give Robert the world now. He's done wonders for us." *Nick Logan*

— NME DECEMBER 16 —

IFI WERE a film casting director I've a feeling I could visualise Maurice Gibb as the brown-eyed, brown-haired, 5ft 6in son of an Indian chief, what with those high cheekbones that dip inwards to give him the lean, hungry, proud look of a brave out-to-kill wagon-train master who speak with forked tongue. Maurice sees himself in another light. He would have loved to have Clyde in *Bonnie And Clyde*, playing the Warren Beatty role with fervour because it struck him as a real, human thing. His deep-set eyes light up as he speaks fluently, articulately, about his hopes and his inner thoughts on success and the lifetime stretching in front of him.

"It's a nice idea," he told me, "to talk about things like this once in a while. I like people to know I'm not just a face in a photograph."

The first time I met Maurice he was carrying an old single by Lorraine Ellison, "Stay With Me Baby", which he thrust on to the record player with urgency and delight.

Seconds later I was listening to a full-blooded, screaming, beautiful, agonised, ecstatic, sobbing, sexual, soaring performance of a song that prickled the hairs at the nape of the neck. It was one of the most incredible records I've ever heard, and I raved, Maurice raved, even the man there from the BBC World Service raved. When I heard that Cilla and Lulu were also raving, that was it. My mind was made up. I asked Warner Brothers to rush me a copy as soon as they could, and I raced home and also thrust it on to the record player with urgency and delight.

Lorraine Ellison's "Stay With Me Baby" may now be heard screaming through our house and right out into the road, probably to the great chagrin of our neighbours Ron and Marge on one side and the nice old boy on the other. That an emotionally supercharged record like this should appeal to Maurice doesn't surprise me at all. He has a great sense of the romantic and he admits to it readily.

"When I meet a girl," Maurice told me gently. "I treat her as a girl should be treated. I even go as far as walking on the outside of the pavement. I find I get very romantic, and I don't swear and I treat her with respect. I like small girls, preferably, blonde, with a sense of humour."

When he added that his steady girlfriend was a happy person who was also in showbusiness, I took a calculated guess and asked him did he mean Lulu. This was before news of their romance found its way into the papers. Maurice's eyes widened with undisguised surprise. "You're right!" he exclaimed. "How did you know?" I shrugged one of my I-just-happen-to-be-a-genius shrugs, and gave him my word I wouldn't break the news. We talked about many things, Maurice and I. He's quick-witted and cheerful, and his conversation isn't limited to pop music or buying an 'ouse for 'is muvver.

He says he believes in God, but dislikes the hypocrisy of many churchgoers; thinks politics is the biggest bore that ever happened to the world; can't see himself splitting with the other Bee Gees, although he would like to do other things as well; would like everybody in the group to act; is obsessed by cars, although he is still waiting to pass his driving test; has a Rolls Royce and a Morris-Cooper S with "blacked out" windows and all that; likes The Bachelors for their professionalism; and says his greatest dream is to own a motion picture company.

Maurice looks back with happy nostalgia on how he and the other Bee Gees were scared stiff at the audition



"Dad went to see Robert Stigwood at NEMS - and here we are"

they did for Robert Stigwood soon after they arrived in Britain.

"We did our nightclub act," says Maurice, "and he watched and listened and never smiled once. Then he said, 'Be at my office at six o'clock', and we were and we signed the contracts."

Maurice also looks back with a slight sense of awe on the way he and the rest of the family just packed up and came to Britain, without anything definite to look forward to, on only £200 between them. "We stayed in a crummy hotel in Hampstead," says Maurice, "and one day my dad went to see The Seekers' manager, Eddie Jarrett, to see if he could help. He said sorry, he couldn't do anything. After that, Dad went to see Robert Stigwood at NEMS - and here we are."

There they are indeed... still selling well with "Massachusetts", and not only that, but high in the sky with "World". Maurice might well be inclined to celebrate this with a great, big, swinging humdinger of a party, except that he isn't that keen on parties.

"I don't mind a celebration now and again," he told me. "In fact, I'm a bit of a raver. But many times I like to be on my own and play a bit of the old 'Monty Varni'."

"Know something? Everything surprises me. You mention Lulu and I'm really surprised. Say a well-known girl record reviewer has got false teeth and there I am again - really surprised! Some people would shrug and say, 'Oh yeah, so what?' Not me, everything surprises me."

Maurice loves subtle humour and also doing his own impressions of other people, but there's an intensely serious side to him. When he heard about the death of Brian Epstein, the shock and suddenness of it had a deep and traumatic effect.

Apart from death, the greatest personal blow to him has been failing his driving test three times. Bitterly Maurice recalls how in the middle of the first driving test he took, the examiner said, "You're one of The Bee Gees, aren't you - the ones getting deported?" (This was at the time of work permits trouble regarding Colin Petersen and Vince Melouney.)

"I was just about to say this applied to only two of the members," alleges Maurice, with an acid edge to his tongue, "when this bloke says, 'Then why the hell are you taking your test?' That got me. My blood really boiled and I thought, 'Right, mate.' I gave it to him at 80. We were going along like there was no tomorrow. When he got out he said, 'Mr Gibb, I'm happy to say you've failed.'"

More out-of-this-world matters often concern the agile mind of Maurice Gibb, who at 17 admits to feeling far more mature than his years. He tells of spiritualist séances in which "an English guy named Noel, who was killed in a motorbike crash when he was 22" has given The Bee Gees advice and prophesied their future in the charts. "There was another time," says Maurice, "in which we got in touch with a German baron by means of using a glass and letters of the alphabet. But it didn't really work. Either he couldn't spell, or he couldn't speak English."

The things that worry Maurice include death; his nose; the gold in his front tooth; making a wrong move and embarrassing himself when he's with a girl; and being in clubs and being stared at.

"I hate that," says Maurice. "I used to go to clubs a lot, but I don't like feeling conspicuous. Now I don't go so much, I suppose people will think I'm big-time. But I'm not." Maurice is right. He is straightforward, confident, uncertain, impulsive, romantic, nostalgic and the most mature and sensible 17-year-old I've ever met. But big-time? Never.

Alan Smith

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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MEET A BEE GEE

—No. 4 'I'm a bit of a raver' admit

Maurice Gibb

to **ALAN SMITH**

IF I were a film casting director I've a feeling I could visualise Maurice Gibb as the brown-eyed, brown-haired, 5ft 6in son of an Indian chief, what with those high cheekbones that dip inwards to give him the lean, hungry, proud look of a brave out-to-kill wagon-train master who speak with forked tongue. Maurice sees himself in another light. He would have loved to have Clyde in Bonnie And Clyde, playing the Warren Beatty role with fervour because it struck him as a real, human thing. His deep-set eyes light up as he speaks fluently, articulately, about his hopes and his inner thoughts on success and the lifetime stretching in front of him.

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Alan Smith

1967

OCTOBER—DECEMBER

March 1967: back from Morocco, leaving long-suffering girlfriend Anita Pallenberg with Keith Richards, Brian Jones poses by George Harrison's swimming pool in Esher, Surrey



“A stimulating year”

Arrests (Jagger, Richards, Jones) and psychedelia haven't shaken THE ROLLING STONES. Their message? Musically and otherwise, don't rule anything out. “Entertaining is boring,” says Brian Jones. “Communication is everything.”

—NME DECEMBER 9—

DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO London's Royal Academy Of Music in a dimly lit apartment, where a poster of Mao Tse-tung is fixed to the wall and TS Eliot,

Lawrence Durrell and Sophocles rest in book form on a nearby shelf, sat the wicked wizard Jagger eating his baked beans on toast.

The light comes filtering through a beautiful black lace shawl embroidered with red roses that is draped around the lampshade. Ever and anon the wizard leaves his repast to rise to his feet and jig around the room (Mick likes jiggling) to the sounds of Erma Franklin or some bluesy Stax album. He finds it difficult to sit still while the music is playing, which is always, and apologises above the earth-shattering stereo that he cannot have it on too loud as the people downstairs have complained – again.

On a table are a pile of stereo cartridges for his car by artists like The Beatles, Ravi Shankar and The Temptations. A young man with shiny hair and friendly face is using the phone. He is Glyn Johns, who is a pop star in Spain and The Rolling Stones' sound engineer in England, or wherever they may record. He draws my attention to the model of a small sailing vessel lying on the floor. It is a replica of an actual boat built in 1898 and had been picked up in an antique shop by Mick because its name was

“Lady Jane” and the captain's name written along the hull was one MJagger. Coincidence!

The “wizard” and I talk of the new album and the extraordinary three-dimensional sleeve which they put together themselves in a New York warehouse. The concept is a fantasy, almost

fairyland-like picture with the Stones in costumes and Mick as the wizard. “It's not really meant to be a very nice picture at all,” said Mick. “Look at the expressions on our

faces. It's a Grimm's fairy tale – one of those stories that used to frighten as a young child.”

The idea of the album title – *Their Satanic Majesties Request* – was Mick's, taken as a corruption from page 2 of a British passport, which reads “Her Britannic Majesty... requests and requires, etc”. We talked of the shape of things to come and when, if ever, we are to see the Stones “live” again. When will they appear on TV again and the “sneer of cold command” be seen once more on “Top Of The Grandpops”?

“Oh yes, I suppose I could go on doing my same act for years,” said Mick, “but I don't want to wind up like Dickie Valentine. I don't want to be associated with Simon Dee's show or Jonathan King's show. We've appeared on *Top Of The Pops* hundreds of times.

“Really it all finished with the *Palladium* TV show. We went on with those funny soft hats and wearing brooches, and that shocked everyone. One year later, everyone from The Bee Gees down are doing the same thing. We've made a 15-minute colour film which we hope someone will show to promote the new album, and as for ‘live’ appearances, some are planned for the New Year but I can't say where or when.”

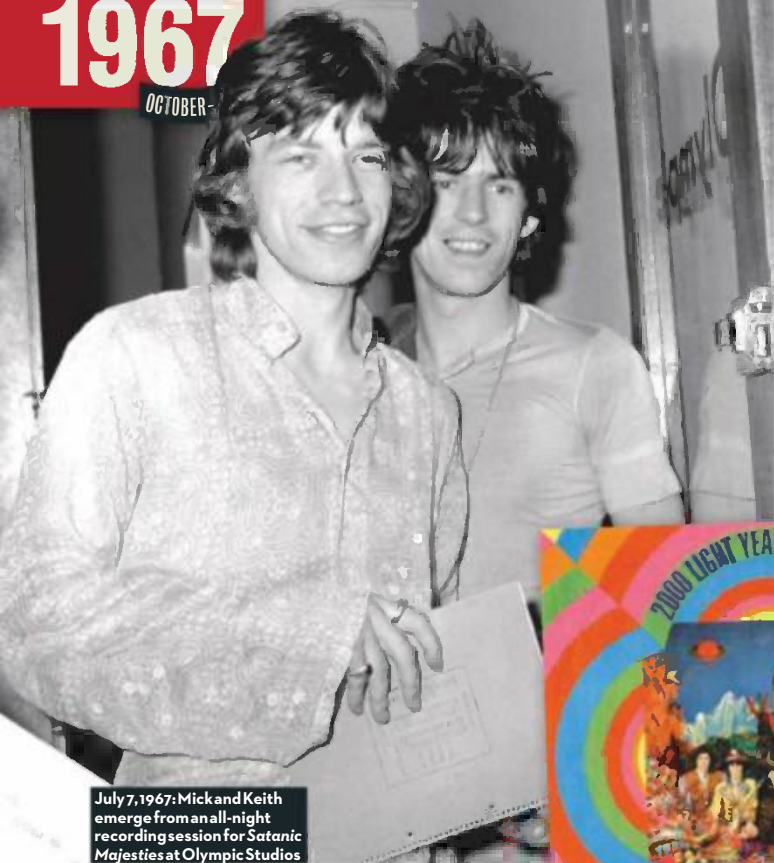
What of all the film plans that have been projected for the group and his own plans as a solo actor? Will they attempt a film of their own in the same manner as the Beatles have with *Magical Mystery Tour*?

“We've never been a four-headed monster in the same sense that The Beatles have – there was very little unified purpose about The Rolling Stones. We're just five people who come together to make records. There are several film projects being considered both by the group and myself, but I do not want to be specific about any of them in case they go the same way as some of the others. Until contracts are signed and the seals closed it's best to keep quiet.”

Is Mick at all worried that the content of this present album may be too far advanced for many of the Stones' fans, or that the message is too introspective to be understood by many outside their own circle?

“No. There are lots of easy things to listen to like ‘Sing This Song Altogether’. As an album, I don't think it's as ‘far out’ as *Sgt Pepper*. It's primarily an album to listen to, but I don't feel

“We just come together to make records”



July 7, 1967: Mick and Keith emerge from an all-night recording session for *Satanic Majesties* at Olympic Studios

people will think we've gone totally round the bend because of that."

And so it was that Marianne Faithfull arrived from work wearing her fur coat and what looked suspiciously like Mick's green satin trousers (on her they looked good). She was pleased Mick had eaten and Mick was pleased to see her (which he indicated in an appropriate manner) and I felt they would both be pleased if I left – so I did.

Five days later found me in the BBC *Top Gear* studio. Mick was in splendid form and was referring to various tracks on their album as "mid-tempo shufflers" and "dirgy knee-tappers". Brian was credited by Mick with playing almost every instrument on the album and Charlie looked several times as if he was going to say something. It was Charlie who did a lot of work helping to get the album together.

After the recording I had a few words with Brian, who had a ruby-red soft hat with glittering green-and-gold band around it on his head, sheepskin jacket on his back and a cold sore on his lip. He was as ever pleasant and polite. He was deeply concerned about the "evolutionary explosion" and the feeling that perhaps journalists had been told not to speak to him because of recent exploits.

"Yes, of course the album is a very personal thing," agreed Brian. "But The Beatles are just as introspective. You have to remember that our entire lives have been affected lately by social-political influences. You have to expect those things to come out in our work. In a way, songs like '2,000 Light Years From Home' are prophetic, not at all introverted. They are the things we believe to be happening and will happen. Changes in values and attitudes."

What about their capacity as "entertainers", I ventured?

"Entertaining, pah!" ejaculated Brian. "Entertaining is boring: communication is everything."

So now you know. Why did he think it was that no other recording artists before them seem to have taken the objective attitudes that so many of our established groups seem to be taking today.

"Because of the wars," declared Brian. "Just as people began to look at life and their values a war would break out, and nothing destroys culture, art or the simple privilege of having time to think quicker than a war. And once you've got the horror and terror of a war, people have to escape from it. They need the escapist pop cultures that croon about moon and June and romance. I've never had to go through those times, and I thank God I have not."

How does Brian explain the success of artists like Frankie Vaughan, Val Doonican and Vince Hill, who still make a good living singing of moon-and-June and romance? "They're very necessary for all those people who were tired and worn out by the wars," said Brian. Exit Brian Jones, "philosopher", in his Rolls-Royce. *Keith Altham*

—MELODY MAKER DECEMBER 9—

WE'RE STILL JUST a rock'n'roll group," said Mick Jagger, voicing perhaps the most startling statement of the week. Amid the furore created by their latest Rolling Stones album, *Their Satanic Majesties Request* – called a "milestone" and "self-indulgent" – Mick sat calmly in his accountant's office overlooking London's Oxford Circus and demolished as "pretentious" the verdicts passed on the album.

"It's just another album. It's different from the others we've done and it's different from the next we will do. But it's still just an album. The work on this album is not a landmark or a milestone or anything pretentious like that. All we have tried to do is make an album we like, with some sounds that haven't been done before. It doesn't mean that we'll never release any more rock'n'roll or R&B tracks. Everything we recorded isn't on this album. We have eight or nine things which are like the old Stones material. And they will be released as bits of future albums and things."

"*Satanic Majesties* is just another avenue for us. It doesn't mean we'll never do any more blues. But I don't want to limit the group to any particular type of music, I don't want to just do blues or soul or anything. We want to do all types of music."

How valid was the criticism of the Stones fan who said in last week's *MM* Mailbag that they "have lost their R&B earthiness"?

"Very valid," replied Mick. "But we can't just do one kind of music to please some of our fans. Others want to hear things like 'Lady Jane'. At least the fans who prefer our earlier stuff can go and get our earlier albums. But as I say, the Stones

haven't moved away from the sort of stuff we used to do."

Mick felt that pop was becoming less commercially processed and was reflecting more direct emotion, in the way that jazz, for example, was a directly emotive music. "The thing about the album which stands out to me, after I heard it as a whole, was its spookiness," he said.

The album's cover has created tremendous stir. "We did it as nice as we could. It had to please us initially, but we also wanted it to please other people. It has meant a lot of hard work. Apart from the initial idea, you have to follow the thing through every stage and compromise on things as you go along. There are a number of things we wanted that couldn't be achieved for technical reasons. That's when we had to compromise. But generally, we feel that it's what we wanted."

The Stones knew they wanted a 3D cover. They also knew that it would have to be produced in New York because the firm which did 3D work of this sort was there and held a patent on it. "It took a lot of organising. We all had to go to New York, where we built a mock-up of the set we used. Then we physically built the set. It was like school. We built it, painted it and obtained the props for it ourselves. This is the main reason why record companies don't come up with ideas like this – they aren't as involved as we were. It's a lot of extra work and they don't think of it because they aren't that close to things."

But wasn't it only groups with the status of the Beatles or the Stones who could insist on having what they wanted? "No. If a group has the idea for something like this and put it to the record company, they'll probably get it. But the idea has to come from the group, because the companies just never think of it. I don't expect a rush of 3D covers after this, but I think this sort of thing helps to expand things in the music business and encourage more people to think beyond the accepted methods of approach."

But with the extended recording activity of groups like The Beatles and Stones – "actually the album took about five months on and off and not nine months" – will fans be able to see the Stones again on stage in the future? "Of course. We will be doing a tour of something early in the New Year, not just here, but all over the world. But it'll be more of a produced show. I'm thinking about that now."

1967 has been a mixed year for the Stones, with police troubles and management rifts punctuating the year for them. Looking back, how did Mick view the year past? "There's been a tremendous amount happening – like the prison thing, which is still hanging over us with Brian. And then there were the management hang-ups. I suppose I'll be able to form a proper opinion later. It's been a sort of stimulating year, though. Strangely, it's been a very happy year in many ways." *Alan Walsh* •



— ALBUMS —
REVIEW
 — DECEMBER —

“The stars and beyond...”

NME DECEMBER 2 *Their Satanic Majesties Request* reviewed after a first listen at Mick's place

KINDLY RAISE your hands in the air. Empty your mind on to the desk and your brains into the ashtray. Now let us see what we have here. Item: a small bag of fears. Item: two dozen assorted ethics. Item: a large jar of obsolete standards. Item: two packets of preconceived moral judgements. Item: one large chunk of well-used conscience. Item: half a dozen black-and-white lies and one shiny white magic soul.

Now you will put all these in a sack and shake them around a bit. Now what have you got? Answer: roughly the equivalent of some close attention to The Rolling Stones' latest album, *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, (Decca), released December 8.

This is what the Mothers Of Invention have attempted, with a certain amount of derision, and The Beach Boys have tried with *Smiley Smile*. This is the trip to infinity - the journey to the dark space between the stars and beyond. The sounds are East and West and the lyrics both sane and insane. This is what the Beatles have been saying in part, and now the Stones have said it. The only outstanding question is how many know, and how many will want to know, about their brave album?

There are no compromises with this new LP from the Stones. It is a blatant expression of what is now important for them, and a million light years removed from their days as rhythm and blues enthusiasts when "I am black and that's why I'm blue" was the mode. There is currently a very provocative advertisement of a new film concerning a chain gang where a prisoner is being clubbed over the head with a truncheon and the caption reads: "What we have here basically is a failure to communicate!"

It should not be necessary to hit you over the head, but be prepared for those who walk quietly with a big stick. Fantasy begins with the first part of a song in two parts, "Sing This Song Altogether", a musical whirlpool,

in which guitars, bells and drums combine to produce a singalong for those who can sing along inside their heads. The request is to "open our heads, let the pictures come" and in there chanting the chorus with Mick are "just friends" who might be anyone, from Paul McCartney to Ho Chi Minh.

Following this comes "Citadel", which is a slightly surrealistic review of New York City with all its cement innards and concrete heart on display. Guitars a-go-go and at one point I wrote down something about a "three-point plug" which was attached to the stereogram in Mick's room. On seeing my obvious difficulty trying to convey the bewildering musical effects into words, Mick, who was sitting screwed up in an armchair, grabbed his toes with his hands and cried: "Oh dear, if you can't get together I don't think I'll bother to ask the other reviewers."

Bill Wyman breaks the Jagger-Richards monopoly for the first time with his own composition, "In Another Land", which he sings himself. The Mellotron is usefully employed in this song about a man who awakes from a dream where

"the grass has grown high and the feathers floated by" to find himself in another dream! Number ends with an undivulged artist snoring, "2,000 Man", who does not understand, is you or me or us and our children in time to come. And if the song disturbs, then it has made its point. The first side finishes with a return to "Sing This Song Altogether (Part The Second)", which opens with that time-honoured salutation "Where's the joint?" and socks it to us one more time. This gradually fades into something which is "Cosmic" (or is it Cos Mick



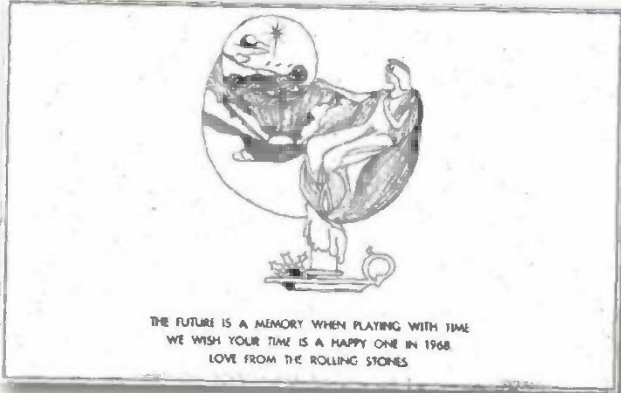
“Gomper’ is full of organ sighs and the mystery of Tibet – a swamp of sound”

Christmas?) but is not called anything, if you see what I mean. Side Two begins with a fairground background, a barker shouting from his sideshow "any prize you like", which leads into my favourite track: "She's A Rainbow", which includes a string section and the kind of

rodontade vocal from Jagger, in which he excels. For some reason the whole number makes me think of the evil of innocence. "The Lantern" is another excursion into "Electra" and provides illumination for those looking into the void - "the sea of night". And for another strange reason it reminds me of *Paradise Lost*, where the devil flies through Chaos, a short trip from hell. And for those of you who find this review unusual I can only say: wait till you hear the LP.

"Gomper" (subtitled "The Ladies, The Lillies And The Lake") is full of organ sighs and guitar cries and the mystery of Tibet - a swamp of sound. Gomper is, in fact, the Tibetan term for the incredible journey some of the Tibetan monks make while under influence of hypnosis. "2,000 Light Years From Home" almost explains itself in the title. A combination of the music of the spheres and sounds that might have been picked up by Jodrell Bank. "For now we see through a glass darkly..."


Bang back on Earth with "On With The Show", featuring Mick Jagger as a metallic voice cajoling the public to see a strip show. There is a harp on this one. The last remark is a deliberate understatement for a track where words are inadequate to describe it. I expect to see the critics call this album everything from "brilliant" to "nonsense". You must make up your mind. I have. A final word about the three-dimensional album sleeve - "EEK!" Keith Altham



1967

OCTOBER-DECEMBER





“It’s like an office job, really... I get home about 7.30pm”

While finishing *Magical Mystery Tour*, George Harrison and Ringo Starr ponder THE BEATLES, and their lives. For both, the spiritual direction offered by the Maharishi continues to loom large. “I got to a point,” says Ringo, “where I wondered what it all was...”

— MELODY MAKER DECEMBER 2 —

ANOTHER BEATLES SINGLE is hitting the Christmas Pop 30. Then comes their *Magical Mystery Tour* film, which is almost certain to be seen on British TV screens on Christmas Day, plus a booklet and two records of songs from the film. The Beatles blazon on, changing, developing as months and years go by, getting more involved in their work and yet staying simple.

Ringo, probably the most unquoted Beatle, is probably the most unchanged Beatle. He’s been called everything from a bad drummer to a natural film actor. How does he see Beatle life at the end of 1967—the drugs, the filming, the recording, the music, the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi? One day this week, between washing down scampi and chips in Kettner’s restaurant in Soho with a bottle of hock and editing the *Magical Mystery Tour* film in a cramped cutting room in Old Compton Street, Ringo taped an interview for the *MM*.

Pop and drugs have been linked often in recent months.

What difference has it made to music? It’s made a lot of difference to the type of music and the words. It gave one more scope and other things to talk about. The words were relevant to a lot of people. Some get it but others didn’t and they just mentioned certain things. It’s been a good experience for everybody, because it’s brought out new styles and a lot of people who weren’t getting anywhere came out and said it and they got somewhere.

The law says these drugs are illegal, so you can’t condone them, can you? It used to be legal until a couple of fellas got round a table and said we’ll make it illegal. Even in hospitals now they can’t get into it as they’re not allowed to have it for research, which is silly. You can’t say to someone, “Don’t take pot, it’s no good.” Or you can’t say, “Take it ’cause it is good.” It’s up to the person. It’s not a harmful thing. I don’t see why the law suddenly says you can’t have it.

Do you think people are influenced by what The Beatles do? I hope not, but by all reports, some of them are. Sometimes it worries me, but people are going to do what you say anyway. If someone else says it, they’ll do it. They’re just a sillier sort of person.

Do you think young musicians should experience drugs? Oh no, you don’t have to. The Troggs haven’t, so they tell me, and they’re doing alright. It’s not “without it you can’t make it”.

Do you regret The Beatles not doing live shows any more? No. That was the scene and that’s what we were doing. It’s changed now. I’m not against going out. Just going out as we were. I was never worried about violence because I’ve never been hurt. We were always well protected.

There’s not much you can do to top the Shea Stadium shows, is there? No, but there’s something. We don’t know what it is yet. We keep topping our last LP all the time.

What kind of life do you lead today? Very quiet. I get up at nine and come up to town every day. It’s like an office job, really. It’s a change. I get home about half past seven, have my dinner, chat, do whatever you do and then go to bed. I drive in with John and see Paul and George in town.

Do you ever meet to have a blow? No, the only time we ever play is when we’re recording. We don’t set up in each other’s houses and say, “Whoopee! Off we go!”

Do you keep your hand in? No

Do you ever play with records? No.

Have you got a kit set up at home? No—I haven’t got a kit at home, folks! The other week I thought, “I’ll have a kit up here.” Maybe I’ll get to it, maybe not. When we don’t record, I don’t play. The first week it’s like starting again. My style changes on every LP. After a week or so I find a style.

Do you ever go and hear any drummers? No. Perhaps it’s soft playing drums, because I’ve never been interested in watching drummers or listening to solos. I’ve never done a solo, because it bores me.

You, like the rest of The Beatles, come in for musical knocks. Yes. People think I can’t play. I don’t consider myself a great player. I do a rock’n’roll offbeat and I’m quite happy with that. I don’t want to get progressive. When people knock me I sometimes think I should do something. But that would be catering to them.

There are a lot of good drummers around; I’d last two lessons and give it up. John and Paul, because they write songs, know how they want it to be done and, in some small way, I complement it. They’ve usually got a rough idea of how the drum goes as well as the guitar, and the organ, and the piano, and the 40-piece orchestra. They say, “I’d like that bit to do that...” They more or less direct me in the style I can play. ✦

November 1967: The Beatles in a Soho editing suite, cutting their film *Magical Mystery Tour*

Do you ever have aspirations to write music yourself? I try. I have a guitar and piano and play a few chords, but they're all just chingalingas. There's no great tune comes out as far as I'm concerned.

Have you any musical favourites at the moment? No, I don't really have favourites. I buy Jimi Hendrix's LP and then I buy someone else's LP. One sort of takes over from the other.

The standard of pop music is a lot higher now than when The Beatles started? Yeah. What we used to play is like *Those Were The Days*. It's harder for young fellas now. When I started I couldn't play anything and none of us could. Now to get into a group you've got to have been playing a couple of years and you have to be pretty good.

Do you think quick success and a lot of loot is good? They don't get it very fast. A couple of No 1s and then out 18 months later won't make you rich. You'll be back on the buses.

Is the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi a big thing in your life?

Yes. I got to a point where I wondered what I was and what it all was. This looks like answering those questions like nothing else can. I think they'll be the right answers.

Are you prepared to spend a considerable time in India to do so?

Yes. It's the only way. It would be nice if you could sit around and the answers were brought to you, but you've got to find them. Seek and ye shall find, as George keeps saying!

Some people are sceptical about the Maharishi asking a week's wages.

Yes, my uncle said that – "He's after yer money, lads." But a week's wages is only a lot when they talk about people like us, because they think we make a million a day. But for an ordinary man it's 20 quid, 15 quid. And that's a fair bargain – one week of your working life you give and the Maharishi gives you something for the rest of your life.

What do you think you'll get out of it? A lot of peace and answers. It's not going to come in a week, you know. One fella came to get initiated (a terrible word, but that's the word) and he said, "I've seen 'im! I've seen 'im!" Haha. Maybe he has, but...

Have you done any preparation? You meditate every day in a quiet room. You close your eyes anyway, so you don't have to decorate a room! Or go into pitch blackness. I do it before I go to work or when I get home from work.

Do you think a lot of people have jumped on the Maharishi's bandwagon because of the publicity? I suppose some people have followed us. If so, it's a good thing.

Do you think there's an easier climate in Britain today for young people regarding sex and morals? I think it's always been the same. Now there is

more publicity and people are talking about these things. Before, if you lived in a little village and one of the girls who weren't married happened to have a baby, the news would stay in the village. Now it's different. Newspapers love to build you up – The Beatles or the hippies or any movement. But when you get big they can only knock you down. They only print the crap then. They don't print the nice things.

Has the so-called flower movement spent itself? It's finished in Britain because we can't afford to keep those lightweight clothes on. You'd freeze to death. So flower people are putting on their overcoats again. But people are still feeling nice towards each other even though they're back into suits. One of the reasons it happened was because of all the troubles in the world. We all feel we didn't cause this trouble. It was all these old fellas who run the country. You know – give me a war! I need a war!

You wouldn't feel good about conscription – like for Vietnam? No, but the American situation is their situation. The point I'd make about Vietnam is the killing of each other. There's no good reason to take anyone else's life.

Coming back to Britain, judges here seem to take a severe view of pop musicians. Yes, that's because they are the old men again. Judges are old men. And I'm not saying all old people are bad. But some judges think it's a great joke. They're trying to "kill" the pop people. But as soon as they grab one of them the news is all over everywhere, so they're spreading it. They haven't caught on to that yet. They think it's great, you know, if the police raid a place. But 50 million people have read about it again and a couple of thousand will say, "I'll try drugs." So they're building the case for it, more than against it, because of their silly attitude.

Finally, the future. You're doing an LP next year and a film along the lines of the *Magical Mystery Tour*? Well, we don't really know. We'll have to see. It's maybe the magical boat ride. We'll go on as we are. I may break out and do a film part. Because of the last two films, they sort of stuck on me as Ringo the film star, because I don't write or anything like that.

CRY FROM PAUL, IN HEAVY, QUASI-AMERICAN ACCENT – "NAW, BUT YER GREAT IN FILMS, RING! YOU MAKE THE GROOVIEREST FILMS!"
Jack Hutton

— MELODY MAKER DECEMBER 16 —

THE MAHARISHI MAHESH Yogi is already being criticised, as are The Beatles, in connection with your studies in transcendental meditation... [George Harrison]: It's easier to criticise somebody than to see yourself. We had got to the point where we were looking for somebody like the Maharishi, and then there he was. Most other people had never thought about this before and suddenly there he is being thrust down their necks.

You didn't just suddenly get on to a meditation "kick"? No, it's been about three years thinking, looking for why we're here – the purpose of what we're doing here on this world, getting born and dying. Normally people don't think about it and then they just die – and then they've gone and missed it – because we do come here for some purpose. And I've found out that the reason we come here is to get back to that thing God had, whatever you might call God, you know, that scene. The thing is, everybody is potentially divine; every human being is potentially a Christ.

So you all were in this scene before the Maharishi and all the publicity came along? Yeah. When you're young you get taken to church by your parents and you get pushed into religion in school. They're trying to put something into your mind. But it's wrong, you know. Obviously, because nobody goes to church and nobody believes in God. Why? Because religious teachers don't know what they're teaching. They haven't interpreted the Bible as it was intended. This is the thing that led me into the Indian scene, that I didn't really believe in God and I'd been taught it. It was just like something out of a science-fiction novel.

I think it was really after acid, because acid was the big sort of psychological reaction. It's really only after acid that it pushes home to you that you're only little – really. And there's all that infinity out there and there's something doing it, you know. It's not just that it's us doing it or the Queen doing it, but that it's some great power doing it.

Then the music. Indian music just seemed to have something very spiritual for me, and it became a stepping stone for me to find out about



September 20, 1967: between takes for the "I Am The Walrus" interlude in *Magical Mystery Tour*, RAF West Malling, Kent



The meaning of within: in a London flat with the Maharishi—(l-r) Paul McCartney, Jane Asher, Pattie Harrison, Mike McCartney, John Lennon, Ringo Starr, Maureen Cox, Starkey and George Harrison, August 31, 1967

a whole lot of other things. Finding out all about Hinduism and all those sort of religions made me realise that Christianity is that as well—every religion is just the same scene really.

For Christianity, it's the people who profess to be the religious teachers who screw the whole thing up. They're the people who create the sectarianism, the prejudices and the hate that goes on. You know, those people who are supposed to be propagating the Lord's word—they're screwing it all up. You're taught to just have faith, you don't have to worry about it, just believe what we're telling you. And this is what makes the Indian one such a groove for me and I'm sure for a lot of other people, because over there they say, "Don't believe in anything. If there's a God we must see him, if there's a soul we must perceive it and so on."

It's better to be an outspoken atheist than a hypocrite, so their whole teaching is don't believe in nothing until you've witnessed it for yourself. I really feel and believe very much in this whole sort of scene, you know, God. You know when you say the word "god" people are going to curl up and cringe—they all interpret it in a different way.

The Maharishi is a monk and he hasn't got a penny, and he doesn't want to have a penny. He doesn't want any money, and obviously you get the press saying he's staying in the Hilton and he does this and he does that—but in actual fact he didn't stay in the Hilton but in a meditator's house. And he's been here for nine years and for eight of those years he never had a word said or written about him until The Beatles got interested in it, and then he gets all this. So we know where the press are at and all those people who are putting him down—because they're only writing about him because of us.

But how do these realisations fit into your actual everyday existence? You're saying that everything really is predestined? Well, yes. This is what the Maharishi says. The more you meditate and the more you harmonise with life in general, then the more nature supports you. Nature has supported you since you were born, if you come to think about it. I mean, why did I go to that school at the time, and meet that fella who met this fella, and we did this, you know. Why?

Why did I meet Ravi Shankar? And the difference between the thing of me meeting Shankar is that people will see this from their point of view, but actually it's much different. When I met him and got to know him, it was like I'd known him for a thousand years—and the same response back from him. The more I've got into it, the more you see this thing we call reality isn't reality at all—this is all an illusion.

And this is the big drag, because everybody lives their lives thinking this is reality and then say to people like us, "Oh, you're just escaping from

reality." They seriously term this scene of waking up, going out to work, going home again, going to sleep, dreaming, waking up again and all that—reality! But in actual fact you're into illusion—it's nothing to do with reality, because reality is God alone. Everything else is illusion.

Those people in the Himalayas, the Yogi who are very advanced spiritually, and all the ones on the other planets, well it's just a joke to them, all this that we do and call reality. I mean, it's even a joke if you just take yourself out of it and watch all the things going on. It's a joke. And the joke's on all the people who take it seriously. There's so much more to it. You see every so often somebody comes to the Earth, like Jesus did, and they've been coming every so often, these people, divine incarnations, like Buddha, Jesus and all that.

There's always been these people coming and they are the truth, like God—this great force, whatever it is, manifesting itself into a physical form. And there are quite a few people walking around on Earth this minute who have attained that—all over the world, in the Himalayas, in

America, everywhere—and they just look like funny little old men. I mean, like Maharishi, they look like that.

People, of course, don't take much notice of them or put 'em down, when all these people are doing is telling the truth—they're always there. I read somewhere that the next fella like that, the next Messiah like, he'll just be too much. Anybody who doesn't believe that he's the one, then he'll just show 'em, you know. He's just gonna come down and zap them all.

Miracles, like. That's why this whole thing is getting better and better. It's building up to a great peak. It's the cycle moving on. The majority of people are going to believe and they'll be digging everything and he'll come and say,

"Yeah, baby, that's right", and all those people who are bastards, they're gonna get something else. Instead, when they die they won't reincarnate on this Earth: they'll get put down on another planet that's still got to come through the evolutionary thousands of years that we've just been through. It's just fantastic, you know. Really it's all too much, because everybody who's becoming involved and realises it is part of the plot.

I don't like to use the word "religious", but when you get into whatever that is, that scene, when you go through yoga and meditation, it's just... self-realisation.

And the next world that's coming along is going to bring us into this age that's known as the Golden Age. You know that scene about the Iron Age, the Stone Age, the Ice Age and that's this thing of evolution, the cycles that it goes through—and the Golden Age is when everything is really nice—a pleasure to be here. *Nick Jones* ●

“It’s just a joke to the Yogi, all this that we do and call reality”



THE WHO SELL OUT

Replacing the stale smell of excess with the sweet smell of success, Peter Townshend, who, like nine out of ten stars, needs it. Face the music with Odorono, the all-day deodorant that turns perspiration into inspiration.

THE WHO SELL OUT

This way to a cowboy's breakfast. Daltry rides again. Thinks: "Thanks to Heinz Baked Beans everyday is a super day". Those who know how many beans make five get Heinz beans inside and outside at every opportunity. Get saucy.

"There should be a new formula"

MM DECEMBER 30 Pete Townshend talks *The Who Sell Out*. And Radio One. And flower power...

PETE TOWNSHEND IS as unpredictable as a badly made Roman candle. He fizzles and spurts, showers light and occasionally explodes. His mind races ahead of conversation at furious speed, often one jump ahead of himself. Sometimes he is content to call a

halt and let others talk. He will listen intently or let them babble unheard, waiting to spring back with some wholly new and far more interesting subject for discussion.

He is impatient, patient, violently generous and cruel, as his seemingly disconnected thoughts are allowed to burst out and shoot, unfettered, to the surface.

Townshend talking is often as rewarding as a performance by The Who, or a new recording, like their latest album, *The Who Sell Out*. It has a brilliant cover design, with Pete, Roger Daltrey, John Entwistle and Keith Moon displaying various brand-name products, including a fantastic shot of Daltrey covered in Heinz baked beans. While being jostled by hordes of beer-drinking fat men in dirty overcoats in a Christmas-bound London pub, Townshend talked about the LP and added some thoughts on Radio One and the demise of the flower scene.

"We had done a lot of tracks for an LP," said Pete, "and when we came back from America we realised the album had to be shaped into

something whole. There was no theme, just tracks from the past and present. Then we had to do an instrumental track of a Coca-Cola ad and we got the idea of doing the album as a commercial with jingles and advertising copy. Roger did his pose in a bath of beans in good spirit. They were ice cold and had come straight out of the fridge."

Will The Who have trouble with the inclusion of old Radio London jingles linking the tracks? "At least one BBC DJ has promised to squeeze in a jingle. One of our basic problems is that as far as album display is concerned, Radio One is not going to do us any good.

"All Radio One has done is to slash pop into two scenes - one basic and one art, and we fall into the middle. I don't want to go out recording corny ballads, but at the same time I don't want to go making great, involved, technical

"A lot of people in pop have taken acid and all of them have softened up and lost a lot of drive"

records. There should be a whole new formula for pop radio. Sling out the rubbish producers and keep the guys who matter.

"It's so easy to knock Radio One - almost too easy. But people genuinely seem to like it. There is nothing people like more than being dictated to and having things rammed down their throat. I'm worried, because once pop was progressing and now it's static. The 13-year-old kids who want to dance have to go to their local groups who play last year's Beatles hits because they can't play today's music. Apart from groups like The Herd and Tremeloes, nobody is catering for that audience. They are good pop groups who go out and entertain, but who will they turn

"I like people to be entertained": Townshend and Gibson EDS-1275 backstage at the Saville Theatre, London, October 22, 1967



to when they want to hear something better? I think they might go into blues, or modern jazz or even - dreadful thought - traditional jazz.

"I think the kids could understand modern jazz better than what The Beatles are doing now. I can understand what they are doing, but there is so little I ENJOY now. Enjoyment is the basic ingredient, if people understand it or not. I like people to enjoy and be entertained by what we put over, not teach them something and send them to school. The kids don't want to go back to school, so they rebel and turn to what their old man sings when he's pissed out of his head in the pub, because the song had only got three notes and that's all he can remember. And it's not just old dears buying all these ballad hits, it's the young married."

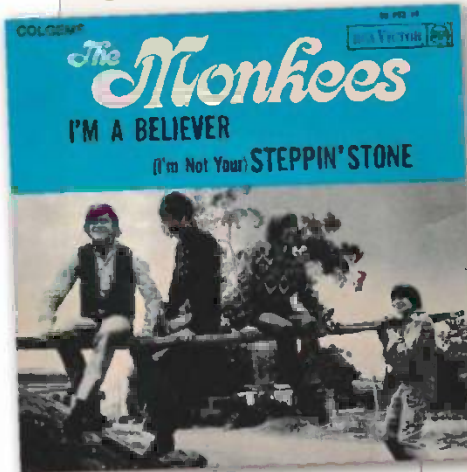
How did Pete view the past year of Love Philosophy and LSD? "A lot of people in pop have taken acid and all of them have softened up and lost a lot of drive and basic ambition. Life can only be seen by being involved in real life and not a lot of nebulous and ethereal ideas. Real faith and religion in terms of society are worth their position. I think religion is a fine thing for a lot of people and helps them. And anyway, the whole thing about love is that it's an aggressive and possessive thing. It's greed and the embodiment of some of the worst characteristics in people. Love is not just 'forgiving thy neighbour and being nice to everyone'. Anyone can do that.

"Youth got out of the society that supports them, then suddenly wanted to get back in saying, 'We love you.' But dressing up like a lot of cream cakes only earned them dislike.

"I like colourful clothes and don't see why everybody should have to wear charcoal-grey suits. But when kids say people who wear them are conforming, they should remember they only dress like that to earn mutual respect. As a fashion idea flower power was very valid. But it was all misinterpreted by the press. The flower people were on one side, and the press were in the middle misinterpreting the whole thing, taking pictures of girls taking their clothes off and calling it a Love-In. If you did a survey of greys and flower people, I bet you'd find the greys get more than any of the flower people." *Chris Welch*

"Take it off - it might get worse"

MM DECEMBER 30 The *Maker* looks back at some of 1967's big records and how the stars reacted to them in "Blind Date"



MONKEES

I'm A Believer (RCA VICTOR)

It's not Tim Hardin? I like it. Is it a group or one singer? Sounds like the Spoonful kind of feeling. It has that groovy, American folk-orientated pop-group sound like The Mamas & The Papas. They sound like a folk group that have done well in turning to pop. *(Julie Felix)*

NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND

Peek-A-Boo (FONTANA)

It's a load of crap! It's a bloody insult! I detest the "it's so bad it's good" attitude. If it's bad, it's bad - and this is bad. *(Paul Jones)*

PETULA CLARK

This Is My Song (PYE)

It's the same old words and it's all sing-along. Take it off, it might get worse. No, I don't know who it is. Not a hit! Not unless she wears a very long dress! *(John Entwistle of The Who)*

BEATLES

Strawberry Fields Forever

(PARLOPHONE)

I like the other side best. I hated both of them at first and thought they'd gone down the pan, but "Penny Lane" gets better every time I hear it. I suppose this might grow on me as well, but at the moment it doesn't really mean anything to me. *(Alan Blakley of The Tremeloes)*

THE FLOWER POT MEN

Let's Go To San Francisco

(DERAM)

Oh no! Ever since The Beach Boys did "Good Vibrations", thousands have been trying to

get the same sound and nobody has done it. Leave it alone! I can't stand it! No - own up! *(Lulu)*

VAL DOONICAN

Memories Are Made Of This

(DECCA)

Dean Martin? Bing Crosby? Dave King? It's not an old record by Michael Holliday? It sounds like him. Perry Como? Not Val Doonican! Well, I'm sorry, but he shouldn't have done that, because he has such a distinctive style of his own, but here he comes up with a record that makes him

sound like Dean Martin, Bing Crosby or Perry Como. It's a shame, but it could make the chart because it's a good song. *(Engelbert Humperdinck)*

NANCY & FRANK SINATRA

Something Stupid

(REPRISE)

No... my god, Sinatra has really gone downhill. He's gone so far he'll never come back, for me. I don't know why he's doing it - he doesn't need the money. Maybe he's just fooling about in his old age. I wish he would stop. *(Scott Walker)*

SANDIE SHAW

Puppet On A String

(PYE)

That's terrible! That's embarrassing! Is that for the Song Contest? It'll lose, definitely. Germany will love all that "oompah" though.



It really is a bad record, and she has made some great ones. Take it off anyway! *(Scott Walker)*

THE MOVE

I Can Hear The Grass Grow

(DERAM)

It's that Hollies thing - "Stop, stop." Too similar and they are trying to sound like The Beatles as well. Is it The Move? Is it a Denny Cordell production? I suppose it will be a hit, but I'm not particularly impressed. What do the lyrics mean? *(Alan Price)*

THE HOLLIES

Carrie Anne

(PARLOPHONE)

Take it off. It reminds me of someone saying: "If you want a hit you have to do it this way." Not for me! *(Tony Bennett)*

TREMELOES

Silence Is Golden

(CBS)

They're a nice bunch of lads. Nice harmony on this. I'd like to see it be a hit, but I don't think it will. It might get

in on their name, but not on the record. It's not the sort of sound that is going to send 17,000 kids rushing to the nearest record shop. *(Simon Dee)*

PROCOL HARUM

A Whiter Shade Of Pale

(DERAM)

It sounds like hip-type chart music. It's a record that has atmosphere. *(After the vocal starts)* Now it doesn't sound like chart music. I don't think this is going to be a hit. It's not a bad record, but it's rather negative. *(Peter Murray)*



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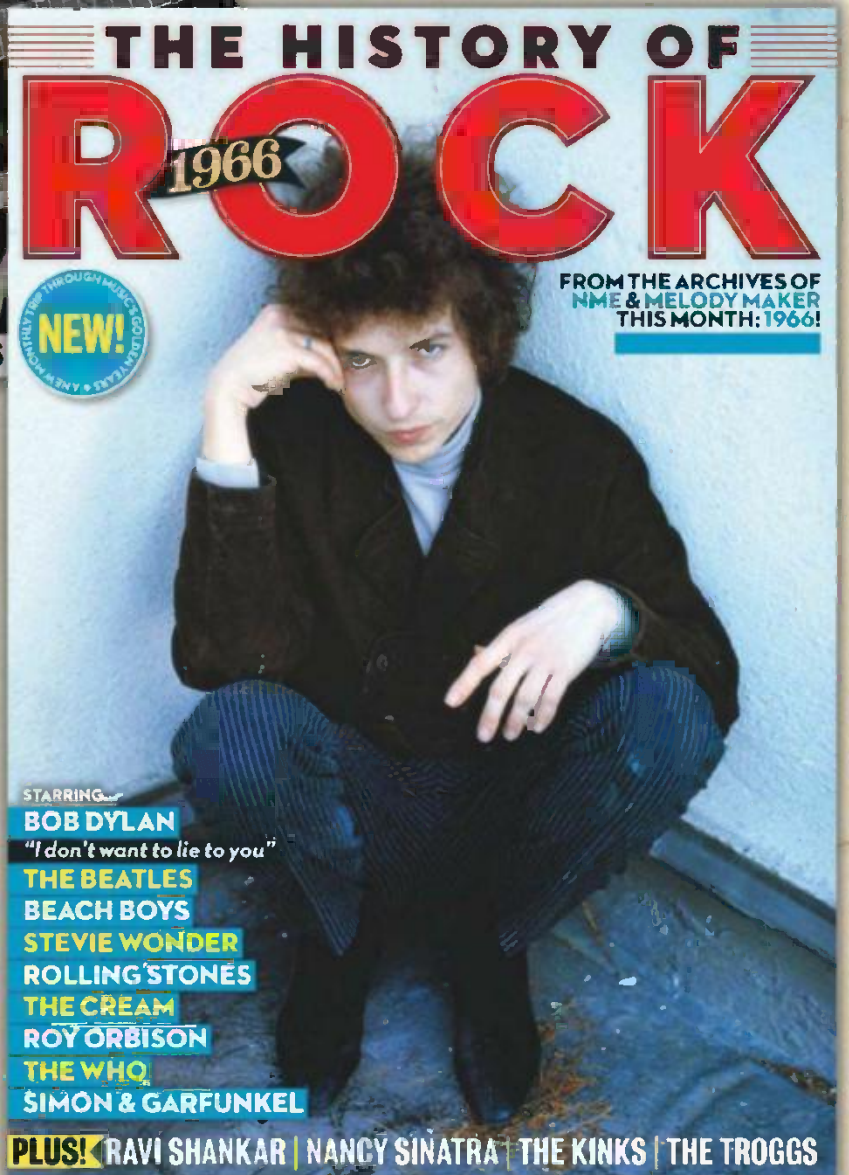
BLIND DATE REVISITED

WHAT DID THE STARS SAY ABOUT THE YEAR'S HITS?





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Readers' letters

MM OCT-DEC Pirates, The Pink Floyd, fake flower people and other hot pop potatoes

HATE ASHBURY

I have just returned from a visit to San Francisco. I saw the birth and death of an ideal. The streets were full of filth and people were drifting around saying, "Want some acid?" Most of them were college kids hipped for the summer. The originals were out in Arizona doing true things, while the phoneyes were shouting, "There is no hope without dope." It's not an American dream, more a junk nightmare.

MICHAEL LANE, London SW3 (MM, Oct 28)

A WORD TO THE BEAUTIFUL

Now autumn is here, how about dropping the leaves of that big joke Flower Power? Since the original hippies of a year ago, nearly every British group has taken to this ridiculous cult. Groups like The Move and Flower Pot Men should have gone out with Elvis Presley. If Sam & Dave came on in flowery shirts the rioting would be 100 per cent against. Own up, beautiful people, take the hint, and try something else.

STEVE JONES, Oldham, Lancashire (MM, Oct 28)

SOCKS UP, SCOTT!

I humbly suggest Scott Walker should consider the statement made by Stevie Wonder, that "It's not such a drag being blind". If it's not such a drag being blind, why is it a drag being a famous, good-looking, much-sought-after (and physically healthy) pop singer?

FROSE, London W1 (MM, Oct 28)

TAFF TREATMENT

Being the organist with Ten Years After, I found myself playing in the outbacks of Swansea for the local university. The show included Chris Farlowe, Wayne Fontana, Ten Years After and Eyes Of Blue. We could all see we were in for a rough time when the manager insisted we were not to be allowed out of the dressing

room without a tie. This was later amended to "no groups allowed to leave at all". Imagine the scene with 26 men and boys herded into a room 12ft square. At the end of the dance, two of the Eyes Of Blue were forcibly ejected, kicked and thumped by some of the largest Tom Joneses you've ever seen.

This will show the knockers why ordinary, intelligent people from groups rebel against society. University officials were sympathetic, but couldn't help because they'd have to lose their self-respect - and front teeth.

CHICK, Ten Years After, London W2 (MM, Dec 16)

FLOYD FLAWED

What a boring load of rubbish The Pink Floyd turned out to be on the tour with Jimi Hendrix. All those stupid lights and painful noises made me sick. If anything can kill pop music it's this sort of insulting nonsense. Thank God some people had the sense to jeer and handclap their puerile "act".

ROBERT ANDERSON, Glasgow (MM, Dec 16)

TUNE IN, DROP OUT, BOOGIE

Last week I was busy knitting a macaroni sock with three concrete needles when I suddenly heard a ghastly, hideous row on my steam radio set. It was a pagan beat group, playing sinful rhythm music. When will this scandal be stamped out by the Church, trade unions, Red Cross and United Dairies? The Earth must be cleansed of this heresy.

CAPTAIN BF HEART, Orpington, Kent (MM, Dec 16)

WOAD TRIP

I recently had a most amazing experience I would like to share with readers. I attended the first ever British Hate-In, at Wanstead Flats, London. A skiffle group played Olivier Messiaen music daubed in mud and woad. Hordes of young initiates prostrated themselves before a huge burning

effigy of Mick Jagger. Crazy foam was sprayed in all directions, and everybody got drunk on old-English mead while shouting anti-Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band slogans.

Is this a symbol of beat-crazed degeneracy? Is it another facet of the submissive society? Can it mean yet another *Observer* Colour Supplement special investigation into this living world of ours? I sincerely hope not.

LUCIAN F CATTERMOLE, Penge, London (MM, Dec 16)



MUSICAL MYOPIA

Read any newspaper feature on youth or pop music and amid the "startling disclosures" you will find the phrase "permissive generation". Read *MM's* mailbag and it is clear the opposite is the case. If their letters are a reliable guide, the majority of young people are myopic, narrow-minded, self-opinionated and above all intolerant in the extreme. Anything, in fact, but permissive.

See how all jazz is dismissed as tripe by a Troggs fan from Bootle, or how all pop is denigrated as shallow, meaningless drivel by "Folk Fan", Pudsey. There is never so much as an "I prefer" or "in my opinion". Pop, jazz, folk and the classics are each a facet of the all-embracing art form, music, and each is worthy of appreciation. So why all the bigotry?

NEIL HALLAM, Belper, Derbyshire (MM, Dec 16)

IRREPLACEABLE OTIS

There will never be another Otis Redding. There never has been and never will be a singer with so much soul and depth. He had true sincerity and genius and pop has lost a much-revered figure, an out-and-out great of modern music.

W Hull, Aberdeen (MM, Dec 23)

BROADCASTING GROUSE

Last summer I spent £16 on a transistor radio, and whenever possible I listened to Radio London and the other pirates. Now all I can get is Eamonn Andrews talking about boxing, Andy Williams or Tommy Vance making stupid jokes about prune machines. Radio One stinks of old sounds and old records. Bring back the good old days!

MISS R TILNEY, Chelsea, London (MM, Dec 16)

HAIL KING JIMI

TRACK RECORDS/AMM



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WAY OUT FRONT!



CHRIS WELCH IS FAB!

I HAVE seen all your groovy articles on Chris Welch, and I think he's fab. Only, could you tell me what group he's in so's I can buy his records. If he hasn't got an Official Fan Club, can I start one please? Is his hair really all curly like that, or does he have it done? — MAUREEN SPROTES, 39 Luffman Road, Grove Park, SE11



1967

MONTH BY MONTH



Coming next... in 1968!

SO THAT WAS 1967... Hope you flipped on it. But that's far from it from our reporters on the beat. The staffers of *NME* and *Melody Maker* enjoyed unrivalled access to the biggest stars of the time, and cultivated a feel for the rhythms of a diversifying scene; as the times changed, so did they. While in pursuit of the truth, they unearthed stories that have come to assume mythical status.

That's very much the territory of this monthly magazine. Each month, *The History Of Rock* will be bringing you verbatim reports from the pivotal events in pop culture, one year a month, one year at a time. Next up, 1968!

The Rolling Stones

1967 brought drug busts and *Satanic Majesties*. 1968 has elements of the same chaos – not least a court appearance for Brian and a dramatic role for Mick Jagger in *Performance*. It's also a year when the Stones return to rock, with "Jumpin' Jack Flash", *Beggars Banquet* and the *Rock'n'Roll Circus*.

The Beatles

Not content with being the world's most famous musicians, now The Beatles present their business plan. The year begins with Ringo's early return from an Indian visit with the Maharishi ("Now I have to do the interviews..."), and continues with the launch of their own label. It concludes with their eponymous double album and Paul talking about "getting back". The Beatles are, he and George maintain, "rockers".

The Hollies

The psychedelic bandwagon seemed appealing, and the hits are still coming. Still, it may be the end game of the original lineup that provides the most interesting tale of their career.

PLUS!

Aretha Franklin!

The Doors!

Cream!

FROM THE MAKERS OF **UNCUT**

THE HISTORY OF **ROCK** 1967

Every month, we revisit long-lost *NME* and *Melody Maker* interviews and piece together *The History Of Rock*. This month: 1967 — the complete guide to the year music turned psychedelic! “Are you experienced? Have you ever been experienced?”



Relive the year...

HENDRIX SET FIRE TO MONTEREY

THE BEATLES INTRODUCED SGT PEPPER

**THE PINK FLOYD TOOK LONDON
ON AN ALL-NIGHT TRIP**

...and **THE MONKEES**, **ROLLING STONES**, **BEE GEES**, **CREAM**, **TRAFFIC**, **ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK**, **THE DUBLINERS** and many more shared everything with *NME* and *Melody Maker*

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