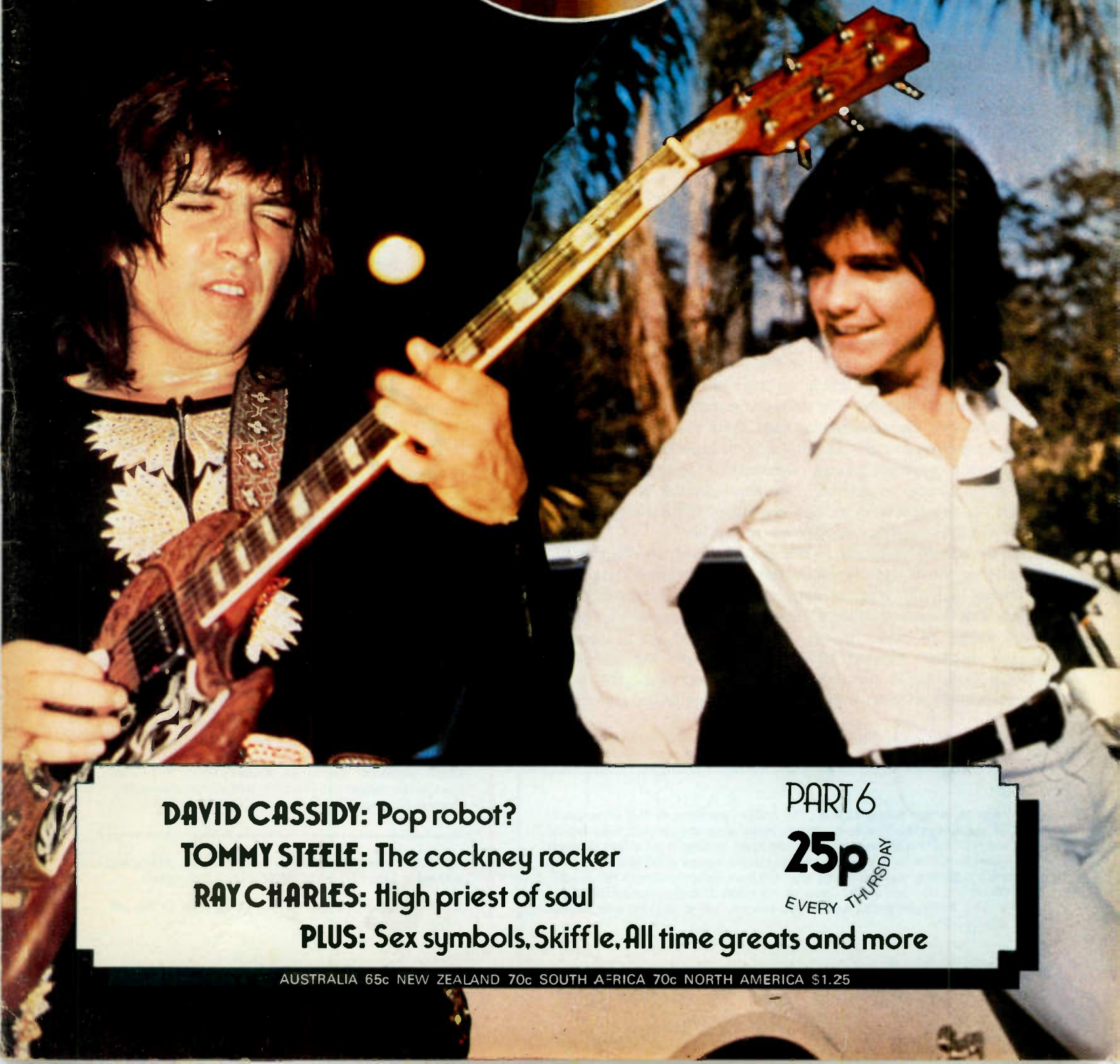


**THE
RADIO
ONE**

Story of Pop

THE FIRST
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF
POP IN 26 WEEKLY PARTS



DAVID CASSIDY: Pop robot?

TOMMY STEELE: The cockney rocker

RAY CHARLES: High priest of soul

PLUS: Sex symbols, Skiffle, All time greats and more

PART 6

25p

EVERY THURSDAY

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Rock & roll became, within a mere couple of years, the property of young people the world over. Very rapidly, American rock artists came to dominate the British charts, and rock became the undisputed music of the young on both sides of the Atlantic. By 1956, Britain had found its first home-grown rock star in an ex-merchant seaman called Tommy Hicks who, with shrewd promotion and change of name, emerged as Tommy Steele – the first British rival to Presley.

This week's Radio One programme, and much of this issue, is devoted to the awakening of British rock, through the '50s to Trad – the last all-British pop trend before the global domination of the Beatles. On the way the voices of important figures of the time like Marty Wilde, Billy Fury, John Leyton, Helen Shapiro, Cliff Richard, Kenny Ball and Jack Good (creator of the immensely important *6.5 Special* and *Oh Boy* TV programmes) tell the story of how the British bandwagon started rolling, the way in which many of the early records were simply covers of superior American products, and how British rock – and then pop – started to evolve its own style. Following on behind came two entirely British trends: the skiffle boom which, though primarily American in roots, was personified by one man – Lonnie Donegan; and the extraordinary rise in popularity of New Orleans traditional jazz.

These topics are echoed in this week's issue with a profile of Tommy Steele – in so many ways the man who started it all in Britain – as well as an article on the slightly bizarre popularity of skiffle. This latter craze was to become significant nearly 10 years later, when the Beatles-inspired beat boom showed how thousands of working-class teens in Britain had first been led to music-making through the tea-chest basses, washboards, and acoustic guitars of the skiffle bands. In addition, we spotlight the work of the first British songwriters who, in their own way, broke the ground for the creative explosion that was to follow in the '60s.

Other featured subjects in this issue include an analysis of Ray Charles as one of the first innovators of a new black style; a profile of Bobby Vee who was, to many, the epitome of the American pop music that followed rock; a look at David Cassidy as one of the 'new breed' of mass heroes in the tradition set by people like Steele and Cliff Richard 15 years before; and the first part of a playlist designed to show the student of pop music the discs and songs with which to form the basis of an archive record collection.

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

How to obtain future copies: The Radio One Story of Pop is on sale in 26 weekly parts. The best way to make sure you do not miss any of the future parts is to ask your newsagent to keep a copy for you each week or deliver it to you. When you place a regular order in this way you are not putting yourself under any long term obligation. With two weeks' notice you can cancel your order at any stage. But the great advantage of placing a regular order is that you run no risk of missing one of your weekly parts.

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TOMMY STEELE

The Cockney Rocker

Tommy Steele, the account by the singer's manager of Steele's meteoric rise to rock & roll stardom is dedicated to 'the agents who showed us the door'. Thanks to John Kennedy there were very few of these. A publicity agent by trade, Kennedy was impressed by Tommy Steele (née Hicks) when he first saw him at the 2 Is coffee bar, and offered to make a star of him on the spot. Steele bemusedly accepted, and then told Kennedy that he was going back to sea – as a merchant seaman – in two weeks.

Kennedy wasn't interested in rock & roll as such, but it was the craze of the moment and Tommy liked it so he set out to make Steele a rock & roll star: "I told him that rock & roll had got a bad name from the Teddy Boy hooligans and the wrecked cinemas and broken up cafes. But it would get bigger, and anyone who went along with it would grow big on the crest of the wave. But . . . someone has got to lift it out of its Teddy Boy rut, give it class, and get society as well as thousands of ordinary decent kids dancing and singing it."

The key word was 'class', by which Kennedy meant *upper class*. He first got

Steele a recording contract by auditioning him for Hugh Mendl, Decca's A & R man. The more difficult thing was to get Steele known. Ever imaginative, Kennedy decided to 'manufacture' news items and then pass them on to the press. First he arranged a fake deb party with Tommy Steele playing rock & roll, then he told the press and got the headline he wanted – 'Rock & roll has got the debs too'. Next he got Steele a booking at the Stork club, arranged for two 'debs' to fight over who would take Tommy home, and told the press again. But his most inspired piece of hype was to send the press a photo of the Duke of Kent taken after he had left a West End theatre and label it 'The Duke of Kent leaving the Stork club after enjoying Tommy Steele'. The press lapped it up, the story of the Bermondsey boy making good as the rock & roller to high society was too good to miss, uniting as it did the perennial British concern with gossip about the upper classes and the then rampant rock & roll craze.

Kennedy paved the way, but what guaranteed Steele's success was the fact that he had the talent to back up the hype. He was never a good singer as such, but he was a natural at show-biz. So although his records were not big sellers – his only no. 1 was a cover version of Guy Mitchell's 'Singing The Blues' in January 1957 – he did big box-office business touring up and down the country. He dealt with the crowds who besieged the stage door by opening a window, singing them a song, and then appealing to them to 'break it up and go home to Mum'. He also played swanky night-clubs, like the Cafe de Paris, and went into films.

The Duke Wore Jeans

The first film was a stroke of luck. Kennedy and Larry Parnes (who had joined the management team to look after promotions) talked a film company that was going to do a documentary about rock & roll into doing *The Tommy Steele Story* instead. After that Steele concentrated on films, making *The Duke Wore Jeans*, *Tommy The Toreador* – which came complete with a hit record, the novelty song 'Little White Bull' – and even a military comedy *Light Up The Sky*.

In between films he toured in Denmark and South Africa. The South African tour of 1958 was used by Kennedy to promote 'Nairobi' – the current record. When





Above: Tommy Steele surrounded by buxom wenches in a scene from the film *Half A Sixpence*. Right: Tommy Steele waits for the cameras to roll.



Camera Press

journalists asked where in South Africa Steele was playing, Kennedy always replied Nairobi (which was in Kenya). The South African tour also turned out to be a minor version of *Rock Around The Clock's* British reception. Steele was greeted by riots of the 'Ducktails' (South African Teddy Boys) and was banned in Pretoria. But by now Kennedy was wary of promoting Steele just as a rock & roller, so, when calypso looked like taking over from rock & roll as the next craze, he was quick to point out in interviews that Tommy was a balladeer as well as a rock & roller, and he issued 'Nairobi', a calypso-like song. None-the-less, when later Steele's record career was in the doldrums he came up with two rock & roll cover versions – 'Come On Let's Go' and 'Tallahassie Lassie'.

British Youth

In August 1959 Steele was invited to Moscow as a representative of British youth to a World Youth Conference. He went and reported back to British youth that the Russians preferred skiffle to rock & roll, and that 'all in all they're pretty square in Red Square'. But the next year, in 1960, Steele renounced rock & roll and his position as representative of British youth in favour of becoming an 'all-round-entertainer'. His first step in this direction was to play the part of Tony Lumpkin in the London Old Vic's production of Goldsmith's *She Stoops To Conquer*.

Writing about Tommy Steele in 1957, Colin MacInnes pointed to some of his songs, especially those by Mike Pratt and

Lionel Bart such as 'Butterfingers' and 'Cannibal Pot', as possessing 'a certain English essence of sentiment and wit'. He concluded with the tentative prophecy that – 'Perhaps one day Tommy will sing songs as English as his speaking accent, or his grin'. MacInnes was hoping that slowly the subject matter of British-made rock & roll, for so long American in orientation, might become British. His assumption, of course, was that it would still remain rock & roll. Tommy Steele's last big hit, 'What A Mouth' – 'Oh what a mouth, what a North and South, Blimey what a mouth he's got' – was British all right, as British as Peter Sellers' 'Any Old Iron', but it was neither rock & roll, nor pop (à la Adam Faith), rather it was pure music hall. Tommy Steele had returned to his Bermondsey roots, and left British rock & roll and pop to wallow in its 'American-ness'.

Once his position had been made clear, Steele quickly established himself as a star of stage and screen (TV and cinema). In 1963 he starred in the musical *Half A Sixpence* in the West End, and then in 1965 transferred to Broadway with the show for a year. In America he made two films, *The Happiest Millionaire* for Disney and another musical, *Finnian's Rainbow*, and then returned to Britain to make the film version of *Half A Sixpence* and *Where's Jack*, his last film to date. He was finally doing exactly what he wanted to do – pursuing his own interests and being an 'all-round-entertainer' – as in the recent TV documentary *In Search Of Chaplin*. Just like Jim Dale, another ex-rock & roller ('Be My Girl'; 1957) who has resurfaced as

an actor and, of course, Cliff Richard.

Steele was a success when he left rock & roll, but it was while he was 'the English Elvis Presley', as the press dubbed him in 1957, that he shook up the music industry – and sang 'Long Tall Sally' at the Royal Variety Show. It wasn't merely that he was the first rock & roller to emerge, it was as much the way in which he emerged.

Rock & Roll Fantasies

Kennedy, and later Parnes, revolutionised the business of making people stars. Stars were no longer rich Americans or elderly British band singers; they were youngsters, like Colin Hicks – Steele's younger brother who didn't make it – kids from Bermondsey, Liverpool or wherever with an urge to perform and live out their rock & roll fantasies. Like Andrew Loog Oldham and Lambert and Stamp after him, Kennedy committed himself to an artist all the way and played the press for all it was worth – and got results quickly.

A side-effect of the success of rock & roll was that up and down the country variety halls were going out of business, while cinemas kept their flagging audiences up by accommodating rock & roll tours. Ironically, it was to the traditions of those variety halls – dealt a death blow by rock & roll – that Tommy Steele, once 'the English Elvis Presley', was to return to when he quit rock music.

NEXT WEEK IN ROCK:
Larry Parnes' stable of stars.



Above: Tommy Steele conducts the singing at the FA Cup Final between Leeds and Arsenal. Below: he taps a dance from *Half A Sixpence*.



It's not what you do...

"It happened the first time I appeared on stage," said Elvis Presley, in a rare interview in 1972. "It was a charity thing in Memphis. When I left the stage they were yelling and screaming and it scared me to death. I went to the manager backstage and I said, 'What did I do? What did I do?' and he said, 'Well whatever it is, go back and do it again.'"

"I really didn't know what the yelling was about. I didn't realise that my body was moving . . . it's a natural thing to me, you know."

Above Waist Level

That's Elvis' story but according to Bo Diddley, Elvis in his early days used to study the movements of black performers from the wings of Harlem's Apollo theatre. Whatever the story, when Elvis Presley first made it big, the old folks didn't know where to put themselves. Until then any explicit sexuality, either in performance or lyric, was confined to 'race' performers and the brave Lenny Bruce. It seems ludicrous now to remember that when 'Heartbreak Hotel' broke, Ed Sullivan would only allow Presley on his TV show provided he wore a dinner suit and that the camera was kept above waist level. But even today, fast approaching 40, Elvis' pelvic convulsions are as riveting as they must have been back in 1956. Those 'frankly copulatory demonstrations' as one rock writer put it, were the beginning of the new era of blatantly sexual performances by white male singers.

Sex, of course, has been around a lot longer than rock, and the adulation received by singers like Frank Sinatra, Johnny Ray, and in this country Dickie Valentine, had a lot to do with their sex appeal (or, by today's standards, their lack of it). Of those three, Dickie Valentine was perhaps the most wholesome. So wholesome and gentlemanly in fact, that he often spent the hours between a matinee and evening performance personally signing and handing out photographs to the well behaved 'groupies' of 1955, who queued patiently and quietly in corridors backstage and out onto the street. And although Frank Sinatra and Johnny Ray may on the surface appear to have little in common, it was more their apparent vulnerability, rather than their sex appeal, which made them so attractive to women. Ray's emotionalism and Sinatra's skinny, boyish charm were so powerful that women, in

their attempts to protect and mother them, went as far as trying to rip the clothes from their backs.

This passive sexual appeal of male singers is still around today. Where Sinatra and Ray left off, Mark Bolan, David Cassidy and the Osmonds take up. They have commercially combined mild sexuality with angelically beautiful faces. They prefer not to frighten away the (pre-)pubescent fans with aggressive displays of masculine sexuality - realising that all that's needed is a hint. And with the boys looking prettier than their girl fans, mothers don't feel their daughters are presented with a serious sexual threat. Even if David Cassidy's now well documented 'bum-rock' is more than a little titillating to the elders; to the teenies and weenies it's basically more of a giggle than a sexual turn on. (Or is it? After *Rolling Stone* magazine ran a story on Cassidy complete with pictures showing more than a hint of pubic hair, the London office was flooded with childish hand-written letters requesting copies which 'have not been altered in any way'.)

But in the beginning it was Elvis Presley who put the sex back into rock after the asexual Bill Haley had emasculated it from the original black rhythm & blues. The classic case of this was 'Shake Rattle and Roll', in which Haley changed the first line from:

*'Get out of that bed,
And wash your face and hands'*
to:
*'Get out in that kitchen
And rattle those pots and pans'*

leaving out altogether one verse which went:

*'I said over the hill,
And way down underneath.
You make me roll my eyes,
And then you make me grit my teeth.'*

Haley publicly admits he toned down his songs from the originals. But if you place the words to early rock & roll songs in their correct context and recognise that 'rock' and 'rock & roll' were merely euphemisms for the act of copulation, it makes songs like 'Rock Around the Clock' a whole lot more understandable.

While white performers played down the sexuality of the original black sounds, the blacks carried on with their explicitly sexual acts - culminating with James Brown, who stood for all that was sexy in black music. Many white stars liberally





borrowed from James Brown's stylised (that is to say, hammy) show-biz performances, but it was probably because his high energy gyrations and copious sweating were a little too much for White Anglo-Saxon Protestants. His uncompromising black sexuality was just a little too black for little white girls. They preferred the white watered-down versions, leaving Brown to turn on the blacks and Elvis to turn on the whites. And despite the numerous attempts by hundreds of white singers to be the next Elvis Presley, it took six years to find a serious rival – who took the person of Mick Jagger.

Mick Jagger, sometimes called the white James Brown, represents to most people over 35 the antithesis of good looks and sex appeal. But for the younger people in the '60s, he was to introduce a new dimension into rock sexuality – the unisex sex symbol. Both male and female alike were stunned by his white, hairless, skinny body as he camped his way through excessive and outrageous performances. Jagger perhaps, with his ass shaking routines, for the first time introduced the male bottom as the focus point of sexual attraction (and thereby explained the appeal to both sexes). And his mouth with its obscene, moist, pink lips further compounded the image. Jagger didn't have a Colonel Parker to gradually emasculate his image, he had Andrew Loog Oldham who busily urged Mick on to greater and greater excesses – more often than not by setting the example himself.

Not only was Jagger's performance extreme in its sexual imagery, but the lyrics which he and Keith Richards wrote went further than any white rock lyrics had ever done before. Everyone – up to and including the Beatles – had been very romantic about heterosexual puppy love, but these two began to write cynically and even contemptuously about women and love.

*'Who wants yesterday's papers,
Who wants yesterday's girl.'*

('Yesterday's Papers'. Jagger/Richards)

*'Under my thumb her eyes are just kept
to herself,
Under my thumb well I can still look at
someone else.
It's down to me the way she talks
when she's spoken to.'*

('Under My Thumb'. Jagger/Richards)

*'Please don't be part of my life,
Please, keep yourself to yourself,
Please don't bother my wife,
...'*

*'You're rather common and coarse
anyway.'*

('Back Street Girl'. Jagger/Richards)

*'Oh yeah, don't scratch like that,
Oh yeah, you're a strange stray cat,
Bet your mama don't know you
scream like that.'*

('Stray Cat Blues'. Jagger/Richards)

Not only did they write bitterly about

relationships, but the Stones sang openly about the sex act itself, about one-night-stands with anything from 15-year-old groupies to divorcees. There was no mistaking that they presented a serious sexual threat – and they didn't even bother with euphemisms.

Just how serious a threat they represented to the adult population can be gauged by the amount of vilification and public abuse they received. Equally, just how determined the Stones were to continue in this vein can be seen by the change in record sleeve design when they changed companies. 'Sticky Fingers' – with its levis and real zip front – is probably about as sexually unambiguous as you can get. (The only disappointment being that beneath the levis is a pair of rather uninspiring male knickers.)

On-Stage Outrages

Jagger may have been the first of the outragers, but from the mid-'50s up to the Beatles' 'Sergeant Pepper' in '67, pop music was bursting at the seams with would-be sex symbols – all going as far as contemporary modern standards allowed. In Britain, for instance, Adam Faith started in early, in a TV interview with John Freeman by confirming what many mums already suspected, that is, that he approved of and indulged in premarital sex. Of course the furore created by that somewhat palls into insignificance when compared with the publicity the naïve chatter of Marianne Faithful received a few years later when in another interview she talked about how beautifully she and Mick made love.

Whilst Jagger was inherently sexual, some other singers had to rely on more extreme devices to support their claims to being sexy. In this category, P. J. Proby perhaps collected the most publicity for his on-stage sexual outrages. In fact what really killed his career for him was poor quality tailoring which caused his thin velvet suit to rip at the knees and up the seams one night during a performance. Not particularly sexy you might think, not to be compared with Marilyn Monroe's skirt being blown above her waist by an air vent in *Some Like It Hot*, but Proby couldn't resist a repeat the following night and was promptly banned from appearing at all Rank (no pun intended) cinemas. His act was a male parody of striptease, but without the strip. He deliberately teased and tantalised the young girls in the audience, pushing parts of his body out from behind a curtain and then withdrawing until finally he revealed himself in all his slightly ridiculous glory. There he was, an anglicised American, a pudgy body in a tight velvet suit and buckled shoes, with hair tied back in a ribbon, singing 'Hold Me' – 'King of the Damp Crutch' as George Melly described him.

According to Proby, the girls went wild, not only wetting themselves in orgiastic pleasure (we had already heard those stories back in the early days of Larry Parnes' stable of singers) but actually attack-

ing themselves with whatever was handy, and as Proby claims, this could even be a chair leg. Gary Glitter today does the same kind of tease, repeatedly asking the audience 'Do you want to touch me?', and withdrawing himself just in time from the grabbing and groping hands (more in fear of his own personal safety than to tantalise).

What P. J. Proby did for teenagers, Tom Jones did for their mothers. Jones' appeal was obvious. He was a big Welsh construction worker complete with rugged good looks and hairy chest (which he still displays regularly – almost stripping to the waist in his act). This was a *man* (with a capital M). He had none of the ambiguity of Jagger and the other flashily dressed mods of the time – his was the appeal of the male film star. Jones' performance, like P. J. Proby's and Gary Glitter's, had all the essential elements – the bumps and grinds, the tight clothes, the 'touch me if you can' teasing. The only difference between them being that Jones' fans didn't maul themselves with chair legs – a somewhat drastic thing to do in a night-club – but merely contented themselves with throwing their knickers on stage with messages attached.

Sequins & Satin

Not to be left behind by this new found 'British' permissiveness, America began to follow suit in this revival of sex in music. Although American male rock stars were notoriously more 'masculine' than their British counterparts – feeling more at home in T shirts and levis than sequins and satin – they too were presenting their own unambiguous white sex symbols.

Jim Morrison quickly established himself with a combination of facial loveliness and suggestive, not to say erotic, performance. Morrison's act was quite a departure from the simulated sexual movements which had first shocked the world. With Jim Morrison there was no ambiguity – he was admired by men because of the strength of his masculine (that is to say, heterosexual) image – and he brought the focus finally to where it's all at in male heterosexual love. Unfortunately Jim went a little too far, as any girl who's seen an 'exposure' will testify. A hint is certainly sexy, but a flash as proof is the nadir. By exposing himself on stage in Miami, Jim Morrison not only lost his glamorous erotic image, but found himself plagued by the attentions of a policewoman who took him to court on charges for his lewd and lascivious behaviour in public. The ensuing court case was never actually completed and Morrison died of a heart attack before it was finally resolved.

If Jim Morrison focused on the male sex organ directly, Jimi Hendrix took it further and laid the emphasis on the sex act itself. More than anyone, Hendrix took sex on stage as far as it is possible outside the backstreets of Copenhagen. His guitar, quite apart from its integral role as musical instrument in his act, doubled as both an extension of his own body and a representation of a female body. Although

much of his stage performance consisted of gimmicks stolen from the more flamboyant groups around at the time, there was no doubt that he took it all further than it had ever been taken before. What he did with (and to) his guitar was not simply virtuoso playing, it was a virtuoso sexual performance. He simulated every known sex act with his guitar, but then eventually became bored with his image and preferred people to listen to his music rather than watch his 'performance'. But what he managed to do in his all-too-short time, was combine the best of black and white sex on stage. He was a darker Jagger but a paler James Brown, and was therefore accepted by white audiences.

This new-found, peacock-like display of masculine sexual pride in rock didn't leave much room for female sex symbols. This must, of course, have a lot to do with the passive and supportive role played by women in rock generally – as the objects of lust or love. At the same time, men were providing more than enough in the way of sexual stimulation and titillation for *both* sexes. Jagger, and later Rod Stewart, opened the door for the more overt bisexual rock stars waiting in the wings. So, to make any impact on this stronghold of sexual attractiveness, there had to be someone really earth shattering. And although there was not exactly a shortage of attractive female singers on whom male lusts could be projected, it was not until a not-so-young little lady called Annie Mae Bullock came along that the first, and almost the only, alternative to male sexual objects in pop and rock music was found.

Tina Turner, as she became, didn't just mimic the tease, bumps and grinds of the best known male stars, she presented a challenge to every man who saw her perform. She threw down a gauntlet of strong vibrations with her high energetic dancing and lavish flaunting of her sinewy body. There was no mistaking who she was after – the white male audience. And she got them not only because she was a black woman, but because she diluted her blackness just enough to be acceptable – no nappy hair for Tina, always long straight hair – plus production by white rock's most outlandish record producer, Phil Spector.

A Female Jagger

A female Mick Jagger? Tina tells a different story. "Mick was a friend of Phil Spector, and the time we cut 'River Deep Mountain High' Mick was around. He caught our act a couple of times . . . he always said he liked to see girls dance. So he was excited about our show and he thought it'd be different for the people in England. I'd always see Mick in the wings. I thought 'Wow, he must really be a fan'. I'd come out and watch him occasionally, they'd play music and Mick'd beat the tambourine. He wasn't dancing. And lo and behold, when he came to America again, he was doing *everything*! So then I knew what he was doing in the wings."

But Tina's performances are more a choreographed show-business effort than a



Syndication International



Rex Features



Salut Les Copains

Above: P. J. Proby, complete with back-suited backing group, arouses his audience to almost screaming pitch. Left: Rod Stewart in an unfamiliar quiet pose. Above: Mick Jagger apes at his fans as he washes his bare chest.

spontaneous sexual release, and as such are lacking in subtlety. Ike Turner, always quietly and ominously present on stage, directed and moulded her every step. Off stage, Tina is a middle-American wife and mother – totally subservient to her husband – seemingly less aware of her powerful eroticism than one would expect – on stage primarily a creation of Ike's.

Aside from Tina Turner, the '60s presented no other female sex symbol except perhaps Janis Joplin. Now Janis, in her later and most popular years, was not the beautiful young girl she had been. She was by no means a *Playboy* pin-up with alternating pneumatic and sylth-like curves. Janis was a boozy, aggressive, man-eater and this was reflected in the way she presented her songs – which were closer to black music in their lyrics than any other white rock was. Sex with Janis was a sweaty somewhat clumsy affair, a far cry from the seductress (Tina) or the seduced (Marianne Faithful or anyone you care to name). And with a definition of rock sex symbols as those who deliberately set out to present themselves as sexual objects, Janis perhaps, out of all those mentioned so far, was the least offender.

Gay Glamour

Just as rock music is fragmented now, so too are the sex symbols. The middle-aged mums have their Tom Jones – who, like Elvis – is knocking them dead regularly in Las Vegas. The mid-'20s can usually still get off with Mick Jagger or Rod Stewart or Tina Turner, and the teenies and weenies have David Cassidy, Mark Bolan, Gary Glitter and the Osmonds. The only addition has been gay rock, with bisexuals able to get their rocks off totally with the gay glamour of Dave Bowie and Lou Reed – no longer having to rely on what Rod Stewart or Mick Jagger care to throw their way.

Whoever the particular star has been at the time, rock music has always been basically about sex. The solid body guitar will always remain a phallic symbol, and the lead singer (whether male or female) will always be the object of sexual fantasies (again whether male or female). Elvis may have started it, but Jagger established it as one of (if not *the*) major components of rock music. As he so succinctly *sang* in 'Let It Bleed' (even if his publishers didn't choose to put it into print):

*'Well, we all need someone we can
cream on,
And if you want it, well, you can
cream on me.'*

NEXT WEEK IN POP CULTURE: Pop Art (Part 1) – coloured reproductions of some of Britain and America's best and funkiest pop art pieces.

BOBBY VEE: Not just the sound of muzak

It would be very easy to construct a put-down version of the Bobby Vee story. The four basic facts to such a story are: that Vee substituted for Buddy Holly at Mason City, Iowa, when on February 3rd, 1959, Holly was killed in a plane crash; that he supposedly fired Robert Zimmerman; that the Animals chose him as the representative singer of the pre-Beatles and Stones era in their attack on that music in 'The Story of Bo Diddley'; and that his records are productions of the muzak machine.

The first three facts are facts, but the last point implies both a misunderstanding of the 1959-63 era, and a lack of attention to the records Bobby Vee actually made. Bobby Vee certainly isn't another Bob Dylan; someone who stands head and shoulders above both his contemporaries and rock in general. But with Del Shannon and Roy Orbison (and possibly Neil Sedaka) he does stand above his contemporaries — Brian Hyland, Bobby Rydell, etc. — because, with the aid of the Brill Building songwriting 'factory' in New York, and his producer 'Snuffy' Garrett, he made better-sounding, better-produced records at a time when it was production that really mattered.

Bland Records

But 'production' didn't (and doesn't) necessarily mean muzak: Sam Phillips produced Elvis Presley's Sun records; 'Bumps' Blackwell produced Little Richard. For Phillips and Blackwell production meant getting the singer down on tape, and it wasn't really until Buddy Holly that the meaning of 'production' changed significantly — for him a song was made in the studio. This change in the function of the studio — from being a simple recording instrument to an instrument that could be played as one plays a guitar — resulted in a lot of bland records. The reason for this was in part because the instrument (the recording studio) wasn't well played, and in part because, in an era of image, it was often used to compensate for an enormous lack of talent.

Roy Orbison's and Del Shannon's talent lay for the main part in their distinctive vocal chords. Hence, in their case, production was a matter of extending and amplifying the sound of their voices. Bobby Vee, however, had no such distinctive voice, but he knew how to use what he had in the studio, and under the direction of 'Snuffy' Garrett he produced a series of small but lasting monuments of rock & roll history.

'Suzie Baby'

Of course Bobby hadn't set out with this in mind. In 1958, when he was 14, he thought only of forming a group and playing rock & roll. After substituting for Holly, Bobby Vee and his group, the Shadows, gigged around the mid West gaining themselves a local reputation. In June of that year they recorded 'Suzie Baby', which Bobby both wrote and produced, for a small local label, Soma Records, in one of those classic 'deals' of the '50s: 'Listen kid, you pay us \$500, record a few numbers in the studio, we'll release one, and if it does anything we'll talk about a real record deal. O.K.?' The record took off and, sensibly, Bobby Vee took off with it to Liberty who bought the tapes and released the record nationally. 'Suzie Baby', with its clean guitar sound — remarkably clean for a first try at production in a little studio — and Vee's very Holly based vocal, demonstrated the strength and weakness of his voice. He could sing, but his voice needed to be produced if its virtues were to be made apparent.

It was around this time that Dylan reputedly played with the group. The idea had been to fill out the group's sound with a piano as they were contemplating doing more ballads. Dylan, claiming to have played with Conway Twitty as his reference, said he was the kind of musician they needed. He wasn't (thank goodness), and left after two gigs.

Once with Liberty, Garrett prised Vee from his group — in those days groups were either vocal groups or instrumentalists — and set about producing a string of hits for his new singer. The hits came quickly, 'Devil Or Angel' and 'Rubber Ball', both reached the Top 10 in America in 1960; but it wasn't until 'More Than I Can Say', a smallish hit in 1961, that Bobby Vee made his first classic record. 'Devil Or

Angel', an R&B hit for the Clovers in 1956, was still too bald a sound, and 'Rubber Ball', with its awful 'bouncy, bouncy' chorus was no more than Holly (badly) revisited. Holly had always been the basic point of reference in Vee's box of vocal tricks because of their vocal similarities and Vee's admiration of Holly — he even recorded an 'I Remember Buddy Holly' album.

Strangely, 'More Than I Can Say' — written by Sonny Curtis and Jerry Allison of the Crickets — proved to be the point of departure from Holly imitation to influence. With Vee's double-tracked voice very forward in the mix, he dipped and swerved through the song to successfully create for the first time that tension which marked his best records: the contradictory drives to a rigid formula in the backing and arrangement and Vee's singing, which was forever finding holes in the backing to flow in and out of, and yet still keeping to the structure of the song.

Lush String Backing

From this point on until 1963 the songs got better, thanks to Carole King, Jerry Goffin and the other Brill Building stalwarts, and the hits got bigger — 'Take Good Care Of My Baby', 'Run To Him', 'Please Don't Ask About Barbara', 'Sharing You' and 'The Night Has A Thousand Eyes'. 'Take Good Care Of My Baby', the definitive Bobby Vee record, opened that vein of special pleading that Vee, even more than Brian Hyland (his main competitor), was master of:

*'My tears are fallin' cos you've taken
her away,
And though it really hurts me so,
there's one thing I've gotta say,
Take good care of my baby . . .'*

It was a necessary move, for when occasionally Vee adopted a Mr. Atlas person as in 'Walkin' With My Angel' — 'Ain't no guy in town, who's ever tried to put me down/When I'm walkin', walkin' with my angel' — he sounded like a 'before the treatment' Mr. Atlas.

'Take Good Care Of My Baby' is the definitive record (it was Vee's only no. 1), but its follow-up, 'Run To Him' which reached no. 2, was his best record. Against its lush string backing and carefully



thought out structure of musical climaxes that die away rather than rise (as opposed to Roy Orbison's 'Running Scared', a hit earlier that year which it resembles), Vee instructs his girl-friend to run to her new lover and in the process discovered three new ways of pronouncing 'devotion'. A classic record.

But by now 'Snuffy' Garrett, Vee and his songwriters were running out of ways of varying the songs he recorded and increasingly, as in songs like 'The Night Has A Thousand Eyes', the backings became wooden, leaving no holes for Vee's voice to explore. But if his singles were becoming formula-ridden, Vee's albums at this time were becoming more and more interesting. 'I Remember Buddy Holly', seemed a straightforward enough homage to the dead singer, but when you took the record out of its sleeve you found a true homage. Vee didn't merely do Holly's songs as best he could; like Holly before him, he played with the songs, paying tribute in kind to Holly's inventive singing. 'Bobby Vee Meets The Crickets', from its title at least sounds like a record company gimmick, a way to keep the Crickets, then flagging, in the news. Again it's an interesting album, an album not just a collection of songs. One side is more Holly songs and the other side a selection of rock & roll songs from 'Sweet Little Sixteen' to 'The Girl Can't Help It'. At a time when Bobby Rydell *et al* had forgotten that rock & roll even existed, Bobby Vee returned to his roots. As he explained later: "People tend to forget that people like me, Del Shannon and Brian Hyland grew up with rock & roll, and we came out of it. We weren't dead until we became famous you know!"

The Comeback Trail

Bobby Vee remembered his past, but he could only pay homage to it, not use it in the present (in his singles). The emergence of the Beatles in 1963, a group that could feed off rock's past and use it in their current music, marked the end of Bobby Vee's chart dominance. He kept making records getting most of them into the lower reaches of the Hot Hundred and even had a no. 3 in 1967 with 'Come Back When You Grow Up', but his time had passed.

Finally in 1972, faced with the choice of quitting show business or changing radically, he became Robert Velline (his real name) and hit the comeback trail, along with Rick Nelson and the Everlys.

NEXT WEEK IN PROFILE: Billy Fury, a real rocker who refused to change his image, ever.

This here's a story 'bout skiffle people

'Now this here's a story about . . . That's how Lonnie Donegan used to start his songs, back in 1956 when the skiffle boom was born. 'Now this here's a story about the Rock Island Line . . . this here's a story about John Henry . . . this here's a story 'bout a racehorse called Stewball . . .'

And this here's a story about a banjo player called Tony who came to London from Glasgow to play in a trad jazz band, found fame and fortune by singing American folk songs, started the first British pop movement and – even more unlikely – paved the way for the Beatles, Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones.

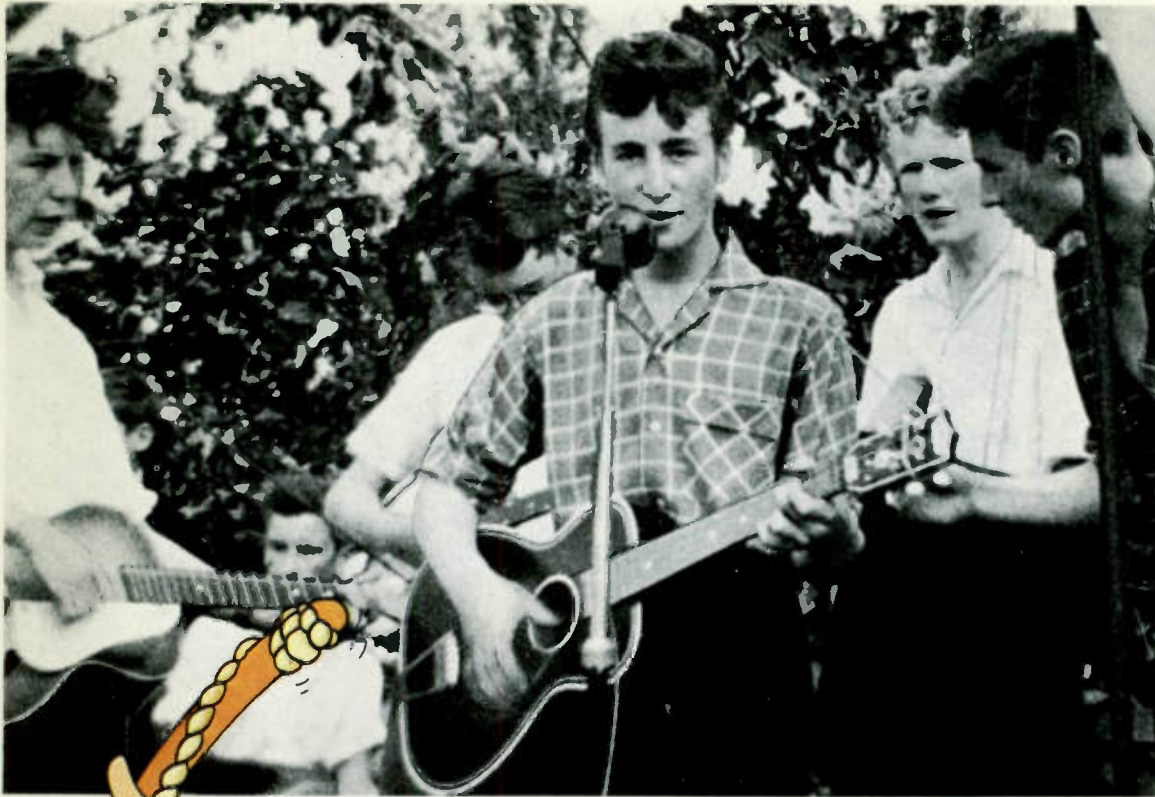
Tony Donnegan – he dropped an 'n' from the surname and changed his Christian name in homage to the pre-war singer/guitarist Lonnie Johnson – started his musical career playing banjo with the Ken Colyer band in the early '50s. Concerned that even his faithful following would find a whole evening of traditional jazz a bit much to take, Colyer started breaking up the set by allowing his banjo player to switch to guitar and do a short spot of American folk-blues – taken mainly from the repertoire of the legendary 'Leadbelly', the negro folk singer Huddie Ledbetter.

Jug-Band Sounds

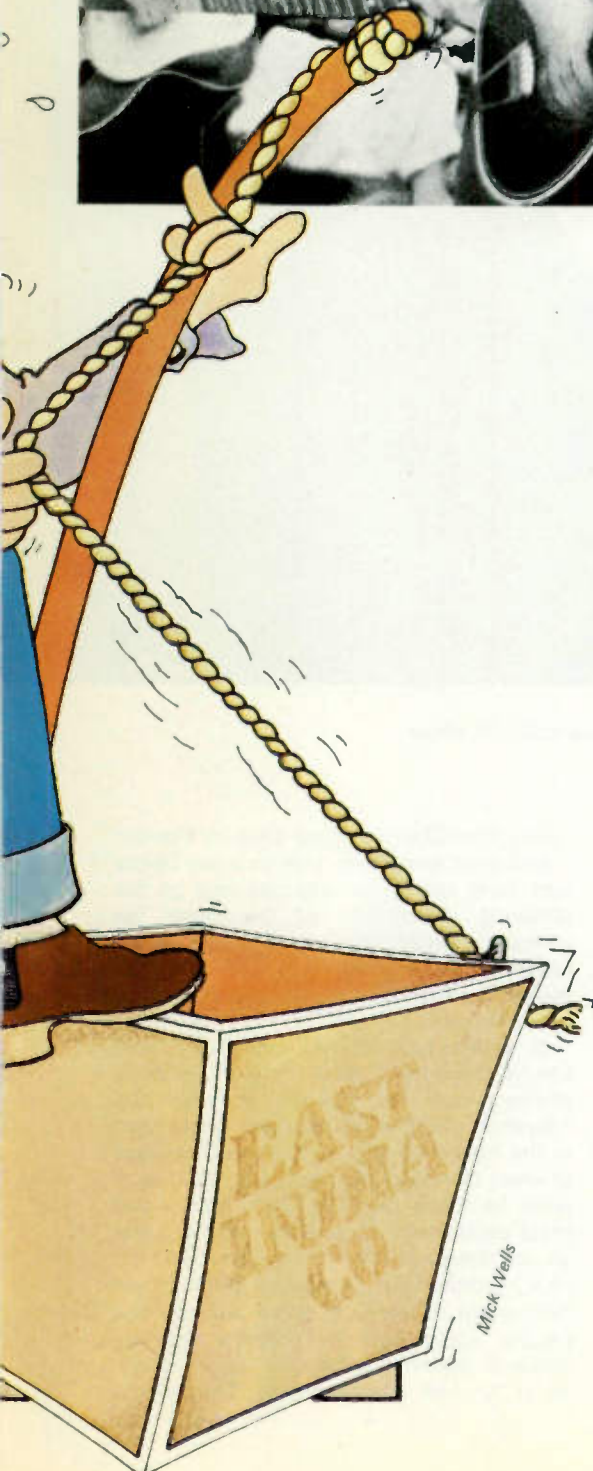
When Chris Barber, Colyer's trombonist, left the group to form his own band, he took Donegan with him. More important, he kept Donegan's 'Skiffle Sessions', as they'd become known, in the act. The term skiffle had originally been applied to the Chicago jug-bands of the '20s, bands whose distinctive sound came from replacing the traditional instruments with kazoos, washboards, broom-handle basses and – as the name implied – liquor jugs, which were 'played' by the simple but satisfyingly noisy trick of blowing across the top of the neck.

In fact, Donegan's backing for the Leadbelly and Woody Guthrie songs, which made up the main body of his repertoire, bore little resemblance to the old jug-band sounds; it consisted of himself on guitar, Chris Barber on bass and the band's blues singer, Beryl Bryden, on





The Quarrymen playing their first ever date at Woolton, Liverpool, in 1955. Left to right: Eric Griffiths on Guitar; Rod David on banjo; John Lennon singing into the mike; Pete Shotton and Len Garry on tea-chest bass.



washboard. But skiffle was a handy tag for the home-made sound they produced, and it stuck. It was this part-time skiffle trio which recorded 'Rock Island Line' and 'John Henry' (both Leadbelly songs) on a Chris Barber album for Decca as early as 1954. The sparse backing, coupled with Donegan's unmistakable high, nasal twang and up-tempo delivery made the songs stand out sharply from the grey mass of pre-rock pop available to British listeners, and the songs began to be noticed – and to crop up in the most unlikely places: *Housewives' Choice*, *Two-Way Family Favourites*. So heavily were they requested, in fact, that Decca eventually caught on to what was happening and put out the two songs as a single late in 1955. On the label (the light blue 'minority' label, not the dark blue 'popular' one) the performing credits went to 'Lonnie Donegan and his Skiffle Group'.

The record entered the British charts in January '56, stayed there for 17 weeks and got as high as no. 7. In the States it did even better, reaching the no. 2 spot in May. It eventually sold nearly 2,000,000 copies on both sides of the Atlantic. Donegan received just £50 – the Musicians Union fee – for this considerable achievement, and remained understandably bitter towards Decca ever after. But he – and skiffle – were firmly established. He switched to the Pye Nixa label, started his own group (adding lead guitar, bass and drums), and began to turn out a succession of hits.

To understand the tremendous impact skiffle had on Britain's teenagers, it's necessary to bear in mind the fairly dreary state of pop music in the early '50s. It consisted for the most part of slick American

ballads performed by slick cabaret artistes in bow-ties or evening dresses; British ballads which were, if anything, even sicker than the American ones; and British 'novelty' songs like 'How Much Is That Doggy In The Window' and 'Hernando's Hideaway' which invariably had banal lyrics and which were, in fact, the dying remnants of what had once been a healthy and spirited Music Hall tradition. It was pop music only in the sense of being popular *with* the people, not popular – *of* the people. And even then, it was only popular with a fairly well-defined section of the public: it was cynically aimed at, and unquestioningly bought by, adolescent girls and young housewives. It is interesting to note that pre-rock, pre-skiffle pop almost totally ignored teenage boys, a vast potential audience.

Teenage-Boy Appeal

Then Haley's 'Rock Around The Clock' and Donegan's 'Rock Island Line' arrived, almost simultaneously. But whereas Haley was American (and therefore a somewhat remote figure), and used electric guitars and saxophones to back him (and therefore couldn't be imitated by amateur musicians), Donegan was British – which made him accessible, possible to identify with – and, most important, he used *simple* backing instruments. This was the vital ingredient in the skiffle craze that followed. What made 'Rock Island Line' new and exciting, what made it much more than just another hit record, was the fact that it appealed mainly to teenage boys and it was played on the sort of instruments teenage boys could play. For the first time, pop music was out of the hands of showbiz profes-

sionals – anyone could have a go, without any musical training – even without any particular musical ability.

After all, just about anyone can strum thimbles across a washboard – maybe not as well as Beryl Bryden did on 'Rock Island Line' – but certainly well enough to produce a reasonably syncopated backing for a couple of guitars. Not everyone can play bass like Chris Barber – but anyone with a fair sense of rhythm can plunk along on a home-made tea-chest bass. Even the guitar, the most difficult instrument in a skiffle group, can be played by anyone who masters a few simple chords – and a few simple chords were all that was required for the majority of songs in the skiffle idiom.

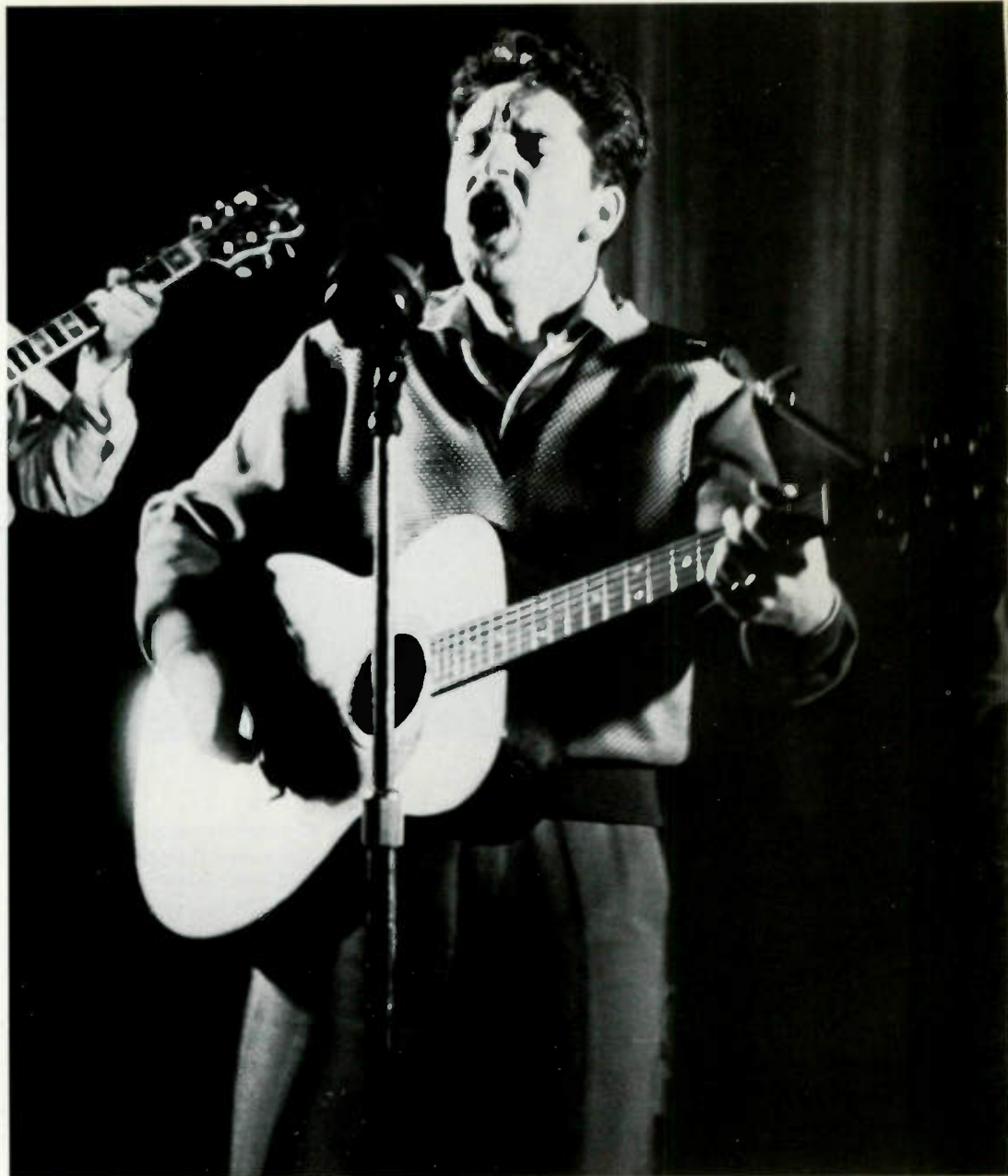
The craze spread like wildfire. Within a few months skiffle groups were springing up all over Britain – in every street, every youth club, every school. Even previously conscientious fifth-formers in grammar schools were laying aside their exams revision work, picking up a cheap guitar and thumping out Donegan's 'Lost John' or 'Stewball'. Boys who couldn't afford instruments made their own. First the musical press, then, as the craze grew, even the popular national press began to carry diagrams and instructions for making a tea-chest bass. Wooden tea-chests soon became quite scarce. Even more incredible, the newspapers were actually reporting a national washboard shortage by the end of 1956!

Borrowed Washboards

So – take a couple of cheap guitars, a home-made bass and a borrowed washboard, add a generous measure of youthful enthusiasm – often from working-class lads who were frustrated by school and home environments and who'd been deprived for years of a music they could call their own – and you had a skiffle group. Maybe not a very accomplished one; but from these makeshift amateur beginnings some pretty startling things were to emerge.

They didn't emerge immediately, of course – the numerous skiffle contests that were organised in '56 and '57 failed to produce any real talent – it was too early for that. But the skiffle contests themselves are a fair indication of how much the craze had caught on. Regional heats took place up and down the country, with the finalists reaching the dizzy heights of the *Carrol Levis Discoveries Show*, or BBC TV's first pop show, *6.5 Special*. For the first time for generations, the voice of the amateur was heard in the land.

Not that the craze was confined to amateurs. Donegan had obviously started a good thing, and showbiz knows a good thing when it sees one. By '57 the bandwagon-jumpers were arriving – Chas McDevitt and Nancy Whiskey got to no. 6 on the charts with 'Freight Train'; the Vipers – Wally Whytton's group – had a couple of medium hits with cover versions of Donegan's 'Cumberland Gap' and 'Don't You Rock Me Daddy-O'; the Bob



Above: Lonnie Donegan singing on the *6.5 Special* TV show.

Cort Skiffle Group made their bid for posterity with '6.5 Special', the signature-tune for the TV Show. But all of these groups sounded exactly like what they were – Donegan imitations – and their success was short lived. The one exception was Johnny Duncan and the Bluegrass Boys, who had a big hit in '57 with 'Last Train To San Fernando', a lively, well-produced song with an authentic flavour that was more C & W than skiffle, and one of the best British pop records of the '50s.

It was Donegan, though, who was the consistent hitmaker, with 27 British chart entries during his career (a figure that even today has been surpassed by only two artists, Elvis and Cliff Richard). But as his popularity grew he began to rely less and less on the Leadbelly and Woody Guthrie songs which had brought him fame, and to turn instead to British Music Hall songs like 'My Old Man's A Dustman' and

'Does Your Chewing-Gum Lose Its Flavour' – and even to ballads. Like so many before him (and since) he was seduced by the glittering possibility of becoming 'an all-round entertainer' and it ultimately proved his downfall. He still performs today, mainly for cabaret audiences and working-men's clubs.

If skiffle had started and ended with Lonnie Donegan it would be an interesting phenomenon, but scarcely a major pop influence. As it is, skiffle plays a vital part in the history of pop not so much because of what Donegan achieved, but because of what he made possible. For a start – and most important – he popularised the guitar as an instrument *to be played*. The first rock records had introduced guitar as an instrument to be *listened* to, but very few people could play like Franny Beecher (Haley's guitarist) or Scotty Moore (Presley's) or like Chuck Berry. The simple



Radio Times Hulton Picture Library

Above: Chris Barber in a clean-cut collar and tie, plays a cool trombone.

acoustic guitar backing on the early Donegan discs encouraged literally thousands of young men all over Britain to take up the instrument and form their own groups.

Two Chord Rock

One of these groups was the Quarrymen, started at Liverpool's Quarry Bank High School by a 16-year-old skiffle fan called John Lennon and later augmented by the arrival of Paul McCartney; another three-chord strummer from the Liverpool Institute, and his mate George Harrison. In the Hunter Davies biography of the Beatles, George recalls – "Paul came round to my house one evening to look at the guitar manual I had, which I could never work out. We learned a few things and managed to play 'Don't You Rock Me Daddy-O' with two chords."

The same scene was being played out in hundreds of homes all over the country – many of today's most accomplished musicians started their careers in '56, fumbling over a cheap guitar, trying to figure out the chords of Donegan's bouncy little songs. Donegan's other major contribution was to introduce his audience to a whole new category of music – two new categories in fact – the folk-blues of Leadbelly and the social protest songs of the itinerant white folk singer Woody Guthrie, Bob Dylan's biggest idol.

From listening to the Donegan versions a great many people went on to discover the originals, then expanded their listening to include other singers in the same fields. Those who were interested in Leadbelly went on to discover Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Muddy Waters – and from there on to the whole range of country and city blues performers.

By the early '60s this interest had grown to the stage where British musicians were beginning to play blues with a toned-down rock beat – by 1963 the term 'rhythm & blues' was familiar in the music papers and had become the dominant style in the London clubs. It's worth noting that Alexis Korner, a major force in the R&B movement, had played a large part in encouraging those very first Skiffle Sessions in the Ken Colyer band.

From Donegan's other main source, Woody Guthrie enthusiasts went on to discover Guthrie's finest interpreter, Jack Elliott. Elliott had travelled around America with Woody, accompanying himself with an excellent flat-picking guitar style and a harmonica held in a frame around his neck. It's pretty certain that many of the people who attended Bob Dylan's first British concert at the Festival Hall in 1963 could trace their interest in the young American folk singer back along a line that led via Jack Elliott and Woody Guthrie to skiffle and Lonnie Donegan.

'The Party's Over'

Donegan's last Top 10 hit was in 1962. Ironically enough, it was called 'The Party's Over'. And to make the irony complete, it faded from the charts just a few weeks before the Beatles' 'Love Me Do' came in. The man who had – all unknowingly – helped start the Quarrymen was about to be swept into obscurity by the wave of Beatlemania that would wash around the world. But anyone who remembers the tepid state of pop music in 1961 has good reason to be grateful to Lonnie Donegan for what happened in 1962 – the double spearhead of Merseybeat and London R&B which breathed new life into the pop scene on both sides of the Atlantic. Some may doubt whether the R&B movement can be traced directly back to the interest that Donegan's Leadbelly songs aroused, but it's certain that, but for Donegan, there wouldn't have been the substantial numbers of young musicians on Merseyside and Tyneside and in London to play their parts in the rock revival.

Pop music has produced some pretty strange stories in its short history, but there can be few as strange as this one, the one about a banjo player from Glasgow who sang a song about an American railroad he'd never seen and started a movement which, six years later, blossomed out into some of the world's finest beat groups and brought rock & roll back from the edge of an early grave.

NEXT WEEK IN POP:

1960–63, the quiet before the storm. The bland, saccharin pop that set the stage for the dramatic entrance of the Beatles.



Roger Morton

THE SUPERSTARS

DAVID CASSIDY from Partridge to Peacock

David Cassidy, that spearhead of the weenybopper scene, is the perfect example of the machine-made rock star. That is not to belittle him or his work, but merely to underline a department where America has always totally dominated Britain – the creation of television vehicles to launch hitherto unknown artists upon the nation and thus make them into million dollar earning stars. You have only to recall the Monkees and the Archies to realise how successful this method has been.

And so it was that David Cassidy was picked from an audition he did for a new Screen Gems series called *The Partridge Family*. When the series eventually got on the screens in America it was the fan magazines that started the whole Cassidy machine moving. They were looking for a fresh young face to replace Bobby Sherman, who had had a pretty good run, and

so they seized upon the feline Cassidy.

The Partridge Family was being recorded by Wes Farrell – who has the knack of making hits – and he discovered that Cassidy could sing. Although the machine then played its part, Cassidy was also artistically prepared for what was about to happen because he came from a theatrical family. His parents are Jack Cassidy and Evelyn Ward, who appeared in Broadway musicals and shows. When Cassidy senior divorced his first wife he married another actress, Shirley Jones, who is now the screen mother of the Partridge Family.

Cassidy's youth, therefore, was spent in touch with the theatre, although at no time was he pushed, or really encouraged, to become an actor. The family originally lived in New York but when his parents broke up he went with his mother to Los Angeles, where he gradually became more interested in the stage. One school holiday his mother was cast in the L.A. production of *And So To Be*. The producer was looking for a young boy who could sing and act. David got the part.

When he left school he decided to return to New York because that was where all the big shows were and he wanted to become an actor. He took a job so that in the lunch hour he could tour around the agents' offices and get his first part. He got the part all right, but it was in a show that came off within days of opening, and that was the end of his New York career.

A Teenager For Ever

He went back to California and concentrated on television bit parts, which is how he came to audition for *The Partridge Family*. It was a series which was both to imprison and create him. Twenty-six episodes a year are filmed on the Columbia film ranch in Los Angeles at weekly intervals, so it all becomes like working at a factory – especially as Cassidy has to be at the studios from 7am, when he enters make-up, until 5.30, when he usually goes off to the recording studios. It is not a life many young artists would put up with for the three years that Cassidy was with the show, but he came

Opposite page: David Cassidy, live on stage. Right: David at home in sunny Los Angeles.

through it stoically his Partridge career finally ending in November 1973.

The Partridge Family story-line is simple enough. The all-white children appear to run the all-white family, and Cassidy played Keith Partridge, elder son and a perennial 17-year-old. Cassidy in fact was 23 years old by the time he was due for his release and saw no sense in being a teenager for ever.

The show started in September 1970, and even by then the first Partridge Family single – 'I Think I Love You' – was well on its way to selling five million copies. Cassidy was featured as lead singer and throughout the singing career of the Family, it is his voice and that of his screen mother and real stepmother Shirley Jones that are heard.

Darling David

Soon after his screen and record launch the marketing machine took over. As Brian Epstein had discovered with the Beatles almost 10 years before, you could earn nearly as much again on merchandising your star product, as you could in the recording studio and in performance. Soon American girls were able to buy everything from David Cassidy posters, bubblegum, colouring books, colour slides, and even have personalised official David Cassidy stationery. This latter item came in pink and had David's face permanently captured within a heart. Until recently this side of his business was run by a companion, who to fans, has become part of the Cassidy mythology. Someone whose past could be repeated by any Cassidy fan as faithfully as that of darling David himself – Sam Hyman. Sam and David had been at school together and had remained buddies ever since – at first sharing ruffled bachelor quarters in Los Angeles when neither had any money – until today when the faithful Sam resides in the guest house in David's garden. Cassidy has always explained Hyman's constant presence with the factual statement of stardom that 'you never know who your real friends are'. Hyman is one of the few people he can truly trust.

The same goes for his ever-present manager Ruth Arons – a former ping-pong champion and a theatrical agent who had always handled his father. Although not used to the world of pop Arons has remained an astute manager, who, re-negotiated Cassidy a lucrative contract for his last year with *The Partridge Family*.

What happened after the first airing of the TV series was truly remarkable. As the fan magazines like *Tiger Beat*, *Fave* and *16* whipped up the fan fervour his private life vanished completely – he was unable to go out on the street for fear of being mobbed, and twice had to move his address because fans invaded his home. It was a life-style still unbelievable in a Britain whose sole



Roger Morton

source of reference was Beatlemania. It was something that just hadn't happened since the Beatles, and according to the experts was not likely to happen again in their lifetime. The American music business knew differently. With teenagers maturing earlier and earlier the market was ripe for exploitation, and that, as far as Cassidy was concerned, was what happened. He recalls now, "I was given the feeling at the beginning that they could just go out on the street and find someone else. But in fact they couldn't." As time went on it became clear that Cassidy as a property was unique. He could not be replaced by just going on the street and finding someone else. This can be seen now that his reign as a weenybop idol is coming to an end – witness the frenetic efforts to push gleaming, clean-limbed toothsome Williams Twins – the nephews of the gleaming, clean-limbed toothsome Andy Williams. And the repeated efforts in Britain to win through with the easily forgettable Simon Turner, Darren Burn – the son no less of an EMI record executive – and Ricky Wilde – the son, no less, of that one-time British rocker Marty Wilde. What Cassidy had on his side all this time was a youthful feline quality, epitomised in his stage act where he would wear what was akin to a white or black figure hugging cat suit – with usually a giant silver buckle emphasising the litheness of his waistline. Fortunately for him Cassidy has never had any of the weight trouble that has often in the past affected successful rock stars. In fact after a serious illness a few years back he has had a constant need to put on weight.

Weenyboppers

To watch him at work on a live audience is to glimpse much of the reason for his success. On his first European tour in 1973 a typical weenybopper audience, often accompanied by understanding mothers and met outside by equally uncomprehending fathers, would already be shrieking his name an hour before he was propelled on stage. The merchandising men had done their job and little girls were already armed with David Cassidy flags with his face on, as well as waving posters and expertly produced programmes. Cassidy too had done his preparation thoroughly in the picking of the musicians who backed him. He works very closely with a talented Los Angeles singer/songwriter Dave Ellinson and his beautiful long-blond-haired wife Kim Carnes – who have a monthly column in the Cassidy fan club magazine.

Ellinson, who works on many leading L.A. sessions, picks the musicians and in the second half of the show he and his wife add the backing vocals. The musicians, therefore, are of an unusually high calibre for this sort of work – including on keyboard Alan Broadbent, a young New Zealander who helps arrange for the Woody Herman band. In Cassidy's latest sessions under a new producer, Rik Jarrold, who worked on the early Jefferson Airplane and Nillson albums, he has used even more and funkier musicians like the

legendary session guitarist James Burton.

Bum Rock

On tour the band plays the first half of the show, prior to the interval and the appearance of Cassidy. Despite their quality their efforts are largely wasted as the audience repeatedly screams for 'David, David, David'. When the moment comes, his name is roared by the compere and he is literally thrown at running pace onto the stage. It is a touch of supreme showmanship because, from the front, as his entrance is picked up by the lights he seems to arrive suddenly from nowhere.

He starts to work his audience in a cat-like way, stalking hither and thither, prowling along the front of the stage to the ecstasy of his fans. He represents purity – a safe way of living dangerously – life with a safety net always comfortingly beneath it – sexually almost asexual in the manner purveyed once before by Cliff Richard. One paper in Britain coined the phrase

Right: David Cassidy smiles for ecstatic fans at Heathrow Airport, London. Opposite page: David, cat-suited and svelte, sings his songs.



Roger Morton



Roger Morton

but on the other hand more determined to be treated seriously in the future.

He has an endearing sense of humour. At a press conference in the living room of his suite at the staid Hotel Amigo in Brussels during his 1973 tour he was asked by a Dutch Radio Luxembourg radio reporter how David Cassidy would approach kissing a girl. To which he replied: "First take a rope . . ."

The Cassidy Spectacular

Musically his contribution has been far less than his commercial worth. He is that precious managerial property, a personality rather than any one type of musical performer. This should guarantee his future, and already the offers reflect this. Film and stage roles are offered in almost greater numbers than musical ones. Yet Cassidy has always seemed to miss being part of the real rock scene. His close friends say that he often asks them to tell him what it is like 'on the road' in rock rather than the Cassidy spectacular with which he tours. In Britain a close friendship has built up with Elton John who, when he thought Cassidy was being laughed at by serious rock musicians in Britain during his last tour, offered to go up on stage and play piano. It was Elton John who held a dinner party during this same tour and introduced Cassidy to Rod Stewart who proceeded to drink him under the table. This can be seen as Cassidy's attempt to shatter his weenybop image.

In the spring of 1972 Cassidy surprisingly co-operated with *Rolling Stone* magazine in an interview that inevitably ended up being less than complimentary. *Rolling Stone* readers could hardly number among darling David's millions of knicker-wetting teenies. In it he talked about dope and other image shattering experiences.

Yet although later in London he decried the interview and said he was mis-quoted, in the long run it was to do his career a lot of good — he was seen to be a real human being for the first time. It almost might have been cleverly engineered that way. The same with a piece in the London *Sun* newspaper during his European tour, which wrote about his liking for wine and a young lady in Madrid. In fact his manager Ruth Aarons so liked this piece that she presented the reporter with a bottle of champagne.

And So On

Even after all this publicity the question most asked is — what is David Cassidy really like? Why should people be bothered? They don't ask it about Mick Jagger or Gary Glitter. Elton John thinks Cassidy was made paranoid by success and that he is at last coming to terms with it. Cassidy must know he will be replaced — although he has never been willing to talk about this. In Britain the Osmonds and to a lesser extent the Jackson Five are challenging his position. Like the groups in the old days, whose lifespan was rated as three years at the most, weenybop stars must wilt and lose appeal with age. They have to be young enough for a very young audience. The Osmonds hold the nap hand because their age group spreads down from the 25-year-old Wayne Osmond, through the 14-year-old Donny to the 12-year-old Jimmy and his sister Marie.

Cassidy has made and more importantly held his riches. He has a large single-storey house outside Los Angeles, with a well-lived-in feel about it (though its gravel drive is guarded by an electronically operated gate). He has land in Hawaii and is taking an increasing interest in horseracing, with his own red and white check colours and runners at Hollywood Park. This could cause the final break with fan magazine land. After all, horseracing is harder to write about than the death of David's favourite dog Sheesh, his current Irish setter Bullseye, or his favourite long-haired black cat Boots — or even his music.

BACKTRACKS

1972: His first single, 'Could It Be Forever' went straight to no. 2. His next, 'How Can I Be Sure' made it to no. 1. His first album, 'Cherish' went to no. 2. However his next single, 'Rock Me Baby', only got to no. 11. He visited London and appeared on TV, on *Top Of The Pops*.

1973: His second album, 'Rock Me Baby' got to no. 2. He completed a very successful British and European tour, and ended his contract with *The Partridge Family*.

NEXT WEEK'S SUPER-STAR: Cliff Richard — the sweetest rocker in our time.

RAY CHARLES

High Priest of Soul

"If I don't feel what I'm doing on a record, then I'd rather forget it. If the artist feels the song he's doing, then he can do a great job . . . I'd say the problem with any artist is very simple. If all artists would do what is really right for them and would feel within themselves what they are doing, they would stay up there much longer. A new star is born everyday, but it's a question how long he will shine. But a true artist will be around a long time."

(Ray Charles, quoted on the sleeve notes of the 'What'd I Say' album, September 1959.)

Consider those remarks in their correct perspective: in September 1959, Craig Douglas was in the middle of a lengthy run at the top of the British charts with 'Only Sixteen'. Across the Atlantic, the best-seller was the Browns' version of the early '50s song, 'The Three Bells'. It was a period of malaise in the history of rock. The original figures who had created the genre had moved on in one way or another: Elvis was in the Army having his image changed; Jerry Lee was an outcast after his marriage to 13-year-old Myra; and Little Richard was doing strange things — rumour had it he'd thrown his worldly goods into Sydney Harbour and entered a monastery. Their places had been taken by the wooden figures, that curious breed of rock & roll mutants who only ever appeared in Britain as a parade of smiling mimers on the Perry Como TV show.

It was in this context that Ray Charles appeared. In fact he had been around singing and performing for a decade, but his music hadn't become known to a large audience until the last years of the '50s. Part of the reason for this obscurity had been that Ray didn't really find himself musically until then. But perhaps of greater importance was that Ray's music from the mid-'50s onwards spotlighted

with an almost cruel precision all that had been lacking in rock since the industry took control — simple, but critical things, like passion, like sincerity, like any semblance of real feeling. It was this *perception* of his music by an increasingly large audience from 1959 through to the beginning of 1962, that elevated Ray to the ranks of rock's all-time Gurus. It's even probably true to say that Ray Charles was the first Underground Hero, but more of that later: first, the man himself.

Ray The Orphan

Ray's early life was veritably tragic. In 1939, at the age of six, he was left incurably blind by an attack of glaucoma, and was placed in the St. Augustine School for the Blind a few miles from his home in Greenville, Florida. It was here that he learned the rudiments of his music, taking up the piano and the clarinet. When

Ray was 15 both his parents died, and Ray the orphan took to the road to earn his living from his music. After a couple of years with local bands he moved West, like all good Yankee dreamers do, and played with a trio in Seattle on the West Coast.

Between 1949 and 1952 he took his first tentative steps in the recording studios, making records for a small Los Angeles label, Swingtime. Many of these recordings became commercially available in this country in the early '60s, and show Ray as a pretty competent plagiarist. Nat 'King' Cole and Charles Brown were his two idols, and at times it's hard to tell the

difference between the young pretender and his heroes. Occasionally, however, even on these very early sessions Ray gives a tantalising glimpse of the great days to come. On one number in particular 'St. Pete Florida Blues', he over-reaches himself dramatically, and, once rid of the Charles Brown voice, his own personality makes its presence felt very strongly. Several of his other 12-bar recordings during this time were done with a similar intensity, but even the best of them – such as 'Hey Now' – fell short on some undefinable quality. In these numbers, historically of far more interest than the more polished copies of Cole and Brown, Ray seemed to be aware that the idiom he was searching for was possible, but at that moment in time unknown.

Up-Tempo

Ray was not to come to terms with himself until he joined Atlantic. Ahmet Ertegun

first inquired about him at the end of 1952, and he was signed by Atlantic (run by Ertegun and Jerry Wexler) a little later. Swingtime, a small company in big trouble, sold the genius for about £1,000 – a financial give-away on a par with Sam Phillips' sale of Elvis Presley to RCA.

Atlantic was one of those seminal companies run by dedicated enthusiasts full of ideas. As soon as he got hold of him Ertegun wanted to try Ray on some up-tempo numbers and, for his first Atlantic sessions, provided him with a couple of suitable quickies – one he wrote himself called 'Mess Around', and the other Memphis Curtis' 'It Should Have Been Me'. The session showed great progress since the Swingtime days – if only for the marvellous piano on 'Mess Around' – but it wasn't until December 1953 that Ray started getting into his stride. At this time he did a session for Atlantic using material he had written ('Don't You Know'), his own arrangements and his own band. It was an important innovation.

Pure Gospel

A year later, and the Ray Charles sound was born. In November 1954 he recorded 'I Got A Woman', his first 16-bar since one or two earlier abortive attempts on Swingtime. For this recording, Ray used the line-up that was to become his standard band for several years to come – two trumpets (usually Marcus Belgrave and John Hunt), baritone sax (Bennie Craw-

ford), alto and tenor (the great David 'Fathead' Newman), drums (Teagle Fleming) and bass (Edgar Willis). He dropped the guitar sound that had distinguished many of his earlier 12-bar blues attempts (listen to the rapport that Ray struck up with Mickey Baker on the 1953 'Losing Hand'), and relied increasingly on the piano as his 'lead' instrument. The band doubled-up on his piano figures, and this touch – a piece of pure gospel, especially since Ray's piano phrases became more and more church-based – was, according to Jerry Wexler, 'the kicker'.

It was the gospel bias in his work that Ray explored over the next couple of years at Atlantic, and it was the fusion of this tradition with the Blues that gave Ray Charles the formula he had been looking for. Alan Lewis points out (in the liner notes to the recent Ray Charles compilation album): 'Charles used the gospel chord changes and call and response patterns (first with horns and later with the voices of the Raelets) to create an unprecedented level of tension and excitement'. The best examples of this can be seen in the studio versions of numbers like 'It's All Right' (probably the first recording on which he used a vocal back-up group to emphasise the horns sound), 'Talking About You' (another 16-bar, like 'I Got A Woman' – but made significantly different by the addition of the Raelets), 'A Fool For You' and 'Drown In My Own Tears'.

Ray was bringing all the pieces together – it's a tribute to Atlantic that they let him

A handsome, mature Ray Charles gives a cool smile as he rolls his fingers over the keyboards.





wander off into every conceivable area of the black musical experience. At one moment he was recording with the MJQ vibist Milt Jackson, at another he was doing straight blues, at another he was working on jazz-based instrumentals with his sidemen, at another he'd be trying out gospel sounds with the Raelets. And all the time, his development was nothing short of astonishing. His voice, in particular, was becoming more exciting with each recording he made – just as a couple of years earlier he'd assimilated and transcended the Nat King Cole influence, so now – seemingly in the space of a few months – he absorbed and transcended the gospel vocals of singers like Alex Bradford. He'd become a prolific songwriter, though more often than not his 'compositions' were secularised re-writes of old gospel numbers. 'This Little Light Of Mine' for example became 'This Little Girl Of Mine', and 'Talkin' 'Bout Jesus' became 'Talkin' 'Bout You'. But, in retrospect, the most important thing he did was to go on the road with his new found voice, his new found confidence, his band, and his Raelets. The Ray Charles synthesis was presented to the people.

State of Rapture

Two recordings – 'Ray Charles At Newport' (the 1958 Festival) and 'Ray Charles In Person' (recorded at Herndon Stadium, Atlanta, Georgia on May 28th 1959) – remain as testimonies to those magnificent touring days. In these, the gospel flavour is unmistakable. Ray's empathy with his audience is as close as the priest's with his congregation – the music confirms this closeness with the audiences, whose state of rapture forced Ray to constantly look beyond the narrow confines of the studio versions of the songs he was performing. It's a fascinating two-way process – with Ray's influence on the audience being matched by their influence on him. The results are marvellous – 'Drown In My Own Tears' at Herndon and 'A Fool For You' at Newport remain, to this day, the pinnacles of his recording career. There is, it is true, an element of showmanship about the proceedings, but that is never allowed to interfere with the spirit of the music – Ray at this time never fell into the tempting traps that crushed much of the greatness of some of his successors like James Brown and Solomon Burke. Ray was much more a man of the people than a star for the people to idolise – he reflected their feelings just as much as he guided them.

Through this dialectical process, through this church-like empathy with his audience, Ray had invented Soul music. He knew, too, that what he had done was pretty important – only a man confident enough to know he had done great things could say things like: "If an artist feels the song he's doing, then he can do a great performance." It's something that Ray could say with the ease of a man who *had* given great performances. Ray knew that what he was doing was right for him – he'd found the elusive formula. Ray could have

made it as a jazz man (and in turn his influence in that field – at that time wallowing in the technically brilliant, but increasingly feelingless New Bop – was considerable); he could have made it as a church singer; he could have made it as a rock & roller; he could have made it as a blues singer – he could have done any of these things, but he didn't. He knew himself that there was no need to adapt to one particular role, when a fusion of all the strands of black musical experience was within the realms of possibility.

An Empty Parody

The old-timers couldn't take it. Big Bill Broonzy shook his head and remarked: "He's got the blues, he's cryin' sanctified and I know that's wrong . . . he should be singing in a church." But his younger followers reacted, instinctively and immediately, along with Ray. Ray had smashed down the barriers of prejudice – and the implications were enormous. They in turn began calling the man 'The Genius'.

Ray's days at Atlantic reached their climax with his recording of 'What'd I Say', which had more or less everything Ray had been striving for parcelled into five minutes. The song, of course, became perhaps the greatest rock standard of all time, with every other group in the universe including it in their repertoire. It's strange to reflect how, at the time of its first release in 1959, the song was dismissed by the BBC DJ's.

Ray left Atlantic in 1960, and moved across to ABC-Paramount. His career with ABC has been – in a nutshell – tragic, and is, perhaps, best forgotten. Anyone who was an avid fan of Ray's in the '50s can only squirm when they listen to Ray's work over the past decade. The first sense of unease came across the Atlantic with his first tours in 1963 – he was starting to move in some very awkward directions. True, he did perform some of his old classics, beginning the show with 'I Got A Woman' – but his treatment of this song was similar to the way Dylan garbled his way through 'The Times They Are A Changin'' on his 1965 tour – it was as if to say, 'Well, I suppose I have to do this number, so here goes'. It came over like an empty parody.

There was something even worse about the shows – the element of showmanship that had been marginal at Herndon and Newport was beginning to take over. The way in which Ray hammed up his own blindness in his version of 'Careless Love' ('Once I was blind but now I see . . .') was too awful to contemplate – the genius might have finally hit the European road, but he was fast going off the rails.

Unfortunately, Ray's later work – with an ever greater desperation to please all the people all the time, witness his calamitous versions of Beatles' songs – have coloured critical reactions to Ray's earlier work, which are now hardly discussed at all. The case for Ray Charles' influence on the history of rock does need stating.

First, his fusion of Blues and Gospel –

his discovery of Soul Music – paved the way forward for Black Rock. Every great black record since 'What'd I Say' owes just about everything to Ray Charles – without his '50s performances, the careers of Otis Redding, James Brown, Bobby Parker, Percy Sledge and Sly and the Family Stone would have been very different. All of these artists accepted Ray's definition of Soul and worked on from there. Similarly, the most commercial black music of the past decade – Tamla Motown – would have been unthinkable without Ray's work with the Raelets.

Second, his impact for the white musicians – though not so direct – was equally momentous. During the late '50s, countless white artists stated their allegiance to The Genius – Bobby Darin, Lonnie Donegan, Cliff Richard ('"What I'd like to achieve," he said in 1960, "is the Ray Charles sound"), Billy Fury, Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran, Adam Faith . . . the list could go on forever. But perhaps of greater importance was his effect on those who would lead the British Boom in the '60s. Ray Charles stood out in the late '50s because he used real and genuine emotion in pop music – at the time of Bobby Vinton, John Leyton and Frankie

Avalon, this was something indeed. Ray became a cult figure amongst young white record buyers because his feelings were intact – the man was his music. He showed, in the dark days of rock & roll, that it was possible for the medium to be used as an art form. True, it had happened before, but what was crucial about Ray was that he was proving it at a time when no one else was really bothering.

The Genius Lives On

However tragic his later career has become, nothing can detract from the man's influence in those Atlantic days. It seems fair to say in conclusion: if Chuck Berry and Elvis Presley were the vital figures of Rock from 1955–1958, and Bob Dylan and the Beatles held a similar position from 1963–68, then the years between must belong, in the same fashion, to Ray Charles.

It wasn't his music that bridged the gap between the two eras – it was more his spirit. Ray was true to himself during those years and he proved that by being true to your own feelings, it was possible to produce great music. His message – and his Atlantic recordings – will survive.



The keyboards reflected in Ray Charles' dark glasses are symbolic of what music has meant to this blind man.

NEXT WEEK IN BLACK MUSIC: Doo Wop – The Story of Black Harmony Groups.

THE MUSIC: EARLY '60s

From left to right: Susan Maughan, Frank Ifield, and Max Bygraves.



All pics Syndication International

The Denmark St. Doldrums

Before the emergence of the Beatles, the very last attribute that any British pop star required was originality. This state of affairs was due to the fact that practically the entire local music industry was a joke, with central control being a bunch of song houses crammed into London's Denmark Street.

It was a closed shop. Steeped in the incestuous old pals tradition, and totally obsessed with pandering to its innumerable affiliates, Britain was still the poor relative looking for a handout. It had nothing really worthwhile to offer; therefore – so as not to bite the hand that fed – it was easier to emulate rather than create.

By adhering to this hard and fast policy, the Tin Pan Alley moguls kept the cash registers ringing. For them, there was no real shame in plagiarism; but to strike out into unexplored territory was to place one's job (and pension) in jeopardy. Just so long as virtually every commodity that passed through 'The Alley' could be quickly identified and subsequently tagged as 'Britain's Answer To . . . whatever it was that had sold in America six months earlier, everyone was happy and a bonus was there for the taking.

The Golden Age

This claustrophobic atmosphere – which was in no way conducive to creativity – was to remain totally unimpaired until the Beatles broke on through. Apart from everything else, they liberated the British songwriting fraternity from its subservient role as second-rate rip-off artists.

Prior to this, there were the singers and there were the songwriters. Save for a few exceptions, neither infringed upon the others' closely guarded territory. Very few singers could actually sing, even fewer

writers could write, and just about nobody aside from Joe Meek had any real idea how to produce pop records.

The golden age of rock, may have produced such prolific American writing talents as Pomus & Schuman, Leiber & Stoller, Goffin & King, Mann & Weill, Barry, Greenwich & Spector, Andreolli & Poncia, Holly & Petty, Neil Sedaka and Chuck Berry. All that Britain-the-once-great could muster was Jerry Lordan, Carter & Lewis, Ivor Raymonde, Marvin & Welch, Geoff Goddard, Joe Meek, Schroeder & Hawker, Lionel Bart and Johnny Worth. Except for a couple of one-off flashes of inspiration, the Red Coats offered absolutely no competition. America-the-once-beautiful ruled.

Ultimate Utopia

Much of the trouble centred around the already mentioned fact that the British industry was inhibited by anything that smacked of originality. They were content to hang onto someone else's coat-tails. To be publicly acclaimed as being (almost) as good as Frankie Avalon or Buddy Holly's ghost – Bobby Vee, was the epitome of success. 'All-Round-Entertainer' was the pass word for everlasting stardom. Being put out to pasture in Cabaret the ultimate Utopia. At this time, neither the singers nor the songwriters had any guts. If they stepped out of line, the mobile cigars promptly called them to heel. The only two songs worthy of inclusion in the Hall Of Fame were Ian Samwell's first hit for Cliff Richard 'Move It' and Johnny Kidd's self-penned 'Shakin' All Over'.

Sure, everyone wanted to crack the American monopoly, but they didn't have any idea just how to go about it. Such was the perception of the Tin Pan Alley cats, that they were content to xerox last season's American one-hit wonders and then be perplexed when they bombed

out completely. Nobody was a threat to British youth. If they were, they were either quickly exterminated or cleaned up. If you wanted to be a star, you had to love your mother, be kind to animals, and not pick your nose in public. Somehow, you had to appeal to the whole bleedin' family.

This, more than anything else, was the contributing factor which led to a perennial parade of stereotyped mohair-suited acned wimps wheezing stereotyped conveyor-belt teen anthems, which continued to drag the British industry even further into the deprivation it had created for itself. When you take into consideration that 1960 was probably the worst year that American pop had ever experienced, is it any wonder that the majority of British pop stars were even more forgettable than those transient Americans they so slavishly parodied.

So let's hear it one more time for – Jess Conrad, Marty Wilde, Terry Dene, Peter Elliott, Ricky Valence, Garry Mills, Daryl Quist, Davis Macbeth, Laurie London, Jackie Dennis, Vince Eager, John Leyton, Little Tony, Lance Fortune, Mike Preston, Jimmy Justice, Doug Sheldon, Heinz, Nelson Keene, Mark Wynter, Julien X, Craig Douglas, Johnny Gentle, Tommy Bruce, Emile Ford, Frank Ifield, Eden Kane, Keith Kelly, the Brooks Brothers, Robb Storme, Michael Cox . . . the list is almost as endless as it is boring.

Ladies Powder Room

As it transpires, things were no better in the Ladies Powder Room where Carol Deene, Sylvia Sands, Julie Grant, Susan Maughan, Louise Cordet and the Vernon Girls were tarting themselves up. However, when you recollect that the British 'superstars' of the day were: Frankie Vaughan, Joan Regan, Ruby Murray, Lonnie Donegan, Ronnie Hilton, Russ Conway and Max Bygraves, then you'll perhaps see why things were in such a sorry state.

Left: Frankie Vaughan in top hat and tails.



A deb-like Joan Regan smiles a glossy smile.

The quickest method for any aspiring street-corner crooner to smash the charts was either by re-vamping a 'real' oldie or covering a current American hit. Emile Ford was the first to demonstrate that there was still sufficient mileage in those old six-penny song sheets gathering dust on the piano stool with four direct hits: 'What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes At Me For?' 'Slow Boat To China', 'You'll Never Know What Your Missing Till You Try' and 'Them There Eyes'. Tommy Bruce croaked his way to the top with 'Ain't Misbehavin', and Frank Ifield caught the mood of the times yodelling 'I Remember You', 'Lovesick Blues', 'The Wayward Wind' and others.

NEXT WEEK IN THE MUSIC: The Shadows, instrumentalists supreme, their hits, their successes and their break-ups.

When it came to 'cover' jobs, it was every man for himself. Tommy Steele borrowed both 'Singin' The Blues' and 'Knee Deep In The Blues' from Guy Mitchell, 'Come On Let's Go' from the late Ritchie Valens, and 'Tallahassee Lassie' from Freddy Cannon. Anthony Newley consolidated what had originally been the novelty appeal of 'Idle On Parade' by borrowing 'Personality' from Lloyd Price and Frankie Avalon's 'Why'. Marty Wilde shot into prominence with a quartet of covers: Jody Reynolds' 'Endless Sleep', the late Ritchie Valens' 'Donna', Dion's 'Teenager In Love' (a battle which he shared with Craig Douglas), and Phil Phillips' 'Sea Of Love'. Everybody was at it. Well, almost everybody!

There were only three singers around who appeared to have immediate access to the very best of what the British writers had to offer. They were Cliff Richard, Billy Fury and Adam Faith.

Cliff and Billy started off reasonably well as passable Presley imitators. Richard and Ian 'Sammy' Samwell's classic 'Move It', and Fury with a self-penned ballad 'Maybe Tomorrow'. Cliff stuck with Samwell and scored with 'High Class Baby', 'Dynamite', 'Never Mind' and 'Mean Streak' until Lionel Bart gave him his biggest ever hit 'Living Doll' and his management cleaned up his image.

Billy Fury continued with his own material with reasonable success until he was given an American Goffin/King song to record. 'Halfway To Paradise' established him as a sultry, sullen sex symbol, and led him to record an oldie, 'Jealousy', and another Goffin/King composition 'I'd Never Find Another You'. For the next three years, Fury confined his limited talent to faithfully repeating the same formula with a succession of predictable ballads which, for the most part, were penned by Ivor Raymonde. In the end, he could not deviate from his image and quickly faded from the charts.

Plenty Of Style

From the outset, Adam Faith may have been clean-cut and respectable, but he was also an original with plenty of style. In collusion with songwriter Johnny Worth (working under the nom-de-plume of Les Vandyke) and arranger John Barry, Faith, in his oft-copied nasal monotone, mumbled and hiccupped his way into the best-sellers on no less than 16 separate occasions. His first Number One, 'What Do You Want?' was memorable for Faith distorting the word 'baby' into 'biybee', and Barry's extension of the string arrangements that had made Buddy Holly's 'It Doesn't Matter Any More' an all-time golden oldie.

Worth went on to write 'Poor Me', 'Someone Else's Baby', 'How About That', 'Who Am I', 'This Is It' and 'Don't You Know It?' amongst others for Faith. In retrospect, the Faith/Worth/Barry collaboration was about the most rewarding that British pop music produced prior to

the Beat Boom of '62. Today, they stand out as an oasis in a desert of musical mediocrity.

Johnny Worth was to be instrumental in launching the short-lived career of Eden Kane with 'Well I Ask You', 'Get Lost' and 'Forget Me Not', a trio of songs which if given to any good-looking lad would have guaranteed him the same modicum of success that Kane enjoyed. This was a typical example of the singer only being as good as the songs he was given to record.

Sheer Innocence

When you pause to evaluate the rest of what one could consider to be the best, there's really not too much left to get excited about. The only thing of lasting merit that Lionel Bart penned before he embarked upon his career in the theatre was 'Living Doll'. In contrast, all those schmaltzy songs he wrote for Tommy Steele: 'A Handful Of Songs', 'Butterfingers' and 'Water, Water' could have slotted quite painlessly into any West End musical. If for nothing but curiosity value, the first hit Bart gave Steele, 'Rock With The Cave Man' personifies how, in the mid-'50s, British singers and songwriters totally failed to grasp the full impetus of rock & roll. It is sheer innocence. For those too young to remember, the same process was repeated in such countries as Italy and Spain in the early '60s.

'Apache' is, without a doubt, one of the biggest instrumental hits of all-time – and still selling. Unfortunately, its composer Jerry Lordan never really managed to repeat his initial success. As a singer in his own right he scraped into the charts with 'Who Could Be Blue?', and upped his royalty cheque by giving Cliff Richard 'A Girl Like You' and Shane Fenton 'I'm A Moody Guy'.

In the same way as singers seemed to grab two or maybe three hits before seemingly vanishing off the face of the earth, the same thing applied to British songwriters. Geoff Goddard for instance, became a hot property when he gave John Leyton both first and second chart placing with 'Johnny Remember Me' and 'Wild Wind'. There was nothing at all original about these songs, Frankie Laine had been churning out the same kind of double-tempo sagas 10 years earlier. The only thing of Goddard's which has transcended the years is his 'Tribute To Buddy Holly' which Mike Berry recorded. It still sounds good.

There were loads of songwriting one-hit wonders, but not so as they contributed anything of lasting significance to popular British music prior to 1962. The test of time for any record is whether it becomes a most-sought-after collector's item. Except in a couple of rare instances, you never see any pre-1962 British pop singles selling in the bargain bins for over 20p.

If it hadn't been for the Beatles, God knows to what depths the British scene would have plummeted.

POP INFLUENCES: 1959-73

GOLDEN GREATS

The story of pop has been marked with certain milestone records which have been vastly influential in shaping the course of the music. These are the records that anyone taking an interest in the development of pop should be aware of and, if possible, own.

The Radio One Story of Pop, in conjunction with Charlie Gillett – who is probably the most knowledgeable pop historian of the day – has compiled a list of such songs to form the basis of an archive record collection.

The selection is in two parts: singles and albums. Due to the rather confusing system by which record companies delete and re-issue old material, it is impossible at any one time to say what is currently available. However, with this list as a guide, the collector can look out for the work of particular artists, and individual songs on 'Best Of . . . ' and 'Various Artists . . . ' albums. Some singles may be found by looking through second-hand records shops, but the increasing trend is for labels to issue compendium collections of songs that epitomise certain eras or styles, or retrospective albums featuring the work of individual artists. In this way, even 'one-off' singles should be available in some form at any one time.

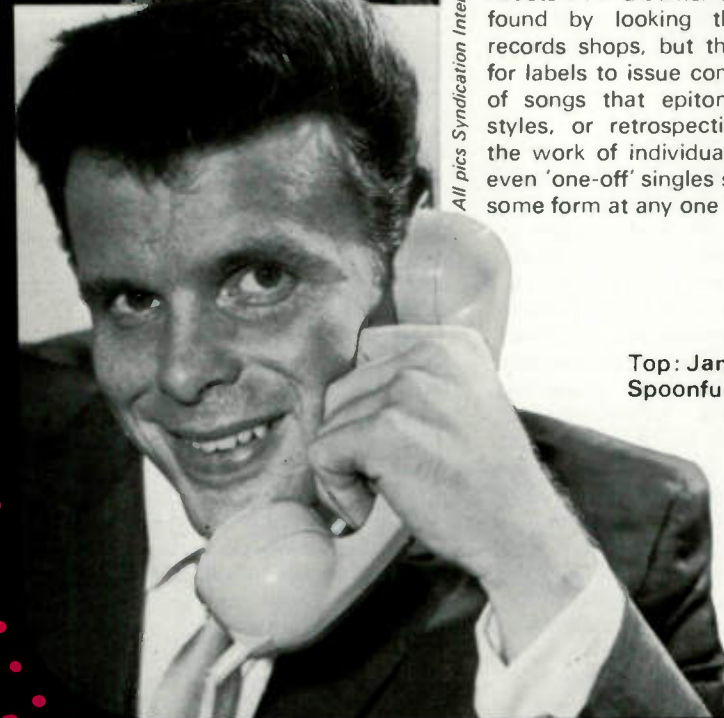
Part 1: Singles 1954-58

Bill Haley 'Rock Around The Clock'
Elvis Presley 'Heartbreak Hotel',
'Hound Dog', 'Don't Be Cruel',
'All Shook Up'
The Platters 'The Great Pretender'
Bill Doggett 'Honky Tonk' (the classic instrumental)
Carl Perkins 'Blue Suede Shoes'
Gene Vincent 'Be Bop A Lula'
Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers
'Why Do Fools Fall In Love?'
Fats Domino 'Blueberry Hill',
'Ain't That A Shame'
Little Richard 'Tutti Frutti',
'Long Tall Sally'
Paul Anka 'Diana'
The Crickets 'That'll Be The Day'
The Everly Brothers 'Bye Bye Love'
Chuck Berry 'School Days',
'Johnny B. Goode', 'Sweet Little Sixteen'
Jerry Lee Lewis 'Whole Lotta Shakin'
Goin' On'
The Coasters 'Yakety Yak', 'Charlie Brown'
Buddy Holly 'Peggy Sue'
Eddie Cochran 'Summertime Blues'

1959-62

The Drifters 'There Goes My Baby',
'Save The Last Dance For Me'
Chubby Checker 'Let's Twist Again'
The Marcells 'Blue Moon'
Gene Chandler 'Duke Of Earl'
The Chiffons 'He's So Fine'
The Shirelles 'Will You Love Me
Tomorrow?'
Del Shannon 'Runaway',
'Hats Off To Larry'

Top: James Brown. Centre: Lovin' Spoonful. Bottom: Del Shannon.



All pics Syndication International

Little Eva 'The Locomotion'
 The Four Seasons 'Walk Like A Man',
 'Sherry'
 Dion 'Runaround Sue', 'The Wanderer'
 Roy Orbison 'Only The Lonely'
 Ray Charles 'What'd I Say?'
 Sam Cooke 'Twistin' The Night Away'
 Johnny Kidd and the Pirates 'Shakin' All
 Over'

1963-67

The Ronettes 'Be My Baby'
 Beach Boys 'Fun, Fun, Fun',
 'I Get Around', 'Good Vibrations'
 Beatles 'Love Me Do', 'Please Please Me',
 'I Feel Fine', 'Penny Lane'/'Strawberry
 Fields Forever'
 Marvin Gaye 'Ain't That Peculiar'
 Rolling Stones 'Little Red Rooster',
 'Satisfaction', 'Paint It Black'
 Righteous Brothers 'You've Lost That
 Lovin' Feeling'
 Four Tops 'Reach Out I'll Be There'
 Supremes 'Where Did Our Love Go'
 Byrds 'Mr. Tambourine Man'
 Bob Dylan 'The Times They Are
 A-Changing', 'Like A Rolling Stone'
 James Brown 'I Got You', 'Poppa's Got A
 Brand New Bag'
 Temptations 'My Girl'
 Ike and Tina Turner 'River Deep
 Mountain High'
 Bobby Gentry 'Ode To Billy Joe'
 Lovin' Spoonful 'Do You Believe In Magic?',
 'Summer In The City'
 Buffalo Springfield 'For What It's Worth'
 Aretha Franklin 'Respect'
 Otis Redding 'These Arms Of Mine',
 Joe Tex 'Hold What You've Got'
 Percy Sledge 'When A Man Loves A
 Woman'

Procol Harem 'Whiter Shade Of Pale'
 Simon and Garfunkel 'Sounds Of Silence'
 Mamas and Papas 'California Dreamin''
 Scott MacKenzie 'San Francisco'
 Animals 'The House Of The Rising Sun'
 Kinks 'Tired Of Waiting For You',
 'Waterloo Sunset'
 Troggs 'Wild Thing'
 Jimi Hendrix 'Hey Joe', 'Purple Haze'
 The Who 'My Generation', 'Substitute'
 Wilson Pickett 'In The Midnight Hour'
 Bee Gees 'New York Mining Disaster
 1941'

1968-73

Otis Redding 'Dock Of The Bay'
 Creedence Clearwater Revival 'Proud
 Mary'
 Alice Cooper 'School's Out'
 Desmond Dekker '007', 'The Israelites'
 Neil Diamond 'Cracklin' Rosie'
 Jimi Hendrix 'All Along The Watchtower'
 Jackson Five 'I Want You Back'
 Marvin Gaye 'I Heard It Through The
 Grapevine'
 Don McLean 'American Pie'
 Move 'Night Of Fear', 'Fire Brigade'
 The Doors 'Light My Fire'
 Gilbert O'Sullivan 'Nothing Rhymed',
 'Alone Again Naturally'
 Slade 'Mama Weer All Crazee Now'
 Rod Stewart 'Maggie May'
 T. Rex 'Ride A White Swan'
 Derek and the Dominoes 'Layla'
 Rolling Stones 'Jumping Jack Flash',
 'Honky Tonk Woman'
 Beatles 'Hey Jude'
 Sly and the Family Stone 'Dance To The
 Music'
 Smokey Robinson and the Miracles
 'Tracks Of My Tears'

NEXT WEEK IN POP INFLUENCES: A behind-the-scenes look at record producers.



Top: Don McLean, in concert. Centre: Gilbert O'Sullivan. Bottom: Bobby Gentry. Left: a line-up of Johnny Kidd and the Pirates.

Talking 'bout my generation

SHAKIN' ALL OVER

by Johnny Kidd

*When you move in right up close to me
That's when I get those shakes all over me
Quivers down my back-bone
I've got the shakes down the knee-bone
Yeh! The tremors in the thigh-bone
SHAKIN' ALL OVER*

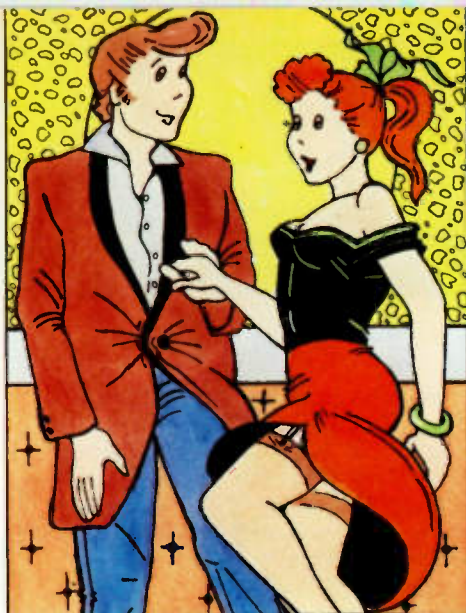
*Just the way you say goodnight to me
Brings that feeling on inside of me
Quivers down my back-bone
I've got the shakes down the knee-bone
Yeh! The tremors in the thigh-bone
SHAKIN' ALL OVER*

*Well you make me shake
And I like it, baby
Well you make me shake
And I like it, baby
Well you make me shake
And I like it, baby*

The emergence of a British pop music was initially slow. The early records were largely imitative both in sound and content. In effect, it wasn't until the end of the '50s that a recognisably British sound started to emerge; and of the new wave 'What Do You Want?' and 'Shakin' All Over' were undoubtedly two of the very best.

'What Do You Want?' was Adam Faith's first hit. Written in 1959 it was essentially a home-grown product, although in feel and, particularly, in Faith's performance, it owed its parentage to America. It was a knock-down Number One hit for the young singer, and set him on a career unparalleled at the time except for Cliff Richard. The song's delivery rather than its own inherent qualities sealed its success. Faith's extraordinary vocalising of the word 'baby' became an immediate catch and launched a thousand impersonations, even though it owed more than a little to Buddy Holly's legendary 'hiccup'.

The song itself is rather a plaintive lament for a love that cannot be wooed. Material inducements fail – reflecting, perhaps the 'never had it so good' philosophy of the era – and it's obvious that Faith – small and appealing – isn't going to make it with the girl of his choice. It also established the singer as the unlucky-in-love hero, for he followed it with titles like 'Poor Me' and 'Someone Else's Baby' that had immense charm both to young girls and their mums. 'What Do You Want?' is a beautiful example of the '50s pop song. It has no pretensions, no



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

by Les Vandyke

*What do you want if you don't want
money?
What do you want if you don't want gold?
Say what you want and I'll give it you
Honey
Wish you wanted my love, Baby*

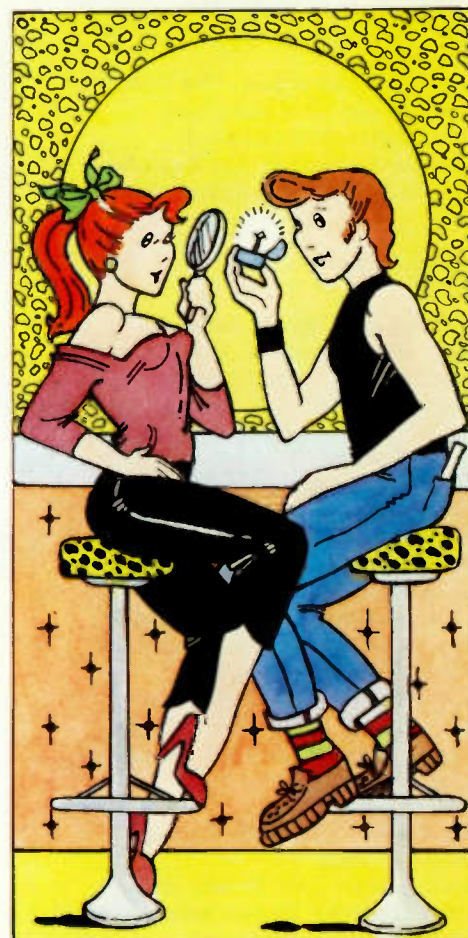
*What do you want if you don't want
ermine?
What do you want if you don't want
pearls?
Say what you want and I'll give it you,
Darling
Wish you wanted my love, Baby*

*Well I'm offering you this heart of mine
But all you do is play it cool
Well, what do you want?
Oh Boy! You're making a fool of me*

*One of these days when you need my
kissing
One of these days when you want me too
Don't turn around 'cos I'll be missing
Then you'll want my love, Baby*

*Well I'm offering you a diamond ring
But all you do is turn me down
Well, what do you want?
Oh Boy! You're going to town on me*

*One of these days when you need my
kissing
One of these days when you want me too
Don't turn around 'cos I'll be missing
Then you'll want my love, Baby!*



messages, no ideas above its station; but with great economy and a deceptively simple tune it conveys a wealth of meaning.

On the other hand, Johnny Kidd's 'Shakin' All Over' is arguably the best rock record ever produced in Britain, even though it appeared in 1960 when rock & roll was virtually dead. Here economy is all. There is nothing surplus, nothing spare in the song. It has been fined down to the bone and, coupled to a memorable guitar-riff, it assails the ear with a vibrancy and impact that few, if any, contemporary songs achieved. In a time of copy-cat products Kidd wrote and recorded a song that any American could have been proud of. It was undoubtedly his greatest achievement in a short and patchy career. Despite his untimely death, Kidd has left a rock work of enduring value.

The years in which these songs appeared were marked in many ways, by a dearth of musical quality; a no-man's-land between the glorious years of R&R and the explosive boom of the Beatles – yet to come. Nonetheless, these two songs stand out, shining as good deeds in a naughty world!

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NEXT WEEK: The lyrics to 'Living Doll' and 'The Day I Met Marie'.

POP FILE

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

LEONARD COHEN, born in Canada, was already established as a poet and novelist before he started singing and songwriting professionally. Well-known as a poet in Canada and the US in the early '60s and the author of two novels *The Favorite Game* and *Beautiful Losers*, Cohen first received attention from the rock world after Judy Collins recorded his song 'Suzanne' on her 'In My Life' album (1966). The following year he appeared on stage with her at a concert in New York's Central Park. His first album 'Songs Of Leonard Cohen' appeared in 1968 and he has followed it with 'Songs From A Room', 'Songs Of Love And Hate', and a live album 'Live Songs'. Cohen says he has now given up singing to concentrate on writing.

JUDY COLLINS released her first album 'A Maid Of Constant Sorrow' in 1961 when folk music was a minority interest indeed. In 1973 she recorded her 13th album for Elektra, 'True Stories And Other Dreams', and is more popular than she's ever been. Her rise to popularity began with her third album (1963) when



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she moved into a period of protest singing which she soon left behind for more lyrical songs of her own and material by Leonard Cohen, Joni Mitchell, Donovan, Bob Dylan, Randy Newman, and Steve Stills among others. The high-points of her recording career include versions of Lennon and McCartney's 'In My Life', Sandy Denny's 'Who Knows Where The Time Goes', as well as her own 'Both Sides Now' and her adaptation of 'Amazing Grace'.

ARTHUR CONLEY was discovered by Otis Redding in 1965 when singing with the Corvettes. Otis produced many of his records for Stax-Volt including his two 1967 hits 'Sweet Soul Music' and 'Shake Rattle And Roll'.

RUSS CONWAY, an ex-merchant seaman, had four years-worth of pub-type piano instrumental hits from 1958 to 1962, including two no. 1 singles in 1959, 'Side Saddle' and 'Roulette'.

RY COODER born in LA in 1947, began playing guitar when he was three, so they say! He made his first appearance at the Ash Grove Club in LA when he was 16 playing with Jackie de Shannon. In 1965 he worked with Taj Mahal in a blues band, the Rising Sons, who broke up while recording an album for Columbia. Then followed a lot of session work with Captain Beefheart on the 'Safe As Milk' album, on Taj Mahal's first album, with Paul Revere, Randy Newman, Arlo Guthrie, and the Everly Brothers. As well as playing on the film score for *Performance*, Ry played on the Stones' 'Let It Bleed' sessions, and his mandolin on 'Love In Vain' was used on the album. He also appears on the 'Jamming With Edward' sessions album. In 1969 he signed with Reprise, and has released three albums to date: 'Ry Cooder', 'Into The Purple Valley' and 'Boomer's Story'. Already he has proved himself a master of bottleneck guitar and mandolin, a distinctive singer and adaptor of traditional material.

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL surprised the US charts in 1968 with a revival of 'Suzie Q' at a time when the kids were full of progressive music mania. Creedence's basic funky-rock was a down-to-earth relief in the midst of pretentiousness all around. John Fogerty, Tom Fogerty, Stu Cook and Doug Clif-



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ford had been slogging it round the clubs for years and proved they were no flash-in-the-pan by coming up with a string of memorable hits in 1969 and '70 - 'Proud Mary', 'Bad Moon Rising', 'Lodi', 'Born On the Bayou', 'Keep On Chooglin' and others. In 1971, Tom Fogerty left the band to pursue a solo career, and took that special sound with him.

THE CRICKETS, formed by singer Buddy Holly, became relegated to Buddy's backing group in the later stages of his short career, although Holly classics such as, 'That'll Be The Day', 'Oh Boy' and 'Maybe Baby' were released as the Crickets. The group left Holly after arguments about their drinking habits on tour, and after Holly's death in February 1959 Jerry Allison and Joe Maudlin teamed up with guitarist Sonny Curtis, who had played with Holly in his early days, and carried on as the Crickets, with Curtis as lead singer. Their first record with Curtis 'Baby My Heart'/'Love You More Than I Can Say' generated interest in Holly-crazy Britain where they made the charts with 'Don't You Ever Change' (1962) and 'My Little Girl' (1963). They made an album with Bobby Vee, backed the Everly Brothers and have continued recording intermittently up to the present time.

CROSBY, STILLS, NASH AND YOUNG started early in 1969 when Dave Crosby, formerly with the Byrds, Steve Stills, formerly of Buffalo Springfield, and Graham Nash, formerly of the Hollies, began playing and recording together in private. One of their first appearances was at the Woodstock Festival where they instantly acquired 'legendary' status with their incredible vocal harmonising backed up by acoustic guitar work from Steve Stills and Dave Crosby. Their first album was a worldwide hit as was their second album 'Deja Vu' (1970) at which point Neil Young, also from Buffalo Springfield but established as a solo artist too, joined the band. After two years of tours and a third live album 'Four Way Street' (1971) the members of the group started concentrating on their solo projects and the group ceased to exist. One of the select band of 'supergroups' that surpassed the expectations people had of them, CSN and Y were a perfect working unit for each of the four for a short while, as 'Deja Vu' testifies.

THE CRYSTALS were one of the first groups from Phil Spector's Philles label. Based on the Shirelles style, the Crystals found



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success in 1963 with 'He's A Rebel' which they followed with 'Da Doo Ron Ron' and the ambitiously produced 'Then He Kissed Me', both in the same year.

KING CURTIS was the man who established a whole style of pure rock saxophone playing without the slightest hint of jazz on the Coasters' 'Yakety Yak'. King Curtis and his 'yakkety sax' were also featured on records by Bobby Darin, Sam Cooke and Connie Francis among many others. He recorded on some 150 singles in New York where he also established himself and his group as a night-club attraction. In 1965 Curtis signed to Atco Records in his own right.

DANNY AND THE JUNIORS topped the US charts in 1957 with 'At The Hop', and the record made it in the UK the following year. Stablemates of Paul Anka at ABC-Paramount, this Philadelphia group were really the mouthpieces for the ideas of producers. 'At The Hop' was a classic record that was followed by many imitations, but it was totally expressionless. Yet that synthetic, de-personalised feel was what made people buy this and other 'high school' hits.

BOBBY DARIN was born Walden Robert Cassotto in East Harlem in May 1936. One of his first releases with Decca was a cover of Lonnie Donegan's 'Rock Island Line', but it was only when he switched to Atco Records that Darin found any success. His first Atco release 'Splish Splash', which he wrote with Jean Murray, became a million-seller in 1958. Other hits followed with 'Queen Of The Hop', 'Early In The Morning', and 'Dream Lover'. In 1959 he switched from straight teenage pop to swinging balladeering with a big band backing.

'Mack The Knife' worked well like this, but other hits followed the same predictable formula through to 1962: 'Beyond The Sea', 'Clementine', 'Lazy River', 'You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby'. Two more novelty hits followed in 1962 ('Things', 'Multiplication'), and then nothing until 1966 when Bobby's excellent version of Tim Hardin's 'If I Were a Carpenter' was a big hit. Darin, a friend of Byrd Roger McGuinn, who used to play guitar for him, is still around on the US scene, but the slick suit has been replaced by a casual jacket and jeans.



Rex Features

JAMES DARREN sang his way up the charts with 'Goodbye Cruel World' in 1962. Previously he had made a name as an actor, but his switch to records was not too successful. His only other records to gain any success were 'Her Royal Majesty', and a vocal version of 'Because They're Young' which was a big instrumental hit for Duane Eddy.

CYRIL DAVIES was the leading white exponent of blues harmonica playing in Britain from the mid-'50s through to the early '60s. A panel beater by trade, Davies worked with Alexis Korner from the days of the Chris Barber Band, and the two of them played with many major US blues artists when they visited Britain. From these sessions grew Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated, formed in 1961 with Cyril on vocals and harmonica. Cyril then formed his own group, the Rhythm And Blues All Stars, which included Nicky Hopkins on piano. They made a few startling tracks for Pye including 'Chicago Calling' and 'Confessin' The Blues' before Cyril died in 1964 - just as the music he'd devoted himself to for 10 years was becoming popular with a wide audience.

DAWN was formed as a studio group in 1971 by Tony Orlando (lead vocalist), Joyce Vincent and Telma Hopkins. Orlando had hits 10 years before this with Carole King's 'Halfway To Paradise' (covered in Britain by Billy Fury), and the Mann/Weil number 'Bless You' which reached no. 1 in Britain in 1961. Tony came to work in Britain as a singer and publisher before Dawn came up with a string of hits including 'Candida' and 'Knock Three Times'. The group claims sales of over 15,000,000 records.

DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK, AND TICH started out in Salisbury as Dave Dee and the Bostons in the early '60s. Their

fourth record 'Hold Tight' made the charts in 1966, and they went on to have hits with 'Hideaway', 'Bend It', 'Save Me', 'Touch Me, Touch Me', 'Zabadak', 'Legend Of Xanadu', 'Last Night In Soho' and 'Wreck Of The Antoinette' before the end of 1968. Manager / songwriters Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley were the men behind the group's success, which lay mainly with young teenagers. After Dave Dee split from the group to go solo, and faded away.



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JOEY DEE AND THE STARLIGHTERS had a brief period of glory in the USA in 1961, when they played regularly in New York's Peppermint Lounge for trendy twisters when that dance was the craze. 'Peppermint Twist' hit the British charts in 1962, but when the twist had passed Joey passed with it. Some of his group later went on to form the Rascals.

POP FILE

In the next issue



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THE SUPERSTARS

Cliff Richard: For a time he was a facsimile of Elvis with long sideburns, greased hair, and carefully-slung guitar . . . then 'Living Doll' changed the whole course of his career. Without this record he'd probably have lost his market the way hair-grease did.

POP INFLUENCES

Record Producers (Part 1): In the old days they were tricky dickies in conservative suits, working on principles that had been established years before. Now, they're so rarefied they're nearly extinct.

THE MUSIC

The Shadows: For a long time they were Britain's only instrumentalists, and with phenomenal success of the record 'Apache', they set a new style in pop music – a style imitated all over Europe.

BLACK MUSIC

Doo-Wop – The Story of Black Harmony Groups: How they went from catering purely to a black audience, to presenting romantic songs for white audiences, to finally directing lyrics at the young generation rather than a specific race.

POP

British Pop: Highlights the years 1960–63. From solo singers Helen Shapiro and Billy Fury, through to the beginnings of Merseybeat and the Beatles.

POP CULTURE

Pop Art (Part 1): A look at some of the funny and funky pieces of pop art that British and American artists were making in the '60s.

ROCK

The Larry Parnes Stable: Parnes' famous quote was: 'They don't call me Parnes, shillings and pence for nothing'. He wanted a constellation of stars, and collected such names as Marty Wilde, Billy Fury, Dickie Pride and Vince Eager.

PROFILE

Billy Fury: He was the first Liverpudlian pop star to write songs as well as sing them, and with his high cheek bones, heavy brows, delicate nose, and sexy mouth he was a natural for a pop star. He came back into fashion in '73 when he appeared as Stormy Tempest in the film *That'll Be The Day*.

Plus: Pop File and more Lyrics

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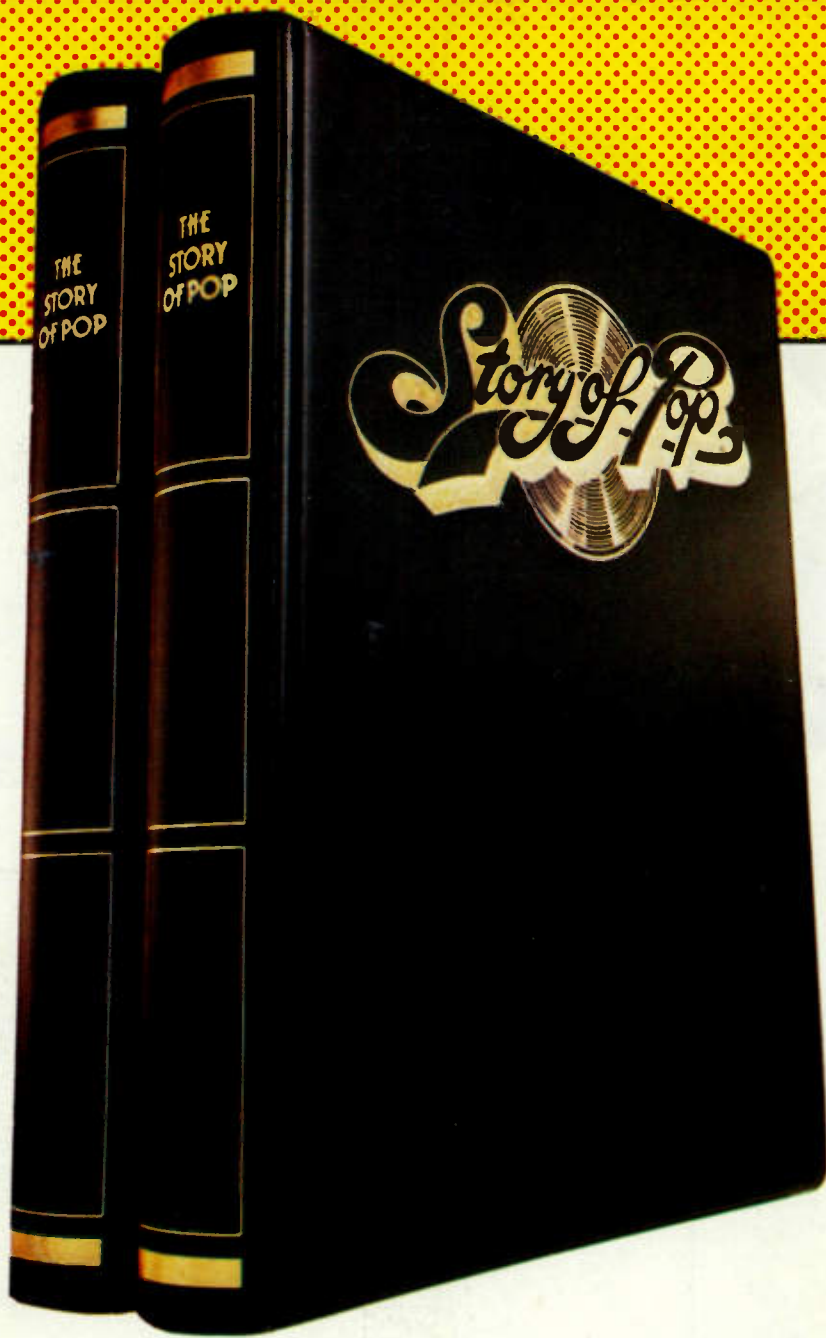
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