

THE
RADIO
ONE

Story of Pop

THE FIRST
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF
POP IN 26 WEEKLY PARTS



FATS DOMINO: 'The Big Man' from New Orleans

FESTIVAL: Hippie Holiday-Camps

JOHNNY CASH: Nashville's King of Country

PLUS: '70s Soul, James Taylor, Cat Stevens & more

PART 24

25p

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At the turn of the decade, rock took on a two-headed appearance when it looked forward and back at the same time. Forward with a new wave of intensely personal and introspective writers who drew inspiration from their own emotions and experiences and rechanneled it into their work. Singing their own songs and striking chords of disaffection in their audiences they brought a new realism to the music. Others, however, started a retrospective view of what had come before. Many, even the previously heaviest and most progressive bands, returned to their roots for inspiration and found that country music was where most of them had gained their initial impetus. This initiated a startling revival in a music form that had been out of mainstream favour for years. Back too came old songs that were new to a young generation and historians revisited with respect the work of rock & roll greats like Fats Domino. All of these, and other topics, constitute the bulk of this issue.

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IN THIS ISSUE

JOHNNY CASH by Dave Downing: He took country music out of the sticks and into stardom ... 645

COUNTRY ROCK by Mick Houghton: It's become hot property on the American circuit, from the east to the west coast 647

JAMES TAYLOR/CAT STEVENS by Zack Peters: Two singer/songwriters who sing in their own very different ways about their own very personal fears 650

SOUL IN THE '70s by Neil Spencer: One thing remains certain, soul remains much more than just a music 652

TALKING 'BOUT MY GENERATION: Lyrics of 'Aquarius' and 'Frank Mills' in full plus analysis 656

FESTIVALS by Mick Gold: It might just be a long weekend in the country. But it could be Monterey or Woodstock or Altamont 657

FATS DOMINO by Paul Flattery: He played a boogie woogie piano and sang strong rock & roll 661

THE NEW BREED by Dave Downing: There is Loudon Wainwright III, Patrick Sky, Steve Goodman, J J Cale and many more 665

BUBBLEGUM by Stephen Barnard: Music, planned, made and marketed as a product and nothing else .. 668

POP FILE by Mitch Howard: Pop from A-Z 671

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Johnny Cash: The King of Country

Early in 1935, Ray Cash, an Arkansas farmer broken by the Depression, moved with his wife and six children to a New Deal colony in the north-eastern corner of the State. There you cleared 20 acres and they were yours, along with a house, a barn and a mule, and there Johnny and his brothers and sisters grew up.

As a teenager, Johnny at one time picked 350lbs of cotton a day; at another, hauled water jugs for the levee work gangs on the Tyronza River. Hard physical work.

Later, he recalled that the work gangs used to keep him running, but between filling the jugs he'd turn on the radio in a worker's car and listen to the country music—people like Hank Williams and Jimmy Rodgers, mixed in with the songs of the fundamentalist churches and the Nashville Grand Ole Opry country shows.

In the late '40s, Johnny went north to Detroit to work, didn't like it, and returned home to enlist in the Air Force for four years in July 1950. On station in Germany, he and other country lads taught each other how to drink and how to play guitar. He came back to the South in 1954, determined to break into the entertainment business one way or another. Enlisting in a radio-announcing course in Memphis, he supported himself by selling kitchen appliances door-to-door. Then he met up with two garage mechanics—Luther Perkins and Marshall Grant—who played guitar. Luther died in 1968, but Marshall

is still with him. Styling themselves Johnny, Cash and the Tennessee Two, they got spots on the local radio and then, after three tries, got an audition with Sun Records.

During his years in the Air Force, Cash had not only taught himself how to play, but also how to write, and the threesome recorded two of his songs, 'Hey Porter' and 'Cry Cry Cry'. The first was a paean to Tennessee, the second a finely constructed piece of wishful revenge.

Both were country songs, but they possessed something extra, some emphasis on rhythmic clarity that was not so distant from the urban rock & roll beginning to emerge in the North.

The success of the record in the country world sent Cash and the Two out on the road, out on the country circuit where they started to amass a grass roots following. The next year Cash wrote his most famous song, 'I Walk The Line', which sold 2,000,000 copies and broke Cash out of the narrow boundaries of the country world. It was the song of a man who knew his priorities and kept them simple.

Listening to these songs now, almost

twenty years later, it is difficult to feel their importance in the 1956-57 context. They are pleasant enough but... revolutionary? Yet in 1956 the line between country and pop was a wide one, and in narrowing it Cash contributed greatly to the fusion of country, pop, and R&B styles that formed the basis of early rock & roll.

Similarly, Cash's successes made it possible for country-based acts like the Everly Brothers to make the transition to pop/rock with greater ease. Of course Cash wasn't the only one concerned, but these two giant records of his did as much as anything else to pave the way, to liberate the country music style from the country and to weld country rhythms and vocal styles to the heavier beat of urban R&B and rock & roll.

Cash himself was now a national figure, he was *the* country singer. He'd moved to CBS in 1958, and moved his family out to California. All the fun and all the money that country music's hottest property could command was his for the taking. By 1960 he was earning \$250,000 a year. But the pressures of touring, recording, radio and



Johnny Cash and Elvis Presley, who both began their careers with Sun records in the '50s.

TV, were all taking a heavy negative toll as well. In 1961 Cash fell into the amphetamine-barbiturate 'upper-downer' spiral, and by 1963-'64 seemed completely dependent on the drugs to keep him working. Country music had had its share of such fates — Hank Williams died of an overdose at 29 — and the word began to trickle out that Johnny Cash was fast disappearing in the same direction.

In October 1965, he was stopped from crossing the border at El Paso with a guitar case and pockets containing over a thousand pills. He received a 30-day suspended sentence and a \$1,000 fine. It wasn't very good publicity, and for a while he tried to straighten himself out. But soon he was back on the spiral again. In 1966 he spent another night in jail, this time in Starkville, Mississippi, after being found blown out of his mind wandering the streets. During this period he was taking amphetamine by the handful, sometimes 10 an hour. His weight went from 200 to 140 lbs, and his marriage broke down irretrievably. He turned up late to performances or he didn't turn up at all. Johnny Cash was beginning to seem like a bad commercial risk.

Then, finally, as he said, "I woke up in jail in Georgia and I didn't remember how I got there." This was a turning point, for somehow he managed, with the help of his friends and wife-to-be, June Carter, to jump off the spiral. He spent two weeks of agony drying out under a doctor friend's supervision, and he's never looked back.

From that point onward, his career started to climb again, higher and higher. In 1969, for example, he won the Country Music Association Awards for best album, best single, male vocalist of the year, best vocal group (with June Carter), and entertainer of the year. He has made a lot of albums over the years for CBS, and none of them has sold less than 100,000 copies.

By 1969 he was no longer just the most famous country singer in the world. He was definitely a 'personality', a performer who possessed a charismatic appeal beyond the music alone. Partly it was the story of his fight against drugs, partly his fierce 'Southern individualism', partly something to do with the 'integrity' he radiated. You always got the feeling with Johnny Cash, that here was an honest

man in the best sense of the word, a man who would stand up for what he thought to be right. He wasn't just another plastic entertainer. Here was a real person.

And stand up for what he thought was right he certainly did. Part-Cherokee himself, he has always proselytised the causes of the American Indians, writing songs for them, campaigning for their rights and raising money for them whenever possible. Better known perhaps, are his efforts on behalf of American prisoners, in particular his concerts in Folsom and San Quentin Prisons, concerts which brought many people face-to-face for the first time with the fact that there were actually real people in prisons, and that, as Cash said, "nothing good comes out of prison. You put them in like animals and tear out the soul and guts of them, and let them out worse than they went in."

Faith In Dylan

Back in 1961-'62, Cash's record company CBS had a new folk singer on contract. The singer was Bob Dylan, and the contract was evidence of the faith in him expressed by one of CBS's leading producers, John Hammond. This faith wasn't shared by many others and 'Hammond's Folly', as Dylan was called, was in danger of being cast aside. But luckily for Hammond, CBS, Dylan and the future of rock music, Johnny Cash placed his immense prestige within the company squarely behind Dylan. Cash used to turn up at Bob's recording sessions and let it be known that he thought Dylan would be a giant. As Anthony Scaduto says (in his Dylan biography) 'there was no higher recommendation possible at that time. Dylan's contract was not dropped'.

The next decisive meeting for the future of rock between Dylan and Cash didn't occur for another seven years. In that time, Dylan had probably been through as much insanity and as many drugs as Cash, if not more. After his motorcycle accident in 1966, Dylan stayed for a while with the Cash family, and found an empathetic reception. The two of them apparently used to sit and fish together for hours in an unembarrassed silence. Cash said that

there was an unusual bond between them.

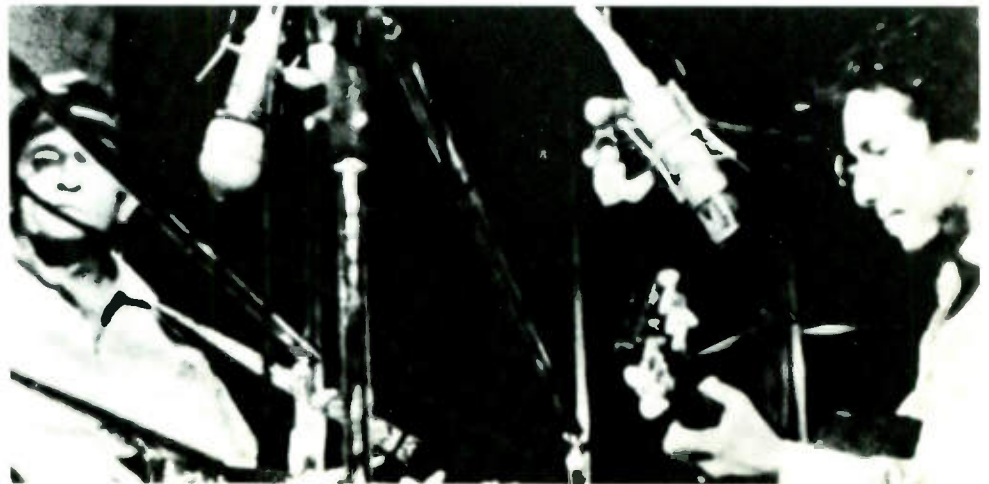
Cash dropped into the 'Nashville Skyline' recording sessions later that year and sang with Dylan on 'Girl From The North Country'. The album as a whole was indeed a return to simplicity, both musically and lyrically. Its influence on rock music is incalculable. If anyone set trends in rock it was, and maybe still is, Dylan; and his music since 'Nashville Skyline' bears ample testimony to the swing away from the mad complexity of the urban nightmare, towards the simpler balm of the country, its uncomplicated truths, and its simple, enjoyable music. When Dylan sang 'take a tip from one who's tried', you had the feeling that he'd done just that from others, and looming large among them was Johnny Cash.

And although Cash is no myth, his story-book history of drug abuse and self-salvation gives him just that image of a man coming through against the odds. Cash is one of those few people who passionately deplore the Vietnams and yet still believe in America. In that, he unites those on either side; cutting across — if just for a moment at least — class, age and colour barriers.

His religious conversion and his personal commitment to Billy Graham's crusades may harm his ability to bridge the gaps, for although religion is now more acceptable to rock culture now than ever before, the Christian religions in particular are still identified too much with the society that that culture opposes. But in any case, Johnny Cash will continue to follow his convictions, and it shouldn't be forgotten that twice — in 1956-'57 and 1967-'68 — he has heavily influenced the direction which rock has taken. And his basic message is as relevant now as it was in 1956:

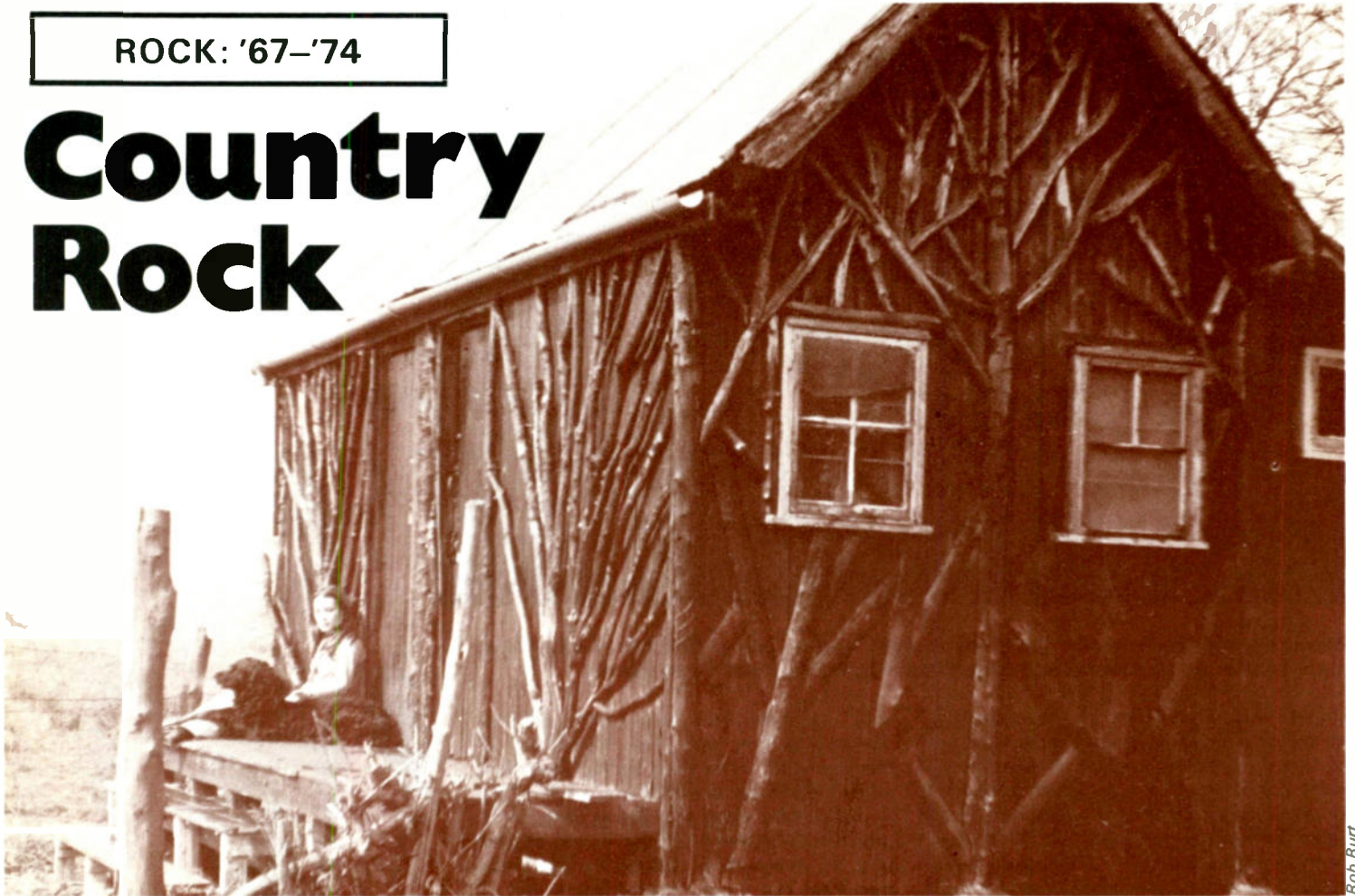
'People like my songs because there's realism in them, unlike most songs. They have true human emotions as well as being real stories. My music is more of a personal thing than a vehicle to use to carry messages. It's mainly something to be enjoyed. Life can be a sentence, but you can enjoy it if you want to, and I've enjoyed most of it.'

Johnny Cash and Dylan, in the film, *Johnny Cash, The Man And His Music*.



ROCK: '67-'74

Country Rock



Rob Burt

Back in 1967, while Scott McKenzie was wearing flowers in his hair and John Philips was California dreamin', there were some who saw in the San Francisco music revolution the ashes of their past rock & roll heritage. Others, meanwhile, hoped that something new would rise, Phoenix-like out of those ashes.

Looking back on that scene from the comfort of the '70s, it's easy enough to see that those critics who would never have mourned even if the Grateful Dead hadn't played a note, can feel happy that in retrospect the San Francisco music boom has in fact made little impact. Millions of words have been written about its influence, but it is an influence that hasn't lasted. Today the city boasts a struggling scene in comparison to the peak days when literally hundreds of bands were working in the area. Who in fact *has* survived the heyday? Well, at least three superstar bands emerged: Sly and the Family Stone, Santana, and Creedence Clearwater Revival, but none of these was really typical of the city in terms of their styles of music.

Many of the other, more recognizably Frisco bands, are now shadows of their former selves: the Airplane, the Steve Miller Band, Quicksilver and It's A Beautiful Day, all seem to have lost some of their

earlier magic. Bands like Joy of Cooking and the Sons of Champlin who never tasted more than local success still do not seem to be deterred, while the more successful '70s Frisco bands are those that play their own brand of country.

Pre-eminent among these is the group that is almost an institution in San Francisco, the Grateful Dead. The Dead surprised a lot of people when their album 'Workingman's Dead' was released late in 1969. Here were the Dead sounding like a ragged and warmer Crosby, Stills and Nash, with lead guitarist Jerry Garcia – the Guru of the San Francisco scene – picking banjo and pedalling steel. But while 'Workingman's Dead' was their first overtly country album, with hindsight it's easy to look back over their earlier albums and see a natural progression. More than that, what holds true for the Dead appears true for most of the bands who around that time were bringing country music into what they were playing.

Reared On Country

They had been brought up on country music, some to a greater extent than others. Some of the musicians – like the Dillard brothers, the White brothers, or fiddle player Byron Berline – had been reared on it; others heard it through the country music radio stations. In the States it is through these stations that country music not only reaches centres

like Nashville and the mountain regions of the South, but permeates right into the cities. When John Sebastian wrote 'Nashville Cats' he was writing from his recollections as a kid in New York City. In the States, country music is all pervading – it's not the musical backwater with an almost fanatical and ridiculed following as it is so often regarded.

Despite all this, country music suffered the effects of the British invasion when it hit the States in the mid-'60s, and especially among young people who naturally enough rejected it. However, by the late '60s and into the '70s, the strength of the country tradition came forward again to be assimilated into rock.

So it was, that towards the end of 1969 the Grateful Dead could come out with an album like 'Workingman's Dead'. From a band associated with long, improvisational rock numbers, the tight, chunky songs on this album came as quite a surprise. The Dead have since then always provided a mixture of the two styles in their sets, the country side finding further vent through an off-shoot band the New Riders Of The Purple Sage.

The Grateful Dead's follow-up album was the masterful 'American Beauty', a beautifully packaged, definitive presentation of the studio abilities of the Dead. But this is just one side of the band which is easily the biggest-name touring band to come out of the first generation of San Francisco. In 1972 they made a long and successful European tour, from which came



L.F.I.

Above, the Allman Brothers. From left to right: Jaimo, Lamar Williams, Dicky Betts, Butch Trucks, Chuck Leavell and Greg Allman (in front). Right: Jerry Garcia.



S.I.

a triple live album, 'Europe '72', representing the major criticism that can be levelled at the band... their surfeit of live albums. There were also a number of Dead bootlegs appearing around this time – for which they cannot be held responsible – but what was glaringly absent from 1970–'73 was a new studio album. The individual solo albums: Bob Weir's 'Ace', ex-drummer Micky Hart's 'Rollin' Thunder', and Jerry Garcia's excursions on his own and with Howard Whales and Merle Saunders, have all bridged the three-year wait; but since 1973 when the group set up its own record label, Grateful Dead Records, the band has issued one new studio set, 'The Wake Of The Flood'.

Surprisingly, this album shows more of a return to their pre- 'Workingman's Dead' days, particularly to the sort of material they attempted on the overlooked 'Aoxamoxoa' album (overlooked mainly because it was over-ambitious in relation to the group's studio recording techniques). The new album, though, has the same creative energy with which those earlier, poorly recorded studio albums were endowed, and at the same time makes up for the band's lack of positive direction over the previous year on record.

Meanwhile, the Dead's spin-off band, the New Riders Of The Purple Sage, have gone from strength to strength. After a disappointing first album which sounded much like an extension of the Dead's 'American Beauty' but nowhere near as good, they have found their own identity. The three original members, guitarist/vocalists John 'Marmaduke' Dawson and Dave Nelson, and bass player Dave Torbert added ex-Airplane drummer Spencer Dryden and steel guitarist Buddy Cage, and were able to free themselves from touring exclusively with the Dead. They have since developed into a first-rate touring band who seem pretty much at home in the studio as

well, as their third and fourth albums, 'Gypsy Cowboy' and 'The Adventures Of Panama Red', more than testify. They are a great truckin' band with a real sense of fun in what they play, and along with Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen and the temporarily disbanded Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks, they form a trio of excellent country-orientated bands whose approach is quite different from those further south in Los Angeles.

Both Cody's band and Hicks', along with a Virginia City band called Asleep At The Wheel – also based in San Francisco – are doing country music a good turn, and showing that there is a lot more to it than simply what is heard on 'Countryopolitan Radio'. Cody's mixture is laced with rock & roll, Hicks uses Western Swing and '40s-style vocalising, and all three have their tongues firmly planted in their cheeks.

LA Music

But if San Francisco has changed since its peak days, Los Angeles remains alongside New York as one of the centres of America's music industry. LA is renowned for the variety of styles of music to be heard there, including a strong jazz circuit, a folk club circuit and a rock circuit within the city. Simultaneously with the San Francisco music boom, LA had its first generation of bands, but regrettably Love, the Doors, Spirit and the grossly overlooked Kaleidoscope are no longer together. Musicians like Taj Mahal, Ry Cooder and Tim Buckley, though, are still based in the city environs, and have consistently produced outstanding records over the years. LA is responsible for its share of superstars as well – notably Alice Cooper and such stars of notoriety as Frank Zappa and Captain Beefheart. But along with its reputation for the host of singer/songwriters based there, LA in the '70s is rapidly becoming known as the centre for country rock

bands in a way that Nashville is known as the centre for traditional country music.

The LA country rock musicians are, as has often been remarked, an incestuous bunch who are popularly (and with reasonable accuracy) seen as part of the ongoing Byrds/Buffalo Springfield syndrome. While by no means exclusively so, in any roster of LA country rockers there will be those who at some stage or another in their career have been in a band which included a fellow musician who was either with the Byrds or an off-shoot or pre-flight Byrds band. An enormous family tree, drawn by 'Byrds historian' and one-time editor of *Zig Zag* magazine Pete Frame, is printed on the inner sleeve of the 'History Of The Byrds' album. This tree outlines in all its incestuous detail the comings and goings and intertwinings of LA's country bands.

The heart-throb of LA country music however, stemmed less from the Byrds themselves after their 1968 album 'Sweetheart Of The Rodeo', and more from the Flying Burrito Brothers, whose list of past members reads like a modern country Hall of Fame: Chris Hillman, Gram Parsons, Sneaky Pete, Bernie Leadon, Rick Roberts, Byron Berline, Al Perkins, and even for a few weeks Gene Clark. From out of the band

came perhaps the best '70s bluegrass unit in the States, Country Gazette; the most commercially successful of LA country – motivated bands, the Eagles; and Stephen Stills' Manassas, as well as others who have returned to solo careers.

The Byrds carried on after 1968 led by Roger McGuinn, and while the true spirit of the original group seemed to pass through to the Burritos, the new Byrds made some fine – if at times inconsistent – albums. Since splitting they too have gone in four positive directions: Roger McGuinn, Skip Battin and Gene Parsons have each produced diverse solo albums, while Clarence White died in summer 1973 before his ideas had come fully to fruition.

Without either the Byrds or the Burritos, the group scene in LA has become much looser, and there are few bands recording and touring as formal units. The tendency is now for bands to be put together for short

tours or studio sessions. The future of another band, Poco, which grew out of Buffalo Springfield, is also very much in the balance. Soon after what was perhaps their strongest album ever, 'Crazy Eyes', founder member Richie Furay split from the group, leaving its future in a rather undecided state. The LA country scene is thus a confusing one if you look for any real ordered sense in it. The musicians have known each other for many years, they meet at a local club or bar, jam together for a few hours . . . and yet another supergroup is rumoured again.

There are other groups and musicians who seem to remain detached from this scene. Among them are the Dillards, who in many respects pioneered the field – first as a bluegrass unit, later as a country rock-styled band. For a time it seemed as if the Dillards were going to be left behind, but interest in country/bluegrass music has been revived and their earlier albums on Elektra

are now much sought after by bluegrass lovers.

LA in the '70s has become virtually *the* centre for modern country rock, bands preferring to record there rather than go to Nashville. A successful exception was, however, managed by LA's Nitty Gritty Dirt Band on their 'Will The Circle Be Unbroken' album, on which they recorded with old traditional musicians, people like Roy Acuff, Doc Watson and Maybelle Carter. But LA is itself a haven for recording studios, producers and engineers of the highest quality. In 1973, studios were opened for Countryside records in a ranch north of LA. The label, managed by Michael Nesmith, has not yet fully developed, but already the studios and the label's house band have surpassed themselves on albums by Ian Matthews ('Valley Hi') and Mike Nesmith himself ('Ranch Stash').

Looking at the contemporary West Coast music scene, very few of the '60s bands in either San Francisco or Los Angeles are still among the big circuit crowd-pullers. Groups like the J. Geils Band and the Allman Brothers Band hail from elsewhere, although one might from first impressions, place them as West Coast bands.

The Dillards, an early bluegrass group.



Manufactured Band

At one point Duane and Greg Allman found themselves in LA, in a group called the Hour Glass, but the group – named by their record company United Artists – was a manufactured 'psychedelic' band which played music far removed from the later Allman's style. This distinctive style is nothing if not *Southern*; and this Georgia-based band – with a family image similar to the Dead's – has put the guts back into country rock . . . guts that had been lost somewhere amid the instrumental ramblings of the West Coast 'head' groups of the late '60s and early '70s. A hard-working band, the Allmans' success came initially through their 'live' following, but they have since produced a string of magnificent albums: 'Eat A Peach', 'Live At The Fillmore' and 'Brothers And Sisters' – which reached no. 1 in the US album charts of autumn, 1973.

The J. Geils Band came out of the Boston scene, and seem to have escaped the mock Frisco scene that was hyped there during 1967. With their roots firmly in Chicago blues and '50s R&B, and a successful album, 'Bloodshot', behind them, J. Geils have become a hot property on the American circuit, from the east to the west coast.

Los Angeles, and to a lesser extent San Francisco, are still thriving centres – if in danger of getting left behind – and it only remains its hope that before there is the inevitable nostalgia-ridden West Coast revival, with re-issues of all the classic singles and albums that came out of that era – that the musicians can again produce something new and creative from underneath all that California sunshine. With the likes of the Allman Brothers, J. Geils and J. J. Cale on the scene though, the West Coast will have to start stepping out if it is to ever corner the market for tough, cutting country rock/blues the way it did in the '60s.

James Taylor

James Taylor was born in 1949, the second son of the Dean of the Carolina Medical School.

It seems that music always played a large role in his family life, and his home was stocked with folk and blues records. All the children played an instrument (James the cello), and the family frequently made music together. Their summer holidays were spent at a second home on Martha's Vineyard (an Atlantic island off Cape Cod in New England) and it was there, around 1965, that James met Danny Kortchmar. Both were involved in guitar playing at this time, and when they entered and won a folk contest on the island they were given a couple of dates playing in local folk clubs.

But they were both still rather young. James returned to college for a year but left in such a depressed state that he admitted himself to Macleans Mental Hospital. On discharging himself after a few months, he got a call from Kortchmar, who said that he and another guy were forming a group in New York, and that they wanted James to join. James went to New York and the 'Flying Machine' played around the clubs for a year or so, doing a mixture of folk, blues, and rock & roll. During this time James got hooked on heroin. The group wasn't doing too well either, earning little money and no recognition. When it eventually broke up under the accumulated stresses of being down and almost out in New York, James decided to go to Britain to 'see if he could get into something interesting'. Just before he left, Kortchmar gave him Peter Asher's phone number. The Flying Machine had once backed Peter and Gordon.

James got to London, cut a demo disc for around £5 in Soho, and took it along to Asher who was by this time an A&R man for Apple. Asher got McCartney's agreement and signed up James. An album was made and released. In the meantime, James had kicked heroin and returned to the States in a condition of nervous exhaustion, admitting himself to another mental hospital around the end of 1969. The album wasn't selling so well. Looking back now it's easy to see that it was over-produced, and that James' success would depend on the simplicity with which he was presented. The next record, cut for Warner Brothers, did just that, catapulting James almost to superstardom overnight.



Chris Walter

Everyone was talking about the 'new phenomenon'. In the summer of 1970 you could hear 'Sweet Baby James' everywhere, a world-weary voice and an acoustic guitar, holding up a mirror to the disillusioned youth of Nixon's America.

Taylor's songs became anthems for the '70s because they didn't pretend. Most of his songs are uncompromising. 'Fire And Rain' is close to being an archetypal mirror-song. The particulars – what the song means to James – are not really important. It is the tone of the song which reflects the outside world, the tone of asking a Jesus for help when religion is irrelevant.

Yearning For Home

In most of his songs, James Taylor follows the same formula – he writes about simple personal things and then universalises them through the tone of voice and music, and through the occasional line. 'Carolina On My Mind', a song of yearning for home, is lifted by the one line – 'ain't it just like a friend of mine to come and hit me from behind' – into a whole attitude to the world, a despairing search for a home that is always somewhere else. Similarly, the otherwise conventional 'Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight' is transformed by 'go away then damn you and do as you please/you ain't gonna see me down on my knees'. The fear of himself is met by a 'what does it matter anyway?', a theme which goes to the root of disillusion with the dream of '67.

The other major theme he explores – escape – follows quite naturally. The open-

ing lines of 'Highway Song', on his third album 'Mud Slide Slim', put it plainly:

*'Father let us build a boat and sail away
There's nothing for you here
And brother let us throw our lot out upon
the sea
It's been done before . . .*

But where shall we sail to? On his fourth album, 'One Man Dog', James devoted a suite of songs to his answer. Personal fear is still there ('where shall we hide when it comes from inside?'), but the dream, tarnished as it may be, must be upheld by 'believing out loud what we wish to be true'. And ultimately 'as a man and a woman stand alone in the light/here is reason to be, like the sun on the sea'. The cycle ends with a direction . . . 'if I could lose my mind, if I could throw myself away'. The ego must be fought, the fears of doing so accepted, and the situation Taylor mirrors will perhaps change in time.

Since becoming a star, James has released little music. He is not a prolific writer. He tours as often as he can, because he sees performing as being central to his sort of music. In 1972 he did some concerts for George McGovern's ill-fated campaign for the Presidency. He has since married fellow-singer Carly Simon. He said recently about his songwriting: "often you can express things in songs when other modes of communication are hopeless. Often you can express a feeling in a song that you can never get down any other way. Perhaps that's why songs are written." Hopefully he'll carry it on.

Cat Stevens

On October 1st, 1966, a single was released by an unknown 17-year-old from Soho, London. The song was 'I Love My Dog', and the singer was Cat Stevens. Even in a good year like 1967 the song shone out; it was catchy, imaginative, well arranged. Above all else, it managed to combine a rhythmic complexity with a simple melody.

It was a minor hit, but the follow-up, 'Matthew and Son', was a smash. Throughout 1967, Cat continued to turn out singles of a high quality, characterised by arranging flair and interesting tempo changes. They were certainly more adventurous than the standard two-verse-and-chorus structure which was always predominant in pop music. And not one of them was a love song . . . extraordinary for the singles market.

Perhaps for this reason, the later singles didn't sell quite as well as the earlier ones. Still, he was voted the 'Brightest Hope For 1968' in a music paper poll, and the future seemed fairly rosy. Then he was taken ill and disappeared from the scene for two years while recovering from TB. The market to which he returned in 1970 was different from the one he had left. In 1967 there had been a demand for superior singles; but by 1970, people capable of producing them had mostly gone over into the album market. Cat came back with an album, 'Mona Bone Jakon', in which he displayed the essential singer/songwriter talent, an ability to express himself, to reveal *his* innermost feelings in a way that made sense to other people and deepened *their* own experiences.

'Mona Bone Jakon' was a fine album, and perhaps it's still – for all its lack of the later gloss – his finest. All the pop talents are in evidence, and the newer singer/songwriter ones as well. The result is interesting, melodic music – a rare commodity. In 1967, Cat had said that he intended to 'start complex and end up simple'. He was on the way.

The style Cat Stevens evolved on 'Mona Bone Jakon' was further elaborated and refined in the three albums that followed – 'Tea For The Tillerman', 'Teaser And The Firecat', and 'Catchbull At Four'. Perhaps 'Teaser' is the most representative, with the vibrant acoustic guitars of Cat and



JKA

Alun Davies strummed in the imaginative rhythms that Cat seemed capable of producing *ad infinitum*. Behind them, bass and drums add depth to the sound; above them Cat's voice changes expressively with the moods of the songs.

The subject matter on 'Teaser' is fairly typical of his work as a whole. There are a few songs of love's sadness, a few of his self/world awareness, one song half in Greek, one song of wonder, and one of the mysterious. The love songs are simple and perceptively honest, and all musically just right.

Timing Conjures Tension

'Peace Train' is as good an example as any. The lyric itself would be nothing on its own, but, given the driving force of the rhythms and tempo changes behind it, it becomes a statement that is emotionally convincing. Between singing 'I've been thinking lately about the world as it is' and singing 'why must we go on hating', there is a pause of just the right length. That might seem a small point, but it is such timing that is Cat Stevens' main strength. Timing conjures tension, and tension marks the great songs. The disappointing feature of Cat's 1973 release, 'Foreigner', was the disappearance of such tension with the abandonment of the acoustic blend he had perfected. Perhaps he thought he had taken it as far as he could. In any case, the new piano-fronted sound is far less likeable, his singing sounds forced, and his lyrics generally empty of any significance.

Some artists try to get across what they

think other people should realise, they try to provide a *lamp* for everyone. Others seek to portray things as they see them, to provide a *mirror* so clear that anyone looking in it will see things much more clearly.

Cat Stevens has been drawn, inextricably, towards being a lamp. He's found a way for himself, and his music is mostly concerned with letting others in on the secret. But doing this is not without its dangers, as Dylan found out. By putting yourself forward as an answer, you get trapped in the role of a saviour. Dylan created a context where anything he said related back to all the rest. Cat Stevens' problems arise, paradoxically, because he has never created such a convincing context. His tendency to play the preacher has been reinforced by his closeness to the world of 'pop', leaving him unable to lay himself open.

His best music has been when he has opted for the other approach, that of recounting situations with a minimum of preaching, that of being just a mirror. When he sings:

*'I'm always thinking of you
But my words just blow away,
just blow away
It always comes back to one thing honey
And I can't think of right words to say'*

. . . and counterparts it musically with just the right fragility, just the right guitar lines descending again and again into hopelessness, then the effect is stunning. If he would go back to that sort of approach, then who knows what he could do.

Soul In The '70s

By 1970, soul music was all but discredited with the mass of the record-buying public. With the advent and acceptance of 'progressive' rock, and the quasi-revolutionary posturings of the 'Woodstock Generation', soul had come to be regarded as simplistic, clichéd, and decidedly 'Uncle Tom'.

The deluge of soul records that had swamped the charts and airwaves of the pop market a few years previously had shrunk to a mere trickle by comparison, and despite the success of the occasional record in the pop stakes – like Marvin Gaye's 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine' or Freda Payne's 'Band Of Gold' – soul was once again the Cinderella of the pop scene; scorned and ignored.

Such derision was not entirely undeserved. With certain exceptions – like Sly Stone's adventures into rock/soul – soul productions had come to rely increasingly on the old hit formulas, while there seemed a dearth of new ideas and talent. A number of artists, like Ike and Tina Turner or Solomon Burke, looked toward pop material for salvation, and even the wicked Pickett himself was reduced to churning out a pseudo-anguished version of 'Hey Jude', which ironically provided him with his only big British hit since his classic 'Midnight Hour'. Others, like Norman Whitfield at Tamla Motown, aped the progressive rock style, at first rather unconvincingly.

Nor were the years of soul's recession entirely without reward. Record company magnates were forced to re-think their approach, to take note of what was happening in the rock world, and to give new talent a chance. Established artists like Marvin Gaye and Curtis Mayfield quietly revolutionised their style, re-emerging as writers of impressive stature. Almost unnoticed, soul sowed the seeds of its own revival in 1972 and '73, years when the enormous creativity and diversity within the music were widely acknowledged, from the phased funkiness of Stevie Wonder or Sly, through the sophisticated productions of Philadelphia and Detroit, to the emotionally fraught southern soul of artists like Al Green and Johnnie Taylor.

Such recognition was hard won in many cases, and even today there remain a huge number of artists yet to win recognition outside the soul market. Even with massive sales, records often remain unknown; Johnny Williams' 'Slow Motion' has now clocked up 700,000 sales without making a dent in the pop charts.

But whether the pop market had chosen to listen or not, soul continued to

have a hardened following throughout the world. In Britain, the disco audience wavered not at all in its devotion to the music; and the near fanaticism of the northern disco crowds resulted in the issue of many little-known sides and bygone classics (christened 'Northern Sounds'), and the resurrection from obscurity of artists like J. J. Barnes and Major Lance. Black Americans have meanwhile continued to look to their own for music and entertainment, and despite the tendency for record labels to amalgamate and be swallowed by the majors, soul has continued to operate on a local basis.

In the Southern states in particular, performances of emotion and conviction continued to be highly valued by the black market, and the tendency to forfeit 'soulfulness' in search of a hit sound acceptable to the white market, was consequently less. Stax records of Memphis stayed the dominant force in the South, working its way from a rather predictable groove in 1967, to a formidable array of talent both old and new, showcased in the spectacle of the Wattstax concert in 1972.

Stax Richer Productions

'The Great Memphis Sound' of the mid-'60s, as heard on the records of Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Sam and Dave and Arthur Conley among others, had been largely the product of the Markeys/Booker T and MGs ensemble. Though the group continued to work on sessions – producing, writing and playing – and to have hits of their own, until their break-up in the '70s, the sound of Stax has become more diverse over the years. The simple horns-plus-rhythm-section formula has given way to richer production, orchestration, and more adventurous use of instrumentation, electric and otherwise.

The most extreme use of studio techniques at Stax, has been by self-styled 'Black Moses', Isaac Hayes, a former session player/writer/A&R man who in 1969 had come up with the unenterprising but surprisingly successful albums 'Hot Buttered Soul' and 'To Be Continued'. These were little more than elaborate and lengthy studio re-makes of standards, dragging in the whole studio grab-bag of tricks to make a soul muzak pot-pourri. Hayes' musicianship there was no doubting, but inspiration he lacked; while as a vocalist he was limited to drab guttural mutterings in talk-over style. The successful film score 'Shaft' was outwardly exciting, but like Hayes' other work, signified very little in the way of human feelings. Nonetheless, it's been a successful formula, as the similarly styled, equally forboding Barry White has proved

on his growling and ominous hits 'I'm Gonna Love You Just A Little Bit More Baby' and 'I'm Through Trying To Prove My Love To You'.

More versatile, more consistent and more impressive, has been Arkansas-born Johnnie Taylor, who joined Stax in 1967 after an already successful career that had included replacing Sam Cooke as lead singer with the Soul Stirrers. As might be expected, Taylor's voice resembled Cooke's in its smooth, controlled tone, but he was not afraid to cut loose with power and emotion when the occasion demanded. His 1968 million-seller 'Who's Making Love?' was fairly routine Stax funk, but he has followed through with an increasingly mature approach, which, combined with his penchant for a thoughtful lyric, has earned him the name of 'the Soul Philosopher'. 'Jody's Got Your Girl And Gone' showed him at his most intense, while his no. 1 Stateside hit 'I Believe In You' was a slow builder, moving from a wistful opening passage to an uptempo testifying statement, with deceptive ease. His 'Taylored In Silk' album showed how much the old Stax formula had been refined, while losing nothing of its power.

The other act from Stax to make considerable impact has been the Staples Singers, who, like Taylor, came to the company with an already sizeable reputation. Established as America's leading gospel outfit, the Staples have shifted toward R&B material and more elaborate production, while seeking to retain the church-like feel of their choral work, which can range from the chilling slowness of the moaning 'Uncloudy Day' to the roaring joy of 'O La De Da'.

Initially from Mississippi, the Staples had been formed as a family gospel group in Chicago by Roebuck 'Pop' Staples, with himself playing guitar and singing lead. Mixing straight gospel numbers with his own compositions and sometimes unsuitable folk 'protest' material, Pop together with his son Pervis and daughters Mavis and Cleo – had won contracts with United, Veejay, and Epic, before the 1968 signing with Stax. Mavis had by then started singing lead, and Pervis had been replaced by youngest sister Yvonne. Mavis (who has two excellent albums of her own on Stax) is able to project her voice in an unnaturally powerful gospel holler, or to squeeze out breathless but excitingly intense lines across a remarkable range of the register.

The group's big 1971 hit 'Respect Yourself', and the follow-up 'I'll Take You There', both culled from their 'Beatitude' album, combined snappy, incisive funk with a message lyric for which the gospel intonations were kept clipped and simple.



Top: Al Green, one of the greatest single soul stars of the '70s. His success lies in his live performances. He has been called the most convincing solo performer since Otis Redding. **Bottom:** The O'Jays, originally from Ohio, are among the most distinctive of the Philly Sound groups. They have at last achieved the long overdue success.

But with 'Be What You Are' and 'Come Go With Me' in 1973, the group seemed in danger of falling into a predictable pattern, and leaving behind the mournful side of their gospel background. The performances of Mavis and Pop, however – whose full but rolling guitar figures complement the group beautifully – always ensure a first-rate performance.

Stax was, however, far from being the only soul force operative in the South. The title of 'The Memphis Sound' must now be shared equally by Willie Mitchell of Hi Records. Mitchell had achieved some success in the mid-'60s with records of his own – usually fast, upfront instrumentals like 'Mercy' or 'That Driving Beat' – but now he was to ally his crisp, purposeful style to a number of singers... foremost among them being Al Green, undoubtedly one of the greatest single soul stars of the '70s.

Falsetto Shrills

Young, cool, and running a sharp line in stage threads, Green has a totally distinctive voice that he can seemingly pitch at whatever level he chooses. Sweeping with consummate ease from a gruff, middle range to sweet falsetto shrills, Green has concentrated on mid-tempo ballads like 'Tired Of Being Alone', 'Let's Stay Together' and 'I'm Still In Love With You', where his versatility can wring optimum feeling from a song. Mitchell's backing is never less than masterful, pushing the precisely stated drumming of Howard Grimes to the front of the mix, and blending in restrained strings and cool, tricky organ and horn riffs to set off Green's constantly shifting vocal flux. The result has been an exceptionally warm, relaxed sound that still achieves a dynamic of its own, and whose appeal has reached way beyond the soul market.

Equally important is the success Green has achieved in live performances, emerging as the most convincing solo performer since Otis Redding – it's no secret that the Apollo did better business with him than with any other act in 1972. The apotheosis of the city superdude of the '70s, Green has assembled a tight but forceful eight-piece band, in front of which he cavorts, entreats and bends his vocal chords in seemingly impossible directions. He can win an audience completely, so that every squeak and gasp of his will sends forth ripples into the stalls. In his concentration on matters romantic, and his emphasis on audience communication, Green represents a continuation of the mid-'60s soul stars, and there can be little doubt that at 26 he is the most convincing solo per-

former since the incredible Otis Redding.

Though Green is the star of the Hi stable, Mitchell has also produced a number of other artists, often seeming to apply the 'Al Green Formula' sound indiscriminately and not always appropriately to artists like Oscar Toney Jr., Syl Fosters, and Otis Clay, all of whom have recorded with some success with other companies. Probably his greatest success outside Green has been with two Southern girls, Denise LaSalle and Anne Peebles, who have come forth with smouldering, raw and tender love songs like 'I'm Gonna Tear Your Lovehouse Down' and 'I Can't Stand The Rain' from Miss Peebles, and 'Trapped By A Thing Called Love' from Miss LaSalle.

Many of the finest performances in the traditional, gospel-based soul style have, in fact, come from women singers, though few seem to sustain their talent over more than a couple of classic cuts before they sink from prominence, at least on a national level. Such has been the fate of Judy Bell, who cut several fine pieces for Stax, including a notable duet with William Bell, 'Private Number' (1968). Jean Knight is another Stax artist who has faded after providing 'Mr. Big Stuff' and 'Mr. Fixit Man', traditional Southern soul with a minimum of trimmings and a maximum of grits. 'If you can't fix it maybe the milk man can' – you gotta know what she's talking about.

The performances of Candi Staton ('Prisoner of Love'), Margie Joseph ('How Do You Spell Love?'), Milli Jackson ('My Man, A Sweet Man') and others, have all been similarly open and direct in their dealings with human emotions; their brash, strident style often reflecting a schooling in downhome gospel. Particularly fine is Florida-based Betty Wright's 'Clean Up Woman' (1971), which uses a complex web of rhythm riffs to weave an ineffably funky backdrop to a tale of the woman who 'picks up all the love we girls leave behind'.

Still within the soft underbelly of funk from the South, are a number of artists who have crossed country and western music with soul – Joe Tex, Betty Swann, Clarence Carter, and, most impressively, Tony Joe White – a white boy from Louisiana with a raunchy, soft-rock guitar style and an impressively rich and expressive voice. His 'Folk Salad Annie' (1969) and 'High Sheriff Of Calhoun Parish' (1970), both did passably well in the pop stakes, though he has been sadly underrated since despite several interesting albums.

The situation in the northern cities was meanwhile radically different. The old uptown R&B styles handed down from the 'doowop' groups of the '50s, had been rather overshadowed in the '60s by developments in the South. Or they had been transmogrified by the pop giants of Phil Spector and Leiber/Stoller, or the hit machine of Tamla Motown, whose initial style with groups like the Miracles and the Temptations had been heavily indebted to the gospel style in any case.

654



Pop Staples and his daughters make up the famous Staples singers band. Here they

The ultra-smooth harmony work of high-flying vocal groups like the Dells and the Delfonics swept back into popularity in the late '60s. The Chicago-based Dells, who had been in existence since 1953, found a new lease of life in 1966 when producer Charles Stepney and writer Bobby Millar collaborated to give them hits with numbers like 'I Can Sing A Rainbow' and 'Stay In My Corner'. Technically accomplished, with massive and impeccable arranged orchestration, and detailed attention to every note, their sound nonetheless reflects little real emotion.

Philadelphia Style

A similar but more enterprising style was meanwhile being developed in Philadelphia by Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff, who in 1973 numbered their record sales in tens of millions, and whose names front the Philadelphia International label, which seems destined to overtake even the mighty Motown machine in Detroit.

Both Gamble and Huff had worked as session players/A&R men for the Cameo/Parkway teen hit machine (Bobby Rydell, Fabian, Chubby Checker etc.), which represented Philadelphia's only real claim to musical status, despite the fact that it had the third largest black population of

any city in the States. Kenny had also fronted a group of his own – Kenny and the Romeos – which included in its ranks Thom Bell, who was destined to become Gamble/Huff's first lieutenant.

When Cameo/Parkway folded in 1967, Kenny and Leon started their own label (Excel, later Gamble), recording among others the Intruders, though most of their work at this time was done for other companies looking for a change in style for their artists. Chicago singer Jerry Butler, for example, ex-lead singer with the Impressions, was despatched by Mercury to Philly, where Gamble/Huff provided him with the material and production for two highly successful albums, 'The Ice Man Cometh' and 'Ice On Ice'. As these titles suggest, Butler's style was cool, clipped, detached, devoid of raw hollering and gospel-like interjections.

Following on the success of Butler and of the Delfonics, Philly soon became a healing spar for a number of artists and groups, who were despatched there to receive the Midas touch. Archie Bell and the Drells, from Houston, were handed a hit in 'Here I Go Again'; and the O'Jays produced a set which included hits like 'One Night Affair' and 'Looky Looky'; though it was not until the '70s that the group teamed up with Gamble/Huff



are, as they appeared in the film of the black festival *Wattstax*. Above: William Bell from the Stax stable.

properly. Even the great Wilson Pickett felt in need of the Philly treatment, and though the hit that followed 'Don't Let The Green Grass Fool You' was plodding and lack-lustre, a seven-minute album cut, 'Engine Number Nine', showed how adventurous Gamble/Huff could be, surrounding Pickett's vocals with an echoing, relentless rhythm track, which had guitars ricocheting off each other in an exciting and complicated backing.

The groups themselves often seemed indistinct in their identity, with little to contribute except obedience to the producers. This was dramatically illustrated by the Delfonics' sudden lapse from the charts when Thom Bell left them to work with Gamble/Huff in 1971, after supplying them with a string of hits like 'LaLa Means I Love You', 'When You Get Right Down To It', and 'Didn't I Blow Your Mind This Time'. The group that went on to produce – the Stylistics – immediately scored with 'Betcha By Golly Wow'. The immaculate but almost completely depersonalised falsetto of lead singer Russell Thompkins Jr. is the Stylistics' greatest asset, the rest of the group being little more than back-up men.

Among the most distinctive of the Philly Sound groups, has been the O'Jays, whose classic 'Backstoppers' set has given

them long overdue success. Originally from Ohio, the group had dwindled from five to three-piece, and unlike most vocal groups, who have a lead singer with three or four back-up men, the O'Jays alternate the lead voice several times within a song, sometimes achieving a frantic exchange before bursting into searing harmony on the chorus, as they do so brilliantly on 'Put Your Hands Together'.

Night Club Pastiche

Though the productions of Gamble and Huff have become ever more clever, daring and successful over the years, their lush approach can also be cloying, and they have a dangerous tendency towards night club pastiche in the work of artists like Billy Paul, whose 'Me And Mrs. Jones' was one of the biggest hits of 1972. Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes also get similar treatment, and though the thickly textured arrangement on love-lorn slowies like 'I Miss You' and 'If You Don't Know Me By Now' is successful – with Melvin's voice crying from a sea of sadness – it is perhaps significant that their most recent album opens with a straight version of 'Cabaret'.

Other groups who have charted a similar course in recent years have been

the ChiLites from New York ('Have You Seen Here?' and 'Oh Girl'), the Detroit Emeralds ('Feel The Need In Me' and others), and the Detroit Spinners, who, after spending some years at Motown, have achieved considerable success with Thom Bell on 'Ghetto Child' and 'Could It Be I'm Falling In Love'. It seems hard to avoid the conclusion that these groups represent an escapist tendency for the gruelling life of the ghettos in the '70s, and it's somewhat hard to reconcile them with the gritty sounds of the South, where 'You Want It You Got It' is more likely to mean sex, than the parade of material goods that the Detroit Emeralds sing of.

Perhaps the most lasting impression of soul in the '70s is that of Wattstax. Coming on the seventh anniversary of the Watts riots – when the Los Angeles ghetto exploded in anger and flame following the murder of Martin Luther King – Wattstax represented soul's coming of age. While tags like 'the Black Woodstock' are misleading, there can be no denying the atmosphere of outgoing goodwill with which the proceedings were tinged. Performing was practically the whole of the Stax roster. The film of Wattstax further included a valid insight into the people and the environment that has created soul and put it on the world music map.

Talking 'bout my generation

FRANK MILLS

Words by James Rado and Gerome Ragni,
music by Galt MacDermot

*I met a boy called Frank Mills on
September twelfth, right here in front
of the Waverly,
But unfortunately, I lost his address.
He was last seen with his friend,
a drummer;
He resembles George Harrison of the
Beatles,
But he wears his hair tied in a small bow
at the back.
I love him,
But it embarrasses me to walk down the
street with him,
He lives in Brooklyn, somewhere, and
wears this white crash helmet.
He has gold chains on his leather jacket,
And on the back are written the names,
"Mary" and "Mom" and "Hell's Angels"
I would gratefully appreciate it;
If you see him, tell him I'm in the park
with my girl friend,
And please tell him Angela and I don't
want the two dollars back,
Just him.*

© United Artists Music

It was inevitable that rock should finally find itself on Broadway. What was surprising was the time it took to get there. When it arrived, as *Hair*, its exuberance, its outrage (nudity on stage was, even in the late '60s, startling) and its sheer vitality scored a massive hit and sparked a series of rock musicals. The strangest thing of all was that of the 'Big Four', — *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Godspell*, *Catch My Soul* and *Hair* — only the last actually attempted to portray the life-style of the generation in a contemporary setting.

Much of *Hair's* success rested in the freedom of language used and the way it touched on topical issues like pollution, the Vietnam war and racial issues. *Aquarius*, for example, neatly captured two common feelings. The increasing interest in mysticism and the occult and, springing from this, the optimism with which many viewed the dawn of the Aquarian age. *Hair* was vaunted as a 'Tribal Love-Rock Musical' and its roots were deep in the Flower Power ideals of '67 when talk of 'golden



This week we look at two songs from the hit rock musical *Hair*.

AQUARIUS

words by James Rado and Gerome Ragni,
music by Galt MacDermot

*When the moon is in the seventh house,
and Jupiter aligns with Mars,
Then peace will guide the planets,
and love will steer the stars;
This is the dawning of the age of Aquarius,
The age of Aquarius
Aquarius,
Aquarius.*

*Harmony and understanding,
Sympathy and trust abounding
No more false-hoods or derisions,
Golden living dreams of visions,
Mystic crystal revelation,
And the mind's true liberation,
Aquarius,
Aquarius.*

© United Artists Music

living dreams of visions' and 'the mind's true liberation' were common. The fact that subsequent events totally refuted such day-dream philosophies in no way affected the popularity of the number which soon became a cabaret, TV and show business standard.

Frank Mills is undoubtedly a better song and, strangely, less well known. Seldom have the conflicting emotions of teenage girls been better expressed than in this bitter-sweet little lament. Contained in its few lines are the gamut of an adolescent girl's unformed feelings towards a boy she barely knows. Hero worship for a look-alike rock musician, a teenage 'crush' and yearning for someone who has gone. All expressed in the brilliantly-observed line: 'I love him but it embarrasses me to walk down the street with him'. This song can truly be called the anthem of the dreaming teen for truth comes from its every phrase, which, like a letter to a fan mag agony column, is a real cri de coeur.



shared in mid-20th Century urban America. The significance that festivals were to acquire in the late '60s was as rural refugee camps that kids could flee to from the cities for a long weekend; to be united by songs that turned their ideals into shared anthems, to get a feeling of collective strength from the enormous crowds, and to put aside the confusion of a complex, industrial society in favour of a Garden of Eden that was wired for sound and equipped with portable lavatories.

The Monterey Festival of 1967 was where this new image of the festival started to blossom. It was a small gathering by later standards, and everyone sat on chairs, but there was a wonderful feeling of unity in the air. The Beatles had climbed their mountain of meditation and LSD and discovered that all you needed was love; Scott McKenzie had proclaimed that everybody in San Francisco was wearing flowers in their hair; and sitting in the open air in Southern California watching Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, the Who, and other prophets of the electronic age exploding on stage, it all seemed very plausible.

In 1969, two huge festivals took place which crystallised the festival myth, and gave youth-culture its most potent symbol of the good life it was looking for. Bob Dylan decided to end the isolation he had lived in since his motorbike crash, by reappearing with the Band at the Isle of Wight music festival. The man who, four years earlier, had been booed at Newport for playing an electric guitar, was welcomed back to public life by a quarter of a million people.

Disaster Zone

The most legendary of these beautiful gatherings was the 1969 Woodstock Festival, in upstate New York. It was billed as the 'first Aquarian exposition of the arts', lasted for three days, and gathered together an amazing number of top quality acts, including Hendrix, the Who, Sly Stone, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, Joan Baez and Richie Havens. Half a million kids streamed to the site, every road within a hundred miles was blocked by traffic, and the area was declared a disaster zone.

A year earlier, at the Chicago Democratic Convention, American youth – still believing change could be effected through the political system – had been clubbed into the ground by Mayor Daley's police force. Nixon had been elected President, and the forces of 'law and order' were in power. American youth desperately needed a positive symbol for their way of life, and Woodstock gave it to them. In the words of the 60-year-old farmer, Max Yasgur, who owned the festival site, it proved that "half a million kids could get together for three days of fun and music, and have nothing but fun and music, and God bless you for it."

Woodstock became a myth in which it seemed that all the contradictions of the youth-culture could be resolved: it com-

bined the image of 'getting back to the land' with all the benefits of advanced technology rock music. It combined a message of individual liberation with the sense of collective strength that a gathering of half a million can generate. Still more amazing, was the fact that the organisers were \$100,000 in the red after the festival, but the film which carried the Woodstock myth around the world grossed \$17 million, creating another delightful paradox: an organisational and financial disaster could be converted into a gigantic profit.

Woodstock was the high-water mark of the festival myth, but it created expectations and illusions about festivals which no gathering could live up to. Joni Mitchell wrote a moving account of the feelings that united the 'Woodstock Nation':

*'We are stardust
We are golden
We are billion year old carbon
And we've got to get ourselves
Back to the Garden'*

Millions of young people around the world followed this impulse, and found themselves sitting in overcrowded, muddy fields, trying to become involved with distorted music being made by an almost invisible group half a mile away. Often they were charged exorbitant prices for bad food, sanitary conditions quickly became disgusting, and the local police force welcomed the event as an opportunity to boost their score of drug arrests. 'Getting back to the Garden' was more difficult than buying a £3 ticket.

Just as the Woodstock Festival gave rock culture its symbol of the good life, so another festival gave the culture its symbol of a bad trip. The Rolling Stones decided to end their 1969 American tour with a free concert in San Francisco. The organisation was confused and hurried, and the concert was finally staged at a race-track located in desolate scrub land that hardly anyone had heard of: Altamont. It will take a long time for rock music to forget that name. By the time the concert was over, four people were dead – two killed by cars, one drowned, and a black man stabbed to death by Hell's Angels within a few feet of the group.

Altamont – for which the Hell's Angels had been used as a security force – was a rude shock to the myth that large audiences could be united into peaceful tribes by large doses of free rock music. What was exciting about festivals was that the audience was part of the show, but at Altamont the real frenzy and violence of the Angels had completely upstaged the Stones' symbolic portrayal of these forces.

Squabbles Over Money

Of course, most festivals didn't take people to Woodstock's heaven or to Altamont's hell. At best they delivered a pleasant weekend in the country, with some sporadic good music, such as the 1970 Bath Festival in Britain. At worst

they led to uncomfortable and dishonest scenes of mass confusion, "like a Nuremberg rally with drugs", as one disillusioned participant put it. The 1970 Isle of Wight Festival was characterised by organisers and musicians squabbling over the money backstage, while a bemused audience endured bad sound, soggy food and chaotic disorganisation. "I hope the movie will be better", said one girl as she left the island, summing up the abyss between what people expected and what they got.

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POP CULTURE: '50s-'70s

Festivals: Hippie Holiday-Camps



Ronald Grant

A festival of music suggests a much more grandiose event than an ordinary concert. It implies a setting of natural beauty that can be enjoyed as much as the music. Usually, it means a wide variety of artists appearing, instead of just one or two acts; but, above all, it implies that the performers and the audience and the setting come together to create something greater than the sum of the parts: a sense of celebration and participation in the music.

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been gathering places for jazz and folk fans, and the most famous festival centre was Newport, Rhode Island, the home of both a jazz and folk festival. The film *Jazz On A Summer's Day* spread the fame of Newport's jazz festival, and in that film Mahalia Jackson's intoxicating gospel singing conveyed the fervour that could be generated at a successful festival. It was also at the Newport Folk Festival, in July, 1963, that Bob Dylan walked on stage with just a guitar and some songs, and walked off as the spokesman for a huge section of American youth that was filled with idealism and involved in a search for meaningful values.

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When he plugged in his electric guitar, a large section of the audience started jeering. They thought that the most committed songwriter on the folk scene was pawning his conscience in favour of a vulgar pop sound and a fast buck. But the only crime Dylan had committed was to be ahead of his time.

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shared in mid-20th Century urban America. The significance that festivals were to acquire in the late '60s was as rural refugee camps that kids could flee to from the cities for a long weekend; to be united by songs that turned their ideals into shared anthems, to get a feeling of collective strength from the enormous crowds, and to put aside the confusion of a complex, industrial society in favour of a Garden of Eden that was wired for sound and equipped with portable lavatories.

The Monterey Festival of 1967 was where this new image of the festival started to blossom. It was a small gathering by later standards, and everyone sat on chairs, but there was a wonderful feeling of unity in the air. The Beatles had climbed their mountain of meditation and LSD and discovered that all you needed was love; Scott McKenzie had proclaimed that everybody in San Francisco was wearing flowers in their hair; and sitting in the open air in Southern California watching Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, the Who, and other prophets of the electronic age exploding on stage, it all seemed very plausible.

In 1969, two huge festivals took place which crystallised the festival myth, and gave youth-culture its most potent symbol of the good life it was looking for. Bob Dylan decided to end the isolation he had lived in since his motorbike crash, by reappearing with the Band at the Isle of Wight music festival. The man who, four years earlier, had been booed at Newport for playing an electric guitar, was welcomed back to public life by a quarter of a million people.

Disaster Zone

The most legendary of these beautiful gatherings was the 1969 Woodstock Festival, in upstate New York. It was billed as the 'first Aquarian exposition of the arts', lasted for three days, and gathered together an amazing number of top quality acts, including Hendrix, the Who, Sly Stone, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, Joan Baez and Richie Havens. Half a million kids streamed to the site, every road within a hundred miles was blocked by traffic, and the area was declared a disaster zone.

A year earlier, at the Chicago Democratic Convention, American youth – still believing change could be effected through the political system – had been clubbed into the ground by Mayor Daley's police force. Nixon had been elected President, and the forces of 'law and order' were in power. American youth desperately needed a positive symbol for their way of life, and Woodstock gave it to them. In the words of the 60-year-old farmer, Max Yasgur, who owned the festival site, it proved that "half a million kids could get together for three days of fun and music, and have nothing but fun and music, and God bless you for it."

Woodstock became a myth in which it seemed that all the contradictions of the youth-culture could be resolved: it com-

bined the image of 'getting back to the land' with all the benefits of advanced technology rock music. It combined a message of individual liberation with the sense of collective strength that a gathering of half a million can generate. Still more amazing, was the fact that the organisers were \$100,000 in the red after the festival, but the film which carried the Woodstock myth around the world grossed \$17 million, creating another delightful paradox: an organisational and financial disaster could be converted into a gigantic profit.

Woodstock was the high-water mark of the festival myth, but it created expectations and illusions about festivals which no gathering could live up to. Joni Mitchell wrote a moving account of the feelings that united the 'Woodstock Nation':

*'We are stardust
We are golden
We are billion year old carbon
And we've got to get ourselves
Back to the Garden'*

Millions of young people around the world followed this impulse, and found themselves sitting in overcrowded, muddy fields, trying to become involved with distorted music being made by an almost invisible group half a mile away. Often they were charged exorbitant prices for bad food, sanitary conditions quickly became disgusting, and the local police force welcomed the event as an opportunity to boost their score of drug arrests. 'Getting back to the Garden' was more difficult than buying a £3 ticket.

Just as the Woodstock Festival gave rock culture its symbol of the good life, so another festival gave the culture its symbol of a bad trip. The Rolling Stones decided to end their 1969 American tour with a free concert in San Francisco. The organisation was confused and hurried, and the concert was finally staged at a race-track located in desolate scrub land that hardly anyone had heard of: Altamont. It will take a long time for rock music to forget that name. By the time the concert was over, four people were dead – two killed by cars, one drowned, and a black man stabbed to death by Hell's Angels within a few feet of the group.

Altamont – for which the Hell's Angels had been used as a security force – was a rude shock to the myth that large audiences could be united into peaceful tribes by large doses of free rock music. What was exciting about festivals was that the audience was part of the show, but at Altamont the real frenzy and violence of the Angels had completely upstaged the Stones' symbolic portrayal of these forces.

Squabbles Over Money

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Fats... of Blueberry Hill

Of the five *undisputed* 'giants' of rock & roll – Elvis Presley, Little Richard, Fats Domino, Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis – Fats Domino is the most neglected and the most underrated.

He's neglected perhaps, because in the style of rock & roll he played – New Orleans dance blues – he was overshadowed by the more flamboyant, more outrageous, Little Richard. (It would be hard for *anyone* to try and upstage Little Richard, particularly with such a relaxed style as Fats had.)

Fats Domino is underrated not only for the quality of his music and what he achieved in terms of recording successes, but also for his central role in the development of New Orleans music – his absorption and transformation of the cultural styles in New Orleans into rock & roll, and his subsequent influence on countless other performers. It is this latter point, his importance in terms of *New Orleans*, which is the most rewarding to explore.

Universal Appeal

As to the quality of Fats' music, it was perhaps best defined by Charlie Gillett, in his book *The Sound of the City*, when he said his apparently eternal and universal appeal defies musical analysis. His records were simple, convincing, memorable, and danceable. Other people may have occasionally come up with something better, but Domino could be relied on.

In fact, he was relied on so much that he sold over 65,000,000 records, collecting 22 Gold Discs – an achievement only surpassed in rock & roll by Elvis Presley. In all, he had more than 80 singles and 25 albums released. When he first came to the attention of the white record buyers, it was because Pat Boone had covered

Chris Walter



Fats' own 'Ain't That A Shame', earning his first-ever Gold Disc for his pains. But Fats didn't mind too much, he also got a Gold Disc for it, his ninth altogether.

Antoine 'Fats' Domino was born in New Orleans on May 10th, 1929 (say his record company, others date him earlier, on February 26th, 1928) . . . one of nine children. Although his father was a violinist and his uncle, Harry Verette, had played trumpet in Kid Ory's and Oscar Celestin's New Orleans jazzbands, Antoine was the only child to show any musical inclination. He started playing the piano when he was six, after a relative had left an old upright in the house.

Soon he began playing for small change in the evenings, and working in a bed-spring factory during the day to help support the family. An accident at the factory seriously damaged his hands, and doctors recommended amputation. Fats refused, and after two years of exercises he was back playing again, in bassist Billy Diamond's band – it was Diamond who first dubbed him 'Fats'.

Eventually, Fats met up with Dave Bartholomew. The start of their relationship is one of the most confused periods of Fats' career. The most likely account is that Bartholomew invited him to join his New Orleans band, but others say they didn't meet until Fats was signed to the Imperial record label. Whatever the truth, Bartholomew had an excellent reputation as a trumpeter – Charlie Gillett writes that he even played with Duke Ellington's band, but in fact their association is limited to the fact that Bartholomew and Ellington's bass player, Aaron Bell, played together with Herb Leary and His Society Syncopaters.

Imperial Sign Domino

Lew Chudd founded Imperial in Los Angeles in 1947, and after hearing excellent reports of a young New Orleans pianist, he travelled out to see Fats playing in a 'jump' band (probably Bartholomew's). He was so impressed with the 20-year-old, that he signed him there and then. Fats was to provide Imperial with the bulk of its income for the next eight years, until Ricky Nelson was signed from Verve (after selling 1,000,000 copies of a cover of Fats' 'I'm Walkin'').

At the time of Lew Chudd's visit, New Orleans was an incredible hive of exciting music, particularly from the 'jump' bands that had established a direct link with rock & roll. They used various instruments, usually including a couple of saxophones to *emphasise* the difference between each beat of the boogie-woogie played by the pianist's left hand, creating a 'jump' rhythm; or to *blurr* it, creating a 'shuffle' rhythm.

Apart from Fats, who was leading the field in New Orleans at the time, the city also boasted such performers as Amos Milburn, Roy Brown, Smiley Lewis (who was originally from Texas and originally named Overton Lemon), Lloyd Price and Guitar Slim. But Fats' main rival, both

personally and musically, was Roy Byrd, who performed and recorded under the name 'Professor Longhair and His Shuffling Hungarians'. While Fats played 'jump' rhythm, Professor Longhair played 'shuffle'. Although big locally, he didn't have any sustained national success beyond two records, 'Bald Head' and what must be the definitive shuffle record of all time, 'Like Longhair'.

Cosmopolitan Music

New Orleans was and is a major confluence for races and cultures. The city had once been a major port in the slave trade, and from earliest times was exposed to the music brought over from Africa and the West Indies. And as the capital of the French colony in America, the local blues was heavily influenced by the more commonly-spoken French language. As well as New Orleans jazz, these strains mingled to create both Cajun and Zydeco music.

Fats' music, particularly his ballad style,

was drawn from this music. Zydeco is a blues style played by the Arcadian people in southern Louisiana. They sang in French and played that most 'French' of instruments, the accordion. The most significant effect of their music was the creation of a swirling instrumental sound behind the singers. Cajun music substituted saxophones for the accordions, but retained the swirling effect. (The most successful example probably being 'Sea Of Love' by Phil Phillips and the Twilights, which was produced by George Khoury in Lake Charles, Louisiana. The swirling effect, emphasised by the Twilights' mournful vocal backing, created a convincing audio-picture of the sea behind Phillips' singing. It was covered in Britain, arrangement and all, by Marty Wilde.)

Louisiana Accent

Another obvious New Orleans influence on Fats was in his singing. He had a strong Louisiana 'creole' accent, which became even more pronounced in his singing. Fats

An early picture of 220 pounds Antoine 'Fats' Domino, one of the giants of rock & roll,



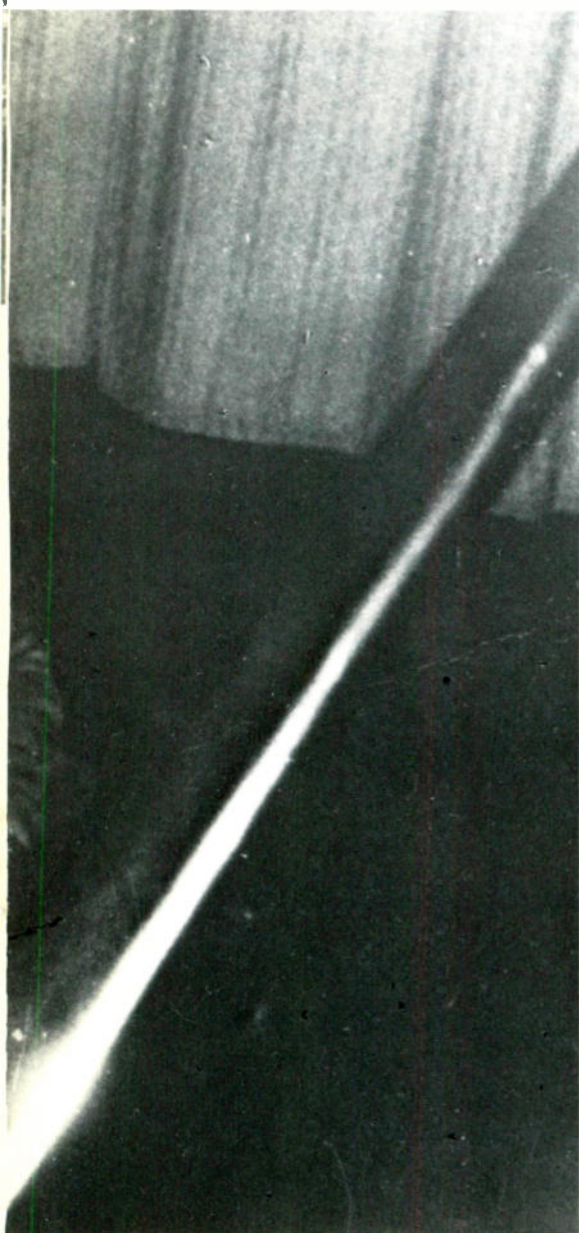
was, in fact, brought up to speak French, picking up his English later. But like most of the 'jump' band singers, he sang in English, with strong French intonations, most apparent in the vowels.

Most of Fats' songs were composed and arranged with David Bartholomew at Imperial (which although based in Los Angeles, recorded Fats almost entirely in New Orleans). Bartholomew played trumpet on Fats' records until about 1956, as well as being composer/arranger/producer, but gave up playing when they broke into the white market. He had, up to that point, also been recording without Fats, and had several successes in the R&B field including, 'That's How You Got Killed Before', 'Ain't Gonna Do It', 'Who Drank My Beer?' and 'Frantic Chick'.

Thin High Voice

'The Fat Man', recorded in October 1949, was their first record, their first hit, and their first Gold Disc. Fats' voice then was much higher, 'thinner', and more

who played New Orleans dance music.



nasal than it was to become later, but 'The Fat Man' is as compelling today as it must have been then. The solid two-handed chording and rolling boogie beat contain so much exuberance and inherent warm humour, even before he weighs in with 'they call, they call me the fat man, cause I weigh two hundred pounds . . .'

It is classic boogie-woogie and nascent rock & roll. The instrumental line-up he used here was more-or-less maintained throughout his career: his own piano, trumpet, two or three saxes, guitar, bass and drums. Herb Hardesty played the sax solos up to 1955, when he started sharing them with Lee Allen, Cornelius Coleman was the regular drummer, Frank Fields the bassist and either Walter Nelson or Ernie Maclean on guitar.

With these musicians and Bartholomew's expertise, Fats became a giant in the R&B field – and the only one who would carry on successfully in rock & roll (which involved hardly any appreciable change in his style). The very early music is almost all 12-bar, each song distinguishable from the next only by its lyrics. But later he 'personalised' it with his own seemingly effortless complex phrasing and timing.

In fact, Fats' breakthrough into the white market came with the perfecting of this 'personal' fractured singing style in his and Dave Bartholomew's song, 'Ain't That A Shame'. But it was the fact that Pat Boone had a hit covering it that drew the white public's attention to him and his music. From then on in, it was hit after hit. But Fats had been involved even earlier in the creation of rock & roll as the music of a new generation.

Sell-Out

The story of Alan Freed, the Cleveland DJ, and his role in the birth of rock & roll is well known: he started *Moondog's Rock & Roll Party* on a Cleveland radio station after being introduced to the music at Leo Mintz's downtown record store. The music was, simply, black rhythm and blues. The response to his radio show was so good that he arranged a stage show in Cleveland Arena in March 1953. There was room for 10,000 people, but the demand was so fantastic that three times that number turned up and the ensuing chaos caused the show to be called off and re-arranged later that year. The performers Freed had on the show included Joe 'Shake Rattle And Roll' Turner, and Fats Domino.

After suffering Pat Boone's successful cover version of 'Ain't That A Shame' (in the white market only, Fats earned a Gold Disc in the R&B charts), Fats came up with his first white hit, 'I'm In Love Again' – another Gold – in 1956. 'Blueberry Hill', which followed it, is his best known record, and its phenomenal success cemented Fats' position as a popular entertainer in the rock & roll field. This record, though, was out of character for two reasons: first, it was the only record (up to 1962 at least) that wasn't recorded in New Orleans, but in Los Angeles; and secondly, it wasn't an original song, but a

standard revised well-known song.

Standards rarely come off when done by rock & roll performers (witness Little Richard's 'Baby Face' and 'By The Light Of The Silvery Moon') but Fats managed to overcome this handicap and make them his own (his other notable successes were with 'My Blue Heaven' and 'Margie').

Imperial wasn't, of course, the only label to promote its R&B music as rock & roll, but it was the most successful – simply by virtue of having Fats Domino in its catalogue. Dave Bartholomew too had been recording without Fats for the label and had several successes in the R&B field: 'That's How You Got Killed Before', 'Ain't Gonna Do It', 'Who Drank My Beer?' and 'Frantic Chick'; but he stopped to concentrate on Fats when they broke into the white market.

R & B Label

Sydney Nathan's King label, in Cincinnati, Ohio, had one of the strongest R&B catalogues – Bill Doggett, Bullmoose Jackson, Roy Brown, Hank Ballard and the Midnighters (who incidentally originally did 'The Twist' that Chubby Checker copied), Otis Williams and the Charms, not to mention guitarists Albert King, Freddie King and Johnny 'Guitar' Watson (who first recorded with Amos Milburn's Jump Band and later with rock singer Larry Williams). Other labels were Aladdin, in Los Angeles, who had Dave Bartholomew as producer for a time and performers such as Amos Milburn and Shirley and Lee on their books; and Speciality, in Hollywood, who had Lloyd Price, Guitar Slim and the inimitable Little Richard (as well as the white singer Larry Williams).

Fats Domino's success was enormous in both the white and black markets and he appeared in most of the notable rock & roll films of the day: *Jamboree*, *Shake Rattle and Rock*, *The Big Beat* and *The Girl Can't Help It*. He was topped only by Presley in the white sales, but kept ahead of him in the black market (both of them well ahead of their nearest rivals, Little Richard and Chuck Berry). Needless to say Fats was also a great influence and inspiration for other black singers as well as focusing attention on the music of New Orleans and the Deep South.

One of the more direct results of his popularity was the emergence of Little Richard, whose more frenetic boogie-woogie piano was also derived from the same influences as Fats' but included Fats' own piano-playing as well. In fact most of the musicians on Fats' records also backed Little Richard. Their relationship, musical and cultural, was the black mirror image of that applied to Bill Haley and Elvis Presley; one was harmless, the other dangerous.

It was in New Orleans itself that Fats had his biggest influence, directly and indirectly. Apart from his effect on such singers as Lloyd Price and Smiley Lewis Fats' success threw a lot of light on to Johnny Vincent's Ace label.

In 1956, Vincent, whose label was



Redferns

BACK TRACK

Born May 10th, 1929 in New Orleans.

1949: Cut his first record, 'The Fat Man'/'Detroit City Blues'.

1955: Broke into the white market with 'Aint That A Shame', 'I'm In Love Again' and 'Blueberry Hill'. Following this came his first album, 'Rock And Rollin' with Fats Domino' (Imperial).

1956: Fats hit the road on a series of tours with people like Jerry Lee Lewis, B. B. King, Duane Eddy, James Brown and Johnny Preston. He also appeared in a number of rock & roll films, most notably, *Jamboree* and *The Girl Can't Help It*.

1957: 'I'm Walking'/'I'm In The Mood For Love' and the unforgettable ballad, 'The Valley Of Tears'. In the next 10 years, Fats released countless albums and more than 50 singles. Below are a few of his hit singles from this time.

1958: 'Sick And Tired', 'Little Mary' and 'Whole Lotta Loving'.

1959: 'When The Saints Go Marching In', 'I'm Gonna Be A Wheel Some Day' and 'Margie'.

1960: 'Walking To New Orleans', 'Before I Grow Too Old' and 'Natural Born Lover'.

1961: 'Aint That Just Like A Woman', 'Shu Rah' and 'I Hear You Knocking'.

1962: 'Dance With Mr. Domino' and 'Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?'

1963: 'There Goes (My Heart Again)' and 'Red Sails In The Sunset'.

1964: 'Lazy Lady'.

1968: 'Lady Madonna'.

Many of Fats' best tracks can be found on the recent, outstanding United Artists double-album, simply called 'Fats Domino'.

based in Jackson, Mississippi, started recording a New Orleans band whose music was a lot closer to Roy 'Longhair' Byrd's than Fats' Huey 'Piano' Smith and the Clowns. The band had three vocalists apart from Huey himself – Bobby Marchan, Junior Gordon and Frankie Ford. With Bobby Marchan singing they had the tremendous 'Rockin' Pneumonia And Boogie Woogie Flu' and 'Don't You Just Know It' as big hits, and of course with Frankie Ford there was the inimitable 'Sea Cruise'. Ford's vocal was, in fact, dubbed on to a previously unissued version of the song by the band with Huey Smith singing, in the wake of the success of another white singer on Vincent's Ace label, Jimmy Clanton.

Soft Rock

Jimmy Clanton – cast in the mould of Frankie Avalon – had several hits with ballads such as 'Just A Dream', 'Letter To

An Angel' and 'Ship On A Stormy Sea' (all Gold Discs) as well as 'Venus In Blue Jeans'. Although born in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Clanton was as 'Philadelphian' as Bobby Rydell, Frankie Avalon and Fabian, and was instrumental in the sad process of softening Southern rock & roll, just as the Philadelphia singers had softened rock & roll in the North. Other singers who came under Fats' influence were Lee Dorsey, Irma Thomas, Ernie K. Doe, Clarence 'Frogman' Henry, Joe Jones and in name at least, Chubby Checker.

As the years rolled on, Fats' music became less and less adventurous on the whole and, with one or two major exceptions, his singing became much more mellow, losing a lot (but not all) of its local colour. The hits petered out around 1962, ironically with the emergence of the Beatles and all the other British groups who had been raised on his music. That year, Fats left Imperial, and after unsuccess-

ful liaisons with ABC-Paramount, Mercury and Broadmoor, he was contracted to Warner-Reprise and made a couple of startling, though excellent records, both Lennon/McCartney songs, 'Lady Madonna' and 'Lovely Rita'.

Simple Music

There's no really simple way of showing how big Fats Domino's music was, both in its own right and in terms of the influence it had. His music is simple, exuberant, loving and happy, and even the melancholy songs have a comforting feel to them. Fats Domino weighed in at around 220 pounds, and he played rock & roll long before the term was invented. "Some people call it rhythm & blues," he once said, "and some calls it rock & roll, but I just calls it music with a beat." However people describe his music, one thing is certain he is one of the great musicians of rock.

The New Breed of Singer-Songwriters Part 2

'Do you believe in rock'n'roll?
Can music save your mortal soul?
And can you teach me how to
dance real slow . . .'

Those three lines of Don McLean's 'American Pie' sum up what the Beatles, Dylan, and others of the mid-'60s managed to bring together in their music. It was their synthesising of those three strands that has made their music a standard of judgement for much of what has followed. 'Yes' they could have replied to each question – our music is a way of life, it is a social weapon, and it's sexy. Yet, who, in a world of camp and glitter, could still say that?

What made all this possible in the mid-'60s was that music took on, because of a wider movement in society, a unifying role for a generation. It was danced to, listened to, it was a focus for meeting, and in your own little room you shared it with others who were listening to the same records in their own little rooms. And it explained and explored matters of importance like love and politics and desolation row, to a depth never previously achieved at a mass cultural level.

But as that generation grew older, as the questions it raised inevitably led to a wide array of different answers – from 'blow it up' to 'love is all we need' to 'that's just too heavy man' – the oneness that had characterised its music disappeared. Belief in rock & roll became a belief in just the music; dancing real slow became once again the property of pop music. Saving your mortal soul became the prerogative of Dylan's heirs, the singer/songwriters, and was reflected in a music that placed great reliance on lyrics – almost, at times, to the detriment of everything else.

A New Level

The leading lights of this group started up around 1967. People like Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, Neil Young, Leonard Cohen . . . they all continued to explore relationships at various levels, and have continued to do so since.

And then, around 1970-'71, a 'new breed' of singer/songwriters started to appear. Not firmly rooted in the events of earlier years, this 'new breed' was rooted in a 'downer' situation . . . almost the opposite of the previous excitement. Nixon was in power in the States, and the feeling that youth was going to change the world had been drowned amid the horrors of Chicago, Jackson and Kent State. Blind

hope was no longer in fashion. The sparks of '67 had turned into a long, hard struggle. There was nothing beyond the music to guide it, fuse it . . . just a dull and frightening reality.

James Taylor was perhaps the 'father' of this 'new breed', and his vague themes are representative of the newer songwriters. They pursue these certain themes within a wide spectrum of styles and interests, with only that dull reality to bring them together. But the dullness of reality stems from two sources – first a continuing disillusionment with the society, and secondly – more significantly – a new disillusionment with the alternative vision.

The American Dream

Standing out above all other songs as a portrait of vanishing America, is Steve Goodman's 'City Of New Orleans', recorded by him, Arlo Guthrie, and John Denver; all luminaries of the new breed, even though they've all been around considerably longer. 'City Of New Orleans' is a song about a train, and the train is also the American Dream, passing through 'the graveyards of the rusted automobiles', with its soulful chorus returning, ominously ambiguous:

*'Goodnight America, how are you?
Don't you know me? – I'm your native
son . . .'*

Other Americana songs have been much in vogue, generally flashes of ordinary life offset by a questioning chorus. Kris Kristofferson's 'Me And Bobby McGee' is a good example; hitching through America singing songs with truck drivers but 'feeling near as faded as my jeans'. The song's only conclusion is that 'freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose' . . .

But the demise of the American Dream has been assumed at least since Woody Guthrie set pen to paper in the Dust Bowl. The problems of its alternative, though, are relatively new. 'American Pie' in 1972 recorded what had already happened. There was McLean's cutting indictment of the Stones at Altamont ('no angel born in Hell could break that Satan spell'), illustrating the shallowness of any idea that a unified counter-culture is there for all to see. That was one of the 'days the music died'.

Perhaps it was a film that summed it all up best, Arthur Penn's *Alice's Restaurant*. Starring Arlo Guthrie, and based very loosely on his song of that name, it traced the attempt to find an alternative communal life-style by a group of youngish people. The film ends with the burial of a

member of the group who has died of a drug overdose. The reality, though, wasn't quite as simple as they had thought.

If most of the older singer/songwriters tended to write chiefly of political relationships, personal relationships, and the space between them; then most of the 'new breed' have tended to avoid these areas, to avoid the thorny problems of disillusionment by turning their attention elsewhere. But not all have done so. Some have continued to see the deepening of relationships as an essential step out of the impasse.

Paul Williams, for example, released an album called 'Just An Old-Fashioned Love Song', an appropriate title for his work as a whole. His music conjures up a vision of loneliness imposed by the nasty outside world on the tender possibilities of love. The songs are melodic and smooth, carressing the rainbows and fantasies which line his sought-for shelter.

Others, though, have been more adventurous. Loudon Wainwright III, better known for his incisive humour, has the breathtakingly simple 'Needless To Say' on his third album:

*'Needless to say
In any way that you need to
You know nothing at all
Nothing at all
And is all
And there's nothing to know
So accept you.'*

And if for a long time it seemed that the singer/songwriter exploration of relationships had been left mostly to the women – like Joni Mitchell and Dory Previn – there then came along such figures as Jackson Browne to re-hoist the male flag. His second album contained a song that might be considered a major addition to the theme. Called 'The Times We've Come', it charted a relationship, starting off with the acceptance that 'we've lost as much as we've won', and ending with him wondering uneasily just what it is they've won anyway. In this song, the singer/songwriter attachment to love as a positive social force seems to have gone full circle, to a fear that love itself, as it is, is a retrograde social force.

Emphasis On Honour

One thing that separates the 'new breed' from the old is the emphasis many of them put on honour, as if everything to be said has already been said in a 'serious' way. Loudon Wainwright III exemplifies this approach. His songs are usually both funny and extremely pointed. His advice to those threatened by the California earthquake, for instance, is to 'climb a tree'. His subject matter defies categories, but through it all the droll humour re-asserts itself.

John Prine is a similar performer. More in the folk tradition than Loudon, he still manages to be both amusing and yet serious – and his humour deepens rather than fades with each hearing. He also has



a flair for the traditional ballad in the Woody Guthrie style. His words never jar – his music seems very much part of him. This obviously natural feel might be said to be one of the distinguishing factors of the 'new breed'. And in Prine's case it can be very powerful:

*'It's Christmas in prison
There'll be music tonight
I'll probably get homesick
I love you . . . Goodnight . . .'*

There are quite a few others with a similar approach, like Steve Goodman, Hoyt Axton, and Patrick Sky. Sky's 1973 album, 'Songs That Made America Famous', consists of songs 'to offend everyone' – from the Pope to virgins, from old blues singers to 'Our baby died (it was a lousy baby anyway)'. It's quite sick and extremely funny, and at the same time has a lot to say.

Not all the music concerned with the social world, though, has been humorous. Bruce Springsteen has produced one album that harks back to middle Dylan, with the piled similes and rhymes and the manic unreality of what's going on. David Blue made one beautiful, and several good, albums full of songs about loneliness, kicking junk, and generally trying to get into one piece. Pete Atkin, in Britain, has produced a number of albums of his music fused to the highly literary words of Clive James, the latter specialising in a bitter realism.

The city may still breed surrealism, but in an attempt to escape the confines of disillusionment many of the 'new breed' have placed great store on the country, on living in it, playing its traditional styles, and feeling its potential for spiritual salvation. Ian Matthews' 'Guiding Light', after charting the dream's erosion, suddenly shifts direction into 'send me home with a country song and leave it ringing round'.

In some cases this movement has been simply a return to a country sound; to the wailing mandolins, pedal-steel guitars, harmonicas and deep Johnny Cash-type vocals of which ex-Byrd Gene Clark was a pioneer. Michael Murphy, Micky Newberry, John Stewart, and Jerry Jeff Walker have followed, producing a sound that is a curious amalgam of old folk, rock & roll, and electric country music – always relaxing, and often melancholic.

More original, perhaps, have been J. J. Cale and Link Wray. The former on his albums 'Really' and 'Naturally', has more of a funky blues sound than country, but manages to produce music that suggests it was him who invented the term 'laid back'. Way out beyond the usual singer/songwriter folk/country mould, J. J. Cale – plus the legendary Muscle Shoals and Nashville rhythm sections – produces what is perhaps the most original and appropriate extension of blues to hit the

Two singer/songwriters of the '70s. Left: Don McLean. Opp. page: Kris Kristofferson.

'70s. Link Wray, on the other hand, has been around since the '50s, but took until the '70s to emerge with a number of albums full of something like hard electric country rock. Neither of them lets the lyrics become laboured, and in this sense they include Ry Cooder in their number. A long-time session-man, Ry is famous for his bottleneck guitar playing, and has only in the '70s earned a following for his own country blues solo albums.

Singer/songwriting, however, has more to do with lyrics than style. The country invasion since Dylan's 'Nashville Skyline' of 1969 is in itself a comment on attitudes to urban living, but is not really relevant to the mainstream. What has emerged in the latter is a growing sense of wonder, not wholly unrelated to the growth of religion in rock music. From Dylan's 'Cabin In Utah' to Stills' 'Cabin In Colorado', nature has always figured prominently as an avenue out of the city. In recent years, though, it has come to figure more explicitly as the missing element in social life.

John Denver, a much-maligned member of the 'new breed' (presumably because he appeals to too many people), wrote one of the archetypal songs, 'Rocky Mountain High'. The acoustic guitars jangle and ring and the voice floats free. There is an atmosphere of 'space' about the song, emphasised by the words, through the 'cathedral mountains' and the 'clear blue mountain lakes'. And 'now his life is full of wonder, though his heart still knows some fears, of the simple things he cannot comprehend'. Jesse Winchester's 'Biloxi' has a similar feel. The song is almost an incantation, sung over the gentle flow of waves and an otherwise minimal accompaniment: 'The sun shines on Biloxi, and the air is filled with vapours from the ocean . . .'

If anything is central to the 'new breed' it is this sense of wonder, by no means merely reserved to sinking suns and mountains. The disillusionment with dreams and ideas has shifted the centre of attention to what can be seen, touched . . . what is really there. Rather than write songs about love and peace, the 'new breed' writes about its grandads, or, as they say, the simple folk, the real people. In the 'City Of New Orleans', and naturally oblivious to its rendezvous with obsolescence, are some of them:

*'Dealing card games with the old men
in the club car
Penny-a-point, ain't no one keeping
score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the
floor'*

The beauty of a mountain lake, the sheer humanity of this group playing cards, the feeling that you've got to keep laughing in spite of it all . . .

As Arlo Guthrie put it in one of his songs: 'maybe your ticket on the last train to glory is the stranger who is sleeping on your floor'.



Yum-Yum-Yum... It's Bubble-Gum

For better or worse, 1967 was the year in which pop music came of age, when it ceased to be a purely teenage phenomenon and started to attract a wider, older audience of 18 to 25-year-olds – generally and particularly students.

Everything helped: the release of 'Sgt. Pepper', flower-power, acid-rock, the emergence of the San Francisco 'underground'. Pop became less of a teen-culture than a *youth* culture, and so the music became correspondingly more serious and adult, and progressively intellectualised. Which was all very well, but such developments could only serve to alienate the younger sections of the pop audience, whose concept of pop as a music to dance to and grow up to remained the same.

If pop to the students was a life-style, then to the younger kids it remained little more than a form of entertainment. And it wasn't only young teenagers who felt alienated. The success of the Monkees and the TV series that created them, aimed as it was at very young children and kids just turning the corner into puberty, had revealed the existence of a vast and hitherto virtually untapped market of weenyboppers, ready, willing and able to buy the music of their choice. So not only did pop music grow up in 1967, it also 'grew down': the pop audience expanded both ways and the gap remained huge,

the extremes totally irreconcilable. Never before had pop music experienced such an obvious polarity in taste as defined by age.

The record companies, recognizing this polarisation, had to decide which market to step into and exploit commercially. The majors chose the older market almost without exception, and quickly began to gear themselves towards catering solely for that market, and so it was left to the small independent companies to cater for the kiddies. They did so by creating 'bubble-gum', pop music at its most banal level ever, entirely contrived and instantly disposable, and marketed as a product.

Anonymous Success

Because the audience was so young, the men behind bubblegum didn't even have to bother creating a set image for their respective groups or artists – after all, at the time they thought they couldn't sell puppy love to a seven-year-old. The bubblegum groups did not have pin-up appeal, and in fact they actually thrived on their anonymity. Bubblegum was a sound, and it relied on its simple mundanity to carry it: hype, publicity, the usual tools of the manipulative side of the pop industry, were unnecessary. Bubblegum was formulaised: the records would sell regardless of how pretty the groups looked, as long as the nursery rhyme lyrics and chugging rhythms were there.

It was the Monkees, or rather the

people who engineered their careers and created their sound, who first established the principle, if not the form of bubblegum. Sold through the medium of television, the group's records were recorded and released with an almost cynical lack of finesse, relying on only the sheer professionalism of the session musicians involved to carry them (initially, the group themselves were allowed to sing but never to play on their records).

The music was generally uninspired and bland, yet the kids loved it. After all, the Monkees' audience was very young indeed, their show was networked at peak children's viewing time and besides, these kids had probably never even heard of the Beatles, on whom the group was so closely modelled. The music itself did not have the instantly definable 'qualities' (if they can be called that) of the later bubblegum, the music that came to be associated with groups like the 1910 Fruitgum Company and the Archies, because Don Kirshner, musical supervisor of the series, used musicians and songwriters whose musical roots were firmly in the high quality teenage pop of the early and mid-'60s, and he tended to go for mediocrity rather than out and out banality. But the idea of pop music as a marketable commodity to be manufactured, bought and sold like any other was established. All that remained for the Monkees' and Kirshner's successors to do, was to make the process even more efficient.

The Monkees' popularity was fast waning by the end of 1967. They had rebelled against being told what to record and how to do it, and were now making some quite worthwhile music. They turned out, underneath it all, to be genuinely talented musicians and performers after all, but talent was one thing bubblegum did not require. So the Monkees vacated the stage, and 1968 saw a glut of bubblegum



Cyrus Andrews



Above, the Monkees, beside their custom-built Monkee hot rod! Right: The ultimate in fabrication, the Archies.



records making the charts with monotonous regularity, but coming mostly from three specific record labels, Roulette, Buddah and Colgems. These were independent record labels and, in the later two cases at least, relatively new.

Roulette had Tommy James and the Shondells, who throughout 1968 had 11 hits, each practically indistinguishable from the last. The group's trademark was the steady stomp and the semi-screaming vocal, reaching a crescendo in mid-song and suddenly trailing away. It was a good gimmick, and the records were at least danceable, but the gimmick quickly wore thin until even the most indiscriminating bubblegum fan grew tired of it. Nevertheless, if there were degrees of inventiveness in bubblegum, then Tommy James was certainly one of its most original innovators, and a couple of his records, 'Mony Mony' and 'Hanky Panky' (which tell all in the titles) transcend the 'bubblegum' pigeonhole and stand up even today as examples of good quality, danceable pop.

But the term 'bubblegum' was itself coined by the co-owners of the Buddah label based in New York – Kassenetz and Katz – and in terms of volume of hits, they were the most successful of all the bubblegum producers. Their first success was with 'Simon Says' for the 1910 Fruitgum Company which, as the title implied, was nothing more than the well-known

children's game set to music. They specialised in groups with long, colourful names: among them, the 1989 Musical Marching Zoo, Lieutenant Garcia's Magic Music Box, the JCW Rat Finks and the St. Louis Invisible Band, and, for good measure, they put all the groups together and went on the road, touring America under the name of the Kassenetz-Katz Singing Orchestral Circus. The Circus was a wild success and even in Britain, which none of the K-K groups ever visited, their single 'Quick Joey Small' reached the Top 20 and was an enormous radio hit.

Kassenetz and Katz had a formula that was curiously adaptable: no two records ever sounded quite the same, and there was always a certain inane humour in their

songs and the way their groups delivered them that made them at least partially acceptable to the wider pop audience. However, it is also true that whenever anybody wants to put down pop lyrics for their supposed illiteracy and lack of articulation even now, they never fail to quote the immoral hook line from the 'Ohio Express' one big world-wide hit: 'Yummy, yummy, yummy/I got love in my tummy/ And I feel like I'm wanting you'. That, too, was a Kassenetz-Katz creation.

The other major bubblegum group was the Archies, who recorded for Colgems, the Monkees' old label. Unlike the K-K groups, the Archies did not even have a set line-up, in fact they were never a group as such at all, but a set of experienced

session musicians employed for the sole purpose of making instant pop records. Television was again involved, and Don Kirshner was once more in charge of the musical side of the series. *The Archies* was a cartoon show appealing directly to kids in the same way that shows like *The Flintstones* and *Huckleberry Hound* had done earlier in the '60s. All that was needed to take 'Sugar, Sugar' to the top of the American Top 50 was exposure on TV.

The Archies enterprise represented record merchandising at its most proficient, yet formalised: the makers of the TV show also owned the record company, the publishing firm and the rights to the Archies' name. Everything was centralised, the means of production and exposure included, and so a venture like the Archies could hardly fail. Yet the Archies did not sustain their initial popularity, and this was possibly due to their anonymity.

Major Refinements

Other companies had bubblegum hits too, but never on such a sustained scale. Tommy Roe, a minor teen idol of the high school period, staged a brief comeback with a no. 1 record, 'Dizzy', in many ways a straight copy of 'Sugar, Sugar'. Roe recorded for Bell, a label that had previously issued only records for the rhythm & blues/soul market, and in 1969 they signed Tony Orlando, a high school contemporary of Roe's, to produce, under the name of Dawn, a more refined, more recognizably 'pop' form of bubblegum. Orlando had a fine voice, and backed by two black girl singers Dawn's records were indeed the best produced and most interesting bubblegum records of all. The songs, mostly supplied by the team of Russell Brown and Irwin Levine, had good if slightly ridiculous stories that were always easy for the listener to follow through, and not just simple statements of sub-teen affection.

Dawn are, significantly, the only bubblegum group to have survived. By any standards 'Tie A Yellow Ribbon' was one of the best singles of 1973, and certainly the biggest selling record of the year. The song, like the group themselves, has a curious cross-generation appeal, and it is this factor that has helped them survive for so long: their records, though inconsequential and disposable in one sense, were good enough to attract a wider audience than that of the pre-teenagers. In a way, Dawn's vocal sound is a throw-back to that of the Drifters and the black harmony groups of the early '60s, and is certainly nowhere as contrived as that of the Kassenetz-Katz groups or the Archies.

If one defines bubblegum as sub-teen music, then it is clear that its heyday is fading. The success of 'The Partridge Family', yet another TV pop group, and its star David Cassidy, who in turn was the catalyst for the Jackson Five and the Osmonds to make it big in the teenybopper market, virtually killed it stone dead, for bubblegum had appealed to pre-pubescent who would have to grow up.



SKR

Dawn, of, 'Tie A Yellow Ribbon' fame one of the few bubblegum groups to survive.

The seven-year-old girl bubblegum fan of 1967 would be approaching 12 in 1971, and just going through the first pangs of adolescence. Cassidy and Osmond became in effect, the first post-bubblegum teen idols, for bubblegum, remember, had no image to carry it, and you just try relating your feelings of mommy-don't-understand-me and the emotional insecurity of that first teenage crush to a character in a cartoon series with a funny name and a 'G' on his sweater. Producers in Britain are desperately trying to come up with homegrown teenybop stars, but so far the only contenders for the title – Ricky Wilde, the James Brothers and Darren Burn – seem hardly likely to even dent the surface.

The principle of bubblegum – of computerised, formulated music issued off the proverbial conveyor belt – remains however. A natural extension of this is the record put out by session musicians under

an invented name, to cash in on a particular sound or craze. Thankfully, most of these are strictly one-off hits. In recent years, British producer Jonathan King has become a specialist in this field. Seven to eleven-year-olds still listen to and enjoy pop music, but the music itself tends to be less identifiable than the bubblegum of old, and more in the mainstream of chart, *teenage* pop. If a young kid buys a single it is just as likely to be a Sweet or a Slade record, as one specifically aimed at that pre-teen market. In short, that same market became absorbed, with the teenybopper revival initiated by Cassidy and company, into the pop mainstream. Bubblegum had no solid cultural base to help it last or develop into anything more than just a craze, yet another manifestation of the pop industry's perennial search for new and commercially exploitable markets.

POP FILE

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



STATUS QUO are Mike Rossi (guitar and vocals), Alan Lancaster (bass), John Coghlan (drums) and Rick Parfitt (guitar). They started out in the mid-'60s, playing at holiday camps, and made the charts in 1968 with 'Pictures Of Matchstick Men' (no. 7). They followed this with 'Ice In The Sun' and 'Down The Dustpipe' but were put down as a teenybop band and retreated to the clubs where they slogged it right through to 1972 when they made a big impression at the Reading Festival and made it back into the singles and albums charts with a brash sound.

STEPHENWOLF were formed by guitarist and singer John Kay in 1967, playing a mixture of rock and blues heavily influenced by Chuck Berry (Kay wrote a song 'Berry Rides Again'). Their single 'Born To Be Wild' was a big US hit and they followed it with 'Magic Carpet Ride', 'Monster' and 'Don't Step On The



Grass', and their albums sold well too. In Britain they were never very big, despite 'Born To Be Wild' and 'The Pusher' being featured in the *Easy Rider* film. They broke up in 1972 but re-formed in 1973.

STONE THE CROWS were formed around Scottish singer Maggie Bell and guitarist Les Harvey, brother of Alex. After working in clubs and air bases in Europe, Maggie came to London with the band in 1969 where they were christened by manager Peter Grant. The line up was Maggie Bell (vocals), Les Harvey (guitar), Colin Allen (drums), Jim Dewar (bass) and John McGinnis (keyboards). Dewar and McGinnis were later replaced by Steve Thompson and Ronnie Leahy, and after Les Harvey's electrocution on stage at Swansea in 1972, Jimmy McCulloch joined the band. The band broke up in June 1973. Despite building up a name as an excellent live band featuring Maggie's joplin-styled vocals, the band never did themselves justice on their four albums. Maggie has a solo album set for release in 1974.

THE SWINGING BLUE JEANS made their contribution to Merseybeat with three hits in 1964: Chad Romero's 'Hippy Hippy Shake', Little Richard's 'Good Golly Miss Molly' and 'You're No Good'.

THE TEMPTATIONS signed with Berry Gordy in 1960 and had their first Motown hit in 1964 'The Way You Do The Things You Do' with lead singer David Ruffin. Other hits followed including



'My Girl', 'It's Gortwing', 'Ain't Too Proud To Beg', 'Beauty's Only Skin Deep' (their first UK hit in 1966), '(I Know) I'm Losing You' and 'Get Ready'. In 1968 they played the Copa and reached their peak. Dennis Edwards replaced Ruffin in 1968, and in 1970 Richard Street and Damon Harris replaced Otis Williams and Eddie Kendricks. Mel Franklin remains from the original group. Their latest (1973) album is the heavily-arranged 'Masterpiece'.

TEN YEARS AFTER rode out on the British blues boom of 1966-'67 with their line-up of Alvin Lee (vocals and guitar), Leo Lyons (bass), Ric Lee (drums) and Chick Churchill (keyboards). Playing blues and rock, and relying heavily on Lee's quick-fingered guitar, the band established itself in Britain, Europe and USA as a big-name and played at the Woodstock Festival in 1968. Since then they have toured and recorded, still playing much the same material they always have. Their albums include



'Undead' (1968), 'Stonedhenge' (1969), 'Cricklewood Green' (1970), 'Watt' (1970), 'A Space In Time' (1972) and 'Recorded Live' (1973).

THEM were formed by Van Morrison in 1964. After two hits in 1965 – 'Baby Please Don't Go' and 'Here Comes The Night' – three not very successful albums, and a US tour, the blues-based band split up and Van Morrison went solo. Decca have re-released much of their material.



CARLA THOMAS was born in Memphis in 1942, daughter of Rufus Thomas. With her father she had the first Stax hit in 1960 with 'Cause I Love You'. Her US solo hits included 'Gee Whiz', 'Comfort Me' and 'B-A-B-Y'. In 1967 she made 'Tramp' with Otis Redding.

RUFUS THOMAS was born in Mississippi in 1918, and worked as a DJ for a Memphis station in the 1950s. With his daughter Carla he signed to Stax (Satellite) and had hits in 1963 with 'The Dog', and 'Walking The Dog'. Most of his subsequent recordings have been about novelty dances and in 1972 he scored again with 'Funky Chicken'.

THREE DOG NIGHT were formed in 1968 as a heavy rock band playing mainly other people's material, a formula which has given them 16 million-selling US singles and seven gold albums. Their hits include 'Easy To Be Hard' (from Hair), 'One' (by Nilsson), 'Eli's Coming' (Laura Nyro), and 'Mama Told Me Not To Come' (Randy Newman).

JOHNNY TILLOTSON was a US singer who had a massive 1960 hit with 'Poetry In Motion' and then sank into obscurity.

TINY TIM comes on as a super-camp eccentric, singing warbling versions of standard songs to the accompaniment of his ukelele. He had a hit in 1970 with 'Tiptoe Through The Tulips'.

ALLEN TOUSSAINT worked as a producer and bandleader in New Orleans in the early sixties and produced hits by Ernie K. Doe, Irma Thomas, Lee Dorsey, and Clarence Frogman Henry. He turned up again as arranger of the brass on The Band's live album 'Rock Of Ages'.

THE TREMELOES started out as backing group to singer Brian Poole who hit in the UK 1963-'65 with 'Twist And Shout', 'Do You Love Me', 'Candy Man' and others. In 1965 the Trems split from Poole and in 1967 scored with Cat Stevens' 'Here Comes My Baby'. Their hits since then include 'Silence Is Golden', 'Suddenly You Love Me', 'My Little Lady', 'Hello World', 'Call Me Number One', and 'Me And My Life'.

THE TROGGS from Andover, Hampshire, England and led by singer Reg Presley, stormed up the world's charts in 1966 with the primitive rock sound of 'Wild Thing', later recorded by Jimi Hendrix and now regarded as a classic. Other, lesser, hits followed including 'I Can't Control Myself', 'Anyway That You Want Me', 'Night Of The Long Grass' and 'Love Is All Around'. The band are currently attempting a come-back.

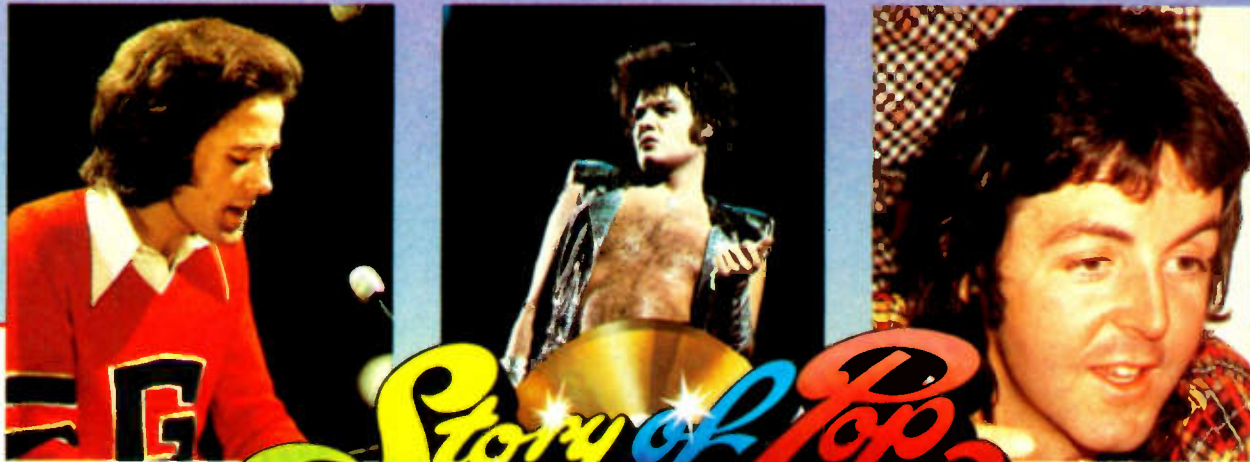
IKE AND TINA TURNER have worked together since their marriage in 1959 and are best known for 'River Deep And Mountain High', produced by Phil Spector and a massive UK hit in 1966 and 'I Think It's Gonna Work Out Fine'. Ike, who has run bands and worked as guitarist, pianist and producer since the early fifties, stays in the background while Tina outs on an outrageously sexual act which now seems to be getting a little tired. Their 1969 tour with the Rolling Stones has brought a revival of interest in the act.

JOE TURNER, the best known of the blues shouters, was recording in the '30s and '40s without great success before signing to Atlantic in 1950. He scored hits in the R & B market with 'Chains Of Love', 'Sweet Sixteen', 'Honey Hush', 'Carrinne Corrina', and 'TV Mama' before recording 'Shake Rattle And Roll' in 1954, which was picked up by Bill Haley and was one of the first rock hits.

THE TURTLES formed in Los Angeles in 1965 and, while folk rock was the rage, scored in the US with Dylan's 'It Ain't Me Babe'. In 1967 they scored with the Beatle-ish 'Happy Together' and 'She Rather Be With Me'. In 1970 the band split and two Turtles Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman joined the Mothers Of Invention, later to work as Phlorescent Leech and Eddie.

CONWAY TWITTY was born Harold Jenkins in Mississippi on September 1, 1933. After his army service in 1956 he decided to be a singer rather than a pro baseball player and signed with Mercury. In 1958 he moved to MGM and scored an international hit with his own song 'It's Only Make Believe', which he followed with 'Story Of My Love', 'Mona Lisa' and 'Danny Boy'. He now sings mainly country and western material.

POP FILE



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